

Horv. Wesley A - born Paynesville, Minnesota - May 8-1872 living
 " Elizabeth M. " Ferguson Ont Canada Dec. 15-1873 died South Burke Co
 their children
 Marshall Brown " New Paynesville Min Jan 8-1908. living Temper City - Calif
 " Bernette "August" Aneta No. Dak. Dec 14-1909 " Do. Badland Calif
 Ruth V. (Mrs Evans Cobay) New Paynesville, Min. April 6-1915 " " "
 Hugh Campbell McDaniel, Christina Moffat - married at Corfu town
 No. Dak July 23-1900
 Hugh was born in Bloomingdale - Mar. 4-1870 - died Medicine Hat, Alberta Canada
 Dec 15-1938
 Christina born Ferguson Ont Canada April 30-1877 died Medicine Hat, Alberta
 Canada March 8-1941
 John A. Moffat, William Maclell - married Dec.
 John A. born in Ferguson Ont Canada Dec. 9, 1875, died at Oremerton Washington
 May 2-1943 -
 their children
 Bruce Wellington born at Corfu town Dec 24
 Alberta -
 Eugene
 living Medford Oregon
 died Glendale Calif - 1942
 living Seattle, Morice B.C.

twenty years, I find I have
much to be thankful for in
having such a son, and I hope
the outcome is what you
wanted, kind regards
and best wishes for your
success, Sincerely

Lucie M. Gary

P. S. After thinking about the
McDaniels - I believe I'm wrong
for there was another brother who
had J. B. and went to Colorado where
he died and the one I called Jim
Hugh always referred to as D. D. The
son of Mrs. Tiplon was named
Bert. If she is living she would
be in the 80's, that was her
active in Angeles Temple - Amy
McPherson Church.

Walter A. Abbott and Minna M. Moffat married at Corfu
 June 26-1902
 Walter born at - Lebanon Indiana June 18-1875 Died San Gabriel Calif
 Nov. 26-1946
 Minna - born July 16-1878 Texas Dnt. Canada - Died San Gabriel Calif
 1913
 Feb. 28-1947
 Their children
 David Mae - born July 23-1903 Corfu Iowa. Died Los Angeles Cal. Nov. 12-1947
 Mildred (Mrs George Starnum) born Sept. 8-1905 Santa Fe, N. Mex. - Living at Laguna
 1944 married Dec 23-1900 at

Thos. A. Mearns - Fannie Moffatt married Dec 20 1880
 Cooperstown Germany Jan. 7 - 1880 - living Eagle Rock California
 Thos - born Germany No. Date, July 28 - 1883 - living Eagle Rock "
 Fannie " Danborn No. Date, July 28 - 1883 - living Eagle Rock "
 Their children
 Margaret - born Dec. 23 - 1900 Cooperstown, Died Jan 1 - 1929 Punahonua Em
 (Mrs Meland Jones)
 Robert - born July 2 - 1904 Cooperstown - living Eagle Rock Calif.
 Geo. F. Lang - Jessie M. Moffatt married June 6 - 1905 Cooperstown No. D.
 Geo - born Massachusetts No. Date July 24 - 1869 - Died August 1901 July 25 - 1946
 Jessie M. born Danborn No. Date Aug. 7 - 1884 - living Eagle Rock Calif -
 Geo - May - born No. Date July 20 - 1906 Died Aug. 20 1906 No. D.
 Charles - born Sept. 10 - 1908 Melville No. Date living Glendale Calif.

if you wish. You asked about Hugh
McDaniel and I do not believe there
men, Dresden and John were related
to him. He had one brother Duncen
and a sister Mrs George Anna Tipton
Don't you remember she was a
teacher for many years and had a
daughter Winona who also taught
in Triggo County. Her first husband
was a baptist minister in Illinois
and they had Winnie and a
son - I've forgotten his name. She
was a widow many years then
married Old Dr. T. McCulloch, after
his death she came to Los Angeles
California and was still living in
1940 when Mrs McDaniel visited
me. I'm sure any of the McCullochs
could tell you of her. I should enjoy
seeing the group picture you
speak of - I think I remember my
sister Mina having such a
picture. I take it that - you wish
information regarding only three
of the family who lived in Triggo Co.
The two eldest children had married
and were away long before we moved

to Corbourn, his two more lived in
Chicago & - the who edit the Pioneer
making years, their work to look
where he is still the editor of the Pioneer
then to the office of the Pioneer
found out also the kind of picture
the "new kind" in form - but it is
it from the office of the Pioneer
he was a photo Co. resident in the
earlier years - it was surely a good
person and he had forty-one happy
years together, the one daughter
Dora May who died in infancy and Charles
who is the delight of my life. The Pioneer
and is now the editor of the Pioneer
morning pictures - the team with them

Jan 28 - 1907
My dear Mrs Porter, your
letter came today and I
am going to reply immediately
but I forget - I think your
hobby is to be a model -
interesting and accept
gladly I can add a new
bit to keep. I surely enjoy
seeing the snapshots for
kindly enclosed and will
send them on for you
aged the to see, asking
that they return them to
you, I think the picture
I mailed you of my parents
will have reached you
this and as I have another
copy - you may keep it -

John Hogenson

John Hogenson, postmaster of Pommes, of Sec 16, Pommes^{town},
He was born on a farm in Norway, June 22, 1847 - the
only son and 2nd child of 5 children, to Hogen and
Martha (Johnson) Hogenson, both natives of Norway -
John Hogenson came to Amherst Filmore Co, Minn.
in 1867 where he farmed until he went to
Griggs Co in the spring of 1880. He "squatted"
on his land in 1882.

He was married in Filmore Co, Minn, in 1876,
to Miss Karen Vesten. She was born in Norway
in Dec 23, 1855, and came to Filmore Co, Minn.,
at 12 years. She was the daughter of Erick and
Bertha Vesten. They had nine children:
Helen, Edward, Clara, Josephine, Louis, Joseph,
Ida, Otto and August. The two eldest children
were born in Minnesota; the rest in Griggs Co..
Helen, now Mrs. Ole Anderson, lives in Wells Co.

Bibl. Condensed from Compend. of Hist & Bioq. 1900, p 506-7

Room 417, Roosevelt Hotel
Jones & Eddy Streets
San Francisco, Calif.
August 24, 1959.

Mrs. Myrtle Porterville
Finley, N. Dak.

Dear Mrs. Porterville,

Your hobby of collecting genealogies of the Griggs County Pioneer families for public record is a rewarding, continuing activity I am sure. It will be highly prized by many, many descendants speculating upon their progenitors who have not had the foresight to compile the elusive facts pertaining to their ancestry. Thank you so much for the informative material pertaining to my forebears and particularly for the assessment record of our old homestead just east of the Cooperstown Cemetery. My grandmother 'Marthia Hogensdtr Asprusten', as well as, sister, Efthel, are buried there.

At the present time I have considerable time on my hands and am utilizing it in reconstructing our family tree from memory because my records are all in Whittier where I hope to be in about three months to verify some of my data. I am considerably hazy regarding the Elsaas, Sletten branch of the family and cannot now recall the names nor the particular relationships until I get back to my records. You may already have considerable information relative thereto, and so I shall only mention a few of the names, so that you may be able to fit them in to the particular generation where they belong. As I now recall the matters as related to me prior to my Mother's death, Dec. 4, 1941, (no the funeral was Dec. 4th, Saturday, the day before Pearl Harbor) my great grandfather was Jo Johnson, born or at least living in Gudbrandsdalen, Norway. He had a daughter, Olina, by his first wife, and a son Haaken, by a second wife. The Elsaas, Sletten, John and Thorwald Gunderson, families are descended from that daughter, Olina, and many of them lived near the Ottawa Bridge about 12 miles north of Cooperstown, or in that vicinity.

The son, Haaken, married my grandmother, Marthia, and they lived on the tenant farm Asprusten, in Østerdalen, Norway, near the towns of Gjøvik and Lillehamar, and the River Rena and Lake Mjøsen. They had four children; 1) Anna Haakensdtr Johnson Asprusten, married Martinus Skramstad whose name was Hanson. 2) John Haakensen Johnson Asprusten, married Karen Vestern. Grandfather, Haaken Johnson Asprusten, passed away right after Christmas 1865, and John left for America shortly after the first of the year 1866 arriving in Lanesboro or Rushford, Minn. Fillmore County. He assumed the name Hogenson in America, actually Haakensen. 3) Helene Haakensdtr Johnson Asprusten, married Christian Lien. They lived in Nelson County 8 miles south of Tolna, N.D. and their children and grandchildren live for the most part in that area. 4) Olina Haakensdtr Johnson Asprusten, married Nils Christian Anderson, who had come to Southern Minnesota about 1860 from Telemarken, Norway, the town of Vinje. Their Children were: Maria (Malla), Charles, Nellie, Mabel, Julia & Efthel, twins, and Ener Osman, the writer of this letter. Olina and Nils Anderson were married, I believe, in 1878, just before Olina became 18 years of age, she having been born May 20, 1860. They left that summer or spring for Sioux Falls, S. Dak. and later came to Cooperstown, about 1880, attracted there by Olina's brother, John Hogenson. The mother, Marthia and youngest daughter, Olina, had been brought to U.S. by John Hogenson in 1871, and they also lived near Rushford or Lanesboro, Minn. until the whole tribe moved to N. Dak. One of the incidents establishing the date of the journey of Olina and Nils Anderson to S. Dak. was the posse pursuing the Jesse James & Younger brothers near Madelia, Minn. shortly after their robbery of the First National Bank, Northfield, Minn. (By the way, I examined the books of that bank about 1927 when stationed in St. Paul, Minn. as a U. S. Internal Revenue Agent.) The book, I de Dage, by Rølvaag, of St. Olaf's College, Northfield, Minn.

Hogenson, Anderson Lineage.

translated into and published in English as 'Giants in the Earth' is an interesting historical novel depicting the struggles of the So. Eastern Minn. to S. Dak. treks of the pioneers. A sequel thereto is 'Peter Victorious' by the same author. I have read them in norwegian and english, and my mother, Olina Anderson, after reading the norske version said that it was so realistic that it could easily have been a description of the group in which she migrated.

Marthia Hogenson Asprusten, my grandmother, homesteaded on I believe 80 acres near the Pinkerton Crossing on the south side of the Sheyenne River, now commonly referred to in that community as the 'Pinkerton Bottom lands'. It could be that your assessments records for 1889 might show that ownership. She died about 1891 while living with Olina and Nils Anderson at the cemetary farm.

I, Ener O. Anderson, was born at that cemetary farm Jan. 20, 1894, and my family moved to the Romness twp. farm adjoining Anton Dahl's on the south in 1897. The picture you refer to is supposed to have been taken that same year, and I should be the baby three years old. We have in mother's scrap book the deed to the Romness farm which was sold to Anton Dahl and is now owned by his son Selmer, I believe.

My sister Maria attended Cooperstown grammar school in the late 1880s and early 1890s when Warner was superintendent and Mrs. Hodge was one of her teachers. She came to school with the Glaspells and Fierings in those days. I attended Cooper High from about 1910 to 1914 and graduated from the U. of N. D. in 1924 after serving in the first world war. After my father's death in 1902 Mother attempted to operate the farm for a few years with hired help, but in the fall of 1905 we moved to Cooperstown where my sister Julia (Mrs. Mark Buechler, Lamoure, N.D.) and I attended grade and high school. Please pardon my typing.

The story of Olina and Nils Anderson was written up in the Griggs County Sentinel-Courier during the late depression years when the "Boondogling W. P. A." or some such alphabetical organization was making work for persons interested in writing up the histories of many of the early settlers of Griggs County.

There are so many, many more data pertinent to my story but this will give you a thumbnail sketch which may add something to your collection. When I return to Whittier, Calif. I shall attempt to put together the Olina Sletten, Elassa, Gunderson lineage, although I have very much less information concerning that side. I shall also get you some snap shots of my wife and children and grandchildren in case you can use them for your record collection.

That Pinkerton Crossing area is east of Peder Knutson's farm and north of Anton Dahl afm and west of the Hogenson and Idsvaag farms, in case that will aid you in locating it on the 1889 assessment lists. I should very much like to have that assessment record in case you have it.

Sincerely yours,

Ener O. Anderson

Mr. & Mrs. Ener O. Anderson.

I, also, studied two years of Norse at U. N.D. under Tinglestad while completing my foreign language requirements.

John Hogenson, the pioneer of Griggs County, was born in Asperusten, a tenant farm, (Husmandsplads) in the parish of Aamot, Osterdalen, Norway, June 19, 1847.

His parents were Martha and Hogen Asprusten. In Norway, the pioneer's name was John Hogenson Asprusten.

Up to the age of nineteen years, he helped his father on the farm, during part of the winter in the lumber woods, and often during the summer driving logs on the Rena and other rivers. In the year of 1867, his father died and the same year about the first of May, he immigrated to America to better his condition.

In the mountainous regions of Norway, making a living was accomplished with much hardship and having heard of the golden opportunities in America, he decided to follow the call of his heart and to seek the land of milk and honey.

The pioneer decided to go to Minnesota, instead of any other state in the union, because his cousin Hogen Johnson who left about two years previously, sent letters from Winona, Minnesota to Mr. Hogenson in Norway, telling in particular about the state in which he dwelt.

He immigrated to America about the first of May, 1867, with his cousin, Martin Johnson, and his mother, Mrs. Olliane Johnson. The trip was made on the sailship, Refondo and was piloted by Captain Harris. The journey took six weeks and three days from Christiania (Oslo), Norway, to Quebec, Canada. During the trip, fifteen deaths occurred and after the corpses were prepared for burial, a brief service was conducted by the captain and the bodies were sunk into the ocean depths.

