

**The Pot Bellied Stove**  
**Poem by Eva C. Oxborrow Johnson**  
**December 2001**

**We all walked to school  
In the snow and bitter cold  
When we'd see the smoke a comin'  
From that old pot bellied stove.**

**We'd cut through the fields  
It was quicker than the road  
And all you could think of  
Was that old pot bellied stove**

**Mama had a way with it  
She's open it from the top  
Fill it up with wood and coal  
Then you'd hear that belly pop.**

**They say it was the remington rifle  
That really won the west  
But that old pot bellied stove  
Gonna put that gun to the test.**

**The Remington got really hot  
When you'd shoot off a dozen rounds.  
You couldn't shoot her anymore  
Til you cooled the barrel down.**

**But that old pot bellied stove  
Never made a groan  
She just kept her belly hot  
Till all of us got home.**

**That beautiful old pot belly  
Kept throwing out the heat  
She didn't mind how hot she got  
She never missed a beat.**

**You'd get up in the morning  
And you'd hear that cracklin' sound  
It was just that old pot belly  
Shooting off a few hot rounds.**

**So I tell you Mr. Remington  
You'll have to settle for second best  
It was really that old pot belly  
That truly won the west.**