

BIOGRAPHY OF GROVER CLYDE
as written by Helen Clyde Talbot, a daughter

Grover Clyde was born 18 November 1893 in Springville, Utah County, Utah, one of nine children born to the union of Hyrum Smith Clyde and Elnora Jane Johnson. Of the nine children born to his parents, three of them (Jesse James, Bessie, and Hazel) died early in their youth. Grover was the second oldest of the remaining six siblings (Wilford Woodruff, Grover, Edward, George Dewey, Harry Schley, and Clara). He was baptized 11 May 1902 and endowed in the Salt Lake Temple on 16 October 1914.

He married Grace Starr Clyde in the Salt Lake Temple on 29 September 1920 and to this union were born four daughters: Virginia, born 3 November 1921; Mary, born 11 May 1926; Helen, born 20 August 1928; and Jane, born 6 July 1938.

In his patriarchal blessing given in Provo, Utah, on 27 December 1913, it is stated, "You are numbered in the house of Jacob through the loins of Manasseh...You will hold many positions among the Latter-Day Saints and will be able to fill them with honor...You will be one that will stand in the front ranks of those who will be called mighty and strong."

Grover Clyde attended the Utah County Public Schools of the State of Utah, graduating from the Grammar Department on 13 May 1907; he attended Springville High School, where he graduated on 26 May 1911. He then attended the Utah Agricultural College in Logan, Utah, and received a Bachelor of Science in Agriculture degree on 9 June 1914.

Not much is known of his early childhood and those who grew up with him are not available from which to gather accurate information. We do know, however, that father was a punctual man. He believed in being prompt to meetings and appointments. In reading about our cousin's father, it was said of him that "the latest dad ever came to dinner was 45 minutes early. The same could be said of most appointments he ever made." This was a trait that ran in the Clyde family. Another strong and well-known trait was that their family knew how to work. One of his brothers said, "My father and mother are and always have been my ideals. They taught me to work and to like it. Even though the going was hard in terms of material comforts, it was a great life on the farm. I remember vividly my father and the way he taught us boys to work and to join him and participate in the profits of the farm operation." Our dad loved the farm, the animals (especially the horses), and growing things and was the only one of the boys to stay in that occupation.

He was the only sibling in his family of five boys and one girl to serve a mission. While serving in the Southern States Mission he kept a diary and included herein are a few comments from his diary. He spent much of his time laboring in the Moultrie and McDonald areas of Georgia, considerable time walking from place to place, looking for evening's "entertainment" or lodging, encouraging the saints and proselyting to those whom he met. "June 7, 1915 - Went tracting in the morning. Went up town and had my shoes fixed. In afternoon went down to the river for a wash. Got wet thru with rain before we got back. I pressed Elder Erekson's clothes while he stayed in the bedroom and vice versa. I clipped Ben Hutto's hair. Took three to hold him. Night there." July 16 - "We were getting in rather bad financial circumstances and I only had 7 cents in my pocket and Elder Erekson would only have \$1 after we paid our bill. However we did not worry but went to bed and slept soundly. Our hope lies in getting out in the country and finding some members." July 28, "After five hours of hot, hard walking thru a southern sun and sandy roads we reached our destination. Went down to the river

to take a swim but it was too muddy." August 8 - "While going thru the woods, we overtook a man going in the same direction. He said he had heard us preach a few nights previous. He asked questions on various principles and I talked to him at the same fast rate we were walking. I piloted us to a point of safety then turned to go back home. We gave him some tracts and journals and went on our way." Daddy was released from his labor in the Southern States Mission on 15 January 1917 by his mission president, Charles A. Callis. Virginia was named after a sister in his mission field who was very kind to the missionaries. He served a short, six-month mission in the Texas area (Central States Mission) during the winter of 1925-26 when he could not farm, and returned home shortly before Mary was born in 1926. He also served a stake mission in Portland, Oregon while he lived there.

He began his federal career as a serviceman with the U.S. Army during World War I. He entered military service on 3 October 1917, going to Camp Lewis, Washington, and was later transferred on 19 October 1917 to Camp Kearny, California, where he was in training until 1 August 1917 (*). He proceeded to New York where he boarded a transport for overseas on August 15th. He landed in Liverpool August 28th and went to LeHavre, France, on September 1st. His regiment was sent to artillery training camp near Bordeaux, where he was a gunner corporal in field artillery. He left France for return to the states on 22 December 1918 and landed at Hoboken, N.J. on 3 January 1919, being discharged at the Presidio in San Francisco, California on 22 January 1919. (*There is some discrepancy here as Grover Clyde's notes, in his own handwriting, indicate going into service in October 1917 and also being sent to France in August 1917; I had no way of correcting or verifying these dates.)

