

January 21, 1942

Life History of Sarah Elizabeth Giles Clegg

I, Bertha Clegg Yeates, have at this time a desire to write the life history of my mother, Sarah E. Giles Clegg, while she can help me with the proper information. I sincerely hope I can do justice to one who has been so brave and courageous throughout a lifetime of strife and hardship. In the words of the poet I say:

“In all this world, there is no one, as sweet as my mother,
And though I love her dearly, So did father, sister, brother,
Mother, tender, kind and true, In all this world there is no one
Can take the place of you!”

Sarah E. Giles Clegg was born March 11, 1871 in Heber City, Utah. She is the daughter of William Giles and Christina Carlile. She has spent her entire life in the same community.

Her earliest recollection was when she was sent to school at the age of four, where she slept every day because the things carried on were too large at that time for her understanding.

The first school she attended was the Kezia Carroll, later she was tutored under the leadership of Mary Carroll and Henry Clegg (Henry later became her father in law). Her schooling at the most was very limited, as the opportunity in those earlier days weren't as plentiful as they are today.

One day when she was about six years of age, she found a little doll bonnet on the sidewalk. Well it was so cute, it was made just like the pioneer bonnets, even to the slats used in the front to hold its shape. She carried it home but couldn't rest all night for worrying about taking it. So bright and early next morning she hurried back and put it where she found it, so the owner, if she should come along would find it.

This little incident is a good example of the honesty with which she has been blessed and practiced all her life.

During her early life, she spent a great deal of time in the north fields, gathering hopes. These she would dry and then send to Provo Mills, to exchange for dry goods and yarn.

She also gathered a great deal of wheat that she gleaned, although she didn't have to do this. She was very thrifty making time count.

One of her favorite pastimes has been gathering choke cherries each year and she always looked forward with eagerness to go. When she was about twelve years old she and her girl chum, Jane Barzee, went to the north fields with a party of grownups and babies to gather choke cherries. She and Jane were left to watch the babies, which they did until they put them to sleep. Then they left the babies sleeping peacefully while they started out to gather choke cherries. Like Hansel and Gretel in the fairy story, they picked fruit, and wandered until they became lost. But a happier ending to their story came

when they heard the searching party calling them, which came as a very welcome sound to two frightened little girls. But the cherries still hold so much fascination for her that she, when past seventy years of age, thought nothing of pulling off her shoes and stockings and raising her skirts high to wade through a stream of water to get to a small bunch of berries. It has always been her favorite jelly.

One day while she was still a young girl she took the newspaper to her grandmother Carlile. She let it fall in the rain and it became very wet. Her grandmother was plenty angry about it and scolded some. Mother (Sarah) paid for it many times over in later years when her grandmother became blind and she was to lead her around. As time went on she would have mother (Sarah) along with her sisters and brothers stand in a row, and she would feel each one to see if they had grown any since she'd visited them last. They received a great deal of joy in each other's company. Her grandmother lived to be 95 years of age.

Mother's (Sarah) religious duties were never neglected either. She was in the first Primary organized in Heber, in what they called the "Lower School House." She was secretary in this organization for over ten years, also the stake secretary. She was 1st counselor in the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. She was a teacher in Sunday School for many years. For many years she made temple aprons for the Relief Society.

During her teen years she worked for people for \$2.50/week, doing everything imaginable to keep a house going for this paltry sum. Washing, ironing, patching, cooking, tending babies, etc. Although this money was earned in a hard way, she was always willing to share it with others. When her father asked for the loan of enough money to buy the book "40 years among the Indians," she readily gave it to him. Even though it meant taking wheat to the store for that new dress she had promised herself.

A little incident worthy of notation, was when she paid her first tithing (30 cents). She felt awful, and was restless the entire day. She felt she had committed a crime rather than a good deed. Finally, she asked the lady she was working for, Mrs. Tomlisa, how she should feel. She was told that it was the adversary bothering her. From then on, she felt better and continued to pay an honest tithing, with comforting results.

