

Biography of Anund O. Gaastjon
--Kermit B. Moen

The parents of this pioneer were Olaf Torgerson Gaastjon, his father, and Mrs. Christie Tjorbjon Datter Gaastjon, his mother. This pioneer's name is Mr. Anund O. Gaastjon. He was born December 1, 1850, at Skyen, Norway.

The reason that this pioneer came to United States was to get work and then buy land. The reason that this pioneer came to North Dakota rather than any other state was because land was cheap and could ~~sl~~ also be gotten by homesteading and preemption.

Mr. Gaastjon came to North Dakota in a covered wagon and a team of oxen. He came to North Dakota on June 15, 1881. He took up land on September 10, 1882. The land was located at Flat Pleasant View, Range 150.

The first home of this pioneer was a frame house. The trips to town were made by oxen and covered wagon. The closest town was Grand Forks, the distance of 30 miles. The nearest neighbors of his were Elling Nyhus and Stem Tufte.

The only machinery that Mr. Gaastjon had were the walking plow, seeder, scythe, and the flail. Oxen were the beast of burden.

The crops which he raised were wheat, oats, and barley. The fuel was wood which was sawed and hauled from the Goose River. The hardships of this pioneer were storms every winter, fires spring and fall.

Mr. Gaastjon was married to Miss Engeborg O. Rilstead at Northwood, North Dakota, August 4, 1883.

He now lives on a farm 5 miles west of Aneta, North Dakota. The descendants of this pioneer ~~w~~ are: Mrs. Obert Wallhood, Aneta, N. Dak., Mrs. Hamlin Larson, McVillie, N. Dak., Mr. Oscar Gaastjon, Aneta, N. Dak., Mr. Carl Gaastjon, Aneta, N. Dak.

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The story that follows is in a small way the most interesting happenings of his life.

Mr. Amund Gilbertson was born August 22, 1857 in Valres, Norway. His mother's name was Sigrid Gulsdaughter and his father's name was Gulbran Mikkelson. There were four boys and four girls in the family and he was the seventh. He was born on a farm which was located right on the fjord, "The Nevlingen". The farm covered about 200 acres of which about 30 acres were under cultivation. Each farm in those days in Norway had one to two and three horses. Their livelihood came from herding, fishing and logging.

In 1880 at the age of 22 years he decided to come to the United States having heard of wondrous possibilities in this land of ours.

It took him about 12 days to come across the Atlantic Ocean and about two days on the North Sea, taking passage on the Cunard Line. He landed at Boston instead of New York as boats do now. His sister and her husband came also with him. From Boston he went to Kensett, Iowa. He considered settling there but as all the land was already taken, and none to be had for less than ten dollars per acre, he decided to seek for land elsewhere. He left Iowa about May 17, 1881 and went as far by railroad as Blanchard, N. Dak., where the railroad had already been built. From there he went to the Goose River vicinity. He intended to settle here but all the land was taken here too, so found he had to go west again. He stayed in Goose River Valley about one month, then came out here with prospectors, but in June returned to Goose River again and stayed there till the 12 of December working, then he went to Wisconsin and stayed there till March working in a lumber camp, coming back in the spring to Goose River Valley.

In those days one had to make the best of opportunities and earn extra dollars whenever possible. That spring a number of them including Iver Thompson, Torkel Fosholt, Thor Hagen, and a few others all came here seeking for land.

Traveling then was no easy matter and their only way was by foot, following merely a prairie trail.

Having heard of Red Willow Lake and its scenic beauty and the instinct of settling near timber and water near which they had lived all their lives, they went there hoping to find what they wanted. However, the land was too rolling and too stony so they returned here. He visited at Willow Lake for two days with acquaintances however. He filed on May 2, 1882, on the northeast quarter, Section 10, Range 58 west, where the school house is now located and in order to do this he had to go to Fargo, North Dakota. He walked to Mayville and from there he

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took the train to Fargo. Filing in those days cost from \$16 to \$18 only. Upon coming back he put up a log cabin and in 1883 began breaking with a pair of oxen which he bought north of Portland, N. Dak., for which he paid \$160. Rather aristocratic names they had, Duke and Dime! With these steady oxen he broke about 30 acres.

