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Title: **SPatriarch_pg-18.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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As a youth on the Ezra T. Clark farmlands, Wilford learned basic skills in crop production, animal husbandry, and mechanical dexterity, which he was to use throughout his life.

"In our youth in Farmington, we cut the hay with a scythe and, for cutting grain, a cradle was used. The bundles were tied together and prepared for the threshers to come and thresh the grain."

- Amasa L. Clark, 1961.

His love for fine animals was immense:

"Next to his family and his Church, his main interest was raising some of the best Durham cattle in the country."

- Joseph Smith Phelps, another "nephew" of Wilford, and grandson of Ezra T. Clark's sister Laura Clark Phelps, 1960.

"Wilford had a very fine black team called May and Mabel, which took him from Montpelier to Georgetown in one hour, and to Farmington in two days when his father Ezra passed away in 1901 (135 miles)."

- W. "Woodruff" Clark, Jr., oldest son of Wilford, 1963.

"Often he took the General Authorities to Star Valley and to Paris for Conference. He frequently depended on the team to follow the road on dark nights."

-Walter E. Clark, son of Edward B. Clark, Wilford's older brother, 1961.

"His experience in working with animals was invaluable. When he was in his seventies and branding day rolled around, many times after one of us had missed a critter with a rope, Grandfather Wilford would step out, take the rope, and rope it for us."

- Chad W. Clark, grandson of Wilford, and a son of LeGrand Clark, 1961.

"My parents recall Wilford's words to my Grandfather Kunz, also a lover of fine horses, when a mare died of equine distemper. Wilford said, 'John, you and I won't be living too much longer; don't you want a good horse to ride in the hereafter? I do!' This was comforting to my saddened grandfather."

- Chad W. Clark, 1961.