

Your

# Country Neighbor

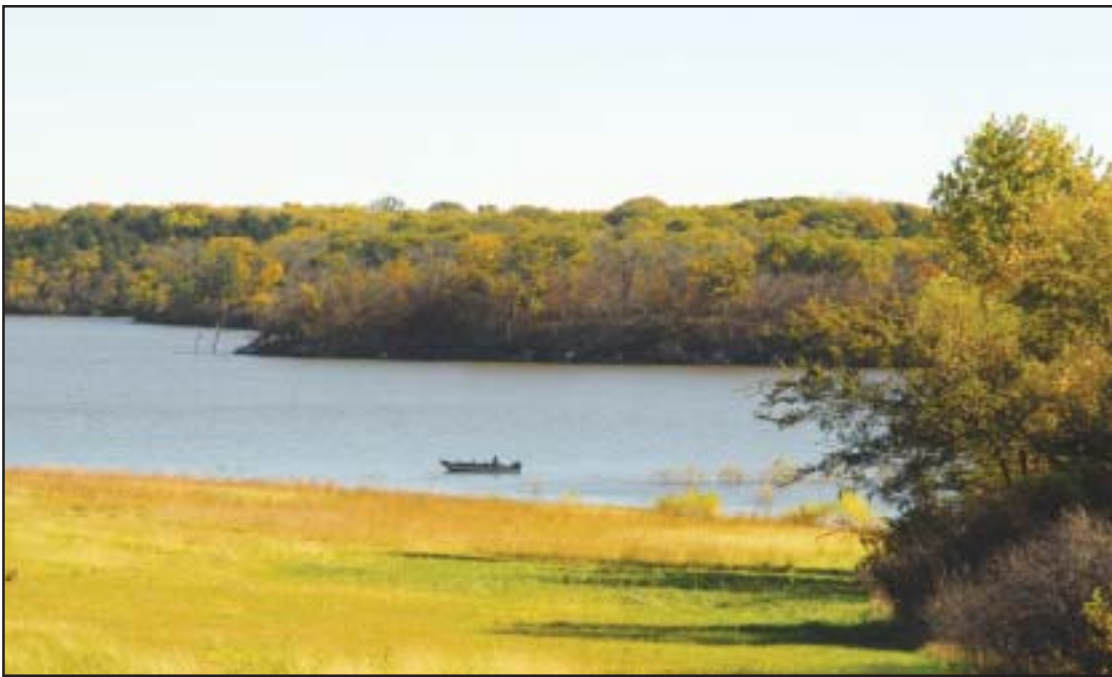
FREE!



November 2007



Red Barns, Black Cattle - along Kansas Highway 36 between Hiawatha and Seneca.



Autumn colors were very nice between Auburn, NE and Sabetha, KS. Here it looks as if someone couldn't resist taking a day off for some fishing at Pony Lake just north of Sabetha.

Wind and rain threatened to spoil the Autumn colors this October. We have been spoiled by the beautiful colors of Autumn these past two or three years. However, temperatures were above freezing, helping many trees retain their leaves, and most of the splendor has been only slightly delayed. As we go to press, the Red Maples are approaching their peak.

If you don't have the opportunity of getting out of town, a walk around the neighborhood is probably sufficient to get your Autumn color fix this year.



Dance of the Sumac

In addition to the colorful foliage, a few wildflowers could still be spotted along the roadside...Sunflowers, Chicory, and even Black-eyed Susan. But November flowers will be seen along urban driveways, gardens, and city parks, until temperatures dip to freezing.

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"Your Country Neighbor" is a publication that promotes the American value of "rural living" by presenting country and small town life in photos and essays from people who live here. Their columns include stories, poems, and an occasional editorial or news release.

A notable presence is the photography. Plus there is a Web site that shows off more photos, and contains archives of the recent two years of this publication. You can view it at:

[www.yourcountryneighbor.com](http://www.yourcountryneighbor.com)



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Your

## **COUNTRY NEIGHBOR**

**Voices** from the Valley of the Nemaha  
 Published by Stephen Hassler

Writers for this month

Devon Adams  
 Vicki Harger  
 Merri Johnson  
 Karen Ott  
 Joe Smith  
 Josh Whisler

Thank You!

