Out Of The Black Patch

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One day, in the fall, Edgar Carmack was hauling corn for my dad, and I climbed up on the load with him. We were jogging along, when in the distance we saw Garvie and Annie coming in the buggy. He had it all dolled up with ribbons on the sides of the horse’s head and on his whip, with a flashy robe over their laps to keep the dust off. We hurriedly pulled our shoes off, put them behind us, and hung our bare feet off on the side next to them so we would look like real hillbillies.

Lena, Miss Serena’s niece, came and stayed most of that winter with us, and we had pleasant times together. Eddie East went with her, and the Missionaries were there a lot. We always enjoyed them.

That winter, while stripping tobacco, my father began tasting it. I knew it the first day he put it in his mouth, and asked him if he had been chewing tobacco. He looked astonished, and asked me how in the world I knew he had tampered with it, as he had only put a tiny little piece in his mouth to see if it had a nice flavor. He continued to taste it, and soon his old stomach trouble came back. I begged and pleaded with him to leave it

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1. Henry Edgar Carmack (1883–1952) was the son of Thomas Green Carmack (1864–1946) and Parlee Gunn (1870–1887). See appendix three.
alone. I think he did quit several times, but always tasted it again. One time, when there was a Conference being held at our place, President Kimball prophesied that if he did not obey the Word of Wisdom that he would die before the year was out. After the meeting he went to my father, put his arm around him and with tears streaming down his cheeks he told him that he loved him, and please not to feel that he wanted his prediction to come true, that he had only spoken as the spirit of the Lord had directed him. Papa grew thinner, and nothing he ate agreed with him. At last I quit school to take care of him and do the work around the place. Autie did most of the work on the farm. I helped him when I could. We had a nice garden, and I canned tomatoes and apples for winter.

I made soups and gruels, and everything I could think of for papa to eat to keep his stomach from hurting, but nothing relieved it. The medicine the doctor gave him did no good. Finally he became so weak that he lay on the bed most of the time.

One morning when I came in his lips were blue, and there was a glaze over his tired blue eyes. He said, “Well, daughter, it’s here at last. Now that I’ve waited too long, I wish we had sent for Lelia and John to come home. It may be a long time before I see them again.” I answered, “Let’s send a telegram and tell them to come right home. I’ll keep you alive till they get here.” He asked me how I thought I could keep him alive. I told him I would keep the blood circulating by rubbing him all the time. I succeeded in convincing him that I could do it. Elmo was sent to Hopkinsville as fast as he could go, to send the telegram. He had to wait about two hours for someone to go to the field where John and William were working before they could send word back as to just when they would start. Finally the answer came back, “We will start for home Thursday morning.”

As soon as I had written the message for Elmo to take to town, I had started my task of rubbing. I rubbed him all over continually, with my hands next to his flesh. I begged the Lord to let it be effective, and to let him live till they got here. All day and all night I rubbed. When I would start to doze and slow up papa would say, “Keep it up, daughter, if you possibly can. This old clock is about to stop again.”

I’ll never forget how thankful I was when I saw Sadie getting off a horse at the stile block out in front. Together we kept the rubbing up till they arrived Sunday morning. It had been told around that Mr. Marquess was dying, and that we had sent for the children to come home from Utah. By Sunday morning the yard was full of people, also the lot in front of the yard. We kept most of them out of the house, as it worried him.

He said, “What in the world do all those people want to come for? I guess they want to see how a Mormon will die.”
I will never forget those long nights when I sat on a footstool by his bed and rubbed to keep life in him. There was a moon, and a mockingbird sang all night those three nights that we battled with death. One of the nights a little dog, who must have been lost, started howling in front. It was a strange dog, as we didn't possess one. Someone went out and started throwing rocks at it to drive it away. Papa heard them and said not to hurt it; it sounded lonesome enough without having rocks thrown at it.

I think it was about ten o'clock that Sunday morning when I heard arguing by the front door. Someone was trying to keep John from coming in too abruptly, as papa was dozing, and all were afraid that it would be too much of a shock for him. Lelia's folks had hired a rig from the livery stable, but John had been in too much of a hurry to go around the road, and had cut across the field afoot, and had got there ahead of the carriage. Suddenly Papa opened his eyes and said, "John's here, isn't he?" Johnnie tried to control his feelings, but it was impossible, and he cried until he was exhausted. The others soon arrived, and Lelia didn't shed a tear, but set to work trying to devise some way to help him regain his health.

Papa was happy, and seemed to feel better for a while. They were so sorry we had not sent for them sooner. He lived a few days more, and about noon he said he wanted all of us near, as he guessed he would have to leave us. It was getting hard for him to breathe, and there seemed to be a mist before his eyes. He wanted to make sure we were all there, calling us each by name, and groping with his hands to find us. He told us just how death seemed. He said his breath was getting shorter, "About two more breaths and I'll see what's on the other side." He asked where Autie was, and praised him for his faithfulness in doing all the hard work since he had been sick. He told him he could have old Bob (the horse), and the saddle and bridle for his own. He told us to be good to Sis (Miss Serena), as she had been a faithful old soul to him. Suddenly he looked up with a surprised and happy look and said, "Etta!" Then, after a short pause, he said, "My, what beautiful flowers," then his head dropped forward, and he was gone.2

I hurried out, and down past the stables, to a place where I had often gone to say my prayers. For a while I could hardly get my breath. It seemed to work on a valve that would only work one way. I wondered if I was going to die too, but after lying on the ground for a while, I began to feel better and went back to the house.

What a comfort it was to have Lelia and the children and John with us!

2. Boanerges Robert Marquess died on October 7, 1903. See "'Bo' Marquess Dead," Hopkinsville Kentuckian, October 9, 1903, 1.
After the funeral Miss Serena began to prepare for a sale. She and her brother, Frank Long, were strong on people's rights by law, and reminded me a number of times that I had no right to even touch a wind-fall apple, if they were a mind to go strictly by law. They thought we were a peculiar bunch of children, to not want anything on the poor old place. I did keep the guitar papa had bought for me, though she said by rights she could have sold it if she had wanted to.

It made us sad to even think of squabbling over the few things papa had accumulated, and were determined that we would never stoop to such a thing. I'm sure Miss Serena was a little disappointed, as she was anxious to show her knowledge of legal proceedings.

I want none of my children, or grandchildren to think that there was discord and squabbling between me and my stepmother, for there was not. I did all the washing (scrubbed on a washboard) and the ironing, milked the cows, did the cooking and dishwashing, and although Autie teased her continually and laughed at her one time (she hummed, and he would hum it after her), she thought a great deal more of him than she ever did of me.

After the sale, Miss Serena went to her brother's, Frank Long, and I went to Sadie's. Here at Sadie's, Ozie, Evert's sister, and I renewed the friendship that had existed between us since childhood.

Edgar (Carmack) went to work for Evert, and we were soon married, and moved to the old Birchfield Marquess place.

William, Lelia's husband, came home after he had disposed of their crop in Utah, and they moved to the old Hubbard Stewart house (which was near the old homestead of Jot Lindley, who married my grandfather's youngest sister, "Peggy" Armstrong Lindley—see special mention of her in my great-grandfather Ben Armstrong's will). [The will is not included in this edition.]

In the spring Edgar rented my father's old place from Miss Serena, and we moved back to the old house, where Cecil, my first child, was born. I helped Edgar all spring, anxious to get a big crop planted so we could have extra for the little one that was coming. If I had been wiser I would have kept a little more quiet, as I was in constant pain, but this was my first, and I thought that was only natural, and worked in the fields in spite of it.

One day, as I was going to the house, a shower came up. I was running to keep from getting wet. Between the well and the house, along the row of fruit trees, the path was very slippery. Suddenly my feet flew from under me, and I fell flat on my side. We laughed, and went on to the house, fixed lunch, and did the usual chores around the place.

I went to bed that night not feeling any worse than usual. I remember thinking, before I went to sleep, that I must get some material for
some little clothes and get them made soon; there was no particular hurry, though, as I had about three months in which to get them made.

About one o'clock I awoke with a severe colic. I endured it till almost daylight, before waking Edgar. When it was light he went for Mrs. Carmack, his stepmother, who was a pretty good nurse.³ When all of her colic remedies failed to do any good, and the pain grew worse, they sent for cousin Sis Causler [Cansler], the granny woman.⁴ About one o'clock after noon, a tiny little son was born, weighing about two pounds. None of them expected him to live, but I did. I was sure he would.

Poor little thing, not one garment to put on him. Mrs. Carmack brought some of Ernest’s old leftovers and put them on him till we could get some clothes made. They were so big he was lost in them, but they kept him warm. The baby slept continually, and would not stay awake long enough to eat. About one swallow and he was sound asleep again, but I made him swallow so often that he survived. The baby was born on a Sunday. The following Sunday morning there was no one there but myself and the baby. I needed some warm water to wash him with, and I

³ Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack (1873–1961) was the daughter of John Wayland Hale and Elizabeth Shepherd.
⁴ Sis Cansler, a midwife, was the daughter of James Curtis Cansler and Sylvia Adams Cansler.
went to the kitchen after it. I tilted the big old iron teakettle over to pour the water, and something happened. I turned blind and sick, and a terrible pain seized me. I groped back to bed, and the rest of the day I was in such terrible agony that my tongue even refused to function. I was conscious, but could hardly speak.

Edgar sent for Mrs. Causler again, and Sadie and Lelia came. For several days I was turned over only in a sheet. My one worry was that maybe my milk would not be good for the baby, with me sick, and that they were not feeding him often enough, but after another week I was able to take care of him myself.

When he was two months old I went to Lelia’s and cousin Leona Armstrong weighed him, and he weighed four pounds and four ounces. I cried, as I had expected him to weigh much more than that.

There was not much more outside work for me that summer. It is wonderful how a mother can love a baby, even when he is a tiny little thing. My whole soul was wrapped up in him. My heart just sang with happiness and thankfulness for him. After he once got started to growing, he fattened like a little pig, and became a perfect roly poly of a baby.

There were two houses on the old place, and we moved to the one down on the Buttermilk road. Edgar made cross-ties that winter for spending money. We got a bunch of chickens, and I was interested in taking care of them. I sold eggs for seven cents a dozen. Wayland Hale worked for us, and there was a great deal of snow. The men killed rabbits, and we had fried rabbit, rabbit pie, rabbit dumplings, and every way I could fix them so we would not get too tired of them. I baked sweet potatoes in the dutch oven, too. It was very cold in the kitchen. The walls were thin, and it was on the north side of the house. I had lots of dried peaches, too. When I remember that winter, part of the memory is of fried peach pies, rabbit dumplings and good cornbread with butter and sweet milk, and my baby growing fat and round and learning the cute little things like first words, and playing with his toys (which consisted of a soft ball I made for him, and a string of spools).

Edgar was able to chop out about ten cross ties a day with the broad axe, getting ten cents a tie for them. Mr. Carmack let us milk a little black heifer who had her first calf, and I sold buttermilk to the sawmill crew who had a camp not far away.5

It was at this place that I first met Mr. and Mrs. Galloway, who later became our very dear friends.6 When they moved the sawmill camp over

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5. “Mr. Carmack” refers to Thomas Green Carmack, Effie’s father-in-law.
6. Robert and Hazel Galloway. Effie’s daughter, Hazel, was named after Mrs. Galloway.
to the Jim Williams hollow, Edgar hired out to them and we moved with them. They built new lumber cabins for the mill hands. Galloways’ and ours were very near to each other.

Cecil was exposed to whooping cough just after we moved there, and Mrs. Galloway said that since we were so close, we would not try to keep the children apart. I regretted that decision many times, as her little girl, Jewel, took whooping cough and died. Cecil grew pale and thin himself before he was finished with it.

Edgar and Hol Boyd worked together hauling logs for the mill, and he stayed at our place part of the time. He became very fond of Cecil, and seemed to think as much of him as Edgar did. Adrian Cannon was there a lot, too, and if Cecil could have been spoiled, they would have spoiled him. Adrian called him Stud, and Galloways called him “Sat Boy.” Their baby Hazel and Cecil, were nearly the same age, so on her washdays I would keep her baby, and on my washdays she kept mine. She even let them both nurse her breast when they were hungry, I did the same when I kept the two of them. We grew to love each other very much, and our men were good friends. She had a good bunch of children: Shelby, Guy, Mary, Marvin, Jewel, and baby Hazel.

I must not forget Rick Worthington, the manager of the mill. He was a good man, and very intelligent.

The friendships that were formed during the two years we worked with this group have lasted through life, and I am sure will continue on into the next life.

I often grew homesick for my own folks. I can remember the thrill I experienced one day when I saw Vera and Norman, Lelia’s children, coming in the distance. They had walked a long way alone. Vera had brought some cloth for me to make her a dress, and I was so anxious to make it very pretty that I made it so fancy that I don’t believe she ever wore it. I was very remorseful about it. We didn’t have too many nice new dresses, though always enough to be neat.

The next move the sawyers made was to a place they called Happy Hollow, eight or ten miles north west of Crofton, away out in the hills where there was lots of good oak timber.

Mrs. Galloway said that if they would let us live close to each other, she would go; if not, she would not move away off down there alone. We first moved into an old schoolhouse and lived together while they were building our houses. The new places were built near each other, both

7. Adrian Cannon (b. 1876).
8. Effie may be referring to R. L. Worthington (1870–1925).
close to a spring of clear cold water. In winter, when it rained a lot, we caught wash water in barrels. In summer we washed at the spring.

We built chicken houses of poles and sawmill slabs and raised chickens, enough to have what we needed for meat and eggs. We set some eggs in the spring, and raised little chickens. One day we heard an old hen scolding and flogging and making an awful noise. When we went to find the cause we saw a rattlesnake, whose tail end was still in a hole beneath a big tree. He was in the act of swallowing one of the chickens, which was nearly big enough to fry. A boy was passing, so we called him, and he took a stick and drug him out of the hole; got him by the tail and popped his head against a tree, and slung him off in a brush pile. It was over three feet long. There were lots of rattlers down there. One day Mr. Campbell, the woods boss, killed a big one, about five feet long. He was interested in its rattles. He pried its mouth open to see its fangs at close range. It was not entirely dead, and blew its poison breath in his face (or sumpin’), anyway he grew deathly sick, and was barely able to get to Gambles’ place, which was near, where he stayed in bed all day.

