



# Dagny's Memoirs

The Reminiscences  
of  
Dagny Louise Bergersen Jacobsen

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## The Reminiscences of Bagny Louise Bergersen Jacobsen

In the year 1857, two cousins who had grown up together in Norway, had reached the age at which it was customary to choose a trade or profession for their future livelihoods (sixteen). Anders Pedersen, the older of the two, chose tailoring as did his cousin, Gunnar Bergersen. Gunnar, however, soon decided that Bakery and Confectionery would be a vocation more to his liking.



Gunnar Bergersen



Gunnar's five bakers (Severin Bergersen second from left)



Helene Bergersen



Severin Bergersen

After finishing a course in tailoring, Anders soon migrated to America where he started a flourishing business in San Francisco. Gunnar soon finished his course in baking and started a bakery in Hamar. He hired five good bakers including his brother, Severin, as a working crew. Gunnar's sister, Helene, was also hired as one of the sales girls. This business became very successful and had many regular customers. Most made cash payments, however, there were also many who used credit. Helene couldn't refuse anyone a purchase and soon had many people with large bills. Some customers *did* pay eventually, some partially, and some not at all. The lack of money didn't help financial growth of the bakery, but Gunnar (my father) wasn't concerned about that as long as he had enough money to pay his own bills. There was a lot of poverty in Norway at that time and he felt compassion for the poor who had so little money to pay for anything, and yet, could not resist the good things that his bakery provided. He never could press charges on anyone.

Years went by and, at one time, when he had forgotten to renew his insurance policy for the bakery on time, a fire broke out inside it and burned the building to the ground. It was a disaster, and he had to sell the empty lot. He decided that he would migrate to America and find his cousin in San Francisco. Maybe Anders could help get him started in the New World. My mother, Marthine<sup>1</sup>, was expecting their second child (Einer<sup>2</sup> being the first), and was unable to accompany him at that time. So, it was decided that Papa's twin sister Helene and his brother Severin would go along with him. Mama was to stay with their mother at Tömpte<sup>3</sup> for a year. Two-year-old Einer would stay with her in the large house on the Tömpte grounds. It had many rooms which allowed them to have a private section of their own.



Tömte farm near Hamar

Marthine had an older brother, Albert, who had gone to America when he was only sixteen years old. He had gone to Butternut, Wisconsin where he worked in a lumber camp and remained for years. In one of his letters to his sister, he mentioned of the difficulty in obtaining good cooks for their big crew of hungry lumberjacks. With this in mind, Gunnar thought it would be wise to check out this new opportunity before going on to San Francisco where Anders worked. After all, he might gain a little more cash at the same time and be a little ahead in the bargain. It was agreeable to all concerned as a good idea with perhaps added experience in a new country also.

In 1881,<sup>4</sup> they took passage on a ship bound for what they dreamed of as “America, the land of the free and the home of the brave.” After a month of riding the bucking waves of the Atlantic ocean, the ship finally entered the port in Philadelphia. The immigrants had not been too impressed with the lengthy voyage and were glad to be on solid ground once again. There had been passengers who said that they had never had it so good in Norway as they had on board that ship with so much good food and all they could eat for the first time in their lives. But, there were also others who were too ill or seasick to care about anything, let alone food no matter how good it was.

From Philadelphia, they boarded a train for Wisconsin and spent another several days of travel before reaching their destination at Butternut and the lumber camp. Uncle Albert was there to greet them and inform them that they would all be hired and receive high wages plus a free cabin to live in. Their efficiency proved their worth with the good food they prepared. They stayed there a year and, in 1882,<sup>5</sup> completed their journey to San Francisco. This last trek took a few more days travel by train. During this time, the party learned just how large the continent really was.

When they arrived in San Francisco, Anders was there to greet them with a hearty welcome. He had also arranged for a place for them to stay until they could get settled and find employment in a new environment and strange country.



Albert Stengel

Anders sent Papa to apply for a job at the Westerfield Bakery -- the largest and best one in the city.<sup>6</sup> When he came there, Mr. Westerfield himself brought out a long roll of dough, handed Papa a knife, and told him to cut it into precise lengths with equal weight as a test of his ability. Papa took the knife and zipped through the roll in such a swift manner that Mr. Westerfield was amazed. He couldn't believe that the pieces were exact until he measured and weighed them. Each one was exact! Of course, Papa was hired at once and, for all time, the job would be open to him. This proved to be a necessity for many years after he left San Francisco to become a Jolon farmer.



Anders Pedersen

In Norway, the time was drawing near for Mama to start for the

unknown land across the ocean. Papa's oldest sister, Bertha, in the meanwhile had decided to come along. She was taking with her a little twelve-year-old girl named Molla. My grandmother had raised her from infancy after her mother left her and disappeared, never to return. My grandmother was a very kind person who had raised a large family and was getting on in years. She decided that she would give her to a state agency. The girl would then be offered to the public along with a sum of money. The family that accepted the smallest amount of money with the girl was given her.



Bertha Bergersen

When my grandmother saw who was getting her, it broke her heart. It was a poor old man driving a horse and sled. Little Molla was old enough to know what was happening and, when she saw the old man, she clung to grandma and cried tearfully in Norwegian, "Oh, take me for *nothing* Mother!" Grandma just couldn't let her go like that, so she brought her back home where she would try to care for her like a mother. While Mama was staying there, Molla was very good with the children. She was paid for her great help in caring for them. Mama asked her if she would like to go to America with them. "Oh yes" replied Molla immediately, which made Mama glad.

As the time drew near to leave, there were five in the group instead of three to depart for the unknown land across the Atlantic. Mama's father went along to see them on board the same kind of ship that the others had taken the previous year.<sup>7</sup>

The voyage was most unpleasant with rough seas and rolling of the ship almost continuously. They were all ill or seasick except Molla who remained happy and well contented to care for the others' needs. How fortunate they were to have her with them. Aunt Bertha was a big worry because she seemed more than seasick, and was out of her mind or delirious most of the time during the whole month on board until they landed in the port of Philadelphia. How relieved Mama in particular was, to get back on land again.

There would be another week on the train to take across the continent. Aunt Bertha soon recovered after they had landed, but Elmer, though improved, was still ailing when they boarded the train for San Francisco.

On arrival there, they were happily received into the arms of their loved ones. A flat had been procured for their new home. In those days, a flat was one whole floor of spacious rooms, either upstairs or downstairs on the ground floor. Mama was very happy there, and had a good chance to see more of her sea-faring brother, Julius<sup>8</sup>, who was first mate to Captain Searles<sup>9</sup>. Searles was a captain of a merchant marine vessel named the Rio Janero(?)<sup>10</sup>, plying between ports on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific. San Francisco was frequently one of these ports, to Mama's great joy. Whenever his ship was in, there were always a few days for visiting. Each time, Julius would bring her something from the Orient or another place. I remember, at one time, she had two different kinds of tea sets that



Marthine and Einar

he had given her from China.

