An Immigrants Story

or

The Story of A Common Man

By

Niels Nissen Brons
(1859 – 1945)

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MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

I was born November 5, 1859 in Brøns, two Danish miles south of Ribe, Jutland, Denmark, and the home of Jacob Riis. (If you don't know anything about this man, then by all means find out all you can about him. America can be justly proud of Jacob Riis as well as many other good Danes).

My parents were poor, but honest, striving, respectable people. As far back as I can remember it was customary, when father, Elias Nielsen Brons, was not working away from home, for me to sit during the twilight hour with Father singing folksongs, or listening to him telling stories from his "soldier days" until it was my bedtime when Mother would have me say the "Lord's Prayer" and tuck me down in my featherbed. Such was my home.

In order to get a background to my story lets go back to the nineteenth century. During that time France and Denmark had an agreement to help each other in time of war. When Napoleon was at war with all Europe, many young Danes were enlisted in his vast armies. A farmer, Anders Madsen, had several grown sons, one of whom was to join Napoleon in his conquest of Russia. The one selected was a farmer and not a soldier. So he offered his younger brother Niels a large sum of money to go in his place. Niels, a more adventurous youth, was engaged to one of the servant girls on the farm. She promised that she would wait for him; so Niels said good-by to his home. This young adventurer became my grandsire.

Years went by, nobody heard a word from him, and all mourned him as dead. One evening, after seven long years, a bearded, wild-looking man in a ragged uniform asked for admission to the farm home. This was Niels, home after seven years – but too late to claim his bride, who, thinking him dead, had given her hand and heart to the brother. Taking in the situation at a glance, Niels accused them of being unfaithful and false. Seeing two crossed swords on a sidewall, he tore them down, gave one to his brother and challenged him to a duel.

Their old mother stepped between the two men and upbraided Niels, saying that he had no right to accuse them of unfaithfulness, that he had never during the seven years sent them as much as one word. "You come into your home like a madman, challenging your brother, who probably never held a sword in his hand before. And furthermore, it is only right and proper, when we all thought you dead, that your brother should marry the girl, who through you, rightfully belongs in this home."

Niels no doubt saw that his mother was right. He left, but swore that he would never again enter his home. From there he went to Brøns. Sometime later, Niels met a girl by the name of Else Jensen Nederby, Jens Christensen Nederby's daughter, and they were married on February 12, 1819. Else was supposed to have Scottish blood in her veins, but when her ancestors came to Denmark, Father could not tell me. One day, so the story goes, when Else was tending cows and sheep out in the heather, a bareheaded wild-looking man, roaring like a wild animal, swinging a broad short sword threatened her. Else stood stock-still, scared stiff and

didn't know what to do. Noticing that the man's eyes were riveted on her lunch basket, and thinking that perhaps the poor man was hungry, she took off the lid and held the basket out to him. He grabbed it and ate like a starved animal. Thinking that now was her chance to get away from him, she started to walk away, but he followed like a dog clear into town, where he was taken care of. Perhaps these rumors appealed to Niels' adventurous spirit; at any rate, Else became my paternal grandmother.

My grandparents lived to be very old. One day, at a ripe old age, Else walked along the highway carrying a bundle of faggots for kindling, and knitting as she walked. A fine carriage caught up with her and stopped. A kind voice asked "Would you like to ride Mother?" "Yes, thank you, my son." The coachman jumped down and helped the old woman into the carriage, placing her on the seat next to a distinguished looking gentleman. She kept the bundle of faggots on her back and continued with her knitting. Smilingly the man said, "Why not put the bundle down and rest your back?" "Oh, it doesn't matter my son; I'm very comfortable with it on my back." Presently the man said, "Mother, do you know with whom you are riding?" Yes, I do my son. I've been your nurse-girl." "What! Are you Else Nederby?" "Yes, that's who I am." Now the ice was broken and the conversation flowed easily. Knud Knudsen from Hedegaard brought the old woman to her home; and from then on, he paid regular visits to the two old people.

My parents moved from Brøns before I was old enough to realize it. We now lived with my mother's father in Gallehus for several years. From there I have my first childhood memories. My grandfather was honored and highly esteemed in the whole community. He did all the tailoring at the different farmhouses bringing his own pressing iron and his helpers. I remember how they sat on a low, solidly built table, while Mother sat on a chair sewing buttonholes. One helper had been with him for many, many years. At night he slept in an alcove bed in that same room.

Mother was born in this little town of Gallehus March 18, 1833. It is here that the two gold drinking horns were found. Sometime after they had been brought to the museum in Copenhagen, they were stolen and, I suppose, melted. The culprit was never found. A copy can be found made of baser metal. Count Schack has erected two boulders standing some 8-10 feet high. The inscription on the first reads: "Here was found the first gold horn, July 20, 1630, by Kristine Svensdatter from Osterby". The second stone has this inscription: "Here was found the second gold horn, April 21, 1734, by Erik Lassen from Gallehus".

We had a big dog that followed me everywhere. East of the house was a deep ditch that was always full of water. At certain seasons, it was full of water lilies. One day my mother found me lying with my head on the dog's forelegs. Both the dog and I were sopping wet. Mother has told me this so often that I feel as if I can remember it. One of the first things I really can remember was one day that I must have been naughty for my Uncle Carl picked me up and put me into a pen filled with calves. When they said "b-a-a-a" I thought they would kill me.

Now that we are duly introduced, I shall go on with the story. My grandfather's house was at a crossroad diagonally across from a large inn or hostelry. One day in the early summer of 1864 some of my little friends and I were playing at the crossing. All at once we observed a cloud of dust on the south road and presently we heard the hoof-beats of a galloping horse. Out of the dust cloud emerged a Danish dragoon. His horse was foam-flecked after a long, hard ride.

He called to several men at the inn asking about directions to a certain place. This he got in a few words. His next request was "Please get me a drink of water". Mother attended to this last request; she came running with a pitcher of cool milk and a platter of hotcakes. The milk he drank and the hotcakes he rolled up and shoved into an inside coat pocket. With a wave of his hand he put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight heading in the right direction. No sooner was he out of sight than a new dust cloud appeared from the south. There were two Prussian Uklans (Lancers) who, in brusque voices, demanded to know which way the "damned Dane" had gone. The men at the inn pointed and off they went – in the wrong direction. This was the first impression my young mind got of the war that raged not so very many miles away.

During Grandfather's last illness, money had been borrowed and security given in the property with the result that the home that rightfully should have been Mother's was lost. The family now moved out to Tønder, a little city where Father was promised work at a limekiln. Two small rooms were rented in the rear of an inn. A detachment of Austrian infantry had taken possession of the barracks that a short time before had been occupied by Danish soldiers. The officers of this regiment had their headquarters at this inn and Mother earned a little money by washing the linen for some of them. One day an orderly for one of the officers saw his chance to take a starched shirt out of the package intending to use it at a dance that evening. The officer, however, found that the shirt was missing and came tearing into the back yard where Mother was working and accused her of stealing one of his shirts. However, she soon convinced him that he must look elsewhere for the missing shirt. Naturally he went for his orderly who owned up to taking the shirt. The poor culprit was marched down into the back yard to beg pardon of the woman, who through his pilfering, had been wrongly accused. The orderly was to be punished severely for his misdeed. Mother begged for the poor fellow to be let off easily for this first offense; but no, an example had to be set so that it wouldn't happen again. Stealing was one of the worst offenses according to Austrian morale. Nothing that Mother could do or say had the least effect on the officer's decision until she flatly refused to ever launder his linen again if he insisted on the punishment. " I am sure" she told him, "that the poor fellow never intended to steal the shirt, but intended merely to use it and then later return it to his master after it had been laundered again." "Will you agree to do my washing as heretofore?" "Yes", said Mother, "provided the orderly will be let off this time."

This little incident was the cause of giving me many days of fun and pleasure. The orderly showed his gratitude in several ways by helping Mother carry water, get fuel or run errands. One day he took me with him down to his comrades at the barracks, and from that day on it was a daily experience. I ate with them, romped with them and marched with them. These Austrian soldiers were more like friends than foes. One day they took me along outside the city where they had great earthworks thrown up. While there, I fell into a moat; the soldiers roared with laughter as they pulled me out looking like a drowned rat. They removed my clothes, wrung out the water, and hung them on up-planted bayonets to dry, while I trotted around wrapped in a soldier's coat.

This incident brings back to my mind an event from my early childhood when I joined other boys in hunting rats with the help of water and dogs. We filled all the holes with water until it got too wet for them and they all came out, looking as I felt that day when the soldiers pulled me out of the moat.

Sometime before we moved from our home in Gallehus my little sister was born. I didn't just like this at first for I had to be quiet so as not to disturb little Caroline. But as she grew away from infancy I became very fond of her. At first she resented my boyish pranks and rough manners, but very soon we got to be great pals. Mother never worried about my little sister when I was about.

The work at the limekiln didn't last long and, as no other work was to be found, my parents decided it was cheaper to live in the country than in the city. So our little family moved out near Hedegaard Manor of the Knud Knudsen family where Father got work. To help replenish the family larder, Mother bought 30 geese at a bargain from a farmer. These she would fatten on gleanings (gleanings are what poor people are allowed to gather in the fields after the grain is harvested) and sell at a profit. She would use the down for pillows and feather beds.

Close to the house was a great marl pit or pond. This was filled with water to within 10 or 12 feet. Marl is clay containing a large percentage of lime and is used to spread upon worn out or poor soil. Farmers, in this way, kept up the fertility of the soil and thousands of acres were made to grow good crops with no more expense than the labor. Great ponds dot the country where marl has been removed for many years. Many ponds are 40 feet deep, the sides almost perpendicular, an awful hole to fall into but a paradise for geese and ducks.

One day a courier warned the whole countryside that the Hungarians were coming, telling us to hide everything that could be hidden. It was not the Hungarian army they warned us about but the rabble of hundreds of men, women and children following in their wake. They lived off the spoils of war and stole everything they could lay their hands on. Furniture, food, bedding, everything that could be moved was taken way out in the heather. But what about the geese? The sight of them would surely make their mouths water. Before the vanguard came in sight, all the geese were driven into the big pond. Our little family stood in front of the house as the Hungarian soldiers marched by very orderly, molesting nobody. Soon the rabble came, yelling and screaming and quarrelling among themselves. Seeing that our family was nearly as ragged as they themselves were, there was no incentive to exchange clothing with us. Mother had thought of that beforehand. The whole building was searched, but nothing of value was found. Suddenly they espied the geese and an earsplitting yell went up. Here was something of value, if - yes, if – they could get them. A goose is not credited with a lot of intelligence, but this bunch certainly knew enough to stay out in the middle of the pond, screaming and making a great commotion. Tiring of their fruitless goose hunt, the mob finally ran off in a hurry to catch up with the army. This was the last time the Hungarians came here.

Father had worked a long time at the Manor, but being an "extra" and not one of the regular servants, he was laid off when the busy season was over. The last day he was there, I was allowed to go with him. When we got back home in the middle of the afternoon, we found the doors locked. Mother, not expecting us home until evening, had taken Caroline with her and was visiting a neighbor friend. There was a door in the rear with a small hole for chickens and ducks to enter. Father pushed me through this small hole and told me to unlock the door from the inside. It was so dark inside that I had a hard time finding the lock. At last I succeeded and father came in. We were both hungry so Father proceeded to butter several slices of bread. I noticed that one slice that Father was buttering already had butter on the other side and told him about it.

“Oh no there isn’t” said Father. But as I had seen the butter I persisted in contradicting Father, who finally gave me an ear cuff for my trouble. It hurt the side of my head, but my pride was hurt much more. I’ll never forget the look Father gave me when he found that I had been right.

Before winter our little family moved a half Danish mile east to a town called Abild, where father was offered a job of thrashing grain by hand. This was hard work, long hours and small pay, but this was the lot all poor people had to submit to in those days.

After the war a new boundary line between Denmark and Germany was set farther north. Where formerly, along the highways, we saw the red and white mileposts, we now saw the Prussian black and white. All got to feel the Prussian yoke. Where formerly the people used to consider that “Right was Might” they now had to reverse this and realize that “Might was Right.” All self-respecting and right-minded people found this state of affairs unbearable and bucked Prussianism in every conceivable way. We all had to be Germans, whether we wanted to or not. The poorer class of Danes, for whom times were very hard, stayed loyal to Denmark. This made it hard for them to get work. Very often they had nothing to eat but potatoes dipped in salt and they were grateful even for that. Many of the big farmers turned their loyalty to Germany, and we called them “Home Germans” and they were even harder on the Danes than the real Germans were.

Father was often out of work because of sickness. Sometimes it was pneumonia, but often it was the ague, a malarial fever, marked by successive cold, hot and sweating fits. He had an old friend and schoolmate living in Tønder. As he was a physician, he often helped Father with medicine; and as Mother was a natural-born nurse, Dr. Friis gave her case after case among his patients, and in this way she could earn a little extra money. Dr. Friis also provided mother with tools for bloodletting and instructed her in the use of them. There were many older folks who thought it beneficial to have their blood tapped, so Mother earned some extra money doing this.

You children do not know anything about bloodletting so I will describe it to you. You lay bare the arm up to above the elbow. Then you tie on an elastic band very tight about the arm and have the patient grasp a stick very hard with the hand. Now the patient is ready. Mother now took the bloodletting iron, a small instrument made of brass, about one inch in width and two and one half to three inches long. Inside it had a tight spring that was connected to the blade of a knife. This blade cocks like the trigger of a pistol. The knife blade was put directly above the large artery in the hollow of the elbow and by pressing on the trigger, cut a small hole in the artery. The stream of blood shot into the air and I was to catch this in a bowl. That was always my part of the operation.

To set bloodletting cups you used another tool. The iron was cocked just as in the former instrument, but instead of one cut the blades made many small cuts lengthwise and crosswise in a circle about the size of a silver dollar. The whole back was bared, the tool pressed against the skin leaving a red spot, from which the blood oozed. A small glass cup with a tuft of cotton was set over the red spot, after that the cotton was lit with a match. Within a short time the cup adhered to the skin like a leach. Two or three such cups were set on both sides of the backbone.

The collected blood from both methods was kept till the next day, when the patient returned to inspect it. When it had been standing for 24 hours, the red corpuscles were at the

bottom and a yellow liquid on top. This showed, according to their belief, the unhealthiness that had been in the blood.

Shortly after we arrived in Abild, my little sister Caroline got sick and died. My beautiful little blond sister, whom I loved so dearly! What pain it caused my boyish heart to lose this little sister. I missed her continually until a few years later when a little brother was born. I anticipated playing with him when he grew up. However, he died when only a little over a year old, and again I was alone.

When I was seven years old, Mother took me to school. The first day the teacher permitted me to sit with whom I pleased. The second day I thought I could do the same, but the teacher told me I had to stay in the seat I was given. Before long I forgot this and moved over to another seat, but was kindly but firmly put back in my own seat. Again I disobeyed and this time the teacher set me up on a window seat. I jumped down as soon as the teacher turned his back. A second time I was put on the seat, with more force than grace, and I understood that I was supposed to obey the teacher. I started to cry when all the children laughed at me. When I asked if I was permitted to go back to my seat, I got permission and from that time on, I got along fine and I liked my teacher very much. But alas, it was only a very short time that I was able to attend school.

Every summer, from my seventh year, I was sent out to herd sheep and cattle from the first of May till late in November. Sometimes on the heather and other times in the meadows; often in hot sunshine, often in strong winds, rain and frost. I remember once, when it was late fall, that I was herding a flock of cattle in a meadow close to our garden. It was a bitterly cold, rainy day and I was wet to the skin and shivering with cold. Late in the afternoon my father came to relieve me so that I could go home and change into dry clothing. Just as I came to our garden, where we had a furnace room, I heard Father call to the cattle and saw him run to head them off. As I watched him he fell flat on the ground in a puddle of water. It made me shudder as Father was just recuperating from a sickness. I fell on my knees and prayed to God that this wetting would not make Father sick again. I know my prayer was heard for Father did not have any ill effects from the cold.

Not all the places where I worked were good. One farm was over a Danish mile from my home. The owner was a minor and his guardians were an old fat aunt (whom none of the servants liked) and an old uncle. The uncle was unmarried and an old miser who had a chest full of silver money. I happened to be in the barn one Sunday morning while he was counting his money. When he spied me, he jumped up like a madman, grabbed a fork and chased me all over the barn. I was too quick for him and got out through a door. It makes me shudder to think of what might have been his intention, if he had caught me. At this place I was hired for a year and my wages for that year were a pair of wooden shoes and two pairs of wool stockings plus four German dollars. At several of the other places where I herded sheep and cattle I was in the company of other boys, but at this place I was alone and I had to find something to pass the time when the animals were napping. One day I found a small cannonball, about 3½ to 4 inches in diameter. I pulled up some of the heather, making a straight path in the white sand. What fun I had rolling the ball along this imitation bowling alley. I thought any prince might envy me. I found out, to my sorrow, that there were others who envied me. The old fat aunt came out to the heather one day and seeing me roll the ball, said, “Why that is just the thing I could use to

ground mustard seed with." So taking my cannonball, she went away. It took a long time before I could forgive her.

The German school system commanded all boys who herded during the summer to attend school two hours each week. While I served at this place I didn't once see the inside of a school. They would rather pay a fine that let me go to school. In order to save, they often sent me out in the morning without stockings and wooden shoes, even though there was white frost on the grass. I think about how often I'd take off my cap and stand on it to get some feeling back into my toes. As an adult in America, I have often compared the conditions of the lives led by American boys and girls with the lives of Danish children 60 to 70 years ago.

In 1870, when I was 11-years-old, I served for a short time on a farm near Abild. The man had been drafted to serve in the German-French War. One day a telegram announced that he had been wounded in the battle of Sadan. Shortly afterward, the sorrowful message was received that he was dead. We all mourned with the poor widow, for we had all been very fond of him.

The temper of those loyal to Denmark often resulted in defiance. It showed itself at all times and in all ways, even among schoolboys who fought till the blood flowed. I especially remember one day when we Danes had won the battle. Many were the wounds received by the Germans. At last the Danish Captain, Jacob Mathiesen, and the German Captain, Heinrich Moss, were fighting on an ice flake in the middle of a water filled ditch. They kept on fighting even after they fell into the water, until two of the wiser boys pulled them out and separated them. Even this cold bath did not cool their temperament. Even the armed policemen were teased by us boys.

In the middle of town was a small field of about 1 1/3 acres with a pond full of water used by the firemen. At one side was a row of willow trees. This was a favorite rendezvous for us Danish boys. We met here every evening to sing Danish folksongs that could be heard all over town. One evening the Home-Germans had hidden two policemen, armed with long wooden canes. We had just started our concert when the two policemen appeared ready to use the canes on our backs. But what could they do with a bunch of boys who scattered to all sides. Even the smaller ones got away, though they had to throw their wooden shoes and run on their stocking feet. After this, we had to be more careful, but we soon had other ways of teasing them. We collected all our bows and arrows. To the arrows we tied small Danish flags and shot them into the thatched roofs of the Home-Germans. How this vexed them.

But it wasn't only the boys who caused trouble. All the young men who were liable to military service in the German Army were reluctant to put on the German uniform. Many a young man has had to flee before the Gendarmes in trying to cross the Kongeaa (The King's River) and get into Denmark where they would be safe. After that they never would be safe in Schleswig. Sometimes, as on a mother's birthday, they would sneak home during the night, then hide at home the following day. If a Home-German had a suspicion of this, he would notify the police, and then woe to the young man who was caught. He would be punished in such a way as to make an example of him. Usually they managed to get back to Denmark before they were caught.

One incident that will always remain in my memory, happened just before the German-French War. It was announced that there would be a statewide ring riding, a sport that many

people enjoyed. It was to be held at one of the biggest farms where the owner was loyal to Denmark. During several years the Danes had won the trophies. A young man, Peter Kallesen, son of a poor widow, had every year won the King's Ring or highest trophy. Now that Peter had fled to Denmark, the Germans felt certain of winning this trophy as this year they would have some of the lancers from the German Army. The Danes all wondered if Peter would dare to come home. The day arrived with the lancers in their splendid light blue uniforms with the flattering white cords hanging from the shoulders down across the front and with their tall helmets. Their lance rested in a sock on the stirrup, with a black and white pennant near the top. The Danes were anxiously looking around to all sides to see if Peter had come, while the Germans were bragging that they would win. Nobody, except the owner, knew that Peter had come home the night before and was hidden at the farm. When they were ready to start, the orchestra played a fanfare. This was the signal for Peter, who now came riding on a splendid horse. A resounding hurrah came from the Danish group. In my eyes Peter was the most magnificent knight that had ever lived.

Evidently one of the Home Germans had sent word to the police because two Gendarmes arrived but not before Peter had taken the King's Ring and received his trophy. Now Peter was standing in the midst of a group of stout farmers. He had the red and white scarf around his neck and covering his coat. His old mother, a stately woman, stood at his side. When the Gendarmes gave spurs to their horses with the intention of breaking the living wall around Peter and his mother, two strong hands caught hold of the bits, so that the horses reared, and the riders came near to being unhorsed. When they got their horses quieted, they drew their swords and made ready to try a new and more powerful attack. But seeing the dark and threatening looks that met their eyes, it cooled their eagerness. Here they were confronted by a power that could not be won by physical strength so they tried a new method, partly with promises and pleasant words, and then with threats, but neither the one or the other made any impression on the group. Now the Gendarmes turned to the group of Home-Germans for their help, but not one made a move to aid them, only the two lancers rode up and took their station beside the two. Now being four, they made ready to try "might" again. But the old mother, who stood in the midst of the group, raised her right arm commanding silence. They became so silent that they could all hear every word she spoke. Pale from anger and fright, she gave a thundering speech with tooth and nail. During the silence that followed the speech, the group that surrounded Peter and his mother moved quietly toward the door of the farmhouse. This door was quietly opened and Peter and his mother entered. The owner whispered something in Peter's ear. A moment later we could hear the hoof beats of a galloping horse on the opposite side of the farm buildings. In the meantime, Peter's friends had surrounded the four Germans so closely that they couldn't move without hurting someone. Maybe they remembered an incident that happened six months before between Abild and Skarbak where a couple of powerful young men had ambushed a pair of Gendarmes, who had shown great zeal for waylaying young Danes on their way to Denmark. It happened this way. When the two Gendarmes came abreast of them, they jumped up, one on each side of the horsemen. With a powerful grip they pushed them off their saddle, gave the horses a slap on the side, so that they galloped off to the south. Before the Gendarmes could get on their feet, the two men were over them and gave them such a thrashing that they would not be able to make any trouble for some time. Who the men were was never discovered. The only proof the

government had were the two Gendarmes who had had the sound drubbing. After the ring riding, several were summoned to meet at court and sentenced to pay fines. This affair was talked about for months.

UNCLE ANDERS FROM AMERICA

One morning early in the fall season of 1870, I was awakened out of a deep sleep, and when I got out of my warm alcove bed, I noticed a tall form standing in the middle of the room. Father whispered to me that it was my cousin Niels from Rabsted. He had walked the long distance during the night. He was put into my bed and they made a bed for me on the floor near the stove. Niels had been summoned to a session of his army group, and since he, on no account, wanted to be a German soldier, he would risk everything to be able to get across the boundary to Denmark and then later to sail to the USA All the following day we kept him hidden in our peat-drying place. When it became dark he was going to steal his way, in a round about way to the river, which was the northern boundary at that time.

When we met him in Portland, Maine, in 1872, he told me that he had come within a hare's breath of being either caught or killed. The guards at the river were standing so close that it was almost impossible to escape. The attention of the guards was drawn toward the spot where Niels was hidden when they heard a suspicious sound and several of them came running towards him. In the shade of some bushes he threw himself into the water and swam over to Denmark. He had just reached the other side when he was challenged, but now the Germans had nothing to say. He made his way to Portland, Maine and never went back.

That same fall my Uncle Anders came home from America. He and my Uncle Mads had gone to California in 1849. When he heard that there was gold to be found just by digging among the pebbles, Uncle Mads, who was only 18-years-old, wanted to go there. His parents refused to give him permission unless Anders, his older brother would go with him. This he finally consented to do and the two brothers boarded a ship that was to sail around South America. It would at least take three months and was by no means a pleasure trip. They finally reached the land of gold. It was all luck when they found gold, and there was a lot of hard work too.

After a few years in California, Mads decided to go to Australia and Anders was willing to go with him. He was very glad to get Mads away from this wild and lawless "Land of Gold". After a few years in Australia, they went back to the USA and settled down in Portland, Maine. They started a furniture factory together with a Norwegian named Johnson, but after a few years Anders and Mads started one of their own on Market Square, where they made showcases and a musical instrument called Pianodulsimer. Mads continued this activity for many years after Anders went back to Schleswig.

Now, as I mentioned before, Uncle Anders had come home. He had never given us a hint of his intention so it was a big surprise to us. The report spread like wildfire, all over town, that a man had come home from the Wild West. Boys and old ladies were especially curious to see him and to question him about the land, where there were so many Negroes. Some even thought that he must be married to a Negro and have black children. This amused Uncle very much. I became very important in the eyes of the boys who asked me all sorts of questions and were

quite envious of me because Uncle Anders had given me many American coins and taught me to count in American. He also taught me the alphabet and to say: “What do you call that?”, “Can you speak English?”, “Yes”, “No”, “Thank you” etc.

Uncle Anders stayed with us for two weeks and during that time he noticed how hard it was for my parents to keep the wolf away from the door. Father’s work of thrashing grain for the farmers from early morning ‘til late night only paid him a mark (worth 12 ½ cents) per day plus his dinner. Mother sewed caps with visors, for which she had a great reputation, so she was also busy from morning ‘til night. Of course, Uncle Anders told us a great deal about America and of how much easier it was to earn a living there. As I listened, I wished with all my heart that we could go there. Father and Mother were very interested, but how would it be possible for us to go? Where would the money come from to take such a trip?

Uncle did not at this time tell us that he had an idea of how it could be managed; he just kept on talking ‘til my parents were just as eager to go to America as I was. When he left us after the two weeks, he said that there might be a way to get the money, so he left us with hope. We all worked harder and tried to save more than ever before.

It was a custom among the poorer class that they would meet in each other’s homes during the cold winter evenings in order to save light and heat – one week here and the following week at a neighbors. As it might interest you to hear about how they spent these evenings, I will make a digression from the course of events.

In the center of the room was a lamp hanging from the ceiling. In a circle about two feet from the lamp was a row of hooks to which cords were tied and at the end of these there were glass globes filled with water. Under these globes sat five or six women with their lace making pillows and bobbins. The light from the lamp passing through the water filled globes would intensify the light so that they could see to make the complicated patterns of Cluny lace. Along the four walls sat the men, women, boys and girls, each with his or her work. Some of the men twisted rope out of straw for the beehives or to sew thatch onto the roofs. Others made willow wands for baskets. The women mended old clothes or darned stockings. The boys and girls knitted stocking, mittens, stoles and suspenders.

While they all worked, one would read, tell stories or sing to entertain them. At times they would all sing the Danish folksongs. Just before each family went home, someone would tell a ghost story that would almost make the hair stand on end. I was not afraid in the dark but after one of these stories my imagination played tricks on me and I could see all kinds of shapes in the dark. What a relief it was to get into the house and get the candle lit. I imagine it affected the other children as well.

The twenty-fifth of January, 1871 was a red-letter day for me because on that day a little brother was born. I still missed my little sister and brother who had died and now I was so happy that I cried. I fell on my knees and prayed to God that I might keep this little brother, whom we named Hans. [Hans lived to be 93 years old, died on April 15, 1964 and was buried in Solvang, California. Agnes Brons.]

My parents were not church people, but often in sorrow, adversity or want, I have seen them with folded hands and tear-stained cheeks praying with simplicity to God. It was Mother who taught me to pray; Father, on the other hand, told me stories and taught me songs.

This winter before Christmas, Father started to deliver pastries. He had to go out in all kinds of weather, carrying two big baskets - one in front and one on his back - with a smaller one in each hand. He delivered whole wheat bread, white bread, rusks, buns, butter cookies and twists. Father could earn much more at this than he could thrashing the farmer's grain but the long trips were fatiguing. Lent was a busy time but he earned more during this time and it enabled him to save more. As a rule the bakery sent him the pastry by wagon, but during Lent he had to deliver the hot cross buns in the morning. That meant he would leave home at 12 midnight with me as his helper. We arrived home with all the baskets full and then Mother would go along and I would stay home and take care of little Hans.

After 1864, we had many kinds of coins in Schleswig. The German coins were pfenning, groschen and thaler. The Danish coins were skilling, rigsbank, mark, rigsbanksdaler and speciedaler. Besides these we had a large thick copper coin called a sosling worth about the same as a skilling but in reality worth a little more. As Father got many of these and also a German coin about the size of a dime, but a little thinner, he earned a little extra when he came to exchange them. One of these thin silver coins played an important role in my life. It will perhaps interest you, so I will repeat the story.

This is the way it happened. The merchant had just received a new order of marbles in all the colors of the rainbow and of course these would attract us boys. But they were too expensive for us poor boys to buy them. Sixteen of them cost a skilling but where would the skilling come from? Every evening, when Father came home, he and Mother would count the money to see how much they had earned that day. One evening they lost a German skilling. They hunted and hunted but could not find it. With my sharp eyes I had spied it standing on edge against the wainscot. I looked at the coin and I thought of the marbles that it could buy. Several times I almost told Mother where the coin was as I was ashamed of taking it for my own use. But I hesitated and, as it often happens, when you don't follow an inspiration at once it is lost. The marbles won the day.

The next day I was sent to Tønder to buy some lime. With a basket on my arm and the silver coin in my pocket (but with a very bad conscience) I walked to town and entered Petersen's store. I knew him well from the days when we lived in Tønder. He inquired about my parents and I hold him about Uncle Anders and that we might someday go to America. When I got the lime, I took out the silver coin and asked for the marbles. He gave me 20 instead of 16 beautiful marbles. On the way home contrition set in. Had the silver coin burned my pocket, the bag of marbles burned still more. How was I going to explain the marbles to my parents? I thought of one explanation after another, but they were all untrue. No, that would be adding to my guilt, which was already larger than I could bear. At last the idea came to me that I might be able to sell the marbles to one of my schoolmates and then return the coin to my parents. With this decision made, I felt lighter and walked faster.

While I was occupied with these thoughts I had not noticed the dark cloud directly over my head and the next moment the rain came down in torrents. The lime in the basket began to steam and smoke. What should I do now? I had often seen Mother slake lime so I jumped down in a ditch, scraped out a hole, lead some water into the hole and then poured in the lime. I broke off a willow branch and stirred the lime 'til it was slaked. The next day Mother went with me,

with a bucket and a shovel, and dug out the slaked lime. It wasn't quite as white as usual but it could be used.

The next day in school I was lucky in finding a buyer for my marbles who was able to give me a silver coin. Happily I looked toward the time when I could look Father and Mother in the eye without a feeling of guilt. But how should I give back the coin? Should I put it leaning against the wainscot as I found it and let mother find it when she cleaned the room or should I lead her to it and make believe that I had just found it? No! That would not wash away the guilt in my own mind. No! I would have to give the coin to Mother and tell her of my temptation and guilt and then take my punishment like a man. So, bowed and weeping, I stood before my mother and made a full confession of my guilt. She looked at me with a glance that went to my heart and weeping she threw her arms about me and pressed me to her heart, while she said, "God be praised". She had gotten her coin back and for that she was grateful but she had also received something that was worth a thousand times more in her eyes. She had her little boy back, pure and innocent as before.

This occurrence has had such a thorough influence on the conduct of my life that it will follow me to my grave. Year after year for almost half a generation I have been entrusted with the management of up to a quarter million dollars but not once have I been tempted to use one cent for my own purpose. This is not said in self-praise for I consider it the duty of every Christian man or woman to be honest.

Included in Mother's inheritance was a bog lot about a quarter Danish mile northwest of Abild. As the price of fuel was very high during the war, Father decided during the summer to dig all the peat he was able to. So that you young Americans can understand what peat is and how it is made, I will tell you the process for I helped Father all that summer.

Peat is really a product of the heath and moor. There are three kinds that I know of - flaw, formed peat and dug peat. The first is made from heather. The plant is cut off close to the ground and is often used for fuel in the summer as it gives a quick heat but does not last. Then with a sharp spade you cut through the roots down through the white sand about 2 to 3 inches and scoop out the roots that form a solid mass. The formed peat is of a better quality. It is made from the soil in a bog. First you dig a big hole called a kneadingcare, then you put in a lot of the soil from the bog and cover it with water. If it is summer, you roll up your trousers to above the knees and with your bare feet you knead this 'til it is like mud. Now you bring out a form without a bottom, set it on a wheelbarrow and then fill the compartments (the size and shape of a brick) with the mud. You have to watch out for air holes because the peat must be solid when it is dry. The form is finally slid off the wheelbarrow onto some clean white sand. When it was dry enough to handle, it was my job to put the peat into circular piles building up to a point. While doing this work, I often came very close to an adder, a very poisonous snake.

The best quality of peat is dug out of the bog where there is a solid mass of vegetation. We used a spade that had two wings, so that you could cut each peat the shape and size of a brick. But now I think you must be tired of this peat lecture so back to my story.

Uncle Anders stayed mostly at Brøns but he often came to visit us and every time he would give me a lesson in English. He gave me a notebook where I wrote all the sentences and words I learned. But you would not be able to read it as I had my own spelling system. For example for "my shoes" I wrote *mai sjuhs*. "Where is my hat?" was *hwer is mai hat*. The "th"

sound I made with an apostrophe in front of a “d” or “t”. “The three cats, one gray, one white, one yellow” was *’da ‘trih kats, uon grahe, uon hwait, uon jellow*. Later when I learned how the English language was written with all these silent letters, I thought mine was much simpler and better.

During this summer something happened that amused me very much. In the apartment next to ours lived a tailor whose helper was a big, stout fellow. One evening he asked Father if he could borrow his eel spear the next day. He wasn’t sure that his master would give him time off to go fishing but he was going to try anyhow. The next forenoon he took a big bite out of his chewing tobacco, chewed on it a little while and then swallowed the whole mass. Of course this made him very ill and when his master noticed it he thought it was because of bending over his sedentary work and suggested that he take a long walk in the fresh air. But in order not to have his master suspect his intention, he pretended that he was unwilling to go. But of course he went as soon as the tailor was taking his nap. He came for the spear and I went with him so as to show him where Father caught eels. On our way we came to a large deep marl-pit and we noticed a very large pike just below the surface of the water. This was too great a temptation for the fisherman. With both hands he lifted the spear and with all his might threw the pole at the pike; but he forgot to let go, with the result that he dove into the water headfirst. Luckily it wasn’t deep so part of the pole was above the surface and I could get a hold of it. I pulled both the fish and the fisherman out of the water. It was such a funny sight that I laughed and laughed and never thought that he might have drowned. It vexed him very much that his accident amused me so and, not wishing to do anymore fishing, he decided to go home. How he explained all this to his master, I do not know. Maybe the large pike helped appease his anger at being fooled.

This summer was the best I ever had. When I wasn’t helping Father make peat, I was attending school and my teacher was our beloved deacon, Horlik. Before the year was out I was to advance to the top of my class and so skipped past both our Danish Captain, Jacob Mathiesen and our German Captain, Heinrich Moss. There was no wasting of time; I studied with heart and soul.

One day, during the harvest season, a man came to our house and hired me to help with the haying. A girl of 12 years and I were supposed to rake the hay. I went to bed early so that I could get up about midnight and walk over to the man’s house. They were at the breakfast table when I arrived so I was invited to eat with them. I couldn’t take my eyes off an old man sitting in a corner, eating cereal and milk out of a wooden bowl and using a wooden spoon. I wondered why it was necessary for the old man to be eating at a time when he should be asleep. But I suppose it was to save the wife the trouble of serving an extra breakfast. I asked one of the children why he was not sitting at the table and she said, “Great Grandfather is a big pig and Mother does not want him at the table”.

When we were ready to start they gave us two children a rake and a jug filled with milk and water. The men each carried a scythe, whetstone, a knapsack for food and a large jug of beer. On the way we passed by several manor houses surrounded by moats. These estates could tell many stories from the stirring times during the 15th, 16th, 17 and 18th centuries when the Counts of Holstein were itching to get hold of the fertile marshlands.

One story always intrigued me. Once during the 15th century, 350 noblemen and knights, dressed in their best armor, helmets decorated with large feathers, heavy gold chains and

precious stones and many other valuable things, led an army of 20,000 men followed by the cavalry and artillery with small canons. They did not get much use for these heavy weapons, as they could not maneuver them in the clay-like marsh terrain. A group of farmers, numbering about three thousand, had met to fight this large army. They were armed with long spears, bows and arrows and, besides this, each man had a long leaping pole. When this group put themselves in a posture of defense, scornful words and laughter rained down on them. The farmers answered with a rain of arrows and then swiftly retreated with the help of their leaping poles, taking long jumps across the water filled ditches. The invading army waded through this muddy terrain, thinking they could soon overtake the saucy farmers. To their surprise, the farmers again took up a position of defense, sent a rain of arrows, and then jumped over the ditches in retreat. This was repeated time after time, till they had the enemy where they wanted them to be. The farmers then gave a signal to open the floodgates and in a moment the ocean sent its water over the whole terrain. It was reported that the whole army, with the exception of a few who saved themselves, died a watery death. The marsh-landers collected a great booty after the water drained away again.

It was in such a marsh meadow that we were going to cut hay. Marsh hay looks something like the 'slough grass' that you older children remember from Elk Horn, Iowa. The two men now made a tremendous charge with their scythes on the long grass leaving it in wide windrows. It was these windrows that we two children had to rake aside leaving a clear row for the next round. We kept this up until almost noon when the two men decided to rest and eat their lunch. After this short rest we continued with renewed energy, as the men had sharpened their scythes so that they were almost like new. There was no time for conversation for we had to finish the cutting that day. A little after sundown we finished the last windrow.

Weary and hungry, we now set out on the long walk home. When we came to Roy we sat down by the side of the road to rest. The men sent me into the courtyard to see if I could get some milk and water in a jug for we were very thirsty. When I got into the yard, I met the owner named Feddersen. He asked me who I was and what errand I had. When he realized that I was the son of Elias Brons, he wanted to know how my father was. Father had worked for him for several years, while a young man. Feddersen was a good Danish man, and was good to the poor people. When I told him my errand he called one of the maids and told her to fill my jug with beer. What a surprise to get beer instead of milk and water! The little girl and I got our share and it gave us enough energy to finish our journey home. I have thought about American children of that age. Could they have endured such a long hard day?

Mother had a half sister who was married and lived in Sonder Lygum. Her husband was a Russian Gendarme. This was a home that I did not like to visit. They had three boys, one my age, and the other two older and they were always up to mischief. Every evening, when their father came home, he gave them a sound whipping, but the next day they were up to mischief again.

In Højer Mother had another half sister who was also married to a German. His name was Johan Volkwardsen. Mor broder (uncle) Johan was a splendid man. The village of Højer lay even with the sea level, so they had built a high broad embankment along the beach to protect the town and community from the ocean when there was a storm. I remember once when we were there that there was a violent storm from the west. Everyone was out on the dyke to watch

for breaks. We boys ran along the inside with some pails full of a clay mixture, and wherever we found the water seeping in we packed some of our clay into the hole until the water stopped seeping through. The men and women on top of the dyke carried sacks full of sand and large bundles of heather. Whenever a large wave went over the dyke they filled in the lowered place. It was a cold wet job, but they were safer on the dyke than in their homes for the top of the dyke was the highest point.

You remember in 1923 while we were in Esbjerg that the dikes broke and people and animals lost their lives in the flood. One good-sized boat was carried over the dyke and put down in one of the streets in Esbjerg. We left by train, but even as far and beyond Bramminge the harvest was ruined and cattle were drowned in the pastures.

East of Højer, among the sand dunes, lies an old inn called Snorem. It was notorious as being the hiding place for smugglers and highway robbers in olden days. Many stories are told of events happening there. As a child, I was always afraid to pass it as it lay half hidden among the dunes.

In Stokkebro, located between Møgeltønder and Højer, lived my mother's only brother, Uncle Jens. He was the 84-year-old uncle that you, Agnes, Esther and Rosamond can remember from Gallehus in 1923. My cousins, who were younger than I, were great at thinking up games to play. One day while we were visiting them, Father, Mother, Uncle and Aunt decided to go to Højer and let us children stay alone at home. "When the cat's away, the mice will play" so my cousins decided to play soldiers. We had hats out of old newspapers, had sticks for guns, and then one of them thought about their father's old Danish flag. With this at the front we, with the whole neighborhood of children, marched back and forth in front of the house.

Uncle's house was in the west part of town and about a thousand feet away was the inn. Suddenly we noticed two Gendarmes crossing from the inn to our house. Our first thought was the flag. We got it into the house, put it in the chest, locked the lid and hid the key. The visiting children all ran home so the Gendarmes only found three or four small children who didn't know a thing about the flag. I can imagine the sight of the Danish flag acted on the Gendarmes like a red cloth on a bull.

When our folks came home we told them all about it and Uncle was really angry. During the war of 1864 with Germany he had been Standard Bearer for his company, and at the end of the war, Denmark let him keep his flag. He treasured it as a sacred thing and kept it locked up in a chest. Now he would have to find a new place for it. When the northern part of Schleswig was restored to Denmark after the plebiscite in 1920, Uncle's flag was hoisted, while the orchestra played and hurrah after hurrah rang out from the gathered crowd. Uncle and some of the other old soldiers were given the Royal Cross. What a great day this was for my old uncle.

A short distance from Abild lies Emmeske (big Emmeske and little Emmeske). The population had the reputation of being stupid or foolish. Late in the 1860's, a distant relative of Mother's, came home from America, bought a farm in Emmeske and married a girl from there. As the buildings were all in a state of decay, he tore them down and built large brick structures. On one of the end gables he forged the letters, spelling: "WASHINGTON."

A couple of years later this relative died and an invitation was sent asking my parents to come to the funeral. On the day set a Danish farmer let his servant drive us to Emmeske. When we arrived at the place, about 9:00 a.m., the yard was already full of equipages of all kinds. A

pouring rain kept everyone in the house. When we entered we found that all the guests were having refreshments, but it was mostly “drinks”. For several hours they waited for the rain to stop, but it seemed to be an all day rain. Finally they decided they would have to go whether it rained or not. The wagons were made ready but, alas, most of the men were drunk and with much shouting the funeral procession, with an ordinary wagon as hearse at the front, got started. The driver was going slowly and steadily, as was the custom, but this was too slow for the other drivers so they started passing each other. As the road was narrow and slippery, many of them landed in the ditch. They even succeeded in tipping the wagon with the coffin. Some of the sober drivers thought this was going too far so it almost ended in a fight.

On the way home from the cemetery, they really raced each other and again, many were tipped into the ditch. In the end some of the horses bolted and the drivers lost control Luckily nobody was killed, but there were many bruises and much wet clothing. Late in the afternoon we arrived at the house and we were all hungry, and I imagine many were thirsty. Long tables were set and almost bulging under the weight of dishes and food. There were big bowls of wine, soup and pork roast, which was a customary dish to serve at funerals at that time. Everyone helped themselves with pleasure and there seemed to be plenty of everything, especially drinks. Before long they were drinking to each other’s health as well as to the health of the dead. When the meal was finally over, my parents wanted to go home, but they were told that it would be a big shame for relatives to be the first to leave. No, they would have to wait till all the other guests were gone.

In the evening some fiddlers arrived and those who wanted to dance went into the parlor. All the doors were open so when you walked about the house you’d see men with their glasses of punch or men playing cards and gambling with big piles of silver often changing hands. This continued all night and far into the next day, maybe because they were nearly all so befuddled with drink that they could not tell night from day. Towards evening we were given permission to leave for home, scandalized and wishing that we had stayed home. Well, what is your opinion of these people from Emmeske? Don’t you think they were half crazy? A party like this resembled the funeral feasts held by the Vikings for their fallen comrades with the exception that these funeral guests didn’t throw gnawed off bones at each others head, all in honor of the dead.

Uncle Anders married a widow by the name of Brodersen in Korbolling, not very far from Brøns, and bought property next to the widow’s farm. As far as I know, the widow’s son went to Portland, Maine and married my cousin, a sister to Niels Brons, who escaped from the Prussian Gendarmes by swimming across the river. Later on the Brodersens moved to Nebraska near Blair and two of their sons, Jim and Frank, visited us in Enumclaw, Washington, you remember.

PLANS FOR TRIP TO AMERICA

Uncle Anders had written to Uncle Mads in Portland, Maine and asked him to arrange a way for us to come to America. Sometime that fall Father received a letter from Uncle Mads telling him to start getting ready as he would send the tickets so that we could leave the first part of January, 1872.

During the summer of 1871, I worked on a farm near Ellum, not far from Lagon Kloister. The man’s name was Lorentz Lorentzen. They were wonderful people. They had two small girls

younger than I and they treated me as if I were their own son. Mrs. Lorentzen's brother, Peter Christian, who had been at an agriculture school in Denmark was the head servant on the farm. He was a very able and fine young man. That fall, when the days shortened and the evenings grew long, he would read to the rest of us. So we all became very close friends of the master and mistress. Peter Christian read "Gyngehavding" and Ingeman's romances and that was something I really liked.

The two little girls and I were like brother and sisters. Often their mother would let them run out in the field to play with me and they would generally bring some 'goodies' along for me. I taught them all the English I knew and this seemed to please their parents.

I slept in a large bed with a young man who would often walk in his sleep. He would get up, dress and go out to the enclosed home-field where the horses were tethered for the night. He would bring them in, put them in the barn, feed them, curry them and put harnesses on them and then go back to his room, undress and go back to bed. Next morning he was called early to get the horses. He would run out to get the horses and not finding them would come back dismayed, saying that the horses were stolen. After this had happened a few times, Peter Christian tied our feet together in bed. One night I awoke when something pulled my one leg. I was the young man starting to walk in his sleep. When at last I got him awake, we had a good laugh over it.

After the harvest, we had the great sorrow of losing the old grandmother. She was a very fine old lady and we all loved her very much. At that time, it was the custom to keep the corpse in the home a whole week before the burial. It happened that the coffin was put in the room next to our bedroom. The man and I were asked if we would let the door stand open between the two rooms, (then nobody would have to keep watch, as was also the custom.) That is, if we weren't afraid. "Oh no, we were not afraid." Of course nothing happened, but the next night the young man preferred to sleep in the hay. So the rest of the week I slept alone. One night I thought I heard something and I crawled under the feather bed. But I realized that the good old grandmother, who had always been so good to me while she lived, would not harm me now that she was dead.

The old lady had an honorable burial, and there was no drinking. When it was known that I slept alone in the room next to the coffin, I was admired for my courage. Peter Christian decided to test me, so he wrote a letter one evening and asked me to take it to the post office. The road went right past the cemetery and I never liked to walk there after dark, but as he was going to give me a 'mark", I was happy to go. When I got to the cemetery, I didn't let the grass grow under my feet and I was soon at the post office. I didn't enjoy the thought of passing the cemetery once more so as soon as I came to it, I started to run. Looking to the side I thought I saw something white, and ran so much faster that it can only have taken me a few minutes to get past, but I thought it took a long time.

When I was half ways home, I met a man and he stretched out both arms toward me and spoke my name. I could hear that it was Peter Christian. He regretted that he had sent me on this errand and had come to meet me. When we arrived home they served Abelskiver and I had to tell about my trip. Would I do it again for another mark? No! For two mark? No! For a Prussian Daler? No! Then they realized that I had really been afraid.

One day, toward the end of my service, Mother came and told me that now it was really decided that we were going to America. I skipped and jumped and gave my mother a great hug. I was as happy as if I were in the Seventh Heaven.

Since Uncle Anders had hinted that it might be possible for us to go to America, I had dreamed about it, imagining all the wonderful things that would happen, and the most wonderful of all was that I could go to school as long as I wished. This Father and Mother had promised.

During the last part of my service, they called me the "little American." Peter Christian and Lorentzen teased me and said when I had been in America and earned a lot of money, I would come back to Schleswig and propose marriage to little Marie, whom I loved as a little sister. They would see to it that I should not be repulsed. I blushed from bashfulness, but glanced at Marie, who sat on a stool at her mother's feet. Smiling she looked down at her little Marie. When the time came for me to go home, everyone seemed to be sad, and I felt very sad to say good-by to these good people. With tears in their eyes, they bid me farewell and a pleasant voyage, thinking of the long trip to America.

In the house, where we lived in Abild, there was room for seven families. We all had two rooms and a room for peat, our fuel. Across the hall from us lived an old lady called Valborg. Her oldest son, Christian Hansen, owned the house. Valborg had two other sons, Johannes and Hans Nissen, who a couple of years before had gone to Davenport, Iowa. The evening before they left, the old lady gave a farewell party for them, and as how her apartment was too small, she made use of our living room.

The oldest son, Christian, and his wife, and Johannes and his fiancée, and her mother, Hans Nissen and a couple of friends were the only ones at the party. I knew Johannes' fiancée whose name was Johanne. She had worked at a neighbor to the fat old aunt, where I spent a long hard year. She was a tall, beautiful girl and had a lovely voice. She sang one song after another, but there was one, "Crow Grove Ballad" in which the girl jilts her lover, that she sang with much feeling. The plan was that after a year Johannes was to send her a ticket and then they were to be married. He kept his promise and she sailed to America. But on the boat she fell in love with a lawyer and married him when they arrived in New York.

Valborg was one of the best Cluny lace makers in this community. She was very fond of my parents and I was her special pet. Every day, when she had finished her meal, she knocked on our door. That was the signal that she had white bread crusts and rinds for me. There was a thick layer of butter on these and to me it was a rare delicacy, as at home we only had bacon drippings. Now that it was decided that we were going to America, she said to me one day, "Listen little Niels, when you get to America, you must remember to greet Hans Nissen and Johannes." "Yes, I would remember."

Little did I know that it would be over 20 years before I kept this promise. One day in the early 1890's I happened to talk to Niels Hogh from Oakhill, Iowa about this promise. "Do you know," he said, "Hans Nissen and Johannes live a mile west of Brayton, the road going south from town." And then he explained to me where their farm was. The next time I was in Brayton with a load of corn, I drove out to the farm and gave them their mother's greetings. Of course they could not recognize me, but remembered me as a boy. They told me that their old mother had died many years ago and Johannes also told me how Johanne had broken their engagement, even after he had sent her the ticket to come to America.

Sometime in November 1871, we received a letter from Uncle Mads. In it he told how he had arranged for the payment of our tickets. A Mr. Palmer had promised to lend us the money. Father was to work for him as coachman, drive him to his office in the morning and fetch him every afternoon. In between he was to take care of the garden and drive Mrs. Palmer whenever she wanted to go out. His wages would be $28 a month, free house and garden, the milk from a cow and all the fruit we could eat. He was to pay for the tickets in monthly installments. The money would be sent after the New Year, 1872. We were in the Seventh Heaven. Just think! $28 every month! That was more than Father could earn in a year in Schleswig at that time. It was unbelievable!

From now on we were very busy. We were going to visit all our relatives and take leave of them, as we knew we would never be able to return to Schleswig. And at the very last we would have an auction on our few possessions. Our first trip was to Rapsted where Father's brother Jens lived. I loved to visit them as there were many children in that family. Niels, of course was in America, and Bine who likewise had gone. Left at home were Tomine, Sine, Else, Andrew, Jens, Christian, Soren and a small girl whose name I have forgotten. Uncle Jens was a capable carpenter and consequently was in great demand and his helpers were glad to work for him. He had just completed a large house for himself some distance from town and he had also made all the furniture himself. At present he was putting up all the buildings on a large farm.

Else was engaged to be married to a young man named Andreas Moller, whom some of you know from Eugene, Oregon. All the children were very musical and sang and played several instruments, so it was a great pleasure to visit them. When we said good-by to them we little thought that they would all land in Portland, Maine, even Uncle Jens, after he was left a widower.

We now went to Abild to rest a while before going to Brøns. You must remember that we went on foot on these trips. When we were ready to go to Brøns, which is 5 ½ Danish miles (23 American miles) there was quite a layer of snow so Father thought we had better postpone the trip until the road would be in a better condition for walking. You understand my parents had to carry little Hans, who was now a year old, besides our baggage. They discussed the possibility of taking a bus. As Father would soon be earning American dollars, they decided to spend the money. When people saw us waiting at the station for the bus, they decided that the American trip had gone to our heads. However, this was the only time we ever went by bus, and on the way home, we walked all the way.

Uncle Jef lived in Brøns and was in poor health. This was the first time since I was born that I had been back, so I did not know my cousins. Mathies and Niels, whom I later met in Portland, Maine and there were two other cousins, whose names I do not remember.

During the war of 1864 between Denmark and Prussia, Father and Uncle Jef were in the same company. Uncle was wounded when a bullet passed right through him He never recovered from this as one of the openings never closed and so he always wore a bandage. The doctor told him if it ever closed, that would be his end. Now it had started to heal and shortly after we arrived in America, we heard that he was dead.

One day while we were in Brøns, Mother took me along to pay a visit to Miller Jacobsens. Mrs. Jacobsen was my Godmother, so Mother asked me to go in and see her alone while she stayed in the kitchen and talked to the maids. When I came into the room, I put out my

hand and said, “How do you do, Godmother?” She took my hand in hers and said, “Hello my boy; am I your Godmother? What is your name?” When I mentioned my name she said that maybe she was my Godmother so she wanted to talk to Mother and they visited for several hours while Mother told her all about our trip to America and our prospects there. When we left she wished us a pleasant journey and good luck in the new country.

Now listen, children, and I’ll tell you how wonderful destiny plans our lives. The first Sunday in June 1934, when our congregation in EnumclawWashington. was celebrating its 40th anniversary and our new minister, L.C. Laursen, was installed I happened to sit next to one of our guests at the dinner table. During our conversation I mentioned my name and he asked me if I were from Brøns. When I said that I was, he told me that he was Miller Jacobsen from Brøns. Then he wanted to know when I was born and when I told him 1859 he said it it must have been his grandmother who had been my Godmother. Later I mentioned that I had a daughter living in Solvang, California. “Why I have a daughter who just married a son of Mrs. Gregersen from Solvang.” As Pastor and Mrs. Gregersen are some of my old friends from Iowa, we soon became very well acquainted. They live in Kirkland and from their windows can look across Lake Washington to the University of Washington where their son is a professor in Astronomy.

In Korballing, at Uncle Anders, we found that we were going to have a traveling companion to America. It was a young girl whose name was Sine Ludvigsen and to whom Mr. Palmer was also going to send a ticket. Of course we called on the Ludvigsens so as to arrange with Sine when and where she was to meet us. She was a tall, pretty, red-cheeked girl with large dark blue eyes, heavy brown curly hair and seemed very good natured. If I had been 12 years older, I think I should have proposed to her on the spot. Mother was very glad to have such a lovely companion on the trip. It was arranged that as soon as the tickets arrived, Mother was to write to her to let her know when to meet us at the Tønder Station.

We now started walking the long trip home. When we came to Bredebro, where Father used to buy his bread and pastries when he peddled pastries some years before, we stopped to rest. They seemed glad to see us and invited us into their home and served coffee, sandwiches, and cookies, as many as we could eat. And when we left they gave Father a basket full of bread, cake and twisted buns. My parents were in excellent spirits and jokingly said that this was a foretaste of what we could expect in America.

It was arranged that we were to spend Christmas with Mother’s brother and from there go to Højer to take leave of Mother’s half-sister and Uncle Johan Vol Kvandsen. Shortly before Christmas, a large handsome man came riding on a splendid brown horse and stopped at our house and inquired if it was here that Elias Brons lived. When my parents heard a strange voice they came to the door. What a happy surprise when they recognized Mother’s old uncle from the island of Sild, lying about three Danish miles west of Højer. Mother had told me about this uncle but I had never seen him. He owned a large farm and was in the Coast Guard on the island.

As Father, in his young days, had once worked with the Coast Guard on Sild, he was very much interested in talking to Uncle. We didn’t have room for his horse so they let me ride the horse over to the inn where the hostler took care of it till the next day when Uncle again left us. He had been in Højer and had been told that we were intending to go to America. Hence this unexpected visit.

At the north end of Sild there is a whirlpool or eddy called Listergab. Rumor told many stories of ships that came within the current and were doomed to be lost. This had interested me and now that I had a chance, I asked Uncle if this were true. He thought that Listergab had been mistaken for the large whirlpool that's found on the coast of Norway near the Lofoten Islands, but it was true that many fishing boats were shipwrecked in Listergab.

When Uncle left the next day, he gave me a Prussian dollar. I had never owned such a fortune. Now I could buy a pair of leather shoes, which I had never had before. Father's and my suits Mother sewed out of home-woven, heavy napped woolen cloth. I helped her by sewing the long seams and I had knitted all the new stockings during the winter months. Out of an old coat given to Mother she made an overcoat and cap with visor for me. Now with my new shoes (that were over an inch too long, so that I could wear them a long time) new suit, overcoat and cap I was quite a swell little gentleman in my own eyes. I had never had such an outfit before. But then, I was going to America!

As we didn't know for certain when our tickets would arrive, my parents could not decide when to have the auction. What if we sold all our possessions and then Mr. Palmer changed his mind about sending the tickets? A good friend of Father's had promised to be the auctioneer; he suggested that we wait until the tickets arrived and he could, within a couple of hours, get a crowd collected. After the New Year I was on the lookout for the mailman every day and, at least three weeks later, I spied him on his way to our door. Happily I ran to meet him for I expected this was the long awaited letter from America. The postman held a large envelope in his hand, but he had to deliver it directly to Elias Brons. Hurrah, our tickets to America!

Mother had a letter already written to Sine. It just needed a postscript to tell her the day to meet us and she asked the postman to keep his eyes open and stop when he saw me, as I would have a letter for him. The next day we sold all our furniture; six chairs and a table that Uncle Jens had made and given my parents as a wedding present, a chest of drawers, an old grandfather's clock, a large cookbook and a few other books, kitchen utensils and some bedding. And last of all, Mother's bog lot, which had to be deeded to the buyer.

A couple of days later a kind Danish farmer drove us to the station in Tønder where we were to await Sine who was to come with the bus. The bus arrived, but no Sine. The train came and left while we were still standing with all our baggage. Father was annoyed by this delay, but go without the girl, he wouldn't think of doing. Hoping that Sine would arrive the next day, we walked over to the monastic building where a friend of my mothers lived. She was married to a man from the Island of Funen named Hiels Helgesen. He was now an officer of justice in Tønder. We had often stayed overnight with this family and they gladly let us stay there that night. Next day we were again at the station awaiting the bus. When at last it was in sight, we were anxious to know whether Sine would be on it. When the bus stopped, the driver jumped down and opened the door. Down stepped a gentleman, a lady and a little girl, and then Sine with red eyes from weeping. She was afraid that we had left the day before and gone on without her. When she saw us she ran over and gave Mother a big hug. Father didn't have the heart to reproach her. She said it had just been too hard to tear herself away from her dear ones at home.

ON OUR WAY BY TRAIN AND BY BOAT

The train came and we and our baggage were placed in one car. The locomotive started to puff and groan and slowly it started to move. The speed increased and I was shaking with excitement. This was another dream come true. A few years before the tracks had been laid from Flensborg to Tønder, about 1868. The opening day for this event was an occasion for the whole community to come to Tønder to see this miracle. On both sides of the track the people were closely packed as the zug (train) came rushing in to the station covered with flags and flowers. A large company of ladies and gentlemen in uniforms stepped out of the train. This day Tønder was really in the vogue. There were flags everywhere, speeches were made in honor of the train, and they even drank to its health, or maybe it was for the health of Tønder. It was then that I wished that some day I should be riding on this train. Was it really true that I was on it or was I just dreaming? No, it must be real for I could hear the locomotive puffing and see the telegraph poles skipping past the windows and Father, Mother, Sine and I dressed for a journey.
No, I was not dreaming!

The train speeded up and soon we should be in Hamburg. All the new things I saw on this trip interested me immensely, but there were so many things that, in my mind, it was all confusion. Just riding on the train alone was a thrill. I was 12-years old at this time.

When the train arrived in Hamburg a man located us and took us to the Company's hotel where we stayed two days. On the third day we boarded what I, at that time, thought was a big steamer bound for Hull in England. Since then I have seen real steamboats and realize that this was half passenger and half freight for animals. We were led down to a big room, in the middle of which a big square was roped off and filled with several hundred sheep. Along the walls sat, stood or lay men, women and children: Russians, Polacks and Austrians and here we too were assigned a place to sit.

We soon left this hole and stayed on deck. The trip down the Elbe River was wonderful but when we got into the North Sea it was a different story. The boat pitched and rolled, but in spite of this we stayed up on deck as long as it was possible rather than go down into the hole where it was almost impossible to breathe. Sometime during the night a storm came up and we were commanded to go down. What a sight met out eyes! In the dimly lit room we saw sheep and people rolling among each other as the rope had broken. In a corner was a bunch of sheep with several men sleeping on top. We clung to the railing along the stairs as it was impossible to go ahead. That was a long night sitting on the steps. Mother, Sine, Hans and I were sick. Father alone was able to help us and as all things have an end, so did this terrible night.

The day following was clear and sunny although the waves were still so big that the boat pitched and rolled. We were all chased up on deck which was a good thing as we might have been strangled by suffocation. A bell rang and we all crowded down to the cook's cabin, where they handed out bread, hard biscuits and a large cupful of steaming coffee. It was a very plain breakfast, but we could have as much as we could eat.

During the day we, together with ten other passengers, were assigned to a small cabin. There were not many conveniences, but it was much better than the 'Calcutta hole' of the night. We were so exhausted after the sleepless night that we all slept until the hazy morning when the

boat landed in Hull, England. After breakfast we were transported to the railroad station. What a relief to feel solid ground under my feet. The 400-mile trip had been anything but pleasant.

The impression I got of Hull was that it answered to its name (Hul in Danish means hole). During the trip through England, from Hull to Liverpool, we came into the mountain area with its coal mines and big factories: Leeds, Oldham, Manchester and others. I had never seen such high mountains, nor so many smokestacks before and even the train was different from the one in Germany and went much faster.

When we arrived in Liverpool, we were taken over to a large hotel where we stayed a whole week. We found several other Danes, waiting to take the same boat on which we were to sail. Several others arrived before the week was past, but they were not all going on the same line. We men were put in a large room with many cots and many comical things happened. One evening there was a pillow fight. Pillows flew hither and thither and we were busy ducking to avoid being hit. One pillow missed its mark and went through an open window and landed on the street. The man who had thrown it got his trousers on in a hurry, down the stairs and out in the street, just in time to see a little girl, who was selling oranges, run down the street with the pillow in her basket. He soon caught up with her, but she would not give up her pillow, so he offered her a shilling, which she gladly accepted. As he entered the room, waving the pillow above his head, we signed a truce and it all ended in a good laugh.

The hotel was built in a square so that there was a large open courtyard in the center. In this there was a pump and a trough for the horses. Among the passengers at the hotel there were many different nationalities. A young Swede, a dandy with a cane and gloves, came into the courtyard every morning with soap and towel and took a sponge-bath in the water trough. The kitchen girls could see it from the window and finally one morning one of the girls came out and tried to explain that this was drinking water for the horses. He could not understand a word of what she said so she took him by the arm and led him into a lavatory where there was a whole row of basins and water faucets. At last he understood that here he could do his washing and not in the water trough.

During the week that we were in Liverpool, we took walks around town. To start with we stayed near the hotel, but after getting better acquainted we lengthened our walks. A ‘Fynbe’, a man from Funen, who was a real trickster, carried an umbrella and, after choosing his victim, he would suddenly open his umbrella right in front of their face. Some smiled good-naturedly; others laughed at the comical fellow; others stopped and looked soberly at him; and others gave him a good scolding, of which he did not understand one word. It’s a wonder that he didn’t get a punch in the nose. He was getting braver, or should I say emboldened, and decided to try his trick on a big policeman right ahead of us. The umbrella flew open in the face of the big Englishman. He neither smiled nor laughed, but grabbed the Dane by his collar, turned him around, and though he was struggling, led him away. When he came back to the hotel the next day, carrying his umbrella, we asked him what they did to him. He answered, “Oh they put me in the jool”.

The day we were to board the steamer, each passenger was given some tin implements: a cup, plate, pail, bowls of several sizes, knife, fork, spoon and dessert spoon, all tied together with a cord. With this equipment and our baggage we walked down to the wharf and boarded an express boat, that was to take us out to the steamer farther out in the harbor.

The name of the steamer was “Scandinavia” of the Allen Line. The next morning the pilot, who was to steer the boat through the Irish Sea, came on board and we were off for America. We had use for our tin ‘arsenal’ at once as we stood in line and walked past the cook who gave us coffee or tea, a hummock of bread, hard biscuits and a large portion of hodge-podge that contained meat, potatoes, gravy, barley and onion.

Our cabin contained eight bunks. This was much better than the German boat. I enjoyed the first days sailing very much. The many castles built on inaccessible, rocky summits set my boyish imagination in motion. Vikings and robbers probably had their nests here, from where they could, like the eagle, spy on their future victims. On the Irish side of St. George’s Channel, there were also many castles that reached up into the clouds. It must have been master builders who had been able to build these ‘Eagle nests’ on the high cliffs.

At Queenstown, we lay at anchor half a day to take on passengers and freight that was brought out on smaller steamboats. It was interesting to see them maneuvered in the rough sea. But what especially attracted my attention was a rowboat, with four men and an officer. When it came to the side of the steamer, the officer climbed up the rope ladder. He was a very tall, stately man dressed in light blue trousers, a short red jacket that just reached to the belt with white braids across the breast and a very small round red cap with a strap over the chin. What errand he had I didn’t know but maybe he came out to get the pilot.

When we came out in the open sea, we had a lot of fog and this was followed by a storm. The waves went over the ship, and as it was winter, the deck was covered with a layer of ice. For several days we were not allowed on deck and we suffered from seasickness. It was anything but pleasant. Fortunately the storm did not last very many days and before we reached Newfoundland we had lovely weather for several days. We saw many whales and also icebergs, but the worst was that with the icebergs we had heavy fog so that the speed of the boat was lowered and often we did not move at all. There was much alarm among the passengers.

After this another storm was coming on and this was even worse than the first one. The trap doors were lashed with heavy rope, so that no one could get up on deck. The bulls eyes were covered with iron plates and the boat rolled like a nutshell in the rough sea. An Englishman, with a long gray beard, and his son had a dozen Thoroughbred stallions in the hold. At the height of the storm five of these died. It was a sad sight to see these splendid animals roll in the throes of seasickness and fright. When at last the storm abated, the sailors got busy getting the dead horses on deck and heaved them overboard.

When at last we were permitted on deck, a sad sight met our eyes. We hardly recognized the deck. Things that had been standing upright had suffered terribly. Most of the lifesaving boats were gone. The one smokestack was so damaged that it was a wonder that it was still there. Several of the ventilators were bent almost flat on the deck. One day, as we neared the coast of America, we sailed into an ice-covered surface, as far as the eye could see. It was fun to stand in the prow and watch the ship cutting its way through the ice. Large ice flakes were pushed aside so that they glided far out on the icy surface.

AMERICA AT LAST

A few days after the storm we sailed into the Portland harbor which, at that time, was one of the best in the world, and maybe still is. Several small express boats met us about a mile away from the dock. The rope ladder was thrown down and several gentlemen climbed up on deck. We four and little brother sat sheltered from the wind and cold by one of the chimneys.

A man with a long beard and top hat drew near, and after regarding us for some time, went over to Father, put out his hand and said, "Welcome brother!" They clasped each other's hands and, blinded with tears, stood looking at each other for a long while. Finally our turn came, and were we glad to see Uncle Mads! He had laid his plan, as he knew that the steamer would stay in the harbor till the next day. He arranged for us to leave the boat and go back with him in the express boat. He made contact with a customhouse officer who had come out to the boat. Our baggage was inspected to see if anything was liable to duty. Then we brought our 'tin arsenal' as Mother thought she could make use of it in her future home. But when Uncle Mads saw it, he smiled, went over to the rail and threw it all overboard. Uncle noticed that Mother looked longingly after her treasure, so he said, "You don't suppose that I would take you through the streets of Portland with all that tin? People would think that a mouse-trap man and tinker had come to town".

When the Second Mate saw that there were ladies in our group, he ordered some portable steps, so we got down without any trouble. The two brothers sat and talked together all the time while we listened to them and watched Uncle Mads. He was a little above average height, erect and quick in his movements. His long beard was conspicuous as it divided in the middle and the wind blew it to either side over his shoulders. Later, when I saw him at work in his shop, he clasped it with a clothespin at the back of his neck.

When we landed at the wharf, we started out walking, carrying brother Hans and all our baggage. We walked on so many streets in a quick march that it was hard to keep up with Uncle Mads. To me it seemed as if our voyage had taken half a year, so I really enjoyed the exercise. I asked Uncle what date it was and when he answered February 21. I could hardly believe that it was only a month since we left Abild.

The whole family had come to bid us welcome at Uncle Mads' home. His wife was Danish, but mixed her language so that we could hardly understand her. All the children spoke only American. The oldest girl, Marie, a little older than I, could understand a little Danish. Besides her, there was Anne, my age, Nelson, Thomas, Abe Lincoln and Lily, a beautiful little girl who reminded me of my sister. My cousins soon took me outside to show me all their things. I realized that what Uncle Anders had taught me was a great help, for by guessing at some words I understood some of their chatter.

Thomas was the cousin I liked best. He was quiet, modest and kind to the other children. Nelson was quick-tempered and irascible. Abe Lincoln was a small pale 16-year-old boy with an ugly scar covering the one side of his face. As a child he had been tied into his highchair so that he would not fall out. But he kept on rocking the chair till, at last, it tipped and he fell over against a heater. Before they could pick him up he had deep burns that almost caused his death.

The next morning, before daylight, I was awakened by the tooting of horns. My cousins came into my room, each with a tin horn and offered me one. As soon as I was dressed I went

out on the street and joined the other horn tooters: ta ra ta ta ta – ta tah! It was George Washington's birthday that we were celebrating, so you can see I was already a loyal American citizen!

After lunch we decided to go out to see Mr. Palmer, who lived in a lovely villa quartered in the outskirts of town. Both Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were home and bid us welcome and were so friendly and accommodating that I couldn't resist comparing the treatment poor people in Denmark received from the wealthy farmers and then the reception we got from this wealthy American family. What a contrast! Mrs. Palmer, a small pretty brunette with heavy black, grizzled hair, embraced Mother and then Sine, who burst into tears for all this friendliness. Maybe she was thinking of her own dear old mother.

Mr. Palmer was a tall elderly man without beard with a pair of large dark eyes that showed friendliness toward everyone. He was a man who inspired one with respect. Such was the master we were to serve. I say 'we' because I helped Father in the garden; Mother helped the cook in the kitchen; and Sine was second maid and companion for Mrs. Palmer, who really loved the beautiful Danish girl. (It wasn't long before the Palmers adopted Sine as their own daughter).

The second month Father's wages were raised to $40 a month and, as long as Mother helped in the kitchen, we had all our food from there. So we could really consider ourselves fortunate that we had come to America and we tried in every way to show our appreciation and gratitude for everything the Palmers did for us.

Besides the Palmers, there were five other families who lived in these large villas. First of all there was Gen. Neal Dow who shared driveway, barn and carriage-house with the Palmers. West of the Palmers there were four villas, three of which were occupied by old sea captains and the fourth by a Mr. Deering. These families lived together as one big family sharing a large orchard that they used as a pasture for their cows. The Deerings owned a big farm, where many farming implements were tested. Later I heard that this family was related to a manufacturer out west.

The house we lived in was built on a sloping hillside, so that it was two stories on the one side. The family who lived underneath had their entrance from the east, while we entered our up-stairs apartment from the west. Our fellow lodgers were an elderly newly married couple from Ireland. The man was coachman for Neal Dow, the old general. Mrs. Dow had died recently after being sick for several years. Her nurse, a farmer's daughter, who had nursed her all this time, became so dear to Mrs. Dow that she asked her husband to adopt her so that she could stay in the family. This became unnecessary as their only son decided to marry her. The young Mrs. Dow and Sine became very good friends.

It often happened that Mr. Palmer came out in the garden, when I was working there, and he always started to talk to me. He had traveled quite a bit in Germany and could speak a little German, but usually he would have to finish in English. As a rule our conversation was questions and answers. And if he did not understand my German, I could explain it in English, so we got along very well. I often had to be interpreter for Father and Mr. Palmer. I was supposed to have started school, but at the beginning of our sojourn in Portland, I was a little shy and was afraid the children would laugh at me. Besides this, Uncle Mads said the second

semester would soon end and then there would be a long vacation, until school opened again in the fall, so he advised me to wait until then.

I would often go down stairs and ask questions and the lady was very friendly and helpful. I still had my notebook, so I would point at something and say, "What is this?" and then write it down with my simplified spelling so in this way my vocabulary grew daily. She also let me look in some large books: "Scribner's History of the Civil War." By studying the pictures and reading the captions, I learned quite a little, but it wasn't till I started Sunday school, going with my cousins, that I really made headway. And I could understand the stories told, as soon as I caught on to the gist of the matter. In an amazingly short time I could keep up with my class. The leaflet they sent home with us, I studied all week, so by Sunday I knew it by heart. I suppose my Danish accent was very pronounced, but at least my teacher could understand that I knew what I was talking about. At home in Schleswig I had studied my Bible history and Luther's Catechism and as the substance was just the same, only spoken in a different language, I could spend all my time on learning the language, so that I would be able to follow my class in elementary school next fall. I was not afraid of arithmetic, for the process was the same in all languages. Every Saturday I visited my cousins, and by listening closely to the way they pronounced their words, my accent improved greatly.

Uncle's house was on Elm Street between Cumberland and Oxford streets. A little north of Oxford was a large gloomy brick building with a balcony built out from the fourth story at the rear. All the windows were broken, and people said there were ghosts in that upper story. The cousins told me that every night a rumbling sound could be heard inside the building and every night at 12 o'clock a white clad woman appeared on the balcony, raised her arms and then disappeared. About a year before the detectives had found a gang making counterfeit coins and since then there had been no ghosts.

The man who owned the house where Uncle Mads lived was Mr. Frank Burke. He owned several houses in that block. Behind the houses he had a large barn and a coach house as he was in the draying business. He had several grown-up sons as well as other workers to take care of the business. Mr. Burke lived in a large house on Cumberland Street and my cousin Bine was the maid. She was engaged to be married to Ferdinand Ebbesen, a blacksmith from Copenhagen. You remember his daughter, Tine, who was married to John Berlin. (They visited us many years ago in Enumclaw, Washington and lived for a while near Puyallup, Washington). Ferdinand often came to see Bine, I guess too often, for one night he came over to Uncles and told us Mr. Burke had shown him the door. We asked him what was the reason for this. "Oh" said Ferdinand, "Mr. Burke thought I came too often to 'spark' their maid. I 'spark'? (in Danish, 'to spark' means to kick), I don't 'spark' anyone; he must have a screw loose. If he doesn't want me to visit my girl, he can tell me so". Of course Uncle knew what Mr. Burke meant, so he laughed till his whole body shook, a dry, whispering laughter, without any certain sound. After this Bine and Ferdinand met at Uncle's or walked out to our place.

Across the road from our house was a large grove of oak trees. This spring when the acorns started to sprout, Mother was out collecting these nuts. At home, Mother had been used to browning these in the oven and mixing them with coffee. They were supposed to make a healthy drink. You see 'thrift' was still in her blood.

