

The Old Milk Stool's Story

I am an old wooden milk stool. For many years I hung in a stable full of cows. At milking time I was set beside the cow to be milked. I supported milk maids, young boys, their mothers and burly farmers too. But boy those cows! Some kicked me, the pail of milk and the milker. Others placidly chewed their cud and enjoyed being milked. I have seen many kinds and colors of cows and milkers too.

It is time that I describe myself. I'm made of a nice piece of thick wooden plank nine and a half inches by eight and a quarter inches. My maker used a brace and bit to bore three holes into me. Into these holes stiff wooden legs nine inches long were fit. Oh! I forgot being pretty special. I have a four and a half inch long wooden handle that was carved from my plank seat. That is what made me so easy to pick up and carry.

I do not know who actually made me but I'm sure it was someone who was a reasonably good woodworker who wanted a strong handy bench which would last a long, long time. I was found in a place called Stone Arabia in New York's Mohawk Valley. Such things as me seldom travel far so I was probably made here as well. I could have been a good winter project by a warm stove using the few tools common on the farm.



Now I'm going to tell you how I came to be added to a Stone Arabia man's collection of treasures from years ago. One day a sign at the old Stone Arabia Lutheran Church appeared advertising a bake sale and rummage sale. This guy stopped for some baked goods. Guess his surprise when he found the church ladies and tables full of all sorts of items but no customers.

The question was "where are all of the baked goods?" The answer was "the sale isn't until next week." By then the prospective purchaser had picked me up to look over. Naturally being the great item I am he wanted me. "What would you take for the too highly refinished milk stool?" An offer was asked for but not forthcoming. Even this old stool knew that five dollars was the considered offer. However Mrs Kling said "how about two dollars?" So two dollars was given and I had a new owner. There is a rumor that when my new owner came back the next week he forked over the other three dollars without being asked for it.

Now I'm stored with a prized collection. I look forward to meeting two other old milk stools in the collection. One is a stool that came from the old Nellis farm my owner came to sixty eight years ago. It is a very plain but useful milk stool. That is if you need a milk stool which the writer of this story does not. The other one has special features. It came from an old Garlock farm where the writer worked as a boy near Marshville, NY.

This must be the end of the old milk stool's story except a desire to be treasured by someone in year to come.

Written by the old milk stool with help from Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, December 8, 2015.