In 1882 before filing on his land he worked on the Cooper ranch receiving the magnificent sum of \$2.00 a day in harvest and threshing. There were 32 shockers and 18 binders so one can imagine what a large farm it was in those days. It was here Mr. Gilbertson made his first acquaintance with the ripe tomato. It was undoubtedly a cheap food for it was served in place of our common food "sauce.". By adding some sugar it was quite a dish. Fortunately for him, he liked them and the tomato has been his friend ever since. Another incident which he related was the problem of drinking water with so many shockers. It kept one man busy all day long, hauling water. This he did by having a large keg in a buggy, going from one man to the next. By the time the last one had been watered the first one was waiting.

There were no Indians living here when Mr. Gilbertson came but he frequently talked with Indians going through the country who were digging "snake roots". These were to be used for medicinal purposes. The Sibley trail and crossing, however, were very evident, this having been used by Sibley when on his way to fight Indians at the Missouri River.

In 1884 five acres more were broken up on which he raised 130 bushels of wheat. In 1885 he broke 30 acres more on which he raised 1000 bushels of wheat. He sold part of this receiving the paltry sum of \$.38 per bushel. In the same year he bought a plow and harrow in Mayville but borrowed a drill to seed it with. At this time the reaper had no binding attachment as now but the grain was bound by hand. In the year 1883 three neighbors went together and bought a regular binder for \$240, thinking this would solve their harvesting problems. It had a 6 foot cut and McCormick make, but it proved unsatisfactory.

The lure of the trees and sight of water proved too strong for Mr. Gilbertson, and in 1886 he moved from the prairie down near the banks of the Sheyenne river where he lived for many years until moving to the home where he now lives. This time too he built a log cabin for his living quarters.

Food was not abundant but he always had all necessities, never experiencing hunger, which many pioneers did from the lack of food. He boasts of having had one milch cow at this time, but apparently pioneering was too much for her, for she became tangled up in her picket rope and committed suicide by drowning. Imagine the loss!

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Conditions then were similar to now as far as wheat flour goes. Wheat sold for as little as \$.30 per bushel but flour sold for \$5.00 per 100 pounds.

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Socially they all seemed to be on the same level, and the good old hospitality which was extended to one and all in those days seems to have been forgotten or else it is that we are not in sympathy with one another's problems as they were then.

Picking buffalo bones was an industry in which Mr. Gilbertson was employed for a while and for which he received \$20 a ton. However, he did not go into it as heavily as many others as he felt he must make use of his time improving his land.

He has enjoyed hunting deer here. John Pitch, a more or less trapper and he used to go hunting with him and at one time they shot a deer weighing about 800 pounds.

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Some of the pioneers Mr. Gilbertson frequently visited were John Pitch, John Atchison, Mr. Vet Pound, Charlie Piatt, and Mr. Park.

Mr. Gilbertson's grain was threshed by Mr. Swen Olgaard for the first 4--5 years, paying usually \$.05 per bushel. After a while he became interested in it too and bought a threshing rig of his own.

Buggies were an unknown luxury. He was the proud owner of a lumber wagon which proved very satisfactory while it rained but during dry weather the tires were always missing.

By the most careful economy a little wealth was acquired, every year adding a small sum to the nest egg. Farm machinery improved, roads were built, homes were enlarged or new ones built, the price of grain advanced, and wheat still remained king of grains. More land was bought to raise more grain to sell more wheat, to get more money, to buy more land, and so the story goes.

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He is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Lunde, his wife passing away over 20 years ago.

Hardships have been endured, disappointments met, and loved ones taken away, yet he is active and alert. Unless knowing no one would guess the change that has come over this state of ours. He has visited his home land, Norway, twice since coming here, the last trip within four years past, yet he is always so happy to come back to his own country, the United States, and to his own state North Dakota.

I might go on telling experiences but I have tried to get the most important facts as he sees it in his life, and hope I have succeeded at least in part, in writing his pioneer days.

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In 1884, five acres more were broken up on which he raised 130 bu. of wheat. In 1885 he broke 30 acres more on which he raised 1000 bu. of wheat. He sold part of this receiving the paltry sum of \$.38 per bushel. In the same year he bought a plow and harrow in Mayville but borrowed a drill to seed it with. At this time the reaper had no binding attachment as now but the grain was bound by hand. In the year 1883 three neighbors went together and bought a regular binder for \$240, thinking this would solve their harvesting problems. It had a 6 ft. cut and McCormick make, but it proved unsatisfactory.

The lure of the trees and sight of water proved too strong for Mr. Gilbertson, and in 1886 he moved from the prairie down near the banks of the Sheyenne where he lived for many years until moving to the home where he now lives. This time too he built a log cabin for his living quarters.

