

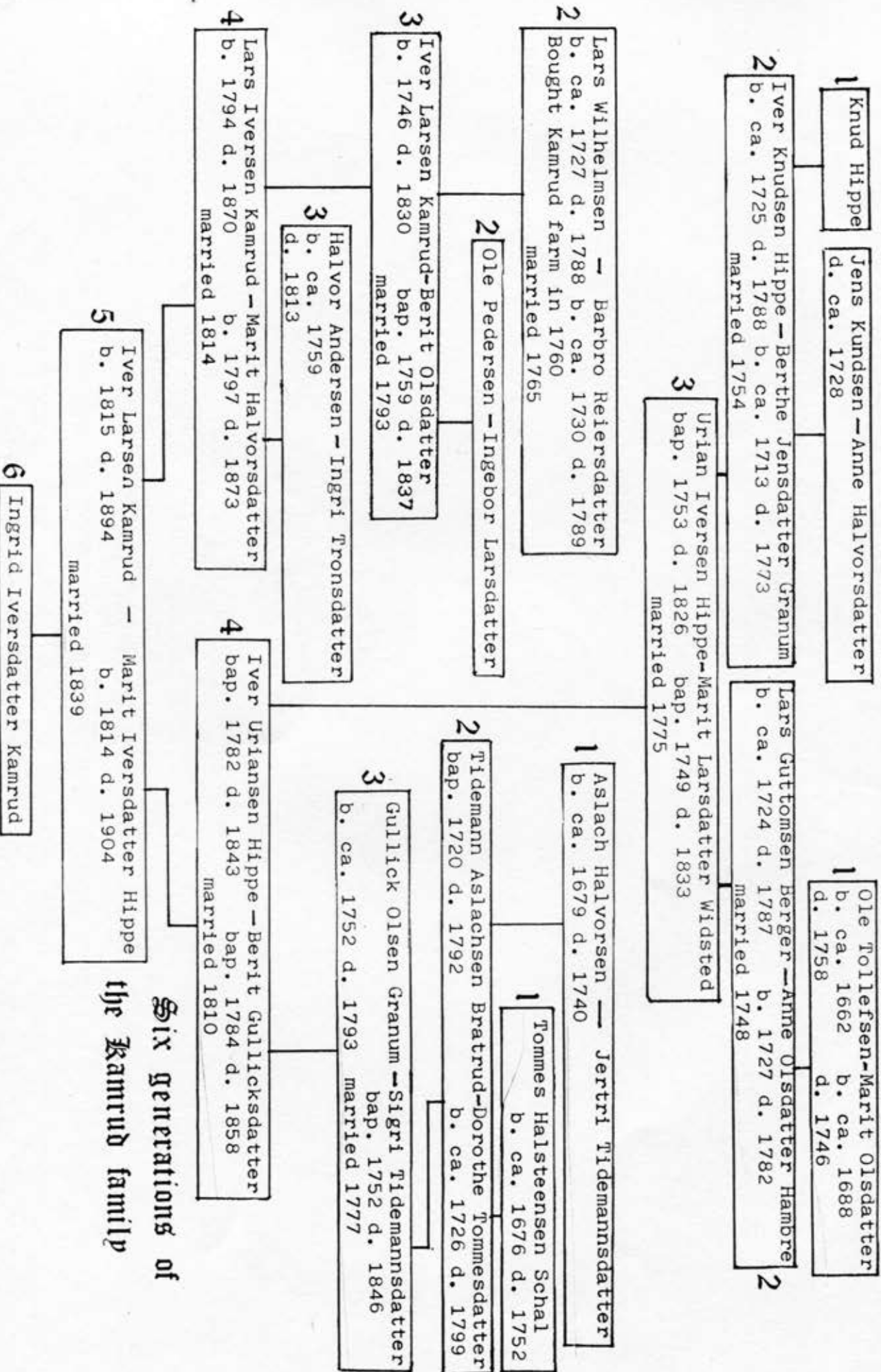
# Family History

of

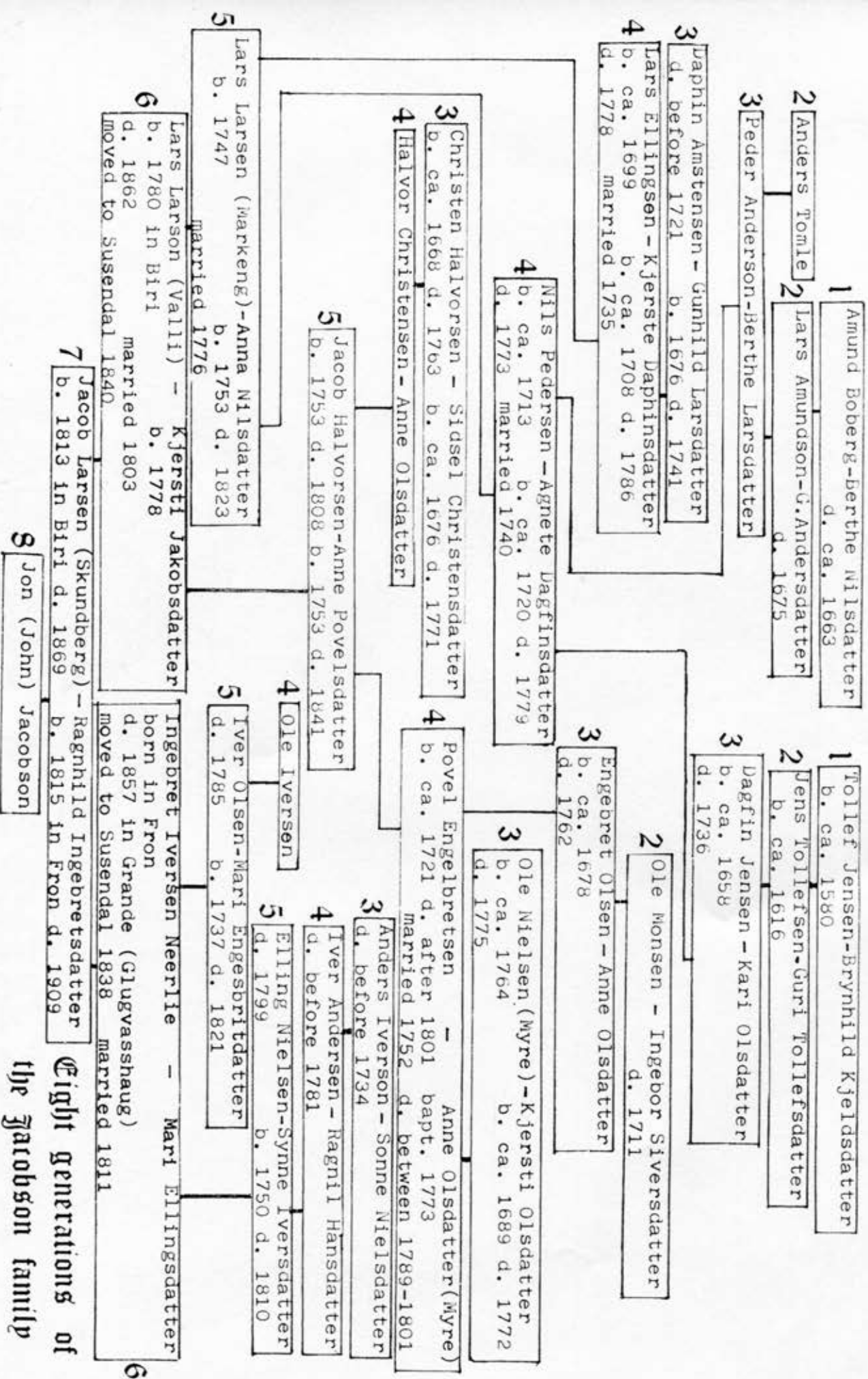
John and Ingrid Jacobson

by Erwin M. Carlson

THEIR ELDEST GRANDCHILD



Six generations of  
the Kamrud family



## PREFACE

"To let our elderly relatives die without recording their memories is like burning down a library" Paul Harvey, 6/17/82.

Erwin Carlson, the eldest grandchild of John and Ingrid Jacobson, has preserved for us this account as he heard it directly from the pioneers in conversations with his grandparents, his mother, Annie, Aunt Esther, Louise Carlson, and Christopher Knutson. His keen memory, appreciation for beauty and concern for detail have added feeling and depth to the narrative which he has written with remarkable clarity. We have left it in Erwin's own handwriting to preserve as much as possible this original touch with the past.

Erwin, himself a child of the frontier, was born January 22, 1898, on a homestead in Veblen, South Dakota. After his family moved to Evansville, Minnesota, he attended school there through the eighth grade and grew up in the very atmosphere which he describes. With farming as his occupation and horticulture as his hobby, he and his wife, Alice, and four children have made their home on a farm south of Evansville. Erwin found time to write the family history during the long winter evenings after the chores were done. He added clippings and pictures from contemporary publications as well as family photographs made through the years.

We are indebted to Irwin Hernes for tracing the family records back through seven generations in Norway. Our thanks to Evangeline Cookson for typing the genealogy, to Elsie Fearn for help in correspondence.

Ella and Helen Mae have added a tribute to their parents, Esther and Adolph Pearson. We suggest that each family do the same, adding pages to this continuing story.

My own faith has been strengthened to see how the Lord has kept and blessed His own from generation to generation. From the time when the Word of God entered the homes of so many cottagers in the days of Hans Nielson Hauge in Norway there has been a chain of faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ which has reached down to us. In a way, this is an answer to the Lord Jesus' prayer in John 17:20, "My prayer is not for them alone. I pray for those who will believe in me through their message."

Myrtle Jacobson Wilder,  
Editor



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This is the record of Jacob Larson Valli, his wife, Ragnild, and their family of six sons and one daughter who came to America in 1868. Ragnild became the leading figure of this dramatic story when her husband and three children died in Iowa.

## Part II

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John, the son of Jacob, who signed his name, "John Jacobson Valli," took over as the head of the family which this book commemorates. Leaf Mountain is the setting for PART II where we see this builder at work on the farm, in the community and in the church.

## Part III

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The central character in this section is Ingrid Iversdatter Camrud Jacobson, a courageous, devoted companion and mother. To some of us she was "Grandma Jacobson."

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The picture and data pages are arranged in the order of birth of the Jacobson family:

Carl, Jacob, and Iver (no descendants)

Anna, Mary, Martin, August, William, Esther, Ruben



## THE 400-YEAR-OLD FAMILY TREE

The dates cover a period of four centuries. The genealogies extend through twelve, and in some families, thirteen generations. The data concerning our ancestors in Norway is based on a chart prepared by Irwin Hernes who consulted documents from parish records, census reports, and other legal records in the archives at Hamar, Norway. Statistics of the Kamrud line are from records in the Ulness, Valdres church sent by Gulik Kamrud to Erwin Carlson.

Notice that the last names are formed by adding "son" or "datter" to the father's first name and further distinguished by adding the name of the farm or place where the head of the family was born.

### THE JACOBSON LINE

Tollef Jensen, 1580 and Brynild Kjeldsdatter  
 Jens Tollefsen, 1616 and Guri Andersdatter  
 Dagfin Jensen, 1658 and Kari Olsdatter, 1658-1736  
 Agnetta Dagfinsdatter, 1720, and Nils Pedersen, 1713-1773  
 Lars Larson Markeng, 1747, and Anna Nilisdatter, 1753-1823  
 Lars Larson Valli, 1780-1862, and Kjersti Jacobsdatter, 1778  
 Jacob Larson Valli, 1813-1869 and Ragnild Ingebretsdatter, 1815-1904  
 Jon Jacobson Valli, 1851-1925 and Ingrid Iversdatter Kamrud 1850-1936

### THE KAMRUD LINE

Lars Wilhelmsen, 1727-1788, bought the Kamrud farm in 1760.  
 Iver Larson Kamrud, 1746-1830 (died at age 84)  
 Lars Iverson Kamrud, 1794-1780, (age 76)  
 his wife, Marit Halvorsdatter, 1797-1873 (age 76)  
 Iver Larson Kamrud, 1815-1894 (age 79)  
 his wife, Marit Ivarsdatter Hippe, 1814-1904 (age 90)  
 Ingrid Iversdatter Kamrud, 1850-1936 (age 86) married Jon Jacobson

### THE JOHN AND INGRID JACOBSON FAMILY

John Jacobson Valli, born July 12, 1851, died April 28, 1925  
 Ingrid Iversdatter Kamrud, born April 12, 1850, died July 19, 1936

Carl,	born May 19, 1873	died June 26, 1960 (no children)
Anna,	born Jan 24, 1875	died Nov. 26, 1955
Jacob,	born 1877	died Dec. 15, 1935 (not married)
Iver,	born Apr. 1, 1879	died Mar. 17, 1952 (not married)
Baby Maria,	b. May 2, 1881	died Sept. 2, 1882
Mary,	born Oct. 12, 1883	died June 17, 1971
Martin	born Feb. 26, 1887	died June 24, 1955
August	born Nov. 9, 1888	died June 11, 1974
William	born Mar. 8, 1891	
Esther	born Feb. 2, 1893	died Oct. 4, 1976
Ruben	born Nov. 25, 1896	died June 3, 1976



*Ragnild Ingebretsdatter Larson,  
with her husband, Jacob Larson,  
son of Lars Larsen Valli, im-  
migrated to the U.S.A. in 1868.*

*Their home in Norway was Gaard  
Valli near the Arctic Circle  
in Hattfjelldal, Nordland.*

*Of the nine members of the  
family who left Norway these  
four survived.*



*Ingebret Jacobson*



*Jon Jacobson*



*Christian Jacobson*



*Ingrid Camrud Jacobson*

*Originally spelled with "k" the change to "Camrud" was adopted and registered in the U.S.A. Mother Ingrid had beautiful, long brown hair which she wore as a braided crown.*



*From a tintype taken in 1870*



*Ivar I. Camrud with his sons Richard, Martin, Joseph, and Edwin. Ivar, whose home was in Buxton, N.D., was also known as "Buxton Ivar."*

1918

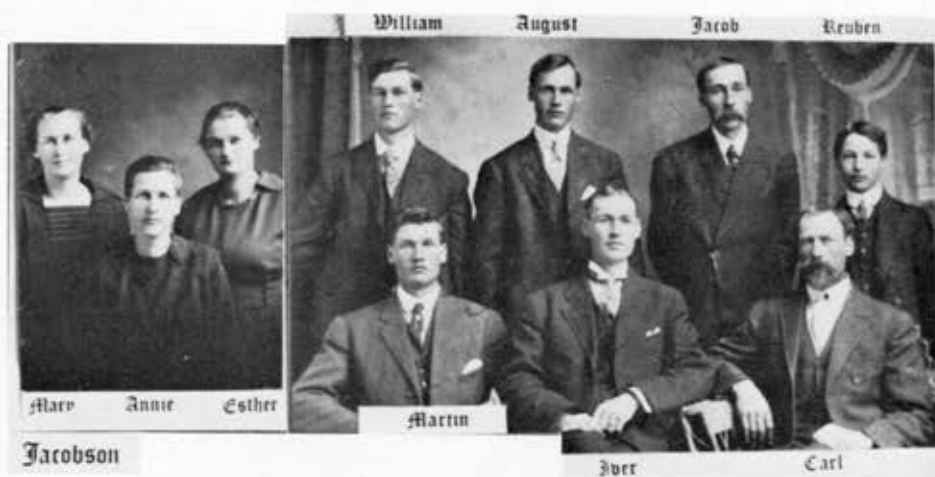




John Jacobson



Ingrid Kamrud Jacobson





*The Home Place  
Leaf Mountain*

1890

*Turkeys on the Big Hill  
"Stor Bakken"*



1907



*At the Golden  
Wedding, 1922*

*All ten children  
were present for the  
Golden Wedding*

*June, 1922*



*Granddaughters  
1922*

*by the milkhouse,  
pump and windmill.*



*Eagle Lake Free Church  
The family cemetery lot is here.*



*District #70 School House*

# House of Valli

1

My great grandparents on my mother's father side.

Jacob Larson was born Jan. 7, 1813 in Gulbrandsdalen Norway and was a son of Lars Larson.

He was baptized and confirmed at the Beri church parish of Gulbrandsdalen.

When a young man, he moved to Sussendalen and located in Hatfjeldalen church parish.

In the days of his youth he met Ragnild Iversdatter of Belgeland Norway and was married at the parish church there.

The young couple located a place for farm in a valley that had formerly been owned by an English lumber company.

The best timber had been cut and shipped abroad so the land was open for settlement.

Jacob Larson and four other farm families established farm homes or "gaards" in this wilderness.

Jacob Larson and his wife Ragnild became the pioneer builders of their gaard Valli.

The other four farm families became the founders of their respective gaards and were known as gaard Vire, gaard Tralrud, gaard Iverli and gaard Kroken.

Hatfjeldalen in Nordland Norway is located far to the north, within the arctic circle.

The winters are very long whereas the summers are short. Farming was very difficult in this region as frost was common in summer.

Barley was the only grain cereal raised and potatoes was planted on south slopes of fields where the heat from the midnight sun would prevent frost from forming.

Jacob Larson had a great task before him to clear the new land of stumps and stones in suitable places for fields.



## Gård Valli

The first job that had to be done was the home and farm buildings. This was no small matter as all this building material had to be made of logs. Trees had to be cut, trimmed, barked and fitted all by hand work so it was ~~an~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~very~~ arduous task.

The land in northern Norway is not fertile so skill was required to make the barren soil produce good crops.

When Jacob Larson and the four other pioneer farmers settled in this valley they were met with repulse and hindrance from the nomadic like Lapps who lived very primitively in the wilderness and therefore did not like to see their hunting grounds and reindeer herding domain become settled.

However, as time went on they became more friendly when they realized their white neighbors did not encroach on their nomadic ways of living.

Here at the farm home of Valli seven children were born. The names and dates are as following.

- Lars Jacobson, born Feb. 18, 1843.
- Carl Jacobson, born Feb. 22, 1845.
- Maria Jacobsdatter, born Feb. 9, 1847.
- Ingebrekt Jacobson, born March 21, 1849.
- John Jacobson, born July 12, 1851.
- Christaan Jacobson, born <sup>1854</sup>
- Olaf Jacobson, born Sept. 25, 1857.



Jacob Larson decided that livestock would be the surest source of income on his farm so cattle, sheep and goats were raised.

During the summer months the herd and flocks were pastured in the mountains on grazing land known as "Seter".

Much work was required to gather enough hay and fodder for the livestock during the short summer. The winters were very long and it took a great deal of feed and fodder for all livestock.

The meadows as a rule were boggy with soil of deep peat or moss and this kind of soil is not conducive to good stands of grass.

On the mountain slopes where soil was firm a sort of short grass grew in bunches which was very nutritious to livestock. This was cut with scythe and when dry tied with ropes <sup>like</sup> ~~like~~ <sup>using</sup> ropes and let down to hay cart below which was driven to some convenient place. The hay was then stored in the hay mow of the barn on the farm.

The fodder for the sheep and goats was gathered from deciduous trees when these were in full leaf. About one third of the branches of each tree was cut off and these were gathered in bunches and firmly tied with willow bands and hung in a drying shed built for that purpose.

Often in winter the goats were fed slender willows from the bogs or marshlands. The goats would nibble of the bark and tender part of wood.

During the long winter months Jacob Larson and his older sons cut slender whips of birches. These were split in halves and were sold in the market for bands on herring and fish barrels as well as kegs.

The bark of large birches was cut in certain lengths and was sold for shingles.

A great sport was to hunt the "ryper" a bird like the partridge in Norway. These game birds were found in abundance in the forest and woodlands.

The journey to the trading post or town was long and often hard. With good horses it took three days and with oxen much longer.

The nearest town was Mossj  n which had connection with the ocean. At this place Jacob Larson sold his product and bought supplies for his family and farm.

However in those days the homes were very self sustaining as clothing was made from wool carded, spun and woven in the home. Likewise shoes was made of home tanned hides.

Furniture and simple farm implements as well as many tools were made in the home.

Jacob Larson and his wife Ragnild were religious people. With them Christianity was very real. They were faithful members of Vefse's Lutheran Church. At this church their seven children were baptized and confirmed.

Their farm home Valli was far from church. In order to reach church in time it was necessary to start for church on Saturday and stay over night at a friend's home near the church so as to arrive on time for the service.

When it was impossible to attend church, especially so in winter, Jacob Larson conducted holy worship in his home. The family gathered in the living room and Lutheran hymns were sung. The Bible was read and a sermon from Dr. Johann Arndt's postil was usually read. The devotion ended with prayer and hymn singing.

Jacob Larson was in strong sympathy with the "Hans Nilson, Hauge" lay preaching and believed in a strict Christian living.

Jacob Larson was a tall slender man with black hair and blue eyes.

Like most of the men of his time he very likely grew a full beard and mustache.

He had a kindly disposition and was much more lenient to his children than his wife



who was at times stern to them. Unlike his wife <sup>who</sup> most always had a more optimistic outlook on life he often was pessimistic and was cautious in making new ventures.

When Ragnild, his wife, thought it far better for the family to immigrate to the United States of America, he at first did not like the idea.

Ragnild was a determined woman who did not change her mind easily.

She was a strong active person that enjoyed splendid health all her life.

She had hazel brown eyes, black hair and was medium tall.

Jacob Larson and his family had heard many good reports of the great country to the west. The great country had free homestead land for those who would reside on some and build and improve the land.

Ragnild urged her husband to sell their property in Norway and leave for America.

With some reluctance Jacob Larson offered his real estate and property for sale and in this he was successful and soon the family made ready for the journey.

For the large family of nine adults this was no easy matter.

The sail ships at that time did not provide food for those who took passage as immigrants. Large chests were filled with dried beef and mutton. Also different kinds of cheese and butter.

A large supply of "Flat bröd" a thin sort of hard tack bread was taken along.

Other chests were filled with clothes for the family, including bedding such as blankets, pillows, etc.



A small chest, which the family called "Boma" was filled with Bible, Testaments, hymn books and a "postil" which means a book of sermons for the whole church year.

At last all was in readiness and the sail ship was awaiting in the harbor.

As the family sailed on into the deep blue of the Atlantic ocean it was with mingled thoughts they saw the rugged coast line of their beloved native land fade from their view. It was a most solemn occasion when the dear homeland faded into memory.

The voyage across the Atlantic proved to be long and very tiresome. There was constantly contrary winds and the sea was in churning uproar most of the time.

The small ship groaned and creaked in the awful winds. Weeks after weeks sped by. At one time the rudder of the ship was damaged and all but lost. The ship drifted at will in the winds. The bravery and skill of the ship's crew were able to repair and securely fasten the rudder so the vessel could be steered again.

The food supply aboard ship became acute so it was found necessary to ration some. Water also was rationed as at that time they did not know how to purify salt sea water into drinking water.

The sanitary conditions aboard ship became bad.

At long last after 3 months the ship made port at Quebec, Canada, in July 1868.

The son Ingebrekt was ill and taken to a medical doctor. He had contracted typhoid fever and it became necessary to place him in a hospital in that city.

The large family could however not wait for the outcome of his long illness, but proceeded on by train to Calmar Iowa.



For the young man Ingebrecht it was indeed hard for him to be left behind in a strange land. There was the language barrier in a French speaking city in Canada.

His kinspeople reluctantly left him and he was constantly in their thought.

When the family came to Calmar Iowa they very likely came to some one they knew from Norway.

Where they resided is unknown. The men found employment in the harvest fields, hands binding grain bundles.

This was back breaking toil for the northern family. The moist heat of the Iowa summer climate was very depressing for the northern family. Norway had a cool climate. During the summer, death came to visit the family again and again.

The son there became ill and had fever, died Aug. 3, 1868.

He was twenty first years of age. Very likely he had contracted typhoid fever aboard ship because of unsanitary conditions.

A private family funeral was held. The body was interred at the Washington prairie church cemetery. This place is about fourteen miles from Calmar, Iowa.

The burial rites were spoken at the graveyard after church divine service the 9th Sun. after Trinity 1868.

