

**SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORIC PRESERVATION OFFICE  
HISTORIC SITES SURVEY STRUCTURE FORM**



**SITE INFORMATION**

\*SURVEY DATE: July 18, 2013 \*ADDRESS: 30019 455<sup>th</sup> Ave.  
\*SURVEYOR: Jim Stone \*COUNTY: Clay  
\*CITY: Wakonda

LOCATION DESCRIPTION: From Vermillion, the intersection of South Dakota Highway 50 bi-pass and South Dakota Highway 19, North 15 miles to 302<sup>nd</sup> Street, turn left (West) about 7miles to 455<sup>th</sup> Ave., turn right (North) about 1-7/8 miles, on the left (West) side.

LEGAL DESCRIPTION: E 1/2, NE 1/4, Exc. .37 A, 21 – 95 – 53 Star Twp.

\*QUARTER 1: NE 1/4  
\*QUARTER 2: \_\_\_\_\_  
\*TOWNSHIP: Star  
\*RANGE: 53  
\*SECTION: 21  
ACRES: 72.16

OWNER NAME: Donald W. & Lorraine M. Huth  
OWNER ADDRESS: 301 Sunset Drive  
OWNER CITY: Beresford  
OWNER STATE: South Dakota  
OWNER ZIP: 57004  
QUAD NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

OWNER CODE 1: P  
OWNER CODE 2: \_\_\_\_\_  
OWNER CODE 3: \_\_\_\_\_

**HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE**

\*DOE: \_\_\_\_\_  
\*DOE DATE: \_\_\_\_\_  
REASON INELIGIBLE: \_\_\_\_\_

REGISTER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
MULTIPLE PROPERTY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

NOMINATION STATUS: \_\_\_\_\_  
DATE LISTED: \_\_\_\_\_  
REFERENCE NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_  
HISTORIC DISTRICT RATING: C or NC  
PERIOD: \_\_\_\_\_

CATEGORY: \_\_\_\_\_  
SIGNIFICANCE LEVEL 1: N S L  
SIGNIFICANCE LEVEL 2: N S L  
CRITERIA 1: A B C D  
CRITERIA 2: A B C D  
CRITERIA 3: A B C D  
CRITERIA 4: A B C D

SIGNIFICANCE NOTES: \_\_\_\_\_

**STRUCTURE DETAILS**

\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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SHPO ID: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \*PROPERTY NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
 OTHER NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

CURRENT FUNCTION: <u>Storage</u>	FOUNDATION: <u>Native stone, sand and lime mortar</u>
CURRENT SUBFUNCTION: <u>Storage</u>	ROOF MATERIAL: <u>Steel roofing over cedar shingles</u>
HISTORIC FUNCTION: <u>Livestock barn</u>	ROOF SHAPE: <u>Gambrel roof</u>
HISTORIC SUBFUNCTION: <u>Hay and grain storage</u>	STRUCTURAL SYSTEM: <u>Balloon framing</u>
OCCUPIED: <u>Yes</u>	STYLE: <u>Gambrel roof barn</u>
	TYPE: <u>Livestock barn</u>
	<u>2x6 studs, 1x8 #106 drop siding, 1/2"x6" cedar lap siding and steel siding</u>
ACCESSIBLE: <u>Yes with permission</u>	WALLS: _____
STORIES: <u>2</u>	SIGNIFICANT PERSON: <u>Ole. E. Stackland</u>
*DATE OF CONSTRUCTION: <u>1910 to 1920</u>	CULTURAL AFFILIATION: <u>Norwegian</u>

**ALTERED/MOVED NOTES:** Original site. Most evidence of milk cow stanchions has been removed. Roof covered with steel roofing. Three sides of the walls covered with steel roofing. Some of the doors and windows were framed in and also covered with steel roofing. The foundation is pre 1890's, which may indicate that the present barn was built on the existing foundation.

