

Arne Lukassen, Aneta, N.D.

Arne Lukassen, President of Aneta Supply Co.
Aneta was born in Nes on Dec 6, 1858, came
to America in 1877 ^{(?) probably 1868} To North Co. Iowa. He was
there 13 years, moved to near Cooperstown
and has a farm in Sverdrup Township. He has
been a business man in Aneta since 1901
and has the towns largest business place -

His wife, Hansine Brekke, is daughter
of Thomas Brekke of Aneta N.D.

Bibli: Transl. from Hans Jervell, 1916, page 122

May 30, 1927

Biography of Arne Luckason
--Garfield Olson

Arne Luckason is one of the early pioneers of Griggs County, born December 6, 1858 in Ness Halingdall, Norway.

He came to America on April 25, 1877. He came to America for the purpose of bettering himself; and for better prospects of making a good living for himself and his mother. He left his home in Norway because he was the strongest in the family and had to get out and support the family for his father died when Arne was twelve years old. He thought he would come to this country. On the steamer he was sick almost all the time. He was fourteen days on the ocean. When about half way across there came a terrible storm. It lasted for four days. He landed at Quebec, Canada. From there he went by train to Iowa where he had a brother.

At that time Iowa was a prairie, too, and people residing in town had cattle and hired a herder at so much a head to herd them out in the country. Mr. Luckason being only 17 years, got such a job and good wages by securing a large number of cattle to herd each day. He stayed at a farm just outside of town, and milked two cows morning and night for his room and board. During the day time he herded the cattle for the people in town. He remained here for three years; then he went to Minnesota. There he worked for a homesteader and finally started to buy and sell oxen and horses.

Later he immigrated to North Dakota, still continuing to trade and buy. He was then known as a peddler, selling all kinds of commodities to the homesteaders. This was of great service to them because there were no cars and railroads and the closest town was Valley City; they had only oxen and lumber wagons to drive in.

On June 10, 1881 he squatted on a homestead the northwest half of section 10, range 58 in Griggs County, six miles southeast of Coopers-town but was too young to file. He lived in a dugout at first. His neighbors were Ole Halvorson, John Dahl, and Christ Bolkan.

The farm implements were few. He sold his oxen and bought a breaking plow and some other younger oxen. They sowed only wheat and feed oats.

He later in the summer built a log house just across the Sheyenne River in the woods. He cut down trees and built his one room house. He had a straw shed for a barn. There were times when they hauled grain and cord wood that they cut to Cooperstown when the snow was falling so fast and it was storming so hard that they could not see ten feet ahead of them. There were times when snow storms lasted for six days at the time. They never went to bed before the sun went down and they were up at sunrise.

In the fall of 1884, his mother and sister came from Norway to keep house for him. His mother was 66 years and his sister was 13. They built a larger house and barn.

The next year he bought more land. In 1902 he moved to Aneta where he built a store and lived for 16 years. He then sold his store.

Biography of Arne Luckason
--Garfield Olson

He was married February 25, 1905 to Geniveda Brekke of Aneta, North Dakota. They were married by Rev. Lund. To them were born two children, Lillian and Wilfred Luckason, now of Church's Ferry, North Dakota where they live with their father, 9 miles east and one mile north of Church's Ferry. His wife died of pneumonia on April 20, 1927 at Devils Lake.

EARLY DAYS IN SVERDRUP TOWNSHIP

SVEN LUNDE

Sven Lunde was born in Gjesdal Norway near the city of Stavanger August 26, 1838.

On the way to America the propellor on the steamer broke and the ship was towed to the harbor of St. Johns by a cattle ship. The journey took them three weeks. They came to North Dakota June 10, 1881 coming by oxen from Valley City and filed on the northwest quarter of Section 22 township 145 and range 58.

He built a log house about 24' by 14' with a bark roof and sod on top. They had no floor and just one room. The stove was set up outside a big oak tree where cooking was done.

When they went to town for provisions they had to go to Valley City which was about forty miles and it took them two days each way.

