Surprisingly, these enjoyable excursions came about because of uncertainty and exasperation.

When the four offsprings became reliable enough to get responsible jobs around the farm, Mom was singled out to be sent on errands to fetch or deliver some repair or message in the bat of an eye.

The question of, "Where is he working?" brought some such direction like, "on the 50".

Ah ha! Your mind races from one chunk of land to another which might have 50 acres in it.

"Which way?" On the old Annis place, or on the "Wheeler place", which are one and the same.

Again comes the feeling of stupid uncertainty.

"Is that the one over south by Beegles?"

"No, just go down east till you come to the onion field and turn and cross the bridge. Somebody will be down there cultivating."

Since our property consisted of 2 farms 2 1/2 miles apart, there was a good deal of speculative touring done.

When some of the deliveries were pretty late, some cynical remarks were exchanged, like "How did you get back so fast?"

Well, if you'd spent all day cooking, sewing, putting away family clothes, etc. so the kids could be outside doing 4-H work, etc., you wouldn't know your way around either.

I never knew what the outside looked like unless I was hoeing weeds in the garden.

What was I supposed to do, use my imagination as to what field was where?

This was the beginning of the tours.

Frank, in self defense takes me out in the pickup, often before the dishes are finished, and tries to show me the lay of the land.

I'll have to confess my attention is often drawn to the Greenhorn Mountain and the Spanish Peaks on the southwest horizon, to the lovely country homes built recently and to the birds sitting precariously on the electric wires.

The third member of this morning expedition is Champ, our big yellow and white curly-tailed dog.

He rides in the back, surveying the fields too.

If we happen to get barked at by the neighbors' dogs, he looks at them in a detached manner as if they were part of the scenery.

Oddly enough, at certain places along the way, he gives several commanding barks, always while he's apparently looking at the crops.

It's too bad we haven't taken the time to learn dog language.
He may have some valuable information we're missing. These trips become almost daily from the growing season through harvest. No wonder I'm always behind with my housework. I'm progressing a little, learning a little and enjoying it a lot.