EPILOGUE

The Outskirts of a Desert Town

I have a little Hobby House that you could never guess,
And of all the houses I have owned I think I like it best.
The outskirts of a desert town is where my scene is laid
Where playgrounds are not thought of, nor parks, nor grass,
nor shade.
—"My Hobby House," Carmack,
Miscellaneous poems

After Becky was born, in Joe City, and we moved to the Westover place, Noel and I milked John Bushman’s cows.¹ Noel took the job first, and I knew it was too big a job for him alone, so I helped him, and we agreed we would both take the job of cleaning the schoolhouse, also. It wasn’t too much for both of us, and besides, we were both already used to hard work, and didn’t mind it.

Then, some of the young folks wanted me to give them art lessons, and my time was limited, so we decided we would have a class after school was out, in the evening. It was handy, we were already there, and the water colors and drawing pads were there also.

Then the teachers wanted the lessons too. I would choose a subject (we took easy landscapes first) and draw it with charcoal on a big sheet of drawing paper fastened on the blackboard with masking tape. First, the horizontal line, then a quick checking: the tallest tree will come to here, our water to here: then put in the sky first, beginning at upper left hand corner; deeper blue at top, gradually growing dimmer till there was no

¹ The house was probably owned by John L. Westover (1880–1971). The cows probably belonged to John Lehi Bushman (b. 1883), son of John Bushman (1843–1926) and Mary Ann Petersen.
blue where it joined the land; far off objects dim, closer objects clearer. Near objects bright colors, and before they knew it they had a pretty landscape, and were thrilled.

I gave assignments each week, and then criticized their work. Many of them learned to do good work and have carried on to this day. I had them draw from nature—a small picture of a tree and rocks, or a sunset sky, or whatever they chose to do.

Noel would start cleaning rooms while the art lessons were in progress, and then I would help him finish.

I gave the music teacher, Owen Porter, private lessons at my place, and he gave me music lessons. We both enjoyed it, though it ran into too much time, it was hard to find a stopping place. It wasn’t limited, and often lasted till midnight. I timed the lessons at school though, and when our time was up we quit. They learned to work fast.

About this time they had a play at school, and Noel took the part of the Devil. He wore a red suit, with horns and tail. After it was over the boys started calling him Satan, and it continued till there was danger of it becoming permanent. He said that it took six fights to stop it, but after that the nickname stopped. Noel was a very quiet, peaceful lad, but determined.

Noel and David had a dog they called Rex. We burned cedar wood in the kitchen stove, and the boys would go to the cedars for wood occasionally. Old Rex enjoyed going with them. Sometimes he would ride in the old jalopy, and other times he would run alongside the car, and they would check to see just how fast he could run by the speedometer. They had many adventures with the Model T, and Rex, and just being boys. One time out at the “cedars,” the dog tangled with a porcupine, another time with a skunk. But one day a horse kicked him in the stomach and almost killed him. He lay like he was dead, only the boys could tell that he was still breathing. For a whole day he lay still, without moving at all. His mouth was slightly open, and flies were all around him. It looked as if the end was near. That night, after the boys went to bed, David got up and took a pan of milk out to see if he could pour a little in his mouth, enough to keep him alive, but there was no response. After Dave went back to the bedroom he suggested that they have prayer, so they both knelt by the bed, and asked the Lord to bless their dog, and help him to get well, he had been such a good dog, taking care of Becky and all. They lay there for quite a while, but could not go to sleep. It was getting late, and they knew that they both had to get up early in the morning. Finally Dave went out to where the dog was, and he was up drinking the milk he had taken out there earlier.

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2. Theodore Owen Porter (b. 1904) was married to Mary Fish (b. 1903). He taught at Lamson Business College in Phoenix and later taught music in Mesa, Arizona.
Old Rex was soon well, and running with them to the “Cedars,” with no bad after effects from the kick in his stomach, that had almost proved fatal. It was a complete miracle, and the boys both knew it.

Noel’s dad had an old Ford milk truck that was hard to start on cold mornings, so while Edgar and Dave bottled milk, and got ready to take it to Winslow, Noel was given the task of starting the old Ford. He said that he would do everything that was ever known to start an old Ford: prop it up, build a fire under it, crank and crank, and would be just about worn out by the time he would get it started.

One time the crank kicked back and hit him just over his left eye, cutting it to the bone, at the upper edge of the eyebrow. The skin fell down over the eye completely, closing it, and it looked horrible, just a big bloody blob. (I thought it had knocked his eye out.) Someone called a doctor, but meanwhile I washed it and put it back in place, cut the eyebrows off, and stuck a piece of tissue paper in it to hold it in place. It dried and stuck there. The doctor said that if it continued to hold, it might not be necessary to sew it back. It stuck, and soon grew back without any stitches. Right now, if there is a bad scar there, I can’t remember it.

Noel seemed to take life by the rough handle, and was always having drastic things happen to him.

While we were living there I received a book, “Who’s Who in the South and Southwest,” by Larkin, Roosevelt, and Larkin, with my name on page 996. I had received a list of questions in the mail, and was asked to answer them and return it. I didn’t know what it was for, and had forgotten it.

Later on, when I went to quarterly Conference in Snowflake, where the Stake House was located, I was a little late, and as I passed some of my friends in the hall they said, “I suppose you’ll be above speaking to commoners like us from now on.” I had no idea what they were talking about. Then afterward someone told me that in the opening exercises of Conference, my name had been listed as one of the six outstanding people in northern Arizona. (I’m sure I don’t know what for). I worked hard at half a dozen things:

Noel and I milked brother John Bushman’s cows, and we did the janitor work at the school. I taught art in the school after the school was dismissed in the afternoon, so the teachers could all take the lessons. Mrs.


4. A stake house is a meetinghouse that serves not only local wards but also houses meetings on the more inclusive stake level.
Bertha Reese, who was principal; May Winn; Helen Ash, from Utah; Rilla Solomon. I think Bessie Richards and Ina Peterson were teachers too, but I don't remember them taking art.

I taught a Sunday school class, worked in the Mutual Improvement Association, taught Theology in Relief Society, and exchanged art lessons for music lessons with Owen Porter, the music teacher, in my house.5

I taught the Seagull class in Primary, and after Bernice's eyes began to bother her, and the nurse said that she should quit school, I got some big old charts and taught her at home till they were better.6 I didn't have any idle time, but I think I enjoyed it all, as I had been used to hard work all my life, and didn't mind it at all.

Later, after we moved to Winslow, I bought two sets of books for Bernice, called "The New Human Interest Library," and "Lands and People"—a High School course at home, which she studied through, and enjoyed it.7 A few years later she went to a boarding school in Tucson, and she enjoyed that also. So, she finally got a pretty good education, and was an avid reader, remembering well what she read.[...].8

When we were living at the little gray house where Rebecca was born one day a big car stopped in front and a big kind faced man asked me if my name was Carmack. I said it was, and he asked me if I had any buttermilk. (Edgar had the dairy, and he had inquired, though of course I had no buttermilk there.)

He asked me if I would mind answering a few questions. I told him that I would be glad to. He then asked me if this little town was a Mormon town. I said that it was. Then he asked me if it was possible that it was named for Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormon Church. I told him that I thought it was.

"Are you a Mormon?" "I am."

He told me that all his life he had wanted to contact a member of our Church. He said that he was from Nova Scotia, and was a Congregation Minister.

He started to ask questions, and I enjoyed answering them. He stayed all afternoon, and at last I found out that his wife was in the car, but he said, "Don't worry, she has a new book."

5. The Relief Society is the adult women's organization of the Mormon Church.
6. The Primary organization provides weekly lessons and activities for children from eighteen months to twelve years of age. The Seagull class was the name at that time for the class of eleven-year-old girls.
8. The editors have omitted Effie's subtitle, "Joseph City, Arizona."
He seemed genuinely interested in everything that I told him. It was
springtime, and they were on their way to Calif.

By fall we had moved to the big old Westover house at the east end
of Joseph City.

One day there was a knock at the door, and it was my minister on his
way back to Nova Scotia. He smiled a big wide smile and asked me if I had
some of that same brand of buttermilk left. I assured him that there was
an unlimited supply left. Then he started asking questions. He had some
jotted down.

I gloried in answering his questions, and gave him a Book of
Mormon, and a lot of tracts. I feel like he investigated further, as I think
he believed all I told him. I also gave him a price list of books that he
could order if he wanted to.

He seemed such a sincere, sensible man, interested in the Truth,
and our conversation made me very happy.

While we lived in Joseph City they had a teacher training class, and
Rulon Porter taught it. It was made up mostly of the young parents and
the school teachers, and the young folks who were working in the M.I.A.
(Mutual Improvement Association).

I wanted to take the course, as I was teaching a Sunday School class,
and was helping in M.I.A., was teaching Theology in Relief Society, and
had a class of girls in Primary. I thought it would probably be a help to me.

Everyone else in this class were college graduates. I had not even
finished the eighth grade, as my father got sick just before school was out,
and I had to quit.

It was a good course of lessons and I enjoyed it. Mr. Porter said that
it would not be graded, it would be unjudged.

At the close of the course he gave a long intelligent test, a hard one.
When the test was over he said, “Mrs. Carmack, didn’t you say that you
did not even finish the eighth grade?” I said, “That is right, I did not.”
Then he said, “You folks will be surprised to know that she has more cor-
rect answers than anyone else in this class. The reason I am bringing this
out is to let you all know that you can continue to learn after you have
graduated from college. Mrs. Carmack undoubtedly possesses a healthy
hunger for knowledge.”

I think the real reason was that the others, the college graduates,
had taken courses they were not really interested in, and had been
required to read so much that they didn’t care for, that they were tired
and fed up on reading so much.

I just studied the things I liked, and read the books I enjoyed, and it stayed with me.[ . . . ] 10

Before Cecil was called on a Mission he and I were appointed by the M.I.A. to go to Salt Lake for June Conference. 11

Grandma Williams, O. C. Williams’ mother, of Holbrook, and her two granddaughters went with us. We had a happy trip, outside of a few undesirable happenings.

We stopped at Moab for breakfast at Mr. Hazard’s restaurant. We wondered if his first name was Hap. Anyway, when referring to it later we called it Hap Hazard’s breakfast.

Cecil was hungry, and we had to wait quite a while. Soon we saw a girl coming in our direction with a big platter full of food. Cecil thought it was for us and was looking happy (so Lucy said), but when she passed us up and went on down the line Lucy said that she was sure, for a few minutes, that Cecil was going to burst into tears, from the tragic look on his face. The girls laughed till the tears came. Cecil smiled.

Finally, at long last, we got our breakfast, and all felt better. Then we prepared to be on our way across a desert.

There were many warnings for us to take extra water, as we might need it. Cecil said that we had everything full. It would have paid us to have heeded the warning, as there was no paved road across the desert, and in many places the sand had blown over the trail, so you could hardly tell where it had been, and we got stuck.

Others ahead of us had cut scrub cedars and desert growth and put on the stretches of sand, but it did us very little good. The cedars were soon covered deep with sand.

Finally we were stuck so deep we couldn’t move. We all got out and dug sand from under the tires and all pushed with all our might, but nothing moved. The motor of the car was boiling hot, and Cecil had put nearly all of our water in the radiator, and we had barely started across the expanse of desert, and now we had no water left. We all got out.

Sister Williams said that she was sure everything would be OK, as she had her family records with her, and we would be protected. She started off down a draw alone.

