

But I had a married brother at Hamlin, Texas also a sister living near there, so we bought tickets for Hamlin so we might visit these before going on to New Mexico. My brother was a rural mail carrier there at the time. My sister's husband was a farmer. My brother, I think had a vacation coming and the brother-in-law had his crop "laid by," so we all planned a trip on to New Mexico together. They wanted to go out to visit father and mother and the four young boys who were still at home.

In a three seated covered "hack" drawn by two little mules belonging to my brother-in-law, we started across the staked plains of Texas. The trip took about eight days. It was warm weather. We took provisions and camped out at night under the great canopy of heaven. It was quite an adventure for us all.

After a few days visit with the folks there, my brother and sister with their families left for the return trip home and left us there to begin our married life.

The 160 acres had a little dirt floored "dugout" on it and there we set up housekeeping. Our furniture was very meager, consisting of a second hand table, two or three old chairs and a combination heater and cook stove.

So there we were in our little one room dugout, but with no job or any way to earn a living. I helped my father gather his crops consisting of corn, beans and broom corn. T'was a short crop that year and soon done.

Now, what was I to do? A "family" to support with no job. Something had to be done. It was decided that I should take one of my father's wagons and teams and wife and I would trek back to Hamlin, Texas to find work. For several years past it had been easy to find work in that vicinity. Dad and his family would follow later in another wagon and they would take both wagons and teams back when they returned home later.

EASTWARD BOUND

Now, we set out in a covered wagon back where we came from. It reminds me of what was told of one man who set out for New Mexico in those days. He wrote on the side of his covered wagon these words:

"New Mexico or Bust"

A few months later he headed back east in the same

covered wagon. He marked out the first sign and wrote a new one in these words:

"New Mexico and Busted"

So we had been to New Mexico and now were heading eastward—"Busted." Busted is the correct word too, for we were penniless at the end of the journey.

After an adventurous journey of eight days across the plains of Texas, in a "Prairie Schooned," we arrived at the home of my brother.

Immediately I began to look for work. Was surprised to find that work was scarce. I had thought that once I was back at Hamlin I could walk right into a job. But such was not the case. Things had "Tightened up" in the way of work. I looked and looked. I went hither and yon, from place to place. My only way of conveyance was to walk. I nearly walked my legs off. Would hear of a job several miles away maybe, but after a long trek, would find it was already taken.

The days lengthened into weeks and still no job. We had to remain at my brother's for there was nothing else we could do. I shall never forget his kindness. God bless his memory. (He is in Glory now).

I became thoroughly discouraged. In modern language, I was blue. We were a burden on my good brother. We ate at his table three times a day, but we had nothing to pay him. He had no work that I could do in return for his favors. I never did like to be a burden on anyone. I always wanted to pay my way. But what was I to do?

"PRAYER CHANGES THINGS"

I heard of a job about three miles away. It was a job of "Grubbing mesquite trees," preparatory to cultivation of the land. That's about as hard a job as one could find. The process consists of digging away the dirt from around the tree and chopping it off some six or eight inches below the surface of the ground.

But tough or no tough, I had to have a job. So I set out "footback" to see about it. When I came to learn the facts, it was the same old thing, nothing doing.

With a sad heart I turned my steps homeward, or to my brother's home. Walking down the railroad track, "I thought on my way." Why all this hardship? Why this terrible plight? Maybe I hadn't been treating my Maker right. I didn't know much about Bible teaching