

# Granny's Porch

## Our First Little House

Hello Everyone!

It's Granny once again. I'm up and ready for another visit with ya'll. As I have been working around here all morning, my mind has been going back in time to 1947, when we (my husband and I) were ready to move into our first little house. As I promised, I will tell you some more about it.

Today, I can remember it so well. It's like I am back there again. I can still feel the thrill I had as we went down there to get the place ready for the moving in!

Aunt Zelphia was the leader. She said, "Now, first things are first." We knew what she meant. So, we gathered up the brooms, soap and "cleaning rags". We put a tub up on some rocks and filled it with water and built a fire under it to heat the water for scrubbing the floors.

This little house had only one room and a porch. It was made from logs with mud made up and used to daub between the logs to help keep the cold air out. Of course, we had a chimney.

The people that had lived here before had moved out and left the fireplace open and in the meantime the wind had blown down the chimney and there was soot all over the floor. The paper overhead and on the walls was torn off in places.

We got to work! First, we swept all the soot and dust out. We brought some starch and catalog paper from mother's house and patched the walls and ceiling where the paper was torn. Back then, there was nobody who had wall paper like we have today. People would use pages from the Sears and Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalogs. With these pages, we could cover the walls and ceilings. People would use about any kind of paper they could find back then.

Soon, we had the walls and ceiling repaired. I had washed the only window the house had which was in the back wall. By this time, the water was hot and ready for scrubbing the floors. We cut up some home-made soap and put some lye in the water and got to scrubbing on the floors.

There was a little creek that ran close by to the house, so we carried plenty of water and dashed over the floors. Finally, they were actually clean. By this time, the sleds were there.

The sleds had come with all my furniture I would start with. The sled carried our bed, a couch, a stove, and a table that Aunt Zelphia gave me!

We put the stove up and sat the table close to it. I put a new oil cloth on the table. We put a big towel across one end of the table and put my plates, cuts, and glasses on that. I had no cabinets at that time. We nailed a little shelf to the wall, next to the stove to set my coffee, sugar, salt, and odds-n-ends on. I nailed a broomstick across one corner of the room and hung my clothes on it. My sheets, spreads and towels I put in a big box and slipped them under the bed.

At this time, it was warm weather so for the time being I just covered the fireplace with a big cardboard box. All the food that I had canned I also put in boxes and slipped under the bed.

We went to the store and bought us some meal, flower, lard, and whatever other groceries that we needed. We were all set for our first night in our own home!

I'll never forget the joy I felt as we moved into our first home. Since that time, each house has got better, and some got bigger but there is no way to compare the joy we had in our one little room. In 1995, I had a house built, by Jim Walters, where I live now, but I didn't feel as happy to move into it as I did to move into the little one room house back in 1947! We lived there through the summer and winter until about February of 1948 when a little two room house became available next door to my Aunt Zelphia, and we moved up there.

This house was built of big split logs. They were about 18 inches wide, dressed and placed very close together. This looked a lot better than those logs that were daubed with mud.

Foister got a job working for a lumber company on Stoney Fork and he worked there for a while. He had to stay in a boarding house through the week and came home on the weekends.

It was good to be living close to Aunt Zelphia. I'll write more sometime about her. She watched over me as if I were her own child. She would insist that I go to the doctor and get my checkups. She would say, It's important to keep those appointments, especially with your first child."

I had one of the best doctors on earth. His name was Dr. E. W. Schaeffer. He has stood over me many times and prayed before one of my babies was born or before an operation. Whatever it was that I was needing, and this always made me feel better and made me feel safe. I felt like he could do anything because he had the Lord with him! He was our doctor for my whole family all through the years until he retired. After he retired from "doctoring", he didn't retire from telling people about how good God was and how He loves all of us. The doctor and his wife, Roberta, had visited me several times and even had supper with us before they passed away.