Food was not abundant but he always had all necessities, never experiencing hunger, which many pioneers did from the lack of food.

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Biography of Amund Gilbertson
--Esther Njaa

pioneering was too much for her, for she became tangled up in her picket rope and committed suicide by drowning. Imagine the loss! Chickens were not common then, he having none. Two oxen and one cow, while the cow lived, were all his possessions.

Conditions then were similar to now as far as wheat flour goes. Wheat sold for as little as \$.30 per bushel but flour sold for \$5.00 per 100 pounds.

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Mr. Gilbertson told an amusing story in regard to this year. A certain pioneer family whose numbers were rather large were neighbors of his. One of the older girls was at Hope working and her younger sister was with her attending school. After this heavy frost she was extremely worried in regard to the welfare of her people. Her sister who was always an optimist did not quite see it that way. The older sister one day said, "I cannot see what the folks will do, now that the wheat is gone!" "Do", she said, "There's nothing to do, they will just have to eat frozen wheat."

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By the most careful economy a little wealth was acquired, every year adding a small sum to the nest egg. Farm machinery improved, roads were built, homes were enlarged or new ones built, the price of grain advanced, and wheat still remained king of grains. More land was bought to raise more grain to sell more wheat, to get more money, to buy more land, and so the story goes.

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Mr. Gilbertson was married to Mary *Hagen* Fitcher in 1888, her father too being a pioneer. To them were born 5 children, three of whom are living. They are Mrs. M. M. Lunde, Jr. living near the Sheyenne in Sverdrup township, Mrs. Fred Melgard living at Grace City, North Dakota, and Mrs. Lloyd W. Boen of Fargo, N. Dak.

He is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. Lunde, his wife passing away over 20 years ago.

Hardships have been endured, disappointments met, and loved ones taken away, yet he is active and alert. Unless knowing no one would guess the change that has come over this state of ours. He has visited his home land, Norway, twice since coming here, the last trip within four years past, yet he is always so happy to come back to his own country, the United States, and to his own state, North Dakota.

I might go on telling experiences but I have tried to get the most important facts as he sees it in his life, and hope I have succeeded at least in part, in writing his pioneer days.

PIONEER BIOGRAPHY

Amund Gilbertson

by Esther Nyaa

To write an ordinary story is difficult but to write a story which is true and at the same time interesting as well as relating all items of interest pertaining to the subject at hand is quite a different undertaking, and such is my task set before me in attempting to write the history of our worthy citizen, Mr. Amund Gilbertson. To be sure, I did feel a little embarrassed as well as oppressed, having to do this, but while having my interview I soon forgot all of this and enjoyed with him all these happenings and incidents, and lived with him in part at least these years in the past. If I can manage my life, in such a way as to accomplish as much accordingly, I shall feel it well worth while.

The story that follows is in a small way the most interesting happenings of his life.

Mr. Amund Gilbertson was born August 22, 1857, in Valdres, Norway. His mother's name was Sigrid Gulesdaughter and his father's name was Gulbran Mikkelsen. There were four boys and four girls in the family and he was the seventh. He was born on a farm which was located right on the fjord, "The Nevlingen". The farm covered about 200 acres of which about 30 acres were under cultivation. Each farm in those days in Norway had 1 to 2 and 3 horses. Their livelihood came from herding, fishing and logging.

In 1880 at the age of 23 years he decided to come to the United States having heard of wondrous possibilities in this land of ours.

It took him about 12 days to come across the Atlantic Ocean and about 2 days on the North Sea, taking passage on the Cunard line. He landed at Boston instead of New York as boats do now. His sister and her husband came also with him. From Boston he went to Kensett, Iowa. He considered settling there but as all the land was already taken, and none to be had for less than ten dollars per acre, he decided to seek for land elsewhere. He left Iowa about May 17, 1881 and went as far by railroad as Blanchard, N. Dak., where the railroad had already been built. From there he went to the Goose river vicinity. He intended to settle here but all the land was taken here too, so found he had to go west again. He stayed in Goose River Valley about one month, then came out here with prospectors, but in June returned to Goose River again and stayed there till the 12th of December working, then he went to Wisconsin and stayed there till March working in a lumber camp, coming back in the spring to Goose River Valley.

In those days one had to make the best of opportunities and earn extra dollars whenever possible. That spring a number of them including Iver Thompson, Terkel Fosholt, Thor Hagen, and a few others all came here seeking for land.

Traveling then was no easy matter and their only way was by foot, following merely a prairie trail.