When she reached the age of 24, she married George Almon Clegg in the Salt Lake Temple on October 24th 1894. Although she had known him all her life, she didn't entertain any romantic ideas about him until at this time. Perhaps she was a great deal like the rest of us, that we can't see people's virtues if we live around them too closely. But she made a wonderful choice in her husband. Their life together was not all sunshine and roses.

When their first child, Rilla Viona, was thirteen months old she contracted spinal meningitis. At the same time, they (Sarah and George) both were down with typhoid fever. Because of the treacherousness of this disease it was almost impossible to get the help they needed. The husband was the worst and his life was spared many times over. He took nothing in the line of nourishment for forty-one days. Mother would crawl on her hands and knees to wait on her baby the best she could. So sick she could hardly make it back to bed. Ice packs were kept on Rilla, and it looked as though she too were not going to survive. But with faith and prayers of the family and great administrations of John Carlile, the tables were turned and it was a happy day for all when they began to get better. The first initiation Rilla made for food was when she reached out her little hand for an onion frying on the stove. Mother

doesn't have much to say about herself at the time. She either was too ill to remember or else too modest to talk about it. But this much I am sure of, she had her share of suffering along with the others.

Time passed on and they were blessed with two more girls, Christy and Margaret. Then next came the boy Almon for which they had long been waiting, so now their joy was complete. It was a source of happiness for mother to look through the window and see her three little girls, and son, joining hands with their daddy and going to Sunday school. Many little interesting things happened, as is custom where there are children in the home.

Then came a break for a short while in their family, when father was called on a mission to the Eastern States (West Virginia). Circumstances were not of the best at this time, as mother was anticipating the event of another little one in her home three months hence. They were in the process of building a new house. But because they were God fearing people and stood in line with duty, they accepted the call. He left on March 27, 1905. Three months later I (Bertha) arrived on the scene to add more burdens to the one who was already carrying enough.

It was necessary at this time to seek work to help keep her little brood together. So, rising at four in the morning she would wash clothes all day with no modern conveniences, often battling snow to her waist to hand them out. At night, she packed them on a little red wagon and send them to their home by Christy and Rilla.

There were many times when her flour bin was empty, and she knew not where another sack was coming from. But through an act of providence someone would bring her a supply before it was too late.

Despite her hardships she managed to finish two more rooms of their house and was surprised one morning to have a kind neighbor, Mr. Andrew Mair, bring her a glass door for the front of the kitchen. He said "Any woman that can do the things you do, to keep things going, with her husband in the mission field, surely deserves a little help." The door is still in the same spot and good for 37 years of use.

\$100.00 had been left in the bank for an emergency, but she wouldn't touch it, for fear they would need it for something more important. The result was that when Father came home after being gone twenty-six months, the money was still in the bank.

What a happy reunion it was to meet him after such a long while. Mother took her little brood of five children on the train to meet their daddy as far as Salt Lake. Then they came home together, happy to take up their life where it had left off.

Thirty-seven years as a Relief Society Block teacher is quite a record, but it is hers to boast of. She has filled that position faithfully. She always has been a liberal donator to the cause, having a certain amount in the cupboard for this purpose, for one of her children to give if her district teachers came while she was away.

On March 17, 1939, she was presented a beautiful potted plant for her long service. It was too bad that a picture wasn't taken at this time, because her three living daughters were with her at the meeting. That's the first we were all together at a meeting since we were little folks. But a memory picture was

established in the minds of her daughters, Christy, Virginia, and Bertha, as to her worthiness of receiving such a token, and the picture she made on the stand, as she accepted it.

One November 11, 1923 her son Almon left for a mission to the Central States. It wasn't quite as hard a task perhaps this time as it was when Father went, because he was able to help too. But it didn't stop Mother from doing her share toward raising that much needed fifty dollars every month to keep him there. She papered ninety rooms one summer, without counting extra baths, pantries and halls. She could have done many more. In fact, she became so efficient that her services were sought from all over the county. While she was papering, I was at home weaving rugs and carpets on a loom Mother had at first purchased for her own use, but had become by that time a standing trade and took plenty of hard work as we were swamped with orders. Her weaving is found in most every home in Wasatch County, and many cities in Utah, Park City, Provo, Salt Lake, Manti. They are also found in other states: Wyoming, California, and Idaho. They speak for themselves of works well done.

