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Norland, Myrtle Rendahl

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... Remembering the Past



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by Myrtle Rendahl Norland

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REMEMBERING THE PAST:

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>INTRODUCTION</i>	<i>iii</i>
<i>WHEN I REMEMBER GRANDMA</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>COLD HOUSE - WARM BOTTOMS</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>MY TESTIMONY</i>	<i>12</i>
<i>A DEPRESSION CHRISTMAS</i>	<i>17</i>
<i>GOD'S INTERVENTION</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>MOVE TO A FARM</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>PORKY</i>	<i>31</i>
<i>INTRODUCTION TO A DESIRED PET</i>	<i>35</i>
<i>CHANGES</i>	<i>38</i>
<i>TRIP TO NORWAY</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>DEAR JOHN</i>	<i>50</i>
<i>BITTEN BY A BUG - SAVE IT IS</i>	<i>54</i>
<i>SQUIRRELS</i>	<i>57</i>

<i>A FAVORITE CORNER OF MY HOUSE</i>	60
<i>A FIVE-HOUR ORDEAL</i>	63
<i>HERMAN</i>	67
<i>A NEW ROOF</i>	70
<i>BARNEVELD</i>	72
<i>ALTERATION</i>	75
<i>THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE</i>	77
<i>DELIGHTFUL DAY</i>	78
<i>INFERIOR OR DISADVANTAGED?</i>	80-a
 <i>STORIES ABOUT MY HUSBAND, THOR NORLAND:</i>	
<i>POEM: I KNOW YOU LIKE A BOOK</i>	80
<i>MY HUSBAND'S EARLY LIFE</i>	81
<i>PART I</i>	81
<i>PART II</i>	85
<i>PART III</i>	91
<i>Sardine Packing 65 Years Ago</i>	96
 <i>WANDERINGS</i>	 98

JEWELS 100

POETRY:

AUCTION 107

I WISH I HAD... 108

LOWER YOUR STANDARDS 109

THERE'S NOTHING TO IT WHEN YOU KNOW HOW 110

THE DAY I ROAMED TOO FAR FROM HOME 111

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG 112

COLD BUTTERED TOAST & PEANUT BUTTER 114

DEAD SILENCE 115

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April 14, 1993

INTRODUCTION

These stories were written by my Grandmother, Myrtle Rendahl Norland. She wrote these stories at various times over a period of years, and they cover a variety of subjects. She wrote some of the stories on "assigned" topics in connection with a class she took several years ago; she wrote others so that she could share her past experiences.

Since most of the stories relate to actual experiences in her life, we have arranged them somewhat in chronological order.

My Grandmother has done all of the artwork that is interspersed throughout the stories. She drew some of the pictures specifically to illustrate particular stories. However, we have also included some other pictures, which may not seem to be related to the subject matter of the stories.

I find these stories fascinating, and it is my hope that everyone who sees these stories in print will be prompted to write about their own past experiences. I'm encouraging both my Grandmother and my Grandfather, Thor Norland, to write many more stories so that we can in the near future put out a second volume of stories.

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WHEN I REMEMBER GRANDMA

I remember Grandma. My sister and I stayed with her in 1926, the summer she died. I was eleven years old at that time. She used to sit in her chair by the bay window, watching for the mailman to come. Her chair was a platform rocker on a stationary base, with a footstool she could pull out to rest her feet upon. I saw one at an auction once, almost identical to Grandma's. I bid as high as \$300 for it -- my limit, but I didn't get it. Perhaps the new owner also had someone they remembered that used that chair. I hope it brings them happy memories.



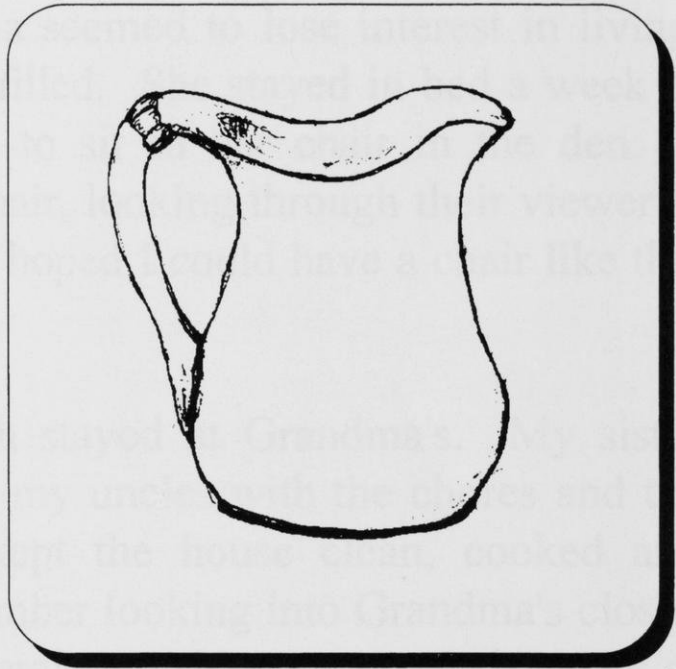
While Grandma would sit in her chair, I remember that I would comb her long hair with a fine comb to keep it soft and silky and pretty in appearance. It was still brown, even though she was now 82 years old.

It was there she sat as my uncles tried to dig out the piece of a dried hollow reed that had embedded itself into my leg just above the knee. I had fallen as an old bench broke when I stood on it under an apple tree in the orchard. Oh, how that splinter hurt! I couldn't get it out by myself. I went running to tell my uncles. They took me into the house and made me lie down on the fainting couch in front of the bay window. It was there that Grandpa used to lie and read the newspapers and farm magazines. They tried to pull the reed out with their fingers as I had tried to do, but with no more success. Then they went for some operating tools, pliers, razors, crochet hooks, and tweezers. After considerable probing, they finally succeeded in getting the reed out. It had broken off close to my skin, making it hard to get hold of. I still have the scar, about the diameter of a drinking straw.

I enjoyed looking at the pretty china pieces that Grandma had in her built-in china cabinet. The cabinet had glass doors to the front that opened into the dining room and wood doors to the back that opened into the pantry. Grandma didn't have a dining room table in her dining room, for the room was used for a den. In the room was

another hutch. On it was a large clove-studded apple. It was so large that it must have been their largest wolf river apple. I liked to take it down, look at it and smell its strong clove odor. It must have taken someone a long time to put in all those cloves.

When we were younger, we would often go to visit our grandparents, and one of them would go into their bedroom, just off the den, open the second drawer of their bureau and take out a white pitcher. This pitcher, larger than a cream pitcher, was



always filled with pennies. They told us we could have one penny for each number we could count. We learned to count fast and felt rich when we left for home.