Cecil had grown plump and well again. He had yellow curls, and was a beautiful child. There was no school for the Galloway children to go to, so they took care of Cecil most of the time. One cold rainy day they came over and asked if they could take him to their place for a while. I paid no attention, knowing that Mrs. Galloway would take as good care of him as I would. About an hour later I started over there to bring him home, and to my horror I saw that they had not taken him in the house, but had him out on a seesaw where they were playing. He was wet, and his feet and legs were as cold as ice. I hurried home, gave him a warm bath and a glass of warm milk and put him to bed. He went right to sleep, slept too long, and when he awoke he was hot, and breathing with a catch in his breath. He was hot all that night.

The next morning I sent for the doctor, who came and said he had pneumonia. I hardly ate or slept till the first danger was over. Just when I was thinking he would soon be well, he had a relapse, and the other lung was affected. I can’t remember just how long it lasted, but too long. The doctor said he was going to be awfully weak when the fever had run its course.

Then one day he said there was no use in him coming back any more, that he wasn’t doing any good, and was only making a big doctor bill (that was Dr. Eugene Croft). I didn’t realize that he was giving him up as a hopeless case, and insisted that he come back. He said that if I wanted him to he would send his brother Charlie, who he considered a better child doctor than himself.9 The next day doctor Charlie came, in

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9. Dr. Marion Eugene Croft (1875–1956), and Dr. Charles C. Croft (1877–1948) sons of Larkin C. Croft and Francis Victoria Armstrong.
the afternoon. He sat and looked at the baby for a while, felt his pulse, and listened with his stethoscope, and then asked me where my garbage can was. I told him it was just outside the window, on the downhill side of the house. He raised the window and took all the bottles of medicine we had been using and dropped them into it. He then said, "He'll not be needing these anymore." I asked him if he was going to change the medicine. He said, "My dear, he'll never need any more medicine, he's gone." I couldn't believe it, and told him so. He said that the baby had not breathed, nor had his heart beaten for twenty minutes.

I told him that I thought the baby was just so weak from the fever leaving that he couldn't hear the heart beat. He made me listen with his stethoscope to convince me, and he took a small mirror from his left hip pocket and held it near his mouth. He told me that if he was breathing, the least bit it would fog the mirror. He said that the baby had put up a brave fight, but the fever had just lasted too long, and he was too weak to stand it. He also said that lots of mothers had been forced to give up their children, and he told me of several children who had died of pneumonia that winter. He said that if I would fix a place, that he would straighten him out on the bed. I told him that I'd rather he would leave him in the crib so I could keep it near the stove, as I meant to see if I couldn't get him warm again. He assured me he would never be warm again, for according to all he knew he was dead. I had depended on their judgment, and had done everything just as they had decided, but when I saw that the doctors had given up, I wanted to try my hand.

I was glad for him to go so I could get to work. As he went out through the kitchen he met Mrs. Galloway coming in. I could see them in the mirror of the dresser, saw her ask him how the baby was. He shook his head, and held his hands out. I could see that he was telling her he was gone.

I poured some rubbing alcohol into a pan of hot water, and prepared to start rubbing him. I closed the window that the doctor had advised me to keep open, made a hot fire, and put the baby on a pillow as near to it as I dared, then started rubbing him with my hot wet hands. It was now about sundown, of a short winter day in February. I remember Edgar coming in, and of me asking him if he would join with me in a prayer that the baby would live. He said that if it was best for him to get well he would, and if it was his time to die we would just have to give him up. I told him that the Lord had said, "Ask and it shall be given you," but He didn't promise anything to the ones who didn't ask.10

I can't remember much else that happened around me. My interest was centered in getting that little body warm again, and starting up the circulation once more.

There were none of the Elders where I could reach them. Edgar had not been baptized, and was not very much interested in religion, or prayer. Mrs. Galloway went home to get her little ones fed and in bed. Edgar had worked hard all day, and went to sleep. I never halted in my rubbing. I was so near to the hot stove that I was sweating, but Cecil's little body was still as cold as ice all over. I longed for someone with the authority to administer to him. Not wanting to leave a thing undone that might help, I got a small bottle of olive oil, asked the Lord to bless and purify it, and to recognize a mother's anointing and blessing on her child, and to bring him back to life. I promised Him solemnly that if He would do this, that I would dedicate the rest of my life to teaching the Gospel to everyone that I could get to listen to me. I also promised that I would raise this precious child the very best that I could if He would only give him back to me. I promised that any other children I might have, I would raise as nearly right as I could. I'm sure the Lord knew I meant every word of that promise.

I don't remember even considering giving up. I don't remember weeping. I was too busy and too desperate to weep. My whole body and soul was a living, working prayer. Occasionally I put a few drops of stimulant in a spoon of warm milk and poured it in his mouth, and then

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11. By "someone with authority to administer to him" Effie means someone who holds the Mormon priesthood and thus has authority to anoint her child with consecrated oil and pronounce a special blessing. Current Mormon policy expressly states that "Only Melchizedek Priesthood holders may administer to the sick." See Melchizedek Priesthood Leadership Handbook, 13. Effie had tried to summon the Elders to perform this ordinance, since she, as a woman, did not have this authority. When she could not find the Elders or any other member of the priesthood, she went ahead to perform a "mother's anointing" on her own initiative.

While Mormon women are prohibited from performing such an ordinance by the authority of the priesthood, it was doctrinally acceptable for a female to administer to the sick by the power of faith. Interestingly, on April 28, 1842, Joseph Smith approved of females performing this ordinance: "Respecting females administering for the healing of the sick, he further remarked, there could be no evil in it, if God gave sanction by healing; that there could be no more sin in any female laying hands on and praying for the sick, than in wetting the face with water; it is no sin for anybody to administer that has faith, or if the sick have faith to be healed by their administration." See Joseph Smith, Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1979), 224–25. For more on Latter-day Saint women administering to the sick, see Linda King Newell, "The Historical Relationship of Mormon Women and Priesthood," in Women and Authority: Re-emerging Mormon Feminism, edited by Maxine Hanks (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1992), 23–48. Also. Claudia L. Bushman, "Mystics and Healers," in Mormon Sisters: Women in Early Utah, edited by Claudia L. Bushman (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1997), 1–23.
stroked his throat to help him swallow. Hour after hour I rubbed him with the hot water and alcohol. About twelve o’clock it seemed to me that his sides and back felt a little warmer, as if there was life. Mrs. Galloway was sitting loyally and silently by. At twenty minutes after twelve I asked her to listen and see if she could hear heartbeats. She listened intently a minute, and then all excited, she started crying, and said, “Upon my word, that child’s heart is actually beating again.”

She hurried out and across the road and woke her husband, Robert. He came back with her, sleepy and shivering, knelt down and listened, and with tears running down his cheeks, he said, “Our Sat Boy’s a’goin’ to live again.” I continued rubbing and administering the stimulant till he was breathing regularly. I was afraid to stop for fear his heartbeats might stop again. About dawn, little Mary Galloway came in with some bread and butter in her hands. Cecil opened his eyes, reached out his hand and said, “Bite.” That was the first time he had paid any attention to anything in days. It was no trouble for me to cry then, my heart was melting with thanksgiving.12

The news had been all over Crofton that Cecil was dead. A few days later Charlie Croft, the doctor who was there when Cecil “died,” rode several miles out of his way to come by and see for himself that he was really alive. He was a good man, and was ashamed that he had tried to kill my faith. He said, “The fact that that child is alive is proof that there are still miracles on earth.”13 He quit practicing doctoring shortly after that, and

12. In an undated poem entitled “One of Earth’s Lessons,” in Poetry Broadcast, 56, Effie offers her thanks for preserving Cecil from death:

Peevish cross and fretful, everything gone wrong;
Tired and impatient, had to work too long;
Supper dishes over, children tucked in bed;
Found one precious darling with hot and throbbing head
Breathing short and catchy, hurting in his chest,
Held him until daylight, close against my breast.
Doctor looking serious, “Very stubborn case,"
Not one ray of hopefulness in his worried face;
Long dread hours of watching—; heart will surely break;
“Oh dear Lord in Heaven, save him for my sake.”
One in tender mercy, heard my fervent prayer;
Days of anguish over, calm instead of care.
Peace and joy like Heaven, gratitude complete,
Bitterness and sorrow helped me find the sweet.

13. Many years later, Effie affirmed her own belief in modern-day miracles saying, “One time when Sadie and I were together, one of our neighbors came in and the neighbor says, ‘Why don’t we have miracles now like they had in the days of the Savior, recorded in the New Testament?’ And Sadie looked at me and she says ‘Effie, if you and I should put down every miracle that we have experienced with our children, it would be three times as many as there is recorded in the New Testament’—and it was true too” (undated recording, ca. 1970. Tape in Noel Carmack’s possession).
never took it up again, though I think he was a much better doctor than his brother Eugene. He worked in a drugstore in Crofton for years.

I had tried to teach the Gospel to the Galloway family, and to Hol Boyd, and Rick Worthington, the mill foreman, without a great deal of success. After Cecil's miraculous recovery, however, they showed more interest, and it became a regular thing for us to gather once or twice a week and discuss religion.

Often, after supper, Worthington would come to our place, and when Galloways knew he was there they would come also. Mr. Galloway would poke his head in at the door and say, "What's going on over here, we don't want to miss out on anything." Rick had me order a Bible and a Book of Mormon for him, but the thing he gloried in most was a little reference book. He called it his shotgun, and carried it in his pocket all the time. He delighted in an argument, and usually came out the winner.

Mr. Galloway carried his scriptures more in his head, and was gentle and persuasive. The boys at the mill, who nicknamed everyone, called him "preacher."

Ethell Bagget, the boy who drove Galloway's teams, was an expert on the guitar, and enjoyed playing for our songs. He said he never did "go much on religion," though. They said in McLean county, where he came from, that one Sunday when he was lit up he rode his horse up inside the meeting house, around in front of the pulpit and yelled "glory hallelujah." But we all liked him, and he was always a welcome addition to our little get-togethers.

Hol Boyd was of a devout Baptist family, a good gentle man, rugged and kind, the Abe Lincoln type. I'm sure he believed the Gospel. He was certainly exposed to it a-plenty, whether it took or not.

Speaking of Hol Boyd—he and Bagget wrangled the oxen. They used them to snake the big logs from the steep hillsides. The oxen were slower and more patient than the horses, and would go into all kinds of places. I became quite well acquainted with them, and learned to respect their strength and their dependability (the oxen). One big old fellow, they called him Blue, was a lovable ox, with plenty of sense. One day someone carelessly left an axe lying in the woods, and Blue stepped on it, cutting his right forefoot between the split hoof. It was not a bad cut, but it got infected, and for days he lay in the yard of the ox sheds. He would moan with pain day and night. We could hear him distinctly from the house. When I had time I would take out a bucket of warm salt water, sit by him and bathe it. As soon as he would see Cecil and I coming, he would stop moaning. He would lean his head against me, and be perfectly quiet while we were there. Cecil would rub him, and he seemed to enjoy it. One evening Edgar and Hol didn't come to supper at the regular time. The food was getting cold, when at last they came, walking rather slow. They sat out on some big rocks and
didn’t talk much. I could hear them blowing their noses, and I knew that poor old Blue had passed away, and they had been dragging him off. They said when working in the timber with him that he had sense, almost like a human. He had good judgment about dragging the logs, or anything he did. Hol said that it was a dirty shame that it couldn’t have been old Baldy who had stepped on that axe. He was stubborn and mean and always did just the opposite from what they wanted him to do. There were ten or twelve of the oxen, each with dispositions as different as people.

Not long after this they moved the sawmill to a wild, remote canyon, where it looked as if man had never penetrated. Mrs. Galloway and the children went to visit her people, in McLean County, while the mill was being moved. They got our cabin almost finished, and we moved into it before they put the windows in. There was no other building near it yet, and it was lonely, when only Cecil and I were there alone. But the woods were beautiful, and there were long ferns all around the spring, and wild flowers everywhere. The men were hauling hay from somewhere a long way off, and didn’t get home till after midnight. There were tales of wild animals in the woods here, and once I heard a noise at the window, and there was a big old dog with his forefeet and head sticking up in the window, looking in at me. I then tacked a blanket over the window, but it would have been poor protection in an emergency. Another night I heard something under the floor, rubbing its back against the boards as it moved around, purring like a giant cat, which I guessed it was, for I heard later that there were plenty of wildcats in that part of the woods.

We had a letter from Sadie saying that they and Mr. and Mrs. Holt were going to Imperial Valley, California, where Mr. Holt’s brother, Uncle Judge, was living, so we moved to their place and stayed till they came home about a year later. This was the old Solomon Smith home. Before he owned it, it had belonged to Edgar’s mother, who had inherited it. She and Edgar’s father were married at this place, and so were we. It was a big old rambling two story house, with an L shaped kitchen and back porch, and a cistern in the back yard. There was a loom room, out in the horse lot, with a big old loom in it in perfect condition, with all the attachments. Elmo’s wife, Ivy, was a scientific weaver. She said she would teach me if I wanted her to.

One day, when we were at Edgar’s father’s house, his old grandmother, Mary Ann Thomason (called Polly Ann, or more often, “Aunt Pop”), was there. I told her of the loom at the old Smith place. I said that if I could get enough rags I would weave a rag carpet. She then said, “Well, you have no excuse, I have a whole barrel of carpet strings, all tacked, colored, and rolled into balls, ready to weave.” We took them

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14. Mary Ann Thomason (b. 1836).
home with us, and Ivy got the loom into working order. I bought the warp, and Ivy helped me to get it all set up, ready to start weaving.

Aunt Pop predicted that I would never get enough woven for a carpet. She said, “Maybe a rug or two.” I told her that if there were strings enough, I would weave a carpet. She wanted me to shake hands on it, so I did. So, I was in for a long tedious job, but I learned to enjoy weaving. I was not very swift at first, but I gained speed, with practice, and before Violet was born in 1908, I had it all finished, sewed together, and on the floor. That was the only loom I knew of that had been taken care of, and all its parts intact. I’m so thankful that I had the grit and stick-to-it-iveness to finish it.

Lots of interesting things happened while we lived at the Smith place. Weaving the carpet was the big job, but during the winter months we took two of Sister Dona Boyd’s children and kept them for her. She lived in Hopkinsville, and it was hard for her to make ends meet. We had plenty of milk, meat, beans and flour meal.

