

Slick Way To Cover Fairs, Shows

"I paid \$40 for it at a garage sale but I wouldn't take \$140 for it now," says Vernon Loy, of Longford, Kan., about the 3-wheel "chariot" cart he uses for getting around at farm shows and fairs. We found him chugging along inside an exhibit building at a recent farm show, his wife walking alongside.

The cart is powered by a 2½ hp. Briggs and Stratton gas engine. "I had a stroke about a year ago and had to cut down on my activities," explains Vernon. "When I found this cart, I told my wife, 'Honey, we're going to the shows again!'" Now, he's the center of attention as he rides up and down the rows of indoor and outdoor exhibits.

The cart has two hand controls — a brake and a throttle — and Vernon says he can go as fast as he wants. "But I'd leave my wife behind if I went too fast. Besides, I might miss some-



thing," he points out.

There's no brand name on the cart. Vernon speculates that it was probably manufactured several years ago as a stand-up golf cart by a firm, reportedly out of business, in McPherson, Kan.

Farm Wife Operates On-Farm Restaurant

What does a farm wife do with extra time in the middle of the day after her family is grown up and gone away? Iowa farm wife Mrs. Phyllis Holst, of Davenport, uses the time to operate a special rustic charm in restaurant right on the farm.

Hidden Hills Inn has been open for more than a year and is doing a thriving business. It's a tea room that serves a luncheon meal between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Mondays through Fridays. Luncheons are by reservation only, with one hot entree served. Private dinner parties can be arranged at other times.

Mrs. Holst's tea room has a special rustic charm in its setting near a pond in a grove of oaks in the middle of the Holst 220-acre farm. It is a 20 x 24-ft. log cabin with a screened-in porch on the front and a kitchen on the back.

"I chose a log cabin because it was the right kind of building for a rural setting," Mrs. Holst told FARM SHOW. "Also, if the business hadn't worked out for some reason, we figured we could move into it and use it for a home."

"This part of the country is zoned agricultural," she says. "That allows some small businesses in the country, and my place is classified as a meeting room. That's why all meals have to be served on a reservation basis. We also have to meet all the health requirements of any place that serves food. We have regular state and county health inspection."

Other planning included getting a small business loan from the local bank because Mrs.

Holst wanted to keep the business operation completely separate from the farm operation.

Mrs. Holst is in charge of all the cooking and gets some part-time help from other farm wives in the neighborhood. She can handle 30 people in the main dining room, and in summer another 20 can overflow out into the screened-in porch.

For farm wives who would like to try a country restaurant Mrs. Holst offers the following tips:

"Most of my business is from the city. We're near the Quad Cities with a lot of people, and I feel that you must be close to a high population area to make it go. Also, we are only one mile from exit 301 on Interstate Highway 80, and that is convenient. And, of course, you have to be sure that you can meet the building codes and zoning regulations for a country place."

Hidden Hills Inn is the fulfillment of a dream, but it is still very much a sideline to farming for Phyllis Holst. She is in the barn with her husband night and morning to milk their 80-cow herd of registered Brown Swiss cattle. Another part of farm operation is the raising and marketing of about 2,000 crossbred hogs per year.

Mrs. Holst will gladly share with other people her experiences in starting a country restaurant. Mail your questions and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: FARM SHOW Followup, Hidden Hills Inn, Route 1, Davenport, Iowa 52804 (ph 319 332-5616).

FARM SHOW

Best Ideas

Got a "best idea" you'd like to share with FARM SHOW readers — a new wrinkle in cropping, livestock, machinery or whatever? Maybe it's still experimental but looks promising. Or, maybe you've already taken the idea beyond the experimental stage. We'd like to hear about it. Write to: Best Ideas, c/o FARM SHOW, 8500 210 St., Lakeville, Minn. 55044.

Harold M. Johnson, Editor

Don't Let This Happen to You!

Don't use LP gas to inflate tractor tires, warns an Arizona farmer who was nearly killed when a gas-inflated windrower tire exploded.

With the help of a neighbor, Jim Harbison (not his real name) was getting in the first cutting of hay last spring, making good progress until mid-morning when the right tire on the windrower went flat. Jim gassed up the tire and went down to the neighbor's place where repairs could be made. The tire went flat again just as Jim arrived at the neighbor's farm shop. This time, compressed air was used to refill the tire. Closer examination showed a crack in the rim.

Jim rotated the wheel to put the crack at the bottom. He welded the crack while the tire was flat but didn't remove it from the wheel. The tire was again inflated with air and the leak rechecked. A pinhole crack still remained so Jim touched the electrode to the wheel.

Apparently, there was just enough residual LP gas to combine with the air for a letter per-

fect explosive mixture. The blast ripped out the back of the tire. With the frame of the windrower serving as a launching pad, the tire and wheel took off like a rocket, shearing threads off the 8 lug nut bolts and traveling approximately 115 ft.

Unfortunately, Jim was in the way. The projectile struck him diagonally across the left forehead, crushing the skull bone nearly 2 in. into his brain. It destroyed his left cheekbone, broke his jaw and moved his left eye downward nearly 2 in.

Fortunately Jim recovered. There is a slight furrow across his forehead but his mind is clear and he's back farming his 1200 acres. He wants his story told. He says very simply that he doesn't want any farmer anywhere to go through the agonies he suffered. It all could have been avoided with an inexpensive air compressor plugged into the cigarette lighter from his truck. His neighbors are emptying the gas out of their tires like crazy, he reports.

By Wm. F. Riley, Jr., Safety Consultant, State Compensation Fund, Phoenix