After arriving in Quebec, the journey was continued by rail and as was common in those early days, the only accommodation for immigrants were box cars equipped with planks around the walls for seats. They journeyed to the United States boundary to a point on Lake Huron, where the passengers embarked on a lake steamer. They were packed together as close as possible on the main deck among bales and boxes of merchandise

with no bedding or beds. When they got too tired standing up, the only way to get rest was to lie down on the desk floor. In about thirty-six they landed in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, continued from this place by rail to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, then on a steamer on the Mississippi River to Winona, Minnesota, which ended their journey.

In company with his cousin, Martin Johnson, and his mother, they landed in Winona, Minnesota, in June, 1867, without friends, acquaintances, or even relatives at the time, no money, no knowledge of the English language, a condition which would not be envied by any citizen. However, though these conditions were hard to meet, they soon overcame them. It was summer and as they were brought up to bear hardships in their early training in the lumber woods or other vocations in the mountain regions, they conceived the idea at once that they could use any bush for shelter. They had a few provisions left from the trip so they could manage to get along a few days while seeking employment.

The next day, after arriving in Winona, Minnesota, they met a farmer, Andrew Larson, from Highland Prairie, Fillmore county, Minnesota, who asked Mr. Hogenson to come home with him and he would try to help him. He worked for Hohl, three days and was paid one dollar, which was the most valued dollar, he had ever possessed. The next day, he went south and came to Sylfest Topness, and he hired himself for two months and received twenty-five dollars.

In the township of Amherst, he made his home for thirteen years, working around for the farmers and in the Wisconsin timbers for two winters. In 1868, he worked on the railroad grading, west of Rushford, and the following year west of Lansboro.

His mother, Mrs. Martha Asprusten, came from Norway to Minnesota in 1872. They lived together till 1876, when the pioneer was married.

He married Karen Wester, who was born on a farm called Western in the parish of Lunner, Hadeland, Norway, on the twenty-third day of December, 1855. She came to America with her parents Bertha Rustad and Irik Western, and five sisters in 1868.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogenson were married by Rev. Kr. Magelson at the parsonage in Highland Prairie, Fillmore County, Minnesota, on the seventeenth day of February, 1876.

They lived four years in Amherst, when they took Horace Greeley's advice; "Go west, young man and woman, to make a home for yourself and your loved ones." In the spring of 1880, Mr. Hogenson left Fillmore Country for the Wild West, previously informed by his friend, Peter Mathison, who had been employed with the government surveyors, that the northern part of Barnes County, what is not Griggs County, was to his judgment the right place for an ideal home. Mr. Hogenson looked for timber, water and plenty of hay, which he found within a short time. He arrived at Valley City, the twenty-third of April, 1880, by railroad. The next day, he started from there by foot, arriving that day at Sibley crossing. During the night a heavy snowfall came which made traveling harder. He borrowed a pair of skees and made use of them as far as where Martin Ueland's place is now. The following night, he camped on the banks of the Sheyenne River not far from where Torkel Njaa resides now. Mr. Hogenson arrived April 26, 1880 at Amund Nelson Opheim's home. On April 27th, he arrived at his present location, which has been his home in Romness Township ever since. This ends his first trip to Griggs County.

During this trip, his friends, Peter Mathison met him here at his present location. They built a log hut on Section sixteen, broke five acres and put up some hay, and made some preparations for the coming winter.

During their first trip, the first postoffice in Griggs County was established in the summer of 1880, located on Section eight, Township one hundred forty-seven, Range fifty-eight, later named Romness Township, on land now owned by Seval Friswold. The postoffice was named Furham. Frank Taper was the appointed postmaster and his sister, Mrs. Durham, as an assistant. That office was discontinued in a year or two; and another postoffice called Lybeck was established on Section twenty-five, with Andrew, C Knudson as the postmaster.

The mail was hauled from Newburg, Near Hatton, and later a route was established from Valley City to Pembina.

In connection with Durham Postoffice, Mr. Hogenson related the following incident or experience that came under their observation during the summer of 1880.

"While Mr. Taper was postmaster, Mr. Durham and his wife lived with him in the same house. One evening in the summer of 1880, Mr. Taper and Mr. Durham had some trouble, and according to Taper's story, Mr. Durham drove him off from the place with a gun, although, he managed to take with him the contents of the postoffice which consisted of a few letters."

"At that time, Peter Mathison, Martin Johnson and myself camped on our place; and late in the evening, Mr. Taper arrived with a gunny sack and some contents, telling the story about the trouble and saying he was going to leave the country and would take the postoffice down to Opheim's. In these early days, we thought a postoffice would be a great asset to a community, although we did not want the office and could not at the time, well take care of it. Se objected to letting it go down eight miles from us. After some persuasion he left the office with us. Frank Taper went away and I have never seen him since.

"Mr. Mathison and myself had to go back to Minnesota for our families. During the evening and night, we instructed Martin Johnson, so he could act as postmaster, while we were absent. Mr. Johnson's tenure as a head of the first postoffice in Griggs County did not last very long.

"The next day, Mr. Durham and his wife, mounted on horses and each carrying a six shooter, arrived on our ground, and expressed themselves in a language which would not look well in print, that there would be trouble about the postoffice. As we did not want the postoffice, expressing ourselves in favor of its being at their place, and as Mrs. Durham was assistant, she was the person that should have it, they went home, using a more pleasant language than when they came."

This incident will show that the postoffice in early days could be

moved without any government consent.

During his trips in 1880, through the summer of the same year, the following settlers arrived in Romness Township: Ole B. Olson and his sons, Gilbert, Bernt, Martin and Theodore, from Iowa; Andrew C. Knudson, from Wisconsin; Mrs. Anna Nelson and her sons, Andrew and Nels, and her daughter Marie, from Iowa; John E. Qualey, from Minnesota; John Dahl, from Iowa; Martin Johnson, from Minnesota; and Iver Siem, from Iowa, settling across the line in Steel County. This completed the settlement in 1880.

Mr. Mathison and Mr. Hogenson returned to Minnesota in the latter part of July. During the summer months, they worked out in harvesting and made preparation to move their families and property to their new location.

On September 1, 1880, he started back overland with a yoke of oxen hitched to a prairie schooner in company with his wife and two children (Hellene and Edward), Peter Mathison and wife. They drove twenty-six head of sheep and sixteen head of cattle, and covered a distance of about twenty miles a day. They went through Rochester, Zumbrota, Canon Falls to St. Paul, Minnesota. Passing through the main street of St. Paul the sheep crowded on on the street car track so the horse-drawn car had to stop for the sheep to move forward. They continued the journey through St. Cloud, Alexandria, Fergus Falls and to Fargo, which was only a small village at that time. From Fargo, they came across country through the present site of Hillsboro and Mayville, from there to Golden Lake in Steel County, where the last settlers were found. From there or part of the way, they were guided by Mount Franklin in Romness Township and other hills near their place. They arrived at their homestead on September 30, 1880, covering a distance of approximately six hundred miles. Directly after his arrival, he made two trips to Valley City, a distance of fifty miles, with his yoke of oxen, for supplies and provisions. It took him five to six days to make the trip.

Nearly all the first settlers established their homes in the timber close to the river, not suspecting the threatening floods that endangered them when the Sheyenne River would be swelled by spring thaws.

During the winter of 1880-1881, a heavy snowfall averaging about three feet on the level, had fallen. In the spring, the snow melted and swelled the river, naturally flooding the lowlands. John Hogenson, being one of the settlers trapped by the waters, narrates the following experience:

"One afternoon I noticed the waters rising gradually and before night it was over the top of the banks, so we made preparations immediately to move to higher land. We had a tent, which we pitched up and moved the family into, drove the cattle out, but left the sheep. A settler by the name of Martin Johnson agreed to remain in the log hut during the night. A gun was left in his charge with the instructions for him to discharge it in case the flood should threaten the place."

"Mr. Johnson had arrived earlier in the day from a long tramp through the snow and slush from Valley City, and being weary and tired, thought a good bed and some sleep would be a rare treat for him. During the night we were watching the water and noticed it rising gradually, but heard no report from Mr. Johnson. As soon as daylight broke in the morning, we hitched up a yoke of oxen to a wagon and made the trip to the log hut. We peeped through the window and saw the water reaching nearly up to the bottom of his bed, and Mr. Johnson sound asleep. We awakened him, and much to his surprise, he found himself surrounded by water, he had to plunge right into it to get out of the hut. we rushed about to get the sheep moved and also some of the household goods. Among the articles, I noticed a sack of flour which I went to get, and not being aware of the trap door leading to the cellar had floated up, I accidentally stepped into the opening and in I went, flour and all.

During the flood, their provisions commenced to run low. They still had some coffee, flour and syrup in their possession but they were fifty miles from town, and water everywhere around them, the higher land being the only dry place. They had to "skimp" along until the water would sink down so they could go to town for provisions.

The following incident happened in the spring of 1881.

One day a starved hunter, Mr. Matt, came along and wanted to board with Mr. Hogenson. He had a gun and some ammunition along. As their meat supply was almost gone, they promised to help him out, providing he would get some meat for them. He promised to do all he could, although game was not plentiful at that time of the year. He shot a couple of prairie chickens the first few days. However, one morning when the meat supply was gone (Mr. Hogenson believed it was providence that sent it) a large, lonely goose came soaring in the air, looking for a place to settle down. When the goose came over a bluff east of their location, she must have noticed a small lake formed by the melting snow close to their camp, and there she settled down. Mr. Matt got his gun and started off, remarking, "There's a dead goose." This was true enough for as soon as they heard the report of the gun, the goose flopped her wings and could move no more. The next thing was to get the bird on dry land without getting too wet. At the time, Mr. Hogenson had an ox which they had trained for riding bareback, so he got the ox and started out to get the goose on the small lake. When he came close to the bird and reached for it, the ox became frightened and started to do some broncho stunts, flopping Mr. Hogenson off into the water. The ox made for the shore and Mr. Hogenson picked up the goose and started for camp. Soon preparations were made to get the goose roaster. Mr. Hogenson remarked that they would have a "real" feast for once, and they amused themselves over their first hunting experience in Romness Township.

These and other experiences, both laughable and serious, were had by the early pioneers. Many a pleasant and interesting moment has the pioneer spent recalling past memories of the sacrifices and trials they went through in order to make an easier pathway for the coming generation, and their community a happier and more cheerful place in which to dwell.

Mr. Hogenson's early farm machinery was an old fashioned walking plow and a wooden harrow; oxen were used for power.

He bought his first horses in the year of 1883.

The early crops were wheat and oats. The first year, five acres of wheat was not very good due to his poor farming. The following year the yield was thirty bushels to the acre of wheat.

The fuel in early days was wood, which they got from the timber near their location.

The first school of Romness Township was built in 1883; located on Section fourteen. The teacher was Mr. Markwood.

In the early part of the pioneer days, they did not have churches but held the services in the different homes. Mr. Rev. Vaage was the first traveling preacher.

In 1882, the first church congregation was organized by Rev. J. Lundebj. They built a church in 1897 located on section twenty-two. The congregation named the church Ringsaker, having Rev. O. K. Quamme as their pastor.

Nr. Hogenson served as postmaster from 1887 to 1904. He was appointed postmaster of Romness Township during the year 1887. The Romness postoffice was established a few years earlier with Peter Mathison as postmaster. In 1887, In 1887, he was elected County Commisioner for one term. also acted as town and school clerk for many years. He took an active part in organi ing and establishing the Romness Methodist Church of which, he has been a member since it first started. He has always been ready to help in worthy causes for moral uplift of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogenson have spent forty-s ven years in Romness Township and can recall many hardships and pleasant memories of their pioneer days.

They have had nine children in all, of whom seven are still living: Edward Bellewin, Van Couv er, British Columbia; Ragna Josephine (Mrs. Carl Bue), Peter Lewis and August Nicolae, Cooperstown, North Dakota; Henry Josehp and Otto Melvin, Portland, Oregon; and Ida Caroline (Mrs. Lawrence Stenbro,) Aneta, North Dakota. The other two, who passes away are Hellene Mathilde (Mrs. Ole Anderson) in 1924; and Clara Julia in 1908.

They have been the grandparents of twenty-three grandchildren in all of who eighteen are still living. Hellene Mathilde was the mother of ten children, John Oliver, Lillian Kathleen, Elmer Spencer, Marion Henriette, Clara Alice, Arthur Lewis, Ruth Irene, Ida Elizabeth, Wilfred Douglas and Myrtle Florence. Ragna Josephine, the mother of two children, Borghild Constance and John Calmer. Ida Caroline, mother of three children, Caloline Josephine died 1923, Laura Irene and Raymond Leonard. Peter Lewis, the parent of twins, Karline Jean and Mary Lois died 1925. Edward Bellvin, father of five children, Gladys Elizabeth, and Clarence Lyle, Cecil Loyd, died 1927, Earl died 1925 and Raymond. Otto, the father of one son, Glynomore.

The pioneer's present home is located Township one hundred forty-seven, range 58, section 16 of Griggs County. His present location is about a half mile across the river from his pioneer buildings. It is located near the bend of the Sheyenne River, with the river and the woods forming the background for his buildings.

The following accounts of early conditions and happenings is written by the Pioneer, John Hogenson.

Amund Nelson Opheim, also called Pioneer Nelson was the first settler in what is not called Washburn Township, and also the first settler in Griggs County. Mr. Opheim came from Winesheck County, Iowa in 1879, preceding all the other settlers in the Sheyenne Valley, and in what later became Griggs County, by one year. He entered government land on Section 12 of Washburn Township, twenty to twenty-five miles from the nearest settler or neighbor, built his log cabin covered with elm bark for roof, with no floor, moved his family in then prepared for the winter.

