



*Out of the Black Patch  
The Autobiography of*

# EFFIE MARQUESS CARMACK

*Folk Musician, Artist, and Writer*

*Edited by Noel A. Carmack and  
Karen Lynn Davidson*



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*The Autobiography of  
Effie Marquess Carmack  
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Volume 4

LIFE WRITINGS OF FRONTIER WOMEN

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Effie M. Carmack, ca. 1910. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

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For Harry  
1919–1923



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## FOREWORD

Maureen Ursenbach Beecher

In recognition of the importance to literature of biography and autobiography, the Association for Mormon Letters in 1987 was offering a new prize in life writing. I was asked to help in identifying appropriate candidates for the prize. Elder John Carmack, then managing director of the Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City shared with me a rare mimeographed volume of the memoirs of his grandmother Effie Marquess Carmack. I was charmed. The committee, however, considered the manuscript as yet unpublished, so the AML prize went to another book. But I never forgot Effie's story.

My history-writing colleagues and I, researchers in the LDS Church Historical Department and the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History and beyond, had long been accustomed to reading, as resources for our historical inquiries, the life writings of frontier women. We loved the diaries, the letters, and the autobiographies, but had not thought them a literature of their own. With Effie's text, however, I felt a new compunction: with or without historical research as motivation, others might well read this raw material with as much relish as we. I passed the manuscript on to a literature-sensitive friend whose judgment I trusted.

She agreed—it was a delightful read. Would she consider editing it for publication? Not just now, she replied. But certainly it deserved a place among American autobiographies available for general readers.

Not a “written for publication” autobiography, this text grew, as such memoirs often do, out of a mother's wish to share her life and its meaning with her children. Much more, however, than the testimonials of the religious faithful which were its literary precedents, Effie's account provides in vibrant colors a richly detailed background for her testimony. Every sense is enlivened—the taste of Postum that brings back her first summer in Arizona; “this mixture of smells, cedar smoke, greasewood, and sour dock greens”; the roughness of the ground under a wire fence

as she escaped from a crazed cow and the squeak of the wires through the staples as she pulled herself through. The text is laced through with Effie's awareness of beauty: "roses, jonquils, and honeysuckle"; "a sweet-toned guitar with twelve strings"; her first child, born too small but then "fattened like a little pig, . . . a perfect roly poly of a baby." Effie explains that as a child "I surely must have had an unnatural love for pretty things, especially flowers." That she became a painter of note in the Southwest is not surprising.

But there was ugliness, too, in Effie's world. The "black patch" that is Kentucky's tobacco country becomes tactile in Effie's words: "Worming and suckering tobacco was a terrible, backbreaking job, and the gum from the sticky green leaves would soon be all over our hands and clothing, so thick that when a garment became folded and stuck, it was hard to pull it apart again. The sickening smell of the hot sun on the green tobacco usually gave me a headache."

But for the most part there is joy in Effie's text, and love, and faith, and achievement. Effie accepts herself, warts and all, with a candor which inspires trust. "I was a thin, scrawny child," she writes, "ugly and small for my age." But at the dances, the sing-alongs, the parties, she was popular: "I usually got a partner of some kind." And admirers a-plenty.

There is candid disclosure in Effie's account, but there is mystery in what she leaves unspoken. The reader is caught between the lines with unanswered questions: why, for instance, after page-long descriptions of Effie's young loves is her marriage so bluntly and abruptly stated: "Edgar (Carmack) went to work for Evert, and we were soon married, and moved to the old Birchfield Marquess place." No courtship, no in-and-out-of-love, no suspense, just "we were soon married." One wonders.

In her later life, honors came to Effie Marquess Carmack for her good works in the community, for her art, for her memory of the folklore and the folk music of her past, for her service to her church. She hardly mentions those; her focus is on others, her family of origin at first and then her own eight children. For them she composed her life into the text her grandson gave me. It made me want to know her, and to share her story.

Years passed, and Effie's text sat patiently on my shelf waiting for its time to come. When I compiled a list of publishable texts for this present series, Effie's book was at the top for its appeal to general readers and scholars alike. Karen Lynn Davidson, former professor of English and chair of the Honors Program of Brigham Young University, accepted the invitation to prepare the manuscript. She was then living in Southern California near the final residence of Effie Carmack and the current home of some of her family, a coincidence which would prove fortuitous. With Carmack family members as resources, Karen transcribed the mimeographed volume, researched its provenance, and began the



process of documenting Effie's genealogy. She researched the folk song repertoire and examined the poetry of the multi-talented Effie.

Karen's manuscript languished while the *Life Writings of Frontier Women* series proved its worth. Its first three volumes each won a prize for excellence in its field. By the time senior editor John Alley and Utah State University Press were ready for the next text, however, Karen had moved to Princeton, so Noel Carmack, Effie's great grandson, the preservation librarian at Utah State University and the author of a journal article on Effie Carmack's career as an artist, undertook further documentation of the manuscript and the writing of a new introduction. His research brought out the historical context and folkways that influenced Effie's life and writing. Noel also provided copies of the paintings and photographs reproduced here. With undiluted enthusiasm we now present the completed text to the series and to the reading public.

Out of Kentucky's Black Patch came this bright rainbow, this cheerful, affable, resourceful, honest, diligent achiever. Effie lived a splendid life; more than that, she also wrote it with the same vigorous splendor with which she lived it. We are proud to present her now, in the fourth volume of the series *Life Writings of Frontier Women*.

## PREFACE

### The Manuscript

The autobiography of Effie Carmack, covering a period of some eighty-seven years, was written as a gift to her children and grandchildren. She was driven to write her story out of a desire to leave them something of worth, an account of her unusual life experience. Having lost her mother at a young age, Effie learned the value of the written record. "How I do wish my mother had kept a diary, or a book of remembrance," she wrote. "I realize now what a priceless thing they can be" (p. 105, herein). Her own autobiography reflects this valuation of family history. First printed under the title *Down Memory Lane*, it recounts her experiences as a young girl, adolescent, and adult woman and mother; it shows her persistence in establishing an identity and a place in her extended family lineage.

Effie did not, however, begin writing her story until her fifties. Even then, though decades had passed, Effie's youth in rural Kentucky was more to her than a vague recollection. Her autobiography is a story rich with memories of childhood pastimes, rural domesticity, and folklife. With sharp detail, she recounts the day-to-day life of the Marquess family: Christmas gifts, the use of medicinal herbs, the steps taken in a typical housecleaning, the sad events of the typhoid epidemic of 1898–1899, the songs she and her family played and sang. Beyond brief references to her childhood schooling, she describes the benches, playtime games, spelling bees, and even what she took for lunch. She doesn't simply allude to the fiddler's contest; she describes the pieces that were played, who performed them, and the prizes they won.

Personal narratives, based on memory, are often laden with inaccuracies. Constructing believable characters and settings from real events can cause authors to depart from historical fact. Embellishment for the sake of a good story might easily have driven Effie's work, but her story

seems to avoid such pitfalls.<sup>1</sup> The strength of Effie's writing lies in her unmistakable ability to recall specific events in detail. She dredged up the past and let it flow with ease, much like an oral telling or performance.

Effie's desire to preserve such memories was an endeavor that spanned several decades. Beginning in the mid-1940s, she worked on her autobiography and other projects until the last months of her life. All told, she spent nearly thirty years writing and compiling her story for publication.

The literary success of her story may be due, in part, to its being carefully written in several installments. Although *Down Memory Lane* was printed in typescript format in 1973, the first half (or so) had actually been finished in 1948 and covered Effie's life through that year. Simply called "Autobiography," this earlier memoir was typed by her daughter, Hazel Carmack (Bruchman) Bushman, and then circulated privately in the family. Twenty years later, Effie added an update, for the most part leaving the 1948 version as originally written. Hazel Bushman was again the typist. Any small alterations were made for clarity (such as substituting a proper name for a pronoun) or to add details that were not included earlier. Effie aids the reader by parenthetically dating the various times she added to her document. A photocopy of this longer, combined typescript was privately printed by Atascadero News Press in 1973 and circulated among friends and family. It is this version from which the present edition is taken.

## Editorial Methods

The usual practice in editing an autobiography is to preserve all spelling, usage, and punctuation of the original. However, the handwritten manuscripts from which Hazel Bushman typed the two installments of the journal no longer exist. Because Hazel had extensive training and experience as a secretary, her natural tendency was to amend and regularize any non-standard spelling or usage, especially because the family intended the second typed version to be photocopied and bound. Since for all practical purposes Effie's writing had already been edited, the best choice for this edition seemed to be to normalize the few remaining instances of non-standard spelling and apostrophe use. A few colloquial pronoun cases and verb forms have been left as written as it seemed officious and unnecessary to change them. There are a few instances in which Effie, in keeping with southern folk speech, referred to her African American neighbors using racial slurs. Effie was sensitive to these offensive terms and tried to remove

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1. See, for example, John E. Miller, "Narrative Rules and the Process of Storytelling," chap. 6 in *Laura Ingalls Wilder's Little Town: Where History and Literature Meet* (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 1994), 81–95.

them from later versions of the text. The few that were overlooked, though, have been left unchanged by the editors.

It should be pointed out, however, that there is no reason to conclude that any regularized version would be very different from Effie's original. Although her formal schooling ended by the eighth grade, Effie was an excellent student. She tells of being spelling champion, of playing word and map games with her family, of reading and studying, and of "memorizing whole chapters of the Bible"; and she comments frequently on the "perfect" (or less than perfect) English of various relatives or friends. She was interested in language and writing her entire life, and various handwritten documents that do exist show that she was a competent writer of standard English. Thus, the reader can be confident that this is not a radically different autobiography from the one that came from Effie's pen.

It is our intention to present the document as faithfully to the copy-text source as possible. We have sought to keep emendations to a minimum. However, to provide meaningful breaks in the text, we have divided the narrative into six numbered chapters and an epilogue. Each chapter has been given a title and epigraph. Some items printed with the post-1948 additions were in fact family updates or newsletters written by people other than Effie. Because these family news items hold more significance for friends and relatives than the general reader, they have been omitted in this edition. Effie's own writing in the post-1948 section tends to be more fragmented; as various topics came to mind, she would simply introduce them by adding a subtitle. We have chosen to eliminate these subtitles to allow more continuity and uniformity in the narrative. Substantial selections from this post-1948 portion appear as the epilogue. Each omission is noted by bracketed ellipses and a note describing the omitted material.

Although *Down Memory Lane* appeared in typescript format, it was printed with a number of hand corrections and additions. In several instances, Effie added words or names to spaces she left blank. Considering such emendations, it was necessary to devise a clear editorial method and use standardized apparatus.<sup>2</sup> To best provide an honest representation of Effie's emendations in the final document, the following methods were employed:

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2. The standard by which this copy-text was edited is Mary-Jo Kline's *A Guide to Documentary Editing*, 2d ed. (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1998). For a pioneering work on editorial method, the reader should consult G. Thomas Tanselle, "The Editing of Historical Documents," in *Textual Criticism and Scholarly Editing* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1990), 218–73.

1. Clarifications, identifications, and other editorial expansions of the original text appear in square brackets in roman type: driv[ing].
2. Editorial comments, in the editors' voice, appear in italics between brackets: [*The autobiography does not include this picture*].
3. Canceled material is shown with a strikeout as in the original: ~~good~~
4. Material underlined for emphasis has been standardized to italics.
5. Interlined words are enclosed in carets at the place of insertion: ^gone^. Their placement in the original is indicated in a note.
6. Portions of text repeated elsewhere in the document are enclosed in angle brackets and described in a note.
7. Editorially omitted material is indicated by three ellipses enclosed in brackets: [ . . . ]. The substance of the edited material is described in a note.
8. Biographical references to individuals are noted at the first appearances of their names in the text or when an individual is most conspicuous in the narrative. When possible, biographical references include a full name with years of birth and death. In many cases, only an estimated birth date, based on census returns, is provided. Unidentifiable persons are left unnoted.

## Annotations and Sources

In order to clarify or add insight to obscure references, we have used explanatory notes. We have avoided extensive interpretation of the writing to allow the text to stand on its own, affording an unencumbered reading of the document. The length or brevity of a note usually depends upon the availability of relevant sources. Standard biographical dictionaries and reference works are rarely cited. If a source adds meaningful insight to the text, it is discussed at reasonable length. Otherwise, the reader is supplied a brief comment and directed to other sources for further study.<sup>3</sup>

Attempting to provide biographical information for all individuals mentioned by Effie would be painstaking, if not impossible. Many names have been left undocumented, but where available, birth and death years have been supplied in a note. Luckily, Effie was a dedicated genealogist. She collected photographs, scraps of family lore, histories, and vital records. She is to be credited for much of the information provided in this edited work. A number of general historical sources proved helpful nonetheless, including recently published biographical works by the

---

3. See G. Thomas Tanselle, "Some Principles for Editorial Apparatus," in *Textual Criticism*, 119–76.

Christian County Genealogical Society and indexed county census returns for 1870, 1880, and 1900. Genealogical records preserved at the Family History Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were also invaluable sources of biographical information. A chart is provided to better identify Effie's family members and her place among them. For additional sources, the reader should consult the bibliography.

## Acknowledgments

Many individuals have contributed their time and expertise in preparing this important document. First, we must thank Maureen Ursenbach Beecher for including Effie's writings in this award-winning series on frontier women and for allowing us the opportunity to edit the autobiography for general readership. We are also grateful to John Alley, editor of Utah State University Press, for his interest in this project and advice on producing a quality manuscript.

Our heartfelt thanks go out to the members of the Carmack family who assisted in providing photographs, newspaper clippings, and personal accounts of their experiences with Effie. They include Violet Carmack Mattice, Dona Bruchman Harris, Robert M. Carmack, Betty Carmack Hendrickson, Donna Bess Carmack Musto, Itha V. Carmack, Thomas W. Carmack, and Olitha Carmack. Our thanks go to John Wesley Marquess and Mary Ann Willis for providing Marquess family information.

We express special gratitude to Hazel Carmack Bushman, John Kay Carmack, and Shirley Carmack, who provided many documentary sources and were tremendously supportive from the start of this project. John and Shirley Carmack also provided a generous subvention to the publisher of this book. Moreover, their and Hazel Bushman's desire to share Effie's story was the motivation for getting this book published.

We are especially grateful for the untiring work of Austin Fife and his wife, Alta, in preserving the ballads of common people. Without their efforts, Effie's record would be incomplete.

A number of individuals deserve our thanks for providing expert advice and assistance. These include Barre Toelken, who kindly answered questions about the folkloristics of the text and ballads; W. Lynwood Montell, formerly of Western Kentucky University, and William T. Turner of Hopkinsville Community College, who answered questions on local history and folklore; Betty McCorkle of the Christian County Genealogical Society, who offered advice on relevant sources; Richard A. Smath of the Kentucky Geological Survey, who helped locate Christian County landmarks; Michael C. Sutherland of the Special Collections division at Occidental College, who generously helped uncover material on Dr. Austin Fife; Marian Hart, Susan Beatie, and Olive Doellstedt of the

Atascadero Art Association (formerly the Atascadero Art Club), who provided clippings on the Art Club and Effie's art activities; Randy Williams and the rest of the staff of the Fife Folklore Archives at Utah State University; the search room staff at the Historical Department Archives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, especially Ronald G. Watt, who offered kind and helpful reference assistance; John Walters of the Documents Department at the Utah State University Libraries; and the staff of the Special Collections and Archives at Utah State University, especially April Haws, who helped with the photographs and maps. We are grateful to Charles M. Hatch for his heroic efforts in copy editing.

Without the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History at Brigham Young University and the encouragement it has provided from the outset, the series *Life Writings of Frontier Women* would not have appeared. General editor Maureen Ursenbach Beecher and secretary Marilyn Rish Parks were supported in their work on the texts with the blessing of Ronald K. Esplin, director of the Institute; the collegiality of the rest of the historical staff provided a nurturing environment for the ongoing work of preparing and publishing life writings.

We thank John W. Welch, Doris Dant, and the editorial staff of *BYU Studies* for allowing us to use portions of a previously published article for the introductory essay.

We also thank Mary C. and Gerald O. Lynn for spending many patient hours assisting in proofreading. Kenneth and Audrey Godfrey gave encouragement and advice; Jason McCraw, Heber Manire, Flora Manire Schuller, and other members of the Hopkinsville, Kentucky, LDS Ward deserve our thanks for providing genealogical assistance and for locating sites in northern Christian County.

Thanks go to our many friends and colleagues who shared our excitement over Effie's narrative. We are most grateful to our spouses and families for their encouragement and support in this project.

Last of all, we appreciate the opportunity to have been a part of Effie's story. Our lives, like many others, have been enriched by learning a little bit more about her.

## INTRODUCTION

Too often, social history reduces women's life writings to mere resources for broader analysis and interpretation. Historians and demographers may overlook the richness of the women's voices that emerge from uninhibited, reflective writing. Vernacular works by ordinary women provide grounded history that fills and colors gaps left by bean counters and theoreticians. The immediacy of unhampered words written by a woman in private often can do more for our understanding of gender roles, class distinctions, and race relations than formal, necessarily reductive interpretations. Only now are we beginning to acknowledge the imprints left by women writers such as Agnes Miner, May Cravath Wharton, Marietta Palmer Wetherill, and others whose lives remained unnoticed until perceptive editors and biographers brought them to light.<sup>1</sup>

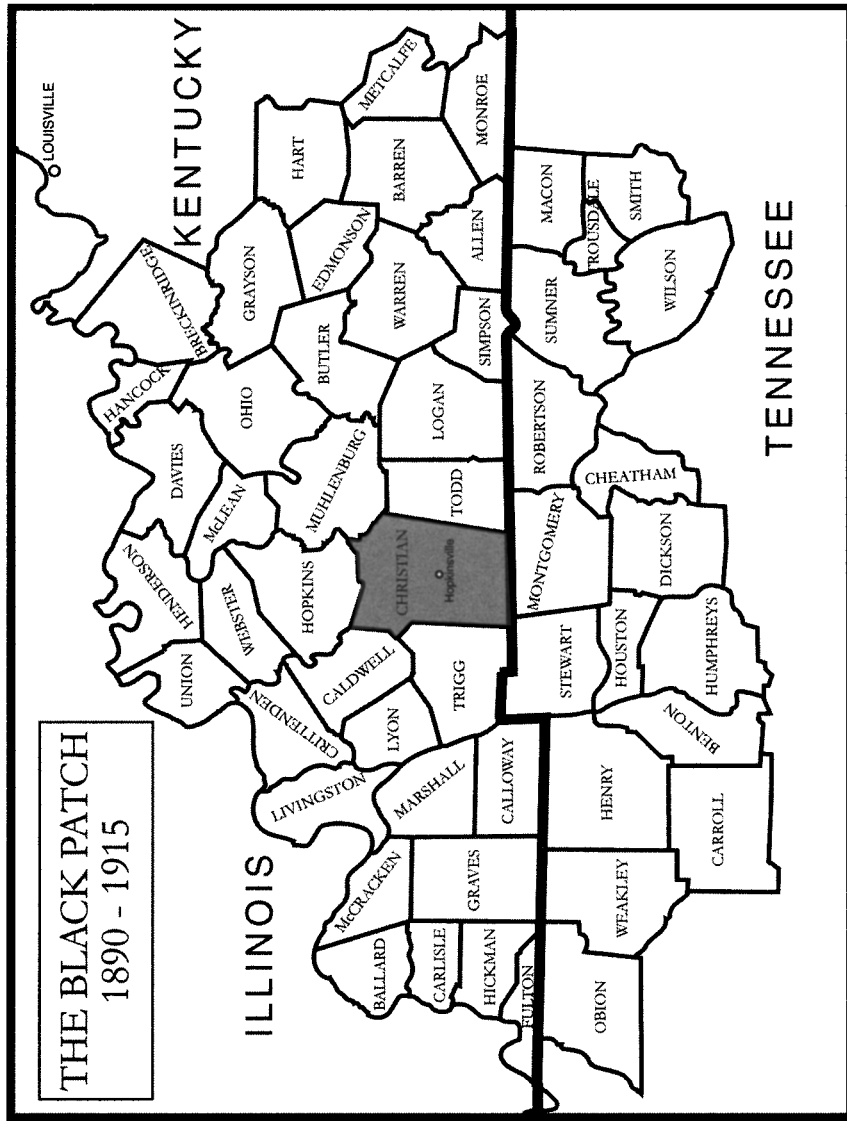
Writings by Mormon women in the rural South are scarce, even virtually unknown. The autobiography of Effie Marquess Carmack, a convert to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from southwestern Kentucky, contributes well to our understanding of rural white women in the post-Civil War South. It is a rare expression of a woman's vernacular, yet artful, voice and provides an unusual glimpse into the world of ordinary—though in this case Mormon—southern women, revealing the domestic life of a wife and mother as it recounts the customary and material lore of Kentucky's Black Patch and the turbulent economic changes affecting the region. Effie Carmack's preservation, and celebration, of folkways may be her most significant contribution. Her manifest devotion to them appears not only in her lively autobiographical descriptions of

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1. These women's writings can be found in May Cravath Wharton, *Doctor Woman of the Cumberlands: The Autobiography of May Cravath Wharton, M.D.* (Pleasant Hill, TN, 1953; reprint, Nashville: Parthenon Press, 1972), and Sharon Niederman, *A Quilt of Words: Women's Diaries, Letters & Original Accounts of Life in the Southwest, 1860-1960* (Boulder: Johnson Books, 1988).



## LOUISVILLE



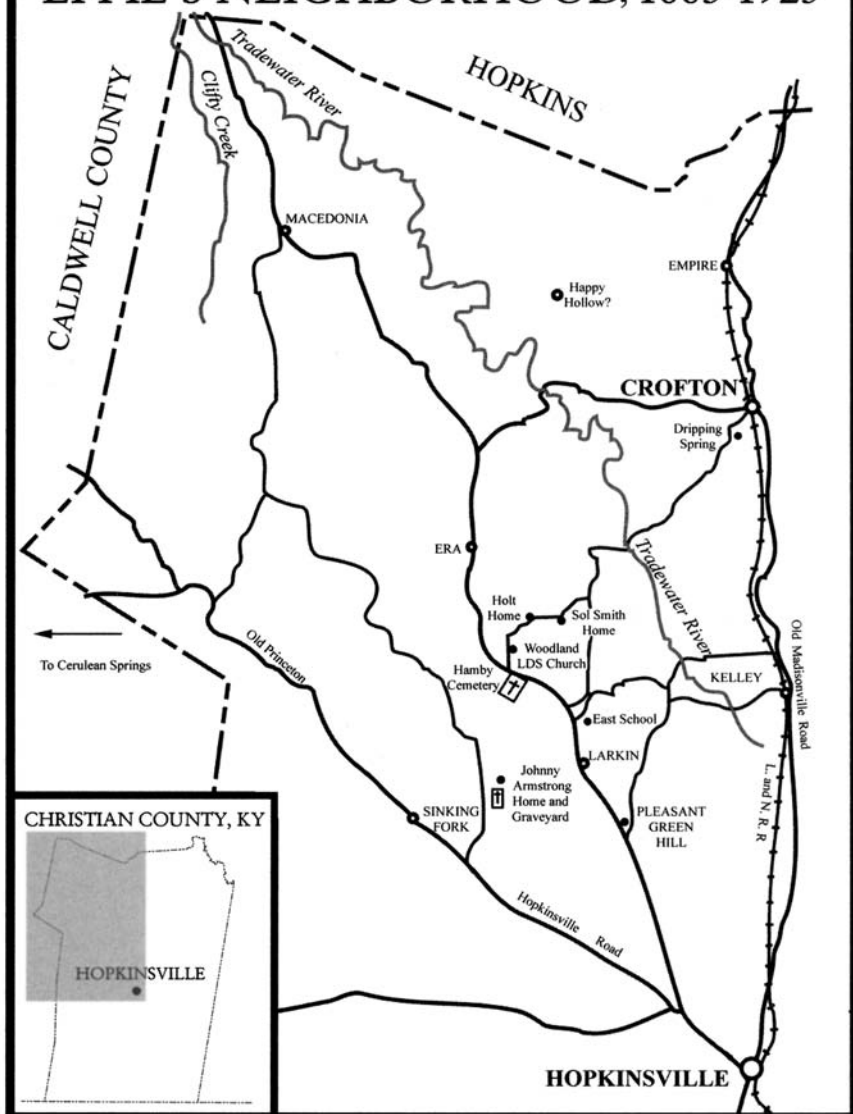
traditions but also in her painting, poetry, and, especially important, her phenomenal folksong repertoire, preserved by Austin Fife and the Library of Congress.

The rural landscape of Kentucky's Pennyroyal Region has changed little after a century of industry and southern turmoil. In the heart of Christian County, where this story begins, a patchwork of tobacco and sorghum farms sits in contour upon the area's gently rising hills.<sup>2</sup> The ghosts of white and black tenant farmers bent over tobacco leaves for harvest, can be sensed among the furrows. Hopkinsville, the county seat and center of the dark-fired tobacco district, was where farmers brought their large hogsheads of leaf crop to market. Abandoned smoke barns remind us of an earlier age, when women and children toiled in the fields, bundling the leaves on loading sticks, after which men and boys hung the tobacco inside the barns on fire tiers to cure. Despite advances in agricultural technology, the people hold fast to deeply rooted traditions and continue many of the same domestic routines practiced by their pioneer forebears.

Today's tobacco growers of Christian County descend from an underprivileged lot, a people brought low by toil and economic hardships. A homestead for rural families in postbellum Kentucky often consisted of little more than a cabin, a few horses and chickens, a log-hewn smoke barn, and a plot of ground on which to grow tobacco and "truck." There resided individuals who lived and breathed the southern tobacco culture. They exhibited, as did others in the American South, a common dependence on frontier ideals, much like those who migrated west. As sociologist Howard W. Odum observed, the South "retains in its folk culture threads of the frontier struggle and reflects the costs that went into building a frontier society."<sup>3</sup> The autobiography of Effie Marquess Carmack is a vivid portrayal of a woman's faith and perseverance through the economic hardships that gripped the dark-fired tobacco region during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

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2. For descriptions of the geography in the Crofton and Hopkinsville areas, see Carl Ortwin Sauer, *Geography of the Pennyroyal: A Study of the Influence of Geology and Physiography upon the Industry, Commerce and Life of the People* (Frankfort: Kentucky Geological Survey, 1927), 36–45, 199, 247–48; and U.S. Department of Agriculture, *Soil Survey of Christian County, Kentucky*, comp. Ronald D. Froedge, et al. (Frankfort: U.S. Department of Agriculture, Kentucky Department for Natural Resources and Environmental Protection, and Kentucky Agricultural Experiment Station, 1980), 1–4, 9. See also Charles Mayfield Meacham, *A History of Christian County, Kentucky: From Oxcart to Airplane* (Nashville: Marshall & Bruce Co., 1930), 14.
  3. Howard W. Odum, *The Way of the South: Toward the Regional Balance of America* (New York: Macmillan, 1947), 21.

# EFFIE'S NEIGHBORHOOD, 1885-1923



Effie Lee Marquess was born on September 26, 1885, in Crofton, Christian County, Kentucky, the sixth child of Boanerges “Bo” Robert Marquess and Susan John “John Susan” Armstrong.<sup>4</sup> Effie’s birthplace was nestled in the Black Patch, a tobacco farming region covering western Kentucky and northwestern Tennessee. Black Patch farmers grew a regionally distinct, dark, olive-colored variety of tobacco that was cured in smoke-filled barns.<sup>5</sup> Growing up on a dark-fired tobacco farm was not a carefree existence. According to Suzanne Marshall Hall, “Men, women, and children worked in the tobacco patch, the barnyard, the garden, the chicken pen, and the house. Play, in this culture, often imitated work, and provided valuable schooling for children.”<sup>6</sup> Effie’s family was no exception. “Even though we were poor, as far as money was concerned, and lived in a crude log hut,” she wrote, “we were rich in a few things, such as a fervent appreciation for the beauties of nature around us. We possessed a stretch of stream that was far more entertaining, as a playground, than the most expensive of parks” (p, 58, herein). In describing the people of the region in her unpublished novel, “Tobacker,” Effie wrote that “they are different from the mountain folks. They are just common people, hardened to toil as all tobacco growers must be. A mixture of honest and dishonest, good and bad, religious and irreligious, educated and illiterate, sensible and ignorant.”<sup>7</sup>

Effie was resolute in her effort to preserve the traditions of her western Kentucky environs. In the preface to her autobiographical work of poetry, *Backward Glances* (ca. 1945), Effie declared her intent to vernacularize the work. “I tried to keep it right down in the clods of Kentucky,” she wrote.

We were of the soil, common and unsophisticated, and I wanted this story of our lives to be kept in tune with our log cabin and true to our home life. If judged by a literary critic, I am sure it is full of errors . . . but I am also sure it will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of other commoners like myself who have experienced many of the things I have mentioned here. Many things will soon be forgotten if

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4. See pages 190–91, herein; vital dates are from copies of LDS family group sheets in Noel Carmack’s possession.
  5. See John Morgan, “Dark-Fired Tobacco: The Origin, Migration, and Survival of a Colonial Agrarian Tradition,” *Southern Folklore* 54 (1997): 145–84.
  6. Suzanne Marshall Hall, “Working the Black Patch: Tobacco Farming Traditions, 1890–1930,” *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 89 (summer 1991): 267.
  7. Effie Marquess Carmack, “‘Tobacker’: A Tale of the Night Riders of Kentucky,” 1, copy of undated and unfinished MS in the possession of John K. Carmack, Salt Lake City, Utah.

they are not put down by someone that cherishes the memory of them—things such as running down the lye in the ash hopper to make soap, pulling straw from the straw stack for the straw beds, carding and spinning, grinding sausage and storing it in corn shucks. Many customs and habits of the people of Western Kentucky are fast being forgotten as the new age pushes the old ways back.<sup>8</sup>

Although her formal education did not extend beyond eighth grade, Effie was in fact highly literate and impressively self-educated. She was competent not only in the mechanics of language but in illustrative description and metaphor as well. Her accounts of home life shed light on the way of life in the Black Patch. She sketches colorful vignettes that expose the southern tobacco economy and depict the individuals who lived it. In "Tobacker" she gives this bleak but vivid description of the hard times in the tobacco district:

The dawn of the twentieth century marked a time in this section of tobacco growers which resembled in a small way the age described by Charles Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities," the age just preceding the French Revolution, when he said "it was the best of times" for a certain, satisfied class. In this case it was the tobacco buyers who had shut the ears of their conscience toward the feeble protest of helpless farmers and towards the look of hopeless, dumb despair in the faces of pitiful hard-worked women, who, with their stunted offspring at their breast, came year after year, each time expectant and hopeful, only to see again and again the product of the long year's toil taken for a pitifully meager sum. In fact often there was not even enough money left to buy shoes for their scrawny brood, and they must keep them in by the fire until some other plan could be devised.

Yes, it was the best of times for the buyers of the crops, who were quickly accumulating fortunes, but it was the worst of times for the tiller of the soil who was risking his luck on the gamble of raising tobacco, risking and losing.<sup>9</sup>

Effie was not alone in her allegiance to the Kentucky frontier heritage. A sampling of fine writers from the Bluegrass State includes such

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8. Effie Marquess Carmack, "Foreword," in *Backward Glances: An Autobiography in Rhyme* (n.p.: author, n.d. [ca. 1945]). The original manuscript was first written as a Mother's Day gift for her sister, Lelia, and was entitled "My Old Kentucky Home." It is typed and bound in a scrapbook cover and contains handwritten corrections and insertions (original MS in Noel Carmack's possession).

9. Carmack, "Tobacker," 3.

literary figures as James Lane Allen, Allen Tate, Rebecca Caudill, Jesse Stuart, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and Harriette Simpson Arnow. All enlivened their writing by drawing upon their “Kentucky experience.” The first poet laureate of the United States, Robert Penn Warren, was born and raised in Guthrie, Kentucky. Warren wrote vividly of the turmoil during western Kentucky’s tobacco wars in his story “Prime Leaf” (1931) and in *Night Rider* (1939), his first published historical novel.

While its setting is the same, Effie’s work contains none of the idealism and allegory of Warren’s *Night Rider*. Effie’s is a real, tangible account of rural life in a primitive region of the post–Civil War South. One can detect her clear attachment to a familiar landscape. Effie often records her life story like a folklorist recording practices or performances. At times, her narrative and dialogue approach what linguists call “literary dialect.”<sup>10</sup> Although she may not have intended an accurate reconstruction of dialect, she clearly infused her writing with regionalisms and folk motifs.<sup>11</sup> And even though she came from a state where strong Unionist sentiments prevailed, Effie inherited racial expressions and attitudes that permeated Kentucky as much as they did the rest of the slaveholding South. Her anecdotal use of such terms harkens back to a time when the boundaries dividing men, women, and children by race and economic class were hardened by decades of violent hostility.<sup>12</sup>

Effie’s narrative is written with remarkable clarity. Her attention to detail invokes a strong sense of presence. The sights, sounds, smells, and dialogue do more than simply provide a colorful backdrop to a common rural experience; they serve as sensory cues that draw the reader into a human drama. Her story comprises cyclical struggles, personal tragedies, and significant changes, paradoxically intertwined with persistence and hope.

Effie’s sense of community was based, in large part, upon her familial connections as well as her physical surroundings. The Marquess household fit within a larger family network of friends, neighbors, and extended relatives. Social orientation was fixed by affirming kinships with

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10. See Sumner Ives, “A Theory of Literary Dialect,” in *A Various Language: Perspectives on American Dialects*, ed. Juanita V. Williamson and Virginia M. Burke (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971), 145–77.

11. Such literary constructs are discussed in Roger D. Abrahams, “Folklore and Literature as Performance,” *Journal of the Folklore Institute* 9 (August–December 1972): 75–94. See also Elizabeth C. Fine, “The Development of the Text in American Folkloristics,” chap. 6 in *The Folklore Text: From Performance to Print* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984), 16–56, esp. 28–30; and Sandra K. Dolby Stahl, *Literary Folkloristics and the Personal Narrative* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1989).

12. See Rebecca Sharpless, “Southern Women and the Land,” *Agricultural History* 67 (spring 1993): 38.

those individuals who were part of the local landscape.<sup>13</sup> Consider, for example, her periodic wagon rides to Hopkinsville with her parents and siblings. The journey was marked by familiar homes and landmarks and by calling to mind the personalities associated with them. "One would think that a long jolt over rough roads in an old two horse wagon, usually in the hot summer, would leave unpleasant impressions, but not so," she wrote. "Those trips to town stand out as glorious monuments in my memory. I asked who lived in every house along the way, and our patient father usually told us" (p. 93, herein). These "topophilic sentiments," as Daniel Rolph calls them, are indicative of the southern sense of place. People are bound together by the land and community. Homes and farms are rarely discussed without tying them to an individual or a family who resided there.<sup>14</sup>

The folklife in Effie's writings bespeaks the well-rooted traditions of western Kentucky and other regions of the American South. Descriptive memories of playtime, wooden toys, and family activities reveal that her childhood, although economically deprived, was enriched by simple, time-honored customs. And yet, while Effie's family was deeply religious, her father was not superstitious and did not believe in the preternatural. "Some of our neighbors were quite superstitious and told spooky tales about graveyards and ghosts," Effie wrote.<sup>15</sup> But her father refused to allow his children to be exposed to such a belief system—an unusual restriction, since supernatural lore pervaded southern culture. On the other hand, her family's use of herbs and folk remedies demonstrated a pragmatic frontier heritage dependent on human skills and natural resources.

Nature is not a harsh element in Effie's story. She evokes the environment's capacity to sustain life and the curative value of its useful plants and herbs. "I am thankful," she wrote, "for all my parents told me of the use of herbs, etc., for healing: white walnut bark as a safe laxative; slippery elm bark for the stomach; blackberries and briar root for teething babies—dozens of simple remedies that are effective, yet leave no bad

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13. According to Barbara Allen, "... the southern sense of place is constructed, maintained, and articulated in a distinctively regional conversational pattern that emphasizes placing people within a social and geographical frame. . . . In these conversations, the landscape becomes a symbolic one, with historical and social as well as physical dimensions, a complex structure of both kinship networks and land-ownership patterns." See "The Genealogical Landscape and the Southern Sense of Place," in *Sense of Place: American Regional Cultures*, ed. Barbara Allen and Thomas J. Schlereth (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1990), 152–53.

14. Daniel N. Rolph, "Folklore, Symbolic Landscapes and the Perception of Southern Culture," *Journal of Southern Studies* 1 (summer 1990): 117–26.

15. Carmack, "The Hant," in *Backward Glances*, 38.

after-effects.”<sup>16</sup> When recounting natural calamities, she accepts them as god sent, as manifestations of divine influence, or as part of the normal course of things. One season, a flood took “the best part” of their farm holdings: “I can’t remember now that we suffered any extra want because of the loss of crops and livestock,” she wrote. “We were used to financial calamities. Often, when they had worked all year, and made a good crop of tobacco, they got nothing for it when selling time came” (p. 55, herein). Raising tobacco to satisfy smokers she viewed as a foolhardy enterprise. “The foolish thing was to keep on raising it, when they were not getting anything for it,” she commented. “It would have been far more intelligent to have raised food for the winter months” (p. 151, herein).

Effie’s respect for nature and the physical world shaped her play and learning. Her creativity grew out of the emotions, impressions, and discoveries produced by what she called her “enchanted woodland.” Her childhood playground included a plum thicket and field of wildflowers near a lush forest of dogwoods, white oak, and hickory. The forest floor was carpeted by moss beds and sassafras. “When I was alone,” she remembered, “and no one to play with me, I would find certain places in the banks where there were great cracks where there was beautiful, moist, bluish white clay that was wonderful for modeling. Many long happy hours I have spent making horses, dogs, heads, pitchers, whole sets of dishes, and hundreds of marbles of all sizes” (pp. 39–40, herein).<sup>17</sup>

The art and music of family and friends also stimulated Effie. She seldom entered the home of Marion and Ailsee Moore, her nearest neighbors, but remembered one item in it for the rest of her life: “One thing that charmed me, above all others (in that house) was a lifesized painting of a young girl, which stood on an easel in one corner of the room. It was the first hand painted portrait I had ever seen. It must have been good work, it certainly charmed me, and when I got a chance I gazed in awe and wonder to think that anyone could make a picture look as much like life as that one did” (p. 82, herein). During the coal boom, Effie’s father, Bo, a full-time tobacco farmer and occasional fiddle player, regularly joined his brother, Lycurgus or “Curg,” to entertain at dance halls and resorts in the Cumberland Gap. Sounds of her father’s violin or her mother’s singing voice often filled winter evenings, fostering an appreciation of music that continued all her life. Homemade dancing dolls, wooden toys, and pegboard games also engendered an atmosphere of learning and creative imagination, and “drawing pictures on a

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16. Effie Marquess Carmack, *Down Memory Lane: The Autobiography of Effie Marquess Carmack* (Atascadero, Calif.: Atascadero News Press, 1973), 181.

17. See also Carmack, “Springtime,” in *Backward Glances*, lines 45–52, p. 9.



big old double slate was something that never lost its charm," she recalled (p. 42, herein).

Had she been able to complete her education and then obtain more formal art instruction, Effie might have looked forward to a distinguished, perhaps prosperous, career in art. Instead, because of her obligations at home, she only finished the eighth grade and was content to learn under the motivating influence of her father. "Sometimes father would point out pictures in the cloud formations. A long level cloud, with one upright, made a perfect ship at sea, and, if you were going to paint those thunderheads, over there, you would need to put the halo of white light on the side next to the sun, with a soft gray on the shadow side" (pp. 195–96, herein). These treasured moments with her father encouraged the inquisitive young Effie, cultivating her budding interest in art. An ability to express herself artistically would help sustain her through life.

Despite her humble circumstances, Effie never let a lack of art supplies discourage her. She sometimes resorted to clever alternatives. On one occasion she converted a roll of toilet paper into useful material: "Aunt Fannie gave me one roll, but it was never used for the purpose for which it was intended. It was used as tracing paper, to put over pretty pictures, and trace them. It was placed on the old wall plate of the attic at home with my other treasured possessions, chalk box and trinkets, and was kept for years, a roll of my favorite pictures traced carefully" (p. 46, herein). If sketch pads and standard painting surfaces were unavailable, she used whatever materials she found: cardboard, the reverse sides of wall coverings, or wrapping paper. To make brushes, she sometimes chewed the ends of matchsticks to fray them.<sup>18</sup>

During this time, young Effie's encounters with outside influences were few but significant. By all accounts, her introduction to Mormonism changed her life. By the late nineteenth century, Latter-day Saint (LDS) missionaries were a noticeable presence in southern rural communities. The affable young men traveled the backcountry, relying on the hospitality of receptive families for a home-cooked meal and a warm bed. Often, they secured a one-room schoolhouse, dance hall, or bowery in which to preach their message.

Mormon membership grew in Kentucky after the Civil War. Until that time, missionaries had sporadically entered the upper Cumberland and southern Appalachia, converting pockets of mountain families and creating small member branches in the region. From about 1832 until

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18. "Mrs. Carmack Speaker at Art Club Meeting," *Atascadero News*, May 16, 1957, 2; Diane Gustafsen Gouff, "My Most Unforgettable Character" (a personal essay based on Effie's autobiography and interviews), in *Down Memory Lane* by Effie Marquess Carmack, 237.

the coming of the rebellion, the Mormon presence in the South was limited to a handful of traveling missionaries, including Samuel H. Smith, Reynolds Cahoon, Wilford Woodruff, Orson Pratt, Warren Parrish, Lorenzo Barnes, James Emmett, and Peter Dustin. As early as 1836, Kentucky was a part of the LDS Church's Tennessee Conference, which consisted of Tennessee's Benton, Henry, and Weakley Counties and Kentucky's Calloway County. In 1876, Kentucky became a part of the LDS Southern States Mission, where it remained until the fall of 1928. In the late 1890s, proselyting forces in the mission tripled from 167 at the end of 1894 to a peak of 501 in 1897. Between 1877 and 1899, some 2,087 Mormon missionaries (51 percent of all the church's missionaries in the United States and Canada) were sent to the South. This resulted in rapid increases in church membership in the South, from 1,200 in 1890 to 2,800 in 1895 and over 10,000 in 1900.<sup>19</sup>

It is little wonder that travel author Horace Kephart included Latter-day Saint proselytizing in his observations of the southern susceptibility to evangelism. He wrote that "many mountaineers are easily carried away by new doctrines extravagantly presented. Religious mania is taken for inspiration by the superstitious who are looking for 'signs and wonders.'" Kephart saw the Mormon missionaries as more threatening, as a danger to fundamental rules of connubial conduct: "At one time, Mormon prophets lured women from the backwoods of western Carolina and eastern Tennessee."<sup>20</sup> Historian Gene Sessions has observed that the missionaries

taught a system of collectivism inherently inimical to the individualistic traditions which had grown up with the slave society in the South among the religions particularly. Not only this, but the dedicated army of elders encouraged their converts to abandon their homeland to settle in the deserts of the West. . . . They often converted a single member of such basic southern community units as the family, extended family, or church, drawing its members apart

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19. Leonard J. Arrington, "Mormon Beginnings in the American South," *Task Papers in LDS History*, no. 9 (Salt Lake City: Historical Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1976), 7, 10, 12. See also LaMar C. Barrett, "History of the Southern States Mission, 1831-1961" (master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1960), 80-87, 121.
  20. Horace Kephart, *Our Southern Highlanders: A Narrative of Adventure in the Southern Appalachians and a Study of Life among the Mountaineers*, enlarged edition (New York: Macmillan, 1922), 344. For more on itinerant preaching in the South, see Roy West, "Pioneer Preachers: Religion in the Upper Cumberland," in *Lend an Ear: Heritage of the Tennessee Upper Cumberland*, ed. Calvin Dickinson, et al. (New York: University Press of America, 1983), 21-32.

and menacing to disrupt with philosophical and even geographic distance the basic unit of the hierarchical system of the South.<sup>21</sup>

As a result, Mormon missionaries suffered a number of attacks and lynchings. Between 1879 and 1900 some fifteen missionaries and church members were killed in acts of mob violence. A young missionary named Joseph Sanding was shot and killed in 1879 by a mob near Varnell's Station, Georgia. In 1884, two Mormon missionaries and three local members were murdered during the "Cane Creek Massacre" in Lewis County, Tennessee. In November 1899, two Mormon elders in Butler County, Kentucky, were cruelly whipped and driven from the area; Effie saw the wounds these missionaries suffered.<sup>22</sup>

Such violence did not occur in Christian County, though, where several families embraced Mormonism with enthusiasm. When LDS missionaries entered the Hopkinsville area in 1897, the Marquess family was one of the first to accept their message. "A lot of people 'round were interested," Effie remembered. "It looked like the whole county was a goin' to join the Church. But finally it simmered down to four or five families."<sup>23</sup> Indeed, the Marquesses' conversion was a culmination of many years of honoring Christianity but rejecting formal religions. Effie remembered that "although not contented with our homespun religion, we read the Bible and waited for a time when maybe the right religion would come along" (p. 163, herein).

The message the missionaries brought was curiously different from the fiery preaching common among traveling evangelicals. After the young men obtained permission to preach in the Larkin schoolhouse, Effie's father read their calling cards and said, "You know, this sounds different. I think we'd better go hear them."<sup>24</sup> They preached a gospel unlike anything the Marquesses had heard before. They told of a church founded by one Joseph Smith, Jr., and how he had a vision of God and

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21. Gene A. Sessions, "Myth, Mormonism, and Murder in the South," *South Atlantic Quarterly* 75 (spring 1976): 219–20. See also David Buice, "Chattanooga's *Southern Star*: Mormon Window on the South, 1898–1900," *BYU Studies* 28 (spring 1988): 5–15.

22. See Sessions, 212–25. Also, William Whitridge Hatch, *There Is No Law . . . : A History of Mormon Civil Relations in the Southern States, 1865–1905* (New York: Vantage Press, 1968) and Daniel N. Rolph, "A Prophecy of 'Woodpeckers and Unnatural Deaths,'" chap. 3 in *"To Shoot, Burn, and Hang": Folk-History from a Kentucky Mountain Family and Community* (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1994), 49–67.

23. Effie Carmack, undated recording, ca. 1958. For more on these proselyting activities in Christian County, see Daniel N. Rolph, "Kentuckians and Mormonism: An Historical Overview, 1831–1931" (master's thesis, University of Kentucky, 1985), 74–76.

24. Carmack, undated recording, ca. 1958.

Jesus Christ, who called him to organize the church based on a restored priesthood that had been lost since the days of the New Testament. “We couldn’t get enough of it. We were just thrilled with it,” Effie recalled.<sup>25</sup>

In mid-March 1898, during a late winter snowfall, Effie entered the frigid waters of a nearby creek to be baptized a Mormon, only a month after her parents and older sisters, Etta and Lelia. “The Elders brought a new way of life,” she wrote. “Everything we heard and read fit in perfectly with Christ’s teachings.”<sup>26</sup> Young Mormon elders would always have a welcome place at Effie’s hearth or table because, as she put it, they had brought the “pure joy” of their gospel message into her life.

Religious conversion, however, was not the only heartfelt change for Effie and the rest of her family. Only a year after their baptism, her mother, Susan John, died of yellow fever. One month later, Effie’s sister Etta succumbed to typhoid. More changes came in quick succession when her two older brothers moved away and her father had to sell the farm. After her sister Sadie married, Effie’s father took a new wife, Serena Long, a woman whom Effie unaffectionately addressed as “Miss Serena.” Although Effie tells of growing to love Miss Serena through serving her, the relationship was not intimate. Increasingly, Effie turned to her sisters Lelia and Sadie as confidantes and mother figures.

In 1901, the Marquess family—now reduced to Effie and her father, stepmother, and ten-year-old brother, Autie—moved to Franklin, Arizona, where they lived for a short time on the farm of Joseph Wilkins. Their short move to Arizona was pleasant, but her father’s longing for home hastened their return before Effie could fully enjoy the open skies of the Southwest. “Back in Kentucky papa was happy again; to hear the birds sing, the babble of water over rocks, the soft grass under the shade trees, and the mellow sunshine that filtered through the leaves was all he needed, but not to me—I was lonesome for the west” (p. 234, herein).

After returning to Kentucky, Bo Marquess began chewing tobacco. This continued until the addiction took hold and damaged his digestive system. He died a short time later in 1903 with his children at his bedside and a host of neighbors to bid him farewell.

That same year, Effie married Henry Edgar Carmack, the nineteen-year-old son of a neighboring farmer. Edgar, as he was commonly addressed, was a descendant of Irish emigrants who had migrated to the middle Tennessee Cumberlandds from Maryland and Virginia. Although his father, Thomas Green Carmack, and stepmother, Mattie Olivia Hale,

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25. Ibid.

26. Carmack, *Down Memory Lane*, 185.

had converted to Mormonism in 1897, he was not as concerned about religious matters. Effie noted the irony in the fact that despite her wish to marry a Latter-day Saint, "I married a fellow who was not a Mormon, and had a difficult time converting him" (p. 237, herein).

Effie wrote little about her courtship, wedding, and forty-nine-year relationship with Edgar. In marriage, her creative endeavors took lower priority to the challenges of mothering and household responsibilities. "I had care of the children and the farm and hired hands, I milked cows, tended garden etc.," she recalled.<sup>27</sup> Still, Edgar was a capable, hard-working husband and father. "He was a kind father and loved the children, especially when they were small," Effie remembered. "He would take one on each knee and sing 'Two Little Children' and he liked to tell them about his grandmother and the songs she would sing for him and the things she cooked when he would go there" (pp. 340–41, herein). However, he was not as supportive as he might have been of the religious and artistic activities that meant so much to Effie. She recalled that despite his earnest commitment to work, his penchant for horses brought hardships. "My husband's money went for fine horses, harness[es], feed etc.," she wrote. "But I managed to keep the children clothed."<sup>28</sup> "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 it was my own fault. If I had demanded more, I'm sure I could have had more" (p. 340, herein). Effie's self-disparagement raises more questions about her relationship with Edgar than perhaps can be answered by available sources.

Never openly critical of her husband, Effie in her memoir shows restraint on the subject of Edgar's spousal qualities. She more often casts Edgar as a stoic than as a man of sensitive disposition. It appears that typical dynamics of patriarchy affected Effie's life as they did those of other women in the agricultural South. Her unmet demands for adequate food and clothing for the children, her difficulties in getting Edgar to share her religious zeal, and her deferential references to her father-in-law, as "Mr. Carmack," are all symptoms of this southern family order. It is not surprising, then, that she memorialized her own pleasant filial experience. Effie's high estimation of her widowed father and his nurturing qualities goes against the prevailing belief that all southern rural families were oppressively paternal.

Suzanne Marshall Hall observed that in the Black Patch, "as in most agricultural societies, men's power superseded women's."<sup>29</sup> Women's

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27. Carmack, "Autobiography," a 12 page autobiographical sketch, March 1971, 1.

28. Ibid.

29. Hall, "Working the Black Patch," 267.

roles on a tobacco farm included caring for the children, laundering, cooking, watching over the livestock, stripping and grading the tobacco, and selling corn and eggs for extra income. "Men oversaw the tobacco patch and controlled the household economy. Women contributed to the household coffers by raising poultry and selling or trading eggs and chickens at the community general store. The remuneration for hours of work with the hens came in the form of due bills redeemable at the store. This income, although restricted, gave women the satisfaction of providing a crucial weekly sum that supplied the family with grocery staples, clothing, and even luxuries."<sup>30</sup>

Aside from housework and field labor, mothering was most often the chief responsibility of Kentucky farm women. The demands of farm labor largely dictated the number of children born to rural wives. In economically depressed areas, such as the dark tobacco district, where farm acreage was low and it was less feasible to employ hired hands, high fertility was common.<sup>31</sup> As part of their daily routine, rural mothers, in addition to keeping their children fed and clothed, were often the principal providers of love and nurturing in the home. In Kentucky's impoverished Black Patch region, it was difficult to feel resilient bearing and

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30. Ibid., 270. Suzanne Marshall Hall's work is most informative on the roles of women in the Black Patch. See Suzanne Marshall, *Violence in the Black Patch of Kentucky and Tennessee* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1994), 31–32, 64–85, 93–94. However, several works shed light on women's work in Kentucky. See Helen Deiss Irvin, *Women in Kentucky* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1979); Nancy Disher Baird and Carol Crowe-Carraco, "'A True Woman's Sphere': Motherhood in Late Antebellum Kentucky," *Filson Club History Quarterly* 66 (July 1992): 369–94; Margaret Ripley Wolfe, "Fallen Leaves and Missing Pages: Women in Kentucky History," *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 90 (winter 1992): 64–89; and Shaunna L. Scott, "Drudges, Helpers and Team Players: Oral Historical Accounts of Farm Work in Appalachian Kentucky," *Rural Sociology* 61 (summer 1996): 209–26. For an informative examination of women's roles in the rural south, see Margaret Jarman Hagood, *Mothers of the South: Portraiture of the White Tenant Farm Woman* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1939). See also Anne Firor Scott, *The Southern Lady: From Pedestal to Politics, 1830–1930* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970); Pamela Tyler, "The Ideal Rural Southern Woman as Seen by 'Progressive Farmer' in the 1930s," *Southern Studies* 20 (fall 1981): 278–96; Rebecca Sharpless, "Southern Women and the Land," *Agricultural History* 67 (spring 1993): 30–42; and Margaret Ripley Wolfe, *Daughters of Canaan: A Saga of Southern Women* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1995), esp. 126–29.

31. For example, Margaret Jarman Hagood's survey of white southern tenant farm women in a subregion of the Piedmont South and in the Deep South states of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana reveals patterns of gender and fertility. Of the 117 mothers surveyed in the Piedmont subregion, 115 married mothers had been married an average of 18.9 years and had given birth to a mean number of 6.4 children per mother. See Hagood, *Mothers of the South*, 108–10 and 231–34. See also Harriet A. Byrne, "Child Labor in Representative Tobacco-Growing Areas," U.S. Department of Labor Children's Bureau, publication no. 155 (Washington, D.C.: G.P.O., 1926).

caring for a young family. But Effie was unequivocally fond of her children.<sup>32</sup> She remembered that the thing for which she was most thankful was that although she struggled to provide for her children's physical needs, she "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" (p. 341, herein).

Unfortunately, all of Effie's children seemed alarmingly prone to accidents and infirmities. Cecil Eugene, her first child (1904–1984), was born prematurely after an accidental fall sent Effie into early labor. Although he had a normal infancy, Cecil's troubled birth foreshadowed the adversities of child-rearing to come. In the ensuing years, Effie bore seven more children: Violet (b. 1908), Noel Evans (1911–1980), Grace (1913–1984), Hazel Marguerite (b. 1914), Lenora Bernice (1915–1950), David Edgar (1917–1952), and Harold Grant (1919–1923). Each experienced physical challenges which varied in severity; a ninth child was still-born. Effie saw her children through injuries, whooping cough, influenza, and near-drownings. A long-term but rewarding challenge was the extra attention her youngest daughter, Bernice, required; her intellectual development was slowed by slight mental retardation. The demands of such arduous caregiving must have been disheartening at times, but Effie persevered.

One incident involving Cecil tested both her endurance and her faith. At the age of two, Cecil had a bout with pneumonia that nearly took his life. The neighbor's children had taken him outside to play and kept him out in a cold February rain. By late evening, he was hot with fever and short of breath. Some time later, after Effie's considerable effort to clear his lungs and treat his temperature with medication, Cecil fell into a deep, unresponsive slumber. After twenty minutes of close observation, the doctor, unable to detect breathing or a heartbeat, pronounced Cecil dead. Effie, however, refused to allow her baby's life to slip away. Through the night and into the morning hours, she massaged her son's cold, lifeless body with hot water and rubbing alcohol. She "longed for someone with the authority to administer to him" in accordance with Latter-day Saint practice. Edgar was not a member of the church and could not give priesthood blessings, and at this particular time, the Mormon elders were unavailable. "Not wanting to leave a thing undone that might help," she later wrote, "I got a small bottle of olive oil, asked the Lord to bless and

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32. Effie's feelings of affection for her children were not unusual. However, Hagood wrote that "the [southern] mother is proud of having borne the children she has although she may not have wished for another before she became pregnant each time." See Hagood, *Mothers of the South*, 125.

purify it, and to recognize a mother's anointing and blessing on her child, and to bring him back to life." In her prayer, she promised to raise the child to the best of her ability and dedicate her life to God. During the hours she continued to work over her son, her "whole body was a living, working prayer." Just before dawn, a faint heartbeat could be heard, and Cecil revived and asked for something to eat. The boy regained all of his faculties, and within days, word traveled from the hills west of Crofton that the Carmack boy had risen from the dead (pp. 248–49, herein). It wasn't long after this miraculous experience that Edgar was baptized on a "momentous day" in 1908. From then on he took churchgoing more seriously. Friends who earlier had not responded to Effie's attempts to tell them of Mormonism also became more interested.

In 1911, Edgar and Effie moved to the farm of Francis McDonald in Holladay, Utah. While there, Edgar found employment working for Joseph Andrus putting up hay on his ranch near Park City. In Edgar's absence, Effie picked currants with the McDonalds' seventeen-year-old son, Howard, who later became president of Brigham Young University (1945–1949). After haying was done, Edgar began working in the canyon, assisting in the excavation of a waterline trench. At the end of September, when the work was finished, Edgar and some of the other men got wet while returning home in an open truck bed during a cold rainstorm. Within a short time, he began complaining of inflammation and pain in his foot; this was followed by a severe case of rheumatic fever. For almost six months, Edgar lay sick and unable to work. One of his few activities during rehabilitation came when, in a sacred Mormon ordinance making their marriage eternal, he was sealed to Effie in the Salt Lake Temple, along with children Cecil, Violet, and infant son Noel. When a full recovery appeared doubtful, it was recommended that Edgar move to a lower altitude, prompting the family to move back to Kentucky, where he could resume his farming in a more healthy environment.

As it turned out, the change did not prove therapeutic. The years following their return from Utah were the darkest for Effie and her family. While Edgar was suffering from rheumatic heart disease, Effie contracted an unidentified but debilitating illness that lingered several years. The symptoms were similar to those of tuberculosis—coughing blood, continuing fatigue, and fever spells, all of which Effie believed were the result of a poor diet. During her illness, Effie gave birth to three more children. Two, Grace and Hazel, were born without complications, but Bernice's birth came with some difficulty. The three girls were born in close succession, and Effie's sickness inhibited her ability to manage day-to-day responsibilities in the home.

Busy dealing with the demands of tobacco farming and with its fluctuating yields and returns, Edgar did not offer additional domestic support.



He entrusted his crop to an association of dark-fired tobacco planters but made little profit. By 1920, Kentucky leaf-crop prices dropped to their lowest point in ten years.<sup>33</sup>

At the doctor's admonition, Edgar tried to alleviate Effie's burdens by doing laundry and light housework. But even with his first effort, he found the extra chores overtaxing and hired a young woman named Lola Jones to take over. The doctor had also recommended that Effie do something enjoyable but not laborious. "Dr. Lovell," Effie remembered, "told him that he had better let me do it, as it would be far better to have a mother doing easy things I enjoyed than not to have any mother at all." Thus about 1915, while Effie had help, she took up painting again. "I had done lots of little things," she wrote. "I knew that I could paint, if only I had the time and material" (p. 267, herein). Her friend and neighbor Bernice Allington had been a helpful art tutor while they lived in Utah, and with some assistance from her longtime friend Bernice Pollard Walker, Effie received additional instruction in watercolor painting. "I was interested in painting, and enjoyed it, and was surprised that it was so easy for me, and I tackled hard subjects" (p. 268, herein). Most of these works consisted of candid watercolor sketches of her children, neighbors, aunts, and uncles; one of them was awarded a red ribbon at the 1915 Christian County Fair. With her childhood pastime regained, Effie found a sense of healing and peace of mind.

Nevertheless, ill health, Edgar's unpredictable income, and the care of eight dependent children (by this time, David and Harold had been added to the family) weighed heavily upon Effie. Her most painful challenge came so suddenly, and so tragically, it outweighed anything she had previously faced. In the spring of 1923, just two days after Easter Sunday, her two eldest sons, Cecil and Noel, were burning saw briars and grass in the fields just prior to plowing. In another part of the clearing, near an embankment, four-year-old Harry was playing stick horses in the tall sage grass with his brother David, who was celebrating his sixth birthday. Without warning, a sudden change in wind direction sent the blaze into

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33. These turbulent cycles of depression in the Kentucky tobacco market are discussed in Tracy Campbell, *The Politics of Despair: Power and Resistance in the Tobacco Wars* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1993), 152–54, and W. F. Axton, *Tobacco and Kentucky* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1975), 82–105. See also John G. Miller, *The Black Patch War* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1935); James O. Nall, *The Tobacco Night Riders of Kentucky and Tennessee, 1905–1909* (Louisville: Standard Press, 1939); Bill Cunningham, *On Bended Knees: The Night Rider Story* (Nashville: McClanahan Publishing House, 1983); Christopher Waldrep, *Night Riders: Defending Community in the Black Patch, 1890–1915* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1993); and Marshall, *Violence in the Black Patch*.

the grass where the two boys were playing. Before Harry could outrun the flames, they overtook him, burning through his long underwear and thick overalls. By the time Cecil and Noel responded to David's cries for help, the fire had consumed nearly all of Harry's tender skin. For the next few hours, Effie remained near her little boy's blackened body until he took his final breath. Effie was forever changed by the experience. This time, unlike Cecil's miraculous revival, neither prayer nor cure brought Harry's precious life back.<sup>34</sup>

Harry's death was the most traumatic of Effie's incessant confrontations with adversity. Although she learned to adapt to the loss, her emotional and physical well-being never fully recovered. Her intense grief triggered a number of bodily ailments, including facial eczema and a pain in her heart that she claimed plagued her continually. Reminded of the sufferings of Job, Effie tried to remain patient, consoling herself with scriptures. "Sometimes," she said, "I felt like I was getting more than my share, but I never felt rebellious nor did I blame the Lord for my affliction" (p. 293, herein).

In the midst of physical infirmities, Effie's ability to cope was made more difficult by daily reminders of Harry and unreciprocated expressions of grief between her and Edgar. Like many other bereaved parents, Effie and Edgar's inability to communicate feelings of loss impaired their ability to adjust and find comfort.<sup>35</sup>

Although Effie seemed to bear no guilt or feelings of responsibility for Harry's death, losing her role as his mother seemed to haunt her in later years. Her only regret was that she did not adequately expose him to the joyful music she had experienced as a child. "Children need music and songs and laughter," she wrote. After determining that she had been remiss, she "tried to make up for lost time" with her other children. The intimate relationship between mother and child also became a recurring theme in Effie's paintings, often as the Madonna and Christ child or a Navajo mother and baby. Thoughts of children must have pressed upon

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34. The foregoing narrative is drawn from Effie's own poignant account found on pages 287-88.

35. The difficulties of parental communication have been addressed in R. Schwab, "Paternal and Maternal Coping with the Death of a Child," *Death Studies* 14 (1990): 407-22, and N. Feeley and L. Gottlieb, "Parents' Coping and Communication Following Their Infant's Death," *Omega: Journal of Death and Dying* 19 (1988-1989): 51-67. See also Harriet Sarnoff Schiff, *The Bereaved Parent* (New York: Crown, 1977), and the various issues discussed in Therese A. Rando, ed., *Parental Loss of a Child* (Champaign, Ill.: Research Press, 1986), esp. Catherine M. Sanders, "Accidental Death of a Child," 181-90.

her mind; their names and faces appeared in her creative works and, as her writings reveal, even in her dreams.

Harry's death marked other pivotal changes in Effie's life. In February 1924, she and Edgar moved their family to Joseph City, a small Mormon settlement on the Little Colorado in northern Arizona.<sup>36</sup> At first, they lived in a house tent that her brother John and son Cecil, who had both been living in the area, prepared for them before they arrived. Despite her circumstances, she wasted no time finding her place in front of easel and canvas. By mid-1927, Edgar was successfully running a dairy and delivery route between Joseph City and Winslow.<sup>37</sup> Shortly thereafter, they took up permanent residence in Winslow, where Effie cultivated with even greater energy the talent that had been evident in her early works. "After we had been in Arizona a long time, I went back to Kentucky, and I was astonished to see many of the watercolors that I had done in the homes of friends and kinfolks. They were as good as the oil colors that I did later" (p. 268, herein).

Effie now taught lessons in the LDS Sunday School and Mutual Improvement Association and theology in its Relief Society, and after school and in the evenings, she gave art lessons to the children at the local elementary school. Each week she had the youngsters choose a subject, usually a simple landscape, to teach them the rudiments of linear perspective, the placement of subjects, and techniques to create the illusion of space. As an integral part of her assignments, she emphasized the importance of drawing from observation: "I had them draw from nature—a small picture of a tree and rocks, or a sunset sky, or whatever they chose to do" (p. 300, herein). As the popularity of her art lessons increased, the school teachers began to receive instruction as well. Although Effie enjoyed the association with her adult peers, the children's joy and excitement in learning seemed to gratify her most.

It can be argued that Effie's expressive works—artistic, poetic, and autobiographical—were of purgative value, that the acts of writing and painting were therapeutic. Besides being a source of personal fulfillment, her art may have been, in many respects, a cathartic response to the tragedy and hardship that had affected her life. Artistic expressions often contain covert symbols or images of extreme emotional stress that

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36. "Joseph City Notes," *Winslow Mail*, October 3, 1924, 4.

37. "Joe City Dairy Opens New Milk Station in Winslow," *Winslow Daily Mail*, March 16, 1927, 3; Adele B. Westover and J. Morris Richards, *A Brief History of Joseph City* (Winslow, Ariz.: The Winslow Mail, n.d.), 22; Adele B. Westover and J. Morris Richards, *Unflinching Courage* (Joseph City, Ariz.: John H. Miller, 1963), 27.

may have occurred many years earlier.<sup>38</sup> Hence, Harry's unexpected death could have triggered increased artistic activity as one of Effie's few consoling outlets for bereavement. Perhaps art assured her that out of ugliness she could express beauty, out of tragedy she could express hope. The events surrounding Effie's artistic reawakening were consistent with experiences of other folk artists, most typically women, who, according to a recent study, used their art "to help overcome a stressful life experience."<sup>39</sup>

Effie's early efforts certainly fall within a long tradition of American folk painting. Folk art, often defined analogously with primitive, self-taught, or outsider art, is generally produced by individuals who are untrained and have had little or no familiarity with formal art theory. Most important, however, folk art emerges out of the cultural environment in which it is created. These self-taught artistic expressions reflect the world views of the artist and his or her culture. Folk art incorporates distinctive regional, ethnic, and cultural patterns that reveal the artist's sense of place and personal identity. Just as colloquial communication often emphasizes a distinct geographic relationship between a community and its inhabitants, folk artists create for purposes of identity and self-realization, closely tying themselves to the places or subjects represented in their art.

Effie's creative work can be divided into three thematic categories at the root of her identity—namely, kinship, place, and religion. These themes follow those of other self-taught Kentucky artists who created personal visual statements with their art. Effie's early drawings and watercolors often portrayed physical surroundings, farm life, and family and neighbors

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38. See, for example, Rita Simon, "Bereavement Art," *American Journal of Art Therapy* 20 (July 1981): 135–43; Gregg M. Furth, "The Use of Drawings Made at Significant Times in One's Life," in *Living with Death and Dying*, ed. Elizabeth Kübler-Ross (New York: Macmillan, 1981), 63–94; Harvey Irwin, "The Depiction of Loss: Uses of Clients' Drawings in Bereavement Counseling," *Death Studies* 15 (1991): 481–97; and Christina Mango, "Emma: Art Therapy Illustrating Personal and Universal Images of Loss," *Omega: Journal of Death and Dying* (1992): 259–69.

39. "Characteristics of Folk Art, A Study Presented at the American Psychological Association Conference" (by Jules and Florence Laffal), *Folk Art Finder* 5 (September 1984): 2, 4. According to Roger Manley, "outsider artist's [*sic*] life stories frequently reveal traumatic events that threw them onto their own resources and triggered responses that led to art making: the loss of a job through illness, injury, or retirement; the death of a spouse or elderly parent; religious doubt; social ostracism; imprisonment. These events precipitate their transformation from 'ordinary' farmers, loggers, or textile workers into artists as well." See *Signs and Wonders: Outsider Art inside North Carolina* (Raleigh: North Carolina Museum of Art, 1989), 9.

in informal settings.<sup>40</sup> She combined these visual depictions of Kentucky folklife with written ones, illustrating childhood memories of worming the tobacco, milking cows, soapmaking, and carding and spinning.<sup>41</sup> She drew several works for her book of autobiographical poetry, *Backward Glances*, to pass on images of the traditional home life of western Kentucky in the 1890s. Otherwise, as she wrote, “many things will soon be forgotten if they are not put down by someone who cherishes the memory of them.”<sup>42</sup>

As Effie’s interests shifted toward subjects outside her own personal experience, her work took on themes and attributes more consistent with sophisticated studio traditions than folk genres. Her interest in New Testament subjects inspired a number of religious paintings. Her favorite religious subjects seemed to be gospel narratives, including scenes of the Nativity and depictions of Christ and the apostles at the Sea of Galilee. Besides recalling her own religious upbringing, Effie was inspired by Protestant instructional art, on which the Mormon Church relied heavily during this period.

A high point in Effie’s creative experience came during the summer of 1936, when she had the pleasure of accompanying a tour group of artists over the Mormon pioneer trail. Her daughter Hazel, who was at that time a missionary in the East Central States Mission, had read a prospectus on the tour in the (Salt Lake City) *Deseret News* and, with her brother Noel’s assistance, conspired to send their mother on the trip, providing money for tuition and travel expenses. Headed by BYU art professor B. F. Larsen and his wife Geneva, the group of fifteen traveled by bus to important pioneer sites and landmarks, documenting the historic route through sketches, paintings, and photographs.<sup>43</sup> The two-week art

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40. For more on Effie’s art, see Noel A. Carmack, “‘A Memorable Creation’: The Life and Art of Effie Marquess Carmack,” *BYU Studies* 37 (1997–1998): 101–35. An informative treatment of frontier women and their artistic pursuits is found in Sandra L. Myres, *Westering Women and the Frontier Experience, 1800–1915* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), 245–48.

41. In order to control the destructive effects of tobacco worms, each worm had to be plucked from the leaf and destroyed by hand. Naturally, this was an unpleasant and tedious job for women and children who worked in the tobacco fields.

42. Carmack, “Foreword,” in *Backward Glances*, 2.

43. “Local Woman with 17 Artists Making University Tours,” *Winslow Mail*, June 12, 1936, 1; “Winslow Woman Is Member of Artist Group Making Tour,” *Winslow Mail*, August 14, 1936, 1. See also H. R. Merrill, “While Yet the Old Trail Lasts,” *Deseret News* (Church section), February 22, 1936, 1, 8; Carlton Culmsee, “Spiritual Significance of an Art Tour,” *Deseret News* (Church section), August 15, 1936, 1, 8. For more background on the tour, see Noel Carmack, “‘The Yellow Ochre Club’: B. F. Larsen and the Pioneer Trail Art Tour, 1936,” *Utah Historical Quarterly* 65 (spring 1997): 134–54. Seventeen of Effie’s art tour paintings are in the possession of her grandson and LDS Church authority John K. Carmack, Salt Lake City, Utah.

tour was an emotional peak of which Effie spoke fondly throughout her remaining years. Always grateful to Hazel and Noel for providing her the means, she later wrote, "It was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life" (p. 328, herein). During a round of successful traveling exhibitions of the group's work throughout Utah and Idaho, Effie wrote to B. F. Larsen, saying, "I experience a happy thrill when I think of a reunion of our group" and she hoped all would be present.<sup>44</sup>

Although relatively unpublicized, the reunion took place the following summer, and the group, including Effie, toured New Mexico. This trip included visits to pueblo sites on the Rio Grande, near Albuquerque and Santa Fe, where the group sketched and painted weathering Zuni and other Pueblo adobes. On the Arizona side of the border, the artists painted scenes at Navajo National Monument such as the ancient cave dwellings of Betatakin and Keet Seel.<sup>45</sup> These two tours under Larsen's supervision were the closest Effie came to academic art instruction. Once introduced to Native American dwellings, Effie frequently returned to the subject, painting Navajo and Hopi sites in the nearby Four Corners region, such as Walpi and Wupatki. In addition to depicting Indian earthen dwellings on the Colorado Plateau, she featured in a number of paintings mission and Spanish provincial architecture seen along Sonora's west coast highway and California's Highway 101. In 1939, when American self-taught painters and regionalists were gaining national recognition, Effie entered a painting depicting an old village, Tzin Tzun Tzan, in the New York World's Fair hobby division and won second place (p. 318, herein).

Over the next two decades, Effie repeatedly returned to the Arizona landscape for inspiration. As further motivation for producing desert subjects, a circumstantial engagement to exhibit her work at the Bruchman Curio Store in Winslow provided a new venue for making her talent known. The store's owner, R. M. Bruchman, had generously provided financial support for one of Edgar's catastrophic medical expenses, and Effie intended to sell her work to repay him. Works produced during and after this period in Winslow reveal Effie's enthusiasm for such subjects as

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44. Effie M. Carmack to B. F. Larsen, December 29, 1936, B. F. Larsen Papers, University Archives, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

45. "Artist Tells Rotary of New Mexico Tour," *Winslow Mail*, August 13, 1937, 8; Gouff, "My Most Unforgettable Character," in *Down Memory Lane* by Effie Marquess Carmack, 238. A painting of San Ildefonso, New Mexico, is in the possession of John K. Carmack, Salt Lake City, Utah; a painting of Betatakin is in the possession of Itha Carmack, Atascadero, California.

the towering redrock buttes of Monument Valley, the rainbow sands of the Painted Desert, and the windswept landscape of the Arizona Strip.

In about 1942, sometime after she began exhibiting work at the curio store, an unidentified man representing the Southwest Museum in Los Angeles entered the store and examined Effie's display with considerable interest. Visiting the Carmack home next, he told Effie that the institution's curator would like to exhibit her paintings, since their illustrations of Native American life were compatible with other artistic works and artifacts at the museum. A short time later, Effie received a letter from the museum requesting about twenty-five paintings for a scheduled exhibition. To fill the museum's order, Effie completed more than two dozen oils depicting all facets of Navajo and Hopi culture. These paintings proved successful. During the exhibition, curator M. R. Harrington reportedly noted that Effie's paintings were "the best coloring of Indian life he had ever had in his museum" (p. 316, herein).

In the spring of 1946, Effie and Edgar moved to Atascadero, California, so that Edgar, his health still failing, could convalesce near their children. Edgar benefitted from California's lower altitude and fresh coastal air. Nevertheless, it pained Effie to leave her home of more than twenty years and longtime associations and friendships. She also missed the warmth and solitude of her self-made studio, a building she described as a "shanty" with a fireplace (pp. 320–21, herein).<sup>46</sup>

Yet, she was as resilient and eager to excel as ever. Two months after relocating, Effie was introduced as "a new artist in Atascadero" at the Music and Arts Fellowship, where she "delighted her audience with an exhibit of some of her historical paintings, including a pony express station and Pioneer Trail in Wyoming, old Indian ruins in Arizona, with the portrait of an old Indian in northern Arizona, and an ancient church in Old Mexico."<sup>47</sup> Four months later, in January 1947, Effie had her first formal exhibit at Atascadero's Carlton Hotel. After this successful show, Effie was among fourteen local artists, including Frances Joslin and Al Johnson, who sparked the idea of an art club. The following year, on April 2, 1948, the Atascadero Art Club was organized with Johnson as president.<sup>48</sup> Soon the organization became an important component of

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46. See also Effie M. Carmack, "The Long Road from Winslow, Arizona to Atascadero" (a travel diary in rhyme, April 1946), copy of typescript in Noel Carmack's possession.

47. "Music and Art Group Enjoy Fine Program," *Atascadero News*, September 27, 1946, 3.

48. Atascadero Art Club, Inc., "Effie Carmack," announcement, 14th Annual Fall Festival (September 15–16, 1973); "History of Atascadero Art Club," *Snapshot Magazine*, April 1951, 6–7; "Full of Pep and Go at 84," *Atascadero News*, February 19, 1970, 3; "Atascadero Art Club . . . Keeping the Arts Alive in Atascadero," *Atascadero News* (Colony Days edition), October 17, 1990, 12.