GREAT SORROW – FATHER'S PASSING

One Sunday afternoon, about three months after we arrived in Portland, Father and I took a walk along an unused railroad track. Along the sides were deep ditches filled with water from 'Black Cove'. Many fish had been caught there after a storm and could not return to the cove (about eight sq. miles). When Father saw all these fish, he sent me home to bring back two baskets. When I came back he had taken off shoes and stockings and was wading in the ice-cold water. We filled our baskets with fish, but what a price he had to pay. He caught a cold that in a few days developed into typhoid pneumonia.

Mother nursed him night and day until she was exhausted. Mr. Palmer had sent for his family doctor and he, himself, often helped nurse Father at night to relieve Mother. But Father's condition grew worse. One day in the middle of June, the doctor had a colleague along. These two doctors, with Mother and Mr. Palmer, were in the sickroom a long time and when they came out had a long discussion in private. I do not know what they talked about, but that night my dear father died. My poor mother! I moaned in my deep sorrow, within her embrace, and prayed to God to help me become a good boy and a real help to my dear little mother, who now had only us two boys. Uncle Mads had been a great help during this hard time and he took care of all the expenses connected with the funeral.

After the funeral, Mr. Palmer told Uncle that we could stay in the house as long as we wanted to without paying rent, that he would take care of the doctor bill and that he would cancel the payments on our tickets. Mother and I went to Mr. Palmer, took both his hands in ours and thanked him for all his kindness. This tall man looked down at us with kind eyes that were filled with tears. That this wealthy, splendid American would do all this to help our family was something we could hardly understand. It proved to us that he was high-minded and noble and could feel for other people's misfortune. I regard myself lucky that through the years I have come in contact with many people of this type, who have through their life and conduct, set a good example. God bless them.

During the two weeks we stayed in Mr. Palmer's house, Mrs. Palmer and Sine were a great comfort to Mother. They tried in every way to alleviate her great sorrow, but living in the house where her husband had died became too depressing so we moved down to Uncle Mads.

Father's death put a stop to my dream of going to school, for how could Mother, alone, earn enough to support us three, if I didn't help her. The result was that a few days after we moved to Uncle's house, he arranged for me to work in a shoe factory for four dollars a week. The owner, Mr. William Lowel, had been a slave owner in the South. I shall remember the kindness of both Mr. and Mrs. Lowel till my last day. Mr. Job Sandford, the manager of the factory, shall also be remembered with respect. He was a hard-working man. He had built a platform from which he could supervise all the workers. At the same time he was inspecting all the parts that went into a shoe so as to prevent any poor leather from getting into the shoes. I helped Mr. Sandford with this till it finally became my job, and as I was young, I could do it quicker and better than he. I was small for my age and very slender, so they called me 'Snip' and soon they added 'Mr. Sandford's right hand.' Day by day we worked, standing side by side.

Mr. Sandford knew that we had come to Portland a few months ago and that my father had died recently, so he wanted to know how we were situated, what my mother was going to do

now and how many children we were. These questions showed, not curiosity, but that he was concerned about our welfare. He looked like a weaver I had known in Tønder when we lived there, so one day I asked Mr. Sandford if he wasn't German, had he lived in Tønder in 1864 and if he was a weaver. He answered no to all the questions. He had lived in Portland since many years before 1864 and that he was a 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'. After that I often called him 'Yankee Doodle' and every time he laughed so I thought it must be a joke. Later on I learned the song, and of course after that I never called him 'Yankee Doodle'.

One day, Mr. Sandford asked me if I went to Sunday School and when I told him I generally went with my cousins to the Chestnut Street Methodist Sunday School he asked me if I would consider changing to the one on Congress Street and join his class. This I gladly did and from this time he was my teacher until the Norwegians started a congregation for Scandinavian Lutherans and Mother and I joined that church.

Shortly after we had moved to Uncle's house brother Hans got sick. It turned out to be cholera morbus and dysentery and for several weeks he was so sick that we doubted that he could live. Every evening I hurried home from work and the first thing I asked Mother was "Is Hans still living?" When the weather grew cooler he started to improve and by fall he was entirely well and Mother and I were happy.

During the following summer several of my cousins from Rabsted and Brøns had come to Portland, among them Else and Andreas Moller. During the fall Mother rented a house with eight rooms on Greenleaf Street where she planned to have a boarding house. The first floor had a large kitchen, one large divided room used as a dining room and living room and a bedroom. On the second floor there were five large bedrooms with two double beds in each. As a rule, all these rooms were rented out and I have often wondered since how Mother could do all this work alone. My cousin, Niels, and a couple of the other boarders often helped her with the dishwashing in the evening, especially if we expected company. Mother's boarding house became by degrees the gathering place of all the Danish young people working in Portland. Someone brought an accordion to accompany their singing and sometimes they ended by dancing or playing games.

By this time Bine and Ferdinand Ebbesen were married and lived across the street from us, so they were our steady guests. One of Mother's boarders named Lausen and Ferdinand could hold the attention of the group; Ferdinand with his Copenhagen wit and Lausen with facial tricks, like moving his nose and ears and hair. The boarders were exceptional young men; they didn't drink nor play cards so there was no gambling and no quarreling. Occasionally they would take a glass of beer, but no drunkenness. If there had been, Mother could never have been able to keep it up. As it was, it finally got too hard for her so she rented a smaller house with room for only eight boarders; the rest had to find another boarding house.

One Sunday afternoon before we moved from Greenleaf Street just as I was coming home from Sunday school, I heard the fire bell. Counting the strokes, I realized the fire was in our neighborhood. I ran and jumped on the rear end of a 'horse-car' that was going south on Congress, jumped off at Greenleaf Street and ran the 10 blocks to our apartment to find that the fire was in our building, but had not yet reached our apartment. There were eight apartments that were divided by a fireproof wall. Mother had taken a lot of our furniture out on the street, among them a chest of drawers in which I had a purse with the foreign coins that the sailors had given

me. I just came in time to see an Irish woman disappear down the street with this drawer. I felt very badly about losing my coins, but there was nothing I could do.

A couple of houses from where we now lived was a Danish family from Aero. They were elderly people with a large family of grown-up children. The youngest was Hans Peter, a boy of my age. We became inseparable and I soon arranged with Mr. Sandford to have him work at the shoe factory so that now we were always together. The following four years we had many adventures.

That winter a group of young Swedish sailors started working at the factory. Among these was a fine young man named Johannes. He was from Scania and I got to thinking a lot of him. He had a beautiful voice but sang only hymns and often he would pray while the tears ran down his cheeks. The Irish workers soon noticed this and started to tease and make fun of him. One day when they had been especially mean he flew into a rage, and was just going to attack his tormentors when suddenly he folded his hands and, with tear-stained, up-turned face, started to pray. His tormentors stood petrified. He stretched out his arms to them and begged them not to tease him any more. And then he told them that a year ago he had been released from prison in his homeland. He had been teased so that he flew into a rage and had killed one of his tormentors. He felt his King as well as God had forgiven him, and now he was trying to get the best of his temper and praying that he would not lose it a second time and harm someone else. I can still see the picture he made standing in the midst of his tormentors. From that day on they left him in peace.

Another young man at the factory won my affection. This was ‘Red Dave’, a Yankee. Our department was on the fifth floor. Down through all the floors to the basement were trapdoors so that large bales of leather could be hoisted up to any floor by a rope and pulleys. One day Mr. Sanford had sent two young men down to the basement to get a crate of skivings. In the meantime he decided that he did not need these skivings, and asked me to countermand the order. While I was standing there, grasping the rope and leaning over the opening to call down to the men, ‘Red Dave’ came from behind, grabbed me under the arms and said, “Look out Snip!” As I tried to get away from him, I lost my foothold and slid on the rope down to the basement and fell on the crate of soft skivings, bouncing up like a rubber ball.

Dave ran down the five flights of stairs, expecting to find me crippled from hitting the hard cement floor. Was he happy to see me unhurt except for my hands that were full of blisters! When we came up to the fifth floor and I was walking as usual, they all looked at us with curiosity. I suppose they expected ‘Red Dave’ to be carrying ‘Snip’ with broken arms and legs. Mr. Sandford was glad to see that I was unhurt, with the exception of my hands. He was angry and would have fired ‘Red Dave’ at once, but I would not let him. ‘Red Dave’ then took me to the doctor to have my hands bandaged and this he paid for. He also paid my wages for the two weeks that it took for my hands to heal. For several nights after this I felt myself falling. Ugh! That was a horrid feeling.

It was the general custom at that time in Portland for all factories to close four to five weeks during the hottest part of the summer. Everyone who could afford it sailed out to one of the 365 islands in Casco Bay. One day Mr. Sanford asked me if I would like to go with them out to one of these islands. Of course I would, but the next moment I thought of Hans Peter, so I asked if he too could go and Mr. Sandford gave his consent. Were there two happy boys that

evening walking home from work? You can be assured they were! We had often been on a picnic to one of the islands with our Sunday school class, so we knew what a wonderful time awaited us.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford had only one daughter and she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Hartshorn, a large athletic young man. Besides these four and us two boys, there was an elderly couple who were going to be with the party. So they had to take quite a bit of furniture: beds, chairs as well as rocking chairs, tables, cabinets, kitchen utensils, etc. and provisions enough for eight people to last four weeks. They also had seven or eight tents of different sizes. To carry all this freight as well as passengers, they rented a small express boat.

The tents were raised in a circle, leaving a large open place where we gathered around a bonfire every evening – singing, reading, storytelling or simply talking to each other. We two boys had to gather firewood both for the kitchen stove and the bonfire. We had to catch fish and prepare them for the pan, dig clams, run errands for butter, eggs and milk. In short, do anything around the camp that two eager boys could do. We were always busy, but it was all like playing.

Sometimes very early in the morning we would go with the lobster boats out to collect the lobster pots which are made of wooden slats in such a way that the lobster can get in but not out. When you open a pot you reach a hand down and quickly grasp the lobster by its neck. But you must beware, for if the lobster grabs you with its claw, it is no joke. A large box, also made of slats, is pulled behind the boat and in this the lobsters are taken ashore. Hans Peter and I tried to take out the small lobsters, that had to be thrown back into the water, but even these small ones can nip hard and if you got caught you had to have help to be released.

Once the fishermen took out a lobster with just one claw and they told us that was the result of a fight between two lobsters. We were generally give three or four large lobsters to take home to the camp, where it was the men's job to cook them, as the women could not stand to see them put alive into the scalding hot water.

Before we realized it, the four weeks were gone. The day came when Mr. Hartshorn came with the express boat to take us home. We had had a most wonderful time, but at the same time, I was glad to get home to Mother and little Hans. I also longed to be at work and to see Johannes, Red Dave and Mr. Lowel, the old gray-bearded man, who always placed his hand so affectionately on my head.

Mr. Lowel kept his own books and every evening he wrapped them up in a green oilcloth and strap and with a cane in one hand and the books in the other, he trudged the long way home. Never did he take the horse-car, even though it passed by the factory and his home, but if he were tired, he often asked me to walk home with him and carry his books. Then Mrs. Lowel would have something good for me to eat and drink. I often carried in fuel for the next day or I gathered apples from their big orchard. It was such a pleasure to do something to repay the kindness of these two lovable people. Once Mrs. Lowel sent home a package of used dresses, linen and many other things and she often sent a basket of leavings and fruit. Three times Mr. Lowel sent an envelope with me home to Mother. Once it contained a ten-dollar bill, another time, an order for a ton of coal and the third time an order for a barrel of flour. How could I help being fond of them?

One day towards winter Mr. Lowel asked me to carry his books. On the way we passed a tailor shop and he stopped saying, "We have to go in here." He said something to the tailor, who

then brought out five or six rolls of cloth. Then I was called to the counter and asked to tell them which piece was the best. I felt each piece between my fingers, as I was used to fingering leather, and then pointed out the roll that I thought was the best. Next he asked which was the prettiest and I told him at once. Now the tailor brought a roll that had the color and quality of these I had chosen. Thinking this was all, I started for the door, but the tailor called me back and asked me to take off my coat. When he started to take my measurements, I guessed that Mr. Lowel was going to give me a new suit of clothes. On the way home he told me it was supposed to be a Christmas present from Mr. Sandford and himself.

A family by the name of Hendricksen has just come to Portland. It consisted of an elderly couple with a large family of grown-up children, some of whom were married and had a family. Some years before, they with several other Danes, had taken claims in the homestead area near New Ulm, Minnesota where there was constant war with the Indians. The tribe finally decided to exterminate the whites, who were crowding them out from their hunting and fishing grounds. During this revolt one of the Hendricksen's sons was killed and scalped. The family fled and left behind what they, in their haste, could not take with them. They told us that two years in succession the grasshoppers had destroyed their harvest, so they were not too unhappy about leaving their land. But if they could only have their son back again.

One of the oldest sons rented a corner of a shoe store where he repaired shoes. He did good work and brought many customers to the store. He was honest and hardworking, so before long he was made a partner. Mother and I and all of our lodgers bought our shoes from him and I imagine all the rest of the Danes in Portland did likewise as Hendricksen was well liked by everybody. After one year his partner listened to Horace Greeley's advice: "Go West, Young Man" and Hendricksen was left as sole owner of the business though with a large debt. In the same building were two other Danish businessmen: Mr. C. Thomsen with cigars and John Wm. Low with dry goods.

At this time there was a Scandinavian Club that often had social meetings in the large beautiful rooms near the Falmouth Hotel on Middle Street Uncle Mads had arranged for me to sell cigars at all these gatherings and balls. I bought my cigars at Thompsens. He was willing to let me return the cigars I didn't sell. Seeing all these well dressed people, ladies with silk or velvet formals, men with frock-coats and high stovepipe hates, you would not suppose that they all belonged to the working class. The Swedes were bad at showing off especially if they were under the influence of liquor. When they bought a cigar they would take out a whole roll of paper money. We didn't have anything but paper money called "scrip": 5 cent, 10 cent, 15 cent, 20 cent, 25 cent, 50 cent and upwards, very soiled paper money. For change below 5 cents we had 1,2 and 3 cent copper or bronze coins. They often rolled up one of these paper scrips, held it to the gas jet and then lit their cigar with it. Sometimes in their foolishness, one would try to out do all the others, so there would be the scorched ends of $5 or $10 bills. I tried to fit them together, but never succeeded.

Nearly every man you met on the street on Sundays wore a silk stovepipe hat. For every day they wore tall gray hats. I never saw my uncle with any other type of hat. To see a mason or the hodman ascending a ladder with a hod full of bricks or lime, wearing a tall stovepipe hat would nowadays gather a group of spectators. At that time it was the prevailing mode and did not rouse any attention.

Mr. Sandford asked me one day about my schooling. I told him it had been the intention of my parents to send me to school and also my dearest wish. But when Father died, I had to give it up so that I could help Mother. He then told me that the town had organized something called Portland Fraternity with rooms in a large building on Congress Street where the teachers from the Portland schools gave free instruction every evening for eight months of the year to boys selling papers and polishing shoes or to any boy who wished to come. The only conditions were these: good behavior, perseverance and faithfulness in attending the classes chosen. Mr. Sanford went with me the first evening to have my name enrolled and from that day and until we left Portland, I was only absent a few times.

In 1874, the Norwegian Lutheran Synod established a congregation for Norwegians, Swedes and Danes, with Pastor Nils Ellestad as minister. The meetings and services were held in the Mechanic Hall Building on Congress Street. Pastor Ellistad was a capable minister and gathered a large congregation who came faithfully to all the meetings. The singing was excellent and I believe was what especially drew some of the young people. I know that was what attracted me and I, with my clear boyish voice, joined in the singing with all my heart.

A Sunday school was also started with both English and Danish classes, so my cousins and I left the Methodists. When I told Mr. Sandford that I was leaving his class, he seemed sad but as soon as I told him the reason he said he was glad that the Lutherans had decided to establish a congregation in Portland. Then he told me that he intended to give his best students a gift and even if I was leaving him I should have mine. He gave me a shiny new silver dime, of the first coined. Was I happy to get it! I had never seen such a beautiful coin.

As far as I remember, it was about 1866 that Portland had been affected with a big fire that left a large area in ashes. Middle, Hay, Federal, Congress, Exchange, Cross, Plum and Fore streets were the ones that were hardest hit. Several years after we arrived in Portland there were still ruins. One ruin had not been touched except to build a wall of boards around it. This had been a large hotel. A couple of planks had been removed so that we could look down into the arched cellar.

I often speculated on the possibility of getting down there to explore these mystical regions and one day I decided to do it in my noon period. Without telling anyone I crept through a hole and crawled down over a pile of bricks. When I got down I could see the arched hallway with here and there, side entrances to other halls. In fact it was quite a labyrinth of halls. There were big rooms where the ceiling had fallen in and light could come through so that I did not need the matches I had brought. Occasionally when I tramped hard on the floor I could hear a hollow sound so I wondered if there were a cellar under this one.

I was so interested that I didn't think that my lunch hour must be over. How long I wandered around I do not know, but finally I decided I had better get back. This, however, was easier said than done. I didn't have the least idea in which direction to find the place where I entered. I ran here and there, out of one hallway into another. It wasn't fun any more. If I had only told Hans Peter, then he could have brought help. Maybe I'd have to stay here all night in these dark halls. Mr. Sandford , Mr. Lowel, no one in the factory would know what had happened to "Snip". And Mother would worry and perhaps have people hunt for me, but where would they look, surely not in the ruins of this old hotel. All this was in my thoughts as I ran hither and thither.

At last I stood still a moment, thought about landmarks and looked around to see if I could find any. Yes, there was a stream of light from a ceiling. When I got to it, I decided I had been there. And there was a pile of rubbish from bricks that I had seen. I continued in this way till finally I came to a side entrance where at the far end I could see much light. Hurrah, a moment after this I was up on the sidewalk. I looked at the sun and it must be late afternoon. What would Mr. Sandford say? Would he be angry? Maybe scold me and fire me! I could not bear to think of leaving my work and all the dear people who had always been so good to me!

It was five o'clock when I returned to the factory and Mr. Sandford noticed me as soon as I entered. I went over and stood before him but could not look him in the eye. Was he angry? With a mild voice he said, "Snip, where have you been?" Now I could hear in his voice that he was not angry so I raised my eyes and looked straight into his as I told the whole story. Then he said, "Snip, never go down there again. You are not the first to have lost his way in that cellar. Some years ago a boy was lost and when they finally found him in the ruins, he was more dead than alive." I gave my promise. I was willing to promise anything just so I wouldn't be fired. After all, I guess there was no danger of that. Mr. Sandford would not fire his "right hand"!

In the fall of 1874 I started preparing for confirmation. We were a large group, aged from 14 to 19, as it was the first time there was a chance for children of Scandinavians to be confirmed in the Lutheran Church. The class was divided into two parts; the largest was the English-speaking group. The Scandinavian group, where Norwegian was spoken was very small. Even though we were a mixed group we all enjoyed the instruction and more than that, for it was Pastor Ellestad's intention to really touch our hearts, so that we'd never forget it. He won our full confidence, and we seemed to win his, so that our meetings were solemn as well as festive. The creed, baptism and Holy Communion were what he especially laid stress on. We had lessons and hymns to learn but never had to say them by rote. The hymns we sang, and the lessons we just talked about.

The language used in class changed from English to Norwegian, as we all understood some of each. Pastor Ellestad asked us all to come to church every Sunday and sit in the front pews. His sermons supplemented his teaching and he always chose the hymns he had taught us; that made the singing even better than it had been before.

One member of the class was Belle Johnson, a splendid and talented young girl about 19-years-old. She was the daughter of the Johnson who had once been the partner of Uncle Mads and Uncle Anders. Mrs. Johnson was from England and was very musical so their home was a gathering place for those who loved music. A year after the confirmation, Belle became Mrs. Nils Ellestad and I am sure she made a good minister's wife.

Quite often Mother, Hans and I walked out to the Palmers, who were the same affectionate people as before. Mrs. Palmer and Sine treated Mother as a dear friend, and Mr. Palmer asked me about my work in the shoe factory and wanted to know what I did in my spare time. I told him about our camping trip to the island, our evening school and about Pastor Ellestad. I could see that he was interested and seemed happy. He and Mrs. Palmer, and now also Sine, were spiritualists.

Sine's mother died a year after we arrived in Portland, and Sine insisted that she had seen and spoken to her mother one evening, and that made her join the group. Sine's younger sister had also come to Portland. She married a tailor and they now lived in the house where

Father died. Sine Palmer, as she was called now, had learned the American language so that there was not the least accent of the Danish, and she took the place of daughter as though she had been their own child. She must have been born under a lucky star.

MOTHER'S REMARRIAGE

Mother still had boarders, but we could easily see that the work was getting too hard for her. But what else could she do? So she kept on over-working. During the winter of 1876 she confided to me that she had decided to marry Mikkel Jensen, one of her boarders, who several times had asked her to let him share her burdens by marrying him. He had lived with us for two years and had always shown himself to be a trustworthy, industrious and respectable older man. He was quiet and unostentatious. He could enjoy the other lodgers' fun, but if they went too far, he just needed to say a word and they quieted down. Maybe they had respect for his enormous strength.

Once a great storm had washed some heavy pieces of timber into the "Back Cove" and partly up on the beach. It was a Sunday morning and we were watching the big waves. Cousin Niels mentioned that if we had these logs at home Aunt Marie would not need to buy stove wood for a long time. Mikkel said that was easily done. One man at each end and they could bring two logs home. The others laughed and said this was impossible; the logs were soaked with water and would be too heavy. "Well," said Mikkel "will you help me get one of the logs out of the water and I'll carry it home alone? Then the rest of you can bring the other logs." They just glanced at each other and smiled, so Mikkel jumped into the water, rolled one of the logs up on the sand, then lifted one end up and worked his way down to the middle. Then he raised up and started walking home with it on his shoulder. He had to rest a couple of times, but at last got home. Finally four of the men had found something to use for crossbars and with a man at the end of each crossbar, came home with a log. Mikkel watched them without saying a word, then went into the house to change his clothing.

Mikkel Jensen took part in the War of 1864 between Denmark and Germany and, as a reminder, had a large scar on his left cheek. The others often asked him how he got this scar and one day he told then that a Prussian soldier had done this with his bayonet. "What did you do to the Prussian, Mikkel?" To this he only said, "He didn't stab any more Danish soldiers." Mikkel had been a coachman at Katholm Castle near Grenaa, his hometown in Denmark.

Such was the man, who just before Christmas, stepped into my father's place. He didn't have the affectionate disposition that Father had had, but in every way was upright and honorable and considerate and good to Mother.

Now my stepfather wished that Mother should give up her boarding house, so all the boarders except Cousin Niels were asked to move. We moved into a smaller house, bought new furniture and really had a cozy home to the satisfaction of everybody. Mother could now live at ease and give more of her time to little brother Hans, who now was almost three years old and who had not had the care he should have had the last two years. Both Mother and Hans could make up for lost time. Stepfather and cousin Niels got along very well together so he stayed with us for a year.

My time was taken up with work, confirmation and evening school. My wages were sufficient to buy my clothes and shoes and other things I needed. What was left over I gave to Mother and out of that she gave me pocket money. I was a prince compared to the poor little boy who, just a few years earlier, herded cattle and slept on the heather and suffered want. I was so grateful to God and the good people who had helped us get away from want, poverty, drudgery and troubles to our present circumstances.

The 13th of June 1875 was one of my happiest days. Through the long preparation in Pastor Ellestad's class, under his conscientious guidance, I had reached the time when I was ready to choose my way of life. My heart was full of happiness, gratitude and praise. I imagine this is what a Christian's heart is full of when he has made the great choice of following God. What a blessed state to be in. In truth, it is a foretaste of Heaven on Earth.

Pastor Ellesad admonished us to hold firmly to our baptismal covenant, the covenant that we today had promised God to be faithful to. "You have now reached the time when you must stand on your own feet. If you should stumble then seek help and strength where you'll not seek in vain. What I have tried to teach you will be a guide. Stay with the Evangelical Lutheran Church and make use of God's gifts to you and God will give you strength to renounce evil and temptations. Our Savior was tempted and you can be sure that the tempter will also try to catch you. When he does, it is good to have courage to show him that with God's help you can stand firm. He is crafty and will suggest, to your mind, 'you are young and ought to have fun!' It sounds so harmless but consult your conscience and your God and then see if you dare go along. Above all avoid bad company – your young unformed character could not at length withstand the influence, and if you just give in once it is easy to give in a second time. And where would it end if you stayed with the bad companions? It sometimes happens that the pupil becomes master. Oh, my dear young friends, it would grieve me sorely to hear of just one of you falling away in this manner. Be faithful to God to whom you have given your young heart. Follow Him and do your duty as Christians. God grant that you may always be found among those who are fighting for the best, then with God's help you will reach the great goal."

It is impossible for me to express in his exact words what Pastor Ellestad said that day, but these were his thoughts. It was very important to him to make us understand that the step we had taken today would have far-reaching influence on our lives, both here and hereafter. In the later sermons of Pastor Ellestad's there had been a reminder to the members of his congregation of their own confirmation day; and I'm thinking if our ministers would make this a rule, it would help us in our daily lives.

So now I am confirmed and this is supposed to be the end of childhood days and the end of this chapter. Do you want to follow me further? Then we will pass into the next chapter: "Memories of my youth".

MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH

The days of youth, with the bright, proud visions of the future, yearning for the beautiful, the great, and the glorious. Though a hope and a dream burst, soon a new beacon is burning. Hope is forever returning. But it is also a dangerous time for those who are not rooted in good soil. There is so much that beckons, tempts and draws, and woe to him who yields to the

temptations for he will meet many disappointments in life. It is like the elves, who in the legend, worry the young man so that he grabs the imitation and thereby misses the real and the best. He only gains entrance to the whirlpool of life. All his proudest dreams are forgotten in the empty pleasures of the present and when the bubble bursts, he feels that he has suffered a defeat that has weakened his resistance so that he may again yield to the lure of the song of the elves.

For a long time after my confirmation, I longed for the glorious meetings with Pastor Ellestad. I felt as if the best had been taken out of my existence; that I had lost a treasure that I had had before.

It is a common opinion that as soon as a boy is confirmed he will try to imitate grown-up young men and pick up their habits – often very bad habits that are not worth copying. The girls often indulge in fashion, get a steady boyfriend and get invited to dances. This isn't always true, but it does happen too often, and the parents will say, "Dear me, they are only young once and ought to have fun; the time will soon come when they'll have to enter the struggle for existence." What a pity the Church and the homes haven't tried to keep our youth from dropping out of the Church. Classes after classes of young people have been lost since our church was started in America. Is it any wonder that many of our churches are half empty and that our folk-high schools are closing? Many places have tried forming clubs that flourished for a while and then died.

The Scandinavian congregation in Portland was satisfied with their minister, but in their church affairs outwardly there was trouble. Here as elsewhere the Norwegians became the leaders without regard for the Swedes and Danes. So the Danes decided to withdraw from the Norwegian Synod and join the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America that had been founded by A. S. Nielsen, R. Andersen, N. Thomsen and several others. A committee was appointed to contact these ministers and within a short time Pastor L. M. Gydesen, who had just arrived from Denmark where he had been a teacher, was ordained and installed as the Pastor of the Danish Church in Portland, Maine.

We rented a hall, where we could meet for services as well as social gatherings. Pastor Gydesen gave several lectures and readings from Oehlenschlaeger's Tragedies. He, his wife and two children, William a boy of my age, and Marie were very musical and taught us many of the songs used at the folk high schools, so I attended all these meetings. The congregation liked their minister very much and my parents became very friendly with the Gydesens and William, Marie and I soon became pals.

Meanwhile my parents had moved out to Brighton Road, two miles beyond the city limits, where Stepfather had found a job with a relative of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Hans and I now had a little half-sister called Lily who filled the place of the little sister who died in Sleswick. During the winter I moved in to live with Uncle Mads, as it was too far to walk in the evenings. They had bought their own home on Preble Street near Oxford Street

My cousin Marie had become engaged, and shortly after, married to Mads Nansen, a small, curly-headed tailor. Uncle Mads did not favor this match, but he did not want to part them, as they were very much in love. Mads was an unusually capable tailor who earned a large week's wages. He had been fighting on the German side of the German-French War, and had seen a chance to desert the army. A French farmer had hidden him in a load of hay and was taking him past the German lines. He had almost been caught when a German officer stopped

the wagon and thrust his sword into the hay from all sides. Once the point of the sword came so close that Mads thought he was discovered, but at last the farmer was permitted to drive on. Happy were both the driver and the tailor. The Frenchman then helped him to get on a ship bound for America.

Uncle Mads' cousin, Peter Jacobsen and his son, Jacob had come to Portland. They were both cabinet-makers and got work at Johnson's. Jacob, who was 22-years-old and a genius in music, was at once engaged to play in the Portland Band. He could play either the cornet or the piccolo. Ter Linden, A German professor, who was the director of the best orchestra in this musical town, was a partner of Jacob's and arranged it so that Jacob got free tickets to all the concerts. He boarded at Uncle's the winter I was there and he always took me along to all the public concerts. Jacob was also invited to all the private ones in the big homes, but of course he could not take me along to these.

One evening Ter Linden gave a public concert with several solos. His wife's sister played a saxophone (it was the first time I had seen or heard this instrument and never again have I heard such soft tones as this young girl could play). Jacob played two solos, one on the piccolo and the other on a B flat cornet. Both these young people won much applause from the audience. Jacob's father only stayed in America two years. Now that his son's future was secure, he went back to his old home in Sleswick.

One day Uncle Mads brought a man along home for dinner. He looked like a common tramp, which I suppose he was. Aunt refused to let him sit at our table. He had come to Uncle's shop and showed that he understood this kind of work, so Uncle promised to engage him. Uncle took him down to the basement, gave him a towel, soap, brush and a tub of water. Then he went up to his room and collected a whole set of clothes – socks, shoes and everything a man would need – and brought them down to the basement. When the man came up to the dining room sometime later, transformed into a gentleman, Aunt had no more objections to having him at the table. After the meal, Uncle took him into the living room where there was a piano dulcimer and he at once sat down and started to play. Then the man told Uncle that he had once worked in a factory where they made this instrument and he explained a little change in it's construction that would improve the tone considerably. He helped Uncle experiment and they really succeeded in making a better instrument. However the piano dulcimer had seen its best days and was soon displaced by the piano and the cabinet organ.

When the evening school discontinued before summer vacation, I moved out with Mother and Stepfather. The Longfellows had several grownup children, but they were seldom home, except the youngest, Dick, who was a couple of years younger than I. We two often played together after my working day in town. On Sunday afternoons, William and Marie Gydesen would come out and we four would have a good time in a sugar maple grove not far from our house. Dick was a very bright boy so he was a great help to us three Danes.

With some of my pocket money I bought a gun. Mother didn't like for me to have firearms, but Stepfather took my side. He showed me how I should handle the gun and how I shouldn't handle it. Mother finally gave her consent and I would sometimes succeed in bringing home a rabbit.

On one of my hunting trips I noticed a place where the ground made a little mound in a grove of pine trees. At the top of this was a rectangular hole about 16 inches on the longest side.

By getting down on my stomach and reaching one arm through the hole, I could feel an arched ceiling. It would be fun to explore this. I threw down a stone and decided that it could only be about 15-16 feet to the bottom. There wasn't any chance to investigate it then for I needed a long rope. Oh, yes, I remembered my experience in the hotel ruins, but with a rope I should be safe and I had had good practice in climbing ropes as I had often gone up and down in the factory on the rope from the eighth floor to the basement. I had become an expert.

One Sunday afternoon I got hold of a long rope. Now was my chance to explore the hole under the mound. When I came to the grove I tied one end of the rope to a tree and dropped the other end down through the hole. I took off my jacket and let myself slip through the hole hanging onto the rope. I was not very broad-shouldered so this was easily done. Another story would be to get back again, but I did not think of that. I was soon at the bottom and lit a couple of matches; by their light I could see that I was in a long hall – 25 to 30 feet. To each side there were six openings. Very carefully I made my way to the other end of the hall, struck another match and found a door led to the outside, but it was covered with cement and bricks. What had this been used for I wondered. Maybe a burial place! And were there still coffins in those rooms? With the use of my matches I found that all the rooms were empty, and glad was I. Now that my curiosity was satisfied, I wanted to get out of the hole. I climbed the rope but had to let myself down again to rest. After several tries, I finally got through, but not without scratching elbows and shoulders.

Many a starlit night I spread a little homemade rug on the lawn and lying on my back, gazed at the stars while thought after thought passed through my mind. The astronomers tell us that these twinkling stars are spheres like ours but many times larger. I had just read a book by Flammarion, the French Christian scientist, about the path of the stars through space. The power steering these mighty spheres must be God. Our God, for He it was, who guides everything in heaven and on earth. How mighty He must be!

But, if He controls everything how can He allow war, murder and everything bad to happen on earth. The loving God, who had sent His only son to earth to save us! No, it couldn't be He who was the cause. No, I guess we, the human beings, are the cause. We were created with a free will for both good and evil. But our Savior came to earth to expiate our sin and guilt, so all those who will be saved shall be saved. But what about the belligerent countries, are they not Christian nations? Yes, some of them use the watch words "God with us!" But alas! I guess that's where the shoe pinches. If we were real Christians, we would not want to fight against our neighbors. Love your God, but also love your neighbor as yourself. This is so hard for us to understand, so I wonder if we shall ever in earnest make this a part of ourselves.

But, are we not civilized nations? Yes, but civilization can be just a polish beneath which any rogue can find a hiding place. But isn't civilization a gain to the human race? Oh, yes, it has brought us up from barbarism and lit the torch of enlightenment and made it possible for people of different social layers to live and work together in fairly good understanding. Without trying to follow God's desire that we love God and our neighbors, however, it hasn't the lasting quality. Besides enlightenment, the following are also brought about by civilization: art, science, literature, industry, freedom and the systems of government. Each of these can be subdivided and they are all indispensable and wonderful if they are used in the service of the "good" but harmful if misused.

Well, I was stargazing and one thought leads to another. It is hardly conceivable that our Earth is the only one on which there are living beings. If they are, would they be like us? And would they, like us, be sinful beings? This thought comes to me so often, but I do not suppose I shall get an answer before the "Hereafter". The Earth, which seems so large to us, is small in comparison with other planets and stars, and we human beings think we are so important. We must be important or God would not take the trouble to guide our course through life. How wonderful it is that nothing is too large or too small for Him to give his attention to. Even I, a small, insignificant boy! My life has until now been guided so wisely that I have come in contact with many good people, who have contributed to my happiness and welfare. Thank you God! Thanks to my dear friends.

Late in the summer we had the great sorrow of losing our dear little sister Lily. Stepfather loved this child above everything and took it very hard when she died, but he mourned in silence which was his nature. The next day Mother sent me over to our American neighbors to tell them that my little sister was dead. Their little six-year-old girl came and took me by the hand and said with sympathy, "Don't cry, little boy, I'll be your sister".

Life is a strange thing. To all appearances it is conquered by death, but in nature we see Spring after Spring, how seeds sprout and grow to be big plants and the human being is more than a seed or a plant.

Pastor Gydesen had accepted a call from the congregation in Clinton, Iowa. The Portland congregation was sorry to lose him. He had not been very happy in Portland as he felt he was so far from the Pastors of the rest of the Synod, who were all in the middle West. My parents thought a lot of Pastor Gydesen, so they decided to follow him to Clinton, if working conditions were favorable. In the early fall, the Gydesens left Portland. During the vacancy, many of the members went to hear Pastor Ellestad, but did not join the church. As far as I know, the next Danish pastor was A. T. V. Bekker.

When the autumn storms of 1876 commenced, I moved in with Uncle Mads again. Time had made changes at the factory. Mr. Sandford was not there any more. He had accepted the position of Warden at the Portland Prison. Red Dave took his place helping me sort the leather. And Mr. Lowel raised my wages to $6 per week. The old man was failing, but, in spite of this, he still kept his own books. I carried the books home for him every evening.

During the years Hans Peter had outgrown me. We were both in our seventeenth year, but he was big and looked grown-up, while I still answered to my nickname "Snip". And, while he was going out with girls, I was so bashful and shy that I would walk a whole block to get out of meeting a girl. So we did not fit together any more.

William Gydesen and I had become the best of pals, and I missed him sadly. But it wasn't for long that we were parted for about the middle of November we followed them to Clinton.

OUR MOVE TO IOWA

It was hard to take leave of all our good friends and relatives. We packed our furniture and took it with us, as my parents didn't have the heart to part with it since it was all new. But transportation didn't cost much in those days. The freight came to $38 and our tickets were only $11 each, but this was on an immigrant train going up through Canada on the Grand Trunk

System. We crossed the St. Lawrence River at Montreal. This town is French like Quebec, in language as well as customs and habits. The streets are narrow and crooked; the buildings had pointed gables out toward the front. Barbers, shoemakers and storekeepers offered their wares for sale out on the street, jabbering their French-Canadian so fast that we could not catch one word.

We had to wait in Montreal for six hours, as a freight train had run off the track just west of town so this gave us a good chance to see the part of town near the station. In front of one store, a man came out and took Stepfather by the arm, gesticulating and talking, and pulled him into his store. Mother, Hans and I followed them in. He showed us beautiful Meerschaum pipes and imported dress and suit material (probably smuggled goods, since he could sell it at a great bargain). Father bought a pipe and Mother picked out a piece of cloth that she, as a tailor's daughter, knew would wear well.

The first part of our journey from Montreal was along the St. Lawrence River. What beautiful scenery. At Sault Ste Marie we came back into the States again, on down through Michigan to Chicago. Now there was only a short distance to Clinton – only 138 miles. For several days William Gydesen had been waiting at the station to meet us. Finally we arrived and there were two happy boys, as we had been longing to see each other.

The first thing I noticed was the mighty Mississippi River, the tall smokestacks from the sawmills along the river, and the forest-covered bluffs west of town. With our hand-baggage we walked up 2nd Street to 5th Avenue, west on this to 4th street, then north to 4th Avenue where the Gydesens lived just two blocks west. We stayed in this hospitable home a week while waiting for our furniture. Clinton was booming just at this time, so it was almost impossible to find a house for rent. We finally had to rent one near the river in the Negro quarter, but took it only for a month in the hopes of finding something better.

The first evening we were in Gydesen's home, someone knocked on the door after we had retired, and in came a tall bearded man. I couldn't hear what they talked about except once, when the man said, "You are not able to judge in this affair, Pastor Gydeson." The next morning we were told that his name was George Bruhn, a farmer from Grand Mound, about 20 miles from Clinton. His wife, an American of Irish descent, had just died. Now he was alone with four boys and one girl and felt the need of talking to a minister. At this time I little thought that this man and his family would have such far-reaching influence on my life.

During the following week, Pastor Gydesen took us around town to meet the members of the congregation. When we came out to North Clinton where Niels Olsen and the brothers, Paul and Ludvig Boysen lived, Mother was very happlily surprised to meet old friends from her hometown. Paul Boysen and Mother had been confirmed in the same class in Denmark. He was now a widower with four children and had built a house next to the home of his brother Ludwig and his wife. They had no children so they helped Paul bring up his four motherless children. Vilhelm (later called Willie) was a boy of 13: Ida, a girl of 11; Albert was 9 and Palma only 5 years old. Little did I suspect that Ida would become the mother of my children.

Paul Boysen's wife had been Norwegian, and together with her brothers, he owned a small schooner and sailed on the great lakes. The Boysens of Mogel Tønder in Sleswick were honored and respected in the large community, and were given positions of trust. During several generations their ancestors had been overseers at Schakkenborg, a large manor-house.

Among other families that we met were the Johan Iversens, the brothers, Paul, Nis and Ferdinand Grumstrup, and the Nis Johansens. Also the merchants, Riis and Godskesen from Sleswick, who had their store at the corner of 2nd Street and 7 Ave. We traded at their store all the time that we had a home. Then there were the Morton Pedersens, the Martin Hansens, the Mainekes, two elderly bachelors, Bertel Hansen and Jorgen Jacobsen and many more.

When our furniture finally arrived, we moved into the house we had rented in the Negro quarters. People had warned us not to leave our laundry hanging on the clothesline at night, nor leave anything of value outside the house where the Negroes could pick them up as they were apt to forget the difference between yours and mine. We had never experienced anything like that, and they were as friendly and willing to help us as any of our white neighbors had been. Peals of loud laughter, singing and loud talking anytime of the night were the only drawbacks. We stayed here a month then one of our new friends found us a house in the same block where Paul and Nis Grumstrup lived, on 2nd Avenue, between 6th and 7 Streets.

A couple of weeks after arriving in Clinton we heard all the whistles in town at one time. Before long we could see the flames near the river. It was Lambs & Sons and Young's Sawmills, with their large lumberyards going up in flames. During the following weeks the owners were busy building new sawmills, both bigger and more modern than the old ones. This gave work to a lot of people. The large Young's Mill was, at that time, considered to be the largest in America. It was amazing what that mill could produce in a day, and Lamb's two mills were not far behind.

These mills, together with Horsford's in North Clinton supplied lumber to over a hundred thousand farmers in Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas and Dakota. It was a golden period for the sawmills. The lumber they bought from the government didn't cost much and they stole most of it. When they bought a section of forestland (one square mile) they would cut the trees on their own section and then continue cutting from two more. Transporting the logs down the river didn't cost anything, as they owned their own tugboats. This plundering of the forests was carried on for may years when suddenly the bubble burst and everyone connected with the trade got into a sad mess. "Honesty endures to the end while dishonesty ends in a scrape".

Stepfather found work at Horsford's Mill. The wages were small but the work was steady and prices on necessities of life were lower than in Portland so this counter-balanced the higher wages he was used to receiving. We were all happy under the new conditions.

The congregation had started building a new church at the corner of 4th and Elm Streets and since I still didn't have a job, I walked down to the building site and helped wherever they could use me until Nis Johansen told me that the next day I could get work at Curtis Brothers Sash Factory. My first job was to assemble doors, glue, wedge and peg them and then put them through a large sandpaper machine. It was terribly dusty work. A layer of dust and perspiration formed on hands, face, neck and chest. We had to use large protective spectacles and a wet sponge covering mouth and nose. For this disagreeable work, I received $1.15 a day. I kept on hoping that I could get another job, but as it was hard to get someone to take my work, a whole year went by before I was relieved and was moved up to old man Skews' department where they made windows. This was dust free.

I had to get the orders from the office and then collect the materials with which to make the different kinds of windows. Stiles, bottom rails, top rails, mullins and mantings and join them, and keep track of each order so that it would be ready to ship in time. All this gave me more responsibility and hence much more interesting and pleasanter work than making doors. Skews was a good boss if we tended to our work. My wages were raised to $1.35 a day as soon as I got used to the work. I worked at this as long as I remained with Curtis Brothers and Company.

In Clinton, as in Portland, I joined the congregation as a paying member in order to help support what had become dear to me, not just because of a sense of duty. Pastor Gydesen, who had means with which to speculate, joined Johan Iversen and Hans Birk, a farmer and dairyman in buying a brick factory out towards the bluffs. Iversen was to be manager and Pastor Gydeson the bookkeeper and business manager. Here Pastor Gydesen got into something he had better have stayed out of. Not because of dishonesty, but when a minister goes into business for the purpose of earning money, his position as clergyman suffers a terrible drawback, especially if there are difficulties and losses.

When they bought the brick factory, a big supply of bricks went along in the deal, so Gydesen bought four lots just across from the church, put up a lovely house and landscaped the rest so that it made a lovely garden. Johan Iversen built a house nearby, and the rest of the bricks were sold to Ludvig Boysen's two brothers-in-law, Knud D. Petersen and Andres Andersen. Now they had to start making their own bricks, but inexperienced as they were, their first trial was a poor lot of bricks. Instead of getting skilled helpers, they kept on experimenting, with the result that their bricks were first class. Competition from the outside was great, so they never made a success of the undertaking.

William Gydeson was interested in firearms and talked me into buying a gun and a revolver. The Bluffs were a good place to go hunting for rabbit, so we brought quite a few home. Sometimes we hired a boat and went duck hunting. But our greatest pleasure was gun practice. William had made a shooting gallery behind the barn, where we practiced till we could hit the bulls-eye from a distance of 15 feet.

At this time there was a seminary candidate who had just come from Denmark. He was finishing his studies under several of the Danish clergy before he could be ordained. At this time he was with Pastor Gydesen. He offered to give us instruction in target shooting. I'll never forget his surprise when he saw that we knew more about it than he did, and we were mean enough to tease him about it. In many other things I'm sure he could have taught us a lot, but not in target shooting.

Two Danish families, the Jorgensens and the Lyses, lived on Beaver Island in the Mississippi River. Mrs. Lyse was Italian, a small, beautiful brunette and Lyse was a big and blond Scandinavian. They had a large family of grown-up children and the two oldest girls, Alma and Agatha, looked like their mother and were lively and graceful, besides being beautiful. Many of the young Danish men were admirers and two of the most persevering were Christian Rixen, who had a dry goods store on 2nd Street and Johan Bruhn, a brother to Walter Bruhn (Enumclaw, Washington and Solvang, California). Johan and I worked together at the Sash factory. We often ate our lunch together, and I found him very interesting to talk with, for he had been a student at a folk-high school in Denmark. But after he met Agatha, he could not talk

about anything else. I wished him luck in his courtship, as he was in all ways a fine young man, healthy and morally sound, and a fine gymnast. A third suitor was Vilhelm Lauritzen, who was bookkeeper for Joice Lumber Co. in Lyons, (now part of Clinton). Three of Lyse's sons, Jens, Peter and Ingevart, I knew. Especially Ingevart, who often joined William Gydesen and me on our hunting trips on Beaver Island.

I didn't get to know Jorgensen until many years later when I met them in Enumclaw. Jorgensen was a minister's son from Denmark. In the first part of the eighties, new government land at Wilber, Washington was opened up for settlers, and the two families from Beaver Island went out there. The two suitors, Bruhn and Lauritzen followed them. The girls had not yet promised anything, but treated the young men like brothers. The suitors did not give up and hoped their perseverance would be rewarded some day. A Danish author, Johan Herman Wessel, said the same once upon a time. He had walked back and forth seven times in front of a taproom without going in. The eighth time he stopped in front of the door and said, "Perseverance should be rewarded." He then walked through the door and took his reward. I'll just mention here what I heard many years later. Vilhelm Lauritzen and Alma were married, but in Alma's last years she became quite melancholy. Johan Bruhn never married Agatha, but he did marry later on, as far as I know, an American, and rumor was that she was killed.

GREAT SORROW AGAIN – MOTHER'S PASSING

Late in the summer of 1877 mother was taken sick. There seemed to be several things wrong, but one of the diseases was a bad attack of Erysipelas, with a very high fever, so that she was out of her mind for several days. Oh, but it was hard to see mother sick, and I prayed to God that He would let us keep her with us. I couldn't think how we should be able to get along without her. When the fever left her, she was so weak and tired that she couldn't lift a hand, and could only whisper. She asked me to get Paul or Ludvig Boysen and Pastor and Mrs. Gydesen; she wished to partake of the Lord's Holy Communion. Now I realized that mother knew that she would soon leave this world, so I prayed again as I ran to do her errand. I prayed that if it were God's will to take mother, to protect my little brother Hans and me, and be with us always and guide us.

When we were all gathered we sang a couple of hymns and partook of the Lord's Supper with her. Stepfather was so quiet, but when he saw that the end was near, he bent down over her and sobbed as if his heart should burst. Mother had been a good wife, but he had also been a good husband, faithful and upright in every way.

The day mother was buried, Ida Boysen came over to me and took my hand and looked her sympathy exactly as she, the little girl had done when my sister Lily was buried a couple of years before. Later Ida told me how sorry she felt for me. Oh yes, Ida always had sympathy with those who suffered.

After the funeral we lived for a time at Nis Johansens, that is, Hans and I did. Stepfather stayed for a while in our house and came to see us quite often. But he finally moved out to Johan Iversens, and Hans and I soon moved out to be with him. While we were still with Nis Johansen, his brother Johan Johansen along with his wife and children, came and stayed a week. During this time I got to think a great deal of this family. They were on their way back to

Denmark where Johan was to manage a home for the poor. Later on they came back to America and with George Bruhn, their thread of life was woven in with mine.

For a long time I stayed home in the evenings, as my little brother, now 6 years old, felt the need of a mother's love. Both Nis and Dorthea Johansen were good to us, but they could not take the place of our dear mother. After church services on Sundays, Pastor Gydesens or the Ludvig Boysens would take us home for dinner, and in the afternoon we walked to the cemetery.

The Nis Johansens lived on 7 Avenue between 7th and 8th Streets and from there it was a long way to North Clinton, where most of our friends lived. Before the cold winter set in we moved out to Johan Iversens, where stepfather was staying. After mother's funeral he became more quiet and reserved and left us boys to shift for ourselves. I earned what was fair wages at that time, $1.35 for 10 hours work; and I paid $6 per week for Hans and myself for room and board, which left 35cents a day for other necessities. After a while Mrs. Gydesen arranged with Mrs. Iversen to give us lodging, board, and wash for $5 per week. The Iversens were very good to us and we were glad to have such a good home.

Out in South Clinton a widow lived on 16th Avenue She had a daughter a couple of years younger than I was. Stepfather had moved all his furniture out to her house, and in 1878 he moved out there himself and married the widow, Sophie Sandholdt. He now wanted us to move out to them, which I was very much against. Hans and I often went out to see them, but stepfather let us decide what we wanted to do. One time Sophie got Hans talked into staying a few days with them, and this was repeated several times until at last she talked him into staying there all the time. In order to be near Hans, at Christmas I moved to their home. Hans called her mother, but I could not make myself call her that, so I managed to not call her anything.

In the spring of 1879 large areas of Government, school and railroad land in Emmet, Kossuth and Palo-Alto counties in North Iowa were opened to settlers, with Asmus Boysen, Chicago, as agent. The land was very cheap and good terms were offered: $4.50 per acre, and for each acre the settlers cultivated the first year they were given a rebate of $2.25 per acre. There were many of the Danes from Clinton who bought land and moved to these counties. Stepfather and his wife bought land in Emmet County, and they tried to talk me into going with them, but this I wouldn't do under any circumstances. I didn't even like it that they took Hans along, but stepfather promised that he would take good care of him and be good to him. He had never given me any reason to think that he wouldn't keep his word, so I let Hans go. When they left Clinton I was at the station to say goodbye, and even then, they tried to make me change my plans and go with them, but without success. I missed my little brother at first, and prayed God to watch over him.

I now moved back to Johan Iversens. William Gydesen had started studying engineering, so neither of us had time to go hunting, and therefore, I sold my gun and bought a scroll saw and started experimenting sawing things out of wood. I became so interested in this leisure time occupation that in the course of two or three months I had made many pretty things which, as soon as they were finished, I gave away to my good friends. The congregation had a large debt on their church and parish hall and time after time they had basket socials and bazaars to help pay this debt. Many of the things I had made, among them a Cathedral Clock, were given to the bazaars and they sold $40 worth of numbers on the clock. A young man won the

lucky number and gave the clock back to be sold by auction. A watchmaker bought it and paid $30 for it.

Gydesens and Iversens brick factory went bankrupt and they lost everything they had put into it and maybe more. Pastor Gydesen, who had received a call from Omaha, accepted it gladly for he was glad to get away from the difficult circumstances he had gotten involved in. A while before this, a little son was born to them and they named him Theodore. A young Danish man, named Benny Jacobsen, bought Gydeson's beautiful home. Marie Gydesen graduated from a Business College before they left Clinton and when they came to Omaha, she entered a University and many years later graduated as a medical doctor. William continued studying engineering and finally went to Salt Lake City, where he died.

During the last years, many young Danes had come to Clinton: Peder and Laurids Lykke, Johannes Petersen, Jorgen Skov, Jacob Mathisen, my schoolmate from Sleswick, was a Danish Captain; Jens Jensen, Jens Larsen, Rasmus Rasmussen, and many more. Of girls, there were Hanna Kristensen, who later married Laurids Lykke; Anna and Marie Rasmussen, Elisabeth Larsen, sister to Jens (she was engaged to Peder Juull); Christine Faaborg, who later married Peder Lykke.

Yes, in those days there was a group of young people who were church members, and they were always put on committees for picnics and outings of several kinds. Several of them were on the executive committee of the congregation. Thus, I happened to be on this committee when the congregation sent a call to Pastor Lars Hansen. I remember that when Pastor Hansen arrived, he contacted me where I was working, and I took him out to the president of our committee. Shortly thereafter he and his family moved to Clinton and from this time their home on DeWill Street became a gathering place for all the young people, one of many homes where we felt we were welcome.

At this time a new Danish paper, Dannevirke, was published at the Elk-Horn, Iowa folk-high-school. Among the students this first year were Knud Bodholdt, H.C. Strandskow, Peder Vig, Niels Ulrik Christiansen and Lars Finsen. The latter two, together with the president of the school, Olaf L. Kirkeberg, were the three men who made the start of this paper that became the bearer of a message to the Danish Church people in America. I subscribed to it at once and for over fifty years it was as a dear friend in my home. That first year I followed the activities at the folk-school, and in this way the wish to attend this school grew in my mind.

At the time I was twenty, I associated more and more with little Ida Boysen, who was only fourteen years old, but having been on her own the last two years, she seemed four years older. She was the little girl who had shown me such sympathy at the time of mother's funeral. To start with we were just drawn together like brother and sister, but as time passed, our love for each other became deeper. We sought each others company at all times, and her father, uncle and aunt did not object. On the contrary they seemed to think that we were both in good company when we went out together. The better I got to know Ida, the more good points I found and I tried to improve myself so as to be worthy of her.

In the circle of my acquaintances there were many young men who kept an eye on the girls, and who became their partners for life: Johannes Petersen, Soren Faaborg, Benny Jacobsen, Peder and Laurids Lykke, R. Rasmussen, and Jens Faaborg. Jens later became the treasurer of our Synod for many years. Christian Evers was trying to win Anna Gron; Bertel

Hansen and Marie Lassen were always seen together; and also Jorgen Jacobsen and Christine Mainecke. Bertel and Jorgen were older and more sensible than the rest of us, so they formed a separate group. Jorgen was the treasurer of our congregation all the time I was in Clinton. Bertel Hansen, a large broad shouldered man, was a wonderful bass singer and could be heard above all the rest of us.

A young German barber, whom we called Peter the Barber, could speak Danish and was patronized by all the young men, as he was a good barber. One evening when I came in to get my hair cut, Benny Jacobsen was there before me and was being shaved. Benny and Peter had been very good friends, but now they were in love with the same girl and envy and resentment had caused bitterness. While Peter was shaving Benny, I noticed that all of a sudden, he became very pale, but his color soon came back again. When Benny left and I took his place, I asked Peter if he were sick. "What do you mean?" he said. So I told him that once when he was shaving Benny, he suddenly got very pale. "Niels," he said, "You know both Benny and I love Jennie, and suddenly I had the thought that I could end our strife with a quick stab of the knife. But God be praised, I overcame the temptation. Jennie would have become unhappy and I should have become a murderer. I do not give her up yet, but I'll fight honestly."

Benny, a fine young man, with blond curly hair, was everybody's favorite, especially with the girls. He was a clerk in Seymore Bros. Clothing Store on 2nd Street and earned big wages. Accordingly he dressed well and had pocket money to spend on his girl. Both Peter and Benny were my friends, so I also said, "God be praised," and I had more respect for Peter from that day on.

A group of us young men had hired a music teacher to teach us parts singing; it became a wonderful pastime for us, and a pleasure to others. Two or three times a week we met at Pastor Hansen's, both girls and boys, or at one of the other homes. We sang, played singing games and acting charades, and sometimes we would end the evening by dancing a few dances to my music on the mouth organ. On Sunday afternoons we'd meet up in the Bluffs on a flat open place. Here we played several Danish and American games like: Weave the Flax; Knock on the Miller's Door, Here Comes Uffe and Here Comes the Nobility, Last Couple Out, The Beautiful Maid Walks in the Forest, and many other games.

Paul Boysen sailed on the Great Lakes every summer and until they were covered with ice, then he came to Clinton to be with his children for some months. Frederick Boysen, who lived in Chicago, had just lost his wife (a sister to Marie Lassen). He and his two small children came to visit Ludvig Boysen, his brother, and at that time his children were separated. Marie Lassen took the little girl, and William went with his father back to Chicago.

Pastor Hansen would sometimes go to Sabula, Iowa to preach to a large number of Danes. Once while there, he heard about a young man, Simon Hagedorn, who wanted to go to the Elk Horn folk high school. When he heard that I, too, had decided to attend this school, we started to correspond. Pastor Kirkeberg had left the school and in his place as president was H. J. Pedersen from Gowen, Michigan. In a way I was sorry, for I had read a lot of his writings and was interested in him. I had hoped to get to know him, but that could not be.

As time drew near for the opening of school, Simon Hagedorn came to Clinton. I was anxious to see him. I had written to him that I would meet him at the station. We had given each other a description of our person, so as soon as he stepped off the train, we knew each other

and met as old friends. That same evening, the young people of Clinton gave us a farewell party in the parsonage. Pastor Hansen gave a talk, telling us to have an open mind for all the good and interesting things we would have a chance to hear. To learn many new songs and then come back to Clinton and teach them. We promised to do this to the best of our ability.

That evening, it got rather late before we parted. Simon stayed with Pastor Hansen that night and I was to meet him there the next day. Ida Boysen worked for a family near the station, but as it was so late, I took her to her Uncle Ludvig's home, where she stayed till the next day. It was the first time we two had to part for a long period. Many others have had this experience, so they will understand that it is not easy to part with the loved one. The next morning she came back to Pastor Hanson's to follow us to the station. Simon noticed at once that there was more than just friendship between Ida and me, so when we were sitting together he confided to me that he also had a dear little friend who lived in Savanna, Iowa, on the Mississippi River. It had been hard to leave her. From that day we were pals.

FOLK SCHOOL AT ELK-HORN

The train connections in those days were not very good, so we didn't arrive in Marne until morning. This was the nearest stopping place to Elk-Horn. Without knowing it, we found there were several other students who had gotten off the train. Johannes Kristoffersen from Chicago, Jens M. Nielsen and Jacob Haurum from Cedar Falls, Emil Ferdinand Madsen from Waterloo, Chris Christensen from Denmark, Kansas. This wasn't a large group, but we hoped there would be others. It was a cold day, with much snow, and it was late forenoon before the wagons arrived that were to take us to Elk Horn. There were two men with each wagon and they had used shovels to get through the snowdrifts. Each wagon was supposed to bring a load of coal for the school, so it wasn't until afternoon before we started on the fourteen-mile drive. We walked most of the way in order to keep warm, and also to make the load lighter. Some time in the evening we arrived at the school, exhausted after the long hike through snow and up and down hill all the way.

We were given a hearty welcome by the faculty and were asked to sit down at a table with steaming hot food. They did not have to repeat this for we were hungry. When we had finished the meal, Pastor Pedersen asked us to come to his office, so that he could get our names and addresses. And then, after giving us a schedule to be followed every day, he asked us earnestly to conduct ourselves in such a way that both students and teachers could get as much as possible out of our companionship. "We are now one big family and each one of us must follow the customs of the house, so that there can be harmony and good understanding, then we'll succeed in getting the best out of our months together this winter."

Now we were shown to our rooms in "Glad hjem," meaning "happy home," a building behind the school. Simon and I were given "Vesterlide," Johannes and Ferdinand were in "Osterlide," while some of the others had to live in "Nordpolen." But all the rooms were so cold that it felt as if we were all next to the North Pole. There was a little coal stove in each room, but they didn't give enough heat to make the rooms comfortably warm.

We now heard the school bell ringing, and we were supposed to go to the largest school-room to meet the faculty. First, there was Christian Ostergaard, where the subjects were:

Scandinavian History, Grammar, Orthography, Arithmetic, and Glee Club Singing. Then there was Peter Jensen: World History and Ancient History, Mythology, Penmanship, and also singing. Dr. Frederick Stellensen taught English and Natural History and Pastor Pedersen taught Bible History and Church History. In order to get the best result from the lectures, we were to make use of Pastor Pedersen's library for private study, and this made it easier to follow the lectures.

In a small hut behind the school, "Dannevirke" was edited and printed. A. M. Sundbejm, a nephew of Kirkeberg, helped Niels Ulrik Christiansen and a farmer's son, Mads Madsen, who was from Kimballton, Iowa, came one day every week to turn the large fly-wheel on the hand press, when the paper was ready to go to press. I often helped him, just to get a little exercise.

We liked all our teachers who tried their best to win our confidence, and we worked with heart and soul. Peter Jensen had a wonderful soft and melodious voice and it was in his classes that we enjoyed the songs that Ostergaard had taught us by playing his violin. Since there was as yet no church building, the upper story was used by the congregation for service, so we students were always there and added greatly to the singing.

Nearly every Sunday our whole group was invited out to one of the farmer's homes. One of the first Sundays we were at a family three miles south of the school. The Frederick Petersens were excellent people, especially Mrs. Petersen. As we arrived, she said, "All the young people in the community call me "Tante Kirsten" and she became our aunt. (They later moved to Enumclaw, Washington, and from there to Tacoma, where she lived to be 96 years old.)* Other places where we often visited were the Rasmus Hansens, the Kristen Madsens and the Ole Olsens, the latter two in Kimballton.

Mrs. Madsen told us that during the first years they lived on the farm, she never saw a neighbor and consequently, she was very lonely. One day she spied a wagon coming across the prairie. She ran to meet it and cried from happiness at the chance of talking to some one. The old settlers told that Kristen Madsen, *"Tante Kirsten" and a few others were instrumental in forming the Elkhorn congregation and getting in touch with Pastor A.S. Nielsen and Pastor Kirkeberg. In this way they were able to have services from itinerant Pastors from Denmark, who were trying to help these new congregations get started. The first permanent clergyman was Pastor Kirkeberg. *(From Marge: There is a picture in my Mother's photo album of an old lady who was sitting outside in a chair, with me as a very small child, standing beside her, and with the notation "Tante Kirsten." I had always wondered who this "Tante" was. Mother had told me that she lived in Tacoma, and now I know the rest of the story.)

The Seventh Day Adventists were busy trying to convert the Lutherans and they realized that they would have to stand together and fight this sect, if they didn't want to lose their weaker members. Pastor Kirkeberg was a great help to them. He wrote pamphlets in which he refuted their teachings. The S.D.A. retaliated by summoning the whole community to big meetings where they challenged Pastor Kirkeberg to defend his views of the Bible. The Lutherans then challenged the Seventh Day Adventists and the tension was so great that every one showed up. From then on the Lutherans were left in peace.Maybe S.D.A. were afraid that their own members would be converted, instead of vice versa. It was especially through Mr. and Mrs.

Kristen Madsen (Arne Madsen's grandparents) that these meetings were arranged, and the children, Hans Madsen, Mads Madsen and Sofie, who later married J. M. Gregersen, helped the cause by following in the footsteps of their parents.

When Pastor Kirkeberg started his Folkschool and "Dannevirke" and brought tidings far and wide, about what was happening on the prairies, many Danes decided to make their home there and before long, Elk Horn-Kimballton became one of the largest Danish colonies in America.

The life at the school was bustling with activity and our group had been increased by four new students: Kristen Henricksen from Audubon, Iowa; Jorgen Bonnicksen from Clinton; Nis Larsen from Des Moines; and Laurits Nielsen from Omaha. One more, Peter Petersen, a former student, but he did not remain.

We only received mail once a week at the school, so we were on tiptoe with expectation, while awaiting its arrival. Ida and I corresponded regularly, but something had come into her letters that had not been there before. Ida's aunt had tried to convince me before I left for Elk Horn that we should announce our engagement and not keep it a secret. But this I would not agree to, because of Ida's age. She might see someone with whom she could be happier, and I thought too much of her to stand in the way of her happiness. Therefore I did not want to tie such a young and inexperienced girl to any promise. I had made up my mind not to have a formal announcement until she was 16, but this made "Tante Beate" very angry, and she wrote a couple of letters to me that made me understand that it was she and not Ida, who wanted the announcement. From now on, "Tante Beate" left us in peace, and that was the best for both of us; our feelings for each other could ripen naturally, and a two year test could prove that our love was the real thing and not just attraction.

At the end of the three months of school, we, the students and the faculty, had grown to be great friends, and we hated to part. We asked Pastor Pedersen if it would be possible to continue the school two months, but he said there was much to be done before the school was ready to open for the girls' term, so he did not dare prolong it. One of the last days we all went to Atlantic to have a picture taken. I still have this picture and enjoy looking at it.

It wasn't my intention to go directly back to Clinton, so by talking to Nis Larsen, I decided to write to M. Lauritsen, to see if he would help me locate work. Before we left the school Ostergaard told me that a girl from Clinton had enrolled her name at the school for the summer term. As I suspected it might be Ida, I asked if he knew her name and he said, "Yes, it is Ida Boysen." While saying this, he looked so knowingly at me. Of course he had often noticed her name on my letters. I asked him if he would arrange for her to have my room, for then I would leave my bookcase for her to use, and this he promised.

A winter like this with so much snow, we students had had many a battle with snowballs. At Clinton I was used to playing baseball and I was a good marksman. One day during recess, while the snowballs were flying, Pastor Pedersen in a dressing gown and smoking a long pipe, came up from behind and really covered me with loose snow. But when I started to give him an equal measure of snow, he took the pipe in one hand, grabbed the loose flowing gown with the other, jumped over a snowdrift and made a beeline for the parsonage. But my well-aimed snowball struck him back of his head, so that his hat flew ahead of him. He looked back as he

picked up his hat and said, "That was a good throw," while continuing his flight, amidst laughter and snowballs.

Another time we were divided in two groups, for a long time victory was undecided, but finally we drove the "enemy" into the schoolroom. Simon was hiding behind the door, but he would open it to peek out, and once when he did I had a snowball ready and aimed at his face. As bad luck would have it, I struck his eye and really made it sore. Simon accused me of doing it on purpose, but we all told him it was an accident. Dr. Steffensen soon fixed the eye, and Simon and I were as good friends as before.

We had experienced a wonderful winter at this folk school, which would never be forgotten. Maybe we had not a great deal of knowledge to take with us home, but we had received something that was invaluable, something that made our lives richer, worth many times more than the money and time spent. It was hard to say just what it was we had received, but in our hearts we felt we had something that made us look on life with a brighter view and were better fit to take up the struggle of life. We had learned to choose and reject.

At the station in Atlantic our ways parted. Some went west, but most of us east. In Des Moines Mrs. Larsen and I said goodbye to the rest. Ferdinand Madsen went back to Waterloo, Mathias Nielsen and Jacob Haurum to Cedar Falls, while Simon Hagedorn, Johannes Kristoffersen and Jorgen Bonnicksen wanted to stay in Clinton for a while.

BACK TO DES MOINES AND CLINTON

When Nis Larsen and I came out to the Lauritsens Hotel on East Locust Street, Des Moines, we were wished a hearty welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Lauritsen. A surprise awaited me here: one of my schoolmates from Sleswick, Markus Schmidt, had just arrived. Through him I heard news of my old friends, and had old memories refreshed. He had learned the trade of making coaches, and hoped to find work in a carriage factory, but was willing to take any work until he had learned the American language. Markus said he had run away from the Germans (the same old story), had stayed in Denmark for awhile, until he could get passage to America.

One of the first men I met in Des Moines was the painter Hansen, whose wife was very sick at this time. Mrs. Lauritsen often sent some food to her and the girl who brought it told her that a young man who was staying with them had been singing so many new songs for the old grandmother. This old lady had asked me to sing for her and tell her about the folk-high school, which I had done willingly. Now Mrs. Hansen told the girl to ask me if I would come and sing for her, also. The Lauritsens took me down there that evening and we sang several songs and hymns, which seemed to cheer her. But to me it looked as if she needed more than just songs, so I asked Lauritsens if there wasn't a Pastor who could come and talk to her. The next night they sent for me and again Lauritsens went with me. We did more than sing this time, as we confessed the creed and said the Lord's Prayer and sang several hymns. We went down and repeated this several evenings, but she passed away before I left Des Moines.

The Hansens had three children, two grown-up girls and a boy who had just been confirmed, a fine intelligent boy who had received prizes as a reward in school for diligence, and unusual efficiency in several subjects. This talented boy is now known in the world as Niels Ebbesen Hansen, Professor at the Agricultural College in Brookings, South Dakota. He has

traveled all over in order to find a hardy wheat for the northern states. One of the girls married Jens Rasmussen, brother to Mrs. Gravesgaard, in Elk Horn, Iowa. During the short time I was in Des Moines, I won these people as friends for life. Niels Ebbesen clung to me as if he never would give me up and he was always doing something to please me.

Every day I went down to the Capitol building that was just under construction. Mr. Hansen, the artist, was at this time very busy painting the beautiful frescoes on the ceilings and walls of the many large halls and rooms. The painting on the dome was a picture that won everybody's admiration. Several years later Hansen moved to Elk Horn to live with his daughter and son-in-law, the Jens Rasmussens.

I soon grew tired of looking for work that never materialized. I wasn't used to this. So I decided to go back to Clinton, where I knew I could get to work for Curtis Bros. and Co. When I said goodbye to the Lauritsens at their hotel, they would not take a cent for my stay, saying, "We look upon you as a friend who has been visiting us. Come again, you shall always be welcome."

It aroused both surprise and happiness when I came back to Clinton. At Ludwig Boysens I again met George Bruhn, who had returned from Denmark with a new wife. She was Maren Sorensen, an older girl who had been in the home of his parents in Rybjerg. If I remember correctly, Bruhn took a couple of his children along with him to Denmark, while the others had stayed with the Niels Molgaards in Clinton. A few days later they left for Living Springs in western Iowa where he and his brother Arent had bought a large farm. The Danes in Clinton got such a good impression of George Bruhn that several families decided to follow him to Living Springs. Among them were: Ludwig Boysen, the Niels Molgaards, the Mads Gregersens, and others.

During the winter, the Iversens sold their house on Elm Street and rented a very large old building on the corner of 1st Street and 5th Avenue, where they now had a boarding house. As I didn't like to live in such a public place, I moved over to Nis Grumstrups on 2nd Avenue. My two schoolmates, Simon Hagedorn and Johannes Kristoffersen were still in Clinton, and we three were made leaders at the gatherings in the homes. At first it was all the new songs they wanted to learn. I remember one evening at Niels Olsens: for every song we sang, he would say, "That is my song," so at the end of the evening we told him he had become wealthy, as he had acquired many new songs.

Ida and I were together as often as there was a chance and we were very happy. I was glad that she had decided to attend the folk school in Elk Horn as that would be another bond between us. Hanne Kristensen and Kerstine Faaborg were also going. Ida's "Tante Beate" had waited until spring in order to accompany these three girls, and then she would join her husband, Ludwig Boysen, at Living Springs. When the day arrived for them to go, Peder and Laurits Lykke and I took them over to East Clinton, where they could go direct, without having to change trains. Again Ida and I were to be parted for three months, while letters passed regularly between us.

I didn't try to get work at the Sash Factory as I thought I should like to be a clerk in a clothing store. I could get a job at Blumenthal and Selig on 5th Avenue, but I soon found that I was not cut out to work there. I didn't like that I had to quote a different price to each customer according to what I thought he was able to pay. One day Buffalo Bill came in to buy a hat. It had

to be a certain kind, both in shape and color, so I thought, "Here is a gentleman who knows just what he wants, so maybe the price doesn't matter." But I figured wrong, he also knew the price. Mr. Selig gave me a secret sign that I should give in, so I sold the hat to Mr. William Cody. He had his home in Camanche, seven miles down the river from Clinton, and quite often this celebrity walked on the streets of Clinton. Buffalo Bill was a romantic figure, a little over medium height, erect and well built, with long blond tresses hanging as a mane over his shoulders, and with a mustache and a long "chin tuft". Dressed in a light, broad brimmed hat, coat and trousers of deerskin with fringes and embroidery, high-heeled boots with spurs in the winter and moccasins decorated with glass beads in the summer, he made a splendid and knightly figure. Especially was he the hero of boys and the ladies.

In a short time, I had enough of being a clerk, but my employers did not like to let me go, as I had brought them all my friends as customers. But before fall I was back again at Curtis Bros. Sash Factory. During the time I had been absent, many new Danes had work here: Troels Klinge, Vigfred Thirkildsen, (Paul Grumstrop's brother-in-law), Anton Aasted and his brother-in-law Digman. Children of these two families have later moved to Portland, Oregon and Junction City, Oregon and Solvang, California.

In the fall of 1881 I received a letter from Pastor H.J. Pedersen offering me free board and room besides some wages, if I would undertake to teach the English class for immigrants. This was a great surprise, but I answered him that I felt that I was unable to fill this position, and if I couldn't' fill a position to my own satisfaction, I would not undertake it. He repeated the offer, saying he was sure I could manage, but I refused definitely. It would have been easy with a class of newly arrived Danes like the class last year, but suppose the next group of students were farther advanced in English than I, this would make it hard to go through with. Later, I heard that he had offered the position to Ferdinand Madsen, and that he had accepted. This really surprised me as Ferdinand had but only one year of English.

While I was still working in the clothing store, Johan Iversen asked me if I wanted my citizenship papers. There would neither be inconvenience nor expense connected with them. There was going to be an election and it was to be decided whether the county seat should remain at Clinton or be moved to Grand Mound, which was centrally located. I got my citizenship papers, and the county seat did remain in Clinton.

In the fall of 1882 Paul and Ludvig Boysen moved from Living Springs to Elk Horn, where they both bought land two miles north-east of the school. It had been "Tante Beate's" plan that Ida should remain in Elk Horn with them but our plans were different, so she came back to Clinton. Niels Olsen also moved to Elk Horn, and bought land next to Ludvig Boysen and these two started to build at once. Knud D. Pedersen also moved there and their daughter Kjerstine married Soren Faaborg and they bought a farm in the colony. Kjerstine Faaborg and Peder Lykke were also married and ended as farmers in the new colony.

One evening during that summer Simon and Johannes came over to see me, and while we were talking, a message came to Simon that his brother, Jeppe Hagedorn, was down at Pastor Hansen's. Simon jumped up from his chair and in one minute was on his way to the parsonage. We followed as fast as we could run, almost losing our breath. When Simon came through the door, he shouted, "Where is my brother?" "He is standing in the other room, but I want you to greet this man first," said Pastor Hansen, as he introduced us to L. Henningsen, a painter who

was on his way to Elk Horn Folkschool to teach. He had brought several of his paintings, and among them, a picture of Jeppe Hagedorn, who was a member of the life-brigade on the west coast of Denmark.

Ever since Ida came back to Clinton, we had become closer knit than before, and now the whole world might know it. There were no more secrets. While Ida was still at the school, I wrote to her father regarding our relationship. He answered, "Dear friend, with no beating about the bush, I'll go straight to the subject of your letter. That is my motto when it concerns something important, (as I know from experience). I think you and Ida have had time enough to know whether this is true love that you feel for each other and not just a fleeting thought. And since I believe that both of you mean this honestly, I give my fatherly consent to your marriage, and my heartiest wishes are that God will bless you all your days. It has long been my dearest wish that you two would really love each other. All that I have ever had against it was that Ida was so young. Promise me, dear Niels, that you will protect my dear little Ida, who stands so alone, then I promise to be your fatherly friend, and a father's blessing I give with my whole heart. God be with us all, is the wish of your fatherly friend. P.N. Boysen" (Letter of August 13, 1881.)

Even though her father had given his consent, it took some time before we felt we really belonged together and were indispensable to each other's happiness. When this happened, the pledge of love was given innocently and pure. There was no wooing and no begging, it was just like a silent agreement – two hearts that beat in harmony and jointly made plans for the future. I'll never forget how happy Ida was the evening I put the engagement ring on her finger! Oh, but we were happy! What a blessing, a pure and honest love is!

