

DUST

DYNAMITE

It was 9:00 o'clock in the morning and time for Mr. Horton to deliver the mail, so Mother ask R.E. and I if we would walk the quarter mile across Frymire Gulch to the mailbox. When we arrived at the mailbox Mr. Horton hadn't ran his delivery so R.E. and I decided to play on the school ground until he showed up with the mail.

We were on the teeter-totter when a group of strange men came up the road laying electrical wire, stopping about every one hundred feet to tie the wires to heavy metal objects.

What are those men doing?

I don't know. Let's go ask them.

Why are you men laying that wire on the ground?

We are preparing to shoot a seismograph recording.

What's that?

Well in short, we shoot off an explosion of dynamite underground, then these wires pick up the vibrations and record them on an instrument in that truck up the road. That tells us what kind of rocks are down in the ground and how far down they are, then we know if there is a possibility of oil pockets down there. If there is then we will drill down to find it.

Can we watch?

No, you boys stay back, you might get hurt if you are too close when we set the dynamite charge off.

About an hour later after the men had shot their explosive charge, R.E. and I ran up the road to see what happened.

Where is the oil?

We haven't drilled for it yet.

Can we watch when you drill?

If you want to stand around for ten or twenty years you can.

The men started loading their equipment onto the truck when R.E. saw some dynamite crates lying in the grader ditch that were about six inches by twelve inches by about thirty inches made of wood.

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Can we have those empty crates?

No, we have to take them back to the shop.

Why?

Our boss said we couldn't leave them out here on the road.

We won't leave them on the road we'll take them home.

What do you want them for?

We can make toys out of them.

Well we aren't suppose to give them to any boys, but if any of them fall off of our truck and you find them, you can have them. He said, as he set the last two crates up on the truck bed climbing up behind them as the truck pulled away.

R.E. and I stood beside the road watching, about a hundred foot down the road the last two crates fell off the truck and the men on the truck didn't even notice. We ran to pick them up before they were missed.

Walking home with the crates, R.E. and I kept looking over our shoulders hoping the oil company men wouldn't miss their crates and come back looking for them.

Boy! That was lucky.

Yes it's our lucky day, we were right there.

We took our crates to hide them in the barn then went to the house.

Did you boys bring the mail?

Nooooo. Mr. Horton must be late today, we'll have to go back and look.

I thought I saw him a long time ago?

We must have just missed him so we will go back now.

Out the door and up the road we went again to get the mail.

Gary, you forgot to get the mail.

R.E. you forgot to remind me to get the mail.

Never mind let's go get the mail.

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When we finally reached the mailbox there was no mail.

Well. R.E. I didn't get the mail because there is no mail.

Gary forget the mail. I have an idea. Let's go over to the trash dump.

What for?

You know that old baby buggy over there?

Yes. So what?

It has wheels, we have crates, so we need wheels.

What for?

To build a car! That's what for.

So why are you standing there leaning on that mail box? Let's go after the wheels.

At the trash dump we had to move a recent load of trash before we found the old baby buggy, but it only had one wheel left that wasn't broken.

R.E. this sure is going to be a strange looking car with only one wheel.

No, dummy keep looking, maybe there is something else around here that has some wheels.

After a lot of searching and digging through the dump we managed to find an old wagon with two wheels that were still good.

R.E. that's all there are here.

OK, that'll have to be enough.

R.E. what kind of car has only three wheels?

A dynamite car, that's what kind.

Back at the house after a lot of sawing, hammering, and a few nails pulled out of the barn, some bailing wire, two of mother's fruit jar lids, and an end gate rod pulled out of Dad's grain wagon, R.E. and I had a brand new car.

Do you think Dad will miss that end gate rod?

I don't think so.

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I hope not since we sawed it in two.

Maybe we better take the rest of it down to our cave in the canyon so he don't see it just in case.

Our first car was a sight to behold. Two dynamite crates nailed together with the top cutout at the back and a seat installed with a hinged lid for our tools (the ones Dad hadn't missed yet), two wagon wheels on an axial up front, which had bailing wire tied to the axial just inside the wheels, then ran back to the driver's seat, there the wire had fruit jar rings tied to them for handles so the driver could steer. One buggy wheel under the back seat, pop bottle caps tacked on for the reflectors, fruit jar flats for headlights, and a one boy powered engine, one push, and one ride. I suppose you could say it was a real 1x1.

Many times we would take the car to the canyon to ride down the hill then pull it back up to ride again. Once while riding around the yard R.E. was having another of his bad days and wanted to do all of the riding. After a lot of complaining from me he finally decided he would push me for awhile, which made me very happy because the dirt was very hot on my bare feet.

Gary steer over there to the smoother ground.

Steering where he told me to I started to have my ride after a long hot push from him, then about half way across the sticker patch he quit pushing and walked away.

R.E. where are you going?

To the house, I'm tired!

But there are goat head stickers all over out here and you know I'm barefoot!

So what! You wanted in the car so bad, well now you are in it, and you can stay there forever for all I care!

Jerking the lid up on our car seat/tool box combination, I started throwing everything I could grab hold of at him. Pliers, half brick, hammer, screw driver, etc.

Mother! Gary is trying to hit me with a hammer!!

Mother came running out of the house and of course I was in trouble again.

R.E. and I rode the car until the buggy wheel finally gave out. No matter how many automobiles you own in a lifetime, you always remember your first one as the very best, even if it is made from dynamite crates nailed together and makes three tracks in the dust.