

Georgian Miritz Baier lived on Church Road in the Town of Byron. In the 1960s, she wrote this fond childhood recollection of bread making on her family's farm in the Town of Empire. Georgian's granddaughter, Cindy Baier Boelk, found this story when she was cleaning out her grandmother's apartment.

Carry-Out
By Georgian Miritz Baier

Often, when shopping in my favorite Supermarket - hearing the call 'CARRY-out' - I am reminded of my mother calling 'Come, help - carry-OUT.'

It was always on a Friday that Mother would do the large baking of bread (with a touch of rye in it) and many large coffeecakes with at least one apple or cherry or prune cake among them.

The bakings were huge - using from twenty to fifty pounds of flour in a baking, depending upon whether it was to be just for the family (we were eight) or for a threshing crew. Besides - the bread need to last until the next week. Mother did not believe in getting boughten bread!



Breadmaking Day at the Miritz Farm
Photo by Georgian Baier

The sponge yeast was set the night before. In the morning she would stiffen the dough and knead it by hand in a large tin pan the size of a wash tub. In time - the dough was divided and put in large block tins - two loaves to a pan.

At this time the wood fire had to be started in the DUTCH OVEN outdoors in the small building which was a combination smoke house and bake house. The oven had been filled with wood right after

the previous baking. Always after a certain formula: one old cedar fence post, the rest – old board pieces and old dry tree branches for which we sometimes had to go to the woods to find. I knew – it was often my job!

With an up-to-date kitchen range – my mother clung to baking in the old Dutch oven. The flavor of the bread baked in this way could not be duplicated any other way and the loaves came out a most delicious, crusty, golden brown.

The fire would be lit and allowed to burn out until only ashes and a few live coals remained. These were scooped out with a wide hoe. The heat radiating from the brick oven walls baked the bread. That was why my Mother was so fussy about the right amount and kind of wood put into the oven in the first place – so the right temperature would result.



**The Dutch oven at the Miritz farm
Photo by Cindy Baier Boelk**

When the oven was ready, Mother would call to all available hands to - ‘Come, help carry-out!’ We would carry the uncovered pans of dough out to the smokehouse in all sorts of weather – winter and summer. The whole great batch was pushed into the oven at one time, bread first toward the back. Coffeecakes were put in last near the door – to be taken out sooner than the bread.

It always came out of that oven shortly before noon – golden – crispy – and with a flavor many people still remember.

How I wish for a taste of that precious goodness always associated with the call – ‘CARRY-out!’