

CLARK NEWS

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WHY THE LONG DELAY?

If anyone wants to know why it has been more than six months since the last issue of the Clark News, there is a very good reason. I haven't had time to put one out any sooner. For quite a long time this fall I was working out of town. For another extended period I was working nights. For the past two months I have had Church work virtually every night of the week. I hope that in the future I never get caught in such an extended rat race.

THE 1956 REUNION

As most of you know, the 1956 reunion was held last July at the Hot Pots near Heber City, Utah. A large group of family members attended and enjoyed their lunch as well as the meeting afterwards. I don't know if an official count was ever made, but there were approximately two hundred.

President Saul Clark presided over the meeting. I have been trying for two months to get a copy of this fine program, but so far I have not been successful. I hope to have it for the next issue.

The principal item of business discussed was the ever present problem of what to do about the Clark News. We now have over six hundred families on our mailing list, which represents something of a financial item each issue. The discussion centered around whether or not we should put it on a strict subscription basis and send it to only those families who buy subscriptions, or whether we should send it to all.

The point was brought up that the true purpose of a family organization is to interest as many families as possible in genealogical work. In view of that, it was felt that no better means could be found to interest our family in genealogical work than the pages of the Clark News. After some discussion it was moved and unanimously approved that all issues of the paper from then until the 1957 reunion, should be sent to all members of the family. At that time the family would be in a better position to determine its course for the next year.

Reports were given on the work being done by the family presidency, and a financial report was also given. All in all I think it could be said that the 1956 reunion was one of the most successful ever held.

THE 1957 REUNION

President Saul Clark advised me recently that in a meeting held in Grantsville of the family presidency it was decided the 1957 reunion will be held in Tooele, Utah. No definite date was set, but it will be held during the summer months. I understand that some of the plans have already been completed for this reunion. It should be a very successful affair.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF OFFICERS AND REPRESENTATIVES

The regular semi-annual meeting of officers and area representatives was held October 4 at the Doll House in Salt Lake City, Utah. This meeting marked the expiration of President Saul Clark's term of office. Presiding over it was his last official act. Saul's first counselor, Kenneth Johnson, in keeping with the by-laws of the family organization, assumed the office of President, and second counselor Harold Mathews advanced to first counselor. Also it was decided that Verl Clark of Provo, Utah should be appointed as the new second counselor. There were two reasons for this appointment. Foremost, it was felt that Verl would make a very successful member of the family presidency. The other reason was that it was felt that it might be advisable to select part of our officers from areas other than the Grantsville--Tooele area.

Our research program.

Not long ago I was in Salt Lake and I visited the Genealogical Society in an effort to learn why more is not being done on our Clark line. I found that there have been two reasons why. The first is that the researchers formerly assigned to our file have left the society. At the present time a man who is himself a British born member of the Church has been assigned to our work. He understands the problems of British research and I felt that our work was in good hands. The other reason is that researchers in England have been hard to find and no one, for a rather long time has done anything with our file over there. I was informed, however, that only recently a researcher had accepted our file and would begin work on it as soon as she was in that area. He said that this woman had done a lot of research for the Society and is very capable. All in all, the future looks more promising than it has for some time even if the past has not been productive of very much. As soon as reports are received from England I told him to make up the family group sheets and advise us so that the many family members who would like to be doing the ordinance work for them could begin to do so. Anything that is turned up will be reported in future issues of the Clark News.

B.F. OLSEN PASSES.

Those of the family who knew him were saddened October 31, 1956 by the passing of B.F. (Frank) Olsen. He was killed instantly when he fell from the grain elevator on which he was working in Cardston, Alberta, Canada. He was a man highly thought of in his community and he was a pillar of strength in the Clark Family organization. His family has developed a unique system of donations on their birthdays and the Clark Family Fund has been the beneficiary of this many times. In addition he and his family have contributed a great deal in the way of records, information and other helps. For the benefit of those who did not know him, the following is taken from the Alberta Newspaper which carried his funeral notice.

