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such. I heartily concur in this situation and would not desire it otherwise.

My beginning was on this wise:

In late summer of 1898 a neighbor rode into the Hyrum D. Clark yard and had a conversation with my father. My elder brother, Heber, with big ears, heard, among other things, the following.

The neighbor: "How many children do you have, Brother Clark?"

Father: "Eight. Three boys and five girls."

Neighbor: "Well, Brother Clark, you need another boy."

Father: "Yes, I'm trying for one now."

Heber took due note of the conversation, also of the date, and nine months later came I into the world. In the opening paragraph of this narrative I mention one Claude Lemmon. His custody was awarded to my parents by the Court allowing the divorce of his parents. He and I were playing with our little wagon by the ditch and we were discussing the "oddity" of both of us being three, and soon I would be four and he still three. I mention this simply because it is the earliest incident in my life that is tied to a date or age that I remember.

I have in my hand a letter I wrote to my eldest brother on his mission. It is old and faded, but legible.

Dear Hyrum T. How do you like your mission? I am promoted to the first grade class A. I am on the roll of honor school has closed. We do slay ride down the hill. Today is Easter. I will soon be seven years old. I want you to baptize me when I am eight. When will you come home? I go after the mail. The sun has chapped my face.

Your brother

R. Elwin Clark

It was about the next year after this that I had my first love affair. She was a sweet little girl. Her folks moved to Auburn for the school year. I did not dare to say a word to her and she didn't speak to me, but I freely admitted to my older brothers and sisters that she was my girl. One day as class let out for the noon hour, she came up behind me, gave me a big hug, then ran cross lots to her home. This has made me wonder at the sweet but definite communication between people, especially children, without speaking or touching. I sometimes would wade in the water puddles, etc. to let her know how big and brave I was, but never a word.

May 23, 1907 came early in the year in Star Valley. It came with rain and snow and chill, a proper day to clean out the stables, which we did because it was miserable to work outside. But it was my eighth birthday and I had been insisting on being baptized on my birthday, so father had gotten permission from the bishop.

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