and Finkle. This company owned the first grain elevator in Moorhead and with their associates had the first flour mill there. Mr. Bruns along with another partner also started the first bank there, now known as the Moorhead National Bank.

Frontier life being what it was, it was not uncommon to cross a river before the erection of bridges in the valley. Mr. Sampson followed by many others. He would drive to the edge of the stream, unhitch the oxen, then jump on one of them holding in his hand one end of the rope, swim across the stream, then fasten that end of rope to the yoke and with the other end fastened to the wagon, the oxen would haul it across the stream.

Thank God also for the hardiness of the pioneer women who rode west on wagons giving up the comforts of an easier life, and one of love, care, and uncertainty, and who remained on through all kinds of adverse situations to make a home for their husbands and children. Only the strongest remained (many returned east and many others died young), but those who remained brought family unity to the wilderness. By necessity a pioneer woman became a housekeeper, gardener, baker, cook, seamstress, doctor, dentist, nurse, teacher, Sunday school teacher, and an assistant for any other situation.

Mrs. Sampson fitted this mold perfectly. Along with all the other problems of the day, she was left alone a great deal with the small children when her husband was away for supplies. The uncertainty that prevailed during those times required the utmost courage any person could muster.

Many Indians were camped in the area — one large group was located in Sampson’s Addition, another group was in Jerome’s Addition and a third group was located near the future sawmill. These Indians frequented the farm, often observing the Sampson family. They had made several attempts to burn the cabin down, and on one occasion at least, when Mrs. Sampson was alone, the Indians at knifepoint forced her to fry meat for them. While she fried the meat, they watched her as they were lined up along the walls of the cabin.

Protection from the weather provided by the log cabin was not the best for the raising of young children either. Mrs. Sampson had to move up to the loft many times during the heavy rains because this was the only dry spot that could be found in the log cabin. These incidents are only a few that confronted her and if space were available many other early experiences could also be related to the reader.

Religion, as might be expected, always played a large part in the life and faith of the early settlers. A strong faith in God gave these settlers an inner strength to forge ahead into an unknown wilderness with all of its mysteries. Their faith comforted them through all types of adversities and kept their hopes and dreams alive. Anyone who wanted to leave Norway had to first obtain a certificate of good character from the pastor. This was a most difficult task, for the clergy were solidly opposed to emigration. Only the most daring braved it.

Once the early settlers had located in an area one or more homes became the central place to worship until a church could be organized and built. The Sampson log cabin became such a meeting place for devotions and Bible-reading and this log cabin hosted the first church services in Crookston and was the scene of the first baptisms for the children of the early settlers.

The first church of Crookston originated also at this log cabin when a charter was drawn up on June 7, 1874 creating the Red Lake River Evangelical Lutheran Church. This church, along with a group of other early Lutheran Churches that eventually merged, became the forerunner of the present Trinity Lutheran Church.

An extension of the St. Paul and Pacific Railway had been built north from Glyndon to where Crookston is now located. After a favorable report from an exploring group up the Red Lake, the village of Good Winds was established, and Crookston would be the head of navigation. Supplies would come by rail from St. Paul to Crookston, then would be loaded on steamboats owned by James J. Hill and Norman Kittson, to be transported to Grand Forks, and eventually embark on a journey to Winnipeg via the Red River.

Crookston’s history as a riverport ended in 1875 when Mr. Hill and Mr. Kittson, with the help of Mr. Sampson, built the