Atascadero's community activities, sponsoring monthly workshops and art festivals on the central coast. Effie was always an active supporter of the group in the years that followed. Fellow art club members remembered her as a natural artist and musician. Charter member Marian Hart recalled that she was an "outstanding member of the Art Club. We all admired and enjoyed her many talents."<sup>49</sup>

By this time, however, Edgar's poor health required that Effie find employment. At the urging of her old friend Bernice Walker, Effie began performing in Knotts Berry Farm stage shows. Clothed in dresses from a bygone era, she played guitar and sang with other nostalgic personalities from the South. Through these performances, she not only gained a source of income but received considerable attention for the repertoire of folk songs she had learned as a child. Impressed with her collection of songs, the popular country-western entertainer Tennessee Ernie Ford, with whom Effie had occasion to perform, once reportedly asked, "Where in the world did you get them?"—even though she had learned them only a "spittin' distance" from where he had lived (p. 335, herein).<sup>50</sup> Fortunately, through the efforts of western folklorists Austin and Alta Fife, many of these important folk songs were recorded between 1947 and 1952 for the Library of Congress.<sup>51</sup> Recordings were made in her home and, on at least one occasion, at Occidental College in Los Angeles, where Austin Fife was professor of languages. Later, when Dr. Fife was teaching in France, he featured Effie on a *Voice of America* radio broadcast (p. 194, herein).

Despite the encouragement she garnered from these performances, Effie always returned to painting, writing, family, and church service as her primary sources of gratification. To her credit, she was recognized in 1945 as one of six most notable individuals in northern Arizona and featured in *Who's Who in the South and Southwest* for the year 1947. Selections of her poetry were included in a nationally published anthology, *Poetry Broadcast* (1946), as well as in other small publications and magazines.<sup>52</sup> At one point, she completed a number of religious paintings for LDS church buildings in Globe, Phoenix, St. Johns, Holbrook, Winslow, and Taylor, Arizona. Others were completed for LDS

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49. Marian Hart to Noel Carmack, September 15, 1996; "Honored at Studio Warming by Artist Friends," *Atascadero News*, March 19, 1964, 2.

50. See Bill Barton, "The Latchstring is Always Out to the Fellowmen of Effie Carmack," *Deseret News* (Church section), January 15, 1966, 5.

51. For more information concerning these recordings, see appendix one.

52. *Poetry Broadcast: An Anthology Compiled for Radio Programs* (New York: The Exposition Press, 1946), 56.



churches in St. George, Utah; Overton, Nevada; and Hollyfield, North Carolina. While many of Effie's paintings are still hanging on the walls of aging Winslow and Atascadero residents, a number of them are in the possession of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.<sup>53</sup>

Effie's years in Atascadero marked a period in which she grew closer to Edgar and reconciled the problems they experienced many years before. Edgar's difficulty in showing affection or providing support in the early years of their marriage weighed heavily on his conscience. Feeling regretful, he made a confession the night before he died in February 1952. According to Effie's account, he said "Mom, I coulda done 'lot better than I did.' He said 'I worked and made good wages but you never got much of it.' He said 'I spent it all on the horses an wagons an harnesses an stuff. You scratched 'round and patched the children's shoes and managed to scrimp and buy material to make their clothes with.' He says 'since I've been sick an had time to think of it, I was a pretty poor daddy.'" Effie "told him I thought it was kinda good for him to confess it." But, despite his shortcomings, she concluded that "he was a good man."<sup>54</sup>

After Edgar's death, Effie continued her art club activities and self-motivated missionary work. Seldom did a day pass that she wasn't painting in her studio, attending an art club workshop, or preparing work for the club's annual art show. Never too busy for a visit from the LDS missionaries, she often hosted them to a meal or a cottage meeting in her parlor. On Sunday evenings, she entertained grandchildren and great-grandchildren with songs sung to the strum of her guitar and by popping corn in the fireplace. A special honor came in 1971 when she was one of five women nominated as California's Mother of the Year.<sup>55</sup>

That she would have credited her parents for this high honor is apparent from her autobiographical writings. Effie was deeply grateful for her inauspicious but exemplary upbringing. Respect for parents and

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53. Barre Brashear, "County Art Show Sketches," (San Luis Obispo, Calif.) *Telegram-Tribune*, February 19, 1952, 1. The largest collection of Effie's paintings is in the possession of John K. Carmack, Salt Lake City, Utah. Several paintings are among the families of Effie's daughters: Grace Bushman, Hazel Bushman (formerly Bruchman), and Violet Mattice. Some are owned by families of her deceased sons: Cecil E. Carmack, Noel E. Carmack, and David E. Carmack. Of the many other scattered holdings, a few paintings are reportedly in the Barry Goldwater Collection.

54. Effie Carmack, undated interview by John K. Carmack, ca. 1969.

55. "Hobbies Bring Enjoyment to This Lady," *Atascadero News*, October 24, 1957, 9; Doreen Saylor, "Retired Pair Leads Busy, Peaceful Life," *Atascadero News*, May 28, 1964, 4; "Full of Pep and Go at 84," *Atascadero News*, February 19, 1970, 3; "Honors for Atascadero Mother," *Atascadero News*, May 6, 1971, 1.

predecessors was a major theme of her writings. Effie expressed her high regard for ancestry in the following stanzas from *Backward Glances*:

And now since I've studied the problem profoundly  
 And searched out the sources from which we descend,  
 I see many whys and can guess many wherefores,  
 To show why our lives take some definite trend.  
 Our Marquess forefathers were lovers of music,  
 And lovers of beauty, religion and art.  
 And though we were raised in a patch of tobacco  
 These things in our beings still held a rich part.<sup>56</sup>

Until age forced her to surrender her pen and brush, Effie carried on this heritage through her autobiographical writings and her art. In January 1974 she became ill, and although she was reluctant to go to the hospital, the doctor insisted that she be hospitalized so she could be treated for fluid on her lungs and other problems.<sup>57</sup> After about six weeks in the hospital, Effie Carmack passed away on March 5, 1974, at the age of eighty-eight. The obituary that followed her death recognized her as one of the area's most talented artists, as both a writer and a painter.<sup>58</sup>

Effie's life was shaped by a wide range of events and circumstances—idylls of childhood, religious conversion, poverty, loss of parents, illness, maternal anguish and grief, and creative solitude. Those who read her autobiography will notice a shift from the enchantment of youth to the melancholic autumn of adulthood. Pleasant memories of playtime and family are subjugated to recurring pensiveness and longing for that simple life she experienced as a child in Kentucky, revealing a strain of sadness she continually tries to rectify. In spite of this, she emerges as a survivor and, by recreating those pleasant memories for her children, finds a form of reconciliation.

Although she seemed satisfied with the autobiography, Effie expressed some trepidation that it might not be received the way she wished. Often portraying herself with reticence, Effie was slow to characterize her life as anything more than appreciable. "Not that there has been anything very extraordinary or wonderful in it, but one thing for sure, it is different from that of any other" (p. 31, herein). And yet, her life story attests to her remarkable perseverance and stamina. A body of creative works also shows her prolific efforts to better her intellectual and

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56. Carmack, "Concerning Our Father and Mother," *Backward Glances*, lines 17–24, p. 31.

57. In conversation with Karen Lynn Davidson, December 3, 1994.

58. "Death Summons Mrs. Effie Carmack," *Atascadero News*, March 7, 1974, A8.

socioeconomic situation. Her work often brought unsolicited praise, for which she expressed modest gratitude. "But," she wrote, "the thing I am proudest of is my children and grandchildren. I had 8 children—five living—I have 19 grand children and 67 great grand children. All clean honorable and religious, a posterity that any mother could be proud of."<sup>59</sup>

The importance of Effie Carmack's autobiography can be appreciated on several levels. It is one of a few which illuminate late nineteenth-century Mormon activities outside the boundaries of "Zion"—the core area of membership in Utah. More specifically, it brings to light the remarkable odyssey of a woman who was significantly changed by the influence of Mormonism on the southern frontier. Much of Effie's life was far removed from the distinctively Mormon frontier experience, but her encounters with the distresses of motherhood, emotional disruptions of successive change, and tests of personal faith were not unlike those of many of her LDS counterparts. The autobiography provides an unusual glimpse into domesticity for Mormon and non-Mormon women in the South and Southwest.

Another valuable aspect of Effie's autobiography is her record of Kentucky folkways. Her observations of rural life should be appealing to both folklorists and general readers. She describes at length the conventions of children's games, play parties or "moonlights," herbal remedies, and various crafts and practices in Black Patch tobacco culture. Effie places these traditions in the daily routines of living, providing an opportunity to view the folkways of her home region in context. Her self-described "mania" of collecting folk music as a child resulted in an impressive repertoire, for which she was recognized. The autobiography frequently mentions music and the settings in which it was performed or played. Her accounts of farm life and agrarianism in western Kentucky are particularly descriptive. Such passages will undoubtedly be of interest to social historians and students of tobacco culture.<sup>60</sup>

Whatever its historical and cultural value, Effie's personal story remains compelling, partly because of the emotional release she gained through written and visual expression. These appealing reversions to childhood were a means of containment, a way to resolve her episodic encounters with adversity. Effie's memorialization of family folkways—

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59. Carmack, "Autobiography," March 1971, 8.

60. For another example of these kinds of observations, see Austin E. Fife, "Virginia Folkways from a Mormon Journal," *Western Folklore* 9 (October 1950): 348–58.

61. Barbara Allen, "Family Traditions and Personal Identity," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 28 (January–June 1982): 1–5.

historical and customary—provided a sense of well-being difficult to attain during her years of maturity.<sup>61</sup> The act of documenting happy memories of youth and adolescence provided a cathartic outlet for the pain of losing children, discord within her family, emotional stresses of motherhood, and unresolved conflicts in marriage. While not bereft of happiness, Effie seemed to be searching for peace in an adult life that contained too much tragic emotion. But the sad voice that whispers through Effie's writing may not be always apparent. By thoughtfully drawing inferences from the narrative, the reader may come to appreciate Effie Carmack, not for her public accomplishments, but for her private and somewhat ritualized acts of survival.



"Uncle Robert Marquess, son of Martha A. Pettypool, and his sisters Mayes and Emma from an old tintype." Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

## CHAPTER ONE

# Pictures Of Childhood

*While pictures of childhood are still in my memory,  
Before life's short candle burns low and grows dim,  
There's a picture of home that must not be forgotten,  
Though kept by the poor halting words of my pen.  
The poets have told of old homes in Kentucky  
And songs have been sung of its sunshine and rain,  
But none have described the sweet home of my childhood  
With half of its gladness, nor half of its pain.*

—"Prologue" in *Backward Glances*, 5

I thought that maybe some of my children, or grandchildren, might just appreciate a story of my life. Not that there has been anything very extraordinary or wonderful in it, but one thing sure, it is different from that of any other.

My great grandfather, Benjamin Armstrong, came to Christian County, Kentucky from Greenville County, South Carolina shortly after 1800. He took up several hundred acres of land which was later divided among his several children. On one of these small divisions of land, in a humble log hut, I was born, on September 26, 1885.

I like the words of a Prophet of God who said, "Having been born of goodly parents. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

We had a wonderful spiritual heritage, but my physical heritage was not so good. My mother had a serious case of a disease like cholera, a violent purging and vomiting, just before I was born. The doctor came, but

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1. The allusion is to the Book of Mormon prophet Nephi, quoted in the opening words of the Book of Mormon: "I Nephi, having been born of goodly parents . . ." (1 Nephi 1:1).

none of his remedies were effective, and he said that it looked as if they were going to lose both the mother and the baby.

An old friend heard of mother's sickness, walked a long way, brought some hard cider and gave mother small doses of it often.<sup>2</sup> She soon got all right, but when I was born, shortly after this, they said that I was a sorry specimen of humanity. Just a skeleton, and of course, mother had no milk for me because of her serious illness.

In those days there were no nursing bottles, so they fed me with a spoon, chewed food, and made sugar tits, and managed to keep me alive.<sup>3</sup> I must have come out of it O.K. as they said that I walked early, though I was small. I was a scrawny child for several years.

We feel shocked nowadays when we think of grownups chewing food for a baby, but I have heard on good authority that it was about the only way that you could raise a baby in those days without a mother's milk, and without a nursing bottle. The saliva from the one who chewed the food helped it to digest.

I knew of a boy, in Utah (1913), who was sick and delirious, went for a drink, drank some lye that was in a glass above the sink, and it ate his swallowing apparatus out. They had to feed him through a tube below his throat, but it would not digest unless someone furnished saliva with the food. So I guess the chewing for the babies was sort of a scientific operation.

Anyway I survived, and if my older sisters are correct about my age when we moved to grandpa Armstrong's old place (my brothers and sisters say that I was only a little over one year old—1887) I can remember one or two happenings distinctly.<sup>4</sup>

A certain rocky stretch of road leading from the house we were moving from, to the creek. We had just started out, our father was driving the team to the loaded wagon, and my mother was walking and driving a flock of geese. I insisted on walking with her and carrying a cat to boot. She endured that for a short distance, but, when I demanded the long stick with which she was guiding the geese, she lost all patience with me, jerked the cat out of my arms, causing it to scratch me, picked me up and soused me down into a bunch of bedding in the back end of the wagon, and in no uncertain tones demanded that I shut up, which I did.

2. Compare with remedies in Gordon Wilson, "Swallow It or Rub It On: More Mammoth Cave Remedies," in Gordon Wilson, *Folklore of the Mammoth Cave Region*, edited by Lawrence S. Thompson (Bowling Green: Kentucky Folklore Society, 1968), 67–74.
3. Sugar tits are cloths containing sugar and dampened with water, used as pacifiers.
4. John Armstrong (1803–1885) was the son of Benjamin Armstrong (b. 1778) and Jane Brasher (b. 1783). He was married to Susan Croft (b. 1807), Martha "Patsy" Boyd (1813–1853), and Drewsilla (Druscilla) Wooldridge (b. 1817).

Children know when their mother means business. This episode must have made a profound impression on my mind, as it is indelibly stamped there.

I also remember how the old house looked that we moved into. There was one big log room with an attic, and a smaller room about twelve feet from it, with an open hall between them. We called it a porch.<sup>5</sup>

Not long after we moved in my father took the old boards of the porch floor up (preparing to put a new floor in), leaving the old log sleepers standing there naked and ugly.

The old Seth Thomas clock probably needed oiling, anyway, in the night it started going *squeak-squeak, squeak, squeak!*<sup>6</sup> I heard it in my sleep and dreamed it was a monkey sitting on one of those old log sleepers *hollering*.

I remember how my father and mother laughed when I told them of my dream. My dad asked me how a monkey looked, as he knew I had never seen one, and doubted that I had ever seen a picture of one, either. I told him that its head was like a coconut and it was a little bigger than a cat. There was more laughter, but I couldn't see the joke.

Next morning when we went out, there was an old mother cat lying under the sleepers dead, and several little kittens were trying desperately to find some breakfast. So much for my very earliest recollections.

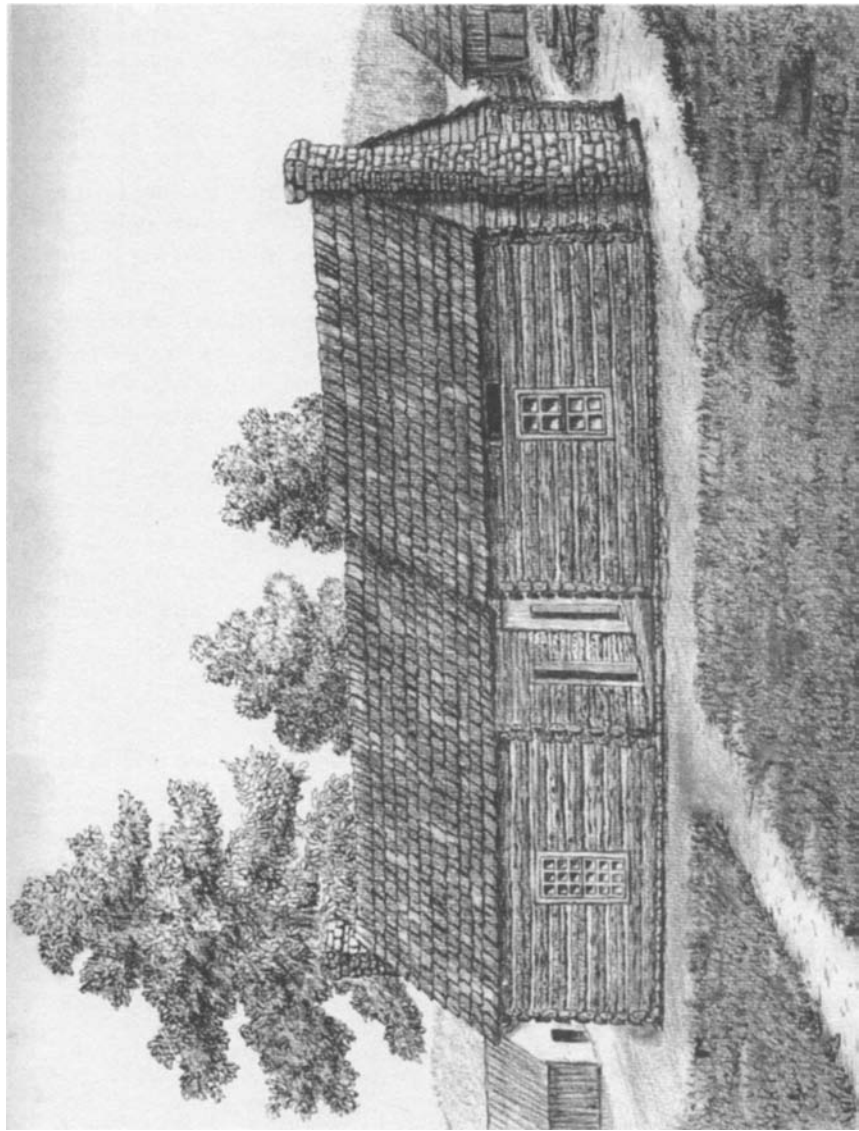
This old log house, where my childhood was spent, was as crude and primitive as a home could be. It was the same type of dwelling the pioneers built when they landed in America.

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5. Based on Effie's description and her drawing of John Armstrong's cabin, she is referring to what is traditionally known as a dog-trot house. The open hallway being the defining characteristic, dog-trot houses are sometimes called dog-run, possum-trot, turkey-trot, double-log, two-pens-and-a-passage, two-P, three-P, open-hall, hallway, double-pen-and-passage houses, or occasionally double-pen or saddle-bag houses. In his excellent study of Kentucky architecture, Lynwood Montell states, "As we now know it in Kentucky, the dogtrot house probably originated in Virginia. By 1820 it was fairly common in southeastern Tennessee through the influence of the central passage house described elsewhere. It is known in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, but it is far more common in central, western, and southern Kentucky, especially along the headwaters of the Barren and Green rivers. It is usually of log construction, infrequently of frame, but almost never of brick." See William Lynwood Montell and Michael Lynn Morse, *Kentucky Folk Architecture* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1976), 21. See also Richard Hulan, "Middle Tennessee and the Dogtrot House," *Pioneer America* 7 (July 1975): 44-45, and Jerah Johnson, "The Vernacular Architecture of the South: Log Buildings, Dog-Trot Houses, and English Barns," in *Plain Folk of the South Revisited*, edited by Samuel C. Hyde, Jr. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1997): 46-72.

6. Seth Thomas (1785-1859) was an American clock manufacturer. Some of his most popular models were mantel clocks, often constructed with elegantly marbled wood. They had an 8-day, half-hour strike, with a cathedral gong bell.





Grandpa Armstrong's cabin, where Effie lived as a child. Note the eyebrow window just below the eaves and the "dogtrot" passage through the middle. From *Down Memory Lane*. Drawing by Effie Carnack.



*Milking Time*, by Effie Carmack. Oil on canvas, n.d., 11" x 14". "When we were through, we'd walk home in the twilight"; quotation from "Milking Time" in *Backward Glances*, p. 7. Original painting in the possession of Noel A. Carmack.

The logs were hewn out with a broad axe, notches were chopped in the ends to make them fit closer together, the cracks were filled with chinks and mud (called dobbin). The chinks and mud were usually whitewashed on the outside, and *always* whitewashed on the inside, making it look clean and fresh, and helping to reflect the dim coal oil lamp-light of evenings.<sup>7</sup> In winter the open fireplace helped the light problem too. And in summer we usually worked as long as we could see, and were ready to lay our tired bodies down by the time it was dark.

To one who has been brought up with all the modern conveniences: bright electric lights at the touch of a switch, hot and cold running water

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7. For the various types of corner notching in Kentucky log cabin construction, see Montell and Morse, *Kentucky Folk Architecture*, 8–11. For more on log cabin construction, see Henry Glassie, "The Appalachian Log Cabin," *Mountain Life and Work* 39 (winter 1963): 5–14, his "The Types of the Southern Mountain Cabin," in Jan Harold Brunvand, *The Study of American Folklore*, 2d ed. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1978), Appendix C, 391–420, esp. 398–99, and Clinton A. Weslager, *The Log Cabin in America; from Pioneer Days to the Present* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1969).

in the house, gas heat, refrigerators, washers that require only a small amount of labor, candy every day, toys and beautiful picture books all through the year, and all the many things we have today that makes life easy and pleasant, I am sure it would be difficult for them to see how children could find very much happiness in such a drab old home as the old log house I have just pictured.

Somehow, though, even with all the inconveniences, with only a very few cheap toys at Christmastime, with a little stick candy at rare intervals; with the only cold drinks in summer cool water from the well, and sometimes homemade cider, we seemed to appreciate the small things that came our way with a keener thrill of joy than children of today do with the multiplicity of things they have to enjoy.

In the springtime, when the grass came up, the daffodils blossomed, the early windflowers and tiny bluets started opening along the path to the spring where we went for water.<sup>8</sup> The beauty of it all was almost more than I could contain.

These flowers came in March with the first breath of spring. Later, the bluebirds came and made nests in the bird boxes the boys put up out by the woodpile. When the purple martins came it was a pretty sure sign that there would be no more killing frost. This was usually around the first of May. *That* was a red letter day in our young lives. *Then* we could take off our wool petticoat and our home knit yarn stockings. They were made of pure sheep wool, and so thick and sturdy they would almost stand alone. I could hardly stand them when it got the least bit warm. They always scratched my legs and made me uncomfortable. So we rejoiced when the time came to shed them for awhile.

When shoes, yarn stockings, and heavy petticoats were off I felt as if I could nearly fly. We raced down the smooth path to the big old tobacco barn, climbed the orchard trees, made hickory whistles, pop guns, and squirt guns from the bamboo canes and the alders that grew down by the creek.<sup>9</sup>

I remember every foot of the path that led to the spring that was about a quarter of a mile west of the house. It led out between the stables and the plum thicket, across the little foot bridge that spanned the big gulley, across a little stretch of worn out field where nothing but sassafras

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8. Windflowers are any plant of the genus *Anemone*; they are also related to rue anemone (*Anemonella thalictroides*). Bluets (*Houstonia caerulea*, L.) refer to a delicate plant native to the United States with 4-parted bluish flowers and tufted stems; also called innocence, quaker-ladies, etc.

9. Alders are trees or shrubs of the genus *alnus*. They usually grow in moist ground, often forming thickets. The wood is used by turners and the bark in dyeing and tanning.

bushes and tiny bluets could grow, then through a stretch of enchanted woodland.<sup>10</sup>

There was not a time in the year but what that woodland held some magic charm. Even in deepest winter, when the trees were loaded with snow, or the branches were glistening with sleet or frozen rain, it was a fairyland.

There were also the interesting tracks of wild animals, when snow was on the ground. It furnished us our winter wood, and the Christmas tree when that happy hallowed time arrived.

In springtime that woodland was a never ending source of delight. Early wild flowers, beds of moss, the sweet tender oak balls that grew on the young whiteoaks, the stems of the tender young hickory leaves to be peeled and eaten, the succulent young sassafras sprouts that grew slimy when we chewed them, but they tasted good anyway, and we liked them.

Then there were the dogwoods that really put on a show with their wealth of big white blossoms, the end of each leaf tipped with a little puckered up place of reddish wine color, with a center of tiny green balls.<sup>11</sup> After the white leaves dropped off the green berries grew large and sturdy, finally turning a bright red. They then furnished dandy ammunition for our pop guns, and with a number one gun with a barrel that was long enough, you could just about raise a blister on a fellow, if you dared the risk of getting your gun taken from you for keeps.

The red bud trees bloomed about this time of year also, adding their color to the white of the dogwoods.

In the spring branch there were water dogs, tadpoles, bullfrogs, and water mocassins, which made it interesting *and* dangerous. At rare intervals we would hear of someone killing a rattlesnake, and the deadly copperheads were quite common.

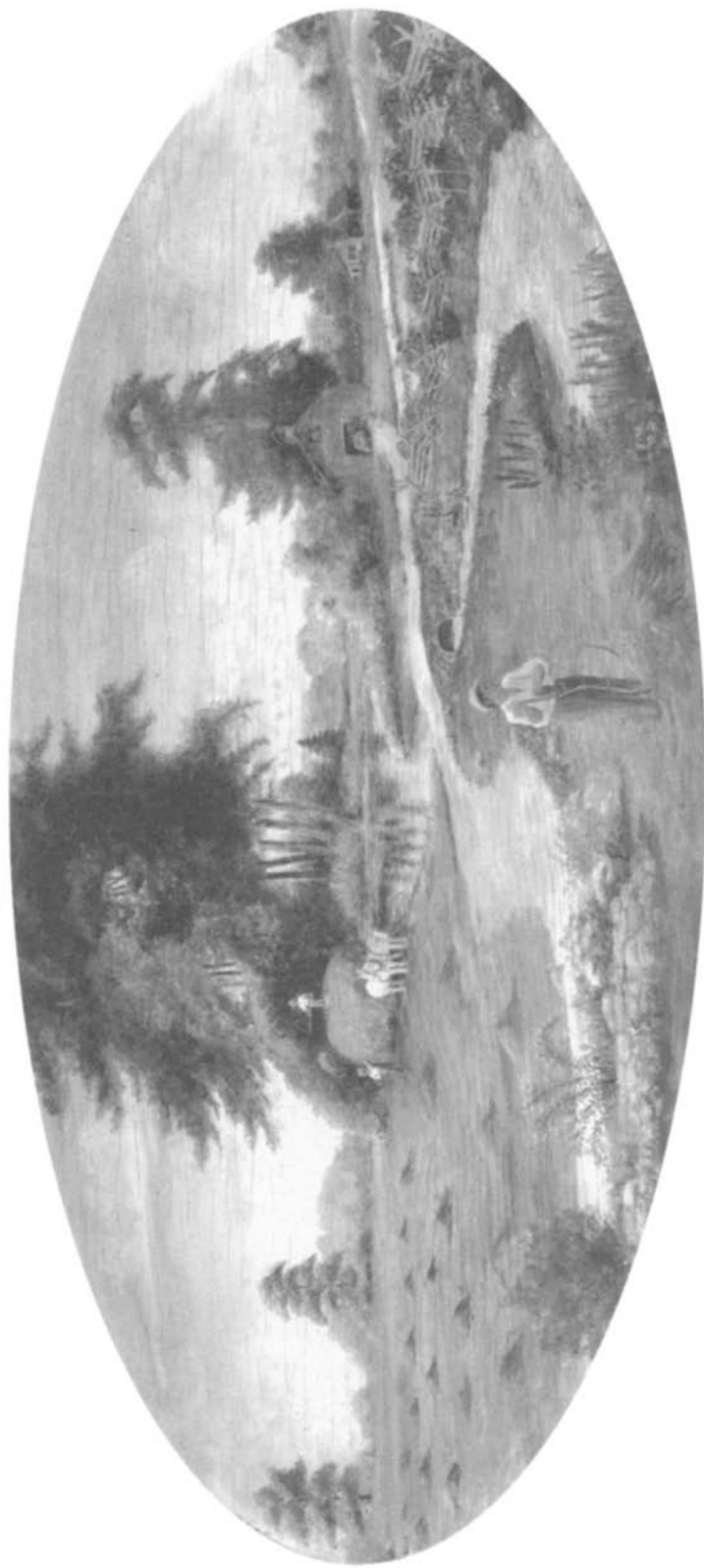
Blackberry briars flourished along the spring branch too, and down in the edge of the woods the luscious dewberries grew. There were mulberry trees scattered around too.

It was in the fall of the year, though, when the woods *really* paid off. There were wild grapes, huckleberries, hickory nuts, walnuts, hazelnuts, and down along the creek banks the sugar haw trees and the black

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10. Sassafras (*Sassafras albidum*) has long been used medicinally and has many useful applications. The oil of the sassafras contains a great deal of mucilage. It is often used as a diaphoretic and a diuretic. Sassafras is also helpful in abating fever, pneumonia, bronchitis, catarrh, mumps, etc.

11. Dogwood (*Cornus Florida*, L.) is a tree with small greenish flowers surrounded by showy white or pink petallike bracts; it is well known in the southern states and has tonic and anti-intermittent properties.



Untitled, by Effie Carmack. Oil on plywood panel, n. d., 17½" x 38". Original in the possession of Noel A. Carmack.

haw trees thrived. The leaves would all fall from the sugar haw trees leaving only the big clusters of red haws, which were as sweet as sugar. They were clean and shiny looking, and there was nothing to prevent us from just cramming all we could hold, which we usually did, when we ran across them.<sup>12</sup>

The black haws must have contained some magic vitamin that my poor scrawny body was starved for. They were oblong, flat and oval, and hung down from the limbs in different sized clusters. They had big flat seeds in them, but I didn't even bother to spit them out, just swallowed seeds and all. If they ever caused any bad effects I have no remembrance of it.

I must have had a pretty good digestive system, as nothing seemed to upset me except the fresh pork at hogkilling time, when I would get a sour stomach and spit up clear grease. If I spat it into the fireplace it would blaze up a foot high. Sometimes I would belch it up on the way to the well, and when I would come back with my bucket of water there would be the big white dab of clear grease, cold and solid in the path.

It's a wonder we lived through it. Mother nature must have foreseen that her children would not have very good judgment, and arranged many ways to help our bodies adjust themselves to all kinds of crazy conditions.

On the farm we children had never heard of parks or playgrounds, or playrooms where children have modeling clay to work with, and swings and teeter totters, seesaws and scooters. We didn't really need them, for we *had* most of these things, maybe in rather a crude form, but still very entertaining. We made seesaws of everything, and all kinds of swings.

The great washes, or gulleys as we called them, must have been a source of sorrow and regret to the owners of a farm, for they signified worn out soil, but the joy and entertainment they furnished we children would compensate in part for the loss of the soil.

We built bridges across these gulleys, made cellars and fireplaces in the sides of them. Made mills down their steep banks. We played like the dirt was our grist, and hauled it up the steps in the bank and galloped gallantly over the bridge on our sycamore horses. (We had made them ourselves.) Then we poured our grinding down the smooth trench we had made, and the coarse and fine meal was separated perfectly.

When I was alone, and no one to play with me, I would find certain places in the banks where there were great cracks where there was beautiful, moist, bluish white clay that was wonderful for modeling. Many long

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12. Sugar haws or black haws are the fruit of a spring-flowering shrub called hawthorn, of the genus *Crataegus* especially the American *C. Coccinea*, L. They have shining, often lobed, leaves and white or pink fragrant flowers.

happy hours I have spent making horses, dogs, heads, pitchers, whole sets of dishes, and hundreds of marbles of all sizes.

Summertime brought its share of joys. When the berries were ripe, the melons and vegetables were plentiful, the peaches were ripened, *and* the swimming in the creek was fun.

*But*, there were serious drawbacks to it, too. The chiggers, ticks, and fleas; the terrible heat, when even the beds at night were as hot as if they had been exposed to the hot sunshine.

Then there were also the swarms of terrible flies, and the troublesome mosquitoes that came humming in the night, bringing chills and fever accompanied by terrific headaches.

No one in the country ever thought of having screen on the doors and windows at that time, and it had not been determined yet just what the cause of the chills and fever was. Some claimed they were caused by eating overripe melons; others thought that breathing the night air was responsible. Doctors claimed that they were caused from biliousness, and administered rounds of calomel as well as quinine. Grove's chill tonic was sometimes an effective remedy, but often the chills persisted in spite of everything.<sup>13</sup>

There was one good thing; we were not easily daunted. We were accustomed to all kinds of unpleasant necessities, and took them as a part of life, never thinking of complaining, if there was no way of remedying it.

We didn't give up supinely, though, and put up with *everything*. I can remember when I would see the light from the old coal oil lamp suddenly appear about midnight. I would know that my mother was chasing a flea out of her shimmy,<sup>14</sup> and if there was a cat in the house it would usually catch fury at the same time.

We burned wool rags and old shoes in a vain effort to scare the mosquitoes away. We finally learned that the smell of coal oil was offensive to them, and as that was one thing we usually had a supply of we would sprinkle it on the bed, or put it on a cloth and hang the cloth on the headboard of the bed.

Nature is a kind mother, and as far as it is possible for her to do, she builds up a resistance to those things that are harmful to our bodies; but I suppose in our case we did so *many* things against the laws of health that she could not possibly cope with all of it.

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13. This probably refers to Grove's Bromo-Quinine tablets, a preparation for the cure of colds, manufactured and sold by Edwin Wiley Grove (1850–1927), a philanthropist and pharmacist.

14. Chemise.

We were just emerging into that period when the best of the food was being removed from the wheat, and was being fed to the pigs, cattle and horses.

When farmers fattened great pens full of hogs; killed them in the fall, and made lard, sausages, hams, middlings and shoulders; to be eaten the remainder of the year.

When the best of the food from the sugar was being refined away, leaving only a predigested dead sweet.

When it was thought that vegetables were not fit to eat unless they had been cooked several hours with a great chunk of fat bacon to season them, and when hot bread was eaten three times a day, winter and summer.

When it was the popular thing for women and girls to wear a corset as tight as she could possibly stand it, and then to swear it was not the least bit tight; and with long pointed shoes, so tight it was a misery to walk in them.

No wonder we had terrible sick headaches. No wonder we suffered toothache, and lost our teeth early in life. No wonder our eyesight failed us, and we aged prematurely.

*But*, despite sickness and toil, we managed to get a great deal of joy out of life. Hardships and privation seemed to strengthen our love for one another, and to make us appreciate more keenly the few joys that came our way.

It is no wonder that we appreciated the different seasons when they came. Winter arrived when we had endured the heat, flies, chiggers, chills, and unceasing labor about as long as we could. Springtime, with its turnip greens, came as a welcome relief from the monotonous diet of bread and meat, beans and molasses. That is expressing the dead letter of it, but the spirit of it was joyous and happy.

It seems to me, as I remember it now, that no one in any station of life could have been happier than we were. The long winter evenings around a roaring fire were never dull. There was always something interesting and pleasant to do. We popped corn, ate walnuts and hickory nuts, read, sang, made music, or even danced.

My father played the fiddle and there was always a guitar or banjo for accompaniment, as most of the family could play either of them. Our father and mother had both been excellent dancers, and dancing in their day was really an art, and they took a delight in teaching it to us. The Lancers, the Minuet, the Virginia Reel, the Mazourka, the Polka, the Schottische, the Waltz, and the intricate changes of the quadrilles.

Often Lelia or Sadie would read a story aloud to an attentive audience, often we would have spelling matches, or have map questions from



the geography book.<sup>15</sup> And drawing pictures on a big old double slate was something that never lost its charm.

One thing has been a source of wonder to me. It is the way that our mother managed to do all the work so smoothly and pleasantly for the vast amount of visitors we had. There was no commercial entertainment in those days, especially out in the farming districts. Maybe once a year there was a circus in town, ten miles away. I can't even remember a county fair until several years later; so an occasional dance was about all there was for diversion in winter, except visiting in each other's homes.

There were three sisters, and two brothers, older than myself, and one brother younger.<sup>16</sup> With good natured parents who joined in with the young folks in their songs, games, and dances; with lots of music, fun, and food, our place was very popular. But I can't remember anyone but mother doing very much of the work.

At the time none of our family belonged to any church, though we were religious in a way. We never took the name of the Lord in vain, there was no swearing. In fact, I can truthfully say that I never heard my father, or one of my brothers swear in my life. We never worked on Sunday.

Sundays we usually had the house extra clean, and we all put on our clean clothes. Mammy would part her hair in the middle, twist it low down on her neck, and put her white apron on instead of the gingham ones that were worn every day. In winter she usually wore a little three cornered shawl around her shoulders, and on Sunday it was pinned in front with a breast pin, of which there was quite a variety in those days. The cameo type, or the long jet ones, or straight gold clasp.

Anyway, on a Sunday there was a different air prevailing. Mammy would find the only Bible we had, at that time, a little thick volume whose covers were loose. We held it on for several years, and finally discarded it entirely, and just used it without covers.

There was the chapter in Proverbs (?) which has 31 verses in it. By finding the day of the month one was born in, then find that verse which corresponded in number it would tell his fortune.<sup>17</sup> I remember that my father's read something like this: "Not slothful in business, fervent in

15. Lelia and "Sadie" were two of Effie's older sisters.

16. The children in Effie's family were Martha Etta (1871–1899), Lelia Jane (1872–1970), James Elmo (1874–1958), Margaret Alzada "Sadie" (1877–1971), John Robert (1880–1982), Effie Lee (1885–1974), and Charles Autie (1891–1932). Lelia married William Henry Ferrell, and "Sadie" married Evert Holt.

17. Effie's family was playfully employing one of many forms of divination using the Bible. See "Bible Divination," *Folk-Lore Journal* 1 (1883): 333, and idem, 1 (1884): 380–81. An extensive discussion of bibliomancy and Bible divination is found in Kevin J. Hayes, *Folklore and Book Culture* (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1997): 29–30, 33–43.

spirit, serving the Lord." We all agreed that it fit him exactly. Sadie's read: "She shall arise while it is yet dark, and prepare meat for her household."<sup>18</sup>

As a general thing we didn't follow the custom of the farmers around us, of getting up long before daylight whether there was any work to be done or not. We usually sat up late of evenings and slept until daylight, so we pitied Sadie, that fate had decreed that she would get one of those cranks who "arise while it is yet dark." We never doubted but that it would all come true, and we were not a superstitious family either, though many around us were seriously afflicted with it.

One thing my father would not tolerate, was to have anyone tell a spooky story of any kind before his children. If anyone started to tell something of that nature he would raise a finger and very kindly say, "Pardon me, but that is one thing that we never allow before the children." Consequently, I grew up without fear. I had clung to a sort of religion I had, that if we are not afraid, nothing will harm us; while fear of a thing will somehow cause that very thing to gravitate to us. I was past fifty years of age before I found out by an entirely new experience that such was not the case every time, for without any thought of fear, I found myself facing terrible, menacing danger (of which I will give an account later).<sup>19</sup>

Anyway, we grew up with an abiding faith in God, with a deep respect for His Name and His Word. Though sometimes we did giggle a little when we came across funny passages where the Lord threatened to make His people "stink as a dung hill" if they continued in their disobedience. We didn't let our mother know that we giggled. We thought it was funny where Baalam's Ass talked back to him, and where Samson set the foxes' tails afire and turned them loose in the wheat fields.<sup>20</sup>

I hardly think the Lord will hold it against us, for underneath it all we had the most profound respect for His Word.

The little old log house we moved from, when I was about one year old became the home of mama's half brother, Uncle Lawrence Armstrong, after we moved from it. My childhood was so closely interwoven with him and Aunt Fannie that I will have to bring them into the picture to make it complete.<sup>21</sup>

18. See Romans 12:11: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord." The last chapter of Proverbs does have 31 verses. Verse 15 says "She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household." Sadie was born on December 15, 1877.

19. It is not clear what Effie is referring to here. She may have been making reference to a traumatic experience she had later in life. She did not, however, connect this statement to any subsequent narrative.

20. "Stink as a dung hill" could refer to any of several verses, such as Jeremiah 16:4. See Numbers 22 for the story of Balaam's ass, and Judges 15:4-6 for the foxes tails.

21. Lawrence B. Armstrong (1835-1908) was the half brother of Effie's mother, and his wife, Effie's aunt, was Francis A. "Fannie" Boyd (b. 1834).



Effie's Uncle Lawrence and Aunt Fannie Armstrong.  
Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

At regular and frequent intervals Aunt Fannie would come to spend the day. Their house was across the creek from ours, and it was quite a long road through the cultivated fields to the creek from our place. Some of us usually spied her coming slowly, long before she reached the orchard, and I usually ran to meet her. She always hugged my head against her stomach, and to this day I can recall the nice sweet smell of her clothing. She always kept perfume or a sachet of some sweet smelling herbs in the chest where she kept her clothing.

If it was cold, or muddy, Aunt Fannie always wore overshoes, and I would have to pull them off for her and clean them.

Aunt Fannie had big pockets in her skirts, sewed on the inside, and entered by a perpendicular slit on the outside. Sometimes she would bring me some ginger cake, a piece or two of candy, a pretty empty bottle, or some odd buttons for my charm string.<sup>22</sup> I remember once she brought me a piece of blue checked material for a doll dress.

Aunt Fannie's all day visits called for a good dinner, usually chicken and dumplin's, as she had lost all her teeth from being salivated with

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22. Children of the Kentucky backwoods commonly wore strings, bands, beads, or charms to ward off ill-health. See, for example, Gordon Wilson, "Talismans and Magic in Folk Remedies in the Mammoth Cave Region," *Southern Folklore Quarterly* 31 (June 1966): 192–201. Also Daniel Lindsey Thomas and Lucy Blayney Thomas, *Kentucky Superstitions* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1920), s.v. "Buttons" and "Charm."

calomel.<sup>23</sup> She always declared that Mammy could cook the best dinners, and wash the whitest clothes of any woman in the neighborhood.

When Aunt Fannie started home she usually wanted one of us to go home with her and stay all night. I was always anxious to go *at the time*, but usually got homesick after I got there. They went to bed by dark, and I would toss around on the hot bed and could not go to sleep for a while. Lots of times I could hear some of them at home singing, as they went to the well for a bucket of cool water, and oh! how I would wish I was with them. Aunt Fannie would be snoring and puffing the wind out between her toothless lips. The frogs in the nearby creek would be croaking, and in summer the whippoorwills would sit right by the doorstep and send out their plaintive call.

In the morning the homesickness would be better. There was always a good breakfast of little brown sourdough biscuits, with butter and clear syrupy pear preserves in a clean shiny cut glass preserve stand, and even if it was not an ideal food for a growing child, it tasted good.

After breakfast there was usually work to do, especially in the spring when the corn and garden was to be planted. Uncle Lawrence usually got some of us to drop the corn for him in the crosses of the furrows he had laid off, while he came behind with a drag (usually a big flat rock) drawn by old Crockett, with which it was covered.

It was my job to go to the spring for water, and as the path lay through the woods it was a pleasant trip in spring and summer. There were always wild flowers, and the slippery elm tree just beyond the spring, with peeled places where bark had been obtained for Aunt Fannie's periodical bilious attacks. I would always leave my bucket by the spring and run and peel off a piece of bark to chew. It grew big and slippery and slimy as I chewed it, but had a pleasant taste.

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23. Aunt Fannie's loss of teeth was a sign of mercury poisoning from calomel. Today calomel is sometimes used as a laxative or fungicide, but during the nineteenth century, it was used as an aspect of antiphlogistic treatment and ridding or purging the body of excess humors. In what was called the heroic period of medicine, rural practitioners in the South administered large doses of calomel for the treatment of cholera during the epidemics of 1833 and 1873. This was widely practiced in keeping with the teachings of Dr. Benjamin Rush (1746–1813) of Philadelphia. Dr. John Esten Cooke (1783–1853), professor of medicine at Transylvania University Medical School in Lexington, was a major proponent of the administration of calomel in Kentucky. Unfortunately, it may have been a cause of more deaths than the disease it was used to treat. See J. S. Chambers, "The 1833 Epidemic in the Bluegrass," chap. 6 in *The Conquest of Cholera: America's Greatest Scourge* (New York: Macmillan, 1938), 148–79, John Duffy, "Medical Practice in the South," *Journal of Southern History* 25 (February 1959): 53–72, and Frederick Ebersson, "A Great Purging—Cholera or Calomel?," *Filson Club History Quarterly* 50 (April 1976): 28–35.

I knew that I must not loiter long, or I would hear Aunt Fannie's voice from the back of the house calling, *Effie-e-e!* Then I would dip my bucket down deep in the spring, to be sure the water would be cool, then hurry to the house, and Aunt Fannie would say, "Law me, child, what made you stay so long, I thought maybe you had pitched headfirst into the spring."

Aunt Fannie's face was as round as a biscuit, and she had only a teeny wisp of gray hair left, that was just long enough to come together behind and be tucked up with a little tuckin' comb. She was neatness itself, and took a bath regularly in a big dish pan that was kept for the purpose, and it was also used to rinse clothes in.

It was at Aunt Fannie's that I saw my first roll of toilet paper. Her brother, Tom Boyd, who was a real estate and exchange broker on La Salle Street in Chicago, would send her boxes of things for her birthdays and for Christmas. Handy things that he thought she would appreciate, and, although there was not even an outdoor toilet, there was a rail laid in the low forks of two oak saplings on the brow of the hill just back of the house; they always took the roll with them when they went.

Aunt Fannie gave me one roll, but it was never used for the purpose for which it was intended. It was used as tracing paper, to put over pretty pictures, and trace them. It was placed on the old wall plate of the attic at home with my other treasured possessions, chalk box and trinkets, and was kept for years, a roll of my favorite pictures traced carefully.

Aunt Fannie's house was different from ours. Ours abounded in all kinds of interesting things: the quilt piece box, where I could get cloth for doll clothes; the table drawers with pencils, letters and papers; the school books, slates, and pencils; the upstairs where grandmother's old spinning wheel and flax reel and candle molds, and many other old things from the generation that had passed on before us were still stored. *Hundreds* of interesting things were at home, but Aunt Fannie was one of those immaculate housekeepers who kept everything *but* this year's Almanac and this week's newspaper cleared out and burned.

There was a big old heavy Bible on the lower part of the center table (Uncle Lawrence said it was no good, as it was a Catholic Bible), but we were never allowed to touch it.

Aunt Fannie had saved a smooth white board about 8 x 14 inches, with a hole bored in one corner, and a string run through to hang it up by. This was for us to write on in the absence of a slate. When it was filled she washed it with soap and water, and it was ready to be used again. That, and two Almanacs constituted the sources of entertainment in the house. One Almanac was advertising some kind of patent medicine, and was called the Seven Barks, and had pictures of seven different kinds of dogs

on the backs. The other was full of pictures of brownies, greenies, and little pot bellied dwarfs with sharp toed shoes.<sup>24</sup>

There was a homemade carpet on the floor, with straw under it to make it soft, and it was nice to roll on in summer.

There was always the possibility that Aunt Fannie might decide to open her chest, and show me some of the things her brother Tom had sent her, or show us the pretty “shimmy and nightgown” she was saving to be buried in. They were trimmed with Hamburg edging, and were made very nice.<sup>25</sup>

Uncle Lawrence would laugh at her about those things, and she would get the broom after him. He would dodge with his arm above his bald head and say, “Now you’d better be careful old lady, or I’ll bust a limb under your big belly.” But it was all in fun. He liked to tease her, and would tell her she was a freak anyway. She had two thumbs on one hand, the second one grew out at the big joint of her normal thumb, a little crooked dwarfed one. She wore a little gold ring on it. She never had any children. They were good to us, and we were always sure of a welcome anytime we wanted to go to their place.

These following things are all stamped indelibly on my memory, as a very pleasant part of my childhood. The smell of the Balm of Gilead tree by the kitchen window, and the salve Aunt Fannie made from its buds.<sup>26</sup> The bed of dwarf striped roses, the little cedar tree that was by the path that led out to the orchard that was always kept trimmed as round as a ball. The long sloping lawn with flat rocks imbedded on either side of the path that led down to the front gate. The storm house in the northwest corner of the yard. The steep hill just back of the kitchen that led down to the spring branch where all the rubbish from the place was thrown.

I remember one time, when I was a very small child, (I think it was when I was seven), I had been at Uncle Lawrence’s for several days, had been dropping corn for him, and pulling weeds for Aunt Fannie, and was getting quite homesick. Uncle Lawrence gave me four dimes, and I felt almost rich. I kept them squeezed tight in my sweaty hand. It was early spring, and flowers were in bloom along the creek banks, but I didn’t

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24. The *Seven Barks Almanac* was published annually in New York by Lyman Brown. Extant issues are dated between 1883 and 1919. The second almanac cannot be identified based on Effie’s description.

25. Hamburg edging is a kind of machine-embroidered edging, usually on cambric or muslin.

26. The flower of the Balm of Gilead tree (*Abies balsamea*, *Abies balsamifera*, Mich., and *Pinus balsamea*, Willd.) or American silver fir was commonly used in the South as an external application to wounds. See Porcher, *Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests*, 506.

stop to pick any, as I was afraid I would lose my money, and I was in too big a hurry to get home.

I had crossed the creek, and came out into our field where I could see the house and orchards and I could see the peach trees in bloom. At first I didn't know what it was; I thought they had painted the hen house rosecolored.

I ran nearly all the way home, pausing a few minutes as I passed the sour apple tree, under which I had my little graveyard. Where the dead chickens, and the bird that fell out of the nest, etc., were buried (with genuine grief at each funeral, and plenty of tears). I remember that the flowers had dried and withered, and it looked very neglected. I also remember that I thought home was the most beautiful place in the world.

They had plowed and harrowed the orchard. They had raked and swept the yard clean. Autie, my baby brother, who was just learning to walk had had his first haircut, and had his first pair of pants on.

Standing bashfully at the corner of the house was a little Negro boy with one bare foot crossed over the other. They had found him on the way from town, and not being able to find his folks had just brought him home with them. The joy of that homecoming is still a hallowed memory. Springtime was always a happy time; of course there was work, endless work, to be done, but Mammy always found time to give the old place a thorough going over to get the grime and smoke of winter cleared away.

They always bought a barrel of lime, and everything on the place was whitewashed, including the hen house and chicken coops. It is miraculous what a barrel of lime can do towards changing the looks of an old place, for a while at least. Sadie was an artist at making an old log house attractive, and a wizard at turning out work.

Etta, my oldest sister, was a cripple, caused by infantile paralysis when she was a baby, so there were lots of things she could not do.<sup>27</sup> By the time the first blue bird appeared I would begin to tease her to go fishing with me, and it was never very hard to persuade her. Oh! the fun of getting ready, digging bait, getting hooks and lines rigged up, and selecting the proper fishing poles. There was usually a good supply of fishing tackle that the boys used, and they didn't mind us using them if we would put them back. There was always a surplus of fishing canes, as the cane-brake was only a mile or so down the creek from our place.<sup>28</sup>

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27. Infantile paralysis, poliomyelitis, or polio, is an infectious viral disease that occurs most often in children and in its acute form attacks the central nervous system and produces paralysis, muscular atrophy, and often death.

28. A canebrake is a dense thicket of cane.

The fish were not very large, six or eight inches was usually the limit in length, but it was fun just to be on the creek bank and watch the little red cork bob up and down when I got a nibble; listen to the myriad of song-birds, and hunt for wildflowers. Later, when the spring went dry, we moved the big wash kettle, and the tubs to the creek, and did the washing there.

Then too, there was the task of making soap in the springtime. Mama would save all the trimmings and scraps of fat all winter, she saved the ashes from the hickory wood, and put it in the ash hopper. It was my task to carry water from the spring to run down the lye. The ashes were dampened when they were put in the hopper, just enough to rot them, and then were kept covered, to keep the rain from washing the lye out of them. It seemed to me that it took hundreds of buckets of water before the lye started dripping from the little trough at the bottom.

Mammy would test it with a feather to see if it was strong enough to eat the fringe of the feather off, if it was not, she boiled it down till it *was* strong enough; then she added the grease she had saved and boiled them together till it was soft soap. There was quite an art in soap making, and mammy had the reputation for being a number one soap maker.<sup>29</sup>

I have an idea there was lots of satisfaction in getting a barrel of good soft soap made, for plenty of soap was needed for the domestic shirts and drawers the men wore to work in. The chemise, nightgowns, pantalets, and other everyday underwear for the girls and women were made of unbleached muslin also. Of course the corset covers and the petticoats worn for Sunday were made of bleached domestic,<sup>30</sup> usually with homemade crochet edging, and plenty of tucks, and often embroidered.

I was the sixth of seven children, and up until the time I was five or six years old my mother had sewed for her entire family on her fingers.<sup>31</sup> At that time none of the clothing except the men's coats and pants were bought ready-made, although many of the boys' pants were made at home.

Mammy also carded the wool and spun the yarn and knit our winter stockings and gloves. Our parents were of the firm belief that we would

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29. The following description of soft soap making appears in Porcher, *Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests*, 135: "To make soft soap—Take ten pounds potash well pulverized, fifteen pounds grease, and three buckets boiling water. Mix, and stir potash and water together until dissolved. Then add the grease, stirring well; put all into a barrel, and every morning add two buckets cold water, stirring it well each time, until the barrel is nearly full, or mixed to the consistency of soft soap." For a description of how to mix lye in hickory potash as part of the soap-making process, see pp. 327–32. See also Andrea Burrell, "Soapmaking," in *The Foxfire Book*, edited by Eliot Wigginton (Garden City: Doubleday, 1972), 151–58.

30. Domestic is a common cotton cloth such as sheeting.

31. By hand.



have died of consumption if we had dared wear cotton stockings in the winter, and they were never discarded till the first day of May.

She usually carried her knitting with her, and every spare minute the needles were flying. It was not necessary for her to look while she knit, and the conversation was never hindered in the least.

We never bought blankets. Homemade quilts were used entirely. Mammy said that one or two new quilts, made each year, would just about replace the wear and tear of the old ones. (Etta pieced quilts)<sup>32</sup>

Since I have had a family of my own I have wondered how Mammy ever did all that she had to do. I have never knit socks or stockings, and have never had to make soap. I have bought most of the covers for the beds, and I have always had a sewing machine, yet I didn't seem to have any more leisure time than she did.

I remember one spring when she had the new bolt of domestic laid out on the bed, and was cutting out shirts, underwear, straw bed ticks, etc. to be sewed on her fingers; every seam of which was felled to prevent ripping.<sup>33</sup> She stopped, propped both hands on her hips, and, as she eyed the stack of garments to be sewed she said fervently, "I wish to the Lord I had a sewing machine."

Less than a week later a man came by selling American sewing machines. He was a highpowered salesman, and didn't even ask if he could bring the machine in, he lugged it in uninvited. Mammy argued that he was just wasting his time, that they couldn't afford to pay forty dollars for a sewing machine. Pappy came in, and the man asked him how he was fixed for farming utensils. He said that he was very well supplied.

"I'm sure you are," said the agent, "I'm sure that if you needed a farm implement half as badly as your wife needs this sewing machine you would persuade yourself to buy it, whether you had the money or not."

He also said that with that nice flock of hens he could see out in the orchard she could make the monthly payments with eggs. Papa told Mammy to get it if she wanted to. But she remembered that even with the chickens, eggs, and butter, they had hardly been able to pay the interest on the mortgage the past year. The salesman said that if they would only make a very small down payment he would leave the machine for them to try for a month, and if they could not finish paying for it he would take it back. There was no money for even a small down payment, so he said at

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32. This and similar parenthetical notations in the autobiography are probably just reminders for a paragraph or two Effie intended to write at a later time. She refers briefly to Etta's piecing again at other points in the autobiography.

33. Double-stitched with the raw edges of fabric turned inside the seam; Effie defines this term at a later point.

last that he was going to leave it anyway. He took me up on his knees and gave me four shiny new copper pennies, told us goodbye, and left. (1889)

That was the last we ever heard of the sewing machine salesman. We waited for him to come back for the machine, but no one came, and no one wrote. Finally, my father found where the American Machines were manufactured and wrote a letter telling them of the one that had been left at our place. They answered that they had no agent in our part of the country; so we had a sewing machine.

Our mother's petition was answered, and that quickly, though she didn't expect it to come in the way it did. The joy and luxury of that new sewing machine was unbelievable. There were hemmers of all sizes; rufflers, and tuckers; it was magic.

Sadie sewed everything she could get hold of, and oh! the ruffles! Ruffles around necks and wrists, around the shoulders, knee ruffles, double ruffles on the bottoms of flared skirts. I was too small to be allowed to sew. The sewing went on at a rapid rate. Sadie soon learned to lengthen the stitches and loosen the tension so she could fairly fly up and down those seams.

Those old sewing machines were made ~~good~~ ^well^,<sup>34</sup> and up until a few years ago (this is 1944)<sup>35</sup> when the old house owned by my stepmother was burned, it was still in running condition; although I don't suppose there were very many garments sewed on it in its last years, as my stepmother didn't know how to sew.

My father often said that he once thought, and argued it was right, that you didn't get something for nothing, but that sewing machine was one exception. We got a good machine and four new pennies to boot. (Autie's and Vera's birth before this)<sup>36</sup>

We were a sentimental bunch. I guess everyone was more sentimental, and more romantic in those days, than they are now. We used to all sit out in the old porch, as we called it. There was usually a pallet on the floor, an old soft comfort, where Autie, the baby had played and slept during the day. Mammy would get two long limber twigs, bend them over the pallet, stick the ends in under the sides, and stretch a thin plant-bed canvas over him while he slept, to keep the flies away.

In the evening this pallet was pulled to the edge of the porch, and we would lounge on it and the doorstep. Lelia or Sadie would get the guitar and sing old songs. The sad ones always made me cry—"Oh Yes, I'll Take

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34. "Well" is written by hand over "~~good~~."

35. Effie was working on later parts of the autobiography well into the 1960s.

36. Vera Alice (1891–1927) was the daughter of Effie's sister, Lelia, and William Henry Ferrell.

You Home Kathleen"—"The Years Roll Slowly By, Lorena"—"Ronald and I"—"The Dying Cowboy."<sup>37</sup>

The boys were good singers. John would add his bass, and Elmo his tenor.<sup>38</sup> Elmo would have been a good radio singer, high and low. Sometimes Pappy would get his old fiddle out and play softly some sweet old harmony.

Some of us would be washing our feet in the washpan out by the doorstep, and drying them on an old meal sack towel. Whippoorwills would be calling. Bats would be diving for insects, and the crickets would be chirping loudly in every corner.

The memory of those peaceful evenings together, after a long hard day's work is very sweet in my mind.

My father was so constituted that anything that worried his mind also made his body sick, and after a few years of crop failures, and the mortgage still hanging, he developed a serious stomach trouble. He grew thin and sad looking, and his shiny auburn hair was dry and lifeless. For months the old fiddle lay in its case untouched.<sup>39</sup>

Lelia was a beautiful girl, good and sweet, and very popular. With a plump little body that looked pretty in most anything. I remember once when there was to be a big moonlight dance somewhere (I was too small to remember now where it was), they had decided to make it a cheese-cloth ball. I'll never forget how pretty Lelia looked when she was ready to start. The dress was made with a tight bodice, and a full gathered skirt, made long, and there were plenty of roses for her hair and for a corsage.

There was not a better dancer in the neighborhood than Lelia. There were some pretty gay fops in those days, and one of our neighbors,

37. See appendix one for more on these songs.

38. John and Elmo were Effie's older brothers.

39. The falling prices of tobacco between 1898 and 1904 brought serious economic problems to growers of dark-fired tobacco. Overproduction, poor crop quality, and changing consumer demands, forced many farmers to take collective action toward a marketing cooperative.

On September 24, 1904, over five thousand tobacco farmers gathered at the Guthrie fairgrounds, near the Tennessee border, to organize a formal cooperative called the Planters' Protective Association (PPA). The Association challenged the monopolistic practices of the American Tobacco Company. Devout members of the organization often engaged in pressuring reluctant farmers to join the Association, resulting in violence and destruction in the Black Patch. Hooded Association loyalists who burned the farms of resistant farmers were called "night riders."

Having experienced these years of turmoil, Effie wrote a fictional novel set during the Black Patch War entitled, "Tobacker." For more on the economic downturns experienced by the tobacco growers, see Rick Gregory, "'Look To Yourselves': Tobacco Growers, Problems of Production, and the Black Patch War," *Essays in Economic and Business History* 11 (1993): 283-94. For more on the PPA, See Waldrep, *Night Riders*, 36-51, and Campbell, *The Politics of Despair*, 30-52.

Walter Owen, was one of the prize winners.<sup>40</sup> He wore fancy vests, tuxedos, stove pipe hats, and toothpick shoes. Walter was always scheming some new enterprise to get-rich-quick, with the minimum of labor. I can remember once when he and Carlos Owen<sup>41</sup> came around with a device for cleaning feather beds; they did it real cheap; but after they left we found that the remaining feathers had only a temporary fluff to them, and when they went down there was only about one third of what was there before cleaning.

Then Walter told us about going out in his father's old worn out fields that were grown up with dewberry briars, digging them up and selling them for everbearing strawberries.<sup>42</sup> He said he eased his conscience by thinking that if they cultivated the dewberries right good they just might do them as much good as the strawberries would have anyway.<sup>43</sup>

The one redeeming feature about Walter Owen was his frankness. He usually told it worse than it really was. He was smart, likable, and a marvelous dancer. His whole family had plenty of sense. Mr. Nat, the oldest, was a school teacher of high degree. Miss Lizzie was also a teacher. She taught our school and boarded with us. The two younger boys had nicknames, Bunkie and Ernie.<sup>44</sup> I never knew their real names. Bunkie was always inventing something. One thing I remember was a tobacco setter. Bunkie and Ernie were confirmed comedians. Bunkie was the magician who could drive a pin in a certain place in his leg clear up to the head. He could also wiggle his ears up and down.

I remember one time when we were passing their place coming home from cousin Boone's;<sup>45</sup> Etta was riding a mule on a side saddle, and I was riding behind her. The boys were out in the barn and scared the mule (though not intentionally), he jumped, the saddle turned, and we both fell off, but neither of us were hurt. That's the only time I ever fell from an animal.

Mr. Nat taught a subscription school, after the free school was out, about Christmas, there being no High School in the community at that time. He taught the higher grades as a private school, each pupil paying

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40. A fop is a young gentleman who is preoccupied with his appearance, clothes, and manners. Obviously, Walter R. Owen (1870–1930) qualified.

41. Carlos Owen is not listed in the 1880 census.

42. *Rubus trivialis* Michx., low bush dewberry, or creeping blackberry, was sometimes used as a substitute for more costly foreign wines.

43. Effie repeats this story of Walter's clever scheme on page 197.

44. Nat or Mat G. Owen (b. 1866). Lizzie Owen (b. 1874) was listed in the 1880 census with her brother Walter. Bunkie and Ernie Owen are not listed in the 1870 or 1880 census returns.

45. Nathan Boone Fuller (1854–1942).

two or three dollars a month tuition. Sadie attended at least one spring session of his school, and I think she boarded at Aunt Fannie's, as it was the rainy season, and by staying there she would not have to cross the creek which was swollen lots of times during that time of year, and hard to cross.

I remember our spring flood that reached a disastrous climax. Cousin Elijah Armstrong was a fruit agent at the time, and was at our place taking orders for fruit trees, grapevines, shrubs, etc.<sup>46</sup> I remember yet how attractive the colored pages of the peaches, apples, grapes, flowers, etc. were to me, and I'm sure I was not over six years old. I think it was in the spring of 1892. Mammy was cooking dinner while the rest of the family looked at the books.

It began to grow dark, and the wind started blowing. As that section of country was often visited by tornadoes and violent windstorms we were a little nervous, but it was more of a downpour than anything else. One that continued steadily for an unusual length of time. Soon there was a small river of muddy water coming right through the yard. Another was roaring down by the little stable where Pappy made axe handles, and another between the yard and the horse lot. There was water everywhere.

After the rain quit falling we went out in the yard barefooted. There were drowned chickens all over the yard. The coops where they had taken refuge were standing in deep puddles with the chickens drowned inside. The results of long hours of patient labor swept away in an hour.

From the direction of the creek there was a roar like a mighty river. When we got out where we could see, the creek was already out of its banks, and was away up in the fields. Papa remembered the flock of sheep that were across the creek in a little meadow, and he knew that by now it would be covered with water.

The table was set, the dinner was ready to be eaten, but Mammy spread a sheet over it and told me to take care of Autie, the baby. This last order about broke my heart. All of them were running excitedly in the direction of the flooded fields, which had reached proportions we had never seen or heard of before, and I wanted to go too. So I set in to get the baby to sleep. Never did he get such soothing, rocking and singing as he got at that time. The rain had cooled the hot air, and it was a good time to sleep, so he was soon snoozing peacefully. I arranged the canvas so a fly couldn't touch him, then flew to the scene of excitement. (1892)

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46. Probably Elijah H. Armstrong (1863–1954) who was married to Jean Brasher. He should not be confused with Elijah "Lige" Armstrong (1811–1888), his father. See Meacham, *History of Christian County*, 436–37.

The flood was filled with all kinds of floating debris. Sheep were bleating as they were being carried down on the muddy current. The folks were shouting to each other as they strove to rescue animals. It was an awful sight. The best part of our crop was under water, our daddy wasn't well, the sheep all being drowned, and the biggest part of Mammy's chickens were laying stretched out stiff.

I don't believe many people realize how much little children worry over the troubles of their parents, brothers and sisters, or how seriously they think of the problems of life.

The boys had most of their clothing off, and were out in the water trying to rescue what they could. A pet lamb named Dick, who had grown so large and troublesome around the house, butting every stranger who came on the place, had been put with the flock of sheep. When he came floating down, floundering desperately to keep his head above the water, he heard someone call, "Come on Dick, come on." He turned his head towards the water's edge and bent his energy to reach us, and soon came close enough that he was rescued and brought safely to land. If all the others had acted as intelligently as "Dick," many more could have been saved.

After it was all over, the wet mud bedraggled clothes were hung on the fence, and the tired hungry bunch sat down to the cold dinner. Mammy scolded me soundly for leaving the baby, and not minding her.

Everyone recounted their experiences. Mammy told how she had kept hearing the sheep bell tinkling regularly, and at last had found the old bell ewe hanging with her neck in the fork of a grape vine, still chewing as if she was perfectly contented.

All the chickens that had the least signs of life about them, and many that didn't were brought in the house and laid on the warm floor under the cookstove, and on old rags on the stove door. Several of them that had looked like hopeless cases came back to life.

I can't remember now that we suffered any extra want because of the loss of crops and livestock. We were used to financial calamities. Often, when they had worked all year, and made a good crop of tobacco, they got nothing for it when selling time came.<sup>47</sup>

I can remember that every bit of soil was washed away from the fields near the creek, clear down to the hardpan clay. On this hardpan were the prints of wagon wheels and horses' hoofs. I wished it were possible for us to know who made those wagon tracks. It was probably the bed of an old road at one time.

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47. See Rick Gregory, "Look To Yourselves," 286-87.

Just south of the horse lot, under the brow of a little hill, was the storm house. I have no idea when it was made, probably some of the older children know, but it seemed to me it had always been there. I can't remember of us ever persuading Pappy to go into it, even when the blackest, most threatening storm clouds were coming up. He said that he would be more afraid of snakes and spiders in that old storm house than he would be of a storm outside. We kids enjoyed throwing old coats around us and running and piling in there. I can still remember the damp earthy smell, the piece of old homemade carpet that was on the floor, and the logs above that held up the thick dirt roof.

There were thorn trees growing above and back of the storm house, so that was one place we steered clear of, for fear of sticking thorns in our feet. I remember when John stuck a big thorn through his foot, and it came out on top. That was on the little branch that ran south from the spring.

Just in front of the storm house, in a big depression, was a big flat rock, a natural bridge. It was hollow underneath, with crevices in the rock. This was a favorite place to play, as it was usually shady there, with the plum thicket on the east bank, and elm trees on the west bank. We had a swing under the elms, and spent many happy hours there. The plum thicket was a favorite spot, the branches overlapping above making cool green shade underneath. An *ideal* place for a play house, and a retreat for the chickens in hot weather.

I remember one time when an old mother partridge made her nest in the thick weeds, on the edge of the plum thicket, and hatched out a brood of little partridges. If I would sit real still, I could hear them talking in tiny little languages to each other as they moved about looking for weed seed and bugs, but with the *least* movement there was a warning from the mother, and every little quail flattened himself among the weeds, and you'd never guess there was anything there *but* weeds.

Among the things that have left pleasant memories, there are none any sweeter than the walk in the garden, a hard smooth path, with flowers growing thick on either side. Spice pinks and "love in a mist." Larkspurs, golden flax peonies, and double hollyhocks.<sup>48</sup> The big beds of peonies were in the yard, a bed on either side of the walk that led to the front gate. On the left of the gate, as we went out, was a big clump of privet

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48. Spice pinks possibly refer to small yellow or pink flowers of an aromatic shrub called a spice bush (*Lindera benzoin* or *Laurus benzoin*). "Love-in-a-mist" (*Passiflora incarnata*, L. or *Passiflora lutea*, L.) is a passion flower enveloped in finely dissected bracts. Larkspurs (*Delphinium tricornis* Michx.) are showy but irregular flowers of five sepals with spurred calyxes. They have astringent properties and yield blue dyes. Peonies are garden plants of the genus *Paeonia* with large pink, red, or white flowers.

bush,<sup>49</sup> and right by the privet bush was a peach tree, with deep red leaves, and white peaches. There was a flowering rose vine by the front room window, and other rose bushes scattered all over. An American beauty, that belonged to Etta, grew near the porch. It bloomed the year around, all but January and February. Etta often wrapped her apron around it to protect it from frost. Many times we have had roses at Christmastime.

Northeast of the house, and near the path that led across the field towards Mrs. Moore's, was the little old log stable; not used as a stable anymore, but where our dad made axe handles and hammer handles.<sup>50</sup> There were lots of young hickory saplings on the place which were excellent for these necessary articles.

There was usually a supply of timber sitting in the corners of this little old stable, and on rainy days, when it was impossible to work in the fields, Papa would spend his time blocking out handles, or shaping them down with the drawing knife; then of long evenings in the fall, we would all help polish them down to the finished article. First with wood rasp, then with pieces of broken glass, and last with sandpaper. Papa had the reputation of being an excellent axe handle maker, and he never had any trouble selling them for \$3.00 a dozen. The blocking out was a quick and easy task for him, and the polishing up process was fun for us around the fire of evenings.<sup>51</sup>

Near this old stable was a big hickory tree that produced an abundance of pig nuts, as we called them, with a hard, thick shell, and small goodies that were sweet as sugar. I can remember distinctly the delicious flavor of them yet, even though it has been at least forty five years since I tasted them.

Back of the garden, which was directly east of the house, was a big persimmon tree.<sup>52</sup> In the spring, its pale yellow bell shaped blossoms made a thick carpet on the ground beneath the tree, and they were heavy with honey. We would suck them while they were fresh, and had just

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49. A privet bush is a shrub of the genus *Ligustrum* with small dark-green leaves, widely used for hedges.

50. Ailsie (or Alice) Moore (b. 1838) was listed in the 1880 census with her husband Marion (b. 1841).

51. The process of ax handle-making is superbly treated in Tony Whitmire, Cecil Wilburn, et al., "How to Make a Broadax Handle," in *Foxfire 9*, edited by Eliot Wigginton and Margie Bennett (Garden City: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1986), 428-37. Effie mentions this family activity again on page 101.

52. A tree with hard wood and orange-red, edible fruit, the persimmon tree (*Diospyros Virginiana* L.) was often used as an "... astringent and styptic. The inner bark is used in intermittent fever, in diarrhea, and with alum as a gargle in ulcerated sore throat." See Porcher, *Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests*, 385-86.



fallen. In the autumn there was usually a big crop of persimmons, but they were not fit to eat till after it had frosted, and they became soft and mellow. Up to that time they were bitter and puckery.

I remember one time when John and I were playing under the persimmon tree, and old Bruno was chasing a rabbit up north of the house. I said, "Now that rabbit will come right down by the garden fence, and if you will hurry and get there at the corner and surprise him you can catch him." I had no idea it was a true prediction, but John hid by the corner, and just then here came bunny with Bruno right behind. John jumped out and the bunny ran right into his arms.

There is a magic charm in water, especially in early spring, when it begins to rattle and sing as it babbles over the rocks.

There were lots of cowslip along the creek banks, and when they began to bud I felt as if my heart would burst with joy.<sup>53</sup> We always called them bluebells, and the name cowslip will never fit them for me. The little rosepink buds, the soft lavender as the buds grow larger, and the heavenly blue of the fully opened bell, all on the same stem, makes a combination of beauty and color harmony that is not often found on one plant. There they were before me, *acres* of them, and even if I took an armful, you wouldn't even miss them. I felt rich and perfectly happy.

Another thing that was *so* beautiful was a wild crabapple tree. The trees were usually round, and not very large. The buds were in clusters of ten or fifteen, in different shades, from delicate pink, to deep rose. They looked like tiny rosebuds, and I don't believe there is a more exquisite perfume. Often, when going through a woods, when the wind was right, we could find a blossoming tree by the perfume. Wild grape blossoms have a heavenly scent too, almost equal to the crabapple, but do not possess the beauty.<sup>54</sup>

Even though we were poor, as far as money was concerned, and lived in a crude log hut, we were rich in a few things, such as a fervent appreciation for the beauties of nature around us.

We possessed a stretch of stream that was far more entertaining, as a playground, than the most expensive of parks. There were minks, weasels, foxes, ground hogs, squirrels, and even *tales* of bobcats and panthers, though these were seldom seen, except down where cliffs and caves

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53. These cowslip to which Effie refers are probably bluebells (*Mertensia virginica*); or bell-shaped flowers of the genus *Campanula*.

54. The crab apple tree (*Pyrus coronaria*, Linn. or *Pyrus melanocarpa*) was not used medicinally. "The fruit is very acid to the taste, and is often made into preserves. The bark, with that of the white hickory, gives a yellow dye." See Porcher, *Resources of the Southern Fields and Forests*, 149.

afforded hiding places. Oh! the fun of finding a grinning old possum in a persimmon tree in the fall. Then there was the canebrake, with lovely bamboo canes, free for the carrying home.

There was a big hill beyond the creek, the very biggest hill in the community, with all kinds of interesting and lovely things. Wild flowers of every kind, gorgeous ferns, mosses, flowering shrubs. Along the foot of the hill near the creek there were lots of black haws. The *best* things. I was crazy about them.

There were plenty of rocks and holes, that were good refuge for foxes, and Uncle Lawrence's one weakness was a fox chase. He kept several hounds, and lots of times we could hear him out on the hillside of a morning, before daylight, whooping his hounds up. We had one big old black hound we called Ponto. He was wise, and saved himself lots of running. When he would hear Old Rice, and the other hounds start a fox chase, he would sit out and listen till they came around the hill towards our stretch of the creek, and then he would go down and head the fox off before it got to its den.

I remember one time hearing old Ponto and Rattler barking for a long time down by the creek, so Papa came by to see what the excitement was all about. They had something in a hollow log. John was going to take the gun down, so I went along. Papa was chopping a hole in the log when we got there, and I was terribly excited, trying to guess what kind of animal was inside. When a good sized hole was made, suddenly a big groundhog dashed out and flew at the dogs. He was winning the fight when my dad fired a shot into him, then he gave up the ghost. I felt sorry for him. With three men, two dogs, and a gun against him, he didn't have a fair show.

There was a cave away over towards the west side of the hill that they say a horse fell into once, and its skeleton was still in there. Then there was the gar hole, a real *deep* hole in the creek, down towards the canebrake, that they said a big fish, called an alligator gar, was caught out of it once, and several eel had been hooked there, too. The eels were so hard to kill that pieces of them jumped out of the frying pan when it was being cooked.

According to *our* judgment it would have been hard to find a place *anywhere* more full of beautiful and interesting things than our farm was.

There were also the big mulberry trees, that were always loaded with luscious mulberries in the spring. They were so sweet and good (only in locust years we must not eat them, for they might have locust eggs on them, and then they were poisonous), and when the mulberries were ripe, the boys would take their guns and kill the squirrels that came there to eat them, which meant that we would have squirrel for dinner.