The log house is still on the same place now, owned by his son Nels Opheim, but it has changed its bark roof for one of shingles and its earthen floor to one of lumber. Some of the old pioneers would like very much to see the house preserved, either on the place or moved to the country seat and erected either on the Courthouse block or some other place in memory of the first pioneer family. *(Cabin moved to Cooperstown in July, 1932 - M.N.H.)*

During the fall, they had been busy preparing shelter for themselves and their stock, not noticing that their provisions were shrinking every day, until winter came, when he had to start out for Grand Forks, eighty miles away, without a road, and twenty miles or more to the first house.

While he was gone, one of the Dakota blizzards came and he was laid up two weeks before he could return and the folks at home had to grind their own meal on the coffee mill.

In the spring of 1881, new settlers and land seekers came into this territory and the only place to go for a meal was Opheim's; and Mrs. Opheim, that noble and self-sacrificing woman, would work early and late to accomodate and feed the newcomers.

Mr. Opheim died after not many years, long before he could reap any benefit from his struggles in providing a home for himself and his loved ones. Mrs. Opheim lived many years and died in peace. They both rest in the cemetary which was laid our on their own land.

In 1880, came C. P. Balkan, Amud Fluto, Oke Skren, Ole Havig and John Torfin, who took land in Washburn Township. Aren Luckason, John Atchison and Alex Sanders arrived the same year and took land in Sverdrup Township.

So far all the settlers were in the valley, strung along the river from the southern to the norther boundary of the county, not suspecting anyone would settle on the prairies. But the unexpected happend, and word was brought into the valley that someone with abundant financial strength had bought a large block of land on the prairie and would start preparations in the fall so as to be ready to turn the sod and begin active farming operations in the spring of 1881. Upon investigation the rumors were found to be true. The Cooper Brothers had actually purchased many thousand acres and were getting ready to operate their farms, which proved to be a great asset to the country in bring ing more settlers and furnishing employment to those already here and to new arrivals.

Rollin C. Cooper was the manager of the Cooper Brothers farms until

it was dissolved by mutual consent. Besides his farming interest, he erected one of the first two grain elevators and personally operated them. He was one of the organizers of the Cooperstown-Sanborn and Turtle Mountain Railroad, and served as its president during its construction until it was completed as far as Cooperstown when it was sold to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in the early eighties. Mr Cooper as well as his railroad project aided materially in building up many public enterprises in the community. R. C. Cooper was the founder of the City of Cooperstown and it was named in the honor of the Cooper Brothers.

When Griggs County was formed from Trail and Foster Counties in 1881 and organized on June 10, 1881, R. C. Cooper was one of the County Commissioners, appointed June 16, 1882. The County Seat was located at Hope but in November, the same year, by a vote of the people it was moved to Cooperstown.

Mr. Cooper has served the community in many important positions and has stood for right and justice. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1894, and to the Senate in 1898, serving one term in each branch of the legislature.

While a member of the house, he was chairman of the railroad committee and was a member of other important committees. He has always been a resident of Cooperstown and vicinity, except in later years when he has partly retired from business and found time to follow the wild goose south in the fall but returns in the spring. He is still active, though he has eighty-one years to his credit, and takes great interest in Griggs County which he has greatly helped and done his part in upbuilding.

In 1882, the railroad was completed to Hope and the preliminary survey pointed to Sheyenne. The townsites boomers came into the valley and located the town of Mardell on Section 13, land now owned by Nels Arneson, in Washburn Township. It sprung up like a mushroom and vanished almost as quickly as it came when it became evident that the projected railroad would not come that way.

Mardell had at one time a commodious hotel, two general stores, one

hardware store and one drug store, land locaters to assist settlers in locating their claims and getting their filings recorded in the United States land office. Pettifogers, land sharks and everything that belongs to an orderly village, except a saloon which was at that time the commonly the first need looked for in a new town.

The people of that town were prosperous and contented until it was found out they would miss the railroad. The road to Cooperstown at that time was nearing completion. Business men packed their goods, some moved to Cooperstown and others to Hope. Some of the buildings were still there but long before this they have been moved.

There was a class of early pioneers, considered by many to be undesirable; later, however, many of them proved to be valuable assets to the population and a great asset in the development of the country and community. These early settlers I have in mind were a number of single young men who came from Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other states, who imagined that a new country like this would be the proper place to get rich quick, start a farm and build a good home so the single blessedness could be removed sometime in the near future.

When they arrived, the first thing was to select their claims. Then they built their shack, moved in, then lived alone, doing their own cooking and washing, and by all appearances were quite contented. Some of them had prior experience in cooking but others did not although all of them did the best they could. Griddle cakes were an every day ration and their main item of subsistence.

But the backelors, as well as others, soon discovered that this idea of getting rich quick and having a good farm and home and have the necessity for living in single blessedness removed, did not turn out at once; for crops, year after year, turned out to be of light yield because of draught, brost, hail and the destructiveness of the gophers. If any crop was harvested and saved, the money lender would appear and demand his pay. He had his cash invested at twelve percent and held a mortgagae on the crop and personal property. Thus the paying or renewing at

at another twenty-two per cent of interest and commission demanded, it took time to get rich.

But some years later, prospects took a turn and times became bright, crops better, mortgages were removed from the properties, new acquaintances were made and the feminine sex had greatly increased among the settlers and many of the young men who were single, won their neighbor's daughter, providing she was willing to move into a dug-out or log cabin to spend their honeymoon.

These pioneers were the real builders of the country, and where their lowly shacks once stood, you will now find beautiful farm homes, with modern conveniences and improvements, with grown-up sons and daughters, well contented and prosperous. Some of their sons are now out in Montana, Canada, and other places, having taken up their father's old trade in the flapjack factory.

Unlike many of the earlier day frontier settlements, Griggs County pioneers were saved from the murderous and torturous Indians. Aside from the remains of abandoned wigwams in the woods along the river and the spread of buffalo bones upon the prairie, there were no visible signs that the Indians had ever made this immediate country their home to any considerable extent or even their hunting grounds. Consequently, there never should have been any fear of the consequences of an uprising.

Nevertheless, stories were told and retold of how frontier settlements had been visited by the savages and how they had proceeded in their mission of ravaging and murders. Fresh in the memory of those early days was the Sioux massacre in Minnesota in 1862. Then in 1863 came the expedition of General Sibley through what is now Griggs County. He camped at Sibley Lake just south of Bismarck. The remains of his camp (Camp Sibley) are still to be seen. This camp was established to care for the sick and footsore soldiers before starting on in pursuit of the Indians that had traveled toward the Missouri River. The fate of the Cluster expedition in Montana had barely ceased to be news when word came to our

pioneers that a Manitoba Tribe of Indians were on the war path. In
addition to all these rough reports a real danger was thought to exist
because of the residence of Indians on a reservation near Devils Lake,
practically at our very door.

All these stories with a few facts would naturally tend to create a
feeling of uneasiness and restlessness especially on the part of those
early pioneers who were nervously inclined. Imaginations were working
overtime. There was constant fear that the cunning and treacherous
savages would escape the watchfulness of the soldiers on the reservations
and descend upon our settlement before any call could be made for help.

Under these conditions, it was an easy matter for alarmists to meet
with success in building up some feeling of the settlers. The rumors
and false stories broadcasted were many, and they always came from the
North. In due time, the rumors took root in Cooperstown. Some of the
citizens, taking the report very seriously, while others laughed at the
notion of preparing for a possible attack by the Indians.

Cooperstown was wholly unprepared to make a substantial defense in
the case of a possible attack. No fortifications had been thrown up
and there were no arms and ammunition with which to undertake a success-
ful defense in the case of a possible attack. However, a blacksmith by
the name of Nels Kiel took it upon himself to see that something was done,
even though the town authorities refused to be moved by the rumors of
danger. With the thought in mind that there was no time to be lost and
that something must be done at once, this blacksmith called upon the
businessmen and others to finance his project.

With the financial end of the matter solved, the blacksmith proceed-
ed to manufacture a crude canon and by the time the next rumor floated
in the settlement, the defensive weapon was ready for action. It was
mounted, I presume, on the outskirts of the town, probably upon what
was then called Vinegar Hill, that little lift of ground to the north of
the business section of Cooperstown. Near this canon the blacksmith
stationed himself and kept a careful watch through the night, patrolling

most faithfully, while other less nervous people slept.

One evening the self-appointed watchman reported that the enemy was camped north of town and that he observed objects dancing about the campfire. While the blacksmith stayed by his cannon to give aid when it was needed, some of the most daring of the citizens mounted their horses and rode in the direction of the supposed Indian Camp to investigate.

Investigation disclosed that the campfire was nothing more than a burning straw stacks and the dancing Indians proved to be sparks and shadows from the fire. As far as I know why this was the last scare in Griggs County.

The first white children born in Romness Township was a boy, Anton Olson, born January 31, 1881 and Elmer Matison born May 17, 1881.

The first death known to have occurred among the pioneers in Griggs County was that of Mr. Ulven who was a victim of the severe weather in the winter of 1881.

Ulven had a claim up the Sheyenne River and during the summer, fall and into the winter, why he was employed over in the Goose River settlement where he could earn some money and be in position to spend the balance of the winter "holding down his claim" as he called it.

During the winter, when Ulven left Goose River settlement for his claim, he headed in a westerly direction necessary, undertaking to walk the distance of twenty miles. There were no roads to guide him, nor were there any other guides, only the wide expanse of prairie. He lost his bearings on the trip and wandered that day and night and part of the next before he finally landed at the homestead of Ole Skren, which was just a short distance South and East of what is not know as the Bridge School on the Sheyenne River in Washburn Township.

Ulven was completely exhausted, his feet frozen, and he was in a delirious condition. Then mortification set in there and since the assistance of a doctor was not available to the pioneers in those days, he died in spite of all the Skren family could do. His remains were laid to rest in what was known as the Opheim Cemetary, he being the first pioneer settler burined in Griggs County.

The first election was held in Griggs County (at that time, it was part of Trail County) at the residence of Omund Nelson Opheim on November 2, 1880; although being a Presidential election, politics did not create much excitement mostly for the reason that North Dakota had a Territorial government. We had no "voice" in electing president, neither in choice of Territorial officers except a delegate to Congress. We were allowed to elect a Representative to the Territorial Legislature to be convened at Yankton in January, 1881.

Knute Nomland was elected to represent the district in the House of Representatives in the legislature; and county officers of Trail County were also elected at this election.

Nearly all pioneers, ten or twelve in number, attended the election, organized and elected Judges and Clerks as follows: Omund Nelson Opheim, Ole Johnson, Skren, C. P. Balkan, John Hogenson and John Dahl, the fifth officer is my memory does not fail me at this late date.

When the votes were canvassed, C. P. Balkan was the candidate to carry the returns across the open prairie; no house for the first twenty miles over to the county seat being at Caedonia, located on the Red River about sixty miles away. Mr. Balkan carried the ballots in a wooden box across the country by foot.

Organization of Griggs County and the second election. Griggs County was named in honor of Captain Alexander Griggs, and formed from part of Trail and part of Foster Counties, February 18, 1881 and June 10, 1882,

Allen Breed, Rollin Cooper and William Clives was appointed County commissioners by Governor Ordway, for the purpose of organizing the County Seat at Griggs County. The County Seat was located at Hope but moved to Cooperstown November 7, 1882, but the vote of the people.

On March 8, 1883, the legislature formed Steele County out of part of Trail County and the two eastern tiers of townships of Griggs County, leaving the latter at its present size.

When Griggs County was organized, the seat of Government was left at Hope although that place was located almost in the Southeastern corner.

Soon thereafter Cooperstown was plotted as being a more central point and was naturally favored by the settlers in the western part, which lead contest for the removal of the county seat from Hope to Cooperstown.

During the campaign of 1882, Griggs County was divided into three election districts with polling places at Hope, Cooperstown, and Ottawa. The main issue was the moving of the county Seat.

Interested parties on both sides made preparations to carry the election and many rumors circulated during the campaign before and after the election what each party had undertaken. It was said that Hope parties hired thirty idle men from a neighboring county, fed and paid them for thirty days so as to make them legal voters. At the eve of election, men went over to ~~Hope~~ Hope from Cooperstown to persuade them to vote for Cooperstown which the return of the election proved to contain some truth by the handsome vote Cooperstown received in that precinct. Many other cunning stories besides these were told to "beat" the other party. "Fire water" was freely used in some quarters.

The election was held and returns showed it was carried by Cooperstown with a handsome majority.

Then preparations were made to have the seat of government moved to Cooperstown but objections were made by some of the people of Hope. H. P. Smart, Register of Deeds and County Clerk was favoring Cooperstown and had possession of the principal records, which were taken over to Cooperstown during the night and placed in a granary under ground. Al Pinkerton, later sheriff, was one of the guardsmen. Several nights later, some of the Hope sportsmen over, held up the guard and took the records away from them.

Then for a time Cooperstown, the County Seat, had a granary for a Courthouse. The offices was Register of Deeds, and the County Clerk, but they had no records.

Then plans were laid to apprehend, arrest and prosecute the perpetrators but sometime later the records were returned. This ends the County Seat controversy.

Biography of John Hogenson

--Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

John Hogenson, the pioneer of Griggs County, was born in Asperusten, a tenant farm, (Husmandsplads) in the parish of Aamot, Osterdalen, Norway, June 19, 1847.

His parents were Martha and Hogen Asprusten. In Norway, the pioneer's name was John Hogenson Asprusten.

Up to the age of nineteen years, he helped his father on the farm, during part of the winter in the lumber woods, and often during the summer driving logs on the Rena and other rivers. In the year of 1867, his father died and the same year about the first of May, he emigrated to America to better his condition.

In the mountainous regions of Norway, making a living was accomplished with much hardship and having heard of the golden opportunities in America, he decided to follow the call of his heart and to seek the land of milk and honey.

The pioneer decided to go to Minnesota, instead of any other state in the union, because his cousin Hogen Johnson who left about two years previously, sent letters from Winona, Minnesota to Mr. Hogenson in Norway, telling in particular about the state in which he dwelt.

