

## **Floyd and Lydia Hogan and Ernie Cartie**

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Floyd Hogan was 76 years old, and his wife, Lydia Hogan was 66 years old at the time of this interview. Ernest (Ernie) Cartie was born in 1905.

### **Side 1**

(There was nothing on side 1.)

### **Side 2**

Lydia : We asked Joe Stuart to talk when Terry was in the Army on that thing and you know he got sick, and we thought he was going to have a heart attack. So you can't...

Ernie: No, he can't talk... (unintelligible) drive himself crazy talking about something like that.

Floyd: Ernie, tell a little bit about what the country looked like around here and how your folks cleared it all up, and some of these other people.

### ***The lay of the land***

L: You said that this was a swamp, east of us.

E: That south 40 of mine there was nothing but tamarack swamp.

L: Yeah?

E: And it...

L: No wonder it's low yet.

E: And the water, well, the water run to the cows' knees and when I was herding cattle in there. And the tamarack the fire went through, I don't remember what fire it was, it went through and it killed all the tamaracks. And after the tamarack died, well then there was just the stumps sticking up.

L: That's what we found right here in the east part of us was kind of a swampy area, but poplar stumps...

E: That was the end of the tamarack swamp.

L: Or maybe it was tamarack stumps, I don't know.

E: It went right across from your 40 clear around to Vic Johnson's old place there. That was all tamarack swamp. And then north of that, then there was popples for a ways and then heavy timbers. Then...

L: You mean, just hardwood, huh?

E: Yeah. Heavy hardwood.

L: Yeah.

E: Then from, well you might say from my barn there to the river, that was heavy hardwood. And then where the house is, that's sand ridge that runs through – you've seen the sand ridge? That runs kiddy-corner here? From here to the house. That was poplar. Poplar ridge.

F: There must have a period of a few years in there when your dad worked right at home, selling timber.

E: Yeah. Well, he did a lot of it. He sold... every time he... from the time he quit the drive and stuff, well then he went to Dakota in the summer time and in the winter time he had nothing to do but he cut timber. He'd cut timber and sell it to Casey's heading mill, and Guy's (?) and all that stuff.

### ***Cartie's farm home and buildings***

L: I suppose you children were all born here.

E: Oh, yeah.

L: Was Laura born here, too?

E: Laura was born in the same room I'm sleeping in, and every one of us.

F: But you added on to the house after that, after Laura was born.

E: Well, yeah.

F: The rest of the house was log?

E: No. The original house is lumber, except the floor joists. The center of the house was the living and my bedroom. And that was the whole house at one time.

L: Oh, you don't have a log house...

E: No, no.

L: ...on your house.

E: That was all the main house. There was a living room and the bedroom, and then the upstairs, of course, we had two mupstairs, too. And when the family got a little bigger, then in 1911 -yeah, 1911 – we stayed in the granary all summer. Lived up in the granary all summer, and Bellencourt (?) built the kitchen part.

F: Now you're talking about the old man Bellencourt.

E: Yeah. He built the kitchen part on, and the, there was a pantry on the end, on the west end, and a pantry on the west end. You had to have a pantry in them days.

F: Yeah. You got (unintelligible) too, that little room...

E: No, we took that out (unintelligible). And then they, uh, in 1918 – yeah, 1918 – they had a little money and things were going good, and the family was bigger, so we built the east end on it.

L: With the porch, too? He put the porch on?

E: Big porch all the way around.

L: That was a beauty, I bet, in those days.

E: Albert Vonnville (?) worked on there, and Morgan, a fella by the name of Morgan. Took the job. And then he had Albert Vonnville...

F: Was that the Morgan that lived over here?

E: I don't know if it was or not. I think it was, yeah. And him and Albert Vonnville built that on. That was in 1918.

L: Now when did your dad and mother then built like the barn and everything?

E: Well, the horse barn, that Allen's barn on the north side? That was that horse barn. He built that in 1912. He built that horse barn for the horses. He kept 8, 10 horses there. So it was worth it. And when he didn't have any room in the old log barn anymore, then he built that for the horses. And then he had that lean-to on the hayshed, and a log barn, and that was a cow barn. And then he had the, in 1925, then he decided to build the main barn. He built the main barn in 1925. And that (unintelligible) the horse barn.

## **Crops**

L: Now your dad raised quite a bit of grain, didn't he?