Then there was the well with nice cold water, and plenty of it. It had no cover on it, and *often*, there was not even a rope to draw the water up

with, if the rope was needed elsewhere. We used a sycamore hook, and let the bucket down with it. It required *real* ingenuity and skill to sink the bucket and bring it up full without losing it off the hook, and it sinking to the bottom of the well. Although the well was a quarter of a mile from the house we took the milk, in long slim coolers, and cooled it in the well in hot weather, and then we really *did* have to be careful, for if the *least* bit of milk was spilled in the water it would ruin it.

Then we had a big grape arbor of green and purple concord grapes. What a luxury! And then there were the big walnut trees, in the woods, up towards the graveyard, north of the house, that usually had oodles of walnuts, with hulls that were good to color yarn for our stockings and gloves. They stained one's hands almost black in hulling season, but it wore off in time.

Then there were the big scaly bark hickory nut (hickernut) trees that bore an abundance of rather soft shelled nuts with big rich goodies in them. The old fields off to the north of us that at one time had been rich, and bore good crops, but now were worn out and grown up in blackberry and dewberry briars, free to anyone who chose to pick them, and where the cows could graze all summer free.

There were also the birds, all kinds of song birds. The purple martins and bluebirds that built their nests yearly in the bird houses we put up for them. The martins were real helpers, as they kept the chicken hawks away from the place.

Last, but not least, there were the good neighbors. To sum it all up, according to our judgment it would have been pretty hard to find a place anywhere with more interesting and beautiful things on it than our old farm. Besides, it had been grandfather Armstrong's home where Mammy was born, and the land had been given to *him* by great grandfather Ben Armstrong, who was Scotch Irish, and had come straight from Old Ireland, when he was a lad of fourteen.<sup>55</sup>

Grandpa Johnnie freighted to the Mississippi River. He hauled tobacco and other produce, and it was taken to New Orleans and traded for sugar, molasses and other things that they raised that we didn't.

One time grandpa said that he had to think up *something* to *do*. He was scheduled to wrestle with a man a *third* taller than he was. A rail splitter whose muscles were strong as iron, who was working on a flat boat taking produce to New Orleans, and bringing back their commodities to trade for it, as *he* was.

Grandma said she knew what he *could* do, take his shirt off and let her grease him all over good, then the other fellow would not be able to

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55. Benjamin Armstrong (1778–1864) who was married to Jane Brasher (1783–1864).

hold on to him, and wouldn't be able to throw him. Grandpa thought it was a good idea, so she did it, and it worked.

In a book I read about Lincoln it said that he was a champion wrestler, and never failed to throw his opponent but *once*. When he was working on a flatboat on the Mississippi River a fellow named "Jack (nickname for John) Armstrong," who was short and strong, used some *unfair tactics*, and he failed to throw him. (The grease was the unfair tactics.)<sup>56</sup>

I read another book about Lincoln that had this story in it, and a lot of junk was added to try to make it more interesting that was not true.

I was sure that this story would be interesting to some of my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, to know that their grandmother's grandfather had wrestled with Lincoln.<sup>57</sup>

It was during this time, when Lincoln was working on this flatboat, that he saw them auctioning off slaves on a raised platform, and he swore that if he ever had a chance to *hit* this slave trade, he would *hit it hard*, and he *did*.<sup>58</sup>

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56. Jack Armstrong and his wife, Hannah, were longtime devotees of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln's famous almanac trial came about in defending their first son, William "Duff" Armstrong, for allegedly murdering James Preston Metzger in 1857. Poet and biographer, Edgar Lee Masters, wrote at length on the Armstrong family of Clary's Grove, Illinois, in his book, *The Sangamon*. According to Masters, Jack Armstrong's son, John, reportedly said, "Now you see my pap, Jack Armstrong, was a powerful man in the arms, and the truth is Linkern never throwed him. It was a tie, and I don't give a damn what anyone says or any history book. It was a tie. My mother [Hannah] told me about it a hundred times before she died." See Edgar Lee Masters, *The Sangamon*, The Rivers of America (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1942), 105.

57. While this story makes for a good family legend, Effie's grandfather, John Armstrong (1803–1885) should not be confused with Jack Armstrong (d. 1854) of Clary's Grove, Illinois. The most authoritative treatment of this wrestling match is Douglas S. Wilson, "Wrestling with the Evidence," chap. 1 in *Honor's Voice: The Transformation of Abraham Lincoln* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1998), 19–51. See also Albert Beveridge, *Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1858*, 2 vols. (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1928), 1:110–13, and Benjamin P. Thomas, *Lincoln's New Salem* (Springfield: The Abraham Lincoln Association, 1934), 44–46.

These kinds of stories are often transmitted orally and persist in multiple versions. The phenomenon of family oriented stories is discussed in Mody C. Boatright, "The Family Saga as a Form of Folklore," in Mody Boatright, et al., *The Family Saga and Other Phases of American Folklore* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1958), 1–19.

58. Effie is referring to an incident related by William Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's law partner and biographer. According to Herndon, "a vigorous and comely mulatto" girl was receiving a thorough examination at a slave auction in New Orleans. "They pinched her flesh and made her trot up and down the room like a horse, to show how she moved, and in order, as the auctioneer said, that 'bidders might satisfy themselves' whether the article they were offering to buy was sound or not. The whole thing was so revolting that Lincoln moved away from the scene with a deep feeling of unconquerable hate. Bidding his company follow him he said, 'By God boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing [meaning slavery], I'll hit it hard.'" See William H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik, *Herndon's Life of Lincoln*, edited by Paul M. Angle (Cleveland: Fine Editions Press, 1949), 64.

The Armstrongs were good people, and it was always a source of great satisfaction to me to know that they were noted for being kind to their negro slaves. I am thankful that I can remember seeing one of the Armstrong slaves, Old Gloss, a barber, a tall intelligent looking man with white hair. We were going to grandma Marquess' and papa teased our mother, and said he guessed she would want to stop in Crofton and see her kinfolk (an old slave). We stopped, and I remember the old negro crying when he saw mama, and he called her "Miss John Susan." She asked him about others of the Armstrong slaves that were still living at that time, and he said that Cindy was living down towards Empire. Mammy's mother died when she was three months old, and I guess there was quite a close bond of friendship and love between her and the negroes who took care of her, and did most of her bringing up after the death of her mother.

This trip to grandma Marquess' must have been when I was real small. I can't remember of ever seeing Gloss again, but I remember many other trips to grandma's, they were the mileposts in my young life. It was talked of for days before the happy time arrived. All our clothes were washed, starched, and ironed, and packed in a little yellow trunk. The work must be all caught up with. The fishing tackle inspected to see that it was in trim. A lunch, which was an important part of it all, was made ready. Mammy made luscious layer cakes, with the layers thinner than we have them now, and applesauce or coconut between the layers flavored with nutmeg and spice. There was usually boiled ham, or fried chicken. One thing sure, we always had plenty to eat, probably too much of the heavy greasy type.

If we had not been of the foraging sort, who was always scraping the woods for oak balls in early spring, the succulent stems of the hickory leaves that were peeled and eaten, the tender sprouts of the young sassafras, wild grapes, nuts, haws, huckleberries, etc., we probably would not have fared as well as we did.

If the trip was in the springtime, we would stop in certain old fields, after we reached the top of the Jane Barnes hill, and hunt for wild strawberries that were hidden in the saw briars and broom sage. They were small, but as sweet as sugar.

The short stop at Crofton was always exciting to me, as our trips to town were few and far between. It had to be a special occasion, for we children to all lumber the ten miles to the county seat in the back of a bumpy old two horse wagon.

The thought of getting to go in the stores a few minutes was a real thrill. We usually bought some candy, and I remember one time when Sadie and I bought a fan each, the kind that folds and opens out in little accordion pleats. But *nothing* could equal the joy of just getting to



Effie's grandma Martha Pettypool Marquess (wife of Robert Elliot Marquess) at age 80. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

grandma's. I think our love for each other must have been a little unusual. It doesn't seem to me that people love each other now as we did then.

When we neared grandma's place, if grandma saw us in time, she always ran to meet us. She was a thin little woman, with white hair, but as active as a cricket, even after she was real old.

When we came in sight of the house papa would be looking, to see if he could see any of them; and I remember one time the first glimpse we got of any of them, grandma and some of the grandchildren were out in the garden, and grandma was chasing a butterfly. We had heard that she was not feeling well, and we all had a laugh. We had expected to find her in bed, and we had caught her chasing butterflies.



Effie's uncle Lycurgus "Curg" Marquess. Courtesy of Itha Carmack

Pappy was her oldest child, and as she was left a widow, with several small children to support, they were drawn very close together. He would recall how he used to have to hold the candle for her in the evening so she could see to weave. He would grow sleepy and drop the candle, and she would say, "Poor Bozie, you're so sleepy, aren't you?"

She always took great delight in showing us all they had done since we were there last. The blankets she had woven from the best parts of the worn out wool socks and stockings. Her dried ginseng and angelico, and her herb and wildflower garden. The flowers on either side of the walk. The new quilts, the chickens, and there was *always* an exchange of seeds and plants and quilt patterns, and everyone talked at the same time.

In the evening there was always music. Papa and Uncle Curg both played the fiddle, and all the girls played the guitar, and Aunt Emma, especially, had a very sweet voice.<sup>59</sup> Her hobby was *making* guitars and violins. We exchanged songs as well as flower seeds, quilt patterns, etc. How we *did* enjoy that and Aunt Emma's and Aunt May's singing.<sup>60</sup>

If it was fishing season, we would all go to Pond river, camp out, fish, take the music and sing.

When the time came for us to go home, we began to dread the thought of saying goodbye, knowing it would be at least a year before we would see them all again.

Once Uncle Curg saddled his horse and rode part of the way to Crofton with us. When he turned to go back I can remember how very sad I felt. Sadie sang:

Look down that lane, that lonesome lane,  
Hang down your head and cry,  
Last words I heard my true love say  
Was goodbye, my darling, goodbye.

That was the tap that opened the fountain and we all blubbered freely.

One glorious winter Uncle Curg built a new house for Uncle Jim Marquess, his half brother, and he slept at our place. He brought his guitar, and oh, how we did enjoy him. He was a good singer, could read notes as easily as most people read English.<sup>61</sup>

We had a motley bunch of old knives and forks, no two alike, and he named them. He said that they all had so much personality that they needed names, and every name he gave them suited them exactly. There was Old Case, and Old Butch, and Stump, and Sideswipe, and Fro. There were funny stories and lots of laughter.

Pappy and Uncle Curg would tell of things that happened when they were younger, when they lived in Trigg County, till [they moved to?] Wallonia, and the names of people they associated with seemed like old friends to me. (Dr. Waller, Drew Standard)

When Mammy and Pappy were first married they moved into a house that a man by the name of Fay Tally had been killed in.

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59. Lycurgus Marquess (1852–1936) and Georgia Emma Marquess (1868–1958).

60. Myrtle Mayes Marquess (1874–1964).

61. Probably James “Jim” Washington Marquess (1843–1928). In contrast to Uncle Jim, Effie and most of the other musicians she mentions apparently played mostly by ear. When Effie talks about “collecting songs” and writing them down, she apparently means the texts of the songs only; they relied on their memories for the tunes.



Our father and Uncle Curg were playing for the balls at the summer resort at Cerulean Springs, near Willows.<sup>62</sup> Aunt Sue was staying with mother, and one evening, after Papa and Uncle Curg had gone, mother heard someone fumbling at the side door.<sup>63</sup>

There was a latch fastener, with a leather string through a hole in the door, and when someone wanted in they could pull the latch string, and it released the fastener, and they could then open the door.

When mother was left alone she pulled the latch string in so no one could open the door. When she heard the fumbling she thought either Papa or Uncle Curg had forgotten something, and had come back for it, so, as she had the baby on her lap she said, "Just put your hand through that opening and you can raise the latch."

Whoever it was, when he heard other voices, and found that mother was not alone, he ran, and they could hear his feet on the frozen ground till the sound grew dim.

Another time, while they were living at this place, Uncle Curg had to come back for something they had forgotten. He knocked on the door and mother said, "Who's there?" In a hollow voice Uncle Curg said, "Fay Tally."

Mother said, "Sue, hand me that shotgun there in the corner." Immediately Uncle Curg decided to make himself known. The joke was on him. Mama said that she really should have peppered him with a little buckshot. It was bad enough to have to stay alone every night without having the liver scared out of her, to boot.

Little Bud Marquess,<sup>64</sup> son of John Marquess, of Pee Dee, Kentucky, had got into a dispute with Fay Tally over a dance that each claimed he had engaged with the same girl (Alice Proctor—her mother was Sarah Pettypool before she married).<sup>65</sup>

The dispute ended in a vicious fight, and Fay Tally was killed. Later, grandma Marquess' youngest brother, William (Uncle Billy) married the girl the fight was over.

When the officers came to arrest little Bud he had skipped out, and they arrested his brother. He told them that he was not little Bud, but

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62. Cerulean Springs, some thirty miles from the Hopkinsville area, would have been too far away for a daily commute by horse or buggy. The Cerulean Hotel, near the famous blue ("cerulean") springs for which the town was named, is no longer standing. The hotel was undoubtedly the site of these dances.

63. Aunt Sue was Tabitha Sue Marquess (1850–1884).

64. According to Mary Ann Willis of Princeton, Kentucky, this person was actually Oliver Marquess (b. 1851), son of James Porter Marquess (b. 1830) and Melinda Ryan Marquess, widow of Thomas Marquess.

65. Alice Proctor and Sarah Pettypool could not be identified.



Effie Carmack's "Aunt Sue," Tabitha Sue Marquess, wife of Edward Pettypool and her son Samuel. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

they didn't believe him, and by the time they learned the truth, little Bud was far away, in the west, and was never found.<sup>66</sup>

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66. The accounts of the killing of Fay Talley are sketchy. However, according to Mary Ann Willis,

My grandmother Permilia Ann Boaz Childress and Frank Marquess and his entire family were very close due to age and they had the same grand-

These Marquesses were distantly related to us, but we have never found just how. Aunt Emma said that they used to go to Todd County to visit a William Kidd Marquess, a relative, father of Pee Dee Dolan, who was born in one of the cabins at old Fort Nashboro, where Nashville is now.

The first Fort was built by a Marquess in very early days, when there was not another white settlement anywhere near.<sup>67</sup>

A group of men came by from the old Wautauga settlement of East Tennessee, among them a Capt. [Francis] Nash, who married a Marquess girl, and rebuilt the Fort and called it Nashboro.<sup>68</sup>

This William Kidd Marquess, of Todd County, Kentucky, married Carlotty Armstrong, and they had a large family.<sup>69</sup>

Capt. Nash, and his son-in-law, \_\_\_\_\_ Robinson, were on their way into Kentucky for supplies and were both killed by Indians near where Guthrie, Kentucky is now.

mother. My mother d. age 101 yrs. old, know [*sic*] all about the killing of Fay Talley. It was Oliver b. 8 Dec. 1851 d. unknown. He shot and killed Fay Tally at a place called Red Hill, Caldwell Co. Ky. now near the location of Boaz Cemetry [*sic*]. After the killing he went to my Grandmother's house and told her goodbye—He did go West and joined an Indian Tribe. Mother could not remember when he came back to see his Mother but my grandmother received word that he was back and my Mother remembers Mamaw leaving her home about nine P.M. and returning about 5 AM the next morning. It took from 3–4 hours on horseback to get to Pee Dee from Mamaw's house. Mamaw told her children that Oliver had married an Indian girl and that he had brought her home, said she was very pretty and had long braids and they were below her waist. hair very black in color—her dress was long and looked like it was made from some kind of animal skin. (Mary Ann Willis to Noel Carmack, April 16, 1998)

The reason Oliver killed Fay Talley was over a pretty girl that ditched Oliver (so my Mother said). Oliver took off joined an Indian Tribe therefore since Malinda [Ryan Marquess] was my grandmother's—grandmother was the reason she sent John Frank and my grandmother word when Oliver brought his wife home. (Mary Ann Willis to Noel Carmack, July 12, 1998)

67. See E. C. Lewis, "James Robertson, Nashville's Founder," *American Historical Magazine* 8 (1903): 285–94.
68. It has been confirmed that William Kidd Marquess (1744–1812) was, indeed, born at Nashboro in 1804. Records have yet to be found that Captain Nash married a Marquess. It is believed that he married a Moore (John Wesley Marquess to Noel Carmack, March 10, 1998). For more on the founding of Nashville, see Thomas Perkins Abernethy, *From Frontier to Plantation in Tennessee: A Study in Frontier Democracy* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1932), 26–32, 194–210.
69. William Kidd Marquess (1804–1890) was grandson of the above named William Kidd (1744–1812). He was married to Charlotte "Lottie" Armstrong (1808–1859). They had eleven children: Sarah Ann Margaret (b. 1828); James Porter (b. 1830); Jacob Holland (b. 1831); (male unknown) died or left home before 1850; Matthew (b. 1834); John Curry (b. 1836); Elizabeth (b. 1842); Mary (b. 1845); Jasper Newton (b. 1849); Joseph R. (b. 1852); and (unknown).

I've tried in vain to find how we are related, so far I have failed. Aunt Emma said that they called William Kidd "Uncle Billy," but that they knew he was not really their Uncle, but a relative.

He and his wife are buried near Elton, and a relative went there and copied the inscription from their gravestones, and it confirmed what old Mr. Marquess, of Princeton, told Edna, - b. 1804 in a cabin of old Fort Nashboro.

Pee Dee, Kentucky, where John and James Marquess lived was not far south of Hopkinsville.<sup>70</sup>

Long years later, after we moved to Arizona, my brother, John, had a store in Joseph City, Arizona, and his name was out in front on a sign board. Another John Marquess (of Phoenix, grandson of our grandfather's oldest brother, Thomas) saw the name and came to our place, next to John's.

Sadie was there, and we had a long interesting visit with him, and found how we were related, and it resulted in several visits, and in a whole new line of Marquess relatives for my Marquess family record.

He had been a contractor, and one time, when he was working in what was to be the basement of a building, a man above him said, "How about a job?"

This distant cousin, John, said that when he looked up at him he knew the moment he saw him that it was little Bud Marquess.

He gave him a job, and they roomed together. There was never any confession of his real name, or where he was from, but he said that they learned to love one another.

Another thing that I think of now is about my mother and the burning roof. On March 1, 1883, when my brother, John Robert (Johnnie Bob), was three days old, and every one had gone away and left my mother and the little ones there alone for a little while, she kept hearing a crackling that sounded like fire. She suddenly realized that the roof next to the chimney was on fire.

She got up, ran to the barn and carried a big old heavy ladder, took the axe from the wood pile, and climbed up on the roof and cut the burning boards out, and succeeded in putting the fire out completely. She knew that everything they possessed depended on it, and she risked her life to put that fire out. She was thankful that she succeeded, and said that there was no bad after effects from it.

She also said that when it was absolutely necessary to do a tremendous job of that kind, that she firmly believed the Lord would protect you

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70. Pee Dee is located approximately 14 miles southwest of Hopkinsville. Effie is probably referring to James Porter Marquess (b. 1830) and John Curry Marquess (1836-1916), both of Pee Dee.

in doing it, but if it was *not* necessary, you had better be careful, "We have no promise of protection."

Our mother was a strong, practical woman, that didn't shrink from tackling anything when it was necessary. She was also a woman of sound judgment, and would not be found guilty of doing a rash thoughtless thing when it was not absolutely necessary.

She had, of course, first took her three day old baby, wrapped in a blanket, and laid him safely away from the burning roof, then had the other little ones watch by him till she had the fire all extinguished.

This is one of the family stories that has lived, and has been handed down. I am thankful to be the child of such a brave, practical, courageous mother.

When we would go to grandma's, or they came to our place, we didn't do much sleeping; of course there were never beds enough for all, so feather beds were made down on the floor, and oh! the fun we kids would have rolling and tumbling on them.

Once, when we went to grandma's, there had been a sawmill on the creek, and we children were having a glorious time playing in the sawdust, when suddenly we heard frantic yelps from the house, "Get out of that sawdust this minute." We wondered if there were rattlesnakes or something worse in it. When Mammy and Grandma came out, meeting us with an armful each of tobacco stems, they informed us that a bunch of hogs had roosted there all winter, and that it was alive with fleas.

They stripped us all naked, and then smoked our clothing with the tobacco stems to chase the fleas out, way down at the back of the garden.

A bunch of fleas can make life miserable for everyone in a house, and the lumps that come where they bite keep burning and itching for days, and sometimes weeks.

I remember once when Kate Miller, Maud Morris and I were playing in the gullies.<sup>71</sup> I happened to go up on the bank for something and saw a wagon load of people coming through the big gate up at the big road. With the second look I saw that it was Uncle Curg driving. I was so excited that I didn't go on the path to get to the house, but plowed right through a briar thicket and stuck a big briar in the knuckle of the third finger of my right hand. It broke off in the muscle, and is still there.

One of the horses they had to the wagon was a beautiful bay mare named Dilsie. Uncle Bob was with them with his new wife that we had not seen, and a tiny baby, not a month old. It was too long a trip for such a lit-

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71. Kate Miller was the daughter of Mary and Juatt Ivison Miller. Maude Morris (1886-1915).

tle one, and she cried all night. They walked the floor with her, made catnip tea and administered all the home remedies, but no one slept very much. The jolting of the wagon had probably made her sore and miserable. Poor Aunt Bertha, she vowed she would not take her on another trip till she was old enough to walk alone. That baby girl has grandchildren now.<sup>72</sup>

Uncle Curg had married also. A sweet, quiet girl named Ada White, and they had a little girl named Lily, a little round faced miss with dark hair and eyes, very pretty and sweet.<sup>73</sup> She was just learning to talk, was the center of attraction, and kept things lively.

There is a very dim memory of one of the grandmothers' daughters, Aunt Matilda, who was left a widow with three children: Alva Lee, William Robert (called Willy Bob), and Sam.<sup>74</sup> They lived with us for a while after her husband died, when I was very small. I remember that Sam would sing *awful* old Negro spirituals.

There was another Aunt, on my mother's side, Aunt Ann Armstrong Martin. She was my mother's half sister, and was also left a widow with two children; cousin Mary Susan, and cousin Jack.<sup>75</sup> Aunt Ann used to stay at our place quite a lot when I was small.

Aunt Ann was Uncle Lawrence's own sister, but they were not alike in any way. I have often wondered what made the big difference in them. Uncle Lawrence used *perfect* language. He had a western brogue, instead of southern, he said crick instead of creek, and he never left his g's off, as most southerners do. He had a good education, and was especially interested in astronomy. He always knew just what star would be the evening and morning stars, and just when they would change. He knew all the constellations, and kept up to the minute with all the eclipses, etc.

Aunt Ann was just the opposite. Her grandchildren used to tease her and say, "I'll bet you can't guess what granny did this morning, she '*sot a hin in a barl*.'" She lived with cousin Mary after she married, and just worshipped her children. She had a lot of funny old things she would sing to them as she trotted them on her knee, like: "Jing ety bung—Jing ety bung." She just about raised cousin Mary's family, especially Otho, who was sick a lot.<sup>76</sup> I know now that he had adenoids. Aunt Ann watched him like a hawk, to keep him from getting his feet wet, or anything that

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72. Robert E. Marquess (1871–1956) and his wife, Bertha Barnett Marquess (b. 1875).

73. Ada White Marquess (b. 1856) was the wife of Lycurgus Marquess.

74. Matilda Jane Marquess (1858–1941).

75. Mary Susan Martin (1858–1940).

76. Otho Fuller (b. 1883) was the son of Mary Susan Martin (1858–1940) and Nathan Boone Fuller (1854–1942).

might make him *snore*. She was always warning him, if we played out when it was the least bit cold or damp, "You'll snore for *something* tonight, young man." But she was as good as gold, and we all loved her, and were always glad when she came. She was especially fond of egg bread (made of cornmeal), butter, and strong coffee, and she took a *round* of some kind of purgative regularly, usually epsom salts.

I must have been about three years old when they moved to one of the old Dr. Wood houses.<sup>77</sup> Bert was still wearing dresses then, boys wore dresses much longer then than they do now. I had a nice little red rocking chair at that time, and when we went to cousin Mary's they had made Bert a rocker by removing the front round of an old homemade chair, and put a low seat in the next lower set of rounds, leaving the side pieces as arms. I fell in love with that chair, and wanted it for mine *so* much that I could think of nothing else, so we traded, and both of us were better satisfied. They all thought that I was very foolish to trade my new red rocker for the old homemade one, but I still liked the comfort of the low split bottomed chair, better than the high narrow seated, hard bottomed rocker, even if it *was* painted red.

About this time Papa and the boys tore an old house down somewhere. An old log house with a floor that had cracks in it, through which the children had dropped things. I'll *never* forget how excited I was over the collection of things they brought home that they had found under that old floor; marbles of all sizes, buttons, pennies, china doll heads, arms and legs, tiny toy cups and saucers.

We didn't have the stacks of toys laying around in the way in those days as children do now, and we really appreciated what we did have.

I had no girl playmates when I was a small child. There were three sets of cousins, in which all of the children were boys. Cousin Mary Susan Fuller's, just mentioned. Uncle Jim Marquess' family. Cousin Narcissy Armstrong Cook's family,<sup>78</sup> who lived on the farm adjoining ours, on the west. Clifton and Ben were the ones nearest my age.<sup>79</sup>

Where we only visited the others on rare occasions, the Cook cousins were always near. When school started we walked the mile and a half there and back together, throughout the term of five or six months.

Clifton was one year younger than I was, but he was unusually large for his age. As an example, when he was 10, and I was 11 (our birthdays came at the same time), I weighed 60 lbs. and he weighed 160 lbs. Cousin

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77. This probably refers to Dr. Ben S. Wood (b. 1835).

78. Narcis E. Armstrong Cook (b. 1848) was the wife of Isaac Cook.

79. Clifton P. Cook (1885–1910). His brother Ben could not be identified.

Narcissy gave us a birthday dinner and weighed us. The great difference in our weight didn't spoil our friendship in the least.

We didn't visit so very often, as we children were not allowed to do very much visiting without our mothers being with us, but we made us a secret post office that was a great pleasure to us, and kept things from getting monotonous. We dug a little cellar, sank an old wooden box with a door cut in the side, made a shutter for it, and covered it over with dirt packed down so the rain could not find an entrance. It was right by the fence that separated their farm from ours. This fence was at the top of the hill just west of the spring where I went for water every day, and it only took a few minutes to run up to the post office to leave a note and to see if there was one for me.

We would exchange thumb cards (they were cards we used to protect our school books from our dirty thumbs), soda cards, and anything we might have that we thought the others would like to use for a day or two. Hickory whistles and pocket knives were two popular articles; pop-guns and squirtguns were on the list also. Pencils and chalk were passed back and forth, and once or twice we left candy, but the ants found it, so that was out. Dancers made of half a spool, with a sharp spindle in the hole of the spool, was a favorite.

There was a chinquepin acorn tree on their place.<sup>80</sup> The acorns were sweet as sugar, and Clifton would leave little sacks of them for me in the fall, and gooseberries in the spring.

When school started in July, the Cook boys would "hee hoo" as quick as they would get to the west corner of our field, and by the time they had gotten to the east corner where the cutoff path crossed the fence we were usually there to go with them.

I still remember every little crook and turn of that road to school. I can remember where every wild grape vine grew, the crabapple tree, the wild plum tree, near the old Hubbard Steward house, across the branch at the foot of the hill just back of cousin P. Armstrong's, where they said the deer used to come to lick salt.<sup>81</sup> I think it was at this salt lick that grandpa Armstrong wounded a big buck, and then had quite a fight with it.

The spring, that supplied the school with water, was in the woods, northwest of the Hubbard house. It was in a cool shady wood, with the friendliest little atmosphere about it. I have lately learned that it was the

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80. The chinquapin tree (*Castanea pumila*, W.) sometimes attains a height of thirty feet. The fruit is edible, much like the chestnut.

81. Hubbard Stewart (b. 1855). Benjamin Phillip "P." Armstrong (1856-1911).



spring near the house of great aunt Peggy Armstrong Lindley (grandpa Armstrong's sister, who married Jonathon (Jot) Lindley).<sup>82</sup> Their house stood at the upper end of the clearing just back of the Hubbard house. The remains of the old chimney is still there, I guess.

That was the childhood home of cousin Parthenia Lindley Ferrell (who married Alec Ferrell), and cousin Jane Lindley Brasher (who married Larkin T. Brasher, the lawyer—parents of David, Mollie, Carrie, and Minnie, etc.).<sup>83</sup> I think this was on land that great grandfather Ben Armstrong once owned, and divided out among his children, but at that time I knew nothing of it.

Clifton and Ben and I were of the fourth generation from great grandfather Ben.

The fields, where the slaves had worked, were worn so thin they would not produce crops any longer, and were lying idle. Many old homes, where the second and third generations had flourished, were torn down, but a few, our old home included, was still in use.

Clifton's mother, Narcissy, was a granddaughter of the emigrant Ben, and they lived at his old home place, though the original home, the three story log mansion, with the giant fireplaces, that were so famous, was burned before my time. Some of the log cabins, that were the slaves quarters, were still standing, and part of them were used for stables for the cows and horses.

Cousin Ike, Clifton's father, was one of the most prosperous farmers in the community.<sup>84</sup> He had the finest horses, and the best hereford cattle around, and always had money to lend. He had fought in the Civil War, and I think he drew a pension. He drank quite a bit, but the family didn't seem to mind it much. I thought it was terrible, and asked Clifton once if he didn't hate for his father to come home drunk. He said no, he didn't mind, that he was pleasant when he was drunk, and would tell them interesting things that happened during the war, that he wouldn't tell when he was sober.

The old gooseberry bushes, raspberry vines, pie plant, and walnut trees, and the well of cold water on their old place had all survived from pioneer days. Greatgrandpa Ben, and his good wife, Jane (Aunt Helen said they called her Aunt Jean, she was French), had planted them when

82. Margaret "Peggy" Armstrong Lindley (b. ca. 1806) and Jonathan "Jot" Lindley (1807–1884).

83. Parthenia Lindley Ferrell (1782–1824). Larkin T. Brasher (1840–1912) married Jane Lindley (b. 1846) on December 3, 1864. Their children were: David Romelus (b. 1866), Vic. (dates unknown), Mollie (b. 1868), Carrie (b. 1874), and Minnie Isabel (b. 1876), Omie (dates unknown), and Lark (dates unknown).

84. Isaac Cook (b. 1841) according to the 1880 census.

their family was young. We often went up on the hill, west of the house, to the graveyard, where these two were buried. Someone had cut giant slabs of rock, and had made a kind of vault for each of their graves. They were buried in a pretty place. The ground was smooth and mossy, with giant oak trees for shade, and lots of wild flowers bloomed there every spring.<sup>85</sup>

They must have been quite an enterprising couple, judging from the things they have told me of them. He burned all the bricks for two giant chimneys himself, he and the slaves. Cousin Filmore Smith, one of Ben's grandchildren, said there was brick enough in either chimney to have built a small brick house.<sup>86</sup> There were fireplaces in each of the three stories, and the ones in the big rooms on the ground floor were wide enough to hold logs six or seven feet long. He owned many slaves, and was noted for being kind to them. Some of his neighbors, who beat their slaves, could never figure why Armstrong could get more work out of his slaves than they could from theirs. Even when he went to town they doubled their efforts just to surprise him when he got home.

I have heard glowing tales of the good times at Thanksgiving and Christmas time, when all of the children and grandchildren on the adjoining farms (that had been given to them from the original tract) were all invited home for dinner. There was a table that reached the entire length of the big old combined dining room and kitchen. Cousin Fil said that there was a pantry as big as a corncrib, where Negro Lize, the cook, stored the good things she prepared for these occasions; boiled hams, salt rising bread,<sup>87</sup> stuffed hens, cornbread, pumpkin pies, puddings, and all kinds of good things.

Cousin Elijah Armstrong,<sup>88</sup> one of the grandchildren who still lives in Hopkinsville, and has served his county seat in many ways (Chief of Police, City Commissioner, and other capacities) was left motherless when a tiny baby, and the Negro mammy, who raised him, let him have milk from one breast, and left her own little picaninny with one. He said that had caused more fights in his life than any other one thing. The boys would tease him, and tell him he was part nigger, because he was raised on nigger milk.

All of this happened at the place where Clifton and Ben lived. They had four older brothers; Ed, Bob, Charlie, and Jim; all of them were

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85. The Armstrong graveyard, to which Effie refers here, is located: "From Hopkinsville at intersection of 68E and 91 NW go 5 miles turn right, go 2.2 miles turn right and go 1 mile, the cemetery is on the left by the barn." See Meador, *Cemetery Records, Northern Section of Christian County, Kentucky*, 18.

86. J. Filmore Smith (1854–1942).

87. Bread leavened by means of a fermented mixture of milk, salt, flour, sugar, and soda.

88. See above, note 46.

unusually big. Cousin Narcissa was tall, and weighed between three and four hundred pounds. I think Clifton reached the five hundred pound mark before his death, which was caused from taking medicine to make him reduce.

He had numerous offers by circus men, but was not inclined that way. They were all good scholars. Ben became County School Superintendent. Cousin Bob was one of the best teachers I ever had, and he later was our representative in the Legislature.

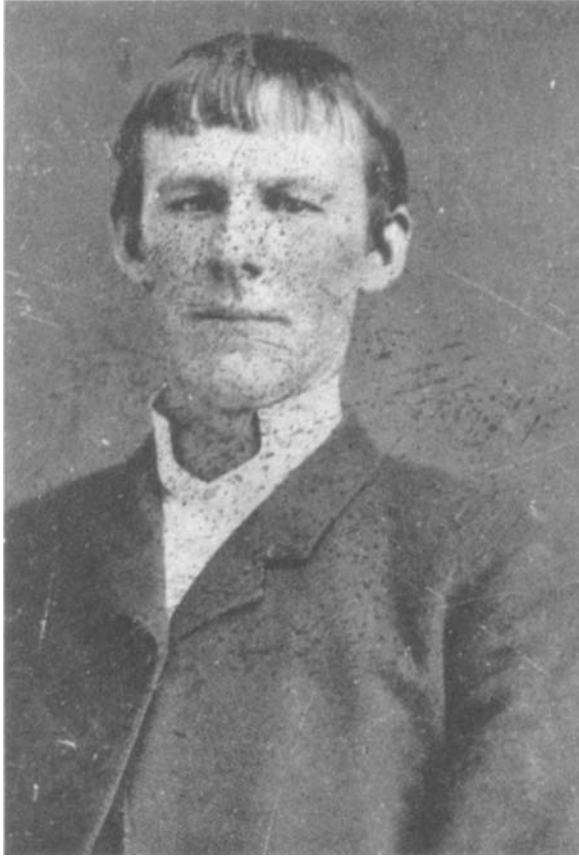
I remember an incident that happened when he was teaching; it was in the old log school house, with the long plank benches without any backs, and one big desk up in front. The cracks between the logs were chinked and daubed, with boards nailed over the chinking inside. One day a child, who was sitting next to the wall, heard a slight movement behind the board, about even with her head. Through a crack she could see a monstrous snake moving along. She let out a war whoop, and for a while there was wild disorder, till cousin Bob found the stove poker, pulled a board off, and then plunked down on the floor a writhing mass of chicken snake about six feet long. After it was dead he held it up by its tail with his hand out about level with his head, and its other end touched the ground, and he was a very tall man.

Another thing that happened while he was teaching; we were having a game of baseball, the girls against the boys. I was on first base, and someone at the bat knocked a fly. A boy caught it and threw it to me, but threw it too high. I jumped up to catch it just as the runner scooted into the base, knocking my feet from under me. I hit my mouth on a rock, knocking an eye tooth through my upper lip, and knocking me unconscious. When I came to cousin Bob had me laying across his lap, and he was washing the blood away with his handkerchief, and saying, "Now they've just killed my poor little girl." There's a hard lump in my lip yet, after fifty years.

Other games we played were: bull pen, fox and hounds (Sadie, Elmo, and Bunkie Owen were the champion runners), bear, in which we made a circle in the dust with a stick, all of us but one, who was the bear, got in the circle, and the bear on the outside tried to touch us without getting inside the line. A very simple game, but we managed to get a lot out of it. It was a wild, pushy, pully, scramble to all of us to keep on the *other* side of the circle from the bear, who dashed madly around on the outside.<sup>89</sup>

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89. In the game of Fox and Hounds, one child plays Fox and the rest play the Hounds. The Fox leaves a trail of paper or broken twigs in the woods long enough for the Hounds to know which direction he is going. Once sighted, the fox must return to the den without getting caught. For more details, see "Fox and Hounds," in *The Foxfire Book of Appalachian Toys & Games*, edited by Linda Garland Pace and Hilton Smith (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1993), 15. These games were common among young school children of western Kentucky. See Bernard Bolton, "Folk



“Elija Armstrong, son of ‘Uncle Lige’ who was brother of my grandfather Johnnie Armstrong.” He was, for a time, chief of police in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

Another thing that kept we girls busy at recess periods, especially before it turned cold, was our playhouses. Some were on the hill above the school house, and others in the bed of the dry stream that was just south of the school. In spring, during the rainy season, it was a good sized

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Games from Western Kentucky,” *Kentucky Folklore Record* 2 (1956): 123–31, and Wilson Gordon, Sr., “Traditional Aspects of the One-Roomed School-III: Playtime,” *Kentucky Folklore Record* 13 (1967): 62–67.



"Old East School House and Pupils," Larkin, Kentucky, ca. 1897. Back row, left to right: Allan Williams, John Robert Marquess, Marion Walker, Lawson Hamby, Ellis Walker, Evert Holt, Curtis Holt, (unidentified). Second row, left to right: Serena Smith, Ozie Holt, Effie Marquess, Maude Morris, Etta Marquess, Jennie Bell Durham, Eva Holt, Lily Owen, Laura Marquess, Robert Cook (teacher), Alice Hamby, Sadie Marquess, Lalie Grenshaw, (unidentified). Front row, left to right: \_\_\_\_ Underwood, (unidentified), Worthy Smith, (unidentified), Kate Miller, Essie Cook, Nora Renshaw, (unidentified), (unidentified), (unidentified), Inez Armstrong, (unidentified), (unidentified), Ben Cook, (unidentified), Carlos Renshaw. Photo Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

stream, but it seldom rained during the autumn months and it was a clean swept stream bed, with trees on either side.

On the hillside we swept clean paths through the carpet of leaves, put rocks on either side, and made charming roads from one playhouse to another. We made leaf hats with streamers that reached to our heels, and trimmed them with lots of flowers. We made dressers and chairs, of rocks with moss on them.

Then sometimes we had climbing streaks, and for weeks we did nothing but climb trees. We would bend the slim hickories out, and as they were real springy, we would hold to the top and jump. With a good one we could jump ten feet in the air. It was lots of fun, only sometimes we would catch the top and swing out, but it wouldn't bend close enough to the ground for us to turn loose; then what a strain on muscles and nerves, to somehow manage to get back up, to climb down again, the way we went up. Our mother was bitterly opposed to climbing, as we were always tearing our clothes. But it was hard to resist.

There was a long log in the school yard, that we sat on while we ate our lunch. Our school lunch usually was biscuit and bacon or ham sandwiches, with a glass of molasses; or blackberry jam and butter, a bottle of milk each, with gingerbread, or occasionally halfmoon fried pies for dessert. Apples or peaches were put in to eat at recess. The violent exercise gave us good appetites, making the plain food taste good.

We tried to manage to go to the spring for water during "books," so we would have the recess periods to play.<sup>90</sup> Two of us usually went. In the old fields, that we had to go through before we reached the woods the spring was in, there were tiny "catbells" growing in the grass. They were seedpods not quite an inch long, very dry, with seeds that rattled unusually loud. We would leave the path, wade out through the grass and weeds, and hunt catbells.

There were "last rose of summer" blooming in that old field, too. A sturdy plant, with a bunch of pretty pink flowers in an oblong cluster. They seemed to all blossom at the same time, and they came when most other flowers were gone. Just they and the golden rods were usually left.

I can shut my eyes now and just smell the nutty flavor the wind had in its breath, when it came across those old fields. Fields where my ancestors had cleared the land of its virgin timber; plowed, planted, toiled and harvested. Then [they], like the owners, were worn out, and were lying idle, dreaming. *Now*, (1944), those old fields and hillsides have all been reclaimed, the soil built up, and good crops are being raised on them once more. A highway has also been built.

There were myriads of songbirds along this way to school, and we used to try to mimic them, and put into English what they were saying.<sup>91</sup>

Lawrence and Worthy Smith (other great grand-children of Ben Armstrong), went a part of the way with us. Worthy didn't like school, so she thought one specie of bird was always suggesting, "Quit Worthy, Quit Worthy," and that another said, "I wouldn't go Worthy, I wouldn't go." One clearly said, "Pharmaceti, Pharmaceeta, Pharmaceeta." Another called, "Dick Taylor." Still another one said, "Peetab, Peetab, Peetab."

The red bird, with his top-knot, would get in the very top of a tree, and sing in the rain. Two clear notes like we whistle to the dogs, followed by three short ones, "Whuet, Whuet, tew, tew, tew." There is no way of mimicking the song of the blue bird or purple martin, the friendly birds that came in early spring, and liked to build in the bird houses we put up for them.

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90. See Gordon, "Traditional Aspects," 62.

91. In her senior years, Effie apparently intended to record these bird mimics for her posterity. See appendix two.

The martin was the ardent love maker. He could talk in the sweetest language to his modest little mate. How happy we were when the first ones came to the bird boxes in the spring.

There was a season in spring of forced idleness, when it rained for weeks at a time. The men were anxious to be plowing, and mammy was in a hurry to get something planted in the garden, but nothing could be done while it rained. It was the time of year when it was almost warm enough to not need a fire, and a little too chilly and damp to be without one.

I can remember wrapping mammy's big old soft woolen shawl around me and sitting in the door while it rained. Watching the water dimple and splash, as it dripped from the eaves into the little ditch that the years of rain had made. There was ground ivy that grew right against the house, and covered the rocks that were the foundation.

I must have been somewhat of a dreamer. I can remember sitting in the dusk, on the stair steps, where they turned to go upstairs. There was a door, to shut out the heat, and the cold, from the upstairs rooms. I would close the door, and sit there alone, and just think and wonder about things. I remember thinking of the different names of Deity, and wondering just how many there really were. There was Lord, and God, and Jehovah, and Christ, and Jesus. It was a puzzle to me, but I was not brave enough to ask anyone about it.

I can dimly remember going with Mammy to see Grandpa Armstrong (I guess it was) when he was sick. It was muddy, and she carried me to the door and sat me up in the door while she cleaned her shoes. Grandpa was on a bed to the right of the door, and the window was darkened. I was afraid, and bawled till she got her shoes cleaned and took me.

Aunt Helen Gilliland Marquess, daughter of great aunt Eliza Jane Armstrong Gilliland,<sup>92</sup> said that greatgrandma Jane had a child born when she was sixty years old. She said that she knew it to be the truth. She remembered hearing a relative say that she went to see her when the baby was first born, and grandma Jane said, "Isn't this *something*? Me laying here with a new baby, and my hair as white as snow."

*But*, I have never been able to find the name of the child, or real proof that it was true. I do wish I could. The census records are not much help until 1850 and after. But Aunt Helen says that she *knows* it was true. If it *is* true, I never knew of anyone else having a child born to them at that age.

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92. Helen Gilliland Marquess possibly refers to Margaret Helen Marquess (1850–1937), wife of James Washington Marquess (1843–1928). Eliza Jane Armstrong Gilliland (1815–1885) was the wife of John Gilliland (1811–1882).

I have wished that I could have known Grandpa Armstrong. Mammy called him Pap. He was a strong, short man. Shorter than most of his brothers, and *they* called him Runt.<sup>93</sup> His father's nickname was Britt.

I can remember Uncle 'Lige (Elijah) Armstrong, Grandpa's brother (he was tall).<sup>94</sup> He is the only one of them that I can remember seeing. We went there once when I was almost a baby. Mammy helped the womenfolks cook dinner, and I played out in the yard where Uncle 'Lige was sitting in the shade of a tree. He took me on his knees and talked to me. He was a kind, gentle man. Their house was on a hill, east of our place, and we could see it from home. A big, nice, lumber house. There was an old log house, just back of it, that was probably the first old home. There was a distinguishing feature about this old place, or rather two of them. There was a big old apricot tree just back of the house, and a spanish dagger just outside the front fence. They called it a century plant, and we were under the impression that it only bloomed once in a hundred years.<sup>95</sup> I have no idea where they got it, but it and the apricot tree were the only ones I ever saw when I was a small child. There was a Passion Flower vine there too, the only one I had ever seen at that time.

Between our place and Uncle 'Lige's, was our nearest neighbor, Marion Moore, and his wife, Ailsie, and one son, Eddie.<sup>96</sup> They had a dark little log house, settled down among some big old gloomy cedar trees, and there wasn't a sprig of grass in the yard. The house itself had a sort of mysterious charm. There was a front room, on the east wing of the house, with the floor a foot lower than the rest of the house, so that they stepped down into it. She had a deep padded carpet on the floor, and kept the blinds pulled down all the time. I don't know why, as the only window was on the north side, so there would have been no danger of the sun fading the carpet. I was never *in* this room more than half a dozen times in all the years that we lived by them. I recall the musty odor that was always there.

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93. This John "Runt" Armstrong is Effie's grandfather, John Armstrong, who was believed to have wrestled Lincoln. See pages 60–61.

94. Elijah Armstrong (1811–1888), son of Benjamin and Jane (Brasher) Armstrong, owned about 415 acres in the Hamby Precinct. His wife was Cinderella C. Hamby (1825–1864), daughter of Philip Hamby and Jane Croft. He was the brother of Eliza Gilliland, and John and David Armstrong. See William Henry Perrin, ed., *County of Christian, Kentucky: Historical and Biographical* (Chicago: F. A. Battey Publishing Co, 1884), 557, and Meacham, *History of Christian County*, 436–37.

95. A Mexican fleshy-leaved species of the *Agave* genus (*Agave Virginica*, L.) commonly cultivated in North America. It flowers only once and then dies. The thick leaves of this species contain a juice with laxative properties.

96. Eddie Moore (1879–1927).



One thing that charmed me, above all others (in that house) was a life-sized painting of a young girl, which stood on an easel in one corner of this room. It was the first hand painted portrait I had ever seen. It must have been good work, it certainly charmed me, and when I got a chance I gazed in awe and wonder to think that anyone could make a picture look as much like life as that one did. The details are dim in my mind now, but there was the small waist, and bustle, lace and ruffles, and bangs.

There were lots of mysterious things in that room, but we never dared touch a thing. Just to get to go in there and sit awhile was almost too good to be true.

Once I went with my family to a *musical* in this parlor, as my father was one of the main performers. I think Sadie played the guitar, and Pappy the fiddle. The music charmed the cat, that probably had not heard music before, and they could not keep it out of the room. My father told them to let it alone and see what it would do. It climbed up on the back of his chair, then onto his shoulder, and looked right down at the fiddle while he played, causing a lot of uproarious laughter.

Eddie, their son, was about the age of the older children of our family, with a long face like his mother. A face that was a bright red, and one of the sharpest noses I ever saw. But he was a good kind fellow with plenty of sense, and a good education. He was a good singer, and could read music.

It was at this place that I saw my first Sears, Roebuck Catalog. The first ones that came out cost money. I can't remember how much, fifty cents I think, but anyway we didn't have one until they became free. Eddie's last year's catalog, when they got through with it, was one of my prized possessions.

Miz Moore saved her seed catalogs and soda cards for me, too. She always bought the big boxes, that had the big cards in them. They came in series; first animals, then flowers, and last birds. I still have some of the bird pictures, but none of the animals or flowers.

Another thing that charmed me was the glass bowl of an old coal oil lamp. The burner had been broken, and she used it to put buttons in. All kinds of buttons. I would have given most anything to have poured them all out in my lap, and looked at all the many different kinds of buttons it contained; but she was rather stern with children, and I never dared to ask her. Remembering that bowl of buttons I have always kept a glass container of some kind with buttons in it. If any child seems interested, I ask them if they wouldn't like for me to pour them out in a pan or a box lid, where they could see all of them. They usually enjoy it.

Not long ago, when I was browsing around in an old curiosity shop in Los Angeles, looking for an old book, I ran across a big old carpet bag with about two gallons of buttons and beads of all descriptions in it. I bought it, and gave it to my grandchildren, who were living there at the

time. Violet said they and the neighbors' children amused themselves most of the time, during that winter's evenings, sorting those buttons, and sewing them on cards and classifying them. It has furnished buttons for the family ever since.

And now, to return to Moores, our neighbors. *Every* evening, rain or shine, summer or winter, as soon as they finished their supper, Eddie came whistling across the field to our place. He didn't stay long; exchanged the news of the day, mentioned what he had read in the papers (he was a great reader, and took several papers and magazines), spoke of the trend of politics, or neighborhood gossip, and at dark would suddenly be gone. He became a part of the evening landscape. One evening, as he was sitting with his chair propped back against the wall, I drew a side view sketch of his face. It looked like him, only more homely, maybe, the nose a *little* sharper. It's the only time I can ever remember of him getting mad. I felt real bad, as I certainly didn't intend to hurt his feelings.

While I was still a very small child, a very tragic thing happened. A mad dog came through our neighborhood, and bit one of Mr. Moore's milk cows. At that time there was no remedy for hydrophobia, at least not close enough to be administered to a cow, so all they could do was wait and see what the results would be. In due time she went mad, and then people came for miles to see the mad cow, before she died. She would run till she could hardly stand, and then bawl and bawl till she was exhausted. She would plow her horns into a bank, and paw and snort. She really lived up to the name of a mad cow. I remember how horrified I would be, to wake up in the night and hear her bawling and bawling. If anyone went near the fence, she would run up to it and stand there panting, with her nostrils spread, and the foam running from her mouth. I was awfully sorry for her.

That, and the tree falling on Bruno, our dog, were the two worst tragedies of my early childhood. The men were in the woods cutting timber for something, and Bruno got in the way of a falling tree, and it hit across his hips. We, at the house, saw something peculiar looking coming down the road from the big gate to the house, a funny little bundle of yellow and white toddling slowly along, not the gait of a dog at all. As it came nearer, we saw that it was Bruno, walking on his two front feet, his hind end balanced up in the air, both hind legs dangling loose, and broken all to pieces. We were so sorry for him, and hurried to get a piece of old quilt for him to lay on. Pappy came in a little while, made some nice splints, set the bones the best he could, bandaged it up good, and for weeks Bruno walked on his front feet, till the broken hips and legs were well.

Bruno lived for several years after that. One day he treed a squirrel up in the woods. Cousin Ike Cook had a bunch of young dogs, just about

grown; big yellow fellows, two of them were named Chump and Sharp. I can't remember the others, but anyway, they heard Bruno barking, went where he was, and killed him. We were so sad. It was the greatest sorrow that had ever come into my life, at that time. After he was dead I would imagine I heard him scratch at the door, and whine to be let in, and the tears would start afresh.

No other dog could ever fill Bruno's place. We owned several others. Old Rattler, who would fight at the drop of a hat. Ponto, the hound, who would listen to the fox chase, wait till they were coming around the hill southwest of us, and would then go down and head the fox off, before he got to his den. He believed in saving himself. Then there was beautiful Joe, who would go away for a year at a time, and then come back, so proud to see all of us again that he was almost beside himself with joy. But he never stayed long, and we never knew where he went.

Then for one short season we owned a greyhound, but not long enough to get very deeply attached. That constitutes all the dogs that I can remember of us owning.

Bruno stands out above all the others, though the smallest of any, he was the most intelligent. He would go with me in the evenings to find the cows in the big old Dr. Woods fields. I think that these uncultivated fields was land that Dr. Woods had taken as payment for doctor bills, from people who had nothing else to pay with. There were two or three old abandoned homes on the land. These fields furnished pasture for our cows, and they had big patches of blackberry briars, where we picked our berries in summer (there was no one who cared).

It was often hard to locate the cows if they were lying still, in the shade somewhere. The old fields and woods, where they grazed, were wide and lonesome, but I was not afraid if I had Bruno along. In some places the weeds grew high, far over a little dog's head, but he would run and jump up where he could see over the weeds. He would run far ahead of me looking in this little stretch of woods, and then down another way, and would almost always find them.

If there was a horse in the stable, I would ride. Old Felix, a slim sorrel with white feet, was not much of a work animal, and was used for a saddle horse. It was fun to go for the cows when I could ride Felix. He and Bruno enjoyed racing across the smooth level old fields, past the graveyard, that was just in the edge of the woods, on towards the baseball grounds, where the men and boys of the neighborhood played baseball on Saturday afternoons.

If the horses were too far away in the pasture, and I had to walk, I started earlier, and went by the graveyard. It was called the Armstrong graveyard, and was a pretty place at that time. Many of the graves were a solid carpet of myrtle. There were other pretty flowers that had grown

wild down in the woods. The myrtle had myriads of blue flowers, and often I have taken a needle and thread and made long wreaths of these blossoms.<sup>97</sup>

The first funeral I can remember was that of Hosea Simpson's wife.<sup>98</sup> The mourners made a terrible impression on my mind. The two daughters were grown young women, Lulu and Lizzie.<sup>99</sup> I have since learned that this mother who died was William Ferrell's sister, daughter of my mother's half sister, Kezia Boyd Ferrell.<sup>100</sup>

But there! I had almost forgotten my cows. I think I was on foot, if I remember right. If they were very far away, and I was very tired when I found them, I would ride old May back. She was a lanky red cow, very gentle. Her back hips made a perfect saddle with my face turned to her tail instead of her head, so that's the way I rode. Her tail was pulled up to have something to hold on to, and to serve as a sort of guide, which I could twist to the right or left. Sometimes one of the cows would give the others a wink, and off they would all go in a full gallop. It was pretty rough riding, but I can't remember ever falling off accidentally.

There was a little wide spreading dogwood tree, down by the milk gap, whose top was one solid mass of grape vines, forming a complete umbrella. After the calves had their supper, and were drug away to the calf pen, I was free to climb trees, or do anything I chose to do. That little old dogwood had been climbed so many times that the limbs were worn slick as a button. The memory of that milking place, the low spreading dogwood with its canopy of grape vines, the walk home with my mother when the milking was done, the clear view of the sunset sky across the old fields, the talks as we walked slowly home in the twilight, has left some very sweet impressions in my mind. [See the painting on p. 35].<sup>101</sup>

<I think I wrote somewhere that Sadie said that she and Lelia and Etta wore linsey dresses in winter. I was not sure about the spelling and looked it up in the encyclopedia, and it said it was called Linsey-Woolsey, because it was woven of half linen and half fine woolen thread, making a nice warm linen and woolen cloth suitable for warm winter dresses for children, and for other purposes.

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97. See page 90 for another description of this gravesite.

98. According to the 1880 census, Hosea Simpson (b. 1839) was married to Louisa (b. 1834).

99. Luretha "Lulu" (b. 1870) and Lizzie Simpson (b. 1868).

100. This seems highly unlikely considering William Farrell (1863–1938) was nearly thirty years younger than Louisa Simpson. Kezia Jane Boyd (1830–1879) was married to Obediah Henry Ferrell (1824–1871).

101. Effie repeated the following section in triangular brackets almost verbatim near the conclusion of the autobiography. See epilogue, note 78.

I like for my older sisters to tell me about their childhood, and their first schools, etc. (Mother said that Lelia walked when she was seven months old. ) Lelia says that she started to school when she was five. She didn't want to go, and mother took her part way, and carried Elmo, a big heavy baby.

When mother started back home Lelia jerked her hand away from Etta, who was leading her, and ran after mama, so mother sat Elmo down in the path and took her the rest of the way to the school house (not very far) and set her over the fence and told her to *stay there*.

Lelia said that she was mad at mother for leaving the baby alone. She was afraid that some sheep, that were near, would come and hurt him. She said that she screamed, and told mother that when she got home she was going to make our dad *whip her*, but she stayed, and after that she was willing to go with Etta.

There was another little girl in school who had been born the same day Lelia was. Her name was Annie Stewart.<sup>102</sup>

The school house was a log room with a fireplace and chimney. It had been a blacksmith shop, and it was across the road from cousin P. (Philip) Armstrong's place. They sat on puncheon seats (a log split in half with a broad axe, and holes bored in each end and legs put in the holes — see picture). [*This picture is not included here.*]

Henry Durham (later a doctor) was her first teacher, he was nineteen years old.<sup>103</sup> They studied in a "blue-backed speller" (I have one), and they made them study aloud. It was called a "blab school." There were only two benches, long ones, sitting *slaunchways* in front of the fireplace. Cousin Pairlee Croft was her next teacher (grandfather Armstrong's first wife was Susan Croft).<sup>104</sup>

Lelia says that grandmother Marquess wove linen cloth, and she has seen some she wove.

Lelia says that our mother didn't have a cookstove till about the time that I was born. She can't remember whether just before or just after (1885). This shows the marvelous changes from my mother's time, and even from my birth, to the present time.

We had little bullet molds, and I have molded lots of bullets, one at a time. I liked to do it. I felt important, and they used them.>

I had a deep and abiding interest in my sister's beaux. I was most too small to remember Lelia's first ones. I know that she and Lewis Hamby were cronies in their school days, and Lawson Causler [Cansler] came reg-

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102. "Connie Stewart" in 1973 version.

103. "Henry Durbane" in 1973 version.

104. Pairlee Croft (b. 1857).



Lelia Marquess at age two. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

ularly for a long time.<sup>105</sup> There was talk of a wedding, but Lawson got sick and the doctor ordered a change of climate, so he went west for awhile. While he was gone, William Ferrell, with a pair of shiny boots, a black moustache, a banjo, a wide hat, and a dashing saddle horse, rode right into Dawson's [Lawson's?] warm place, and camped there. Mammy didn't like it, she didn't have anything personal against William, but she said that they were too closely related, and she would never be happy if she married him.

Mammy was a quiet, peaceable soul, usually agreeable with most anything. She put up with poverty and hard work without a murmur, but

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105. Louis B. Hamby (b. 1872), according to the 1880 census, and possibly John or James Lawson Cansler.

when Lelia told her she and William were going to be married, I saw another side of her that I had never seen before. She cried, begged and pleaded with Lelia to wait a while before she decided. She told her she would rather see her dead and in her coffin than to see her marry him, but it all fell on deaf ears. They were soon married, but they were never suited to each other. Their dispositions were entirely different, and she endured much unhappiness in her life with him. However, they raised a family of fine children, good and intelligent. William loved his children, and he was a good father to them. But he and Lelia clashed continually.

I was a little child of four or five years when they married, and William was my pal. He would make dancers for me of empty spools, and would show me lots of little tricks; how an Indian pinches, how to feed a crow. He would pretend he was cutting my ear off with the back of his knife blade, and make an awful face at the blood. He could knock off tunes on the old banjo, and played with my dad for dances. He was a good dancer, wore pretty shoes, and kept them shining till you could see yourself in them, almost.

William Ferrell was part Indian. I have never found how far back it was, or of what tribe. Probably Cherokee, as they were the ones who lived in that part of the country when the white men came. But, since I have seen the Navajos, I have thought that William surely must have been part Navajo, as I can see distinct resemblances in every movement they make. The way they point, the way they tie a leather knot, or fasten a saddle girt, or walk, or laugh. In *every* move they are so like him.

About a year after they were married Lelia had a baby boy, born prematurely, who lived a little while and then died. The first dead baby that I had ever seen. He was the first one of *our* family to be buried at the Armstrong graveyard. Etta and I carried many a tubful of rich dirt, to put around that little grave, the flowers we planted had to have good soil so they would thrive and grow. We never guessed, while we were working at the little plot, that Mother's and Etta's graves would be the next ones adjoining it.

My conscience has bothered me when I think of how hard Etta worked to keep that little grave clean and pretty, and how sadly neglected her grave has been. We sold the old place, and moved away the year after she was buried, and the graveyard has long been neglected. We have gone back there a few times, at long intervals, and cleaned it, and put a fence around their graves. Each time the bushes and weeds had grown up until we could hardly find where they were buried.<sup>106</sup>

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106. These family plots were typical in Kentucky rural areas. See Sue Lynn Stone, "Blessed Are They That Mourn," 230. Traditions regarding gravesites in the South and their treatment are discussed in Lynwood Montell, "Cemetery Decoration Customs in the American South," in *The Old Traditional Way of Life*, ed. Robert E. Walls and George H. Shoemaker (Bloomington: Trickster Press, 1989), 111–29.



Family portrait of William Henry Ferrell and Lelia Marquess Ferrell, Effie's sister, probably taken in Jerome, Arizona, ca. 1902. Left to right, standing: John Robert Marquess (Effie's brother), and Vera; sitting: William, Norman, Leone, Lelia. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

<When grandmother Marquess was living at the Dr. Hendricks place, not so very far from Wallonia, mother and her three little ones (Etta, the oldest, Lelia, next, and Elmo, the baby) were visiting at grandma's.<sup>107</sup> Grandma and mother were expecting our father and Uncle Curg to be home for supper soon, and were busy getting it ready. The table was set and most of the food was on the table.

The children were playing quite a little ways from the house. Grandmother noticed that it was suddenly getting dark, and when she went outside to see where the children were, she saw a black cloud coming, and she could hear the roar of the wind. She ran for the children, and she and Aunt Emma, her oldest girl, hurried them as fast as they could, but by the time they reached the house it was almost as dark as night. The chickens were huddled together frightened. The cows were bawling, and the dog whimpered by the door.

By the time they were all in the house the storm was on them in all its fury. The din and the roar and darkness was terrible. The air was full of

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107. Dr. Alex A. Hendrix (b. 1830). See Perrin, *County of Christian, Kentucky*, 564–65. This sentence begins a section which is repeated verbatim near the conclusion of the autobiography. See epilogue, note 77.



flying missiles, and the house was shaking as if it would go any minute. The roof of the kitchen was blown off, and the rain and debris was pouring in on the untouched supper. The dishes and the food was scattered, the tablecloth was carried out and to the top of a big tree, where it remained for a long time.

The big living room where they were huddled close together was blown from its foundation, and lamps, vases, mirrors, and other things were crashed to the floor, but the walls remained intact.

Papa and Uncle Curg were on their way home and saw the cyclone writhing and twisting along. As it came nearer the roar of the wind was frightening. They had no doubt but what it was a destructive one. They were out of the track of it, but it seemed to be heading straight for grandmother's place, and they hurried on as fast as possible.

When they came in sight of the house they could see that the big living room was off its foundation, the roof was blown from the kitchen, and the tablecloth was caught in the top of one of the big trees in the yard.

Their supper was demolished, but they were all thankful and happy that no one was hurt. The house could be rebuilt, and more food could be cooked, and all would be O. K. again. They were so thankful that the men had been clear of the track of the tornado, and that it had not touched them.>

I only remember going to grandma Armstrong's one time. I was small, not over three or four years old, but there were a few things that happened that were stamped on my memory to stay. Some of Uncle Jim's folks went with us. Jimmie and I (we were about the same age) were sitting in the back of the wagon, and Mammy kept warning us not to be looking over the side of the wagon bed, as there was danger of getting our mouths mashed. We were sure that we could be careful, and nothing of the kind would happen, but when the team broke into a trot, down a rocky slope, I was bounced over against the edge of the wagon bed and cut a place in my upper lip, knocking some teeth loose. After that I minded my mother, and kept my face away from danger.

It clouded up and started to thunder before we reached the Tradewater river, and as some of the men folks were going to stay at the creek and fish, I began to feel worried, for fear of a storm. By the time we reached the river bottoms, the wind was tossing the tall tree tops about, and a storm was threatening. I was afraid for them to stay.

I had heard them tell of Uncle Jim and Birchfield being on the river once when there came a storm.<sup>108</sup> After it was over, they could see a house

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108. Birchfield Marquess (b. 1894).

on the hill. The roof had been blown off. They went up there to see if anyone was hurt, and it seemed that the storm had caught a mother and a new-born baby alone. When she saw the wind was about to demolish the house, she got up on her knees and elbows over her baby to protect it. A heavy timber from the roof, a joist, I think it was, had fallen, and struck her on the head. She lived only a few minutes after they got there. The baby was unhurt, and a family by the name of Stevenson took the baby and raised her. Her name was Emma.<sup>109</sup> They gave her a good education, and she became a school teacher.

This story had left the impression in my mind that the Tradewater river was an especially bad place for tornadoes, and I didn't want Papa and the boys to stay and fish. It was dark and windy, and the thunder was crashing, but they stayed, and I was miserable.

Elmo drove the team for us, on to grandma's place. When we came to a stream we had to ford, which was usually shallow, it had been raining up towards its source, and now it was a rolling muddy torrent. We stopped, and were debating whether to drive into it or not. While we were waiting, we saw a man with two big oxen, and a wagon, coming towards us on the other side of the stream. Elmo decided to wait and see if he made it across all right, and if it wasn't *too* deep, *we* would try it. The oxen didn't want to go down into the water, but the man cracked a long whip, and hollered whoa at them, and they went in with their tongues out, and bawling. They had long horns with brass knobs on the ends of each horn. He came through safely, so we tackled it too.

It was raining, and we put quilts over us, and by the time we got to grandma's it was just pouring down, and the wind was blowing a gale. Grandma put a feather bed on the floor, and we children all lay down and covered our heads. I suppose we thought that would keep the lightning from striking.

No one lived there but grandma Druzilla (Mammy's stepmother) and her nephew, Ned Wooldridge, but it was interesting to us.<sup>110</sup> They had an upstairs in their house, and the floor of it was nearly covered with hazelnuts and walnuts, drying, while we were there.

The next day after it cleared off Ned took us and showed us his coal mine, which was on their farm, near Empire.

We were wondering how our men made it on the creek during the storm. They had a tent and were O. K. We went back to the river the next day and joined the men. Then we all tried our luck at fishing.

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109. Possibly Emma Stevenson (b. 1872), according to the 1880 census.

110. Druzilla (Drewsilla or Druscilla) Wooldridge (b. 1817) was the wife of John Armstrong, Effie's grandfather. Ned Wooldridge was born in 1858.

They usually caught lots of big catfish in this river, and they were good to eat. They had no scales on them like most other fish have. They had to be scalded and scraped to clean them.

They visited the Stevensons who had taken the motherless Emma. I went out in the yard where some other children were, and a little boy, a little larger than myself, came up and pushed me backwards. I fell flat on my back, and bawled. Someone came to see what the trouble was, and the boy, pointing at me said, "I downed the little bitch."

I don't remember anything about the trip home, it must have been uneventful, probably raining.

It's funny how smells get mixed up with memories, as I have mentioned before. When *one* comes back, the other comes with it. We always burned wood. In the fireplace, and in the old iron stepstove in the kitchen. We burned hickory and oak wood in the fireplace, as they made hot fire, and lasted longer, and the ashes were good to make lye for the soap.

The smell of coal smoke became associated with going to town, and consequently I adored the smell of coal burning. It had a charm with it.<sup>111</sup>

One would think that a long jolt over rough roads in an old two horse wagon, usually in the hot summer, would leave unpleasant impressions, but not so. Those trips to town stand out as glorious monuments in my memory. I asked who lived in every house along the way, and our patient father usually told us.

There was the Hiram Moores, the slow, quiet, soft spoken people, whose daughter Melissa, was the most decided blond I ever saw.<sup>112</sup> She had long thick hair that was almost white, and her eyelashes and eyebrows were white as cotton, and I'll bet she never spoke a loud harsh word in her life.

When Walter Owens would be prompting at the square dances he would call out, when he started to swing Melissa, "And I'll now swing the gal with the bean soup hair," but she didn't resent it, for he had something original to say about each girl he swung.<sup>113</sup>

111. Hopkinsville was the center of Kentucky's dark-fired tobacco market and the processing center for the region's coal mining district. It was also the junction for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and Illinois Central Railroad systems. The smell of coal smoke would have been strong given the climate of industry in this town. For more on Hopkinsville, see Sue M. Wright, "Spotlight on Christian County: Patriarch of the Pennyrile," *Back Home in Kentucky* 8 (July-August 1985): 25-30; Meacham, *History of Christian County*; and William T. Turner, *Gateway From the Past: A History Commemotating 175th Anniversary of Hopkinsville and Christian County, Kentucky* (Hopkinsville, Ky.: Burdine's Print 1974).

112. Hiram H. Moore (1834-1906) and his wife, Eliza (1835-1915) had a daughter, Melissie F. (b. 1873).

113. According to Burt Feintuch, callers were a necessity at these dances. "Generally, the caller stood to one side of the dancers, although he himself sometimes danced or moved through them. In instances where several people knew how to call dances, they

Well, things like that were discussed, as we passed Hiram Moore's place. Then next was John Knight's place. He was noted for making good cider, and when something was just right, it was *like John Knight's cider*.<sup>114</sup>

Next was Bill Cotton's place, at the top of Cotton's hill.<sup>115</sup> We always felt sad for poor Mrs. Cotton, a good woman, who had given birth to three idiotic children, one girl and two boys. The girl had fallen into the fire and burned to death; but the boys were both big strapping fellows, Bob and Bert. Bob grew so unmanageable that a special room was built in the back, to lock him in.

Next was Pleasant Green church, on top of the hill, where we could see clear down into Trigg County.

Then came a stretch of Negro cabins, and the Negro church, then Smith's big farm. He had the family of pretty girls, who were nearly all named boys' names: Tommy, Willie, Johnie, and Jimmie. Probably he wanted them to be boys, anyway they were very popular. The oldest girl was named Jennie.

When we came to the fork of the road, we could smell the smoke from the train, and from the coal grates, and could see the Princeton Pike, leading off to the west, and could hear the telephone wires singing (for years I thought that humming noise was the messages being sent along through those wires). Here the country opened up. No more woods, hills, or rocky stretches. To the south, as far as you could see, lay the broad fair acres of South Christian County.

Off to the southwest, a little ways, was John Young's mansion. The top of the house, which was three stories high, had a flat square enclosure, with a banister around it. They said that there was a fishpond with a white swan, etc., or a swimming pool, or *something* mysterious up there.

Other imposing homes could be seen in the distance. There were fine Jersey cattle, and thoroughbred horses, and Negroes working in the fields.

The forks of the road was just a mile from town, and about halfway there was the toll gate, where Alec Poindexter was always waiting to raise the long bar and let us through, and collect two cents. There was a tiny little

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usually took turns. Calling is highly formulaic, and because of this it was apparently easy for some to learn to call through imitation and practice" (Feintuch, "Dancing to the Music," 57-58). See page 197 for more on Walter Owen's dance calling.

114. Probably John Richard Knight (1872-1935). The making of apple cider in western Kentucky has been a long and cherished tradition among rural families. See Karen Stewart, "Making Apple Cider in Western Kentucky," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 18 (1972): 92-95.

115. Probably William Cotton (b. 1869) and his wife, Ellen Gilkey (b. 1873?).

square building out on the side, that I suppose he could retreat into if it rained, snowed, or sleeted.

Just after we crossed the river bridge we came to William Owen's grocery, on 7th street, and we usually got out there and waited while Pappy took the wagon and team and disposed of them. He usually hitched them in the lot back of Pink Nolan's saloon.<sup>116</sup>

William Owen's family lived in an apartment over the grocery. They had two beautiful children, Willie and Violet. Violet was my age, and she had a swing in a little storeroom, back of the grocery, and a playhouse, where she kept her toys, dolls, etc. She could draw too, so there was a sort of bond between us. I could draw also, better than any other child in school, and was always called on to make drawings on the blackboard for Thanksgiving, Pioneer celebrations, Christmas, etc. Violet said that someday she was going to an Art school.

Besides the Owen place, there were three other places we always visited. Cousin Larkin Brasher (who married Jane Lindley, daughter of Susan (Peggy) Lindley, my grandfather's sister) for one. He was a lawyer, and had a big family. David, the oldest, who lived on a farm out near us, and a bunch of girls, who were all school teachers. Miss Vic, Miss Carrie, Miss Minnie, and younger one, Omie, a little older than myself, and Lark, the baby.<sup>117</sup>

We usually stopped for a visit with cousin Elijah Armstrong's family, too.

Then in town, we went to Joe P. Pool's Racket store.<sup>118</sup> It was a forerunner of the present dime stores. It had 5 cent counters, 10 cent counters, 25 cent counters, etc. *There* was where we spent our hoarded nickels and dimes. China dolls, toy cap pistols, fans, combs for our hair, toys, ribbons, and all kinds of attractive things. But they were always in too big a hurry to go, before I got to see half of what I wanted to see.

In the evening, going home, one or two of the girls would usually have a sick headache. Probably from the jolting, and the hot sun, or from looking *and* looking at everything, or too much candy, or sour stomach from wrong foods. Anyway, we rarely ever got home without one or two being prostrate with a headache.

I remember one such evening, when *my* head was splitting. Cousin Ike Cook passed us in his nice springy buggy, with its leather top, to keep the sun off, and old Joab, a big gray horse hitched to it. He halted, as he passed our wagon, and asked if some of us would like to ride with him. Mammy said, as *my* head was aching, maybe I had better be the one. I didn't

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116. Probably refers to Charles P. Nolan (b. 1849) a saloon keeper in Hopkinsville.

117. See note 83 above.

118. Joe P. Pool (b. 1873).

want to ride with him, as I was a little bit timid, and afraid of him. His eyes were red from drinking, and he smelled loud of whiskey, but it certainly was nice to sit on the nice springy cushions of the seat, and bounce along so easy. It seemed a pleasure to old Joab to trot glibly up hill and down

When we got to Hiram Moore's field there was a little country lane that crossed it, that led to the fields, and across to Uncle Lawrence's place, but it didn't look wide enough for a buggy. It was a road that was not used anymore, but he turned off and went that way. I kept telling him that was not the right way, and that he couldn't go that way with the horse and buggy, but he said old Joab could take us anywhere we wanted to go.

After the road turned into the gate at Uncle Lawrence's back field the road played out entirely and there was nothing left but the creek bed. I was scared stiff, but he wouldn't let me out. When he ran the side of the buggy up on a big log, and the other side up on the bank of the creek, with the old horse way below us wading through a deep hole (Ike was busy with the lines) I took advantage, and made a wild leap, landing in a briar thicket. But I didn't care, briars were a welcome change. He called, and begged me to come back and get in. He said that we would soon be to the long lane that led up to Mr. Moore's house, but I didn't listen, I was running as fast as my legs could carry me. I waded the creek, climbed fences, and soon I knew where I was. I was in Mr. Moore's bottom field, the one where the cow stayed, when she went mad. I knew that as soon as I crossed *them* I would be to our fence, and then I could see our house.

I made for the big sweet gum tree, with the two scalybark hickories near it.<sup>119</sup> I was hot from running, the briars had torn my Sunday stockings, and my best shoes were wet and muddy from wading the creek. My head was throbbing, but I was glad to be out of that buggy and in sight of home.

I got home about the same time the folks got there in the wagon. They stared in open mouthed wonder when I came dragging up, all briar scratched and bedraggled.

"Where in the world have you been?" Two or three of them asked me at the same time.

When I told them of my experience Pappy was so mad he could hardly speak. He was going right over to Ike's, and give him the beating he needed, but Mammy wouldn't let him. She said that they should have

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119. The sweet gum tree (*Liquidambar styraciflua*, L.) is of rapid growth and is ornamental. The bark has astringent properties and is sometimes used to tan leather. The scalybark hickory or shagbark hickory (*Carya ovata*) is common to the area and is used in making lye, cogs, and millwheels. The bark is often used as an astringent.

had better sense than to let me ride with him when he was drunk, so it was their fault after all.

Mammy was so sorry for me that she treated me like an invalid. She washed my face, fanned me, and rubbed camphor on my aching head. For a little while I was the *hero*.

## CHAPTER TWO

# Ponderous Milestones

*Each change that today seems to pass with a gallop  
Were ponderous milestones that marked off the way,  
The slow-growing stocking on Mammie's deft needles  
And even when only a week was remaining  
It seemed that the holidays never would come—  
I can't explain yet why they held so much magic  
For children as poor as we were in our home.*

—"Christmas" in *Backward Glances*, 32

At least twice a year the old place got a *genuine* going over. Once in the spring, and again just before Christmas. Of course, there was a weekly cleaning, when the floors had to be *scoured* with soft soap, and the broom. We had no rugs, and linoleum was unheard of. There were some strips of home made carpet once, I think, but they had been used to cover the sweet potatoes and the apples upstairs. Turnips were holed up in the garden, but sweet potatoes were hard to keep, and had to be kept at just the right temperature, or they would dry rot.

