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Title: **SPatriarch_pg-46.pdf**

Provenance: **Given to April Clark Clive by her father John R. Clark (author)**

Category: **Volume**

Person:

Date: **01/01/1966**

A biography of Wilford Woodruff Clark told through other people called "Springdale's Patriarch", written by John R. Clark.

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Other Travels

"He was a traveler any time he had the money."

—Royal D. Clark, fourth child of Wilford, 1961.

"I rode my horse into Corinne (Utah, near the Great Salt Lake) in 1877 while searching for a couple of horses we had lost. I did not expect to find the horses in the city, but I had heard so much about the place from freighters that I was curious to see for myself. So I rode a few extra miles and was fully satisfied, as the large stables, many saloons, and wild people running about convinced me that this was a very wicked den, and I was glad to get away.

"I had previously taken a voyage around Antelope Island on the boat 'City of Corinne' which was my first and last boat ride on the Great Salt Lake. It was a wonderful voyage."

—Letter by W.W. Clark to W.W. Clark, Jr. (1943)

"When returning from the Southern States mission in 1891, Uncle Wilford received \$100 from his father Ezra, asking him to go see the Barrett Bass Clarks (a brother of Ezra T. Clark) at Joliet, Illinois. Uncle Wilford visited all he could locate."

—Heber D. Clark, son of Hyrum D. Clark who was Wilford's older brother, 1960.

"While in Georgetown during a furlough in 1944, Grandfather brought out some horses for us to ride. He took us all around his farm. As we rode, he told me many things about his life and about the early days of Georgetown. This was one of the few times I was with him, and I value the ideals and extreme friendliness he showed to me that day."

—Golden S. Lloyd, husband of Norma Clark Lloyd, 1965

Miscellaneous

"The only time I know that he questioned his own honesty was when we were riding the Snake River to look for a cow reportedly having Father Clark's brand. We came upon a critter—a Jersey, I think it was—which Father did not recall owning but could not definitely disclaim: its brand was unreadable. Well, we brought out the damned Jersey anyway."

—Walter Sullivan, husband of Vera Clark Sullivan, 1964.

"He was not much of a horseman. I remember the time a bunch of us were working on the Church and school grounds. We had to make a ditch for a stream to go from the school down