

TAMAR LOADER RICKS

Barbara Redd MacPhee

-from a conversation with Aunt Nellie Smellie Murdock when she visited in my home with Mom and I.

She (Tamar) had an egg and toast for breakfast. Didn't eat until the children had gone to school. Then mother fixed for me and for Grandma Tamar. Irene worked in the store in Rexburg and lived with Tamar.

After she was too old, she went to stay with her daughter, Sarah Ellen Dalling at Sugar City.

She had her room with potbelly stove. John Dalling came early and set the fire in the stove and she would dress and come for breakfast.

She would come, when we lived in Salt Lake City, and stay with us. She stayed with us at Rexburg also. Sometimes I slept with her. Grandma didn't like to stay alone.

She used to collect neckties to make "biscuit pillows," out of these. She sewed squares from the fabric of the ties, which would puff up.

She always wore a night cap, ruffled and tied on the side, like a baby bonnet.

I used to take eggs from, our chickens, over to Grandma's. Our house was of rock when I was young. Then, when we came back from Canada it was frame. There were two alike, ours and Sister Lillundquist's.

Grandma read "Black Beauty," to me. I cried when they whipped him so he would go up the hill.

Grandma never had electric lights in her house, but she kept the kerosene lamps shined brightly.

One night, Mother, Mabel and Ruth were going to a concert at the Rexburg Tabernacle. They sent me ahead with a bucket of eggs for

Grandma. Grandma was not home so I went on into the concert with my bucket of eggs. Mother was so “plagued.” She shoved that bucket of eggs under the seat and I never saw them again.

Grandma always had a feather bed. It was so deep that when I got into it I was way down so far I couldn’t see out. She would take a broom and beat the ticks to fluff them up.

We were living in Salt Lake City when Grandma died. Only Mother came to the funeral.

I have a photo of Grandma Tamar and all of her sisters.