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by *Your Country Neighbor* Photographer,  
 Stephen Hassler

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## Diary of an Unemployed Housewife

Merri Johnson

The move I mentioned last month is finally complete, after two solid weeks of packing, loading and unloading, and cleaning. If memory serves me, it took us only one day to move into that house 15 years ago. Maybe there's a formula for accumulation of possessions there: expect to add one day of moving time for every year you've lived in a house. It could also be that we're just a tad slower than we were 15 years ago.

We started out with help from two of my sisters and a brother-in-law on October 6, with the temperature approaching 90 degrees. Five 50-somethings spent over 50 man-hours attempting to empty the garage, garden shed and basement. The challenge there was Brad's wood-working shop and all the scrap materials he had stashed away in every corner, and atop every garage rafter and basement ceiling radiator pipe. Dismantling and hauling those big power tools up the narrow basement stairwell was no easy task, either, especially considering the not-exactly-young age of the workhorses.

The next weekend, in the pouring rain, we moved most of the large household items with the help of four high school football players and a rented U-Haul. Football is tough, but moving a piano and carrying bedroom furniture down one flight of stairs and then up another in the next house is a whole different ballgame in terms of muscle strain. But they hung in there and did a great job.

My husband and a couple of friends finished up the lighter-weight appliances last weekend. By then, that's about all my husband's back could take. And of course, the two of us made innumerable trips during the week with the pickup transporting the small stuff. With each load, we thought that the next one would surely be the last one. But it wasn't. And it wasn't. And it wasn't.

I felt like the widow of Zarephath, whose oil and flour never ran out. Except that she was *happy* about the never-ending supply.

We locked up the house – empty and clean, or so we thought – about 5:30 on Saturday. Just for good measure, I took a last look in the shed to discover the lawn mower gas cans and an old computer. OK, one more quick trip with the pickup. No big deal.

Sunday afternoon we did a walk-through with the new owner, pointing out various features and giving pointers on this and that. We opened a cabinet door and were greeted by two shelves of books that had escaped notice. We quickly fetched a couple of boxes and emptied the cabinet, satisfied that we had at last completed our move.

Oops. I just remembered that we forgot to take the mirror off the wall in our daughter's old bedroom. I'll just swing by there this morning and take care of that *one last thing*.

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November 2007

## Hunting Arrowheads

by Joe Smith

We lived in the Deming, New Mexico area. Actually, we lived about 12 miles from the Mexican line. We hunted arrowheads for a pastime. We didn't have enough money to do much else. We usually hunted around home within 3-4 miles. A friend who lived on a ranch was talking to a deputy sheriff who lived right near the line at Columbus. He was a big fellow and nice as he could be. He was telling my friend, Jack Inman, that there were a lot of arrowheads not far down into Mexico. So we set up a day to drive down there in my pickup. We crossed the line at Palomas and headed out southeast of town. You can't believe the "roads" down there in Mexico. Take our worst road up here and make it 20 times as bad and you would be close.

We drove down about 20 miles toward another town in Mexico. We found what looked like a good spot to look. Lots of blown out areas and pieces of pottery close by. So we started looking. We found a bunch of arrowheads in a hurry. Wasn't long before a couple of Mexican cowboys rode up and ask what we were doing. We told him what we were doing and they asked why we didn't come to the house and ask first. The deputy, Livingston, told him we didn't know where it was. The young smart one of the two told the older one just to "shoot them." The deputy told Jack and me to head slowly to the pickup. We did and he stayed there for a while. Both of these "cowboys" carried guns. After the deputy talked a while with them he started for the pickup. Both Jack and I spoke fair border Spanish and had an idea what was going on. The deputy had no badge on and showed no gun to the cowboys, But his calm manner had them wondering. As he got in the pickup, he said, "Ease out of here." I started it up and turned around. The cowboys were a ways down there and they started toward us. The deputy said "get the hell out of here!" That we did. He said, "Hell I thought we were going to have to bury a couple of cowboys. Those idiots were wanting to shoot us." And he pulled out a snub nose pistol from his pocket. That was the last time I ever hunted arrowheads in Mexico. The border area is a little on the rough side.

