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Title: **Book-54**
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:

I want to come back to our "Lot" and it's environments. The cottonwood trees erroneously called "Balm of Gileads" although figuratively quite correct, were prolific in producing leaves and come Fall when they fell it was a major chore to rake them into piles; but less of a chore to burn them when they were mixed with the willow prunnings, as bonfires at night.

A bonfire was a signal for the neighborhood to gather for games, especially Run Sheep Run. These leaves had to be raked each Fall before the snow fell or the snow would mat them making a very difficult job the next spring. If they were not removed the matted coat would kill the grass. I mention this raking chore because like the garden, it was a task for mother and the girls, Rhoda and Maurine, and myself. We did enjoy this plot of grass and the trees, especially on summer evenings.

The south boundry of the lot was a creek, second in size to Big Creek running from the canyon through the town and on to the river. On the banks of this creek grew a dense thicket of native willow, some impressive black willow, a clump of red birch and when this brush was cut back or parted for a path into the thicket, there was exposed the wild rose bushes with their delicate pink flowers. Someone had planted some of these in front of and next to the house on each side of the porch, where mother cared for them carefully so they would bloom each spring.

On the south side of the house was a small plot of ground formed by an "L" in the foundation and in this plot mother raised her annuals. There would be marigolds, nasturtiums, perhaps sweet peas, always something. These had to be watered with buckets of water drawn from the well. We younger children helped in this endeavor but if we didn't get the job done, it, like the leaf raking, got done.

While I'm referring to flowers I'll add that I think there never was a time during my life at home that there were not potted petunias and geraniums. They sat in the deep windows and in much of the winter they had to be wrapped in newspaper to protect them from the frost working its way in through the glass.

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