There was a little sharecropper’s cabin near the Smith house. There were several families around who had children. My sister Lelia, the Simmons family, and the Boyd children I was keeping. We decided to have a little Sunday School in the sharecropper’s cabin. We met, organized, and appointed officers. Certain ones to get wood for a little heater, others to act as janitors, others to help clean and paper the room. We hunted up all the religious pictures we could find and put them on the walls. 15

The first Sunday was a happy occasion. All had helped in getting it ready, and we had a happy time together. I’m sure every one who attended still remembers our little meeting house with loving memories. Later, the parents came, and we had an adult class, and ordered Sunday School literature for our lessons. That was the beginning of the Woodland Branch. In all the years that I have attended Sunday school, in the different branches and wards of the church, that little Sunday school, in that dilapidated little old cabin, ranks high in my memory for happiness in worship and for an outpouring from the Spirit of the Lord. 16


"This old house had a big playroom upstairs (left)." Old Holt place near Larkin, Kentucky, where the Carmack family lived from about 1921 to 1924. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

Charles E. Callis to help build a meeting house, which served us for many years, till most of the members moved away.\footnote{17}


The Woodland Branch building was dedicated on April 25, 1915 during the meetings of the Kentucky Conference. "President Callis and Elder Ernest Marti[n?], from Chattanooga, were in attendance. About two hundred saints and friends attended the spirited meetings that were held. Pres. Callis delivered some very powerful sermons. He urged the saints to live their religion and impressed upon them the necessity of keeping the word of wisdom. He told of the broadness of the belief of the Latter-day Saints, wherein those who are called away from this earth without a knowledge or without even hearing the Gospel, would have a chance in the spirit world of accepting it.

All the elders present bore testimony of the divinity of the work in which they are engaged. Many friends were made. On Sunday, the 25th, the new church at Larkin was dedicated by Pres. Callis. After the morning services lunch was served by the kind saints and friends of Larkin. Their kindness will never be forgotten." See "Kentucky," \textit{Liahona}, \textit{The Elders' Journal} 12 (June 1, 1915): 783.}
We moved from the Sol Smith place to Mr. Holt's old home, as they were still in California, and Sadie and Evert were coming back to occupy the Sol Smith home. I remember the day they came; we were still living at the Smith place yet. Cecil had a sore knee, I can't remember now just what was the matter, but he was bashful, and went back in the kitchen and didn't come out to greet them till they kept asking about him, and we hunted him up.

We moved to the Holt place right after that. When I was cleaning out some old newspapers that had been stored on a shelf over the door of the hall, I found an old "Globe Democrat" published in Louisville. I wish I knew the date it was published. In that old newspaper I found an article titled: "An aged man confesses to taking part in the mobbing when Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and his brother Hyrum were murdered." He said that he was glad that he could say that he didn't fire a shot that entered either of their bodies, but it had tormented him all his life, anyway. He said that the one man called Joseph fell from a window. They propped his body up against a well curb and were going to use it as a target to shoot at, but when he was dying a shaft of bright light came around his face and extended for several feet around him. Members of the mob afterwards said that it was lightning, but all of them knew it was not lightning. They all ran in fright, falling over each other in their haste to get away, "like the guilty criminals we were." He said that all his life he had felt sure that the man they had killed was what he claimed he was—a prophet of God. I do wish I had kept the article, I did keep it for years.

One day, not long after we moved to this old house, I was sewing, making little overalls for Cecil, when Elder Richins asked me to guess who they had just baptized. I had no idea, as I didn't know where they had been laboring. He said that they had just come from Crofton, but I still couldn't guess. Then he told me that the entire Galloway family was baptized, except the little one, who was not old enough. I was so happy that I couldn't keep back the tears. I had not known they had moved back

18. Joseph and Hyrum Smith were shot and killed by a mob on June 27, 1844, in Carthage, Illinois.
19. This is the incredible account of the murders of Joseph and Hyrum Smith as told by William M. Daniels and others and has persisted in unofficial Mormon Church publications. See William M. Daniels, Correct Account of the Murder of Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith at Carthage on the 27th Day of June 1844 (Nauvoo: John Taylor, 1845), and N. B. Lundwall, comp., The Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1952), 226–33.
to Crofton. I knew they would be good Latter-day Saints, since they were already good people without it. The years since have proved their genuineness. I heard much later that Guy, one of the boys, grown and now married, was Superintendent of Sunday School in Madisonville, the county seat just north of us in Hopkins County. Mary, the oldest girl, had married Welby Ray, who accepted her religion and had been made District President of the Western Kentucky Conference, an important position.21 This all made me very happy, to know the family had stayed active in Church work. Once, when I visited Hopkinsville, where Lelia and her children lived, when our Church was having Conference there, Mary and Welby came. I was so glad to see them, and to know of their good work in the Church.22

When Holts were coming home from California, we moved to the little house on the hillside between Mr. Holt's big barn and the red house. I was expecting my second child. Cecil was four years old. I stayed busy trying to get several things accomplished before time for the baby to arrive. I canned and dried apples, sewed the long strips of carpet together to fit the living room of the little house, and put it down. It was cozy and pretty, made of bright colors. I looked forward to telling Sadie "I wove a carpet."

I had decided to be old fashioned in another line. I raised ducks, so I could have feathers enough to make all the pillows I needed. I had very good luck with the duck eggs hatching, and I raised thirty-six. They were all full feathered and just about ready to pick, when one morning about daylight, I kept hearing a strange noise and got up to see what it was. Mr. Shelton's hogs were out of their pen, and were running at large, and were eating my ducks. The hogs were just grabbing and gobbling right and left, with ducks legs and heads hanging out of the sides of their mouths; soon not even the legs and heads were left. Only one duck escaped. I gave that one to Mrs. Shelton, the owner of the hogs, as she kept ducks, too.23

When Violet was born I was happy that she was a little girl. It was in September, and getting cool, and the new carpet gave warmth to the room.

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21. Welby Ray is unrecorded in mission manuscript sources. He possibly served in the Southern States Mission in 1906.

22. Evidently, Hopkinsville, because of its centralized location, was headquarters of the Kentucky Conference. For example, in 1907, the Liahona reported "A well attended conference was held at Hopkinsville, Christian county. Three public meetings were held and the Gospel plan explained to the people. Much good, we hope will result from this conference. The people who attended expressed themselves as being well pleased and the elders returned to their fields of labor with renewed determination to press on in the Lord's work. They are all in good health." See "Kentucky," Liahona, The Elders' Journal 5 (August 24, 1907): 279.

23. These hogs were probably owned by George S. Shelton (1857-1936) and his wife Lula E. (1872-1961).
There was a good fireplace in the room also, and I enjoyed it. I had had a class of girls through the summer that needed to brush up on some of their schoolwork—Bernice Pollard, Vera (my niece), Carrie, Edgar's sister, and Lilian Hamby. We had a pleasant time, and I learned as much as they did. Mr. Holt's folks had moved back to their old place, and Ozie came and helped me out when Violet was tiny. She was a beautiful auburn haired baby, good, healthy, and never any trouble. I had an abundance of milk for her, and she thrived. At first I kept her wrapped too much, and nearly smothered her till Lelia came and made me take some of the blankets off. I was proud of my two sweet children. Cecil, now four years old, had a perfect little body, and was an ideal child, well behaved and obedient. He was like a little man, very proud of the baby when she came, and wanted to help take care of her. He was my little helper, anxious to do anything he could.

Cecil had one quality that worried me a little, though. He was not the least afraid of snakes or worms, or anything else much. I had a garden down by an old barn in the meadow, and one day when I went for some vegetables and Cecil was with me, (he was about three), I noticed him squatted at one corner of the barn very interested in something. In a few minutes he came over to me carrying a little snake about a foot long, on a real short stick which was only about three inches long. The snake was wrapped around it once, with its head sticking up, and its tail hanging down. Cecil said, "Look, mama, isn't this a cute little bull snake?" I was horrified. It looked like a poison snake to me, thick and short, but I didn't take time to examine it to see what kind it was, I knocked it as far as I could send it. He was sorry for me to be so brutal with his little snake. He said that it wouldn't hurt anybody. I gave him a good serious lecture: How even a little rat-tlesnake or a copperhead could bite you and it might kill you, that snakes were not good things to play with, and he must never touch them. I wonder if Cecil still remembers that. At this writing, 1968, it has been sixty years ago.

When Violet was six or seven months old, she developed a habit of vomiting her milk up a little while after she took it. She didn't seem sick, it just came back up.

1909

I remember that she weighed seventeen pounds, a normal weight for a baby her age. Several older mothers said that I needn't be worried about it, that lots of babies did that, but it continued, and she didn't gain weight. I tried all the simple remedies that were recommended, but she

24. Bernice Rena Pollard (b. 1894) married Clarence Vernon Walker (b. 1890) in 1916.
25. This date is written by hand at the top of the page.
continued to throw up her milk. About this time we moved to a place near Mt. Zoar, next to the Joel Boyd place. The missionaries came to our place quite often here. President Thomas E. Secrist and Elder Alvin Thorup were the two that I remember best.²⁶ Elder Thorup was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, very blond, with red cheeks and curly hair, and perfect features.

President Secrist said that Violet (now about 8 months old) was the smartest child of her age that he ever saw, and he had three of his own. He was there one day when I went to the garden for something, and she awoke and wanted to go with me. She didn’t cry, and she didn’t fall out at the front door, she turned around and climbed carefully down the steps and started crawling across the old rough yard. There was a maple tree in the yard, and the roots protruded. Violet’s little apron hung up on one of the roots as she crawled by. President Secrist said that she didn’t cry and pull, as most babies would do, she just backed up, unhooked her apron from the root, and continued on her journey with the rough rocky ground scratching her tender little knees. She really was a choice spirit, and the after years have proved it.

Though Violet didn’t gain weight at this time, she seemed well, and her mind developed. Finally, after she was over a year old and still weighed only seventeen pounds, I tried browning some buttermilk biscuits real brown, and soaking them in postum, with a little milk and honey in it and fed it to her. She was able to hold this down, and began to gain weight. After that, most anything agreed with her. Violet helped me to raise the other children who were born in the years following. She and Cecil both were a joy to me, and a help and a mainstay during a busy and hectic life.

When Violet was three years old, Noel was born.²⁷ I chose Noel for a name because I was expecting him at Christmas time, but he delayed his coming till January 11th. He was as big as a calf, and was born during a terrible siege of weather. The rain, sleet and snow froze on the trees and broke them down. There was no way to get to town. Telephone lines were down, and the roads were filled with broken trees. I had meant to have old Dr. Moore, who lived not far from us, but he had pneumonia, so Lelia and Sadie had to be doctors, nurses and midwives. It was a prolonged labor, from Saturday to Monday about 1 P.M. Sunday night and Monday morning was a horrible nightmare, but I was finally rewarded by a big


²⁷ Noel Evans Carmack (1911–1980) was Effie’s second son.
fine healthy baby. I was so thankful that he was all right, but the long siege had been hard on him too. His head was out of shape, and his face was swollen. Lelia said that he looked like Sitting Bull, but I thought he was beautiful, and didn't appreciate her verdict.

Noel had a close call when he was still very young. There came a clear morning after a stormy spell, so I hung some blankets out in the sun. In the afternoon it clouded up and looked like it might rain. Noel was asleep on the bed. One of Edgar's little sisters brought the blankets in and threw them on the bed, right on top of him, then ran back for the rest of the things from the clothes line. When I came in and saw that pile of blankets on my baby I grabbed them off. He was nearly smothered to death. He was white and wet with sweat. I rocked him and cried, and thanked the Lord that I had come in the house in time.

We were getting ready to go to Utah while waiting for Noel's arrival. We knew that it would be colder in the Salt Lake Valley than in Kentucky, so we had to get warm coats, etc. Now I had three beautiful children, and enjoyed making pretty clothes for them. At that time little girls were wearing long-waisted dresses, and I made new ones for Violet. I embroidered a linen one, and put tucks and lace on the front of a white one.

At last we were ready to start for Utah. I hated to leave the little Woodland Branch, my folks, and the Simmons family, who we had learned to love like our own.

Someone suggested that I get a bottle of Paregoric, or Mrs. "Somebody's" soothing syrup for the baby, while we would be riding on the train. I didn't want to do it, but others argued that three days of medicine wouldn't hurt him, and would make it so much better on the train, as other passengers resented a crying baby when they wanted to sleep. I can't remember what I did get, but it was something to quiet the baby's nerves, and it worked. At home I was used to making catnip tea, but it would have been awkward on the train. I never gave him any more after we landed, and I never gave it to any of my other children, either. That was only for an emergency.

We had had several Missionaries from Holladay, Utah, in Kentucky on missions. Elder John Wayman, who was sick at our place for quite a while, and Elder Sorensen.28

Elder Hand lived in Salt Lake, also Elder Alvin Thorup; President Price, from East Mill Creek, and others we knew. Elder Wayman had written us to come to his place and stay till we could get located, and we

did. They had a nice family. Sister Wayman was a good wife and mother, and was kind to me and made us welcome. We were not long in finding a place to live, however, and Edgar found work. Autie was with us, and Elmo and Ivy came later, and it was good to have them.

Aunt Ivy, Elmo’s wife, wanted a picture of Violet and Noel taken with her. The photographer thought Noel had such a perfect body he would take a nice picture without his clothes on. This nice photograph of the three of them was made after we landed in Utah.29

We got milk from Brother Wagstaff, who lived at the end of the driveway that led to the highway.30

29. This picture is extant but not included in this edition. However, the photo on page 259 of Effie and the two children was probably taken at the same sitting.

30. Probably William or Arthur Wagstaff of Holladay.
We did our trading at the Goodwill Store in Murray (later Penney's), and went to the Happy Hour Theatre. We also traded at Neilson's Grocery, near us. Their son, Ernest, who had just returned from a mission, delivered the groceries.\(^{31}\) I enjoyed talking to him. Sometimes we went to Sugarhouse to do some of our trading. I could go to Salt Lake on the street car, but it always made Violet car sick. It was a great disappointment to both of us; she wanted so much to go with me, and I wanted her to go, too. The driver would take her up in front and let her look down the highway, thinking maybe that would keep her from being sick. She tried to use Christian Science, and would declare that she wasn't sick this time, till she would be as white as a sheet—so we just finally had to give it up. Mable Johnson would keep the children, and I would go alone.