I remember Grandma would eat two fried cakes and a glass of milk for each meal. She may have eaten other food, but I don't recall. My mother used to go to Grandma's every Friday and bake all day long -- eight to ten loaves of bread and a large "Gammel Kakke" or a spice cake. She would bake fried cakes until a large crock was filled. Then she carried it to the basement. It had a large solid cover on it, and stood at the foot of the stairs. I ran up and down

those stairs many times to bring up fried cakes. There were always fried cakes, my mother's specialty. No one could make them any better! It was our favorite dessert.

Grandma longed to see her sister and talked about her constantly. She lived quite a distance away in Minnesota. After her visit, Grandma seemed to lose interest in living. Her desire had been fulfilled. She stayed in bed a week or two, never coming out to sit in her chair in the den. I enjoyed sitting in her chair, looking through their viewer at the different pictures. I hoped I could have a chair like that some day.

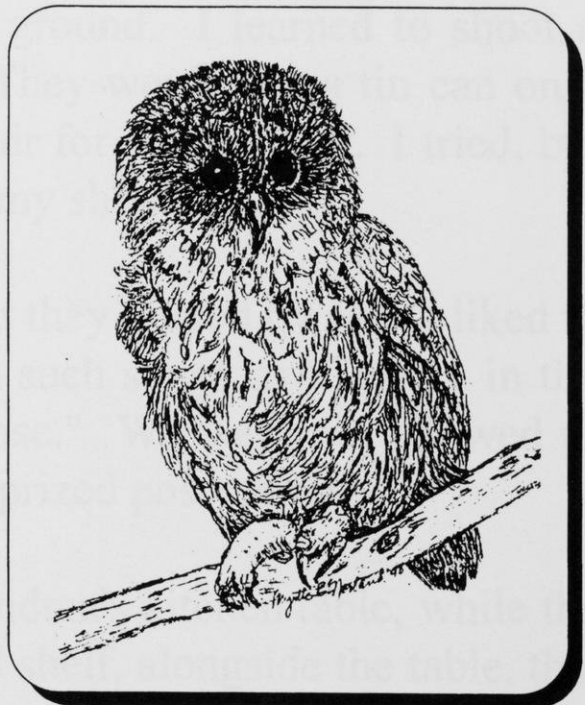
My sister and I both stayed at Grandma's. My sister worked outside helping my uncles with the chores and the work of tobacco. I kept the house clean, cooked and washed clothes. I remember looking into Grandma's closet. She had a big bag of overall and shirt patches and a stack of overalls to be mended, work she was no longer able to do. I liked to open the parlor sliding door, go in and dust that room. It was a room with nice furniture and a velvet photo album, which I liked to peek into. It was a room forbidden to use except for special occasions. It was here that Grandma's casket stood after she died.

It was fun working at Grandma's -- just like playing house, though it was hard work scrubbing those long underwear and overalls on a scrub board. Sometimes if I finished before my uncles came into the house, I carried the water out myself, in the pail. The wash water was heated in

a copper wash boiler, on an old black wood stove in the summer kitchen. It was there on the table in the summer kitchen that we washed the milking utensils and hung them on the wall above the table to dry. Then some of the wash water was used to scrub the floor, after I had added Gold Dust Twins washing powder. The floor had neither stain nor varnish on it. I kept the floor scrubbed so clean that every dusty footprint showed. Oh, how I liked to hear my bachelor uncles praise me for its cleanliness! In no way would I disappoint them with a dirty floor!

One of my uncles liked peanuts. I liked to go out to his new Dodge touring car and eat the peanuts in the shells scattered on the seat. I liked peanuts, too! He would give us some, but I always ate the extra ones in the car.

We slept in one of the four bedrooms upstairs. Sometimes it was scary. An owl sat in a tree nearby, hooting during the dark night hours. Then I would remember an old saying, "When you hear an owl hoot in the middle of the night, it means death in the family." I would lay awake and imagine many things.



The day we arrived at Grandma's, I took the table scraps out to feed the dog -- a bulldog they had recently received from a friend in town who had some problems with him. I was about to set the dish down beside him when he sank his teeth in my arm. Now, my uncle would not tolerate such behavior, so he took the dog out behind the barn and shot him. I thought perhaps we could have been friends if we could have had some time together.

When the neighbor children came over to play in the evening, we had to be careful not to make noise, specially on the side of the house where Grandma's bedroom was located. She wasn't feeling well and needed her rest. Living in a home dominated by men, my coaches, my exercise consisted of wrestling with the neighbor boys. Oh, how the cheers rang out when I was able to take one down and pin his shoulders to the ground. I learned to shoot a rifle and to clean one, too. They would put a tin can on a fence post or toss one in the air for me to shoot. I tried, but a shot gun was too heavy for my shoulders.

My uncles had a violin that they played by ear. I liked to listen to them as they played such songs as "Turkey in the Straw" and "My Old Irish Rose." We were not allowed to touch the violin. It was their prized possession.

It was there, sitting at Grandma's kitchen table, while the clock ticked away on the wall shelf, alongside the table, that I learned to draw cartoon characters from the newspaper. Maggie and Jigs, Maggie with her rolling pin in her hand,

Toots and Casper pushing the buggy down the street, and, of course, little Buttercup, too. There, too, in Grandma's kitchen, I sat on a chair with the coffee grinder between my knees and ground coffee beans that dropped into the little drawer below, ground coffee for us to brew our coffee.



Toots



Granda



Casper



Buttercup

(Drawn by Myrtle Rendahl around the age of 11)

Sometimes we would play in the old house in the orchard. They had lived in it until they built their new five-bedroom home on the hill for the amazing sum of \$1100. It was fun to climb the straight stairway and look into the closets, but scary, too, for some animals and birds were now occupying some of the rooms.

Perhaps the greatest fun of all was going to the barn to play in the hay mow. We would climb up the ladder on the side of the barn that was almost filled to the top with hay. We would stack up the hay until we could reach the hay fork rod that ran from one side of the barn to the other. We would take hold of the rod and by placing one hand in front of the other, we would work our way across the driveway of the barn to the other side. We would then let go, turn a somersault or two and land in the hay below. We never feared falling, perhaps to our death, if we fell on the solid wood floor, or on top of the hay wagon that stood in the driveway of the barn below us. That was our most fun time! But a dangerous stunt.

My youngest uncle Edgar was hard of hearing after his was experience, so he could not always hear Grandma when she would call. Grandma would take an empty wooden spool and rap on the wall to Edgar, when Uncle Arthur was not at home. That he could hear! It was their communication system, used especially at night as Grandma slept downstairs and my uncles upstairs.

Grandma had a great worry because of one of her sons, a very kind man, but the black sheep of the family, because he drank too much. She always feared for him. When I was little, this uncle would give me a silver dollar if I sat on his lap. He came to live with us in 1947 and lived for 14 years until he died, eventually not touching a drop of liquor. But Grandma never lived to know this! Her greatest worry was no problem any more.



