

I REMEMBER WHEN—

If You Do, Write Us

Looking back and thinking the treadmill, they would hand me a sharp axe and say, "Go to it, Sonny." And we had to go to it too, before and after school and on the whole stack of wood had been split and ready for the kitchen stove. Gee, I still have my hand and remember the child if I could imagine the teacher going around looking over the slates, correcting and fraying the little ve...

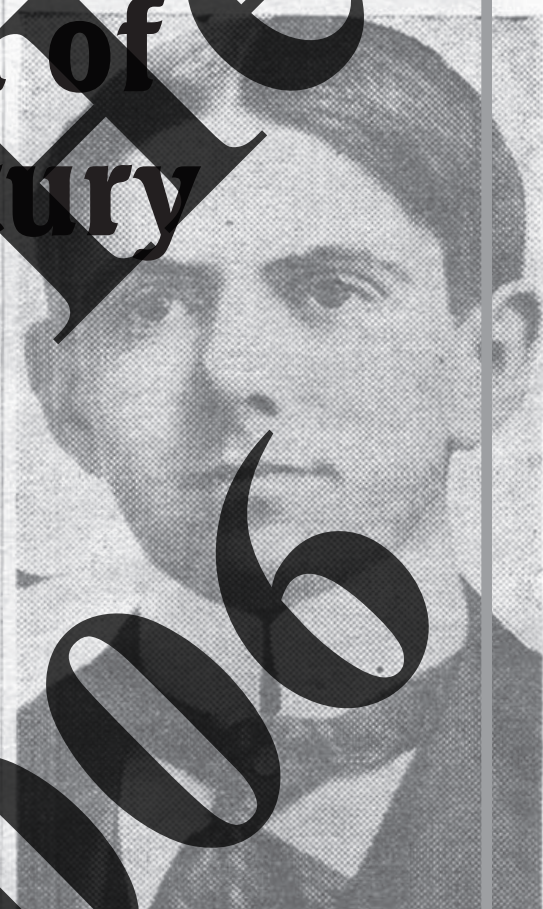
George Terry of Peconic. Sometimes when he heard one of us whispering or saw us fooling, he would walk up behind and snap the guilty one over the head with a piece of whalebone. Boy, how it did hurt. How we would look forward to hog-killing time in the fall when the man folks got out the big black iron pot to heat water to the scalding point and saw to it that the sousing barrel was tight. You could hear the squeals of many a fat porker on the frosty air, early of mornings, as Henry (Red Hot) Hullock or Gene Miller, or Martin L. Baker handled the sticking knife. The only kind of footballs we kids had in those days were made of pigs' bladders.

The women folks were not so joyous on these occasions, for after the killing came their part of the work. Sausages to grind by hand and put up in long muslin bags, lard to try out, and head cheeses to make.

Some times, for a joke, we would carry a pig's tail to school and slip it into the coat pocket of one of the girls just to hear how loud she could yell when she put her hand into the pocket.

Another event in the Fall was when the four or five cords of oak wood were brought down from Coram. After the men sawed it up with the aid of the old two-horse

treadmill, they would hand me a sharp axe and say, "Go to it, Sonny." And we had to go to it too, before and after school and on the whole stack of wood had been split and ready for the kitchen stove. Gee,



Remember when—Leon C. Moore, our remember when scribe—looked like this some 20 years ago?

I'd like to smell one of those green wood fires burning under griddles covered with pancakes and sausages! Of course, the oil and later gas stoves save housewives lots of work, but they took the romance out of the kitchen.

LEON C. MOORE,
Patchogue.

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