10. The editors have omitted Effie’s subtitle, “Joseph City, Arizona—Before Cecil was called on his Mission.”

11. Mormons, usually young people of twenty or so, are ‘called’ on missions of approximately two years’ time. The call, in the form of a letter from church headquarters, specifies the geographical area in which the missionary will be serving. Here is yet another meaning of the word conference. This refers to a bi-annual general LDS Church meeting held in Salt Lake City, with special sessions for those working in church auxiliaries such as the Mutual Improvement Association.
Cecil started in the other direction with a five gallon can and a tin cup. It certainly didn't look like there was much hope of finding water anywhere around where we were stuck.

Cecil told me later that he prayed, and asked that if there was any water near, that he would be guided to it.

He went up a draw full of tumbleweeds, finally stopped, began cleaning weeds away, then dug down to dirt, and in a few minutes struck some water, not much, but when he dug a hole and waited for a few minutes, it filled with water, enough that he could get his tin cup full.

He was gone quite a long while, then came back with his can full of water. He said that he wondered how he happened to dig in that special place, as he dug in a dozen other places later, but there was no sign of water except in that first place he dug.

The very fact that we were out of water seemed to make us all thirsty. Grandma Williams said that it was because the bacon and eggs we had for breakfast was too salty.

Later, we saw in the distance a strange looking hill, with a hole through the top of it, and not too far from it, on the opposite side was a stream bed, or at least a place where there had been water. There was a dilapidated cabin, with a door hanging sideways. We stopped and probed around. There was a woman's corset, and a baby's worn out shoe.

Cecil said that there is probably a spring somewhere near, so we instituted a search and found it at the bottom of a little hill. It certainly was a stingy little drip that supplied it. There was the remnant of what had been a harrow, so somebody had undertaken to farm the land near the cabin. We wondered why, in a country with so many desirable places to live, why any man would take his wife and children to such a desolate spot as this. It was hard to figure out, but there was the evidence.12

We refilled some of our water cans, after so long a time, and finally made it safely across that treacherous stretch of sand and desert. We had learned a lesson.

We came to Bluff, in the bottom of a canyon, with Moab at the foot of the mountain on the opposite side.

We arrived in Salt Lake City without further trouble, had a wonderful time at the meetings. At one meeting, in a gymnasium, two of the authorities had compiled the lessons for the class I was teaching for the following year. He told how they enjoyed writing the lessons, saying, "We were as enthusiastic as . . . "—he looked up and down the line of

12. Effie's comments are worth noting since the unusual arch formations in this red rock country would have appeared foreign to someone from the hills of western Kentucky.
teachers—"as Genealogical workers." Evidently there were several in the group, as they pointed to one another and there was a general laugh.13

One woman said, "You must have enjoyed it very much, and so probably we will enjoy teaching them also."

Sister Williams and the girls didn't go back with us, and we went across Monument Valley. I was really struck dumb. I had never even heard of Monument Valley, and had never seen anything anyways near like it. Since then I have become well acquainted with it, and have a dozen paintings of it.

We arrived home safely and reported the valuable information we obtained at the Conference, and were thankful that we had been asked to go, but were glad to get home again.[ . . . ]14

All his life we had planned and hoped that when Cecil was old enough he would go on a Mission. While we were living at the Westover place, his call came.

I think I mentioned elsewhere that Vera's family was at our place, and were living in the little building down near the highway, and of Cecil teaching Nelson and Rebecca to walk just before he left.15 He also baptized David and Clay.16 I think it was the spring of 1925.

He was called to the Southern States Mission, and after their two weeks' training in Salt Lake City, they were all given several shots for different diseases. Then they insisted on Cecil having his tonsils out. Cecil assured the doctor that he was not having any trouble with his tonsils, but the doctor insisted, so it was done. They bled profusely, and would not stop, and he had to stop along the way for treatment, while the other missionaries went on ahead of him. He also stopped over (with permission) in Kentucky and visited our folks there.

Oh, how we did enjoy his letters, and watched the mailbox for them. When vacation time came, Noel went to the Navajo Reservation to work for a man who had an Indian Trading Post out there, a Mr. Bush. He lived near a little spring, and the Navajos called him To-hul-chinty (Little

13. Because vicarious ordinances are performed in Mormon Temples for deceased family members, genealogy is an important responsibility among Mormons. Consequently, the LDS Church has an extensive system of genealogical libraries. These libraries (the largest in Salt Lake City), serve some of the most tenacious and enthusiastic genealogists in the world.

14. The editors have omitted Effie's subtitle, "Winslow, Arizona—Cecil's Mission and Marriage."

15. Nelson East was the son of Leslie East and Vera Ferrell.

16. Clay Marquess was the adopted son of John Robert Marquess and Ozella Holt. A Mormon man as young as sixteen may perform baptisms, as long as he has been ordained and given the proper level of Priesthood authority.
Water), and they called Noel To-hul-chinty-begay, Little Water’s boy. Noel helped Mr. Bush around the trading post at Dilcon, and took care of a flock of goats. He got acquainted with Indian boys and learned to speak the Navajo language. Now, about forty years later, I think he could still carry on a conversation in Navajo.

Those Navajos knew where we lived, and never forgot Noel. When they would pass our place, usually the mother driving the team to the wagon, and the man riding horseback ahead, I would hear the woman call to her husband, “Hey, hey!” When she got his attention she would point to the horse lot, or wherever she saw Noel, and say, “To-hul-chinty-begay!”

While Cecil was gone, we moved to Winslow [a non-Mormon community twenty-three miles west of Joseph City], and I’ll never forget the day he arrived home.

It is a hard time for a missionary when he just returns from his mission. He has been spending all his time meeting new people, studying the Gospel and explaining it to others, and for a while he is still homesick for the missionary work. Cecil was so restless for a while that he even packed his grip and walked to Joseph City to satisfy the urge to do missionary work.

The young folks he knew when he left were not the same. Many of them had married, and they almost felt like strangers for awhile, but it didn’t take too long to get back into the swing of things.

Cecil was interested in music. He played the violin, the saxophone, and the banjo, and enjoyed helping play for dances. It was not long till he found work, and a girl, and was soon accustomed to life at home once more. Then it was not too long till he was engaged, and planning to be married, to Gladys Bushman, our friend John’s daughter. [ . . . ]

About the time we moved to the Campbell place Grace and Hazel were having difficulties in school. Several of the teachers made disrespectful remarks about the Mormons, nearly every day.

I guess Grace and Hazel were among the first Mormon children to go to High School in Winslow.

Grace would come in pulling off her sweater and go straight to the piano and play as hard as she could for about half an hour. Then she said that she felt some better.

The girls threatened to quit school, but I told them to wait, and maybe I could help a little. “Now don’t go over there and talk to them about it, that would not do any good.”
I told them that I wouldn’t do that, but I did send each one of their women teachers an invitation to come to my place for an old fashioned southern supper.

I went to a great deal of trouble; I rearranged the paintings, and cleaned the old place till it was shining. Then I bought an expensive linen tablecloth, and painted some little southern landscapes for place cards, with little frames on them (see picture). [This picture does not appear in the autobiography.] I have kept one as a souvenir of an occasion that cleared up a very disagreeable situation for the girls.

I made buttermilk biscuits, and good cornbread with lots of eggs in it. I made a big cobbler pie with butter and brown sugar on top.

I had an old fashioned preserve stand and had peach preserves in it. I bought two pounds of butter and remolded it, and made designs on it like my mother used to make.

There was a turkey platter full of fried chicken, browned just right, and plenty of chicken gravy and mashed potatoes.

I had string beans and turnip salad, and an apple layer cake like my mother used to make. It was a real feast, and it was a typical Kentucky supper, and it was pretty, and filling.

The teachers arrived on time. Grace and Hazel were dolled up pretty with frilly aprons and waited on the table, and kept hot biscuits, poured their coffee, etc.

I had carefully planned a few things to tell in our table conversation. A few of the accomplishments of our Church, and what prominent people had said of us, and of the many scientists our Church had produced. Also of Utah’s educational standards, and of how our Church ranks in the number of illegitimate children.

I said that of course there are many ignorant people who are not keeping up to date on things like that, who still believe there is a high wall around Salt Lake City, and that the men make slaves of the women, but of course intelligent people, who are well informed would know better.

After supper the girls took the dishes to the kitchen, but left the food for the men and boys who would come later. Then Grace played the piano, and we all sang community songs (singing has a way of smoothing ruffled dispositions).

I even played the guitar and sang an old, old song or two. It was a typical Kentucky evening.18

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18. This suggests that Effie placed significance on these family oriented activities and ascribed symbolic meaning to those events that reminded her of her Kentucky childhood. See Barbara Allen, "Family Traditions and Personal Identity," Kentucky Folklore Record 28 (January–June 1982): 1–5.
I asked them several questions on different subjects, that gave them a chance to air their learning, and I praised them for it sincerely.

When it was time to go they each one said that it had been a happy evening, and they thanked me profusely for the supper, and the good time they had had.

The girls had no more trouble with insulting remarks about the Mormons, and they said, "Mama, why didn't you do that a long time ago, it would have saved us a lot of humiliating experiences, and from the unpleasant feeling of having to stay angry half the time."

Grace and Hazel were the two youngest pupils in school to graduate, when graduation time came. Since then several of the Mormon pupils have been a recommend to our Church.

It was not long till there was a thriving Ward in Winslow. A nice Chapel was built, and a big recreation hall that furnished the recreation for all the High School kids.

Several mothers told me that it was the only place that they felt safe in letting their children go to, since they knew there would be nothing but clean supervised recreation.[ ... ]

Noel was eighteen in January, and was called on a Mission 2 May, 1929.

Brother John Hatch, our Patriarch, was coming to Winslow, and he usually came to my place, and I took down the blessings as he gave them. I used a sort of pidgin shorthand that no one but myself could read, but I would copy it before it got cold.

Noel wanted a blessing before he left, and made an appointment for it with Brother Hatch, but he had promised Ben Gibbons Sr. that he would overhaul his car when he was ready for him to, and he was ready at the time he was to have had his blessing.

Violet also wanted a blessing, but all the Patriarch's time was taken up. She came to my place to help me at the time of Noel's appointment, which he couldn't keep, so she took his place, and he gave her a wonderful blessing.

19. The editors have omitted Effie's subtitle, "Winslow, Arizona—Noel called on a Mission later 1929" (the last two words are in Effie's hand).

20. Patriarch John Hatch (1860–1946) was the son of Lorenzo Hill Hatch. John married Mary Jane Standifird (1867–1947). They resided in Taylor, Arizona. Each stake has at least one man designated as a patriarch, and his calling is to give patriarchal blessings to members of the church who request the special blessing. It is always transcribed and becomes part of church archives; the recipient also keeps a copy. Usually the patriarch declares the lineage of the person receiving the blessing, and also includes specific admonitions, promises, and encouragement.
Carmack family photo, ca. 1928. Left to right, back row: Cecil, Gladys Bushman (Cecil’s wife), Edgar, Grace, Noel; middle: Effie, Hazel, Bernice, David, Violet, Arnold Mattice (Violet’s husband); front: Rebecca, Wayne (Violet and Arnold’s children). Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.
Later, after Noel got to Salt Lake City, a Brother Kennedy [Keddington], a Patriarch, gave him his blessing. He was called to Mississippi for his Mission, the same field of labor where Cecil had been called. How we did look forward to letters from both.

While Noel was in Mississippi a sister, (can't remember her name), who made necklaces of little shells, gave Noel one to send to me for my birthday. I wore it a lot, and liked it, but it got broken, and restringing the shells was such a complicated job that I couldn't restring it. I still have the shells.

Noel and Don Brinkerhoff were both called to Mississippi from northern Arizona, and they were both released at the same time, and returned home by car.21

A Church Mission is a wonderful experience for a young man or a young woman.