In 1884, my sister, Lily, was born (the first girl). Now, there were three children, with the boys getting more lively every day. Einer (now six), Elmer (four years old), and now the new baby, kept Molla busy. Uncle Julius felt compassion for her kind efforts to be so good with the children, and paid for a year's music lessons for her. I don't know whether she ever had any more than that, but she could certainly play the piano well in later years. When Molla was fifteen years old, there were other people who were willing to pay her more than Mama could afford to pay, so Mama let her go into another household.



Julius  
Christophersen

Whenever Mama took the baby in the buggy for a stroll, having one boy on either side of her, she would suddenly discover one of them missing. There were always anxious moments before the lost member was found again. One day, when Einer had gone astray, she found him in an empty lot with a stick in his hand making believe he was plowing the ground (he was found doing this on other occasions also). Yet, he had never seen a plow or plowing done before, which seemed quite strange for his favorite pastime.

The thought came to Mama's mind that it would be a good idea to get out of the city into the country, where the boys could grow up less confined. Papa was working twelve hours every night in the week, except Sundays, and it would be good for him also. Therefore, she mentioned it to him too. The more they talked about it, having their own fresh milk, eggs, and vegetables, the more their enthusiasm grew.



Captain Robert R.  
Searle

The next time Uncle Julius appeared on the scene, they discussed their plan. He said Captain Searles had invested, as a speculation, in a piece of property of 160 acres with buildings at Jolon. Since he had planned to sell it, and they might be interested, his real estate agent, Mr. Greenberg<sup>11</sup>, would be glad to take them down to see it, even though it was quite a distance from San Francisco (about 265 miles south).

They were interested about taking a look at the place, but Mama, with the children, was not in a position to do so with them. So, Papa went with Mr. Greenberg soon afterwards. They boarded a train which went as far as Solidad, where the railroad ended at the time. From there, they entered a stage coach, which went through Jolon and other parts south on the original "El Camino Real" to Los Angeles.

Big changes had previously taken place after California had entered the Union (1850). A Homestead Act had been passed, giving land grants by the government. The opening up of the land in 160 acre parcels attracted many new settlers with their families. Jolon had become a center point to all this new activity around the Milpitas, the Los Burros gold mine, and the coast.

One day, in the late 1860's or early 1870's, two enterprising army officer friends observed the need for hotel accommodations in that area. They decided to do something about it by building one as partners. But they could not agree on the construction material to be used. Mr. Dutton was adamant for adobe, and Mr. Tidball was equally insistent for wood. Because of this, they parted and each built his own. Mr. Dutton built his hotel, resort, and saloon of adobe on the west side of the road. It had a full length veranda facing east, with a grapevine arbor that extended across and above the road. On hot days, it served as a cool relief for travelers driving along the road to get under its shade for a while. Mr. Tidball built his establishment south of the crossroads a quarter of a mile south of Duttons. His also faced north with a full length veranda across the front. He had a hotel, grocery store, a Post office, and a separate saloon and a livery stable where Mr. Greenberg and Papa obtained their means of conveyance to look over the ranch.

It was spring, and it happened to be one of the most unusually lush ones that year, with green grass and wild flowers of all colors in profusion everywhere over hill and dale. The air was so clear, pure, and clean. How well I know how Papa must have felt, getting into that kind of air after coming from the city with its fog and air infested with coal dust and soot, coal being the only source of fuel in the cities. It was no wonder he was impressed and he was not the only one to have felt that way about it.

They came to the farm, and Papa admired everything he saw. The buildings on the place were simple ranch type, well planned and constructed. The house was rectangular, with four rooms: Two bedrooms at one end, a living room with a fireplace was the center portion, and the kitchen/dining room on the other end. The fire place was centered on the partition wall to the kitchen, where its chimney served the kitchen stove on the other side. This was an especially good feature, economically as well as for heating purposes. Across the front of this rustic house was a wide porch. At one end was the entrance to the large cellar, a most important necessity for cold storage. One huge cypress near to the house was the only tree for shade. West of the front of the house was a running creek flowing cheerfully on its way. Near this was the well. A short distance away to the north was the horse barn with stable on one side and wagon shed on the other. Between the house and the barn was the exceptionally fine chicken house. About a quarter of a mile up the creek was the spring under a wide spreading willow tree. It was like a precious jewel beyond price, situated between two hills in an indentation formed from past washouts during heavy rainfalls in previous years. Above this was several acres of lush adobe marsh, green the year round with grass which would be good for cattle to graze on.



The old Jolon house, about 1902

Papa was enthralled with everything there, and when he went back to San Francisco, he gave Mama a rose he had picked along the way to show her at least that much of what he had seen. From what he told her, she visualized it to be a veritable paradise, and just what

would be ideal for all of them to live on. So, they agreed and made their first payment to close the deal. I am not sure just how the transaction was executed in obtaining the other two homesteads.

The one adjoining the northern end of the Searles property, we took. To the east of this, was the homestead that Aunt Bertha took for herself at the same time. I am certain that Mr. Greenberg must have had something to do with it, because he was well acquainted with Jolon and its settlers as well as speculators with whom he had dealings through his San Francisco Office. Papa was completely ignorant of such matters, and getting those two homesteads for little or nothing, naturally would make an attractive addition to the Searles property. How could Papa or anyone resist such an added attraction.

Each homestead had been improved by its previous owner with a rustic little house and a well. It was learned later that the water in our well excelled in quality above all the others in the area.

There was only one way to travel from San Francisco to Jolon. They would have to bring all their household goods and equipment in wagons pulled by horses, just like the rest of the settlers had done and still were doing since California was admitted to the Union.

This was going to be a completely new experience for my father, who knew very little about horses in the first place. But, there were many experienced men along the way to get advice from. They would freely give advice to a newcomer, venturing forth into a new territory using an unfamiliar means of travel. There were two wagons; a big farm wagon with sides to haul all their belongings and a two-seat spring wagon for family use. Then came the horses and harnesses for each. I know there were at least four horses, but I think there must have been six. Two for the spring wagon, and four for the heavily loaded farm wagon. If not, it would have been impossible for only two horses to pull the heavy load over the steep incline of the long San Juan Grade and the shorter Jolon one. And also, with the problem of a pair of balky horses Papa had bought because they were cheap, it would be very difficult with good horses.

In 1885, they departed; Papa driving the big wagon's horses, and Uncle Severin with the two spring wagon ones. Mama, Aunt Bertha, and the children rode in back of the spring wagon, beginning their 265 mile journey. The first day was quite discouraging. They were new drivers that were unfamiliar with horses to begin with, much worse having the type of horses they had to deal with. Their first night was spent in Daly City, barely out of the city limits. From then on, their progress improved until they came to the notorious San Juan Grade. There, they encountered a difficulty (whatever it was) which some kind men, who had come along, helped them out of.

After seven days on the open road, they arrived at their new country home. But, it wasn't the time of year when it was wearing its spring costume. This time, it was either summer or fall. Mama was shocked and disillusioned. Maybe Papa was too. It was now hot and very dry, including the creek. But, not the spring, with its lush green patch above it.

This was the only bright spot visible to them in the picture that they beheld. The buildings looked good though, and being very tired, they were glad to have a roof over their heads once more. Aunt Bertha was anxious to see her homestead, and get her house into shape. As soon as they got settled, Uncle Severin went back to San Francisco.

