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Book on the Edward Barrett Clark Family

RULON W CLARK (M7W2)

"One is what he is because of his parentage and acestors, his environment, and the use of the opportunities afforded him. I am very proud and grateful to my wonderful father and mother and the lineage and heritage they gave me."

Thus began the autobiography of Rulon W Clark who was born January 17, 1893 at Farmington, Davis County, Utah, son of Edward Barrett and Wealthy Richards Clark. He was born and lived in the little house on the northwest corner of Main and First North Streets until eight years old, when the family moved into the Ezra T, Clark family home at 368 West State Street, Farmington, Utah. State Street was then called "Clark Alley" as everyone living on the street west of the Bamberger track (Second West) were members of the Clark family except John Tuck who had come from England and who had worked for Grandfather Ezra T. and then for Rulon's Father until he died.

Grandfather Ezra T. was particularly fond of boys. It was said that every time a boy was born in the family he would rub his hands together and say that another $1,000 entered into the Clark family. He must have liked boys so much because of the necessity for men to work and produce on the farm for survival. Rulon's Father taught his boys to work and of necessity they worked hard. For example, during the hay pasture, drove the horses home, harnessed and fed them, went to breakfast and started to work in the hay at seven o'clock. They stopped at noon and while the men were washing and resting the boys unhitched, watered and fed the horses then hurridly ate their dinner, hitched the horses back on the wagon so they could go back to work at one o'clock. At six o'clock they quit work and the boys had to unharness the horses, take them to the pasture, drive the cows home, milk them and take care of the chores.

Even though they had to work hard, they still had time for play. In the evening, they often played kick the can, pitch the picket, run sheep run, and follow the leader which sometimes included daring each other to perform acts of "bravery" which fortunately everyone survived. Marbles, foot-races, baseball and foot-and-a-half were favorite school games.

Often after work the boys would go down to the Big Creek which was north of the Clark place, and swim in the old swimming hole. They had put a dam across the creek to back up the water so it was deep enough to swim. Most of the children learned to swim when the older boys would take them by the hands and feet and at the count of three throw them out into the pool, and they had to swim to get out. Rulon learned to swim by the time he was eight.

From the time Rulon was sixteen years of age, and as long as he remained at home, it was his job to haul a load of hay each Saturday to Salt Lake City to sell. During the winter and after rainstorms the dirt roads became very muddy and it was necessary to take three of four horses to pull a load of hay to town. There were no paved roads and over when he hit one of the bad ruts and he would have to get somebody to help him load it back onto the wagon. It usually took four or five hours to drive into Salt Lake and three or four hours to go home,

depending on the condition of the roads, During the cold winter days it was very trying to sit on the load of hay without getting off to exercise and get warm. On one occasion he got so cold going home, he had to be lifted from the wagon and carried in-to the house to get warm.