Having heard of Red Willow Lake and its scenic beauty and the instinct of settling near timber and water near which they had lived all their lives, they went there hoping to find what they wanted. However, the land was too rolling and too stony so they returned here. He visited at Willow Lake for 2 days with acquaintances however. He filed on May 2, 1882, on the northeast quarter, Section 10, Range 58 west, where the school house is now located and in order to do this he had to go to Fargo, North Dakota. He walked to Mayville and from there he took the train to Fargo. Filing in those days cost from \$12 to \$18 only. Upon coming back he put up a log cabin and in 1883 began breaking with a pair of oxen which he bought north of Portland, North Dakota, for

Amund Gilbertson (continued) #2

which he paid \$160. Rather aristocratic names they had, Duke and Dime! With these steady oxen he broke about 30 acres.

In 1882 before filing on his land he worked on the Cooper Ranch receiving the magnificent sum of \$2.00 a day in harvest and threshing. There were 32 shockers and 18 binders so one can imagine what a large farm it was in those days. It was here Mr. Gilbertson made his first acquaintance with the ripe tomato. It was undoubtedly a cheap food for it was served in place of our common food "sauce". By adding some sugar it was quite a dish. Fortunately for him, he liked them and the tomato has been his friend ever since. Another incident which he related was the problem of drinking water with so many shockers. It kept one man busy all day long, hauling water. This he did by having a large keg in a buggy, going from one man to the next. By the time the last one had been watered the first one was waiting.

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Amund Gilbertson (continued) #4

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--Esther Njaa

United Norwegian Lutheran
Church of America

REV. OLUF GLASÖE
SUPERINTENDENT HOME MISSION
1805 13TH AVE. SO.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

17 Okt. '12

Lyne søster Johanna!

I dag er jeg saa skral, at
jeg ikke saa klart kan se, hvor
dit bar hen. Dog bliver der ha-
sin bornhertige tank med
dit eltsammen. Jeg reis
sandsynligvis imorgen ud til
Mandan. Jeg skulde ønske
jeg var saefas at jeg kunde skæn-
ke og hilse paa dig. Det er
nervositet igjen som plaget.

Herom forbarne sig over os
alt sammen! Med hilsener fra

Din bror,

Oluf.

William Glass

William Glass, dealer in real estate and loans, and Justice of the Peace, was born in St. Clair, Mich, in 1853, and educated in the public schools of the native town, and the high school in Springfield, Ohio. He studied law in Cleveland, Ohio, and subsequently became a sailor on the lakes. He came to Dakota and settled on the site of Griggs in November, 1882. He opened a real estate and loan office soon afterward. He also has two brothers, A. J. and J. N. Glass, each the owner of a fine farm near the town of Cooperstown. Mr. Glass is a self-made young man, and does a good business in real estate. He came to Dakota in March 1881.

Bibliog: Atlas of Dakota, 1884, p 242

Omund Gilbertson

From interview by Hannah Lende

Omund Gilbertson was born August 22, 1857 at Valders, Norway. May 14, 1880 with his sister and her husband, and John Bakka, he left Norway on the Cunard line. They landed in Cansit, Iowa, June 5. Here Mr. Gilbertson stayed for about five months doing different types of farm work.

In the fall of 1880 he went to Mitchell Co., Iowa where he hired out to farmers. In the spring of 1880 Gilbert Auren and he left for Goose river, Dakota territory to look for land. They found some land to their liking and started walking to Fargo to get right to file on this land. On their way they met Ole Halverson who advised them not to file on land in that country until they had been near the Shyenne river. They took his advice and started for the Shyenne river. It was a hot day and no water around. After fourteen miles of walking, they came to Omund Opheim's place and stayed over night in his loghouse.

The next day the two men started out in search for land. A short time later they came to a tent where Ole Halverson, his brother, Sever, and Pete Nelson were just going to have dinner. The two men were invited to have cooked mush with them. After dinner a short time later, Gilbert Auren and a man by the name of Thor Hagen squatted on section 12, township 145, range 58. The land wasn't surveyed at this time. A person had to be on the land for five years before it could be proved up and Mr. Gilbertson wasn't in favor of being tied up for that length of time just then. He helped the men build their claim shanty and

went back to Goose river and stayed during harvest and threshing. He then hired out to Torgrems Fitcher for \$20 a month to walk behind a plow. He worked there one month and was raised \$2 to stay another month.

The same fall he worked for Levite Gopperud for \$1 a day, sawing big trees and cutting them to a thickness of seven inches. This was to be a barn.

