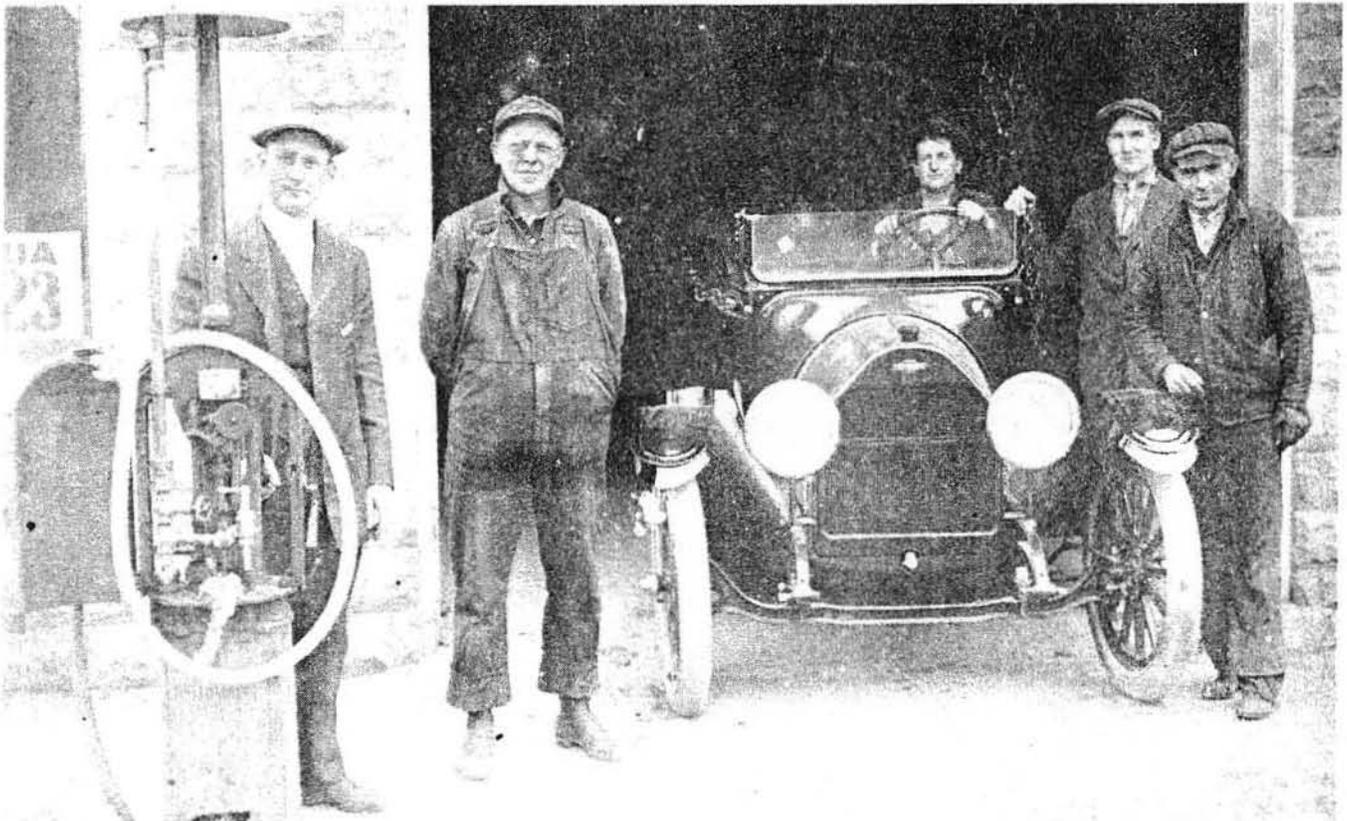




One of the very early auto dealerships in Wheaton was this building on Broadway, at the time this photo was taken a combination garage and livery stable. It was to become the Chevrolet agency, operated for many years by the Worner family.



Presenting the 1916 Chevrolet was this group at the garage in Wheaton. From left to right: Julius Raguse, Tom Clark, Charles Reeves, Bob Neumann and Tom McCrimmon.



The Nils Hanson family, early farmers in Parnell Township. Pictured seated from left: Bettie (Carlson), Anna Hanson, Nils Hanson, Julia (Dehlin), Gustava Hanson and Ellen (Dehlin); back row from left: Selma (Brown), Edwin, Henry, Olaf.



CHARLIE HUNDER
Homesteaded in Lake Valley Township.



MRS. CHARLIE HUNDER



Pictured above and below are scenes of the tremendous damage done by a tornado that ripped through Clinton in 1908. Crews of workers and supplies from Wheaton and from throughout much of Minnesota were rushed to the area after the big storm to assist people who had sustained great losses.





