

WE FIND OUR COWS

After a cup of tea together the men set out again to find their cows.

"How did you know your cow came this way?" Jay asked.

"I followed her tracks through the bush. I think some of my young stock are with her."

"I hope my cow is with her, too," said Jay.

"Here, Jay, you ring this big cowbell and I'll blow this tin horn!"

They had gone only a little way into the woods again, when suddenly a noise was heard. Cows bellowing loudly!

"At last, we've found them," grinned Pete.

"That was easy, how did you think of it?"

"Did it before; I've found them twice with a bell and a horn."

Soon there was a great rush through the wet, drooping leaves. Cracking twigs told the herd had found the men, as they lumbered into sight.

"Better drive them all to your place, if we can, Jay."

It was easier said than done, however. The cattle were wildly excited and raced to and fro, tails high in the air.

"There's your cow!" declared Pete.

"Right, that's her!" shouted Jay.

INTERESTING THINGS TO DO:

1. Tell a story of hunting for cows.
2. Imagine you met a stranger. How would you introduce yourself?
3. Cut some cows out of cardboard and set them up in a pasture.
4. Or cut some farm animals from apple box wood with a fretsaw.

HAY AND HAIL

It did not rain much in July and before August arrived we had many stacks of hay. What tall hay, bluejoint and red top stood higher than the oxen along the creek. One hundred racks of hay awaited Uncle Jay's mower. We worked long hours to harvest it.

I used one ox and raked hay while he mowed more. My hay-rake was light like a race cart but the hay was heavy. One day we put eight loads into a stack and rolled some into the haymow from the top of a hill.

We got most of the hay stored away. But one hot morning a dark cloud came up suddenly and hail came quickly. It beat the hay and grain down badly.

"Let's gather hailstones and freeze some ice cream," declared Uncle Jay. "Some are as big as eggs!"

I agreed, glad to have a rest from pitching hay.