



**kindex**®

< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit <https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/162576>

Title: **Autobiography of Edward B. Clark-038**

Provenance: **Owned by Alisha Clark**

Category: **Volume**

Person:

Date:

Autobiography of Edward B. Clark. Original copy given to Antone Clark.

---

28

Father had teams working on the grading when I was nine years old. I used to take things to the men at work and sometimes I drove a team and scraper. We used to haul hay up Weber Canyon when the Union Pacific was being built to Ogden. I also remember the stage line that used to go through Farmington. The company had a station about a mile and a half northeast of Bishop Secrist's farm. There they used to change horses. There were usually four horses on a stage. I remember the morresite war at Uinta, below the mouth of Weber Canyon.

As a boy, I did a great variety of things on the farm. I helped herd the cattle and sheep on the bottoms and the mountains, and the cows in the fields. I helped the older boys with many of the chores. I helped with the milking, taking care of the horses and cows, working in the garden, riding the horses for cultivating the corn, raking the hay, carrying water to the men, binding grain and hauling hay. As I grew a little older, I loaded hay, helped with the threshing and many odd jobs on the farm. As we always had plenty of work at home, I never worked for any one else, except as an exchange job.

I did very little canyon work, but did haul some lumber and slabs. I hauled but very little wood, even though in early days we used considerable wood, especially for fire in molasses making. Father owned a molasses mill and I used to feed the sugar cane into it while Jeremiah Jones boiled the juice to make the molasses. Our mill was located across the road west from the barn. It was run by water power and we made great barrels of molasses. When late peaches were ripe we used to boil them in the molasses vat and make preserves. There were several molasses mills in the town at different times.

I remember that my father purchased two stands of bees when they were first introduced in the county. Under the able care of my brother Timothy B., we soon had plenty of honey. He became quite a success as a bee handler.