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Title: **Book-41**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Antone Clark Files, also located at Farmington Museum**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Biography of Hyrum Don Carlos Clark by Owen Morrell Clark

"WHAT I REMEMBER ABOUT FATHER" by Antone Ivins Clark Nov. 1980

It was always good to have father come home from Star Valley. If it was late fall, he would always bring a quarter of Star Valley beef which he hung in a shed next to the coal shed. I was always intrigued with the nice juicy steaks he would cut off. With a meat saw he would cut through the bones. Also recalled the days we would go to the station and bid him good-bye, as he would leave for Star Valley. We would look at the amount of lights clear to the point of the mountain, clear to Salt Lake City, looking for one of the lights that would blink and we would know the train would soon be here. I can well-remember when the head light came into view as it approached Farmington. Father would take a long, wadded-up newspaper and light it as a torch and would wave it as a semaphore, over his head to signal the train to stop. The engineer always replied with a whistle.

Father used to take hay to the delivery stables in Salt Lake City, now and then. I accompanied him on one trip and I counted twenty autos on the road between Farmington and Salt Lake City.

Father and mother often went to the Temple and usually they would come back with father's pocket's full of Humbugs, Peppermints and Lemon drops for the children.

I remember a fierce lightning storm in Farmington one evening, with the lightning cracking all around us. Father called us together and we knelt in prayer in the parlor. This gave us security as he used his Priesthood to rebuke the storm.

Image #1Baby picture of Antone I. ClarkFrom 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 those years, I can truly say the Lord truly loved our Father.

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