

5-12-05

Threshing remembered

BY C. W. LATTIN

This photo, taken in 1915, shows George Callard's traction engine in front of George B. Murray's barn on Ridge Road east of Childs. A long continuous belt is extended into the barn to the threshing machine.

The Murray farm was known as Maple Lawn Farm, which was painted on the barn. The large barn stood fairly close to Ridge Road, which is seen here in 1915 as not much more than a dirt lane.

Notice the black smoke pouring from the stack on the engine, a wagon stands nearly loaded with firewood.

The barns were torn down

around 30 years ago after the Gaines Carlton Community Church was built on the Murray farm.

In 1959, the Gaines Sesquicentennial Committee published a booklet with an article in it written by Sanford B. Church.

The following excerpt relates to our subject:

"I can distinctly recall the so-called old-fashioned threshing machine, drawn and propelled by a great, smoke-spouting steam 'traction engine', which is gone from these parts (although it is in common use in New England, parts or Pennsylvania, and even in other parts of this state).

Almost as good as the arrival

of a circus, was the advent of the threshers with their fascinating equipment of a hot summer's morning. As a child, I've stood many times in front

of the farm house where Dan Bolger and his family lived, and seen the men set up the machine, connect the great belt to the traction engine, and bring the wagons loaded with wheat into line. Presently the engine would be belching smoke

higher than the barn, the huge spout of the threshing machine would be spewing out straw in a never-ending stream and the golden grain would run out into the waiting sacks.

At noon, the activity would



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suddenly cease, and after a hasty cleaning-up session, the threshers would crowd around the tables to consume the meal the women had prepared.

Then, afterwards, the threshing went on all the afternoon, until all the wheat was threshed, the straw stack was two stories high, and the wheat was sacked and ready for market.

It was always an eventful day, an interesting and enthralling sight of the time, and a pleasant memory now.