On Sept. 9, 1868 Carl Jacobson who was twenty three years old also succumbed to same malady.

Medical aid was unable to cure the dreaded disease.

Again there was a private funeral.

Soon after the death of Carl the only daughter Maria became very ill with same fever as her dead brother and died.



within a short time. The exact date is unknown. This was also a private funeral. How very sad the family were. The coffin had been made of boards by one of the male members of the family.

It was a very simple affair in those days. For public funerals the coffin boards were painted black and no adornment of any kind was used by the great masses of people. Only the rich had fine funerals.

It was on the same Sun after service that the Rev. Dr. V. Koren, spoke the words of committal \* at the grave side of these three young people the 14th Sun after Trinity.

The pastor spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family.

It was with a heavy heart and deep sorrow the mourning family left the Cemetery that sad Sunday.

But in it all they found comfort in Christ's words "I am the resurrection and life. \* Jeg er Opstandelsen og Livet."

The family again returns to their home and work.

In the meantime Ingebret had recovered and made his way to Iowa. He had some difficulty to find his people but finally located where they were. He was unaware of the deaths in the family and this grieved him much.

The parents and brothers were happy their anxiety over Ingebret had come to an end. He had come safely to their home.

The year 1869 dawned and the sorrowing family took new hope and courage for the new year.

\* Jord påbastedes in norwegian



Washington Prairie Church  
Commenced 1869. Dedicated 1873.

This famous country church was commenced in 1869. It is built of native limestone which was worked into building blocks by members of the congregation from a local quarry.

At this church cemetery are the graves of Jacob Larson and his sons, Lars, and Carl and daughter Maria.

Their sojourn in America was brief. Now they are at rest from their labors.

When the other members of the Jacob Larson family moved on to Minnesota in 1871 this place has not been forgotten.

They were industrious and saving and hoped for a farm home of their own in America.

As the sons pursued their work on farms they became less conscious of the sorrow but for the parents the loss of sons and daughter was ever with them.

The season wore on. Again the hot climate of summer in Iowa and then came late autumn with damp, cold days.

Jacob Larson contracted a hard cold that quickly set into pneumonia. The medical aid that was available could give no relief or healing.

It became apparent that Jacob Larson's life was ebbing away and for the Christians near the grave held no terror.

There is no record of the time of his death except it was in the fall of 1869.

Jacob Larson had lived a true Christian life and in a brief summary of it, the words of Saint Paul are fitting.

For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain.

The mother and sons again met in sorrow as they made ready for the funeral of the husband and father.

This was also a private funeral as in those days pastors had very large parishes and it was impossible for them to serve all the members in the wide spread call.

There the mother and four sons stood at the grave that autumn day on Washington Prairie church yard.

There were now four graves on their burial lot at the cemetery.



## Insert:

From research done by Irwin Herness who consulted the parish registry in Hamar, Norway, we have this information concerning John Jacobson's mother referred to on page 1 as Ragnild Iversdatter.

Ragnild was born September 15, 1815, a daughter of Engebret Iversen Neerlie and his wife, Mari Erlingsdatter (Fron parish register 1799-1816, page 239). Engebret Iversen Neerlie sold his farm Neerlie in the year 1823. He and his family moved to the northern part of Norway.

At the age of about twenty seven years she was married to Jacob Larson who at that time resided at Tulbranddalen.

Soon after their marriage the young couple moved to Susendalen, in Hatfjeldalen church parish, where they established and built their home "Valli".

She was a woman of great courage and enjoyed splendid health all her life.

She was an outspoken person who never minced words when she was convinced she was right in her thinking.

However she was not austere and cold to those she lived with or to strangers but had a friendly personality to all.

But her strong will by nature was at times at variance with those she lived with and then she often realized and in prayer to God she humbled her self and craved pardon and wisdom from on high.

In her Christian life she was very humble and to her inner self-life very stern.

By nature she was very industrious and self-reliant and had a great love for her home.

In her home in Norway she became accustomed to simple requirements, which all together, stood her in good behalf in the pioneer life in America.

Another year passed by and the year 1871 had come.

The mother and four sons Jon, Ingebuget, Christian, and Ole held a family council



They had heard of the great areas of free homestead land in Minnesota.

Many were pushing up north or west in covered wagons to locate free homestead land. The sons of Ragnild had been diligent in the saving of money although the wages were very low but with their combined earnings they felt they could make the great venture.

A careful estimate of requirements was made and purchases made accordingly.

Two wagons were bought and these were made into covered wagons or as sometimes called prairie schooners. For draft animals, two teams of oxen was bought and one milk cow.

The farm implements bought were a breaker, plow, grub hoe, scythe, forks, and a sturdy simple set of carpenter tools which included axes, log cross cut saw etc. A shotgun or two was purchased with powder, shot pellets and caps for cartridges.\*

The great chests from Norway were loaded into the wagons as well as the small chest of Bibles and devotional books.

The food requirements were simple. Dried beef, flat brod, corn and wheat meal was the main staples of diet. The cow furnished milk and with this the family was content.

Summer was upon the land. The warm breeze blew softly over the corn lands of Iowa.

The family had all things in readiness to start out on their long trek to the northland.

The next morning early the mother and sons were on their way.

They chose a trail northward and for days and days the weary miles stretched on.

\* Cartridges were used again and again in those days, but



( At night fall they stopped at a convenient spot near the roadside and there the weary animals were allowed to graze all night on the lush grass by the roadside.

Ragnild made the simple evening meal of milk porridge at the camp fire near the wagons. Then as the mother and sons sat down to their simple meal they conversed in norwegian, and again and again the conversation turned to the best possible route to take in their journey northward.

It was indeed a long journey with oxen. They became weary and footsore. The cow trailed on, tied behind one of the wagons.

( The wagons rumbled and rattled over the poor trails. Mother Ragnild sat often in the doorway of the covered wagon with sewing or knitting. Her hands were never idle. When she became tired of this she would walk. The men took turns in riding and walking, driving the slow oxen onward.

They had to ford many a stream as few bridges were built in those days. When the water was deep and current swift it was no easy matter to choose the best places to ford across.

It was well the men were young and adventurous was in their blood. All obstructions were overcome or brushed aside.

Very likely when they came to central Minnesota they hit the government trail from St. Cloud to Fort Abercrombie which had been laid out and surveyed in 1858.

( While on this trail a stream of homeseekers were upon the road and they joined a caravan of covered wagon northward.

At last they came to Alexandria a frontier town in Douglas County. At this point the covered wagons parted company and each went

to its own destination in the wilderness.

Ragnild and her sons choast a northwesterly trail from Alexander and came to Chippewa a small village which name had been changed to Brandon\* on Nov. 1869.

From here the family set a northwesterly course through the forested region and came to the place which is <sup>not</sup> the last quarter section of land in the southwestern corner of Leaf Mountain Township.

None of the land in this part of Leaf Mountain was surveyed at that time.

Here at this place the men decided to rest awhile as the animals were very weary from the long travel. The men had in mind to continue their journey further north in Ottertail County where <sup>some</sup> the land was quite level and part of it open prairie.

However late summer was upon the land and it was good to rest and hunt in the hill country. In the deep woods the partridges were found in abundance as well as the snow shoe hare.

After a few days it was decided best to spend the winter at this place, as autumn was soon at hand and it was needful to ~~arrange~~ for wintering of the animals before cold weather set in.

The covered wagon was their home while they prepared for the cold winter ahead.

The scythes were sharpened and hay was cut on the edges of sloughs which grew there in abundance.

About one half mile to the west of their camp prairie grass grew on hill and dale in a open country which became later a part of Eagle Lake Township. It is very probable this kind of grass was cut for the milk cow.

When this work was completed with the stacking of the hay near where the shelter to the animals was contemplated. The men set to work on a dwelling for their mother and themselves.

\* Old Brandon. Now the Lund farm on north and west shores of Chippewa Lake.



In looking about they chose a gentle slope to the south. It was decided best to make a dugout room\* in the ground, fitting in logs for the south exposure.

Logs were cut and fitted for this purpose as well as for the roof and also sills on which the rafters of the roof could rest.

A door was made of boards of the floor of one of the covered wagons and very likely a small window finished the habitation except for a great thatch of hay that completed the roof.

The logs were chinked with moist clay so the primitive shelter was warm and snug.

The great chests were placed in the room and one served for table. The small cast iron kitchen stove from Iowa was placed in one end of the room with a few lengths of stove pipe that served for chimney. Dirt or rather soil was heaped on the thatch so as to make the dwelling more fire proof from sparks of the fire.

There was however no furniture such as chairs, beds, or even a cupboard.

It was well the men were not without initiative. Into narrow sawed blocks of logs was fitted in legs from hardwood sapplings and these stools served as chairs.

Beds were made from the slender poles of <sup>aspen</sup> poplar and for mattresses deep layers of hay were used.

Mother Ragnild spread clean sand on the earthen floor and made the simple habitation as cozy as possible.

When this work was done the men set to work and made a warm shelter for the cattle so that when cold winter set in they would be well cared for with the hay stack near by for fodder.

\* This habitation was near the farm road that leads directly to the present house yard.



The autumn days were beautiful in the hill country. In some ways the hills and woods reminded them of Norway. They however missed the cheerful green of the pine and spruce of their native land.

The short days of November passed swiftly by. The men loved to hunt but it was not for pleasure alone as well they knew the meat supply had to come from the wilderness about them.

A ample supply of stove wood was cut up and split ready for winter.

As the nights became longer and colder and the December skies were bleak, the wolverine of the great wilderness sounded forth their hungry clamor. And in the woods about the primitive dwelling the small wood owls hooted and near by the great snow white woods owl hooted also.

During the long evenings the men sat by the fire of their habitation conversing in Norwegian while mother Ragnild was ever busy with her fingers over her wool knitting.

And on retiring to bed the young men slept soundly the sleep of youth. Not so for the mother. How often in the dark hours of the night she thought of those graves on Washington Prarie church yard and with hard work worn hands she wiped the tears from her eyes.

Christmas eve.

Ragnild and her sons sat down to the simple evening meal. There probably was a candle to brighten the dark room. The flickering light from the open draft of the stove cast shadows on the earthen walls and simple furniture.

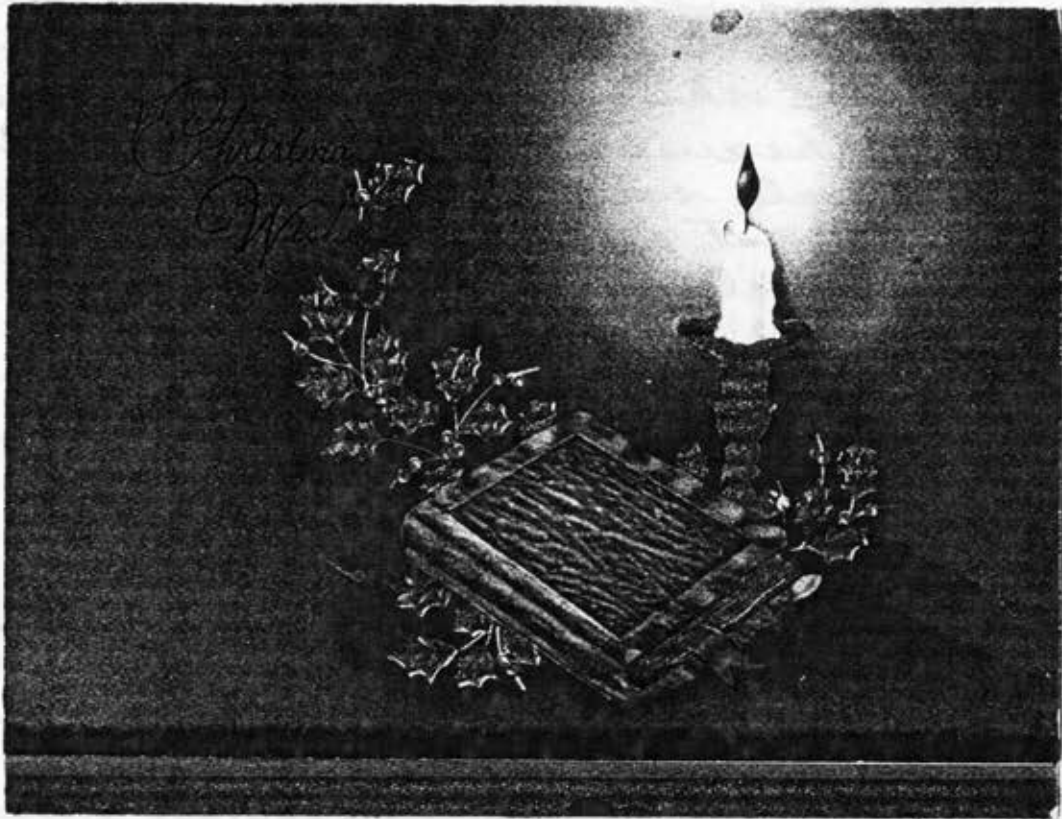
Their thoughts went back to Norway, in years gone by. — Christmas eve — The soft light of candles in every room and the clean fragrance of spruce.

The evening meal of "Fruite gräut" "Creamed mush and lute fish with melted butter and potatoes.

as well as leffe, flatbröd and tyt, bär sylt  
as well as many other things brought memories to them.

After supper the mother and sons sat in the semi darkness of the room. The crackling fire burning on the stove grates was cheerful.

The water kettle made a soft summing sound that somehow lent a spirit of contentment to the simple scene.



This card  
was sent to  
Erwin from  
Aunt Louise  
Carlson, Ingelb's  
daughter.

### Christmas 1871

The morning chore was quickly done. The mother and sons sat in their habitation.

Ragnild opened the cover of the small chest of books and took out the family Bible and "Hus postil" a book of sermons.

As the family had devotions in Norway, so now on this Christmas day the beautiful story was read. The Christmas sermon was also read and some of the familiar Christmas hymns were song.

Somehow the joy of the Christmas festive season came also in that simple home. There was a quiet joy in the heart of every one.

Jan. 1, 1872. It was their first New Year in Minnesota. The January days and nights were bitterly cold. It was well their home was a dugout habitation. When the fierce blizzards raged and the forest about them roared they were comfortable.

The snow became deeper and walking became difficult in travel. A straight grained oak was cut and from its log, narrow boards were split and worked into the shape of skis. Much work and patience was required to work down the split wood into smooth running skis. The skis were put in a bend by the stove where they were slowly dried by the fire.

March came upon the land.

The south wind blew with a cold thawing force. The sun shone warm on the south slopes and the deep drifts sunk and water filled the basins of the forest.

In the evenings the western skies blazed with colour as old sol slipped down the horizon.

The Leaf Mountain country was very beautiful in spring.

Mother Ragild and her sons again had a council. Spring with warmer weather was soon at hand. Should they move on to the Red River valley where the land was rich and level? This would very likely mean a year without any crops as it would be too late to plow and seed crops, not to mention some kind of building for themselves and a stable for the animals.

They knew the soil of the hill country was good but it would require much hard work to clear it for fields.

They were tired of traveling and they had very little money.



As they pondered upon this they became convinced that it would be wiser to stay and open up land for fields.

They chose spots where the land was quite open, where less grubbing was required.

They were in desperate need of crops as their food supply was very low and they made every effort to plant as much as possible in the rich soil of the forest land.

Where they got their seed I do not know. There was a beautiful custom in the pioneer days in Cransill, Lund, Millerville, Leaf-Mountain and Eagle Lake townships as well as in other places, where homesteaders had harvested a crop to give a share of seed to newcomers that had none and who were about to plant.

These in turn would help others when they were blessed with crops.

The pioneers in the early days of the settlements were very brotherly and charitable to one another.

I will relate a story that was told to me about a greedy thankless man who took advantage of the above custom.

He came from southern Sweden and settled in the community some years later. He had heard about this custom of getting seed grain and he decided to work it for all it was worth.

He drove around from farm to farm telling his errand and got seed at every place. He never thanked anyone for all he got but hurried on in his greed.

At one place the good man of the farm thought, "I will get a thank you out of him." When he gave the greedy man the seed he added, "I will give you the sacks also."

For reply he however recieved no thanks only a curt nod. "yes naturally, the sacks go with the seed grain."

The greedy man in his mad blindness thought he could go on thus in the community but his name became a byword for greed and selfishness.

He was shunned by all decent people.

During the year 1872 the government surveyed and formed the boundary of Leaf Mountain township. This very likely was done during the spring months of that year.

As soon as the quarter sections lines was determined the Jacobson brothers and their mother Ragnild set about to select homesteads for themselves.

John Jacobson\* chose the site where they had their habitation. Ingebrecht chose a homestead one mile north of his brother John. Christian selected for homestead 160 acres in Eagle Lake township.

### Citizenship

On November 21, 1882 Ragnild Larson Jacobson became a naturalized citizen of the United States. On coming to Minnesota she dropped the Larson name to conform with the American way of registering family names.

Her son, John Jacobson, went with her to Fergus Falls, Minnesota where this was registered in the Ottertail County Court House.

Jon Jacobson changed his name at that time to John and was from that time known as John Jacobson.

Ragnild chose for her homestead eighty acres that was located between her sons John and Engleberts farms.

Ole Jacobson did not homestead as he was not of age being only seventeen years of age.

During the summer of 1872 many settlers came to Leaf Mountain township and filed on homesteads.

Ragnild lived with her sons on John's homestead until in the autumn of 1872 when she moved to Christians place and kept house for Christian and Ole who were single men.

During the spring months of 1873 Minnesota was visited by the terrible grasshopper scourge.

The sky became darkened and a buzzing sickly green mass settled on the land.

The terrible destruction by millions of grasshoppers devoured every green thing that grew.

When the destructive scourge moved on the once beautiful land was but a filthy skeleton of its former self.

Nature again put forth new effort and healed to a large measure the stripped land.

The forest became green again and the prairie and meadows quickly recovered from the hungry pest.

The farming sections of Minnesota suffered severely during this plague on the land.

This pest plagued the farmers for several years.

I have no record of that this pest did much damage in Leaf Mountain.



The spring of 1875 came with high hopes and aspirations for a successful year in the agriculture pursuits in the settlement.

Ragnilds sons Christian and Ole had loaded their shot guns and went into the woods to hunt for game. There was wood partridges, snow shot hares and sometimes deer as well as other game lurking in the denseness of the forest.

The two brothers had walked about one mile north east from the John Jacobson building site and was in a dense woods. They had their dog along who was very eager in the chase.

At this place in the woods their dog encountered a fight with a neighboring dog who came upon the scene. A terrific dog fight ensued in which the Jacobson dog was beaten furiously.

Christian who was always very fond of his dogs forgot the danger of his weapon and hit the strange dog with his gun in order to end the fight. This resulted in the gun accidentally fired, the whole charge struck Ole in his stomach who felt mortally wounded.

Christian was struck with horror and dismay and quickly summoned his brothers who made a stretcher in all haste and brought Ole to his mother and home.

The nearest doctor resided at Alexandria. To send message there and get back would take two days. It soon became apparent that Ole could not survive that long a time.

Christian was stricken with keen grief and remorse. The dying youth spoke kind words to comfort his brother.

As the mother and brothers stood at his bedside he spoke to them of his faith in God. Then at the age of eighteen years April 15, 1875 his spirit slipped away to be with his Lord and Savior.

Once more the mother and sons made ready for funeral.

A simple home made casket was made and a day for burial was decided on.

A family burial lot was chosen from the Norwegian Lutheran Synod cemetery.\*

This cemetery is located at the west side near highway of Inspiration Peak State Park.

Here at this open grave met the bereaved family, and neighbors that April day and there was no clergy to read the committal.

Some time later when the pastor Rev A. J. Stadstad had christian service in the congregation the committal service was read at the grave.

A small marble memorial marks the place of burial.

Christian never forgot this tragic accident. He cut the buttons of his brother Ole's vest he wore that day on the hunt and strung them on a string which he always kept in his room.

During all this sorrow Ragnild never lost her faith in God.

She became very humble in her prayer life to God.

When there was christian service in some farm home and later in the school house dist. No. 70 she would kneel upon entering the room in humble observance of God's mercy in granting His Holy word to be preached and His sacraments administered to the members of the congregation.

\* This property is now owned by the Leaf Mountain Evangelical Lutheran Church.

In about 1882 - or possibly 1883 Christian Jacobson sold his homestead to Andrew Peterson. He helped his brothers John and Ingelbregt build the one room cabin on the mothers homestead. There he made his home with his mother. They kept one cow and a few chickens.

While Christian was a boy of thirteen years in Norway he contracted scarlet fever in a severe form. When he recovered he became stone deaf.

He had learned norwegian well in the school of his home land and as he was an ardent student he soon learned to read the English language in America.

The weekly news papers in both the English and norwegian language became his pleasure as well as the farm journals.

He also devoted much time in reading the devotional books of his home.

He became proficient in lip reading especially those he knew well like his mother, brothers, and near relatives, and close friends.

He never learned to speak the English language because of his deafness and it was impossible for him to converse with any one except norwegians and Swedes.

To those that did not know him he was sometimes thought to be peculiar.

To a stranger he would ask abruptly, "Are you norwegian?" If the reply was negative the next question was, "Are you a Swede?"

If the reply was still no he was fairly disgusted as he knew well he was unable to converse.

He enjoyed to converse and his deafness was a great abstacle in speaking to people.



Some time after he had sold his homestead to Andrew Peterson, he decided to go to Chicago where he <sup>had</sup> read in a advertisement a doctor had a sure cure for deafness. He went by train to this city and was able to travel about unaided in the great city. This trip, however, did not bring the result he had hoped for. The sure cure was like so many of its kind. No cure at all.

Christian had heard many good reports of the rich homestead land in North Dakota and in 1886 he decided to procure for himself a quarter section of this government land.

He had used his homestead rights in Minnesota but it was possible to procure a homestead by the preemption law that had become in force.

He went to Foster County North Dakota and chose a quarter section about ten miles north east of Carrington.

On this claim he built a one room shanty of lumber and a small stable of prairie sod for his cow and draft oxen.

Soon after Christian had his shanty ready and had written to his mother how he had it she decided to come to him and keep house.

Her sons John and Ingelbrecht tried to persuade her not to go as they feared the hardship of pioneer life on the western plains would be too hard for their mother who was <sup>over</sup> seventy years of age.

She had it comfortably in her own home. This however was useless. Her strong will was very evident and nothing could count her purpose.

Her son John took her to Evansville with her luggage and saw to it she got aboard the proper train to Jamestown North Dakota.

From this place there was a branch line of the Great Northern Railway to Carrington N.D. When she came to Carrington at that time the town had but a rail road depot, one grain elevator, one general store and a hardware store. Also a few residences of the western pioneer type.

Her son Christian was in town to meet his mother and soon she was at home in the pioneer shanty of the plain.

She had one neighbor she knew well from Leaf Mountain. Mrs. Johnson\* a daughter of Anders Mansson lived on a homestead near by and they visited each other.

Soon after Christian had made the building improvements on his claim he started to dig a well. He got a neighbor to help him. They rigged up a windlass over the well so as to be able to pull up the earth as they dug deep in the ground.

After having dug about twenty feet or more and his neighbor was digging, a water vein was struck that gave a strong force of water, that quickly rose in the well. His neighbor quickly jerked on the windlass ropes with great vigor as the water was rising rapidly.

Luckily Christian was at hand and with the slapping of the ropes and in turning the windlass his neighbor was pulled up to safety.

Curbing was soon made for the well and it proved to be the best well in the whole large community.

The water was of good taste and healthy. So abundant was the water supply that several threshing outfits sent their tank men

She came with her father and grandparents to America.  
See Home of Mansson.



To Christian's well for water for the steam engines.

In that vast waterless plain such a well was a great advantage in many ways.

After having lived on the homestead for about a year or so, Christian's health failed him. The severe climate of North Dakota was very trying to him and as he never had been of robust health like his mother, he often had to take to the bed for days.

His mother, however, seemed none the worse for pioneering in spite of being more than seventy years of age.

