

Brettland, Olson;
Hellem/Halverson

Knutson, Newton
Family Histories

HISTORY AND GENEALOGY

OF

BRATTLAND, OLSON, KNUTSON, NEWTON FAMILIES

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1942

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SETISDAL, THE NORWEGIAN HOME OF THIS FAMILY

Setisdalen was considered by those who had traveled extensively in that country as the most beautiful and the most romantic valley in Norway. It was a long narrow valley running from Northwest in a Southeasterly direction--some parts widening out considerably between the steep mountains and again very narrow. Bykle Sagri where the Brattland estate was located was at the head of the narrow valley. Where Burguf Olson came from was a wide valley called Vale Sogn. A swift river ran through the whole valley. Very rich soil was on the river bottoms but the ground was poor higher up on the side of the mountain.

People were very superstitious, believing in Trolls and Huldras living in the caves in the mountains. At least they pretended to believe legends concerning such things, for they loved to tell the children how they had tried to induce little children to come and live with them so the children did not dare to go far from home. Before Christmas, they made a rice pudding that the children who had been good and obedient would carry out behind the barns and leave and the Jule Missy (Christmas Missy) would come and get it. For this kindness the child would be rewarded during the coming year.

New Year's Eve all must be in the house as at that time the Huldras and Trolls and all those living in the caves came on horseback and on other animals and visited other mountains. All buildings were locked so they could not get in to steal. Curiously enough, that was the night the young men had their fun sneaking out after dark and getting as many horses as they could find and, with bells and anything they could make noise with, would gallop from one town to another making as much noise as they could. However, this did not mean that they were not religious, honest, and upright in all their dealings.

They were fun loving, taking life as it came, with plenty of imagination mixed with seriousness and religious fervor. Such was the background of our forefathers.

Mikkel Anonson Brattland was born in 1765 and died in 1839. Several children were born to him and his wife Gyro.

Annon Mikkelson was born in 1795 on a farm called Brattland, in Bykle Sogn Setisdal, Norway. He was married to Kjersti Olsdatter Skolaas in 1824. He received the large farm after his father paid the brothers and sisters their share. The taxes had become very heavy and such a burden that the land owners could hardly keep going. In the year of 1835, he sold the farm for 31,100.00 on time, and by the time he received the money, the money was worth only 3900.00. He had made up his mind to leave Norway for the United States of America, but friends and relatives begged him not to go; instead, he had his family settle near Stavanger where they had some relatives.

However, he had the "America" fever and could talk or think about nothing else. In the meantime, he had purchased the old farm back. He was still not satisfied, so he sold the farm again, and, with the family of four children (the oldest daughter Annie married to Burguf Knutson) and his wife's grandfather, Ole Skolaas--then 85 years of age--made ready to leave for America in 1846. They took enough clothing, food, and bedclothes to last several months. They also took tools such as knives and axes for the men to use. The women took spinning wheels and dishes--mostly wooden and silver--which would not break. Their clothes were substantial linen and wool homespun, which had been woven at home. No cotton was used at that time in Norway by the country people. They took part of the not too bulky weaving looms with them.

At last they were ready for the long journey. It was June and balmy day when they bade farewell to their beautiful valley and the Norway they loved. Arriving in Christiansand, they found that the ship that they were to take had just left, so they had to wait a week and then boarded a freighter that was loaded with lumber. They were packed in like sardines and had to crawl over lumber to get into their hammocks to sleep at night.

In five days, they landed at Havre De Grace, France. Since a new American ship would leave in 24 hours, there was a scramble and a hurry to get all their belongings aboard and themselves placed. It was a very fast ship: it made it to New York in three weeks and five days. This was very fast at that time. Sea-sickness was very prevalent after three days of sailing. Everyone had to keep his cabin clean and helped others as best he could. There were ten Norwegian families and about 300 German and Irish persons aboard.

The youngest in the Brattland family was Jorond, eight years old. She and a little German boy escaped the sea-sickness and were on deck every day--always getting in the way of the sailors. One day, during a storm, the waves washed high over the ship's deck and washed the children on each side of a porthole. A sailor grabbed one in each hand, gave each of them a hard spanking and told them to stay with their mothers. That was the end of their fun on deck.

After leaving New York, they boarded a flat boat drawn by six horses on the Erie Canal. It was a slow process, since they had to stop for the locks to fill and lift the boat over higher places, then stop to wait for the locks to empty to get down on the other side. It was a much greater experience to travel at that time than now--although not so pleasant.

It took two weeks to reach Milwaukee. There were 50 miles more to travel through swamps and woods by oxen and wagons. They had to take turns walking and riding in the wagons, since the loads were heavy. At last they reached Rock River settlement, where a few Norwegian families had settled earlier, and where the Germans in their party had friends and relatives.

By now, very little money was left among them as expenses were more than they had expected. They built huts from logs using clay to fill in between the logs. They cut down willows and used hay and sod for the roof. No glass was there for the windows, so they used worn out linen cloth to cover the holes when it was cold. The linen let in the light.

They came too late to raise a garden the first year, but they spaded the ground for a few beans which they were able to use green late in the fall. They all helped each other. They owned in common a few cows and sheep and a couple of ox teams and wagons. The women spun the wool, knitted socks, and wove the cloth for clothes when that became necessary. There were no doctors available, so the babies that were born came with the help of the neighbor women. The miserable swamps, which were so numerous and full of mosquitos, were very unsanitary. The settlers soon were taken ill with fever and ague. Sometimes a whole family was sick at once.

Grandfather Ole Skolaas kept very busy making wooden shoes to sell. He also cut out of wood a goat and a life sized tiger. He was an artist. A spinning wheel, which he made for his granddaughter, Mrs. Kjersti Brattland, when she was a baby, is now, in 1942, in the possession of her granddaughter, Kjersti Juliana Olson, who is now Mrs. Eggen and the writer of this story. It is a beautiful wheel and the paint is still on. The initials K. O. D. B. are still easy to read. It will be, in years to come, the property of my granddaughter Karen Brown. The treadle is entirely worn out. The whole wheel needs attention and repair. The spinning wheel was given to Jorond by her mother Kjersti. Ole, Jorond's eldest, while a little boy would sit and bite the knob in front of the wheel until it was worn down to half size. He liked the vibrations when mother was spinning.

Ole Skolaas died of the fever six months after they came to Rock River, and a year later, his grandson-in-law, Anon Mikkelson, died of a similar disease, called sleeping ague. Very few survived this disease. The swamps were unhealthful for both man and beast. About half of the lambs died and also some of the older sheep.

After living at Rock River settlement two years, a school was started. The children met one week in each home where they were also given

their noon meal. They were taught to read and write English. It was the ten Norwegian families that called a teacher, so ten weeks was the extent of their schooling for several years. However, the children learned fast. Norwegian was taught to them by their parents.

When Anon Mikkelson died, the widow was left with three children--all under age. Mikkel, then 17 shouldered the burden of supporting the family. The mother helped as much as she could with the out-of-doors work. The girls worked in town doing housework for fifty cents per week, and later, when they became more efficient, were paid one dollar a week. Jorond, the youngest, stayed for three years in the second home in which she worked. The first place was a farm where she did the cooking, baking, and washing for a big family. She had to use such strong homemade soap for washing the clothes on the washboard, that it kept her hands sore as long as she stayed there. She was then only 12 years old and did not know how to take care of her hands, which were small and pretty. The husband of the family for which she worked often remarked about the pretty hands she had. He said his wife was jealous of her hands and did not seem to care how sore they became. When Jorond went home for a visit, and to her sister's wedding, her mother and brother would not let her go back. Her sister, Ingeborg, was married to Halvor Halvorson Hellem when she was 16 years old.

