

THE GRANGER FARM  
River Rd.  
W. Worthington, MA 01098  
(Across the river from Brookstone)  
Written By – Granddaughter – Rose M. Sherman  
5-10-18

This farm was owned by Charles (Jock) A. and Daisy M. (Pratt) Granger and their 7 siblings – (sons ) Francis, Irving, Paul and Kenneth and (daughters) Marie (Granger) Pease, Freida Granger and M. Elizabeth (Granger) Brooks were raised there. Also, their granddaughter (Elizabeth's oldest dau.) Rose M. (Granger) Sherman was raised there as well. This farm was previously owned by Charle's father.

This farm also consisted of several acres north on Rte. 143 abutting on Lindsey Hill Rd., which was later broken down into 3 parcels. Parcel #1 is now owned by Kenneth & Cathy (Downs) Granger, parcel #2 which was owned by the (late) Paul and (late) Arlene (Dewey) Granger, now owned by Ricky, Joe and Ronald Granger and parcel #3, which is owned by David Granger and Cathy Hall.

The Granger Farm raised dairy cattle and shipped milk to the Maurice Casey Milk Co.. It was stored in 20 gal. milk cans in the Milkhouse Cooler and then waited for pickup by Chet Cady of Huntington to go to the milk company. Later on, Leland (Babe) Smith picked up all of the local farmers milk and delivered the cans to a wooden milkstand on Rte. 143 almost directly across from the Old Church, which was located near the cement bridge that abuts Drs. Gerry & Lyn Lemieux's residence. The milk was then pick up by the new milk company of Hood.

They raised silage corn, which they cut in the fields by hand and hired the Packard Brothers of Goshen who had a cornchopper to cut it up for silage. And I, for one, had to go up in the silo and rotate the blower so it wouldn't all land in one spot, and also, to help tread it down. To me, that always smelled like dessert for the cows – it smelled yummy and then to add grain to it – it was their dessert!

When I was younger and in grammar school, the milking herd had to be driven up River Rd., right on to Rte. 143 north to Lindsey Hill Rd. where the pasture area was. It was about one and a half miles to the pasture gate. They knew right where they were going and back then there was no traffic. My grandfather brought me back to catch the bus. The same thing over at 4:30 pm but in reverse. I do have to mention that one cow named Bubbles did single me out. I guess I tormented her too much in the stanchion when she was eating, because unbeknown to me she was going to get even. This one time she was wandering astray while going up to pasture and when I was going to correct her, she just turned around, put her head down and sort of hustled toward me. The next thing I knew she was rolling me around in the road and then walked away. Lucky for me she had small curled horns so they did not physically hurt me – just my pride. But I did not try to correct her wrong doings unless one of my summer friends, Avis (Galka) Constantine, was here for a visit. Bubbles just ran away from her – I was the enemy! Avis came to visit her Grandparents – Elmer and Myrtle Nary – who lived in the old Schoolhouse –