"Our Twenty-Second Year"

Lake Region Pioneer Threshermen's Association

PRESENTS

THE SAGA OF

"THE PAST IN ACTION"

Dalton, Minnesota

"HOME OF THE GIANTS"

SEVENTH EDITION — 1975

Dedication

The Lake Region Pioneer Threshermen's Association dedicates this 7th Edition to those members who have passed on: Albert Berg, Hjalmer Grant, Ted Lange, Oscar Knutson, Kenneth Borg, George Jensen, Olin Thompson, Henry Skindrud, Vernon Miller, Alfred Viger and also to the older inactive members, Nels Fossan and Gilbert Kirkeby, and to the recently retired boiler inspector, Odin Johnson, who contributed much to the safety of our steam equipment.

1974 Queen contestants on stage just before the crowning of new 1975 Queen.

QUEEN OF STEAM FOR 1975: Center, Julie Sundblad, Ashby, Mn.; right, Tammie Boe, Ashby, Mn.; Kirsten Rovang, Dalton, Mn.

Part of the parade coming down the main road.

Part of the Friday night entertainment, "Reflections of the Son", Jerome Evavold, Ross Holte and Dick Risbrudt.

Welcome

The Lake Region Pioneer Threshermen's Association bids you hearty welcome to our 22nd annual show.

The air of our Association is to preserve and demonstrate to you some of the equipment used by our forefathers. We try to continually add to our displays to make it more interesting and enjoyable for you.

We invite you to visit our Museum which will be open through the summer. We think we have a collection that will be of interest to both young and old, men and women.

Thanks to everyone who helps in any way to add to the show. A special thanks to those from a distance who come to help each year. It is much appreciated.

Milton Martinson, President

HENRY SKINDRUD: Born 1894, died Jan. 2, 1975. Henry threshed and sawed lumber with his brothers for many years. He served on the board of directors of the Lake Region Pioneer Threshermen's Assn. and also helped fire the boiler for the stationary engines at the show.

OLIN THOMPSON: Passed away two years ago last winter. He was 84 years old and ran engines at our show for several years. In his early age he burned a steam rig and threshed for many folks. Olin ran the engine and did a good job of it.

Stacking grain before the show. Henry Spitsberg is the stacker and has been for many years. He does a good job too.

28 h.p. Minneapolis steam owned by Chub Snell of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Another picture of the parade uptown.

Part of the parade uptown Saturday afternoon.

Harold Hansen and his Galloway gas engine. It is a real nice one and real old. Harold is a mechanic and does all his repairs in his shop in Graceville.

Earl Nelson and his nicely restored gas engine. Earl has a large collection of engines and most of them look like new.

40—80 Minneapolis on the baker fan. These fans give the largest tractor or steam engine a real work out.

Uncle Silas Sayings

One of the toughest things in life is when love's young dream dies of old age.

One of the most distressingly bashful things in life is meeting one's obligations. It's so easy to become gun-shy, don't you know?

If you are looking for trouble, take this tip from one who has mingled with it in every form, that you won't find trouble dodging you, not in a single case, but on the contrary it will be Johnnie on the spot or I'm no judge.

Whenever you find a woman who doesn't care how her feet look, or whether there's a hole in her stocking, remember that she's only waiting her turn for a trip in the undertaker's wagon.

Whenever you see your boy walking backwards from company, get a needle and thread, for it's a sure sign that he's met with a splinter in sliding down Old Grimes' cellar door.

The man who is too lazy for anything else always finds himself in the hands of his friends, when it comes to running for office. He is in nine cases out of ten too tired to run for anything else.

There is not so much danger in going up in airships, it's the coming down and the sudden stop that plays thunder with our watch crystals, and sometimes makes it difficult for the undertaker to make us presentable to our friends.

The thresherman who leaves for a week at a time while out on his run doesn't take into consideration very often that his wife, who has had to do chores, feed the stock, chop the wood and water the cows, should be considered in the rate-sheet of cost of operation.

Did you ever stop to consider how hard it is to sit on the pinnacle of fame? That's where you'll sprout corns before you realize it, and callouses once contracted in that manner require considerable upholstering to make sitting easy.

In his human musings the philosopher, Josh Billings, once remarked that "No man can swear exactly where he will fetch up when he touches calico. No man can tell just what calico has made up its mind to do next. Calico don't even know herself." Like the present day's wearing apparrel, Josh's agrument is good as far as I can see.

Women Are Interested Too

After many years of seeing how excited and enthusiastic the men and boys are about the steam threshing shows the women got to thinking their must be more to these shows than just washing their husband's greasy clothes, so some women met and organized an auxiliary.

It started out rather slow, but now it is "catching on" and has proved to be quite a challenge.

A year ago, with the help of the men folks, three rooms were put up in the Museum building for displays.

The women worked evenings and sometimes far into the night — hanging wall paper, decorating and furnishing these rooms in the old fashioned way and the results have been very rewarding, besides a lot of cooperation and fun!

This is part of the attractions in the museum building and to make it even more exciting the women are demonstrating how to do knitting, spinning, quilting, rug making, churning butter and making ice cream and also other crafts and arts of days gone by.

To many spectators this brings back fond memories and to the younger generation it is interesting and informative to them to see the way of home life in the days of their grandparents and great grandparents.

W. A. I. T. Auxiliary

Farewell to Steam? Sez Who?

Reading all the obituaries and requiems to steam power gives me quite a chuckle. For they are written by light of electric power; printed by electric powered presses and the far greater part of that electric power is generated by steam. General Motors does not like it. The almighty petroleum empire does not like it. And both of these insidious powers that be put out plenty of advertising dollars which guide many editorial pens.

For now, as has been the case for about ninety years, the most efficient converter of energy is the steam turbine, regardless of the propaganda re the sometimes convenient, but always hideously wasteful and inefficient infernal come-busting engine (the eternal, infernal, internal combustion engine), with it's 1,200+ starts and stops per second, but only 150 of which are power impulses. A six-cylinder gasoline engine delivers only three power impulses per revolution; a two-cylinder steam engine delivers four power impulses per revolution. But back momentarily to turbines.

One of the most efficient steam turbine power plants ever developed was owned by — get this — the Ford Motor Company! The volume of water in the boiler flashed into steam which passed thru the turbine, the condenser, the hot well, and back into the boiler, completing the cycle in twenty seconds. King Henry the Ford would merchandise the gas engine — but powered his plant with a steam turbine! And, while King Henry's plant is marvelously efficient, the steam turbine has not yet reached it's zenith. It is waiting on the metal-lurgical industry to come up with a steel of sufficient tensile strength to make possible the expanded use of the Ljungstrom radial-flow turbine, with it's outward flow of steam turning two power shafts in opposite directions! The one example of a radial flow turbine was found on steam locomotives — used to power the headlight generators; the Pyle-National machine.

But, aside from this one common use, the efficient steam power turbine plant is of such a size, and requiring large boilers, limit it's use to stationary and marine power plants. And while these power plants are confined behind brick walls, or deep in hulls of ships, away from public eye, the proponents of the infernal come-busting engine can have themselves a field day.

But, alas! For all of it's superb qualities as a converter of energy, the steam turbine is only a machine — a grim, deadly efficient, non-glamorous, unromantic, soulless machine. It emits only a monotonous, unbroken hum, a big, shining black steel case with no visible motion — no whirling crankshafts, fly wheels, belts, nor up and down, back and forth rods and levers, no sharp staccato exhausts which automatically identify the Baker uniflow, nor lazy whoosh-whoosh of the Port Huron and other tandem compounds. No steam whistles of assorted sharps and flats. For these ingredients of the nostalgia of a by-gone day, we turn to our country-side steam thresher and saw mill exhibits.

I will not deal at length with what we all see at these exhibits. That is widely known, and much newsprint and printers' ink has been devoted to it. What also draws me to these exhibits — I made six of them during summer of 1974 — is people! Kind, genial, friendly people, with qualities so sadly lacking elsewhere in this era of a sick, decaying society of computerized, dehumanized humans. People enjoying themselves in a spirit of togetherness; the male senior citizens who take such pride in their restored ABC's — Advance, Baker and Case and Three R's — Reeves, Rumely and Russell; the silver haired matrons recalling the days when they helped Ma with the pies. Two intermediate generations showing intense interest in things that used to be — plus the kids diving head first into straw piles. It's just great to meet such people!

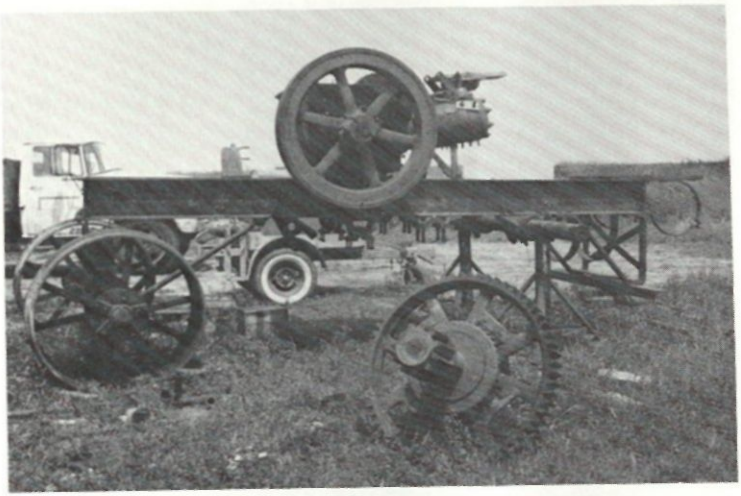
Compare this with a ball (or brawl) park, with beer cans, bottles and other debris thrown around, with heavy profanity; fights breaking out, which, but for timely police action, could become free-for-alls.

The most police I have ever seen at a thresher exhibit were two Illinois State officers, and four deputy sheriffs — at the Pontiac, Il. exhibit. And that was because the show grounds are on a narrow, winding road, thru a heavily wooded area, and, because of dispersed parking facilities, three entrance-exists were in use, and traffic had to be controlled to avert accidents. None of the law-enforcement officers were in the grounds proper. They were not needed.

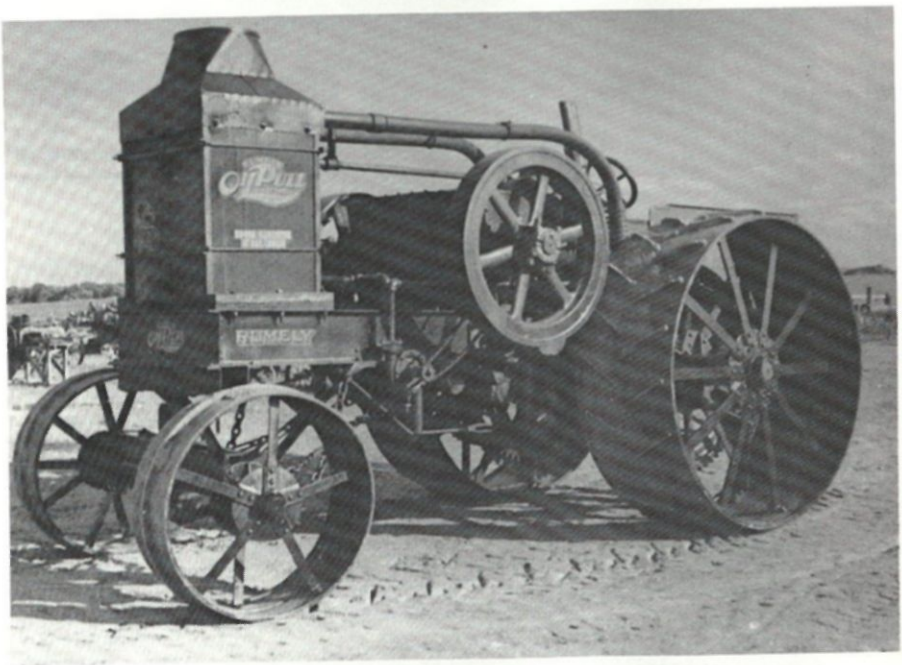
Concluding, I say — we see and hear ancient machinery — and meet people who are really human!

+Figures for a six-cylinder engine at 3,000 RPM.

