

CHARLES RICH CLARK
FAMILY HISTORIES

Reunion
1966

CHARLES RICH CLARK
1861 - 1933

Charles Rich Clark was born April 1, 1861 in Farmington, Davis County, Utah. He was the eighth child in a family of eleven born to Ezra Thompson Clark and Mary Stevenson who were married in May of 1845 at the Clark settlement in Lee County, Iowa. They moved with other church members as was needed to avoid persecution. As the church moved westward, Brigham Young asked Ezra to remain in Iowa and raise crops to sustain the saints coming through on their trek westward. Later they, with their two sons, were able to go west and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in September of 1848. They spent their first months in the Bountiful area; then they moved to Farmington which was at that time called Cottonwood Creek. Ezra was given 35 acres of land on which he started a successful farm and ranch operation, and as his family grew, so did his land holdings and business interests.

In 1857, just before he left for a two-year mission to England, Ezra built a two-story adobe home in Farmington at 368 West State (then called Clark Lane). While in England he became acquainted with a Leggett family who were encouraged to migrate to America with other saints. In 1861 he noticed Susan Leggett's name on a ship passenger list and proposed that she become his second wife. Charles' was the youngest of Mary's boys at the time Susan's family began.

As each "Thousand Dollar Boy" arrived, he would, as he grew, help with the farm and ranch operations. In time there were more boys in Mary's family and ten children in Susan's. They lived across the street from each other, and the mothers and the children of each family enjoyed a close and friendly relationship. The boys, including Charles, learned to ride well, care for the stock, guide the walking plow, and irrigate the crops. Most of the family members lived under a family cooperative similar to the United Order. Pooling their efforts they in time acquired 700 acres in the Farmington area, a mill and acreage in Morgan County, acreages in Franklin County, and about 1200 acres in Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho.

The Georgetown venture came as a result of a call by Brigham Young to Ezra and some 200 others to settle Bear Lake County. Cattle herds from Farmington were taken northward in the spring and returned in the fall. Charles relates that he enjoyed his first cattle drive northward when he was thirteen years old.

Charles was a good student in school and progressed well considering the interruptions made necessary by the farming operations. His special interests were history, mathematics, religion and elocution. As he grew he participated in church and school programs reciting "pieces" he had memorized or being involved with singing groups. His diary entry of August 18, 1879 notes that he is now attending the University of Deseret. He continued there during the winter and obtained two certificates. The next year he took a mathematics course at the university. On November 2, 1881 he began teaching in Centerville. The day before he started teaching, he was introduced to Mary Emma Woolley, a daughter of John W. Woolley who was one of the trustees of the school. Charles boarded with families as part of his pay. In addition he received \$4.00 monthly.

During the winter of 1882 Charles and his sister, Annie, attended the B.Y.A. in Provo. Brother Karl G. Maeser and John M. Tanner were a great influence in their lives. Brother Maeser suggested that Charles remain there, continue his study, and become a teacher at the institution. After talking with his father, he decided to return to the farm and develop his abilities along the lines of farming, ranching, and milling. Charles notes in his diary on March 23, 1883... "Discontinued, as I was needed at home."

That spring he courted and won the hand of Emma Woolley, and they were married on June 28, 1883 in the Endowment House. They left for Georgetown July 23rd and arriving there the 27th, moved into the Clark home. They took over the duties of Joseph, who had been called on a mission in 1882. Their first child, Marion, was born there April 4, 1884.

After Joseph's return from his mission, Charles, Emma and little Marion moved to Morgan where Charles operated the farm and grain mill which the cooperative had now acquired. Water was stored in a pond near the river producing most of the power needed for the mill. At times a steam engine was used. The Clark families, as well as nearby farm families, used the mill to produce flour and stock feed.

According to the teaching of church leaders and because of the successful example of his father's marriages, Charles considered and accepted the principle of celestial marriage as pertaining to plural wives. With the approval of Emma and the encouragement of church leadership, he made himself acquainted with Ann Elizabeth Waldron, a young woman living in Morgan. He had first talked with Brother Waldron about the proposal and then made his wishes known to Annie. After a short and secretive courtship, they were sealed November 24, 1886 in the Logan Temple. To Charles, Emma, and Annie it was the supreme application of their religion. Sometimes there were misgivings as to their relationships and responsibilities, but their belief in the principle was uppermost in their lives.

The year before in 1885 Charles had taught school in Morgan. The students each paid him \$3.00 for their instruction. In the fall of 1886 he taught the upper grades, and his sister, Annie, taught the lower grades in Centerville. He noted in diary in 1887..."This is the first time since I was a child that I have been out of the schoolroom either as student or teacher." Even as late as January 1, 1891, he writes..."Now comes another year. Will I do better in this year than in the 5 2/3 years I have spent in Morgan? If I would listen to those who are interested in me, I would not continue as I have. They would rather see me teach school. Thomas Harding asked me today if I am going to school anymore. I did not answer him, but I would have taken pride in saying, 'I AM'. I told Emma yesterday that if the Lord is willing I am going east to school. This concern has revolved in my mind today." And on January 2nd..."I seek to find my future mission. Should it be to some eastern college, Germany on a mission, China, Japan, Salt Lake Academy, or the Roller Mill?"

Annie's marriage was kept a secret in Morgan. As the time approached for her first child to be born, she moved to Farmington and lived with the Ezra T. Clark family. Wallace was born there and, because of the disapproval of polygamy by the civil authorities, Annie and her young son lived in secrecy. Lawrence and Gladys were born in Farmington. Mother Annie and her three children moved back to Morgan on May 2, 1892. The previous fall Charles had received a Southern States mission call and had left October 20, 1891. He was successful in bringing many into the church and revived activity in branches in need of help and counsel. The saints there especially remembered the dramatic presentations he gave as a part of some special programs.

To help finances, Emma, taking Marion as a driver of the horse and buggy, would go out selling books. Annie notes that she often took care of Emma's children as well as her own on such occasions. In October of 1893 Emma took Marion to Chicago where they met Charles and enjoyed the World's Fair then in progress. Annie writes in a diary entry of September 18, 1894 that Charles, Emma, Annie, Marion, Vernon, Marvin, Wallace, Lawrence and Gladys took an inter-

esting camping trip to Bear Lake..."Stayed up late baking and getting ready... Marion came over at 4:00 a.m. with the horses and buggy, and we left at 6:00, driving to Ogden the first day. Camped in the canyon on the 19th and then drove to Cache Valley. My luggage was lost, so Marion went back to Deweyville and found it. Charlie canvassed for books but didn't sell any. We drove on to Franklin the next day, and the 24th Charlie Emma canvassed for books. The next day we drove through Mill Creek and camped in Immigration Canyon, making a day camp. The next day we went down into Liberty and on to Georgetown....On September 26th we drove to Star Valley (Wyoming) to see Hyrum and family. Saw Wilford in Montpelier. After starting back, Vernon, while trying to draw water from an old well, drew the curb over on him breaking his leg. His Ma and Pa set it (using old boards and clay from the hillside) and then administered to him that it might be set right. On October 2nd we drove to the Half-Way House where some hunter gave us some elk meat. On October 3rd we visited Aunt Mary Rich, (Apostle C. C. Rich's plural wife, in Paris. Stayed the night and then drove to Fish Haven. On October 5th we drove to Meadowville, Huntsville and home to Morgan".

Charles taught school the winter of 1894-1895. In September, 1895, he was appointed as a delegate to the Fourth National Irrigation Congress in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Enroute he met other appointees, including T. E. Ricks, George Q. Cannon, and Edward Partridge. Reports of irrigation practices from Canada to Mexico were given and suggestions made. After his return Charles, besides milling and farming, acted as Secretary of the Precinct Committee of the Republican Party and was elected Councilman from Morgan. He was President of the YMMIA. On July 25, 1888 he was disenfranchised because of polygamy, making it impossible for him to serve as county surveyor. He again voted and was not challenged November 3, 1895, and an interesting diary note for December 18th and 19th reads ..."Attended drill inspection under Major Stevens and received clothing, gun and other army equipment." Reference was made about the Venezuelan dispute.

In Sacrament Meeting April 12, 1896 Charles was called upon to read the manifesto signed by the First Presidency, ten of the Quorum of the Apostles, the Patriarch, and the First Seven Presidents of the Seventy.

In 1901 father Ezra T. Clark took 17 pieces of paper, and on each paper described some "best" property along with some "2nd best" land. The Farmington and Morgan properties were considered to be the "best". Lands farther away, such as Georgetown, were considered "2nd-best". Included also were certain stock cattle, horses, interest in a mercantile store, and Davis County Bank shares. There were also some cash and personal items. A balance was made so that each paper had a nearly equal value. As each son or daughter drew their lot, great joy was manifest.

Charles' prime property awarded was in Morgan, and the Georgetown division was next best. It also included some cattle and horses. He elected to go with Emma to Georgetown to live, and Annie and her children would stay in Morgan.

Charles, Emma, Marion, Vernon, Marvin, Newell, and Marie arrived in Georgetown April 25, 1901 and lived in a log house near the creek. Here Julia was born. Emma with frugality and foresight arranged for the purchase of the George A. Smith home where they lived until after Emma's death. All the family helped in the farm operation. Marion built a mercantile store in 1907 and left the farm. Vernon left in the twenties to teach school. Newell was drowned in Bear River September 16, 1932. Marvin remained on the farm. Marie and Julia married and moved away.

Charles liked to teach religion classes in Georgetown, and he helped get the

program going. He was called as first counselor to Bishop Alma Hayes on June 10, 1906. He also kept the tithing records for a time. Many times the ills and needs of families in the ward took precedence over the needs on the farm. He worked hard as an example to his boys and then expected them to carry out much of the work. Even though he spent most of his time in Georgetown, he went to "Conference" and helped the Morgan family as long as his train ticket lasted.

His grandchildren remember him as being the one to clear the snow from the walkways early in the morning after a snowfall. He would fill a tub with some coal and then pull it with a horse or put a rope over his own shoulders and clear the way so that children for blocks around could get to school easily.

He encouraged us to go to Sunday School and would spend considerable time helping us to memorize the concert recitation. Teeter-totters and swings were devised for our use. At milking time he often took a cup along to be filled with fresh, warm milk from the cow so we could enjoy milk at its best. If we did wrong or failed to accomplish a task that was ours, we could expect a rather extended "talking to". He encouraged all of us to attend school and prepare our lessons well. He was very interested in the development of Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho and often went out to solicit funds for the school. All of his children and some of his grandchildren attended that school, even though they had to leave Georgetown to do so.

His garden near the home was large and well kept. Many people other than his own family profited from its produce. The "Garden Spot" up the lane was a favorite spot with all of us. From it came excellent raspberries, apples, currants and strawberries.

Charles had several narrow escapes from death in his lifetime. On one of his camping trips through Yellowstone Park with his family, he fell into the backwash below some river falls. He managed to catch hold of a large stick and make it to the bank. Another time while cutting ice on Bear River he slipped into the water and as the current carried him downstream he caught hold of the ice at the lower part of the hole. Another time he fell in, went under the ice but luckily came up a few yards downstream where there happened to be an opening in the ice cover.

One of the frequent jobs he performed on the ranch was the sharpening or repairing iron and steel parts at the forge. He would shape a horseshoe and then nail it on a horse's hoof. He had a special room where he repaired harness for future use.

He was an excellent walker. Walking or "hitching" a ride helped him on his frequent trips. One common trip was over the mountain between Farmington and Morgan. He knew the trail and could make the trip almost as fast as a horse-drawn vehicle over the Weber Canyon route.

After Emma's death November 19, 1928 from an attack of typhoid fever and dropsy, Charles lived in either Morgan or Salt Lake City. He stayed with Vernon about two years and did a considerable amount of endowment work in the temple. After a bronchial and lung infection, he moved in with Julia. He died October 6, 1933, and was buried next to Emma in the Farmington cemetery.

Written by Ellsworth M. Clark
(eldest grandchild of Charles R. Clark)

LIFE OF MARION CHARLES CLARK, b. 4 Apr 1884

Marion was the first of seven children born to Charles Rich Clark and Mary Emma Woolley. At that time the village of Georgetown, Idaho was being established, and the Ezra T. Clark family had land holdings there. Georgetown and the surrounding grazing land was the summering place for the Clark herds. The native grasses were cut for hay and land was developed for irrigation. Dry farm land was also developed. In the fall cheese and the cattle were taken back to Farmington, Utah. Some of the families remained in Georgetown for the winter.

In the year of 1884, Charles and Emma, recently married were asked by the Ezra T. Clark family to go to Georgetown to take the place of an older brother, Joseph Smith Clark, who had been called on a mission. Even though Charles had previously taught school, he accepted the responsibility and with the help of some other brothers, helped care for the Georgetown property. It was there, on April 4, 1884, in the family home one block east of Main Street (later Edward and Alice R. Clark's home) that Marion was born.

After the Georgetown experience, the young family returned to Farmington and was then assigned the responsibility of the Clark family property located in the Morgan, Utah area. There was a grist mill built and operated, a farm to care for, cows to milk, and cattle to herd. Charles also taught school there. He met Annie Waldron there, married her as a second wife, and started a second family. The two families grew up together in the same area, but not in the same homes.

Morgan, Utah, was the town that Marion knew best in his earliest years, and Marion at about 10 years of age had the experience of selling papers on the street in Salt Lake City. He attended the old Washington School on the west side. All of Charles' and Emma's children, with the exception of Marion and Julia, lived most of their early lives in Morgan.

Vernon reports that Marion, while living in Salt Lake City, caught frogs and sold their legs to a leading hotel. He also became a champion marble player in a tournament held in the city.

As a youth in Morgan he spent time helping at home and playing the usual boyhood games of marbles, baseball, and running games. He became an expert swimmer and skater. He took first place in foot races held at holiday times.

Vernon, his four-year younger brother, reports that Marion and his friend, Charlie Smith, would go out to gather sunflower seeds and "disappear" in the nearby hills. He knew these hills well as he cared for the stock much of the time and would gather them in at the proper times such as milking time. He was an expert horseman.

Marion often told of how he would find rattlesnakes and with the use of a forked stick and silk handkerchief get the snake to strike and then yank the fangs from the snake's head.

The mill pond was a favorite place to swim and cool off. Father Charles, had a rule--"no more than three times a day." After Vernon had a fourth swim one day, a green willow switch was used on him by his father. Vernon relates that Marion said,

"Never mind. The switching wasn't so bad. You can feel lucky that he didn't give you a 'talking to'." Once Marion and some of his friends pushed Marvin, his younger brother, off the diving board into the water. Marvin was fearful and crying, but it was the only way he could be accepted into the "club." He was told that Marion would save him if he couldn't swim and would dive in when he came up for air the second time and before the fateful third time down. Marion related that Marvin learned to swim.

Father Charles served a mission to the Southern states when Marion was between five and seven years of age and remembers going with his mother, Emma, on a selling trip for an encyclopedia company. They used their horse, "Bill" and a one-horse buggy, traveled eastward through the Uinta Mountain area, then northward toward Evanston, Wyoming and back toward Woodruff, Utah, and home. The money received for subscriptions for the books by the farmers and ranchers helped supplement the money from the farm and mill operation in Morgan. Emma sent the money to her missionary husband.

Marion did well in school and especially liked arithmetic. He was the big brother to Vernon, Marvin, Marie, and later Newell and Julia. He helped his parents with the farm and mill work, milking cows, cutting and stacking hay, and gardening, which were commonplace jobs. The young people in the area looked to Marion for leadership in their various activities. He was active in the church and a responsible boy in his family and in his school. He learned to sing well and developed a fine bass voice as he grew older.

In 1901 when his grandfather, Ezra divided the family holdings among his many boys, Charles received the property in Morgan and ranch land in Georgetown. He took his first wife, Emma, and their five children to Georgetown and left his second wife, Annie, and her children in Morgan on the property there. Thus, at seventeen years of age, Marion, with brothers Vernon, Marvin, Newell, and little sister Marie left their friends and faced new challenges in the Bear Lake country of Idaho.