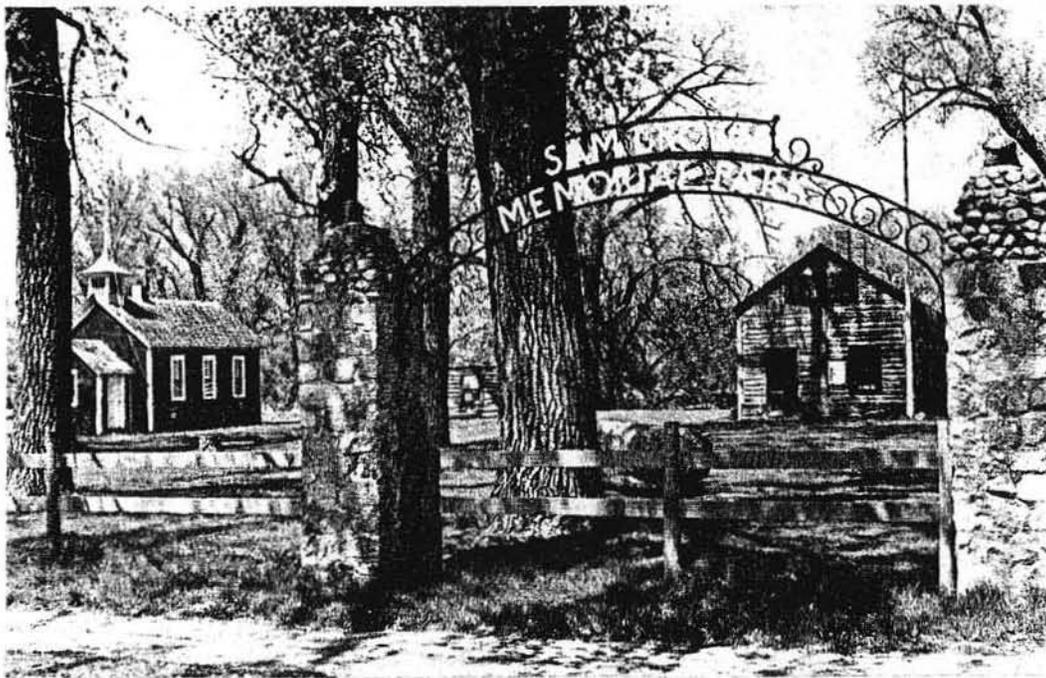
The August Carlson farm was left in a shambles after a tornado tore across Parnell Township in 1916. The storm scattered all of the outbuildings on the farm.



Heavily canvassed horse-drawn surreys were the conveyance of the times around the turn of the century. The trappings on the wagon provided protection from wind and snow in winter, rain and sunshine in summer. In this photo Mrs. Nils Hanson is ready to leave for a midsummer picnic at the home of Mrs. N. J. Johnson.



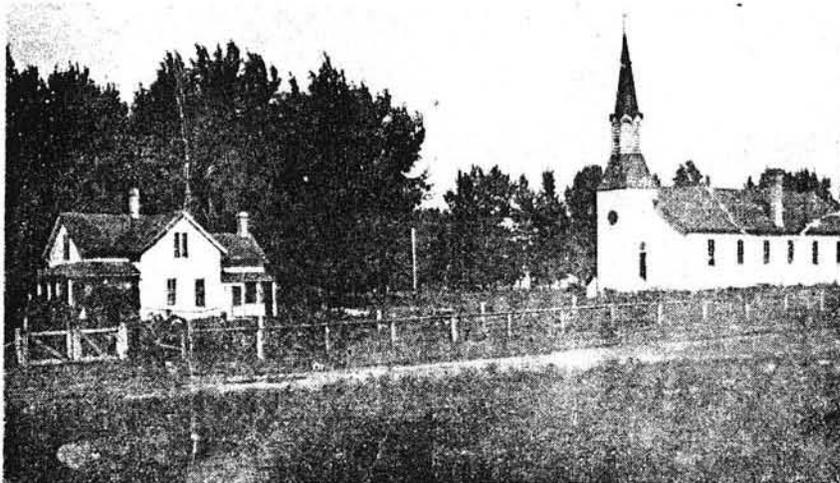
In the early years of this century baseball was indeed "America's favorite pastime". No town was more involved in the sport than Dumont. This is the way the Saints looked back in 1914. Lying in front of other players are Roy Rock, on the left, and Pat Doll. Across the back, from left to right, are Ole Fuglie, John Fridgen, Mike Frisch, George Schmitz, Ed Robinson, Paul Schmitz, Willie Fridgen, Ed Roth, and manager and Mayor of Dumont Herman Larson.



The present day scene at Sam Brown Memorial Park in Browns Valley. An historical society in Browns Valley cares for this important landmark, containing the log cabin of Sam Brown, the founder of Browns Valley and one of the first settlers in the area.



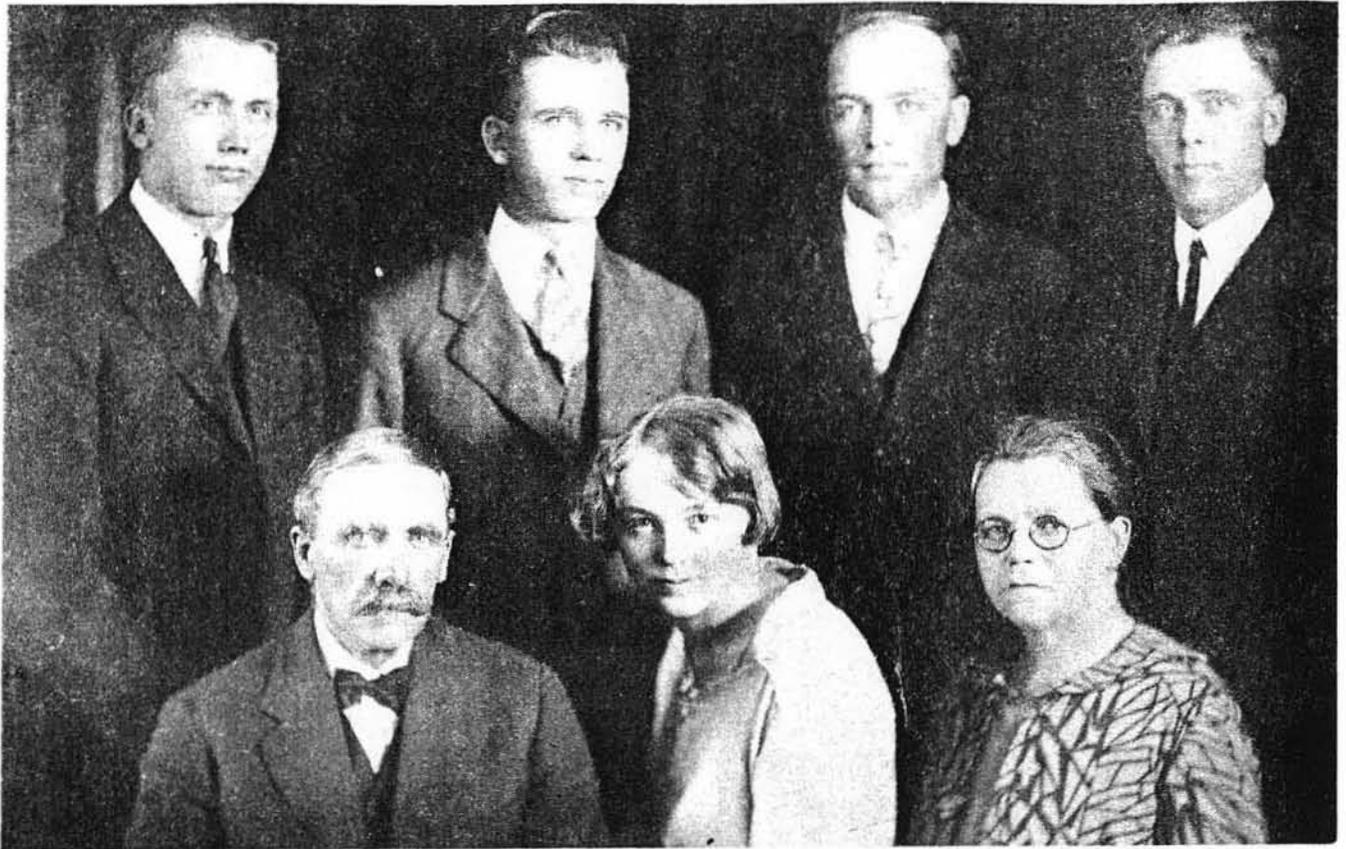
The family of Parker A. Putnam of Tintah. Left to right are Bessie, Ida, Charles, Parker and George. Mr. Putnam was one of the first businessmen in Tintah and was active in building the community. He also had farming interests near Tintah.



