Out Of The Black Patch

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CHAPTER FIVE

Dear Home, Sweet Home

Dear Home, sweet home with my brothers and sisters,
Guided by parents with wisdom and skill,
Planting deep truths that would long be remembered
After their voices were silent and still.
Let me redeem it from things long forgotten.
Let me be the savior to pluck from oblivion
All of my kindred from first to the last.

—“Some Reasons Why”
in Backward Glances, 50

Frank Long and his wife Josie, were another couple who were interested in the new religion.¹ Frank had a sister, an old maid school teacher, who came to visit them quite often. She was also interested in the message of the missionaries. She was a quiet, gentle sort of person, good looking, with an abundance of long black hair. She was tall and slim, and had pretty soft white hands.

Cousin Millard Gilliland, and his wife Laura, thought it would be a fine thing for my father if he and this old maid school teacher would get married, so they bent their efforts in that direction. Her brothers and sister had started calling her Sis, and most everyone else did the same, but as she was a school teacher they followed the custom of the country and called her Miss Sis.

Second marriages are usually quick affairs, and this one was no exception. I don’t believe children, as a general thing, like for their father or mother to marry a second time. I know that I didn’t feel very

¹. Probably Frank Long (b. 1851); his wife is unidentified.
happy over their marrying. I soon grew better acquainted with her, and learned to like her, but somehow she never liked me, though she was very kind to Autie, my little brother, for which I was thankful.

I had heard so much about stepmothers and stepchildren who did not get along with one another that I was determined that this would be one case where there would at least not be any quarrels, as it would take two to make a quarrel. I for one could keep from doing that, and I think I kept my resolve pretty well.

Miss Serena (Sis) was handicapped by not having learned how to cook, or how to do housework, or any of the chores about the place. She was a teacher, not a housekeeper, and besides she was not very strong, so we grew to not expect her to do any part of the work.

After Sadie married I was cook, housekeeper, dishwasher, milkmaid, washerwoman, gardener, and all, combined. Of course, I was not used to doing all this alone, and didn’t do too good a job of it. Papa sympathized with me silently. Miss Serena sensed it (or as she would say, she detected it), and I think was jealous of me. She would never praise me for anything I did, no matter how well I did it, and was very quick to blame me when things were not done just right. I wouldn’t have minded hearing it once, but she had a habit of repeating the same things day after day. Nevertheless, I think I can truly say that I loved her. The reason I did was because I had to do so many things for her. Everytime she went anywhere, and had to dress up, I fastened her collar pin and her belt for her. I don’t believe she ever trimmed her own fingernails, or toenails, in the years we lived together. She said it gave her the shivers, so I did it for her. I thought that if I kept doing things for her she would have to learn to like me, but it really resulted in making me like her.

Miss Serena was a like a child to me, who it was my duty to take care of. She had raised her niece, Lena Long, her brother’s child, whose mother died when she was a baby.

Lena would come to our place and stay for long periods, and we had many happy times together. She was intelligent, and good, and was especially gifted in composition and writing. Her letters were charming. Lena didn’t have half the patience with her “Aunt Sis” that I had. Lena had never learned to work, and in that lay the difference. She had not learned to love her Aunt through doing things for her as I had done. She depended on her Aunt Sis, and they were two broken sticks together. It

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2. Serena Allifair Long (1859–1939) was the daughter of Redding (b. 1824) and Elizabeth Long (b. 1828).
3. Lena might be Lenora Long (b. 1878), and Serena’s brother could be W. R. Long (b. 1840) and his wife Margaret.
Dear Home, Sweet Home

was not a good combination at all. Lena was not lazy in the least, she had just never been taught to do anything.

I learned a valuable lesson of life, in the years that Miss Serena and I lived together. It is this: If there is someone that you dislike very much, and would like it to be different, just begin doing nice things for them, and it will not be very long until your dislike will vanish, and you will soon learn to like them. If someone dislikes you, and there is any way that you can get them to do something nice for you, then you praise them for it, and never forget to be thankful to them for their services, you will win their friendship. I have been very thankful for this truth I learned through experience, which is the very best way of learning anything.

One of the true isms of the Church of Jesus Christ is that we cannot be saved in ignorance. We are saved no faster than we gain knowledge. That knowledge is not only the acquiring of information through study, but the actual application, and the putting into practice the principles of Truth and Light. After all, that is the only way that we can really learn anything.

Not long after my father married again there was a series of Old Fiddlers Contests, and they became very popular. Lots of business men, doctors, lawyers, and just plain old farmers who had played the fiddle in their younger years got out their old violins and brushed the dust off of them and started practicing for the next contest. My father had not had the old violin out of its case since before mother died, but he also became interested, after he received an urgent invitation to come and join in the fun of contesting with the many, many others who were going to enter this musical festival.

4. Doctrine and Covenants 131:6: "It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance." See Joseph Smith, Jr., Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1979), 217.

5. This probably is a paraphrase of Doctrine and Covenants 93:28: "He that keepeth his commandments receiveth truth and light, until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things."

6. These fiddler's contests or conventions were popular and are still held throughout the South. A description of a fiddler's convention in western North Carolina provides a glimpse into the atmosphere of these contests: "The convention is essentially an affair of the people, and is usually held in a stuffy little schoolhouse, lighted by one or two evil-smelling lamps, and provided with a rude, temporary stage. On this the fifteen fiddlers and the 'follerers of banjo pickin' sit, their coats and hats hung conveniently on pegs above their heads, their faces inscrutable. To all appearances they do not care to whom the prize is awarded, for the winner will undoubtedly treat. Also, they are not bothered by the notetaking of zealous judges, as these gentlemen are not appointed until after each contestant has finished his allotted 'three pieces.'" See Louis Rand Bascom, "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," Journal of American Folklore 22 (January-March 1909): 238. On the sense of fellowship the participants experience in these events, see Burt Feintuch, "Examining Musical Motivation: Why does Sammie Play the Fiddle?", Western Folklore 42 (July 1983): 208–14.
A widow, near Gracy, and one of her sons had been bitten by a mad dog. The dog’s head had been sent to the experts, and they found that he had rabies, so to help raise the necessary funds to have them treated, it was decided to have a Fiddlers Contest. My father and I were invited, and urged to attend. They sent a list of some of the ones who would be playing, and my father, having played all his life knew most of them. He showed me the letter and said, “Shall we go and try our luck?” He asked my stepmother if she wouldn’t like to go, but she said that she had never liked to hear a squeaky old fiddle. Well, my father and I both really enjoyed the squeaks that a violin made, especially in the hands of an expert, so we planned to go.

It was about fifteen or twenty miles to Gracy, and we would have to stay overnight. I hated to leave Autie at home, but he said that he would stay with Miss Serena (as we called her). I made me a pretty new dress for the occasion, and was all excited over the prospects of a happy time. The contest was held in a big new building that had never been used, and was not finished, just a shell. There was a big raised platform for the musicians, and I was astonished at the number of fiddlers, and also many that played guitars, banjos, accordions, and mandolins as accompanists to the violins. I had a beautiful guitar of curly maple, with a nice loud tone.