The first winter the supply gave out towards spring and the family was on the verge of starvation. Shorts and bran were procured from the Cooper farm. This was cooked into mush which kept the family alive until they could reach market for supplies. One of the boys which was big enough to understand the situation made this remark one day "This mush is fitting for the occasion being that it takes little to satisfy our need."

On this occasion when Mr. Lunde went to Valley City for provisions the river was flooded and it had to be crossed two times before you could reach the city. He hired a boat to take him across the Sibley crossing. He also had to hire a team and leave his own on this side of the river. Before he returned the children came to their mother and begged for food but she heartbroken had to tell them the sad fact that the pantry was empty and there was nothing to be had. But he returned the same day with provisions.

Some of their neighbors were Christian Aarestad, John ^{Pates} Paige, Davidson and Alexander Chalmers.

EARLY DAYS IN SVERDRUP TOWNSHIP

SVEN LUNDE

Three or four of the neighbors had a yoke of oxen together and a wagon and they bought a breaking plow . The rest of the machinery was borrowed to put in the first crop of four acres. The droughr cut down the yield of grain to about 10 bushels to the acre on small grain, their only crops.

The only fuel they used was wood, it was gotten from the timber along the Sheyenne River. Often the Indians would come in their canoes down the Sheyenne; on the other occasions they would come by horse and wagons, and pitch their tents under the trees in the neighborhood. They often came around the farmyard asking for supplies for their families and hay for the horses.

Any gun report heard in the distance would scare the settlers thinking it was the Indians coming upon them.

Mr. Lunde dug a hole in the ground which was used as a furnace to burn limestone into lime, and this fire had to be kept burning day and night. One of Mr. Lunde's boys was tending the fire one night and he heard a bang and something splashed into the water. Frightened, he picked up his lantern and ran to the house. After a while he plucked up courage and hearing nothing more he returned to the lime-kiln. In the morning the family agreed that it must have been the crackling of the burning limestone and a muskrat plaining in the river. For years it was an annual event to see a prairie fire come over the bluff. One year we had not made a fire break on the bluff. The fire was on the bluffs, so one of the boys set fire to the nearby prairie as a back-fire. We managed to put out the fire which had caught in the rubbish under the granary, and thereby saved the granary.

Sven Lunde was married in Norway to Justina Westley in 1863.

SVEN LUNDE

Born to this union were eight children of which five were born in Norway and three in N.Dak. His three living children now(1937) are Rier Lunde,

Sven Lunde died March 9, 1920. He was interred in the cemetery in Sverdrup.

Biography of Sven Lunde
(Early Days in Sverdrup Township)
--Alice Erikson

Sven Lunde was born in Gjesdal, Norway, near the city of Stavanger, August 26, 1838.

He left Norway because the prospect to make a living at that time was rather perplexing, and he came to try his luck in this country. He settled in North Dakota because of the government offer of free homestead.

On the way to America the propeller on the steamer broke and the ship was towed to the harbor of St. Johns by a cattle ship. The journey took them three weeks. They came to North Dakota June 10, 1881, coming by oxen from Valley City and filed on the northwest quarter of section 22, Township 145 and Range 58.

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When they went to town for provisions, they had to go to Valley City which was about forty miles, and it took them two days each way.

The first winter the supply gave out towards spring and the family was on the verge of starvation. Shorts and bran were procured from the Cooper farm. This was cooked into mush which kept the family alive until they could reach market for supplies. One of the boys who was big enough to understand the situation made the remark one day, "This mush is very fitting for the occasion being that it takes so little to satisfy our need."

On this occasion when Mr. Lunde went to Valley City for provisions, the river was flooded and it had to be crossed two times to get to the city. He hired a boat to take him across Sibley Crossing. He also had to hire a team and leave his own on this side of the river. Before he returned, the children came to their mother and begged for food but she, heartbroken, had to tell them the sad fact that the pantry was empty and there was nothing to be had. But he returned that same day with provisions.

Some of their neighbors were Kristian Aarestad, John ^{Pater}Paige, Davidson, and Alexander Chalmers.

