

FUN with ICE CREAM

– LARRY’S SHORT STORIES #159 –

It was late afternoon when our six pickup convoy pulled into Hardee’s, on the north edge of Laramie; this was standard procedure for the last day of our annual prairie dog hunts. We would stop shooting about 3:00 and gather at the gas station in Medicine Bow, to fuel up; then get on the road by 4:00 for the first leg of the long trip back to Missouri. Laramie is only a short hour’s drive from Medicine Bow and we always stopped there for a quick bite to eat.

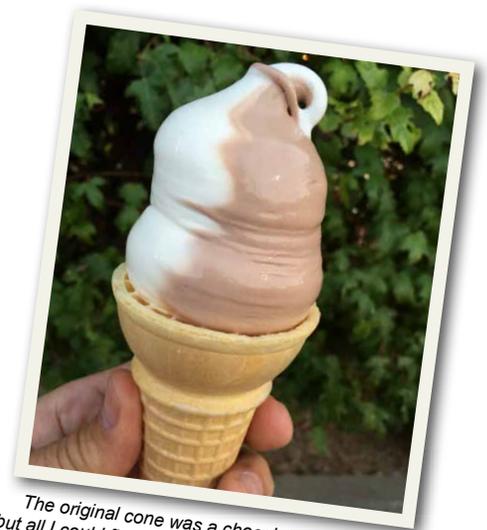
It had been another great 3-day prairie dog shoot and I’d fired over 2500 rounds through five different rifles and one handgun — still searching for the perfect outfit for all ranges. My guns included a re-barreled Remington

Model 7 in 17 Mach IV, another Model 7 in

221 Fireball, a Model 700 in 17 Remington, a Browning Model 65 in 218 Bee, and an original Winchester Model 92 in 32/20 WCF. My handgun was a

6” S&W Model 28, 357 Magnum. With this arsenal, I was set for every possible distance from nearby barking heads on out to 250 yards or so.

After finishing my hamburger I went back to the counter, ordered a chocolate/vanilla twist ice cream cone and stepped outside. My friend Don Martin was standing over by his pickup, also enjoying an ice cream cone, so I headed his way. In that 75 foot walk to the parking lot a seemingly clever idea came into my mind.



The original cone was a chocolate/vanilla twist; but all I could find locally, doesn't feature the twist.

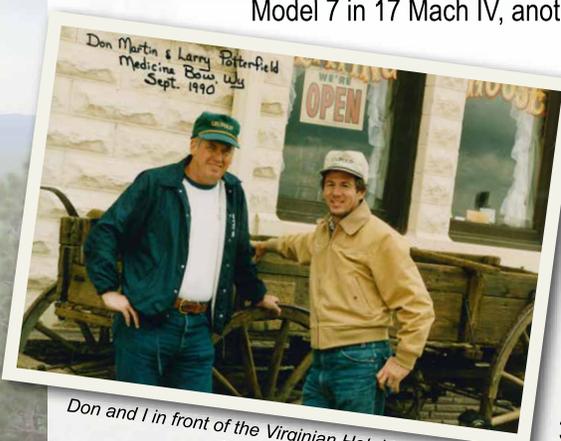
Don was leaning comfortably against his truck as I walked up close. Raising the cone to my nose, I pretended to smell it; then looked directly at Don and innocently said “my ice cream smells a little funny, how’s yours?” He fell for it, hook, line and sinker — and smelled his ice cream cone. Immediately I bumped his elbow and he got ice cream all over his nose and face. Wow, was he mad!

**“He fell for it,
hook, line,
& sinker...”**

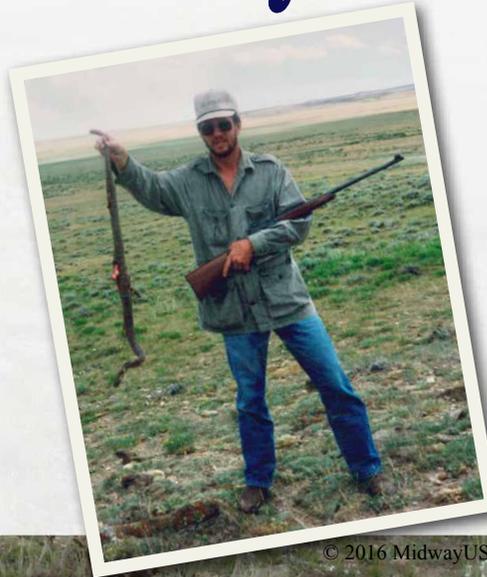
He chased me around the parking lot for several minutes, intending to give me the rest of his ice cream cone; but I was always a few steps ahead. We finally ended the chase near my pickup; Don noticed the open window and smeared ice cream all over my steering wheel. This is one of my favorite memories from our many prairie dog trips to Wyoming. “How does your ice cream smell?”



Larry Potterfield
Annual Prairie Dog Trip
Laramie, Wyoming
June 2001



Don and I in front of the Virginian Hotel in Medicine Bow, Wyoming, a few years earlier. - 1990.



One of the trophies of the prairie dog trip was this rattlesnake; it was hiding under a rock from the mid-day sun.