team physician for the local school sports for several years. Essentially a modest man, Dr. Kirk halted several attempts made by local civic groups to pay him public honors after his completion of a half century in the practice of medicine.

He was examining physician for the Selective Service System — gratis — for about 15 years. On April 22, 1935, four months after his death, the family was the recipient of a citation from President Dwight D. Eisenhower, for their father, in grateful recognition of valuable service contributed to the Nation and the Selective Service System.

He was an avid reader. His medical library was given to the University of North Dakota.

He was a great chess player and played with world champions. He also used to play via telegraph with players throughout the country, depot agents, professional men, etc.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirk had three sons, Cyrus, Ralph and Paul and one daughter Mary.

Harvey J. Kirk

The story began when Harvey James Kirk of Mallory, Minnesota, and Berget Omlid of Fisher were married on September 22, 1935, at the Norwegian Lutheran Church by the Rev. Halvor Lie. Harvey was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kirk, who had come to Polk county in 1932 from Niagara, North Dakota, when the depression forced them to locate elsewhere. His grandparents had homesteaded in North Dakota. They bought 430 acres of rich valley land in Huntsville township near Mallory, Minnesota; some years later his parents retired to the city and Harvey and I carried on with the farm.

My parents were Charles and Annie Omlid. My father came from Walle Township in North Dakota, where they homesteaded. My mother’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Langlie, settled in Bygland township. An uncle still resides on the old homestead. I was one of eight children. We grew up on a little farm along the Red Lake River about three miles west of Fisher, Minnesota. I graduated from Fisher High School with a class of 13 students. We rode the rural school bus, which was much different than today’s modern buses. The bus drivers used their own cars for transporting students. In muddy weather or winter time, they used a horse-drawn wooden bus. The trip was long and slow. We left home in the dark and returned after dark. But we were young. We sang songs, told stories, ate the bread crumbs from our sandwiches left from noon, because by then we were really hungry.

When I married Harvey, I moved about two miles from my old home to the farm where we lived for 35 years, located along Highway #2, between East Grand Forks and Fisher. For several years we used horses for the farm work, milked cows, and sold milk to Grand Forks dairies, besides raising grain crops and sugar beets. After a while, we abandoned the dairy. The sugar beet farmers will find it hard to believe that in 1936, the sugar beet crop was so small because of severe dry weather that we and others ended the year by owing the American Crystal Sugar Factory money for migrant labor, seed and fertilizer. But we survived and the years went by, good and bad ones. Our family grew up, four girls and one boy. They are Patricia, married to a farmer, Lynn Porter of Hillsboro, North Dakota, with three children: Lisa Ann, Michael, and Greg; Dawn, married to Patti, and Jimmy Stolt- mar; and Orlie, who is also homesteading in Grand Forks where he is a firefighter. He runs the family farm with the three children, Kelly, Tony, and Tommy: Bonnie with her husband, Duane Miller, and children Kim and Robert, living in Grand Forks; and Dorothy Lynn and husband Wayne Ferendick with Tommy, Steve and Linda Diane, a special education teacher, now returned to Moorhead State University for her elementary degree.

Harvey retired in 1974, but he still helps David on the farm. We live in the city of East Grand Forks. The only reason for leaving the farm was the fact that State Highway Officials told us that a new four-lane highway was planned to go directly through our farm yard. So they made an offer — market value, they said. No one can realize the shock and heart ache it is to know that in a free and wonderful country, our home and land can be taken from us. In due time the bull dozers came along and left our home and farm yard a total shambles. Harvey and David will rebuild it elsewhere. We have a new wide highway, and with today’s traffic, we realize it is necessary.

Karleus Knutson

Karleus Knutson Sparby and his older brother Oluf came to this country as young men. Oluf settled in Iowa. Karleus came to East Grand Forks, Minnesota. His boyhood friend, Olof Hoff, lived here. They came from Hof i Solar, Norway. Solar is an area and Hof a town. ‘Sparby’ was the name of the place where likely the family lived or worked, and they took the Sparby name which was customary at that time. Oluf kept the Sparby name but Karleus eventually used the father’s and great Knutson. Mrs. Knutson, Mathilda Katrina Svenson, came to the United States with her mother from Stockholm, Sweden. They lived with her Aunt and Uncle Sven Svenson. After their marriage Karleus (called “Charlie” by everyone) and Mathilda Katrina, who was called “Carrie,” lived north of town. Later they purchased 12 acres from Axel Wahlstrom, who was also Carrie’s uncle, and at that time owned what is now the Wahlstrom Rd. Addition. He was considered wealthy.

Charlie was a devout man and loved to sing. Every Sunday they walked to the little Danish Norwegian Church in Grand Forks, North Dakota. There was no road, as such, but either the path above the river or the ‘cut across’ through Supranant’s pasture, now north end. In the winter time they could walk across the river and catch a street car in Riverside Park. As the children grew older they had a boat and rowed across, being sure all were ready to go home at the same time. As Charlie tilled the patch of grain and hoed the garden he sang. He worked for others and they enjoyed his singing.

Maybe he was a dreamer but he recognized that the East Side had a bigger and better future. He often told his children “Not in my time, maybe not in yours, but some day East Grand Forks will take over this area.” At that time there were trees to be grubbed, the open spaces lush with berries and bushes, where Carrie picked and sold gooseberries for 10¢ a gallon. The river edge had vines of wild grapes for jelly. His dream came true, the hill in front of the house where the children slid down on skis, slide or mother’s dust pan, is now filled with soil and all in lots, new homes being built.

Karleus and Carrie had four children that grew to adulthood: Axel, who became a Northern States Power Co. engineer; Hildur, now Mrs. W. Ray, worked as a secretary-treasurer; Oscar, who was a plasterer; and Palmer, who was a bricklayer. Oscar was an enthusiastic ski jumper and won trophies around the northwest area and in Canada.

Mr. Knutson died in 1918 when Axel was overseas during World War I. His brother Oluf died a year later. Mrs. Robert Bride of Iowa, and daughter of Axel’s cousin, got some information when they toured Norway. Mrs. Axel Knutson