



"When the frost is on the punkin"

DINNER

Burlington  
Route



*Special Menu for*

**INDIANA FARM BUREAU — HOOSIER FARMER**

HASSIL E. SCHENCK, *President*

GLENN W. SAMPLE, *Editor,*  
The Hoosier Farmer

**Golden Gate Pacific All-West Expedition**

*Managed and Personally Conducted*

*by*

HINKLE TRAVEL SERVICE

*Traveling via Burlington Route*

*between*

St. Paul, Minn., and St. Louis, Mo.





# Dinner



September 22, 1947



Vegetable Soup, Julienne

Broiled Filet of Lake Superior White Fish, Maitre d'Hotel

Fried Spring Chicken, Cream Gravy

Roast Loin of Pork, Apple Sauce

Potatoes Persillade

Baby Lima Beans

Diced Fruit Salad

French Dressing

Strawberry Sundae with Wafers

Cherry Cobbler au Naturel

Roquefort Type Bleu Cheese, Toasted Wafers

Hot Rolls

Coffee

Tea

Milk

Cocoa

Iced Tea



## WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

James Whitcomb Riley

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,  
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,  
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;  
O, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,  
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere  
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—  
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;  
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the corn,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;  
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;  
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead—  
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Then your apples all is getherd, and the ones a feller keeps  
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yellor heaps;  
And your cider-makin's over, and your wimmin-folks is through  
With theyr mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too . .  
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be  
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on me—  
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.