One time, we (the family) were hunting on an old flat southeast of our farm and we were finding a few nice points. Marta wasn't finding much and was getting a little ticked off. She finally found one good one and called me over to see it. She had found a perfect Folsom point, a classic. She wouldn't believe me when I told her what it was. When we got through hunting we drove over to another friend, who knew what it was. He told her it was nice one. We made a plaster cast of it and sent it to the university of New Mexico. Wasn't long 'til a letter came back and told us that was the farthest south one was ever found and that it was a classic, perfect. Folsom points were 30,000 years old or in that neighborhood. Clovis points were older. They were found in the Clovis area of New Mexico.

I fixed up an old jeep that we used to hunt with. We have seen coyotes, bobcats, deer, rattle snakes, and lots of things while hunting on the weekends. Brings up a lot of old memories.

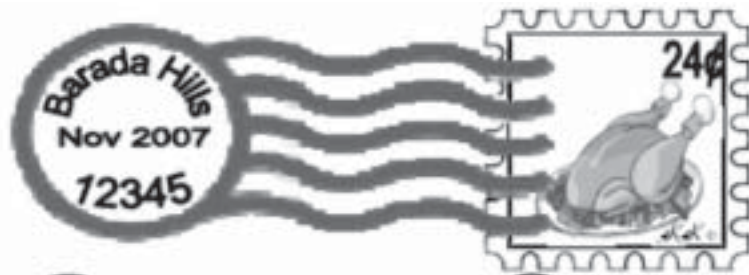
One time Jack was trying to call up a bobcat with a call that sounded like a wounded rabbit. About that time, a bobcat landed right in the middle of his back. Needless to say he knew it worked anyway. Lots of memories down there, most were good ones. Joe



Your Country Neighbor

3

Old Home Place  
RR 1 Kinfolk Lane  
Barada Hills



## WHEN THE RELATIVES COME

by Vicki Harger

At the ol' home place, it's always the same. Every time the kinfolk come to visit, the placard goes up at the front door. *Grand Central Station*, it says. The sign takes its rightful place long before the swirling dust on the road announces the relatives' arrival.

They are a rowdy bunch—appearing at the family farm like a hurricane from the south. Dogs bark. Pigs go to squealing. A nanny goat gallops about madly.

The farmhouse door flies open and the kinfolk blow in—a whirl of noise and confusion. The goat wanders through the house. The relatives send their jackets and junk sailing to forbidden regions. Stuff and fluff, coats and goats—they're all under the Grandmother Jurisdiction. Granny chases down the unruly jackets, corralling them in a bedroom. The unruly goat is ushered outside. There she stands, peering in the window.

"What's Granny cooking?" somebody says. "I'm starving!"

"Are we gonna eat, now?"

That's the main thing on everyone's mind. Top of the agenda at the family farm. Eating!

"Look here!" my sister says. "I brought stew, today. Try some! It's a lot better than Soooooeey Soup!"

Everyone laughs and we all sit down to eat. Who can forget that infamous day when we first sampled Soooooeey Soup? Accidentally, of course.

In the midst of a family farm feast, someone had set a large kettle of steaming soup on the table. We ladled it into our bowls, but soon uneasiness spread around the table. Nobody wanted to offend the cook, but something *had* to be said.

"Uh, are those potato peelings in this soup?"

"And onion skins?"

"Dirty carrots from the garden?"

"Doesn't taste *too* bad. Kinda gritty, though."

"Needs more salt -- definitely!"

Granny was called on to give an account. She peered into the murky depths of the kettle. "What in the world?" she said. "I cooked that stuff up for Goldy-hocks and the others. That's pig slop!"

We all put down our spoons. The offending kettle was removed. "I *knew* it needed more salt!" my brother said.

Eating resumed—a bit more cautiously this time.

A normal person can't survive such tribal initiations. You have to be *born* into this clan to endure it.

I remember when my late husband joined our tribe. He was clearly taken aback by our quirkiness -- the crazy outbursts, the strange rites and family rituals. He could only shake his head in wonder and dismay. I suspect our rowdiness might have had something to do with his early demise -- although I

couldn't prove it. He considered us rude and uncouth. Noisy and uncultured. He was probably glad to go heaven early and leave the rest of us to our wrangling.

