

I refused to give up so easily. "Isn't it possible to get me a special permit from Jackson? My reservation has been in a long long time!"

"Well just see what would happen! You try to get on and every last man woman and child of that mob out there (the number of excursionists had increased by leaps and bounds) will jump on too! I'd lose my job. No!" His tone was adamant.

I was disconsolate. I had not seen Lester for a year. The prospect of a day's train ride only a few miles apart was unbearable.

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Lester, happy to begin a well merited vacation after work in the hay fields -- up at dawn and to bed at twilight, boarded the train at Ann Arbor. When the conductor came around to punch the tickets, Lester asked, "At what time do we stop at Vermontville? My girl is getting on there."

The conductor looked at him a moment and then said sympathetically. "We don't stop at Vermontville. There are two sections and this is the first one and it goes right through." Lester fairly leaped out of his seat, crying "Let me off, let me off, I'll wait for the second section."

"Can't do that," said the conductor. "Orders is orders." Lester sank back again.

"This is intolerable! Isn't there something you can do?" The coach was crowded. People in the neighboring seats began to listen, and eventually offer friendly if futile suggestions.

"Can't you leap off the train at Vermontville and wait for the second section?"

"How about catching your girl with the wire loop like they