When he was ill she had the added work of caring for the farm animals.

After two years on the homestead Christian decided with much reluctance to give up the enterprise and sold his farm animals and few implements.

They again established their home in Leaf Mountain in the cabin in the woods on Ragnild's homestead.

I have not been able to ascertain as to the time Christian met with the accident on the railroad that almost caused his death.

Anyway it was a period of depression and money was scarce. He had heard of a place where employment was to be had and decided to walk to this place for work.

It was a long journey by foot and he decided to walk on the railroad tracks as this was the shortest route to the destination he sought.

Because of his deafness his brothers sought to convince him of the great danger of fast trains approaching him from behind and thereby run over him.

These words of warning and caution went unheeded as he was sure that by frequently looking back he would be able



see when a train was within sight and therefore could step to side of the railroad bed.

Christian reached his destination without any mishap. How long he was at this place I do not know but it was while he was returning home on the same route traveling as before on the railroad tracks that the accident happened. As he walked the weary miles he became less heedful of the danger for him.

A fast train was approaching him from behind and as soon as the engineer saw the traveler he whistled long and loud. When it became apparent to him the traveler was deaf the mighty brakes were applied.

Christian walking unaware of the danger suddenly felt vibration on the tracks and quickly jumped to the side but not quick enough as the mighty locomotive caught him in the act and knocked him out completely and he was thought to be dead.

The train came to a halt and Christian was taken to a hospital where he received good care. He suffered many bodily injuries and was in the hospital a long time before he recovered.

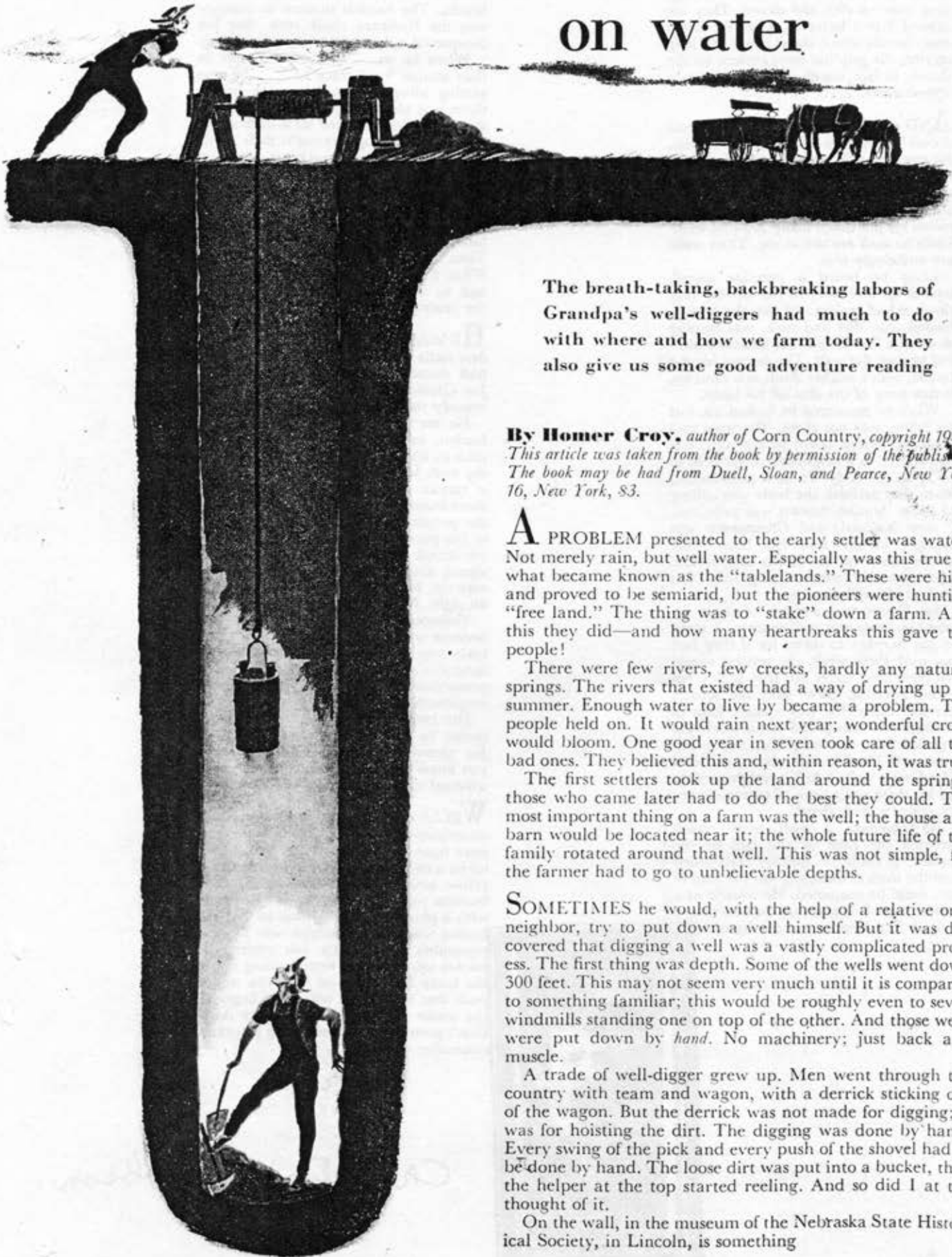
During all this while his mother, Ragnild, was much concerned as to his whereabouts and during his recovery how he was faring.

The railroad company paid for his doctor and hospital expense and as soon as he was well enough to travel he resumed his way home but never did he try to walk on the railroad tracks again.

After this accident he never became as strong as formerly.

# They staked their lives on water

29



The breath-taking, backbreaking labors of Grandpa's well-diggers had much to do with where and how we farm today. They also give us some good adventure reading

**By Homer Croy,** author of *Corn Country*, copyright 1947. This article was taken from the book by permission of the publisher. The book may be had from Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, New York 16, New York, \$3.

**A** PROBLEM presented to the early settler was water. Not merely rain, but well water. Especially was this true in what became known as the "tablelands." These were high and proved to be semiarid, but the pioneers were hunting "free land." The thing was to "stake" down a farm. And this they did—and how many heartbreaks this gave the people!

There were few rivers, few creeks, hardly any natural springs. The rivers that existed had a way of drying up in summer. Enough water to live by became a problem. The people held on. It would rain next year; wonderful crops would bloom. One good year in seven took care of all the bad ones. They believed this and, within reason, it was true.

The first settlers took up the land around the springs; those who came later had to do the best they could. The most important thing on a farm was the well; the house and barn would be located near it; the whole future life of the family rotated around that well. This was not simple, for the farmer had to go to unbelievable depths.

**SOMETIMES** he would, with the help of a relative or a neighbor, try to put down a well himself. But it was discovered that digging a well was a vastly complicated process. The first thing was depth. Some of the wells went down 300 feet. This may not seem very much until it is compared to something familiar; this would be roughly even to seven windmills standing one on top of the other. And those wells were put down by *hand*. No machinery; just back and muscle.

A trade of well-digger grew up. Men went through the country with team and wagon, with a derrick sticking out of the wagon. But the derrick was not made for digging; it was for hoisting the dirt. The digging was done by hand. Every swing of the pick and every push of the shovel had to be done by hand. The loose dirt was put into a bucket, then the helper at the top started reeling. And so did I at the thought of it.

On the wall, in the museum of the Nebraska State Historical Society, in Lincoln, is something

that makes my blood run cold. It tells a terrifying story. This is a set of well-digging tools—a pick and shovel. They are crossed into a letter X. The pick has a short handle which shows it has had long service; the grip has been broken off the shovel; in fact, the shovel has been worn almost away.

AND well it might be, for this pick and shovel belonged to Nils Christensen who, for more than 30 years, dug wells on the high tablelands. If the wells he dug were stood one on top of the other, they would go down into the earth more than two miles! He put down many 300-foot wells. Wells he sank are still in use. Their walls are amazingly true.

Once he heard a peculiar sound, looked up and saw, to his horror, that the rope had broken and that the bucket, loaded with dirt and rock, was coming down at a fearful rate. He flattened himself against the wall. The bucket hit the bottom with a mighty thud; as it went by, it tore some of the skin off his body.

When he recovered he looked up, but his helper was not there. The man had not even looked down in the well, but had started to a neighbor's to get help to bring up the body. To their amazement, when they arrived, the body was calling to them. Another bucket was procured, a rope fastened, and Christensen was brought to the top. His hurts were bound; then he lay down and rested. The next day the amazing man was back at his well-digging.

Joe Grewe was another of those incredible, traveling well-diggers. I want to pay homage to them, for if they had not sunk these wells, the settlers would not have lived there. But they sank them—this amazing crew—and the settlers did live there. Joe was a short man of strength and was proud of his work. He traveled from one neighborhood to another and liked to talk about who had "Joe Grewe wells." And he might well do so, for these wells were of extraordinary straightness and depth.

He invented a steel hook which fastened the rope to the bail of the bucket; it could be quickly unfastened and the work of dumping out the load of dirt could be shortened. He worked at a fearful pace. It is said that once he sank a well 65 feet deep in one day by him-

That is, with only a helper to hoist. He worked chiefly west of Valentine, Nebraska. The hardest stratum to conquer was the Niobrara chalk rock. But Joe conquered it; he could conquer anything.

When he was digging, the people in that section kept track of how he was getting along. When he struck water, there was always a celebration. Joe was the hero—and he liked it; a little swaggering, then. People brought their meals and had a picnic; up and down would go the bucket, everybody, tasting the water.

The reason was the people, then, knew approximately how deep the wells on their land would have to go and about how much they would have to pay. Then they would not have to haul water. What a task that was! Sometimes men had to haul water seven miles across the prairies. Not a pleasant job.

HE WAS called to go back to one of the first wells he had dug; some obstruction had come. His pride was touched; a Joe Grewe well never failed. He would remedy the trouble without charge.

He set up his derrick, straddled the bucket, as he always did, and told his man to lower away. There was water in the well, Joe found, but not enough to be a threat. He began digging with his short-handled pick; then there came to the people waiting at the top the sound of Joe putting loose rock into the bucket. He struck the rope, which was the hoist signal, and the bucket began to creak its way up. His man looked down; Joe was all right. No well-damp.

Unknown to Joe, the steel catch had become worn and now it snapped. The body was finally got out. A community funeral was held. Once again, just as so many times before, he was the center of a neighborhood gathering.

His kin still live there, and they are proud to say they are descended from Joe Grewe. It means something when you know what the deep-well men contributed to the settlement of this section.

WELLS were tremendously important; sometimes they were dangerous, for they were open at the top. Water was drawn up by a chain running over a steel pulley. (How well I know the sound!) The buckets were long, corrugated cylinders with a plunger at the bottom so that the bucket would fill. (Nostalgic note: Do you remember how, when you reeled the bucket up, the water kept running out of the leaky bottom? And how you would push that bottom up with your finger so the water would rush out? Come now! Don't pretend you are so young you can't remember that.)



Christian Jacobson



Ragnild was favored with good health. As the years went by she was as active as ever. In the lonely quietness of her cabin home in the wooded pastureland of the Jacobson holdings she pursued her simple tasks of her home. Being fervently religious the bible and devotional books was her constant comfort to her spiritual life.

The year 1899 came and the old century wore to a close. Ragnild was now 81 years old and seemingly as active as ever.

She rarely walked when she went to visit someone but rather had a way of running that was faster than a brisk walk.

It was during the first years of the twentieth century that she met with a serious accident. She was about her work as usual and had just stepped out of the door when she somehow tripped at the threshold of the door and in the fall she broke her leg. Her son Christian helped her in and at once went to tell his brother John who quickly sent word to Dr. Matheson of Evansville.

After the leg was set and the elderly lady had been made as comfortable as possible, John Jacobson privately asked the Dr. as to the possible recovery of the aged mother.

To this the Dr. had but faint hopes as to her great age was against her.

However in this the Dr. was mistaken as she seemed to recover quite rapidly for her age. After some time she sat in bed and hinted that she was soon going to try the strength of her limb.

All due warnings from her near relatives to the danger of getting up to soon fell on deaf ears. Her strong willpower was again very incident and one morning while Christian was alone with her she said,

in Norwegian "Today I shall try my foot." She carefully got up and took several steps without mishap.

From then on her recovery was rapid and she was able to be about as usual but she did not attain the quickness as before. Her walk became slow.

John Jacobson had built a fine modern brick dwelling on the farm and in 1907 and wanted to build a new house for his mother and Christian, so they might enjoy the comforts of a new home.

To this Ragnild objected strenuously. She loved her old log cabin and as is so often the way of the aged, they fear the change of the old ways to something new.

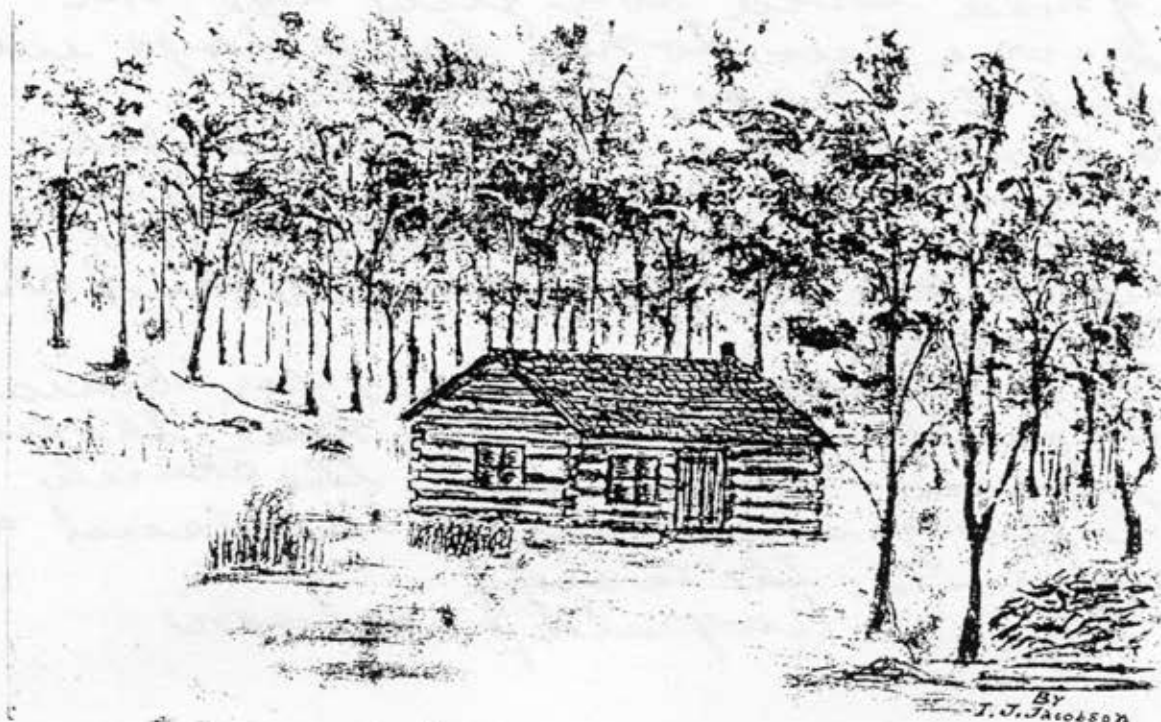
Her granddaughters Mary and Louise Jacobson\* from the two respective Jacobson families came at certain intervals to do house cleaning for their grandmother. This she felt at first to be unnecessary but they prevailed on her and in no time the girls had the house so clean that it shone. When all things was in order and things in its place the grandmother would show her pleasure with a contented chuckle and praise her granddaughters for their labor.

All the members of the Jacobson families showed a profound respect and kindness to the mother and grandmother.

I can remember well the first time I was along with my parents when they visited Ragnild. She conversed with my parents and also spoke to me her great grand son.

As my parents was about to leave she recited from memory a portion of scripture as a parting benediction to them and us all.

Later Esther and Bertina Jacobson from the two respective families did this



Log cabin home of Ragnild Jacobson. Built about 1883. This was her constant home except for two years spent on the homestead of her son Christian at Carrington North Dak. about 1886 and 1887.

Here in this cabin she spent about a quarter of a century of her life.

She loved the beauty of the wood lands surrounding her home.

Here the stately oak grew in abundance. The aspen popular thickets made music in every breeze and in the autumn the sumac shrubs flamed red in the warm sun of September.



Ragnild lived to a great age. Her mind was keen to her last days when she died of old age, Oct. 26, 1909.

The funeral was held from the John Jacobson home and from the Leaf Mountain Lutheran Church; the Rev. S. Hurson pastor of the church had charge of the service.

The Jacobson sons choose for burial site a lot on the church cemetery near the fence by the road across from the church.

The fine granite marker is placed at the grave with the words  
Ragnild Jacobson

This lot borders the lot of her grandson Iver J. Jacobson.

Ragnild treasured a hymnbook which had belonged to her son, Karl Jakobson Valli. Her favorite hymn was, "Jeg Vil Mig Herren Love," "I Will Praise My Lord."

Jeg vil mig Herren love,  
Som mine synder bar.  
Af tro og al formue  
Til Ham mit hjerte staar;  
Hans Navn vil jeg der skrive,  
Og baere til min død.  
Han kan mig sorg fordrive,  
Og skille mig fra nod.

Gud giv mig det at laere,  
Som selv jeg ikke kan!  
Dig bor ske tak af aere  
Af kvinde og af mand.  
Gud giv mig det i sinde  
At love Herren god,  
Om jeg er ude, inde,  
Han laedersker mit angers mod.

O Jesus, livesens Herre,  
Du hore hvad jeg bad,  
Du vilde hos mig vaere  
Saa blir mit hjerte glad.  
Og giv mig naader dine,  
Naar jeg bortsove skal,  
Frels mig fra Helveds pine,  
For mig til Himmerigs sal.

Han ligner solen klare,  
Vidt over verden bold,  
som skinner aabenbare  
Jeg giv mig Ham i vold.  
Han kan vel sorgen slukke  
Det fundet er med mig.  
Min tjeneste vil jeg rekke  
O Jesus det lover jeg dig.

## Jeg vil mig Herren love.

Salme 265, 98, 143, 402, 478, 681, 684.



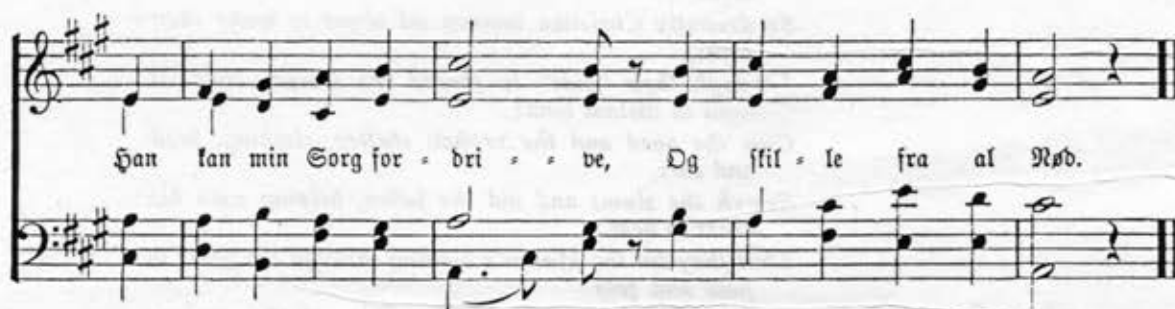
Jeg vil mig Her - ren lo - ve, Som mi - ne Syn - der bar,



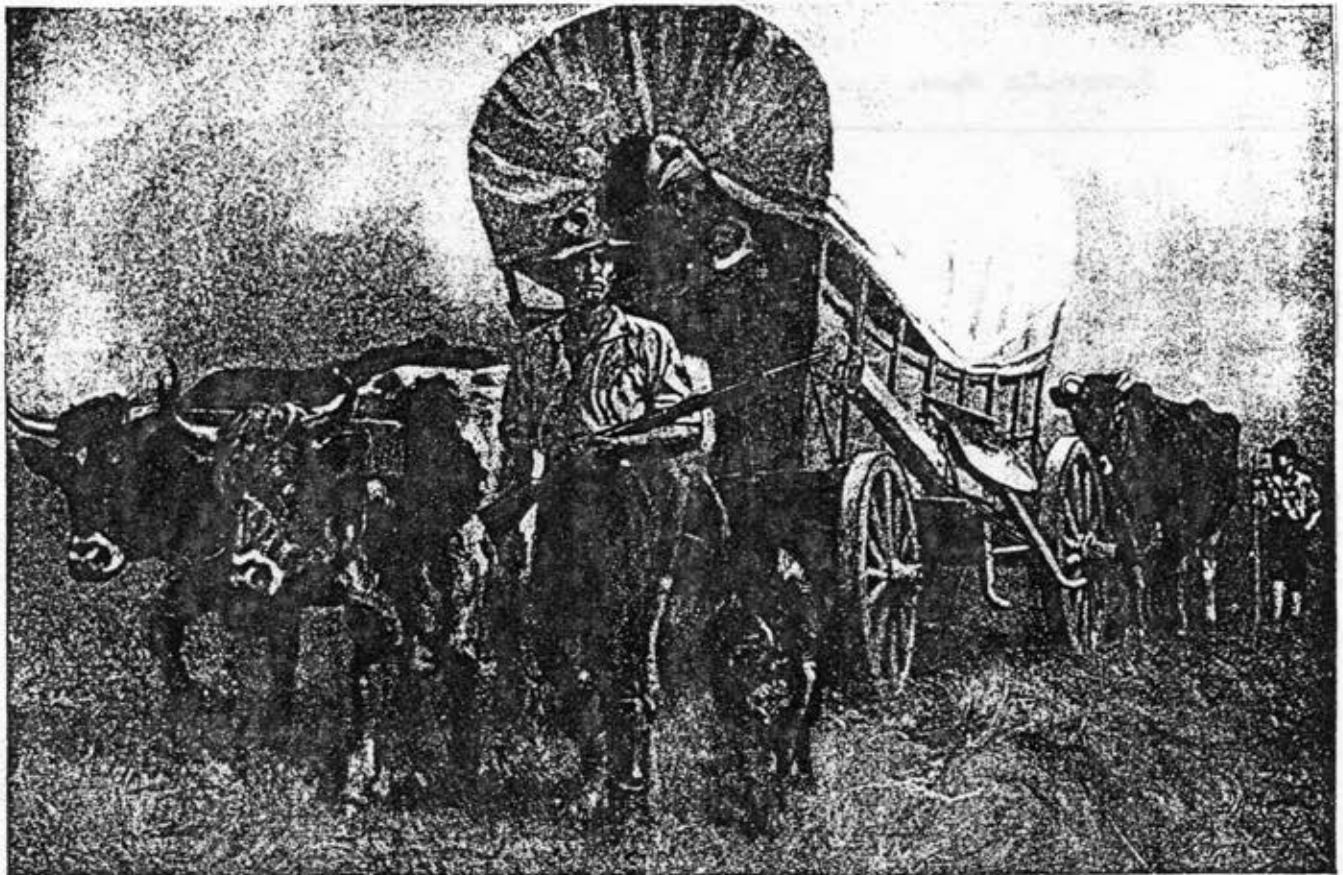
Af Tro og al For - mu - e, Til ham mit Hjer - te staar;



Hans Navn vil jeg der stri - ve, Og bæ - re til min Død,



Han kan min Sorg for - dri - ve, Og stil - le fra al Nød.



### The Pioneers

COVERED wagons left their wheel tracks on the virgin,  
 western soil,  
 And the prairie's hidden riches beckoned to the men of  
 toil.  
 And they took the challenge bravely, built their homes  
 of log and sod,  
 Lived like brothers with their neighbors, fearing, trust-  
 ing, loving God.  
 Then as years rolled by, their churches slender spires  
 reared above  
 Waving fields and growing farmsteads, pointing to eter-  
 nal love.  
 This was their achievement's glory! They had built a  
 dwelling place  
 For their God whose arm had led them through the  
 many weary days.  
 Was it right to keep such blessings to themselves? Oh,  
 no, indeed!  
 They must find a way to share them with humanity in  
 need.  
 So devoutly Christian women set about to make their  
 plans.  
 Through their "aids" to spread the Gospel, shed its  
 light to distant lands,  
 Give the aged and the orphan shelter, clothing, food  
 and care,  
 Search the slums and aid the fallen, helping each his  
 cross to bear.  
 Thus they did the Master's bidding through the years in  
 field and fold  
 And the blessings of their labors blessed the workers  
 manyfold.