Before time for the program to start, and while they were tuning up and getting ready, we got acquainted with many of the musicians. There were three young men with instruments, two with guitars, and one with a banjo. They were sons of a man who had a nursery, and were all good in their fields. The boy with the banjo played tunes, most of the guitar players played chords.

Later there were others kept arriving, other guitar players, mandolins, banjos, and one girl who played the violin. Her name was Sadie Satterfield. She asked me if I would play with her, and we retired to a corner to see that we were tuned together, and to practice a little together. She played real fast, and one of the nursery boys (I have forgotten their names, which is no wonder, after over fifty years). Anyway he said, “If you keep up with Sadie you’re going to have to git up and hustle,” and I did, and she kept getting faster, but she could really play, never missed a note.

We had several numbers with just the guitars. I played several tunes and they played chords with me. We had time to practice a little before the program started. Several of the men asked me to play with them, and there was a hectic tuning period. Many of them had not been playing for years, and their violins were not in tune. Some had to put on new strings. The nursery boys were kept busy helping some of the older men get their instruments ready for the fray.

The building kept filling, and new ones kept arriving. The man who had charge of it was happy to see so many. He had gone to a great deal of
trouble advertising, sending invitations, getting seats made, and the platform ready. It was for a good cause, and the community really did respond. Finally it was starting time, and the music began. There were trios, quartets, and many with just the violin and guitar.

I was asked to play with so many different ones, that before the program was half over there were big blisters on the fingers of my left hand that I noted the strings with. One of the nursery boys and I went to a drugstore and got something to toughen them with. Alum and turpentine and something else. The turpentine was best, but I couldn’t let that bother me.

There was no hope of having the entire group play one number together, so they decided to have a contest on the tune of Dixie. All of them could play it. The judges felt very important, and sat at their table and were busy taking down names, and judging by certain points, and taking notes. My father and I got first place on Dixie. There were prizes offered on several other tunes. Finally it was announced that there would be a contest on dancing. Certain jigs, clogs, and the Highland Fling.

An old fellow insisted that he and I dance the Highland Fling, but it was not one of my specials. If it had been a certain jig step, or a negro double shuffle, I would have tackled it, but not the Highland Fling, so he danced it alone. Next was a schottische, and a young fellow who played a banjo asked if I would dance it with him. I said that I would if my father would play for us, so he and one of the nursery boys played, and another couple joined us and we really did the schottische with all the flourish. My partner and I got first on it, as we did some fancy shuffle steps along with it. (We had slipped in a back room and had practiced a few minutes.) We really enjoyed it, and the crowd cheered and screamed and clapped.

After it was all over everyone agreed that it had been a wonderful evening, and the manager announced how much he had taken in from tickets. Plenty to pay for the treatment of the widow and her son (I wish that I could remember how much).

Several of us went to an eating place and had supper together, and we all decided to be in attendance at the next Fiddlers Contest. It became a regular thing, and some firm friendships were formed that are pleasant to remember to this day.

I must not forget to add that I received, as a prize, my choice of any hat in a certain big Millinery store or shop. I chose a beautiful one that just suited one of my dresses. It was one of the prettiest hats that I ever owned. Another prize I won was a big bottle of fine perfume. The kind they sell little ounce bottles from. It was so potent that it lingered on my underwear after two or three washings. I gave perfume to all the girls in the community.

My father and I stayed all night at a nice hotel, and many other of the musicians did too. We had a happy session in the big waiting room where some of the party played the piano, and we had a sing.
My father won several prizes, I can’t remember just what. One was a fine razor, with all kinds of shaving stuff along with it, a set of collar and cuff buttons, and other things I can’t remember. We had the old buggy pretty well filled with prizes. Besides the hat and perfume I got a silk parasol, and a water set; pitcher and eight glasses, that I used till after Cecil was born.

We attended many other Fiddlers contests after that, but this one is a fair sample of what the others were like. Some of the contest tunes were old standbys like: Money—Fishers Hornpipe—Sally Goodin—The Girl I Left Behind Me—Eighth of January—Devil’s Dream—Cotton Eyed Joe—Dixie.

As I read this over it sounds like I and We did all the winning, but as a matter of fact I only remember the numbers we won. There were a lot that really played well, and many won first place on certain tunes, and there were also prizes for second place.

These contests were highlights in our lives during the period following our mother’s and my oldest sister’s death, and the breaking up of our family home life with all we children together. A rather gloomy period for my father, and the pleasant contacts with other musicians and reviving his love for his violin was good for him.

The little house we moved to, after we sold our old home, was surely a sorry place for so large a family, especially after Elmo married. There was one big log room, with a fireplace. There was an upstairs room, reached by a ladder, that was pushed into service as bedroom, In the back was the usual open hallway that led to a tiny log room that Sadie and I used for a parlor. I can’t remember whether we papered or whitewashed it, anyway it was cozy, and even pretty.7

Sadie had the knack of making any place look homey and inviting, with bright pictures, and always vases of flowers, real ones in summer, and artificial ones in winter. There were always books and magazines where she stayed, and plenty of pencils and paper. There were bright dashes of color, such as chair cushions, pillows, etc. Sadie was an ardent lover of beauty, and had to have it around her in some form. There was always music, an old guitar or two, banjos, harmonicas, etc. Every new song was captured and sung ragged.

Outside the house a few feet was a big old smokehouse, or at least it was a log room with a roof over it. This was pushed into service as a kitchen. As a family we had one redeeming quality. No matter what we had to put up with we made the best of it, and never grumbled about it.

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7. Although it is difficult to determine conclusively from the text, this seems to describe the single-pen house type with an addition. See Montell and Morse, *Kentucky Folk Architecture*, 17, 22–23.
It was while we lived at this place that Evert Holt, the son of our nearest neighbor, became interested in Sadie. Sadie had gone with lots of fellows, and had been engaged several times. There was John Causler [Cansler], Marion Walker, Luther Hays, Will Eades, Will Murphy, Frank Wright, Ed Cornelius, George and Tom Vaughn, Herschel Woosley, Theodore Morris; all of them had been rather serious, but she had about decided she would never marry. Maybe she would be an old maid school teacher.

Sadie had an almost uncanny faculty for making children learn. She had the habit of finding the short cut to everything, and teaching was no exception. She really had a way of making children learn abnormally fast. She made the lessons interesting and exciting, and presented them in new and attractive ways. When Evert came along all previous plans were quickly upset. Teaching lost its charm, and her disinterest in the opposite sex suffered a sudden change.
Evert played the banjo with all his might, and with most of his muscles. He didn’t sing with it often, but every note was emphasized with a different twitch of his mouth. He was steady and serious, honest as the hills, a hard worker, and a deep thinker. He was always by far the best mathematician in school, with a disposition that won everyone’s admiration and respect. There was just one bad drawback to their courtship. Evert was a boy in his teens, and Sadie was past twenty. She had always been younger than her years, and Evert was grown and settled at the age of fifteen. Those two differences helped to even things up, and they still hold good to this day, almost fifty years later. (1945?) [Effie seems to have estimated this date at a later writing.]

Sadie took charge of things around the house. Ivy and I, at that time, were still children, and a little irresponsible. I didn’t realize then that in so short a time I would have to carry the entire burden of the household, things I had never been used to doing before; such as planning meals, cooking, washing and ironing, as well as milking cows, feeding chickens, planting garden and keeping it hoed and free from weeds all through the summer, and also doing all the canning.

