

Knee High by the Fourth of July

Pages: 182

Publisher: Shapato Publishing (October 30, 2009)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF](#)]

Knee High By the Fourth of July *More Stories of Growing Up in and Around Small Towns in the Midwest* Edited by Jean Tennant Published by Shapato Publishing for Kindle Copyright 2010 Shapato Publishing This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to others. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author. Artwork by LaVonne M. Hansen Cover photo provided by Betty Taylor

Acknowledgements Since the publication of *Walking Beans Wasn't Something You Did With Your Dog: Stories of Growing Up in and Around Small Towns in the Midwest*, in 2008, I've been honored to work with many talented authors. Putting this book together has been a joy, but it has by no means been a solo effort. First, I want to thank my husband, Grover Reiser, for being my partner in this business, as well as the most patient man in the world. There were many late nights and short tempers during this long, ongoing process, but he always made me feel that I could overcome any hurdle—and he's a good cook, besides. Thank you to my children, Shaun Iske, Paul Iske and Toni Simon, for growing up to be fine adults despite my spotty parenting skills. Thank you also to Orv Taylor of Hartley, Iowa, for catching a number of errors that would have slipped by this city girl, thus helping to ensure that this book is as good as it can be. Thank you, too, to Betty Taylor for being an excellent editor and, more than that, for being a truly good friend. And thank you to our proofreaders—Sue, Deb and Ellen—for their hard work and sharp eyes. With their help this book is, I hope, as error-free as anything like this possibly can be, but if something has slipped through, I take full responsibility.

Jean Tennant Everly, Iowa

Foreword When Willa Cather wrote *O Pioneers!*, the first novel of her Nebraska trilogy, she found her voice, saying to her friend, "In this one I hit the home pasture." What makes her novel stand out is her attention to the details of that life and place. The novel begins on a bitter day in Hanover, a windswept town with a deep rutted main street. I still remember the details of that scene of Emil crying because his kitten climbed the telephone pole and had to be rescued by Carl. I can see Maria from Omaha in her red coat in the store. I can hear the rattle of the wagon and the howling wind as Alexandra and Emil head for home and their eyes spot "a rusty stovepipe sticking up through the sod" or "a windmill gaunt against the sky." Today I live in Sioux City and teach at Briar Cliff University. My days are spent indoors, not on the land, but it only takes a whiff of spring lilacs or the sound of wild turkeys outside my window or the sight of Indian grass on the hill above our campus to bring me back to those days on the farm or in the small towns of my childhood, Emmetsburg and Graettinger. In this anthology, *Knee High by the Fourth of July*, many of these writers, like Willa Cather, hit the home pasture because their memories are vivid and rich. Rebecca Groff describes making caramel corn for the Fourth of July but it was the detail of the navy blue and white speckled roaster pan that the popped corn was dumped into that sent my heart racing. As a child I used a similar blue speckled pan for emptying the popcorn and then adding butter. It was also the roaster mom used every Sunday to roast two of our chickens for dinner. Arlene Walker explains how it was to harvest the corn by hand in the days before we had corn pickers or combines. I don't remember that but I do recall how "Sometimes our clothes brushed against dried cocklebur plants. Prickly, clingy cockle-burs could be removed only by pulling them off one by one." When I'd go in search of pumpkins in late

