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Booklet on Hyrum Don Carlos Clark

From my earliest childhood, I revered Father as the most honest man who ever lived and he has always been a shining example to me. One of the earliest quotes I remember him saying: "I would rather give him a dollar than cheat him a dollar." Through all adversities that came to him, such as losing his property, he was always generous in his offerings to the Lord.

I remember the folks sent me to the bank with a monthly milk check from Salt Lake City, and as I told Uncle Amasa to take out the tithing from it, he broke down and wept, because he realized the circumstances father was going through.

It was understood, when father was well-to-do, he would graciously donate a lion's share to any worthy cause.

Now as I look back over the years, I can truly say the Lord truly loved our Father.

When father was working his hardest, he was happy and when he was happy, he would be singing a Church hymn. Sometimes the same hymn would go on all day long.

As I look back on my father, with some of his sayings, I admire him for his great knowledge of the scriptures and good literature, usually Shakespeare. For instance, when I didn't act my age he often put his hand softly on my shoulder and would quote from first Corrinthians 13:11, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Quite often, when we helped father dehorn cattle, the cattle would bellow as their horns were clipped. Father would say, 'Yes, we must be cruel to be kind." So many times I heard him quote: "this above all, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

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I remember going with father and mother and the family in a white canvas-top buckboard wagon, toward Weber Canyon for a holiday picnic and a sudden storm came up and we stopped in an underpass of the railroad and waited a long time to venture on and we had to go home disappointed.

I also remember other picnics in Weber Canyon near Strawberry Bridge. He used to relate to us children, it was near here where he proposed to mother. The story was something like this: "If you were a fish in that river, and I was a fisherman and cast out my hook and line, would you take hold?"

The Community picnic: This was one of the great events of my early childhood. It was a hike to Little Lake up Farmington Canyon. We were glad to see father in a buckboard wagon and a team of horses and mother at this ride. An enjoyable time was had by all. I remember father was an expert at lasooing. He could loop the rope around the head or the feet of the cattle as they went charging by.

I remember the time we had a horrible east wind and during the night the phone rang. It was Heber

Sessions, the station agent on the other end of the line. He said: "Hyrum, you'd better come down to the railroad. The top of your barn is on the tracks and the L.A. limited will soon be coming through." Although it was true, it was hard to believe.

Several months after our marriage and while working on the Oakland-San Francisco Bay Bridge, my foreman told me to take a vacation. I lacked several months for a full year of employment and felt I wasn't entitled to it. But he insisted I take the vacation anyway. It became a blessing to us as Grace was able to visit with Father and