

To the Man Who Hasn't Sent a Club—A Personal Letter on Page 9.

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“When the Frost is on the Punkin and the Fodder's in the Shock.”

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;
Oh, it's then's the times 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, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kind o' harty-like about the atmosfere
When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's as appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the frosty 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 tussle of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn',
The stubble in the furrers—kind o' lonesome-like and still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The horses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!—
Oh, it sets my heart 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 gathered, and the ones a fellow keeps
Is poured around the cellar floor in red and yellow heaps;
And your cider-makin's over and your wimmern folks is through
With their mince and apple butter, and their souse and sausage, too;
I don't know how to tell it—but if such 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.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

TO THE SAMPLE COPY READER:

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P. O. State....., Oct....., 1906.

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