**COWS GO HOME IN NORWAY.** As winter approaches, Norwegian farmers round up their individual herds, which have grazed together on mountain pastures, and lead them home to winter quarters in the valleys. Here, two herdsman who probably will see little of one another during the cold months, shake hands warmly before going their separate ways.



*On the way home from the Satter in Norway.*

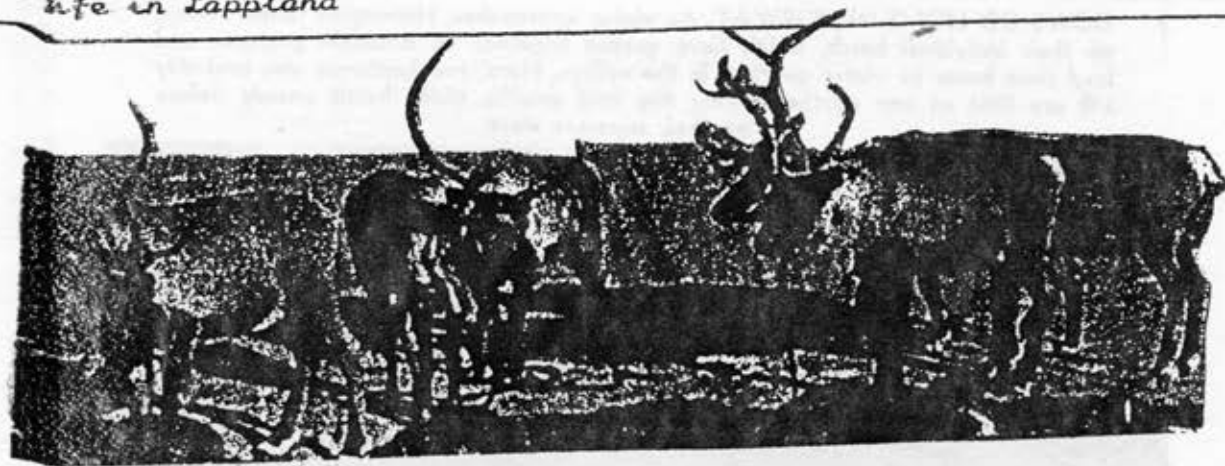
John Jacobson spent many summers of his boyhood herding in the mountains of Battfjeldal in Nordland, Norway.

As a rule the cattle were driven to the home farm the later part of August. Several mountain storms could be expected the last days of August and in September.

The mountain regions became a scene of winter with heavy snow on the ranges.

The winters of Nordland are very long and during the arctic winter the sun is not visible except for a strong light in the south horizon.

and  
that  
massive  
are than



### All-important reindeer

During the annual jaunts up to the mountain regions in the spring and down to the woods in the fall, some of the animals have to be pressed into service to draw sleds packed with Lapps' property and food supplies for the months ahead.

Other reindeer wander in large herds, sometimes consisting of more than 3,000 animals. Even the best fields above the Arctic circle offer scanty pasturage, so the reindeer are constantly on the move to find food enough to keep from starving. In winter, reindeer even nose through the snow to find forage.

John Jacobson recalled with interest the tribe of Lapps that frequented parts of Nordland where the Jacobsons had their home. They roamed from place to place where the land was a wilderness and not fit for agriculture. The Lapps always had herds of reindeer. One custom was to drive the animals into a corral so tightly packed together that the small beasts had little chance to move about. The Lapps would then milk the deer into wooden bowls. The rich milk was then poured into a large wooden bucket. A great barrel was sunk into the ground in a shady, cool place. Milk was added daily until the wooden barrel was full. Then it was covered and sealed until winter when very sour thick milk was scooped out and diluted with water and served with their food.

There are less than 30,000 inhabitants of Lappland - a vast region of ice, snow and sparse vegetation - extends over northern Norway, Sweden, Finland, and R. Lappland has no political boundaries and on half of it lies above the Arctic Circle.

Jon Jacobson was born in Vefsens parish in Hattfjeldsdalen Nordland Norway. July 12, 1851. His parents was Jacob Hanson and Ragnild Imgebretsdatter.

In the same year 1851 he was baptized by Pastor S. Schilidrup pastor of Vefsens Church.

He recieved his education in the parish school where the school master also taught religion according to the teaching of the Lutheran state church of Norway. At the Customary age of fourteen or fifteen years he was confirmed at Vefsens church.

His youth was spent in attending school in winter and herding the flocks of sheep and goats in the mountains in summer.

This was a lonesome task for a young active boy but it taught him much patience and this was to serve him in much later in life.

He recalled his youth to me once in this manner. His work in the summer months was to herd the sheep and goats in one flock.

This was difficult to do. The goats were always finding lofty crags and broken glacial rocks to stand on. The sheep were content to graze on brush and grass on the mountain side.

The real trouble was when thunder storms swept over the mountains in summer.

The sheep always found shelter under some great Norway spruce trees where they would be comparatively dry but the foolish goats would bray in fright at the peal of a crashing thunder and flee up the steep mountain walls.

After the rain it was often very hard to find the goats and bring the flocks together.



His youth was however very happy with in his parental home with his brothers and only sister.

At the age of seventeen years Jon Jacobson was a tall, handsome young man. He had hazel eyes, black hair and had a rather dark complexion.

At this age he left Norway with his parents brothers and sister.

The family came to the shores of North America July 14, 1868.

At this early age Jon Jacobson showed a firm character, mental poise, and was trustworthy in all matters.

He was eager to see the great north American continent and at his youthful age did not have to shoulder the anxiety of his parents and older brothers.

He was an observant boy and his keen mind took in every detail of the long journey.

On coming to Colmar, Iowa he took employment on a farm to bind grain in the harvest fields. The summer of 1868 was indeed a season of sorrow for the young man when his two oldest brothers and only sister died from a unknown malady.

During the summer of 1869 he was employed by a German farmer.

This farmer had several children who spoke German to their parents and from them he learned to speak German fluently.

This that he learned to speak German was to be of great advantage to him when he homesteaded in Leaf Mountain where he had many German neighbors.

In the fall of 1869 his father died of pneumonia. He had a tender regard for his father who was kind to his family.

In the many deaths of the family it served to awaken a grand outlook on life for the young man, and his religious thinking became a force in his life.

During the years he was in Iowa a period of transition was in progress in agriculture. The reaper was set to work in the harvest fields and with each year new inventions were made to improve on the past performance.

Among the farmers there was debated and discussions as to the best performance of the several makes of machines that were put to use at that time. The McCormick and Deering machines were the leading makes but there was also many other makes.

Jon Jacobson took a keen interest in these discussions and farmer as he was he enjoyed to see the new inventions that was taking place instead of the slow back breaking methods of old.

He told of one harvester company invented a platform on the reaper where two men stood and caught the sheaves as they were packed ready for tying at the place where binder head is now.

These men would quickly tie sheaf and throw it on the ground.

In this way inventions were added to machines every year until the binder was invented.

When Jon Jacobson was twenty years of age a great happiness came into his life. In the neighborhood where he worked a beautiful young woman was employed in a town household in Ossian, Ia.

She had come to America in 1870.

Her home in Norway was in Valdres.

She was tall and stately with dark blue eyes as blue as the deep fjords of Norway.

Jon Jacobson sought the love of this girl, Ingrid Hamrud, and to his great joy found his love was returned.

Upon their engagement the young couple decided as soon as Jacobson had chosen a homestead in Minnesota the couple would be wedded.

Before the Jacobsons left Iowa for Minnesota Jon and Ingrid went to a photographer to have their pictures taken. These were tin type photographs and were very likely taken in 1870 before the Jacobsons started out for Minnesota. They exchanged photographs and after a sweet lingering farewell the couple was not to meet again before in the fall of 1872.

The journey to Minnesota in covered wagons with oxen I have already given a brief account of so I will therefore describe more fully the life on the homestead in Minnesota.

When Jon Jacobson came to his homestead in Minnesota he changed his name to John Jacobson and from henceforth he was known by that name.

During the summer of 1872 he worked steady to enlarge his field as the forest is a arduous task to grub out and clear for fields.

The wheat, corn, potatoes and vegetables grew most prolific in the rich woodland soil.





## Wedding

John Jacobson corresponded with his fiancée in Iowa and in the late summer of 1872 the young couple decided to be wedded.

Ingrid Camrud packed her small trunk from Norway and her luggage and came by train to Saint Cloud which was as far north as the railroad was built at that time.

At St. Cloud she traveled by stage coach to old Brandon or what was also known as Fort Chippewa.

Here young Jacobson met her with his own and heavy wagon, the same prairie schooner wagon from Iowa. After the trunk and luggage were lifted on the wagon the young couple set out for home. The young Camrud <sup>girl</sup> no doubt viewed the frontier wilderness with mingled joy and misgivings.

No more need to be mentioned about the homeward journey of the young couple very much in love and having not seen each other for about two long years one can be sure it was a joyous trip with the slow open plodding on and on in the beautiful autumn wilderness.

Upon arriving home mother Ragnild met them at the door and soon thereafter the Jacobsons and Camrud girl partook of a good meal.

The young couple was anxious to seek the blessings of marriage by a Lutheran clergy.

John Jacobson had heard a missionary pastor Rev S. A. Hoganson of the Augustana Lutheran Synod was coming to visit the Christina Lake congregation of Lund Township in Douglas County at the home of a Mr. Lars Olson.

On the 8 of November 1872 the happy young couple donned their Sunday's best and walked to the place of worship.

During this service Rev. S. A. Hoganson read the nuptial service in Swedish to the young couple. Ingebrecht Jacobson and Lars Olson were the witnesses to the marriage.

\* A pioneer friend of John Jacobson and deacon and song leader of Christine Lake congregation, spoke of the young Jacobson couple as being very handsome. After many hearty handshakes and best good wishes the young couple made their way home as man and wife.

Ragnild Jacobson decided to keep house for her son Ingebrigt on his homestead and the young couple set about to make a home, as well as possible, in the simplicity of the raw wilderness.

They were sorely handicapped for the lack of money to buy the simple necessary things of life.

A new log house was planned but it would require much work to cut trees and make logs ready for building. Log barns for the cattle had to be built also and this required a lot of labor.

During the long winter the young Jacobson cut logs and during frigid days the woods rang with the sharp report of steel on the wedges as the logs were split for joists or rafters.

At other times posts were made from logs and holes hewn out for where rails was to be inserted.

The cattle were allowed to roam around in summer and the fields were fenced in with rail-fencing so as to keep the cattle out.

The summer of 1873 was much like the former year. More land was cleared. There was plowing and seeding. The planting of corn, potatoes, and the garden. The year of the grasshopper plague was ever present and damage they did in varied measure in the settlement. The insect pests was a trying ordeal. The ponds and sloughs were full of stagnant water where mosquitoes arose in clouds of grey hungry pests that preyed mercilessly on man and beast.

Fleas came into the houses and bit with burning terror on both adults and children.

Mr. Nils Lang was a blocker or presenter and organizer for the church for a long period.



BUILDING A WOOD BARN ONCE MEANT  
WEEKS OF LABOR FOR THE FARMER

Making Timber ready for building.  
Keen eyes and steady arms required  
to handle the axe so the finished material would  
be four square.

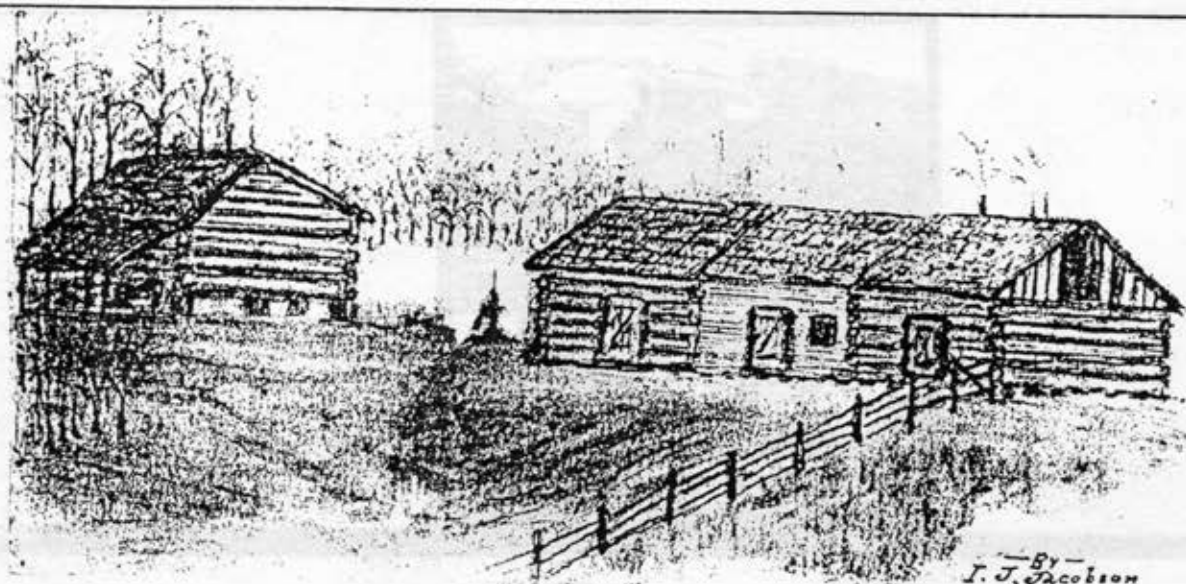
When John Jacobson build the large barn  
on his farm in 1897 (which still is in use  
and seemingly as good as ever 1948) he prepared  
much building material from the farm woodlands.

The oak sills and braces were hand hewn.  
The joists rafters and studs were hewn from  
aspens popular. When the carpenter was  
engaged to build the barn he was skeptical  
as to the straightness of the hand hewn  
material as much alteration in cutting was  
required if the material varied in any degree.

When the carpenter started the work he  
was agreeably surprised at the fine quality  
of workmanship and very little extra  
fitting was needed.

Through many years of this kind of labor  
Jacobson had learned the fine art of exactness  
a trait which he diligently taught his  
children.





Pioneer farm buildings on the John Jacobson farm.  
The building to the left was a log granary with shed on the side.  
The building to the right was the old log barn which was built in three sections.  
With the increase of cattle it became necessary to build new additions.  
The buildings were pulled down when the new barn was built in 1897.

Drawing from memory by Iver J. Jacobson.

Eransville man served under General Custer -  
Long journey to Perham.

Nels A. Lang, whose death occurred recently at Eransville, was an old time Indian fighter. Mr. Lang served under General Custer in 1873, who was assigned to protect a surveying party laying out the route for the northern Pacific across what was then Dakota Territory, and Montana.

This was three years before the massacre of General Custer and his men by the Sioux of Big Horn. Indians objected to the Northern Pacific survey because they knew that the arrival of the railroad would mean an influx of white settlers. Thus it was necessary to send a regiment of infantry and cavalry equipped with two cannon to guard the surveyors against the Indians.

One day Indians killed three members of the surveying crew and after that there was three weeks of spasmodic fighting. None of the soldiers was killed during this time, although on one occasion General Custer's horse was shot from under him.

Some time later, Mr. Lang returned to Douglas County where he became a school teacher. It is interesting to note that the log schoolhouse where he taught parochial school in 1877 was purchased by Mr. Lang and converted into a granary when a more modern school was erected. The old log school still stands on the Lang farm north of Eransville. Mr. Lang was also a musician of note and in 1881 became director of music and when the first organ was purchased for the Christina Lake Church he became the organist. He held this position for twenty eight years.

Many interesting early events were recalled by Mr. Lang in his last years. He often told of the long journey by ox team to Perham, the nearest mill in the early days.

It required three days to make the trip and Rush Lake was the over-night stop. There the weary travelers pitched their tents at nightfall and ate by the light of a campfire.

In his death the community has lost one more of the fast diminishing links with the pioneer days of Western Minnesota. Write up in Evansville Interpress. Evansville Minn.

Mr. Nels Lang was a close friend of my grandfather John Jacobson.

They spent many happy hours fishing together. Mr. Lang was present at the wedding of my grandparents John and Ingrid Jacobson at the home of Mr. Lars Olson where the ceremony was conducted by a missionary pastor Rev. S. A. Hoganson.



The threshing rig with straw carrier and powered by horses was a familiar sight during the early years. The one pictured here was operated in Martin County, Minnesota, in 1885. We are indebted to Walter Carlson for the picture.



The flies was also a formidable pest.

No screens or poisons could be obtained so the pioneers were very handicapped to fight the insect pests. No wonder they thought of Old Norway where so few of these pest was present.

By the spring of 1874 the great pile of logs was ready for the building of the new house.

The cellar was dug and the stone foundation laid. John secured the help of able builders and day after day the heavy logs were cut into place and laid.

Skills required to fit the logs so even corners are built and that door and window casings will fit properly in the openings for same.

From the sale of grain and a few livestock, money was secured to buy windows, lumber for floors, roof and hardware.

At last the house was ready so the family could move in. How happy Ingrid was to have so good substantial home to live in.

The pioneers of Leaf Mountain Township had a long distance to any market. The nearest place was at Perham. The Northern Pacific was built through this town in 1871. It was a great help to get the railway that near as formerly all grain had to be hauled to St. Cloud.

As a rule Jacobson would load up his wheat in sacks and set out for Perham soon after tracking. It was a four days journey with oxen from Jacobson place. With horses the journey could be in three days.

Perham was a busy place in the early days. The town served a large territory.

Hundreds of heavy loads drawn by oxen or horses came to town with wheat or farm produce. There was a brisk trade in lumber, hardware, dry goods, groceries and farm supplies.

All those that had grain to sell tried by all means to arrive in town early so as to be able to sell grain as soon as possible in the forenoon.

Perham also had a flour mill and at this place wheat was exchanged for flour.

On these long journeys to town John Jacobson had occasion to make the acquaintance of many of the pioneer of the surrounding communities.

He spoke German with ease with the farmers of his neighborhood or those from Miller's township. With the Norwegians and Swedes he made friends everywhere.

With his good memory he knew where each party he spoke with was located in the several communities.

The nearest post office in the pioneer period was Kron Post office and was situated on the A. J. Johnson farm (present owner his son Edwin Johnson) and was near where present Kron public school is situated in Lund, township, Douglas County.

Here a grocery and dry good store was built by a Mr. Kron. The post office was kept in his store and he was the postmaster.

John Jacobson sent letters from this place and also received all mail addressed to him his wife or family.

The community had organized as a school district but no school house had been built. School was held a few months in winter in some farm home where a large room was available. School had been held for some years at the Magnus Mansson Molling home but as the elderly couple expected their son and his family from Sweden would arrive and take charge they asked to be freed of this obligation.

John Jacobson was asked if they would open their home for public school and board the schoolmaster or mistress whichever case it might be.

Jacobson agreed to this and school was held at the Jacobson home for a period of a few months for some years. \*

The children of the community were boys and girls in their early teens when they started school so a lot had to be learned in a short time.

Norwegian, Swedish and German was taught in the homes by the respective nationalities so often the children had a fair education in these foreign languages. However the knowledge of the foreign tongue helped them master English quicker than if they had had no knowledge of any language.

After the public school was built in district 70 a much better education was made possible. From this district in the early pioneer period many fine men and women have stepped forth in the affairs of men.

Many are skilled progressive farmers, others as craftsmen or in <sup>some</sup> professions but above all as the finest type of home makers.

When we compare the education of the pioneer days with the all the advantages of our present day systems one can only marvel how much was learned in a short time each year.

\* My mother can remember as a little girl she had to be very quiet during school hours so as not to distract the pupils from their studies.



# Home of John and Ingrid Jacobson

This picture was taken in July 1890 by a traveling photographer.

The front part of house was built of logs about 1875, or possibly in 1876. In 1890 the new north addition was built. Also the house was made warmer with lap siding. A small summer kitchen and porch was added and the whole house painted.

New windows were placed in the log house part of dwelling but the building of a new brick chimney was not begun at this time.

Persons left to right in picture are Annie, Mary, Martin, August in his mother's lap, Ingrid Jacobson, John Jacobson and Iver.

The two older sons Carl and Jacob were out on meadow putting up hay and therefore were not present when picture was taken.

The planting of cotton wood and box elder trees was made some years before this picture was taken and is seen left of house.

To the right of house can be seen a couple of split rails, a part of a rail fence.

Annie Jacobson wore the same dress she was confirmed in. It was a part wool of a faint small check pattern trimmed with a black velvet. A Miss Anna Larson who was seamstress sewed the garment.

The garments worn by the smaller children was made by Annie Jacobson as her mother Ingrid had very poor eyes and therefore was unable to do any sewing.

In those times very few clothes were bought ready to wear.

This picture is a copy of the original at the home of Wm Jacobson.

In July 1876  
in the vicinity  
a lot of ponies

In returning  
County they got  
them crazy  
themselves

a party of Chippewas were  
of Big Stone Lake and bought  
from the Sioux.

Through Elizabeth Ottatant  
some whiskey. This made  
and they stole and helped  
freely to provisions,

and  
grazed  
their

ponies in the grain  
fields near by.

The story came out  
the Indians were on  
the war path killing  
and plundering at will.

As the story circulated  
over the counties of Ottatant  
Grant and Douglas.

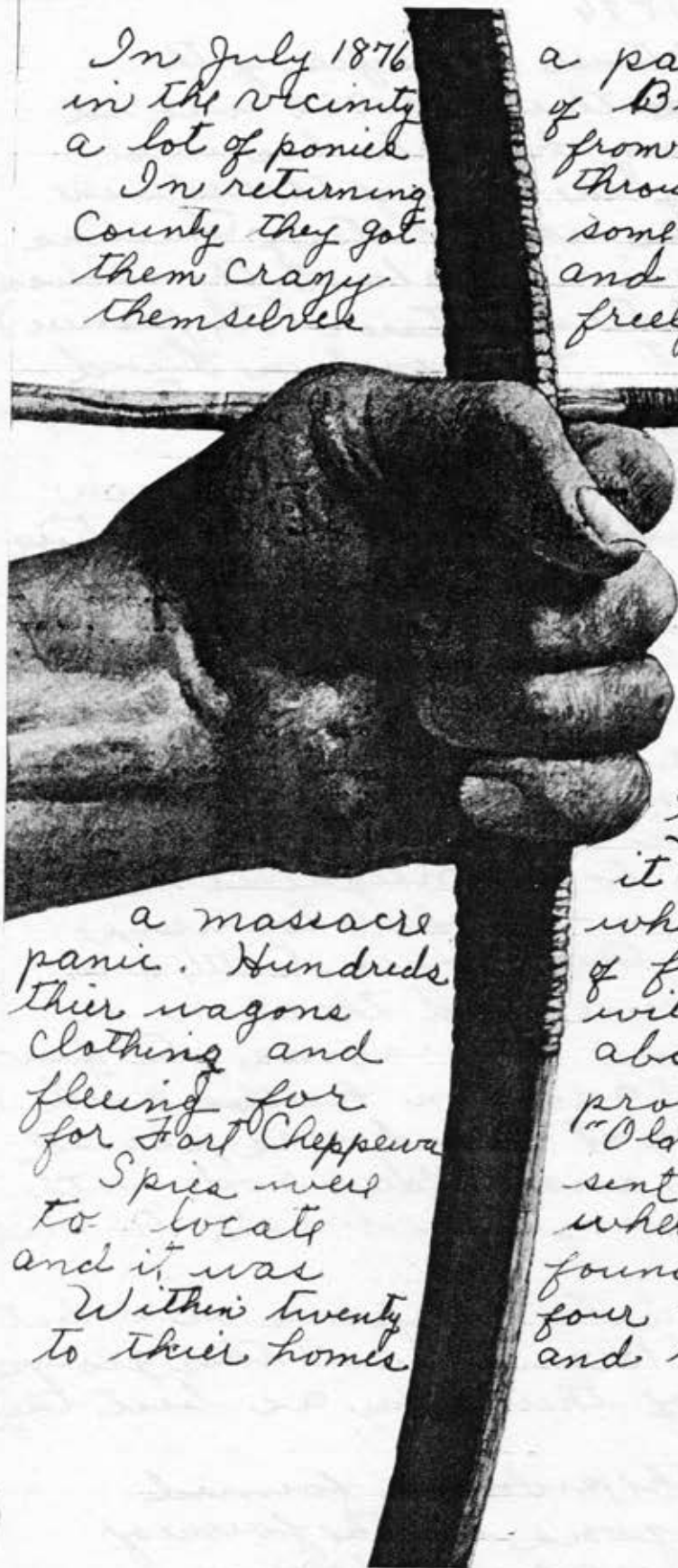
it became distorted into  
which soon brought a  
of families hastily loaded  
with provisions and  
abandoned their homes  
protection. Many set out  
"Old Brandon".

sent out on swift ponies  
where warring Indians were  
found to be false rumor.  
four hours the people returned  
and the scare was over.

a massacre  
panic. Hundreds  
their wagons  
clothing and  
fleeing for  
for Fort Chippewa

Spies were  
to locate  
and it was

Within twenty  
to their homes



The Indian scare of 1876.