In the fall of 1881 Mr. Gilbertson went to Wisconsin to work in the woods. In March, 1882 he went back to Dakota. The winter of 1881 and 1882 was an open winter.

Mr. Gilbertson built his log house this summer of 1882 on section 10, township 145, range 58.

Mr. Gilbertson worked for R. C. Cooper during harvest in 1883 for \$2 a day. For four days the hired men threshed on one straw pile. Al Shue was the boss. One day the men didn't have much to do and Mr. Gilbertson and Gilbert Auren were told to clean up around another straw pile and burn it. The two men worked continually and faithfully, but soon Al Shue came and said they were going too slow. He set a fire to the straw before the men had finished. The whole straw pile burned up.

After harvest Mr. Gilbertson went back and completed his log house. In the winter of 1883 Ole Skrien and Mr. Gilbertson went on skis to Portland to look for someone who had oxen to sell. They stayed over night with a man by the name of Ole Gavaney. Here Mr. Gilbertson parted with Ole Skrien and went alone to Mayville. Six miles north of Mayville he came to Gilbert Moen's place just before a snowstorm came up. He waited at Moen's three days before the storm abated. He was informed that Ole Kittleson, northwest of Portland on the north side of the Goose

river, had some oxen he wanted to sell. He got to Kittleson's just in time, before another snowstorm came up. Paul Boe, who now lives at Hatton, N. Dak. had raised the oxen. Mr. Gilbertson paid \$150 for two oxen. Mr. Kittleson was to keep the oxen until spring.

In the spring of 1883 Arne Thompson, a neighbor and Mr. Gilbertson went on skis to get the oxen. Gilbertson then bought an old wagon from Iver Thompson and went to Mayville to purchase his first machinery, a breaking plow and a smoothing harrow. They started for home on a nice clear morning. Very soon it clouded up and started to rain. It rained all day. The creeks were getting full and running over. With difficulty they crossed the creek with the oxen. When they got as far as the present Finley, it commenced getting dark. They took the wrong road and went too far north. Gilbertson walked around and tried to find a claim shanty, while Arne Thompson stayed with the oxen. Mr. Gilbertson found the shanty and they went there to spend the night. They were entirely wet. There was a stove in the shanty and Mr. Gilbertson had just half of a match. They managed to make fire, using hay and brush which was outside. There was an oven on this stove and Mr. Thompson wanted to dry his new shoes. He put them in the oven and left them there too long. When he took them out they were too small for him. He had to split them all over to get them on.

In the morning the two men started south and came to Omund Opheim's place in time for dinner. Again they resumed their journey and came south of old Mardell where the creek was so high it was very difficult to cross. After a wet and tiresome journey, they arrived home with the oxen.

Mr. Gilbertson went to Cooperstown the next day for provisions and crossed the river in a little wagon box. Close to Cooperstown there was water on the land as far as he could see north and south. Mr. Gilbertson also got some provisions for his neighbors. On his way home he carried over one hundred pounds of groceries. Mr. Cooper had plowed all around and Mr. Gilbertson walked for miles in a plowed field. When he came to Jack Brown's place in Washburn township, the creek was so high and there was such a swift stream, they hardly dared cross. When he came to the Sheyenne river, Arne Lukkeson, who now lives in Devils Lake, N. D. took him across the river in the same wagon box.

Mr. Gilbertson kept on batching and breaking up land. He put in nine acres in 1883 and got about one hundred thirty bushels out of it.

In the fall of 1883 there was to be a dance in Mr. Gilbertson's log house, with Jacob Olson, from Broadview township as fiddler. Henry Gullickson, a neighbor had a team of horses and a "democrat" wagon. He and Mr. Gilbertson were to go and find some women to attend the dance as there weren't enough women around at that time. They went as far north as "horse hill", Remness township before they found any. They gathered seven girls from around there. There were quite a number of boys up there also who wanted to go along. There wasn't room for them in that small wagon. The boys then became peeved and wanted to get up a dance around their territory, and urged the girls not to go. Finally, the two men had to go home ten miles without a single girl.

In 1884 and 1885 the crops were quite fair. In 1884 Mr. Gilbertson's crop yielded twenty-nine bushels to the acre.

In 1885 the price of wheat was only thirty-eight cents a bushel.

April 1887 Mr. Gilbertson was married to Mary Hagen in his log house, by Reverend Quamme. Four children were born to this marriage. In October, 1899 Mrs. Gilbertson died.

