

Plymouth Adventure

Our 400 Mile Road Trip For a Hot Roast Beef Sandwich

By Raymond Bates, November 2017

As an amateur family geneologist, it is documented on the maternal side of my family, a relationship to one of the founders at Plymouth Rock of the Mayflower fame. I am a descendant of Major William Bradford through his daughter, Mercy. But, that's as close to Plymouth, Massachusetts, as I have been, by ancestry, heritage, and history. The story of my Plymouth adventure I write here begins when I met my first love-to-be at a faith-based college. We were both older students as compared to those just coming out of high school, both military veterans. She was army and I had navy/marine background. She was a single parent, raising a six-year-old daughter when we first met. Today, she might have "tweeted" me, but this is "old school," early 70's. Instead, she "TWIRP-ed" me. That would be considered PC incorrect to say or do today. It stands for "The Woman Is Required to Pay." I can see the eyebrows raise and hear the muffled howls of today's PC crowd. But, that's how we first met. She asked me first. We dated that first year, then set the date to tie the knot. Opps! PC blooper again. Denotes bondage, no doubt!

As college students, we learned to be thrifty. I had to work my way through college and the G.I. Bill didn't cover all of the credit courses cost. No student loans or scholarships. Eight years to complete four years of schooling. I'm satisfied with my achievement.

We decided we would travel to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and be married in the church my bride-to-be was best known in and familiar with. My family was just five hours south, from Nebraska. ROAD TRIP!

The four of us would leave and do the trip together, future bride and

groom, Sally and Raymond, six-year-old daughter, Jaime, and bride's best friend and Maid of Honor, Pam B.

The first third of the trip would also include some sightseeing in Yellowstone National Park, overnight it in a motel in western Wyoming, and then on to Rapid City, S.D. There, in the second third of our journey, we would spend overnight with Sally's Aunt Hanna.

The following day, before resuming the final third of our journey to Sioux Falls, we would drive about twenty-six miles from Rapid City to Mt. Rushmore and see the historic faces. Finally, arriving to the place where the hot roast beef sandwich and the 400 mile road trip come into play.

Before we left Idaho, where we began our journey, my multi-tasking bride-to-be, had heard on the radio (YES, the RADIO, before the internet and social media, old school still alive and well...) Anyway, Sally had heard that it was possible to cook a small roast on your car engine manifold if you were traveling at least a 400 mile distance. Coincidentally, about the distance from Rapid City to Sioux Falls, S.D. She wanted to try it. Why not? It sounded so bizarre, it had to work. According to the radio, preparation was the key.

Roast Beef A La Plymouth Engine

Ingredients:

- 1 4-5 pound, 1" thick beef roast
- 1-2 pkgs. Dry Onion Soup Mix
- 1 roll aluminum foil
- 1 metal clothes hanger
- 1 roll masking tape

Directions:

Roll out 12-18" aluminum foil.

Gently wash beef with water, leave whole, do not dry.

Mix and spread one pkg of soup mix evenly on one side of roast.

Turn over and repeat process.

Begin wrapping aluminum foil around meat--do not tear.

Secure with tape.

Repeat with second layer of foil and tape.

Bend hanger to make cradle to rest roast in.

Use tape to secure roast.

Roast will be placed touching manifold of engine **when cool**.

Serves: 1 wedding party

The roast was put on the engine at Aunt Hannah's house in Rapid City and twenty-six miles later, at the Faces, you could already faintly smell roast beef. We popped the hood of the Plymouth, just to check that there was no major juice leaking from the meat. A couple, walking by, inquired and looked on in bewilderment at our set-up.

We visited Mt. Rushmore for a couple of hours and then we were off to Wall Drug, about a 200 mile journey from Rapid City. We spent some time at Wall Drug, allowed the car engine to cool down, and then it was time to check the roast and possibly flip the sides. We did so, and you could see where the foil was beginning to scorch from the heat coming off the manifold. The old 1966 Plymouth was ideally made to hold the roast. Only time would tell, if it was doing the job we hoped it was.

It was about 2:30 am when we arrived at our destination in Sioux Falls. Everyone was glad to be out of the cramped car. Of course, Mother Clarke wanted to feed us. She was a bit surprised when we

brought in our own "400 Mile Road Trip Roast." It came out great, as if it had been roasted in their kitchen oven! Hot roast beef sandwiches at 2:30 am. It was a delicious way to end a safe trip!

This was not the only time we tried and used this and other thrifty and frugal budget ideas during our years together as a family, we also branched out to hot pots with the cigarette lighter, canned hams we punctured in advance, and many other delicious experiments (with mixed success). We prided ourselves on being modern day pioneers.