Her spare time (if she was fortunate to have any) was put to making quilts (one of which won first prize at the County Fair), sewing, and growing flowers of which she dearly loved, and raised some nice ones too. In between times she was assisting the doctor at the birth of babies. Not only for her own family but many townspeople as well. This to her wasn't a very desirable job, but she accepted when the call came. 1918 Flu epidemic.

She has always had a hobby of collecting dishes, some she had date back long before she was born.

Her China cabinet holds a lot of interest for her little grandchildren and they love to hear her tell where she got them and the history of such. They like to eat there on Christmas holiday so they can see those rare dishes in use, that are only for company, or something special.

On June 26, 1921 Mother was called on to part with her oldest daughter, Rilla Viona. She died while making pies at her home in Park City. Her case of spinal meningitis she had when a baby left her with a cough, which continued throughout her 26 years. On this particular morning, a piece of her lung was coughed loose and a hemorrhage resulted, causing her death.

A few days before this mother had a dream, of warning of some disaster, which left her so restless, she couldn't settle for anything. Father had risen early to take care of an irrigation turn on the farm and Mother had dozed back to sleep. It was then she dreamed of many cars around the place in a scene of special activity, and then one black car came rushing up and said they needed snowballs quickly. Mother told them there were two on the tree, they could take the best one of those. I will remember the day and Mother's unhappy spirit. She went to Sunday afternoon services, against her will, in the hope that she would feel better, but could hardly sit there. She was so distressed. It was while she was in church, the word came, to me and my sister Margaret (who was to be married the following Wednesday) that Mother and Dad were wanted in Park City. Rilla had died about ten in the morning, but the word had just been neglected from sending it from the telephone to us. It was indeed a terrible experience, but after it was all over, it was noticed that only two little snowballs were left hanging on the tree, one fresh, and the other dead. Rilla left two children, Keith age 6, Kenneth age 3, that were raised in our home till their father remarried. Another unhappy day was experienced when they were taken from us.

I have forgotten to mention a very most important bit of history that should have been recorded within five years of Father's return from his first mission. The birth of another little girl, Virginia, and a boy, George Elmo. Two very important parts of the family.

On November 10, 1928, another temporary separation came when father was sent to the northwestern state mission on a six-month mission. By this time our family was getting smaller as four were married, and Almon and myself had jobs in stores. So, the burden was eased considerably.

Upon his return home, he wasn't feeling very well, but a great deal of his condition wasn't noticed, because Mother's attention was placed on her daughter Margaret, who was very ill and after a prolonged illness finally passed away at the age of 32. Mother's hair turned white overnight so to speak, while watching her daughter die by inches and no relief could be given, even though everything was tried for her welfare. Mother and Dad stood side by side in this ordeal.

Now her attention was cast on her husband whom she could see was not feeling as well as he should, and great care was given him, and loving kindness in every respect. In the year 1933 my husband and I, my brother Elmo and his bride to be, took Mother and Dad down to Bryce's, Zion, and Cedar breaks canyons for a trip. In spite of the fact some people said he shouldn't go, for it would kill him, he stood the trip splendidly, and was never so happy. Outside of going for fruit to Provo bench each fall, this was the only real trip Mother and Dad had together in their life. They really enjoyed it more than words can express.

Several years went by and father's health steadily grew worse. By this time Mother was alone too, all her children were married, and he became almost too much for her to handle. But she continued to give him all the care possible, and no words of mine can portray the anguish of soul and spirit she suffered with him. Her humble prayer every day was that she would have the strength to carry on in kindness, for she knew that from this next separation, there would be no meeting again till she joined him "on the other side." From where they were assured there would be no more parting. He died without regaining consciousness February 9, 1935.