The oak floors were kept scrubbed. Any grease spot showed up ugly, and the walnuts we cracked on the hearth were very bad to make greasy spots, but we couldn't afford to quit cracking walnuts, especially of winter evenings. They and corn bread together made a good supper.

Mammy usually did the weekly floor scouring anyway, but when the general housecleaning time came, *everybody* worked. Everything was taken out of the house, so the walls could be whitewashed. The lime was boiling in the big old iron kettle outside (it looked like rocks when it was first bought, but when water was poured on it it swelled and blossomed out into snowy lime).

The old straw was emptied out of the *domestic* straw ticks, and we children usually had the job of filling them, after they had been washed,



dried, and ironed. Mammy always gave directions as to just what kind of straw to get. We made a hole way into the core of the stack, where it had not been rained on. We shook all the chaff out, then filled the clean ticks as full as we could get them. We would jump on them to smash them down, and then cram in more stuffing, especially into each corner. When it was full the boys would usually carry them to the house on their heads.

Everything in the house was washed and dusted. The bedsteads, and even the slats were washed. The homemade chairs were scrubbed. The cracks in the hearth and around the fireplace were redaubed. In the spring there was a new firescreen made, and covered with all kinds of bright colored pictures, but it had to be recovered real often, as the crickets cut holes in whatever we covered it with.

A fad swept the country about this time of spatter work screens. A cloth was stretched on the screen, then usually green leaves, maple, ferns, or something that would make a pretty design was laid on the cloth, then a brush was dipped in colored water, usually blued with bluing, and spattered around the leaves. Then the leaves were removed, leaving that place white. Somehow we never did catch the spatter fever.

The lace curtains were all washed, starched, and ironed. This in itself was quite a job, as the irons had to be heated at the fireplace, or on the cookstove.

The whitewashing wouldn't have been such a terrible job, with a good brush, but we never thought of buying *anything*, if we could make anything *else* do. Mammy would use an old wornout broom, or tear corn shucks up fine, and tie them together on a stick, or some other homemade contraption, that would answer the purpose of a brush. Although at that time, I am sure, good brushes could have been bought at a very reasonable price.

The walls were not so hard to do, but the overhead work on the ceilings was pretty different. Mammy always got the whitewash in her eyes, and it almost put them out. In fact, I know one woman who was blind in one eye from getting whitewash in it. Anyway, we lived through it, and when it was done, the walls were all as white as snow. The curtains, starched and snowy and back on the windows. The beds, high with their new strawticks, and the featherbeds on top of that, with white sheets, and big ruffled pillow shams. The picture frames re-varnished. New split bottoms had been put in the chairs that needed it. The floors were all as clean as soap and hot water could make them. There was a feeling of deep satisfaction, and the knowledge that we had done the very best that we could with what we had. It *did* look clean, and it *was* clean.

Etta, who was crippled, couldn't do everything the others could do, as she had no use of her right arm and hand. But she did her part steadily, day after day. She pieced quilts, knit, made the new pin cushions,

embroidered, and *hundreds* of little things. In the long run accomplishing more, perhaps, than many who have two good hands. She planted and tended the flowers. Kept the door yard clean with little buckbush brooms. Fed and tended little chickens. Gathered eggs. She even swept floors.

Etta had some pet hens, big old yellow ducklegged biddies, that would not lay anywhere but in the house, usually on a bed. One of them laid abnormally big eggs, with two yellows, and sometimes she laid twice a day. She was a super hen.

I have planned several times to write some little booklets for children. One on Christmas in Kentucky, in the 90's. I did write a stanza or two on it in my little booklet "Backward Glances,"<sup>1</sup> but I would like to go into detail and tell the intimate story of our happy Christmas times, and of the gifts that Santa Claus put in our stockings, and on the Christmas tree (which was always a Cedar, as there were no pine trees near). The Cedar tree brought the Christmas spirit as strong as any stately pine could possibly have done.

We utilized the time, the few days before the happy occasion, by getting the old log house shining upstairs and down. The whitewashing of the walls usually took place before the cold bad weather set in.

1. *Backward Glances* was Effie's 63-page book of poetry, a collection of 39 poems based on childhood memories. It was privately printed and gives no publication date on the title page. Some of the poems are "Spring Housecleaning," "Pickin' Geese," "Mammy, Carding and Spinning," and "Our Yearly Visit to Grandma's." The poem titled "Christmas" includes these verses:

A tree of green cedar with flowers of paper,  
 With strings of white popcorn and apples of red,  
 Gave thrills that were sweeter than any rich treasure  
 Could cause in my heart, since my childhood has fled.  
 The scent of a firecracker stirs mellow memories  
 Of red striped socks and a new "chiny" doll,  
 A home-made spool wagon, a *piece* of an orange,  
 bladder to bust, and a home-made yarn ball.  
 fresh sagey sausage bound up in tight bunches  
 With shucks as a cover, and tied at each end,  
 And oh, the red gravy we sopped with hot biscuits—  
 There is no food now with such exquisite blend.  
 And no cake compares with the tall ones in layers,  
 With apples, all flavored with nutmeg, between;  
 For nutmegs were cheap—we bought five for a nickel  
 In cute little nuts that looked powdered and clean.  
 A fresh ham or pork that was boiled in the wash-pot  
 Was part of our Christmas—'twas peeled and then browned  
 And spotted all over with spots of black pepper,  
 Our Dad did the slicing and passed it around.  
 We knew to prepare for a crowd to come Christmas,  
 For music and laughter and dancing and fun,  
 Though looked on as sin by the church folks and preachers  
 Drew life, like the light and the warmth of the sun.

The autumns in our part of Kentucky were, in one way, the best time of year. There were long golden days when everyone was busy from morning till night getting tobacco cut and cured, (I can just smell the smoke from the tobacco barn when that time of year rolls around), getting the potatoes dug, the beans picked and shelled, the corn gathered and the fodder shocked.<sup>2</sup>

The hickory nuts had to be gathered, and the black walnuts hulled and stored in the old abandoned corncrib.

The popcorn had to be gathered, and the broom corn cut and stored. We had to *break* it so the broom heads would hang *down* and the straws would remain straight and nice for the brooms.<sup>3</sup>

The turnips were put in a hole in the garden, covered with cornstalks and then with dirt to prevent freezing.

The apples and sweet potatoes were stored upstairs. Sometimes the wheat was stored for a while in an improvised bin in a corner of the upstairs room.

By the time Christmas arrived everything was stored away, safe from freezing. Usually the hog killing was over, the sausage was ground and hanging in the smokehouse in little long sacks. There were usually several little packages in cornshucks, tied at either end, and kept hanging in the kitchen. We thought it tasted better stored in the shucks. Sometimes it was fried in patties, packed in a stone jar and the hot grease poured over it, and the jar was turned upside down. When we wanted sausage quick we could just open a jar, and it was ready. There is no meat that I can think of that can beat it for flavor, when it is browned, seasoned with lots of sage,

2. Effie later wrote that

All of this work fell to the women and children, as the men were kept busy in the tobacco. It was getting ripe, and the leaves were thick and tinged with yellow. It must be cut at the proper time or it would begin to lose weight. The men of the neighborhood swapped work, the ripest crops being cut first. Jugs of cider at the ends of the rows helped to break the monotony. The stalks were split down the center with a sharp knife and cut off at the ground. It was then turned over and stood on its head until it wilted. When it had stood in the sun until it was sufficiently softened that it would not break, it was straddled close together on tobacco sticks that had been split from strait-grained oak and were about three feet long. It was then loaded on the wagon in two large stacks called coops and hauled to the barn, where the sticks were hoisted and handed from one to another until the top of the barn was full. It was then hung, a tier at a time, until the entire barn was filled within six or eight feet of the ground. Here it hung until it was yellow, and then was fired.

See Carmack, "Tobacker," 108.

3. For more on the process of making brooms, see Karen Stewart, "Broommaking in Western Kentucky," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 18 (1972): 46-48, and Annelen Archbold, "Broommaking in Kentucky," *Back Home in Kentucky* 3 (September-October 1980): 38-39.

and eaten with hot buttermilk biscuits, and with the luscious red gravy it was cooked in.

To make red gravy the main part of the grease is poured off, then water poured in the skillet where the sausage giblets and small particles had browned.

Back bones, spareribs, and boiled hams were a part of Christmas too. Our mother saw that everyone around us who didn't happen to be as fortunate as we were, and who didn't have any hogs to kill, got a generous portion of fresh pork for Christmas.

The boys sawed and chopped the oak and hickory wood and piled it in the open porch (or hallway) to protect it from the snow that we always hoped would fall for Christmas. We longed and prayed for a white Christmas.

Whether there was snow or not, we strung long strings of popcorn, made paper chains, and paper flowers and stars to deck our tree with.

We usually had new wool stockings (and oh how I hated to wear them, they always scratched my legs, but they *did* help to keep out the cold).

We usually tried to get a load of tobacco stripped and ready to take to market before Christmas. And our dad made axe handles and worked on them during long winter evenings and sold them for three dollars a dozen. He was an expert at it. His handles were shaped perfectly, and were of fine grained seasoned hickory wood, polished as slick as a button. He would get them shaped with the hand axe and drawing knife, then we children would help him scrape them with pieces of broken glass, and then they were finished with (first coarse, then fine) sandpaper. They were a work of art when he got them finished. Three dollars in those days was a lot more money than it is today.<sup>4</sup>

My brother John said that one time when they were going to Tradewater fishing they stopped at Era, John Roger's store, and bought eggs to take with them.<sup>5</sup> They gave twenty-five cents for six dozen eggs. They were five cents a dozen, in one dozen lots, but by taking six dozen they got a dozen extra. *Now*, six dozen fresh eggs cost \$3. 60, over twelve times as much as they paid for them then.

Anyway, we never felt poor, as we had a frugal, industrious mother, who did her level best to keep good food and clothing for her children, and to keep good warm, clean beds. She kept a flock of geese, picked them every six weeks, and kept plenty of warm feather beds and pillows for every bed.

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4. Effie's description of ax handle-making was mentioned earlier on page 57. See Chapter One note 51 for a source on the making of ax handles.

5. Probably John B. Rogers (b. 1847).

Some people think it is cruel to pluck the feathers from the geese, but if they are not picked every six weeks, they shed them, and then there would be feathers scattered everywhere. We were sure that nature planned it that way so we could have the good soft warm feather beds to keep us warm in the winter. *That* was a custom that goes away back into history. We had no manufactured mattresses. There was a straw tick made from brown domestic (unbleached muslin) and filled with clean wheat straw from the *inside* of the straw stack. *That* with a good featherbed on top of it, and plenty of quilts, made a warm bed.

We had no springs when I was a little child. I can remember our first ones, slats, and corded.

We made bedspreads of muslin, and tablecloths too. Made ruffled pillow slips for the bed in the front room, that visitors slept on.

Sometimes there were lace pillow shams that were spread over big pillows that stood upright on the bolster (a long pillow reaching the entire width of the bed).

Our mother made apple layer cakes. The cakes rather thin, and in several layers. Coconut layer cakes also, and solid pound cakes, and fruit pies, and cookies, for Christmas dinners, and almost always a boiled ham, and often a baked goose.

Sometimes mother made salt rising bread, for special occasions. It was good. I've always wanted to make it, but never have. *Most* of the time our bread was buttermilk biscuits, or flitters for breakfast, and often cornbread for the midday meal and supper.

Mother baked sweet potatoes in the dutch oven on the hearth, and often cooked the cornbread in it too.

When mother rendered the fat for our year's supply of lard she saved the brown cracklin's and would make cracklin' cornbread. It tasted good, but was too greasy to be healthy, so she didn't make it very often. She molded it into little long <sup>^slim^</sup>6 dodgers so there was lots of brown crust.<sup>7</sup>

At long last Christmas Eve would finally arrive. I cannot figure out the pure joy, and the actually hallowed feeling, different from any other time of year, *far* different, that accompanied the Christmas holidays. It was such an *extreme* happiness that I could hardly endure it. I have often wondered if others experienced the same thrill of joy that I did, and I guess they did, from the things that have been said and written and sung about it.

We built a big crackling log fire, with a huge backlog, had the hearth as clean as could be, and the tree waiting in all its popcorn glory. We never

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6. "Slim" is written under an unitelligibly stricken word.

7. Bread made of fried or baked corn meal; usually "corn dodger."

had lights on it as we were afraid to have candles, too much danger of fire. The popcorn, paper chains, stars and flowers were enough. If there had been anything more I'm afraid we couldn't have stood it.

The boys made loose wool balls, soaked them with coal oil, set them on fire and threw them high in the air, so the neighbors could see. They would catch them in their naked hands and then throw them again.

We stood big boards up, and then jumped on them as they went down, so that they would make a loud noise. We usually had firecrackers but no one ever saw them till Christmas morning. Old Chris brought them along with our other gifts.

Mother knit yarn socks and mittens for the boys and our father, then made new balls from old worn out socks ravelled out and wound tight. She made warm mufflers for their necks to keep them warm, and made rag dolls if there was no new ones for we girls. Sometimes she would buy doll heads, the china kind, and put bodies to them, and make clothes for them.

I *have* had a bought doll with china hands and feet, and *once*, I remember Sadie and I getting bisque dolls with *hair*, mine was blonde, hers with brown hair.

Elmo made little wagons with wheels made from a round seasoned pole, with sections sawed off, and a hole bored in the center. Sometimes a shoe box was used for the wagon bed, sometimes it was made of wood. He would also make *little* wagons, with wheels made from big sewing thread spools, for my *little* dolls (these really rolled).

Sometimes we got a *limber jim* that danced on a board, and was lots of fun.<sup>8</sup> Sometimes we got a fox and goose board, like a checker board, or a peg board. Cecil made some lately.<sup>9</sup>

Our socks always had an orange, and some stick candy. A bunch of big soft juicy raisins still on the stem. (I never see that kind now.)

Cookies cut like animals and birds, etc. Mrs. Moore cut them in squares.

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8. For a description and instructions on making dancing dolls, see Dave Pickett, "Limberjack or Dancing Doll," in *Foxfire 6*, edited by Eliot Wigginton (Garden City: Anchor Press, 1980), 208–13, and Pickett's "Limberjack," in *The Foxfire Book of Appalachian Toys & Games*, edited by Linda Garland Pace and Hilton Smith, 185, 189, 191.

9. The game is for two players, similar to checkers. One player moves the foxes, the other the geese. The object for the foxes is to capture the geese by jumping them. The geese attempt to hem in the foxes, so they have no where to move. The layout of the board and the details of "moving" and "jumping" are described in Pace and Smith, *The Foxfire Book of Appalachian Toys & Games*, 37–38. Cecil Eugene Carmack (1904–1984) was Effie's oldest child.

We always had plenty of music and dancing, with the fiddle, banjo, and guitar, and also plenty of singing.

When a racoon, ground hog, or certain other animals with tough hides, were killed, our dad and the boys tanned the hides and made banjo heads, shoestrings, hame strings, etc. out of them.<sup>10</sup> It was used to patch shoes too. Our dad put soles and heels on our old shoes when they started wearing out, but I never remember of him using metal shoe brads (tacks) to put them on with. He used a section of seasoned hickory or maple cut in a long wedge shape, and then he split it into little wooden tacks, bored a hole in the sole with an awl, and drove the wooden tack in and hammered it down solid.

Sometimes we got new shoes for Christmas, but I can never remember of feeling sorry for myself if I didn't, or of feeling disappointed over what I got for Christmas. We always agreed that it was the very best Christmas we had ever had.

There were lots of homemade gadgets. Our dad would take a goose quill and tamp it full of dry and damp gun powder (in different layers), then set it on fire and it would go zigzagging all over the floor, first one direction, then another; it would go slow when it came to the damp powder, then fast when it came to the dry powder.

The boys made whirly-gigs, a contraption the Indians, and the early pioneers used to start a fire with.<sup>11</sup>

We had to work so hard all summer and fall that it was a happy relief to have a season of leisure, not *all* leisure of course, as it took lots of wood, to be chopped and hauled, then chopped again into stick length for the cookstove and the two fireplaces. The stock had to be fed and watered. The cows had to be fed *and* milked.

But the long evenings were happy times, with songs and music, games and dancing, storytelling and reading.

There was *never* any idle time for my mother, or my older sisters. They were always knitting, piecing quilts, mending, or sewing.

Since I have grown older, and since my mother died (in 1899), when I was thirteen, I have marveled at the way she had adjusted her life to a new way of living. Her mother died when she was three months old,

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10. Hame strings are part of a harness; the traces are fastened to the hame strings.

11. These "whirly-gigs" were also called "smoke grinders." The point of the toy is placed in a slight depression and a horizontal bar is pumped with two fingers. The twisting motion of the string around the shaft and weight of the wooden disk made the disk spin back and forth in the depression. See "Smoke Grinders," in Eliot Wigginton, ed. *Foxfire* 6, 229, and "Smoke Grinder," in *The Foxfire Book of Appalachian Toys and Games*, 190-91, 193.

and the slaves raised her, and *they* did *all* the work. It would have been the natural thing for her to have been spoiled.

My dad said that grandpa Johnnie didn't have a very fine house like his father had, but he always had plenty of money. He sent my mother to boarding school at Castleberry. I have never found who any of her teachers were, and I just know of *one* of her classmates, Margaret Smith (I think that was her maiden name), she married a Martin.

One time, this Margaret Smith Martin and her daughter came to a funeral at the Armstrong graveyard, near our place, and came on down to our house. She and mother hugged each other and cried. They had been chums in school.

How I do wish my mother had kept a diary, or a book of remembrance. I realize now what a priceless thing they can be.

My mother was certainly *not* spoiled. She could make good soap, could knit like lightning, was a good quilter, and a wonderful seamstress, could manage to scratch up a good dinner on short notice, and had to do it often, and she kept alive and happy. She and our dad would teach us dance steps of winter evenings.

When the M.I.A.<sup>12</sup> started teaching some of the old dances, like "The Lancers," "The Cotillion," "The Mazourka," "Schottische," and dozens of old square dance patterns, we children, Sadie, Lelia, and I already knew them, the boys knew them too, of course.

The attic at grandpa Armstrong's old place was full of relics of a past generation; spinning wheels, a flax reel, parts of an old loom, candle moulds, a red corded bedstead, flax hackles, and many other things.<sup>13</sup> I have just *one* thing, grandma's old spinning wheel, and I have Cecil to thank for that.

Cecil had the Agency for certain cars, and one time when he was going to Detroit for a load of cars he ran up to the house the evening before he started and asked me what I wanted him to bring me from the big cities. Canvas, paint, brushes, frames, or whatever?

I told him that if he came back through Kentucky to go to the old Boone Fuller place (he married Aunt Ann's daughter, Mary Susan) and see if the old spinning wheel was still in the smokehouse there.<sup>14</sup> It was,

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12. Mutual Improvement Association, a social and educational auxiliary of the Mormon Church open to those age twelve and older. The M.I.A. of earlier decades had more adult participation; today a young person usually "graduates" from the current youth organization at age eighteen.

13. A flax hackle, also called a hatchel, is a comb for dressing flax, raw silk, etc.

14. Nathan Boone Fuller (1854–1942) and Mary Susan Fuller (1858–1940).



and the folks who owned the place cared nothing about it, so I have it now, and will pass it on to some of my children or grandchildren.

My mother has spun the wool and made the thread to knit many a pair of socks and stockings, gloves and mittens. She washed the wool and carded it into rolls ready to spin too.

I don't believe she ever sheared the sheep, the men did that. We had a flock of sheep that furnished the wool too.

The farm families of those days were almost self-sustaining. I think that greatgrandmother, Jane Brasher Armstrong, used this same spinning wheel that I have now. I think that it was used before the Civil War, and probably long before *that*.

Sadie and Lelia tell me that mother *did* weave the cloth for their linsy wool dresses that they wore every winter, and of Sundays, or when they wanted to dress up. They put a white apron on over it; I suppose sleeveless and low necked.

We were always closely connected with the school, as the teachers usually boarded at our place, that is the *lady* teachers. Before I was old enough to go Miss Lizzie Owen boarded with us. I think that was the year I was four. When I was five Miss Vie Brasher boarded with us, and I went to school a few days. The older children's school books were always around, and Etta had taught me to read before I was old enough to go to school. The first lesson was, "See Rob (a dog), see Ann, see Rob has Ann's hat."

My first teacher was Mr. Morgan, James Morgan, a good kind man, who never once spoke a cross word to me, and I loved him.<sup>15</sup> It was during Mr. Morgan's term of school that I awoke one morning late, and nothing seemed natural. Mammy was not in the kitchen, as she usually was at that time of morning. A strange old woman hurried through the room, going into the kitchen for something, and I could see the blind was pulled partly down in the front room. I could hear my mother's voice, as if she was in pain, and I was terribly worried, but no one paid any attention to me. I wondered if Mammy was going to die, like Mrs. Simpson had. It was one of the worst days that I can remember. Finally, some of them came, and told me that I had a little baby brother, Autie (named Charles); the baby was a big bouncer, with a long upper lip, and a short lower one.

While he was still a tiny baby, he would cling onto Pappy's forefinger so tight that he could lift him up by them. About two weeks from that time Vera was born (Lelia's baby).<sup>16</sup> Lelia stayed at our place, and I can still remember how Autie and Vera looked. Vera had a kind of down or

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15. Effie may be referring to James W. Morgan (b. 1867) according to the 1880 census.

16. This is Vera Alice Ferrell (1891–1927), already mentioned.

fuzz on her face, giving her face a soft look, as if it was powdered, and her hair came down in a little point on her forehead. She was just darling.

Lelia was at our place a great deal, and Vera was like our own baby. After she could walk, she stayed with us most of the time, it seems to me. She never said Grandma and Grandpa, they were "Autie's Mammy, and Autie's Pappy." She was about four years old when Norman was born.<sup>17</sup> Lelia would come walking to our place carrying the baby. Vera would be away behind, walking slowly, and humming to herself. Her cheeks were as red as apples.

When Vera and Autie could just walk they had a crazy habit of putting some chairs together in the middle of the floor, and running around them, keeping step and humming a little melody. As soon as Vera would get there she would say, "Ottie, yes, you and I yum a yound," and they would be off again, sort of an endurance test.

Pappy made a jumper for Autie, and he would jump till he would fall asleep. No one had to tend him very much, as he enjoyed the jumper, and entertained himself. He was a good child, and grew fast into a big strong boy, and, as I was a little scrawny girl, small for my age, there was not as much difference in our size as there was in our years. We had lots of fun playing together.

One silly thing I liked to do was keep him from seeing me. The old house was L shaped, with the two big log rooms, the front room and Mammie's room in front, and the dining room and kitchen running back of Mammy's room, so we had quite a bit of territory to hide behind. He was free to throw at me if he could see me, but I wasn't the least afraid of him hitting me. One day we were playing this same game. He had borrowed Pappy's knife, and was trimming a forked stick for a flipper.<sup>18</sup> He had sat down on the jutting bottom rocks of the chimney, whittling and watching for me to come around the south corner. When I surprised him at the north corner it scared him. He started to throw his stick, and in his haste he threw the knife instead. It was sharp pointed, keen as a razor, and he threw it hard. The blade went into the big part of my left leg, clear up to the handle, and stuck there. It didn't hurt hardly at all, and didn't bleed. Autie ran for the orchard, and I went to the porch and sat down. Mammy came and pulled it out. I almost fainted, not from pain, but because it scared me, I guess. It was not so very long in getting well, but while it was healing up seven boils came around it.

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17. Norman Ferrell (1895–1929).

18. A flipper is a slingshot.

We called and called for Autie, and looked for him, but he didn't show up until nearly dark. He was sure that he had about finished me. They were sorry for him, and didn't even scold him, for they knew that it was an accident.

Sadie and I were alike in some things, but entirely different in others. She was very feminine, afraid of cows, dogs, and mules. She was afraid of any kind of a dog, just so it could bark. Cousin Alec Ferrell had a little old bench legged fiste,<sup>19</sup> not much bigger than a cat, and Sadie would even run from it, and when he could get someone on the run he was supremely happy, and did his part of the chasing. I think it was William who saw her going lickety split down across the field one day with that little fiste doing his best to keep up, till she reached a tall rail fence and took refuge. He teased her unmercifully about it, and said that that rail fence was all that saved her.

Sadie was even afraid of a quiet old milk cow, and would take to the bushes at the sight of one. We had an old mule, named Hunter, that had almost as much sense as some people. He could untie hard knots with his teeth, could let the bars down, and could unlatch most any gate. If he ever failed in opening gates or bars, he always managed to get over the fence somehow. He could jump any fence, even the high one our Dad had built around the horse lot. He couldn't endure to be confined. He would have been in perfect tune with the song "Don't fence me in."

Old Hunter knew that Sadie was afraid of him, and never let a chance slip by to tease her. If he saw her go to the well for a bucket of water, he would travel a mile, and jump several fences to head her off on her way to the house with her water. When she saw him coming she would set her bucket down, fly for the nearest sycamore thicket, and climb a sapling. He would kind of wink, smile, lay back his ears, switch his tail, and graze around the bush where she was perched. He usually drank a little out of her water bucket, and stayed close enough to keep her treed. If she stayed a little too long, when she went for water, we always knew what was the matter. It was a great joke in the family, when we would go out far enough to see her up the bush, and Old Hunter on guard to keep her from coming down. If she started down, he would run up with his ears laid back, threaten to turn his heels, and squeal a little. She hastily retreated back up the sapling, as high as she could.

Old Hunter would never think of chasing anyone else in the family, not even Autie or I. He enjoyed chasing Sadie because he could make her run so easily.

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19. Usually spelled "feist"; any small dog of mixed breed.

Although she was afraid of things, when it was necessary she would swallow her fear and come to the rescue. One time, when Dolly had a new calf, and Mama was milking her, Sadie and I came to see the little calf. Old Bruno, the dog, came and stood beside me. Dolly didn't like the dog so near her calf, and she lowered her head, lolled her tongue, and started towards us. Sadie grabbed her by the horns and stopped her.

Years after that Sadie and Lelia were going to town in separate buggies. Lelia was back of Sadie's horse and buggy. The old black mare Lelia was driving became frightened of something and came tearing around Sadie's vehicle. Sadie made a leap and grabbed the runaway by her bridle bits and swung on till she got her stopped. In emergencies her fears seemed to leave her. Lelia sympathized with her in being afraid of things, and it aggravated her because I was *not* afraid. She said, "Some people just don't have sense enough to be afraid."

I was not afraid of anything, only snakes, and I was not afraid enough of a blue racer to run from them. They were like Old Hunter. They would chase you if you'd run, but if you just stood your ground, threw a rock, or got a stick, they would go the other way.

There was one other thing I *was* afraid of, too. It was Jim Williams' bull, because I had heard the folks say how dangerous he was. And this brings to my mind the very first time I ever prayed. I was going to Aunt Fannie's, and was taking a shortcut through some tall weeds, when I heard him belling, and it sounded like he was between me and Aunt Fannie's. I knelt in the path and asked the Lord to please make him go the other way. I waited for a while, and could hear my heart beating. Then I heard him bawling away up the creek, in the other direction. I knelt again, and thanked God for answering my petition. My faith in prayer, and in the protection of a kind Heavenly Father was made stronger by this incident and my fear of even Williams' bull was softened a little.

Sadie and I were both tomboys, full of energy and interest in life. She was the best runner in school, and she and John walked the fences for miles, even the picket fence around the garden. They made stilts so tall they had to get on them from the top of the big gate.

Sadie and Evert had a mare they called Daisy.<sup>20</sup> Sadie would drive her to town hitched to the buggy. One day, as she started to cross a bridge that had a loose piece of lumber in the floor of it, Daisy got her foot hung, or something happened, that caused her to not want to go across that bridge anymore. *But*, if Sadie would get out and go and knock

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20. Evert Holt (1882–1956) married Alzada "Sadie" Marquess on December 12, 1900. Sadie was Effie's sister.

around with a hammer, and pretend to fix it, she would cross it O. K. with considerable shying.

One day Evert was with her and she balked when they got to the bridge. Sadie told him that she could manage it, but Evert said that that was foolishness, he was going to *make* her cross it without all that silly poppycock. He whipped her, and she reared, and nearly turned the buggy over. At long last Evert had to let Sadie pretend she fixed the broken plank, and then she had to lead her across. The rough treatment had her nerves on edge.

Sadie also had a rooster and a cat that were great friends. They stayed together all the time, and seemed to talk to each other.

Sadie saved her clabber milk for the chickens and pigs. One day we went away, and when we got within hearing distance of the back yard we could hear her little chickens making distressed cries, *streak, streak*, and when we came to the back gate the cat had heard the chickens too, and was looking over the rim of the big bucket of clabber, and the little chickens were in it, and of course could not get out.

Cats will often eat little chickens, and Sadie said let's wait a minute and see what it would do. It reached its right front paw down, got it under the little chicken and scooped it up and over the edge of the bucket. It continued till it rescued every one of them, and then proceeded to lick the clabber off of them.

Evert had an old dog named Rex, too, that loved one of the horses. I can't remember just what it was that happened to the horse, anyway, it was hurt and died, and old Rex would not leave the carcass after they drug it off, but stayed there for days, and kept the buzzards away from it. Stayed without food or water, till Evert supplied it.

In the early days of our sojourn at grandpa Armstrong's old house we had a pet squirrel too, and it was unusually smart and cute, but it became a little too smart. It was continually sneaking things and taking them up to its nest on the shoulder of the chimney; balls of yarn, thimbles, the unfinished sock, the knitting needles. Whenever anything was missing they could guess where to find it. Sometimes, when it didn't get its way it would bite, and it had sharp teeth, too.

We had a pair of pet doves, also, named Romeo and Juliette, that were *real* interesting, they were gentle and sweet, and we learned why they have been used as a symbol of peace and purity.

So, we became familiar with many of our wild friends, and learned of their ways, and dispositions. We didn't have to tame the partridges. They built their nests in the wood pile, and we looked forward to the little ones hatching out. They do not have a period of helpless infancy, like many young things, but are ready to run around as soon as they are hatched.

The Whip-poor-wills came and sat on the doorstep at night and gave his plaintive call. We found that they turn *around* and *around* while they say *whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will*.

There is another evening bird almost like the Whip-poor-will, but with a different song. We called them Bull bats, an ugly name. They would catch mosquitoes of an evening, and if we threw a stick or a rock up they would dive to the ground after it.

It was about this time that cousin Boone Fuller and his family moved away over on the Princeton road, on another of Dr. Woods' farms. Our visits, of necessity, became fewer, and farther between, but how we did enjoy them when they came.

I remember them coming over once. Bert and Otho stayed a few days, and we were going home with them. As the men were busy with the horses, on the farm, we were going to walk. I don't remember how far it was, probably three or four miles, but to me it seemed a long glorious trip. I didn't mind it one bit. We would take a lunch, walk slow, and rest along the way, as Autie was a little fellow. We made us some pop guns to take along, made from a joint of alder (we called it elder), with a stick of hardwood. There would be plenty of dogwood berries and sassafras berries all along the way to shoot in them.

We children were anxious to get started, but there were many last minute things to be done before Mammy could leave home. Autie, the baby boy, was a great attraction for the boys, and everything that he said was funny to them. We children were all ready to go so we went out to sit on the wood pile while we waited. Autie said to Bert, "I telle what le's do, le's be a strikin' on." The boys laughed till the tears came, and retold this to their parents when we got there. At last our Mammy was ready, and we *struck out*.

The road led down through our fields, across the creek, and up the bottoms to Uncle Lawrence's, up the hill to the lane, that turned south by cousin Filmore's and Mr. Owen's. There we left the highway, and turned southeast by Weavers', then across the woods by Lee Witty's, and then it was not so very far on to cousin Boone's. Their place was in that section called south Christian, where the country ceases to be hilly and rocky, and stretches out into smooth green distances.<sup>21</sup>

We kept our pockets well filled with berries to shoot. Found wild-flowers along the way, discovered new kinds of birds, stopped to rest, and ate our lunch. We took turns carrying Autie on our backs when his baby legs grew tired. The last stretch of road led through a big woods, to a gate,

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21. This describes the southern border of the Western Coal Fields region and the beginning of the Western Pennyrile region. See U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, *Soil Survey of Christian County, Kentucky*, 2.

and from there on south as far as we could see it was cleared and level, and the wagon road led down through the fields to cousin Boone's house.

There were many interesting things when we got there. Big straw stacks to play on, and big hay lofts. A giant tobacco barn, with lots of sparrow nests up under the rafters, and a row of big maple trees, from the house to the barn, to climb. Old threshing machines, and other farm implements to climb over. Big old turkey gobblers that gobbled every time we hollered at them. A fiddle and a banjo that the boys could play tunes on. Cousin Boone was a fiddler, and he let the boys practice on his fiddle when they wanted to.

Besides the things mentioned, there was lots of laughter, and kindness. I don't remember of ever hearing cross or angry words from *any* of this family. They were always glad to see us, and there was always plenty of good food, so it's no wonder the memory of it is pleasant.

Aunt Ann fussed around, and watched we children pretty close, for fear we would climb too high, and maybe fall, and break an *armer* leg. "We don't have any of that kind of legs granny," the boys would say, giggling.

There were lots of tree frogs in the maples, just the color of the bark, and when we would happen to step on one accidentally, they were cold, even in hot weather.

We would go to the fields, where Leonard and Genie were working, so we could ride the big old mules back to the house.

Bert and Other [Otho] had several little wagons they had made, with wheels they had found on the old worn out farm implements, and we would take turns pulling each other in them. When Other was tired of pulling, he would run up the bank at the side of the road and make us think it was going to turn over. It really would sometimes, but they were so low we didn't have far to fall, and it didn't hurt us.

Once, when we went to visit them, cousin Mary said the boys were all working over in the old Doyle fields. I wanted to know the way, as I was anxious to go where they were. She said to go up to the big gate, and *there* was a road leading due west through another big gate, and another stretch of big woods, and I would find the Doyle fields. So I started out bravely. To the first big gate was easy, as it was in sight of the house. The stretch of big woods to the next gate was lonely, and it was much farther than I thought it would be. After awhile I was afraid I had taken the wrong road, and was lost, as the road led on and on. Then a terrible sound began echoing through the woods, an awful blood curdling sound, a jumble of wails and cries all mixed together. I imagined it sounded like wolves, although I had never heard a wolf. I was scared stiff, and ran with all my might. After a while a clearing showed through the trees, and I could see the boys ploughing. I told them of the awful noise, and Genie got on his mule to go and see if he could find what it was.

The road through the woods was not very far from the highway, and on this highway (the Princeton road) there was a Negro church. A child had died, and what I had heard was the mourners. They must have been doing a real job of mourning, from the noise that was coming through the woods. I had had no idea there was a church in ten miles of me.

We went back to the field, and I had my first experience in plowing that afternoon. I ploughed up some corn, and let the mule tramp on some more, but anyway, I did some ploughing, about my first, and my last.

There was an old negro man and woman who lived on that place, and we went to see if we could get some eggs for cousin Mary. The man was greasing his boots when we got there. He had already greased his face. Aunt Cindy, the negro woman, was doubling her sheets and pillow cases and putting them between her feather bed and straw bed, so it would make them smooth, and she would not have to iron them. She was a big fat woman, with very large breasts and tummy. She told us that a fox had killed a hen that had been setting on some eggs, so she was keeping them warm by carrying them under her breasts. She raised one and showed us, and sure enough there they were, and there didn't seem to be any danger of them falling out either. I have wondered lots of times since then what did she do with them at night, surely she didn't keep them there while she slept.

Cousin Mary thought our religion was being neglected. Religion, according to her idea, consisted of going to church and singing. Ours was a different brand.

One time I stayed a week at cousin Mary's. When Sunday was coming she starched and ironed my dress, made me a new petticoat with lace on the edge, and tucks above the lace. Sunday morning we trudged our way to Brick Church to Sunday School.<sup>22</sup>

Brother Spurlin, an old man with a white beard, who had been pastor there for many years, conducted the exercises.<sup>23</sup> He chewed tobacco, and between every sentence he would spit. It seemed he was not as good a spitter as some tobacco chewers I have seen, who could hit a knot hole ten feet away. His tobacco juice seemed to fly in all directions. He talked a great deal of hell fire and damnation.

When cousin Mary asked me if I liked the Sunday school, I said yes, but really, I was not very much impressed. I did like the singing, though.

Not long after that Etta went to cousin Mary's to stay for awhile, and Brother Whittenbraker was holding a protracted meeting.<sup>24</sup> They attended

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22. Brick Church is 3.8 miles from Hopkinsville on Princeton Road.

23. James W. Spurlin (1824–1909). For more on Rev. Spurlin, see Meacham, *History of Christian County*, 256.

24. Brother Whittenbraker could not be identified.



regularly, and Etta decided to be baptized. Cousin Mary was happy. They all loved Etta very much, and I guess she thought she had *saved* her. We went to the baptizing, and after Etta waded out in the water I noted she stumbled, and nearly fell down. After the baptism was over, and she was out, she said that a snake wrapped around her legs.

We watched pretty close for a while to see if there was any noticeable change in Etta after she *got religion*. One day she tried to chase the old cat out with the broom, and instead of going out she scooted upstairs, as the stair door was standing open a little. Etta said, "You infernal old huzzy," and we told her if she didn't watch out she'd lose all of her religion. She felt bad, cried a little, and said that we expected her to be perfect. She just thought she ought to be baptized, as the Bible says we ought. We apologized, and told her that we were just joking.

There was one thing we couldn't *side* with Brother Whittenbraker on. He was always talking about what a terrible sin dancing was. Even the fiddle was a wicked instrument, and was of the devil.

We were a generation of dancers and fiddlers, and didn't feel like awful sinners either. It was pretty hard to believe that the devil was in the fiddle. We could *agree* with him as to drinking, gambling, and swearing.

After Etta was baptized, the folks began to think more about religion, and to read the Bible more. According to the Baptist belief, that she had embraced, she would go to Heaven, and the rest of us would all go to hell, unless we were baptized by a Baptist minister.

Papa said that the more that he studied the question, and the more that he read the Bible, the more determined he was *not* to join any of the churches around us. He said they didn't teach the same things Jesus taught. If he ever found one that did teach the same religion, that is described in the New Testament, he would accept it, but that so far he had not found it.

Cousin Filmore Smith had been going to Brick Church, and he and Cousin Serena, and their two children, Lawrence and Worthy, would come over quite often, and the topic of conversation became religion.<sup>25</sup> The more they read the scriptures, the more they decided that most of the denominations were far from the way the Savior had taught.

One thing was clear. In the Savior's time, He and His disciples had preached free. He told them plainly, on one occasion, that they had received the Gospel free, and to see that they gave it to others free.<sup>26</sup>

Cousin Fil said that it was possible that, this being an entirely different time, maybe it required a different method. But they found a little

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25. J. Filmore Smith (1854–1942).

26. See, for example, Matthew 10:8.

later on that the Lord had said, "If any man, or even an angel from Heaven, should teach any other Gospel than that which He had taught them, they would be accursed."<sup>27</sup> He also said that His Church was founded on Apostles and Prophets, so if it was to be the same forever it looked like if we ever found the Church we were looking for it would have to have Apostles and Prophets.<sup>28</sup>

Every time we got together, while we stripped tobacco, or on Sundays, or on long winter evenings, the subject of religion was discussed back and forth without ever coming to anything definite, except this *one* thing. *None* of the churches around us were teaching the same Gospel that the Savior taught. So, if Etta's baptism had done nothing else, it had started up an epidemic of investigation, and of reading the scriptures.

Although I was a small child at this time, not more than eight or nine years old, I listened to every word of their discussions, and it seems to me that my judgment then was clearer on a lot of things than it is now. I felt like I knew whether anyone was sincere or not. Whether or not they were telling the truth.

Many times after one of their long discussions I would sit in the half darkness of the old stairsteps, with my rag doll in my arms, and Mammy's old soft brown shawl around me, and think over all they had said, and of the scriptures they had read. I recalled again and again a prayer that Brother Whittenbraker had prayed over at cousin Filmore's one Sunday afternoon. A special prayer. We all knelt around our chairs. I kept thinking that it didn't sound genuine, that he was just trying to impress us. I wondered if it was mean of me to think that.

I had not been to church many times, and the occasional chapters that Mammy read to us from the Bible was about the limit of my knowledge of religion. Except, of course, the everyday life that was ground into us unconsciously. We must never say the name of the Lord, and we must never swear, even on the most solemn occasions. If we wanted to convince [*between this page and the next is a drawing by Effie with the caption "The Old Swimming Hole"; see page 176*] anyone of our truthfulness, and they would not believe us, the very last resort was to say, "I'll swear it's the truth," or "I'll swear I will do it." That was convincing, for to *swear* a lie would have been an *unforgivable* sin, and we didn't do it. When we *swore* a thing it could be depended on.

I don't know whether we kept the Sabbath Holy or not, but one thing sure we didn't work. Pappy said that there was never anything

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27. A paraphrase of Galatians 1:8: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."

28. See, for example, Luke 11:49.

gained by working on Sunday, that we would probably waste more time through the week than we put in on Sunday, and if we would work real hard the six days, we would be ready to rest when the seventh day came, and would need it.

We were a happy bunch, at least we children were happy, and if our parents were unhappy we certainly never knew of it. I have wondered how our mother could possibly have done all that she had to do, stay cheerful, and not lose her patience.

The times when the water ran so low in the spring that we had to take the washing to the creek, seems like a picnic to me, but it must have been quite a task for her. When she got ready to move the washing to the creek, we started packing things down there. The old iron kettle was turned over someone's head, another would take the old wooden tubs (usually half of a barrel), another would take the clothes, soap, matches, lunch, etc.

We always had horses, mules, and wagons, but I can never remember the washing or tubs and kettle being hauled to the creek in the wagon. Probably the season in which we had to go to the creek to wash was the times when they were using the teams in the fields. The work in the fields was the important thing.

I can remember that I looked forward to washing at the creek with as much joy as I do a vacation now. I hunted for wood to go under the kettle, punched the clothes, dipped water to fill tubs, and was general flunky. Between times, I hunted flowers, sugar haws, black haws, or built little chimneys of the rocks on the creek bank, or fed crumbs to the swarms of little fish that would come waving their little tails up to the bank to eat.

One day I had started gathering buckeyes, a peculiar nutlooking growth, that grew five or six together in a big burr.<sup>29</sup> When it dried, and they fell out, they were as smooth and slick as a button with an eye on one side, making its name very appropriate. There was a buckeye tree growing on the bank just above the wash kettle. It was bent over, and was very easy to climb. I was up in it, filling my apron with the smooth odd shaped nuts. Suddenly I heard Mammy, in a voice a little too calm say, "Effie, sit right still, and don't move for a minute, and don't be scared."

I saw Mammy looking around hurriedly for something on the ground, and wondered what she was doing. I had just picked up most of the loose sticks lying around for wood, so, not being able to find anything else, she reached down by the kettle and got a burning chunk, came over to the tree and whacked a big copper head snake on his pate. It was not

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29. Buckeyes are the podded seed of any of several shrubs or trees, resembling the horse chestnut, of the genus *Aesculus*, (esp. *Aesculus glabra*).

more than six inches from my bare feet. He fell to the ground with a thud. I spilled my buckeyes, and almost fell out of the tree.

Mammy had just happened to see him going up the tree where I was sitting. I had not seen him, I was too busy with my buckeyes. The rest of the time we were down there, that day, every twig that moved, I jumped, and I didn't wade in the weeds looking for wild flowers that day, any more.

I can remember yet just how good the buttermilk biscuits and bacon, or biscuits, butter and blackberry jam tasted, when we got ready to eat our lunch on washday.

We hung the clothes on bushes inside the field, as there was danger of cows chewing them if hung on the creek bank. We had to put the wooden tubs high up on a bank and fill them with water. Although there was plenty of clean running water, if we left a tub down where the cows could get to it they would leave the creek and drink the tub dry. Then the tubs would be ready to fall to staves, and would not hold water until filled again and soaked up.

No park, even with expensive swimming pools, diving boards, etc. could have been any more pleasure than that deep shady creek. In fact, it was a trifle too shady, and as the *big hill* was on the south side of it, with giant trees all along the south bank, the water was cold, even in the hottest weather.

There was one hole, where the foot log was located, just east of the bars, where they brought the horses and mules through to water them. *That* place was exposed to the sun, as at this point there was a meadow on the south side of the creek. The only cultivated spot on that side anywhere along our stretch of the creek, so that was the favorite swimming hole for we girls.

The boys found the deeper holes farther down the creek more to their liking. What a luxury, after a long hot dusty day of plowing in the fields, to take a plunge in the cool running water, that was always as clear as crystal, with the bottom floored with clean, bright colored pebbles, keeping the water from becoming muddy, even when we played in it for hours. It spoiled me, for when I've seen children go in an old muddy pond, or a ditch of water, or some old stagnant pool where there was danger of cutting their feet on glass or cans, I felt like they were pretty poverty stricken for a swimming pool, as my ideal was a clear running stream with gravel for a floor.

After the Morris folks moved in the house that was located where our country lane joined the public highway, called the Buttermilk Road, that led from Hopkinsville to Dawson Springs, a new and interesting chapter was added to our lives. Before, all I had to play with was boys, as the three families of cousins that were my playmates were *all* boys. Cousin Narcissy Cook's *baby* was a girl, Essie, the only girl they had. Aunt Helen's

only girl died when a baby, and cousin Mary Susan had no girls. So, when the Morris moved near with a large family, *all* girls, it was not very long till some friendships were formed that were to last all through life.

The Morris were a good family, clean and intelligent, with high ideals, and as luck was on our side, not over zealous in any of the narrow religions of the surrounding neighborhood, that were so prejudiced against music and dancing.

John and Elmo were both good singers and dancers, both could play the guitar, and sing with it. We had a sort of mania for learning every song afloat, so our place grew increasingly popular, as the boys grew to young manhood.

The ball park was not far from our place, and the croquet yard was in a little glade between our place and Mr. Moore's. Every weekend, and especially Sunday afternoons, there was always plenty of company there.

The Morris family had two girls about my age. Maud, a little younger than myself, Leona, a little older. Then there was Laura, Sadie's age, and Fanny and Olive, a little older. There was also a widowed sister, Mary Miller. She and her two children, Kate and Ivis, lived with them, also.<sup>30</sup>

We became fast friends, and the joys and sorrows of each family was shared by the other. We visited often, and Maud and Leona, and Sadie and I, often stayed all night at each other's homes. Our parents were very lenient, allowing us to stay up late and carouse as long as we liked, but Mrs. Morris had some strict laws that were enforced with a vim. One of them was that we had to be in bed before nine o'clock, and if there was any giggling after we were in bed, we certainly had to keep it smothered, or we would hear the voice of authority, "Leony, I don't want to hear any more of that now, shut up and go to sleep." We usually obeyed.

Maud and I always had to wash dishes, and we drew straws to see which one of us would wash and which would dry them. We both wanted to wash them, but took whatever we got.

Mr. Morris kept the Post Office, called *Larkin*, and a little grocery in the same building, so there were never many days passed without our seeing each other.

Their lives and ours became very closely interwoven. Maud and I sat in the same seat at school for seven years. The first year *I* went, she was not old enough to go. Jim Morgan was the teacher. We sat on long planks for seats, without any backs to lean against, with our books lying beside

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30. The Morris children were Maud (1886–1915); Leona (1883–1970); Laura (1877–1959); Francis (1875–1958); Olive (1872–1953); and Mary (1869–1910). Mary married Juatt Ivison Miller. Kate never married. Ivis married Fred Marquess and had one daughter, Allie Marquess Gilliland Davis.

us. There was one huge desk up in front, four or five feet wide. As I remember it it seems to me that it was ten or twelve feet long, and real high, but maybe it just *seemed* enormous to my small childish mind. The older pupils kept their books and slates, etc., in it, and sat up there when it was necessary to write or *cipher*.

Mr. Morgan taught all of the eight grades. He was a kind teacher. When school was out it was a great grief to me to think that we might not see him anymore. I loved him, and blubbered freely when he told us all goodbye. That was my first year of school, but I had learned to read, write, and spell at home before I was six.

There was a spelling match, the last day of school, and I stood up to spell with the others. Etta and I were standing together. The pupils formed a line all around the building against the wall. Of course he gave little easy words to children like myself. When a pupil missed a word they dropped out and took a seat.

At the last I was still standing with the few older champions. Mr. Morgan knew my capacity and gave me words he knew that I could spell, but at last there were only three of us left standing. The two champion spellers of the older group, and I of the little easy words.

The word was *gourd*, a catch word that we had talked of at home, and I had learned to spell it. The two older spellers were not familiar with it. The first one spelled *goard*, the other hesitated, as there was only one trial. At last he spelled it *gord*. They both sat down, and I was left standing alone. Mr. Morgan said, "Effie, do you think you could spell *gourd*?" I sailed through it triumphantly. A loud cheer went up, and Mr. Morgan came and patted me on the back, held me up and said, "Here is our school's champion speller."

I was scared, didn't enjoy it very much, and hardly knew what it was all about, as that was the first spelling match I had ever taken part in. It was followed by many, many others. We specialized in spelling till I was sure I could spell any word in the English language. We gloried in such words as immateriality, hypochondriacal, and elephantiasis. We knew all the small catch words like mullein, phthisic, gourd, and separate.

Often, when we had spelled all the hardest words in the spelling book the teacher would have us give the definitions, and the synonyms, or would switch to the geography, and give us names of countries, cities, and rivers.

A spelling match was fun when you knew how to spell all the words, but I remember one time when I got rattled, and my brain refused to function. When the teacher gave out the word *once*, I couldn't remember ever hearing it before, it sounded foreign and strange. It was funny to the poor spellers to see one of the champions stumped on a common everyday word of four letters. They giggled and whispered, and the teacher

even smiled, but no one gave me a clue. After a painful silence, the teacher insisted that I give it a trial anyway. I made a stab at it and said *w u n t z*. I could never figure out what caused that lapse of memory, but later on in life, when I suffered a serious shock, I had a recurrence of this same thing, only *more* serious.

Now that I am nearing sixty (1944),<sup>31</sup> I am not so sure of my spelling. I often find myself debating whether it is *ei* or *ie*, or whether a simple word begins with *e* or *i*, or if there are two *l*'s or one.

I don't believe we were as thoroughly drilled on words and their meanings as the generation before us. Lelia studied the dictionary as a regular textbook, and it has stayed with her through life. It is hard today to find a word that she doesn't know the meaning of.

We hear lots said of the "Little Red Schoolhouse," where all eight grades were taught by one teacher, but somehow we managed to absorb a lot of things. I learned as much, or more, from hearing the older ones recite their lessons than I did from my own studies, all but English. I loved the poems, the stories, etc., that were in Sadie's and Lelia's grammar books, but the intricate rules of grammar, and rhetoric just wouldn't *take* on me, and never did.

Sadie specialized in English grammar, and was expert at parsing and diagramming. I managed to get through somehow, by memorizing, to me, senseless things, that didn't stay with me till they got cold. Right now I don't suppose I could name the parts of speech, or tell what an adverb is. I think I *do* know what a noun or pronoun is, but that's about the extent of my grammar.

The secret of my ignorance of grammar was the fact that for a year or two, when I should have been laying a foundation for grammar, there was no one in that class but myself, and the teacher didn't have the time or inclination to have a class for just *one* pupil.

Then, when we got a new teacher she put me in a class that was two or three years ahead of me. I had no idea what they were talking about, and I guess I never did find out.

I really think that in conversation and writing my English was as good or better than many who were far ahead of me in the intricacies of grammar.

We did learn the diacritics, the marks that showed the different sounds of the letters. They have not been taught to my children. A self-pronouncing Bible, or other book, would not be of any advantage to them, as they have no idea what a broad *A*, or an Italian *A* means.

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31. Effie began writing the autobiography about 1943. She would often parenthetically note the year in which she was writing.

Another thing we learned, that my children have not, was the names of the bones and muscles of the body. We could name every bone in the body from temporal in the forehead, straight on down to the bones of the toes, without a bobble.

We studied a little book called, "The House I Live In,"<sup>32</sup> before we got to serious physiology, which taught us the, then, newly discovered knowledge of the harm of tobacco, coffee, tea, and alcoholic drinks to the body. Today, leading doctors are paid fabulous prices to publish statements saying that they have discovered that tobacco, specially cigarettes, are positively not the least injurious to the heart, and many gullible people, who want to, believe it.

Our physiology book said that there was a certain type of heart disease, called tobacco heart, that was caused by the use of tobacco. Of course it was true, and is true, but the tobacco trust, who cares for nothing but money, would rather we would believe a lie, and tear our bodies down.<sup>33</sup> They don't care for the welfare of humanity, only money. Doctors, who also place the love of money above the love of humanity, are hired to publish the lies to deceive the human race, so that more cigarettes will be sold.

In this, and some other things, we have gone backward instead of forward. They are using the increase of knowledge, not for the betterment of mankind, but for selfish purposes that result in the degradation of mankind, not knowing, poor fools, that they also will fall into the pit they have dug for others, while they who do the *smallest* thing for the uplift of others, will themselves be lifted up.

I can remember a few times when I didn't mind my mother, with some disastrous results. She was not very strong on harsh punishment, in fact I can *remember* the few times she spanked me, or the *one* time; and *one* slap is all I can remember from my father.

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32. Effie is probably referring to Eli F. Brown's, *The House I Live In; Or, an Elementary Physiology for Children in the Public Schools* (Cincinnati: Van Antwerp, Bragg and Co., 1887).

33. This refers to the American Tobacco Company (or Trust) which was commanding the tobacco trade of virtually every major industrialized country. According to a commentary published in the *Century Magazine* of March 1903, "No amount of protestation convinces the tobacconists that the score or more of the new, well-equipped, expensively located stores which, under one name, have sprung up like mushrooms all over New York and many other large cities of the country are not trust stores operated by persons in the employ of the trust and designed solely to carry out the veiled intention of that organization to control the tobacco trade from the planter's field to the smoker's pocket." See George Buchanan Fife, "The So-Called Tobacco Trust," *Century Magazine* 65 (March 1903): 793. See also Rick Gregory, "'The Godless Trust': The Effect of the Growth of Monopoly in the Tobacco Industry on Black Patch Tobacco Farmers, 1890-1914," *Essays in Economic and Business History* 10 (1992): 183-91.





An old log barn for smoking tobacco “still in use in some of the rural districts.” From Scherffius “Tobacco” (1907), plate XIII.

Someone had put a ladder up to the low eaves of the big old tobacco barn. The roof near the edge was almost flat, and looked very inviting. John and Elmo ran up the ladder in their play, and were chasing each other freely across the roof. Autie, my little brother (I was taking care of him), wanted to get up there *so bad*. I went and asked Mammy if I could take him up there just a few minutes, but she said firmly, “No sir, you must *not*.” He was just learning to crawl, and was very active. I was awfully disappointed.

It's funny how very much children want to do a thing sometimes, when it doesn't seem to amount to anything to older folks.

Autie and I played around in the shade of the apple trees for a while, and then went back to the ladder. I took him up a step or two, and sat with him on my lap. He was delighted to be up so high and clapped his chubby little hands in delight, so I took him up a few more steps. There was the edge of the roof just even with my shoulder. Right then I had no intention of getting up on the roof *with* him, but I thought I would just sit *him* on the edge, stand on the ladder and hold him tight. There couldn't possibly be any harm in *that*. It was no worse than sitting on the ladder. About the time I got him planted on the edge of the roof, Mammy came to the woodpile for some stovewood and spied me. To her it looked like willful disobedience, and I could see by all the outward signs that retribution was going to be swift and terrible.

Mammy stopped on the way long enough to break a switch from a peach tree. If I could have explained that we were just sitting on the ladder, and that I was just going to let him sit on the edge *just a minute*, while I stood on the ladder and held him; but there was no time to explain anything. I had barely reached the ground when the peach tree limb began to descend on my bare legs.

"Can't depend on you to even take care of the baby a few minutes. You'll get his neck broke the next thing. I told you not to put him up there," etc. That was my first lesson on the wages of sin.

The next case of disobedience was at school. The news reached Mammy that we children were see-sawing on top of an old ten rail fence, and she promptly put her foot down on it. She said that a decent see-saw was all right, but with nothing but an old rail as a teeter totter, and *it* placed so high that it was dangerous. There was danger of our breaking an arm or a leg. The other children's mothers didn't know about it, so they went gaily ahead with the see-sawing project. Inez Armstrong went home and got her daddy's axe to cut the small saplings that were in the way, so the small sharp stubs were left sticking up out of the ground where they were cut.<sup>34</sup> At first I didn't do any see-sawing, but just kind of helped out.

Then one day during a noon recess there was a rail and only *one* girl, with no one to sit on the other end to balance her, so I thought just this once wouldn't hurt. Up and down we went, till suddenly, when I was in midair, and the other girl was on the ground, the warpy old rail turned and I hit the ground with a wallop, right on those sharp stubbles. *Several*

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34. Inez Armstrong (1888–1917), daughter of Benjamin Phillip Armstrong (1856–1911) and Leona Wilson Gresham (1868–1911).

of them gouged me, but *one* stuck to the bone in my shin, and hurt terribly. I didn't say much about it, and Mammy didn't notice it for a day or two. In fact, it didn't make a very big place, just stuck straight in. It healed over in a little while, but still ached.

One night, later on, when I was staying with Mrs. Moore, I woke in the night, started to straighten my legs out, and could not straighten the right one. In the morning my shin was swollen up in a big round hump, and I had a fever. Charlie Cook came by, stopped, and said maybe he had better carry me home. Mammy was worried when we got there, and I had to tell her the whole see-saw story.

I didn't go to school anymore that term, but had to sit with my foot propped up on a pillow, with poultices and plasters on my shin. A piece of the stubble had stuck in the bone, and caused an infection. It was months getting well.

The following summer, I was taking the clothes to the creek on a little old homemade wheelbarrow, made of new, rough lumber. I was running with them, as fast as I could, when the wheel dropped into a hole, stopping the wheel stock still. I went over the top, hitting my sore shin on a corner of the rough lumber frame, causing another season of inactivity.

This was the only *sickness* I can remember having, besides colds in the winter, and chills in the fall. When I started yawning and stretching in school, and feeling chilly, when the others were sweating, I knew what was coming. The teacher could usually tell when a chill was coming, as a child's lips turned blue, and the face took on a dull sallow look. Sometimes I went home, other times the headaches and fever, which always followed the chilly sensation, was so severe that I stopped at cousin Leona Armstrong's, or at her sister's, cousin Octavia Gilliland, who lived at the old Hubbard house for a year or two.<sup>35</sup>

One thing that I remember about cousin Octavia, was that she spoiled her babies. She carried them in her arms while she did her work. She was always kind to me when I stopped there with a chill.

This one thing stands out in my memory about these chills. After I would get home, Mammy put me to bed with a cloth on my forehead saturated with camphor, and a handkerchief tied tight around over it. I would wake about sundown, after I had sweated the fever off, thankful that my head was better. I would listen to the others as they did the evening chores; milking, feeding pigs and horses, bringing in wood and

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35. Leona Wilson Gresham (1868–1911) was the wife of Benjamin Phillip Armstrong (1856–1911). Octavia Gilliland (b. 1860).

water for the night, and would hear Mammy say, "Don't make a noise, Effie had another old chill, and her head aches."

It seems to me that John and I were the two who were tormented the most with chills. Elmo had them occasionally, but Elmo's cross was eczema on his face.<sup>36</sup> A terrible thing at times, making the whole family sad to see him have to suffer with it. The doctors didn't seem to do it any good. All he could do was try to find something that would soothe it a little, and keep it from burning and itching so terribly. Cuticura soap and salve, and Hoods Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier were the standbys that he usually went back to, after doctors and their prescriptions failed.<sup>37</sup>

We usually kept a little flock of sheep, to have enough wool for our stockings, gloves, etc. The little lambs in the spring, the sheep shearing time, washing and drying the wool, picking it into small pieces to remove all the trash, cockleburrs, etc. and later the carding of the wool, and spinning it into thread, was all a part of our existence.

To see Mammy take the dirty, matted wool from the sheep's back, and in a short time have it clean and carded into long even white rolls, that she spun into smooth white thread, and knitted into nice warm gloves and socks, was almost a miracle to me.

As the socks and stockings for the whole family depended on the sheep they were guarded carefully. The neighborhood dogs were a constant menace to them. When we would hear the bell on the old bell ewe (we said Yoe) clattering regularly, we knew that she was running with all her might, and we knew the dogs were after them. Usually someone on horseback would hurry to the rescue, but once (when there were no horses in the stable) we heard the telltale clatter and Mammy and I started out afoot. We knew that if we didn't succeed in stopping them the dogs were likely to kill half the flock before they stopped. This time they were not very far from the house, and only one old mother sheep, with two lambs that could not run as fast as the others were caught. Her hips and sides were all torn to pieces by the dogs. She was still living when we found her, and was bleating with every breath for fear harm would come to her babies. I stayed with her while Mammy took the orphan lambs to the house in her apron, and to get some of the men to come and shoot the poor old mother.

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36. Effie herself was apparently susceptible to eczema, though her affliction took a different form and she may not have labeled it as such.

37. Cuticura soap and other toiletries were manufactured by the Potter Drug & Chemical Co. in Boston. The company was incorporated in 1883 with Warren B. Potter as its first president. Hoods Sarsaparilla was manufactured and bottled by C. I. Hood & Co. in Lowell, Massachusetts.

We always vowed vengeance on the worthless dogs, but rarely ever found them. There were several families of Negroes who lived on the Jim Williams place, and over towards Joe Renshaw's. They usually had a number of dogs that were always hungry, and were forced to hunt rabbits for a livelihood. At the sight of a strange dog the sheep would start running with all their might, so it was not strange that the dogs would naturally join in the chase.

Few people realize, in their dealings with children, how deep the impressions are, that they make; or that some trivial thing that doesn't seem to amount to anything, will be indelibly imprinted on a child's mind, and will stay there through life. Some poet expressed it when he said, "The thoughts of youth are long, *long*, thoughts."<sup>38</sup>

The Savior said, "Take heed that ye harm not one of these, my little ones."<sup>39</sup> For the memory of a harsh word will stay in their minds forever, as a witness against you (he could have added).

One of the saddest things that I can think of is for little children to have to grow up without love. There is no substitute for it. Neither is it good for one child to be raised alone, and have entirely too much attention showered on them, and to become selfish and spoiled. It's hard to say which is the worst. It seems to me that the ideal conditions for a child to grow up under is to be one of a big family, with mother and father who loves them, who do not have the time or the means to spoil them, with lots of room to play, with woods and fields and streams as playgrounds.

I have been thankful a thousand times that a kind providence caused my lot to be cast in just such an environment.

After I went to my first funeral, and saw the Simpson mother in her coffin, and her children crying, a fear that our mother might die began to torment me. I cried myself to sleep more than once, and one time I dreamed we were going to cousin Ike's, and I thought I pushed my mother into a deep clear ditch of water by the roadside, and I could see her as she floated down with her face turned up. It worried me. I never told anyone of it, but I never forgot it.<sup>40</sup>

We had no toilet, not even an outdoor one, the different stables in the horse lot were used. My mother kind of secretly smoked a pipe. Pappy

38. Effie is recalling Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "My Lost Youth": "A boy's will is the wind's will, / And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

39. Matthew 18:6: "But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

40. Such a dream would have constituted an omen or a portent of death. See William Lynwood Montell, "Part I: Omens of Death," in *Ghosts Along the Cumberland*, 13-55.

hated for her to smoke, so she kept it out of sight. Of summer evenings, after the dishes were done, and the milk vessels all cleaned and put away, Mammy would whisper to me to fill her pipe and light it for her, and we'd go *outdoors* before going to bed.<sup>41</sup>

The stables, where the horses and cows were kept, were, of course, heavy with smell, but there are no unpleasant memories of that. In fact, these quiet intimate visits with my mother in the twilight, are like a benediction in my memory. There were big flat rocks in the horse lot, out behind the little old corn crib, where we made our regular pilgrimage, and afterwards we sat on these rocks while she finished her pipe. We talked while the whippoorwills called, and the crickets chirped. She was a sympathetic listener, and talked to me of things that she knew I liked.

There was never much of the "Don't do this or that" kind of talk. She just lived it before us, and expected us to follow. She often told us that she expected us to *be* somebody, that there was nothing to hinder us from being great, if we worked for it, as there was good blood on both sides of our family, and nothing on either side to be ashamed of.

When I thought of her dying, the things that made my heart ache most was thinking of milking time without her, and of her not being there to go *out-of-doors* with me before going to bed.

Planting the garden in the early spring was another thing that I enjoyed to the fullest. When the first bluebirds called, Mammy would get out her box of garden seeds (they had plenty of tobacco mixed in with them to keep the bugs and worms out).

Onion sets could be put out in February, and the English peas, and mustard could brave the frost that we knew would come later. Gourds were planted in February too. They were usually the little handled ones. There were also the long crooknecks, nestegg gourds, and many other kinds. They were planted right by the garden fence where they could run up on it. Sometimes the vines almost covered the little old smokehouse.

The garden was too wet to plow early, so we would find the driest looking places and dig it up with the hoe. I enjoyed helping Mammy, digging up the ground with an old grubbing hoe, then she would break the clods and rake it smooth for the seeds.

There was always plenty of seed for me to have all I needed for my own little garden in the corner. A time or two there were string beans in *my* garden long before there were any in the big one.

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41. While it would be unusual for a woman of today's society to be found smoking a pipe, the practice was not uncommon in southern tobacco culture. See Lawrence S. Thompson, "Some Notes on the Folklore of Tobacco and Smoking," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 10 (1964): 43-46.

Mammy was never stingy in her praise of her children, when they deserved it. It was always sincere, and was deserved, so we appreciated it. She never had the time, nor the inclination for loose meaningless talk. She was too honest and natural.

Mammy was called on frequently to go and care for the sick, summer and winter, and at all hours. We were often awakened in the middle of the night by a "Hello" at the gate. It was not hard to guess that it was someone wanting Mammy to go and see what she could do for a sick neighbor. I don't remember of her ever refusing to go. Our daddy didn't appreciate it any too much, for home was thrown out of kilter when Mammy left. I remember one night, when I bawled so long, and so loud, because she left, that Etta and Lelia lost all patience with me and threatened to give me a spanking if I didn't shut up. They rocked me for a while, and when that did no good, they soused me down on the bed and said, "Just lay there and bawl if you want to."

Another thing Mammy had to her credit was that she never in all her life ever turned any one from her door hungry. We had lots of tramps, peddlers, and just plain travelers of one kind and another. I can remember several wandering musicians who came by and stopped at our place. One, named McClanahan, could *really* play an old banjo. That was when I was real small, about 1890. Later, when I was older, a man named Foxworthy came along who could play the old organ like nobody's business, and we learned a lot of new songs from him. One, "I Was Born About Four Thousand Years Ago."<sup>42</sup>

Then there was a distant cousin, Buck Cravens, who came at regular intervals and stayed a week at a time.<sup>43</sup> A slim, trim, bachelor who could play the guitar; in fact he could do most anything. Each time he came he brought something interesting. One time it would be an expensive guitar, then a telescope that we could look at the stars with, and once he brought one that we could look across the country to the old Abe Ferrell place, on the hill east of Morrisises', where Lelia lived, and see her as plain as if she was right down at the back of the garden. We saw her come out on the back porch, get some water, and give it to some little chickens. It was a wonderful thing to us.

Cousin Buck was always bringing expensive guns, too, and showing us how he could shoot. Once, when he brought a rifle, he asked Pappy if he wanted him to mark the ears of a bunch of hogs that had come up from the woods lot where they had been eating acorns. Pappy told him that he had better let those hogs alone if he didn't want to pay for the

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42. See appendix one for a list of Effie's song repertoire.

43. Buckner P. Cravens (b. 1862), son of Lycurgus G. Cravens (b. 1827).

ones he shot. Cousin Buck cheerfully assured him he would pay any damages, then he turned the rifle upside down and said, "Here's a hole in that spotted one's left ear." *Crack*, the pig squealed and jumped, and sure enough there was the hole. He went the rounds and shot a hole through the left ear of each one with the rifle bottom side up. Cousin Buck had told so many blowy tales that we hadn't believed him.

Once he brought a fine bicycle, and told us we could ride it all we wanted to. I took it to the top of the slanting field, between the big gullies and the spring woods lot, got on it and started down the hill. I had not calculated on the stop, and as one fork of the gully was across the lower end of the field, me and the bike landed in the bottom of the gully. It was hard to tell which was in the worst condition, me or the bike. I decided I didn't want to learn to ride a bike, not right then anyway.

For several years Cousin Buck was foreman on the Widow Clardy's big farm in south Christian. She had many fine blooded horses, and he would ride a different one each time. How I did enjoy them. I was an ardent lover of horses.

Buck had a collection of old love songs he taught us, too. One was the tragic tale of the Milwaukee Fire. He was gallant, and very chivalrous. He would never let any of we girls carry any water, or bring in any wood. He would go with us to the well, and we would insist on carrying *one* bucket, anyway, but he declared that one on each side was much easier, as they balanced him perfectly.

He had long slim, blue hands, that didn't look like he had ever done any hard manual labor. His feet were slim, with high arches, and he always wore expensive shoes. I think he had a speculative eye on my sister Sadie, or he wouldn't have come so regularly.

There are a number of peddlers that I can recall, most of them were foreigners, who spoke with an accent. One stands out clearer than the others, a handsome young fellow, who came one winter day wearing a suit of shining brown corduroy, and boots. It was snowing, and very cold. The poor boy was new in America, and had not learned the language very ~~good~~ ^well^.<sup>44</sup> He was so homesick that he could hardly live. He told us of his home in Syria, and of how desperately his father had tried to keep him from coming to America. He had even locked him up in hopes he could persuade him not to come. He offered him an allowance that would be far more than he could earn by peddling. The father was a stonecutter, and had taught him the trade.

His name was Haffy Dennis, and when he got to the part of his story where he left his home, and his mother was crying, *he* cried like a child.

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44. "Well" written by hand over "~~good~~."



He threw his pack open, with all of its bright shawls, beads, bedspreads, and trinkets, and said that he hated it, to take everything we wanted, that he was not going to be a peddler anymore. He was going back home to his father and mother, and if they were still living he would learn to be a stonecutter and help his father.

Another character, though vastly different from young Haffy, was an old Negro, who had a big family. He could never make a living for them, and would come begging, pretty sure of getting something without working for it. One time he came in the spring when our own supply of corn, meat, etc. was getting rather low. My father told him that he was as able to work as *he* was, and that we had as many mouths to feed as *he* did, and he just didn't have anything to give him. His name was Bill Sudkins, and he was a good beggar. He cried and talked at the same time, and he declared that his little chillun hadn't had anything to eat for two days. Pappy was on to his tactics and didn't weaken. I stood it as long as I could, thinking *surely* he would relent and give him *something*. When the old Negro started off, muttering, with his lip a-quivering, and the tears streaming down his cheeks, I started blubbering in earnest. I went and grabbed Pappy by the legs and told him to give the old man something, he mustn't let him go without. I guess I yelled so loud that he called him back in self-defense and gave him a sack of corn and some other things, I can't remember just what. I *do* remember what the old Negro said, "Thanky, thanky, Mr. Marcus, may de good Lawd bless yuh."

The remarkable thing about the Sudkins family was the names they gave their children. I can only remember one of them, a little girl. Her name was Harriet chile-Lizabeth-Rosey-Becky-Black hair-Eda-Margit-Maudy-Tyler, and of course I suppose, Sudkins was added, but it is probably doubtful whether it rightly belonged there or not.

The list of comers and goers would not be complete if I didn't mention De-Bill Owen, a kind of a simpleton, who was madly in love with Lelia. He would come and stay for two or three days at a time. Once he came when the snow was deep, and as he came through the bottom fields, where the sheep were, they thought he had come to feed them, and all started in his direction. He was not familiar with sheep, and he was afraid of them, and started running. They followed, and by the time he reached the fence, not far from the house, he was completely exhausted. How we children laughed when he told us that the sheep got after him. He brought a *big* sack of candy beans, the first ones I ever saw. It seems to me that there was at least a half gallon or more of them.

When some of the family would see De-Bill coming across the fields, from the south west, they would hurry and call Lelia. "Lelia, yonder comes De-Bill." I was always in hopes he would have plenty of candy.

The country down the creek from the direction he came was a mysterious region to me. I guess I thought that all the people in that direction were like De-Bill. He was the only contact we had with the people from downcreek way. I remember hearing Mammy saying that if the geese ever went very far down the creek they always came home picked. Goose feathers were used extensively in those days. Every family had several feather beds, and if they did *not* have they just didn't amount to much. Feathers were high, and it was *something* to lose the pickin' from twenty or twenty-five full feathered geese.

When the wind was in that direction, from the southwest, as it often is in summer, the sounds carried easily. We could hear voices from the farms in that direction, and one evening, when we mentioned it, Mammy said yes, she had heard men whipping their slaves in that direction. When she was a child, and could hear the slaves beg for mercy, it was a terrible sound to her, as the Armstrongs rarely ever punished *their* Negroes.

The geese, mentioned above, were picked every six weeks. That was the length of time it took the feathers to get *ripe*, and if they were *not* picked off they would shed them, and the place would be covered with goose feathers.

It was a common thing in the neighborhood that the men hated the geese, and the women hated the hounds. Though the geese furnished the feathers for the warm feather beds, which the men liked to sleep on, and the hounds caught the foxes that were bad to catch the women's geese and chickens, nevertheless, the prejudice continued.

It was almost an impossibility to fence the geese out of a field with a common rail fence, and that was the kind of fences that were used exclusively at that time. It seems to me that I was the one who *should* have hated the geese, as I can't remember anyone but myself ever having to stop up goose holes in the fence. The others *probably* had their turn. I suppose the few times I had to do it became magnified.

We would think that we had every crack filled that was big enough for a goose to get through, but in early spring, when the pretty green sprouts of corn would be peeping through the ground in long even rows, we would, some mornings, spy an old goose in the corn field. She would start down one row, and not just eat it off, but would grabble it down to its roots, so it would never grow out again. Then my dad would swear vengeance on all geese, and that one in particular. Sometimes we had goose for dinner, if the offense was repeated two or three times.

We had guineas, too, and although the guinea hens laid an unusual number of eggs, the roosters were very unpopular. They were terribly noisy, with a harsh raspy voice, and if there was the least disturbance in the night the whole flock would set up a chatter that *no* one could sleep through.

The guinea roosters were always pecking the little chickens, and they would kill them if someone didn't go to the rescue. One day Mammy was standing in the kitchen door when an old guinea rooster lowered his head, stuck his wings up on his back, and made a dive at a little chicken. He was going after it red eyed. Mammy said, "Confound your old soul, I'll knock your head off for that." Reaching down for a stick of stove wood she let it fly right at him. He saw trouble coming and raised his head high just in time to catch the stick right in the neck. The head was severed clear, and flew up in the air. We had a laugh over it, and our Pappy said that Mammy was really a woman of her word. When she threatened to do a thing you'd better look out. We had guinea for supper that time, but they had to be cooked a *long* time as the meat was blue and tough.

The guinea hens stole their nests out, far away from the house, but they had a peculiar cackle when they laid an egg, and we usually found the nest. They were like a partridge. If you put your hand in the nest for the eggs they would quit laying in it and find another place, but if you would rake the eggs out with a stick they would keep laying there. Sometimes several guinea hens would lay in one nest, and we would get a hundred eggs or more before they would quit laying or change places.

Pappy was good at finding partridge nests, also, and would keep bringing their eggs in his hat as he came from work. Their eggs were almost as large as guinea eggs, but white as snow, while the guinea eggs were brown speckled.

Pappy liked to spring pleasant surprises on us, like bringing a hat full of mulberries, or eggs, or the first early bluebells. Sometimes, when they were burning plant beds, when it was still winter, he would find a bunch of dainty white windflowers growing in a warm sunny location that had blossomed before their time.

I think I surely must have had an unnatural love for pretty things, especially flowers, when I recall the joy that the first early flowers gave to me. After a day or two of warm sunshine, in early spring, we would go out some morning and the old fields would be carpeted with tiny bluets in bloom. The joy of seeing them again, after the long cold winter, with its ice and mud and ugliness, was almost more than I could hold.

