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Title: **Book-40**
Provenance: **Provided by Bryant Randall Clark to the Ezra T. Clark Family Organization's "History Project"**
Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

I want to move into an area in mother's life that impressed me deeply and an influence which affected her life and indirectly, the lives of her children. I am an advocate of the adage that a person may not have picked his family, but the choice of his associates is his own. I think the people toward whom mother gravitated tells a great deal about her character, her philosophy and ideals. I have already mentioned Brigham H. Roberts who was a childhood play-mate and friend. I refer to him as a student and he was a scholar of the first order. He had a determination to get learning and he acquired it. Mother was proud of, and impressed by his determination to attend the University of Utah.

He lived in Centerville on the east side of town next to the hills while he and mother were young. B.H. Roberts and mother, and I suppose many others, would climb the mountain adjacent to their homes. The hills were rocky and steep and the children barefoot, but it must have been a time of happiness and achievement; certainly the experience left a fond memory for mother. She loved physical exercise and was proud that she could beat in a foot race, most or all of her competitors. I imagine the challenge of those steep hills was invigorating and left a sense of conquest.

To brother Roberts this conquest was symbolic of his life. I have referred to his determination to improve his mind. Mother told me more than once of the effort he put forth to attend school in Salt lake City. The Roberts family, I gathered, were quite poor as were most of the pioneer families. So in order to attend school and be respectable, on Sunday evening or Monday morning, he would wrap his shoes in a bundle with some food for the week and walk bare-foot or with his feet wrapped in burlap, as the weather dictated, into the city. The shoes were saved to wear to school. Rhoda remembers mother commenting that he would not let anyone come to small attic where he spent his nights during the week.

I want to mention one more of mother's childhood friends, a man who later became "Dr." Thomas and served for a time as President of the Univeristy of Utah. The following narration gives an insight as to the type of person he was. While I was attending Brigham Young University, Dr. Thomas was appointed President of the University of Utah. He visited B.Y.U. and was the guest speaker to the student body. He talked for about an hour or less and at the conclusion of his talk I had a different word than "talk" for his presentation. It was a presentation; he presented himself in no overly modest terms. When I went home to lunch I said to mother: "Well, I heard your friend, Dr. Thomas, speak today. What, she asked, were my impressions? "Well," I said, "I guess I've never listened to a man before who had such a good opinion of himself. That man has arrived."