the Sand Hill Lutheran Church or Neby Church as many preferred to call it. After their marriage, they lived at Neby where Mr. Stortroen served as postmaster and they also operated the general store from 1892 to 1896. Mrs. Andrew Stortroen said that there was no salary for the postmaster then, but he could keep the money from the sale of postage stamps, registered letters and money orders. Mrs. Minerd Larson, niece Bereth Stortroen who presently lives in Fisher, Minnesota, was born at Neby. The living quarters were above the store. Mrs. Andrew Stortroen also told that many agents, peddlers and travelers who stopped there all had to be given free meals and often overnight lodging.

Sam Dolgaard came to this country from Norway in 1896. Shortly after his arrival he bought the store which included the postoffice. He mentions that the railroad came to Climax, Minnesota in 1896, and that after that there was talk of rural delivery but no mention is made as to what date the mail delivery to the Neby Postoffice discontinued.

The store was closed in 1902 by Sam Dolgaard, when he moved to Saum, Minnesota. There may have been others who operated the store and postoffice during this early era and possibly later than 1902 but so far we have found no other positive data.

The store contained supplies consisting of food, material, clothes, hardware and other articles needed by the pioneers. This merchandise was brought to the area by steamboat on the Red River.

During this era, a large building also on the Neby site, was used for community gatherings. Dances were held there, also Norwegian plays all home talent and produced by the local people.

The store building stood many years as a memory of the by gone years but now it has been demolished.

Several families lived on the site and farmed the acreage for a number of years. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ruttenberg, Mr. and Mrs. George Helgeson, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Larson, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Kleven. Mrs. Bill Gorter of Eldred, Minnesota is the present owner of this property. Mr. Arnold Wolden and Miss Maria Krogsgen of Saum, Minnesota have been most helpful in supplying facts for this history.

Mr. Arnold Wolden’s grandfather, Ole Wolden operated the Neby store and postoffice for a period of time. He also farmed in the vicinity a short time. Mr. Arnold Wolden has 4 to 5 items from his grandfather’s Neby store, and he says several other items they brought from Neby were lost in a fire they had in 1945.

Miss Maria Krogsgen is the daughter of Peter Krogsgen and his wife Anne Thoresen, a sister of Helge Thoresen. From old letters and other information, Maria found that Mrs. Peter Krogsgen and Ole J. Wolden came to this country in 1880 and 1881.

MINNESOTA MAN, NUMBER TWO

by E. Boh

The discovery in Minnesota of a partly mummified body, believed to be that of an ancient man, set off an archaeological controversy that lasted for years. In the days before our present-day social standards, such a find was looked upon by the populous in amazement. Today, we take such a find as a matter of fact.

The late P. T. Barnum, who lived in this early era, made a fortune by taking advantage of this curiosity found in people. In that bygone era, newspapers sold thousands of extra copies just by printing a photo of such a find as the mummified man. In today’s world, the edge has been taken off of the powerful sword of the ever-present radio, television and improved communications. Entertainment is now always at hand, and the advantage “P. T.” had for instant entertainment is gone. This change in our social behavior led to the downfall of the medicine show, the stage show, vaudeville and all other forms of personal contact types of entertainment.

When a traveling show played in a community, having attendance was never a serious matter, as people paid the admission of ten or fifteen cents, eagerly seeking entertain-

ment. Crookston wasn’t to be outdone. We had in our midst in this “Golden Era,” a home-grown P. T. Barnum. Here was an enterprising gentleman who also sought riches along the path of least resistance. Our homespun enterprising gentleman was known as Lucius “Lucky” O’Brien. The story that I am about to relate was given to me by my mother, Mrs. Katherine Boh. She had seen “Lucky” many times, as she had been given piano lessons in his home by Mrs. O’Brien.

“Lucky”, according to my mother, had a home at the corner of Ash and Fifth streets. She said that she never knew of his exact employment, but suspected that he was a chef. Mother often stated that she would never forget “Lucky” as he attended church on Sundays, dressed in a manner unlike the ways of our rural community. It was Mother’s contention that he had the time of his arrival at church timed to the “Nth Degree.” It was always timed to be just a few minutes or so late. He used this late entry to draw a maximum of personal attention.

As the seats were generally filled on his arrival, “Lucky” was always escorted to his seat by an usher. This was part of his act. When the usher reached the pew with empty seats, he would stop, and those seated would rise to make room for “Lucky”. This disturbance was the “cue” for “Lucky” to go into his act. When “Lucky” figured all eyes were on him, he would bow slightly to the usher, as if to say, “Thank you, my good man!” From this moment on, everyone’s eyes were glued to view “Lucky,” as he went into his performance. Although it was a repeat showing each Sunday, it still provided a moment of anticipation that was to be had for the young and solemn same.