E: Oh, he raised grain and hay and stuff. Mostly for feed and for his cows and stuff. He kept getting more cattle and horses all the time.

L: I remember when, during those drought years, they came and made hay on the Dan Morris place, even, and he'd always talk about the rich Cartie's – they had this wonderful land, you know.

F: I remember coming out here driving, Dad drove up one Sunday by here, come up that road, and I've never seen nicer crops than we saw then. Just as far as you could see up here it was beautiful grain.

E: Yeah.

F: And...

L: It must have been virgin soil, so things really grew.

E: It was.

L: And I suppose during the drought year, it did especially well.

E: And the drought here, that's when we had our big drought.

L: While the rest of us burned up.

E: 1934. That's why I bought the thrashing machine. We had such a crop over here that we couldn't get nobody to thrash it, could get anybody to promise to thrash it when it was ready, so Dad told me, buy the machine and have it for our own use. So I went out and bought the machine, and we thrashed 2,000 bushels of oats alone.

L: That was a good crop.

E: Then we had some barley, and some peas, buckwheats, flax – we had flax and buckwheat on the south 40 there and stuff.

L: What did you plant cold (?) peas, or what?

E: Yeah, field peas. Field peas, they called them. We'd mix them with the grain for feed.

L: Oh, that was good feed.

E: We'd put them in with the oats. Well, the first few years we put them in alone, and too much of a job because they tangled up. Because they'd all lodge, and then you had to cut them by hand otherwise you couldn't get them. You had to take a scythe, and cut them all by hand (unintelligible) and run them through the machine.

L: When did your dad start raising corn then for silage?

E: Well, that was quite a few years later when he got the silo. I don't remember what year that was.

L: Your silo, it was built from cement, wasn't it?

E: Yeah. Jethro Vall (?) built that. I don't remember what year that was

L: I see.

E: And we didn't use that too many years. We didn't even have silos for many years.

### ***The cattle***

L: How many cows was the most you ever had on the place?

E: We'd keep around between 25 and 30 cows all the time.

F: You're talking about milk cows now. You had a bigger herd.

E: Oh, yeah.

L: Yeah, but you always had milking shorthorn, didn't you?

E: Well, shorthorns and Guernseys, some of them, but mostly shorthorns. Dad went for shorthorns more than anything else.

L: Now your cows used to pasture the island when we moved here.

E: From the time that they dredged that cross there, and then we pastured the island all the time after that.

L: Oh, it was like a garden spot! It's too bad it isn't like that now.

E: Casey owned the island.

L: How in the world did you keep those cows from wandering? Because any time anybody's cows go there, they won't stay there.

E: They never crossed no place. Never had a fence or nothing. But there was no road across there. That was all river all around. But they'd go across on the island, and never went on the other side, never once.

L: Now like when Don Burt's cows are on your place, we just as soon they pastured that island to keep it looking better, but then you'd have to build a fence on the cutoff the road so they couldn't get across. But then you can't hardly do it, if the water fluctuates so much that you'd have to build quite a fence.

E: No, we just left it open there. When the water was high, the cows wouldn't go in there. But as soon as the water went down, well then they went to the island. They would cross the cutoff and get to the island.

F: In those days, there was quite a bit more grass. Now, it's grass (unintelligible) the wheat and things that come in.

L: They still pick a lot of it, but they got there in the spring. In the spring is when they'd really...

E: We'd get a bunch of cows in there in the spring of the year, my gosh, they'd clean that up in two years' time.

L: I wish there was cattle in there, yeah, because it's a mess this way.

E: But it was just like a lawn in there.

L: It looked beautiful. We used to like to see your cows in there.

E: We'd go out and come to the logan there, at this end here, and the cows would be on the island there, we'd tell Jack, er, Dick, to get those black and white cows, and Lucille (?) would pick him up, and she was just a little kid, she'd pick the dog up and show him the cows and say "Now go get 'em," and he'd go across the logan – swim across the logan and pretty soon Lucille would meet the cows at the cutoff.

F: Oh those dogs know what they're supposed to do.

E: Take the cows and take them...

F: That was Jack, wasn't it?

E: No, that was Dick, I think his name was that first one. Jack, that's the one I had after...

L: That was when Lucille was little, but we weren't here then.

E: Yeah, that's when Lucille was small.