He emigrated to America about the first of May, 1867, with his cousin, Martin Johnson, and his mother, Mrs. Olliane Johnson. The trip was made on the sailship, Refondo and was piloted by Captain Harris. They journey took six weeks and three days from Christiania (Oslo), Norway, to Quebec, Canada. During the trip, fifteen deaths occurred and after the corpses were prepared for burial, a brief service was conducted by the captain and the bodies were sunk into the ocean depths.

After arriving in Quebec, the journey was continued by rail and as was common in those early days, the only accommodation for immigrants were box cars equipped with planks around the walls for seats. They journeyed to the United States boundary to a point on Lake Huron, where the passengers embarked on a lake steamer. They were packed together as closely as possible on the main deck among bales and boxes of merchandise with no bedding or beds. When they got too tired standing up, the only way to get rest was to lie down on the deck floor. In about thirty-six they landed in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, continued from this place by rail to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, then on a steamer on the Mississippi River to Winona, Minnesota, which ended their journey.

In company with his cousin, Martin Johnson, and his mother, he landed in Winona, Minnesota, in June, 1867, without friends, acquaintances, or even relatives at the time, no money, no knowledge of the English language, a condition which would not be envied by any citizen. However, though these conditions were hard to meet, they soon overcame them. It was summer and as they were brought up to bear hardships in their early training in the lumber woods or other vocations in the mountain regions, they conceived the idea at once that they could use any bush for shelter. They had a few provisions left from the trip so they could manage to get along a few days while seeking employment.

Biography of John Hogenson

--Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

The next day, after arriving in Winona, Minnesota, they met a farmer, Andrew Larson, from Highland Prairie, Fillmore County, Minnesota, who asked Mr. Hogenson to come home with him and he would try to help him. He worked for Hohl three days and was paid one dollar, which was the most valued dollar he had ever possessed. The next day he went south and came to Sylfest Topness, and he hired himself for two months and received twenty-five dollars.

In the township of Amherst, he made his home for thirteen years, working around for the farmers and in the Wisconsin timbers for two winters. In 1868, he worked on the railroad grading west of Rushford, and the following year west of Lansboro.

His mother, Mrs. Martha Asprusten, came from Norway to Minnesota in 1872. They lived together until 1876, when the pioneer was married.

He married Karen Western who was born on a farm called Western in the parish of Lunner, Hadeland, Norway, the twenty-third day of December, 1855. She came to America with her parents, Bertha Rustad and Irik Western, and five sisters in 1868.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogenson were married by Rev. Kr. Magelson at the parsonage in Highland Prairie, Fillmore County, Minnesota, on the seventeenth day of February, 1876.

They lived four years in Amherst, when they took Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, young man and woman, to make a home for yourself and your loved ones." In the spring of 1880, Mr. Hogenson left Fillmore County for the Wild West, previously informed by his friend, Peter Mathison, who had been employed with the government surveyors, that the northern part of Barnes County, what is now Griggs County, was to his judgment the right place for an ideal home. Mr. Hogenson looked for timber, water and plenty of hay, which he found within a short time. He arrived at Valley City, the twenty-third of April, 1880, by railroad. The next day, he started from there by foot, arriving that day at Sibley Crossing. During the night a heavy snowfall came, which made traveling harder. He borrowed a pair of skis and made use of them as far as where Martin Ueland's place is now. The following night, he camped on the banks of the Sheyenne River not far from where Torkel Njaa resides now. Mr. Hogenson arrived April 26, 1880 at Amund Nelson Opheim's home. On April 27, he arrived at his present location, which has been his home in Romness Township ever since. This ends his first trip to Griggs County.

During this trip, his friend, Peter Mathison, met him here at his present location. They built a log hut on Section 16, broke five acres and put up some hay, and made some preparations for the coming winter.

During their first trip, the first postoffice in Griggs County was established in the summer of 1880, located on Section 8, Township 147, Range 58, later named Romness Township, on land now owned by Seval Friswold. The postoffice was named Durham. Frank Taper was the

Biography of John Hogenson
--Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

appointed postmaster and his sister, Mrs. Durham, as an assistant. That office was discontinued in a year or two; and another postoffice called Lybeck was established on Section 25, with Andrew C. Knudson as the postmaster.

The mail was hauled from Newburg, near Hatton, and later a route was established from Valley City to Pembina.

In connection with Durham Postoffice, Mr. Hogenson related the following incident or experience that came under their observation during the summer of 1880.

"While Mr. Taper was postmaster, Mr. Durham and his wife lived with him in the same house. One evening in the summer of 1880, Mr. Taper and Mr. Durham had some trouble, and according to Taper's story, Mr. Durham drove him off from the place with a gun, although he managed to take with him the contents of the postoffice which consisted of a few letters."

"At that time, Peter Mathison, Martin Johnson and myself camped on our place; and late in the evening, Mr. Taper arrived with a gunny sack and some contents, telling the story about the trouble and saying he was going to leave the country and would take the postoffice down to Opheim's. In these early days, we thought a postoffice would be a great asset to a community, although we did not want the office and could not at that time well take care of it. We objected to letting it go down eight miles from us. After some persuasion he left the office with us. Frank Taper went away and I have never seen him since."

"Mr. Mathison and I had to go back to Minnesota for our families. During the evening and night, we instructed Martin Johnson, so he could act as postmaster while we were absent. Mr. Johnson's tenure as a head of the first postoffice in Griggs County did not last very long."

"The next day, Mr. Durham and his wife, mounted on horses and each carrying a six shooter, arrived on our ground, and expressed themselves in a language which would not look well in print, that there would be trouble about the postoffice. As we did not want the postoffice, expressing ourselves in favor of its being at their place, and as Mrs. Durham was assistant, she was the person that should have it, they went home using a more pleasant language than when they came."

This incident will show that the postoffice in early days could be moved without any government consent.

During his trips in 1880, through the summer of the same year, the following settlers arrived in Romness Township: Ole B. Olson and his sons, Gilbert, Bernt, Martin and Theodore, from Iowa; Andrew C. Knudson, from Wisconsin; Mrs. Anna Nelson and her sons, Andrew and Nels, and her daughter Marie, from Iowa; John E. Qualey, from Minnesota; John Dahl, from Iowa; Martin Johnson, from Minnesota; and Iver Siem, from Iowa, settling across the line in Steele County. This completed the settlement in 1880.

Biography of John Hogenson
--Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

Mr. Mathison and Mr. Hogenson returned to Minnesota in the latter part of July. During the summer months, they worked out in harvesting and made preparation to move their families and property to their new location.

On September 1, 1880, he started back overland with a yoke of oxen hitched to a prairie schooner in company with his wife and two children (Hellene and Edward), Peter Mathison and wife. They drove twenty-six head of sheep and sixteen head of cattle, and covered a distance of about twenty miles a day. They went through Rochester, Zumbrota, Canon Falls to St. Paul, Minnesota. Passing through the main street of St. Paul, the sheep crowded on the street car track so the horse-drawn car had to stop for the sheep to move forward. They continued the journey through St. Cloud, Alexandria, Fergus Falls and to Fargo, which was only a small village at that time. From Fargo, they came across country through the present site of Hillsboro and Mayville, from there to Golden Lake in Steele County, where the last settlers were found. From there or part of the way, they were guided by Mount Franklin in Romness Township and other hills near their place. They arrived at their homestead on September 30, 1880, covering a distance of approximately six hundred miles. Directly after his arrival, he made two trips to Valley City, a distance of fifty miles, with his yoke of oxen, for supplies and provisions. It took him five to six days to make the trip.

Nearly all the first settlers established their homes in the timber close to the river, not suspecting the threatening floods that endangered them when the Sheyenne River would be swelled by spring thaws.

During the winter of 1880-1881, a heavy snowfall averaging about three feet on the level, had fallen. In the spring, the snow melted and swelled the river, naturally flooding the lowlands. John Hogenson, being one of the settlers trapped by the waters, narrates the following experience:

"One afternoon I noticed the waters rising gradually and before night it was over the top of the banks, so we made preparations immediately to move to higher land. We had a tent, which we pitched up and moved the family into, drove the cattle out, but left the sheep. A settler by the name of Martin Johnson agreed to remain in the log hut during the night. A gun was left in his charge with the instructions for him to discharge it in case the flood should threaten the place."

"Mr. Johnson had arrived earlier in the day from a long tramp through the snow and slush from Valley City, and being weary and tired, thought a good bed and some sleep would be a rare treat for him. During the night we were watching the water and noticed it rising gradually, but heard no report from Mr. Johnson. As soon as daylight broke in the morning, we hitched up a yoke of oxen to a wagon and made the trip to the log hut. We peeped through the window and saw the water reaching nearly up to the bottom of his bed, and Mr. Johnson sound asleep. We awakened him, and much to his surprise, he found himself surrounded by water; he had to plunge right into it to get out of the hut. We rushed

Biography of John Hogenson

--Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

about to get the sheep moved and also some of the household goods. Among the articles I noticed a sack of flour which I went to get, and not being aware that the trap door leading to the cellar had floated up, I accidentally stepped into the opening and in I went, flour and all."

During the flood, their provisions commenced to run low. They still had some coffee, flour and syrup in their possession, but they were fifty miles from town, and water everywhere around them, the higher land being the only dry place. They had to "skimp" along until the water would sink down so they could go to town for provisions.

The following incident happened in the spring of 1881:

"One day a starved hunter, Mr. Matt, came along and wanted to board with Mr. Hogenson. He had a gun and some ammunition along. As their meat supply was almost gone, they promised to help him out, providing he would get some meat for them. He promised to do all he could, although game was not plentiful at that time of the year. He shot a couple of prairie chickens the first few days. However, one morning when the meat supply was gone (Mr. Hogenson believed it was providence that sent it) a large, lonely goose came soaring in the air, looking for a place to settle down. When the goose came over a bluff east of their location, she must have noticed a small lake formed by the melting snow close to their camp, and there she settled down. Mr. Matt got his gun and started off, remarking, "There's a dead goose." This was true enough for as soon as they heard the report of the gun, the goose flopped her wings and could move no more. The next thing was to get the bird on dry land without getting too wet. At that time, Mr. Hogenson had an ox which they had trained for riding bareback, so he got the ox and started out to get the goose on the small lake. When he came close to the bird and reached for it, the ox became frightened and started to do some broncho stunts, flopping Mr. Hogenson off into the water. The ox made for the shore and Mr. Hogenson picked up the goose and started for camp. Soon preparations were made to get the goose roasted. Mr. Hogenson remarked that they would have a "real" feast for once, and they amused themselves over their first hunting experience in Romness Township.

These and other experiences, both laughable and serious, were had by the early pioneers. Many a pleasant and interesting moment has the pioneer spent recalling past memories of the sacrifices and trials they went through in order to make an easier pathway for the coming generation, and their community a happier and more cheerful place in which to dwell.

Mr. Hogenson's early farm machinery was an old fashioned walking plow and a wooden harrow; oxen were used for power. He bought his first horses in the year of 1883.

The early crops were wheat and oats. The first year, five acres of wheat was not very good due to his poor farming. The following year the yield was thirty bushels to a the acre of wheat.

The fuel in early days was wood, which they got from the timber near their location.

Biography of John Hogenson

--Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

The first school of Romness Township was built in 1883; located on Section fourteen. The teacher was Mr. Markwood.

In the early part of the pioneer days, they did not have churches but held the services in the different homes. Mr. Rev. Vaage was the first traveling preacher.

In 1882, the first church congregation was organized by Rev. ^{d.} Lundeby. They built a church in 1897 located on Section 22. The congregation named the church Ringsaker, having Rev. O. K. Quamme as their pastor.

Mr. Hogenson served as postmaster from 1887 to 1904. He was appointed postmaster of Romness Township during the year 1887. The Romness postoffice was established a few years earlier with Peter Mathison as postmaster. In 1887, he was elected County Commissioner for one term; he also acted as town and school clerk for many years. He took an active part in organizing and establishing the Romness Methodist Church of which he has been a member since it first started. He has always been ready to help in worthy causes for moral uplift of the community.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hogenson have spent forty-seven years in Romness Township and can recall many hardships and pleasant memories of their pioneer days.

They have had nine children in all, of whom seven are still living: Edward Bellewin, Van Couver, British Columbia; Ragna Josephine (Mrs. Carl Bue), Peter Lewis and August Nicolae, Cooperstown, North Dakota; Henry Joseph and Otto Melvin, Portland, Oregon; and Ida Caroline (Mrs. Lawrence Stenbro), Aneta, North Dakota. The other two, who passed away, are Hellene Mathilde (Mrs. Ole Anderson) in 1924; and Clara Julia in 1908.

They have been the grandparents of twenty-three grandchildren in all of whom eighteen are still living. Hellene Mathilde was the mother of ten children, John Oliver, Lillian Kathleen, Elmer Spencer, Marion Henriette, Clara Alice, Arthur Lewis, Ruth Irene, Ida Elizabeth, Wilfred Douglas and Myrtle Florence. Ragna Josephine, the mother of two children, Borghild Constance and John Calmer. Ida Caroline, mother of three children, Caroline Josephine died 1923, Laura Irene and Raymond Leonard. Peter Lewis, the parent of twins, Karline Jean and Mary Lois died 1925. Edward Bellewin, father of five children, Gladys Elizabeth, and Clarence Lyle, Cecil Loyd, died 1927, Earl died 1925 and Raymond. Otto, the father of one son, Glynmore.

The pioneer's present home is located in Township 147, Range 58, Section 16 of Griggs County. His present location is about a half mile across the river from his pioneer buildings. It is located near the bend of the Sheyenne River, with the river and the woods forming the background for his buildings.

Biography of John Hogenson
 --Borghild Bue, Granddaughter

The following accounts of early conditions and happenings is written by the pioneer, John Hogenson.