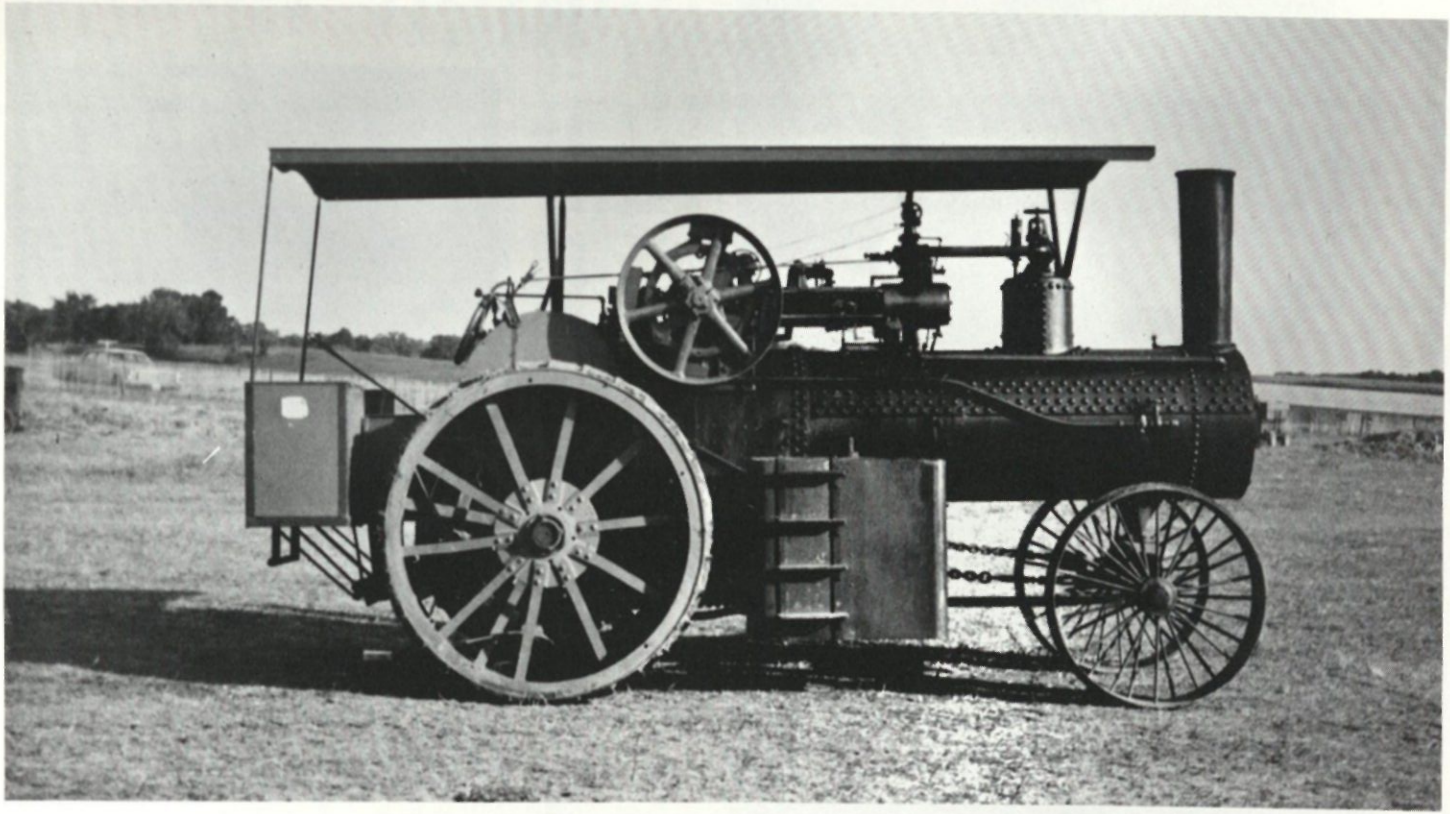
J. B. Cain
220 E 140th Pl.
Dolton, Il. 60419



Can you guess what machine this is? This is the 30—60 Oil Pull completely stripped down and completely gone over. This tractor belongs to Larry Martinson, Ashby, Mn.



This is the same tractor a couple of months after the overhaul.



30 h.p. Rumely, 1910 model. Only two are around today.

Uncle Silas Sayings

One form of economy is getting things on credit with no thought of paying for them. But once in a while it proves mighty embarrassing.

Don't expect too much before you deserve it. There's only one pearl in a car-load of mussel shells.

When you do a good turn forget it, and some time way ahead, when you need it most and expect it least, your reward will be a hundred-fold.

Be truthful, not diplomatic. Diplomacy is a way nations have of lying to each other.

If you are caught in the wrong, take your medicine like a man instead of trying to blame it on others. I don't believe in taking a licking by proxy.

A man who will steal a bean from a two cent jack-pot, will stack the cards in a big game.

There may be those who can get closer to God than a Christian mother standing up in a meetin' proclaiming her articles of faith, but I doubt it.

As you go along life's pathway, plant a little flower here and there, in good deeds and the fragrance wafted your way in the sundown of life will be the sweetest recollection of all.

I can't see where a spinster gets much comfort out of the fact that marriages are made in heaven.

When you find a man parading his Americanism before the footlights, or talking about one hundred percent ancesters, you'll generally find by searching the herd book that few of his kinfolks fought in any war.

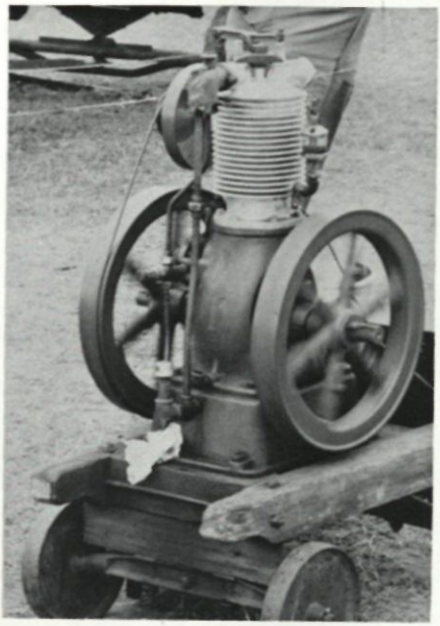
If the Lord should happen back to earth these days he wouldn't have to go to the temple to locate a den of thieves.

Sorter let this fact percolate through your system, Ezra, that trying to be a Christian on the installment plan is a waste of time and effort. You've got to keep close to the line of rectitude all the time and every time you feel your feet are slipping, head for your closet and begin broadcasting a prayer to the throne of grace. It doesn't do any good to look for the cyclone cellar after the storm has struck the diggings.

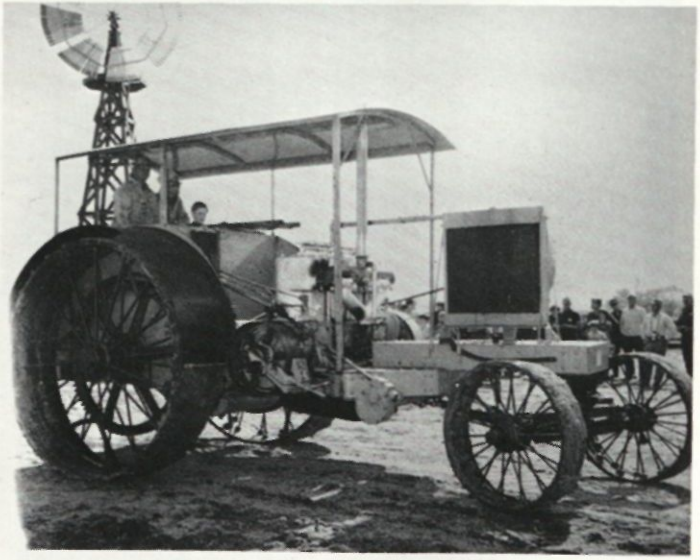
Fly wheel for the big Corliss steam engine loaded at Bay City, Mi. The wheel is 35 inches wide, 15 feet across, weighing 8 ton. The crank shaft is 11 inches in diameter and 12 feet long, weighing 3 ton.

Unloading the flywheel at the threshing grounds. It will be ready to run by show time this year.

Plowing near Lakota, N.D. the engine at left is pulling 12 bottoms. It appears to be a 32 h.p. Reeves engine. We do not know the owner or the year.



Our cooled gas engine. Note the fins on the cylinder. They help cool the cylinder.



30—60 Russell gas tractor. There are very few of these tractors. We don't believe too many were made. The Russell Company built about 1800 steam engines besides grain separators and tractors.

The Steam Traction Engine

—by Russell Shaw

What is there so interesting about a steam traction engine? I have been asked this question many times. As individuals, we are different from one another in our likes and dislikes. Most men are fascinated by machinery, particularly the kind that develop and generate power. Of these there are many types, and so those interested in power machinery are divided and subdivided.

The locomotive was probably the most popular of steam power machines. The steam farm engine, now nearly extinct, has only a few friends left. Most of the engines of this type are in such dilapitated condition it is no wonder that one who looks upon them fondly is regarded as being a bit queer.

Let us review briefly the history of the steam traction engine. Although the locomotive started it's career in this country as early as 1830, it was not until 1860 that the steam engine was adapted to farm use, and then only in horse drawn form. Traction attachments were added to plain portable engines in the late 70's. For twenty years the principal use of the steam traction engine was running the grain thresher. These engines were small in size, usually ten to twelve horse power rating.

At the close of the 19th century, with the development of self-feeders, grain-baggers, and wind-stackers, larger engines and engines with compound cylinders were introduced to meet the demand for more power. Also, about this time, a new use was found for the steam tractor; a larger and more powerful type of engine was designed for our great wheat country and that of the Canadian Northwest. Besides using these engines to run super large threshers, they used them for plowing the vast prairie.

Many improvements were added to the steam traction engine during this period. By 1905 more than thirty-six companies in the United States and Canada, were building threshing machines and steam traction engines, turning out thousands of units each year. The steam traction engine reached its peak of perfection by 1915, and no major change improvements was made there-after.

The close of the World War saw the beginning of the end of the steam traction engine. A few are still in use in some sections of the country, but no new ones have been built since 1923, and most of the old companies are no longer in existence. The gas tractor took the place of the steam tractor, not because it did the job more efficiently, but because it required less help and less effort to operate. By the same token the small combine is now replacing the conventional thresher and gas tractor.

To understand how anyone could get interested in a steam traction engine we must go back about sixty five years and with a stretch of imagination, look at one through the eyes of the engineer. Unlike railroading, the operator was often times it's owner.

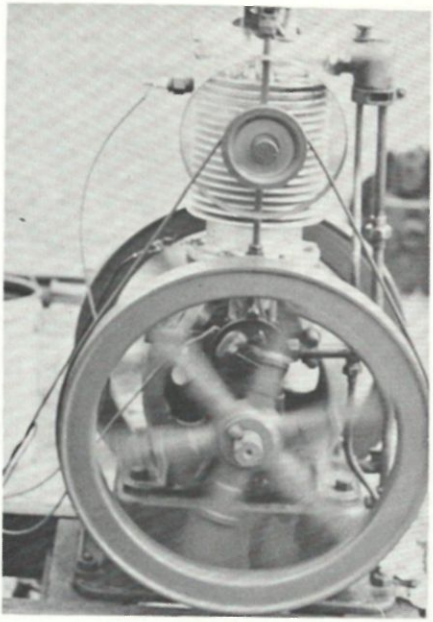
The scene is daybreak on a well kept farm amid awakening of the horses, cattle and chickens. It is a pleasing picture, particularly in the fall months. With all this background, the engineer began his duties. Starting the fire is a joy in itself, for there is something friendly and cheerful about a fire (under control) with it's snap and crackle as the smoke drifts from the stack into the crisp morning air. As he goes about cleaning and oiling, the water begins to simmer and sing, and from a mass of steel this monster actually seems to come to life.

He takes another turn at the fire before going into breakfast, such as you get only on the farm. By the time he returns, the pressure has started to raise. He gives another poke at the fire, opens a steam valve that sends a strong draught up the stack. With a mighty roar, which startles the horses and cattle, the monster challenges the world.

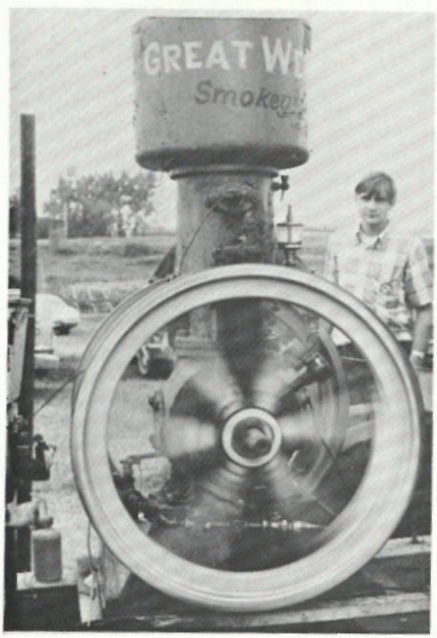
As the fire picks up, the pressure increases quickly. The blower is closed, and the monster is silent now except for a slight sound of escaping steam as if it were breathing. You have a sense of it's being alive, waiting to go at your command. From far and near neighbors are called to action with a long blast of its chiming whistle.

It is a keen sensation to open the throttle of a steam engine. Little by little you open it, allowing the water to escape from the cylinder. A pleasant odor arises as the oil drips onto the boiler and fries. It thrills you to look at this well designed machine, to watch the engine turn over, to hear the sound of it's voice as it exhausts, and to feel it's life and power as you operate the controls. These are the things that get under your skin and stay with you always.

