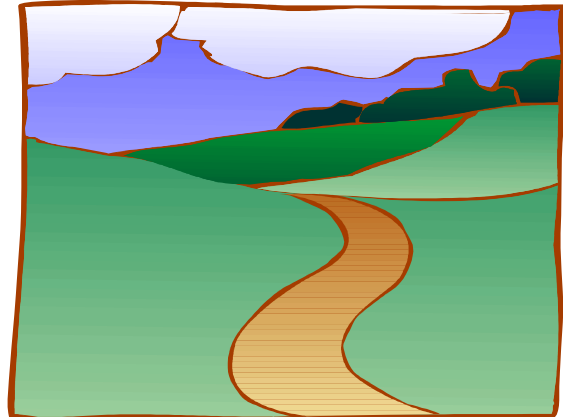


Where's The Road??

One of the personal true stories from my book titled "But, That's Another Story"
by William P. Brown

In 1951 I was working in Salt Lake City, Utah and met a girl that totally confused me. I had been communicating with my High School girl friend back in my home town of Perry, Florida and my newly-found girl friend had me totally mixed up. I knew I liked my new girl friend a lot but I still felt that I also liked the one back in Perry.



I continued to date my new girl friend in Utah until I decided I had to go and see the one in Florida in order to decide just which one I liked the best. I didn't think it was fair to either one of them to continue a dual courtship. I had not told my new Utah girl friend about the one in Florida.

I had some vacation time due me so I talked to my boss and scheduled a 10-day vacation. I told my Utah girl friend that I was going to Florida for a short vacation and would drive down in my light green 1951 Henry-J car. The Friday night before I was to leave on vacation I had a date with my new girl friend. We went to the movie and I got to bed at my rooming house quite late.

Anyway, on the Saturday morning I was to leave, my boss called me early and asked if I would come in to work for a couple of hours. I had been in charge of a large office upgrade of the main telephone office in downtown Salt Lake City. I was leaving in the middle of the job and my boss wanted me to come in and get my temporary replacement up to speed on what to do while I was gone. By the time I had explained everything to the guy taking over for me, it was late in the afternoon. I went by to tell my new girl friend goodbye. My funds were very limited and my new girl friend apparently was aware of that so she fixed me a very nice food basket to eat on the way down. She had put in some sandwiches, fruit, crackers and cookies. It was a real nice food basket and much needed as I was unable to buy much food with what little money I had.. I had a total of \$30.00 in my pocket for the trip. It was a 2,500 mile drive and there were no Interstate Hiways at that time so, the drive would be a hectic one having to go through all the little towns along US Hiway 40 and other small roads. I wasn't even sure I had enough money for gas, much less enough if I should need oil or had a flat tire, or any other car problems. I must have really trusted that Henry-J to get me there! I finally got on the road around 5:00 PM Saturday evening.

Since I had stayed up late Friday night, and then worked most of the day, I started out already tired. By the time I reached Colorado I was getting quite sleepy and wondered if I should pull over somewhere and take a nap. Once I started climbing the Colorado mountains I no longer felt so tired so I decided not to stop. I guess the winding mountain roads woke me up.

Soon it was dark and I was going down the mountains and into New Mexico. The road leveled out into a large flat desert area with only sagebrush and an occasional jack rabbit.. Now I thought drive would be easy for a while until I reached the suburbs of Dallas.

Suddenly I was woke up by being violently tossed around in the car. The Henry-J had no seat belts as most cars were not equipped with them in then early 50's. I grabbed the steering wheel and looked out the front windshield. All I could see was sagebrush flashing by! I didn't dare hit the brakes very hard so I lightly pushed the brake pedal, steered the car straight ahead, and slowly let the little Henry-J coast to a stop. Once stopped, I looked around. All I could see was sagebrush.

Where's the road!

I got out of the car and looked around again but I could still only see sagebrush. No hiway, no other car lights, no nothing. I was worried about getting stuck trying to turn the Henry-J around in the tall sagebrush, but it made it OK. No other cars came by so I couldn't tell where the road was. I slowly followed the Henry-J's tire tracks back and found the hiway. There were still no other cars on the road. I sat there for a few minutes while my legs stopped shaking, then resumed my trip.



Thank goodness for the food basket. I bought no other food the entire trip except for one bottle of Dr Pepper. I got to Perry, Florida with \$1.85 still in my pocket.

Then I went to see my home-town girl friend - - - **but, that's another story.**

- Bill Brown