Cecil and Noel both stayed two weeks at the Mission Home in Salt Lake City. I think both of them had President David O. McKay as a teacher while there.22 He was an Apostle at that time, and they both said that he was a wonderful teacher.

President Grant and Evan Stephens were also their instructors.23

I had planned to go to Salt Lake City with Noel. All of our old friends, that we had made at the time we had lived there, would welcome me.24

I wanted to make Noel's last week at home pleasant, so I fixed food that he liked, especially sweet potato pies, and baked potatoes.

I had not realized then that I was allergic to sweet potatoes, and I ate freely of them. Consequently my face became swollen, my eyes, especially, were swollen together. Mouth, ears, even my neck, was so swollen I could not lay down without smothering, so I sat up by the stove.

I had not slept much, and the second or third night, by the stove, at about two o'clock in the morning, the coal and wood we used in the stove gave out (it was cold).

I didn't want to awaken anyone to go and get more, so I put a robe over my head (the cold wind on my face made it ache) and started out for fuel.

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21. Don Brinkerhoff and his wife, Thelma, currently reside in Snowflake, Arizona.
22. David O. McKay (1873–1970) was the ninth president of the LDS Church, serving in 1951–1970. At this time, the missionary force was relatively small, and outgoing missionaries could receive more intimate first-hand instruction from church authorities.
23. Heber J. Grant (1856–1945) was the seventh president of the LDS Church, serving in 1918–1945. Evan Stephens (1854–1930) was a popular Mormon musician and hymn composer.
24. Newly called missionaries report to the Mission Home in Salt Lake City for a short period of training before departing for their assignments.
Noel was sleeping in the back room that Lelia’s husband, William Ferrell, had built on for us back of the kitchen. When I got about even with Noel’s bed, I knew that I was about to keel over. The last I remember was trying to call him, just as I was going down. The next thing I remember I was on the couch in the front room, and Noel was fanning me and rubbing my face. He didn’t dare put water on it, as it was all broken out.

Well, of course he went for the wood and coal. I got propped up with pillows so I could be half laying down in the hope that I could sleep some.

All thoughts of going to Salt Lake with him were out, and I could not even help him get his things ready to leave.

I had not had a doctor, as I had given them up long before that.

Noel left, and was going down to Cecil’s shop, and would leave from there later. I remember how miserable I was after he left, and I knew he was still down there.

A few days after that Arnold came. I can’t remember where he and Violet were living then, but not in Winslow. He was horrified at the way I looked, and asked me what we had done for it. I told him that we had not done anything.

Arnold left, and in a little while he came back with a whole bunch of remedies. Zinc Oxide, a salve to cover my face, as the wind or air made it ache and hurt. A sedative to ease the pain and make me sleep. Two or three other things that the druggist recommended (I can’t remember what now), and they really helped, and I did appreciate it a lot.

Arnold’s sympathy, and his desire to do something made me feel better.

Noel got home from his Mission on a Sunday evening, and we were in Church. He took a bath and got cleaned up and came down just as Church was being dismissed.

Grace started out at the front door and saw Noel standing down by the steps. She was so glad to see him that she didn’t take the time to go down the steps, the front way, she jumped off of the side, and almost knocked him over.

There were two strange women to Church that evening. I never did learn their names, but later I saw one of them on the street and she said, “You are the mother of the boy who had been away somewhere and came home the evening we were at your Church.” She said that seeing people who loved each other as we did, made them happy, and made them know that we were good people. She also said, “I’ll never forget that sweet boy of yours. You could tell he was a good fellow by just looking at him.”

While he was in Mississippi he met a family of Kennedys that he liked. I had sent him a diary of a hunting trip Cecil and Mr. Hart and I took to the Kaibab Forest, and he had it in his suitcase. He left the suitcase at the Kennedys, and they looked into it to see if he had any clothes that needed washing, and they found the hunting story. They read it and were charmed with it, and said that I should have it published. The Christmas after that he sent them a little Christmas card.

Lately, one of the Kennedy granddaughters, living at Princeton, Kentucky, heard of me through a relative, Fanny Newson, who was helping me with my family research, and the Kennedy girl wrote me a note and sent the little Christmas card that Noel had sent to her grandmother in Mississippi in 1927, forty years ago. [. . . ]

I was a busy woman while we lived at the house we bought from Arch Campbell in Winslow. There were two houses on the same lot, and Cecil and Gladys lived in the other house awhile. Then Virgil and Ruth Bushman's family moved there. They had a bunch of boys. David and Bernice and these boys were around the same age. They did all sorts of things together.

They went to all the junkyards in the community and found old wheels of different kinds and made several little wagons. They got willows and made bows, and robbed our dish towel drawers and got big dish towels for wagon covers.

We were living almost on the edge of the desert on the north side of Winslow, and they cleared a road away out onto the uninhabited land and made a camp. I didn't realize for a while that they were going to be pioneers. They stripped our cupboards of all the food that was in them, and they had their covered wagons loaded. It was really an impressive sight as they wended their way along their new trail, away out to their first camping place. They arrived at camp about sundown one evening, and we could see their smoke rising while they were cooking their evening meal. They had taken old blankets and some cushions for pillows, and when it was good and dark they made their beds and went to sleep, but some of them woke in the middle of the night and woke the others, saying they believed it was getting daylight, when it was really only the late moon rising.

26. The editors have omitted Effie's subtitle, "Winslow, Arizona—David and the Bushman boys, about 1934."

27. Jacob Virgil Bushman (1889–1969) and Ruth Campkin Fuller (1891–1969) were married in 1909. They had seven sons: Virgil Fuller (b. 1910); Manson John (b. 1912); Vaughn Jason (b. 1914); Burton Delbert (b. 1919); Preston Wilbert (b. 1921); Grant Moroni (b. 1923); and Burl Jesse (b. 1927).
They cooked their breakfast and sat and waited, and waited. Some of them finally went back to sleep. It was quite an experience.

They had meant to travel farther, maybe to Tucker’s Flat, where there was a big spring of clear water in the top of a hill, but the person who owned the land shattered their pioneer dream. He told them that there was danger of them starting a grass fire, and ordered the camp broken up.

The children were very enterprising, and soon they became busy hauling old milk crates from the milk bottling station till they had a monstrous pile in the back yard, and then proceeded to build a ship, with cabins and everything. The old aviation field out east of our house was the ocean. They had a lookout, high up, and some old field glasses, with which they could see any enemy vessels that hove into sight. They rummaged the place for toilet articles for the cabins: old face cream bottles, old hair brushes and combs, powder and perfume, till the girls raised a kick.

One evening a good movie was on, and Edgar and I, and Ruth and Virgil went to see it. The girls were away. So the boys decided to have a carnival. They built a ferris wheel, a tall one with seats made from old milk crates or egg crates, a merry-go-round, and a tall tower with a seat at the top—I can’t remember what it represented. There was a calf shed in the back yard, and they had established a restaurant there. When we got home, the carnival was really going full swing. The ferris wheel was turning with passengers really occupying the seats.

There was someone in the little trap at the top of the tower, and the merry-go-round was really in operation. They had even cut into the main line and put up wires and had lights everywhere, so there were no light bulbs left in the houses.

The old calf shed with its lunch counter emitted a smell of something scorching.

Burl, Bushman’s youngest boy, was dressed and painted up, and on the door to his stall someone had tried to print “Trick Dancing,” but the sign painter had made a mistake, and it was “Frick” instead of “trick.” Still it didn’t alter Burl’s performance as a Trick Dancer. When Ruth saw her baby boy and his makeup and his sign on the door, she was already laughing till she had lost control of herself. Burl’s trick dancing made her almost hysterical.

It was a wonder some of them didn’t get hurt. You could easily have shaken the tower down. It was taller than the house. The ferris wheel was a shaky contraption too, but someone was making it go around, and the passengers were enjoying it, without any worries.

They had torn their ship down and used the material for the carnival. It really showed lots of work and ingenuity.

Another day they were playing pirates and were hunting for treasure. Preston was raking in a rubbish pile and found a perfectly good dollar bill.
There was a loud whoop and they quickly shed their pirate masks and hit for town. The dollar bill didn't last long.

Ruth and Virgil operated a root beer stand on Third Street, and lots of evenings while they were still working, we had programs at our place. They even wrote their own plays and staged them. Their inventiveness and originality was a big part of it all. We had a colonnade in the front room, and it was easy to put up a sheet for a curtain to have shadow plays and programs. The Bushman boys were almost like my own, and have been ever since.

Grace finally married Manson, their oldest living son, and then he really did become one of my family, and fits in perfectly. I don't know how we could have done without him. They have not been blessed with any children, but they adopted a baby, Judith Ann. 28 We just about worshipped her. Edgar couldn't stand to be away from her. She was real smart, affectionate and gay, and could sing like a bird. She grew almost too quickly, and was like a woman when she was in her early teens. She was a beautiful child, with pretty brown curly hair, and was talented. Now she is a mama, and I have just received a Mother's Day card from her and her little daughter, Leanne. Leanne's father went to Thiele [Thule] in North Greenland, and has not returned at this writing.

During this era I had been painting, and a man from the Southwest Museum came to Winslow and saw some of my pictures at the Bruchman Curio store, and he got my address and came up to the house. 29 He said that he was sure that Mr. Harrington, the man in charge of the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles would like to exhibit some of my paintings of Indian life. 30 I soon received a letter asking me if I could have about twenty five paintings of Indian life there by the first of May. I already had several, and I set to work in earnest to get the twenty five done.

I did a big one of a Navajo woman weaving a rug, another carding, one spinning, one dyeing wool, and in the distance two women were shearing sheep. I called it "The Evolution of a Navajo Rug." I had them about ready to send—just needed to do two more when Hazel asked me if I had done any Hopi pottery. I had not. She said that it would not be representative of our Indians without some Hopi pottery, because that is what they are noted for producing.

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28. Judith "Judy" Ann Bushman (b. 1945) was born in Gallup, New Mexico.
29. This trading post in Winslow was owned by Otto Richard "Max" Bruchman (1880–1986).
30. Effie does not specify the year of this exhibit at the Southwest Museum, but her vitae in Who's Who in the South and Southwest (1947) indicates the year was 1942.

The Hopi Reservation is just north of Winslow, so I got busy and did a still life of pottery. The first of many I have done since then. It was one of the best small paintings I sent.

The exhibit stayed through May, then I had a letter asking me if they could keep them through June also, as some people from the east who ran an article about them in an art magazine wanted to see them and could not come out till June.

My good friend, Bernice Pollard Walker (who was our dear neighbor in Kentucky) went to the Museum to see the pictures while they were there. She didn’t let Mr. Harrington know that she knew me, wanting to know what he thought of them. So she asked him for his opinion of the collection. Mr. Harrington said that it was the best coloring of Indian life he had ever had in his museum. There was just one thing against them—the frames. I couldn’t get them framed properly in Winslow. There was no one there who did good framing. But I was happy to hear his estimate of them, and it encouraged me.

About this time I received an invitation to display some paintings in the Hobby Division of the New York World’s Fair. I had a small painting of a place called “Tzin-Tzun-Tzan,” in the State of Patzcuaro [Patzcuaro] in old Mexico. That is where the Tarascan Indians live. They were at one time very expert in feather work, and they are the ones who fish with the butterfly nets. They are a colorful tribe of Indians, and are very interesting. Well, my picture was of an old gateway that leads into an old churchyard, dating back to the days of Cortez. I thought it would be quite an
honor if I could get a painting hung in one of the divisions of the World’s Fair, so I almost fainted when I received notice that I had won second place in the exhibit. From that I had orders for two more pictures.

