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Title: **Book-49**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Antone Clark Files, also located at Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

realized that the price was marked plenty high. After doing his best in "jewing" the Jew down as far as he could, father took it by having him, "throw in a belt and a tie" free of charge. One thing father liked was good quality. It's a good thing for me that he did. Most of my "Sunday suits" were hand be downs. When Weston out grew a suit of clothes it was, in turn, handed down to Jasper and then to me.

Father was strict in his disciplining. He believed that to spare the rod would spoil the child. I respected him as a good and great man, and yet I feared him.

Father was a religious man, he had a good knowledge of the Gospel and he tried to live it. To him Sunday was a day of rest. It was a day to go to the Sunday meetings, to read good books, to write and to study.

Father planned most of his work in advance. In the early hours of the morning he would lay awake making plans in his mind, his daily plans as well as things in the future. With his large ranch and holdings it certainly took a lot of planning and organizing of his work.

He believed that a man should be earnestly engaged in some kind of productive work. Sometimes he may have carried it a little to the extreme, especially one day when we came in out of the hayfield tired and hungry. Dinner was not quite ready, he sent me out to cut wood while I was, "resting." I found that there was already a pile of cut wood out there. I really pulled a good one, I went out to the garden and helped myself to a treat in the pea patch and then carried an arm full of wood in.

It was not until after we moved to Farmington, in 1928, that I really came to know my father. His four sons, older than I, left home to finish their schooling. One was on a mission and another soon left on a mission. After that they got married and were off on their own. I stayed at home helping father for another five years until I finished school. I worked side by side with him in the fields pitching hay, milking cows, taking care of them and all the other work there was to do on the farm. I was amazed at how much work he could do for a man in his seventies.

As father grew older he mellowed. He become gentle, kind, loving and understanding. I came to know him as the man that he really was. Father has had a big influence in my life. I have tried to pattern my life somewhat like his. We both have at least one thing in common. It may have rubbed off him onto me, or it may be some of the Star Valley blood in me, we have both enjoyed raising cattle. For over forty five years I have been raising cattle as my "hobby." To this day I have a beautiful herd of Hereford beef cattle.

Sometimes when I look over my herd of cattle I am reminded of father, a man that raised cattle numbering into many thousands, a man with a grand noble character, a man I worked side by side with, a man I learned to truly love.

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