I guess I was just a lover of color, and as life in winter in an old log house that was pretty well crowded with children could not contain too much of beauty we were hungry for such things when springtime came.

Mammy used to put a strip of red flannel in the coal oil of the lamp. She said that it was to absorb the grit that was in the coal oil, to keep it from lodging in the lamp wick, but I really believe it was to add a touch of color to the mantlepiece. I can't recall ever seeing *black* flannel in a lamp bowl.

My father was school trustee for years and years and the teachers usually came to our place when applying for a position as teacher of our

school. I'll never forget one applicant, Irene Hiser, who came to see about getting the school the following fall. She was riding a beautiful bay horse, and she wore a tight riding suit with a long red ribbon tied in a bow on her left arm. Her hat turned up on the left side with a long flowing plume, and as she galloped away with that red ribbon fluttering in the breeze behind her I thought she was just about the most beautiful creature I ever saw.

Outside of baseball for the men and boys, and a croquet set (privately owned by someone), about the only entertainment for the young folks was dancing. The churches opposed dancing, even going so far as to excommunicate their members for breaking this rule. Entertainment was whittled down pretty narrow for the children of the church goers. They argued that if the young folks went to church of Sundays, and to prayer meeting and *singin'* through the week, that was all the recreation they needed. They *did* allow them to have *play* parties in some communities. These parties were nothing but a form of dancing, only there was no music to dance by but the singing of the dancers (though they were careful never to *call* it dancing).<sup>45</sup> The songs they sang to dance by were silly old things, not very elevating. One of the favorites was—

Les all go down to Rousers, to Rousers, to Rousers,  
 Les all go down to Rousers, and get some lager beer,  
 Good old lager beer, sweet old lager beer,  
 Never mind the old folks, so we get the beer,  
 Old folks, old folks, old folks, old folks,  
 Never mind the old folks, so we get the beer.<sup>46</sup>

Our father said if there was anything more elevating in that than there was in a nice quadrille to the tune of good music, then he was not a good judge.

Public picnics were very popular, and drew large crowds. Sometimes there was an animal barbecued, and sometimes if you wanted something to eat you had to take it with you. There was usually a stand where gum and candy and lemonade were sold.

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45. For more on play party games, see Gordon Wilson, "Singing Games or Play-Party Games," *Bulletin of the Kentucky Folklore Society* (1925): 26–30, Adam Jacobs, "American Play Stuff: Party Plays," *Theatre Arts* 15 (March 1931): 247–50, and Frank H. Smith, "Dances and Singing Games," in *The Southern Appalachian Region: A Survey*, ed. Thomas R. Ford (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1962), 271–78.

46. See appendix one.

There was usually a square smoothed off and covered with sawdust, with a high platform on the side for the musicians, and there was dancing. It was interesting to watch the dancers too, and to see the fights that usually took place before it was over.<sup>47</sup>

Although these picnics were not very elevating, many good substantial citizens attended them, just to have a chance to visit with friends they were sure would be there too.<sup>48</sup>

The new tub, with the slices of lemon and chunks of ice floating around in it, and a new tin dipper to drink from, was a refreshing attraction. Ice was rare (in the country) in those days, even the old fashioned ice box was unheard of (in the country) at that time. The loud raucous voice calling, "Right this way ladies and gents, ice cold lemonade, made in the shade, and stirred with a spade," never failed to arouse plenty of interest. The children crowded around the lemonade stand even if they had no nickel with which to buy a drink for themselves.

It was not an uncommon thing to see a mother or father go and draw a daughter to one side and tell her not to dance with so and so, as he was drunk as a fool, and if he offered her any candy, be sure and not take it.

The *Moonlights* were a duplicate of the picnics only they were held after dark, and were far more romantic than the daylight affairs. There were usually paper Japanese lanterns, with candles in them, which shed their soft pale light through the pretty colored paper.<sup>49</sup> If any grand ballroom ever caused a greater thrill in anyone's heart than the sight of rows of these lights and the sound of a fiddle and banjo stirred in me I don't see how they ever lived through it.

Probably to some poor church member, who had never danced, they would not have looked so glamorous, and the dancing would have seemed a wicked something to be shunned, but our sense of wrong didn't run in that direction. Our parents had taught us that graceful dancing, and keeping rhythmic time to good music was a good way to show our

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47. Apparently fights were common at Kentucky square dance gatherings. Several examples are mentioned in Jesse Stuart, "Kentucky Hill Dance," *New Republic* 79 (May 16, 1934): 15-16, and in Noel Coppage, "Fights, Fiddles, and Foxhunts," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 7 (1961): 1-14.

48. These gatherings were an embodiment of community and individual values. Dances provided a time for neighbors and family to establish social boundaries within a community. See Burt Feintuch, "Dancing to the Music: Domestic Square Dances and Community in Southcentral Kentucky (1880-1940)," *Journal of the Folklore Institute* 18 (1981): 49-68.

49. The term "moonlights" is apparently a local term used by—but not limited to—the people of Effie's community.

appreciations for the beautiful, and the only way dancing was wrong was when we made wrong of it by our own actions.<sup>50</sup>

We went to *Moonlights* with a clear conscience, and we had the assurance that no matter how many good dancers were there, we could dance anything they could. Our father had played for the balls when the big boom was on at Cumberland Gap, and for the summer resort at Cerulean Springs. That was the way he earned his living, and I think he taught dancing in the afternoons. He knew all the steps, from the prim Lancers, to the rollicking heel and toe polka. He and Mammy would teach them to us of winter evenings. Lots of times I have seen him, violin to shoulder, play the tune and dance the steps that went with it all at the same time, to show us how it went. How we enjoyed it. Not alone in dancing did they join with us, but in *any* games that we played.

One thing that we enjoyed more than any other, was for them to tell us of things that happened when they were young. Pappy often told us of the first time he ever saw our mother. He and Uncle Jim were riding horseback to a dance. They had heard that a new girl (just home from school), a girl with a funny name, John Susan Armstrong, was going to be there. Uncle Jim said he was going to take her home. When they got there they hitched their horses and went to the window to look things over before going in. The new girl was singing, I think she was singing:

I am sitting on the stile, Mary  
Where we sat side by side  
In the sweet long ago, Mary  
When you promised to be my bride.

Pappy said that he turned to Uncle Jim and said, "No Jim, *I'm* going to take her home myself," and he did. She was only sixteen, but it was not so very long till they were married. She was born in 1853, and they were married in 1869.

The school she went to was at Castleberry, Kentucky, north of us. She probably stayed with the Wooldridges or Fords, her stepmothers's people, as that was where they lived.

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50. According to Effie, "there were two classes of moonlights: if the front yard belonged to a church member, it would only be a promenade, where couples strolled around and around until the candles burned out of the paper lanterns. But if the yard belonged to someone who was not a church-goer, the ground was scraped smooth, music was provided, and the young folks danced. At the end of each set the prompter called out in a lusty voice, 'Promenade your partners to the lemonade stand!'" See Carmack, "Tobacker," 101.

They told us of a very careless trick my mother did not long after she met her future husband. She had been eating something and had a particle between her front teeth that bothered her. She pulled a big cocklebur from a bush and was picking her teeth with it. She sneezed, or coughed, or something, anyway she sucked the burr down her windpipe and almost choked to death. Her *beau* beat her on the back, and tried every way he knew to help her. Finally he picked her up and ran to the house with her. She gave a cough and the burr and the blood both flew from her mouth. Pappy said he found out then how very much he thought of her. I think the bond of affection between them was mutual, and remained strong and unbroken as long as she lived (she was only forty-six when she died).

Of winter evenings, around the fireplace, his chair was usually next to hers (if he was not working at something), with his arm across the back of her chair, or his foot in her lap, while she knit, darned or mended.

Lawrence Smith, cousin Filmore's son, said that we didn't need to go away from home for entertainment; that we had a better time there, than anywhere else. They had dances in private homes in winter, as there were no dance halls close enough for us to go to.

When I was about seven they gave a dance at our place. Autie was just learning to walk good. I was highly excited over the preparations and could hardly wait for the activity to begin. The beds and other furniture were removed from the big *front* room, which had a good smooth floor. A row of seats was made all around the wall by laying planks on stovewood blocks and covering them with quilts, so they would be more comfortable. A platform was made in one corner for the musicians. By dark everything was ready and waiting for the crowd.

Eddie Moore had *made it up*, that is, he and some others who volunteered to help him went on horseback and invited all the people they wanted to come, and he charged them that there was *not* to be *any* whiskey brought.<sup>51</sup>

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51. According to Burt Feintuch,

the concept of neighborhood is at the core of both the pragmatic and symbolic aspects of domestic dance. Participants learned of the dances through neighborhood channels. Word was passed in the course of visiting during the week, and the inevitable country store which was the commercial focal point of the neighborhood served as a source of information—signs were posted or information was shared by word of mouth. Sometimes people would decide on the time and place for the next dance at the conclusion of an evening of dancing, and all the participants would know in advance of a dance to be held the following weekend.

See Burt Feintuch, "Dancing to the Music," 55–56.

Eddie was a good singer and had been going to Mt. Zoar to sing with a group there. He invited some of the Mt. Zoar church members to come to the dance, and to bring their songbooks, and they would sing during intermission. The folks were surprised to see the Baptist people come to a dance, it was very unusual.

Before any of the crowd arrived, William and Lelia came, as William was going to help make music. Pappy played the fiddle, and William the banjo. I was almost bursting with excitement when they tuned their instruments up in that big, clean, empty room, with a bright fire crackling. When they swung into the stirring tune of "Eighth of January" it was just about more than I could contain. I had to put my hands over my ears to temper it a little.

Right after dark they began coming, and what a crowd. Norman Tyndall and his beautiful wife came, the new folks who had moved into the old East house at the foot of East Hill, and Mrs. Mullen, also a newcomer, came with them. When someone asked her for a dance she said, "Well, sir, I never danced a lick in my life," with a quick northern accent, that sounded funny to us. Mrs. Tyndall had a good voice, and could sing like a bird.

I was entranced with the dancing, but when there was an intermission, and the singers were invited to take the floor for a while, I was *really* charmed. I don't suppose I had ever heard a group sing together, carrying the four parts before. They sang "I Am Longing For the Coming of That Snowwhite Angels Band," and, "When Jesus Shall Make Up His Jewels," and, "Sweeping Through the Gates." I listened with my mouth wide open, and decided right there that I was going to be singer when I grew up, but the singing didn't last very long.<sup>52</sup>

George Vaughn was in the prime of his dancing glory. He prompted the dancers, and called the changes with all the flourishes and trimmings. Autie stayed wide awake, and took in everything. When everyone was gone, and the big floor empty again, he got out and showed us how George Vaughn danced. He bent over and stuck his hands out behind him and went shuffling around the floor, causing an uproarious laugh. Of course, everything he did was funny to all of us. He was smart, and learned things quickly.

I was so excited over the dancing and singing I could hardly go to sleep. The beginning of a big new chapter in my life had opened up.

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52. For more on Kentucky dance music, see Carl W. Pullen, "Some More Dance Songs from West Kentucky," *Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine* 3 (1928): 15-18, and Kathryn Blair, "Swing Your Partner!," *Journal of American Folklore* 40 (January-March 1927): 96-99.



Etta and I got a song book and learned to sing those songs right away. After that, when there was a dance in the neighborhood, if Sadie and the boys went, I bawled to go with them. Of course I never had anything but my coarse winter shoes, but they could be *blacked*, and I never let that spoil things. The shoes didn't matter, the lights were never very bright anyway, and a clean calico dress was good enough for a little girl to wear.

Some of the girls flourished gorgeous flounces and ruffles, especially at the summer picnics and moonlights. Thin lawns, organdy, and laces were popular, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. It was very impractical, as the ribbon would not wash, and had to be removed when the dress was washed. But that didn't keep it from being used, it was very effective on sheer pink or yellow organdy.

The question of clothes didn't bother me then, nor very much ever after. I could dance, and I enjoyed demonstrating that fact. On rare occasions I was allowed to go to the winter dances, riding behind Sadie or one of the boys. Although I was a thin, scrawny child, ugly and small for my age, dressed in calico and coarse shoes, I usually got a partner of some kind. *That* didn't matter, just so I was on the floor with the other dancers. Nothing but the square quadrilles was danced at the country dances. Not many of the young folks knew how to do the Waltz, Two Step, Schottische, Glide, etc., but sometimes, between sets, a few couples would get the musicians to play a waltz, and they would glide around awhile. The round dances were unpopular, and were booed by the ones who could not dance them. They would yell for a good old square dance tune.

The church people often got up a moonlight, where there was no dancing allowed. They just promenaded around the grounds in couples. To me it was like playing we were eating, when it was only mud pies.

About the first of July, sometimes a little later, the blackberries began to ripen. There was usually a pretty good crop of them, and taking care of the berry crop was serious business. We usually canned a lot, made some jam, and then we picked to sell, in order to get cloth for school dresses. They usually sold for ten or fifteen cents a gallon. I have sold them many times for seven cents a gallon. A very small sum for a gallon of berries, but cloth was cheap also, so it averaged up very well.

We would make us some good strong gloves of old worn out overalls, to keep briars from tearing our hands so. We'd put on some of the boys' big old shoes, to wade into the middle of a thick briar patch with, an old hat or a bonnet, and then we sallied forth with our numerous buckets clattering. We *really* made a picture, but we got the berries. We had to be careful where we put our full buckets, or we would forget where some of them were.

Pappy was good to take the berries to market for us. There was usually chickens, eggs, butter, and vegetables to be taken to market also. We

appreciated the small amount of money we received from our berries, and we had a real reason for hunting bargain counters, as we had to make this money go as far as possible. None of it was ever spent for any foolishness, and how we appreciated the cloth we bought with it, and how we enjoyed making the dresses of it.

I was not allowed to sew on the machine very much yet, but I got plenty of practice making doll dresses on my fingers. I usually had one or two china dolls, and at least one big rag doll.

One summer Sadie picked enough berries to buy her a sidesaddle. Before that time she had borrowed Mrs. Moore's saddle when she wanted to go horseback riding. Mrs. Moore herself never used it. In all the years we lived near her I can never remember seeing her on a horse, but she didn't like to lend it any too well, and Sadie felt duty bound to let Eddie go with her, to even things up, for borrowing the saddle so often. We really felt rich and independent when we got a saddle of our own.

It was pretty easy to hurt a horse's back if the blankets under the saddle were not arranged just right, and we were always worried for fear the blankets were working out of place, and the horse's back would be skinned again. We could usually tell when it hurt, as the horse would flinch.

Lelia was always saying that I was equal to George Simpson in finding the blackberries. He must have been a champion berry picker.

We would be a sorry looking bunch when we drug in of an evening, tired and briar torn. Our hands and faces all stained with berry juice (when we grew thirsty we ate berries) and scratched by briars.

The worst feature of berry picking is that we were usually covered with chiggers, a teeny red parasite, no bigger than the point of a pin. But, Oh! the lump he could raise, and if not removed he would bury himself, and the place would itch and stay sore for weeks. The first thing we did when we got home was to get rid of the chiggers and ticks. Strong salt, or soda water, or coal oil, applied to the lumps would usually kill them, but it didn't keep the place from itching all night (I have a lump on my back now, that has been there for twenty years, where a tick had buried itself, and I failed to find it when I bathed).

Ticks, chiggers, briar scratches and all; including the small price we got for the berries; we never once thought of *not* picking them as long as there was a berry on the briars. That was just a part of the process, and we didn't even *think* of it as a hardship.



## CHAPTER THREE

# Raised In A Patch Of Tobacco

*And now since I've studied the problem profoundly  
And searched out the sources from which we descend,  
I see many whys and can guess many wherefores,  
To show why our lives take some definite trend.  
Our Marquess forefathers were lovers of music,  
And lovers of beauty, religion and art.  
And though we were raised in a patch of tobacco  
These things in our beings still held a rich part.*

—“Concerning Our Father And Mother”  
in *Backward Glances*, 31

Life on the farm in Kentucky, especially in the dark tobacco district,<sup>1</sup> was made up of so many different hardships, that we were used to them, and really didn't mind them a great deal. I suppose those things kind of helped to strengthen our character, and also to strengthen muscles.<sup>2</sup>

I am an old woman now, almost sixty (1944) and I find I can still stand a lot of hard labor, and it doesn't hurt me either. We grew tough as

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1. The “dark tobacco district” refers to the area of western Kentucky in which dark tobacco was grown. This dark prime-leaf, with darker leaves than regular tobacco, is grown and prepared especially for snuff or chewing tobacco rather than for smoking.

2. In 1935, Nora Miller, a home economist, described this lifestyle succinctly by stating that “The very nature of tobacco culture with its long growing seasons, detailed labor requiring many workers, short harvesting period, long hours both day and night for curing, storing, grading by the women, and long trips which the man must make to market the crop, disrupts the family life. The fact that the woman and girls devote a great deal of time to the labor on the farm keeps the family from being as well managed as it might be with a different division of labor.” Nora Miller, “The Tobacco Farm Family,” chap. 6 in *The Girl in the Rural Family* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1935), 62.

children, and it seems to stay with us. I suppose the Lord meant some such thing as that when he said to “Count it all joy when you are called upon to suffer diverse tribulations, that the trying of our faith worketh patience, to those who are exercised thereby—”<sup>3</sup> I suppose some folks just balk at hard things, and *are not exercised* by them.

I remember a lesson my mother taught me when I was a very small child. I had gone with her to pick blackberries, and she said she would show me how to be a good berry picker, how I could enjoy it, and my bucket would fill up fast. “Just take one limb at a time, pick every ripe berry on it before touching another, until you have finished that briar. Pick them clean as you go, and you will enjoy it.” If I ever started moving about, picking a few berries off of this briar, and a few off of that one, I would soon grow tired, and my bucket would not fill up fast.

One day (one summer) I went to the spring for water, and I ran down the branch to see if the berries were turning yet. There was a patch just at the edge of the woods which usually ripened early. Most of them were still red, but about one in every cluster was black, so I hurried to the house with my water, got a bucket and ran back to the berry patch. Maybe I could find enough for a pie for dinner, and surprise Mammy. By picking every ripe one I could find I got enough for a good sized cobbler. Mammy was extravagant in her praise of surprises like that.

Mammy usually put butter and sugar on top of the crust to make it brown good. She put the cobbler on the table in the pan she had cooked it in, and *did it look good!*

Allen Johnson was working for us that day and would be there for dinner. He was a tall, ungainly fellow, very cross eyed, and his mouth usually hung open, revealing black snagged teeth, but he was a good worker, and Pappy often hired him.

They all sat down to the table, and I stood to one side, very proud of the pie I was responsible for, and hoping they would all enjoy it, and (of course) hoping that there would be a little of it left for me. There *should* be, as there was a *big* pan full.

Allen looked around the table, spied the pie, and without even tasting any of the good vegetables and other things Mammy had fixed for dinner he pulled that pie up, pushed his plate to one side, and didn't stop till he had eaten every morsel of it; with a *big* spoon. He made lots of noise while he was eating, and John and Elmo said they were sure it was a good pie by the way Allen smacked his mouth as he devoured it.

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3. Effie is paraphrasing James 1:3–4: “My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.”

I don't believe I cried, but I felt like it. Not that I wanted it so bad myself, but I wanted the others to have a taste. It made him look so piggish that it made us all feel bad that *anyone* could be so rude and ill mannered.

We didn't *go visiting* very often, but one day Pappy came home from someplace and said he had seen cousin John Cannon, and had promised him that we would come to their place and spend the night the following Saturday.<sup>4</sup> Cousin John was no relation to us, only by marriage. His wife, who was Victoria Gilliland, was the daughter of Eliza Jane Armstrong Gilliland, a sister of my mother's father, Johnny Armstrong.

The Cannon family were all good looking people. They were always smiling, not forced, nature just built them that way, the corners of their mouths just naturally turned up. Everyone liked them, and liked to be with them.

I remembered something I had heard my mother tell of cousin Victoria. She was good at dramatic readings, which they all enjoyed very much, excepting one she gave called "The Progress of Madness," it was most too real. Mammy also said that Vic was the only person she ever saw with a fever blister on her lip and it looked pretty.

Victoria had a decided way of her own that was perfectly natural. Many of the mothers watched their children so close (or pretended that they did) that they made them look silly. One day, when cousin Vic came to a quilting without her two boys, Johnnie and Adrian, the women asked in alarm, "Where are your children?" answer, "Well, they're at home where they ought to be, they can't quilt." "Ain't you afraid to leave them there alone, with that old well there by the house?" "No, I'm not, and if they haven't got more sense than to raise that old well top and jump in that well, I say, let 'em go!" The women shut up, shook their heads, and worried with their numerous offspring all afternoon, fighting and getting into things, while Victoria quilted in peace, with her boys at home playing.

There were also two girls in that family (younger than the boys), Lettie and Pearl, unusually pretty girls with nice dispositions. I was a very small child when we went to visit them. I think it was before I started to school. We took the music with us, and after supper there was singing and music. Cousin Victoria insisted that Johnnie and I dance for them. We danced the military Schottische. Cousin Vic asked how long I had been dancing, and cousin John said, "Why them children don't have to learn to dance, they knew how when they was born."

Uncle Jim Marquess, Pappy's half brother, had fought in the Civil War, and was wounded. One leg was a little shorter than the other, and he

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4. Probably John J. Cannon (b. 1846).



Effie Carmack's "Uncle Jim," James Washington Marquess, when he enlisted for the Civil War at age sixteen but "swore he was 18." Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

was hard of hearing. I think he enlisted when he was sixteen, swore that he was eighteen. I have a picture of him when he enlisted, and he doesn't look older than sixteen. The rough life in the army, or him joining so young, left its impression on him. He liked to play poker, and could swear like a trooper, but he was a good man, and raised a family of good boys, and we all love him.

Uncle Jim had a hobby of getting fine fruit trees and cultivating them. Consequently, they always had enough peaches for everyone in the neighborhood. When they were ripe he always invited my mother to come and dry all she wanted, so we would dry enough for ourselves, and them

too. The drying racks reached almost across the yard. We would choose the soft peaches that were freestone, and not too large. We would cut till we had a tub full, and then place them on the racks, cut side up.

As soon as there was a lull in the peach business, Jimmie, and Charlie and I would be off riding calves, horses, or throwing at something. Jimmie was a sure shot with a rock.

Uncle Jim used the windfall apples to make cider, and cider wine, so they always had plenty of company of Sundays. He was a great reader, and liked to read stories, even after he was an old man. If the children were studying around the family lamp of evenings he would get the old coal oil lantern, hold it up in front of his book where the light would shine on it and read that way. I have wondered if so much reading at night by a poor light was not partly responsible for him losing his eyesight in his old age.

He could play the fiddle, and liked to play the bugle calls that were used during the Civil War. I think he could play all of them. They had a big family of boys, and one little girl who died when she was small. It seems to me that some old doctor gave her the wrong medicine, which caused her death.

Aunt Helen was bitten by a black widow spider when I was a small child, and it made her very sick. She's the only one I ever knew personally who was bitten by one of these much talked of spiders. Aunt Helen was a sister of Cousin Victoria Gilliland Cannon. She has told me lots of things about my Armstrong ancestors, that I would not have known if she had not had such a good memory.

Birchfield and Otho were the older boys of that family, about Lelia's and Etta's age. Willie and John were about the ages of Sadie and my brother John. Jimmie and Charlie were nearer my age. We always enjoyed them coming to visit us.

One time, when Willie had been to town, and had taken a little too much to drink, he came back to our place instead of going home. He had bought fifty cents worth of penny lead pencils, and he gave them to me. I felt rich. If I could have had one wish granted me, it would probably have been for all the smooth white paper I wanted, and just such a bunch of pencils.

My pencil wish was granted, and not long after that the paper wish also came true. Pappy went to town and hitched his team in the vacant lot back of the New Era office, where the County paper was published.<sup>5</sup> There in a waste paper box was loads of paper strips, nice and white and smooth, from three to five inches wide, and two or three feet long. My

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5. This refers to the *Kentucky New Era*, the newspaper serving Christian County, published in Hopkinsville.



father, being a very understanding man, and knowing our love for paper and pencils, threw a quantity of it in the wagon box. My happiness was just about as nearly perfect then as at any time in my life, that I can remember. For a while I drew and wrote all I wanted to. I made story books, sketch books, all kinds of them.

Sadie was a would be story writer. I think she and Lelia both wrote books at different times. All I can remember of them is that Lelia's characters always *ejaculated*, and that Sadie's hero's name was Ben Stale. That always caused a lot of laughter, if you tried to say the name real fast. There was nothing in mine outstanding enough to even remember.

Sadie's diaries were the things that really captured my interest, but that was one thing she didn't intend for me to see. She had written her very deepest secrets in it, nothing was held back. Where to put it, so that I wouldn't find it, was the puzzle. I had the gift of the *probable places*. Once she had it in the bottom of the quilt piece box, where it was handy to get to when she wanted to write in it, while I was outside playing. But I discovered that hiding place, and she had to change it. Then she had me baffled for quite a while. There didn't seem to be any clue as to its whereabouts.

One day John and I were fighting wasps, an old and favorite pastime. They had several nests in the top of the upstairs. Some of the nests were as big as your two hands, with dozens of wasps in them. We got an old quilt that had been used to cover sweet potatoes, that had a hole in it we could peep out through long enough to poke the nest with fishing poles. When the wasps started swarming down at us we would close the hole till things cleared up a bit. During one of these raids, as I was looking through my port hole, I saw a thick roll of paper tucked behind a rafter right against the boards of the roof.

*There*, that's it! Sadie's diary. Why hadn't I thought to look there before. I ought to have known it would be there, for I had looked *everywhere* else. I didn't say anything about it then, but waited till everything was clear, and Sadie was away from home, so I could read in peace, and without any fear of disturbance.

I really found out a lot of things I had wanted to know for a long time. Yes, she really liked Ed Cornelius better than most of the others. I did too, as far as that was concerned. I fell madly in love with most of her beaux, especially the above mentioned Ed.

There was also Herschel Woolsey, Frank Wright, and Will Eades. I wasn't any too fond of John Causler [Cansler], another of Sadie's beaux, but I liked to tease him. He always spoke to my mother in just the same way, "Howty Mis Marcus," in a crisp quick way, cutting his words off short. I think he was an *awful* good boy, and a perfect gentleman. His clothes were faultless, and his shoes were trim and shiny. He had a beautiful, squeaky, shiny buggy. A nice fat horse, and a buggy whip that could cut

the hide when he popped me with it, which he persisted in doing only on very *rare* occasions. Just as he and Sadie would be getting real serious I would stick my head around a door facing and say, "Howty Mis Marcus," in just the same tone of voice he used. Then I knew I'd better look out, if the buggy whip was near. He was merciless.

I got another thing on him too. There were big walnut trees along the road in front of Mr. Morris' house, and it was a favorite place for the cows to lie and chew their cuds. One pale moonlight night, when the cows *had* been lying there, but had wandered down the lane to the creek, Sadie and John passed by on horseback. John rode too close under the walnut trees and a limb knocked his hat off. Sadie was sorry, and she wondered if he would be able to find it. He assured her that he saw where it had fallen, hopped off, went straight for a big warm cow pile, and reached right down into it with his hand spread out. Sadie said he quietly slung it off the best he could and finished cleaning it on his nice linen handkerchief, then threw it over by the fence.

The next time he came I waited till the opportune minute, then poked my head in and told him that I had found his handkerchief for him. the one he lost under the walnut trees where the limb knocked his hat off. I *really* had to fly that time, as he was coming right after me with red in his eyes.

When Herschel or Ed came I would slip in with my Arithmetic and slate and pretend I was awful busy working problems. Sadie would cast frowny looks at me, but I was hard to move. I liked to look at Ed. His hair was so curly and he had such a nice low laugh, and his dancing was divine. I had seen him dance, and once, when there was no one else he could get for a partner, he had asked *me* to dance with him.

Tom Vaughn was another of Sadie's flames that I had an awful case on. He was my ideal as to what constituted a perfect gentleman. I liked George, his brother, too, but *he* was a monkey. It was like going to a show, to go to a dance where he was. He could beat any nigger stepdancing, and danced with all his might through every tune. He seemed to never tire, and it was punctuated with lots of appropriate gab, that no one but a professional could have thought of.

Lewis Moore, who was about my age, usually came with George to the dances. He was a sort of a small edition of George. He always danced with me, and I liked to dance with him. He always asked me if he could go home with me too, but I always said no. I knew that Sadie and the others would tease me, as I was too small to have beaus. Besides, I didn't want him to walk home with me, or ride, whichever it happened to be. I liked to dance with him fine, but that was all.

Then Lewis Moore went away, and I didn't see him for about ten years, till after I was married and had several children. Then one day I saw

him again. He looked just like he had when he was a little boy, and we used to dance together. He asked me if I remembered what good times we used to have at the dances. Of course I did. Then he said that there was one question he would like to ask me. Why was it that I would never let him go with me. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't just say I didn't want to.

He and George Vaughn used to batch together and do their own cooking. It was said that when they wanted to know if the skillet was hot enough for the hoe cake they would spit in it, and if it fried spit it was hot enough.

When I was very small we went somewhere, I can't remember where, but a little girl had a big rag doll, and I was crazy about it. I must have made a good sized fuss about it, for Mammy borrowed it to cut one by, and I hung onto it so tenaciously that she was afraid I would get it so dirty it would not be fit to take home.

Mammy finally hid that doll in the bottom of the trunk. She searched everywhere, in the quilt piece box, and in the rag bag, and couldn't find a piece of new white muslin, but she did find a piece of pale blue material. Thinking it would make no difference, she made it of that, but I wouldn't touch it, it was not like the other one.

I must have been only a baby, but I remember it. I didn't like the blue doll *at all*. Mammy finally cut up a new pillow case and made me a doll of it.

I don't believe that this streak of contrariness was very serious, as I really do not think I was a very contrary child in the years that followed. If the streak *did* live for a while, I believe it was burned out long ago, through years of work, sacrifice and hardships, for which I am truly thankful.

There was *so* much work, of so many different kinds, to be done on the farm, that even the children didn't escape it. We carried water, went for the cows, churned, fed pigs and chickens, dropped corn in spring-time, dropped tobacco plants, pulled weeds, cut sassafras sprouts, shelled beans and peas, and helped shell the corn for the grinding, as we ate lots of cornbread.<sup>6</sup>

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6. According to Suzanne M. Hall,

Throughout the year as the tobacco grew to maturity, family members also worked at putting up vegetables, drying fruits, hoeing corn, threshing wheat, caring for the farm stock, and attending to the hundreds of chores required to maintain a farm. Men further supplemented the larder with meat from hunting and fish from the streams and rivers. Children fished and gathered wild fruits, nuts, greens, and ginseng. Depending on gender, class, and race, people worked in separate areas on the farm during the day. Men toiled in the fields and barnyard; women labored in the house, yard, chicken coop, kitchen, and garden, and milked cows.

In the wintertime everyone helped strip tobacco. There were *two* tobacco *seasons* that depended on the rain, one was in spring when we waited for a rain before we set the tobacco plants out. The other was after it was cut, in the fall. After the firing was done, and it was *cured*, we had to wait for a rain to soften it, so we could strip it. If we had undertaken to do anything with it when it was dry it would have crumbled and been wasted. When it rained it *came in order*, and was limp like a rag.

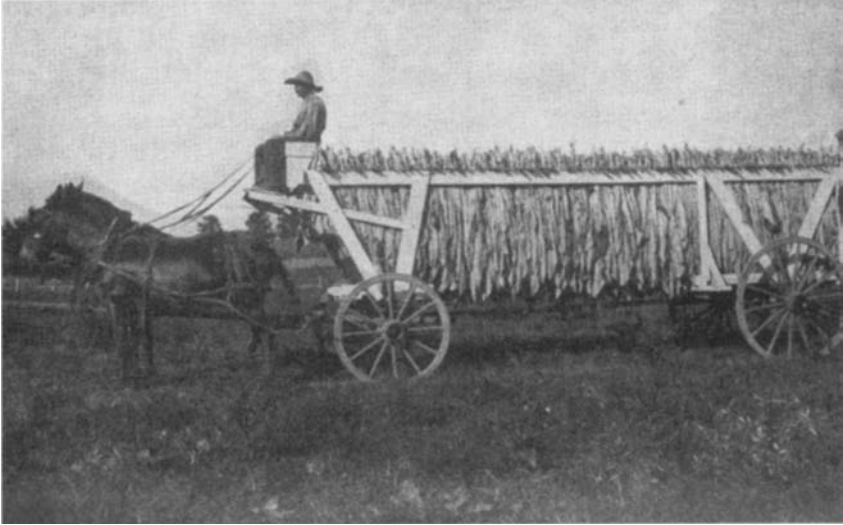
Everything connected with raising tobacco is grueling, back breaking labor, and it is nasty also. In summer, when it is green, everything that comes in contact with it is covered with a loathsome, sticky, strong smelling gum, that gets all over the clothing, hands, and everything. When suckering and worming, in which we had to bend down to reach the lower leaves, even our hair would get gummy.<sup>7</sup>

The tobacco flies laid eggs all over the leaves, that hatched out into green worms that grew and thrived remarkably. If we failed to see one, when it was small, and left it till next worming time, it would have a good portion of the plant eaten. Only the stems would be left standing. It was a tedious, back breaking job to look on every leaf for worms, and to pull the suckers out that sprouted at the base of each leaf after the plant was topped. I don't believe that there is any other crop that requires more labor to raise than tobacco.<sup>8</sup> Often the men started burning plant beds in late winter before the crop for the past year was all stripped.

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See Suzanne M. Hall, "Working the Black Patch: Tobacco Farming Traditions, 1890-1930," *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 89 (Summer 1991): 274-75.

7. Kate Strand, the wife of a Muhlenberg County farmer, once remembered: "I don't suppose the Lord ever permitted a harder, hotter, dirtier, filthier, or more nauseating work than that of worming tobacco. . . . I have seen my husband at the close of the day take off his overalls and stand them alone, so stiff they would be with tobacco juice. Worming tobacco is bad enough for men, but when women and children have to engage in it human torture reaches its climax. My children have toddled along through the tobacco rows at my side crying with pain as their eyes were filled with tobacco juice shot into them by tobacco worms" (Kate Strand interview in *Appeal to Reason*, Oct. 1, 1910, quoted in Campbell, *Politics of Despair*, 16). The lore of tobacco cultivation is wonderfully treated in Charles S. Guthrie, "Tobacco: Cash Crop of the Cumberland Valley," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 14 (April-June 1968): 38-43, and Hall, "Working the Black Patch," 266-86.
8. In 1922, the Children's Bureau surveyed children in five representative tobacco-growing states—Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia—to determine child labor patterns in tobacco harvest operations. Of the 278 child workers studied in Christian County, Kentucky, 186 were boys and 92 were girls. Sixty-seven (36 percent) of the boys aged seven through fifteen reported working more than four months a year in the tobacco fields. Of the 272 children who worked cultivating, 131 (48.2 percent) reported a typical work day of ten hours or more. See Harriet A. Byrne, "Child Labor in Representative Tobacco-Growing Areas," 2-16.



Hauling green tobacco in Kentucky. From Scherffius, "Tobacco," plate XI.



"Cutting Tobacco and Putting it on Sticks," near Hopkinsville, Kentucky. From Sauer, *Geography of the Pennyroyal*, fig. 109.

I don't suppose there is another crop that does the human family so little actual good as does tobacco, in fact it does them more harm than most people realize. When we think of the amount of labor expended for something that there is no good in, but actual harm, it is appalling. We wonder if we are as smart as we ought to be.

The tobacco stripping was done in winter in an old open barn that let the cold wind in. The women and children helped with the stripping, too. There was a fire in the center of the group, but it never warmed the backs of the workers. There was always plenty of dust to be breathed. That, with the cold and other things, resulted in severe colds and coughs. I can remember coughing all night long, night after night. Consumption was a common disease at that time, and if the cause of death had been put on every tombstone it would have registered far in the majority.

We managed to have a good time, even when stripping tobacco in a cold barn. We raced, sang, told stories, and passed the time pleasantly.

At that time, in the early 90's, the farmers *prized* their own tobacco. That is, they packed it down in hogsheads (monstrous barrels) and then *prized* it down with a big jackscrew, and hauled it to town packed and nailed up in the hogsheads. Later the *loose floors* were opened, the buyers didn't buy the crop at the barn, but would bid on it at the *loose floors*.

The tobacco buyers were organized, and the farmers were not.<sup>9</sup> The buyers had squeezed the price down so low that it became almost a form of slavery to raise tobacco. Often the tobacco crop would not bring enough to pay the grocery bill that had gone behind while the crop was being raised. Year after year this same condition continued.

I can remember several cases where, after a year of hard, killing labor, the crop actually did not bring enough to pay for the commercial fertilizer they had bought to put under it. At the same time the big tobacco companies were amassing huge fortunes. Everyone knew it, but knew no way to change it.

The foolish thing was to keep on raising it, when they were not getting anything for it. It would have been far more intelligent to have raised food for the winter months. The farmers said, "But tobacco is our cash *money* crop." They couldn't seem to realize that it had ceased to be a money crop. They had gotten into the habit of raising it, and couldn't quit.<sup>10</sup>

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9. Effie is referring to the American Tobacco Company (or Trust) which monopolized the tobacco market in virtually all of the major tobacco-producing states and countries.

10. The land in northern Christian County is not as easily cultivated as those in the southern half of the county. Due to the sandstone table of this "clifty" coal field region, farmers must take extra measures to develop the smaller, less fertile parcels. Regarding the

It was probably some such silly bunch the ancient prophet was referring to when he said, "The days of this ignorance God winked at."<sup>11</sup>

Pappy was always bringing home some kind of herbs or roots from the creek bottoms or the hillsides. Blackroot and white walnut bark as a purgative. Sarsaparilla root as a blood purifier. Yellow percoon for sore mouths (Golden Seal). May Apple root (called Mandrake), Angelico, and Ginseng, which brought a fabulous price when it was dried. Mullein and hoarhound for coughs and colds. Catnip for the babies.<sup>12</sup>

I guess Pappy got his knowledge of herbs, and his interest in them from his mother. At one time she had an herb garden in a little rich, loamy, valley down near the creek. She had many kinds of wild flowers and wild herbs in it. Mainly Ginseng. It was very interesting.

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tobacco growers of the Hopkinsville area, a comment made by Carl Ortwin Sauer is applicable here:

Tobacco makes extraordinary demands on labor, ten acres being sufficient to keep a family busily engaged. Such lesser sections have discovered that tobacco brings to them greater returns than other crops, even though it does not yield so well as in the major districts. . . . Thus the farmer of the sandstone table-lands north of Hopkinsville has forsaken the older economy and is now primarily a producer of dark tobacco which is taken down to the Hopkinsville market. He grows dark tobacco because he has available a dark tobacco market. With his tobacco money he buys corn, hay, perhaps even beans and potatoes, for he is too busy with his tobacco patch to raise much other "truck."

See Carl Ortwin Sauer, *Geography of the Pennyroyal*, 199.

Rick Gregory has concluded that "Few growers had the power to break the bonds of culture and tradition that bound them to the staple. Until the New Deal, most Black Patch farmers would maintain their loyalty to dark-fired tobacco—a loyalty for which they would pay a high cost." See his "Look To Yourselves," 290.

11. Acts 17:30: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at."
12. Blackroot (*Chaenolobus undulatus*) is a perennial plant of the South, having large tuber-like rootstocks, sometimes used medicinally. White bark is any of several American trees having pale or whitish bark, such as the white poplar or white-bark pine. In addition to its narcotic properties, golden seal (*Hydrastis Canadensis*, L.), known for its brilliant yellow color, was used as a dye in coloring silks, wool, and linen. May apple or Mandrake (*Podophyllum peltatum*, L.) was used as a cathartic. The root was used as a purge and sometimes as a dressing for ulcers. Angelica, of the genus *Angelica*, was used in spasmodic vomiting, flatulent colics, and nervous headaches. The root was known to possess more aroma than any of southern indigenous plants. Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolium*, L.), an herb with an aromatic root, has long been a valued medicinal plant. It was first used by the Chinese and is of widespread use in North America. Mullein (*Verbascum thapsus*, L.) has coarse or woolly leaves and a yellow 5-petaled flower appearing in a long dense terminal spike. Mullein is used medicinally in treating sore throats, rheumatism and headaches. Horehound (*Marrubium vulgare*, L.) is an aromatic mint and is very bitter to the taste. It was used as a stomach tonic and as a remedy for coughs and colds. Catnip (*Nepeta cataria*, L.) is a very well known strong-scented herb used as a domestic remedy in amenorrhea, chlorosis, and flatulent colic of infants.

There was a steep bank to go down just before reaching the garden, and one time as she was going down this bank she slipped, fell, and dislocated her shoulder. She was old, and it was quite serious, and very painful.

When the doctor came he said it would just have to be *pulled* back into place. It was hard to do, and hurt her terribly. Every time the doctor would pull, to get it back in place, Uncle Curg (feeling so sorry for her, and hating so terribly to see him hurting her) would hold the shoulder so they couldn't get it back in place. Finally the doctor winked at Aunt Ada and asked her if they thought one of the neighbors might have some camphor. She thought probably they did, so they sent Uncle Curg for it. As soon as he left the doctor pulled the shoulder back into place without a great deal of trouble.

Uncle Lee was a tiny little fellow when my father and mother married, and he was very fond of *John Susie*, as he called her. It was not long before Etta (Mammy's first baby) was born. She was at Grandma's, and there was other company, I can't remember who. They were all talking, and no one was paying any attention to Lee. He had found the old dutch oven, that they had cooked meat in, and had *sopped* it clean with a piece of bread, then he climbed into it and sat down. One leg was broken off of the old oven, and he was rocking back and forth on its uneven legs, humming to himself and nearly asleep. One of the visitors was telling of someone who was very pretty, and Lee said sleepily, as he rocked back and forth in the greasy old dutch oven, "Well, John Susy's the purtiest thing I ever saw, and she's as fat as my old hin." This incident was told and retold many times, and laughed over by all the members of the family.

One thing we planned on a long ways ahead of time, was for all of us to go gathering hickernuts and grapes. As school usually started in July, this had to be done on a Saturday.

There was lots of work to be done in the fall, that the women and children had to do. Potatoes to dig, beans and peas to pick and shell. Fruit to be canned also. We didn't have many glass fruit jars then, most of them were stone jars with stone lids, and were sealed by melting sealing wax and pouring around the lid.

With all the fall work that had to be done it was hard to find a time when we could go, but Mammy usually found a time before it got *too* cold. How happy we children all were as we started out with sacks and baskets.

The leaves of the hickory trees had all fallen to the ground before the nuts were ripe, and there would be nuts mixed in with the dry leaves. The boys would climb the trees and shake the nuts down with a clatter, while we picked them up. They were always trying to surprise us and



shake a limb directly over our heads. The nuts would shower down, popping us on the head and making us run.<sup>13</sup>

There was one big scaly bark tree just east of the house, on the bank of a branch (of the creek) that had a bed of smooth white limestone. It was easy to find the nuts there. We just raked back the leaves, and there they were on the smooth white rocks. There were weeds all under the tree, up on the bank, but there were usually lots of nuts on this big old tree.

There were two small trees farther east, by the big sweetgum tree, near the fence that separated our farm from Mr. Moore's, but they never yielded the abundant crop that the big one on the branch did.<sup>14</sup>

We usually stopped in the dry stream bed and shelled the big outside hull from the hickernuts before going to the house. Then they were stored where the rats could not carry them away, and saved for the long winter nights by the fire.

The walnuts were in another direction, up towards the graveyard. There was a big tree in the woods, and past the graveyard, at an old house place, were two others. It was quite a job to shell the walnuts, as the hulls stained everything that touched them. Our hands would be black after shelling walnuts, till it *wore* off.

I remember one fall when Mammy and I shelled the walnuts alone, hauled them to the house in a wheelbarrow, and stored them in a little old corn crib in the barn lot that was not being used. They were giant nuts, with big rich kernels. Any time I felt the least bit hungry I could go to this little old crib and crack me a pan of walnuts and was soon satisfied. Walnuts and corn bread are especially good together, and make a very satisfying meal.

When the wild geese started flying south in the fall, we would know that there was a cold spell coming. Sometimes we would hear them in the night, honking high up in the dark as they wended their way to the land of summer. Pappy would then make preparations to kill at least one hog for fresh meat. He said it usually took most of the first hog for John Susan to divide among her neighbors.

Hog killing time was not a very pleasant time for the ones who did the work. It was always done when there was a cold spell, so the meat

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13. In addition to its edible quality, the hickory nut had a number of uses in the rural south. The oil was often extracted to fuel lamps. The nut, when broken and boiled, could also be used in the manufacture of soap.

14. The sweetgum tree (*Liquidambar styraciflua*, L.) is a hardwood tree with lobed leaves and corky branches. It is sometimes passed as an imitation mahogany and Circassian walnut.

would not spoil. The hogs were heavy, and hard to handle. It was dirty, greasy, ill smelling work.<sup>15</sup>

Mammy usually had a scaffold outside where the entrails were laid out while she removed the fat from them. We children were always interested in this operation, as we were anxious to get all the bladders. With a section cut from the small end of a fishing cane put into the opening of the bladder, we could then blow them up. We had lots of fun slipping up behind other members of the family and forcing the wind out in their ears, making a disgusting noise, besides the unpleasant odor.

We blew them and worked them till we were sure they could not be blown any bigger, then we put beans in them, tied them tight, and hung them up on an attic joist in a row, to save for Christmas. *Then*, on Christmas morning the ones who awoke first could take the bladders down, hold them to the fire till they filled up tight again, lay them on the hearth and jump on them with both feet, making a noise like a shotgun and waking the other members of the family. That was the most interesting part of the hog-killing time for the children.

Later, the grinding of the sausage meat, and stuffing the sacks to be hung up in rows. Often corn shucks were used to pack it in. Then came the rendering of the fat into lard, and straining it into lard cans to be used all winter and spring. The cracklin's from the lard was saved to make cracklin' bread. Later, the heads and feet were cleaned, and cooked and made into *souse* (in some sections called head cheese).

The backbones, spareribs, and liver were used first. The sausage, shoulders, hams, and middlings were smoked with hickory wood in the tight little smoke house, where the barrel of salt, the barrel of soft soap, and the soap grease barrel were kept.

The salt always hardened into a solid mass, almost as hard as a rock. One of my jobs was to go get salt for the kitchen. I would get a big spoon and scrape and scrape till I could dip enough to fill the little brown stone salt jar.

The path from the back kitchen door to the smoke house was kept patted slick from frequent use. We went there many times a day for salt, soap, meat, etc. When Mammy went to the smoke house for meat she usually detoured by the chimley, and gave the knife a few rakes back and forth on one of the sandstones the chimley was built of, to sharpen it.<sup>16</sup>

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15. For more on this farming practice, see Lynwood Montell, "Hog Killing Time in the Kentucky Hill Country," *Kentucky Folklore Record* 18 (1972): 61-67.

16. As the standard spelling for "chimney" is used elsewhere, this spelling is no doubt intentional.

There were several sharpening places on that old chimley, where many others before my mother had stopped to sharpen their knives.

The old house was burned long ago, with its wealth of old relics in the attic; the flax reel, the old red corded bedstid, the candle moulds; articles that had been used in slave days, long before the Civil War. Stones do not burn easily, or decay, and somewhere I'll bet those old places where the knives were sharpened are still just as they were when I was a child.

I mentioned the old red corded *bedstid*. It is possible that some of my grandchildren, or great grandchildren anyway, would not know what it was. I guess this type of bed was a step forward from the old hard wooden slats. There was a certain manufacturer who put out this special type of bed, and they must have been popular, as every family had at least one, or more.

The posts were round and tall, with a ball on top of each post. The side rails were also round with big iron screws about four inches apart all down the sides, and also across the head board and foot board. A small rope was stretched across both ways and hooked over the ends of the screws that were left sticking up an inch or two. This made a soft springy area for the straw bed to lay on. When the ropes stretched, and the bed became saggy, they were tightened. All of these beds were painted a light orange red. They were comfortable to sleep on.

There was one of these beds in the upstairs room of the old house that had been my grandfather's. I suppose it was there when we moved in, and had been there since slave days, and before. By *my* time these beds were considered old fashioned and clumsy, and a cheaper, much flimsier type had taken its place, with slats and no springs.

I remember the first bed springs we owned. An agent came along selling them. They were in pairs, and were built to hook over the bed slats. They were quite strong, and it seems to me that they stood a foot high. I remember how high the bed looked after we put them on.

Uncle Lawrence and Aunt Fannie knew that we had ordered them, and they said that when we got them they were coming over to stay all night and see how they liked them. In all the years I knew them that is the only time I can remember of them ever sleeping away from home.

We saw them coming up the path by the orchard. Aunt Fannie with two clean sheets over her arm, one to go under them and one over them. Mammie resented *that* a little, she usually had clean sheets, even if we *did* have a big family.

Aunt Fannie *was* quite finicky. She usually washed the dipper in hot water before she drank out of it. That wasn't a bad idea, but we felt a little insulted, as if she thought we were dirty people. Didn't every family in the neighborhood all drink from the same dipper? We wondered if she

washed the dippers everyplace she went. Anyway we were glad to see them whenever they came.

Uncle Lawrence was a sweet old soul, jolly and good natured; well up on all the news, as he read his newspapers thoroughly. There was just one little thing that was a fly in the ointment. He was a Republican. He had fought in the Civil War on the Northern side, and my father was a Democrat. Most people were strong in their politics in those days, so that was one question that was left undiscussed when Uncle Lawrence was at our place.<sup>17</sup>

Mammie knew they were coming and had fixed a good supper. Aunt Fannie's teeth were bad from being *salivated* with calomel, so Mammy usually fixed chicken and dumplin's for her, and she liked puddings with sauce to go over them. She usually let it be known what she liked, so it would be forthcoming.

Pappy got the fiddle out and they made some music after supper. Uncle Lawrence kept time with his feet. I often wondered if life wasn't awfully dull for them, with no children and no music, but I suppose they liked it that way.

They were used to going to bed early, so it was not long till they were yawning. They were anxious to try the springs. We had an awful laugh when they were getting into bed. Those springs were really springy, and Uncle Lawrence said that he sank in over his ears. When Aunt Fannie got in he yelled, "Hey, go easy there, I'm about to fall off." He said that if he should have to cough in the night, and started bouncing, it would be disastrous. Aunt Fannie squealed, and said he was right in the middle, and he said, how could he help where he landed, he was at the mercy of them springs.

I think it was in 1896 when Pappy decided he was going to make it a little more convenient around the place by digging a cellar for the milk, canned fruit, etc., and by having a well drilled right by the kitchen door,

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17. After the Civil War, party politics became a divisive issue in Kentucky. According to Merton Coulter, "Kentuckians fundamentally were conservative," but those with slave interests had attached themselves to the Democratic Party after the breakup of the Radicals and the Whigs. Generally, people of wealth and those with tobacco interests gravitated to the Democratic Party for largely economic reasons. The Republicans became a political force during John M. Harlan's 1871 gubernatorial campaign and after anti-slavery supporters from eastern Kentucky gained a foothold in party politics. Evidently, Lawrence Armstrong held to strong Union sentiments. See E. Merton Coulter, *The Civil War and Readjustment in Kentucky* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1926), esp. 433-40. See also Lawrence Thompson, "Politics is a Major Sport," chap. 2, in *Kentucky Tradition* (Hamden, Conn.: Shoe String Press, 1956), 9-21.

saving *so many* steps going to and from the old well that was almost to the creek. Somehow both these projects were failures. The cellar filled with water and the well didn't, at least what did raise in it was not fit to drink.

Three boys, viz: Luther Hayes, Will Eades,<sup>18</sup> and Archie Lee were operating the drilling machine. Pappy agreed to pay them one dollar per foot, and give them board and room while they were drilling. It was like a picnic for we children. They were nice boys, all good looking and very pleasant. Sadie was nineteen, and very pretty. I was in the ugly stage of eleven, but I enjoyed them anyway.

Mr. Eades took care of the engine, and I became interested in it, so he taught me how to operate it. I would run it for hours at a time while he went with Sadie to the well for water, or helped her with some of the work, or just sat on the edge of the porch and talked.

Mr. Hayes, the one who operated the drill, was also interested in Sadie, but I could not operate the drill, so he had to stick to his drill, and Eades got in a lot of talk ahead of him. But Mr. Hayes had a horse and a cart, and the horse was a good trotter. *That* made it bad for Eades *after* work hours.

Archie Lee was a slim quiet fellow who had a very interesting and unusual life story. He and his sister were left orphans when the sister was a baby, and when he was a very small child. They were both adopted, and neither of them knew where the other one was. During the year they came to our place he was working in Hopkinsville, where he met the daughter of Mr. Meriwether.<sup>19</sup> They fell in love almost at first sight, and were very happy in each other's company. One day something was said about his folks. He told her that he was left an orphan when very small. She said she was also, and that Dr. Meriwether and wife had adopted her. A little further investigation and they found that they were brother and sister. They were to have been married soon, but decided they had better not.

It is funny how time is magnified in childhood. As I remember it it seems to me that these well drillers were at our place for months, but when I called my sister and asked her how long they stayed she said three weeks. It seems to me it was *much* longer. I imagine it seemed quite a while to my mother, who had to fix three meals for our big family, and for these three men besides.

I can't remember just how deep they sank the well, but I think it was 80 feet at one time. When they had drilled through a layer of blue clay there was a loud smell of oil in each bucket full they brought up. The oil

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18. Probably William P. Eades (1872–1947).

19. Probably Dr. Charles H. Meriwether, whose vital dates are not found in general county histories or census returns.

spread out on the ground where they emptied the mud. We thought maybe we were going to have an oil well instead of a well of water.

The morning they set the drill up (and when they had the steam up in the engine) Mr. Eades blew the whistle and every old cow on the place curled their tails over their backs and with frightened bellows they disappeared over the hill. For a while it was with great difficulty that we extracted any milk from them. We couldn't get them *near* the house.

Cousin Buck came on one of his periodic visits while the well drillers were there, and it was then that I found out for sure that he was coming to see Sadie. He didn't like the well drillers, especially Mr. Eades and Luther Hayes.

He came into the kitchen where my mother was cooking supper one evening and said, "Cudden John Susan, do you know that you have a *very* attractive daughter." Mammy said that she didn't know there was anything very unusual about her. "Wy she could charm the heart of a wheelbarrow, she has both of those fellows crazy as bessy bugs, and without any effort on her part."

They finally gave the well up as a failure, pulled up stakes and left with their drilling machine. We didn't see much more of Mr. Hayes or Archie Lee, but Mr. Eades continued to come back so steadily that I thought I might have him for a brother-in-law. I wouldn't have objected, he was a very lovable fellow. But finally there was a quarrel that ended it all. I think he drank some, though I never saw him drunk.

Norman was a baby then, and I remember Lelia bringing him over one day with a little blue jersey suit on. I thought he was the sweetest thing I ever saw. Vera was a cute little girl with cheeks as red as apples, always humming a tune, serious and quiet, with her little bonnet on.

About this time I got a wallop I'll never forget. Mammy had made me a new blue sunbonnet with a ruffle around the front, and I was *so* proud of it. Lelia came, and Mammy said that if I would run to the spring and bring a bucket of cool water I could go home with her. Someone had let the clothes line down, and as I was running against the evening sun I failed to see it. I was running with all my might, and the wire was just right to catch me just under the chin. The wire and I didn't stop till the slack was all taken up, and then I was thrown flat on my back on the hard rocky ground. I lay there for a few minutes, stunned, then got up painfully, picked up my new bonnet, and walked slowly to the spring. A raw streak across my throat was stinging terribly, and my head was feeling like my skull might have been fractured. But I was soon all right again, and able to run like the wind again. Children have a marvelous power of recuperation.

I think I must have had an abnormal amount of sympathy. I can remember how very sorry I was for Etta because she was crippled. Her right leg was shorter than the left, and the foot was drawn a little. Her



Vera and Norman Ferrell, Lelia's oldest children.  
Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

right arm and hand was small and drawn so that it was useless. When we would go places where there were strangers I made it a point to stand in front of her on that side so no one would notice her little hand.

When she and I started to the creek fishing, or to the mulberry trees, or to the woods lot for toothbrushes, or others of our many jaunts about the place, there was perfect freedom. Etta couldn't run, but she *could* skip, and she could make speed at it too. She would lean on me to keep her steady, and away we would go, me running and she skipping on her good foot.

Sometimes we would take paper and pencils and go to the big flat rocks above the spring and draw pictures of little ferns, and flowers, and pretty leaves. Sometimes we took pieces of keel and wrote on the flat rocks. Sometimes we hunted for pretty colored pebbles, and petrified vertebrae of little living things (and least they had *once* been living), the joints looked like little buttons. Sometimes we hunted for rare specimens of flowers. Anyway, we always had a good time, or at least *I* did. A tiny little girl, and a big crippled girl, but we were genuine pals, and oh how I enjoyed it.

How I appreciated Etta's never ceasing desire to help out with the work all she could. She pieced most of the quilts that we had. She could

knit, sweep, and keep things picked up. She could keep the place tidied and dusted, and I guess that in the long run she did more than we who had nothing whatever the matter with us. Etta was also a good singer, and learned all the new songs that came along. We made books of song ballads that we *printed*.<sup>20</sup>

At that time I thought nothing of it, but as I remember it now I'm sure that I have never seen anyone with such shining, golden hair as Etta had. It was a beautiful auburn in the shade, and in the sun it was just like shining gold. I loved to wash her hair and roll it up for her, just to see how it would shine when I took it down and combed it.

Being a cripple Etta had not had many beaux, but she had one that I remember, who used to write to her. I felt very big and important when she let me read his letters. They were from Dan Simpson, a good, gentle, kind fellow.<sup>21</sup> Sometimes, at dances, he would come and sit with her instead of dancing.

Etta tried to stay loyal to her membership in the Baptist church, but it had not meant as much to her as they had thought it might. We went to church occasionally, but their big protracted meetings, and the preachers fervent pleading with the people to "give their hearts to Jesus," and the lurid pictures they painted of our awful fate if death should overtake us in our "unsaved condition" never succeeded in stirring me up very much. It didn't sound too sincere to me, and in the expression of our father, it didn't sound *logical*. I would look at people who belonged to the different churches who, as the preachers expressed it, were "saved," and I couldn't see that they were any better than we were who had not joined any church.

My father said that if he ever found a church that was like the one the Savior set up while He was on the earth he would join it, but so far the teachings of the preachers, and the teachings of the Savior didn't agree. In the first place the Savior told His disciples, when He set them apart and sent them out to preach, "Freely ye have received this, now see that ye freely give it to others,"<sup>22</sup> and one place said, "Beware of them that preach for hire, and divine for money."<sup>23</sup> Paul said, "Ye know that I have

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20. Printed out by hand, apparently; she kept such lists all her life. Hazel Carmack Bushman recalls a stapled, typewritten booklet of song texts compiled by her mother, no longer in Hazel Bushman's possession. (Conversation with Karen Davidson, December 4, 1994.)

21. Daniel R. Simpson (b. 1875), son of George Simpson.

22. Matthew 10:8: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

23. A paraphrase of Micah 3:11: "The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money."



labored with my own hands (he was a tent maker) that I might have the means to support myself, and to give to them that needed.”<sup>24</sup>

Paul was a preacher, one of the greatest we have any record of. “But,” some of them would say, “this is a different age, and calls for different methods.” Then we read in the Bible where the Savior said, “If any man teach any other gospel to you except this which we have taught unto you, let him be accursed,” and for fear they didn’t understand Him fully He repeated it with a little more force, saying “If any man, *or even an Angel from Heaven* should teach any other gospel he would be accursed.”<sup>25</sup>

It was not hard to see that lots of them were teaching things that were contrary to the teachings of the New Testament. It seems that the Savior and His disciples knew that there would be false churches. The Lord said, “Many shall come in My Name saying, Lo, here is Christ, or Lo, there is Christ, and deceive many,”<sup>26</sup> and, “Many false teachers shall arise,”<sup>27</sup> and, “Not everyone that sayeth unto Me *Lord Lord* shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.”<sup>28</sup>

What *was* His Father’s will? We tried to find out. The Lord said, “By this shall all men know that ye are My Disciples, if ye have love one to another,”<sup>29</sup> and He told His followers to treat others just as they themselves would like to be treated.

Well, there was one thing certain, we loved each other and we loved other people too. Pappy said that he always had to figure on *one* hog at least, being divided among the neighbors. We usually gave every one around a part of it.

Mammy came as near to being the neighborhood nurse as anyone could have, and it was always done freely too. I’ve often thought what a wealth of treasures she had laid up for herself, though I’m sure she never thought of herself when she was doing it. She did it for humanity’s sake.

24. In Acts 20:34–35 and 1 Corinthians 4:12 Paul refers to working with his own hands, but Effie’s paraphrase sounds more like the words of King Benjamin in the Book of Mormon (Mosiah 2:14): “And even I, myself, have labored with mine own hands that I might serve you.”

25. A paraphrase of Galatians 1:9: “If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.” See also Galatians 1:8.

26. A paraphrase of Matthew 24:5: “For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.”

27. Perhaps a reference to II Peter 2:1: “But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you.”

28. Matthew 7:21.

29. John 13:35.

So, although not contented with our homespun religion, we read the Bible and waited for a time when maybe the right religion would come along.

One day the family was going to visit some of our relatives, but Sadie and I wanted to go to a picnic that was being held not far away. A neighbor who was taking his family in a wagon had promised to come by and stop for us. We had made elaborate preparations. Sadie had made us a white dress each, trimmed with lace, and stitched with rose colored silk thread. They said that they would be there by ten o'clock, so, long before ten we were sitting prim and curled with our white dresses on, and my leghorn hat with its wreath of little wild roses, and its ribbon streamers.<sup>30</sup>

Ten o'clock came, and no picnickers, ten thirty, and then eleven. By this time we had given them up entirely.

Sadie says, "Well, as we're here alone with nothing to bother us let's clean this place from one end to the other, and change things around." If there was one thing Sadie enjoyed, it was changing the furniture around, so, immediately, we began to shed our picnic finery and get into our work duds. Soon we were busy making things hum. We cleaned that place from top to bottom, upstairs and all. We scrubbed cupboards, made new fire-screens, swept the yards, got fresh bouquets, and really made the old place shine. We were racing to get it all finished before the folks got home. When it was all done and we sat down, tired but happy, we both agreed that we had enjoyed ourselves far better than we would have if we had gone to the picnic. We have often since thought of that busy day and the good time we had. We said that it proved the maxim true, that true happiness does not depend on having what we want, but in wanting what we have.

As a small child I had developed a sort of prejudice against all the folks that lived *down the creek*. Maybe from the fact that our geese came home from that direction *picked* several times. I didn't realize that there were lots of *different* folks living in that direction. Negroes, farm hands, and many different classes.

When we grew older, and met the young folks of a family of Wrights who lived in that direction, I was surprised to find them the most charming people I had ever known. Refined, intelligent, fun loving, and witty. Miss Hallie, who had married Dr. Ramsey and was then a widow with two small boys, was one of the most lovable women I had ever seen. Nora, the girl at home, seemed good, and was very pretty. Frank, who went with Sadie for quite a while was just my ideal. I was eleven, I think, when I had

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30. A hat made out of soft plaited straw, usually with a broad brim.

the joy of entertaining Frank several times while Sadie got ready to go somewhere with him.

One glorious evening when Frank came unexpectedly, and she had *other* company, he gave me his undivided attention. We sang duets, played club fist and slap hand, organized a two piece orchestra with a broom handle and yardstick. I can still remember how cleverly he could mimic a banjo. But, O Dear, our beautiful friendship came to a cruel and tragic end. One day cousin Leona Armstrong, and Leona Morris came to our place when Sadie was not at home.<sup>31</sup> Someone came from the Post Office and brought a letter for Sadie from Frank and they pounced upon it, took it to the teakettle and steamed it till it came unglued easily. It was a nice letter, well written and interesting. There was a blank place at the bottom, below his name, so they added a P. S. and finished filling the page. I can't remember what they wrote, but it was something that made Sadie furious. The bad feature of it was that they had wheedled me into *swearing* that I would not tell her that they had opened it.

When Frank came, and Sadie bawled him out about it, of course it was tacked onto me. I had to just stand there in agony and see my beloved Frank, white with anger, asking me if I didn't know that it was a very serious breach of the law to tamper with the mail, and that people had been put behind bars for doing what I had done. I said that I didn't do it, but no one believed me, and I could not tell who *had* done it, as I had sworn I would not, and when we swore a thing it was *never* broken. And so, our cherished friendship came to an end, and I was sad and hurt, and felt terribly guilty for allowing them to tamper with his nice letter.

I heard of Frank at long intervals after that. He was married, and then one day news came that he had died, and without knowing that it was not I who had tampered with his letter. Well, somewhere, in the place where we go after we leave here, maybe I can see him sometime, and make things right.

When I was a little older, one of Frank's nephews (I guess he was a nephew, anyway a close relative), Claude Wright, and I had a fleeting romance. I remember an evening when a group of us went for a hay ride.

Claude and I were on the back of the wagon with our feet dangling. The moon was shining in a pond of water, with willows around the sides. It was very pretty. We sang silly songs, and at last they all sang a Baptist Hymn:

Come, oh come to me, said Jesus,  
Come, and I will give you rest,  
I'll take away the burden from your heavy laden breast,

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31. Leona Morris (1883–1970) married James Crittenden Marquess.

No matter who the wanderer, Or how long he's been astray,  
Whosoever quickly cometh I will comfort him today.

I later heard that Claude and a Poindexter girl were going to be married, but on the wedding night he backed out, and didn't go. Years after that, when Violet was a baby, Dave Wright, one of Lelia's old flames came through our neighborhood and someone told him where I lived. He stopped and visited awhile, talked of old times, and of Lelia. He said that he had never cared for anyone else like he did Lelia. He asked me if I had heard of Claude jilting the Poindexter girl. Of course I had. He said that he went over there that night to see what was the matter with him, and he was laying across the bed crying. When Dave asked him why he wasn't at the wedding, he said that it wouldn't be right for him to marry her, when he thought more of Miss Effie than he did of her. I don't suppose Dave ever married either, he was still single the last time I heard of him.

Corn planting time and barefoot time came at the same time, about the first of May. We usually *all* went to the field for the planting. Sadie and I usually dropped the grains in the crosses, and the men drove the horses hitched to the drags that covered it.

May was a happy time. During the long, cold winters (and early spring) with rain, snow, and sleet, and the constant freezing and thawing, often for weeks at a time we would not even see the sun. So, when the warm sunshiny weather did arrive, which it usually did about the first of May, we felt like celebrating, and did it by working from morning till night, till the crops were all planted.



## CHAPTER FOUR

# A One Horse Religion

*The chronicle so far deals only with childhood  
The free happy years with my life in its Spring  
With mammy to feed us and care for and clothe us  
To bear all the burdens and soften each sting.*

*To teach us a sort of one horse religion  
Of truthfulness, patience and kindness and love  
To honor the Sabbath by resting or reading.  
To never speak lightly of God up above.*

—“Our Search For Truth”  
in *Backward Glances*, 51

One spring, I think it was 1891 or 1892, when I was six or seven years old, two Mormon Missionaries came to the field where we were planting corn. Pappy was school trustee, and they wanted permission to preach in the schoolhouse. He told them that he had no objections, but they went on and did *not* hold any meetings. When we went to the house at noon, there were two tracts lying on the sewing machine in the porch. Pappy read them aloud, and said that he could find no fault with them.

The only mention of Mormons that I can remember, in the five or six years after that, was a silly story in the old Farmers Almanac (the one that had mottoes by Benjamin Franklin and others, all around the pages on the margins). The story was of two Mormon Missionaries who went to a place and stayed all night. After supper the Missionaries and the man sat out in the door yard and talked while *Hanner* was supposed to be washing the dishes.

They told the man that if he would come to Utah he could see visions in the skies, and that he could have a dozen women if he wanted them, “a heap younger and purtier than Hanner.” The man was

impressed, but there was one drawback. Hanner had been eavesdropping, and had heard all they said. After the husband went to sleep she tied him to the bed with a *bed cord*, and whipped him till he promised he'd never think of Utah again.

There was a picture of Brigham Young along with it. He was sitting down, each leg was six or seven feet long and reached way out, and on each leg five or six women were sitting. That, and an old song, "Old Brigham Young had forty wives, he might have had some more, etc.," was all I had ever heard of Mormons till I was eleven years old.

I *do* remember Pappy reading about a "Whittling Brigade," whose motto was, "Always whittle away from you, and you'll never get cut." I know now that it was a group of young men of Nauvoo, Illinois,<sup>1</sup> who banded together, after the death of the Prophet,<sup>2</sup> and after their Charter had been taken from them, and their city was being overrun with horse thieves and outlaws. They chose this method and literally *whittled* them out of town.<sup>3</sup>

I think it was in the fall of 1897 when the news came that Mormon preachers were going to preach at Pleasant Green Church. We were all excited and curious to know just how they would look, and what they would preach about. I thought that they would be old men, with long white beards. I don't know why I thought this. I must have seen a picture like that somewhere representing Mormon preachers, but I don't remember it if I had.

1. Nauvoo was a city in western Illinois founded by the Mormons in 1838. It served as church headquarters until 1846, when the Mormons were driven out by mob persecution.
2. Joseph Smith, Jr. (1805–1844), founder and first president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
3. The following description of the "whistling and whittling brigade" appeared in Andrew Jenson, ed., *The Historical Record: A Monthly Periodical*, Book I (Salt Lake City: Andrew Jenson, 1889), 806–807:

Many of the boys of [Nauvoo] had each a large bowie knife made, and when a man came to town who was known to be a villian [*sic*], and was there for evil purposes, a few of them would get together, and go to where the obnoxious person was, and having previously provided themselves with pine shingles, would commence whittling. The presence of a number of boys, each whittling a shingle with a bright, large bowie knife, was not a sight to escape the notice of a stranger. . . . The boys would . . . keep up their whistling, as though the chief and only pursuit of their lives was whittling and whistling. . . . There was no law against boys whistling and whittling. The result would be that these people would get out of the city as quickly as possible, for they did not know how soon they might have another visit from the boys.

See also Thurmon Dean Moody, "Nauvoo's Whistling and Whittling Brigade," *BYU Studies* 15 (summer 1975): 480–90.

Elmo, my oldest brother, was sent to see what it was like, as it was too far for us all to go. We were still up when he got back, expecting to hear some exciting news. But he was very disappointing. He said that they were just ordinary men, young, both good looking, and excellent singers. They preached the Bible, and it sounded sensible.

One day, not very long after that, Mammy was scrubbing the kitchen floor. I was in there with her. I happened to look through the window in Mammy's room up towards the Big road. I saw two men in long frock tailed coats, with derby hats on, each carrying a small grip, coming down the road from the big gate.

Mammy said, "Lordy mercy, I'll bet that's them Mormon preachers, hand me my clean apron right quick." She pulled her dirty apron off, dried her hands on it, and by the time she had the clean one tied on they were knocking. They walked fast.

They wanted to see the husband, they said, as they were told that he was school trustee, and they wanted permission to preach in the school house. Mammy told them where he was, they got his permission, and then invited us to come to services that night.

Our dad hitched the mules to the wagon and we all went. That night marked the beginning of a new life for us. No more groping around in the dark in search of truth. No more trying to fit man made doctrines with the teachings of the Savior.<sup>4</sup>

The school house was small, and of course was poorly lighted. All the lights to be had at that time, in the country, were coal oil lamps, but as I remember the songs, the prayer, and the sermon, our conversation after the meeting, and the buying of a little red backed book, "The Voice of Warning," it seems to me that we all walked in a halo of beautiful light.<sup>5</sup>

They sang, "Oh Ye Mountains High," also, "Praise to the Man Who Communed With Jehovah," and "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses."<sup>6</sup>

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4. In April 1897, the senior elder, Alvin Ipsen, of Bear River City, Utah, reported from Liberty, Kentucky, that 26 people had been baptized and that the missionaries were "hospitably received and entertained." See Journal History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 22, 1897, p. 4; Alvin Ipsen to Editor, "Returned Missionary," *Deseret Evening News*, December 31, 1898, 15.

5. *The Voice of Warning* was written by Parley P. Pratt (1807–1857) and has been reprinted by Deseret Book in Salt Lake City as recently as 1978.

6. "Oh Ye Mountains High" is an indigenous Mormon hymn text still included in *Hymns* (Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1985), #34. "Praise to the Man" is an indigenous hymn text by William W. Phelps, *Hymns*, 1985, #27. The text of "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses" was written by Eliza R. Snow (*Hymns*, 1985, #273) and it has been sung to various hymn tunes other than the one in the 1985 hymnal.



The Senior Elder was Alvin Ipsen, a little Danishman from Bear River City, Box Elder County, Utah.<sup>7</sup> He had a mop of yellow curly hair, was a grand singer, with a wonderful personality, and a power of persuasion that was almost irresistible. I think that the secret of his power for good was in his humility, which gave him an extra portion of the spirit of the Lord, and his intense love and understanding of all kinds of human beings. His companion was a local missionary, Wister G. Wallace, from Center, Metcalf County, Kentucky; a handsome dark haired young fellow, who fitted in perfectly with his companion.<sup>8</sup>

The songs they sang sounded new and unusual. I had never heard anything like them before. No repetitions of "Savior wash me in the Blood," or, "Jesus saves, Jesus saves." During the week of meetings that they held, they sang of "Earth with her ten thousand flowers," and, "High on the mountain top a banner is unfurled," and of a *Beautiful Zion* built above, and to "Our Father who dwells in a high and glorious place."<sup>9</sup> It was hard to tell which thrilled me the most, the songs or the sermons.

The first night we went to hear them Elder Ipsen preached on the scattering of Israel. A rather deep subject for a child of eleven to understand, especially when I had never even heard of the scattering of Israel.

I had no idea what my parents or brothers and sisters were thinking of it, but I was so thrilled that I could hardly contain my feelings. I was sitting about halfway back, with a group of my schoolmates, who kept trying to whisper to me, but I had no time for foolishness that night. Something great and wonderful had come, something we had dreamed of and waited for for years. I'm sure it was the spirit of it, and not the letter, that whispered to my spirit, and filled me with such joy.

"Woe to Ariel, to Ariel the city where David dwelt," the words were like music to my soul, and my happiness was so intense that it was painful.<sup>10</sup>

7. The title "Elder" was—and continues to be—the form of address for Mormon missionaries, many of them very young men. Female missionaries are addressed by the title, "Sister." Alvin Ipsen (1871–1939) of Bear River City, Utah, served as a Mormon missionary in the Southern States Mission in 1896–1898. In 1900, he married Viola Sweeney (1878–1939), of Kentucky, whom he met while in his mission field. Ipsen was ordained one of the seven presidents of the fifth quorum of Seventy in 1901. See Jensen, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia* 1:398–99.

8. Wister G. Wallace (1870–1953) was born in Beechville, Metcalf County, Kentucky.

9. "Earth with Her Ten Thousand Flowers" is a well-known text by Thomas R. Taylor and is still included in *Hymns*, 1985, #87. "High on the Mountain Top" is an indigenous Mormon hymn text by Joel H. Johnson ( *Hymns*, 1985, #5). "Beautiful Zion" is by George Gill (*Hymns*, 1985, #44), and Effie has paraphrased the opening line of Eliza R. Snow's indigenous Mormon text: "O my Father, thou that dwellest / In the high and glorious place." *Hymns*, 1985, #292.

10. See Isaiah 29:1.



"Alvin Ipsen of Bear River City Box Elder Co Utah—  
The first missionary we heard preach." Courtesy of  
Hazel Bushman

As soon as the meeting was dismissed I hurried up to the front to see my mother and father, and to see what they thought of it. They were complimenting the young missionaries, and inviting them to go home with us. Others were crowding up, wanting tracts and books to read. *Many* people invited them to go and spend the night with them. It just seemed perfectly natural that they should go home with *us*.

I can't remember just what month it was, but it was cold enough that we had a fire in the fireplace, for I remember distinctly that long conversation after we reached home. The eager questions; the logical answers. The growing wonder that they were teaching *exactly* what we had always believed, and the complete agreement between their teachings and that of the Savior in the New Testament.

About one o'clock my mother suddenly remembered that I should have been in bed hours before, but I could not be shaken till the conversation was ended. I was afraid that I might miss something.