The last couple of weeks, someone sat with Grandma almost all the time, for she needed her chloroform more and more. When she had spells and couldn't get her breath, we put a few drops of chloroform on a corner of a hankie and put it under her nose. Then she would be better for a while. Different people each day would take turns sitting with her during meal time. It was noon on the day it was my turn, but somehow my aunt wanted to do it instead. Perhaps she

realized that Grandma was very low. We had just started to eat when she called for us all to come into the bedroom. Grandma was dying! I stood at the foot of her bed and watched Grandma take her last three long gasps of breath. She was gone with no suffering! I remember my aunt almost fainting! My uncle threw open the window and fanned her with a fan.

In those days someone always closed the eyelids and put a penny on each eye to hold the eye closed. I don't know why, but I had that privilege. I put a book under her chin and went to Grandma's second drawer in her bureau, took from her white pitcher two pennies, and laid them on Grandma's eyes as they were closed in death.

COLD HOUSE - WARM BOTTOMS

"You go down and get that pail of coal tonight," my sister said to me. "Now, I won't. It's your turn," I answered. "Well, I'm not going to do it. You can," she said. "That's what you think, but I'm not," I said, and started to leave her there by the basement door with the empty bucket. She could take it to the basement and fill it with briquettes, that we used in our coal stove to heat our home. It was hard work to carry that bucket up the stairs. She was two years older than I was, and she could do it by herself.

My father overheard us and, with his stern voice, he called, "What is the matter?" "It's her turn, and I'm not going," I said. "It's not my turn," she said, "It's hers." "We'll see about that," my father said, "You both go down and bring up that coal."

But we continued our argument! "All right, come here," he said. Then he warmed our bottoms with the palm of his strong hands, a very unusual thing for my father to do. We had never been spanked like that from him before, so we both scampered down that stairway fast and returned together, both carrying our bucket of coal.

MY TESTIMONY

I often wondered why I was privileged to know Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I was saved in 1935, but I would like to tell you a little of my life before that time.

I was the second child of five children, brought up in a good loving home with Christian principles, but I did not know what it was to be born again. I was confirmed at an early age. I started with my sister two years older, but knew my lessons well, so they let me be confirmed with the rest of the 58 confirmants at the Trinity Lutheran Church. I was confirmed in 1926 at the age of eleven.

That was about all the church I could remember except that I would occasionally go to the Volunteers of America Sunday School. Who invited me or why they invited me, I can't remember, but two songs made an impression on me -- "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Love Lifted Me."

When we went to visit Grandma Rendahl, my dad's mother, she would make us sit down and listen while she read to us out of her Norwegian Bible. I hated it, for I didn't

understand anything she read. I'm sure she prayed for me, for she must have loved the Lord and wanted us to hear God's Word, too.

But on the other hand, Thor's mother was a Christian and constantly prayed for Thor. How thankful I am that her prayers included me when she prayed for Thor. Oh, if we only knew how many people are behind answered prayers and the different people God uses. We were not Christians when we were married, but I thank God for prayers that went up for us.

Back in 1935, Thor and I had to move because the house we lived in had been sold. We had a choice of a house out of Madison city limits or a small apartment in the city. The



house had one drawback -- it was within a couple of blocks from Leonard Auchtung, who had been witnessing and testifying to Thor as they worked together. We chose the house, and I told Thor I would tell Leonard where he belonged if he became a pest -- and that is what I thought he was fast becoming. But it didn't happen that way.

Leonard had invited us to an evangelistic meeting, and we had just driven up by the church, deciding whether to go in or not, when we heard someone say, "My good friend, Norland." Who else but Leonard himself. My heart sank. I didn't want to meet him, but we went in. That night, a body had an epileptic seizure and scared me half to death. I had never seen one before. My knees were shaking, and I said I would never, never go there again. The next night, I stayed with my mother while Thor went to church. The following night, I went with him (must have been Thor's power of persuasion). The evangelist preached on hell, and I knew I was going there if I didn't get right with God. I went to the alter that night and gave my heart to the Lord. Thor had done the same thing the night before while walking along the railroad tracks by Loftgardens Lumber Company to my parents' home.

Leonard, his wife and children became our close friends. Leonard lived to be over 92 years old.

We continued going to church, attending every meeting, walking many miles to get there, while Leonard's wife took care of our two little children.

The church offered Home Bible Studies to do on each book of the Bible. We were given an outline of the book, then assignments of chapters with questions to answer and write out. Our work was corrected, graded and handed back. We worked at our own speed. I still have my lessons and graded papers.

I found this very helpful in my spiritual walk before the Lord. For the Bible says "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God."

The power of Christ through His Word has revolutionized my life by its example and influence, as well as the example of Godly people. It is said that we influence at least 500 people in our lifetime, perhaps greater influence today with the mobility of people and with the help of radio and television.

I am so glad Christ is my example and said, "Follow me." He directs my every path; He's my guide, my pilot, my burden bearer, my comforter, my friend, and changed my value system to the more precious things of heavenly values. I would like to close with this poem.

Teach Me to Live

Teach me to live! Tis easier far to die --
Gently and silently pass away --
One earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the glorious realms of day,
Teach me the harder lesson - how to live
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict, now fresh vigor give.
And make me more than conqu'ror in the strife.

Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfill
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remold this stubborn will,
Closer round Thee my heart's affection twine,
Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret,
Teach me to live; no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ.
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully --
Be this my highest and holiest joy.
Teach me to live - my daily cross to bear.
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load,
Only be with me, let me feel Thee near.
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.
Teach me to live and find my life in Thee.
Looking from earth and earthly things away.
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.
Teach me to live with kindly words for all.
Wearing no cold repulsive brow of gloom,
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

Author Unknown

A DEPRESSION CHRISTMAS



It was the year of 1935, a year in the height of depression, whether for everyone I don't know; but I do know it was for the Norland family, and it is a year that will long be remembered. It was a time of discouragement because you had to do without much you needed, but also a time of blessing, a time of creativity. I will never forget how proud I was when, after having been given two identical snowsuits for our daughter, with all four knees worn out, I took the back panels from the most worn suit and made decorative patches for the knees of the other. How proud she was when everyone thought she

had a brand new snowsuit, with its perky peaked attached hood.

I shall tell you a little about our Christmas that year of 1935. Thor recalls walking home Christmas Eve, thinking that he didn't even have an orange to give to his children. He knew they would be too young to remember, and he was thankful that they were only three years and eighteen months old. Thor had no steady employment, but he had been doing lawn work, painting, selling washing machines, whatever his busy hands could find to do, trying to make enough to supply the needs of his family.

That Christmas Eve, as we sat at our table eating our meal of baked beans and baking powder biscuits, there was a rap on the door. My heart just sank, and I said to my husband, "I hope no one is coming for supper." There wasn't much else to give them, even if we wanted to extend to them an invitation to stay.