Naturally it was a lonesome life for Mother from now on. But bravely she picked up the thread of living, attending her meetings, and keeping busy at home.

In 1939, we again took her on a trip to California. She had a trip of 2300 miles, rode on the ferry boats across San Francisco Bay, rode across Golden Gate Bridge, through the Oakland tunnel under the ocean, walked barefoot in the sands, gathered shells at the beaches, and saw and did many other things. Although she did all this the trip never held the comfort and joy the trip to Southern Utah did, when she had her life's partner by her side.

On her 68th birthday, she was paid a nice tribute on the radio, through the courtesy of Aurebacks Store of Salt Lake City. She was presented by mail a large bouquet of lovely carnations. She prized them highly. She loved to go barefoot. Dad said she was so tough footed, she could go over a nest of prickly pears and not feel them.

She is a woman of faith, and very prayerful. She has been called on more than once to pray for the sick in special gatherings. One day in 1941 she went out to milk her cow, and as she did so she instinctively turned her head in the direction of Nell Giles' residence, who was seriously ill. Her life was despaired of through the night. The words came to her "Nell didn't die, and if you go to the Relief Society today you

will be asked to give a special prayer in her behalf.” Mother began to tremble, because she feared she wouldn’t be able to offer a prayer forceful enough, and her first thought was, “I won’t go today.” But her better self came to the rescue and she went. As soon as she entered the building the officers came and asked her to pray for Mrs. Giles. She did so, with more power than she thought possible, and rebuked the illness to leave her sister. Her prayer was answered, Nell recovered, and is going about her work as usual.

Mother’s health has been really good all her life, so it was a surprise to her and everyone else to be afflicted in the summer of 1941, with a severe case of Gall stones. She suffered such excruciating pain, but no medicine the doctor gave would give relief. She lost so much weight and couldn’t eat anything. Finally, her doctor sent her to the Utah Valley Hospital for a diagnosis, to see if they could tell just where the stones were located. She stayed there for five days, and as luck would have it, she felt pretty good, until the morning she was released. Then her trouble started worse than ever. She grew so yellow and only those seeing her could realize how yellow and sick she really was. After awhile it was decided to operate, and calling the family aside, the doctor told us just what to expect. At her age of seventy she had one chance to recover. He was afraid of cancer, and said if they found that, they would just have to sew her up without doing anything about it. But if it was the gallstone she had her chance to live. She couldn’t go on as she was, and she was willing to take the only avenue of escape from her pain and suffering. At 8:45am on September 11, 1941, she was wheeled into the operating room, while her children stood helplessly by, offering silent prayers in her behalf. After one hour and twenty minutes the operation was finished. She was taken back to her room where she put up a very heroic fight to live. Blood transfusions, and being fed through the veins was only part the trial called on to go through. Many times, during the next three weeks it was a question whether she would make the grade. But at last a turning point came and she began rapidly to get well. Her reward for clean living and faithfulness. It is nothing short of a miracle that she is with us today and the hand of the Lord is acknowledged by all.

Thus, we come to finish of this chapter of her life. How much more will be added to this already written, only time will tell.

As she sits today recuperating from her recent illness, she isn’t pathetic or pitiful. She is inspirational and many of us have lighted our torch at the fire she has held out. What a limited opportunity was allotted her. Yet, what a glorious use she has made of the time at her disposal. History presents no greater example of courage.

Her posterity at present numbers: seven children, 27 grandchildren, and three great grandchildren.

October 10, 1949 ---- Logan

It has been nearly seven years since I have written in this little book, and my dear mother is still with us. Not as good in health as we wish, but nevertheless she is still independent and keeping her home together.