Three or four neighbors had a yoke of oxen together and a wagon, and they bought a breaking plow. The rest of the machinery was borrowed to put in the first crop of four acres. The drought cut down the yield of the grain to about 10 bushels to the acre on small grain, their only crop.

The only fuel they used was wood. It was secured from the timber on the homestead along the Sheyenne River.

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Biography of Sven Lunde
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River; on other occasions they would come by horses and wagons, and pitch their tents under the trees in the neighborhood. They often came around the farmyard asking for supplies for their families and hay for the horses.

Any gun report heard in the distance would scare the settlers thinking it was the Indians coming.

Mr. Lunde dug a hole in the ground which was used for a furnace to burn limestone into lime and this fire had to be kept burning day and night. One of Mr. Lunde's boys was tending the fire one night and he heard a bang and something splashed into the river. Frightened he picked up his lantern and ran to the house. After a while he plucked up courage and seeing nothing he went back. In the morning the family agreed that it must have been only a crack from the burning limestone and a muskrat at play in the river. For years

For years it was an annual occurrence either fall or spring to see the heavens ablaze on top of the bluffs from the prairie fire. On one occasion the family was too late to make a fire break on top of the bluffs. The granary was in the wake of the fire. One of the boys set fire to the prairie near by. This left a burnt space where he could lie down as the fire passed by, after which he ran to the granary and put out the fire which had already caught in the rubbish underneath the granary.

Mr. Lunde was married in Norway to Justina Westley the 21st of May, 1868. Born to this union were eight children of which five were born in Norway and three in North Dakota. Three of these eight children are still living. They are Rier Lunde, Ludvig Lunde and the third is a daughter married to Sven Erikson, their children being Ernest, Junet, Alice, Sidney and Algot. All these are living in Griggs County, North Dakota. (Rier, the oldest, lives in Cooperstown, has three children of which Esther, the oldest, is married to E. T. Thompson; to this union two children are born--Marvin and Quinton. Two of the children at home, namely, Alpha and Lorentz.)

Sven Lunde died March 9, 1920. The remains were laid to rest in the Saron Cemetery in Sverdrup Township.

PIONEER BIOGRAPHY
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Three or four neighbors had a yoke of oxen together and a wagon and they bought a breaking plow. The rest of the machinery was borrowed to put in the first crop of four acres. The drought cut down the yield of the grain to about ten bushels to the acre on small grain, their only crop.

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Often the Indians would come in their canoes from down the Sheyenne River. On other occasions they would come by horses and wagons, and pitch their tents under the trees in the neighborhood. They often came around the farmyard asking for supplies for their families and the hay for the horses. Any gun report heard in the distance would scare the folks to think it was the Indians coming upon them.

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Sven Lunde (continued)

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For years it was an annual occurrence either fall or spring to see heaven ablaze on top of the bluffs from the prairie fire headed for the home. One one occasion the household were too late, on top of the bluffs to make a fire break. The granary was in the wake of the fire and sure to catch. One of the boys set fire to the prairie near by. This left a burned space where he could lie down as the fire passed by, after which he beat it for the granary and put out the fire which had already caught in the rubbish laying around and underneath and the granary was saved.

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--Alice Erikson

16 Lime Kiln ---

Ludvig Lunde's father, Sven Lunde, operated a lime kiln. He started in 1882 and excavated a round place in the ground and built it up, protecting it by stones. He piled lime stones in this, leaving a place for fire underneath. The fire was kept going night and day for three weeks, and when the lime cooled off, it was ready for market.

One night, Hans Brosten was taking care of the kiln when he heard a loud crack from the stone. He didn't notice it came from the kiln, and thinking someone was trying to shoot him, he grabbed the lantern and started for home. He began to think it was his imagination and would feel foolish to go home, so he turned back to watch the kiln.