Today, the atmosphere around the family table is as rude and raucous as ever.

Amid the racket comes the insistent yapping of a dog, regular as clockwork. A black mop of a dog sits at Granny's feet, barking for tidbits from the table. It is an annoying sound—but no worse, really, than the general hubbub.

"I don't like that green stuff!" a child pouts. "Why is it on my plate?"

*Them's fightin' words!*

Poppa frowns. "You don't like fried green onions?" Poppa thunders. "Something's wrong with kids nowadays...can't eat perfectly good food! I don't know about this generation! How are they ever going to survive?" He spears the offending green thing off the child's plate and eats it. "Did I ever tell you about the time I had to eat a blue jay?"

We sigh. Forty-seven times, Poppa, forty-seven times.

Someone skillfully changes the subject. "Hey! What are we going to do for fun on this visit?"

The air is suddenly filled with suggestions. They sail about the room like paper airplanes, colliding with one another in a noisy hullabaloo.

"I want to ride down the Humpty Dumpty Road! Can we, Poppa?"

"What about the cliffs?" someone else says. "We can go climbing."

"Maybe we could ride Pickle's go-cart, or his glider?"

"I know!" someone shouts. "We could fly Poppa's hot air balloon!"

At the mention of the balloon, the clamor increases. Who can forget that day? It was a hallmark in family history....a comedy of errors from start to finish. The day Poppa dragged his old, basketless balloon out of the barn and we all made it fly with the help of a hot woodstove.

It was a hoot!

Nearly killed us all before it was over. (The story of our balloon adventures appeared in an international flying magazine, so—Poppa's balloon ended up going around the world. Quite a feat for such a ratty piece of fabric.)

The discussion of the balloon is going hot and heavy when my brother's words override us all. Pickle can out-shout anybody. "Listen now! Everybody has to help me get on that T.V. show, *Survivor!*" he says.

"What??"

The room goes strangely silent. We stare at him.

"Yeah!" Pickle says. "I want to get on that show, but first I have to make a demo video!" My brother brandishes an invisible

hatchet. "I'm going to show them how to be a real man! How to swing from the trees and..."

We all resume talking at once. Serious discussions, now, about surviving in the wild—life and death matters. Tribal orientations. Eating blue jays, if necessary. Poppa's time-worn story gains sudden respect.

We gab. We laugh. We digress to other subjects. Eventually the long, drawn-out meal ends in the usual way -- with the Gathering-of-the-Sacred-Bites. A quirky tradition of uncertain origins—the collecting of the last dab of mashed potatoes, a leftover scoop of beans. The last drumstick. A strange ritual even in a family as odd as ours. It is our one and only attempt at civility, I believe.

No one ever eats the last dab of food on the platter.

Soon, the Sacred Bites are collected and stored away in the fridge to be resurrected at a later date. Green and moldy, the Sacred Bites will then be deposited into the slop bucket. And that's okay. That's just the way it is, and always will be.

In the midst of the food-gathering ritual, the front door flies open. More people troop in—distant cousins, friends, neighbors—followed by the goat. Dogs bark. Kids scream. The nanny butts somebody, and the black mop of a dog makes a dive for someone's ankle. Shrieks rend the air.

"Come on in!" everyone shouts to the newcomers.

"Welcome to the Funny Farm!"

*Grand Central Station. Dysfunction Junction. Survivor Island.*

Indeed. Welcome! Grab a chair and a plate and have a Sacred Bite, or maybe a bowl of Soooooeey! Never mind the cantankerous nanny, or the man brandishing an invisible hatchet, or the ankle-biting mop-dog. Never mind the old granddad and his blue jays.

Never fear. We are good people: Ordinary. Sane.

I look at the motley clan about me, relishing the antics and the inherited quirks, the laughter and the shouts. We are *Survivors* on our own little island—a tribe, bonded together with flesh and blood and memories. We have traditions and trademarks. Hoopla and history and heritage.

Life just wouldn't be the same without this noisy crew -- this human hurricane that takes over the farm each Spring.