I remember the first big Conference we went to in the Tabernacle.\(^{32}\) I guess Mable kept Violet and Noel, and I don't believe Edgar was with us, either. I think he was away at work. Cecil and I sat in the balcony. We had a good place where we could see and hear real well. It was a thrill to us to see the Twelve Apostles sitting up in front, and we could pick out the leaders that we knew from their pictures: B. H. Roberts, Reed Smoot, President Joseph Fielding Smith, Anthon H. Lund, John R. Winder, and many others.\(^{33}\)

The great organ started playing, and it was almost more than Cecil and I could stand. It moved us both to tears. Cecil said, "Mama, your cheeks are wet." Then he put his hands to his face and said, "Mine are, too." It was a wonderful day for us, a dream come true. I can't remember the speakers now, but I do remember the spirit of the meetings.

A funny thing happened the first Sunday I took Violet to Sunday School in the Holladay Ward. When they passed the sacrament bread, Violet said, out loud, "I want mine buttered."\(^{34}\) I whispered, "No, we don't have butter on this bread." She pointed up to the bookcase and

32. The historic meeting hall built by the pioneers in Salt Lake City, formally dedicated in 1875.
33. Under the First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles are the governing body of the Mormon Church. Among the leaders Effie could identify were Brigham Henry Roberts (1857–1933), a well known LDS author and editor. He was elected to House of Representatives in 1898 but did not serve his term; Reed Smoot (1862–1941) served as an LDS apostle in 1900–1941. He also served as a United States senator in 1903–1932; Joseph Fielding Smith (1876–1972) was tenth president of the LDS Church, serving in 1970–1972; Anthon H. Lund (1844–1918) served as an LDS apostle in 1889–1901; and John R. Winder (1821–1910), who served as first counselor to the president of the LDS Church in 1901–1910.
34. Mormons take broken bread as a weekly communion (or "sacrament") observance.
said, "There's the cupboard." One would think she had never had the sacrament, but she had, as we had gone to Sunday school regularly in the Woodland Branch. However, I had missed many Sundays, just before Noel was born, and afterward, too. Her remarks created a laugh that spoiled the quietness of the sacrament, but they were good children in Church, and I had no trouble with them.
We moved to a fruit farm belonging to a Brother McDonald. His son, Howard, then about seventeen, was later President of the Brigham Young University, and I think he is now President of the Salt Lake Temple. Anyway, Howard and I picked black currants together, and irrigated the garden, and were good friends.

One day, while we were at work in the garden, I missed Violet. I called and called and looked for her. They had just turned a lot of water into the irrigation ditch, and my heart just stopped when I thought that she might have fallen into it. There was a storeroom back of the house, and I noticed the door was open a tiny bit. I looked in, and Violet was sitting with a crock of raw oatmeal (her favorite food) between her knees, eating it in spite of the fact that it was filled with worms. I was so glad to find her that I didn’t even mind the worms.

Elmo and Ivy stayed with us at McDonald’s place for a while, and Ivy worked for a gardener, picking beans. In the evening, when it was time to quit work, Violet would say, “It’s time o’clock, Aunt Ivy is coming,” and would walk down the driveway to meet her.

We lived at the foot of Twin Peaks, in the Holladay Ward, at the end of the street car line. Brother Larsen was Bishop of the Ward at that time. It was over a mile to the Meeting House, but I walked it, and carried Noel, and took Cecil and Violet to Sunday School every Sunday. Noel was a load too, but I was young and strong, and I didn’t mind.

We lived near the Fred Allingtons and their two daughters, Violet and Bernice. They came to our place often. Also the Johnsons (Mrs. Johnson was Mrs. Allington’s sister) lived near us. The Johnson girls, Mable and Esther, took care of my children when it was necessary.

Johnson’s kitchen was much lower than the dining room. They said that it was built in the dry canal that was used to float granite blocks from the quarry in Little Cottonwood Canyon to the Temple block, when the Temple was being built. The granite mountain is the same one where the Genealogical Vault now is located.

35. Francis McDonald (1851–1920) was an established farmer in Holladay. His wife was Rozella Stevenson.
38. Frederick Mosedale Allington (1869–1953) was married to Emma Johanna Swaner (1872–1943). Their daughters were Violet Louise Allington (1894–1947) and Bernice Rebecca Allington (1896–1975). Violet married Charles Autie Marquess, Effie’s youngest brother.
39. Construction on the Granite Mountain Records Vault, located in Cottonwood Canyon, Utah, was begun in 1960 and completed in 1964. It is used as a perpetual microfilm storage facility for LDS genealogical records.
Someone gave Violet a bright little collar pin fashioned like a butterfly. One of the Allington girls asked her what it was, and [she] said it was a “gallinipper.” I think that is another name for a dragonfly that was common in Kentucky. The girls got a great kick out of it, and never forgot it.

My brother Autie, who lived with us, and Violet Allington later married and had a family of girls. Their first baby—named Lorenzo, was a boy, but did not live.

Autie and a young returned missionary (Floyd something or other) sang together for many programs. I remember them singing “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” It was new then, and they made a hit with it—both of them were good singers. Mr. and Mrs. Allington went to the World’s Fair in Seattle and brought back some new songs. All of the Allingtons were good singers, and first time I heard “Aloha,” Autie and Violet sang it.

Edgar was working for Brother Joseph Andrus at Park City, where he owned land and raised hay. He and his wife, Rett, went with them, and she cooked for the men. (They afterward became our beloved friends.) Later we moved to an old dobie house that had been built in the early days.

Edgar helped the Andrus men dig a ditch to bring water from a stream in a canyon. It took longer to dig it than they had calculated, and the last week or two they were up there, all the food they had left was white bread, bacon and some potatoes.

When they had finished and started home, (the men were all standing in the back of a pickup) it started to rain, and a cold wind was blowing. The men were wet and cold, and not long after they got home, Edgar took inflammatory rheumatism.

The doctor from Murray gave him a lot of tablets to sweat the rheumatism out of him (probably aspirin). At that time I had very little knowledge or judgment of my own about drugs, and I had confidence in the doctor’s judgment, so I poured the sweating tablets to him according to directions, and it probably ruined his heart.

That winter, I think it was the winter of 1911–1912, has some unpleasant memories (with pleasant ones mixed in). Edgar got sick the first of October, and outside of about a week in January, when he got up and then had a relapse, he didn’t walk any at all till March, about six months, and he didn’t want anyone to do anything for him but me,

40. Standard dictionaries list “gallinipper” as a word of unknown origin meaning a large insect, especially a stinging insect.
41. Joseph Andrus (b. 1868?).
42. “Dobie” is the common usage of the word adobe.
although there were many who offered. Joseph Andrus came daily and would help me with the work, or anything he could do.

Towards the last of that winter it was getting time to wean Noel. I was still giving an unusual amount of milk, and when I weaned him, the milk would not dry up. I had breast pumps, and did all the usual things, but finally my breasts were both caked, and causing me terrible pain. I had a hot fever, and for one whole day I didn’t know a thing. Friends sent for a doctor, and he said that he would either have to lance my breasts in several places or put plasters on them that would ruin my milk supply. The plasters were chosen over the lancing, and as a result I didn’t have milk for any of my last five children.

There was a small irrigation ditch just south of the house. One day when I was busy (this was in the fall while Noel was still crawling), Noel crawled out the back door (there was snow and ice on the ground) and fell into a hole I had just chopped in the ditch to get wash water from. As soon as I missed him I ran out, and he was just coming to the top of the water, after having sunk to the bottom. Of course I stripped him of his wet clothes and wrapped him in a warm blanket, and he suffered no ill effects from it.

Another very unpleasant thing happened about this time. Cecil was walking to school, and there were several boys larger than he was, who just made his life miserable on the way home from school. They would hit him in the face with pine limbs, and kicked him in the seat till it was black and blue. Joseph Andrus advised me not to raise a row about it, that I would only get the reputation of being a busybody. I didn’t care what anyone thought—he was only a little boy and they were great big, and he was very outnumbered—so I went up to the road and waited till they came along. I think I succeeded in making them a little afraid to bother Cecil any more. I have often wondered what kind of men they grew up to be.

Finally that long snowy winter passed. The snow stayed on the ground all winter long, Edgar recuperated, except now his heart was damaged, and the doctor said that we would have to go where the altitude was lower, or he would not live long. We moved away for the summer to a fruit farm belonging to a Mrs. Burnett, near Elizabeth Allington, whose husband was in England on a mission. Elizabeth worked hard trying to earn money to send to him and still have enough for her family. It seemed to me that she had to work too hard, but she was independent and would not accept help.

Mrs. Burnett had a piano, and gave me permission to practice on it, which I did. I had such a desire to play that it was painful. I got along very well, but when we left there I had no piano to continue my practice.

43. Plasters are pastelike mixtures applied to a part of the body for healing purposes.
I remember one hallowed evening when we lived at this place. Edgar, Cecil, and Noel didn’t go to Sacrament Meeting in the evening that special Sunday, and Violet and I walked and went. As we came home we took our time, walked slowly and talked. She was about four, but could understand big things. I can’t remember our conversation, but I remember the sweet feeling of togetherness, and how we both enjoyed our walk. We had not had many quiet talks together for some time. I had been working hard picking and packing fruit, and at night the housework was to be done, and I was tired at bedtime. I’m sure that most of us fail to take the time to have quiet, serious talks with our children—talks they can enjoy, and will remember.

I hated terribly to leave Utah, but at the end of that summer we went back to Kentucky. The thought of seeing our loved ones again was pleasant to look forward to, but the change was even worse than I had pictured it to be. I was used to eating lots of fruit and vegetables, and not very much meat. When we got to Kentucky they were just killing their first hogs for the winter, and fresh greasy pork made up a great part of our food. I scratched around among the leaves in the orchard, under the apple trees, hoping to find some stray apples, but they were all gone.

I soon got sick. First I had a terrible cold which would not clear up. I remember doing the family washing and hanging the clothes around the fireplace to dry, and I had such a fever and headache that my brain was not clear. I finally had to go to bed, and Edgar’s little sister, Myrtle, came to help him with the housework and take care of the children. Noel was still almost a baby, just starting to wear little pants and rompers.

Ozie came and asked me where Noel was. I didn’t know. Myrtle had let him go to the toilet outside, and soon he came plowing through the snow. He had fallen down, and the back of his panties were hanging down, and were full of snow, but he wasn’t crying—just making the best of it. Ozie asked him, “What were you doing out there in that snow?” He answered, “I feezin’ out there.” She never forgot it.

I had a cover on the mantel with geese on it. Noel had never seen geese, but there had been pigeons at Burnett’s place in Utah. When he first saw the geese, he said, “Well, a pigeon,” with a funny drawn out accent. Ozie could mimic it exactly; she was a child lover, and was a great help to me while I was not feeling well.

Cecil was past eight now, and big enough to help me a lot. No one realized how sick I was, and that was one time I almost felt sorry for

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44. Myrtle Ilene Carmack (1899–1960) was Edgar’s fourth half sister, born to Thomas Green Carmack (1864–1946) and his second wife, Mattie Olivia Hale (1873–1961).
myself, which is not a good thing. (I can’t remember Lelia or Sadie coming at all.) Edgar would eat and go to work and not even come in to see how I felt. I had always been so independent that they all thought that I could take care of myself, I guess, under any circumstances.

1913

Grace was born the first of March, and at that time I had not realized that my milk supply had been ruined for good, so kept trying to nurse her. But my milk only made her sick, so that she cried all the time.

Bernice Pollard came to help me, and was a comfort. Finally one day Lelia came and said that she was sure Grace was crying because she was hungry. She got a bottle and fixed some warm milk, and that solved the problem.

While Grace was tiny, my stepmother, Miss Serena came and stayed for two weeks—the first time I had seen her since my father died. She held Grace on her knee and looked at her a while and then said, “Effie, this little thing looks like she has had years of experience.” She did have a wise little face, and she had had some sad experiences, too.

My stepmother said that she had a confession to make to me, that in all her years she had never had anyone who did as much for her as I did, not even her niece she had raised, or any of her sisters, and she knew that sometimes she didn’t seem to appreciate it. I think it was good for her to confess that, as it was the truth, and I was glad to hear her acknowledge it.

When Grace was a little over a year old Hazel was born, an easy birth, as Grace’s had been. I was alone, as Edgar had gone to call Sadie. Hazel didn’t look at all like Grace, they were both pretty babies, but different. Again I tried to nurse Hazel, with the same results, only she suffered in silence, and didn’t cry. Elmo came one day, and as soon as he entered the door he said, “Effie, that baby looks hungry.” So, again we tried the bottle, and things were better. But I didn’t want to have two babies on the bottle at the same time, so I weaned Grace from hers. It makes me feel so sad, even today, when I think of how she missed it. When I would fix a bottle for Hazel, Grace knew that she wasn’t supposed to take it, but she would put her cheek against it lovingly. I still wish that I had let her keep her bottle.

45. Grace Carmack (1913–1984) was Effie’s fourth child. She married Manson John Bushman on June 21, 1933.

46. Hazel Marguerite Carmack (b. 1914) is Effie’s fifth child. She married Donald William Bruchman (1915–1962) on September 23, 1938. She had twins (Dona and Linda) from this marriage. She is now married to Manson John Bushman (b. 1912), Grace’s widowed husband.
When Hazel came, Violet said, “Mama, can I have Grace now?” I said, “You surely can.” Violet just about took over, too, even if she was only about six.

I was still not very strong, and had a cough. The washings were almost more than I could do. Now there were five children, and it took a lot of clothes. In the summertime it was not so bad. I made little one-piece garments for Grace and Hazel, after they were big enough to walk. At night I would give them a bath and put on a clean garment to sleep in, and then in the morning I would put a clean apron on over it. They lapped over in the back, so there was no necessity for buttoning and unbuttoning. I had to learn to save time and labor. One day Dr. Lovan was passing our place, had car trouble, and came in for something. He saw that I was not well, and told Edgar that he had better get someone to do the work, as he was sure that I wasn’t able to do it. He also asked Edgar what there was that I could do that did not require manual labor, something I would enjoy doing. Edgar said that he guessed there were lots of things that I would like to do if I had time, like writing, or painting. Dr. Lovan told him that he had better let me do it, as it would be far better to have a mother doing easy things I enjoyed than not to have any mother at all.

