

A sticky situation at Lake McConaughy

Written by Ken & Karen Sawyer
Friday, 13 September 2013 14:45 -



Living in Nenzel, NE, can be very uneventful with a population of 30 residents, so our family decided to put a little excitement in our lives and take a mini vacation to Lake McConaughy with our 3 children and a boat. Did I say excitement? Well, we created a lot of it plus adding a few more adjectives to describe our exciting adventure.

Our saga begins. Before we even departed we bent the hitch on the boat trailer and unfortunately, it was never the same again. Heading down toward the road to Ogallala, listening to our 8-track tapes in the car, a deer jumped out in front of us and left a few noticeable dents in the car. We were thinking we should have tied the mattress on the front grill of the car instead of having the kids sit on it in the backseat.

We headed, once again, to our destination. Arriving at the lake we, of course, wanted the perfect spot for our tent. Suddenly we heard a loud noise underneath the car. Not again! To our dismay we discovered a rather large hole in our gas tank causing it to leak thanks to a large rock. With my brilliant mind, I suggested we head to the grocery store and buy up all their bubble gum and use it to plug the hole in the gas tank—all five of us started chewing gum like crazy and handing it to Ken to plug the hole. It worked. Well, for now.

Needless to say, this time we didn't linger to find the perfect spot for our tent. After an exhausting day, our mattress seemed very inviting.

Excited to start a new day, we were ready to cruise around Lake McConaughy even though the wind was blowing like a hurricane. Not! After frantically looking for the key to the boat we realized we had left it at home. "This can't be happening", I told the family. Then I remembered I had taken the key in the house afraid the Indians would steal the key. They would always hang around our house sitting under our kitchen window. We headed over to the Marina and after searching through all their keys, we did find one that would work.

Finally loading everyone onto the boat, we were only able to drive around for a short time because the high waves almost tipped our boat over. It was not fun! Ken remembered there was a high school rodeo in Ogallala that weekend, so we loaded everyone in the car and headed to town to watch the rodeo-.

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You are probably thinking this saga has ended and we headed home to only dream of a better vacation next time. Before heading home we decided we better fill the car up with gas. As Ken was pumping gas in the tank, it was running out as fast as he was putting it in. You guessed it, our bubble gum idea failed us.

I can't remember at this time if I was laughing or crying, but several hours later, the tank repaired, we headed home to recuperate from our awful, terrible vacation.