

Winter On The Farm

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The first winter in the old farm house, we were surrounded by snow, ice and cold. But the warmth of the old home comfort stove sent out steady streams of heat. We would hurry home from school, change our clothes, carry in water from the well for the stove and for drinking, then fill the wood box, which was a real job and took a lot of time. What we really wanted, as we rushed through our chores, was a sleigh ride on the pond.

We tramp into the kitchen where great aromas filled the room. Sometimes a soup would be made of vegetables grown in our own garden, like turnips, carrots, onions, parsnips and dried bay leaves. Potatoes with some bacon in the old black fry pan, then home made apple pie with milk from our cow, was always a treat.

By then a lamp would have to be lit to dispel the darkness. We had a special lamp with a bracket on it which spread a soft glow above the round table where we ate. Occasionally our neighbors and their children came over for supper. We played rummy, we made ice cream from the hand freezer taking turns turning the handle and getting a real lick when it was opened. It was so good, and so rich.

At bedtime, we undressed by the kitchen stove, then up the stairs we would go, with dread having to get into our cold bed. Sometimes my mother would take a flat iron to warm the bed.

Before too long, it was morning and my father would be calling us to get up so we could do some chores before going to school. My mother would make our breakfast of oatmeal or eggs. On weekends, toast made on the kitchen stove, or Johnny Cake with home made butter and jelly were treats we all enjoyed.

What a wonderful memory all this amounts to as I sit here in my Boston rocking chair writing things that have happened in my life. 90% of it right here in Bakersville, for which I am always grateful. I wish you all a good spring and the joy of living in the country.