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Title: **Book-34**
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 have referred to Alfred Randall as being a large man and now shall refer to Margaret Harley Randall, his second wife, as being quite small. In my mind's eye I see a striking contrast when they were together. Not all the Randalls reflect the image of their male progenitor. Although I remember seeing all of grandmother's children, I only knew three of them well after I was more than a child, but my recollections of them are as follows: the two boys, Orrin Harley Randall Melvin Harley Randall, I remember as being fairly tall and angular and very imposing, much like the description I have had of their father. Orrin was probably taller than Melvin. The girls were, in order of age: Mary Elizabeth (Wooley) whom I remember as being small like her mother, Margaret Ellen (Baird) who was a little above average in height and grew to be only slightly heavy as she grew older, Thurse Amelia (Tingey) who was perhaps a little taller and more slender than Ellen, Alice (Clark) who was on the small side being about five feet five inches tall, and not heavy at all, and Emily (Richards) who was also on the small side definitely slender.

When mother was a child the Randalls, like so many Mormon families, were very poor (although I suppose not poorer than most others) so grandmother reared her family on a very meager income which once, or maybe more than once, was down to a starvation level. Alfred Randall is referred to as having been a good provider and it is easy to find references to the good table for which his wife Margaret was known, but these facts do not prelude occasional period of insufficiency. Mother told me of those trying times and how, when they sat down to eat, it was to eat one thing; if they had turnips, the meal was turnips they had corn it was only corn, and if they had bread and milk it was just bread and milk.

At one time while mother was quite young, she would ask to take her bread and milk outside to sit on the door step. One day her mother discovered that she was feeding part of her meal to a snake which stuck it's head up through a hole in the stoop. One can imagine the consternation; this might well have been a rattler.

Grandmother's home was in the east part of Centerville, Utah, up near the mountain. It faced south, or at least there was a door opening to the south, and when the sun shining through the open door made shadows along the cracks formed by the floor boards, it was twelve o'clock. "That was our only clock", mother observed. "When I moved to another house the time of day was confusing." This can well be understood because the streets and the houses in Georgetown were laid out parallel and at right angles to the creeks passing through the town, with the result that the streets assumed to be running north and south were about sixteen degrees off.