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Booklet on Hyrum Don Carlos Clark

SOME OF THE THINGS I REMEMBER

OF MY FATHER,

HYRUM D. CLARK

by Carlos R. Clark

Being the next to the youngest of Father eighteen children, it was only about the last twenty years of his life that I knew him. This is comparatively a short time. I was the last of his children to be born in the big home on the Ranch. It burned down when I was less than a year old. The barn burned down a few short years later. I do not remember either of them.

I heard that at one time Father was considered to be financially well to do. This was before my time. He had reached the zenith of his acquiring thousands of acres of land and other property. His financial prestige was on the decline. During the early years of my life on the Ranch father was in a financial bind. He was struggling to make payments on some accumulated debs and trying to prevent fore-closure on his property.

We milked cows morning and at night along with a long day's work in the hayfield. We lived mainly on the money we received from selling the milk. This afforded us only a meager living. We lived in comparative poverty. I never had a tricycle, a wagon or many other things that boys of my age in other families had. By not having many things that I so desired has had a lasting effect on me.

One summer, to get us to work hard and long hours, my brother Porter promised us a "watermelon bust" if we got through having by a certain date. We got through haying at about noon on the day before the "dead line." The melons and lunch were brought down to us and we ate in the shade of the big River Barn.

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After eating we had a shooting contest with an old "22" gun. To our amazement father was the best marksman of the whole haying crew. Father had good control with a good steady hand. He could have been a good hunter. Father never took the time to take us hunting or fishing. We lived right by some of the best hunting and fishing in the country. Work always came first.

One time when father was in his late seventies Porter came to Farmington and took father back up to Wyoming hunting Elk. He came back with a set of antlers. He really enjoyed it and admitted that he should have done more of it.

Father liked a bargain. He liked to get the very most he could in a trade or when he bought something. After the one he was dealing with agreed to come part way to what father had offered, he would sometimes close the deal by saying, "let's split the difference."

I can remember one time when father was buying a suit of clothes in the Ed Lauis Dry Goods store in Afton. it was operated by a Jew. Knowing the nature of a Jew father realized that the price was

marked plenty high. After doing his best in "jewing" the Jew down as far as he could, father took it by having him, "throw in a belt and tie", free of charge. One thing father liked was good quality. It's a good thing for me that he did. Most of my, "sunday suits", were hand me downs. When Weston out grew a suit of cloths it was in turn, handed down to Jasper and then to me.

Father was strict in his disciplining. He believed that to spare the rod would spoil the child. I respected him as a good and great man, and yet I feared him.

Father was a religious man, he had a good knowledge of the Gospel and he tried to live it. To him