Ludvig Lunde From interview by Hannah Lunde

Born Jan 1, 1881 at Lunde, Hoiland, near Stavanger, Norway. Parents Sven and Justina. On leaving the old country for America, in 1881, family was taken down with whooping cough, father going on to build a house in the new country, family arriving three weeks later, on Alsheria of the Cunard line, and by rail to Valley City. Mother with baggage and baby on arm pushed me off train ahead of the others; train starting to move, I thought I was left on platform I started to bawl with all there was in me, but father there to meet us picked me up and I was comforted. This my first recollection in America. With covered wagon and ox team we started cross the prairie arriving at homestead, on the Sheyenne River, in Swerdrup township, the 10th of June, 1881. Home was a logcabin, dirt floor, block cut from trees, for chairs, box in which belongings were packed for the long journey were used for table. Beds were mattresses and blankets placed on the dirt floor. This until father, during the first winter months made chairs, table and beds from logs cut from the woods, plentiful along the river. When father the following year put in wooden floor, I had never seen anything like it and I asked "Father, may we walk on this?"

First winter spent, snow became too heavy on the bark and dirt roof and it began to come down on us. but two pillars cut from the woods, were put in for support and we children had the time of our life chasing one another around these pillars.

Provision for the winter was not sufficient to take us through and river overflowing its bank in spring made it impossible to get to Valley City. Starvation was staring us in the face. But Mr. R. C. Cooper had a supply of "Shorts" and bran which was supplied to the needy and mush made from this kept us alive until provisions could be brought from Valley City our nearest town. White cottontail rabbits from the brush served as our meat supply for the winter. River overflowed in the spring enough, so mother washed her cloths right through the window of logcabin in the river current and by boat was taken to the "barn" to milk the cow.

Callatin school supplied my education. When we had spent one or two and possibly three winters in the "fifth reader" we were graduates and quit school. A term spent at the Moody Bible Institute in the winter of 1902 - 1903 and again the winter of 1909 - 1910 finished my education.

Called by the North Dakota Evangelical Missionary Association to home missionary work in the state of North Dakota, I served in this capacity til in 1916 ^{when} I was called to the Pastorate of the Saron Evangelical Free church in which capacity I have been serving ever since. To this work has been added the Bible Conference Camp, started in 1925, which has become an annual event for the bible loving people of this and other states. Since 1933 in addition to the above named pastorate, I have served as pastor of the Bethlehem Free Church, Cooperstown.

Being an unloveable person, no girl has fallen in love with me. Thus no first, silver, nor golden wedding dates can be given, hence no birth dates of children.

P. S. As you will note this can not be published in the form it is put down, both hurriedly and carelessly, both as to spelling, grammar and contents. But if you wish to make use of it with numerous corrections, here it goes.

Sincerely

Ludvig.

Martin Lunde

From interview by Hannah Lunde

Martin Lunde was born near Stavanger, Norway, Sept. 14, 1858. He was married in Norway to Karen Herigstad in 1880, and lived there three and one-half years, there learning the shoemaker trade.

Mr. Lunde left Stavanger March 28, 1882. He came to America by boat on the "Hekla". A little girl was born on the ship and they named her after the boat and the Atlantic ocean—Hekla Atlanta. The ship went under the fall after Mr. Lunde came across from Norway.

When Mr. Lunde came to Dakota, buffalo bones were all over the territory. The first years they hauled carloads of these bones away, and received \$5 a ton for them.

The first place Mr. Lunde and his wife came to was what is now Valley City, April 17, 1882 and there they stayed at a private home for about a week. From there they moved south of Cooperstown in Sverdrup township, Sec. 34, 145-58. Before Cooperstown got settled they had to use the cart and oxen and sometimes walk to Valley City to get their groceries.

Mr. Lunde's first home was a sod shanty. There were three small rooms and very lightly furnished, consisting of one small cook stove used for both heating and cooking, one large box for table, two beds made from boards sawed from logs, two boughten chairs, an enclosed cupboard. A kerosene lamp was used for light. They had plenty of wood to use for heat and cooking.. There was no cellar in the shanty where they could put their food to keep from spoiling so they used their enclosed cupboard.~~made—~~

There were numerous hardships but the main difficulty was the trouble in securing food and flour. Many times Mr. Lunde didn't know how they were going to get their groceries and flour. In those early

days it didn't do any good to ask for credit; it so happened that Mr. Lunde had some money coming from a certain person. He told his wife he was going over there to see if he could get some of it. Happily he came home with part of the money he had coming.