Edgar told the Doctor that he could do the washings easy, but after just one attempt, he hired a negro woman to come and do it, and she did a good job of it. Then he got Lola Jones to come and stay and help with the housework. Lola was a great help and did the work well. I enjoyed making her some pretty dresses, which she appreciated very much. Her younger sister Gertrude (Gertie) stayed with Sadie, and their older sister Annie (a beautiful girl) married Fred Daniel.

While Lola was with us I first started painting. Oh, I had done lots of little things. I knew that I could paint, if only I had the time and the material. Bernice still came occasionally to help me, and we dabbled with water colors, and enjoyed it. She had taken art in High School, and gave me some pointers, and Bernice Allington, in Utah, had also given me a tip or two.

47. Edgar’s course of action is not surprising since the housework on a tobacco farm was seldom a man’s chosen duty. Nora Miller explained that “The woman does the housework with the help of the girls, cares for the children, feeds the chickens, milks and feeds the cow, hoes the garden, and helps with the field work. She begins the day at daybreak during the summer and about five-thirty in the morning during the winter months. Her work day ends at about eight o’clock at night and she has little rest between the beginning and the end.” See Nora Miller, “The Tobacco Farm Family,” chap. 6 in The Girl in the Rural Family, 59.

48. Probably Lula Jones (b. 1896).
I awoke one night strangling, and when I coughed it up, it was hard clots of cold blood, a lot of them. Edgar heard me coughing, and came in and saw it, nearly fainted, and had to lie down. After that I continued to spit up blood when I would cough. I didn’t feel so very bad, even though I was thin and weak. I would get the children ready for Sunday school on Sunday mornings, and Edgar would take them in the buggy. I would stay and straighten up the house, and then walk to Sunday School. I can remember the effort of walking up the hill from the red house. I would spit red blood all along the path. I was sorry when I got so I couldn’t sing.

After Bernice was born, when Hazel was a little over a year old, I began to get better. I was interested in painting, and enjoyed it, and was surprised that it was so easy for me, and I tackled hard subjects. I painted a picture of Hazel asleep on a window seat and one of Grace sitting in a little rocker with Ducker, a little white dog in her lap. It was easy to recognize who they were. I wish that I had kept them. Years later, after we had been in Arizona a long time, I went back to Kentucky, and I was astonished to see many of the water colors that I had done in the homes of friends and kinfolks. They were about as good as the oil colors that I did later.

Cecil was old enough now to work, and I felt real sad for him to stay out of school to help in the fields, but he managed to keep up with his classes. He was a good student, and his teachers were good to help him.

It was about this time that Cecil was harrowing some ground with a mean old mare that we called Wild Sal, hitched to the harrow. I heard a noise and ran out into the yard where I could see him. That crazy old horse was running with the harrow, and it struck a big root in the ground and stopped them short. Cecil fell flat on his back. I could see them clearly from where I stood. Sadie was in the house and could see me. The old mare reared up on her hind feet and came straight towards Cecil as he fell, and her two front feet hit directly on his chest. Sadie said that I knelt down with my hands clasped over my head and cried, “Oh, Lord, save him, I know you can do it,” and He did: the print of the horse’s feet were on his chest, but he was not hurt at all, and never suffered any bad after effects from it. I was humbly grateful, and made some serious promises for the goodness of the Lord to us.

Noel was getting almost old enough to go to school, and I taught him to read before he started. We had a good time learning the phonics, which had been discontinued in the schools, but I had some of Cecil’s first books. We learned the sounds of the letters, and laid a good foundation for his learning. Noel has always had a good memory, and did not forget things once he had learned them.

49. Lenora Bernice Carmack (1915–1950) was Effie’s sixth child.
Grace, Hazel, and Bernice were all born at the red bungalow, and were all babies at the same time, only a little over a year apart. When Hazel was big enough to sit up in the high chair, and Grace was not yet two years old, she was sitting in the high chair in front of the fireplace one day, and Grace climbed up on the front of the chair to give her a toy, and the chair turned over right into the fire. Although Grace was just a baby herself, she pulled the chair back, and put the fire out where Hazel's clothing had caught, and was starting to burn. Grace burned her little hands so that there were blisters all over them later, but she didn't cry. She stood with her hands hidden behind her and didn't even whimper. When I found how badly they were burned, I was so sorry for her, and held them in cold water and rocked her. She was such a good sweet child. It was a miracle that Hazel was not burned badly. I could never figure out how she escaped it, as she had fallen right into the fireplace.

About this time Santa brought Grace a bisque headed doll. She was so proud of it, but before the day was over she dropped it on the hearth and broke it. She was just grief stricken, and went and stood looking out the window, and in a choked voice she said, "Santa Claus ought to be ashamed of himself to bring a little girl like me a break doll." I promised her that I would get her another one the next time I went to town.

Our children did not have toys all through the year like the children have now, and the Christmas doll meant a lot to her. Nowadays, Christmas isn't very different from other days, but at that time it was really a red letter day.

I don't believe there were ever three babies who were less trouble than Grace, Hazel and Bernice. Grace cried the first two weeks after she was born because she was hungry, and I didn't realize it, but she hardly ever cried at all after we began to feed her. Hazel was not a crybaby, and although Bernice didn't walk or talk till she was nearly four, she was a good baby, really too good. I had been sick all the year before poor little Bernice was born, and she was born with a weak constitution. The day she was born she nearly strangled to death, and had a hard time getting started. When she was two or three years old she would just sit patiently in her high chair. I think my brother Autie's wife helped her learn to walk. They came to visit us, and she walked her daily all over the place, and didn't give up. I got her a walker that helped after Aunt Violet had to leave.

David was born, and was walking and talking before Bernice ever did. He was a sturdy, healthy baby. I seemed to have regained my health,

and from then on seemed free from any lung trouble. I had hunted religiously for everything I could find that was recommended for my ail­ment. I took cod liver oil, and olive oil, tried to eat what I should, and tried to prevent colds. I started working again, hard work. Lola Jones, the girl who had helped me, married and left.

David, poor little darling, never had a chance to be spoiled: Bernice was still like a baby.

Mr. Buck, Mrs. Simmons’ father, who lived with the Simmonses, would come by our place on his way to the mailbox, and would make rhymes about the children:

“Old Sadie Grace forgot to wash her face.”
“Hazel Marguerite, gentle, good and sweet.”
To Bernice, he would always say, “Hello there, best child in the world.”

Later, when David was big enough to go with the boys to work, he was riding on a load of hay, and it fell off, and he was under it. Mr. Buck said, “What did you do when you found that you had a load of hay on top of you, David?” Dave answered, “I just come a crawlin’ out from under the hays.” Mr. Buck thought that was awfully funny, and repeated it often.

All three of my little girls were born when I was not very strong. I was alone when Grace arrived. Edgar had gone for Sadie. I came very near to being alone when Hazel was born, but Ivy came in the door just at the right moment. Grace and Hazel were both quick and easy births. Bernice’s was not so easy. It was partly my attitude, I guess. I was dreading it and was afraid, something I had never felt before. By the time Dave was born my health was better, and we were happy over a big healthy boy after three little girls. David was a lively one. He would throw his bottle off the bed when he had finished his milk. He broke so many bottles that I finally put a thick blanket by his bed to save them.

It was quite a job keeping fresh milk for just one baby. I had no ice box, not even a cooler, and of course no ice out in the country. Many people did put up ice in the winter, made crude ice boxes and kept ice nearly all summer, but we didn’t.

All three little girls were born in the springtime, so early in the morning, as soon as the cows were milked, I fixed bottles enough to last all day. I then put them in a bucket and let them down into the well. When it came feeding time I would draw the bucket up, take out a bottle of milk and return the others to the well to keep cool. In this way I kept their milk cool and sweet all day.

However, I did let them have pacifiers, and when there was not a pacifier handy, an old discarded nipple was scrubbed, and it answered the
same purpose. They had to have them to go to sleep on. I have gone out into the yard at night with a lantern, searching for a nipple for a baby to go sleep with. I have said, when I had three or four babies at the same time, that if I had one wish, it would be for a barrel of good clean nipples. Some finicky people were always telling me that I should not let them have a nipple or a pacifier, that it was not very healthy. I told them that it wasn't very healthy for a mother to try to get along without them, either. I tried to keep my children healthy, and tried hard to have the food they needed. I have never noticed any bad effects from a pacifier. No teeth out of shape; now, 1968, (they are all middle-aged women) there has never been any trouble with any of them that I could lay to a pacifier.

Oh, the comfort, when a little one was cross, and didn't want to go to sleep. A pacifier was just what the name implies: they made life smoother for everybody concerned. For over seven years I was not without a baby on a bottle.

They were all good children, and I enjoyed teaching them. We have official “home night” now, but then we had a home night more than once a week.51 Edgar worked away from home most of the time, and left the farm work for the children to do. It was too big a job for children, and they would beg me to go help them, and then they would help me at home. Instead of taking the long rows of tobacco to hoe the weeds out of, or to find the worms and pull the green suckers off, we would mark off little squares and work it, with short rows, and we would sing while we worked.

Noel could never work in the green tobacco, it made him sick. He was not the least bit lazy, and did a man's work when he was only eight years old, wrestling a big old plow, with two contrary old mules to it. It was entirely too big a task for an eight year old boy.

We were great movers, and moved again to the little house below the Holt place, near an old maid, Miss Betty Daniel.52 She lived out in the woods not far from us.

Mrs. Simmons (whose children were main characters in our little Sunday school in the cabin) proceeded to give me some good advice when we moved. She said, “You are always trying to convert your neighbors, but I would advise you not to waste your precious time on Miss Betty. She's set in her ways, and you couldn’t convert her in a thousand years.”

The Simmons family and her two other children by a previous marriage had all been converted, all but Mr. Simmons. He liked it at first, but

52. Probably Betty Daniel (b. 1857).
when the rest of the family became interested, he turned the other way, and caused them lots of trouble. Mrs. Simmons and I were bosom friends, and spent many happy hours together. It was a joy to us when she and her children were all baptized. They helped with building the new church, and were staunch members of the Branch when it was organized. She warned me solemnly against wasting any time with Miss Betty. She told us that Miss Betty had said, "The old Mormons can build their old meeting house in my door yard, but I'll never set foot in it as long as I live." I told the children that the best way to win most people is to get them to do something for you, so we would try to think of something we could get Miss Betty to help us do.

Thelma, Mrs. Simmons' little girl about the same age as my Violet, came to our place, and the two of them wanted to go and visit Miss Betty.

I told them to ask Miss Betty if she knew how to make molasses candy, and if she did, to ask her if they could have a candy pulling at her place. They were thrilled with the prospect. Off they went, and when they asked her if she knew how to make molasses candy, she said, "Wy, yes. I've made it all my life. I ought to know." Then they asked her if she would have a candy pulling in her front yard, that they would help her to clear a place, and fix the rack for the pot to boil the molasses in. Miss Betty was all excited. She had stayed there all alone for years and years, no one ever visited her. The girls told her that they would bring the molasses—Mrs. Shelton was making molasses at that time—then they set the date for it. Violet and Thel helped her to clean the yard, and fixed the rack for the pot. They had the candy pull, all thanked Miss Betty profusely for making the candy, and told her what a wonderful time they had had.

One day in Sunday school someone was being praised for a good deed done. Evert Holt said that he wished that just once he could find something worth while to do for someone and receive honest praise like that. I told him that I knew of just such a deed that he could do. There were lots of treetops on Miss Betty's land where logs and cross ties had been cut, and if he and the boys would go and saw up a load of firewood for Miss Betty, it would be a noble deed. She had to go out and cut down small trees with a dull old axe; had to cut it up herself for her fireplace, and she was getting old, and it was a big job for an old woman—almost more than she could possibly do. He said that he would do it, and did. Miss Betty was almost overcome with gratitude, and couldn't express it. Later, some of the children found out the date of her birthday, though

53. This candy was probably made from sorghum cane molasses. See William E. Lightfoot, "I Hardly Ever Miss a Meal Without Eating Just a Little': Traditional Sorghum-Making in Western Kentucky," *Mid-South Folklore* 1 (spring 1973): 7–17.
she would not tell how old she was. They told her that they were going to give her a birthday party at the Church, and she agreed to come.

We sent word to the Baptist group that she belonged to, and told them to be sure and come and bring presents. We had her on the program to give a sketch of her life, and to tell of her several brothers who were school teachers, and of her mother having cancer, and how she had had to stay home to take care of her till she got so far behind in her classes that she was ashamed to go to school any more.

The party was a howling success. One whole corner of the Church was filled with presents, all kinds of things. I told her that my present would be a new dress. I made her a pretty dress and got her a pair of shoes that fit her. I also washed and curled her hair, and she was a different person. After we had moved away I had a letter from Mrs. Simmons saying that there had just been something happen that had proven her judgment wrong: they had a big dinner at the Baptist Church at Palestine, where Miss Betty belonged. During the dinner the preacher said that if anyone had anything they wanted to say, he would give them time.

Miss Betty stood up and said that she had been a member of that church for twenty five years, and through sickness and sorrow and death, not one of the members had ever called on her nor offered help or sympathy. She said, “It remained for me to find pure religion among the old Mormons,” and proceeded to tell them all that they had done for her. Mrs. Simmons acknowledged the wonderful change in Miss Betty. It had not taken any thousand years, either.

This little house where we now lived (1916) was at the foot of the hill from Sadie’s, and in the edge of the woods. There was a stream at the lower end of the field on the west that was an interesting place for the children. I had a bird book, and we all decided to take one bird each, and see if we could find its nest. Noel took the cuckoo, and he found its nest not far from the house. Grace took the wren, and he found its nest in a tow sack hanging on a post. Hazel took the redbird (cardinal), and although we heard one singing daily from the top of a hickory tree north of the house, we never did find the nest. Violet took the scarlet tanager, and found its nest on the lower limb of the big oak tree in the dooryard.

We had several missionaries who came regularly while we lived in this little house: Glen G. Smith, the younger brother of President George Albert Smith, was one of them.54 He was real tall, and had a collection of beautiful poems. He was a great arguer, and when he asked me for a poem for his collection, I couldn’t think of a suitable poem, but I gave

54. George Albert Smith (1870–1951) was the eighth president of the LDS Church, serving in 1945–1951.
him a new saying that I had just acquired, "A fool never loses in an argu-
ment." He wasn’t very happy over my contribution at the time, but years
later, when I went to a Conference in Salt Lake, and went to his place, he
went upstairs, found his old book of poems, and said that the thing that
Bitterness and Sorrow Helped Me Find the Sweet

had helped him most in his life was the saying I had contributed. He said that it had been a constant reminder for his argumentative nature.

