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THE CLARK NEWS

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The Life of Charlotte Clark Rowberry

(Part Three)

[illegible] had a keen sense of hu[illegible]e was always ready for [illegible]d joke. I shall write just a few samples of them. She had an old clock which she could make strike as many times as she wished. When our boy friends stayed too long at night, or later than she approved of, she started the clock in the kitchen. After it struck thirty or forty times the boys would bid us a hasty good night. On April Fool's Day Mother was ready with her jokes. Sometimes she wouldd prick an egg shell getting the yolk and white out, then she would fill the shell with batter. She cooked these and served them to Thomas who was very fond of eggs.

When Ira and Sarah were courting they would sit up rather late; sometimes Mother would hide alarm clocks in strange places about the room; these clocks would go off at intervals. One night Mother got up and began rattling the stove. Ira started to beat it; Mother called to Sarah to tell Ira that breakfast would soon be ready.

I had craze for reading novels. At one time when I had some very exciting reading, I would go to the choke-cherry grove early in the morning and read for hours without even cleaning up. One day Charlotte came to the grove and told me there was some company in the home from the city. She very obligingly brought me the wash basin, the comb, and a clean dress. I made a hasty toilet and with my best society smile I entered the living room. There sat Mother with the funniest little bonnet perched on the top of her head, Agnes was all dolled up sitting in a rocking chair. Mother as serious as an owl gave a dignified little nod and said "How do you do." You could have bought me with a burnt out match. The lesson went home.

She would make funny comments about some of the hymns that were sung. She told us of going home from the morning conference meeting, when they back for the afternoon meeting the first song the choir sang was, "O what trials and tribulations have we passed through since last we met."

Thomas had a lot of hair soft and very thick. One day when Charlotte was using the curling tongs, Thomas suggested that she curl his hair. This she did, making a mass of tiny, tight curls. Thomas looked in despair at these curls. He asked me what he should do about them; I said brush them out thoroughly. His head looked as large as a tub much to the delight of his companions who called him B. H. Roberts.

When a girl I was drawing a map for one of my classes at school and was coloring it with colored pencils. Thomas kept taking them and he would try to color my face; he didn't make much headway because the pencils were hard. Finally I got him in a corner (he was vey ticklish) and was trying to mark his face, he laughed and laughed Mother passed me quietly and put some soft bright colored chalk into my hand. I made his face evey color imaginable. Mother passed me again, took the chalk and put it away. With difficulty I persuaded Thomas to look into the mirror, he was thunder-struck and shocked beyond anything. He went to the hammock and told Charlotte he would give her a half dollar if she would tell him how he got that color on his face. Charlotte replied that he should know for wasn't he there with his face at the time. Months afterward we told him, he should he should have known that Mother was in on it.

One afternoon Sarah came home from the store She brought two boxes of chocolates, she gave us one and put the other one in her trunk. I said Ira is coming tonight, so I took the box of chocolates and tipped the candy in a paper bag. Mother took a long time helping me select round pieces of coal to put in the paper cups. We carefully sealed up the box. Ern Palmer and Ira came that night. We played cards. Ern and I won, I won't say how fairly. Sarah said I have some candy, but I won't give Ern or Ellen any, she opened the box and passed it to everyone but Ern and me. No one said a word until she put a piece in her own mouth and bit down on it, then the laugh went up. I brought out the bag of candy saying I have some candy but I won't give Sarah any. It seemed that Mother was in on all of our jokes.

Two little girls, Charlotte and me, playing under some locust trees. The air is heavy with the perfume of the white blossoms; bees are humming and buzzing, and a number of canary birds are singing. Our hats are trimmed with the blossoms (my hat was a calander turned up-side-down with flowers in the holes), Mother had read in the paper of some children who were poisoned from eating locust blossoms. We wondered whether or not to eat some of the blossoms to see what it would do to us. We did eat a few.

Charlotte although fearless when climbing, etc. was very shy of people and she was afraid of the dark. She and I slept together; she was afraid to sleep on the outside of the bed; Mother would say, "Ellen is a brave girl, she will sleep on the outside." Although a little shakey I would take the outside.

One type of play that afforded us much pleasure was our paper children. We cut them from fashion magazines and we would arrange them in families. There was one shortage and that was me, but being Mormons we played that the men were on missions; sometimes we would baptize these paper dolls. One of our favorite diversions was the concerts we held. We arranged our paper families in rows and then we would recite and sing for them; many a fine story we read for their benefit. Charlotte would do the reading, she was an excellent reader.

Then again Charlotte was very skilled with her needle; we would spend much time sewing for our real dolls. Often Charlotte would make me a very particular dress, coat, or hood for my doll, then I was so thrilled that I would talk her almost to death

Charlotte had a strange habit when small; she would bury her toys. Mother told of two lovely dolls that were never rescued from their last resting place. Once she persuaded me to let her bury some of our choice paper children for the winter; we marked the place carefully, but the next spring we dug in vain trying to find them. Years later we knew what happened to them.

Grandfather Clark's family came to Utah in 1852 and were sent out to help settle Tooele Valley, they made their home in Grantsville. We were held breathless as Mother told of her early experiences. Coming from Nauvoo she walked the plains, or at least the greater part of the way. She told of trying to get out of the wagon while it was traveling along but she fell and one of the heavy wheels ran over her chest. It seemed to her that some one lifted the weight of the wheel from her body, and that she was drawn from under the wagon before the back wheel ran over her. Mother believed that some unseen power protected her. Then she would tell of her life in the old fort and of her narrow escape from the Indians.

There was an uprising of the Indians and it looked as if the settlers of the fort would be massacred. Some of the men, among them William D. Lee went out to meet these Indians. William Lee was given the gift of tongues, he talked to the Indians in their own language and the Indians were won over and the tragedy averted. Brother Lee never lost this gift, the Indians always considered him their friend.

Life with Mother assumed two distinct phases or periods, one as little children the other the teen age and up. During the first period her tender devotion to us brings a catch in my throat. If she went to a party she would slip away to see how we were making it at home. At the old folks sociable, in the course of the evening, she would come home two or three times, often bringing us cake or candy .The second period we took the responsibility of making the living this relieved her of a great burden.

— THE END —