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Courtesy of Farmington Museum in Farmington, UT.

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Date:

A few somewhat isolated facts fill my memory:

Maurine and Rhoda decided, in mother's absence from the house, to make a batch of candy. Now this was not an uncommon event, nor was it prohibited, but mother always knew when they had made candy. There would be a spoon, or a plate, or something around. On this occasion they decided they would cover all their tracks, which they almost did. But as the evening wore on mother said, "How did the candy turn out?" They thought she might be guessing and one of them said, "Do you think we make candy every time you go away?"

"Oh, no," she said, "but you left evidence of it just as always."

It was a long time before she finally told them that at the first step she took as she entered the door, a very small drop of the taffey candy stuck to her shoe. Her sense of what was going on was keen in many aspects. During the summer she would tell us we had changed the cows from one pasture to another. "How did she know?" By the flavor of the milk.

By and large mother was not a superstitious person but I think she, like most everybody, had a few credulities. For example, the potatoes should be planted in the dark of the moon or they would grow to vines, or was it in the light of the moon? Pigs, especially, should be butchered in the correct time of the moon, but these examples were about the extent of her spurious notions. I have already mentioned the fear of too much meat and the sage brush tea.

If I mention lightly the sage brush tea, I should speak with great respect of her dandelion root beer. I have referred to her willingness to take physical risks, but in some matters she was cautious to the extreme. An example was her objection to our breaking a loaf of white bread and eating it just as it would come out of the oven because, she said, there was the presence of alcohol resulting from the fermentation of the yeast. I suppose she thought it might cause us to develop a liking for alcohol.

Although all five of mother's children had a Clark "look" and an even more distinct Randall or Harley feature, we certainly didn't look alike until we grew well past middle age. Melvin and Walter had brown hair, Rhoda had rich auburn red hair, Maurine's was black--very dark, and I was the perfect blonde with almost golden light hair and blue eyes. Mother's hair was very dark (like Maurine's) and definitely black. She, as did all the women, wore her hair in long braids wrapped up and around her head. I used to take delight in brushing her hair. This hair brushing