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MY MEMOIRS RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE IN BEAR LAKE VALLEY Written by Walter Edward Clark Chapter V WHERE I LEARNED TO FARM A small house on the west side of the street near the present Miller Flor

MY MEMOIRS

RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE

IN BEAR LAKE VALLEY

Written by Walter Edward Clark

Chapter V

WHERE I LEARNED TO FARM

A small house on the west side of the street near the present Miller Floral, (the Jones home, home of Melvin J. Ballard's wife) has been pointed out to me as my birthplace. The days Mother lived with her sister, Emily Richards, in Farmington I do not remember.

I do remember well the summers of 1902 and 1903 which I spent in Farmington. There were no doubt two motives in taking me to Farmington; (1) so my mischievous conduct could be guided by a father's love, judgment, and stern hand, and (2) to give me a training in farming so I could assume responsibility of the Georgetown property.

The friendships I made were different than the relationships I had in Georgetown. At the time I just knew the boys were different; later I decided they were more sophisticated and had different goals for achievement. In addition to cousins, I remember Harold Robison, Royal Miller, and a Steed and Hess boy. One of them had a bicycle that I learned to ride. Harold Robison and Herald Clark impressed me as always doing the right thing. I have said that I went to Sunday School with Herald and to the watermelon patch with Sterling, his older brother.

One high point of interest was the summer visit to Stevenson's in Cottonwood, to visit one of Aunt Wealthy's sisters, Mamie Stevenson. The Stevenson boys were like cousins to me. I could never detect any difference in the treatment towards me and the other boys. Melvin, who spent on summer in Farmington reports, "Aunt Wealthy always treated me as her own son." Bryant also spent time there and attended high school at Kaysville one winter. Our sisters, Rhoda and Maurine, did not have that privilege.

My training to be a farmer was of upper most importance. People expressed admiration that a thirteen year old boy (I was small) was running the mowing machine. I tried Father's patience. He would say, "Can't you tell by the sound when the pitman is loose, or by the way the hay falls when a guard is loose?" I enjoyed loading hay. The men kidded me into thinking it was a man's job. One of the hay hands said to me, "Are you the only one who works?" (Edward F., sixteen months younger, was not as robust and Rulon was only ten years old.) A flat rack was used with a standard in front in the shape of an A. When the load was complete, a pole was shoved under a bar on the top of the standard and tied down at the back with a rope. To make the load hold, it was necessary to keep the middle full. It was no doubt this training that made stacking hay an art for me.

We milked cows, cooled the milk, and immediately shipped it to Salt Lake City to be sold as fresh milk At times the cows were fed no hay. They were tak-

en to pasture after evening milking and brought back about 8 p.m. It was my job to bring the cows home after the evening grazing. On July 24, 1903 some railroad maintenance men who lived in houses furnished by the R.R. known as section houses were shooting fireworks. As I brought the cows out of the pasture gate I saw a rocket strike a hay stack and the flames flash into the air. It took several days for the fire to burn out.

I remember the rides we took as a family and the excursions to Lagoon, a kind of activity and relationship the Church has since tried to foster by holding family home evening.

At the end of one summer I took the train for home, changing trains in Pocatello. In my haste I got in a car and soon discovered that the train had left, leaving the car I was in to be connected to a train going to Salt Lake City. I spent the night on a beach, using my clothes in a sack for a pillow. I walked down a street and back, then down another. A woman asked my trouble, and said, "You will never miss another train." I wondered, "How does she know?" and that was a question that bothered me for years. I never have missed another train. I learned to ask instructions from the "man in grey."

As a young man I also spent time in Farmington. As an M.I.A. worker I attended June Conference and usually stayed in Farmington. As a member of the Bishopric I attended Semi-Annual Conference in Salt Lake City, and also when I was courting Violet Christenson. In 1929 I stayed in Farmington both at Conference time and at Christmas.

In January, 1911, Uncle Hyrum Clark, who owned the largest cattle ranch in Star Valley, Wyoming, invited me to accompany him on a two week's course of lectures on agriculture at the college in Logan. I roomed with him. James Steed, an acquaintance from Farmington, asked me to take lunch with him. He told me some early personal history about Father and Aunt Wealthy –Aunt Wealthy's sickness, and Father's devotion to her and her dependency upon him, developing a bond of sympathy and leaving a little jealousy on Aunt Wealthy's part –information I very much appreciated, as it gave me a good understanding on which to base my judgments.

Someone suggested to Father's friends that they write letters to him for his 86th birthday. Mine is recorded in the Appendix of his Autobiography. The most embarrassed I have ever seen Father was when I was reading one written by a niece who had stayed with Aunt Wealthy in the days of her sickness. It referred to Father's affection and the things he had given to Aunt Wealthy in the days of her sickness. I thought Father was afraid I would magnify a contrast between the home life of the two families.

Bishop Harrison Tippetts and wife took Mother to a restaurant one day in Montpelier –one of the few meals she ever ate at a restaurant.

She and Father were with Byrant when he was married in the Salt Lake Temple. Enroute to Georgetown they stayed in a Brigham City Hotel. That I believe was the only night she ever spent in a hotel. To a reader today this may seem like neglect, but it was not. It was normal life for most people. People –farm folks in frontier communities exchanged farm products for food, clothing, and household goods, but not for money, and money they did without. We were poor in economic goods for many years without knowing it. I was aware of the fact that many thought Mother was neglected, but I also knew Mother's status was much superior to many plural wives.

Father always gave me recognition as his son, and made me feel he was proud of me. Aunt Wealthy's children have never hesitated to say, "my brother." At the time of Father's death Edward F. immediately notified me and I authorized him to make all arrangements and get Rulon, a lawyer, to take care of the legal matters.

After Father's death, Rulon commented to me, "You are the patriarch," which I interpreted to mean: you are to set the example for the rest of us and make such suggestions as to deem necessary. We were all married and I have not interfered or suggested other than that we hold an E. B. Clark

reunion. The rest of the family honored me by suggesting I take charge.

Lela and I have visited and stayed in Rulon's home in Salt Lake City, Edward F.'s, Orson's, and Mary's home in Farmington as freely as I have with Mother's children. To me, we are all one family.