F: I remember old Jack, but I wasn't exactly in love with him. (laughs) He bit my hair every time I turned my head.

L: We first time we met you, wasn't it when you were thrashing for us?

E: Yeah.

F: I bet earlier before that.

L: You probably, but I hadn't.

F: The first I remember of Ernie was at a dance up over in the Opera House, over Hodgton's (?) there.

L: I supposed they had Bertha (?).

F: No, I don't think they had anybody. I remember visiting with you for quite a long while. Oh, two or three different times.

E: I don't remember that, but we used to dances and stuff. I remember when you come here (unintelligible) with Cherie, she was about that long (laughs).

L: Yeah, she (unintelligible) she was small.

E: Yeah, Floyd's mother was with you. You brought the lunch out here.

L: I tell you, if Mom Hogan hadn't come to my house and helped me, I would have panicked.

F: We didn't have the house finished at all.

L: I don't think we had a cook stove in there yet.

F: We had the house but no log order in yet...

L: ... and no cook stove yet. So we brought... well, maybe we had some kind of a fire to cook coffee with. Maybe the cook stove was in here.

E: Brought all the lunch wrapped up in boxes, I remember.

L: I remember we cooked it in my house in town. And of course, it was Dad's oats, it wasn't ours. But that was my first experience, and I'll tell you that even afterward I used to almost panic every time we'd get twelve men for silo filling. Oh!

F: You must have thrashed once for me, did you? When I had the stacks back here?

L: Probably more than once.

E: Yeah, I did a couple times. That one year you had five, and then you had – what was that out here – your brother-in-law put it in.

F: Yeah. Flags. We had flags.

L: Yeah. Martin put it in.

F: I had oats one year, bagged, stacked back here. You must have thrashed that.

E: Yeah, we thrashed that too. You see I tried, I must have tried for ten years when (unintelligible).

F: I remember that.

L: We put Martin here to plow with that old Fordson (?) tractor. And there was long grass, dry grass, and that old Fordson tractor caught the grass on fire and Martin fought like a madman to get that fire out. Oh!

E: Martin come over to get me three or four times, to help him to get that old tractor started, and (unintelligible) and he came over to get me...

L: Those two young guys, Burton Stewart and Martin took and tried to put a foundation in for a house with twelve corners. (laughs) And Martin come home one night and he was so down-hearted. He said Burton thinks I don't know nothing, and I know Burton doesn't know anything! (big laughs all around) It's so funny! We got Paul here to help, and Paul straightened them both out! (more laughs)

F: Yeah. Boy. But once you get it going, it was a powerful rig.

E: Oh, yeah, they were powerful old rigs. Worked good. Gee, that one that Dad had did a lot of work. Well, that darned (unintelligible).

L: What kind of a tractor did – what was that guy that lived next door to us – McRillis (?).

F: International.

E: I don't know. 1020, or a 1530 International.

F: He had two of them.

### ***The worms ate it all***

L: Well, remember that year, the first year that we got that beautiful crop of flax. So we thought we were going to get rich in one year, pay everything off in one year. And then came the army worms. And McRillis, we asked the county agent what to do, and he said maybe if you'd plow a furrow around the fields it would stop it. As soon as we got the furrow in there, the worms were so thick that they were filled the furrow as they were going over the top. And we got rich.

E: That's that year they went through the whole works.

F: Right.

E: And they took our corn and everything.

F: You know, Ray set that old plow as deep as he could set it. I'd say it had to be 9 inches maybe. We went around just that part of the farm first. And by the time we made that first round, the furrow was all full. Oh, man.

E: You know, they went through here and come to our cornfield there, and then they would pull (unintelligible) there. There was nothing left but stalks about that high of the corn, and then they would come up to the house, and instead of going around the house, they went right over the house.

L: Well, you know we were just building this house, and then men had me come and paint the siding before they put it up? Well, I couldn't hardly paint that siding, because the worms were all over it.

F: You know Ernie, it looked like – on the flax - it looked like it was OK. Standing there, and you'd wiggle it a little and the boll would fall off. They'd eaten the inside out of every boll. The only crop that I made, I think I made twenty some dollars on the flax straw. Otherwise, that's what I made!

L: That was our first experience with farming! (lots of laughs all around)

E: Yeah, if it hadn't been for those buggers!

F: They ate everything they went by.

