

From

"HOME FOLKS"

Written by Eunice and Cart
for their children

*Typewritten for me
by Mrs. Helma Karlowski
Spokane, Wash.*

*OWC Crosby
Winchester, Colo*

Your great grandfather, Daniel Jackson, was married twice and each wife bore him three sons. The family lived in West Virginia, where there was a great division of sentiment during the Civil War and feeling ran very high, frequently dividing families. The three older boys, Dave, Bill and Ned, joined the Confederate army, while the younger brothers, your Grandfather, Hezekiah, and his two brothers, George (Uncle Charlie's father) and Len, became Union soldiers. Your grandfather said he never went into battle that he did not pray he would not meet one of his older brothers in the enemy lines. He never did, though his half-brother, Dave, was killed fighting against the Union Soldiers.

Your grandfather, Hez Jackson, married Maria Jane Hartshorn and they lived in Jackson County, West Virginia. Their first child, Jacob, died just three weeks before the birth of the second, John Newton. About a year later, Dan was born shortly before Father Jackson went to the army during the war between the States. He was in the Infantry of West Virginia and was in 21 major battles besides many skirmishes. He was wounded lightly three times. Your grandmother had one brother, Will Hartshorn, who died while in the Union army during that war but he was not killed in battle. One report was that a personal enemy put mercury in his food and caused his death.

When Father went to the army, Mother Jackson lived in a small home in the woods with her little family. She had a cow that helped out with the food problem. A soldier's salary then was thirteen dollars a month and he sent practically all of it to help her, but it wasn't much and life was pretty rugged even with what she was able to grow in the garden. It was lonely, too, and frequently she could hear wild animals in the woods all around at night. She was very brave and took good care of her children.

In 1863 your grandfather had a furlough and spent some time at home and in 1864 Avie was born.

Late in the war, Father Jackson was up in the front rank of his company shooting away at the enemy as hard as he could when all at once he noticed it was very quiet around him. He looked around and all his comrades had retreated, leaving him alone. He tried to get back to his lines, but was captured by the Confederate army and sent to Andersonville prison. The commander there seemed to try to torture his prisoners and their food was very poor. After practically starving them upon one occasion, he finally let them have salt fish to eat, then refused to give them water. There was a small stream running through the prison lot and the guards would shoot any of the prisoners who attempted to go to the stream. After several months he was released on an exchange of prisoners and allowed to go home. He went up the Ohio river on a boat, but when he reached home, he was so weak from the starvation in prison that his comrades had to carry him off the boat.

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It was 1866 when your grandfather returned from the war and resumed his farming. The family grew into a large one, new babies arriving with regularity in the following order: Simon, Carlton, Casto (who lived only four days), Sebastian, Della, Nannie, Katie, Samuel and Lonzo.

For a little while the family moved to a farm on the Ohio side in the big bend of the Ohio river, but most of the time they lived near Ravenswood, in West Virginia. Their farm was a good one with a well-built house and they raised all kinds of vegetables, fruit and nuts. They did not can fruit as we do now, but dried it and made butters and jellies; and put up vegetables and pickles by the barrel, and made barrels of sorgham molasses. When they made their fruit butters they cooked them in a big kettle in the yard.

They butchered from 12 to 14 hogs a year, and had a smoke house where they smoked the meat to preserve it. They rendered the lard in a huge kettle outdoors.

They had lots of company and some of their kinfolk were always visiting them. On Saturday, Mother Jackson would boil a ham, bake a dozen or more pies, dress half a dozen chickens, bake a big batch of bread, and get ready for the inevitable influx of Sunday visitors. They lived near the church and always attended. A great many people came considerable distance to the church, and neighbors would invite them to their homes for dinner so they could remain for the evening service. When the other people had asked those they wanted, your grandfather always watched to see who was not asked, then he would invite all the remaining ones home with him, whether it was two or twenty, and usually it was nearer the twenty than the two.

There was a family named Foster who lived near the Jacksons. In those days, neighbor women always came in to help at the birth of a baby, so when the time drew near for Sebas to arrive, old "Granny" Foster came over to help. She had been making her home with her son and his family, but after going to the Jackson's, they were so kind to her she just remained, for she had not been treated very kindly in her own son's home. She took charge of Cart, who was only three years old, and he was her special favorite all the years she was with them. She made such a fuss over him that the older children were quite jealous sometimes. She called him her little "Tootie Mouse". She was such a nice old lady and so clean about helping your grandma with the housework that the family liked her and just kept her with them for 14 years until they moved out to Kansas. She cried when she had to go back to her own people and all the Jacksons cried, too, because they had to leave "Granny" behind.

