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the new quorum. I knew very few people in the ward, so I chose Herman Paulsen, a builder, and Ray Dean, another builder, as counselors. We got along fine and soon the competition produced an attendance of 60-80 total each Sunday. We hopefully did a little good and had a wonderful time. I had previously been in the presidency of several quorums, so it was not all new.

Also while living here I worked on the Idaho Falls temple for about a year. I started about the time they were ready to lay the cornerstone. President McKay and President Clark and others were there for the occasion. We would leave Salt Lake on Sunday afternoon for Idaho Falls, work five days, and return Friday evening. Stan Child was the boss. Alvin Ridges and I set the stone, largely, and Bill Shell was the scaffold builder and all-around handyman. The rest of the crew were hired locally. It was a good job. Everyone was friendly and pleasant. We took turns driving our cars.

In spring of '42 we bought a farm of seventy acres: 40 of plow land and 30 acres wet pasture. Fire brick house, coops, barn, a thousand chickens, a cow, horse, etc. at 5890 West 3500 South. We sold our home and moved again (Hunter). I had always thought I would like to live on the land.

With high wages and lots of work I could hardly afford to spend my time on the farm. I kept on laying brick and let someone else farm the land on shares. I was away working one day in the spring. There was a good-size ditch in front of the place. Rod and David were playing on the culvert to our driveway. They had turned the first water of the season in the ditch without any notice. David, about 6 years old, went to the rear of the house and told his mother that "Rod was in the water."

Daisy ran out there and Rod was nowhere in sight. Dave pointed to the culvert and said Rod was in there. The culvert was about 2 1/2 feet wide and 2 1/2 feet high and was full to about an inch of the top. While she was deciding whether to try to go through the culvert, a car came along. She ran out and stopped the car and the three fellows ran over there just as Rod came floating out face down. They revived him OK and he was put to bed to keep warm. A close call. Too close.

Daisy did not like the house to begin with. We had moved out of a new house to this one 20 years old and the first evening there she sat on a chair and cried.

Soon I was working on the Bushnell Hospital in Brigham City and was home only on weekends. The pump that supplied our water was erratic and often out of order and the chickens would be out of water. Daisy was sure disgusted.

We built a nice new house about a hundred feet west and moved in there. Then we sold the older house and sixty acres for a little more than we paid for the seventy acres.

Early in 1945 I made a deal with Bill Treasure. He was operating our service station at Rigby for Sinclair Oil. He wanted a repair garage in connection with the station. I obtained permission from Sinclair to build the garage on ground I had not leased to them which joined the station. There had been

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