One of the first things Papa had to do was purchase a milk cow and chop some wood for the cooking stove. Their immediate needs were so many and varied, it was difficult to know which one was most essential. Papa was a good baker, but definitely at a loss when it came to knowledge about farming in this new and foreign country. They had a lot to learn from their neighbors, who were ready to give advice in a kindly way.

There was a great deal of brush on the homestead, that had to be cleared off. One day, while Papa was doing some work of that sort, he was surprised to see a man come up to him with a gun. The man ordered him to get off his land, or be shot. Papa knew his rights, and refused to go or be intimidated until he could show him *his* rights. The man walked off with his gun, and never showed up again. So, it was only a bluff. It was learned later that there were five Davis brothers, who had taken up land above the homesteads, with intentions of acquiring the two homesteads, all the land adjacent to them, and the Searles, Campbell, and Alcorn places south to the county road. But Papa had come along to upset their ambitions. The names of the brothers were Martin, Cyrus, Frank, Al, and Nat. They stayed together for a few years, but finally broke away, one by one, for more lucrative fields. The only two that remained, were good neighbors after they became very religious Adventists.

There were no fences as yet. So, when the cattle increased, they had to be herded. That responsibility fell upon Aunt Bertha, since she had some too. The boys were too young yet to be depended on, but they could go along with her sometimes until they were old enough to take over. At the time when they had to go to school, it interfered somewhat with the cattle herding. Yet, somehow it was worked out between them and Aunt Bertha. In the meantime, the pasture fencing was put up, which included the area between the two hills and the spring. This was for both the horses and the cows. There were quite a few years before the adjoining neighbors could get together to put up fences between them to protect the grain fields on the other side until they were harvested.

Einer was the first one to start school about a half mile away. The Franklin School was a new one room regular rural school house, with one teacher and thirty pupils (13 boys and 17 girls) for nine grades. A couple years later, Elmer started too. There were some Spanish and Mexican children along with other denominations. I have a picture of the group, taken the year Einer started. One of the girls (Virginia Sobranes) was granddaughter of the affluent Sobranes family who had lived in luxury. They were then living in the last place of their extensive holdings, acquired through grants during the Spanish rule. They had converted Indians do the work, while they spent their time with fiestas and horse racing. The men's betting and gambling on horses went until the new era changed their way of life, when they found themselves without any more land or money to pay their debts.





Franklin School, Jolon, about 1886.

Einar Bergersen, seated at far right, bottom row. Carl Murray seated at his right. Virginia Sobranes, standing 4th from left, top row.  
Teacher: Miss Stephens

Aunt Bertha did not stay alone in her house very often, but kept going back and forth. Often, she had Einer stay with her at nights. One day, as they were going past the spring, they looked down and saw a mountain lion lying under the big willow tree, staring back at them. It startled and frightened them, but they kept on walking. All the while, it kept turning its head and following them with its eyes. Aunt Bertha and Einer had had their first encounter with a mountain lion, and had found it was only being cautious of them. That was not the first time. I remember one time, when I was

six or seven, I was walking with Elmer up the road below the spring (which was on the west side of the spring at that time) to the new house we had moved into only a short time before. I ran ahead of him, and when I came to the spring, I saw two huge yellowish looking cats emerging from it and crossing the road. I ran back to tell Elmer, but by the time we got back, the cats were gone. They had been facing the other way, and didn't even see me or get my scent since the wind was from the north.

In 1888, Ragna was born amidst trying times. Whatever crop they had wasn't very much. But, they did get hay and enough wheat to be brought to the flour mill in San Miguel to be made into flour, middling, bran, and chicken feed for our own use. There probably wasn't too much left to sell. As a consequence, Papa had to go back to San Francisco in order to get some cash for living expenses. Even so, it was difficult going for all.

When they planted the vegetable garden the way it was done in Norway, nothing came up to Mama's dismay. So, the dreams of fresh vegetables were blighted. Little did she know that the possibility was there all along. What was needed was a different system of gardening. Although the sun could become unbearable to her in the hot days of summer, she found that it could make a virtual garden paradise with plenty of fertilizer and water.

In 1889, I came along with a loud, lusty voice. So much so, Mama was sure I must be a boy. She was glad, because she felt that life was harder on a girl. But, it turned out I was a girl, which made her sad. Her neighbor friend comforted her by telling her, "You will be glad you have her. Someday you will see." Mama told me this, and said she really *was* later on.

The year I was born, it seemed the ranch was teeming with babies, including me. There were colts, calves, chicks, pups, kittens, and piglets. One colt, which we named Cap, grew up with Ragna and me. We loved him, and he certainly loved us, which he showed. When we were very young, we would ride on his back, hanging onto his mane. His love was shown in the gentle steps he took with us. He showed almost human characteristics and intelligence through the years in many ways.

Papa was going back and forth to San Francisco. From the time Einer was ten years old, a bachelor neighbor had him do odd jobs for him with pay. By the time he was twelve, he preferred to work and earn the sorely needed money, than to go to school. He still liked plowing, and could hitch up a six horse team. By then, Papa had a double plow with a seat for the driver and pulled by four horses, which was a big improvement over the single plow with two horses. This neighbor, Mr. Huston, was a very successful farmer, and Einer learned how to be one too from him. One of his secrets was to summer fallow, by plowing under the stubble after the harvest in the fall and leaving it to rest for a year, instead of planting every year. The soil on all of the land in the area east of Jolon was not good, with some of it worse than others. But Huston's method made a vast difference. He married the first teacher Ragna and I had. It is his son who still has the ranch, but has never farmed it nor rented it to anyone for years.

It was about 1891, when Mama got the sad news that her beloved brother, Julius, had died from a burst appendix while at sea<sup>12</sup>. She was crushed with the suddenness of it. No doubt Captain Searles was too. He had a beautiful mausoleum built in the Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland. It had two casket spaces. One for Julius, and the other for himself when that time would arrive.



Captain Robert R. Searle's  
Mausoleum  
Oakland, California

One Summer, the well went dry, and the water had to be hauled in two large barrels on a sled from the spring for household use. Papa and Mama decided it would be best to move up to the homestead house, which had a good well. Mama liked the house's location which was built on a knoll, and was surrounded by elderberry trees. It was smaller, and had no cellar or out buildings. Also, many things would have to be done to it first.



Lily's doll.

Lily had started going to school and Sunday school in the Jolon Church with the rest of the family. One Christmas, she was given a beautiful bisque doll by one of the members who had hand stitched all its clothes. Lily was overcome with joy over that doll. Ragna and I were just babies at the time when these things were going on, but it seems to me the woman's name was Mrs. Fleming who gave her the doll.

