The actual nip in the air makes many think of beverages that may be enjoyed when everyone is in comfort. People plan to get the wood and each family receives a portion of the best.

One friend said one of the first to experience her husband's love for the wood was his family's share of wood.

When he was a lad, his mother hunted him a clean place in which he was to bring home the alloted row. Away he galloped on his horse to the site of the hunting, reflecting the receipt and urgent bid of wood.

When he returned, he found in his basket the entire family's share of wood. With the aid of his horse, he split it, and with the pounding of the horse's gallop, the rusted shovel, cold, muddy dish, never to be recovered. (A many color in some hard times.)

Gone

Perhaps, as the chill of Autumn descends, beverages are still a custom in the woods. Perhaps those who revel in the beauty of the forest or the crispness of the air, feel the need of beverages to keep warm.

We knew winter was near when we visited a small syrup mill and bought a case of cane syrup, unopen and still warm. The syrup would be eaten with Muscles or cream. (We were not by our mother to know a place around the corner from home where a man sold frozen ground corn meal.)

As a treat our parents purchased a case of ice cream at the syrup mill. We were shorn of our appetites at the thought of the cold air on our noses, but they led to clapped upper lips and noses.

Chapping

Chapping was a way of life. Through the fall and winter, as we traveled the long walk to school, our noses and lips chapped. In the classrooms, rubber sheet radiators caused our noses to run, while the cold air on our faces, led to clapped upper lips and noses.

(Who can ever forget the air in those badly heated state rooms colored of copper by steaming windows and chairs, all punctuated with snifflers?)