Jorond was 17 years and 6 months old when she married Burguf Olson Boe, in 1851. Mikkel married Ingeborg Strome in 1851. Ingeborg and her brother Taloff were adopted while very young. Their parents had died within a couple of weeks of each other from fever and ague. Ingeborg was then 12 years, and Taloff was 9 years old. They were the youngest of four children and were adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Myrick who had no children of their own. In the early spring of 1855, all the Brattland families and relatives sold their land and with oxen and wagons and a few cattle, loaded up the household equipment and started for Minnesota. Mikkel, having two yokes of oxen hitched to one wagon, took the lead. There was only a faint trail to follow, and after they were a hundred miles from their starting place, there was not a home or settler to be seen anywhere.

They drove through woods, swamps, crossed creeks, and finally they passed through many beautiful hills and valleys and wonderful prairies. They crossed the Mississippi at La Crosse, Wisconsin on a ferry boat. On the other side were high brakes, but the oxen were strong and steady and pulled through it.

The settlers were now in Minnesota. Here they found several other families going on to find land. They all helped one another. If one wagon got stuck in a swamp or mud hole, they would scout around for a better way to get through. Two days after leaving La Crosse (which was then a small village of only a few scattered buildings including a grocery and a dry goods store), they were camping by a little stream when suddenly the oxen pricked up their ears and seemed uneasy. The men looked around and saw a bunch of Indians on horseback riding toward them. Soon they were surrounded. Each night it had been their habit to park the wagons in a ring with the people inside in small tents and the oxen were hobbled and put out to graze until dark. This evening as they noticed the Indians, the oxen came to the wagons and were put inside

the stockade. Since Mikkell could talk the Indian language, he met them and talked to them. They looked hostile at first, but he talked to them in a friendly manner and praised their beautiful horses. He also had a small box of shiny, but cheap trinkets, which he gave to them. He had brought these with him for that very purpose. The Indians grunted and left. The women were scared. (My mother held her cow by the neck and prayed for God to deliver them from evil.)

They did not sleep very soundly that night, although one of the party watched. They were thankful in the morning that all was well. They then set out again but kept an eye on the surrounding country. Some of the families that had joined them left the party to settle near by. When they arrived at Beaver Lake, they stopped and rested for a few days, and debated about the trail from there on. Mikkell and another man of the party went on further northwest until they came to a bend in Lesure River. Here, they decided, was the ideal place to settle, so they went back to get the rest of their company. When they reached St. Olaf's Lake (not named at that time), Burguf Olson's wife became ill and dared not go any further. Burguf, with his outfit, stopped. His mother-in-law served as midwife and the next morning the sixth of July, Ole was born. They stayed 10 days there, then moved after the others. They had one cow and a calf tied to the wagon. By following the trail of the others, they reached them in one day, having only 15 miles to go.

Father Burguf Olson took the land adjoining Mikkell's land on the west. Since it had not been surveyed, they were unable to tell just where to put their stakes. Some time after, when it was surveyed, the settlers were very much disappointed. Burguf's land had to be $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide and one mile long. Some of them found their land in an L shape, others were left without a full 160 acres. They sold their fractions to neighbors; bought where they could; filed on other vacant pieces; and bought some.

That year it was too late to do any real farming, but they broke up a little ground for a garden and sowed some corn and beans and a few potatoes which matured and gave a good yield. They had a little pork with them. They used the fat very sparingly. The children, when hungry, would ask for corn bread and water. Milk was also scarce that winter, but the cows came fresh in the spring.

These new settlers were busy during the summer and fall cutting down trees for logs to build houses. Each log had to be barked and grooved to fit over the under one. Sizes had to be matched. Corners were fitted overlapping each other to make the house solid. Since they did not have nails for that purpose, they had to use their ingenuity. The roof was the most difficult, as it had also to be made water tight. They took long slim trees, placed them from the top log down to the sides, then placed willow brush and hay on top of that and lastly sod about ten inches thick. Square holes were cut for windows for the light to come in and for ventilation. They were covered with white cloth when it got cold in the winter.

Only one log house still stands. It was the second one built by Burguf Olson. Later an addition on the north and on the south was added.

The house is now 44 feet long and 26 feet wide at both ends. It has four bedrooms upstairs and two bedroom downstairs.

Now that the buildings for men and beasts were finished, and corn, beans, and potatoes were put away, and also enough hay stored for the cattle for the winter, the men looked for work. Earlier in the spring, a small settlement of New Englanders had settled farther west about five miles. They had gone to La Crosse and bought a saw to be run by water power. They had money and therefore had hired men to build a small saw mill and also a grist mill. Our men hired out to them. They received seventy five cents per day and boarded themselves, but it helped them to get some things they needed.

Jorond, Burguf's wife, took the nice blue silk wedding dress (as Burguf did not think it appropriate for her to wear it when they were all so poor) and made baby bonnets and caps from it and sold them for \$2.00 apiece to the families who had children and also money. She also made presents of the bonnets to the relatives. She sold eight bonnets and gave away three. The dress had been a present to her from the couple for whom she had worked for three years. The lady herself had made it with short sleeves and low neck trimmed with white ruffled lace. The skirt was floor length and was three yards wide around the bottom. She also gave her a pretty shawl to wear to church. There were many reports from the relatives about her beauty. She was very fair with yellow hair, had small bones, was five feet one and a half inches and had a lovely figure. When she wore the low necked dress, she was ashamed of the exposure and covered it with the shawl. The lady pulled it below her shoulders and said, "You need not be afraid to show your pretty neck."

New people kept settling in the community and staking out claims and putting up the buildings on them in what they thought was the center of the claims. This was all changed when the surveyors came a few years later.

The first Christmas was celebrated in Burguf Olson's 16 by 16 foot log house which was the largest and the most central of the relatives. They had fish and potatoes, corn meal bread and butter, and coffee and home made beer. They sang and told funny stories, and until late in the evening, they danced. They had to wait for moonlight to find their way home.

New Year's Eve, Burguf put in a door where, heretofore, only a quilt had kept out the cold. New Year's Day, a strong wind blew and it was very cold. Jorond had to have a good fire to keep the baby warm. The stove pipe got too hot and set fire to the straw around the stove pipe. Jorond saw it climb the roof and with her bare fingers she hastily tore away the frozen sod from around the pipe and stuffed snow on the burning straw. Her husband saw her and told her to go and take the baby over to Mikkel's place and stay there as he would take care of the fire. She did, but forgot, in the excitement, to put on her wool mittens so her fingers were frozen. She had to walk in knee deep snow all the way. They thawed out her fingers in snow and water, but her hands

were useless the rest of the winter. She could not even take care of her baby. Burguf was unable to save the house, but he did rescue the clothes and furniture. Then the neighbors helped to build another house, but they lived with Mikkel's that winter. Jorond's hands bothered her more or less as long as she lived. During the fall, they had to make a trip to the nearest trading post which was, I believe, Winona, then a country store, to get nails and other hardware; food, including flour which was very high in price, and also wheat for seed.

The following summer the wheat averaged about 35 bushels an acre. They harvested it with a scythe with a cradle attached. The women raked and bound the wheat into bundles. The bundles were hauled home and stacked, and when thoroughly dried, a level piece of ground was swept clean of rubbish, the bundles cut open, and straw spread several inches deep on the ground to thrash out the wheat. The oxen were driven around and around, then the straw was shaken over a wagon box and the wheat gathered and the wind was utilized to blow the chaff and dust and only the clean wheat fell in the wagon box. It was slow process but the only way.

By that fall the little town of Wilton had been founded about 8 miles from Mikkel's home. Hastings had also been established on the Mississippi River. This town was nearer then. They made a contract with the merchant in Wilton to bring back merchandise for his store when they hauled their wheat to Hastings. They agreed to haul the supplies cheaper than the merchant could hire a man to haul it one way. Two weeks was the usual time it took for the trip. The man slept under their wagons, on blankets, and sometimes a big shower of rain would make them sit up and take notice; and then they sat up on their home made seats the rest of the night.