When Papa was always going back and forth to San Francisco, he stayed with his sister, Helene, and her husband. While he was there at one time, Mama wrote to him that Lily was not feeling well, and didn't seem to improve after a certain length of time. So, Papa told her to send her up to him, where he could take her to a doctor up there. She was ten years old then. Our neighbor, Frank Davis, offered to bring her as far as San Lucas (18 miles ride), and put her on the train (The railroad had been extended from Solidad). I can remember so well that morning he came to get her. He was to take our horse, Cap, but use his own buggy, since we did not possess one. As she left, Lily told Ragna and me, "Don't you dare touch my doll, or I will smack your fingers when I get back." In my childish mind, I thought Mr. Davis had driven Cap to San Francisco with Lily. Because Cap

was so exhausted when he returned, the boys were alarmed at his condition and feared permanent injury. Being a young and vigorous horse, Mr. Davis didn't use good sense in handling him on the 36 mile trek to and from San Lucas, not giving him proper rest periods and slower gate. Fortunately, he survived the ordeal.

When I was fifteen, Mama and I drove to King City (20 miles) with one horse for the buggy. Going over, we met a livery stable team, with two horses to a buggy, coming up the Jolon Grade at a brisk trot. When we were coming back, we met them on the grade again. This time, the horses were in a lather, still trying to trot in a half stumbling way with their ears drooping. What a sight! Our horse wasn't even sweating as she walked with the buggy up the grade. We walked alongside since the horse was old, and a forty mile trip would have been hard on her otherwise. Even so, it was not easy for her.

I don't know how long Lily had been in San Francisco before the doctor's treatment failed, and her condition became critical. Papa sent for Mama, who brought me along. I was four, and the youngest. Aunt Bertha, who was always at hand, took charge of the boys and Ragna at home. This proved more of a challenge than usual when Ragna came down with a severe cold, becoming delirious. But Aunt Bertha managed to pull her through by the time Mama came back. Lily passed away, to everyone's great sorrow, and was buried in the Oddfellow Cemetery<sup>13</sup>. Before going back home, Papa took Mama and me to the Mountain View Cemetery to see the beautiful mausoleum where Uncle Julius was laid. When I was in nurses training in Fabiola Hospital, I walked out there one day to see if I could find it again. I had remembered it so well, I walked right to it.

Mama was deeply grieved, and felt she had "drained to the dregs" her cup of sorrow. But, she knew she had to consider the rest of her children, and give them her attention to console herself with more than ever now. Shortly after this, Uncle Albert (Mama's older brother) came from Oregon for a visit in order to look over possibilities of coming to California with his family. The "new house" on the homestead was available to them to stay as long as necessary.



Albert & Marn Stengel family

So, Uncle Albert went back and brought his family of six; the oldest girl, a young lady of fifteen and the youngest, a boy about four years old. While Uncle Albert and his family were living in the house, he and Papa made adobe bricks, baked them in the hot sun until they were dry, and then built an addition to the house - a kitchen and a large cold storage room, which was even better than a cellar. I am quite sure they also built a little cold storage room for Aunt Bertha, a little distance from the houses at the same time.

Uncle Albert found a farm not far from us, which he rented and lived on for several years before moving to Morgan Hill. They all went except Gustie, who continued to work for Tidballs in Jolon.



Gusty Stengel  
15 years old

One day, when Einer and Elmer were little boys (about 13 and 11 years old), they went up to the pasture side hill to chop down a good size tree for wood. Einer expected it would all downhill, but instead it fell uphill. Before he could get out of the way, a big branch grazed the side of his face, and fell across his legs, breaking one of them. Elmer ran back to the house to tell what had happened, not even knowing how badly Einer was hurt under the fallen tree. Everyone rushed frantically to the scene, including the dog, Popsy. When we got there, the dog had started to lick the blood from Einer's face. It had been a narrow escape, although bad as it was. It so easily could have been much worse in many respects.

Sometime later, Papa had been on his usual trip to San Francisco, and was expecting to leave for home again. In the meanwhile, Aunt Helene's husband (who had been suffering from pulmonary difficulty) decided to rent a place in Los Gatos, desiring its dry and warmer climate for awhile. Papa said there were plenty of milk cows on the ranch, and if they would like to have one, Mama would send one up to Los Gatos on the freight train from San Lucas. They would meet him there on his return home. They liked the idea of having a cow to milk in Los Gatos, so Mama got her notification for what she was to do. It wasn't as simple as it sounded. Mama was not accustomed to driving, let alone two frisky young horses in the first place. Secondly, she had to go eighteen miles with a cow tied behind the spring wagon. The boys were then about twelve and fourteen. Mama was to drive Cap and Dollie. Einer, bareback on the skittish young black mare, Nellie (that always shied at anything white), was to lead the way. Elmer, bareback on his horse (I don't know its name), was in back to watch the poor cow.

They started off early in the morning, without any troubles or problems. It wasn't until they reached the Salinas River bridge (about a mile out of town), that they had some. There had been heavy rainfall for the past several days, and the river was running full, rolling along directly under the bridge. In former years, the bridge and its approach had been known to wash out at that stage. The horses were nervous and jittery about getting on the bridge, so Mama had a firm hold on the reins as Einer led the way. After a short distance, as the team was about to follow, Nellie shied at a white object, turned, and galloped back. This frightened the other already nervous horses who reared up, and when they came down again, a startling and unbelievable thing happened. The tugs had become loose, and as the horses started to run, the wagon tongue fell to the ground with its tip stuck in the sand. As Mama was pulled off the wagon seat, she lost the reins and fell to the ground. Meanwhile, the team went galloping over the bridge, and out of sight. Mama was stunned and badly shaken, but uninjured otherwise. The boys had been startled too, with the suddenness of the episode. But, all were grateful that the cow was safe and sound. What a blessing that was.

They then walked the rest of the way into town with the cow, to get her on the freight train that morning and wait for Papa to arrive. The boys were tired, but rode around to find the runaway team. Dollie was found, but not Cap. It so happened that one of the neighbors was in town that day, who kindly brought them home.

The next day, Papa and the boys went back to town to search for the missing Cap. But they didn't have to search very far, because he was safe in the livery stable. Early that morning, the livery stable man had walked down to the river to check the bridge, and see how it was holding up. The flow of water had not diminished, but the bridge was still intact. Then, he saw something bobbing up and down upstream in the water, going nowhere. When he went up to investigate, he found it was a horse. After getting into the water, he discovered that the horse was too far out for him to reach. But, instead of pulling away as horses are known to do, this one came to him as if it knew help would come from the man. He could see that the tug of the harness was caught on a barbed wire fence below. How he managed to get it loose, I don't know. But he probably unbuckled the harness and let it slip off, into the water. The horse was the missing Cap. No one knew how he got into the water or how long he had been there, fighting for his life. He was exhausted, and the man got him into the stable, where Cap was given a rubdown, food, and royal treatment. When Papa came to get him, the man wanted to buy him. He said, when a horse will come to you in his state of distress, it shows remarkable intelligence. Of course, Papa wouldn't sell him -- our precious Cap. He was one of the two horses I would term, "What a horse!", having outstanding characteristics.



Franklin School, about 1904

When Ragna and I started school together, we looked like twins. Ragna was seven and delicate, while I was five and robust. One day, a girl in our class angered me about something, and I bit her finger hard enough to make her cry loudly. Our teacher made me stay after school, and Elmer had to wait for me. After I got home, I got a good spanking. I never bit anyone since then.