My husband went to the door, and the first words I heard were, "Are we in time for supper?" Again, my heart trembled as my husband said, "Yes, come on in!" It was our pastor and his son, but they had no intention of staying for a meal. Noticing we did not have a tree, he asked my husband if we had anything against having a Christmas tree. Thor said we did not, but he thought the children were so young they would not know the difference. He told us that often on Christmas Eve, he could go to the Christmas tree lots, and they would give him trees to give away. Then he wanted to know if we

had Christmas tree decorations we could use if he could get a tree. Of course, we did have the decorations. He left, saying he would be back later.

After they left, I busily prepared the children for bed in their clean, worn-out footless sleepers. Yes, they had seen better days, though they were scrubbed white and still wearable.

Shortly, our Christmas tree appeared with our pastor, his wife and family. A Christmas which seemed like it was to be our bleakest turned out to be one that would be long-remembered, for not only did we receive a tree, but a large box of groceries, also. They left saying they had some more stops to make, so we bid them good-night with many thanks and humbleness of heart.

A minute later, someone else was at the door. Wondering who was there now, Thor answered, only



to find their oldest son standing there. He handed Thor an envelope and said, "Daddy forgot to give you this." We opened it to find two one-dollar bills. How do you react and what do you say under these circumstances? Christmas of 1935 lives on, one that will never be forgotten. The saying which goes, "It's better to give than to receive" could surely be written, "It's easier to give than to receive" also.

After they departed, we went through our box of groceries, making a list of each item, a list we still have and cherish.

Items on the list are as follows: large beef roast, package of rye krisp, three pounds of brown sugar, two cans of peas, one head of lettuce, one pound of coffee, one peck of potatoes, one-pound box of chocolate covered cherries, two pounds of assorted Christmas candy, one pound of nuts, seven bananas, a homemade white cake, two boxes of jello, one pound of macaroni, one pound of onions, one loaf of bread, one peck of apples, one pound of butter, one large can pineapples, one can of milk, cookies, popcorn, plus toys for the children, which included a toy car, a top, two books, and four cents. Enclosed in the box was a card signed by them with the poem inscribed on it "What God Hath Promised," which I shall copy for you.

God hath not promised
Skies always blue
Flower-strewn pathways
all our lives through;
God hath not promised

Sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow,
Peace without pain.
But God hath promised
Strength for the day,
Rest for the labor,
Light for the way,
Grace for the trials,
Help from above,
Unfailing sympathy,
Undying love.

Annie Johnson Flint

I've memorized this poem and quoted it often to others. I was thrilled recently to find it on a "Get Well" card. Yes, our children did get belated Christmas gifts, new sleepers which we purchased for seventy-nine cents each in those depression days.

GOD'S INTERVENTION

It was January of 1937, and we had to move from the house we rented, for it had been sold. Thor had painted the outside of the house, but not charged anything for the labor, in exchange for not having an increase in our monthly rental of \$17.50, for three years. But shortly after he finished his work, the landlady put up a "For Sale" sign, saying she did not think it would sell anyway, for it was still depression times. Being quite a new home which they built for themselves with new paint and nice rooms, it sold right away. Her husband was in the sanitarium, and she needed the money also, but it left us with no place to live.

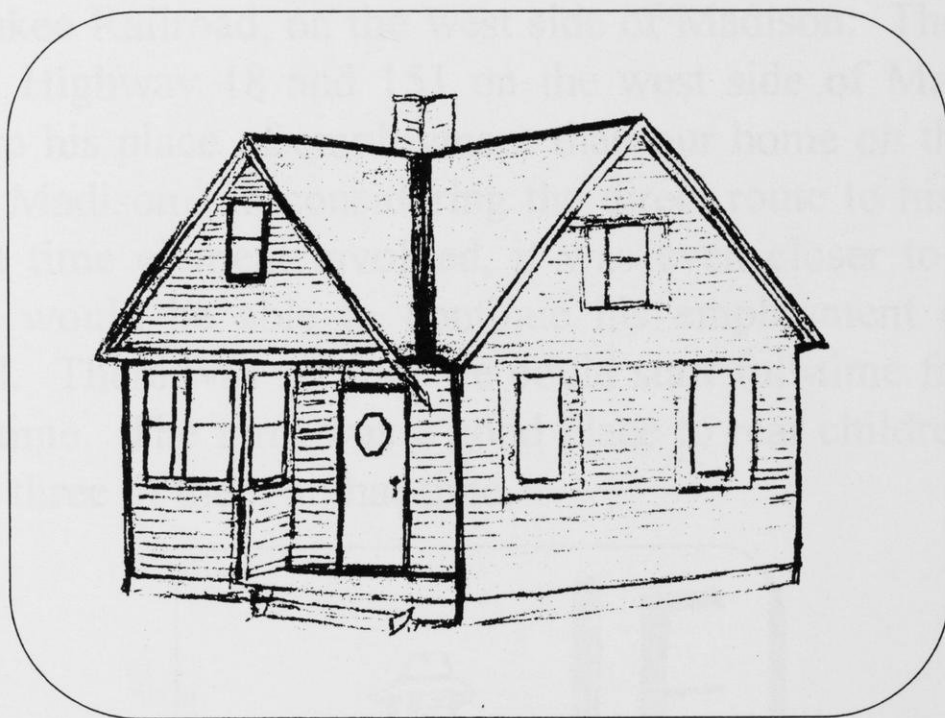
Thor was now working on the Milwaukee Railroad, so he had a steady job, but minimal income. We looked at several rental apartments, but when they found out we were expecting our third child, they were not interested. This left us with only one choice -- an apartment with a tiny bedroom. You could not get around both sides of the bed without pulling the bed out. To this day, I don't like a small bedroom. A real estate agent told us of a house for sale. We did not have money to buy, but went to see it anyway. Why, I don't know, for we had no money to buy anything with, but we needed a place to live. When we came to the house, the renters wouldn't let us in, for they did not know it was for sale. If it was, they said they wanted first chance. The house could be

purchased for \$2,250 with \$100 down and a monthly payment of \$25. The house had only one bedroom combination living-dining room, kitchen, with two unfinished bedrooms upstairs. Of course, no bathroom, and the only running water was a hand pump at the kitchen sink. It was on the outskirts of town, quite new and in a nice location. Nice start for us, but how could we start?

Shortly before this time, Thor's share of his grandmother's inheritance came -- a check of \$81.90. It was sent from Stavanger, Sparekasse on February 3, 1937, arriving about the middle of February. It came just when we needed it most, not quite the \$100! We managed to get together the \$18.10 we needed to complete the \$100, a mere 60 cents more than our regular rent payment. We purchased our first home at 65 Lansing Street in Madison, not knowing what the inside of the house looked like. A miracle indeed! To get something when you had nothing to start with is a miracle to me. We always give God the credit for this, for we have always given the Lord one-tenth of our income, no matter how small, and He has promised to bless us and rebuke the devourer for our sakes.