In July her father asked her to come to Elk Horn to help her Aunt, who was not very strong, and could not manage with only the help of Palma, Ida's young sister, who was only ten. We decided she ought to go even though we were reluctant to part, but I promised to come for Christmas and maybe before. The Elk Horn congregation were building their church, and in the fall were going to have the synod's convention. It was this I was thinking about when I said, "Maybe before."

Ida was gone, and Clinton was so strangely empty! Christmas was an eternity away and time moved at a snail's pace. But the first part of August I had other things to think about. A cousin to Ida had come over from Sleswick a short time before. He had stayed in Chicago with his uncle, Frederick Boysen, but was now in Clinton looking for work. He came down to the Sash factory every day to see if there was an opening. One day when it was very warm, he said he thought he would go and bathe in the river, where he had been several times with the rest of us. There was a small island, where the railroad had a bridge and he would cross on that. I warned him about not going beyond a certain point where there was a forty foot deep hole and a strong current. I didn't think more about this, as I thought he understood my warning.

Later in the afternoon A.C. Nielsen, with whom Christian Boysen was lodging, came to the factory and said that Christian had not been home for lunch and that there were rumors about a young man who had drowned. Some boys across the river had heard some one calling for help, and they had seen someone with outstretched arms go down in the stream. Could this be Christian? We found his clothes and in the pocket was a letter from Frederick Boysen. Now

there was no doubt. How strange that this young man's life should end so suddenly. His parents and brothers and sisters would see Christian no more in this life!

A.C. Nielsen and his brother assisted me as much as they could. We sent a telegram to Frederick Boysen, his uncle, and he came at once to Clinton. In the meantime we had hired some fishermen to search for the drowned boy with a trawl net, and we rowed back and forth with grapple irons dragging along the bottom but without success. When F. Boysen arrived he offered a reward to anyone who found the body. We hunted day after day, farther and farther down the stream. After a week we gave up and Boysen, with a heavy heart, went back to Chicago. About three weeks later we read in a paper that 15 miles down the river a body had been found in an almost decomposed condition, and the people at the place had buried it. Could this be Christian's body? It was impossible to prove it, as it often happened that someone drowned in the Mississippi River. I sent the clipping to his uncle in Chicago, but he thought there was nothing to do in this case, as there was no proof to be had that the body was Christian. This occurrence left a deep impression on me. Here was one of the many instances where we stand before a "Wherefore" over against which we stand in amazement and silence.

One day late in the summer, all we young people had word to come to the parsonage to meet Pastor Kristian Anker, who was on his way to Elk Horn to accept the position of president of the school, and he wished to speak to us. As usual when we were summoned, we met with open heart and ears. Pastor Anker spoke to us about the Folk School and told us about life as it was lived in these schools in Denmark, and tried to interest as many as possible in the school in Elk Horn. Most of the evening passed in singing and in playing charades.

Before we went home Anker again spoke to us. "We have now had a fine evening, but sometimes it happens that young people are in doubt whether their fun has been within the bounds of decency or fitness. If you, my dear young friends, would ever be in this position, then try to follow this advice. When you get home to your room, after such an evening, and before you go to sleep, if you can thank God for the evening and say your evening prayers, then you can safely be at peace. If you can't, then it is time to shorten sail. In connection with this I want to give you another good word. It happens sometimes that a person gets to stand before an "either – or" and does not know which to choose. If you choose that which you would <u>rather not do</u>, you often hit on the right choice."

I was glad to hear what Anker said and have many times since profited from his advice. And you, my dear children, would do well to think about this good advice from the dear parson, who for so many years was such a friend to me and also my beloved Ida, your mother.

During this time, my dear little girl and I exchanged many letters. She told me that she longed for me so much, that she was half sick and asked me not to wait until Christmas, otherwise she was coming back to Clinton, as she could not possibly stand the separation much longer. She gave me a message from Niels Olsen with an offer of carpenter work at $1 a day plus board and room. He had so much work that he could not manage alone. I could get tools from Ludvig Boysen, until I could get my own. I longed so for my Ida, that I decided to accept, planning to be there by the first of October. Were there two happy people that evening? What a strange question to ask. Yes, we were so happy that we hardly noticed that Niels Olsen's and Ludvig Boysen's houses were full of company. These were the delegates to the convention.

Remarkable that one can be so captivated by another person that one has neither eyes, ears, nor thoughts for anything else. Together with this one person, a desert becomes an Eden.

All the guests to the convention from Living Springs and Clinton stayed with these two families. They ate at Boysen's and slept at Niels Olsen's. In two rooms they had spread a layer of hay all over the floors, the smaller room for the ladies and the larger for the men. Quilts covered the hay, and there we slept in two long rows with our heads by the walls and a little open space at the feet between the two rows.

Here I met Jens Peter Heiberg for the first time and his fiancee, Kjerstine Toft, was there also. Jens Peter and I constantly sought each other's company. He was a cousin to Pastor J.A. Heiberg of Chicago. One afternoon we walked across the prairie to the school. We were carrying on a conversation, when suddenly he stopped in front of me while he said, "Look, Niels Brons, what would you do if you had $800 in cash?" He took me so by surprise with his question, that all I could answer was, "I really don't know, I have never owned that much money, but one thing is sure, you can't make a mistake by investing it in land here at Elk Horn at the present prices." Heiberg started to chew on his thumb, inclined his head to the side, inhaled and exhaled a deep breath of air, while his gaze was fastened on the ground. (I have seen him take this position every time he had to make some decision.) Finally he said, "Well, maybe this isn't such a wrong idea." The rest of the way we didn't talk, as I could see he was still thinking, and I did not want to disturb him.

At the conclusion of the convention, Jens Peter Heiberg and Kjerstine went with the Bruhns, the Molgaards and the Mads Gregersens back to Living Springs. The next spring Heiberg bought a team of horses for $400, a lumber wagon, farming implements, and some furniture for their home and then rented a farm overgrown with cockleburs. Two years later they came back to Elk Horn and had very little to show of the $800, and they had not had a good crop in those years.

After the meeting, I worked together with Niels Olsen for awhile, but later in the winter his wife became sick and it turned out to be typhoid, so we had to stay home. It was arranged that Ida was to nurse the sick woman, take care of the children and do the cooking, surely not an easy job for such a young girl. Sine Olsen grew worse, and died shortly after. She had been a loving mother and a good wife. Ida now had to be foster mother for the four children, two girls, Thilde and Dagmar, and two boys, Voldemar and Ole. They were obedient children, but shortly after the funeral Ida had to give up as she was exhausted and half-sick. I was afraid she was coming down with typhoid, but luckily it was just over-exertion and after a couple of weeks rest, she was the same little girl, healthy and happy, and was I glad! Niels Olsen now was able to get a family to look after his children and household.

Niels Olsen and I now continued our building program. The first building was an octagon-shaped barn for Adventist Lars Hansen. It was a severe winter with much snow, and many a morning we had to shovel our way through large snowdrifts on our way to work. Before the winter was over we were almost finished with the barn. It only needed a cupola for ventilation, and I was to build this. The next morning there was a thick layer of ice on the roof, making it as smooth as a mirror. I got a bag of salt and very carefully crawled to the top of the roof. Using the salt, I got the ice made brittle in order that I, with safety, could work on it. A bitterly cold wind was blowing, so I had both overcoat and mittens on. Once when I leaned out

over the scaffolding in order to saw a board, the wind blew my carpenter's apron, so that the saw caught hold of it. I came within a hair's breath of sliding down the smooth steep roof. In one moment a heat wave filled my body, and with care, I finally finished the cupola.

After this hard turn we now took a short vacation and Ida and I made use of it to lay our future plans. In accordance with the family wishes, Ida and I were to be married after she was eighteen years old. That had been our plan right along. We were to take over her father's farm, build a house and then after we were married, her father, brother Albert and sister Palma, were to move in with us. Young as we were, we didn't realize what this was going to mean to us, but later we felt what a draw-back it had been, that we had never been alone in our Eden. In our long life, though too short a time together, we never had a day when we didn't have to consider someone else. It was a sin of these "calculating wise heads" to have hatched this plan. "Once bitten, twice fly." I have ever since this, advised young people never to agree to such terms. Our life together was suddenly ended in 1919. But God will answer my prayer that we shall meet again. Just the thought of this happiness will take the sting out of death, when my turn comes to leave this earth.

Hand in hand we walked over the ground where we intended to build our home. This was where the house should be built. Just south of the house we would make a flower garden with lots of paths. To the left, we could have our fruit trees. North of the house a large lawn, and the driveway a little to the northeast with a row of shade trees on each side. And so we continued until the picture of our future home was completed in our imagination. Continuing hand in hand we walked back to Uncle Ludvig's farm.

Ida longed to find some work where she could earn money enough to buy things for her hope chest. I told her that would not be necessary, as I would take care of everything. But she said, "I say, my friend, that is my job, and I have all summer in which to earn it." She sought for a place nearby, so that we need not be parted, but without success, and she had to go to Atlantic where she found work at Mr. and Mrs. Needles. However wages were low, so she really had to save to get something to put into her hope chest. Mrs. Needles wasn't well and there was much work. Though we were again parted, we had the comfort that this would be the last time in this life.

Niels Olsen and I were busy building a house for Hans Jensen, west of the school. One night we had a storm with strong winds and when we came back to our work the next morning we found that the framework of the house had been twisted out of shape. It took us several days to repair the damage. One day while using a shingle knife in a difficult position, I had the bad luck to give myself a deep cut just above the knee. I made use of the layoff to visit my little friend. We had so much to talk about that the time seemed all too short.

An event during this summer made a deep but dismal impression on me. One afternoon toward evening we saw a crowd of men and boys, horseback, driving or walking and all armed with guns. By asking, we found that they were hunting for two bandits who had killed the postmaster in a small town toward the east, and plundered the Post Office. Then in order to escape, the bandits had stolen horses and ridden them until they were played out, then exchanged them for two fresh ones. Now they had been traced to Elk Horn Grove, and from everywhere men and boys joined the crowd.

This was too good a chance to let go, so I borrowed a revolver, bought some bullets and joined the chain of men surrounding the Grove. We were given a password, so that we could tell friend from foe. During the night the bandits tried to break through the living chain, but were driven back. A druggist from Marne was killed and two others wounded. This maddened the crowd, and they became more set on capturing the bandits dead or alive. At break of day we had orders to close the ring and march forward until at last we made two circles. Now we heard shots again and they announced that one more had been killed. This frenzied the crowd. Suddenly you heard shot after shot and then a volley of shot and they called out, "We have caught them."

Everyone ran towards the place and we could see two men carrying a third and putting him in a wagon with his feet dangling. I went over to take a look at this bandit. He was a black-haired, bearded man, with his hair clinging to his forehead. His right arm was almost crushed and another wound terrible to see. He swore one minute and the next minute begged someone to put a bullet through his head. Then he begged for some water and a sympathetic hand reached out to give him some, but before it reached him, someone knocked it out of the hand, so that it flew way off. Just then the owner of the wagon came and seeing the bandit in it, he grabbed him by the legs and pulled him down to the ground. We were a group who reproached him for his inhumane behavior. He just said "This devil has killed my best friend," and then he kicked the bandit, who being more dead than alive didn't seem to notice it. It is awful when the beast gets the upper hand in a human being, and during that day I saw many examples of it.

I have often since then thought, what becomes of God's image in the human when the beast gets the upper hand!

Now our attention was drawn to a large group that seemed to be fighting about something else and screaming like mad. One group had caught the other bandit, tied his hands behind his back and knotted a rope around his neck. They were trying to get him to the nearest oak tree intending to hang him. The other group were trying to prevent this by cutting the rope time and again, yet each time it was retied into a noose. Maddened as the crown was, it was a wonder that nobody was killed. Blood was flowing, but that was from bloody noses and loose teeth. The large boys with a few men were the ones who wanted to lynch the bandit.

Among these men, two were from our Danish community. We had all looked up to these two as leaders and worthy of our respect, but even now, fifty years after, I still have not regained the respect for them that I lost that day.

One of the leaders, a stranger to me, and the one who always made a new hang-man's noose when the rope was cut, was a tall man over six feet, broad shouldered and about forty years old. His face was weak, flat and pale. Hair and beard were of a dirty light color. Beard was cut short over the cheeks but ended in a pointed tuft on the chin. He was dressed in a soiled, flannel shirt open in the neck, showing much chest hair. A blue corduroy coat, ragged and soiled, blue overalls, the lower part cut off four inches below the knees. His bare fat feet covered with a pair of rubber boots, with the tops cut off. His hat, of gray felt had the brim turned up except in front, which was turned down to resemble the visor of a cap. I had a good chance to watch him and his picture is imprinted on my mind as if it were yesterday that I had seen him. Nobody seemed to know him, but some guessed he was a sheriff from another county.

Those who wanted law and justice to be carried out finally got the bandit in their midst and marched out to the road. They settled down on the southern slope of the creek, while the lawless stayed on the other side. Blow upon blow, speeches were made on both sides. Finally after a fiery speech from the lawless, several men jumped up and aimed their guns at the bandit. One of our group placed himself in front of him and called to the others, "For God's sake, don't shoot! If you do, you will very likely kill several innocent people." The lawless answered that he had better move or they would fill his wretched body with lead. The man kept his place and said, "If you dare to do that, you also stand in danger of being strung up." It was now suggested that the prisoner be given a chance to speak, if that was his wish. He was so weak from the treatment he had received, by being dragged over the rough ground in the Grove that he could hardly stand upright. Two stout- hearted men held him up while he spoke.

We now saw a tall young man with dark curly hair, very different from the other bandit. He had steel blue eyes, a face that showed courage, not begging for mercy, and who under other conditions would crave respect and confidence. Now he was standing before a group and accused of having committed murder. He denied having had anything to do with killing the postmaster or robbing the Post Office, nor in killing any of the men in Elk Horn Grove. He had not made one shot, as his revolver would testify to, if they could find it.

A deputy sheriff appeared with a white handled revolver and he said the prisoner spoke the truth. All the chambers were filled and the barrel was shiny. The young man insisted that he had been used as a shield for the murderer and was forced to follow him. He said that he had several times tried to escape but that would have cost him his life. Now appearances were against him, since he was caught together with the bandit. " Could I do it over again, I would ten times rather have fallen for his bullet than be in my present position. I am not afraid to die, but I have an old mother who will die from sorrow if she finds out what a tragic end her boy had." By mentioning his mother the tears came and he collapsed. Then he mustered enough strength to sobbingly say, "My last prayer to you is, don't tell my old mother anything about this, do to me what you want to."

Quietness had fallen on the crowd, and in great haste we got him in a wagon with a deputy sheriff on either side, and they drove off to Harlan, our County seat. The other group was planning something we could see, and we thought they were going to overtake the wagon to get the prisoner in their power. But this was not it. The next day rumor spread that during the night they had overpowered the jailer, taken the young man outside the town and strung him up under a bridge and filled his body with bullets.

Yes, we are living in the era of civilization, but civilization doesn't go very deep, when our better self is forced into the background and we let our passions have loose rein. This event made a lasting impression on me.

During the harvest I went out to farmers to help get their crops in. Thor Madsen had a large field of ripened barley that could not be harvested by day without great loss, so we had to work by night while the dew moistened the kernels. It was really very light, as besides a full moon, we had a comet with a tail of fire. It looked like a golden Turkish sword. Every night we had this wonderful sight. It set our thoughts and imaginations in motion. What is a comet? Oh, yes, the astronomers tell us ---(yes, they tell us so much, have theories that are later overthrown, and they work with such large numbers that it almost makes one dizzy.)

They tell us that a comet is a heavenly body made up of several kinds of gas but not with its own light, but like the moon with reflected light. I suppose this is the reason that they disappear and leave no trace until they periodically reappear, some every fourth year, others every seventy-fifth year, and one every 2000 years, that the tail is so and so many million miles long. They tell us that in 1881 our planet went through the tail of a comet and that the only thing we noticed was a strange phosphorescent fog. What would happen if our planet met the head of one of these comets. One thing is clear to me, that the power that guides this immense body on its certain path must be the same that guides my life in small things, so I can cheerfully and fearlessly meet my destiny.

NIELS AND IDA – WEDDING DAY

Ida and I had decided to postpone our wedding day to the fifth of November, which was my birthday. We wanted the house to be completely finished, before we moved into it. I had decided that I could make most of our furniture, and the well I could dig myself, so I was busy early and late, but the work was done with pleasure and gaiety.

A month before the wedding Ida came back to Elk Horn to get her trousseau finished, and every evening we walked over to our house where we helped each other put on the laths for plastering. She soon became quite a little carpenter, but she was handy at everything she undertook. Even with plastering, she helped with the finishing process. She was so happy and nothing seemed too hard. "Oh, it's such fun to help build our little home," and I thought the same. We were so happy to be together and as we worked we made plans for the garden. We had gone over it so often, that we could see it all in imagination.

There were symptoms that we would have an early winter so I got busy setting up the heating stove that burned coal, in order that the plaster would not freeze before it was set. I kept the fire going day and night until the danger was past. This extra heat dried the plaster in a short time and I was soon finished with the inside work and started on the furniture. Tables, benches, cupboards, cabinets, and wardrobe and now the house was almost ready for us to move in. However there were some things that I could not make, such as cooking stove, kitchen and cooking utensils and chairs.

One of the first days in November Ida's father and I drove to Atlantic to buy what we needed. In those days it was customary for merchants to treat their customers to beer or stronger drinks in such good measure that many got too much. In this case it was Paul Boysen who had too much. It wasn't the first time. Remember he had been a sailor for thirty years and we had noticed that every time he had been in town he came home having had more than was good for him. Ida and I had talked about it and were concerned for the time that he would move into our home. It made me resentful to think that this might ruin our happiness.

When I had hitched the horses to the wagon, I got him up in the front seat, but he looked as if he might fall off any time. I took the reins which he didn't seem to like and everything went fine until we came to the crossing over the Chicago and Rock Island tracks. When he noticed the train from the west he grabbed the reins out of my hands, lashed the horses so that they galloped over the track right in front of the locomotive. Well, we got over, but there was neither time nor space to spare. Then he gave the reins back to me, reached down behind the

seat, picked up a gallon jug and took a drink. For a moment I felt like knocking the jug out of his hand, but I changed my mind. Just ahead of us was the bridge over Mishua Betna River and as we were crossing it I got his attention on something ahead of us, then I took the jug and threw it into the river. A couple of miles farther on Boysen was again thirsty, but could not find the jug. Thinking it was lost, he tried to take the reins to turn around and go back to town, but this I would not allow, so he sat grumbling and scolding, but I would not quarrel with a drunk man. He sat awhile in a sulk but soon I noticed that he was almost asleep. I suggested that he should sit down in the wagon bottom and I moved the seat forward so there would be room for him and wrapped in two horse blankets, he was soon fast asleep.

As soon as I reached home, I had him put to bed and then I told Ida about what had happened. We decided how we would conduct ourselves regarding him. The next morning, we got him outside where no one could interfere. In a decent way we told him that if he wished the plan to be realized about his moving into our home after the wedding, he must know that we, under no consideration, would stand for any drinking. If he wished to continue his present life, we were both going back to Clinton and then he could go on a spree whenever he liked. With tears in his eyes, he begged us not to leave him. He promised that this would be the last time we would see him drunk, and to his honor, I must say that he kept his word like a man. Several times I have had occasion to see what will power and character he had, when he was tempted in this regard. I really admired him. During the 33 years he was with us, he many a time thanked us for the firm course of action we took that forenoon.

Dear children, I have written about this at great length, so that you may get the impression that old “Bedste” was a man who deserves your full respect. Every one who knew him had great respect for him. During the years that followed the above event, he got into touch with Pastor Kristian Anker, who influenced him, so that we could feel that “Bedste” was a real Christian. P.N. Boysen, or “old Boysen”, as he was called from the time he was fifty, had traveled far and wide, had many experiences and was a good man to go to for advice.

Uncle Ludvig Boysen wanted us to have a big wedding. If we could have had our way, we would just have a small wedding with our own family and intimate friends. However, since Ludvig Boysen was paying for the party, we let him plan it. The faculty at the school at that time consisted of: A. Skands, Hans Skinvig, J.C. Jensen and Henningsen. We knew them, of course, but at the same time, we were a little bewildered in this well educated company. The day dawned with drifting lead-heavy clouds, and in the forenoon, when we were to drive to the church, the rain started to pour in torrents and looked as if it might continue all day. The road bed was so soft that the horses could hardly pull the wagon up the hills. When we arrived at the church, it was crammed with friends and acquaintances wanting to see Ida and Niels get married.

What Pastor Anker said to us in his speech to us I can’t repeat verbatim. However, I do remember that among other things he said that we two, who now stood before God’s Altar, and gave each other our hand in matrimony, had, in spite of our youth, thought much about the important step we were undertaking now. We had for many years been near and dear to each other. He ended with the wish, that this home we were establishing, where old and young were to live together, would be a blessing for us all.

This large group of friends now came to wish us happiness and God's blessing. My Ida, who always was near to both tears and laughter, put her arms around my neck and wept tears of happiness and we both felt that this Pact we had made was a pact for life.

When we walked out of the church, the sun was shining and kept shining all day, so the large group of friends could be in or out as they pleased. It was indeed a motley crowd. We saw small groups of those who were interested in each other. Ida and I were of course in the group of our own circle of friends, and singing and games as usual took up our time. The Faculty from the school made another circle, where they discussed deep questions. "Tante Beate" reproached us for not being more sedate on our wedding day. This put a damper on us and from then on we stayed in the house and listened devoutly to the speeches for which we blushingly gave thanks.

Well, I don't know, but I suppose this should be the end of my youth, as I am now a married man. I don't feel any difference. I seem just as youthful now as I did before marriage and I hope I'll never be "old" in this sense. As I have said earlier, my life has not been especially eventful, about as the common run of people's lives, but do you want to follow me into "Manhood", then we will continue.

MEMORIES OF MANHOOD

Responsibilities follow the entrance into manhood and from these I must not shrink. The ideals of youth get a different character. In the first place, there is the home that has to be built and the home life planned in order that it becomes what it should be for her, who is so dear to one. Outwardly there are duties that have to be performed and problems that have to be solved, but this gives us more strength so that just accomplishing something is a pleasure. Yes, how true it is that work is a pleasure if it is done for that which one loves. Often through my long span of years I have felt the truth of the saying "Work ennobles." I believe the secret lies in not losing sight of our ideals and always being on guard, so as not to let the work alone take possession of us in such a way that we become earth-bound. By "earth-bound" I mean, to let the thought of money alone be the only thing we think about, and forget "to live and be awake."

It has been said, "Life is a constant struggle." I suppose that is true, but one learns gradually to equip oneself to take up the struggle. Adversity, prosperity, sorrow and happiness, we shall meet on our wandering through life. Adversity we have to overcome, but it demands struggle and courage and this way gives man extra strength. Prosperity, yes, this is something we all hope for and surely it is a blessing, but not in greater measure than we can stand. Some can stand more than others, and perpetual success, like perpetual sunshine makes the soil barren, transforms fertility to desert waste. Nothing but prosperity would make us into weak wretches, or to overbearing proud beings, who cannot bear adversity, and who can never be a pleasure nor a help to any one but themselves.

Also, sorrow! Yes, we pray to be exempted from sorrow. However, sooner or later we will meet up with it. If not before, then when one of our dear ones are taken from us. Oh! But how sorrow can wring our hearts, the pain seems so great that one can hardly take it. Wringing ones hands and moaning in pain, one finally seeks God in prayer and after a hard struggle, one can finally say, "Thy will be done!" What a sense of strength this seems to give you. What a

relief and peace of heart it gives you. You seem to be lifted a step upward and in this way the sorrow can sometimes be a blessing.

However there are other sorrows that are harder to bear than death. Many a father and mother in this wonderful land of ours are anxious about a son or daughter that has gone astray. We can with reason ask to be exempted from this kind of sorrow. Happiness! To be happy and make others happy is something one should strive for. What can be compared with true happiness? Not the one that shows itself in wild and noisy hilarity, but the quiet happiness one feels together with one's family or friends. Sometimes one can experience a quiet period, when "an angel seems to be passing through the room." How wisely everything is arranged, so that adversity, prosperity, sorrow and happiness can be of service to us, if we accept them in the right spirit.

During the winter of 1883 and 1884, I built a barn of oak lumber, cut from the Oakhill forest and brought home on a sled. To start with, I made room for three horses and six cows. After a few years I enlarged it. I didn't as yet have any cows, but planned to buy two in the spring. At the beginning of spring the fields had to be plowed and seeded, the garden and yard to be laid out, so there would not be time to build.

Several times during the winter, L. Henningsen, with a group of students, came to see us. We only had two rooms, but they were cozy and warm. The chairs enough for such a group. Singing and lively banter alternated with reading and story telling. When Henningsen got grandfather's big meerschaum pipe filled and lit, he would be in high spirits and tell one story after the other. At other times he would give us lectures on more serious subjects that were both educational and interesting. We always looked forward with great expectation to these evenings and these friends came quite often so they must have felt welcome, or they would not have walked those two miles up and down hill in the heart of winter. Maybe Henningsen came for the pipe? No matter for what reason they came, we enjoyed those evenings immensely.

When spring arrived, Ida's father suggested that he would do the plowing while Ida and I worked on the garden. We had a plan for the garden and "Bedste" as we'll call him from now on, was just as anxious to have it realized as we were, so we were glad that he wanted to help us and thanked him for his offer. One day when I had been in Brayton, I came past Niels Hags farm just as he was planting some trees. When I told him that I was planning to do the same, he gave me a dozen box elders and a mountain ash. The ash we planted in the middle of the circular lawn and the prettiest box elder right in front of the house. This tree you older children have climbed many a time. The other box elders were planted around the croquet grounds. East of this was the driveway and a row of white ash were planted along each side. The large square west and northwest of the house was planted with white ash, black walnuts, hard maple, and a windbreak of Lombardi poplars that protected grapes, berries, kitchen and flower gardens on the south and southwest side of the house. East of this garden was a large yard and east of this was the orchard.

South of the yard we built a large double corncrib and granery. East of the driveway I later built a large pigpen surrounded by a big yard. Now I have drawn a word picture of our Elk Horn home, which I'm sure you older children can remember.

All these plants that Ida and I set out had to be weeded, cultivated and watered in order to keep them alive and growing. Many a noon hour Ida and I have knelt under the burning sun

and weeded and with our fingers crumbled the hard lumps of soil. Many an evening until late bedtime, have we carried water, so they wouldn't die and in the morning they would be straight and fresh. We worked hard early and late, but we had success with it and it gave us much pleasure, for we had the prettiest garden in the community.

My friends said many times that it was foolish of me to start farming, that I would not be able to endure the hard work. They soon found out that they were wrong, as it depends just as much on handiness and manual adroitness as on physical strength. It is said "that nothing is hard to a willing mind." I never felt tired during those first years, so I guess I must have been tough.

We bought two cows, that is we gave a note for them that had to be repaid out of the harvest, but during that summer one of them was killed by lightning. That was a misfortune, but better luck another time. One day during harvest "Bedste" and I were in the field getting the last load of grain to finish the last of five stacks. It was about five o'clock. Suddenly we saw a yellowish-greenish cloud in the northwest. It became larger and came closer. The birds flew restlessly here and there. Soon we heard a terrible sound that was so deafening that we could not hear anything else. Then it started to hail, some as large as small hen eggs. The horses became ungovernable and we could hardly manage to unhitch them and get them separated. We could not possibly hold them so we let them run home to the barn. The wind whirled the soil up in the air, so that it was almost dark, the hail came in such a mass that the hailstones were driven along the ground into large drifts. Thinly dressed and sweaty as we were, we became icy cold and soundly drubbed by the large hail that had sharp points. Where they touched the skin, they made a hole. "Bedste," who had his sleeves rolled up above the elbow, had boils like sores on arms and hands for a long time. When the storm was over, there wasn't one sheaf left of the five stacks and of 28 acres of corn, we harvested one small load of "nubbins"

Ida cried silently and was depressed over the misfortune. But it could have been worse. We ourselves, our horses, and cow, and our buildings had been spared. Ida had shut all the blinds in time, so not a window was broken. Little by little we became used to the thought of no harvest, and a debt hanging over our heads. As the interest on our loan had to be paid and the note for the two cows also, I had to go and seek work outside the region where the hail had destroyed all the crops, an area, one mile wide and 16 to 20 miles long. Ditch digging, carpenter work, well digging, or whatever I could find to do, and I often had to walk a long way. I had pretty good luck. I earned most by well-digging, but once when I was 28 feet down, the owner, through carelessness, let fall a heavy bucket with iron hoops. I heard it come and bent forward so it struck me between the shoulders and knocked me flat on the bottom. The man had to get help to hawl me up. It took me quite a while to get over this blow and Ida got such a fright, that she made me promise that never again would I dig wells in the future.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER MARIE

The twenty-third of August 1884 Ida asked me to hitch up and go and get her "Tante Beate." As soon as I brought her, she asked "Bedste" to get the midwife. That day I was very anxious for my little wife. That evening, she gave birth to a small, chubby girl, blond and tinted

like wax. My Ida was very happy and so was I that she got through the birth so well. What happiness to see her smile at her little girl as she held her in her arms.

Now with our little Marie, we were three, who belonged together and we felt it more than ever that we could not be alone in our home. We started to plan so that we could get a little more room. To start with I built a kitchen eight by ten feet out from the eastern gable, that could be used in the summer. The house was sixteen by twenty four feet in two rooms. The kitchen, where two beds stood, besides all the other things belonging in a kitchen and dining room. Our bedroom was ten by twelve feet, the other four by twelve space was divided between a clothes closet and a pantry. The outer wall of the pantry was removed, and a room seven by twelve feet with a sloping roof was added. This was to be Bedste's room, and his furniture was removed from the kitchen. We were all so pleased with the new arrangement. Palma went to live with "Tante Beate," who was sick most of the time. I made a bed for Albert, that in the daytime could be shoved under Bedste's bed. Now we didn't have to have beds in what was now the living room.

That fall, George Bruhn and family from Living Springs came back to Elk Horn and bought Jens Madsen's farm. Along with them came the Niels Molgaards, the J.P. Heibergs and others. This was the start of the intimate friendship between the Bruhns and us. This lasted for thirty years, until death parted us. There was hardly a Sunday that we were not together at one of the homes.

Bruhn made quite a few improvements both in the house and barn, and I had a chance to earn something with which to pay interest and taxes. One Sunday, when the Bruhns were at our place, he saw all my farm implements that I had bought here and there for little or nothing. "Listen, Niels Brons, you ought to have some better implements, you can't do decent work with this trumpery." "But, remember my whole harvest was destroyed in the hail storm, so it's hard to get just the necessities." "Yes, I know," he said, "but one of the first days we'll go to Atlantic and then you'll get a plow, harrow and cultivator of the very best you can get. I'll pay for them, and then we can settle later. By the way, we are going to make quite a few more improvements to our house, so you can work off the debt. You also need a planter, but you had better wait with it, and when your field is ready for planting, I'll come over and plant for you."

I got my new implements and I was so proud of them and took such good care of them. The plow was a 16 inch Norwegian plow, made by Dubuque Plow Co. It was shiny as a mirror and so light in weight that I often carried it on my shoulder to and from the field, instead of dragging it. Also I never left it in the field over night. It was still a good plow in 1898, when we sold out and moved to Enumclaw, Washington.

Heiberg and Kjerstine and their little Emelia rented the "Folkschool farm," as it was called, and they had such a good harvest that they recovered some of what they had lost. In 1885 we had an excellent harvest and we now dared to buy four cows and a sow with a litter of pigs. In the spring we had hatched some chickens and now we had really got a start. What a difference this was from last year, when the hail ruined our entire crop. We were so grateful and so happy.

This summer the Johan Johansens came back to America and as George Bruhn was now in Elk Horn, they decided to settle there. I had met them in Clinton in 1877 when I was living with his brother, and thought very much of them. Now a deeper friendship grew out of the acquaintance. George Bruhn was especially happy that they had come and he told me of the first

time he had met them. “Many years ago I came over to Maquoketa, where the Johansens lived. It was a Sunday afternoon. When I knocked on the door a soft and friendly voice bid me enter. They were sitting at the table before an open Bible, but they came at once and shook hands, and then Johan said, ‘Mother and I were meditating about what we have read in the Bible” and without letting me disturb them, they continued. For me it was just like a church service. We have been close friends since that day, and that is why I’m so happy to have them come to Elk Horn.”

During the summer two teachers, who were single, came directly from Denmark to Elk Horn. The one was Hans Pedersen, who for many years taught in a Danish Parochial school and in this way had a great influence on the younger generation, which grew up as a singing generation. The other was H.D. Fredericksen, who after a short stay, went back to Denmark. For many years I thought he was the author of “Et Juledigt” (a Christmas poem), but I was mistaken.

A family from West Denmark, Wisconsin, named Christian Hendricksen, had bought forty acres across from us. They wanted to build their house below the hill. Mrs. Hendricksen was sickly all the time they were in Elk Horn. They had several children of school age. Hendricksen had his own ideas regarding building. He made thousands of sun and wind dried bricks, for chimney and walls. I helped him lay the sills and they had to be laid according to the North Star. When we were ready to lay the roof, he only wanted one nail in each shingle, whether wide or narrow. The result was that a little later the roof looked like the feathers on a hen that wanted to hatch eggs. They strutted in all directions. Hendricksen was an original, who did not fit the conditions of the prairie, and he and his family went back to the forests in Wisconsin. Ida and I had become quite attached to them and they had some lovely children. For awhile we corresponded with them, but this ended after some time, and not until many years later did I meet some of that family.

Ida’s brother Willie was a good man on a farm, so it was easy for him to stay on a job. The first year he worked for Jens Madsen, but this was a hard job. The next place was for an American near Audubon. Here he stayed for several years and was treated like one of their family.

Her brother Albert and sister Palma were going to the parochial school where their teacher was Hans Pedersen. The congregation had built a large schoolhouse and here Hans Pedersen, who was a born teacher, knew how to win the friendship of the children. As a result many years later, in 1932, they had a commemorative festival for their beloved teacher, who now was a white-haired, white bearded old man. His work could be traced far into the future. In addition he also served as Secretary for Farmers’ Mutual Insurance Company in Enumclaw. He also supported the church. According to “Dannevirke” of December 23, 1932, he was made Knight of Dannebrog Order by the Danish King, as acknowledgment for his work in the Danish-American School and Church.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER LILY

On the 29th of December 1885, I received my Christmas present from Ida in the form of a little girl. Lily was not chubby like Marie when she was born, but was weak, and for many years we were quite anxious, but gradually she became stronger. It wasn’t too easy for Ida with the

two girls, but she was well and happy. Little Marie ran all over and it was such fun to see her rock her baby sister and sing for her. She could play by the hour with a dust cloth and this is something that has kept her interest even now.

By the eighth of March 1886, the frost was out of the ground, so I sowed 12 acres of oats in the corn stubbles, and got it harrowed. Two days later the ground started to freeze and this was followed by a bad snowstorm, and it was March twenty-fourth before I could start scratching the ground again. Just as I finished the harrowing, Johan and Nis Johansen came over to pay a visit. Nis was on his way to Denmark, Kansas, to buy land. We tried to persuade him to stay in Elk Horn and buy land here. No, he thought it was more sensible for Johan to go with him, but now it was Johan's turn to say no. Both brothers prophesied that I would have to sow my oats over again, and I was a little doubtful myself. I tried to find some of the grain and they had all sprouted, and before many days the green showed through the crust. I have never had a crop that looked as promising as this. When it was threshed I had 850 bushels from the machines. A wagonbox, 24 inches deep was supposed to hold 50 bushels when a man tromped in it all the time. I have never seen better oats and when farmers heard of it, they wanted it for seed, and that gave me a few cents over market price per bushel.

Jacob Hansen had bought Christian Hendricksen's place, but had to make many changes before he could move in. Ludvig Boysen, Hansen and I bought a selfbinder, a mower and a hay rake together, but this we should never have done, for it gave occasion for discord. After a short time we decided that one of us should buy them and then take pay for harvesting for the others. I didn't have the money and Hansen didn't want them, so Ludvig Boysen, who was the only one who was able and willing, took over the implements. He harvested for me for several years, but I bought a mower and hay rake the next year.

Bedste was often wanted by the farmers to paint their buildings. He did good work and did not overcharge. As usual he was home at night.

Carl Hansen had joined the faculty at the school and he, like Henningsen, often brought a group of the students over to see us. He was great at declamations, and we greatly enjoyed listening to him. Those who know him knew what talents he had. As a teacher, he was clever and gifted. Some said he was ugly, but you didn't see this often, for you knew him and to know him was to love him.

At the end of school in the spring of 1887, it was decided to give the school a general cleaning and a coat of paint before the term for girls started. Bedste was there to do the painting. One day while plowing, I saw smoke coming from the folk school. I unhitched one of the horses, jumped on its back and rode as hard as I could to get there. The first thing I saw, was Bedste standing in a window. He had just thrown a mattress out of the window and now he went back to tie a couple of sheets together. But in the meantime the people were calling out, "Old Boysen will be burned to death." Carl Hansen had ordered them to get a ladder, but it was too short. Finally they made so much ado, that Bedste came to the window and called out to them "Tejer med ro!" (Take it easy.) The next moment he had tied the sheets to the bedpost and was climbing down to the ladder. It wasn't a minute too soon, for the smoke was now coming out of the window. There was neither water nor horses, so the school burned to the ground, but neither "Gladhjem" nor the parsonage caught fire as the wind blew the flames away from these buildings.

At once a subscription list was started in the community and it grew to be quite a sum. One group of farmers started to clear the building site, others drove to town to buy lumber, bricks, lime, cement and everything they needed to rebuild the school. When the news of the fire came out to the other colonies, many of the old students, who did not have a job, came to help and among them were two carpenters. It was fun to see our friend, Carl Hansen, work. He did not accomplish very much, but he kept the others going by entertaining them and keeping up their humor. Before fall there was a new and larger school, ready to bid the new students welcome.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER AGNES

The fifteenth of August 1887, our little Agnes was born. Now we had three small girls. Lily, who now was 20 months, ran all over, but still was weak and we had to watch her carefully. Marie was a lively one, always singing to her doll, and as little as she was, she was quite a help to her mother.

That year Ludvig and I helped each other stack the sheaves. One afternoon while we were busy at his place, Ida sent word that she could not find Marie any place. It was getting on toward quitting time and a large thunder cloud was approaching. Hastily we got the whole neighborhood out hunting for her in the cornfield. First I had to comfort Ida, as I knew that she would be very unhappy. Then I ran down to the well west of the house, and as I ran, I prayed to God to hold His hand over our little girl. The next place I thought about was the creek. I knew there wasn't much water in it at this season, but it had a few holes big enough for a child to fall into. All of a sudden I saw a small footprint in some soft soil, and there a yellow flower that was hardly wilted. God be praised, now I was on her track. I called her name and found some more flowers. Shortly afterward I caught sight of her. She was sitting at the edge of a cornfield singing to her doll. As I picked her up and pressed her to my chest, I thanked God for giving my child back to me. I hurried home to Ida as fast as I could go, and was Ida happy when she saw her little Marie, who got another hug. Marie looked from one of us to the other and could not understand what it was all about. We soon got word to the neighbors that the child was found and everyone was happy.

A few days later we were stacking our farm. Since it was quite hilly, we had to hold the load in place with a long pole tied to the wagon. When the weather was fine, Marie was generally outside, so we always had to watch out for her. As we drove in to the stacks, I noticed that she was near. So when I had loosened the one end of the heavy pole, I let it slide down the side. Then I called Marie by name to be sure just where she was. Since she did not answer, I thought she had gone somewhere else, and I let the heavy pole fall to the ground. In that minute I saw her and the pole fell just a few inches from her head. I let myself slide down and picked her up, thanking God that I had not hurt my darling. "Oncle Loui" and "Bedste" started to scold the child. This vexed me and I told them that instead of scolding the child, we should all be grateful that she was unharmed. They did not answer me, so I guess they agreed.

Jens P. Heiberg had bought 40 acres from Jeppe Mortensen. The southwest corner was just across from our driveway, so we became neighbors. Good friends helped them build a small two-room house, a chicken house, pigpen and barn. Kjerstine Heiberg had a brother, Tjelde Toft, who had come from Denmark. He was a good-looking young man who made friends with

everybody, but he was not well. He tried to paint together with "Bedste", but he had to give it up. Consumption had made him its victim and he had to be out in the fresh air and sun. It was hard for him to walk up and down the steep hills, so the Elk Horn people who knew him, gave him a horse and buggy so that he could help with the outside work. He failed fast however, and his friends were thinking about sending him back to Denmark, his greatest wish, but that fall he died.

Kjerstine became sick that winter, also with consumption, and we all felt sad, for we thought so much of these friends. There was always singing when we met with them. It was the custom in those days that we always took our songbook along wherever we went, and this continued for many years, then gradually disappeared. The singing in homes is now with a few exceptions, only a saga.

Kjerstine failed fast and before the end of winter, she needed care night and day. It was hard for her to think of leaving her two little girls, her husband and her pleasant home. Little by little, she got used to the thought and before she died, she was longing to go to that home up yonder. The last afternoon we were a group of friends who joined her in the Holy Communion. Poor Jens Peter, his home became so empty after she left him. At first he walked around as in a daze, and his two little girls stayed most of the time with the Johan Johansens, who had rented Chicago Jensen's farm, or with the Bruhn's, but after awhile he became reconciled to his loss.

In the spring of 1888 his sister came from Denmark and kept house for him until sometime that summer, when she took Emilie along home to Denmark to her grandmother, where she stayed until she was confirmed. Jens Peter was a widower for several years, but finally he married an older girl, who had been staying with Peter Mikkelsens. That was Karen, whom you all know so well

Laurids Lykke and Johanne farmed for some years near Elk Horn, but they did not think this was the right place for them, so when homestead land was opened in Nebraska west of the Niobrara River, they drove there with horse and wagon. On this trip they nearly met their death. There were no bridges across any of the rivers, so they had to cross at fords. When they crossed the Niobrara River they almost got caught in quicksand. Hundreds of families had risked the dangerous trip to take up homestead land. The only grass that grew was bunch grass or buffalo grass, as they called it. Before winter they succeeded in building a sod-house, and the only fuel they had were small trees and bushes that grew along the rivers, and dried buffalo chips. After they had "broken" the prairie, they found that nothing would grow because of too little rain. They stayed there two years with no better luck, and then they moved up to South Dakota and stayed some years, but with no better luck. When J.C. Evers from Clinton, sometime in the nineties, became agent for the Danish Colony in Dannevang, Texas, Laurids and Johanne and all their children went there. At last, in south Texas, they found a place where they were satisfied with the rich sticky soil.

Soren Faaborg and Kjerstine bought land when they first came to Elk Horn, but they had a hard time keeping the wolf from the door, as Soren got into the hands of usurers. It was a hard fight for many years to pay the usurious interest, and all else he had to pay for. His brother-in-law, Peder Lykke, managed very well. He rented a large farm from Lars Mortensen for several years, and not until they thought they could manage, did they buy a farm on the Ridge Road about three miles from our place. Peder was agent for the Farmer's Mutual Insurance Company

and also for Western Iowa Hail and Tornado Insurance Company, and he earned quite a bit extra, the many years he had this position. Later he and Soren Petersen started a bank in Kimballton, Iowa.

When Heiberg and Karen were married, he decided he wanted to be a big farmer, but he never should have attempted this, for this was the start of his ill luck. His forty acre farm, where they were making their livelihood, he sold to an Adventist, and then bought Struther's farm of 120 acres. Now he had to pay interest on a large mortgage, and he soon found out that he wasn't cut out to be a big farmer. He worried about the debt, and sold one forty after another, until finally he had to let the last forty go. Then he got the job of hauling the farmer's milk to the creamery, and this was hard work, especially in winter when there were big snowdrifts, and in spring, when the roads were so soft that sometimes the wheels cut into the mud almost up to the hub. He had to have strong horses, harness and wagon. How often I wished that he had stayed on the forty across from us, so that we could still be neighbors.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER AMANDA

January 3, 1889 Amanda was born. Just think, now we had four little girls. "Tante Beate" tried to comfort us by saying. "The boys would come, if not before, then when the girls grew up."

During the time we had lived in Elk Horn, people had been coming in by the thousands. Many came because of the school, congregation and the many meetings, but the greater number because of the fertile soil. The first years were often hard, because in case of sickness, we had to get a doctor from one of the cities, and this made quite an added expense. We soon had two local doctors, one in Elk Horn and one in Kimballton. But otherwise, those first years were wonderful. The fellowship was felt everywhere; everyone was glad to receive help, and to give help. We all felt so contented with what we had, and ready to share with others of our overflow. Those who came from other parts to our large meetings, went home and told everyone that Elk Horn was the most wonderful place in which to live. Of course we had to work hard and often the market prices were low, but they were the same for everybody, and somehow we have our best memories from these hard times.

I think myself fortunate that I have experienced these "first years" several places. From 1872-76 in Portland, Maine; then Clinton, Iowa 1876-82; then Elk Horn 1882-98; and later Enumclaw, Washington 1898-1935, and every place I have shared in the work as well as play. At times it was hard work and took a lot of patience, but one piece of work after another was carried forward to reality and because of the fellowship, it gave us double pleasure. It is not only the problems among a small group of friends, but the larger claims of the whole community that we have to share, and I thank God for these claims on us. As long as we do our share and take an interest in the problems, they will add to our happiness and blessing. If the day ever comes, which God forbid, we lose interest in the problems laid at our door, then we as Danes will only be a saga. If prosperity is our only goal we will become pitiful wretches. Sometimes we hear the question, "How much is he worth?" "Oh, he is worth so many thousand, or so many millions." Man's money can be a blessing or a curse, according to the way he uses it.

Our garden and orchard had grown, so that our house seemed to be surrounded by a small forest. During 1889 many changes were made in Elk Horn. The congregation was building a large orphan's home on a 40 acre farm about one quarter mile west of the Folkschool, and it was decided to have Ludvig and Beate Boysen be the managers. They therefore sold their farm to his brother-in-law, Knud D. Petersen. Niels Olsen married Anna Jessen, a sister to Thomas Jessen, sold his farm to Jeppe Tovel and bought 40 acres from Rasmus Hansen. Ida's brother Willie was engaged to Christine, our neighbor Anders Nielsen's daughter and they intended to get married the following spring.

This buying and selling of land was contagious, and as the work was getting too hard for Ida with the extra chores and the four little girls to keep in clothes, we decided to sell our home to Willie and Christine, and then "Bedste" would stay with them. I was interested in trying my hand at a "Nursery," and thought maybe Elk Horn would be a good place for one. As a result in 1890 we bought four acres of Frederick Petersen, across the road from George Bruhn's.

BIRTH OF SON PAUL

First I planted many small plants, especially fruit trees and berries. Then we started building a four- room house where there would be room for two rooms in the attic sometime later. We moved in before the house was finished and I was hardly finished with shingling, when Paul was born, June 1890.

I covered the unfinished part with a tarpaulin. Towards morning, a big thunderstorm came up, the tarpaulin blew off and the rain poured down and dripped in the bed where Ida lay with the little boy. I held an umbrella over them, but soon it was more than drops and there wasn't a dry spot where I could move the bed. Ida and little Paul were shivering from the wet and I feared the consequences. At first we saw the comical side, but not for long. When the storm abated I ran over to Bruhns, got them out of bed and explained the circumstances. They dressed quickly, collected dry bedding and ran over to our house with it in a bundle. In less time than it takes to tell, Maren had Ida and the baby in a dry warm bed and gave Ida a warm drink. Neither Ida nor the boy suffered from all this, and young as we were, we've often laughed over this event. The next day I finished shingling and glad was I, as we had another storm that night.

Bruhn's children, Ole, Ellen, and Frederick and our four little girls played together every day and the two families were often together. I was busy with my planting and as we were not going to get any income from the nursery the first two years, I started doing carpenter work again. There was plenty of it, however at low wages, but I could always make as much as the farmers did, for market prices were low at that time. I worked together with Jacob Hansen and Thorwald Jensen, a brother to Pastor V.S. Jensen. When I was out of work a day or two, I worked in my garden.

That summer Ida had help; Rosa Mortensen was living with us. One Saturday afternoon when I came home, I found that Ida had gone over to Bruhns with the children. I had a full beard at that time and as it was very warm, I decided to shave it off. Without saying anything to Rosa, I took a basin full of hot water and went up to my room. Looking at myself afterwards, I had to laugh. What would Ida and the little girls say? With this in mind, I ran down and never thought about Rosa. She let out a scream, ran out of the house and over to Bruhns, saying there was a

strange man in our house. Ida, Maren and all the children came over to investigate. When Ida saw me, she ran over, gave me a big hug and a kiss, but you girls did not know me, and just gaped at me with big eyes. When I talked to you, you recognized my voice, but Rosa was so embarrassed that she would not look at me.

George Bruhn told me a similar story from the time of his first wife who had never seen him without a full beard. One day he had gone to Grand Mound and shaved off his long beard. As it was late when he arrived home, they were all in bed, so without waking anyone he undressed and went to bed. The next morning when Mrs. Bruhn awoke and saw the strange looking man in her bed, she gave a scream and jumped out of bed. When he started laughing, she recognized him and said, "You big fraud." Very soon she was able to enjoy the joke.

At this time there was a teacher at the school who was a Lieutenant from the Danish Army. He had a two-year leave of absence. Every afternoon we were sure to see him at Bruhn's about coffee time. He was a tall, straight and well-built young man with a very long mustache that he was forever twisting. One afternoon Johan Johansen, Heiberg and I were there and the Lieutenant with his usual nonchalance sat twisting his mustache, Maren Bruhn walked quietly in from the bedroom with a pair of scissors in her hand. We hardly noticed her before we heard a "snip" and one side of the mustache lay on the floor. The Lieutenant jumped up angrily and yelled, "Woman! Are you crazy?" and he ran out of the room as if he had lost his mind. Johan was the first to get over his surprise and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks and we all joined him.

Bruhn finally asked his wife how she had dared do it. "I really don't know, but afterward I felt as if I could have crept into a mouse hole; but I'm sure I'd do it again," said Maren with a mischievous look. Two weeks later the Lieutenant was seen walking into Bruhn's again, minus the mustache.

Ida and I were finally sorry that we had moved into town to experiment with the nursery. I needed more experience and "know-how" to compete with the large nurseries; and my work as carpenter often took me so far away that I could only be home on Sundays. We decided to sell our place and move out to a farm.

The Gregersen family had recently come to Elk Horn and having a son who taught at the Folkschool, they were glad to buy our home. This was in the fall of 1891. We had a chance to buy an eighty acre farm four miles southeast of Elk Horn. Here we were fortunate to have as neighbors the Ferdinand Grumstrups, our old friends from Clinton. They had several children about the same age as ours: Jenny, Therese, Marie, Jens and Aage, and we spent many an evening and Sunday afternoon in each other's homes. The other neighbors were Americans: Starr, McGovern, Henry Bobb, and the Atkinsons. This last named had a son, Frank, who often came to see us and the Grumstrups. He was so tall, that he had to bend forward to enter our doors and then he would unbend to his full height. We called him "Shorty Atkinson."

Two of Grumstrup's daughters later married two of the ministers in the Danish Synod, Aage Moller and Haken Jorgensen.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER ALMA

Alma was born March 16, 1892, so now we had six children. It was pretty hard for my Ida, but she was cheerful and happy. Marie, Lily and Agnes were quite a help in the house.

Grumstrups now sold their farm and bought a larger one seven miles west of Audubon, where we visited them several times. Martin Jensen worked for them a couple of years and later he went to Cape Scott, and finally settled in Enumclaw, Washington.

My brother-in-law, Willie Boysen, had an offer from Martin Esbeck in Kimballton, as salesman in his large business, and wanted to sell their farm, our first home! Since Grumstrups moved away, Ida had been lonesome, and kept wishing we could get back to our old home. The news soon spread that we wanted to sell our farm and at once we had two buyers. Old Starr and Anders Jacobsen; as the latter offered me a better price, I sold it to him and we then bought our old farm. How happy we all were.

Before we moved back, I wanted to have the cellar built up with brick. It was only a hole, and some of the wall had caved in. The first morning, I found a skunk in the cellar. I didn't like to go down, but it seemed just as frightened of me and stayed quietly at one side, and of course I did not molest it. It kept close watch of me, as I threw soil out of a hole. At noon I gave it some of my lunch, and for a week it was like a little cat sharing my food. When I was ready to move things into the cellar, I thought it best to get rid of the skunk, so that evening I put a plank through a window before I went home. The next morning it was gone.

A strange person was Peter Ahrenkil, and I cannot tell about this period without naming him. Peter was known far and wide as a very friendly "Tramp". Those who knew Peter were good to him. He was a poor wretch, who would not even hurt a cat. When in his rambles he got outside the area where he was known, they took him for a suspicious and dangerous person and locked him up. All he could say was, "Soren Ahrenkil is my brother," and when they found that Soren was a respectable farmer, they sent Peter back to him. Peter came regularly to us as Ida pitied him, and always darned and patched his clothes when he came. He had the habit of hunting for a loose thread, and when he found one he would pick and pick at it until he had a hole. The only thanks Ida got was, "Ja-a-a, I can see you have basted it together, but now I'll sing a song for you." Then he would sing several love ballads, while the children stood around him with big eyes. He really could sing and also remember the words.

When we thought he came too often, we suggested that he could help me dig in the garden. "Yes, I'll help you some day, but today it is too hot, and my head can't stand heat." Peter would stay away until he thought the digging had been done. Work was something Peter detested like the plague.

One evening at dusk Peter came to our house, and it looked like a storm was brewing, Ida made a bed for him on the floor. This was better than in a strawstack during a storm. That same night McGovern's barn and all his cows and horses burned. It was a tragic sight we neighbor's witnessed the next morning. They all discussed the probable cause of the fire. One man said that he had seen Peter Ahrenkil in the dusk and maybe he had slept in the hay, and by carelessness set fire to it. So I told them that Peter had slept in our house in a bed on the floor, but they were all so worked up by the tragedy, that they thought I just said this to clear Peter. So a couple of them went over to ask Ida, and from what she said, they realized that Peter was

innocent. Later they found out that the son had come home about three in the morning, put his horse in the barn and then gone to bed to sleep himself sober. Maybe he had struck a match or thrown a lit cigar, when he took the saddle off.

We finally got over the moving and happy were we to be back in the home we had helped each other build. This was the year 1893 when thousands of our church people suffered the grief of seeing our synod split in two. Tired of the continual strife, there would have to be a settlement. The conventions in Manistee, Michigan, 1890, and Clinton, Iowa, 1891, were storm centers, that spread intolerance out to the smallest churches in our synod. Pastor E.L. Grundtvig had sent in a proposal at the Clinton meeting, a proposal that was like oil poured on a rough sea. The result was very short lived, however.

This was F.L. Grundtvig's proposal: "We who belong to the different groups in the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, acknowledge that we are Lutheran Christians. We wish to have honest and faithful cooperation, in spite of all diversity, and will not by putting our doctrine to a vote, add something to the prescribed doctrines of our church."

And then he added the following stanzas from a poem he had written about the Danish Church:

"And can o'er baptism's holy pact,
To each other we reach out our hands;
Tho' I believe that angels will watch
And fetter the billows with bands.
In freedom the tower will rise to the blue,
And sweetly the anthem of praise anew,
Will sound from the Danish Churches.

But can we not bear with each other's views,
Though brief are our own and vague,
And knit we in wrathful ire, our brows,
And avoid our friends as a plague,
Then angels with tears will draw away,
And waves tumble land ward both night and day.
That's the downfall of our Danish Church."

F.L. Grundtvig, a Danish poet of high rank.

Grundtvig's proposal was carried with a large majority: 71 yeas and 14 nays. But in spite of this, the trouble kept fermenting in the minds of those who had a different view. The Seminary in West Denmark, Wisconsin was closed. As time went on, it became clear that a break would come, and this happened in 1893. Eighteen ministers seceded from the Danish Church and later joined another Lutheran Synod made up of Danish ministers and congregations who had once belonged to the Norwegian-Danish Conference.

This was the beginning of the United Danish Lutheran Church. Thirty-six ministers and forty congregations remained in the Danish Church. However, this was not the end of the strife. It continued in the local churches, leaving many a broken friendship of long standing and even

broken homes. Many places, as in Elk Horn-Kimballton, it broke up whole congregations, so that they would have two pastors and two churches, and the strife could be felt many years afterwards. Sad but true.

In Elk Horn there was just a small group of seventeen of us out of the whole congregation who didn't secede, and the strife there was very hard. Meeting after meeting was held, bitter accusations were made from both sides, and much was said that never should have been said. The fight was about the ownership of the church building. By legal right the church was ours, since the others seceded, but seen from a moral standpoint many of us felt that we could not ignore the right of the large majority of the congregation who had seceded together with Pastor Kr. Anken.

As a result we gave up, built a parish hall in Kimballton and called candidate Carl Christian Sorensen. However the first year we held our services in a church two miles east of Kimballton or in Peder Lykke's school house and had visiting Pastors: K. Knudsen from Newell, Iowa; A.S. Nielsen, O.L. Kirkeberg, and especially F.L. Grundtvig; who preached many times. Pastor Sorensen served here for some years but finally went back to Denmark. In the meantime Kimballton built a large church, as the congregation was now one of the largest in the Danish Synod.

Because of all this inner strife in Elk Horn, George Bruhn and the Johansens did not feel as satisfied as they had been, so Johansen and Arent Bruhn went to Washington to look over the situation and maybe find a place where they could build a home and be happy. Such a place they found in Enumclaw, after seeing several other places. As soon as George Bruhn had word from Washington, he sold his farm to Jens Hansen, whose son, Harold, later married Jenny Grumstrop, and daughter, Marie, later married John Bruhn. Another daughter married Dr. P. Soe.

Ida and I had the greatest inclination to join Bruhns and get away from the unhappy circumstances in Elk Horn. But "Bedste" didn't think it was a good idea to go to a strange place with our large family. So he decided to go with the Bruhns, both to help them and also to see how conditions were in Enumclaw. If he found the living conditions favorable, there was time enough for us to move from Elk Horn. Besides"Bedste", there were Palma, Jeppe Mortensen and his daughter Rose, who worked for Bruhns, and Wilhelm Tinus Hansen, who all went along.

"Bedste" and Palma came home that fall, but continued on to Chicago to see the Columbian Exposition. When they came to Alantic, I met them there, and they had many things to tell. The Bruhns and Johansens had built homes in the woods and had been busy clearing land so that they could start farming. Everyone who could creep or walk had gone to the hop yards in the fall, to earn something picking hops. He also told how he, "Bedste" had cooked for all of those who lived in tents at Lars Sorensesn in Flensted. Hops was about the only product they raised, and with the prices of hops going up and down, it was too much of a gamble. After hearing this report, we decided to stay in Elk Horn, but we kept up a correspondence with the Bruhns.

BIRTH OF SON OTTO

The 13th of May 1893, Otto was born, the seventh in the group. It was hard for Ida especially because the 90's were hard for farmers and there was no extra money for me to hire help for her. Our income could hardly buy the necessities. We helped ourselves through those years with homemade things and homegrown food. A pair of blue "overalls" were my "go to meeting trousers" for many years. With drudgery I farmed 40 to 60 rented acres besides my own 72 acre farm, to earn a little extra.

Ida kept her little girls and boys dressed in cotton clothes that could stand to be washed frequently. Our children certainly were not pampered for they had to help wherever it was possible. Dolls and playthings were homemade and were treasured much more than expensive toys are by children in the present age and the children were happy and grateful in all their contentment.

You older children can verify how happy we were in our home, how you could enjoy the little chickens and pigs. You remember "Anders Jyde" the little pig you fed with a bottle and nipple, and how it grew big enough for Paul to ride on. And you remember the day that "Anders Jyde" galloping with Paul on his back, ran into a hole in a strawstack and Paul was scraped off and in surprise sat and wondered what had become of "Anders Jyde".

Since the year of the hailstorm we have never had bad luck or failure of the crops. Just one year the army-worms threatened, but they only ate ten or twelve long rows of corn. Other places they destroyed whole cornfields and pastures. A mile south of us at Knud Petersens, Knud tried many ways to stop the advancing worm columns. The only thing that helped was to dig a long deep ditch with perpendicular sides and a layer of hay in the bottom. When the worms reached the ditch they fell in and when the ditch was almost full, kerosene was sprayed over the wriggling mass and a match set to them. This finished them.

Every winter during the first half of the 90's we poor farmers had to haul all our harvest to town to pay the interest on our mortgage. Corn was 11to 12 cents per bushel and oats gave very little. Each evening when I came home from the long ride, we shoveled snow into the portico, placed the sleigh on the snow and filled it with either corn or oats, ready for the next morning. When the caravan of sleighs came in sight I was ready to join those who came from the west and north. Before we reached the station we were indeed a long caravan. This was repeated every day without regard to road or weather. We often suffered the biting cold and snow and generally walked behind the sleigh, though the snow made walking very toilsome, but if we wrapped ourselves in a horse blanket and sat in the bottom of the sleigh, we had to fight to keep awake.

These severe trips injured my health, so that three winters in succession I had pneumonia, and each time it grew worse. I could see that this must have an end. Therefore, the last year we were in Elk Horn I bought three or four "baby beef" and quite a few pigs. This was easier and much better than driving to town with the corn and oats.

It wasn't every winter that we had a real "blizzard." But we had one winter storm that I'll never forget. It was a lovely sunshiny afternoon. "Bedste" and I were working with something south of the corncrib and granery. We were in our shirtsleeves, and you children were with us. All at once the cattle came running home to the barn, showing great disturbance. A moment

after, it became icy cold and a cloud covered the sun, and the wind howled around the corner of the buildings. Some of the cattle turned with the wind and ran down into the corn stalks and I thought I would never get them back to the barn, because by that time the snow whirled between heaven and earth. That evening when I had finished chores, I almost got lost between the barn and house. The next morning I stretched a clothesline between the house and barn, so that I could find my way. After raging for three days, there was a brief period of rest and then it started again worse than before for another three days.

Often in the winter the snowdrifts were so large that we could not make any headway with horses. Once when this happened, we needed flour and other groceries, so I went two miles across the fields to Elk Horn. The snow was frozen on top and walking was easy. When I went the same way back with a sack of flour on one shoulder and a bag of groceries on the other, I broke through the upper crust and sank into the soft snow up to my neck. The extra load made me heavier.

Another time just before Christmas, I left home before daylight with a small load of wheat to be exchanged for flour at a mill in Atlantic. It was very cold but no wind, so in order to keep warm I walked beside the wagon. My beard had become a lump of ice and my brown horses were white with hoarfrost. I got to the mill shortly after it had opened that morning. When they saw me they asked if I knew how cold it was. No, I did not know the temperature, only knew that it was very cold. So they told me it was 40 degrees below zero and that a storm s brewing, and they would advise me to start for home as soon as possible. But I had promised to wait for the 4 o'clock train from Omaha, Nebraska to meet a neighbor's daughter, and before we were out of town, it started to blow from north-northeast. This was the first time this girl had worked in a city and she had come dressed in thin summer clothes and a summer hat. I was wondering how she was going to stand 14 miles without freezing, if this was a real winter storm.

It wasn't very long before something cut our faces like needles. I made the girl take off her hat and wrapped her in a horse blanket and put her in the bottom of the wagon. Before we were half ways home, it was so dark that I could not see the road. I tied the reins to the seat and let the horses find the way home as I depended more on them than on myself. Then I jumped off and walked on the lee side with a hand on the wagon. I thought there was no end to the 14 miles, but finally the horses turned to the left, then I knew we were at Anders Nielsen's corner and only had one half mile to go. When I told the good news to the girl, I could hear that she was as happy as I.

When the horses turned into our driveway I saw a strange sight. From the end of each little twig of the trees, from all the metal on the harness and from the tips of the horses ears and from the tip of my nose could be seen a little flame. I have never experienced anything like this before or since. As I opened the kitchen door to hand in the packages, I saw a little flame from each of my fingertips as well as from my nose, and I felt a strange pricking sensation. Some days later the papers told how the storm had disturbed the telegram dispatches. It had been a magnetic storm and it had taken effect on me as well. The girl under Ida's care was soon feeling better, but she stayed with us until the following day.

STORY OF JORGEN JUUL

Every fall a Danish retailer from Clinton Wool & Knitted Things, came to our house. He made many sales in the large Danish Colony. Another Dane who came once in a while, I think you will remember. He was a little over medium height, but from carrying large bundles on his back, was bowed, and he had a weather beaten face and reddish blond hair and beard and carried a long cane. He spoke a dialect from Jutland. When we opened the door he would say, “Good day, may I ask, are you Danish?”

When we answered in the affirmative, he continued, “Would the good wife and the little girls like to see my wares? It doesn’t cost anything to look at them.” “What kind of wares do you have?” “I’ll tell you it is some very fine things that all women like to see.” “Well, come on in and show them to us.” “Thank you, I am Jorgen Juul, the old peddler.” The first thing he did after opening his bundle was to spread some large pieces of paper on the floor. Ida thought it would be better to use the table. “No, I say, little woman, once bitten, twice fly, and bought wit is best. It has happened that I have gotten spots on my lace and have had to sell them at a loss.” Oh dear! He almost stepped on somebody’s toes! Ida said her table was clean. “I beg your pardon, good woman, I didn’t mean that your table was soiled. It is not every place I come that is as clean as this,” and the showing of the “fine things” continued for the entertainment of the little girls, as he made a remark about each piece of lace.

Before the sale was completed it was almost evening, so he stayed with us that night. It wasn't the last time Jorgen Juul stayed overnight, for whenever he was in this neighborhood he always planned to come to us late in the day. Many years thereafter he came to Enumclaw, Washington and when he heard that we lived there, he looked us up. I was alone and Agnes was keeping house for me at that time. That evening we were invited out to dinner and were just leaving the house when he came.

“Good evening, I suppose you recognize me.” Yes, of course I did, you can’t forget Jorgen Juul. “Oh, could I stay with you tonight?” “Yes, with pleasure, but my daughter and I are invited out tonight.” Then he asked if he could not go with us, but I explained that it would hardly be appropriate to take a stranger along to this dinner. “Well, you just go along, I can stay here alone, for you don’t think that I would steal, and I can find something to eat.” But of course Agnes would not permit that, so she went in and made coffee and fried some eggs, while I showed him where he could sleep, and then took him in to my shelf of books, where he could choose what he wished. “Well, this is all very good, especially if you happen to have some tobacco. I have my own pipe, but no tobacco.”

He got his tobacco and then we left. When we came home around midnight, he was still reading. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, and coming in from the fresh air, we could hardly breathe. “Well, how have you been, Jorgen Juul?” “Oh, thank you, I think I have had a better time than you; for I found a very interesting book and then all the wonderful food I have eaten.” He had a long yellow stripe of egg in his gray beard. He tried to remove it, but had to resort to a basin of water.

Several years later he came once more to Enumclaw and this time stayed several days with us. He had ordered some lace from a company in Seattle, to be sent to Enumclaw. The order was delayed and Jorgen Juul lost his patience. One day he said, “Listen, do you happen to

have a sheet of paper and a stamped envelope?" Of course I had, and when I gave it to him, he said, "What does it cost?" So, I told him it didn't cost anything. "Why of course it does!" he said. Then he pulled a well-filled purse out of his pocket and started to hunt for something; finally he handed me three pennies and asked if that was enough. He insisted that I take them.

We talked about many things and at last I said that he was getting too old to travel around the country with such a heavy load. That he ought to make his home at a Home for Senior Citizens. But this he would not hear anything about, and at last was quite annoyed with me and went into another room and sat in a corner.

About a week later I came into Seattle to see Pastor Alfred Sorensen, and whom should I find but Jorgen Juul, reading a book in the Pastor's study. When Sorensen bid me welcome and mentioned my name, Jorgen Juul looked up and said, "Well, well, good people will flock together." Pastor Sorensen's little son John and little Doris were watching the old man, and finally said, " I can't understand what he is saying."

At the dinner table Pastor Sorensen said, "This afternoon I am going out to see the old people at the Old Peoples' Home, wouldn't you like to go with me?" "No, I wouldn't like that at all!" Sorensen said, "I think it would please you to see how happy and contented these old people are! " I was watching Jorgen Juul, and could see that this annoyed him, but he only coughed and shook his head. Afterwards Sorensen asked me if I knew why Jorgen so definitely refused to go with him. When I told him of our conversation a few days before, he laughed heartily and said, "He evidently thought that we were plotting to get him into the Old Peoples' Home."

That same fall (1928) I drove to Solvang, California. Whenever I was in Solvang, I always stayed at Atterdag, a lovely place to be. When Pastor Evald Kristensen took me up to his study, he said as we were walking up the stairs, "Now, I'll introduce you to the most remarkable man you have ever seen. As we came through the door he said, "Jorgen Juul, come and shake hands with Niels Brons from Enumclaw, Washington." Kristensen at once realized that we knew each other.

From before Christmas until the middle of January I was together with Jorgen Juul every day and we both enjoyed Pastor and Mrs. Kristensen's hospitality. Many an hour did we spend together in the library, where my cot was placed because of scarcity of room. We had interesting talks, as Jorgen Juul during his travels had met our people in all parts of this country and we had many mutual friends. We would often talk by the hour of the ones that he especially liked. Sometimes it could become a little monotonous when I didn't know the people, but you cannot deny that J.J. did know about everything. When he was together with the students, he would tell funny stories and we could hear his laughter. At the cozy evening gatherings in the Kristensen's private quarters, where conversation, readings or lectures were the entertainment, Kristinsen would often ask a question of J.J. and he would always be ready with an answer. Yes, he really was a very remarkable man.

Jorgen Juul told me that he was on his way to Dannevang, Texas where he had some business that had to be handled. In the middle of January 1929, he strapped the bundles on his back and staff in hand, bid us all "Farewell and God be with you." This was the last we saw of Jorgen Juul. Some days later Kristensen told me that our old friend had met with an accident near King City. He had tried to hail a car and had stepped out too far and the car hit him. He

insisted that he himself alone was to blame, and that was the last word he said before he died in a King City hospital. He was 78 years old, too old a man to carry about a 100 pounds on his back. When Pastor Hald's poem, "Do You Know Jorgen Juul" was published in "Dannevirke," these memories came back to me and I wrote them down.

Well, now we have wandered far away both in time and distance, but for the sake of coherence, I had to tell all about Jorgen Juul. We'll go back to Elk Horn to the year 1895.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER IDA

The 19th of February, we got one more girl. That was little Ida. We had to have help during this time, as I was not very well. I wouldn't give up until Ida was on her feet, but as soon as she was well, I collapsed and was in bed a long time with pneumonia, and had hardly regained my strength when spring came with mild weather. This helped me so that I was soon strong again.

The three oldest went to school and they were so happy to go, and their play at home among themselves was always playing school, with Agnes as teacher. A Danish girl, Anna Nielsen, was for several years their teacher. Anna was a born teacher and also a wonderful singing teacher, so the girls, who all could sing, learned many songs and to sing parts. You older girls will never forget Anna Nielsen and her violin, and the lively songs she taught. She married a clergyman and these two were later sent out as missionaries to Japan. Several years later they came home on a furlough and stopped in Seattle, where we had a chance to see them. At the same time they visited the Frederick Petersens in Tacoma.

"Bedste" often had work as a painter when the farmers could afford to have any painting done in these hard times. We had two horses and one old mule, our faithful and well-behaved old Jenny, but as I seldom had use for her, "Bedste" harnessed her to a cart he had bought at an auction sale. This conveyance with "Bedste" as the driver went by the name of "The Flyer" all over the community. A good thing that there wasn't any speed limit in those days, for when "The Flyer" came along with a speed of three miles an hour, there had better be a clear road ahead! One always knew whether she was going to a job or coming home to a good measure of oats, for then she really could use her legs.

Old Jenny was a wise mule, she knew what she wanted to do. If "The Flyer" was coming to a place where Jenny had once had a full measure of oats, "Bedste" could pull on the reins as much as he liked, he could pull her head way to the side, but her legs, body, cart and driver would turn into the yard where she would stop. However when she realized that there were no oats, she would turn around and continue her journey. "Bedste" was used to Jenny's tricks, so he rather enjoyed them. Mr Hedegaard, who later bought Jenny and the cart for his daughter to drive to school, told us that the first morning, when she came to the corner in Elk Horn where we had always turned to go home, Jenny took the bit between her teeth, turned the corner and ran the two miles out to our old place. Then the girl could turn Jenny and the cart around and go back to school. She was quite late for school that day!

Ida's sister Palma, who had learned dressmaking, was an unusual seamstress, so she was seldom out of work. There were other reasons why Palma was liked. She was reliable, friendly and obliging to all, happy and cheerful and sang like a lark at her sewing. There was sunshine

where Palma lived. Many a young man cast kind and yearning glances toward Palma, but she treated them all as friends, and not until much later in Chicago did she find the right one. She and her husband started a small store where their living quarters were upstairs and they soon had a large group of friends. She brought sunshine to her home.

Since I had changed from selling grain to feeding and fattening cattle and pigs, so that I would not have to take those strenuous trips to the cities, everything was going better, and the prices of hogs and beef went up a little. During the winter of 1896-1897 I had another attack of pneumonia, and I was laid up for a long time, but with loving and skillful nursing, I again got well. It was hard for my Ida during such times, but our girls were capable and willing to help, so we got through the strenuous winter. When spring came with sunshine and warmth, we forgot the long and hard winter and all were grateful and happy. It took me a long time to recover from this last illness and I felt these yearly attacks of pneumonia were sapping my strength.

In the fall of 1897 while we were husking corn, I felt as if another attack was coming on. I kept going until we hauled the last load home, and then I collapsed again. This attack was worse than the others, and Dr. Soe advised us to go to a milder climate. Ida and I had been corresponding with George Bruhn in Enumclaw, and with Laurids Lykke in Danevang, Texas, and we now thought seriously about making a change.

TRIP TO DANEVANG, TEXAS

We first wrote to our friend J.C. Evers in Clinton, Iowa, who was the agent for selling land in Danevang. He informed us that an excursion would leave from Omaha, Chicago and St. Paul and meet on a certain day in Kansas City. We decided that if I were well enough to risk the trip, I should join this excursion. When the day arrived, the sun was bright and warm from the early morning, so my brother-in-law Willie Boysen, drove up to our door with a layer of straw in the wagon, and wrapped in some blankets and quilts, this made a warm bed for me. With many good wishes for luck on the trip, and many a good piece of advice about being careful, I started the trip south.

I got on the train without feeling any bad effects from the fourteen-mile ride. From Omaha we went directly south, and at Kansas City, I met J.C. Evers and the other land prospectors. It was many years since we had been together in Clinton, so it was with mutual pleasure that we renewed our friendship. Evers knew that I had been sick, so he tried to spare me all unpleasantness. When we came down into southern Kansas, many of the fields were already seeded and planted with corn. I was concerned about being away from my spring work, forgetting that winter was still with us further north. When we came to the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, it was so warm that I rejoiced. How good it felt to inhale the warm air, and I really filled my lungs.

When we came to a certain place, Evers said to us, “Now I want you to notice this place, and then I’ll tell a story connected with it.” This is the story he told: “One of the last times I came through this region, we were held up by robbers. Without warning the train slowed down and the brakes shrieked, and then there was a lot of shooting. We now noticed the bandits on horseback and a moment afterward one of them entered our car and yelled ‘Hands up’. When the train stopped and I heard the shooting, I knew what it was. I had two ten dollar bills in my vest

pocket. I quickly rolled them into two small lumps, put them on the floor and stepped on them and pressed them flat, so that they almost looked like a cigar stub. When I heard the "hands up' I was the first to obey. All they got from me was about a dollar's worth of small coins. Everything was over quicker than it takes me to tell the story. I picked up my two ten collar bills, straightened them out so that they again looked like legal tender."