The farm in Georgetown was a large one and approximately one-third of the original Clark holdings. Marion soon made new friends and busied himself with good hard farm work. He had his cousins, Woodruff, William, Walter, and others to go around with. They exchanged work on the farms, especially at haying time. There were cows to milk, horses to ride, cattle to care for, fences to mend, and wood to get out of the canyons.

At eighteen and a half years he enrolled in the missionary course at Fielding High School in Paris, Idaho. On his trip from Georgetown to Paris, he visited with his cousins, William and Woodruff in Montpelier. They introduced him to Ed Shepherd and his younger sister, Ella. He caught a ride to Paris with them. After a choir practice date with Ella they dated steadily until the time he left for his mission. On October 4, 1904, at age 19, he took the Union Pacific train to Chicago where he served in the Northern States Mission for two and a half years. Letters were exchanged between the pair and although there was no formal engagement, there was an understanding that they would continue their courtship when he returned home.

His missionary labors were eventful. He became a leader and spent several months as mission secretary under his mission president, German E. Ellsworth. Street meetings, preaching services, and visiting members took a good deal of the time. Marion had occasions to sing solos, duets, and take part in group singing.

Upon completing his mission, Marion returned to his farm work in Georgetown. He made sure that he had a fine team of horses which he used when hiring out to work and especially when he made trips to Paris to see Ella. On one of these trips he popped the question and plans were made for their marriage.

An eventful trip by horse and buggy to Paris, and then a train ride from Montpelier to Salt Lake City was made. They arrived in Salt Lake June 13, stayed with Ella's oldest brother, Joseph, and then on June 14, 1907, were sealed in marriage in the Salt Lake Temple. The young couple visited with the Clark relatives, the Ezra Clark families in Farmington, the John W. Woolley family in Centerville, and then up Weber Canyon to Morgan, Utah to visit half-brothers and sisters there and see again many friends of years gone by.

Marion continued doing custom work with his team and also helped his father on the farm. In the back of his mind, however, he was planning a more promising life as a merchant. The next year, he and Vernon started getting logs out of the nearby canyons which were taken to sawmills and cut into lumber.

The next year there was farming, logging, and formulations of plans to build a mercantile store. An old account book shows that on Feb. 8, 1909 he purchased a building lot for \$100. On March 15, he shows that five days work on the ground by him and his team was completed and valued at \$12. Lumber that he did not have already, hardware, cement, etc. was listed. The total cost of the store was \$377.15. On February 1, 1910, interest was paid at the rate of ten percent.

The business started well and increased in volume. Marion not only managed the store but became a buyer and seller of farm produce such as hay and grain which he shipped by rail to Wyoming coal fields and other points east. He often shipped in carloads of coal and fruit by rail and distributed them from the Georgetown spur which was about a mile and a half west of town.

Along with long hours spent in the store or on buying trips to Montpelier or Salt Lake City, Marion had other interests. Between 1914 and the early 1920s he helped sponsor a town band in which he played the tuba. He also helped sponsor a town baseball team and was a participant, usually playing first base.

The store was the place in town where news and gossip were relayed to others. The store had a surprisingly varied inventory. Harnesses, cream separators, fishing equipment, hardware, groceries, men's and ladies' clothing, shoes, cloth yardage, and a soda fountain all had their place. Whatever a farmer, builder or housewife needed, it was usually available.

In church activity, Marion was Sunday School Superintendent for almost twenty years. He was also choir leader for Sacrament meetings and always had a good choir which practiced on Thursday evenings.

Marion dabbled in a few ventures that did not pay off. He grubstaked a miner for an interest in a gold mine near Soda Springs, bought stock certificates in phosphate mines and a few other eventually worthless ventures.

In the fall of 1918, Spanish influenza struck the world population. The whole country was ill, it seemed, and schools and church gatherings were cancelled. People stayed home, funerals were not held when people died. Marion, luckily, remained well, cared for the store, and aided his sick family.

Times were hard. Ranchers and sheepmen who had "pay once a year" accounts couldn't pay their bills so Marion had difficulty paying his. In 1928 Marion sold his store to Wilbur Bacon. He then went on the road selling his men's clothing lines.

In the spring and summer of 1924-27 Marion, Vernon and Newell took over the operation of the Clark farm, which was later sold to Marvin.

For a few years Marion sold made-to-measure clothes in Idaho and Washington, usually with his cousin, William O. Clark. After WW II started, Marion obtained a job at Hill Field in Clearfield, UT. He later worked for Union Tailors in Salt Lake City, and it was while delivering some clothes during the severe winter of 1948-49 that he overdid shoveling snow and had a severe heart attack. That evening, Feb. 6, 1949 he passed away quietly at the age of 63. He was buried in the Salt Lake City cemetery.

Marion had an excellent sense of humor, and was a gifted salesman. His numerous grandchildren miss him.

Vernon John Clark
1888-1985

Vernon John Clark was born on August 27, 1888 in Morgan, Utah to Charles Rich Clark and Mary Emma Woolley Clark. He was the second in a family of five boys and two girls. Vernon spent his boyhood in Morgan. At the age of eight years, Vernon was baptized in a large pond located near the family's flour mill. He loved swimming so much that after this important event, his mother gave him permission to swim across the pond and back while still in his baptism clothes. When Vernon was eleven years old, his mother moved her children to Salt Lake City where they remained for two years while she trained to become a nurse and midwife. Vernon and his brother Marion sold newspapers and also frog legs to restaurants to earn spending money.

During his teenage years, Vernon lived in Georgetown, Idaho with his family where his father earned a living dry farming and raising cattle. At age fourteen, he began attending the Fielding Academy, a combination high school and college. While there he enjoyed academics, sports, and serving as student body president during his senior year of high school. After graduating from high school, he worked on the family farm for two years before returning to Fielding for college studies. At age 22, he left for the mission field to serve in the Northern States mission which included Illinois and Indiana, leaving behind his fiancée, Hattie Cook.

Serving a mission for the church was a great experience for Vernon who enjoyed meeting new people and sharing the gospel with them. He took many pictures and made an impressive scrapbook about his mission. On one P-Day, Vernon had an unusual experience in that he had the opportunity to ride through the air on the lower wing of an airplane built by the Wright Brothers for which he was paid \$5.00. Then at the conclusion of his mission, he was able to travel to Washington D. C. with his cousin Harold R. Clark and attend the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson. Toward the end of his mission, Vernon received word that Hattie had died of a heart condition. Upon his arrival home her parents asked that he be sealed to their daughter in the temple. Vernon did so and thus had a wife to whom he never shared married life.

Studying and learning was important to Vernon, so after his mission he enrolled in the Fielding Academy and finally received his college degree in 1914. Afterwards he took some classes at BYU before returning home to help his father on the family farm where he worked for several years before serving a second mission in Idaho and Wyoming for about six months. When he returned home, Vernon worked at a variety of jobs but really enjoyed selling candy as a traveling salesman. Finally at age 33, Vernon was engaged to marry Annie Innes but decided to try teaching school before they got married. With a temporary teaching certificate he traveled to Ivins, Idaho for his first teaching assignment. Before long he met Bessie Banks and decided that he preferred her to Annie, so the engagement

was broken and Vernon began courting Bessie whom he married in September of 1923 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Teaching school was a pleasant experience for Vernon, but after three years his temporary certificate expired. Rather than going back to college at age 36 to get a permanent certificate, he decided to change careers and become an insurance salesman to farmers in Idaho and Utah. He enjoyed traveling and meeting new people, so selling insurance was an ideal employment for Vernon who continued in this work for over thirty years. Vernon and Bessie lived in Idaho for the first four years of their marriage and during this time two sons were born to them, J Vernon and Dean. In 1927 they moved to Salt Lake City; it was here that two more children were born -- MarJean and Max. Vernon and Bessie enjoyed living in Utah and raising their family within the shadows of the Salt Lake Temple.

Vernon had many interests in his life. As a youth he loved running, swimming, and skating. As a teen and man he loved hunting and fishing more than anything else. He could hardly wait each year for the opening of the deer hunting and fishing seasons. Other interests included collecting antiques, trading pocket knives, storytelling, traveling all around the United States with friends and family, and working with his son Dean in the car business.

Achieving wealth and fame were of little importance to Vernon, but helping and serving his fellowmen were of vital significance to him. As a young man he swam out into cold Bear Lake to save two young men whose rowboat had capsized. During the years of selling insurance, he often gave people money out of his own pocket to pay their premiums when these farmers could not afford to do so themselves. He was known for picking up hitchhikers and taking them home for a good meal and night's sleep before moving on to their destinations. He loved serving in the church as a teacher, scout leader, counselor in the Bishopric, and missionary. In addition to laboring in the mission field twice as a young man, Vernon also served a mission with his wife in Virginia for a year. He was well known in his ward for helping widows with the various problems they had as well as preparing the scouts for every camp. In his later years, he loved temple work and often walked to the Salt Lake Temple daily to attend an endowment session.

Vernon loved his wife, children, and grandchildren very much and was so very proud of them. In addition to his four children, Vernon and Bessie have been blessed with 30 grandchildren and over 50 great-grandchildren. Enjoying excellent health throughout his entire life, Vernon lived until he was 96 years old, passing away on April 29, 1985. His wife Bessie died on September 24, 1994 at the age of 91.

Written by Marion B. Clark
Daughter-in-law

MARVIN EZRA CLARK

Marvin Ezra Clark was born 13 December 1890 in Morgan, Utah, the third of seven children born to Charles Rich Clark and Mary Emma Woolley. He died in Georgetown, Idaho, on 10 July 1991 at age 100 years and 7 months.

Marvin's father, Charles R. Clark, was among the last members of the church to enter into plural marriage prior to the Manifesto in 1890. In June 1883 he married Mary Emma Woolley, and in November 1886 he married Ann Elizabeth Waldron. Seven children were born in the first family: Marion, Vernon, Marvin, Carl, Newell, Marie, and Julia. Eight were born in the second family: Wallace, Lawrence, Gladys, Lela, Leland, Ella, Carlos, and Myral. All are now deceased except Carlos.

The Ezra T. Clark family had large landholdings both in the Morgan and Farmington areas in Utah and in the Georgetown area of Bear Lake Valley in southern Idaho. In consultation with his father, Charles decided that his second family should stay in Morgan to help manage the property there, and his first family should move to Idaho to help develop the Georgetown property. This they did in the spring of 1901, with Marvin and his brothers helping to drive the Clark cattle from Utah to Idaho, arriving in Georgetown on 2 May 1901. From this time on Charles's first family lived in Georgetown and the second family lived in Morgan, with extensive visiting back and forth.

Thus Marvin spent his first ten years in Morgan, where he delivered milk on the family milk route, helped at the waterwheel-driven flour mill operated by his father, and learned to swim in the swift waters of the millrace. A life-history he wrote tells how in the millpond on his eighth birthday he was baptized by his father in a waterhole cut through the ice. He also tells of catching hundreds of fish in the Weber River, which they would then salt down in barrels for winter eating. And of how he cornered and killed rattlesnakes in the sagebrush-covered hills northwest of Morgan. "I used to come home nearly every night," he wrote, "with rattles on my hat from rattlesnakes I had killed."

Marvin's mother with her young children went to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1900 and spent the winter in medical training preparing to be a midwife. Thereafter for years she functioned as a midwife, delivering many babies. Marvin, age 10, and his two older brothers attended school in the old Washington School north of the Salt Lake Temple, and sold newspapers on the streetcorners of downtown Salt Lake to help pay for family living expenses.

From then on Marvin spent most of his life in Georgetown. In his life-history he tells of many youthful activities not only in work but also in recreation: swimming, wrestling, ice-skating, tobogganing, fishing, calf-riding, etc. Although only five feet and six or seven inches tall, he was very strong and muscular, able to out-work almost everyone around him. Especially he prided himself in his ability as a runner, saying he had learned to run as a boy while running behind wagons hauling coal from Coalville to Morgan. Later in Idaho he said, "I used to do a lot of foot-racing. There were several faster than I, but in a long race I would always come out in the lead. The longer the race, the farther I would come out ahead."

On his father's farm in Georgetown, Marvin was the one who stayed. His brothers one by one were called on church missions and then went away from the farm for other occupations, but Marvin stayed with the work of the farm--riding the cattle range on summer days, feeding the cattle in the winter (sometimes, his journal says, in weather that got down to 54 degrees below zero!), working the land for hay and grain crops, and sometimes hand-milking from 20 to 30 cows each morning and evening. All his life he loved farm work but milked so many cows as a boy and young man that after he got his own farm he never kept more than a few cows of his own. He said there were better ways to earn a living than milking cows. He preferred to work the land with horses and machinery.

As a young man Marvin attended Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho, graduating in

1914. In his graduation class was a girl two years younger than Marvin named Alice Budge, a daughter of Arthur Budge, the Sheriff of Bear Lake County, and granddaughter of William Budge, prominent pioneer leader who for 29 years was the President of the Bear Lake Stake. At Fielding Academy both Marvin and Alice were involved in school activities, he especially in music, and she in drama and debating. They were married in the Logan Temple on 10 June 1914 almost immediately after graduation from the Academy. For years thereafter Marvin was fond of saying that he picked the brightest, most talented girl in the class, and Alice was fond of saying that she picked the steadiest, finest, most church-devoted man.

Soon after their marriage Marvin and Alice homesteaded a hundred or so acres of land ten miles north of Georgetown, which would become the nucleus of the large dry-farm to which they devoted their lives for many years. Laboriously they hauled rocks, grubbed out trees and bushes, and cleared the land so that it could be plowed into grain fields. Side by side, year after year, Marvin and Alice worked together to build the farm, he loving the land, and she tolerating it. In some ways the land was marginal in quality, but hard work and good management, first with horses and later with tractors, made it into a productive and good farm, which Marvin gradually expanded not only in the dryfarm area but also by adding several hundred acres of irrigated hayland and pasture west of Georgetown. The farm is still in the family, owned now by Floyd, Marvin's oldest son.

Although Marvin was dedicated to the farm work that needed to be done, he made a practice of never working on Sundays except to do necessary chores. This account is being written by one of his sons, and I remember that even when storms threatened to ruin the hay or destroy the graincrop, we did not work on Sundays. And I remember other incidents that also show Father's character and church-devotion. I remember as a boy that when we gathered hay, every tenth load went to the church lot for tithing, and Father would see to it that the best hay was put on the tithing load and that the load was extra large. I remember also that once when I was a teenage boy an old man in town came to buy a few sacks of grain, and because my father was absent I offered to weigh it out for him, but he said no, he would come back when my father was there; and when I pressed him to insist that I could do it, he explained that he was afraid I would weigh it accurately but if my father did it he would add a few extra pounds. I remember, too, that during the terrible economic depression of the early 1930s, Father suffered a severe farm injury and was in the hospital when from the ward or stake there came what seemed to me an oversized budget assessment; we were struggling financially, and I remember that I was indignant that the church would send such an assessment to my father when they knew he was flat on his back and faced with heavy hospital expenses; but Father said not a word of criticism or complaint; he simply said, "We'll pay it somehow," and we did. During the hundred years I knew him, my father was the most honest, church-devoted, faith-filled man I ever knew.

As a young man about the time of his marriage in 1914 Marvin was called to be the first scoutmaster in Georgetown. Scouting was introduced into the church only in 1913, so Marvin was one of the first scoutmasters in the church. A year or two later he also served for several years as the ward dance director and music director. He loved music and had a strong, resonant baritone voice. For much of his lifetime he sang in the ward choir, continuing faithfully to do this into his mid-eighties.

After being ordained a High Priest by David O. McKay, Marvin served as a counselor in the Georgetown Ward Bishopric from 1930 to 1939, and as a High Priests Group Leader for twenty years thereafter. All his life he was faithful in the church, doing whatever he was asked with total dependability. For over eighty years, without missing a month he said, he was a home teacher, until declining health at age 98 stopped him.