St. Patrick's Catholic Church and parsonage at Collis, one of the first Catholic churches in Traverse County.



The Collis Store, the first commercial building there, erected in 1885.



The John Magnuson family, pictured in about 1930. The Magnusons farmed north of Wheaton. Allen Magnuson, pictured on the left in the back row, was to become a doctor and for many years practiced medicine in Wheaton.



Mr. and Mrs. Emil Conrad and their children, Herman and Stella.



The wedding day of Mr. and Mrs. John Doll.



Fred Loqua homesteaded in Dollymount Township.



Mr. and Mrs. Chris Jensen, the former Mary Loqua, homesteaded in Croke Township.



Nicholas and Elizabeth Cordie moved to Traverse County from Richmond, Minnesota, in 1904. Mr. Cordie was a native of Canada. They moved to a farm near Beardsley, later settling in the Dumont area.



Jacob Hess came to Taylor Township to homestead in about 1875.



Gust Sandstrom delivered mail with his cart and mule back in 1914.



A typical school scene in Traverse County around the turn of the century was this one. Students are pictured in the White Rock school, which provided for the needs of youngsters in the northwestern part of Traverse County. Henry Swanson, who still resides in Monson Township, is pictured, the third boy from the right, standing.



The "Dehlin One-Man Band" consisted of eight instruments, played all at the same time by the same man. Alvin Dehlin put together a unit consisting of a violin, piano, three guitars, banjo, snare drum and bass drum. He was on the road with the instrument for 16 years, from 1944 to 1959, traveling through seven states.



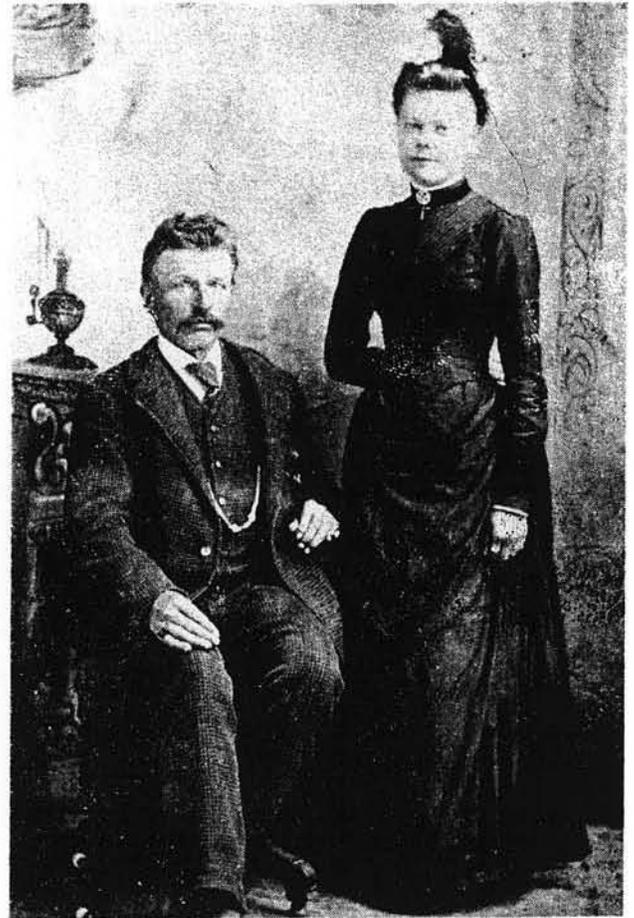
The first schoolhouse in Dumont was this structure, built in 1881.