The pioneers had at all times some fear of the Indians. The murderous outbreak of 1862 was not easily forgotten when so many homesteaders were slain in their homes by the fiery of the red men.

Rev. S. J. Kronberg who was pastor of Christina Lake Church a long time writes about the Indian scare of 1876 in his book *Banbrytareen* (The Pioneer) and tell of the events as it happened in Lund Township and very likely this is a repetition of Leaf Mountain Township also.

The rumor came about a pioneer had seen a man gallop a horse riding hard and shouting. The Indians are on the war path and soon here.

Another pioneer had seen Indians lurking in the wilderness and still another had heard an Indian had fired several shots and so on.

Someone reported having seen a house burn. The fear grew into a panic and the panic spread like a huge fire in the woods.

Pioneers ran in haste to tell neighbors or friends and the panic grew. Whole townships made haste to flee from their homes. Cattle and other livestock were let loose and the oxen or horses <sup>was</sup> quickly hitched up to wagons. A few quilts or robes, coffee can, iron kettles and food provisions that was at hand was placed in wagon. The women and children rode in the wagons while the men urged the beasts to make all haste possible.

Most of the people fled to Chippewa or what was then known as Old Brandon. Other groups formed fortification of their own as best they could.

In Old Brandon the pioneers formed fortifications of wagons in the form of a circle. Behind these wagons the men waited ready with guns and rifles.

The women folks and children hovered



about in groups inside the wagon defenses. As they waited the approach of the enemy a rifle report was heard in the wooded wilderness. This added terror to the panic. Women and children wept in fear.

After waiting a long time the panic died down and many was about ready to return to their homes.

Just then a messenger came riding in with the report that armed Indians were but a mile away. The panic became intense and all made ready for the fiercest struggle.

As they were thus ready a man rode in with good news. From telegrams from different parts of the state the red men were quiet and peaceful and therefore was no sign of warfare.

The pioneers at once made ready to return to their homes. Their cows on the farm had not been milked for 48 hours and need attention at once.

## X.

John Jacobson also heard of the red men on the warpath. All his neighbors made haste to leave and Ingrid made all haste to get the children ready for the exodus. The oxen was yoked to the wagon and food, quilts and utensils were loaded into the wagon. The mother and two children\* got into the wagon and the beast was hurried along on the trail to Fort Chippewa.

They arrived safely within the wagon fortification of old Brandon. After questioning several men on the rumors that the red men were on the war path, Jacobson became skeptical as all reported only hearsay.

\* Carl and my mother was the two children who was along on this ride. My mother was about a year old at this time.

Emmi Carlson.

He later told of how some Germans were out in the woods spying as to if the Indians were in the vicinity and while they rode back to the fortified camp some woman mistook them for Indians and screamed in terror. God have mercy has come the Indian. The panic died down and every one went home to their respective homes at being told the whole thing was but a tale.

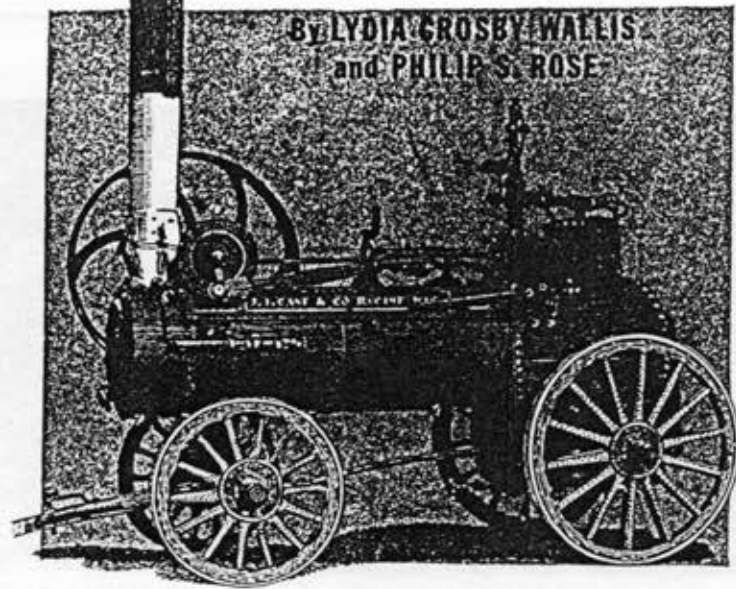


DESCENDANTS OF PAUL BUNYAN'S BLUE OX TEAM

During the pioneer years oxen served as draft animals on the farms.

Horses used in the early days was a rather small breed of inferior breeding.

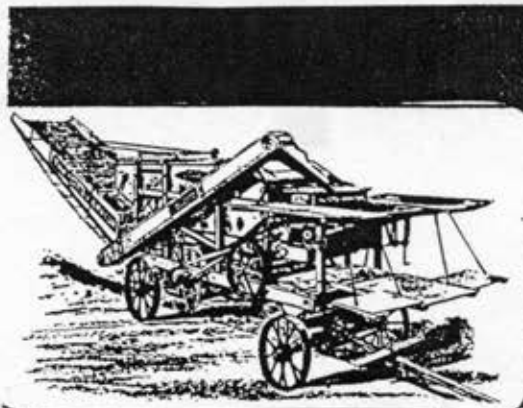
They were rather wild and quick to kick.



Jerome Case's steam threshing engine No. 1, now in the Henry Ford Museum at Dearborn. It was pulled by a team of horses.

August Moling had one of the first steam engines in Leaf Mountain Township. It was a cumbersome affair that had to be moved about with horses. However it was far superior to horse power as it delivered continuous steady belt power.

The traction engine soon after was invented and August Moling bought one of these. From that time on new inventions were rapid and threshing became easier in many ways.





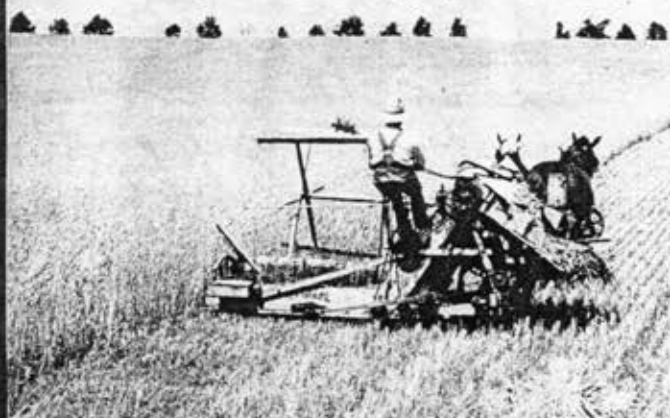


WORKING REPLICA OF THE ORIGINAL REAPER

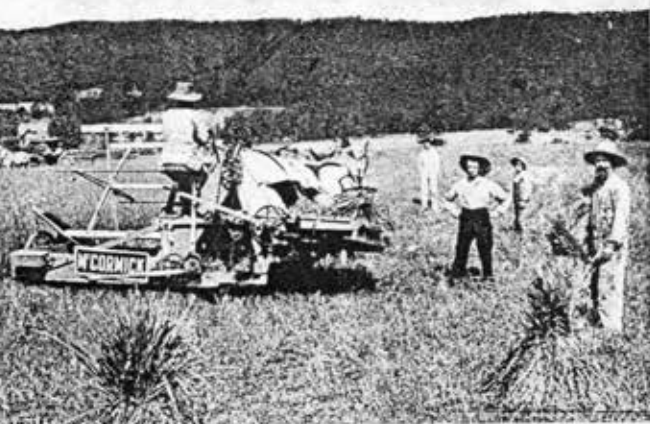
THE SELF-RAKING REAPER OF 1864 CUT  
WHEAT AND RAKED IT AUTOMATICALLY



THE REAPER OF 1875 CARRIED THE WHEAT  
TO A PLATFORM FOR HAND-BINDING



ONE OF THE FIRST McCORMICK TWINE BINDERS  
Built in 1881



THE McCORMICK HARVESTER AND WIRE BINDER OF 1876  
The first self-binder



Primitive Plowing

The pioneer farmers had to get along with crude farm implements and tools for a long time. The oxen and walking plow was the only known method of plowing.

The self tying twine binder did not come out before in 1881 and it took some years before it became in general use.

John Jacobson bought one as soon as it was available. He did not like to run machinery so he engaged his brother Ingebrecht to run the binder for him. Ingebrecht had much more of a liking for machinery so the two brothers exchanged work when possible.

In the early days threshing was done by horse powered threshing machine. This required a large crew of men and many horses. The rig was very cumbersome and crude to move from farm to farm. A neighboring farmer

Vickstrom from Eagle Lake Township was engaged to thresh the grain for Jacobson for many years. He operated with horse power.

Later August Moring\* bought a steam engine and thresh machine. The first engine he had did not operate with traction so therefore had to be hauled from place to place with horses.

However this was soon replaced with traction operated steam power.

August Moring threshed for Jacobson for many years.

He was a brother to my Swedish grandfather C.M. Mansson  
Erwin Carlson

## Storm of October 1880



Hauling Grain to Market

The October day was beautiful. The air was soft and balmy. The woodlands were ablaze with color. The aspen poplar was soft golden yellow while the sturdy black oak blazed scarlet in the woods. The partridges drummed in the forest while the squirrels frolicked for sheer joy of living.

Jacobson had loaded his grain the night before and was early, ready for the trip to the mill at Pomme de Terre in Grant County.

This mill was built some time in 1869 and served a large territory.

This mill was situated some seven or eight miles south east of Ashby. Jacobson expected to stay at the mill over night and resume the trip home the next day with the wheat flour and meal.

Halvar Camrud a brother of Ingrid was visiting the Jacobsons and would take care of the chores and other farm work.

The trip to the mill was uneventful. Jacobson enjoyed the beauty of the autumn day. The wheat was milled and the night settled over the landscape.

The next morning angry clouds built up dark walls in the skies. The wind had a angry howl and with sudden fury a great blizzard enveloped the land.



The fury of the storm increased until not an object could be seen.

It was useless to start home in such a storm. The miller provided shelter and fodder for Jacobson's oxen and there was nothing else to do but wait for the storm to spend itself.

It was a three day blizzard and the temperature dropped to below zero.

On the fourth day the storm was spent. Jacobson yoked up his oxen and started for home. It was hard going and cold. The drifts were deep in places and the snow and mud froze to the wheels so the load rocked and jolted in the frigid air.

At one place near the road was a fence and in a fence corner several cattle dead from the elements. Jacobson viewed all this with dismay. He had no way of knowing how Camrud had succeeded in driving into the barn the livestock on his place.

Jacobson pushed on steadily homeward. The oxen became very weary from the hard journey. The sun set in the wintry like skies and it was twilight and Jacobson was still some miles from home.

At home Ingrid was sick from worry and would go out and listen for the sound of wagon wheels on the west trail again and again.

At last Jacobson reached home with his tired beasts. Camrud quickly helped him put up the animals for the night and there was great joy in that home that husband and father was safe at home.

Camrud had tended the livestock well. In the shelter of the woods the storm had not had quite so great a force.

This storm went down in history as one of the earliest and most savage in Minnesota.

On Nov. 15, 1878 the rail road was built to Alexandria. The town celebrated the event with joy. The line was known as the Saint Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway.

In the summer of 1879 the rail road was built to Evansville and later, on to Fergus Falls.

This railroad later became a part of the Great Northern Railway system. This was a great boost to the Leaf Mountain country. The journey to market was made much easier.

In 1881 the Northern Pacific built their rail road through Clitheral Minn. After that year the Leaf Mountain people had two markets on different rail lines.

In 1902-03 or thereabout the Rural Free Delivery was started to the Leaf Mountain country. The John Jacobson family got their mail on route 4 from Evansville. Formerly they got their mail from Kron P.O. which was kept in a corner of A. S. Johnsons grocery store.

The Ingelbegt Jacobson family got their mail when R.F.D. was started from the route from Clitheral Minn.

I have pasted clippings from the March Farmer titled The Story of the R.F.D. which I think is interesting



Farmers on their way in Lund Township

During the early pioneer period Indians visited the Jacobson house at least once a year.

A water course from the south entered Lake Carlson to the south of the Jacobson farm and flowed through a slough west of the farm building of Jacobson and flowed on north to the wooded wilderness of Spitzer lake which has an endless variety of islands bays and peninsulas. For generations to times long past this water course had been a favorite place for the Indians to paddle, fish and hunt.

This water course remained wild long after the settlers came and Indians frequented these parts from time to time.

The Indians pushed their canoes ashore on the Jacobson farm and walked single file to the farm house where without further ceremony they entered the house with a curt "How". They ignored the offering of chairs to sit on but sat down on the floor near the wall with crossed legs underneath them.

Ingrid quickly prepared food for them and served them on plates where they sat.

Jacobson tried to engage them in conversation in either English or sign language.

He was not successful in this as they ignored all signs or speak with a deep grunt.

In some ways they were like the Lapps of Norway but they were a taller race and more savage in their ways.

The Jacobson\* children had great fear of the red men which acted so differently from white people and who dressed and smelled so wild and savage.

\* My mother can remember as a little girl when the red men came to their house.



The Jacobsons always treated the Indians kindly and with respect to their ways. After the meal Jacobson<sup>gave</sup> them each a chew of tobacco which they accepted without further thanks.

The Indians never molested any of Jacobson property and no doubt considered the family as their friends in their primitive ways.

The Jacobson farm had been a favorite for hunting in times long past for the red men. August and Iver Jacobson have found many fine specimens of arrows and other weapons used by the Indians on the farm.

Iver and August Jacobson each have valuable collections of Indian relics from many states.

They have a hobby of searching for Indian relics in which they are successful. They both have some knowledge of Indian folklore and can guess with uncanny certainty as to where relics can be found.

On the other page I have pasted pictures of the red men.

They are typical of the race and in their primitive state was a proud stalwart people





On Sept. 16, 1872 John Jacobson applied for citizenship in the United States in the land office in Alexandria which was established there Feb 1, 1869. At this time he filed on a homestead which he had selected in Leaf Mountain township, Ottertail County containing 154 and 2 hundreds of an acre.

John Jacobson became a citizen of the United States Nov. 21, 1882 at the court house, Fergus Falls. County seat of Ottertail County, Minnesota



*Grover Cleveland*

GROVER CLEVELAND.

In 1885 John Jacobson recieved complete title deed to his homestead from the United States government.

*SD*  
Homestead Certificate given by Grover Cleveland, president of the U.S. from Washington D.C. May 4, 1888.

This farm has never been mortgaged at any time since it was homesteaded. The present owner is Wm. Jacobson son of John Jacobson.



Jacobson added to his land holdings from time to time.

A farm that bordered his farm partly to the north was bought and was locally known as the Dala Per farm.

Years later when Jacobson retired from active farming he sold this farm to his son Carl who built the place into a beautiful farmstead.

Jacobson built a large granery on his farm and with the increase of farm land the building was taxed to capacity to hold the large crops of wheat, rye and feed grains.

As the Jacobson prospered it was thought best to invest in farms and in

looking about, another farm was bought near the main highway through Leaf Mountain Township a few miles north of Inspiration Peak State park.

Later other investments were made when several of his sons wished to start farming on their own or in business.

With prosperity the Jacobsons sought to make their home and surrounds as comfortable and useful as possible.

A new brick dwelling was planned and many wintery evenings was spent in making drawings and blue prints of the future home.

The summer of 1908 was a very busy season for the Jacobsons.

The building of the new house was in progress much of the summer. The heavy old log house was moved from its location so the new structure could be built on the exact spot where the old house stood.

The brick for the building was hauled from Mulby and because of the large size of the home many trips had to be made of bricks alone.

Hardwood maple floors were laid on the entire first floor of the house.

When the beautiful substantial house was completed it was the most modern structure in Leaf Mountain Township.

Jacobson was very fond of trees whereas his wife Ingrid loved both trees and flowers.

The Jacobson secured from the Park Rapids Country a number of spruce, fir, and three kinds of pine.

These were set out in three rows west of the house yard and part way north of the house.

As pine, spruce and fir are difficult trees to handle in transplanting, they had used great care in that they were successful in planting and most of the trees grew.

Jacobson also planted what he called (Cine busker), Juniper Commons, a native juniper of Minnesota. These he planted to the north east of the kitchen door near the dense woods of native oak. A wild rose bush stood near by and bloomed delightfully in June.

In the oak woods grandmother kept the wood ashes dry in barrels until she made lye for soap by pouring water into the ashes and draining the lye water at the bottom.

The black sooted smoke house also stood near the ash barrels and during spring the beams or rafters were heavy with bacon, shoulders and hams, as well as sausages and dried beef.

A slow smoking fire was made in a circle of stones on the smoke house earthen floor from dampened corn cobs.

The result was a pork product of excellent quality for the family use.



John Jacobson made his farm as self sufficient as possible.

During the pioneer period he made a carpenter's bench in the kitchen where many farm tools and equipment were made in winter. From carefully selected oak many kinds of handles for forks, hoes, hand rakes, axes, hammers and many other things for the farm was made.

He also made shingles for the farm buildings from great blocks of straight grained oak. These were cleft into shingles and with a draw knife drawn into the shape of shingles, and nailed on to roofs before the shingles had any drying too prevent splitting while trailing.

The self sufficiency of the farm and home became important steps for the financial advancement of the Jacobsons.

Jacobson sought to increase the acreage of plowed land yearly by clearing stumps and stones from the virgin land on his farm.

There were several large sloughs on his farm and with great labor he drained these and made them into productive grass-land for pasture and meadow.

During the early period corn was raised on a rather small scale. There was no corn binders in use so corn was cut by hand with a long bladed knife made for that purpose.

Small shocks were made and tied tightly at top with a twine or corn stalk.

When the corn was dry the whole shock was lifted on the wagon and hauled home for stacking near the barns or hog lot.

When corn binders were invented Jacobson bought the first Deering harvester in the community. This was about 19



At about the turn of the century <sup>the</sup> Jacobson couple was happy to see most of the pioneer hardships had come to an end.

Prosperity was their reward for painstaking work in both farming and livestock enterprises.

In about 1896 Jacobson decided to build a windmill for power on the farm. The mill and power house was built near the well so the wind mill was also used for pumping water.

A feed grinder was installed in the mill house and wind power was used with satisfactory results. The farm feed grains as well as custom feed grinding for neighbors was done on this farm mill for many years.

The family made their own cereals of yellow corn meal\* and also whole wheat and rye meal on this farm mill.

Special gears was attached to the mill house so wind power was used for sawing the firewood.

A room. The north side of the mill house was used as a milk room where cream, milk and butter was chilled and stored.

In a small log building an adequate amount of farm black smith equipment and tools were kept for the repair and maintenance of farm machinery and tools so needless trips to town was unnecessary for the repair of same.

A small type of steam engine was used for power in the farm shop as in those days the gasoline engine was not yet invented.

This shop was a favorite place for the Jacobson sons to learn the art of shaping metal into usefulness.

\* Grandmother made the most delicious corn porridge from the farm grown corn.

Erwin M Carlson.

## House of Jacobsons Valli

John Jacobson loved to hunt but he pursued this sport more for a supply of meat for the table rather than for pleasure.

During the early pioneer days much of the meat supply had to come from the woods as the clearing was not large enough to supply grain for the livestock needed for the family.

The Leaf Mountain and Eagle Lake country was a sportsman paradise during this period.

The snow that here was everywhere. In the thick woods the beautiful partridges boomed and strutted in spring.

In every pond or slough there was the many species of wild ducks and sometimes geese.

Spitzer Lake was a favorite place to hunt for ducks.



EVERYTHING IS DUCKY HERE

Fishing was a favorite sport. Spitzer Lake had a abundance of fish.

A small lake nearby known as Round Lake and sometimes as Lingsjö Lake also was a good fish lake. This lake was a few rods west of Spitzer Lake.

Spitzer lake got its name from a german settler, who homesteaded 160 acres on its shore. He later sold the place to a Ludwig Markling in 1874 and went to a cloister in Collegeville, Minn. John Jacobson liked Spitzer lake with its beautiful setting. There are many islands in the lake and with its many wooded peninsulas deep bays it is most charming.

Some time about 1900 or thereabout John Jacobson bought a tract of land of about twenty four acres which was a beautiful peninsula in the lake. This parcel of land the family called "The Fraction". After some years Krist Knutsen a relative of Jacobson bought this land and built a house and small barn on the farm. Being single and desiring a home for himself he went into sheep raising. After many years he retired and sold the place and has made his home with Wm Jacobson.

X

When I visited with my grandparents as a young man I loved to walk down to the Spitzer lake wilderness.

The terrain had a peculiar fascination for me. The rugged wooded hills with bald tops and the glimmering lake below was very charming.

To row to a wooded island and explore the small terrain and observe many different kinds of vegetation that grew on this secluded spot was most interesting.



Ervin Carlson



Note: In his original account Erwin Carlson includes the history of the Christina Lake Church as well as notes from the records of the Leaf Mountain Evangelical Lutheran Church. Because of the length of the notes and the limitations of this publication, the church records are not included here. M. W.

### *Pre-organization Days*

LITTLE do we realize the conditions as they were in these parts before the arrival of the white man. No doubt there were white people who traveled through even before the seventh decade in the 18th Century. If we are to accept the story of the Kensington Runestone we would be led to believe that maybe some of our forbears had been on Lake Christina centuries before the arrival of the present settlement.

However the conditions at the time of the first white settlers were anything but encouraging. But each one had set their heart on a home for their own and one of the big items was to have water near at hand for both animals and man.

It was Indian country. One settler who arrived 81 years ago remembers the Indians as they come into the home and beg for food from the poor new-comers. There was a profound respect for their gruff ways and on the other hand a sincere sympathy for their needs. They seldom went empty away.

The red man would travel through these parts on their way to Saint Cloud, some eighty miles away by direct road, taking their furs and other things to exchange for things they wanted. This caravan could be heard for miles as lubrication of wheels was not a part of their practice.

According to S. J. Kronberg's little history, he says that first settlers arrived about 1867 who later became the charter members of the Christine Lake Church.

According to one who wrote of the early pioneers in the Town of Lund, the settlement was not noted for its thirst for the Bread of Life, but it nevertheless felt the need of a pastor, the church and its care. They were honest enough to know that their children should be baptized and instructed in the Christian teaching and that as their number would end their life they wanted a Christian burial.

I feel it is proper to include the church history of Christina Lake church in the family biography of the Jacobsons. Although my grandparents never were members of this congregation yet they often worshiped at this place.