Ivy was certainly far from lazy, she would tackle any task, and stick to it till it was finished. You just naturally have to respect anyone who is so willing to help carry their end of the load, and she usually did more than her part. Her interest in the Gospel was very satisfying to me. When we rested awhile from our work, that was usually the topic of our conversation; she asking questions, and I trying to answer. I didn’t know too much about it, and often we would hit for the house to find some book in which we could find our answers. How happy I was when she said that she was ready to be baptized.

Evert Holt and Ellis Walker came to the meetings when the Elders were there, but I’m afraid their interest in religion was not as deep as it could have been. They were not against it, and that was encouraging to Sadie. Ellis and I were not at all serious, he just came along with Evert. I was still a child, and didn’t feel very deeply interested in Ellis anyway.

I had already had one love affair though. Aubrey Gilliland had been my steady for a year. We had lots of fun riding horseback, and going for buggy rides. It would sound queer to the girls of that age now, if I told them that he went with me for a whole year; every Wednesday night, every

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8. Sadie, by all accounts, was firm in her commitment to the LDS Church. In 1908, she wrote the following to the editors of the Liahona: “I am glad to bear my testimony to the truth of the gospel. If our Father did not let us know for a surety this is the truth we could not stand the persecutions that are placed upon us. Help us with your faith and prayers.” See “Kentucky,” in Liahona, The Elders’ Journal 6 (July 4, 1908): 72.
Sunday afternoon, often of Saturday nights, and other times if there was a party or a meeting or something to go to, he would come for me with his horse and buggy. All during that year he never kissed me, and never once put his arm around me. In those days things like that were reserved for the time after a couple was engaged. But we got an enormous thrill out of holding hands, and I felt that we were rather soft and silly to do that.

I remember one time when Fannie Wallace, of Metcalf County, wrote that she was coming to visit us. Someone was going to meet her at the depot, which was ten miles from our place. A group of us decided to go along on horseback. The train would be there about nine o’clock. We had lots of fun clattering along the pike, racing and hitting each other’s horses with our switches. It would have been a tiresome trip to someone not used to riding horseback, but we were tough from constant exercise and from riding horses every day.

I remember another evening when a group of us went to town in a two horse wagon. Elmo was driving. As we were coming home something went wrong with the harness, and Elmo said, “Woop! hold everything. Old Beck’s alosin’ ’er breeches.” Everything is funny when you’re young and happy, and in pleasant company. Aubrey was about the pleasantest company I could think of about then.

I guess we must have sold our cows, horses, and everything when we sold the old place, for Papa bought a new cow after we moved to the Birchfield place. A man named John Stewart said that he had a good cow that he would sell for twenty dollars. Papa said, of course she wouldn’t be any good at that price, but he went to see about buying her. The man said that he owed a debt that had to be paid immediately, as the only reason he was selling her, and he put the price low so that he could make a quick sale. The cow was a gentle little Jersey that looked like a good milker, so papa bought her. When he was ready to take her the mother and several small children came out to say goodbye to her. The mother shed a few silent tears and said she didn’t know how they would manage without any milk for the children.

Papa brought the cow home, and after a few days we found that she gave an abundance of good rich milk. He kept thinking of that bunch of little children without any milk, and the very small sum he had paid for the cow. Finally, to ease his conscience, he got on his horse and rode back over there to tell him that he could have his cow back if he wanted her. When the man refused, papa paid him enough extra to ease his mind on the subject.

Those people were amazed. They had never heard of a man who would ride several miles to pay more for a cow than the owner had asked for it. I am glad to remember my father as being that kind of man. I also never heard him mention this deal to anyone.
While we were living at this place Birchfield gave a moonlight. They had a big level yard, with a row of giant Maples all around the back half of it, and down the west side of the front lawn. The front was sloping, so the level back section was chosen for the dance. There were lots of Japanese lanterns, good music, and lemonade. There was a carnival going on at Hoptown [Hopkinsville] at that time, and a bunch of boys came from the carnival to the moonlight. When they came they kept calling, “Hurry, Hurry, Hurry, or you won’t see George.”

There was a young fellow there from Mt. Carmel. I danced with him a great deal, and when it was over he walked home with me. We stopped at the swing for a while. The moonlight was filtering down through the leaves, the water was babbling, and the smell of flowers filled the air. It was very romantic, and I dreamed of him after I went to sleep that night.

The following Sunday there was a crowd at the croquet yard at Mr. Morris’s, and I went. As soon as I arrived Maude and Leona came giggling, and said, “Say, that fellow you caught at the moonlight surely means business, he’s here, and has been asking about you.” A few minutes later I saw him coming, and in broad daylight the glamour faded. The soft dark laugh was the same, but his face was covered with pimples and blackheads. They had not shown up by the Japanese lantern light. Some of my defects probably glared in the sunlight too. Anyway we didn’t hit it off nearly so smoothly as we did on the moonlight night.

We gave a party at our place one night, and after the crowd was all there it started to rain. It just poured, and several of the girls, who had walked, stayed all night. There was a strange girl there that we had not seen before, Mamie somebody. A pretty girl. She was one of the group who stayed all night, and she slept with Sadie. The next day someone took them all home.

A week or two after that Sadie kept saying she believed that she had dandruff, that her head kept itching all the time. She got me to comb her hair. I found something crawling. She had lice in her hair, the first we had ever seen. We were horrified. We soaked her head in coal oil, washed it with lye soap, and had about all the hide off of her scalp. That was our first and last experience with lice.

9. “Hoptown” was the colloquial name for Hopkinsville. According to William Turner, “Back in the 1890s, Hopkinsville and Christian Co. were the only legally voted wet city and county on the L&N Railroad between Evansville and Nashville. Tradition has it that as the railway coaches would approach Hopkinsville the passengers would encounter [sic] of the conductor ‘How soon would we be to Hopkinsville? I want to hop off and get a drink.” See Robert M. Rennick, Kentucky Place Names (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1984), 144.
We made some lasting friends the short time that we lived in that little house. Holts, of course, who became closely mixed up with our family. Sadie married Evert. John, later, married Ozie, Evert's sister.

The Hamby family was another family we learned to love. Verdie and Alice, who were grown and married. Bertha, Maude, Ida, and Lillian, who at that time were all single. Bertha and Maude were grown girls. Ida and Lillian younger. They were all blessed with an unusual portion of good looks. A beauty that has not faded with the years. They also possessed an inner beauty, of goodness and friendliness. With merry dispositions, and laughter that bubbled over easily. We all had happy times together, and the summer passed by quickly.

Ivy and I worked hard that summer, but there was always swimming, or horseback riding, or something pleasant to look forward to as soon as the work was finished.

The missionaries came quite often, and we enjoyed their visits. We learned a lot of new songs from them. “Don’t make me go to bed and I’ll be good,” from Myler. I think we learned “Two Little Children” from him also. Elder Hamilton was a good missionary too, and to him goes the credit for converting Ivy.