**INTERIOR NOTES:** Two rows of 6x6 posts, and (3) 2x8's for a beam, two 2x4 solid walls support the 2x8 and 2x10 joists for the hayloft floor. The West 28' has 2x10 floor joists and the East 30' has 2x8 floor joists. The floor joists run the length of the barn and the beams run the width of the barn. Four double horse stalls are still in place on the East wall. One granary is still in place in the center of the North wall.

**OTHER NOTES:** 2x6 stud walls, with 1x8 #106 drop siding and 1/2"x6" cedar lap siding. Rafters are 2x6's. with two rows of 6x6 posts and 6x6 beams supporting the hip. Posts are 14' - 14' - 10' - 10' - 10' O. C. to set on top of beams and walls on the first floor. Cupola is very ornate from the 19-teens. Windows are 8"x10" four light over 8"x10" four light, double hung for ventilation.

**\*PHYSICAL NOTES:** Barn is in good condition.

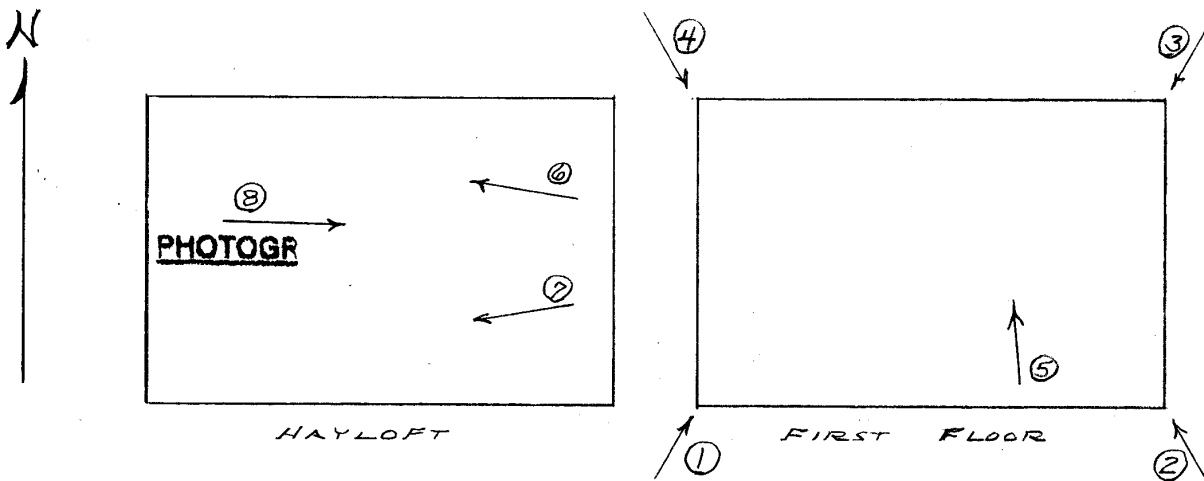
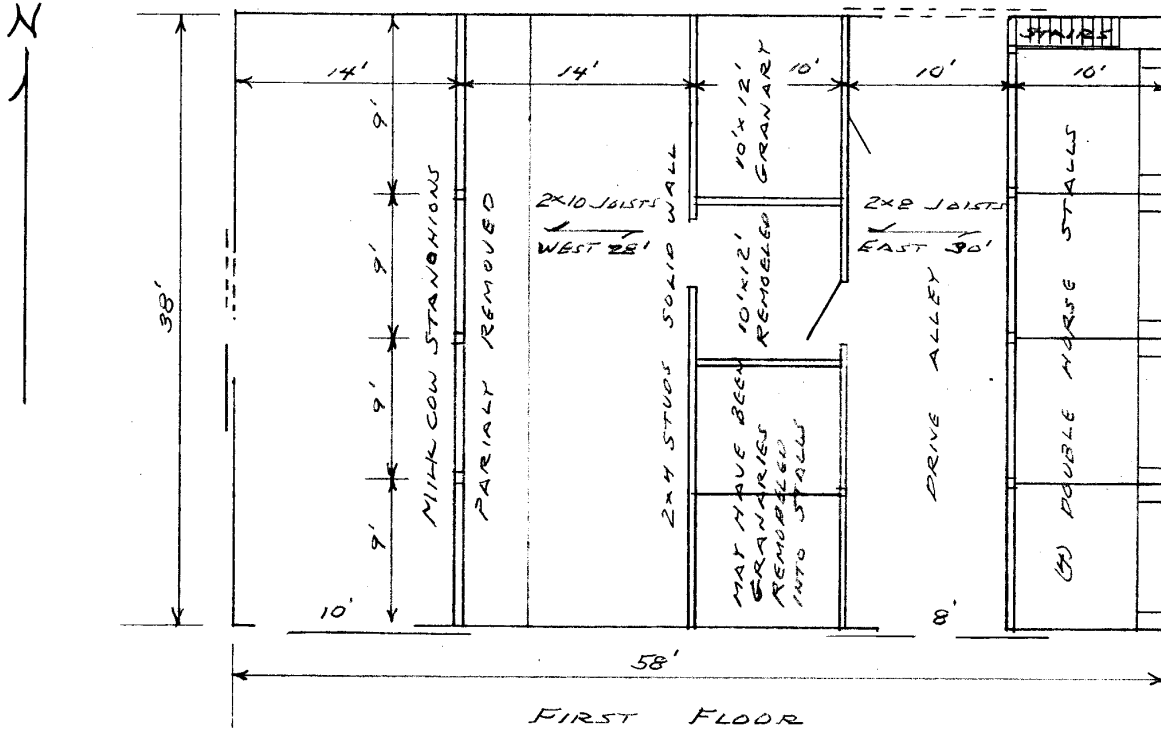
\*UTM ZONE: \_\_\_\_\_