They also hauled barrels of whiskey as well as salt. If they wanted a drink it was a small matter to make a small hole with a hammer and nail and then to close it up. They made a wooden plug which made it tight again.

That winter they had more leisure time and could go in for sports, skating and skiing. They, Burguf and Mikkel, usually played "follow the leader." One time Mikkel dared Burguf to follow him down a very steep bank in the river. Burguf told him he had better not try it, but Mikkel would not give in and when almost down, something caught his ski and he was thrown across the creek into a deep snow bank. Burguf saw his feet sticking out, and he followed after him on his skis but avoided the place where Mikkel went down. He grabbed Mikkel by the feet and pulled him out. He found Mikkel unconscious, but he soon came to and said his back was broken. Burguf told him to lie still a little while, and he would be all right. After a while, he was able to walk home, but his back hurt him for quite a while. No more sports for him that winter. One day the next fall, Burguf went to Wilton. The merchant admired the ax he always carried with him, especially the handle. When Burguf told him he had made the handle, he said he had orders for two dozen handles and would take that many more if Burguf would make them for thirty-five cents apiece. They were of oak. Burguf went home and got

busy. His wife would scrape them with broken pieces of glass and polish them with fine sand and oil until they were as smooth as glass. Then Mikkel started to make them also. They worked night and day to see who could make the largest number. Burguf sold six dozen and Mikkel 4 dozen. By that time, the merchant was supplied and could take no more. They received twenty-five cents apiece for the last two dozen each sold. They were glad to get the money.

The settlers held religious services and Sunday School. Mikkel preached the sermons. He was a very good, sincere Christian. They had brought their Bibles and other religious books from Norway for the children's instruction, so every Sunday morning they gathered in some home for services. Ingeborg Halvorsen always led the singing. They were not rich in worldly goods but very rich in peace and happiness and found hope for their children's future.

When the war broke out in April, 1861, the total population of Waseca county was then 2,598-1,370 males and 1,228 females. The first call for volunteers was soon filled, and many had to be turned away. Later, towards the end of the war, Halvor Halvorson Hellem volunteered or was called. Several others, also from Otisco township were called, but the men of the township got together and hired substitutes for those that could not or did not want to leave their families. Halvor came back without being noticeably hurt, but his health was never as good after that.

The first death occurred in the little settlement through drowning, in 1857. It was early morning. Grandmother Brattland was going to the cave built in the bank of the river, and unknown to her, Mikkel's little boy, Ola, followed her. He lost his footing, fell and rolled into the river, which at that time, was high and running swiftly. His cap, as he fall, had caught on a bush. So when they missed him, they found his cap and knew what had happened. Not only his sorrowing parents and grandmother greatly missed him but also the whole community, as he was the pet of all. Grandmother Brattland could not reconcile herself to his loss. She took sick that fall and finally developed dropsy. She died the next August. The night before she died she dreamed that they had put her coffin in water. She told them about this dream and asked them not to bury her in water. They dug her grave on a hill across the river east of the house, and that night, a heavy rain put two feet of water in the grave. When the mourners came, they decided another grave should be dug. So a few of the men crossed to a nice slope on a hill north of the river and due the grave. They buried her here and a few days later they dug another by the side of the grandmother for the little boy that was drowned the year before, as he was first buried in the yard. This was one of the first grave yards in the county. There are now about 60 graves in the little plot. The fence around the plot is kept up by the relatives of those who are buried there. None of the original settlers now live near there except three families of great grand children. All the others have moved to different parts of the country.

Another drowning took place a few years later. Mikkel and Burguf were cutting hay across the river from Mikkel's home. There had been a

very heavy rain in the St. Olaf's Lake region. The water was running in a northwest direction. It was about noon and they were going home to dinner. They decided that they would have to swim. They took their boots and stockings off to throw across the water. They could tie their pants and shirts on their backs. Mikkel threw his boots across one at a time. Burguf then threw his, the first boot went down in the middle of the river. Mikkel said, "Let me throw the other one." Burguf answered, "Just as if I could not throw a boot that little distance." He gave the boot a hard swing, but it went down exactly in the same place as the first one. Burguf said, "We have to be careful here; someone will surely drown here." The men were both tall and very husky and were good swimmers.

One year later a bridge had been built across the river a few feet upstream from where the boots went down. A party of five went to a gathering given in honor of a baby that was being baptized that day. While they were crossing the bridge in the morning, the water was low, but coming back that afternoon the river was running swiftly over the bridge. The bridge had no railing on either side but because they could see the road on both sides of the bridge, they thought they were safe. However, one horse stepped over the side of the bridge and pulled the other in with him. The wagon also followed and the minister grabbed his wife by her shawl and jumped to the opposite side. The shawl loosened and the wife fell, holding her little boy tight, into the river. The other two men could swim a little and soon caught a branch and save themselves, but the fast running stream took Mrs. Harkonson and the baby down the stream so fast that nothing could be done to save her. Curiously enough, they fell into the river at the same place where the boots had gone the year before. "Believe it or not." (It is true.)

The next year the settlers had from 20 to 40 acres in wheat. Mikkel and Burguf were excellent workers and could each cradle four acres a day, although the average was $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres per day. They worked so hard for two years in succession, that when the harvest was over, they were so tired that they had to rest for a week.

These pioneers had many difficulties with pests. For instance, there were many rattle snakes. Working in the fields they had to watch out constantly for them. The first year in harvest, they killed 30 rattlers in the first two rounds of a 10 acre field. Then they had trouble with grasshoppers. One year they came like a silver cloud just about two weeks before the wheat was ready to harvest. The sun was shining and their wings reflected the light. They settled down on the fields in the whole township and ate their fill. Then, lifting at once and leaving, they disappeared all together. From the wheat that would have yielded forty bushels to the acre, the farmers realized only twenty bushels.

As their fields increased in size, so did their cattle and other live stock which they had acquired at such a high cost in the beginning. Mikkel paid \$2.00 for the first cat he owned. Burguf had only \$1.50 when he arrived on his homestead with wife and baby, one yoke of oxen, one cow and calf, one wagon, a few tools--including a plow--a few household necessities, one sack of flour; but he was rich in health, strength,

hope, and faith that the Lord would provide. They all worked hard. Mikkel was the most progressive in buying machinery and land. A reaper soon took the place of the cradle. It was a crude affair for a man or woman had to stand on the platform and with a rake, rake off the wheat straw when enough for a bundle had been cut. Two horses pulled the machine. Then men and women did the binding of the sheaves. Mikkel was busy cutting for the whole neighborhood.

Later the self rake took the place of the hand sythe, and many years later the harvester with elevator took the straw over onto a platform from which the two men standing on a lower platform bound the wheat. Later the self binder took the place of the harvester. At that time, Waseca county was pretty well settled and most of the farmers had horses. Better homes were built and log houses were improved with additional rooms. Churches were built and young folks grew up and were married.

School houses were built as soon as there were enough children to attend. By that time some of the boys and girls were in their teens. They had religious school in their home and could read and write Norwegian. Also they had associated with the neighbors' children who were from the New England States. In this way, they had learned to speak English even before they went to school. Jorond and Engeborg, Michael's wife, spoke very good English, the others fair.

The Indians were very numerous. The Winebago Indian reservation was 10 or 15 miles west along the river. They were great beggars. Bread, dogs, or anything they saw, they begged for. However, they did not molest anyone.

