PIONEER DAYS IN NORTH DAKOTA
and DOWN THROUGH the YEARS

North Dakota is relatively a new state compared with many of the others and it has much history connected with it. But, as has been the case in many instances throughout the state, the habit of it's people has been to tear down the old and build new, rather than to restore, maintain and preserve what was already there. Because of this, much of it's tradition has been lost.

The old Riverside Hotel located in Rolette County, North Dakota, is situated in Dunseith, a small town nestled near the foothills of the Turtle Mountains, in the northwestern part of the state.

The building erected by Gilee M. Guilbert in 1882, was also known as the Guilbert House and it is closely related to the history of Rolette County of which Dunseith is a part.

Perhaps the high point in it's history came when the building served as an Armory for Troop A, First Battalion of the Territorial Militia.

In a book written by Laura Thompson Lau, on the History of Rolette County, the following story is revealed.

"It appears that the Rolette County officers attempted to impose a tax on all Indian ponies. The Indians refused to pay the tax. The ponies were rounded up and placed in a corral in Dunseith until such time as the taxes were paid. As it turned out, however, several young braves crept into the town one night and reclaimed the ponies, running

them far back into the mountains.

This action by the Indians, angered the county tax officials along with their sheriff, Thomas Flynn, who requested aid from Major W.H. McKee, Commander of Troop A. The Commander ordered all troops to report at the Armory. (Riverside Hotel)

The next morning, following a nights rest, it was from this hotel, where the troops, with mounts saddled, were ready to ride against the Indians of the Turtle Mountain Reservation, to try and recapture the ponies, when a telegram from the Territorial Governor, Louis K. Church, called off the action, probably averting a disaster similar to the Custer Massacre.

The governor's orders were not to use the Militia for any other purpose than protection. He also pointed out that the sheriff had no authority to call out the Militia.

It was learned later, that had the troops rode out, they would have almost certainly all been killed. The troops would have had to cross a deep ravine before reaching Indian territory. The Indians foresaw this and had many of their men secluded along the bank of the ravine, with orders to shoot each rider as he came into view."

The Riverside Hotel was the first building erected in Dunseith and it also served as quarters for the first post office in 1884.

There has been much controversy over the destiny of this historical building. It seems that Simeon Grenier, the man who now owns the land where this building stands, wants it removed from his property.

The Historical Society would like to have the building restored and used as a museum. The state society has many historical items stored in warehouses in Bismarck (state capitol) that could be returned to this area

and put on display. Many of the articles came from this vicinity originally.

The front and each end of the building have had siding put on over the logs and painted. On the back side of the building, the bare oak logs are still exposed as they were in 1882. On close examination of the log wall, the wooden pegs can still be seen that were used to fasten the logs together, instead of using nails.

I feel that the Historical Society will find a way to have this historical building removed to another location in town, have it restored and used as a museum.

If the building could be saved, it would mean a great deal to the history of the town. However, money seems to be a big factor, so, only time will tell what the outcome will be.

The Indians were not such a savage people as the white man would have you believe. Still, who could blame them for trying to defend the land that meant so much to them and had been their home for so many, many years before the white man came?

The Indians had lost much through the war -- many of their people -- their land -- their homes and many of their possessions. The war was over now, and they did not want to continue living in constant fear and turmoil with the white man. All they wanted was to be left alone and let to live their lives as they were accustomed to.

It was quite some time, after the war, before the white man learned to stop harassing the Indians. When they did, they found it was possible to make friends with them and to live "side by side" -- so to speak -- in peace and harmony.

The Indians spent much of their time hunting. Buffaloes were their main beast of prey, until years later when the government put a ban on

killing the buffalo for fear of the animal becoming extinct.

The white man went on buffalo hunts also, and Lyman G. Weaver, formerly of Denver, Colorado - who later became my uncle - accompanied "Teddy" Roosevelt on his famous buffalo hunt. Many buffaloes were killed.

Since the hunts had become so popular at that time, it became necessary for the government to step in and put a halt to the sport in order to preserve the animals. Now the buffalo are found only in some state owned parks where they are protected.

Perhaps the largest herd of buffaloes to be found in the United States is in the Black Hills section of South Dakota, known as Custer Country or Custer Park. There, a herd of around ten-thousand are still maintained and they attract many tourists each season.

The tourists are conveyed to the grazing grounds of the buffalo, in rugged bus-type vehicles, over rugged terrain and may be driven slowly and quietly in and out around the herd while they are grazing. If the buffaloes are on the move, then the vehicle can only be driven very slowly behind them, so as not to excite or frighten them, causing them to stampede, which would prove disastrous to all concerned.

The Indians used the meat of the buffalo for food. The skins or hides were cleaned, treated, dried and later made into clothing, beaded belts, beaded moccasins, robes and numerous other articles. The horns were cleaned, polished and two or more fastened to a block of wood. They covered the wood with colorful material and sold them for hat-racks. The rack made a decorative piece to hang on the wall, as well as being useful. They brought many of the articles down from the mountains and sold or traded them in the stores of Dunseith for staple groceries or whatever else they needed.

The white man learned much from the Indians. They were first in raising potatoes and corn for feed, -- also first in raising tobacco. They never planted their potatoes or corn in the spring unless the moon was growing -- never when the moon was on the wane. They judged the winters by the husks on an ear of corn. If the husks were thick and heavy, it was a sign of a very cold winter. If the husks were thin, then the winter would be mild. They taught the white man how to start a fire without matches -- by rubbing two pieces of hard-wood sticks together very rapidly. The friction would produce sparks, whereby, they were able to start a fire.

I may be censored by some for saying this, but, I think you will find that the Indians had much to do with helping to build our American culture. After all, they were the first people in North America and truly, the first Americans. The white man copied many of the traits and ways of the Indians and many are still used today.

My father was born of German parents and was one of a family of ten children -- two having passed away during infancy.

