

I was born on the 27th of May, 1855 in Stamness, Bergen, Norway. My parents names were John Johannesen Stamness and Brita Davidstatter Fyllingslid. I was baptized in the Lutheran Faith, and on the 5th of Sept. 1870, was confirmed in the same Faith by our local Pastor Ergens. It was a large class of confirmants, thirty-six boys and girls. After confirmation I had to go out and work. The first year I worked for my oldest brother and cousin Johannes Stomness, alternating two weeks at each place. The second year I worked for Anders J. Kaastad and the third year I worked at different places.

Then together with Ole O. Kaastad, we bought timber land and started dealing in wood on our own hook, which went pretty good. I also attended school. My teacher's name was Knut Semmeness, a very good and efficient teacher. Thus my life from birth until 1882 was spent in Norway.

January 9, 1882 I was united in marriage to Monsine Hansdate Sobo in the Stamness church by Rev. Bul, the pastor of that charge. My wife was born on the 13th of November, 1849 and confirmed Oct. 2, 1864. We were four brothers and three sisters in our family and the only ones left now are: Mrs. Britha Kalvik, Hannaford, N. Dak., and I. My oldest sister died in Norway. My oldest brother, Johannes Haugen, and David Kaaland, died a number of years ago. John J. Haugen died two years ago. My sister, Mrs. Bretha Oie, was a resident for many years in McLean county, N. Dak., but passed away about four years ago. My father died when I was twelve years five months old, and my mother died in 1885, if I remember correctly.

Before going farther, I want to explain how it came about that I use the name Haugen instead of Fyllingslid. My father's place where I was born, was along the mountain side. One winter there came a lot of snow and rain from the mountains and washed away everything except the

house; so father decided to sell out and move to another place. The name of this place was Fyllehaugen and of course it was customary in Norway that anyone living on a place would adopt the name of the place and this is what we did. In order to make it a little easier to pronounce, we cut it short and left out the Fylle and called our name Haugen.

It was not just roses in our paths in Norway either. When I was still young, I had to get up three thirty in the morning and walk way up the mountains where the milch cows were grazing, to do the milking. It was a task many a time, but I managed to pull through with no ill effects. At one time my brother David Kaaland and I were out cutting hay with the Armstrong mower (better known as the scythe) in the mountains. Whereever we could find a little grass to cut we cut it, and it so happened I got too close to the edge of the cliff, lost my balance and plunged head first down the cliff. I landed on the bottom quite badly bruised but getting up to a sitting position, I called for help to my brother, who was just a short distance away. All at once I felt the blood coming down my face, and it made me feel faint. My brother decided to walk home at once. I got doctor's care and I was healed up in a short time.

We decided to leave our native land and go to America to seek what was in store for us. April 14, 1882 we sailed from Bergen, Norway and in two weeks we landed in New York. From New York we went by railroad and arrived at Ada, Minn., May 4th. A man by the name of John Satre met us at the depot with a team of horses and wagon and asked us to go along with him to Hendrum, Minn. The roads were in a very muddy condition and it was impossible for him to take all our luggage along, except for a small trunk. We had not gone very far before we got stuck in a mud-puddle. Mr. Satre got in the water up to his knees and unhooked the horses. With the aid of a long rope he managed to pull the wagon out and I took my wife on my back and carried her to safely on dry land. On

getting straightened up we again started on our journey. We drove on for some time, but night soon came on. We arrived at a small house which was occupied by a couple from Gudbrandsdalen. John Satre, our driver, talked to this man and he invited us all to stay over night in their small house. We accepted their invitation and they treated us very nice. The next morning, Sunday, John hitched up again and we started off. We arrived at his place a little before dinner. After dinner John took us across the Elm river and drove on until we reached the Red river. We could see the farmhouse on the other side where my brother John J. and his wife worked. When they saw us they came in a boat and to across the Red river. This brought us into N. Dak. in the Red river valley.

Mrs. John Haugen kept house for a widower who had two sons. John was employed on the Grandin farm a short distance from there. We stayed with Mrs. Haugen a week and rested up after our long and wearied journey. I then worked for a farmer two miles from there by the name of Mikel Herberg for one dollar a day and board. I thought this was great compared to what I had been used to getting in Norway. That spring the work was somewhat delayed as the Red river had overflowed and a great amount of water was covering the field and prairie. My wife got a job working for a farmer all summer not far from where I was, for one dollar a week and board. When the spring work was over I was out of a job and so was John J; so we decided to go westward to try locate some land.

