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Title: **SPatriarch_pg-47.pdf**
Provenance: **Given to April Clark Clive by her father John R. Clark (author)**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
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A biography of Wilford Woodruff Clark told through other people called "Springdale's Patriarch", written by John R. Clark.

to the Church. I had brought my team of horses to hitch to the plow. Bishop Wilford Clark told me to let him take the team and show me where he wanted the ditch placed. He let the team have such a loose rein that the plowman could hardly keep up with the horses, Wilford sitting on the plow behind the team. My stepdad, Christian Sorenson, rushed up and scolded me for letting Wilford handle the team: 'You want to ruin those horses?' Bishop Clark was so easy-going with his horses that his son, LeGrand, had to shape up the teams every so often. He rode horses a lot better than he drove them."

—John Sorenson, a young member of Bishop Clark's Montpelier Ward, 1964.

"He accompanied LeGrand on a visit to Chicago in 1943. On one long and cold day, I took them to a movie and then left them to themselves in a bowling alley. Neither had ever bowled before so I showed them how to bowl before leaving. Each getting a strike in the first line, they went on to bowl eight lines before returning home."

—Ruby Dorius Clark Rhodes, 1961.

"He was proud of his penmanship, as well he should have been. I remember him very tactfully correcting the way I held my pencil when writing, and I knew without his saying more that I needed to work hard to improve my script if it were to meet Grandpa's expectation."

—Emma Fae Clark Farr, daughter of Homer Clark, who was Wilford's seventh child, 1963.

"I recall Grandfather for his love and use of correct English. He used proper words and did not resort to slang expressions to emphasize a point or express himself. One was always impressed by his appearance of strength and cleanliness and what he stood for. If you listened to him speak without being able to see him, you could still surmise his appearance."

—Norma Clark (Lloyd), daughter of Howard Nathan Clark, who was Wilford's eighth child, 1965.

"Father was driving to Georgetown with Richard (Dick) Payne, who pulled out a bottle of spirits and took a nip. He offered a drink to Father who took the bottle, leaned out of his window over the side of the car, raised the bottle to his lips, and let the drink pour out past his lips onto the passing road below. Aghast, Dick cried out that his bottle was being wasted. 'By jolly, so it is: the bottle's nearly empty'."

—William O. Clark, second son of Wilford W. Clark, 1963.

"During his 1933 visit, he took over the feeding of our Beverly, who was then two and one-half and hard to manage. One day, she wanted to throw her breakfast onto the floor, and spoonful by spoonful, he sat watching her do it. Next meal, watching him, she started again, but with a little word she stopped and ate normally."

—Ruby Dorius Clark Rhodes, wife of Russell Clark, 1962.