His father, Carl Ludwig Hagendorf, was born on March 4, 1831, in the city of Berlin, Germany. His Mother, Clara Eliese Wohlfarth, was born on March 5, 1844, in Saxony, Germany. They came to America with their parents and settled in New York City. They were married on June 26, 1859, at the Evangelist Lutheran Church on Suffolk Street.

Their first child, a daughter, Bertha Charlotte, was born on January 5, 1861, in New York City.

Arthur F. Hagendorf -- my father, was born on January 31, 1864, in Waverly, New Jersey.

Otto Gustav -- born on June 14, 1865, in New York City.

Ida Helena -- born on February 21, 1867, in New York City. Died April 3, 1868, in Brooklyn, New York.

Wilhelm Friedrich - born on September 21, 1868, in Brooklyn, New York.

Robert Paul - born on May 23, 1871, in Brooklyn.

Albert George - born on May 23, 1874, in New York City.

Hugo Edward - born on January 27, 1876, in Brooklyn, New York. Died July 15, 1876, in Brooklyn.

Lilly Isabella - born on January 26, 1880, in Brooklyn.

Oscar Richard - born on July 14, 1882, also in Brooklyn.

Father was the adventurer of the family, having left home at an early age, in his early teens, much against the wishes of his parents. He had a strong body, strong mind and a constant longing to work his way west to the Dakota's.

He helped farmers along the way with chores night and morning in exchange for room, board, a few clothes and went to school during the day. On week-ends and during school vacation, he would do heavier work on the farm, for which they would pay him a small wage. If he liked the people for whom he worked, and the surroundings, he would stay for some time before moving on. He saved his money as he went along and everything seemed to work out in his favor, until he reached the State of Iowa.

As he ambled along, he spotted a team of mules grazing in a pasture near the barn. He had heard such "tall tales" about how stubborn mules could be at times, but the tales were so "far-fetched", he very much doubted that they were authentic.

Like the tale about the farmer who drove his team of mules out to the cornfield to get a load of corn that had been cut, stacked and ready to haul in. The farmer got the wagon loaded and ready to go, but, the mules refused to budge. He tried everything, but to no avail. Finally, in desperation, the farmer gathered a few arm's full of the dried cornstalks, placed them under the mules and started them burning.

when the mules felt the heat from the fire, they moved ahead far enough to be away from the flames, but left the wagon over the fire. As soon as the traces burned freeing them from the wagon, they walked away. The wagon and corn burned up.

Father did not think that mules should be any more difficult to handle than horses, and had formed his own opinion as to what he would do should the occasion arise. However, seeing the mules offered a challenge and so he stopped in to inquire if the farmer needed help.

The farmer was a big burly scotsman, with a very hot temper. The scotsman said, "Yes", he could use some help if father thought he could handle the mules." He went on to tell how difficult it was for him to get the harness on and off the mules - how they would rear up and down and lunge forward and back in the stalls whenever he tried to do anything with them. What he failed to tell was how he had misused the mules and beat them so many times that they expected more of the same each time he came near them.

My father took thejob on the same terms as before, helping with chores night and morning in exchange for room, board, a few clothes, etc., and was given full charge of the mules.

He approached the mules very carefully, talking to them gently, until he was able to lay hands on them. Then he patted and brushed them and always had a bit of grain or whisp of hay to hand them whenever he came near. The mules looked for this extra "hand-out" and they became very calm and manageable. The scotsman was amazed at the change in the mules and how easily father could handle them. It proved that kindness to animals always paid off in the long run.

Everything ran along smoothly for several weeks. Then, one morning when the scotsman went out to the barn to start chores, he stopped in to inspect the mules. He was in hopes he could approach the mules without

difficulty, now that they had become so manageable. However, as he opened the barn door, he saw the mules had the harness on. He rushed to the house in a blind rage, to awaken my father. Father was up and about ready to leave the house when the scotsman rushed in. He accused father of neglecting to take the harness off when he put them back in the barn the night before. Father insisted that he had. After many accusations and mean remarks, the scotsman made a final retort that if it ever happened again, he would do "so and so", and then left - still in anger - for the barn.

It was several weeks before things began to run smoothly again and the scotsman's temper seemed to cool down. He was still hoping the mules would forget the rough treatment he had given them and would calm down and be as manageable for him as they were for father. He waited for some time and finally letting his curiosity get the better of him, he had to make one more attempt to get near the mules. As he opened the barn door, he saw they had the harness on again. His temper rose to the boiling point! Instead of rushing to the house this time, he waited inside the barn door for father to open it. As he did, the scotsman rushed out, grabbed him by the collar and beat him over the back, again and again, with a piece of barbed wire, he had taken from the barnyard fence. Father's shirt was in shreds and his back deeply lacerated. He was in great pain and the lacerations bled profusely. Finally, a neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed over to investigate, and after subduing the scotsman, he took father to the house to retrieve his clothes and belongings and then took him home with him. The neighbor's wife soaked the shredded shirt from his back, cleansed the wounds, treated and bandaged them. It was a long time before he was able to use his arms freely, without starting the lacerations bleeding again and a much longer time before they were healed.

Father never could figure out how the mules came to have the harness

on. He knew he had taken the harness off and had brushed them as he always did, each time he put them back in the barn. If it was someone trying to play a trick on the scotsman, knowing about his terrible temper, then it was at the expense of my father. He was the one who had to pay the consequences.

It was a little over two years later, when father felt it was time to travel on again. He was grateful for the care and all the nice things these kind people had done for him and offered to pay them, but they refused to accept compensation. They had become so attached to father and considered him as one of the family. So, when he did finally decide to travel on, it was with many tearful farewells and deep regrets.

I was a young child when I used to sit by the fireside, with my family on a cold winter evening and listen to my father relate his experiences, after he left home. Some things I have forgotten. I do not recall if he ever mentioned how long it took him to reach the Dakotas, or, how old he was at the time. However, he did reach there and was later taken into the U.S. Army during the American and Indian war.

Father was second in line of many veterans "to be" in our family as the years passed by. His father, Carl, was a veteran of the Civil War.