L: That was one of those things that might have been.

F: Because I remember flax was worth quite a bit at that time.

E: Oh, yeah. Flax was worth five, six dollars a bushel. Man, that was a lot of money in them days. It sure was.

L: That land across the road, remember Heft had it plowed when we bought the place. So we didn't have to plow that, but we plowed everything plowable on this side, or Martin did. And so we had about 75 acres of flax.

***Who owned what where***

F: What was the guy's name that we bought from?

E: (unintelligible)

L: St. John's?

F: No, no, no.

L: MacDonald's?

F: No.

E: McCollum. Ah, Burt McConnell.

L and F in unison: McConnell!

F: He must have wanted to get rid of that land awful bad, because... I bought it from MacDonald. I bought it from MacDonald. He wanted to get rid of that...

E: He was MacDonald's son-in-law. Or no, not...

L: Wasn't he a secretary?

E: No, he was...

L: ... related some way?

E: No, Burt McConnell was...

F: Married a Heffman girl.

L: Yeah, but not at the time we were...

E: He was Ted MacDonald's sister's boy. He was the nephew of Jim MacDonald.

L: Oh, is that who he was? Oh, I see. I thought he was...

E: And when Ted MacDonald died, she and he inherited it from MacDonald's.

L: That's how he got rich, huh?

E: That's where he had it, and that's where he got all his money that he got.

F: But I was going to tell you, he had want to get rid of this land all so bad, because Fred had that all plowed up over there, and when I was trying to make a deal – I didn't want to buy this 40, but I'll buy that 40. And I told McDonnell, I said, I don't want it if I can't have that 40. I want 80 acres. So he went to Fred Heft and told him that he had to sell to me. And I remember Fred was pretty mad.

L: Well, he had plowed it, he had put money into it...

F: And he had it all worked out.

E: Yeah, well all he had to do was pay Heft for his work.

L: Yeah. I wonder if he did. Maybe he didn't.

F: But at the price we bought for, I don't know how much he paid him then.

E: (unintelligible) make out on that two 40, that and that other one over here, and they was all wild then, then Boyer (?) – George Boyer – broke the whole 80. He broke the first 40, your 40 there first...

L: You mean across the road?

E: Yeah.

L: George Boyer broke it first? I don't remember that.

F: Laurie told us that.

E: ...he had Mike and Bill with his own Sampson tractor, and they'd plow night and day, and they plowed that first 40 the first year, and they put it into rye. And then the next year, they broke the other 40, and then they took the rye off this one and seeded the other one. But this first 40, they was going to plow it over again, but there was enough volunteer rye coming up that they didn't have to put any in. They just left it, and then the next summer, they had the two for the whole 80 of rye. And George Boyer made a fortune off it.

L: Well, did they... they plowed it way up to where Bob Carlson's farm is then.

E: Yup. They plowed the two 40...

F: And that rye grew about four and a half feet high.

L: It had to be again during the drought here, or they would never have been able to plow it.

E: I imagine it was.

L: It was ahead of us. See, we came here in '39.

F: Well that's when it was plowed.

E: It was about '39.

L: George Boyer must have had it earlier.

F: Well, they might have had a crop in ahead. Yeah, they had a crop in ahead.

E: Boyer had a couple years before that.

L: Didn't Heft have a couple years, too?

F: Who?

L: Heft. Must have farmed it a few years.

E: No. Heft never farmed it. He just took it over after the Boyers quit. It was all MacDonald then. But it was in about '35, '36, somewhere in there when Boyer had the rye.

L: Now how about our 40 there across. Was that woods ever? Or was that always open?

E: That was open. That was just bog.

L: Oh, just bog.

E: Wild grass. And Boyers had plowed it up with a big rig and plow. They had a big rig behind the Sampson tractor. The tractor was about the same as the Ford, the old Ford, but it didn't haul (howl?) like the old Fordson did. And Mike and Bill would plow there and they'd take turns and they'd keep the tractors on night and day to get it broke up.

L: I bet those kids knew how to run the tractors, too.

E: Oh, yeah. They were, they were, well grown up enough that they knew what they were doing. And they'd take... one would run nights, and the other one would run days, and they'd change off, and then...

L: Did they ever get a good crop off of it?

F: Why, sure. We just said they made money.

E: They made a fortune off of it.

L: Oh, they did.