Especially Marvin loved to do temple work. All his life he was a faithful temple goer, doing the work for thousands of people, and stopping at temples for temple work wherever he went in traveling, including special visits to the Hawaiian Temple at age 80 and to the Washington D.C. Temple at age 90. In his 70s, 80s, and early 90s, up until he was 97 and failing health started to slow him down, he would arrange to spend

full days at one or another of the temples, doing six, seven, or even eight endowments a day. When other people would tire, Marvin would say that going to the temple gave him renewed energy, and he would stay to the last possibility.

Even as he had a devotion to temple work, so Marvin had an aversion to rocks and weeds. If he found rocks on a road, he would often stop to throw them off so that they wouldn't cause problems for other drivers. And he declared an individual war against certain kinds of noxious weeds that he said were threatening the farmlands of southern Idaho. In his 70s, 80s, and early 90s he walked hundreds of miles along the highways and in the foothills of Bear Lake County to pull and destroy these hated weeds, sometimes with the aid of Boy Scout groups who assisted him.

Most famous of all was his woodpile. He still had some woodburning stoves in his home, and from age about 75 on he went regularly to nearby canyons to gather truckloads of dead wood that he then sawed for burning. The woodpile that he neatly stacked near his home grew ever bigger and higher each year until it was photographed and featured in several newspaper stories. Family members and neighbors offered to cut the wood with a power saw, but Marvin insisted on doing it with a hand saw, saying he needed the exercise. And no doubt all of the sawing, walking, rock-throwing, weed-pulling, fence-mending, etc., that he did helped to keep him young.

Marvin loved to travel. In younger years he took his family on one or two automobile trips each year, going to different places, and traveling a little farther each time. In later years he and Alice, and after she died, he and Beatrice, went on trips all over the U.S., not frequently, but every year or two, especially seeking out places of historical and church interest. He delighted in telling people that he had visited every state except Alaska, and his memory for details of things seen was phenomenal.

To Marvin and Alice five children were born--Floyd, Bruce, Roma, Reola, and a baby son who died at birth. Then after 41 years of marriage, Alice died in 1955. A year later Marvin married Beatrice Peterson Lane, and they were married for 35 years, until Marvin's death in 1991. Both families are sealed to Marvin.

A Patriarchal Blessing given to Marvin by his grandfather, Ezra T. Clark, when Marvin was just ten years old promised him that he would serve a church mission. In his late teenage years and early twenties, however, when normally a mission would have been taken, Marvin was asked by his family to stay on the farm, working for the family and helping to grow food for the army in World War I. For these reasons Marvin did not serve a mission as a young man. This bothered him for many years, and he was therefore especially happy when in 1964-65 he and Beatrice had the privilege of serving a mission in Arkansas. He loved it, and in a larger sense his entire life was a church mission through his multitudinous good works for people and his never missing an opportunity to talk about the church to whatever people he met.

For his long lifetime of faithfulness in church service, Marvin was featured in a profile write-up in the February 1990 issue of The Ensign, the L.D.S. Church magazine.

Until he was almost 98, Marvin was in amazingly good health, with stronger muscles and more vigorous energy than many men far younger. Then for the last three years, his body gradually weakened and serious health problems developed. For the final several months he was feeble and bedfast. But he said, with a twinkle in his eye, that if he behaved himself he thought he might make it to a hundred. And he did, dying at age 100 years and 7 months on 10 July 1991.

NEWELL SIRLS CLARK by Dorothy Willcox
b. 25 Apr 1896 d. 16 Sep 1932

Newell Sirls Clark was born 25 April 1896 to Charles Rich Clark and Mary Emma Woolley in Morgan, Morgan County, Utah.

Newell served in France during World War I. He returned home to Georgetown, Idaho 31 Jan 1919 and registered at Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho. He graduated in May 1919 and worked at home on the ranch. He was set apart by David O. McKay to serve a mission to the Eastern States beginning 29 Oct 1919.

While in the army he shared a tent with Rudolph Wunderly and they became good friends. Rudolph introduced Newell to his sister, Meta Wunderly. Newell introduced Rudolph to his sister Julia and both couples later married.

Before Meta and Newell were married, Rudolph and Meta visited Newell in Idaho. While there they watched Newell ride a bucking horse. He loved horses and had a way with them. At that time Meta didn't dream she would marry Newell. He visited Meta in Salt Lake before he left on his mission. They met again at conference April 1923 and were married 28 Nov 1923 in the Salt Lake Temple. Shortly after their marriage Newell went to work in California. When he came back they moved in with Newell's parents until Dorothy was born 9 Dec 1924.

Newell worked for the Kunz family in Williamsburg and Meta and Dorothy went with him. Margaret was born 28 Nov 1927 at Newell's parents' home in Georgetown, Idaho. Newell's mother, Emma Clark was the midwife. Emma died shortly after.

One memorable event was when "Old Nance," their horse, fell into the well. Dorothy can remember the incident as she was told to run to the neighbors for help. A new well had to be dug.

One summer Meta and the girls went with Newell into the "wilds" while he worked for the Cattlemen's Association. They stayed in the well-built sheep camp he had built, all four of them sleeping in one bed.

Newell worked for the Biology Department in the winter, poisoning coyotes and trapping muskrats. Paul was born 1 Jan 1930. Newell worked in Nounan cutting mine props when Carl was born 26 Jul 1931.

In September 1932 Newell had been to Bern, Idaho where he was helping with cattle. When he returned home he found he had lost his wallet. He went back to find it and also to get someone to stay with Meta and take care of her and the new baby they were expecting. That night, the 16th of September, Meta said she saw Newell standing by the door. He didn't say anything, nor did she. She said she closed her eyes and when she opened them he was still there. She wondered if it was her imagination.

The next day Meta got a call telling her to tell Newell to get his horse out of the pasture. They found the saddle was wet. Uncle Walter Clark and others started a search party. They dragged the Bear River where Newell was accustomed to crossing to go to Bern. He was found a few yards from where he had tried to cross at Piscadero.

Newell's brothers, Marion and Vernon made funeral

arrangements as Theodore was born 21 September. The funeral was 22 Sep. Meta watched the procession go by from her window.

In October 1932 the family moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. Dorothy, being the eldest, has a couple of recollections of her father. One was the time he returned from Salt Lake after attending the funeral of Rudolph and Julia's baby, Marlene. She can remember an angry neighbor after Newell sheared his dog, which had followed him to the canyon. Newell felt that the dog was suffering from the heat with his long hair. Margaret was only four when her father died but can remember that he made designs in the pancakes he made.

Newell S. Clark was well respected as an honest, family-loving man. He left his family a good name.

NOTE (by Ellsworth M. Clark): The mare, Nance that fell in the well was hoisted out and remained a favorite riding horse for the children. The well remained in use.

MARIE CLARK KUNZ

Marie Clark Kunz was born 4 March 1899 at Morgan, Utah to Charles Rich Clark and Mary Emma Woolley. She held a special place in the hearts of her parents because she was the first girl after five boys.

The Spring she turned two the family moved to Georgetown, Idaho. They lived in a house near the creek and the banks of the creek made a wonderful place for her to play with her brother Newell. The willows furnished them with lots of stick horses, posts for their little corrals, and cattle to stock the barn yards. They played going to the canyon with a little wagon. Marie also liked to play house with her cousins and sister Julia.

Marie's mother told her when she was born her hair was golden. The woman who took care of her laid a lock of the new babe's hair across her gold wedding ring and it was that color. When she was about two and a half Newell tied carpet rags (for ribbons) on all her ringlets while their mother was outside. Upon hearing their mother coming he tried to hurry and get the rags out. He untied most of them but one was stubborn so he took the scissors to cut it off. Their mother entered the door just in time to see the the lock of hair fall. Marie's hair was curly and was something of a pride in those days before permanents.

In the story of her life Marie wrote in 1960 she related the following: "Another little incident that has amused me since happened when I was still very small. My father took up a homestead out north and one day when we were about ready to leave home to go out there my mother asked me what that was that I had in that paper sack. I showed her the dandelion seed I had gathered to take with me to plant because there were no dandelions growing out there."

When Marie was ten she contracted Typhoid Fever and was in bed for several weeks. As a result of the fever she lost all her hair and when it grew back it was not golden but dark brown.

She did not start school until she was eight. In those days it was left to the parents to decide when their children were ready for school. Because at six Marie did not talk plain enough to be understood by the average person her mother waited to send her to school.

Following graduation (along with seventeen other children) from the eighth grade Marie went to high school at Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho. The first two years her mother lived in Paris and took care of Marie, Newell, and Julia while their father

served a mission in the Southern States.

She attended school at Brigham Young University for one year but family finances changed her plans from graduating from the University to getting her teaching certificate. In a life history she wrote in 1960 Marie states, "I taught school in Bern, Idaho the winter of 1921-1922 and there I renewed an acquaintance and developed a friendship and fell in love with Heber Kunz and we got married 1 June 1922." She taught the first three grades. Heber had just returned from his mission and was the janitor at the school.

"We were poor financially but we had our youth, our health, our ambitions, our faith, and our love for each other. Heber has been a good manager and an honest, upright man. He had about thirty acres of land in Bern and about its value in debts to be paid because of his mission. A nice shower was given to us in Bern and another one in Georgetown.

"Until we got our house built we lived in a couple of rooms at Parley's--Heber's brother. I thought it was very nice of Hilda to move out of two of her rooms and let us live there rent free...

"On 24 Oct. 1922 we moved into our own new house. It was built in an alfalfa field on a piece of ground we bought from Heber's mother and was a log house with two nice big rooms each 15 by 15 feet. At the time, we expected that in a few years we would build us a better house, but with a growing family and a bad depression in the 1930's we could not do it but the fall that McKay left (1942) for college we built two bedrooms on the north of the house and lined the west room with sheet rock.

"In the fall and winter of 1946-47 we built a nice cupboard with a sink and fixed the west room for our kitchen and covered the logs in the east room and made it our living room. We had used the west room for that for a few years. We have continued to build and fix up our house until now it is comfortable with bath room, modern appliances, more cupboards and gas heat.

"When we got married we bought us a new Cole's Hot Blast Range which lasted until 1949 when we got us our electric range.

"In the fall of 1922 soon after we got into our house Heber piped the cold water into the house. This was a wonderful convenience and I always felt that it covered a multitude of inconveniences. In 1950 we got hot water and before long an electric water heater. In 1951 came our electric refrigerator. And

on 10 Oct. We installed our Maytag automatic washer. As soon as electricity came to Bern early in 1931 I had an electric washer, iron, and lights which were heavenly compared to the wash board, stove irons, and coal oil lights."

Marie was a of a frugal nature--both by circumstance and by choice. In her life story she notes, "For the last eleven years (since 1949) when Heber sells the cattle in the fall he gives me a lovely check for one steer to use as I like and this gives me a good start toward saving money to buy something to improve our living. One year I used it to have the clothes closet built in the boys bedroom another year a vacuum cleaner and so on. I have the milk check and egg profit for running expenses.

"While the boys were in high school most of them built me furniture etc. that has helped make our home comfortable. From time to time we have been able to replace old with new."

Even though their home was small Marie saw to it that each boy had a drawer that no one else was allowed to get into. Their privacy was important. She was a kind mother but wasn't afraid to discipline when it was needed. She always wanted to know where her boys were and when to expect them home.

Always a teacher at heart she corrected the boys speech. One of her sons had trouble with spelling and when he was on his mission she would write the misspelled word out and then the correct spelling to the side on the back of his letters. Then she would mail it back to him.

All six of her sons were born in the West room of their two room house. In her history Marie says, "I enjoyed my babies and watching and helping them grow into boyhood and manhood was interesting and that occupied my life for a long time."

She was pleased that all her sons chose to serve missions. Of this experience Marie says, "If I figure correctly the six boys spent a total of about 149 months in the mission field. 47 months only one was out. 33 months two were out at once and five months the three were out at the same time.

"We have tried to teach them to pray, to be honest and to follow the church leaders and we trust they will guide their wives and children also in paths of right doing."

As the boys left home for college and missions Marie became a faithful letter writer. She seldom missed sending a letter once a week to them. Marie loved having visitors in her home and she was a good hostess. Whether it was friends, family, or customers stopping by to buy eggs, everyone was welcomed.

She was a good cook-- a from scratch cook. She never made a cake from a mix and made delicious pie crust and cookies. Her cooking was family style--plentiful and simple--no fancy sauces or garnishes--just good home cooking. She made bread regularly and those staying in her home enjoyed her fresh bread with real butter. The grandchildren liked to open her bread drawer just to smell the good bread. A favorite with her sons, as well as with her neighbors, were her filled ginger cookies. These cookies were filled with a date/raisin filling and frosted with a cooked icing. She made them big to match the appetites of growing boys. American Chop Suey and Corny Casserole were favorites of her grandchildren. She made the best mashed potatoes and gravy, always using the potato water in the gravy.

Usually she would make pancakes for breakfast. Each person would have a metal juice glass along with a water glass at their place at the table. She would always tell us to drink our juice before we started on the pancakes because it would taste tart after eating the sweet syrup.

At every meal, after the family prayer and blessing, (not combined but two separate prayers) she would say "Everybody help yourself." The grandchildren would wait to begin eating until she said this.

In the fall canning was a part of her agenda. She bottled fruit bought from peddlars, and vegetables from her garden. Her dill pickles were spectacular and her green beans wonderful. Jams, jellies, juices, fruit, vegetables, even meats and soups filled the shelves of her cellar. Each jar a thing of beauty to behold and a treat to the palate.

Marie enjoyed taking short trips. In her history she tells about some of these trips. "In 1910 we again made a trip to Victor but this time we were on our way to the Yellowstone National Park. This was about the nicest camping trip of my life. We were in the park ten days. We two little girls would help papa with the care of the horses etc. Mother would read about the sights we were to see before we would get to them.

"Then again in 1914 I got to go through the park. This time with Marvin, Alice, and Newell. We were in the park five days. No cars were yet allowed in the park. When we got our we heard about the beginning of World War I.

"I went to the Bear Lake for a few days once with a group of Bee Hive girls. Also some other times. Maurine and I visited at Swan Creek with our friend Pearl Spencer. I always enjoyed to go boat riding or go bathing in the lake or hot springs. One nice trip at Provo was on Utah Lake in a large motor boat

with Professor Walter Cottom and a large group of students. We went to a bird island as part of a field biology course."

In later years Marie enjoyed trips with Heber, her sons and their families. As a youngster and a young girl her trips were in a horse drawn buggy or wagon, some of her last trips were in an airplane, but most of her trips were by car.

Marie was a hard worker. She was up early to get a start on her day. In her later years she once lamented that she would like to, just once, sleep in until seven o'clock.

She loved to raise a vegetable garden for the body and flowers for the soul. The last row of her garden nearest the house was a row of gladioli. In the flowerbed on the South side of her house she planted Sweet Peas. How wonderful they smelled.

Each year pansies bloomed by her back door, geraniums filled the flower bed at the front door. Lilac bushes grew along the fence by the clothesline and other favorites were tiger lilies, and iris.

She also liked to do some sewing. In her early married days sewing was a necessity and mending was a big task. Flour came in printed cloth sacks and she made shirts for her boys from these sacks. She made her own dresses and usually made an apron to match each dress. If Marie was at home she would be wearing an apron. These aprons not only protected her dress from splatters but served as a multi-purpose tool. She might use her apron as a handkerchief to wipe a child's tears; a dust cloth to dust off a chair seat; or a hot pad to remove a frying pan from the stove. Her apron might serve as a basket for carrying produce from the garden or wood from the wood box. It might be used for a shawl to wrap around her arms on a cool evening or to cover a baby as she rocked it to sleep.

But her favorite sewing was making quilts. She made a pieced quilt for every one of her grandchildren. Imagine 36 quilts all beautifully sewn on her Singer treadle machine.