Amund Nelson Opheim, also called Pioneer Nelson was the first settler in what is now called Washburn Township, and also the first settler in Griggs County. Mr. Opheim came from Winesheck County, Iowa in 1879, preceding all the other settlers in the Sheyenne Valley, and in what later became Griggs County, by one year. He entered government land on Section 12 of Washburn Township, twenty to twenty-five miles from the nearest settler or neighbor, built his log cabin covered with elm bark for roof, with no floor, moved his family in, then prepared for the winter.

The log house is still on the same place now, owned by his son, Nels Opheim, but it has changed its bark roof for one of shingles and its earthen floor to one of lumber. Some of the old pioneers would like very much to see the house preserved, either on the place or moved to the county seat and erected either on the Courthouse block or some other place in memory of the first pioneer family.

During the fall, they had been busy preparing shelter for themselves and their stock, not noticing that their provisions were shrinking every day, until winter came, when he had to start out for Grand Forks, eighty miles away, without a road, and twenty miles or more to the first house.

While he was gone, one of the Dakota blizzards came and he was laid up two weeks before he could return and the folks at home had to grind their own meal on the coffee mill.

In the spring of 1881, new settlers and land seekers came into this territory and the only place to go for a meal was Opheim's; and Mrs. Opheim, that noble and self-sacrificing woman, would work early and late to accommodate and feed the newcomers.

Mr. Opheim died after not many years, long before he could reap any benefit from his struggles in providing a home for himself and his loved ones. Mrs. Opheim lived many years and died in peace. They both rest in the cemetery which was laid out on their own land.

In 1880, came C. P. Bolkan, Amud Fluto, Oke Skren, Ole Havig and John Torfin, who took land in Washburn Township. Aren Luckason, John Atchison and Alex Sanders arrived the same year and took land in Sverdrup Township.

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- Mr. Cooper has served the community in many important positions and has stood for right and justice. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1894, and to the Senate in 1898, serving one term in each branch of the legislature.

While a member of the house, he was chairman of the railroad committee and was a member of other important committees. He has always been a resident of Cooperstown and vicinity, except in later years when he has partly retired from business and found time to follow the wild goose south in the fall but returns in the spring. He is still active, though he has eighty-one years to his credit, and takes great interest in Griggs County which he has greatly helped and done his part in up-building.

In 1882, the railroad was completed to Hope and the preliminary survey pointed to Sheyenne. The townsites boomers came into the valley and located the town of Mardell on Section 13, land now owned by Nels Arneson, in Washburn Township. It sprung up like a mushroom and vanished almost as quickly as it came when it became evident that the projected railroad would not come that way.

Mardell had at one time a commodious hotel, two general stores, one hardware store and one drug store, land locaters to assist settlers in locating their claims and getting their filings recorded in the United States land office. Pettifogers, land sharks and everything that belongs to an orderly village, except a saloon which was at that time commonly the first need looked for in a new town.

The people of that town were prosperous and contented until it was found out they would miss the railroad. The road to Cooperstown at that time was nearing completion. Business men packed their goods, some moved to Cooperstown and others to Hope. Some of the buildings were still there but long before this they have been moved.

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There was a class of early pioneers, considered by many to be undesirable; later, however, many of them proved to be valuable assets to the population and a great asset in the development of the country and community. These early settlers I have in mind were a number of single young men who came from Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and other states, who imagined that a new country like this would be the proper place to get rich quick, start a farm and build a good home so the single blessedness could be removed sometime in the near future.

When they arrived, the first thing was to select their claims. Then they built their shack, moved in, then lived alone, doing their own cooking and washing, and by all appearances were quite contented. Some of them had prior experience in cooking but others did not although all of them did the best they could. Griddle cakes were an every day ration and their main item of subsistence.

But the bachelors, as well as others, soon discovered that this idea of getting rich quick and having a good farm and home and have the necessity for living in single blessedness removed, did not turn out at once; for crops, year after year, turned out to be of light yield because of draught, frost, hail and the destructiveness of the gophers. If any crop was harvested and saved, the money lender would appear and demand his pay. He had his cash invested at twelve percent and held a mortgage on the crop and personal property. Thus the paying or renewing at another twenty-two per cent of interest and commission demanded, it took time to get rich.

But some years later, prospects took a turn and times became bright, crops better, mortgages were removed from the properties, new acquaintances were made and the feminine sex had greatly increased among the settlers and many of the young men who were single, won their neighbor's daughter, providing she was willing to move into a dug-out or log cabin to spend their honeymoon.

These pioneers were the real builders of the country, and where their lowly shacks once stood, you will find beautiful farm homes, with modern conveniences and improvements, with grown-up sons and daughters, well contented and prosperous. Some of their sons are now out in Montana, Canada, and other places, having taken up their father's old trade in the flapjack factory.

Unlike many of the earlier day frontier settlements, Griggs County pioneers were saved from the murderous and torturous Indians. Aside from the remains of abandoned wigwams in the woods along the river and the spread of buffalo bones upon the prairie, there were no visible signs that the Indians had ever made this immediate country their home to any considerable extent or even their hunting grounds. Consequently, there never should have been any fear of the consequences of an uprising.

Nevertheless, stories were told and retold of how frontier settlements had been visited by the savages and how they had proceeded in their mission of ravaging and murderings. Fresh in the memory of those

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early Days was the Sioux massacre in Minnesota in 1862. Then in 1863 came the expedition of General Sibley through what is now Griggs County. He camped at Sibley Lake just south of Binford. The remains of his camp (Camp Sibley) are still to be seen. This camp was established to care for the sick and footsore soldiers before starting on in pursuit of the Indians that had traveled toward the Missouri River. The fate of the Custer expedition in Montana had barely ceased to be news when word came to our pioneers that a Manitoba Tribe of Indians were on the war path. In addition to all these rough reports a real danger was thought to exist because of the residence of Indians on a reservation near Devils Lake, practically at our very door.

All these stories with a few facts would naturally tend to create a feeling of uneasiness and restlessness especially on the part of those early pioneers who were nervously inclined. Imaginations were working overtime. There was constant fear that the cunning and treacherous savages would escape the watchfulness of the soldiers on the reservations and descend upon our settlement before any call could be made for help.

Under these conditions, it was an easy matter for alarmists to meet with success in building up some feeling of the settlers. The rumors and false stories broadcasted were many, and they always came from the North. In due time, the rumors took root in Cooperstown. Some of the citizens, taking the report very seriously, while others laughed at the notion of preparing for a possible attack by the Indians.

Cooperstown was wholly unprepared to make a substantial defense in the case of a possible attack. No fortifications had been thrown up and there were no arms and ammunition with which to undertake a successful defense in the case of a possible attack. However, a blacksmith by the name of Nels Kiel took it upon himself to see that something was done, even though the town authorities refused to be moved by the rumors of danger. With the thought in mind that there was no time to be lost and that something must be done at once, this blacksmith called upon the business men and others to finance his project.

With the financial end of the matter solved, the blacksmith proceeded to manufacture a crude canon and by the time the next rumor floated in the settlement, the defensive weapon was ready for action. It was mounted, I presume, on the outskirts of the town, probably upon what was then called Vinegar Hill, that little lift of ground to the north of the business section of Cooperstown. Near this canon the blacksmith stationed himself and kept a careful watch through the night, patrolling most faithfully, while other less nervous people slept.

One evening the self-appointed watchman reported that the enemy was camped north of town and that he observed objects dancing about the campfire. While the blacksmith stayed by his cannon to give aid when it was needed, some of the most daring of the citizens mounted their horses and rode in the direction of the supposed Indian Camp to investigate. Investigation disclosed that the campfire was nothing more than a burning straw stack and the dancing Indians proved to be sparks and shadows from the fire. As far as I know this was the last scare in Griggs County.

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The first white children born in Romness Township were two boys, Anton Olson, born January 31, 1881 and Elmer Matison, born May 17, 1881.

The first death known to have occurred among the pioneers in Griggs County was that of Mr. Ulven who was a victim of the severe weather in the winter of 1881.

Ulven had a claim up the Sheyenne River and during the summer, fall and into the winter, he was employed over in the Goose River settlement where he could earn some money and be in position to spend the balance of the winter "holding down his claim" as he called it.

During the winter, when Ulven left Goose River settlement for his claim, he headed in a westerly direction necessary, undertaking to walk the distance of twenty miles. There were no roads to guide him, nor were there any other guides, only the wide expanse of prairie. He lost his bearings on the trip and wandered that day and night and part of the next before he finally landed at the homestead of Ole Skren, which was just a short distance South and East of what is now known as the Bridge School on the Sheyenne River in Washburn Township.

Ulven was completely exhausted, his feet frozen, and he was in a delirious condition. Then mortification set in there and since the assistance of a doctor was not available to the pioneers in those days, he died in spite of all the Skren family could do. His remains were laid to rest in what was known as the Opheim Cemetery, he being the first pioneer settler buried in Griggs County.

The first election was held in Griggs County (at that time, it was part of Trail County) at the residence of Omund Nelson Opheim on November 2, 1880; although being a Presidential election, politics did not create much excitement mostly for the reason that North Dakota had a Territorial government. We had no "voice" in electing president, neither in choice of Territorial officers except a delegate to Congress. We were allowed to elect a Representative to the Territorial Legislature to be convened at Yankton in January, 1881.

Knute Nomland was elected to represent the district in the House of Representatives in the legislature; and county officers of Trail County were also elected at this election.

Nearly all pioneers, ten or twelve in number, attended the election, organized and elected Judges and Clerks as follows: Omund Nelson Opheim, Ole Johnson, Ole Skren, C. P. Bolkan, John Hogenson and John Dahl, the fifth officer is my memory does not fail me at this late date.

When the votes were canvassed, C. P. Bolkan was the candidate to carry the returns across the open prairie; no house for the first twenty miles over to the county seat being at Caledonia, located on the Red River about sixty miles away. Mr. Bolkan carried the ballots in a wooden box across the country by foot.

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Organization of Griggs County and the second election. Griggs County was named in honor of Captain Alexander Griggs, and formed from part of Trail and part of Foster Counties, February 18, 1881 and June 10, 1882.

Allen Breed, Rollin Cooper and William Clives were appointed County Commissioners by Governor Ordway, for the purpose of organizing the County Seat at Griggs County. The County Seat was located at Hope but moved to Cooperstown November 7, 1882, by the vote of the people.

On March 8, 1883, the legislature formed Steele County out of part of Trail County and the two eastern tiers of townships of Griggs County, leaving the latter at its present size.

When Griggs County was organized, the seat of Government was left at Hope although that place was located almost in the Southeastern corner. Soon thereafter Cooperstown was plotted as being a more central point and was naturally favored by the settlers in the western part, which led to contest for the removal of the county seat from Hope to Cooperstown.

During the campaign of 1882, Griggs County was divided into three election districts with polling places at Hope, Cooperstown, and Ottawa. The main issue was the moving of the County seat.

Interested parties on both sides made preparations to carry the election and many rumors circulated during the campaign before and after the election what each party had undertaken. It was said that Hope parties hired thirty idle men from a neighboring county, fed and paid them for thirty days so as to make them legal voters. At the eve of election, men went over to Hope from Cooperstown to persuade them to vote for Cooperstown which the return of the election proved to contain some truth by the handsome vote Cooperstown received in that precinct. Many other cunning stories besides these were told to "beat" the other party. "Fire water" was freely used in some quarters.

The election was held and returns showed it was carried by Cooperstown with a handsome majority.

Then preparations were made to have the seat of government moved to Cooperstown but objections were made by some of the people of Hope. H. P. Smart, Register of Deeds and County Clerk was favoring Cooperstown and had possession of the principal records, which were taken over to Cooperstown during the night and placed in a granary under guard. Al Pinkerton, later sheriff, was one of the guardsmen. Several nights later, some of the Hope sportsmen came over, held up the guard and took the records away from them.

Then for a time Cooperstown, the County Seat, had a granary for a Courthouse. The offices were Register of Deeds, and the County Clerk, But they had no records.

Then plans were laid to apprehend, arrest and prosecute the perpetrators but sometime later the records were returned. This ends the County Seat controversy.

Early- Griggs County History
as related

by John Hogenson, a pioneer of the county.

In 1879 came Omund Nelson Opheim from Iowa. He is considered by everyone the first settler in what is now Griggs County.

In 1880, came C.P. Bolkan, Amund Fluto, Ole Skren, Ole Havig and John Torfin, who took land in Washburn Tp. Arne Luckason, John Atchison and Alex Saunders arrived the same year and took land in Sverdrup Tp.

So far all the settlers were in the valley, strung along the river (Sheyenne) from the southern to the northern boundary of the county, not suspecting that anyone would settle on the prairies. But the unexpected happened, and word was brought into the valley that someone with abundant financial strength had bought a large block of land on the prairie and would start preparations in the fall so as to be ready to turn the sod and begin active farming operations in the spring of 1881. Upon investigation, the rumors were found to be true. The Cooper Brothers had actually purchased many thousands of acres and were getting ready to operate their farms which proved to be a great asset to the country in bringing more settlers to work their lands, and in furnishing employment to those already there.

Rollin C. Cooper was the manager of the Cooper Bros.' farms until the partnership was dissolved by mutual consent. Besides his farming interests, he erected one of the first two grain elevators, and personally operated them. He was one of the organizers of the Cooperstown-Sanborn & Turtle Mt. Railroad and served as its president during its construction until it was completed as far as to Cooperstown when it was sold to the Northern Pacific R.R. in the early eighties. Mr. Cooper, as well as his railroad project, aided materially in building up many public enterprises in the community. Mr. Cooper was the founder of Cooperstown and it was named in honor of the Cooper Bros.