Last night October 9th, she was privileged to sit on the stand in church while her grandson Dennis Clegg was having his farewell before going to the Texas Louisiana Mission. She looked so beautiful to me in her new dress and shoes. The sweet look on her face was my inspiration. It was a lovely program. The choir sang “I’ll go where you want me to go” and “As the Dew”. Remarks by Ralph Giles (Patriarch) and

Bishop Lyndon Chapman; talks by Dennis and his father Almon Clegg (1st counselor in Bishopric); musical numbers were Duet (Clarinet and Trombone) Vern Clegg and a Johnson boy; Vocal solo by Pyper; Readings by Bertha Yeates. The house was packed and contributions of over \$160.00 helped the missionary on his way. A very manly fellow indeed and one his grandmother loves dearly. He said "Grandma doesn't look so well, I wonder if she will be here when I return". Of course, we never know, but we can pray that she will not have to suffer severely for she has already done just that.

June 24, 1950

My mother just left my home in Logan to return to her home in Heber City. She and I have been together for one month, and it has been one of my richest experiences. When she was leaving she broke down and cried so hard. I've never seen her do that before and of course my tears were mingled with hers. I'm sure the thought ran through both our minds, "will we see each other again?" Life can be sad at times. I love her so, and was grateful to be able to do as much for her as I could. She is going upwards to her 80th birthday.

May 11, 1952

Mothers' Day and one for me to remember. Yes, again I have had the privilege of my mother being with me for the past two months. Many nice times we have had. She seems quite well and happy/easy to care for. But this Mothers' Day I hope I will always remember, it is the first time in 22 years I've had mom on that day. Because of Stake Conference on the 11th we held our Mothers' Day on the 4th. I bought Mother a corsage, something I'd wanted to do before but never had the chance. I was doubly happy that day too because I was presented a beautiful corsage for having the family that attended Sunday School the most in 1951. Then today, still wearing the corsage that remained beautiful a week in the fridge, we took her to Salt Lake to spend a few days with my sister Virginia. It was sad to leave her. The parting is always painful to me. I wonder how many more times I will see her sweet face.

March 24, 1955

Today my mother passed away after a long illness, at Heber City, in the home of her daughter Christy Brinley. Christy, whose kind hands along with her husband Bob cared for her the last five months. Before that she had been in her daughters' homes, Bertha and Virginia's. Almon, Geneva, Elmo and Ruby were so good to her, as were many others too numerous to mention.

Because of her illness, she hadn't known any of us for a number of years. So, it was a testimony to us that she seemed to understand minutes before she left this world, when her face lighted up and she smiled ever so beautifully. How we all loved her; and her memories will ever be cherished.

Her services were perfect as far as we were concerned. The peace and quiet which was so noticeable was a tribute to the peace she brought wherever she went in life.

The floral service was lovely. She deserved them all and the fine tribute paid her by those who spoke.

The prayer in the home was given by LeRoy Baxter (Nephew)

Pall Bearers: Early Brinley, Keith Kunmer, Melvin J. Newbold, Darrell Clegg, Wayne Brierly, Vern Clegg (Grandchildren)

Opening Prayer: Melvin E. Newbold (Son in law)

Speakers: Mae Smith (Relief Society President), Lynn Chapman (Bishop), Phylis Crook (a young convert who took such a liking to mother), Walter Montgomery (former Bishop, Nephew)

Music: "I walked today where Jesus Walked", M. Atkinson

"You are a wonderful mother", Marjorie Provost

"That beautiful Land", Varva Schiess; Logan

"We say good night here, but Good Morning Up there." Marjorie Provost, Roy Huffaker.

Benediction: Patriarch Ralph Giles

Dedication: John B. Yeates (son in law)

Services held March 28, 1955 in Heber 3rd Ward Chapel, filled to capacity.

History of George Almon Clegg

I'm trying to write my Father's history. I've come to the realization of how important it is to get ones' history while they are alive, because it sometimes is impossible to get all the data one needs after it is too late. But I can at least write down incidents that I remember and found interesting, mixed along with other facts given me by other members of the family.

George Almon Clegg was born January 4, 1870 in Springville, Utah to Henry Clegg and Margaret Ann Griffiths Clegg. When he was 10 years of age his mother carried him on her back to Heber City, while they made their home.

