

# Myrtle Irene Hull Carney

## 1899-1987

Written by Myrtle Hull Carney,  
Compiled by LuJuanna White Carney in 2003

I was born in Hooper, Utah in a three room log cabin the cold winter day of 18 December 1899. My parents were Thomas Hull III and Mary Ann Flueitt.

I had a very active life, never a dull moment; there was always something to do to keep busy. I had two brothers, Joe and Harvey, and four sisters, Clara, Loreta, Elnora and Bertha. Our house was built in a pasture close to the main road of travel. My father would stack hay at the north side of the house. I thought it a lot of fun to get on top of the hay and romp around. Sometimes we didn't have enough beds to sleep in so my mother would make beds for us on sacks of grain that was stacked in one corner of the room.

At six years of age, I started school. The school was called "the old North School;" it was a one room building, as far as I can remember. All the grades were in one room. The school house was built on the southwest corner of a road, about a mile from my home. I walked to school with my sisters, Nora, Loreta, and brother Harvey, over a sandy road. I cannot remember my brother Joe and older sister Clara ever going to the same school, as they were much older. I do remember that Joe didn't like school, and didn't go very often. He would always have some excuse to get out of going and would stay home. He only went about as far as the sixth grade.

It wasn't long after I started my schooling experience that the old North School House was torn down and a new brick building built in the town of Hooper, further from where I lived about two miles, or so away. We now had to get to the new school building by way of a covered wagon called the "School Wagon". We would walk to the corner of our property and watch for the driver of the School Wagon to pick us up. A lot of the time he would be late. We would tire of waiting and start out for school, wading through the deepest snow we could find, reaching the school before the wagon did.

Sometimes in the winter, Dad would take us to school on a bobsled. I found school to be easy, passing by the 3rd grade onto the 4th. I did find the 7th grade to be rather hard, but persevered and conquered it as well. After several years, when I was older, Dad decided to build a new house further up the road on the southeast corner of our old house, still on sandy ground. It was a nice brick house with one bedroom, a parlor, living room, and dining room, which we used for a kitchen. We also had a pantry and later a back room or porch was added to the east side of the house, which we then used for a kitchen.

I loved animals and hated to see them hurt or sick. My mother raised chickens, which were always around our yard pecking around for extra food. One time one of the young ones somehow broke his leg; I caught it and rubbed the leg with some red liniment, which we always kept for emergencies. I made two splints from a piece of wood, and took a piece of cloth and wrapped it around the chicken's leg. Every once in awhile I would remove the splints and check the leg. In a few weeks, the chicken was able to walk again. I don't know what happened to the chicken, probably we cooked him for dinner. However, I now had the incentive to want to become a nurse.

Farm life was a good life, I found it interesting to see things grow, but, along with it, went hard work. At about nine years of age, I learned to thin beets, the same as my older sisters did. My dad believed in everyone learning how to work on the farm. Even though I didn't like it very much, it kept us out of mischief. Besides thinning beets, there was hoeing, picking tomatoes, cutting and piling hay, picking berries, and milking cows (we had a large herd of cows). We also had an orchard with apples, peaches, plums, pears and apricots. Mother raised some dewberries that were very hard to pick. She would say, "Myrtle, if you will pick them you can have the money that you get from them." I was tickled to get some money, so I got busy. I had to wear kid gloves, but the thorns still came through just the same. I liked to be out in the watermelon patch and sometimes I would rob a whole melon to eat for myself, though, not a very big one. When I was about 14 years old I worked in a canning factory in

Hooper and Roy, peeling tomatoes for 25 cents a tub. After the tomatoes, I worked in the peas sorting out the bad ones from the good. One time my nephew, John Kaufman, and I contracted several acres of beets to thin and hoe. It was hard and tiring work, but I liked earning my own money to buy the things I needed, which my parents couldn't always afford, especially if I wanted a new dress or shoes for special occasions such as the 4th of July. Sometimes my brother, Harvey, would get my sister Bertha and I to herd the cows for him while he sat under the willow trees and sewed doll clothes for our dolls. He made my graduation dress for me when I graduated from the eighth grade (I was 16 years old). I went onto High School in Ogden.

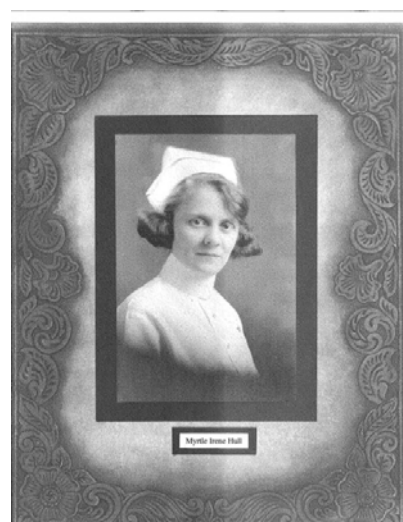
As we were growing up, I don't ever remember my Dad giving us a whipping, although sometimes we needed it. He believed that kids should obey their parents when first spoken to. We dared not to do what he said; we minded our parents. He would always say, "You heard what your Mother asked you to do" and that was all it would take for us to mind. I used to go with him to mend fences. I'd carry the hammer and nails for him, or the whetstone to sharpen the hoes or shovels. One time I was supposed to hold the barb wire up while he crawled under. Just as he was part way under, I lost hold of the wire and it threw him on his back; he didn't give me a whack he just told me "get back to the house, now."

