

History of Eunice Lettie Hickman Richardson

Daughter of George Washington Hickman and Lucy Ann Haws Hickman. Born August 29, 1865 at Salem, Utah. Died September 3, 1946.

When six months old moved to the lower ranch, the home now of Ren Stewart. Lived there till I was 4-5 years old, then moved east about 1 mile and built a log house with two rooms and a summer kitchen where we lived till I was 14. Father built a brick house. When you stop and think about it, it couldn't be done now.

Mother had 13 children and we lived in 3 rooms until the last one was born. The night we moved into our new home it was an exciting time as it was April and the plaster would not dry; father sat up 2 days and night to keep fire. It was wood and had to be replenished often. In building this house it often took all of us to help, I have stood on the ground and pitched brick to all those on the scaffolds or caught them as they were pitched to me. We were so thrilled at the getting of our new house we would have done most anything. A log house to this day is a nightmare. I have heard people say those log cabins look good. I just shudder knowing what mother had to do to keep one up. It was the days when everyone had to help in the hay, grain, and potatoes, same as boys. There was only one boy big enough to do much in our family. In the fall we worked in the fruit as we had a lot of it. We dried apples, peaches, plumbs. When I was 17, mother took the rest of the family and went to Provo and took the others to school. I stayed at home and kept house for father and took care of the fruit, dried apples, and helped father what I could.

My first school teacher was Mr. Hudson. He taught in Uncle Franklin Stewart's one room house. I believe it is still standing. It was fun for us to give a geography lesson to the older ones. I learned to sing the lesson. He would start with the state then the capital and on what river it was like: New York, Albany on the Hudson River, and made a real song of it. It made such an impression on me I never forgot it.

Some years we had only a few months of school. If teachers lived out of town they had to live around with the families a week at a time. Then the town built an adobe school room. We thought it was fine, but it proved to be so cold. The windows hadn't any casings and the wind would blow around them till we had to wear our coats or move to the stove. I wish you could look in our school room, it would be a scream now. The stove sat in the center of the room and was 3-4 feet high. We had to close school before night sometimes because it was so cold and we had no wood. The janitor's work was done by school children. Just to think of it makes me sneeze. Raise all the windows and start to sweeping. In a minute you could hardly see across the room. Then we would run out and have a little frolic till the dust settled and then try it again. I guess we didn't mind that we left to find the dust settled so thick the next morning, everyone dusted his own seat. It told for itself on our clothes. Our dances we thought could not be beat. Everyone was oh so friendly. If the musician wanted a change he would get up and dance while he fiddled. The same time if you stepped out of tune nobody knew the difference.

Eunice Stewart Harrison was teacher a long time. When the school needed firewood she would tell us to say wood to ourselves all the way home to remember it. It was no picnic to furnish wood for home and school. Parents had a task--there was no coal, so the school had to wait its turn. It would be a calamity now to say bring in an armload of wood for there is generally an argument when you bring in, say, a few cindlings.

Did we have mud to wade through, shoe top deep! Thank goodness if we had shoes we would have lost them in the mud. Our stockings were plastered. We would wait until they dried and then scrape the mud off.

They weren't silk, just good old home spun dyed knit by our parents. Church was held in the school house as well as dances and all other entertainments.

When we put on our theater stunts it was like looking backward. We didn't know anything about moving pictures, but I think we had the idea.

It wasn't a disgrace if a young man put a blanket behind his horse and took his girl for a ride or all get in a wagon and go on to the lake if we were lucky enough to have a spring seat. If not, standing was not forbidden.

We had not one blowout, flat tire, or ran out of gas. Oh, but the poor horses. Then it was father's turn to speak, but I don't think he was as sore as when his son comes home now saying "Daddy I have wrecked the car."

When I was 16 years old I went one year to the Brigham Young Academy.

I guess it never took because when I was 18 I thought I was old enough to get married. We lived with mother three years then moved to our own home. I thought it was so nice to have my own home and such a nice husband only it was so far from mother, with only one neighbor. I had been raised in a big family and I suffered but I learned to like it with my nine children I thought could not be better ones, and still think so. They are very good to me and not one gave me a sassy word. Now I am bragging.

They are: Milton, Leslie, Sterling, Othello, Genevieve, Weslie, Alton, Eunice.