Before starting out on our journey, we wrote to two of our neighbor boys in Norway, who were at Ada, Minn., by the name of Daniel Bukkesten (Syverson) and Ole O. Kaastad. We asked them to join us on our journey westward. They came and we all went together, not with horse and buggy, but on foot. We walked til we got to the Grandin railroad station and from there to Fargo, which at that time was just a small town. Daniel Syverson and Ole Kaastad hired out on the railroad and my brother and I drifted in to the land office to inquire about land. On our way up to the office we met three men coming out. They were Norwegians and we

talked to them. They told us they had been in and each filed on a quarter section of land southwest of Valley City, and there were still two vacant quarters left. They left their families there while they went to Fargo. They had driven a yoke of oxen to Valley City and by rail to Fargo and asked us to go back with them and take a look at the land, so we did.

Night came on and we stayed at their place over night. Our bed was the ground with a small tent over head. The next morning after breakfast we went to look over the land. One thing we liked about it was a small ravine or stream of water coming across these quarters separating one from the other. Otherwise, the land did not appeal to us. It would make a nice place to live and was about four miles to Standing Rock Post Office; but on thinking it over, we feared we would be unable to settle down and build a house inside of six months, thereby losing our homestead rights; so we gave it up and started on foot back to Valley City, a distance of twenty-eight miles. The day was quite warm and we took our shoes off and walked barefooted. We came to Valley City eight o'clock in the evening. There we heard of a friend of ours by the name of Halsten Anderson Fyllingslid living there in town. We hunted up the place and stayed there over night. Mr. Anderson told us that Einer Stromme, Johannes Stromme, Ole Stromme and himself had been about thirty-five miles north of Valley City and filed on land, and thought there would possibly be more vacant land adjoining their's. We did not go up there at that time but decided to go back to Fargo, and from there back to the place where my wife was working. On the way over there we met a man and talked to him. He mentioned he should have a barn built from logs. We told him we were not carpenters by trade, but quite handy with the axe and saw; so he gave us the job of building a log stable for him. When finished, he was well satisfied. Our salary was one dollar a day and board.

In 1900 I was back there for a visit and the barn was still standing. We then got a job haying on the Grandin farm No 3, which covered eighteen sections. We also put in the harvest there. They ran 22 binders and 28 men shocking, with no bundle carriers on the binders, each two men taking five rows of bundles as they dropped from the binder and shook it up. A boss followed up to see that all done the same amount of work. On the entire Grandin farm at that time for operating were 300 mules, 100 horses, 52 binders, 13 threshing machines, and 400 men. I then received \$1.75 per day. I also got work along with a threshing machine that went out and threshed for a few neighboring farmers. (My brother got a job plowing with five mules on the plow). The engine was pulled by four mules and the separator the same. After threshing there a couple days, it started to rain and kep up for several days. We got tired laying around there and decided to go back to Hendrum. There was considerable threshing left there to do so we got a job and kept it up until we had to shovel the snow away from the stacks.

These people we worked for were very kind to us, and we got acquainted with quite a few people around Hendrum; among them were two ministers by the names of Per Stromme, and Meggrun. The former was here in Griggs Co. not so many years, preaching at different churches around; the first Lord's Supper that I partook of in America was administered to me by Rev. Stromme. In the fall of 1882, while still at Hendrum, I heard of a vacant house out on the prairie and decided to get that rented for the winter, and so I did. My wife, John J., his wife, and two sons, Henry and Bennie, and I stayed there over the winter. It did not cost us anything for house rent. John and I got work in the woods, cutting down trees and chopping up wood that was later, during the summer, used in the steamboat instead of coal. We received one dollar per cord, and we prepared thirty-six cords during the winter. Then Einar and Ole Stromme came to visit us. They reported to

us that they had found land for themselves in Griggs Co., N. Dak. It included Einar Stromme, Johannes, Knut, and Ole Hjelled (Stromme) and Halsten Anderson Fyllingslid. They were all close together. They had worked for a man by the name of Nels Hemmingson. They said there were two quarters in Sec. 14 idle and if we wanted to try to get them we should act at once, so John and I followed Einar Stromme back to his place and stayed there for three days, and decided to go to Fargo to file on this land. We got our papers and felt proud. We had each a quarter section of land in our possession. I got the S.E. 1/4 Sec. 14, Twp. 144 Range 59, Greenfield township, Griggs Co, N. Dak. and the place I have occupied ever since. John J. got the S.W. 1/4 in Sec. 14, the same township. This was done unseen as we had not been up that far to see the land. We were well satisfied.