E: See the first 40...they bought the seed for the first 40, the first year, and then they harvested the seed off from that to seed the other 40 the next year, and they didn't reseed this first 40 because that come volunteer. So they had the crop off the whole 80, the second year, for the price it cost them for plowing it.

F: I know Orié (?) told us – he used to visit us here – and he told us that his dad made more money off the farm than than they ever made.

L: On this piece of land.

F: Yeah.

E: On them two 40s.

L: It had to be dry years or they'd never made anything.

E: Yeah, they was dry years. '35, '36.

### ***Ditches***

L: Now that big ditch wasn't even there then.

F: Yes, it was.

E: Oh, yeah.

L: What year do you think the ditch was put in, then?

E: Oh, my gosh. The ditch was put in...

F: 1911 and 12?

E: Well I was about 12 years old.

L: You were born when?

E: 1905.

F: 68 years ago. 68 from 86 is how much? Would have been 1918? Yeah?

E: No. 1905 and 12. Five and 12 is 17. 1917-18.

L: Before I was born.

E: That's when they dug all them ditches.

F: I was going to say, Ernie. There is old culverts buried in this, isn't there?

E: Yeah. All that ditch grade, yeah. Every quarter of a mile is a culvert. Under that ditch grade.

F: Say, there's a little ditch comes on our land out here every year. Just a little dip, I think that culvert had collapsed.

E: But they put them culverts in there, about 20 foot culverts or so, and then they widened the ditch grade out. And they covered the old culverts. And there was one up there, big storm one there, and one half-way between Vick's and the highway, and then there was one up by the highway, there was one half-way here...

### ***Hay and cattle***

L: Now, Dad and they said they made hay also by the George Boyer place. Where would they have made hay there? The Dan Morris place they made?

E: Well, Dan Morris that was right here.

L: Do you think it would have been here, then?

E: Well, they might have made...

F: I don't think it was here, I think it was over farther.

L: Or on the Rice River, maybe.

E: Or could have been up there by the Hoffman's turkey farm.

L: Lillian Mattson told me that the Lettinen's (?), the Mareens, the Karvola's (?) and the Niemi's and Dad and my Dad, they all made hay here. And then when winter... well, in the summer time, they pitched a... well, they just made a little camp or something to stay in you know. I suppose. I don't know what they made the tent out of.

E: Well then in the dry years, in '35 – '34, '35, and '36 – that through there, all this bog – there's a whole bog from here to Gruelkes in through there and all over. And there was all hay. There was fellows from way own south, all of them come here for that hay, because there was a lot of good hay. And they come for that hay. And they had to... they'd come out maybe four or five teams of horses, and a bunch of men. And they'd put up a tent, and they'd stay there.

L: I don't know what Dad and they made a tent out of, but they stayed here many days, you know.

E: Who they were, I don't know. We always figured they were people from south or someplace, but they might have been...

L: They might have been our neighborhood.

E: Yeah, your neighborhood.

L: Yeah, they were. All burned out.

E: Then they brought a lot of cattle in here a couple years. They brought cattle from Dakotas and all over and turned them loose in these bogs. Then in the fall of the year, then they'd round them up.

F: They didn't fence it at all, they just let them go?

E: Yeah, turned them loose. And in the fall of the year, then they'd just get a bunch of men and round them up.

L: Lillian said, too, like they brought food that wouldn't have kept. And their only refrigerator was they dug a hole in the ground. And I suppose they had something that, containers so the butter and stuff wouldn't get dirt in them, but they buried them to keep the heat out.

E: They put the butter and stuff in the pails, or glass jars or something. And they'd put it down in the ground. Then the ground's so wet, there was cold water down there all the time, and that's what kept it from...

L: But Lillian was saying that in the winter then they again came as a caravan, the neighbors, to get the hay. And Dad was the coffee cooker.

E: Four or five teams would come up there and get loads of hay. Take off as much as they can.

L: She was laughing because Dad was the coffee cooker. He'd melt snow in a tin can over a fire, and one day, he had kind of a little round pebble in it from a rabbit in the water after he'd melted it – he just took it and flicked it off! He said it just makes better coffee! (lot of laughing)

E: We used to make coffee that way in the woods. All I had was a gallon pail with a wire handle on it. And when I'd work in the woods out there or someplace, where Boyers had them two 40s back there, Dad owned that for a long time, and we'd go out there and cut wood. And I'd fill that up with water with snow, and I'd hang it over the fire, and melt, and put tea in there. Coffee or tea in it, and boil it.