Another missionary we had there was Elder Nelson. He called Noel “Tuffy.” The children had whooping cough while we lived there, and Elder Nelson would try to get Noel to whoop for him.

Elder Hunter was another, and I have him to thank for a picture of our children taken there. This picture has all the children in it but Cecil, the oldest, and Harry, the youngest. This was before Harry was born.

Another Elder was Virgil Bushman, who was released while we were living there. His wife Ruth and their three children came out from Arizona for a visit, and all our children had a great time chasing lightning bugs (fireflies) and catching them. They tied them in hollyhock blossoms, making little lanterns. They hunted animal tracks in the sand down by the creek and spied on the rabbits playing in the path not far from the house. All would congregate about dusk, and have a good time together.

Elder Glen Smith liked gingerbread muffins, and when they came, he would call from the path towards the top of the hill, “Halloo, do you have any gingerbread? If not, start mixing it.”

The Galloway family visited us at this place, too. Mrs. Galloway had passed away, and it made me sad to see the children without their good mother.

David was born at this little house, so there are lots of memories connected with it. He was a sturdy little fellow. He wouldn’t lay in any position but on his back, which made the back of his head flat. When he was older, he hated it, and wondered why I didn’t make him turn over on his sides more often.

Once, while we were living here, I was getting ready to give the children baths, and had a big teakettle on the fire heating. Grace was sitting on the hearth pulling off her shoes when the big stick under the kettle broke and let the boiling water run under her. She had on heavy underwear and bloomers (it was cold), and they held the heat of the hot water. I ran to her and she climbed to my shoulders in an effort to get away from the heat. My heart was just torn. I sent Noel to find some Cloverine salve to put on it. Poor Noel, he always had to take the tragic messages.

57. Harold Grant Carmack (1919–1923) was Effie’s eighth child.
58. Cloverine salve was a widely-used ointment for treating cuts and bruises.
There were blisters as big as a teacup hanging down where she was scalded, but Noel ran all the way to Sadie’s, and when he returned I plastered the salve on it thick, and prayed fervently for the Lord to help her to endure the pain, and that it would heal quickly. That was on a Saturday, and by the next Saturday it was all healed and peeled off as if it had never been burned. I was so thankful. Grace was a brave sturdy little soul, and she didn’t cry over small things.

And now, back to the Church. We had mantle lamps and lanterns that gave good lights, but they were a little troublesome. Later on we progressed to carbide lights, and they were almost as good as electricity. They were installed just before Christmas.

We had cut a tree, and the snow just poured down, and everything was white. It was still snowing hard Christmas Eve, so Edgar fixed a cover for the wagon, and we took the children to the Christmas program in it. We had songs and poems and stories, and a big Christmas tree. A happy spirit prevailed, and everyone had a good time, and the new lights were glorious.

Edgar got the moving fever again, and this time we moved to the old McCord place, up near Lelia’s. It was the year of the flu, and we all had it but Edgar. I was expecting my eighth baby. All of the children were sick at the same time, and I was, too. I kept going, though, and taking care of the sick children. I had such a hot fever that I didn’t have very much sense. Grace, Violet and Cecil were delirious, and Bernice slept all the time. Hazel was real sick, but knew everything most of the time. Poor Noel and David were not quite so sick as some of the others, and were in a room alone, and didn’t get very much attention; I would take them hot lemonade, and get them a drink occasionally. I was kept busy every minute with the others. Cecil stayed sick after the others began to get better. I called the doctor regularly and told him what I was doing, and he said that he couldn’t—if he could come, which he couldn’t—there were so many sick people that he was kept busy day and night.

Finally one day Cecil said that he wished Uncle John and Uncle Evert would come. My mind was in a stupor, and I had not even thought of having anyone come and administer to them. I called them, they came, and right then I thought of several things to do for him that helped. I got an herb tea and gave to him, and he soon started to mend. It was an awful siege of sickness—almost as bad as the winter my mother and Etta died. One thing I was thankful for though, I didn’t lose my expected baby with the flu, as many mothers did. Bernice became so weak that even after she seemed well of the flu, she still couldn’t walk. Aunt Violet, Autie’s wife, came and stayed a week or two, and again she patiently walked her from one room to another till she gradually was strong enough to walk alone again. As soon as Cecil was able to, he had some one bring him some

pieces of smooth hickory, and he made hammer handles and whip handles to pass the time away while he was gaining the strength to be able to walk again.

Harry (Harold Grant) was born at this place, a fine healthy beautiful baby. I had a woman doctor, Mrs. Frisby, with me for his birth.\textsuperscript{59} In the summer Aunt Fannie Armstrong came and stayed quite a while. She liked to hold Harold in her lap. He was a good natured baby, hardly cried at all. Later on, when Mr. Buck visited us with his jokes and nicknames for the children, he called Harry “Harold Bell Wright, Heber J. Grant.”\textsuperscript{60}

But back to Aunt Fannie—I drew a picture of her watching an old hen and her little chickens out in the yard. She wouldn’t have sat still that long if she had known I was getting her picture. I colored it with water

\textsuperscript{59} Possibly Martha Frisby (b. 1857), daughter of Mathias and Eliza Frisby.

\textsuperscript{60} Heber J. Grant (1856–1945) was the seventh president of the LDS Church, serving in 1918–1945.
color, framed it, and took it to the County Fair, where I got a red ribbon on it. I have the old picture yet.\textsuperscript{61}

It was quite a distance from this house to the Woodland Church, but as soon as spring came, and as soon as Harry was old enough, we lumbered down there every Sunday in the wagon. Then we moved back to the old Holt place, where we lived till we moved to Arizona.\textsuperscript{62}

I was needing more money for children's clothes, shoes, and everything. I raised a big garden, and began to sell vegetables. We had a good buggy and several horses, not one of which was safe for a woman to drive. I used a big old black mare that was fractious, and she ran away with me several times.

I got a chance to buy a jersey cow that had injured her udder wading across sassafras sprouts and bruised her till she gave milk only out of one side, but she gave as much as she did before it was injured. It was rich creamy milk, and made lots of butter, so then I started selling milk and butter and cottage cheese, as well as vegetables.

There was one thing that was disappointing. Violet and I could never go together. She had to stay and tend the children. There was never a more trustworthy dependable child than she was. She would clean house and cook for them, and at night she would help me straighten things after the little ones were in bed.

Cecil got a wide poplar plank eighteen or twenty inches wide and one and a half or two inches thick, and polished it as slick as a button, nailed a cleat on one end of it and hooked it onto the foot of an old iron bed. I put a rug on the foot of the bed, and the children would climb up on the bed and slide down this long board. It was a means of entertainment on many a rainy day in winter, when they had to stay indoors. He made them a rocky horse too, and put it in their playroom. Once, at Christmas time, he made me a sewing cabinet that was a great help to me. It was of two pieces of three ply about a yard square, fastened together with hinges, so it could be folded together when it was not in use. When I was sewing, I would open it in a corner of the room and it took up very little space. It had pockets for thread and bias tape and patterns, and everything a seamstress might need.

\textsuperscript{61} This watercolor is in the possession of Hazel Carmack Bushman, Effie's daughter. See page 277.

\textsuperscript{62} This house, shown on page 253 was a typical "double-pen" house which is "found throughout Kentucky and the American South but the extant specimens are noticeably old, perhaps signifying the end of a popular folk house type which has no precise American or European antecedents. The double-pen house is most assuredly related to the European idea of an end addition; but it appears to be primarily a product of the American westward movement, finding fruition among the poorer whites and black sharecroppers of the region." See Montell, \textit{Kentucky Folk Architecture}, 18.
He worked on it out in the gear room, getting it ready as a surprise for Christmas, while I was busy making things for him and the other children. Christmas Eve he slipped in, carrying the sewing cabinet. He thought I had gone to bed. I was slipping to his room with my gift for him, and we ran into each other in the dark hall. We both had a quite a laugh.

I want to repeat what I have said many times: I don’t believe there were ever more dependable children than mine were at that time:

Noel had certain chores to do, milking and feeding the stock. He never had to be awakened, or told to do his chores, he did them as regularly as a man. By this time Harry was big enough to go with him to the barn in the mornings, if he could wake in time. I would be busy cooking breakfast, most always making hot buttermilk biscuits, and Harry would try to surprise me and scare me. Noel said that Harry would sit on the boards that divided the milk pens and talk to him while he milked. He would suggest that they talk about their girls, and he usually decided that he wanted either Violet, or Thelma, or Erma for his girl; he never could decide which of the three he liked best.

We just about worshipped Harry, he was such a good sweet child. I don’t think I ever scolded him. If I did, I don’t remember it. He was unreasonably afraid of fire. He would tell the other children to be careful with matches, and how awful it would be if they got their clothes on fire, and no one there to put it out. He seemed to have a premonition.

I don’t have many serious regrets of my directing the children. If I could take back every spanking, I would. There were never any better boys than Cecil and Noel, dependable and industrious. Cecil liked to go fishing, and he would work overtime to get his tasks done so he could fish.

Noel loved horses, and finally got himself a horse, not a very big one, but it could run like the wind. There was one drawback, there was some danger of it falling down. Violet wanted so much to ride him, but the boys were afraid she would get hurt. She wasn’t afraid, so one day she caught it out in the field and had a ride without bridle or saddle. She said that it was a pretty wild ride, but he didn’t fall down, and she didn’t fall off.

Noel and Cecil were just as dependable as Violet was. I would go to town to take the produce for sale, and could trust them to do the work in the fields while she took care of the children and the house, and even helped in the field when she was needed.

Violet had a strong desire to have a flower garden, and there didn’t seem to be any place for one, but one day, while I was gone, she decided to clean a place between the horse lot and the road. That particular place was grown up thick with briars and buckbushes. She dug them all out by the roots, an awful job, as the buckbushes had lots of roots that went deep. She cleared it out good, dug it up, raked it smooth, and said that she was going to have her flower garden there. When her dad saw it, he
Woodland Branch Sunday School, Christian County, Kentucky, ca. 1915. Along with the Carmacks, the Simmons, Holt, and Rogers families are represented. Effie is sitting in the center of the front row. Grandmammy Mattie Hale Carmack is holding Violet on her lap at the far right. Thomas Green Carmack is standing to the right of Mattie. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.
said that anyone who wanted a flower garden that bad should have some help, as he knew that the chickens would scratch up everything she planted. So he got chicken wire and fenced it with a tall fence that the chickens couldn’t get over, and he made a good gate for it. Violet soon had a nice little garden with her seeds coming up in neat little beds with walks between them. She planted cypress vines around the fence on the outside, and it flourished, and making a thick wall of pretty green vines with a little red star-shaped blossoms. Everyone who passed admired it, and Mrs. Simmons gave her some plants, already started, from her own flower garden. Soon she had flowers blooming, and all of us enjoyed it. It was the beauty spot of the whole place.

I had planted rows of asters and zinnias in the vegetable garden so I would have bouquets to take to Church, but Violet had a variety, and she kept it neat and clear of weeds.

I am sure that flowers are good for children to live with. At one time I had planted a row of French pinks, and the children were anxious each morning to see what new variety had blossomed. There were dozens of different patterns, of many different colors, and sometimes they said they looked as if the paint was hardly dry on them. Flowers and music both have a good influence. I have read of a settlement school of music in a slum district of New York. The sponsors of it kept a record of the ones who took lessons, after they had left the school. They said that in the twenty five years that the school was in operation, that not one of the students had ever been before a juvenile judge. A wonderful, unbelievable record, considering the families they come from.

We had conference in our little Woodland Branch regularly, and they were spiritual feasts. President Charles A. Callis, who was President of the Southern States Mission, with headquarters in Atlanta, came to each Conference, and of course, all the Missionaries of the District would be there. Kentucky was divided into two Districts at that time. We usually knew most of the missionaries of our district, and at conference times there was a happy reunion.63

63. See chapter four, note 20 for an explanation of “conferences” and “districts.” In June 1924, the following summary of a conference at the Woodland branch was reported:

From far and near the saints and friends came to the conference which was held at Larkin, Saturday and Sunday, June 28 and 29. A cool bowery had been built by the elders and members and in this place the meetings were held. The congregations were large and attentive.

Owing to important mission matters, President Callis was unable to get to Larkin before Monday morning. The following named elders spoke forcefully on the doctrines of the Gospel: Louis A. Schrepel, Vaughn Skinner, Geo. Q. Spencer, Orson M. Allen, A. B. Robinson, Norman J. Holt, Horace E.
President Callis was a dynamic speaker, and we always enjoyed him, but we had lots of good speakers besides him. Elmer E. Brundage and Orvil Udy helped build the Chapel, and were both good speakers. Delbert Stapley and Thatcher Kimball were both good, and I could name lots of others.64 I have pictures of lots of them.

Not long ago (this was in 1946 as I was writing) Elder Stapley, an Apostle by now, was going to be in Santa Barbara to Conference, we went, and I wondered if he would still recognize me after over forty years. He stood up on the stand, looked over the audience, spied me near the front, and waved a tiny little wave with two fingers. I was surprised and happy, as we change a lot in twenty five or thirty years.

President Callis came to our Ward in Winslow many years later, after he was made an Apostle, and Noel and I took him to the Meteor Crater. Several of us also went to the Hopi Reservation with him. He was touched by an old, old, Hopi grandmother who was grinding corn. I think she was blind, or nearly. She was sweating, and her hair was in her face. He bent down and looked right in her face, and fanned her with a paper he had in his hand. She held her face up and said, "uh - h - h" while she enjoyed the fan. He was so sorry for her, he said that it seemed like all she had left was the knowledge of how to grind corn.

President Callis has also been to California since we have lived here. He said that this stretch of coast, from Cambria to Ventura, or thereabouts, was a blessed stretch, and that if the Latter-day Saints would live their religion, we would be the means of saving it (I don't know what from, I wish I did), possibly earthquakes. Or invasion?