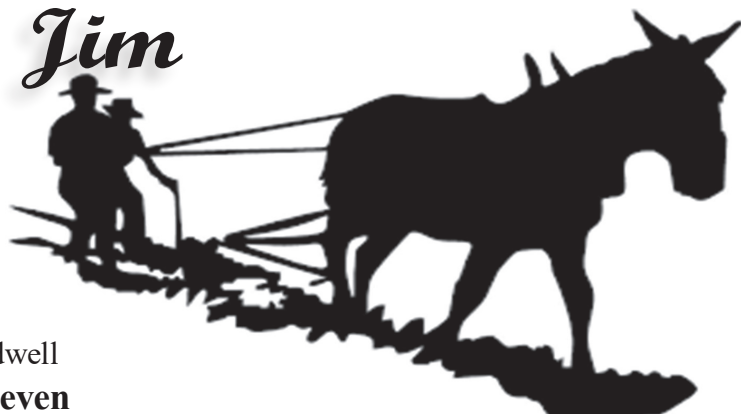
I'll put my pen down for today. I will visit with you again next week here on Granny's Porch.

Love, Granny.



# Old Jim

## Vol. 3



By Dan Caldwell  
**Chapter Seven**

Morning broke gray and dull with fog. The old gray farmer was just finishing with the sharpening of the crosscut saws when his two sons, Matthew, and John, along with Jay Stidham came out to the black-smith shop.

"Whoa boy" he spoke to Jim, the old gray mule, "You boys had breakfast yet?" he asked.

"Just now" answered John, "We had breakfast with Jay and Elizabeth. She sure is a good cook."

"She learned from the best." the old farmer said proudly, "She makes biscuits like her grandmother."

"And gravy." said Jay.

"If we've all eaten then I reckon we best get started. It's gonna' be a long hard day on the mountain" said Matthew, "Jacob and Isaiah are already on the mountain with brother Luke, Hugh Saylor and France Napier. They took Joe, the big Missouri mule and Monk, Jay's big black with them."

"Yeah, and I think Hugh brought the Clydesdales as well." said John.

"Let's get started then" said Matthew. "The sun will be up soon, and the fog will burn away. I'd like to be on the mountain before that."

"And me too" said Elijah, who had come up, "Sorry if I'm a little late but I had a couple of things to take care of this morning before I left home."

"Good morning Dad. I was wondering if you were gonna show up" laughed Jay.

Elijah smiled. "Where are we heading fellows?. Where are we cutting the logs?"

The old farmer pointed. "Up there, on the north mountain. Just below the old field where I planted my corn last year. The poplars are thick up there and easy to get to on the flat."

"Oh good" replied Elijah, "I'm glad we're cutting poplar instead of oak or hickory."

"Yes" said Matthew, "The poplar will be easier on the saws and a lot easier on us boys too."

As the men crossed the stream the big red hound came bouncing along behind them. This hound was a descendant of ol' Highbones\* the big red hound who was buried on the hillside behind the cabin of the old gray farmer. Buried beside him was Ginger\*, a bloodhound who had belonged to Elijah Stidham. The two hounds had died in a forest fire while saving the life of the old farmer Benjamin Hawkins.

Jay shook these thoughts from his mind as he remembered. "Come along Duke" he said to the hound, "We may need you as well today."

"You named him Duke? asked Elijah.

"Yeah, after Duke Ellington, the best Jazz performer alive today" laughed Jay.

"He is that" stated the old farmer, "But I don't know how he would feel about having a dog named after him."

"It's a compliment" said Jay. "Only the best. Always the best. Like the hound!"

They all laughed at that.

As the men approached the first flat on the north mountain they could hear the sound of laughter as the men above them sat waiting. The old gray mule snickered and snorted loudly as he caught the scent of the other mules.

"Easy now ol' boy. Don't get yer dander up" chuckled the old farmer.

"This all your land?" asked Elijah, "I heard you had bought up a lot of it."

"Yes....yes it is." answered the old farmer.

"He bought it several years ago." said Matthew. "He didn't want the roads to come too close to his cabin so he bought everything within half a mile in every direction."

The old farmer glanced at his son but said nothing for a while. Then, "Roads tear up the land and brings people with automobiles. I like the beauty of nature, the clean and clear streams, and the wildlife undisturbed. We have the sleds for farming and the wagons for transportation elsewhere. They are enough."

"Not too many folks have automobiles around here anyway." said Elijah, "But the day will come when they will be necessary I reckon."