Now we had to have \$25 to pay the real estate agent his commission. Again, we managed, as it did not have to be paid immediately. We were to take possession on May 1, but the renters were angry when the house was sold, and we wondered when we would be able to move in. Instead of lingering, they moved out early, leaving a vacant house for us to move into on April 1. The owner of the house wanted to

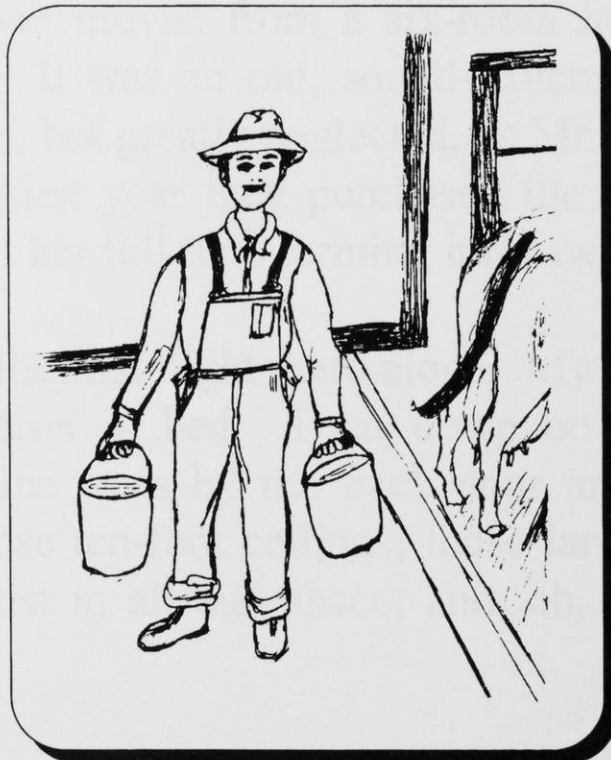
sell and told us to start our payments of \$25 a month on September 1, making the purchase the same as \$25 a month rent, including the commission. We owe thanks to Mr. Frank Y. Acker from Ashton, Wisconsin, a very honest man, who, while calculating our principal and interest one month, made a mistake of one cent, and spent three cents for a stamp, telling us he would deduct it next month.



The house was badly in need of paint on the outside, so bad the siding was just black, but in good condition. It was not easy to find another \$17.50 right away that we needed for paint. But again we managed! What a deal! Praise the Lord for his goodness to us! It gave us our start in life, a wise investment for our future. Later, we purchased another house on the same street. When we had collateral in both houses, we sold them to purchase the farm on Nesbitt Road.

MOVE TO A FARM

In the early forties we decided to move from the city to a farm for several reasons. My husband worked on the Milwaukee Railroad, on the west side of Madison. The farm was on Highway 18 and 151 on the west side of Madison, closer to his place of employment than our home on the east side of Madison. In considering the direct route to his work and the time element involved, it was even closer to work, and he would be able to continue his employment on the railroad. There was no way we could start full-time farming at this time. The farm was a good place to rear children, and we had three of them at that time.



The house was large, so we could rent out an apartment to supplement our income, raise a large garden, and start raising cattle. We went ahead and purchased the farm on Nesbitt Road from Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bergenske.

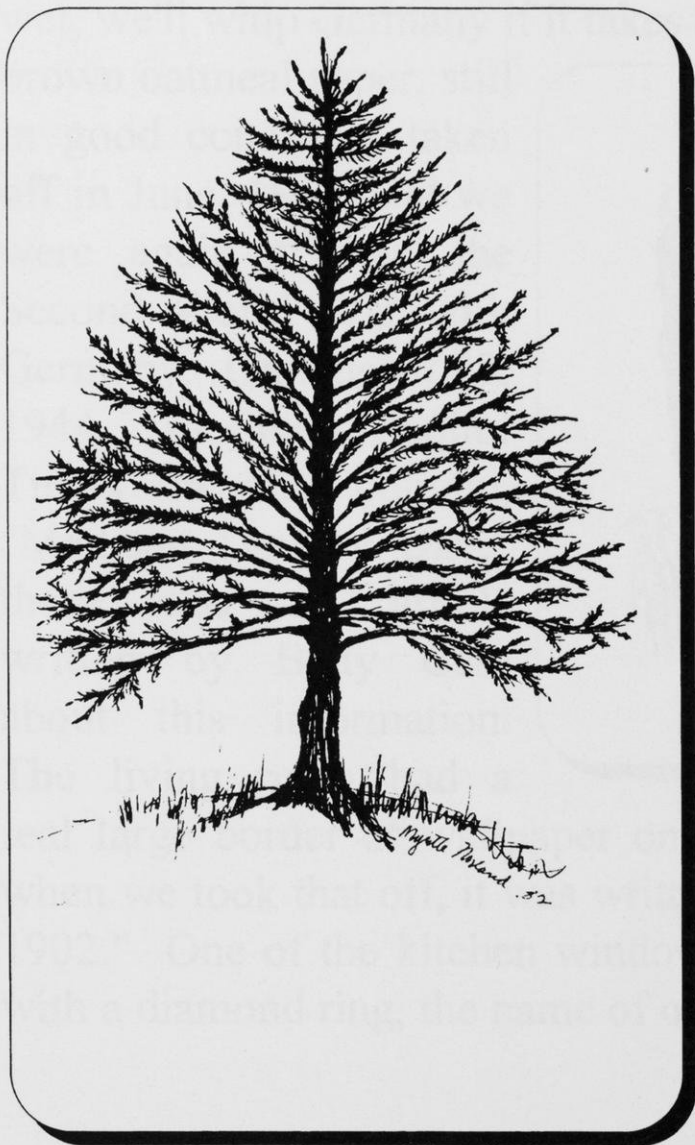


Have you ever moved from a six-room home to one of sixteen rooms? It was an old, sound-structured home with ten-foot ceilings, but greatly neglected, as Mr. Bergenske had become ill the first year they purchased the farm, and Mrs. Bergenske spent her full time farming it for twenty-five years.

I remember the first night there alone. My husband was at work, the children in bed. I sat down on the old bench between two pine trees by the back door and cried. How lonesome! Those ten-foot ceilings; those large rooms. Our furniture was lost in all that space; and, oh, the work to be done!

What a change to go from a modern home of oak floors, oak woodwork, to one that had no water, no bathroom, no kitchen cabinets, to one that was in need of paint and wallpaper to be stripped from the walls. Could I endure?