Mother Jackson was well trained in caring for the sick and knew a great deal about the use of herbs as medicine. Each year, the family would go to the woods and gather all kinds of herbs, which she dried and stored for use when illness came. Busy as she was with her own large family, she was always ready to help needy neighbors, and went near and far to minister to them when they were ill.

As the children grew large enough to assume responsibility, each was given his special little tasks in the Jackson family and required to do his part in the business of living. He was not only required to do his task, but to do it on time. When Cart and Sime were too small to work in the fields, they had chores at the house. There was a creek down the hill from where they lived and they carried water from it for washing and bathing. In the summertime, when the men came in from the fields in the evening, they always washed their feet. Cart and Sime had the job of carrying the "foot wash" water. Like any small boys, they neglected doing it one day and when their father was ready to wash his feet and found no water drawn, he called the culprits and sent them after it, although darkness had fallen. They went reluctantly and just as they dipped up the water, they saw an awful sight. A large object raised up and started after them. They dropped their pails and started to the house as fast as they could go.

Sime was ahead, and he kept running and shouting back: "Won, Tot, won! A big debil and a whole lot of little ones!" They had to cross a rail fence on the way and they scrambled to the top and just fell over it in nothing flat. The family heard them coming and came to meet them, and they were pale and out of breath, and told what they had seen. Their father took them back with him to find what had frightened them so, and it was a calf with white spots around its eyes, that got up and started toward them, and a mother cat and her kittens followed the calf. Many famous old mountain ghost stories were undoubtedly started in just this way, when nobody bothered to disprove the first "horrible sight" impression reported by frightened people.

Then there was Mr. Doolittle's cross ram. Mr. Doolittle was a neighbor of the Jackson family and his ram was kept in the pasture and it would chase anyone who entered the pasture. If the ram ever saw any boys in the pasture it would chase them out. One day Mr. Doolittle decided to break the ram of his bad habits. He got down behind a bank and was going to raise his head up and when the ram came at him, he would duck down and let it jump over him into a pool of water. He hid as planned and pretty soon raised his head up and the ram came at him as hard as it could run, so he dodged down and a weed got in his eye, making him jerk his head suddenly up again, just as the ram got there. It caught him full force, knocking him into the pool and he nearly drowned. The neighborhood boys were watching from a distance and the mishap looked awfully funny to them.

Another time Cart and Sebas were fishing in that same pool. Pretty soon the ram saw them and here he came after them as hard as he could run. The boys started for the fence, but the ram was gaining on them. Sebas, being smaller, could not run as fast as Cart, so Cart grabbed a big forked stick and stopped to fight the ram until Sebas could gain a little distance, then Cart, too, would run until the ram caught up with them again. Then he would stop and fight it again, until they finally reached the fence and Cart threw the stick at the ram and the boys went over that fence like a couple of squirrels.

Cart and Sebas both loved to fish and caught many fish in many places over the years. When the family lived in Ohio, Newt did a lot of fishing. One day he caught a catfish that weighed 100 pounds. He carried that fish home, and it was quite a ways. The fish's head was up on his shoulder and the tail dragged on the ground. Newt caught many fish, but that was the largest one.

In the fall of 1884 the Jackson family decided to go west, and moved out to Kansas. They sold their farm and part of their equipment and shipped the rest. When they were ready to start they felt that they were going practically to the "ends of the earth" so had better have a final visit with relatives in the east. They went from Ravenswood across the Ohio river by ferry and drove to the John Williamson home in Ohio. After a brief visit there they drove on to spend a night with Uncle Isaac Carlton, then went on to Cincinnati by boat. From Cincinnati they travelled by train towards the west. It was the first time the children had ever seen a train and they thought it was wonderful. At Kansas City they met a family named Walbright and all of them went on out to Minneapolis together. It was a great trip and they saw many wonderful things.

Father Jackson's brother, George, had already established his home on a farm near Minneapolis, so they went to his home and remained there until Father Jackson purchased his own farm four miles east of town.

When the family came west, Newt and Avie were married and both had families and homes of their own in West Virginia, so they did not come to Kansas with the family, and Dan remained in the east. All the rest, Father, Mother and eight children, came together and were soon established in their new home.