On Nov 8th 1872 they were married by a Augustana missionary pastor Rev S. A. Hoganson who conducted service in this congregation.

In the early days the hunger for God's word was so great that many times the Jacobson couple would carry a child each and walk the long distance to the church for Christian worship.

My grandmother's sister Sigri who became Mrs A. J. Johnson was an active member in this congregation.

Her family are active members at this place.

Therefore it is seen the Jacobson people had strong ties of pleasant memories at this blessed place.

Erwin M. Carlson.

- Church -

During his whole life John Jacobson was interested in the church and its activities.

As soon as the community came to be somewhat established the norwegian and swedish settlers gathered together to form a lutheran congregation in the home of Lars Asleson. The first pastor to serve them was Rev. L. A. C. Carlson who also was pastor at the norwegian lutheran church at Evansville. The church records show that John and Englebert Jacobson were charter members of the lutheran Synod of Leaf Mountain congregation.

Jacobson continued his membership here for a number of years but the small congregation did not grow to a strong membership.

The Joar norwegian evangelical lutheran church of the Conference church body had built a church in Leaf Mountain and had a much stronger membership. John Jacobson had in mind it was better for the two congregations to merge in one. This however took many years to accomplish.

John and Ingrid Jacobson became active members of the Joar church and almost all their children was confirmed by the Rev. J. Moen.

The church records show that Jacobson was active in the church work of this congregation.

Jacobson worked unceasingly for the union of the Synod congregation and the Joar congregation. When both congregations decided to quit their affiliation to their synod bodies and join the United norwegian lutheran church this union was happily accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Jacobsons were very devoted to their church. Christianity was very real to them.

On sundays and church festidays when there was no service in church Jacobson called the members of his family together for a quiet hour of meditation on the Word of God.



### Christmas Festival Service

When my parents lived in Vebblew townships Marshal county South Dakota the Norwegian Lutheran congregation did not have a church but service was held in school houses or at farm homes.

When they with their family moved to Leaf Mountain townships I remember well when I was along with them to church for the first time in my life.

As we entered church father took us boys to the right side of nave of church and mother and baby Ida sat down on left side.

My parents came early and I remember father speaking to Rev. Shudson, pastor of the church.

As the service was about to begin the church bell rang and a solemn quietness came over the congregation as the organist began to play. The hymn singing impressed me greatly. I remember vividly the pastor Rev. Shudson who was a young man at that time as he stood before the altar and chanted the liturgy of the church and later preached in the pulpit clad in the vestments of the Lutheran clergy.

To me church became a place of reverence a holy place where the spirit of God dwelt in His word and sacraments.

Throughout the years of my childhood, youth and now as a parent this same reverence for God's sanctuary has always prevailed within me.

How good for a sinner to approach the throne of grace and receive forgiveness and rejoice in hymn singing with the congregation.

Erwin M. Carlson.

It was with mingled emotions he left the church edifice. He had traveled many a weary mile in the service of the church and now that he was nearing the sunset of life the only course was to leave the place and work he loved. He had many staunch friends in the congregation but they had less of an interest in church matters and were seldom present in business meetings so the Jacobsons were alone against the pastor and his friends.

When Jacobson came home he had a counsel with his wife Ingrid. They had visited the True Lutheran Free Church in Eagle Lake Township and liked the preaching of their pastor Rev. Paulson very much.

After one of the church services he asked the pastor if it was possible for him to conduct service in the Eagle Lake Free Chapel which was about two miles north and west from Jacobson home. This chapel had been built by the Swedish baptists many years ago and had not gained in membership. Finally many of the members moved away and some of the older members died and the work was abandoned. The church was left in the township in the hands of friendly trustees as a free place of worship barring certain sects that was considered, the teachers of false doctrines.

Jacobson with several friends of the chapel desired Christian worship in this place and happily the Rev. Paulson consented to preach. As often as he could get away he had service on Sunday afternoons in the chapel.

His service was a blessing to the community. Many came to the service and a spiritual awakening was evident. The Jacobson couple was greatly edified and to them Christianity became a personal matter and deep conviction



The community was largely made up of Swedes and Norwegians. The hymn books used in the chapel was printed in Swedish. The pastor spoke in Norwegian.

A young peoples society was organized where English was used with Lutheran Concordia hymn books for singing.

There was a Christian harmony and during Rev. Paulson's pastorate the community was greatly blessed in a spiritual way.

During Rev. Paulson's pastorate Ingebrecht Jacobson died June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1919. This came as a shock to the whole large relation.

It had been the plan of John and Ingebrecht Jacobson that they should have as their place of burial on the Norwegian Synod

Cemetery now the property of Leaf Mountain Lutheran Church. Many of the pioneer members of this <sup>former</sup> synod congregation had bought new fence material and placed about the cemetery ground. The Jacobson brothers had helped and donated money for this and they thought it fitting this should be their resting place for the mortal being.

When the Ingebrecht Jacobson family sought to procure a family burial lot from the church sexton and board they were met with hindrance. They were considered non church members, and as friends of Rev. Drage they would not grant the family a lot.

The Ingebrecht Jacobson family counseled with John Jacobson and it was decided best not to press the matter further with the unfriendly church board.

A burial lot was procured from the Eagle Lake Chapel cemetery which had been the burial ground for the Baptist brethren.

This cemetery is located on a hill several hundred feet north of the chapel.





Because of strong family ties, the two Jacobson families had much in common. Both families endured the same privations of pioneer life.

After Ingebret settled on his own homestead he like his brother John, kept up a lively correspondence with his fiancée in Iowa. She was a sister of Ingrid Camrud her name being Beret Camrud. These sisters were much alike in many ways and it was a happy occasion when she became the bride of Ingebret Jacobson. They were married at the home of Lars Asleson (Deaf Mountain) by the Rev L. G. C. Carlson who conducted divine worship at the place at that time.

The two families had strong similarities to one another. The children being double cousins were like one large family.

Ingelbret Jacobson was a medium tall man and had a full beard like his brother John.

He was a successful farmer and a lover of nature. He was very fond of good poetry and was gifted with a fine voice and loved to sing.

He was a splendid narrator and all were held spellbound by his eloquence in telling a story or some account.

During the winter evenings he sometimes would walk to his brother John for a short visit. While he sat down to converse the children quietly gave up their play to listen to their uncle who could relate events with such

I remember him very well. I had a profound respect and love for my granduncle.

I asked his daughter, Louise Carlson Seno, who is my cousin and aunt by marriage to write a short biography of her father. I am very happy to include this writing which shows so vividly the great love the children had for their father.

X

My father Ingebret Jacobson

Born March 21, 1849 - died June 13, 1919.

My father came from Norway to Iowa and from there to Leaf Mountain where he located and lived the rest of his life. He endured the hardships of the pioneer life, like so many did, he was young and had lots of courage, until a few years, when he overdid in lifting a heavy timber from which he suffered the rest of his life.

Father was one who did not care to accumulate a lot of wealth. He was satisfied with having enough to get along.

It maybe was his feeble health that was the reason for this.

Maybe God had given him (A thorn in the flesh) like the Apostle Paul, had to contend with all his life.

Father enjoyed reading a lot, was gifted with a good voice to sing, also had the gift of speech.

Father was a good citizen, had a backbone to say "No", would give his opinion if in a discussion, was honest in all his dealings with others.

I can recall as a very small child father would read to us the Christmas story of the birth of Christ, would sing to us some of old hymns, also at Easter he would read the passion story of Christ.

We were taught at the table to say grace before eating, if he had to eat before us, he would fold his hands and say: "In Jesus name" many times he was in a hurry.

When he came in after choir was done, in the dusk of evening, he would pick us up in his lap, and always sing one song. I remember so well, it was this one in Norwegian (Deilig er den himmel blå) Beautiful are the heavens blue. As my children get older, I still sing to them.

As my children got older we had <sup>to</sup> read for each other but it did not seem like when father read to us, therefore I think it means so much to have family devotion in a home.

Father could always take time to visit a neighbor and have a friendly chat, either an afternoon or evening. He enjoyed telling little stories he had read, would read a lot aloud so all in the room could hear. He would cut out clippings of...

He would cut out clippings of poems and give it a tune and sing, often coming to the neighbors, he would ask if <sup>any</sup> cared to hear a song. In those days there was not so much entertainment, so they all said yes to that. Father always spoke a lot to us children, of being honest and upright in all our dealings with others. When I got married and left home, I left a

When I got married and left home for South Dakota, father was the first one to come and visit us, I was at first discouraged with the prairie. I longed for the scenery in Minnesota but my father saw the beauty of the fertile valley and the beautiful range of hills which he admired so much. He enjoyed nature and scenery and liked to travel on the train, he would always get into a conversation with people, and had at times some very interesting story to tell as to some of his conversations. He could tell it in such a way, we would laugh till the tears rolled, as a rule he would never stay more than two days. His poor health was a handicap to him many times. He suffered from this more than we realized.

Was very cheerful and optimistic when he felt well, otherwise at times he got dispondant and impatient.

Mother was very patient and tactful and could spread cheer and sunshine wherever.



father saw only the dark side.  
 Father said many times, she was a sun-beam in the home, could not understand how she could be so patient with him in his infirmity.

As I take a backward glance over the path of my youth, I see <sup>my</sup> way lighted by fatherly love, I see the burdens not dropped but made easier to bear. I see wise and helpful advice which guided my past days of temptation.

And in every weary hour I always found a good and sympathetic friend in my father. Father had planned to come to visit us in June 1919 but God wanted it otherwise, the third of June he was taken home.

His last words were (God accept my soul) and I want to believe he died in faith.

Aunt Ingrid said on the day of the funeral, he would be missed more than any, because he always had time to visit his neighbors cheered them with his song and did not wait for them to return his visits.

When the sad news came of his death it was hard to take it, that was really my first sorrow.

Not until a father is absent does his children come to understand the full appreciation of his daily life amongst us.

God gave us fathers who braved the dangers of those pioneer days for us now to reap the fruit of their toil.

X

Louise Carlson, like her father has a fine appreciation of fine literature and poetry.

She has written several fine Christian poems. Many accounts of a beautiful Christian life. Also a day by day procedure of travel by car from Vebien to the west coast.

She is the historian of her church and the W. M. F. of her circuit.

The funeral was held from the Ingebret Jacobson home and from the Eagle Lake Chapel. Rev. Paulson had charge of the service. The interment was in the Chapel cemetery. Many relatives from far and near came to attend the funeral.

The Eagle Lake Chapel cemetery became the burial place of the Jacobson families.

On the John Jacobson lot is a St. Cloud granite family memorial with the graves of John Jacobson born 1851 - died 1925

Ingrid Jacobson born 1850 - died 1934

son Jacob Jacobson born 1877 - died 1935.

Christian Jacobson born 1854 - died 1927

On the Ingebret Jacobson lot is St. Cloud red granite family memorial

Ingebret Jacobson born March 21, 1849

died June 3, 1919

Bert Jacobson

born July 13, 1847

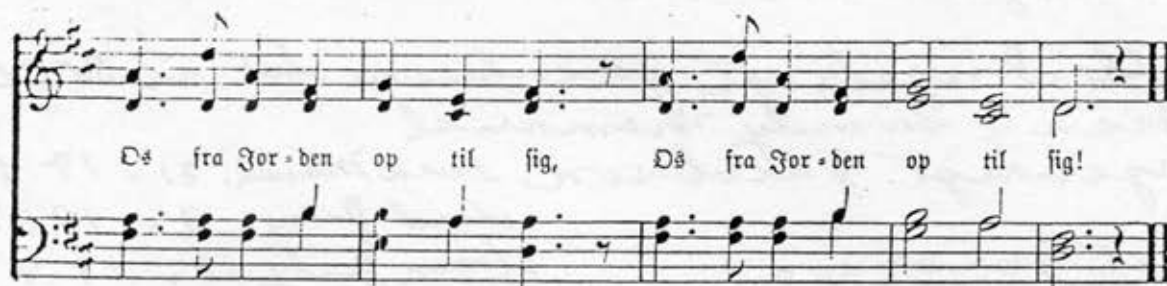
died Aug 10, 1927.

I believe it is appropriate to mention on this page the dates on the family memorial of the Mr and Mrs John Gradin. Their lot borders the Jacobson lot and as their daughter Alma is the wife of Wm. Jacobson the two families have strong ties.

Gradin

Mother	1854 -	1927
Father	1854 -	1932.

Salme 655.



Deilig er den himmel blaa,  
lyst det er at se derpaa,  
hvor de gyldne stjerner blinker  
hvor de smiler, hvor de vinker  
//os fra jorden op til sig.//

Stjernen ledte Vise Mend  
til vor Herre Kristus hen;  
Vi har og en lede-stjerne;  
og naar vi den følge gjerne;  
//kommer vi til Jesus Krist.//

Det var midt i jule-nat  
hver en stjerne glimted mat;  
Men med ett der blev at skue  
En saa klar paa himlens bue;  
//som en liden stjerna sol.//

Dene stjerne lys og mild  
som kan aldrig lede vild  
er hans Guddoms Ord det klare  
som Han lod os aabenbare  
//til at lyse for vor fod.//

Langt herfra i Osterland  
stod en gammel stjerne mand,  
saa fra taarnet vist paa himlen  
saa del lys i stjerne vrimlen  
//blev i sind sa barneglad.//



## The Eagle Lake Free Chapel.

The Swedish baptist brethren formed a small congregation in Eagle Lake township in the pioneer period. A small chapel was built at a place in the north central part of Township.

In the south east part of Eagle Lake and Lund townships were also several members. When Mr.

Bjorklund who was a prominent farmer and one of the founders of the baptist congregation died there was no cemetery for the baptist brethren.

The Bjorklund family decided to bury the husband and father on a hill in the south east land of their farm.

This was not an unusual procedure as when a neighbor family of the same church affiliation lost their fourteen year old daughter in illness she was buried on a high hill on the Vickstrom farm.

Later when other members of the baptist congregation died it became customary to choose a lot for burial near the Bjorklund lot. This led to the formation of a cemetery.

The Bjorklund family as well as many others desired to move the chapel to a more central location for the brethren.

The Bjorklunds would donate land for a church near the township road.

This was happily agreed upon and the small chapel was torn down and a new building for church built on the Bjorklund farm.

There was a happy celebration of church events when the church was completed.

The baptists continued their work here for many years. Many pastors and preaching laymen came to serve the congregation from time to time.

There was many revival meetings during this period.

The church had a nice location and was some hundred feet south of the cemetery.

Here the baptists enjoyed the simple forms of their form of worship and the singing of joyous songs.

As the years went by <sup>many</sup> sold their farms and moved away. This left the congregation very weak to carry on the work.

By 19 the work had come to a stand still and the chapel was <sup>left</sup> to friendly trustees in the township for christian worship with stipulation that no dangerous sects was to be permitted to use the church. Catholics, mormons, christian science and russelite and similar sects were barred forever.

Some years later the lutherans took up the work. The Rev Paulson of Battle Lake was engaged to preach on sunday afternoons whenever possible.

He was pastor of the lutheran Free church.

The work was successful in many ways. A sunday school was organized and did much good work.

During this period a entry was built and at the rear end <sup>the chapel</sup> a lean too was built for the serving when ladies aid met or young peoples society.

After Rev. Paulson left a Rev Hanson of the same parish took charge. The work continued until he left when the Free lutheran parish in Battle Lake was without pastor.

A pastor Rev Svedberg of Battle Lake who was a pastor of the Augustana Synod was engaged to take charge.

While he was in charge a certain sect very unfriendly to lutheran doctrine came to the community and wished to preach in the chapel.

## Golden Wedding.

On the 8th of Nov. 1922 was the wedding anniversary of the Jacobson couple. They had been married fifty <sup>years</sup> in the autumn that year. The relatives wished to celebrate the event with the Jacobson couple and in order to make the occasion a complete surprise it was decided to have the event in June the month of weddings. Another reason was that often the weather and roads in November was bad whereas June was a delightful month.

Arrangement and preparation had been made some time before the event so the wedding anniversary was very successful.

A committee was in charge to see to that all the relatives of the Jacobsons and Camruds were invited.

Because of the great number of relatives invited it was deemed best not to invite neighbors and friends as it would be to great a task for the committee to arrange for such a <sup>large</sup> crowd. Finally the day set for the celebration arrived, a beautiful day in June.

It was a bountiful year. All nature was kind in the northland. The roses bloomed by the roadsides. On the farms the clovers and alfalfa fields were starting to bloom and bees hummed busily all day long.

The corn tossed their leaves two and two in the June breeze in the rich cultivated land. The grain was growing rapidly on hill and dale while in the pastureland the contented herds of cattle or flocks of sheep grazed slowly on the abundance.

Yes it was a joyous day as the long procession of cars sped on to the Jacobson holdings.

Soon the farm yard was packed with cars and the place was all activity.

The Jacobson couple was intirly taken



by surprise. So many guest and relatives from far away. There was eager hand shaking and Tak for sist. \* a norwegian greeting meaning Thanks for when last we met.

When all the guests had arrived chairs and seats made of planks was quickly brought out under the shade of the trees on the Jacobson lawn. When the honoured couple had been seated and the guest found seats, the program was opened up with a prayer by the Rev. Paulson pastor of Free Church and Eagle Lake Chapel. His parish church and home was at Battle Lake Minn.

The pastor read in norwegian the 103 psalm of David. The words sounded very impressive and holy as he read slowly and distinctly.

He then spoke of how proper and fitting it was for the sons and daughters to honour their parents on such a occasion. It is God's will that we love and honour our parents he exclaimed. He reminded the Jacobson couple of how God had richly blessed them, in so many many ways. He had blessed them with a large family who were all present. Also the blessings of a fine home and a good farm.

But above all he had spiritually blessed them. They were his own children in Jesus Christ.

He had indeed crowned them with loving kindness and tender mercies.

In his talk he also spoke to the children. Continue to honor and love your ageing parents. They need your sustaining help as they find their strength ebb away. Your parents great desire is that you seek the Lord while it is day and that you live Christian lives.

\* This greeting is always used by norwegians in meeting friends or relatives.

At the conclusion of the talk a gold brooch of a beautiful design was fastened to the gown of <sup>the</sup> Jacobson mother.

Jacobson was given a gold watch chain with a unique charm fastened to it.

The charm was a perfect Indian arrow formed by the red more, finest workmanship. A gold band held the arrow secure as a watch charm.

The brooch and watch chain was secured from the fine jewelry display of Iver J. Jacobson (Jewelry and Engraving) Evansville, Minn.

Both the Jacobson couple responded with heartfelt thanks to all present for the beautiful gifts and the honor bestowed on them and to their beloved pastor for his splendid talk.

To the children and relatives they voiced their concern for the eternal salvation of souls. Now is the opportune time. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.

To morrow may be too late.

The pastor concluded the program and the women became very busy to array the tables for the fine wedding feast at the noon hour.

The pastor had to leave shortly for a sick call so he could not stay for the afternoon.

Soon <sup>on</sup> the spacious lawn was seated groups of hungry diners, who partook of the rituals of a wedding feast.

There was happy conversation and greetings from the many relatives present.

The hour of the afternoon went swiftly by and the huge coffee cans was set on the kitchen stove for "After midday coffee."

Again, there was the partaking of a wedding feast in coffee cake and cookies set. The four o'clock lunch that is so dear to all Scandinavians.

Iver J. Jacobson had his camera along and several pictures was taken of the family, the Jacobson home and yard.

The late afternoon came all too soon and the happy guests bid one another farewells and to the Jacobson couple was lingering handshakes of good wishes before they made their departure. Soon all had gone, the evening wind gathered itself for a soft sweep over the landscape as the sun had about completed its wide ark in the June skies.

The scent of pine and spruce was on the air to the Jacobson (Tinn)\* from the beautiful evergreens windbreak west and north of the house yard.

The farm chores was in progress and the steady circular movement of the windmill in the evening breeze, pumping water for the live stock lent a peculiar charm to the scene.

The Jacobson couple had gone into their home after the departure of the last guests and was rather tired from all the unexpected excitement.

Grandfather sat and talked with his house guest Iver Camrud a brother of his wife. Grandmother sat with closed eyes (a habit she had because of her frail eyes) and thought of the events of the day.

In her mind she no doubt brought forth many scenes of the fifty years of wedded life.

The elderly Jacobson had indeed endured much in the pioneer period. Now they were blessed with prosperity and the many farm tasks were on young shoulders.

Yet these things did not matter so much to her. Her thoughts turned to her prayers life and as she thought, prayers filled her soul and she communed with her Lord and Savior.

\*norwegian for the place of the farm home and buildings and yards.



After the golden wedding anniversary of the Jacobson couple, Jacobson retired from most of the farm activity.

There was however some work he loved to do. In winter he split up most of the wood for fuel. He took great pride in forming split wood in the shape of stacked grain stacks. These piles of fuel shed rain and snow perfectly so the wood was always dry.

In summer he enjoyed to glean the fields during grain stacking operations. A handrake was used to gather the loose grain about the shocks and placed on the wagon.

As a boy in Norway he had learned the necessity of gathering all the crops.

Another task he also loved to do, was to daily draw water for the live stock in the north pasture. There was a endless chain pump near the ditch he had made years before and the water tanks were always kept full of water.

As the years went by he was aging but he enjoyed fairly good health. He enjoyed the beauty of his farm and the Leaf Mountain country that had been his home so long.

In the autumn of 1924 he visited his sons place, Rubin Jacobson north of Park Rapids Minn.

He went with his sons by car and enjoyed the trip to the north country very much.

His son Rubin was engaged in lumbering operation at that place.

When John Jacobson retired for the night he was not aware of there was a open window in his room and during the night he contracted a severe chill which somehow settled in his kidneys.

He did not feel well when he came home but was able to be about as usual.

When medical aid was sought it was found to be a serious kidney disorder.

Towards spring he failed so rapidly it was apparent he could not recover.

At last he was unable to leave his bed and because of the nature of his illness his mind became slow and sluggish.

The family sent for the Rev. Peterson\* from the Alexandria parish of the Lutheran Free Church.

The elderly Jacobson knew him at once and when he was asked if he wished to partake of the holy communion he eagerly answered yes. And there on the bedside the young pastor spoke the holy words of the sacraments of the altar to the aged Jacobson, that was able to strengthen his faith in the forgiveness of sins.

Jacobson did not linger very long.

On April 28, 1925 his soul was released from this earthly bondage.

The funeral was held from the home and from the Eagle Tree Chapel with Rev. Hanson pastor of the Battle Lake Lutheran Free Church parish in charge.

Many relatives and friends from far and near came to attend the funeral.

Rev. Hanson in his funeral sermon spoke of Jacobson as a man, "God had led into the hill country. There he could use him best and prosper him." He praised Jacobson for his fine Christian personality but I shall not repeat further his many praises as the Jacobson people dislike such like.

Jacobson was laid to rest on a lot near his brother Ingebret on the hill north of the chapel. The second generation of the House of Valli was buried on American soil.

The April of 1925 was very dry. Spring work was in full progress. There was dust everywhere. The funeral day was dry and dusty with a dust beclouded sunshine during the day.

Rev. Paulson had left the Battle Lake parish at that time.

## THE KAMRUD FAMILY

Originally spelled with "K" the name "Camrud" was adopted and registered in the United States.

The following information is from the parish registry of the Ulness church and was sent by Gulik Kamrud, Ingrid's younger brother.

Iver Larson Kamrud, born in 1746, died in 1830, age 84

Lars Iverson Kamrud, born Aug. 4, 1794, died June 25, 1870, age 76  
His wife, Marit Halvorsdatter, born Apr. 2, 1797, died July 1873, age 76.

Iver Lars<sup>on</sup> Kamrud, born July 12, 1815, died June 1894, age 79.  
His wife, Marit Ivarsdatter, born Jan. 2, 1814, died Oct. 12, 1904, age 90.