When my pictures were ready to be sent home from the Museum, I realized that I didn’t have any place to put them. I went out into the back yard and surveyed the premises. I could see a place where a sort of gallery could be built. There was a long garage, and at the end of the garage nearest the house there was a coal shed jutting out about twelve feet. I saw that it would not take very much lumber to make a good sized room, the garage furnishing the back, the coal shed would be the east wall; so the west wall and the roof was the main thing.

An old drug store had been torn down in town, and they had given Edgar about six or eight big long glass doors, if he would haul some other stuff away for them. The glass doors were stacked in the back of the garage, and no one cared anything about them. So there was the north wall of my studio, and would furnish the good north light I needed to paint by.

As I thought and planned how to build it, I suddenly thought of a fireplace in the west end. I mentioned it to David and he said that he would haul the rocks for me and help me to build the chimney. So, I set to work. There was a pile of old lumber out in back of our place that was all knotty and full of big nails, but I knew that I would have to make it of whatever I could get hold of. David hauled some old railroad ties for me, and I used them for sleepers to nail my floor to. I used an ice box pan as a level and got the ground leveled and the ties in place.

The boards for the floor was all the lumber I bought. It had knot holes in it, but I patched them with pieces of tin. It took quite a while to get the big nail[s] out of the knotty two-by-fours, but I finally got them out, and got the framework of my building up. I got a motley array of stuff as sheeting for the roof. I found a big old piece of lumber just long enough to make the foundation for my glass windows along the north side. I had to have help to get it moved into place, it was so big and heavy. Then I put the floor down, and proceeded to put most of the roof up.

32. Correspondence in the files of the Department of Contemporary Art, New York World’s Fair, did not disclose the outcome of Effie’s entry. [Effie]. Marquess Carmack to “Mr. Cahill,” New York World’s Fair Commission, ca. May 23, 1938; and (unsigned) Assistant to the Director, Department of Contemporary Art, to E. Marquess Carmack, June 2, 1938, Box #53, New York World’s Fair Collection, 1939-1940, Manuscripts and Archives Division, New York Public Library; photocopies in the possession of Noel Carmack. For other division award winners, see “New York World’s Fair, 1939,” Magazine of Art 32 (May 1939), and “N. Y. World’s Fair Special Number,” Art Digest 13 (June 1, 1939).
I got tired of waiting for David to get time to help me with the chimney, so I went to work on it myself. I remembered how the chimneys in our old log house in Kentucky were built, and I knew the pattern they would have to be made on to keep them from smoking when a fire was built in the fireplace. A big hole just above the fireplace, and then a smaller opening the length of the chimney to the top, just the same width all the way up. I got it built to within about three feet of the top when Dave came and ordered me down, saying that he would finish it, but when he was through, I saw that he had tapered it (smaller at the top). After he left I built a fire in the fireplace and saw that it didn’t draw, but let the smoke come out into the room.

I climbed up with a sledge hammer and knocked the tapering part off and rebuilt it straight up, and then it drew perfectly. But first, getting the arch rock just about the fireplace was almost an impossibility, but Bernice helped me. We pried it up a little at a time, and propped it till we got one end up, then after resting a while we finally got the other end up. Then I could start building the chimney proper.

After it was all done, the inside of the fireplace was all rough and ugly. There were some big flat smooth rocks out in the pile Dave had hauled, and Bernice and I proceeded to see if we could line the fireplace with them and make it look better. We got the sides up, and had the big piece for the back in on the hearth, but it was awful heavy and hard to handle. In getting it dropped into place, Bernice got her thumb caught and took the entire nail off, root and all. I felt so bad, and did all I could to ease the pain. I made her lie down, and I rubbed her head till she went to sleep. A peculiar thing happened, the nail on her other hand came off, every bit of it, and she had two thumbs without nails, and they both grew back at the same time, both perfect nails, without a ridge or a thing to show they had come off.

Well, we got the fireplace lined with smooth rocks, the chimney next to it would draw, it had a nice smooth hearth, and the floor was down. The roof was next. It was no trouble to nail the roofing on when once I got the sheeting ready, then all I lacked was the windows and the door, which was comparatively easy.

Manson was assistant manager at Penney’s, and they were putting a new carpet on the mezzanine floor. Manson picked out enough good carpeting to cover my studio floor. It was a beautiful expensive rug, and made my studio look cozy. I then made a window seat, the entire length of the north side, under the windows, covered it with black oilcloth, with a bright ruffle around it. Got the fireplace whitewashed, and a pretty mantel fixed. Papered the rough ugly walls and ceiling with a soft gray building paper. I got the garbage man to bring me all the big pieces of cardboard he could find, and he found plenty, some that came
around furniture and other big things. I put a layer of cardboard on the sheeting of the roof, before I put the roofing on, as it was very uneven, also a layer over the boards of the floor. I ceiled [sealed?] the walls with it, and the ceiling overhead before putting up the building paper, and before laying the carpet Manson brought me. When it was all finished it was actually a beautiful room, and became very popular as a meeting place.

Edgar even said that he had no idea that I would be able to make such a pretty room with the old junk that I had had to work with.

Mr. Shipley had built Dell, his wife and my artist friend, a nice studio, but she declared she liked mine much better, and it did look cozy and homey.33

One of the bad things was mixing the mud and cement to go between the rocks when I was building the chimney, and then carrying it in a coal scuttle, and hauling it up to where I was working. Grace came one day while I was working, and she said that she would mix the "dobbin" to go between the rocks, she could at least do that, but by the time she had mixed one batch she had a splitting headache, and had to quit.

It was hot weather and hard work, and I was supposed to have a weak heart, but it didn’t seem to hurt me at all. I would be dog tired at night, but was rested by morning, and ready to go at it again. I found that the hard life I had led had made me tough, and I could stand much harder work than my girls (excepting Violet, she would tackle most anything). My motto was from Caesar: "If you want a thing done, do it yourself." I’ve found it a good and true saying.

I built a long low table to work on, and put a plain colored oilcloth on it to match the gray building paper on the walls and ceiling. The gray made a nice background for my pictures, and when I got them hung it really looked like an art studio. I found out later that there had been a cow pen where I built it, and in rainy weather it was a little evident, so Mrs. Shipley suggested that I name it for the sacred cow "Hathor."34 I had a big old tin sign, about two by three feet, with a beautiful elaborate edge around it. It was an easy task to paint out the lettering and make a sign for my studio, to put where it could be seen from the road: Art Shanty "Hathor." I planted a row of little Chinese elms along our driveway leading to my Shanty, and they grew like magic, and helped the look of things.35

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33. Dell was the wife of Leo M. Shipley.
34. Hathor is an Egyptian goddess often represented by the head of a cow.
35. After the studio was completed, Effie wrote a poem entitled "My Hobby House" from which the epilogue's title is taken.
I had been appointed a Stake Missionary, and I held cottage meetings in the studio with different groups. Brother Dargie brought a Navajo man, Charlie, who had taken the part of Chief in an Indian Pageant that was put on at the Mesa Verde ruins in Colorado for at least one season, maybe more. He was a handsome intelligent fellow. He asked me if he could bring some Indian men and their wives, men who were working under Mr. Dargie on the railroad section. I told him he could. They came on a Thursday evening. It was getting cool enough now to have a fire. Some of the Indian women had their babies with them. We popped corn and had nuts. We sang, and I played the old guitar. They asked if they could come back the next Thursday, so for a long time we had a weekly meeting.

I told them of the Gospel, and of their history, called the Book of Mormon. They liked it. It was good missionary work. The Indians are very artistic, and enjoyed the paintings of Indian life.

I was teaching a Sunday School class at Church, and when we didn't have time to finish our lesson before closing time, we would adjourn to my studio and we would finish the lesson there. Several of the class who were not members of our Church were later baptized.

I had organized a Primary at the recreation hall of a housing unit called “Sunset Vista” on the west side of town, and occasionally I would invite the members to my Shanty for a Primary party. One time when I got to the housing unit hall, two of the boys came running and said, “Mrs. Carmack, old Butch and Chicago (two bigger boys) are coming to this meeting, and they say that they are going to break it up.” I did some quick mental calculating and decided to change the lesson. Manson was by then flying instructor at the Thunderbird Airfield in Phoenix, and through him I had learned some interesting things about airplanes, so we had a lesson on airplanes. Sure enough, the two big boys came. I made them welcome, and told them that I was glad to have them, as they might help us out with one lesson on airplanes. Those two boys behaved, and felt very important to be asked to help out with the lesson.

I asked the boy they called Chicago if he was really from there, and he said that he was. I said that we could usually tell what kind of people a person had been living around, as they would be somewhat like them. I quoted from one of the teachers in grade school who had said that she

36. Stake missionaries work part time in local areas, as opposed to full-time elders who have figured so importantly in this autobiography. Cottage meetings are small gatherings, usually in the home of a member of the Mormon Church, for the purpose of inviting missionaries to discuss the church with interested non-Mormons.

37. The Book of Mormon gives the history of the Lamanite people, from whom the modern-day Indians on the American continent are believed to be descended.
could tell what kind of mothers the children had without ever seeing the parents. I said that I knew that most of those present had nice mothers who had taught them good manners; and so we had an ideal class, and I invited them to come again. The next Thursday, when my regular little class members came, they said, "Boy, you really knew how to manage old Chicago and Butch last Thursday. They didn’t even act like themselves." I told them that we have to use strategy in handling people, and then we had a short discussion of the meaning of the word strategy, and they liked it.

A little later I organized another Primary at the Sunrise Vista housing unit on the east side of town. Of course, I first asked permission of the one in charge, to hold the meetings. Then I appointed two girls with bicycles to take a written notice to each house where there were children, announcing a Primary class after school at the Recreation Center.

The first evening there were eighty seven children there, and I had come alone. I knew then that I was going to have to have two classes—one for the little ones who got out of school early, and one for the larger ones who got out at four.

That worked better, and I got along fine with them, by planning my meetings ahead of time, and being prepared. I wish I could have a reunion of the members of those two Primaries now, thirty seven years later. They would be middle-aged men and women, most of them with families.

My studio became almost too popular with a group of children living not too far from me, and it began to be sort of a public playground around our place. One day I invited them into my studio and told them that I was too busy to have visitors every day, but if they would choose just one evening, after school, and all of them come just that one evening, and not any other day of the week, we would have a party with a program and refreshments. I asked them what kind of a party they would like, and they said, "A Cowboy Party," so I agreed. I told them to wear cowboy costumes if they had them, but it wasn’t necessary, and to come anyway. It is surprising how many good cowboy stories you can find. I took Joseph, whose brothers were cowboys, and told them how he went to take food to them, and the whole tragic story, even of the famine, and Jacob’s family coming down into Egypt, where they had food stored up.

One of the main things was regular reviews, to see how much they remembered.

One family of children who came had a mother who neglected them, and was gone most of the time, and didn’t pay any attention to their clothing or their meals, and much of the time they were without food. I was chairman of the physically handicapped children of the state at that time, and it finally grew so bad that I reported it to the officers, and they suggested that they be sent to their grandmother’s, which was done.
The oldest of these children was a beautiful little girl about eight years old. She had the care of her two smaller brothers, and did the best she could.

Not long ago I received a letter from her, she had joined our Church, had married and converted her husband, and they had a little child. She sent me their pictures. It made me very happy. Her husband was a Branch President where they were living. 38 Her married name was Fames. [ . . . ] 39

Hazel was called on a mission to the East Central States in April, 1934. She was the third one of our children to be called on a Mission, and we were very happy about it.

