kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/173264

Title: **Book-27**
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:

Part Two: Pertinent comments written by Walter but not actually included in his Memoirs.

Father taught school in Centerville; mother was one of his pupils. They were married April 2, 1885. I am the eldest child; I was born May 31, 1889, at Farmington, Utah. Mother soon went to Nephi and later to Georgetown where she arrived April 20, 1893. Father was foreman for Ezra T. Clark and Sons. In the Spring of the year he would bring the cattle to Georgetown for the summer and then returned to Farmington to supervise the putting up of the hay. In the Fall he would come back to Georgetown and trail the cattle back for Winter.

Father and four of his brothers had taken turns living on the ranch. Uncle Wilford had supervision of the Georgetown property, but the year mother came he moved to Montpelier. From then until my marriage in 120, mother lived on the ranch and did considerable cooking for hired men. Woodruff, Uncle Wilford's oldest son, three years my senior, stayed with us during the week days in the Summer.

Mother was exceedingly independent and was willing to make the most of circumstances. There were many acres of land in the ranch but it was producing very little. We had not fruit, berries, perennial garden plants, and very little or no garden. When we did not have hired men our diet was mostly milk: mush and milk for breakfast, milk gravey and potatoes and milk custard for dinner, with bread and milk for supper. Father did bring dried apples and peaches and maybe a five gallon can of honey or molasses from Utah. At the time I did not realize we were in poverty.

Later, when I was councilor to Harrison P. Tippitts, he took mother to a Montpelier restaurant. I recall her saying that that was her first meal in a restaurant. When Bryant, her youngest child was married, she came back to Georgetown from Salt Lake with them. They stopped at a hotel--her first hotel. Her's was indeed, a pioneer life.

In her latter years she believed that her children, excepting me, might have been stronger under a more favorable environment. All her life she followed the same ridged economy in order to help her children through school.

My father was only nineteen years of age when he married his childhood sweetheart in September 1977. They were not immediately blessed with children. His wife was promised in a blessing that she would be the mother of children. It was reported to me by my relatives of Aunt Wealthy, a report confirmed by Father's brother Wilford, that Aunt Wealthy was told that if she