\*RESTRICTED: Y or N

\*UTM EASTING: \_\_\_\_\_

\*UTM NORTHING: \_\_\_\_\_

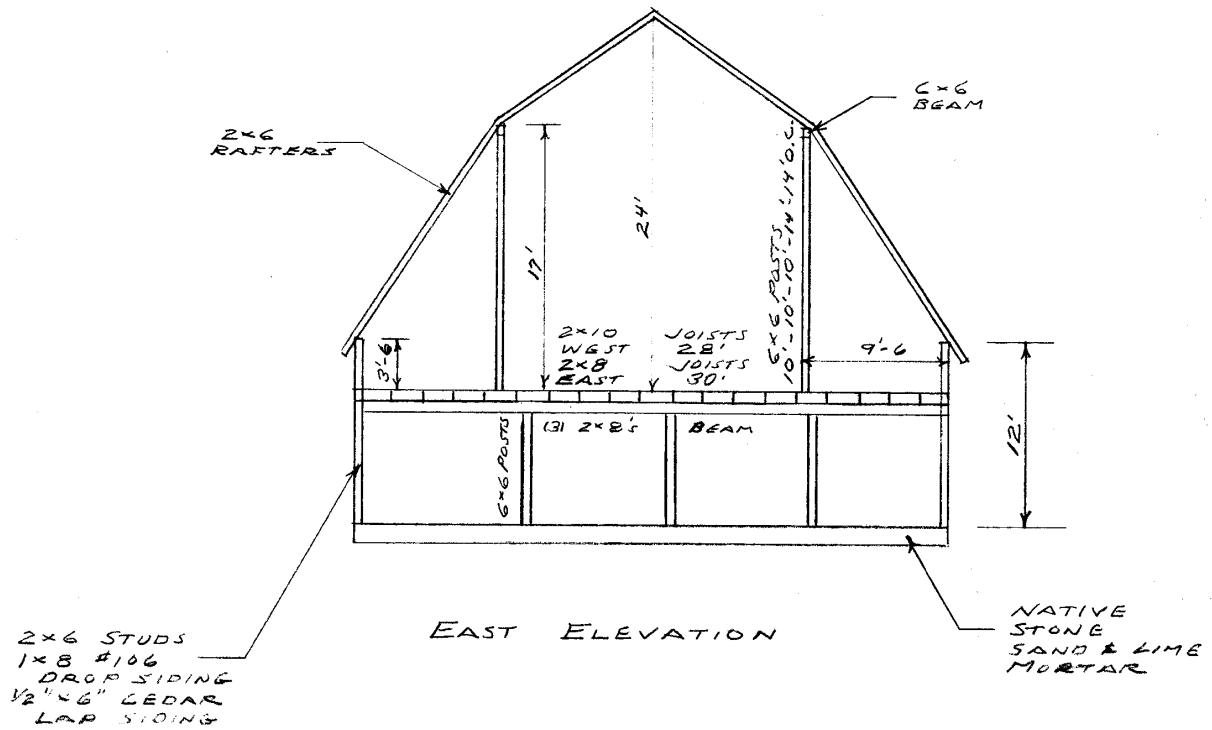
**SKETCH MAP**



\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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**SKETCH MAP**



**PHOTOGR**

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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** July 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 1  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking NE, SW corner

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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** July 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 2  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking NW, SE corner



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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** July 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 3  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking SW, NE corner

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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** July 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 4  
**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Looking SE, NW corner

\* = REQUIRED FIELD



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PHOTOGRAPHER: Jim Stone  
DATE OF PHOTO: July 18, 2013

ROLL NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_  
PHOTO NUMBER: 5

CAMERA DIRECTION: First floor, looking NW,  
6x6 post, (3) 2x8's beam,  
2x8 joists, note granary  
on North wall.

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**PHOTOGRAPHER:** Jim Stone  
**DATE OF PHOTO:** July 18, 2013

**ROLL NUMBER:** \_\_\_\_\_  
**PHOTO NUMBER:** 6

**CAMERA DIRECTION:** Hayloft, looking NW, 6x6 posts and 6x6 beam supporting hip.



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PHOTOGRAPHER: Jim Stone  
DATE OF PHOTO: July 18, 2013

ROLL NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_  
PHOTO NUMBER: 7

CAMERA DIRECTION: Hayloft, looking SW, 6x6 posts and 6x6 beam supporting hip.

\* = REQUIRED FIELD

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PHOTOGRAPHER: Jim Stone  
DATE OF PHOTO: July 18, 2013

ROLL NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_  
PHOTO NUMBER: 8

CAMERA DIRECTION: Hayloft, looking East,  
East gable end wall,  
hayloft door.



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The Ole Stockland family in 1923. Pictured are: Ole, Edwin, William, Frank, Clarence, and Ragna