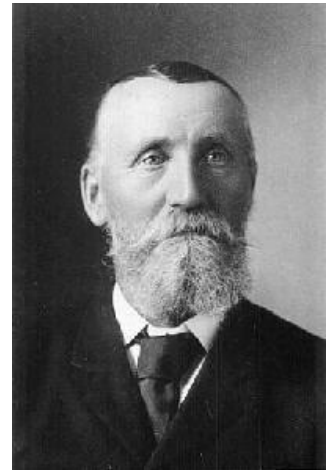
There was an almost entirely different group of pupils at school compared to when Einer started. Either the families had left, or their children had grown up. The school was well attended all the time we were there. More or less, there were 42 pupils. Miss Wilson, our first teacher, married our good bachelor neighbor, and changed her name to Mrs. Huston. They had one son, named Robert.

I will never forget the day Elmer saw a buck on its way to the spring. He was about twelve years old at that time. He dashed into the house, got the rifle, and dashed out again. Papa had bought two guns for protection, before coming out into the country. The rifle was an extra large, heavy one. The shotgun was an ordinary double barrel kind. I doubt if Elmer had ever shot off the rifle, but he evidently did know how to use it because he soon came back to tell us excitedly that he had shot the buck with one shot. This stirred up a lot of excitement for a while.



Dagny &amp; Ragna Bergersen, 1904

Shortly after that episode, we moved up to the “new house” after Uncle Albert and his family had left. There was no barn there yet for the horses, but the chicken house was brought up at once in some way, still intact for the chickens. The horses continued to be stabled at the “old house” barn for several years until a new barn was finally built. In the meanwhile, it had been a great inconvenience to have the horses so far away, since they worked and had to be fed. Papa had to get up early in the morning, before his own breakfast, to feed them. On cold winter mornings, he would come home with icicles on his beard. The steam from his breath froze on it. The horses were also fed at night, after work.



Gunnar Bergersen



Marthine Bergersen

One morning, when he went down to feed the horses, he found the stable in disarray, to his surprise and dismay. The horses had broken loose from their stalls, and were milling around inside. Some of the harnesses were off their hooks, as if pandemonium had been ensued during the night. He walked around the barn to try and find a clue to the disturbance, which must have frightened the horses to a great extent. Then, he found the cause -- big bear footprints outside the stable. So that was the cause of the commotion. It was strange since bear were not known to be in that area for many years. This one was probably a stray, passing through on his way across country. He, like many other wild animals, seemed to know where the water of the spring could be found.

In the meantime, Papa and his adjoining neighbors got together to put in the fencing between them to protect their crops, and let the stock graze on the fields after harvest. When that was done, it was a big step forward and a blessing for all, as well as the stock.

When Ragna and I passed by the old barn on our way to school, we found someone had dumped three cats that came meowing to greet us there. We felt like taking them home with us, but knew we already had plenty of cats. Any more would be inadmissible. We had plenty of milk to give them, so we brought it to them on our way to school. They tried to follow us home, and finally did succeed. Every morning and evening, when the milking was done, the cats knew what was in the bucket. There would be a storm of cats, meowing enthusiastically to get their milk.

We had a dog, named Popsy, that we loved dearly. She was the one that licked Einer's face while he was lying under the tree that had fallen on him. She was always fed with scraps from the table after the evening meal. One evening, while we were at the table, Mama made the remark that she felt we should get rid of Popsy, because she was always having pups. When Popsy's dish was put down on the floor for her, she refused to eat. Mama said, “I wonder if she understood what we had said about her?” Then, Mama knelt

down by her, and petting her said, "We are not going to get rid of you, Popsy." At that, the dog started to eat, and she ate everything on her dish eagerly. She must have understood. I don't remember whether she had any more pups or not. But, I can't remember them if she did.

After a new barn was built on the homestead, the old one was eventually taken apart and rebuilt in back of the new barn and corral. The old house became a place to store wheat and barley temporarily.

Coming home from school one day, Elmer, Ragna, and I stopped to take a look down the rickety old well, which still had the pulley rope and bucket at the end. It was the time of year when it was dry, except for a little moisture along the bottom. Boards on the sides were coming off, making openings that rodents could fall in while seeking water. Elmer thought he could see something moving around down there, and wanted to take a closer look, as did Ragna and I. It looked like two rabbits, and we wondered how they could be rescued. Elmer got an idea of sending me down in the bucket. I got in it, and started down. But I became frightened, so Elmer pulled me back. Ragna then thought she would go, and went down farther than I did. But she too was afraid, and Elmer pulled her back also. I was about seven; Ragna, nine; and Elmer, thirteen. He got another idea now, and went to the old house with us following to see what would be found there for our purpose. He picked up a large battered tin milk pan and some left over sack twine, used for sewing up the bags of grain during the harvest time. Elmer punched four holes in the milk pan, tied on the twine, gathered up a few handfuls of crushed barley off the floor, and put it in the pan. When, we went back to the well and tied the twine to the rope, after removing the bucket. Next, we let it down into the well. One rabbit jumped in at once, and Elmer pulled it up and let it go. Then, he tried again, and the other rabbit did the same thing. It was almost unbelievable. It was a good deed well done, but not easily. If Mama could have seen the first proceedings, she would have fainted, I am sure.

While Einer and Elmer went hunting together one day, they found nothing except a skunk, which Einer shot. He then instructed Elmer to see if it was dead. Elmer, always obedient, went up to the skunk to see if it was dead by kicking it. It was dead. When he got home, he had a very strong skunk odor on his shoes. It was still on them the next morning. Since he only had one pair of shoes, he had to wear them to school. The teacher, noticing the offensive odor, asked the pupils who was guilty of possessing it. I noticed that one of the boys sitting in front of me, bent down to smell his feet, as if it might be his giving out the bad odor (they probably did sometimes). I had to laugh because I knew where it came from. Elmer was embarrassed, but he finally told her the story, and she laughed too. But, it didn't make her like the odor any better.



Berte Marie  
Gudmundsdatter  
(Gunnar's mother)

In 1886, Papa's mother passed away in Norway<sup>14</sup>. Her youngest daughter (my aunt Mina), who was caring for her, then sold Tömpt, and came to America. She arrived in San Francisco, where Aunt Helene and Uncle Severin were still living.

Uncle Severin had purchased some advertised property in Templeton, which he had never got around to look at. So, he wanted Aunt Mina to go along with him. They were very disappointed with what they saw. There were others who had become disillusioned owners too. A Swedish man, by the name of Johan Blomquist, was one, and they discussed the situation with him down there. They mentioned Aunt Bertha and her homestead in Jolon, who was in need of a man to run the ranch for her. Perhaps he would be interested to at least take a look at it. Aunt Mina said she would be there to receive him. It was agreed that he would, and the time was set when he would drive up with his precious Fanny, a beautiful black mare, pulling the buggy all the way from Templeton. It would be quite a day's journey for a single horse to make. How well I remember the day of Johan's arrival. Aunt Mina got Ragna and I to walk with her down to the county road to meet him. We had just arrived



Mina & Johan  
Blomquist

there, when we saw the horse and buggy coming down the Yates hill, a short distance away. Aunt Mina, with flushed excited face, rushed with us down the road to meet him. How happy she was as she got into the buggy beside him, while we walked home. It turned out that Johan found everything agreeable including Aunt Mina herself, and there was no doubt how Aunt Mina felt about him. I remember her asking Ragna and me, "Who do you think is the handsomest man in the whole world?" We thought awhile, and then answered that we thought Papa was. Then, she said, "No, Blomquist is the handsomest man in the world." Later, they were married at San Francisco in 1897 (I think), just before the dry year.