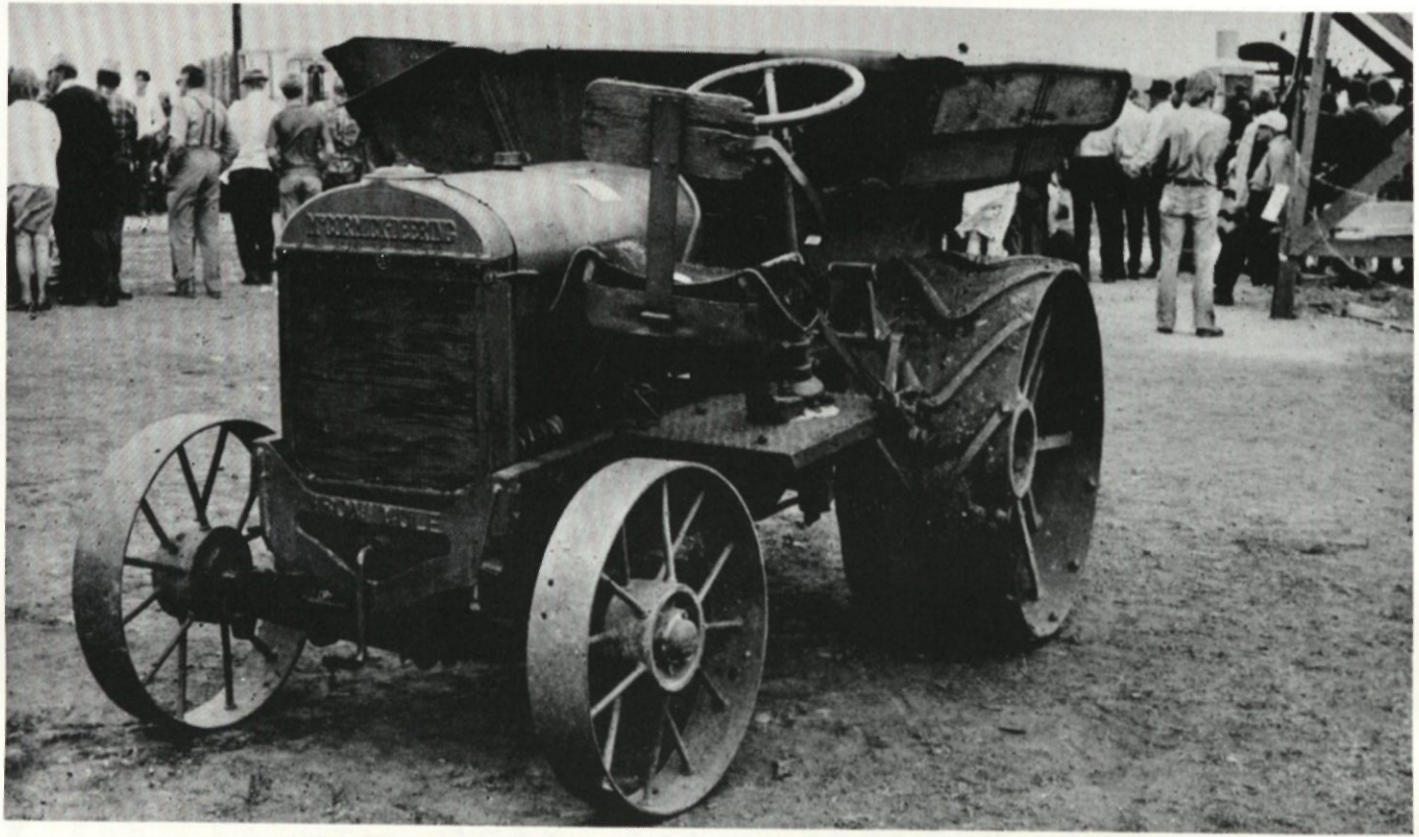
All through the day this monster of steel would defy all mankind to stop it, only to bark it's challenge louder if they should try. While to the operator every chore was a joy as he, by turns, stoked the fire, opened the water-feed, and watched the gauges. Day after day, year after year this faithful servant of man performed it's duty. And you ask: "What is there so interesting about a steam traction engine?"



Air cooled gas engine. Cooling fan was driven by belt from flywheel.



Great Western upright gas 2 cycle engine. Very few were used in our area. 4 horse power.



McCormick Deering tractor made over into a dump tractor used in the Minot

An Old Old Song

A farmer gazed with heavy frown
Upon his tractor, broken down,
Then hastened to the nearest town
To buy repairs.
He told the repair man of his woe
And how much land he had to sow.
But not a number did he know
Nor seemed to care.
"The part I want," he wisely said;
"Is hollowed out and painted red,
But I forgot.
It holds the thing-a-bob in place
About in inch from that long brace
That fastens to the big main case
and keeps it set.
"You surely know just what I mean—
It broke before on this machine;
The what-you-call-it is between
And just behind;
The thing that moves along like that,
About as big as this old hat
Would be if you would smash it flat,
I think you'll find."
The repair sighed and shook his head.
"I don't know what you mean," he said,
"We'll have to search the extra shed
so come along.
If you would only tax your brain
So the number you'd retain,
Or bring the old part in, 'tis plain
You'd not go wrong."
From end to end he searched the bins;
Clawed over castings, bolts and pins
And skinned his fingers and his shins,
It made him cuss,
But still he searched, with sinking heart
He saw his dinner time depart
And in the last bin found the part.
'Twas ever thus.
"That's it," the farmer cried with glee;
"I thought 'twas number thirty-three.
Now what's the price of that to me?
Great jumping Cats!
Not forty dollars? an awful rate
For a darned little thing that's got no weight—
Oh, well, just put it on the slate."

Time for 10 Things

1. Take time to think — It is the source of powers.

2. Take time to work — It is the price of success.

3. Take time to read — It is the fountain of knowledge.

4. Take time to worship — It is the highway to reverence and washes the dust of earth from our eyes.

5. Take time to help and enjoy friends — It is the source of happiness.

6. Take time to love — It is the one sacrament of life.

7. Take time to dream — It hitches the soul to the stars.

8. Take time to laugh — It is the singing that helps with life loads.

9. Take time to play — It is the secret of youth.

10. Take time to plan — It is the secret of being able to have time for the first nine things.

It happened on the old Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh, a Y-shaped line, perfectly described by it's name, with the Y diverging at East Salamanca, N.Y. This line has long since been absorbed into the Baltimore & Ohio system.

And it was about fifty miles south of Rochester, N.Y., on the east branch of the Y; Silver Lake Junction, N.Y. Heavy trains of coal rolled down out of the Pennsylvania mountains into Rochester, with the emptys being dragged back up into the hills; trains of merchandise and miscellaneous freight moving both ways.

A Saturday night during the summer of 1900. About sixty empty coal cars double-headed by two Consolidations (2-8-0 types), the prevailing freight power of that day; running as Extra 622 West.

The other train was a merchandise, Number 86, a regular train on the time-table, but with only about thirty cars, running northward down hill, but, in keeping with railroad operation standards, designated as an eastbound.

Crews of both trains had copies of a train order which read: "Number 86, engine 627, take siding, meet Extra 622 West at Silver Lake Junction."

This was a good order, even if it did side-track a regular train for an extra. The dispatcher issuing the order had in mind both the weight of the train of empties bucking a stiff grade, and the lighter merchandise train going down hill. He was helping the train of empties without hurting the other. The siding at Silver Lake Junction was long enough to hold Number 86; would not have held the extra train. The dispatcher knew his business.

The hour was late. Extra 622 rolled thru Warsaw, N.Y., 6.2 miles north of Silver Lake Junction, and 312 feet lower; the two engines really biting into the rails to keep the long drag of empties on the move. After about two miles, both engineers saw what appeared to be an engine headlight right in their faces. Both shut off steam; the train stopped almost immediately, as two firemen and one brakeman searched for a soft spot to land, not easy to find, because they were running thru a rock-walled cut, so common in that part of the country. Before they could whistle the conductor to come forward, the headlight (?) disappeared. The engineer of the lead engine whistled the flagman to return, and both engineers, experts in the handling of heavy trains, managed to get the train of empties moving again.

Laborously climbing into Rock Glen, 4.5 miles north of Warsaw, the mysterious headlight suddenly showed again; this time so close that the head brakeman swore that he could see the two slots in the reflector which permits the light to illuminate the engine number plates! (No, he did not see an engine number, nor did anyone hear the sound of an engine exhaust, after they again shut off steam.) And, just as suddenly, the headlight(?) vanished again.

It was a somewhat jittery and frustrated train crew, with two engine crews, who dragged their train the remaining 1.7 miles (and 110 feet upward!) into Silver Lake Junction, where Number 86, with headlight covered, waited for them in the side track.

There was, naturally, a heated agrument. The Extra's train and enginemen swore up and down that Number 86's crew had overlooked the train order and started down hill; then, discovering their error, had backed up into Silver Lake Junction. The crew on Number 86 just as vehemently denied it. They told the crew of extra that they had "been drinking the wrong brand"; or that "they had let their imaginations get the best of them." The argument of the crew of Number 86 held. Reason told everyone that, even without emergency whistle signals, or the glare of red fuses, it would have been impossible for one engine to PUSH Number 86 back up the hill without a heavy exhaust.

And, during the late 1930's, with ten of the thirteen train and engine men involved dead; the remaining three pensioned, as were two section men, the story came out!

Two young section hands had "borrowed" the section gang's handcar at Rock Glen, and rolled down the hill to attend a dance at Warsaw. They had a line on the regular trains, and were taking a chance on any extras. They got down to Warsaw without incident, and started back at a late hour, pumping hard to get to Rock Glen in the face of Number 86, when they were almost overtaken by the extra. They had an old style "hay burner" lantern, which they turned to their rear, and, with some super-human pumping, put a little distance and a slight curve between themselves and the pursuing extra train. And, with the Extra 622 again closing in upon them as they approached Rock Glen, they repeated the performance with the old "hay burner" lantern; gained a little time, put the handcar away, and made themselves scarce. (What the head brakeman on the extra thought were reflector slots may have been the verticle supports which held the upper and lower parts of the lantern together.)

There having been no unreasonable delay to explain, no report was made to railroad officials. Nor were there any injuries to persons, nor damage to company property. Five men on the engines of the extra, plus the conductor from his cupalo, saw the phantom headlight. But, after a few war whoops, the crew on the extra certainly realized that, whatever it may have been that they saw, that it was not Number 86's engine. A single engine, backing up a hill and pushing thirty cars, would have produced some ear-splitting exhausts, but none of the crew on the extra HEARD anything from what they SAW. Undoubtedly, some may have guessed what had actually happened, but they knew that they could not bring a "guess" into an official investigation. So the matter lay dormant forty years until the mischief-makers, safely pensioned, "fessed up".

Now, for an instance of a tragedy, plus the irony which accompanied it: Fifty-plus years ago, on the Missouri Pacific, an excursion train, running as a passenger extra, was ready to leave a terminal. The conductor delivered the orders to the engineer, and, in the presence of the rest of the crew, remarked: "We'll go to Jewett for Number Four."

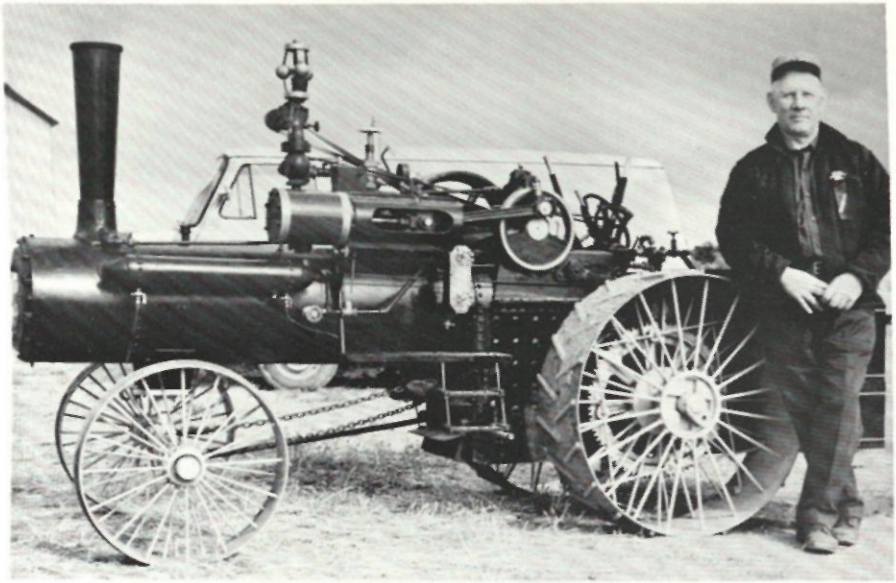
After their engine had been cut apart from Number Four's engine, and the dead buried, but the injured still in hospitals, inquiry established that the conductor had figured his meet with Number Four from a previous time table!

Had any one member of the crew on the passenger extra taken out his time table and double-checked Number Four's new schedule, this disaster would have been averted!

