

In his later years Grandfather came to be identified with his favorite stallion, Diamond. The black horse, marked by white ankles and by 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 youngster of ten 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 eighty-one 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.<sup>7</sup>

In working the soil, W. W. Clark was as adept, if somewhat 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.<sup>7</sup>

Wilford was a good farmer and raised choice crops, especially alfalfa. He once noticed that his hay stack 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?'

In one characteristic--the language he used, or chose not to use--Bishop Clark was in a minority among farmers specifically, and all men in general: