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BEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY *stories*

December 24, 2014 - Bedford Stories - Vol. 21

Greetings of the Season

Thank you to all of our members and friends who supported us this year and joined in preserving Bedford's historic character. We hope you've enjoyed our monthly Bedford Stories, a slice of history which brings a bit of Bedford's past into your lives. The following is excerpted from Wilhelmine Kirby Waller's Nostalgia.

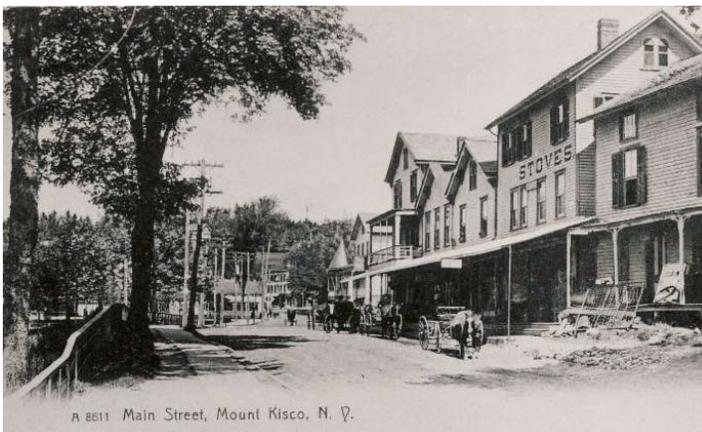
Please note we will be closed Wednesday, December 24th through Friday, January 2nd and will resume regular hours Monday, January 5th. Happy Holidays!

"Nostalgia"



Pound Ridge Road

. . . Come winter we had our Flexible Flyers and toboggans, and the most thrilling coasting was to go down Guard Hill with father in his bobsled. This would get up so much momentum that we could coast all the way from the top of the hill to Mrs. Sutton's gate house. We always prayed to be snowed in, for the flat farm sleigh on which the cut ice was collected could go through the heaviest of snows, but this never happened.



A 8611 Main Street, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

The preparations for Christmas were almost as exciting as the day itself. Mother's stocking was my responsibility, and I can still remember buying things for it from Roth's drug store in Bedford Hills and from Carpenter's in Mt.

Kisco. I was always sorry Mr. Crane's store didn't carry small enough items for stockings, for Mr. Harold Crane was one of my best friends. When he came to our house to

lay carpet, he used to let me help, and I'll never forget his consternation the day I fell down a whole flight of stairs.

We picked our Christmas tree weeks before the big day, and I must admit we were not too honest as to from whose property it was cut. I think our best ones came from Mrs. Sutton's fields, but in those days we were oblivious to any property lines and thought all the fields and woods within walking distance were part of our terrain. Christmas wreaths, holly and mistletoe were bought from Mrs. Baskin, who opened a special sidewalk store in Mt. Kisco just for the holiday season.

Soon after Christmas, winter set in in earnest. The sweep of the wind on the top of Guard Hill during a winter storm made us realize how great and strong and free is this world in which we live. As children, it made us instinctively pull in our tummies, throw back our shoulders and take a deep breath. And just as wonderful as the voice of the north wind was the silence of winter on a clear, cold night.



1888 Blizzard

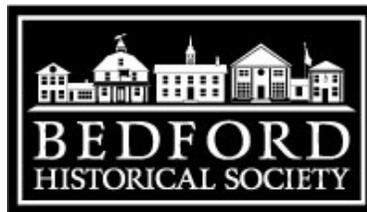
A February thaw turned us into engineers, and living on a hill had great advantages, for we made all manner of ditches, dams and gullies directing the water, at least momentarily, wherever we so desired. A thaw was often followed by an ice storm, and the clashing glassy rattle of ice coated trees was a terrifying noise, though when the sun shone it was a veritable fairyland. Perhaps as children we took the miracle of the four seasons for granted, but they gave us a reassuring faith in tomorrow and made us aware of the infinite wisdom of nature.



Bedford Village

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