

Times Remembered **Betty A. Young** BYoung505@Outlook.Com

Living on a Small Farm

I was a young child during the 1950s, I cherished my memories of living on a small farm. I loved especially the months of March, April and May when we could work the soil and plant our crops.

Our winter duties such as filling the joyed another fine meal. wood box, carrying in coal, and shoveling snow were over, and we were ready for spring. Spring changed everything.

The yard needed raking, the windows needed washing, and the garden was ready for plowing. I loved working outside; getting my hands dirty, driving the tractor, planting potatoes, and onions or cleaning out Mom's flower beds.

As farmers know, you have to tend and care for the crops you have planted. The potatoes needed hoeing, the weeds needed pulling from the sweet corn, and the spring onions were almost ready to eat, as well as the leaf lettuce. Mom would cut the lettuce with a butcher knife and one of us would pull and clean the spring onions. This meal was delicious with hoecakes, country ham and hard boiled eggs.

Soon it was time to pick the peas. We planted salad peas; something like sugar snap peas now. But by now the potatoes are just starting to get some size and Dad would gravel us a few new potatoes to go with the mess of peas. This was our first fruits of labor this season and they were so tasty.

Next came the green beans; halfrunners cooked with a piece of ham or salt pork. The wonderful smell made my mouth water. Mom then removed the ham and cooked the new potatoes and beans in the ham broth and we en-

Soon came the fresh sweet corn. We ate it till it about "stuck out our ears." Mom put a large amount in the freezer



This picturesque scene above is identified as the Solomon and Talitha B. Lunsford Wells Farm on Barnes Mountain in southern Estill County, off of Harris School Road. (Photo courtesy of Harold McDowell in Estill County, Ky. History and Genealogy)

name a few.

All of the meals bring pleasant mem- 2 pounds!! ories of home, but when Mom prepared roast beef for Sunday dinner it was also fantastic. Dad raised and slaughtered our own beef and it was delicious. We knew where it came from and everything it was fed. It was just better tasting than what we could purchase at the grocery store.

Mom prepared the roast to perfection and served it with creamy mashed potatoes, corn, green beans, summer squash, slaw, cucumbers and corn bread. We also had homemade pickles and beet pickles. We had desserts consisting of blackberry or peach cobbler. She also prepared cream pies and

and made fried corn, corn pudding, apple pie. The food was great! Growcorn chowder and corn salad just to ing up I ate all that food and stayed skinny but now ... one cookie and I gain

> Our food, along with preparation, was one of the things that bonded us together as a family. When peas needed shelling, the beans needed breaking or the corn needed shucking, the family would all be found in our front yard, working together until the job was done.

> There were times of bonding, laughing and sometimes disagreements but that was all a part of family. This to me was . . . not the house, nor the barn, nor the corn crib, they all had their importance, but the one thing that made these buildings part of "home" was the love that was always there.



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