PHOTOGRAPHER: \_\_\_\_\_ ?  
DATE OF PHOTO: \_\_\_\_\_ 1923

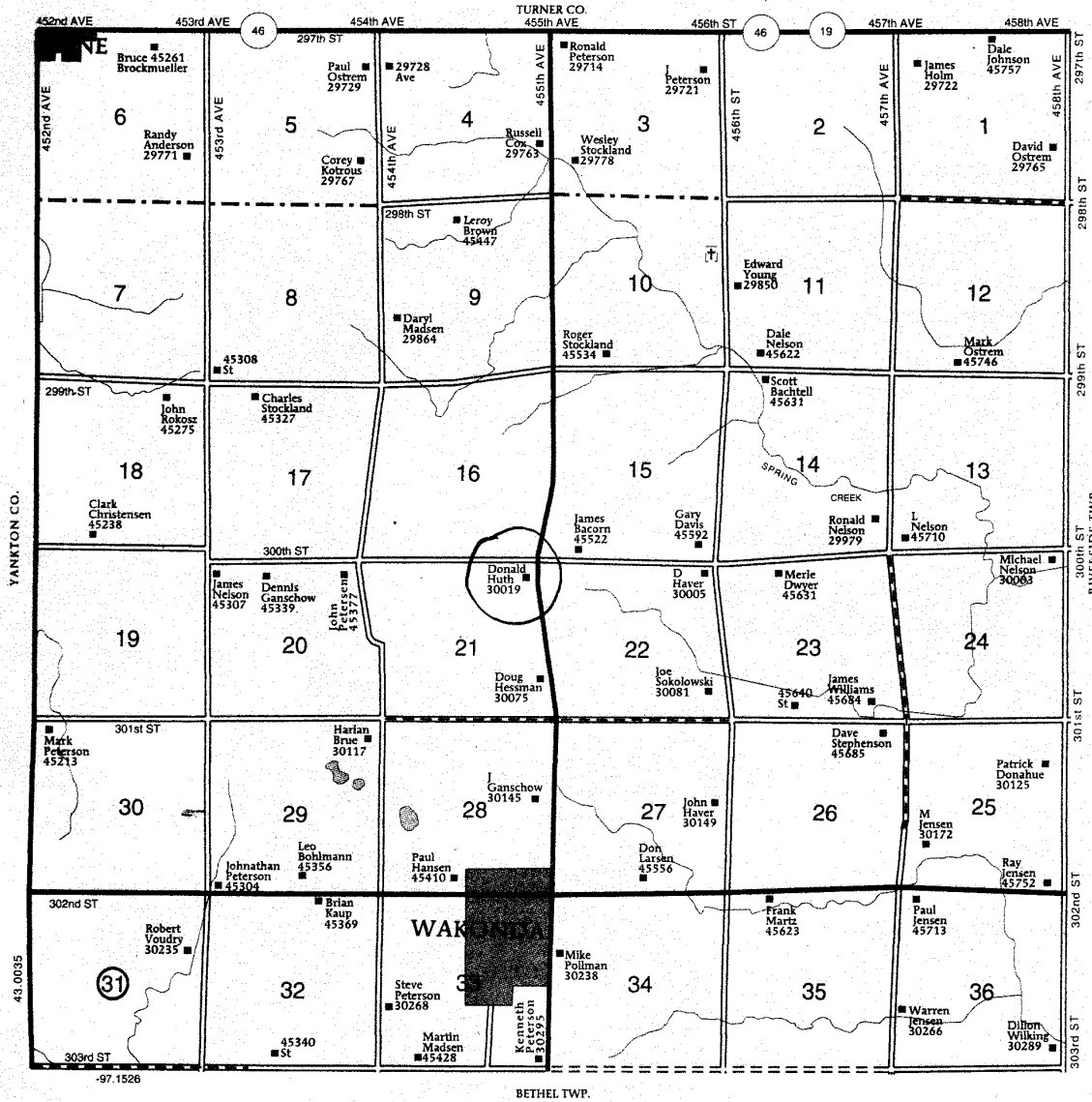
ROLL NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_  
PHOTO NUMBER: \_\_\_\_\_ 9  
CAMERA DIRECTION: \_\_\_\_\_ Looking NW



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**T-95-N STAR DIRECTORY R-53-W**



\* = REQUIRED FIELD

## **History**

This farm located in the NE ¼ of Section 21, Star Township, Clay County was homesteaded by Robert H. Shurfelt.

The 1894 Clay County atlas lists G. C. Mayer as the owner.

The 1901, 1912 and 1924 Clay county Atlas lists Ole E. Stackland as the owner.

The 1937 Clay County Atlas lists Federal Land Bank of Omaha as the owner.

The 1948 and 1956 Clay County Atlas lists R. Olson as the owner.

**The Following Is From**

### **Wakonda, S. D. Centennial Book 1885 – 1985**

#### **Ole E. and Ragna Stockland Family**

Ole E. Stackland (note name change, was still Stackland in the 1924 Clay County Atlas) was born in Norway on July 1, 1863. He came to America in 1881. In 1901 he married Ragna Olsen of Chicago. The following year they moved to Wakonda, settling on a farm north of town. This farm is now the Don Huth residence. Ole and Ragna had four sons, Edwin, born in 1903; Clarence, born in 1904; William, born in 1909 (deceased); and Frank, born in 1913 (deceased). They also had a daughter who died at birth in 1920. Ole died July 29, 1929. Ragna passed away in 1938. They are both buried in the Union Cemetery.