Ivy and I had lots of foolishness going most of the time, and as I think of it now, I'm sure we were a worry to my father, and probably to Sadie too. We were always stealing cream. We argued that since we milked the cows it was partly ours, and that we would rather have the cream than the butter anyway. Our argument didn’t seem very convincing to Sadie.

Sometimes Ivy and I played while we worked. I remember once when we just about disgraced ourselves. President Price and another Missionary were there eating dinner. Ivy and I were making more biscuits in the little kitchen (Ivy was the champion biscuit maker). She sifted the flour, and I poured the buttermilk in. As I passed her I took a big fingerful of thick buttermilk from the mouth of the empty pitcher and rubbed it in her mouth. She took a piece of the dough she was making up and zipped it at me with her left hand. I dodged, and it flew past me right out through the open door, barely missing President Price's head, and hung on a door knob just back of him. There was no place for us to run, only right out by them, and we didn’t dare, so we just stood our ground. Ivy swore she was making biscuits with such vim that part of it just naturally got away.

In the fall, when the crops were in, there was a general change. Elmo and Ivy moved to Pond River, where her folks lived, and we moved

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10. This refers to Verdie Hamby (1881–1963); Alice Hamby (b. ca. 1891); Bertha Hamby (b. 1883); Maude Hamby (b. 1885); and Lillian Hamby (1890–1974). Ida is unidentified.
Out of the Black Patch
to the Louis Hamby house up on the Buttermilk road.\textsuperscript{11} Papa and Miss Serena got married, and Sadie was getting ready for a wedding. Life was certainly going through some whirlwind changes for all of us.

Things were not nearly so funny since Ivy was not with me. Sadie was seriously busy with wedding clothes, and getting things ready to go to housekeeping. Miss Serena didn’t believe in fun. Life was really a serious business to her, though she didn’t take any active part in it. She was specially blessed as a director.

After Sadie and Evert married we began making preparations to go west. Papa had finally decided to go to southern Arizona. Gillilands’ folks had gone there, and John was there too. I wanted to go to Utah, but of course my judgment wasn’t very weighty.

Evert and Sadie had set up housekeeping at the old Sol Smith place.\textsuperscript{12} I didn’t get to go and visit them very often either, as there was plenty of work to do. My days of carefree childhood were in the past. I longed every day to be with Sadie, for we would soon be gone, and then it might be a long, long time before I would see her again.

Finally everything was sold that we could not take with us. Everything was packed that we wanted to take. Our clothing was ready, and we would soon be on our way.

I went for a last visit with Sadie. She had wanted to go west too, but now that was out of the question, and I was sorry for her. I knew she would be awfully lonesome when we were gone. I wouldn’t be there to rub her head for her when it ached.

Once, when they were children, she was hiding in the ash-hopper, and Elmo was throwing rocks at her (it was a game). Sadie was a good dodger, and was not afraid of being hit, but after a long wait she thought he had quit the game and raised up just as he let a big rock fly. It hit her in the left side of the temple, and knocked a hole. It didn’t give her a great deal of trouble till she was in her teens, and then at certain periods a knot half the size of an egg would protrude there, causing her great pain. At other times there was a dent there. The doctor was baffled, and said he could see no good reason for that knot coming out there at those certain periods, and he knew nothing to do for it. I hated to leave her because of that, I was afraid it might give her serious trouble.

Now a trip across the country doesn’t seem very serious. We go and come so easily we think nothing of it. \textit{That} was our first one, and Arizona seemed a long, long way off.

\textsuperscript{11} Probably the house of Lewis M. Hamby (1834–1891).
\textsuperscript{12} Belonging to Solomon Smith (1833–1915) and his wife Elizabeth Gunn (1835–1922).
Our goodbye was sad and tragic. Sadie said that after I left she rolled in the grass and kicked and bawled like she did when she was a child.

The train we were going on was due to leave Hopkinsville at eleven in the evening. I can’t remember now who took us to the depot, but I do remember passing old Uncle Henry Howard, a negro who had joined the Church. He waved his hat, and said, “Goodbye, Mistah Makkus.”

My head was aching from crying, and the waiting at the depot was not too pleasant. Lawrence Smith was going with us, and he and Autie kept up a string of foolishness.

That was my first ride on a train, and it was quite exciting when the engine pulled up with a terrible clang and clatter. We were soon all clambering up the steps with our bags and boxes. We found seats close together. Someone was calling, “All Aboard,” and we began moving slowly away from everything that was familiar to me.

It is not very interesting traveling by train at night, and it was not long till I was asleep. When I awoke I felt as if I was in a storybook or fairyland. A full moon was shining bright, and we were in the swamplands of the south. Pine trees and cypress trees were standing in water, and moss was trailing in long pointed fronds from the limbs. A big white bird flew up from the water and alighted on a branch of a tree.

The railroad track was built up on a trestle, like a bridge. I didn’t go to sleep any more that night. When daylight came the wonderland still held me charmed. The swamps, the palms, the flowers, the vines, and the water everywhere. It was not a country I would have liked to live in, but it was certainly very interesting to pass through on the train.

When we got to New Orleans, the depot where the train stopped was a long way from the wharf where we were to get on the boat to take us across the delta of the Mississippi River. To get to the wharf we then traveled in a horsedrawn vehicle, and it gave us a chance to see much of the historic old city. We went down Canal street where an army had marched, one rainy day, and the band played a tune that was ever afterward known as “The Eighth of January.”

Our father, whose knowledge of everything made the trip much more interesting, said that those big flat stones Canal Street was paved with were not native to this part of the country. They had been brought from Europe in the hold of ships as ballast, when loads of produce were taken over, and the empty ship returned. The street was rather bumpy.

Papa told us of a battle that was fought here, after peace was declared, showing how very slowly news traveled at that time.

We saw wide rice fields, and fields of sugar cane. Once we saw a man cutting hay with a mowing machine. The entire hayfield was growing on the surface of a lake or lagoon. We could plainly see a wave following the man and his mowing machine.
At San Antonio we saw our first Mexicans. When we arrived in El Paso there was a general commotion. Word had been received that a band of Mexican rebels were headed that way, under Pancho Villa, and the State Militia was on its way to head them off.

We had to stay all night in El Paso, and there was a dance across the street from the hotel where we stayed. About midnight there was another disturbance. The hotel keeper’s daughter was missing. She had gone to the dance, and when they went to look for her she was not there. The police were notified, and when one arrived Miss Serena found that he was a relative, one of Fidella Long’s boys. Miss Serena had been talking about that family having moved to Texas, and wondered if she would see any of them as we passed through. Lawrence and Autie had a lot of fun over her expecting to see some of them. The funny part of it was that she really did, and had a long conversation with him. He was Chief of Police in El Paso.

The Mexican rebels had not made their appearance when we left, but the Militia had arrived, and they found that the hotel keeper’s daughter had gone off with a married man. Miss Serena was happy over finding her kinsman, and of the pleasant visit she had had with him.

The nearer we got to southern Arizona the more worried our father became. “If Franklin and Duncan country looks like this I don’t like it,” he kept saying.

