

Memories of Effie Darland

I was born in Waitsburg Wash June 15-1875 the eighth child of Supplina and Jane Hamilton. During the first Christian Camp meeting held there in a cotton-wood grove, on the Coppia Creek. it was an annual event for many years, my father was a minister of that faith, a pioneer, a blacksmith of no small repute in the early days in Washington where he lived for many years, when I was about 6 mo. old the family moved to a homestead seven mi. from Waitsburg. 8 mi. from Dixie 14 from Walla Walla the County seat of Walla Walla Co. My oldest brother Duran was married when about 18 years old his daughter Olive was about one $\frac{1}{2}$ year younger than I we grew up like sisters, played, and fought like sisters only I always got the blame and whipping for every thing that

went wrong it seemed to me
 that Olive or my sister Ida
 5 years younger always got the
 Lyons share. the reason I was
 a fat little beauty cream and
 peaches complexion an abundance
 of blond hair good natured
 laughing kid. at 9 years old
 I could wash dishes which I
 hated but a nice little switch
 which my mother always kept
 handy made me do them ^{and} good.
 she called it a dose of peach tree
 tea it was bitter but effective
 I could do most everything but
 ride a horse and I was so round
 I always slid off till my father
 put a stop to my trying.
 as for school which I started before
 I was six. a one room country
 school where the teacher let the
 first grade out to play about 15
 min before the older ones was
 dismissed for recess, a boy a little
 older, decided one day he would
 cut my ears off and he had
 a big pocket knife. I ran
 as hard as I could he said I
 was too fat to run and could
 catch me, but never did.

when he tried of that he
 got the ax. used to chop wood
 for the big wood stove to keep
 us warm in winter and said
 he would chop my head off.
 I really believed him, finally
 I became so nervous I wouldn't
 go out to play yet I never
 tattled. then my older brother
 found out what was happening
 and told our father who went
 to Mr. Proze Frank's father and that
 stoped it but Frank always
 hated me as I did him. the
 winter after I was 9 was a cold
 long winter there was an
 epidemic of diphtheria I was very
 sick and had dropsey as an after
 effect in bed for weeks no Dr.
 closer than Walla Walla 14
 miles. father had in his younger
 day contemplated being a Dr. so
 had some Dr. books. they gave
 me quarts of pumpkin Seed tea
 a also a tea made from hops
 home grown bitter as gall which
 was supposed to cause me to
 pass the water through kidneys
 if it ever did me any good I

never knew it but nature
 and Gods will for me I
 recovered but still kept my
 fat. the next year an epidemic
 of scarlet fever struck my
 neighborhood a number of
 children died, one sweet family
 lost three, then Mr Bargeune
 came to father said will you
 come dr. My children, I have Dr.
 from Walla Walla My children die
 you Dr. yours they get well.
 Father went he and a neighbor
 lady. I dont know just what
 they did, but the rest got well.
 then after a while they gave
 me the little dead girls clothes.
 also some of her play things
 it was a big moment in
 my life. the Bargeunes were very
 well off and my father was poor
 I never had such lovely
 dresses in my life and after they
 were worn out never had any
 that matched them, the next
 summer we had a big watermelon
 watermelon patch, some boys were
 stealing our watermelons, a lady
 was camped in a tent house near
 our house while her husband

worked for my father in
 harvest. Her nephew came to
 see her and said lets have
 some fun I will rap up in
 a sheet and scare the boys..
 It was all in for it when
 the time came, all went well
 the boys were cleverly frightened
 away and he started back to
 the house. I just had one
 glance of the ghost began
 screaming and most went
 in to hysteria. my prank born
 amongst in me, I have never
 planned to frighten any one since.
 we had a neighbor a hot head
 German who became angry at father
 and I remember his abuse of father
 one day we were coming home
 from carpentering he came to his
 front gate with a shovel on his
 shoulder forward around his orchard
 fence almost a $\frac{1}{4}$ acre till we got
 to our fence at front of the
 black Smith shop his final words
 you dirty lazy lousy son of a tinker.
 Father never said a word to him.
 later Mr. Teven died of T.B. a neighbor
 ask his son a boy about 8 or 9 have

you a coffin for your father he
said coffin no he cant coff any
more he is dead. the next summer
when her crop of wheat was ready
to harvest she came to father and
said Mr Hamilton will you
harvest my crop I am not able
to get any one to do it and it
is all my children and I have to
live on. father for gave every thing
but we children remembered the
times she would go up on the
hill with a chicken and make
it squock throw it up in the
air an yell at the top of her
voice chicken for breakfast.
no one ever knew just what
she meant. but father for giveness
made the family's friends as long
as we lived there.

at 15 I appeared to be a mature young lady. United with the church, and my first bough appeared at a conf. meeting several miles away from home. My family had moved from Waitsburg to a farm on Union flat in Whitman Co. 4 miles from Endicott and 17 mi. from Colfax. There my schooling was postponed. for a year later a school district was formed between that and a few months in Endicott I finished the 8 grade I had wanted to be a teacher but father said he couldn't afford more school. then I wanted to be an actress but dad said no decent girl was an actress then I wanted to be a nurse the same answer by that time mother's health wasn't so good. She told one of my brothers when he wanted me to go home for a visit she said Helman. You might as well take the cook stove, how would we all eat if Effie went away. She is cook, work woman, ironer and general house keeper. I did all that milked cows, fed pigs but never

hold the garden but very little
 my sister Rena 8 years older was
 still at home part time she was
 a dressmaker and liked garden
 an sewing but not cooking or
 dish washing, sewing and fancy
 work she love. also loved to tease
 me about ^{red them} any dates, opened my
 love letters ^{red them} before she gave them
 to me. until I ditched my
 first boy friend a nice
 religious boy whos heart was
 broken. so was mine. but I
 couldnt take the jokes she pulled
 but hearts heal and a good thing
 so did mine but I never found a
 man who loved the same things
 dear to my heart as the first
 boy friend. my heart mended as all
 hearts do.

where^{he} put up a shop shad
 the farmers horses, sharpened
 their plows, fixed wagons
 made sleds and so on.
 Comfisted the brewed hop, bury
 their dead married their sons
 and daughters, as a young
 man had fought in the
 Umatilla Indian war at near
 the end of the war father and
 his bunch of volunteers took
 a chief and several Indians
 prisoner, as they were taking
 them to Portland on the
 boat the boys were having
 fun with the chief told him
 they were going to hang
 him he was badly frightened
 so father to make it complet
 fought the soldiers off saying
 he and the chief were tillcums
 (or friends) and to all apperances
 saved his life. Years after
 when my oldest brother was
 a small boy, the chief found
 where we lived, the dolls came
 to see him bought mother
 about 10 yards of red ribbon as
 a peace offering.

I believe it is fitting here to tell
 a little about my Parents Early life
 My Mothers name was Jane Sumpter
 Grandfather was related in some
 way to the man Fort Sumpter was
 named after while Grandfather
 was seeking gold in Calif in 49
 Grand mother and her three oldest
 girls my Mother the youngest stayed
 in Missouri, cut logs and built
 a room on to their house with
 open. farmed and made a living
 while Grandfather was seeking
 gold, which he never found in Calif
 returned and in 1850 the family
 crossed the Plains, Mother rode
 horseback all the way to Oregon
 where she met and married my
 Father who was a young black
 Smith he began his ministry
 a few years later preached for
 over 30 years never received a dollar
 for his services. he married about
 300 couples preached as many funerals
 always believing what Jesus
 said to his disciples when he sent them
 out and said freely ye have received
 freely give, help that others are.
 through life he was 72 years old when
 death took him.