

# *Uncle Ab From Abington* — January 28, 1976

By Jim Jones

The end of January approaches and the weather indicates that we are, indeed, in the heart of Winter. A cold, freezing rain has fallen all day and the forecast is for heavy snow. The temperature is just at freezing and it is plumb miserable out. This Ol' Hoosier Farmer and the oldest offspring had to go out and chop a block of ice out of the gutter this morning to let it drain properly and did we get soaked. What a mess.

Well, we have made a study of the seed catalogs and have got our garden seed order in pretty good shape-- about ready to mail off and then be-ready to plant. We keep our seed orders from year to year and thus compare prices, and varieties and make our selections on the basis of last year's production and what new varieties are available. We were surprised to see very few price increases. So our seed bill will be about what it was last year. We changed some varieties, especially pumpkins, carrots and squash, but the others will be about the same.

February is coming up fast with the Presidents' birthdays and Valentine's Day. This is Leap Year... another day.. of winter. But the top special day is Ground Hog Day -- that sets the pace for the rest of the winter. It is suggested that all farmers should have a special place for the ground hog--there's not much you can do about him anyway, and he does have something to do with the length of winter. So give him the respect he is due.

We've made plans for some more flowers around the place this year. My neighbor across the road brought over his jar of poppy seeds and marigold seedheads. He's leaving our place and going to the city and live in an apartment -- Town House they calls them. Still an apartment. Now here's a feller that has a great love for growing things -- his windows are green with plants and his yard and garden are things of beauty.

Why would he go off to a "Town House" where he will have a little bitty stone patio with 3 feet of dirt border around it?? Says he is tired, wants less to worry about. So Be it. But at least at this stage in life, I don't think that would be for me. Grandfather spent his last years on the farm, his last summer in the garden and fields, his last days thinking about Spring planting and that is good enough for me. Guess I'll plan to stay on the place and be happy among familiar things. We wish our neighbor well and hope that when he misses the delights of the yard and garden he will come visit a spell and enjoy our meager efforts.

The second month's appearance shows that the year is moving on, faster than maybe we like it. But that is the way of things -- time never stops and man must learn to use it to the best advantage. So on a cold, wet winter day, one takes time to reflect on the coming year and plans for the best use of it.