A Danish family down the valley was selling out, to go back to Oakland. They had a lot of horses to sell, so Papa, the boys, and Uncle Johan Blomquist went to the sale to get some more horses. Papa got two, and Blomquist got one. I remember it because it was such a peculiar animal and not worth having. One of ours was another strange one, but different. It was a fast lively one, but it had been ruined when broken in the wrong way. It was the one that ran away with Dollie, my cousin, and I. We had gone to get the mail with Elmer. The buggy had taken off before he could get on. Dollie and I didn't know how to hold him. The horse's name was Jim. More of this runaway is discussed later on.

The other horse Papa got was a mare, called Maud. It, along with Cap, is one of our two best horses, in my estimation. Each one was remarkable in its own individual way. Maud was a good saddle horse, and was not meant to be a work horse. But she obediently did it well, even though her heart wasn't in it. She was very gentle, and never shied at anything. Shortly after we got her, Elmer was going to drive the horses from the field into the pasture. He rode her with me sitting in back of him, bareback of course. The way she took off after those horses, down one hill and up the next, she was really in her glory. This proved that she was a fast saddle horse. I never dared to ride her for a long time, but Ragna thought she would ride her to Jolon to get the mail, a couple of years later. Everything went fine, going to town walking and trotting. When, she decided to do a little galloping on the way home. That was fine too, for a little way. But Ragna couldn't get her to stop, no matter how hard she pulled. So, she pulled the horse into the fence by the side of the road. There, Maud serenely stopped, as if to say, "What did you do that for? We were having a lot of fun."



With another kind of horse, it could have been a disastrous thing, because it would have either jumped the fence or cut itself badly on the wire. Plus, Ragna could have been badly injured.

In 1898, the dry year came. It was a bad one. There were no crops or feed for the animals. Most of our horses were brought off somewhere to pasture for a while. I remember when there wasn't even any straw left for them to eat. Ordinarily, they wouldn't even look at straw. But now, they relished it. Papa went back to San Francisco. Einer, then about nineteen, wanted to go along to get a job up there for a change, to try out his wings in a more



Elmer Bergersen 1912

lucrative field. Elmer was left as the man of the house, bless his heart. The Davises were going to give a load of straw for work Einer had done for them. But we didn't own a header bed to be put on the big wagon. So, Elmer had to borrow one from our neighbors, the Yateses, who were very kind to let us have it. Elmer, Ragna, and I, with the horses, Blanco and Dollie the leaders, and Cap and Nellie the wheelers pulling the big wagon, started off. Elmer was on the high perch seat, Ragna was standing by him on the floor, while I was satisfied to look over the rail in back watching the ground pass by. In order to get to the place where we were to procure the straw, we had to go far back into the hills, going up one hill and down the next.

As we were going, I noticed the ground seemed to be passing faster than usual. We were going down a hill a bit too fast. When I turned to see what was going on, I saw Elmer had fallen backwards with his head hanging down and feet up on the seat. He was still holding the reins, with Ragna helping. The horses, which were out of control, had gone down one hill and were galloping up the next. When they reached the top, they came to a wooden gate across the road. Since they couldn't run into it or jump it, they swerved to the right side and started to go up a low embankment (made to level the road). It blocked the wheels, and they came to a halt not far from the barbed wire fence they were aiming for. Poor Elmer was badly shaken after that frightening ride with his heels in the air, but he had a brave little helper holding the reins with him. So, he wasn't completely alone in his agony.

We were so thankful that no harm had come to us, the horses, the wagon, or the borrowed header bed. The header bed most of all, because the Yateses were not anxious to lend their valuable equipment to anyone in the first place. And, if anything happened to it, we would be expected to have to buy them a new one when we had so little money at that time. The wagon was backed away from the embankment and, with a now subdued team. Proceeded on to get the load of straw back home again safely.

One day later on at the end of the year, the desperate hard-pressed farmers were notified that the government was at last sending hay to San Lucas where they could pick up their quota. At four o'clock the next morning Uncle Johan and Elmer took off for San Lucas just as it started to rain. But nothing could stop them from getting that needed hay. That rain broke the long drought which never appeared again until the more extensive one for the years of 1976 and 1977. These were the driest years I have ever experienced in my span of years.

Our cattle had been fortunate to have the spring swamp wire grass to nibble on. Aunt Bertha, Ragna, and I would rake moss from the oak trees in the pasture for them as an extra treat. They would come running with happy anticipation, to consume it. But there was a limit to the moss. After the dry year experience, the farmers built up straw stacks for emergency use in the event of another dry year. Einer always had a stack of straw for the cattle during the winter months in a hollow on the pasture where it was somewhat protected from the cold.

When Einer was in San Francisco, he got a job as loader on the Sacramento river boat, and earned more money than ever at the ranch. He surprised Papa by turning his earnings over to him instead of spending it on himself. I don't remember how long he was away, but long enough to know he preferred the ranch way of life. When he came back home, he had paid twenty dollars for a second-hand lady's bicycle for his beloved sisters - Ragna and me. He had brought it with him to give us. We were overcome with joy for such a wonderful gift from our kind big loving brother. The bicycle was a particularly good strong one. We never needed to change the tires all the years we used it, and never had a puncture. After many years, Ragna's daughter, Esther, fell heir to it. And from then on, it no doubt ran its course no further.

In spite of the fences, the obstreperous cattle would get through the fence to roam on forbidden territory. I remember one time when they were found missing. It was up to Ragna and me to get astride our horses to find them. Ragna was on Maud, and I was on Cap. We found them on the county road far down the valley. It had been raining, and the road was muddy. Maud, with Ragna on her back, was in her glory getting the herd turned in the right direction, going full speed ahead. I saw Maud turn about in hot pursuit after a recalcitrant steer that had turned back in the opposite direction. I had a good vantage point to watch the chase. I could see Maud's hooves kicking mud through the air. It didn't take long before the steer was subdued and brought back with the rest of the herd. It was a thrill for me to watch Maud in action. Ragna, on her back, didn't need to tell her what to do or how, because she already knew how. That indelible mental picture of perfect performance will never be erased from my memory. As I grew a little older, I was not afraid to ride her any more. But, since she was a work horse, I didn't often. And when I did, it was at a slow pace.