We got to Lordsburg, New Mexico, and had to lay over all night there. The only rooming house there was was in a turmoil. The man and woman who were running it had decided to disagree, and were not in any mood to welcome traveling Kentuckians, and would not rent us a room. The only thing to do was stay in the depot, a little place that was so small that we could hardly all get in it with our baggage. It was snowing outside, but inside it was so hot we could hardly breathe. I kept walking up to the edge of a platform for a bit of fresh air, and then I would try it in the stuffy little room till I was almost smothered, then out again.

The memory of Lordsburg is not very pleasant in my mind. The picture of that old man and woman at the rooming house shouting ugly things at each other, and being cross with my daddy, and the remainder of the night in that bleak little room with the red hot stove, and the snow outside.

The next day we arrived in Duncan. It is on the Gila River, and the big cottonwoods looked inviting after seeing so much barren country.

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13. This refers to Lindsey Fidela Long (b. 1827), son of Thomas Long. Lindsey Fidela Long was married to Barbara Ann Cauthorn.

We had a short wait at the depot at Duncan, then we saw a fellow in a wide hat, with long hair, driving a pair of spirited horses hitched to a two horse wagon. He was standing, and the Arizona wind was blowing his hair out behind, making him look rather wild and wooly. When he came closer we saw that it was my brother John coming to meet us. He had allowed his hair to grow so he would look like a real westerner of the mountain man type, and he had done a very good job of it.

The memory of our stay in southern Arizona is pleasant to me. We stayed on a farm belonging to Joe Wilkins. We had a garden, alfalfa, and chickens. Joe taught me how to irrigate the garden, and he let Autie and me ride his horses, which we took advantage of quite often. Brother and Sister Dallas, an old couple who had moved there from Illinois, lived just around the foot of the hill from us. They had a son, Chester, a little older than Autie. Mr. Dallas had been quite a farmer and stock raiser back in Illinois and had brought a lot of thoroughbred horses and cattle to Arizona with him when he came, but Arizona didn't seem to agree with his stock. They started dying as soon as he arrived. Big, big, fat, fine looking horses just laid down and died and he drug them off. There was always the smell of a dead horse or cow when the wind came from the direction of certain canyons.

I was sorry for Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, they had once had plenty. Now their children were married and gone, and everything they had accumulated was slipping away from them. They were good to me. Mrs. Dallas let me play on her organ. Once, while she was gone to her son's, I went and cooked Brother Dallas's meals, and cleaned the house for him for a week or two.

The first dress I ever made for myself I made on Mrs. Dallas' sewing machine while she was away. I didn't have a pattern, but I spread the cloth on the carpet and cut and sewed till I finally got it like I wanted it. The first set of sleeves I made I couldn't get my arms in them, but there was cloth enough to cut another set. I still remember how it was made. The cloth was light pink, with little deep pink roses, of some soft cotton material. It was made with a narrow double ruffle around the shoulders, wrists, and at the top of a ruffle on the skirt. I felt very proud of it when it was finished, and it really was a very good job, for a first attempt, but I took out and resewed many seams before I had it ready to wear. I bought me a red straw sailor hat to wear with it, and really felt dressed up.

I enjoyed the meetings and Sunday School very much. Brother Losee was my Sunday School teacher, and he was a good one. His wife was

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blind, and he had a daughter, Christine, who I learned to think a great deal of. I liked to go to their place. I helped her to milk the cow, and change her to new grazing places. We would eat bread and butter and onions with a glass of cold milk.

Papa played the fiddle for their dances, and I played the guitar, and May Gale played the organ. May’s mother was my teacher in some class that I attended, and she drilled a group of girls for a May Day festival. It was quite an event in my life, as I had never had the opportunity to take part in any Church activities of that kind before. She taught us a number of pretty songs, and we braided the Maypole. I made me a white dress for this occasion, as we were all supposed to wear white.

There was a big swing on a giant cottonwood down towards the river, where the young folks went of Sunday afternoons in the summer. Laura Ellidge, Mary Magrath, Ursula Wilkins, Ella Clouse, May Gale, Janie and Anna Nations (sisters), and Barbara Packer (who lived across the river), are some of the girls that I remember. Of course Ora and Annie Gilliland helped at first.16

Some of the boys I remember were the Wilkins boys—Joe, Arvill, and Will. The Gale boys—Jay, Rube, and John. The Hendricks boys—Bayler and Charlie (?). Frank McGrath. The Packer boys—Ed and __________. The Merrill boys—Penrod. [The second version of the autobiography has a blank in place of the name “Penrod”; Effie may have decided she was not certain of the name.]

I remember one night when a group of these young folks came by in a White Top to take me to a dance at Packers’, who lived across the river. We had a happy time. It rained, and the Gila river was swollen until it was not safe for us to cross it in our White Top, so we danced all night, and returned home next morning when the water had gone down.

Lelia and the children stayed at our place until William and John could find work and send for them. They made it pleasanter for us as Miss Serena was sick a great deal of the time while we lived at the Wilkins place. She lost a baby boy, which was a great grief to her.

Lelia and I made regular trips to the Post Office at Duncan, looking for letters from John and William. It was a short mile down the railroad tracks. There was lots of water down near Duncan, and there were wild greens growing on either side of the tracks. We would take our shopping bags and gather it on our way home, and then cook it to eat.

We cooked with cedar wood, the first time that I had ever used it. We usually had Postum to drink. The west wind brought the strong pungent

16. Those who can be identified are Mary Agnes McGrath (1886–1975) and Annie Pearl Gilliland (1889–1955) who married Owen Garvin O’dell.
odor of greasewood which grew on the hillside near. This mixture of smells, cedar smoke, greasewood, and sour dock greens, and Postum became so intermingled with the memories of Duncan and Franklin that to this day, forty five years later, any one of these smells brings back a rush of memories of faces and people, of places and happenings, that means southern Arizona when I was sixteen years old.

One interesting thing that I could never figure out was a phantom train that appeared on the track about the time of morning that we would be going for the mail. At first it would be far away, and appeared to be coming towards us from the south. The first time I saw it I thought it was a real train, and got out of the way for it to pass, but it didn't pass, though it came quite near. Close enough to see the white steam shooting out on either side of the engine. The only thing lacking was the noise. The folks who lived there said it was just a mirage, and thought nothing of it, but it still remains a mystery to me.

At last the long looked for letter came. Lelia and the children left us and went to Jerome, where William and John had found work. How I hated to see them leave, and how lonesome I was after they were gone.

After the work was done Autie and I would explore the hills around the place where we lived. There were lots of birds. Funny old
roadrunners that we tried to catch. They always stayed a little ahead of us, jumping bushes with their necks stretched out, and their scraggly old tails bobbing around as they trotted, as if it was not fastened on very good.

One day, when we were out in the hills, the wind brought the most delicious smell, a little like crabapple blossoms, or wild grape blooms. We began a search to see what it could be on that barren rocky hill top that could smell so sweet. We soon discovered a tiny blue flower, like an iris, with the sweetest perfume I had ever smelled. After that we always knew when we caught a breath of that heavenly odor that a tiny blue iris was near, struggling up between hot dry rocks, to gladden the desert.