I slip out the back door and sit on the porch swing. The swing creaks. The creek frogs croak. And the crickets go on cricketing. Across the farmyard comes the yells and banter of a dozen voices, all trying to out-shout one another. The yap of Granny's mop-dog. The chatter of children.

Laughter coasts down the valley and across the Barada Hills where our ancestors' voices have echoed for generations. It is an unforgettable sound—an echo that transcends the ages. The sound of love and bonding and togetherness.

I smile to myself.

We are kinfolk. We are family. And oh how I love it, when the relatives come!

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*Editor's note: You can read previous articles by Vicki online in Your Country Neighbor archives; just click on "publications" when you go to:*

[www.yourcountryneighbor.com](http://www.yourcountryneighbor.com)

*or try her blog at [www.vickiharger.com](http://www.vickiharger.com)*

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## Heart Strings

by Joe Smith

In the late Fall of '98, I got a call from an assistant editor of a small town newspaper. There was a new chiropractor moving into town who had already bought a home and was ready to move when his wife came down with a high fever. She had been a coma for over six weeks before the editor called me and asked me if I would talk to the chiropractor. I said I would be glad to. We got on the phone and he asked me some questions about his wife. The doctors wanted to pull the plug on her and he wanted to know what I thought about it. She was 30 years old and a school teacher with two young boys. By dowsing with the use of "The Atlas of The Human Body" book, I came up with what I thought was her problem. The doctors didn't really know for sure. I told him I thought that she had swelling in the brain stem. He asked if I was a doctor and I told him no, just a farmer. I asked why, and he said that is just what the doctors thought too. I also told him not to pull the plug, she would come around soon.

Two days later while a priest was with her a bright glow shown and she came to. He said the whole room lit up. Okay, now we got her awake. At that time the doctors wanted to operate and release the pressure. The family didn't want that because it was dangerous. After several months they moved her to a rehab center. Marta and I went to see her several times and wanted to do 'hands-on healing' but it didn't work out. After several months she started down-hill again. I stayed in contact with her husband.

I wanted to go in there and just ask God to give me the power to 'heal' her and wave my hand over her head and say "you are healed," but.... It is like; maybe I should have done this or that. Just writing about it pulls my heart strings.

We went to the ORI school the next Spring and there was a fellow taking aura pictures. I had been working on other people one evening and was wound up. I sat down to have my aura picture taken. The fellow could watch what my aura looked like on a screen. I was trying to relax and the colors started changing very fast. All of a sudden this lady, the one who was dying, dropped into my arms. I saw myself in a cloud carrying her to the "other side" like an out-of-body experience. I put her down and told her to stay, and I returned back to the light. About that time they snapped the picture and it was all shades of purple with a bunch of spirit guides in it where just a minute before it had been greens, yellows, reds, and what have you. Within a few days after that she died.

As a healer we can't do much; actually we don't anything; God or some other power sends the healing. If you get too attached to a person it only makes it harder and doesn't help. We have a lot to learn about how this 'healing' power works. I have a tendency to get emotional anyway, and cases like this one doesn't help. This is a true story. Was I imagining things? Who knows? Anyway, I'm still going to school. I feel there is more to learn. Joe Smith



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[www.yourcountryneighbor.com/photography.htm](http://www.yourcountryneighbor.com/photography.htm)**



In a recent visit to Summerfield, Kansas, I photographed this very attractive home. Summerfield is a recent addition to our 'country neighbor' towns to which this publication is being delivered each month. Welcome Summerfield readers!



I think this lake in Auburn is most colorful in Autumn.

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# Whisler's Hunting & Fishing Report

by Josh Whisler  
(Photo provided by Author)



## Fishing:

The Missouri River was up and down last month with the recent record-breaking Fall rain we have been receiving. But the fishing has been pretty good for the most part. The biggest problem being “getting there” due to the rain and muddy roads. They have been cold rains too – the ones that aren’t very enjoyable to stay out in. But as the old saying goes “fish are biting with the river on the river’s rise” is still holding true. They are hitting on just about anything you throw at them. What are they biting on? They are hitting chubs and goldfish hard right now. Leopard frogs are also weighing in on the action and they are plentiful near the water’s edge and around the recent mud puddles. Netting them for bait is another story. They can jump a mile! Again, remember ‘Big Bait = Big Fish’ is policy and there are some monster frogs out there this time of year. You really need to get out there, this may be your last chance. Soon enough the hunting seasons will be coming along and it’s “so long river,” except for the duck hunters.

