

## Mary Louise Campbell Southwick

### Preface

When the 151st session of the worldwide conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints came to a close, I reluctantly turned the television off. The words of the Prophet and the others who spoke, had made such an impression on me, their testimonies about families and life history had ignited my own feelings.

I couldn't get my mother out of my mind. She didn't write her history before she passed away, that was twenty-three years ago, on 16 March 1958. A desire came over me to write her story to the best of my knowledge from memory and stories that were handed down through the family. I'll not be giving documentation of events of her life as most of this history is from memory. Thanks to my brothers for sharing their memory of her with me.

Ralph Southwick

April 5, 1981

Mary Louise Campbell was the first child to Warren Campbell and Mary Eliza White Campbell. Born 9 December, 1885 in North Ogden, Weber, Utah. Sealed to her parents on 23 June 1886. As she grew up a lot of the responsibility rested on her to help bring up her brothers and sisters, twelve of them. She told us that her father was very strict with his children.

She spent most of her life in Liberty, Weber County, Utah. All of her schooling was there. It was at school where she met her sweetheart, who later became her husband and she became his helpmate for life here, and his eternal wife forever.

It all started when William Isacc Southwick help up his slate and asked her if she would life to go sleigh riding with him. She quickly nodded yes. She was fourteen years old at the time.

At eighteen, she was five feet one inch tall with dark hair and gray eyes, which changed color with what she wore. In January, Will and Louise went to Salt Lake to get married. They were all alone and had to stay overnight before doing to the Temple. She told my father to get two bedrooms, she wanted to go to the House of the Lord with a clear conscience. And this principle she taught her children through-out her life.

Her first baby was a girl, they named her Veda. Little Veda died soon after her birth. Then five boys came along as years passed. She longed for a daughter so bad. She was very happy and grateful when the Lord blessed her with a baby girl. They gave her the name of LaVene.

The people who lived in Liberty during the 1900's did without most of the conveniences we enjoy today. Mother had no bathroom in her home until late in her life. She carried water in two buckets from a ditch which led on or flowed into the corral where we kept the cows. All the water we used in the house had to be carried in by her or her family. I can see very vividly the copper boiler on the stove. It was there every Monday morning to heat water to wash the clothes for all of

us. A good lot of them were scrubbed on an old'n time washboard until father bought a gas power Maytag washer, sometimes it would quite in the middle of the wash. The water was carried in, and carried out. We had to bath in a tin tub to get cleaned up before going anywhere.

I remember, as the family was growing up, she would bake 4 or 5 loaves of bread almost everyday. I remember the 2 quart bottle she kept on the warming oven with the yeast starter in it, she would add potato water to keep it alive.

She had many hardships to endure. Like milking the cows and doing the rest of the chores when Will was late coming home. She could milk faster then most men. She was very efficient and a very good manager. I very seldom found her home in a mess. She would get up in the dark of the night and could put her hand on most anything she wanted or needed.

She had to walk everywhere she went or she would hook old Queen, her favorite horse, to a buggy. She loved Queen. She would tell the story of a visit to North Ogden to see her parents. To get there you had to climb over a high canyon road. It was a very steep road between Liberty and North Ogden. As she was coming home with a young baby late one afternoon, a wolf started to follow her. Old Queen knew it also, but the road was so steep Queen could only go so fast. At one time, the wolf came so close, mother struck at it with the whip. Queen was wringing wet when they reached the top, but she took off for home as fast as she could go. Queen lost the wolf and the safety of home felt very good that evening.

As her family grew, to help feed them, she saw to it that a good garden and berries were planted. It required a lot of attention, and most of the work was done by her. Her gardens were some of the best in the valley. She made the statement that a garden had to see your face everyday.

Cows were milked night and morning. The milk was run through a separator, turned by hand, to get the cream which she churned into butter. The separator had to be washed twice a day. She took the butter to the country store to trade for necessary staples. She raised chickens for eggs and meat. She made it a practice to care for the chickens the same time everyday.

Our home was the last house at the North-end of the valley, known as North Fork. It was three miles from the country store, church and school. To Ogden, where she did her shopping it was 20 miles. For most of her life, this distance was traveled by horse and buggy or wagon.

When she went shopping and took us kinds, dad and mother would take us to the Senate Cafe on 25th street to eat dinner. We thoroughly enjoyed eating the small oyster crackers. She also loved to buy an ice cream soda.

Our home became to small for her family so dad went to Ogden to get the material to build onto our home. When he came back he had a lot of lumber sticking out of the back of a new model T Ford, (mother felt we couldn't afford it.) As mother came out of the house wiping the tears away from her eyes on her apron ties, two or three of her sister-in-laws were there, and they made the statement if our husbands would but them a new car they wouldn't cry.