L: Lillian also said that she remembers when one day Mother was sitting on a stump there, and she said, if we lose this farm, I have done everything I in my power to keep it. And I don't know. It was so terrible at the time when I was a child, you know, they were so poor...

E: A guy called up the other day when they had on TV that show.

L: Oh, you mean that Finnish show?

E: That's what it was all about. Too bad he didn't get it from the start. Because it's just... this family that come over here from Finland, and didn't have a thing, and they finally got a hold of a little piece of ground and they were... they showed from the time they first started there and how they wiggled around to make a living.

L: I'll tell you, I can still remember that bitter poverty we had, we were in...

F: Who had a crop in over here? When we were first on the farm I helped somebody bale out there. Was it Russ? Did he have a crop in there with Fossum (???), Chute? Did he

have a crop back here someplace? Who did? I helped somebody bale. What kind of straw it was, I don't remember. Some kind of... you must have thrashed down in there. We... I know you did, because we...

E: Out on that second 40 there?

F: I don't know if it was on the second 40 or down a little farther. Vick? Did he have that in?

E: Vick seeded that a couple years, I know.

L: (making lunch) Do you eat tuna fish salad?

E: Oh, yeah.

L: I'll make you some.

E: I should be (unintelligible).

L: No, no.

E: Take all afternoon here.

L: Just reminisce a little bit more.

E: No, that was Vick Johnson seeded that couple years.

F: It don't seem like Vick that we baled for, but maybe it was.

E: Vick had that old... Al Johnson was old enough to help, and he was... Vick had that all Wallace (?) tractor, then he plowed that up couple years there, and then he put it in. And he had that black team.

F: Yeah. That little team.

E: Yeah. He had the black team, of course. He had a big black team and he traded them for a woman one time I think it was, and then (can't hear, because there is too much noise in the background here) he traded the other one off for that little team. And now he must be the one that you baled for.

F: Maybe so. I know wherever it was, you must have thrashed it, because it was stacked, you know, from the thrashing machine.

### **1934 tornado**

L: Ernie, what year was it that that tornado went through like, through the fairgrounds and the MacDonald place, and then... Dad and they were haying at that time.

E: August 24, 1934.

L: Yeah. They were haying in '34 here. And they were caught in a real bad hailstorm, so Dad had to take and, ah, take the wagon box and turn it over and they had to crawl under the wagon box.

E: 1934. August 24, 1934. I can remember that.

F: I remember that day.

E: (can't make this out due to background noise) west of Jim Boyer's there. And we were thrashing there and then they had the oats in that (unintelligible) on the east 40 there. And they had real nice oats. Well, heck, we thrashed one afternoon there, we started kind of late at noon, and we (unintelligible) the oats was running about 45 – 50 bushels to the acre.

F: Who had the (unintelligible)?

E: LeBlanc (??).

E: Oh, LeBlanc. Real nice oats. And they had that whole 40 in oats there, and then we just got part of it thrashed when that storm come. And the next morning they went out and looked for oats, and there was only about half the wagon load left. It all disappeared.

F: I remember, it got dark as night.

E: We all run into that old log barn there, and of course when the storm come, why everybody run for the barn with the horses and stuff, and then we were all in the barn, then Ed and his wife, Ed was living with George there in the house, and he went in the house with his wife and the kids. And the rest of us were all in the barn. The only time we could see the house was when there was lightning.

F: I believe that. I know we lived in town and you couldn't see across the street. Gene Hogan had just started his barber shop. He stayed in there, he had that four-pane, big glass, and he stood in there with a mop, pushing hard as he could against that window to keep it from blowing in on him.

E: We were all over there in the barn except Mother. Mother and Lucille were over there alone. And the wind blew the upstairs window in. And Mother went up there and held a blanket in the window until it quit. Eventually a tree come right through the window.

F: I remember going out...

E: Then we heard... soon as it got over with, somebody – I don't remember the telephone or how, but I know it couldn't have been the telephone – but some way or other we got word that Uncle Frank's place was gone.

F: I remember that.

L: You mean where Esther Cartie lives?