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There was one class of early pioneers, considered by many at that time to be undesirable; later, however, most of them proved to be valuable assets to the county and community. These early settlers I have in mind, were a number of single men who came from Iowa, Minnesota, Wisc. and other states, -who imagined that a new country like this would be the proper place to get "Rich quick", start a farm and build a good home so that single blessedness could be removed sometime in the near future. When they arrived, the first thing was to select their claims. They then built shacks, moved in, did their own cooking and washing, and by all appearances seemed quite content. Griddle cakes were an every day ration and their main item of subsistence. But the bachelors as well as many others, soon discovered that this idea of getting rich quick, having a good farm and home, and having the necessity for living in single blessedness removed did not materialize at once, for crops, year after year, turned out to be of light yield because of draught, frost, hail and the destructiveness of gophers. If any crop was harvested and saved, the money-lender would appear and demand his pay. He had his cash invested at 12 per cent and held a mortgage on the crop and personal property, thus the paying or renewing at another 22% of interest and commission demanded took a long time, and getting rich was a slow process.

But some years later prospects took a turn and times became brighter crops better, mortgages were removed, new acquaintances were made and as the feminine sex had greatly increased among the settlers, many of the young men won their neighbor's daughter, providing she was willing to move into a dugout or log cabin in which to spend her honeymoon.

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The first death known to have occurred among the pioneers in Griggs county was that of I. Ulven who was a victim of severe weather in the winter of 1881. Mr. Ulven had a claim up the Sheyenne River and during the summer and fall and into the winter, he was employed in the Goose River settlement, where he could earn some money and be in a position to spend the balance of the winter "holding down his shack" as we called it. During the winter when Mr. Ulven left Goose River for his claim, he headed in a westerly direction, undertaking to walk the distance of 20 Mi. There were no roads to guide him, nor were there a

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Bibliography:

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Cooperstown, N.D.
Resides in Romness Tp.

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Bridge School on the Sheyenne River in Washburn Tp. Mr. Ulven was completely exhausted; his feet were frozen, and he was in a delirious condition. Mortification set in and since the assistance of a doctor in those days was not available, he died, in spite of all the Skren family could do for him. His remains were laid to rest in what is known as the Opheim Cemetery, he being the first pioneer settler to be buried in Griggs County.

The first election was held in Griggs county (at that time it was part of Traill co.) at the residence of Omund Nelson Opheim on November 2, 1880; although being a presidential election, politics did not create much excitement mostly for the reason that North Dakota had a Territorial Government and we had no "voice" in electing the president, nor in the choice of Territorial officers except a delegate to Congress. We were allowed to elect a Representative to the Territorial Legislature to be convened at Yankton in January 1881. Knut Nomland was elected to represent the district in the House of Representatives in the Legislature; and county officers of Traill Co. were also elected at this election.

Nearly all the pioneers, ten or twelve in number, attended the election, organized and elected Judges and Clerks as follows: Omund Nelson Opheim, Ole Johnson Skren, C. P. Balkan, John Hogenson and John Dahl.

When the votes were canvassed, C. P. Bolkan was the candidate chosen to carry the returns across the open prairie; no house for the first twenty miles, over to the county seat which was at Calendonia, located on the Red River, about sixty miles away. Mr. Bolkan carried the ballots in a wooden box and crossed the country on foot.

The next important step before the voters was the organization of the

of Griggs county and the second election. Griggs county was named in honor of Capt. Griggs, and formed from parts of Trail and Foster counties, Feb. 18, 1881 and June 10, 1882. Allen Breed, Rollin Cooper and ~~William Glass~~ ^{Glines} were appointed County Commissioners by Gov. J. Ordway for the purpose of organizing the county seat of Griggs county. The county seat was first located at Hope but later moved to Cooperstown on Nov. 7, 1882 by vote of the people.

On March 8, 1883, the Legislature formed Steele county out of part of Trail county and the two eastern tiers of townships of Griggs county, leaving the latter at its present size.

When Griggs county was organized, the seat of government was left at Hope although that place was located almost in the southeastern corner. Soon thereafter Cooperstown was plotted as being a more central point and was naturally favored by the settlers in the western part, which lead to a contest for the removal of the county seat from Hope to Cooperstown.

During the campaign of 1882, Griggs county was divided into three election districts with polling places at Hope, Ottawa, and Cooperstown. The main issue of the election was the moving of the county seat. Interested parties on both sides made preparations to carry the election and many rumors circulated during the campaign before and after the election as to what each party had undertaken. It was said that Hope parties hired thirty idle men from a neighboring county, fed and paid them for thirty days prior to the election so as to make them legal voters. At the eve of election, men went over to Hope from Cooperstown to persuade them to vote for Cooperstown, which the return of the election proved to contain some truth by the "large vote" Cooperstown received in that precinct. Many other cunning stories besides these

were told to "beat" the other party. "Fire Water" were freely used in some quarters.

Cooperstown carried the election. Preparations were made to have the seat of government moved to Cooperstown but objections were made by some of the people of Hope. H. P. Smart, Register of Deeds and County Clerk, favored Cooperstown. He had possession of the principal records, which were taken, during the night, to Cooperstown and placed in a granary. Al Pinkerton was one of the Guardsmen. Several nights later, some of the Hope sportsmen came to Cooperstown; held up the guards and took the records to Hope.

Then for a time Cooperstown had a granary for a courthouse; had the offices of Register of Deeds and County Clerk but no records. Plans were made to apprehend, arrest and prosecute the perpetrators, but sometime later, the records were returned.

Bibliography:

John Hogenson, pioneer since 1880
Cooperstown, North Dakota
Resides in Remond Tp.
November 12, 1938

JOHN HOGENSON; the popular postmaster of Romness, North Dakota, near where he conducts one of the finest farms in Griggs county, is a man of exceptional tact and is widely and favorably known as a citizen of true worth. He has acted as postmaster of that thriving town for the past ten years, and is one of the pioneer settlers of the county. He has passed through many pioneer hardships, and can review the early history of that region. His present home is one of the best located and most modern style of any in the township, and his farm in section 16, of Romness township, bears every evidence of careful tillage and modern methods.

Our subject was born on a farm in Norway, June 22, 1847, and was the only son and second child in a family of five children, born to Hogen and Martha (Johnson) Hogenson, both of whom were natives of Norway. His father was a farmer by occupation. Our subject lived in his native land until 1867 when he came to America, and located at Amherst, Fillmore county, Minnesota, where he worked at farming until he went to Griggs county, North Dakota, in the spring of 1880. He "squatted" on the place which he now owns and occupies, and filed a claim to the land in 1882. He is now the fortunate owner of four hundred acres of land, and he has made a success of his chosen calling. His farm is fully improved, and his residence is situated in a picturesque spot on the banks of the Sheyenne river. It is a substantial structure of modern architecture, as are all of the buildings on the place, and altogether the estate presents a pleasing appearance.

Our subject was married in Fillmore county, Minnesota, in 1876, to Miss Karen Vestern. Mrs. Hogensen was born in Norway, December 23, 1855, and came to Fillmore county, Minnesota, when a girl aged twelve years. She is a daughter of Erick and Bertha Vestern. Nine children have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Hogensen, as follows: Helen, Edward, Clara, Josephine, Louis, Joseph, Ida, Otto and August. The two eldest children were born in Minnesota, and the other children in North Dakota. Helen, the eldest daughter, is now Mrs. Ole Anderson, and resides in Wells County, North Dakota. Mr. Hogenson is prominent in public affairs, and served three years on the board of county commissioners, having been elected to that office on the Republican ticket. He has also been clerk of the township in which he resides continuously since its organization, and has served as clerk of the school district. He has met with unbounded success and is recognized as a leading citizen. In political faith he is a Populist, and is a man who is strong in his convictions for right.

June 1, 1926

Biography of D. J. Houghton
--Blanchard T. Houghton

On March 2, 1892 my father, Douglas J. Houghton, son of Joshia and Miranda Houghton, came to North Dakota from St. Clair County, Battle Creek, Michigan landing at Cooperstown which was at that time merely a railroad station and a few scattered shacks. He left Battle Creek, Michigan with the intention of locating in either North Dakota or Montana which offered possibilities for homesteading and finally decided upon Cooperstown, North Dakota as his brother, Charles had already located here.

At the time of his arrival here, a great amount of the land in the vicinity was owned by Mr. Rollen C. Cooper who had a large ranch about a distance of two miles from Cooperstown. This was the first place where my father went to work staying there off and on for about five years.

After leaving the Cooper ranch in 1899, my father went to live with his brother, Charles on his farm further west from Cooperstown. While living with his brother he filed on thirty acres of land, and later he bought one hundred and sixty acres on the same quarter. After he had filed on the thirty acres, which was located in the southwest quarter of section 30 of Cooperstown township.

The first house was a slab shack ten by twelve feet with a flat roof and three square windows. At first the trips to town for provisions were rather hard because the road was at that time straight across country and no direct route to follow. The times it was not so hard to follow were the times when the neighbors would all go together. Some of them went with their oxen and some had horses.

The first crop that my father put in of his own in North Dakota was the total of thirty acres of oats and wheat and the total number of bushels received was 1482 of wheat and oats. The price at that time was from 52¢ to 73¢ for the best wheat, and the best oats were 23¢ and the average that was grown was 12¢. Even when the prices were so low he made a little money and had some feed for the next year.

The second year of his farming for himself in North Dakota was not so prosperous. He broke up some more land and put in more wheat, but this year was the year of the great drought and it left only just straw enough for the stock and no crop at all to speak of. That winter it was very hard--lots of snow and it was hard to get to town for provisions, but the next year was the bumper crop and he fared very well.

My father was married to Miss Katheran Alice Blanchard of St. Clair County, Battle Creek, Michigan. He went to live on his brother's farm close to his own which had only his claim shanty on it and two years later built the house that he occupies at the present time.

The pioneer is now located on his farm southwest of Cooperstown on the southwest quarter of section thirty.

His present address is:

Douglas J. Houghton
Cooperstown, North Dakota

RFD #3

Biography of Houghton Family
--Ruth Houghton

In 1856 Miranda and Joshua Houghton with their family of four children Rebecca, Maria, John, and George moved from Coleberg, Canada, in the Province of Ontario and took up their new homes seven miles west of St. Clair in the county and township of St. Clair.

There they worked a small farm carrying on diversified farming.

During the time of their stay on this farm three sons were born, Benjamin Luther in 1858, Wilmot Peter in 1861 and Charles Walter, on September 15, 1863.

A few years later they moved to the township of Columbus in the county of St. Clair and here worked another farm.

On this farm three sons and one daughter were born to the family of seven.

The children were employed in taking care of cattle, gathering the ripened fruits, for there were large orchards of peaches, apples, etc.

The children played on the rivers and creeks near by, catching fish or swimming. As the family was large, a few of the boys helped the neighbors in spring and fall.

At the age of fourteen Charles Walter went into a lumber camp in Northern Michigan. Here they prepared great logs to be sent down the river in the spring.

He spent four years here. Thrilling letters came from the brothers in North Dakota telling of the opportunities here and of the beautiful prairie land. Thus in 1886 he set out. Taking the train from St. Clair, he came to Cooperstown, North Dakota March 18, 1886.

He was met at the station by his brother. They were drawn by a team of mules, the usual means of transportation, to the brother's home a few miles west of Cooperstown.

Staying a short time with his brother, Charles decided to take work on Cooper's ranch. He herded cattle in the hills north of Cooperstown, rode a bronco all day and slept in a shanty at night.

After a year of herding, Charles took the position of foreman on Cooper's ranch.

He had the superintending of twenty-two thousand acres of land. The men had to be taught the art of riding and driving. Many funny incidents took place at the time a "new hand" came to the ranch. As the mule was the chief animal of burden he was usually ridden but frequently the mules refused to move or even moved too quickly and dislodged their rider.

In the spring a crew of nearly one hundred men was taken on. Wood was brought from the river and sawed for winter use.

Biography of Houghton Family
--Ruth Houghton

Around the early part of April the men were set to work preparing the fields for sowing. When this started, the men had to rise earlier as each had his team to feed, water, and harness.

First twenty-four plows were taken out. Then the harrows and later the drills. If at any time the men needed help that was the supervisor's job to help him.

During the summer they put up hay for feed and summer followed large tracts of land.

When the crops ripened, the binders were taken out. The golden grain was cut and shocked by an army of men. If a man stopped working for a few hours and took a nap behind a shock he was sent to get his time and pay, and was dismissed.

The threshing on the ranch was done by large machines. There were several on the Cooper ranch alone. The supervisors had to be on duty during threshing time to see about the grain. As there was such a large amount of grain to be marketed, they drew it to town and loaded it in cars instead of taking it to the elevator.

Once when the mule of a supervisor refused to move the engineer hit it with a hot poker. The mule didn't seem to enjoy the contact and immediately dislodged his rider.

One spring the Houghton and Nierenberg boys decided to take an antelope hunt up near the James River.

They gathered provisions and blankets and set out. The first night was spent in an oat bin, the second in a school house, and the third in an old log barn. On the fourth night they had reached the Jim River. That night they camped beneath the trees.

The following morning they were up early, preparing for the hunt.

They set out on their broncos and about nine o'clock they spied the antelope in a little coulee. They crept around the hill and just as they came out on the plain the animals spied them and were soon out of sight.

In the afternoon they saw the antelope again. They came up to some old buildings and dismounted. Just then a dog bounded out of a remote corner and with his shrill barking and fierce growls frightened the antelope away.

After that they never got within a mile or two of the animals. Thus the trip was a failure as far as game was concerned but a great success as to pleasure.

The evenings on the ranch were spent in telling stories of the earlier days. One of the favorites was the affair of the county records.

Biography of Houghton Family
--Ruth Houghton

It seemed that Cooperstown and Hope both wanted the county seat. They had an election to decide. As there was a railroad crew up at that time they all voted for Cooperstown. Some of the men changed suits and voted twice. The conditions were the same in Hope only their railroad crew wasn't as large as ours and their population a little less, so Cooperstown won by a large majority.

