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Biography of Hyrum Don Carlos Clark by Owen Morrell Clark

Having established themselves in a little valley in the Wyoming Rockies some years back, my father and mother not only raised cattle on a large scale but children as well.

We had outgrown our five-room log cabin so Father was building a thirteen-room, two- story house "to sort of balance the scale." At quitting time one evening the carpenter, a neighbor, asked for his month's wages. Automatically Father reached for the old indelible pencil in his upper vest pocket, but failed to locate the familiar check book in any of his pockets. Nor could they scrape up a slip of paper between them. So from the debris at his feet, Father selected a piece of cedar shingle about the size of his hand, on which he wrote the date and the name of the Valley Bank. Then, wetting the tip of the pencil on his tongue, he added, "Pay to the Order Jeff Jenkins--$105.00. One Hundred and Five Dollars." After signing his name he drew a facsimile of our cattle brand in one corner, HDC, then handed it to Jeff.

Early on Monday morning Jeff showed up on the job wearing a new pair of Levi's and a broad grin. "Yes sir--I'll be gol-darned," he exclaimed, "if they didn't cash that scrap of wood without even blinkin'."

Image #1Ann Eliza and Hyrum Don Carlos Clark are shown in the center of this photo taken in 1907 in Los Angeles.

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Way back when the Indians were still on the loose, during an annual trek to the Snake River country, Old Chief Washki developed a severe toothache. There being no dentist within fifty miles, he soon discovered that Father pulled teeth in an emergency.

It was early one morning, just after breakfast, that the rampaging Indians thundered down the road whooping and yelling, their Pintos rearing to a halt just outside our front door. Father leaped to his feet and out the door, closing it behind him, but through the window curtains we could see them, stripped to the waist, all decked out in war paint except one who was in full regalia. From his swollen jaw and gesticulations we gathered that he wanted his tooth pulled.

Father reappeared through the doorway warning Mother, "This is sure to hurt him," he whispered, "and who knows what might happen. Take the children into the back room and lock the door." But we could hear the old Indian groaning and grunting Kay-Wino, Kay-Wino as Father worked on him. Then, like a blast from a cannon, he let out a bellow that

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