"Sitting Bull" was chief of the Indian warriors and after the war, the government reserved a section of land in the Turtle Mountains, for the Indians, known as the Indian Reservation.

As I grew older, though, and looked back, it did seem a bit ironic, to me when I realized the high esteem the Indians held for my father, when he was "one of many" who helped to take their land away from them.

After the war, father returned to the State of Iowa and married his former sweetheart, Laura Ellen McCoy, who later became my mother. They were married at Brooklyn, Iowa, on August 16, 1894, by the Rev. W.S. Ki ht, pastor of the Methodist Church. Some time later, they journeyed from

Prairie City, Iowa to North Dakota, in a covered wagon, when my brother, Otto F. Hagendorf, who was born on March 18, 1896, was only a few months old. They were young, full of life, eager for adventure and the longing for a place to call their own, braved them to face the many hardships they were to encounter.

Their cabin and barn were built of logs hauled down from the mountains. Their furniture -- if so it might be called -- consisted of small wooden boxes for chairs, a larger box for a table and the beds were made of whatever material was available.

In these early days, following the war, all you had to do to obtain the right to a tract of land, or, "prove a claim" -- as it was called, -- was to have a number of acres "staked out" officially, build a cabin, live there a year and the land was yours. Sounds easy -- does it not? But, to those hard struggling people living in a sparsely settled land, without any of the improvements available today and only the barest necessities of life, it was quite a problem.

With the coming of cold weather and winter not far behind, they found their money scarce, provisions running low, and they were at a loss to know where to obtain milk for the baby. Finally, a neighbor, living some distance away, hearing of a new family moving in, drove over to welcome them to their new land and to inquire about their welfare. Upon finding that they were without milk for the baby, the neighbor said, "Come over to my claim, pick out a cow and take it home. If you can pay for it someday, alright; if not, the cow is yours!"

It was the custom in those early days, for one settler to help another. Those who had settled before and had prospered, were always ready to help their less fortunate brother. For who knows more about the true meaning of deprivation and want than those early settlers?

That feeling of hospitality was instilled in the hearts of those hard struggling people and carried along through the years. Thus, we find the Westerners a very hospitable people.

Winter on the prairie seemed long and monotonous, often with heavy snowfall and very cold weather. Coyotes were plentiful and their incessant nowling at night seemed to emphasize the dreariness of it all. But, with the approach of spring, the world seemed to take on a vastly different outlook for these forlorn people.

A "Dakota Prairie"! A Dakota prairie in spring when it is covered with lavender, pasque flowers that look like a lovely pastel carpet spread over undulating earth! It is a sight to behold! But, I guess to love it - as I do - you would have to know it, and when you do - you will find it holds a charm all it's own.

The black "virgin soil" - minus stones - was very fertile. It seemed to lie there just begging to be worked and seeded to show how very fertile it really was. I say, "virgin soil" because very little of the land had ever been under cultivation. The Indians used a very small amount of land for their potatoes, corn and tobacco. Meat was their main food.

More and more settlers kept coming in to prove claims until finally the land was all taken.

Much grain was planted and it produced abundant crops. Wheat was the main crop, although, some oats and barley were raised to provide grain for the stock. Everyone seemed to prosper!

It soon became evident that a better way had to be found for the settlers to dispose of their surplus grain, rather than having to haul it so many miles to a distant railroad town. Back in those days, the grain had to be hauled by a team of horses and a wagon, which took many days.

Seen branch lines from the main railroads were built across that part of the state, with the help of the government.

I can remember when a branch line of the Great Northern was built, and it ran across our land and on to Dunseith. Dunseith was about six miles from our home.

Towns seemed to "spring up over night" - so to speak - all along the lines. Each town had several tall elevators built right along the railroad, where the settlers could haul their grain. It was then shipped out to various destinations by freight train.

The Turtle Mountains lay north of us, but, as far as you could see east, south and west, the land was a rolling plain. We could see the tops of the tall buildings in several different towns from our home.

Occasionally we would have a phenomenon called a mirage - an optical illusion, due to atmospheric conditions, by which reflected images of distant homes or towns would appear to rise and draw nearer, and at times, you could discern people walking on the street. The sun's rays must have had something to do with it also, as the images appeared to take on a rosy glow. Gradually, the mirage would disappear and everything would settle back to normal again.

The new town of Thorne was nearest to our home - about three and a half miles away - and it became our shopping and mailing center. There were no mail deliveries, back in the early days. Each family had to go to the post office for their own mail.

The people no longer referred to themselves as "settlers" or their land as "claims". It was now "farm and farmer" and as I said before, everyone seemed to prosper. We named our place "Thorne View Farm".

My brother, Otto, was almost two years old when I, Ethelyn Rose Hagendorf, was born in the log cabin, on February 2, 1898. Six years later, my sister, Clara Gertrude Hagendorf, was born in our new house, consisting of six rooms and newly furnished throughout. I might add, from Sears

Roebuck & Company, whose main store was in Chicago, Illinois at that time - and still is. Thanks for the branch railroads, as without them, it would have been impossible to ship the household furnishings to us.

When I was seven years old, father took me with him, to New York City to visit his people; -his Mother, five married brothers, two married sisters and their families. His father, Carl, had passed away some time before.

We reached New York City in December, 1905, just before the Christmas Holiday and stayed until after my birthday the following February, on "Ground-Hogs Day."

There were so many homes to go to - so many parties to attend and so many gifts to be opened, along with all the delicious food, fruits, candy, nuts, etc., that the Christmas Holiday seemed to go on and on. Then too, it was the first time father had seen his people since leaving home, in his early teens.

Being so impressed with the strangeness of the city, - the bright lights, the hustle and bustle of the preparations for the Holidays and all the Christmas trees and decorations, I little noted the affect of father's home-coming on his people, after so many years. In fact, I doubt that I gave it much thought at all, at that age. But, as I look back over the years and recall all the extra work the families went to, over the Holidays to try and make them "extra special", it must have been one of the happiest moments in their lives, to have the family all together again.

No one asked for a ticket for me on our way to New York City - not until we reached Chicago, Illinois where we had to change trains on our way back home. When the conductor asked father for my ticket he said he did not have one. The conductor said, "Well, she is quite a big girl to be riding free!" - to which my father replied, "That's the kind we raise in North Dakota!" The conductor walked on, with a smile on his face. What could he say?

The following year, my Mother, brother Otto and sister Gertrude went to Prairie City, Iowa to visit Mother's people. Her parents had passed away, but, her married brother, Charlie McCoy and her married sister, Rose McCoy Weaver and their family lived there, besides several cousins.

They reached Iowa in December, 1906, just before Christmas and stayed until after brother Otto's birthday on March 18, 1907.

There were the usual Holiday festivities, with much delicious food, fruits, candy, nuts, etc., and many gifts to be opened. Mother really did enjoy being with her people once more.

When they returned home my brother was asked how he liked Iowa? He replied, "Oh, Iowa was alright, but, I did not think much of Uncle Charley's and Aunt Eva's "two-meal system!" It appears that they only served two meals a day, during the winter months, and my brother being a growing boy at the time, always had a hearty appetite.

When Mother's sister Rose married, she and her husband, Lyman G. Weaver, came to North Dakota to visit us on their honeymoon and spent a little over a year with us. Their first child, a daughter, Juanita, was born in our new house the same year my sister Gertrude was born; my sister on January 3, 1904, and their daughter in October. Incidentally, this uncle Lyman Weaver was one of the men who accompanied "Teddy" Roosevelt on his famous buffalo hunt.

Our first school was a one-room building, painted white and called the "District School." It was also used as a place of worship, where services were held on Sundays until Churches could be built. In all, it served as a Community Center and Church as well as a school house. Later, as families grew in number, it became necessary to build larger schools and employ more teachers.

A large school was built, out in the country, just a half-mile from our home and called "Russell Central School".

Because of heavy snowfall in winter, (there were no snowplows available to keep roads open, back in the early days) the school term ran from the first Monday in April, until just before Christmas.

I was secretary of our graduating class and was honored when asked to send an invitation to Professor Ladd (then connected with the University of North Dakota) to come and deliver an address at our graduation exercises. I still have the letter accepting the invitation. The subject of his address was "Commencement and Beyond". That was back in December, 1913.

Although my father's boyhood days were a bit hectic, and at one time near tragic, he did live a more colorful life, after he was married, had his own home and a family. In addition to working the land, he raised a large number of Light Brahmas each year, (a large breed of fowl) and sold trios - a rooster and two hens for breeding purposes - and eggs for hatching in season. He advertised his poultry and eggs in the farm magazines and received orders from many people in several states. At one time, father raised a large number of turkeys, which were slaughtered, picked, and dressed and shipped to Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota, in time to be put on the market for the Thanksgiving Holiday.

When it was turkey picking time it became a family affair. Everyone had to get into the act. It became very boring to my brother and me as we were only youngsters at the time, but old enough to help.

My mother always helped with the raising and care of the chickens and turkeys, besides caring for a large garden. In the fall, the cellar shelves were filled with many canned vegetables, pickles, small fruits, jams, jellies and sometimes a jar of suerkraut. We had a variety of meat on hand - either pork, beef or chicken, whenever we wanted it. Flour was bought by the fifty-pound bags, in sufficient quantity to last all winter. Each family had to bake their own bread, and pastries. There were no bakeries at that time. Sugar was also bought in large quantities, as getting in and out during the winter months was often very difficult.

Wild strawberries were the only fruit growing on the prairie, until years later, when some families had currant and raspberry bushes set out in their gardens. Raspberries, cranberries and choke-cherries grew in the foothills of the Turtle Mountains and we enjoyed picking the fruit.

In later years, before we left the West, apples were shipped in by the car load and sold direct to the farmer from the freight car at eleven bushels for ten dollars. We then had apples to add to our winter supply of food. Until then, only dried fruits, such as apples, apricots, peaches and prunes could be bought in the stores.

Father was a member of the home-town band, sang tenor in Church, took an active part in politics, was an expert checker player (few people, if any, ever beat him) was a great reader, deep thinker, and later, became a member of the Masonic Lodge. He was clerk of our school for many years, until the death of my Mother in a Devils Lake, North Dakota hospital, during an operation, in December, 1914. She was only fifty-one years of age. Interment was in the Riverside Cemetary, in Dunseith, beside her daughter, Gertrude. My thoughts go back there often.

My sister Gertrude passed away, at the age of six years, with infantile paralysis, in June, 1910 and now, with the loss of his helpmate, who had struggled along with him, through pioneer days, to a better home and prosperity, father was completely lost and bewildered. His sorrow ran deep.

In the spring father had an auction and sold everything on the farm. Practically all of the household articles - large and small - brought more money than they cost when bought new.

My parents were held in high esteem by everyone who knew them and each person wanted at least one article as a remembrance, and so the bidding went on and on.

It brings to mind a time many years ago, when my sister was four or five years old. The Community was having an entertainment and box social

to raise some extra money for the school. Each woman and girl brought a boxed lunch, enough food for two people. The boxes were covered with colorful crepe paper and trimmed with flowers, ribbons, and bows. Each one tried to "out-do" the other in presenting the most colorful or attractive box, as well as a delicious lunch. Usually, these boxed lunches were auctioned off to the highest bidder. This time, they sold shadows instead.

Sheets were hung so no one could see who went behind to cast their shadow. The men and boys bid on the shadows. When it came my little sister's turn to stand behind the sheet, she called out, "It's me, Daddy!" - and the bidding began. Several people recognized her voice and others became wise when they saw my father bidding so eagerly, and the bidding went on and on. When it was over, father had paid a great deal more for his shadow than anyone else, but it was all done in fun. He said it was worth it, knowing how much his young daughter depended on eating with her father. He just could not let her down.

After our auction was over and everything was taken care of, we left North Dakota once more for New York City. My brother Otto, being a country boy at heart, refused to accompany us. He could not see giving up the "wide open spaces" for a life in the city. He changed his mind, though, years later.

In the fall, father returned to North Dakota to see about selling the farm. A neighbor, M. W. Leonard, whose land joined ours, bought the farm for his son, Edward, who was soon to be married. The young people lived there for some time, raised a family and then one night, just before Christmas, when the family had gone out for the evening, the house burned down. With high winds the buildings were soon gone. An overheated stovepipe was thought to have caused the fire. People burned coal, mostly, in winter at that time. The family moved to Dunseith, to live, and still

reside there, but their young folks have grown up, married and gone away to homes of their own.

We did not stay in New York City long. The terrible heat in the summers, dense humidity and damp air made breathing very difficult for both of us. We were accustomed to a much higher altitude and dry air. Dry air is much lighter.

In the fall, after father returned from North Dakota, he went upstate New York, and bought another farm near a prosperous town called Sharon Springs, a summer resort, with it's mineral waters, sulphur baths and many hotels, situated about sixty miles west of Albany, New York.

The Mohawk Indians used these mineral waters for centuries in helping to cure many skin diseases.

In the 1830's, the springs started commercializing mineral water bathing and from that time until World War II, Sharon Springs was a prosperous health resort, drawing thousands of tourists each season to its many hotels and rooming houses. In it's "hey-day" the Springs catered to many wealthy families, such the the Astors, Vanderbilts, Morgans, Oscar Wilde, James Fenimore Cooper and many others.

The main hotel, during that era, was the stately Pavillion - built in 1836 - and situated on a lofty knoll over-looking the beautiful Mohawk Valley. It stood as a beacon guiding travelers on their way for over a century, and could be seen for miles away. Gradually, the wealthy families drifted to other vacation spots and a decline set in.

With the high cost of keeping the large Pavillion Hotel in repairs, over the years, and caring for it's spacious lawns and park, along with the dwindling of wealthy families to patronize it, the hotel was finally forced to close. In 1941, the hotel was demolished. The Pavillion had been a land mark for so many years, and many of the town's people disapproved of having the building taken down, but, it became a necessity.

Now, the stately Pavillion, in all it's grandeur, along with it's many famous guests of "yester-year" - is but a memory. Yet, the afterglow still lingers on and it will remain a "conversation piece" for many more years to come.

Many of the hotels, in the Springs, burned down over the years and were never replaced. Other hotels were sold to Jewish families, who in turn, catered to their own people. Many came to take the sulphur baths and drink the mineral or "health waters", - as they were called - to get relief from the aches and pains of arthritis and rheumatism. I found the Jewish people to be a very friendly people and made many friends amongst them over the years.

While the Springs still have a few summer guests each season, it's hey-day is over. The people living there the year around have not let this decline dishearten them. They are eagerly trying to get some other activity going in their town and knowing how the people all cling together to acheive what they want, I feel, that in time, they will succeed.

After being employed as a book-keeper in the Sharon Springs bank for a time, I later married Clayton C. Hoyt, son of Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Hoyt, of Carlisle, New York, in a quiet wedding ceremony, held in the Methodist Parsonage in Sharon Springs, by the Rev. Newton Wright, on December 6, 1916, and then settled down to a life on the farm again. We have one son, Harold Hagendorf Hoyt, born on October 6, 1917.

When our son was only a few months old, I looked out of the window one morning and saw a taxi driving up to the front door. Who should emerge from the taxi, but my brother whom I had not seen since father and I left the West! It was such a surprise, but a pleasant one! No one knew he was coming.

We had always been so very close when we were youngsters together, and the separation, when father and I came East without him, was hard to bear. My brother, Otto, stayed with us for some time and helped my hus-

band on the farm. Later, he and my husband were in the first draft from Sharon Springs for World War I. My husband was exempt because they thought he had fallen arches, but they were wrong. Otto was taken into the U.S. Army, and received part of his training at Camp Meade, Maryland. After completing all of his training, he was sent over seas to Germany, where he was on active duty until the war was over. Fortunately, he was not injured in the war, but he did lose his hearing in one ear, due to the loud noise of bursting shells around him. After being honorably discharged from the Army, he returned home and later married my husband's sister, Elvir Ruth Hoyt.

The wedding ceremony was held at high noon, by candle light, on October 27, 1920, at the home of the brides parents, Mr & Mrs. Clarence Hoyt, of Carlisle, New York, and conducted by the Rev. H. B. Kimmey, a minister of the Gospel, from Albany, New York. After the ceremony, a bountiful wedding dinner was served and enjoyed by all.

Following the dinner, the happy couple departed on their honeymoon to neighboring cities and on their return, they resided in Oniontа, New York, where the groom was employed as a fireman on the Delaware and Hudson railroad for some time.

Later, after a siege of ether pneumonia, following an appendectomy, he was forced to give up the railroad, as the fumes from the coal kept his lungs irritated all the while. They later moved to Rye and Port Chester, New York, where my brother was employed by the Lux Amusement Company, which operated speed-boats out of Playland at Port Chester.

My brother saved three Long Island youths from drowning, after their speed-boat struck a rock a half-mile off Oakland Beach, Rye, New York, shortly after nine o'clock one night. The boat sank within five minutes after the collision and the three youths were forced to swim in the dark

for nearly a half hour before being rescued on the verge of exhaustion.

As my brother was anchoring his boat near the breakwaters, off Playland, about nine-thirty one night, he heard faint distress cries coming from the direction of Bar Rock off Oakland Beach. He set out in his boat to trace the calls and after cruising around for several minutes, he discovered the youths plight. Two were being partially supported by boat seat cushions, while the other was barely able to keep his head above the water. He brought the youths to the Playland pier and after resting for a time, they explained what had happened, but refused to give their names. By the time my brother had anchored his boat and returned to the pier, the youths had left. An air of mystery seemed to hang over the incident, but since the accident had not been reported to the Rye, New York, police, it was never investigated.

Brother Otto was a skilled mechanic by trade, and later took up that line of work. He had been interested in mechanics since boyhood days. He became chief mechanic for a large construction company, engaged in road building throughout the State. He once told me that he could take the huge machines apart, throw the parts aside, and then assemble them all back together again. I really believe he could!