E: Yeah. Then we come home with the team and then Dad and I took the car, and we drove down there to see if there was something we could help with. And all there was left was a little house on the ridge, on the knoll there. The barn and shed and everything were gone.

L: You know, Paul always was kind of inventive like you were. I know that he hated the fact that we were always jumping on that pump handle trying to get water for the cows. So he went and got some binder gears and stuff, and he made a windmill. The stand was made out of wood. And he got the thing pumping water like nobody's business and he was real proud of it. And here comes that tornado and took it down. I remember him feeling so bad he cried.

F: We went out to Cummings' place and we drove around just to look at the buildings afterwards, and out there it had driven straws right in the oak tree there, in the yard. Just driven those straws right into that oak tree.

E: Where Edgar Cartie was there, south of there from when you come in from the airport you know, when you get in, the telephone poles and the fence posts were just like a porcupine. And Erlandson had that oat field there outside of it – where they clean the oats cleaned out the field (?). All them posts and stuff just like a porcupine quills in there. And how in the world they could drive them straws right into that tree...

F: See the pressure is even on all sides of the storm, so it's just like a nail. In Cummings' place it had blown the window out of the upstairs and blew a picture from some neighbor's place, it was upstairs there in that house.

E: They said that currycomb, brush and currycomb, from Janzen's (Jensen's?) place laying up there in Cummings' house.

F: Is that right? Well, that must be where that picture came from, too, then.

E: They went, after the storm, they found Janzen's currycomb and brush, laying on the bed upstairs.

L: What year did Dick Johnson move here?

E: Pardon?

L: What year did Dick move here?

E: Gee, I don't know. I couldn't tell you what year that was.

L: Did he build the house?

E: No. Ingebretsen (?) built that.

F: I would say about 1924. Is that a good guess?

E: Some place in there, yeah.

F: Because I remember when we drove up to look at your good crop, Dad was remarking what a beating Vick had got trading his property in Duluth for that swamp. He was saying that he really got beat.

E: Yeah. And Ingebretsen had that place down there, and at first he was back in the popple there, just a little ways from the corner of MacDonald's. The road there, there's a little ways in the poplar. He had place built in there. Then for some reason or other, he moved the house over there where it is now. And then he sold it to Erlander. (can't make out the first name) Erlander bought it. And then Ingebretsen owned that 40 over here, so he built that little house on there, and then he traded with Vick for (unintelligible).

F: Well, don't you think that Ingebretsen probably lost everything he had, because Erlandson bought that from the – what was that, that government agency that – Rural Credit. Erlandson bought that from Rural Credit actually.

E: Well, he might have, I don't know.

F: I think Ingebretsen lost it.

E: That's probably what it was, I don't know. Anyway, the uh, Ingebretsen built that oer here, he stuck Vick with it, then he went to Duluth, big shot in Duluth, I don't know what he was doing then. He was a crooked as a dog's hind leg.

F: I can believe that.

E: He got into some legal, some kind of, beat somebody or something and they sued him, and he wouldn't even have a lawyer. He defended himself. His dad was on the jury and there was nothing he could do, they had to turn him loose. They couldn't prove anything on him.

F: He was smart.

E: He was a smart lawyer. He was just as good as any lawyer. Hejny (unintelligible) couldn't say a word. Any time Hejny would say something he would cut him off.

F: Hejny was supposed to be one of our best lawyers.

E: Yes, and he was twice as (unintelligible) as Hejny.

L: I don't know what we would have done if you hadn't had some machinery, because we didn't have nothing when we started.

E: (unintelligible, but must have been funny, because everyone laughed).

L: We just looked with Cherie the slide where you were coming snow plowing our driveway out.

E: (unintelligible) We didn't have machinery either I tell you for a long time.

F: Look at when I raised turkeys the first year or two, I just had the one old horse and I made my turkey waterers out of a barrel with (unintelligible) fill that thing, hook the old horse up and haul it out there.

L: You better say you had one old horse and a wife! (lots of laughs) I tell you that haying was something else with that old bunker.

E: If we could just go back to them days, I think we'd be a lot better off.

L: We would be. Yeah. You bet. This is your birthday card, Ernie.

E: Oh, my goodness.

F: I remember that you were bucking hay and you gave me the idea of how to hook a bunker on the front of my old Model A, remember that?

E: Yeah, yeah.

F: And boy, he drove that thing with hay about eight feet high in front of that thing and he just steamed it over...