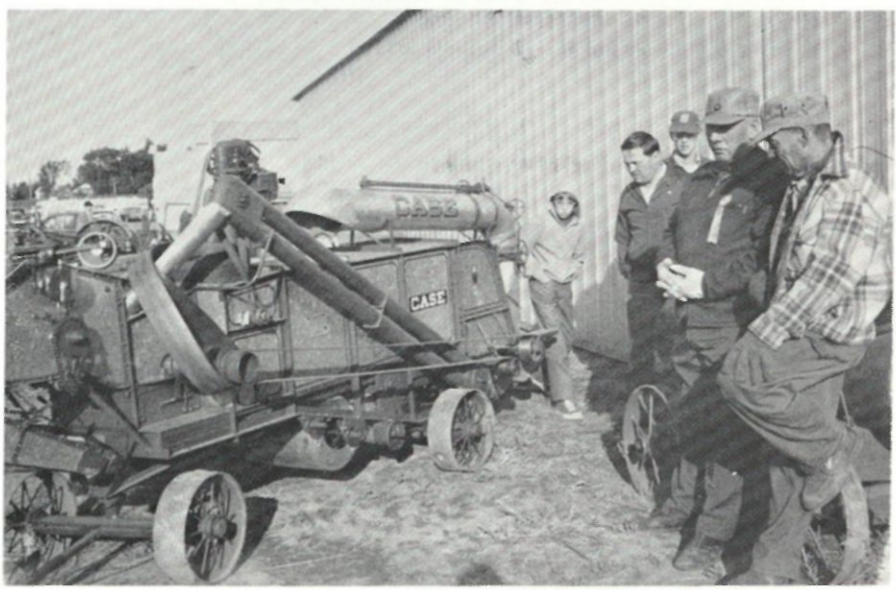
J. B. Cain
220 E 140th Pl.
Dolton, Il. 60419

Dan Patch engine 6½ h.p. restored by Harold Hansen. The Dan Patch engine was manufactured by M. W. Savage. He named the engine after his famous race horse, Dan Patch, and sold them through his mail order house, M. W. Savage Co. The 4 h.p. and larger were called Dan Patch and the smaller engines of less than 4 h.p. were named Dassle Patch, after another race horse of his.

This picture was taken of Clarence and Milton Martinson coming home from school in 1924 near Elbow, Saskatchewan, Canada by the Saskatchewan River. They had 5 miles to school one way. Bill won some races against the neighbor boys' horse and buggy even though he was slow.



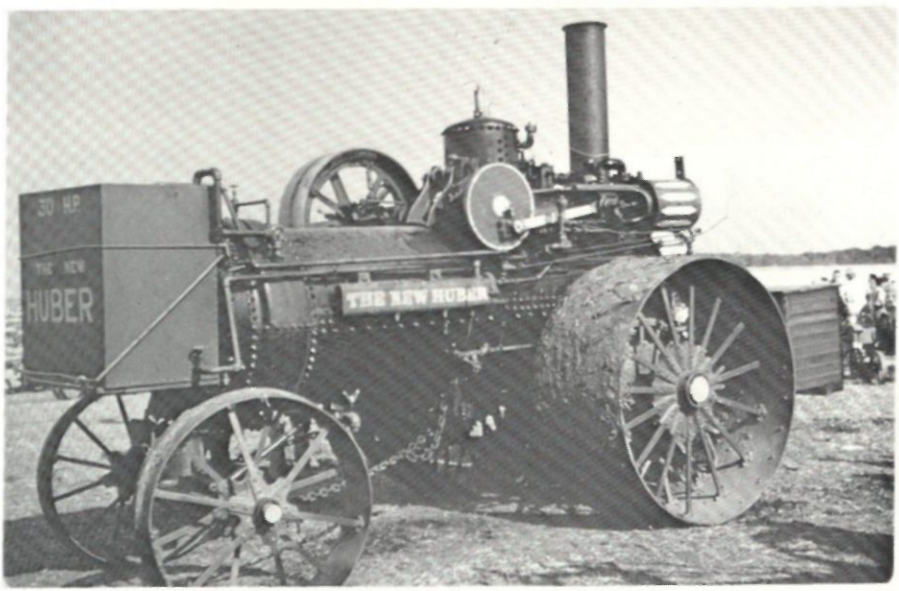
Dahlman and his model Case engine. Really a nice model, not too small.



Case model separator built by Dahlman. Real nice on these two machines.

A lineup of larger tractors parked in front of the museum building.

Seven Oil Pull tractors, from the largest to the small one, all at the show. They are shedded in the various buildings on the grounds.



Henry Johnson's 30 h.p. Huber steam engine. It has a butt strap boiler and is one of the five Huber engines steamed at the shows.

Minnesota Chief hand feed straw carrier separator. This machine is about 100 years old and is one of the oldest in the state.

When the first threshing machine was invented it was considered the greatest labor saver for threshing grain. Previous to this time the grain was threshed out of the heads of the straw with a flail or by driving the cattle back and forth over the unthreshed grain, trampling the kernels out of the grain. The flail had a wooden handle about five feet long unto which was a slightly heavier piece of wood about two feet long, attached with a piece of leather strap acting as a hinge.

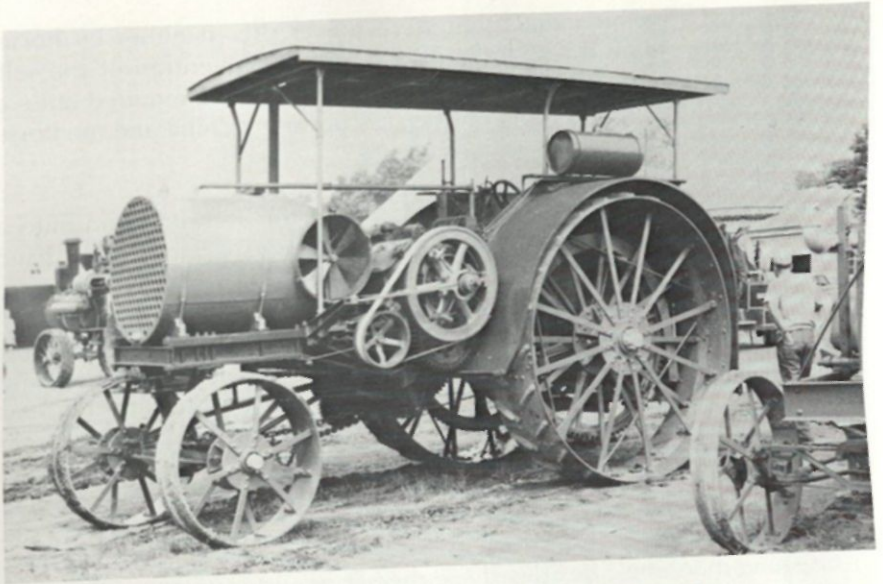
The unthreshed grain would be placed on some hard ground or a threshing floor. The heads of the grain would then be beaten which would thresh the grain out of the heads. To clean the grain from dirt and chaff it would be tossed into the air on a windy day, when the wind would blow the lighter dirt and chaff away. This was a slow process and hard work. If a man had a lot of grain to thresh it would have to be done inside on a threshing floor because it would take the most part of the winter.

The first threshing machines were power driven either by horse power or by a steam thresher engine. Before the invention of the self feeder and automatic weigher and blower, the machine required quite a crew to operate it, depending on the size of the machine and the horse power driving it.

Two men would pitch the bundles from the stacked grain unto a platform where two boys or two men band cutters would cut the band on the bundles and one man would then feed it into the cylinder. The threshed grain then would be conveyed by a shaker trough to a one-half bushel measure placed in a box on the ground. One man was required to replace the full half bushel measure with an empty. Another man would empty the full measure into a grain cotton one and one half bushel bag, who would then place it in the wagon, to be hauled to the granary for storage.

It would require one man with an ox or a horse on each end of a long pole to buck the straw away from the rear of the separator (threshing machine). Besides these men it would require one man and team to haul the threshed grain to the grainary, where another man at the granary would help carry the grain bags into the granary. The engine would require one engineer, one fireman and one water hauler.

—by George Schervey



30—60 Aultman Taylor engine ready for the parade.

Plowing with the 40—80 Minneapolis gas tractor about 1912 model.

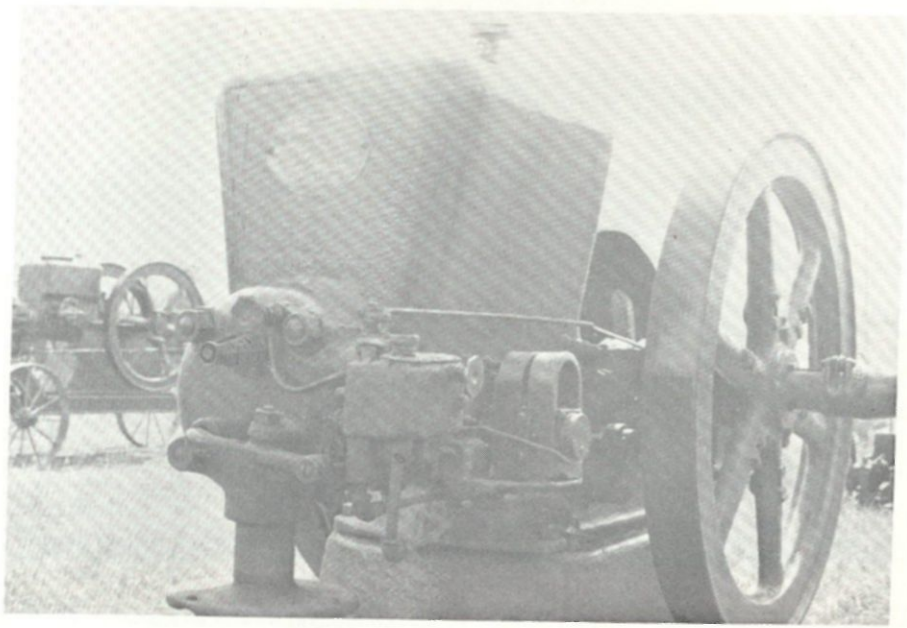
Tractors and steam engines parked in front of the museum building.

22 h.p. Avery undermounted steam engine about 1910 model owned by Henry Johnson.

Nobel Nelson, mayor of Dalton, having a ride in the wagon during the parade uptown.

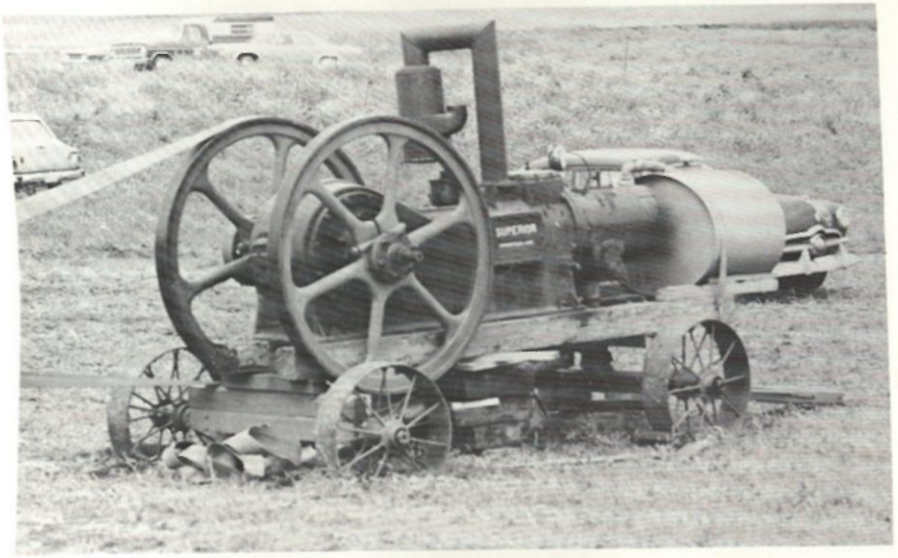
Scherveg and his Reo car.

Earl Nelson's 15 h.p. Fairbanks Morse belted to the shingle mill.



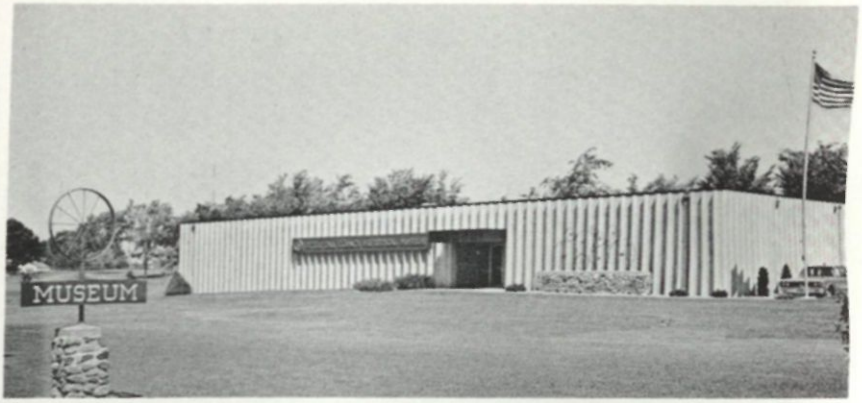
Croll corn shredder. These machines were used over vast parts of our country where corn was raised. Most of the shredding was done in late fall or winter. The fodder was blown into a pile and fed to the cattle during the winter.

John Neprud's wood splitting rig all made up by John. He is from the Rollag show but comes and helps us each year.



40 h.p. natural gas engine used in the oil fields of Montana. Was in excellent condition. It is a two cycle and has a 12x15 cylinder.

25 h.p. Gaar Scott double cylinder steam engine No. 15206. Built in 1911. Used in the Dalton area since 1919. Used mostly for threshing.



Otter Tail County Historical Society

"What's new that's old at the Otter Tail County Historical Society?" One thing that is new is the museum. The museum completed in October of 1973 offers a look at the new and old in a unique setting.

The building is designed in a simple modern style. The lobby, office, and library combine the functions of the museum and society in a warm earth-tone setting. Aged wood and field stone complement the simple line design.

