kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/198924

Title: **Book-26**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Booklet on Hyrum Don Carlos Clark

his uneasiness to Uncle Wilford, whereupon Uncle Wilford told him, "You don't need to worry about Hyrum. He's all right." So Grandfather didn't make the strenuous trip to Star Valley.

Father's ranch was probably the largest single ranch ever owned in Star Valley. He was esteemed by his church and by his community. He had large powers and possessions, and a large family--surely he was a happy man. he maintained large holdings before, during and through World War I and, with high prices for beef, was able to clear all of his debts.

About the turn of the century, Father entered into the practice of polygamy. He married Mary Robinson of Farmington. Over the years they had a family of five children. Aunt Mary was maintained in Paris, Idaho and in Logan, where it was convenient for some of the older children to stay while attending school. About 1908, after much suffering from the cold winters and high altitude, my mother was moved to Farmington, into a new home which had been built for her. After this time, Aunt Mary was in the home on the ranch, and Father spent his time between the two places. Every summer, Father and some of us would drive to Star Valley to help with the haying and come back in the fall.

On December 5, 1911, my oldest brother, Hyrum T., died as a result of a gunshot wound, suffered while hunting. This was a great loss and shock to all of the family--Father loved Hyrum T. like Abraham loved Isaac. One night in January, 1912, only a month after the death of Hyrum T., the folks were awakened by the house burning. The children had evidently built a fire on the wooden floor in the old log house, which was right behind the new big house. Both were completely destroyed.

36

- - - - - - - - - - - - - END OF PAGE 1 - - - - - - - - - - - - -

One day, about four and a half years after the house way destroyed, we were in the field about a half mile east when we looked up and saw the big barn belching smoke out of the hay mow. Father was a little away from us. We had a hard time attracting his attention above the noise of the mower; when he saw it the barn was all in flames. There was a new, expensive grain binder stored in the barn. he said to Ralph Knowlton, who was then standing by him, "Ha jucks, and there's that new binder all burned up, all burned up but the irons and they're left." It was a sad day for Father. The whole farmstead was now obliterated, except for a few minor out-buildings and corrals.

As Father increased his attentions in Farmington, he decreased his ranch activities. He sold a 160-acre meadow and let out some of the other hay land; so his cattle herd was about half of what the peak had been but it was still a sizeable operation.

Things went along about normal until 1919. There had been a very light winter, hence very little water as spring and summer arrived so Star Valley was in a very bad drouth, much worse than people realized. Feed was very scarce and expensive. Some hay was actually sent to Star Valley by parcel post. Large debts were incurred to acquire feed and to ship stock to Nebraska to feed. This was a

very severe winter, and most of the livestock died. Then the bottom dropped out of the cattle market.

Father had been endorsing notes at the bank for some of the boys to acquire property and livestock. They lost it all, and with Father's own debt, which he had incurred to carry himself over the crisis, he was in a bad financial bind. Then the value of land dropped severely. Father was now apst sixty-five. Life had been strenuous for him; he did not have the vigor to recoup--

37