Otto and Ruth had two sons, Clyde McCoy and Marshall Otto, and also a daughter, Patricia Jean. The two boys passed away due to illness, Marshall at the age of fifteen months, in May, 1927, and Clyde at the age of eight years, in May, 1930.

Two and a half years following the birth of their daughter, Patricia in June, 1930, his wife, Ruth, passed away in January, 1933, at the age of twenty-nine and a half years. It was a deep sorrow for him to bear.

After bringing his young daughter to us to care for, he spent a great deal of time traveling - going from place to place. As soon as the newness of a place wore off, he had to travel on in an effort to try and keep the loss

of his family off his mind. He said it was not easy. Later, as the years passed by and he neglected to keep in contact with us, we lost track of nim for a time. Finally, realizing that many years had passed by and that his daughter was nowa young lady in her teens, he decided it was time to contact us and come home. It was a happy reunion. He was pleased to note how much his young daughter had grown up to look like her Mother. Later, when Patricia was to be married, he wanted her to have a Church wedding and he paid for everything. It made her very happy!

Patricia was married to David L. Smith, son of Mrs. Pearl Smith, of California, on October 11, 1953, in the Methodist Church, in Troy, by the Rev. Harold W. Griffis, paster of the Church. She was a lovely bride!

A reception was held following the ceremony in the Church dining area, after which the happy couple left on their honeymoon, for Niagra Falls and Canada. They returned from their honeymoon to a newly furnished apartment in Troy, New York, They now own their own home in Latham, New York, and are the parents of three sons; Kevin Otto, aged eighteen years, born November 10, 1954; Roger Ivan, aged thirteen years, born June 17, 1959, and Roger Curtis, aged nine years, born February 13, 1964.

Kevin expects to graduate in June, 1973, from the Shaker High School in Latham, and is majoring in mechanical drawing and electronics. He will continue his studies in the Hudson Valley College, in Troy, New York, in the fall.

Our son Harold graduated from the Cobleskill High School, Cobleskill, New York, in June, 1936. Following graduation he obtained a position with the General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York, where he later worked on turbines.

He joined the U.S. Navy during World War II, in September, 1943, and received seven weeks of boot training at the Sampson Naval Base, Sampson, New York. Later, on November 3, 1943, he was transferred to a naval school in Boston, Massachusetts, where he studied steam, electricity,

turbines and Diesel Motors, for a period of sixteen weeks. After passing all of his tests with high honors, he was transferred to a base in New London, Connecticut, where submarines, sent back from the war, were repaired. He served as a motor mechanists mate in the U.S.N.R. for twenty-eight months, and at the end of World War II he was honorably discharged from the service.

In May, 1946, our son married Marion E. Best, a very lovely girl from Boston, Massachusetts, whom he met while attending the naval school there. A quiet wedding ceremony was held in the Lutheran Parsonage in Cobleskill, New York, by the Rev. Morris Skinner. The bride, before coming to Cobleskill, had been employed by the Army for three years. She has since become a professional photographer and has a studio built in their new home. They own a large farm and Harold returned to the General Electric Company, following the war, where he is employed in the turbine department and works nights. A few more years and he will be pensioned off and ready to retire. They had two sons.

Larry Leonard Hoyt, the eldest son, enlisted in the Marine Corps, in April, 1966, at the age of seventeen years, while still a student in the Cobleskill High School. He received part of his training at Parris Island, South Carolina, and was then transferred to Le Jeune, North Carolina, for a twelve week course in electrical engineering. He was then transferred to the West Coast, following a four week leave at his home near Cobleskill, before reporting to Treasure Island, California. From there, he was sent over seas to Guam, where he became lance corporal. He later volunteered to serve in Viet Nam being assigned in November. He volunteered to serve with the First Action Group of the Third Amphibious Force - a group made up entirely of volunteers.

Larry passed away in Viet Nam on February 10, 1968, in the Chu Lai Second Surgical Hospital, of injuries sustained while serving in a new assignment involving counter-guerrilla warfare. Just five days prior to his death, he had been praised by his superiors for devotion to duty.

Larry was posthumously awarded the Purple Heart, two Viet Nam service medals, one from the United States, the other from Viet Nam, and a U.S.A. Rifle Marksman Medal. He received two additional Military Medals from the Republic of Viet Nam. They included a Military Medal and the Gallantry Cross with Palm. Full Military services were held for Larry on February 29, 1968, at the Zion Lutheran Church, Cobleskill, with interment in the Cobleskill, New York, Cemetary.

Larry knew what he was fighting for, and he gave his life for what he believed in. His death was a deep sorrow for his family to bear, and for us - the grandparents - as well.

The boys each spent a week of their school vacation with us for several years. We looked forward to their coming and dreaded the end of vacation time.

Gene Gary Hoyt, the younger son, also enlisted in the Marine Corps after graduating from the Cobleskill High School in June, 1968. He was anxious to continue in the cause that his brother Larry so valiantly fought for. Hew received part of his training at Parris Island, South Carolina, and was later transferred to the West Coast at Miramar, California for extensive training. He became a member of a new mounted color guard attached to the Naval Air Station at Miramar. This guard - the first of it's kind - made it's debut at a lawn party given by Miramar's Commanding Officer, Capt. A. W. Chandler, Jr.

After remaining on the West Coast for some time, Gene was transferred back to the East Coast in North Carolina, where he became a sergeant in the Marine Corps. He spent four years in the service, but as he was a sole surviving son, he was not sent to Viet Nam. He was honorably discharged from the service in June, 1972.

Before leaving the West Coast, Gene was married to a very lovely girl, Laura Jean Leydechen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Leydechen, of Coronado, California. They were married at Camilla de Oro Chapel, Spring Valley,

California, on November 14, 1970. A reception for seventy guests followed the ceremony, held at the home of the bride's parents.