Later in the week a Gilliland family, from the Mt. Zoar neighborhood, attended. They were distant relatives of ours, but I had not seen them before. They had two sons about my age, Forest and Aubrey, who came with them. Also two daughters, Ora, older than I, and Annie, who was younger.<sup>11</sup> They had attended the meetings at Pleasant Green and were interested in the message.

Every night the little schoolhouse was packed, and along towards the last of the week a few of us began to add our voices to the singing. We had been practicing at home, after meetings, of evenings. What a joy to be able to raise my own voice with those of the missionaries in praise to my Heavenly Father, for this beautiful message that had been brought to us. "We Thank Thee Oh God For a Prophet"<sup>12</sup> was full of meaning for me.

Elmo sang a good tenor, and John sang bass. Soon we had quite a choir. The missionaries had a number of small song books containing the words and not the music to the songs. They were soon sold out, and everyone began singing the new hymns.

We would have enjoyed having the missionaries stay with us *every* night, but they had to divide their time with others who wanted them, and of course we must not be selfish.

The hours at home were spent in hunting out the passages of scripture they quoted in their sermons. I went upstairs and lay flat on my stomach by the long low window and searched through the little old dogeared Bible. They were hard to find, and I soon learned to listen when they told where the passages were to be found.

The first time our father went to town he bought a new Bible, and I remember with what pride I stacked our newly acquired bunch of religious books. The new Bible, a copy of the Book of Mormon, The Voice of Warning, several tracts, and the little song books.<sup>13</sup> Not a very expensive set of books, but wonderfully precious to us.

Every day new joys and new wonders unfolded to us as we studied the Gospel Plan. How plain and how easy it was to understand. The wonder to us was why everyone couldn't understand it as we did.

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11. Forrest Gilliland (1881–1959) and Aubra (Aubrey) Gilliland (1882–1975) were the sons of James Millard Gilliland and Laura Hall. Ora Emma Gilliland (1884–1949) and Annie Pearl Gilliland (1889–1955) were their daughters.

12. *Hymns*, 1985, #19, an indigenous Mormon text, "full of meaning" for Effie probably because the prophet referred to in the hymn is the president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who, for Mormons, always serves as the current (or Latter-day) prophet of God on earth.

13. The Book of Mormon, according to Mormon belief, is a record of God's dealings with a group of Israelites who migrated to the Western Hemisphere about 600 B.C. Joseph Smith was instructed by divine messenger to find and translate this record.

One evening as we sat around the fire, one of the missionaries spied the end of Pappy's violin case sticking out from under the old walnut dresser, and asked who played it. Soon they were tuning the fiddle and guitar together for the first time in a long while, and again the music came streaming from the old violin in sweet harmony. The missionaries were charmed, and kept their feet going in time with the music.

"So you folks are not opposed to violin music?" my father asked, at the end of a lively tune, at which they plainly showed their pleasure.

"No indeed. Music, and dancing also, has given me lots of happy hours in my short life," Elder Ipsen declared.

There was another very important thing we agreed on. The preachers of the different denominations around us were bitterly opposed to both violin music and dancing. They often told their congregations that the devil was in the fiddle, though they had never succeeded in making us believe it.

Well, this new found religion had measured up to our every ideal so far, and tonight's discovery was another step in favor of it. A happy people, with a happy religion. One that took care of every phase of life. A time for all things, and everything in order, and in its place.

Through the winter of that year, 1897 or 1898, we studied the Gospel of Jesus Christ thoroughly. When we struck something we did not understand the missionaries were near, and were glad to come and help us to understand it.

It looked as if the entire population of that community would be converted. The Elders were welcomed everywhere, and were constantly in demand to fill appointments to preach.<sup>14</sup>

In February there was talk of them being sent to another field of labor, and my parents were anxious to be baptized before they left. February is often the coldest month of the winter, but this time there

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14. Mattie Carmack, Effie's mother-in-law, told a similar story of conversion in the Mt. Zoar neighborhood:

We beleaved that al we need was to give our hand to the preachers and be baptized and we would be saved. We found out that we needed repentance and works to show our faith. Wel beleave me our bibles did not ly in one place long enough to let dust settle on them. Thair wer a bunch of us took our names off from Mount Zore and wer baptized in the Mormon Church, but i love a lot of my old friends in Mount Zore and i think they do me. Wel wee kept the Elders, i wish i had kept name cards id like to no myself, but i am glad that Tom and i made the Elders welcom, for they were doing good, teachen Gods work and trying to get people to be saved.

See Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack, *My Story: Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack, 1873-1961*, compiled by Donna Bess Carmack Musto (Franklin, NC: Genealogy Publishing Service, 1991), 73-74.



"Effie Lee Marquess. Young lady of 11 or 12." Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

came a few days of nice sunny weather, and a baptismal service was appointed.

I was anxious to be among the first ones to go into the waters of baptism, but my mother said that she didn't know whether they baptized children as young as I was or not.<sup>15</sup> It was a terrible disappointment to me. I retired to my seat in the half darkness of the old stairway and cried till I was exhausted, but everyone was busy getting ready to go to the creek for

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15. Baptism into the Mormon Church is by immersion. The minimum age for baptism is eight years of age; Effie was in fact old enough at that time to be baptized.

the baptizing, and paid no attention to me. However, when we got to the place where the baptizing was to be held, one of the Elders saw my swollen eyes and asked the reason. When my mother told him he said that they would have another baptizing real soon, and he would see to it that I was baptized if I wanted to be.

The missionaries had told us of the word of wisdom.<sup>16</sup> That we should keep our bodies clean, say our prayers regularly, and keep the Sabbath day holy, so I found some satisfaction in doing those things while I waited. They seemed very small things in comparison to what I would have liked to do to show my appreciation of the Gospel.

I could understand perfectly how the righteous Alma felt when he said he would like to get on top of a mountain, and in a voice of thunder proclaim the Gospel to the Nations of the Earth. But, he said that he knew that he was just an ordinary man, and would have to be content to do what little good he could in the small sphere in which he lived.<sup>17</sup>

I was sure that I could convert all my schoolmates in a very short time, when I had time to explain it to them fully, but to my great disappointment most of them were not interested in it. Some of them giggled, and said I had *got religion*. Well, I certainly had *got* it, almost more than I could contain.

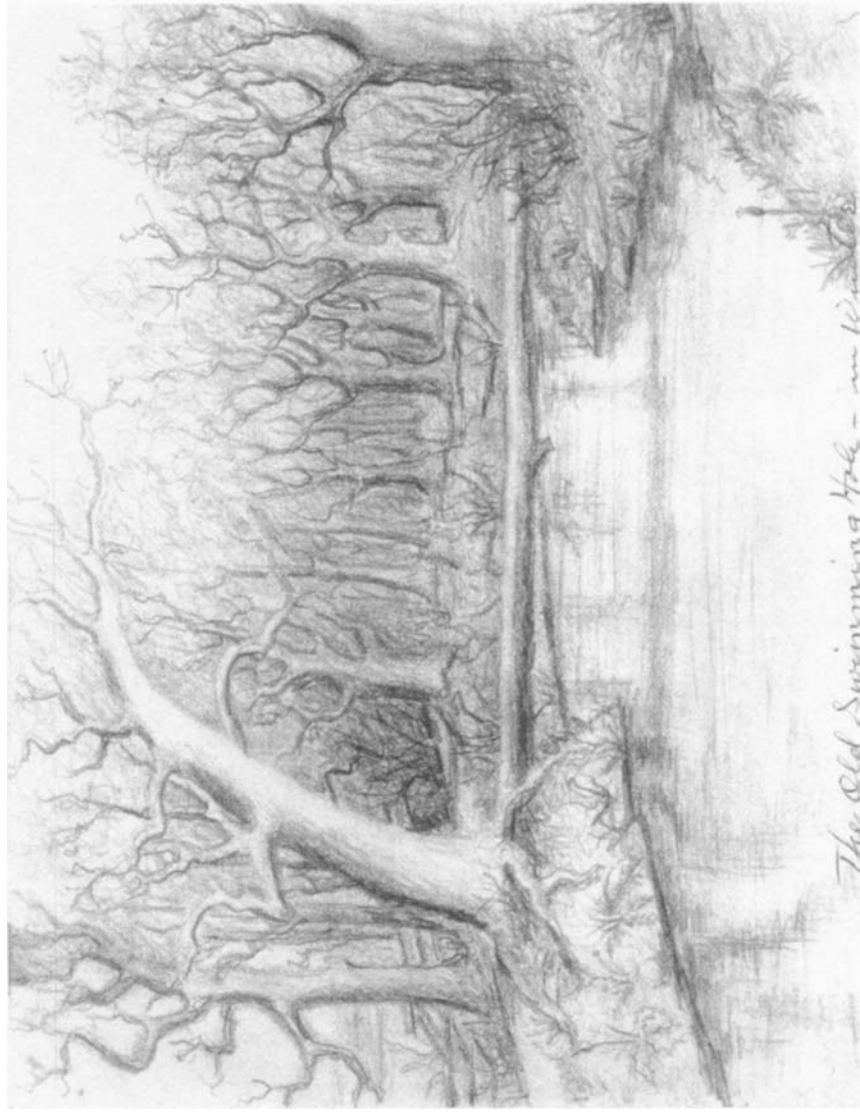
When Mammy said something about being baptized, our dad asked her what she was going to do without her evening smoke, so she retorted by asking him what he was going to do without his *quid*. She looked around till she spied her old brickcolored clay pipe, and going out in the back yard she took it by the stem and threw it away beyond the garden.

The following month, in March, after the first baptizing, in which my parents, my two older sisters, Etta the cripple (who had joined the Baptist Church), Lelia, my married sister, cousin Millard Gilliland, and his wife were all baptized, the Elders announced another baptizing, and my mother said that I could be one of them if I wanted to. She got my clothes all ready. The great day arrived. The sun arose clear and nice, but by the time the services were to be held it had clouded up, and looked dark and stormy, and flakes of snow were beginning to fall. But there was

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16. Word of Wisdom, usually capitalized, refers to the dietary teachings in Section 89 of the *Doctrine and Covenants*. It is interpreted as a total prohibition against tobacco, alcohol, coffee, and tea, and advocates the eating of grain and "every fruit in the season thereof." Even members of a tobacco-growing community would have been expected to give up the use of tobacco upon becoming a Mormon.

17. A reference to an important Book of Mormon figure, Alma, who proclaimed: "O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart; that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people!" (Alma 29:1-2)



*The Old Swimming Hole in Winter*, drawing by Effie Carmack. "The old swimming hole where we watered the horses was just the right depth for baptizing, it seemed"; quotation from *Backward Glances*, p. 58. Drawing courtesy of Itha Carmack.

no thought of changing the date. The Elders said they had never heard of anyone suffering any sickness from being baptized. They sang:

Lo, on the water's brink we stand  
To do the Father's will,  
To be baptized by His command  
And thus the Word fulfill.<sup>18</sup>

My happiness seemed complete as the song echoed up and down the creek banks. It seemed that the very trees were happy.

By the time the baptizing was over the snow was falling fast. Just as the last one came out of the water cousin Buck Cravens dashed up on one of the Widow Clardy's thoroughbreds and ordered someone to put me up behind him. We cantered away, and in a few minutes we were at home.

Mammy had made me a pretty new dress for the occasion. It was of a soft shiny material, pale blue, with a little white pattern in it. It had a round collar with a ruffle on it, and a pleat down the front with a ruffle on each side of it. The cuffs also had a narrow ruffle.

As I sat in the chair to be confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and as I thought with gratitude that through baptism my sins had been forgiven, I think I felt something like a Saint. When the Elder who confirmed me said: "Receive Ye the Holy Ghost" I wondered if I could stand very much more pure joy.<sup>19</sup>

That summer Mr. Morris offered his big cool, clean new barn for Sunday School to be held in, as it was near the center of the community.

Eddie Moore, our neighbor, had been baptized, and came every evening to sing with us. He could read music very easily, and had a good voice, so he could help us with the different parts. Our singing improved. Athel Hulsey, who worked at Moore's, came with him and joined in the singing a great deal.

We all enjoyed the Sunday School. Pappy was made superintendent, and Lelia was appointed secretary. I memorized whole chapters of the Bible that I liked especially well.

That summer, too, the first conference was held in the Larkin branch. There were over fifty Elders in the Kentucky conference at that time, and what a happy reunion they had. Elder Ipsen and Elder Afflick

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18. *Hymns*, 1948, #97; an anonymous hymn text not included in the 1985 hymnal.

19. Confirmation follows the ceremony of baptism. Authorized Priesthood authorities place their hands upon the head of the new member and bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost.



had labored together during their first year in the Mission field. Elder Ipsen was looking forward to seeing him when he came to Conference.<sup>20</sup>

Ipsen and a number of other Elders were at our place when they spied Afflick and his companion coming down the road from the highway. Ipsen ran to meet him, and they fell on each other's necks and cried like children. Evidently this was a gospel of love, and to obey it meant to love others who obeyed it, and of course love for one another is what makes life worth living.

How we enjoyed doing things for these clean young men who were willing to give two or three of the best years of their lives to help others to understand the Plan of Salvation.<sup>21</sup>

The day before the big conference meeting was to be held there were thirty eight Elders who ate dinner at our place. It must have been hard on my mother, as she was trying to fix something nice to take to the conference with us. It kept her cooking all day and until way into the night.

For once Mammy had a pretty dress and hat to wear to meeting. A black and white striped shirt waist and a black skirt, a pretty little poke bonnet style hat, like the old ladies of that day wore. It had a bunch of pretty feathers in front with little fluffy balls on the ends of each feather.

John Fielding [Fleming] Wakefield was president of the Kentucky Conference at that time, and he had been very sick.<sup>22</sup> When he arrived on the train they brought him to our place and he went right to bed. The next morning the Elders administered to him, and then they all went to the place of meeting, which was under a huge bowery above Morris's place, at the old Villa Long place. It was a pretty, level spot, in the edge of a big woods.

After we all left the house, Papa and Brother Wakefield got in the buggy and drove down to the well where Papa drew a tub full of cold water, and President Wakefield took a cold bath. He then went to the house, dressed, and came to Conference and took charge of the meetings.

It was a wonderful Conference, but was saddened by the thought that Elder Ipsen, who had taught us the Gospel, would probably be

20. See "List of Elders in Kentucky," *Deseret Evening News*, September 18, 1897, 11. A conference is an ecclesiastical unit involving a larger geographical area than an ordinary congregation within the Latter-day Saint mission organization. Districts are sub-units making up a mission conference. David A. Affleck (1873–1953) served in the Southern States Mission in 1897–1899.

21. As defined by Mormon Apostle, Bruce R. McConkie, "The *plan of salvation* comprises all of the laws, ordinances, principles, and doctrines by conformity to which the spirit offspring of God have power to progress to the high state of exaltation enjoyed by the Father." See *Mormon Doctrine* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1966), 575.

22. John Fleming Wakefield (1872–1964) served in the Southern States Mission in 1895–1898.

released, and would then return to his home in Utah, and we would likely never see him again.

There was a photographer on hand who made a picture of the group. That is the only picture of my mother that I know of, and I do not have a copy of it. A missionary, Elder Partridge, who was at the conference that day, has one of the pictures, and has promised to lend it to me, long enough for me to get a copy made of it.<sup>23</sup>

Somewhere among my old keepsakes is a copy of the minutes of Sunday School held at the home of Johnnie Boyd and his wife Dona. My father was superintendent, and Lelia was secretary. That was the Larkin Sunday School. I will make an exact copy of it and include it here. [*The autobiography does not include these minutes.*]

We held Sunday School in the bowery where we had our first conference, and later on in Mr. Morris's new barn, but in cold weather it was held in our homes.

It was not long after this that we sold the old home and moved away to the Palestine neighborhood, next to the Holts. I think I have written a chapter of our sojourn at this place, where Elmo married Ivy West and brought her to live with us, of her conversion and getting baptized.<sup>24</sup> Her coming and helping her to understand the Gospel was a welcome change from the dreary loneliness after our mother and Etta left us.

Ivy and I remained staunch and loving friends as long as she lived. She was not blessed with children of her own, but she helped me with my little ones when she was near enough, but much of the time she lived near her mother in the Pond River community.

Before we sold the old home, where Mammy and Etta had died, a young Missionary by the name of Stanley A. Hanks, came from Tooele, Utah, to Kentucky.<sup>25</sup> I think he came to our place first, after arriving in Hopkinsville. He was only nineteen, very blonde and boyish looking, white and tender as a hothouse flower. He had a shock of yellow curly hair, and handsome features.

We had no telephones in those days, and if we had it would probably have made no difference. The missionaries didn't hunt for easy ways to do things, and the new Elders were not spared any hardships.

When Elder Hanks landed in Hopkinsville, he and the Elder who met him walked the seven or eight miles out to our place. Elder Hanks had on new thick soled shoes. It was hot weather, and by the time they

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23. Raymond Partridge (1875–1952) served in the Southern States Mission in 1896–1899.

24. Ivy West Marquess (1884–1958).

25. Stanley Alonzo Hanks (1878–1924) served in the Southern States Mission in 1898–1900.

reached our place his feet were blistered all over, and he could hardly walk at all. They stayed about a week, till he could get toughened up a bit.

I can remember yet how intensely interested Elder Hanks was in the birds, trees, flowers, insects, and every part of the outdoor life of Kentucky. He said that it was so different from the part of Utah where he lived. I was also interested in those things, and enjoyed answering his many questions, and showing him new specimens.

I remember particularly how curious he was over an old Bessie Bug we found under a log at the woodpile. He was helping me chop stove wood, and asked what each kind of wood it was.

The hickory, that they make wagons, axe handles, and many other things of, and which has nuts on them, was very interesting to him. We ate the little bumps of sugar that the sun drew out of the bark on the hickory logs.

I showed him how many of the women who use snuff (and others who did not) made tooth brushes of this very sweet bark, carving the handles into intricate patterns. Other favorite woods for toothbrushes were black gum and swamp dogwood.

The black gum had dark mottled bark, and the swamp dogwood was a bright red, and very smooth and straight when it was new growth. It grew along streams, and had a nice flavor. Elder Hanks thought these toothbrush woods were interesting, and he sent samples of them to his folks.

Elder Hanks was also interested in the wild flowers that grew along the path that led to the spring that was in the woods just west of the house.

One day when Elder Hanks went with me to the well for water he found a terrapin, with pretty green, brown and ocher designs on his back, in strange geometric patterns.<sup>26</sup> He was *so* curious to see how it looked inside the shell that while I was gone to take the water to the house he cut it open with the axe. I was horrified, and proceeded to give him a good raking for being so heartless and brutal. He defended himself by pointing out the fact that we killed chickens, pigs, and sheep, and thought nothing of it. Why was an old terrapin so terribly important. Anyway, he didn't get very much satisfaction out of it after he did cut it open. He was interested in the heart that kept beating for hours after he had taken the body to pieces.

I told him that it was a fine missionary he would make, killing everything he ran across. He took it very seriously, and at the supper table asked his companion and the others about it. I think the decision was against the

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26. A terrapin is any one of several edible turtles of the family *Testudinidae* living in fresh or brackish waters of the gulf coast region.

killing. His companions told him that it was all right to be interested in things, to a certain extent. How would he like for someone to become so interested in *him* that they would take a carving knife and look inside. They had a big laugh at Hanks' expense, but he was in earnest.

The Elders then had to leave and go to work, as the feet were about well. We had doctored them by soaking them in alum water and blue-stone. That was the summer of 1898, after we had been baptized in the spring. They came again in the fall, and how glad we were to see them after an absence of several months. Elder Hanks had changed. He was more like a man instead of a little boy. He was developing into a good speaker, and when we went to the well for water he was more interested in Gospel themes than in terrapins and bugs. We were still finding new wonders about the restored truth we had accepted, and each day we were more thankful to our Father in Heaven for having found it.

Elder Hanks had been finding out a lot of things also. He was studying the Gospel daily, in order to be able to explain it to others. As he learned, his faith in it, and his testimony had grown stronger. He was beginning to realize what it meant to be a teacher of the Gospel. He was astonished that a child of my age could have learned so much concerning our religion as I had in the short time since we had first heard it.

I was thirteen that fall. A skinny, scrawny child, but so intensely religious that at times it was almost painful. Just saying my prayers, quitting coffee, controlling my temper, and things like that seemed so small compared with what I *wanted* to do. I knew exactly how Alma felt when he said that he would like to stand on the highest mountain and to shout it so that it could be heard the world over.<sup>27</sup> I had to satisfy myself by studying the books the missionaries had left. The Voice of Warning, The Book of Mormon, the tracts with Bible references that I enjoyed looking up and reading. We had a small red song book too, and I soon memorized every song I knew the tune to—"High on the Mountain Top,"—"Oh, Say What is Truth,"—"The Day Dawn is Breaking,"—"Praise to the Man Who Communed With Jehovah."<sup>28</sup>

We had quite a choir in our own home when Eddie Moore and Athie Halsey would come of an evening. John and Athie sang bass, Elmo sang tenor, and Eddie could sing most any of the parts.

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27. Another reference to Alma 29:1-2 in the Book of Mormon.

28. "High on the Mountain Top" is an indigenous text by Joel H. Johnson (*Hymns*, 1985, #5) and the text of "Oh Say What is Truth" is by John Jaques (*Hymns*, 1985, #272). The indigenous text of "The Day Dawn is Breaking" is by Joseph L. Townsend (*Hymns*, 1985, #52). "Praise to the Man" is an indigenous text by William W. Phelps which refers to Joseph Smith (*Hymns*, 1985, #27).

I said that almost every one seemed interested in the Gospel, but there were a few exceptions. Uncle Lawrence and Aunt Fannie had become very cool, and didn't come to visit us anymore. Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Eddie's parents, didn't share their son's interest, and didn't like the idea of him being baptized. Cousin Boone Fuller and cousin Mary became cool towards us.

Not one of my father's or mother's people accepted the Gospel, but they themselves, but they had the joy of seeing every one of their children baptized that first spring, and every one of them have stayed true to it.

Elder Ipsen had told us that often the first year in the Church was the hardest, that the devil would try our faith in many ways. When our own folks turned against us he quoted the words of the Savior, "I am not come to bring peace, but a sword . . . and a man's foes will be those of his own household."<sup>29</sup>

After we were all baptized and my father had quit using coffee and tobacco, his stomach trouble left him. He gained weight and his hair became soft and shiny again. We were a happy family, and all went well until just before Christmas of 1898.

Ernest Gilliland came home from some job, where he had been working, with a strange illness. The doctor said that it was La Grippe, or influenza. There was an itching rash with it that was terrible. Ernest took a notion he wanted Etta to take care of him. They came for her and she stayed with him till he died.<sup>30</sup>

29. See Matthew 10:34-36.

30. As early as February 1897, the Southern States Mission had experienced a horrible outbreak of yellow fever. "Many of the Elders were somewhat hindered in their work by the great amount of sickness existing throughout the mission. In many sections scarcely a family could be found free from sickness. The angel of death seemed extraordinarily busy." See "History of the Southern States Mission," *Latter Day Saints Southern Star* 2 (May 19, 1900): 197. On January 10, 1899, Elder W. H. Petty sent the following obituary to the editors of the *Southern Star*:

Brother Earnest Gilliland, son of Brother and Sister J. M. Gilliland of Larkin, Ky., died the 8<sup>th</sup> inst. at 6:15 A.M. after the illness of ten or twelve days. The cause of death was said to be typhoid fever. He was a promising young man, twenty years of age, and well respected by all his acquaintances.

He was baptized Aug. 21<sup>st</sup>, 1898, by Elder Alvin Ipsen, during our last August conference, and has been a faithful Sunday school worker since. The Elders will well remember the pleasant time all had at the confirmation meeting, which was held at his late home, at night on the lawn and under the trees; after which we had songs and recitations and finally bid the Elders, who were to return home, a good bye.

Funeral services were held on Monday at Mt Zoar (Baptist church) which was obtained for the occasion. The meeting was called to order promptly at 12 o'clock by Elder W. H. Petty, presiding. The building was filled by relatives and friends who sympathized with the bereaved family.

A day or two after Etta came home from there she took a violent chill, followed by burning fever. My mother took care of her and she was the next to come down, then Sadie, next John, and my father was also stricken. Lelia came to help me take care of them, and soon she came down with it also.

Elmo and I were the only ones able to do anything. It was so cold that all Elmo could do was chop and bring in wood, keep fires going, and feed the stock. The log heaps he built seemed to melt and do no good. In all the years that I lived in Kentucky I have never seen such terrible weather. The sleet poured down in torrents and froze to the trees as it fell. The thunder roared and crashed till it seemed that it would split the earth. We usually never have thunder there, only in the spring and summer. Everything seemed strange and unnatural. The thermometer registered 32 degrees below zero.

At that time there were four of the family unconscious. My mother, Etta, Sadie, and John. Lelia and my father were not much better. My father said that he was not going to bed. He sat by the fire and held one of the sick children all the time.

Dr. Moore and Dr. Lovan came, but everything they did seemed to do no good.<sup>31</sup> One of them made a mistake and gave Sadie a dose of horse medicine. For nine days she never closed her eyes.

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The Larkin Sabbath school choir furnished the singing and Elder M. P. Brown occupied the time preaching the funeral sermon and comforting the hearts of those who had cause to mourn, after which the remains were taken to the Boyd's cemetery, where they were laid to rest. Dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder W. H. Perry.

The weather was fairly good and a large crowd assembled at the grave to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased.

We were called to administer to Brother Earnest several times during his illness, but it seemed only to quiet him for the time. He suffered by very little apparently during his sickness and passed away peacefully, and in good faith in the gospel.

During his illness, his younger brother, Garnett, was taken very sick with a fever also; we were called to administer to him and he was immediately healed.

The family remain faithful and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in their bereavement.

Brother Earnest leaves a father and mother, six brothers and two sisters, and a sweet heart, to mourn his loss. May the choicest blessings of heaven rest upon the bereaved family, who will miss Brother Earnest, is the prayer of your Bretheren in the cause of truth.

See "Death of Brother Gilliland," *Latter Day Saints Southern Star* 1 (January 21, 1899): 62.

31. Dr. J. R. Moore (b. 1849) and Dr. G. W. Lovan (1868–1932).

I was kept busy heating irons, and filling jugs with hot water to try to keep the feet of the sick ones warm. One night I forgot to refill the jug of water at Sadie's feet, and when I thought of it in the morning, with a guilty start, I hurried to take it out of the bed. The water in it had frozen, the jug was broken, and her feet were still to it. It's a miracle that *any* of them lived through it.

One evening about dark, when the snow and sleet were pouring down, and the thunder shook the earth, we heard a noise out in front, and there was cousin Leona Armstrong and Mary Miller. They had come on horseback to help us out. They looked like angels to me. It was so cold that it was actually dangerous to try to travel.

That night the doctor left some calomel for us to give to my mother. Lelia didn't want to give it. She said that mother was entirely too weak to take anything so strong. But some of them gave her part of it.<sup>32</sup> During the night she motioned for water. Her tongue was so fever parched, and so dry, that she could not talk. She kept trying to say something. After holding a piece of wet cotton to her tongue for a while, softening it, she finally said for us to take care of Autie, and not let him go over to cousin P. Armstrong's and ride those old wild mules, and for Sadie and me to be good girls. She asked them to take the pillow from under her head, then she lay her head down, closed her eyes, and went quietly to sleep. That was the 9th of February. What a *terrible* February. When they dug mother's grave the ground was frozen hard and solid as deep as they dug.<sup>33</sup>

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32. This is another instance in which calomel was used as an cathartic treatment. See chapter one, note 23.

33. See "Mrs. Marquess Dead," *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, February 16, 1899, 8. After John Susan's death, the *Southern Star* reported that she lived

a true Latter-day Saint and proved herself a faithful worker in the Sabbath School and teacher's meeting, and never shirked any obligation that was placed upon her. She was a faithful mother and affectionate wife, and leaves a husband and seven loving children to mourn her loss, three of whom were bedfast with the same dreaded disease that caused the death of their cherished mother.

Elders Martin P. Brown and Stanley A. Hanks were present at the time of her death and did all they could to comfort the hearts of the bereaved family. On account of the serious illness of the three sick children and the extreme cold weather they were unable to hold funeral services.

Sister Marquess will long be remembered by the Elders of the Kentucky Conference, for her deeds of kindness shown to them while on their mission preaching the Gospel.

Brother Marquess and family acknowledge the hand of the Lord in their loss and are still firm in the faith.

See "Death of Sister Marquess," *Latter day Saints Southern Star* 1 (February 25, 1899): 9.

We didn't tell Sadie or Etta or John. The next morning, when Mrs. Miller came into the room where John was, to get clean pillow slips out of a trunk, he was suddenly conscious, and said, "What are they doing, is my Mammy dead?" Then he sat up in bed with a terrified look in his bony face. I can remember how thin his nose looked, and his hair, which was naturally curly, was flat on the sides and stuck way up on top in a tangled mass. No one had time to comb it, or do any of the comforting things that sick people need.

Mammy had always said that she hoped she would die before any of her children. And I've heard her say many times that when she died she didn't want an expensive funeral. As far as she was concerned she would just as soon that some one would wrap a *tow* sack around her and put her in one of the big gullies. *Someone* brought an expensive black shroud and dressed her in it. I had never seen her wear black, and certainly not black satin. *That* and the unnatural yellow of her face after she died made it all more strange than ever. The black satin was in sad contrast with her hard worked hands.<sup>34</sup>

A tall black hearse, drawn by two big black horses, traveled the treacherous, slippery road from Hopkinsville to take her to the graveyard. How inconsistent it all was, not at all in keeping with the rest of our lives.

The cost too was outlandish. I guess that black shroud cost more than all the clothing she had bought for five years. But people had a way of saying, "It's the last thing I can do for her, and I'm going to see that she has a decent burial, and the best is none too good."<sup>35</sup>

It was too cold for people to leave their fires for a funeral, so only two or three went with her poor body to the graveyard. Good old David Brasher and Eddie Moore, who had helped out faithfully throughout our sickness, were both there. I can't even remember now who dug her grave. My mind was so confused, and so filled with things that *had* to be done day and night that there was no time left for sitting down and mourning.

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34. These funeral practices would have been consistent with death and burial practices of the region. See Thomas F. Garrity and J. Wyss, "Death, Funeral, and Bereavement Practices in Appalachian and Non-Appalachian Kentucky," in *Death and Dying: Views from Many Cultures*, Perspectives on Death in Human Experience Series, no. 1, edited by Richard A. Kalish (Farmingdale, NY: Baywood Publishing Co., 1980), 99–118; Sue Lynn Stone, "Blessed Are They That Mourn: Expressions of Grief in South Central Kentucky, 1870–1910," *Register of the Kentucky Historical Society* 85 (Summer 1987): 213–36.

35. Sue Lynn Stone states: "Before the turn of the century, many individuals chose white, black cloth-draped, 'plush,' or metal-lined caskets. The importance placed on these types of caskets plainly indicates the growing concern for the preservation of the body and the beautification of the receptacle in which the loved one would be interred." See "Blessed Are They That Mourn," 217–18.



Besides the awful anxiety over the sick ones, trying to keep them warm, and trying to fix something for the ones to eat who *could* eat anything, was the fact that all of the canned fruit, potatoes, and apples that always before had kept perfectly in the upstairs over the fireplace, were frozen stiff, and the jars all broken. I used it anyway, thawing the glass and crockery away from the fruit, and then scraping the frozen lump to remove any particles of glass that might have stuck to it.

I was not used to cooking, and Elmo was kept so busy he had very little time to help me. The winter's woodpile soon vanished and he would cut a tree from the woods lot and drag it to the house with one of the horses, then chop it up and pile the logs on the fire in a vain effort to keep the place warm.

I didn't even have time to pray, it seemed that the Lord, whom we had come to know and trust so intimately in the past year had suddenly gone away and left us to the buffetings of Satan. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare, *nothing* seemed real. We had experienced the greatest joy we had ever known in the year that was past. The pendulum swung quickly back into the dark as far as it had swung into the light, and we tasted a bitterness of sorrow and suffering that was far beyond anything I had ever experienced. *[From this point, Effie digresses to repeat much of the same information on Marquess and Armstrong ancestry mentioned earlier. The fact that she makes the digression at this point in the narrative reiterates her high regard for her ancestors. She also seems to be saying that her families' virtuous qualities originated with honorable progenitors. Effie resumes the tragic narrative on page 200 herein.]*

There is a family tradition (given to me by Frank Marquess, of Princeton, Kentucky) that our emigrant ancestor was Capt. Wm. Marquess, who married a sister of Capt. Wm. Kidd. That he was a very wealthy man, and that he brought a fleet of thirty seven vessels (all his own), and a colony of men (400 strong), besides the women and children and slaves. That he brought a barrel of gold, and a barrel of silver (probably kegs), and was by far the richest man who had ever come to America at that time.

He said that he believed that it was around 1740 that he came here. He pushed out into the wilderness and made the first settlement where Cincinnati now stands. The Indians were troublesome, and they built boats and went down the river to where Nashville now stands, when there was not another white settlement for many, many miles (he said hundreds).

Capt. Wm. and a slave went outside the fort to cut staves for barrels and were attacked by Indians. He was killed, but the slave (too scared to throw down his load of staves) made it safely into the fort.

Later, some men came by from the old Pequon (Opequon) settlement of east Tennessee, under the leadership of Capt. Nash, who stayed and later married a Marquess girl, and rebuilt the old Fort and called it Nashboro.

Frank Marquess, who told me this, said that his grandfather, Wm. Kidd Marquess (who married Carlotty Armstrong) was born in one of the cabins of old Fort Nashboro, 1804. I had never heard of a Kidd ancestor, and I didn't know whether to believe all this or not, but later, when I found my own great-great-grandfather in Frederick County, Maryland, his name was Wm. Kidd Marquess.

I was writing to a Marquess relative of St. Louis, Mo., and he said that he and his wife were going back to Kentucky, and if I wanted them to look up anything for me they would be glad to do it.

I asked them to go to the old cemetery, in Todd County, Kentucky, where Frank said that his grandfather, Wm. Kidd and wife, were buried, and see if there were gravestones on their graves. They did, and found that it was just as Frank had said. Born 1804, in a cabin of old Fort Nashboro, wife, Carlotty Armstrong Marquess buried beside him.

Everything I have ever had a chance to prove has been exactly as he said, so I am beginning to believe all of it.

I said *Frank told me*. He *wrote* me, but he was so old, and couldn't see good, that it was hard for me to decipher his writing, so I got my cousin Edna Marquess Clark, of Hopkinsville, Kentucky, to go to Princeton and copy down all he had to tell. I could tell by his letter that he had a lot of memories stored away.

I also wrote to Nashville to see what early history I could get there, and there were about three generations that had come and gone before their record started. They said that a Felix Robinson [Robertson] was the first white child born in Nashville, and as a matter of fact, he was a grandson of Capt. Nash and the Marquess girl.<sup>36</sup>

I have tried for years to connect with the first Capt. Wm. Marquess, but so far I have not gone beyond my greatgreatgrandfather, Wm. Kidd, and his wife, Eleanor Magruder. He *could* be the son of Capt. Wm. and his *Kidd* wife, but I have not been able to prove it.

Grandmother Marquess was Martha Pettypool, and her mother was Matilda Faulkner, daughter of Benjamin Faulkner, of Halifax County, Virginia, and his wife, Susanna Blain [*sic*], daughter of Ephraim Blaine, who was with George Washington at Valley Forge.<sup>37</sup> *He* had the

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36. Felix Robertson (1781–1865) was the son of Nashville's founder, James Robertson (1742–1814). Felix Robertson was mayor of Nashville in 1818 and from 1827 to 1828. See Anita Shafer Goodstein, *Nashville, 1780–1860: From Frontier to City* (Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 1989), 23, 102, 114.

37. Col. Ephraim Blaine (1741–1804) was commissary-general of the northern department of the revolutionary army from 1778 to 1783. He was with the American army at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania during the winter of 1777–1778. See John Ewing Blaine, *The Blaine Family: James Blaine, Emigrant, and His Children, Ephraim, Alexander, William, Eleanor* (Cincinnati: Ebbert and Richardson, 1920), 7–43.

responsibility of furnishing supplies to the soldiers of Valley Forge, through the awful winter when they almost starved and froze to death. He was a wealthy man, and he gave nearly all he had trying to keep food and clothing for the men in the Army. Washington said that he was one of the best, and most unselfish men he ever knew.

After the war, when the Governor of Pennsylvania heard of all that he had done for the soldiers, and nearly froze himself to death trying get supplies to the men, it is said that this Governor gave Ephraim Blaine a million dollars. Ephraim's father was Jimmie Blaine of Ireland.

My grandfather John Armstrong's father was Benjamin Armstrong of Ireland, of Scotch ancestry, and his wife, Jane Brasher, of a prominent family of France—Brassieur.

My mother's mother was a widow, Martha Boyd, widow of Beverly Boyd. She was a Boyd before she married Beverly, and I have tried for years to find her parents, and have not yet succeeded.<sup>38</sup>

If my mother inherited her qualities from her Boyd ancestors they must have been strong characters. There is no danger of my exaggerating, or overrating my mother's sterling qualities; her unselfishness and kindness to neighbors and relatives. Her patience in making the best of everything, when often it wasn't too good.

Mother sewed for a big family on her fingers. I can remember when she got her first sewing machine, and that meant a long time sewing on her fingers. She was a neat and careful seamstress. Every seam was *felled*, making two rows of stitching on each seam. Mother was also a good cook, and she cooked on the fireplace, and in a dutch oven, till about the time I was born.

Mother was also an excellent gardener, and knew how to make a scientific hotbed. She must also have been a good nurse, judging by the amount of it that she did.

She was good at making quilts, and was a fast and even quilter. We never bought blankets, but there were warm quilts, and deep featherbeds and pillows on every bed. She raised the geese, and picked them for the feathers that made the beds and pillows, too. She was a natural knitter, made it close and even. She never had to look at it while she knitted, and the needles just flew.

She was a good breadmaker, and made salt rising bread, which is difficult to make. She was a good soapmaker. She *ran down* the lye that she made it with (the ash hopper).

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38. Martha Boyd (b. 1813) was the wife of Beverly Boyd (b. 1809 or 1811).

But best of all she made a happy home, and was not too sedate to play games with us. She and our father would teach us intricate dances. The lancers, the minuet, quadrilles, schottische, mazurka, polkas, waltzes. Mother had a good voice, and she sang scads of old songs for us.

She also scrubbed on the washboard for the whole family. I dipped up water when we washed at the creek, and kept the fire going under the kettle, and punched the clothes, and sometimes I tromped the tobacco gummy clothes in some strong suds to loosen the black sticky gum.

All winter we heated the irons in front of the fireplace to iron. In summer we used the *stepstove*. (see picture) [*The autobiography does not include this picture.*]

I have often said that if ever a human deserved a crown of glory it would be a mother who patiently raised a big family of men and women under just such circumstances as those my mother had to cope with, and she never felt like she was doing anything the least *great*. She was just doing what she *had* to do, and did it the best she could.

We didn't belong to any church, and didn't count ourselves as being religious, but I never heard my father, or one of my brothers, swear in my life. We never worked on Sundays, and we never speak the name of the Lord disrespectfully. Sunday was sort of a hallowed day. Everything seemed different of Sundays. We cleaned up, and mother usually cooked a good dinner, and put on a clean wrapper.

Our parents never told us not to quarrel, and they didn't make a big fuss of teaching us good manners, but we would never take the last of anything from a dish at the table, or the last biscuit, or the last piece of bread from the plate. That would have been rude, and look selfish and greedy.

We *didn't* quarrel. Folks say, "You've just forgotten," but I *know* that we *didn't*. There never seemed to be anything to quarrel about.

I don't know how our parents managed it, but they were gentle people themselves, refined, but certainly not sophisticated.

"Having been born of goodly parents."<sup>39</sup> I am humbly grateful to them for the examples that they set before us, and the love and kindness they showed to us.

After I started doing research on my father's line, I found why he and his mother knew so much about herbs and simple remedies. I found lots of doctors, botanists, herbalist, etc., on the Pettypool line (my grandmother's father), and on the Faulkner line also (my grandmother's mother).

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39. See chapter one, note 1.

The pioneer doctors used herbs and simple remedies almost entirely. Many of them learned from the Indians.<sup>40</sup>

Grandmother Martha Pettypool Marquess had an herb garden down by a little creek near their place. The only things I can remember now is ginseng, angelico, foxglove, mayapple, yellow percoon, black-root, and a little short plant with a blue flower, can't remember the name.

Some of our simple remedies—probably repeated.

Tobacco—for bruises, stings, and bites, and for sick cattle.<sup>41</sup>

Camphor and peppermint—for sick stomach.

Turpentine—for worms, bellyache, as a disinfectant, (used sparingly, 3 drops, for worms).<sup>42</sup>

Slippery elm bark—for upset stomach

Colt's foot tea—for asthma and T. B.

Camphor—one drop in a teaspoon of sweet milk, for sore eyes (will cure trachoma).

Oil of eucalyptus—tincture of benzoin—spirits of camphor—  
(small amount of each in basin of hot water, breathe the fumes for a cough)

(this can also be put in three ounces of pure whiskey and inhaled easier, and always ready. Keep tightly closed)

Yellow percoon (golden seal)—for sore mouth, any sores, and many, many other things.

My father was grandmother's oldest child, and she depended on him a great deal. His father died early. Grandfather was older than grandmother. He had been married, and had a family before he married her.

My father didn't go to school very much, but his mother taught him at home. Part of the teaching was done while he held the candle for her to weave by of evenings. He was named by his Aunt Eliza Marquess Roberts. Her husband was Dr. Boanerges Roberts, and they had a son by the same name who died in his youth, so when my father was born she

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40. On the development of medicine in frontier Kentucky, see Medical Historical Research Project, *Medicine and Its Development in Kentucky* (Louisville: The Standard Printing Company, 1940); Madge E. Pickard and R. Carlyle Buley, *The Midwest Pioneer: His Ills, Cures, & Doctors* (New York: Henry Schuman, 1946), 258–60; and John Ellis, *Medicine in Kentucky* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1977).

41. This remedy is comparable to one found in Lynwood Montell, ed., *Folk Medicine of the Mammoth Cave Area* (Tompkinsville, KY: Mammoth Cave Folklore Project, 1976), entry #16, "Bites and Insects."

42. Ibid, entry #24, "Worms."

wanted him named Boanerges Roberts, and her wish was granted. Of course he was called "*Bo*."<sup>43</sup>

Pappy often said, "Don't add the Roberts to it, the first is bad enough." He received letters with all sorts of variations. Some of them spelled it "*Beau*," and from this others got the "u" mixed with an "n," and it became "*Bean*." We children got a kick out of it, and we laughingly called him "*Beany*" for a while.

Anyway, because of his music, and his gentle, lovable disposition, and his happy ways, "*Bo*" Marquess became a beloved appellation. I thought it was a beautiful name, and my mother had an unusual name for a girl too. Mother was named for her father and his first wife, Susan Croft, and everyone called her by the full name, "John Susan." It was cousin John Susan, and Aunt John Susan, etc., and I liked it. I thought it was a beloved name.<sup>44</sup>

I mentioned the fact that our father had very little formal education, *in a school room*, but he was a well educated man. We could ask him any question on geography, history, or arithmetic, or anything, and he could always give us a ready answer. He could add a long column of figures quicker than anyone I ever knew. He loved learning, and he said that one advantage of his education was that he chose only just what he wanted to learn, and didn't waste precious time on stuff that he would never use.

Pappy's mother used perfect English, and it was natural with him. All of her children called her mother, in a community that usually called their parents *Maw* and *Paw*. I could hardly stand the sound of it. It sounded coarse and ugly to me, but of course it was O.K. to the ones who were accustomed to it.

Having been raised mostly by this gentle mother, even the men of her family were gentle as women, and when they had not seen each other for a long time, after they were married and separated from each other, when they met they embraced and kissed each other.

They were all musicians. Uncle Curg (Lycurgus) played the violin, guitar, and accordion. He and my father played together for the balls at Cerulean Springs, the pleasure resort. My father was janitor for the ball-room, and taught dancing in the afternoons.

Uncle Curg taught "singing schools" for years. He is the only person I know of who could take one of our L.D.S. song books, which he had never seen before, with some difficult tunes, and sing the songs, perfect, without a bobble. *Most* people have to pick the notes out first on the piano or organ, but not Uncle Curg.

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43. Boanerges Robert Marquess (1848–1903) was the son of Robert Elliot Marquess (1809–1889) and Martha Pettypool (1829–1919).

44. Effie's mother, Susan John Armstrong (1857–1899), was the daughter of John Armstrong (1803–1885) and his second wife, Martha "Patsy" Boyd (1813–1853).

Uncle Curg *made* beautiful violins, with wonderful tones. I remember that his own fine violin, that he played, had a date inside, it was 17\_\_ something. I can't remember the last two numbers. I was just wondering where it is now, and where the several violins are that he made. I am going to write and see if I can locate any of them. I would like for some of my children or grandchildren to have one of them.

My father's violin went to pieces while we were in Southern Arizona, in the hot dry desert country. After his death, Bert Fuller, took it to Gus Bouy (Booey) to have him fix it.<sup>45</sup> He died, and his possessions were taken away by relatives and we lost it.

When the great boom was on at Cumberland Gap, when coal was discovered there, my father and Uncle Curg played with the orchestra that furnished music for the balls. They brought us lots of old songs that they learned from the old settlers around there. My older sisters remember it, but I was too young, but I *did* inherit the old songs. I don't know why we collected those old songs so religiously then, there was no demand for them at that time, but we got a big old school tablet, over an inch thick, and kept a copy of all the old songs we could find. We kept them numbered. "Now, we have 175," and, "Now, that makes 180, etc." *Now* we really *do* have a collection.

(1968) I am almost 83, Sadie is 90, and Lelia is 95, and we are still called on to sing Folk Songs, and play the guitar with them. Our voices are not very melodious any more, but we can still sing them (after a fashion), and folks seem to like it, anyway, they keep asking for more.

A few years ago Dr. Austin Fife, who teaches Folklore at the Occidental College (did then) came up here [to Atascadero] to see if he could make recordings of some of our old songs, which he did, and sent some of them to the Smithsonian Institute.<sup>46</sup> Later, I was invited to the

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45. L. Bert Fuller (1885–1942) married Carrie Bartlie Carmack (b. 1893), the daughter of Thomas Green Carmack and Mattie Olivia Hale. Gus Bouy is probably Gustavious A. Buie (b. 1851), according to the 1880 census.

46. Dr. Austin Edwin Fife (1909–1986) held advanced degrees in French language and literature. After serving in the Air Force during World War II, he taught French literature at Occidental College in California from 1945 to 1960. He then began teaching French language and literature at Utah State University in 1960. Fife did not actually begin teaching folklore until 1971, only a few years before his retirement. He and his wife, Alta Stevens (1912–1996), were well-known for their work collecting and documenting folklore and material culture in the United States. The recordings Effie mentions here were conducted by Dr. Austin Fife on December 26 and 27, 1948, July 8, 1949, September 5, 1949, and March 26, 1951. The original discs made on a Wilcox-Gay recordio are now housed in the Fife Folklore Archives at Utah State University, Logan, Utah. Copies of the discs were actually sent to the Library of American Folksong at Library of Congress.



"Mrs. Effie Marques Carmack of Atascadero sings ballad of 'Barbara Allen' as Dr. Austin E. Fife of Oxidental College records it for Library of Congress files. Woman's costume is authentic of early Mormon period"; *Los Angeles Times* [San Gabriel Valley Edition], October 9, 1949, 19. Photo courtesy of Special Collections, Sutherland Library, Occidental College, Los Angeles, California.

college to sing for his Folklore class. I thought maybe I would be on a program along with others to sing a song or two, but, I was *it*, and I sang thirty two songs without a letup, for the morning program, with another session in the afternoon, and one in the evening, with all the faculty of the college in attendance.

There was a big dinner in the evening, and we sat at the table for hours and exchanged old songs. "Do you know this one, etc.," and, "Have you ever heard an old song that went like this . . . , etc."<sup>47</sup>

We had a happy time, but I was ready to lay my body down when it was all over, as I had not slept at all the night before, because, on the bus, a drunk got on and sat down beside me and talked all night.

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47. For Effie's full repertoire, see appendix one.



Later, Dr. Fife went to Paris to teach Folklore there, and I received a letter from him saying that he was going to broadcast several of my songs over "The Voice of America," and gave me the date and the hour, but it made it come on here about four in the morning, and I didn't bother to get up. The only ones who did bother to get up was some Eskimo boys who had been taking painting lessons from me, and they said that it was not very clear at their place.

And now I'm off the track. This part was going to be about my father. We were talking one day about someone who had lost his temper, and of how very ugly anger is. We are just not ourselves when we are under the spell of an uncontrolled temper. Our father asked us if we thought that he had a very bad temper. I could say, for one, that I never saw him angry in my life. He said that at one time he had a red headed temper, but he had seen in others what it could lead to, and had determined to control it. He felt that he had, to a certain extent. He said that of course he got angry sometimes, we wouldn't be normal human beings if we didn't, but he remembered the words of the Savior, "Be ye angry, but sin not."<sup>48</sup> In other words, control it, if you don't it will control you, and later you may be sorry.

I never saw anyone more interested in life than my father was, in all phases of it. He would bring me the first early spring wildflowers (anemones) before I knew that they were in bloom, and the first mulberries in a little basket of big leaves pinned together with thorns.

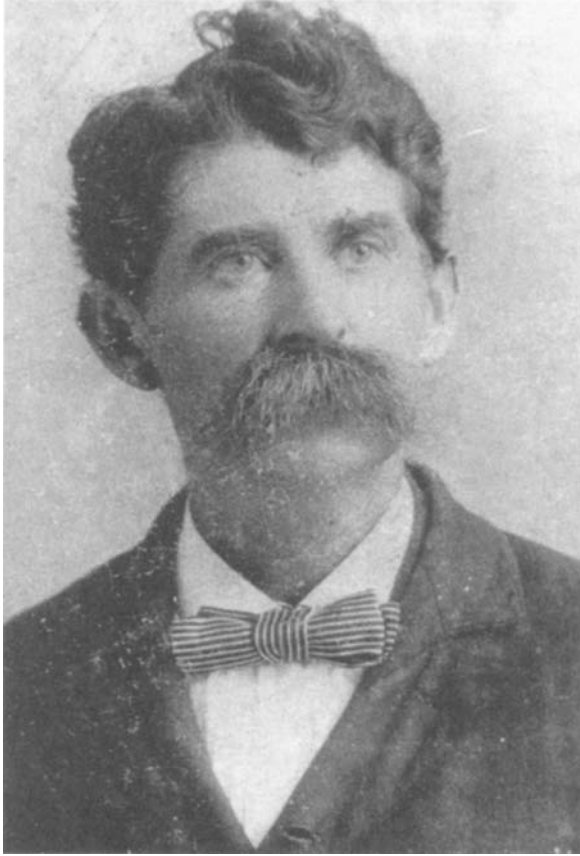
Sometimes he would find a partridge nest, and bring a hatfull of eggs home. They had a habit of several of them laying in the same nest, and if he would rake them out with a stick they would continue to lay (but don't put your hand in the nest). He said that it was no more harm to use *them* than it was to use hen's eggs, and they didn't seem to mind laying more. They were almost as large as a guinea egg, and we liked them boiled.

I would go with father, sometimes, to the big hill to work. A walk with him along the creek bank was a rich experience. He would show me the mayapple plant (mandrake), and tell me what it was good for, and the plant and blossoms of the blackroot, that the Indians used as a laxative. He would show me the leaves of the Golden Seal, and would pull some of it up and show me the deep yellow root, not quite as large as a pencil, and said that the old fashioned name for it was Yellow Percoon, and that it was a wonderful healing plant, good for many things, sore mouths, for one thing, and to just put on any kind of a sore it was a magic healer.

I just worshipped the bluebells, which had three different colors in their blossoms at the same time. Pink, lavender, and blue. The harmony

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48. Ephesians 4:26: "Be ye angry, and sin not."



“My beloved father with blue eyes and auburn hair.”  
Boanerges “Bo” Robert Marquess, age 49, son of  
Martha Pettypool and Robert Elliot Marquess.  
Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

of color was just thrilling. I think he said that the real name for them was cowslip. They had big tender succulent stems.

There was one white walnut tree on our creek. Father said that the Indians used the bark of it for medicine, and he said that our first doctors used these herbs, barks, and leaves and flowers as their medicine, and they were just as effective as the chemicals the doctors use today, and are much less harmful, with no bad after effects.

Sometimes father would point out pictures in the cloud formations. A long level cloud, with one upright, made a perfect ship at sea, and, if

you were going to paint those thunderheads, over there, you would need to put the halo of white light on the side next to the sun, with a soft gray on the shadow side.

I said, "Did you ever paint, pappy?" (I liked to call him pappy, it seemed like a sort of a pet name.) "No, but your Uncle Curg has, and we've talked about it lots of times. I've never had the time. Your mother could paint, if she ever had the time. She should have been spoiled and lazy, as she had slaves to do all the work when she was first growing up, and she had all the money she needed, but it didn't spoil her did it? She isn't afraid of any kind of work, and does it well, too. And she doesn't grumble if she has to do without anything she needs. She deserves the best."

A girl, who was at our place once, was looking at some pictures, and among them was one of my father (he had a moustache), and she said, "Who is that old codger with a brush heap on his upper lip?" I said, "That is my beloved father." It didn't squelch her much, and after she was gone I thought, "Maybe my love for my parents sort of glorifies them, and kept me from seeing their ugliness, and their defects," but he had some redeeming features. He had kind blue eyes, and the most beautiful auburn hair. It was *not* red. It was a rich brown, and waved as if he had just had a marcel (waves made with a curling iron).

Not one of us children had hair like his. Etta's was the same color, but was straight. The boys had wavy hair when they were young, but were not the same color.

One of my grandsons, Noel's oldest, Wayne, has hair like my father's, and he is the only one in all my father's descendants.<sup>49</sup>

I suppose our love for people keeps us from seeing their failings, but I know our family was a little unusual. We didn't think of it then, but since we are older and can compare, we all know that our parents were unusual, and I think we were an unusually happy family.

Now for something about my brothers and sisters. Etta was my oldest sister, mother's first child. She had infantile paralysis when she was about seven months old. She had not been very sick, but started using her left hand, and would not use her right hand at all. Mother didn't want her to be left handed if she would help it, and put a little mitten on her left hand, but she still would not use the right one.

Mother then found that it was helpless, and knew that Etta was paralyzed on the right side. That little arm and hand didn't grow and develop normally, and her right leg was shorter than the left, and her right foot

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49. Effie is referring to Noel Wayne Carmack (b. 1938), the oldest son of Noel Evans Carmack (1911–1980), Effie's second son.

was small. What a shock that would be to a young mother with her first little one.

But Etta, when she was grown, was energetic, and did as much work as any of the other girls. She mended clothes, and pieced quilts, swept floors. She died in the winter of 1899, the same time our family all had flu. Mother died in February, Etta in March.

Lelia, mother's second child, was born December 1872, and was an active little one, and walked when she was seven months old. She was a beautiful child, and grew up to be a beautiful girl (see pictures). [*The autobiography does not include these pictures; a photograph of Lelia is included in this edition on page 87, however.*] I remember one time she was going to a moonlight, where they dance outdoors, and have Japanese lanterns with candles in them for lights. It was a cheesecloth ball, and Lelia's dress was made with a tight bodice and a full skirt. She had roses in her hair and at her waist. I thought that she was the prettiest soul I ever saw (and others thought so too).

Lelia was very popular, and had lots of suitors. Walter Owen, the dandy of the neighborhood. He wore stovepipe hats, and real pointed shoes, and fancy velvet vests. He was also a wonderful dancer. He and Lelia always danced together.

Walter Owen was always going into some kind of business. One time he went out into the fields and got a lot of wild dewberry slips and sold them for "everbearing strawberries." He said that one thing that eased his conscience was the fact that if they cultivated them they would be as good or better than the strawberries.<sup>50</sup>

Walter liked to call for the quadrille at the dances, and was very original. One girl, Melissa Moore, had a wealth of the most beautiful flaxen hair I have ever seen, and never, since then, have I ever seen a girl with hair like hers. It was almost white, it was so blonde, and it was real shiny, and it was long and thick. Walter, when he was going to swing her, would call out, "I'll now swing the girl with the beansoup hair." No one was ever offended at anything he said, that was just Walter Owen. There was another girl named Sable McGinnis, and he called her "Sable my Goddess."

Lelia wouldn't have thought of going with him *steady* (as the kids say now) but she did enjoy dancing with him, and it was fun to just watch him dance. He was thin, and got around the floor light as a feather. He was a regular clown, although he was also calm and sedate. His older brother, Mr. Nat, was the Professor. He taught the only High School in the community, and Sadie was one of his pupils.

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50. Effie has already told this story, on page 53.

Another of Walter's brothers, younger than him, had a super mind. He was an inventor, and invented lots of things, though he never tried to get patents on them. I don't know what his real name was, but he went by the name of Bunky, a nickname. He and his brother, Ernie, were real comedians.

Now, back to my family. I am not sure just which of the old Armstrong homes Etta, Lelia, and Sadie were born in. Elmo was born in Wallonia, Trigg County, Kentucky. John and I were both born at the Uncle Lawrence Armstrong place (see picture) [*The autobiography does not include this picture*], and my brother, Autie, our youngest brother and mother's last child, was born where my mother was born.

Autie was a choice soul, and one of the last things my mother said, when she was dying, was to take good care of Autie, and not let him go to cousin P. Armstrong's and ride those old wild mules. She was afraid that he would get hurt.

Our father was sick for quite a while after our mother's death. The older boys, John and Elmo, worked away from home, and Autie did a man's work, and didn't seem to mind it. He was as dependable as a man. After my father died Autie went to Sadie's and helped Evert work. Evert said that he had never seen a more dependable boy in his life, and he was jolly and lovable too.

Elmo, my oldest brother, had a beautiful tenor voice, and could play the guitar and sing with it. He could yodel too, and of an evening, after work, when he would go to the creek to water the horses, I remember yet how his voice would echo against the big hill and sound down the creek. He was a good brother, and he sort of spoiled me.

John was the athlete, and ballplayer, and later the scientific dancer. He was very popular, and was quite a lady's man, but he was also a worker. He could make tobacco hills faster, and set out tobacco faster, and do most anything faster than any of the others. He also won the prizes for the best waltz at the big dances.

Elmo had a drawback that spoiled lots of good times for him, and caused him lots of suffering. He had eczema on his face, and they could not find anything to cure it. It would get well for a while, and then get bad again. We were all so sorry for him, but in later years it left him. Elmo married Ivy West (about my age) and we were real sisters, and loved each other.

John married one of my beloved chums too, Ozie Holt (I have mentioned her in other places).<sup>51</sup> John was quite an athlete, but Elmo could

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51. Ozella Holt (1887–1943) was the daughter of Thomas Warren Holt and Mildred Virginia Martin. Ozella married John Robert Marquess, Effie's brother.



Effie Carmack's brother John Marquess is shown here turning soil behind a gopher plow; Larkin, Kentucky, ca. 1915. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

outrun him. Sadie was a runner too. I hated to acknowledge that she could beat me running, my only alibi was that her legs were a little longer.

Autie married Violet Allington, a girl of Salt Lake Valley, Utah.<sup>52</sup> She had a sweet voice, and she and Autie sang together lots. They had a family of sweet children. One choice one, Lois, who married a Wooldridge, has just died (1968).<sup>53</sup> They lived near Oakland. I didn't get to be with his children much, only at short intervals. They lived in the west most of the time, and we lived in the east.

I think we must have loved one another more than the average family. I don't know why, but I can remember when Elmo hired out to David Brasher and stayed all week, only coming home of Saturday nights. I thought the week would *never* pass, and could hardly wait till time for him to come home. I would usually be up by the big gate waiting for him, and he'd carry me to the house on his shoulder.

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52. Violet Loise Allington (1894–1947).

53. Lois Bula Marquess (1917–1968).

Once, Sadie went to cousin Billie Faughn's and stayed a month, because one of their girls had died and we were sorry for them, and thought maybe Sadie might cheer them up a little.

That was the *longest* month that I can ever remember. It seemed she would *never* come home. When she did come, she had gained weight, and I thought that she was just the most wonderful person that ever lived. I followed her around and held her hand and it was a joy just to get to sit by her and look at her.

Lately, I heard a girl talking of her sister coming home from school where she had been for three months. They had not seen her once during that time. She said that the day her sister came home they had had a fight. They were a good Christian family too. Just different from us.

My brother John, who was just older than I, and Autie, my younger brother, would have been the two that I would have quarreled with, or had fights with, but I cannot recall *one* quarrel. The nearest approach to a quarrel was one day when John was beating out a piece of lead to make me a sinker to go on a fishing line. I was in a hurry for the sinker, and kept grabbing in to get it, every time there was a pause, thinking that he was through. He grabbed my wrist and pushed it back, pinching it with his thumb nail, and telling me that I was going to get my fingers mashed with the hammer. It was very unusual for him to pinch me, and I started to cry, and went in to tell Mammy, and for fear the place would not stay clear enough for her to see it when I got in the house I had held my thumb nail on the spot and made it look worse than it did in the beginning.

It just happened that Pappy was in there too, and when they saw the place they called John in and showed him where he had pinched me. He was sitting down, and they were standing up. I will never forget how he looked up at them when they were scolding him and said, "Well, Mammy, honestly, if I pinched her hard enough to make a place like that, I didn't intend to." I felt so sorry for him, and so mean, but was not brave enough to admit that I held my thumb nail on the place to make it look worse.

It is a sad thing that those who love the most, have to suffer greater also. (Now these things are just memories.)

*Now*, back to that awful winter of sickness and death. The weather gradually loosened its icy grip, and one or two of the sick ones were slowly improving. Sadie's mind was blank in spots. She couldn't think what a pillow was called, and she called a backstick, that goes on the fire, a black-board.<sup>54</sup> Then she studied a long time and said, "That isn't right, is it?" but she couldn't think of the right word.

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54. A backstick or a backlog is a large log of wood forming the back of a fire on the hearth.

Etta lay, patient and pitiful, taking no food but buttermilk. One day, during a violent spell of coughing, a stream of bright red blood gushed from her mouth and ran the full length of the floor.

By the first week in March Pappy was able to go to town for some things that were sadly needed. Before he started he came in and asked Etta what she wanted him to bring her. "Oh, a new dress, I suppose," she smiled, but before he returned in the evening she had passed away. That was the fourth of March.<sup>55</sup>

One day, before Etta died, Dr. Lovan had come, and John asked him if he could have something to eat, he said he was hungry. "Not yet," he told him, "In a little while, maybe." John said that he would like to have some tomatoes, but the doctor told him if he should eat even a spoonful of those canned tomatoes he'd probably be sleeping in an earthen bed before long.

The next day I was cooking dinner, and had made a platter of blackberry shortcake, by cutting cold biscuits open and making a layer of biscuits and a layer of blackberries. I was taking it to the table, and passed where John could see me from the other room where he was lying. He motioned to me and said, "Come here a minute." I went, with the platter in my hands. When I got near enough for him to reach it, he took the platter and said, "Now don't tell a soul, but I'm going to eat what I want of this, even if it kills me. I might as well die with a full belly, as to starve to death." I was scared stiff, and begged him not to eat it. I tried to get it away from him, but he hung onto it, and ate *every bit* of it. Plenty for two or three well people, and he had not eaten a bite of solid food for days and days.

I watched for him to grow suddenly worse, but nothing happened, and the following day, when Dr. Lovan came, he said, "Well, well, this fellow will soon be up from here. He's 100% better today. Now you see son, if I had let you eat those tomatoes when you wanted to you would probably have been a very sick boy today." John put his hand over his mouth to smother a grin, as he winked at me, and I scooted into the kitchen. It was *really* a miracle that all that berry pie on an empty, weak stomach, *didn't* kill him. That was a lesson that I never forgot, and several times since

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55. Following her death, the *Star* reported that Etta was an "efficient worker in the Larkin Sunday School and other duties connected with the Larkin branch of the Church. The deceased was taken with typhoid fever soon after her mother's death and succumbed to the dreaded disease on March 4<sup>th</sup>, 1899. Owing to the inclement weather it was deemed advisable to defer public services. The *Star* deeply sympathises with the family in this, their second bereavement." See "Among the Elders," *Latter Day Saints Southern Star* 1 (March 25, 1899): 136.



then I feel sure that I have seen people die of starvation, instead of disease, especially in cases of typhoid fever.

It took quite a while for strength to return. Sadie had a lame hip, and had to use a crutch for a season, while she groped for words to express the simplest thoughts. Gradually, strength of both mind and body returned, and she was soon well and strong again.

John was impatient to be out, and hobbled out into the yard while he was still so weak he wobbled. Getting *down* the doorstep was not easy, but when he tried to climb *up* them, back into the house, he couldn't make it. Finally, mustering every ounce of strength he possessed, he got on his hands and knees and crawled up them, then he lay down on the floor exhausted.

Home was not the same anymore, and as soon as John was able he went to the coal mines and found work. That was the first time he had ever been away from home, and our father was worried and anxious about him. I have a letter yet, that he wrote to him, warning him of the evils he would come in contact with, working among the rough element that is always found about the mines.

That spring was not a happy one, like all the others that I had known. The daffodils and narcissus didn't wake the same thrill of joy they had always done before.<sup>56</sup> When the plum thicket burst into bloom, and the dogwoods and red buds flaunted their challenge from the hillside, they made my eyes fill with tears. *Last* spring, when the first ones had suddenly appeared, Etta and I had raced and skipped to get an armful to decorate the newly whitewashed front room with. I was constantly under the impression that I could hear Mammy's quick step in the kitchen.

I would go out and sit in the fragrant plum thicket and try to forget for a few minutes all the things that had happened since they had bloomed before, and I would think that I heard my mother call me, as she often did when she wanted me to bring some wood, or water, or to do some other task about the place.

I didn't stay in the house any more than was necessary. I milked the cows, brought water, helped Papa with the chores, and in the field when he needed me.

Poor Sadie wrestled with the cooking, and the milk vessels. Nothing seemed to go right. It was a far greater task than any of us had ever guessed. Mammy had seemed to do the work so easily. The hotcakes (flitters) were always just right, light and bubbly brown. The biscuits were always good.

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56. Narcissus is a popular plant having grasslike leaves and white or yellow flowers with a cup-shaped crown.

The cornbread was light and fluffy. The beans were always done just right, and the one egg *puddin'* with the nutmeg dip was never a failure.

The cornbread just would *not* turn out right for us, it looked crackled and moon baked, and we often forgot to put salt in it. We invariably let the beans boil dry and scorch. The *flitters* would not rise light and bubbly like hers had always done. The churning would *foam*, and the butter would not come. Then we would put a little hot water in it and the butter would be white and spongy. Try as we would, things would not turn out right, and run smoothly like they had done for Mammy.

One miserable, rainy evening, we felt especially blue, and had finally given away to our feelings and cried copiously, till I had a splitting headache. I was laying across the bed wishing that I could go to sleep and forget the headache, when there was a "Hello!" at the gate. There was Aubrey and Ora Gilliland hitching their horses. They had known that we would be blue and lonely, and had come to spend the night. There was certainly plenty of bedrooms, as *most* of our family was gone. How glad we were to see them. It was not long till my headache was completely well. It was not an imaginary headache, either.

Aubrey came often, and he was my first sweetheart. He came every Sunday evening for a year. He had a nice horse and buggy, and in the year that he went with me, he never kissed me or told me that he loved me.

Mrs. Moore and Aunt Fannie visited us once more. One day, after Sadie had regained her strength, we saw Aunt Fannie and Mrs. Moore coming. That was something unusual, both of them coming at the same time. They usually came separately, and each of them often said unkind things about the other, and *neither* of them had frequented our place since we had been baptized, so we wondered what important mission had united them.

Aunt Fannie greeted us tearfully, and called us poor orphans. They asked about our health, and how we were getting along with the work. Then they looked at each other, as if that was the time to launch their attack. Aunt Fannie was spokesman. She said, "Sadie, you and Effie are nice smart girls, and could go in the best of society if you wanted to. Now that your mother is gone we feel it is our duty to try to advise you the best we can. If I were you I wouldn't have anything to do with them Mormon preachers. People will talk about you if they keep coming here, now that your Mammy is not here."

Unconsciously Sadie and I had both risen and were standing together, facing them, with our backs to the wall. Sadie found my hand which was behind me and held it tight.

"If you want to belong to a church there's lots of nice preachers who don't go a-traipsing around the country afoot." "Now there's the Baptist church, and Brother Whittenbraker is a good preacher."

We grew madder every minute. The very idea of those two old gossips, who cared no more for *any* kind of religion than a goose did, warning us against the Elders. Those humble, good boys, giving their time, and the best years of their lives for humanity. It took us a minute to realize what they were up to, but when we did find words they came in a rush, both of us trying to talk at the same time.

If we were never harmed till a Mormon Elder harmed us we would be safe the rest of our lives, and as far as tramping through the country, the Savior and His disciples did the same thing and were found fault with by the sinners and hypocrites just as the Mormon missionaries are now. The Savior said for His messengers to go two by two, and to take no purse on their journey, and to preach the Gospel free.<sup>57</sup> The reason they thought they were bad was because they knew nothing about them, and Solomon, the wise man said, "He that judgeth a matter without knowing of it makes himself look unwise."<sup>58</sup>

They ventured another rather feeble protest, telling us we were both pretty girls, and could be real popular if we wanted to. That they would help us fix up our clothes, etc., but we were wound up, and let forth such a volley of the Gospel at them that it wasn't long till they were glad to escape.

We told them not to hurry off, but they were already tying their bonnets and pinning their shawls.

After they were gone we looked at each other for a minute in righteous anger, and then as we realized how they had tucked their tails and made their hasty getaway, we saw the funny side of it and started to laugh.

What a joy it was to defend the Gospel, and to tell someone else of the wonderful truths we had learned. Nothing in the world, that I had come in contact with, gave me half the joy that defending my religion gave to me, or of explaining it to someone who would listen.

We found that day that there was still joy to be had in this life, and with our new found faith in the next life, even losing our loved ones for a while was not so terrible, for we knew now that we would see them again, and would know them, and rejoice in their society. We hugged each other, and laughed till the tears came. We could hardly wait for our daddy to come, so that we could tell him of our experience.

It seemed almost unbelievable that life would have changed so completely for a family, as ours had in a little over a year.

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57. See, for example, Mark 6:7-8, Luke 10: 1-4.

58. Proverbs 18:13: "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and a shame unto him."

First, the Gospel had come and opened up many new vistas. In a short time it changed us from a rather careless existence, to one of intense religious fervor. Studying daily the Word of the Lord, in both the old and the new Testaments, *and* as it had been given to the ancient inhabitants of the American Continent,<sup>59</sup> *also* the revealed Word that had been given in these the Latter Days.

It was a constant joy, and a wonder to us to find how perfectly they agreed, and how each was a witness for the other, proving more surely the plan of life as it was given by the Savior. Then that wonderful first summer as members of the revealed Church of Jesus Christ, the thrill of daily learning new truths, and finding that it would really bear close inspection, for everything that we learned proved to us that it *was* true.

Then there were the new missionaries that we met, with their abundance of life. The new songs that they taught us, the charm of their western ways and speech.

We were even learning to eat different food. Our breakfast changed from hot biscuits and bacon, to oatmeal mush, and we liked it. It was so much easier and quicker, and we were sure that it was healthier too.

One day Dr. Harris, one of our father's friends, came to get father to go hunting with him, as there were lots of rabbits, doves, and quail on our place.<sup>60</sup> Father was not at the house then, but we knew that he would be soon, so he waited. He told us of how he had enjoyed our mother's good buttermilk biscuits and sausage or ham with *red* gravy. Then he said that he had heard we had joined the Mormons. Sadie was busy getting lunch ready, and when he asked what the Mormons believed it was up to me to tell him. I was bubbling over with information. I had not studied for two years for nothing, and it was pure joy to tell it to someone who actually wanted to hear it.

Finally my father came, and Sadie had the lunch (we called the mid-day meal dinner, and the evening meal supper, so she had the *dinner*) ready. For over an hour he had asked questions and I had answered them.

He asked my father if all the family was as well informed on our new religion as I was. He said that he knew several preachers who didn't know as much about the scriptures as I did, "And she can quote it too, and then explain it. I never heard anything to equal it, and for a kid her size it is astonishing."

I'll never forget the thrill of being able to explain the Gospel to an intelligent and appreciative listener. I don't know whether he ever accepted it or not, but he certainly had a good introduction to it.

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59. Effie means the Book of Mormon.

60. Dr. Lucian J. Harris (1844–1913) was married to Augusta Ann Boyd (1843–1912).

We had made many new friends, drawn together by our new found faith: Gillilands and Carmacks, in our own county; Wallaces, in Metcalf county; Viola Sweeny and Rose in another county.<sup>61</sup>

Life had become full and very satisfying. We could understand perfectly what the Savior meant when He told the woman at the well that He could give her living water, that when she drank of it she would never thirst again.

Our home was a regular stopping place for all of the Elders who passed through, and I enjoyed washing their handkerchiefs and socks, and doing anything that I could for them. I made a collection of their cards, with the Articles of our Faith on the backs of them.<sup>62</sup> How I wish I had them now.

Then followed that terrible winter, and the loss of our Mother and Etta and the boys leaving home, so that only the few of us who were forced to stay remained of the family. The mortgage on the old farm was not paid off, and the big doctor bills and funeral expenses were added to it. There just seemed no way out but to sell the old place.

The news soon leaked out that it was for sale and soon we had buyers. The old place was sold to Charlie Fowler.<sup>63</sup> We packed up and bade farewell to the old farm with its wealth of precious memories. The flax reels and spinning wheels in the attic. The old red corded bedstead, candle molds, and many other old things that reached back to Civil War days, and even beyond it to the slave period.

Aunt Ann Martin, mother's half sister, borrowed one spinning wheel before we moved, so it escaped the fire that soon left the old house and all of its treasures in ashes.

We moved to a little house on the Birchfield Marquess' place and began a new life. Changes continued to come in quick succession. Elmo, my older brother, married a sweet girl only a little older than myself, Ivy West. The pleasant times we had together in the year that followed has left a memory like the fragrance of flowers in my mind.

Ivy and I rode horse back, went swimming, and also helped the boys work in the fields. When there was no work to be done we had a giant grape vine that we cut off, at the foot of a big oak tree, that grew on the high bank of a creek branch. It was matted firmly into the top branches of the tree, and by going up on the hillside and running to the brow of

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61. Viola Sweeny later married Alvin Ipsen, the first Mormon missionary to proselytize the Marquess family.

62. These were printed on personalized calling cards and distributed by Mormon missionaries in the same way they are today.

63. Charles Fowler (b. 1871), son of J. W. Fowler (b. 1844), according to the 1880 census.

the hill we could swing away out over the stream and back again on the other side of the tree.

One day one of us dared the other one to turn loose and drop down on the opposite bank of the stream from midair. Soon it was a regular thing. The fame of our grapevine swing grew, and we proudly displayed our acrobatic stunt of sailing through the air like flying squirrels and landing on the soft loamy bank on the opposite side of the stream. The first time Elmo saw it he set his foot down on any further operations. He predicted that there would be a broken leg, back or neck if it was not stopped.

As a compromise Elmo built us a good swing, down by the spring, in front of the house. The grapevine was in the woods at the back. He made the swing of long slim hickory poles about twenty feet long, fastened with a chain to a big strong limb, with a board seat in it. Two of us would stand in it at once and *pump*, and we could send it to the tree tops.

I guess I was quite a tomboy, as I think back of the things we did. Elmo had a gray pony that Ivy and I rode a great deal. We got so we could stand on his back while he did a lively gallop.

We didn't play all the time, by any means. We helped to clear a three acre plot of new ground, and anyone who ever did that will know what it means. Later we made tobacco hills in this cleared three acres. The roots were so thickly matted in the ground, and it was so rocky, that we often had to find another spot and borrow dirt enough for a tobacco hill.<sup>64</sup>

After my mother's death, and with Etta gone too, I felt like I would really have to live my religion, if I stayed a good girl, the kind that I wanted to be. I studied my religion, to try to find what the real keynote of it was, so that I could use it in my life, to help me keep my faith strong and alive. The more I studied it, the more I became convinced that Charity, in its true sense, is the essence of righteousness. *Now*, after forty five years of study, I am still of the same opinion (1945).