There wasn't much leisure time for the older folks; they worked day and night. The younger folks for amusement skated, swam, and coasted.

An evening school was held for adults to learn the English language. The ladies aid was organized and from there the women began to do homework, made quilts etc., selling them at auction, the money going to the missionaries.

Martin Lunde made two trips back to Norway in 1901 and 1913. In 1901 he went to see his father and mother. In 1913 his mother was along. They traveled and visited their relatives and friends. In 1927 Mr. Lunde retired from farming and moved to the city of Cooperstown where he has lived ever since.

Reier S. Lunde

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

Reier S. Lunde, son of Sven and Justine Lunde, was born at Jaedern Norway Feb.17,1870. He came,with his parents, to Griggs County on July 6th 1881. They settled on NW $\frac{1}{4}$ 22-145-58 on the Sheyenne River. The house was a log cabin with hay and sod roof, plastered with clay and cow manure , in which they lived ,together with another family , over the winter, all in one room.

Mr.Lunde was married on Dec.1st 1893 to Miss Christina Wuflestad.

In 1914, he lives in Cooperstown, engaged in realestate and insurance business. He has a son and three daughters. He is a member of the city council and Board of Education.

R. S. LUNDE

I, R.S.Lunde of Cooperstown, N.Dakota was born on the Lunde gaard in HøilandPrastegjald, in Gandalen about two American miles south of Sandnes, in Christiansand Stift, Norway, February 17, 1870. My father was Sven Lunde of Lima, Norway and my mother, was born at Westley, Thine Prastegjald in Jæren, Norway.

In the spring of 1881 father sold his farm and we moved to the ~~United~~ United States, landing in New York, and then proceeded to Granite Falls, Minn. Very few incidents can I recall of my childhood in Norway. However, when a little boy in Norway, I went down to a small creek which ran through our farm to fish small trout. I walked out too far on the foot bridge and lost my balance and fell into the water. As the water was not deep at this point, I was none the worse for the mishap, but ran home crying for comfort. I also remember my first day of school in Norway. As the teacher, Torger Volstead was well acquainted with my folks, he called for me the first morning of school. I walked to school, holding his hand. One of the first days of school, snowballing was on and a hard snowball thrown by a boy named Ole Wagle hit me. I ran to the teacher for consolation.

Another incident still very vivid in my mind : One of our neighbors ^{Thore} Lunde and my father were going out to a lake nearby to prepare the nets and boats for fishing and Thore Lunde being a regular teaser, said he was going to drown my father in the lake. This took hold of my childish mind to such an extent that I cried and screamed, pleading with my father not to go with him.

The auction sale of father's personal property in Norway, before leaving for America is also still vivid in my mind. It seemed so sad to me that everything in and about the home should be carried away, but it made me glad to think we were going to cross the ocean. As all the children in our family had developed whooping cough, father left for America with his uncle

, Ole Westley, Betuel Herigstad, Waldemar Klubben and Sven Loge in March 1881. We were to go as soon as father had found a new home. When arriving at Granite Falls, Minn. he went to Christian Aarestad's home with whom he was well acquainted and who had gone to America twelve years previous to this time. When father and his companions arrived at Aarestad's, Aarestad and others supplied themselves with as much as their money could buy: with oxen, cows, wagons, and a few farm implements; hired a box car and billed the contents to Valley City. Mr. Aarestad was the leader of this group of emigrants, was acquainted with Matthew Davidson who had gone ahead to Dakota Territory; Mr. Aarestad intended to locate near Mr. Davidson.

