

Boys' Trip

(Continued from Page One)

directions. Finally, hitting upon a decision, we climbed back down to the depot and waited there about noon of that day the telegram came in and we were \$7.75 richer.

Later, the fan belt on the car broke and we had to buy a new one. I can safely say that I think Mr. Ford put out a real car when he released the Model A. Then came the day when we had no money and just a little gas left in the car. But good fortune smiled down on us. We stopped in the town of Du Bois, Wyoming, and got a job filling an ice house. This

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may sound like a soft job, but the chunks of ice were 200 pounds in weight, and had to be slid along the runway to the ice house. It took twenty of these large chunks to fill the ice house. We got \$2.00 and a handful of something to eat.

We were not very far from Yellowstone National Park and we thought the money we had would take us the rest of the way to Dillon. Again we were wrong. Along about evening of the next day we entered Yellowstone through the South Gate. Luck was with us once more. The Park was closed for the winter and we did not have to pay the \$2.50 fee that is usually required to pass through it. This, however, does not mean that there was not anything to see in the park. We saw the beautiful canyons and the bubbling geysers. The road wound up and down among tall pines and an occasional elk or deer would bound across the road ahead of us. We were all eager to reach Old Faithful and see it spew water into the heavens.

The highway passed between double rows of pines that towered like columns of stone high into the sky. The moon came out bright and we could see elk lying along the slanting, grassy sides of the mountains. A very beautiful sight indeed, one that will linger in our memories forever. We then came down the Cascades road. That is a road that winds down deep into the bowels of the earth. There were pine trees that were seemingly growing out of solid rock, and there came to our ears the distant rumble of fast-moving waters below.

We could still notice them because of the great height.

At last we came to the west gate of the park, the one that took us out of it. There we almost did not get out. There were two heavy bars blocking the way and we were again sitting on a flat tire, but a man came by in a car and let us through the gate. We repaired the tire there and headed out again.

We finally arrived at the town of Dillon, our last stop. It did not take us long then to find the house we were looking for. The first thing was a warm and welcome one. We all showered and took the dust from us and put a good hearty meal below our belts and settled down for a good long rest. We reached the town on Wednesday morning and the following morning we went on a quest for work. There was not one place in the town that we did not try, but there was nothing there that we could do. Not finding work in the listless town, we got into the part of town that all the lumber were in and looked for work cutting wood. Even that did not help.

Around three o'clock on Sunday I told the other two boys that we should start for home. They agreed and we packed our car and started out. This time we had no money at all, but the folks gave us a full tank of gas and we started on our two thousand mile trip home. We took the direct route back home. The country this time afforded us a chance to work. Our gas supply brought us down into the potato country. We stopped at a farm a little after dark and the farmer said that he would hire us to help with his potato harvest. We slept that night in an old back building on full sacks of grain and slept well. In the morning we were up early intending to go to work digging potatoes, but they were not dug. The farmer said that he would do this the day after we worked on the farm. That night we left the farm and headed for home again. We traveled about 75 or 80 miles and came into the sugar beet country. We left the state of Idaho and entered Utah. There we had a blowout and we had to buy a tube which took all of our money.

While working in a beet patch we met a boy from the CCC camp that had one of the girls from the town and he wanted to go east. We offered to take him and his wife back with us if he would finance the trip as far as he was going. He liked the idea and it was settled. Later we went to the ranch of Mr. Kenneth Wood and worked in his patch of sugar beets. This was the grandest feast we had met. These people took us in as though we were their own children, and we made good there. Mr. Wood had four daughters, all in their teens. Two of these girls were about our own age. They worked in the beet field beside us and we had all we could do to keep up with them. We stayed in this man's home for two weeks, and a very strong feeling of friendship sprang up between us and his family. The day finally came when we were to leave. This is the day we shall never forget. When we went to say goodbye to the girls, all had tears in their eyes, and Mr. Wood kissed us all good-bye and said she was sorry to see us go. If we hadn't left when we did, we would have stayed right there and started a new life. In Kremmlin, Montana we decided to let Eddy take the CCC boy and his wife, in his car, and to head back without us. They had plenty of money to make it. They pulled off Tuesday, October 31 and we never left to make it home the best we could. We said to all the folks we could, and asked for money. The money that we received enabled us to board a train into Denver. There was quite a difference in this travel compared to the way we

rode, portrayed by Joseph Schmidkraut, who is madly in love with her. She becomes the young American's bride but Delaroch continues to keep her shackled to the East.

During her young husband's absence in the interior, Manon feigns friendship for Delaroch to obtain his services and to keep her husband, Mamanferand, the husband quarrels with Manon and threatens to kill Delaroch. To save her husband, Manon finds her own solution in a tensely dramatic climax.

Taylor appears in the new picture co-starring roles with several of the screen's most glamorous women and Miss Lamar makes her long-awaited debut for M-G-M following her sensational triumph in "Algiers."

Against the Oriental setting, Taylor plays the role of a young businesswoman who, arriving at a Soho meets and falls in love with Manon, the beautiful Eurasian played by Miss Lamar.

Hopeful of leaving Indo-China to establish herself as a French woman, she is prevented by Delaroch.

had started out. On the train we had lunch and a glass of beer, the first we had had on the homeward trip. The tracks wound around the mountains and we thoroughly enjoyed the ride. After leaving the train in Denver, we looked the town over and found to our surprise that it was not what we were cracked up to be. The section we were in was the dirtiest place we had ever been in our lives. We bought bus tickets with the little money that we had and still had an hour to walk for the bus. We left Denver at 5 o'clock. The bus left us at a town called Dighton where there was a crash and the bus began a zig-zag course along the highway. It crashed into a telephone pole and cut it off. The bus then nosed over a small bridge and stopped at a precarious angle, half on and half off the highway. There were a few minor injuries among the passengers. We were sitting in the rear of the bus and could not say what was wrong. There were four people in the car we hit. There were two women and a man. All of them survived the crash, but the man was seriously injured. The bus was not hurt much, but the car was light and it was badly smashed up. About two hours after the crash, a relief bus came through and we were all carried to the next town. There an inquiry was held to determine the injuries of the passengers. There were two people seriously hurt so we were held up longer. From there we headed another which brought us down to Casey, Iowa and there our tickets gave out on us. Then we started out on foot and walked about two miles, but it was so cold we could hardly stand it. So crossing the highway we started back. We got a ride back to town and went to the depot. There we sent telegrams to our friends once more.

The following day a telegram came through that gave us \$15. With this money in our pockets we started out along the highway. We had little trouble getting a ride and we were soon in Davenport. There we saw an interstate truck with Michigan license and waited around until the driver woke up. Somehow we missed the driver and when we looked out the truck was headed down the highway. We started hitchhiking the next day and all the way to the road. We got a few rides the next day but still had about 120 miles. We finally got to Davenport and there we got a bus to Chicago. From there we walked and rode and a few days later we got home. All the folks were glad to see us and we were glad to be home. This trip did a lot for us and despite the trouble and hard times we had, Dan and I are going back to Idaho next spring.

Wrongs do not leave off where they begin. But still begot new mischiefs in their course. —Samuel Daniel.

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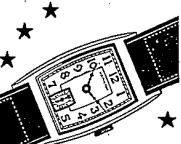
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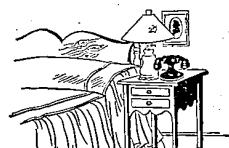
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