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Title: **Book-23**
Provenance: **Courtesy of the Farmington Museum**

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Date:

Booklet on Hyrum Don Carlos Clark

Old Cheif Washki developed a sever toothache. There being no dentist within fifty miles, he soon discovered that Father pulled teeth in an emergency.

It was early one morning, just after breakfast, that the rampaging Indians thundered down the road whooping and yelling, their Pintos rearing to a halt just outside our front door. Father leaped to his feet and out the door, closing it behind him, but through the window curtains we could see them, stripped to the waist, all decked out in war paint except one who was in full regalia. From his swollen jaw and gesticulations we gathered that he wanted his tooth pulled.

Father reappeared through the doorway warning Mother, "This is sure to hurt him," he whispered, "and who knows what might happen. Take the children and into the back room and lock the door." But we could hear the old Indian groaning and grunting Kay-wino Kay-wino as Father worked on him. Then, like a blast from a cannon, he let out a bellow that shook the rafters. This was too much for Mother. She unlocked the door just as the old chief bolted from the house with Father at his heels. Breathless we waited as the Indians lined up on each side of the doorway, poised, erect, with tomahawks raised, while Old Washki writhed in pain face downward on the grass, Father bending above him.

Suddenly he grasped Father's legs and kissed his feet again and again, saying Mooch-a-Wino--Mooch-a-Wino. Then springing to a stance and with grave dignity he proclaimed, "Heap-a-Wino big white chief." After that he proved to be a great friend.

(Thelma added in conclusion:)

"Father was the possessor of a natural dignity, the kind that stems from an exemplary conduct,

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fairness, honesty, forthrightness; he never indulged in derogatory remarks about men, or unclean words or stories.

He would fire a hired man who would.

He was regarded by many as the judge and jury of the valley, always able to settle any water disputes among his neighbors, everyone would accept his decisions, being so impartial in his judgments, always anxious to make peace.

I never heard him say an unkind word to Mother in my lifetime.

He loved good clean sports.

THE RANCH HOME IN AUBURN, WYOMING

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