Our transportation was a big old wagon pulled by our two horses, "Frank," an iron gray with big clumsy feet, and "Dahl," a nervous fiery horse, very touchy at the least word, especially from Dad, as she didn't like him, and he didn't like her, either. When she acted up he would always give her a swat on the rump, and she would blaze away on him. One day when he entered the barn, she kicked him and knocked him clear out the barn door. He was unconscious for about 30 minutes. She didn't have shoes on, or I suppose he would've been killed. It was in that big old wagon that we took our load of grain into Ogden to be ground into flour for the winter. Some years later my brother, Joe, bought a new buggy. By then we had another horse, called "Billy." We used him to

pull the buggy. My sister Bertha and I liked going to Ogden in the buggy. While we did our shopping we would park the horse in a feed stable. The caretaker was called a "Wheelwright" and he would unhitch the horse, water and feed him all at the cost of only 20 cents. Sometimes it was a dollar for all day, which was pretty cheap service in that day.

I used to help my Mother make cakes or mix bread. I helped her bottle our fruit and I learned many things by watching or helping her. She was a very good and kind mother. Anything we wanted, if it was possible, she would go without in order to see that we got what we needed. My mother would make us all wear long underwear with long cotton stockings, and flannel dresses with long sleeves. She made all of our dresses, as we could not afford to buy them. She was always so special to me. We all worked hard, and she did too.

The 4th and 24th of July were special holidays always celebrated at the Hooper Park where a parade and different sports, along with other activities, were planned by the Church. We always attended, taking with us a big lunch. I enjoyed the Pioneer Parade, the best of all, as the old timers would dress up in their pioneer style garb. My dad was in the parade a few times. He always had a beard and moustache which he never did shave off. He would trim it, at times, when it started to interfere with eating.



When I turned 19, I decided to take up Nurses Training. I went to Nursing School in Ogden. The

Hospital was very much in need of nurses. In the year I started school, an epidemic of Asian flu broke out; many people died. The hospital was full of sick people and I had many patients to care for. Beds were located everywhere, even in the basement, which was where the flu patients were kept in isolation. This flu epidemic was a harrowing experience for me. My younger sister, Bertha, contracted the flu, and because she had a small leak in her heart from birth, was bedridden for a month as requested by the doctor. Clara, my older sister, made my nurse's uniforms for me. The day I graduated, I was so proud of myself to be an RN. All the nurses in my class put on our white uniforms and white caps with the two black stripes, and marched downtown to the Tabernacle Building where the graduation exercises were held. All of us were proud of our accomplishment.

After the completion of the new L.D.S. Hospital, I was one of the first graduate nurses to work as a private nurse. Many times I was called out of town to nurse patients in their own homes. I worked on night duty as head nurse on night calls for emergency operations. (Note: It was said of her that she was one of the best nurses around, and was often called back by patients that she had nursed before, or recommended by others. She was the nurse for her dad when he was hospitalized with a broken hip, and continued to care for him at home prior to his death from this broken hip. )

My brother, Harvey, while working for the Union Pacific Railroad at Rogerson, Idaho, became good friends with a young man, Raymond Carney. Sometimes he would bring him to Ogden with him, when he came home, and would call me up and say "Can you get off duty, I have someone I want you to meet?" I would arrange to do so, or sometimes I just happened to be off duty. The three of us would spend the day at Lagoon, or maybe go dancing, or do some other kind of entertainment. One



evening at a dance in Twin Falls, Idaho, where I was nursing, Raymond sort of proposed to me. His exact words were, "I'm going to marry you." I was so happy and excited that I blurted out with the question, "When?" While continuing dancing he took out an envelope from his pocket; it held a pass from the Union Pacific Railroad Company for Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Carney to West Palm Beach, where he had been offered a job with a printing company that his brother Paul and a man named Clifford had gotten for him. He was granted a leave of absence from the railroad for 90 days, with the stipulation that if he didn't like it in Florida he could return to his old job with the railroad. Imagine my surprise. We weren't even married yet, he had barely sort of proposed and I thought he was taking a lot for granted. I now wasn't sure I liked the sound of being married after all. It took me awhile to realize that I really did want to be his wife. One day when he came again for a visit to Twin Falls, we went to the courthouse for a license, and as it was Saturday and they closed at noon, we found

the name of a Bishop of one of the Wards in Twin Falls by the name of Hammond. On the following Sunday morning, he came to the place of J. A. Timms, where I was staying, and we got married with them as our witnesses. We then packed what things we had and left for Florida, stopping in Idaho Falls to see Raymond's parents. We then travelled down to Hooper to see my mother and sisters (dad had already passed away) and onto Salt Lake City to see Clara, my oldest sister, and onto Bingham Canyon to see Madge, Raymond's sister. After saying our goodbyes to all the relatives, we were on the train to Florida. It took five days, and I caught a bad cold while traveling. Upon arriving in Florida we were met at the station by Clifford, who had a place for us to stay until we could find a place of our own. It was pouring down rain, which didn't help my cold any. In a couple of days we settled into our own one room apartment at a price of \$85.00 a month, which was a lot of money then. Each day we had breakfast in our apartment and ate evening meals out. I would meet Raymond after work and we'd go to a place called "Treker's Inn." They served a nice home cooked meal. I learned to eat grits and even got to like them.

