



THE LAST BARN ALONG THE ROAD

The barn at the Howard farm is the last barn along the road. It is red with white trim, has a hip roof, and measures 34 by 42 feet. It was built in 1914. My parents lost their barn in the 1980s when a wind tore off the roof. Their barn was also red but with a rounded roof, standing 36 by 54 feet. I “helped build” the barn in 1948 when I was three years old. The Harrold barn, a white one constructed with concrete block walls and a hip roof, blew away in 1980 in a wind that scattered debris across the Howard yard. The Harrold barn was built in 1946 and measured some 40 by 60 feet.



The Howard barn is the last barn left along the road. Opposite page, top photo: Model M Farmall parked in the south door of the barn, 1989. Opposite page, bottom photo: The camera was positioned northeast of the barn, 1989. This page, upper photo: Barn cats that watched Helen photograph the barn and stayed with the farm after Velma and Verle moved to town, 1998. This page, bottom photo: The camera was positioned south of the barn, 1994.



Ground level of the Howard barn with a scoop shovel and extension cords on the wall, 1994.

The Reigelsberger barn was also white with a hip roof, measured some 32 by 48 feet, and was built in about 1918 and burned in about 1977. Rumor has it that the Reigelsberger fire was the result of two boys playing with matches.

The Cornwell barn was red with white trim and a hip roof. It was built in 1911 by Melvin Cornwell, the great-grandfather of Joy Cornwell Palmer who currently owns the farm. Joy says that a 90-mile-per-hour, straight-line wind picked up the barn and moved it six inches off its foundation. In the early 1980s, Dan and Roger Allen salvaged some of the lumber from the Cornwell barn and used the weathered siding (gray with a hint of its original red color) for paneling the interior walls of a barn that they had renovated at Dan's home in Rolfe. The fire



Haymow of the Howard barn with piles of bales and two ropes for swinging, 1994.

department burned the remainder of the barn. Dan also remembers taking apart the barn on the first farm along the road when he lived there from 1971 to 1976. He stored the good lumber at his father's place. Later he was able to use it, too, for his renovation project.

In 1989, I photographed the barn at the Brinkman farm when I was on a photo excursion with the late Darlene Brinkman, the owner of the place at the time. The barn was falling apart, and the interior was musty and dusty. It was treacherous to walk inside, especially to climb into the haymow. There were remnants of horse collars, halters, and other harnesses, but they had deteriorated so much that when we touched them, they flaked apart. I also have a photograph that I took of the Brinkman farm around 1992. By that time, the barn no longer existed.