

A Real Dream

By Pete Clark

In early march, 1988, I showed up at the Jim Bridger Power Plant near Point of Rocks, Wyoming, to help construct a 230KV power line that ran from the power plant to a substation south of I-80. The loop was eight miles long, so it should have been quickly completed, but with firings and people quitting, we were soon down to eight people doing the whole job. But, it was a good job. Everyone but the digger crews was put to assembling the structures until the digger crews were far enough ahead to keep the erection crew busy.

We stayed in Rock Springs and I shared a motel room with an operator from Montana, who was a Vietnam Vet. He hadn't been physically wounded, but he carried scars in his memory. Sometimes those scars would be manifested during the night. We ate breakfast across the street and down a ways before we drove the twenty-four miles to Point of Rocks. When we got back to town after work, we would stop at the same place to have a beer or two to cut the dirt and dust out of our mouths and throats. Afterwards I would generally get cleaned up and go to dinner.

The country along the right-of-way was interesting. When I moved last year, I gave away some fossils I had found there and I still have a piece of the jasper that came from the right-of-way. I was traveling along the cat trail one day and came to the edge of a steep wash. To the west on a rim of sandstone was an eagle's nest. I carefully walked a good distance toward the nest, close enough that I could see the chicks and then I carefully moved away, fortunate that mommy wasn't home.

My roomy and I stopped for beer with the other line hands one evening, when he spotted a woman sitting at a crowded table and decided he wanted to meet her. He handed me a quarter and told me to put it in the jukebox and enter and select his songs. Then, I was to tell her that he had had me play them for her. I thought it was rather strange, just as she did. He kept making the requests and handing me quarters until that beautiful lady and I were out in the parking lot having a conversation. She was gorgeous, with flaming red hair, deep blue eyes, lovely skin and a great figure. She was a dream, but my dream was at home waiting for my return, late Friday evening. She said she had moved to Wyoming because of pulmonary problems and the clean dry air of Rock Springs suited her need for a breathable atmosphere. We talked for quite a while before going back into the barroom. I said goodbye to her, noticing a very large, well-muscled man sitting next to her empty chair, staring down at the table. I excused myself and beat feet out of there, while I was still in one piece.