The bride is a graduate of San Diego High School, San Diego, California, and was a medical secretary employed at Doctor's Clinic, Lemon Grove, California, until Gene's transfer back to the East Coast.

Gene's Mother, Marion, motored out to the West Coast for the wedding and to take pictures. She brought the happy couple back with her, on their honeymoon, and for the bride to meet the rest of the family.

A surprise buffet post-marriage party was tendered the newlyweds on November 24, 1970, at the V.F.W. on Elm Street, in Cobleskill, for the family and friends of the groom.

Gene is back in civilian life again, and the couple are now settled in their new home on the farm, where Gene - at the present time - is assisting his father with the farm work.

To return to earlier days, before father and I left New York City for the farm near Sharon Springs, father married Anna Marie Moser, of Brooklyn, New York, on June, 16, 1915. At one time, their parents lived across the street from each other, in Brooklyn.

Anna had never married before, as she and her bachelor brother, John, cared for an invalid Mother for many years. Leaving the city for the farm was quite a change for Anna, but she soon became accustomed to the life and duties of a farmer's wife and seemed to be contented. She had near neighbors who readily accepted her in the community and who were always ready to help her through the busy days at harvest time, when there were so many men to prepare meals for each day until the grain was threshed. The men enjoyed her German cooking and always came back for more.

Father and Anna had two children, a daughter Grace Elizabeth, born May 25, 1917, and a son, Arthur Moser, born March 31, 1920.

Father passed away in the Albany City Hospital, in August, 1925, at the age of sixty-one years. He wore the scars on his back to the grave,

from the beating with the barbed wire, when he was in his teens. Being a veteran and also a Mason, he was given a full Military and Masonic funeral at his home near Sharon Springs, New York. Interment was in the Ames, New York Cemetary, where he had requested to be buried when he passed away. The family carried out his wishes.

The following year in March, 1926, Anna had an auction, sold the farm and it's contents, and returned to her family in New York City, with her children to raise and educate. They stayed for about two years with Anna's sister, Theresa and her husband Remig, who owned and operated a meat market. Anna's bachelor brother, John, was also living there. Theresa and Remig owned a fairly large house on Forest Avenue, in Ridgewood, Queens County, which also housed the meat market. The rather large back yard accommodated a good sized grape arbor, and home-made wine was made from the grapes each fall.

In 1929, Anna, my sister Grace and brother Arthur, along with Uncle John, settled in their own home - a four room railroad flat in a four-family house in Ridgewood, Queens, New York. This house occupied the property on which the Grover Cleveland High School now stands, which later became Grace's alma mater. When the city bought this property, the family moved across the street to another four-family house; then in 1933, they moved to a two-family house located at 21-45 Butler Avenue, Ridgewood, Queens.

After the war and after Arthur married, the owner sold the two-family house in 1947. Anna and sister Grace had to look for other quarters which they finally found, in a four-family house on Himrod Street in Ridgewood, where they resided when I visited them in April, 1955. Ten years after moving to Himrod Street, Anna passed away at Rego Park New York. Interment was in the Ames, New York Cemetary, beside her husband.

My sister Grace graduated from the Grover Cleveland High School, Ridgewood, Queens, New York, in June, 1936. She majored in business and secretarial courses. From 1936 until 1954, she held positions with various

firms as private secretary. In June, 1954, she accepted a position as Port Traffic Soliciter Assistant with the Virginia Port Authority, an agency of the Commonwealth of Virginia, in their New York field office. Her responsibilities comprise the administration of the office as well as secretarial duties.

Grace was married on June 16, 1956 to Edward G. Stadtmuller, whom she met in 1942 and who lived only a few blocks from her house. He was in the Army during World War II, and first stationed in Maryland - the "Proving Grounds" - and would get home about twice a month on weekends. Later, he was sent over seas to France, Germany and Czechslevakia. He served under General Patton. He has been a mechanic with the U.S. Trucking Company since 1936. Since January, 1962, Grace and Eddie have owned a cooperative apartment in Woodside, Queens, their present home.

As to Grace's hobbies, she is very fond of music and took piano lessons for about five years. Now, with a husband and home to care for, along with her important position with the Virginia Port Authority, she found very little time to devote to the piano. The instrument has since been donated to a Church in Flushing, New York. She likes reading - novels, fiction, history, historical novels, biographies - the whole lot - you name it - she likes them all. She also likes to cook and often tries out new dishes - at times, making up dishes of her own - testing them out on her husband first. If they are a success, then guests get a chance to sample them. She is fond of birds and animals- particularly horses, and enjoys riding whenever the occasion arises, at vacation time.

Although Grace no longer has her piano or finds much time to read, she says, "I do know this, give me a piano and books and I would never be lonesome!"

Brother Arthur graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School in January, 1940, majoring in the radio and electronics field. He enlisted in the U.S. Navy in September, 1942, was trained at Sampson, New York and later

statioened on the Battleship, "Alabama", as radar technician. This ship took part in seven major sea battles during World War II - first in the North Atlantic and later in the Pacific. (The "Alabama" is a sister ship to the "Missouri", on which the peace treaty with Japan was signed.)

Arthur was honorably discharged from the Navy in December 1945. He returned to civilian life as a New York City Transit Policeman. He later transferred over to the New York City Fire Department as a first-class fireman.

After twenty years, he retired from the Fire Department. For the past eight years, he has been employed by Grumman's Aerospace Corp., Bethpage Long Island. This work he likes very much. It is really up his alley - so to speak. They had been doing considerable work on the "moon project" and other work as well, all of which requires knowledge in electronics, which Arthur specializes in. How never cared much for the Fire Department, but took the position because of security. Being a "child of the depression", both he and Grace were conscious of security, as the depression of the '30's had left it's mark on them.

Arthur commutes back and forth from Flushing to Bethpage by auto, using the "longest parking lot in the World", the famous Long Island Expressway. Expressway??? "Crawlway" would be more like it.

Brother Arthur married Ruth Swame, November 4, 1946. They have one son, Arthur Frank, born May 8, 1952, who is presently enrolled in Queens College, and resides at home with his parents. Arthur and Ruth own a one-family house in Flushing, New York.

