An expert at his trade, Ole mitered the corners and used huge wooden pegs to hold the logs together. The pegs were also hewn by hand. When the home was finished, the Jevnings were the proud owners of a two-bedroom home.

There is no record of how long it took to build the home, nor what cost it came in man hours, sweat, and pains-taking labor. But, it proved to be a home that lasted through generation after generation from the time of its building in 1876 to the early part of 1976 when it was vacated to be moved to the Historical Park County Museum, Crookston.

Ole Jevning and his wife became the parents of nine children. It is a known fact that Jevning spent winters making bob-sleds for himself and his neighbors while his wife tended the chores, spun yarn and knit warm garments for the family. The Jevning farm became known as a place where a man could find shelter and food when in need.

Years later, the Jevning's youngest daughter, Olive, married Cecil Neil who rented the home farm and bought it in the early 1930's. In turn, their son, Robert, rented and built the farm from his father. The grandson of the late Ole Jevning, Robert Neil, his wife, Lou Ann, and family lived in the original building until this spring 1976. Naturally there were improvements, but the original log structure remained.

Robert Neil sold the home place to another great-grandson, Arlen Larson of Climax, who built a new home on the original farm site in 1975. Mr. and Mrs. Arlen Larson and sons, Benjamin and Matthew, are the present generation to occupy the site and farm the land once owned by Ole Jevning.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL, CROOKSTON'S FIRST "BOARD AND BUNK" HOTEL

by Edward Boh

Grandfather met Grandmother in Nebraska, where he was employed by the Union Pacific Railway Company, in the year of 1863 or 1864. At that time, he was working on a surveying crew for the rail line. The crew was locating sites for bridges for the proposed route of a new railway. The crew was in or near Ogallala, Nebraska, when he met Grandmother. Grandmother told the story to my mother, who kept the details of the story. Grandmother was about 14 years old at the time. She was with her father and several others picking summer berries near the camp of the railway people. Grandfather and several other workmen were cutting down some small trees, when they could not be used for the railway. Grandfather met the girl of Ogallala. She was a 16-year-old girl. He talked to her from a distance, and went on to tell her of his life experiences. Grandmother was interested and talked to him. She was interested in what he had to say, and the two began to talk. They talked for many hours, and the girl invited the man to her home.

The next day, the man and the girl met again, and they talked for many hours. The man was impressed by the girl's knowledge and her desire to learn more about the world. He told her stories of his travels and his experiences. The girl was fascinated by the man's tales and wanted to know more. She asked questions about his life, his family, and his work. The man was glad to share his life with the girl. He told her about his family, his friends, and his work.

As the days passed, the couple grew closer. They spent many hours together, talking and laughing. The girl was delighted with the man's stories and his company. She asked him to come to her home again, and he agreed. The couple continued to talk and get to know each other. They decided to get married. They were married in 1880, and they moved to Crookston in 1884, making their home there the rest of their days. A second son, Harry, was born there in the following years. Grandfather worked in the building trades till the time of his death about 1918. My father, John F. Boh, was employed at the Walker saw mill for a short period, and then took employment with the local post office working as a postal clerk until the time of his death in 1932. Harry, my father's brother, was a handicapped person, suffering from hunchback. He was a stone cutter for one of the local marbleworks and died at an early age. Grandmother died here at the age of 91, with my father, following the death of her husband, Henry, Sr.

Grandmother never told anyone of her Indian blood, and as she had mastered the German language, being able to read and write it, many believed she was of German descent. Grand-