

to become delicious ice cream. The dasher was pulled out and we kids grabbed spoons to clean it off while the ice cream 'firmed up' before being served.

The neighbors responded to our invitation and the evening took on an air of celebration. Mom brought forth a cake and the crushed strawberries ready for each to scoop onto their velvety ice cream. Those were cereal bowls, not the dainty 'company' ones. Quiet reigned for a few moments as each busily enjoyed their treat, then accolades burst forth. "Best ever!" and "Can I have seconds?"

Those are memories that bring smiles and happy thoughts about each person there. The camaraderie and friendship were a large part of the evening. The adults chatted and laughed, while we young ones played games on the grassy lawn. Soon someone would spot the first star of the evening and we would watch to see how quickly more appeared, hoping our wishes would come true. Today, I would wish that everyone could experience such an evening.

## HAYMAKING

It's a hot, dry, sunny day;  
Ideal day for putting up hay.  
The hayfield's ready; the farmer knows.  
Hay's been cut, dried, raked in furrows.

Horses hitched and ready to go  
Off to the field, nice and slow.  
Rabbits scurrying, looking for cover.  
'Mid alfalfa and sweet clover.

We girls take the reins,  
Hearing "go easy, don't strain."  
Horses plod in measured tread,  
Stopping and going as they're led.

Soon we're enveloped in itchy chaff,  
Feel it sifting down our backs.  
Flying insects soon distract us,  
Grasshoppers jumping, they disgust us.

Keeping the team in the narrow track,  
Watching the men at our back.

Dorothy Adair Gonick

Brows beaded with honest sweat  
Dripping in rivulets to the neck.

Entranced by their rhythmic pitching,  
The forking, the lifting, high reaching,  
Taut muscles rippling,  
Ignoring the need for itching.

Soon the rack's full, high and soft.  
Next stop—the hayloft!  
But first, take a break for lemonade,  
Rest a bit in the maple's shade.

Then harness Daisy, our old gray mare.  
She'll pull the rope; lifting hay in the air,  
To disappear in the wide haymow.  
Just how? By pulleys—that's how!

Now don't forget, the horses need care.  
Water, feed, and brush their soft hair.  
Working together, it's quickly done.  
All finished before the setting of sun.

We'll pick a melon from the patch,  
Lug it home and then relax.  
Haying's been a bit of fun.  
Now let evenings' pleasures come.

*A Kaleidoscope of Memories*



Looking the Hayfield Over



Earl, Dewey, and Sam on the Last Load of Hay