She was a positive person and tried to look on the bright side of life and to take life's hardships with a cheerful outlook. This shows in the following two entries in her life history,

"We had an extra hard frost that froze my garden the worst I remember. Even the pea vines, besides the corn, beans, my beautiful iris and columbine. Next day I started treatments from Dr. Portor in Logan because I had for some time been unable to smell. This condition improved after two years of no smell. But frosts etc. are small sorrows that can be talked about."

"I do considerable grunting because of my

rheumatism but I have learned pretty well to live with it."

Church service was always an enjoyable part of Marie's life. She enjoyed working in all organizations--especially as a class leader in Relief Society and after her husband's death as secretary of the Primary. She often said how much she enjoyed working with the young women who were Primary officers and teachers and with the children. Once when asked by Vivian Kunz to teach the Theology lessons Marie said it would be rather hard for her to take her little baby out that winter (her fourth child had been born in November of that year). Vivian said, "Then we will bring the meetings to you." So that winter the Theology meetings were held in her house. Even though this made extra work for Marie she felt her home received a blessing and the meetings left a good spirit in her home. She had faith that if she did her best she would be blessed as shown by these words telling about her calling as secretary of the Relief Society, "My health was poor, as it had been for some time but when set apart by Bishop Parley Kunz I was promised that my health would not interfere with my Relief Society work. And I can testify that this was true. Many times all forenoon I would be in pain (from rheumatism) but by meeting time I was able to go." She loved Relief Society and expressed her love in these words, "To me Relief Society work has been an important part of my life. It has supplied that outside interest that every home maker needs. I not only enjoy the Theology lessons but the other lessons too. The knowledge and testimony I have gained has helped me raise my family. The Sunday programs and recreation part of Relief Society has been good. I treasure the friendships that have been developed. Relief Society has really taken a lot of my time and attention and I like it.

Her life was full of activity, work, and service. In 1966 she wrote in her history, "I have not time to spare even though I am living alone."

Genealogy was important to her and she enjoyed temple work. It was a sad thing when her health kept her from attending the temple.

Marie's sojourn on this earth ended 9 August 1983. Her last years were difficult years, marked with pain and many health problems. She got discouraged but tried to figure out what she could do to make the best of her situation. Several times she told a daughter-in-law, "I wish I knew what the Lord had left for me to do. I'd like to get it done so I can die and get on with my living."

JULIA CLARK WUNDERLY

Her Own Account

I was born on 22 July 1902 in Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho to Charles Rich and Mary Emma Woolley Clark. My mother, being a midwife at that time, had been to a Sister Emma Smart and helped in the delivery of a baby girl. My mother was in labor with me at the time they asked her to help, but they wanted her to come anyway. She told me that every time Sister Smart had a pain she did, too. When the delivery was over, the people asked her to lie down and rest, but she said, "No, just get me home, please." I was born 22 hours later. Annie Smart [the baby born 22 hours prior] and I were friends for many years. She being a tall, big girl and me a short, little girl.

My mother told me, too, that the townspeople had built a bowery for the 24th of July program. The day I was born there was a big snow storm and the bowery caved in.

I am the last of seven children, five boys, Marion, Marvin, Vernon, Newell, Carl, and two girls, Marie and me. My mother was very pleased to have two girls after the five boys. One boy, Carl, died ten minutes [after birth]. He was so little he fit in a shoe box.

I wasn't very big either. A letter that my mother wrote to my father at one time when he was away said, "Julia is as cute as she is little." Bishop Alma Hayes once told me that at the time I was born he would not have given two cents for me, I was that small. My mother told me that I was what they called a "blue baby," a valve in the heart was defective. So she dressed me in clothes that it wouldn't hurt [to get dirty] and let me crawl outside; so, I would get plenty of sunshine and fresh air.

As long ago as I can remember my father was in the bishopric. Every Sunday morning I remember bishopric meeting in our parlor. It seemed to me that was about the only time that room was used. My father tried to fulfill his duties in that calling. He did a lot to help the widows in the ward and those who were not so well. In those times fast offerings were given in kind a lot, and it was

my mother who divided and assigned different foods to different families. I would go with my father to deliver it--a roast of beef here and a few potatoes there, and eggs some place else. It was fun. How grateful these poor people were for a few necessities.

The baptisms for the ward were in our pasture. Mother recorded the baptisms, and the new members were confirmed in our house. I was baptized and confirmed on my birthday there, too.

Farm life in Bear Lake was not easy. With so many boys before any girls, boys learned to help in the house as well as in the field and milk the cows. The girls and the women helped with the farm work, too. My chores included plowing, harrowing, raking the hay, and working the derrick team. I also churned butter, fed the chickens, brought in the coal, and hunted for eggs in the barn. I did just about everything except stack the hay.

At the age of seven, I was taken into the field to help drive the "Rickey Team." This was because a hired man had broken out with small pox, and no one could be hired [due to the quarantine]. I was given the job of driving a team on what was called "slides." This was a large, flat, floor-like thing that slid along the ground. The net for the hay was placed on it, and then the team would pull it from place to place for the men to load the hay into the net. When driving the team one day, I got the lines crossed, and the more I pulled for the team to go to the left the farther to the right they went until they tipped the slide over. The team, being frightened, ran away with me rolling underneath the slide. When I came to, we discovered one leg was slightly broken--a cracked bone--so my father made me a pair of crutches out of broom handles, and that was the way I walked for some time. All of the kids in the neighborhood wanted to try out my crutches.

I attended school, Sunday School, and Primary in Georgetown. Immediately, after graduation from Primary (at the age of fourteen), I was asked to teach in the Primary as a teacher of the Seagull class. (This was the first year that name was used). I took the girls in wagons out to Swan Lake for an overnight outing. I started MIA in the fall of 1917.

My favorite childhood activity was sleigh-riding and coasting

down the hills and over fences on the crusted snow in the spring of each year. I did this at least one day each spring.

Every summer the family went to Soda Springs, Idaho in a white top buggy. We filled up bottles with soda water. These bottles had to be opened with a cork screw. In the fall trips were made to pick service berries to bottle and choke cherries to make jelly. We also went on picnics.

One summer my mother was not so well. So, my father decided to take her on a little vacation trip. My sister, Marie, and I went along. We loaded our white top with provisions and clothing for the four of us, and started on our way to Yellowstone Park. The first stop in the park was a small water fall. I had heard there were bears in the park. So, as we got out of the buggy, I took the buggy whip with me. That way I could beat up any bears that might just come my way. No bears appeared; we enjoyed the scenery and the geysers at the park. We got home safe and sound after a month of traveling--a trip I will always remember.

My father went on his second mission to the Southern States, and my mother moved to Paris, Idaho so the other children could go to high school. I was in the 7th and 8th grades there. We moved back to Georgetown, and I went to the first year of high school there. It was the first year for the high school in Georgetown, 1917-18. The next three winters I went to Paris at the church school--Fielding Academy. I graduated in 1921.

There was no seminary when I went to high school. Fielding Academy was a church school; therefore, we had one period a day for theology study. Over the four years, we studied Book of Mormon, Old and New Testament, and Church history. We had testimony times in assembly and in classroom. I have had my prayers answered many times from childhood until now. I also remember piano recitals, basketball games, and gym class outings.

Another time my mother's health was not so good, so I stayed home for a few years to be with her. So, I was a Primary teacher and organist in Sunday School. Also for a while I was assistant ward organist and substituted for Sunday School teachers in the younger age groups. I was counselor to Louise Petersen in Primary

for three years 1924-27. I was the YLMIA president. My brother, Newell, saw to it that I came to Salt Lake to march in the parade for the 50th anniversary of the MIA in 1925.

In late summer of 1927, August or September, I entered the LDS School of Nursing. Marion helped me with money to start. The first year we received \$7.00 per month. I had two roommates, Ina Edwards and Erma Bassett. I was determined to finish. Ina said she couldn't, but she was the one of the three of us that did finish.

When Rudolph [Lorenz Wunderly] came into the picture, and we decided to get married, I quit. Women had to be single in order to attend this school. I got a job cooking and cleaning for a lady. They gave me \$7.00 a week. I thought that was good. Got room and board so I could save my money. I only stayed there three weeks because my mother got so sick I had to go home to take care of her. She died on November 19, 1928.

Rudolph and I were married on January 9, 1929, in the Salt Lake Temple. We went to St. George for our honeymoon trip. Rosie [Rudolph's sister] invited us for lunch after we got out of the temple. My father was there and also [my brother] Marion and Ella and Aunt Lizzie. Stayed the night at Vernon's before the wedding.

We came back from our honeymoon and stayed in Rudolph's room. The next day we got us an apartment on East 27th Street in Ogden. We lived there for four months. Then Rudolph got work in Salt Lake with the airmail so we found us an apartment on North Main in Salt Lake. We lived in the 17th Ward until Rudolph's brother, Fritz, and his wife moved to Grant's Pass, Oregon. So, we went to live in Grandma Wunderly's house so as to pay the rent on it or I might say payment. When South High School was to be built we got notice that the house was to be torn own to make room for the ground, so in August 1930 we moved to 1050 West 4th North. At this time I was pregnant with my first child Marlene. She was born on November 29th, 1930.

[Marlene died April 19, 1932 as a result of falling into a bucket. Perhaps this is why Julia stopped her history at this point.]

Julia's father also passed away in her home. She wrote, "I was privileged to take care of my father, Charles Rich Clark, the last few months of his life. He was so determined to get rid of the cough he had. Even though so weak, he stayed in bed only one whole day before he died October 6, 1933."

Home Life

The rest of Julia's life was centered around home and church. A couple of years after her marriage, Rudolph asked if it would be alright if his mother, Lina Wunderly, had a small home in the backyard. Of course Julia said it would be fine. Her mother-in-law taught her to make Swiss potato salad, Swiss apple and rhubarb custard pies for which Julia became well known. Lina had a home there until her death in 1940. Later, Julia had her garden where Lina's home had been.

Julia raised two girls and three boys: Audra and Lois; Laurence, Evard, and Rey. She and Rudolph held Family Night on fast Sundays. As the children began to marry, the date became more flexible. The children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren still meet together one evening every month.

Julia was very fond of gardening everything from vegetables to roses. In fact, she worked in her garden up to the month before she died. She canned and froze her own produce. She also kept a scale in her basement which she used to weigh all the food she grew. Then she would go to the grocery store and figure it's monetary worth and pay tithes on that price.

Julia's home was always open to relatives, friends and even strangers. There was always a spare bed for those who needed a place to rest, sometimes they stayed for months.

Church Service

Julia changed from the 29th to the Riverside ward without moving. Perhaps more remarkable, she changed addresses while in the same home as 4th North become 5th North when the city renumbered the streets in the north part of town.

Julia was a stalwart member of the church and an inspiration to many who knew her. At various times: she was a Primary leader, organist, and president; Relief Society organist, theology teacher,

visiting teacher, and president.

She served a California North Mission with her husband from November 1969 until his death 9 September 1970 in Weaverville, Trinity, California. Her determination and spunk can be seen as she and her daughter Audra flew home on a private plane with his body. She had never been on a plane before and she "made up her mind" she was going to enjoy the ride and she did. It was hard to change Julia's mind.

She corresponded with many of the people they had baptized as well as others she met in the mission field. When one of the converts she taught went to the Oakland Temple, her daughter Audra took her there for the event. Young and old were her friends and she kept in touch with them all.

A car load of ladies in the ward depended upon Julia each Sunday for a ride to church. Also she often took ladies with her when she went to the temple. She liked to do three sessions, but she limited herself to what the others could do. Driving a neighbor to the store, to get their hair done or to the doctor was also part of her kindness.

Of all her church service, she is remember best as visiting teacher supervisor for her ward. Serving under six Relief Society presidents from 1971 until her illness in September 1990, she did all in her power to see that all the sisters in her ward were visited. If anyone's partner could not go, Julia went. Sometimes she went visiting teaching three times a day. The quality of her teaching was high; she realized the missionary potential of visiting teaching and activated many sisters.

The final weeks of her life were spent in receiving help from her family. On 16 October 1990, died at age 88 in the home where she had lived for 60 years. At her viewing many ward members expressed their appreciation for her service to them. Truly many did rise up to call her blessed.

Organized by
Nodia N. Wunderly

[This is a dividing page to separate Charles Rich Clark's two families, the first family from his wife Mary Emma Woolley, and the second family from his wife Ann Elizabeth Waldron.]

This note was made by Kimball H. Clark and Wendy Wunderly on August 7, 2025.

WALLACE RICH CLARK
1887 - 1973

"I, Wallace R. Clark, was certainly born of goodly parentage, and ... my life has been a full, rich life...feel very proud to be a grandson of such a wonderful man as Ezra T. Clark. I hope I have accomplished some things in my life that will do honor ...to my great progenitors.

"I was blessed with a strong and healthy body and in my youth I was taught by my parents to keep the Word of Wisdom. This has been a great asset in my life, I think. I don't know what the taste of tea, coffee, tobacco or alcohol is like. Since around fourteen years of age, the responsibility of providing for my parents family mostly rested upon me so most of my schooling has been in the "University of Hard Knocks," the hard way of learning by experience. Morgan County didn't have a high school until about 1912, so through the determination of my dear mother and by alternating with Lawrence every other year from Morgan to Logan, I received my high school education, even though it took me eight years.

"Jean and I had not much courtship, but we were very much in love with each other. Prior to our marriage, when I was going to school in Logan, my sister Gladys was going to school at the LDS high school. Jean met one of my cousins and my sister Gladys there, and they became such close friends. They had many wonderful experiences together. When myself and Gladys came home for the holidays, Gladys told me that she had met one of the sweetest girls that she ever knew, and she wanted me to meet her. When I'd hear from Gladys in letters, she would always tell me about her companion, Jean Boyce. Gladys thought the world of me, so she had told Miss Boyce about her brother, and they talked much about me. So when Valentine's Day came in 1910, I bought one of those big, fancy Valentines and sent it to Jean, and ... she answered it. We had never met but knew each other through my sister Gladys for perhaps a year. After school was out, the Morgan canning factory began its operation, and my sister asked Jean to come up and work at the factory during the rush season. Gladys and I were to meet Jean down at Uncle Hyrum's place in Farmington. When the day came to meet Jean--the 24th of July--they didn't want Gladys to go, because they were so busy, so I went down alone to get Jean. And you can guess the rest. Uncle Hyrum knew the situation, and he introduced us. During the long trip home to Morgan in the horse and buggy, we became well acquainted. I soon found out that she was corresponding with a missionary, and they had an understanding that they would wait until he returned and continue their courtship. "Competition is the spice of life" so it has been said, and through our correspondence we became very attached to each other. It wasn't long before she sent her missionary the fatal "Dear John" letter. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple in the fall of 1911. I graduated that winter and we both went to school together at Weber College."

They were the parents of nine children.

Boyce Rich md Buelah (Bea) Robertson
Harlan Wallace md Geraldine (Gerry) Merkle
Marden J md Bessie Soderborg
Beryl md Albert Herman Luebke
Mildred md Junius Wilson McClellan
Carol md Earl Raymond Steed
Erma Clark
Leon Gail md Pamela Rae Russell
Jean md Clifford Von Christensen

Wallace's wife, Jean passed away during the Summer of 1963. Six of his nine children have also passed away. Marden, Mildred and Jean survive.

Wallace, Carlos and Lawrence did business as Clark Brothers for many years. "I have always been a farmer and produce dealer. I have shipped many car lots of vegetables mostly to the Wyoming markets, and also to the markets of America. We finally found that in this changing world, our little valley had too short of seasons and too much frost to properly mature most of the vegetables. The markets also demanded daily deliveries of their produce, so I turned my attention to having my family help clear off

sagebrush, sarviceberry bushes, oak brush, etc., around 2,000 acres of foothills and rangeland, and get this planted to grain and pasture grasses. We also had a dairy of 100 cows on a 100 acre irrigated farm.