He was a farmer in Springville for about eight years. During a portion of that time he served on the Springville City Council. He was employed by the Utah State Department of Agriculture for three years as Utah County Agricultural Agent. In 1929 he received his civil service appointment with the U.S. Department of Marketing and moved to Chicago, Illinois. After six years in Chicago, he transferred to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and remained there with the Production and Marketing administration for many years. In the spring of 1950, he accepted the position of food inspector for the U.S. Government and was transferred to duty at the Naval Supply Center in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. In 1953, he was transferred back to the states, to Portland, Oregon, where he finished his federal career with the United States Department of Marketing. Inclusive, he worked some 27 years in that capacity from Utah to Chicago to Milwaukee, to Hawaii, and to Portland Oregon where he retired in 1956 from federal government service.

Virginia remembers while living on the farm in Springville how the family had a little lamb that she fed with a bottle, and when daddy was milking, he would squirt milk right into her mouth. I remember hearing daddy speak of "Old Bessie." He loved horses and in his missionary journal he mentioned the various times he got a chance to drive a team of horses for one of the members or contacts and how much he enjoyed it and it reminded him of home.

While living in Chicago, daddy was a member of the Logan Square Branch and teacher of the Gospel Doctrine class, then chairman of the Branch Genealogical Committee, and for three years chairman of the Northern States Mission Genealogical Committee. While living in Chicago, the World's Fair was held there and daddy participated in "manning" the church's booth at the fair and doing some radio talks about the gospel.

From Chicago, he moved to Milwaukee Wisconsin where he again became a teacher of a Gospel Doctrine class until he was called into the branch presidency. A short time later the Chicago Stake

was organized and he was given his second call as a high councilman. Shortly afterwards he was sustained and ordained as Bishop of the Milwaukee Ward where he served for 13 years. During the Milwaukee period, they lived in four different homes: at 2209 N. 48th Street, 2429 N. 50th Street, 2512 N. 49th Street, and finally at 3366 N. 48th Street, prior to moving to Hawaii. On 27 November 1937, he was appointed Bishop of the Milwaukee Ward of the Chicago Stake. He was ordained and set apart by Elder George Albert Smith. His Bishop's Certificate was signed by the presidency at that time, Heber J. Grant, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay. He was given authority to perform marriages in accordance with that office by the State of Wisconsin. He was released in May of 1950 due to his pending transfer to Hawaii for employment purposes.

Daddy often mentioned his youth, his travels in the ministry, and experiences in the service of his country during the First World War. In a letter sent me for Mother's Day in 1958 he included a copy of a letter written to his mother on 8 May 1933. In it, he spoke of a Sunday program they had had and of a mother with three daughters who went up and took their places in a panorama on the stand, stating, "...she seated, and her daughters standing by her. This was my family and I was indeed proud of them," he remarked. He loved to read and those nights he was home he was frequently found sitting in his favorite living room chair reading - The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, Reader's Digest, etc. He was well versed in the scriptures and could speak easily on gospel subjects.

He loved fruit, especially applesauce and would have it at practically every meal. He also enjoyed eggs, toast, and sweet things and it was difficult for him when he discovered he had diabetes and had to curtail his sugar intake. I remember when we lived in Milwaukee, he frequently traveled through the state and the surrounding areas inspecting produce as part of his employment. He loved bread and milk and cheese and would frequently stop at one of the many cheese factories throughout Wisconsin and bring home a "wheel" or a large chunk of cheese. We girls would sometimes travel with him to give him companionship.

He was called on for many speaking assignments in the mission field and we girls sometimes accompanied him. I remember when I was called on extemporaneously to speak. He felt we should always be prepared; I wasn't but did the best I could and it provided good experiences for me.

During World War II we had difficulty in finding "nylons" to wear to church and sometimes "painted" our legs to make them look like we had on stockings, but daddy didn't like that. He wanted us to always be well dressed when attending church. I remember mother telling me about the times he would check us as little girls in Chicago as we were readying for church to be sure we had on slips and all the essential clothing!

I remember during our Milwaukee days that we always had lots of fruit and vegetables in our home. Sometimes daddy would bring home a stick of bananas and they would hang on the back porch ready to eat. We almost always had a crate of oranges, grapefruit, and apples (McIntosh being his favorite) within easy reach in the basement fruit closet. Each weekend, he would bring home a bushel basket full of vegetables, which he would purchase from the wholesale vendors and it was our assignment to clean and help put away those foods for the coming week. Needless to say, we were nutritiously well fed.

Virginia mentioned that Doctrine & Covenants 75:28 fit our father well. "And again, verily I say unto you, that every man who is obliged to provide for his own family, let him provide, and he shall in nowise lose his crown; and let him labor in the church." He was always a good provider and a hard

worker, and he made sure to take good care of his wife and four girls. He never had any hobbies; he loved the gospel and serving in the church was his first love. He served in all callings extended to him.