At Hillsboro, Texas the train stopped twenty minutes for lunch. I was a little slow about getting off the train, so when I came into the eating place, all the seats were taken. There were several others who didn't find a chair; I noticed a restaurant across the street and ran over to it, followed by another passenger. We were served at once, but it had already taken several minutes and before we had finished, the train moved on. There we stood, bareheaded, without a coat, and I in my felt slippers. We ran over to the station and sent a telegram to Evers asking him to meet us in Houston 12 hours later, and take care of our clothes and baggage. In a few minutes we had an answer from him. As we had to wait patiently for twelve hours, we had time to take a look at Hillsboro. Here and there we heard the Negro people singing and playing the banjo. Especially after dark, we heard fine singing. A good thing the night air was so warm, otherwise it wouldn't have been so good for me. The waiting period was very long but finally the train arrived and we continued our trip. The ticket agent had promised to arrange our tickets with the conductor, so we were not bothered. When we arrived in Houston the next morning, Evers and the whole group were there. As soon as Evers saw me, he came with a small rope with which he was going to tie me, to prevent me from getting away from him again.

The group of twelve was just ready to get on our train to go to Galveston, where Uncle Sam's warship "Texas" lay anchor. It had been announced that visitors were welcome on board, and that would be something for us farmers. I would just as soon have stayed in Houston and rested until the others came back, but Evers would not hear of it, and he had already bought my ticket. Well, I didn't regret the trip, though we did not get on board the ship. When there were as many guests as the boat could hold, the accommodation ladder was hauled in, while there were still thousands of visitors in smaller boats who wanted to get on board.

The captain stood at the railing and commanded the boats not to come near the warship, but nobody listened to him, and the mob crowded closer and closer, so that the boat crews could not obey the order. The crowd raged and jumped from one boat to another, until the ones near the ship were in danger of capsizing. The crew of these boats tried to keep the mass of people back. They threatened and even used fists, but nothing helped. I had a place from where I could see everything, and it was quite a study to watch this throng of people, men, women, young and old, all being thwarted in their wishes to go aboard the warship.

As the time approached for our train to leave, I could not see any of our group, so I got into a boat that was going back to the harbor. Out train was ready to leave, and whistled time and again, to call the passengers. At the last moment Evers and company arrived and I was sitting by the open window, waving to them. Evers said they had hunted for me and finally gave up, not expecting to find me in the train.

The next day when we came to Wharton, the county seat of Wharton county, in which Danevang is situated, I got the impression that it was a Negro town, as most of the people I saw were Negro. They stared at the train as if they had never seen one before. At one street was a fat

Negro woman surrounded by a group of children, and every one had red hair. I called Evers' attention to this fact, and he said, "I suppose their father was a red headed Irishman."

When we came to El Campo, Evers said, "Hurry, for this is where we get off." We got into a bus, and arrived at Danevang that afternoon. We came to the Laurids Lykkes where we were to have our headquarters. Hanne wanted to find out about Ida and all our children, and she showed me their children with a mother's pride.

It was decided that we were to visit the Marcus Nielsens that first evening. He was one of Danevang's biggest and best farmers and he was to be an example to us, so that we would be tempted to buy land. Mrs. Nielsen was a sister to Elizabeth and Jens Larsen in Clinton, and we spent some time talking about them. It was late before we left and when we came outside we were surprised that it had rained. Now we found that the soil was very sticky. Another thing I noticed were the cottontails, and I knew what a plague they could be for a farmer. Evers didn't think you could call them a plague because you could have roasted rabbit three times a day.

The next day we were to go out and look at the land that was for sale. Laurids was to drive for us and he had bought a large "spring wagon" with four seats which made room for us all. He drove out over the prairie and we noticed some white painted pegs with numbers. Evers sat with an open map and whenever we came to one of these pegs, we stopped and Evers told us about it. Many of these farms had been bought, but there were no buildings put up. Swarms of mosquitoes followed us, so we were fighting them all the time. I was sitting just behind Laurids who had a very thin shirt, and his back and shoulders were covered with these large mosquitoes. I shooed them away but remarked that this was one more of Danevang's plagues and Laurids said it wasn't too bad after one got used to it. As I was enjoying the warm weather, I didn't think too much about the plagues.

That evening I wanted to visit my old friend L. Henningson, who was the Pastor here. The congregation had built a parish hall, and in one end they had made living quarters for their Pastor. Laurids and Hanna Lykke went with me. When Henningsen saw me, he said, "Why, Niels Brons, where have you come from?" Then he called to his wife, who was in the kitchen. "Mother, Niels Brons from Elk Horn is here. You remember, I've told you about him." Mrs. Henningsen, whom I had never met, came in and bid me a hearty welcome. When I told them of my plans, he said, "Wonderful, then you had better buy the eighty acres next to the land belonging to the congregation. This was the eighty that I had thought about buying. Henningsen and I now reminisced about the time when he was a teacher at Elk Horn Folk school. He asked about "Bedste's" meerschaum pipe, that he had enjoyed. I had to tell him how it had been burned when my brother-in-law's place burned to the ground.

Now that we had seen the land that was for sale, we were going to visit the farmers and hear from them about how to farm in Texas. I noticed that they all had disk implements, disk plow, disk harrow, and disk cultivator. By asking, we found out that this was the only kind that could pulverize the tough sticky soil. As a boy I had known the same kind of soil in Sleswick, and in Elk Horn "gumbo" was found here and there in sloughs. The farmers said that they could grow grain as in the mid-western states, but that the soil was especially suitable for cotton and upland rice. You could not grow potatoes; only sweet potatoes.

The result would be that we would have to get information on how to handle the soil and learn to grow different crops. The first Danish farmers that came to Texas brought their

implements and horses, but they soon realized that they had made a big mistake. Their implements were impractical, and the horses could not stand the climate. They had to buy mules instead. Many of the fine farmers coming from the north found it hard to work under these conditions and had learned it to their cost. All this we were supposed to make use of, so that we wouldn't make the same mistakes. As far as I was concerned, it was the warm weather, which I needed so badly that influenced me in my decision to buy, and then the many wonderful people I had met. I signed a contract of purchase on the eighty acres across from the church property.

One of the first days I was in Danevang I had written to Boy Boysen from Clinton, who now lived a few miles from Houston, and to Paul Petersen, my old neighbor from Elk Horn, who now lived at Arcola, that I would come to see them. From Boy Boysen I received a letter telling me that every evening after six, I could find them at a certain market in Houston, where they sold their vegetables. One morning shortly after this I said goodbye to my friends in Danevang, and the same evening I met the Boy Boysens at the public market. Their wagon was in a row of about one hundred other wagons, all loaded with farm products of all kinds, that the next morning before the townfolks were awake had to be delivered to the different booths in the market. This was an open building that covered a large area.

The Boysens were making their supper on an open stove, when I arrived. After the meal we went down to the Salvation Army Hall to spend the evening. I asked how they dared leave their wagon and produce so many hours, but they said that "Pas-op" had always taken care of it, and nothing had ever been stolen. On our way back to the wagon I was wondering where we were going to sleep and made some remarks about it, and Boy said his wife would take care of that. When we came "home" Maren spread a mattress under the wagon, with some quilts on top. I thought I was to sleep there, but no, that was for Maren and "Pass-op," while Boy and I had a bed in the wagon. Here as elsewhere in the south, there was song and laughter. It did not seem to disturb Maren and Boy, but I lay and listened to it for hours before I finally fell asleep.

At daybreak I was roused and given a cup of black coffee and a piece of bread, and in a few moments we were ready to start for their home. We met many Negro farmers, who were on their way to town with their produce. All greeted us with a "Mornin' Sa." One of them who was driving a horse added, "You wan' to trade your mule for a hoss?" Boy shook his head. The Negro smiled and said "No! Wall, podner, it am a good hoss, but I ha'dly thought you would, goodbye!"

When we came home, the children had breakfast ready. The oldest daughter, my godchild, was almost 18 years old, the two big boys were 14 and 16 years, the two smaller boys, 8 and 10, and at last two little girls, 4 and 7 years. You might ask, how I could remember their ages. Well, they gave me a family photograph and I have it before me while I am writing this, as I don't like to make it a guessing game. Kathrine was engaged to a young American, and that evening I met him, as he came to take his little friend to a spelling bee, which was quite the fashion at that time.

The house they lived in was very low, but had many rooms. The stovepipe was put through a hole in the ceiling and continued through the attic and the roof. In the room where we sat talking this Sunday forenoon, there was a open hole about 30 inches square, through which we could see the flat roof. The wind was blowing hard that day, so we stayed indoors. All of a sudden we were frightened by seeing large sparks fall through the hole. In a moment Boy and I

had pushed the table under the hole and with the help of a chair crawled through it. Just at that moment it looked as if the whole attic was on fire, but the next moment it was almost extinguished. The attic had been full of cobwebs and the heat from the stovepipe had kindled them.

The children and Maren were busy carrying water, and with a broom and a wet sack, we soon had the fire entirely out. The only harm done beyond our fright, were a few shingles that had caught fire. When we came down through the hole, we were covered with soot. In dismay Maren exclaimed, "But Niels Brons, look at your clothes." I looked down at them and they did not look very clean. I borrowed some of Boy's clothes while Maren brushed, washed and pressed all my clothes. During the day, Boy got some shingles and we soon had the roof mended. What luck that we happened to be in the house, otherwise it might all have burned to the ground in this windstorm. It was a rented house, but still it was their home. There were about 5 acres of land with wonderful "sand mixed with clay" soil. Regular garden soil, and in this soil they could grow potatoes which always were high-priced.

The Boysens said they managed to get along with what they could earn from their garden. The large boys earned something in their free time, and Kathrine was a house-mother while her parents were at the market 6 days of the week. Of course I had kept Ida informed about my health and all the incidents from the trip. She begged me to get all the benefits I could out of staying in this warm climate, and not to worry about the work at home, as everything was being taken care of. Nobody had started on the spring plowing yet. What a relief that was, for with summer all around me, I felt I was wasting the precious time. I stayed with Boy Boysens for several days, and had a good chance to see the surrounding country that looked much like a spread out town. To each house there was only from one to ten acres, with large gardens that with few exceptions were well kept.

I received a good impression of this neighborhood, and could not help comparing it to Danevang; but at the same time I was sure that Ida and I would not like to live the life that Boy and Maren were satisfied with. One evening I drove with them to Houston, and they took me to the station where I took leave of these old friends. In the early morning I got off in Arcola. I stayed in the station until people started to move around, as I didn't know in which direction the Danish colony lay.

A man showed me some new farm buildings that could be seen about a mile from the station. I thought that if I could cross over a pasture enclosed by a high woven steel fence, with here and there a group of cattle grazing, I could be there in a short time. So I climbed over a gate and with my coat on my arm and a bag in my hand I started out briskly to walk across the field. When I got about halfway I noticed that the longhorns were making a beeline for me, and in seeming alarm circled about me. I didn't pay much attention at first, but their behavior was very strange. I kept on walking, maybe a little faster pace, and they kept on moving apart so that I could get through. More and more cattle joined the group. As I drew near the first farm, about 300 to 400 feet away, I saw four or five men, who shouted loudly and swung their arms, while some large dogs barked. This attracted the attention of the longhorns, which now had spread a little apart, and I finally made my way to the fence.

I spoke to the men in Danish, and they looked very much surprised. Then I asked them if they could show me where Paul Petersen lived. One of them answered in the dialect from Fyn,

one of the islands of Denmark, "So you are the man Paul has been waiting for. Yes, he has told us all about you. Paul lives over there, (pointing in the direction). Jens, you can go with the man and carry his bag. By the way, it was very foolish of you to cross the field with those longhorns. They could very easily have started playing ball with you."

Now the other men started talking, saying that they were not too happy to see me in the midst of the longhorns, that they had been watching me a long time and if one of the longhorns had started to attack me, they were ready to shoot it. No one enters a field of longhorns except on horseback. Now I noticed that two of the men had rifles. I began to realize that I had really been in great danger. However, I'm glad I did not know it while I was in the midst of the bellowing mass. If I had started to run back, they might really have played ball with me.

I thanked the men for their concern and bid them goodbye. The young man, Jens, carried my suitcase and took me over to Paul Petersen's farm. When we came to the house, Anna, his wife, told me Paul was in the field, so I walked out to him. I was interested in seeing whether the soil was of the same quality as in Danevang. Paul told me that there was quite a difference in the soil; some was of the finest soil mixed with sand, and they could grow both corn and grain. But again there could be spots of the toughest "gumbo." He was not growing cotton on his farm.

When I told him that I had a contract of purchase on eighty acres in Danevang, he really was interested. "Are you going to sell out in Elk Horn and move to Texas, then you had better trade with me. Here the ground is all under cultivation, and I have good buildings." I did not know what to say, as this settlement was made up of people from the United Church, and I wasn't sure that we would fit into the group. Paul was my friend, so we could discuss this subject without having our feelings hurt. "You know, Paul, that you would not like to live in a settlement with the Grundtvigian view, since the Break in our Synod." No, he would not, so then we were over that point and I asked him if he intended to sell his farm here, and he said, "I can't deny that we long for Elk Horn; we are getting along fine pecuniarily, but it gets terribly hot in the summer. Week after week, month after month, the temperature can vary between 100 and 115 degrees so that we gasp like a fish out of water."

When I heard this, I thought, "How can I have the heart to bring my dearest friend, who cannot stand the heat, to a place that is so hot. This would be both a sin and a shame." And I'll admit that from this moment I wasn't so enthusiastic for the heat that had been so beneficial for me. I knew Ida would follow me anywhere without complaining, but the thought of seeing her languishing in this terrible heat, made me melancholy.

I stayed with Paul Petersen about a week. One evening Paul said that he and Anna had decided that if they could sell their farm before we sold ours in Elk Horn, they would buy ours. It so happened that they sold their farm in Texas and were ready to buy our farm in Elk Horn by September 1898.

The congregation at Arcola had a young man as their minister whom I knew from Elk Horn. Evengisle-Nielsen was his name. He had been at the Folk School several years, then after a brief absence, had come back and under Pastor Anker's instruction for several years, had been ordained as a minister. One evening at a meeting he told us how his family had gotten the name Evengisle, or rather AEvengisle. His ancestor had had a good friend who was accused of having committed a crime, and was committed to the penitentiary. While there, his friend came with a message for him, saying that his mother lay at death's door, but could not die peacably without

seeing her son and hearing from his own lips that he was innocent of this crime. Everything had been done to free him, since he kept on denying he was guilty, but circumstantial evidence was against him. The friend who brought the message offered to take his place until he came back, which the government agreed to, but in case he did not return, the friend would have to finish his term of imprisonment. The friendship between them was strong enough to endure this.

The prisoner was given a letter of safe conduct and came home to see his mother before she died. His friends now tempted him not to go back to imprisonment, as he had a hostage taking his place, and would not be hunted down by the police. He became furious over this shameful advice. However as long as he was out, he and his relatives set everything in motion to clear his name. When the King heard of this and of the friend who had taken his place, he became greatly interested in the case and asked to see the prisoner. In order to find out if the friendship really was genuine, he pretended that he thought the prisoner should make use of his freedom, now that he was out. The young man again became furious and said, "No, rather than see my friend languish in prison as my hostage, I would die if necessary." The King had heard enough, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and promised to look into this case. The young man went back to the prison to the great surprise of the Warden and handed him a letter from the King. The two friends left the prison together. Besides this, the hostage was given the name AEvengisle" added to Nielsen. Gisle means hostage and AEven means honor.

The young minister had tuberculosis and thought the warm climate might help him. Zealous as he was in his service, he overexerted himself without mercy. I went to church that Sunday and it was hot and sultry in the building. Evengisle-Nielsen had the habit whenever he became ardent, to gesticulate and walk back and forth. In a short time the perspiration was running down his face. He removed vest, coat and collar, and his shirt was dripping wet. He gave a very long sermon, but I'm ashamed to say I heard very little of it, as my attention was drawn to his person. He must have been a Billy Sunday type. When he finished he was so weak that he could hardly stand upright, and there was a pool of perspiration where he had been standing.

A day later I started for home and when I arrived in Atlantic, Iowa, I walked around town to see if there should happen to be an Elk Horn man in town. Not finding any, I started walking. This I should not have dared to do three or four weeks ago. I kept on hoping that a wagon would overtake me and give me a "lift." I knew that the Brokkers, the former Mrs. Molgaard, lived close to Gates school, about eight miles from Atlantic, so when I got that far, I stopped in to rest. Mrs. Brokker gave me refreshments and thought I should wait until her husband came, then he would drive me home. However, he did not come, so I started walking again, leaving my overcoat and suitcase. The Brokkers were driving to Elk Horn one of the first days and promised to bring them to our house.

There was happiness when I at last, weary and hungry, reached home. Ida and the children were beside themselves from joy over seeing me so sunburned and at home again. If I hadn't accomplished anything else, the warm sunshine had given me good health, much better than if I had been hanging around indoors in the cold north.

Oh, but it was wonderful to be home again. We had so much to talk about, also my anxiety about the heat in summer, but Ida did not want to hear about this being too much for her. She put her arms about my neck and said, "Just so it is good for you, little Papa, we others can

take it." The dear little friend always loving and sacrificing for her dear ones. However, this made me more determined to find another place. The spring work went along famously, and before long the grain was growing fast, and I had no worries about having been away so long.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER ELENORE

There is one thing I have omitted to tell, and still it is important. The 13th of July 1897 we had another little girl, who received the name Elenore. Two boys and seven girls, what a family! However, we could not do without one of them. No, on the contrary! We loved our children and were loved by them. What a wealth we had in them, in spite of our poverty.

We were still corresponding with George Bruhn. Our summer was unusually hot this year and when I saw how Ida suffered in the heat, my thoughts turned more and more to the west instead of the south. We were determined on leaving Elk Horn before the winter, as we were sure that I could not stand another attack of pneumonia like last winter. We had just about given up the idea of Danevang, and "Bedste" seemed to be pleased. When I finished cultivating the corn the second time, I got ready and started for Enumclaw, where I arrived June 27, 1989. It was wonderful to see Bruhn's and Johansen's again, and every day we three walked around looking at land for sale. Two places attracted me: Wm. McMillan's place and Robert Scott's. By examining the quality of the soil, I decided that the latter place was far the best, and Bruhn and Johansen granted that I was right.

One day Bruhn, Johansen and I went out to see "The Other Danes," as they were called, who lived in "Flensted": Lars Sorensen, Nielsen-Krogh, Nicolaisens, and Mrs. Rasmussen. When we were visiting with the latter, Johan told about Arent Bruhn's trip to Cape Scott's Danish Settlement on the north end of Vancouver Island. He told about the giant yellow Cedar trees that are found there, that are so big that our trees could not compare with them at all. While Johan was talking, Mrs. Rasmussen sat looking at him, and all at once she said,"I think you are lying, Johan." You remember how heartily Johan could laugh, well, he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and we joined in the laughter, all except old Mrs. Rasmussen, who remained sober. How could anything be larger than our 300 foot tall trees? She was shocked that Johan, who was so honest and dependable, could tell such a lie. After Johan got over his laughter, he said "I have just told what Arent Bruhn had said," and old Grete regained her composure. I have more to tell about "the other Danes," but that must wait, as I have to hurry home to cultivate my corn the third time.

Henry Bruhn loaned me a small sum of money, so that I could bind the sale with Robert Scott, and with George Bruhn as witness, the necessary documents were signed July , 1898. Then I started for home happy in mind, much more satisfied than when I came from Texas. And we have never regretted our choice.

When I arrived home and told them that I had bought 50 acres of the best soil found, near Enumclaw and only one-half mile from town, and one mile from Bruhns and Johansens, the children shouted with joy, and my Ida looked at me happily. She knew this step had been taken especially for her sake, since we otherwise would have gone to Texas.

From Paul Petersen we heard that they had sold their farm in Arcola, Texas and as soon as the sale was completed we could depend on his buying our farm. Now we wrote to Evers and

asked him to try to dispose of the 80 acres that I had a contract on. Shortly after, I had a letter from him that he had been successful, and I would not lose a cent. The same day we received a letter from Paul Petersen to say that now they were ready to buy our farm. Everything seemed to fall into place like a jigsaw puzzle. We now started making plans for the auction, which could be held as soon as we had finished threshing the grain.

When the day arrived that we were going to thresh the grain, many of our friends arrived with teams and lumber wagons to haul the grain to town at once. This saved me many a long trip and I was very grateful. Now to get ready for the auction! I had often noticed that at the auctions where everything was lying helter-skelter, no order anywhere, and wagons and implements covered with rust and mud, the bidding was slow. We talked it over and Ida and the children became so smitten with my plan, that they started in with brush, soap and water. Wagons and implements got a regular overhauling, while I washed and oiled harness, built a row of small pig pens, where I later placed four pigs in each according to size. The corn could not be husked until in September, so it was sold to the highest bidder per acre. Some days before the auction many came to judge the value of the corn.

The day of the auction dawned bright and clear, and everything was in its place and in order. Chris Nelson was auctioneer, and Peter Lykke, clerk, two men who knew everybody and were known by everybody. Some days before the auction I had arranged with a wealthy farmer to take over all the checks and notes from the auction at a discount of 5%. In this way we were ready to start in two days. Besides our tickets, we had a net surplus, with all debts paid, of $1700.00. We could hardly believe that we really owned that much.

The last evenings we were together with friends. As the parting hour came near, we found it was not easy to say goodbye to our old friends from Clinton. We were going so far away, that we might never see them again in this life. A hard thing to realize. When you are at the point, when you have to say goodbye, the thought is almost unnerving. However, we have the memories, and they help to bring the friends to mind in the quiet hours. Good memories are a treasure that is worth having. Without these dear memories, old age would be disconsolate and lonesome. Thank God for the treasure of memories I possess.

MOVE TO ENUMCLAW

We were quite a large group of travelers: “Bedste”, our nine children, of whom Marie, the oldest, was 14 and Elenore, the youngest, now a little over a year old, and then Ida and I. There were many details to look after with such a group. We had of course many pieces of luggage. Every one of the older children had something definite that they had to take care of, and they had all received instruction on how to conduct themselves. For example, when we had to change trains, everything went according to our plans. Only at night, if the train was crowded, it was a little difficult, as every one was tired and sleepy.

We arrived in Enumclaw the evening of the 12th of September and as we had not let the Bruhns know what day to expect us, there was no one at the station to meet us. I deeply regretted this, as both Ida and the children were tired after the four days travel, but it was too late to think about it now. Both “Bedste” and I knew the way, so we started out walking the two miles. However, it was dark and the two smallest had to be carried and part of the road was on a

rough path through the woods. The younger children stumbled and cried and Ida became despondent, and being so exhausted, began to cry. I comforted her and took as much of the load as I could, but I was also carrying a three year old.

At last we arrived at Bruhns and when I knocked on the door, Bruhn opened it. When he saw our large group, all carrying something, he scolded me for not letting him know when we were coming. I didn't have a single excuse, for I felt I deserved his reproach. I thought it strange that neither Maren nor Bruhn asked us to come in. I hear Maren say, "Father how shall we arrange this?" He said, You cannot remain here as we have scarlet fever in the house, and we wouldn't want to expose the children, Come and rest a while, then two of the boys can go along to Johansen's and carry the smallest children, and the heaviest baggage you can leave here." Ida embraced Maren and said that she felt as if she could not go one step farther. They decided that if we were not afraid to expose the children, Ida could stay. I do not remember how many stayed with her, but Alma was the only one who caught scarlet fever.

Maren soon had a meal on the table and that put new life into Ida and the children. After this meal, we got two lanterns and a couple of the boys to help carry some of the smallest children. Then we walked over the path that wound along the top of the hills between these two places. The children were watching every stump and looking to all sides between the dark fir trees. A couple of them grabbed my hands and pressed against me quietly without saying a word, and I'm sure their hearts were in their throats whenever they saw a bear between the trees.

Johan and Anna were just as surprised when they saw us, but here we were asked to enter at once. It did me good to see with what motherly care Anna cuddled the smaller children and got beds for them all. Bedste and I went back to sleep at Bruhn's.

The next day was Ida's birthday, 33 years old. That birthday she never forgot. The despondency that she felt that first night hung on for quite a while. She felt imprisoned between the mountains and isolated from the rest of the world among these tall trees. It would be a little better on our place, but as yet there was no house, so we had to live for a while in a small shack where there was hardly room to move.

We paid Mr. Scott $500 and paid a mortgage of $1100 as well as the taxes for two years, then most of our money was gone, but we had the property without a debt. Between the stumps on about 15 acres, Bruhns and Johansens had harvested about 25 loads of hay for us. Out of this I exchanged 13 tons for all the lumber I needed for a six-room house. In those days lumber was very cheap on the Coast. Windows, doors, nails, and mountings were also cheap, and it did not take us long to get the house ready for plastering, as all the old as well as the new Danish settlers faithfully helped us. Four or five came every day. I remember the day that we laid the floors. Many of the men had hobnails in their soles. When Ida saw this, she asked them in a friendly way, to take off their shoes as the hobnails would leave deep marks in the new floors. A beautiful floor was Ida's pride. The men smiled but now walked in their stocking feet the rest of the day. Frederick Sorensen was one of those who was very much amused and often spoke of it later and teased Ida about it.

The first winter we lived in the unplastered house, but the inside walls were covered by heavy building felt. We didn't feel as if it were winter as much of the time there was a fine rain, sometimes not much more than a mist, this was called "Oregon Mist." We could be out in it from morning until night without getting wet to the skin. This first winter we cleared many of

the big stumps away and in the evening we set fire to the roots we had piled up in the daytime. This was fun for the children. Of course it was hard work to clear land, but it was also much fun. The soil was the finest mixture of sand and loam, and every day we filled the holes and raked the soil, so that it looked like a garden that grew bigger with each day, until by spring we had several acres of cleared land, with no stones. We did not use dynamite, but we cut, hewed, chopped and slashed with long handled axes; the longest roots we sawed over, then with long poles got them up on end and with our joint strength got them rolled into large piles, and let the fire finish them. Some of them were so heavy that we dug a hole beneath them so we could pack branches and wood chunks under them and set fire to them. A root would burn for the longest time before we finally could handle the rest of it.

The former owner, Robert Scott, had had a group of Japanese clear the forest, but they never succeeded in getting the rubbish burned. During the years that followed, a new forest, called second growth, had grown to be about thirty feet high, and most of the former cuttings covered the ground making it like a jungle. When we got the second growth cut down the old cuttings helped, when we piled it all in windrows and set fire to it. Now the soil was ready to be sown with grass seed for pasture.

East of the house, just at the boundary line, there was a hollow cedar stump, so big, that Mr. Scott had used it as a stall for two calves. Our girls soon found it, cleaned it up, hung up pictures and made it into a playhouse. They used it for many years, until I finally removed the last reminder of grand trees that had once covered our farm.

Otto Bruhn, who had married Rasmus Hansen's daughter Margrethe from Elk Horn, moved to Enumclaw in the summer of 1898. Likewise did Jens Peder Heiberg and Karen, and he found work at the sawmill in Enumclaw. Gunnar Heiberg, a brother to Jens Peder, had been living on Vashon Island between Tacoma and Seattle. He had been raising strawberries for many years and was so successful that they called him "The Strawberry King." The Danish girls from Enumclaw, and among them some of ours, picked strawberries for Gunnar several summers.

Otto and Margrethe bought 40 acres partly cleared land midways between our farm and Johansens. A wonderful path went past Otto Bruhn's and continued over to his father's place, and we often walked there by day and in the evening, always on the lookout for wild animals. Every time we heard a rustle, especially in the evening, we thought, "NOW!"---

Maren and Bruhn often came walking with arms linked, and usually they had something along for the children. Once they brought a hen with a brood of chickens; another time they brought a puppy, that they had named "Estrup," but we at once changed it to "Trofast" which means "faithful," and he certainly was a faithful guide and playmate, especially for Elenore. Once Elenore was playing with her doll and evidently it must have fallen into the creek, for when Ida came out to look for her, she found both Trofast and Elenore wet, and the doll gone. We could just surmise what had happened. When he grew old, he lost both sight and hearing and also his teeth, but it was a sad day when we had to part with the faithful dog.

Before we left Elk Horn, we had heard that candidate, N.P. Pedersen, who was studying under the guidance of Pastor Gravengaard in Oak Hill, Iowa, had accepted a call from the Enumclaw congregation. So we contacted him one Sunday and he came to visit us a few times that summer of 1898, before going to Enumclaw.

FIRST YEARS OF ENUMCLAW AND DANISH LUTHERAN CHURCH

I'll now give a summary of the first years of the congregation at Enumclaw, collected from several sources. On March 4, 1894, the following met at the home of Anders Nielsen Krogh for the purpose of forming a congregation in Enumclaw: Anders Nielsen Krogh, Jens Carl Jensen, George Bruhn, Johan C. Johansen, Lars Sorensen, K.F. Jensen, O.M. Jackson, Johannes Johansen, Henry Bruhn, Anton Jensen, Jens Fredericksen, Henry Nielsen, Munk Hermansen, Frederick Sorensen, Borger Nielsen, Jens Sorensen, Peter Rasmussen, L.K. Sorensen, S.L. Sorensen, N.P. Nielsen, L.M. Nielsen, Mrs. Kjersten Nikolaisen, Maren Nielsen and Sine Nielsen.

Anders Nielsen Krogh was made Chairman and Jens Carl Jensen, Secretary of the meeting. They resolved to form a congregation and voted on rules for the same. The following were chosen as the first executive committee: President, George Bruhn, Secretary, N.P. Nielsen, Treasurer, S.L. Sorensen.

Pastor Jens Jensen Mylund, who was serving the congregation in Tacoma, had promised to preach in Enumclaw once in a while. He often walked the 22 miles back and forth, but when he could not be there, Johan Johansen led the meetings, and read a sermon. They would all join in confessing the creed and saying the Lord's Prayer, and then sang several hymns. Some of the older settlers said that these meetings were really an inspiration.

November 26, 1894, Pastor Mylund preached in Enumclaw, and after the service informed them that he and his family would move to Enumclaw, preach one Sunday a month and give religious instruction to the children, if the congregation could meet the extra expenses.

The President, George Bruhn, called a meeting to be held at Frederick Sorensens, December , in order to discuss how they could raise the extra cash so that they could accept Pastor Mylunds offer. George Bruhn offered the use of house, barn and 5 acres of land. The members subscribed $50, and they could pay 25 days in work on the 5 acres of land. This was to be Mylund's wages and one third in cash to defray the expenses of the congregation. Jens Carl Jensen was to see if he could find a location for their meetings. Montgomery's Hall on Railroad Street, which had an apartment on the first floor and a large hall on the second, was rented for $1 per month. Sam Lafromboise lent them an old heating stove, and ten benches were made by volunteer workers. On the twenty-second of December this modest "church" was ready to be used.

At the next official meeting, January 13, 1895, two new members were accepted: Vilhelm Tinus Hansen and Paul Jensen. Johan Johansen was chosen as president and he retained this office for many years. Pastor Jensen continued serving the Tacoma Church and whenever he was absent, the Enumclaw congregation continued with their layman's service. At the meeting August 2, 1896 the following proposal was made by Johan Christian Jensen that the Enumclaw Congregation ask for admission into the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church Synod. The sixteenth of August they met to discuss the constitution of the Synod and later resolved to have the President and Secretary sign the Constitution of the Synod.

At the meeting held January 10, 1897, the congregation decided to give Pastor Mylund the cash balance of $10.89. A new subscription list was signed by members for 36 days of work and $15 cash. Later was added 4 days of work and $10.00 in cash. Most of the members were

farmers on small plots of cleared land in the big forest and in the nineties some of them raised hops, but the price of hops was low, and often they had to sell at a loss. The result was that very few of them were able to pay cash. Later on when the farmers started dairy farming, things were better, but prices still were low and cash not very plentiful.

At the next meeting, January 1, 1898, the cash balance of $18.25 was again given to Pastor Mylund, but in March he handed in his resignation as he had decided to go to Cape Scott. A meeting was called where the future was discussed. It was decided to give Pastor Mylund one fourth of the sum that was subscribed in the spring, as well as thanking him for his friendliness and service. It was also decided to retain our "Church" building and continue with the lay service.

On May fifteenth an extra meeting was held for the purpose of calling a new minister. The subscription list again went out to the members. George Bruhn announced that instead of the 5 acres of land he would increase it to 10 acres, besides house and barn. A petition signed by the committee and all the members was sent to Pastor Kjolhede, the president of the Synod. Two new members were accepted: Otto Bruhn and Jens Peder Hejberg. It was decided to start a Sunday school with Johan Johansen and Otto Bruhn as leaders.

By the 12th of June there was an answer from Pastor Kjolhede, who recommended Candidate Niels P. Pedersen. Our president was authorized to send a call to N.P. Pedersen, the sooner the better. Pastor Pedersen arrived August seventh and the members were asked to pay their contribution every quarter and in advance.

At the meeting held October 27, 1898, it was decided to have the first Christmas tree together with the Danish Brotherhood. Two new members were accepted: "Bedste" and myself. We discussed the problem of building a church and to this end nominated a committee of three, George Bruhn, Jens Carl Jensen and me to look for a building site. We gave our report at the general meeting January 8, 1899, where they started a subscription list to pay for the lots and material. Johan Christian Jensen, Pastor Pedersen and I were chosen to get this list around to every one in our community. We were finished February 12th and then called all the Danes to a mass meeting to make the final decisions.

It was decided to build a church 24 by 40 feet, divided in two rooms, the larger, 24 by 26 for church meetings and 24 by 14 to be used for other meetings for the first 5 years. It was especially in regard to Danish Brotherhood Lodge No. 112 that his room was to be built. There were many of our church members who were not too pleased with this arrangement and as time passed and the work advanced, it became clear to most of us that it would be much better to help D.B.S. lodge build their own hall. This we finally decided on to the satisfaction of both parties. We kept our church uncurtailed and the lodge bought a large store for little or nothing, tore it down, moved to their location and rebuilt it so that they had a large hall with a lodge room on the second floor, and all achieved with volunteer labor.

August 13th we had on our subscription list: $356.35 for the church and we decided to start building. Two lots were bought and cleared with volunteer labor, and the members promised to give all the help they were able to. I promised to lead the work. December 11th the church was just about finished and the building committee handed in their report:

Cash received		$454.30
Two lots	$ 50.00	
Lumber	270.95	
Windows, Doors, Bricks, Nails, Mountings	40.70	
Freight	4.00	
Help to raise Tower	8.80	
Total	$439.45	439.45
Surplus		$ 14.85

The congregation now discussed how much to pay the architect and builder. That was soon settled. I said I would donate two weeks labor and ask for $1.50 per day for the six weeks, which came to $54.00. That was taken care of and we were all so grateful that we now had our church building.

It was decided to invite the Danes from Tacoma and Seattle to help with the dedication on Christmas Day. The work went on of naming committees: Christmas tree, Festival, Decoration, and Receiving Committees. Everyone was put to work and there seemed to be life and pleasure for we were all in a holiday mood. The festive day arrived with sunshine, and our church was filled to the last seat.

"Danish Women" in Denmark had sent our congregation a beautiful Altar vessel and paten of silver. This gift came in time to be dedicated the same day as the church. It touched our hearts as Pastor Pedersen solemnly dedicated each piece to its use, in his conscientious manner. I will break off here and fill in about the new improvements that were made later and which were milestones of our church as they occurred.

The first that was added was a pulpit and baptismal font. Then new benches and a carpet were installed. S.L. Sorensen gave us the bell, and Pastor Pedersen, two lovely chandeliers. In 1904 we started to plan on building the parsonage, but in 1900 we built a chancel to the church with an altar and altar piece representing the Apostles going to Emmaus in the company of Jesus. When finally the church was painted, we really thought we had a lovely little church.

ENUMCLAW HISTORY AND LIFE THERE WITH MANY FRIENDS

Johan Johansen's oldest son Johannes, who had been on a trip to Denmark and no doubt with the object in view of deciding whether he could be satisfied living in Denmark, marrying a cousin and inheriting his father's old home, now returned to Enumclaw. With him came Emelie, Jens Peder Heibergs oldest daughter, who had gone to Denmark in 1888 with her aunt to make her home with her grandmother. Now she was 15-16 years old, a pretty young girl, lively and wide-awake. She had been brought up in a modern home, was very ladylike and had perfect poise. Her father was so happy that evening that he sang out his happiness, and we joined him in one song after another.

What a joyful time that was with songs in every home. That custom has died little by little, at first the gramophone, then the radio, and now television has taken over, and singing in

the home has died out. We of the older generation cannot deny that we prefer to hear a song amidst friends, where old and young join in the singing, than jazz. The radio and television bring much good entertainment in such a wondrous manner that we must admire, but they also bring entertainment that may cause harm.

In the fall of 1898 I bought seven full-blooded Jersey milk cows, out of a herd of 100 that had been sent up from Oregon. It became apparent that I had made a good choice as the offspring of these seven cows can be traced to 1935 and maybe longer, and they were some of the best cows in the community. However, I had acquired quite a debt, and as I also had some before on the house and furniture, Bruhn and Johansen both advised me to sell some of my land if I could, as a debt could hold one back during these hard times. Luck was with me, for the same fall, Charley Neading, a young man from Alaska, offered me $800 for 10 acres of land that was across the road from my 40. The sale was made and I paid off my debt and had enough left over to buy two beautiful gray horses, 3-4 years old that I fell for.

Most of the time these horses walked along the road between our house and town so most every time I walked on this road I would meet them. With a strange call they would approach me and Trilby, the mare, had the habit of reaching out her right foot to shake hands. Is it any wonder that I was in love with them? When I found out that they belonged to Robert Montgomery, I bought them from him for $100 for them both. I never regretted buying them. They made a fast team and very strong, a couple of times they bolted but otherwise they were true as gold. I owned them for many years but finally they landed on the farm of one of my neighbors and even after they were 30 years old, they did work for Andrew Strom.

It was always busy and to earn a little extra I built several houses. One was for Niels Jensen, who had come here from Portland, Oregon. He was a brother to Paul and Johan Christian Jensen. When Henry Bruhn and Marie Johansen were getting married, I built a house for them. This gave me a chance to repay these good people for some of the kindness they had shown me and mine. When there wasn't any work, I could always clean away a stump on my own place. There were enough of them.

Before I go on with my story, I want to tell a little about Enumclaw, how the town got such a queer name, so exceptional, too, for I believe it is the only town by that name. It is an Indian name and there are several legendary stories about its origin, so I will tell the one that is the most beautiful. According to an Indian legend, a very large group of hunters were camped around a bonfire at the foot of a steep cliff. In the group was a young warrior belonging to another tribe, who had fallen in love with the Chief's daughter, and she also loved him. However the Chief had other plans for his daughter so refused to give his blessing to their union.

While the group was encamped around a very large bonfire the two lovers sneaked out of the camp and by devious paths got to the top ledge of the cliff, from where they could look down on the camp. These two were so much in love that they would rather die together than live apart and their life seemed hopeless. So they sang an elegy that could be heard by the group below and with their arms entwined, they threw themselves over the cliff. The lifeless bodies fell at the feet of the Chief, just as a streak of lightning shot out from a dark cloud with a violent clap of thunder, and the unhappy father cried out in pain "Enumclaw" which means: "The Great Spirit is angry with us." Others say that it means: "Lightning and thunder." Which of these two is correct I never could find out.

Mt. Enumclaw can be seen as a high projecting point, not unlike the head of a gigantic whale, about 7-8 miles northeast of Enumclaw. The region is a plateau about 800 feet above the White River Valley that runs parallel to Puget Sound, but at the same time is surrounded by a chain of mountains. When the first settlers came here during the last part of the eighteen-seventies, it was all covered with gigantic evergreen trees, Red Cedar, Douglas Fir, Spruce, Hemlock, etc. The very first pioneers came in 1853 and took up homestead land: A.L. Porter, Dominick Corcoran and James Riley. However they were hard pressed during the Indian insurrection and had to flee to the mountains, until after a long-time peace was established.

Twenty years later a large company of land seekers came and took homestead land. Frank Stevensen took homestead land where the town of Enumclaw is now situated. James McClintock took up a preemption claim at Newaukum Creek and bought an eighty of the railroad land. Mason Smith, Johannes Mahler, George Vanderbeck, Oscar Welsh, Joe Welsh, Charles Lee, James Montgomery, Ole Ammundson and others bought land or took a preemption claim or homestead. This was the beginning of the spoliation of the forests for the future. Oh, it was a shame; all they wanted was to get the forests away, so that they could get the plow in the ground. The only trees they made use of were the Red Cedar. They were sawed into four-foot lengths and split for shingle bolts and sold to the mills.

In 1887 the first Danes came directly from Denmark. I have mentioned some of them before in my history of the Enumclaw congregation. Lars Sorensen and wife with their large grown-up family: Soren, Anna, Lars Christian, Jens, Anton and Christian Sorensen. The Rasmussen family, where there likewise were grown-up children; Louis Nikolajsen and his mother; Peter N. Pedersen and his brother, Swartz; Anders Nielsen Krogh; Knud Pedersen and Carl Jensen who both married two of Margrethe Rasmussen's daughters. These families formed a colony beside James McClintock, and called it Flensted after their hometown in Denmark. These it were, that later went under the name of "The Other Danes." I've put down all these names, as they were still living here when we arrived and you older children went to school with some of their children. You will also remember names like Battersby, Finnigan, Dalton, Fell, Reber, Poole, Bowler, Blake and many others.

Before the Northern Pacific Railroad came through Enumclaw in 1884-1885, transportation and roads were very primitive. Paths wound through the woods, and to get over White River, a gigantic tree had been cut down so that it fell across the water at a narrow point by Porters Prairie. It was a solid bridge and safe, if you were not nervous. But who are nervous in the forest regions?

The nearest store was in South Prairie, nine miles from Enumclaw, and you carried your provisions home on your back. This was not always the heaviest load, for usually it was by barter and as such, the load going to the store was the heaviest. For those who could afford it, there was a ferry, a regular rowboat owned by two brothers, Charles and Havelock Johnson, who crossed the swift current with the help of a heavy rope. However when there was a flood, it was very dangerous and no one crossed the river until the water was lower.

On the other side of the river the Johnsons had placed a cowbell to be used as a signal by those who wanted to cross. Late one evening when the river was full from bank to bank, and the rushing water made the sound as of big breakers, they heard the cowbell. Johnson came out of his cabin and called to the man standing with a lantern in his hand. "What do you want?" "Bring

the boat across, so that I can get home." "Not tonight!' "Look here, who do you think I am?" "I don't know and I don't care who you are." "I am E.G. White, the postmaster of Osceola." "Even if you were the president of the U.S. I would not cross the river tonight. If you have to get home you can walk down to Porters Prairie and cross on the footbridge." Five miles through the woods along the river in the dark night! That was too much to ask of a postmaster!

The Danes helped start several cooperative concerns in Enumclaw and carried them forward to success and as a result the town is looked up to as the center of cooperatives. In 1898 we started the Farmers Mutual Insurance Co. A year later it was Enumclaw Cooperative Creamers Co. Next was the Enumclaw Rochdale Company, a mercantile business where anything from a sewing needle to a threshing machine was sold. In 1906 the farmers built a cooperative cannery for fruit and vegetables. I shall tell more about these later.

From the town we have the most beautiful view of the mountains, though most of the Cascade Range is behind the foothills that are too close for us to see beyond them. Mt. Rainier, however, towers over them all and when not covered by clouds, makes a wonderful picture. It looks so peaceful now, but has not always been so. The Indians call it "The Mountain that was God," and they had much respect for it. Maybe their ancestors could remember when it erupted and blew off its whole top, so that now it is flattened. On our side we find rocks that are porous as a sponge, hard as carborundum, but so light that they can almost float in water. However on the opposite side of the Cascades, where the widespread enduring wheat fields are found, the soil is nothing but volcanic ash that was deposited over hill and dale, sometimes up to forty feet deep like a snowdrift.

The nearest road to Mt. Rainier goes through Enumclaw, and every weekend, summer or winter, thousands of cars from Seattle and other cities, pass through the town on the way to Mt. Rainier. I well understand what draws this multitude of tourists, because there is something enthralling about getting up in these high regions, especially over the splendid roads we now have so that we can drive in heights up to 8-9000 feet above sea level. No matter how often I have been there, I was often tempted to put up a shack and stay where the air was so light and clean. Skiing has become quite a sport during the latter years and that has made the road traffic almost as heavy in winter as in summer.

For me, a drive along this road through the primitive forest is almost like a sermon. It is now the only place where we can enjoy the gigantic trees that have been standing guard over the mountains for hundreds of years before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. Some years ago a tree was felled that showed over 2,200 year rings, and the bark was about 29 inches thick and the trunk measured seven feet inside the bark. Just think, a timber tree that was 200 years and more when Christ was born! What couldn't such a tree tell us if it could speak!

As splendid a sight as it is to see the straight giants, just as mournful it is to see the forest where the fire has ravaged and laid waste the beautiful trees. Every summer thousands of acres go up in smoke, and if everyone were careful, this would not happen. Many picnickers show downright criminal carelessness in throwing cigarettes or cigars, and in leaving bonfires. The least wind will start a fire that destroys untold values. What is more dreary and glaring than to see the charred trees, reaching out their bare branches like arms that are seeking to take revenge on the vandals who were the cause of this abomination.

Sometimes the air has been so filled with smoke that the sun has been like a blood red ball that gave neither light nor heat. More than once we have had to light the lamp at midday in our home and for days we would see people with red, bleary eyes. Many a time we have had to combat the greedy element that threatened to destroy the small homes. It was especially Niels Jensen's house that was exposed to the forest fires. I had a small spray pump that was of great help in spraying the roofs of house and barn, and with two men carrying water, I could keep the roofs wet. Large fire flakes as large as a man's hat would be driven by the wind over half a mile and set fire to all dry and rotten wood that is found in forest regions. A group of men were ready with wet sacks and shovels to quench these new blazes, and there was no rest night or day until the danger was past. While I was busy helping where the danger was greatest, "Bedste" and the children carried water and kept our own roof wet.

Two German bachelors, Frank Nagel and Paul Brooks, who each owned 80 acres of land across the road from each other, lived on good terms with each other. Then they both got married, Paul Brooks to a Norwegion widow and Frank Nagel to a German girl, a sister to David Fischer. After that they quarrelled and where before they were friends, now they were mortal enemies.

Paul Books had a spring on his land with enough water to supply a small town. Frank Nagel's farm was deep boggy soil. Now when the fire raged in the forest, it was impossible to prevent the dry peat soil from catching fire in several places. Large deep holes were made as the fire devoured the peat. People stood around helpless without water and lots of it. Paul Brooks had this water but refused to let his neighbor make use of it. Threatening with fist and wrathful voice, he told Frank to leave his farm and never set a foot on his property again, and then he yelled, "I wish your whole farm together with your family would burn! Not a drop of water shall you get from my spring."

Frank Nagel did not know what to do. He saddled a horse and rode to town to tell people about his trouble. He went into Sam's saloon to get a glass of beer, and there he found a group of mill workers who could not work as long as there was a forest fire in their region. When they heard of his dilemma, one of them suggested that they take all the spades and shovels they could find in the store and go with Frank to Paul Brooks spring, dig a ditch and direct the water across the road onto Frank's land.

Some needed a glass of beer to get enough "spunk" to go along, but finally they were all on the way and across the field to the spring, where Paul and his wife stood with loaded rifles, threatening to shoot the first one who started to dig. First the group tried in a friendly way to talk sense into him, but without success, so they all started at once to dig. They say that Hank White, a son of E.G. White, stood in front of Paul and his wife and said, "Shoot just once and I think we can find a rope strong enough and a tree tall enough to hang both of you." Paul didn't shoot and the water was directed over to Frank's land and after some days, the fire was put out. After this was over, Paul was given a hint that it would be better for his health to leave this community.

By the time we arrived in Enumclaw in 1898, Brooks had sold his farm and left those parts. 1906 was a bad year for forest fires. Already in the month of May, Frank Nagel was in great danger. His house burned to the ground and in September his barn went up in flames. He sustained a great loss, even though both buildings were insured.

The Sawmill that was owned by White River Lumber Co. was built three and one half miles east of town in the foothills. All the rough lumber was at that time transported in a water-filled flume, made of thick broad planks, down to Enumclaw, where the planing mill was located with its large dry kilns and lumber yards. This was a cheap and quick way to transport 200,000 feet of lumber every day. Twenty minutes after leaving the upper mill, it was at the planing mill.

There was a boardwalk about 12 inches wide along the flume on which the men, going to town, could walk. However sometimes they were in a hurry and then sat upon one or two large pieces of lumber and now they rushed along, but got wet from the splashing of the water, if nothing worse happened. Occasionally the front end of a plank could hit an irregularity in the flume and was then thrown out far down in the underbrush. Some places the flume was 25-30 feet above stony ground.

At the time we came to Enumclaw and for many years thereafter, they dragged the logs with horses. They used eight teams, large splendid animals and I have often admired these wise horses, when they handled those large logs and how they, without reins, obeyed the commands called out to them by Mr. Young. He loved his horses and they loved him. On a steep hillside it was dangerous, as the log might get the upper hand and then it depended on the strength and ingenuity of the man as well as the horses to avoid broken legs or being crushed. The log was dragged over to a deep and broad ditch, whose bottom and sides were lined with long 6-8 inch thick tree trunks with the bark removed and both sides and bottom lubricated with a thick layer of grease. A log could glide down such a ditch with a great speed and much noise. It often caused smoke from the friction.

As the forest receded, these ditches were lengthened several miles. You can imagine with what speed these logs were thrown into the log pond at the sawmill. Now for many years they have used a very different method that is called the high tackle system or the high rigging system. A tall and straight growing and well-rooted tree, at a suitable location, is chosen to be used as the mast. A rigger outfitted with an axe, a saw and a strong rope, whose one end is fastened to a firm and strong life belt, the other end circled around the tree and joined to the belt, like repair men use, climbing telephone poles. With the help of spurs he quickly climbs the tall tree, chopping all the branches off as he climbs. When he gets up about 200 feet, he cuts off the top.

When this top falls, the rigger must be careful that the swinging of the mast does not make him lose his foothold, so that he only hangs in the rope. Now a second rigger comes up with a pulley and a rope. The pulley is fastened and with its help, they hoist a heavy steel cable. This is fastened securely to the top of the mast. In the same way three anchor cables are placed and everything must be firm in order to prevent accidents when it starts carrying the heavy loads. Now another tree, about one fourth mile away, is prepared in the same manner and the other end of the large cable is likewise fastened to the top of this mast and a double pulley is fixed on the cable.

Before this, all the trees have been felled between these two masts, and far out to the sides. In this area lie thousands of logs helter-skelter. Now they get all these logs lifted together to one place by using the double pulley, and from where they can be transported by railroad down to the sawmill. A cable, whose one end is connected to a cylinder on a donkey engine, the

other end going through the double pulley, is then tied around 3-4 logs, a signal is given, and puffing and groaning, the donkey hauls the big load up under the large cable. Now another machine pulls the load along the cable until if reaches the loading place, very often this is above uneven and hilly country, so at times these heavy loads float hundreds of feet in the air. In this manner the one square mile of forest after another is destroyed without thinking of planting new trees.

Several years ago a law was passed to protect the forest. Now they let a tree stand here and there so that the forest can replant itself. Likewise measures are to be taken to prevent forest fires, but in spite of this the fire destroys large areas every summer. When one drives in the mountains along our splendid roads, with young forests at both sides up over the hillsides, it presents a very pretty view, but then you come to an area where the trees have just been removed. What a contrast, and worse still where it is blackened from fire.

On the road between Enumclaw and Mt. Rainier one sees several places where the Indians, many years ago, set fire to the forest. It cut me to the heart the first time I saw it. Nature is now covering the bare mountainsides for the pleasure of those who love the beautiful.

About 1845 when the first pioneers came to Western Washington, they lived peacefully with the Indians for many years. Once in a while there would be a little quarrel, but not until 1855 did the Indians try to defend their rights against the encroachments of the white race. During this insurrection many of the pioneers were killed, but most of them succeeded in getting to Seattle and found safety behind the palisades, others fled to the mountains, leaving all their property, except jewelry, cash and valuable papers. Some buried their valuables so as not to be hampered by them as they roamed in the mountains, trying to elude their cruel pursuers.

When we came to Enumclaw in 1898, there were rumors of treasures that had been found. A Russian Polander named Kutchka bought the old Koenik homestead. One day while digging in his garden, his spade struck rocks and by removing those rocks, he found $700 worth of old coins. He advertised for the owner, but there never was an answer, and nobody laid claim to them. Kutchka was a poor man, but industrious and honest, so nobody envied him his good luck.

When you go east on the Battersby road, you come to a swamp covering several acres. Rumor says that in or near this swamp was buried a large treasure. Many people have hunted for it, but there has never been any word about a treasure being found. Two young Germans, evidently students, but not known in these parts, built a shack in the forest near the swamp. Every summer for several years they lived there, and one surmises that they were hunting for the treasure. Whether they found it or gave up hunting for it, nobody knows, but they left and never returned.

CHIEF JOSEPH AND CHIEF SEATTLE

You Children can surely remember the old Indian Chief Joseph, who always wore a tall silk hat given to him by the "Big Father in Washington." Several times a year he came to our home and he seemed to enjoy these visits. Maybe it was your mother's Danish open-faced sandwiches and coffee that drew him. He was very talkative and when you asked him about the insurrection, he said his people had not taken part in it, except for a few of the young warriors

who joined their kinsman from Eastern Washington and other tribes in the revolt. He told about the old Chief Seattle who was neutral and always tried to make peace with the whites and to have a good understanding between the white and red men.

Many years later I came into possession of "The History of King County" in which there is a description of Chief Seattle, taken from The Seattle Sunday Star of October 29,1887, and written by Dr. Henry A. Smith, who had many contributions of historical value to his credit. Dr. Smith wrote:

"Old Chief Seattle was the largest Indian I ever saw, and by far the noblest looking. He stood nearly six feet in his moccasins, was broad shouldered, deep chested, and finely proportioned. His eyes were large, intelligent, expressive and friendly when in repose, and faithfully mirrored the varying moods of the great soul that looked through them. He was usually solemn, silent and dignified but on great occasions moved among assembled multitudes like a Titan among Lilliputians, and his slightest word was law.

"When rising to speak in council or to render advice, all eyes were turned upon him, and deep-toned, sonorous and eloquent sentences rolled from his lips like the ceaseless thunder of cataracts flowing from exhaustless fountains, and his magnificent bearing was as noble as that of the most cultivated military chieftain in command of the forces of a continent. Neither his eloquence, his dignity nor his grace was acquired. They were as native to his manhood as leaves and blossoms are to a flowering almond.

"He was always flattered by marked attention from white men, and never so much as when seated at their tables, and on such occasions he manifested more than anywhere else the genuine instincts of a gentleman.

"When Governor Stevens first arrived in Seattle and told the natives that he had been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory, they gave him a demonstrative reception in front of Doctor Maynard's office, near the waterfront on Main Street. The bay swarmed with canoes and the shore was lined with a living mass of swaying, writhing, dusky humanity, until old Chief Seattle's trumpet-toned voice rolled over the immense multitude like the startling reveille of a bass drum, when silence became as instantaneous and perfect as that which follows a clap of thunder from a clear sky.

"The governor was then introduced to the native multitude by Doctor Maynard, and at once commenced, in a conversational, plain, and straight-forward style, an explanation of his mission among them, which is too well understood to require recapitulation.

"When he sat down, Chief Seattle arose, with all the dignity of a senator who carries the responsibility of a great nation on his shoulders. Placing one hand on the governor's head, and slowly pointing heavenward with the index finger of the other, he commenced his memorable address in solemn and impressive tones:…..

"This remarkable oration was credited to Chief Seattle by Doctor Smith. Doubtless Chief Seattle and the other chiefs present, expressed its thoughts and sentiments in their own language forming the thread of the speech, but to Doctor Smith belongs the credit for its beautiful wording and delightful imagery.

"Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon my people for centuries untold, and which to us appears changeless and eternal, may change. Today is fair. Tomorrow it may be overcast with clouds. My words are like the stars that never change. Whatever Seattle says, the

great chief at Washington can rely upon with as much certainty as he can upon the return of the sun or the season. The White Chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and good will. This is kind of him for we know he has little need of our friendship in return. His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. The Great - and I presume – good White Chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our lands but is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the Red Man no longer has rights that he need respect, and the offer may be wise also, as we are no longer in need of an extensive country.

"There was a time when our people covered the land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea cover its shell-paved floor, but that time long since passed away with the greatness of tribes that are now but a mournful memory. I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach my pale face brothers with hastening it as we too may have been somewhat to blame.

"Youth is impulsive. When our young men grow angry at some real or imaginary wrong, and disfigure their faces with black paint, it denotes that their hearts are black – and then they are often cruel and relentless, and our old men and also women are unable to restrain them. Thus it has ever been. Thus it was when the white man first began to push our forefathers westward. But let us hope that the hostilities between us may never return. We would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. Revenge by young braves is considered gain, even at the cost of their own lives, but old men who stay at home in times of war, and mothers who have sons to lose, know better.

"Our good father at Washington – for I presume he is now our father as well as yours, since King George has moved his boundaries further north - our great and good father, I say, sends us word that if we do as he desires, he will protect us. His brave warriors will be to us a bristling wall of strength, and his wonderful ships of war will fill our harbors so that our ancient enemies to the northward – the Hidas and Timpsions will cease to frighten our women, children and old men. Then in reality will he be our father and we his children. But can that ever be? Your God is not our God! Your God loves your people and hates mine. He folds his strong protecting arms lovingly about the pale face, and leads him by the hand as a father leads his infant son – but He has forsaken his red children – if they are really His. Our God, the Great Spirit, seems also to have forsaken us. Your God makes your people wax strong every day. Soon they will fill all the land. Our people are ebbing away, like a rapidly receding tide that will never return. The white man's God cannot love our people, or He would protect them. They seem to be orphans who can look nowhere for help. How then can we be brothers? How can your God become our God and renew our prosperity and awaken in us dreams of returning greatness. If we have a common Heavenly Father He must be partial -for He came to His pale-face children. We never saw Him. He gave you laws, but He had no word for His red children, whose teeming multitudes once filled this vast continent as stars fill the firmament. No. We are two distinct races with separate origins, and separate destinies. There is little in common between us.

"To us the ashes of our ancestors are sacred and their resting place is hallowed ground. You wander far from the graves of your ancestors and seemingly without regret. Your religion was written on tablets of stone by the iron finger of your God, so that you could not forget. The Red Man could never comprehend nor remember it. Our religion is the traditions of our

ancestors, the dreams of our old men, given them in the solemn hours of night by the Great Spirit; and the vision of our sachems, and is written in the hearts of our people.

"Your dead cease to love you and the land of their nativity as soon as they pass the portals of the tomb and wander away beyond the stars. They are soon forgotten and never return. Our dead never forget the beautiful world that gave them being. They still love its verdant valleys, its murmuring rivers, its magnificent mountains, sequestered vales and verdant-lined lakes and bays, and ever yearn in tender, fond affection over the lonely hearted living, and often return from the Happy Hunting Ground to visit, guide, console and comfort them.

"Day and night can not dwell together. The Red Man has ever fled the approach of the White Man, as the morning mist flees before the rising sun.

"However, your proposition seems fair, and I think that my folks will accept it and will retire to the reservation you offer them. Then we will dwell apart in peace, for the words of the Great White Chief seem to be the voice of Nature speaking to my people out of dense darkness.

"It matters little where we pass the remainder of our days. They will not be many. The Indian's night promises to be dark. Not a single star of hope hovers above his horizon. Sad-voiced winds moan in the distance. Grim Nemesis seems to be on the Red Man's trail, and wherever he goes he will hear the approaching footsteps of his fell destroyer and prepare to stolidly meet his doom, as does the wounded doe that hears the approaching footsteps of the hunter.

"A few more moons. A few more winters - and not one of the descendents of the mighty hosts that once moved over this broad land or lived in happy homes, protected by the Great Spirit, will remain to mourn over the graves of a people – once more powerful and hopeful than yours. But why should I mourn at the untimely fate of my people? Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation, like the waves of the sea. It is the order of nature, and regret is useless. Your time of decay may be distant – but it will surely come, for even the White Man, whose God walked and talked with him as friend with friend, can not be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We will see.

"We will ponder your proposition and when we decide we will let you know. But should we accept it, I here and now make this condition – that we will not be denied the privilege without molestation, of visiting at any time the tombs of our ancestors, friends and children. Every part of this soil is sacred, in the estimation of my people. Every hillside, every valley, every plain and grove, has been hallowed by some sad or happy event in days long vanished. Even the rocks, which seem to be dumb and dead as they swelter in the sun along the silent shore, thrill with memories of stirring events connected with the lives of my people. The very dust upon which you now stand responds more lovingly to their footsteps than to yours, because it is rich with the dust of our ancestors, and our bare feet are conscious of the sympathetic touch. Our departed braves, fond mothers, glad and happy hearted maidens, and even the little children who lived here and rejoiced here for a brief season, still love these sombre solitudes and at eventide, they grow shadows of returning spirits. And when the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white man, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. In all the earth there is no place dedicated to solitude. At

night when the streets of your cities and villages are silent and you think them deserted, they will throng with the returning hosts that once filled them and still love this beautiful land. The white man will never be alone.

"Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless. Dead – I say? There is no death, only a change of worlds."

"Governor Steven's reply to this eloquent speech was brief. Through the efforts of the French missionaries, Chief Seattle became a Catholic and inaugurated regular morning and evening prayer in his tribe, which were continued by his people after his death. He died June seventh, 1866 at the Old Man's House from a fever or ague. His funeral was attended by hundreds of whites from all parts of the Sound, and G.A. Meigs of Port Madison Mill, closed down the establishment in his honor. He was buried according to the rites of the Catholic Church with Indian customs added.

"The memory of Chief Seattle always remained tender in the minds of the citizens of Seattle and about 1890, some of the public-spirited citizens led by Arthur A. Denny, Hillory Butler and Samuel L. Crawford, erected a monument to his honor, which they placed over his grave with the following inscription:

SEATTLE

Chief of the Suquamps and Allied Tribes
Died, June 7, 1866
The firm Friend of the Whites, and for him the
City of Seattle was Named by
Its Founders.

[on the reverse side]
Baptismal name, Noah Sealth
Age probably 80 years

Chief Seattle had several children, the best known was Princess Angeline. She was known by two names among her people: "Wee-wy-ake" and "Kick-is-omlo". She was small and humble, but respected and loved by all who knew her. She married "Do-kub-cud" a Skagit Indian, but he died after a few years, and Angeline remained a widow and lived in Doctor Maynard's home. Quite often you could see Angeline walking silently down the streets of Seattle, wearing a dark coat and a black silk scarf over her hair. People would turn around to watch her, as they remembered her renowned father, the white man's good friend. Angeline died May 3, 1893

After the Indians were settled in the reservations, the government built a large school for the Indian youths, a vast building complex near Tacoma. Besides the regular subjects they were taught everything according to their talents and the girls were also taught domestic science. When they finished school, they were helped to get a position. Those who seemed to be college material, were sent through college and even to the university.

Seven miles northwest of Enumclaw is located the Muckleshoot Reservation on some of the best land in the region. The government tried to help them start farming, but it turned out that they were very poor farmers. However there were a few exceptions. The young men make good workers in the logging camps.

The old men, women and children will go to the large berry fields in the summer and to the hop fields in the fall. During the Indian summer season they would go to the mountains and return later with their booty of dried meats and buckets of huckleberries.

BIRTH OF DAUGHTER HILDA

In late spring of 1900, May 20, our family was again increased when Hilda was born. She looked like a little wax doll and all the other children were enraptured every time a new little sister or brother entered the flock, and there has never been any jealousy when a new baby joined us. Now Ida and I were entrusted with ten children, what a flock! Might we have the ability, by the grace of God, to bring them up to be affectionate and law-abiding citizens.

The oldest was now confirmed and through the elementary school, and what then? We hoped all of them would be able to earn money enough to go to a folkschool, as their father and mother would not be able to help them pecuniarily. Looking backward from my old age I am happy that several of them did get to attend one of these schools.

During the fall of 1900, Vita and Ellen Bruhn had an attack of Typhoid and it was hard for George and Maren to nurse them day and night. They did not want to have outside help, as they were afraid of passing on this contagious disease. However they could not keep on as their strength was ebbing, so at last they let us help. Bedste and I took turns every other night and Ida often helped in the daytime. Somehow we never thought of the infection except to follow the doctor's orders of washing our hands in a solution of carbolic acid.

Anna Johansen cooked their food for them and sent each meal over to them. The only thing they cooked at Bruhns was coffee and that we drank by the gallon. The smell of the carbolic acid permeated all our clothes and that helped to prevent infection. But in spite of this, Maren took sick and was put to bed. Fatigued as she was, she did not have the resistance to fight the disease and her condition worsened to an alarming degree. She was delirious and raved about someone to save her girls. The last day the doctor was there several hours, so as to be there when the crisis should come. However, this was the end. None of us had thought that Maren would be the one to succumb to the dread disease. Maren, who had been so full of life and energy!

Vita was the one we had been especially anxious about; she had been sick for so long and didn't seem to have any strength left. Poor little girl, she was nothing but skin and bone and was not told about her mother being dead till some time later. Maybe she wondered why her mother did not come to her sickbed. Poor George, this was a hard time for him, but he controlled his sorrow so that Vita would not suspect that her mother was gone. (When Ellen was getting better he had told her about her mother being sick, but asked her not to let on to her sister, who was still too weak.) Yes, it was a hard time,but luckily none of the other children caught the infection, and God be praised, we did not bring it home to any of our children.

In the fall of 1902, the family Slott came to Enumclaw directly from Denmark. They had a large family, with some of the children the same ages as ours; three boys, Enevold, Niels and Christian, and five girls, Dorthea, Christine, Maren, Agneta and Esther. Shortly after their arrival we went to bid them welcome. Jacob Slott told us then that the reason he had come to America was that it was impossible, during these provisional times, for the farmers to make any headway. They helped each other by standing surety for each other jointly and separately. If one fell, he pulled the others with him and they would have mass bankruptcy.

He said that it was soon clear to him that if they were to save something out of the wreck, it had to be soon. So he had said to his wife, "Listen, Mother, apparently we are getting along fairly well, but you can see, in spite of that, these are hard times bearing us toward ruin." "I know, Jacob, but how are we to manage any better." " Will you go with me to America, Mother? Then we'll arrange our affairs as soon as possible; in America there will be a future for our children, which there isn't here." "Yes, Jacob, I'll go with you wherever you go, but America is large; where do you want to go? "

"Oh, Sine, let us go out to Bruhns in Enumclaw." Sine Slott had before her marriage been housekeeper for the parents of George Bruhn at Rybjerggaard at the time Maren Sorensen, later Maren Bruhn worked there. Maren was of course dead, but she and Sine had corresponded with each other for many years, with the result that now they were in Enumclaw to share good and bad with this community.

My Ida and Sine, both the mothers of large families, had many interests in common, and soon became the best of friends, a friendship which lasted until death. Likewise Jacob and I kept a friendship which has lasted till now when we are old men. Slott bragged that he was quite a boy standing on his own feet when I was an infant still being breast-fed. "Yes, maybe, but are you sure that you were weaned?" Slott is 83, while I am only 82. So I had to respect him as my elder.

Christian Hansen, who was foreman at the lumber mill gave Slott work at once with a wage of $1.75 for 10 hours work. "Seven Kroner! That is wonderful, I have never earned that much per day. It was really good that we came to America!"

The grown-up children all found jobs and the rest started school. Later that winter Slott decided that the children were wasting too much time before and after school. "No, we'll have to get out on a farm, where they can be of some use." For Slott to make a decision was to have it carried out. He rented Grethe Rasmussen's farm, but only stayed there a year. This farm was too small for him. Jorgen Paulsens, who for several years, had rented one of the Vanderbeck farms in Osceola, had decided to go to Michigan.

Slott now rented the Vanderbeck Farm. This was more like it! There was more land, for more stock, and there was also a hop field. Here was a chance to speculate and that was his joy. If the prices were good he could earn quite a sum, and were the prices low, he would perhaps sustain a loss. It was not in the hop field that Slott made a success; it was in being able to judge a cow or a horse and to buy and sell to advantage. George Vanderbeck had been watching Slott for several years and now gave him a chance to rent his large Boise Creek farm, for he was a good tenant . This gave Slottand his boys more room in which to experiment. In a short time he had a large stock of animals. When the prices were good, he might decide to sell his whole

stock and then start buying again. I am sure Slott was honest in his trading, but he was very shrewd in his judgment.

Once he said, "If we are to be honest in trading - and of course that we must be - then we should point out all the invisible faults, that is if they are known to us - but the visible faults - well, the buyer can see them himself." And this was his strength.

On this farm the Slotts remained as long as they were farmers. Olga and Dagny were born while they lived here. When Slott gave up farming, he bought some property at the edge of town, where there would be room for a cow. One day he walked out to Swartz Petersen in Flensted, who had good cows. When he found Swartz in the barn, he said, "Listen, Swartz, I need a cow, will you sell me one?" And when Swartz said he would, Slott started pointing at first one and then another, asking the price. Finally he pointed at one he judged to be very good, and Swartz said "That one wouldn't do for you for it sucks itself." "Ah, ha!" thought Slott, "Swartz would rather keep that one, it must be a good cow." Aloud he said, "That's just the cow I want, then when I go to Seattle to visit my girls, I don't have to worry, for it can do its own milking. That's the cow I want." He got the cow and Swartz "bit into the sour apple."

Another time it was Slott who was taken in. This was with chickens, of which he wasn't such a good judge. He went to a poultry dealer and said, "How do-you-do, I should like to buy some "hen chickens"... "Well, there is a flock of a good breed; you can have them." Some days later Sine came in and said, "Listen, Jacob, I think all your chickens are roosters, every one of them." Slott had already discovered this, but didn't say a word. He thought, evil get even with him some day." He was very much amused at the thought that he had been fooled. The chickens grew up to be admirable specimens. Everyone was talking about them. The rumor came to the dealer's notice and one day he approached Mr. Slott and said he would like to buy one of his roosters. He wanted to get new blood into his flock. When he asked the price, Slott said, "Well, as you see these are prize roosters and they are expensive. You may have your choice at $3.00 apiece or two for $5.00." The man got his roosters, little suspecting that they were his own breed. "Now," said Slott, "I caught the fox in his own net."

When the long winter evenings came, we quite often had sociable gatherings, where small plays were put on for the amusement of the rest of us. Slott was sometimes in these plays, but he would sometimes forget his lines. He would just walk over to the hole in the floor of the stage, under which the prompter sat. Once when this happened he leaned over with a hand behind his ear and said, "What? What is it you're saying? I can't hear you! Oh! Yes, yes, O.K. that's the way it goes!" The audience laughed; they hadn't realized that this was not in the play.

When Slott became a townsman he thought he should have a car. But this did not give him much pleasure, for one day he ran against a gasoline tank and both car and tank needed expensive repairing. After that he was more careful. "But no," said Slott, "I can drive a team of horses, but not steer a car! I had better sell it before it lands me in the poor house." So he sold his car and bought a radio, which gave him pleasure for many years.

When Sine Slott died about 25 years ago, Slott was weighed down by sorrow over the loss of his dear Sine and many shared his sorrow. She had been a true and devoted wife, an affectionate and devoted mother to her children, a gentle and amiable woman, loved by all who knew her. Slott had standing on the piano a photograph of Sine, at the opposite side of the room was a sofa, and Slott generally sat there looking at the portrait and often a deep sigh, proved to

me how he missed her. "Yes, dear friend, you and I each have our dear one who awaits us on the other side. This will help to take the sting away in our last hour."

In 1908 Slott and his wife went to Denmark on a visit. "We had to show our friends that we hadn't lost our minds when we sold out in Denmark and left for America. They thought at that time, that I had a screw loose in the top story, to leave such a good farm and go to America in uncertainty. Now they could see that we must have been successful, since we could afford to visit Denmark, while they had gone bankrupt the one after the other. No, I think they were the ones who had a screw loose, to sit idle and wait till the crash came." In 1914 Slott made another trip to Denmark, this time in company with Viggo Bruhn (a brother to George and Arent), Otto Bruhn and Thomas Johansen.

In 1923 when I visited Slott's old home in Denmark, I was asked if all that Slott had told them about America was true. It was soon clear to me that Slott had really exaggerated his tales of the greatness of America. I said that they, of course, realized that America was large, the land of skyscrapers, the land of great possibilities, but nobody finds gold without hard labor and thrift. Yes, this they could understand, but Slott had told them about a fool's paradise! How like Slott this was.

When I came back to Enumclaw, I told Slott. He laughed and said, "Why should I tell them the truth? They would not have believed me. No, they want Wild West stories, that is what they want when they hear talk about America!"

Every summer when I meet Slott on my yearly trips to Enumclaw, he says, "You are a lucky man, Niels Brons. Every summer you can visit the best country in the world, and in the winter, live in sunny California. You might live to be 100 years. You and I, Niels Brons, are well off - like the yolk in an egg. We each have a large family, yes, we are really wealthy. How many children is it now that you have?" I answered, "Seven and half a dozen" He thought a while,then said, "Oh yes, that is thirteen. Do you really have thirteen children? That's where I'm not able to compete with you!"

One time he told me that he had enjoyed reading about my boyhood where I had told about the "Lybske" coin which had been lost. It reminded him of an episode from his own boyhood that had caused him pangs of conscience and he had resolved, that if he could get well out of this scrape, he would never do such a thing again. This is the story: "One day my father was going to the city and he took me out to the threshing floor, where he had put a pile of potatoes that had been taken out of the pit. Father pointed to three empty sacks and said, 'Jacob, I want you to fill them with choice potatoes which are to be delivered tomorrow to the shopkeeper.'

'Yes, Father, I will get this done.' When Father had gone, the neighbor boy came over to play, as he had been given a day off. I told him about the potatoes and he said, 'That's alright, but now let us have some fun and then I'll help you with the potatoes, before I go home.' We forgot all about time that has a habit of going too fast when you're enjoying yourself. Before we knew it, dusk descended on us. Father could be expected home any time and there were the three empty sacks. There wasn't time to pick the choice potatoes. We took a shovel and from the top of the pile, filled the sacks, but at the very top we put some choice potatoes. Then we tied the sacks so securely that Father would not be tempted to untie them. But I knew what was

in the sacks and I wasn't happy thinking about what would happen the next day when Father delivered the potatoes to the store.

"When Father drove into the yard, I met him and said, "I will unharness the horses, Father, and feed and water them. The next day I helped Father load the three sacks on the wagon. I had a pricking sensation. What was going to happen when the tradesman and Father discovered-my villainy! I could expect a good drubbing. But this was not the worst, it was the disgrace and shame, that I could neverlive down, that would be much worse.

"When Father came home, I was standing behind the corner of the house in order to watch the expression on his face before I would show myself. But there was nothing unusual, so I lived through a most painful uncertainty. Shortly thereafter Father said, 'Listen, Jacob, I want you to go up to the store and get the three empty sacks, so they won't be lost.' It was a long, gloomy road, although the distance was short. I stepped into the store and said quietly, 'I was to greet you from Father and ask if I could have the three empty sacks.' As soon as the tradesman saw me, he rushed over to me and yelled wrathfully, 'You impudent scoundrel, you have cheated me with rotten potatoes. You will never have any luck in this world by cheating. Get out of my sight, you scamp!' and with a box on the ear and a kick on my behind, I darted out of the door, as he called to me, 'You can greet your Father, and say, if he wants his sacks, he can come and get them himself.' How should I give an account of this? It would never do to give him the trademan's greeting, so I said the sacks were not yet empty.