We hunted for smooth round rocks, and played Jacks with them. Autie had a 22 rifle that we had lots of fun with, and there was one old white range cow that had learned how to get through the fence into the field, and after driving her out a dozen or two times Joe Wilkins suggested using the 22 rifle on her. Autie cracked down on her, she fell flat on her side as if he had killed her, but the next second she was up and running. During the remainder of the summer I guess he shot her twenty five times. She always fell flat, but was always up again like a cat.

There was a mountain west of us with a formation on top of it that looked, from our place, about like a barrel. We wanted to see it at closer range, but it was too far to hike. One day, when the horses had nothing else to do, we decided to go and have a look at that mountain. At that time I was totally ignorant of the fact that there were droves of range cattle around us with dangerous bulls among them, as well as range horses, that made it unsafe for children to be out on an old work mare, and an almost unbroken colt. I was not the least bit afraid of cows, or horses either. The ones I had seen were nothing to be afraid of.

Chester Dallas was going with us, and we started early. We passed the first line of low hills, and in a small valley ahead of us was a bunch of cattle, several cows with young calves. They started milling around and bellowing. My horse shied around causing my wide brimmed hat to fall off. Without the least thought of fear I hopped off and got it, as the sun would have blistered me without a hat. It's a wonder I was not killed, but maybe the Lord pitied my ignorance and fearlessness a little.

We finally reached the foot of the barrel mountain, rode our horses up as far as we could, and then tied them to a bush, and started climbing. It was steep and rough, and I ruined my best shoes, and shoes were not too easy for me to get at that time.

When we reached the barrel we saw that it was a huge rock, the sides almost perpendicular. We were determined to get to the top somehow, I don't know why. We could see a train going through the valley near where we lived. It looked like a tiny black string moving along.
About the time we had reached the top we saw several range horses galloping directly towards where we had our animals tied. Chester had sense enough to know that we were likely to be left afoot fifteen or twenty miles from home if we didn’t succeed in getting down there before they did.

The climbing down was much more difficult than going up had been, but we made it, and started on our way home.

When we got home I found that somewhere in the last mile of the trip home I had lost a beautiful comb from my hair. I thought I knew where I had lost it, so in the late afternoon, after I had rested, I walked out in the direction we had come, to see if I could find it. There was a lone cow grazing around off to the south of me. I had never been afraid of an old cow, and paid no attention to her. She kept raising her head and trotting around, but I went on looking for my comb. I found where I thought I had lost it, and as I came back past the cow she resumed her trotting exercises, emphasized by an occasional snort. Suddenly she lowered her head and bellowed, with her tongue out, and charged straight towards me. I knew then that she meant business, so I fairly flew. I was a good runner, but she was gaining on me. By a tight squeeze I reached the wire fence and rolled under it just before she ran against it, making the wires squeak through the staples. I was tired, but I didn’t lay there. I had found that even fearlessness was no defense against a lone range cow. After that I was a little more careful of taking long hikes away from the house, especially if there were stray cows around.

Later Mrs. Dallas told me of a bull that started chasing a child that was walking home from Duncan. The bull was not very close to him, so he ran up a canyon and dodged it. But it followed him for a mile or two, catching an occasional glimpse of his red sweater, till he came into their lot, scared and exhausted from running. The bull appeared on a nearby hilltop, still looking for him.

Autie and I marked a place up on the side of the mesa where sounds were very clear. There was a watering place away out in the flat, southwest of us, towards the foothills, where there were often lots of range cattle. We would climb slowly up the side of the mesa. We could not hear a sound until we had reached that one spot. There we could hear the cows bawling distinctly.

Then there were certain places in the flat below where there was a mirage. We would watch the moving line of cattle till they reached that

17. These dates are written by hand at the top of the page.
strip, then their legs suddenly seemed to be about twenty feet long, and they looked like they were walking on stilts.

These things were all new and strange and interesting to us. We never tired of rambling over the hills, or playing in the big wash. There had been a flood since Dallases had bought their place, and such a mighty stream came down from the mountains that it cut a wash twenty or thirty feet deep right through their farm. There was one thing that surprised me, it showed how very deep the roots of alfalfa will go. After a big rain that caused another section of dirt to fall in, taking off a strip of the lucerne patch, we found one root that was twenty six feet long.

One day when Papa was working out in the field, he caught old Blue, the horse that was staked out there, and got on him without a bridle, to ride him home. Blue decided to have a little fun. He started running as fast as he could, coming straight across the fields, jumping ditches and muddy spots where they were watering. Papa yelled, "Yip, pee," and just as we looked, his hat flew off. They dashed up, and the horse stopped suddenly at the corral gate, looking very pleased with himself. We laughed at papa for getting so wild and reckless out here in Arizona. He said he hadn't wanted the dinner to get cold before he got there to eat it.

My first experience in working away from home came when Christine Losee, who was working for Mrs. Billingsley, got sick and sent for me to work in her place till she was able to go to work again. The work was not hard, and Mrs. Billingsley was real nice to work for, but I didn't like being away from home. While I was at Billingsleys, I met Annie Caid, a young widow who was running a restaurant. I promised to work for her as soon as Christine was able to come back to work again. I enjoyed working for Mrs. Caid. I stayed with her till she sold the restaurant, and then went with her to her ranch, a few miles north of Duncan.

Mrs. Caid's ranch was a funny rambly old place, built right out in the mesquite and greasewood, among some washes. The main part of the house was up on level ground, but the kitchen and dining room was in an old wash, several steps lower. The sides of the wash formed the walls, and there was a brush bowery in front protecting it from the hot sun. It was cool and pleasant down there, the roof rising just high enough from the level ground to have windows on either side for light and breezes to come in.

The cool kitchen, with Annie's good cooking, (which means a lot in the life of a growing child) all made very pleasant memories. There were two boys, a little younger than myself, who kept things lively around the

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18. This Mrs. Billingsley is probably the wife of Benjamin Franklin Billingsley who ran a general merchandise store in Duncan.
place. Sometimes they would help me with the dishes, especially if there was something they wanted me to do when the dishes were finished.

The river was near, and when there was any water in it we would pull off our shoes and wade, or run races in the sand.

Sometimes these boys were not so nice. One day when Annie’s boyfriend came, they insisted that I go up and meet him. I didn’t want to, but they kept insisting. “Who’s afraid of Jack Wisecarver?” they asked. I told them I wasn’t afraid of him, but I didn’t intend to go up there, as he hadn’t come to see me, he came only to see Annie.

Art, Annie’s brother, got a menacing look on, “Don’t ever tell me you won’t do things. I make little girls like you mind me.” I was no weakling, but there were two of them, and they were both big and strong for their ages, so, after a two hour scramble they succeeded in tying my hands and feet together. Then they decided to put boy’s pants on me before taking me up to meet Jack. They finally accomplished that part, got my feet tied together again and succeeded in dragging me up there. We were a sorry looking trio. Art’s nose was bleeding, and we were peeled all over. My wrists were skinned with the rope, and I was bawling. Annie was real mad at them and threatened to take a board to them if they didn’t untie me that minute, but they were not very badly scared.

While I was working for Mrs. Caid I got acquainted with a young fellow named Dick Day; he was very pleasant and I liked him, but he smelled of whiskey sometimes, and I didn’t like that. His face would be red then, but he kept it from being monotonous at the ranch, and we were usually glad when he came.

