

CLARK NEWS



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THE 1956 REUNION.

I have from Sylvia Jenkins the following letter:

"I have made arrangements for the Hot Pots Resort (Luke's) for July 14. There are swings and things for the children as well as swimming in the pools. There are picnic tables and I have reserved the hall for the meeting. There is also a cafe.

They have some cabins, \$3.00 for the one bed and \$6.00 for two beds. There are plenty of cabins in Heber and also a hotel, which is only three miles from the resort. You come in from the north on Highway 40 and there is a sign on 1st south pointing the way to the Hot Pots. It is the same coming from the south. We will have some signs too."

I have from Saul Clark, our family president, the following letter:

"I just returned from a Clark Family meeting so will write you while these things are fresh on my mind. It was decided at the meeting that the time for the Reunion would be 12:30 PM, July 14 at Luke's Hot Pots near Heber. Lunch will be furnished as last year by each family. 2:00 PM will be the Program followed by a family business meeting. The program will be arranged by the group in Heber City and arrangements for the business meeting by the family officers.

Now, here is a word that I didn't get from anyone:

Six hundred and seventy families, all descended from Thomas Henry Clark and Charlotte Gailey are now on our mailing lists. Each of those families will receive this issue of the Clark News and each of them is most cordially invited to attend this Reunion.

I never dreamed, even a few months ago, that six hundred families in this part of the world are related to me through my Clark line. I suppose that none of you realized it either. Seemingly, if we can get together now and discuss our work we can create an interest and enthusiasm in this work that has hereto been impossible.

Obviously there is a certain amount of sacrifice involved in putting other things aside to go to Heber City for this Reunion. There was a certain amount of sacrifice involved when the Clarks left England and came to America and when they left Nauvoo and came to Utah. Maybe your work or other considerations will make it impossible for you to come, but if you can come, I believe you should.

NOTE: This biography was submitted to me some time ago by L.R. Wrathall and was written by his aunt, Ellen R. Hinckly, a daughter of Charlotte. Due to its great length it cannot be published in one issue of the Clark News but will be continued in subsequent issues until complete. B.P.

10 As I record these memories, the two charlottes, Mother and my sister, are so interwoven that I can't seem to separate them. There I find that I keep creeping in, but I shall ask you to forget me. I shall intrude as little as possible.

Mother was the baby of the Clark family, Uncle John, Aunt Eliza Murdock, Aunt Ellen Bryan, Uncle Tom, Aunt Hannah Parkinson, Grandfather and Grandmother Clark were converted to the Gospel by Wilford Woodruff. They belonged to the band of United Brethren. The whole organization was converted. After the Clarks reached the Latter Day Saints in Nauvoo two little girls were born to them, Aunt Mary Ann and Charlotte, my mother.

As I remember Mother she was of medium height and she weighed about 130 pounds, a clear olive complexion, irregular features. She had beautiful black wavy hair (she said when she was a girl it would curl in ringlets and little curls all over her head.) She would brush its shining length and as a child I loved to run under her falling waves. The perfume of her hair and its softness thrilled me. Mother's crowning beauty was her large brown eyes, that seemed to meet into a soft hazel. How very expressive were those eyes. They would shine and dance with pleasure- and dim over with pity. They expressed such earnest kindness. When I gazed into their depth I felt a quiet strength coming from her soul, that seemed to say, I have suffered much and I have conquered much, and if need be I can conquer more. Mother's charm came from a radiant personality which like a delicate violin expressed every shade and tone of a tender, sensitive heart. Smiles seemed to play constantly around her mouth and eyes. Her warm understanding and sympathy responded to every need of the human heart. No one left her without feeling an uplift in his soul. "The best part of a good man's life are the kind unremembered acts" and so it was with Mother.

to Mother found herself a widow at thirty eight years of age, with five small children to support (Thomas, Charlotte, Ellen, Agnes and Sarah) She was young to face the world alone. She had no particular skill or training to make a living, but she gathered her little flock in her protecting arms and faced the world. Mother did have beautiful efficient hands which she turned to account in many ways. In our home there were many hardships. Our house always seemed cold. Often the water would freeze in the wash basin in the daytime. Now as I look back Mother must have had a terrible struggle to get fuel. Shoes were another problem. She sometimes asked us not to jump the rope because skipping was so hard on shoes, but she might just as well have requested the birds not to fly as to try to keep Charlotte from jumping the rope. No feat of skill with the rope was too difficult for her.

As a girl Charlotte was rather small. Mother said she had small bones, but she had a plump well built body, very pretty legs and small feet. How proud she was of her foot and tiny ankle. They were always trim and well cared for. She had a wealth of hair, it was thick and it reached almost to her knees, and it was of a rich chestnut color. Her eyes were starry bright and she was so extremely shy. When she and I were sent on an errand Charlotte would say she would go if I would ask or give the message. I was ever the spokesman and we did errands for the entire neighborhood. We never carried a note and never received a penny in pay. I was larger for my age

should.

than was Charlotte and as Mother dressed us alike, strangers often mistook us for twins. Charlotte never failed to see the funny side of everything, and was ever ready to play a joke on someone, often I was the goat. Sometimes she would tease by making jingles about me, and they were rather clever, but usually there was no ripple in our joy as we played together.

