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The cold days of January 1908 did not stop a young wife from travelling some twenty odd miles from Georgetown to Paris to see her mother. During this visit, I, contrary to expectations, I arrived on the scene a squalling three pound mite of humanity. Inasmuch as the Doctor despaired of my life, and as I had arrived two months earlier than I should have, my parents were proud to go back to Georgetown and present to my Clark grandparents their first grandchild.

Eighteen years later, sleeping in my birth-room in the Shepherd Home in Paris, I somehow felt that I had been privileged because from my rather meager physical beginnings I had reached a weight of 140 pounds and was just an inch under six feet tall.

My father, Marion C. Clark, was a rancher and farmer at the time of my birth. and When he brought his small