When the men went to the nearest trading post--to Hastings 85 miles--it took them two weeks to make the trip; even longer if they had a heavy load to haul and bad roads. The women then did the chores early and went to bed as they did not dare to have a light for fear of the Indians. They kept the door bolted whenever they were in the house alone.

In the very early days, coffee seemed to be the most essential. When Ole was about 16 months old, Jorond was short of coffee. It had rained and the men were waiting until the trails would be dryer, so Jorond took Ole with her and crossed the fast running stream of the Lesure River. A tree had fallen across the river from the other side and that was the bridge they had to cross. It was hard enough to cross going, but coming back it was worse as the tree slanted downward. Leading Ole by the hand in front of her, she made it. When she told Father, he could not sleep that night. When he crossed on that tree, he had to crawl on hands and knees, and had they slipped there would have been three lives lost, as another boy was born four months later.

Aunt Anne Newton was the midwife for the neighborhood when they left for North Dakota, and she had the same job there. In her life time, she had helped about 300 children into the world. Aunt Hellem was next with about 100, Jorond about 50, and Juliana Eggen 34 babies and all of the time without even a girl to help.

As the children grew to manhood and womanhood and as they got married and wanted homes of their own, they decided to move to Northern Minnesota where there were vacant lands and three quarters could be acquired--one homestead, one preemption, and one tree claim.

The Newton families moved first, and then the Mikkel Anderson Brattland's and lastly the Halvor Hellem families who after they had lived in Marshall County awhile took the name of Halvorson as their surname. The Newtons went to Fisher's Landing, Minnesota. The Brattlands went to Hendrum, Minnesota and the Halvorsons nearest post office at that time was Warren, Minnesota, now Viking. Some other families in our neighborhood also went to Marshall county and that left the Olson families alone with most all the neighbors, Swedes. Young Swedes bought the land the Norwegians sold and at an extremely low price--\$2,300 for a well equipped and fine farm with good buildings. The young folks we loved to be with were gone. Father and Mother Olson felt keenly the loss of the good and friendly neighborhood, but what can't be cured must be endured, and little by little, we became reconciled and found other friends but no one could take the place in our hearts.

Mother passed away in May, 1892. Andrew was working for father. Later he rented the farm and sister Sophia kept house for them. Father died August, 1902 at Huron, South Dakota. He had been making his home there with his daughter, Julia and family. Father sold the land to Andrew who was then married and lived there for several years. Later he went to Flaxville, Montana, where he now lives. All the children are scattered--no two living within 300 miles from each other, and most of their days are of the past, but there is hope that some day we will be reunited.

HISTORY OF THE BRATTLAND FAMILY

as told by

ISABEL BRATTLAND SWENSON

Grandfather Brattland came up to Norman County in Lee Township and bought railroad land for \$4.00 an acre. He bought three quarters and some fractions of quarters along the Red River. In 1882, they moved up from New Richland or Otisco and built a house by the lake. They later moved down to the river. Father and Mother lived in a dugout house by the coulee. One winter before they moved their house down, my parents lived in this and Uncle Andrew built a house across the coulee but did not live there long because the brothers started a store in Hendrum in 1892 and Andrew and Michael took charge of that. Ole farmed the three quarters of land. Ole lived in a house on the land given Andrew by his father and Andrew lived on the side Ole was given by his father. Gilbert got the farm that they had at Waseca. Michael got the north quarter.

Grandfather had a goiter and developed progressive muscular atrophy and died at the age of 58--perhaps 68. He was a lay minister and left the farming to his sons and organized several congregations in Norman County. Many of the older people remember his devout preaching. He was a very large man with a tremendous voice and preached very loudly. It is told, he saw a man coaxing another to go into a saloon at Ada and grandfather said to him, "It is enough if you go to hell yourself without dragging someone with you." And the man went in alone without another word.

The seed grain they brought up from south Minnesota was of very poor quality--shriveled--but it raised a fine crop. One winter they had rutabagas, small but very good, and no potatoes. The rutabagas grow broadcast on breaking.

Grandfather was very ill for months and wasted away. Grandmother, a rather melancholy person, lived until she was about 58. She contracted pleurisy and died of that. She lived in Hendrum, then in a small house with Gilbert. Gilbert lived with Andrew's family after that and grew up as one of his family. He attended high school at Crookston and Minneapolis and attended the University after that, graduating from the academic course. Michael had attended Red Wing Seminary as his father did not want him to become a lawyer. He wanted to educate him for the ministry. Michael taught a country school in Norman County to help pay his way at school. He finished the law course at the University of Minnesota and began practice at McIntosh, Minnesota. He took part in a county partition contest and a fight against the saloons there and that made him decide to move his practice to Ada, Minnesota where he was in that business until he was appointed District Judge of the 14th Judicial District by Governor Floyd B. Olson in 1933. He moved to Warren, but when he was elected to the office again he moved to Thief River Falls and bought a residence there.

He has told how ambitious the brothers were to get the sod land broken and plowed for farming. They used horse teams and oxen too. They

got up at four if not earlier. Grandfather bought the lumber for the house in Fargo, made a raft of it and floated it down the river to the farm. They built the house themselves. He built the house on the farm at Waseca, too. The house he built in Lee Township here still stands with its low ceilings and rafters showing. They moved Uncle Andrew's house over to this one and built them together with a hall between. The rooms are large. Edgar lives there with his wife, Caroline Sanden Brattland of Ulen, Minnesota, and daughter Shirley Ann ~~Myrtle Negaard~~ Brattland. Attorney Michael Brattland bought out the Cannings and added to his quarter. When Attorney Brattland became judge he sold all his farm to his nephews, and they now farm about 800 acres.

These lands were entirely free of stones and knee deep with grass and wild pea vines when they first came there. There were strawberries on the river banks and mother said she picked a crock holding more than a gallon in a little while. There were thickets of wild plums and cherries and blackhaw, beautiful and fragrant in the spring and the fruit yielded immense amounts of preserves, the only method of canning those days. The only recipes they used they had memorized. The doughnuts were fine but the cakes often fell, but the children were glad to eat them. Grandmother had told a story to the children of there having been found a nigger baby's hand in a barrel of syrup. They were very saving and thrifty and told this to keep the children from eating the molasses, and of course, we did not see any inconsistency in mother's using it in her baking. The bread they made was the best ever. We had lots of milk and butter and there was nothing that tasted better than our bread and milk. Potato mush and milk mush was a frequent supper dish. Otherwise, pork and potatoes was the main dish for three meals a day. Later oat porridge was introduced for breakfast by the Scotch-Irish to the north of us. Dried prunes, peaches, pears, blackberries were bought occasionally as were cranberries. Barrels of apples cost only two dollars or so and of course they tasted very good.

Uncle Andrew's children and Gilbert went more than three miles to school outside of Hendrum and one day were caught in a hail storm. The folks at home saw the storm coming and ran to meet them with coverings. They protected them with their bodies. The peculiar yellow and greenish clouds coming over the trees used to frighten most of us and sometimes we would go to the cellar until the worst of the storm had passed. It did rain more in those days than it does now, before the pine forest to the east of us had been destroyed. One summer our potatoes rotted in the fields. We had only a few new potatoes. One year they harvested the grain in deep mud and almost wore out the horses even if a gasoline motor ran the binder and the horses only drew it. One spring, (1897) the country was flooded along the Red River from town to town. Uncle Andrew rowed out four miles with groceries. We lived upstairs about two weeks, and the water was standing over the floors downstairs. We children used the wooden tubs to row around in. When the flood went down, the floors were badly warped.

A school house was built by the highway, three-fourths of a mile out. Minnie started school when she was almost four. Three months in the spring and three in the full was all we had. Teachers got \$35.00 a month.

