My neighbor on section eight, cornering on my homestead, had a cabin of a different make, one which was not considered as well up in fashion as mine, but which he insisted was of much older architectural design; and unless he could be convinced, he said, that my more modern structure proved of some special superior fitness, he would consider his the better of the two, not to mention the fact that he had a larger structure than I, which he continually reminded me of especially in the presence of a friend of ours, who had several marriageable daughters.

I must not forget to give my neighbor’s name and to describe how his cabin was constructed. His name was Jorgen Jorgenson Tudal. His cabin was sixteen by twenty-four feet in size and was dug four feet down into the ground, and the dirt piled two feet high on one side of it and three feet on the other; a rather small log was placed on top of the dirt on the lower side and a big one on the higher side, thus giving sufficient slant for a roof. In the center was placed a good strong log, and across the whole were placed split poles, and on top of that was put a layer of hay, then a lot of loose dirt, next a layer of turf; there were a door and window in the front end.

Jorgen would always insist that I should stay with him, as there was so much more room in his house, and I frequently acceded to his wishes, and I had to admit that my quarters were rather cramped. An opportunity came, however, that proved that my cabin was superior in fitness. At one time, while we were attending a stag dance at a bachelor friend’s house, on a sultry summer evening, he insisted I should stay with him after the dance was over, and I consented. It was well on in the wee small hours when we retired and we were quite drowsy and soon fell asleep. Jorgen was a very heavy sleeper and was snoring away in great shape—snoring so that the reverberation fairly shook the roofing. We had not been sleeping very long until a big rain storm set in and the rain came down in torrents. I finally awoke and found the water coming in on all sides and standing two feet deep on the floor; the bread box was floating around; the ham and yeast cakes came tumbling from their moorings, and dirt was continually sliding off the wall as the rain washed it down. I shook Jorgen by the arm and called out to him, but he slept on. I could not arouse him. Finally I took him by the legs and pulled his bare feet down into the water and thus got him awake. I called out to him then, “Jorgen, your house is not fit to live in; let us go down to my place.” “Oh, you scoundrel,” he said, “how can you sit there and laugh at this? See my bread and bacon in the water!”

PIONEERS WHO CAME PRIOR TO 1879.

Besides those I have already named as the earliest pioneers I will give a list of names of others who came to the county previous to the period of railroads, say up to 1879, and the towns in which they settled.

Hubbard Town: Andrew Thompson, Peter Jacobson, Henry Smith, Lars Helgeland, Ole Spokley, Jens Syverson, Nels Paulsrud, John Bjorenstad, Jens Vigen, Bore Kolstad, Carl Olson, Halvor Kravik, Elling Ellingson, John Ellingson, Ole Fosso, Gunder Veum, Jorgen Jorgenson, Thor A. Berland, Frank Hanson, Halvor, Gunder, Kittel and Ole Dale, Ole Thostenson, Knute S. Aker, Elias Steenerson.

Town of Vineland: Steener Knutson, Chris and Andrew Steenerson, Ole and Andrew Bremseth, Tom Knutson, Andrew P. Elseth, S. P. Elseth, Iver H. M. Joen, Sven P. Svenson, M. C. Roholt, Iver Bjorge, Ole and Erick Storrowton, Anthon E. Hanson, Simon Bangen, Ole Simonson, Hans Bangen, Hans and Lars Berg, Swennung and Erick Linden, Peter, Edward and Amon Moen, John and Peter Thompson, John J. Borsevald, Ingeret Stubson, Nels Thune, Nels Glaback, Hans Glasrud.

Town of Tynsret: Ole and Jacob Johnson, Erick Jordal, Paul Halverson, Iasia Abrahamson (a Finlander), Hans Kopang, Helge Thoreson, Esten, Leet, Ole and Ingebret Fosback, Ole Bruenen, August Aas, Iver Lund, Peter Boukind, Halvor Lunos, Ingebret