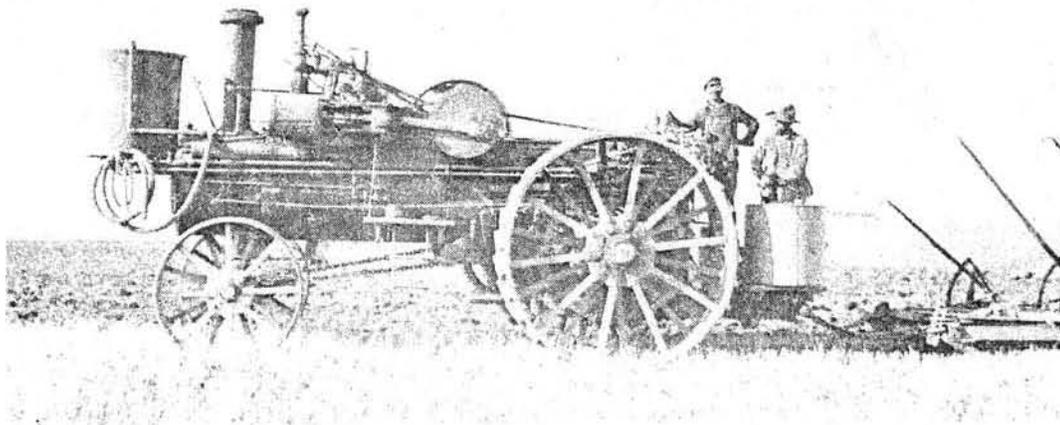
This bell was taken from the Swedish Lutheran Church, one of the first churches in Traverse, and now is a monument at the church cemetery in Monson Township.



The Fred H. Lindig family, photo in 1903. Pictured with Lindig and his wife Sarah are children Ruth, Leonard, Esther and George. Two children, including Ernst of Wheaton, were born after this photo. Lindig opened a meat market in Wheaton in 1900, operating it until 1935 when it was taken over by his son Ernst, who continued the operation until 1970.



Nick and Helen Didlo. Mr. Didlo was killed in a tornado that struck Dumont on June 22, 1919.



An early farm steam engine in Traverse County. Charlie Nelson is the engineer and Willie Larson is the fireman. The unit was being used here for plowing.



Mr. and Mrs. Herman Paul and son Walter. The Pauls came to Wheaton in 1902 and farmed four miles southwest of Wheaton. Walter was a member of the second group of Minnesota Highway Patrolmen, holding that position for 25 years.



Tom and Lottie Heatherington ran the Palmer House Hotel in Wheaton for many years.



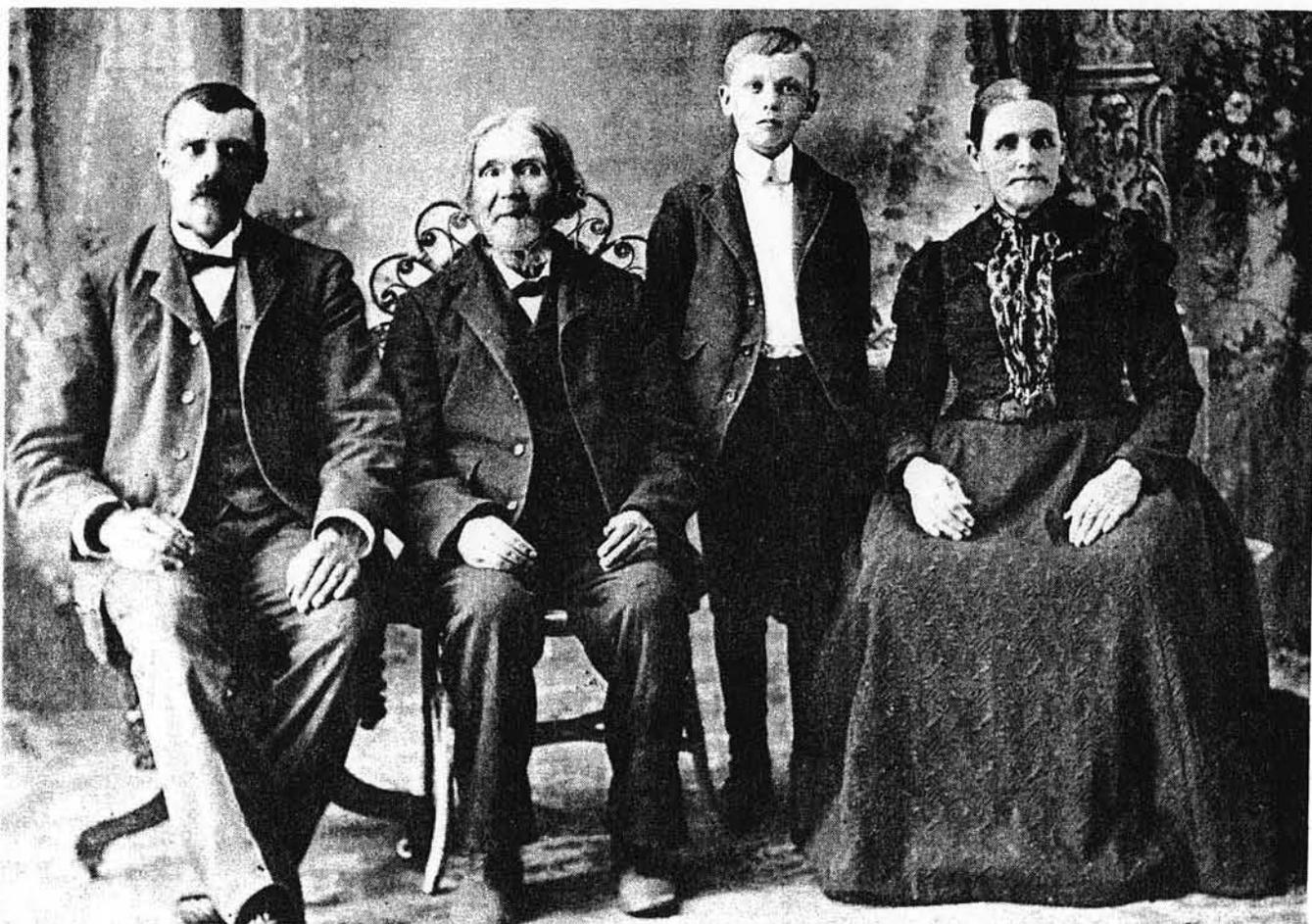
Andrew Benson, an Atlantic sailboat operator, came to Traverse to homestead in 1877. He dug a hole in the side of a hill near Lake Traverse in Windsor Township and that became his home for his first year here.