"A week later Father was going to the store and said that he would remember to get the empty sacks. I was sure that today a settlement would be made and I was prepared for the worst. Once more I was watching to see the expression on Father's face, but to my surprise there wasn't any unusual difference. In my own mind I reasoned this way: Maybe the tradesman thought that I had had punishment enough for my offence and that I should not be punished twice and, therefore, had said nothing to Father. What I suffered during that week, I have never forgotten."

My personal idea, is that his father knew it all along, and used this method of giving his boy a lesson in honesty.

Mr. Slott has a charming home in the center of town. He loves what is beautiful and his little home is surrounded by all kinds of plants, even the borders outside the sidewalk have the prettiest flowers and bushes. Anyone who passes his place will know that a gardener lives there, who loves his plants and knows how to take care of them. In this home his two youngest daughters, Olga and Dagny had kept house for their Father until they, first Olga, and now Dagny got married in 1941. Now Slott is alone in his home. Dagny begged him to make his home with them, but as he said to me, "I know she would be good to me and they would do everything to make me happy, but to see strangers in my home and see it neglected, would be my death."

After the roads were improved so that there was no danger of being caught by all the tree branches, we drove out to see "the other Danes" in Flensted. Lars Sorensen, whom I mentioned before, came from Denmark in 1887 with his grown-up family. When we visited them they had their farm cleared and part of it planted with hops. The price of hops being so uncertain, Soren decided to try his luck with a pottery, making milk bowls, as we knew them in Denmark, jars of all sizes from 1 pint to 10 gallons, and crocks of all sizes. They were quite successful and sold their wares in the surrounding towns.

Their son Christian was salesman at White River Lumber Co., the other sons worked in the forests and the daughter, Anna, married a German by the name of Mr. Braks. The Sorensens were good church members, quiet and unostentatious.

The Sorensens' neighbor, Anders Nielsen Krogh, was from the Island. of Funen (Fyre), a talkative man, but remarkable and his home was also remarkable. One had to admire his genius and skill. The room we stepped into was like a ship's cabin. All the furniture was home-made, as well as the door knobs and mountings, wrought in iron in graceful scrolls. Here and there were small recesses in the walls covered by trapdoors. In one place was a homemade barometer, on a shelf was a bottle with a full-rigged ship inside. Portraits in homemade frames, hung on the walls. In the other rooms we also saw proof of his skill and cleverness.

When we went outside we discovered that the rear of the house was made of logs. This was the original house that Nielsen Krogh had built on to, and we witnessed other things still more admirable. For example, he showed us a bunch of clover, where there were nothing but four leaves, and another bunch with only three leaves ' but entirely white with a tinge of yellow and not one green leaf. He showed us apple trees that bore several kinds of apples, another tree bearing both apples and pears. In a lean-to was a wagon, plow, harrow, seeder and weeder, every one made by himself. In another building was a blacksmith shop and cabinet shop. To one side by a small stream of water was a tannery where hides were changed to usable leather and sheepskin was prepared. In the barn hung a set of homemade harness. This was Nielsen Krogh as we saw him then.

Mrs.Nielsen was a pretty, stately woman, a housemother, neat and clean, friendly and hospitable. They had five children, two boys and three girls; the eldest, Sine, married to Christian Sorensen, and the next oldest, married to Niels P. Petersen, a bratli(@m,:,to Swartz.

The youngest, Mathilde, married A. B. Nielsen, a merchant in Enumclaw. The boys, who were in the hobbledehoy age at this time, became rather eccentric after the death of their parents, when they were left to take care of themselves.

The next home we visited was the Nikolajsens, old Kirsten and her son, Louis, who every summer for many years went to Alaska, and brought, if not quite prosperity, at least a good livelihood. They had a well cultivated and wellstocked farm. They walked to church every Sunday, in spite of Kirsten's 80 years, as the horses had to rest on Sundays. They were very hospitable and it was Kirsten's pride to set a table with homemade cheese and butter and all kinds of delicate canned fruit and baked pastry. Louis was just as proud of his splendid stock and hogs, his fields and orchard, in which there were many Gravenstein apple trees and one he called Apple-pear. Every time we visited them, the children got a bag full of these goodtasting apples.

For several years the top of Mt. Baldy was a favorite gathering place for picnics. From the top of this 1200 foot high hill there was a wonderful outlook toward the west, southwest and north. There was only one trail that led to the top over the steep slopes, and if you lost the trail, it was hard to find your way. It was really a pleasure when a group of happy people, with song, laughter and banter, climbed up the sides of the hill. There was one point especially, where boulders leaned out over the trail and many were glad to reach for a helping hand. Once in a while you could hear those in the vanguard call out, "Beware of rolling stones!" Was it hard to get up? Then it was so much easier to get down! Often the speed was too great, when the

younger ones started racing. Some times one of them would start rolling, but nobody was hurt seriously. Old Kirsten Nikolajsen took part during those first years, and she climbed to the top as easily as any of us. Thus you see Kirsten.

The population of Enumclaw was made up of many nations, Austrians, Italians, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Englishmen and Scots. During the following years several co-operative enterprises were started: Creamery, Insurance, Rochdale Store,and canning factory. It was especially the Danes and Germans who were the initiators or leaders, but many of the other nationalities were quick and willing to support the co-operative idea. The Farmers' Store, as it is often called, has since its start, had Danish managers, with the exception of a couple of years, when a Scotchman was at the head. You can hardly name one thing that was not in stock, or could not be ordered, on short notice. Before the Rochdale Store was started the town's other merchants often took advantage of the people. They not only set the price high on what they sold, but also set it low on produce that they bought from the farmers. All this was changed when we started our own store, and proved to them that we could manage our own affairs, which they had doubted at first. Rochdale has during the years grown to be the largest business in town.

During its first years the Creamery was in straightened circumstances. It was in competition with Seattle and Tacoma Creameries and the Armour Condensed Milk Corporation, that built a large Condensery Factory in Enumclaw. This firm threatened to close our doors within six months. Our management paid no attention; just sent word to their members to be loyal to their Creamery, even though the Condensery offered them a bigger price. This would be only until they succeeded in closing the doors of the Creamery; then they would lower the price paid for milk. We were lucky to get a contract with several ice cream companies in Seattle to deliver first-class cream at a profitable price of 14(r per lb. butterfat above the price of butter. This contract was in effect for several years, after which the Creamery could compete with anyone. During the following years it grew in size and waxed stronger a time went by.

The Armour Company experimented with new methods and new inventions in connection with canned milk. These experiments swallowed gigantic sums, but in spite of these it was all a big fiasco. After 4 - 5 years the company packed every thing and left the field to the Creamery.

However, times have changed. After some years the Co-operative had a new management consisting of younger men who had new ideas and wanted to try new methods. The first plan was a branch, a subskimming station at McKenna, 20 miles from Enumclaw. It cost large sums for building, machinery, and wages for the manager and his helpers. It was soon proven to be a drag instead of a help. Next, an attempt was made to improve the product by getting new machinery, but this also cost a lot of money. Then the idea was advanced that there would be great profit in producing milk-sugar. This must be tried! Greater space was needed so there had to be an addition to the building complex; expensive machinery was installed. When production started it was found that the earnings hardly covered their expenses.

In the summer of 1941 I walked through the Creamery. I was one of the first management group who had started it and guided it to success. Now it was leaning toward ruin. The new Dried Milk department was not being used, a white elephant that had swallowed $30,000. The only persons who had a good income from the Creamery were the large number of butter makers and their helpers, and the office helpers, who through the Creamery Workers' Union, held a

whip over the heads of the farmers, in the shape of short working days and high wages, so the dairy farmers had a miserable struggle for existence. The result is that the best dairymen have given up their membership and are finding their own market.

The one of our co-operative enterprises that has had the greatest success is the Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company, which was started in the year of 1900, with George Bruhn as President, an office he filled until his death in 1916. Soren L. Sorensen was Secretary from the start until 1916, when he resigned in favor of his brother Jens, who had been his helper, and left for California. His brother, Jens, filled this position until 1934. I was Treasurer from the beginning until 1934. From a very little beginning it has grown until it now is a company of good standing. January lst, 1942, in the yearly report, there were 17,000 members with a sum of $38,000,000 insured and with a cash balance in the bank of $486,000. Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co. has saved its members big sums every year.

The last of our co-operative enterprises was Enumclaw Cooperative Fruit Growers Association that canned all kinds of berries and fruit, corn on the cob, and all kinds of vegetables. This was a success for five years, until the California Canners decided that the Washington Canners were getting to be too much competition and therefore tried every imaginable way to hurt us in order to make us merge with them. They promised us many advantages if we merged. The Puyallup Fruit Growers Assoc. did merge, and the result was that the next year it was closed, and has never been re-opened.

We Enumclaw people decided not to have anything to do with the California Canners, but soon found that they undermined our market. Our canned stuff were of a high quality, so we kept our home market. But as our members, who were also members of the Creamery, tired of the continual resistance we met from the south, they suggested giving up. Some of the last produce we had in stock was a car-load of cooked small beets that a firm from Baltimore had ordered, and then at the last moment cancelled. If it had only been something besides beets it would not have caused us any concern.

As a member of the management, I was chosen to try to sell some of them to the Northern Pacific Commissariat. Maybe they could use them. One day I landed in the office of Mr. Titus in Seattle with some samples. They tasted them - yes, our beets were juicy, welltasting and tender, and had the right size and color. I named the price but did not seem to be able to come to an agreement. After awhile Mr. Titus asked, "Are you a married man, Mr. Brons?." "Yes. "How many children have you?" "Well, I said,"I have three boys and each of them have two brothers and ten sisters." "But man, that is impossible." His stenographer, who had been listening, said,"It is possible, Mr. Titus, that makes thirteen children." "Oh, surely," said Mr. Titus and passed a box of cigars over to me, of which I took one. "Take a handful, Mr. Brons, you deserve them." Now the ice was broken and Mr. Titus ordered a large part of our beets.

As soon as we could arrange our affairs we decided to disorganize, and sold all our buildings and machinery.

For many years we had Farmers' Institutes that often lasted a whole week, where teachers and professors from our Agricultural College in Pullman, Washington held lectures about everything in regard to agriculture, cattle, fruit, etc . These meetings drew many farmers and gardeners and the hall was often filled to standing room. If the weather was exceptionally good, the meetings would be held in the open, generally on a farm, where the lectures were given at

the same time as demonstrations, first one and then another. There was always a question and answer period where many a problem was explained to us.

The first year of the Institute, the farmers were given many different seeds and asked to experiment with them to find out what kinds of soil and climate were the best for them. The next year they had to tell of their success or failure. There were many good results, especially clover, peas, vetch, beets, turnips, mangoes and carrots. This fitted in well with dairying. Berries were all juicy and large and good-tasting. When the fruits in the new orchards developed later the'y were found to be equally good.

There was one thing that surprised the Institute and that was the flax, that some of us had been experimenting with. Some samples were sent to the Board of Trade in Seattle and the report came back that our flax measured up in quality to the Irish flax. The many small creeks in this neighborhood adapted the area to the production of flax, however, the water was thereby made unsuitable for the cattle on the farms farther downstream. These farmers protested so forcibly that the production of linen never became an actuality.

When Pastor Mylund left the Cape Scott colony on the northern end of Vancouver Island, there were several others who, after a short time also left and instead of going back to the mid-west states, decided to come to Enumclaw. I suppose that Pastor Mylund had recommended it. There was a Jorgensen family of man, wife, three girls and three boys. Dagmar and Walter had gone to Victoria to work and their father had gone to Seattle to look for work. if he was successful he intended to bring his family to Seattle. On the way to the pier in Seattle, he was struck by a street car, and died shortly after. The family, Mrs. Jorgensen, Dagmar, Walter, Axel, Valborg, Agnes and Carl decided to go on to Seattle in spite of the fact that they had lost their father. Later on Mrs. Jorgensen moved to Enumclaw with the younger children.

Valborg married Anton Johansen and they made their home in Enumclaw. Dagmar became a farmer's wife and lived in MonroeWashington. Agnes married Jens Christensen who was chauffer on a bus between Seattle and Enumclaw, and Agnes has been librarian for many years. Carl, likewise, landed work with transportation. Walter, a carpenter, married and lived in Seattle. Axel remained single and lived with his mother. Mrs. Jorgensen was a tall, stately woman, quiet and solemn, who read many books, was interested in social-economical questions, and was a deep thinker, a little radical, and took part in conversations where these things were discussed. In a precise but quiet manner she generally got the best of an argument.

Another family was Soren Torp and his brother Martin. Soren was a cabinet maker and had made all his furniture out of yellow cedar from Cape Scott. He had also brought with him quite a few planks of this same tree.

Hans Sand and family were also from Cape Scott as was Martin Jensen, who had once worked for Ferdinand Grumstrup at Audubon, Iowa. Some years later Karl Petersen and wife stopped a short time in Enumclaw, but continued on to Junction City, Oregon and Solvang, California, which was just being started. However, they returned to Enumclaw where they lived till they went to an Old Peoples' Home in Des Moines, Washington.

One day in 1902 I heard of a blacksmith and engineer working for the White River Lumber Co. who had newly arrived from Portland, Maine, where I had spent many of my boyhood days. The first chance I had, I spoke to this man. His name was Ferdinand Hurop and he later became well-known, especially in the Brotherhood Lodges. Hurok had been in

Portland, but it was with the papermills at Cumberland he had worked. He was a man who had taken an active part in politics while in Denmark, was an eager Social Democrat and had lived through the stirring times.

Hurop was not a churchman, but he was honest, honorable and high-principled in all his doings and was respected by all who knew him. Craftiness and intrigue were loathsome to him. He was well-informed and could give satisfactory answers to nearly all questions. When C. B. Christensen was in Enumclaw, which often happened, he would always look up Hurop and have a talk with him. For a few years He was away from Enumclaw and during that time he edited a Social Democratical paper someplace in the mid-west. He then became interested in real estate in Virginia at the time of the sale of all the abandoned farms and country houses. Later he returned to Enumclaw and stayed here the rest of his life. Hurop's wife was Swedish and she was also respected by all - a worthy mate.

Many will surely remember Mrs. Hurop's old mother, Mrs. Krants. People maintained that she lived almost entirely on coffee. Rumor said, 20 cups of coffee per day, but who believes rumor? When Hurop was 80 years old the Brotherhood Lodge gave a party for the worthy old man. There were many congratulations by mail and telegraph. Among others there was a cablegram from Mr. Stauning in Denmark, who had been one of his friends.

The 10th of December, 1902, Ida again gave me a Christmas present a little early, but very welcome. This was a little boy. Now we were four men to keep all those girls in check. Well, maybe in the future I would need help, but until this date I have not had any trouble in managing all these gals. It is good to be prepared! All jest aside, it is really a very grave matter to give birth to a child and also for my dear Ida, but when she held the child in her arms, she forgot all the hard hours. She was now Mother to eleven sound and pretty children. The oldest were a great help to her. They could not only take care of the management of a house, but also all the cooking, sewing and knitting.

Old Arent Bruhn was busy with bees and sold quite a quantity of honey. He lived in a little house on the edge of his land, adjacent to Johansens and he had all his meals with them, so there was always honey on the Johansen table. One of his habits was to finish his meal with a teaspoonful of honey, then get up and trot down to his own house. Arent often had children visiting him and they always got a taste of his honey. He had made a lot of flat wooden slats to be used as spoons and each child was given one. They could dip as deeply as they wanted to, but they must not drip honey on the floor, for then he would have ants. If they wanted a second "dipping" they were given a new slat. Even grown folks could have a "dip" if they cared to.

Arent was hard of hearing and as he grew older he became almost deaf. He never joined in a conversation with more than one. The welfare of the Church was his main interest, so he would often ask questions regarding it. It was seldom that he attended church service, only when he wanted to partake of Holy Communion. Arent was never afraid to speak out when he was displeased. The second time Pastor Anker came to visit us and was asked to speak at an open-air meeting, Arent, remembering the trouble in Elkhorn, asked him,"YOU haven't come here to split up our congregation, have you?" Anker patted him on the shoulder and said, "No, Arent, I have not; you can be sure of that."

When Henry Bruhn and Marie Johansen married, Arent gave them the deed to his land, only reserving the right to his house and a small plot of ground for his beehives as long as he

lived. Arent would often speak of Kristen Kold, a well-known educator in Denmark who had carried out the ideas of Grundtvig. He had been the family tutor in their home for Arent and his brothers. The firmness of character that was found in this family was perhaps the influence of this tutor.

As soon as the Danes had settled at Junction City, Oregon, they invited the Lutheran congregations from Washington to a meeting, where we met many new friends as well as old ones from Clinton. The Gribskovs, Bodtkes, Joegers, Petersens and many others became friends whom we were glad to know. Among the old friends were Troels Klinges and A.C. Nielsens, who lived near each other outside the town. A. C. Nielsen had a lovely home surrounded by a large fruit orchard that he loved to show to his friends. Nielsen and his wife were always lucky in their prospects and this latest enterprise of forming a Danish Settlement in a friendly and fertile valley was surely successful to judge from the many Danish homes both in town and country. We farmers were especially interested in the well-cultivated farms and buildings. The flourishing town could thank the energetic and enterprising spirit of the Danes. Also the social along with the spiritual life flourished: Church, vacation school, Young Peoples' Society, Gymnastics and Singing Club and Choir.

I was reminded of the Nielsen home in Clinton, Iowa, where we young folks met so often and where Mrs. Nielsen was a great leader in both charades, games and singing. Her coffee table with the Danish sandwiches is unforgettable. I visited the Nielsens every time I was in Junction City. After Mrs. Nielsen's death, Nielsen drooped somewhat, but in spite of his old age, he always climbed stairs two at a time because he didn't want to appear old.

The Troels Klinges lived in Junction City for many years, but finally moved to Portland where they lived with a daughter.

WHITE RIVER FLOOD

When the Chinook winds melted the snow in the mountains and the rain poured down, White River became a raging stream that carried large trees with it. When these masses of water rushed rapidly down the river, a dismal sound could be heard several miles away. To watch this raging stream carrying everything before it, destroying everything in its path leaves one feeling powerless.

We have several times witnessed the scene when a tree pressing its roots between the pillars of the bridge, has the trunk flung sideways- The force of water against the trunk twists the pillars apart and the bridge topples down, a moment after to disappear in the whirling stream. Another place we see the water eating away the soil from the high bank. A house is hurled into the river, whirls with the stream for awhile, then is broken completely and disappears before our eyes.

Farther down the valley one can see nothing but water; boats are used for transportation. Hundreds of acres of topsoil are washed out; small shacks swim here and there, if they are not anchored. Bridges are made unsafe, paved roads are undermined, even large houses are lifted from their foundation.

After the water has receded you see miles of fence lifted from its base and in a tangled mass. These mountain streams have caused irreparable damage time after time for many years.

Now at last the people in this valley have decided to do something to hinder this destruction in the future by building a dam across the river seven miles south-east of Enumclaw. The plan is to hold the water back during floods and then let it out by degrees when there is low water in the river.

This enterprise has given work to hundreds of men during these two years. The water now fills a mountain vale about 17 miles long, from which all the trees were removed. The Mud Mountain Dam is made of a kind of soil that water cannot loosen, mixed with gravel and rocks and then soaked with oil and worked into a hard mass. The dam is 425 feet high and about 1800 feet wide at the bottom. It has taken 700 men 2 years to build it, and it has cost $10,000,000.

FAMILY

The 10th of December 1902, Ida again gave me a Christmas present a little early, but very welcome. This was a little boy, Herbert. Now we were four men to keep all those girls in check. Well, maybe in the future I would need help, but until this dade I have not had any trouble managing all these gals. It is good to be prepared! All jest aside, it is really a very grave matter to give birth to a chald and also for my dear Ida, but when she held the child in her arms, she forgot all the hard hours. She was now Mother to eleven sound and pretty children. The oldest were a great help to her. They could not only take care of the management of the house, but also all the cooking sewing and knitting.

The 1seventeenth of April, 1905 we had another little girl, Esther. Some will say, why do you want so many, how are you going to feed and clothe them and how are you going to bring them up. We did not worry about that. Food, clothing and shoes we'd get for one more, and to bring them up, that seemed to come without any exertion. The older children helped with that. All the children could sing, so our home became a home with singing at all times, but especially in the evenings, when we would each choose a song from Bedste down to the youngest. schools seemed to be leaders.

The third of October, 1907, our Rosamond was born and she became the pet, along with Esther, of all the others. Now we had the seven and one-half dozen. In my old age I have a big family, who surround me with love and affection. They do not know all the things they do for me that make me happy, and I have made it a rule every summerto visit those who live in Washington. I suppose it is really the grandchildren that draw me and especially the youngest. Af first, I drove up in my car, but during the later years I find the train more comfortable. I'm beginning to love ease and comfort.

Some of our girls had attended Danish folk school; Marie at Grandview College in 1906-07; Lily in 1907-08; Agnes , 1907-08-09 at Grand View and the fall of 1911 for a course in Repetition of Gymnastics and then later took up teaching: Tyler Parochial School, 1911-13, and vacation school in Tyler, Minnesota; in Waterloo, Iowa* Junction City, Oregon; Enumclaw; Salinas,Calif.; Grammar School in Askov, Minnesota 1922-23; Atterdag, Solvang, Calif. 1913-20; Danebod, Tyler, Minnesota 1921-22; student at Askov in Denmark, 1923-24; Atterdag, 1925-27.

Alma attended Danebod 1 year, then worked 7 years in the Enumclaw Post Office and was Secretary for Tougaw and Olsen, a Transportation Company in Enumclaw. Esther attended

school at Atterdag in 1924-25. We often had their school mates visiting us, and I'll tell about them later.

My brother, Hans, who spent some years in our home in Elkhorn, left us to fend for himself in Chicago and try his luck. He found work at different jobsfor several years as a driver of freight. He later fell in love and married a Danish girl named Ella Lawsen. In 1907 they moved to Enumclaw, where they bought a little home on North Porter Street We were glad that they settled in Enumclaw and not in Kent, where Ella had a brother. Hans worked at the lumber mill for several years, but there is no future in that type of work, so he started as an apprentice at carpenter work and soon began to build on his own. His marriage had a sudden end when Ella died of a heart attack. This was a hard blow for brother Hans. He felt life was too dreary with Ella gone, so he went to Portland, Maine in 1916. After some time he met a girl of his own age, whose parents had come from Denmark about the same time our parents did. They were married and now we two brothers were again separated - he on the Atlantic and I on the Pacific coast.

JOHANSEN

The 13th of July, 1907, this message of grief was sent out over the settlement: Johan Johansen is dead! The best member of our church was gone. We all felt the big loss to our children in Sunday school and vacation school where he had been the leader since the start; our loss in the church where he lead the services when we did not have a minister. A loss to our homes, where he always was a friend in need. But the greatest loss to his own home. Johan was always gentle and friendly, but also firm and decided when defending right against might, and truth against falsity.

On the day of his funeral his friends came from far and near to pay respects to their old friend. A solemn, deep sorrow was expressed on every face, both old and young. This was a funeral where everyone was a mourner, and one that we'll never forget; not one of us felt we could take his place. Some time after this, some of his close friends went to the home and asked the family if they would let us place a monument on his grave, and this pleased them. "Peace be with you, dear friend."

After Johansen's death, Mama Johansen, as everyone called her, remained just as hospitable as usual - a home where everyone was welcome. Her two sons, Anton and Thomas, lived with her until Anton married Valborg Jorgensen. Thomas had taken over the farm and was a good farmer. He never married.

Anton was clerk at a store in town, and became our first manager for the Rochdale store. This position he kept until he sought the position of Postmaster of Enumclaw, and kept this office until a change of the political party in the national government. After that he again became manager of Rochdale store until he was made cashier in the First National Bank. When the president of the bank, Sam Lafromboise, died, Anton was chosen to take his place, and this position of trust lie kept till his death in 1941. He was the mayor of Enumclaw four terms, 16 years without interruption.

Last summer in 1941, when I was in Enumclaw, Anton had just recovered from a large operation, but was now back in the bank. I inquired after his health and he said he had never felt better. He now asked me if I viould like to see the inside of their new bank,so he showed me the

practical arrangement of a modern bank, that measures up to the standard of a city bank, except perhaps in luxurious equipment. A couple of months later, I read in the paper that Anton Johansen was dead. This was the end of a life full of activity. His old mother had passed away in 1924.

Johan Johansen's brother Nis, who visited us in Elkhorn, when he was on his way to New Denmark, Kansas, where he farmed for several years, now came to Enumclaw. There he bought a small farm from Christian Borggaard, who had come from New Denmark a couple of years ago. Nis and Dorthea had no children of their own, so adopted a boy, Jens. The Nis Johansens were good members of the church and we could always depend on Nis when help was needed. He died a few years after they were settled, and then Jens was a great help to Dorthea in running the farm.

Christian Borggaard had two girls, Florence and Clara, when they came to Enumclaw. Later they got a third girl, Tillie. Mrs. Borggaard was born in Chicago like my Ida, so I called them "the Cook County girls." During the first years they lived here Borggaard and I built several houses. The last one was his own out on the farm that Nis Johansen bought.

Mrs. Borggaard's parents had come to Denmark, Kansas, many years before, when the Indians sometimes caused trouble. Her father was a blacksmith and Borggaard told me that one day an Indian "Buck" came into the smithy while her father was making a horseshoe. Without being careful, the Indian put his foot on a half-glowing shoe, and when the shoe burned through the thick sole of his foot, he let out a yell, gave a kick that sent the shoe over to the other end of the smithy and he disappeared towards some fir trees. In a few moments he was back in the shop, as if nothing had happened. He had filled the open sore with pitch from the Balsom fir.

When Borggaard sold his farm to Nis, he bought 40 acres of cultivated land, the last ten acres being the ones I had sold to the Alaska man, Charles Needing. But before he got started farming, he was stricken with infantile paralysis. He now rented his farm to Marius Madsen and later to Chris Kamp, who in this way became our neighbor for many years.

Some years later he kept out 10 acres along the road from our corner to town, and laid them out in one acre lots. The 10 lots were quickly sold and built upon. Borggaard now bought a wheelchair that drove with the help of two hand levers. Now that all streets and sidewalks were of cement, we could see Borggaard a'Ll over town. When the splendid roads were completed, the traffic past this corner, which was on the main road, was so great that he exchanged his house for one in town, so that it would be easier for him to get around.

I have seen him surrounded by friends, when we had picnics in the groves that were left standing. He was never left out of any gathering. The time came when other ailments appeared and he was bedridden for a long time. He was so happy when someone came to see him. "Please come again very soon, and thank you for your visit today." When he finally died we could only be grateful that he did not have to suffer any more. Pastor Jens Borggaard of Junction City, who was his cousin, often came to see him.

When Mrs. Borggaard was left alone, she moved to CentraliaWashington. where one of her married daughters lived. Clara, another daughter, had been made a teacher at an Indian school in Alaska. She asked her mother to pay her a visit, which she did, but she became sick there. She went up to Alaska, as we knew her, red-cheeked and well filled out, but came back,

pale, hollow-cheeked and thin. We hardly recognized her. She died in the home of her daughter in Centralia.

KAMP AND GRAVESGAARD

Now, we will visit our neighbors, Christian and Anna Kamp, who came from the western part of Jutland, Denmark. Anna was a Gravesgaard. The Kamp children were mostly girls the same age as our younger girls. There were in the family, Edel, Sigred, Asta, Eva, Norma Jean and Clarence. They had lost a little boy, Norman, who had died as an infant. Clarence was the child whom Bishop Ostenfelt from Denmark, baptized when he visited Enumclaw.

One day when our girls were down to play with the Kamp girls, Anne happened to come out where the children were playing, and she heard Asta mumbling as to herself. He mother said, "What is it you are saying, Asta, my little girl?" "Oh, little Mother, we're playing that I am so sick, so sick, and I am praying to God that he will let us keep me." "As the mother bird sings, so pipes the young ones. Anna and Chris also sought God on occasion when their own strength gave out, and maybe Asta had heard her mother pray when one of the children were sick. Anna is a very sincere Christian.

Anna's brother, John Gravesgaard was with the American army in France in World War I and when he came home, he met our Alma. They became very good friends and were married November 7, 1920 .Now we are tied closer to these friendly neighbors.

FRIENDS – MIKKELSENS AND JENSENS

During the years when drought almost destroyed the crops at St. Andrews, Eastern Washington, some of the Danish farmers left, some going to Junction City and some to Enumclaw. Two families, came to Enumclaw, the Christian Mikkelsens and Jens P. Jensens. The former stayed only two years, then they moved to Junction City, where I have visited them a couple of times. Last time I was there Mikkelsen had fallen a victom to the Sleeping Sickness. As I talked to him, all of a sudden he was sound asleep. They had been Lutherans before, now they had turned Christian Scientists, or that is,Mrs. Mikkelsen had.

The Jens Peter Jensens had five children, some of them grown-up: Peter, Carl, Harald, Martha and Alma. Mrs. Jensen was almost crippled from Rheumatism; poor woman, I always felt so sorry for her. She was very quiet and bore her pain patiently.

Jens Peter Jensen was a zealous churchman and a good supporter of our congregation. His daughter, Martha, was later married to Jens Johansen, and after Dorthea's death, Jens inherited the farm and stock. When Jensens went to Solvang, Jens and Martha went with them and settled down raising chickens. Mrs. Jensen died and after awhile Jensen sold out and moved to Junction City, Oregon, where he married a widow. Alma married Jacob Jorgen's son Ralph, and is now a farmer's wife in Junction City. Peter joined the U.S. Army in World War I and when he was discharged, he followed his family to Solvang, and was married.

Peter was a good automobile mechanic, honest and reliable. One day he caught a bad cold, that grew worse and he was sent to the hospital. After he came home and thought he was completely well, he lay on the grass playing with his little boy. Whether the grass was damp or he had perspired, or maybe both, his cold returned and developed into pnewmonia that was fatal.

A few years ago Jens and Martha celebrated their Silver Wedding by taking the wedding trip they didn't get at the time of their marriage. One summer I met Harold at the Coulee Dam. He was so thin and so brown, that he resembled an Indian. He worked his father's farm and this year they had a good crop, which doesn't happen every year. He told me that Carl worked in Seattle and had good wages.

DELEGATE TO SYNOD CONVENTION

In 1910 I was made delegate from District 9 to attend the yearly convention of our Synod that was to be held in Luddington, Michigan. As Ida had never really felt at home in the forest, and always longed for our home in Elk Horn, I thought this was a good chance to take her along. Some days before we were going, we noticed that "Bedste" seemed so restless, but he didn't say anything. The last day we asked him if he would like to go with us and he answered, "Oh, yes, I really would. Do you want to take me along?" "Yes, of course, we do, Bedste," and the tears trickled down his old cheeks. Ida ran over and embraced her old Father and I took him by the hand. It was a stirring moment as tears of happiness flowed down the cheeks.

That evening Ida had much to arrange to get ready for the trip next day, and I had to go to town to get some more cash to cover the extra expenses. As Esther had not been so well, we decided to take her along, thinking the trip might be good for her, and also to keep Ida from worrying over her here at home. We left several days before the convention, so that we should have time to visit Elk Horn, Clinton and Chicago before the meeting. It was very hot in the mid-west and it was so dry that many of the farmers put fences in through their oat fields and used one part for pasture.

When we came out to our old home, it was so changed, that it was a great disappointment to Ida. No, now she thought Enumclaw was much better, and I said, "God be praised, now she is at last cured." Clinton also had changed and our old friends had moved away. When we came to Chicago and went up to see Ida's uncle, Frederick Boysen, we were met with open arms. Frederick was especially glad to see his brother, Paul Boysen. That evening we were invited out to Soren Coredons, who was married to Frederick's daughter Herline. Ida's sister Palma and her husband, Boserup, came also, so we spent a very sociable evening.

The next day we went out to visit the Danish Orphan's Home. It was a pleasure to see the orderliness of the home and to notice how the children loved the manager. She was really like a mother to them. One little fellow, a blue-eyed curly top, kept on following me, taking me by the hand and smiling. I must have reminded him of some one. Pastor GOdtke, who sat beside me at the coffee table, whispered to me before we left the table, "It is customary to leave a tip under the plate." I lifted my plate and showed him I had already taken care of that. Pastor GOdtke, who was a "city man" thought perhaps that we "landlubbers" didn't know what was suitable.

Both Frederick Boysen and Soren Coredon were delegates from Chicago Westside. Before we left Chicago, Ministers, Delegates and visitors came from East, West and South to leave on a chartered car. What an interesting and talkative group. They were discussing all the subjects that would be hashed through at the convention.

At last Pastor Godtke said, "Quiet, quiet, good folk. You just elect me as chairman and I'll arrange everything to your satisfaction." This brought a smile. When we arrived at Luddington all the delegates and ministers were directed to a committee for billeting us in homes near the meeting place. As Pastor Juhl and his wife, Anna, had been at GrandView College with Agnes and Lily, they invited me to stay with them. My roommate was a coffee wholesale dealer, Ammentorp from Chicago. Among the delegates I found several old friends: Hans Madsen and Peder Lykke from Kimballton, Iowa; A. P. Scheldt from Marinette, Wisconsin; Jens Faaborg from Clinton, Iowa; and Martin Holst from Cedar Falls, Iowa.

One of the important subjects to be discussed was the resignation of Nordentoft, as president of Grand View College. Pastor Wagner was chosen to fill his place as temporary president. I gave the rest of the report to the Enumclaw congregation, so shall not repeat it here.

When we came back to Chicago, Ida and Bedste were anxious about little Esther. The great heat had made her condition worse. She was hardly able to stand on her feet; we had to carry her wherever we went, and have her sit on our laps. We, therefore, took leave of Chicago and started west, but stopped a day in Elk Horn, where we took Esther to Dr. Soe. He advised us to get her home as quickly as possible, and we followed this advice. As soon as we got west of the Cascade Mts. the cool fresh air roused Esther, and happy were we. A month later she was her old self, the jolly, happy, little girl that she had always been. Ida never yearned for her old Elk Horn home again. Bedste had seen his children and brother, so he was also contented, and we were all happy to be home in our usual surroundings.

While we were away, nothing had been neglected except that the carrots had grown up in weeds. Before evening Bedste had them all cleaned, and that night our two gray horses jumped the gate, got into the garden and ate every carrot top. When Bedste saw this, he said, "I wish I had not weeded them, for then the horses could not have seen them." The children had vied with each other to get the work done, both in the house and in the fields. Little Rosamond followed us every where, as if she were afraid that we should leave again. Even Trofast looked at us with his large friendly brown eyes and wagged his tail, until it seemed it would be out of joint.

About this time Lieutenant Hasseniis paid us a visit. He had been one of the teachers at G.V.C. He was a gymnast and as such,he found great pleasure in climbing our large Black Republican cherry trees. Of course it was the well-tasting and juicy cherries that he was after. When he had had his fill, he started bombarding the girls who walked under the trees. As long as his hands were full of ammunition, he had the upper hand, but now the girls had their hands full of the cherries he had thrown down, and with their joint strength and skill in throwing balls, it got too hot for the representative of the military, and at last he had to ask for a truce, which the enemy, who would rather have peace, accepted at once. But what a sight they were - dresses, arms,necks and faces were spotted from the red-brown juice of the cherries. But Hasseniis didn't look any better. His clothes really needed acleaning. When Hasseniis saw our beautiful Mt. Rainier, he took such a fancy to the thought of climing to its top, that a few days later he went by bus from Tacoma to Longmire Springs, where groups of climbers left for the top every day. When he came back, I asked him how he stood the long hike and he answered, "Brilliant! When I came to the top I tried to see if the muscles of my legs had suffered any harm. I squatted on the ground with the one knee bent and then raised up with the other leg stretched out before me. Then I knew that I should be able to descend the trail." He had not lost his taste for cherries, but

no more bombardments, so I guess he learned to have respect for the girls' marksmanship, or else it was the cleaning of his clothes he didn't like.

The first time Viggo Tarnow was in Enumclaw, Niels Kusk, a wonderful gymnast was with him. These two gave a lone display and what they could perform put our own boys in the shadow, so that instead of stimulating them, it put a damper on their interest.

Later when Thomas Johansen had taken a course under Tarnow in the primitive gymn and came back to demonstrate the new system, he didn't succeed in interesting them either. They wanted to stay with the old "Lyng" system they had first learned under Walter Bruhn.

I have since been told that when Tarnow was at "Atterdag" in Solvang, he toured with his group, and in San Francisco, where they used a streetcar for transportation, they started playing "To strike a blow for the Fatherland." The one who is "it" bends forward and puts his head in a cap on somebody's knee. Then one of the other players gives him a blow on the seat of his pants with the flat of his hand and he has to try to catch the one who struck him and then he is "it". One was just in position for the blow when a stranger came into the car. He seemed interested, while everyone in the car was enjoying the fun, and the boys told him by signs that he should give the blow. With a big grin he prepared to give a hard blow, but was very much surprised when he was caught and forced to be the next scapegoat. This increased the merriment.

MEMORIES

I have sometime met, though not often, some poor Danes, (when I say poor, I mean poor) who say that they have nothing to thank Denmark for. They have never had anything in Denmark but poverty, want and drudgery, tormented here and plagued there. "No,I have no reason to love Denmark, my Fatherland. The memories from my childhood, I would rather forget as a bad dream; I don't owe Denmark anything."

But what about all the rest of us, have we a reason to love our memories from Denmark? Many of us were brought up in poor homes, have perhaps also met hardship and coldness among strangers. Everyone must answer for himself. I think it all depends on what kind of a home you came from.

My life started by listening to Motheris songs and prayers, and later to Father's stories, and I was given a good example by seeing their industrious and honest conduct, in spite of poverty. My home life was where the seed was planted that has developed into a strong love for Denmark and the Danes, from whom I have descended. Now I am a naturalized citizen, and I love my adopted land, and would never think of going back to live in Denmark. You can love your childhood home, but when you build the home for the only one, and raise your family there, then the first home is only a memory, while the new home is the reality. That's the position in which we immigrants find ourselves.

PASTORS AND LECTURERS

During the years we've been in Enumclaw, we have had many pastors and lecturers, but as it has never been noted down, I'll try to give a list from memory. Many of them were

personal friends who paid us a visit at the same time. The first was Pastor P.L.C. Hansen from the United Church in Portland, Oregon who came to visit Niels Jensens and the Elk Horn people. Pastor Kristian Anker has been here twice, first time to visit his son, Sigurd, and the second time he was invited to speak on Danemark's Day at the fair in Portland and both times he came to Enumclaw to visit Elk Horn people. Anker had married several of them and baptised many of their children, so he was a welcome guest.

The ministers: B. Nordentoft, J.M. Gregersen, H.J. Jessen, Johannes Jensen, C.S. Hasle, L.C. Larsen, Evald Kristensen, S.D. Rodholm, P. Rasmussen, J.C. Aaberg, K.C. Bodholdt, O.H. Dyneborg, E.M. Faurholdt, N.P. Gravengaard, N.C. Nielsen, C.P. Hojbierg, Valdemar S. Jensen. Hakon Jorgensen, A.H. Kyhl, Aage Moller, J. Borggaard, Henrik Plombeck, L.C.L. Larsen, Adam Dam, P.B. Ammentorp, Skovgaard, Peter Jensen, L.C. Laursen, Bishop Ostenfeldt (from Denmark) Thorwald Knudsen, Carl Nielsen.

Folkschool presidents: Akselsen, Ole Stevns, Rosenkarl Sigrid Ostergaard, Miss Alger.

Then our own Pastors: Alfred Sorensen, Isaksen, Torgen Nielsen, Jensen Mylund, N.P. Pedersen, Jens Lund, K. Knudsen. All of these have brought us something. What a bagfull of good thoughts!

L.C. Laursen stopped in Enumclaw before going to his home in Rysling, Nebraska from Solvang, Calif. He was not well, but in spite of it, he wanted to preach at the services that Sunday morning. Those who were present will remember that he sat on a chair as he preached in that beautifully modulated voice. But he was tired and while we sang the last hymn, he lay down in a pew to rest. We felt we should not have let him exert himself, but he insisted.

As I came to know him better, we became very intimate, so I told him about the manuscript I was writing. He wanted to read the first part and asked me if I would let him edit it, and have it published. But he was a sick man and before long was sent to a hospital to be operated on. For awhile he hovered between life and death. He did come home however, but pneumonia set in and after a few days it was fatal. He had some conscious moments when he was so happy to know that three of his children, Margaret, Rud and Carl had come home.

CELEBRATION AND MEMORIALS

The old Nyborgs celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary on June 14, 1911 in the Danish Brotherhood hall that had been decorated by the young people. They were given a wedding present and a sum in gold. Mrs. Lars Sorensen was bridesmaid and Paul Boysen (Bedste) was best man. This was one of the most beautiful festivals the Enumclaw Danish groups ever had. It was a pretty sight to see these old people walking arm in arm every Sunday and taking their usual place in church. Christian Nyborg died Sept. lst, 1920 and Kathrine Nyborg died Aug. 28, 1924.

The year 1916 was a sad year, as five of the best supporters of the church were called home: Anders Nielsen's wife, Anna; Hans Robertsen; Paul Boysen or "Bedste"; and Arent and George Bruhn. it left a vacancy in our midst, both in church and in the stricken homes.

One can't help but think, "Who will be the next?" Will the next generation take up the work where the older ones left off? Duty calls you! Do not fail us! Carry on the heritage until it can be absorbed by our new adopted country and benefit it. This can only come to pass if you are true to your own heritage. Where the old ones have fallen, whether father or mother, then step into their place and fill it to the best of your ability. Only in this way can we reach our goal.

SOLVANG

I am getting ahead of myself, so I'll go back to 1913. That fall I had caught a very bad cold and as my dear ones always feared another attack of pneumonia, Agnes, who now was a teacher at Atterdag, sent me money to come to Solvang and a message from Ben Ibsen that I could get carpenter work to earn my way back. As in Texas many years ago, now again the sun did what nothing else could do.

From the first moment I saw Solvang, I admired the beautiful surroundings. We can look out over the valley toward the elongated, more or less tree-covered hills, and back of these, layer upon layer of higher mountains in all shades from light green to violet. If we go up into the hills and see them close by, they surprise you with many kinds of bushes and trees, which nearly the whole year, have flowers, that is, first one tree or bush, then another, and the leaves are waxy and shiny. I really enjoyed my drive over San Marcus Pass. It has not the majestic grandness of nature over the Naches Pass, east of Enumclaw, but it is the same Creator who has made all the beauty in Solvang, as well as the beauty in the mountains of Washington. You get most profit out of studying the "Creator" instead of the "created".

I started working for Ibsen, but felt as if I wasn't up to the mark as a carpenter. I felt half sick, especially at first. Ibsen never let me feel that I wasn't as competent as I should have been, but I felt it myself until I was stronger.

The Niels Andersens, a family who had lived in Enumclaw for some years, bought 10 acres of land (the ones owned by Fourso now) on which they built a small house. one day when I was with them, they told me they intended to sell, with loss if necessary, and offered to sell to me for a reasonable price. I do not now remember how much, but I didn't have any money.

Ibsen had plenty of work. When I started, he was building a house for the old Jorgensens (Alfred Jorgensen's parents). After that we were out on a big ranch where they had buffaloes. Here we built a bunkhouse on wheels that could be moved about wherever the men were working. At present they were digging a large reservoir on the highest point in a large plowed field. There were about 20 men and as many horses.

One evening I went with Agnes to see Hornsylds. He told me that Gregorsen was taking charge of the selling of real estate and that he was often on long trips working up an interest for the cause. The plan was to sell so much land at a profit that there would be money left for school and church. But the sales were so slow that it took everything and more, too, to clear the debt on the land.

This caused much friction and misunderstanding, and for some years the colony was split in two as far as the social life was concerned. After the whole country stepped in with donations and the church and school were built, it eased off a bit and I hope for the sake of the colony that all the strife has been forgiven and the misunderstanding buried so deep, that it shall never protrude its head again.

It was my intention to be home before Christmas and as the sun had managed to get the better of my cold, I took leave of Agnes and started north. Through No. California the train was delayed on account of snow, so when we arrived in Portland, we were several hours late and I had lost my connection with the Northern Pacific and there were no buses in those days.

I went out to find the hotel that a policeman recommended, one that he said was clean and not too expensive. I was shown to my room and the bed looked neat and clean. Being tired I undressed and crawled between the nicely ironed white sheets and fell asleep at once. Some time later I awoke with a creeping, pricking, tickling sensation all over my body. I jumped out of the bed, lit the lamp and - great scott - my bed swarmed with bedbugs! Annoyed as I was I started crushing the small bloodthirsty monsters by the hundreds, but it was my own stolen blood I smeared on the sheets and pillowslip. What a sight the chambermaid would see, but I'm sure it was not the first time. I cleaned my night shirt, so as not to bring any of these bugs with me home. Then I looked over my clothes carefully and dressed and walked down to the station, found a chair and watched my surroundings. About 2 o'clock I witnessed a scene I have never seen anything to match. Men by the hundred came from the outside into the waiting room, filled all the seats or lay on the floor and soon I heard a loud snoring from all these men from every corner of the room.

Now the night watchman came in and started to scold them, but not one took notice of him. Then he walked a couple of steps ahead and started kicking at the nearest ones. A few listened and he commanded them all to leave the waiting room, or he would get enough help to turn them out of doors. An old man sat up, he was a giant of a man with a deep bass voice. "Young man," he said, "Be careful how you talk to and treat these hungry, cold men out-ofwork. They didn't come in until the saloons and beer joints closed and they will leave just as quietly at the break of day. Would you, young man, would you drive these men out inthe cold wet night? We are neither tramps nor criminals; we are all good citizens like yourself. We have simply become a prey to the adversity of the times."

A change came over the young man, "You are right, Dad, just stay where you are, but depart before you are noticed by passengers and the staff." Then he disappeared. But I'll never forget that night in Portland and I assure you that I preferred my snoring companions to the bloodthirsty monsters in the hotel bedroom.

After Christmas I read in a paper that the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. had served a Christmas dinner to 4000 men out-of-work in the Ferry building in San Francisco, Christmas Eve. After dinner they were each given a pipe and bag of tobacco. This was a beautiful Postlude to the First Act in Portland.

When "Papa" came home there was happiness for young and old. The younger ones got busy, the one after the other, showing me what they had made for each other for Christmas. All the preparations were finished and now they were just waiting to hear if the grown-up sisters and brothers were coming home, bringing the few grandchildren we had, at that time. That was

something to look forward to. They kept up the custom of coming home for many years. The little ones kept watching me and I could not understand until Ida told me that it was because I had gotten so sunburned.

FRIENDS OF AGNES

Once when Agnes was home, she got a message from her friend, Marie Frost, that she would like to visit us on her way to Portland, Oregon. Shortly after her arrival she became very sick and we had our family doctor visit her. She was in the last stages of diabetes and as she did not know it, had not kept a diet. At that time insulin was not yet known. Agnes nursed her night and day and was planning to take her to Portland when she suddenly went into a coma. We called her brother Jack in Portland, but it was too late. She passed away a couple of hours before the train arrived from Portland. He arranged everything and took his sister's coffin to Withae, Wisconsin where their parents lived.

Some years later when I came into the reading room at Atterdag, I noticed an enlarged photograph of Marie. It made me happy to see that there was someone who remembered the young woman whose thread of life was snapped in her best womanhood.

one day while we were all busily working at something, we heard the toot of a car in the yard. Going out to see who was tooting, we saw a California car with a heavy load,. Three laughing girls jumped out and embraced Agnes. They were Anne Holgersen, her cousin Harriet, and Ann Harding, a cousin of President Harding. These three were on a tour through our western states. They had been to Bryce Canyon, Yellowstone National Park, the Canadian Rockies and now were going to see Mt. Baker, Mt. Rainier National Park and I think a few others on their way home. What a vacation for some schoolmarms!

There was jollity and liveliness in our home those days. Anne Holgersen told some droll tales from her classroom where many of the children were Indians, some negroes, some Mexicans and very few whites. Anne was an intelligent young lady and some years later she was made Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Kern County.

On their tour they had used their reverse when the brake gave out, so now the reverse would not work. Harriet and Ann would jump out of the car to push and they laughingly said, "We are the reverse." While in Enumclaw they took the trip to Black River Gorge, using a borrowed car while theirs was being repaired. They had been down to their last dollar, so they also visited the bank.

One day in the latter part of the 1920s, Agnes and I stopped in Watsonville on our way to Solvang. Holgersen took us out to see the farm that he and Paul Holme owned jointly. He showed us the place where Anne intended to build a little home for herself. Close to the path that led down to the creek, I saw a freak of nature; a giant Redwood had-once been growing there, but the tree had been gone perhaps a century or more and now a group of Redwood about 6 to 8 inches in diameter had grown from the root in a circle with a space in the middle. They were already quite tall trees, and the time may come when the trunks will touch each other and people will go far to see this phenomenon in Holgersen's Park.

In 1940 when the California District held their convention in Watsonville, we were invited to see Holgersen's Park, where Anne's house had been realized. She had taken a trip through Europe and had collected many souvenirs: copper kettles, old porcelain, pictures from

Denmark, antiques, a brass iron and candle snuffers, candle holders, many rare books, an old spindle. Even the furniture was unique. We regretted that the young lady was not there to tell us where she had collected these interesting things. And we,.missed her freshness and humor. Anne passed away some years ago, and again we asked the question, "Why?" She seemingly had so much to live for. Her parents have also asked this, but have found peace in the thought that God knew what was best for her.

SOLVANG FRIENDS

During the first year after the start of the Solvang Colony, many people stopped over in Enumclaw on their way south. One of these was Jorgen Jorgensen, later called Johnsen, whom I had met several times at the meetings in Elk Horn. He and his wife stayed at our house for some days and went with us to Tacoma to a district meeting. Johnsen and two of his sons, Christian and Henrybought land in Solvang. Mrs. Johnsen, a sister to Mrs. Harksen of Portland, whose husband, Henry Harksen, was in the banking business in Portland, in 1913 started with the help of some Solvang people, the bank in Solvang, with Harold Harksen as its president.

Mrs. Johnsen, who wasn't well when she came, died at the home of her sister, and never came to Solvang. Johnsen went with his sons and lived with Christian until he died as a very old man. He was almost blind before he died, and I have often met him out with his dog getting some exercise. Every Monday afternoon hisson took him up to Pastor Hald, where he read "Dannevirke" for him. He had been the day before, when he died that night, May 25.

Many years ago when Johnsen came to Nebraska, he took up homestead land in Lancaster County. He built a sod house and barn, and plowed up some of the land. Then in order to earn some money, he worked for the Union Pacific in western Nebraska. While there, some Irishmen "squatted" on his land. one of Johnsen's friends wrote and told him that if he wished to save his ownership of the land, he had better try to be in Lincoln on a certain day, when the case would be decided. As soon as Johnsen received the letter, he took the train to Fremont, Nebraska and from there he was to take the stagecoach. But the train was late, the "stage" had gone, and now there was only one way to get there and that was by footing it across the prairies.

He was trying to find a certain farm and at sunrise, luck was with him. Just as he reached the farm, the owner was hitching his horses to a wagon, and on finding his destination to be Lincoln, he was given a ride, and came there in time to witness against the squatters. The case was judged in his favor.

Johnsen had built a house on railroad land without knowing it and Mrs. Johnsen was living there, while he took up his claim. . Now the Railroad Company claimed the house, but again Johnsen won his case, so he decided to work fast. He hired two men each with a team and wagon, drove out to the house where his wife was busy washing clothes. "We are going to move the house out to our claim. Can you be ready?" "Yes, I'm ready," and in a trice, she wrang out the clothes and put them in a tub. They parted the house in two, and loaded it on the two wagons, filled in the furniture and started for their claim at Davey, Nebraska, where they continued to live till they went west to Solvang.

Another man who visited us was Christian Duus from Tyler, Minnesota. He knew Agnes from the time she taught his children in the parochial school. Now he wanted to see her home and meet her family. Duus was on his way to Solvang to help his son, Thorvald, build a barn and silo. I did not know Christian Duus, but he knew some of my friends in Tyler, and I also knew his son in Solvang when we worked together for Ben Ibsen in 1913.

MARRIAGES IN THE FAMILY

The time had come when our children started leaving the nest and making their own homes. Lily was married October 5, 1909 to Christian Hansen from Copenhagen. They have a lovely home in Kirkland, Washington. They had two children, Erna and Elmer, who are now married and both have two children. Elmer was killed in an auto accident, just before his second child, a little boy, was born.

Amanda was married April 27, 1913 to Victor Nelson from West Jutland, Denmark. Victor and **A**manda have always been farmers until he died in April, 1920 of Bright's Disease. They have three children, Harvey, who married Irma Forsberg and lived in Alaska for awhile, but are now in Washington again; they have two children; Marjorie who married Donald G. McIntosh and lived in Kent for awhile and at that time had two children; and Bernice, who is now living in Belmont, California, married Carol D. Smith and at this time have one child.

In January 1926, Amanda married again,to Walter Andersen, who worked summers as a forest ranger in the Cascade Mts. In December 1928, he also died of Bright's Disease after being exposed to the rigors of the mountains during a big forest fire. Some years ago Amanda took a trip to Denmark to visit his sisters, with whom she had been corresponding.

Ida was married November 22, 1914 to John Halse from Skive, Denmark. They have two sons, Ernst and Allen; the latter being married and living in Seattle; they have three children. Ida and John have always lived in Seattle. John worked with the building profession, first under a contractor, later on his own. At this time he is working for the government, building airports all over in Western Washington. In 1924 John's father was very sick, so John took his family to Denmark and stayed quite awhile. When they returned, the boys could speak Danish, although they have forgotten it again.

Marie was married November 24, 1915 to a widower from Ringsted, Denmark, Louis E. Larsen, the best horseshoer in Seattle. He would get orders from as far away as 25 miles to come and shoe horses. He has his truck made up as a smithy and goes to the different farms, instead of bringing the horse to his shop. L.E. and Marie have a lovely home on Queen Anne Hill in Seattle. Larsen had a girl, Marian, and a boy, Henry, and now they have Virginia. She took up nursing, and until the time she married and had children, she worked as a nurse.

Paul was married October 3, 1915 to Olga Hansen, whom he met in Wilbur, Washington. During the first years of their marriage, they lived in Enumclaw and Paul was sales clerk for the White River Lumber Co. Then they moved to Seattle, where they have lived since. He has had several kinds of work, but last worked in a hospital. He and Olga have a large family: Alvin, married and lives in Seattle; Gladys, married an@i at this time is in Seattle. Richard was in the U.S. Navy; Anita, married and her husband was in service on Iceland and rumor said he had been killed, but it was his brothe. Kenneth is almost grown up and may be

drafted any time - have later heard that he was. The two younger girls, Mary Jane and Pauline,are both in school.

Elenore was married May 30, 1920 to Victor Thorvald Pedersen from Hee, Denmark. Thorvald was a sailor from the time he was a boy, sailing with the ships of O.K. line on the seven seas. Before World War I he went with Pershing into Mexico, when they were recalled and sent across to France. He served with the Field Artillary, and was wounded the llth of November, 1918, the day of the Armistice. After the war he was made first rigger at the shipyards in Bremerton. He has now bought my old home in Enumclaw and has retired.

Pete, as they called him, has often been exposed to danger, but the adventurer he is by nature, he never paid attention to these even when he was hospitalized as a result of them. Once when his crew was busy with something on the deck of a warship, a cable broke and the end caught Pete in such a way that he was thrown far out over the water. When the workers saw it they said, "That poor guy will never know what hit him. Who was it?" Someone said, "It was Pete. It "Was it Pete? Nothing can down Pete, so he'll be back." Sure enough, a few moments later, Pete came to the surface and started to swim with long strokes toward the ship. When he got near to it he noticed his hat was gone and seeing it a little ways from land, he turned around, got his hat, and swam back to the ship. When he got on deck, he felt a little confused, shook himself like a dog after a swim and then continued with his work.

One day he had to fire a big negro for insubordination. The negro said, "You just wait till tonight, when you're outside the gate where I'll lay for you." "That's too long to wait," said Pete. The guard heard it all, so he turned his back. Pete took off his coat and as he was a good boxer, he had the negro flat on his back begging for mercy. After that he had respect for Pete.

Thorvald and Elenore had four children: Norman, who is a Civil Engineer; Virginia, who worked for the government till she got married; Betty Esther and Agnes Cecilia are in school.

Alma married John Gravesgaard November 7, 1920 after his return from World War I. They were farmers the first 25 years, and John was the kind of farmer who always left his farms in better condition that he found them, and that is a good testimonial for a renter. They have had five children, but one died as an infant. Connie, the oldest, married Karl Knudsen, and settled in Mentone, California. Jack or John LeRoy, was a great help on the farm, and after serving his stint for Uncle Sam, he has been a grader at lumber mills. LaVerne and Shirley as yet are school girls.

Hilda was married February 25, 1922 to Frode Schmidt Nielsen, an electrician from Esbjerg, Denmark. The first years of their marriage were spent in California where he worked with the construction of power plants. This was a hard life for Hilda, always living in mountain regions where these stations were being constructed. So they moved to Enumclaw, where Fred started an electric and radio shop.

In 1923 they left for Denmark with the idea of remaining there for an indefinite period. Hilda could not adjust to the conditions in Denmark, so they came back to USA and settled in Everett, Washington, where he got work as electrician at ConcreteWashington.

Later he was sometime in Alaska, and there he contracted "Undulant Fever" and came back to Enumclaw, where Hilda and her two small girls, Laraine and Phyllis, were keeping house for me. He was shortly after sent to a hospital where he died February 27, 1935.

Hilda married again on September 28, 1936 to Vernon E. Hopke, called Bob for short. He is a cement contractor and at present, they are living in Enumclaw.

Herbert was married February llth, 1925 to Ophelia Ohman, called Barney. Herb worked for many years for his brother-in-law, Bob Hopke, and then switched over to the building trade. They have four fine boys: Gordon, Howard, Marvin and Larry. The three oldest are in school.

Rosamond was married June 3, 1928 to Einer Johnsen from Ansager, Denmark. He is a watchmaker by profession and has a beautiful jewelry store in Solvang. There are many Kimballton, Iowa people who would remember Einer, since he worked there for S. H. Sorensen, now of Solvang. Since Einer came to Solvang, he has become quite a sportsman, hunting and fishing, but especially the latter. There are many "fish stories" told about him, but it is better to take them with a grain of salt. The fact is that Einer has been lucky, and has furnished many a friend with a mess of fish ready for the pan and delivered to the door. That's the way Einer is!

Esther was married to James Pagliotti on November 23, 1936. James is an American of Italian descent and worked for the Danielsons as gardener and chauffer from the time he was 16 years old. Esther had worked for Mrs. Danielson for 11 years when she and James were married. They have a little boy, Jimmy, whom Esther has taught to sing several Danish children songs: "Johnny Get Up," "The Little Ole," "The Crafty Crow," "Ride 'em," "The Tin Soldiers." James, who couldn't understand the language, thought this wasn't anything to teach boys, but he enjoyed it all the same.

Otto and Agnes are the only ones of the thirteen who are single. Otto works from evening until morning as night watchman at a hotel in Seattle. Agnes has chosen a position in life as teacher and governess, that has given her much joy, and I hope itt S given many others happiness as well as service.

ELENORE AT ATTERDAG

In 1916-17 Elenore and Agneta, Slott from Enumclaw were at Atterdag. Agneta was much like her father, full of mischief. She sat next to Pastor Nordentoft at meals and he was always teasing her as he loved to hear her speak the dialect from West Jutland and she was never at a loss for a reply. The waitress, knowing that Nordentoft loved pie, generally set a large piece at his place. One day they were to have pumpkin pie, the only kind Nordentoft did not especially like. When Agneta, came to her place, she looked at a very small piece, and then at her neighbor's large piece. Under her breath, as if talking to herself, she said, "Look at my small piece of pie, and look at the size of Nordentoft's and he doesn't even like pumpkin pie. I think I'll exchange them before he comes." No sooner said than done!

When Nordentoft arrived, "Agneta, you must have exchanged our pieces of pie." "No, I haven't." "They would never give me such a little piece!" He watched her closely out of the corner of his eye to see if she would exchange them again. No, she ate the large piece without a twinge of conscience, and it seemed to be forgotten. However, nothing is forgotten at a folk-school. The editor has long ears and had seen and heard both sides of the story. So the following Saturday the pie episode was there in the school paper with a bit added here and there, and caused much merriment, but also made Agneta's guilt outstanding.

Rev. Nordentoft, "Well, Agneta, then you had taken my pie!" "Yes," said Agneta, "but I knew you did not care for it!"

Nordentoft often teased her about it, but she stuck to her explanation.

One day at the end of the school year when the girls were taking down their trunk ropes they had used in the attic for clotheslines, Nordentoft was standing in the hall by Agnes' door discussing something, when suddenly the plaster broke down over his head and looking up he could see a leg being pulled out of the hole. In one-two-three he was up the stairs, and there stood Agneta rubbing her knee and shin that had suffered some scratches.

As soon as she saw him, she said, "I'll pay to have it mended." "Yes, Agneta," said the Pastor, "but this is going to cost you dearly, look at me, at my hair, my clothes, how will I get rid of all this plaster?" Agneta almost thought he was in earnest.

After the close of school, Agnes taught vacation school in Enumclaw, and one day she went over to see Agneta. A letter had just arrived from Nordentoft, and her parents were asking Agneta to explain. It was a bill for $1000.10.

Plastering 3rd floor of school ------ ?
A spoiled suit of clothes ---------- ?
For being taken by surprise --------- ?
A stolen piece of pie ---------- .10
$1,000.10

Of course Agnes explained the whole story satisfactorily, and they all had a good laugh.

WORLD WAR I

In 1913-14 something was brewing in Germany. The German people were getting restless and starting to speak openly about the military power and its encroachment on their rights. This was especially the case in Alsace-Lorraine, but the Zaborn Affair soon spread it to the other German States. Large meetings were held all over and it looked as if there might be trouble. The military did not want civil war, but this unrest had to be subdued. Then came the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Dutchess in Sarajevo, Jugoslavia, and this gave a chance to kill two flies with one swat.

In 1914 Germany had a military force on the seas, on land and in the air, larger than the world had ever seen. It was the “Deutchland ueber alles”! but "Pride will take a Fall." When the Kiel Canal was opened in 1895, it gave Germany access to both the North Sea and the Baltic Sea and this gave an impetus to shipbuilding, so that when war was declared, Germany had a fleet that wasn't to be belittled.

Kaiser Wilhelm, who was fond of sport, arranged a yacht race in Kiel Bay and many countries were represented. On this occasion a division of the British fleet was there to bear witness to their friendship between good neighbors. Kaiser Wilhelm's thoughts were not so friendly. fie gave orders to his brother, Prince Henri, who was Admiral of the Baltic fleet, to be sure that he did not let the British fleet out of the harbor. That same evening at a "beer party" where the British Ambassador to Germany and Admiral Warrender of the British fleet were

present, Prince Henri gave a speech in which he let the cat out of the bag. The same night the British fleet sailed home. Maybe Prince Henri was more high-minded than his intriguing brother and that it was on purpose that he gave the hint about the danger they were in. I hope so. That would throw a sunbeam on the stained Hobenzolleran shield.

Germany had ordered England to be neutral while they fought France and Belgium, but this England refused. I guess they smelled a rat. Their turn would come next, and so on, one by one, until Wilhelm's dream of a world power would be a reality. Even the German people were getting interested. But do not let us follow the dreadful bloodshed, that raged more horrible than history can show. All inventions were used, destroying everything on its way; flame-throwers, poison gas, inconsiderate submarine warfare. It was the last that stepped on our toes, when the Lusitania was torpedoed and sent to the bottom, killing hundreds of its American passengers, men, women and children.

In Germany they praised this "heroic deed." A medal was printed in honor of this exploit and sold all over Germany, while we mourned over the death of so many Americans. Wrath and resentment boiled high in the American people and it was clear to us that it was high time we helped our brethren. Germany said, "You do not dare to move, for we have 500,000 able-bodied Germans in the U.S. and they'll prevent your soldiers from leaving your shore."

We know all the obstacles that had to be overcome, but we also know that our intervention made it possible to conquer the Germans. our "boys" were only sorry that they were not allowed to drive the Germans way back to Berlin, so that they could find out what it was like to have war in their own country. Yes, maybe, but it would have been better to punish the leaders so that they'd not want to fight again. These warmongers will use any opportunity to disturb world peace.

The proclamation of Armistice Day, November llth, 1918, reverberated with joy throughout the U.S. The peace pact signed later was perhaps not sound enough to be lasting. The "Covenant of the League of Nations" which our Senate rejected, did not last long, was perhaps not binding enough. Jealousy, lust of power and covetourness protruded their hideous serpent heads, so that one after another of the signers withdrew from the League, and I suppose it was to a great extent our fault for not joining in the first place.

When Kaiser Wilhelm fled to Holland, the German people formed a Republic with Frederick Ebert as the first President. Germans are used to the military with uniforms and pomp and splendour, and it was a great change to an ordinary government in dress suits and tall hats.

After the war many black and white boundary posts were moved. Also in Sleswick they were moved south, but not nearly far enough. There are still many Danes south of the border that cast longing looks toward the north. Why did they not get permission to go home to Mother Denmark?

SAD TIMES AFTER THE WAR

The winter of 1918-19 was a hard time for our home. Several of us were in bed with the "flu." In spite of the fact that all the children who were not sick helped both inside and out, we had to get a nurse. But it was hard to get a doctor's help, as all the best doctors were in the service and the "Flu Epidemic" gave too much work for the others. We got an old doctor from

Buckley, Dr. Sheats, to take care of us and he came even though the White River bridge had gone down the stream, so that he had to cross by foot on the railroad bridge and then hire a car on the north side.

Our son, Herbert, whose lungs were affected, had to be sent to the hospital to have them tapped. He refused to go unless mama would go with him. After some days, Ida could not stand it any longer, so she arranged with the nurse to change off with her every few days. I was at the lowest at this time, and the girls told me later that they had not been able to feel my pulse, and had held a feather in front of my mouth and also a mirror to see if I was breathing.

It must have been at this time that I had a strange experience. Whether it was a dream, a vision or the soul wandering off from the body, I do not know.

I felt myself to be in complete darkness and floating through space. on the way I passed a large sun and thereafter, space became dimmer. Soon I passed other heavenly bodies larger than the sun and at this time I met two figures with a friendly expression. The one had a book under the arm, and the other a horn of plenty. The strange thing was, that I knew their errand and where they were going. They were going to Russia. The one with the book was to guide and teach the truth to the million uneducated and poor souls, and he with the horn of plenty was to feed them. On my way I met other figures, some were going to Belgium, others to the Balkan States and other war-ravaged countries to bring relief and comfort to widows and orphans.

Thereafter, I met three figures in long white robes. The first one had a dove and a palm frond, the second had a key and a pair of scales, and the third had a double-edged sword. They were going to the Peace Congress. The work of the first was to emphasize to the conquerors the charitable power of the "Prince of Peace." The second was to soften the defiant hearts, and at the same time accurately and justly weigh the guilt and blame. The third was to keep in check the restless temperaments, who want to solve all questions with might.

When these three left me, one of them pointed to a luminous spot, which I had not seen before and said, "Yonder you will find your garment." I now floated toward this spot. But it took a long time before I got near enough to see clearly, and as I drew still nearer I became enchanted with the sight that met my eyes. it looked like a mighty City that rested on rose-red clouds, but oh! what splendor: towers, domes, minarets by the thousands, that glistened of gold and precious stones. I was still floating towards this city which seemed to cover 1,000 mountains. But strange as it seemed, I could see the palaces at the far side as clearly as those nearby. When I came to the entrance, I was seized with ecstacy. As far as I could see, the one palace and garden was more magnificent than the next. The building material was the finest marble, framed with gold and precious stones and the light was softened, the same inside as outside with no shadows or dim corners. Everything was penetrated by this mild light.

The valleys were covered by gardens with beautiful flowers and plants, small lakes, rippling creeks and waterfalls, fountains, splendid bridges, snow-white swans swimming in the lakes and ponds. And in this beauty were thousands of children singing, jumping and playing, and on the streets and in the parks were throngs of people, and I seemed to know them all and could talk with them, though it was neither English nor Danish, nor any modern language we used. All at once a voice called out, "Praise and honor be His, who sits on the throne," whereupon the million voices joined in with: "Hosanna!"

Now I was conscious again, and the dream or vision was gone. When my mind cleared, I saw Alma sitting by my side, and she cried out, "Oh Papa, I thought you were dead!" I asked her to bring pencil and paper and then told her this in broken sentences.

One evening when Ida came home from Tacoma by bus, it had engine trouble and all the passengers were asked to get off, while they went back to a garage. It was a bitterly cold evening and Ida, who was tired and sleepy, sat down on a rock and fell asleep. When she finally came home she was put to bed at once, as she was running a high temperature. Both beds were put in the living room, but Ida's condition grew steadily worse as she had developed Typhoid, which wasn't found out till too late. She was delirious much of the time until deliverance came January 19, 1919. Agnes did not arrive home till the day after.

In my condition, Ida's death did not make such a great impression on me. She had only gone before me a few days, I thought, and we should soon be together again. The day she was buried, the coffin was rolled to my bed, and the girls helped me to sit up, so that I could see my Ida for the last time in this world. I perceived what was happening but it wasn't until later that the loss really was felt, and the longing for my devoted and sacrificing Ida was almost unbearable. There have been times when it almost overwhelmed me, but God be praised, I learned to bend my will under God's all-wise guidance; He alone knows what is best for us.

One day shortly after Ida's death, Alma came in and said, "Papa, you must not leave us, we cannot do without you. Esther and Rosamond are small girls yet, and they need you. it "Yes, Yes, my girl, if it be God's will, I shall live." Now it was just as if a turning point had arrived in my sickness, and shortly after, I started to plague the doctor for permission to get up, and also to get something to eat, I was so hungry, so hungry!

Yes, as soon as the temperature was down to normal, I could get up. I should only be patient and I would get something to eat. As yet I could only have oatmeal broth - baby food, I call it. Every day when they took my temperature, I tried to suck in some cold air, but that did not help. At last the doctor said I could have some meat broth, but only chew the meat and swallow the juice. I pressed the doctor's hands and cried from happiness.

Shortly after this I was given permission to get up in a chair, but I'll never forget what a torture it was, even with the help of the girls, to walk the short distance to the chair. My legs were weakened and they ached and tingled with a thousand needles. I had no sooner got to the chair before I was ready to go back to bed. When I was given nourishing food, I was soon able to walk around in the room with the help of a cane.

The doctor at the hospital had forbidden Herbert to be told that his mother was dead until he came home. In order to prevent him from finding out, they had to make use of white lies. From now on the girls took turns being with Herbert and staying here at home. Rosamond, who had been sick at home, got up before I did, and now that I could start walking, I carried a small stool, so that I could sit down and rest.

But now Alma got sick and it turned out to be typhoid. Paul and Olga also contracted the same dread disease, so we had to send them to the hospital in Tacoma, and take their two small children down to our house. Gladys, the baby, was put on a bottle and little Alvin soon felt at home. Alma was a very sick girl and we had to have a nurse again. It was a good thing that I now could take care of myself, for the girls were very busy. We had some anxious days, but finally Alma started to improve and by the 1sixth of March was able to sit up.

About this time Herbert was ready to come home, so Elenore and Agnes went in to Tacoma to bring him home by train. He was met at the station and taken down to Amanda's home. I'll never forget how he walked around from room to room, looking out through the windows towards our house. It was his mother he was looking for, poor boy, I went over to him, took him in my arms and told him that Mama had gone ahead of us, and we should meet her there some day. It was hard for both of us - the tears flowed, and somehow that gave relief.

IDA'S LAST LETTER

The following letter from Ida, dated January 4, 1919, from St. Joseph's Hospital, had been put into a drawer while I was sick, and wasn't found until October 20, nine months after Ida's death:

"My dearest friend,

I was so happy to have Elenore phone that you were a little better. Believe me, it has been hard to show a happy and cheerful face in front of Herbert, as I must. All that he talks about is to get well, so that he can come home.

If I had him home, we could at least get some nourishing food. I bought a pint of cream, so now when he gets jello, custard or milk, I add a little cream. I keep it outside the window where it is cold. I think Herb can hear a little bit better today. He says, "Tell them all hello from me." At night he is delirious. We are always going to California, so maybe someday we shall. This forenoon he lay on his side for quite awhile, and last night he perspired so that he was so cold and damp, that I wrapped him into my quilt. Nothing is done for them at night, so I am sure he never could have pulled through if he had been alone.

Now there is an older man in one of the peculiar beds and I heard the nurse ask him if he wouldn't like to be moved to a real bed. But he answered, "Please don't move me away from that lady, she helps me so." His back is so bad, poor thing, that he cannot move, but he is a little better today. When at night I help him, I feel as if I were helping you. Oh, dear Niels, you must get well again. I am glad that I am so near to Mrs. Olsen, although it is always so cheerless and cold. She works in a restaurant every day. But tomorrow T'm going to pay her to take my place a few hours, so that I can sleep a little.

I live almost entirely on coffee and bread, and I long for a good dish of oatmeal cereal. This morning the nurse gave me a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, so I did not go to the dining room before noon, and had just returned when you telephoned. Oh, why do we have to be tried so hard? How are Pauls and Victors? I try to be on the good side of the nurse and once last night, she brought me a cup of warm soup. Another time she brought me a custard.

This morning Herbert had cornflakes and a soft-boiled egg, but no bread; and this noon he had soup with crackers and rice pudding. With more nourishing food, he will soon get his strength back.

The doctor was here just now and he said the lungs were clearing nicely, and that I was to give him his medicine by mouth until he came again, and that he was improving.

Oh, how it seemed to lighten my burden. Everything will be alright again, if it be God's will. You should have seen Herbert smile today when I combed his hair. Just think how long he has had fever!

I'm going to write to Agnes today or tomorrow.

Love from us both to you all.

Mamma

P.S. I want to be with you dear ones.

This is an extract of the letter that had been waiting nine months to be read. It roused gloomy memories in all of us.

DIVISION OF ACREAGE

Since I did not have the strength nor the inclination to farm again, I decided to give two acres to each of the children, if they would pay the mortgage that I had been forced to take with all this sickness. This they agreed to, so I divided the lower 26 acres into 13 lots and numbered them 1 to 13, and then had them draw lots.

They each got a deed on the lot they drew, but what should they use the 2 acres for? Five of them sold their lots for $800. Otto traded his for a car. Paul built a house and barn on his and lived there until he sold it and moved to Seattle. The other six kept theirs for several years and sold the hay that was raised.

I sold four more for a good price. What was left I could take care of, and with my salary as Treasurer of Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co. I could get along nicely.

TRIP TO MT. RAINIER

In August, when I was stronger, Marie and L.E. sent me an invitation to join them in a trip to Mt. Rainier. That was a wish long deferred. I was very happy to get the chance of a close view of our beautiful snow mountain.

Two days later two cars instead of one stopped at our door. Besides Marie and L.E. there were H. P. Hansen and wife, and Pastor and Mrs. P.B. Ammentorp. We were quite a party.

What a gorgeous trip on our splendid roads that curve around and over the steep sides along rushing streams crested with foam. I admired the genious of the engineers who had planned the road through such a mountainous country. It seemed as if no hindrance was big enough to stop tham, and nature was so grand that you felt the power behind it.