We knew that she would make a good missionary. She was good at anything she undertook. She had majored in Spanish, and could speak it well, but we didn't make that known when she was called, or she would probably have been sent to old Mexico, or to a Spanish American Mission.

Cecil and Noel had both filled missions in the Southern States. It is pure joy to have a son or a daughter on a mission, and how we did look forward to their letters.

At first Hazel was assigned to the Mission office in Louisville, Kentucky. Sitting at the typewriter all day, without much exercise caused her to gain weight. She said that she would fatten on a glass of tomato juice, while the others ate all they could hold and didn't gain an ounce. She and her companion went out one evening a week to help the Elders hold street meetings. Our cousin, Cleatis Overton, who was singing over the radio station in Hopkinsville, would visit his Uncle Ben Marquess in Louisville occasionally, and would join them with his big concert guitar, and help with their singing. He had a good strong voice, and with his guitar helped attract attention. 40

Hazel and her companion, Florence Anderson, originated a little scheme on "how to win friends and influence people" (before Dale Carnegie). 41 It was a secret little club of two, and it worked. One day a fellow came along with gold wire and pliers, making pins to wear—usually saying "Mother," or any name you wanted to have made to wear. They had him make one each for their little club. It consisted of these letters, B. I. D. The other missionaries racked their brains trying to guess what b. i. d. could possibly stand for. It was the abbreviation for "Being intelligently

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38. A unit smaller than a ward is termed a branch, with a president rather than a bishop.
39. The editors have omitted four asterisks centered on the page followed by the subtitle, "Winslow, Arizona—Hazel's Mission—The Art Tour."
40. George Cleatis Overton (1911–1999) was the son of Georgia Emma Marquess (1868–1958) and John Henry Overton (1864–1929).
dumb." They would find out ahead of time what the people they were
going to visit were most interested in, and then would pretend that they
didn't know a thing about it, and act interested, and ask questions.
Anyone likes to find someone who is interested in them, and in this way
the girls made many new friends. It will usually work with most anyone,
anytime. There's a psychological truth there, and they had lots of fun
keeping the other missionaries guessing.

Brother James N. Kirkham was president of the East Central States
Mission then, and Hazel liked him very much; he was kind, helpful and
understanding with the missionaries.42 One day he came home with an
armload of candles, and Sister Kirkham asked him what in the world he
wanted with all those candles. He said he had got them real cheap, and
they could come in real handy sometime. She said that she wouldn't be at
all surprised if he should come home some day with an armful of wooden
legs, if he could get them real cheap. But it wasn't long till something
went wrong with the lights, or there was a storm and the electricity was
off; then Brother Kirkham's candles were a real blessing.

At another time, President Kirkham suddenly decided to change
locations, and leave the old mission home, where the church office had
been for years. He found a building on much higher ground. They
couldn't figure out why he was going to spend precious time moving,
when they were all so busy. That was in 1936, and in 1937 came the big
flood on the Ohio River. The building they had moved from was flooded,
and if they had not moved, their precious old mission records, their
books and many other things would probably have been ruined. It began
to look as if President Kirkham had an uncanny sense of premonition.

Hazel said that working in the mission home proved to be a won­
derful experience, because there she had the blessing of being in contact
with many outstanding people:

Apostle Lyman and his wife,43 who they found to be delightful peo­
ple; President George Albert Smith; President Charles A. Callis, who had
served as President of the Southern States Mission for about twenty years
when we were in the South (and he came to our little Woodland Branch
for Conferences about twice a year, stayed in our homes, and ate at our
tables); Brother Melvin J. Ballard.44 It was a blessing just to be in the daily
presence of these great men, and they had some lively discussions at the
big dinner table.

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42. James Mercer Kirkham (1872–1957) served as President of the East Central States
    He served as an LDS Apostle in 1918–1943.
44. Melvin J. Ballard (1873–1939) served as an LDS apostle in 1919–1939.
At one time Apostle Lyman and his wife came out to make a tour of the Mission, and President Kirkham gave Hazel a vacation from the typewriter and invited her to go with them on a tour of East Kentucky and West Virginia. It was a happy privilege. As a secretary in the office, she had contacted all the different branches of the mission, and felt half way acquainted with many of them through correspondence with them. It was a rewarding trip, and she even got to visit the Big Smoky country, and was intensely interested in the people, their way of life, their customs. Then when they returned to Louisville she wrote and told me all about their interesting trip, and we enjoyed every bit of it with her.

The latter part of her mission, they let her go out into the country with a companion, Lavinia Wells.\(^{45}\) They worked around Elkton, Madisonville, and our old home town of Hopkinsville, where many of our relatives were still living.

Then she went to Tennessee with a new companion, Lucille Thomas, from Pinedale, Arizona.\(^{46}\) Lucille had been blind as a child. I remember two of her little cousins bringing her to our place, when we lived at the Westover house in Joseph City. The little cousins were leading her, and I felt so sorry for her.

Later, Lucille's parents sent her to the Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City, and her sight was restored so that she was able to finish high school, and to fill an honorable mission. She later married a fine man, Roy Palmer, and raised a family of lovely children.\(^{47}\) She also had a beautiful voice, and was a noted singer.

It was cold weather while Hazel and Lucille worked in Nashville. There was a fireplace in the room they rented, and sometimes there was not either any wood or coal for the fireplace, but there was a pile of old newspapers in a corner, so they would twist them into a hard knot and they would make enough heat to help a little, but didn't last long. They were supposed to study a certain length of time every morning before going out to work, so they usually studied in bed to keep warm.

Then Lucille was transferred, and Hazel's last companion was Camilla Kutch, from Woodruff, Arizona.\(^{48}\) Some deep and lasting friendships are formed on missions, and missionary reunions in later years are happy occasions.

\(^{45}\) Lavinia Wells of Logandale, Nevada served as missionary in the East Central States Mission in 1933–1934.


\(^{47}\) Lucille married Leroy Arthur Palmer.

\(^{48}\) Camilla Kutch of Lakeside, Arizona served as missionary in the East Central States Mission in 1936–1937.
Hazel saw a notice in a Church paper that the Brigham Young University was going to sponsor an Art Tour during the summer of 1936. They would follow the old Mormon Pioneer trail, when it was possible, and paint landmarks along the way, (back to Nauvoo, Illinois, where the Mormons were driven from when they went to Salt Lake Valley). Hazel wrote to the Art Department and told them that her mother painted, and asked if she could go with them on this Art Tour to Nauvoo. Professor B. F. Larsen, head of the Art Department of B.Y.U., said that I could go. Knowing that I never had any money, Hazel began saving out of her monthly allowance that she received from home for her mission expenses. She said that she and companion really enjoyed lots of oatmeal about this time. Then Noel started sending her a monthly donation, and besides saving enough for me to go with the Art group, she saved enough for a year at the Brigham Young University (about $250).

The Art Tour was scheduled to leave Provo about the same time that Hazel was released. I sure hated to leave just as she was coming home,


when I had not seen her for nearly two years, but it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life, and I will be eternally grateful to Hazel for her pure unselfishness and sacrifice that made it possible for me to go—and for Noel, too—he actually furnished the money, while he worked at road building near Benson, Arizona.

Back in Winslow, Edgar had hired a boy to help him, and he was boarding at our place, so Hazel did the cooking for them both, while I was having a glorious time.

I got to Provo on a Sunday afternoon, and spent the night with a beloved old friend of Hopkinsville, a beautiful girl, Mamie Melton, who had married Thatcher Kimball, grandson of the wonderful Heber C. Kimball, one of the stalwarts of the early days of the Church in Nauvoo. Mamie and I talked most of the night, Sunday night, the Art Group was leaving Monday morning.

There were seventeen of us, counting the driver, George Strebel, who was to be official photographer for the trip. We had some difficulty getting started. Someone had failed to service the bus, and it had no gas in it, but that was soon remedied. Later, when we were sailing along and everyone was writing industriously, Professor Larsen had the driver stop the bus, and told us that we were not going on this trip to write diaries, but to sketch and paint along the way, and to be ready to put finishing touches on our sketches in the evening. He said that he would have a reading of all the diaries so far, and then he would choose the best one and have that one keep the diary the rest of the trip, and the others should spend their time on art.

I had written my diary in rhyme, and the committee voted for me to be the one to keep the record of the trip. They suggested that the others give me copies of their snapshots of the trip, and in return I would give each of them a copy of the diary. Professor Larsen had said that there would be a prize for the winner of the diary contest, so he passed a hat around and collected $7.65 with which to buy a prize of my own choosing. I waited until we got to Omaha, then while the others hunted a

51. Thatcher Kimball (1883–1956), mentioned earlier, was married to Mamie Lee Melton (b. 1885).

52. The members of this group were: B. F. and Geneva Larsen, Euray Anderson, Wilford Biggs, Effie Carmack, Lorin Covington, Viola Hale Curtis, Ralph Huntsman, Mary Jensen, Georgiana Johnson, Therla Lou Olsen, Alta and Myrtle Peterson, Merla Robinson, Ethel Strauser, George Strebel, and Anna R. Williams.

53. As Hazel Carmack Bushman remarked in a conversation with Karen Lynn Davidson on December 3, 1994, “My mother liked to jingle everything.” All kinds of occasions, from sad ones such as the death of baby Harry to happy ones like the completion of her “Hobby House” in Arizona, called forth rhyming couplets. Only a fraction of her poems were collected in Backward Glances (see chapter two, note 1).
paint store for some extra tubes of paint and some brushes, Wilford Biggs, of Phoenix, a three hundred pound (more or less) clown, volunteered to go with me to find my prize.

We went to a second hand store and asked the man if he had a good guitar, reasonable. Biggs told him that he and his wife (me) were stranded in Omaha, and we thought that if we could find an old guitar with a good tone we might collect enough money on the street corner to buy a ticket to our destination in Arkansas. He said that all the money we had was $7.65, and did he have a guitar for that amount.

The man brought out a cheap old thing with a raspy tone, and a neck that didn’t note true. We didn’t want it, but I saw another one that had been much used, but with a glorious tone. He said that it was twenty five dollars. Biggs told him that we didn’t have that amount of money, but that we would give him the $7.65, which was all we had. He said that he couldn’t possibly take that for it, so we turned sadly to leave, got to the door, and the man called after us and said, “Come and take it. I paid more than that for it, but I’ll let you have it.”

It was a good guitar, and we were glad to have it. From then on we sang our way along. We had a theme song as we were leaving the towns. We sang, “Fare thee well, for I must leave you.” It is a miracle what an old guitar can do for a group of pretty good singers. Every evening we had a song fest. Most of the group could sing, and enjoyed it.

I would like to tell of all the interesting things that happened along the way. If there was enough space I would include the diary, and some pictures.

We arrived at the edge of the mighty Mississippi River. Professor Larsen had some advice to give us before entering Nauvoo.

A big flat boat called “The Nauvoo” docked, and our big old Pioneer Trail Bus was driven on to it, across the wide expanse of the big river, and to the old, old landing near the Nauvoo House, which was being built for visitors at the time the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were killed.

We stayed there for two weeks—slept, cooked, and ate in the Nauvoo House which Emma Smith had used for a boarding house.54 We slept on beds with wooden slats and straw mattresses, the same ones Emma had used. We used the same dishes and long table that her boarders had used.

We all painted every day. Then, in the evening, we exhibited our pictures and Professor Larsen criticized them. I had never used very brilliant colors in my paintings, and they all teased me, and would say, “Here

54. Emma Hale (1804–1879) was the wife of Joseph Smith, Jr. After Joseph Smith’s death, Emma married Lewis Bidamon of Illinois.
comes Carmack and her pictures that look like an Arizona dust storm had struck them." But I didn't care, I like to reproduce the natural colors as I see them, and I liked the results.