#### **Ole and Ragna Stockland Family**

By Clarence Stockland

When our children were growing up they frequently asked us to tell them about the “olden days”. They delighted in hearing about our way of life and our experiences when we were their age. It was likewise always exciting for me to read and hear about the lives and experiences of the generations of Wakonda area people that preceded my time. I believe most people in a closely-knit community share the same feelings. Here then, as a living member of the preceding generation, I am happy to contribute something for the Centennial History Book about my family and about life as we lived it while we were growing up. For those of you of or near my vintage, I hope you find something in the reading to stir your imaginations about those care free, or perhaps not so care free days of yesteryear.

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My parents, Ole and Ragna Stockland, were Norwegian immigrants. My father came to Illinois from Haugesund on April 14, 1881 and my mother to Wisconsin from Gjovik on May 30, 1899. They met in Chicago and were married there in March 5, 1902. On March 18, 1902 they arrived in Wakonda and settled on an 80 acre farm two miles north of town that my father had previously purchased. Four boys were born to this family on the farm and all were attended by Doctor Frank A. Swezey. Edwin was the first-born, followed by myself, William and Frank. A baby sister, last born, died at birth. Edwin and I are the only survivors of this family. Our childhoods were happy and I will be eternally grateful to my parents for choosing to move to South Dakota and the Wakonda community where I have so many pleasant memories.

Our parents were Lutheran but the nearest congregation of that faith in those days was a three-hour, 12-mile drive by team and buggy to Westerville. As a consequence we did not attend often. I do remember making that long drive only one time and we were late arriving. It was a bit bewildering to find all of the women sitting on one side of the church and the men on the other. Eventually we joined the Methodist Church in Wakonda, which was near enough to attend regularly. I have very fond memories of participating as a youngster in the church activities, especially the program for Christmas Eve. The big pine scented tree lighted with fluted wax candles in many colors, the nativity scenes, the church decorations and the programs in which we participated made for an exciting night. Of course we were always on the edge of our seats watching for Santa Claus to come in to start distributing gifts and a bag full of candy for every youngster. In those days it seemed we always had deep snow for Christmas and the family would all bundle up in warm quilts and horsehide robes and ride to church in the horse drawn bobsled. Always after a cold ride home, mother would make hot chocolate to help warm our chilled bones.

My parents had a keen awareness of their good fortune in having come to America and I am certain they were motivated by such feelings to see to the welfare of kin and friends who came newly to this country. Consequently, during my very early years, it seemed there was always at least one and sometimes two men, who stayed with us for months at a time until they could get established on their own or return to Norway. Often they stayed through the winter and I am sure that is was a drain on the family purse and it certainly imposed extra burdens on my mother. They did help with fieldwork and fence building and were given some pay in addition to being housed and fed.

My mother was a good cook and we were always well fed. Otherwise our family lived rather austerity, i.e. as far as use of luxury items of the day were concerned, such innovations as running water, electricity, telephone, central heating or a piano, were deemed not really essential to our well being, especially by my father. I believe his austerity stemmed from his early beginnings as an orphan and from his rugged service as a very young boy in the Norwegian Merchant Marine. Consequently my parents lived out most of their lives on the farm without the convenience of those "non-essentials". Both died in their early sixties. Our house was tiny compared to most neighboring homes, but it was a hospitable place and warm and cozy in winters. We youngsters slept in the one room upstairs under the rafters. There was a window in the south end and a chimney through the opposite end radiated a bit of heat in the wintertime. Sometimes, during a blizzard, snow would sift through the shingles and accumulate in tiny drifts on the horsehide robe, which was invariably the top cover in cold weather. Underneath the robe would be warm quilts and flannel sheets so we were always snug. We did not feel deprived. On the contrary it was exciting from this safe haven to listen for the barnyard noises, the hoot

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of the owl, the croak of frogs, the howl of the coyote, which abounded then and the mournful whistle of the night train winding its way between Yankton and Sioux Falls via Irene and Viborg. Often we could hear the chug-chug of the engine at the Wakonda power generating plant. Very few automobiles disturbed the quiet of the night in those days.