One time in later years, when Maud was getting to be an old horse, I rode her to Jolon to get the weekly mail. We were only walking and trotting along the way at an easy pace. Coming home, our neighbor's son, that I went to school with, caught up with me on his good looking lively saddle horse with all its fancy trappings. I was riding Maud bareback, and she was looking tired and half asleep with her ears dangling. It was a sort of sad sight. We rode along for a while and it was getting rather boring for a horse unaccustomed to walking. When we came to a straight length of road, George (the boy) said he would run a race with me. He really sounded as if he was chuckling under his breath. We were forbidden to ever race work horses, but the distance was not so great. I thought it wouldn't harm Maud, so I said, "Let's go!" It makes me laugh every time I think of it. When Maud heard that, she pricked up her ears and took off like a streak of light, leaving George far behind. Was he

surprised! Little did he realize that I was sitting on a ball of fire, waiting to be ignited by competition and incentive. I doubt if there could be found another horse like her. Along with Cap, both were different yet so equal in their individual outstanding characteristics.

Cap reminds me of my daughter Lucille's Sunaka in some ways. But her horse lacks trustworthiness. Cap like Sunaka, could use his mouth and mind to advantage by figuring out how to open doors to the barn and latches to gates. Most of them were just wire gates on the ranch.

When the crops were in, the gates were closed and the stock were confined to the pasture area. It was very tempting to watch those fields growing, and not be able to get at them. But it became obvious one morning when Ragna and I were walking to school just how tempting it had become. We found Cap standing at the gate with his foot caught in the wire. He was the elected mastermind who was to open that gate for the rest of the horses, but when he got caught, they up and left him alone. But Cap knew he was beaten. He was smart enough to not try to pull at his foot as an ordinary horse would *always* have done in such a circumstance. He intended to stay there until someone could help him, and we were the ones. We carefully lifted his foot loose, and away he went with a whole good foot instead of a chopped up one. He had been working on the low loop to get it down under the pole, then the upper end would slip out easily. That is not horse sense, it is human intelligence.

The Murray family was one of the 153 early settlers who had taken up government land of 160 acres in the Milpitas, west of Jolon. One day, they were brutally evicted by George Atherton in the year 1878. He claimed the land was his, and took it by force with two sheriffs and a band of helpers armed to the teeth. That had happened seven years before the Bergersen family arrived in Jolon. The Murrays took up another piece of property across the Jolon Creek, east of town along the "El Camino Real" stage coach road. Up from the creek bank on a knoll, they built their home and a blacksmith shop from which their livelihood was derived. They were exceptionally fine people, with a large family of eight. They were mostly all grown when we knew them. Their youngest son was Einer's age and went to school at the same time. Mrs. Murray was a remarkable woman who had an incomplete medical profession in her early years. Since there was no doctor in the area, she was called upon to serve in that capacity quite often. She aided the suffering whether they paid her for it or not, since her desire to do good and her devotion were her main reasons.

When I was born, she was there to deliver me. But when Ragna had been born, it was without such a luxury, and Mama decided it should not happen that way the next time. Many years later, when Ragna and I were in our teens, the Murrays had a big party at their home, to which we were invited. I will never forget the interesting happenings of their early years and especially their eviction which included our neighbor Judge Forbes, who evidently was implicated in the engineering of the Atherton eviction. Mr. Murray had told us about it. He said he refused to feel animosity toward anyone or to the ones who had brought the havoc upon him. Yet, the bitterness and hatred continued to prevail among many of those men who had received that treatment. They found it difficult to give up the idea of revenge to one they

felt was guilty of the wrong done to them. It was difficult to prove these people guilty. In the case of Atherton, it took twenty years before it was cleared up.

One day, Mr. Murray accidentally came across a band of men busy with something among the trees along the Jolon Creek. So, he went to investigate, and found them all ready to hang Judge Forbes. He had got there just in time to talk them out of it by convincing them that retaliation in that manner would never right a wrong. If they did it, they themselves would be found guilty of a greater crime -- cold blooded murder.

In 1899 (a year after the dry one), our cousin, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Uncle Anders came to spend the summer with us for her health for awhile. It didn't take long before the warm sunshine, clean pure air, and quiet life of the country took effect and she blossomed like a rose.

One day, Elmer (then sixteen) wanted to do something a little more special for our cousin (Dollie) by borrowing Uncle Johan's nice buggy to ride to town in, instead of our old cart. But he knew the buggy and horse, Fanny, were Uncle Johan's most precious possessions. He would not be happy to let anyone take them, and Elmer didn't like to ask him. But finally he picked up enough courage to do so. Uncle Johan was a little hesitant before he said he could take it with one stipulation -- no more than two were to ride in it. I wanted to go, and didn't think my weight would make any difference, so long as Uncle Johan didn't know about it. I walked down to the spring to open the gate for Elmer and Dollie, and then they let me get in. He was driving the long legged black horse we hadn't had very long, and found that he had to be tight reined for a mile or two because the horse liked to go fast. After that, Jim was all right about speeding. I was feeling quite guilty but glad to have my way.



Dollie

We passed by the Murray place and down the graded bank to cross the creek during the winter, then up the other side and slight gradual slope into the town of Jolon, with hotels, saloons, church, and dance hall. Dollie and I stayed in the buggy while Elmer put the halter on Jim, to tie him to the hitching post while he was getting the mail. Then coming back, he took off the halter to put it in back of the seat. Then Jim started to move while Dollie and I were trying to hold the reins as firm as we could. But each time Elmer tried to get into the buggy, he was prevented by little jerks that became faster and faster until he was left behind. Dollie began to scream, which really set Jim off. As he flattened out, I remember seeing the harness raise up on his back. Then, he swerved to the right toward the fence that crossed the creek, aiming for a big willow tree. It had a large branch that reached out like a straight arm. Jim was heading to go under it with us in the buggy. I saw what was coming, so I bent down and let go of the reins. Dollie bent down too, but not for the same reason. She thought I was trying to jump out, and bent down to grab me. By doing that, the buggy barely cleared the branch, and we missed getting crushed by it. I had no recollection of anything after I went down, but it was evident that I was knocked unconscious because of the cuts and bruises my head had, and my hair was strewn along the fence. In the meanwhile, the three Murray men happened to be at home, and hearing the scream, came out to see where it came from. There,

they saw the runaway horse coming that way. So, they immediately stationed themselves apart from each other in a row. The horse would have to pass from the creek with the road bank on the opposite side. Jim came bounding over the creek and up the graded road, where the men were eagerly waiting to try out their skill of stopping a galloping runaway horse. The first man grabbed for the bridle rein, but missed just as Jim swerved toward the bank. But the second one got a hold and hung on while the other two came to help subdue the nervous jittery horse. A gathering crowd came to help the rest of the way. I was completely oblivious until I awakened in embarrassment to find myself kicking and moaning in the arms of a man. Then, I stopped at once as he carried me into the Murray house. Dollie was all in



Carl Murray

one piece, but had plenty of bruises on her hip and leg. There was a doctor near Jolon then, who was sent for along with Papa and Mama. Mrs. Murray again came back to her humanitarian role. Since I couldn't be moved, she and Mama cared for me there for a week. She was so very kind. I remember on hot uncomfortable days, she hung up a wet sheet and fastened it across the door to cool the room, which was most refreshing. It was Dollie's scream that actually saved our lives, as well as her grabbing for me saved her life. Several years later, Dollie became the bride of Carl Murray, the Murray's youngest son.