## Hunting:

2007 Fall Turkey Season is open and permits can still be bought now. All permits are available online at [www.outdoornebraska.org](http://www.outdoornebraska.org), by mail through the Lincoln office or over the counter at any Commission Permitting office.

2007 Fall Turkey Season Dates are:  
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Archery: Oct. 1 - Nov. 10 and Nov. 20 - Dec. 31.

The 2007 Fall Deer Season permits are still available on a “first come, first served” basis for residents and non-residents. Check the Nebraska Game & Parks Web site [www.ngpc.state.ne.us/](http://www.ngpc.state.ne.us/) for permit availability or stop in at a commission office.

Deer season is coming sooner than you think and it’s time to get that high power sighted in so it’s one shot one kill when the time is right. If you’re like me, you hate to miss. So it’s worth the time to zero your rifle in so it’s lethal when you want it to be. And it’s good sportsmanship to make a clean kill when the time arises and you can’t use the rifle as an excuse when the big one gets away. Blaming the rifle is always easier than blaming the shooter.

2007 Rifle Deer Season Date is:  
Nov. 10 through Nov. 18

A lot of hunting will be coming our way as the seasons open one by one. There’s plenty to do and plenty to get ready for. But all those choices are what make this time of year fun. Remember I’m not an expert but I have my share of luck. I wonder if the experts are having any luck today? So until next time “Happy Hunting & Fishing.”




This month’s fishing picture is of Seth Kerwin from Auburn showing off his 17-pound blue cat caught near Peru this fall.


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*Editor’s note: You can read previous articles by Josh online in Your Country Neighbor archives; just click on “publications” at:*  
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## RIDE WITH THE RAIN

by Devon Adams

The river rides with the rain,  
changing speeds, shifting sands.  
Bubbles bobble down the middle,  
chasing the current, racing ahead  
of floating trees and debris.  
The busy water undercuts the bank,  
and chunks of land slide  
into the churning, muddy soup.  
The storm is in no hurry to be gone  
and dumps its water buckets over  
spongy fields already saturated.  
Mountains of angry clouds grumble  
and growl and send hot white bolts  
of flashing spears aimed directly  
at the ground, like an arsenal  
of ammunition in a bombing run.  
Basements take on water, like ships  
about to sink, and cars float  
on gushing torrents that cover  
roads now hiding under hell.  
Soil becomes a moving thing that leaves  
deep gullies in its wake.  
The air is gray with sheets of blowing rain  
moving sideways, ripping trees  
in a frenzy of destruction.  
Nature doesn't always nurture,  
but it entertains with footage  
better than an action movie.

*Editor's note: You can read previous poems by Devon Adams online in  
Your Country Neighbor archives; just click on "publications" at:*  
[www.yourcountryneighbor.com](http://www.yourcountryneighbor.com)

## WATER ON THE BRAIN

by Devon Adams

Sometimes in the rain,  
or in the shower or bath,  
when your skin is wet,  
notice that we're much like sponges,  
soaking up moisture in our fragile tissues.  
We are organisms that function only  
when the cells are plump and moist.  
Dehydration slows the organs  
and will kill us quickly.  
What a mystery it is that brains  
developed into complex computers,  
running on the rain, powered by charges  
sparking through the water park  
of neurons firing circuits.

## TEA AND LACE


by Devon Adams

The frost has knitted  
a lace tablecloth and  
laid it on the water  
of the stock tank.  
Will the cows wait  
for tea to be served?

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# The Face of Drought

## A Farm Report from Western Nebraska

by Karen Ott

If not for a hired truck driver's tickets to the Nebraska game and a broken-down defoliator, we'd have finished the beets last Saturday afternoon. Sixty rows. That's all that was left when the rain came. We're not complaining mind you, only a confounded fool would wish away an inch and a half of sweet moisture, but I doubt anyone could blame me for wishing the beet contract had been finalized before the field, and the roads leading to it had turned to muck.

