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**MEMORIAL FOR
WILLIAM CAREY CLARK
PRESENTED AT THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES
HELD IN THE
FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT COURT
October 30, 2001
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
SHREVEPORT BAR ASSOCIATION**

William Carey Clark was born on October 4, 1921 in Coleman, Texas, to Chester Charles Clark and Harriet Bradford Clark, but his home was always in Shreveport. His family worshiped at First Baptist Church, where he was baptized by Dr. M. E. Dodd. He and his brothers were also involved in scouting, and he attained the rank of Eagle Scout. He attended public schools here, graduating from Byrd High School in 1938. After spending a year at Oklahoma University, he transferred to LSU where he was a member of ROTC and graduated with a BA in 1942. He then served in World War II as a first Lieutenant with the 522nd Field Artillery battalion. After returning home, he received his law degree from Duke Law School in 1948. Two years later, he married Mary Frances Few of Shreveport.

Bill was admitted to practice law in Mississippi, Texas, and Louisiana and worked as a landman and contract attorney for Humble Oil Company, Olin Oil and Gas, and later, from 1977-1987, for Ensearch Exploration Inc. in Dallas, Texas. From 1967-77, he practiced in Shreveport with Nelson and Evans and as a sole practitioner until he moved to Texas. Following his retirement from Ensearch, he moved back to Shreveport.

Bill died on October 31, 2000 in Shreveport. He is survived by his wife of fifty years, Mary Frances Few Clark; his daughter, Nancy Victory and her husband, Jeffrey Victory; his daughter, Rebecca Clark of Austin, Texas; his brothers, Charles C. Clark and his wife, Eva Nell; and Robert Clark of Shreveport; and grandchildren, Paul Bradford Victory, William Peter Victory, Christopher Thomas Victory and Mary Kathryn Victory.

I was twenty-three years old when my father died, shortly before I met my wife. I realized last year that, at his death, I had actually known Nancy's father longer than I had my own, and that he had become a second father to me. Bill and Frances mastered the fine art of remaining available and involved in our lives without being intrusive, and I

have developed a deep affection and respect for both of them. Their long and loving marriage is a model for Nancy's and mine.

Bill had a keen intelligence, a healthy curiosity about everything he saw and experienced. He was an avid reader all his life—everything from Dickens and Faulkner to the many Civil War volumes that line his shelves today. Coins also fascinated him—both for their beauty and history. He began his collection in Europe during the war and was even learning to buy and sell on the Internet before he died.

To me, Bill's life embodied the best of what some call "the greatest generation." As a young man, he and his brothers served their country during World War II, and his diary from those years shows a quiet understanding of the events in which he found himself caught up. During the months following the German surrender, he assisted in the "mopping up" operations, including transporting Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, Supreme Commander of the German army at the end of the war, from Nuremberg to Dachau for the war crimes trials. His professional life was characterized by integrity and a strong work ethic: he was trusted and liked by those who worked with him. Always and above all, he was completely devoted to his family, always willing to sacrifice for their good.

Bill's generosity and thoughtfulness were legendary in my wife's family. When we married, for instance, we received a set of English silver dessert forks from a family friend of the Clarks. She explained that her son—a boyhood friend of Bill's—had been killed during the war, and that when Bill came home, as her son did not, he went to console her, bearing the forks which he had bought overseas as a gift. She now wanted us to have them. My experience was always the same. We rarely left the Clarks' without some gift—an interesting medallion for one of the kids, a history book, maybe some Louisiana satsumas.

My father-in-law was diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease when he was sixty-five years old and lived with the illness for the following thirteen years. Parkinson's is a cruel, incurable disease, and I believe it is one of the greatest physical and emotional challenges anyone can face. Many Parkinson's patients give up hope and withdraw from life. But that was not the case with Bill Clark. As his body wasted away, the character of the man shone through more and more clearly. His mind stayed active and engaged with

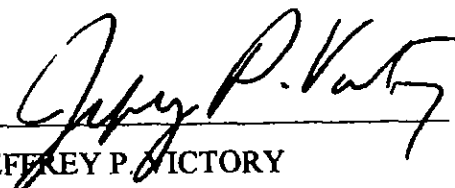
the world around him. He never allowed anyone to do anything for him that he could still do for himself. He traveled; he took his wife out for dinner; he spent time with his children and grandchildren; he went to his Sunday School class at Broadmoor Baptist regularly and enthusiastically.

He even kept his sense of humor through the daily indignities inflicted by his condition. Once, after one of his many falls had left him with a particularly nasty cut on his forehead which required stitches, he warned the emergency room doctor, "Now, don't you mess up my pretty face!"

Bill's courage through his difficult last years was sustained by his loving family, the sheer force of his will, and his unwavering belief in a sovereign, loving God who, as the Scripture says, "works all things together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." He has changed forever all of us who knew and loved him.

And now to my wife's family and friends and to this Honorable Court, we submit this brief memorial to the memory of William Carey Clark and ask that it be inscribed in the records of the First Judicial District Court, Caddo Parish, Louisiana, and that certified copies be presented to his family.

Respectfully submitted on this 30th day of October 2001.


JEFFREY P. VICTORY