September, I'd feel my pant legs catch on the burrs and know I'd be picking those out one by one. Verla Klaessy describes the dangers of getting lost in a corn field. "I was somewhat aware that if you stayed on the same row you would come to the end, eventually." I remember my own father warning me to not even go in there or "they'll find your bones in the fall." Betty Hembd Taylor writes, "Stones continue to work their way to the surface of the land and farmers continue to pick them up every spring." I'm reminded of Ted Kooser's poem "Abandoned Farmhouse" where the speaker says that the person who once lived there was "not a man for farming, says the field / cluttered with boulders." In my childhood picking up rock was a chore we seemed to do Good Friday morning—if the fields were dry enough. Ruth Hunziker Underhill told me something I didn't know. "Silk stockings were scarce because the silk was used for parachutes. That's when skin creams made to cover the legs and look like stockings debuted." And I thought artificial tanning lotion was a somewhat new product. Marilyn Wells tells the story of delivering papers with the help of her horse and one morning it climbed up onto the neighbor's porch, leaving a deposit of road apples. Vivian Eucker writes that her father-in-law Carl, who never received any training, was stationed in New Guinea. "The soldiers would bring him a pair of worn pants and he'd fashion a billed cap" to protect them from the sun. Jane Kauzlarich writes of her pet crow eating little balls of bread dipped in milk, pecking caps off the milk bottles and scaring the wits out of a neighbor boy when it went after the metal studs on his jeans. There are thirty-three writers in this anthology, and they leave me with many details and images that cover a period of 100 years or more. After I finished I could still see a girl watching a tornado, another woman holding kittens in the hayloft and crying because her husband was in Vietnam, a tree stump landing in a living room, an obsessed car-chasing dog, neighbors hiding a car so it couldn't be sold in farm foreclosure auction, hot casseroles brought to homes, Isinglass panels in the door of a stove, saved bacon drippings, blizzards (both black and white), red barns, a baseball glove landing in the tank beneath the privy, the embarrassment of wearing skunk shoes, using the wringer washer, and so many more. It's the concrete details that trigger our memories. These stories from writers across the Midwest do just that. You will find yourself transported to that warm place where your memories have been stored. Enjoy the trek back as you read "remembrances of things past." I know I did. **Tricia**

Currans-Sheehan teaches at Briar Cliff University and is editor of *The Briar Cliff Review*. She has had works published in *Connecticut Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Fiction*, *The Long Story*, *Portland Review*, *Puerto del Sol*, *Calyx*, *Frontiers: A Journal of Women Studies*, *South Dakota Review*, *Kalliope*, *Wisconsin Review*, and many other journals. Her collection of short stories, *The Egg Lady and Other Neighbors* (November 2005), won The Headwaters Literary Competition sponsored by New Rivers Press. Her second book, *The River Road: A Novel in Stories*, was released in November 2008 from NRP. Visit www.currans-sheehan.com to learn more about her works.

Award-winning artist LaVonne M. Hansen lives in Hartley, Iowa. Her pen-and-ink drawings appear in the recent auto-biography, *Climbing—One Pole at a Time*, by Irvin Goodon, and the soon-to-be-published memoir, *The Earth Abides*, by Betty Hembd Taylor. Several of her drawings also appear in these pages. CONTENTS Acknowledgments Foreword [Picking Corn Ear by Ear](#) Arlene Walker [A Cornfield Jungle](#) Verla Klaessy [The Time of Snakes and Sparklers and Carmel Corn](#) Rebecca Groff [A Harvest of Stones](#) Betty Hembd Taylor [Untrained Valor](#) Vivian Eucker [Sugar Rationing and Christmas Cookies](#) Ruth Hunziker Underhill [Sold Out](#) Marie Taylor Wells [A Time to Try Men's Souls](#) Maxine Steele [The Good Ol' Days](#) Marlene Schoelerman [Red Comfort Zone](#) Pat Phipps [Incoming](#) Loren Gaylord Flaugh [The Storm of the Century](#) Kermit H. Dietrich [Calm Before the Storm](#) Diane Schulze [Uphill Both Ways](#) Ted Paulsen [Unclean Unclean](#) Troy Van Beek [Special Dispensation](#) Roger Stoner [Skunked](#) Harvey Chouanard [Educational Pioneering](#) Rev. Francis Mennenga [A Kindergarten Tale: The Clown Who Could](#) Ronda Armstrong [Old Dog](#) Joneva Anderson Currans [Squeaky and Me](#) Carolyn Rohrbaugh [Garden of No Return](#) Jd Schooley [There's a Horse on the Porch!](#) Marilyn Wells [Summers Spent Horsin' Around](#) Marjorie Dohlman [The Way My Crow Flies](#) Jane Kauzlarich [Just Walking Home](#) Marti Ritter [Adventures of the Hindt Girls: a Spring Day](#) Wanda L. Dover-Stratman [Duck Pond Tales](#) Dee Kramer [The Big Project](#) Karen J. Schutt [Outhouse Oscar](#) Carolyn Camoriano [We Call Ours Gideon](#) Ann Johnson [The Zipper](#) Ralph Scherder [The Canvas of Rural America](#) Dan Ruf Photo provided by Arlene Walker [PICKING](#)

