

Evelyn Tracy Smith Whitehead born May 19 1896

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Born May 19, 1896 at Yost Utah, daughter of David Samuel Tracy and Rebecca Harriet Tracy, the seventh of a family of thirteen. Six sons and seven daughters, two of them died while very young. Mary was 3 years old and died with scarlet fever. Nellie had spinal meningitis, she was 3 months old.

I lived with my parents until I was married at the age of 24. With the exception of one year I lived with my maternal grandmother at Lake Point when 10 years old. I went to school at Yost until I completed the elementary grades in 1913. I helped with the housework at home and also for friends and relatives when needed. I attended Sunday school, Primary, Religion class, M.I.A and Sacrament meeting quite regularly, also the social activities in the ward and some times in the neighboring wards. I was a teacher in Sunday school, Secretary of Primary, 1919-1924 and of the Sunday school, Assistant Bee Keeper in M.I.A., also a counselor of YWMIA for a short time. I married Morris A. Smith in the Salt Lake Temple May 12, 1920. We lived first in Malta, Idaho, 1 June 1920 for about 6 months then in Ogden from Oct. 1 until Feb. 1921. Moved back to Yost where our first son was born (Irvin) April 13, 1921, also our daughter Beatrice, Mar. 22, 1923. We moved to Unity, Idaho in 22 Sept. 1924 and lived there for 2 1/2 years, during which time Delsie was born. We worked on a farm for Mr. Hugh Jacobs. Then went back to Yost and bought a general merchandise store from my father. Also my husband became Postmaster and I his assistant.

While living in three small rooms in the rear of the store and post office four more sons came to bless our home; Verl, Owen, William (Billie) and Clarence. Owen died at the age of 4 months with bronchial pneumonia and was buried in the cemetery at Yost, Utah.

In 1933 we moved the store into a new building built for that purpose, just across the road from the church house. Also we moved into a new house built on the north side of the store. It was built of logs brought from the canyon by some of our customers and friends and was paid for with groceries from the store. These same men, two of whom were Charles Montgomery and Fred Gill, did the building with the help of my father David S. Tracy and my husband. It consisted of five rooms and a full basement and was stuccoed on the outside. We were very proud of our home and spent many happy hours there. Eugene the last of our family was born there. During these years my husband was called to be Bishop of the Yost Ward.

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I was set apart as 2nd Assistant to Sister Lula Mecham, who was Superintendent of the Primary Association that was 3 July 1938. I also was visiting teacher for the Relief Society with Sister Meacham as my partner and I enjoyed my work with her very much. I was appointed Supt. of Primary 6 November 1938. When Eugene was 5 years old we traded the store and home to Floyd Tracy and his mother Celesta Tracy for their farm, and moved into a very large two story house about a mile south of the store. Irvin enlisted in the Army that year and was in the service 5 years. He and Beatrice went to school in Brigham City prior to our moving to the farm and graduated from High School. Bea went to Brigham and stayed with her Uncle Alvin and Aunt Ann and worked at the Compton Picture Studio. Delsie also finished High School in Brigham and was married to Cleo Teeter, who was in the Army. He was sent to Germany and while there Delsie lived at home until her baby girl Jo Ann was older then she went to Ogden and worked at the Army Base there, (Bea had also gone there to work) until Cleo came home and they moved away.

Verl enlisted in the Navy in April 1945 and was stationed in San Diego for 13 months when he was called home to help with the farm work. My husband's health was failing and he was never well from then until his death. He was released from his position as Bishop and was set apart as a High Councilman. I was Second Counselor in the Relief Society for several years prior to leaving the Yost Ward, appointed 31 December 1946. Beatrice married Harold Durfee 14 February 1946 and moved to Almo, Idaho. Delsie and Cleo lived in Yost most of the following years. I was always so happy to be close to my daughters. They were such a help and comfort to me Bea came often to visit as did Delsie.

Irvin married Jean Yoder in Conway, South Carolina on 15 November 1944. They came to Utah in August 1947 and located in Ogden. He went to work at the Army Base at 2nd street where he has worked since. They also came home to visit as often as possible and we were always glad to have them come.

We were happy on the farm although times were rather hard, never enough money to pay the payments and have all the things we would have liked. The water was scarce after the first 2 or 3 years and the crops poor. Verl was married to Delma Kimber and moved to Ogden. The other three boys went to High School at Malta, Idaho, in the winter and worked on the farm and wherever they could get a job to help out during the summer.

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About 1944 I went to work as school lunch cook and I did the cooking for 2 or 3 years. Then Morris got the job of teaching the G.I. boys on the farm and I wasn't too well at that time so I quit my job. I think now that was a foolish thing as it was just a short time that Morris lost his job and his health grew worse. He died 23 October 1949.

Billie married Merna Carnahan, Dec. 1, 1949, they lived at home with Eugene and I for ?. Clarence went to work at the mine at Black Pine. Then Bill and Merna moved onto my Mother in Law's, Mother Taylor's farm, leaving Eugene and I alone. Bill still helped Eugene when he needed him but we could see we were just losing out so decided to lease the farm and both of us go to work. I got a job taking care of Mrs. Charles in Ogden, who was unable to leave her bed. I stayed with her from 1st of January until 15 March when I had a kidney stone attack that sent me to the hospital. Verl took me to the hospital and saw that I had the best of care. I had to have a kidney removed at that time. Verl also took me to his home when I was released until I was able to partly care for myself, then I stayed with Irvin, then Bill until I could get around by myself. Then I lived with Irvin and Jean until I went to keep house for Brother Mitchell. In the meantime I worked for a month at the Deseret Industries. That fall I went out to Almo and kept house for Louis Eames and his three girls, Joan, Sandra and Leslie. In the spring when school let out I went to Conner Creek and kept house for Brother Ottley during the summer. Then to Ogden and did house work and cared for Donna Best's 3 children, Kathy, Karen, and Ronny. When school let out and she no longer needed me I went back to Brother Ottley's but by this time Fred Whitehead and I had become close friends. I was there about three weeks when he pointed out to me that we were both facing a lonely life unless we did something about it so we were married 25 June 1957 and came to live in Salt Lake City.

Evelyn and Fred spent many happy years together, spending a lot of time with friends and acquaintances. Her granddaughters, Joan Teeter and DeeAnn Durfee both lived with her when they were working in Salt Lake. Evelyn developed a brain tumor. She was operated on but never did come out of the operation. She passed away on 26 April 1969. Her funeral was held in her Salt Lake City Ward and she was buried in Yost, Utah

A Testimony

When my baby boy Owen Thomas Smith was 4 months old my sister Ettie came home for Decoration Day. She was living in Asequa, Idaho at the time. We were making flowers and getting ready to go to the cemetery. A cold wind was blowing and my husband came to me and said he wished I wouldn't take the baby out in the cold. I didn't have anyone to leave him with and I didn't want to stay home so I disregarded his wishes and took him. I left him asleep in the car while we were out decorating the graves. The girls and their friends went into the car. The baby woke up and they unwrapped him to play with him. Someone rolled the window down and the cold wind blew in on him. That night he woke up crying. I thought maybe it was colic. I did what I could for him but he continued to get worse. We finally sent for Doctor Sater. When he came he said the baby had

bronchial pneumonia. He tried to save him but he died the 4th of June.

I believe if we listen to those holding the Priesthood we will do the right thing. I really think my husband was inspired to warn me to keep the baby home, as it wasn't usually his way to tell me what to do about the children that was usually my responsibility as he saw it...