Another thing that I observed was daily prayers, all through that summer. There was a dry stream bed, washed hard and clean by winter rains, with bushes growing thick on either side, and meeting overhead. It was beyond the new ground where we worked, and far enough away that there was never a disturbance. To this shaded spot I went and poured out my soul to the Father in Heaven each day. I asked Him to help me make

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64. This describes well the state of virgin land in northern Christian County. According to the 1909 farmers' bulletin, "In the dark-tobacco district, virgin soil on beech, maple, hickory, white oak, red oak, and black jack clearings produces the finest quality of tobacco and is preferred to old land even though it be in a fine state of cultivation," see Scherffius, et al., "The Cultivation of Tobacco in Kentucky and Tennessee," 13. Frequently, however, the abundance of roots and rocks in the area required a heavy layer of soil and fertilizer or a "hill" of tilth before the tobacco could be planted.

the Gospel plan plain to Ivy, and that she would accept it, and this prayer was answered.

While we lived there two of the missionaries, Elders Carlyle [Carlisle] and Myler, came to our place directly from a hostile community in Muhlenburg [Butler] county, where a mob had beaten them cruelly. They still had on the same clothing that they had on when they were whipped. I cried when I saw them, for the backs of their garments and shirts were covered with blood. Elder Myler had been afflicted with boils from chigger bites, and his back was still tender from them. He declared, in all soberness, that the licks *did not hurt* him, even though they were inflicted with six foot hickories that a big strapping fellow wielded with both hands. He said that he felt a sort of numbness, and not any pain.<sup>65</sup>

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65. Francis Philip Carlisle (1862–1939) served in the Southern States Mission in 1898–1900. John Elias Myler (1873–1940) served in 1899–1901. The bloody garments Effie refers to are the characteristic undergarment worn by Latter-day Saints who have participated in temple ordinances. According to an account given by Brigham F. Price,

They had just finished canvassing Butler county, Kentucky, and were holding a meeting at Long Branch District, located five miles from Morgantown, the county seat of Butler county, where many friends and some converts were made. . . . Three of the converts requested baptism before the Elders were to leave. Preparation was begun to perform this ordinance on the 8<sup>th</sup> of November, the day before the Elders expected to leave the county.

The mobbers learned of this action and determined to hinder it before its consummation. The bretheren were stopping with a family of Saints, Johnson by name. All had retired for the night and were peacefully sleeping. About 12 o'clock the household was awakened by voices demanding the "Mormons." Brother Johnson opened the door to learn of the cause of the clamor, when two revolvers and a shotgun were thrust under his nose and he was commanded to throw up his hands.

At that point, Johnson was ushered out into the presence of twenty masked men who demanded to see the "Mormons." Attempting to give the missionaries a chance to escape, Johnson told the men that the elders were staying at his son's home. Unfortunately, the young missionaries were halted while fleeing through the back door. The elders

mildly marched out of the house to the tune of "Hickory switches" into the road, where they were informed what the "sentence of the court" was, as follows (from the leader, a large, husky fellow): "Nos. ten and fifteen, give each of them five lashes," which they did with a vengeance. Their overzealousness or ignorance, judge for yourselves, caused them to miscount, for when they "tallied" it was learned that each Elder had received fourteen lashes. "Now, if you'ens don't leave here 'fore sunup in the morn' we'll string you up to a limb," said the court. With exulting cries the "conquering heroes" departed. Next morning the Elders left the county, being followed to the river by the Saints and the applicants, where the bretheren baptized the believers as previously arranged. Brother Johnson took them across the river in a boat, when they went merrily on rejoicing in the Lord.

See B.F. Price, "Hickory Switches," *Latter Day Saints Southern Star* 1 (November 25, 1899): 413.

Elder Myler was a good singer, and knew lots of songs that were being sung at that time. After Elder Carlyle left Elder Hamilton came to travel with Elder Myler, and I think it was he who baptized Ivy.<sup>66</sup>

Cousin Filmore Smith and his wife, cousin Serena, who used to come to our place before we heard the Elders, and talk religion, and read the scriptures with my parents, were among those who welcomed them to their homes. Cousin Fil read everything that he could get hold of on Mormonism, always hunting for something *deeper*. He especially liked Martin P. Brown from Ogden, Utah, and he often remarked that Brown was one of the deepest men we had.<sup>67</sup> He liked Elder Myler too, and enjoyed telling him funny old yarns to make him laugh. When the Elders slept there the door between the two bedrooms was left open, and there was conversation going until they all fell asleep.

One night Cousin Fil told Myler about some ignorant old female called Suse, who knew nothing whatever of the Bible. One Sunday evening she happened to go to church when they were having a big revival. The preacher came down the aisle preaching and talking as he went. Spying Suse, and wishing to make her feel at home, he put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Oh sister, did you know that Christ died to save sinners?" Poor old Suse looked up at him with a silly grin and said, "No sur, I hadn't heered a word uv it, didn't eben know he was sick." Elder Myler laughed appreciatively at the joke, and later, when everyone thought everyone else was asleep he said, "Poor old Suse."

Cousin Fil never forgot Elder Myler, and how he had laughed about that poor old ignorant gal who hadn't eben heered He was sick. I think Elder Hall was Myler's companion at that time.<sup>68</sup>

The sad part of it all was that cousin Filmore kept trying to find something deeper before he accepted it, and finally never did get baptized. His wife was baptized about June of 1898. She also had the flu, or whatever it was that my mother and Etta died with, and was unconscious all through the month of February, and until after Etta died in March.

Elder Brigham F. Price, of Mill Creek, Utah, had been to our place before we left the old home.<sup>69</sup> Now he and his companions came to visit

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66. Either John F. Hamilton or John W. Hamilton. Both served in the Southern States Mission in 1899–1901.

67. Martin P. Brown (1873–1943) served in the Southern States Mission in 1897–1899.

68. Probably William Brooks Hall (1867–1936) who served in the Southern States Mission in 1897–1899.

69. Brigham Francis Price (1866–1914) served in the Southern States Mission in 1898–1900. He was made president of the Kentucky Conference on November 16, 1899.



us again. He was President of the Kentucky conference, and one of the best men I ever knew. Sometimes when he was speaking earnestly his face actually seemed to have a light around it.

My father was already making plans to move west, and President Price suggested that, as my father was coming, that I should go home with him when he went so that I could start school at the beginning of the term. My father seemed to think favorably of the plan, and I lived in the thought of getting to go. But at the last minute, when President Price came and said that he was soon to be released and would be going home before long, my father was afraid something would happen to me so far away, and couldn't make up his mind to let me go. I was so terribly disappointed, though I did hate the thought of leaving them.

## CHAPTER FIVE

# Dear Home, Sweet Home

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

—“Some Reasons Why”  
in *Backward Glances*, 50

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

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

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

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1. Probably Frank Long (b. 1851); his wife is unidentified.

happy over their marrying. I soon grew better acquainted with her, and learned to like her, but somehow she never liked me, though she was very kind to Autie, my little brother, for which I was thankful.

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

Miss Serena (Sis) was handicapped by not having learned how to cook, or how to do housework, or any of the chores about the place.<sup>2</sup> She was a teacher, not a housekeeper, and besides she was not very strong, so we grew to not expect her to do any part of the work.

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

Miss Serena was a like a child to me, who it was my duty to take care of. She had raised her niece, Lena Long, her brother's child, whose mother died when she was a baby.<sup>3</sup>

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

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2. Serena Allifair Long (1859–1939) was the daughter of Redding (b. 1824) and Elizabeth Long (b. 1828).

3. Lena might be Lenora Long (b. 1878), and Serena's brother could be W. R. Long (b. 1840) and his wife Margaret.

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

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

One of the *true isms* of the Church of Jesus Christ is that we cannot be saved in ignorance. We are saved no faster than we gain knowledge.<sup>4</sup> That knowledge is not only the acquiring of information through study, but the actual application, and the putting into practice the principles of Truth and Light. After all, that is the only way that we can *really* learn anything.<sup>5</sup>

Not long after my father married again there was a series of Old Fiddlers Contests, and they became very popular. Lots of business men, doctors, lawyers, and just plain old farmers who had played the fiddle in their younger years got out their old violins and brushed the dust off of them and started practicing for the next contest. My father had not had the old violin out of its case since before mother died, but he also became interested, after he received an urgent invitation to come and join in the fun of contesting with the many, many others who were going to enter this musical festival.<sup>6</sup>

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

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

6. These fiddler's contests or conventions were popular and are still held throughout the South. A description of a fiddler's convention in western North Carolina provides a glimpse into the atmosphere of these contests: "The convention is essentially an affair of the people, and is usually held in a stuffy little schoolhouse, lighted by one or two evil-smelling lamps, and provided with a rude, temporary stage. On this the fifteen fiddlers and the 'follerers of banjo pickin' sit, their coats and hats hung conveniently on pegs above their heads, their faces inscrutable. To all appearances they do not care to whom the prize is awarded, for the winner will undoubtedly treat. Also, they are not bothered by the notetaking of zealous judges, as these gentlemen are not appointed until after each contestant has finished his allotted 'three pieces'." See Louis Rand Bascom, "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," *Journal of American Folklore* 22 (January-March 1909): 238. On the sense of fellowship the participants experience in these events, see Burt Feintuch, "Examining Musical Motivation: Why does Sammie Play the Fiddle?," *Western Folklore* 42 (July 1983): 208-14.

A widow, near Gracy, and one of her sons had been bitten by a mad dog. The dog's head had been sent to the experts, and they found that he had rabies, so to help raise the necessary funds to have them treated, it was decided to have a Fiddlers Contest. My father and I were invited, and urged to attend. They sent a list of some of the ones who would be playing, and my father, having played all his life knew most of them. He showed me the letter and said, "Shall we go and try our luck?" He asked my stepmother if she wouldn't like to go, but she said that she had never liked to hear a squeaky old fiddle. Well, my father and I both really enjoyed the squeaks that a violin made, especially in the hands of an expert, so we planned to go.

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

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

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

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

The building kept filling, and new ones kept arriving. The man who had charge of it was happy to see so many. He had gone to a great deal of

trouble advertising, sending invitations, getting seats made, and the platform ready. It was for a good cause, and the community really did respond. Finally it was starting time, and the music began. There were trios, quartets, and many with just the violin and guitar.

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

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

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

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

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

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

My father and I stayed all night at a nice hotel, and many other of the musicians did too. We had a happy session in the big waiting room where some of the party played the piano, and we had a sing.

My father won several prizes, I can't remember just what. One was a fine razor, with all kinds of shaving stuff along with it, a set of collar and cuff buttons, and other things I can't remember. We had the old buggy pretty well filled with prizes. Besides the hat and perfume I got a silk parasol, and a water set; pitcher and eight glasses, that I used till after Cecil was born.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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7. Although it is difficult to determine conclusively from the text, this seems to describe the single-pen house type with an addition. See Montell and Morse, *Kentucky Folk Architecture*, 17, 22–23.



Sadie at about age twenty. Courtesy of  
Itha Carmack

It was while we lived at this place that Evert Holt, the son of our nearest neighbor, became interested in Sadie. Sadie had gone with lots of fellows, and had been engaged several times. There was John Causler [Cansler], Marion Walker, Luther Hays, Will Eades, Will Murphy, Frank Wright, Ed Cornelius, George and Tom Vaughn, Herschel Woosley, Theodore Morris; all of them had been rather serious, but she had about decided she would never marry. Maybe she would be an old maid school teacher.

Sadie had an almost uncanny faculty for making children learn. She had the habit of finding the short cut to everything, and teaching was no exception. She really had a way of making children learn abnormally fast. She made the lessons interesting and exciting, and presented them in new and attractive ways. When Evert came along all previous plans were quickly upset. Teaching lost its charm, and her disinterest in the opposite sex suffered a sudden change.



Evert played the banjo with all his might, and with most of his muscles. He didn't sing with it often, but every note was emphasized with a different twitch of his mouth. He was steady and serious, honest as the hills, a hard worker, and a deep thinker. He was always by far the best mathematician in school, with a disposition that won everyone's admiration and respect. There was just one bad drawback to their courtship. Evert was a boy in his teens, and Sadie was past twenty. She had always been younger than her years, and Evert was grown and settled at the age of fifteen. Those two differences helped to even things up, and they still hold good to this day, almost fifty years later. (1945?) [*Effe seems to have estimated this date at a later writing.*]

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

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

Evert Holt and Ellis Walker came to the meetings when the Elders were there, but I'm afraid their interest in religion was not as deep as it could have been. They were not against it, and that was encouraging to Sadie.<sup>8</sup> Ellis and I were not at all serious, he just came along with Evert. I was still a child, and didn't feel very deeply interested in Ellis anyway.

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

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8. Sadie, by all accounts, was firm in her commitment to the LDS Church. In 1908, she wrote the following to the editors of the *Liahona*: "I am glad to bear my testimony to the truth of the gospel. If our Father did not let us know for a surety this is the truth we could not stand the persecutions that are placed upon us. Help us with your faith and prayers." See "Kentucky," in *Liahona, The Elders' Journal* 6 (July 4, 1908): 72.

Sunday afternoon, often of Saturday nights, and other times if there was a party or a meeting or something to go to, he would come for me with his horse and buggy. All during that year he never kissed me, and never once put his arm around me. In those days things like that were reserved for the time after a couple was engaged. But we got an enormous thrill out of holding hands, and I felt that we were rather soft and silly to do that.

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

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

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

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

Those people were *amazed*. They had never heard of a man who would ride several miles to pay more for a cow than the owner had asked for it. I am glad to remember my father as being that kind of man. I also never heard him mention this deal to anyone.

While we were living at this place Birchfield gave a *moonlight*. They had a big level yard, with a row of giant Maples all around the back half of it, and down the west side of the front lawn. The front was sloping, so the level back section was chosen for the dance. There were lots of Japanese lanterns, good music, and lemonade. There was a carnival going on at Hoptown [Hopkinsville] at that time, and a bunch of boys came from the carnival to the moonlight.<sup>9</sup> When they came they kept calling, "Hurry, Hurry, Hurry, or you won't see George."

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

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

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

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

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9. "Hoptown" was the colloquial name for Hopkinsville. According to William Turner, "Back in the 1890s, Hopkinsville and Christian Co. were the only legally voted wet city and county on the L&N Railroad between Evansville and Nashville. Tradition has it that as the railway coaches would approach Hopkinsville the passengers would encounter [*sic*] of the conductor 'How soon would we be to Hopkinsville? I want to hop off and get a drink.'" See Robert M. Rennick, *Kentucky Place Names* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1984), 144.

We made some lasting friends the short time that we lived in that little house. Holts, of course, who became closely mixed up with our family. Sadie married Evert. John, later, married Ozie, Evert's sister.

The Hamby family was another family we learned to love. Verdie and Alice, who were grown and married. Bertha, Maude, Ida, and Lillian, who at that time were all single.<sup>10</sup> Bertha and Maude were grown girls. Ida and Lillian younger. They were all blessed with an unusual portion of good looks. A beauty that has not faded with the years. They also possessed an inner beauty, of goodness and friendliness. With merry dispositions, and laughter that bubbled over easily. We all had happy times together, and the summer passed by quickly.

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

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

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

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

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

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10. This refers to Verdie Hamby (1881–1963); Alice Hamby (b. ca. 1891); Bertha Hamby (b. 1883); Maude Hamby (b. 1885); and Lillian Hamby (1890–1974). Ida is unidentified.

to the Louis Hamby house up on the Buttermilk road.<sup>11</sup> Papa and Miss Serena got married, and Sadie was getting ready for a wedding. Life was certainly going through some whirlwind changes for all of us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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11. Probably the house of Lewis M. Hamby (1834–1891).

12. Belonging to Solomon Smith (1833–1915) and his wife Elizabeth Gunn (1835–1922).

Our goodbye was sad and tragic. Sadie said that after I left she rolled in the grass and kicked and bawled like she did when she was a child.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We saw wide rice fields, and fields of sugar cane. Once we saw a man cutting hay with a mowing machine. The entire hayfield was growing on the surface of a lake or lagoon. We could plainly see a *wave following* the man and his mowing machine.

At San Antonio we saw our first Mexicans. When we arrived in El Paso there was a general commotion. Word had been received that a band of Mexican rebels were headed that way, under Pancho Villa, and the State Militia was on its way to head them off.

We had to stay all night in El Paso, and there was a dance across the street from the hotel where we stayed. About midnite there was another disturbance. The hotel keeper's daughter was missing. She had gone to the dance, and when they went to look for her she was not there. The police were notified, and when one arrived Miss Serena found that he was a relative, one of Fidella Long's boys.<sup>13</sup> Miss Serena had been talking about that family having moved to Texas, and wondered if she would see any of them as we passed through. Lawrence and Autie had a lot of fun over her expecting to see some of them. The funny part of it was that she *really did*, and had a long conversation with him. He was Chief of Police in El Paso.

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

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

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

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

The next day we arrived in Duncan. It is on the Gila River, and the big cottonwoods looked inviting after seeing so much barren country.<sup>14</sup>

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

14. Duncan, a Mormon settlement on the Gila river, was founded in 1883 for ranching, farming and mining prospects. See Robin Billingsley, comp., *Duncan: Fountain of the Gila River, 1883-1983* (Duncan: Historic Booklet Committee, 1983).

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

The memory of our stay in southern Arizona is pleasant to me. We stayed on a farm belonging to Joe Wilkins.<sup>15</sup> We had a garden, alfalfa, and chickens. Joe taught me how to irrigate the garden, and he let Autie and me ride his horses, which we took advantage of quite often. Brother and Sister Dallas, an old couple who had moved there from Illinois, lived just around the foot of the hill from us. They had a son, Chester, a little older than Autie. Mr. Dallas had been quite a farmer and stock raiser back in Illinois and had brought a lot of thoroughbred horses and cattle to Arizona with him when he came, but Arizona didn't seem to agree with his stock. They started dying as soon as he arrived. Big, big, fat, fine looking horses just laid down and died and he drug them off. There was always the smell of a dead horse or cow when the wind came from the direction of certain canyons.

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

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

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

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15. Joseph Wilkins (1865–1937) was married to Ivy Jean Rogers (1896–1990).



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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16. Those who can be identified are Mary Agnes McGrath (1886–1975) and Annie Pearl Gilliland (1889–1955) who married Owen Garvin O'dell.



Effie Marquess at age sixteen. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

odor of greasewood which grew on the hillside near. This mixture of smells, cedar smoke, greasewood, and sour dock greens, and Postum became so intermingled with the memories of Duncan and Franklin that to this day, forty five years later, any one of these smells brings back a rush of memories of faces and people, of places and happenings, that means southern Arizona when I was sixteen years old.

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

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

After the work was done Autie and I would explore the hills around the place where we lived. There were lots of birds. Funny old

roadrunners that we tried to catch. They always stayed a little ahead of us, jumping bushes with their necks stretched out, and their scraggly old tails bobbing around as they trotted, as if it was not fastened on very good.

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

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

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

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

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

When we reached the barrel we saw that it was a huge rock, the sides almost perpendicular. We were *determined* to get to the top somehow, I don't know why. We could see a train going through the valley near where we lived. It looked like a tiny black string moving along.

1901–1902<sup>17</sup>

About the time we had reached the top we saw several range horses galloping directly towards where we had our animals tied. Chester had sense enough to know that we were likely to be left afoot fifteen or twenty miles from home if we didn't succeed in getting down there before they did.

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

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

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

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

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

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17. These dates are written by hand at the top of the page.

strip, then their legs suddenly seemed to be about twenty feet long, and they looked like they were walking on stilts.

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

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

My first experience in working away from home came when Christine Losee, who was working for Mrs. Billingsley, got sick and sent for me to work in her place till she was able to go to work again.<sup>18</sup> The work was not hard, and Mrs. Billingsley was real nice to work for, but I didn't like being away from home. While I was at Billingsleys, I met Annie Caid, a young widow who was running a restaurant. I promised to work for her as soon as Christine was able to come back to work again. I enjoyed working for Mrs. Caid. I stayed with her till she sold the restaurant, and then went with her to her ranch, a few miles north of Duncan.

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

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

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18. This Mrs. Billingsley is probably the wife of Benjamin Franklin Billingsley who ran a general merchandise store in Duncan.

place. Sometimes they would help me with the dishes, especially if there was something they wanted me to do when the dishes were finished.

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

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

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

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

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

This time at the ranch was the first time I had ever stayed away from home for more than a week, and I was getting terribly homesick. It finally got so bad that I decided to walk home. Art said he had a bronco I could ride, but that he was locoed, and had fits every time anyone got on him, and every time you stopped him, too. But I wasn't very much afraid. I had been on every old horse and mule that had ever been on our place, and I had never fallen off, or been thrown from one. I was always afraid for other children to ride when they were not used to it, but I was not the least bit afraid to ride any of them myself, and I didn't care how fast they went—the faster the better. So, I told Art that if he would bring his locoed animal home, that I would give it a trial. I felt that if he could ride him, I

could, too. In a day or two I heard the boys' "Ye Hoo" out in front, and when I went out they were holding a scrawny looking little mustang that showed the whites of its eyes every time there was an unusual movement around. The saddle and bridle looked too heavy and strong for the horse, as if they alone were all he needed to carry, without anyone getting in the saddle. I went in the house to get ready to go home, but Annie protested. She was afraid I would get hurt on the horse. She kept asking me if I had ever ridden horses, and wasn't I afraid of that crazy locoed thing, but my desire to go home was much stronger than my fear.

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

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

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

The folks had moved over close to Prather's Windmill, just north of the church, so I had a long level stretch right down the railroad tracks. Papa was working out in the field and saw me coming. He said he wondered if anyone else had a red sailor hat like that. By the time I got to the big gate, he was there to meet me. "I said that was you when that red sailor was only a speck, but what in the world is all the rush about?" I told

him I was in a hurry to get home. "Well, you were certainly not wasting any time."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Papa didn't usually object to my going places unless there was a good reason, and when he said he would rather I wouldn't, that was the final word. But this time the boys and girls begged him so to let me go till he finally said if I would promise to be home by eleven o'clock, I could go. I meant it when I promised, but when eleven o'clock came, they would not bring me home, and at one o'clock I said I was going to walk home alone, so they finally took me. I think that was the only time I ever



really disobeyed my father. On the way home Dick asked me to stay in Arizona with him. He begged and pleaded, said he would never drink another drop if I would, but I didn't even remotely consider it. He gave me a beautiful white feather fan that probably cost more than everything I had on. Papa was awake when I went in, and I just told him the truth, but he didn't scold me.

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

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

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

Anyway, this special evening we begged Mrs. Holt to let Ozie go home with me for just a minute, we wouldn't be gone long. She would not give her consent, so we went out, very dejected. Of course Ozie walked part way home with me. When we reached the barn, there was the house in sight, so I said we could run right quick and see those patterns she wanted to look over, and be back before Mrs. Holt missed her. We took hands and ran as fast as we could, hunted up the box of patterns, found what we wanted, and started back feeling a little guilty. When we neared the big barn, at the top of the hill, there stood Mrs. Holt, almost filling the road, for all the world like a big thunder storm, with a long switch in her hand.

"Ozellie, I'm agonta give both of you a good whipping for not minding me. I told you both plainly that you couldn't go." We swore that we had not meant to go when we left the house, and explained humbly about the patterns, and how we thought we could run and get them and be back before she missed us. She finally hit Ozie a little tap or two, and told us she ought to raise welts on both of us, and that she would do it the next time we disobeyed her. I know she must have been disgusted with us lots of times. When Ozie was learning to play the guitar, we practiced over and over again the 1, 2, 3, 4. —1, 2, 3, 4. Mrs. Holt said it seemed to say, "Jack's a poopin', Jack's a poopin'." I suppose she grew pretty tired of hearing it so much, but not so with us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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19. Eugene Fuller (b. 1880), son of Boone Fuller, and Owen Garvin O'dell (1881–1968).

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

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

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

Long after all the apples had been picked up, and the sun was getting low, he said he must be going, and asked me if he could come and take me for a ride the following Sunday. I almost walked in a trance the rest of the week. Everything went smooth and lovely till later, when we had bought the old Ferrell place, on the hill east of the Morris place. Garvie came one evening when two of the missionaries were there: Elders Hand and Petersen.<sup>20</sup> Papa played the violin, and Garvie played the guitar, and Elder Hand and I danced a little. That made Garvie furious. He said, "You can't tell me, that doggoned scrappah's stuck on you." That was the first fly in the lovely ointment. We continued to chew the rag. He tried to make me promise that I wouldn't dance with him any more, but I was stubborn and wouldn't promise.

Finally one Sunday evening, when President Kimball and his companions were there, Garvie and I were sitting in the back of the room and he said, "What is there about that doggone Mormonism that you're so crazy about, anyway?"<sup>21</sup> I proceeded to tell him, and it took quite a while. He was not very favorably impressed, and went home sullen.

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

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

21. Thatcher Kimball (1883–1956), son of David Patten Kimball. He should not to be confused with Spencer W. Kimball (1895–1985), the twelfth president of the LDS Church who served in 1973–1985. Thatcher Kimball was at that time president of the Kentucky Conference in the Southern States Mission.

told him she wanted him to marry someone he loved, and that she had just one request, that he would not marry a Mormon. I told him that I thought it would be a fine thing if he would obey her, and that I had made a resolution that I would not marry anyone who was not a Mormon.

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

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

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

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

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



## CHAPTER SIX

# Bitterness and Sorrow Helped Me Find the Sweet

*One in tender mercy, heard my fervent prayer;  
Days of anguish over, calm instead of care.  
Peace and joy like heaven, gratitude complete;  
Bitterness and sorrow helped me find the sweet.*

—"One of Earth's Lessons," Carmack,  
Miscellaneous poems

One day, in the fall, Edgar Carmack was hauling corn for my dad, and I climbed up on the load with him.<sup>1</sup> We were jogging along, when in the distance we saw Garvie and Annie coming in the buggy. He had it all dolled up with ribbons on the sides of the horse's head and on his whip, with a flashy robe over their laps to keep the dust off. We hurriedly pulled our shoes off, put them behind us, and hung our bare feet off on the side next to them so we would look like real hillbillies.

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

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

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1. Henry Edgar Carmack (1883–1952) was the son of Thomas Green Carmack (1864–1946) and Parlee Gunn (1870–1887). See appendix three.

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

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

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

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

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

He said, "What in the world do all those people want to come for? I guess they want to see how a Mormon will die."

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

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

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

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

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

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2. Boanerges Robert Marquess died on October 7, 1903. See "Bo' Marquess Dead," *Hopkinsville Kentuckian*, October 9, 1903, 1.



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

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

I want none of my children, or grandchildren to think that there was discord and squabbling between me and my stepmother, for there was not.

I did all the washing (scrubbed on a washboard) and the ironing, milked the cows, did the cooking and dishwashing, and although Autie teased her continually and laughed at her one time (she hummed, and he would hum it after her), she thought a great deal more of him than she ever did of me.

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

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

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

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

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

I went to bed that night not feeling any worse than usual. I remember thinking, before I went to sleep, that I must get some material for



The family of Thomas Green Carmack and Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack, ca. 1901. Left to right, rear: Vivian, Edgar, Carrie; front: Lewis, Thomas, Lizzie, Mattie Olivia, baby Ernest, Myrtle. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

some little clothes and get them made soon; there was no particular hurry, though, as I had about three months in which to get them made.

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

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

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3. Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack (1873–1961) was the daughter of John Wayland Hale and Elizabeth Shepherd.

4. Sis Cansler, a midwife, was the daughter of James Curtis Cansler and Sylvia Adams Cansler.

went to the kitchen after it. I tilted the big old iron teakettle over to pour the water, and something happened. I turned blind and sick, and a terrible pain seized me. I groped back to bed, and the rest of the day I was in such terrible agony that my tongue even refused to function. I was conscious, but could hardly speak.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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5. "Mr. Carmack" refers to Thomas Green Carmack, Effie's father-in-law.

6. Robert and Hazel Galloway. Effie's daughter, Hazel, was named after Mrs. Galloway.

to the Jim Williams hollow, Edgar hired out to them and we moved with them. They built new lumber cabins for the mill hands. Galloways' and ours were very near to each other.

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

Edgar and Hol Boyd worked together hauling logs for the mill, and he stayed at our place part of the time. He became very fond of Cecil, and seemed to think as much of him as Edgar did. Adrian Cannon was there a lot, too, and if Cecil could have been spoiled, they would have spoiled him.<sup>7</sup> Adrian called him Stud, and Galloways called him "Sat Boy." Their baby Hazel and Cecil, were nearly the same age, so on her washdays I would keep her baby, and on my washdays she kept mine. She even let them both nurse her breast when they were hungry, I did the same when I kept the two of them. We grew to love each other very much, and our men were good friends. She had a good bunch of children: Shelby, Guy, Mary, Marvin, Jewel, and baby Hazel.

I must not forget Rick Worthington, the manager of the mill. He was a good man, and very intelligent.<sup>8</sup>

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

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

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

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

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7. Adrian Cannon (b. 1876).

8. Effie may be referring to R. L. Worthington (1870–1925).

close to a spring of clear cold water. In winter, when it rained a lot, we caught wash water in barrels. In summer we washed at the spring.

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

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

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

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

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9. Dr. Marion Eugene Croft (1875–1956), and Dr. Charles C. Croft (1877–1948) sons of Larkin C. Croft and Francis Victoria Armstrong.

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

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

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

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

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10. Matthew 7:7.

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

There were none of the Elders where I could reach them. Edgar had not been baptized, and was not very much interested in religion, or prayer. Mrs. Galloway went home to get her little ones fed and in bed. Edgar had worked hard all day, and went to sleep. I never halted in my rubbing. I was so near to the hot stove that I was sweating, but Cecil's little body was still as cold as ice all over. I longed for someone with the authority to administer to him. Not wanting to leave a thing undone that might help, I got a small bottle of olive oil, asked the Lord to bless and purify it, and to recognize a mother's anointing and blessing on her child, and to bring him back to life.<sup>11</sup> I promised Him solemnly that if He would do this, that I would dedicate the rest of my life to teaching the Gospel to everyone that I could get to listen to me. I also promised that I would raise this precious child the very best that I could if He would only give him back to me. I promised that any other children I might have, I would raise as nearly right as I could. I'm sure the Lord knew I meant every word of that promise.

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

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

While Mormon women are prohibited from performing such an ordinance *by the authority of the priesthood*, it was doctrinally acceptable for a female to administer to the sick *by the power of faith*. Interestingly, on April 28, 1842, Joseph Smith approved of females performing this ordinance: "Respecting females administering for the healing of the sick, he further remarked, there could be no evil in it, if God gave sanction by healing; that there could be no more sin in any female laying hands on and praying for the sick, than in wetting the face with water; it is no sin for anybody to administer that has faith, or if the sick have faith to be healed by their administration." See Joseph Smith, *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1979), 224–25. For more on Latter-day Saint women administering to the sick, see Linda King Newell, "The Historical Relationship of Mormon Women and Priesthood," in *Women and Authority: Re-emerging Mormon Feminism*, edited by Maxine Hanks (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1992), 23–48. Also, Claudia L. Bushman, "Mystics and Healers," in *Mormon Sisters: Women in Early Utah*, edited by Claudia L. Bushman (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1997), 1–23.

stroked his throat to help him swallow. Hour after hour I rubbed him with the hot water and alcohol. About twelve o'clock it seemed to me that his sides and back felt a little warmer, as if there was life. Mrs. Galloway was sitting loyally and silently by. At twenty minutes after twelve I asked her to listen and see if she could hear heartbeats. She listened intently a minute, and then all excited, she started crying, and said, "Upon my word, that child's heart is actually beating again."

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

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

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

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

13. Many years later, Effie affirmed her own belief in modern-day miracles saying, "One time when Sadie and I were together, one of our neighbors came in and the neighbor says, 'Why don't we have miracles now like they had in the days of the Savior, recorded in the New Testament?' And Sadie looked at me and she says 'Effie, if you and I should put down every miracle that we have experienced with our children, it would be *three* times as many as there is recorded in the New Testament'—and it was true too" (undated recording, ca. 1970. Tape in Noel Carmack's possession).



never took it up again, though I think he was a much better doctor than his brother Eugene. He worked in a drugstore in Crofton for years.

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

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

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

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

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

Speaking of Hol Boyd—he and Bagget wrangled the oxen. They used them to snake the big logs from the steep hillsides. The oxen were slower and more patient than the horses, and would go into all kinds of places. I became quite well acquainted with them, and learned to respect their strength and their dependability (the oxen). One big old fellow, they called him Blue, was a lovable ox, with plenty of sense. One day someone carelessly left an axe lying in the woods, and Blue stepped on it, cutting his right forefoot between the split hoof. It was not a bad cut, but it got infected, and for days he lay in the yard of the ox sheds. He would moan with pain day and night. We could hear him distinctly from the house. When I had time I would take out a bucket of warm salt water, sit by him and bathe it. As soon as he would see Cecil and I coming, he would stop moaning. He would lean his head against me, and be perfectly quiet while we were there. Cecil would rub him, and he seemed to enjoy it. One evening Edgar and Hol didn't come to supper at the regular time. The food was getting cold, when at last they came, walking rather slow. They sat out on some big rocks and

didn't talk much. I could hear them blowing their noses, and I knew that poor old Blue had passed away, and they had been dragging him off. They said when working in the timber with him that he had sense, almost like a human. He had good judgment about dragging the logs, or anything he did. Hol said that it was a dirty shame that it couldn't have been old Baldy who had stepped on that axe. *He* was stubborn and mean and always did just the opposite from what they wanted him to do. There were ten or twelve of the oxen, each with dispositions as different as people.

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

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

One day, when we were at Edgar's father's house, his old grandmother, Mary Ann Thomason (called Polly Ann, or more often, "Aunt Pop"), was there.<sup>14</sup> I told her of the loom at the old Smith place. I said that if I could get enough rags I would weave a rag carpet. She then said, "Well, you have no excuse, I have a whole barrel of carpet strings, all tacked, colored, and rolled into balls, ready to weave." We took them

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14. Mary Ann Thomason (b. 1836).

home with us, and Ivy got the loom into working order. I bought the warp, and Ivy helped me to get it all set up, ready to start weaving.

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

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

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

The first Sunday was a happy occasion. All had helped in getting it ready, and we had a happy time together. I'm sure every one who attended still remembers our little meeting house with loving memories. Later, the parents came, and we had an adult class, and ordered Sunday School literature for our lessons. That was the beginning of the Woodland Branch. In all the years that I have attended Sunday school, in the different branches and wards of the church, that little Sunday school, in that dilapidated little old cabin, ranks high in my memory for happiness in worship and for an outpouring from the Spirit of the Lord.<sup>16</sup> We soon organized a branch officially, and Elder Orville [Arvel] Udy from Utah and Elmer E. Brundage from Mesa, Arizona, were sent by President

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15. According to an entry in the *Liahona*, "Elders J. P. Leseuer and L. R. Abbott baptized three converts at Larkin, in Christian county. Arrangements are being made to organize a Sunday school at that place." See "Kentucky," *Liahona, The Elders' Journal* 5 (April 11, 1908): 1151.

16. In April, 1911, an entry in the *Liahona* stated that "Elders J. L. Molen and J. Robins report one baptism and eight meetings for the week. They also organized a Sunday School at Lark[in], Chester county [Christian county], with Brother J[ohn]. R[obert]. Marquess, superintendent, and Sister Ozie Marquess, secretary and treasurer." "Kentucky," *Liahona, The Elders' Journal* 8 (April 11, 1911): 682.



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

Charles E. Callis to help build a meeting house, which served us for many years, till most of the members moved away.<sup>17</sup>

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17. Arvel Ray Udy (1891–1981) served in the Southern States Mission in 1912–1914. Erven Elmer Brundage (1890–1974) served in the Mission in 1912–1914. Charles A. Callis (1865–1947) served as president of the Southern States Mission in 1908–1934. He served as an LDS apostle in 1933–1947. See Jensen, *LDS Biographical Encyclopedia*, 4:380. Mattie Hale Carmack remembered how her husband helped in the effort to build a meetinghouse: "We stayed at our place several years. Finly Tom sold out, but before he sold, he had a lot of nice timber he gave to build a church, so the members helped. The President Calas sent 2 Elders to build the Church." See Mattie Carmack, *My Story*, 76.

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

All the elders present bore testimony of the divinity of the work in which they are engaged. Many friends were made. On Sunday, the 25<sup>th</sup>, the new church at Larkin was dedicated by Pres. Callis. After the morning services lunch was served by the kind saints and friends of Larkin. Their kindness will never be forgotten." See "Kentucky," *Liahona, The Elders' Journal* 12 (June 1, 1915): 783.

We moved from the Sol Smith place to Mr. Holt's old home, as they were still in California, and Sadie and Evert were coming back to occupy the Sol Smith home. I remember the day they came; we were still living at the Smith place yet. Cecil had a sore knee, I can't remember now just what was the matter, but he was bashful, and went back in the kitchen and didn't come out to greet them till they kept asking about him, and we hunted him up.

We moved to the Holt place right after that. When I was cleaning out some old newspapers that had been stored on a shelf over the door of the hall, I found an old "Globe Democrat" published in Louisville. I wish I knew the date it was published. In that old newspaper I found an article titled: "An aged man confesses to taking part in the mobbing when Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and his brother Hyrum were murdered."<sup>18</sup> He said that he was glad that he could say that he didn't fire a shot that entered either of their bodies, but it had tormented him all his life, anyway. He said that the one man called Joseph fell from a window. They propped his body up against a well curb and were going to use it as a target to shoot at, but when he was dying a shaft of bright light came around his face and extended for several feet around him. Members of the mob afterwards said that it was lightning, but all of them knew it was not lightning. They all ran in fright, falling over each other in their haste to get away, "like the guilty criminals we were." He said that all his life he had felt sure that the man they had killed was what he claimed he was—a prophet of God. I do wish I had kept the article, I did keep it for years.<sup>19</sup>

One day, not long after we moved to this old house, I was sewing, making little overalls for Cecil, when Elder Richins asked me to guess who they had just baptized. I had no idea, as I didn't know where they had been laboring. He said that they had just come from Crofton, but I still couldn't guess.<sup>20</sup> Then he told me that the entire Galloway family was baptized, except the little one, who was not old enough. I was so happy that I couldn't keep back the tears. I had not known they had moved back

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18. Joseph and Hyrum Smith were shot and killed by a mob on June 27, 1844, in Carthage, Illinois.

19. This is the incredible account of the murders of Joseph and Hyrum Smith as told by William M. Daniels and others and has persisted in unofficial Mormon Church publications. See William M. Daniels, *Correct Account of the Murder of Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith at Carthage on the 27<sup>th</sup> Day of June 1844* (Nauvoo: John Taylor, 1845), and N. B. Lundwall, comp., *The Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1952), 226–33.

20. Wellington B. Richins (1887–1967) served in the Southern States Mission in 1906–1909. Interestingly, the *Liahona* reported that Richins and N. M. Stewart "made many new friends in Christian County" during the month of February 1909. "Kentucky," *Liahona*, *The Elders' Journal* 6 (March 20, 1909): 977.

to Crofton. I knew they would be good Latter-day Saints, since they were already good people without it. The years since have proved their genuineness. I heard much later that Guy, one of the boys, grown and now married, was Superintendent of Sunday School in Madisonville, the county seat just north of us in Hopkins County. Mary, the oldest girl, had married Welby Ray, who accepted her religion and had been made District President of the Western Kentucky Conference, an important position.<sup>21</sup> This all made me very happy, to know the family had stayed active in Church work. Once, when I visited Hopkinsville, where Lelia and her children lived, when our Church was having Conference there, Mary and Welby came. I was so glad to see them, and to know of their good work in the Church.<sup>22</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

23. These hogs were probably owned by George S. Shelton (1857–1936) and his wife Lula E. (1872–1961).

There was a good fireplace in the room also, and I enjoyed it. I had had a class of girls through the summer that needed to brush up on some of their schoolwork—Bernice Pollard, Vera (my niece), Carrie, Edgar's sister, and Lilian Hamby.<sup>24</sup> We had a pleasant time, and I learned as much as they did.

Mr. Holt's folks had moved back to their old place, and Ozie came and helped me out when Violet was tiny. She was a beautiful auburn haired baby, good, healthy, and never any trouble. I had an abundance of milk for her, and she thrived. At first I kept her wrapped too much, and nearly smothered her till Lelia came and made me take some of the blankets off. I was proud of my two sweet children. Cecil, now four years old, had a perfect little body, and was an ideal child, well behaved and obedient. He was like a little man, very proud of the baby when she came, and wanted to help take care of her. He was my little helper, anxious to do anything he could.

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

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

1909<sup>25</sup>

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

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24. Bernice Rena Pollard (b. 1894) married Clarence Vernon Walker (b. 1890) in 1916.

25. This date is written by hand at the top of the page.

continued to throw up her milk. About this time we moved to a place near Mt. Zoar, next to the Joel Boyd place. The missionaries came to our place quite often here. President Thomas E. Secrist and Elder Alvin Thorup were the two that I remember best.<sup>26</sup> Elder Thorup was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, very blond, with red cheeks and curly hair, and perfect features.

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

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

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

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26. Thomas Edwin Secrist (1872–1942) served in the Southern States Mission in 1908. He was appointed president of the Kentucky Conference on July 3, 1908. Alvin Theobald Thorup (1888–1956) served in the Mission in 1908–1910. He was appointed president of the Kentucky Conference on September 5, 1909.

27. Noel Evans Carmack (1911–1980) was Effie's second son.



fine healthy baby. I was so thankful that he was all right, but the long siege had been hard on him too. His head was out of shape, and his face was swollen. Lelia said that he looked like Sitting Bull, but I thought he was beautiful, and didn't appreciate her verdict.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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28. John Henry Wayman (1867–1959) entered the Southern States Mission on April 25, 1910 but had to return home on November 1, due to illness. Alden Conrad Sorensen (b. 1896) served in the Mission in 1919–1921.



Effie holding Violet and infant Noel, ca. 1912, probably taken at the same time as the photo of the children with Aunt Ivy mentioned in the text. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

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

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

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

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

30. Probably William or Arthur Wagstaff of Holladay.

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

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

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

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

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31. Ernest James Neilson (1885–1948), son of James and Camilla Neilson.

32. The historic meeting hall built by the pioneers in Salt Lake City, formally dedicated in 1875.

33. Under the First Presidency, the Twelve Apostles are the governing body of the Mormon Church. Among the leaders Effie could identify were Brigham Henry Roberts (1857–1933), a well known LDS author and editor. He was elected to House of Representatives in 1898 but did not serve his term; Reed Smoot (1862–1941) served as an LDS apostle in 1900–1941. He also served as a United States senator in 1903–1932; Joseph Fielding Smith (1876–1972) was tenth president of the LDS Church, serving in 1970–1972; Anthon H. Lund (1844–1918) served as an LDS apostle in 1889–1901; and John R. Winder (1821–1910), who served as first counselor to the president of the LDS Church in 1901–1910.

34. Mormons take broken bread as a weekly communion (or "sacrament") observance.



Carmack family portrait taken in Utah, 1912. Clockwise from left: Effie, Cecil, Edgar, Noel on his father's lap, Violet. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

said, "There's the cupboard." One would think she had never had the sacrament, but she had, as we had gone to Sunday school regularly in the Woodland Branch. However, I had missed many Sundays, just before Noel was born, and afterward, too. Her remarks created a laugh that spoiled the quietness of the sacrament, but they were good children in Church, and I had no trouble with them.

We moved to a fruit farm belonging to a Brother McDonald.<sup>35</sup> His son, Howard, then about seventeen, was later President of the Brigham Young University, and I think he is now President of the Salt Lake Temple.<sup>36</sup> Anyway, Howard and I picked black currants together, and irrigated the garden, and were good friends.

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

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

We lived at the foot of Twin Peaks, in the Holladay Ward, at the end of the street car line. Brother Larsen was Bishop of the Ward at that time.<sup>37</sup> It was over a mile to the Meeting House, but I walked it, and carried Noel, and took Cecil and Violet to Sunday School every Sunday. Noel was a load too, but I was young and strong, and I didn't mind.

We lived near the Fred Allingtons and their two daughters, Violet and Bernice.<sup>38</sup> They came to our place often. Also the Johnsons (Mrs. Johnson was Mrs. Allington's sister) lived near us. The Johnson girls, Mable and Esther, took care of my children when it was necessary.

Johnsons' kitchen was much lower than the dining room. They said that it was built in the dry canal that was used to float granite blocks from the quarry in Little Cottonwood Canyon to the Temple block, when the Temple was being built. The granite mountain is the same one where the Genealogical Vault now is located.<sup>39</sup>

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35. Francis McDonald (1851–1920) was an established farmer in Holladay. His wife was Rozella Stevenson.

36. Edward Howard Stevenson McDonald (1894–1986) served as President of Brigham Young University in 1945–1949.

37. Joseph Y. Larsen (1865–1955) was first Bishop of the Holladay Ward, serving in 1911–1921.

38. Frederick Mosedale Allington (1869–1953) was married to Emma Johanna Swaner (1872–1943). Their daughters were Violet Louise Allington (1894–1947) and Bernice Rebecca Allington (1896–1975). Violet married Charles Autie Marquess, Effie's youngest brother.

39. Construction on the Granite Mountain Records Vault, located in Cottonwood Canyon, Utah, was begun in 1960 and completed in 1964. It is used as a perpetual microfilm storage facility for LDS genealogical records.

Someone gave Violet a bright little collar pin fashioned like a butterfly. One of the Allington girls asked her what it was, and [she] said it was a "gallinipper." I think that is another name for a dragonfly that was common in Kentucky.<sup>40</sup> The girls got a great kick out of it, and never forgot it.

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

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

Edgar was working for Brother Joseph Andrus at Park City, where he owned land and raised hay.<sup>41</sup> He and his wife, Rett, went with them, and she cooked for the men. (They afterward became our beloved friends.) Later we moved to an old dobie house that had been built in the early days.<sup>42</sup>

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

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

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

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

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40. Standard dictionaries list "gallinipper" as a word of unknown origin meaning a large insect, especially a stinging insect.

41. Joseph Andrus (b. 1868?).

42. "Dobie" is the common usage of the word adobe.

although there were many who offered. Joseph Andrus came daily and would help me with the work, or anything he could do.

Towards the last of that winter it was getting time to wean Noel. I was still giving an unusual amount of milk, and when I weaned him, the milk would not dry up. I had breast pumps, and did all the usual things, but finally my breasts were both caked, and causing me terrible pain. I had a hot fever, and for one whole day I didn't know a thing. Friends sent for a doctor, and he said that he would either have to lance my breasts in several places or put plasters on them that would ruin my milk supply.<sup>43</sup> The plasters were chosen over the lancing, and as a result I didn't have milk for any of my last five children.

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

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

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

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

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43. Plasters are pastelike mixtures applied to a part of the body for healing purposes.

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

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

I soon got sick. First I had a terrible cold which would not clear up. I remember doing the family washing and hanging the clothes around the fireplace to dry, and I had such a fever and headache that my brain was not clear. I finally had to go to bed, and Edgar's little sister, Myrtle, came to help him with the housework and take care of the children.<sup>44</sup> Noel was still almost a baby, just starting to wear little pants and rompers. It was a cold winter, and there was snow on the ground.

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

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

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

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44. Myrtle Ilene Carmack (1899–1960) was Edgar's fourth half sister, born to Thomas Green Carmack (1864–1946) and his second wife, Mattie Olivia Hale (1873–1961).



myself, which is not a good thing. (I can't remember Lelia or Sadie coming at all.) Edgar would eat and go to work and not even come in to see how I felt. I had always been so independent that they all thought that I could take care of myself, I guess, under any circumstances.

## 1913

Grace was born the first of March, and at that time I had not realized that my milk supply had been ruined for good, so kept trying to nurse her.<sup>45</sup> But my milk only made her sick, so that she cried all the time.

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

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

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

When Grace was a little over a year old Hazel was born, an easy birth, as Grace's had been.<sup>46</sup> I was alone, as Edgar had gone to call Sadie. Hazel didn't look at all like Grace, they were both pretty babies, but different. Again I tried to nurse Hazel, with the same results, only she suffered in silence, and didn't cry. Elmo came one day, and as soon as he entered the door he said, “Effie, that baby looks hungry.” So, again we tried the bottle, and things were better. But I didn't want to have two babies on the bottle at the same time, so I weaned Grace from hers. It makes me feel so sad, even today, when I think of how she missed it. When I would fix a bottle for Hazel, Grace knew that she wasn't supposed to take it, but she would put her cheek against it lovingly. I still wish that I had let her keep her bottle.

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

46. Hazel Marguerite Carmack (b. 1914) is Effie's fifth child. She married Donald William Bruchman (1915–1962) on September 23, 1938. She had twins (Dona and Linda) from this marriage. She is now married to Manson John Bushman (b. 1912), Grace's widowed husband.

When Hazel came, Violet said, "Mama, can I have Grace now?" I said, "You surely can." Violet just about took over, too, even if she was only about six.

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

Edgar told the Doctor that he could do the washings easy, but after just one attempt, he hired a negro woman to come and do it, and she did a good job of it.<sup>47</sup> Then he got Lola Jones to come and stay and help with the housework.<sup>48</sup> Lola was a great help and did the work well. I enjoyed making her some pretty dresses, which she appreciated very much. Her younger sister Gertrude (Gertie) stayed with Sadie, and their older sister Annie (a beautiful girl) married Fred Daniel.

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

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

48. Probably Lula Jones (b. 1896).

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

After Bernice was born, when Hazel was a little over a year old, I began to get better.<sup>49</sup> I was interested in painting, and enjoyed it, and was surprised that it was so easy for me, and I tackled hard subjects. I painted a picture of Hazel asleep on a window seat and one of Grace sitting in a little rocker with Ducker, a little white dog in her lap. It was easy to recognize who they were. I wish that I had kept them. Years later, after we had been in Arizona a long time, I went back to Kentucky, and I was astonished to see many of the water colors that I had done in the homes of friends and kinfolks. They were about as good as the oil colors that I did later.

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

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

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

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49. Lenora Bernice Carmack (1915–1950) was Effie's sixth child.

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

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

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

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

David was born, and was walking and talking before Bernice ever did.<sup>50</sup> He was a sturdy, healthy baby. I seemed to have regained my health,

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50. David Edgar Carmack (1917–1952), Effie's seventh child, married Sybil Lee on June 30, 1938.

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

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

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

"Old Sadie Grace forgot to wash her face."

"Hazel Marguerite, gentle, good and sweet."

To Bernice, he would always say, "Hello there, best child in the world."

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

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

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

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

However, I did let them have pacifiers, and when there was not a pacifier handy, an old discarded nipple was scrubbed, and it answered the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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51. Among Mormons, "Family Home Evening" is officially designated as Monday evening at the present time; the First Presidency had urged a weekly "Family Night" as early as 1915. See Ludlow, ed., *Encyclopedia of Mormonism* (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company: 1992), s.v. "Family Home Evening."

52. Probably Betty Daniel (b. 1857).

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

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

I told them to ask Miss Betty if she knew how to make molasses candy, and if she did, to ask her if they could have a candy pulling at her place. They were thrilled with the prospect. Off they went, and when they asked her if she knew how to make molasses candy, she said, "Wy, yes. I've made it all my life. I ought to know." Then they asked her if she would have a candy pulling in her front yard, that they would help her to clear a place, and fix the rack for the pot to boil the molasses in. Miss Betty was all excited. She had stayed there all alone for years and years, no one ever visited her. The girls told her that they would bring the molasses—Mrs. Shelton was making molasses at that time—then they set the date for it. Violet and Thel helped her to clean the yard, and fixed the rack for the pot. They had the candy pull, all thanked Miss Betty profusely for making the candy, and told her what a wonderful time they had all had.<sup>53</sup>

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

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53. This candy was probably made from sorghum cane molasses. See William E. Lightfoot, "I Hardly Ever Miss a Meal Without Eating Just a Little": Traditional Sorghum-Making in Western Kentucky," *Mid-South Folklore* 1 (spring 1973): 7–17.

she would not tell how old she was. They told her that they were going to give her a birthday party at the Church, and she agreed to come.

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

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

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

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

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

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54. George Albert Smith (1870–1951) was the eighth president of the LDS Church, serving in 1945–1951.





"The children, all but Cecil, who was rabbit hunting," ca. 1918.  
Left to right, rear: Violet, David, Bernice, Noel; front: Hazel,  
Grace. Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

him a new saying that I had just acquired, "A fool never loses in an argument." He wasn't very happy over my contribution at the time, but years later, when I went to a Conference in Salt Lake, and went to his place, he went upstairs, found his old book of poems, and said that the thing that

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

Another missionary we had there was Elder Nelson.<sup>55</sup> He called Noel "Tuffy." The children had whooping cough while we lived there, and Elder Nelson would try to get Noel to whoop for him.

Elder Hunter was another, and I have him to thank for a picture of our children taken there.<sup>56</sup> This picture has all the children in it but Cecil, the oldest, and Harry, the youngest. This was before Harry was born.<sup>57</sup>

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

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

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

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

Once, while we were living here, I was getting ready to give the children baths, and had a big teakettle on the fire heating. Grace was sitting on the hearth pulling off her shoes when the big stick under the kettle broke and let the boiling water run under her. She had on heavy underwear and bloomers (it was cold), and they held the heat of the hot water. I ran to her and she climbed to my shoulders in an effort to get away from the heat. My heart was just torn. I sent Noel to find some Cloverine salve to put on it.<sup>58</sup> Poor Noel, he always had to take the tragic messages.

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55. Probably Noland James Nelson (1897–1966) who served in the Southern States Mission in 1917–1919.

56. Archie Antone Hunter (b. 1892) served in the Southern States Mission in 1916–1918. See page 274 for family photograph.

57. Harold Grant Carmack (1919–1923) was Effie's eighth child.

58. Cloverine salve was a widely-used ointment for treating cuts and bruises.

There were blisters as big as a teacup hanging down where she was scalded, but Noel ran all the way to Sadie's, and when he returned I plastered the salve on it thick, and prayed fervently for the Lord to help her to endure the pain, and that it would heal quickly. That was on a Saturday, and by the next Saturday it was all healed and peeled off as if it had never been burned. I was so thankful. Grace was a brave sturdy little soul, and she didn't cry over small things.

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

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

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

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



Aunt Fannie Armstrong. “Early Water color painted on back side of wallpaper,” by Effie Carmack. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

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

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

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

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59. Possibly Martha Frisby (b. 1857), daughter of Mathias and Eliza Frisby.

60. Heber J. Grant (1856–1945) was the seventh president of the LDS Church, serving in 1918–1945.

color, framed it, and took it to the County Fair, where I got a red ribbon on it. I have the old picture yet.<sup>61</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

62. This house, shown on page 253 was a typical "double-pen" house which is "found throughout Kentucky and the American South but the extant specimens are noticeably old, perhaps signifying the end of a popular folk house type which has no precise American or European antecedents. The double-pen house is most assuredly related to the European idea of an end addition; but it appears to be primarily a product of the American westward movement, finding fruition among the poorer whites and black sharecroppers of the region." See Montell, *Kentucky Folk Architecture*, 18.

He worked on it out in the gear room, getting it ready as a surprise for Christmas, while I was busy making things for him and the other children. Christmas Eve he slipped in, carrying the sewing cabinet. He thought I had gone to bed. I was slipping to his room with my gift for him, and we ran into each other in the dark hall. We both had a quite a laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Violet had a strong desire to have a flower garden, and there didn't seem to be any place for one, but one day, while I was gone, she decided to clean a place between the horse lot and the road. That particular place was grown up thick with briars and buckbushes. She dug them all out by the roots, an awful job, as the buckbushes had lots of roots that went deep. She cleared it out good, dug it up, raked it smooth, and said that she was going to have her flower garden there. When her dad saw it, he



Woodland Branch Sunday School, Christian County, Kentucky, ca. 1915. Along with the Carnacks, the Simmons, Holt, and Rogers families are represented. Effie is sitting in the center of the front row. Grandmammy Mattie Hale Carmack is holding Violet on her lap at the far right. Thomas Green Carmack is standing to the right of Mattie. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

said that anyone who wanted a flower garden that bad should have some help, as he knew that the chickens would scratch up everything she planted. So he got chicken wire and fenced it with a tall fence that the chickens couldn't get over, and he made a good gate for it. Violet soon had a nice little garden with her seeds coming up in neat little beds with walks between them. She planted cypress vines around the fence on the outside, and it flourished, and making a thick wall of pretty green vines with a little red star-shaped blossoms. Everyone who passed admired it, and Mrs. Simmons gave her some plants, already started, from her own flower garden. Soon she had flowers blooming, and all of us enjoyed it. It was the beauty spot of the whole place.

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

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

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

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

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

Owing to important mission matters, President Callis was unable to get to Larkin before Monday morning. The following named elders spoke forcefully on the doctrines of the Gospel: Louis A. Schrepel, Vaughn Skinner, Geo. Q. Spencer, Orson M. Allen, A. B. Robinson, Norman J. Holt, Horace E.



President Callis was a dynamic speaker, and we always enjoyed him, but we had lots of good speakers besides him. Elmer E. Brundage and Orvil Udy helped build the Chapel, and were both good speakers. Delbert Stapley and Thatcher Kimball were both good, and I could name lots of others.<sup>64</sup> I have pictures of lots of them.

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

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

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

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

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

Thackeray, John H. Rencher, and Harrie E. C. Hunsaker. The Spirit of God was richly manifest.

With characteristic hospitality the members and friends furnished a splendid Southern dinner which was enjoyed by all.

On Monday, Prest. Callis met with the elders in priesthood meeting and gave timely and profitable counsel. He commended them for their diligence and impressed upon all the necessity of preaching the Gospel by example as well as by precept.

Prest. Schrepel presided at all the meetings of the conference. The saints rejoiced in the instructions they received and in the splendid spirit that prevailed.

See "Kentucky," *Liahona, The Elders' Journal* 22 (July 15 1924): 32.

64. Delbert L. Stapley (1896–1978) served as an LDS Apostle in 1950–1978.

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

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

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

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

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

This reminds me of the sad fate of poor old Blacky: not too long after this runaway, we had an early freeze which froze some corn that had not fully matured, and it moulded next to the cob and formed prussic acid. Blacky ate some of it, and it poisoned her, and as a result she got what they called "blind staggers." One morning, when the boys went out to feed the stock, they found that she had backed through the big gate, and was lying in the road. She had made a big wallow in the mud, throwing her head up

and down. Harry saw her and was horrified; he ran into the house to tell me. He said, "Mama, Blackie fell over the fenth and killed sheself." I was sorry that he had seen her—it left an awful impression with him. He talked about it for days. My mother never wanted us to watch the men kill the hogs, for fear it might harden us to such things. When I think of the awful things that our children see on T.V. today! Fights, killings, and violence till it becomes common to them, and they think it is a common thing for one person to kill another. I'm sure that children should not be allowed to see lots of today's programs.

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

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

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

Our children had a wonderful time, and wanted to play together all the time. I remember Sadie sending Paul to my place once in a big hurry for something she wanted to borrow, but he got to playing and forgot he



The Carmack family, Larkin, Kentucky, ca. 1922. Clockwise around back from left front: Grace, Violet, Cecil, Mattie (holding Alden), Henry Edgar, Effie, Noel, Elder Brown (in black suit); four children in front center, clockwise from left: Bernice, Hazel, David (with hand over eyes), Harold (wearing black hat), Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

was in a hurry, till he heard someone calling from the top of the hill, then he ran all the way home. When Sadie wanted to know why he hadn't hurried back as she had told him to, he said, 'Well, they held me.' Sadie said, 'Yes, I know, they hold me, too.'

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

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65. Nathaniel Owen Catmull (1894–1972) served in the Southern States mission in 1917–1919.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

67. Dr. Andrew H. Sargent (1858–1942). See Meacham, *A History of Christian County*, 623–24.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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68. A 1909 farmers' bulletin on the cultivation of tobacco reported the following on the preparation of the seed bed: "The main object in burning the bed, so far as the writers can see, is the destruction of weed seeds which would otherwise produce weeds to interfere with the growth of the young [tobacco] plants. Most of the weed seeds are lodged in the upper 2 inches of the soil, and their vitality is readily destroyed by burning or heating the bed." See Scherffius, Woosley, and Mahan, "The Cultivation of Tobacco in Kentucky and Tennessee," 7.

with them. Dave tried to help Harry, but the fire was roaring, and since Harry was almost as big as David, he left him and ran screaming for Cecil and Noel to hurry and come and help. He apologized a hundred times for going and leaving him, but he hadn't known what else to do. Cecil and Noel heard them, but just thought at first that they were playing. When they realized that the cries were coming from the direction of the fire, they were too late. Harry still had his winter underwear on, and his thick coveralls, and they were burned off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wondering

Oh little boy of mine that went away  
Who hung so lovingly about my knee,

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

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

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

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

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69. According to Sue Lynn Stone, "Memorial poetry, both copied from literature and composed by area residents, provided another mode of expression. Whether shared with others in gift or in newspapers or kept privately in scrapbooks, these elegies and odes gave the writers and readers opportunities to explore their personal thoughts concerning death." See Sue Lynn Stone, "Blessed Are They That Mourn," 223. See also William Lynwood Montell, *Upper Cumberland Country*, 120–21.



Later, when I went to an eye specialist, he said my eyes would never be any better, and if I wasn't careful, I would lose my eyesight entirely. Much later, I heard that sunflower seeds were miracle food for the eyes and nerves. I started using them, and my eyes improved.

Now, forty years later, they are about as good as they were before Harry was burned, but I was left a wreck. Besides my eyes, I became allergic to the sun and wind, and had to put something heavy over my head every time I went outside. I was also allergic to all dark yellow foods, like sweet potatoes, bananas, strawberries, etc., all were like poison to me, and made my face and eyes swell.<sup>70</sup> I was allergic to laundry soap, too, and that was bad, considering all the washing I had to do. Ivory soap didn't bother me much, so I used that.

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

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

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

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

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

I suspect [Effie] had atopic dermatitis (eczema). This disease has a genetic component. Usually it manifests itself in early infancy or childhood. Many times it disappears in later life, but can manifest itself again, especially under emotional stress. Atopics, as they are referred to in medical terms, may also have other systemic manifestations, such as food allergies, asthma, hay fever. They have very sensitive skin; sun, wind, soaps, extremes in humidity may aggravate their symptoms or cause a rash. Their skin becomes easily infected causing marked weeping, denudation of the skin, along with purulent exudate and 'boils.' I think this would explain her symptoms. (Marion Brubaker to Karen Lynn Davidson, June 26, 1994)



Faded grave marker of Harold Grant Carmack, who was born on February 17, 1919 and died tragically on April 10, 1923, Hamby Cemetery, Christian County, Kentucky. Courtesy of Donna Carmack Musto.

cutting the coveralls off with his pocket knife, but when it didn't work he threw his knife away.

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

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

I asked someone where Edgar was, and Sadie found him out in the hall on a couch. He said that his head was just bursting. I was suffering so terribly myself that I couldn't think of anything to do for anyone else. It's terrible what a human can suffer and still live. The following weeks were pretty bad, *everything* reminded us of Harry: when I would get breakfast, and when Noel would go to milk the cows. We had been in the habit of making a work program in the morning, and each child was given a task.

When tasks were finished, each would check it with his or her special color of crayon. Harry had always wanted to do lots of things, and enjoyed checking his tasks off by his name. We couldn't stand to make a program after Harry was gone; instead of fun it was grief.

Time is kind to us, and work is a panacea, but I was so plagued with allergies and the pain in my heart that I couldn't do much for a while.<sup>71</sup>

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

He came in and squatted down by my chair and said, "What's the matter, Mom?" When he saw my face he was horrified. It would be hard for anyone to look much worse than I was looking about then, but it did finally clear up, although I had boils on my face after that, especially on my eyelids. I couldn't expose my face to the sun and wind at all, and my hands and arms to my elbows were the same. I remembered Job, and all that he suffered, and I took a little consolation in the words of the Lord, "Count it all joy when you are called upon to suffer diverse tribulations."<sup>72</sup> Another scripture that consoled me was: "Though He was the Son of God, yet learned He obedience by the things He suffered."<sup>73</sup> I tried to think that there was some wise purpose in everything. I remembered "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."<sup>74</sup>

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71. Apparently Effie's bereavement resulted in a number of physical ailments. These ailments can be explained by medical case studies which have shown a relationship between bereavement and adverse physical changes. See R. W. Bartrop, L. Lazarus, E. Luckhurst, et al., "Depressed Lymphocyte Function After Bereavement," *Lancet* 1, no. 8016 (April 16, 1977): 834-36; S. J. Schliefer, S. E. Keller, et al., "Suppression of Lymphocyte Stimulation Following Bereavement," *Journal of the American Medical Association* 250 (July 15, 1983): 374-77.

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

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

74. Hebrews 12:6.

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

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

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

Sunflower seed for the eyes.

Pumpkin seed for the body and for worms and to prevent prostate trouble.

Brigham tea for the kidneys, with honey.

Wheat germ oil for the heart.

Camphor, benzoin, and eucalyptus combined and fumes inhaled for coughs.

Whey for upset stomach.

Lettuce as a sedative.

Brewers yeast for vitamin B.

Green wheat juice for emphysema.

No white bread or white sugar. These are the two foods that cause the four major killing diseases.

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

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

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75. Interestingly, studies published in 1981 and 1994 show evidence that increased mortality among the widowed can be a causal effect of bereavement. See M. S. Stroebe, W. Stroebe, et. al., "The Broken Heart: Reality or Myth?," *Omega: Journal of Death and Dying* 12 (1981): 87–106, and Margaret S. Stroebe, "The Broken Heart Phenomenon: An Examination of the Mortality of Bereavement," *Journal of Community and Applied Social Psychology* 4 (February 1994): 47–61.

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

77. Oscar Pyle (b. 1905).

78. Lester (b. 1910) and Florence Pyle (b. 1914).

out and invited them to come in and warm themselves (I wanted to ask them about Violet).

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

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

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

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

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

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79. The father was George Monroe Pyle (1878–1963).

I had no idea whether Violet would come home or stay with Oscar. I could hardly stand the thought of leaving her under those conditions.

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

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

Later in the month there came a tobacco season, (that is, it rained and softened the tobacco so it could be handled) and Mr. Pyle and his boys took a load of tobacco to town, and Violet and the children were left at home alone. She caught a horse and came home. She said that Oscar was not being any better, and she felt like she couldn't bear to see us leave and her stay there with him so cranky. The main thing that he was peeved at her about was her religion. His folks were all Baptists, and I guess he wanted her to be a Baptist too, but he couldn't move her on her religion. She didn't eat on Fast Sunday, and that was what he swore at her about, and I think he slapped her.<sup>80</sup>

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

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

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

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80. Mormons customarily go without two meals on the first Sunday of each month and contribute the cost of those meals to church charitable funds.

Cecil had gone ahead of us, and John and Ozie were already living in Joseph City, so we went there.<sup>81</sup> By the time we arrived (Cecil hadn't yet found a house for us to live in) he had fixed a tent, boarded up half way, and with a board floor in it. He had shelves, and a table, and even dishes and food ready for us. (There never was another son like him! It is said that the world is full of two kinds of people, "lifters and leaners." Cecil has certainly always been a "lifter." In fact, I don't believe any of my children are the "leaner" type.) Cecil met us at the depot, and we were astonished at how brown he was. The Arizona sun had already given him a deep tan.

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

Mother's Day was coming up, and someone had asked me to paint a picture of a mother for a program. I was working on it when I realized that someone was standing in the tent door back of me and watching me. I looked around, and at first I was sure that I knew the fellow, his face looked so familiar. He had on a khaki suit, and stood there waiting for his companion who had gone for some milk (John had a grocery). He told me that he and I should go into business together, that he could do the writing and I could do the illustrating. Just then his companion came and they left. A few minutes later I remembered who he was, it was Zane Gray. (I had seen pictures of him.) They were camped out by Valley Hills, and he was getting material for a book he was writing (I found out later).<sup>82</sup>

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

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81. Originally known as Allen Fort, Joseph City was settled by James S. Brown in 1876 as an LDS mission outpost. It is located on the Little Colorado River in Northern Arizona. See George S. Tanner and J. Morris Richards, *Colonization on the Little Colorado: The Joseph City Region* (Flagstaff: Northland Press, 1977).

82. Although it is difficult to place Zane Grey in the Joseph City area during the spring of 1924, Grey had been in the Flagstaff area during the fall of 1923, investigating sites for a film adaptation of his novel, *Call of the Canyon*. "Filming of Famous Grey Novels," *Coconino Sun*, September 12, 1923, 1; "Filming of Famous Grey Novels to Carry Fame of Our Scenery Over World," *Coconino Sun*, September 14, 1923, 1. See Candace Kant, *Zane Grey's Arizona* (Flagstaff: Northland Press, 1984), 27, 38, 140-41.



Effie with her granddaughter Rebecca, ca. 1926.  
Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

told them we didn't care what any of them said, it <sup>^was^</sup> going to be *Rebecca*.<sup>83</sup> It seemed to just suit her, and always has.<sup>84</sup>

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

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

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

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

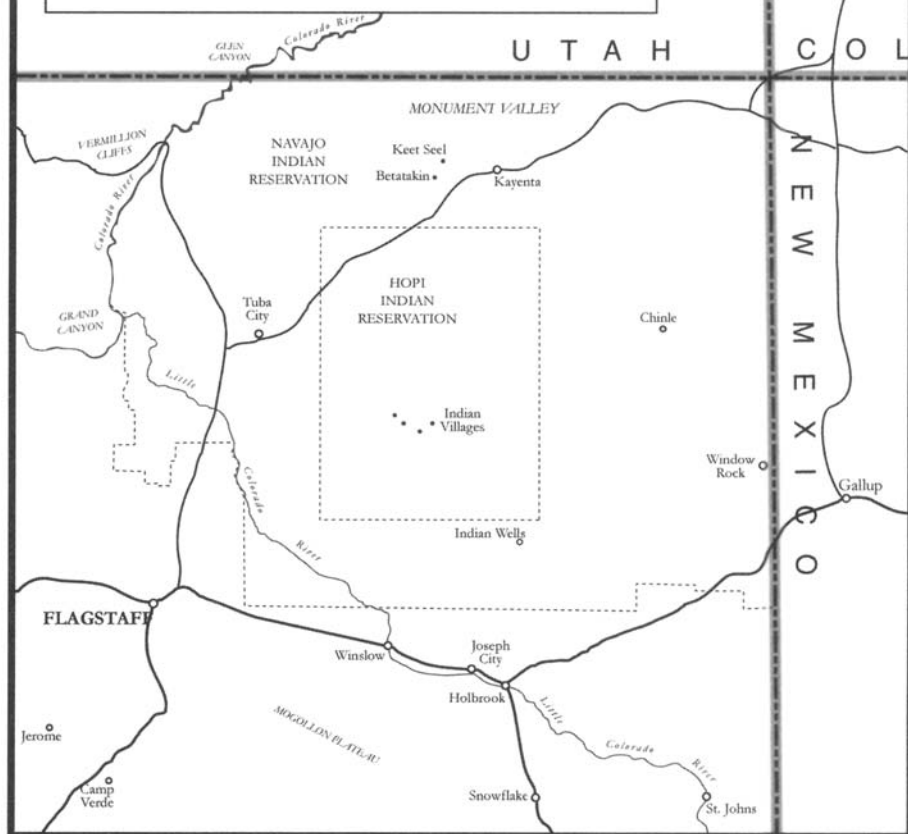
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83. "Was" is written above the word "going."

84. Rebecca is the daughter of Oscar Pyle and Violet Carmack, Effie's daughter.



# NORTHERN ARIZONA, 1920 - 1940



## 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.<sup>1</sup> 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

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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.<sup>2</sup> 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 raised the eyelid up 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.<sup>3</sup> 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.”<sup>4</sup> 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.

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3. *Who’s Who in the South and Southwest*, vol. 1, 1st ed. (1947), s. v. “Carmack, Effie Marquess.”

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.<sup>5</sup>

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.<sup>6</sup> 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.<sup>7</sup> 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.[ . . . ]<sup>8</sup>

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."

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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.

7. Bernice's books were S. E. Farquhar, *The New Human Interest Library*, 6 vols. (Chicago: Midland Press, 1928), and probably Gladys D. Clewell, ed., *Lands and Peoples; The World in Color*, 7 vols. (New York: The Grollier Society, 1929).

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.<sup>9</sup> 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 eight grade?" I said, "That is right, I did not." Then he said, "You folks will be surprised to know that she has more correct 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.

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9. Rulon E. Porter (1882–1972) married Nellie Emily May Knight (1880–1920) in 1913.

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

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.<sup>11</sup>

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.<sup>12</sup>

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

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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.<sup>13</sup>

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. [ . . . ]<sup>14</sup>

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.<sup>15</sup> He also baptized David and Clay.<sup>16</sup> 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.[ . . . ]<sup>17</sup>

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."

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17. Gladys Bushman (1910–1983) was the third child of John Lehi Bushman (1883–1967) and Etna Novella Cooper (1886–1960). Editorially omitted material discusses Cecil's marriage and family. The editors have also omitted Effie's subtitle, "Dinner for School Teachers around 1930" (the last two words are in Effie's hand).

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.<sup>18</sup>

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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.[ . . . ]<sup>19</sup>

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.<sup>20</sup> 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.

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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.<sup>21</sup>

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.<sup>22</sup> 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.<sup>23</sup>

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.<sup>24</sup>

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.<sup>25</sup> 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."

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25. Loren Arnold Mattice (1904–1976). Arnold married Violet Carmack on June 11, 1926.

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.[ . . . ]<sup>26</sup>

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.<sup>27</sup> 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.

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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.<sup>28</sup> 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.<sup>29</sup> 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.<sup>30</sup> 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.



"At an Art Exhibit in the Park, Atascadero California & two of my pictures I painted [in] Taos." Courtesy of Itha Carmack.

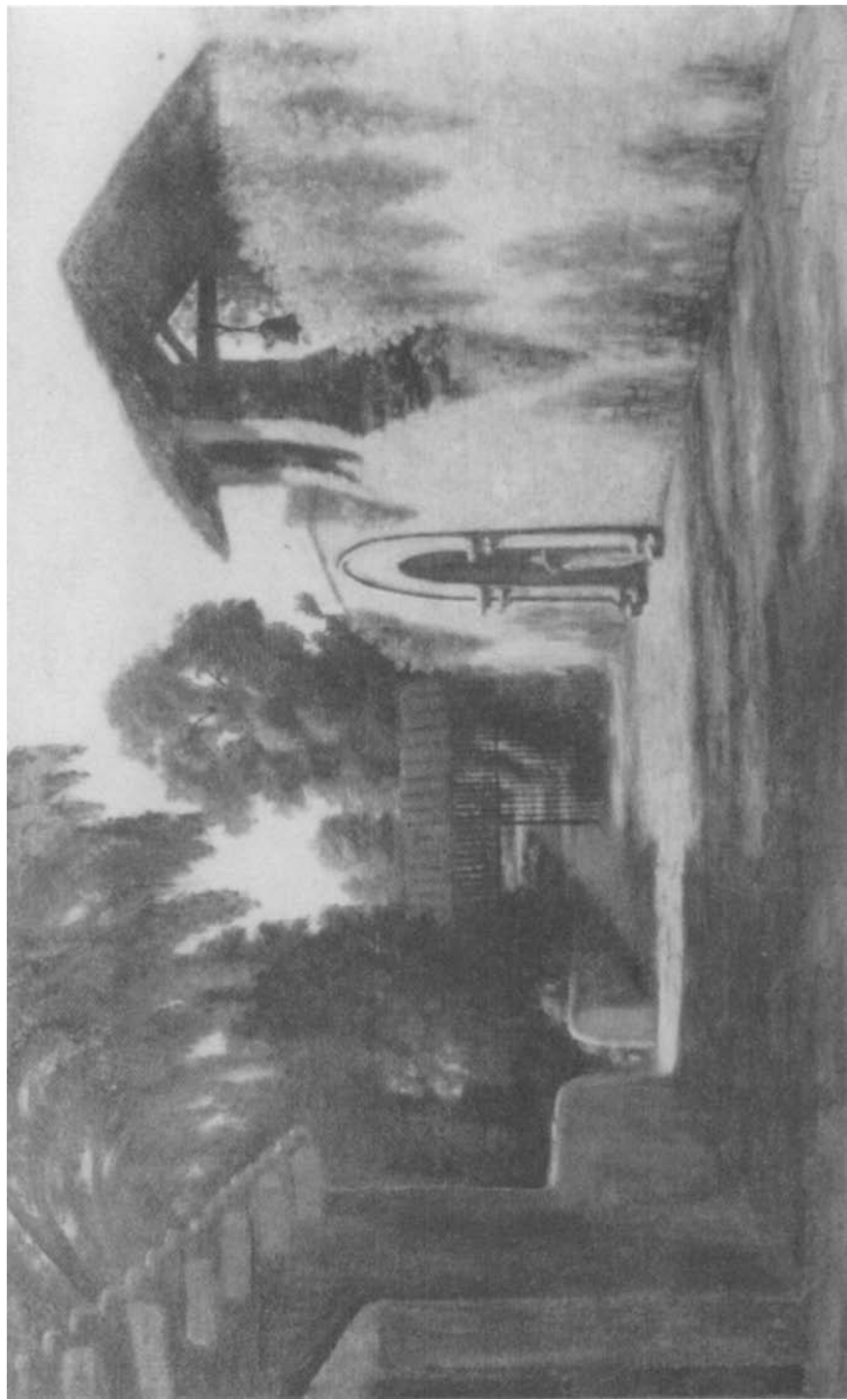
The Hopi Reservation is just north of Winslow, so I got busy and did a still life of pottery. The first of many I have done since then. It was one of the best small paintings I sent.