George Rogers and his family were living in the house next door to us in Winslow, and their boys, Lawrence and Pearly, were at my place often.\[55\] They were good boys, and I liked them. One day, as we were starting out to paint, a letter came from Hazel saying that Lawrence and Pearly had gone out to the ditch to go swimming, and had waded off into an old Santa Fe well that they didn't know was there, and both of them were drowned.\[56\] It was a terrible shock to me, and I couldn't quit crying. I had planned to paint the home of the Prophet's mother, which he had built for her, but my glasses kept getting blurred till I couldn't see. I went into the house for a drink of water. A nice old couple was living in it, and they saw that I had been crying, and I told them of the sad news from home. The man went and picked a bowl of raspberries for me, and I appreciated it.

It was a warm day, and I asked if I could do an interior of the old house. They said that it was O.K. and showed me grandma Smith's kraut cutter, and her bread board, and a little basket hanging on a rafter that had belonged to her. While they talked, I got a good sketch of both the front room, where she had kept the mummies sitting, after her sons were killed, and one of her kitchen, too.\[57\] It was a friendly looking little place, with a fireplace and a warming oven on the side of it. There was a big fallen leaf table and other old pieces of furniture they said had belonged to Lucy Mack Smith.\[58\] These folks were kind enough to keep all of these old things for the benefit of visitors who seemed interested in them.

The day we left Nauvoo was in the first week of July, and was hot as blazes. The bus was ready to travel, and the others were at a grocery, buying food for the trip, all but Georgiana Johnson and I. We found a big old building with big glass windows in front. On a platform back of the

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55. George Walter Rogers (1900–1940) and Matilda Porter Rogers (b. 1900) had seven children (five boys and two girls).

56. Lawrence Walter Rogers (b. 1924) and Perlie Theodore Rogers (b. 1925) were drowned June 19, 1936.

57. Joseph Smith, Jr., is believed to have translated the *Pearl of Great Price* (part of the LDS canon of scripture) from ancient Egyptian papyri which accompanied mummies that were purchased from Michael Chandler in 1835. After the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith in 1844, the mummies were displayed in the house of Lucy Mack Smith (1775–1856) and various locations before their disappearance in about 1856. See James R. Clark, *The Story of the Pearl of Great Price* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1955), 142–53.

58. Lucy Mack Smith (1775–1856) was the mother of Joseph Smith, Jr.
windows was a big piece of yellowed wrapping paper with FOR SALE written on it, so we went in and found that it was a regular museum. There was one big box that the lady said contained articles from Joseph Smith's home, and when we examined the things in it we knew that she told the truth. There were letters addressed to Joseph Smith, and some to Emma Middleton [Effie probably means Emma Bidamon]. The old lady said that that was a girl who had lived with Joseph and Emma for a while. There was a velvet and celluloid photograph album with Joseph Smith's name and HIS BOOK written under his name. The first photo in it was of William Wadsworth Longfellow, and following his name was written, "To my good friend Joseph Smith." It was taken when Longfellow was young. Photography was in its infancy at that time, and most of them were tintypes. The old lady said that she would take a dollar for the book. I handed her the dollar, but on second thought she said, "maybe I had better not sell this," and took it back. I was so disappointed. I did buy two fans from the box, though, and then I saw an old split-bottomed hickory chair, and asked her how old it was. She said that it had been her grandmother's, and told me the name of the man who made them, but I didn't remember his name long enough to put it down. She said that her grandmother had had four of the chairs made. Georgiana asked her if Joseph Smith ever came to her grandmother's place. She replied that her mother had told her that he came to her grandmother's house often to get her mother, a little girl of ten or eleven years, to go and wash dishes for Emma, as they always had a lot of visitors.

Then we asked her if she thought Joseph had ever sat in that chair. She said of course he did, as often as he came, it would have been a wonder if he had missed it. She said that while her grandmother combed her mother's hair, and put a clean apron on her, that Joseph talked to her grandfather, and tried to convert him to the Mormon religion. I asked her if she would sell the old chair to me. She said that it was so old that it might fall down, but she had some new chairs at her home, not far away, and she would sell me one of them, if we needed another chair. I told her that I would just as soon have this old one, and she sold it to me for fifty cents. It is one of my precious possessions.

I left the old chair at the B.Y.U., as I was coming home on the bus, and the next summer, 1937, the Art Club came down through the southwest to visit Indian villages, and Professor Larsen brought the chair to me.  

59. Effie may mean Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. There is no record, however, that Longfellow ever visited Nauvoo.
60. See H. R. Merrill, "B.Y.U. Art Tour Includes Visit to Arizona, New Mexico," Deseret News (Church section), March 20, 1937, 1, 4.
He said, "The very fact that I brought this chair to you proves that I am an honest man, because I wanted to keep it." He said that he had sat in it whenever he painted, ever since I left it in Provo.

He is a wonderful man, and the members of the Art Club all loved him. [...]61

About the time Grace adopted Judy, I was going to "Indian Town" across the railroad tracks, holding cottage meetings. Annis Jackson, who was teaching in the grade school in Winslow, and Pearl Shelly Davenport agreed to take me to the meetings—Pearl would teach a little Primary class while the two of us held a Relief Society meeting with the mothers.62

The Relief Society meetings were usually at Lena Charlie's place.63 Sometimes Pearl would hold her Primary class at Stella's (who lived near Lena). If Pearl could not go, we had the children sit in with our Relief Society class, and I could slant the lessons partly to the children. We had good meetings, and occasionally had work meetings along with our lessons. We pieced a quilt and quilted it, and they enjoyed it. But sometimes Annis would have a teacher's meeting she had to attend, or some other school function, and when she did, we couldn't keep our appointments. We had no way of letting them know that we couldn't come, as none of the ladies had telephones. Then they would meet and wait for us, and were not very happy when we failed to show up, and although I had a legitimate excuse, it didn't help much, so I began to wonder if it was worth while. Should I quit trying to hold the meetings regularly?

I made [it] a matter of prayer, and I had the most beautiful dream, or vision, about it. I dreamed that I had taken the children on a picnic, and I told them that they could go and play in a grove of little trees while I got the lunch ready. They didn't play, just sat in a little group, and one of the little girls had her mother's baby, and was holding it in her lap. It was near sunset, and the western sky was very beautiful.

I was looking at the peaceful scene, and I saw two objects, between me and the sunset sky. They were far away at first, and were just gray in color. Then I realized that they were coming towards me, and when they were nearer I could see their clothing was thin and beautiful, floating around them like a halo. The sunset colors were reflected in them, and seemed to be a part of their costumes.

61. Editorially omitted material consists of two short narratives subtitled, "Going to Violets in L.A. with Chester Lewis about 1941 or 42" and "Picking Grapes in Jack's Canyon in Winslow (about 1940)." The subtitle, "My Vision," has also been omitted.

62. Probably Annis Rebecca Jackson (1876-1953) was the single woman who did missionary work with Effie in Winslow. Pearl Shelley Davenport (b. 1921) was married to James Lawrence Davenport (b. 1918).

63. Lena Charlie was a Hopi woman whom Effie befriended while living in Winslow.
They first went to the group of children, and in my dream I thought they ministered to them. With a soft magic touch they made the baby’s face clean and its clothing dry and white. They touched each child, and seemed to make them beautiful. Then they arose and came towards me, and their beauty was beyond description. Both seemed the personification of goodness, beauty, and love. They stood in the air in front of me for a few minutes, and their presence was a blessing and a benediction. They then started moving back, with their sweet faces still turned towards me.

Hazel was coming, and I told her to hurry and look, and she said that she saw only two gray figures with the sunset colors surrounding them.

I awoke, and I was sure that it was a wonderful witness to me of the importance of the work we were doing among those choice, humble people, and especially with the children.

Years later, after we had been away from Winslow for several years, I went to an Indian Sunday school, and many of the teenagers remembered me, and were disappointed that I couldn’t recognize them.

I think that most of our Primary children later joined our Church, and were baptized. [ ... ] 64

After many serious heart attacks in Winslow the doctor told Edgar that he should go where the altitude was lower. He had been in the hospital a long time, and it cost a lot of money. Our savings were about exhausted, so when he had the last attack and it was necessary for him to go to the hospital, they required the money before they would admit him. Mr. Bruchman volunteered the $1500.00 required, and there was not much hope of him getting it back soon. 65 It was a very unselfish thing for him to do.

When the doctor advised a move, we thought of California, as Cecil and Noel were both out here then. We made several trips back and forth looking for a suitable place to buy. We had a buyer for our home in Winslow. I hated to sell the place: my shanty with its fireplace where I painted, and the wall of petrified wood around the front lawn, and my row of little elm trees that were just getting started good, but it had to be.

We finally got located in the summer of 1946, not long before Edgar’s birthday, July 17th. The children came and brought a birthday dinner. It was hot as blazes, and someone suggested we go to the beach to eat our lunch. The young folks took their bathing suits and we put some blankets in the back of Arnold’s pickup and away we went.

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64. Editorially omitted material consists of a short narrative subtitled, “Winslow, Arizona—Negro Soldier.” The subtitle which follows, “Moving to California,” has also been omitted.

When we got to Morro Bay, it was real foggy, and cold as the dickens. There was no swimming or even wading. We hunted up some wood and made a big fire and got the blankets out of the pickup and tried to keep warm. We didn’t stay too long, as the children had to disperse to their respective homes.

I was determined to pay Mr. Bruchman back the $1500.00 he had given the hospital for Edgar’s last heart attack. He had gone back to Winslow after we moved to help Mrs. Marley get started in her new market, and had another heart attack there, with another stay in the hospital. Grace stayed here at our place while I went back to Arizona to take care of Edgar at Sadie’s, after he was able to leave the hospital.

I asked Mr. Bruchman then if he thought that he could sell paintings of Indian life in his curio store. He said that he could try it and see. So as soon as we got settled at home in California again, I started painting pictures of Indian life and sending them to him, and they sold. I can’t remember just how long it was before I had the $1500 paid off, but it was a happy day when I got a notice saying, “Paid in full.”

After that last attack, Edgar was left an invalid. He had lost the sight of one of his eyes, too. After we moved to Atascadero California and I realized I would have to be the breadwinner (the doctor in Winslow assured me Edgar would never be able to do hard work any more) I first tried having an art class. I had several pupils, but not a very suitable place for painting. Bernice Walker came up from L.A. and said she thought I might get a job at Knott’s Berry Farm. So I went down there and told him I had a collection of Folk songs and a trunk full of authentic old dresses—many of the 90’s in good condition. Mr. Knott had me play the guitar with an old lady from the Ozarks who played a dulcimer in front of her log cabin; it had been moved from the Ozarks and fully furnished with old pieces of furniture suitable for the cabin. We got along fine, as I was able to play a chord to her tunes. He also had me play with “Bob,” the

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67. In appendix two, the reader will note Effie’s statement: “Paint pictures I have promised—And for Hazels curio store + for Mr Bruchman.”
68. Editorially omitted material consists of several redundant sentences and a narrative under the subtitle, “Atascadero—Storeroom Burning, etc.” The subtitle which follows, “Singing With Ernie Ford, 1947,” has also been omitted.
69. Effie and Edgar moved to a home at 7379 Ysabel Ave. in Atascadero, California. The house and garage with art studio are still standing at that address.
young man who sang for the group around the campfire in the evenings. There was a room with several big old music boxes, one from Germany and one from Switzerland, several others from different places. Mr. Knott said he would give me charge of this room during daytime. I told him my husband was a semi-invalid, not able to do hard work, so he said bring him down with me and he could find him an easy job at something.

