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Title: **SPatriarch_pg-19.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.

Image #1get rid of this "image #1" please :)"In his later years, Grandfather Wilford came to be identified with his favorite stallion, Diamond. The black horse, marked by white ankles and a white diamond between its eyes, was a stunning complement to its owner and almost as important a trademark as the Springdale Farm over which the Patriarch presided. As a ten-year-old, his grandson recalls going with him to look for some stray cows near the road to Soda Springs. Returning to Georgetown after locating the animals, the 81-year-old cowboy challenged his grandson to a race. The dead-run sprint was handily won by Diamond and Grandpa, the latter deviating from his usual straight-in-the-saddle posture only by holding on to his hat."

-John Russell Clark, grandson of Wilford and son of Russell B. Clark, M.D., 1964.

In working the soil, Wilford W. Clark was just as adept, although less enthusiastic, as in handling the animals or working with people:

"Often I rode Old Bess, or another workhorse, to furrow the potato fields, or clean out a ditch, with Grandpa managing the plow we pulled. Later I came to realize that the two would have accomplished their task just as easily without the rider."

- John R. Clark

"He regretted signing his water rights in a nearby stream to the Georgetown Irrigation Company. When trading his individual claim for shares in the Company, he understood that he was to retain continuous use of the stream. Shortly thereafter, the stream was shut off occasionally, then eventually it was shut off altogether."

-- Walter E. Clark, 1961.

"Wilford was a good farmer and raised choice crops, especially alfalfa. He once noticed that his haystack, which bordered on a neighbor's property, became the source of that neighbor's alfalfa without his permission. One day he met the neighbor in town and remarked, "Brother, how are the cows doing on the borrowed hay? Are they giving you a good mess of milk?"

-John R. Clark, 1964.

"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, son-in-law of Wilford and husband of Wilford's daughter Vera, 1964.