Apres Tout

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We had central heating in the house that was stormy, all right. The house was quite old, and the wood-burning stove occupied a corner of the dining room, just about in the center. The house was three stories high, with the basement having two rooms.

Each evening, the stove in the center of the living room gave off a warmth, and a cloud of smoke from the back yard. Our bedroom was on the second floor, and our mother kept a pot of steaming hot coffee in the kitchen. She liked it hot, and soon there was a steaming air throughout the house.

Back in the kitchen our mother heated the coffee and poured it into a mug for each of us and sent from room to room, waking us up with the steamy beverage.

Oh! how we hated to throw the coffee in the icy bedrooms. The house was old, and the windows were high. The wind blew right through the rooms, making us feel chilled. We didn't have to close the windows to get fresh air. We could blow the steam out of our nostrils.

Baking On

It took some time to sufficiently heat the air, but we made it work. The stove was built into a wall, and the heat was distributed throughout the house. We put the coffee pots in the refrigerator to keep them hot, and we enjoyed the steamy air.

Humiliation

A humiliating incident occurred once when one of the wood-firing stoves was accidentally left unattended. The smoke from the stove filled the room, and we had to take the coffee outside to avoid being呛.

Nevertheless, when we think back on those days, we realize how much we were grateful for our central heating and the wood-burning stove.

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