8

\* \* \* \* \*

Iver Larson Kamrud and Marit Ivarsdatter Hype were both baptized and confirmed in the Ulness church. They received their education in the parish school and were married in the Ulness church. To this union nine children were born:

1. Marit Kamrud, married Halvor Elingson in Norway. They moved to America and bought a farm east of Evansville, Minn.
2. Iver Iverson Kamrud, stayed in Norway.
3. Lars Iverson Kamrud, stayed in Norway. He is the father of Christine Rogneby of Minneapolis, Minn.
4. Beret Kamrud, Came with her sister Ingrid and brother Iver to USA. Married Ingebret Jacobson of Ottertail County, Minn.
5. Ingrid Kamrud, came to America in 1870, first to Wis. then Iowa; married John Jacobson of Ottertail County, Minn.
6. Iver I. Camrud, Came to USA in 1870, worked on farms in Iowa, Minnesota, took homestead in Buxton, North Dakota.
7. Halvor Kamrud, Came to Minnesota, homesteaded in N. D. Some years later sold out, returned to Norway, bought a farm.
8. Gulik Kamrud, Came to USA, homesteaded in N.D., after many years returned to Valdres, bought a farm in Ulness Herrad. Built a house by the side of the road where he had a general store. (This house attracted attention because of the American style windows which slid up and down. Windows in Norway were shutters.)
9. Sigrid Kamrud, Came to Minnesota, married A.G. Johnson of Lund Township, Douglas County.

It is to be noted that there were two sons named "Iver."

Gulik wrote further, "This family has for many generations lived on "Gaard Kamrud." They have all been members of the Ulness church."

At the time of this writing (1949) Gulik was in his eighties and the only remaining member of the family.



Iver Larson Kamrud was a tall, fairly strong man. Farming was his occupation but he had other interests such as working with silver and leather, designing works of art that were useful as well as beautiful. He made hunting knives and leather sheaths that were artfully designed. It was customary at that time for men to wear a sheath with a hunting knife while at work. He also worked at inventing new items of usefulness and beauty.

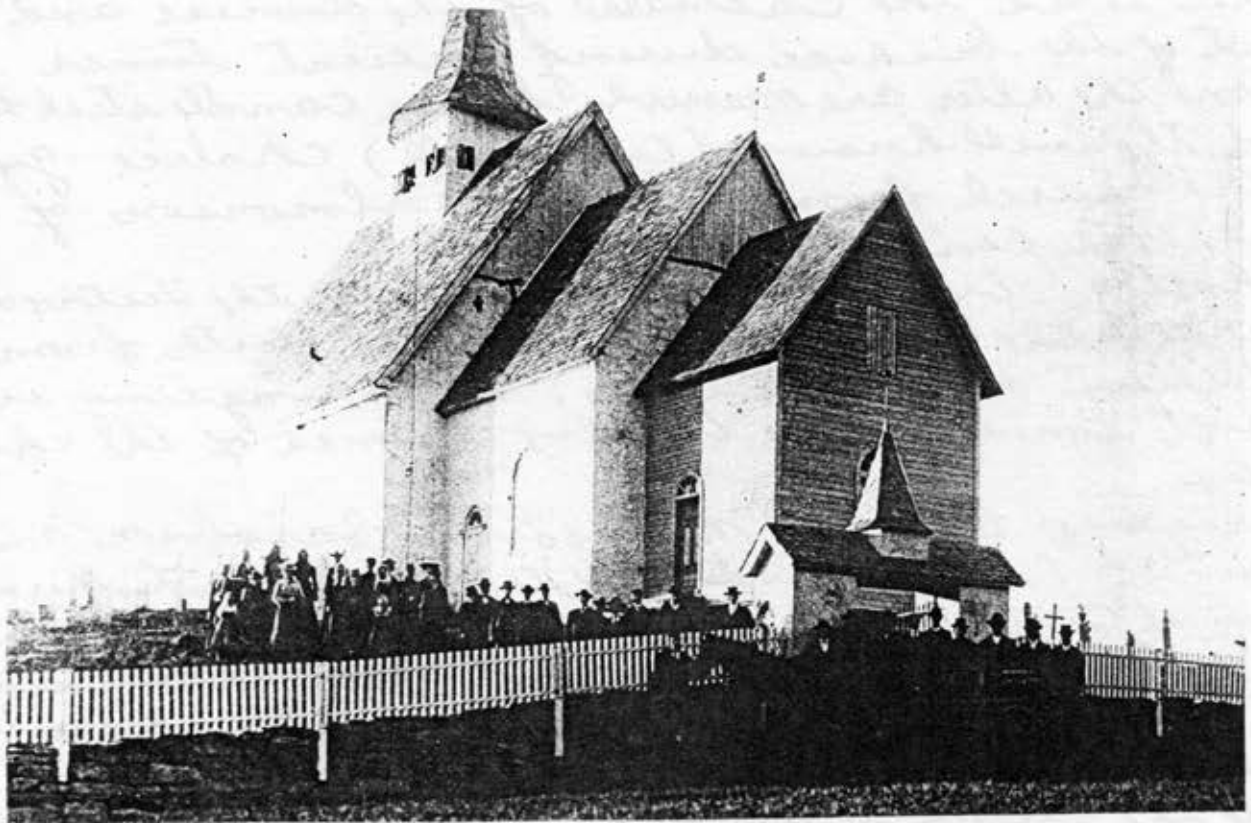
His wife, Marit, was of medium height and very strong. She was always more optimistic than her husband. She was the manager of their large farm and organized her large family so that each one had a part in the farm work. There were many cattle, sheep, and goats to care for as well as draft animals for plowing and hauling.

In summer her daughters worked in the saetter in the mountains caring for the milk cows. They kept the mountain "stol" clean and fresh. The milk was made into butter and cheeses of all kinds including "primost."

The Kamruds had a deep insight into the true Christian faith. They were very likely influenced by the lay preacher, Hans Nielsen Hauge of Norway who preached a message of new birth and conversion to the members of the Lutheran State Church. It is known that Mother Kamrud taught her children early the way of "Sand Kristendom" (True Christianity). She was more talented than most of the rural women of that time as she could write with a fine hand, an accomplishment that few women mastered in Valdres. Women were required to learn to read but only men mastered the art of writing.

Marit Ivarsdatter Kamrud was the daughter of Ivar Hype. Her mother was Beret Hype. There is not much information available regarding their background. There is a faded picture of this Kamrud couple which shows them dressed in heavy homespun wool clothes. The buttons on Iver's suit were solid silver. The custom was to remove the buttons when the suit wore out and use them on the next suit.

Ingrid received a picture taken at her mother's funeral in October, 1904. The picture shows a horse-drawn hearse and a group of pallbearers and friends in front of the old Ulnes church and cemetery. Here at this place many generations of Kamruds are buried. Marit Kamrud outlived her husband by several years. He died at the age of 79 but she lived to be 90. When the letters of mourning edged in black reached the children in America it was a time of deep sorrow for all. Likewise it had been a time of sorrow for those parents to bid farewell to so many of their children who departed for America never to return to "Gaard Kamrud."



This is the funeral of Ingrid's mother, Marit Iversdatter Kamrud who died October 12, 1904 at the age of 90.

The original part of this church was built of stone and has walls several feet thick. The Ulnes and Slidre churches are quite similar in architecture. They are the only stone churches found in Valdres and are of great age. They were built about the year 1200 during the time when the Roman Catholic religion was the state church of Norway.

West Slidre is an area in which Ulnes is located.

On July 29, 1924 the Vestre Slidre Church celebrated its 900th anniversary. King Haakan and his party came to honor the occasion. It was a great day for Valdres and the parish. About 3,000 people were gathered for the open air program and the noon meal. King Haakan gave an address that was well received by the Norwegians and the Norwegian Americans. Being a meeting of the State church, dignitaries of the state as well as of the church took part.

West Slidre church is one of the oldest in Norway. It was built in the 12 century and was the cathedral of the diocese and seat of the bishop during ancient times.

On the altar are massive brass candle stick holders and the well-known (Altar kalk) chalice gifts to the church from Bishop Salmonson of Oslo from 14th century.

Shortly before the beginning of the Festive Divine service, the great bells sounded forth from the bellry on the (Haugen) Hill mingling with the soft tones of the twelve chimes of the church bellry.

Norways bishop\* M. Björnes Jacobson and Dr. H. G. Stub (president of the Norwegian Lutheran church of America) led the stately procession to the church. The king and his party were met at the church door by the churches dignitaries and proceeded on into the holy edifice.

All the clergy of Valdres churches were present as well as a large delegation of clergy and laymen from the Norwegian Lutheran church in America.

During the procession the soft peals of the church bells sounded sweet and mellow like a solemn benediction over the assembly.

The church service opened with organ (preludium) and the parish minister (Sogneprest) Værnes spoke words of Welcome to all in the House of the Lord. God has done great <sup>things</sup> towards us. Therefore we now rejoice.

Pastor (Sogneprest) Fjellwald conducted the Høimesses (liturgi) Norwegian altar liturgi in the vesture of solemn high church festivals.

The hymns - O great God we praise thee and My soul, my soul praise the Lord was sung by the assembly.

After more splendid music, Bishop M. Björnes Jacobson entered the pulpit and gave a stirring heartfelt sermon to those present.

\* Bishop M. Björnes Jacobson was bishop of Hamars diocese in Norway.



Characteristic traits of the Camruds.  
A honest, God fearing people. Many of them have been farmers but some have shown business inclinations in which they have been successful.

A strong family trait is too be independent and home owners.

All have shown a great love of home and family. Most of them have shown a thoughtful regard for others in being patient in all things. Patience is a family trait.

A patient insistence in dealing with difficult problems also is a family trait that has rewarded them in their dealings.

Unlike the Jacobsons in a discussion, who spoke their minds freely, the Camruds often held their own counsel and none were the wiser as to their thoughts.

The Camruds were a long lived people. The entire family except "Sigrid Camrud Johnson", who died of Cancer at 50 years of age lived to be eighty years and over.

Tulik Camrud of Olnes Valdres Norway is over eighty years of age and in good health. 1949 He is the last of the nine children of Iver and Marit Camrud.

Many of the children and grandchildren show to a marked degree the same characteristics as <sup>their</sup> forebears.

The Camruds in a general way have not had the iron bound constitution of some families. A family weakness has been nervousness in all the branches of the Camrud tree. From over work or a deep-felt disappointment or a unhappy surrounding as well as from religious anguish of soul, has been cause of the intense suffering of mind. The nervous suffering has acted like a deep felt sorrow, a mental anguish and a humble inferiority.

However after due time all have been able to overcome this sad plight and happiness has again filled their life. This experience has been a blessing in disguise as it has given them a kind understanding in problems of their fellowmen.

The Camruds have been blessed with various talents and hobbies which has been of much help to overcome this weakness.

A physical weakness that is noticeably in several branches of the Camrud family tree. is a trembling of the hands in writing or in holding small or large object after middle age. I have noticed this in many of the cousins, and I also now start to feel the same infirmity in writing.

The typical Camrud hands for many generations has been rather small to medium size, slim hands with crooked fingers, especially very crooked little finger.

The Jacobsons had strong sturdy hands with even straight fingers and a steady nerve for the finest work.

In times of great anxiety and distress the Camruds have been able to take it.

One of these was Marit Camrud Elingson, a woman of great fortitude and courage under the most discouraging happenings in life.

Yet she never lost faith in God. Her plight was sad and overwhelming yet in all her life's great problems from which she did not shrink, she prayed "God spare me from a hasty death," and her wish was granted.

She lived to a great age. She lingered a long time in feebleness of age in her sickbed. Her mind remained clear until she was called to her heavenly home where there never are any tears. There is much more I could add but time and space forbids. With this I close, the traits of the Camrud tree.



### My mother's mother.

Ingrid Camrud was born April 13, 1850. Her parents were Iver Larson Camrud and Marit Iversdatter Camrud.

On May 20, 1850 she was baptized in Ulness Church by the pastor of Nord Aurdal parish.

She received her education and religious instruction in the parish school.

Very early as a young girl she learned to assist with the various tasks in the home and gård. The family was large therefore it took the efforts of all who were able to do so to keep the large <sup>house</sup> hold running smoothly.

After Ingrid's confirmation she spent the greater part of each summer on the mountain Sætter in the Langstolen range in Valdres.

It was customary that each farm had a tract of land for mountain grazing for their livestock. Gård Camrud also had a Sætter in the Langstolen range with suitable buildings called Støl. These mountain buildings were by no means as well constructed as the gård buildings but suited the purpose well for summer.

There was a cabin for the maids and a room for the processing of the milk into butter and cheese. A low building served as milking shed for the cows.

There were at least twenty three such Støle in the Langstolen range in Valdres.

The task of the Camrud sisters was to milk the cows and care for the milk. The milk was poured into shallow wooden vats too cool and when the cream had risen to the top it was skimmed and later made into butter. The skimmed milk was made into "prim ost." This required a lukewarm temperature when the bacteria of rennet was dropped in the warm skim



milk. The result was the milk broke into whey and white curd. The whey was then poured into a very large Kettle and set to boil for several hours. The primost would finally form when continuous stirring was required until the contents became quite solid. The primost was then formed into suitably sized and stored a long time in a cool place until it was needed for the table.

The curd was as a rule made into gamel ost, a product that tastes much like Limburger cheese, only it was much stronger in taste. The curd was placed in a crock near the fire. Every morning the curd got a kneading when it changed rapidly to a smooth cheese. Before it was finished (karrt) caraway seeds were added to give it spicy flavor and was used as a relish on bread.

The sätter maids were indeed busy to keep the stöl clean and fresh. The churning of butter and processing of the many kinds of cheese left little time <sup>for</sup> leisure.

Yet in their work they enjoyed the grand scenery on the Langsblen mountain range. The fresh air had the fragrance of growing plants on it. The roar of a mountain stream tumbling down from some remote mountain fastness, cool and clean lent a joyous charm to the scene. The spruce and birch clung to the steep mountain sides leaving the cliff bare but for moss. Everywhere was a awesome grandeur in those Valdres mountains.

From time to time the men on Kamrud gård came up the mountain to the stöl with a horse. No road for vehicles was made to the Sätters at that time only a rough path for cattle and horses. A kind of saddle made like saddle bags was strapped to the back of

The horse and in these compartments the butter and cheese was placed. This kind of pack horse outfit was called a *Khurmeis* and was made of willow wands.

Many trips were required to bring home to the gård all the milk products during the summer and to bring to the Sätter bread, meat, sugar and other groceries.

The younger Camrud sons were the herds men on the Sätter ranges and it was their duty to find good grazing and to bring the cows home to the Stöl for milking.

Sometimes on Saturday afternoon the entire family came to the Sätter, staying over Sunday to return on Monday to the farm.

This was a time of joy. A real outing for the whole family.

How good the food tasted in the Stöl of the lofty range.

The joy of the life on the Sätter was never forgotten by the sons and daughter who left for America.

In the later part of August or early September the frost put its withering hand on vegetation in the lofty ranges of Valdres and snow storm could be expected at any time. A day was set for the herding of the cattle to the farm in the valley. The Stöl was closed up for the long winter and the pack horses were in readiness loaded with the products of the Sätter.

At last everything was ready for the descent. It was a exciting experience to bring home to the gård the whole herd of cattle and pack horses. To keep all the cattle on the mountain trail was not always easy but at last the herd was guided into the road in the valley and finally to the Kamrud gård. The herds men and Sätter maids had done their work well. The cattle could now graze in the meadows of the farm.



The two sisters Ingrid and Beret had many things in common. Since early childhood days religion had been a personal fact in their lives.

Confirmation had strengthened their faith in God. They were devout Christians who attended their church regularly.

The entire family showed a faithful loyalty to their church and its teaching.

Ingrid and Beret and their younger brother Iver often spoke about America.

The Kamruds had received letters from friends, or possibly it was some relative in Wisconsin about the many economic advantages America had, compared with Norway.

The three young people loved their native Norway but it held little hope for them as to a future home of their own.

They came to the conclusion that the "open arms" of America held the best future for them.

They set about to make ready for the long journey and in those days it was no simple matter. The sail ships did not provide food for the passengers so each individual had to take along enough to last for a voyage of several weeks duration, depending much on, if the weather was fair or stormy on the ocean.

Ingrid had a small sturdy trunk and she bought a spinning wheel which she dismantled and placed in bottom of her trunk. Her clothes and devotional books was included and the trunk was ready.

A large trunk was packed with food that would keep a long time and with Berets and Ivers trunks the young people were ready for the great adventure.





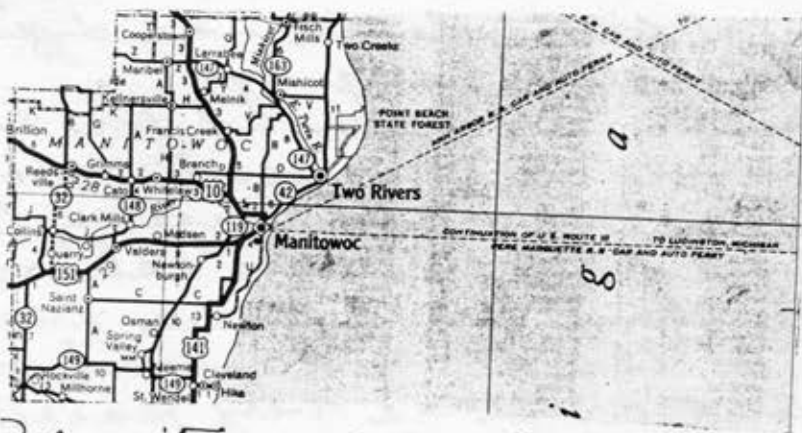
## Camrud

The parting of the three young people with their parents, I shall not attempt to describe. We know the family ties are strong and this was the last time the parents and children would see each other on earth.

The voyage across the ocean was uneventful and it is believed they landed in New York. This was in the year 1870 and Ingrid was twenty years old at that time.

The young people were very young and now they were in a new strange land.

The journey was again resumed by rail to their destination which was Manitowoc Wisconsin.



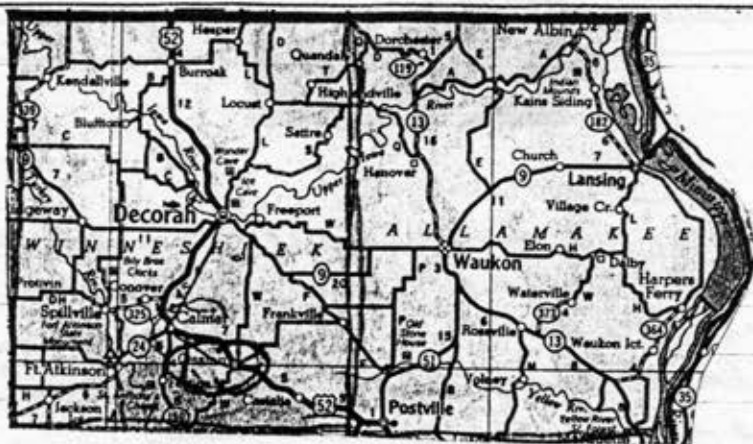
Here in Manitowoc County was a large Norwegian settlement of Valdres from Nordre and Søndre Aurdal and from Slidre.

The Norwegians called the township Valdres but its real name was and is Liberty.

After having rested with their friends for a short while it is likely they knew where employment could be gotten in Iowa near Decorah which was a new progressive community.

There were many Norwegians in the Iowa country as well as English and Germans.

The young people set out for this place the same year.



Upon arriving in Iowa Ingrid and Beret found employment in a town called Ossian in Winneshiek County about eighteen miles south of Decorah in the same county.

They were employed as house maids in the homes of American people.

Iver found employment on a farm in the same community.

The people were kind which was of much help to them at first when it was difficult to learn the English language.

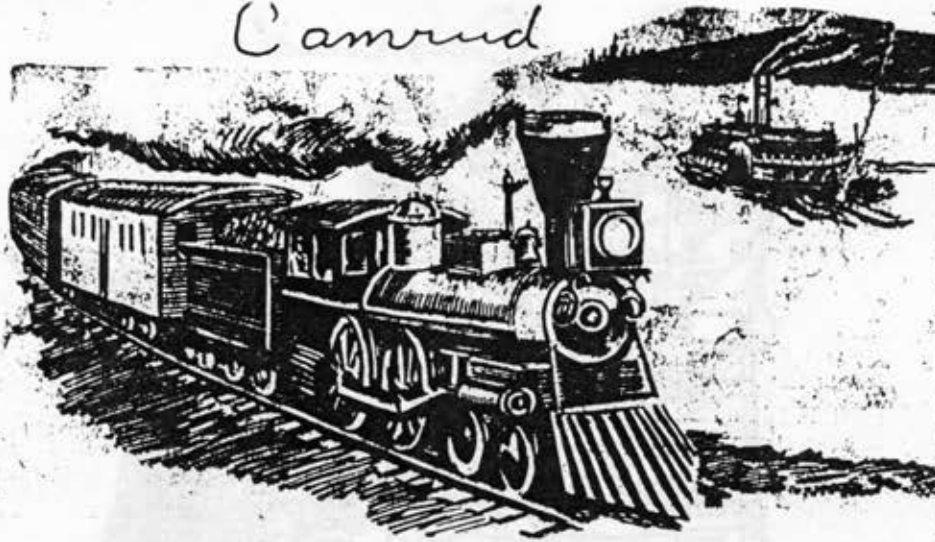
Both the sisters were praised for their excellent work in the respective homes.

At this time John and Ingelbrecht Jacobson was employed at farms near Calmar Ia. which is a town about seven miles from Ossian.

It may be that Iver Camrud met these brothers first or it is very possible they young people met in Washington Prairie church. Anyway a romance was the result of the meeting. Ingrid at once liked the tall dark and handsome young man John Jacobson and Beret found the equally handsome Ingelbrecht Jacobson to her liking (they exchanged tintype photos).

To make a long story brief the couples were engaged before the Jacobson went north to Minn. to secure land for homestead in 1871.

The Camrud sisters were well liked in the homes where they were employed. The wages for maids were very low and clothing quite high so great care had to be used to make the clothes last a long time.



A BRAND NEW WHISTLE was drowning out the old familiar sound of the steamboat 'round the bend! The heydays of the steamboat . . . which started with the "Governor Ramsey" and ended with the "H. M. Rice" . . . were almost over. For the new whistle meant *the iron horse* was here! It was September, 1866 . . . and the last spike had been driven in the first rail track connecting St. Cloud with St. Paul. What excitement when *the Wm. Crooks*, a little five-car train, tooted into town . . . when the 300 special guests on board were ushered off to a banquet celebration at Pine Garden! To the residents of St. Cloud, the railroad meant speedy, 4½-hour daily service to St. Paul . . .

*Ingrid John Jacobson and it was decided The couple would be married in the fall of 1872. She went aboard a train at Ossian or Decorah Ia. and came to St. Cloud. This was a rip roaring town during this period.*

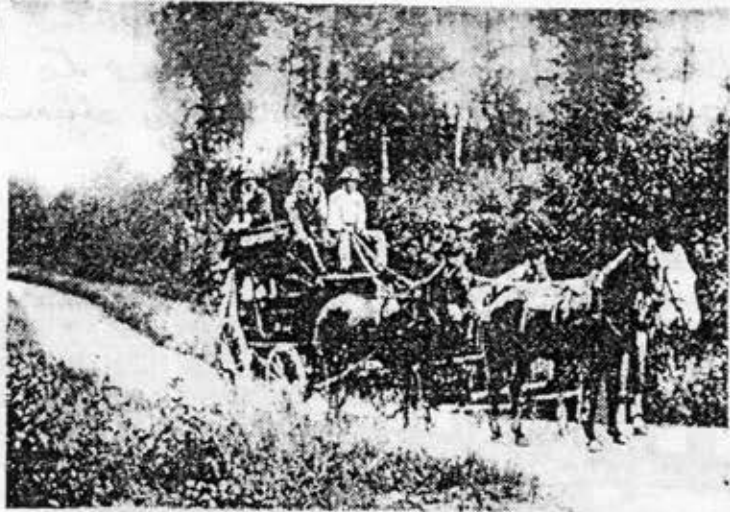


ST. CLOUD WAS BOOMING like a gold-rush city! But it wasn't gold that brought the boom . . . *it was steel.* Steel railroad tracks that led from Winnipeg, Helena, Sioux City, St. Paul . . . and met at St. Cloud, the hub of Jim Hill's Great Northern line! Then, in 1891, the railroad's shops were built here at Waite Park.





