

This rock barn was built by my Grandfather, Frank Schott (noticed the spelling of his name is wrong on the label).

I remember our mother, the youngest of Frank Schott's children, telling us stories about her childhood, included were stories of when it was very hot in the summer, the whole family would sleep up in the hayloft, it was cool up there because of the concrete floor and the breeze would flow through.

Our mother would sleep walk at times as a child, and once she woke up just before she stepped off the edge of the hayloft. She was about 11 years old then.