He went to his father's school, and learned what he could. At best his schooling was limited.

He married Sarah Elizabeth Giles in the Salt Lake Temple on Oct 24, 1894.

They made their home in a little two room shack for several years, but it was home to them.

After he had been married for about two years he came down with a bad case of typhoid fever. It was a question whether he would live. In fact, his brother and other relatives shook their heads and said "no, he couldn't live." But divine healing through the power of the priesthood was a savior to him, and he got well. He often told us later that he fasted 41 days, one day longer than the Savior.

He was joint owner in a store with his brother Henry for many years, but this arrangement didn't work out too well. He had to do all the hard-disagreeable tasks, such as taking merchandise to Park City to peddle in all kinds of weather, coming home in the wee hours of the morning; wet, cold, and tired out.

Mother had a hand also in this phase of his life churning butter, cleaning chickens, and putting them in shape for quick sale. After a few years he quit this business and went to doing mason work. He was instrumental in building many of the landmarks of Heber; such as the hospitals, exchange, ward meeting houses, Dr. Wheritts' home and many others that stand as an ensign to his family. One summer he spent his time building a house for a man in Daniels, for the low price of \$80.00 and a cow. Strange that with all the mason work he did, he'd build himself a frame house. He admitted he made a mistake here.

He helped to build many roads and bridges, being away from his family months at a time until jobs were completed. One landmark he helped on was the river bridge and road in Provo Canyon; which is now covered up with the "Deer Creek Dam."

A part of every fall for several years was spent in hauling corn and feed to the sheep on the Desert for Jim Clyde. Sleeping on the ground for many years didn't add any years to his life. He spent a great deal of time on different projects away from home, to earn a little to support his family. He was always glad to return to his family, for he was indeed a family man. He often said that his home was good enough for the President of the United States.

When he was 35 years old he was called on a mission to the Eastern States. He left his wife, three girls and one son, to fill this appointment on March 27, 1905.

I'm reading his diary, it is both amusing and pitiful, according to some of the incidents that occurred. A few I would like to mention here.

One day he had to walk 20 miles in mud ankle deep without a bite to eat. He did a great deal of walking and the sad part was when they came to the end of their journey, few people would take them in. Several times they were forced to sleep out all night under the stars. But because of his likeable disposition, he made friends and as time went on it wasn't so hard to gain admittance into people's homes. Tears were shed when he had to leave.

There were mobbing's and shootings at many of their meetings, but they performed their work to the best of their ability and no bodily harm came to him or his companions. One day while traveling, the train was wrecked, and the conductor and fireman were killed. But most of the passengers were uninjured.

One day he was treated to ice cream and cake and lemonade. Knowing how fond he was of ice cream, I'm sure it was a real treat. He said it was much better than the Elders usually were treated to. Another time he and his companion had to sleep out on the platform in front of a store. Dad was suffering with a large boil on his neck, and the night was cold. They built a fire up the road a ways till they got warm and then went back to lay down. The night past and they waited around until 3 o'clock pm for their mail. They were reading it when Mr. Foster came up and started to talk to them. He soon took them to his house when they told him they hadn't had a thing to eat since yesterday. Then Dad went to a doctor, had his neck treated and got relief from that one. But he had several others that followed in quick succession causing him much misery.

While in Mt. Lake, old Virginia he went to see some Southern missionaries. One of them was Sylvester Broadbent from Heber. So, in as much as they knew each other they must have had a good time together.

His 24th of July dinner consisted of corn bread, fat bacon and onion. Judging from the amount of blackberries he picked and hoeing of sweet potatoes, it is no wonder he didn't like them very well. His first taste of squirrel, he said was "pretty good." His appreciation of common glass tumbler was magnified after he went through a factory and saw them made.

He received his release April 30, 1907, but remained at the office until 7th of May, before starting his journey home.

The sentiment of his experience is summed up in the words of the Song:

"Missionary Farewell"

In those far and Eastern Country

Stands those West Virginia Hills,

Where I left my home to labor long ago.