On a Saturday night, May 21, 1881 mother and we children, our uncle, Ole Stokka and family and Mrs. Klubben and her children left Norway, en route to America. It thrilled me to go aboard the big steamship which was to take us across the North Sea to England. The following day on that ship, they were dancing all day long. It was the first time in my young life that I had seen people dance and it left a picture on my mind never since wiped out.

Monday morning we arrived at Hull, England and it took us till towards evening to obtain our baggage and have it loaded on the railroad train which took us across England to Liverpool. On that train there were small coops or rooms in the coaches and no modern conveniences. As the train was a very old one, there was no water on the train. A little boy, Hans Stokka, then about two years old could not be made to understand that there was no water to be had so he cried and screamed all the way across England. His father gave him oranges to quench his thirst but to no avail. He screamed for water until we arrived at Liverpool about midnight.

At Liverpool we were ushered into an emigrant hotel and to obtain

rooms Uncle Stokka pretended he had three wives for whom he had to obtain rooms. The hotel manager being a Dane could understand the Norse language. The Dane hollered; "How under Heaven can you get along with so many? It is all I can do to get along with one". We stayed a week at this hotel, waiting for a steamship of the Cunard Line. Mother and five children slept in one bed. To us children it was a thrilling experience but mother took it more seriously.

At last our ship arrived and we were ushered on board, as I thought an enormous ship, called the Algeria. We were nine days and nights on the ocean between England and New York. Some days were calm and nice while others were stormy. One evening, while on the ship, I had become acquainted with some men and we sat on the front end of the ship, talking until late in the night. I was so interested in their talk and thoughtlessly had not told mother where I could be found. Mother and many of the passengers had been looking for me, fearing I had been drowned. When at last we retired to our rooms, mother was overjoyed at seeing me again.

Landing in New York we went through Castle Garden, which now is an aquarium. It took us all day to arrange our baggage and get on the train en route to Granite Falls. During the night we changed trains at Chicago and again at Hastings, Minnesota. We arrived at Granite Falls, Minn. June 8, 1881. Ole Lunde, the County Treasurer of Yellow Medicine County at that time, was another's cousin. He had been informed of our expected arrival: he sent one of his sons to meet us at the depot at Granite Falls and to escort us to their hospitable home where we stayed a few days, going from there to the home of Rev. Ole Nelson at Stony Run. Mrs. Berg was a cousin of my father. We stayed at the O.N. Berg home a couple of weeks; then mother received a letter from father that he had located on a piece of land and was building a log cabin for us in the forest near the Sheyenne River. He wanted us to come to our new home.

A team was hired to take us to Benson, Minnesota. The next day, with all our belongings, we boarded a train at Northern train at Benson, Minn. At Glyndon, Minn. we had to make connections with the Northern Pacific train. We stayed at the depot in Glyndon all night. We slept on the hard floor-when we weren't listening to the telegraph instruments. We boarded the Northern Pacific train in the morning and arrived at Valley City, Dakota Territory, July 6, 1881. I saw father standing on the depot platform and I had not seen him since the middle of March.

We ate our lunch and then got ready to ride in a covered wagon hauled by two large white oxen: one of the oxen had a horn-spread 36 inches. Christian Aarestad, Martin Ueland, Waldemar Klubben and Sven Loge had also come to Valley City to meet their respective families.

In the middle of the afternoon the caravan began its journey across the prairies towards the northwest, with four covered wagons and two oxen pulling each wagon. When ten miles out of Valley City, darkness was descending and it was thought wisest to camp until daylight as there were no good roads in those days. We slept in and under our wagons. The oxen were let loose so they could hunt for something to eat. One man had to herd them. That evening was hot and sultry and the mosquitoes were terrible. The mothers with small children were to sleep in the wagons. About midnight, the lightning crashed, and it thundered and rained so everyone had to seek shelter inside the wagons. When the rain ceased, it became very cold, so we shivered and shook.

At daybreak, the caravan started on its journey again. Brother Hans, dead many years now, was very cold and started walking before the oxen were hitched. A stranger who had joined us also walked with Hans. They were far ahead of the caravan and mother became so ~~×~~

worried thinking probably that the stranger was taking Hans in a different direction. Along in the afternoon, when we came to what is now known as Sibley's Crossing, a little north of Ashtabula, there sat Hans and the ~~st~~ stranger waiting for us.