We forgot everything in vacation time which we had learned in the school term, so it was a slow way of getting an education. Parents were not much help in educating us since they had very little education themselves. They could speak English however. But we learned Norwegian first and to break away from it and learn English was a terrible task. Fortunately, we had an English woman, Mrs. Bangs, as a teacher. She brought her four children with her and that helped us wonderfully. But we caught all the children's diseases, even having small pox. Aunt Nettie had been vaccinated in Norway and didn't have it. Aunt Nettie had gone to singing school in Stavenger and it is my opinion that she would have had a splendid voice if it had been trained further. She was a very tolerant and amiable person and treated us, Ole's children, just as her own. We were like one family. Her boys liked to be on the farm and walked out from town, drove binders and bucked straw. Her father, Ole Lysedahl like to stay out there too, and took very good care of the cattle. He lived to be a very old age but lived with his daughter at last. There were maybe 15 cows and up to 30 horses at times.

Grandfather had a patriarchal idea of having his family all together and my father had too.

Jennie and Albert's son, Alden, died of accidents at about the same age. Jennie was thrown out of a cart, when the horse was running away, and struck a buggy tongue with her head and was picked up unconscious. She was ailing for more than a month before she died of brain fever. Alden bruised his knee against a tree stump the third of July and was taken immediately to a doctor, but he did not give the child anti-tetanus serum vaccine. The wound did not heal and in about a week the doctor rushed him to a hospital where he died around the tenth.

Olin died of heart disease at the age of 53 at Fargo and was buried on Alden's birthday in March 1935. They were something alike in disposition. If Olin had not been deaf--probably the result of scarlet fever, he could have developed into an able lawyer. He had a lot of strategy in his make-up. Olin and I went to Montana and took homesteads in Fergus county east of Lewistown about 50 miles. I taught school three years and Olin farmed, but crops were poor and finally, I sold my land with no gain for submarginal land to the Federal Government.

Michael preceded Olin by about two years at the age of 53. He died of heart disease too. Albert followed. In 1910, the brothers sold the mercantile business and Andrew took the old farm and Ole took the four quarters east of Hendrum as his share. This father farmed or rented out until he moved to Fargo in 1918 in the fall. The family lived in Ada where the children attended school and five graduated from Ada high school. The youngest, Eunice, finished high school at the Agricultural college there. Minnie went to college three years and two summer schools and graduated an honor student and taught in high school three years before she married John Geiwitz, a hardware dealer in Minnesota, in 1915 in February. I attended the University of Minnesota one year and Iowa State College at Ames one-half year. I then taught school about 12 years. I was married at Fargo in 1920 to August Swenson of Ada and have lived in Norman County since.

EXTRACT OF RECORD KEPT BY ANDREW A. BRATTLAND

Our father and mother, Mikkell Anderson and Ingeborg Anderson came from Dodge County, Wisconsin, where they had settled in 1846, arriving at Otisco Township, Waseca County, Minnesota in August 1856. They had first intended to settle near Beaver Lake, further south, but as father wanted prairie and timber land, they moved away from there. The first trip to Otisco was made by father and mother together with their two oldest boys, Andrew and Ole in a prairie schooner and drawn by a yoke of oxen. When they came to a place in Otisco where they selected land, father lifted the wagon box and cover off and leaving Mother and the boys (2) drove back to Beaver Lake after his Mother who he had left in charge of the rest of the equipment and the cattle at Beaver Lake. Mother was thus left alone with the two boys out in the wilderness in Otisco surrounded by Winebago Indians.

About a week after Father returned to Otisco, with his Mother and their goods and the cattle, the balance of the company from Wisconsin also arrived.

The land which Father took under a Soldier's warrant, which he purchased, was the East half of the North-east quarter ($E\frac{1}{2}$ of $NE\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 32, Township 106, Range 22, and he purchased the South West quarter ($SW\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 28, Township 106, Range 22 from a speculator and for which he paid \$350.00. This deed is dated July 3rd, 1861. The patent was issued to him for land taken under Soldier's warrant on November first, 1859. He had contracted for the land, however, very soon after he located.

In the fall of 1857, the second oldest boy, Ole Andreas, was drowned in the Le Sueur River. Father and his hired man, Nels Bergeson, had gone out in the morning to hay and Mother and Grandmother had gone out milking and the two boys, Andrew and Ole went out with them. After Grandmother had milked, she went back to the cellar, which was dug out of the river bank right east of where their dwelling was. The little boy ran after her along the path dug down to the cellar, and there tumbled over the bank into the river. The little boy was found about forty or sixty rods below, where he had caught in a tree which had fallen into the river. He was buried on the farm as there was no cemetery in the neighborhood, but later, the body was removed to the cemetery at Otisco.

On August 15, 1858, there was born to them the boy, Ole Andreas. In June 1858, Father brought his sister, Ingeborg and her husband Halvor Hellem with their two children from Pierce county, Wisconsin.

The crops consisted mostly of corn. The first four or five years, they raised very little wheat. The first fall they had to go 150 miles down to Iowa to purchase flour, driving with ox teams in rain and snow and cold. It took them more than two weeks to make the trip. They had to sleep under the wagons and sometimes between the oxen in order to keep warm. Father has told that while on one trip, he purchased a cat for which he paid two dollars.

The first wheat they raised was threshed by leading the oxen over the bundles of grain which were laid in a circle about 45 feet in diameter. Father made an elevated platform to which he lifted the threshed grain and by pouring the same down when there was a hard wind; thus they cleaned it from the chaff.

The writer of the biography mentioned that although the people had very little, they were living happily and had no worries. Hastings, Minnesota became their market and they first hauled their wheat there. The first wheat sold for from 25-cents to 40-cents per bushel.

On one of those journeys to Hastings, Bjorguf Olson (O. B. Olson's) father drove a wagon. Wilton was the first town in Waseca County and they commenced building there in the fall of 1856. That section then belonged to Steele County. Their first railroad town was Owatonna, and that was considered very near.

The biographer mentions that during the Civil War they got very good pay for what they raised, but they were in no position to take advantage of it. Whatever they needed to buy was extremely high. Calico sold for from 30 cents to 44 cents per yard.

In 1854, the railroad came to Waseca and from then on Father raised more grain. He had purchased 80 acres and at this time owned 320 acres. He had 30 acres broken at this time.

In 1865, Father sold 40 acres of land to Rasmus Nelson for \$300.00. In 1870 he had about 100 acres broken. Hand-rake reapers were sold for \$300.00 each, and this was the beginning of people getting into debt. The hand-rake reaper appears to date back to 1861 or 1862. In 1865, self-rake reapers were brought out.

During the years previous to 1870, these Norwegian early settlers did considerable to bring in immigrants from Norway. In October 1860, a son was born to them but he died when only two or three years old. In 1864 another son was born who also died. In October 1866 a son Michael was born and in 1876 a son Gilbert was born. Four sons survived their parents.

The Father, Mikkel Anderson, died in March 1888 and Mother died two years later, both being 59 years of age at the time of their deaths. The oldest son, Andrew, died while traveling in Canada in 1903. The next son, Ole, is in Fargo, North Dakota. Andrew's family still lives at Hendrum, Minnesota. The two youngest boys, Michael and Gilbert, reside at Ada, Minnesota.

(Aunt Julia Eggen says that some of the above statements are wrong. For instance, she says Halvor Hellem and family came from Wisconsin at the same time as the other settlers; also that the body of the little boy, who fell in the river, was removed to the cemetery at Otisco instead of at St. Olaf's Lake.

Andrew had a large circle of friends. He was a very handsome man with black hair and blue eyes.

Ole was an original thinker and read widely on politics and economics. He was very liberal in his views and gave his opinions regardless of how they would be received. He was so far-sighted; events turned out many times as he predicted.