"My hobbies have been to try to furnish work for those unemployed and see if I could make two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

In the Spring of 1968 Wallace met Luella Cline Edlund, a widow of Oscar Edlund, and they married in late Summer. He said of her. "These last few years have been very pleasant and happy years for me. ... Her unselfish devotion and pleasant companionship has been a great source of strength to me ... We have been able to serve the Lord together in our Temple work, which probably neither of us could have accomplished alone."

Luella said, "Wallace wasn't very well so we decided to go to Arizona for the cold winter months in hopes that his lung and throat congestion would be improved. He had pneumonia in the spring of 1968. ... The climate seemed to help Wallace, however, his doctor said that the Lord was helping him because of his increased strength. I feel that his life had been spared to do Temple work. ... Wallace had set a goal to do at least 1,000 names in the Temple. With the help of the Arizona climate and his increased strength, and the help of the Lord, we were able to do more than 1,700 endowments ... We enjoyed keeping track of the names of these people because we believed that we would have a chance to meet them in the next life."

"I have served as City councilman and was a member of the first Lions Club of Morgan. I have always been a Republican, and always voted if possible....I have served as Superintendent of the Stake Religion Classes, and also in the Stake M.I.A. I have been on a Stake Mission and was Ward Farm Work Director. I have always been a Ward Teacher since old enough. I was Melchizedek Priesthood Class and Group Leader for several years.

"I love life and have always loved to work.

"How I gained my testimony. One day I went to Round Valley to the threshing market to buy some grain ... and arrived as they were all having supper. One of the men at the table was bragging. He said, "I'm not going to send any of my tithing money down to the Church leaders in Salt Lake and let them use it to ride around in their foxy surreys ... I'm going to send it to a nephew who is on a mission." His remarks bothered me ... Shortly after that I attended one of the school's devotional exercises at which President Joseph F. Smith was the speaker. His talk was on the very thing the had been bothering me so much, ... President Smith told of all the many, many ways that the tithing of the Church was used. As he talked, his words penetrated my soul. It was such an experience that his words penetrated every fiber of my whole being through and through. I made up my mind from that time forward that whatever the Church asked of me I would never question it again and I never have.

When I went home that night I was so thrilled. I felt as perhaps the Prophet Joseph did when he fell down by the fence ... If I ever prayed in my life I did that night after I returned home. I was so near to my Heavenly Father that I shall not be closer to Him if I have the privilege of living with him again someday. I gained a testimony that day and night that I can never deny. What a thrill as that beautiful feeling stayed with me all night. I knew without a doubt that Joseph F. Smith was a man of God as it was witnessed to me through my soul by the Spirit of the Holy Ghost.

"One evening I confidently related this experience ... and that same power penetrated my being ... I was so over come that I shed tears. If I ever spent a happy day and night it was then for my joy was full."

Colleen Steed Peterson, one of Wallace's grandchildren, helped him write his history. Some of her introduction seems appropriate here. "I have been able to discover the heartaches, the trials and the frustrations along with the joys, and successes and the satisfactions that have all combined to make Grandfather the great man he really was. His unyielding integrity has influenced me more than any other trait he possessed."

LAWRENCE WALTER CLARK
1889 - 1988

The year was 1889. Benjamin Harrison was serving as the 23rd President of the United States. Utah would not even be a state for seven more years. It was the territory of Deseret where 275,000 people lived. Most of them were Mormons, members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. According to their God-given beliefs, they were practicing polygamy. Because of political opposition, many prominent men in the church were disenfranchised, including Charles R. Clark.

This was the world into which Lawrence Walter Clark was born on August 26, 1889 in Farmington to Charles and Annie Waldron Clark. She was a second wife and as such kept her identity secret for her husband's safety. When Lawrence was eight days old, he was given a name and blessing by his grandfather, Ezra T. Clark. The following is an extract from it:

We ask thee, Father, that Thou wilt bless him with a life of health...
He shall preach the gospel to the nations of the earth...and if necessary, he shall have administration of angels, and he shall even have power over the elements....

A year after the child's birth, the church leaders officially issued the manifesto which instructed the members to refrain from the practice of polygamy. His mother and her now three children moved from Farmington to Richville in the spring of 1892 and lived in a log cabin. Annie gave birth to twins, only one of whom lived. Soon after the family moved to a little concrete house in Morgan which had been a shoe repair shop. Annie and her boys built more rooms on the back. When those back rooms burned, the family was faced with more building.

Lawrence was baptized on his eighth birthday by his father in East Canyon Creek. As a boy he worked taking the cows owned in the community to the range pasture and back for 50¢ a week.

Lawrence started school in 1897 and went to his first three grades in the old red school building in North Morgan. He then advanced to the Junior High School grades which were held in the upper floor of the old Morgan County Courthouse in South Morgan. He started high school in Logan, Utah where he attended the Brigham Young College the last year of its existence. For the next six years he and Wallace took turns going to Weber Academy at Ogden leaving one of them to help care for the farm. When President Brimhall, from Brigham Young University, came to speak at his high school graduation exercises and offered free tuition to the first two students who would enroll at BYU, Lawrence hastened to take advantage of the offer and was one of the chosen two.

After a year at BYU, Lawrence was called to the New England Mission where he served 28 months and where he first wrote to his future wife. He recorded this concerning his missionary days...."How I appreciated writing to Bernetta Ellis of North Ogden while on my mission." and also...."While returning home, my companion and I followed the trail of the pioneers stopping at all the important places along the way".

Lawrence and Bernetta, each 29 years old, were married in the Salt Lake Temple on December 17, 1919. They repaired the "shoe-shop house" and lived there. Their first trip began with a visit to Bernetta's family in West Ogden. They continued on to the Clark property in Blue Creek and then to Lava Hot Springs where her sister lived. Their last stop was Georgetown where his brothers were living. Marion took them out to camp overnight at Bear Lake.

Camping on the lake shore and viewing the beautiful lake from the top of Logan Canyon was one of the highlights of the trip.

In 1921 they adopted their a little girl whom they named Ruth. One year and one month later Bernetta gave birth to Rich, their first son. In January of 1925 another son, Wayne, was born. Their daughter, Donna, was born after they moved to the yellow brick house up the North Morgan hill. Bernetta was an expert seamstress and did a great deal of sewing for people of the community. Farming was Lawrence's lifetime occupation in partnership with his brothers, Wallace and Carlos. He had a wonderful garden which was shared with people in the area.

Bernetta died suddenly of a heart attack on Mothers Day, May 13, 1945, leaving Lawrence with a seventeen year old daughter at home and two sons in the Air Force. At this time he was called to Texas on a full-time mission. His children agreed that he should go, and later he served a second short-term mission of eight months again to Texas. At home in Morgan, he served two stake missions. Lawrence loved missionary work.

Years later he worked for his uncle, Benjamin Waldron, helping run his farm during Ben's later years. He continued to live there and work for the family most of the remainder of his life.

Physical fitness and a healthy diet of fruits, vegetables, and grain products using little meat was always important to him.

Temple work occupied much of his time as he retired from farming. During 1986 when he was 97 years of age, he made weekly visits to the Ogden Temple. He had then performed ordinances for over 2600 men and continued to go as often as possible until the time of his death.

When a man lives into his 100th year the influence of his life, particularly his example, leaves a mark on his thirty-two grandchildren. Some recollections of Grandpa Clark were typified by a granddaughter, Kerilee Clark, at his funeral in November of 1988: "My Grandpa was very appreciative and selfless, and he illuminated and radiated love. He enjoyed music, hard work, physical activity, good food, temple and missionary work.

He enjoyed musical productions and music in the home. Some of my fondest memories are singing with Grandpa. It was almost a ritual when he came to visit. My sister, Colette, would play the hymns on the piano, and he would sing. I looked forward to those times when, after dinner, we would all sing around the piano, and Grandpa, usually singing the loudest, would know the words to almost every hymn in the book. When I was five years old, we went to Disneyland as a family, and Grandpa went with us. One pretty evening we were driving up the coast enjoying the beauty of the ocean. I was small enough that I had climbed up into the back window of the car and had drifted off to sleep. I was awakened by the song, 'God Bless America'. Grandpa and the rest of the family went on to sing, 'Come, Come Ye Saints', 'I've Been Workin' on the Railroad', 'Home on the Range' and a lot of Grandpa's favorite songs. Once many years later as I drove Grandpa home from a hearing appointment, I turned the radio on and then quickly changed my mind. We sang, 'I am A Child of God', and I told Grandpa that a new verse had been written. I sang it at his request, and he tried to learn it. When we got home, he asked me if I would write the words to all the verses, including the new one, so he could memorize them. I wrote them in big letters so he could read them easily, and he left our home with those words. Not too long after that we were over at Aunt Donna's home for a family party, and all the grandkids were there. As we sang, 'I Am a Child of God', I

looked over at Grandpa, and he knew every verse. In celebration of Grandpa's 99th birthday, the family all got together, and Mom passed out a songsheet to the crowd in which she'd rewritten the original words to be about Grandpa and Bernetta and their family. As we were passing everyone a copy so they could join in the singing, we gave one to Grandpa. I was sitting by him, and I read the verses to him, and he laughed at them, and then he promptly folded up his sheet and put it in his pocket saying, 'I've got to keep this'. I grabbed him another sheet so he could join in the singing. A couple of minutes later I looked over, and he had folded up that copy and put it in his pocket also. I couldn't keep a sheet in front of him the whole time we were singing because he wanted to be sure to take one home with him.

Hard work and physical activity was a strong value in his life. Whenever he came to visit at our house, he wanted to be helpful. The last winter of his life he stayed with his children, so we had the opportunity of having him live with us periodically. We set up his in a hall room that overlooks the main rooms. Steve came home from school and couldn't find Grandpa. He had been ill, but he wasn't in his bed or anywhere in the house. He heard some noise and went out on the balcony of his room, and there was Grandpa shoveling the snow. He said, 'I needed to get some fresh air and thought that I would get something done while I was as it.' If he wasn't mowing the lawn or sweeping the porch, he was working on a garden. One day as my mom was washing the dishes, she looked out the window and saw his plaid hat go by right above the cafe curtains. She opened the curtains to find 96 year old Grandpa riding a 10 speed bike around the reception center parking lot. He worked all his life and was honest and charitable in all his dealings.

He enjoyed nourishing food. He had worked hard for it in his lifetime and would always express appreciation for it and thank the preparer. One day as he ate with us he was enjoying a meat and vegetable pie saying how tender the meat was and how tasty the sauce. We had to thank Swanson for that. He liked home-made custards and cobblers. He liked to eat prunes, fruits and nuts. When he was going to be riding back from California to Morgan with some relatives who were not familiar with his needs and habits, one of them asked my teen-age brother, Steve, about any special diet or needs Grandpa might have. Steve thought a minute and said, 'He just takes care of himself. He's just a fun guy.'

Grandpa loved missionary work and temple work. He gave the closing prayer at the missionary farewells of sixteen grandchildren who served missions prior to his death. Two left after his death. Steve was disappointed that Grandpa wouldn't be able to say the closing prayer at his farewell. He would be his last grandson to serve a mission. We knew that Grandpa was there in spirit because Grandpa had a sincere to share the truth in meekness and by example. Grandpa was a missionary. He was a missionary to me. Through his example and good life, my testimony was strengthened tremendously as I was around him. My Grandpa loved the Savior and would do anything or sacrifice anything for the church or to build the kingdom of God. He was truly a disciple of Christ and lived an obedient life. When Grandpa was living with us, we prayed a lot around his bed. Those times are when I felt closest to him and to my Heavenly Father. I always enjoyed his prayers because they were so simple and sincere. Once he felt he needed a blessing and had strong faith that he would then sleep comfortably through the night. In our home we had a big bible on an end table. The large lettering was just the right size for him. Grandpa would sit on the chair by that table and read. He also enjoyed reading other church books.

That last winter when Grandpa was at our home more, Steve was on a ballroom dance team. He would come home from school, get his dance shoes, and tell Grandpa good-bye as he went past. Grandpa would always ask where he was going,

and he became concerned about Steve 'going out dancing' so much, so Steve tried to explain to him what the activity was and invited Grandpa to come to a performance. Dad and Mom felt Grandpa needed a new suit, and Dad took him to buy one. Grandpa didn't want to buy a new suit because 'he would never live long enough to wear it out'. Dad, knowing his old suit looked shabby, bought it later without him being there. He refused to wear it but we all thought that as time for the performance drew near, he would relent. The afternoon of the dance event he asked Mom if Steve didn't have some suit he could wear. She knew that Steve had almost outgrown his so she got it out, and with just a little remodeling, it fit Grandpa. He was happy now, but Steve was without a suit! Grandpa suggested Steve have the one that had been originally purchased for him. In fact, Grandpa was so pleased with the results that he also bought a suit for my sister LeeAnne's boyfriend who had just received a mission call. Grandpa may have lived a frugal life, but he was generous when he saw a need.

Grandpa loved his family and enjoyed them, especially the children. I knew he was interested in me. We all have memories of times when he has touched our lives in some way, and we have felt his love. I'd like to end with one of those times that I will treasure. I couldn't understand why Grandpa had to endure such physical pain that last winter. It was really hard for me to see him go through that, and now I know that if he hadn't suffered like that, he wouldn't have been at his children's homes, and I wouldn't have been able to have the experiences that I had with him. He would often go sit in our hall bathroom because that was where the heat came out. One Sunday night I noticed the light was off, and he was in there. I asked him if there was anything I could do. I could see the pain in his eyes, and I wanted to help so badly. I coaxed him back into his bed, and I got some soap and a washcloth and washed his hands and feet and face. I rubbed lotion on them and talked to him. I'll never forget his gratitude. He told me how much he 'appreciated me helping him like an angel'. I'll never forget how much love I felt for him that night. I want him to know I have a testimony, that I'm grateful for it and treasure it. I know that Heavenly Father loves my Grandpa and is happy for all the good things he did on this earth."

These are Lawrence's written words: "I record my testimony, as my parents and grandparents have that I know Joseph Smith truly was a prophet of the living God. The Father, with His Son, came to the prophet in answer to a fourteen year old's prayer. I testify further that there is a living prophet today at the head of Christ's church who reveals the Lord's word to His people.

My grandfather, Ezra T. Clark, blessed his posterity that 'no good thing would be withheld from them'. No blessing has seemingly been withheld from me for I was given a noble birthright, goodly parents, a sweetheart wife and mother of my righteous children."

