

Two Are Too Much to Swallow

By Pete Clark

On the Thursday morning before Memorial Day, I headed north on I-25. At Cheyenne, I turned west on I-80. Having crossed the summit, I popped my drag chute and began the steep, miles long descent into Laramie, leaving I-80 at the Grand Avenue Exit. I pulled into the Wal-Mart parking lot as I needed a pair of pants. After making my purchase, I followed Grand to Third Street, hung a right and wound up on the long arc that is the old Highway 30, going past what is left of Bosler, through Rock River and Medicine Bow, on to the Hanna exit, where I turned off and drove the mile or so, crossing a bridge over the main line of the Union Pacific, into the old part of town, where I had lived so long ago.

I drove the dirt streets, not stopping to get out of the car. I tried to get there while the museum was open, as I had questions about the two mine explosions at the same mine, on the same day, in 1908. A neighbor in Hanna had lost his father and two brothers in the second explosion. My dad carried a piece of coal in the flesh of his right ear. He had been injured by a cave-in during 1944 at a Hanna mine and the company doctor did not clean out the wound before closing it with stitches.

After leaving Hanna, I followed US 30 to westbound I-80. At Rawlins, I turned north to Muddy Gap, where I turned west toward Beaver Rim and the Sweet Water River. Somehow, I missed the Sweet Water Station Junction and wound up going into Lander on US 287, instead of going into Riverton on Wyoming 135. I knew I had done something wrong when I crossed the Little Popo Agie River and saw beautiful country that was new to me. I may be a little befuddled for a moment when I discover an error like that, but I don't get upset because everything happens for a reason.

After a dinner of spaghetti and Italian sausage at one of my favorite restaurants and a good night's sleep, I drove to Shoshoni's cemetery. I decorated the graves of my mother, my father, George Homan and Hattie Booker. George was my Dad's Running Mate and Hattie was the only black person I had known before going into the military and she was my mother's friend.

I left Shoshoni and traveled to Farson, which is about two hours out of Lyman. It was mid-day, so I decided to have some of the ice cream Lori had told me about. The young lady asked me if I wanted a cone and I said no. Then she said, "One Scoop or two?" I said, "Two."

She gave me a small bowl with strawberry ice cream piled four and one half to five inches above its rim. I did not lick the bowl clean and next time, I will order one scoop.