The next thing was to get hold of a pair of oxen and a wagon. By chance I heard of a man who had a yoke of oxen and a wagon for sale. I got in touch with him and purchased the outfit. As we didn't have no more work, we decided to drive westward. We did and came to the house of Halsten Anderson Fyllingslid which was standing unoccupied where we settled down temporarily. Of course, my brother, John J., was part owner of the team. I had one cow and he had two cows and two calves. The calf from my cow died. Before we left Hendrum I asked a friend of mine if he could sell me a calf. He said he couldn't, but had just butchered a nice fat beef the day before, and offered us some if we could carry it home with us. He gave me a hind quarter which I carried with me home and was very tickled to get it.

We stayed at this place of Halsten's til spring, and on the 31st. of May, 1883 we started on our journey to Griggs County. We came by the home of Knut Leraas. His two boys Nels and Johannes followed us. The first day we travelled a little way on the west side of Blanchard, a small town, where we camped over night, for grazing was good there for

the oxen. The next morning we had our own cooked breakfast and started again on our journey, reaching on the west side of Hope where we camped that night. The weather was mild and everything went fine. When morning we again started again and arrived on the west side of Sheyenne River, where we camped the third night. Einar Stromme who also was in company with us, informed us we now were in Griggs County. He had been there the previous summer and was little acquainted. The next morning we started out again, and came to Knut Stromme by dinner time. They had settled there the previous summer and had built a sod house. Ole Stromme and Johannes Stromme had also done the same. We stayed there and rested a short time and had dinner. We had just one mile south to the land I had filed on unseon and which now was mine. The next thing was to get settled down and get a home established on the barren prairies. When dinner over, we went to look over our land. It didn't look very promising, as a great amount of water was covering the land, and when we got on top of a hill, I said, "There is where I will build my home." Then we went over to look over John J's land and he decided to build his house on a still higher hill. There was a great amount of wild birds at that time consisting of geese, ducks, and sea gulls. We could imagine we were back in Norway.

The next day I started digging a cellar for my house. It was not very large, as the size of the sod house I planned was 14 by 14 ft. John and Einar Stromme went to Valley City, a distance of thirty-five miles south as we had some of our belongings there at the depot which we had been sent by railroad from Fargo. There they were to get and to purchase a breaking plow, so we could start to break up some of our land. It did not look very promising to build a house as I had only \$10 left after I had paid for the freight and bought the plow. My brother and I bought the plow together. We then broke up some sod and built our first house which went pretty good with the side walls; but we had to go to the

Sheyenne river for bark and poles for the roof. We covered it with dirt on top of that again. When completed, it was a warm, cozy hut. I got my house finished before John, so we all moved into it. I then did some breaking and shortly after John and I decided to look around for a job in harvest. Mrs. John Haugen stayed with my wife and took care of the one cow and calf I had, and the two cows and two calves of John's. There was plenty of grass and water here and we kept them tied by ropes.

On a Saturday morning, we started south toward Valley City to get work. We were five of us, John J., Ole O. Kaastad, Ole Stromme, a man from north of Cooperstown, who had a brother working eight miles north of Valley City and I. About eight miles north from our place, we met John Stromme coming from Valley City. He camped for dinner and gave us some dinner also. We did not have any money, so John Stromme loaned John and Ole Kaastad and I a dollar each to buy food for in case we did not get work right away. After dinner we started walking again and by evening we came to a sod house, sod stable, and a hay stack. Taking hay from the stack we made our bed and stayed there over night. The next morning we started walking again and came to the place where our partner's brother worked. They had started harvest, and there our partner and Ole Stromme got to work for this farmer. He was good to us and gave us food. The rest of us started walking again. There were several farmers on both sides of the road, but none needed any help; not even on the large Kindred farm. We walked westward and towards evening came to a place where they were eating supper. I asked if they would sell us a loaf of bread. They refused and told us to go to the next place, and there was the same story. Then we walked a way further north and came to a Norwegian family where we bought some food. In the morning, we started walking west again and by noon came to a German farmer. He could not give us work but he would give us dinner, and of course we