Mr. Gilbertson stayed on section 10 until 1903, when he put up buildings on section 3, Sverdrup township where he moved and has lived ever since.

Big Timber, Montana

March 14, 1937.

Claire Jackson,
Griggs County Field Writer,
Hannaford, North Dakota.

Dear Mrs. Jackson:

I received your letter asking me to write something concerning early days in Griggs County. I fear I shall come far short of your expectations in complying with your request. To begin with, I will state that I never was a Commissioner for Griggs County. The first board was composed of R. C. Cooper, Allen Breed and a man from the Hope locality, I believe, but I cannot remember his name.

Allen Breed died quite early in the years following the dividing of Griggs County and the creation of Steele. He did not die ~~and~~ at his farm near Cooperstown, and I do not know where it was. After his death his widow continued to reside on the farm for a short time. The farm was all of section 1, T. 146, R. 59, lying about 3 miles north of Cooperstown. I always understood that it belonged to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Stewart. Mr. W. H. Carleton looked after renting the place for her, and can no doubt tell where Mrs. Stewart lived. I suggest that the early files of the newspaper might have an account of Mr. Breed's death.

The granary that was used for a County office immediately following the November 1882 election, was the only building on the townsite and stood just about opposite the entrance to the present court house block. It was built to store the grain that grew on the townsite in 1882. I think it must have been at least 70 feet long and about 16 wide. It was constructed of heavy dimension lumber in order to carry the weight of the grain when filled. It was sheeted on the inside of the studding with shiplap but there was no covering on the outside. It had a gable roof and was shingled. It was built

16 feet at the east end of the granary, putting in a small window, and a door made with inch boards and fastened with a 25 cent lock. It was the plan to occupy it only a few weeks while they were constructing a new and commodious building two or three hundred feet to the north, which was later known as the Dakota House. The last I remember about it it was owned by Taylor Johnson as a residence and shop.

When the records were brought from Hope, I~~h~~ was made deputy register of deeds and placed in charge of them John Houghton and Allan Pinkerton, carpenters, who were constructing the new building, slept in my "office", because they had no other place on the townsite to occupy, and besides, they were counted on to assist me in holding the records in case an attempt~~h~~ should be made to steal them. Because certain people who resided between Cooperstown and Hope visited in my "office" in the daytime, but appeared to have no business there, I became satisfied that they were looking the situation over with a view of recovering the records. I communicated my suspicions to the Commissioners and asked that they bring a couple of loads of plank and board in the "office" so that in case~~h~~ a raid was made in the night time they could not get in without waking us up. I stated that the door and window were no protection whatever, and particularly that we all slept at night. I was told that my fears were groundless; that in just a few days time we would be moved into the new building, and all would be well. Still, I argued that I thought I was in a better position to judge than the Commissioners were because I had an opportunity to talk with these visitors and observe their actions. There was nothing done. It was cold and we all slept on the floor under loads of blankets.

When they came we were asleep. They went thru that door with one little push and were right on top of us in a second. They lit our lamp and I saw that every one of that dozen raiders had a gun in his hand, while ours were hanging on the walls. They soon had the records carried to their sleighs and then ordered us to dress and

be delayed in sounding an alarm. We all refused to dress and go. They tried force but after the stove and table had been overturned and the place thoroughly wrecked, they left, taking our guns with them.

One day when I was the only person on the new townsite of Cooperstown, goodhearted genial old Knud Thompson came and stayed all night and the next day, without seeing anyone but myself. In later years he often remarked that he had seen the population of Cooperstown double in one day- I was there alone and he came.

As for my biography, there is not much to write. My life has been quite un-eventful. I was born on a farm near Port Huron, Michigan, July 11th, 1854. Have lived in Port Huron, St. Clair, Detroit, and Ypsilanti, Michigan, where I attended the public schools and then followed steamboat transportation on the Great Lakes until in March, 1881 I arrived in what is now Griggs County, North Dakota, located a homestead on land adjoining the present city of Cooperstown before the townsite was selected and platted. When the town was started I was among the first to erect a real estate office and move into the new town. I continued in business there until 1908 when I removed to Big Timber, Montana, and opened a real estate office which I have conducted up to the present time. I hold membership in Northern Light Lodge at Cooperstown, and in the Scottish Rite bodies in Fargo, North Dakota. Am unmarried.

If I have not covered the ground you desire, I will be glad to answer any questions you may wish to ask later.

Very truly yours,

William Glass.