

It is easy to divide my life story into sections or chapters as it was divided for me.

1. My parents ("Hyrum Don Carlos Clark by Elwin Clark"),
2. My childhood, birth to time I went to Farmington,
3. "Youth" until I left for mission,
4. Mission until marriage,
- 5.

Before I leave chapter 2, I should insert a few unrelated items.

We had a pony (Katie) about 900 lbs. on the ranch that was far and away the best riding horse we ever had. I am told that Uncle Wilford gave her to my brother Porter. She was a quarter horse, a joy to ride, about the only riding horse we ever had where you didn't need a whip. She loved to run: just loosen the rein and she was off. She could run full speed down a hill covered with sage brush and badger holes and never stumble or fall. She was unbeatable as a cutting horse. All of us as we came along loved to ride Katie.

In the haying season when I was seven, father sent me, horseback, with a note to Afton, about 2 1/2 miles, to get a part for a mowing machine. When I got back the men were all out in the field. Edna, the cook, was in the log cabin on the bank of the river (Salt River) which at this point was about 65 feet wide and 1 1/2 to 2 feet deep. I decided I was going to wade across the river. I rolled up my pants then called to Edna to come and watch me. She called to me not to go but I was on my way. She kept telling me to not run or I would fall. I nearly heeded her, but ran the last few feet and nearly fell. She then urged me to go slower on the way back, but I panicked and sure enough I went down. She dashed out and rescued me. A few feet further down was a deep hole where we used to swim the horses just for fun.

About 1 a.m. on summer night about 1907 father answered the phone. It was my cousin Roy Porter from Fairview (5 miles south). He was calling from Auburn (2 miles north). He was courting one of the Hyde girls. Upon returning from a ride he had left his team and buggy out in front without tying the horses, and when he went out a little later they were gone. Would father go out and catch his horses as they passed our place and send them back to him. I was gotten out of bed and father and I stopped the team. We tied a pony behind and I drove the team back to Hydes. Roy was glad to get his outfit and gave me a dollar. It was the first dollar I had ever had. Father took the dollar from me "That was too much money for a boy my age to have," besides "we don't take pay for accommodating others." The dollar was duly returned.

The following winter father went to Georgetown and bought the cattle from his father's estate (about 300 head). He trailed them 15-20 miles over the mountain to the old Wells ranch, which was nearly 20 miles from the ranch up Crow Creek. Father had arranged for the hired man (who fed our cattle) to meet him at Wells ranch with a large load of hay but later feared he would