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Title: **Book-45**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Antone Clark Files, also located at Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:



milked and father would return and commute daily to feed a few hundred head of cattle at the ranch and haul a load of had to feed the cows in Afton.

In the heavy winter time I, with one of my brothers, would meet father's arrival, always after dark and often late in the evening - he with icicles hanging from his full beard. We would relieve him and unload the hay and stable the horses. This action plan continued for four years after which I spent six months at Utah State University, then relieved Father in March in feeding the cattle and hauling hay, thus making it possible for him to "go below," the family expression for Farmington.

Following this, I left for a mission and the family moved first to Logan and then to Farmington.

When I was grown and away from home, I realized that I had never come to really know my father. I had little person-to-person association with him throughout his lifetime. Our lives, when he was at home, seemed always to be associated with struggle and work from daylight to after dark.

Sunday was a day for church attendance. In earlier years we would even attend in Auburn - two miles from the ranch, when at times we would get stuck with our team and buggy along the ruts and mud of a dirt road. Family prayers each morning and evening on bended knee was a cherished practice, and of course the food was always blessed at the table. These are among the family practices instituted by father with the loving support of mother.

Father believed that idleness - not working - was the devil's workshop for his sons. He at times went to great length to provide work for us. Numerous interesting instances could be cited.

He believed that one social outing was quite adequate for my brother - next to me in age - and me, for the summer. But we required much more than this. In our earlier high school years we would ride horseback to weekend dances in Afton - putting on a pair of overalls to protect our dancing suits. This followed a day's work on the ranch and chores including milking 8 to 10 cows each. In our later high school years we had a family Model T Ford for our social dancing trips. The trend at that time was for open air dance halls in various locations in the valley with large traveling dance bands.

Having to pick up our dates and return them following the dance often caused us to arrive back at the ranch at a rather late hour. On one occasion it was daylight when we returned. Father was up and had brought the milch cows in from the pasture ready to be milked. My brother led off in meeting the situation “courageously.” He greeted father with a kiss and of course I had to do likewise. It apparently so confounded father that he accepted us without comment. (If you are acquainted with H. D. Clark, you will recognize this as at least a minor miracle.)

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