Saturday nights and Wednesday night during the busy harvest season, were shopping nights in Wakonda as in most small country towns in that era. That is when farmers would bring in eggs, cream, butter and other produce to trade at stores and cream stations for groceries and cash. It was also a time for socializing and visiting among friends and neighbors. It was natural of course for immigrants of the same tongue to gather in knots on street corners, or in stores where they chanced to meet and their enchanting language or dialect is what you would hear. Those were indeed colorful days. At the produce station you had to wait in turn for your cream to be tested for butterfat content. Butterfat content was the basis for determining the payment you would receive. Most men and women used this waiting time to run errands like getting bolts they needed at the hardware store or picking up harness they left at the harness shop for repairs some days before. Some men preferred to spend the waiting period in the saloon. Others would wait in line at the barbershop for a haircut, shampoo, shave, or perhaps a bath. And speaking of barbershops, I recall that there were at least two shops in town in those days. If this seems incredulous to some of the younger generations today it must be remembered that there were many more farms and many more people making up the farm population than there are today and most of them required barber services. One barbershop was located in the basement of the Wakonda Hotel and I am sure it had at least three barbers. That memory is quite vivid because father took me there for my first haircut and I was scared and I know I bawled. I had been accustomed to having only my father cut my hair, except in the summertime when a close neighbor, Herman Hackett, clipped our heads to the scalp with a hand powered mule clipper. We all took turns spinning the crank while Mr. Hackett operated the clipper. The Hacketts had a large family and all the boys got the same scalp treatment. It took no time at all to get such a "cut" and you did not even have to sit or pay for it. So back to the Saturday night before I digressed. While the husband did his errands the women of the family were waiting their turn for a clerk to fill their grocery order. The clerk would write down the name and price of each item you asked for in a receipt book and fill the order as you waited or to be picked up later. If the eggs and cream you brought in did not cover the cost of the groceries and you were short on cash, you could charge until you sold the hogs or cattle or some grain. You always received a copy of the sales slip. There was no finance charge. When you did pay your bill the grocer would give you a sack of flour or sugar and invariably he would throw in a sack of candy for the kids. I should mention here that the practice of "candling" to insure freshness of eggs came into use sometime during this era. The process involved examining each egg by holding it in front of a light bulb. Light shining through the egg would reveal any spoiled ones. It was a time consuming job and had to be done before credit could be given for the eggs brought in.

For a time, we, like many other farmers shipped cream in five and ten gallon cans by train to creameries in Sioux City and other places. The filled cans would collect on the station depot at Wakonda. Obviously some of it had been accumulated over many days or even weeks that it had badly soured and on hot days the lids would be forced off some of the cans by the pressure from fermentation and cream would overflow to form an unsavory mess for T. C. Hanson, the station agent, to dispose of or for flies to gather and sop it up.

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In those days we were visited quite regularly by peddlers, such as Wakins, Ralieg, Baker and others who sold spices, patent medicines, needles, thread, etc. They traveled in a horse drawn enclosed spring wagons. One of them sold a tonic called "Peruna". It contained herbs and I suspect alcohol and when you had spring fever "doldrums" a spoonful of Peruna would brighten your day for you! I rather think it may have been the "spirits" in the bottle and not the herbs that lifted the body's spirit. I do not know if it would have helped, to have Peruna on hand, when the worldwide flu epidemic struck in 1918. Instead, we as did many people, wore that evil smelling stuff, Asfetida, in a small bag hung from the neck. It was supposed to ward off the flu bug but I think its chief effect was to keep other people at a distance. Perhaps in this respect it was effective in reducing contact and spread of the disease. Although some of our family did catch the flu that year, none became seriously ill. In addition to the Peruna salesman, there were occasional peddlers who sold ground coffee in bright five-gallon shotgun type cans. Other peddlers walked, carrying suitcases filled with wares like harmonicas, needles, thread, etc. One stopped at our place about noon one day and was invited to dinner. I can imagine my parents enjoying hearing the latest world news from him. He gave us kids a harmonica and gave mother some needles and thread as payment for dinner.

