

think it so funny, She rode the rest of the way with father and mother.

We bought fresh eggs for five or ten cents a dozen, fresh vegetables from farm folks along the way for only a few cents. Barrel crackers purchased at little stores for four cents a pound and what a treat crackers were to the children.

I had taken my little pet bantam rooster with us, and he rode on the coupling pole of the wagon by day and at night we tied a string around his leg and tied him to a bush. One morning after we had driven about four miles, we missed him. He had been forgotten in our haste to break camp. My brother and one of the boys went back for him but he was gone. We had met some wagons on the trail going east and they had, no doubt found the little rooster.

One evening we stopped to make camp and here we met two sisters and their brother. They had been camped here for a week waiting for their large mother dog to have her puppies. They were afraid to travel with her as the time of her delivery was due. They were going to wait until her babies were two weeks old before going on their way West.

At last we were ready to cross the Oklahoma border. What a thrilling day! We found Indians everywhere. They were very friendly and stood in the doors of their little huts or tents, watching us out of sight.

At last we reached the Red River, beautiful but treacherous. A young man, his pretty wife and two little children were waiting to cross. However, the man who owned the ferry told the menfolk that it was unsafe to try to take the ferry across unless they could move the cable poles back farther as the water had washed out the banks underneath to the extent that it was changing channels. The men all began helping to move the cable poles and, in so doing, a large bank where the young father was standing, caved in and he was swept into the swift current and his body was never seen again. This was a tragic day for us all. The grief stricken young wife had little to go on, so the man who owned the ferry bought her wagon and team and what belongings she could not take back with her. A little extra money was made up for her and they put her on a train back to Ohio to her people.

On the third day of June, we pulled up in front of Uncle Luke **Kincaid's** house at Bonham, Texas. The family was all lined up on the long front porch looking for us. What a happy reunion the family had. Uncle Luke's cotton was almost ready to harvest so the menfolk all helped him and we camped here for more than a month. We then went on to a little town called Lamasco. My father worked here as a carpenter for several weeks.

The first of September, father sold the wagon, horse and buggy and what things we didn't need. Uncle Luke took our family to Honey Grove where we began our trip home by rail, to Louisville, Illinois.

My brother, I. G. **Beal**, was to bring the faithful horses, Nellie and Booger, their harnesses, along with our dog, Rover, back to St. Louis by box car. Here I must stop and mention our faithful dog, Rover. He had walked to Texas with us, and had loved every minute of the trip.

My brother, Isaac, rode the horses out from St. Louis with their harness on and Rover following, however, his feet got so sore that my brother carried him in front of him on the horse part of the way. After he had crossed the bridge and reached the outskirts of St. Louis, it seemed the horses and dog sensed they were going home and he had to hold them back to keep them from traveling too fast and wearing themselves out.

At night he stayed with farm folks along the way. When he finally made the last turn in the road near home, he could no longer hold them. Both horses broke into a run until they reached the old barn lot gate, neighing loudly with sides heaving. Rover joyously barked as all the family ran out to meet them.

Our vacation in Texas was over, we were all home again. Mother and father lived here until their death. Mother died in 1946 and father in 1951. All the relatives we visited in Texas are now gone as are all those in the party which made the trip with us.

Contributed by LOLA **BEAL VANDYKE**