One time while Annie’s friend, Jack Wisecarver, was there, Dick brought a whitetop buggy and the four of us went to an open air dance and picnic that was held up the river towards Verdin. There was a floor and good music, and we had a very pleasant time. Before we were ready to start for home, Dick’s face had grown very red again, and he looked sleepy. I knew then that our little friendship was going to be a very temporary affair.

This time at the ranch was the first time I had ever stayed away from home for more than a week, and I was getting terribly homesick. It finally got so bad that I decided to walk home. Art said he had a bronco I could ride, but that he was locoed, and had fits every time anyone got on him, and every time you stopped him, too. But I wasn’t very much afraid. I had been on every old horse and mule that had ever been on our place, and I had never fallen off, or been thrown from one. I was always afraid for other children to ride when they were not used to it, but I was not the least bit afraid to ride any of them myself, and I didn’t care how fast they went—the faster the better. So, I told Art that if he would bring his locoed animal home, that I would give it a trial. I felt that if he could ride him, I
could, too. In a day or two I heard the boys’ “Ye Hoo” out in front, and
when I went out they were holding a scrawny looking little mustang that
showed the whites of its eyes every time there was an unusual movement
around. The saddle and bridle looked too heavy and strong for the horse,
as if they alone were all he needed to carry, without anyone getting in the
saddle. I went in the house to get ready to go home, but Annie protested.
She was afraid I would get hurt on the horse. She kept asking me if I had
ever ridden horses, and wasn’t I afraid of that crazy locoed thing, but my
desire to go home was much stronger than my fear.

Art said he would make a pass at getting on him and let him get his
first bucking spree over with, and then maybe he would go along all
right—just so I didn’t let him stop. If he stopped, he would start bucking
again when I started him. Art put his foot in the stirrup, leaned his weight
on the saddle, and the action began. Up in the air, then down; up and
down, with his head between his forelegs. The boy held onto the reins
and let him buck himself down.

As soon as he slowed up, Art said, “Now, it’s your time, Skeezicks,
come and get on, and make him go like the wind and he’ll be too tired to
do very much bucking.” I got on and away we went. My red sailor hat was
fastened securely with elastic under my chin, and pins to hold it in place.
The horse seemed to enjoy running, and it just suited me too. They had
warned me to keep the reins tight and not let him get his head down.
This I tried to remember as we streaked along—out through the greasewood and mesquite, across the wash, up the hill, then over the level
stretch to Duncan.

All went well till we got into town, and my steed wanted to go to the
Post Office where he was in the habit of going. I pulled on the left rein till
his head was yanked sideways, but he kept galloping to the right till he
pulled up at the Post Office and stopped with a thud, and wouldn’t move.
There were several old men sitting out in front who seemed to enjoy the
little show. When he did move, he started bucking, just as Art had pre­
dicted. Around and around we went, and up and down. I was so busy
holding onto the bucking straps that I couldn’t hold his head up. Finally I
got the quirt and started laying it on as hard as I could. Those old men
laughing had made me mad. He wanted to go back to the ranch, but I
finally got him headed south towards Franklin. I plied the whip, and he
really did stretch out.

The folks had moved over close to Prather’s Windmill, just north of
the church, so I had a long level stretch right down the railroad tracks.
Papa was working out in the field and saw me coming. He said he won­
dered if anyone else had a red sailor hat like that. By the time I got to the
big gate, he was there to meet me. “I said that was you when that red
sailor was only a speck, but what in the world is all the rush about?” I told
him I was in a hurry to get home. “Well, you were certainly not wasting any time.”

How glad I was to see him! He looked thin and sick. He was homesick, too. He said that if he could ever get away from that glaring desert sun to where there was soft grass under shade trees, and birds that nested in them, and water that was not full of alkali, he would never leave it again. I knew right then that our stay in Arizona was limited. I didn’t want to go back to Kentucky, but I was sure that that was what we were going to do. Papa was of a disposition that when his mind was upset his body became ill, and I knew he had never liked Arizona, try as he would.

I was not a very good cook, as I had not had very much experience. I was not used to making “light bread.” We usually had cornbread or biscuits, made with buttermilk, in Kentucky. We had no cow, so Lelia had taught me how to make light bread.

We drank Postum for breakfast, and even today as I write, the smell of cedar smoke and a plastered dobie wall brings back memories of Postum and sour tasting bread and the odor of greasewood, and a number of other things that went to make up our life in Franklin.

Other memories are of Mrs. Dallas jumping up and flirting her apron as she hollered “shew!” at the hawks that kept bothering her chickens, of playing in the deep washes that had ruined the Dallas farm, of long explorations into the hills with Autie, or up the river towards Virden.

One dark night I will never forget. Ora Gilliland and I decided to come straight across the fields from the church to our place. We got lost and came onto the railroad tracks, got into a field that had been irrigated and floundered around in the mud and ruined our best shoes. We spent the biggest part of the night getting home. The tracks were away to the south of Franklin, so we were far out of our way, and got our biggest scare when we nearly ran into a camp of Mexican men down by the railroad. To two young girls, this was really an experience.

Before the crop was harvested, papa sold it and began packing to start for Kentucky. Our boxes and trunks were all ready to go, and we were ready to start on the morrow. That evening Dick Day came for me to go with a group of young folks to a dance in Duncan. Papa didn’t want me to go, but as it was the last night I would be there, of course I wanted to go very much.

Papa didn’t usually object to my going places unless there was a good reason, and when he said he would rather I wouldn’t, that was the final word. But this time the boys and girls begged him so to let me go till he finally said if I would promise to be home by eleven o’clock, I could go. I meant it when I promised, but when eleven o’clock came, they would not bring me home, and at one o’clock I said I was going to walk home alone, so they finally took me. I think that was the only time I ever
really disobeyed my father. On the way home Dick asked me to stay in Arizona with him. He begged and pleaded, said he would never drink another drop if I would, but I didn't even remotely consider it. He gave me a beautiful white feather fan that probably cost more than everything I had on. Papa was awake when I went in, and I just told him the truth, but he didn't scold me.

We had a pleasant trip back to Kentucky, crossed the Mississippi at Memphis. We were going down some wide steps from the waiting room, down into a shady yard where hundreds of people were sitting or milling around; about halfway down the steps my petticoat lost its button and dropped down around my feet, almost tripping me. I just stepped out of it, rolled it up and put it in a satchel I was carrying. I didn't feel so terribly embarrassed, since there was not a soul among the crowd that was looking at me that I knew of, and I would probably never see them again anyway. I was thankful that I didn't fall down the steps. Papa said I picked it up as casually as if it had been a handkerchief I had dropped.

Back in Kentucky papa was happy again; to hear the birds sing, the babble of water over rocks, the soft grass under the shade trees, and the mellow sunshine that filtered through the leaves was all he needed, but not me—I was lonesome for the west.

We rented a little house on the hillside, below Mr. Holt's place. Ozie, Evert's sister, and I became fast friends. Evert and Sadie lived at the old Sol Smith place, just across the creek to the East of us. Ozie and I both enjoyed going to their place. We had many happy times together that fall and winter. I remember one time especially, when I was up there, and Ozie and I were planning something, as usual. I can truthfully say that we never planned anything that was undesirable, usually to embroider something, make a basket of crepe paper flowers, or remodel some of our clothing, write letters, or practice some new song we had learned. About the only harm there could possibly have been was the fact that we would stay awake longer than was good for us, for both of us had to be up early to help with the work around the place.