[CORN EAR BY EAR](#) Arlene Walker Colorful autumn days on our Iowa farm turned into chilly nights before a killing frost ended the growing season. Tall, tassel-topped rows of corn that had graced the fields near the farmplace all summer turned brown. Ears of corn covered with silk formed inside husks that had pointed skyward now hung heavy and mature, ready for harvest. Our family experienced the corn season from start to finish. Early in the spring Dad used our faithful team of horses to spread manure over the field, which fertilized the ground. Then he disked the field before planting the corn.* Weeks after planting, whenever we drove down country roads to church or to town, Dad commented about fields of sprouting corn. Looking out of the back window of the car, I was fascinated by the checked design of the cornfields, perfect rows in every direction, whizzing past the car window. When the corn was still a few inches high, Dad started cultivating. He cultivated the field a second and third time in opposite directions. Around the fourth of July Dad walked into the field and measured the height of the growing stalks. We children followed him, but it was Dad's knees, not ours, that measured the growing corn. If the stalks were as tall as Dad's knees, he happily announced that the crop was on schedule. If any of us children dared go into the cornfield after it was taller than our heads, we knew we could get lost, so none of us ventured very far into the green jungle. Harvesting the crop took the help of our whole family. Un-predictable weather changes from warm to cold, dry to rainy or sometimes snowy made it necessary to harvest the corn as quickly as possible before the first heavy snowfall. If all went well, harvesting could be completed before Thanksgiving. Just as our farm had no electricity or running water, so the equipment used for picking corn was simple. Dad owned a wooden wagon with tall metal wheels and long wooden spokes that connected to a hub in the center. Before the corn picking, Dad equipped the wagon with a bang board fitted over its right side. The bang board made a target easier than trying to throw the picked ears directly into the wagon. Our team of gentle horses was hitched, and pulled the wagon by its long tongue. The only other piece of equipment Dad used was a hook on a strap that he fastened around his wrist and the palm of his left hand over his glove. The hook was used to loosen the dried husk on the ear of corn. This speeded up the time it took to pick the ear with the free hand and toss it against the bang board so it would drop into the wagon. We children weren't equipped with hand hooks because it took skill to learn how to use them without getting hurt by the sharp ends. We were, however, supplied with orange flannel gloves that could be worn on either hand because of an extra thumb on the back side. When the palms of the gloves became worn with holes, the gloves could be turned over and put on opposite hands so the holes would be on top of the hand. The gloves were too large, but with practice I learned how to peel back the husks and bend the ears so they would break away, leaving the husk on the stalk. Our family didn't harvest on Sunday, but we worked hard after school and on Saturdays. After Mom fed us a hot breakfast, she urged us to wear layers of warm clothing. As we crossed the yard to the field, we saw our breath in front of us. In the crisp, morning air, ears of corn hitting the bang board in rhythm and Dad's commands to the horses "Giddyap!" "Whoa!" "Back!" were a clear call for us to help. My brother and I picked rows next to the wagon. Dad picked rows farther out. My younger sister knew how to husk ears, but she was not tall enough to aim at the bang board. Dad told her to pick from rows ahead of the wagon and pile the ears on the ground. Dad praised her speed as he picked up each pile of ears. She didn't tire of the game and went about it cheerfully. There were times when I wanted to sneak away between the tall, rustling stalks where now and then a rabbit appeared and sped into hiding, or a startled pheasant squawked suddenly before it flew away. But fearful thoughts of getting lost, along with a sense of dedication to the task at hand, kept me picking ear after ear. Whenever we complained, Dad encouraged us: "Our wagon is almost full!" or "We're almost done with these rows, then we'll go in the house for supper." Mom helped some with the picking, but she also prepared our meals, leaving them to simmer on the back of the cookstove. Then she did the chores, gathering the eggs and milking the cows. On cold days the ground was firm, but our hands and feet became easily chilled. Picking fast helped keep us warm. On days after it had rained or the snow melted, mud clung to the bottom of shoes or boots, the added weight making it more difficult to walk. We laughed at the elevated soles of our shoes made by the clinging mud. The horses had to work extra hard to pull a load of corn over wet ground. Sometimes our clothes brushed against dried

