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Title:
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Category: **Document**
Person: **Hyrum Don Carlos Clark**
Date:

Clark had the muscles and build of one who had known the rigors of labor most of his life. Knaphus quickly put him to work posing for his developing project.

But he could not find a face that was the perfect fit to complete his masterpiece. He set about as only he could to find the right match.

Knaphus never owned a car and was famous for picking up people off the street for this project or that one. It was not uncommon for him to approach strangers and in his thick Norwegian accent ask them over to his studio for a sitting.

One day in his jaunts around Salt Lake City, he saw an elderly, bearded-gentleman who caught his attention. He followed him around for some time before he cornered him and pleaded with him to pose for his work.

The gentleman, a rancher by profession, had moved from Wyoming back to the place of his birth, Farmington, a small community located north of Salt Lake City. He had no idea of the scope of what he was being asked. But the artist was persuasive and so he responded.

Knaphus could not have imagined what his wild meanderings and search for the right face had brought together.