

Another gorgeous sunset is playing against the backdrop of the western sky.

Another panorama of blue sky awash with spreading patches of pink, colors changing even as we watch. Bright fuschia pales to a soft rose. That gentle pink softens still more as blue deepens, and gives way to jutting fingers of purple and gray.

Sunsets are lovely, at any season. Their evening beauty ushers in a winding down of daily farm chores, a slower, more peaceful time of day, a gentle tranquility.

I have always loved sunsets, their glorious, vibrant colors glowing in a last hurrah at the end of day. Lately, though, glowing sunsets have become a source of considerable frustration.

Instead, we'd like a couple of really bright, really glowing, really RED sunrises. Red sunrises, like in the rhyme: Red sky at night, sailors' delight; red sky at morning, sailors take warning."

And you know, most of the time, that little weather ditty is

pretty doggone reliable.

Red sunsets promise fair weather to follow. Clear, sunny, bright days. The lovely array of sunsets of recent weeks have brought just that -- clear, bright, sunny, hot-hot and dry-dry days.

Red sunrises are a prelude to "bad" weather: clouds, storms, wind, rain. Boy, could we ever use a stretch of that "bad" weather. (One of the reddest sunrises I remember preceded a hurricane...)

"Bad" weather would be good. "Bad" weather would be great. "Bad" weather would be welcome across much of the region.

By comparison, areas of the midwest and the south have been practicing "man overboard" drills from their back porches. Well, they're almost that wet. Inches of rain, week after week. Two million acres of flat, Mississippi Delta farmland underwater, just a few weeks ago, according to a friend from there.

R-A-I-N. A "four-letter" word. Here, because we don't have nearly enough. Elsewhere, because they're swamped (so to speak) with it.

The benevolent, warm, dry spring which got farmers happily into their fields on an early schedule has quickly turned into a temperamental tyrant. Always skyscanners, farmers are getting stiff necks of late peering for long stretches toward the heavens. Searching for the slightest hints of precious moisture to save millions of dollars of seed and plant nutrients already tucked into the soil. Never in my lifetime memory

has it been so hot, so dry, so long, so early in the season.

Never before, in my memory time, has young corn curled into tight-tipped, "pineapple" foliage -- by Flag Day.

Never have we planted soybeans to have them lay for three weeks in powder-dry soil, unresponsive, ungerminated.

Never have the pastures been so dry, so brown, so crispy -- so void of nutritious grass for the heifers -by mid-June. The meadow hillside is so reminiscent of the dry, sagebrush-infested, semi-desert grazing areas of the West that The Farmer claims he's begun watching for antelope.

Never has the alfalfa turned so quickly from a lush green, kissed with the purple of opening blooms, to stretches of pale, greyish, sickly, give-up-the-ghost foliage -- so early in the season.

Never have we been feeding the hay that we should be storing up for the winter -- by the first day of summer.

Never has the sound of raindrops spattering on the roof and the maples outside the house been any more welcome than in the early-morning darkness of a recent Sunday morning after more than a month with no measurable weather. rainfall. If you

Never have I been more ready to trade those peaceful, pastel sunsets for a couple of ominously red sunrises promising "bad" If you have a couple you'd like to swap, call. Immediately. Collect.

We'll pay the freight.

Washington-Greene Names Dairy Princess

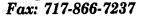


Dianne Bissett wears the Washington-Green Dairy Princess crown. She was crowned at the pageant held on June 15 at the Washinton County Fair Grounds, Washington.











Available in lengths to 60'0"