There is also a lot of history connected with this farm. The stone barn was over a hundred years old and still in good condition. The barn was built from the stones from the quarry on the farm, which was not now in operation. There was another stone building that had been used for drying



hops, which we called the "Hop House." On top of this building stood an old cupola. The saying goes that this was a cupola from the first capitol of the State of Wisconsin located in Belmont. The roof and the cupola blew down in a bad windstorm while we were on the farm. The cupola had been used as target practice as it was riddled with bullet holes. The house had once been a post office. Under one of the stairways we found a

letter written by a man named George from Fitchburg, Wisconsin on June 27, 1886, written to "My dear Friend Lillie (Miller)." The letter contained many interesting things, telling that there was going to be an excursion to Devil's Lake and Baraboo, having their tintypes taken, news of the neighbors and other things. Also, rumors were that there was supposed to be some old Liberty bonds hidden in the house, which we never found. One day, while taking off wallpaper in the living room, we discovered written on the wall, "Papered by George M. Pierson, June 14, 1917. Cold and wet, we'll whip Germany if it takes all summer." It was a nice brown oatmeal paper, still in good condition, taken off in June, 1944, and we were again at war, the Second World War with Germany. On August 29, 1944, in the Capitol Times in the column, "Madison Day by Day," there was an article written by Betty Cass about this information. The living room had a real large border of wallpaper on the top of the walls, and when we took that off, it was written on the wall, "papered in 1902." One of the kitchen windowpanes had been inscribed with a diamond ring, the name of one of the former owners.



There were no screens, no screen doors, and many more things crying for help. There was one room that had been made into a garage, and the basement ceiling under that room had the whole tree trunks for beams. The stones from the quarry were traded with Mr. John Mann in the year 1855 for the timber from his property. The stone buildings which now are called "Quivey's Grove" is right across the road from the farm house which was built with their timber.

The farm had an abundance of black walnut trees, as well as hickory and butternut trees. Have you ever lived in a home where nuts have been dried in the attic and the mice roll them around in the walls at night? How embarrassing, especially when company stayed overnight.

Did we make a mistake? Oh no, I think not; but it took a while and a lot of hard work. We took wallpaper off until it seemed forever. Until this day, my husband has no desire for wallpaper in his home.

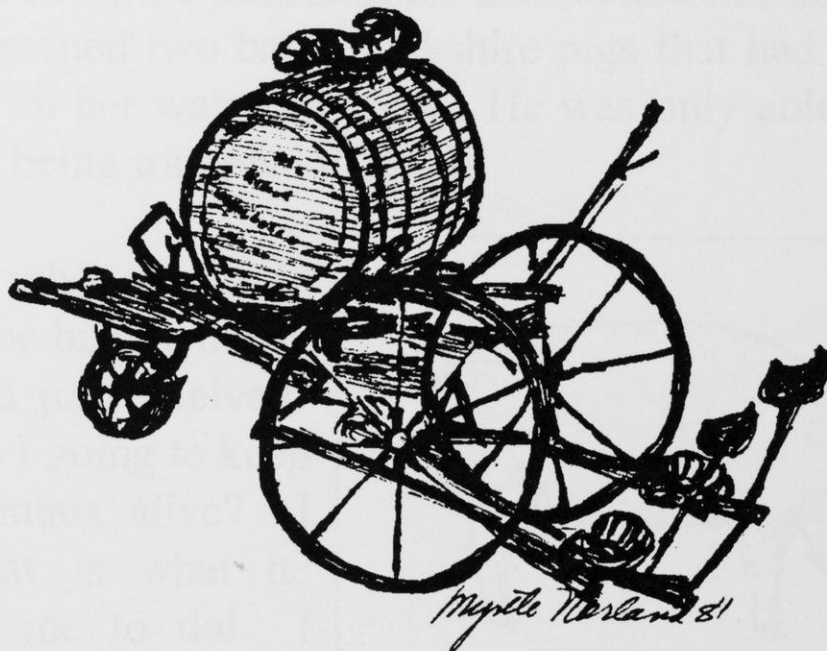
Finally the walls were painted, water put in the house and barn, cupboards built, and we continued to work until we had a very lovely home, a place where much entertaining was done. A very lovely apartment was fixed upstairs, which was constantly rented with good renters.

Can I really believe my eyes? Is that Thor? That is what my brother-in-law was thinking when he spied my husband coming down Monroe Street in Madison. "Where are you going with all that junk?" he yelled as my husband

approached driving a team of horses, pulling a wagon load of old machinery -- his prized possessions he had purchased, his investment with which to start farming. Thor looked the typical part he played that day, a junk man with his loot, only minus the beard that they usually wear, and probably a great embarrassment to my brother-in-law.

With these small beginnings, our venture in farming began, sometimes working eight hours one day and 16 the next, seven days a week, on the railroad and starting our farming experiences at the same time.

These were war years. Machinery was hard to get, and I waited a long time before I was able to find enough material to cover those tall windows.

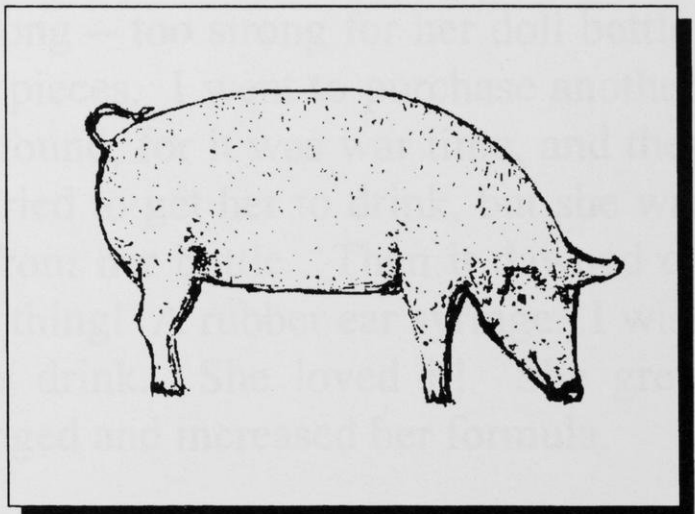


PORKY

A life of a farmer or farmer's wife can become very interesting at times, especially if there are little babies around -- baby chickens, calves, pigs or kittens. One day while I was in the midst of making a cake, I had two baby pigs brought into the house for me to tend.

My husband, who worked on the railroad also, arrived home in the middle of his work day and presented me with a present. He had to rush right back to work. The box contained two little pink animals that looked like skinned rats. He had rescued two baby Yorkshire pigs that had been born to a sow on her way to market. He was only able to rescue two from being trampled to death.