However, Hope was not satisfied so four armed men, Allen Pinkerton, Eleck Glass, William Glass, and John Houghton were stationed to guard the records.

They slept by the records with their guns at their sides. However, in the middle of the night the representatives of Hope came in and held the men at the point of the gun while others took the records. Of course this was a great disappointment to the inhabitants of Cooperstown but they were undaunted. So a few days later they went after and secured the precious records.

There was great rejoicing in Cooperstown and great anger in Hope. Thus it was decided best to extend Steele County to take in Hope and take a few tiers off Trail to extend Griggs.

In 1887 Charles Houghton filed on a homestead, four miles east and one mile south of Cooperstown. In Cooperstown township he took up a fourth of section 32 and range 146, 49 and in Bald Hill township he took up a fourth of section five. He had to swear in an affidavit before the Notary Public. They were allowed three quarters of land.

At the time you claimed up your land you had to have lived on it a few months a year for five years and have a shanty, a barn and a well on the land.

On March 3, 1892 Charles was Married to Alberta Langford at her home. Cora, Milton, Kenneth and Ruth were born to them. Kenneth died at the age of two years.

In 1907 Charles Houghton with his family moved to Cooperstown where he has served on the Board of Education and Alderman.

Cora Houghton--Mrs. James Hazard
Cooperstown,
North Dakota

Milton T. Houghton
San Francisco
California

Ruth A. Houghton
Cooperstown
North Dakota

under Ole Hoken Biog. p. 269 in Vol 7.
of State Hist. Coll.

Rev. He (Ole Hoken) was personally acquainted with Rev. J. Lundebj, who served this congregation (Lundabj), besides traveling as a mission pastor between Fort Totten and Valley City. Ole E. Hoken gives the following recollections of Rev. J. L. Lundebj: "During the time when Lundebj was a student at Augsburg Seminary, a cart horse was kept on the campus to accommodate travelers, Minneapolis then being in its infancy with no street car service between the town and the school. Lundebj was one of the 'select few' among the student body who could manage this high spirited animal. Especially equipped with brawn and brains, Lundebj feared nothing, and he seemed to be destined for the struggles against the forces of nature which he later encountered on the prairies of Dakota.

Three times Rev. Lundebj was lost in snowstorms. On one of these occasions he found shelter overnight beside a haystack, and at another time he dug a hole in a strawstack for himself and his team on the leeward side, awaiting the coming of dawn. With his ski sled and his ponies, he traversed the prairies between the settlements and preached in the sod huts and school houses.

"One Sunday, during harvest time, a prairie fire had been started near Bug post office. A stiff breeze from the west set the fire traveling eastward with a terrific speed. Rev. Lundebj, who had conducted services down the Sheyenne river in the forenoon, noticed the fire and realizing the danger set out to warn the farmers in the threatened district, and for several miles his faithful team raced with the mad flames. Rev. Lundebj was at this occasion instrumental in saving many homes and a great deal of grain.

ready to be threshed. The farmers got their plows out and turned up "firebreaks" around fields, buildings and haystacks. John Mehle, who lived four miles north of Aneta, was not at home and nearly all his grain, standing in shocks, was burned.

p. 220 from Vol 7

"During this decade organization work was done on western edge of Red River Valley by Rev. I. L. Lundby of the Conference. He traveled between Ft. Ransom and Devils Lake where he organized eighteen congregations (in that District) - "seven located in Griggs. He worked in this region from 1882-1897

~~From~~ See Norlie, Norsk Lutherske Menigheder i Amerika
Vol. II, pp. 75-102.

From Fargo Daily Argus.

Oct 15, 1880: -

Mrs. Mrs. D. D. Bullock have gone to Sanborn to be with the Cooper Bros. for the winter.

Biography of Svein O. Homme
--Solveig Carlson

Svein O. Homme was born March 6, 1856 in Seterdalen, Norway near Christiansand. His parents were Ole O. Homme and Aase Dale.

Mr. Homme came to this country with his parents when he was fourteen years of age, and they made Granite Falls, Minnesota their home. In 1882 Svein Homme came to North Dakota because there was a great boom there at that time.

He made the Sheyenne River his destination as some of his relatives had gone there the previous fall, and came to what is now called Griggs County but which was then called Steele County. Mayville was the nearest place he could reach by train, and he had then thirty-two miles to travel across the prairie. It was in the month of March and the ground was covered with snow so he made himself a pair of skis when in Mayville. He started out in the direction pointed out to him, and the only guide he had was the general direction and the section stakes. He stayed at a farm about ten miles out of Mayville overnight and then he had twenty-two miles left to travel across the wild prairie which took him nearly all the next day. When he at dusk reached his destination, he stayed with his relatives who lived east of the river. Mr. Homme's claim was the northeast quarter of Section 22, Range 58, Township 146. After he had stayed with his relatives a while he walked back to Mayville. The walking was very hard because there was lots of water in creeks and low places. He got to a sod shanty, his feet being so swollen that he could not remove his boots. He got to Mayville the next day and that same evening he left for Fargo. The train he left on was the last one that went down for three weeks on account of the high waters.

The latter part of May in that same spring, Mr. Homme and another man hired an emigrant car from Benson, Minnesota to Portland, North Dakota. They took their farm machinery and cows out to their homesteads arriving there June 1, 1882. There had just been a heavy frost so everything was black. Mr. Homme hauled lumber from Portland with oxen and built a house 16x14, the walls being 8 feet high. An inland town by the name of Mardell was started that spring about one and a half miles from his claim where he then got his provisions. His neighbors then were, Syvert Skagen, Leiv Norgard and Amund Pluto.

Mr. Homme used oxen the first five years he farmed and his machinery consisted of a walking plow, a drill, drag, selfbinder, mower and hay-rake. He raised wheat and oats at first and later some barley, and he received 40¢ to 75¢ per bushel for wheat.

Mr. Homme had married Belle Norgard on September 11, 1881 in Yellow Medicine County, Minnesota. They had two children, Willie Olai, and Agnes.

In the year 1905, he sold his homestead to Anton B. Carlson and moved to Granite Falls, Minnesota where he is now living.

May 27, 1926

Biography of William Howden
--Leland Howden

William Howden was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Howden. They came from Enniskilliam, Ireland about the year, 1847, and settled in Lampton County, Ontario, Canada. Their son, William Howden, was born in May, 1851. About 1873 he married Sarah A. Rutledge. She was from the same place in Canada.

In 1883 William Howden left for Sanborn and arrived there March 24, 1883. He homesteaded on Section 32, Township 146, Range 60. Three years later he went back to Ontario to get his wife and family.

He left Ontario because the times were poor. It was hard to get work, and he didn't like the woods, or that part of the country. He came to North Dakota because North Dakota had just been opened up and it was advertised a lot. He thought it was a good country and it seemed the best place to go.

In coming here with his family, they left Ontario by train and went over the St. Clair river on a ferry. They then took a train west to Sanborn. From Sanborn they went 36 miles by team to their new home.

Their first house was a sod house. It was built by the neighbors, John Nichols and Robert Bailey who lived the closest--one four miles away and the other one-half mile away. The farm machinery consisted of a walking plow, a wagon and two horses.

The first year William Howden farmed, he got his seed oats from Sanborn, the nearest town. It cost him 80¢ a bushel. Most of the crops raised were oats and wheat. The wheat sold between 30¢ and \$1.00 per bushel. The fuel was hauled from the Sheyenne river.

Some of the hardships were getting fuel in the winter there was over 3 feet of snow on the level. Also one summer about 1885, there was a large prairie fire that did considerable harm.

William Howden lived on that homestead until the later part of 1918 when he moved to Sutton, North Dakota. He died April 28, 1919 at Sutton, North Dakota. His wife died in 1904.

A list of the direct descendants are as follows:

Edith, who married W. A. Omstead. Their children are: Cecil, Violet, Richard, William and Kathleen.

Richard Howden, who married Agnes Everson. Their children are: Supper, and Jean Howden.

Frank Howden, who married Mary Thornton. Their child is William.

Margaret Howden, who married F. W. Rothert. Their children are: Edith, Blanche, Charles, Patricia, Florence, and Lorraine.

George Howden, who married Sarah Kock. Their children are: Ethel, Edward, Leland, Ralph, Georgine, Ilean, Philis and James.

This is the history of William Howden and the names of his descendants till May 27, 1926.

Early Days in Dakota Territory by B. G. Howden

(Editor's Note) The following story, which will be run in installments in this paper for the next few weeks, was written by a man who spent his early childhood and life in this territory, on the Bald Hill Creek, to the north, and it is our belief that a good many of our readers will enjoy his accounts of the early days. This story was published in the "Dakota Farmer" in 1942 from which place we are re-printing it (in 1948)

Folks do you like tales of the early days in Dakota written now by old timers who lived the experiences they tell? Dakota is one of the few remaining parts of the Continental United States where such current writings are still possible. They are not as hair-raising as the wild western stories of fiction, but are far truer to Dakota life as it was lived.

X X X X X

My father, William Howden, came west in March, 1883, arriving in Sanborn, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway. His brother James had settled near Sanborn a year earlier. After spending a few days at Sanborn, my father, my uncle Jim and two friends started out with a team and a narrow-tired

2
wagon to seek homesteads, They traveled north and west some 40 miles.

My uncle had the name of being a good shot with a revolver, and on this trip proved it. This being in March every pot hole and slough was filled with water and ducks were plentiful — a pair within range of my uncle's revolver. Stopping the team he remarked: "Now I'll shoot the head of that drake — wouldn't want to harm the duck." Sure enough he "made good his brag", and did exactly as he said he would — no game warden around in those days.

As the men proceeded onward, it started to rain a "drizzler" as a fine mist or rain is called. Meantime a stray dog had adopted the party and followed them, and each one of the men had laid claim to the dog during the day.

After driving all day in the cold, damp, March rain, father was pretty well discouraged and then they were struggling in the valley of the Bald Hill Creek, where the ground was very rough, having been trampled by the buffalo in wet weather.

After bumping over the buffalo wallows

and tracks in the wagon, father told the other three that if they would give him the dog they could have the whole country. Never the less he went back to the filing office and filed on SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec 32, T. 146, Range 60 to the west, on on the east bank of the Bald Hill Creek.

In April he secured a fine team of horses at Sanborn and drove out to the claim with what now a days we would consider a mighty small amount of equipment: a walking plow, a few dishes, a stove and a good supply of oats for the horses.

Building a Home.

His first job was to build a sod shanty, 10X12, then he began to turn the virgin soil. With his fine big team he broke 40 acres that summer. When early winter came, two neighbor homesteaders moved in with father, and there they spent the winter of 1883-84.

Altho father was then nearly 30 and had never smoked, he learned to use a pipe that winter. The other two men smoked and father's excuse for taking up tobacco was that the winter evenings were very, very long, and chores were few, and a man had to have some way of passing the time.

In the early spring of 1884 father came back to Ontario, Canada, where mother and we 3 children had stayed. I was only five, but I well remember father standing by my bed when I awakened on the morning of his return. He had let his whiskers grow while in Dakota and we children did not know him at first sight.

The Trip to Dakota -

After a few weeks in Canada, father bought a carload of horses and shipped them to Dakota, he and two young men going along in the car to handle and care for the horses. Mother, my brother, sister, and myself rode, more comfortably in a first class coach, arriving at Sanborn ahead of the horse car, and putting up at uncle Jim's little Shanty.

In a few days father arrived with the horses, and after getting straightened around we all started out for the new homestead, 40 miles north west. I don't remember clearly, but think two teams were driven, and the other horses led.

With a good early start we got day within a mile of our shanty, but Bald Hill Creek was

so high it could not be forded. With mother and the small children along, some shelter had to be found, and the men finally located a shack occupied by an old Scotchman and his wife. They were glad to welcome us, and though there were seven in the crowd, we got by somehow for room.

Crossing the Creek

Next day the ice had broken in the Creek, and father and the two men crossed by using a new tight wagon box as a boat, leaving the family and horses with the good Scotch neighbors. The day after they took mother, brother and sister over, leaving me.

That night the weather turned cold enough to form thin ice on the Creek, stopping boating, but not so thick as to support a man, so, to get me across the Creek, father and one of the men got two long boards. Walking the length of one board on the ice — and carrying me — they then shoved the other board ahead, and, one board after another we crossed the rather wide channel safely, and I had that day the first sight of our new home.

Well I remember my first meal in the sod shack, with an old fashioned tool box for

for table, and some benches father had made instead of chairs, and to hold mother's new boiler and cooking utensils.

That first summer passed quickly for us children, with trapping gophers and exploring the surrounding country. Father made a little bed for us children, small enough to be shoved under his and mother's bed day times, to save room in the crowded shanty.

A Bad Fire.

I remember very little of interest the summer of 1886, but I do remember very distinctly the prairie fire that came that fall. There was a range of hills some 20 miles north-west of us, and up there we had noticed a fire backing against the wind - at night we could see it like a great, red ribbon. Suddenly one afternoon the wind changed and the fire came down Bald Hill Creek like a race horse taking everything in its path.

Father had a few stacks of wheat near the house. He and some neighbors got out their walking plows and horses and ran furrows as long as they could stand the heat and until hands and feet were singed. Even then the way the fire came

it looked mighty bad for us, but luckily for the wind swung a little to the east long enough so the fire changed direction and missed our wheat stacks.

The fire jumped the Creek like a hound, and once it had crossed the potted land gained speed traveling up hill. Our neighbors on the other side of the Creek lost their sod stable, some harness and two large pigs that were fenced in. We could hear those pigs squealing although they were half a mile from our place. Our own wood pile was burned right by the shack, showing how close we came to being wiped out. During the worst of the fire, mother and we three children lay face down on the floor, to get under the smoke and have a chance to breathe.