Well, back to the Woodland Branch, and the things that happened there:

I spoke of runaway horses. One experience I had with a runaway, not long before Harry was born, (David was still a baby, about eighteen or twenty months old) was this: Jessie Simmons and David and I were going from our place up by Lelia's to Sadie's, down by the Church. The mare

that I was driving was trotting along and the harness up over her hips
came unfastened, letting it drop down on her hind legs. She started kick­
ing, and I jumped out to see if I could pull the harness up, but I couldn’t
stop her. I was taking steps about six feet long, trying to keep up with her,
but I saw that she was going to get away from me.

I told Jessie to get out quick, and I reached in with my left hand
(holding the lines with my right) and grabbed David by the arm and
pitched him out in the weeds by the side of the road. About that time the
horse gave a jump and got away from me. She ran like a streak as far as
David Payne’s place, where a gate to a horse lot was standing open about
two and a half or three feet. She dashed through the opening, the buggy
turned over, and she left it on the outside of the gate. I went back for
David. He was still sitting there with his eyes big and wide and scared stiff,
but not crying. It was a miracle that no one was hurt. I was so thankful
that I had managed to get David and Jessie out of that buggy before the
horse got away from me. Superhuman strength seemed to have been
given me, and I had no bad effects from it, either. The buggy was a total
wreck. When it turned over, the horse had swerved to one side, and some
fence rails rammed clear through the buggy, right in the location where
Jessie and David would have been sitting.

I’m sure that when we do our level best the Lord recognizes it and pro­
tects us—or maybe it is our guardian angels—anyway, I was sure that some
unseen power helped out in that wild and dangerous scramble that day.

I’ll tell of one other runaway. I had Old Blackie hitched to the
buggy and was on my way to town with a load of produce to sell. There
was a big roll of wire near the road that had not been there before.
Apparently someone had rolled up a fence and left the bundle there.
Blackie got frightened by this, and she dashed to the right of the road
and right out into the thick woods. I propped my feet on either side of
the dashboard and guided her in and out among the big trees and
saplings, and soon got her back onto the highway. She was trembling and
skittish the rest of the way to town, as if she had seen an awful monster,
and so was I.

I have found that horses are like people, with different personali­
ties; some have lots of sense, while others don’t seem to have very much.
Some are afraid of every little thing, and others are afraid of nothing.

This reminds me of the sad fate of poor old Blacky: not too long after
this runaway, we had an early freeze which froze some corn that had not
fully matured, and it moulded next to the cob and formed prussic acid.
Blacky ate some of it, and it poisoned her, and as a result she got what they
called “blind staggers.” One morning, when the boys went out to feed the
stock, they found that she had backed through the big gate, and was lying
in the road. She had made a big wallow in the mud, throwing her head up
and down. Harry saw her and was horrified; he ran into the house to tell me. He said, "Mama, Blackie fell over the fenth and killed sheself." I was sorry that he had seen her—it left an awful impression with him. He talked about it for days. My mother never wanted us to watch the men kill the hogs, for fear it might harden us to such things. When I think of the awful things that our children see on T.V. today! Fights, killings, and violence till it becomes common to them, and they think it is a common thing for one person to kill another. I'm sure that children should not be allowed to see lots of today's programs.

Sadie and I had good times together, even through hard work, sickness, and everything. We lived near each other, so we washed at the creek together during the summer months. I remember one time when we had a big kettle of clothes boiling, and a rock under one side of it broke with the heat, and the kettle of white clothes turned over into the dirt. In hurling to get to it, one of us upset another tub of clothes which were in the rinse water, ready to wring and hang out, and it also spilled into the dirt and ashes. I can't tell all of it, it's not tellable, but we became almost hysterical, and laughed till we had to sit down. Sadie suggested that we tip the other tub over also, over the bank and down into the creek, and just make a clean sweep of the whole dirty business, but we didn't. We did laugh like crazy idiots. The re-washing was a terrible, backbreaking job—scrubbing the dirty clothes again on a washboard. The trash and ashes that they fell into was as hard to wash off as the dirt had been in the first place. We had to dip up tubs and tubs of clean water, reheat some of it and rinse and rinse the dirt out of the clothes. By being together, it lessened the labor a little, though it didn't shorten the time it took. Our folks at home wondered what was keeping us all afternoon.

At one time, Sadie and I were both invalids, both skinny as rails. I weighed an even hundred, and she a hundred and one. We needed something, one day, from Albert Clark's store, and the only way we had to get it was to walk, so we decided to tackle it.

The road (or the way, there was no road) led across the creek and up a steep hill, across an old field that had lots of passion flowers growing in it—then the Buttermilk Road, and Albert's store, just across the road. We did very well while we were on level ground, but by the time we got to the steep hill we were fagged out, and it was all we could do to climb it. We'd hold to each other and gasp for breath, and laugh like fools, sit down a few minutes and then get up and try it again. This is to illustrate how frail we were, yet we carried on, somehow took care of our big families, and did all the work.

Our children had a wonderful time, and wanted to play together all the time. I remember Sadie sending Paul to my place once in a big hurry for something she wanted to borrow, but he got to playing and forgot he
was in a hurry, till he heard someone calling from the top of the hill, then he ran all the way home. When Sadie wanted to know why he hadn’t hurried back as she had told him to, he said, ‘Well, they held me.’ Sadie said, “Yes, I know, they hold me, too.”

I must not forget to tell about Vic when he was a baby. There’s no telling what he could have accomplished in the musical line if he had tried harder, and cultivated it. When he was only seven or eight months old, before he could say a word, he could hum any tune he would hear, and he only had to hear it once. I remember one night when Sadie gave a farewell party for one of the missionaries who was being released. Elder Catmul [Catmull] was there, and he played and sang a new song, “In the Valley of the Moon, Where I Met You One Night in June.”65 Vic was awake and heard him, and by daylight next morning, he was holding to one of

the iron bars of his crib, rocking himself, humming the new tune, and keeping time. He never missed a note.

Often, when Sadie or I would sing, he would hum a perfect alto. I never knew of another child who could do that, although we didn’t think of it as being so very unusual then.

It was in the spring of 1924 [1923], and Easter was drawing near. The children were looking forward to an egg hunt, especially Harry, my youngest child. He had just had his fourth birthday, and since he was our youngest, was the darling of us all—even my folks: Evert, Sadie’s husband; Elmo and Ivy; Leo and Ermal Holt, Sadie’s oldest son and wife who lived nearby.66

Once, when David, Bernice and I all had the flu, they got well enough to want to get up and play before I was able to sit up. Some of my folks were there helping with the work. There was a cold wind blowing, and I kept telling them not to let David and Bernice go out in the wind, as they were hardly able to be up at all. Finally I heard them out in the yard and told the girls to make them come in. But it was too late and they both took pneumonia and were very sick, and I had to get up and take care of them. Jessie Simmons was a nurse, and she came and said that we must turn David over often, as it was not good for him to lie in one position very long. The doctor came and said that I should let Harry go with some of my folks, who were near, till Dave and Bernice were better.

Both Evert Holt, and Elmo, (my brother), were there, and they both wanted to take him. They finally said that they would let Harry choose which place he would rather go to. When Harry chose to go to Elmo’s, Evert cried because he hadn’t wanted to go with him.

Bernice’s pain was better when I held her on my lap, so I sat by the fire and held her all one night. I was expecting another baby, was four months along, and all that night I had pains and felt pretty miserable. Later I realized that my baby had died that night. When it came time for me to feel life, there was no life. I went to Dr. Sargent, who said that there was no life there.67 I cried when he told me. He asked me how many children I had, and when I told him that I had eight, he shook his head—“And now, crying over the loss of a ninth. You must be a real mother. You would be surprised how many women (I’ll not call them mothers) come to me to find something to help them get rid of their babies.”

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66. Evert Leo Holt (b. 1901) was married to Ermal Adams (1901–1987), the daughter of W. J. Adams and Caroline Reynolds.

This was in October, and my baby was not born till February, four months later. I went to Dr. Sargent once a week all that time, and he assured me that he thought it best to let nature take care of it, and that it might go to its full time; that it would probably take almost all the blood in my body to expel it; that I would not need a doctor because he could only sit and wait. It happened just as he said, there was no inflammation, and the baby was a little girl.

Bernice got better from the pneumonia before David did, and the neighbors brought him toys and nice little things to play with, till he said that he had about the best time he ever had in his life (after the pain left), and he felt O.K., only too weak to walk.

When Easter came, Ermal gave Harry a goose egg for Easter. He was all excited over the big "gooth" egg. He said, "A gooth laid it, too, in a nest under a porch floor."

I had been asked to give a talk on the resurrection for the Easter program at Church that Sunday. After the meeting, our neighbor, Aubrey Majors, said that if he had the faith that I had he would not dread death, and that losing some of his loved ones for a while would not be so bad. We had no idea that I would lose my precious darling Harry before another Sunday had gone by.

Cecil and Noel were plowing in the field just south of the house, and were burning the sawbriars and grass in the fields, as it made the plowing easier.68 Dave and Harry were playing with stick horses, and they had made a mill on the side of the bank by the road, and were playing that the fine sand was their cornmeal. I had given them some salt sacks to play with, and they were putting their meal in these little sacks and fastening them to their stick horses, like papa did when he went to the mill. One of them suggested that they ride their horses down a steep hill just in front of the house, and through some tall sage grass at the foot of the hill. The tall grass was dry from the year before, and when the wind blew the little blaze where the big boys were plowing, it caught the dry sage grass on fire (it burned like powder) at about the same time Dave and Harry were in the thickest part of it.

Harry had put on a pair of Dave's old shoes so they would make a noise like a horse when he ran, and they hindered him from running fast through the tall grass, which was over their heads. The blaze caught up

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68. A 1909 farmers' bulletin on the cultivation of tobacco reported the following on the preparation of the seed bed: "The main object in burning the bed, so far as the writers can see, is the destruction of weed seeds which would otherwise produce weeds to interfere with the growth of the young [tobacco] plants. Most of the weed seeds are lodged in the upper 2 inches of the soil, and their vitality is readily destroyed by burning or heating the bed." See Scherffius, Woosley, and Mahan, "The Cultivation of Tobacco in Kentucky and Tennessee," 7.
with them. Dave tried to help Harry, but the fire was roaring, and since Harry was almost as big as David, he left him and ran screaming for Cecil and Noel to hurry and come and help. He apologized a hundred times for going and leaving him, but he hadn’t known what else to do. Cecil and Noel heard them, but just thought at first that they were playing. When they realized that the cries were coming from the direction of the fire, they were too late. Harry still had his winter underwear on, and his thick coveralls, and they were burned off.

I didn’t hear anything; I was sitting at the sewing machine, setting a quilt top together, but I suddenly felt panicky, ran to the door and saw one of the boys running as fast as he could towards the fire. I knew then that there was something terribly wrong. I ran to the top of the hill and saw Edgar carrying Harry up the hill. He was burned all over, only his poor little eyes still looking.

I ran the other way. Our phone was not working that day, so Noel got a horse and rode across the fields and woods to Grandpa Carmack’s to call a doctor. “Grandpappy,” as the children called him, was plowing in his field, and heard Noel crying and thought at first that he was singing. But when he saw that he was riding as fast as he could, and leaning down on the horse’s neck, he realized something was the matter.

Harry was burned about four o’clock in the afternoon, and lived till about nine. I stayed by him and didn’t let myself cry for his sake. He was sorry for me, and kept assuring me that it didn’t hurt at all, but he kept saying, “I hath to go to the toilet, mother, I hath to go now.” But all that was left of his little penis was a little black stub.

He said, “Just look at my feet, mama, they’re not burned at all. I had on Dave’s big old shoes. Aren’t you glad I had them on, and my feet didn’t get burned?” He kept whispering to his dad to keep his hands covered up, so I couldn’t see them. He said, “It makes her feel tho bad.”

When Cecil had tried to pull the burning coveralls off, the cuffs had pulled the burned flesh, and it was hanging down, and looked awful. Harry was sorry for me and kept telling me, “It doesn’t hurt at all now mama, weally it dothent.”

His mind was clear till just at the last minute. He held his right hand out with his fist closed the best he could and said, “Take this little clod I hath in my hand Dave.” Then, with a frightened look, he said, “Don’t ever go back down there David, don’t ever go back down there,” and in a few minutes it was all over. Long after this time I wrote this:

**Wondering**

Oh little boy of mine that went away  
Who hung so lovingly about my knee,
Is there a place in that dim land where you have gone
Where you can wait and not be sad for me?
I wonder if your heart was torn like mine,
Can love so strong be severed without pain?
Do you look forward, longing for the time
When we shall be together once again?

I shut my eyes and try to see your face—
I have no picture of you in my mind
Only those tortured features scarred by fire
When you went on and I was left behind.
I never dreamed a child of four could be
So brave in death; his patience was sublime—
Apologizing that he caused me grief,
No thought of his own suffering, only mine.
And though my heart was frozen in my breast
And torturing anguish choked my very soul,
No tears relieved me, but he knew full well
The awful suffering underneath control.
But time I know will lay her soothing hand
With gentle touch, and heal my wounds for me,
And I shall see again my little man
Who went so bravely out on death's dark sea.69

The doctor had come long before he died, but there was nothing he could do. He was kind, and was hurt, and moved to tears himself. On his way back to town he stopped at Mr. Morris', at the Post Office, and said that he just had to wait a little while and get himself pulled together. He didn't dare drive when he was so shaken and upset.

It was almost more than I could stand. I suffered physical pain as well as mental. I had an awful pain in my eye, and the left side of my chest felt like a rock, and I could hardly get my breath at all. My hands and feet kept cramping and drawing in, and the muscles of my arms and legs drew in knots if I didn't keep them straightened out as straight as I could get them. I could hardly see anything, and next morning, when I went to the door and looked outside, everything looked dark gray and blurred.

69. According to Sue Lynn Stone, "Memorial poetry, both copied from literature and composed by area residents, provided another mode of expression. Whether shared with others in gift or in newspapers or kept privately in scrapbooks, these elegies and odes gave the writers and readers opportunities to explore their personal thoughts concerning death." See Sue Lynn Stone, "Blessed Are They That Mourn," 223. See also William Lynwood Montell, Upper Cumberland Country, 120–21.
Later, when I went to an eye specialist, he said my eyes would never be any better, and if I wasn’t careful, I would lose my eyesight entirely. Much later, I heard that sunflower seeds were miracle food for the eyes and nerves. I started using them, and my eyes improved.