She was a faithful worker in the church. She was secretary in the mutual when married. The first meeting she attended and read the minutes, she got confused and said by "me" instead of Louise Southwick. She served many years in the Primary and the Relief Society. At one time, she taught a difficult class of boys. Trail Builders, she gained their confidence and they loved her very much. She never had a drivers license. She did drive the car once to Relief Society, but that was the only time I knew of her driving.

Mother's kitchen was clean, the floors were always swept and clean. When we moved to Montana the log house we lived in had a dirt floor. Mother swept it and kept it clean. It was never offensive to us. She helped to thin the beets while we lived in Montana.

She enjoyed camping and loved to cook she mountain trout we caught. She really was efficient in preparing a picnic. I have eaten dandelion greens in a salad which she made, and it tasted good.

When Memorial Day came along, it was too early for the tame flowers to be out in bloom, so mother would send us out in the hills. Especially to the Ricky Hill for indian paintbrushes, bluebells, curly-heads, sweetpeas, choke cherry blossoms, larkspur and newberry bush for greenery. Even the yellow scent flower. We all enjoyed making the bouquets to take to the cemetery.

Mother had a lot of courage. One dark night she, Raymond and Dale were the only ones home. when in the middle of the night they would hear something groaning outside. So mother took Raymond and Dale, who were very small, outside with her into the dark to see what it was that needed help. It turned out to be a calf. It had fallen through the roof of the cellar where we kept our fruit, potatoes, squash, cabbage, carrots, and other food for the winter. It had a broken back, so mother had to cut it's throat to get it out of it's misery.

She was very proud of her children, Earl, Lee, Harold, Ralph, LaVene, Verlon, Raymond and Dale. When we were all big enough to go out to dances and parties, she said the one thing I can do is to pray to the Lord to keep them safe, and from temptation. She would pray for her husband's safe return home. This she did many, many times.

I'm sure she felt her prayers had been answered when all of her children picked their mate, they were all married in the temple.

Once when all of us came home for dinner, on that particular occasion, we were standing around her in a circle. She turned around and couldn't see out. She said, "I feel like I'm standing in the middle of a forest."

As years went by, they moved from Liberty to Ogden on Harrison Blvd. Mother and Dad were all alone now. It was here that mother learned she had diabetes. real change followed. She weighed her food and was so careful with what she eat. She learned to test her urine for sugar, and then gave herself the right amount of insulin by using a hypodermic needle.

Her health never was too good from then on. While living here she saw a beautiful mirror. She liked it and felt it was worth working for, so she walked from Harrison to Fivepoints to a

canning factory to peel tomatoes so she could but it. Phyllis and I took her down to buy it I have it in our home to this day. It is the only thing I have of mother's. I love and cherish it.

In 1948, Dad, Earl, Lee, Harold, myself, Verlon, and Raymond owned a sawmill. We pulled up stakes and moved it to Willits, California. Mother had to put up with living in a tent until she could move into a small home by the mill. But her tent home was clean, and straight, and very homey. Mother endured many things and never complained. She always gave her best.

As I mentioned, mother always had her chickens. In Willits, she had an old red rooster that loved to chase the grandchildren, any time it could. But most particularly, as they hurried by to catch the school bus. The grandchildren complained loudly, their dads chuckled and watched, and the old red rooster crowed a greeting at many a sunrise. Until one afternoon he made the terrible mistake of hitting mother. The, the old red rooster came up missing. The dads had to do without their morning chuckles, but the grandchildren were happy.

It was here she spent some of the best years of her life. By our success in the mill se was able to save some money, and to have some of her own. there was nothing dad liked better than a new car. Mom said, "we have enough money to buy it now." So mother and dad, Phyllis and I, Raymond and Ruby, took them to San Francisco where they found the one they liked. The salesman gave her the figure of the difference between their old car, and the new one. Mother took Phyllis and Ruby to the lady's room, to get the money. She had it in pockets in her petticoat. They came back, she counted out the amount. The salesman was surprised to have such a cash deal. The final papers were written up, and the sales tax was yet to be paid. Mother said, "well come on girls, we'll have to go back to the dressing room." I'll bet the salesman has never forgotten that incident.

In a year or so dad retired, and they moved back to Ogden and built a new home. They come out to see us in Willits at Christmas time. Mother came down with a blood clot in her leg. She suffered with it while they drove back home, and to the hospital. It was so bad the doctors had to amputate it above the knee. She felt so bad. Her father had the same thing happen to him, and mother was always afraid it would someday be her lot too. She never got around again, and after several months of suffering severely, she passed away on the 16th of March 1958.

We all loved her very dearly. but I love the words of my father as he spoke of her. "She was a loyal sweet companion, taking over her responsibilities as wife and mother with great capability."

"Her influence has planted in my soul a respect for all women as the greatest gift to man of all creation of life. My Soul has been blessed with complete satisfaction, love, and respect for that gift, a wife, a mate, and a sweetheart." These words were written by her husband after her passing. Their's was a marriage of 54 years.