Wayne L. Clark, son

MEMORIES OF GLADYS CLARK CRANDALL

Gladys Clark Crandall third child of Charles Rich and Annie Waldron Clark was born November 9, 1891, in Farmington Davis County Utah. Here her father had lived for a few years with his little family, two little boys, Wallace four years and Lawrence two, now a little girl with blonde hair and blue eyes had come to make her home with them. She was a fine little girl, calm, good natured baby. In May of 1892 when she was a few months old, her parents left the little home in Farmington to make their home in Morgan Utah, on a farm. They moved in the house which stood on the farm, build part of stone with log sections. Not much is known of her early life as a child. When she was six years old she attended school in North Morgan District. As a young lady she was intelligent, industrious, ready to do her part. After finishing normal school, she attended Weber College, for a short time she went to school in Logan, staying with Aunt Lucy her Mother's sister. Later went to L.D.S. University in Salt Lake City. She made her way through school and she lived with Bryant S. Hinckley family and worked for her board. They gave her two dollars a week and car fare to school. She loved beautiful hand work, did a great deal of embroidery, cutwork, hardanger. One piece of hardanger was displayed in Aurbachs in Salt Lake City and was priced at forty five dollars. She loved her Mother and her family. She gave her Mother her first silver and many pieces of her hand work was seen in the home. While going to school in Salt Lake she sang in the Tabernacle choir. It was at school where she meet Jean Boyce, who later became her sister in law. She came home in the summer and worked where ever she could to earn enough to go back to school in the fall. During the late summer of 1910 she and Jean went to Riverdale to work in the canning factory peeling tomatoes. The Crandall family lived in Riverdale at this time had their son who was working in the post office in Salt Lake City come home for a weekend. Saturday night hearing of a dance in the ward hall, he went to the dance. As he went in the hall, he meet Lin Wadsworth, with whom he had taught Sunday school. She jokingly said, "come and meet your future wife", and introduced him to Gladys and Jean. They danced and had a pleasant evening getting acquainted. This Saturday, Gladys's brother Wallace, living on a farm in Morgan had come down with a load of cabbage for the market in Odgen, in a wagon to which he hitched his horses, Cub and Rock. Knowing Gladys was boarding in Riverdale with the family of Poly Stimpson he came to Riverdale to stay over Sunday that he might be early to the market. He obtained room at the Stimpsons. Jean had a sister living in Springfield Illinois and received a letter from her asking her to visit Elder Hadley living in West Weber who had just returned from the mission field. At Sunday school the next morning they invited Myron to go with them to make the visit. As afternoon came Myron borrowed a light buggy from their neighbor Brother Abner Allen and Wallace switched Cub and Rock to the two seated buggy and away they road to West Weber. A very pleasant afternoon was spent with Elder Hadley, they returned to the boarding place, where swings and other things were provided for entertainment for those who boarded at the Stimpsons. After a pleasant evening Myron bid them good-bye and was again on his job in the post office. Late summer and fall passed as Thanksgiving time approached. Myron went to call on Gladys he was invited to spend Thanksgiving with her family, as the days passed their friendship grew which was to ripen into love and marriage. Gladys visited Myron's parents in Riverdale a few times and

gained the love and respect she deserved as a charming and beautiful girl. The winter of 1910-11 was a tragic time for a young man so full of fun and a determination to make a livelihood for himself and also to help his parents who were not in very good circumstance in the way of finance. Many a dollar of his hard earned money found a way to his home to his dear Mother that his younger brothers and sisters would have the were-with-all to go to school for food and clothing. He sacrificed willingly many times for his family whom he loved very much. At one time money was very scarce, Myron got a job trimming trees. The weather turned very cold, he not having sufficient clothing to keep warm, took a gunnysack cutting a place for arms and neck wore under his shirt for underwear that he might continue to work. This winter of which I write while working at the post office, he was boarding with Sara Summerhayes, "his Mother's sister". He contracted T.B. from his cousin Tresa who had be stricken a number of months before and had taken her life. He came home to his parents to recuperate and regain his health, then through faith and prayers of himself and family he slowly regained his health to permit him to go to Salt Lake in April to attend conference. Wallace, Gladys's brother hearing he was in Salt Lake came to visit him and invited him to come and see them. They were living in City Creek Canyon about four blocks from the Tabernacle, he accepted the invitation and they went to conference together he stayed a night sharing Wallace's bed. Spring came school adjourned, Gladys and Wallace returned to their home in Morgan to help during the summer months on the farm and other things necessary to the farm life. Summer time was a busy time on the farm, Gladys a lovely girl, though not to strong, was very desirous of doing her part, helped in the house and did all she could to relieve her Mother of many duties and they were many in a house with four big brothers and two younger sisters. Not feeling to well she visited the Doctor who found she had a kidney infection not too serious but had to take care and not over due. She was thrifty and conservative, the small earnings were used to buy linen and other things which she embroidered and many other things of which she was very capable some of the most beautiful cutwork and needlepoint and other fancy work found their way to her trousseau, which she hoped would one day be the means of making her home beautiful and attractive for herself and family. The days of spring were passing and May time was near May Day in those days was a great day for most people young and old, they threw off the blanket of winter and hailed the spring time with its wild flowers and blossoms. A celebration was on the way with program and the laughter of children as they wound the May Pole the May queen sitting on her throne waiting to be crowned was always a big day. Decoration Day of 1911 saw a young man full of hope and love regaining his wanted health to a point, shaking off the fetters of that dread disease which had taken the lives of many. Doctors not knowing how to compete with its destruction, he was able to be around feeling much better, hitched his little gray horse Bob to a little buggy and made his way up Weber Canyon to the little town of Morgan to spend the day with his sweetheart. They went to the celebration, a ball game in the afternoon and a dance at night. After the dance, good-byes were said and he left the town not to return for a good many weeks which turned into months. Not regaining his health as he thought he should decided to go to Nevada a new town was in the making which was named Metropolis some relatives and friends who he knew had gone there to take up land and make a home, so he made plans to leave his home and go to another climate where he hoped to regain his health. The following August of 1911 he left Odgen

Utah for the state of Nevada. He arrived in Metropolis about the 15th of August bought a tent set it up and prepared to live here by himself. A winter in Nevada, sleeping in a tent was quite a deal, pretty cold but sleeping in the open was a very good treatment for such a condition as he had and proved to be the cure by which he regained his health and was able to work again, he found work freighting hauling timber for the building of houses, worked on the canal to bring water to the farms. He saved enough to buy forty acres of land which he improved, where on he hoped to make a home. The months went by, he was feeling better, getting much stronger. Each week a letter went to Morgan to his girl, who this winter was attending school at Weber College telling of his improved health. As Christmas neared he informed her he was coming home for Christmas. As the holidays came he left Metropolis, now quite a town which had thrived considerable in the last few months with the coming of new people to make a home. Arriving in Odgen he went to his parents, who were now living in Odgen on 31st Street to where they had moved the previous fall. Christmas morning found him on the train winding his way through Weber Canyon to Morgan and his wife to be. For he had great hopes that she would say yes! Before his visit was over and the holidays past. Christmas was a wonderful day as also the days which followed, because he stayed through the week and there were dances parties fun and jolly times with the young people in the ward. He returned to his home in Nevada a happy boy, the girl of his choice had said yes. He would now prepare for the future. Home with a happy heart, feeling quite himself again he was sure to be in good health and be able to support and make a good home for his bride. He got better and better he played the violin in the winter for the dances in Wells, a little town close by as and also for his home town. The town had grown so much that there were enough to organize a ward February 1911 Weber Stake had gained another ward. Francis M. Lymon of the Council of the Twelve came with James M. Thomas President of the Weber Stake M.I.A. and organized the ward of Metropolis. Myron was chorister organist teacher and many other duties which a new ward requires. Gladys came to the organization of the ward and stayed a few days to visit and get acquainted with what was to be her new home. Myron hired a covered wagon for her bedroom while there, after a few days she returned to school and preparation of her trousseau and coming marriage. The Doctor still found some trouble and prescribed treatment which she faithfully followed she improved and to a degree became quite well and strong and seemed to be in good health. Spring passed and preparation for the wedding which took place on the 5th of June 1912 in the Salt Lake Temple, Elder Arthur H. Lund performing the ceremony. A reception followed at the home in Morgan at which many friends bid them good luck best wishes for a happy marriage. In the mean time Myron had been very busy preparing a home for his bride, he had built a two room house on his forty acres and had obtained some furniture in Wells Nevada and had also shipped some from Odgen to make it comfortable and ready for when they returned. Gladys left her home in Morgan and her dear ones to make a new home in a small community where she would make new friends and take up a new life, with her companion and build a happy home where others of the community would come and enjoy their friendship and hospitality. Myron with some other men obtained a job putting up hay which lasted two months. Gladys was put to the test as a skilled and thrifty housewife. As she cooked meals three times a day for the eight hungry men while they worked through the summer in the hayfield. As the job finished, Myron found work

digging ditches and canals to run the water to water the crops, hauling lumber and gravel for new houses and barns. A new church house where the saints could meet and pay their devotions to a kind father in heaven for his blessings of health and success in a new place. Winter passed with it's snow and cold and the fun and frolic of parties and dances common in a new place where folks mingled together to enjoy each other in amusement, subsided as the spring approached with the works of getting in gardens and crops. As the days passed a new something of which she had never felt before had made her realize she was to become a mother, a little darling was coming to their home to live with them, the joy and happiness she felt as she planned for it's coming could not be expressed. Common to pregnancy, as the weeks passed she was not to well, she must have faith to carry on, she planned and worked to make little things in preparation for it's arrival. One morning in March about six months pregnant she left home to go to a neighbors to take a letter for him to post, she had a stroke and fell by the side of the road where a neighbor found her, and took her home. she was quite helpless for a couple of days when she seemed to feel better. fearing for her recovery and a doctor not very close thought best for her to return to her home in Morgan, word was sent to Ogden and Myron's mother and sister Gladys came to Nevada to bring her home to be near her mother. At home she did not improve to much but was able to help her self to some extent. A sure while after being home on the eighteenth of June 1913 a darling little girl with black eyes and hair made her appearance, how happy they were that things were as well as they were, it could have been much worse, Doctor Pugmire who attended the birth advised she stay home for some time, in a few weeks realizing her condition an impossibility for her to return to Nevada, they left their newly made home and moved back to Morgan in the little house close to her mother. Gladys was very miserable and sick for many months but managed to care for her baby. Later when she became stronger they moved to Round Valley a distance of some twenty miles on a new farm which belonged to her brother. In the mean time Myron worked on the farm helping his brother in law and other people as opportunity came. He was made second counselor to James H. Anderson (bishop) a position he held for eight years, he was also justice of the peace and performed many civic duties of which he was very capable. Time passed and Gladys recovered to a degree from her affliction and became quite strong again. They went to parties and some dances she could not dance but enjoyed watching the others have a good time, she was fun to be with and loved everybody and everyone loved her for her patience, faith, and good humor. they had planned for a family and as Gladys was stronger and seemed to be quite well she determined to have a fulfillment so on the 30 th of January 1916 a little boy whom they named Dean Myron came to make his home with them, he was a bright little fellow dark eyes with personality plus he was a wiry little guy who kept his father and mother on the go. They moved back from Round Valley to the little home which they occupied when they came back from Nevada. Much stronger now seemingly quite well except she never fully recovered from her paralysis, was able to care for her home and small family. They had some good times together they took a trip to Idaho in the old model T Ford . Myron still remembers the license plate number 10605 they visited her brother and had A nice time. They went to the temple a few times to do temple work. Getting along fairly good but tragedy again strikes, about July 1916 when fire destroyed the little home and most all they possessed, keep sakes, picture, records, things that were never to be replaced but again they thanked a kind father in

heaven for his protection they were all right they were all together nothing else mattered it could have been worse. Getting stronger day by day again her heart cried out for another little one she would not give up. She meant to have a family. Another little spirit was invited to come and obtain a body of flesh and bone, to be counted among the children of our father in heaven here on earth, which was prepared to be a testing ground for all who came, a school where we may learn life's lessons and be faithful in keeping His commandments. they moved to a small house on a small tract of land across the tracks which the family gave to them they cultivated and farmed. The day's and month's went by, she was happy and caring for her little family, making their new home as comfortable as she could, for past time, she mended the grain sacks for the men in readiness for the thrashing of the grain. The leaves on the tree's were turning red and gold warning of the winter time ahead. October came and on the fifth day in 1918 they welcomed another little boy, a little boy with blond hair and blue eyes very different from the little brother and sister. They gave him the name of Eldon Clark, his mother's name sake he was a chubby happy little fellow so good. 1918, what a sick feeling we get when we think of that terrible year. The war which had been raging had ended, the armistice had been signed, yes the war was over but what tragedy and sickness and trial were ahead for the people of the land all over America. a disease which was called (flu) was every where, especially the little town of Morgan was hit hard more so than most towns. mother and baby were both stricken. Myron being in the Bishopric was called to administer and help care for the sick and dying. He was at the bedside of many who passed away and was his lot in most cases to break the news to husbands and wives that a loved one had been called to the great beyond. These were sad times indeed for many people but saddest of all for this young father. After all they had been through was to realize his wife would also be called to join those who had been called to meet their reward, leaving her small family, a tiny babe but twenty-eight days old was very sick too, she lingered between life and death for ten days and then answered the call of her father in heaven. Her spirit had returned to him who gave it, a lovely character had gone to receive her crown in the heavenly home where she had once proved her faithfulness and capability to come here and perform her earthly mission. Her's was surely a life of sacrifice and love for home and family a great reward must surely be awaiting for all such as she. No public funerals were held. She was taken by her husband and two other brethren and quietly laid to rest in the little cemetery where many of those whom she knew and loved her had made new graves. Three little folks were left with out a mother. To be loved and cared for by a lovely grandma. How she helped and how good she was. Myron was sick, had a high fever but he kept going he could not stop. The baby was so terribly sick, for days they almost despaired of his life, but his daddy held on taking care of him day and night after a few days he passed the crisis he would get better but he was so weak it would take a long time to gain his strength. Each week he was weighed and a report sent to the doctor. When it was safe to leave him and he got better his daddy went to work helping to care for the cattle on the farm and other duties on the farm. Grandma Clark took care of the children in the daytime at night Myron cared for them, He had the baby in his bed to keep him warm, such a cold winter, was quite a problem. To keep milk warm he slept with a bottle of milk between his legs to keep it warm, a little stove about a foot square with two wicks under a tray filled with water to boil to sterilize the nipple. He bathed him and took all responsibilities of the

children that he could, it was quite a deal for a young man but he could not give up he had to go on he kept them together and did the best he knew. He has been living at Grandma Clarks for over a year, The children have grown and got along quite well, things have gradually cleared up to the extent of his moving the family to a small house below the mill raise about a mile below. Grandma has been so good to care for the children to do what ever needed to be done. His sister Gladys a girl of fourteen years of age came to Morgan to help care for the little family until the time came he would be able to find another to help him in the duty and responsibility of rearing his little family. So time goes on and on, life comes and goes as is our lot. Death is just as important as birth. All that matter's is how we live, the lessons we learn, the paths we tread. We all come to gain experience and a body that we may become perfect as our father in heaven. Today is our day to prepare, may we all be as well prepared as she. May we who are left revere her beautiful spirit and live as she would have us do, that we may be reunited in the world to come is the humble prayer of the authors of this resume.

LELA CLARK LAMB

By Lorena Lamb Lambert, a Daughter

Lela Clark Lamb, wife of Osmer Lamb and mother of eleven children, was born 2 July, 1895 in Richville, Utah. She and her twin brother Leland, were the fourth and fifth children born to Ann Elizabeth Waldron and Charles Rich Clark. Leland was so small he was cradled in a shoe box and placed on the warming oven of the stove to keep him warm as night temperatures in Morgan were cool. Lela was told by her mother that he was small enough to fit into a quart teacup. However on August 3, one month and one day after birth, he died of problems related to prematurity. Lela often expressed a yearning for her twin, wondering why he had died and she lived. In Annie Clark's diary she tells about the births and subsequent events.

Lela had a busy childhood along with her brothers and sisters. The family struggled financially and the children were good troopers to help out in any way they could. They raised vegetables to sell. Raising peas was a main crop in Morgan. Each summer the children worked in the pea harvest, planting, weeding, picking and then in the pea factory. Their day began early in the morning. Arising early was a trait that remained with Lela throughout her life.

Raising chickens, caring for the biddies and selling the eggs was another project that took alot of Lela's time. She continued to raise chickens most of her life.

However there was also time for pleasure. Swimming at Como Springs in the summer and ice skating in the winter were her favorite activities. Lela described herself as small in stature, very agile, and fleet of foot, often winning the foot races for her age in Morgan celebrations.

One summer, children were playing with matches in the neighbors barn which contained the summers cutting of hay. The barn caught fire, trapping the neighbor's small son in the loft. Townspeople had gathered to lend assistance. It appeared that there was no way to reach the stranded boy. Lela realized the danger. She knew the barn well and quickly scrambled up into the loft and brought the frightened boy out safely. She was the town heroine for sometime.

She graduated from high school May 24, 1915, one of fourteen students, the first class to graduated from the new high school building just completed for the 1914-15 year at Morgan.