One of my earliest recollections is being in a lane on a beautiful spring morning, a ditch ran north of this lane and its bank was aglow with dandelions. There were a number of children there. I wore crochet shoes; Charlotte held my hand, how tenderly she guided me over the rough places. There was a strange wonder over everything yet how secure I felt with Charlotte, as she led me calling me Ellie Annie. I always felt secure with Charlotte, that feeling never left me.

Another early memory: Mother placed me in an Indian Squaw's basket. The Indian immediately started out carrying me. Charlotte followed her around the house, and she cried as if her heart would break. Mother told us, when we were older, that the squaw had asked her to put me in the basket to see what Charlotte would do.

Charlotte loved Mother's babies very intensely. When Agnes was a baby and Mother was in bed, cousins Maria and Mary Ann called to see Mother. They brought some candy and as usual they wanted to buy the baby with the candy. I sold the baby, but Charlotte would have nothing to do with the candy. She kept saying to Mother, "Tell them to go home and mind their own babies." I enjoyed the candy with a feeling that Charlotte would not let them take the baby.

I suppose all small children have a feeling of security with their mothers. When a very small tot I wandered away and before long I was lost in some tall sagebrush. I was filled with a strange fear and awe. Suddenly Mother appeared, then a sudden rapture and a feeling of safety came over me as Mother took me by the hand and led me back. It seemed to us children that Mother was never frightened; she never let us know that she was afraid. We always felt safe with her.

Although Mother was very busy, we were well cared for. At the close of a hot summer day our tired bodies and our burning feet knew the comforts of the evening bath. As we nestled between the sheets, Mother would say, "Little children must be clean and sweet when they go to bed so that the angels may kiss them while they are sleeping." With the opening of school in the autumn Mother's work multiplied. The early morning often found her, with needle and thread, bending over some clothing that she was making over or mending for us to wear. Night after night our clothes were washed so as to be fresh and clean for the next day. Mother never complained if our clothes were soiled or torn, but she quickly proceeded to repair them.

One of the first shocks that Charlotte and I received was the word that came to Grantsville from Tooele that father was very ill. Charlotte took me to a lonely spot in the garden, there we knelt in prayer and how earnestly we pleaded that father would get better. Charlotte was sure that he would get well, but he did not recover. The prayer gave us comfort at the time. Soon after father passed away, we went to Tooele for the funeral service. How close the mountains appeared to be. We stayed at Sister DeLaMares and had our first experience sleeping upstairs. In the stillness of the night, it seemed that we could touch the mountains and even reach to the heavens and grasp the stars. Father had a large family. Almost all of the older members were making such a fuss (crying and fainting) but mother was so very quiet. I recall that when Eva, the baby, died, Mother shed no tears. She always had perfect control over herself.

Father's last visit to our home as Mother told it: Grandmother never liked father, she might have been jealous. Father was not feeling at all well, yet Mother and Father had a lovely visit. They

and I believe you should come to make it impossible

discussed Father's finances, he had lost a greater part of his property and he had a large family to support. He spoke but without bitterness, of some of the brethren of the Stake who would not let him have any job that would bring in an income but he could have any job that was hard work and no pay. Then they talked about the children and how they were to be educated. There were no free schools then; the Methodist Churches were conducting free schools. Father said the schools were a temptation, but Mother replied that she would never send her children there. Father was pleased and said the Methodists were trying to undermine the faith of the Latter Day Saint's children. He expressed his appreciation of Mother's unselfishness and also praised her for the way she handled her children. He told her that his one hope for children loyal to the Church was hers. Father was very affectionate and he expressed his love. When he came to our home we children would rush to him for kisses and how we loved to perch ourselves on his knee.

Going back to that last visit, father had told Mother how blessed he had been in her love. How her sympathy and understanding had sustained him. He said, What a blessing she was, and what a comfort she had always been. He appreciated her faith and courage. Then they walked slowly to the gate, father embraced Mother and kissed her goodbye; he turned and looked at her and came back the second time to repeat the goodbye; and then he came back the third time and gave her such a strange penetrating look and he embraced and kissed her as if he would never let her go. But this time he added, "God bless and protect you, Charlotte." Mother's voice would falter and her bright eyes dim as she told us of this goodbye; she always added, "Your father knew he would never see me again."

(To be continued)

THE PURPOSES OF THE CLARK NEWS:

The Clark News has a number of aims, all of which are intended for the advancement of Clark family unity. One of them is to publish for the information of the whole family the life stories of family members. If you have any such stories please submit them for publication. If not, we suggest that you write your own since someday you will not be here to do it. Another purpose is to gather money for the purpose of research. This money is deposited in a bank account and spent under the direction of the family presidency. If you have not contributed to this fund recently, we are trying to build it up so as to have sufficient on hand to meet any demands that research may entail. If you would like to make a contribution to this cause you may send it to me, since I have been elected family treasurer. My address:

Bernard Price
361 G Street
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Another purpose of the Clark News is to promote an annual Clark Reunion. The first page of this issue tells about this year's Reunion and next issue will tell about what happened. May we encourage each of you to attend this year's Reunion and get acquainted with your family. They are pretty nice people.