Now, forty years later, they are about as good as they were before Harry was burned, but I was left a wreck. Besides my eyes, I became allergic to the sun and wind, and had to put something heavy over my head every time I went outside. I was also allergic to all dark yellow foods, like sweet potatoes, bananas, strawberries, etc., all were like poison to me, and made my face and eyes swell. I was allergic to laundry soap, too, and that was bad, considering all the washing I had to do. Ivory soap didn’t bother me much, so I used that.

Violet had gone home with Lelia’s folks the day of Harry’s accident. Lelia said that she came in about the time Harry was burned and said that she felt awful. She said she knew that she shouldn’t have come home with them. She felt like I needed her for something. Lelia told her to lay down for a while and maybe she would feel better. Violet dozed and awoke crying, and said that she had dreamed of a big brush heap on fire, and that Harry was right in the middle of it.

Just then the phone rang and someone told them that Harry was burned so terribly that he would never live.

Two of the Elders had been with us for several days, and they had only left in the morning before Harry was burned. They were going into a strange new neighborhood, where Mormon Elders were very unpopular. They hated to leave, and when they were leaving they said, “Well, if any of you die before night, send for us and we’ll come back. It will take something as drastic as that for us to get permission to return.” We certainly had no idea that one of our children would die before bedtime.

Cecil had burned his hands badly trying to put the fire out in Harry’s clothing, or trying to do something. Almost hysterical, he tried

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70. Effie describes this serious skin problem later in more detail. Marian Brubaker, M.D., whose specialty is dermatology, has kindly offered the following suggestions as to the cause of these symptoms:

I suspect [Effie] had atopic dermatitis (eczema). This disease has a genetic component. Usually it manifests itself in early infancy or childhood. Many times it disappears in later life, but can manifest itself again, especially under emotional stress. Atopics, as they are referred to in medical terms, may also have other systemic manifestations, such as food allergies, asthma, hay fever. They have very sensitive skin; sun, wind, soaps, extremes in humidity may aggravate their symptoms or cause a rash. Their skin becomes easily infected causing marked weeping, denudation of the skin, along with purulent exudate and ‘boils.’ I think this would explain her symptoms. (Marion Brubaker to Karen Lynn Davidson, June 26, 1994)
cutting the coveralls off with his pocket knife, but when it didn’t work he threw his knife away.

Cecil told me not to even ask God for Harry to get well, but to ask for him to be released from his poor little burned body quickly. He said, “I can hardly stand my hands, they hurt so terribly.”

When someone mentioned trying to find the missionaries, Cecil was the one chosen to see if he could locate them, but he could find no trace of them. Driving the car must have been torture on his poor hands, not a thing had been done for them. Later, when he returned maybe, someone tried to do something for them.

I asked someone where Edgar was, and Sadie found him out in the hall on a couch. He said that his head was just bursting. I was suffering so terribly myself that I couldn’t think of anything to do for anyone else. It’s terrible what a human can suffer and still live. The following weeks were pretty bad, everything reminded us of Harry: when I would get breakfast, and when Noel would go to milk the cows. We had been in the habit of making a work program in the morning, and each child was given a task.
When tasks were finished, each would check it with his or her special color of crayon. Harry had always wanted to do lots of things, and enjoyed checking his tasks off by his name. We couldn’t stand to make a program after Harry was gone; instead of fun it was grief.

Time is kind to us, and work is a panacea, but I was so plagued with allergies and the pain in my heart that I couldn’t do much for a while. Cecil went to the Western State Hospital to work, and one day, not long after Harry’s funeral, my face just started peeling. My entire face was left as raw as a piece of beef—every part of it, even eyelids, ears, nose, every bit. My face was perfectly raw, and a thick yellow liquid oozed from it. I had to keep old sheets or towels around my neck and face to catch this fluid, and it had to be changed often. This continued for several days, and then it started drying up and forming a scab. My entire face was covered with a thick, ugly scab; eyelids, nose, lips, ears. I have never seen or heard of anyone having such an affliction. While it was in this scab stage Cecil came home from the Asylum for a visit. I heard his car stop, and I hated for him to see me, so I covered my head with a towel. The children all ran out to meet him, and I heard him ask them where I was. “She’s in the house.” “Is she sick?” “Well, she’s not very well.”

He came in and squatted down by my chair and said, “What’s the matter, Mom?” When he saw my face he was horrified. It would be hard for anyone to look much worse than I was looking about then, but it did finally clear up, although I had boils on my face after that, especially on my eyelids. I couldn’t expose my face to the sun and wind at all, and my hands and arms to my elbows were the same. I remembered Job, and all that he suffered, and I took a little consolation in the words of the Lord, “Count it all joy when you are called upon to suffer diverse tribulations.”

Another scripture that consoled me was: “Though He was the Son of God, yet learned He obedience by the things He suffered.” I tried to think that there was some wise purpose in everything. I remembered “Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.”


72. A paraphrase of James 1:2: “Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations.”

73. Hebrews 5:8: “Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.”

Sometimes I felt like I was getting more than my share, but I never felt rebellious nor did I blame the Lord for my affliction.

I went to many doctors, but none of them did any good. Dr. Sargent said that there had been many songs and poems written about broken hearts, but very few people ever really have broken hearts, but he thought I was one of the few who did.75 I had a pain in my heart continually, and it didn’t get any better till years later when I learned that wheat germ oil was good for the heart.

I quit the doctors and started studying about food and diet as a cure for bodily ailments, and became almost normal again and a much wiser person.76 Here are some of the precious simple things that I have learned:

- Sunflower seed for the eyes.
- Pumpkin seed for the body and for worms and to prevent prostate trouble.
- Brigham tea for the kidneys, with honey.
- Wheat germ oil for the heart.
- Camphor, benzoin, and eucalyptus combined and fumes inhaled for coughs.
- Whey for upset stomach.
- Lettuce as a sedative.
- Brewers yeast for vitamin B.
- Green wheat juice for emphysema.
- No white bread or white sugar. These are the two foods that cause the four major killing diseases.

Later, Violet got married, just as we were preparing to leave for Arizona. Almost everything we possessed had been sold.

I wasn’t very sure about the boy she had married—Oscar Pyle.77 One evening a little brother and sister of his were passing my place, going to visit a relative.78 It was cold, and I had a fire in the fireplace, so I went

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76. Effie continued her interest in home remedies, vitamins, and health food until her death in March 1974. Her kitchen was well-stocked with bottles of vitamins and herbal remedies (Noel Carmack, personal observations in early 1970s).

77. Oscar Pyle (b. 1905).

78. Lester (b. 1910) and Florence Pyle (b. 1914).
out and invited them to come in and warm themselves (I wanted to ask them about Violet).

I asked them how they like Violet. They said that they just loved her. "She does everything for us. Cooks good meals and washes our clothes and irons them nice. She gives us baths and is just like a mama."

Then Florence said, "But I don't think Oscar likes her, he swears at her, and makes her cry. Our dad told him that if he didn't do better she might go back home," and they didn't want her to do that. Oscar's mother had died, and they had been doing without a cook and a housekeeper, and Violet (still only 14) was doing the big job of keeping house and doing the work for a good sized family.

As soon as the Pyle children left I went out to the horse lot, and the only horse out there was a crazy old thing they called "Lady." I got a bridle and saddle on her, and, although it was late I started for the Pyle residence. Violet was astonished when she saw me hitching that crazy horse to a post. She said, "Mama, what are you coming so late for?" I told her that I just wanted to visit with the folks a little while. I asked one of the boys where his father and Oscar were.79 He said that they were in the other room playing cards. I told him to go tell them that I wanted to talk to them for a few minutes. Violet looked worried.

They came in, and I told them what Florence and Lester had just told me about Oscar swearing at Violet and making her cry, and that I just wanted to see them and find out if it was true. Mr. Pyle said, "I'm afraid it is, Miss Effie, I've been telling Oscar that if he didn't do better he might lose her." I told them that we were about ready to leave Kentucky, and I came to let Violet know that she didn't have to stay, just because she had married Oscar. She could come home and go to Arizona with us if she wanted to.

Mr. Pyle said that he thought it was a serious thing to try to break up a couple after they were married. I replied that I knew it was serious, that the only thing I could think of that was worse, was for a fellow to promise to love and cherish a good girl, and then break his promise and treat her like a dog. I also told Oscar that it would be a month or six weeks before we could leave, and that he would have time to prove whether he could treat her right or not, and that I just wanted Violet to know that we would be glad to have her back if he was not going to be good to her. I told them that I felt sad to have to leave her, even with someone who loved her and was good to her, and that it would be awful to go away feeling that she was being mistreated. Mr. Pyle acknowledged that he could see my side. I then left.

79. The father was George Monroe Pyle (1878–1963).
I had no idea whether Violet would come home or stay with Oscar. I could hardly stand the thought of leaving her under those conditions.

Not long after that I felt that I wanted to be all alone for awhile, so I walked all the way to Lelia's. I went through the big woods where there was no road. It was a shorter route. I spent hours in prayer (I think I wrestled with the Lord); I told the Lord all my troubles and perplexities, and begged Him to help me unravel my puzzles. I shed all the tears that were in me, and then I felt somewhat relieved.

Harry’s death had been awful, but at least it was a sweet sorrow. This trouble about my girl was a bitter one, and I couldn’t think what to do, or how it would end.

Later in the month there came a tobacco season, (that is, it rained and softened the tobacco so it could be handled) and Mr. Pyle and his boys took a load of tobacco to town, and Violet and the children were left at home alone. She caught a horse and came home. She said that Oscar was not being any better, and she felt like she couldn’t bear to see us leave and her stay there with him so cranky. The main thing that he was peeved at her about was her religion. His folks were all Baptists, and I guess he wanted her to be a Baptist too, but he couldn’t move her on her religion. She didn’t eat on Fast Sunday, and that was what he swore at her about, and I think he slapped her.

She wanted Noel to take the wagon and bring her things home before the men returned from town.

It was a hard decision for her to leave him; she was sad, and she cried herself to sleep every night, but the marriage had not been what she thought it would be. She was sadly disillusioned. I was glad of her decision and counted it an answer to my prayers. As soon as they got home and found her gone, Oscar came after her, saying that she had a cold and she should come home and doctor it. I told him that I had taken care of her colds, etc., for several years, and I thought I could do so yet. He finally left, and Violet felt bad, but she said that she had thought it over seriously, and had prayed about it before she made up her mind to come home (it was not a hasty decision).

We took the train for Arizona not long after that, the children and I. Edgar stayed to collect money for several things. We had sold the furniture, and the people were wanting it, so we left. Most of the children became train sick, and were pretty miserable. Noel thought he would use psychology, and just not get sick, but before we got to Kansas City he too was getting white around the mouth.

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80. Mormons customarily go without two meals on the first Sunday of each month and contribute the cost of those meals to church charitable funds.
Cecil had gone ahead of us, and John and Ozie were already living
in Joseph City, so we went there. By the time we arrived (Cecil hadn't yet
found a house for us to live in) he had fixed a tent, boarded up half way,
and with a board floor in it. He had shelves, and a table, and even dishes
and food ready for us. (There never was another son like him! It is said
that the world is full of two kinds of people, "lifters and leaners." Cecil has
certainly always been a "lifter." In fact, I don't believe any of my children
are the "leaner" type.) Cecil met us at the depot, and we were astonished
at how brown he was. The Arizona sun had already given him a deep tan.

It was a new experience to go to sleep with the spring wind flapping
the tent, but we soon got used to it and kind of liked it.

Mother's Day was coming up, and someone had asked me to paint
a picture of a mother for a program. I was working on it when I realized
that someone was standing in the tent door back of me and watching
me. I looked around, and at first I was sure that I knew the fellow, his
face looked so familiar. He had on a khaki suit, and stood there waiting
for his companion who had gone for some milk (John had a grocery).
He told me that he and I should go into business together, that he
could do the writing and I could do the illustrating. Just then his com­
panion came and they left. A few minutes later I remembered who he
was, it was Zane Gray. (I had seen pictures of him.) They were camped
out by Valley Hills, and he was getting material for a book he was writing
(I found out later).

Edgar joined us soon and we moved into the old house with a porch
around three sides across the street from the meeting house, and while
we were living at this place Violet's baby was born. We thought of a lot of
names, but every one I mentioned Bernice would make it sound silly. I
mentioned Lydia, and she said that it would be called "Liddy, Skillet
Liddy." Grace or Hazel said "Let's think of a pretty double-name." Bernice said, "Something like Fig Newton or Self Starter?" Finally Violet and
I thought of Rebecca, and I knew at once that that was the name for her. I

81. Originally known as Allen Fort, Joseph City was settled by James S. Brown in 1876 as an
LDS mission outpost. It is located on the Little Colorado River in Northern Arizona.
See George S. Tanner and J. Morris Richards, Colonization on the Little Colorado: The

82. Although it is difficult to place Zane Grey in the Joseph City area during the spring of
1924, Grey had been in the Flagstaff area during the fall of 1923, investigating sites for
a film adaptation of his novel, Call of the Canyon. "Filming of Famous Grey Novels,"
Coconino Sun, September 12, 1923, 1; "Filming of Famous Grey Novels to Carry Fame of
Our Scenery Over World," Coconino Sun, September 14, 1923, 1. See Candace Kant,
told them we didn’t care what any of them said, it “was” going to be Rebecca. It seemed to just suit her, and always has.

Ethel Randall’s little boy, Rich, stopped to see the baby, and he asked what we were going to name her. His mother said that he ran all the way home and burst in and announced that the Carmacks had the ugliest and littlest old baby, and they were going to call it “Roebucker.”

Violet wanted to let her nurse the breast, and did so for a while, but found that she was still hungry, so we put her on a bottle. We had a hard time finding a suitable formula. The milk didn’t agree with her, and she didn’t grow like she should have.

We all just about worshipped her. She seemed to fill the void left by our Harry. She was real smart, and learned things early. She responded to music, and when she heard a tune she liked she had to dance. She danced the Charleston when she could barely walk. One of the popular songs then was “Collegiate, Collegiate, Yes We Are Collegiate,” and the very sound of it would start Rebecca to dancing.

[This entry marks the end of the 1948 version of the autobiography, except for a five-paragraph section titled “About David.” The section was included near the end of the 1973 published version of Down Memory Lane (see epilogue, note 90) but has been editorially omitted in this edition.]

83. “Was” is written above the word “going.”
84. Rebecca is the daughter of Oscar Pyle and Violet Carmack, Effie’s daughter.