Arthur's hobbies lie predominately in the electronics field. He actually built his first television set, and long before that in 1939, he built his first combination radio and record player, utilizing a Girard record player, but the radio he built himself, and had a cabinet made for the combination. He is also interested in automobile mechanics and keeps the engine of his car in shape. In other words, he is his own mechanic.

My brother, Otto, who was 77 years old on March 18, 1973, is recuperating at his home in White Plains, New York from a stroke which he had early in February, 1972. It left him paralyzed on the right side and also affected his speech. After being in the hospital for several weeks, he was transferred to the Burke's Rehabilitation Center, just outside of White Plains, where he was given extensive therapy and voice treatments for almost three months. With God's help and the advanced treatments given there, along with his determination to overcome his handicap, he has made remarkable progress. He can now walk with the aid of a guard cane (actually, a four legged cane) and practices walking each day. He gets around easily in his wheel-chair, and his speech is coming back. He has surprised me several times by talking with me on the telephone. Each time his voice is much clearer. He dresses himself, gets his own meals and washes dishes. Friends who drop in to see him, from time to time, run errands for him. He reads a great deal and enjoys watching television for a pastime.

A team of doctors who came recently to put him through more tests, were so amazed at the progress he has made, that they plan on writing his case up in medical history.

Sister Grace and her husband, who live not too far from White Plains, go to see him on long week-ends and also take him to their home to dine, at various times, for which he is so thankful. Time does hang heavy on his hands, since he is not able to get in and out of the house alone, as yet.

My husband, Clayton was in heavy construction work - building roads - for many years after leaving the farm. He operated the heavy equipment. He is now retired.

Clayton's hobbies are refinishing furniture and building bird houses and feeders. We own our own home, out in the country, about ten miles from Cobleskill, New York.

My hobbies are music, reading and sewing. I,too, took music lessons for a time, until my teacher and her husband, who lived in Thorne, North Dakota, moved to Montana. There were no other music teachers available,

for miles around. I always accompanied father, when he went to band practice in Thorne. When father and I came East, following the death of my Mother, my cousins could not understand why I preferred going to the band concerts in the park in preference to going to Coney Island - one of the "fun centers" in New York City, at that time. I enjoy reading and make most of my own clothes. I was employed by a dress factory in Cobleskill, from 1948 until 1963, at which time, I retired.

Well, it is nearing that time again, when I have visions of a Dakota prairie in Spring, with it's lavender pasque flowers, etc., - but, with the passage of time, many changes have been made.

When the depression came in the 1930's, following World War I, many people gave up their land to seek employment in the cities. Prices dropped so low on farm produce that the small land owner was unable to make a living. Those who owned larger acreage and stayed on their land until the depression was over and prices rose, were able to buy some of the deserted land and add it to their own acres.

In later years, when more modern machinery was built, the farmers took down the fences, buildings, etc., on the newly purchased land, leaving only the buildings on their original land. With power driven machinery, the larger fields were more easily worked. They no longer had use for horses and every bit of land was under cultivation.

The schools have been redistricted and buses convey the children to the Dunseith and Rolette schools. Since they no longer had use for the country schools, the school built just a half-mile from our home is no longer there. The building was taken down and the land sold to the farmer whose land joined it at that time.

Many of the teenagers left the farms after they graduated from high school, - some to go on to higher learning, while others left to seek employment elsewhere.

Since the farms in North Dakota are not dairy farms, as they are here in New York State, and they no longer had use for horses, the

pasture lands were under cultivation, also. That means - no pasture land - no Dakota prairie, - as the unworked land was where the spring flowers - the crocus - grew.

I can not picture a spring without them. They were God's gift of beauty to brighten the lives and lighten the hearts of these early settlers. Perhaps they have served their purpose, over the years, and are no longer needed. But then, we are now living in such a fast moving age, that few people of today would take the time to enjoy the free gifts of Nature as these early settlers did. The beauty of the early spring flowers, following the cold, drab winter, helped to boost their morale and it gave them an incentive to still carry on.

Many of the small farms were deserted and the buildings left to crumble and decay. Tall weeds surround the remains, leaving a likely resting place for the "ever tumbling" tumble weeds.

The older generations have long since gone. Many of the next generation were lured away from the farms by factories in the cities doing defense work during the wars. They worked shorter hours, than on the farm, and had a substantial pay check awaiting them at the end of each week.

Now, after many years and two wars later, I understand the farms are coming back again and are productive. The farmers are using newer methods in farming and have more modern machinery to do the work with. There are many well built-up farm homes to be found.

Life, out there on the farm, as I knew it, was a rugged life and often time consuming, but it had it's good points also. It was an honest life, a rewarding life and an independent life, as well.

The town of Dunseith still remains and it has many improvements - both in homes and business places.

The Riverside Hotel was finally demolished and many new homes built in that section of the town. Jack Hosmer, a Dunseith merchant, did everything within his power to try and save the old historical building, as it was so closely related to the history of the town. But, due to the

people's lack of interest and the lack of money as well, Mr.Hosmer, alone, was unable to save the building and so it was taken down.

The once prosperous little railroad town of Therne has become a ghost town - nothing left but a few empty buildings. The same has happened to many of the other small towns, since the trains were taken off of the railroads. Huge tractor trailers have taken over the work of the freight train.

All that is left of the bank in Therne is a huge safe left standing amidst the ruins of a fire - a stark reminder of what "used to be".

But, I shall cling to my fond memories of a once peaceful and prosperous rural community, where people lived, loved, tilled the soil and prospered; where people found the time to live life at its fullest with their families and to thank God for His many blessings, the beauty of Nature and for just being alive!

However, as I said before, it is nearing that time again, when I have visions of a Dakota prairie in spring, although I understand the flowers are no longer there, on the prairie, and things are not as they used to be. But - I can Dream - Can't I?

- The End -

Ethelyn Hagendorf Hoyt
"Spring of 1973"

Ethelyn was my father's sisters daughter
Charles
to