Andrew M. died June 13, 1903 from rheumatic fever. This was about 20 miles from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, where he had taken an immigrant car of farm machinery, horses, and household goods. He underwent great hardship watching the roof of the car thinking it might catch fire from the engine since it was so old and splintered. The water was very alkaline on the homestead and that may have affected his health. There was a telegraphers' strike on at the time and messages were difficult to get through. His wife and Ole went to Saskatoon but the boys had brought the body into town to ship back. Olin accompanied the casket back. Andrew had secured homesteads for Inger, Michael, Olin, and Albert and planned to move his family to Canada. Michael remained and proved his father's claim. Michael married Jessie Smart, a Scotch woman.

O. B. OLSON

Oldest Son of Jorond and Burguf

Ole was a very bright and sturdy child and was adventuresome. He caused his mother much worry. Once he followed a cat into the woods. Mother, with the help of their faithful dog, found him almost a mile from home still following the cat. When he was eight years old he could harness the horses by climbing up on the manger. His first teacher was Mr. Franklin, a neighbor. He was quick at learning and quick with his fists and kept the boys--mostly Swedish--in awe of him. They nick-named him Sampson, but he never was a bully. He was strong, but he hurt his back while young carrying sacks of oats from the wagon upstairs into the granary. After that, he made up his mind never to be a farmer. Mother idolized him. Ole was always good hearted and kind to everybody.

The above was written by Aunt Julia Eggen. My father, O. B. Olson, was born in Minnesota in 1864, on the shores of St. Olaf's Lake. He was born in a covered wagon when Burguf and Jorond were moving to Waseca county. My father loved to tell that he was born under these primitive conditions. I know he had very little schooling, although he often told of how he worked out problems in proportion, pulleys, and difficult fractions for a woman school teacher when he was a young boy.

As Aunt Julia said, he was adventurous. He told us children many anecdotes about stealing watermelons, walking miles to a dance and returning at day break only to go into the fields to work. On one occasion, Grandpa was so angry with him for going off on some kind of a party, and when he returned, he gave him a job of digging post holes. My father worked like a demon and had them all dug before noon. Grandma Olson felt so sorry for him, as he was almost overcome with weariness, so she made him go to bed and she carried food for him to his room.

He must have been a man of unusual prowess for he loved swimming, boxing, and wrestling. As Aunt Julia said, something made him disaffected with farming. I know he was a brake man on the railroad from Minneapolis to North Dakota in the year 1880 or before. He came back to Minnesota whom he met my mother, Betsy Rogn. They became engaged immediately and were married in Hartland, Minnesota on December 7, 1881. They went to North Dakota where my father was foreman on the Gould farm--a large bonanza farm about three and one half miles from Buxton, North Dakota. Here they lived for a year and a *half* when they moved to Buxton. Eventually, my father became interested in various businesses. He had a large farm machinery concern, a hotel which was operated largely by my mother, a livery barn, and a meat market. All of those he ran during my childhood.

He was always a lover of sports and was the manager of the Buxton baseball team. He would often take the team to neighboring towns at his own expense. He loved hunting and was an excellent shot. In the fall, he would go with other men to Devil's Lake for goose hunting.

He was exceedingly public spirited. We had one of the first pianos in the town and when itinerant players, medicine shows, and music organizations came to town, my father would lend them our piano, hauling it in his own dray wagon to the public hall. My mother who was the superintendent of the Sunday School always had his hearty cooperation. It was my father who put up the Christmas tree and took the children on Sunday School picnics out to some neighboring grove. One of my earliest recollections was the festival held in the newly built machine hall with my mother and father being host and hostess to the country side. My mother was a splendid manager and all the farmers were fed a noon meal in my father's new machinery hall.

In January 1903, my father was elected sheriff of Trail county. He was interested in politics and was well known throughout the whole state of North Dakota. During one legislative season, he acted as Sergeant-at-Arms at Bismark. We, therefore, lived in Hillsboro, the county seat, for four years and a half. In the meantime, my father had given up most of his business interest in Buxton, although we had our home there as we still have.

The children born to the family, omitting those which died in infancy, were as follows:

Josephine who attended the University of North Dakota for two years and married Dr. Arne Oftedal. They have reared two children, Sigmund and Helen.

Myself, Beatrice, generally known to the family as Trissie, who attended the University of North Dakota and graduated with a B. A. degree in 1909 and with a M. A. degree from the University of Chicago in 1918. After teaching in several high and normal schools, I became Dean of Women at the University of North Dakota, coming to the University of Idaho as Dean of Women in September 1935.

Berto who was a First Lieutenant and later a Captain in World War number one served in the Army of the Occupation for eighteen months. He graduated from the University of California as an exodontist. He lives in Los Angeles. He married Eva Mountford and they have three daughters, Gloria, Evelyn, and Beverly.

Oscar (deceased) married Olga Ostlie and they had three sons, Oscar, Harold, and Robert.

Ada graduated with a B. A. degree from North Dakota and an M. A. from the University of Michigan. She is now an entomologist in the Museum of the University of Michigan.

Odina graduated from Wesley College with a Bachelor of Music degree and a B. A. from the University of Michigan. Recently, she spent a year in New York securing a M. A. degree from Columbia. She is music supervisor in the University high school in Ann Arbor.

My father had business interests in Crary, North Dakota and also in Donaldson, Minnesota. The last position which he held was that of transportation officer for the State of North Dakota which position he held through the terms of three different governors. His position was always appointive and the governors were of different political faith. During this time my mother was matron in the women's ward of the State penitentiary. She resigned at my father's death and went to live in Ann Arbor, Michigan with my sisters, Ada and Odina. The last five years of her life she lived in the old home in Buxton. She died in 1939.

I wish that in some way I might appraise fairly and honestly the life my father and mother shared for almost fifty years. Both were independent thinkers--progressive in taking on new ideas. They both possessed a pioneering spirit and were truly a part of the state they saw develop. Of the two, my father was the most fearless and forthright. Both were great believers in law enforcement. As a sample of my father's attitude, I should like to give this incident. He was a very temperate man but not a tee-totaler. During prohibition days, I asked him what he thought about the whole thing. This is what he replied: "First of all, I believe in law enforcement. You know I have not been a tee-totaler, but since prohibition, I have not bought one drop of liquor nor have I let anyone else buy a drink for me. I believe in upholding the law."

Both my mother and father could give an excellent speech and tell a good story. Both were sociable and liked company. There was always room for one more at our table.

I consider it a great privilege to have been the child of such upright, sturdy, and intelligent parents.

K. N. NEWTON AND FAMILY

(The father, Burguf of Bjorge Knutson, changed his name to Newton when the children were small.)

Knute Newton was born April 14, 1847 of Norwegian parentage.

His parents, Anne and Bjorge Newton, had come to the United States from Norway and had settled in Wisconsin. It was here that Knute was born and lived until he was about eight or ten years old. Then he moved with his parents to Waseca county in Southern Minnesota where he grew to manhood.

At the age of nineteen he was married to Sigri Peterson. Three children were born to them, Bertina, who died in infancy, Bennet Olaus, and Anna both are now deceased, having passed away in later life. His wife, Sigir, died in 1877 of injuries she received in a horse and buggy run-away accident.

