MYLO AND MARLENE CARLSON

Mylo Carlson was born March 26, 1940, the first child of Myron and Margaret Carlson, Helgeland township residents. Mylo attended district #279, the Northwest School of Agriculture at Crookston, and Concordia College, Moorhead. In his teen years he spent many Sunday afternoons playing baseball for the Brandt-Helgeland team and later for the Louie Carlson team. On September 8, 1962, he married Marlene Bonnette, daughter of Lewis and Esther Bonnette, Brandt township. Marlene was born on April 15, 1940, and attended district #240, and Warren High, and was employed as a legal secretary in Crookston for eight years. Mylo was with the Army from 1962-1964, and upon his discharge from the Service, he returned to farming and is presently farming land which has been in the Carlson family name since his great-grandfather, Martin Carlson, in 1901. They have a diversified small grains and dairy farm. They are the parents of three children, DeAnna, eleven years old; Michael, eight years old; and Kimberly, four years old. Mylo and Marlene were members of the Triangle 4-H club when it was first organized in 1949, and today are adult leaders in the same club. They have attended Melo Lutheran Church as long as they can remember, and have held offices within the Melo organization.

The Carlsons remember work being done with horse-drawn equipment, especially during haying and threshing time, the woodbox that had to be filled, the chilly seat in the outhouse on winter days, shocking grain and strawstacks. There was visiting by horse-drawn sleds, when the roads remained blocked a week at a time after a big blizzard. There was time for ball practice, visiting, church gatherings, ball games, Farmers’ Club, and Roy Rogers was at the Warren theatre on Saturday night. It was the day of five-cent ice cream cones, windchargers, Fibber McGee and Molly, DeSotas, baths in front of the oven door, Amos and Andy, and whist parties. They recall the advent of the combine, electricity to their rural area, television, and many great strides in the field of agriculture.

MYRON CARLSON AND MARGARET (MARTYN) CARLSON

Myron, son of Olai and Martha Carlson of Helgeland township and Margaret, daughter of Ida Tollefson of Crookston, were married in 1939 and rented a farm in Brandt township. Myron had worked his father’s farm since he was a young boy and Margaret taught rural school in Helgeland township. In 1943 they bought the family farm — 160 acres. This farm had been homesteaded in 1900 by Myron’s grandfather, Marten Carlson.

The old barn was “fixed up” to house the beginnings of a Holstein herd and in 1952 a 32’x48’ hip-roofed barn made of oak was bought from the Osseo area and moved to this farm. The tires on the mower’s trailer dished out from the weight of the barn. All cost amounted to $4500 (a lot of money then). Then a machine shed was constructed with most of the rafters being made from cottonwood lumber cut from an old grove planted by grandfather Carlson. A neighbor with a sawmill shaped the lumber. Years later, when the cattle were to be registered, these same cottonwoods, and a willow tree planted as a twig about 60 years previously, were the objects of the registered name chosen, “Woodwillow”. A Quonset was built with help from neighbors — hard work but lots of friendly chatter too. The dairy herd grew so the barn was enlarged, a milk house was built, and a barn cleaner and silo unloader were installed. The cows were happy with their drinking cups. The Carlsons have five children: Mylo of Helgeland township, married Marlene Bonnette; Rodney married Janis Mulkey in St. Louis, Missouri; Kenneth married Patty Gilbert in Wausau, Wisconsin; Mary married Keith Myhrer in Detroit Lakes; and Janet married Paul Aakre in Helgeland township.

Before bulk tanks came into being, our milk was cooled in 10 gallon cans set in the watering tank, where a stream of fresh, cold water from the flowing well poured over them constantly. Jars of perishables (yeast, cheese etc.) floated in that tank, too.

It was good when we didn’t have to haul our own milk to town. Now the milk truck came to pick it up, but we had to hurry and run out to skim off some of that cream before he took it all away. Then we got an ice box.

Wonder of Wonders! Three neighbors bought blocks of ice from Thief River Falls in the winter and stored them in an old shed, had a load of sawdust from Bagley hauled in to cover the ice and it lasted throughout most of the summer. But when REA came, a refrigerator was the first thing we bought. The graduation from kerosene lamps to gas lamps to those bright Aladdin lamps, to the windcharger and to electricity was marvelous. Modernization began immediately in most farms of the area when REA appeared. (Guess everyone built a bathroom.) That first electric iron was a real gift. (What an uneasy feeling it was to have to pump up that gas iron many times during “ironing day”). The old flat-iron on the stove tops were preferred. Then that oil burner which replaced the old front-room coal heater — ahh — to come home and have the house warm, no ashes to drag out nor coal and wood to carry in, to sit around it and listen to Fibber McGee open his closet door (we have a closet like that). Imaginations could go wild during “Mystery Theatre”. No dish washer could ever replace the precious hours of “doing dishes” together — always singing, learning harmony, talking “serious” talk-grumbling too, of course.

There was a bad March storm and the wind blew so hard that the front room congoleum rug lay up from the floor — just like magic. We had to walk on it with high-bent knees. I remember poisoning grasshoppers until they just seemed to grow nice and fat and took so long to die. And our crops died with them. The oven in the old range was used for more than baking — many baby lambs, and piglets were saved by being wrapped, rubbed and warmed in its depths. We rather miss the sound of old Dan and Queenie, the horses, chewing their oats out of their feed box in the barn — the calling cows by names that fit their character rather than numbers — the visits to the neighbors in the cold of winter by riding over there, the whole family except Dad seated on a straw bale on the straw-covered manure sled. Then Dad would cover us all up with a quilt and he stood outside and drove old Dan. We could hear him “clicking his tongue” and talking encouragingly to Dan and we listened to the sound of the harness as it shook in the cold; the clip-clop of Dan’s hoofs, rhythmic and squeaky on the frozen ground; we smelled the clean straw and we sang all the way — except the little ones who would sleep on the way home. We were a family!

OLAI JOHAN ANGEL CARLSON AND MARTHA HANSON CARLSON

Olai Carlson was born in 1887 to Marten and Hanna Kathrina Hansdatter Karlsen in Luro, Solver, Norway. He was about three years of age when he came to America with his mother and a sister. His father and a brother had come to America in 1889 to get established in this new land of opportu-