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Title: **Book-63**
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:

In our home there was a little viewing for a particular favor as I remember it, namely that of sleeping in mother's feather tick bed when she was away from home. These feathers were from geese raised at her childhood home, and were taken from the geese by catching a handful of feathers as the geese flew by, then stuffing them into a sack. Why they didn't simply catch the goose and relieve it of some feathers and down I never thought to ask.

There was always a quiet atmosphere and culture in mother's home although there was little apparent manifestation of pursuits in the cultural arts, but one way and another we all received an appreciation of the artistic. Rhoda and Maurine made some progress on the organ (there were very few in town and fewer pianos) which mother purchased--from what financial source I cannot imagine. Even I learned enough to pick out a few tunes, chord a little and even develop the ability to play parts or all of a few tunes and snatches from more; enough to add a flare to my personality, but we were not musicians. Aunt Emily's family were all musicians, some becoming very accomplished, but it took some "grafting-in" into the second and subsequent generations before some real talent appeared in our family line, but it did eventually appear.

Mother also purchased a record player, a Victorola with cylindrical records and the large cone-shaped horn amplify the sound. The records included songs by Enrico Caruso, Amelita Galli-Curci, John McCormack, and others including other good selections how-beit not so classical. It would be difficult to estimate the number of times we played "Slumber On My Little Gypsy Sweetheart." I am sure part of our appreciation of good music came as result of the high-class musical presentations we were encouraged to attend, although to attend one required driving a team of horses twenty-four miles to, and twenty-four miles back, from Paris where such entertainments were sponsored.

Maurine developed an above average appreciation of literature and Rhoda painted a few landscapes and some excellent China.

There were other accomplishments on a worthwhile level and as I reflect on all this I realize it was just another facet of the life style mother planned for us. Mother was doing her part in affording us opportunity to develop any possible talent or worthwhile appreciations.

That mother was a busy person and a hard worker has already been verified, but one of my distinct memories of her was that she was a prime example of the statement that "Women's work is never done." I know there were exceptions but it seemed to me that mother never ceased to work. After the housework and the cooking and the washing, there was the garden and the bottling