I had been given the seat next to the window, as Marie could not stand to look down into the depth, so I really had a ringside seat with a full panorama of the gorgeous view as we climbed higher and higher until we reached a plateau. Here was a great big sign with : "Entrance to Mt. Rainier National Park." To the left we saw Prof. O.D. Allen's house. Prof. Allen has for many years studied the flora of the mountain. Soon we saw the hotel at Longmire Springs, where there are many curiosities to see, and there we made camp on the bank of the Nisqually River, so that, as H.P. Hansen said, we could be lulled to sleep by its roar.

After we had finished our lunch, we went over to taste the water in the seven springs. Sulphur, ugh! nauseating! Iron, disgusting! Soda - something like bromo-seltzer, much better! Boiling hot, too hot! Cold spring - good'. Strange, that in a space of a score of square rods to find so many different kinds of water. Now we went out on a footbridge that was stretched over the river. You can almost get seasick just by walking on it, for it swings up and down, back and forth so that you stagger like a drunk man.

While supper was being prepared I made up my bed. The others had army cots, but I had a navy hammock. First I collected some big rocks and formed a rectangle 4 x 7 feet and filled this with moss that I found on rocks and trees. I covered this with my hammock. That made up the mattress, and on top I put my blankets and quilt. I lay down to try it, and found it very soft and the rest of the party eyed it with envy. Even the Pastor, who should have been above such feelings, wished to sleep in my bed.

In the evening around the bonfire we sang one song after another. H.P. Hansen and L. E. kept us entertained with jokes and funny stories. Pastor Ammentorp gave us something of a higher quality, so it was late before we went to bed. But, alas'. there was no rest for me. No sooner had I crawled under the blankets before I found that something had got there before me - ants by the thousands. The bedbugs in Portland gave me the itch, but these villains made me smart wherever they bit me. This amused the others, the men laughed with derision, the ladies were more tactful. They could see the comical side but they also saw how unpleasant it was for me in this situation.

I made a quick decision, jumped up, put on my trousers and shoes, and strung my hammock up between two trees and very soon the roar of the river had lulled me to sleep.

The next morning we drove up to Van Trump Park, 1000 feet higher. It was suggested that while the rest of the party unpacked our things and made our dinner, I should reconnoiter; find things worth seeing, so that later on I could lead them. This suggestion found approval with me. I had noticed, shortly before we stopped, a small stream white with foam, and a path leading up along the stream. This path I now followed as it must lead to a goal. It was a wonderful stream with cascades and miniature waterfalls. As the river bed was very steep, the roar was very loud and the moisture in the air was made into a beautiful rainbow.

Suddenly I heard another sound that blended with the roar. It was the electrical works that makes electricity for all the hotels in the park. I found this out by looking at my directory, and also that the 500 foot Comet Falls was part of this stream. By walking a little farther I came to a point from where I could see the path zigzagging up over high slopes and later coming back to the stream just below Comet falls. Now I had something of interest to report so I turned back, as suddenly I became very hungry with the thought of dinner. While we ate, I told them of what I had found, and Marie and Pastor and Mrs. Ammentorp decided to go on the exploring trip. The others deciding to stay in came promising to clear away the dishes. Mrs. Hansen was not strong enough for the climb, and the other two preferred a pipe of tobacco in peace and quiet.

We four now started off with our alpenstocks and Ammentorp filled his pocket with cigars, and up along the stream we wandered slowly, as we did not want to lose any of its beauty. There is something engrossing about such a mountain stream, but there are places where it is hard climbing. When we came to the zigzag path, it was very long, so we sometimes but corners by grasping some growth and making a short cut from path to path. In this way we

finally got up near the falls. At the top the enormous river empties over the brink and falls for 100 feet, when it strikes a mighty round ledge and then falls again 400 feet. This ledge gives the falls the likeness of a comet with head and tail, hence its name.

We continued up above the falls and came to a flat field covered with flowers. This surprised us. There were lupines, anemonies, Holland pipes and many others. Now we crossed the river on a footbridge, and following Ammentorp's suggestion, we continued on this path which now went south and sloping downward, went through what looked like a park, with both evergreens and shade trees. But here the mosquitoes were a real plague, so Ammentorp got his cigars out and we two men started to smoke. Those we met all wore veils and we wished we had some, as the smoke could not keep those pesky mosquitoes away.

Now we found that this path led to Longmire Springs, and as we were getting tired, Marie called L.B., her husband, and asked him to bring the car. But L.E. became angry, "What in the world are you doing there! Now you can just walk on your feet, and see how you'll get back. Well, I'll see what Hans Peter says." we were sure he'd come for us, so we sat down to rest. However, we lost our patience and started toward Van Trump Camp. Before long Hansen met us, but if L.E. was mad, Hansen was furious. "What are you thinking about, to roam about in the mountains, not knowing where you will land. You could go and lose yourselves so that you wouldn't know which way to turn. It is to be hoped that you will soon learn a little sense."

We looked at each other and smiled, and a little while after, Hansen started singing a jolly song and we all joined in. In this way we entered camp, where L.E. still was looking gloomy, but at the same time could hardly keep from smiling. Mrs. Hansen had supper ready and did we eat! There must have been "forest pepper" on.

After supper as I rested in my hammock, my eyes sought a high summit of rock, and L.E. came over and said, "Tomorrow, about 9, we are going to drive around that point." "Oh, yes!" said I, thinking it impossible that a road could be made there. Suddenly I saw a gleam, then another, still another, cars catching the last of the sun rays as they turned the point. Now I lay admiring the men who had made it possible for us to come up to these high regions, where only mountain goats and eagles have their home.

That evening it was made known that a large bonfire would be made on the bank of the river, and a lady would tell Indian legends to the tourists. A large number of tourists gathered around the bonfire and we listened intently. She talked long and well about the gods of the mountain, who were always fighting each other. Suddenly she stopped, pointing above the people, mouth and eyes wide open, her face the picture of fright. What did she see? Those in the outer circles became restless, and started to get up. A cold shivering ran down my back and my hair was beginning to stand on end. An outcry was heard here and there.

Then she lowered her arm, and a smile spread over her face, while she said, "I just wanted to make it evident and impressive for you, those feelings that filled the Indians, when they were told about the mountain spirits. Never has any white man been able to persuade an Indian to ascend "Tahoma," where the bad spirits dwelt, the powers that destroy, vomit forth fire, threw large boulders as easily as their papose could throw stones. At other times they sent terrific storms that destroyed everything in its path. Not one must tease these dreadful spirits, by trespassing their domain.

When General Hazard Stevens and P.B. Van Trump, in 1870, ascended the mountain, they tried hard to persuade their good friend Indian Chief Sluiskin to accompany them, but no! When they took leave of him, he was the picture of fright, and he said goodbye as if he should never see them again. When they returned after a few days, he would not believe his eyes.

The following morning I was on the tiptoe of expectation wondering what I should see this day. The road, which has two lanes up as far as Narada Falls, curves steeply upward, and looking back you could see the road two and three places below us. We came very close to Nisqually Glacier, so that we could see the river start beneath the ice. At one point you can see Paradise River stretching a mile, where there are seven falls - it is a grand sight. And the 185 foot high Narada Falls takes your breath away.

At this time there was only one lane, so they used the block system - drive one-half hour, wait one-half hour. Now we go gradually upward, and I did not notice when we passed around the point that I had looked at the evening before, because we continue higher and higher until suddenly Paradise Valley lies before us, in all its beauty. At first we could not see the mountain throught the mist that covered it. But the sun's rays soon dispersed the fog and now we saw "The Mountain that was God." One never forgets this sight of Mt. Rainierit is so mighty! In the pure high atmosphere it seems possible to throw a snowball to the top of the mountain, that in reality is many miles distant. One seemed spirited off into the mountain, because it fills the whole horizon, as it looms before you in its robe of ermine.

But it has not always been so peaceful. There was a time when the giant put on the fire-red mantle, and threw rocks, lava, smoke and ashes over the whole country-side for many miles around. No wonder the Indians are afraid of it. According to geological findings, it had been quite a bit higher, but the whole top had been blown off. It is only dormant now, for in 1897, steam and gas escaped from the north crater. It has happened that mountain climbers, who were caught in a snowstorm, have found refuge in the south crater where heat escapes from ventholes.

From the top and down the sides is a wreath of glaciers - 51 square miles covered with ice - a line from west to east of 13 miles. The glaciers are always in motion, some gliding down the slope 100 feet a year, others moving about 1000 feet a year, plowing deep grooves. The thought comes to one, are there empty spaces in the earth where the volcanoes throw out all this lava, rock and ash, and if so, will the ocean find a crack and fill them. I'd better let others figure that out. We common people have more important things to think about.

The next morning while breakfast was cooking, I walked up to the top of a small hill called "Alta Vista". It was a clear morning and there was a wonderful view toward the south, southeast and southwest. I could plainly see Mt. Hood in Oregon, Mt. Adams in the southeast, and Mt. St. Helens in the southwest - three smow-covered mountains, and in our immediate neighborhood, our own beautiful snow-mountain. But now I had developed an enormous appetite for breakfast, but alas, was also full of mosquito bites. It seems they develop in snow as well as water.

Several of us had a telescope along, and enjoyed drawing everything close to us. We all spied some small spots moving in a line up the mountain-side. These were chains of mountain climbers who had already passed Gibraltar Rock. We counted 30 spots, there were then 5 groups, each with their leader. That is the method they use, so that they can step in each others

footsteps, making walking easier. After breakfast we had a really free for all snowball fight, and later enjoyed seeing all the beautiful flowers peeping up through the snow.

Through my telescope I could see a building, so I looked into my directory and found that it was Anvil Rock, where the foresters had an outlook station about the same elevation as Muir's Camp, 10,000 feet above sea level. This is where the mountain climbers rest overnight, so as to get an early start next morning while the snow is hard. I had also noticed two spots in the snow, the one above the other, with parallel running lines. By asking, I found out these were "toboggan slides", where you could get a swift sleigh ride.

I had a great desire to walk up to Anvil Rock. None of the others wanted to go with me and L.E. said I must be back at the latest at 4:30, as they were going to drive to Van Trump Camp. Could I make it in four hours? I was going to try it. The climb became harder as I gradually got higher, and it was harder to get a foothold. For each step ahead, I'd slip back half a step. It was very tiring, and I lay down in the snow several times to rest before I reached the hut that was built of blocks of granite with a roof of heavy planks to withstand the pressure of the snow. The man who guarded the "Anvil Rock Lookout" was a soldier from World War I. He was glad to get a chance to talk to someone. He asked me to write my name and address in the guest book. The hut is connected by telephone with the hotel, but only uses the Morse Code and mirrors to get in touch with the other lookouts.

Well now I had reached the hut, but it had taken over half the time, so I bid the young man goodby and started down. What a difference! Instead of sliding backward, I now slid forward 4 to 5 feet for every step and when I came to the toboggan slides, I stood still a moment, trying to decide whether to rush down. There could be no danger, as I could not get out of the groove till I reached the bottom. As a sled, I used my Mackinaw coat. I didn't think it would have been quite such a fast ride. Before I reached the bottom, I lost my hat, and had to climb back aways to get it. When I came to the second slide, I did not hesitate a moment, for now I knew what it was like.

I reached the hotel long before the four hours were gone, but I was very tired. When we came to Van Trump Camp, where we were staying that night, I discovered that my roll of bedding, plus much else had been lost on the way. What especially bothered me, was that I was guilty of picking one sample of the different kinds of flowers and pressed them between the leaves of a large book, and this book was also in the roll. The next day when we came to Longmire Springs, we inquired at the hotel to see if it had been in the Lost and Found department. It was not there. We arrived home before evening and all agreed that we had spent some wonderful days together.

About a week later I got a letter from the Forest Ranger Station at Longmire Springs, that my bedroll had been delivered to them. By opening it, they found my name and address and that they would send it with my neighbor, Pete Storbo, who worked on the roads in the Park. He brought it the next time he came down to Enumclaw. Not a word about the flowers, though I'm sure they had seen them. I wrote a letter to the Forest Rangers, thanking them for their kindness and enclosing a $2. check to have a smoke on me. The check was returned with a note saying that they were glad that I appreciated the performance of their duty, but that the State paid their wages and therefore, they could not accept the $2. We can be proud of such civil servants.

BOISE CREEK

The creek that ran right past our house and barn, Boise Creek, had year after year, overflowed its banks until the silt had built its bed so that it was higher than the surrounding country. When we came, we cleaned the bottom of mud, leaves and branches down to pure sand, so that it did not overflow its banks at our place, but everywhere else the flat country would be like a big lake when the snow melted in the mountains. Some farmers thought this hurt their land, although in reality, it spread a layer of silt that made it more fertile. They therefore, started a drainage district. A deep ditch was dug further south and diverted the water from our beautiful creek into the ditch.

We were sorry to lose our clear cold water, that we used for the cattle as well as for drinking water. I dug a well, but the water contained so much iron that we could not use it. Now we had to try something else, so five of us farmers got permission from the Tacoma Waterworks to tap their 48 inch pipe that carried the water from Green River, 12 miles north of Enumclaw to Tacoma. This pipe runs parallel to the Northern Pacific Railroad tracks. The point at which we tapped the pipe was about a mile from my corner, and it was quite expensive to lay a 2 inch pipe to the different farms, but after the first outlay, it was very cheap. Now we had good water.

We had electric light before this, and now that they had telephone in town, the farmers made up several districts and put in their own telephone lines. Our line cost us our work plus $13 each. We had the service of the office in town for $2.70 per year, except for long distance, for which we paid the regular rate.

FIRST CAR AND MT. RAINIER

In the spring of 1922 I bought a Dodge car and paid for it with my Liberty Bonds. Later it developed the habit of rambling about the country: Oregon, California, many times to Mt. Rainier and even to Maine.

One afternoon the first part of August 1922, we saw two cars turn into our driveway and park in our cherry orchard. A man called to the house and asked if we had any objection to their staying here till the next day. Of course not! When we came nearer we discovered that they were old friends, Lorens Petersens and Iver Iversens from Arcata, California. Iver was the son-inlaw of the Petersens and he was full of mischief, so it was a jolly group.

There was also a young man from Denmark, Frederick Fredericksen, and Petersenis two daughters, Katrine and Marie. They really intended to put up their tents, which I would not permit as we had plenty of room in the house. I told Iver that if he did not want to sleep in the house, he could take a quilt and sleep in the hay. We had done that before, when we did not have beds enough.

We had a pleasant evening and sang some of the songs Tarnow had taught us. It is so easy to get wrong notes into new songs, unless you have someone play them, and this evening Marie Petersen could play to our singing.

It was their intention to go to Mt. Rainier National Park the next day, so Esther, Rosamond and I decided to take the same trip in our Dodge. I know I did not have much experience in handling a car. So far I had had no trouble either in town or on the highway and I

found it much easier than driving a team of horses. My car was new and I had confidence in myself and was sure that I could also drive in the mountains. Only once did I make a mistake, that was while we were stopped in along chain at Narada Falls. My foot slipped from the brake down on the accelerator, and I gave the car ahead of me a little bump. This was taken as an offense, and although no harm was done, it was my fault, so I begged pardon and everything was settled. Lorens Petersen will remember this little incident. It has never happened to me since.

Lorens and Iver had read Carl Hansen's book, "Nisqually", and were much interested in seeing the large power station where Carl Hansen had been timekeeper for contractor and builder, Hans Pedersen. However, you cannot get a good look at this station as you can of many others. But the grandeur of the nature, the splendid roads that curve their way up the steep sides on the one side and the deep canyons on the other, impressed Frederick Fredericksen very much.

I had told them of the large Douglas firs, so when Ivar saw them, he said, "Ahem! Hasn't Washington any larger trees than these to show, then they have nothing to brag about. They are nothing but matches compared to California redwood trees." I had not, as yet, seen the Sequoias, so I still thought our trees were large.

As they had decided to continue until we reached Paradise Valley and not stop at Longmire Springs or Van Trump Park, it was a good thing as it rained when we came to Narada Falls and the roads above this were dirt roads and hard to travel over when cut up in ruts. At last, just before sunset we reached Paradise Inn. Lorens petersen who had had enough of rain and mud, wanted to turn back at once, but the rest of us protested. Iver said,"Listen, 'Father-little', now you must be good," and Marie added, "You want to go home at once in this weather.? But I'm the driver and we all want to see the mountain."

I comforted him as well as I could, by saying that when he had seen the mountain in sunshine, he'd forget all about mud and rain. The rain stopped and the last rays of the sun lit up the top of the mountain that jutted out through the clouds. This was a sign of good weather on the morrow. Otherwise it would have been clear except for the "hat" which covered it.

In the evening we went to a movie that showed us all the side trips that could be taken on horseback or with a leader. Later in the evening we went over to the hotel to listen to the music and watch the dancers. We had rented one half of a large cabin. These cabins are divided by a partition in the middle and then we redivided it by hanging up quilts, the inner room for the ladies and the outer for us menfolks. It was late before we settled down for the night as Iver and Lorens, who was now in good humor, kept us all laughing, until there was a complaint from the other end of the cabin, asking for quiet.

The next morning a little after sunrise I drew aside the curtain and saw the mountain in all its grandeur. I jumped out of bed, opened the door wide and called Lorens to come and see. To his praise let it be said that he had not got out of bed on the wrong side, he was not a "morning grumbler," he was in the best humor. Marie said at the breakfast table, "See now, Father, what you would have missed, if we had yielded to your wishes to go back home at once. And Iver had to have his say too, "One must always yield to the majority, it is just about time you learned that."

As I had been there before, I acted as a leader, but it was only Marie, Kathrine, Frederik and I who went farthest. They all had to get into the snow for the snowball fight, that's part of the fun! A favorite place for tourists to seek is a small grove of trees on the eastern edge of

Nisqually Glacier, from where you can look to the opposite edge and if you're lucky you might witness an avalanche of snow or dirt, or hear the crack of the ice that echoes and re-echoes through the mountains. If you once witness this, you'll never forget it. These cracks are brought about by the sides of the glacier meeting friction, while the central part slips and large cracks are made from top to bottom through the 1000 foot thick ice. These cracks are called crevasses and are dangerous to mountain climbers. This is where the most accidents occur.

The next day we started for home. As we were packing our camping outfit into the Dodge, I suddenly thought, "What if the brakes won't hold on the steep muddy roads," and for a moment I had a funny feeling. But the moment I started the motor and grabbed the steering wheel, that feeling disappeared and I had full control of the car and over myself.

When we came down to American Lake, our ways parted. We were going north, the California people, south. It was not easy to part, so we parked our cars and visited for about an hour. Fredericksen now went with us, as he wanted to see more of the northwest. As he was going to get into our Dodge, Iver swung him around and said, we must have a leave-taking waltz.

TRIP TO DENMARK - FIRST CROSS-COUNTRY & PORTLAND, MAINE

It had long been my intention to visit my fatherland and in the spring of 1923 we started preparing for it. I arranged my affairs so that Alma had permission to take over my place as treasurer of Farmers' Mutual Insurance Co. and the office personnel promised to help if she got stuck.

We made a tent that was arranged in such a way that one side covered the car completely. The rest of the tent was divided in two. I had made a bed that fitted over the seatbacks and this was for Esther and Rosamond. Agnes, whom we were to pick up in Cedar Falls, Iowa as soon as school closed in Askow, Minnesota where she was teaching, was to use the inner part and I the outer part. Two army cots, four chairs and a table, all collapsable, our bedding, tent, suitcases, cooking utensils and stove took all the space on and in one side of the car. The other side had to be open. I made a baggage carrier up to the window and covered it with a tarpaulin of heavy canvas. The tent had its place at the back of the car. Everything had its place and all was protected from rain and dust. The suitcases were inside.

When I took the tarpaulin up to Chris Christensen to have him paint it, he asked me if I would allow him to paint the town's motto on it, "EnumclawWashington. Gateway to Wonderland" and "From Coast to Coast." As we drove through town on May fourteenth, on our way to Tacoma, our sign caught peoples eye, and it amused the girls to notice their attention and see their lips reading the sign.

Charles Needing, who bought the 10 acres from us, and who for several years was our neighbor, was now living in the Umatilla Project at Pendleton in eastern Oregon, and we were lucky enough to find him. In the evening after supper, we visited them for an hour. Charles thought this region had a great future, but he could not get used to irrigation. So much of his time was spent walking around in the slush with rubberboots on. If he could find a buyer, we would soon see them back in Enumclaw.

On the road east of Pendleton and into Idaho, there were large orchards, and the farm buildings witnessed to prosperity; but there were also long stretches along the Snake River where sand drifts had formed even on the road.

Thora Bruhn Brandt lived in Pocatella, and as we had been given her address, we decided to visit them. An hour before sunset we stopped in front of Brandt's home. Mr. Brandt is a relative of Mrs. Kölhede. When we entered the house, Thora was home alone. Brandt filled a position with Union Pacific Railroad. They had two girls, nicknamed Sis and Dolly, and two boys, but I only remember Tom. When Brandt caught sight of Rosamond he said, "Why, isn't that the little girl that thought I was President Taft?" Several years ago the Brandts visited the Bruhns in Enumclaw. They also came over to call on us and when Rosamond saw Brandt, she whispered into her mother's ear, "Mamma, isn't this President Taft?" and this he heard, so he told her she was a smart little girl. Now, of course, Rosamond knew better.

We got permission to put up our tent behind their house, as we did not want to cause any extra work. In the evening a mumber of young people met at Brandts. I could readily understand this, for Thora's children were beautiful and could easily have won a prize in a beauty contest. Sis and Dolly were surrounded by a circle of admirers. Thora told me afterward that she was not too happy about all of them being Mormons, but they were all fine families.

The next morning we took leave of Brandts. It was our intention to stop in Ogden, Utah that night and then start east next morning, but we were told that because of rain and floods, the roads from Ogden were impassable, that we might easier get away from Salt Lake City. Hence we started for this city, but it was dark before we found an auto camp. Now as I wanted to get dependable information, I contacted an auto club and they told me that it was impossible to go east from here, but there might be a chance from Ogden. I told them that we had been there the day before, but they had told me to go to Salt Lake City. The man I talked to went over to another and together they studied a plan. They pointed out a detour on my map that should lead me to a place where I could get on toward the east.

I thanked them for their help and friendliness. We then drove around in the city to see the interesting buildings. When we came back to Ogden we were lucky enough to get along with other tourists who were going the same way. "Misery loves company!"

The road marked on our map followed a small river in all its curves, but there was a hard firm bottom. Some time after noon we came to the end of our detour and we got on Lincoln Highway. But what a terrible condition it was in! A wide dirt road softened by the rain and with deep ruts in the middle, out of which it was impossible to turn the wheels, if we should be so unlucky as to meet someone. Soon the ruts crossed over a ditch and out on the prairie among the sagebrush, and more than one car had got stuck in the mud. In the middle of the afternoon it started to rain again and this kept up all night.

We plowed through mud for an hour, until we noticed that some tourists were camping around some tumbledown sheepfold. The girls suggested that we camp here for the night. But how to get over the ditch without getting stuck in the mud? We had to try and we succeeded better than we had dared to hope. Now we were in company with other poor wretches under the same condition as we and in this we found some comfort.

After finding a space that seemed quite firm, we raised the tent in pouring down rain. There was no help for it, we had to have a roof over our head even if it rained cats and dogs. At

last the tent was up and were we all three happy! Soon we had our stove lit and when we had changed into dry clothes and had some warm food and drink in our stomachs, our humor rose several degrees.

Now we looked around to see how our fellow travellers were faring. Good gracious! Such a sight! Here and there, where a small part of the roof was still giving a little protection from the rain, the women and children crept together in some old straw. others were standing around a bonfire that they had lit in one of the folds with a great danger of burning down the shack. Most of them passed the night in their cars.

We praised our luck that we had our tent. The next morning I got up just in time to see the last car go crawling along in the mud. The rain had stopped and the sun was shining, so we started to get ready to leave. Just as we were stepping into the car, an airplane came soating across the prairie in our direction and when it passed above us at a couple of hundred feet high, they waved to us.

In spite of having chains, we had to go in low, and at times it looked as if we should disappear in mud. On the way we met a man and he stopped and told us about the condition of the road. He said that about a mile from there we were to turn right, but that there was a hole you had to go through, where nearly all cars got stuck and if you kept to the left, which looked bad, you had a chance to get through. (I like that now!)Then I told him about the road leading in through the desert over a ditch, so we both had something to look forward to.

When we reached the corner a mile west of Fort Bridger, we stopped to look over the situation. It couldn't be possible that the left side was the best, it looked completely bottomless. No, he must have tried to catch us in a trap, the mischief. It must be the right side; so that is what we tried. We got to the middle, and there we sat! We looked at each other a few moments, but that didn't help us, we had to get out in the mud.

There were some planks and poles by the side of the road and with the help of our spade, we finally got the planks beneath the wheels. Now I started the motor, there was a report as from a small canon! The exhaust pipe was buried in the mud. The spade was once more put to use and when we had the pipe cleaned, we tried again. I depended on the chains, that they would keep the wheels on the planks. When I put the motor in gear, it started slowly - and continued going! What should I have done, if my girls were not used to setting to work in a pinch instead of starting to cry.

When we reached Fort Bridger, we agreed about calling it a day, though we had only driven 14 miles since morning. In front of the driveway to the Auto Court was another hole, where water had collected, making quite a pond. A man with a team of horses offered to pull me through for $1, but when they told me the bottom was firm, I wanted to try without his help. It was soon enough to give him a dollar if we got stuck. our "long-legged" Dodge went over without any trouble. The rest of the day was washing day. Both we and the car needed it badly.

The next morning we were told that 5-6 miles ahead would bring us to paved roads and we longed to get started. Now two days passed when there was nothing exciting to tell, except that we ran away from some showers. We had written to Pastor and Mrs. Knudsen in Cozad, Nebraska that we would have lunch with them a certain day, but being delayed, we did not get there until coffeetime. We stayed with them for several days, and Pastor Knudsen took us around to see many of his Danish families. We met some from Br@6ns, Denmark where they

had known a Niels Brons, but this was my cousin Niels from Portland, Maine, so they asked me to greet him when we got to Portland.

Our next stop was at C.W. Boysens in Elk Horn, our old home. While there, our Dodge rested and Willie took us around to see old friends. There were many changes since I was there in 1910. I saw Soren Faaborgs, Thomas Jessens, Peder Lykkes, Martin Esbecks, Niels Olsens, Rasmus Hansens, Thor Madsens, Dr. P. Soe and many more. One day I went up to the cemetery where I found the graves of many of those I missed. Others had left for other places and it happens that we see them or hear of them in other Danish communities.

As we had decided to take part in the convention of our Synod in Cedar Falls, Iowa, we left for Des Moines, and stayed at Grand View College with Pastor Höbjergs. Also called on Valdemar S. Jensen. The next morning we were a large group starting off to get to the opening meeting that evening. Tarnow went with us, and where he is, there is life, gaiety and song. Mrs. Höjbjerg had brought sandwiches and a homemade "Sand cake" (sponge cake). When Tarnow tasted this, he said, "My! that's good." Mrs. Höjbjergs smiled and gave him another piece.

As we had not notified the committee of taking part in the meeting, they had no room for us; so we pitched our tent inside the park where the meeting was held. That same evening we met Agnes, who was going with us to Denmark, and the next morning we went down to Martin Holst and bought our tickets.

At the meeting we met some old friends: Dr. Soe and Hans Madsen from Kimballton, Jens Paulsen from Tacoma, J.C. Evers from Clinton, A. Riis from Ringsted, Christian Duus from Tyler. The standing question was to change the wording of the Pastor's vow at his ordination.

It is worth remembering a letter from the Executive Committee in Denmark:

Dear Friends,

There's a knocking, a knocking at heaven's door,
With prayers from the West and the East.
I know these prayers, I've heard them before,
They've oft been a comfort, at least.
The door of heaven will be standing ajar,
The prayers will come from churches afar,
They concern the Danish Church!
They roll, they roll, those billows at sea,
With foamcrest they tumble and roll,
And jubilant vermin from seaweed will be
All ready with claws to take hold.
They roll 'gainst the church on sea or land,
To crush and to scatter they well understand.
Yet staunch is the Danish Church!
It tinkles, it tinkles, so strangely mild,
From clouds over billows drear,
Why turbulent waves, so high and so wild?

Our God has this church so dear.
Where prayers go in, the angels go out,
In raiments of luminous cloth, are about
To stand watch o'er the Danish Church.
And can o'er baptism's holy pact,
To each other we reach out our hands.
Then I believe that angels will watch
And fetter the billows with bands.
In freedom the tower will rise to the blue,
And sweetly the anthem of praise anew
Will sound from the Danish Churches.
But can we not bear with each other's views,
Though brief are our own and vague,
And knit we in wrathful ire our brows
And avoid our friends as a plague?
Then angels with tears will draw away,
And waves tumble landward both night and day,
That's the downfall of our Danish Church.
They roll, they roll, from the sea as before,
These billows as high as the skies,
There's a knocking, a knocking at heaven's door,
Those prayers from the hearts arise.
Where prayers went in, the angels took leave,
They're waiting on us, will our God we grieve,
And abandon the Danish Church.

[Translated from F.L. Grundtvig by Agnes Brons]

"At a time, that we know, there is much at stake in the Danish Church and our fellowship is threatened, we wished to introduce our greeting with these words of one of your best men, F. L. Grundtvig. As this Committee has never taken a stand in your strife, we shall continue staying neutral. We know that you do not feel that you need a guardian, and we do not feel ourselves called to be your guardian. May the Holy Spirit help you to find a solution to the problem before you.

E.Wagner, Jacob Appel, R.R. Vestergaard, Dorthea Sterns, Morten Larsen, Oscar Meulengracth, Bennedict Nordentoft and Thorvald Knudsen."

It has been our good fortune to have had men and women like these in our Mother-church, who have had the interest of our church at heart. Their prayers, advice and help, have been a great influence in our church.

The "vow" was not removed, just the wording changed to the satisfaction of all. The meeting was well-attended and there were about 700 on Sunday. At the close of the meeting, we packed our car and started eastward towards Clinton. We only stopped overnight in Clinton, then the next day drove over the Mississippi River at Lyons-Fulton.

Illinois has splendid roads, so we could continue ahead with express speed. What a contrast to the day in Wyoming when we got stuck in the hole. A good car, good roads, to drive along beautiful scenery on a lovely summer day, all this contributed to glorifying a trip like ours. one forgets vanquished difficulties. Thus it is through life, by the way! Difficulties, adversity, and trouble help to develop us, so that we are better conditioned to meet what the future has in store for us, and likewise teach us to enjoy the good, as we now are enjoying our trip.

We followed the Lincoln Highway that goes through south Chicago and east through Indiana and Ohio. As an agricultural state I got a poor impression of northern Indiana: sand, sand everywhere, though it became better farther east. In Ohio, especially along the southeast coast of Lake Erie, there were fertile fields and fruit orchards.

We all agreed on going to Niagara Falls, now that we were this close, so we continued to Buffalo, N.Y. where we stayed that night. If you have ever seen these unusual waterfalls you'll never forget them. The roar that surrounds you when standing on the small island! To think that anyone would be crazy enough to throw himself down into this whirlpool even if encased in a barrel, like Capt. Webb did some years ago. But what won't people do for "self-advertisement." How Webb must have been rolled!

Before we left the falls, we witnessed a group just emerging from the tunnel under the falls. All were covered by tightfitting oilcloth from top to toe. Ladies with wet hair streaming down their faces, shaking with cold, seemed to enjoy the sunshine.

When we came back to Buffalo, we were so unlucky as to get into the path of a parade and it was impossible to get out, so we put a good face on the matter and followed the parade up the street and down with everybody reading our sign: "From Coast to Coast" and "Enumclaw, the Gateway to Wonderland!" The parade finally ended at a park, but we were only intested in finding our way back to the highway. At last we found a man willing to tell us the nearest road for us to follow. We finally found it but had wasted several hours on that episode.

As a rule it isn't difficult to find your way through the big cities, as there are signs that show the highway, all through town. But in Rochester, N.Y. we got on the wrong track, as we had to make a detour that wasn't easy to follow. In order not to get too confused, I stopped to get directions, but a policeman asked if I didn't see the "no parking" sign. No, I told him that I had not, I was just going to make inquiries as to how I could get back on the highway. This he told me and I thankedhim. As I backed out from the sidewalk, I happened to touch acar behind me. A lady jumped out and made a great todo about it.I asked the policeman if any harm had been done, and he said,"Not at all. You just go on and I'll settle with her." We drove on and left them to fight it out. We had not gone very far before the lady caught up with us, and as she passed us, she stared as if she wanted to take a mental picture of us. Not once, but several times was this repeated, until her angry looks really amused us. Everywhere we found the police very helpful. I suppose they saw our sign that we were far from home and could use a little help against molestation.

New York is a fertile state; for hours we drove past big areas of sugar beets, grapes and orchards. Likewise acres of tomatoes, and here and there we read the sign: H.J. Heinz Co. It gave the impression that Heinz Co. must belong to big industry with mass production. Genuine American!

Well, we were longing to get to Portland, so made our stops short and far between. In Vermont we admired the Green Mountains. The towns bore witness to all the Quakers living there: Lebanon, Jordan, Canaan, Kedron, Bethsaida, Bethania, Bethlehem, etc.

One day toward evening we reached Boston, but for the first time we came to a town that we could not find our way out of. We drove around a long time, but kept seeing the same places. Luckily we now found a street that led to the northern part of town to the outskirts. Near a store there was an open place surrounded by a board fence. As we drove by, we noticed that some of the boards were missing, and it would be easy enough to drive the Dodge through this opening. We now went to the store and bought provisions for our supper and breakfast. There the man said that he did not think there was any reason why we could not pitch our tent in the area, provided we could find an opening.

We soon had our tent pitched and supper started. To our surprise a flock of large Irish boys, who had been in the store, came over to watch us and make a lot of noise. Luckily for us, a policeman noticed the commotion and came to investigate. The boys got away as fast as they could scramble, and we had to give an account of ourselves. Where did we come from? Where were we going? Who had given us permission to pitch camp here?

We explained all the circumstances and he was willing to see our point of view. He only wished he had been there before we pitched our tent, as this was an enlargement of the cemetery. But he hoped no one would ask us to move at this time of night; just so we got out at daybreak. He would take care of the hoodlums, so that they should not bother us. We bid him goodnight and thanked him.

The next morning at daybreak we were on our toes. We only had about 100 miles to my brother's place and we could make that about noon. When we came to Portsmouth, N.H. we stopped and had our breakfast in a restaurant, the first one so far. When we reached Portland city limits, I was in familiar area. What a joy to drive through these streets that, as a boy, I had walked a hundred times.

When we came to Market Square, now Monument Square, I saw the same building, unchanged, where Uncle Mads had had his shop on the third and fourth floors. We turned off from Congress Street and down Elm Street past the house where Uncle Mads lived in 1872. Turned up Oxford Street past the haunted house, where the police had caught the counterfeiters; turned on Greenleaf Street where we had a fire that Sunday about 49 years ago, when the Irish crone stole the drawer from Mother's dresser, in which I had had my foreign coin collection. We turned up Washington Street, now Washington Avenue, out to the Marine Hospital; over the bridge that crosses the inlet to Back Cove.

Now we were in the neighborhood where Brother Hans was building a house. We only saw one house under construction, so we decided that was where Hans and Jo, his wife, lived. I drove right to the door and tooted my horn. Sure enough, there were Hans and Jo bidding us a hearty welcome.

We thought we'd get some time to rest before we had to start sailing on July 3rd. But there was not much chance to rest if we were going to visit all the relatives, who could be counted by the score, yes, by the hundreds, branched off through many generations. Many of my cousins were dead, since I was there last. Cousin Niels, who in 1870 suddenly stood in our living room in Abild, Denmark, when I was asked to get out of bed so that he could sleep. He

hid the next day in our peat room, and then the next night barely escaping the Germans, when crossing the river. He is now gone. And cousin Wolbine, who married Ferdinand Ebbesen, was also dead. Also her sister Tomine and their 3 brothers, Jens, Soren and Christian.

It had thinned out in the third generation of the Bronses. Left were Cousin Niels from Brøns, his brothers Mathias and Anders, and Hans and I. However, in the fourth and fifth generations, there were many that we didn't get to know. We met them and shook hands, but that was not to get to know them.

One Sunday they arranged a picnic at a lake, where several of them had cabins. We were told that there were 200 there, every one connected to the Brons family, whether by blood or by marriage. That day something happened that many will remember. It was a lovely warm day, and of course many were out swimming. It was pleasant to watch them tumble about in the clear water.

Suddenly we heard a girl call for help and at the same time disappear in the water. When she came to the surface, a small girl jumped in from the float and swam to her and was able to get her back to the float; however she was not strong enough to lift her up. A young man sitting on the beach, seeing this, jumped in and swam to the float just in time to save the girl from slipping into the water again. They lifted her onto the float, where she dropped as if dead. They had both taken a course in life-saving and after working awhile on her, she revived. This incident lay a damper on the festivity.

By strolling around in the old town, I found most of the places exactly as when I left Portland in 1876. However, out near Palmer's place, everything was changed, so it was impossible to find my bearings. The country-side out where Longfellows lived is built up on both sides of the road for two miles. One day we went out to the cemetery to find Father's grave; we also found Uncle Mads and his three sons, Nelson, Thomas and Abraham Lincoln. The lot was well kept. By reading these names my thoughts flew back 50 years, and I could in imagination see Father wading in the cold water and with his hands scooping the fish up onto land, followed by his sickness and then death.

I saw Mother, our dear Mother, bowed down by sorrow. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Palmer comfort her; these wealthy Americans, who could weep with their servant. I saw Uncle Mads with his long beard fatened with a clothespin back of his neclr, when he worked. I saw Nelson, the lively impatient boy, and little Thomas, so friendly and kind, and Abe Lincoln with the large burn in his face. It was like a Rip Van Winkle sleep, from which I had awakened. It was as clear as if it had happened yesterday. "Memory seems like nothing, yet is a secret spring.11 Without good memories, our old age would be a dreary and miserable existence.

Ferdinand Ebbesen was the same, in spite of his age, and he loved to talk about older days in Portland. I asked him if he could remember when Mr. Frank Bunke showed him the door. Ferdinand laughed with his dry husky laughter and said, "Yes, I remember that he did not like to have me visit Bine, and he called it "to spark", and I did not know then what he meant when he said I was sparking, as spark in Danish meant a "kick."

Cousin Niels was in the coal business, so it was generally in the evening when we called on Niels and Ida. They had many children and they were all in good positions. Ida, who was a motherly matron, was never happier than when her large house was filled with her children and grandchildren.

Cousin Anders and his wife lived quietly in their home. Their daughter, "Sweet Marie", who visited us some years ago in Enumclaw, lived in Bath, Maine, and was married to a Frenchman named King.

One day we visited John and Mary Berlin, who for some years lived near PuyallupWashington., where they had a chicken and berry farm. Now they lived on a small farm near Poland, Maine and raised a little of everything; vegetables, berries, fruit, chickens and pigs, and they disposed of their produce at the large hotel and sanatorium at Poland Springs. So John especially, considered himself fortunate that he had left Washington. Before they left Puyallup, Mary's Mother died, so that was one reason why they went back to maine. She longed to see her Father, Ferdinand Ebbesen.

Hans and Jo were not accustomed to visiting the rest of the family; they were "home-people" and were busy building their home. They were planning to lay out a big garden as they both loved to putter around growing things. Jo's health was not of the best, so Hans was always cautioning her to slow down, but that was hard for her as she could not be idle.

When the time drew near for us to be in New York to begin our sea voyage, we stored the Dodge in Cousin Mathias' barn, blocked it up so that there was no weight on the tires and put the battery in cold storage. The day before we left we went down to Jacob Enemark's office on Congress Street to get some circulars. As we left, I noticed a snowdrift 8 feet high behind the fire station. It didn't look like snow, as it was coal black, but it was snow and they were trying to preserve it until new snow came. This was the lst day of July, 1923.

EMBARKING FOR DENMARK

The next day we left Portland and were met in New York City by an agent of the Danish Steamship Line, who took us to a hotel where we found other Denmark travelers. The following morning a bus was waiting to take us down to the entrance to the subway that would take us to Hoboken. There we were taken into the office to show our tickets, visa and citizenship papers. Everything had to be in shipshape order before we had permission to go on board. As third class passengers, we had to submit to an examination by a doctor to see if we had any contagious diseases, as if we would be more apt to have them than first and second class passengers; but the rules had to be complied with. Some people were even vaccinated.

When everything was in order, we were shown to our cabin, where we could arrange everything to suit ourselves. During the following 10 days, Frederik the VIII was our home. As soon as we had arranged our baggage - and become well acquainted with the location of our cabin - we went up on deck to see the view, and if possible, to find some acquaintances. We noticed one lady who was already seasick even before we started sailing.

As the boat was sailing out of the harbor, the dinner bell rang. But who wanted to miss the last view of New York skyscrapers, all the boats crossing each other's paths, and especially Barholdy's "Statue of Liberty" and the last view of good old USA

After awhile we all sought the dining room and were served a good and nourishing meal. I'll say this to their praise, that their meals were exceptional, much better than I had expected on third class.

Every day at 2:30 the ship's orchestra came down on third class and played both Danish and American melodies. We had wonderful weather all the time, with the exception of some heavy fog, so it was a pleasure to walk about the deck and enjoy the fresh air. At times, when a ship passed us, we got the telescope out trying to read the name. If we could distinguish people, we would wave to them, and they waved back as if wishing us a good journey.

There was something that amused us every day and that was watching a Finnish couple, who seemed to be wealthy, if you could judge by their clothing. They never talked to anyone and were not interested in anything but their lap dog, a little pug-nose with water blue eyes, an ill-tempered pug that growled at everybody. As a rule they carried it on their arm and sat with it on their knee. They would sometimes set it down, but as soon as it whined, they'd pick it up. Then we could hear them say, "Now, Fido, you can go to papa," or "Now, Mamma can take care of you."

I am a friend of animals, but when an animal takes the place of a child, that's going too far. More than one of the crew glowered at Fido when they were ordered to clean up after him. One of them said one day, "If I can get away with it, Fido will become food for the fishes. Why in the world don't they put a diaper on him." A little dog with a diaper on! Well, why not, he was in place of a child!

There was one passenger who could play the harmonica and he played well, so each evening we had singing and dancing. That was something the first class passengers could not resist, so they came down on third deck and joined in the fun. One day while walking back and forth on the deck, we met Jespersen Petersen and his daughter Mathilda, from Ferndale, Calif. He is a brother to Lorens Petersen of Arcada and Theodor Petersen of Solvang. They were also visiting Denmark but were traveling on first class, where Mathilda said that she did not have any fun.

One day the mate got two sailors to perform in a sack-fight and promised a reward to the winner. The contenders were each given a large scarf which was tied securely about their eyes, so that they could see nothing. Then they were handed a sack in which a pillow had been placed. The point was to see who could thrash the other with the pillow. It was amusing to see them stand still and listen to see if his adversary should betray his position and then the next moment to rush forward with the pillow lifted for a tremendous blow, that could floor him if he hit. If not, the pillow would hit the deck with a smack and give his position away and woe to him if he did not make a quick get-away. It sometimes happened that one of the bystanders got the rap, if they came too close, but this only increased the fun.

Another day they had a similar fight except this time one of them was supposed to be the scapegoat. The other could see through an opening in the scarf, and did the poor scapegoat get a beating. But he would not give up and this time, several of the passengers and sailors, even the mate, got a rap. At last the scapegoat suspected a trick, pulled off his scarf and now he had revenge; the other sailor got what he had coming and more, too. How we laughed - as he went out of the fight as a hero.

By the way, it is wonderful to be together on a ship; we are like one large family with the same object in view and the same interests. In the evening when we sat in our deck chairs enjoying the twilight, there was always someone who started a song, and a hundred voices

joined and there were really many good singers. To me the singing was the best entertainment, but I also enjoyed the folk dancing.

One morning we arrived at Christiansand, Norway, where we unloaded some freight, but since we stayed out in the harbor and didn't go into the pier, only a few got permission to land with the small express boats. On the other hand, when we reached Oslo in the evening, we were all given permission to land and see the town. The trip up Oslo Fjord was wonderful, it reminded us of sailing on Puget Sound in Washington. It was strange to think of the long twilight which we do not see in the US proper. Here we walked the streets of Norway's capital at 11 o'clock in the evening and it was still so light that we could plainly see the Royal Castle at a distance. After we came back to the ship, we sat on deck and watched the dockworkers swing the large pieces of freight with the help of a crane.

As we awakened the next morning, the ship was gliding out through the Fjord again and before noon we were out in Skagerak. Shortly after this some of the passengers thought they could see Sweden. Later on we passed Læsø. When we came near the narrow pass between Helsingborg and Helsingör, (Elsinore) with Kronborg Castle, the feelings went high, as the orchestra played the Danish national song and we sailed into the smooth Oresund, Beautiful Oresund!

It was too late in the evening for the boat to dock, so we had one more night on board, but the next morning we were early birds and had already packed our luggage before breakfast as the ship was gliding toward the harbor. As soon as breakfast was over, the sailors brought all the luggage up on deck - close to the landing pier. There was a throng of people on the pier and a shouting back and forth. A man near us called out, "Goodday, Anders, here I am! How is Maren?" A young man with a little boy on his arm, and a young woman by his side stood looking over the group. Suddenly he lifted his little boy above his head, as he shouted, "Father, Mother, here I am with little Carl, and this is Herdis." Soon there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs and happy laughter and noise without end, as more and more recognized each other.

Here I stood as a stranger on a foreign strand, even though this is my Fatherland. Not one in this throng of people to bid us welcome. Later we found that there was someone here to meet us.

Before we embarked, we had to show our passports again, I suppose to get the stamp of the Danish government. When I showed mine, instead of giving them back, he threw them to the opposite end of the long table, as he said, "Mr. Brons." A lady now approached me and introduced herself as Mrs. Schmidt Nielsen from Esbjerg, and another lady as her sister, Mrs. Simonsen from Ribe. Mrs. Nielsen was accordingly Fred's mother and Hilda's mother-inlaw. They had planned this, so that we should not stand here as perfect strangers. How kind of them! When the girls and I started to speak Danish, she turned to a man who stood beside her and said, "I understand, there is no need for an interpreter, but thank you for your kindness."

IN DENMARK AT LAST

When the custom-house officer was finished with our luggage, we got a taxi and went to the Mission Hotel, where Mrs. Nielsen had reserved rooms for us. The two sisters stayed in

Kopenhagen until we were ready to leave, then we went with them to Esbjerg, where some of their friends would have dinner ready for us.

During World War I, while the Danish "Krone" was low in value, I sent 2000 Kroner to the Landmarks Bank in Kopenhagen, with the thought that some day Ida and I would take a trip together. This Ida never realized. Now that I was here I could use them, and with interest added to the principal, I now had 2500 Kroner. Agnes had bought 400 Kroner and we thought we could have them put on a checking account as in America, but were told that that was not practiced in Denmark. So we decided to draw out all the money at once. That this did not suit them, we gathered from the fact that it took them an hour to decide to give us the money.

As we did not like the idea of carrying so much cash, we decided to buy our return ticket at once. By coincidence our trip home would be with the same ship and we were not sorry, as Frederik the VIII was now an old friend. When this was taken care of, we went down to the railroad station and bought four two-month travel cards. What a wonderful thing this arrangement is; until they expire, you can travel on any State railroad and never have to buy tickets except on the private trains.

Mrs. Nielsen and her sister were anxious to get home, so we only stayed a day, but saw enough of Kopenhagen to want to spend several days and it was almost impossible to tear oneself loose from it. There was so much to see and admire; along the one side of the canal, the old buildings from the 13th, 14th and 15th century, and the strange little buildings with the eaves toward the street. The castles and museums we should have to leave until we came back. It was just a fleeting look we had of it all, but enough to make us want to come back. With this we took leave of Kopenhagen.

The tour now went through Sealand with its historical towns, Roskilde, Ringsted, Sorö, Slagelse, all of them names that have a good sound in our ears. Arriving at Holdskov Point, the train ran out on a large ferryboat. So we were sailing again! but only for an hour, and then the train continued from the ferry at Knudshoved on to Fyn (Funn).

Fyn seems to be a garden with living hedges everywhere and small farms "where few have too much and fewer too little." The neat little houses surrounded by well cultivated soil, gives the impression of diligence and taking great pains with everything. The Alps are only hills - that's one thing Denmark cannot brag about, but in regard to many other things, little Denmark and the Danish people can measure up to the height of large countries. We find Danish people all over the world holding their own in positions of trust, in literature, art, industry, science and philosophy. Denmark has fostered men and women who have made a name for themselves equal to the great of the world. In truth, we have good reason to be proud of Danish people to whom we belong, and from whom we have descended. God grant that every man and woman of Danish root, may live and work in such a way that Denmark, our Mother, can also be proud of us.

To cross Little Belt, we again had to sail on a ferry boat. Now, some years later, the large bridges have taken the place of ferries, so that Denmark now is known for its many bridges, that have made communication and transportation easier between the parts of this island kingdom.

There were no interruptions between Fredericia and Esbjerg, and since Mrs. Nielsen was with us, we just had to follow her. When we came to the Schmidt Nielsen residence, we found Mr. and Mrs. Block and their daughter. They had dinner ready for us.

Mr. Block was walking up and down the floor memorizing a little speech of welcome in the English language, and when we started speaking Danish, he told us we spoiled it all. Now we had to meet two more members of the household, Axel, a brother to Fred, and Zenta, a nice big police dog, with whom I made friends at once. Axel came home later on and I got the impression that he was a man who knew what he wanted. He bid us welcome in a few short sentences, well chosen and well meant, and his handshake was firm.

At the dinner table they wanted to know all about Fred and Hilda, and hoped they would come to Denmark to make their home. They thought Fred could easily get a position in Esbjerg, and Mrs. Nielsen longed to meet Hilda and their little daughter Loraine, and now that she knew that Hilda could speak Danish, she longed still more.

After dinner Axel took a large basket, gave me a bucket and with Zenta as company, we went down to their colony, a settlement garden in the outskirts of the city, where everyone who wished to, could get a plot of ground, large or small, according to the size of the family. As we walked along I said that he had a fine dog. "Yes," he said, "Zenta is a good friend, but an implacable enemy."

When we came to the garden, we found a large group of both children and grownups. Axel said they could keep this plot of ground year after year, and many people built small cabins on them in different styles: Swiss, French, Norwegian, Japanese, English or Danish, and it looked real smart. During the long summer evenings the families gathered each on their own plot and hoed, weeded and watered if necessary, and decorated their plots or cabins. Then later they would gather at a certain place where they had permission to build a bonfire of boxes and branches that they would bring. While the children played, the parents would talk, sing, or have someone read to them. Remember in Denmark, it is light till about 11 o'clock and the twilight lasts almost until sunrise. I was wondering if something like this could succeed in the U.S. I doubt it, with all the cars, and also the shorter evenings.

Axel had a large and wellkept garden with all kinds of vegetables. When we came home, the Blocks had come back again. Mr. Block told me that he was building a large building called Akselborg, and invited me to come and see it the next day. So in the morning I showed up at the working place and I could not help contrasting our working methods with theirs. They still carried bricks and mortar on a trough on their shoulders up four flights. I mentioned that this was a waste of time, that they could take it up by the wheelbarrow on a platform and a hoist. "Well," said Block, "If I tried that the unions would boycott me, so that Akselborg would never be finished." Then he continued, "I can hear you have been infected by the machine age. Here we try to keep all worksaving machines off the market and use handwork as much as possible. We have enough people out of work as it is. I realize that this can be seen from two sides, and I myself would use the practical method, but prejudice among people you cannot get the better of. In all events, it must come gradually and slowly.

I now said that I had read about the excellent sowers and weeders that the Danish farmers used. These were machines and put 25 men with a hoe out of work. "Yes," he said, "but they had not been looked upon with mild eyes to start with." I kept on, "What about

threshing machines, self-binders and mowers! It looks as if the farmer has advanced a horse's head, and if the papers don't lie, the farmer has as hard a time to get help now as before. These workers must have found employment some other place, and maybe at better wages." I told him that before we left for America, my father threshed with a flail from daybreak until dark for one 'Mark' a day. this was anything but enviable.

I had also noticed from the train that they still used stonecrushers by the side of the road to crush the larger gravel by hand with a hammer, as they did when I was a boy. But I had not come to Denmark in order to reform or to criticise!

Block now told me what his building was to be used for. The first floor was to be stores and a movie theater and the second floor were to be offices and apartments. He hoped they would be ready to rent before winter. The theater was ready before we left Esbjerg for the last time, and he gave us free tickets at its first perforance that was intended to impress the audience. And what do you think it was? Nothing but an American Wild West Story. Maybe my friend, Jacob Slott, was right when he said , that was the kind they liked.

One day when I walked over to the market place, I bought some flowers and strawberries from a young lady behind the counter. She looked at me and then asked if I were an American. Now it was my turn to ask, "How could you guess it?" "Yes, she had seen that at once." "What the deuce! Are we so different from the Danes'?" "No, but it is easy for me to see the difference, I cannot tell you just how."

Now she asked me what part of America I was from and I said I was from the West coast, from Washington. Now she did get excited and she blushed as she said, "I have an Uncle, who lives in Washington, and my Father was there some years ago to visit him in a small town by the name of Enumclaw."

Now it was my turn to get excited when I asked her if she was the daughter of Morton Slott. "Yes, I am. Do you know my Father?" "Yes, I am from Enumclaw, and a good friend of your Uncle, Jacob Slott, and I met your Father when he visited his brother."

Now she asked me if we would all come out to see them some evening. As she worked every day, it would have to be in the evening, and she wanted the Schmidt Nielsens to come along. Of course I said yes, because I had greetings for her father from his brother. We decided to go that evening as we were leaving Esbjerg for Møgeltønder in Sleswick the next morning. Mrs. Nielsen would rather stay home, so Axel drove us out to Jerne where Slott lived. They had a lovely home, and we noticed at once that they loved what was beautiful. Morton Slott's son-inlaw was a gardener and grew all kinds of flowers, fruits and vegetables, that his wife then sold at the market. Morton was the old man, who helped him out. He was anxious to hear something about Enumclaw, about the sawmill and was Christian Hansen still the boss there? Especially he wanted to hear about his brother and his children. He said that Jacob was a poor correspondent.

Morton Slott told me that when he left Enumclaw, he went south through Oregon and California, down through Mexico and Central America until he came to Panama. When his money gave out, he worked awhile and was always lucky enough to find work. Finally he sailed through the canal and across the ocean. It wasn't always pleasant, but he wanted to see something of the world before he settled down again.

That evening the daughter served strawberries and asked if we preferred cream or goat's milk. I said I preferred mine with sugar alone, and Axel said, "Goat's milk! Ugh - No, I'll take cream." "As you wish," said the hostess, "but I assure you that with strawberries and sugar, you cannot tell the difference. "I'll be sure to know the difference, I hate goat's milk."

The daughter and Agnes amused themselves in the kitchen and what trick they were up to, we never found out. However, all the time we were eating the strawberries, they sat with a mischievous look in their eye, glancing at Axel to see whether he had decided if he was eating cream on his strawberries or goat's milk. When we had finished, she asked him if he had eaten cream or goat's milk and he said he did not know, and he didn't want to hear more about it. It worried him though!

During these few days the girls had washed and ironed, so now we were ready to start out for Sleswick. When we came to Brøns, we had a greeting to deliver from Anders Holm in Enumclaw to the school teacher in Brøns, Lobjerg, who was married to Holm's sister. They were friendly, hospitable people who asked us to stay overnight so that they could really hear something about America, which interested them very much.

When I told him that I was born in Brøns and baptized in the Brøns church and that I should like to hear something about my family, both the living and the dead. He said there were no living Brønses there and the dead we could find in the cemetery. He suggested that we go over at once. The only grave with a tombstone was my Uncle Jef's; we hunted but without success. Now he opened the church door and we saw the inside of this beautiful old church where I was baptized '

Rosamond became quite interested in the old pipe organ and when Lobjerg started the bellows, she played a hymn, to his big surprise. They wanted to hear something about Anders Holm and his wife Dorthea Slott. They said that Slott had not favored this marriage, but I told them that Holm had made a good husband and a good provider. Holm was a first-class farmer and his farm was one of the best in Enumclaw. They had a lovely home and two fine girls, Anna and Alma. When we took leave of them the next day, it was almost like saying goodby to old friends.

BRØNS TO MØGELTØNDER AND BOYHOOD HOME

On the way from Brøns there were many passengers who talked a lot and it was my own language from my boyhood years. It was the dialect from Sleswick and I started to speak to the girls in this dialect (which cannot be translated) that I thought I had forgotten. When we came to the station at Møgeltønder, we looked around and noticed a sign on the gable of a house that read Christian Vilhelm Boysen; now we were sure we had found what we were seeking.

There was a stone stair with 4-5 steps from the sidewalk to the door. I rang the bell and the door opened at once and a lady stood looking at us. I said,"Excuse me, but we are here from America to find the relatives of Paul Ludvig and Frederik Boysen." She said at once, "They were my husband's uncles. Be so good as to come inside. My husband will be home very soon."

First she set the coffee table and we thought this was lunch, but no, the girls had no sooner cleared the table than she started to prepare dinner, and we wished we had not helped ourselves so freely to the sandwiches. While the girls set the table, I walked around looking at

pictures, and shortly after this Vilhelm came home. He was a fairly stout man of middle age. We were soon talking about the family in America and when finally he was satisfied, I asked if he should possibly know about Jens Christian Hansen from Stokkebro? "Yes, I know him well. He lives in Gallehus with his daughter and her husband Magneti.

"Could it be possible that my old uncle still was alive; isn't this a different person?" "No, there's no mistake, and what is more, your uncle is an active old man." Oh, how I longed to embrace him. I did not care about dinner, I just wanted to get started for Gallehus.

Boysen told me that there was an animal fair or market in Tönder and he had intended to go there after dinner and he would lead his bicycle and walk with us to Gallehus. As soon as we had eaten, I was ready to start, but he thought we had better give the old man an hour for his nap, and in the meantime we could have a smoke. This waiting period was so long for me, I was in my thoughts walking along the road that I remembered well from my boyhood. At last the dishes were washed and Boysen was ready.

I walked so fast that I got ahead of the others, and when I came to a path across a field, I turned in at once - a boy seems never to forget anything and I had walked this road many a time. Boysen said to the girls, " It seems that your father remembers the road." When we came to Gallehus, we passed a house where my Mother's aunt used to live, while I was quite small. I remember every time we came to see her, she would cook a kettle full of very small potatoes, and it was my pleasure to sit and peel them. The very small potatoes were peeled after cooking.

When we reached the house where Uncle lived, Boysen knocked on the door and a man opened it. Boysen explained who we were and the man said he was sorry but he was alone home, that the rest had gone to Tönder to the animal fair. His wife, daughter Ellen, and daughter-in-law Olga, had left about 30 minutes ago. Old Father had gone this morning. "Well," said Boysen, "then I had better overtake them and send them back again, and I'll find the old man and send him home." Then he jumped on his bicycle and away he went.

Magneti, for that was his name, was Norwegian. He bid us enter, it wouldn't take long for the others to come back. While we sat talking, he said, "There they come on the road." The one must be my cousin. When they came in, she bid us welcome and was so surprised that the girls could speak Danish, although they were born in America. While we talked Magneti had put the coffee pot on. The daughter-in-law was German and spoke very little Danish, so she was quite shy when we spoke to her. To the others she spoke German.

Ellen, a pretty young girl, and Esther and Rosamond were soon acquainted and became very good friends. I asked if there were other relatives in the neighborhood, but they said, not here, but in Skarbak and Esbjerg, she had two brothers with large families. They were soon going to visit the brother in Skarbak, then we could go with them, and the other brother we could see when we got back to Esbjerg.

While we were drinking coffee, someone noticed that my Uncle came walking along the road. I was told that he was 84 years old, but was well, and a good walker. He could keep up with anyone. He went to the back of the house and came in through the kitchen door and went into his own room, and it took a little time before he came into the living room.

He was quite touched and his chin quivered as he grabbed my hand, and when I threw my arms around him, the old man sobbed. When he got control of himself, he said, "I never thought I would see sister Marie's children again!" The daughter asked him how he could get

home so fast and he said that Vilhelm had asked someone to take him home in a car, and they had turned back when they came to the inn.

It was late that night before we got to bed. We were-all so full of questions. During the evening, I asked about the son, and they said he was in Hamburg with a load of sheep and calves, but that they expected him home somtime that night. Just in front of their house were two large granite monuments, and the next morning I went out to read the inscriptions. They were the same that I had written about in the memories of my boyhood, the place where they had found the gold horns. Agnes took a picture of the monuments.

After breakfast the girls went with me to see my Mother's old home. There it stood, as I could remember it with the exception of the barn part being removed. Esther took a snapshot of the many hundred year old house, that had not aged much yet. She later had the picture enlarged and framed. East of the house is the same deep ditch where Grandfather's big dog saved me from drowning when I as a small child had fallen into it.

How I did enjoy seeing all these old things that brought back my childhood and boyhood memories. It was all this, more than anything else, that made me take this trip to Denmark: to walk on the roads and paths I had walked as a boy; to see the environment I remembered as a boy; see the desert, the bog, the meadow with father stork wandering around on the long red legs, to see him as he stands on one leg on the ridge of the house, gabbling to mother stork, who was watching the young storks with motherly pride. To see the stream where we boys frolicked and tumbled about to our hearts delight. The waterholes, where we caught many a mess of eels.

One morning I suddenly wanted to start off and take a long walk all by myself. Just after breakfast I started going east out of town. This road to Abild I had walked so often, and the only thing that was strange to me was the railroad tracks a little west of Abild. Farms and Houses were the same. The large Manorhouse Tved, that was at that time owned by Haddesen, could be seen to the south.

When I reached Abild, the first thing I looked for was the schoolhouse, but I did not know it. This was not the school where I had had so few years of happiness. I found out that the old building had burned, and likewise the parsonage across the street. Abild is just one long street that makes some curves about the middle of town. At the first curve lies the house in which we lived all the time we were in Abild. Here my little sister Caroline and my little brother died, and in this house, brother Hans was born a year before we left Denmark. In this house I found the lost coin, that weighed so heavily on my conscience.

Now I walked slowly down the street to the blacksmith shop, where several men stood watching me. They must have wondered where I had come from and why I was interested in that house. I did not leave them guessing long, for I started to talk to them at once. I told them that I was from America and would like to talk to someone who had lived here over 50 years. There were none of them who had lived that long there, but they said, "There comes aman along the street, go and speak to him." So I went over and spoke to him in the dialect that had returned to me so wonderfully out of my memories. "How do you do, may I ask if you have lived here over 50 years?" He looked at me with surprise, as if he thought, what has this man on his conscience. But aloud he said, "I have been here always, I am born here." "Well then, you must have gone to school to Mt. Hörlik as I have." Now he became interested and especially when I mentioned my name and that I had gone with my parents to America in 1872. "Yes," he said, "I

remember the day you had your auction." He told me that he lived in Abildgaard, but did not mention his name. "Abildgaard," I said, "when we lived here, Christian Möller was the owner of Abildgaard." "That was my father," he said.

Now I understood that I was confronting one of the large landowners, and that I had perhaps stepped on his toes by speaking to him as a equal. I knew from olden days, his class kept us at arm's length. Maybe times have changed, let us hope so. At least Möller did not invite me to visit him in his home, as we would have done in America. Möller disappeared inside the blacksmith shop, so they must certainly have found out who I was.

I now decided to walk to Tönder. When I came to the highway, I suddenly felt the need of some refreshment, so I went into the inn and ordered - no, not a glass of beer, but a cup of coffee with a plate of open-faced sandwiches. This suited me better, as I was really hungry.

The bus just now stopped and I could go on it to Tönder, but I chose to walk, as I would not see enough from the bus. In this level country I had a wide outlook to both sides, and I enjoyed it to my heares content, and before I knew it, I was at the north portal of Tönder. Instead of walking up Northstreet, and Eaststreet, I turned right in on Borgediger, a park with beautiful shaded paths and roads. Now I turned left and south along Richtsens street. Here I located the house we lived in during the war of 1864. The memories from that time almost overpowered me.

At the marketplace where Petersen used to have his store, was now 'Mission Hotel'. Löve drugstore was at the same place on the corner of Sönderstreet and Eaststreet, and I turned off from the market on Weststreet, where I went window shopping. There was one window that drew big crowds. When I came close, I saw that the window was filled with German paper money. There were more than to fill a bushel basket, all denominations from 5 mark up to one million mark. As some of the windowshoppers spoke Danish, I could hear how they made fun of the German money system.

One man said, "It is not worth the paper it is printed on," and then he hit himself on his pocket and said, "No, here is the kind of money that is worth something." One in the crowd asked what that kind looked like and he took his purse out of his pocket, opened it, and showed that it was full of gold coins. "This is the way it looks." I wondered how he dared tell about his gold, much less show it in public like this. I thought this was very careless. How did he know there was not a hold-up man in the group.

It was now quite late in the day, so I started homeward. When I came into the house and got into a chair, I felt how tired I was. I realized I had walked a long way. My uncle had missed me and had kept asking if they thought I'd soon be home. We two now went into his room where we could talk in peace.

During our talk I asked him if he could remember the time we children had taken his flag out of the chest and marched with it out on the street, and the Prussian gendarmes had come to get it. Yes, he remembered it well, but he was glad they did not get their hands on it, as he would then not have been able to show it to King Kristian X on the day they were reunited to Denmark in 1920. "That was a great day for us old soldiers. The King shook our hand as if it was well meant."

Now we heard his son had come home, so he wanted me to meet him. Christian was a muscular young man, quick in his motions with an engaging manner. Uncle had told me that

Christian had been in the German army all through the war, both on the East and the West Front, so when I saw him, I thought, "He has surely been a good soldier." I asked him how it felt to be under Danish rule. Uncle answered, "We have longed for this over 60 years." The son said, "We are used to be under the Prussian restrictions, so we have hardly had time to realize the freedom of the new relation, especially we who are born and have grown up under Prussian restraint. We have never known anything different. We are born in Germany, but Denmark is our Fatherland, so we ought to be glad to be under Danish rule, and we are grateful, have no reason to be otherwise."

"There are many of the wealthy farmers and business people who lost large sums by exchanging their German money to Danish. Time will even this out in the long run. However, there are many who are resentful and they reproach the Danish government for their loss. Some of the larger farmers have already sold their farms and have moved south of the border, and there are others who will follow their example."

"It would not be so bad, if it were only Danish farmers who bought the farms, but it is not; it is German capital that buys them and they are then rented to Germans, who cause us a lot of trouble. If only the Danish government had taken over these farms, it would have been wonderful and we should have been freed from a lot of trouble and annoyances caused by these troublemakers.'l I could see that Denmark had failed to give Sleswick the protection that was her due, against their oppressor from the south.

The next day, which was Sunday, a man with his two boys came to see Magnetis. He had come from Emden near the border to Holland, where he was a German functionary. He said that in Germany, it was almost impossible to buy any kind of fat, which his two boys needed so badly, for they were undernourished during the war. He asked Christian, who was a butcher, to let him have all the tallow and lard that he could obtain. They wanted to leave right after lunch, but as it got to be 2 o'clodk, Line served coffee and sandwiches before they left. To see those two boys eat, you'd think they had had nothing all day. Line said, "Poor little fellows, my heart bleeds for them." It was a]oy just to see them eat.

BACK TO ESBJERG AND VISITING IN-LAWS

The next morning we left Magnetis, and went back to Esbjerg, which had now become our headquarters and every time we returned we felt welcome. Our next trip was to three families along the west coast. First, we were going to visit the Gravesgaards, Alma's in-laws.

We got off the train in Tim, as we thought we could stay at Tim Inn overnight as we had a greeting to the owner, who was a sister to Thorvald, Elenore's husband. She was so busy, however. that she hardly had time to talk to us and she did not have any vacant rooms. So we telephoned to John Gravesgaards folks and they said they would send for us, and we got there for a late supper, rather deflated with our first attempt to visit in-laws. This was the only place we met a cold shoulder, so we soon forgot it.

In the Gravesgaard home we were welcomed with open arms. This was the home in which Ane Kamp had been brought up. These two wonderful old people from whom she had inherited the ability to win friends and open her home to everyone. This was a happy evening

for the two old people, to get firsthand news of their son and daughter and their families in America.

The next morning I wanted to go over to Chris Kamp's brother. Christian Gravesgaard went with me to show me the way. As we passed a neat little house, where an old couple were working in the garden, Christian said that their name was Halkjar, and that their son Peter lived at the same place in America as Ane and Chris Kamp. "Then I must go in and speak to them," I said. When Christian told them that this was a man from America who would like to talk to them they were interested at once and asked me if I knew their son Peter, since I came from America. Yes, I knew their son. Did I know why he did not come home and take over the home, so that they could receive their pension; he would never be able to do better anywhere. Well, I knew why Peter did not come home. He had a good farm, neighbor to Andrew Holm in Enumclaw, a good stock of Jersey cows, so a small farm of just a few acres would not tempt him. The last thing Halkjar said was, "Tell Peter to come home very soon."

When we started off again Christian said, "That's all the old man talks about." It made me feel sad for the old man, whose one wish would never be attained.

When we came over to the Kamp farm, we saw a dashing big car in the yard. Going to the house we were told that Mr. Kamp was showing his fields to some guests, but that he would soon be back. When they returned, we were introduced to the guests who were from Copenhagen. At the coffee table Kamp said that he had been thinking about selling out and moving to America. I advised him to put these thoughts out of his head. I had noticed that the Kamp place had the appearance of a manor and that the owner was a little better off than most farmers in America. "Why did I think so?"

"Everywhere that I had farmed, both man and wife and children, all had to work; that they were both master and servant. The only way that anyone can advance to prosperity is by diligence and thrift, and often toil and drudgery."

"Is that the life that my brother Chris leads?" "Yes, that's the way we all live. Some reach tolerable circumstances, others are better off, but few reach the prosperity as a farmer that I notice several of you Danish farmers have reached." If Kamp was one of these or it was gilded-over poverty, he did not betray, but he followed my advice and remained in Denmark.

When we came home, dinner was ready. While we were away, the others had decided to take a trip out to the beach, and that suited me, as I was anxious to get to see the North Sea, and maybe find some amber. On the way we passed Stadilfjord, where every winter they cut reeds for roofing, which gave them an extra income. There was a strong wind from the west, so we had a chance to race with the breakers. That evening the neighbors came over and Christian, who was a musician, played several numbers on the violin and the cornet.

We had decided to stop in Hee to see Thorvald's old Father and Mother. The old Pedersen was at the station to meet us and he gave us a real bear-hug. This was a different reception from the one we had received from his daughter at Tim Inn. When we came to his home Mrs. Pedersen also received us with open arms. I saw at once that Thorvald had his father's Roman nose and his mother's brown eyes. So this was the home Thorvald had left as a young boy to sail with O.K. Line. We were told that their daughter Trine Rahbak, often came to see them and took care that they did not need anything.

Pedersen told us there was a family living here who had been in America some years and that they might enjoy talking to us. They had lived in Omaha, but had decided to spend their old age in Denmark. The old man started to speak a very broken English, and I, thinking he might like to hear it, also spoke English, but soon noticed that he did not understand me, so of course I switched to the Danish and so did he.

When we left them, Agnes suggested that we walk over to the parsonage, as she had greetings for him from the Askov people, where he had once been the principal of their school. Agnes asked how he, who was born in America, could adjust himself to Danish conditions. "It was very hard at first, but now I have my work here as a minister in the Lutheran Church and I am well satisfied.

As the old folks did not have sleeping quarters for so many, we took the train to Skive to visit John Halse's parents. We had written and announced our arrival, so Halse and his son were at the station to meet us. They seemed to know us the minute we stepped off the train. Halse was a tall, quite stout gentleman with gray hair, a genuine type of a respectable city man, swinging a cane, and his son Carl, a well-dressed young man, courteous and proper in all his manners. When we came to their home and met Mrs. Halse, whom I had pictured as a counterpart of her husband and son, I was agreeably surprised. She was a sweet, motherly person who met us with open arms. Now that I had seen John's father and mother, I had a clearer understandingof my son-in-law. He had inherited something from both parents. After we had answered all their questions regarding their son and his family, Halse told me that their financial circumstances were very much below what they had been. Many years ago a relative had talked him into signing his name as security for a deal, and had left him holding the bag, and then laughed at him because he had been foolish enough to sign his name. This derision was what hurt most and made him bitter toward this person even after he was dead.

After supper Halse suggested that we go and visit Uncle Ludwig. When we were ready to start, Halse offered me a cane, but I told him I did not know how to use it. I only knew how to use an alpenstock when climbing mountains. But Halse insisted, saying everybody used a cane when out walking. When we came down to Uncle Ludwig, we entered his home through a store that interested me very much, as it seemed to be an old curiosity shop. There were furniture old and new, clothing, shoes, hats, a large selection of antiques, copper, cooking utensils, brass candleholders, nicknacks, spinning wheels for wool and flax, and many old clocks - it was almost like a museum.

Uncle Ludwig had opened the door for us and now we followed him into his rooms behind the store. First he wanted to hear news from the family in America, but the rest of the evening he did all the talking. He was a strange man, an authority on archaeology, sprinkled with wit and wisdom. I could imagine this man could help Halse forget his bitterness.

Halse showed me many of the sights in town, but when we went to the park along the river, he always invited his wife and the three girls to join us. There was much to see in and around Skive. One day the girls and I took a trip to Krabbesholm to see Mr. and Mrs. Stevns, but they were away on a vacation. We were sorry to miss them, but were given permission to walk in the large garden. By walking around the castle, I saw an opening into a dark cellar, and there was one of these woodenhorses used in olden days to punish obstinate servants, a regular instrument of torture. The next morning we left Skive, but promised to come again.

When we came back to Schmidt Nielsens in Esbjerg and rang the doorbell, we could hear Zenta coming down the steps with his Woof, Woof, but as soon as I said "Zenta," he let out a whimper, and as soon as the door was opened, he stood looking at us with his big brown eyes and wagging his tail. We were also welcomed by Mrs. Nielsen and Axel.

That evening after supper, Axel asked me if I would like to go with him on an official trip. When we came down to the street, he told me that just before he left the office, a complaint had come in against a girl, who had stolen 200 Kroner from a sailor and that he had received a hint of where she was. When we came into the taproom I remained at the door while Axel went over and whispered something to the host, who pointed to a certain door, that Axel then entered. While he was gone, I had a chance to indulge in reflections. I saw through a thick smoke a motley crowd, mostly sailors and fishermen, more or less inebriate, and speaking loudly with now and then an oath or a coarse remark. What a life for these men! When Axel returned, he whispered to me, "The bird has flown." He tried another tavern, with no better luck, and then decided to go home, though annoyed to have lost his chance to get the money back.

We still had to visit Amanda's father-and mother-in-law in Henne, so we decided to do this the next day. Mr. Nielsen was a tall, stout man, who did not give the impression of being much of a worker. He loved to talk about the wonderful life among the servants at a Manor. He returned to this subject again and again, so it must have made a deep impression on him when he was young. Mrs. Nielsen was a different type, a sensible, energetic and practical woman, who, I am sure, did not share her husband's enthusiasm for the life in a Manor. She met us on the path as we arrived, with tears in her eyes, as she said, "America has taken all my children!" Sigfred, Christian, Victor, Einer, Margrethe and Ida, all living near Seattle, gave witness to the fact that she had been a good mother.

That the old folks now are without financial worries, they can thank their children, and several of them have been home to visit them. When the father died a few years later, the children suggested that the mother should come to America, but she felt she was too old to be transplanted.

When we were in Gallehus, Agnes had gotten the address of my cousin Jens Hansen, so we went down to call on them. Only my cousin was home and as he was a very quiet man, conversation lagged. The girls decided to leave us alone and do some shopping. While they were gone, his wife Regine, and several of their daughters returned and now there were no pauses in the conversation, for they were all very lively. Very soon my girls returned and the family got word to the rest of their large family.

