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Biography of Hyrum Don Carlos Clark by Owen Morrell Clark

I have heard Father say: "I've raised cattle on the hundred hills, but I've never sold radishes off the tail end of a wagon for five cents a bunch." Also I have heard him say: "Some men don't cut a very big swath."

One day, in Farmington, Father and his older brother Timothy were slowly walking eastward on the sidewalk, toward the Bamberger railroad. I was a young lad, slowly tagging behind. I overheard Father say to him, "Well, Timmy, I'd bury the hatchet. Yes, I'd bury the hatchet, Timmy."

As a youth I attended the L.D.S. Conference in Salt Lake City a time or so with Father. I recall that after one of the sessions we sauntered over to the monuments of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. My Father didn't say much, but he lingered at the monument of Hyrum Smith - for whom he was named.

As a boy, I asked Father to tell me some missionary stories. I had asked him before, with no response. Later on I asked him again, and after a pause, I asked him why he wouldn't tell me some missionary stories. With tears running down his face, he replied: "My mission was a disappointment to me." He related that while there he got malaria; and they were afraid they might lose him, and so released him and sent him home. But he stated that he had sent sons on missions, and hoped that someday he "could finish his mission." (Later on in life he filled two more missions.)

In 1965 my wife and I journeyed into Tennessee. I had a strong desire to visit the area where Father had labored as a missionary while in his youth. It was a most rewarding experience. I felt that my Father's spirit was with us while we were there.

Image #1Hyrum Don Carlos Clark is shown with his son-in-law,

Ephraim Ericksen, and his grandson Stanford Ericksen

in this photo.A few months before Father got hurt and lost his life in 1938, one day while we were chatting, he mentioned that while enroute to his field of labor, on his first mission, he visited David Whitmer, in Richmond, Missouri. I

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