

The hogs had to be fed with a mixture generally made up of half and half ground wheat and ground corn, and mixed with sour buttermilk to a consistency of thick cream. The hogs were one of the main sources of income to us farmers, and we took great care to get them fattened up for butchering in as short a time as possible. Pigs born in February would weigh, dressed, upwards of three hundred pounds in October. Our one-hundred and thirty acre farm never failed to produce the food to fatten the hogs.

On this particular wintry morning, when I got up, I certainly felt very queer. My throat was scratchy and sore; my tonsils on one side were swollen as big as a duck egg. My nose was running and stuffed up so bad, I had to breath through my mouth. There was no mistake about it, I sure did have an old-fashioned cold.

I walked over to the window back of the stove and started to scrape the thick frost off so that I could see the lane to the barn. The snow was blowing so hard that I could hardly see the barn.

Mom came over and put her head on my forehead. "You have a fever," she said. "I hope you are not getting the mumps. They will be coming in from the barn any minute now for breakfast, and I must hurry and have it ready."

Fried ham, scrambled eggs, oatmeal, toast and coffee, and sometimes fried mush also was our breakfast.

Mom took a piece of salt pork and placed it on the side of my throat that was swollen the most. Then she wrapped some flannel around it and tied it with a stocking. Just then Pop came in from the barn with two cans of milk. He took a good look at me and said, "as soon as we have breakfast, I'll show you how to get rid of that cold and that stiff neck."

Everyone seemed to enjoy the breakfast but me. I could not eat a thing. Mom said, "Get your sweater on, and a heavy coat and your felt boots. Pop is getting ready to go to the backwoods and cut down trees, and you be ready."

Pop was a powerful heavy-set man, as strong as an ox, and I don't remember seeing him with a cold. He got the crosscut saw and a couple of steel wedges and a big wooden maul.

"Bill, you get a shovel to shovel the snow, and bring the sandwiches your mother has made and we will head for the backwoods."

After a half hour of trudging through the snowdrifts, we arrived at the most northern tip of our one-hundred and thirty acre farm. Pop selected a tall tree on the side of a small knoll and said, "Shovel the snow away from the tree, and a couple more trees while you are at it."

The sweat was running down my back from the trudge through the snow, but I felt comfortably warm.

Pop said, "Get a hold of the other end of that saw and we will get started on this one." The tree was about two feet in diameter and it was a black oak, a hardwood tree, but the saw was sharp and it traveled right through that tree while Pop kept saying, "faster, faster."

We were a little more than half-way through when the saw started to pinch, due to the sway of the tree caused by the wind. I was glad for a rest.

Pop started a steel wedge in the cutback of the saw. A couple of good whacks with that heavy maul in Pop's hands, and we were started again. Faster and faster we went and streams of water were running down my neck, but Pop kept saying "faster, faster."

By 11:30 A.M., the first tree was down and we ate the sandwiches Mom had sent along. Sandwiches never tasted so good, and I was enjoying a breathing spell.

It seemed no time at all until Pop was saying, "Let's go, get a-hold of that saw," and by three o'clock that afternoon, while the sun was starting to go down, there were three big trees laying on the ground, and Pop said, "Let's start for home."

I felt good but tired, but best of all, the stiffness in my neck was gone, and the swelling had gone down, too.

That was sixty-eight years ago, and I am now eighty-one, and I can't remember just when or where that cold went, but it must be somewhere among those tall trees in the backwoods of that old farm in Wayne Township.

## DO YOU REMEMBER

DEARER THANGOLD-the ration stamp book (During the critical years of world war II, the government set up a rationing program. This was to enable every family to obtain its share of the items made scarce by the war production.)

### ICE HARVESTING

The piano used to be the indispensable piece of furniture like the television is today