Bones and Gophers

There were plenty of buffalo bones on the prairie when we first arrived. When the settlers had done with their breaking of the sod which was generally in July, when the roots became too tough to pull a good job they would take the team and

wagon and gather bones. If I remember correctly buffalo bones brought \$8.00 a ton, and I have seen bones piled like cord wood at different shipping points.

It was a great year for us children when the county paid a premium of three cents on each gopher tail. We made good money while it lasted, but the county had to discontinue for lack of funds. When premium paying first began tails were accepted only at the county auditor's office, but merchants soon accepted them in their places of business, turning them in to the Auditor, later, for cash. I have many times bought candy with gopher tails. I know of two brothers—both dead shots—who went out with a gentle horse and a buggy, shooting gophers as a business while that premium was being paid. They used shot guns, loading their own shells with light loads, and were able to make their three dollars each per day.

The great event in the years 1887-1888 in our lives was the terrible blizzard

of Jan. 12, 1888. I have told before (see The Dakota Farmer of February 23, 1946) of my brother Dick's and my experience of three days in a schoolhouse during that storm.

Another big event, in 1889, while I was still attending country school, was the admission of Dakota Territory into the Union and its separation into two states.

Running Bronchos

Having by then spent several years in Dakota, we had quite a few bronchos purchased from droves coming through from Montana. Those large droves or bunches of bronchos always camped over night at our place, there being plenty of spring water in Bald Hill Creek, and good grass.

The largest bunch I remember being was 90 head. There were colors of every kind from blue to pinto. There were five drivers or cowboys, and they were the 'real thing'. I enjoyed seeing them "rope" their saddle horses in the morning for the day's ride. We called them "broncho men" in those days.

In later years when we had fences, the broncho men would run their bunch in a fence for the night and get away ~~from~~ the job of night herding. I remarked to the foreman of one bunch on the fine saddle he was using.

"Come over to the wagon, here," he answered, "and I will show you a real saddle" and he did - the finest saddle I have ever seen, and doubtless worth several hundred dollars.

Those bunches of bronchos were driven to some town and put in corrals, as all livery barns had corrals in those days. There the farmers could pick out their choice, then would rope it and then either hitch it or ride for the first time in the animal's life. Father got a pinto five years old that had never had a halter on. When we had him broke, he was the most gentle and best saddle horse I ever rode.

My First Mount

That wasn't the first horse I had ridden. The pony we had was a bay that Father got from some Indians traveling through

from Fort Totten to the Standing Rock Reservation. It was on this old gentle pony I learned to ride. After I had ridden him a few times he became my boss. When I tried to ride him away from the buildings he would rub up against the sod stable and push me off his back. If that didn't work he would balk.

One day brother Dick and I started out on horseback to visit neighbor boys who lived five miles away. I had the old Indian pony, while Dick had a high-lived broncho we called Bill. I couldn't keep the old pony going, so we traded horses. Then, as we speeded up, "Bill" ran away with me. Now I did yell "Whoa", but to no avail. Finally I pulled on one ~~reign~~ rein and got him running in circles, so Dick, by cutting through the center, was able to stop him and I was very willing to trade back to my horse.

About this time dad decided to run a herd of both horses and cattle. Dick and I were the herders. We generally had about 150 cattle and 60 or 70 horses. They

were taken in from neighbors in the surrounding country. Our rules were that we were to take care of them from May 1st till October 15th, at \$2.00 per head per season for the horses and \$1.50 for the cattle.

In the Saddle

Seven days a week — sunshine or rain — we had to be on the job, corralled them at night and let them out at seven each morning. Nearly all the horses were bronchos and were branded. When brought to our place some were halter broke, others driven loose. We bays were supposed to them from straying or going home, and we had to have saddle horses fast enough to turn them. There was one out law leader in our bunch that we chased as far as 10 miles before getting her, and her bunch of five, turned back. We got tired of this and complained to the owner. One day he came, got the broncs into the corral and caught this leader, and here is what he did; put a halter on her with about 50 feet of rope, then tied a large fence post on the end. She spent most of the day backing up and snorting,

but about sundown she "went into high." She hit the wagon road to Cooperstown and ran all the way, which was 12 miles.

Brother Dick let out after her, but that one horse he didn't boss. After getting to within the post he drove her home and we got her in the barn and left her there overnight. Next morning it was hard to tell what kind of an animal she was — the road had been dusty, and she was covered with dust mixed with sweat and foam, besides being as gaunt as a greyhound, but she lived through it.

Drifting Cattle

I, being the younger of the two boys, it was my job to handle the cattle. We always had at least two dogs, but they got so foot sore they would hardly leave the house. It always seemed in those days that we could always depend on a 34 day rain when the sun "crossed the line" as we called it — the equinoctial storm. The cattle would drift with the wind, and it was almost impossible to drive them against it. We sometimes worked hours

To gain a mile with the cattle, while the horses would run maybe a half mile against the wind then turn and drift back. Give them another start and they would repeat the act. Many times I have sat in the saddle in one certain position for hours, dared not turn my head or the rain would run down the back of my neck.

Indian Scare

This brings me up to the year 1891, when the Indians went on the warpath for the last time. There was quite a lot of excitement at times, and different folks would tell what they would do if attacked. One day some neighbor boys came over to our place to visit and of course "they were afraid of the Indians". Brother Dick did some scheming, and put me wise, so while he fix up his rig I kept the boys in the barn. When Dick had rigged himself with an Indian mask some turkey feathers on his head, a butcher knife in one hand, and an old revolver in the other, he hid behind the house. My sister gave me a sign and I got the boys to follow me to the house,

Just as we came up Dick let out a war whoop and appeared at the corner of the house. I ran, but you couldn't see the other boys for dust! Some ran into the house, but one poor lad went out across the prairie - I had to get out a saddle horse to catch up with him, and even after explaining, had a hard time coaxing him back to the house.

Threshing Days

Father threshed for many years in Dakota. I well remember in the fall of '89, when he stayed for three weeks on one farm and only got in $1\frac{1}{2}$ days' threshing in that time. It rained nearly all fall. Dad had a steam rig of course, fired with straw. He had an old Scotchman who fired our engine. Many mornings he would get up at four and fire up, and about time steam was up it would rain again.

After several mornings of this the Scotchman became thoroughly disgusted, and next time it happened he just let the whistle open and walked away, letting her blow until all the steam was gone. Only about half the threshing was done in

the fall, though I remember seeing bundles hauled to the rig or sleighs in December. Some threshing was done in the spring of 1892, but much of the grain spoiled.

I am sure that Dakota produced the most bushels of grain per acre in 1891 that it ever has. In the early fall before the rains began father threshed wheat fields yielding as high as 40 bushels per acre. He had a 36 inch separator fed by hand. Never-the-less he turned out many days as high as 3,000 bushels. He put in 40 days that fall and had the same crew of men when he quit as when he started.

We had a frame house by this time, and dad let the men sleep upstairs in the house, instead of in the barn as was the custom when the weather was warm enough. I wonder where the good old bunch of Irishmen has scattered to — Charley Foley, Bill Haggarty, Tom McGue, Jerry Murphy, Charley O'Neal, John Laughlin, and Pat Donahoe. The last was as good a tap dancer as I ever saw, Tom McGue a fine reader, and John Laughlin a good singer.

Tough Days

Tough Days

I should have told earlier about the time Father and two neighbors went 17 miles to get wood from the Shyenne River. They used Oxen and were gone two days. The first day they reached the river, cut and loaded their wood, preparing to return home the next day. But on the way a blizzard struck. Meantime, at home mother, the children and a neighbor who was doing the chores while father was away had very little fuel. Dad had a large sod stable with poles and hay for a roof, and the neighbor chopped out every pole and post that could be spared from the stable, to burn for fuel. I still remember how glad we were to see the men coming in with the loads of wood, and wearing buffalo overcoats and with grain sacks tied over their heads to keep from freezing after fighting the blizzard. I have heard of incidents in those days where folks ~~had~~ were compelled to burn their furniture to keep from freezing.

That same winter father made an 80 mile round trip to Mayville to get

his wheat ground into flour.

Antelope

In the winter of 1893 there was about two feet of snow on the level, and in January we had a 2-day blizzard. On the third day, following the storm, a neighbor told of seeing antelope some two miles west. I was then 12 years old and had never seen antelope, so I saddled my horse and rode over. I sighted them, and as there was a hay stack between the herd and me I rode up behind the stack and sat and watched the animals. After a while I decided to see them run, came around the stack and headed for the herd. I was surprised to find that my horse could out-run the antelope in the snow, so I singled out one animal and kept it on the run for about a mile, till it was winded.

I slid off the horse and got the antelope by the neck, and we had some tussle. I was small for my age and had neither gun, rope, nor knife, and to make a bad matter worse, my horse went home and left me. But I stuck to my prize and

walked home. Next day my sister and I went out and got another; we had a rope and took this antelope home alive, I bought ~~two~~ two more from my uncle and kept the three in captivity for two years.

Wild Geese

Now for a few words about wild geese — I have seen them by the thousands, when the space of a hundred acres looked like it was covered with snow. When still too small to handle a gun, I walked out into the fields to see the geese feeding and hear them "talking." When I was 13 dad let me take this 10 gauge shotgun, and I got three geese the first time I tried, and did I feel big carrying those home.

There were some lakes 8 miles north of our place, and in the evenings I have seen geese heading for those lakes in continuous string as far as the eye could see. Hunters could go to the lakes in the early morning, hide behind banks and shoot as many geese as they wished.

Those Old Flues

Again I wander back to those herding days. We had separate corrals for the horses and cattle. The horse corral was a picket fence - the kind used for snow fence now. We had three old engine flues for bars to the gate, the ends tied to the gate posts with old rope. Horses are great ones to rub and chew on rope for wood, and they got so they would get the bars down and break out nights.

Dick and I slept in the hay mow and when we would hear the old flues rattle and hit the ground, it meant to get downstairs, grab bridle and saddle and ride in the dark after the horses. In the fall of the year when the grain was in shock, we took many a spill over a shock that could not ~~be~~ be seen in the dark.

Twenty years later, Dick and I happened to sleep together in a hotel room and in the middle of the night heard a noise. Dick asked me what the noise reminded me of. I answered, "Those old flues."

Big Scale Farming

A few words about farming on a large scale. In 1898, father began buying more land, breaking it, and sowing flax the first year. One spring I started breaking on May 10th and did nothing else until July 9th. When seeding was done father put on another plow and we broke 200 acres that summer. Father and Dick, together, owned 1,400 acres of land at one time, and as Dick was in the merchantile business, dad and I farmed all the land. We generally kept three monthly men and as many as 20 in threshing time. We ran four binders. The biggest field of wheat I ever cut around was 260 acres. At another time a hired man and I cut around 160 acres of flax with two 7-foot binders. It was a long way to the center of that field.

It seems hard to believe that we now have a surplus of wheat, for I am sure there were as many bushels raised on my father's farm in those days as there are in some townships now. Of course there are many more farms in the state now.

Flood Troubles

We sometimes had floods in those days. The winter of 1896-97 was a bad one. Snow started on October 26th, and during the winter 3 feet of snow lay on the level, with the ground unfrozen under the snow. In the spring Bald Hill Creek was the highest I ever saw it — the whole bottom land was covered with water.

Several neighbors living across the Creek had gone to Coopers town for supplies. When they got back to our place two wooden bridges had been washed out, and they had to wait several days for the water to recede. The men folks would go down to the water's edge every day to see how much it had gone down. One party placed a rock at the water's edge for a marker — as soon as they had gone back to the house another party moved the rock up the hill a few feet.

The men dared each other every day to see who would be the first to swim his team across the creek. The first to start across had forgotten to chain down his wagon box. When he reached the

main channel the box floated off the wheels letting the king bolt and front bolster stay with the wagon box. The horses went across with the front wheels, while the driver drifted down stream.

When he had drifted some distance the bolster dropped off and went to the bottom.

By having a blacksmith shop outfit, a long rod was made with a hook on the end and, using another new wagon box as a boat, the men fished out the bolster. The rest of the teamsters learned to chain their loads down and went across the creek with less trouble.

The End

Harry J. Husel

By Oscar D. Purinton, Clerk and Historian of Old Settlers' Association

Harry J. Husel, son of Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Husel, was born at St. Clair, Michigan March 16 1887. When he was two years old his parents came to Griggs County and located near Cooperstown. Here Harry grew to manhood.

He was married on Nov. 6th 1912 to Miss Martha Michaelis, and he and his wife are now living near Binford, engaged in farming.

Charles J. Hutchinson

Charles J. Hutchinson of Sec 4, Grand View twp, La Moure Co, was born in Stoughton Wisc, on Dec 26, 1859, the eldest ^{family} of 5 boys and 2 girls. His father was William H. Hutchinson, born in Vermont, & moved to Alexandria Minn. He was in Civil War as a member of Co I 3rd Iowa Inf. & served 4 yrs & 6 mo. He was a prisoner in Andersonville prison 6 months. W^m H. Hutchinson married Betsy Westcot, a native of Vermont.

When 4 years old Chas J. Hutchinson moved with his parents to McGregor Iowa, then to Cato Manitowoc Wisc. and there he was educated except for 1 term at State Normal at Oshkosh. He taught several years & in 1881 moved to Alexandria for about 4 years - In 1885 he went to La Moure county & filed a claim on Sec 4, Grand View twp, where he still lives -

He was married, in Cato, Wisc, in 1877, to Miss Sarah G. Classon, born in Reedville, Wisc in 1859. She was a daughter of Geo F. and Margaret (Fishes) Classon. He was a miner.

Children of Chas. Hutchinson; Frank (died at 13 yrs) Fred V.; William H. - Eva (Mrs M. D. Wetley) Charles J., Richard, Ella, Margaret (2nd Mrs M. D. Wetley) & Dorothy.
Bibliog: Condensed from Compend of Hist & Bio, 1900, p 403-4.