I went to Bernice's for a while, and she suggested we call the Giffie Stone program and see if we could get on with them to sing folk songs. Bernice knew a fellow from Paducah, Kentucky, who played the guitar on the program with the "High Nooners." Ernie Ford was one of the main performers. They had a big white dog that barked and they rang a bell. The man from Paducah called us cousins and said they would be glad to have us on the program, so we got ready and started early, in plenty of time to get there by noon, but they had been working on the streets and had them all torn up, and we had to go a long way around so that by the time we got to the big building where the High Nooners broadcast from, we were late, and it took us about 30 minutes to locate the right room in the Huntington Hotel. We finally found it, just as they were closing. They motioned for us to come in, and Ernie Ford said we wouldn't let us being late hinder us from singing together—there was a vacant room next door. So several of us congregated in the vacant room, and for about two hours we had a happy time exchanging old songs. Ernie Ford said, "Where did you say you were from?" Bernice said, "Hopkinsville, in Christian County, Kentucky," and he said, "Why, that's in spittin' distance of where I live in Tennessee. How did you happen to find all those old songs that close to me, and I never heard them?" I told him I guessed we just dug a little deeper; in fact, we had acquired our collection from several different sources: papa and his brothers and sisters had been collectors of old songs all their lives.

Papa and Uncle Curg helped make music for the balls during the boom in Cumberland Gap when the fabulous coal mines were discovered.

71. During the 1940s, Walter Knott was successfully operating the berry farm and Chicken Dinner Restaurant. Knott had built his historical cyclorama and Ghost Town adjacent to the restaurant. See Kooiman, Walter Knott, 99–105.

72. This program refers to Clifftie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree," originating from KXLA in Pasadena in the late 1940s. Ernie Ford was a performer on this radio program in 1948. Clifftie Stone, born Clifford Gilpin Snyder (1917–1998) was a country-western recording artist, songwriter, producer, and radio and television personality.

73. Ernest Jennings "Tennessee Ernie" Ford (1919–1991) was a popular country western musician and entertainer. See Tennessee Ernie Ford, This is My Story, This is My Song (Englewood: Prentice Hall, 1964). Ford was a radio personality in the Los Angeles area from 1945 to 1953, just prior to working in television. He regularly performed in Clifftie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree" in 1948.
there, and it was in the heart of the old settled places of Eastern Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia and West Virginia—in the Cumberland mountains where the people had kept the same customs, costumes, language and songs that they brought with them from the old countries, when the U. S. was young. Papa and Uncle Curg were both quick to pick up the old songs, and they brought many of them home with them. I was too small to remember that, but I did inherit the old songs, and still have many of them.

Ernie especially liked “The Kickin’ Mule,” “Mishaps of a Minstrel Man,” and also some of the sad old love songs—“Thou Wilt Come No More, Gentle Anna” and “We Drifted Apart.” He liked the crude one about the tobacco roller, “I’m a goin’ down in town,” how she hunted up her lover with her dog and her gun, and “Billie Grimes, the Drover.” There were two or three crazy old songs we both knew, and we had fun singing them together. One was “Lattie bodie rigdum, a kimeo,” though our versions were not exactly the same, but almost. 74

I’ve never found anyone that had ever heard the one about the Minstrel Man but Jo Reese, an LDS missionary that I learned it from. And I’ve never heard anyone but Aunt Ann sing “Ginety Bung,” and now I can’t remember it, either.

Ernie Ford has a charming personality, and if I am any judge of human nature, I would guess he is a good man, too. They invited us back for another program, but my time was limited—I had left a sick husband at home.

Another time I went down to Los Angeles, and Bernice and I went to an audition, where many people tried out for different programs—night clubs, T.V. programs, everything. It was real interesting, and we enjoyed it. I wore an old green silk dress with a knee ruffle and a ruffle around the shoulders and a velvet hat with a big plume on the turned-up left side. The dress had belonged to Dell Shipley when she was a girl. She played the violin and piano in a Chautauqua, and traveled all over the country. 75 She was a real musician. Most of the old dresses she gave me were ready to drop to pieces, but this special green silk seemed immortal. She was around 80 when she gave it to me, and she had worn it when she was young—this was at least 25 years ago, and the dress is still in good condition—not a break in it; it seems indestructible.

And now back to the audition: I had developed a sore throat from the smog, and when it came my turn to perform, I did a sorry job of the

74. For more on Effie’s repertoire, see appendix one.
75. The Chautauqua movement originated in New York in the 1870s. “Chautauqua” became a generic name for programs that sent lecturers, dramatic productions, and musical performers throughout the United States, especially to rural areas.
singing. There was a long line of men sitting at a long table, all taking notes as each person performed, and when it was over they contacted the ones they were interested in. A man that operated a night club said he would give me a job singing folk songs in costume; and another fellow who was soon starting a TV program said he would like to have me on it. We went to the Knott's Berry Farm again, and told Mr. Knott of these two offers, and he said he would arrange it so I could be on these two programs once a week and still hold my job at the Berry Farm. But none of it worked out—every time I went to L. A. I got a sore throat from the smog, and by the time I would get out to Mr. Knott's, I couldn't sing a lick. I went and tried it three times and gave it up. I was sorry, I felt like I would have enjoyed it.

Meanwhile I was working on a plan to help Edgar regain his health. I got a program of multiple vitamins called Nutralite for him to take, and got wheat germ oil that two doctors in Canada had found was just wonderful for heart patients. He began to improve, and I can't remember just how long it was after we came to California that he went daily with a group of men to a big chicken ranch near Santa Maria and handled 3,000 chickens a day for months, without any bad effects. Before this he had been working at easy jobs—as a Watkins agent, and a night clerk in the Blackstone Hotel in San Luis Obispo.76

But he decided he was well, and didn't need either the vitamins or wheat germ any more; all he needed now was time to get his health back. I tried to persuade him to keep taking the Wheat Germ oil, as he needed it for his heart, but he was stubborn about taking pills. Then one day he had a bad heart attack and fell on the sidewalk, and was an invalid until he died, on February 14, 1952, in the early morning.\[...\]77

As a general thing when we lose one of our children we wish we had done different, and feel remorseful about things; but I had no serious regrets about things like that when we lost Harry. I couldn't even remember scolding him; he didn't need it, and he had never been spanked.

There was one little thing I felt bad about, though. I had a guitar that we had used in our home evenings—we called them story telling time then, but the strings were broken, and it was hanging upstairs

76. Watkins agents were door-to-door sales representatives for the J. R. Watkins Co., selling personal care products, cleaning agents, and spices.
77. Editorially omitted material consists of narratives and genealogical material under the subtitles, "The Cyclone" (included in chapter one, pp. 90-91, nearly verbatim, between angle brackets), "Sadie and I Sing Old Songs for Pioneer Day in Costumes (Picture, 1967)," "A Brief sketch of Grandfather Robert Elliot Marques's brothers and sisters," and "The Blaines." The subtitle which follows, "1921—The old guitar," has also been omitted.
unused. But we were going to have a program and would need it, so I got some new strings and rejuvenated it. When the children came in I played a chord and sang a song the children knew, and Harry's eyes were just shining. He was really thrilled. He said, "Mama! I didn't know you could do that; play it some more." I had not realized that it had been so long since I had played it, and I felt sorry. Children need music and songs and laughter. After that I tried to make up for lost time. We used it in our story telling in the evening, to go with our songs.

Not long ago, I wondered what I could send to my children for Christmas that would kind of surprise them, so I typed all the first little songs and poems they had learned as little children. I put pretty covers on them and painted the covers, and they all liked them. But I would guess if a one of them has kept that little book it will be Violet.

It is good for children to learn little songs and stories when they are small. They have Primary nowadays where the children learn little poems and songs, but when our children were small we didn't have Primary, and so we created our own at home, and I am glad we did. It takes time and patience, but it can be done.

I made programs and gave the children certain parts for our home evenings (our story telling time). Sometimes Harry would tell an original story and the other children got a kick out of it. He was quite a story teller. Once they sang "God Speed the Right" in Sunday School, and in the afternoon the children were having a play Sunday School and Harry was song leader. He stood on a little table and had a stick to beat time with, and he sang, "Tum de dum dum, Tum de dum dum 'Sam beat the Rye'" instead of "God Speed the Right." We all had a good laugh over it. [ . . . ]

My dad played the violin and would often teach us dances, and our mother would join with him in demonstrating the steps of the schottische, polka, mazourka, quadrilles, minuets and the lancers. Our dad had been a dancing teacher.

Sometimes we played "William a Tremble Tow" or "Slap Hand," or "Packet." In the game of "William, etc." we each put one finger down in a circle and one was chosen to say the jingle and see who would be "It" for the next time:

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78. Editorially omitted material consists of narratives subtitled, "Lelia's First School, 1877 and Their Linsey Dresses" (included in chapter one, pp. 86-88, nearly verbatim, between angle brackets, and "John, and Baseball, Games We Played, etc." (discussed in note 79 below).

79. This narrative is taken from the section subtitled, "John, and Baseball, Games We Played, etc." The paragraphs included here are preceded by several paragraphs discussing her brother, John Robert, and his participation in a local baseball team. The paragraph immediately preceding the included material discusses Effie's playtime with her younger brother, Autie.
William a-tremble Toe, he's a good fisherman
Catches hens, put them in pens,
Some lay eggs, some none,
Wire, briar, limberlock, three geese in a flock,
One flew east and one flew West,
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.
Old dirty dish of kraut spells O-U-T, out.
The first one shows his teeth will get . . .

(and the one that was it decided what punishment to deal out on
the one that showed his teeth first, then the next one to show his teeth
was punished, and so on till all had showed their teeth and received their
punishment—which was something like: "six pinches and a hard slap," or
"one kick on the shin," or "his nose pulled," etc.)

"Packet" was a memory test. Some small object is chosen as the
packet, and it is passed around the circle of players, each one asking,
"What do you have there?" and the passing it says, "A packet," the next
time it is passed, it's: "Two turtle doves and a packet," next "three french
hens, two turtle doves and a packet," then "four squawking wild geese,
three french hens, two turtle doves and a packet"; next time it's "Five
lemonoystics, four squawking wild geese, three French hens, two turtle
doves and a packet; next," "six bottles of mortifiasco, five lemonoystics,
fours quawking wild geese, three French hens, two turtle doves and a
packet"; then "seven fine fantastic phandolphin tweezer cases, six bottles
mortifiasco, five lemonoystics, four squawking wild geese, three French
hens, two turtle doves and a packet"; next, "eight pairs of paragon parachutes,
seven fine fantastic phandolphin tweezer cases, six bottles mortifiasco,
five lemonoystics, four squawking wild geese, three French hens,
two turtle doves and a packet"; and last, "nine pocket knives and a
sawmill, eight pairs of paragon parachutes, seven fine fantastic phandolphin
 tweezer cases, six bottles mortifiasco, five lemonoystics, four squawking
wild geese, three French hens, two turtle doves and a packet." Anyone
who failed to remember any of the nine has to drop out and pay a fine
(some personal belonging), and to redeem it, the leader will have him do
something: sing, dance, recite a poem, kiss someone, or anything he
chooses to have him do.

We had lots of other games we played of evenings: one favorite was a
"guess who" game; we would hang a sheet in a corner and two or three of
us get behind it. The sheet would be about two inches above the floor. We
would let our feet show and make an imprint with our nose to indicate
our height, but we would change shoes and make an imprint with our fist
higher or lower than our real nose. The one waiting to guess had to turn
around and look at the fireplace till we called "ready," and then he would
guess who was who behind the sheet. This sounds silly, but we had lots of fun playing it.