The old green window shade

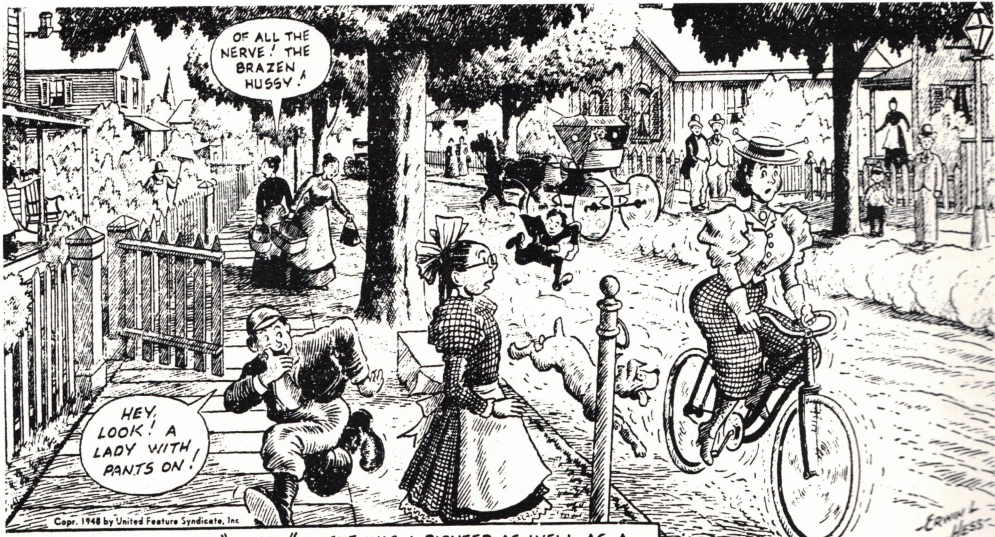
The old unique, kerosene lamp

Castor Oil

The Edison Phonograph

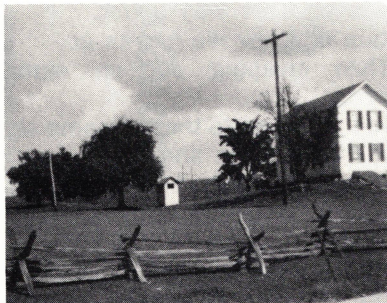
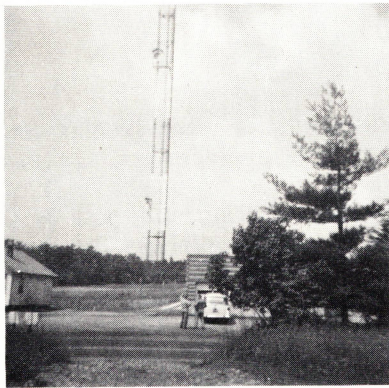
The Stereoscope & colored Stereoscopic views

Homemade games children played



Capr. 1948 by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.  
 A BLOOMER GIRL ON HER "WHEEL".... SHE WAS A PIONEER AS WELL AS A TRAFFIC ATTRACTION. YEP, IT TOOK A LOT OF "CRUST" TO BLAZE THE TRAILS OVER WHICH OUR 1948 GALS CAN FOLLOW WITHOUT SHAME...IN SLACKS!

THANKS TO MRS. FREDA MEAD CLEVELAND, OHIO



John Fessler's Cider Press at Summit Station

Storm of 1929

Tower on top of Blue Mt. in the 1950's-WHUM Channel 61

The airplane that crashed on Guy Reed's farm with one passenger killed (about 1926)

The snow that had to be shoveled by hand

The old Rail (stockade) fence

The Annual Cressona Fair



We were five girls and two boy;  
We had struggles; we had joys,  
Grew up on a farm  
With lots of work mid lots of charm;  
Up at five; retire by ten  
That is how we lived it then;  
Thawed the pump on a winter morn,  
Fed the chickens daily, corn;  
Milked the cows and slopped the  
hogs;  
Brought in cobs and hauled in logs;  
Broke the ice for stock to drink  
Down by our river skating rink;  
Cooked the breakfast but alas  
Not on electric stove or gas;  
But cobs and dry wood made it glow,  
And what a breakfast long ago;  
Pancakes heaped away up there,  
Fried potatos, beefsteaks rare,  
Fruit, eggs, jelly, all home grown;  
O, those years how fast they've  
flown;  
Years of canning, raking hay,  
Sorting eggs from day to day,  
Butchering and salting down  
Better meat than found in town;  
Washing clothes, yea many lots  
Every week by hand, no stops;  
Cleaning each week room by room,  
beating rugs with sticks and broom,  
Cooking for the threshers when  
Thermometers showed hundred ten;  
Painting, churning, baking bread,  
Keeping mortgage paid ahead,

Walking home when evening comes  
With wild gooseberries, grapes, or  
plums.  
From soot of stovelid, pair by pair  
We blacked our shoes for Sunday  
wear,  
And when we slept, each slept like  
lead  
On strawtick and a feather bed.  
We walked to school, no use to moan  
Two miles there and two miles  
home;  
Zero weather way below,  
Rain or snow we had to go.  
When sleeping out on summer  
nights,  
One wakened to the awesome sights  
Of falling stars and fireflies,  
Of endless space and open skies,  
One reached with all one's might to  
know  
That hidden stranger God, and lo  
The substance of all hopes drew near  
And unseen evidence was clear.  
Time throws pictures on life's  
screen;  
The pictures change from scene to  
scene.  
Time takes his hand and now and  
then  
Wipes the slate and starts again.

