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Autobiography of Edward B. Clark. Original copy given to Antone Clark.

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front of all four wheels and start the oxen, They would go two or three feet, as far as I had dug the sand away and they would stop. Mr. Hill was working on his farm adjoining and when he saw that I was having quite a time, he came over to where I was and said, "Bub, are you having some trouble?" I told him the oxen could only pull the wagon two or three feet at a time. "Well", he said, "Let your oxen rest a few minutes". He took a jack knife from his pocket and cut an oak stick four or five feet long, sharpened one end of it and said, "Now get on your wagon", which I did, and don't you think I got to the top of the hill in a hurry. He jaded the off ox with the goad and hit the near one a lick and the way they went to the top of the hill. There are tricks in all trades. I suppose he helped many a person up the hill. Another time I was coming from Morgan in a white top buggy with Aunt Nancy. When we got to the bottom of the sand hill, one of the horses refused to budge. I tried to lead him, but he was too stubborn to move. Mr. Hill, seeing our predicament, came to our rescue. He told me to get in the buggy and hold the lines. Then he took the upper lip of the horse, opened his mouth and with the other filled this mouth with sand, and the way we went.

Another time I went to Morgan after some porkers, while Joseph E. Stevenson was managing the grist mill. Nothing would do but I must go deer hunting. as Joseph E. had an appointment with Lyman Porter to go. So we hired a man to dress the pigs and we went up in the hills south of Porterville. We spotted a deer three of four hundred yards away. Joseph said, "Raise your sight" and I did. The two of us shot so near together that he didn't hear the report of my gun. We were separated some distance and he claimed he shot the deer and I cut some of the hair off his back. During the hunt I went down in the bottom of a canyon. Some deer came along the side of the canyon and stopped just opposite me. I don't think they were more than 100 yards from me. I shot all my cartridges at one and he didn't move. When I looked at my gun, I hadn't