Ed and Olaf Hanson of Parnell Township both played coronet in the Wheaton City Band.



This early scene in Traverse County gives vivid evidence that young bachelors seeking to settle in this area found an abundance of pretty young lasses. The gathering in the photo also shows a marked difference from today's swimsuits and shorts worn on a summer outing.



Something of a rarity in the early days of Traverse County was a get-together of four generations in the same family. That was the case here, however. From left to right are John Magnuson; Mr. Pearson, father of Mrs. Gust Magnuson; Clarence Magnuson, son of John; and Mrs. Gust Magnuson, mother of John.

7. When I was just a boy I can remember how bad the flies and mosquitoes were. They had nothing on the market to kill those pests like they do today. Our home place was surrounded on the north and west by quite a heavy grove and we lived right on top of a hill along the Twelve Mile Creek east of Dumont. The mosquitoes were there by the millions. Where we had a lot of hogs and cattle and horses around there were lots of flies, too. There was no way possible to keep those things out of your house. I can remember when we were kids, we'd turn the curtains down to make the house a little darker and we'd open a door and cut off the boughs of some of the old boxelder trees, there were always a lot of leaves on them. Two or three of us would get in the house and start chasing those flies through an open door. I can remember how they used to head for that bright spot when we chased them. You'd make three or four drives and get them just about all out. It was only a matter of time, though, before they would be back in again.

The same way around the hog lots and barns. We didn't have any of those things to spray them with at that time. In the spring when we got our spring work done, we'd turn our horses out to the pasture at night as a general rule, and the mosquitoes would be so bad out there you could hear those poor animals running up and down the pasture, trying to run away from the mosquitoes. The cows would all group in one bunch in a corner of the pasture, crowding in and rubbing against one another. Lots of times the fence couldn't take the pressure and you'd have a fence to fix on top of everything else yet — and the cattle would be out.

Once in awhile we hear a little griping about conditions on the farms. Today we have this mosquito spray. They come and spray our town for us. Mr. Boehmlehner out here flies over and dusts our town. And many of the farmers are getting their farmsteads sprayed also. So the mosquito problem is pretty well taken care of.

Back in the first days, the people who lived out here when the moisture was so high and the ground was wet and the water standing all over, I have often wondered how they made it through the summers as well as they did. When we think back to when our forefathers lived here, out by the lake they could chop down trees and build a log house if they had time. Some lived in caves in the side of a hill and others lived out in the open prairie miles from neighbors, all by themselves. A single boy looking to the future is trying to make some kind of home for himself. We wonder why people crab and complain about conditions today — if you just stop and think what your parents and your grandparents and those sturdy people had to go through.

Besides all the pests, they had those wet years with warm spells coming on and heavy dews. The varieties of grain they had in those days would rust on them. If they got one good crop out of a half dozen they'd consider themselves quite fortunate.

When I started farming we didn't have those rust-proof varieties of grain that they have today. You could see fields that looked just beautiful and a week later the straw was black from the ground to the head and the grain wouldn't fill. Some years you'd just go out and cut a little patch here and there so you'd have enough for seed for another year.

Complaining kind of gets to me a little bit. If you stop to think where those folks lived in caves, and some of them even, in order to hold down the right to their homesteads, who didn't have the money to buy a building to live in, would spend the required six months underneath a triple wagon box. They'd sleep under that during the summer months and then in the winter they were allowed to go back home where they came from.

So many of those young boys lived out in shacks they called their homes. Miles from the neighbors and nobody to talk to, they'd have to walk miles to find someone to visit with. Many of them simply walked off and threw up their homestead, going back to where they came from or somewhere else. I don't know if they found it any different anyplace else. I understand that some of them who did leave this area went out to Wyoming and Montana and also took caves in the side of the hills to live in, the same as lots of them did here in Traverse county along the lake area.

Back in the early teens, 1913 I believe it was, my oldest sister who was living in Ray, North Dakota, married to Ray Almond, happened to get home on a visit. Dad decided that while we were all together again we'd have a family picture taken. It was quite a problem; we didn't have a car at that time. It was quite a problem to get transportation for all of us down to Graceville. There were 12 children in our family besides Mom and Dad. So 14 of us had to try to find some transportation.

Pete Schmitz, my uncle who lived almost next door to us where he homesteaded, had a team and what they called a surrey. A surrey was a top buggy in those days with a double set of seats and was enclosed with canvas side curtains in case the weather got a little bit on the cool side. We also had one of those and we had another single buggy. Jerome Fisher had just opened up a photography setup in Graceville. We drove down there with three outfits.

They had the hitching posts in those days in Graceville, and when we drove up with those two surreys and the single buggy, the newspaper man from Graceville got out there. He couldn't figure out what the heck was going on, so many people piling out of so many different vehicles. When my dad told him he was going to have a family picture taken, he made quite a story of that in his weekly edition.

We had to drive 14 miles to get to Graceville. We went part of the way across meadow land and open prairie. It was 28 miles round trip anyhow. Pete Schmitz loaned us his driving team, and Dad had his black team of drivers, they were Hamiltonians. And then we had a team of mules. We hooked them onto the single buggy. And then we took a couple of more horses, we had lots of those on the farm at that time, and made up another team, and we all got down to Graceville.

Fisher got us all lined up and we finally got our pictures taken.

Once in awhile people would tease my Dad about his big family. Dad, who always had a pretty good sense of humor, used to tell them, "Everything is cheaper by the dozen."

I've always been an ardent hunter and many of those good hunting days back in the earlier years I have never forgotten. I remember one night when Mike Schmidt, that's a cousin who was living with his family across from our father's farm, his son Tony and I rode along with him. He hooked an old mule on a single buggy, this was right after Claus Hauschild had purchased the farm four and a half miles east of Dumont. He had in 20 acres of rye that spring. It was just coming up and shooting up in nice green shoots.