After Raymond's ninety days leave of absence was up, we decided that we liked Florida well enough to stay. There were times when I was homesick for our families; there were so many bugs to deal with, and hurricanes like I have never seen before. Several months later we rented a house. We had to give it a thorough cleaning as there were so many little roaches; it looked like they were ready to carry the house away at any minute. I wanted to call it quits, but I didn't. Florida's weather was so nice we didn't need coats, only short sleeve shirts and blouses. Every evening when Raymond came home from work we put on our bathing suits and headed for the ocean. I learned to jump the big waves of

water. If I didn't, I would get washed out into the Atlantic, away from the beach permanently, as the waves were so powerful.

Raymond worked for a Printing Company called "Castlens & Irvins" and he also kept books for a millionaire called "Melford." He was very good at anything he undertook to do and was especially good in bookkeeping. I went on nursing cases in the homes of people who couldn't afford a Hospital stay. In 1927 a really bad Hurricane hit Miami so I volunteered with the Red Cross to help out. I wasn't supposed to receive any pay, but was surprised when I received a check in the mail for \$85.00. That was my first Hurricane experience, but, not my last. In 1928, another hit West Palm Beach; it was the worst ever recorded at that time.

In 1927, their first child was born, a son, Ray, Jr. Then in 1929 along came twins, Louis and Lona; all born in West Palm Beach, Florida. However, Florida was not to remain their home. One day they packed up their old Model T Ford and headed west, back to the home of their roots.

At Biloxi, Mississippi they had a car accident, their car rolled over with them in it. They were not badly hurt, and continued on their way none the worse for wear. After arriving back in Utah and getting reacquainted with Myrtle's family, they headed for Idaho Falls. They moved in with Raymond's parents for awhile. It was hard for Myrtle, as the two women in the home were quite headstrong. Such a small house with so many people, and Myrtle was sick some of the time. While living there she had several miscarriages, which saddened her greatly as she had a special love for children. Then Raymond got a job teaching school in Alpine, Wyoming. He was a good school teacher, liked by everyone. He had a knack for getting along with people, as did Myrtle. After a few years in Wyoming he was offered a teaching job at Bone,

Idaho, just east of Idaho Falls, upon the mountains. Good people surrounded them there: they had lots of friends, spent time recreating at playing cards, sledding, skiing and just enjoying life.



But, Raymond always wanted to farm so, in 1941, they moved back to Idaho Falls where he took over his parent's farm and added to it another 60 acres of land. They also bought a small house with a parcel of land from Earl Waddoups. As the kids grew up it, was too small for all of them; Ray Jr. and Louis slept out in the shed with their old dog. Lona slept in the bedroom with her parents and it didn't work out so well; she eventually moved into the house with her Grandma and Grandpa Carney, returning home only occasionally. In 1948 they built a bigger house. The kids all helped them, since, by this time, they were all grown. Ray Jr. and Lona never really lived in the new house. Myrtle really enjoyed her new house; she loved having a garden and beautiful flowers. She and Raymond worked hard to build up their ground to make it a success. They raised and sold strawberries and raspberries. They also had a herd of cows, and chickens, selling the eggs.

They did whatever was possible to earn for themselves a fine living.

In 1969 health problems began to plague Raymond and on September 26, 1969 he passed away. He was a great man, and was sorely missed by all the family, especially by Myrtle. She had a really hard time with his death, at first. She began spending a lot of time visiting her son Ray Jr. and his family, and Lona and her family; Louis and his family lived near her in Idaho Falls. She had 16 grandchildren (two of them passed away when infants). She always loved having her grandchildren around her. They were very special to her, and then when great-grandchildren came, her love just grew even greater for her posterity.

In her later years she suffered greatly with arthritis and she also had very bad headaches at times and failing eyesight. After suffering a stroke, Louis and LuJuanna moved into her home for a period of about 18 months, until Myrtle became restless, wanting her own space. The family looked in on her, from time to time, but soon realized she needed more help than what they could give her and moved her into the Lincoln Court Assisted Living Home. After being there for two weeks she became very ill. She wasn't able to eat properly, became dehydrated, came down with pneumonia and was then admitted into the hospital. On Sunday night, 6 December 1987, she passed away. She was a great lady, loved most people, and tried to live the best she knew how.