Where the birds are singing gayly,

And I hear the Whipperwill,

There I labored in the vineyard of the Lord.

I was sent to bear a message,

To the people of the east,
And for two long years a stranger I did roam.
Just to tell them that an angel has again restored the truth.
That's the reason why I left my happy home.
Many days I've climbed the hillsides in the sunshine and the rain.
Many days I've been in hunger and in thirst.
Just to tell them that the kingdom is again restored to earth,
With all its gifts and blessings as at first.
I have passed through trials and hardships,
Just to preach those precious truths,
That the gospel of our Savior does contain,
And you will but obey them and live faithful to the end,
Up in heaven I will meet you all again.
We'll not all go home together,
But this time will soon arrive,
When your mission you have faithfully fulfilled,
When your message you've delivered and tis said of you Well done.
Then with joy you have those West Virginia Hills.

Father was a very kind man, slow to anger, and had a sunny disposition with which he made friends readily.

He was always encouraging his family with kindness to do the right things in life.

We had a well for many years, from which was our only water supply. It was while he was drawing buckets of water from this well, for horses and cows, that drank faster than he could pull it up, that he gave me instructions along the pathway of life. Talking or singing while he worked, we spent pleasant hours together at this spot. But we were all mighty glad when the water was brought in the house. None of us liked that tedious job of drawing water from the well, especially on wash days.

Father loved his feet tickled so well, that many an egg or nickel his kids earned for doing that job.

One day he was fixing a chimney on the roof of his mothers' house, and in some way lost his balance, falling from the roof to the ground. The result was he was laid up for many weeks with a very bad ankle.

He was a lover of candy, but never had much because of financial problems. I heard him say that if he ever got a pension he'd spend the first \$200.00 in candy. But somehow, he always managed to have a jelly bean or a peppermint tucked away in some corner of his pocket to bring out at the right time to satisfy the taste of others.

Father was a very good cook in the winter time, when he didn't have much to do. He'd get dinner for the family while we were in school and while mom was weaving rugs. We all had to claim the fact that no one could cook potatoes quite like Dad.

Speaking of cooking reminds me of an incident that he told about one time when he and some other men were working in the hills for a few days. Each man took his turn cooking, and one day it was Mr. WM Bond's turn. He was left alone to prepare dinner. He decided to cook rice. He wondered for awhile just how much each one could eat. There were seven men and he figured they could easily eat a cup full a piece. When he measured it out, it looked like such a little that he added seven more cups as he figured they could eat two cups a piece. Well that made 14 cups of in all. He didn't make arrangements for the swelling when cooking and the result was by the time he was able to control it, he had rice in every plate, dish, cooking utensil in camp. The men had a good laugh when they came in for dinner, but I fancy by the time they got through with that mess, they have all the rice they'd want in a long while.

Father held the job of "Registrar of Vital Statistics" for years. Quite often he'd send one of us children to gather the records from the doctors in town. One night while we were eating supper he said to his daughter Margaret, "Will you go up to Dr. Hatch' and get the reports for me? And while you're on your way stop in the drugstore and get me some ambition powders?" Marg said "Oh, how much do you want?" He said, "oh, about a quarters worth." No more was mentioned, and when Margaret was ready she came to Dad, who was reading the paper, and asked him for the money. He'd forgotten the supper episode, and asked her what she wanted the money for. When she innocently said, for those ambition powders, he had to laugh. This was just typical of the many little jokes he was pulling on us.