After graduation she attended the University of Utah, completing the Normal Course, a course of study that provided certification to teach school. She enjoyed her year of study in Salt Lake City, working for her board and room in different homes.

September, 1916 she left Morgan to teach school at Boulder, Garfield Co., Utah where she taught the first four grades in a one room school house with no plumbing and a pot belly stove for heat. Board and room cost \$3.50 per week and she earned \$55.00 per month. She lived on a ranch outside town and rode "Old Blue", her favorite horse to school each day, a six mile round trip. She enjoyed telling the story of the time she was enroute to school and was attempting to cross the creek. She prodded the horse into the water but he had other plans. The horse bolted and she flew through the air, landing in the water, wet but wiser for the experience. Such was life in rural Utah.

Boulder was very remote but beautiful country and life there was an adventurous experience. She boarded with two different families, the Gledhill and the Peterson family. A lifetime friendship developed between Lela and Rose Peterson. Rose eventually sold her ranch in Boulder and moved to Salt Lake City. Whenever Rose and Lela got together, they would reminisce about those days.

In September, 1917, she went to Mt. Carmel, Kane County to teach school. Enjoying a pay raise she would now earn \$65.00 per month. In 1918, Ella, her sister, also a teacher joined her. They were very compatible and enjoyed being together. This was also the year of the flue epidemic and on November 3, 1918, Gladys, a sister, died, three weeks after giving birth to a baby, a sad event for the Clark family.

It was while teaching school in Mt. Carmel that Lela met Osmer Lamb, a farmer and stockman. His wife, Katherine had died two years earlier. She had had surgery. The doctor came to remove her stitches after having treated a thypoid patient. Perhaps he hadn't properly washed his hands. At any rate, the disease was transmitted to her and within two days she became feverish and died on September 15, 1915. Osmer was left with four young children to care for. When the new school teacher came to town, Osmer sought her acquaintance. They "sported" from the fall of 1917 until November 1919. Their main source of entertainment was attending the dances in town. Os, (his nickname) was in demand as a banjo player in the orchestra, and also as a caller for square dancing. A good dancer, stately and dignified, dancing was his favorite pastime. Lela soon got the knack of it and they had a good time.

Part of the preparation for an evening out was to parch corn. Os would take a pocket full along to be shared with his partner at the dance. They developed an admiration and affection for each other and by the spring of 1919 had decided to marry in the fall. On November 5, 1919 they were married in the Salt Lake Temple. Annie Clark, Lela's mother attended the ceremony.

At the time of the marriage the children were age: Glendon, 10 years old, Faun 8, Lucile 6 and Rose 5. Osmer's parents had previously invited Rose to live with them. Life became very busy.

Osmer was currently the Bishop of the Mt. Carmel Ward, being ordained May 16, 1915 by Joseph Fielding Smith. He served until

February 6, 1938. Lela was a beautiful penman and assisted him by writing the various certificates and also helping out with the record keeping. In a small town like Mt. Carmel, the bishop was the hub of activity and Lela shared in that busy role as his wife.

On December, 30, 1920, the first of eleven children were born to Lela and Osmer, seven boys and four girls. Eventually they would be grandparents to forty grandchildren and numerous great-grandchildren. The children's names are:

	Born		Died	
Luana	30 Dec	1920		
La Moin	7 Jun	1922	9 Jan	1952
Merl Clark	30 May	1923	30 Apr	1923
Sharon Charles	19 Feb	1925		
Darel Edward	29 Oct	1926	24 May	1968
Mardon C.	30 Jan	1929		
Rdean Osmer	5 Jan	1930	20 Dec	1932
Lorena	26 Oct	1932		
Clark	12 Oct	1934		
Dalene	21 Oct	1936		
Carolyn	17 Jul	1938		

For Osmer and Lela, their children were the center of their life. Seeing their children excel in their endeavors was constant source of gratification. As children we were encouraged to stretch our wings and try new challenges. We Participated in many areas, sports, orchestra, chorus, band, drama, and cheerleading to name a few. Education was important and we were encouraged to do well in school.

During World War 11, four of the boys in the family and one son-in-law were in the service. One son, La Moin, had the distinction of being the first boy to leave Mt. Carmel for the service and the last one to return home.

As the family grew older, Lela was able to do a little traveling and thoroughly enjoyed it. She savored the memories of those trips for years to come.

One of her many attributes was her service and devotion to people who were less fortunate, the down-trodden, the widows. No one will know the amount of money, garden produce, meat, milk, cream, flour, or whatever else needed, that she gave away. Often she gave to another something she needed herself. She had a big heart with a soft spot for people who were down on their luck. Truly, her left hand didn't know what her right hand was doing.

Osmer was a wonderful gardener and we raised most of our food, which meant it needed to be bottled to preserve it for winter. Hundreds of quarts of fruit and vegetables were processed in our kitchen. Homemade bread was a staple we always had. If we ran out it was almost a state of emergency. We had our own milkcows and that required taking care of the milk twice a day. There were two cellars,

one for apples and one for potatoes which we enjoyed during the winter months. We had the plain necessities of life

Lela was thrifty.

"Use it up!. Wear it out!
Mend it! Make it do!"

"Waste not! Want not"

was her personal creed. Today's "throw away " life style would be considered poor management by her.

In the spring of 1968 Lela and Osmer sold their home in Mt. Carmel to a son, Clark, and they moved to Orderville to a home that had been purchased from Uncle Earl, (Os's brother) years ago This move made life easier in some respects. They could now walk to church on Sunday, there was a small store and families closer by to neighbor with.

As the years passed, they spent more time visiting their children. Both Lela and Osmer were experiencing increasing health problems. It had always been Lela's desire that she would live longer than her husband, to enable her to care for him in his declining years. She was granted her desire. Osmer died November 3, 1972, just four days short of being ninty years old.

Lela's health slowly deteriorated. She had broken her back in an earlier accident and the crippling effects of rhumatoid arthritis and osteopersis had taken their toll. Her body was extremely bent over. She couldn't stand erect. After having what the doctor diagnosed as a mini-stroke she was unable to be alone and lived with one of the girls. Caring for her in her later years was a co-operative family effort shared by all her children.

Her last years were challenging. She was ready to move on to the next life long before she was granted the privilege. On Tuesday, August 7, 1984, 8:45 A.M., age 89, her ledger of life was closed. The cause of death was listed as congestive heart failure. She died at her daughter Dalene's home in Midvale, Utah. Dalene, Lorena, Bob and Douglas Lambert were at her bedside. Her funeral was August 11, 1984 in Orderville, Utah. She was buried in the Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

The passing of time and raising families of our own has brought an added perspective to life. We, her children have come to more fully appreciate our good mother. She was an example of patience, wisdom, generosity, kindness, service, determination, and common sense. We are honored to be her children and continually express gratitude for her blessing our lives by being our mother.

ELLA CLARK BLACK
June 6, 1897 - April 27, 1987

This brief history of Ella starts in Morgan, Utah on her birth date of June 6, 1897. Ella was born into the family of Charles Rich Clark and Ann Elizabeth Waldron. Ella growing up years all happened in the little community of Morgan. Over the years Ella made it a habit of writing down in note books or on calendars a narration of many events which occurred in her life. Unfortunately this habit didn't start until a little latter in her life so we don't have a lot of information about her growing up years other than a few stories and incidents which she shared with us over the years. Due to our neglect and now our regret many of the details of those stories have faded from our memories.

Memory does tell us that she always had good feelings about her childhood and had a close relationship with her brothers and sisters. The circumstances being what they were, with her father spending much of his time in Idaho, a special closeness developed with the boys as mom would refer to her brothers Wallace, Lawrence, Carlos and Myral. The closeness between her sisters, Gladys and Lela, were equally as special to her through out her life. Her older sister, Gladys, died while still a young woman and Mom missed her always. Ella and Lela maintained a closeness which reflected an example of the love and feeling of looking out for each other throughout their long lives.

Mom often reflected on the many summer hours working in the fields harvesting crops. She often talked about picking peas with Lela and working in the pea factory together. Another story she told us about was when Lela and her took a buggy down Weber Canyon to Farmington to pick up several bushels of fruit to bring home for bottling. As the two of them prepared to leave concern was expressed about two young girls traveling down the canyon alone. Ella and Lela decided that Lela would dress as a man hiding her long hair under a hat. They made the trip with some fear and trepidation but in fact without incident but always believing that their little deception saved the day.

Ella was always proud of the fact that she completed eight years of grammar school without being tardy or absent a single time. She received a small necklace for the accomplishment and wore it proudly through the years. Ella graduated from high school in May 1917 which made her 19 years old at the time. She moved to Logan that summer to live with her Aunt Lucy. She attended school at Utah State in order to obtain a teachers certificate. By attending summer school she was able to qualify and started teaching that next fall. The next nine years of her history is not completely clear but we know that she taught school in a couple small towns in Southern Utah during the winter months and would then attend summer school at either BYU and Utah State between school years.

Ella talked about spending one summer at Blue Creek cooking for the "Boys" while they were starting a new farming operation in that area. Blue Creek is located about 20 miles North West of Tremonton, Utah. She told of the many hours she was able to spend reading and writing letters to all her friends in between keeping the boys fed. Even though the farming operation never developed as that had all hoped she always had warm feelings about the experience. On several occasions as she was being driven to Boise, to visit her son Max, she would reminisce about that summer at Blue Creek as she drove past the road leading off towards Blue Creek.

It was during the summer of 1924 that she made a decision that charted the course for the rest of her life. She was offered a contract to teach school at Deseret, Utah. She often said that the decision was a hard one since Deseret was located out in the Western desert of Utah and she disliked living in the dry treeless surroundings as compared to the greenery of the mountains which she was most familiar. Being a venturesome type person she made the decision to try it for a year. The events of that year destined her to spend, for the most part, the rest of her life in those desert surroundings.

Deseret was a small Mormon community created out of the desert by the dreams and determination of a few strong-willed and industrious souls. It was an area that was always just one step ahead of Mother Nature reclaiming it. But as Ella always said the attitude of the people determines what kind of place it is and she found the people of Deseret and Delta to be good people and a good place to spend the rest of her life. It was in Deseret that she met William Ernest "Doc" Black. It would be that acquaintance that would lead Ella to make Delta her new home.

Living in Deseret in a converted two room abandoned school house Ella met two other young ladies who would become life long friends and neighbors. Each of them met and married young men from Deseret. The three of them taught in the new A.C.Nelson school house during the day and as the year progressed the old school house became somewhat the social center for the local bachelors during the evenings.

At the end of that school year the decision had to be made rather or not to renew her contract for another year or move back to the greenery of the mountains. The decision was to stay another year and I suppose part of the reason was to keep in contact with those new found friends.

The following year Ella took a teaching job at Grover, Wyoming but that decision was to be short lived. During that summer Ella was invited to make a trip to the Grand Canyon with "Doc" and another couple from Deseret. It was during that summer the Ella and "Doc" made the decision to get married on the 30th of December 1926. Ella and "Doc" were married in Logan at her Aunt Lucy's home. When they went back to Deseret following their wedding they to Delta where they would live the rest of their married life. Their

family started with a daughter named Bonnie Rae and then another daughter named Reveau. Reveau died just shy of three year old and was naturally a great shock to the family. Following the two girls Ella gave birth to three sons, Keith, Max and Shirl.

"Doc"s early working years started with drilling domestic water wells through out the valley. He developed such a skill and knowledge of the water tables and soil make up that he could accurately determine the depth which he would have to drill the well just by the location of the well in the valley. He was a well driller for 40 years of his life. A second advocacy he pursued was being a week end miner and prospector work and developing several different types of mines. Real success in the mining ventures didn't occur until around 1948 when he discovered a Flourspar mine. This was another event which impacted Ella's life significantly. The discovery of the mine, though modest in real terms, allowed Ella to do the things that she enjoyed more than any thing in her life. It allowed her the luxury of time and the means to visit family and friends in places where she had only been able to correspond by letters. Letter writing was a art that she never lost up to shortly before she died. There was no greater joy in her life than that of corresponding either in person or by letter with her immediate or extended family. A trip to Tremonton, Logan or Morgan would mean more to her than what ever else money could buy. She corresponded with sisters, brothers, cousins and nieces not only in Utah but the surrounding states and being able to go visit with these folks was the the delight of her life. A letter or visit from any of them was a cherished event.

On August 27, 1972 Ella's husband of 44 years passed away two week after his 80th birthday. Dad always said that he would give up 10 years of good life if he didn't have to hang around and be a burden to either himself or his family. He feared nursing homes and any thought of ever having to be put into one caused grave concern. He died quietly and suddenly but it allowed him to realize his wish of passing on with ease.

Ella remained in Delta remaining active in the community and the church. She was always stalwart in her church activities. She practiced her strong christian beliefs and was successful instilling the trait of loving and respecting our fellow human beings to each of her children. The one memory we all have about Mom was her desire for love and harmony between everyone she associated. Her concern for other's transcended her needs and desires.

Ella always honored and preserved her heritage. She was always active in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. She was forever trying to instill in her family this same trait and quality. Any book or information that she felt was of interest she would share it with her family. If a book was published that was of family interest she would buy enough to send to each of her children.

Ella prided herself in possessing the good health and

longevity of the Clark family. Good food and regular exercise was routine and expected. When ever she was taken to Salt Lake to shop it was the joke that she should be made to get out in Provo and walk on into Salt Lake in order that some of her energy could be used up so the others could keep up with her walking the streets of the city. While everyone else insisted on taking the bus the 9 blocks out to Sears she would want to walk the distance besides it would save the quarters she would point out.

It was about her 85th year while she was visiting her daughter Bonnie in Uplands, California that her health started to fail. As you would expect it while she was out for her daily walk that something happened to her heart that caused her not to be able to walk back up the hill to Bonnie's home. The Doctors had to implanted a pacemaker to give her heart a jump start so that she could resume a somewhat normal schedule of actives. She continued to live alone in Delta and did enjoy the company of her long time friends for several more years. The time did come that the decision was made to move her to a retirement facility in Salt Lake to be closer to her family. Shirl, Shari and their family lived in Salt Lake and give her that extra care she was now needing but reluctantly accepting. As her health continued to slip she felt cheated somehow about her not having that the health to live to 100 and beyond. She expected it and she could accept no reason why she shouldn't live to that century mark like so many of her past family members.

However it was not to be and as her heart continued to slow and the pace maker started to fail the decision had to be made between having to be attached to life support to enjoy some quality of life or allowing herself to die. She made the wise decision and was willing to accepted the 89 fulfilling years to be her gift in life rather than to be hooked up to the life support and not be able to enjoy that zest for living. She live three days after the decision and died peacefully and happy on April 27,1987 at the St Marks hospital in Salt Lake City. She is buried in Deseret beside her husband William Ernest but her legacy lives on for her children, their spouses, children and grand children to emulate.

CARLOS WALDRON CLARK

Carlos Waldron Clark was born on July 27, 1899 in Morgan, Utah, the seventh of eight children born to Charles Rich Clark and Ann Elizabeth Waldron.

Charles Rich Clark was a polygamist, marrying his second wife, Ann Elizabeth in 1886. As the second wife, she lived a very secluded, secret and private existence. In 1891, after the Manifesto, she was apparently free to "surface." She moved to Morgan in 1892 with her first 3 children. To begin with, they lived in a one room house made of concrete. Her brother, Walter, moved a log cabin to adjoin this place. Carlos says that every time she had a baby, they added a room to the place, creating a kind of rambling house. Carlos was born here.

Carlos' mother had eight children, seven of whom survived and lived to be adults: Wallace, Laurence, Gladys, Lela and twin boy Leland who lived one month, Ella, Carlos and Myral. When Carlos was born, his father was living in Georgetown, Idaho, near Bear Lake, with his first wife and their children.

Carlos' boyhood was one of work on the farm: chores, feeding animals and chickens, milking cows - always plenty to do. Carlos says that as a child his mother called him a little bag of mischief. He wondered when he really had time to get into mischief.