In the large display area the history of Otter Tail County unfolds beginning with the early land formation, natural history, wildlife, and human habitation exhibits. Visually pleasing and easily understood, the displays carry the chronology through the Indian period and the early industries of fur trading and lumbering. A display on Old Clitherall, the first permanent white settlement, relates the story of a band of Latter Day Saints who established their home at Clitherall.

The county's domestic life is depicted through a glimpse into common period rooms—a kitchen, parlor, weaving room, and bedroom. The one room school; the country church; the blacksmith and carpenter shops; and the general store and post office portray centers of early community life.

The importance of agriculture emerges to become the mainstay of existence for most of Otter Tail County residents. Through an analysis of types of soil, a barnyard setting with the complementary agricultural implements — plows, mower, reaper, and small hand tools—the contribution of agriculture is noted.

Early transportation, milling, water power, electricity, communication, fire fighting equipment, the military, and medical advancements further demonstrate the county's industrial activity.

A corner collection with photographs and the homely objects of daily life recalls pioneer experiences in Otter Tail County.

The multi-purpose room which follows the corner collection houses special exhibits of large and small items relating to a particular theme. Themes vary throughout the year ranging from woodworking, civil war, Christmas, and home crafts. The exhibits are often activated with craft and art demonstrations relating to the themes.

The society hosts many programs in conjunction with the museum displays. Craft demonstrations, genealogical workshops, films and educational programs, a volunteer corps, publications, oral history tapings plus many others are all programs provided by the historical society. The society maintains a small library with a collection of books, manuscripts, newspapers, and biographical materials relating to the history of the local region.

The Otter Tail County Historical Society's museum and programs have all been made possible through the efforts and talents of many local residents in their concern that the society might represent and serve the community. The popularity of the museum and programs in the area has demonstrated a new interest in the old.

The hours of the museum, which is located at Fergus Falls, Minnesota, are 11:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Monday through Friday and 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. Tours can be made by appointment.

Story of George Melby

— AGE 78

The idea to have a "Threshing Bee" was inspired by a small advertisement that he saw in the Fergus Falls Journal back in 1953. A Mr. Joe Rinda, who George considered the Granddaddy of all reunions, from Montgomery, Mn., was going to have a Threshing Reunion at his place. George drove down to that reunion and on the way home he decided that come next fall, he was going to shock his grain and thresh.

Along with George's brother, Ralph, and their nephew, Kenneth Bratvold, the first "Threshing Bee" came into being on George's farm 4⅜ miles southeast of Dalton. They had 6 stacks to thresh with George's Minneapolis separator with wing carriers, and powered by steam.

George was fascinated with the 500 plus people that came as far north as Glyndon and as far south as Albany and roamed around his 10 acre field.

This was a one day event without any advertising. The next two years, they held it for two days and added a lot more equipment and advertised the shows. It was estimated that 3,000 people were present at the 3rd show. The Thresher's Club had grown and more help was needed for various jobs so they were looking for a sponsor. The Dalton Community Club wanted to sponsor the show and have been to date. The Club leased land near Dalton the 4th year and the show has been held there ever since.

The Lake Region Pioneer Threshermen's Assn. have recently purchased the land and several building over the years have been erected on it. Their annual 3 day show is held the 2nd weekend in September. The first show was intended to bring the past up to the present, to show the young what the generations past used and also to satisfy the old, who love the steam engine and all the old tractors, which George surely does. A dream of George's, is to see steam powered tractors on the farm some day.

George recalls the first steam car in Ashby in the year 1914. His equipment includes: 1923 Gaar-Scott, Ralph and George own an Advance Rumely, Advance 16, 22 Keck-Gonnerman, hand-fed threshing machine, 15 H.P. Fairbanks gas engine, 8 H.P. Fuller Johnson gas engine, 6 H.P. Fairbanks Morse gas engine, ½ doz. gas engines and a shed full of small stuff.

George has been a blacksmith, carpenter, farmer and now in his retiring years, putts around in his well equipped shop on his farm. He is married and has six children and you can see everyone of them on the grounds during the reunion with the boys helping right along side their dad.

Pioneer Settlers

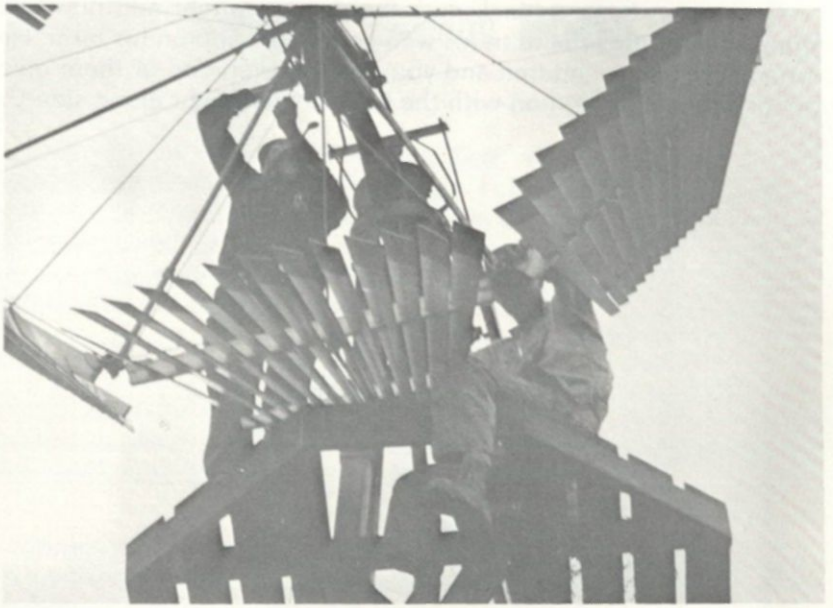
The rustic rolling ox cart
lumbered steadily on the plains
as they slowly moved westward
In the hot sun and chilly rains.

Pioneers seem to be driven
by the urge of going West.
The pioneers moved on the prairie
to the Wild and Woolie West.

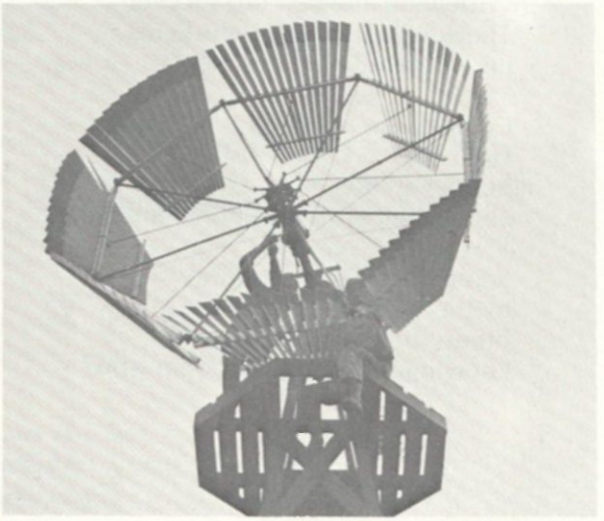
With the will to explore and conquer,
With hand and heart to succeed.
They claimed their homesteads
under the ruling power's seal.

Cabins were not at all that roomy
Hours of work was hard,
but never did you hear them grumble
about their faith was unfair and hard.

Some lived to see the glory
by the sunshine and by the rain,
others died rejoicing
knowing the labor was not in vain.



Windmill repairing by Harold Hansen and David Hanson. This is a 14 ft. wheel and is made for power instead of pumping water like most windmills.



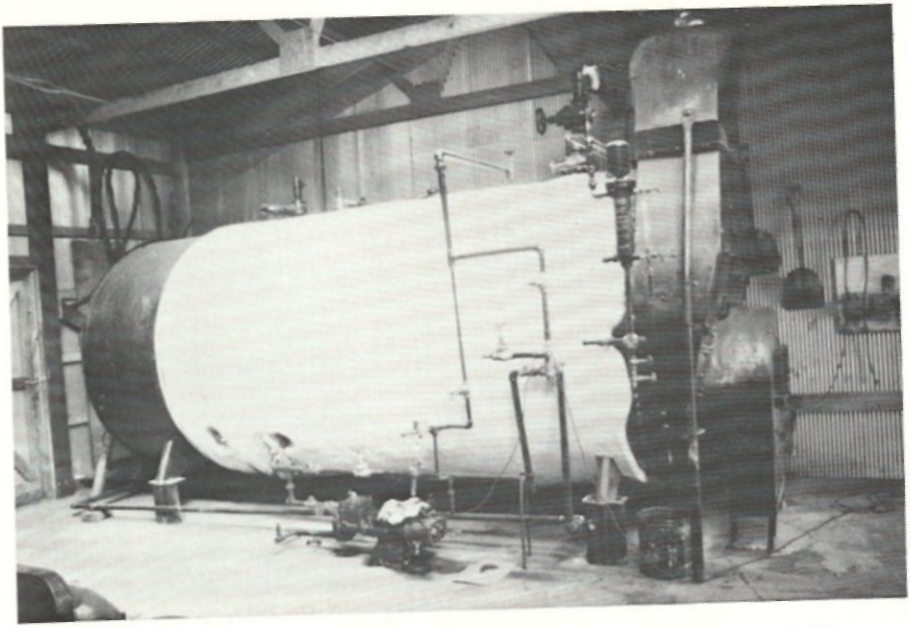
The job is done. Only some oiling or checking and down they come hoping everything works out o.k.

Some small gas tractors in the parade.

1915 firetruck in the parade uptown. Iver Hanson is the driver. Truck belongs to Milton Martinson, our club president.

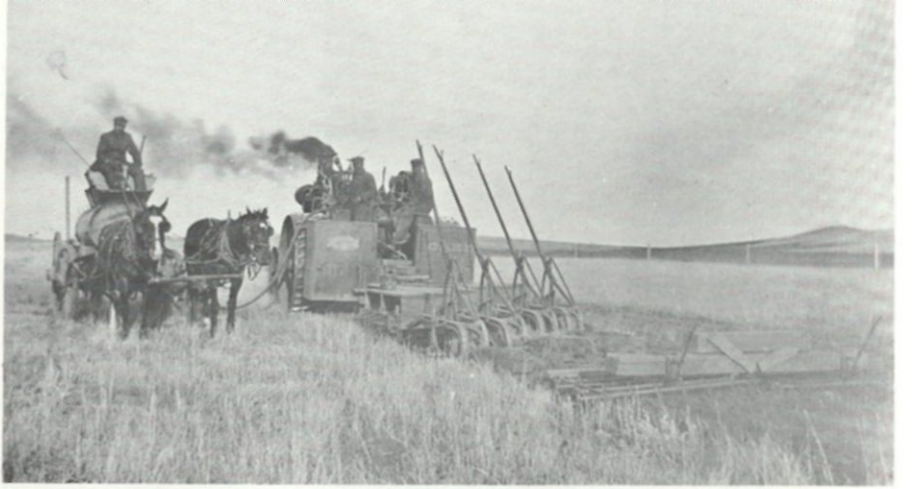
Mrs. Thea Moller, 93 years old, receiving the award for being the oldest at the show.

Allan Fenner of Upsala on his Dad's 18—36 Hart Parr.



The boiler that generates steam for the stationary engines. This boiler was purchased from the Vergas Creamery, Vergas, Mn.

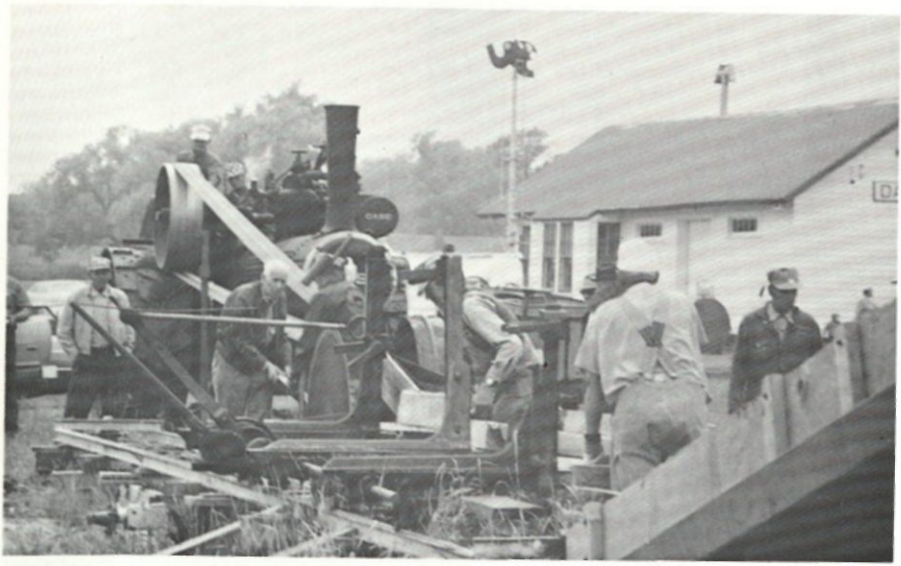
Glenn Risbrudt's "hot rod". It is used to saw wood at the show each year. Glenn built this machine in his shop on the farm.