Now, what was I to do with the bundle of joy that I had just received? How was I going to keep those animals alive? I know that is what he expected me to do! I quickly finished my

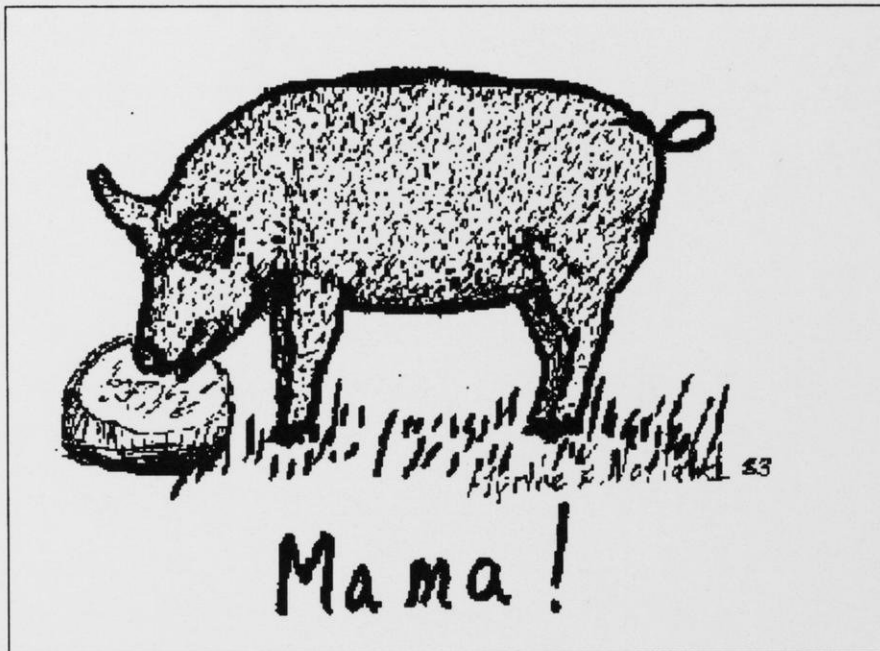


cake, for I knew they had to be kept warm and must be fed. I found some straw and put it in a box, then put a piece of an old blanket on top of the straw. Then I readied a hot water bottle and put it under the blanket and put the babies in their new abode. I set about to make formula, milk diluted with boiled water, to which I added some syrup. Now, how do I feed them? They didn't know how to drink. I tried to spoon it into their mouths, but that did not work. I was afraid I was going to choke them.

Then I was struck by a brainstorm -- why not use my daughter's doll bottle? It worked! It worked! How good they drank from it. Now, how often do I feed them, and when do I find the time with my already busy schedule?

One died soon, but the other did well. We named her Porky, a suitable name for a pig, we thought. I found myself getting up several times during the night to feed her, not just for the two o'clock feeding, but more often. That hot water bottle had to be kept warm! I even put a light above the box I had put her in, which occupied a part of our kitchen. Porky was getting so big and strong -- too strong for her doll bottle! She chewed the nipple in pieces. I went to purchase another, but there was none to be found, for it was war time, and they were not making any. I tried to get her to drink, but she was not ready to be weaned from her bottle. Then it dawned on me. I had it! The perfect thing! A rubber ear syringe. I wish you could have seen her drink. She loved it! She grew bigger every day as I changed and increased her formula.

I would take her out of her box at times. As I walked around our kitchen table in the middle of our kitchen floor, she would follow me, her feet going pitter-pat as her hoofs clanged on the linoleum. It was music to my ears, and I can hear it yet! I was Mama to a pig! I am afraid she really thought that, for wherever I went, she followed. If I went to the barn, she went, too. If I fed the chickens, she was with me. Everywhere I went, she followed right behind me, calling me Mama in her own special way. She even thought she belonged in the house with me.



She became quite a pet, but the time soon came when we decided she ought to take her place with the rest of her kind, an adjustment she made quite easily. She never forgot her name "porky." She would always come for her love petting. She would be way down the far end of the field with the herd of pigs; and if we called "Porky," she would come running to us. Of course, we loved to show her to people.

Dr. Lillesand, the veterinarian in Verona, wanted me to bring her to Verona and enter her in Verona's centennial parade. I didn't! I was afraid she might be sidetracked with all the people and commotion around. Then I thought how foolish I would look running down the streets of Verona calling, "PORKY, PORKY, COME TO MAMA."

Visiting cousins and friends found great pleasure at our farm home when we moved there from the city. It was a new adventure for them, never a dull moment as they looked for fossils or animal bones in the ground and explored the quarry, always investigating, experimenting as the days went swiftly by.

One beautiful summer day several cousins, my ten-year-old son, Bernie, and I climbed the steep road to the top of the hill, buckets in our hands to gather berries. We were enjoying our berry picking when all of a sudden Bernie yelled, "Mom, can I have it for a pet? Can I have it, Mom?"



All the while thinking of the nice deodorized skunk that his friend John had in a cage on his grandfather's farm, I looked up. To my bewilderment, I saw him sling his bucket in the air and take off

INTRODUCTION TO A DESIRED PET

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after a half-grown skunk. As I yelled "NO! NO!", he was taking off like a young deer and was gaining ground on the skunk. As he was about to pounce on him, his near captive let go and let Bernie have it.

That day, Bernie got the most raspberries, though not in his bucket. Another race started immediately for home. As we approached, who should drive in our driveway but our neighbor boy, then about 15 years old, and the tease of the neighborhood. Yes, more raspberries, and more raspberries, a secret that could not be hidden. Now the whole world knew. At least his whole known world.



That evening as my husband came home from his work at the railroad, he said, "What an odor! There must be a skunk under the porch." With all the disinfectants, his skin scrubbed white as snow except for the freckles that abounded, his buried clothing, the happenings of the day still lingered on his body and in his memory.

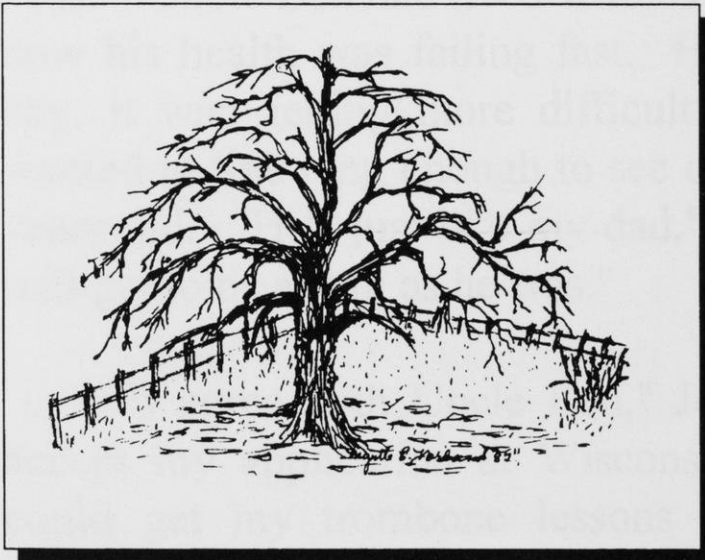
To this day, this story is often retold, though this event happened over forty years ago. Raspberries, yes raspberries without their sweetness, but a valuable lesson learned. Obedience is better than sacrifice, as the old adage goes.

Much of his boldness disappeared, also, as we soon learned in another episode the next time a skunk invaded our barn. He let his father have the honor of dealing with his strong scented friend. The idea of keeping a skunk as a pet vanished from his mind.