We had shadow plays on a sheet, too.

These games and entertainment made a rich, full life with all our family, along with mother reading aloud to us, mostly from the New Testament. Often Cousin Filmore Smith's family would come, and he and my father enjoyed discussing the scriptures, and why it was that no church they knew of ever taught the complete gospel, founded on Apostles and Prophets, that it was to be taught free, and that it was to be "fitly framed together."80 Of course this was in the time before the Mormon Missionaries came to us. After that, there followed a happy period of hearing wonderful sermons, and reading "A Voice of Warning," and another little book "Mr. Durant of Salt Lake City."81 The Elders brought a new way of life; everything we heard and read fit in perfectly with Christ's teachings. We studied and discussed these wonderful new things we were learning every evening of the winter of 1897 and 8. And in February of 1898 the Elders came back, and my parents applied for baptism, as I have already related.[...82

I am so thankful that through the years when my children were small and I had no money, that I managed to keep them decent by making over old clothes and by sewing them neat and making the garments look nice. Not that their father was lazy, he worked hard all the time; but the money he earned never seemed to do the children or I any good, and I know now it was my own fault. If I had demanded more, I'm sure I could have had more. He loved horses, and kept far more all the time than he needed, and feed was high and the soil worn out till it couldn't produce enough feed for all the animals. So he had to buy feed for them, and he liked pretty harnesses and they were expensive. So there was never any money left for the family.83 He was a kind father and loved the children,

80. See Ephesians 2:20-21: "... built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the buildings fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord."


82. Editorially omitted material consists of material subtitled, "Edgar's Story" (see appendix three), "The Storm That Took All My Trees—Early Days and Great Grandpa Bens's Slaves," and "A Friend In Time of Need." The subtitle which follows, "Some Things I Am Thankful For," has also been omitted.

83. The primacy of the male in southern rural culture is probably the reason for Effie's grievance. Nora Miller described the typical routine of living on a southern tobacco farm by saying:

The family is paternal. The man handles the money, directs the work, play, and religious life of the family. The wife and children ask for money and get it if he thinks they need the amount of money they ask for. The oldest boy will probably have a small share of the crop to sell for his money. The man
especially when they were small. He would take one on each knee and
sing "Two Little Children" and he liked to tell them about his grand­
mother and the songs she would sing for him and the things she cooked
when he would go there. But as I grow older and look back, the thing I
am most thankful for is the fact that I didn't neglect to teach them the
important things they needed to know. It didn't take money to do that,
just precious time and patience. And it has paid off. Every one of my chil­
dren have a deep abiding faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and they
obey it. And it's possible that if I had had lots of money, they might not
have been as strong in character as they are today. And those are the
greatest things I could ask for. They are honest, industrious, hard-working
men and women; obeying the new commandment of this dispensation.84
I remember there used to be written around the margins of the mission­
aries' handbooks the following: "A new commandment I give unto you.
Thou shalt not idle away thy time."85 That is one thing that can never be
held against me. I have worked ever since I was old enough and I didn't
mind it. I have enjoyed life, and I tried hard to get the proper food for my
children to help them to grow up healthy and strong in body and mind.
That was one thing that worried me constantly, was the right kind of
bread for my children. I pleaded with Edgar to go to Cates' flour mill and
get the fresh ground whole wheat flour, it was not any more expensive
then than the dead, white, bleached, patent flour that he usually brought
home. But he would forget it or didn't have time to go out to the mill. A
few times I asked Sadie's husband, Evert Holt, to get it for me, and he did
and didn't seem to mind it even though it was a little out of the way. They
all thought I was a food crank; and I guess I was, measured by their stan­
dards. But I had studied the food question (I had to to keep alive) and
they were not interested in it. And I knew what the children needed, that
was one thing that was a constant worry to me. I baked my own bread and
I did hate to make it of the white, bleached flour, when I could have had
the whole wheat almost just as easy. And it is so much better. Hazel said it
tasted like it was already buttered. I wanted brown rice, too. I had read of

84. Mormons consider "this dispensation" to be the latter days.
the Chinese people getting Beri-beri from eating white rice, but I usually had the white. But the children stayed pretty healthy and made good grades in school. Grace and Hazel were the two youngest graduates in high school in Winslow. And one or two of David's teachers said if they were equipped with the necessary facilities for extra bright pupils, there was no telling what David could accomplish. He was especially good in English and Music. He wrote an essay once and brought it home, and Hazel was astonished. She made me read it. It was a masterpiece. He could have been a writer. Hazel asked him what Miss Kerlin said about it. He said she took it to several other rooms and read it to the pupils and told him to bring it home for Hazel and me to read. He said she made a silly fuss about it, but I could see he was pleased.[ . . . ]

Bernice was such a good baby, I would say abnormally good, never crying. She was born with a weak little body but grew up to be a happy person, interested in life and an avid reader. She went to a subscription school when she was 6 and won a prize for reading more books than anyone else in school. Sadie taught it—

Hazel was a beautiful child, and real good natured, and stayed that way. She says she remembers going to sleep at the supper table many times. One Sunday night she coaxed to go to "Mutual" with us at the church, and I didn't want her to go because it was way past her bedtime when it let out. But we changed her dress and washed hands and face and combed her hair and let her go. She was asleep before the second song was through, and says she remembers being awakened by the strains of "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," having slept through the whole meeting.

Grace was born in the spring of the year after we had returned to Kentucky from Utah. I spoke earlier of my stepmother saying that Grace (when she was a baby) looking as if she had had years of experience. She was a wise little soul, and did several things that displayed judgment beyond her age. I took her to Sunday School when she was less than a year old. I made a soft pad to lay her on at church while she drank her milk from the bottle, with her rattle and other toys beside her to keep her amused. So then she discovered that if she would hold her bottle with her feet it left her hands free to pick up her rattle; ^etc.^ and this became a

86. Editorially omitted material consists of narratives under the subtitles, "Edna Uncle Jim's Granddaughter, and Hamby Girls," "How I Stopped a Fight (after we moved to Atascadero)," and "The Antique Exhibit Friday Evening, September 7 about 1935." The subtitle, "More About My Children," has also been omitted.

87. Last three words and em dash added by hand.
88. Last four words underlined by hand.
89. "Etc." interlined by hand.
fixed habit, and she held her bottle with her feet regularly so she would have her hands free for other things. I have never seen another child do that since then; this was in the first half of her first year. I have already told of her pulling Hazel from the fireplace where she had fallen, and hiding her blistered hands because she felt she was at fault—this before she was 2 years old. We didn’t think too much of these things then (this was the first family I had ever raised), but now I realize several things that happened were very unusual, and I know that I was given a choice group of spirits to care for and to raise. As they have grown older they prove their worth.

Harry was a good judge of human nature when he picked Erma and Violet and Thelma as the “goodest.” All three girls were hard to beat. Violet was as dependable as a grownup when she was just a little girl. It was a source of grief to us that she could never go to town with me, she always had to stay at home and take care of the little ones. And she did a good job of it. When I got home from a long hard day of delivering milk, butter, eggs and produced she would have the house clean, and if I was late, would have supper cooked.

When Erma (Lelia’s girl) was still in her early teens, she took over the job of washing for the family on the old washboard, with no conveniences. She had to draw hard water from the well, or take the washing to the pond and dip the water up a bucket full at a time. I remember Lelia saying once, after Erma had started washing, that their washing didn’t seem to be as big a job as it used to be. But no matter how big a job it was, Erma never grumbled, she just did it patiently.

The only time when I was not able to do my own washing, Edgar had a nice colored woman come and do it, so my girls did not ever have to do the washings, though they did other things that may have been harder. But it wouldn’t have hurt them. I think it’s good for young folks to do hard things; it helps build strong characters. I am thankful for the hard work and the big responsibilities I had in my teens. It didn’t hurt me, and I think it helped me be a strong woman. I am still pretty tough for an 85-year-old (though I am weakening lately). I do hope I can stay active and able to take care of myself as long as I live.

I am also thankful that my children came up the hard way and were not spoiled. They know about life on a worn-out farm in Kentucky, and still know how to appreciate the conveniences we have today. And Thelma, Violet and Erma’s pal, was from a home of about the same caliber as ours.

90. Erma was the daughter of William Henry Ferrell and Lelia Marquess, Effie’s sister.
It seemed our families were more than just friends—there was a strong bond of love that still holds good. [... ]

Well, here it is February 1973, and I must get this story to the printer. I hope I have not left out any important thing or person that should be included. Some things are repeated, some lengthy, and my grammar and sentence construction is not the best, but here it is, for what it is worth.

I hope my dear ones and acquaintances will enjoy reading it, because that is the purpose for which it was written. I wanted to leave something of

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value to my children and grandchildren, and great grandchildren—and this seemed better than riches, of which I have none anyway.

I have many more pictures we could have added, but since Violet has sorted them into family groups for me and placed them in albums, you will be able to enjoy looking at them, anyway. I hope you will treasure the old pictures as well as the later ones. They are my precious possessions.

I like this quote by Kingsley: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work and forced to do your best will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."92

[signed]
Effie Marquess Carmack93

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93. This is followed by a personal essay by Diane Gustafson Gouff entitled, "My Most Unforgettable Character," which has been editorially omitted.
Effie Marquess Carmack's Family

Grandparents (spouses listed in italics)

- Johnnie Armstrong (1803-1885)
- Martha (Patsy) Boyd (1815-1883)
- Susan Croft
- Druscilla Woodridge

Parents, Aunts, and Uncles (spouses listed in italics)

- Robert Elliot Marquess (1809-1889)
- Martha Pettypool (P.Pool) (1829-1919)
- Cornelius Mary Cooper

- Martha (Patsy) Boyd (1815-1883)

- Susan John Armstrong (1853-1899)

- Boanerges Robert Marquess (1848-1905)
  - Serena Allifair Long

- Otto Armistead Lester

- Robert M. Marquess (1856-1857)

- Matilda J. Marquess (1858-1941)
  - John Mart

- Charles Marquess (1861-1881)

- Benjamin Marquess (1863-1944)
  - Maggie Long

- Thomas Lee Marquess (1866-1931)
  - Mollie Fox

- Georgia Emma Marquess (1868-1958)
  - Jack Overton

- Robert E. Marquess (1871-1956)
  - Bertha Barnett

- Myrtle Mayes Marquess (1874-1964)
  - James Hight

Effie and her brothers and sisters (spouses listed in italics)

- Martha Etta Marquess (1871-1899)
  - Lelia Jane Marquess (1872-1970)
    - William Henry Ferrell
  - James Elmo Marquess (1874-1958)
    - Ivy May West

- Alzada Marquess (1877-1971)
  - Evert Holt

- John Robert Marquess (1880-1982)
  - Ozella Holt

- Effie Lee Marquess (1885-1974)
  - Henry Edgar Carmack
  - Charles Autie Marquess (1891-1932)
    - Violet Louise Allington

Children of Effie Carmack (spouses listed in italics)

- Cecil Eugene Carmack (1904-1984)
  - Gladys Bushman
  - Itha Vera Carmack

- John David Carmack (1908-1972)
  - Violet Carmack (1908-1972)
    - Loren Arnold Mattice

- Noel Evans Carmack (1911-1980)
  - Itha Vera Smith

- Grace Carmack (1913-1984)
  - Manson Bushman

- Hazel Marguerite Carmack (1914-1923)
  - Donald William Bruchman
  - Manson Bushman

- Lenora Bernice Carmack (1915-1950)
  - David Edgar Carmack (1917-1952)
    - Sybil Lee

- Harold Grant Carmack (1919-1923)