The next year, their enthusiastic letters about Kansas persuaded the others to come west. Newt, Ella and their little girl, Mollie, came first; but it wasn't long until Avie, Eli and their two children, George and Florence, followed. And pretty soon Dan also moved to Kansas, so the family was once more together.

In the winter of 1888 there was a terrible typhoid fever epidemic in Kansas and six of the Jackson family were ill. That winter, Cart sat up all night every other night from December 2 to April 8 to look after sick members of the family. On April 1 his little sister Katie, died of typhoid and on the 8th of that same month Della also died. The long strain of nursing had taken so much of Cart's strength that he became ill that summer and was sick for 64 weeks. The family moved to town that summer, though they still owned the farm.

Dan had left his sweetheart, Mattie McConnell, in West Virginia when he came to Kansas, so in the spring of 1889, he sent for her and they were married that May. In August of that same

year Dan died, but Mattie made her home in Kansas among the Jacksons for the rest of her life and was one of the most dearly beloved members of the family.

I will tell you now of a very strange thing. After your Uncle Dan died, Grandma Gage brought a lady to see Mother Jackson. The lady had a large goiter. Mrs. Gage said they had heard that if one had a goiter and stroked the hand of a dead person over it three times, it would cure the goiter. She asked if they might try it, and Mother said they could. The woman took Dan's hand and stroked it across her throat and within a year her goiter was all gone, without any medication. After I had been married a few years I developed a goiter. Mattie told me about the woman who was cured in that mysterious way, so when Mr. Kreager died, Mattie and I went to their house and told Mrs. Kreager about the woman who was cured and asked if we might try it. I took hold of Mr. Kreager's hand and stroked it across my throat three times. That was 44 years ago and that goiter has never bothered me again in the least since then. I don't know why, but those are the facts.

One time, right in the midst of harvest, Mother Jackson developed toothache and her face became badly swollen. An old man stopped at their place and said he knew a man who could stop toothache if she would just send him word of her distress. Father Jackson went right over to see this "wonder man", a drive of several miles. The man said he would write her a "Toothache Recipe", so he sat down and wrote something on a small piece of paper. Then he folded it into a very small square and told Father to take it to her and have her wear it somewhere about her person, but she was not to read it nor to let anyone else read it. When he gave the "Recipe" to Father, he told him to ask her when her tooth had stopped aching. When Father reached home and asked her, she told him that it actually had stopped hurting suddenly, and she had noticed the time, which proved to be the very time the man had finished writing the "Recipe".

Later, Mother Jackson met that man and he taught her to write them. She wrote thousands of them during her lifetime. People for whom she had written the "Toothache Recipes" who moved away would write to her for them and, wherever they were, the tooth would stop aching the very same hour the "Recipe" was written. I know of one woman who, at various times, had "Recipes" written for eight teeth. Several years later she went to a dentist and he found that the nerve was dead in each of those eight teeth. One time Mr. Babcock had a very bad toothache. I told him about Grandma's "Toothache Recipes" and he went over to get one. He said he did not have a bit of faith in it, but he was in such agony he would try anything. His tooth immediately stopped aching. The next time he had toothache, he sent Cressie right over to see Grandma Jackson. She would never accept a cent of pay for doing this for people.

There was another thing she could do. She could stop bleeding. If anyone was hurt or had nosebleed and they could not stop it, if they would send word to Grandma, she would stop it in

less than five minutes. If an animal was hurt and bleeding from any cause, someone could go to her, tell what kind of animal it was, and she could cause the bleeding to stop. Mrs. Bronot had a nosebleed for three days and the doctors could not stop it. Mr. Atwell went to their house and heard of their trouble, and he said he would see Grandma Jackson right away. He did, and the bleeding stopped immediately. Don't ask me how she did it, or why the toothache "Recipes" worked. I don't know why, but I do know she could do those things.

In January of 1890, Father Jackson died, and Mother continued to live in the home in Minneapolis.

There were lots of weddings in the Jackson family in 1891. Sime married Lillian Stewart; Sebas married Almeda Crosby; and Nannie married Almeda's brother, Norman Crosby. They all established their homes in Minneapolis and had happy homes. Nannie died in 1900, leaving four little boys for Norman to raise.

Cart and Eunice were married October 3, 1896. Sam never married, but remained at home with Mother Jackson and took care of her as long as she lived. Lon married Etha Trent in 1904 and later moved to Colorado where he established another home and another family. After Grandma passed away in 1917, Sam also moved to Colorado.