

**Boys' Trip**  
(Continued from Page One)

blowing. We traveled forty miles on the rim through this sandstorm and crossed the state line into Wyoming. There we stopped in a little town called Pine Bluff and I sent a telegram back home for more money to carry us through. While waiting for an answer, we climbed one of the bluffs and looked down over the town. We had a heart to heart talk and right there we almost split up and went in different

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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. There got a job filling an ice house. This 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 \$3.50 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 up 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 bubbling puddles that were casting off columns of steam 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 live 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 us. We could still not see 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. There the meeting 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 headed out 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 where we did not try, but there was nothing there that we could do. Not finding any work in the business part of town, we went into the part of town that all the homes were in and looked for work. We tried work. 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 a different 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 ready to dig yet, so we stayed for the day and 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 blow-out 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 married 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 family 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, but no sons. 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 and work 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 in to say good-bye, the girls all had tears in their eyes, and Mrs. Wood kissed us all good-bye and said she was sorry to see us go. It hadn't left when we did, we would have stayed right there and started a new life. In Kremmlin, Montana we decided to let Edie 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 out Tuesday, October 31, and we were left to make it home the best we could. We sent wires 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

**AT THE REDFORD THEATER**



Indo-China, with its mystery, intrigue and mingled races, becomes the setting for the first co-starring picture for Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr, "Lady of the Tropics," opening Friday at the Redford Theater.

Taylor appears in the new picture after co-starring roles with several of the screen's most glamorous women and Miss Lamarr 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, penniless American who, arriving in Saigon, meets and falls in love with Manon, the beautiful Eurasian played by Miss Lamarr.

Hopeful of leaving Indo-China to establish herself as a French woman, she is prevented by Delaroch, portrayed by Joseph Schildkraut, 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 passports for herself and her husband. Misunderstanding, the husband quarrels with Manon and threatens to kill Delaroch. To save her husband, Manon finds her own solution in a tensely dramatic climax.

Amid lavish Oriental settings, the picture is unfolded with the aid of a supporting cast that includes Gloria Franklin, Ernest Cossart, Mary Taylor, Charles Trimble, Frederic Worlock, and Paul Porcasi. Jack Conway directed.

**SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS CANNOT BE TRANSFERRED**

Monthly benefits which become payable under the amended Social Security Act starting in January, 1940, can not be transferred, sold or assigned by the insured worker to some other individual or corporation. This statement is made by Walter B. Redman, manager of the Social Security Board's field office in Pontiac, Mich.

"These benefits are paid to insured workers, their aged wives, dependent children and dependent parents solely as a matter of right," Mr. Redman said.

"The payments are based on the average wages of workers in commerce and industry while in employment covered by the old-age insurance system. A similar basis is used in calculating survivor's benefits if the insured worker dies, and leaves one or more persons who are entitled to such payments.

"For the information of the public, we quote the section of the law covering this item. The law says: 'The right of any person to any future payment under this title shall not be transferable or assignable at law or in equity, and none of the moneys paid or payable or rights existing under this title shall be subject to execution, levy, attachment, garnishment, or other legal process, or to the operation of any bankruptcy or insolvency law.'"

The following morning 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 Des Moines. 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 hitch hiking the next morning along the road. We got a few rides the next day and only made 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.

Wrong do not leave off where they begin, but still beg new mischiefs in their course.

—Samuel Daniel.

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Robert Rose.

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