

The following was written by Eva Bullock

I was born, of that fact I'm practically certain! Place, Bountiful, Utah. Time, April 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1895. Parents, Sara Ellen Easthope. Mother, William Scott, Father, a combination, which proved to be none too profitable either in the quality or quantity of its products.

My mother, bless her, full of dreams of escape from the dreary hardships of pioneer life in the early days on a small farm in Utah, walked the twenty five miles from Bountiful to Salt Lake City, a metropolis of probably three thousand souls, to obtain work in the city.

What work she obtained I do not know, but in the matter of a few weeks, She had met and married my father, a handsome and profligate member of an Irish immigrant family.

My mother, tall, raw boned, black haired and slender, carrying constantly a magnificent ease of inferiority, having no ambition, save that of wife and mother, and housekeeper, (she was a marvelously clean person, who was dirt's bitterest enemy), was the direct opposite of my egotistical, roaring, fighting, drunken (sorry) father.

My mother had been raised in a very poor, clean and strictly Latter Day Saint household. She had no knowledge of life other than that which she had encountered in the little village of Bountiful, where everyone she knew were of the same faith and practically the same background. So she was most certainly appalled to find herself married into a family who had no religion, few standards, no appreciable home life and not even a nodding acquaintance with the dear and treasured concepts of truth and beauty and lovely tranquility of the married life she had pictured all through her stark and deprived girlish days!

My mother had beautiful dark eyes, and I have so often seen a look of naked agony in them that when I was small I would run to her and pat her knee or place my arm protectingly around her shoulders! "Hail to you Mother Dear." I hope your tired feet are treading the flowery paths of Heaven, with not a stone to trip you, or a discordant note to mar the peace of your timeless sojourn!

The marriage didn't, as you can well imagine, last. My father objected to children and was harsh and unfeeling, if not actually cruel to my sister, Alice Leone, who preceded me into this world by two years and who has preceded me out of it by to date some 30 years!

I will not say any more about my father, (what I know is very little) except to say, I hope he has now repented, and that somewhere he gives a thought now and then to the two daughters he carelessly fathered and left to the tender mercies of a none too interested world!

Incidentally, my father was six foot two, dark hair and eyes, heavy boned, with prodigious strength. That's a lot of potential man to walk the earth with no manhood or scruple. Pardon the bitterness! Let me say here, before I leave the subject of my paternal ancestor, that never having been unlucky enough to come in contact with him, I fully and freely forgive him, and thank him for the gift of life he contributed with free and easy gusto no doubt!

He did visit my mother while she was convalescing after my birth, looked down at me unconcernedly and suggested I be called Eva. The one and only time he ever saw me.

So now to pleasanter things! Excuse me one moment! I do not know anything of my father's subsequent life or death, if it has occurred. I hope to be able to find and do work for his family and I promise that I shall do so. Let us hope that he was not representative of his family and that there are many worthy souls who have lived patient and serviceable lives worthy of pointing to with pride. Their blood boils and gurgles and runs hot and cold in my veins, and thinned considerable, I trust, in my children's and grandchildren's. (I have at the moment, genealogy of Scotts, who are excellent people, hope I can trace relationship).

My mother's father, John Easthope, was a little old Englishman of no appreciable distinction in appearance, but with the heart and soul of God's greatest noblemen! He stood about five foot five, was very stooped from long hours of child labor, and from the age of twenty was grey and later white, of beard and hair. His hair was curly and worn long, and my earliest recollections were of his gentle voice and hand, which guided and protected me in childhood. (My mother returned to her parent's home upon separating from her husband so my earliest childhood was associated with my grandparents). Grandfather, like so many gentle dreamy men, had not talent for making money. He loved to read, write and sing. He was self-taught as to schooling, never having had the opportunity to attend school, having worked in the cotton mills in England from the age of eight.

He loved to garden and always had a fine vegetable garden and lovely flowers. His favorite food was bread and butter (both homemade), radishes, watercress, young green onions and milk.

I can see him now, hair and beard snowy white, hair combed straight back from a high forehead, to fall in soft curls at his neck, his beard meticulously combed and parted, his small frame bent and slightly twisted (one shoulder was higher than the other, the result of having to stand in a twisted position operating a machine in the dark and unspeakably grim factories of early days in England), bending over a plate of homegrown vegetables in a small farm kitchen at home.

