

The ensuing few years saw the vigorous widower adjusting to the solitude of having few or none of his tribe at home, nor the bride who reared them. He began his twenty-three years without Millie by traveling to Chicago.

During his visit to our home--in 1933, after the death of Pamela--he staved off a broken spirit by busying himself with all sorts of household chores. He repaired my sewing machine, among other things. He repaired almost anything on house or farm.³

He lived a life that could be photographed. In 1936 when he went with Royal, Russell, LeGrand and their families to Yellowstone Park, the entire party came to a wire fence. All ducked under the fence except for Grandpa. He pressed the top wire down and stepped over it. The gesture befitted his stature for the moment and for always.³

--- The Second Mrs. W. W. Clark ---

Wilford Clark remarried several years after the death of Pamela. In the Salt Lake Temple on 23 January 1935 Pernécy Bagley was sealed to her ex-Bishop, and long-time family friend. The new but aging couple settled on Springdale Farm for the remaining seven years of her life.

As a youngster, "Necy" is described by a childhood chum as follows:

Pernécy and I were neighbors, our houses separated only by a creek. Her family were poor but respectable in the community. We went thru the log cabin school together, I being a few days older than she. She was crazy about my brother, Alfred (Lundberg), when we were thirteen, but I do not recall her having any boyfriends. I guess it was because she was fat. You know, fat figure and pretty face. I stayed with the Bagley family for a month when I