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.

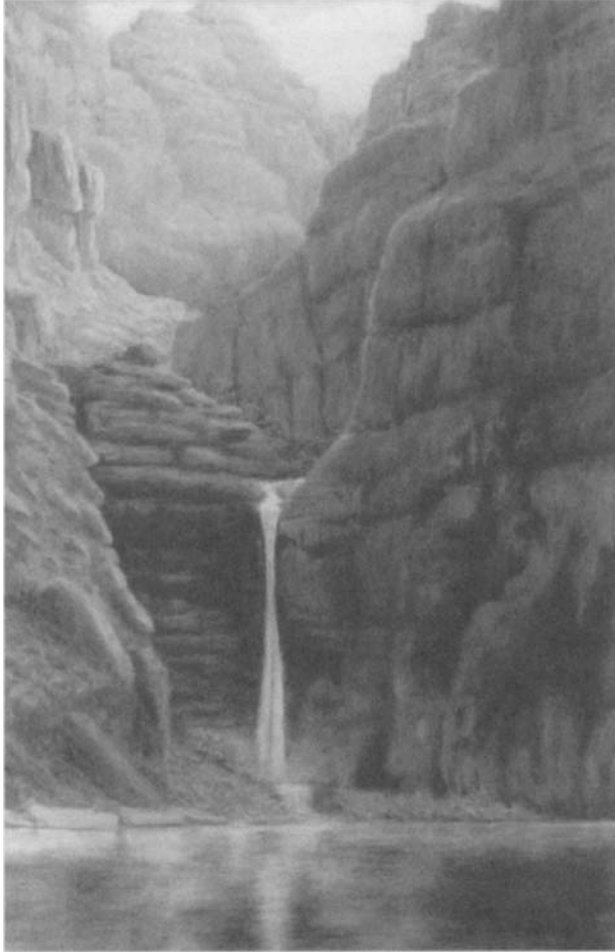
My good friend, Bernice Pollard Walker (who was our dear neighbor in Kentucky) went to the Museum to see the pictures while they were there. She didn't let Mr. Harrington know that she knew me, wanting to know what he thought of them. So she asked him for his opinion of the collection. Mr. Harrington said that it was the best coloring of Indian life he had ever had in his museum.<sup>31</sup> 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.

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31. A thorough search of the official Southwest Museum publication, *The Masterkey*, did not disclose any references to Effie's exhibition.



*Tzin Tzun Tzan*, by Effie Carmack. Oil on canvas panel, n.d., 31 3/4" x 19 1/2". Original in the possession of John K. Carmack.



*Emery Falls, Lake Mead*, by Effie Carmack. Oil on canvas, n.d. 47 1/2" x 30 3/4". Original in the possession of John K. Carmack.

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 Patscuaro [Pátzcuaro] 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.<sup>32</sup> 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.

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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. E[ffie]. 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.<sup>33</sup>

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."<sup>34</sup> 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.<sup>35</sup>

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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.<sup>36</sup> 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.<sup>37</sup> 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

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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.<sup>38</sup> Her married name was Fames. [ . . . ]<sup>39</sup>

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.<sup>40</sup>

Hazel and her companion, Florence Anderson, originated a little scheme on "how to win friends and influence people" (before Dale Carnegie).<sup>41</sup> 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

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).

41. Florence J. Anderson of Otto, Wyoming served in the East Central States Mission in 1934–1935.

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.<sup>42</sup> 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 wonderful experience, because there she had the blessing of being in contact with many outstanding people:

Apostle Lyman and his wife,<sup>43</sup> who they found to be delightful people; 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.<sup>44</sup> 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 Mission in 1934–1937. He married Kate Woodhouse (1872–1946) in 1893.

43. Richard R. Lyman (1870–1963) was married to Amy Cassandra Brown (1872–1959). 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.<sup>45</sup> 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.<sup>46</sup> 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.<sup>47</sup> 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.<sup>48</sup> Some deep and lasting friendships are formed on missions, and missionary reunions in later years are happy occasions.

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45. Lavinia Wells of Logandale, Nevada served as missionary in the East Central States Mission in 1933–1934.

46. Lucille Thomas (1915–1990) of Pinedale, Arizona served as missionary in the East Central States Mission in 1934–1936.

47. Lucille married Leroy Arthur Palmer.

48. Camilla Kutch of Lakeside, Arizona served as missionary in the East Central States Mission in 1936–1937.



Art tour group at Carthage Jail, Illinois, 1936. Effie is fifth from the left, front row; Geneva and B.F. Larsen are to the right of her. Courtesy of John K. Carmack.

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.<sup>49</sup> 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.<sup>50</sup> 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,

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49. Hazel probably read H. R. Merrill, "While Yet The Old Trail Lasts: Artists Plan Trip to Preserve Historic Scenes," *Deseret News* (Church section), February 22, 1936, 1, 8. See Noel A. Carmack, "'The Yellow Ochre Club': B. F. Larsen and the Pioneer Trail Art Tour, 1936," *Utah Historical Quarterly* 65 (Spring 1997): 134–54.

50. Bent Franklin "B. F." Larsen (1882–1970) was professor of art at BYU in 1931–1953. He was head of the Art Department in 1936–1953.

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.<sup>51</sup> 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.<sup>52</sup> 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.<sup>53</sup> 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

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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, Thera 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.<sup>54</sup> 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

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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.<sup>55</sup> 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.<sup>56</sup> 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.<sup>57</sup> 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.<sup>58</sup> 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."<sup>59</sup> 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.<sup>60</sup>

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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.[ . . . ]<sup>61</sup>

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.<sup>62</sup>

The Relief Society meetings were usually at Lena Charlie's place.<sup>63</sup> 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.[ . . . ]<sup>64</sup>

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.<sup>65</sup> 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.

65. This refers to Hazel's father-in-law, Otto Richard "Max" Bruchman (1880–1986), the father of Donald William Bruchman (1915–1962). Otto Bruchman owned a well-established curio store in Winslow, Arizona, mentioned above.

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.<sup>66</sup> 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.<sup>67</sup> 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. [ . . . ]<sup>68</sup> 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.<sup>69</sup> 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.<sup>70</sup> 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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66. Probably the wife of Joseph W. "Pop" Marley of Winslow. See Stella Hughes, *Hashknife Cowboy* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1984), 12–14.

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 Ysabell Ave. in Atascadero, California. The house and garage with art studio are still standing at that address.

70. Walter Knott (1889–1981), was the founder of the Knott's Berry Farm amusement park in Buena Park, California. See Helen Kooiman, *Walter Knott: Keeper of the Flame* (Fullerton: Plycon Press, 1973).

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.<sup>71</sup>

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."<sup>72</sup> Ernie Ford was one of the main performers.<sup>73</sup> 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 coalmines were discovered

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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 Cliffie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree," originating from KXLA in Pasadena in the late 1940s. Ernie Ford was a performer on this radio program in 1948. Cliffie 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 Cliffie 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.<sup>74</sup>

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 “Gingety 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.<sup>75</sup> 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

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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.<sup>76</sup>

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.[ . . . ]<sup>77</sup>

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

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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 Marquess' 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.[ . . . ]<sup>78</sup>

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.<sup>79</sup> 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."<sup>80</sup> 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."<sup>81</sup> 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. [ . . . ]<sup>82</sup>

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.<sup>83</sup> 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."

81. Ben E. Rich, *Mr. Durant of Salt Lake City: "That Mormon"* (Salt Lake City: George Q. Cannon & Sons Co., 1893).

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 grandmother 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 children 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.<sup>84</sup> I remember there used to be written around the margins of the missionaries' handbooks the following: "A new commandment I give unto you. Thou shalt not idle away thy time."<sup>85</sup> 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 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 standards. 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

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buys the groceries an article at a time as he goes to the store. He also buys his clothes, farm supplies, and tobacco. The woman and children try to provide for his physical comforts when he is at the house. He demands his meals on time and food that suits his appetite. He wants it on the table as soon as he comes in from work. After the meal he sits on the porch or in the living room and smokes his pipe or reads the paper or a farm magazine till time to return to the field or to go to bed.

See Nora Miller, "The Tobacco Farm Family," chap. 6 in *The Girl in the Rural Family*, 58.

84. Mormons consider "this dispensation" to be the latter days.

85. Doctrine and Covenants 60:13.

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.[ . . . ]<sup>86</sup>

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—<sup>87</sup>

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*.<sup>88</sup> 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.<sup>89</sup> and this became a

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86. Editorially omitted material consists of narratives under the subtitles, "Edna Uncle Jim's Grandaughter, 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."<sup>90</sup> 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.

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90. Erma was the daughter of William Henry Ferrell and Lelia Marquess, Effie's sister.



Effie Carmack in her art studio, ca. 1970. Courtesy of *Atascadero News*.

It seemed our families were more than just friends—there was a strong bond of love that still holds good.[ . . . ]<sup>91</sup>

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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91. Editorially omitted material consists of short narratives, family reports, and sketches subtitled, “Lelia’s Family,” “More About Lelia’s Family,” “Mattie Carmack’s Story—(Edgar’s Stepmother),” “About David,” “Life Story of Betty C. Hendrickson,” “John K. Carmack,” “Cecil Ray’s Story,” “Rollins Story—” [in Effie’s hand], “The Simmons Family,” “Violet and Arnold and the Earthquake,” “Letter from Sadie’s Daisy (Living in Winslow),” “Mary’s Story—John and Ozie’s Daughter,” “Violet’s Family Story,” “Ray Holt’s Story—Sadie’s Boy,” “The M. J. Bushmans—1973,” “Cecil and Gladys’ Family—1973,” “Noel’s Last Report—1973,” and “Hazel’s Family—1973.” The subtitle, “Finale,” has also been omitted.

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."<sup>92</sup>

[signed]  
Effie Marquess Carmack<sup>93</sup>

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92. This is slightly misquoted from Charles Kingsley (1819–1875), "Sermon XII. Work," in *Village Sermons, and Town and Country Sermons*, New Edition. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1878), 273.

93. This is followed by a personal essay by Diane Gustafsen Gouff entitled, "My Most Unforgettable Character," which has been editorially omitted.



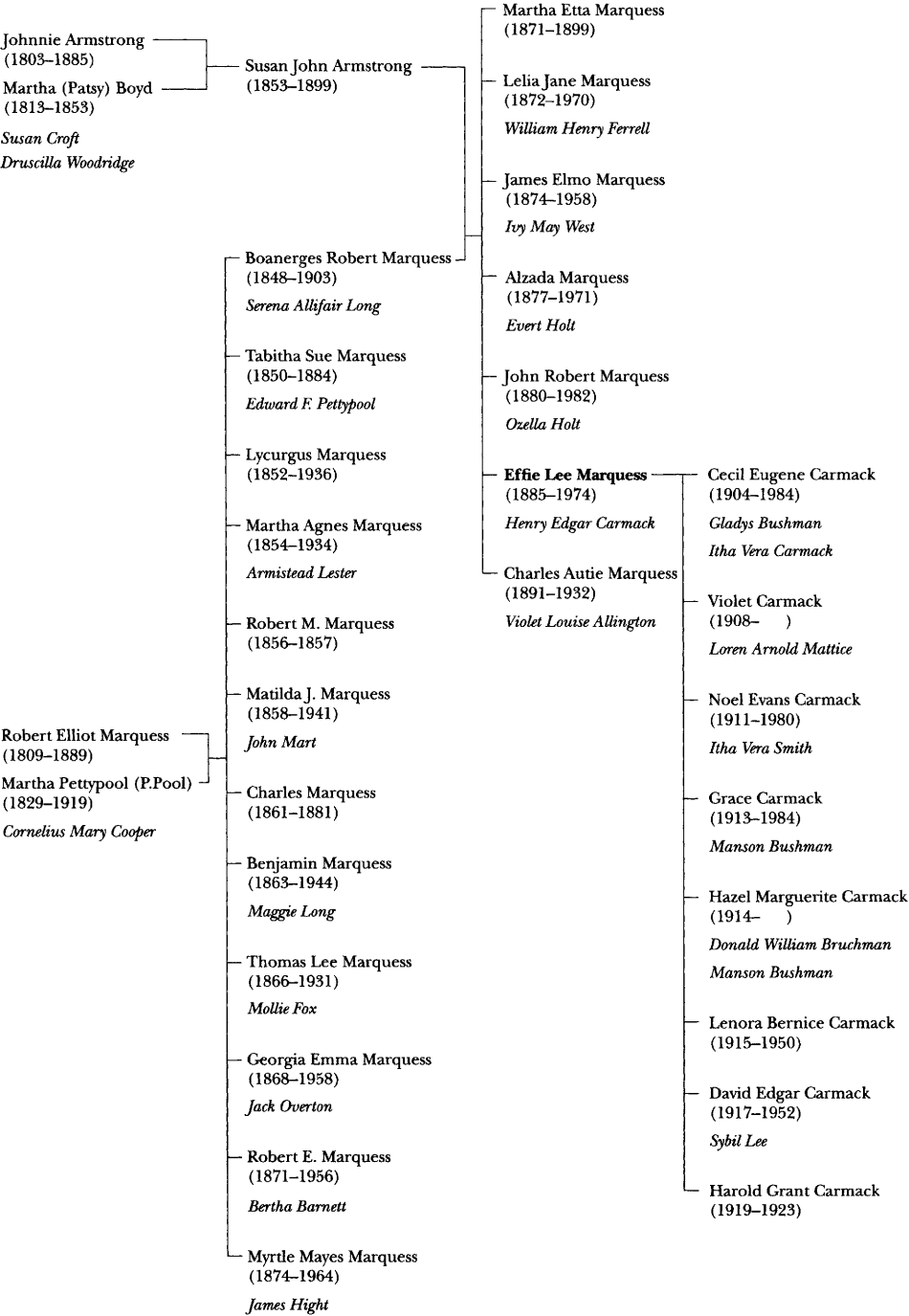
Effie Marquess Carmack's Family

Grandparents  
*(spouses listed in italics)*

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

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

Children of Effie Carmack  
*(spouses listed in italics)*



## APPENDIX ONE

# The Song and Rhyme Repertoire of Effie Marquess Carmack

### Introduction

Effie's talents for writing and painting should not overshadow her ability to collect and transmit the musical traditions of western Kentucky. When they were children, Effie and her sisters learned the songs from their father who had played violin at the dance halls in the Cumberland Gap. "I don't know why we collected those old songs so religiously then," she wrote. "There was no demand for them at that time." But by 1947, when Effie began performing at Knotts Berry Farm, she had build her repertoire to over 450 ballads, making her a primary bearer of Kentucky folk songs.

In an effort to complete a comprehensive search of Mormon folk songs, Dr. Austin E. Fife and his wife Alta, began systematically recording songs that were of "Mormon inspiration." "During the Summer of 1946 we spent about two months exploring the field," they wrote. "Our project was sponsored by the Archive of American Folk Song, Library of Congress, which supplied the phonographic discs, and by the Utah Humanities Research Foundation, which underwrote a portion of the travel expenses. Recordings were made with a Wilcox-Gay portable recordio, the property of the collectors."<sup>1</sup> When Fife indexed Effie's portion of the collection, he noted, "The repertoire of this informant is significant for several reasons. Most of her songs were learned in the Kentucky mountains where she was reared. However, as a convert to the Mormon Church she migrated to Utah, subsequently to a Mormon settlement in Arizona, and finally to her present home in Atascadero, California. Her repertoire is amazing in its

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1. Austin E. and Alta S. Fife, "Folk Songs of Mormon Inspiration," *Western Folklore Quarterly* 6 (January 1947): 42. See also "Collectors and Collections," *Western Folklore Quarterly* 7 (July 1948): 299-301.

variety and extent." The Fifes concluded by noting that the recorded songs represented "only a sampling of her entire repertoire."<sup>2</sup>

Oddly, the Fifes classified Effie's repertoire, grouping them among those of "Mormon inspiration" rather than of British or Scots Highland origins. In an uncharacteristically critical review of Austin and Alta Fife's classification of the Mormon folksong collection, folklorist Thomas E. Cheney wrote:

One singer, Effie Cormack [*sic*], furnished the Fifes with many significant folksongs. Mrs. Cormack, a resident of California and a Mormon convert, came from the South. The songs she has in her memory all came out of her own South, and, as one would expect, many of them reflect the traditions of that area with its racial, geographical, and local heritage. Mrs. Cormack's songs have not been sung in Mormon society enough to become Mormon thought or expression. To consider them Mormon folk song would be as ridiculous as calling 'Yankee Doodle' a Russian song because it was sung by a former American who became a Communist.<sup>3</sup>

As an ironic post-script, a photograph of Effie (courtesy of Austin Fife) was used to illustrate the cover of the most recent edition of Cheney's *Mormon Songs From the Rocky Mountains: A Compilation of Mormon Folksong* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1981).

The recordings are dated December 26 and 27, 1948; July 8, 1949; September 5, 1949; and March 26, 1951. The songs were recorded primarily at Effie's home in Atascadero, California. A number of them were also recorded in a group setting at the Occidental College in Los Angeles.<sup>4</sup> Dr. Fife read the list onto records at Atascadero, California on December 26, 1948. Copies of the Fife recordings were sent to the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress for preservation, while subsequent copies of the tapes were sold commercially. The original field recordings are housed in the Fife Folklore Archives at Utah State University, Logan, Utah.

What appears below is an amalgamation of two extant repertoire lists by Effie Marquess Carmack: a list dictated to Austin Fife on

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2. Austin E. Fife, Fife Mormon Collection (FMC), I:980:2.

3. Thomas E. Cheney, "Mormon Folk Song and the Fife Collection," *BYU Studies* 3 (1960-1961): 62-63. In the next issue, Dr. Fife responded to Cheney's criticisms by writing, "We wonder if you have not been a bit like the miner who came out of the shaft with a beautiful diamond which he threw away because it had not yet been cut and polished?" See *BYU Studies* 3 (1960-1961): 108.

4. This information is based on the text and conversations with Alta Fife on July 26, 1991, and November 14, 1996. See also "Oxy Educator Collects Mormon Folk Material," *Los Angeles Times* [San Gabriel Valley edition], October 9, 1949, I9.

December 26, 1948, and a list now in the possession of Effie's daughter, Hazel Carmack Bushman.

The classification of the songs is Effie's. Additional ballad sources and other editorial notes appear in brackets. Abbreviations are followed by a ballad classification number or the volume and page numbers of published source notes. However, although many of the song texts are recorded and transcribed in the Fife Collection, many are not. Without having access to the texts it is difficult to compare Effie's versions with other versions of similar titles.

For more sources on Kentucky folkmusic, the reader should consult Burt Feintuch's *Kentucky Folkmusic: An Annotated Bibliography* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1985).

### Key to Abbreviations

Sharp= Sharp, Cecil J. *English Folksongs from the Southern Appalachians*, 2 vols. (London: Oxford University Press, 1932).

Child= Child, Francis James. *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, 5 vols. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company, 1882-98).

Combs= Combs, Josiah H. *Folksongs of the Southern United States*, edited by D.K. Wilgus, Publications of the American Folklore Society, Bibliographical and Special Series, vol. 19 (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1968).

FMR= Fife Mormon Recordings, Merrill Library, Utah State University.

Henry= Henry, Mellinger Edward, ed. *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands* (New York: J.J. Augustin, 1938).

JAF= *Journal of American Folklore*

KFPM= *Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine*

KFR= *Kentucky Folklore Record*

Laws= Laws, G. Malcolm. *American Balladry from British Broad-sides* (Philadelphia: American Folklore Society, 1957).

NAB= Laws, G. Malcolm. *Native American Balladry: A Descriptive Study and a Bibliographic Syllabus*, Rev. ed. (Philadelphia: American Folklore Society, 1964).

WF= *Western Folklore*

### Key to Symbols

\* asterisk= item was recorded by Austin and Alta Fife but was not listed in Effie's dictated repertoire.

† dagger= item only appears in the repertoire which is in the possession of Hazel Carmack Bushman.

superscript<sup>a</sup> = classified as "Old Song Ballads"

superscript<sup>b</sup> = classified as "Old Silly Songs"

superscript<sup>c</sup> = classified as "Songs of the Gay Nineties"

superscript<sup>d</sup> = classified as "Indian Songs"

superscript<sup>e</sup> = classified as "Old Religious Songs"

superscript<sup>f</sup> = classified as "Old Negro Songs"

superscript<sup>g</sup> = classified as "Children's Songs and Recitations"

superscript<sup>h</sup> = classified as "My Children's First Poems"

superscript<sup>i</sup> = classified as "Old Love Songs"

superscript<sup>j</sup> = classified as "Sad Ones"

ABC Song\* [FMR 318-A-1]

"Aloha," She Sang, "Aloha"<sup>c</sup>

'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia<sup>c, i</sup>

'Til We Meet Again<sup>c</sup>

'Twould Have Been Better for Us Both<sup>j, †</sup>

Abdullah Bulbul<sup>b, †</sup>

After the Ball<sup>c</sup>

Alabama Lullaby<sup>c, f</sup>

Alexander's Ragtime Band<sup>f</sup>

All Around the Water Tank<sup>c</sup>

Always Me<sup>c, j</sup>

Amazing Grace<sup>e</sup>

An Indiana Murder (or Pearl Bryan)\* [FMR 402-A-2]

An Old Fashioned Couple were Seated<sup>c, i</sup>

An Old Crow Sat Way Up in a Tree<sup>h</sup>

And So I've Come Back to You, Mother<sup>j, †</sup>

And So You Have Come Back To Me<sup>a, i, j</sup>

Animal Fair<sup>b, †</sup>

Annie Laurie<sup>a</sup>

At The Foot of Yon Mountain (Red River Shore)<sup>i</sup> [FMR 209-B-4 and 207-B-2]

Baby Left the Cradle<sup>a</sup>

Baby Was Sleeping, The<sup>a, i</sup>

Back Home in Indiana<sup>c</sup>

Barbara Allen (two versions)<sup>a, j</sup> [Child 84; Combs 24; FMR 208-A-3, 208-B-1, 310-B-2, and 311-A-1; Henry 15; Sharp 24]

Battle of Fredricksburg<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 404-A and 404-B-2; Henry 130]

Battleship Maine, The<sup>c, j</sup> [FMR 407-B]

Beautiful Garden of Roses<sup>c</sup>

Beautiful Ohio<sup>c</sup>

Before the Battle<sup>a</sup>

Ben Bolt<sup>a, i</sup>

Bessie, the Drunkard's Lone Child<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 214-B-5; Henry 141]

Beware<sup>c, i</sup>

Bill Bailey (Won't You Please Come Home Bill Bailey?)<sup>b, c, f</sup>  
Billy Snipes<sup>i, †</sup>  
Billy Boy<sup>b, †</sup> [Henry 142; Sharp 89]  
Billy Grimes, the Drover<sup>a</sup> [FMR 207-A-1; Sharp 176]  
Bingen on the Rhine<sup>i, †</sup>  
Bird in a Gilded Cage<sup>c</sup>  
Birdie, I Am Tired Now<sup>a</sup>  
Birmingham Jail<sup>i, †</sup>  
Blind Boy's Cry, The<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 215-B-1]  
Blind Child, The\* [FMR 210-A-3; Henry 136]  
Blue Feather<sup>d</sup> [FMR 402-B-1]  
Bonnie Doone<sup>a, i</sup>  
Brave Little Blue Aster<sup>g</sup>  
Broken Heart I<sup>j, †</sup>  
Broken Heart II<sup>j, †</sup>  
Brooklyn Theater Fire, The\* [NAB G 27; FMR 401-A-2 and B-1; *WF* 17:240]  
Brother Slocum<sup>f</sup>  
Brown Girl, The (same as Fair Ellender Green)<sup>a, j</sup> [Child 73; Combs 18; FMR 208-B-2; Henry 11 A-B; Laws O 2; Sharp 44]  
Buffalo Gal<sup>b, †</sup> [Combs 310]  
Bury Me Beneath the Willow<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 213-A-3]  
Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie (same as Dying Cowboy)<sup>a, j</sup> [Combs 49 and 50; NAB B 2; FMR 504-B-4; Henry 127; Sharp 169]  
Call Me Back (parody)<sup>b, †</sup>  
Call Me Back Again<sup>a, i</sup>  
Camp Meeting in Georgia<sup>c</sup>  
Camptown Races<sup>b, †</sup>  
Captive Jews<sup>j, †</sup>  
Careless Love\* [FMR 401-B-2]  
Cherished an My Memory Like a Happy Dream<sup>a, j</sup>  
Clementine<sup>b, †</sup>  
Clickety Clack, Kurlunk Alunk<sup>g</sup>  
Climbing Up Those Golden Stairs<sup>b, †</sup>  
Clocks are Striking and the Hour is Late, The (or Together We Will)<sup>i, \*</sup> [FMR 317-B-2]  
Clover Blossoms<sup>c, i</sup>  
Club Had a Meeting, The<sup>b, †</sup>  
Cobbler, The\* [FMR 213-B-5]  
Cold Drops of Rain<sup>a</sup>  
Come Biddie, Come Speckle<sup>g</sup> [FMR 306-B-2]  
Come Dearest, the Daylight, the Daylight is Gone [Come?]<sup>a, i</sup>  
Come Little Sister and Go with Me (A Dream)\* [FMR 312-A-2]

Come Sit by My Side, Little Darling<sup>a, i</sup> [FMR 317-A-2]  
 Courtship, The<sup>a</sup>  
 Crawfish Pond<sup>b</sup>  
 Cruel Sister (or Two Sisters)<sup>j, \*</sup> [Child 10; FMR 207-B-1; Henry 4 A-C;  
     Sharp 5]  
 Curfew Shall Not Ring<sup>j, †</sup>  
 Dan McGinty<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Darling Black Mustache, That<sup>b</sup> [Combs 154; Henry 96 A-C]  
 Dauntless Little Peter<sup>h</sup>  
 Dear Little Blossom<sup>g</sup>  
 Dendermere by the Sea<sup>c</sup>  
 Dermont, You Look So Healthy Now<sup>a</sup>  
 Devilish Mary<sup>b</sup> [Laws Q 4; FMR 209-B-3; Sharp 149]  
 Do They Miss Me at Home?<sup>j, †</sup>  
 Do They Think of Me at Home?<sup>a, j</sup>  
 Dolly Gray (same as Nellie Gray?)<sup>j</sup>  
 Don't Wear Your Heart on Your Sleeve<sup>c</sup>  
 Down on the Farm<sup>c</sup>  
 Downtown Strutters Ball<sup>f</sup>  
 A Dream, Just a Dream, it Could Never Bee  
 Dreamy Eyes that Haunt Me Still<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Drifting Apart (same as We Drifted Apart?)<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Drunkard's Dream, The<sup>a, j</sup> [Henry 140 A-C]  
 Dying Californian, The<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 211-B-1 and 311-A-2]  
 Dying Child, The<sup>a</sup>  
 Dying Cowboy (same as Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie)<sup>a, j</sup> [Combs 49  
     and 50; NAB B 2; FMR 504-B-4; Henry 127; Sharp 169]  
 Dying Girl's Message, The<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 212-A-2 and 405-B-2]  
 Ella Bell<sup>a</sup>  
 Ellaree (Sweet Ella Rhee)<sup>f</sup>  
 Ellen (fragment)\* [FMR 311-B-2]  
 Ellen Taylor (fragment)<sup>b, \*</sup> [FMR 207-A-4 and 207-A-5]  
 Evening Bright Stars they Were Showing, The<sup>c</sup>  
 Fair Hawaii<sup>c</sup>  
 Fair Ellender Green (same as The Brown Girl and Lord Thomas and Fair  
     Ellender Green)<sup>a, j</sup> [Child 73; Combs 18; FMR 208-B-2; Henry 11 A-  
     B; Laws O 2; Sharp 44]  
 Fallen Leaf<sup>a, d</sup> [FMR 403-B-1]  
 Far Away in Memory's Valley<sup>a, j</sup>  
 Far From Home I Have Strayed\* [FMR 215-B-2]  
 Fare Thee Well<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Fatal Wedding, The<sup>c, j</sup>  
 Father, Come Tell Me, is it True?<sup>a, j</sup>

Father, Dear Father Come Home<sup>a,j</sup> [FMR 308-B-5 and 309-A-1]  
 Father, Dear Father Come Home (Parody)\* [FMR 215-A-1]  
 Father Noah<sup>b,\*</sup> [FMR 212-B-2]  
 Father, We Thank Thee<sup>g</sup>  
 Fellow that Looked Like Me, The<sup>b</sup> [*NAB* H 21; FMR 213-A-2]  
 Fiddlin' Soldier, The (The Nightingale or While The Nightingale  
     Sings)\* [FMR 407-A-2; Sharp 145]  
 Floella<sup>a,j</sup> (The Jealous Lover) [Combs 63; Henry 63 B, D; *NAB* F 1 A]  
 Follow Me<sup>d</sup>  
 For I Love You, Darling I Love You<sup>i,†</sup>  
 Forever and Ever<sup>i,†</sup>  
 Four Thousand Years Ago (I Was Born About Four Thousand Years  
     Ago)<sup>b</sup> [FMR 212-B-1 and 317-B-1]  
 Fox Hunt, The<sup>b,†</sup>  
 Frankie and Johnny\* [Combs 83; Henry 122 D; *JAF* 45:142 and 63:271;  
     *NAB* I 3; FMR 317-A-1]  
 Frisky Jim<sup>b</sup>  
 Frog Came Out of the Pond One Day, The<sup>g</sup>  
 Froggie Went Courtin'<sup>b</sup> [FMR 209-B-1; Henry 144 A-E; *KFPM* 3:12-13;  
     Sharp 220]  
 Gal I Left Behind Me, The<sup>a,b</sup> [Combs 111; Henry 145 C; Laws P 1 A, B]  
 Gallows Tree, The (same as Maid Freed From the Gallows or The  
     Rambling Man)\* [Child 95; Combs 28; FMR 314-A-2; Henry 13;  
     Sharp 28]  
 Garden by the Sea<sup>c</sup>  
 Gay Paree\* [FMR 213-A-1]  
 Gentle Anna\* [FMR 216-A-1, 309-A-4, and 309-B-1]  
 Go Dig My Grave Both Wide and Deep<sup>a</sup>  
 Go in and Out the Window (fragment)\* [Combs 307; FMR 308-B-4]  
 Go, Love, Go and Ask Your Father<sup>i,†</sup>  
 Go Round and Round the Levee\* [FMR 308-A-1]  
 Go Tell Aunt Dinah (fragment)<sup>b,\*</sup> [FMR 315-B-2]  
 Goat Under the Bamboo Tree, The<sup>b,†</sup>  
 Golden Slippers<sup>a,f</sup>  
 Good Morning Merry Sunshines<sup>g</sup>  
 Goodbye Dear Old Step Stone<sup>i,\*</sup> [FMR 316-B-1]  
 Goodnight, Goodnight<sup>g</sup>  
 Googoo Eyes <sup>c, b, f</sup>  
 Got a Little Home<sup>b,†</sup>  
 Ground was All Covered With Snow One Day, The<sup>g</sup>  
 Gypsy's Warning, The<sup>a,j</sup> [Combs 152]  
 Hawaiian Butterfly<sup>c</sup>  
 Hawaiian Hoola<sup>c</sup>



He Turned Around and Started Back<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Hello Central, Give Me Heaven<sup>c, j</sup>  
 Her Little Boy in Blue<sup>c, j</sup>  
 Here is Your Ring, Dear Charlie<sup>a</sup>  
 Here Rattler<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Honey, Does You Love Your Man\* [FMR 214-B-3]  
 Hop Along, Peter<sup>f</sup>  
 Hopi Song\* [FMR 403-A-1]  
 How She Hunted Up Her Lovers (same as She Hunted Up Her Lover)<sup>i, †</sup>  
 I Am Longing for the Coming of that Snow White<sup>e</sup>  
 I Don't Want You To Grieve<sup>j, †</sup>  
 I Got Mine<sup>b, †</sup>  
 I Have a True Love in the Army<sup>a, i</sup>  
 I Have an Aged Mother\* [FMR 307-A-1]  
 I Have No Mother Now<sup>a</sup> [FMR 312-A-3]  
 I Hear Dem Owls a Whoo-Whoo-Whoo!\* [FMR 403-B-2]  
 I Hear the Soft Wind Sighing\* [FMR 214-A-1]  
 I Know a Little Man in the Forest Green<sup>g</sup>  
 I Know That You Will Call Me Back Again<sup>a, i</sup>  
 I Love My Susie\* [FMR 308-A-2]  
 I Passed Through the Garden<sup>e, j</sup> [FMR 214-A-2]  
 I Remember<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 216-A-4]  
 I Saved My Cake for Santa<sup>h</sup>  
 I Wandered Today in the Hills, Maggie<sup>a, i</sup>  
 I Want to be Sombody's Darling<sup>a, i</sup>  
 I Was Born About Four Thousand Years Ago (Four Thousand Years  
     Ago)<sup>b</sup> [FMR 212-B-1 and 317-B-1]  
 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus<sup>e</sup> [FMR 402-A-3]  
 I Will be Home Love, Tonight<sup>a, c, i</sup>  
 I Wish I Was a Little Sparrow<sup>i, \*</sup> [FMR 210-A-2]  
 I Wish I Was Single Again<sup>b</sup>  
 I'll Build Me a Castle<sup>a, \*</sup> [FMR 211-A-2]  
 I'll Remember You, Love, In My Prayers<sup>a, i</sup>  
 I'll be All Smiles Tonight<sup>j, \*</sup> [FMR 315-B-3]  
 I'll be Strolling By the Bay Away in Sunny Hawaii<sup>c</sup>  
 I'll Sing and I'll Dance<sup>j, †</sup>  
 I'm Not Particular<sup>b, †</sup>  
 I'm A-going Down in Town<sup>b, †</sup>  
 I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary<sup>a, i</sup> [FMR 214-B-1]  
 I'm Lonesome and Sorry<sup>c, j</sup>  
 I'm Free Again (I'm Free, I'm Free Again)<sup>a, i</sup>  
 It's a Going From the Cotton Fields<sup>f</sup>  
 Ida Red<sup>a, i</sup> [Combs 228; *NAB* dI 23; FMR 403-A-3]

- If You Love Me Tell Me So<sup>a, c</sup>  
 In the Gloaming<sup>a, i</sup>  
 In the Shadow of the Pines<sup>c, j</sup>  
 In 1861 (fragment)\* [FMR 312-A-4]  
 An Indiana Murder (Pearl Bryan)\* [NAB dF 51; FMR 402-A-2; Ann B. Cohen, *Poor Pearl, Poor Girl!* (Austin: American Folklore Society; University of Texas Press, 1978); *KFR* 12:1–3; *KFR* 21:119–20]  
 Into a Ward of a Whitewashed Hall<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Iroquois Lullaby\* [FMR 403-A-2]  
 I Shall Have a Pretty White Horse to Ride, to See<sup>g</sup>  
 It's a Rainin'<sup>c, i</sup> [FMR 216-A-2]  
 Jealous Lover, The (Floella)<sup>a, j</sup> [Combs 63; NAB F 1A]  
 Jeff Walker\* [FMR 209-A-1]  
 Jesus Had to Walk that Lonesome Valley\* [FMR 213-B-2]  
 Jippy Bo Jay<sup>c</sup>  
 John Henry (fragment)<sup>b, \*</sup> [Combs 81; Henry 179; NAB I 1; FMR 216-B-2; *WF* 24:155–163]  
 Julie Jenkins\* [FMR 406-B-1]  
 Jungle Joe<sup>b, c</sup>  
 Just as it Happened<sup>a</sup>  
 Just as the Sun Went Down<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Just Before the Battle, Mother<sup>c</sup>  
 Just Break the News to Mother<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Just One Girl<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Just One Kiss of Love My Darling<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Just Tell Them that You Saw Me<sup>c</sup>  
 Kathleen<sup>c, j</sup>  
 Keep the Pig in the Parlor (fragment)\* [FMR 308-B-1]  
 Keyhole in the Door<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Kicking Mule, The<sup>b</sup> [Combs 175; FMR 209-A-3; undated recording, ca. 1970. Tape in Noel Carmack's possession]  
 King William was King James' Son\* [Combs 286; FMR 308-B-2]  
 Kingdom is Coming, Oh Tell Me the Story, The<sup>a, c</sup>  
 Kitty Wells<sup>f</sup> [FMR 213-B-1 and 405-B-1; Henry 156]  
 Lady Awake (Midnight Serenade)\* [FMR 315-A-1]  
 Lady Spring has Come to Town<sup>g</sup>  
 Lassie Mohee\* [Combs 80; *JAF* 35:408 and 52:65; NAB H 8; FMR 316-A-1 and 316-A-2; Henry 94]  
 Last Night was the End of the World<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Last Rose of Summer<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Leave Me with a Smile<sup>c</sup>  
 Left Me with a Smile (parody)\* [FMR 312-A-1]  
 Leona<sup>c, i</sup>

Let Me Call You Sweetheart<sup>c</sup>  
 Let the Rest of the World Go By<sup>c</sup>  
 Let's All Go Down to Rowsers\* [FMR 308-A-3]  
 Letter Edged in Black, The<sup>a,j</sup>  
 Letter that Never Came, The<sup>a,j</sup>  
 Lilly of the Prairie<sup>d, †</sup>  
 Little Annie Rooney<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Little Brown Jug<sup>b, †</sup> [Combs 258]  
 Little Ducky Duddles<sup>g</sup>  
 Little Fraud (Little Friend?)<sup>c</sup>  
 Little Friend<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Little Gray Home in the West<sup>c</sup>  
 Little Old Log Cabin<sup>f</sup>  
 Little Sparrow<sup>a</sup> [Combs 188]  
 Liza Jane<sup>a, f</sup> [Combs 220; FMR 406-A-2; Henry 169 A-D]  
 Locks and Bolts (fragment)\* [FMR 308-A-2; Sharp 80]  
 Lonesome City of Gold Where My Faith Waits<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Look Down, Look Down<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Look Down that Lane<sup>a,j</sup>  
 Lord Randolph, My Son (same as Oh, Randolph, My Son)<sup>a</sup> [Child 12;  
     FMR 211-B-2; Henry 5; Sharp 7]  
 Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender Green (same as The Brown Girl and Fair  
     Ellender Green)<sup>a,j</sup> [Child 73; Combs 18; FMR 208-B-2; Henry 11 A-  
     B; Sharp 19]  
 Lorena<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Love Me and the World is Mine<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Love's Old Song<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Loving<sup>a</sup>  
 Lula Wall<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Mable Clare<sup>j, †</sup>  
 Man From Alexander's Town, The\* [FMR 313-A]  
 Mansion of Aching Hearts<sup>c,j</sup>  
 Maple on the Hill, The<sup>c,j</sup>  
 Marion Gray<sup>c,j</sup>  
 Marvelous Eller<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Mary and John<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Mary Don't You Weep\* [FMR 216-B-1]  
 Mexico<sup>d</sup> [FMR 405-A-1]  
 Michael Finnigan\* [FMR 308-B-3]  
 Midnight Serenade (See Lady Awake)<sup>i, \*</sup> [FMR 315-A-1]  
 Mike Maloney<sup>b</sup>  
 Miller's Daughter, The<sup>a</sup> [Child 10; Combs 4]  
 Milwaukee Fire, The<sup>c,j</sup> [NAB G 15; FMR 401-A-1; *KFR* 3:101]

Mishaps of a Minstrel Man<sup>a, b</sup>  
Miss Adair Since I Came To . . .<sup>j, †</sup>  
Mocking Bird, The<sup>a, j</sup> [Sharp 234]  
Mollie Shove the Grog Around<sup>a, b</sup> [FMR 207-A-4, 5]  
Molly Darling (Don't Forget Me Mollie Darling)<sup>a, i</sup>  
Monkey Married the Baboon's Sister<sup>b, †</sup>  
Moonlight Bay<sup>c</sup>  
My Blue Ridge Mountain Home<sup>c</sup>  
My Gal's a High Born Lady<sup>c, f</sup>  
My Isle of Golden Dreams<sup>c</sup>  
My Prayer<sup>a</sup>  
My Teacher Doesn't Think I Read So Extra Special<sup>b</sup>  
My Yaller Gal<sup>b</sup> [FMR 405-A-3]  
Napinee<sup>d</sup>  
Nellie Gray (same as Dolly Gray?)<sup>c, f</sup>  
Nellie Moore\* [FMR 209-A-4]  
Nellie Baron (same as Nellie Bawn?)<sup>i, †</sup>  
Nellie Bawn (same as Nellie Baron?)<sup>c, †</sup> [Combs 110?; Laws O 36?]  
Netty More<sup>f</sup> [FMR 315-B-1]  
Nigger Band, The<sup>b</sup>  
Nightingale, The (same as The Fiddlin' Soldier and While The  
Nightingale Sings)\* [FMR 407-A-2; Henry 58; Sharp 145]  
No Home, No Home! Cried the Orphan Girl (fragment)<sup>a, \*</sup> [FMR 214-B-  
4]  
No One Like Mother\* [FMR 207-A-2]  
O Captain, My Captain, Tell Me True (Sailor Boy)<sup>i, \*</sup> [FMR 402-A-1]  
Ogalala<sup>d</sup>  
Oh, Birdie I Am Tired Now<sup>a</sup> [FMR 214-A-4]  
Oh, Blame Me Not For Weeping (same as Oh, Shame Me Not For  
Weeping)<sup>a</sup>  
Oh, Come Little Sister and Go With Me\* [FMR 214-A-3]  
Oh, How I'll Miss You Tonight<sup>c</sup>  
Oh I feel So Awful Happy<sup>b, †</sup>  
Oh, I Hear the Owl Go Whoo Whoof  
Oh, Leave Me Not I Love But Thee<sup>i, †</sup>  
Oh, Mary, Don't You Weep<sup>f</sup>  
Oh Me, Oh My, I Love You Dearly<sup>i, †</sup>  
Oh Mollie Pretty Molly<sup>i, †</sup>  
Oh, Randolph, My Son (same as Lord Randolph, My Son)<sup>a</sup> [Child 12;  
FMR 211-B-2; Henry 5; Sharp 7]  
Oh, Sally<sup>a</sup>  
Oh, Shame Me Not for Weeping (same as Oh, Blame Me Not for  
Weeping)<sup>j, †</sup>

- Oh Sister, Come Kiss Me Once More<sup>e</sup>  
 Oh Sister, Let's Go Down, Down in the Valley to Pray<sup>e, f</sup>  
 Oh, Sister, Oh Sister, Let's Walk the Seashore<sup>a</sup>  
 Oh Suzy, Pretty Suzy (same as Pretty Susie)<sup>g</sup> [Combs 230?]  
 Oh, Tell Me the Story<sup>a</sup>  
 Oh, Ven She Comes<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Oh Ver, Oh Ver is My Little Dog<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Oh, Where is My Beloved?<sup>a, j</sup>  
 Oh Why Did I Get Married?<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Old Dan Tucker (fragment)<sup>b, \*</sup> [FMR 309-A-3]  
 Old Love, The<sup>\*</sup> [FMR 215-B-3]  
 Old Miss Flip Flopper (Flippelloffers)<sup>b</sup>  
 Old Man's Drunk Again, The (parody to Father, Dear Father Come Home)<sup>\*</sup> [FMR 309-A-2]  
 Old New Hampshire Home<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Old Savannah Home<sup>a, c, i</sup>  
 Old Woman in Our Town, The<sup>\*</sup> [FMR 406-B-2]  
 On a Hillside Stands a Maid<sup>g</sup> [FMR 405-A-2]  
 On The Banks of the Wabash<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Once there was a Little Mouse<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Only a Year Ago<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Only Me<sup>c</sup>  
 Only the Low Wind Wailing<sup>a</sup>  
 Our Jackie's on the Deep Blue Sea<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Out in the Moonlight<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Over the Hills to the Poor House<sup>c, j</sup> [FMR 406-A-1]  
 Over There<sup>b, \*</sup> [FMR 314-B-1]  
 Owl and the Pussycat, The<sup>\*</sup> [FMR 209-B-2]  
 Package of Old Letters<sup>a, j</sup> [Henry 73 A-E]  
 Passing Policeman<sup>c</sup>  
 Pat O'Grady<sup>b</sup> [FMR 216-B-3]  
 Pearl Bryan (or An Indiana Murder)<sup>\*</sup> [Combs 63; Henry 63; *KFR* 12:1-3; *KFR* 21:119-20; *NAB* dF 51; FMR 402-A-2; Ann B. Cohen, *Poor Pearl, Poor Girl!* (Austin: American Folklore Society; University of Texas Press, 1978)]  
 Peek a Boo<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Polly Wolly Doodle<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Poor Little Thing Cried Mammy, The (fragment) [FMR 312-B-1]  
 Poor Old Men<sup>a, f</sup>  
 Pretty Fair Girl All in a Garden<sup>a, i, \*</sup> [FMR 210-A-1; Henry 59 A-C]  
 Pretty Susie (same as Oh Suzy, Pretty Suzy)<sup>\*</sup> [Combs 230?; FMR 213-B-4; Sharp 28]  
 Pretty White Horses (fragment)<sup>\*</sup> [FMR 313-B-1]

- Pride of the Ball<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Put My Little Shoes Away<sup>a</sup>  
 Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet<sup>c</sup>  
 Rambling Man, The (The Gallows Tree)\* [Combs 90; Laws L 12; FMR 314-A-2]  
 Red River Shore (At The Foot Of Yon Mountain)<sup>a, i</sup> [Laws N 26; FMR 207-B-2 and 209-B-4]  
 Red Wing<sup>d</sup>  
 Riding in the Sleigh<sup>a</sup> [FMR 216-A-3]  
 River Rhine, The<sup>c</sup>  
 Roll On, Silver Moon (same as Shine On, Silver Moon?)<sup>a</sup>  
 Ronald and I<sup>a</sup> [FMR 207-B-3 and 306-B-1]  
 Row Your Boat Ashore and a Hog Eye<sup>b, \*</sup> [FMR 314-A-1]  
 Rubber Dolly<sup>c</sup>  
 Said a Little Gray Mouse, "I Will Do As I Please"<sup>h</sup>  
 Sailor Boy (O Captain, My Captain, Tell Me True)<sup>i, \*</sup> [FMR 402-A-1]  
 St. Louis Blues<sup>c</sup>  
 Sally<sup>j, \*</sup> [FMR 208-A-2, 310-B-1]  
 Same Moon Will Shine Again, The<sup>a, c, i</sup>  
 Sea Song (fragment)\* [FMR 307-B-2]  
 Seven Long Years<sup>b, †</sup> [Sharp 102]  
 She Rests by the Swanee River (same as Swanee River?)<sup>c, i</sup>  
 She Hunted Up Her Lover with Her Dog and Her Gun (same as How She Hunted Up Her Lovers)<sup>a</sup> [FMR 211-B-3 and 404-B-1]  
 She was Bred in Old Kentucky<sup>c</sup>  
 She was Happy Till She Met You<sup>c</sup>  
 She's Far From the Land where Her Young Hero Sleeps (fragment)<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 215-A-2]  
 Shine On, August Moon<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Shine On Silver Moon<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Ship That Never Returned, The<sup>a, j</sup> [Henry 135]  
 Shoo Fly Don't Bother Me<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Sidewalks of New York<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Silver Bell<sup>d</sup> [FMR 316-A-1 and 402-B-2]  
 Silver Bells of Memory<sup>a</sup>  
 Silver Threads Among the Gold<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Sing Your Way Home\* [FMR 310-A-1]  
 Sitting Alone in the Door<sup>a, c, j</sup>  
 Skip To My Lou My Darling (fragment)\* [Combs 298; FMR 308-A-4]  
 Snow Dear<sup>d</sup> [FMR 316-B-2]  
 Snowflakes Glistening<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Spanish Cavalier, The<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Spanish Fandango<sup>a</sup> [FMR 208-A-1]

Springtime Flowers, Springtime Showers<sup>g</sup>  
 Starry Night for a Ramble<sup>a, c, i</sup>  
 Sunshine Valley<sup>c</sup>  
 Swanee River (same as She Rests By the Swanee River?)<sup>a</sup>  
 Sweet Birds<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Sweet Bunch of Daisies<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Sweet Evalina<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight Fair<sup>c</sup>  
 Ta Ra Ra Boom-de-ay<sup>b, †</sup>  
 Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Take Back the Ring Young Gave Me<sup>a, c, i</sup>  
 Tatta-Tat-Tat the Coronet Went<sup>b</sup> [FMR 314-B-2]  
 Texas Ranger, The<sup>a, i</sup> [Combs 45; Henry 123; A-B; *KFR* 1:86; *NAB* A 8]  
 There was a Bold and Brave Young Farmer<sup>i, \*</sup> [FMR 212-A-1; *KFR*  
 18:75–76]  
 There'll Come a Time Some Day<sup>c, j</sup>  
 There's a Tavern in this Town<sup>c</sup>  
 There's a Light in the Window<sup>b, †</sup>  
 There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding<sup>c</sup>  
 There's Locks and Bolts to Hinder (fragment)\* [FMR 214-B-1]  
 There's No One Like Mother to Me<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 307-A-2]  
 They Always Pick on Me<sup>c</sup>  
 This is a Roof, See How it Slants<sup>h</sup>  
 This Old Man\* [FMR 214-B-2]  
 This Old Man Came Rolling Home\* [FMR 313-B-2]  
 Thou Hast Wounded a Spirit that Loved Thee<sup>a, j</sup>  
 Thou Will Come No More, Gentle Anna<sup>a, j</sup>  
 Three Perished in the Snow<sup>a, j</sup> [Combs 77; *NAB* G 32; FMR 212-B-3]  
 Together We Will (same as The Clocks Are Striking And The Hour Is  
 Late) [FMR 317-B-2]  
 Toodlum Too<sup>b, f</sup> [FMR 314-B-3]  
 Trouble in the Land O' Canaan (fragment)\* [FMR 213-B-3]  
 Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Kentucky Home<sup>c</sup>  
 Turkey in the Straw<sup>b, †</sup> [Combs 245]  
 Twilight<sup>a, c</sup>  
 Twilight is Stealing<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Two Little Children<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 318-A-2]  
 Two Orphans<sup>c, j</sup>  
 Two Little Girls in Blue<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Two Sisters (same as Cruel Sister)<sup>j, \*</sup> [Child 10; FMR 207-B-1; Henry 4 A-  
 C; Sharp 5]  
 Under the Bamboo Tree<sup>c</sup>  
 Up Up in the Sky<sup>g</sup>

Walk In, Walk In, Walk In, I Say<sup>b, f</sup>  
 We Drifted Apart (same as Drifting Apart?)<sup>j, †</sup>  
 We Must Part<sup>†</sup>  
 We Never Smile as We Pass By<sup>a</sup>  
 We Sat by the Riverside<sup>a, i</sup>  
 We Saw the Smoke Arising<sup>a</sup>  
 Went Down to Sal's House<sup>b, †</sup>  
 What Has Made You Grow So Quiet<sup>†</sup>  
 What Were All this World Without Thee<sup>a, i</sup>  
 When I Was Twenty-One and You Were Sweet Sixteen<sup>c</sup>  
 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget<sup>a, c, i</sup>  
 When the Hardest [Harvest?] Days Are Over, Jessie Dear<sup>c, i</sup>  
 When the Bells Are Ringing, Mary<sup>c</sup>  
 When They Laid Sweet Kitty in the Tomb<sup>a</sup>  
 Where is My Darling Tonight?<sup>j, \*</sup> [FMR 307-B-3 and 207-A-3]  
 Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?<sup>c, j</sup>  
 Where is Now that Merry Party?<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Where the River Shannon's Flowing<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Where the Silver Colorado Wends its Way<sup>c</sup>  
 Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold<sup>c, i</sup>  
 While Nature was Thinking in Stillness To Rest<sup>a</sup>  
 While the Dance Goes On<sup>c, j</sup>  
 While the Nightingale Sings (same as The Fiddlin' Soldier and The  
     Nightingale)\* [FMR 407-A-2; Sharp 145]  
 Whippoorwill<sup>a</sup>  
 Whistlin' Rufus<sup>f</sup> [FMR 209-A-2]  
 White Rose, The<sup>†</sup>  
 Who Comes in His Pride to the Low Cottage Door?<sup>a</sup>  
 Why Don't You Love Me in the Same Old Way<sup>c, i</sup>  
 Why Don't You Try<sup>c</sup>  
 Will You Love Me When I'm Old?<sup>a, i</sup>  
 Wind That Blew Across the Wild Moore, The<sup>a, j</sup> [FMR 309-B-2 and 215-A-  
     4; Henry 137]  
 With You All Our Souls Now Let Us<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Won't You Come Back To Me? (fragment)\* [FMR 307-B-1]  
 Won't You Come Home, Billy Bailey? (Billy Bailey)<sup>b, c, f</sup>  
 You All Have Heard the Song<sup>b, †</sup>  
 You Are My Sunshine<sup>i, †</sup>  
 You Can Find a Little Bit of Dixieland<sup>c</sup>  
 You're Welcome as the Flowers<sup>i, †</sup>  
 Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe Corn, The<sup>b, †</sup> [NAB H 13]  
 Zilpha Lee<sup>c</sup>





## APPENDIX TWO

# Things to Accomplish

*The following transcription represents a list of things Effie wanted to accomplish before her death. The list, in Effie's handwriting, is in an 11" x 8 1/2" wide marginal ruled notebook. On the cover at the top, written with ballpoint pen in Effie's hand, it reads: "Minutes of our Family reunion in back" and "Things I Want to do." The minutes of the reunion have evidently been removed. The last verso has several negligible notations (dates, and references). MS in the possession of Noel A. Carmack.*

[recto]

Some things I'd Like to do before I die—  
Get old songs published —also "Ariz Diary"  
A Book of Poems —"Playthings + Pastimes of Pioneer Children"  
Get paintings collected into special groups—  
*Nauvoo Sketches* + paintings—Childhood pictures  
Faces in pencil—in trips—(on busses—trains—cars) etc  
Silhouettes + sketches of my family—  
Portrait of Emma Marquess Davey + another for  
other frame—Aunt ^Susan^ Elizabeth ^P. Pool^ Cravens (Grmas sister)  
Get photos in plastic for my records—  
Marquess—Armstrong—P Pool—Carmack etc  
—My Children—different families—  
Get pedigrees typed + printed—  
Get good boxes (or binders) for each family ^record^  
+ make shelves to put them on—(or ones  
I already have)—  
Paint pictures I have promised—  
And for Hazels curio store + for Mr Bruchman  
(and for Fay)—and pictures  
Illustrations for above books—Diaries etc  
Write the letter to go with old songs—for book

Get old songs on tape—(find ones I want to record)—

Maybe buy a “Writers Market”— ^or get it at library^

Resubscribe for Writers Magazine—

Record the mimic of Birds songs ^on tape^—

Find the Material for “Calif Mother” +^sent it^ file it—

Send Article to Ch. News of Mission—theo. teaching songs—books, etc;— Get “My story” typed

[*verso, near the top, left portion of page*]

Sr. Berkel is typing it

## APPENDIX THREE

# Henry Edgar Carmack

*The following biographical sketch appeared in the post-1948 portion of Down Memory Lane. The sketch is published here in its entirety.*

### Edgar's Story

Henry Edgar Carmack was born July 17, 1884, [*the year was 1883*] in Hopkins County, Kentucky, after his father and mother had separated. His life had a sad and tragic background. His mother had been left an orphan early in life. In the Gunn record it states that his mother's father, Abner Gunn, died about 1848, but it doesn't say when her mother, Susan Smith Gunn died.<sup>5</sup> Anyway, she was an orphan when she and Thomas G. Carmack married, about 1883. Quite a bit of property had been left to this orphan girl by her parents, the old Sol Smith place and the Frank Fuller farm. Solomon Smith, her uncle, had the reputation of being a selfish, greedy man, and he coveted the property of this orphaned niece, and schemed how he could get it. I think he was living on the place (which he afterward acquired) when this niece Parlee Gunn and Thomas Carmack were married, and she was living with them.<sup>6</sup>

One night shortly after they were married, there was a dance in the neighborhood, and Sol suggested they go. The women didn't want to go, as they had something else they had planned to do, so Sol and Thomas went alone. When the dance was about half over, Sol said he was tired and sleepy and was going home, and for Tom to stay as long as he wanted to. When he got home he told Parlee a sordid tale of Tom flirting with some

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5. Susan A. Smith Gunn (1826–1882), daughter of Austin P. Smith and Elmira Sisk, died on February 12, 1882.

6. Parilla (Parlee or Pairlee) Gunn (1870–1887) and Thomas Green Carmack were married on June 8, 1883.

special girl; that he felt she had sure made a wrong move in marrying him, and from the start he was making, he was sure he would never be a good husband. But he made her promise she would not tell Tom what he had said. Next morning when the men started to work, Tom was cutting stove wood for his wife to cook with, and she came out and said she wouldn't need it, as she was leaving. Tom couldn't believe it, as they had not even had a cross word. He asked her where she was going, and why, but since she had promised Sol not to tell, she wouldn't say. When he came home in the evening she was gone, and neither Sol nor Aunt Caroline would tell him why.<sup>7</sup> I think she went to a sister's home in Hopkins County, Sol providing her a way to go.

Sometime later he got a letter from her, saying she was going to have a baby, and she thought they had better go back together, and for him to come down there for her. But Tom was stubborn and told her that since she was the one who left she could come back if she wanted to, but he was not coming after her. But Pairlee could be stubborn too, and she didn't come. Mr. Carmack told me one day when he was telling me of this that he had wished many a time that he had gone when she sent for him, because she later married a man who was worthless and was mean to Edgar, their baby boy, and that life with the second husband was miserable. She died when Edgar was three or four years old; I could never find exactly the date she died, but Edgar said he could remember his cruel stepfather, and how afraid he was of him. He said he remembered his mother putting her hand on his head before she died and telling him that Aunt Bettie and Uncle Moses McIntosh would come and take him to their place, where Bud Childers (the stepfather) could never lay his hand on him again.<sup>8</sup> She had a little daughter by Childers, named Vivian, but I don't know who took care of her after the mother died. Edgar and I went to visit Vivian when Cecil was a baby; she was married to Elgin Sisk. She looked like Edgar, so they must have looked like their mother, as Edgar did not resemble his father very much.

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7. This presumably refers to Solomon Smith mentioned earlier in the autobiography and possibly a first spouse, Caroline [Gunn?].

8. According to Effie's research, Moses McIntosh was born May 13, 1850 in Hopkins County. However, three other LDS genealogists have recorded Moses McIntosh born on May 22, 1856 at Turkey Creek, Breathitt County to Henry (Henly?) McIntosh and Rachel Mays; or on October 27, 1856 at Turkey Creek, Breathitt County to William Martin McIntosh (b. ca. 1835) and Sarah (Sally?) Mays (b. ca. 1840). According to one of the researchers, Moses was married to Elizabeth Griffith (b. ca. 1853). O. A. "Bud" Childers was born in 1864.

Tom had also married again by this time, to a beautiful girl named Mattie Olivia Hale.<sup>9</sup> She said when the news came that Pairlee had died that Tom felt terrible, and she knew then that he still loved her.

Pairlee's sister, Elizabeth McIntosh kept her word and took Edgar, and she and her husband Moses were like a mother and father to him. He always spoke of Uncle Mosie an Aunt Bettie as if he loved them dearly. They had two girls near Edgar's age, Rilla and Lenora, that he loved as if they were his own sisters. We visited them also, and they are the ones that have helped me find the records of the family, all I have been able to get. I could still get marriage records from county seats, I think. We also visited the old McIntosh home in Mannington, a big old comfortable house with huge fireplaces, upstairs rooms and a big old kitchen.

When Edgar was seven or eight years old, his father came and took him to live with them, and I am sure Mrs. Carmack was a good step-mother. She seemed to think as much of him as she did her own children.<sup>10</sup> This is where he grew up.

Evert Holt and my sister Sadie bought the old Sol Smith home when they married, and Edgar and I were married there also. Later, Mr. Carmack told us that when we were married we stood on almost exactly the same spot that he and Pairlee had stood on when they were married. And Aunt Helen Marquess said the dress I wore for our wedding was almost exactly like my mother's wedding dress. It was of thin white silk with a round shirred yoke, full sleeves shirred at the wrist, leaving a narrow ruffle, and the full skirt was shirred around the hips. It seems that history really did repeat itself in our case.

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9. Mattie Olivia Hale (1873–1961) was the daughter of John Wayland Hale and Mary Elizabeth Shepherd. Mattie had eight children with Thomas Green Carmack (1863–1946): Vivian Lee (1891–1903), Carrie Bartlie (1893–1971), Lewis Henry Dietrich (b. 1894), Mary Elizabeth (1897–1982), Myrtle Ailene (1899–1960), Thomas Ernest Carmack (b. 1901), Flora Estella (1904–1963), and Theodore Alden (1920–1974). For more on Mattie Hale, see Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack, *My Story: Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack, 1873–1961*, compiled by Donna Bess Carmack Musto (Franklin, NC: Genealogy Publishing Service, 1991); and "Mattie Carmack's Story—(Edgar's Stepmother)," in Carmack, *Down Memory Lane*, 206–208.

10. Near the end of her life, Mattie Hale Carmack wrote the following: "O i have 7 living children. O yes i am thankful for them, and they are good to me, but they cant fill his [Tom's] place. I have a nice little home and have all kinds if improvement, but thair is a empty chair, a vacant place at the table. Yes and in my hart thair is a empty spot that cant ever bee fild. He was near and dear to me, he was liked by everyone who new him. And i hope to meet him someday over on the Promised Land then thair is no partin and no more tears. Thair never to part any more. Amen and amen. Written by Mattie Hale Carmack," from Mattie Olivia Hale Carmack, *My Story*, 79. See also *Down Memory Lane*, 208.

After we married, Edgar worked on the farm with Evert for a while, and then we moved to the old Ferrell farm where my father had died. Cecil was born at that place. Then Edgar started working for Mr. Galloway at a sawmill in the Williams Hollow. We were the only two families working and living there. Then the mill was moved out in the hills east of Crofton, and we moved with it. We and the Galloways lived together in an old school house till they got our houses built. We ordered them built close together, as we were the only ones living there, and it was wild rugged country. Edgar and Hol Boyd hauled the logs for the mill. They called it "Happy Hollow." It was while we lived at this place that Cecil had pneumonia, and Dr. Croft said he had died, (about 4 o'clock one bitter cold day in February, 1906).<sup>11</sup> But I kept bathing him with hot water and massaging him all over, without a letup, and I made the Lord some solemn promises if He would let him come back to us; and about twenty minutes after midnight, as I rubbed down his sides, I thought I felt a slight warmth. Up until then he had stayed as cold as clay. I told Mrs. Galloway to listen and see if his heart was beating, and it was, though very weak. I continued to rub him till about four o'clock, when I fell asleep. Mary Galloway came in with a piece of bread and butter in her hand, and Cecil opened his eyes and said "bite." He wanted a bite of her bread. It was the first time he had noticed anything for days. Edgar was not a member of the Church at that time. But we started having get-togethers, mostly at our place—the Galloways, Hol Boyd, Rick Worthington, the Boss, and others.

We left the mill not long after that; Evert and Sadie and Mr. Holt's folks went to Imperial Valley, California, where Judge Holt, Evert's Uncle, had a big ranch, and we moved to the old Sol Smith place they had vacated. Then we moved various places, Violet was born, and on a momentous day in 1908 Edgar was baptized. Three years later, when Noel was a baby, we went to Utah. We lived on Frank McDonald's place in Holiday [Holladay], right at the foot of Twin Peaks. Edgar got a job with Joseph Andrus, putting up hay in Park City, where they had a big hay ranch. While Edgar was gone, I took care of the garden, picked fruit, and walked the two miles to the meeting house with the children every Sunday, carrying Noel, who by this time was as big as a calf, but I enjoyed it. I picked currants (the black variety) and irrigated [the] garden with Howard, the McDonald's teen age boy, who later became President of the Salt Lake Temple.

After the haying at the Park City ranch was over, Edgar went up the canyon to help dig a pipeline for water. It took longer than they had planned, and their food supply ran low; all they had for the last ten days was white bread, bacon and potatoes. On the way home the men were

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11. This incident was already told in detail, beginning on page 287.

riding in the back of an open truck, got drenched with a cold rain, and the wind chilled them to the bone.

Not long after they returned, Edgar complained of his foot hurting, especially a big toe. It became swollen and red, and he finally had to lay off work, as he could not wear his shoe. Then one night he had a high temperature, and a hip also started hurting. Joseph Andrus came and said we had better call a doctor, and when he came he told us Edgar had inflammatory rheumatism. That was the first day of October, and he was not able to even sit up until January, when he was up part of one week. He then had to go back to bed, and did not get up any more till March. Someone suggested hot baths with something in the water (I can't recall what it was). He was too weak to walk, so I carried him to the bathtub and bathed him every day for a long time. He was not very heavy then, and I was young and strong, and it seemed to help him. The doctor left big bottles of tablets to make him sweat. He drank gallons of water and orange juice, and the sweat poured. The washing and drying his clothing and the bedclothes was the biggest job of all, because it was winter, and very cold.

The good people of the Ward were wonderful, doing everything they could do to help. They offered to help me take care of Edgar, but he would not let anyone do anything for him but me. When he was able to be up, we moved to Burnett's fruit ranch, where he could do light work. The rheumatism and the pills to make him sweat had caused heart trouble, and the doctor said he would never be able to do hard work any more, and advised us to go where the altitude was lower. So in the fall we went back to Kentucky. I certainly hated to leave Utah, but Bishop Larsen consoled us by saying maybe we could do more good in Kentucky than we could in Utah.

We arrived just in time for the hog-killing season, and just as the gardens and fruit was all gone. We had been used to all the fruit and green vegetables we could use, and that was mostly what we had lived on, as the doctor had recommended such a diet for Edgar. The backbones and spareribs and the sagey sausage and hot biscuits for breakfast tasted good, but I was starved for fruit, and even scratched around under the apple trees trying to find a stray apple. It never occurred to me to tell someone I wanted some fruit, or to send someone to buy it; we usually accepted what came along uncomplainingly.

I must not forget that while we were in Utah, we took our three children and went to the temple in Salt Lake.<sup>12</sup> Edgar often recalled how

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12. This took place on June 6, 1912. "Went to the temple" specifically for the ordinances of sealing (marriage) for eternity; husband and wife are sealed to each other and the children to their parents. Thus Grace was the first child to be "born under the covenant" of eternal family sealing, and no such ordinance would be necessary to seal her or any subsequent children.





Building a church in Larkin, Kentucky, ca. 1915. John Robert Marquess (center with large hat and overalls), Henry Edgar Carmack (front row center), Evert Holt (front row right), Joe Keith (far right). This LDS church was called the Woodland Branch. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

sweet the children looked, waiting in the sealing room for us, all dressed in white. I was expecting another baby (Grace) in the spring, the first of our children to be born under the covenant.

John had started a new house between the old Holt place and the Sol Smith place. He painted it red, and they called it the Red Bungalow. We moved to this Red House before it was entirely finished, and Grace and Hazel and Bernice were born there. While we were living there, a new meeting house was finished also. Two missionaries were appointed to help on it: Orvil Udy and Elmer Brundage. We had happy times getting this church built; Edgar and John and Evert had the brunt of the expense to bear, but it was a great blessing to all when it was finished.

The Simmons family, whose farm joined the Red House farm on the north, joined the Church, and were a great help in the new branch, called the Woodland Branch. It took all of us to keep things going, and a bond of love and fellowship was formed that I am sure will last through Eternity.

Later we moved to the old Holt place where we were living when our youngest child, Harold, died from burns. That was an awful year for

all of us (1922);<sup>13</sup> Edgar had put his tobacco crop in the Association, and got nothing for it, became discouraged and sad.<sup>14</sup> Then Violet ran away from High School and got married, when we were almost ready to go to Arizona. That, on top of all the other worries, was almost more than we could bear. But her marriage did not work out, and she came back home before we left, and came to Arizona with us in February. Little Rebecca was born that fall. We have often wondered how we could have done without Becky, she was the joy of our lives, and a choice spirit. She was an unusually smart baby, a beautiful and talented girl, and is now Relief Society President in one of the Wards in the Hawaiian Islands. So that first marriage for Violet proved a blessing after all, though at the time we certainly couldn't see it.

My brother John and Cecil had gone to Joseph City, Arizona, ahead of us, and Cecil had a house tent with furniture, groceries and everything ready for the children and me to go to housekeeping. Edgar had to stay a while in Kentucky to collect bills, sell a few things that were left, and to try to get something for the tobacco crop. He came later in the spring, and raised a truck garden on John Bushman's place. I taught an art class in school, and Noel and I did the janitor work at the school. David always helped his dad after he started in the dairy business, driving cows, washing bottles, and general flunky—there's plenty to do when you start operating a dairy.

Cecil was called on a mission to the Southern States from the Joseph City ward, but by the time he was released from the mission, Edgar had sold his dairy business to Irvin Tanner, and we had moved to Winslow, and were living at the rock house. What a joy to have a son return from a mission. I am sorry for any parents that have not experienced it. I forgot to say that when we first came to Winslow the only

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13. Actually the date was April 10, 1923.

14. Here, Effie is referring to what most black patch farmers called the "Association." The "Association," or Planters' Protective Association (PPA), was an organized group of farmers who, in response to the monopolistic practices of the Italian tobacco trust (Regie) and the American Tobacco Company sought to maintain and control the prices of tobacco above the cost of production. See Christopher Waldrep, "Planters and the Planters' Protective Association in Kentucky and Tennessee," *Journal of Southern History* 52 (November 1986): 565–88. See also Tracy Campbell, "Organizing the Black Patch," chap. 3 in *The Politics of Despair: Power and Resistance in the Tobacco Wars* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1993), 30–52. The economic stresses of Black Patch farming were often too much to bear. Some farmers chose to leave the district rather than endure the pressures and uncertainty of the tobacco market. This was especially true during the height of the Black Patch wars in Kentucky. See Suzanne Marshall Hall, "Breaking Trust: The Black Patch Tobacco Culture of Kentucky and Tennessee, 1900–1940," 364–66.

place we could find was a little house up west of the ice plant. The noise from the plant, and from the railroad where they loaded ice into the boxcars was awful at first, but we soon grew accustomed to it, and it seemed to lull us to sleep.

Later Edgar bought a house from Bishop Campbell, out in Mahoney Addition, on the North edge of town, and again we helped in building a new chapel, which was not many blocks south of us.<sup>15</sup> Noel and Hazel both went on missions from this place, Noel to the Southern States, and Hazel to the East Central States. Edgar was still in the dairy business, with David helping him.

There was a time between the sale of this dairy, and the time he started working at the Wholesale Produce Company, that he went with a group of men that were excavating the Keet Seel Indian ruins, under the supervision of John Weatherall [Wetherill], who was one of the men that discovered these ruins.<sup>16</sup> He enjoyed his stay out there; it was a new and interesting experience, and he liked the men he worked with. His letters were always interesting, and we enjoyed the pictures he sent home.<sup>17</sup>

He worked for the Babbitt Brothers for a while, and then for Marley's Wholesale Produce Co.<sup>18</sup> He lifted heavy loads of meat and produce, and finally had a bad heart attack. The doctors advised him to move to a lower altitude again, and this time we came to California, as three of our children were already out here. The doctors said again that he would never be able to work again, but by taking food supplements

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15. Archibald Campbell (b. 1897) served as bishop of the Winslow Ward from its organization on August 21, 1927 to December 31, 1930.
  16. John Wetherill (ca. 1865–1944) was one of five brothers who served as guides and traders in the Four Corners area. His brother, Richard (1858–1910), is credited with discovering many of the Anasazi ruins that are part of the Navajo National Monument. See Francis Gilmore and Louisa Wade Wetherill, *Traders to the Navajos: The Story of the Wetherills of Kayenta* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1953), and Frank McNitt, *Richard Wetherill: Anasazi* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1957).
  17. For published reports on this excavation experience, see John Wetherill, "Keet Zeel," *Southwestern Monuments Monthly Report*, supplements for March 1934 and December 1935.
  18. The four Babbitt brothers, David, Charles, George, and William, were general merchants who founded a large department store in northern Arizona. Marley's Wholesale Produce Co. was probably owned by the family of Joseph W. "Pop" Marley of Winslow. In 1912, Pop Marley and his sons, "Heck," "Clay," and "Dee," were convicted of cattle rustling. In an appellate trial, the Marleys settled out of court for \$75,000. See Jim Bob Tinsley, *The Hash Knife Brand* (Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 1993), 148–54, and Stella Hughes, *Hashknife Cowboy* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1984), 12–14.



Edgar Carmack (left) at the Keet Seel ruins, ca.1937. The other men have not been identified. Courtesy of Hazel Bushman.

and plenty of vitamin E, he gradually regained his strength, until before he died, he drove to a chicken plant down by Santa Maria every day, and handled as much as three thousand chickens a day, for months. Some time after the plant closed, he had another bad attack, and was never able to do hard work after that, though he still had his rabbits and chickens here at home and enjoyed working with them. And he doggedly kept cutting weeds and mowing grass and cleaning the yard when he really wasn't able to do anything.

One evening he came in tired, and when he tried to lie down, a sharp pain would cut his breath off. But he felt very well as long as he sat up. I had received a letter from a man and his wife in the midwest that were interested in the same family name as mine, and they said if I had a certain October issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*,<sup>19</sup> they had a story in it. Edgar asked me to find it and read it to him, which I did, and we enjoyed the story and read their letter again. He said I must not forget to answer it and tell them how we enjoyed their story. We sat by the fire till eleven o'clock, talking. He said now that it was too late he realized that if he had done as I asked him to do and continued with the vitamins he had

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19. It is nearly impossible to determine which article of the *Saturday Evening Post* is referred to here.

been taking, that he might still be working. I put some pillows on one end of the couch and fixed it so he could rest without lying down. He said he felt comfortable and thought he could sleep. I waited until he had gone to sleep, and then I also went to bed, but couldn't go to sleep for a long time. I looked in on him occasionally, and he seemed to be sleeping sound. The last time I looked, he had taken part of the pillows from under his head and was lower, and still asleep. At early dawn I awoke with a start, a noise had awakened me. I hurried in to the living room, but he was not on the couch. I found him slumped on the back kitchen step, with his head in his hands, trying to call me. I tried to help him up, but couldn't. He said, "Mama, this time this is it." I ran for Bill Schleuter (living in the cottage) to come and help me, and we got him on the couch and called Dr. Walters. When he came, he said, "Take him to the hospital." Edgar didn't want to go, said he would not live to get there, to please just let him rest. But the Doctor insisted, and we took him, and he was just breathing his last as they took him in the hospital. That was early morning of February 12, 1952.

He is buried in the Atascadero, California, cemetery, beside Bernice.

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