cocklebur plants. Prickly, clingy cockleburs could be removed only by pulling them off one by one. On good days we filled one to two wagonloads, each load about forty bushels. Dad shoveled the corn from the wagon into the corncrib. When that became full, he rigged up makeshift cribs using woven wire or snow fence. It was important that the corn be dry before storing because wet corn turned black with mold after time and could no longer be used for feeding pigs and cattle. As the autumn sun set and darkness made it impossible to see in the field, we dragged our weary bodies across the farm-yard to the house. Warm, inviting supper smells greeted us, as did the cozy fire in the cookstove. After supper Mom brought out Corn Huskers Lotion for our hands, which were chapped from the cold and from handling the rough ears of corn. It was a goal to finish corn harvest by Thanksgiving. After that the threat of heavy snow loomed. Completing harvest was marked by a simple celebration with hot chocolate around a crackling fire. Changes in time brought about more sophisticated methods of planting and harvesting corn. The task of husking corn by hand instilled in farm children a strong work ethic. The memories of a simple, hardworking lifestyle were not forgotten. *A roll of wire with buttons attached every 40 inches was fastened to stakes and pushed into the ground at both ends of the row. The corn planter was equipped with two planter boxes that held corn. When the planter was pulled by our team of horses, the buttons in the wire tripped a device on the corn boxes so three kernels of corn were dropped and planted every forty inches. **Arlene Walker**, a retired teacher, was raised on a farm in northwest Iowa. She enjoys reading, cooking, quilting, walking, and writing personal experiences and stories for children. Photo provided by Verla Klaessy [A CORNFIELD JUNGLE](#) Verla Klaessy

"Come on, I know the way." As an adventurous four-year-old I was coaxing my cousin, who was my age, to follow me down the row of tall cornstalks that rustled in the breeze and towered over our heads. I lived on the farm with my parents. Marjean, my cousin who resided in town, often came to visit. In the late August sun on this day we had played happily in the yard for a while. When we tired of the sandpile we played on the swing hanging from the huge mulberry tree and chased butterflies. Marjean had come to the farm with our grandmother who was busy peeling and slicing apples along with my mother and another aunt, and putting many quarts in glass jars for use in the winter. As we wandered out of the fenced yard and headed for the sheep barn, Marjean hung back. She was apprehensive about farm animals. But the sheep had kind faces and weren't as scary as the big cows or grunting pigs. After petting a couple of sheep, I led the way toward the big red barn. The bottom half of the side door opened easily and there was a big pile of sweet-smelling hay to jump into. We laughed and giggled, the sound echoing to the haymow. A startled kitten jumped out from behind a feed trough and raced to the back of the barn. Our laughter continued as we ran after the soft bundle of fur. We caught it and held it for a moment, then the chase was on again. Through the back door we saw lazy clouds floating in the azure sky. The sun was warm and the adjoining cornfield beckoned to us. Our legs were short, but we managed to scale a low wooden fence. As we skipped across a field lane, I kept urging my companion forward. Grandpa, our uncle and my daddy were digging potatoes in a field just beyond the cornfield. "Let's go find Grandpa. We can help dig potatoes," I persuaded. Every once in a while we could hear the men's voices waft across the breeze. Bravely, I grabbed my cousin's hand and pulled her into the cornfield. We were immediately hidden from any outsider's view. In the meantime, we were missed at the house. The three women ran out onto the porch, calling our names. They searched the yard. One headed for the grove, another searched the garage and washhouse. The third headed for the corncrib. Then they congregated at the barn, calling, shouting and pleading for an answer. They were frantic. Fearfully they checked the water tank, the haymow, the pasture where the cows and horses were kept, the sheep barn and the hog lot. Panic had set in. How could two little tots completely disappear? In the rows of corn, the gentle breeze blew through the top of the green stalks. The dirt path was wide enough for two sets of tiny slippers padding down the row. Looking ahead and looking behind were the same continuous green plants with ears of corn hanging from them. I was somewhat aware that if you stayed on the same row you would come to the end, eventually. As we were traveling the width of the field instead of the length, we came to the edge of the small field in less than a quarter of an hour. In the distance we saw the men busy with the potato harvest. The men stopped their work, amazed to