All the children looked like their mother and she was on comradely terms with all the young ones. They all showed respect for their father, but it was the mother they gathered about. I got a good opinion of my cousin's family. There were four sons: Hans, Ragnar, Svend and Aref; and six daughters: Ella, Helga, Caroline, Anna, Christine and Hertha. Then there was a daughterin-law, Anna, married to Hans; and three sons-in-law: Andreas Lauritsen, married to Anna; Esper Nielsen, married to Christine; and Johannes Petersen, married to Hertha. There were 8 grandchildren, who were not there.

One question that they were interested in was the labor question, and they wanted to hear about conditions in America. If they should think about going to America, they would want to leave as a family, as they were so closely knit together, that they could not think of going singly.

I could easily understand this when I noticed the bond that bound them to each other. I was glad to have met this branch of my Mother's family.

When we came back to Schmidt-Nielsens, we were told that we had been invited to a dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. Gabbelgaards, and there would be young people of Esther's and Rosamond's age. She also said it would be a fashionable party, so we must be prepared. Prepared for what? We were farmer folks, used to being ourselves without any pretention of being society people, and so far we had managed to conduct ourselves so that we had not made a social blunder. But now that she had warned us, we would be careful.

When we arrived at the Gabbelgaards, the house was all lit up, and several smart-looking cars were parked there. We entered the house with Axel and his mother and were introduced by the hostess as Mr. and the Misses Agnes, Esther and Rosamond Brons from America. Some just nodded, but others came and shook hands and bid us welcome to Denmark.

A pretty little girl asked me, "Do you know Uncle Frantz?" "No, I did not know him." The host now informed us that Uncle Frantz had visited them some years before, and had infatuated them all with stories of America, so they got the impression that America was a fool's paradise. The conversation was lively, but never went beyond propriety, and I was sure the hostess could be thanked for this, as she had a great influence on the guests. She moved with charm and grace from one guest to another.

Now they served cocktails, toddies or plain whiskey, and then we were asked to the dining room. What a table! - old inherited silver, it must have been. "Now," I thought, "is the time we American farmers will be on probation to see if we can stand the test." The host and hostess, as is the Danish custom, urged the guests to help themselves to all the delicious dishes. amd everyone did as if they had not seen food for several days. Then they started on the bottles: wine, beer or whiskey, and soon the conversation was still more lively and a little louder. That always seems to be the result of liquor.

After the meal, the guests went to the different rooms, some to play cards, others to talk, and the younger ones gathered around the piano to sing and joke. As it was getting late, the Schmidt-Nielsens were ready to go home, so we took leave of our host and hostess and thanked them for a very pleasant evening.

The room where Axel and I slept was on the ground floor and faced the street. The next morning I was awakened by a strange sound on the street. It turned out to be a man with iron-soled wooden shoes, who was dragging his feet on the stone sidewalk. It could be heard far and wide.

The next day the girls and I took a trip to Ribe. By this time the conductors knew us and never asked to see our tickets just tipped their hats to us and let us in. You remember we had a two months ticket. We arrived in Ribe and walked around on the narrow crooked streets and enjoyed looking at all the old buildings. In one of these houses Jacob Riis had been born.

When we finished the town we asked the old churchwarden if we could go to the top of the tower of the cathedral. What a view we had from there. The old part of town looked like a labyrinth and toward the west, you could look for miles out across the meadows through which Ribe River wound its way to the sea. The rising :. ground yonder is perhaps all that is left of "Ribe-hus." As there was a strong westerly wind, the tower swayed back and forth. We were conscious of it at first but soon got used to it. when we came down from the tower we noticed a

sign that read: "Bachus Tea Garden." That was too tempting, so we ordered coffee and Danish open sandwiches. While they were preparing these, we walked around in the beautiful garden. As there was a lovely view of the cathedral from here, Esther aranged us at a table with the cathedral in the background, and snap, there we were in her Kodak.

When we came back to Esbjerg, a cousin to Axel had arrived from Copenhagen. As we had never really visited Axel and his mother, we decided to stay a few days while this cousin was here. Axel took off some days and drove us around in his Ford. One day we all went to visit Mrs. Simonsen and her son and daughter-in-law in Ribe. He had a nursery in which I was very much interested, as he had many rare plants, especially under glass. Ih-hi8 hothouse he had raised several tropical and semi-tropical plants that otherwise could not thrive this far north. He was happy to work with these plants, but there wasn't any sale for them, and there really wasn't any sale for any of his plants - Ribe was too small a town, with no market for rare plants. He tried to eke out his earnings by raising early hothouse tomatoes and strawberries.

When we came back to the house our whole group was gathered there for afternoon coffee. While at the table, Simonsen told us that the next Sunday was harvest festival in Ribe, and that we should try to be there. "Yes," said Axel,"We go to this festival every year." But if we were going to attend this festival, we would have to do some traveling this week to see some of our friends and deliver some greetings. Now we had to decide on where to go first. Agnes suggested Ammentorps, and Esther and Rosamond said Frederiksen, and I did not vote, so the majority won.

FREDERIKSENS

When we came to Stovring Station, it was raining, so I said to Agnes, "What greetings do you have to deliver here?" And she said "I have one to a Baker." "Good," said I. "There is his sign and it isn't far from here, so we'll go there first." That is what we did and he invited us into his quarters at the back of the bakery, and while Agnes delivered her greeting, we were served coffee. I asked him if he could tell me where Fredericksen lived and he said he would take us there in his car.

When we later came to Frederik's home, his old father welcomed us and said Frederik would be home a little later. The old man had a stout figure and an open face with eyes that now looked at us with friendliness, eyes that showed wisdom, but could also show severity if crossed. He was more the pedagogue than the farmer, so I believe that was where father and son sometimes clashed, as the son was the real farmer and wanted to improve the methods of farming.

Frederiksen confided to me that he was ready to leave the farm to Frederik, but only on one condition, and that was that he got married and brought a wife to the home. But Frederik says there's no hurry, as he intends to do some traveling. Now the last time he was in America, he was so taken up with the country that I was afraid that he was considering staying there.

Just then Frederik came home and our attention was turned on him. When he left us in Enumclaw, he had asked us to visit him in Denmark, but none of us thought it would be this soon, so our visit now was quite unexpected and so much more welcome. Now he took us out to his fields to show us his large potato patch, his grain fields and black and white cows that

were tethered in long rows in the pasture. When we came back he led us into a barn with cement foundation and fireproof roof. out in the yard he pointed to an enormous dunghill and said, "Here you see the secret to my luxurious potatoes and grain.

Before supper Frederiksen, Sr. took me over to see his other son, who was a schoolmaster. When he heard that I was from America, he at once mentioned Ostergaard. They were both sorry that he had been forced to give up his folk highschool in Stovring, but they were happy to know that he had been serving the Danish Church as a minister. The schoolmaster went with us part way and we walked over to Ostergaarde School and looked through the windows, as the door was locked. It was not a large building, but Ostergaard had put everything into it that he possessed. The Frederiksens had also given quite a sum. The times had been unfavorable for him and he had given up and gone back to America.

Agnes had greetings from Ludvig Mosboek in Askow, Minnesota to a brother and several friends, so while she was busy delivering these, I talked to Frederik.

The next morning we took leave of old Frederiksen and went to Skorping where there was another Mosbcek brother that had to be greeted. He sent word to a third brother and wife and we all went out to see Roebild Park which has been bought by Danish-Americans and given to the Danish government. It is in this park that they celebrate the fourth of July, drawing up to 50,000 people every year. Frederik had come with us to Skorping, in order to be with us a little longer and he went with us to the park. The beautiful amphitheater with the heather covered hills, and the Danish heather in full bloom is so much prettier than the Scotch or the Italian heather.

While Agnes was talking to the Mosbaek brothers, Frederik and I walked around the town. I noticed a large pile of telegraph and telephone poles that were being put through a process to make them durable by saturating them with prussic acid. While I had walked among the heather, I had been on the lookout for thunder stones, so asked Mosbaek if they were not found here, and he said yes, but they were not plentiful anymore. Then he went over to Top Karen's house and came back with two beautiful examples that she said to give to the American. I wish I had had time to go and thank her, but we just had time to get to the station to go back to Stovring for the night.

The next day we took leave of the Frederiksens and decided, since it wasn't far to Mariagen, we would stop and see Pastor Nordentoft and family. However, we did not find them home, as they were at Skagen for their vacation. We wanted to leave at once but their maids said the Nordentofts would not like that, so we stayed over night. This gave me a chance to see the beautiful old garden. I also went down to the harbor and was surprised to see the traffic of small boats.

We now decided we had time to see Viborg Cathedral with the beautiful paintings by Skovgaard. As you enter the nave, you see the whole Bible in pictures on the walls and ceilings. It draws tourists by the thousands, especially in the summer. There were two pictures that engrossed me: "The Crucifixion" and the "Last Supper". Time after time I came back to these two. The church itself was a vast building complex that one must admire, but it cannot compare with the splendid French and German Cathedrals, though its architecture is in good taste. We bought some of the picture postcards so that we could look at them when we returned to America.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Now it was time to get back to Esbjerg for their Harvest Festival. Sunday morning we were up early as we had to pack a lunchbasket before starting. And as it often turned cold when the westerly wind came in over the wet meadows, we took our wraps. We were a full carload from Esbjerg and more got on in Ribe. so we were packed as sardines in a can. I preferred to walk out to the picnic place, far out west of the town. Since Axel got delayed, I got a head start. When he caught up to me, he stopped and the young Mrs. Simonsen stepped out of the car and told me to take her seat. That I wouldn't allow. Then she said, "Then we'll both walk; they are enouth without us anyway.'l I asked her about the mound that we had seen from the church tower. "Yes, you are right, that is what is left of 'Ribehus' from the time of King Vaideman."

Then I asked about what was going to take place this afternoon and she said that first they just talked and greeted old friends and treated them to drinks, so that they'll be in the right humor form, the fight. So, they are really to fight? Yes, last year the Germans took the fort; this year, the Danes are going to recapture it, if they can. The same old story as in my boyhood days, and I thought of the Danish Captain Jacob Malthiesen and the German Captain Heinrick Moss, fighting in the bottom of the ditch among the ice flakes, and I was eager to see how the "battle" today would go. She was right about the preparation. The bar was the busiest place.

A short distance from the picnic ground could be seen some earthen ramparts and this was the fortification the Danes had to capture. When the lunchbaskets were empty and people had had their rest, the preparations for the battle started. We saw young men in old uniforms walking aroung and bragging about how they were going to thrash the Germans. Now we could see heads appearing above the ramparts and shining weapons appear. The Danes were now in position for attack. A volley of musketry was heard from the ramparts, but the Danes were well covered. Now, they jumped up and ran forward in quick tempo, then throwing themselves flat on the ground, and as soon as the Germans stuck their heads above the ramparts, the Danes gave them a volley and some heads disappeared.

This was repeated several times and pretty soon a white flag appeared above the ramparts and the Danish Army rushed forward, while the audience sang, "The Danes have gained the first round, hurrah, hurrah! The Germans now their grave have found, hurrah, hurrah!" And a minute later you could see the Danes and Germans, both wounded, living and dead at the bar, shaking hands and clapping each other on the shoulder when they had signed the peace that was to last until next year when the Germans had to see if they could regain the fortress. Now the music changed from martial to dance music and most of them started dancing. Mrs. Nielsen suggested that we had better go home as it was near sunset.

FANØ ISLAND

As we sat that evening talking, Axel asked me if we had thought about going over to Fanø before we went home. If we had, he would arrange with the ferry-man so that there would be a conveyance for us on the Island, and he could also be free from office work tomorrow. Of course we should love to go there. Good, then we will go and see the most beautiful spot in the world, Fanø as Mother calls the little sandy Island.

The next morning Mrs. Nielsen and the girls were busy again packing a lunchbasket, while Axel and I did some errands in town. The ferryboat was very small but it kept its balance even in the tide, and in a short time we were across, and there was our conveyance, a ficarriol". where the passengers sat with their backs to each other and the feet towards the outside, and pulled by a little Norwegian pony. I wondered if it would be able to pull us along the sandy road, but it went along without a stop.

Nordby is the capital of the Island and is quite a pretty little town. There were neat little homes with gardens fenced in by dikes and living hedges to protect them against the sand. Everywhere you saw women, children and old men. The Fanø man is a sailor and as usual, away on a long journey. The women's dresses are dark with colored borders for trimming. The younger women wear more lively colors. I do not suppose there is a place where there are as many widows as here. Life is earnest and death a reality for Fanø Mother, and this has shaped their character. With patience they accept their fate. On Fanø there are none who suffer from want, as the well-off help those in need, so that we can say "few have too much and fewer, too little."

When we came to the large hotel on the west coast of the Island, we stepped down from the conveyance and asked the driver to pick us up again later in the afternoon. The only place we could be sure of not getting sand in our eyes, nose and mouth, was right at the water's edge. Along the beach we saw several small houses on wheels, and a man with an old tame white horselwho pulled them out into the water about 90 feet. As the girls had brought along their bathing suits, they decided to try one of these little houses, so went in and hoisted a flag. Soon they were on their way, and Mrs. Nielsen and I decided to take a walk along the beach to see if we could find amber. The girls said the water was fine after they got used to the temperature, so they had fun playing in the breakers. When they were ready to return, they again hoisted the flag and were taken back to the beach.

By that time Mrs. Nielsen and I were back, but had not found any amber. Now we were all hungry, so we found a place where there was a little leeway, and turning our backs to the wind, we ate our sandwiches and then took a walk up around the hotel and looked at the guests and one couple, Axel said, was a Danish Prince and Princess. By this time we were all ready to go home, so we were looking longingly up the road for our conveyance, and at last, it was there and we could all rest while recrossing the Island and then boarding the ferry for the trip to the mainland.

CHRISTIAN ANDERSENS - AGNES' FRIENDS

The next day wethought we had better go to Spandet to see Christian Andersen. We took the train to Brøns and then had to take a private train from there to Spandet. These private trains must have the motto,"If we don't make it today, we'll make it tomorrow. In spite of the short distance, we did not get there until almost dark.

When we came to the door, I told the girls to hide behind a bush, then we'll have a little fun with Christian. They did so, and I rang the bell. I stepped back so that he could not see me clearly and when he opened the door, I said in dialect, "May I ask if this is the Pastor?" "Yes. " "Could the Pastor give me shelter for the night?" "Yes, we can." "But I have three comrades," I

said, "who also need shelter." Now the girls stepped into the light so he could see us and recognize us. "Oh, you rogues! You almost gave me a shock, I thought this was a hold-up." Now he asked us to come in and called to his wife who had been one of Agnes' students in Solvang, Calif. and she threw her arms around Agnes. Christian put his hands on my shoulders and said, "How kind of you to visit us. Now you must stay with us for ten days and then go with us to Liselund School for two weeks. We said we would meet them there, but we would have to do some visiting first. Now there was a questioning about Solvang, Junction City, Tacoma, Seattle, Enumclaw, Des Moines and about the convention in Cedar Falls. It was late before we went to bed that night. Christian showed us the surrounding country, but as we wanted to see Skagen, we started in a day or two, with the promise to meet them in Slagelse, Sealand.

SKAGEN

After a few days we started off for Skagen, the very northernmost part of Denmark. The eleven months of the year it didn't have over 2400 inhabitants, but the one summer month, there were so many tourists that the number was over 3,000 in 1923, and I suppose it has many more now.

Many painters use this as their home. We stood at the very point where the two seas meet and took pictures of it. Another place that interested us was the old church that has been covered by sand, so that only the upper part of the tower shows.

On the way back we were planning to visit four families, and Esther and Rosamond shared that they would rather go down the west coast and visit the family again. Agnes suggested that no harm could come to them, so why did I not give them their tickets and let them be on their own for awhile, and this I did. We were just at Longeaad and they got off our train and took the next train to Skive. We were to meet again either in Esbjerg or Gallehus.

LERBJERG – THE FISKERS

So now Agnes and I went on alone to Lerbjerg to see Christian Fisker and his wife. Fisker had been a farmer at Enumclaw for many years and it had been his intention to earn enough money to enable him to buy a farm in Denmark. This he had done, and he had also married a school teacher who made the lovliest "Hedebo" with Cluny lace.

Their house was very old, of brick and timber with a thatch roof and was very low and had small window panes. It looked as if it soon needed to be renewed. There was good soil and that was the most important. Christian's wife showed us her fancy work, and there was one piece that I fell in love with, a large circular cloth with embroidery and Cluny lace. I asked if it was for sale and she said it had been made for someone, but if she were willing to wait, she would sell it for 68 Krone. She called the lady and she seemed to be willing, so Agnes and I bought it with the intention of giving it to Hans' wife.

That evening the neighbors by the name of Bonde, came over to visit the Fiskers. They had a daughter, Ragnhild, a gifted and talented girl, who told Agnes that she was going to attend Askow folk school this coming winter, so Agnes told her that she too was going to attend this

same school. They entertained each other all evening and when they later met at school, they became friends until Ragnhild's death a few years ago.

AARHUS – JÖRGENSENS

The next morning we went to Aarhus to visit Carl Jensen's brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jörgensen. We reached the house in the afternoon and walked up to the second story. A young girl opened the door and when we told our errand, she bid us come in. Mr. Jörgensen was working at the restoration of the Aarhus Cathedral, and his wife was marketing, but would soon be home. She could not tell if this was the right Jörgensen as there were many by that name.

While we waited, I walked around looking at the pictures, and soon found a picture of Carl and Anna Jensen, so then I knew we were at the right house. When Mrs. Jörgensen came home, everything was explained and she told us not to look for lodging as she would take care of that. We spent a happy evening with these friendly and hospitable people.

BREDSTEN – AMMENTORPS

The following day we started for Bredsten. We took the train to Vejle and then a bus the rest of the way to visit Pastor and Mrs. Ammentorp. It was pleasant to meet these wonderful people again as I had not seen them since they left Seattle in 1921..They had not changed much except that Eva had grown, and Pastor Ammentorp had added some weight. Mrs. Ammentorp was the same friendly hospitable woman as always. The first thing I noticed was a heating stove, the first one with fire in it that I'd seen all summer. I went over and put my arms about it for I had been cold all summer.

They had adopted a playmate for Eva. Maybe they had heard the saying, “An only chicken in the nest will never make a good hen”, but I think this is a very sensible move. One often sees that a lone child gets to be precocious, so that the childlike nature disappears, making one both laugh and cry.

The congregation was building a new parsonage and the gardener was planning a large garden. Ammentorp was very much interested in this and often helped with making the plans. A short distance from the parsonage was a forest with old rugged oak trees where I loved to take a walk. What an idyll such an old oak forest can be with its gullies, hills and dales, so different from our forests in Washington with its giants, that we generally measure according to what they are worth in dollars and cents.

Ammentorps longed for America, but after the war, they had to consider the language, and they would never be able to speak the American language without an accent, so they felt they had better go back to Denmark while they were still young enough to get a position. The question is, was our church too quick about craving a two-language minister. Some seem to think we were too slow. Mrs. Ammentorp and Agnes were like two sisters, so it was hard to part them. We stayed with Ammentorps for several days.

VEJLE – JOHANSENS

Agnes had written to Johannus Johansesn that we would visit them on Sunday, so we started for Vejle on the bus, but had only gone a little way when Agnes realized that she had forgotten her handbag that contained her ticket. So she got off the bus and walked back, and would then come on a later one. I got as far as Kolding, where I had to take the private train, and found that the one we were planning on taking did not run on Sundays. So there I was with some hours on my hands and nothing to do. Well, Agnes arrived before this other train was due, and consequently she was surprised to see me still in Kolding.

When it was time to go to the station we found a lady sitting there who introduced herself as Mrs. Johansen. She had come this far to meet us. She was a quiet but friendly woman, a little shy and reserved with us, but this disappeared before we reached her home. She talked to the conductor and the next minute he stopped the train just at the edge of their land, and then we walked to the home along a path across the field. This could only happen on a private train.

The first thing we noticed was the different style of building, as the home, a grand two-story house, was not connected to the other buildings, giving it a certain manorial character. When the sons came home they did not go and change their clothes to get ready to do chores and I made some remarks about this. Then Johannes told me that they had a family living on the place who had taken care of milking the cows and other chores for many years. When the boys are finished with the field work, then they are free for the day. He said, "I have found this to be the most practical and the cheapest too. We have built a house for this family who have been with us for many years, and we find this arrangement very satisfactory to both parties."

As we walked in their beautiful large garden after supper, I noticed that the whole town consisted of the buildings from five large farms, all surrounded by large gardens. While talking to Johannes I could really see how much he had changed since he left his family in Enumclaw. He did not seem to be the same Johannes who cleared land together with Henry Bruhn.

One story I remembered about Johannes and Henry from long ago. One day Henry had a very long thumbnail and Johannes asked him why he did not cut it. So Henry said, "You can cut it off with your axe." "Alright," said Johannes, "hold it at the edge of this stump." Henry did, and Johannes swung the long-handled axe, and the nail was cut. Henry was the first to get over his surprise, saying, "How did you dare to cut, you might have cut my finger off." Johannes answered, "How did you dare to risk your finger? I was sure you would take your finger away." "And I," said Henry, "thought you wouldn't be fool enough to cut."

That was Johannes at that time, and now he was the staid, sedate, wise and cocksure man. When I asked him if he could remember this, he said, "Yes, this was long ago!"

In the evening Mrs. Johansen wanted us to go with them to visit one of the neighbors. Now I also saw Johannes as the fashionable man, as he put on his frock coat and tall silk hat, and we were in our traveling clothes. When we arrived, we felt there was prosperity, as well as at Johannes', though they did not have the splendid house that Johannes did, and the families called each other by Mr. and Mrs. as in the cities.

When we came home we were shown rooms on the second floor and were told to sleep as late as we wanted. Of course, we had to sleep, but we had not come to Denmark to sleep our time away, so we should be down in time for breakfast.

GALLEHUS AND MØGELTØNDER

The next morning we took leave of the Johansens, who had hoped that we could stay some days, and we set off for Gallehus and Møgeltønder. When we came to Gallehus, they had been waiting for us, as we were supposed to go with them to Skorbok the following Sunday. One day we walked over to Møgeltønder to visit the S.W. Boysens and the rest of that family. We also met "Bedste's" brother who was the father of the boy who had drowned in the Mississippi River at Clinton, Iowa. They wanted me to tell the whole story again. If only they had kept Christian home, but he did not want to be a German soldier.

The next family we met was on the mother's side. Chris Winthen from Boise Creek near Enumclaw had met "Bedste," and written about it to the family in Denmark. Then there was "Bedste's" sister Jane, married to Peter Linnet. She had friendly eyes, but was the boss in that family. The son, Peter, had been in Elk Horn, so I remembered him from that time. He was a baker as his father had been before him. The Linnet family was a large, influential, well-to-do family that during several generations had been connected with the Boysens. They were also connected to the families at Sjodam and Willagaard. It was wonderful to meet Ida's near and distant relatives, these families who had lived and worked and set their mark on this region for a hundred years and more.

Now we went back to Gallehus and the girls were busy preparing for it. Cousin Line told me that Uncle had seemed to be ten years younger since I came. He was so happy and cheerful that it was a pleasure to see him. Olga had a brother staying with them and he was trying to court Ellen, and this made me think of the time that Ida and I met. We were young too, but our life together became a reality.

Sunday morning we walked to the station at Møgeltønder and from there by train to Skarbak. When we came to the house there were a group of children to receive us and at the door was my cousin Hans and his housekeeper. (His wife had been dead for some time.) In order to keep the family together he had taken a housekeeper, a large neat young woman, who made a good impression. I understood that they were going to get married and she would take a mother's place for the six children. Hans was a tradesman and traded with pigs and sows that he bought from the farmers and sold in Esbjerg, Ribe and Tønder, just as his brother traded with fish.

We were too large a group to stay over night, so Esther and Rosamond went back to Gallehus and Agnes and I went to Esbjerg to get ready to go to Liselund where we were to meet Christian Andersen and his wife. That evening Mrs. Nielsen showed me her collection of gold coins that her husband had left her and I told her about my coin collection in Enumclaw. She had gold coins from Denmark, Sweden, Germany, England, France and others. I now gave her a $20 gold piece, and that made her quite happy. This did not pay for their hospitality, it was just to show my appreciation.

Next day we were on our way to Liselund, and soon met the Christian Andersens. There were many enrolled and they were all coming this day. After paying for two weeks in advance, I was given a bed in a school building with many other single men. Agnes was sent to a home in Slagelse. The meals were served at Liselund, where we were given our place next to the Christian Andersens and across from Pastor and Mrs. H.J. Jessen, whom we knew from America, and a small American flag was placed before us on the table. There were groups from Argentina, Germany, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, and they all had their flag. Niels Dael, the leader, had once been in Argentina and a young couple who had come from there had once been his students, so he was often conversing with them.

Every morning after breakfast we had a song hour, led by Thorvald Aagaand from Rysling. Here we learned many new melodies. Next came the Bible class led either by Niels Dael or Morten Larsen. Dael gave us word pictures of Jacob's sons and compared them to people of their type. Morten Larsen's subject was "The Work of the Holy Spirit." Pastor Larsen had the habit of walking in a large grove of trees west of the school and one day a woman spied him and as she wished to talk to him, she approached him, but he waved her off. Later on after his Bible hour, he said that if she had something on her mind, he would speak to her now.

A Professor Dunckman from Berlin, who used an interpreter, spoke about fellowship in nature and in human nature. Professor Ragaz, who was called Switzerland's Grundtvig, had come to Denmark to study Grundtvig's Folkschools. He had given up his position at the University and had started a Folk Highschool among the laborers in his town. He said, "Our movement is a layman's movement. Christ as a layman is our ideal; our land was an agricultural country, but now it is a manufacturing and industrial country and therefore, the social question is a burning question. We hope that after the machine age, there will be a God's Age, that His Kingdom is not only something beyond the grave, but that God's Kingdom shall come to us on this earth."

The Folk School President of Rodding, Hans Lund, spoke about the Brundtvigian School System and the work among the young people; the need for young people's societies, but also the danger of too much organization. We need to break with the mechanical, the automatic and drive for results in the spiritual field, and he pointed out the value of the quiet growth. The inspector of schools, Kappel Bodker, spoke especially to teachers and brought out the value of comparison and examples in teaching Bible history.

One Sunday Agnes and I left the meeting to make a quick trip to Ringsted to see L.E. Larsen's family, but we did not find anyone home, so just left a message with greetings from L.E. (who was husband of daughter, Marie.)

During our recess we took a walk around the old Cloister garden with splendid old Acacia trees that, during the time of the monks in Antvort Grove Cloister, had been brought to Denmark from Spain. The ruins of this Cloister were just outside the garden.

Niels Dael delivered the mail every day during the noon pause, and made witty remarks every time there was a letter from Germany. Yesterday there was 28,000 Mark postage on a letter. Today there is 30,000 Mark. Tomorrow, maybe there will be 35,000 Mark.

One day I received a telegram from Mr. Kibler, President of the Bank in Enumclaw, that announced that the Bank in New York on which my Traveler's checks were drawn had gone bankrupt, but that the Bank in Enumclaw would be responsible for the amount. Also, if I needed money, they would wire an amount that I could draw on. A pretty piece of business this was, but with the help of Agnes' checks, I managed to get through.

It was interesting to meet Pastor and Mrs. Jessen, whom we knew so well from the West coast. They, among so many, had returned to Denmark to take up work here. As yet they had no work, but I learned later that he had found a position at Onsild. Another couple we met was O.H. Dyneborg and his fiancee. He came a couple of years later to Junction City as Pastor.

When the meeting was over, Christian Andersen wanted us to go with them home, and then they would take us to the Island Als. Since we still had much to do before the ship sailed, we had to give that up. Now we would have to pick up Esther and Rosamond in Gallehus, but on the way we would stop and see the Pastor Thorwald Knudsens in Ryslinge. Both Pastor and Mrs. Knudsen met us with open arms. The Pastor was interested in learning about the decisions that had been made at the convention in Cedar Falls, and in how Grandview College was getting along. He told me that they were a little concerned about the split in their congregation because of Pastor Rordams view on the virgin birth of Jesus, which he did not believe. It had done much harm.

Mrs. Knudsen, who was very deaf, now came and asked if she could borrow me. Then she took me to a quiet spot and asked me to tell her about America. I suggested that she ask questions and I would answer if I were able. After awhile I saw that she had Agnes in a corner and was asking about Tyler, Minnesota.

COPENHAGEN

The next morning we took leave of them with a bag full of greetings for America. Esther and Rosamond had enjoyed the visit with Ellen in Gallehus and asked if they could not stay while we went on again. But when I told them we were now going to Copenhagen, they changed their minds and wanted to go along. Agnes had written to the Pastor Wagners to see if they were home and if we could pay them a visit. The answer was "Yes, you are very welcome."

When we arrived, they told us they had waited for us a long time, as they had thought we would have come to visit them directly from the boat. We had to explain that these people had come from Esbjerg and we could not disappoint them. Also, all of our visiting was to be done in Jutland.

While with the Wagners, each morning we went by train to Copenhagen and each evening we returned and spent the evening with them. In this way we saw Frederiksborg, Fredensborg, Dyrehaven, Orstedsparken, Kunst Museum, Glypoteket, Thorwaldsens Museum, Rosenborg Castle and Langelinie with the Little Mermaid. By now we had had our fill of sights and the Wagners were going with us to a theater one evening when we had word that one of Appel's children was very sick, so we gave this up and started to plan our return to Esbjerg.

One of the evenings we spent with Pastor Wagner, he and I were talking in his office. He told me that the Danish Committee for our Church in America had been trying to get the

complete set of “Kirkeligsamler”, a paper that had been printed in America as the official church paper. So I told him that I had “Kirkeligsamler” almost complete from the first number and that I would gladly send him the numbers they had lost. This made him very happy, so he gave me a list of the ones he needed and asked me to take them to O.K.’s office in Seattle and he would arrange to have them brought to Denmark.

We took leave of them for the present, but they wanted us to stop with them on our return to Copenhagen and they invited Agnes to make her home with them until it was time for her to go to the Askow Folk School in October.

TIME FOR GOODBYES

It was hard to say goodbye to my old uncle, as I knew that I should never see him again in this world. He was very touched, but was glad that he had seen the son of his sister, Marie, once more.

Back to Esbjerg once more and then we left most of our baggage there while we took another round to Skive, Stadil and Hee, to take leave of the family there. Agnes promised to see them again the next spring and summer before she returned to America. Everywhere they gave us greetings to take back to the family. Now back to Esbjerg to do the last laundry before we packed.

We’ll never forget the last day and night in Esbjerg, as there was a terrific storm from the west with high “spring-tide.” The water went over the dykes and many, many cattle, horses and pigs were drowned. The fishing boats were out and it was doubtful that any of them could be saved. The most of this day, Axel and I stayed near the harbor. It was a sad sight to see the fisher wives and their children wringing their hands or praying with folded hands. The water was already rushing through some of the streets.

It was hard to tear oneself away, so after supper we went out again. We had to get down to see if any of the fishing boats had returned. There was much more water and all at once someone called through a loudspeaker, “A boat, watch out!” A moment later a fishing boat was raised by a large breaker right over the pier and continued up the street until it was stopped suddenly by the friction of rubbing on the paving stones.

The fishermen were now asked about the fate of the others. This they did not know, only said, “They’ll be safe if they can keep away from the coast. We had been forced by the storm and pushed toward shore against our will, but we were lucky to slip over the dyke with a breaker instead of being crushed against it.”

Before breakfast Axel and I were again down by the pier to see what had happened. The wind had died down but the water was still high. The fishing boat they had worked back to the pier and had it anchored outside.

While we were at the breakfast table, I suggested that Axel and his mother take a trip to America so that we could get a chance to repay them, but they said they would rather have Hilda and Fred come home to stay in Denmark. They took us to the station and the last we saw of them was their handkerchiefs waving goodbye.

What a number of wonderful people we had met, and we had seen so much beauty in nature, art and architecture in castles and churches, the small homes with their gardens, the colony gardens, and now at the end of our visit, the North Sea during a storm!

When we came to Taastrup, they were glad to welcome us again. The next morning Agnes went with us to the pier to watch our ship leave on the voyage back to America. When we came to the pier where Frederik VIII lay at anchor, there was a throng of people here to take leave of relatives and friends. Axel's cousin was here to see us off, and as soon as we had inspected our cabin, we went back up on deck where we could see and talk to Agnes, whom we left behind to attend Askow Folk School for six months.

The orchestra played as the ship slowly moved away from land and the pier looked like an ocean of handkerchiefs waving and voices calling, "Goodbye, Goodbye! Happy landings!" This was the last we saw of Agnes for a year, but that was nothing unusual.

THE VOYAGE HOME

Now we slid smoothly out into Oresund, past Kronborg, and we were out in the Kattegat and Denmark lay hidden in a haze and our wonderful six weeks seemed almost a dream. Now we had to look forward to the sea voyage and returning to our own country. We did not see Oslo this time as we were sleeping soundly by then and when we awoke the next morning we were out in Skogerak and the northern part of the North Sea. For two days the ship was like a nut shell in a storm. I thought I was secure against seasickness, but most assuredly, I was not. I felt fine as long as I was lying down, but when I got my clothes on and had laced my shoes, I had such a creeping and tickling sensation in my insides that I crept back into my berth. Rosamond was just as bad off as I was, so we kept each other company. Esther was able to be up, consequently she waited on us.

The next morning a waiter put his head in through our door yelling, "Do you want oatmeal gruel?" Oatmeal gruel! That was an insult! So I answered, "Go to blazes with your oatmeal gruel!" The next night I was awakened when the ship seemed to run up against some soft mass, that slackened its speed and trembled in all its joints, then put up speed again. I lay and speculated on what could have been the cause. Could we have had a collision with a whale?

The second morning of the storm, I mustered enough pluck to get out on the deck. I had to have fresh air and I also had to try to make my seaman's legs behave again. I asked a sailor what the ship had run up against last night. "Run up against?" He answered. "Oh, that must have been the heavy seas that took all movable chattels with it." When I came over to the smoking salon, several were talking about what had caused the walls that turned towards the front to be pushed in an inch. I thought, this must have been the same breaker.

In the smoking salon I met several of those that had been on the ship going to Denmark and I also got a copy of the Ship's Journal, with the news item that all the Esbjerg fishermen had made shore safely. God be praised! In the same issue we read about the earthquake they had in Japan and that the U.S. Red Cross had given large sums to the poor people who had met such a hardship.

It wasn't the same jolly group with singing and dancing, as when we went to Denmark, and we didn't even have the Finnish couple and Fido to amuse us. But as the weather improved,

our entertainment was deck promenading. The orchestra also played every day. At last, one afternoon we could see land ahead, USA Now we really felt how our heart clung to this land. The orchestra played the Star Spangled Banner, tears filled the eyes, and the heart kept time to the music.

It was too late for the ship to enter that night, so we lay at anchor until morning. It was a splendid sight to see the million lights in Jersey City and New York City – hundreds of ships of every size crossed each other in all directions, the skyscrapers, the Statue of Liberty! One has to hunt far and wide to find anything to equal it. "God bless America!"

PORTLAND, MAINE

The next morning we debarked, had our baggage inspected, and all they found was a bouquet of heather. It might have bugs or diseases, so he asked if they were slips to be planted. I laughed and said, "No, they will be put in a vase as soon as I get home, so he put them down in my suitcase again.

A Swede had a beautiful plant in a pot, and as soon as they saw it, they threw it away. The Swede became annoyed and said, "This is shameless. This is a rare plant that my mother in Sweden has nurtured and now sent it to her daughter-in-law in America. I wouldn't have parted with it for $25.00. Put yourself in my place, and vice versa. Wouldn't you think I had treated you unfairly?" The officer looked at the Swede a moment, then went over and picked up the plant, examined it and said, "I don't think it has been hurt much. Here is your plant." The Swede thanked him and disappeared with his plant.

We now got a taxi and were taken to Grand Central Station in New York City, intending to take the first train to Portland, Maine. While we waited, I walked around in the neighborhood, but Esther and Rosamond just wanted to sit and watch people. It was almost evening before our train was ready and we did not arrive in Portland until the next morning. Cousin Niels from Brøns met us and took us out to Brother Hans' place. On the way I told him that I had been in Brøns to see if I could find any relatives, but I had only found his father's grave.

Now we had to get the Dodge out of storage, so I had a young man whose name was Libby, and whose mother had been an Ebbesen, do the job, and he was very dependable. We had a long way to go and our car had to have pep. We drove around in Portland awhile before starting for home. The last Sunday a man by the name of Niels Jorgen, who for several years had boarded and lodged with Mother in the early 1870's had heard that I was here, and wanted to see me. To judge by his clothes, Niels Jorgen had been lucky. He was married to a sister of the pal of my boyhood, Hans Peter Hansen.

HEADING WEST

The 27 of September we left Portland and that evening we pitched our tent in Fitzburg, Massachusetts. That was only a small days travel, but we wanted to enjoy the scenery on the trip home - we all agreed about that and as I was the only driver, I didn't want to get played out by a long day's drive. Just 200 to 300 miles a day was plenty. Here in Fitzburg a policeman

arranged it so that we could pitch tent on a school ground with free use of light, water and lavatory.

The next evening we stopped in Nelliston, New York. We had been driving through a hilly but pretty region. It had been sultry all day, and now there was a real cloudburst, but we were nice and dry in our tent. Our next stop was in Bloomingfield, New York. The roads were good, the scenery wonderful, the farms well cultivated, large fruit orchards and thousands of acres with grapes. The same could be said about the next two days travel through the western New York, a part of Pennsylvania and the eastern Ohio.

The third day we struck some terrible roads, so we did not reach the goal set for the day. It became dark and the road was almost impassable, so we crossed a ditch and pitched our tent where we could see some oil wells, whose pumps gave a hissing, plaintive sound that we should have to listen to all night. When we were ready to make our supper, a farmer advised us not to light our gas stove. That meant that we would have a cold supper and ditto breakfast. Well, that wasn't too bad!

This place was 18 miles northeast of Finley, Ohio, and 6 miles from Bowling Green. In the eastern states and mid-eastern states there were no auto courts or other accommodations for tourists, so we had to be satisfied and thankful for what we could find. I'm sure it must be different now, 22 years later. After driving on more or less good dirt and gravel roads all day, we pitched our tent in the Town Hall Square in the town of Hamlet in Indiana. In the eastern and middle part of the state the fields of corn looked good, but the western part of the state looked unkempt, the fields covered with weeds and the farm buildings neglected. It gave a very poor impression.

The following evening we pitched our tent on the Fair Grounds in Morrison, Illinois and two days later we drove up to Willie Boyson's home in Elk Horn, Iowa. This was the fifth of October, and we decided to take a welcome rest and also have a wash day, as both we and the Dodge needed it badly. We had driven 1,675 miles and used 77 ½ gallons of gas since leaving Portland, Maine 8 ½ days ago, a pretty good performance for a Dodge. Now while it was being overhauled, Willie drove us around in his Ford to see the old friends once more.

We left Elk Horn Tuesday, the 9th of October and drove to Milford, Nebraska. In Omaha we were told that they had a snow storm in Denver but were advised to go there anyway and then turn south from there, as the roads west through Wyoming were impassable. Since we had tried them once we were not very anxious to repeat the experience, so would rather take the long way home than sit in a mud hole. There were about 400 other travelers who chose the same route.

Arriving in Denver we found that the storm was not nearly as bad as the rumor, as there were only a couple of inches of slushy snow, and from now on we went south. Denver has a high altitude and before morning it was quite cold, but we were prepared for this and neither we nor the Dodge suffered. The next evening we stopped in Pueblo, Colorado and here too, the roads were fair, but the following day we passed over some dreadfully soft roads and we only got as far as Trinidad, 97 miles.

When we came to the auto camp, it was full of travelers who had been there a couple of days because of a landslide in the mountains. We were told that it was uncertain when this would be cleared away. The ground was covered with snow and the newly arrived tourists were

given room with private families and those who had tents were allowed to pitch them on empty lots. This was a pretty piece of business! But a golden time for the businessmen of the town and it looked as if the Road Department was in no hurry to get the roads cleared through the mountains.

Some of the tourists got together and figured out that if the railroad would let us drive one half mile along the side of their tracks, we could get on to another road that would bypass the slide. A delegation was sent to the headquarters of the railroad, but no, oh no, that could never be permitted. All the tourists could do was to wait patiently for the road to be cleared. That evening a secret meeting was held with the result that the next morning all the tourists should be ready to depart. The delegation would then once more ask for permission, and if they once again were rejected, then the whole caravan would make use of the track without permission. And this we did, in spite of protests from the company.

We did bypass the landslide, but what a road! At last we got up so high that the Dodge boiled incessantly and went on strike and I had to drive to the side to get it cooled off. While we were waiting, three young men stopped and helped us by changing something with the carburetor, and after that the car sailed on over the highest point of 7,800 feet as if it had wings. At the top of Raton Pass every driver was advised to put his car in low gear and be very careful at the hairpin curves, so as to avoid accidents.

At the foot of the Pass some Indians sat with some pottery that they were trying to sell. A young buck and his mother had some very lovely ones, so Esther and Rosamond bought a couple, but they were more interested in the young buck and brought out their Kodak to take a picture, but this, the mother would not allow. She held out her hand and said, “O, no, no, money!" They were supposed to pay before taking a picture.

Our next stopping place was Springer, New Mexico, where again the auto camp was filled. It was a little better at our next stop in Santa Fe, as some of the tourists had put up speed to get ahead of the crowd. The next day we had to make a long detour to reach Albuquerque, and here we pitched our tent in a fruit orchard in the middle of town. There was a lovely clear stream that ran right past our tent. The owner of the orchard brought us eggs, milk, berries and other fruit. We really lived high in this strange town where all the houses were built of adobe bricks and with a flat roof and whitewashed and artfully decorated with pillars, arcades, balconies and with iron bars covering the windows. It had lovely stores and a pretty theater, where we saw a performance that evening.

When we left Albuquerque the next morning, we passed by several Pueblo Indian towns where we saw straight figures going between the wigwams and teepees and naked papoose ran around everywhere. Some of the squaws sat by the road selling moccasins embroidered with beads. We now had to go west over 40 miles of road covered with sharp rocks that were hard on the tires. Here we had the first flat on the trip. Our next stop was Winslow, Arizona. On this road we passed the Painted Desert where we stopped for an hour to see this phenomenon. We looked out over an area that was covered with piles about 60 feet high, each mound colored in different shades in layers from top to bottom. We could see these pointed mounds by the thousands far out to the horizon.

There have been many conjectures and theories as to how this Painted Desert had originated. Many years later I read an article by a scientist who had studied the desert

thoroughly. He had come to the conclusion that there had been a fire in the layer of coal sometime in the past, and that the ashes had blown out through a vent hole and incessantly settled down the sides, so the mounds grew taller and taller in a cone shape. When I read this, I was reminded of a town in Ohio where something similar was happening in our time. I had heard that there was a fire in a coal mine and the ashes that blew out of a vent hole, continually settled down the cone-shaped mound. I remembered that there were several of these, so maybe this could be the start of Painted Desert number two.

The following evening we pitched our tent at Pine Springs, 7 miles west of Williams, Arizona. In camp a man came over and advised me to tap the water from the radiator, and I was glad that I had followed his advice, as our water bags hanging in the trees were frozen solid the next morning. On the road to Needles we passed the richest gold mine in the U.S. It had been very hot that day, so hot that the girls had been sitting with their bare feet out of the car windows. We longed for a cold drink of water, but alas, the water was lukewarm, and cold water cost 5 cents a glass.

CALIFORNIA AT LAST

Needles is built on the borders of three states: Arizona, Nevada and California. The next morning we crossed over the Colorado River into California. On the road to Ludlow we came through a long stretch of sand roads, where the tourists had tried to find the firmest track, resulting in a score or more. If you were lucky enough to get both front and rear wheels in the same ruts, you'd do best in not trying to get out, even if you were going in low. I noticed that when I increased my speed to 30 to 35 in high, we went much smoother without any effort.

We went along nicely for awhile, when suddenly without the least warning, the car shot out of the track in among the sagebrush by the side of the road. The Dodge sped from side to side and from right to left like a snake. The one door flew open and all movables flew out among the sagebrush. It was lucky that Esther and Rosamond hung on. I had sense of mind to turn the switch, as using the brakes only made it worse, and at last the car stopped its wild runaway, still standing right side up.

We had become a little confused through this round dancing. It felt good to get out and walk. We could easily follow the trail back to where the car door flew open to pick up our belongings. After a few trials, we finally got a grip on the sand and got started back to the road. From now on I went in low gear until I struck better roads, a score of miles from Ludlow, where we stopped.

When we had pitched our tent, I started to clean out the sand and found that one of the springs was broken. Luckily there was a Dodge garage in town and before we retired, we had a new spring in its place. I suppose the spring broke when we made those capers in the desert. We were grateful that nothing worse happened.

We got on good roads shortly after leaving Ludlow, and we had beautiful scenery through San Bernardino Pass and from Victorville, where we stayed over night. From there we had paved roads all the way to Enumclaw, Hurrah! In San Bernardino we found one of the best auto camps. It was like a park, with palm trees and semi-tropical plants, and there were all kinds

of accommodations for tourists. The next morning we got an early start, hoping to make it to Solvang that evening, and we did.

Pastor and Mrs. Kristensen received us with open arms, and as this was a good place to rest, we remained there two days. When we left Solvang, we stopped over night in Salinas, and from there to Vallejo, where Fred and Hilda lived. We stayed there for two weeks and I made good use of the time to see the surrounding country.

Just at this time they were building the large bridge over Benicia-Martinez Straight. Fred was an electrician and was busy installing the electrical wires, so I had a good chance to see him at work. It was interesting to see all that activity. Another trip I often took was over the bridge to Mare Island, but here I could only go as far as the bridgehead, where there was a guard. I talked to him and found out he was Danish. This would not have been permitted during the war, but in peacetime they were not so strict.

One day we drove up to Vacaville substation where Fred had installed the large switchboard. He explained the different switches but it was all Greek to me. It covered a whole wall. The company had a beautiful garden around the station and as we sat here enjoying the view, Fred went around to greet the personnel. We told Hilda and Fred that his mother and brother hoped they would come to Denmark. They shook their heads and said, "Then they'll have to send us the tickets."

We left Vallejo November fourteenth and two days later we drove up in front of L.N. Miller's house in Eugene, Oregon. L.N. Miller's mother was my cousin Elsie. We had many greetings to deliver from Portland, Maine, but we longed to get home, so we left them the following morning and reached Enumclaw that same evening.

Oh, but it was good to be home. "It is good to be out, but home is best!" It had been a long trip. It only needed 28 more miles to make 10,000 miles since we had left Enumclaw. We had been away from home a little over six months but nothing had been neglected. Alma had taken care of everything at the office and the account was okayed. At the bank they repaid me for my traveler's checks that Mr. Kibler had promised and at the same time I sent a check to Agnes for what she had laid out while I was in Denmark.

ENUMCLAW AND HOME FOR THANKSGIVING

During the first days I was busy delivering greetings. When I told Peter Halkjon that his father was waiting for him to come home and take possession of the little farm, he smiled and said, "Yes, Father is getting old and we are going home very soon to visit them before it is too late."

Anna Kamp smiled through tears when I told her about her dear ones in Gravesgaard. When I told Chris that his brother talked about selling out and coming to America, he said, "What does he want to do here? He'd better stay at Kamp. He does not know that he's better off where he is." When I came in to greet Carl Jensen, he said that he had just had a letter from his people and they had sent greetings to me.

Now that we were fairly settled after our trip, the children and grandchildren came home to celebrate Thanksgiving Day in the old home, as they used to do when their mother was alive. As usual there was much singing and jollity. L.E. asked if I was able to keep my promise to

make him a millionaire. So I handed him a couple of million German Mark. He smiled as he took them, stuck his nose in the air, put his thumbs in his armholes and walking up and down the floor with long, stately steps, looked down on the rest of us as if we were dirt, to the amusement of the young ones.

Thanksgiving Day, with good food, is worth saying thanksgiving for, but it is not enough just to be grateful for food. Thanksgiving Day often becomes nothing but an eating festival, just like Christmas is getting to be a Santa Claus Festival. The thoughts are only busy with all the fancy foods, which may not even be good for us. What if we ate less and thought more about being grateful to God for all the good that we have received until this day. The girls and I have reason to be grateful for this wonderful trip, for all the fine people who received us with open arms in their hospitable homes, and for all the beauty we have seen in nature.

I am doubly grateful that my yearning desire to walk on those paths through the heath, the moor, the meadows and fields that I had walked on as a boy, has been realized. To see the white and black boundary posts again moved south; to hear the fearless Sleswick dialect spoken; to find relatives that I had not dared to find alive; for all of this I am very thankful. After all this to come home to the land that once opened its doors to my parents and for the good people who helped us through those first hard years after Father's death. For the Norwegian minister, Pastor Niels Ellestad, who understood how to give his confirmands that which had worth for eternity. I could keep on listing things for which I'm grateful. I will just mention one thing more. That we arrived home safely to all our dear ones. Thanks, a thousand thanks.

GARDEN AND NURSERY

When we had visited Vilhelm Simonsesn in Ribe and had seen all his beautiful plants, I had a great mind to do something like this when I came home. These thoughts had had a chance to smolder and now that I was home, they burst into flame. I started making plans and I already found delight in the thought of seeing the plants thrive. The work in the office was too sedentary, I needed some exercise besides. Of course we had a cow and chickens and a vegetable garden, fruit orchard as well as berries. But this was a little too dull. I needed a hobby, something beautiful to work with, something that could give me pleasure!

I sent for several catalogues, but it was especially from Hills Nursery in Dundee, Illinois that I made my choice. About 60 different varieties I ordered in lots of 25 to 200 two-year seedlings of each kind. The other more common kinds I grew from slips myself.

As early as the spring of 1924 I had one-fourth acre planted in long nursery rows with enough space between the rows so that I could cultivate between. I bought some tools that were practical but the one I made myself outdid all the others. It was a harrow just wide enough to cover the space between two rows. The teeth were made so that they pointed forward and downward when I pulled it. In a good hour I could harrow the whole piece, and this was my morning exercise every day before daybreak, when I could not sleep.

It gave me a wonderful appetite, and how wonderful it is to inhale the clean, dust free morning air. And the pleasure had already started by keeping the garden neat and clean and in learning to know the plants by their botanical names. Here are the botanical names; later I added some more.

Thuja Obtuse Aurea (golden)
Thuja Obtuse Verdes (green)
Thuja Peabody Golden
Thuja Occidentalis Pyramidalis
Thuja Hills Pyramidalis
Thuja Woodwardi Globusa

Biota Orientalis
Biota Orientalis Aurea Nana
Biota Compacta Aurea Nana

Cedras Deodora
Decrus Libania

Pinus Mugho
Pinus Austrica

Cyprus Lawsoniana
Cyprus Semperverens Pyramidalis
Cyprus Veridis Horizontalis
Cyprus Alumnii Horizontalis
Cyprus Lawsoniana Nana
Cyprus Arizonica
Cyprus Orientalis Varigata Alba
Cyprus Retinasporus Plumosa
Cyprus Retinosporus Plumosa Aurea
Cyprus Retinosporus Squarose Nana
Cyprus Chemoparis Optusa

Juniperus Chimensis Columnan
Juniperus Exelsa Stricta
Juniperus Sabina Varigata Alba
Juniperus Sabina Tamaris quifolia
Juniperus Hilli Scopulovum
Juniperus Sabina
Juniperus Hibernica

Buxus Semperverens

Taxus Hibernica
Taxus Scotia
Taxus Cuspidata Brevifolia

Cotoneaster Horizontalis
Picea Glauca Pungens
Gingho Biloba
Japanese Quince
Sumac Staghorn
Beech (Danish Bog)

Holly
Laburnum (Guldregn)
Mock Orange

Rhododendrons
Snowballs

Laurel (English)
Berberis Thunbergii

Lilac Double Persian
Berberis Darwinian
Lamicira Nitida
Gypsophila paniculata (Baby's Breath)
Heather (Lyng) Scotch
Heather Mediteranian

Hydrangea Grandiflora
Hydrangea Macrophylla
Hydrangea Pamiculata
Hamamilis Virginica Witch Hazel

HOLGER BEGTRUP

In 1924 Holger Begtrup and his son Frederik visited the three cloverleaf churches, Seattle, Tacoma and Enumclaw and lectured all three places. As many of us as were able to, attended all three lectures, and many even went as far as Junction City, Oregon. Begtrup thought this was a good omen, that people would drive this far just to hear a lecture. He thanked Pastor Sorensen for showing him Seattle, Contractor Ericksen for showing him Tacoma, and Anton Johansen for showing him Enumclaw. He had looked forward to seeing Mt. Rainier but it was covered with clouds. He hoped he'd be more fortunate when he came to Mt. Shasta.

WINTERING IN BEAUMONT, CALIFORNIA

In 1928 Agnes came home in the fall. She was just finished with one job and then, instead of taking another, decided to help me get over a bad cold. She and Esther planned to have me go down to Banning for the winter and I thought it might be worth trying, as long as Agnes would keep house for me. We planned accordingly, took our bedding, cooking utensils, dishes and a sack of our nice potatoes. We stopped over in Eugene and one night in Roseburg, Oregon and just made it in time for our Thanksgiving dinner in Santa Barbara with Rosamond and Einer, who had been married in June of that year.

Esther got a few days off and she went with us to Banning, but we did not stay there long, as we were sure that I could not stand to live there for three months listening to all those sick people. So we went back a few miles to Beaumont, which had the reputation of being good for bronchial trouble. Beaumont lies at the highest point in the pass, with dry air, good water, a pretty town with a beautiful view.

We decided to rent a cabin in an auto court for only $30 a month for three months. We had two nicely furnished rooms and a bathroom. In the immediate neighborhood towards the north were irrigated alfalfa fields and farther north were big orchards, cherries, plums and peaches and in the background the beautiful snow covered San Bernardino Mountains. Toward the east was a polo field where I often watched the daring players go galloping past each other. To me it looked as if the horses enjoyed it as much as the riders.

A little farther out there was an airfield and large almond orchards on both sides of the road for mile after mile. Late in February when they were in bloom, it was a sight I'll never forget. Tourists came in crowds to see this sight.

Towards the southeast we could see the high San Jacinto Mountains and directly south of town were the many small farms. West of these was the tall Mt. David that almost looked white with snow, as it reflected the sunlight. To get to Mt. David, we had to pass through a stretch of sand with large granite boulders, some of them larger than a car. I wondered how and from where these boulders had come, but when you think of these regions in prehistoric days, how they have been turned upside down during the violent convulsions of the earth in its cooling off period, then we have the answer.

Southwest of town "The Rabbit Trail" winds its way in sharp turns downward from the pass. At the right one could see a hundred small pointed mounds, something like the Painted

Desert, only that these are covered with sagebrush. One-fourth mile west of town the highway divides in a Y. Over "The Rabbit Trail" the one that turns left is built a splendid ornamental gateway with a tower in Mission style. The sign reads: Los Angeles via Riverside. At the road going to the right, the sign reads: Los Angeles via Redlands. In between is built a large restaurant and filling station. The Gateway looks imposing seen from either side. In one corner you read the inscription: "March Aviation Field" and "Indian School." In the other corner: "Riverside, Home of Orange Groves." On the front of the tower is a large painting of Mt. Rubidon with a white cross on top. A frame of red bricks has been built around the picture, so it makes a beautiful monument.

As I was supposed to be out in the sunshine and fresh air as much as possible, we were on the go nearly all the time: Palm Springs, Imperial Valley, Salton Sea, Hemet, Riverside, where we climbed Mt. Rubidon, and also to Redlands and San Bernardino. And we even rolled in the fine white sand.

One day we drove as far as we were able to into White Water Canyon. This was the canyon that had once been a fertile valley with hundreds of happy homes. Then the cloudburst of 1916 brought destruction in its wake. Hundreds of people as well as animals were drowned during this catastrophe. Now it was a desert covered with sand, rocks of all sizes, even boulders that the terrific stream of water had brought down from the mountains. Here and there we saw fruit trees almost covered with sand and gravel. We had left the Dodge and walked far into the valley. Near the upper end, we were told, there had been a landslide down a hill of the same kind of clay that they find in Kimberley, South Africa. They had found diamonds in this clay and also small rubies, but we found neither stone.

On our way up the valley we passed a young gray fox with one leg in a trap. I would have liked to set it free, but it was so fierce that I could not come close to it. I said to Agnes, "If it is still here when we return, I'm going to put it out of its misery." It was still there, so I gave it a whack over the nose with my alpenstock and it tumbled over in the gravel. At least it would not suffer any more.

When we first came to Beaumont we went to a Community Church, but felt so much like strangers, that we either went to Redlands or Riverside. In Riverside they had a church with a splendid chime of bells that played hymn melodies a whole hour before services. When we entered the church we were met by friendly ushers who bid us welcome and showed us where we could sit. The sermon and church rites were strange to us, but the singing and organ music and choir appealed to the best in our nature, so we often went to this church.

We always took our lunch along and would then eat it on top of Mt. Rubidon and then walk around on all the paths enjoying the view over the city until it was time to go home. At the left side were some stone steps leading up to a ledge where several large bronze doors with Latin inscriptions, hinged on to the wall. We were told that behind these doors were caves where the monks had kept their wines.

Mt. David was a couple of miles southwest of Beaumont and because of its shining white top, it drew my interest and curiosity. I had to find out what this shining white was. The first thing I saw was a sign that said: "No trespassing!" So I was on forbidden ground. But now that I was here and I had no intention of stealing or destroying anything, I wanted to see what there was to see. I saw much that drew my interest. The shining white was snow-white quartz

in sizes from a pea to the size of a fist, which covered the top of the mountain on the side turning toward Beaumont. Here and there big holes were cut into the cliff where a pile of rubbish had been thrown – a dark stone with reddish brown crystals: garnets.

Two shafts had been sunk into the cliff about 20 to 25 feet deep and from the bottom of the one, a tunnel had been dug into the side. It would be amusing to examine these shafts a little closer, but just then I saw a snake crawling along the bottom. That killed my curiosity!

By making inquiries I found out who was the owner of Mt. David and when I came to his house, I found him sitting in a rocker on the veranda and smoking a pipe. When I greeted him and told him who I was, he bid me sit down. When we had talked awhile, I told him that I had been up on Mt. David and had seen his sign of "No Trespassing." He smiled and said that the sign was mostly to keep Mexicans away.

He told me that several years ago he had had some Mexicans helping him sink the shafts and they found that there were some valuable garnets and some gold, though very little. The Mexicans and their countrymen later tried to help themselves to these. He gave me permission to go there as often as I wanted to and I was welcome to what I could find.

I asked him if those red stones I had seen on the side of the cliff were real garnets. He said "Yes, they are, but very few of them are worth anything. Most of them are old and decayed and peeled in layers. They are about a couple of million years too old. Come into the house and I'll show you something." He opened a steel cupboard and took out a small drawer where he had rings, pins, broaches and loose stones. "The stones you see here are garnets and the gold is from Mt. David." He had a valuable collection of jewelry.

After that day Agnes and I were drawn to this spot, but we lost interest when we never found anything of value. Only once, the first time I was there, I cut a chunk of the rock in which was a bright shining garnet. When I came home supper was ready, so I put my stones in a corner and emptied the rest out on the gravel. After supper I was going to show Agnes what I had found, but the garnet had fallen out and I must have thrown it out in the gravel. We hunted for it but never found it.

These long walks in the warm fresh air (there was much wind here in the Pass) were beneficial to me. My cold was broken and I was getting to be my old self. One day we drove from Riverside to Redlands between the large orchards of oranges and lemons. The small round-topped trees with the shiny dark green foliage and bulging with golden fruit, and the snow covered San Bernardino Mountains in the background, is a sight we'll never forget. What a lot of beautiful scenery we have to enjoy!

When the Orange Fair opened in San Bernardino we decided to see it. This is held every year when a dozen counties compete with each other. Oranges, lemons, grapefruit and limes were shown in the most artful arrangements. It was all so beautiful.

The entertainment was mostly Spanish songs and dances to the accompaniment of tambourines and castanets. Their music and songs were charming. The dancing was not what I call graceful and charming. There was too much running around, too much twisting and wriggling of the hips, but they were greeted with much applause, so there must have been many who liked it. What I take pleasure in may not be to the taste of others. One must grant the same freedom to others that we ourselves want, otherwise we are not true.

CHRISTMAS 1928

As we came closer to Christmas both Agnes and I longed to spend it with our own people, so we decided to go to Santa Barbara. On the way we drove through Saugus and the Santa Paula valley that some years ago had the same fate as White Water Canyon. Everything had been destroyed when a dam broke, hundreds of lives were lost. There was a difference though. Here everything was covered with mud instead of rocks and gravel, and a few homes on a higher level were saved.

This year we spent Christmas with Esther, and with Rosamond and Einer in their little home, and then we went to Solvang and spent the rest of the week. Pastor and Mrs. Kristensen made us all feel at home and as a result the week was really festive.

After the New Year we took a different route down through La Jolla to visit Soren Sorensen from Flensted near Enumclaw. We had worked together in the Farmers Mutual Insurance Co. for many years, so I looked forward to seeing him. We had Soren's address, so as I drove up his street, I suddenly saw a house with the word, "Flensted" in metal letters on the front. So I said, "That's Soren's house." "How do you know?" asked Agnes. I just pointed to the name and said, "Read this."

Soren and his wife were glad to see us and we to see them. They had a lovely home and it only had one drawback according to his wife, which was that Soren might be offered a good price and he would sell it and start building another. He had done this several times since they moved to California. Soren was a real estate man and owned several houses in this neighborhood. That was his profession.

Their neighbor was another old acquaintance from Enumclaw, Louis Nicholaisen, who , when his old mother died, had married a Danish girl from Winlock, Washington. They had sold their farm in Flensted and moved down to California to live as neighbor to Soren as they had been in Flensted.

From their windows we could look out over the ocean. But it looked like a delusion, for the ships sailing on it seemed to be on a level that was higher than his house. The day after I was watching a school of whales that disappeared into the deep, after sending a spout into the air. The same day we saw our aircraft carriers, "Lexington" and "Saratoga" on whose decks, while they were in dry dock in the Bremerton Shipyard, I had walked with Thorvald and Elenore four months ago. Now they were on their way to San Diego.

One day we were out by a cliff where the waves had hollowed out the cliff like a portal, so that we could look out to the other side. It must have taken a long time for the waves to bore a hole through solid rock.

Strange to think that mountains and cliffs, that have been shaped during the cooling off period of the earth, now are ground to bits and leveled by frost, heat, wind and water, all the elements at work producing soil for vegetable life out of hard rock. Prehistoric plants and trees again disappearing and producing coal and oil and gas, which are a boon to the humans. Other forests, extensively spread, now cover mountains and valleys. The forest has influence on climatic conditions, regulate the rainfall, so that we on the cultivated areas can raise grains for bread, vegetables, fruit and flowers with everything for the subsistence of life. How wisely everything has been planned. And this could continue, it we humans in our want of judgment

and sense and our greed for more than we need, did not through wasteful cultivation and demolishing forests without replanting, rob the next generation of its subsistence. This disturbs the balance and works disturbance into all things in nature and social order. Greediness and struggle for power has been the cause of all the misery in the world. The evil in this world has a great scope and a great power over the human. Why? Was it in order to give us a free will to judge good and evil? There must be a reason, and does Christianity solve the problem?

When we had come to La Jolla, Agnes had written to her friend, Thomine Torpgaard, in San Diego. A couple of days later she answered with an invitation both to us and our host and hostess to a dinner in Tijuana or Agua Calienta, Mexico. We accepted her invitation to visit her, but not to the dinner, which would perhaps have cost her 25 to 30 dollars. We didn't come to eat but to enjoy her company for a few hours. Thomine's health had been broken, through hard work as a nurse at the San Antonia Hospital in Texas, where many of the wounded soldiers were sent from World War I. It was hard on both body and soul to do what they could for these soldiers. Sometimes the only thing they could do was to give them a comforting word and promise to send a last greeting to father, mother, wife or sweetheart, and then close their eyes in the last sleep.

In the afternoon she took us to a lovely park not far from where she lived, and there we heard the U.S. Marine band play. We felt we had not lost anything by not going to Mexico.

The next morning we left the Sorensens as we wanted to get back to our cabin in Beaumont. From La Jolla we passed through another region to get to Beaumont. We started northeast and came through Escondido and from there to Elsinore were fertile fields. Several signs read: "We have never had frost here." Some orchards were well cultivated and the buildings in good condition, so this showed what diligent hands could accomplish. But most orchards and buildings were neglected. This showed laziness, indolence and sloth among the population, so what did it help that they had no frost if the people themselves became fusty.

Lake Elsinore is a pretty place that is especially planned for the tourist-trade where everything "tastes of the coin." From Riverside we came through March Field, where the government has constructed a landing place for planes, and also a large Indian School where a thousand boys and girls are educated to become efficient and loyal citizens. One meets them on the roads either singly or in groups and they are neat, well-dressed, young people, proper in their manners. I did not see any of the "yippy-hurrah" that I've often seen in "young America" in this age.

Our Indian Schools are influenced by the Catholic religion; it would perhaps be better to have them under a management similar to "Boys Town," but this way is much better than no religion. Our schools and educational institutions without religion rear a God-less generation, unless the Churches step in and fill the vacancy.

It was good to get back to our cabin and our daily tasks. We had missed the fresh fruit and vegetables from Imperial Valley that we had been used to. We read in the paper about a film company from Los Angeles who were playing "Ramona" in an open-air theater in Hemet. They do this each year, but as we had just come home, we did not want to start out again.

There was one thing that I had to investigate before I left Beaumont. A couple of miles east of Cabazon, just at the border of the desert, stood a tall, long and wide apparatus surrounded by a solid fence. Signs warned people to keep their distance. It was a wind-motor, which they

maintained could develop several thousand horsepower. There was a terrific boom and ring from the laboring wheels. You could see dozens of cars parked around it and people eagerly discussing it. To judge by the praise it got, you had the impression that the company saw to it that some of these people were their own agents, kept there to convince the skeptics. Well, I for one, was a skeptic. I could not understand that this wind, even if it blew a fresh breeze, could develop so much power.

There was another sign in a frame that gave information on where those who wished to could buy shares in the company and so put them in a position where they could become millionaires in a short time. There are always people who want something for nothing, and they'll bite the hook if the bait seems inviting. At least they get some nice looking shares, if they do not get anything else for their money. Some months later I read an illustrated article in a magazine that showed the picture of the apparatus exactly as I had seen it in reality. It was written by a scientist who had exposed the swindle. Consequently the "confidence men" were put behind bars.

Before we left Beaumont we saw the almond trees in bloom. How beautiful they are! Every tree like one large white bouquet, and then to think about an area as far as the eye could see on both sides of the road. No wonder that people who love the beautiful come from far and near to see this sight.

BEAUMONT TO ENUMCLAW

Sometime in March we left Beaumont and after a short stay in Santa Barbara and Solvang, I set my course north for Enumclaw, and arrived there without any trouble, sound in health after my stay in southern California. Now I wanted to get to work on a plan I had long had in mind.

This plan involved the old creek bed that was right beside the house, and now was dry. It had grown up in grass and weeds taller than a man and it was a thorn in my eye. My plan was to change this with the help of my nursery plants to a spot of beauty. After all the rubbish had been cleared away, and the many holes filled in and leveled and a dam made at each end of the sunken lot, I had an area of 25 to 40 feet wide and 200 feet long and three feet deep, a "sunken garden."

The next step was to put in drainpipes in the bottom, and curving paths around beds of all shapes. There I planted my beautiful trees and bushes and when it was finished, I had a "beauty spot" instead of an "eyesore". Now I started to plan the rest of the garden, south, west and north of the house in the same order. First paths, and then plants in the irregular beds. When it was all ready, the house was in the center, surrounded by a small park.

There were about 800 trees, bushes and plants, almost 70 different varieties, which were grouped according to color and shape. One day I asked a photographer over to see it, and he took a picture of my park from a dozen different angles. I have often been asked how I could afford to be so extravagant with my plants, why I did not sell them as I had quite a capital invested in them. Money, Money, yes that is right, but for me there are many things worth more than dollars and cents, and besides I had already sold enough to cover my outlay. For my work I

had received compensation through the pleasure of taking care of them and seeing them develop into beauty.

Money? Is money the most important? No, over and over again. To say the least, money is a necessary evil in our daily life with people; used for good or for necessities, it can be a blessing. But misused, it can be a curse, as Charles Dickens has shown in his story "A Christmas Carol." But we do not have to resort to fiction for a proof of this. When money gets to be their god, I pity them. Even with a million dollars, you cannot buy the ticket when you come to the last milestone. Here it takes another coin.

SOLVANG AND SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

The fall of 1929 was very wet and cold and my health suffered from it, as a result I was advised to go to southern California. So late in October I packed my suitcase and went south in my faithful Dodge. Four days later I drove up in front of Atterdag College in Solvang. Evold Kristensen had only a very small enrollment this year. It hurt me to see that so few of our young Danish people were interested in the Folk School - but perhaps the real reason was the depression.

There was a young Danish girl, Fride Engberg, teaching some of the Danish subjects. She had an interesting personality, was friendly and obliging, and was just like one of my own girls to me. She is the same Fride who now for several years has written those interesting articles in "Dannevirke" about life in the Dagmar Colony, Montana.

In order to get rid of my cold I stayed out in the fresh air and sunshine as much as possible. But just walking got tiresome, as I had to have something special to interest me. One day in my rambles, I wandered in to see Charles Wulff and he showed me his rare collection of rocks and fossils that he had found in the neighborhood. This interested me very much, and I wished to hunt for something like that. From this day I roamed among the Ballard hills and out over plowed fields, and was really lucky enough to find many rare stones, that I later had polished. I also found a number of fossils, petrified part of prehistoric animals, vertebra that were from 4 to 9 to 10 inches in diameter, as well as other items, all of them petrified. The fossils that I found at this time, I later gave to the Enumclaw High School.

One day (long ago in Denmark) I had met Johannes Jensen who lived at "World's End" in Fredensborg. He told me that one day, while plowing, he had turned up something, he did not know what, and had carried it over to the southern limit of the field. If I cared to go and get it, I could have it, but it was heavy. It did not take me long to get it, as I did not want someone to get ahead of me. I soon discovered that it was the lower jawbone of a large animal, and there were two large tusks, about 12 inches long that looked as if they had been broken off from the upper jawbone. Maybe it could have been the jawbone of one of the small prehistoric elephants that lived a couple of million years ago.

The fifth of November was my seventieth birthday anniversary, so Kristensen thought the students should have an outing in honor of the occasion, and several others joined us, so we were quite a group. After lunch a couple of extra cars came to the door and now we started for Santa Barbara via San Marcus Pass.

First we went to Feather Hill Ranch, owned by Christian Holm, a wealthy man of Danish descent, married to an American. He owned a collection of birds and animals: lions, tigers, hyenas, bears and monkeys, and one enormous old gorilla, a terrible monster to look at. There were several kinds of eagles in large enclosures, vultures, swans, pelicans, flamingoes, and many other kinds of birds. Here I saw for the first time, the "bleeding heart" doves. I had heard of them, but had never seen them. They had a blood-red tuft of feathers on their breast that they sat and pecked at continually.

Now we continued to Big Chris's place in Montecito, where we were to celebrate my birthday, and where several Santa Barbara girls met us. Now I found that it was Agnes, Esther and Rosamond, my three girls, who had planned the whole party. After emptying the lunch baskets, an enormous birthday cake with 70 candles was set before me, as they sang "Happy Birthday to you."

Now they got out the songbooks and we sang song after song. Then Kristensen gave a little talk to the "birthday child." To finish off the day, Chris showed us the big garden that he took care of, and someone took a snapshot of the group. When the Solvang people left, I stayed with Chris Jensen to visit with the girls.

BANK CRASH

There was a time when greedy and untrustworthy bankers closed their doors in bankruptcy to save their money at the expense of all their customers. Those that were hurt most were the thousands of elderly people, who had entrusted their hard-earned savings, that were to support them in their old age. Out of the 1,453 banks with a capital of over 730 million, that closed their doors in 1932, all were not classified as fraudulent. Many of them were drawn along when others fell, as in the Santa Paula catastrophe. But their fall also hurt many trustful older people and large families, when the savings meant education for the children.

It was lucky for the country that President Roosevelt in 1933 declared a Bank holiday, that lasted a week, and in this time a new arrangement was introduced and there was put a stop to the bankruptcies, if not entirely, at least to a marked degree.

In our little town, the one bank was forced to close, and many of us suffered a heavy loss, that took years to overcome. But if the loss in bank crashes became a loss for millions of people, the loss that the untrustworthy bankers suffered was still greater. Maybe they were richer in dollars, but they lost their honor, good name and reputation, a loss they never can regain, and their conscience, if they have one, will plague them more and more as they approach their evening of life. Poor, poor people! How far greediness for money can bring a person.

At this time there was talk of a "New Deal." There was to be a new deal into all conditions, it seemed. Even into our Farmers' Mutual Insurance Company, so that when we held our yearly meeting in February 1934, the Norwegians in the northern counties, where the meeting was to be held, decided that the Danes had run it long enough. Now they wanted to be the leaders and they had gotten a majority called to the meetings and they said they wanted a change. Well, why not? The Danes had been at the head since they first started the company, and for years worked without salary, all but the secretary who put in full time. During the last years we had received pay for our work.

I, for my part, was not sorry to be relieved, I had now been Treasurer for 34 years. Jens Sorensen and Otto Tamm had been there for 18 years, and they felt as if this was a slap in the face. I laughed and said that if they had anything to find fault with and to criticize about our manner of leading it in all these years, then there would be some reason to feel hurt. But they hadn't the least criticism, they simply wanted a new deal and now they had the power to put it through with their majority.

It was in reality a relief to me to be free of the responsibility of handling many hundred thousands of dollars through these Bank Crash years. Our cash was deposited in seven different banks, and we had been lucky enough not to lose more than $8,000 in one of the banks. Now I was free from many worries. At first, I missed my work in the office, for in spite of the responsibility, I had enjoyed the work. However, little by little, I got used to the thought that this was someone else's responsibility and work. So now I lay plans to move to Solvang.

MOVE TO SOLVANG 1934

The next spring I packed my books, my bed, a couple of chairs and other furniture, and started to take leave of my old friends. Jacob Slott said he would advise me not to take so much of my furniture, as he was sure I would come back again. "You have been in Enumclaw so many years, that you can't do without us. No, Niels Brons, you had better stay here where you live like the 'yoke in an egg'. You will never be so well off in Solvang. But if you really want to go, then goodbye, and may the world be good to you!"

Now I had come to Solvang and was to share good and bad with Solvang people, and I did not mind that, for they were a well educated and a pleasant people. I already knew several. Aasted, I had known as a boy in Clinton, Iowa. Wulff was a son of the brother of Charles Wulff, who was working for Iven Petersen in Elk Horn, and Johannes Jensen, who was from Minnesota. Carl Jensen, who was one of the land seekers in Danevang, at the time Evers wanted to tie me with a rope, and Frederik Petersen, who used to farm near Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Then there was old Mrs. Henningsen, "Did you say <u>old</u>, you don't mean that, Niels Brons," she said once, when it happened to slip out of my mouth. Mrs. Henningsen is an 'oh no, excuse me', woman who takes care of her own house and garden "Aldersro".