"Probably so" said the old farmer, "But until then I would like to keep it the way it is."

"Well, it's about time you fellows were gettin' here" Hugh Saylor laughed as the men reached the flat, "We Were already thinkin' about gettin' some lunch."

"Hello Hugh, hello France" said the old farmer, "Good to see you fellows too. Looks like we have our work cut out for us today."

"It's a good day for this though.... nice and cool" said France. "Where do we want to start? The boys and Hugh have looked out and chosen several big poplars for cutting already."

"I think we will start yonder" the old farmer pointed to a spot about three hundred yards away, "See that depression, the low place on the flat there?"

"Yes" said all the men.

"Management is half of the job" said the old farmer, "We'll clear that area and use it for a landing for all the other logs that we cut. There's enough poplar along this flat to build ten houses and a dozen barns. If you'll look you will see that there is a hollow that runs down the mountain, all the way down to the river."

"I see that" said Matthew, "What are you thinking?"

"What I want is for us to "pair up" into teams of two or three" instructed the old farmer, "We will cut the logs and drag them here a few at a time. Jacob and Isaiah can start stripping the bark off of the poplars as soon as we bring them in. Once the bark is removed we can start them down the mountain there in the hollow. They will slide all the way to the river. We don't need the mules to take the logs down the mountain. In fact, it would be too dangerous for the mules to be in front of the logs."

Matthew looked the question at his father. "I've been in the logging business for many, many years" he said, "Here and before I left the north country, but I don't think I have ever heard of such a thing. What do you mean?"

The old farmer chuckled at Hugh and France who both were smiling. "You live and you learn." he said, "Once the bark is stripped from a green poplar it becomes so slick that you can't handle it. You can start it sliding down hill and it will absolutely run over anything that gets in its way. It won't stop until it hits the river or the field beyond."

Matthew shook his head in disbelief, "Never heard of such a thing." he said simply.

"You'll see" said the old farmer, "Just wait and you will see."

With that Elijah said, "Okay fellows let's pair up. Luke and John, you take one of the Clydesdales and work up towards the Sandy Fork side. Hugh and France will take the other and go farther up the mountain. Jay and I will take old Monk and work back towards the old coal mine."

"Jacob and I will take big Joe and work farther down on the upper flat." said Matthew, "The old man can stay here with Isaiah and show him what to do."

"Not so" said the old farmer, "Careful with that "Old" stuff there Matthew. I'll go with you and let Jacob stay here with Ike. I can still pull my end of a crosscut I'll have you know."

The men all laughed at that.

Matthew sighed and shook his head. "Come then, let's get at it. Time's a wasting"

## Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word

By Lynetta Hunter

(Matt. 14:22-33) There was concern in Peter's voice when he asked Jesus to let him come to Him, but it was with desperation Peter asked Jesus to save him from drowning. Seeing Jesus was a way for Peter to abandon the uncontrollable ship, but what he couldn't see in the darkness, was the greater danger of violent winds and waves.

The boat was more frightful to Peter than the storm itself. Peter trusted that Jesus' beckoning was a call of deliverance from destruction, and an appeal to safety. Peter was walking on the water while his brothers, one of them being a blood brother, were perishing within his reach. It would have taken very little effort and time to grab Andrew's hand and persuade him to go also, Andrew could in turn clasp John's hand with encouragement, John could have slipped his hand into James's for support, and so on. May God help believers to never be so high-minded they walk away from those within their reach, to leave them to perish! In his defense, Peter didn't understand his leadership role at this time, or understand spirituality the way He needed to.

It took several other incidents and situations for the pieces of Peter's life to come together, then somehow it all made sense to him. The different links of his life clamped together like huge magnets, forming strength, wisdom, and confidence to proclaim the gospel mightily.

Nobody in their right mind would ask to be in apostolic ministry, the responsibilities are too great, self-sacrifice is too required, and rewards are too few this side of heaven. (Rom. 11:29) But the gifts and calling of God are without repentance, therefore He knows who He has equipped to be in apostolic leadership and like Peter, who will admit mistakes, change by God's correction, and move on into a greater fulfillment of God's purpose.

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