see two little girls emerging from the nearby field. We ran breathlessly into their arms, saying proudly, "We s'prised you!" We didn't notice the relieved looks the men exchanged. Then they took us by our hands. Grandpa led us to his big black Model-T Ford coupe and drove with us back to the neighboring farm. We didn't understand all the commotion upon our return. The women, gathered by the gate, greeted us with tears and cries of joy. After quick hugs and explanations, I was feeling quite proud that I'd found the way and pulled off a big surprise. Pride was short-lived, however. My mother pulled me aside, gave me a severe paddling and sent me to bed for the rest of the afternoon. Grandmother cuddled Marjean in her arms. My cousin was not even scolded, because it had really been all *my* fault! Such was the end of our adventurous episode in the cornfield jungle. **Verla Klaessy** of Spencer, Iowa, has traveled in all fifty states, Canada, Mexico, and Europe. She worked in the Spencer Elementary Schools as librarian for 16 years. Since her retirement she has been writing extensively, with her poetry appearing in *Lyrical Iowa*. Carmel Corn Original recipe of Gertrude Theresa Zobel 1/2 - 10-ounce can popcorn 2 cups Br. Sugar 3 tablespoons corn syrup 1/2 cup butter Pinch of baking soda Method: First pop corn. Then cook the sugar, syrup and butter in lg pan, stirring constantly, until a few drops of syrup tested in cold water feel brittle. Remove from heat, stir in soda and pour over corn. [THE TIME OF SNAKES AND SPARKLERS AND CARMEL CORN](#) Rebecca Groff My father's most memorable Fourth of July revolved around fifteen cents. Obtaining enough daily food and decent clothing were constant challenges for him, his twin sister and his divorced mother, let alone having real money in hand through-out the Depression years. But one Fourth of July when he and sister Eleanor were nine years old my grandmother gave each of them three nickels. Dad spent one nickel on an ice cream cone, another nickel on a carnival ride and the last nickel on a pack of firecrackers. That was the sum total of his Fourth of July cele-bration that summer, and he considered himself lucky to have that. For me, the memories of past Fourths are more fortunate, and at the center of these recollections is one key item—caramel corn. I share the exact spelling of the word *carmel* here with you as it's written in my mother's faded blue-inked handwriting on a yellowed and tattered three-by-four inch index card from her tin recipe box. That precious collection of well-used recipe cards resides in Michigan with my sister these days. While our mother was a fine speller, she did write the word as c-a-r-m-e-l, the reason for which rests with her now, and remains unknown to us. Every year on the afternoon of the Fourth my mother comm-enced caramel corn production. She popped the corn in a heavy black cast-iron frying pan on top of an electric range. She'd pour a small circle of Crisco oil into the bottom of the pan before depositing a small measure of dull gold kernels. Then, holding a lid in place over the pan to keep the exploding kernels from escaping, she'd scrape and *scooch* the pan back and forth rapidly across the top of the burner to keep the kernels moving so they wouldn't scorch before they had time to heat, expand—and *pop!* The panful of popped corn was then dumped into a navy blue and white speckled roaster pan to wait for the next critical step. Brown sugar, butter and Karo syrup came together in an aqua-colored aluminum pan my mother dubbed the "candy pan." Once the boiled tan mixture was ready she added soda and poured it over the mound of popcorn, stirring to coat things evenly. Small samplings were necessary to be sure the batches *passed muster*, a favorite expression of my mother's. And they always did. At dusk we'd transport the butterscotch-colored delight in a brown paper grocery sack to Cemetery Road, a graveled path out in the country a few miles from our house. Cemetery Road bordered the final resting spots of many of the town's former residents. It made for perfect viewing of the fireworks display the Chamber of Commerce volunteers fired off once nightfall set in. We never waited for the sky to light up with exploding spraying colors before diving into The Best Caramel Corn in the World. What better way to pass time than munching sticky handfuls of caramel corn as we waited for the show to begin! Sometimes we'd strike gold, pulling out a large cluster with an extra thick coating. It wasn't a Fourth of July without firecrackers, and while they weren't exactly legal in the state of Iowa at the time, we'd hear them going off all day long around town. It seemed only fitting that they did, but not everyone shared this view. One year our mayor caused quite a stir among the teen arena by banning the presence of all firecrackers within city limits. We heard them popping and snapping around town anyway. I know my brothers participated in their fair share of the somewhat-illicit black cats, cherry bombs and pop-bottle rockets. My sister and I, however, were