All his life he was active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He served as a High Councilor in the Kolob and Wells Stakes. He was Stake Sunday School Superintendent in Hawaii. While Superintendent in Oahu, Hawaii, he wrote an article for the December 1951 issue of the "Instructor" regarding the ethnic/racial composition of his Sunday School Board. He said, "All men, regardless of their home address in the Lord's vineyard, are of one race, one brotherhood of man. And because the Gospel is not to limit, but to share, Latter Day Saint Sunday School workers on every side of every ocean are assiduously engaged in the noble task of abolition of racial exclusiveness. And what is most important, they work together in the Gospel as brothers and sisters indeed." This was, indeed, his philosophy in life -- we are all brothers and sisters. His superintendency included himself, a "haole" (or Caucasian), with a Chinese-Hawaiian and a Hawaiian as counselors and a Japanese secretary. He concluded, "Even as I play a part in providing food to sustain the physical life of men (as marketing specialist in Hawaii), more so do I endeavor to give the Bread of Life among those who so surely need it."

Our father loved to be with people, he loved to be with family and friends and spend time visiting. As we were growing up, our home was a busy place. It was always open to everyone, be they servicemen, missionaries, singles, or anyone interested in hearing about the gospel. We occasionally had a general authority come and stay with us when they were in the area on church business. He loved to invite people into our home, and there was seldom a Sunday that we did not have company. I often remember mother remarking how many times the missionaries laid out all over the floor after dinner meals because they had eaten so much.

In a letter dated 17 January 1982 from Clara Clyde Christensen (dad's sister) to Jane Clyde Hamil, Clara expressed the following, "Perhaps you do not remember ever seeing your dad smile. He was my mother's favorite child. She was devastated when he left to live in the east." Yes, I don't remember him smiling much but he was full of life, enjoyed his family and provided well for them, served faithfully in all his church assignments, and was a friend to all.

When they returned to Utah in 1956, he began working with the Utah Tax Commission as a property appraiser, where he was employed at the time of his death. During his last few years, he was a member of the Presidency of the High Priest Quorum in Hillside Stake, Salt Lake City, Utah. I remember mother remarking that he had spent his last Sunday on earth fulfilling his High Priest responsibilities, visiting with his assigned brethren. When he left to go back to Northern Utah on Monday morning, he was tired and did not feel like going, but knew he was being depended upon to be at work so went as scheduled.

He became ill while in Randolph, Rich County, Utah a few days later while on state business. He felt severe pain at 5 A.M. while in his hotel room in Randolph, Utah and was taken to Evanston, Wyoming for treatment, where he passed away at 9:40 P.M. Wednesday, January 21st, in a hospital there. The physician stated that he had a heart ailment, complicated by severe diabetes which prohibited him from shaking off the heart attack. At the time of his death, Grover Clyde was 65 years of age and was living at 1436 Browning Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A Father's Day tribute to our father on 21 June 1959, as given by Jane, include the following comments: "He never squandered his life but took advantage of and used all that God offered. He

realized that the best use of a life was to spend it for something that outlasted it. He lived a full life, and I'm sure he had no regrets when his mortal life ended. Daddys' greatest wealth was in his ability to make lasting friendships. He regarded each person as very important and valued their friendships. He refrained from criticism and emphasized the virtues of honesty, industry, ambition, understanding, and generosity. He handled his problems of association with diplomacy, tact, and graciousness. Most of all Daddy was an example. His teachings have touched many lives and his example of a good, clean life have touched many more. Everywhere my dad went he let it be known that he was a Mormon and that he upheld Mormon ideals. Whatever he did, he did well; he strived for excellence."

President Emmett J. Bird in his talk during funeral services for Grover Clyde made these statements which will help us understand more fully the character and integrity of our father and how he was seen and esteemed by his friends and neighbors. "He cultivated the spirit of love and understanding toward his fellow men. He lived a life of honesty and that of being industrious. His ability to make friends constitutes the real wealth of life here on earth. Grover made one feel that his regards for them was as a person of importance. He let their virtues speak for themselves and hesitated to speak of one's vices. He paid no attention to criticism but simply lived so no one would believe them. His spirit of love and devotion to friends was outstanding. His life was filled with the responsibility not only of the temporal things of life but of the spiritual. In dealing with his fellow men, he was honest, considerate of one's feelings, and had a desire to weld their friendship. "

President N. J. Teerlink said this of Grover -- "He was a man able to handle problems with diplomacy and tact and graciousness. He had the power of discernment in choosing right men. He was able to handle difficult problems coolly and quietly without causing dissension. He never squandered his life."

Grover Clyde expressed his love of the gospel like this --"The Gospel is still the same. Time, places, people do not change that: It's principles are eternal and always life-giving." He lived by this motto all of his life.

Funeral services were conducted Monday noon, 26 January 1959, at the Wasatch First Ward Chapel on Emerson Street in Salt lake City, Utah; later that same day Grover Clyde was laid to rest in the Evergreen Cemetery in Springville, Utah.