Benjamin Franklin Olsen was born at Grantsville, Utah, September 1893, son of Benjamin Franklin Olsen and Emily Olsen, early pioneers of Cardston. When just 2 years of age the Olsen family came to Canada, homesteading south of Cardston. Frank, as he was well known, took his schooling at Cardston, then later attended the Knight Academy at Raymond where he met his future wife, the former Ella Vance. They were married in the Salt Lake Temple in 1916, making their first home at Welling. They later moved to Glenwood, purchasing a farm there, also operating an elevator there and at Hillspring, and in 1933 moved to Cardston, where Mr. Olsen was agent for the Ellison Milling and Elevator Company. He was an elevator agent for 26 years. Mr. Olsen had always been active in the community and in the LDS church. He had served two terms on the Cardston School board and was active in sports, especially baseball. In the Church he was in the Seventies' Presidency for 10 years, eight years a counselor in the first ward Bishopric and eight years a Temple officiator and for many years was choir leader at Glenwood. He is survived by his wife, eight children, 25 grandchildren, four sisters and three brothers.

One of Mother's outstanding characteristics was her remarkable faith. The Gospel to her was a real vital power. She never had a doubt; to her a happy hereafter was sure; she would be reunited with her loved ones; and she would progress with them. Faith pervaded our home, we children were sent to primary and to Sunday School. As soon as we came home from primary Mother would ask "Did they put you on the program for the next meeting?" It seemed they always did, Mother would help us get our parts. She would often say "You must do what they ask you, never say no." Religion was a practical part of Mother's daily living. She sought divine guidance constantly; we children were taught to revere the Church officials, never talk against them. I remember President Taylor was coming to Grantsville one Sunday evening to speak. Mother dresses us in our best explaining in reverent tones that we were going to hear the President of the Church speak and he was the prophet of the Lord. When we came home we discussed his looks, his large eyes, and his sermon. Then Mother told us of President Taylor in Carthage jail with the Prophet Joseph Smith and his terrible experience there. This evening was so impressive that I am never happy when Church officials are criticised in my hearing. When things were going bad with us Mother would say "When one door closes another opens," and it seemed that such was the case. Mother was promised in a blessing that she would be told in dreams of things to come. This promise was fulfilled. She dreamed what to do for Charlotte when a baby she nearly died of whooping cough. She also dreamed that I had diphtheria (at that time this disease was almost certain death), and she saw what she must do to save me. Who am I to question, even if I have never experienced anything like it.

Mother said she went to bed one night with a heavy heart, she was greatly worried. How was she going to get the winters coal and where was she going to get shoes. It seemed that a man came into her room; he stood looking at her then he pointed his finger at her and said, "Blessed is he who puts not his trust in the arm of flesh, but puts his reliance in the strength of the Lord." Mother said she turned over, went to sleep feeling sure that things would come out right. Mother said this experience greatly comforted her. One late afternoon Sister Hammond, the Relief Society President, came to our home; she kept quizzing Mother about her financial condition; Mother would say she was getting along fine. Sister Hammond kept on talking on various subjects, finally she demanded to know how Mother's food supply was. Mother broke at last and confessed that she had very little in the house to eat; her last bit of flour was gone, and that she had no money to buy more. In spite of this Mother protested the help that came that evening. Sister Hammond said she had been impressed all day to come to see Mother; she said she was almost told to take help to Charlotte. How grateful Mother was, yet she insisted upon doing some work to help to pay for the food. But I am sure that evening a thankful prayer went to our heavenly Father for his blessings.

As a child I never knew that we were poor, Mother never complained. Instead of saying we can't afford it, or that we were too poor to buy the things we often wanted; she would say "We'll see after a while how things come out." I appreciate the heritage this gave us more than I can say. I grew up holding my head as high as the next one - proud of my name and proud of my folks. There was no inferiority complex in our home.

