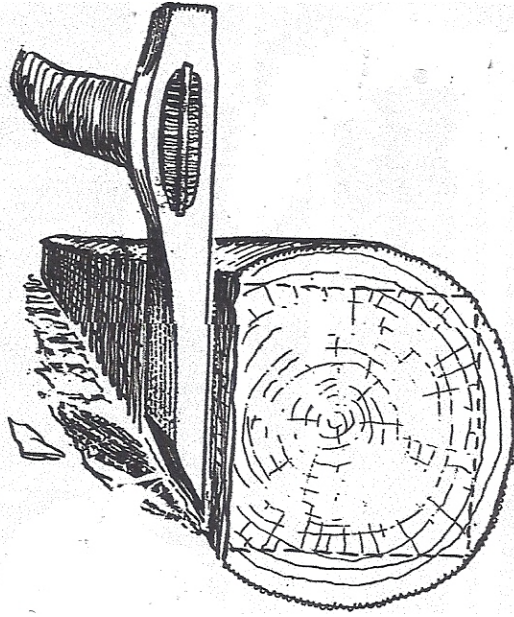


## The Broad Axe's Story



I am an old broad axe. I'm going to do my best to tell you my story. You doubles know that a very old tool's memory may be failing just as with the humans who have owned me. This guy by the name of Skip had looked for years to find an axe like me made by a local maker. You say who was my maker? His name was Richard Jones and his shop was at St Johnsville, NY. He made me and other styles of axes way back in the 1860s. I must now interrupt my own story to describe myself. I'm quite heavy with a nine inch wide blade, just right to hew the timbers for barns and houses. Remember this was a day and age before the modern lumber yards came into existence. Just how I came to the Nellis family at Palatine Church I cannot recall. There were lots of other edge tool makers the carpenters of the Nellis family could have chosen to purchase a new broad axe from. I'm pretty proud that they chose me. I proved myself by squaring lots of timbers for the framers of barns and houses in this locality. There is one thing about me that I'm not so proud of. That is my wooden handle. I once had a fine smooth handle. Boy, can I still feel the shock of my original handle being shattered that cold winter day when I struck that frozen hemlock knot. That is the day a very crude handle that was chopped out with a hatchet was put into me so I could continue the hewing job I had started. No one ever got a nice new handle for me again. I suppose this old crude one is part of my story. I was found beneath used lumber and discarded tools by this tool collector named Skip. He bought me and was glad to add me to his tool collection. I'm sort of sad that I'm no longer used for the job I was made for but I have had good care. In some way I found out that I'm about to change hands again.



A special friend of Skips is to be my new owner. Would you believe that I am about to be given as a Christmas present? Todd Bradt who will be my new owner is a carpenter and builder not far north of where I was made. He lives near Lassellsville, NY, where old store records indicated that some tools made by my maker were once in the store's inventory. I'm sure Todd will treasure me and take good care of me. What more can an old broad-axe ask.

Skip Barshied helped me write this story of my life. It was written at a place called Stone Arabia during December 2013.