And there, for a brief moment, stood “Lucky” in all his radiant Glory! His attire was something to behold! His suit was what might be described as modified opera clothes! A jet black tuxedo jacket, accent by bright red lapels, an immaculate white shirt, with large white ruffles, topped with a huge black satin bow tie. His pants were dark black, each leg was accent by shiny two-inch wide satin stripes, extending from his waist down to his ankles. Resting at just the proper angle over “Lucky’s” shoulders was a black cape, attached to his wrists by small straps. The inner side of the cape was lined with bright red satin, as if to match the lapels on his coat. In his right hand was a bright silver walking stick, topped with a golden ball, its edges studded with clear shiny stones. Held in his left hand, and tilted to the correct angle, so as to cover his forearm, was what is often called a “plug hat.”

“Lucky” was a master at timing. He assumed this pose for a few seconds under a powerful spotlight, while his spellbound audience scanned him from head to foot, and as if by magic, when the eye had completed one cycle of scanning his image, “Lucky” moved to take his seat. Methodically, the dark image, accent by the red lining of the cape, moved silently to take his seat. Once again, the master paused for that fraction of a second necessary to gather the further attention of his admirers, and in one absolute synchronous motion, “Lucky” collapsed his plug hat, bent his knees and descended into a sitting position. As “Lucky’s” posterior touched the seat, he would thump the floor with the walking stick, as if to signal that his portion of the performance had ended. “Lucky” had made his usual Sunday entrance into the church.

The exodus was a little different matter, and was a little more complicated, for if he left early, tongues would wag, so “Lucky” would remain after services, his head bent over the cane, as if he were in deep meditation. As the sound of the last worshipers’ footsteps shuffled across the doorstep between the vestibule and the main sanctuary, “Lucky” would rise, and walk in a quiet and dignified manner towards the front door. With the same uncanny skill for perfect timing, always exhibited by “Lucky,” he waited until the last heel cleared the top step descending from the church, then he stepped from the church, to become the only figure on the top step. This put “Lucky” on a podium, higher than the surrounding people. He would wait until the descending people were several steps below him, and at this point, he would “pop” his collapsible top hat, with a sound that reverberated between the church and the building across the street. The sound caused heads to turn in the direction of the sound, and there standing on the top step was “Lucky”; his head was cocked slightly to the
right, the top hat on his head, and the cane resting across his left arm. This was Lucious, "Lucky" O'Brien . . . the magnifi-
cent.

No one will ever deny that "Lucky" was a showman and during the height of his career in Crookston, he hit upon an idea undoubtedly triggered by the mummified body found in the state at an earlier date. His idea, he hoped, would net for him the always elusive jackpot.

"Lucky," with a "friend," retired to the attic of his home. Here, "Lucky" and friend, with plaster, cement, burlap, old bones, a few jugs of chemicals, and a lot of imagination, set out to build a Minnesota Man Number Two! "Lucky" and his friend went to work on their masterpiece, spending many hours dressing the body and its wrappings. The body was molded from cement and plaster, and to add realism to the creation the two covered the form with wet buckskin. Acid and an alcohol torch "aged" the skin to attain the look of an ancient mummy. It is said by some that "Lucky" made a "facial mask" casting, taking it from the face of a domestic who was working in Crookston. If he did, "Lucky" took the secret with him to his grave.

When the creature was completed, "Lucky" was ready for the shroud to complete his masterpiece. Again the acid and the alcohol torch went to work aging the wrappings that were to look like those used in the final entombment. When the job was completed, "Lucky" and his friend had a very impressive looking display. After the cement and the plaster had been given sufficient time to dry, the time was at hand for the mummy to be transported to the place where it would be discovered. Late one evening, in the deep black of darkness, a rub-
ter-tired hack was brought along side of "Lucky"'s" home. "Lucky" and friend loaded the mummy into the back for transportation to a nearby farm, where it later would be "dis-
covered."

Time passed and one day the "Great Discovery" was made. "Lucky", the enterprising man that he was, "obtained the rights" to the mummified creature. Quickly the word spread of the unbelievable discovery that was made "right here in our valley."

"Lucky", the master showman, again "timed" the whole affair to obtain the maximum yield from the publicity he received. He wrote every newspaper for miles around, telling them of his "scientific discovery." He built the whole story, as only "Lucky" could, and soon the mummified creature was the only subject being discussed throughout the whole Red River Valley. When the time was right, "Lucky" allowed himself to be "talked into" putting the mummified creature on display. He rented a vacant room on Second Street, near the hotel, and he and his friend made arrangements to have the mummified man placed on display. The Great Day was at hand, and the creation was placed on exhibition. People lined up by the hun-
dreds to buy tickets, and to have a look at the mummified man.

