



The Granaries

THE FARM GRANARIES

The pictures on the previous page are of the Northwest Corner of our yard on the farm showing the two granaries Dad built. If you look closely, you can see the cherry tree in the hog pasture. Remember all the cherries that disappeared before cherry-picking time? The harvest was always smaller than Mom anticipated!

There is also the little old smoke house that Dad made out of a burned out log. He covered the top with a sheet of metal and the door hung on leather hinges. In later years, when our family's needs for cured meat had outgrown this smoke house, Dad built a much larger one out of lumber, but the old one was left for a spare, maybe mostly for a sort of reminder of the "good old days".

The two trees in the foreground (in the picture it looks as though there were only one) are the ones that our folks were afraid might come down next in that storm of December 14, 1924. They were closer to the house and were a real threat that day.

Pictures 2 and 3 show what happened December 14, 1924. Mom, in the foreground in both pictures, is leaning against the broken off end (part of it) of the fallen tree. These trees were the last of a virgin forest on our place. That is the ones in our yard and those large ones on the big sand hill just west of the yard. Karl Peterson and Harry are standing in what was the doorway of the granary and Bruno is up in the fallen giant.

You can see how Dad "banked in" the frame granary to keep the potatoes and canned goods from freezing.

The log granary was used for storing grain - spring and winter wheat, oats, rye and barley.. Here Dad also prepared his seed grain by blowing the weed seeds out of it with a hand-powered blower. It was a sort of Tom Sawyer deal. Dad made it interesting. Everyone wanted to turn the crank to the big blower - AT FIRST. I have a feeling Dad did most of the cranking himself. Dad also dipped the seed grain in some kind of solution to prevent smut and rust in the growing plants, diseases that could raise havoc with the yield per acre or destroy the entire crop once it got started. We kids always loved to chew on kernels of wheat or rye. This worried Dad at seeding time for fear we'd get some of the dipped seed.

The frame building had grain storage bins toward the back and the front part was used as a bunk house where the hired men had their quarters until Dad built a special little bunk house. The underneath part was used for a cellar for storing potatoes and vegetables. Here we spent many hours helping Dad sort potatoes for market and in the spring they were cut for seed. In this dark, cool "dungeon" Mama also stored hundreds of quarts of canned fruits and vegetables. And here she kept her barrels and crocks of dill pickles and sauerkraut. Did you ever have the good fortune to be sent to the cellar to get some of these goodies? Getting sauerkraut meant removing the stone that weighted down the wooden disc that kept the kraut packed in its own juice. Nothing ever tasted better than a pinch or two, or maybe three or four of this delicious, dripping, home-made product. The barrels and crocks of dill pickles never lasted long. We kids would always eat an extra one while getting a bowl full for supper. But Mama had anticipated such shortages - she had dozens of two-quart jars full of dills, sweet, bread-and-butter, and mustard pickles on the shelves in neat rows. There was no running to the grocery store for this or that. About the only things that had to be bought in the line of food were flour, sugar and oatmeal. And that

was usually bought once a year - in the fall, several hundred pounds of each of sugar and flour. Oh, yes, soap! Dad wouldn't let Mama make soap. He considered it too dangerous an operation with so many little ones around. Soap was sold in wooden boxes of 25 or 50 lbs. It was cut into bars but not wrapped.

Friends and relatives often stopped in to spend Sunday afternoons at our house. Here, in the first picture, Uncle Alfred Flatt is chatting with Mr. Alfons Agather Sr. and Theodore Frederick, (back to camera) and Alfred P. Krause are visiting with a third person - probably our Dad. That's the way it looked before the Storm.