Anyway, this special evening we begged Mrs. Holt to let Ozie go home with me for just a minute, we wouldn't be gone long. She would not give her consent, so we went out, very dejected. Of course Ozie walked part way home with me. When we reached the barn, there was the house in sight, so I said we could run right quick and see those patterns she wanted to look over, and be back before Mrs. Holt missed her. We took hands and ran as fast as we could, hunted up the box of patterns, found what we wanted, and started back feeling a little guilty. When we neared the big barn, at the top of the hill, there stood Mrs. Holt, almost filling the road, for all the world like a big thunder storm, with a long switch in her hand.
“Ozellie, I’m agonta give both of you a good whipping for not minding me. I told you both plainly that you couldn’t go.” We swore that we had not meant to go when we left the house, and explained humbly about the patterns, and how we thought we could run and get them and be back before she missed us. She finally hit Ozie a little tap or two, and told us she ought to raise welts on both of us, and that she would do it the next time we disobeyed her. I know she must have been disgusted with us lots of times. When Ozie was learning to play the guitar, we practiced over and over again the 1, 2, 3, 4. —1, 2, 3, 4. Mrs. Holt said it seemed to say, “Jack’s a poopin’, Jack’s a poopin’.” I suppose she grew pretty tired of hearing it so much, but not so with us.

Mr. Holt bought Ozie a lovely sweet-toned guitar with twelve strings, and our happiness was about complete.

Eugene Fuller was Ozie’s boy friend, and Garvie was mine.¹⁹ They would come together to see us, sometimes at my place, but more often at Ozie’s, as she had a front room, and in the summer there were lots of roses, jonquils, and honeysuckle. One special rosebush, which had tiny pink roses in clusters, was our favorite, and their perfume was heavenly.

Garvie prided himself on his fast buggy horses, and he really had one that could get over the ground, named Damon. He was not a trotter, but he paced, and no one could ever pass us when he had old Damon to the buggy. He had another scrubby old nag he called Dude, that was not much for looks, but he had the speed. Garvie would spread his tail out over the dashboard, then tell him he was three quarters to the breeze now, so just take off. It didn’t take much encouragement. I was always afraid he would fall down and kill himself and us, but he seemed to be pretty surefooted.

Papa bought a crop of tobacco that had already been set out, and we finished working it. I can remember going to work with him early of a morning when the dew would be white all over the fuzzy leaves of tobacco, and in thirty minutes we would be dripping wet. The mornings were chilly, too, until the sun was high enough to dry the dew. Sometimes it was foggy, and the sun would not come out till nearly noon.

Worming and suckering tobacco was a terrible, backbreaking job, and the gum from the sticky green leaves would soon be all over our hands and clothing, so thick that when a garment became folded and stuck, it was hard to pull it apart again. The sickening smell of the hot sun on the green tobacco usually gave me a headache.

I have already mentioned keeping company with Garvie, but now I want to go back to the first part again:

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¹⁹. Eugene Fuller (b. 1880), son of Boone Fuller, and Owen Garvin O’dell (1881–1968).
There were lots of apples on some big old apple trees on the hillside below the stables. One afternoon while I was picking up apples to dry, I heard someone call me. Coming up through the field was Garvie Odell, who had been ploughing in a field across the creek. He asked me if I needed help, and said that he was working for Ellis Walker, who had married his sister Alice. We sat in the shade and visited while his horses had a good long rest.

When I was younger, Garvie used to come home with John, to sleep sometimes (at least once that I remember of), as they were going with two of the Smith girls. I was still a child at that time, but I thought he was about the handsomest, most romantic looking young fellow I ever saw. He wore gorgeous ties, and fastened ribbon streamers on his buggy whip, and they fluttered in the breeze as his horse cantered along.

Now that I was older, and he was showing an interest in me, my dream of the perfect prince charming was almost a reality.

Long after all the apples had been picked up, and the sun was getting low, he said he must be going, and asked me if he could come and take me for a ride the following Sunday. I almost walked in a trance the rest of the week. Everything went smooth and lovely till later, when we had bought the old Ferrell place, on the hill east of the Morris place. Garvie came one evening when two of the missionaries were there: Elders Hand and Petersen. Papa played the violin, and Garvie played the guitar, and Elder Hand and I danced a little. That made Garvie furious. He said, “You can’t tell me, that doggoned scrappah’s stuck on you.” That was the first fly in the lovely ointment. We continued to chew the rag. He tried to make me promise that I wouldn’t dance with him any more, but I was stubborn and wouldn’t promise.

Finally one Sunday evening, when President Kimball and his companions were there, Garvie and I were sitting in the back of the room and he said, “What is there about that doggone Mormonism that you’re so crazy about, anyway?” I proceeded to tell him, and it took quite a while. He was not very favorably impressed, and went home sullen.

The next time he came he proceeded to tell me how dear his mother was to him; how he had always obeyed her in everything. At last he said she

20. Possibly refers to a David A. Hand (1882–1963) who served in 1901–1902 in Mississippi and Ohio but was unrecorded in the Kentucky Conference. Elder Peterson probably refers to Niels Alma Peterson (1878–1964) who served in the Southern States Mission in 1897–1900.

21. Thatcher Kimball (1883–1956), son of David Patten Kimball. He should not to be confused with Spencer W. Kimball (1895–1985), the twelfth president of the LDS Church who served in 1973–1985. Thatcher Kimball was at that time president of the Kentucky Conference in the Southern States Mission.
told him she wanted him to marry someone he loved, and that she had just one request, that he would not marry a Mormon. I told him that I thought it would be a fine thing if he would obey her, and that I had made a resolution that I would not marry anyone who was not a Mormon.

I don’t think he was expecting that kind of an answer. He knew I liked him very much, and he couldn’t imagine anyone choosing a funny old religion in preference to him. We wept a little and said a sad goodnight.

The next Friday, Elmo and Ivan Cooksie [Cooksey] came and stayed all night, and on Saturday the Elders were there again. Garvie had not said he was coming back Sunday (neither had he said he would not), so when Elmo asked me to go home with him, I decided I would. I didn’t leave any word for Garvie. Miss Serena said when he came Sunday and found I was gone, he was furious. I hated to leave the missionaries, they looked so forlorn when I said I was going.

Miss Serena said Elder Hand cried after we left, and had to leave the room. He said, as he left, “Brother Marquess, you have an awful good girl, and I sure like her.”

I spent six miserable weeks at Elmo’s. I kicked around and passed the days off very well. Cy, Ethel, Pearl, and Ivan Cooksie [Cooksey] were often there, or I was with them at their place. But when night came, and we went to bed, I cried myself to sleep lots of times.

Still, the memory of Garvie’s mother’s request, and him thinking he should obey her, was enough to make me determined to stay away long enough that it would all be over when I went back. The funny thing about that affair was that Garvie finally married a Mormon girl and became a staunch Mormon himself, while I married a fellow who was not a Mormon, and had a difficult time converting him.