kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/570873

Title: **WRC.pdf**
Provenance: **This volume, a little yellow booklet, came from an Ezra T. Clark Reunion and a copy is in position of the Evard Wunderly family.**
Charles Rich Clark children's histories compiled by their families.

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date: **01/01/1966**

WALLACE RICH CLARK

1887 - 1973

"I, Wallace R. Clark, was certainly born of goodly parentage, and ... my life has been a full, rich life...feel

very proud to be a grandson of such a wonderful man as Ezra T. Clark. I hope I have accomplished some

things in my life that will do honor ...to my great progenitors.

"I was blessed with a strong and healthy body and in my youth I was taught by my parents to keep the

Word of Wisdom. This has been a great asset in my life, I think. I don't know what the taste of tea,

coffee, tobacco or alcohol is like. Since around fourteen years of age, the responsibility of providing for

my parents family mostly rested upon me so most of my schooling has been in the "University of Hard

Knocks," the hard way of learning by experience. Morgan County didn't have a high school until about

1912, so through the determination of my dear mother and by alternating with Lawrence every other year

from Morgan to Logan, I received my high school education, even though it took me eight years.

"Jean and I had not much courtship, but we were very much in love with each other. Prior to our

marriage, when I was going to school in Logan, my sister Gladys was going to school at the LDS high

school. Jean met one of my cousins and my sister Gladys there, and they became such close friends. They

had many wonderful experiences together. When myself and Gladys came home for the holidays, Gladys

told me that she had met one of the sweetest girls that she ever knew, and she wanted me to meet her.

When I'd hear from Gladys in letters, she would always tell me about her companion, Jean Boyce. Gladys

thought the world of me, so she had told Miss Boyce about her brother, and they talked much about me.

So when Valentine's Day came in 1910, I bought one of those big, fancy Valentines and sent it to Jean,

and ... she answered it. We had never met but knew each other through my sister Gladys for perhaps a

year. After school was out, the Morgan canning factory began its operation, and my sister asked Jean to

come up and work at the factory during the rush season. Gladys and I were to meet Jean down at Uncle

Hyrum's place in Farmington. When the day came to meet Jean--the 24th of July--they didn't want

Gladys to go, because they were so busy, so I went down alone to get Jean. And you can guess the rest.

Uncle Hyrum knew the situation, and he introduced us. During the long trip home to Morgan in the horse

and buggy, we became well acquainted. I soon found out that she was corresponding with a missionary,

and they had an understanding that they would wait until he returned and continue their courtship.

"Competition is the spice of life" so it has been said, and through our correspondence we became very

attached to each other. It wasn't long before she sent her missionary the fatal "Dear John" letter. We

were married in the Salt Lake Temple in the fall of 1911. I graduated that winter and we both went to

school together at Weber College."

They were the parents of nine children.

Boyce Rich md Buelah (Bea) Robertson

Harlan Wallace md Geraldine (Gerry) Merkley

Marden J md Bessie Soderborg

Beryl md Albert Herman Luebke

Mildred md Junius Wilson McClellan

Carol md Earl Raymond Steed

Erma Clark

Leon Gail md Pamela Rae Russell

Jean md Clifford Von Christensen

Wallace's wife, Jean passed away during the Summer of 1963. Six of his nine children have also passed

away. Marden, Mildred and Jean survive.

Wallace, Carlos and Lawrence did business as Clark Brothers for many years. "I have always been a

farmer and produce dealer. I have shipped many car lots of vegetables mostly to the Wyoming markets,

and also to the markets of America. We finally found that in this changing world, our little valley had too

short of seasons and too much frost to properly mature most of the vegetables. The markets also

demanded daily deliveries of their produce, so I turned my attention to having my family help clear off

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

sagebrush, sarviceberry bushes, oak brush, etc.,

around 2,000 acres of foothills and rangeland, and get this planted to grain and pasture grasses. We also had a dairy of 100 cows on a 100 acre irrigated farm.

"My hobbies have been to try to furnish work for those unemployed and see if I could make two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

In the Spring of 1968 Wallace met Luella Cline Edlund, a widow of Oscar Edlund, and they married in late Summer. He said of her. "These last few years have been very pleasant and happy years for me. Her unselfish devotion and pleasant companionship has been a great source of strength to me ... We have been able to serve the Lord together in our Temple work, which probably neither of us could have accomplished alone."

Luella said, "Wallace wasn't very well so we decided to go to Arizona for the cold winter months in hopes that his lung and throat congestion would be improved. He had pneumonia in the spring of 1968. ... The climate seemed to help Wallace, however, his doctor said that the Lord was helping him because of his increased strength. I feel that his life had been spared to do Temple work. ... Wallace had set a goal to do at least 1,000 names in the Temple. With the help of the Arizona climate and his increased strength, and the help of the Lord, we were able to do more than 1,700 endowments ... We enjoyed keeping track of the names of these people because we believed that we would have a chance to meet them in the next life."

"I have served as City councilman and was a member of the first Lions Club of Morgan. I have always been a Republican, and always voted if possible....I have served as Superintendent of the Stake Religion Classes, and also in the Stake M.I.A. I have been on a Stake Mission and was Ward Farm Work Director. I have always been a Ward Teacher since old enough. I was Melchizedek Priesthood Class and Group Leader for several years.

"I love life and have always loved to work.

"How I gained my testimony. One day I went to Round Valley to the threshing market to buy some grain ... and arrived as they were all having supper. One of the men at the table was bragging. He said, "I'm not going to send any of my tithing money down to the Church leaders in Salt Lake and let them use it to ride around in their foxy surreys ... I'm going to send it to a nephew who is on a mission." His remarks bothered me ... Shortly after that I attended one of the school's devotional exercises at which President Joseph F. Smith was the speaker. His talk was on the very thing the had been bothering me so much, ... President Smith told of all the many, many ways that the tithing of the Church was used. As he talked, his words penetrated my soul. It was such an experience that his words penetrated every fiber of my whole being through and through. I made up my mind from that time forward whatever the Church asked of me I would never question it again and I never have.

When I went home that night I was so thrilled. I felt as perhaps the Prophet Joseph did when he fell down by the fence ... If I ever prayed in my life I did that night after I returned home. I was so near to my Heavenly Father that I shall not be closer to Him if I have the privilege of living with him again someday. I gained a testimony that day and night that I can never deny. What a thrill as that beautiful feeling stayed with me all night. I knew without a doubt that Joseph F. Smith was a man of God as it was witnessed to me through my soul by the Spirit of the Holy Ghost.

"One evening I confidently related this experience ... and that same power penetrated my being ... I was so over come that I shed tears. If I ever spent a happy day and night it was then for my joy was full."

Colleen Steed Peterson, one of Wallace's grandchildren, helped him write his history. Some of her introduction seems appropriate here. "I have been able to discover the heartaches, the trials and the frustrations along with the joys, and successes and the satisfactions that have all combined to make Grandfather the great man he really was. His unyielding integrity has influenced me more than any other trait he possessed."