For weeks everything was going well for "Lucky", until too much of his own publicity caught up with him. "Lucky" had sent out publicity notices to all the newspa-
ers. An article describing the "great scientific find" appears in the St. Paul Pioneer Press. The article got "Lucky" the public-
licity he was seeking, and also the attention of a University of Minnesota professor, who had been involved with the "Orig-
inal Minnesota Man". The professor's interest in the matter was so great that he telegraphed the newspaper in Crookston and found, to his delight, that the mummified man was cur-
cently on display and could be viewed at any time. He picked up two additional copies of the "Minnesota Man," stuck and together the trio bought passage to Crookston, arriving on the early morning train from Minneapolis. The trio signed in at a Second Street Hotel, just doors from the exhibit. After having breakfast at the hotel's cafe, they set out to find the proprietor of the exhibit.

He wasn't far away, and the trio introduced themselves to our local P. T. Barnum. "Lucky" was reluctant to give permis-
sion to examine the mummified creature, but finally did so. It took the trio less time to examine the mummified corpse than it did to eat their breakfast. It was pronounced as a Fake, by the first; by the second, an outright fraud; and the third cried "Hoax"! The trio checked out of the hotel by noon, walked to the Northern Pacific depot, purchased tickets and were on their way back to Minneapolis by one-thirty o'clock the same af-
fternoon of the day it arrived.

The word spread rapidly of their findings, and soon "Lucky" was out of customers. The exhibit was closed down, and from time to time it was shown at various exhibits around the state. The first impact was gone, the word Hoax echoed in "Lucky"'s" ears and he knew he was out of business. "Lucky" tried from time to time to cash in on "other promotions," but none ever achieved the impact of his "Minnesota Man, Number Two". As all things seem somehow to fade into the shadow of time, so did "Lucky." His image passed from the Crookston scene, and gone forever was Lucius "Lucky" O'Brien.

The last that was ever heard of the "mummified man" was that it rested in the basement of a cardroom, known as the Museum, located, ironically enough, on Second Street, the place where the mummy for a few brief days came to life. This establishment, too, has faded from the scene, and the only part of this story still living is the memory of my mother, who told the story many times when we were children growing up in Crookston.

It is interesting to note that Lucky O'Brien's home still stands in Crookston. It is located at 123 East Fifth Street, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Horton reside there. The house has had a complete renovation of the interior, with some changes on the exterior: but the building is in the same location and the structure is much the same!

THE OLD CROSSING TREATY

by Albany J. Capistran

The Chippewa Indians Drive the Sioux Out of the Northern Territory

In the last Sioux settlement all were killed near Thief River, called river of thieves. There were some minor battles between the Chippewa and the Sioux, but the last major battle was the "Battle of the Sands." History does not know the exact spot where this battle was fought but it is thought it was along the river near Nielsville, where there is a historical marker. The Sioux were driven out for good by their mortal enemy, the Chippewas.

Sioux country was to the west of the Mississippi River in a line from Stillwater west to where Moorhead and Fargo are today. Everything east and north of this was considered Chippewa country. In 1834, the American Fur Company changed hands. John Jacob Astor's East India Company bought out the firm. Ramsay Crooks was his new president with the west division to deal with the Sioux and the north division to deal with the Chippewa. The fur trade was big and fortunes were made by dealing with both the Sioux and Chippewas.

Treaties were made with the Indians to put trading posts and military forts in different places in the territory. The early pioneers wanted Indian land and timber but all the land belonged to the Chippewas and the Sioux. In 1837, the Chippewas were sold the land between the St. Croix and the Mississippi River as far as the mouth of the Crow Wing River to the United States. This was the first treaty made with the Chip-
pewa Indians. The Indians still owned all the land west and north of the Mississippi River.

In 1844, Joe Rolette and Norman Kittson blazed the new all-season trail now known as the Pembina Trail, which crosses the Red Lake River at Hoit, formerly called Douglas. This trail was on higher ground, which was a great advantage during wet and rainy spells.

In 1849, Minnesota became Minnesota Territory. It com-
prised what is now part of North Dakota. Also in 1849, the great seal of Minnesota was made and used on all territorial documents. The great seal showed a white man holding a plow, an ax on a stump and an Indian riding a pony into the western sunset. The seal was cut out of metal and symbolized: "The farmers coming to plow the land; an ax in the stump meant that lumber would be cut; and the Indian riding a pony into the sunset meant that the Indian must go." In later years the state seal was changed to show a bundle of wheat.