young manhood; Sidney, married Elida Carlson, lives in Crookston; Annis, married Tom Oppel, lived and died in Chicago; Alf, married Marie Kniper, lives in St. Paul; Josephine, married Charles Radefeldt, lived in St. Paul; Evelyn, married Fred Peterson, lives in St. Paul; and Inger, married Dale Werner, moved to Phoenix, Arizona.

Recollections of Melvina Gross: “Gina was very religious and didn’t like dancing and would get angry with Andrew when he would dance around with the kids. It was a sin to go to a movie or dance. They couldn’t have a phonograph or any music in the house. The neighbors taught Melvina how to dance and she would practice outside in the night with a broom when all were asleep. They didn’t have Santa Claus, although they did decorate a tree with popcorn and cranberries. Mrs. Gross’ name was actually Tatarina, but she was too frightened to be blowing the barn down, building a barn in 1905 or 1906. She remembers taking fresh straw at harvest to fill the mattresses, shearing sheep and fixing the wool, neighbors coming over to make blankets and make soap. She remembers her brother, Art, having to milk cows and the mosquitoes were so bad she held the cow’s tail so it wouldn’t slap Art. But it would slip away from her hold so Art tied the tail to her. The cow got frightened and ran off with Melvina tied to it. She remembers when the telephone came in around 1909 and her uncle would call her father up to hear her father sing Norwegian songs on the phone. Evidently they weren’t religious songs as her mother was very upset when he did this.” Andrew and Gina moved to Crookston where he kept a few cattle and sold milk. Each day he would hitch up his horse and deliver milk throughout the town, always cheery, whistling or singing. He had a good will toward all people and left them feeling better because of his happy presence.

Alma Bergstøi Olesdatter married Hans Christophersen and lived in Brandt township since 1895 and farmed about four hundred acres. Their children are: Olga, married Roy Thibodo, near Stephen; Tina (Katrinka), married Ed Egreson, lived in Washington; Mabel, married Arthur Young; Francis, married Estelle Short; Howard, married Agnes John- son; Clarence, married Margaret Christensen, living in Ren- ton, Washington; Eheroff (Chips), married Olga Vigness, lives in Bambidge Island, Washington; Kenneth, married Marian Monson, lives in Crookston; Ellsworth, married Helen Andersen, lives in Seattle, Washington.

**OLE GJERDE**

My father and mother and three of us children came over from Norway in the spring of 1893 and first settled in the northern part of Lyons county, Minnesota where a sister of our father lived. Uncle and Aunt John Ringstad at that time lived in a sod cellar, partly above and partly below the ground. The room in that house was not spacious, but in those early days there was always room for a few more. In the fall of 1894, Mrs. John Mork of Angus, Minnesota, wrote a number of letters in a Norwegian newspaper, **Decorah Posten**, telling of the homestead lands east of Angus. Father decided to look this over and finally filed on a quarter section in what later became Helgeland township.

In the summer of 1895 I worked in the same neighborhood where we had lived but the rest of the family moved on the homestead here.

Late that fall I came north and arrived in Crookston on an early morning train. It was a bitter cold and clear morning. When daylight came and the sun rose bright and clear, I never was more surprised in my life, for the sun rose in the north. I had never seen that before and never since. This was in December. To this day I can not tell direction when in Crook- ston. When we came from in Norway it was quite mountain- ous and southern Minnesota is rolling but at Angus it was flat. On our way home I asked father what those towers were, I saw so many of them. He finally told me they were woodpiles. People used to set the wood piles on end to keep them from getting snowed under. Back in 1895 there was no gas engine to saw wood with; that was hand work. I did not like the flatness of the country but by now am fairly well used to it.

We had a hard winter with lots of snow and cold weather. We had a thermometer that would register to forty-five degrees below and that was frozen up tight quite often. The storms would usually last three days. It would start to snow and when I say it started to snow I mean just that. The wind would turn to the northwest and start to blow and turn cold. The third day the wind would blow and it was cold!

Shortly after I came home there was a wedding, the first one of the neighborhood, and it was an event. Everybody was invited and everybody came, children and all. Charley John- son, a young homesteader, had married a young lady he had worked together with on the “Irish Farm.” The wedding was at the home of his sister and brother-in-law, Elias Jorendal. They had a two-roomed house with an upstairs to it and was the largest house in the neighborhood. Into these rooms were crowded perhaps a hundred people there was no room. After a bounteous supper a few rounds of brandy and some visiting, the children were piled away here and there, the floor was cleared and Oscar Haugløf got out his fiddle and the occasion started. There were but few girls of an age that could dance but most of the married women there were still young and they danced and it was not that slow going stuff either. It was a festival we all enjoyed and remember to this day. They didn’t need a speedy automobile or a howling radio to have a good time. Most of the people who came there drove oxen or perhaps walked.

Along the first week of March 1896, it started to warm up with warm, balmy southern winds. The snow melted away and it was spring-like — every little hole full of water, the snow all gone! It did not last, for one blizzard followed the other till we had about as much snow as we had before and the same cold weather. But in April it started to rain and we sure had plenty of it. The Crookston Times of that spring claimed it rained for forty-five days, thus beating the Biblical deluge by four days. There were mosquitoes and how thick they were and how large they were.

“In 1896 I went back to southern Minnesota and did not get back till late in 1898 and many things had changed, such as better buildings.

There was a band here; George Anderson was the leader. The Abelsons were very active in this. They later moved to Washington state and located in Tacoma. I have spent my life here and often have wondered if my activities here have been what they should have been. I always put forth my best effort. Hope some day someone reads what I have written.”

**JOHN HALSA**

John Halsa came to Warren, Minnesota in the early 1890’s with his mother, brother Chris, and sister Marie, later Mrs. Andrew Olson. They came from Helgeland, Norway. He worked as a carpenter.

He met and married Marie Dalseide, who had also come to Warren from Bergen, Norway in 1894. They lived in Warren for a year and a-half. Then they homesteaded in Helgeland township in 1895, where he had built a house. Eight children were born to them in order: Sige, Norman, Malfred, John, Clara, Nelmor, Daniel and Dorothy.

Prairie fires at one time destroyed the barn, but it was later replaced. John helped his brother-in-law, Andrew Olson, build his house and also helped with carpentry work in building the Melo Church. The Halsas also planted trees around the yard, some of which are still standing.

The oldest daughter, Sige, was married on the home place in 1917. Mostly the relatives attended the wedding.

As most of the early settlers had, Halsas also had cows, horses, chickens, pigs, and did grain farming. They used horses and wagons to go to town for supplies. This was only a few times. They would buy flour at the store, sugar, coffee, fish, etc. Much of the furniture was home-made.

Sige and Malfred helped the neighbors doing housework. Norman and John, Jr. also helped different neighbors with farm work. In 1919, John died from heart trouble caused by the flu. His wife stayed on the farm until her death in 1953. Norman had taken over the farm after his father’s death. In 1918, Norman was in Camp. There were four children at home. They all got the flu except one daughter, Clara. She