"If only this had come last summer," said Dale on Sunday, staring out the kitchen window at the dripping cottonwoods and puddled yard; a sentiment echoed by each and every farmer who visited the tire shop the following day. Like Dale, they carry around 'if onlys' like a pocket full of pennies -- taking them out every so often and jingle-jangling them from hand to hand to see if they're all still there.

Was the weekend rain our last? If so, 2007 will be remembered as the year we counted measurable rain events on one hand -- and had fingers left over.

The Wyo-braska water year (10/1/06 thru 9/30/07), ended on a miserable note; it was the driest in 30 years for the North Platte River reservoir system. To illustrate just how bad things are, Pathfinder Dam, which has the capacity of just over one million acre feet, could drop to a minuscule 31,400 AF by the end of September '08 without a serious weather turnaround. Bureau of Reclamation officials, who manage the system, can offer us only one piece of advice, "Use caution when planning '08 water use."

I wish they'd tell us something we didn't already know.

It's a terrible position to be in. Without surface water, we'll work our wells to death; without wells we'll just pack our tents and steal off into the night.

Until a few years ago, the interconnectedness of surface and ground water in the North Platte River Basin was largely ignored. Then came the COHYST study which aimed to prove, with the use of facts, figures, graphs, maps, and computer models, just how the North Platte Valley water system worked. On September 25, at the fall conference of the Nebraska Association of Resources Districts, a four-page set of conclusions was finally presented.

The results were surprising to say the least. According to the multi-million dollar study, even if 144,100 ground water irrigated acres were retired, the annual gain in the North Platte River would be only 32,754 acre feet. It also claimed evaporation from Lake McConaughy is about 67,600 acre feet per

year, more than double the expected increase in river flow.

I'm no expert but so far it looks to me like the only thing the COHYST study has proven is that measuring the interdependence of surface and ground water is going to be a more difficult, and expensive endeavor, than anyone thought. But that's just my opinion and it's worth just what you paid for it.

Here in the valley, corn harvest is just a getting a good start and so far yields are all over the map. The fields frozen last June seem to be averaging between 50 and 80 BPH, depending on the severity of the damage -- and all our fields were frozen.

I don't want to face what harvest has in store for us. I don't want to see the wounded look on Dale's face when he comes in from the field at night, or figure up scale tickets that prove beyond a shadow of a doubt we lost money. I don't want to call the crop insurance agent and tell him to send an adjustor because we have a loss -- again. And I don't want to face the banker and admit the 2007 cash flow projections we put together last January were wildly optimistic.

I'm tired of trying to beat Mother Nature at her own game, and bone weary of fighting this never-ending drought.

And speaking of crop insurance, I read in the *Farm Journal* that the Federal Crop Insurance Agency has approved a pilot program, available in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Minnesota, to reduce the yield risk component in the premiums farmers pay by up to 24% -- if a farmer agrees to plant Monsanto's Biotech Roundup Ready Corn 2, or YieldGard VT Triple Seed.

The program's impetus is "to encourage farmers to adopt best management practices" (i.e.: plant Monsanto seed) as "many farmers are reluctant to try new practices unproven on their farm." (According to the director of risk management for the crop insurance company chose to administer the pilot program.)

The idea of Monsanto and the Federal Crop Insurance Agency in cahoots sends shivers down my spine. Besides, if Monsanto is so gosh darned worried about farmers and their "best management practices," why not drop the price of their seed instead of asking the American taxpayer to subsidize what amounts to an ingenious advertising campaign?

I guess that would be too simple.

And now for some good news; we're to be grandparents again the middle of February. It will be another daughter for our oldest son Andrew and his wife April, and a sister for their four-year-old Katelyn.

Katelyn is quite taken with the notion of becoming a big sister and has already chosen two possible names: Daphne or Betty -- which she picked up from watching Scooby-Doo videos.

Dale and I are tickled to death at the prospect of having another girl in the family, even if she ends up being named after a cartoon figure.  
Karen

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*Editor's note: You can read previous articles by Karen Ott online in Your Country Neighbor archives; just click on "publications" at: [www.yourcountryneighbor.com](http://www.yourcountryneighbor.com)*

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More Autumn colors on page 6.  
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