I remember one little incident as sentiment about each one of the kids, so I think I'll mention them. He said Rilla was the most beautiful girl in the world, and Virginia looked just like her. Christy had a way with him that he couldn't refuse her when she wanted a show ticket. He always put her money under the bureau cover, and with a nod and a wink, he'd let her know it was there waiting for her. When we used to tell him about it when he got older, he'd say "well you notice, she doesn't ask for the money till she's combed my hair and tickled my feet. So, I couldn't refuse her." When Almon was called on his mission Dad went with him as far as Salt Lake. When he came back he said with tears in his eyes and trembling lips, he'd give a cow to have written down the blessing Melvin J. Ballard had given Almon. But father added, "He's a good boy and deserved that kind of a blessing." One day we were picking potatoes in the field. Elmo was just about six years old and he found such a huge potato he could hardly lift it. Eagerly he shoved it to us, and Dad very praisingly said "Elmo knows how to find them, no one else could have. He's going to be a real farmer." Even after we arrived home, the potato was shown off, and Dad was still saying how wonderful it was. As for myself, Dad said one day just awhile before my wedding, "you have always been a good girl and have caused me and ma no trouble." He had forgotten many things I am sure, and I certainly wasn't the good girl he gave me credit for. But I loved him for it, and it helped me a great deal to be better. Margaret, a loving tiny girl, when born could be put in as a grownup.

For over fifteen years he was a water master for the Wasatch Irrigation Co, and filled this job faithfully, until his health prevented him from working and he had to retire. It was while he was working in this capacity that he, while moving a log from the river, pulled ligaments loose from his shoulder. It rendered his arm useless until he had it operated on in the LDS hospital, and was fixed up after four hours on the operating table.

He took an active part in the church, at all times, and filled a six-month mission from the fall of 1928 to May 1929 to the North-Western States. It was while he was in the field that his health began to fail, and he never regained enough good health to enjoy life after this. His was a lingering illness, and we could find nothing to help him much. But Mother was his pillar of strength, and he wanted no one but her with him. The end finally came February 9, 1935, and though our grief was great to part with such a loveable character, we were consoled that he was now relieved from physical suffering, and united with his two daughters, Rilla & Margaret, who preceded him.

In his memory, I set down these few lines:

Just a line of sweet remembrance
Just a memory fond and true,
Just a token of loves devotion;
That our hearts still long for you.

The years of life are numbered,
When the messenger whispers low,
“The Master signaled a call for, thee,
And you answered “I’m ready to go.”

December 1945

I sent my brother and sisters a copy of his History. At the time of Fathers death, we received a letter from J.D. Bowen of Brigham City in sympathy with our loss. His letter follows:

Dear Sister Clegg,

In reading last nights Deseret News, I ran across the picture and account of the death of Elder Clegg as I know him. I wish to take this opportunity of expressing to yourself and family my sympathy in this hour of trial.

I was Elder Clegg’s missionary companion in West Virginia 1905-1906. I was just a lad of 20, and I want to say to you, some of the happiest mission days were spent with Elder Clegg, and I sought his counsel and advice because of his broad experiences of life. While I in my youth needed instruction.

I see by the paper, he arrived in the mission field in 1905, so I would have been there a year before he arrived. I'm surely glad I had the privilege of tracting with him as I learned many valuable lessons from his more matured life. As a companion, I loved him.

I have a picture, and I think Elder Clegg has one too, where we were sitting side by side outdoors on the ground, our umbrellas close by, wearing derby hats and leggings. That was taken in the winter time.

I also noticed Elder Clegg had filled another mission in 1929, 24 years later. Isn't that a coincident as I too filled another in 1930 in Pennsylvania. My how I would have loved to of talked with him again.

I am glad to know he was true to his testimony all the way through. I have tried to be the same, by doing a lot of church work, especially following the career I chose of railroading. My work has prevented me from doing as much as I'd have liked. But I still have a strong testimony of the gospel. I am a non-agent for Oregon short line R.R. at Brigham City, Utah, and am nearly 50 years old. It has been a long time since I saw Elder Clegg, but I still know him by the picture in the paper. Sister Clegg, I do sympathize with the family, and I'm sure it would have pleased him if he knew I had written you. In as much as I can't be there in person, oh how I would love to be.

Wishing you every comfort and blessing that is possible to get in this world, and praying God to make up to you for this great loss.

I am sincerely, an unknown friend, and brother.

J. D. Bowen

February 12, 1935