Towards evening that same day our destination was reached and we took up our abode in the log cabin which father had prepared for us. On the roof of the cabin was long slough grass and the floor was bare ground. Our companions also landed that day at their respective homes, some made of logs; some of sod. For beds, hay was carried in and placed on the floor. Uncle Stokka and our family lived together in that log cabin during our first year on the Sheyenne River. The cabin was 14' by 18'. During the summer I spent most of my time roaming through the woods, which at that time was very dense. My work was to herd our one cow and also take care of Axeliana (now Mrs. Erickson) who was then the baby. I also helped father out and put up hay for the oxen and the cow and we also built a stable in the side hill to house the stock in the winter. My brother and I went swimming in the Sheyenne River nearly every day in the summer.

During harvest, father had to go away to earn money with which to buy necessary supplies for winter. He usually went to work near Valley City. Later in the fall when he returned, he had bought a gun. My brother and I used this gun when we hunted rabbits and prairie chickens. Wild game was the only meat we had, with the exception of a calf which father butchered in the fall. There were five children in our family and the Mrs. Stokka had two children.-- so we were eleven people in that cabin. A cook stove did service for heating and preparing food. Later in the summer, father cut bark from the trees and roofed the cabin and on top of the bark he placed sod. The log cabin was plastered with clay.

Halvor Aarestad, a son of Christian Aarestad, living a few rods further up the river, started a winter evening school for young and old-

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The purpose of this school was to learn the American language. They ^{also} studied reading, writing. Those living on the prairie who attended this school came to the valley in the evenings on their skis. As there were no roads and no fences to guide them, they usually carried a compass so they could tell directions.

In March mother and father noticed that their supply of flour was nearly gone. The river was breaking; the snow was melting, filling all the sloughs with water. Father started out towards Valley City--with the ^{yoke} of oxen owned jointly with Ole Stokka. Arriving at Ashtabula, father could go no further as the river was too high to be forded and there ^{were} no bridges in those days at this point. He stayed at Ashtabula that night and in the morning rowed in a canoe across the river, planning to walk to Valley City, a distance of fourteen miles. Some pioneer came driving along and gave him a ride to Valley City, promising him a ride back again after he had obtained his provisions. As father had no money, he had to give a chattel mortgage on the cow and oxen in order to secure the actual necessities, as flour, coffee and a little sugar. Father journeyed homeward in the same way as he had gone to Valley City.

However it took father longer to reach home than we had planned. In the meantime, at home, we run out of bread, flour and all kinds of food. Mother often mentioned later about that never to be forgotten day when I was hungry and asked for a slice of bread and she had to tell me there was no food left in the house. It was dusk one evening and ^{father} had not returned. Just as mother was lighting the lamp, we heard ^{father} on top of the bluff, talking to the oxen. The important question was "Had father obtained the food?" There was joy at home when he ^{answered} in the affirmative.

During the winter father, with some of the neighbors, had gone north along the river to get a little ^{seed} wheat. This was bought

From Omund Nelson Opheim (called Pioneer Nelson), and J.E. Quale. This wheat was black with cockles. We hand picked this seed wheat during the winter evenings, when not at evening school. During the summer of 1881 father had only been able to break up five acres of land.

During the early spring when the waters of the Sheyenne River was overflowing its banks, bands of Indians rowed by our cabin. We did not know if we should be scared or not. The Indians merely looked at us, said nothing and proceeded on their way.

In the fall of 1882 we had a good crop but the acreage was so small that it did not amount to much. When spring came, my brother, Hans, and I herded about ninety head of cattle and oxen for our neighbors for which we were paid One dollar a head. That was the first money I had ever earned except when I was hired girl at the home of Betuel Herigstad after Bard was born. After a couple of weeks work, I received two silver dollars for which I was very thankful. I gave all my money to father to help support the family.

