

As a youth on the Ezra T. Clark farm lands, Wilford learned basic skills of crop-producing, animal husbandry and mechanical dexterity which he was to use through life.

In our youth in Farmington, we cut the hay with a scythe, and for cutting grain a cradel was used. The bundles were tied together and prepared for the threshers to come and thresh the grain.¹

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.³

W. W. C. 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 passed away (135 miles).⁴

Often he took the General Authorities to Star Valley and to Paris for Conference. Frequently he depended on the team to follow the road on dark nights.⁵

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 would step out, take the rope, and rope it for us.⁶

My parents recall his words to my Grandfather Kunz, also a lover of fine horses, when a mare had died of equine distemper. He 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.⁶