were glad for that. We started walking toward home again, got something to eat, and started walking toward Cooperstown. We slept in a hay stack on the Cooper farm over night, and when the men came in the morning to feed the mules, we had to get up and walk around until breakfast time. Mr. Cooper also had breakfast together with his men. He invited us in and said if it hadn't rained we could have gotten work threshing. When we came out after breakfast, the timekeeper for the railroad which was under construction, had come to ask Cooper if he had any men to spare; he said he had three, pointing to us, and glad were we to get a job.

We drove back to town with him and started work on the railroad at \$2 per day, ten hours a day. We had to pay four dollars a week for board, but we made better there than those working for Cooper, threshing. As rain didn't interfere with our work, this was the easiest work I ever had. The boss was Irish and a very nice fellow. This was getting rather late in the fall, so I went home and stayed for a week fixing up a little for the winter, and then went back on the railroad a little longer, and then home again to go to the woods to get wood for the winter. We had to dig up the roots as those living there took the tops of the trees for themselves. We paid one dollar for each load of wood.

We made good while working on the railroad, even though we walked many a mile to get the job. Then brother John, David, and I bought two acres of wood land by the Sheyenne river, and from that we hauled our own wood for many years. Later, I bought two acres from another farmer there and that kept us with wood many years. Since the G. N. railroad came through in 1912, which at that time crossed one of my quarters, we have been fortunate in getting discarded ties when they replace with new ones, and that has been a great help. In the spring of 1884, I worked at home and sowed in what I broke, six acres for wheat and two acres into oats. I also was over to my brother John and sowed his crop, seven acres to wheat and two acres to oats. John was

working on the Cooper farm at the time. As we had only one team of oxen, it was not necessary for both of us to stay home for the seeding. When harvest came I hired Nels Hemmingson to do the harvest. From my six acres of wheat, I got ninety-one bushels. When I was through with the spring work however, John came home and did some breaking for us and I went to Cooperstown and got work. They were going to build a large house there of brick. They called it the Courthouse and I got the job of mixing mortar. One day the boss asked me to carry bricks up the ladder to the brick layers on the second story. I consented, carrying fifteen bricks in a wooden box on one shoulder up a straight ladder. I kept this up until the house was finished. I got \$2 per day and paid \$4 a week for board and room. I thought I made pretty good at that.

I then went back home and got busy digging rocks on my land in order to make a nice field out of it. Thus I managed to break it up, and I tried to make the best of it from year to year. On the 25th of November, 1883 our first son John H. Haugen was born, and bapitized on the 6th of January, 1884 by Rev. J. L. Lundeby, who at that time was a traveling missionary. We did not as yet have any church organized. He had his home at Valley City and covered a large territory, which also included our neighborhood, preaching the gospel which was a great benefit to us in the future years. During the winter months, we met for services at the various farms, In the summer we used the school house. In the fall of 1884 we called a meeting to organize a congregation. This meeting was held at Knut Stromme. We were three men at the meeting and a congregation was organized and it's name was Hvidland. For pastor we sent a call letter to O. K. Quamme on the suggestion of Rev. Lundeby. Rev. Quamme finished the Seminary during the winter and in the summer he accepted the call and took charge of same. This charge composed of our own (Hvidland), Lund, Ness, Rinsaker, and Ostervold. This charge he

served for about seventten years. Then we decided to build a church. This was done in 1894, which I, together with my neighbors helped to build. On the fourth of May, 1884 our second son Helmer A. was born, but passed away at the age of two and one-half years. On April 19, 1887 our third son, Mikel, was born. On the 30th of October, the fourth son was born, Helmer A. February 15, 1893 our fifth son Bennie H. was born. This comprises our family, and we have been fortunate in having them all in our midst. Three of them are farming and Helmer with his family, is at present residing at Aneta, N. Dak., employed on the railroad. From the time I started farming, I used oxen until 1891; I then bought my first team of horses from Karl Skare for \$325 and \$50 for a set of harness. In the fall of the same year, I bought a mare from the same person for \$125 and one mare from John Lilja for \$125. I was fortunate in getting a good crop. That fall I had 98 acres of wheat and got 3000 bushels of good quality. All of section 13 was laying idle and the owner, Mr. Langdon, told me if I wanted to break up any of it, I could do so by getting the first crop for the work, but after that he was to have one-fourth of the crop. I rented two quarters and bought the S.W.1/4 of Sec. 13 for \$10 per acre paying for it with half of the crop every year. I also rented the N.W.1/4 of Sec. 15 for a few years on the same condition, giving a share of the crop. The result of it was that I bought it and got it paid for. When my oldest son, John H. married, he made his home on this quarter a few years. I then bought a half section of school land in section 36. This land I purchased in the fall of the year.