Small geese were coming in there feeding off the green shoots. There were thousands of them out there. The sky was nearly black whenever they'd rise up and fly away. That was a little more of a temptation than we could resist. So Mike said, "We're gonna go out there and see if we can get something to eat besides salt pork and canned beef for awhile."

He spotted Tony and me on one end of the field. As a general rule when geese get up and move late in the evening they'll head west towards the lake. But we miscalculated that thing just a little bit. When Tony and I were spotted, they got up and went northeast and made a big circle around us. But Mike drove right up into the flock with this old mule and buggy. They were scared of animals. He unloaded the old double barre and dropped 13 of 'em in two shots. A few of them were winged and some of their mates kept circling around over the flock. Before they got out of range he had three more of them down. So he took down 16 of them out of that one flock.

We had a game warden in those days. Doc. Burton. Gerard Burton was his name, and everybody knew him by his first name. He couldn't be all over at once. Of course, in those days when somebody brought down 16 geese and with no refrigeration, all the neighbors had some geese to nibble on for a few days.

Mike was a good hunter. He was just about as efficient with a gun as anybody we had in the neighborhood at the time. It was nothing for him to go out and knock down 17 to 20 prairie chickens in an afternoon. We never had too much of a shortage of meat.

Today there aren't very many farms around the country where later generations of the original homesteaders operated. Carl Rinke was a homesteader northeast of Dumont. His son William Rinke owned a farm that was later bought by Mike Burke, who later sold it to the Hugo Miller family.

What was kind of unusual about the Rinke farm, when the older son got married about the time his father died he took over the whole homestead. From then on his son Leslie took the farm over, and now his son Orlyn has taken over and operates it today. That farm was homesteaded back in 1876 or 1877 and that farm is still operated by a member of the fourth generation of the family.

Back in 1881 when the Dollymount township was organized, William Rinke was elected as one of the first supervisors. He held this job for 37 years. He stayed on longer than my father did. He was elected township clerk and held this job for 35 years until he retired and moved to Dumont.

During the period that my father was clerk, all the township meetings were held at his home. At the time when the county was organized, when they started keeping birth and death records and records of mortgages that were filed they were kept at the township clerk's home. I remember when I was a small boy people used to come there and have my dad show them the mortgage records. They were checking on some indebtedness of a particular person.

The land out where the Rinkes were farming didn't have too much drainage during those first years. William Rinke Jr. has been farming that place that was homesteaded by Mike O'Brien. He was one of those early settlers who came up in 1878. He moved off the farm and just left it lie idle and grow to weeds at the time when the mail carriers route was established out of Collis. He deserted the farm and the buildings were moved off. He took the job as mail carrier. He was the first mail carrier that we had out in that part of Traverse County.

That was back in the days of the 3 cent postage stamp and you could mail a postcard for one cent.

I read in the Wheaton Gazette last week about a fellow by the name of Burke who had come from Colorado by bicycle. I think if I'd had a chance to talk to him I could have given him some information that he was looking for about his forebearers; he mentioned they had roots back here in this area.

There were five brothers in that Burke family. The man who he was looking for had moved out into the Wyoming or Colorado area after he left the farm back here east of Dumont. He died while I was a young boy. He died out in that area and his body was shipped back to Collis for burial. My dad knew him personally as one of the early homesteaders

out here. He went down to the funeral. My mother didn't care to go so Dad wanted to know if I cared to ride along, so I rode along and I attended the funeral. I'm sure it's the man he was looking for. The rest of the Burkes all stayed around this Dumont and Collis area. His tombstone will bear his name in that cemetery right out east of Collis.

Traverse county has always been known for its good county fairs. It's always held in the first part of September. Some folks would like to have it earlier in the summer, but the fall work is pretty well completed and the entertainers and concessioners are pretty well booked up for the earlier dates. So we're more-or-less obligated here to get those entertainers and so forth whenever we can get them.

Our county fair board has worked hard to keep the fair clean and entertaining. They've been quite fortunate in bringing in some of the top entertainers of the nation.

Fairs have changes quite a bit from the first one that I attended, which was the first fair held in Traverse County. I've taken them all in.

Back in the late 1920's there was quite a rash of salesmen running around the country trying to sell magazine subscriptions. I got hooked by one who had a big station wagon with about seven handicapped boys in it. Some of them were using crutches, others had other physical defects. They'd drive in your yard and stop the car and one would walk up to your steps with his crutches, and then the guy would move onto the next neighbor and dump one off there. He'd make a complete round with about as many places as he had handicapped boys in the car. They were always selling subscriptions to magazines.

The concern was using these handicapped boys to work on people's sympathy. Most of us would order a magazine or two. I know I ordered \$15 worth of magazines because I love to read.

A friend of mine down by Graceville ordered \$90 worth. They really worked on his sympathy. He thought it was going for a good cause; he'd help these boys. They all had a story that they were trying to go to college and get an education so they would be self-sustaining. What it turned out to be was some big slicker who had got the kids together to drive around the country, taking subscriptions for him. I imagine the kids got very little out of it.

The country was full of salesmen. This old gag about needing so many points before they could get free college education, and so forth — a good many fell for that line. But I think the boys themselves were perfectly honest and doing things in a way they felt would make them a few dollars. Due to their handicaps they couldn't handle every kind of job. Anyway, none of us ever got any of our subscriptions ordered through them. So we really got took on that one.

But life is where you learn through your mistakes. I know my father mentioned one time when we were kids about some of the hazards that you have to contend with. He said there's an agent out to sell you something you don't need, just to get

your money, and there's an insect out to destroy every kind of crop that you're trying to raise.

