

Rethinking of Old Orleans

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Along the road

It is my guess that this picture was taken quite by chance. It's from around 1900 from a glass plate negative, thanks to Alan Isselhard.

We believe this photo was made in the town of Barre along a country road.

It's entirely possible our itinerant photographer, traveling in the opposite direction, met these two people with their teams and conveyances along the way.

The conversation might have gone something like this: "Good morning George" as he pulled his rig up next to the delivery wagon. "I see Charlie, the Kerri-son's hired man, coming this way too. Why don't you pull off the road and when he gets here I'll take a picture of you two in your work clothes."

George agreed as to how he wasn't in that much of a hurry to his next stop. Just about then, Charlie pulled his big team of horses to a stop with a "Whoa."

They all greeted each other and Charlie said "What's going on?" The photographer said "I'd like to get a picture of you and George together here with your teams."

Charlie readily obliged saying: "The last time I had my picture taken was about three years ago down in Stillman's Studio in

Albion on a Saturday afternoon."

At any rate, our photographer captured this moment in time of long ago. What does it tell us?

Well for one thing, these were big horses and little horses, both on the road. The big team is hitched to a hay wagon where more "horse" power was demanded.

The slighter horses, which in themselves vary in size, are hitched to the light delivery wagon, which belongs to the man in the apron.

Delivery wagons of this sort were commonly used by grocery men peddling their products. Under the enclosure, we can see something, which to me looks like a dial. Perhaps it is some kind of hanging scale.

The big wagon may be used here for hauling firewood on this occasion. Note the whip sticking up on the wagon.

In the center background, we see an unmistakable elm tree as they were. The Dutch Elm Tree disease killed all these beautiful specimens around 40 years ago.

Once our photographer got his shot, he quickly

packed up his apparatus and headed down the road in his own rig, perhaps toward South Barre.

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