His clothes few, but constantly brushed and spotless, were nearly always homemade. My grandmother had no sewing machine, but sewed everything by hand.

His voice was gentle and low. He spoke rarely (both because with Grandma he couldn't get a word in edgewise and because he was naturally reticent), but sang and hummed a great deal. His favorite ejaculation was "Great Scott!" or "Oh dear!"

Chewing gum was a strictly American habit and was not to be tolerated by Well brought-up people.

I remember sweet corn was something unknown to their diet and he never would touch it. However, they had never made the acquaintance of the succulent and highly desirable sweet corn of our times. It had never been developed!

I remember he used to make a great fuss when he was "washing up", The wash basin used to sit on a low bench in the kitchen, together with the water pail, soap dish, hand brushes, etc. The towels (always spotless) hung on a nail beside a small mirror and as he began his ablutions, Grandma, like a fussy hen would rush

over and remove everything removable and Grandpa would proceed to really splash! Hair, beard, neck, ears, arms, etc. would receive a thorough wetting, lathering and rinsing, accompanied by a fierce snorting and blowing and grunting! I sometimes think it was his way of blowing off steam when driven to the point of desperation by Granny's nagging!

He would meticulously wipe everything up, walls, floor, shine the basin, hang the towels out to dry, polish the mirror. His snowy beard and hair would glisten like silver snow and the curls along the back of his neck would curl adorably. Simple, kindly dear old Grandpa, with his wonderful deep dark eyes and his self Taught hands that wrote such deep meaningful words in his diary!

I was thirteen when he died in 1908. He had been ill a long time with Bright's Disease. He couldn't lie down in bed, but sat day after day in an old fashioned platform rocker. His abdomen was so swollen that the pain was unbearable! The nearest doctors were 25 miles away and the hospital at Lethbridge over a hundred. So he sat and suffered silently, the only evidence of agony, the constant pat, pat, pat of his hand on the padded chair arm! They had a little two room home that he had built himself and the "front room" where he sat was also the bedroom. I can see it now. A shiny black coal heater in the center of the south wall, the bed covered with Grandma's quilts in the northwest corner. Huge chest (which they brought from England) in the northeast corner, and a "bin" as Granny called it in the northeast corner. The "bin" was used to store food, flour, sugar, raisins, beans, eggs, etc. It was painted an ugly red, and on its top except where the lid could be raised were souvenirs of Utah and of England and with neat doilies under. On the walls were family pictures. Gentlemen in long whiskers and sideburns, grim looking ladies with hair pulled tightly into a knot at the top of the head and mouths pulled down at the corners. Their stiff and brocaded silks were elaborately tucked and ruffled.

On a homemade shelf on the north wall over the bed was an eight day clock, with a charming bell-like tone. Often in my childhood, I have wakened from a troubled dream to be soothed by the mellow tick tock of the old English clock companionable and reassuring. What little cash my grandparents had was kept in a little drawer at the base of this clock.

It was here my Grandpa died. His gentle heart stilled and the pain forever left behind. He had been administered to many times and in one of these blessings he had been told he would live as long as he desired to.

I know that he had wanted for many years to return to Utah to see his second family and to do work for his dead in the temple. (There was no temple nearer than Salt Lake). He had hung on through months of suffering, hoping to be able to do those things, but one night, sitting in his chair, the household asleep, he must have whispered, "Take me, I am ready" and I, coming in from the sunlit fields next day, entered the darkened "living room", where my beloved Grandpa lay on a sheet draped table, a cloth dipped in a solution of carbolic acid and salt petre over his face, to prevent discoloration. To this day the smell of Lysol or carbolic acid brings back to me the desolation I felt then.

I hope that God has fenced a spot  
With richest soil somewhere  
And said to Grandpa, "Thanks a lot  
For the things you did down there!"  
"Take now this little garden place  
and plant these finest seeds  
And I will see that rain and sun  
are ample for your needs!"  
You never more need sweat and toil  
In weariness and pain,  
All heaven rejoices now dear son,  
That you are home again!"  
I see my Grandpa bending there  
His back is broad and straight  
He tends the flowers lovingly  
Beside a little gate.  
For Grandpa loved the simple things  
The minor ecstasies  
Would thrill his soul, for he was great  
God makes few men like these.