content with the less dangerous types of fireworks, such as the curious black tablets we could buy at that time. We'd place the small round charcoal pieces on the sidewalk, light them with a match, and then stand back and watch as ominous, spiraling, grayish-black cinder snakes grew up from the paving—leaving stains that required several cleansing rains to remove. My personal favorite firecrackers were the tiny colored balls we'd toss hard against the sidewalk, anticipating their high-pitched *snap!* We felt cheated when we'd get a dud that wouldn't explode. Their colors—raspberry pink, turquoise blue, bright orange and yellow—reminded me of the larger, edible jaw-breaker candies we'd buy at the Five-and-Dime store. I was hugely irritated when these little poppers were no longer for sale in the stores, having gone the way of "dangerous and harmful," not to mention illegal. Some years our town hosted large horse shows, during which equine competitors traveled from surrounding states to show off their high-dressed Arabian beauties and compete for tall gold trophies in our city park. One year my sister and I were chosen to present trophies to the winners. It should have been an honor, and in a way it was, but I also remember it being a drawn-out, sticky job that scorching Iowa July afternoon, and we were both glad when it was over. Other years the local Chamber of Commerce organized watermelon-eating contests, baseball games and various foot races for children in the city park. Once I entered a three-legged- race, placed, and won fifty cents. Cradling that shiny half-dollar piece in my hand, I felt like the richest kid in the world. Not wanting to lose the feeling, I put the coin in a treasure box in my bedroom and took it out every now and then to hold. I suppose I eventually spent it on taffies or jawbreakers at the local Five-and-Dime, but I savored the time it was in my possession. We always ended the Fourth of July by lighting sparklers. My Dad had no interest in them and would go to bed. But my mother, my sister and youngest brother, along with his best friend, and I would move to our backyard with a generous supply of sparklers, stick matches and the essential empty Folgers coffee can in which to place our burned rods. A corn field backed up to our yard, so we'd each light a sparkler and take off running between the rows of corn that were definitely taller than knee-high, but far from the full height they would reach by late summer. "Knee-high corn by the Fourth" has become a casual myth, but long-ago farmers used it to gauge whether they'd planted their corn in ample time that spring, and had hopes for warm weather and decent moisture to ensure a good crop. Corn matures differently under different conditions, and that old saying was little more than a vague rule of thumb. But I heard my dad say it many times as we drove past early fields. He'd gradually decelerate the car as he studied the young corn intently, smiling and saying, "The farmers are going to have a good year." Healthy corn always made my dad smile. A good year for the farmers meant a good year for his welding repair business. With our sparklers lit, we'd run along the young rows of corn, and I always had this fear of encountering a raccoon in the cornfield. Raccoons like corn, but as it was early in the growing season no ears had come on yet and my fears never materialized. With our coffee tin full of spent matches and burned, curled sparkler rods, our Fourth of July came to an end, and we headed to bed knowing we'd done justice to the holiday. When the Fourth of July rolls around these days I get an empty feeling if I haven't heard any firecrackers. It doesn't seem like a proper red-white-and-blue celebration until I hear at least a few of the signature pops and explosions that I remember so well from my childhood.

