was falling on their farm. Bernt was but ten years of age at that time. A couple of years later the mother brought the family to America. In a third class freighter ship they lived among the animals. Bernt cut down trees and then he climbed to the top mast expecting to take a look at the land beyond, where he and his family were to live.

They located in Steele county, Minnesota, and there the Mother Astrid remarried to Mr. Rukke. Bernt continued his residence at home until he was twenty-five years of age, when he purchased land and engaged in farming in Steele county. He continued his operations there for two years and then moved to Polk county, Minnesota, taking a homestead on section thirty-four of Russia township. In the meantime, on June 10, 1878, Bernt was married to Miss Marie Sampson, a native of Wisconsin.

In his own words is Mr. Lindberg's report of his family's journey to their homestead:

When I removed from Steele county, Minnesota on the 28th of September 1880, I drove all the way up here, a distance of about four hundred miles, with ox team and covered wagon. All that I owned I had in that wagon, which consisted of my wife and two children, Oscar and three oxen. We pitched the tent near a couple of horse fences, and the wagon and household goods. We enjoyed nice weather and good roads the first two weeks of our journey, up to the 14th of October, but that caused some trouble because it was dry and the oxen got terribly thirsty. When they reached the river they just went pell mell down the steep bank, and the wagon and some contents (including Mrs. Lindberg, the two babies and a Grandfather clock) toppled into the river. I managed to hold onto the rest of the property and fished Oscar out of the muck; also the clock, which ran good for at least forty years after. We traveled in the rain all day. At night we camped near a farmer whose name was Knut Gilbertson, where I purchased hay for my stock. We had then reached a point seven miles north of Elizabeth City in Ottertail county. During the night it commenced to snow and the wind which then was from the northwest increased rapidly. In the morning when I got out of the wagon I found the snow to be at least six inches deep on the level, and the air so thick that it was impossible to see two rods ahead. Mr. Gilbertson came out and asked us to come in the house and get warmed up. I accepted the invitation with thanks and asked if he had any shelter where I could put my stock, as they were suffering more on account of the storm than we were. He said he hadn't any room for stock as his stable was full, but suggested that he would go with us to one of his nearest neighbors, a half mile distant, where we could get shelter for the stock as well as ourselves. We then packed up the wagon and started out. Mr. Gilbertson walking ahead of the oxen to show the way. After driving about one-fourth mile we got in a big snow drift and the oxen couldn't pull the load any further. I then had to unhitch the oxen from the wagon and Mr. Gilbertson drove the oxen and two cows I had with me, while I wrapped a quilt around my oldest boy and carried him, leaving my wife and baby in the wagon until we returned for them. After making a short road long, we at last found the residence of Thomas Lagraider, a very accommodating gentleman. Mr. Lagraider sent one of his boys with Mr. Gilbertson back to the wagon after my wife and baby. They found them without trouble, but on going back to Mr. Lagraider's they got lost and couldn't find the place. After considerable walking back and forward and almost exhausted, they came to a neighbor of Mr. Lagraider, where my wife had to stay three days while the storm raged. On the fifth day we started on the long journey to our future home, very discouraged, as I knew the roads would be in bad condition after such a storm. We landed on our homestead October 31st."

When they finally came to the spot they called home, Mr. Lindberg said "Well, now we are home on the bare prairie." There were no buttes or trees or prairie dog towns or wagon tracks. But a mile and a half away there was a neighbor named John Thompson who was kind enough to offer shelter for him and his family until he could build a shack. This took most of the winter, as the oxen traveled one mile an hour with lumber from a long distance. In the loft where he and his wife and babies slept there was snow on the quilt as the roof was not well insulated. But his wife survived the fierce experience formerly mentioned where she had to stay for 5 days to recuperate the cold she caught. Everybody had a bottle of brandy in the house, and she was given a good hot toddy to get her blood circulating again. From that time on she had a respiratory problem. But in spite of all this she raised ten children and had to face prairie fire and Indians who travelled through the prairie. In the spring, after living with the Thompsons all winter eating mush called "rumagraft", Mr. Lindberg was hired by Thompson to plow a piece of sod so as to raise a garden and wheat. He received one dollar per day for his labors.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindberg are now the parents of the following children: Carl Oscar, Adolph, Nestor, Bernhard Martinus, Clare Cecelia, Ida Elizabeth, Christian Nels, John Melvin, Alma Louise and Tina Susane. Their farm is devoted to grain raising and they have four hundred acres cultivated to wheat and small grain. They endured many hardships incident to pioneer life while farming, and encountered many other severe storms. On one occasion, Bernt was returning from Crookston with a yoke of oxen when the storm came upon him and he became lost. After a time he drove to an unoccupied shanty and this he broke into and thus provided shelter for himself and oxen, but he had to walk the balance of the night in an effort to keep from freezing to death. Daylight revealed some buildings a short distance away and making his way to them, he found himself at his neighbor's, Mr. Simmons.

Bernt Lindberg Threshing Crew About 1900.

For several years they had to haul water with oxen from the Sand Hill River near Beltrami, a distance of four miles. One of the women in the area, Mrs. Lindberg and neighbor, Mrs. Ole Olson, was to drive the oxen with their wagon loaded with barrels to the river to fill up with water. On their return home oxen would go faster, even to a run, so Mrs. Lindberg and Mrs. Olson held one line each and had to let the beasts go their own way. They made it home successfully only if the barrels didn't tip over and spill the water.

In 1885 Bernt Lindberg sunk the first flowing well in the locality, and he now has an unlimited supply of soft artesian water.

Mr. Lindberg assisted in the organization of his township and has served as assessor for the past thirteen years. He is identified with the reform principles of the Populist party and is a man of broad ideas, who keeps pace with the time and lends his influence for good government, national and local. He has helped in the building of churches, and is a member of the Lutheran church in Beltrami. He demonstrated his public-spirited nature and interest in the community by contributing a sum of his land for a church, the first in the area.

The Lindbergs have past three generations. Marie in 1930 and Bernt in 1932. The farm was sold to a granddaughter, Myrtle Lindberg Mulchay (Mrs. Bill Mulchay). The only member of that family that remains is Alma L. Ogaard of Crookston, Minnesota.

GOTFRIED WELTER

Gottfried Welter was born in Luxembourg, Germany July 11, 1862. In 1881, he and three brothers, Nicholas, Peter and Casper, immigrated to the United States. They came to Waba- sha, Minnesota and worked for Math Marx on his farm, which was adjoining the Joseph Gossen farm. A. "Hartz", a relative of Marx, also came with them. Some time later, Casper went to Iowa. Fred, Peter and Nick went to Argyle, Minnesota where