Another was Marcus Nielsen, the blacksmith from Tyler and Danevang, and now a merchant in Solvang, and his wife, who was a sister to Jens and Elizabeth Larsen, who were longtime friends of Ida's and mine from Clinton. The brothers, Hans and Mads Madsen were old friends from Kimballton; and the Hans Christensens, who about 50 years ago, were married by F.L. Grundtvig in Clinton, and who was later a baker in Cedar Falls and Los Angeles and now in Solvang.

There was Chris Jensen and Helene, Soren Jensen's daughter from Elk Horn and later Tyler; and old Pastor Hald, who really wasn't old, only 65, but he had a weak heart and a skin disease, eczema, that made his last years miserable. Otherwise the zealous and energetic Parson would not have put himself on the shelf so early. He may have been a little old-fashioned according to the present, but he was a sincere and true Christian which his sermons bear witness to. Pastor Hald's Bible class is something of the best I have heard. That's where he has his

strength, and I wish that he would publish some of them in a book, while he still has the strength.

Then there is Peter Scheldt and Johannes Pohls, both from St. Andrews, Washington. John Roths from Humboldt County and Chris Jensen (Cement Jensen) as he was called, whose first wife was a sister to Martensen in Tyler. He was later married to Martine Friis from Chicago. There are many more fine people in Solvang to share the life in church and school and homes. These are the people that I'll live among.

Pastor Krog was a capable and zealous minister who did not spare himself, always ready to be the leader both in the church and among the young people, maybe more than was good for himself as his health suffered. This was the reason he left us after a few years. I was sorry to see him go, for I thought a lot of him. After a few years in Nebraska he seemed to regain his health and now he is in Chicago, where I am sure he can use his good talents. God Bless your work, Pastor Krog!

WASHINGTON TRIP 1935

During the summer of 1935 Einer and Rosamond invited me to go with them to Washington, which I accepted with thanks. Einer wanted to fish on the way, you remember he was Solvang's champion fisherman. He did get plenty of bites, but they were mostly mosquito bites. His luck seemed to have left him until one day at Point-no-Point in Washington, he had his old luck again.

One day shortly after we had arrived in Enumclaw, we were up to see Amanda. While there, Harvey, her son, drove into the yard. Coming to the door he called, "Mother, come and meet my sweetheart." She answered, "Oh, you! With your sweetheart." However, we all went to the door, and just then Esther jumped out of the car. She had come up to spend her vacation. We decided to have a family picnic since her vacation was a short one. Dr. Ulman granted us permission to use his park for our gathering.

We were a nice little group and counting the children we were 41 in all. If Paul, Olga and their children and Lily and Christian and their children could have been there, we would have been 56. We spent a lovely day together, and when Esther went back home and told Agnes about it, she longed so to see them all, that she decided to use her three weeks vacation to go to Enumclaw.

In the meantime I had sold my old Dodge and bought a small 1930 Ford Coupe which was much more suitable for my purpose. When Agnes arrived we made good use of it to visit relatives and friends. However her vacation, like Esther's, was short and I decided to drive with her home. When we came to Grant's Pass we turned right, as it was our intention to visit the Lorents Petersens in Arcata, where we stayed a few days. While there, Agnes celebrated her birthday and Marie gave her a big surprise dinner party. In the afternoon we drove to Moonstone beach, where we found many pretty stones.

In the evening we were with Kathrine and Iver, who was known as the potato king. His field resembled Frederiksen's in Denmark, only this one was much larger. What a pleasure it is to visit these people. You never hear any sickly whimpering and complaining as one often

hears. Free, frank, undaunted and open in all their conduct. They do not play into each other's hands.

AGNES BUYS A HOUSE

When we came to Solvang, I rented a room at Soren Olsen's and had my meals with Rosamond and Einer. But it did not seem very satisfactory, so Agnes laid plans either to build a little house or buy one. Some of the curious guessed that Agnes was going to get married. No, you guessed wrong. It was a home for her old father, the dear girl wanted to buy. Since it was expensive to buy a lot and build a home, she bought a little house that had been built in 1912, with a beautiful view.

Both garden and house were neglected, but she knew I would soon take care of that. The house had a good reputation and it also had a good name. Since you guessed wrong before, I'll give you three chances: "Uranienborg?" Wrong; "Erimitogen?" Wrong again. "Marselisborg?" No, but it had a name that is just as rare as these, though not as fancy. My residence is named "The Peanut Shell," a cozy little house with four rooms and bath. It has a garage, three fruit trees, an apple, a pear and an apricot. This became my future home, where I live in peace and quiet.

My brother, who lived in Portland, Maine, lost his wife in 1939, and as they did not have any children, it was too lonesome for him to live alone and he decided to come to Solvang. He had often thought of doing this and mentioned it in his letters, that we two brothers should live closer to each other. However his wife would not leave Portland, where she had lived all her life. Now that he was alone, he was going to come to Solvang, but it took two summers and three winters to acclimatize him. The worst was, that he could find no work that suited him, and idleness did not agree with him. In this we two brothers are different now, for I feel my working days are over. When I just have my garden, I am satisfied.

Now when Agnes saw how unhappy Hans was, she made plans to add a room in the back, get a cement foundation under the house and change the front porch into a sunroom, by putting in windows on the three sides. When it was finished, we painted it, both inside and outside and my little home really had its face lifted.

SOLVANG'S SILVER JUBILEE

In 1936 Solvang could celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, and they decided to put on a program that was worthy of a Silver Jubilee, with a three day festival. It would take quite a program to fill three days, but thanks to the talented population and especially with Pastor Krog's leadership, it became a great success. There were parades, a torchlight procession, folk-dancing, gymnastics, an open air theater tableau, choral singing, solos, concerts, speeches, three amateur plays, barbeques, and street dancing.

As you can imagine, the preparations started a long time before the Jubilee. It was especially the play: "Christianity comes to Scandinavia through Ansgar." They had to have equipment for a score of Vikings: helmets, shields, swords, clubs, axes, and spears, which were rented from Hollywood. But there were monastic cowls and hoods, ladies dresses, smock-frocks

for the slaves, leather jackets for the Vikings that had to be sewed or knitted. Oh no, the cowls they borrowed from the Mission.

The Vikings played their parts excellently. Returning from a Viking expedition to southern Europe, they had many prisoners and other booty that they gave to their women, besides a large keg of wine, that they set on the long table, that was all set for a festival. Large bowls of steaming meat, which the Vikings grabbed with their bare fists. The mugs often filled, and as often emptied, so the conversation soon became louder as they drank more and more, as the wine was the real stuff, not juice which they had used for practicing. Soon the gnawed-off bones were thrown here and there, not caring whom they hit. They quarreled, and it almost came to a fistfight. Some of them were really drunk, and slid under the table or slept with their head on the table with a real snore.

Now the slaves thought this was a good time to help themselves, but they were chased off by the few who were not drunk. They had a bonfire where some of the Vikings were busy branding the new slaves. A baby girl had been put into the forests to be destroyed, but Ansgar and Autbert, the German and French monks, found and rescued her and according to tradition, Ansgar baptizes the child.

Here is a list of the players:

Viking Boatmen

Thorkild Skrup – The Chief	Axel Nielsen
Einer	George Petersen
Sigurd Vidfavner	K. P. Lindegaard
Visbur	George Hansen
Haakon	Thomas Petersen
Oden	Svend Hansen
Egil Rane	Jack Ross
Ivar Blodokse	Lutz (Ludvig) Buchardi
Erik	Volmer Rosenkilde
Harald	Anker Bredall
Aun	Aage Rasmussen
Visbur	Henry Eckenrode
Ottar Bjorn	Karl Skov
Halfdan	Axel Elbeck
Thorolf	Holgen Pohls
Eyvin	Holgen Lauritsen

The Wives

Sigrid - The Chief's wife	Christine Jensen
Gylve	Christine Mathiesen
Huldfred	Julia Rasmussen
Adela	Mrs. J. C. Buchardi
Hilda	Miss Sorensen
Astrid	Mrs. J. C. Hansen
Aase	Esma Jane Henning

Yrsa	Judith Hansen
Gyda	Mrs. Josie Jorgensen
Ragna	Margaret Buchardi
	Monks
Ansgar	Pastor Krog
Autbert	Carl Knudsen
	Old Men
Gyrd	Christiansen
Asbjorn	Theo Petersen
Ubbge	H. C. Hansen
Rolf Skjald	Emild Jensen
Vagn	Soren Sorensen
	Slaves
Kolbein	Albert Wulff
Swegde	Hans Wulff
Guthorm	Aage Block
Snome	Aksel Jorgensen
	Prisoners
Jean	Folmer Bruhn
Roland	Harley Sorensen
Jaque	Harald Madsen
Louis	Edgar Lauritsen
Maria	Esther Henning
Louise	Mary C. Murrey
Frances	Bernice Eckenrode
Jaquelin	Marie Johnson
	Irene Nedegaard
	Children

Vernon Beberness, William Hanley, Svend Lindegaard, Ellen Lindegaard, Gerde Svendson, Dora Krog, Gladys Beberness, Kenneth Beberness, Georgia Hansen, Herman Buchardi and Buddy Bredall.

ANDERSEN'S PLAYS

Three of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales: "Hans the Clodhopper," "The Swine-herder" and "The Emperor's New Clothes," and they were performed just as well as the large play. There were some actors from Hollywood and they gave the Vikings the testimonial that they themselves could not have done it better. They perhaps did not know that the wine contributed to the success.

Pastor Krog, assisted by Mrs. Cecilia Sick, had arranged and planned these plays. There was an incident that should be mentioned in connection with this Jubilee. Several things had to be done to the Bowl, they would need a blockhouse, a dance floor, and a bridge built over the small creek and stone cairns made and Runic Stones collected and set up.

Charles Wulff was the leader and I was one of his helpers. He had made heavy chains out of crooked oak branches, hauled large rocks down to the Bowl out of which to make the cairns. He even cut runes into granite rocks that he had found. One morning before the rest of us were there, he crawled up into a tree to cut it loose from another tree that had been caught when it was felled. He was thrown out of the tree and broke his back. He was taken to the hospital at once, but died two days later. This put a damper on the festival, but every one carried on.

Here is a list of the players in H. C. Andersen's plays:

THE SWINEHERDER

The King	Alfred Petersen
The Prince	Ferdinand Sorensen
His friend	Hans Wulff
Princess	Cecelia Larsen
Court Ladies	Esther Ibsen, Edna Christensen, Zella Jorgensen Rosalie Bredall, Clara Skytt and Hulda Duus
Town Crier	Alfred Lauridsen
A Shop Keeper	Soren Sorensen
Night Watchman	Svend Hansen
Pages	Buddy Bredall and Norma Madsen

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

The Kaiser	Karl Skov
The Secretary of State	Emil Jensen
The General	Ferd Sorensen
Lawyer of the Exchequer	Alfred Petersen
The Swindlers	Lindegaard and Alf Jorgensen
Pages	Dana Krog, Gerda Svendsen, Esther Tygesen Jeanette Hanley, Charles Christensen And Herman Buchardi
Captain	Svend Hansen
Soldiers	Albert Jensen, Christian Nygaard, Harald Madsen, Holger Pohls, Alfred Jensen and Harald Nielsen

HANS THE CLODHOPPER

The King	Terman Paaske
The Princess	Zella Jorgensen
Old Man	Chris Jensen
Old Woman	Margrethe Wulff
Hans	Billy Jorgensen
The Brothers	Etler Duus and Harold Nielsen
Alderman	Alfred Lauridsen

Captain	Svend Hansen
Clerks	Ferd Sorensen, Einer Johnsen, and Alf. Jorgensen
Town Folk	Abeline Ibsen, Elna Roth, Helga Roth, Betty Loyd, Esther Bredall, K. P. Lindegaard, Helmer Harksen, Richard Morr, Mrs. Earl Jensen, Mrs. Martin Christensen, Gerda Svendsen, Gladys Ross, Dana Krog Vernon Beberness and Martin Christensen.

DANISH DAYS AND ROYALTY

Every year there is an appeal to Solvang to have Danish Days, and every year they have tried to satisfy the tourists, though not with as elaborate a program as for the Jubilee. So far there have been choirs and solo singing, small one act plays, concerts, folkdance, torchlight parade, tableau, gymnastics and a new concession of an aebleskive breakfast on the street. It has generally been satisfactory, although Solvang was not prepared to host so many people with eating and resting conveniences.

In 1939, when the Danish artists and actors, Johannes Meyer, Ellen Malberg and the soloist, Axel Schiotz, were here, it was of course more festive, and again in 1941, when they put on the play "He Sits at the Crucible." It was well played but there was some objection to showing the Nazi flag in the play.

The 7 of April 1939, Solvang was decorated with Danish and American flags in honor of the Danish Crown Prince and Princess, Frederick and Ingrid. As it was Good Friday, the festival started with a service in the Church. The church was filled except the front pews that were left for our guests. As they entered everyone was standing to show their respect. Some photographers from the large newspapers had slipped in and started to take pictures. This disturbed everyone so the police told them to wait outside and now the service could continue in peace.

After the service the guests were taken up to see Atterdag College, while the lucky ones who had tickets were being seated in Memorial Hall at the banquet table. There was room for 400, and the overflow waited outside. After singing the two national anthems, Arne Madsen bid our royal guests welcome, and Crown Prince Frederick spoke impromptu and said he had to greet Solvang from his Father and Mother, no mention of King or Queen. Personally, he was happy to know that wherever the Danes went they had a good reputation and it pleased him very much to see that Solvang retained some of the customs, habits and practices from old Denmark.

While we were enjoying the banquet, with its beautifully decorated table, the entertainment alternated between speeches, singing and music. Then Alfred Jorgensen presented Crown Prince Frederick and Crown Princess Ingrid with a splendid brochure, the contents of which was a brief illustrated history of Solvang as a memento from us. The time was up, we were only promised three hours. They shook hands with as many as possible, but now the police were ready to leave and with a resounding hurrah, they started for Santa Barbara, which was their next stop. An officer from Washington, D.C. was with them to try to prevent an accident, and the American police did not leave them out of their sight.

Just think, a year later the German troops entered our Fatherland and for five years the Danish people were prisoners in their own homeland. Force and violence are now the rule, however, just wait awhile, it may end with defeat for the Prussian petty nobility and lordlings who now again are making trouble.

SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION

June sixteenth 1939, we were quite a group from Solvang going to San Francisco to take part in Denmark Day at the Exposition on Treasure Island. That evening we were invited to a gathering in California Hall where from both San Francisco and Oakland, children's groups danced folk dances and the chorus groups, "Lyren"and "Egen" with Holgen Jacobsen as leader, sang several songs. After this Niels Buhk presented his gymnasts with a droll remark about each one. The three artists, Johannes Meyer, Ellen Malberg and Aksel Schiotz were introduced and bid welcome. The rest of the evening there was dancing to the orchestra music led by Charles Laustrup.

The next day we met at the exposition grounds, where the festival opened with church services at 10:30 in the Temple of Religion. This was under the leadership of the Danish Lutheran Church. At the same time, for those who preferred, a Denmark film was shown in the Pacific House. At the festival in the afternoon, where Eric Thomsen from Solvang was Master of Ceremonies, the program was as follows: Orchestra; March, Presentation of the Stars and Stripes by Donia Drill team "Odin"; Orchestra playing "The Red, White and Blue"; Presentation of "Daneborg"; Orchestra playing "Vift Stolt Pa Kodans Bolge" (Wave Proudly on Kodon's Billows). Thereafter, C. Redsted Pedersen, the editor of "Bi en", gave a speech of welcome and the joint choruses sang "Haje(?) Nord, Frihed O Hjem" (Land of the North, the Home of Freedom).

Governor Culbert L. Olsen gave a speech in English, in which he emphasized the fact that it was a pleasure for him to have a chance to contribute to this program on this day in honor of Denmark, where his parents had lived and worked. He showed in his speech that he knew the history and culture of Denmark.

Then the orchestra played "I Love You California". The General Consul, A. Sporon Fiedler spoke and the joint choruses sang "Der en et Yndigt Land" (There is a Lovely Land). Now followed short speeches by the president of the Golden Gate International Exposition, Jean Hersholt and Halvor Jacobsen who, represented the Danish-American committee, and Pastor P. Hyholm. This was interspersed with song and recitation by Ellen Malberg, Johannes Meyer and Aksel Schiotz, and two songs by the choruses "I Danmark er Jeg Fidt og Baaren" (In Denmark I am Born and Bred), and "The Flag Without a Stain". Then there was more folkdancing by the same groups as last night.

Without a pause, giving a sudden start to the audience, Niels Buhk's gynmasts filed into the hall with the two flags, keeping step to a quick marching song. The exercises started at once, and for those who have seen the performance of any of his groups, you know it is a great pleasure to see them. Last night we saw the jocular comrade in Niels Buhk, today we see him as the strict, haughty commander with Argus eyes seeing the least fault. I got the impression that

this was the real Buhk, from what I could see and hear. It is wonderful to what a high degree of perfection the human body can be developed through training.

After this exhibition the choruses sang "The Star Spangled Banner", and from seven to eight in the evening there was a Danish Concert by the orchestra. That day ended in the California Ballroom.

On Sunday at one o'clock there was a banquet in the Palace Hotel, where Eric Thomsen again was Master of Ceremonies. Complaint had come from Niels Buhk that he had suffered a big deficit on this tourney. They now asked for donations to cover this loss. Several speeches were made to encourage people to give. Jean Hersholt started the list with a check for several hundred dollars. This made others follow suit, but when it slowed down, Ellen Malberg was asked to sing or recite and she did both.

Now Eric Thomsen asked how many would give a Franklin (a $100 bill) and several responded. Then he called out, "No more Franklins? How many Grants ($50) can we get?" Several brought their Grants. Now he took a bill out of his own billfold and said, "I am only a poor man, but here is a Jackson ($20) that waits for company." Many Jacksons were added to the collection, and finally he said, "Now we shall eagerly accept Hamiltons" and again there were people who brought them in. I think he would have been surprised if he had asked for Lincolns ($5), but he did not go below $10.

All this begging took the luster from the festival, so there were many who left disappointed. In the evening we met again in the San Francisco War Memorial Opera House to see the Danish play "Elver Haj" (Fairy Hillock) by J. L. Heiberg. In this the Danish actors really shone, and the amateurs were good. The cast as follows:

King Christian IV	Johannes Myer
Erik Wolkendorf	C. Andersen
Elisabeth Munk	Ellen Molberg
Albert Ebbesen	P. Hogsberg
Paul Flemming	Carl Neubert
Henrik Rud	Aksel Fomse
Karen	Alfride Petersen
Agneta	Ellen Fussing
Bjorn Olufsen	Aksel Jorgensen
Mogens	Aksel Schiotz

Besides these, there were court ladies, courtiers, peasants, servants, and fairies. These last were students at a Ballet school. Charles Laustrup's orchestra with 50 instruments performed between the acts. It was a grand success.

I cannot go into detail telling about the exposition, as that would be too elaborate. Treasure Island itself took my interest, having been pumped up from the bottom of the bay. First mud was pumped into a form, and now was solid land with enormous buildings artfully built, with fountains and cascades. There were buildings with exhibits from many countries showing their industry, customs and art. There was Denmark, with its world famed porcelain, silver, furniture and paintings; Japan, with its silk industry; France, with its art; South America, with

their livelihood and industry; Mexico, with their rearing of cattle and mine-industry; the exhibition of the newest airplanes; and the collection of art from all over the world.

One picture drew my attention. It represented the "enemy sowing tares in the wheat." It was at nightfall, a sinister figure is sneaking into the field from the left foreground, a Judas figure. As I looked at it, I thought, "This man is sowing tare seed on purpose to harm his neighbor. But doesn't it happen sometimes, that we who want to be considered nice people, will in an unguarded moment make a remark in the presence of children and young people, that later can grow up as weeds in their innocent hearts." I am not sure that I dare say that I am not guilty. Each one will have to answer for himself. I remember incidents from my own childhood, where tares were sown in my heart, which grew and stifled the growth of the wheat kernels that should have given me nourishment for my soul. They say that thoughts are free. But we are responsible for thought that become words, and that is where we, in unguarded moments, may give offence to a child.

By walking through the large halls of industry I was drawn to Ford's exhibition of automobiles. I could not but admire the man at its head. To see in miniature the large factory at River Rouge where the process from the raw materials to the finished product passed before our eyes was wonderful!

The oil industry was another business that absorbed my interest. How they bored the wells in the most incredible places, how they changed the raw product in the refineries where it comes out as a clean fluid ready to be used. In addition the many byproducts they make, so that there is no waste; from medicines to rouge, rubber, paints, alcohol, and plastic. This last product again may replace metal, wood, ivory, marble, silk, and wool. But plastic is not only made from oil, they also make it out of wood, straw, cornstalks, coal, and even milk. It is hard to tell how far science and chemistry can go. We have had the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age, maybe the next will be a plastic age. Maybe my imagination is running away with me, but at least it is very interesting to see the development, and there is much to learn at an exposition, especially if you use your eyes and ears and your thoughts.

Then there were the mines, the metal and mineral departments to see. First, there was the walk through the passages in the mine, to see how the miners used electric bores. Then how the ore was crushed and cleansed from cinders in the smelters; how the iron is mixed with other metals with the right proportion to make the product for a certain use. How far we have come in our machine age!

In one of the halls in the Art building was a table in the middle of the room with a Buddha figure with a polished glass globe. The front was a face of a clock that showed correct time, but where was the power? You could look through the globe and see objects on the other side of the room, but no visible connection between the hands of the clock and whatever power turned them. It amused me to hear the different possibilities that people would suggest.

The whole exposition was prettiest at night with its Bengal lights – it was almost like a dream, as if you were in an oriental fairytale. It was beautiful!

BRIDGES

While I am telling about San Francisco, I cannot keep from mentioning the two gigantic bridges that the town is proud of. The San Francisco-Oakland Bridge was the first I saw when we drove out to the Exposition Grounds. The tall, slender steel towers, 519 feet high and the two heavy cables, each made of 17,464 steel threads making a diameter of 28 ¾ inches and weighing 18,500 tons. The width of the bridge is 76 feet with two decks, and the lower deck 200 feet above high tide. There are 20 feet between the lower and upper decks. It has two railroad tracks and three lanes for trucks. The upper deck has three lanes each way and a lane for pedestrians.

The four steel towers are 2,310 feet apart. Between San Francisco and Yorba Buena they rest on a concrete base, the sizes of which are: 75 x 127, 57 x 127, 75 x 127, and 56 x 127 feet; and between the two in the middle is placed an anchor 92 x 197 feet. They all rest on a foundation stone that is from 80 to 220 feet below water level. The depth of the water varies from 50 to 65 feet at low tide. There are very few ships that are higher than 200 feet. The masts of the U.S. warships are only 135 feet. Besides the center anchor, there is, of course, an anchor at each end. From the center they are stretched across to the end anchors, so in reality it is two bridges put together.

To put the large cables in place, there was a lot of preparation. They stretched 92 ¼ inch cables to the top of the towers on the outside edge, four on each side. To these, four they bolted crossbeams for every 10 feet. Above the beams they placed a heavy quality steel netting, and above this a fine netting and then railing along each side. On this catwalk, which is three feet below the cables, the men worked spinning the big cables. Four galvanized threads measuring less than 1/8 of an inch in diameter are spun into a cord and 118 cords made one string. Then 37 strings in all are placed in the bed for the cable and stretched so that it gets the desired curve. Then this mass of strings are pressed together and entwined by a thin metal thread in its whole length, and you have a smooth cable 28 ¾ inches in diameter. One cannot help but admire the ingenuity and efficiency that has brought about this gigantic work.

The eastern half is made differently. Nearest Yorba Buena it is a Cantilever Bridge, and thereafter five sections of truss construction. The rest of the bridge is ordinary bridge building. In all it has a length of 8 ¼ miles, but this takes in the tunnel on the island, which is 76 feet wide, 58 feet high and 540 feet long. In the construction they used 1,300,000 barrels of cement, and 1,000,000 cubic yards of concrete, 30,000 tons of steel, besides 152,000 tons of structural steel. It took 200,000 gallons paint and it cost 77 million dollars to build.

The Golden Gate Bridge is built in the same way, only that the towers are taller and the cables a few inches thicker.

DANISH GYMNASTS

In the late summer of 1939 the gymnast class of boys from Denmark landed in Los Angeles to make a tourney through the states. Their leader, Erik Flendsted Jensen, wrote, “The purpose of this tourney is to present the Danish youth and the Danish flag in a worthy and dignified manner to America and make propaganda for gymnastics and to stimulate the interest

in gymnastics among the American youth. To give the participants experiences and adventures that can be of benefit and a pleasure to them, not least with regard to their future development and education."

That it has been a pleasure to the Danish boys, I don't doubt, but I doubt that it has been an inspiration to our youth, because three years later it has not seemed to bear fruit. They are more interested in tennis, baseball, basketball and football, although gymnastics give the best result in developing the body. Football has been the cause of many a young man suffering from some of the effects from football that they never outlive.

While the Danish boys were in Solvang they stayed in the Danish homes and everywhere they were pleased to have them, so when they left they were invited to spend Christmas in Solvang provided they could not return to Denmark because of the war. Their parents however insisted that they try to come home, and luckily they made the trip without accident. Their exhibition was performed with vigor, grace and timing.

Here is the song they sang as they marched into the gymnasium. It is worth remembering and keeping. The words were written by V. Biilmann, and the melody composed by Johs Krogh.

"Now our banner we unfold
And wave it to the sky.
In luminous colors, our flag of old,
Is a sign of our ancestor's soul.
O'er the masses doth it fly.

Our beautiful old Danebrog
The white cross within the red,
With land and language you're a cog
That binds us with a thousand bonds
Invisible, but not dead.

You illumined our ancestors' feat
Which never shall be forgot
In joy and tears you them did greet
From one generation to another
You belong to the children's lot.

If this inheritance we will gain,
We must learn to see its merit
And strive without deceit or stain
To serve our God, our land, our honor,
Upholding the banner's spirit."

[Translated by Agnes Brons]

COULEE DAM

Last summer, 1941, when I was in Washington, my son-in-law, John Halse, invited me to drive with them over to see Coulee Dam, and this made me very happy, for I had long wished to see it. It was a pleasure just to drive up through the Cascade Mountains on the splendid paved roads, and add to this the pleasure of seeing the other side of the mountains, the wonderful orchards at Wenatchee.

When we reached Soap Lake, we stopped to get our feet washed. At the Lake there are many bathing establishments, where thousands of people come to bathe in the warm mineral water to get rid of their rheumatism. The water is clear but has a yellowish tint, and the rocks at the bottom are so slippery that it is like stepping on a piece of wet soap in a bathtub. You have to be very careful, and several times one or the other is near to getting an involuntary sitz bath with the effects that we all got to laughing.

Leaving the Lake the road curves up through the valley where there are many beautiful small lakes. The valley is the old riverbed that ends up at the Dry Falls. This mighty river that in the ice period cut a wide and deep bed through the hard lava crust (The Columbia Lava Plateau) covers an area of 250,000 square miles, at places 4000 feet thick and on the level 2800 feet thick. One place in the steep lava cliffs, we could count seven different layers. There have accordingly been seven periods where the lava has oozed out through several cracks in the crust of the earth. Many years must have passed between these ages, for at places there are petrified remains of large trees.

At Blue Lake we saw a hollow tree trunk under six layers of lava, that is large enough to hold six people, while the top is petrified. Another place the government has preserved the remnants of a petrified forest. We saw logs up to four feet in diameter lying on the slope, that during centuries gone by have been worn by the elements and in this way the petrified forest was uncovered. Strange to think that these lava fields in Washington and down through Oregon and California, and presumably many other places, have oozed out of the earth's inside. The many volcanoes, the oilfields, mines, the salt and sulfur mines or springs, everyone brings something to the outside of the earth. Is it a wonder that our old earth writhes in convulsions?

When we reached the Dry Falls, there were a number of tourists gathered at the edge of the falls. Just then an old man stepped forward and began to patter out a geological lecture, that he seemed to have at his fingertips as he spoke "like a house on fire" with his eyes closed, but he spoke clearly and it was both interesting and educational. He told us how geologists and scientists had proved that in the ice period and flood, a mighty river ten miles wide and fifty feet deep had rushed over the brink of Dry Falls. That it was over three miles wide and 400 feet high, making a waterfall that was a hundred times larger than Niagara. He told how this mighty stream had worn away the hard lava, though not quite destroyed it all for just a few miles further down we could see "steamboat rock" as a proof for the present.

Just at this part of his lecture some young men had lit a blank cartridge cracker and threw it over the edge. It gave a report as a cannon that echoed and re-echoed to all sides. The old man jumped into the air and then seeing who had caused the disturbance he called out, "Stop that immediately or I'll arrest you." The young men excused themselves by saying that as this was the fourth of July, and it was forbidden to shoot firecrackers in town, they had come out

here to make some noise. "Well," said the old man, "Stop it until I have finished, then you can satisfy your desire to make noise," and they promised they would.

Now he went back to his place, but after thinking for a while, he said, "Where was it I stopped?" When we told him, he started off again.

When we arrived at the dam from the side where we see the Columbia basin that covers an area of 74,100 square miles and reaches far into Canada, we were really impressed. In order to keep the height of the water the same in the bay at all times, they let out 109,000 cubic feet of water through the spillways every second, and it varies from 20,000 to over 400,000 cubic feet per second. It will only take an insignificant part of this water to irrigate the proposed Reclamation Project of 1,200,000 acres for by next year to be doubled, an area that covers over 60 miles from east to west, and 85 miles to the south that reaches from Soap Lake to Pasco. These are big plans, but when we came out to the other side of the dam and saw the gigantic capacity, we did not doubt that it was possible.

Shortly after parking our car we heard a voice in the loudspeaker saying that in a moment there would be a lecture in the western Vista House. From here we had a wonderful view of the whole dam. What a sight to see the water rush into the river covered with white foam and with the sun forming a rainbow. Now the lecture started and we learned that the length of the dam measured at the top was 4,300 feet; its height 550 feet, the thickness through at the bottom 500 feet, and 30 feet at the top. It seems solid but has 12 miles of tunnels inside. There are 60 spillway tunnels that are 8 and 1/2 feet in diameter, in three layers, and at the top there are sliding doors 28 feet high and 135 feet long, which can regulate the amount of water in the dam.

John and I had appraised these tunnels at 36 inches in diameter, but it was so misleading because of the gigantic size of it all. A power station at each end is 85 feet wide and 700 feet long, where they will install 18 turbines and develop 150,000 horsepower. There will be 2,700,000 horsepower in all, and 18 generators, each with power enough to develop 108,000 Kilowatt Amperes. A pump system with 12 pumps that use 65,000 horsepower will be able to lift 1600 cubic feet of water per second 280 feet up to the irrigation ditch. This is what we got out of this lecture. What more there was to tell we should get in half an hour at the eastern Vista House. We just had time to see the engineers' living quarters that were built in a fan shape toward the river and had a lovely layout. Mason City on the eastern banks was also a pretty town.

We had just arrived at the Vista House when the lecture started. Now we were given the information that they had used 12,000,000 barrels of cement, 10,250,000 cubic yards of concrete; that they had dug out 2,095,000 cubic yards of rocks and 20,535,422 cubic feet of dirt. Of sand and gravel for the concrete, they had dug and transported 25,000,000 yards on mile-long 60 inch wide belts to large storing piles, and then be transported in the same way to the mixing plant.

Of re-enforcing steel they had used 77,000,000 pounds, and of steel plates, 19,000 tons. Of planks and heavy timber there were used over 100,000,000 feet. When the project is finished it will have cost $395,000,000. The maximum work done in one day, in 21 hours, was 50,830 cubic yards concrete. He explained that the row of arches that we saw started above the dam were intended to be the foundation of an automobile driveway. When it was finished they would close the large sliding doors, raise the water level 50 feet, and now the spill-water would

run under these arches, making a waterfall that would put Niagara in the shadow. He now gave a comparison between the several power stations:

Grand Coulee, 3500 feet long; 5,400,000 yards concrete
Boulder Dam, 1282 feet long; 3,250,330 yards concrete
Friant Dam, 3430 feet long; 1,900,000 yards concrete

As we went down the hallway, I met J.P. Jensen's son Harold, from St. Andrews, and Thomas P. Hansen's son Marion, from Enumclaw. I had not seen Harold for many years, and he was so sunburned and thin that I was surprised when I finally recognized him. He was visiting Marion in Enumclaw.

We could not find sleeping quarters in Mason City, so had to drive several miles back to an auto camp. After it was dark, we drove back to see the dam by electric light. It was a wonderful sight.

Early next morning we started off for Lake Chelan, and on the way we had to go down Moses Coulee, down, down, continually down from the lava plateau to the Columbia River. It reminded me of the time we drove down Ratoon Pass. The trip to Lake Chelan was a disappointment for all of us. It was an unusually hot day and we languished in the heat. The next morning we started for home and drove over Stevens Pass that is known for its beautiful scenery. As it was the first time I had come over this pass, it was for me a very interesting trip. We got home to Seattle just at twilight, quite tired but well satisfied with our travels. It was really marvelous.

SKAGIT RIVER POWER PROJECT

Before I left John and Ida, they told me that for a long time they had thought about taking another trip, if it would be possible to get tickets, and this one was up to the Skagit River Power Project. Seattle Power and Light Company arranged weekend excursions to their plant at Skagit River. These excursions are so popular, that as a rule the 600 tickets are sold far ahead of time. To be able to get these tickets at a time when John was off was the question. It took a little over three weeks before I had word that now everything was arranged.

We were to go in our own car to Rockport and from there by train. We were quite a load as there were John, Ida, their son Allen and his fiancee, Vera Nielsen, and her mother and I. However, we had to bring neither bedclothes nor lunch basket, as the company took care of that. When we arrived at Rockport, there were already over a hundred parked cars and there were men to watch the cars while the owners were away for a couple of days. We were hardly out of the car before we heard through a loudspeaker, that coffee and doughnuts were served in the park. As it was rather cool in the mountains, this just hit the spot, and there were as many refills as you wished.

At last the locomotive gave what sounded like an impatient roar that said. "Come on slowpokes." However it was not intended for us but to notify another engine to appear. It was to help us up the steep grade. It was a jolly group that went aboard that train, just as if they had left all their worries and sorrows back in their cars. We sang and joked and enjoyed the

beautiful scenery as we crawled like a snail between the steep precipices. Here and there we could see masses of snow on the north side from the lower edge of which small cascades and waterfalls formed and rushed a hundred feet down the steep cliffs, finally joining to form a mighty river.

The locomotives huffed and puffed and moaned, so that it echoed among the cliffs, whose tops were so high that you had to strain your neck to see them. You wouldn't think that this mountain stream was the same river that we had seen down on the level, but it had about the same amount of water. It is only because of the furious rate of speed downward whirling and foaming like the unending dance of a wood nymph that it seems to have less water. How romantic and idyllic, but at the same time wild, in this grand nature; one feels as if spirited off into the mountain, but this helped to adjust us to be able to enjoy what was before us.

As we arrived at Gorge, a nice little town similar to Mason City at Coulee Dam, we heard singing and music, and were bid welcome. Gorge is built on a level stretch of ground between the river and a perpendicular cliff of several hundred feet. Now over the loudspeaker it was announced: "Continue down the street straight ahead, turn left, when you see a row of cabins and tents that all have a number. On your ticket you will find one of these numbers. When you have found the right cabin or tent, you will also find the beds numbered. The number of your bed will correspond to the number on your ticket." What a practical way to get 600 people placed! Everyone could go directly to his cabin or tent without any questioning and there could be no mistakes.

You could now use the rest of the day as you wished. For those who were thirsty, they could get soft drinks, and there were no alcoholic liquors to be found here, which was a wise arrangement. The high, clean mountain air had given us all a good appetite, so before 6 o'clock people started to form two long lines at the door to the dining hall. When the door was opened, we all had to show our tickets to prevent spongers from entering. There were two long tables with a wide space between, with places set for 605 people. The five places were for the leaders. There was a staff of waiters, all tall young men in black with a white napkin on the arm. These were students from the University of Washington, who had been given work during these weekend excursions.

It looked more like a banquet than an ordinary meal, there was only this difference, that there were no drinks and no speeches, but there was an abundance of everything else. If you had to taste everything you would have to have a large stomach. It amused me to see how some of them had a hard time eating the last bit on their plate, and still, when the waiters offered a new dish they could not resist the temptation just to taste it, if it happened to be their favorite. But afterwards they wished they hadn't, and if they had known ahead what was coming they would have been wiser.

With a leader, the whole group now crossed the river on a footbridge that was stretched between two towers. The bridge would start swinging with the least motion; but now some mischief-makers (I wondered if it could be the students) had really started to swing the bridge, so that it was like a ship in a storm. We could hear some doleful cries and complaints and some sounds that were common on shipboard. Well "all good things come to an end, and bad things likewise" and at last we started toward Newhalem Power Station, and later we followed a footpath to Newhalem Creek, a beautiful spot. The water rushes in cascades between the large

granite boulders while trees with their green foliage met overhead. The whole place was like a large bower, a quiet and beautiful grove.

Now we walked back to the footbridge and crossed the river once more. Across from the dining hall there was a theater where we were asked to enter. While we were being seated a gramophone played several melodies and when everyone had found a seat, a young man stepped forward and asked if we cared to sing and there was an enthusiastic response. We sang "Oh beautiful for spacious skies." This beautiful song gave us a taste for more, so someone suggested "My Country" but his was not sung with the same spirit as in olden days. However when the leader started singing "God Bless America", the group sang with heart and soul. When we sang the last line "God bless America, my home sweet home", someone asked if we could sing it again, and now we almost lifted the roof. I have never heard more inspired and passionate singing, it was like a prayer that came from the lips of a person with a grateful heart. There were many that were blinded with tears, and even the young leader, though smiling, had tears on his cheeks. Afterwards there were several moments of complete silence, which had more effect than the most enthusiastic applause.

Now the curtain went up and we saw a mass of flowers in natural color. This was a mountain flora spread out before us, and the young man named each flower and said the opportunity would be given us to see all these and many more in their rock garden. The next picture showed birds: eagles, ravens, crows, magpies, starlings, wrens, mountain swallows, canaries and hummingbirds. Then came the soft water fish, several varieties of trout; and the animals: bears, black and brown, mountain goats standing on a high point, looking majestically out over a precipice, and their young kids jumping around without stumbling. There were deer and their young fauns. Now followed several pictures of views that we were to see, and at the last, pictures of work from the surveyor's case of instruments until the finished work as we see it today. The last was a picture of the man who had created this gigantic and beautiful work, J. D. Ross.

When the dam was finished Seattle Power and Light Company wanted to demolish everything that did not belong to the making of power and light. However this was very much against the wishes of Mr. Ross. Therefore before he died, he made them promise that they would respect his memory by having these weekend outings that he had planned in order that the public could have the opportunity to see one of America's most beautiful spots. They promised to continue as long as the public was interested.

Mr. Ross wished that when he died, they would put the urn with his ashes in a sepulchre cut into the perpendicular wall of Ross Mountain. Mr. Ross was a dear friend of President Roosevelt who wrote these impressive words as a memorial to him:

James Delmage Ross
"J. D."

Born November 9, 1872 Died March 14, 1939

J. D. Ross, one of the greatest Americans of our generation, was an outstanding mathematician and an equally great engineer. He had also the practical ability to make things work in the sphere of public opinion and successful business. More than that, he was a

philosopher and a lover and student of trees and flowers. His successful career and especially his long service in behalf of the public interest are worthy of study by every American boy.

Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States

These words are on a gigantic bronze plate that covers the opening to his sepulchre as a gate or door.

Now this part of the program was finished and it had been both educational and interesting. All the pictures were colored and shown with a good light. Next we were taken to the rock garden and Ladder Creek Falls. In one long row we walked along the paths that wound in and out, up and down between the flowerbeds and plants. Here and there were small waterfalls with colored lights behind them, and likewise, colored lights were hung in bushes and trees. We could hear the singing of birds all over, and as this was at night, it must have been brought about in an artificial manner. The path was at times so steep that they had made stone steps. In the same way there were steps when the grade was downward.

All at once we heard the chime of bells, and oh, how beautiful it sounded here between the mountains. We had no idea where the sound came from and as we moved forward the chimes seemed to come from a cliff far ahead of us and from this we also saw a light as if it were early dawn. The large group started walking toward this light and as we came nearer, the light grew brighter. Now we reached a stone stairway where four people could stand on each step. The steps were 18 inches deep and five inches high. On this stairway the people stood packed like sardines in a can.

Suddenly we heard a rushing sound of organ music and choral song by a mighty choir, and hundreds in the group joined in the singing. Off and on we heard the deep tones of church bells. When those at the top reached the head of the stairway so that they could see what was happening, they stopped and blocked the way for the rest of us, so we could only listen. However, we enjoyed it all to the full. We forgot where we were and imagined we were in a large cathedral and this put one in a solemn mood.

When we at last reached the upper step we could see what had held up the first ones involuntarily. One had to stand still enraptured by the sight. Far to the left and high up a stream of water rushed over a brink and fell from ledge to ledge and at last to disappear down below us. As a background were pretty green trees and under the water were colored lights. The organ music and singing continued. I have never seen and heard anything like this before, so solemn and so beautiful. I simply could not tear myself away. No wonder Mr. Ross wanted to give the world pleasure by showing them this spot of beauty he had created.

When we came back to the town they had removed the seats from the theater so the young people and the older ones as well, could get a chance to dance. The impressions I had received I did not want disturbed, so I went to bed, but could not sleep. I kept on seeing and hearing the beautiful things I had seen and heard all through the day, so it was not easy to sleep.

The next morning we were all up early, as we did not want to miss anything from this busy day. However there was a fine rain or Oregon mist---it missed Oregon and hit Washington. A good thing we had taken our coats along, but those who had not done so were handed a thick waterproof cotton quilt. For as the leader said, “We don’t want anyone to go home from here

with a sniffle. It would only hurt you and not benefit us. We try to make these excursions as pleasant, comfortable and educational for our guest as possible."

After we had all had a good breakfast, 300 of us went to the station where a train with electric motor stood ready to transport us to Diablo, where the leader took us. He led us up a path that ended below a sloping plane, at the bottom of which was a ramp or platform that was connected with a hoisting apparatus at the top with three sets of cables with two in each set. Now we all stepped up on the platform that could just hold the 300 persons. The signal was given and slowly but surely we moved upward. When we reached the top we followed a track up to Diablo Dam, and behind this was the lake where a motorboat, Alice Ross, was moored and waiting for us. Here also, there was just room enough for 300. As soon as we were all aboard the signal to start was given and we had hardly left the shore before we heard music and singing. It seemed to come from a small rocky island that lay ahead of us. As we came nearer we could hear it in full force. As we passed the island, they stopped the motor so that we could glide slowly and silently past. Many of the passengers joined in the singing.

When we were well past we put up speed again and went ahead. We saw the water branch off in between the thousand foot high cliffs. The boat went slowly in through a lane of water not more than 19 feet wide. Involuntarily we held our breath while we slowly glided along. Again we heard music from the cliffs. Now we sailed up to the foot of Ross Dam, over the brink of which a large volume of water was falling, forming a rainbow as a halo over the dam. This was the end of this trip. The leader told us that by next year they intended to have a sister ship to "Alice Ross", to sail on Ross Lake, then we should be able to travel up to the Canadian border. Now we sailed back to the landing place where the other 300 were waiting. We had time enough to see Diablo Dam before the train left. Compared to Coulee Dam it seems small, but when you get close to it, it certainly is not insignificant.

The dam's height is 832 feet, 146 feet wide at the bottom and 16 feet at the top. It is built in a horseshoe shape. About 400 feet down from the top is something that looks like a swallow's nest and within this is the machinery that regulates the slides to let the water into the spillway. Near the bottom of these high walls were cracks through which the water oozed out continually. If this is a flaw in the wall and might some day cause a catastrophe, I do not dare say, but the fact is, the cracks are there.

Dinner was served at 12:30, and we were all ready for it. It was even more like a banquet than the night before and we all enjoyed it; and if we didn't, we should have said thanks. From now till 2:30 was our own time. Some went back to the rock garden to see the waterfalls by day and others, among them my group, went up to the Ross tomb to give this man a friendly thought. For he had made it possible for us to enjoy this wonderful excursion, one that I'll never forget and one that I would recommend to anyone who has the chance.

Now we all went back to Rockport where the responsibility of the company ends. From now on we were at the mercy of the other cars and drivers, where each one wanted to get ahead of the other at a breakneck speed on a poor road for the first 25 minutes. It was dark when we reached Seattle, without an accident. Had we had our money's worth out of the $4.05 for the whole trip? I shall let others answer this question.

BACK IN SOLVANG

This had been a wonderful summer vacation and now I was back again in Solvang. Pastor Krog was not well, so he decided to leave Solvang. We tried to get a new minister, but were not successful. In the meantime old Pastor Hald, as well as the pastors from our district helped us out during our vacancy. Then we heard from Pastor Aage Moller, that he was willing to fill the vacancy until we could get a minister. After some time, we gave a call to Pastor Moller, but he would rather just fill the vacancy and feel free. I could not always understand his sermons and spoke to him about it, but as he said, that was the only way he could preach. I tried very hard every Sunday but strange words or ideas would set my mind wondering at the meaning, and I would lose the thread of the sermon. Personally I liked him very much. He is a splendid man and I cannot but love and esteem him.

During the last years we have celebrated golden wedding anniversaries in Solvang: Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Madsen, Mr. and Mrs. John Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Aasted, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Christensen, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Christiansen and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Petersen. We have had many silver wedding anniversaries: Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ibsen, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Niels Steffensen, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Knudsen, Mr. and Mrs. Jens Johansen, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnsen and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Harkson.

These last mentioned have 25 years to look ahead to the golden wedding, and the first mentioned have a long happy life to look back to. J. P. Christiansen and Hans Christensen have departed. The widows are lonely but not alone as they have their grown children and a large group of friends who always have a smile, a friendly word and handshake, and their mate waiting at the other side.

Birthdays come around every year, except those born on February 29, and if you have many friends, it is hard to keep track of them. As usual, I forget till the day is past and then I have to find a good excuse, for it won't do to say that you forgot. However, it is only the birthday, not the person that I forget.

I even forget my own birthday and would let it pass unnoticed if it wasn't for my children. They never forget it. Last fall when I was 82, four of my daughters from Washington came down to surprise me. There was Lily, Alma, Elenore and Hilda; what a happy surprise! So when my birthday arrived, I was surrounded by seven of my daughters who all vied with each other to make me happy.

I have often thought about how much pleasure childless couples lose, especially when old age comes and they feel the want of sons and daughters. I thank God for my children. It was often hard when they were young, to feed and clothe such a large group, but what a blessing to have happy, healthy children surrounding one on a farm. The trifling trouble it has cost us, we have had repaid manifold in happiness together with our children in our home that became a home filled with song, after they grew up. But alas! It ended too quickly, they all flew out like birdlings to try their own wings and build their own nests.

Now the Prussian petty noblemen under the leadership of an Austrian painter, Adolph Hitler, who had gotten the idea of world conquest, were again playing their pranks. No matter who is the leader, just so they can pillage and plunder. They took by surprise country after country, and in more than one instance prepared by "Quislings." Even our little peace-loving Denmark was not passed by, though the conquest was not as violent as some of them, since King Christian X refused to have his people put itself in a posture of defense. It was not because of lack of courage, but he knew his country could be crushed in less than two days. How could humans armed with rifles protect themselves against the armored soldiers of Germany with their machine guns?

They promised Denmark privileges that were not promised the other countries. Time after time, when the officers tried to break these promises, King Christian X was not afraid to protest. They were not really starving as Denmark was an agricultural country, but they had to feed the occupation army after being robbed of about 50 per cent of their farm products. One Sunday Hans Christensen had had a letter from some of their people, and they wrote that they had never been so well off as now. I told him that this was nonsense, there was not one who dared in letters to write anything else, as they were all under observation. Now that they had sent in the Gestapo, it doesn't augur anything good.

The German people have really made themselves hated in all these occupied countries by their inhuman conduct. Love your enemies! Yes, a high minded enemy one can respect, but what about those who break all human and divine laws and rights? If I said I loved them, I should tell a lie.

For a long time I haven't been able to say the Lord's Prayer as I used to. "Give us this day our daily bread." We in the U. S. have "daily bread" so plentiful, much more than we need, but give daily bread to the many millions who suffer hunger in the occupied lands. Bless the five loaves of barley bread and the two fish, so there will be enough for all. "Thy kingdom come." How we need God's Kingdom during these years of tribulation and distress. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." I cannot honestly say that I forgive all the devilish things perpetrated by the Japanese or the Nazis. They seem to be perpetrated by an evil spirit and do we have to forgive the Evil One?

Both the governments of England and the U.S. have their faults, but I feel we are doing right by helping other nations against the Nazis. That we shall succeed, I have not for a moment doubted. Just now it looks as if the Japanese are winning, but their gain has cost them dearly in manpower and ships. That they perpetrated their coup at Pearl Harbor while their emissary was in Washington to negotiate a lasting peace between the two nations was a deceitful assault that caused us a great loss. But perhaps they will smart for it when the great settlement comes. Maybe sometime in the future we shall be able "to heap coals of fire on their heads," by sending them help when a great disaster comes like what happened in 1923. That would be the best revenge we could take over these sly foxes.

The Japanese as well as the Prussians suffer from megalomania, delusion or mania of great things, Asia for Asians, under Mikado's supremacy. They had started the conquest of China without declaring war, while the U.S. was supposed to be friendly to China. We sent

shipload after shipload of scrap iron and oil to Japan, that they used to destroy a friendly nation. I have often been resentful when I read in the papers that now another shipload of old iron had been sent to Japan. Now the U.S. has received some of our old iron back in the shape of bombs and we'll perhaps get more before we've had all the shiploads returned. Now we need iron ourselves and are collecting it on the farms in the shape of farm implements. They would never have become a big power without iron and oil. I wonder if we have learned our lesson.

We soon saw that if we didn't pull ourselves together we might have to fight the Nazis alone, unprepared as we were in the face of such a task, and we'd have to really work hard. Thanks to our good president and his chosen staff we have in a surprisingly short time not only supplied ourselves, but also our allies with military stores, in spite of the Unions making difficulties through their leaders. I have often thought how lenient our government was toward these leaders, but I suppose it is "because you can lead a horse to water but you cannot force it to drink."

The 100,000 Japanese we had on the west coast were transported farther inland, among whom were found many loyal Americans, who now must suffer the same fate as the ones who were not loyal but had tried to harm the country that had given them and their children a home. That the end of the war will be the destruction of the Nazis, I have never doubted but many things can happen to lengthen the war. If the Quisling Laval will dare to give the French fleet to Hitler, I guess he dares, but will the French officers consent, especially when they see that their countrymen on Madagascar only feign their resistance against the allies.

That there is dissatisfaction among the Germans and Italians is evident, but if they dared to revolt, Himmler would see to it that it was nipped in the bud. Even the German people would be mowed down as grass in the harvest. What fate is in store for the German people after the war? Will the nations who have felt the cruelty of Hitler and Himmler, take a bloody revenge on them? It is to be hoped they will follow the counsel of God, who says, "Revenge is mine." Otherwise the innocent will suffer for what the guilty have committed. Whatever punishment will be meted out to Hitler, Himmler, the petty noblemen and their assistants, they must be made harmless.

When Hitler's defeat comes, will he acquiesce gracefully or will he in desperation give orders for his troops to kill as many as possible and then put a bullet through his disturbed mind. One can expect anything from this deranged person. When peace is brought about, can the Allies together with Russia then agree about the peace terms that will be to the satisfaction of all the nations? Will the peace be based on the eight points that were adopted and signed by President Roosevelt and Churchill at their conference out on the Atlantic, or will Stalin make conditions and claims that will promote his own plans without regard to others? A desired wish of Stalin's is to get free and unobstructed access to the ocean in the west. Will he be satisfied with an access to the Baltic Sea by taking a part of East Prussia, or will he also want to have Sleswick Holstein, so he will have direct access to the North Sea? Or will he want to get out through the Scandinavian countries? I'm afraid Stalin will be "a hard nut to crack."

Of course Russia is our ally, but if Hitler had not been intent upon attacking Stalin, he would have remained neutral. Stalin is wise and shrewd; just see how he shamed Hitler's friendship when Poland was being conquered. Hitler at that time helped Stalin take a part of

East Poland and Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia. Now in case Hitler decided to enter Russia he could use these as buffers between them.

Now the two men are trying their best to destroy each other, while we, who consider communism as a lesser danger than Nazism, aid Russia the best we know how. As long as Hitler isn't crushed, Stalin is our friend. But I wonder if the friendship goes very deep. We have not forgotten how Stalin exterminated Christianity, killed ministers by the thousands and exiled millions into the wastelands. Will this man anymore than Hitler fit into a new system in the world? Yes, the new world system! It would be interesting to live long enough to see a better distribution of justice, righteousness, highmindedness, freedom, equality and brotherly love. If the spirit of Christ doesn't fill our hearts, then lust of power, greed, avarice, swindle and injustice will keep on going side by side with the good qualities. Sure it is that after this struggle where so much is at peril, the old systems will need to be revised.

Oh, how many lives have been lost in this terrible war and many more will be lost before the end comes! Many a heart moans in pain at the loss of their dear ones. With some it awakens hatred and a wish for revenge, with others, it awakens despair and hopelessness, again others, whose sons found a hero's death, they feel a national pride even though they still mourn. There are others who have learned in their sorrow to bend to the will of God, and they have the hope of meeting in the next world and can say, "Till we meet again" in their sorrow. Never has the world seen the destruction of so much. Much that has been burned and much that lies at the bottom of the sea, we can not even figure. One would think that most countries would go bankrupt and that the raw material inside and above the earth would be used up in rebuilding what was destroyed.

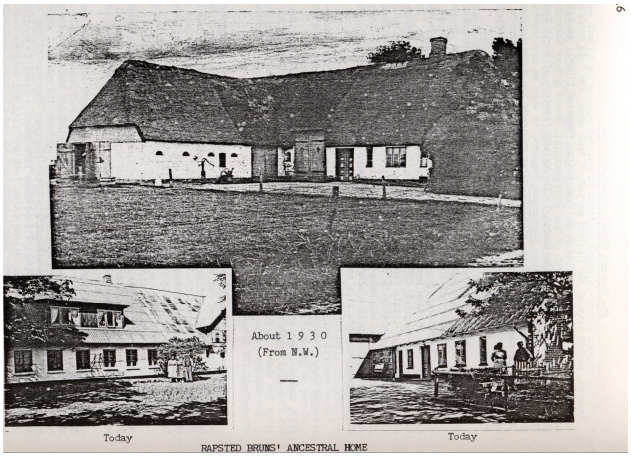
Rich and poor, we'll all have to pay a tax and if some of the rich folk could find happiness, as we poor people have, in work, maybe it would be a blessing. Maybe if the chance to collect private fortunes were not so easy, it would be a blessing for mankind, and in this way, be a cog in the new world system. When the peace treaty has been signed and the German troops evacuate the occupied countries, there will be a chance for immigrants of the different countries. They and their children can show if the love for the land in which they were born and bred is real, or if it is only pretty words and eulogy. My Mother Denmark's house has been robbed and the gate is off its hinges. Let us Danish immigrants show that we will and can help put this gate in place again. Each country will need many things.

These memories, that had their start in my childhood, passed through youth, manhood, and a good ways into old age, I will now close with a prayer to God our Father. I pray that He will help us obtain a peace and put things to rights, so that it will be to His honor and to the blessing of and happiness and benefit of the people of all nations.

By Niels Nissen Brons
[circa 1942]

INDEX

Uncle Mads went to California in Gold Rush of 1849 with Uncle Anders.



Niels Uncle Jen's home in Brøns Denmark

Niels' mother Hanna Marie Hansen Brons
Born in Gallehus, Denmark in 1833. She died in Clinton, Iowa 1877.

Niels Nissen Brons

Niels cut from class photo about 1881. Danish Folkschool in Elk Horn, Iowa

Above—Niels Brons about 1930

Left—Niels 1942

Ida Constance (Boysen) Brons about 1882
Taken from a class photo from the Danish Folkschool in Elk Horn, Iowa.

Baby Ida was born September 13, 1865 in Chicago, Illinois

Paul Nielsen Boysen, Ida's father, born in Mogeltonder, Denmark September 27, 1832

Adriana Petersen Boysen, Ida's mother was born near Farsund, Norway July 1834.

Neil Brons family home Enumclaw, Washington. The SW corner of 456th St. and 268th Ave SW. One block southeast from Hwy. 410 and Warner/456thSt.

SW corner of property with view of Amanda's house and barn. Mamma Brons would suggest to Papa Brons that, "When you have nothing else to do, take the wheelbarrow and shovel and go up on top of Mt. Peak and move it," so she could see Mt. Rainier across this field.

Front entrance path in Niels' garden

Path in direction of 456th St.

Garden to the side of house toward the orchard

Two photos lower left were taken 2006

Early photo of Brons home surrounded by berry fields no garden or orchard. Mt. Baldy is in background and trees yet uncleared.
From left to right: Herb, Niels and Esther, Ida and baby, Rosamond, unknown, Amanda, Aunt Ella, Uncle Hans and Bedstafar (Paul Boysen)

A friend, Ida with beard, two friends.
On bench: Esther, Elenore, Rosamond, two friends.
Buckets are full of berries.

The Octagonal barn—Niels designed and built.

The berry pickers: Aunt Ella, Alma, Amanda and Esther in front.

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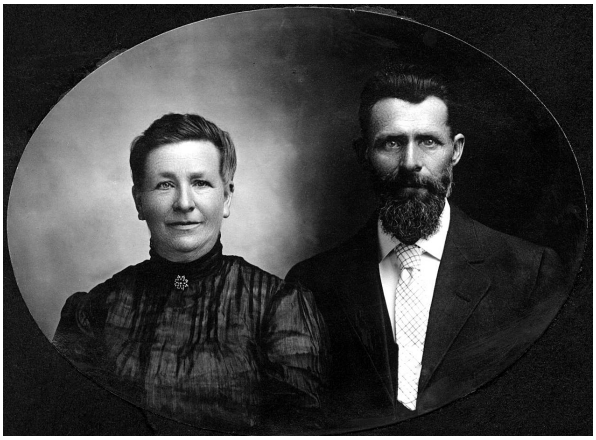
Niels and Ida Brons and children about 1888. Marie, Lily and Agnes their first three children.

The Brons family with Bedstefar taken about1904 before birth of Esther and Rosamond.

The Brons children in Enumclaw about 1907 before Rosamond born.

The Brons family, Bedstefar, Lily's husband and baby daughter, and all Brons children about 1911.



Ida and Niels Brons taken same time as photo above—1911.

PHOTO ON LEFT:

Front Row: Hilda, Paul, holding Esther, Elenore, Herb.

Back Row: Marie, Ida, Agnes, Alma, Otto, Amanda.

Dog: "Trofast" Aunt Esther said that his name meant "true friend" in Danish.

Ida and Niels standing in front of sweet peas on their boardwalk, taken about 1915.

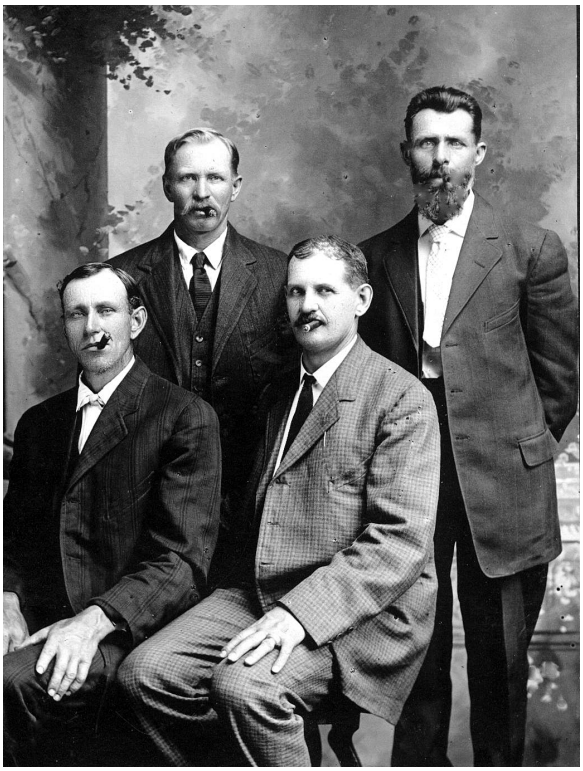
In Orchard at the creek Front: Alma, Cousin Esther Boysen, and Agnes. Under/On Bridge: Herb, Alma, Cousin Esther Boysen Agnes.

Esther Bedstfar and Rosamond 1915.

All the family gathers to knit sock for the soldiers about 1916.

Herb, Rosamond, Esther and their “True Friend”—Trofast 1908.

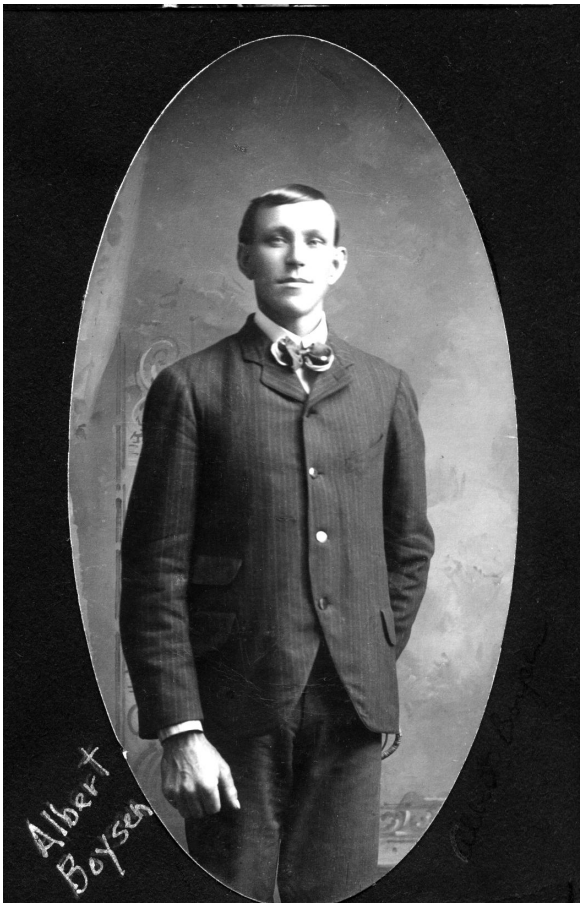
Lily holding her daughter, Erna; Grandma Ida; Great grandfather Paul Boysen, “Bedstefar”.1911.



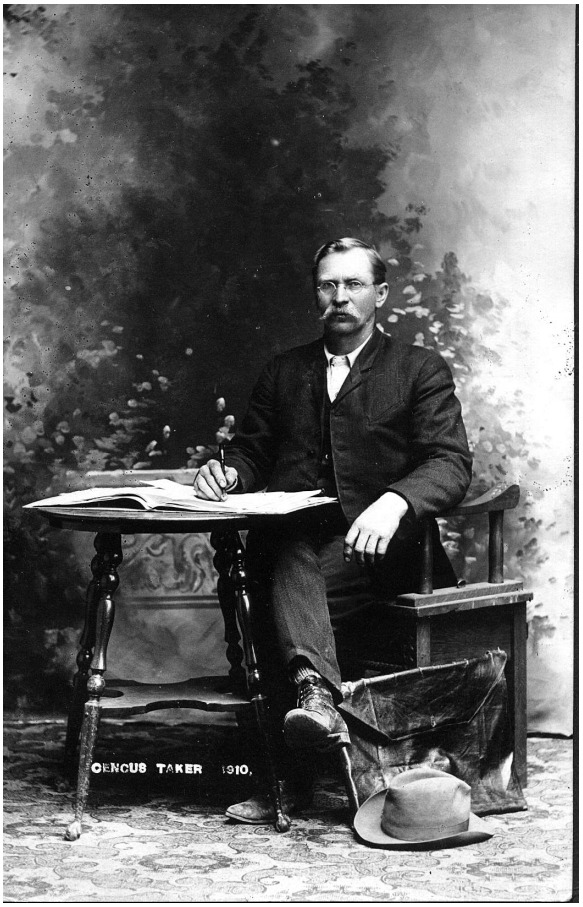
The Brothers-in-law: Back to Front--Willie, Niels, Albert and Frederick Boserup. 1911

Brothers and their wives. Front Row: Hans Brons and Niels Brons. Back Row: Aunt Ella and Ida about 1911.

Ida, her sister and brothers: Front Row: Vilhelm, Palma, Ida. Back Row: Albert.



Ida Boysen Brons' brother, Albert Boysen.



Ida's brother, Vilhelm Boysen, "Uncle Willie". Elmer Boysen's father.

Uncle "Willie" and his wife—name not known.

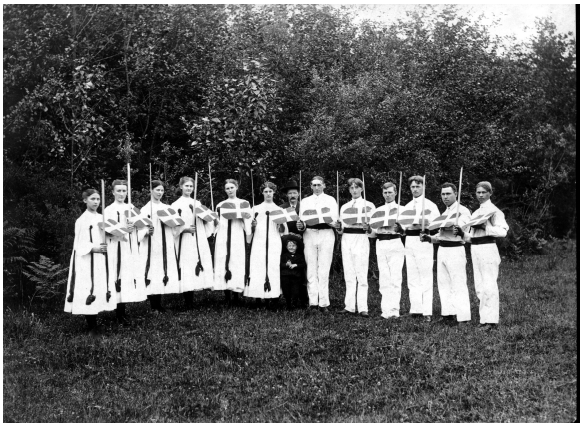
Ida's sister, Palma Auguste Boysen and her husband, Frederick Ludvig Boserup.

Uncle Hans and Aunt Ella. She was born 1869 in Denmark. They married in 1895. She died June 12, 1913—Enumclaw.

Uncle Hans and Aunt Jo Married 1914. She died July 3, 1938 in Maine.

His third wife Aunt Marie was the daughter of Anders Nelson Brons.

Hans Brons—born January 25, 1871 in Abild, Denmark.



Danish Drill Team. Amanda is 1st on left and Agnes is 3rd from left

Amanda's confirmation class. Marie is 3rd from left and Amanda is 4th in front row.

Sunday school picnic at the park west of Enumclaw. This park was called Farmers' Picnic Grounds and had a grove of tall fir trees. Marie and Alma are in 4th row. Rosamond, Esther and Hilda are in row below in the middle.

Danish Hall in Enumclaw. It was built in 1901 by the Danish community and used according to the book "There Is Only One Enumclaw", by Louis Rose Poppleton, as a center for festivities and the Dansk School.

Family picnic in orchard about 1911

Family gathers in orchard 1912. Front Row: Seated-Uncle "Willie" holding baby Erna, Grandma Brons, Esther, Lily and Bedstefar. Standing-Otto, Marie, Christian Hansen, Hilda, Herb, Elenore, Agnes holding Rosamond, Christine Boysen, Willie's wife, Papa Brons, Uncle Hans and Alma.

Paul, Uncle Hans and friend on horse.

Esther and friend dancing a Highland fling.

Sisters and brother, Herb, having fun.

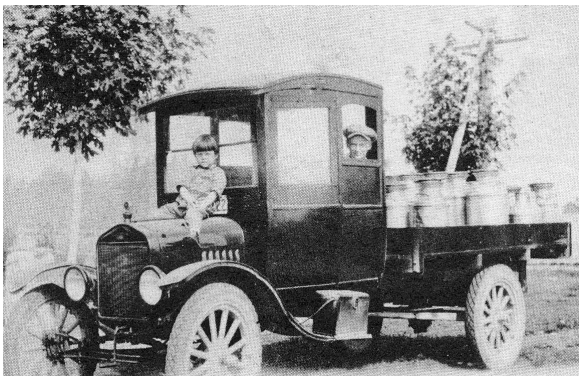
Having fun on the farm, Herb, Hilda, Elenore, and Alma +pigs

Certificate for Co-operative Creamery Co. Niels Brons was secretary in 1904.

Aunt Lily

Aunt Lily, Husband, Christian Hansen, holding Elmer. Erna standing by Lily.

Boysen's store

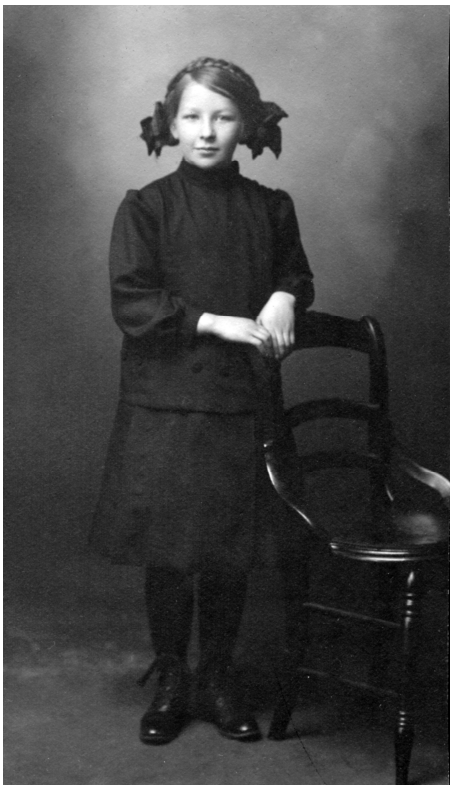


The Family A Model truck.

Agnes Brons born August 15, 1887.

Anne Elenore born July 13, 1897

Amanda Beate born January 31, 1889.



Hilda Caroline born May 20, 1900

Marie Adriane born August 23, 1884

Marie and Amanda dressed for Halloween

Wedding of Marie and L.E. Larsen

Amanda and Viktor Nelson wed 1913.
Viktor was born in Henne, Denmark and died in 1920

Victor and Amanda on horse drawn wagon

Young Amanda

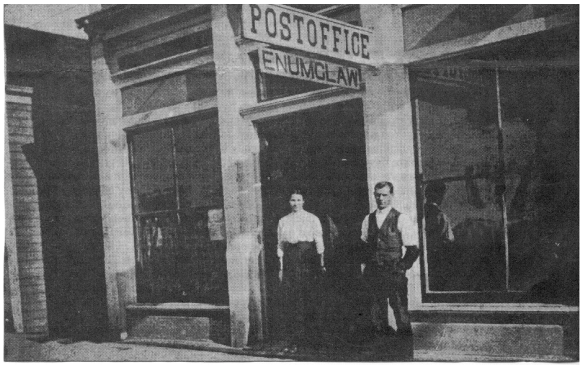
Amanda, Walter (Jens Peter Waldemar Andersen born in Denmark 1875 died Auburn 1928. Married Amanda 1926), and Harvey.

Paul and Olga Bron's wedding

Alma and John Gravesgard's wedding

Ida and John Halse's wedding

Elenore and Thorwald Pedersen wedding



Alma at her job in Enumclaw Post office.

100 Years on the Plateau

Class photo, 1904

The old Enumclaw schoolhouse, which sat along Griffin Avenue between Wells and Porter streets, operated from (approximately) 1895 to 1910. This photo, showing a class of students with teacher Byron Kibler, is from 1904. Selected students are identified on the back of the original photograph. Front row, from left, fourth student is Lidie Bayes; second row, first student is Grover Bills; third row, second student is Vita Bruhn, third is Katie Conovan, fifth is Edna Welte; top row, on right, is Francis Nagel; standing in front of Kibler is Alma Brons.

Enumclaw Library Historical Collection

Alma is standing front of teacher in center of back. row.

Alma with niece, Marjorie Nelson--Amanda's daughter. 1919

The little Danish Lutheran Church in Enumclaw, that Niels Brons helped design and build. It was the location of family weddings and regular worship by the family. Esther told about the Sunday morning's rush to get in Papa's car on time. She and Rosamond had to prepare breakfast, clean kitchen, start dinner then get ready for church. Papa was impatiently waiting for them.

Esther Olivia born April 17, 1905

Niels, Esther and Rosamond prepare to set off on journey to Maine and Denmark 1923.

Esther and Jim Pagliotti at their home in Santa Barbara on Danielson Rd. They married 1936. Jim died 1952.

Baby Esther, “Lang-kartoffel” (long Potato) as her Papa used to call her, because she was the tall one.

Esther and Amanda cleaning up in Esther’s kitchen.

Brons family picnic at Esther’s home. Papa seated at end of table on right Uncle Hans partially hidden. Jim serving.

Niels Brons Family September 1927
At the Enumclaw home

1st Row: Loraine Nielsen (Hilda), Jack Gravesgard (Alma), Virginia Pedersen (Elenore), Bernice Nelson (Amanda), Marjorie Nelson (Amanda), Gladys Brons (Paul), Connie Gravesgard (Alma), Anita Brons (Paul), Richard and Kenneth Brons (Paul).

2nd Row: Norman Pedersen (Elenore), Alvin Brons (Paul), Ernst Halse (Ida), Elmer Hansen (Lily), Allen Halse (Ida), Harvey Nelson (Amanda),

3rd Row: Amanda, Virginia Marie Larsen (Marie), Rosamond, Alma, Agnes, Ida, "Barney"Ophelia (Herb), Olga (Paul), Hilda, Phyllis Nielsen (Hilda), Elenore.

4th Row: Marie, L.E. Larsen (Marie), Walter Boysen—cousin, John Halse (Ida), John Gravesgard (Alma), Fred Nielsen (Hilda), Thorvald Pedersen (Elenore).

5th Row: Walter Andersen (Amanda's 2nd husband), Lily, Erna Hansen (Lily), Otto, Esther, Christian Hansen (Lily), **Niels Brons,** Mary Jane Brons (Paul), Paul, Herb.

1936 Family Picnic at Uhlman's Park (Kraen District)

Row 1: Shirley (Alma), Marvin (Herb), Delmer and Patsy Boysen (Elmer and Anna), Howard and Gordon (Herb), Jack (Alma), Otto, John Halse (Ida).

Row 2: LaVerne (Alma), Betty Esther (Elenore), Lorayne (Hilda), Virginia (Elenore), Elmer Boysen (Uncle Willie), Virginia (Marie), Anna Boysen, Alma, Connie (Alma).

Row 3: Esther, Ophelia "Barney" (Herb), Ida, Phyllis (Hilda), Marie, Bernice (Amanda), Ernst (Ida), L.E. Larsen (Marie), John Gravesgard (Alma).

Row 4: Elenore holding Agnes, Grandpa Niels Brons, Hilda, Marjorie (Amanda), Uncle Willie Boysen, Amanda, Thorvald Pedersen (Elenore).

Row 5: Norman (Elenore), Herbert, Donald McIntosh (Marjorie), Bob Hopke (Hilda), Allen Halse (Ida).

Family gathering about 1942. Niels Brons is center back.

Family together at Herb's home in Enumclaw about 1946. All arranged in chronological order from left: Marie, Lily, (Agnes missing). Amanda, Paul, Alma, Otto, Ida, Elenore, Hilda, Herb, Esther, (Rosamond missing).

Family gathering in Enumclaw with children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Niels Brons

Family gathering in Enumclaw with several generations. Photo taken same day and location as photo on left. Niels Brons is in center by Marie, his last reunion.

Brons family 1956 reunion at "4 Acres"—Esther's home in Santa Barbara 1956.

Front Row: Amanda, Rosamond, Marie.
Second Row: Lily, Otto, Paul, Herb.
Back Row: Agnes, Hilda, Esther, Uncle Hans, Alma, Ida, Elenore.

All siblings present for the last time.

Feeding the family at Esther's.

Enumclaw Evergreen Memorial Park
23717 SE 416th

Many family members are buried here in center of Section 1

Papa Brons' joy—his garden. It was filled with special plants ordered from far away places.

Bedstefar's grave stone--closer view. His daughter, Ida Brons, is buried close by his grave.

Papa Niels Brons passed away 1945. He is buried in Solvang California.