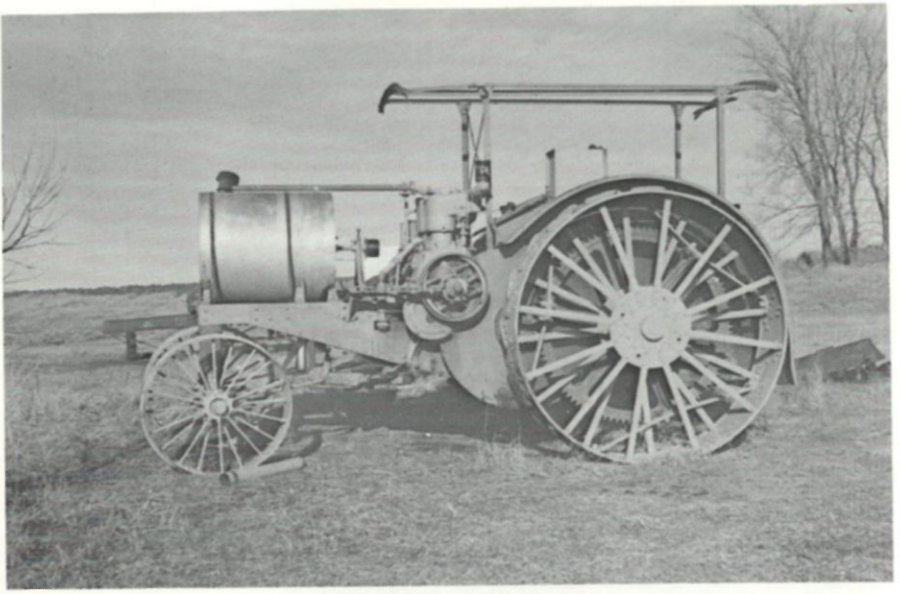
Plowing with a Case engine and an eight bottom plow with drag behind. This picture was taken at Hettinger, N.D., 1913.

Our large museum building and tractors and steam engines parked in front of the building.

Part of the crowd watching the grand parade of steam and gas tractors. The big 36 h.p. Rumely is up ahead.

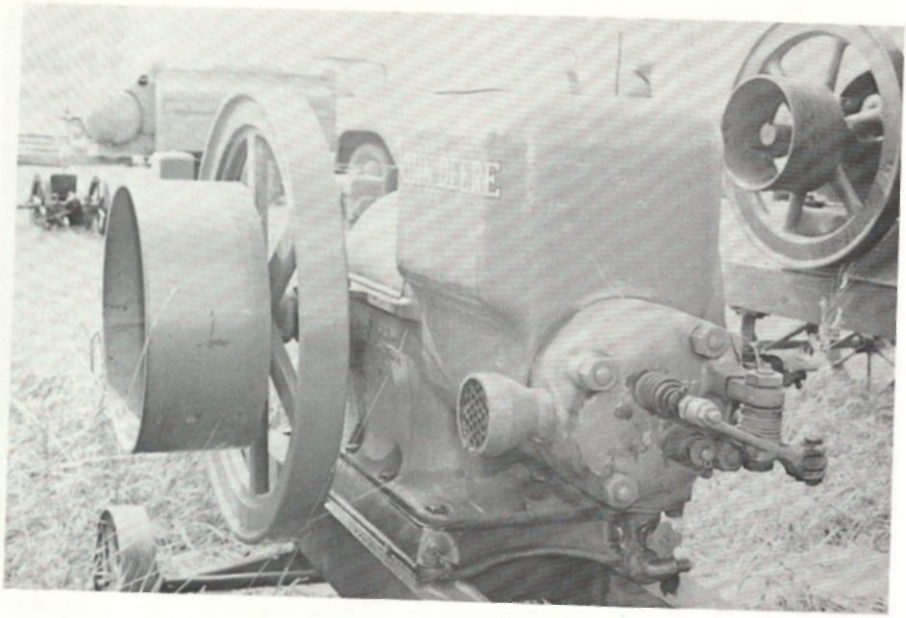


Sawing lumber with Ray Erickson's 65 Case engine and Kenneth Bratvold's saw mill. We have hundreds of logs to saw this summer.



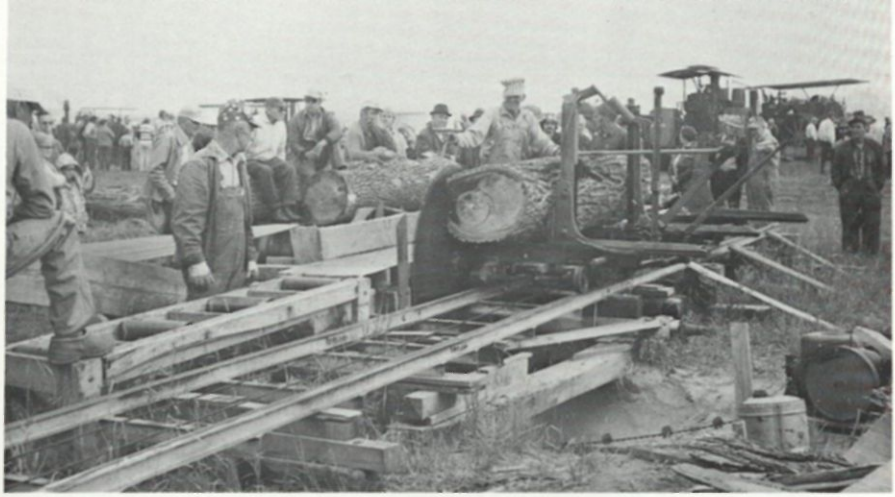
25—50 Twin City tractor about 1908-1910 model. One of the first tractors of this type were built by Twin City Mfg. Co.

David Hanson's Minneapolis Universal tractor 1910 model.

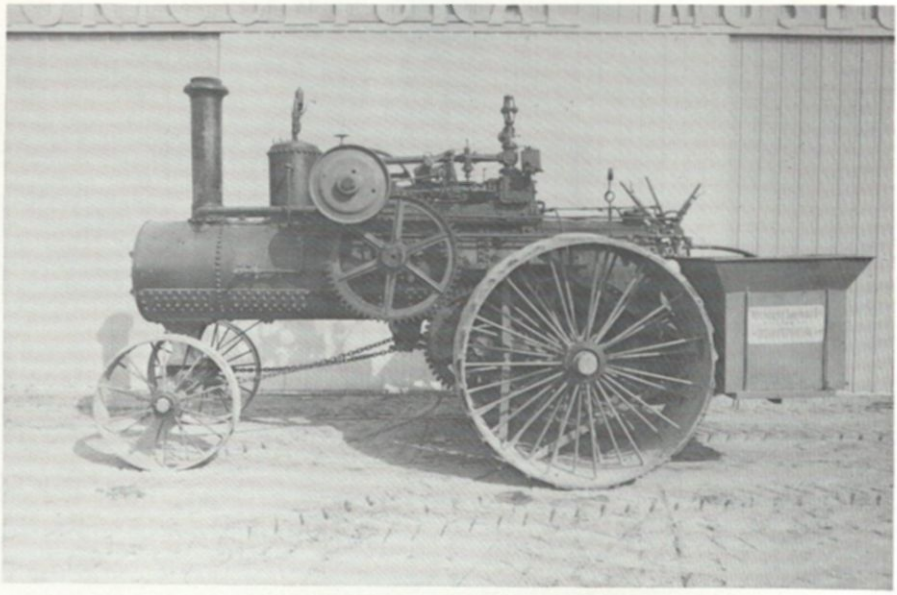


John Deere gas engines, some small, some large. They are interesting to some one big and small.

16 h.p. Advanced steam owned by George Melby. This is the only 16 h.p. engine on the grounds.



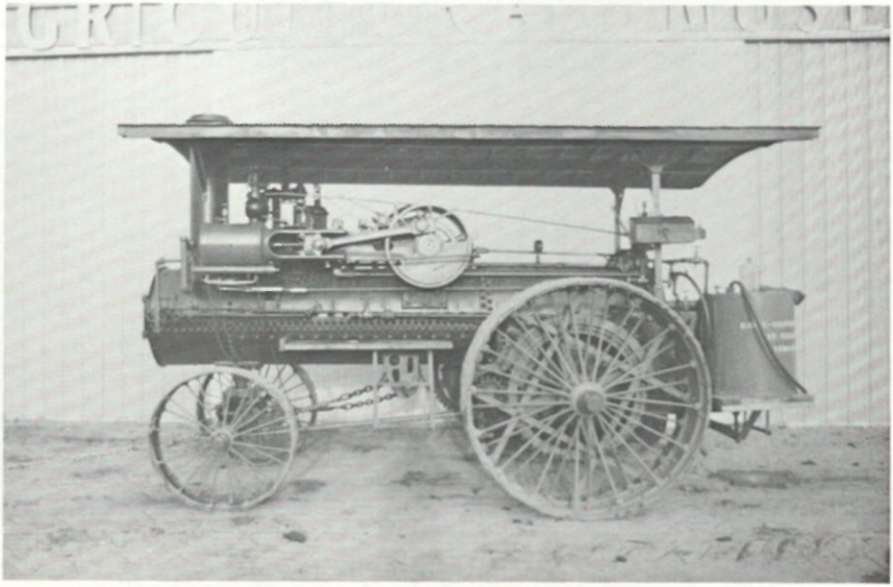
Sawing lumber at the show. Kenneth Bratvold, operator of the mill.



35 h.p. Nichols and Shepard steam. One of the very few left in operation. This engine was bought from Perleberg at Willmar, Mn.

Elsworth Grahn and helper with his combination saw and lath mill. Ellsworth lives near Vergas and has helped with the show for many seasons.

Elton Helleckson on the 25 h.p. Gaar Scott single cylinder engine.

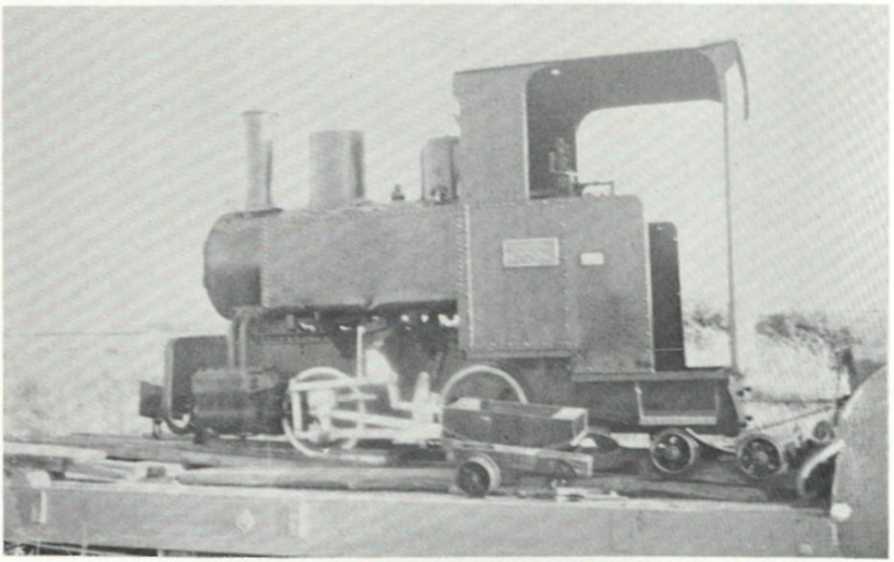


22 h.p. Keck Gorman steam engine owned by George Melby. This engine was sold mostly in the eastern states and very few were sold in this part of the country.

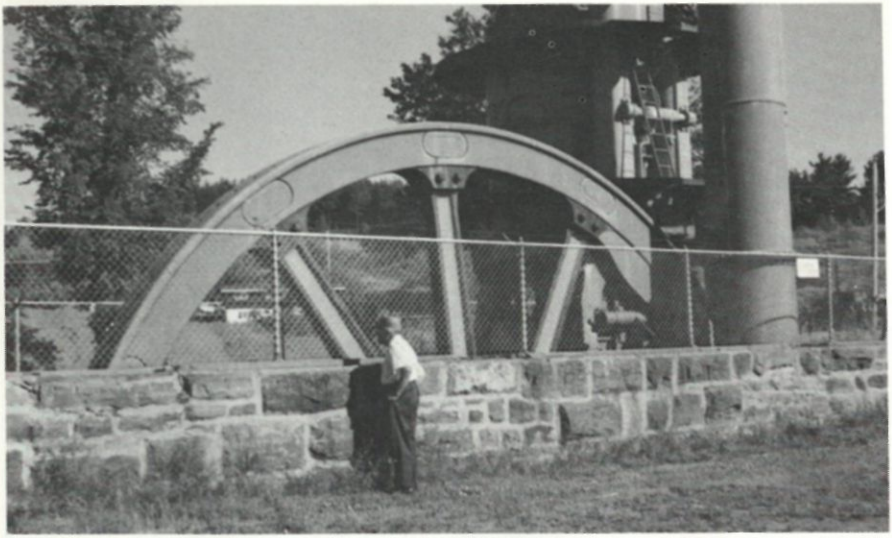
A few Model T Ford cars and trucks. Some are used to haul grain at the show.

Shingle mill in operation at the show operated by John Nyperud and David Hanson.