In 1878, Knute Newton was married again to Martha Knutson. They were married at Waseca and lived on a farm in Waseca country for three years. Sarah and Carl were born at this farm. In 1881, a number of the families at Waseca, including the Newton family, decided to leave Waseca and go north to the Red River settlement at Fisher. They traveled by train, the men making two trips. First they hauled the oxen and farm machinery by freight train and then returned later for their wives and children. During this first trip when the stock and machinery were being transported to Fisher, a rather exciting incident occurred. Mr. Newton recalled the happenings in this manner:

"We were traveling on the Great Northern Railroad and had reached a place near Dalton. The engine burned wood in those days and at this point of the journey, it was necessary to get more fuel. There were three crew members; brakeman, fireman, and engineer. They had been drinking quite a bit but the engineer and fireman uncoupled our freight cars and went to Fergus Falls to get wood. They left the brakeman in charge of the cars which remained on the track. We stayed there almost a day and it began to get dark. I saw a light in the distance and realized that a train was coming from the south on the same track. I ran to the caboose where the brakeman was, calling for him to signal as a train was coming. I found the brakeman "dead drunk" and fast asleep. I tried to wake him, but realizing I could not, I grabbed his lantern, jumped out of the caboose and ran down the track waving the lantern and shouting that there was a train on the track. The train kept coming, but I kept waving the lantern and shouting. They finally saw me, whistled slowed down, and stopped. They offered to hook up our cars and take them to Dalton and leave us on a side track. We got ready to do this and were working when our wood cars came back from Fergus Falls. They came from the North. The engineer and fireman were "drunk" and when backing up, they jammed into our cars. Quite a good deal of damage was done. Stock cars were upset and one man was pretty badly hurt and had to be taken to the hospital at Fergus Falls. I notified the authorities at Minneapolis who came to investigate at once. The three men were discharged."

When the family moved to Fisher, a hut had been built. It was made of a two board wall which was filled with broken up sod. Anna, the third child, was born here. However, Knute Newton and his family did not stay long at this Red River Settlement. In 1893, the Thirteen Towns was opened to homesteaders. A sale was held and the family moved to the Thirteen Towns. They traveled by oxen and covered wagon. Knute Newton took a preemption, tree claim, and a homestead. These were located about six or eight miles north of McIntosh.

Pioneering was not an easy or pleasant task. Not only did these people lack our modern conveniences, but nature had to be reckoned with. Insects were numerous and when working in the woods, the men had to wear bonnets covered with mosquito netting to protect themselves from the mosquitoes and sandflies. Their first home was just a shanty. It had no doors, floor or windows--merely a hole in the wall covered with mosquito netting. All the household goods had been sold before leaving the Red River Settlement and Mrs. Newton recalls that she had to mix bread in a hollowed-out log.

Mrs. Newton also remembers vividly her fear of Indians. Whenever, she had to leave her children indoors to do an errand about the farm, she hurried frantically because she feared the Indians might come, and kidnap her children during her absence.

Here the other children in the family were born and reared. A large frame house was built on the farm to replace the cabin. The children attended the rural school. Five of the girls later attended normal school and became school teachers. Teaching school seems to have been a favored profession among the Newton daughters and granddaughters. Nine granddaughters have also taught school and there seems to be prospective teachers in the younger group.

Two daughters, Ida and Thea, died: Ida at the age of thirty and Thea at the age of seventeen. Most of the children have married and made their homes in and about McIntosh.

About twenty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Newton moved to McIntosh where they now reside. Knute Newton is now in his ninety-fourth year and is still mentally alert, being able to conduct the business on his farms around McIntosh. "Grandma" in her eighty-seventh year, spends most of her time surrounded by her piece quilts and rag rugs. They are cared for by their daughter, Anna, who lives with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton boast of 46 grandchildren, 35 of whom are still living. There are also 21 great-grandchildren and one or two great-great-grandchildren.

GENEALOGY

- I. Mikkel Anonson Bratteland 1765-1839; married Gyra
- A. Anon Mikkelson, 1795- ; ,Married Kjersti Olsdater Skolaas in 1824. Ole Skolaas was her Grandfather.
 - 1. Annie married Burguf Knutson-later changed to Newton.
 - a. K.N.Newton, born April 14, 1847; married Sigri Peterson, died 1877, April 1866.
 - (1) Bertina-died in infancy
 - (2) Bennet Olaus. Born January 17, 1869, died July 13, 1929
 - (a) Donnell
 - (b) Ruby
 - (c) Isabelle (Deceased)
 - (3) Anna Newton Stowe, born January 25, 1867, died April 24, 1936.
 - (a) Newton (Deceased)
 - (b) Grant (Deceased)
 - (c) Sarah (Deceased)
 - (d) Noble
 - (e) Charles (Deceased)
 - (f) Dewey
 - (g) Joyce
 - (h) Nellie (Deceased)
 - (i) Theodore
 - (j) Eunice
 - (k) Laura
 - (l) Phyllis
 - b. K.N.Newton married again to Martha Knutson, February 13, 1878. She was born July 5, 1854.
 - (1) Sarah Osteness, born November 3, 1878
 - (a) Gertrude
 - (b) Thea
 - (c) Sidney
 - (d) Ida
 - (2) Carl, Born November 25, 1880.

- (a) Norman
- (b) Clifford
- (c) Martha
- (d) Theodore (Deceased)
- (e) Edward (Deceased)
- (3) Anna Newton, Born October 25, 1882.
- (4) Alfred, born March 20, 1885
 - (a) Elsie Martha
 - (b) Ida Mae
 - (c) David
 - (d) Theresa
- (5) Ida Newton
- (6) Clara Sabourin, born May 20, 1889
 - (a) Irene
 - (b) Beatrice
 - (c) Kenneth
 - (d) Leonard
 - (e) LaMarr
 - (f) Paul
 - (g) Clarice (Deceased)
- (7) Agnes Thompson, born June 6, 1891.
 - (a) Betty June
 - (b) Orlin
 - (c) Roy
 - (d) Donald
 - (e) Lois Ann
- (8) Thea Newton
- (9) Elizabeth Philipson, born October 1, 1895
 - (a) John
 - (b) Gaynor
- (10) Andrew, born September 22, 1898
 - (a) Lorraine
 - (b) Donald
 - (c) Jean

- c. Betsey Newton Honsrud, born March 15, 1858; died April 23, 1929. Married Reinhart Johnsrud, born November 1859; died April 16, 1926. They were married in 1887.
 - (1) Abraham R. Johnsrud, November 27, 1888.
 - (a) Glenn Johnsrud, born March 20, 1913, died July 14, 1930.
 - (2) Arndt Johnsrud, November 6, 1890
 - (3) Christ Johnsrud, born July 11, 1893.
 - (4) Christine Johnsrud, born April 5, 1895.
 - (5) Bennett Johnsrud, born March 16, 1901.
 - (a) Bernethh Hohnsonrud, born February 29, 1924.
 - (b) Duane Johnsrud, born March 7, 1927.

2. Ingeborg Married Halvor Halvorson Hellem.

- a. Andrew Hellem
- b. Halvor Hellem
- c. Inger Hellem Married Oluf Hansen
 - (1) Martin Theodore Hansen (Deceased)
 - (2) Martin Theodore Hansen married Ida Christine Daniels. They live in Conell, Wisconsin where he is the city clerk.
 - (a) Delmar Olaf Hansen who married Ann Schutke.
 - i) Joan Ilene Hansen
 - ii) Marlene Anne Hansen
 - (3) Ida Karoline Hansen married Bennie Anderson.
 - (4) Henry Orace Hansen married Maude Stearns and lives at New Richland, Minnesota, where he works on a drag-line.
 - (a) Orace Harold Hansen married Leona Evelyn Tomnitz and lives at Cokato, Minnesota, where he has a drugstore.
 - (5) Arty Joel Hansen married Ella Josephine Berg and lives in Waseca County on a farm three miles from Waseca.
 - (a) Arlene Harriet Hansen
 - (b) Eunice Ruth Hansen
 - (c) David Joel Hansen (Deceased)