L: Cherie was sitting beside me about 2 years old.

E: (unintelligible)

L: She was bouncing on that ah what was it – Model A Ford?

F: Yeah.

L: Yeah. And the thing was always steaming, because the hay would come in front of it, you know, and make it heat up. So I carried I carried a can of water with me all the time and we would have to stop and cool it off and then put water in it and go again.

F: Yeah.

E: I remember that old Model A truck I had. Boy, we bunked a whole lot of hay...

F: You know we thought that was wonderful, didn't we?

E: Sure, that was wonderful.

F: It was wonderful.

E: A heck of a good way to put up hay quick. And we using this thing that the barn, I just lay this thing on the ground and run the whole bunker down there and pull it up here.

L: We taught Cherie to be on wheels then all the time and she's been on them ever since! (laughs)

E: Dad would come out there and he'd drive the Model A truck for me. And he'd bunk the hay up to the barn, and get up to the barn, and put it in the sling and pull it up with the horses.

F: Well, without Model A we would just buck it up to the stack and Dad came out and did the stacking and I pitched the darn hay on the stack all day.

E: That's the way I did all what we stacked outside, too. I'd fill the barns up first and then when we got far away from this end of the field and it got too far to buck, then we put it up in stacks. That old Model A bucked a lot of hay.

F: Oh, boy.

E: The poor old thing would boil and steam.

F: All we had was that Model A. Imagine, we'd take the bunker off and go visiting with it. (lots of laughs)

L: I remember first when Eva, you married Eva too, she was going to invite me over for the first time to come and have lunch because she was going to have some ladies from town? And I was so scared! I had to try to get something nice to put on. And from then on, Eva and I were the best of friends. I remember that one day she said let's go pick violets. And you know, that pasture of yours was just a carpet of blue. And then I remember she told me I'll meet you by the fence corner there. And she told us then, or me then, that she was expecting Greg.

F: That was what? 40 years ago? You say Greg is what?

L: 42.

E: 42.

L: That would have been 43 years ago!

E: I was 39 years old the day he was born.

F: That was in 1943.

L: Yeah, time has really gone. Yeah. When Eva was

E: We worked like n\*\*\*\*s, and having a hard time, but still we were happy and everything. Good times.

F: You know why? We were still young enough so we had a lot of time. We were making headway.

E: We were making headway. And we didn't worry about tomorrow.

F: No, not at all.

E: Just worried about getting done today.

F: I tell you, you worked so darned hard you didn't lay awake nights.

L: You were tired enough to sleep.

E: You didn't have to worry about anything. You just...

F: I could get up and go out and work at those darned turkeys and come back and I hardly knew what I'd done, I fall into bed.

L: Would you like coffee or tea, Ernie?

E: No, no, you got milk that's good.

F: That was a much more enjoyable life than retirement.

E: A lot better than in town.

F: Absolutely.

E: Now you just...

F: We were always planning something, too. Like you were when you were thinking about getting a different tractor, or something all the time.

E: If there was I needed, I'd try to figure out how to make it.

F: Sure.

L: See the first time when we finally got money enough to buy a tractor, we thought we had the world.

E: Yeah.

L: And we did, really. To have that much power.

E: Like when I built that old crane there. To move the (unintelligible) shed. Well, I worked on that for two years to figure out how to build it.

F: And that old round bale loader?

L: This isn't a very good supper, Ernie.

F: We bought that new Model B tractor, and Ted put everything on it he could, you know. Wheel weights and hydraulic lifts and everything on it. Bought that, and the mower, mounted mower, for \$1,056. Imagine.

L: And that seemed a lot on those days.

F: Was I proud when I got on that tractor that day and drove up the Main Street.

L: Oh, I bet!

E: That WD tractor I bought with a plow on, 2-bottom plow, \$1995. And I'd raised eight steers, and I knew I had to get a tractor, so I raised eight steers a year and half old, I shipped them to St. Paul and when I go the check back, and I went to the bank, well I didn't have the money to buy the tractor, so I went to the bank and I asked Henry McNeil in there, if I can get the money for a couple of months, bought the tractor with that, I'd use the tractor for harvest. And boy, (unintelligible). So we (unintelligible). So when I sold the steers, when I shipped the steers to St. Paul, (unintelligible).

*[end of tape]*