I spoke of Charlotte's jumping the rope, well in a way she was quite an athlete; she could skate and skim over the ice as swift as the wind. There wasn't a tall tree in the neighborhood that she hadn't perched herself in its topmost branches. On foot she was fast, winning many races, but the two sports in which she excelled were hopscotch and jacks. I think she was never beaten in playing jacks, and her hopscotch was nearly a tradition at school. Another of her feats was to walk around the block on the picket fences and not to put her foot on the ground. When the old adobe school house was being built and the builders were ready to start putting on the roof, she climbed to the top of the walls and began to walk around

on them. Terrorized people came running from all directions to get her down. She was absolutely fearless and would dare anything. Another skill was her jumping, she would jump from high places as well as make her broad jumps, she would almost fly over broad deep ditches. South of our home on the now school block the land was owned by the Clark estate. On their land there was a huge high stack of hay and near by was a stable; she would jump from the stack and land on the stable; the stable was quite a distance away. Once she coaxed and enticed me to try it, finally I did but I did not make it. I was deathly sick after the fall, I have never forgotten how tenderly Charlotte cared for me until I felt better. We never spoke of this adventure to Mother.

Our chicken coops were rather high and they had a decided slant. One day Charlotte had been gathering the eggs, and she carried them in her apron. Next she climbed on top of one of the coops and as usual she was coaxing me to climb up and she would show me how very easy it was to walk forward and backward. But alas, she walked too far backward, it was really too difficult to unscramble her from the eggs.

While visiting at Aunt Mary Anns one Sunday, true to form she climbed on one of the sheds and as she was running along she dropped through into some fresh manure. She was due for a cleaning, Rachel laughingly said, as she took Charlotte into the house, washed her clothes, and did her up right.

I suppose all children look forward to Christmas, but few enter more into the spirit of the day than we did. Mother would tell us stories of the Christ Child as well as other types of Christmas stories; the imaginations had full sway. I am glad we had no commercial Santas then. For weeks we would try to be good and never quarrel so as to please Santa Clause; then on Christmas Eve we would go to be so early, but before retiring we had the thrilling experience of hanging up our stockings. Our great happiness came in the early dawn of the morning as we huddled in our nightgowns by the dim lighted fire. We would take each article from its wrapping, our surprise and joy as each treasure came to light knew no bounds. Mother always contrived to have some kind of surprise for us. Upon looking back at those Christmases, our presents were meager, but our contentment was complete. Sometimes our dolls and a few of our toys would disappear a month or two before Christmas strange to say our dolls would present themselves on Christmas morning all bedecked in new clothes, and they would often bring strange messages. Sarah sucked her thumb, consequently a sugar-tit or a pig-tail was to be found in the toe of her stocking. In those days the popular candy was hard-tack and the old fashioned stick-candy. This candy was shipped to the store in a good sized box. Mr. Robinson, the store manager, would send Mother the supposedly empty box, but he would leave quite a bit of candy in the box. Mother was so grateful, she would often tell us of his kindness.

Once in a while the town would have a community Christmas tree and a Santa Claus. On one of these occasions Grandmother took Charlotte and me to the program; Mother had prepared us not to expect anything; she told us that Santa would bring our things home, that there would be nothing on the tree for us. We were satisfied, but there were two beautiful wax dolls on the tree, one for Charlotte and one for me. Were we thrilled and happy? On our way home Grandmother told us that she bought the dolls and had dressed them. Grandmother had a lot of pride, she would not let us go without a gift in the public. I am certain Mother knew nothing about the doll.

Mother was a real home-maker; she always made home interesting and exciting. She used to delight our hearts by her singing, how we would beg for a song. We never tired of hearing the ballad of "The Mistletoe to Bow", "Darling Nellie Gray", "Butter Cheese and All", and many others. She knew scores of songs. I don't know how her voice rated, but to us it was sweet. As children she taught us games such as checkers and simple card games. She was always working up surprises for us. When Charlotte and I were tiny little girls our dolls disappeared, we searched in vain for them. On Easter morning when I opened my eyes, there on the toilet table by the bed stood our dolls, arrayed in new bonnets, coats, and dressed, carrying a basket of colored eggs. With one hilarious cry I sprang out of bed calling to Charlotte. We rushed to Mother for an explanation. She said she supposed the dolls had been to fairyland to get the eggs for Easter. I never doubted it for a moment.

(To be continued)