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At times her mind functioned less clearly than at other times. Walter, referring to her during this time, says she gave him "sound and logical advice." Much of the time, especially as she grew older, she would forget where she was and wanted to go home; and finally she had to be watched all of the time to prevent her from wandering away.

I remember visiting with her quite often and my general recollection of her is as a logical person--even at her advanced age. I was sitting one evening near the wood and coal range in mother's kitchen (which served for both heating and cooking and by which grandmother would sit a great deal of the time) and as we were visiting mother said to me, "Bryant, turn on the light." Now these were electric lights I was asked to turn on, and to turn them on it was necessary for me to take hold of an incandescent globe hanging from the ceiling in the center of the room at the end of about two or three feet of twisted flexible electric wire, which in turn was attached to a porcelain rosette, which terminated the electric wires coming into the house. The socket into which the globe was secured had a hard rubber key and this we would turn to make the electric contact so the globe would light up. Although grandmother was quite blind, her eyes were still sensitive to light.

As the room was flooded with light she said, "I understand that all you do to light the lamps is to push a button?" She related to me then of how artificial light had been produced in her time; how she had sheared the wool from a sheep pelt, twisted the wool into a heavy thread, melted the mutton tallow and poured it into a mold with the wool thread un the center for wick. This was a big im-

provement over the light from the fireplace.

In mother's time it had been, for many years, the kerosene lamp as the improvement over the candle. Id on't remember now having electric lights although Rhoda (who is six years my senior) says she remembers very well when they were installed, the source of power being an electric plant up the canyon driven by water diverted from the canyon stream. I do remember that the kerosene lamp was a substantial part of our light system, and perhaps all in my youth. Filling the kerosene (coal oil we called it) lamp was a ritual. The glass bowl of the lamp would hold about a pint of the liquid fuel which was poured into the bowl with the greatest of care. Filling the lamp was a ritual but trimming the wick was a science; a poorly trimmed wick gave a poor light and sometimes smoked. Now if trimming the wick was a science, polishing the glass chimney was an art. This day of the "coal oil" lamp had been a great day for grandmother and it must have been for mother also.

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