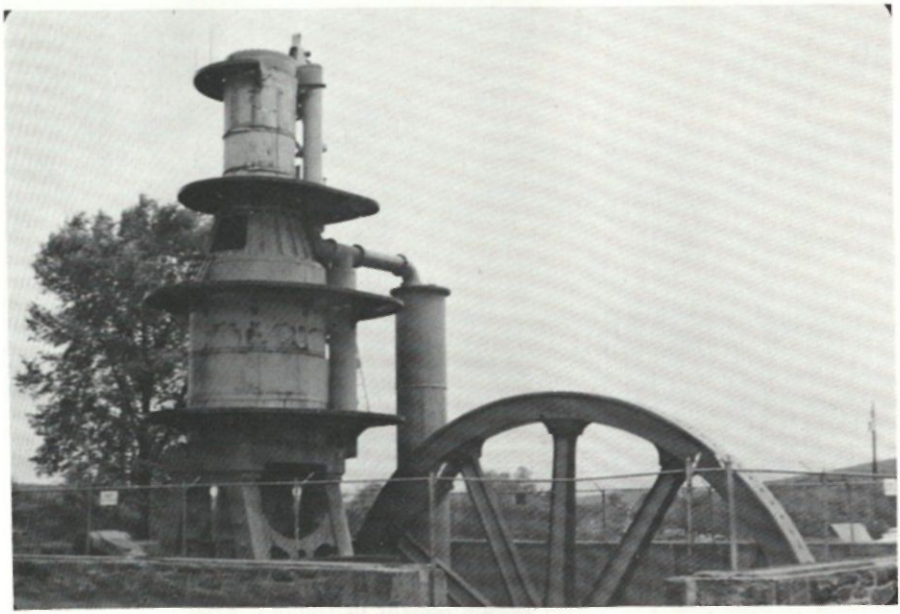
School time at the show. Teachers teach children at the old school house.



Four drive locomotive which we have on the grounds but have not found track as of yet, but expect to have it running some day soon.



Pumping engine used in pumping water from the mines at Iron Mountain, Mi. The cylinders are high pressure 50 inches, low pressure 100 inches. Has a 120 stroke, 11 r.p.m. Pump rods were 8 inches in diameter and 7 inches in diameter. 28 inch pump cylinder, 28 inch discharge. Pumping 3400 gallons per minute or 5,000,000 per day. Flywheel is 40 ft. diameter. Weight of the engine, 160 tons.



25—85 Nichols and Shepard steam, one of the last engines built by this company. Bought at Bird City, Ks. and is in excellent condition.

Harold Hansen's 20 h.p. diesel engine bought in Dakota, used in an elevator. Harold overhauled it completely and it runs fine.

Twin City tractor operated by Jeff Simdorn, Fergus Falls.

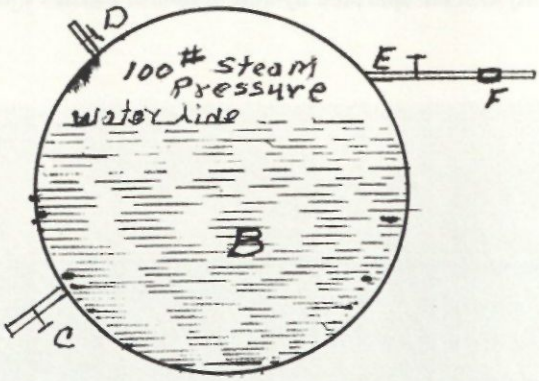
Tractors, gas engines, any size, grain separator and what not, all in operation.

The Injector

There is no machine used in steam engineering that is more difficult to understand than the injector.

It seems incredible that a machine can be constructed which will take up a large quantity of water and then go back again into the boiler against the pressure from which it started. At first sight, it looks to be of the same nature as a perpetual motion machine, and it was considered in this light by the United States Patent Commissioner when it was submitted to him for letters of patent. In fact he refused, so it is said, to grant a patent until he had actually seen it in operation.

The injector, by the way, is a comparatively new machine. It was invented by Mr. Henry Gifford, a Frenchman, about the year 1857, and its manufactor was begun in this country in 1860, by Wm. Sellers & Co. of Philadelphia.

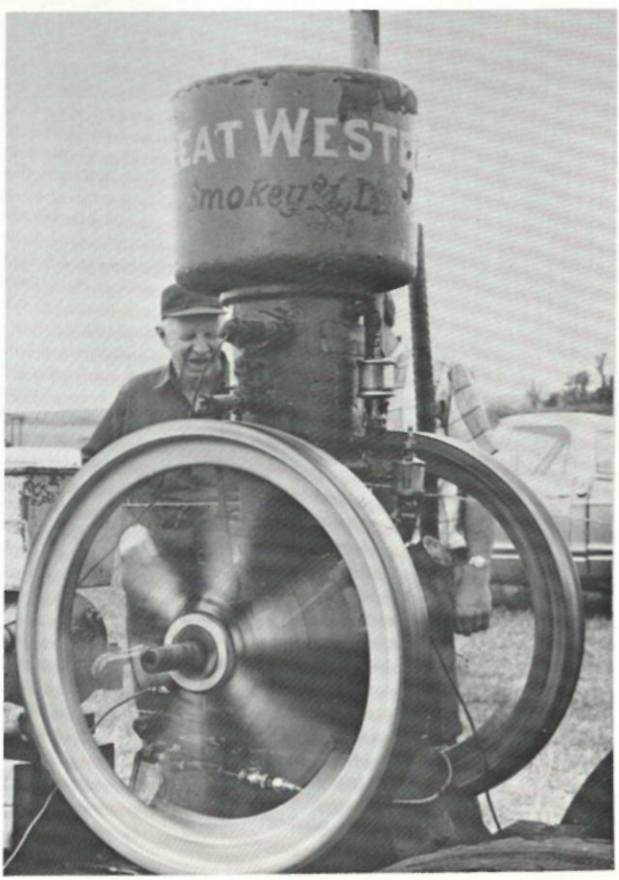


The principle of action of the injector is not easy to explain fully without aid of some advanced mathematics; however, the following explanation will answer fairly well.

Let B, Figure 1, represent a cross section of a steam boiler; C and D are pipes fitted with valves which communicate with the water space and stem space respectively. We will assume a steam pressure in the boiler of 100 pounds per square inch. Now if valve C were opened, water would flow out with a velocity of a little more than 121 feet per second, a figure which can easily be verified by anyone having a knowledge of the laws of falling bodies.

If the valve D be open, with steam pressure as before, steam will flow out with a velocity of 2,200 feet per second. We may say roughly that steam flowing from a boiler under pressure will have a velocity of from fifteen to eighteen times that of the water. This ratio changes somewhat under various conditions as to pressure in the boiler and the pressure against which steam escapes.

If now, instead of allowing the steam to escape through an open pipe it were made to pass through a pipe E, having a section at F, that could be instantly condensed at that point, the resulting stream of water, while very much smaller than the stream in cross section, would still travel with practically the same velocity; and if this stream were directed back into the boiler it would have no trouble in entering therein, since it has the velocity about eighteen times as great as that of the water which opposes its entrance. Since this stream of water has such a high velocity it could easily carry with it a considerable extra load, and while its velocity would be reduced thereby, it would still have sufficient velocity to enter the boiler.



This is a 40 h.p. Big Forty Gear Scott steam engine. There are only two of these engines left. One in north Battleford, Sask., Canada and one in the states. We have seen this engine and it is not a big engine. It has a 25 horse power boiler and has a double cylinder tandem compound engine. It has a 4 bearing crankshaft, 30'' wide drive wheels and 6'' bull gears. It is not a heavy engine for its horse power.

As you will notice this is another self-propelled thresher. We never knew that there was any other one but The Saging Machine but here it is. This ad appeared in the 1909 American Thresherman Magazine. This machine was built by the Caswell Mfg. Co., Iowa, the manufacturer of the Caswell Belt Guide and also other farm machinery.

Experiences On Arriving in This Country

—by Glenn Risbrudt

Our forefathers had many interesting and difficult situations in their journey from the "old country" to the "new America." Following is an article written by my grandfather in the year 1914 on his experiences on his arrival in this country:

I, Torke Engebretson Risbrudt, was born on the (gaard) farm home Foss in Sigdal on Nov. 6, 1845 of parents Engebret Torkelson and Kari, Ellef's daughter. But even tho I was born on Foss, I did not have any Odel's right (inheritance right) there, because my parents were, to be sure, extremely poor. They had their dwelling place there only a short time when they were first married. After this they wandered about from place to place until 1852 at which time they received a servant position (husmanspladsen) at Risbrudt on the farm Thales. Here they remained until 1861 when we left for America.

It can be related here that my grandfather, Torkel Olsen Risbrudt went to America in 1852. Father then stepped in as husmand (servant) in his place under Lars Thales.

It was at Risbrudt that I received my bring-up, but with going to school it was very meager as there was no school house in that district. But a few years after we left for America a school house was built on Eiar-Hill in Engersroen. But what schooling I received was in going from farm to farm, and worst of all we had so many teachers.

The first one I went to school for was Thorsten Thorson, but he was installed as churchsinger in Eggedal and also received a teaching position there. Next we had a Seminarian, (Seminary student) but I have forgotten his name. It is enough to state that he served only a short time. He came up to North Haga for Christmas where there was a young lad, Christopher Haga, who had a swell trotter. He offered to drive the teacher out to Horgecreek some place, I believe it was. But to their dismay, the ice was not strong enough as they drove down on the Endeberg's water where they broke through and the teacher drowned. It was just so barely that Christopher was able to save himself.

After this, different farmers conducted school such as Lars Halstenrud and Narve Enger. Then at last we had a subordinate officer, Ole Torgerson. I believe that he lived somewhere near Nuvrud. It is to him that I am indebted with thank that I am able to write a little. He was very good.

In the summer of 1860 I went to read for the Minister, as we say, and I was confirmed in the Holmes church, Oct. 14th, 1860 by Old Stub.

As I have stated previously, grandfather left for America in 1852. Even though he did not accomplish any great things here, he did manage to provide a way for all his children to follow after him. Father was the last to receive this help, because in those days there were greater difficulties to prepare for such a journey than now.

It took place in this manner. If there was a party who was to make the trip across and they had sufficient means to take a family with them, then an affidavit was sent over, or as we say, a note was furnished with two signatures, stating that the money would be there when they reached their destination. Not as it is done now when they simply buy a ticket and then send it over and everything is ready and clear. But in those days it was entirely different in that they had to furnish their own food provisions for many weeks over the ocean. It can be related that we left Risbrudt the 14th of April and did not come to Spring Grove before the 15th of July. The reason for taking such a long time was that Ship-Master Tofte in Drammen did not have enough freight boats to bring in all the freight from various parts and to get everything arranged for the passengers in readiness to leave.

We did not leave Drammen before the 17th of May on the ship "Oscar" under the command of Captain Christian Deckman. We arrived at Quebec. When we arrived there all our food was consumed nor did we have any money with which to buy any food. This happened because of our long stay in Drammen when we used up what should have been our provisions down through the land of America. It was by the weight of a hair that we were almost forced to go into Canada.

But this Captain Deckman was able to get all of his people as far as to Chicago, whether they had anything to pay with or not. How he managed this I shall never know.

When we came to Chicago, we were in the same dire circumstances. If father then would have been able to raise $5.00 we would have been able to go as far as Lansing, Ia., but it was just no use. In this manner we became separated. Those who had to pay with were permitted to enter the passenger train, but those who didn't were simply herded in on a freight car. This presumably just to get us out of town.

But the journey only lasted to the first station. And there we stood in a strange land, without money and food, and unable to understand the language. So it was surely something that could make the spirit sink extremely low in each one.

However, there were also merciful people in those days so we did not suffer from hunger because the people understood that we simply had nothing to live off. Then there came one who could speak Norwegian and he advised us not to leave the freight car as they finally took us to our destination, but it took time. At last we finally came as far as to Stoughton, Wi. There a farmer helped us and arranged a way for us to continue, namely to Lansing, Ia.

There at Lansing a Norwegian tailor took us in and helped us. Since the harvest had begun there were not many people in town. However, one came in who drove a pair of oxen and we were able to catch a ride with him to within a couple of miles from grandfather. You can imagine what unbounded happiness filled everyone now that the long journey was finally completed.

Father got work at once and received $1.00 per day which we thought was great. I too, got a chance to work. We were in Spring Grove only until the spring of 1862 at which time we moved on to Iowa, about 7-8 miles from Decorah. Here we remained until the spring of 1867.

It can be related here that while we lived in Iowa we did not have land of our own. I either worked as a farm hand or helped father. In Iowa we always rented land on share. My youngest sister was born June 27, 1862. My mother died in Iowa, Oct. 4, 1864. My oldest sister also died in Iowa, on June 1, 1866. She was also confirmed there by Pastor B. Koren.

Father sold his "claim" in Douglas Co. to Gunder Vinkjer in the spring of 1868. It was then we moved up here to Otter Tail Co. We came here where we now live on May 24th, 1868. I began now to clear off land as perosnal owner of 160 acres. I lay right along side of father's.

I was married in the spring of 1873. By 1914 we have lived together 41 years. I am certain that none of us has regretted this. Of course over such a long period of time, different things happen. But God has always been with us so everything has turned out far beyond expectations. However, we have not gathered any wealth, but we have always had sufficient. We received six children and all live. Everything has turned out well with them and we have had no sorrow whatever with anyone of them. According to my thinking this is the greatest blessing that parents can experience. Now they are all grown up and married except one. Those who are married have good homes not far from us. The children are Engebret, who operates the Farmer's Elevator and Lumber Yard in Dalton; Edward, who works in a store in Ashby; Mrs. Ellef Knudson, farmer in Tordenskjold; Theodore, farmer in St. Olaf; Mrs. Peter Knudson, farmer in St. Olaf; Christopher, who has a "homestead" in Montana, but I hope when he is through there with his "claim" that he will come back here and buy my place because I am worn out, and my wife even more so.