After Einer returned and took over the ranch to run it his way, it began to bring in some profit. Elmer wanted to be a seafaring man instead of a farmer, and decided when he was nineteen to get into the navy. He went to San Francisco to be admitted, but they refused to take him because he was too old. Seventeen or younger was the required age. He was surprised as well as disappointed. So, he tried the merchant marine, and got on the Robert Dollar line bound for Ladyship, Canada -- a six week voyage. One that will never be forgotten. He was desperately seasick the entire time. That ended his seafaring career for all time. The railroad came next. To be a conductor, one had to serve as brakeman on a freight train for six or eight years. But just before finishing his term, a group of young men he knew were going to take a two year crash course in the Vandler Nailon School of engineering in Oakland<sup>15</sup>, and wanted him to take it with them. He did, and liked the course, finishing in flying colors. But to get a job, he couldn't get the high paying ones, his college not being an accredited one, no matter how qualified he really was. Then, he came back home to go in partnership with Einer on a large scale, and made that his career instead.

Einar Bergersen,  
19 years old

## Notes:

<sup>1</sup>Marthine Lovise Stengel (1852 - 1931). She was confirmed as Marthine, however, her name was also written Martine and Martina in later years.

<sup>2</sup>Einar Bertram Bergersen (1880 - 1932).

<sup>3</sup>*Tömte* was the family farm near Hamar. It is incorrectly spelled *Tömpte* here. According to Ingrid Semmingsen (undated manuscript), "Berte Marie who was the sister of Kari Gudmundsdatter was married to Berger Bårdsen. The *Tömte* farm was divided when the two sisters married - each of them getting half of the

original one. Berger Bårdsen and Berte Marie got *Övre Tömte*." Semmingsen further states, "The *Tömte* farms were small farms. In 1866 they had only around 4 acres of cultivated land each. In addition each of them had grazing fields and a few acres of forest. They had each of them one horse, 2 - 4 cows and a few sheep." Her information came from a book about the farms and families of Stange, residing in the library collections of the University of Oslo. According to Carl Moe (1956), "Upper *Tömte* is now also owned by strangers, Berte Marie's and Berger's children all emigrated to California." He noted, "It is kind of sad to contemplate the loss of the family home after centuries of possession."

<sup>4</sup> The year is incorrect. According to harbor records for Oslo, "Gunar Bergers." departed from Oslo aboard the steamship "Angelo" on Friday evening, 9 June 1882, destined for Ogema (Wisconsin). He was listed as married, age 41, occupation laborer ("Arb"), resident of Hamar. His booking agent was "M. A. Lea." Included in his party were his sister "Helene Bergers.," brother "Severin Bergers.," brother-in-law "Axel Stengel," and "Gustaf Anders.," a 36 year old laborer from Wermeland. As a group, they declared 955 "spd./kr." and 80 øre in freight. The Angelo was a "feeder" ship, which would have transported them to Hull, Yorkshire, England.

<sup>5</sup> Marthine arrived in America in late 1883. The family probably departed for San Francisco in the late fall of 1883.

<sup>6</sup> This was the Westerfeld Bakery, owned by William Westerfeld (1842 – 1895), a German immigrant born in Bremmen, who arrived in San Francisco in the 1870's. He was a baker and confectioner, and had established a chain of bakeries by the mid-1880's. The Westerfeld House still stands in San Francisco, constructed in 1889.

<sup>7</sup> The year was 1883. According to harbor records for Oslo, "Martine Bergers." departed Oslo aboard the steamship "Rollo" on 17 August 1883, destined for San Francisco. She was listed as married, age 28, resident of Hamar, with no occupation listed. Her booking agent was "Anderson." Included in her party were her sons, "Hilmar Bergers.," age 11 months, and "Einar Bergers.," incorrectly listed as age 11 months. "Berthe Bergers.," age 45, and "Amalie Bergers.," age 11, were also in the party. Amalie (known to the family as "Molla," was an adopted child and servant of the family. Under Berthe's name, the group declared 500 "spd./kr." and 77 øre in freight. The SS Rollo was a one-funnel, two-mast single-screw steam schooner of the Wilson Line. Like the "Angelo," that carried Gunnar Bergersen and the other members of the family the previous year, the "Rollo" was a feeder ship that carried immigrants from Scandinavian ports to Hull, Yorkshire, England. From Hull, the family would have traveled by train to Liverpool to begin the trans-Atlantic crossing.

<sup>8</sup> Julius Alfred Christophersen (1859 - 1887). According to Dagny Jacobsen's notes (undated), Julius was the son of Helene Christophersdatter, who was sexually assaulted by her sister's husband, Emil Gonsales Stengel, at a young age. The rape was extremely traumatic for Helene, who (after discovering her pregnancy) tried to commit suicide by jumping into a well. Julius was raised by his mother, and given the Christophersen surname. His surname is inscribed "Christiansen" on his marble casket.

<sup>9</sup> Captain Robert R. Searle (ca. 1831 - 1900) thought highly of Julius, and not only promoted him to First Mate, but claimed him as an adopted son. When Julius died of an appendicitis aboard ship, Captain Searle saw to it that Julius be entombed in his personal mausoleum at Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland, California. The two rest side by side today in twin marble caskets, manufactured by Gray & Company, of San Francisco.

<sup>10</sup> The ship was the *City of Rio de Janeiro*, operated by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company out of San Francisco. According to the Maritime Museum in San Francisco, the "*City of Rio de Janeiro* was built by John Roach of Chester, Pennsylvania in 1878, originally for service between New York and Brazil. She was purchased by Pacific Mail in 1881, and ran successfully on the Far East line until her loss in 1901." The ship sank in 1901 when it struck Duxbury Reef off Marin Headlands.

<sup>11</sup> This would probably be Nils Gustave William Greenberg, whose name appears on Certificate 11089 General Land Office, Recorded in Monterey County Records Book C Patents, page 199, on August 2, 1890. The certificate was issued to Mr. Greenberg for the "North half of the North West quarter, the South West quarter of the North West quarter and the North West quarter of the South West quarter of Section thirty-two, in Township twenty-two South, of Range eight East of Mount Diablo Meridian in California, containing one hundred and sixty acres."

<sup>12</sup> Julius Christophersen died August 24, 1887 at the age of twenty-eight.

<sup>13</sup> Lily died 7 November 1894, according to her obituary in the San Francisco Morning Call. The I.O.O.F. Cemetery was located in San Francisco, and was operated from 1854 to 1923. It was situated between Geary and Turk Streets, and Parker Avenue and Arguello Boulevard. Only the San Francisco Columbarium (now owned by the Neptune Society) remains intact. Most of the burials were relocated to Greenlawn Memorial Park

in Colma in the 1920's, and it is likely that Lily was one of these. The Daughters of the American Revolution prepared a Register of Removals, which would indicate Lily's new resting place.

<sup>14</sup>Berte Marie Gudmundsdatter, mother of Gunnar Bergersen, died in 1894, according to a family account. Her husband, Berger Baardsen, reportedly died in 1885.

<sup>15</sup>This was the Van der Naillen School of Engineering, led by Professor A. Van der Naillen, Jr., of San Francisco.