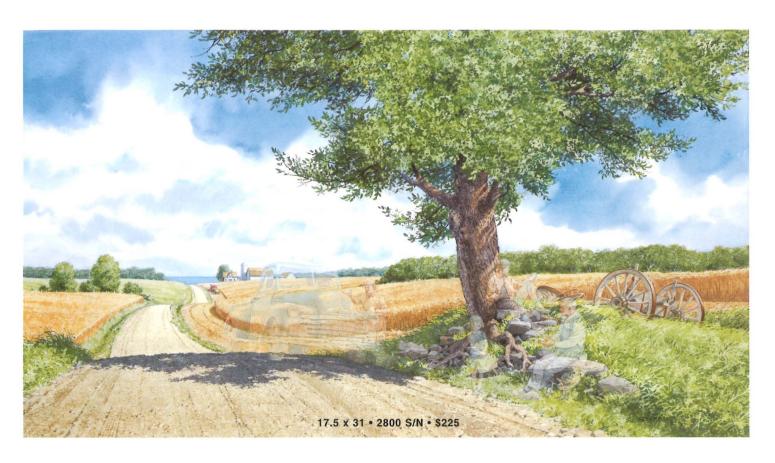
CHARLES L. PETERSON

Harvest Lunch



Some of the fondest memories of my youth are of the days I spent helping friends with harvest work. In late summer it was always hot and sweaty, but I still remember the satisfaction of working side by side with the men, feeling that I had "held my own" with them. And what a sight it was to see that pickup coming down the lane, loaded with the best lemonade and ham sandwiches in the world!

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