I shall describe a few features of the struggles of pioneer life. Our nearest Post Office was Pomme de Terre, about 10 miles from us. Naturally, there was not much mail. However a few letters were sent and received by the settlers. There were few newspapers in those days. One here and there kept the "Skandinaven."

The living costs were high in those day. I know that when we bought the first flour sack in Douglas Co., we had to pay $10.00 for it. Salt was 10 cents per pound, syrup $1.50 per gal., kerosene was 30 cents, yes often up to 50 cents per gal., coffee was 50 cents per pound, and I am not sure what sugar cost since we had to get along without this most of the time. We paid $1.50 for seed potatoes, $1.05 for seed wheat, and 50 cents for oats.

The shape of the land here in St. Olaf is somewhat rollie with quite a number of stones. But we feel we have found an excellent place with plenty conveniences of woods, water and meadow land. In those days we did not think anything about "big farming" but each one believed that one ought get along with 160 acres. Nearly everyone tried to break up a little the first year they came and also to construct some kind of a dwelling place, no matter how simple and primitive. But all seemed to be happy and satisfied. After we began to raise something and saw that the land was rich and fruitfull and brought forth good crops, then we were over-joyed with happiness. But then the hard times came when there was no market for what we raised. However, we lived through this too. Because during the first years we were here the land was being settled all around us and they had need of seed and other provisions; and we here in St. Olaf had all this to sell and were happy to do so. It wasn't long before there was a Mill about 25 miles from us, namely Balmoral. It was simple but they made good flour.

In the fall of 1870 the railroad came as far as Herman, Grant Co., Minn. So now we had a Market Place, only it was far away and very hard to get there, as well as very dangerous in the winter time. In 1872 the Northern Pacific Railroad came to Perham. Then we could go there, but this was 40 miles away too, only a little more safe for winter driving since there was woods to go through.

We began now to go forward, at least we thought so, economically. And it must be so. We simply couldn't go back, since we had no capital to start with. However, we began to see our real need for horses since there was no sense in keeping on making these long town-trips with oxen. We had to trade these off for horses and, of course, then there was an exchange price which brought us in debt. "But shaw," said one, "it can't be that dangerous; we have a quarter of good land, and what if we are in debt a few hundred dollrars." Not only for the horses but we also wanted machinery with which to operate the farm.

Perhaps everything would have turned out good if the grasshoppers had not come over us just as we thought we were ready to earn money like grass. For in the two years of 1876 and 77 we did not have any crop since the grasshoppers cleaned up everything. And those to whom we were indebted wanted theirs! What was now to be done? For we soon discovered that we were not as rich as we thought we were. When we came to borrow money, the first question was if we had any "security"? We had to beg our "creditors" to be patient until we could sell some cattle, and also until we could get some more land under cultivation. Then there surely would be enough money to be had.

We had a satisfactory crop in 1878. But then I was so unfortunate in that a team of horses ran away with me on a mower and my one foot was so badly hurt that I was unable to work the rest of the summer.

This happened the 22nd of July, so this year became worse for me than the two previous. That fall I had to borrow $400 under most strenuous circumstances. First, $30.00 was taken off as commission and then 12 percent interest on the entire sum. So I had to pay interest on the $30 I never got. But it is as the saying goes, "Need brings the dog into bondage." I was able, however, God be praised, to get out of it. But I knew some who lost everything they had for these same reasons.

In that we came here so early, there was naturally no organizations in anything. So I have been along and organized both county and township and also school districts. We live in School District No. 2 and the school house is right on my land. I was clerk in the school district for over 30 years. I have also served as chairman, superintendent, town clerk, assessor, constable, and I served as treasurer of the township for over 16 years.

The first Norwegian minister who visited these parts was Pastor Nils Brandt. He was here in the spring of 1869, for about a week, I believe. He wrote a constitution for a congregation and also organized it. Nearly all the people joined. He also conducted the first confirmation out here in Skovlund. (Meeting place in the woods.) We thought at that time this was on father's land but after the surveying that fall it turned out to belong to the American, A. W. Field. As stated, Brandt was here and we all thought that we were "Synod People" but Ole Johannessen Kasa came in July and we were soon split in factions.

I cannot close before I have told you where my wife came from. Her name is Gurine, Ellef's daughter. Her parents are both born as infants in Eggedal, but the exact place I do not know. Her father's name was Ellef Asbjornson and her mother's name was Gunnil, Helge's daughter. My wife was born on Narumseie, or in Marumshagen, but they soon moved to Eker in the vicinity of Drammen where she grew to

womanhood. They came to America in 1866 and for a few years lived in Winnessheik Co., Iowa. She came with her mother and brothers to Otter Tail County, now the township of Aastad, in 1871, where they have used the name Soliah. Her father died the first fall they were in Iowa, but her mother lived until 1900 and is buried in the Aastad cemetery.

I am indebted to explain to the readers that when we left Norway we were four brothers and sisters together with father and mother. These were myself, Helga, Kari and Ellev. Helga died in Iowa, as stated before. But then one was also born there, namely Chresti. So we are four of us who live out here in St. Olaf. Father was married again in 1871 to Sigrid Olsdatter Skaalia from Eggedal. In this marriage there were no children. She died in 1893 but father lived until 1907.

Yes, many numerous things have taken place since I came to this place. For example, I was in Fergus Falls when there was only one solitary "log cabin" there, namely Grusendorf. I also took a trip up through the Red River Valley. At that time there were only three houses from Fort Abercrombie to Frog Point, now Grand Forks, I believe. But do you think that I had sense enough to see any future for that part of our country? Oh, I could see alright that there were fine "claims" to be found, but it would be a long chance since I was certain that there would not be any system to schools and churches, and I did not believe that the prairie would be settled.

In those days people were afraid of the prairies. In those days I guess I was pretty much of a "hurrah boy" who didn't think much about the future, but was something of everything, such as a thresher and a horse trader and all kinds of foolishness. I had to discontinue horse trading for the simple reason that I finally did not have a horse left, and still I believed that I had made a "Good Deal".

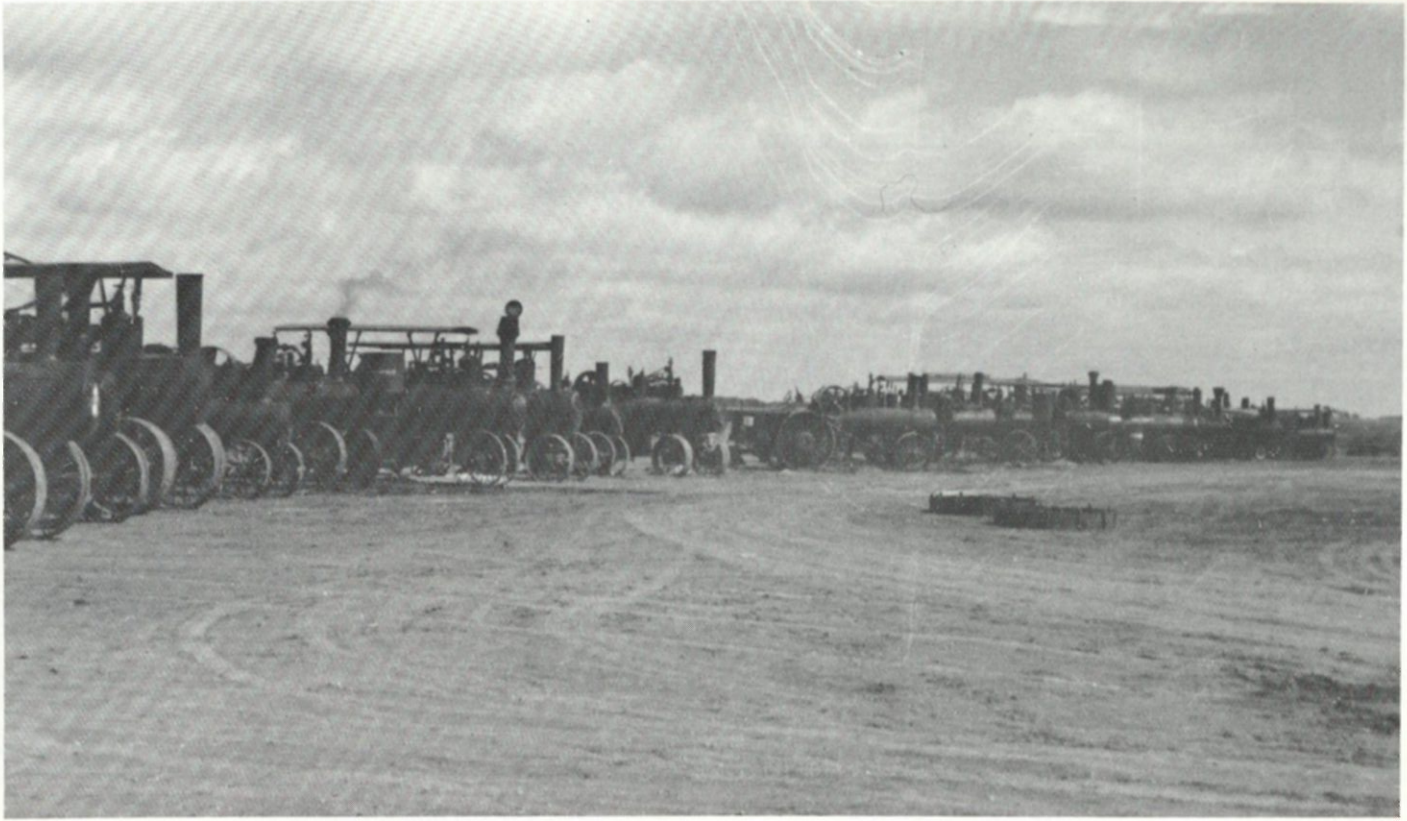
The Red River Ox Cart. It is not known that this ox-cart was actually used over the Red River Trail. Very definately this ox-cart is made of native wood and is over one hundred years old. Red River ox-carts were originally made entirely out of wood. This ox-cart is the oldest and crudest one known to be in existence in the state of Minnesota. The wood wheel revolving on a wooden axle, without the benefits of grease made the creaking of the caravans of carts heard for miles. The only lubrication used was when the men would rest and feed the oxen. The men would kill snakes, frogs, lizards, etc. and put them in the hubs of the wheels. This would lessen the horrible squeaking for a few miles at least.

1925 Chevrolet 4 door. Purchased new by Swen Johnson of Breckenridge, Mn. Mr. Johnson passed away in 1944. Car had very low mileage, about 12,000 miles, and was in new condition when Kenneth O. Anderson purchased it. In March 1974 Mr. Anderson sold it to Herb Rose, mileage, 29,310 miles. Car is now being restored by present owner. This car will be in the museum during the annual show.

Pictured in front of the Grant County Historical Museum in Elbow Lake, Mn. is a group of folk dancers from Norway. The museum is open 7 days a week during the summer months and is open 5 days a week during the winter months. It has 10,000 square feet of floor space. It houses a pioneer village, with the old fashion offices like a doctors and dentist office, a fur trading post fully stocked with fur traders merchandise, a sheriff's office and jail, a harness and blacksmith shop, a covered wagon, a 1904 two cylinder auto, old McCormick reaper, a 150 year old genuine Indian birchbark canoe, a large assortment of Indian artifacts and much more. On the grounds are an old fashioned one room country school house and a log house built in 1865 all furnished. You may spend hours there and not see it all.

Pastor Joe Melby and Pastor Fred Norlien, on stage, listening to the choir led by Leonard Matson at Sunday morning worship in the museum building.

In the museum building for the talent show and the Queen of Steam contest



Steam engines, steam engines as far as you can see. All fired and ready for the

Entrance to the museum and show ground. This has been greatly improved and we hope you will like it.


HART
PARR

36 h.p. Rumely steam engine. Only six other engines left today.

Part of the gas engine display and power windmill taken from the south end of the grounds.

The Power Windmill

The power windmill you see at the Lake Region Threshermen's grounds is one of a very few remaining in the U. S. I believe possibly the last one.

It was manufactured by the Duplex company, and the last patent date is 1896.

Mr. Victor Larson of Clinton, Mn. owned the windmill and I purchased it from him. As near as he can remember his father bought the windmill in 1913 or 14. As it turned out they never put it up, because they then used gasoline engines.

They had for many years used a power mill which was getting quite worn and had bought the duplex to replace it, however they never got it up.

So when we put it up at Dalton, this was the first time it was used.

The windmill has a 14½ foot diameter wheel and compound gearing to hold the wheel in the wind under load. It carried 80 lbs. of weight in its hollow tail ball. It also has a governor which opened the wheel to the wind with varying loads.

Mr. Larson thought it was rated 12 h.p. in a good wind.

Truly a reminder of days gone by, and a very nice addition to our show.

Harold Hansen, Graceville, Mn.

REVIEW BATTLE LAKE, MINNESOTA