Lots of gypsy caravans roamed the countryside in those days and we were warned by our parents to give them wide berth. Begging was their way of life and they lived and traveled in groups in buggies and covered wagons. Stories persisted that they had been known to kidnap small children who were taught to beg for them in cities. Perhaps these were scare tactics by parents, but we were genuinely afraid of that possibility and always took to the fields when we saw a caravan approaching. Some gypsies drove very fancy horses and rigs attesting to the fact they were not necessarily penniless.

Tramps and hoboos also meandered through the country. One of them, known as Old Jim, came regularly to our place for years. Dad would give him a job for a few days and he would "spin his tales" for our entertainment. Then he would move north and return during corn picking time. He would pick corn for a few days before continuing his trek to the southland. He was not too swift a worker. Most corn was picked by hand in those days and it would take him all day to fill a two-box wagon. However there was considerable entertainment value for free in stories he told of his wanderings about the country.

My family's first ride in an automobile was a trip to the county fair in Vermillion with Mr. and Mrs. Chris Hansen, our rural mail carrier, in their two cylinder 1907 or 1908 model high wheeled international. Roads were all dirt and mostly un-graded and at one hill all but the driver had to get out and help push the rig to the top. Several years later a friend of the family from Viborg, a lady with a brand new 1912 or 1913 Ford touring car took us to the fair. Dusk was closing in as we were returning home that evening and she decided she ought to light the headlamps. They were carbide lights with the carbide tank mounted on the running board. To light them you had to get out of the car, open a valve on the tank with a wrench and then light each lamp individually. The lady did not know exactly how this was done and we had to drive to a farm place for help in interpreting the instructions and get the lamps lighted. It was most unusual in those days for a lady to be driving a car. However it was probably no more difficult or dangerous than driving your team to town for groceries and other errands as my mother and most of our neighboring farm women had to do in earlier days.

Family recreational and social activities in those early years included going to our church and school picnic, the Chaytauqa, Fourth of July celebrations, minstrel shows, the circus and the merry-go-round



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when they came to town. On Sundays, after church and on holidays there were dinners and visiting back and forth with friends and relatives. Mother was a member of the Methodist Ladies Aid Society and Dad belonged to the Modern Woodman and Odd Fellows Lodges. Often a neighbor, Fred Conrad, would walk across the fields to our place and he and Dad would walk to town for a lodge meeting and an evening of Norwegian Whist, which was a popular card game at that time. On the evening of July 4, 1913, 72 years ago now, Dad hitched our faithful mare, Bird, to the buggy and took Edwin and me to watch the fireworks at Wakonda. Mother stayed home with William and baby Frank. The site of the display was in an open grassy area at the south end of Main Street, on the west side, about opposite of where Heritage Manor now stands. The program committee had constructed a platform several feet high, with a two by four railing about three feet high on all sides. It was pleasant evening as I remember and spectators sat on the grass north of the stand. Soon after the show began, about twilight, tragedy struck. To launch the sky rockets the men on the platform would lean them against the railing, then light the fuse and the rocket would roar skyward. Suddenly, as we watched, a rocket with its fuse lit slipped to the floor and headed for the spectators. I can still see in my mind eye, how the people in its path leaned away as it came at them. Unfortunately it struck one of the townspeople, George Babb, in the head. He was rushed to Dr Swezey's office and a crowd gathered and milled about the street waiting for words of hope or to learn the worst. It was a moment in the history of Wakonda that I am sure remains forever etched in the memories of those who were there. We did not tarry long but went home, sad, but thankful that it was not one of us. The inscription on his headstone reads July 5, 1913 so he lingered until after midnight. He was 42.

Our farm included a large open pasture and many of the neighbor boys gathered with us there on Sunday afternoons during the season to play baseball. The group included members of the Roach, Mikklensen, Christian, Hanson, Gaines and Conrad families and our cousin Harold. After the games we would all go to our house for sandwiches, waffles or other goodies.