During the winter, I hauled some lumber on the place to build a Barn, as I was going to do some breaking there. In the spring I dug a well etc. John helped me with the breaking, for I told him he could get the first crop for the breaking; so one day he said to me that here would make a nice farm when it got worked up. I told him if he wished to go into debt

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he could buy it for the same I was to pay for it, and the deal was made. He is at present farming that same land and has a nice farm with good buildings. In the year 1893 I built my first house of lumber with a basement 12' by 20', main building 16' by 24' and a lean 10' by 24'. This house was occupied until 1908 when I rebuilt the same and added some of it, making it considerably larger. This rebuilding cost at that time in the neighborhood of \$2000. In the year 1890, we got to talking about getting a threshing machine as most of we neighbors had three quarters of land, and thinking if the crop came through, it would be a large thresh bill to pay; so four of us decided to partnership on a threshing outfit, David Kalland, Ole O. Kaastad, John H. Haugen, and myself, but when the time came for the deal to be closed, the two former backed out, and John J. and I bought the rig. It was a J. I. Case, 20 h.p. engine, and 40 in. cylinder separator. We hired a man from Indiana to run the engine and Gilbert Hanson from Cooperstown the separator. We did considerable threshing that fall. We had the rig on three days trial, and were satisfied with and decided to keep it. We were to pay \$2800 for it; the first year we paid down \$1300. We had three years to pay it on. After we finished threshing in the fall, we built a shed for it on my place. The second year we had an engineer from Cooperstown, Nels Aterholdt, and Knut Hamre from Cooperstown, ran the separator. That year was not very good; we threshed for twenty-three farmers and put in forty-seven days and cleared, above expenses. only \$211. This machine was of the old type with straw carrier instead of blower. The fourth year my brother, John J., sold his share to the agent of the company who was also a shareholder in the rig (which I failed to mention before). The agent and I threshed the next fall. I then bought his share and was alone about it. Julius Brekke, a long time resident of Hannaford, was my favorite engineer until John became

sufficiently qualified to handle the engine, and Knut Hamre, still a resident of Cooperstown, ran the separator for me until I felt qualified to do that myself. I liked the kind of work very much. I might relate that one fall I threshed for Edward Stai a whole week and got paid \$775 thresh bill. I have not had any responsibility with threshing, the later years, as my son, John, has a rig of his own and he does the threshing.

In the pioneer days, it became a custom in our neighborhood that we all should curb our wells with common rock, and that seemed to be my job. I have curbed many a well in the community, and several for myself, a hazardous and dangerous task; and down through the ages, I have struggled, not regretting what I have undertaken to do, sometimes a failure and sometimes a success.

In 1908 John H. and Mrs. and their two oldest children, Sophia and Hans, my wife and I, made a trip to Norway to visit our native land and relations. We left here in November and returned in February. This trip was enjoyed very much in spite of the fact that the people in Norway hardly believed what we told them. We got along O. K. anyway; and now I am getting so old that I don't think I'll ever see Norway again.

I recall one fall, I, together with some of the neighbors were over and helped Olaf Kalvik build a barn. We were on the roof shingling; I lost my balance and slid down the roof falling to the frozen ground. The others thought I was just about killed if not entirely killed. I got out of it with a badly bruised arm, which took considerable time to heal up. Nevertheless, I got out of it pretty good. I have had five operations during my life and came out in fine shape, even though at times it looked, you might say, hopeless. The past twenty years or so I have just farmed the homestead and got along as well as could be expected through this period of depression. Both my wife and I are getting well along in years, and I think the younger generation will have to take our place in the near future.