- (6) Leonard William Hansen married Esther Judith Esklund and lives four miles from Albert Lea, Minnesota.
 - (a) Lorrin LeRoy Hansen (Deceased)
 - (b) Donald LeRoy Hansen
 - (c) Wallace Lenard Hansen
 - (d) Marjorie Esther Hansen
 - (e) LaDonna Marie Hansen
- (7) Nora Anettie married Bennie Melvin Breck and lives on a farm near Waseca, Minnesota.
 - (a) Maynard Arland Breck
 - (b) Irene Ordella Breck
- (8) Raymond Ingevald Hansen (Deceased)
- d. John Hellem
- e. Netta married John Gustefson
 - (1) Carl Gustefson lives at Viking, Marshall Co, MN.
 - (2) Emil lives at Viking.
 - (3) Theodore lives at Viking.
 - (4) Ida died in childbirth.
 - (5) Axel lives at Viking.
 - (6) Oscar lives at Viking.
 - (7) Clarence lives at Viking.
 - (8) Minnie lives at Viking.
 - (9) Effie lives at Viking.
 - (10) Josie lives in Granville, Illinois.
- f. Olaus Hellem
- g. Anna Hellem
- h. Nels Hellem
- i. Elizabeth Hellem married George Dennis LeSage and lives in Minneapolis.
 - (1) Ilet Harriet Le Sage married Guy Coupie lives at Standish, Michigan.
 - (a) Vironica Maxine Coupie
 - (b) Una Marie Coupie
 - (c) Nova Lorraine Couppie

- (d) Merles Ann Coupie
- (e) Eva Joan Coupie
- (f) John Dennis Coupie
- (g) Patricia Joyce Coupie
- (h) June Elizabeth Coupie
- (2) Hirren Main Le Sage married James Smith and lives in Portage, Wisconsin.
- (3) John Delmen Le Sage Married Gudrun Elveria Granum lives in Minneapolis.
 - (a) Dayton Ray Le Sage
 - (b) James Allen La Sage
 - (c) Donal Bernard Le Sage
 - (d) Dorothy Mae Le Sage
- (4) Earnest L. D. Le Sage married Mae Sanders and lives in Louisville, Kentucky.
 - (a) Margaret Le Sage
- 3. Mikkell Brattland, Born February 27, 1829, married (in 1851) Ingeborg Strome who was born November 2, 1839.
 - a. Ola Brattland (drowned)
 - b. Ole Brattland married Ida Johnson July 1884. She died Mar 8, 1930. He died August 27, 1940.
 - (1) Isabel Anna Brattland, May 8, 1886, married August G, Swenson lives at Ada, Minnesota.
 - (2) Minnie Brattland, October 18, 1887, died August 7, 1929. Married John J. Geiwitz.
 - (a) George Allen Geiwitz
 - (b) Wendell Frederick Geiwitz
 - (c) Robert Ellsworth Geiwitz
 - (d) Howard Geiwitz
 - (3) Jennie Brattland, January 27, 1889, died of results of run away accident October 22, 1897.
 - (4) Allan Brattland, September 23, 1890, married Ella Thornforde, born January 6, 1897.
 - (a) Veryl Janell, Dec 11, 1930
 - (b) Muriel Mardell, January 3, 1936
 - (5) Guy, Born August 31, 1892, never married.

- (6) Dan, born November 23, 1894, married Josephine Ogaard, born May 3, 1889 and lives at 10-131/2 F., Fargo, North Dakota.
- (7) Eunice, born May 5, 1903.
- c. A.M. Anderson Brattland, born March 9, 1861, lived three years.
- d. Christian M. Brattland, January 2, 1863, lived three years.
- e. Michael A. Brattland, October 9, 1866, married Mabel F. Dawley in 1897.
 - (1) Lois Elizabeth Brattland
 - (2) Armond D. Brattland
- f. Christian M. Brattland, August 28, 1869, lived two years.
- g. A boy who died after birth and was not named or baptized.
- h. Andrew M. Brattland, January 4, 1863 married Nettie (Netta) Lysidahl, cousin to Grandfather Mikkel Brattland. He died June 13, 1903.
 - (1) Inger, born November 21, 1876, and died May 21, 1906; married Ben Mjolsness, divorced him and took name of Brattland, and married Mark Carmichael, a nursery agent.
 - (a) Bert Mjolsness Brattland
 - (2) Michael, born July 2, 1879, married Jesse Smart, a Scotch lady.
 - (a) Ethal Maude Brattland
 - (b) Mary Elizabeth Brattland
 - (c) Gordon Andrew Brattland
 - (d) Nettie Helen Brattland
 - (e) Charles Brattland
 - (f) Chester Brattland
 - (3) Olin Brattland, born January 27, 1882-died March 1935.
 - (4) Albert Olaus Brattland, August 7, 1884, Hendrum Norman County (deceased 1939) married Constance S Erickson
 - (a) Gordon Arthur Brattland
 - (b) Alden Kermit Brattland (deceased)
 - (c) Harold Alden Brattland

- (5) Anna Brattland, January 13, 1887–January 28, 1887, Died of pneumonia.
 - (6) Tollef Brattland, March 27, 1888.
 - (7) Edgar Daniel Brattland, March 8, 1891, married Caroline Sander
 - (a) Shirley Ann ~~Myrtle Negaard~~ Brattland
 - (8) Chester Arthur Brattland, May 25, 1893.
 - (9) Andrew Brattland, March 17, 1898, married Myrtle Negaard.
4. Jorond Anderson Married Burguf Olson in 1854
- a. Josephine Olson, 1883. Married Dr. Arne Oftedal who died in 1930.
 - (1) Sigmund Oftedal
 - (2) Harold Oftedal (deceased)
 - (3) Helen Oftedal, Married Eugene Ground
 - (a) Martina Beatrice Ground
 - (b) Christine Margaret
 - (c) Valborg (deceased)
 - (4) Beatrice Olson, born 1886
 - (5) Berto A. Olson, Dr. Married Eva Mountford
 - (a) Gloria Olson
 - (b) Evelyn Olson
 - (c) Beverly Olson
 - (6) Oscar Olson (deceased) Married Olga Ostlie
 - (a) Oscar Olson
 - (b) Harold Olson
 - (c) Robert Olson
 - (7) Ada Olson
 - (8) Odina Olson
 - b. Andrew Olson, born 1864, married Marrie Hogaas Andres
 - (1) Luella (deceased)
 - (2) Birdie
 - (3) Viola
 - (4) Pearl

- (5) Dewy & Twin Girl Diamm
- (6) Lea
- (7) Sheldon
- c. Serona 186901894, married William Ivers
 - (1) George Ivers, who lives in New York
- d. Juliana, born 1870, married Martin A. Eggen
 - (1) Julia Eggen Himes
 - (a) Jean Luise Himes (adopted)
 - (b) Donald Himes
 - (2) Raymond Eggen married Tommie Terry
 - (a) Nancy Rae Eggen
 - (3) Margaret Eggen married Maridith Brown
 - (a) Karen Brown
 - (b) Jan Brown
 - (c) Garry Brown
- e. Anna Maria Olson, 1873-1924, married Rolf Young
 - (1) Antonia Young Dahle, lives near Waseca
 - (2) Boy (Michlen Carter)
 - (3) Girl (Shirley ----)
 - (4) Boy (James Roger)
- f. Christain Olson, born 1876, married Emma Bucholt, lives at Upham, North Dakota
 - (1) Girl (Ester)
 - (2) Girl (ariola)
 - (3) Girl (Edna)
 - (4) Boy
 - (5) Boy
 - (6) Boy
- g. Sophia Olson, born 1879, married William Swenson, lives at Kalispell, Montana. (All Married and has children)
 - (1) Girl (Ione)
 - (2) Girl (Julie)
 - (3) Girl (Wilma)

(4) Boy (Stuart)

(5) Boy (William)

h. Julius Olson, born 1883, lives at Thorsby,
Alberta, Canada.

(1) Boy

(2) Girl

(3) Girl

B. End as of 1942.