He was born of LDS parents who were devoutly Mormon, attended church in North Morgan and was advanced in the Priesthood in the normal manner for boys who were active in church duties and participation. Carlos went to school in Morgan, graduated from High School and attended two winter quarters at Utah State College in Logan, Utah.

In the fall of 1919, Carlos was called for a mission to New Zealand. He left on February 13, 1920, traveling first to Vancouver, British Columbia, then by ship to New Zealand. He said the trip from Salt Lake City to New Zealand took a month's time. During the three-year mission, he taught the Maori people, traveling by bicycle and horseback. Many of the people invited Carlos and his companion in from the hot weather and offered tea, the favorite drink of the area. Not wishing to offend the kind hosts, the missionaries would accept the hot water - Carlos still prefers warm water over cold water on a hot day, claiming it quenches his thirst better.

Carlos first met his wife-to-be when he was 12 years old. Jean Boyce, Leona's sister, had married Carlos' eldest brother, Wallace. Leona Boyce came to visit them for two weeks. Carlos said it pleased him and made him proud to escort her to church. He told about taking her ice skating so it must have been wintertime.

Prior to the time Carlos went on his mission, he was "going steady" with Leona. He was quite serious about this and so was Leona. However, when Carlos was on his mission, he received a "Dear John" letter. She was marrying Victor Nelson. Leona and Victor were later divorced in about 1930. However, Carlos and Leona were to get together a little later.

After Carlos returned from his mission, he worked with his two brothers, Wallace and Laurence. All were part-owners of the property in Morgan; Wallace was the leader. Now here is a good place to interject Carlos' grandfather into the history.

Ezra T. Clark was in Nauvoo when the temple was being built. The Prophet, Joseph Smith, was seeking funds for this purpose. Ezra gave the Prophet all he had. The Prophet accepted this and told Ezra that the Lord would bless him in his latter years, that he should never want for the things of this life.

In 1848, Ezra T. Clark made his home in Farmington where he became a very successful businessman. He was involved in the cattle business and in the Davis County Bank. Ezra T. was also a patriarch of the old order, in Carlos' words. Carlos states Ezra T. established a warehouse from which his children could get food and supplies. Carlos further stated that while Ezra T. had great business acumen, his sons had very little. Carlos cites that the bounties Ezra T. gave to his children were detrimental to the extent that they had little or no business experience; that he gave each property which they eventually lost through foreclosure because they borrowed money using the property as collateral.

Ezra T. had homesteaded a farm in the heart of Morgan, now Morgan City, of about 25 acres which he deeded to Carlos' mother for her maintenance. This, mother and children were to work for their livelihood. This they did with no help from Carlos' father.

Carlos returned from his mission March 17, 1923. His mother had moved to Logan and he lived with her for a short period of time. After General Conference in April, Carlos returned to Morgan to work this property with his two brothers. Carlos says that Wallace was more of a father than a brother to him. His respect and love for Wallace is very evident. Wallace began to branch-out into a business of his own: a Produce, Feed and Seed Store. Carlos ran the farm. Carlos states that because of the time-consuming work of the farm, he began to drift into inactivity in his church duties.

In 1931, Leona Boyce came to work for Wallace as bookkeeper. Carlos and Leona again became acquainted and began to date. Leona had four children from her marriage with Victor Nelson: Jeanell, Avon, Wayne and Nadine. Carlos decided to raise the children as his own. He and Leona were married March 5, 1932. About a year later this marriage was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple. The marriage produced four children, all born in Utah while the family was living in Morgan: John, Gaylan, Del and Connie.

Carlos said that Leona told him there were two things she definitely disliked: hanging out clothes and mixing bread. He agreed to this. Apparently this arrangement worked out very well for they had a successful marriage.

In 1940, Carlos went into the dairy business producing Grade A milk which he sold to the Weber Central dairy. This is a time-consuming business with no days off and no vacation time: an early-to-late work each day, winter or summer, hot or cold. The cows must be milked night and morning, fed and cared for. This type of investment must cared

for continually. The requirements for Grade A milk are quite stringent with standards of cleanliness and refrigeration that are enforced by periodic inspection. Carlos and family worked with this strict and demanding routine for many years.

Carlos and Leona sponsored a Danish young woman, Birgit Christensen, to come to America. Wayne had met her while on his mission in Denmark. She married Kent Burnett in 1948 and they have 8 children and 29 grandchildren and reside in Centerville, Utah.

Carlos' stepson, Wayne Nelson came to California to work after Navy service, seeing California as a land of opportunity. Carlos' son John wanted to get away from Utah. Wayne told him he could find well-paying jobs in the sunshine state. John met people in California who were involved in the business of Convalescent hospitals or "Rest Homes." He went into this business and became manager and eventually owner of several.

During the winter of 1959-60, Carlos and Leona came to visit for a month and were very impressed with the mild climate. They returned the following winter and further enjoyed the weather. Spring that year was very cold and wet in Utah when Carlos returned for spring planting. When John offered them employment at one of his "rest homes", they agreed to move to California. Carlos sold out to his brother Wallace and they moved on August 4, 1961.

As live-in managers, Leona was soon unable to cope with the constant complaining of the patient's families. They moved to Yucaipa for about 6 months, still managing John's facility in Mentone, then settled in a small home in Grand Terrace where they remained for about 10 years. Then they later bought a mobile home nearby where Carlos still lives with his son, Del. Carlos traveled between convalescent facilities for 33 years from Santa Monica to Blythe, performing everything from maintaining buildings to caring for the citrus trees. He and Del also assisted on the nearby church-held orange groves.

After a period of illness, Leona died June 30, 1985. Carlos continued doing yard work and purchasing for the convalescent home in Indio, a 130-mile roundtrip, through late 1994. He now spends time caring for Del, who recently retired after 27 years volunteering in the Bishops' Storehouse. Carlos stays busy helping his neighbors, doing yardwork for some of the widows in the park, attending to his church duties and visiting with his children.

He remains active in the church, is currently the Sunday School class President and Secretary of the High Priests Quorum. He was called as Stake Missionary in 1972 and was Ward Financial Clerk for almost 15 years. He still attends the temple regularly. Carlos will be 97 on July 27, 1996. Between Carlos' and Leona's children, they have 21 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren and 4 great-great-grandchildren.

Myral Gillispie Clark

1901 - 1965

Myral Gillispie Clark was born on July 13, 1901. He was the youngest child in a large family, and was raised on a farm in Morgan, Utah. His parents were Charles Rich Clark and Ann Elizabeth Waldron Clark. His oldest brother's wife, Jean, recognized a need in Myral to be given piano lessons, so she began teaching him at an early age. Later, a piano teacher arrived in Morgan and gave Myral free piano lessons in exchange for the use of the Clark family piano. Myral's ability to play the instrument was superb and he became quite an accomplished pianist. He attended Morgan High School, and upon graduation enrolled in the Agricultural College in Logan, Utah. There he studied English and Music. During the summer vacation seasons Myral played the piano in resorts in the Tetons, and he enjoyed very much the time that he spent there. Loa Jennie Tolman had come from her home in Murtaugh, Idaho to attend the A.C., and had enrolled in a music class. She walked into the room where students were gathered around Myral as he played the piano. He played "The Doll Dance", and Loa would later say that she didn't know whether she fell in love with the man first, or the way he played the piano. During their courtship Myral graduated from the A.C., and he accepted his first teaching job at the high school in Victor, Idaho.

Myral and Loa were married on June 6, 1929 in the Salt Lake Temple. They soon moved to McCammon, Idaho where Myral taught at the local high school. A friend of his was hired for a teaching position in Honolulu, Hawaii around this same time, and Myral told him that he would be interested in teaching there as well. A year later, there was an opening for another teacher, and Myral was hired. They moved to Hawaii where he taught English at the Honolulu Vocational Training School. His contract was originally for two years, but they loved Hawaii so much that they stayed for 14 years. During this time he played the piano with a dance band and played at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel on Waikiki Beach on Saturday nights.

On January 25, 1933 Myral and Loa had a daughter, Margene Leilani Clark. They were pleased to be parents and enjoyed doing things as a family. Myral enjoyed taking the family on car trips around the island, and having picnics became a favorite family outing. He kept very busy with his teaching and his music, both of which he was equally dedicated to. Music was both a professional and a church involvement. He spent countless hours at choir practice and accompanying soloists, as well as playing at dances. On August 31, 1937, a son, Robert Judson Clark was born. Myral and Loa were thrilled with their expanding family. They built a house at 1721 Kewalo Street.

On December 7, 1941 the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. During the nights that followed, those who lived on the island had to remain in total darkness. Because of the fear of further attack, they were instructed to use no lights in the evening, not even a flashlight or a candle. For amusement, Myral and Loa and the children would sit in the living room and sing while he played the piano in the dark. In the months following the Pearl Harbor attack Myral served as an air raid warden for their neighborhood. He patrolled the block in the evening and made sure that no light could be seen through the blackout curtains. He also provided the music for a weekly radio broadcast, where the servicemen would come and have a community sing.

It was decided by Myral and Loa that they would move their family back to the mainland, and in 1943 Loa and the children left for Logan, Utah, to stay with her parents until Myral was able to join them. It was wartime and men could not get priority on a ship, so it was another year before he could leave. He took care of details, such as the sale of the house and the packing up of their belongings, and then stayed at the LDS Mission Home in Honolulu until he could book passage. After reuniting with his family, Myral went to San Luis Obispo, California. Here he taught for many years in the school system at various educational levels.

On July 25, 1945, Myral and Loa were blessed with a third child. A son, Richard Myral Clark was born in San Luis Obispo. Myral and Loa raised their family there and were active in the community. Myral served as a member of the Bishopric in the San Luis Obispo Ward, as well as being the organist. No matter where they lived, or what other church position was held, he was always the organist, and Loa was always the chorister. Once a week, during his lunch hour at the school, he would dash over and play for the Rotary Club. He was well known in town, and while the Methodist Church was without an organist, they asked him to play for them; so after his ward duties were finished on Sunday he would hurry over to their meeting. He gave piano lessons in his home every Saturday morning.

Myral was a quiet, gentle man who had a lively sense of humor and was very slow to anger. He was a man of extreme kindness. It was said that he never let a chance go by to show his thanks or to give a compliment. He was never known to make derogatory comments of any kind about another person.

In 1964, Myral was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease. The tremors that accompany it were very upsetting to him, as they affected his general feeling of well-being, along with his piano playing. After unsuccessful surgical procedures to stop the tremors, he was re-hospitalized months later for an unexplained fever. He died of endocarditis on October 2, 1965. Myral is buried in San Luis Obispo, in Los Osos Cemetery. His funeral was well attended, not only by every one of his siblings, but by all of Loa's brothers and sisters as well.

June 23, 1996

Margene Leilani Clark Remund (Daughter)

Joan Leilani Remund (Granddaughter)

TESTIMONY OF EZRA T. CLARK

I bear you this my testimony:

Before I left Nauvoo, I heard the Prophet Joseph say he would give the Saints a key whereby they would never be led away or deceived, and that was: the Lord would never suffer the majority of this people to be led away or deceived by imposters, nor would he allow the records of this Church to fall into the hands of the enemy. I heard Joseph say this, and I also heard him say that he would roll the burden of the Apostleship upon the quorum of the Twelve. I heard Joseph preach many times, heard him, the last sermon he ever delivered, bear testimony to the truth of the work that God had called him to. He also said that the Lord had never suffered him to be slain by his enemies because his work had not been done until a short time ago. He had now laid the foundation of this work and rolled the burdon of the priesthood upon the Twelve, and having given them their washings and annointings they would now bear off the work triumphantly, and it would roll on faster than ever before, and if the Lord was willing to accept of him, he was willing to go. This he spoke to the people. I was one who heard his voice and know that he spoke like an angel from Heaven. I never heard him speak with more Power than then and I have heard him many times. I was satisfied. I know him to be a prophet of God. I had heard him prophesy many times and had seen his prophecies fulfilled, and also shook hands with him and he had blessed me and I felt the influence and power of the Lord upon him and upon me, and I have never forgotten that blessing from that day to this, and I never shall. Two days later the Prophet was martyred, and two or three weeks later, when the saints held a conference and Brigham Young arose as leader of the Church, I want to bear record that he spoke as Joseph used to speak, and to all appearances, the same voice, the same gesture, the same stature, and I bear this record to all the world and to my children, and to my children's children, and also bear record that this work is God's work, and that it will roll on as it has done from that day to this.

I have never turned my face away and have always had delight in keeping the counsel of His servants and in every particular. I have had many privations and been in many trying scenes traveling on the plains and on the desert, and I know that those men who have stood at the head of His Church are men of God, and also the men who stand at the head, and they will bear off this work triumphantly, and let me say to my children and to my grandchildren, if they will do right and keep the commandments of God, no good things shall be withheld from them, and they shall have a testimony that God set up this work, and it will roll forth and those who help it will stand, and those who fight against it will fall and crumble with the wicked. I want to bear this testimony and leave it for the benefit of my children and my children's children, for I realize I have but a short time to live upon this earth. I have passed my seventy-seventh year, and it has been a pleasure to me to be associated during that time with the Prophet and apostles and those whom I know were men holding the Holy Melchisedek Priesthood.

I bear this testimony and wish it written that my children and my children's children may know that I have finished my work and bear this testimony before them and all the world in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, even so, Amen.

EZRA T. CLARK

July 24, 1901

PARTING INSTRUCTIONS

I am impressed in this the evening of life, to admonish my family of the importance of devoting some measure of their time to Temple work, and it is my wish that a genealogical record be prepared to include as many of my ancestors as it is possible to get information about and when this record shall have been completed, it is my most earnest wish that I may have, as often as possible, a representative in one of the Temples of my Heavenly Father to perform the work for the dead.

If I could behold the spirit of union and mutual love and support in the conduct of my family as I now look upon their future lives, I should feel the great satisfaction and pleasure that I have always enjoyed in the happiness that comes from family union, and I admonish those who are strong to be thoughtful and helpful to those who are weaker, and I trust that it will never occur to any member of my family that any one of them would ever be justified in taking any undue advantage of another. I warn the spirit of fairness and justice and impartiality toward one another. I plead for the weak, because the strong will take care of themselves. And those who cherish the memory of their father and honor the name he has given them in life, will feel the organization and protect one another's good name, avoid any unseemly gossip, be charitable, be patient, kind and loving toward one another and God will sustain you and your families as you have sustained me and mine.

While it has been my privilege, because of the natural endowments with which God has clothed me, to accumulate something of this world's goods, I would not have my family suppose that I esteem money as I esteem honor, virtue, and above all fidelity to the Church of Christ; and I trust that no one of my family will ever seek and appreciate the treasures of this world above the treasures that come from an honorable and God-fearing life, devoted to religious duties and the obligations which men owe to one another and to their God.

I have accumulated, since my early settlement in Farmington, as much property as I reasonably could along the street on which a number of my family are now living, and I desire that, so far as my family can, consistent with their best interests, they maintain their real estate, that they may be helpful to one another and that the homes of my family there may always be a gathering place for those who may be scattered in different parts of this and adjoining states, and I especially commend the spirit of hospitality to my children.

These parting instructions have been the burden of my thoughts during the closing days of my career among you, and it is my wish that at every family gathering, these, my parting words be read before the assemblage of this family organization.

I desire to urge the mothers to teach their children the law of obedience, and the law of baptism at the age of eight years; that they also teach the Word of Wisdom and to pay their tithes and offerings, to honor the Priesthood, to attend their primaries and Sunday Schools and meetings, and I promise the mothers that if they will do this in the sincerity of their hearts, they will bring forth noble sons and daughters to bear off this work, and it shall be a great honor to them and the family at large, and they will live long upon the earth to inherit it, and no power shall stay its hand against them, and I seal these blessings upon them, by the power of the Holy Melchizedek, even so, Amen. Ezra T. Clark