The winter of 1882-1883 was a repetition of 1881. The same evening school with Halvor Aarestad as teacher was continued and in this way I learned the American language. In the spring, eight additional acres of land was broke for seeding.

In the fall of 1883 I started to work for Jack Brown on his farm, beginning Sept. I and the salary of \$15.00 per month. It was my first time away from home. I was to sleep in a granary a short distance from their house. I was scared to be alone but dared not say anything. I cried myself to sleep that first night. During threshing, a Dane came with the rest of the hired men. He was to sleep with me. He was so filled with lice that I could not rest night or day. When I changed my clothes I believe they really moved. I never dared to complain but stayed there until December 1, when I brought home to father \$45.00 - my total earnings.

About the middle of December , after father had made a pair of skis for us ^{he said} let us go up and see the new town they are starting, (meaning the present town of Cooperstown) We arrived there and they were building the Palace Hotel (now the site of the King -Bruns-Palace Motor Co.) Kn ute Thompson was opening up his first load of goods ,hauled by teams from Sanborn.I shall never forget these sights. In the early ~~spring~~ spring of 1883 the train arrived at Cooperstown and this was to my youthful mind quite an incident.

During the summer of 1883 father was gathering limestones in the hills and burning lime and I helped him as much as I could. This lime was burnt in kilns made by him and when burnt, father hauled it to Cooperstown and sold it for \$2.00 per barräl .It was used in the building of the houses in town(Cooperstown).

In the fall of 1883 I hired out to work on the Cooper ranch and was to do shocking and threshing. I was paid \$2.00 per day and board and room. My room was the barn floor. I was not quite fourteen years old at this time. I brought my money home to father but he gave me some of it for clothes. In the summer of 1884, father and I again burnt lime. In the fall I went to work for R.C.Cooper again. In the spring of 1884 I was confirmed by a pastor named Lundeby, who conducted divine services in the schoolhouses and farm homes during those early years. Rev. Lundeby was a Lutheran minister.

Thus the time went on from year to year,working for neighboring farmers. In 1885,1886 and part of 1887 as well as 1888 and 1889 I worked great deal on the Newell farm when not at home helping father ,who by this time had broken considerable land. In the fall of 1889,I went to Willmar,Minn. where I attended the seminary. Karl Lunde and I roomed together. We attended the seminary during 1889,1890 and graduated in 1891.

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That was the year of our first bonanza crop. Father wrote me that he had never dreamed of Dakota's fertility to the extent that it showed up that year. His whole crop averaged 38 Bu. to the acre. That gave him a start so that he now purchased his first team of horses.

During the years 1892 and 1893 I worked around on the farms until in the fall of 1893 I applied for and obtained my first and only term of public school at what was then known as the Gallatin school. There was an enrollment of fifty pupils and the term was eight months. On Dec. 1, 1893, I was married to Christine Wufflestad and began housekeeping in a small hut built near the schoolhouse. This teacher's abode consisted of one room about 10' by 12'.

Jan. 5, 1895, I started to work for John Oie in his office at Cooperstown. In the late fall of 1894, a son was born to us. He died when twenty one years old. In 1899 a daughter was born to us. She is now Mrs. E.T. Thompson of Cooperstown.

After working for John Oie for eight years, we went into partnership and he went to Norway intending to live there if the climate agreed with him. As the climate did not agree with John Oie, he returned and in 1919 John Oie, Nels Paulsberg and I organized the Farm Loan Co. with a capital of \$50,000.00.

In Sept. 1900 a second son was born to us. He died at the age of ten. In November 1903 a daughter was born to us. She died of the flu when she was 17 years old. In April 1911, another daughter arrived. She is named Alpha. In November 1916 a son, Lorentz, was born to us.

~~Our Farm Loan Co. which had a fine outlook with not on a p.~~
paying basis

Pa Jackson said that Rev. I. L. Lundebj was a real large man; very broadminded-- he would sit and watch a card game and enjoy it; and when out in a blizzard he tipped his cutter upside down and slept under it; he would unhitch the ponies, of course.