The railroad was not built farther north at that time. It became necessary for her to find place for herself and luggage on the stage coach that would bring her to Old Brandon but which was formally known as Fort Chippewa. This was a small village at that time.



A STAGECOACH

John Jacobson was at hand to meet his fiancée at this place and very beautiful she was in <sup>a new</sup> dress and hat.

How joyous and happy the young couple were on the way home to the Jacobson homestead.

The wedding day arrived on that Nov. 8 day 1872. Ingrid had dressed with care and was ready, dressed in her very best gown. She was very beautiful in the splendor of youth.

John was also ready dressed in a dark suit and looked tall dark and handsome in his best clothes.

Ingebuget who was to be one of the witnesses was at hand and soon the young people were on their way to the place of divine worship at a farm place in Lund township.

At arriving at this place of Mr. Lars Olson, Jacobson spoke to the pastor Rev. S. A. Hoganson and also Mr. Lars Olson if he would be the other witness to which he at once consented.

At the close of the Divine worship, the pastor announced the marriage of Ingrid Camrud to John Jacobson.

The young couple stood up as well as the witness and there in the presence of the assembly the holy marriage vows were made.

The pastor read the nuptial service in the Swedish language.

When they returned home, they had the blessings of God and His holy church upon them.

As soon as the homestead habitation was ready on Ingebuget's place mother, Ragnild, moved there to keep house for her sons.

John and Ingrid started house keeping on their own, but as they took account of the scene in the humble habitation it was with some misgivings. How much was lacking that was a necessity to even a modest living.

However Ingrid arose to the occasion. She tried to make the habitation as cozy and livable as possible. The bare earthen floor was cold and damp. To remedy this she took the scythe from its hook and cut long swaths of slough grass from the marsh and carried the layers in big bundles to the habitation. The swaths of hay was laid

in rows on the floor which soon was carpeted in sweet scented hay.

Where ever possible she and her husband set about to alter or build what furniture they could as to what was at hand. That meant the native woods was used for material.

Ingrid always had her simple floor clean and fresh with newly cut hay for her floor.

The long winter dragged on and finally spring came to the northland.

Ingrid helped with the planting of potatoes and the garden. Her husband was always busy clearing land and seeding crops.

The warm sun of May brought all vegetation to a delightful green of early summer.

But with the warm weather, the insect pests made their appearance. One of these pests was the flea. They came in swarms into the habitations and their bites were fierce. Angry red swellings that itched with a painful swelter was the result. When the milk crocks were set on shelves to cool so that the cream could rise they would fall in the milk and drown. If the milk was covered the cream would fail to rise.

Another disgusting thing in spring was when large lazy snakes would rest on the south slope of the habitation and soak up the warm sunshine. Sometimes they would crawl into the habitation and had to be carried out on sticks and killed.

The sloughs and streams were alive with snakes.

When Ingrid went to the marsh to fetch water for the house the path through the grass was alive with the serpents.

As she walked down the path she would swing her pail to and fro before her to chase the reptiles out of her path.

The water had to be boiled before it could be used for the household.



How often she shuddered when startled by tramping on a fat large snake that she failed to see in the long grass.

She told of a happening many years later. It was a Sunday and she took turns herding the cows. Her husband came in to tend to the children awhile. It was a late summer day and the cows were grazing with content in a meadow. Ingrid took her Bible along and sat down by a hay stack out of the cold wind. As she sat thus reading and watching the herd a large fat snake fell into her lap. She quickly rose and the snake crawled away. It is fortunate that the snakes in this part of Minnesota are the harmless species called the garter snake.

The two other insect pests that bothered the pioneers the most was the mosquitoes and house flies. During day time the flies came into the unscreened doors and windows and at night the mosquitoes arose in countless numbers from stagnant waters of the marshlands bent upon sucking blood from man and beast.

It was worst for babies and small children. There were no screens or mosquito netting to protect the small folk.

In the summer of 1873 a son was born to John and Ingrid Camrud in the simple habitation and in Jan 24, 1875 a daughter was born. She is my mother.

She also was born in this simple abode. My great grandmother Anna Sofia Manson Moberg was in attendance as midwife when the little daughter was born.

In the desperate hardships of pioneer life mother Ingrid was at her wits end what to do to get proper clothes for the babies.

Jacobson was busy during the winter cutting logs for fence and for building material. They were in desperate need of a new house and her husband was constantly on the job to get enough logs ready for the comparatively large house they planned to build.

Ingrid took it upon herself to water the cattle on a lake about a quarter mile away. This lake was commonly called Carlson lake. When she dressed for this hike with the cattle, she did not have any warm coat, only a large woollen shawl that she tied about her head and crossed over her chest and tied on the back. It was a real hardship to stand near the water holes on the lake and chop out the ice with the wind blowing a knife like edge below zero.

We that live in this modern age have no idea what our ancestors endured as pioneers in a rough wilderness.

Some years later Jacobson made a well and this hardship came to an end.

With the very small children in the house Ingrid had the added worry how the little tots were fairing so she ran into the house to see how they were, before she could tie up the cattle in the hog-stables.

During the early pioneer period the hunger for divine worship was felt keenly. When word was passed on there would be Christian worship at some place the Jacobson couple would walk many miles to be present.

In the Christina Lake congregation pastors came from time to time and preached in some farmers home. Jacobson would carry the oldest child while Ingrid carried the baby and



after many miles would reach the place of worship. The sermons at that time as a rule were two hours long and sometimes baptisms so it took a long time.

Before the Jacobson couple reached home they were very tired and we can hardly realize how tired the Jacobson mother must have been with a nursing child in her arms.

The hunger for God's word was great at that time. How the soul feasted on each precious word.

If we compare ourselves with our ancestors we can have cause for anxiety of soul.

We have beautiful churches, able preachers and our automobiles that swiftly bring us to church on fine highways yet we care so little we often stay at home.

It was a great joy to John and Ingrid Jacobson when Beret Camrud was married to Ingvald Jacobson <sup>1873</sup>. They were married in the home of Lars Aslesen in Leaf Mountain township by Rev. L.A.C. Carlson when he had divine service in that home.

Ingrid was happy to have her sister so near her. These two sisters had so much in common. When they visited together they so often spoke about spiritual things. It was always a comfort and strength to talk about the things of eternal life.

In the summer of 1875 the great pile of logs were ready for building. Jacobson had done a good job of trimming and fitting so that when the workmen assembled for the building, the work progressed satisfactory and soon a large two story house was built.

That same year the family moved into the new dwelling.



Mother Ingrid rejoiced in her new home. In her new home was board floors and many windows. Many of the bitter hardships of primitive living was giving away to a more comfortable living.

There was however a continued struggle to tend to the herd of cattle in summer.

At first all the settlers fenced in their small grain fields and let the cattle roam about at will. Because there was large tracts of wild prairie land west and south of Jacobson farm it became the favorite grazing lands for Jacobson's cattle.

When Jacobson came home, very tired from work in the fields or woods, it was customary for Ingrid to find the cattle and bring them home. Sometimes the Jacobson herd would join some other neighboring herd and they would wander several miles away. Ingrid would climb up some high hill and look over the terrain in several directions to see if the herd could be spotted. Sometimes at the same hour she could see other neighboring farm women standing on a distant hill looking with the same purpose in mind.

Often the ladies would meet and converse and part the herd. How very clearly these neighbor women loved one another.

Ingrid related of this pioneer struggle with the cattle which happened several times. She had climbed many high hills and nowhere could she see signs of them.

Finally after a long time she located the herd on the north shore of Christina Lake.

How tired she was before she got home with the cattle. Then it was the milking and supper and little children to care for.

During the early pioneer period many of the things we enjoy every day and take for granted was not to be had at all or used very sparingly. Coffee was one of these things as well as sugar.

Barley or wheat was placed on top of hot stone and burnt brown. From the roasted kernels a beverage was brewed that tasted something like coffee or Postum of our day.

Sugar was used very sparingly and pie, cookies, and cakes was not made at all.

However there was plenty of wild game and fish. There was a variety of bread, both light and dark bread made of wheat and rye and Johnny cake made of corn meal.

There was always a variety of milk foods, pork and meat and with this the family was content.

As the size of the family grew in numbers Ingrid's tasks were numberless. There was the carding of wool and spinning on her wheel she had from Norway and finally knitting of socks, mittens and scarves - etc.

Jacobson tanned the pelts from sheep and made them into robes which was used on beds instead of quilts.

In the early pioneer period Minnesota had several hard winter, in fact the hardest on record. When small calves or lambs were born it became necessary to take the new born animals into the kitchen in order to save their lives. The log stables at that time were not very warm and new born animals would perish in the extremely cold weather.

As soon as the small creatures got strength enough to stand the exposure they were carried into the stables again.

The family continued to grow so by 1881 there were five children, three sons and two daughters.

The first sorrow in the family came on Sept. 2nd, 1882 when the baby a daughter died. She was born May 2, 1881 and her name was Maria and <sup>was</sup> eight months old at the time of her death.

Ingrid experienced her first great sorrow but the words of Christ gave her comfort in her distress. Let the little children come unto me and hinder them not.

Jacobson had felt sorrows sting many times yet the father's heart bled at the loss of the little one. She is buried on the Jacobson cemetery lot on the Synod cemetery near the crossroad west of Inspiration peak.

A small marble marker, marks the site.

There was a lady in the community that merits special mention and honour.

She was Ingelena Osterlund (Mrs. Lars Osterlund) She was a daughter of Anna Sofia Manson\* and, a sister to my Swedish grandfather Carl M. Manson.

Like her mother she was very much skilled in midwifery and was sought after near and far in the several townships.

After the Osterlunds came to the community in 1882 she was summoned into the Jacobson home time and again when the Jacobson mother entered into the seclusion of travail.

She had a courageous personality that imparted cheer and joy wherever she went.

She was almost always successful even in trying ordeals. Her recompense was small for the noble work she did.

\* My Swedish great grandmother.



In the pioneer period the nearest doctor resided at Alexandria so it was no easy matter to call a Dr. in case of illness.

I will relate one account that will show what great difficulty the pioneers had to cope with in calling a Dr.

In Leaf Mountain township was a pioneer family in which the midwife had a special difficulty. When it became apparent to her that all her skill and experience availed nothing she quickly gave directions for the summoning of a Dr. in Alexandria.

A messenger was dispatched in all haste and farmers with good fast teams were dispatched at ten mile intervals to Alexandria to meet the Dr. and drive hard to next waiting team so that all haste possible could be made.

The Dr. got a swift ride and no time was lost on account of fagged out horses.

Because of their cooperation of all, the pioneer mother and child was saved.

One of the dreaded contagious diseases was Diphtheria. It is a childrens disease and many died from the fiercest onslaught.

At that time there was no vaccine or vaccination for the dreaded dilemma. Many children died in Leaf Mountain and the neighboring townships. In most homes where the disease appeared two or more children died within a day or two.

The Jacobson families were spared from this dreaded visitation but great anxiety was present while the scourge lasted.

There were homes where four and five little tots succumbed to the disease. How awful great was the sorrow in those homes. Where there had been laughter and crying play and noise there was the silence of death. The parents in depths of grief and despair.

The years passed swiftly by. The severe hardships of pioneer days were slowly giving away to a more comfortable living. The farm income had steadily increased somewhat from year to year and with it a higher standard of living.

Yet mother Ingrid was as busy as ever. The ever growing family left little time for leisure. The mother was constant at work, teaching her children the rudiments of the Christian faith.

With the catechism in her hand, while at work, she would endeavor to catechize her children who were old enough to learn and understand these treasures out of the Bible. That she did her instruction well can be now seen as all her ten children grew up to be honest God fearing citizens.

On Sundays when there was Christian service in some home or in dist. school house No. 70 the Jacobson family attended, driving with oxen and later with horses.

When there was no service the family had a hour of devotion in the cheerful living room.

Over Camrud the brother that came with Ingrid and Beret from Norway came at intervals to visit the Jacobson families.

The three Camruds had a strong bond of being the three who came together to America. He had homesteaded at Buxton No. Dak and was engaged in farming in the fertile Red River valley.

After a few years her sister Marit "Mrs Mrs Halvor Elingson and family" came to Leaf Mountain. They later bought a farm north east of Evansville. Ingrid's two brothers in Norway, Halvor and Iulik immigrated to the U.S. and homesteaded in North Dakota. It was great joy to have her brothers visit her. After some years they sold out and returned to Norway.



There are two outstanding personalities in the book of my memory: Mother and Aunt Ingrid. They were both devout Christians. Mother was a quiet, timid woman and could be called "one of the quiet of the land." Aunt Ingrid was much the same except that she was more forward and had more of a gift of speech. Aunt Ingrid was handicapped from the times she was 40 years old by cataracts and suffered from poor eye sight the rest of her life.

I can recall one time when Auntie Ingrid came to visit us. It was not very often that she came because of seeing so poorly. Usually one of the younger children accompanied her as a guide. It was a mile between their home and ours. Close to our house was a steep hill which we called "Indianer Haugen." We were told that it was called "Indian Hill" because of a battle fought there at the time of the massacre of the whites. When we saw Auntie coming on the top of the hill we would run to the house and tell Mother, "Auntie Ingri is coming! Auntie Ingri is coming!" And we would rejoice. In those days there were not many visitors, especially during winter months. We would take off our wraps and sit down to listen to their conversation. They always talked first about their spiritual struggles and victories. With tears in their eyes they would rejoice in the love of Christ who had given them strength in all their trials. I wondered when I heard them talk of their weaknesses how two people that seemed so perfect to me could have such problems. But they had discovered that they could not rely on their own strength and that Christ was their only refuge and comfort.

My mother, Beret, was a Bible student. I can see her in my memory reading her Bible especially on Sunday afternoons. She would then rest a while and tell us a Bible story. We were seven children and I know it was plenty noisy, but Mother did not hear us. She was interested in her reading and nothing could disturb her.

I often wondered how Mother could be so patient and calm. There seemed to be a hidden life in her that we could not understand. I began to think she had found something in the Bible that made her like that. I wanted some of her patience and kindness. I wanted to be like her. I started to seek those hidden treasures in the good old Book. In my youth I could not understand it all but I thought, "When I grow up like Mother, then I will understand."

Mother was not only a Bible student. She practiced its teachings. That was the secret of her beautiful life. She sought the stillness of the Lord and that brought peace and assurance to her soul making her courageous and strong. She had a childlike and enduring faith in Him who said, "Whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted" (Matt. 23:12).

When her life was ebbing away I thanked her for what she had done for us in being a kind and loving mother. She smiled and said, "Oh, that's nothing to mention. I have done so little." So like a mother's love to forget her sacrifices.



A few years after Mother's departure, we visited the old familiar places where we used to roam in our childhood days. We also visited Aunt Ingrid. She had reached the ripe old age of 86. She had the same steadfast faith in God. Upon leaving we bid her goodbye, and she said, "This may be the last time we are together, but let us be ready when the Master calls us home to glory."

Two weeks later she was taken to the great beyond in peaceful slumber. It is now many years since those two pioneer mothers left us but from their graves they still speak to us. I am still ruled by Mother's hand and guided by her voice. The memory of her life lingers along my way. Jesus was her Pilot and He is my Pilot too. Though days of childhood are forever gone, nothing through the years can smother or take away the memory of these blessed mothers.

*Louise Jacobson Carlson*

#### FAITH IN GOD

Looking into the past is really looking into the future. To have the tried and tested Christian wisdom and knowledge of these women adds much to our lives today. We have inherited the desire to learn and the scope of achievement is even wider now than a century ago. To live and make life a bit better for another is worthy goal..

It was Grandma Ingrid's prayer that we shall all know the salvation through Christ Jesus so we might all share the infinite hope and expectancy of someday being united together where all afflictions will be healed and all sorrow turned to joy, where love and peace are everlasting.

## GRANDMOTHER'S SOAP

Now days when my mother is going to wash clothes she goes to see if she has soap enough, and if she hasn't, she tells daddy to buy some when he goes to town. In my grandmother's days, when my mother was a little girl, grandmother never went to look if she had enough because she knew she had. She made enough soap to last her through out the year. Shall I tell you how she made it?

Grandmother cooked her soap in the spring but she began preparing for it in the fall. First she put up four barrels or more in which to put oak wood ashes. She preferred oak wood ashes because that made stronger lye. Then she gathered the barrels full of ashes during the winter months. Fat, lard and tallow to be used for the soap were also saved.

Early in the spring when she began to get ready to cook the soap, she would first start to make the lye. She took an empty barrel and bored a hole in the bottom close to one edge. Next she would prop the barrel up on two short logs, leaving a space under it where she could put a small iron kettle to catch the lye. In the barrel she put some brush to cover the bottom. She shoveled it full of ashes from one of the full barrels. After that they poured in enough water to soak the ashes. When this had dripped into the kettle, that's what grandmother called lye. While this was dripping she began to make ready a larger iron kettle in which the soap was to be cooked. This kettle might hold twenty to thirty gallons. The kettle was hung on supports in such a way that a fire could be built underneath it.

As the lye dripped from the barrel into the small kettle it was

emptied into the big one each morning and evening. In some mysterious way, grandmother could always tell if the lye water was strong enough by touching a drop to her tongue. It is became too weak she would put in fresh ashes which again dripped through and made stronger lye.

When she had the large kettle half full of lye water and when a nice, still, day came, grandmother would say, "Well I guess we'll cook our soap today, an all-day job." This meant lots of fun for the children, carrying twigs and branches to keep the fire going under the big kettle. To the lye she would add the fat that she had saved during the winter. In the same mysterious way that she knew when the lye was strong enough, she also knew just how much fat to put into the lye. Next she cooked it and stirred it for several hours. When the mixture had boiled until it began to thicken, grandmother would take her long soap laddle, and lifting it out of the kettle so the soap mixture dripped from it she would say, "Yes, I think it's just right". Next she would put in a small amount of salt and stir it well. After this she covered the kettle with an old carpet and let it stand until morning.

Mystery of mysteries, the next morning Grandmother would go out to her soap kettle and lift out a big round cake of nice white soap six inches thick. This she laid on a large clean board and cut it up into suitable pieces. Next she put them in a box which she carried into the cellar. Grandmother had soap to last her until the next spring.

—Helen Mae Pearson.

*Helen Mae Pearson is a daughter of Esther Jacobson Pearson. This write up appeared in the weekly news paper of Evansville, The Evansville Enterprise. The article was a composition in school work that Helen Mae had.*

## A TRIBUTE OF PRAISE AND THANKS TO THE JACOBSON WOMEN

This is written in loving memory of Grandmother Ingrid Jacobson, her daughters and daughters-in-law, who have left a most vivid imprint on our lives. Those of us who were fortunate in having known them and those who read this book can reflect on their many contributions and see how their life style and Christian principles are guidelines for us today.

Grandma Ingrid had a most compassionate heart to everyone around her. She set an example of generosity, friendliness and hospitality in giving of herself and room in her home to many who found refuge there.

Aunt Alma followed her footsteps in giving the same warm welcome, kindness and caring attitude, a tradition which has remained in the Jacobson home to this day.

All the second generation wives and mothers lived during the depression and were ingenious in thinking of ways to make do in spite of economic conditions. Aunt Mary (Strobeck) could definitely make "Little House on the Prairie" very authentic. Many of her conscientious and conservative ways in homemaking (in spite of crop failures and other adversities) were no doubt made easier by the perseverance taught to her at an early age.

Aunt Alice also had talent in making clothes and preserving food. Many people benefited from her neatness and organization especially in canning food. Her energetic nature and passion for learning and teaching are a reality in the lives of her family today.

Grandma Ingrid would have been gratified by Aunt Vida's tender care of family and the elderly. We can remember her rug weaving enterprises. In quoting the American writer, Henry D. Thoreau, "Goodness is the only investment that never fails." Hers was this investment.

Into each life some music and art should fall. The Jacobson family shared a vast variety of interests. Every home had an organ or piano. Each of us has either music talent or has learned to appreciate music. Aunt Minnie had a gift of singing and harmonizing. She smiled often, loved much and won the affection of children where ever went.

Aunt Annie inherited the love of quietness in reading and meditating and finding beauty everywhere. Through her life we have an example of trust and acceptance based on the Bible. Most of us remember her words of wisdom and encouragement in both joy and sorrow.

Aunt Mary (Jacobson) reminded us to appreciate the pretty things like a beautiful piece of lace, a smile on a new baby's face, a pretty card or gift given in cheerfulness. Many of our homes contain paintings or other works of art made by someone now passed on. Books are always treasured--the Bible having priority.

When Grandma Ingrid lost her eye sight for an indefinite period of time, Aunt Esther faithfully read the Bible and other books to her daily. One of Aunt Esther's favorite hobbies was reading books, and she shared much of this knowledge with others. Esther inherited Grandmother Ingrid's spinning wheel from Norway. It is now carefully preserved in her daughter Ella's care.



The person of the lonely seterjente, or chalet girl, who tended the cows high up in the mountains during the whole summer, formed a major part of the literature and folklore of Norway. Her loneliness was movingly interpreted in the poem by Jørgen Moe and later set to music by Ole Bull.

## Seterjentens søndag

The Chalet Girl's Sunday

Andante sostenuto

OLE BULL



1. På so - len jeg ser, det li - der alt frem, snart er det ved høi-mes-se-  
1. I gaze on the sun, It mounts in the skies, The hour soon for mass will be



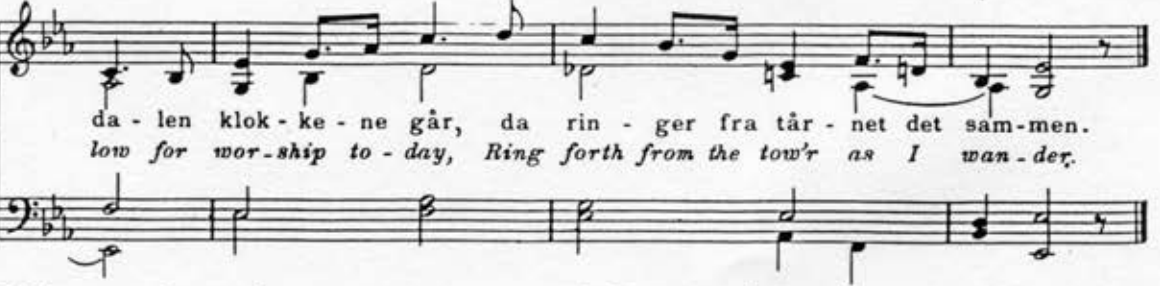
ti - de, o den som en stund fikk øn - ske sig hjem blandt  
break-ing; Ah would I were home 'midst all that I prize 'mong



folk som på kir - ke - vei skri - de! Når sol - ski - ven sti - ger  
folks now the church-ward path tak-ing! As soon as the sun - lights



litt, så den står der midt o - ver ska - ret i kam-men, da vet jeg i  
up on its way The notch in the moun-tain crest yon-der, Then church-bells be-



da - len klok - ke - ne går, da rin - ger fra tår - net det sam-men.  
low for wor-ship to - day, Ring forth from the tow'r as I wan - der.

2. Det nytter ei stort å tage sin bok  
og synge i heien sin salme;  
mitt loft er for høit, og her er det dog  
som tonene blekne og falme.  
O den som idag fikk blande sin røst  
med hans og de øvriges stemme!  
Gud give at snart det lakket mot høst,  
Gud give jeg atter var hjemme!

2. To open one's book 'tis useless to try,  
And psalms out of doors begin singing;  
So distant my loft, 'twould seem, here on high  
That tones become poor while they're ringing.  
Ah, happy the one whose voice could in song  
With his and the others be blending!  
God grant that the harvest come before long,  
My flock and myself homeward sending.

Jørgen Moe.

Auber Forestier.

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