But things have changed. You don't have so many of those boys coming to your house anymore. But then a lot of girls got in on this too, individually. It usually worked that some young floozy would stop at your house and tell you that she was working for a college education and that she needed so many more points before she had money enough before paying her way through college.

When we were young kids libraries were unheard of out in this area. But the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward and all of those wholesale houses had catalogs with pages and pages in the back giving titles of books that could be bought through the mail. My father used to keep us pretty well stocked with reading material. They had a magazine out called the "Youth Companion". It had to do with children and the lives of children.

Horatio Alger was one of the writers that was quite famous for writing books for teenagers. I can remember well the books that I read that my father ordered. One was "The Erie Train Boy", another was "Sink or Swim", and still another was "Fame and Fortune". They were all stories about young boys who had three strikes on them before they were grown up.

We used to go out and shoot jackrabbits. They were so plentiful. We'd bring them in and dress out two dozen at a time and make what we called rabbit sausage. Andrew Doll used to be quite efficient at making rabbit sausage. His wasn't like the old German butcher's. They asked him one time when he was making rabbit sausage how he make his sausage, and he said it was 50-50 — one horse and one rabbit.

My dad started raising rabbits out on the farm. His granary was elevated a little bit off the ground and they were using that for hutches. He had hundreds of them, and finally they got to be quite a nuisance. They were eating the bark off his fruit trees in the winter time and his other saplings that he was trying to grow into a grove. So he decided he was going to get rid of them. They multiplied so fast — just about like mosquitoes. He had hundreds of them around there. For a long time our regular diet around that place was rabbit, after he got the old muzzle loader going and working on them. He went out of the rabbit business in a hurry.

It was quite a treat to have something else besides salt pork and smoked ham and bacon. There were still no refrigerators in those days.

Another thing that used to be quite plentiful back in the earlier years was pigeons. My dad built hutches up in the point of the roof on his barn. He got a few pair and started to raise pigeons. It wasn't long before we had hundreds of them around there. They were crowded out of their hutches and nesting places, so they would sit and built a nest anywhere there was a ledge, anywhere inside the hayloft, under bridges, anyplace in a vacant building. Anyplace you'd go there were pigeons.

Later on, of course, when hunting got good and more

boys had guns, we'd shoot them wherever we'd find them and take them home. They were pretty good eating, too. We had so many of them that on lots of nights we'd go up in the hayloft with a lantern and pick 'em off their roosts and wring their necks off 30 or 40 at a time. We'd dress them out, and mother and the girls would roast up to 15 or 20 at a time and everyone would have a pigeon for his dinner the next day. But you had to use them up quick because there was no refrigeration.

There was another thing some people raised — goats. We never went into that very heavily. The last flock of goats that I saw in our community were those that Smokey Haggardt had out east of Wheaton. He used to bring a half dozen or so at a time into the locker plant when Meidenger was running it and he'd have them dressed out there.

In Monson township there are only four people from among the early settlers, still living in the township. There's Dr. Magnuson's father, who homesteaded the farm that the Ehlers live on. The government was giving about every other section for a radius of ten miles from where the railroad was going through, to the railroad company which they could sell to raise money to continue on with the railroad. Mr. Magnuson moved off the homestead and bought a quarter section of land that was railroad property. That's the place where Milton Cole is living today.

Edward Carlson's father came over to this country in 1874. He came from Geneseva, Illinois, the same place as the Johnson boys' dad did — Walter and Fritz, their father.

The farm where Alton Maudal lives in Redpath township was homesteaded by Rolland Hess's father. His name was Ivar. His wife was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Dalziel, another homesteader.

I had the opportunity of driving north of Wheaton last week and started thinking about the way farming has changed since my father farmed — walking behind a 14-inch bottom walking plow, and threshing grain out with a flail. There's a half section out north of town here on the hog farm. The Miller brothers of Hankinson were out there harvesting it with five large combines, with trucks picking up the grain as fast as it could be loaded to haul it back to their storage. On the opposite side of the field as fast as they were combining the field they had it plowed. I don't remember how many of them, but they were all hauling 8 to 12 bottoms apiece. They threshed this half section out in two days. It was all wheat. They didn't much more than get through threshing than they had it all plowed. That was quite a contrast to what it was back in those early years.

I once mentioned that the Lundquists were among the early settlers in Parnell township. In the later years Ansgar quit the farm and came into town and got into business with Tony Johnson's father. They handled the International line and other lines of machinery. Martin also came to Wheaton and opened up a hatchery. He'd hatch eggs for farmers who'd bring them in from any kind of fowl they had on the farm for so much apiece and they'd take the young stuff home when it hatched. He also hatched thousands and thousands of

chickens that he sold to people around the area.

I happened to be in Wheaton one day and I met Ansgar on the sidewalk. It was about the end of the hatching season. He wanted to know if I could use some chickens. He had 1800 of those brown leghorns that he didn't have any market for — nobody was buying them. He said that if I could use some he'd sell them to me for \$6.00 a hundred. They were all pullets. I thought maybe that would be a way of getting a little extra income for the fall. He said he'd sell them to me on time. He didn't have anyplace to keep them. So I decided to take a few hundred, and he convinced me to take the whole bunch — all 1800 of them. I went over to see Fred Moore — he was in the feed and seed business at the time — to see if he could stake me on chick feed. Fred thought that was a pretty good deal. He said he'd give me the feed and I could feed them out and sell them and when I sold them in the fall I could come back and pay him for the feed.

I had the brooder houses at home to put them in and take care of them. But we ran into a bunch of this hot sultry weather with a lot of rain. There was also a disease known as cockcidiosis, which worked on the intestines of the chicken. They would begin to hemorrhage and a couple of days later they would die. Before I realized it I was having a real problem. I didn't really think so much of it when a few started dying. After while when so many were kicking off I went up to see what the problem was. They told me. They had some stuff at the drug store that you'd put in the drinking water. Those that weren't all affected would come out of it but those that were already sick, died. That cut my flock down about half.