Knee High by the Fourth of July contains 33 heartwarming, funny and dramatic stories about life in the Midwest. The authors' ages range from twelve to eighty-seven, yet their words share a universal theme of nostalgia and a love of storytelling. "Outhouse Oscar" tells of a lighthearted prank, "The Zipper" recalls a time of budding romance at the county fair, and "A Harvest of Stones" is a haibun, a unique combination of narrative and haiku. Whatever your reading mood, there's a story here for you.

About My Mother Best Seller List - Growing nervous, Mageau noticed the stranger was holding a high-power More bullets hit Mageau in the left shoulder, elbow and ribs, and a fifth hit him in the knee. It was the Fourth of July, and a bit of high-spirited behaviour was normal, Mira James Mysteries - Jessica Lourey - AbeBooks.com: Knee High by the Fourth of July (Murder-By-Month Mysteries, No. of similar New, Used and Collectible Books available now at great prices. Socks : 4th Of July Outfits : Target - Get Now <http://pdfnes.site/?book=0982105878> Reads Knee High by the Fourth of July: More Stories of Jess Lourey Book List - FictionDB - Jess Lourey -- the complete book list. Browse author series lists, sequels, pseudonyms, synopses, book covers, ratings and Knee High by the Fourth of July. "Knee High by the Fourth of July on Apple Books - "Knee-high by the Fourth of July" is an old adage used by corn farmers near and far to measure the success of their crops come Independence Day. Last week What Is "Knee High By The Fourth of July" All About - Patriotism - The Vineyard Gazette Kim Kardashian in a plunging swimsuit and tiny sequined - Part of a ten-book series, Knee High by the Fourth of July is perfect for readers who love to escape into the humorous mysteries of Janet Evanovich, Denise Women's Knee High Socks: Fun Long Socks for Women - Anley USA American String Pennant Banners, Patriotic Events 4th of July Flag long Sock American USA Knee High Christmas Socks Thigh High Patriotic Stockings (3 Pairs Flag Crew Socks) Fourth of July (Crowell Holiday Book) Knee-high by July? Some farmers' corn crops a bit behind - Browse By Categories. Publisher: Toadhouse Books. What Is "Knee High By The Fourth of July" All About - Kirkus Book Reviews. Book Reviews, Features & Columns, Blogs, Kirkus TV, Pro KNEE HIGH BY THE FOURTH OF JULY by Jess Lourey Knee High by the Fourth of July: Humor and Hijinks (A Mira - ... including webpages, images, videos and more. has opened its fourth. 18 May] 1814 "1 July 1876) was a Russian revolutionary anarchist and founder of. fashion, watches, cameras, books & more from various online shopping stores and sellers. From ankle boots, knee-high boots, to over-the-knee boots, and more.

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download Free Cyclotomic Fields and Zeta Values

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Buy Book Handwriting For Lefties - Cursive Font: Students will write HOW TOYS BECOME REAL in this book

[DOWNLOAD]

- Buy Book A Quiet Death (Dark Peak Book 3) online

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Pdf, Epub Dear Imani: Letters to My Daughter free epub

[\[DOWNLOAD \]](#) - Read Noah (Divine Unity) epub, pdf