The rains continued on. Everything was under water. The rats got drowned out from underneath the elevators in Dumont and of course they were heading for higher ground. We had the buildings north of Dumont and they were up pretty high. They made their home at my place. They got into the hen house and killed off 50 or 60 or those chickens a night. So I went to the drugstore and I got some Decon and started putting up places to feed the rats. In a week or two I had them pretty well under control, but I had lost so many chickens. When it came to pay for them in the fall of the year the prices were way down and you could buy pullets for 30 cents apiece.

A fellow by the name of Tom Foley northwest of Graceville came over and wanted to buy a hundred. I convinced him to take 300 at 30 cents apiece. So he took the biggest part of my flock. That amount of money didn't go very far against paying for the feed and the baby chicks. But I peddled off enough chickens that I paid Lundquist for the chicks — which he had to wait for quite awhile. Fred Moore held the basket. Things didn't improve too much. It took me a couple of years before I got the feed bill paid off on those chicks. So I got quite a bit of experience in the poultry business, and from then on we set our own flocks and raised the chickens we wanted.

That's just another example of how everything you do out on the farm is a gamble. We had no protection for our crops in those days; we had no guaranteed prices on anything. It

was a little rough in those days. But it's kind of amusing to sit back and think of those things in your later years.

In the earlier years the federal government went into the business of trying to build a road from Tampa, Florida over to Texas and then up through this area where we live. It was called the "King of Trails". It was properly named, alright, when they said it was a trail. That's just about what it amounted to. It was a dirt road about in the same condition as our country roads were. It went up as far as Wheaton and then it went westward out of Wheaton and then north up to Breckenridge. They kind of cut out the old K. T., but that road is still known as the old K. T. Trail.

After we got the King of Trails through here, they hired a young man as a highway patrolman, a man named Walter Paul. He was the first highway patrolman in this area. He was stationed at Morris, and covered all of this territory. He did a very good job and was very lenient. I remember that when my wife and I would go up to Wheaton and we needed something in the dry goods line we would pass cars coming from Wheaton towards Dumont, coming at us on the wrong side of the road. The big ditch on the east side of the road was pretty well blown full during those dustbowl years and when the K. T. was built they filled up those ditches pretty well and leveled them off with the fields. On many occasions when some of the boys would go to Wheaton and get a little inebriated and would start coming back towards Dumont, we would have to swing off and get down into the ditch with our old Model T in order to keep from getting hit.

George Denikas was the highway patrolman at that time. He had two mules hooked onto a small grader and he would start out from up by Wheaton, go down a short distance south of Dumont, then would stop and feed his horses at noon and then head back for home. He'd make that trip almost daily because the roads were always full of ruts and holes.

I remember so many times that we took the ditch back in those years. There were occasions when Mr. Paul was on the job, we'd see him coming down the road, he'd be following when a guy was coming down the road on the wrong side. He would stay about 15 or 20 rods behind to see that he got home okay. They weren't so interested in picking a guy up and hauling him into court right away for the condition he was in because nobody had the money to pay the fine if they did. It they put them in jail the county would have to pay that, so it was just about as cheap to leave him off and reprimand him a little and see if that would help.

He was a very good patrolman. Everybody liked him. Later on he was transferred from Morris to Sauk Centre and after a few years over there he got sick and passed away.

I talked with George Denikas different times and he was always talking about quitting the job of patrolman. He said that if he stayed with it long enough he would get killed. He said people were coming up a little too close with the cars they had at that time and several times hit the blade and threw him off the grader. When they finally put in the concrete slab he was quite happy to get off his job. And all in one piece.

It's quite amusing to hear people complain about the conditions of highways today. If they would have lived back with what we had in those times, they would really have something to complain about. But nowadays when they do a little tarring or patching and the old car gallops a little bit going down the road for a mile or two you sure hear plenty of bellyaching about that. I don't know if the people are getting soft or if they're just expecting too much.

It's just one hundred years ago since Traverse was organized as a county. The railroads were coming into these parts, and they were undecided just where they would be, but after while when they laid out the plans we pretty well found out it would go through the western part of the county and on to Moorhead — the end of the line for the Milwaukee.

There was a guy by the name of H. O. Bratsberg. He owned the piece of land right across the line from South Dakota where White Rock built up later. He hoped that the railroad would come through on the Minnesota side and he wanted to get a little town started up there. He had the land all platted and there were three homes built there. It was expected that this was the beginning of a little town, where the Boisberg area is now.

Instead, the railroad came through a few rods to the west on the South Dakota side and that's when White Rock started developing.

Just last Saturday night one of the three homes that was built back 100 years ago was burned down. It was owned by Harold McAloney. So now there are only two standing on this parcel of land.

After my mother and dad were married, Dad used to tease Mother often about some slick looking floozy he used to go with when he was a young boy down around St. Anthony. She was from over in this Hamel area. So years later Mom and Dad would go down to the Cities to visit their folks. They were driving around with my uncle's team one afternoon and they happened to go to the place where this young lady who Dad used to know as a girl was living. He mentioned it to my mother and she said, "Why don't you drop in and see her while you're here? She'll probably be glad to see you after all these years."

So Dad did. He drove up to the house and got out and went up to the door. She recognized him right away, but Dad didn't recognize her. This beauty that he used to tell Mother about got to be about six foot or better tall and was built wide and husky, and her long black hair hung clean down over her shoulder uncombed, and she didn't have a tooth in her mouth. Dad came out and never said a word. And all Ma did was just sit there and laugh. She said that was the last she ever heard of this wonderful floozy he used to have back in the 1870's.

Back in those days lots of folks called their girlfriends floozies. The people from the metropolitan area would mention that they were coming out to this area and would talk about going to the prairies. They used to call the young girls "prairie chickens". Many of the young folks back in my day used to call their girls chickens or guineas, whatever would come to mind.