CHANGES

I had been upset all day, and when I went to bed that night, I prayed, "Lord, if you want him to take that position, have him change his mind and call me back." How could he -- turn down a position with an increase in salary, just because he was getting older and he would have to carry a little more responsibility? I knew he could do it! Why did he lack that self-confidence that he needed?



I won't have a job any more, unless I agree to transfer to Bensonville," Thor said. Bensonville, Illinois, was a railroad terminal. "You haven't?" I asked. That was the Thanksgiving present we received in

1960. The railroads were closing shops in many areas, and that is what they did in Madison where my husband worked for 25 years of his life. It would be a hard time in life for him to switch jobs.

"I only need five more years to complete my 30 years of service," Thor said. "What should I do now? I'm fifty-two years old already, and it won't be easy to start a new job. Who would hire me if I should try to find something around here?" I said, "We could buy dairy cows, start milking again." We had sold our cattle before we went to Norway in 1956. We could get a check each month. I said, "You like farming." He answered, "But I'll never get that pension check that way. I could go to Bensonville and try it for a while before we decide what we should do. I could at least try to get my five years in."

"Oh, I think you are better off on the farm," Uncle Ben said. "That's really the best life, and you can be your own boss." Uncle Ben had lived with us for over twelve years, but now his health was failing fast. He had emphysema. Each day, it was getting more difficult for him to breathe. He wanted to live long enough to see our son, John, get to be 21 years old. "He's just like my dad," he said. "I wonder if he will get to be as big as he was."

"I agree with Uncle Ben," John said. "Maybe they'll accept my application at Wisconsin High School. Then I could get my trombone lessons right there, and Spanish lessons, too! I'll help Dad on the farm. I can drive the tractor. I would like that. Then we could keep Duke, our Collie," he said. "He's too big to take to town with us."

Around and around we went, weighing each new idea, but my husband thought he should first go to Bensonville to

see if he liked it there. "We can always go full-time farming. As long as the neighbors are willing to work our land, we won't have to sell the farm," he said.

So he went to Bensonville. John had been accepted at Wisconsin High, but not for eighth grade. They were full, but now he was already registered and accepted for ninth grade.

Now one and a half years later, my husband was still commuting every other weekend. John was getting more and more independent of both me and my husband. He was becoming the boss around the farm, and I knew there would be clashes if they both ever worked together. Our son had yet to learn, "You have to do it my way, right or wrong," if you are working for someone -- not always the way you think is best.

Uncle Ben's emphysema was really getting bad, and he would soon need oxygen and would have to go to a nursing home. "But I don't want to go to a nursing home," he said, "and I don't want to move, either. What are you going to do with me?" He would constantly ask.

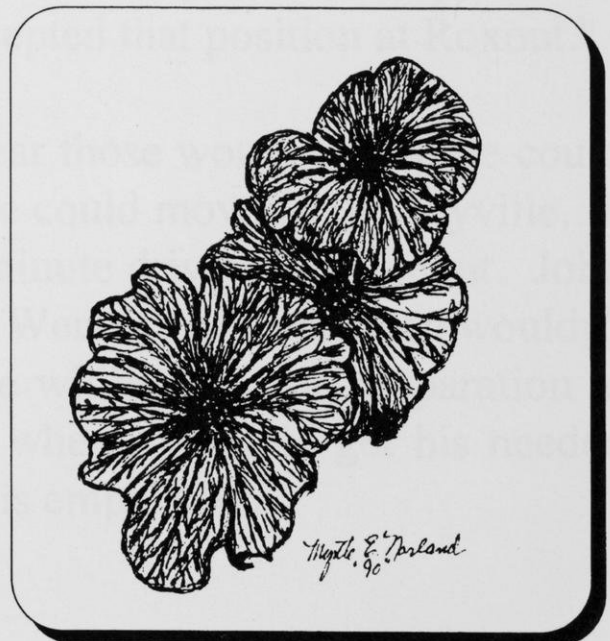
"Uncle Ben, the doctor said you would soon have to go to a nursing home, even if we stay here," I said. "You won't be able to get oxygen here, and you'll soon need it most of the time, the doctor said. You won't be able to stay here much longer anyhow. We'll come to see you," I said.

"Yeh? How often will that be? You'll soon forget about me. That's what they all do," he said.

"No, we won't, Uncle Ben! You know better than that," I said.

More and more responsibility was falling on my shoulders -- John, Uncle Ben, repairs of the farm, winter snow, transportation, and the many decisions that had to be made were mine alone.

One weekend we had taken a trip to the Bensonville area to look over the housing situation, in case we should decide to move. Would he always work in Bensonville or would he be transferred to another area? We went to Franklin Park near Bensonville to see what kind of homes they had for sale or rent. We stopped in a restaurant for our lunch. John ordered Italian spaghetti. The pictured menu looked very appetizing, but when the spaghetti came, it neither looked nor tasted good. Who wanted to eat cold spaghetti? What a disappointment for an empty stomach that never seemed to get full. "I'll never live in Franklin Park," John said, "They can't even make good spaghetti." That constant hungry stomach was making



judgment for him. But we did like Libertyville. Their school ranked 7th in the nation academically. They also had a spaghetti factory.

Still my husband had made no decision as to what our future would be. I was becoming more anxious each day. We should be together as a family, one place or the other. Then, early one morning, the phone rang. "Hello," I said. "Are you surprised to hear from me at this hour?" Thor asked. Yes, of course. "What's up?" I asked. "I've been offered a foreman's position at Ronout, Illinois, but I turned it down. It had a good increase in salary, too," he said. "Why did you do that?" I asked. "You know these opportunities will be few at your age." "I have to go now," he said, "I'm just on a break." And he hung up.

So after spending an upset day, that evening I prayed, "Have him change his mind and call me back." Early the next morning, the phone rang, and I heard my husband say, "Hello, I've changed my mind and accepted that position at Roxout."

How thrilled I was to hear those words. Now we could make some definite plans. We could move to Libertyville. It was only about a five or ten-minute drive from Ronout. John could start high school there. Were sorry Uncle Ben wouldn't be able to go with us. But he willingly made preparation to go to Lake View Sanitorium where he could get his needed oxygen and the best care for his emphysema.

TRIP TO NORWAY

The year of 1956 found us busily getting ready to take our first trip to Norway, a long-standing desire about to be fulfilled, for it was thirty-two years earlier that my husband came from Norway to America to live. Before we left, my husband's niece's father-in-law, who lived at Adams, Wisconsin, gave him a personal letter for us to deliver to his brother in Oslo. The last few days of July found all of us hurriedly packing for our trip, not knowing for sure what we should take with us. Then on July 29th, we boarded the Milwaukee Railroad train at Madison and started for the city of New York, arriving there the next day on the Pennsylvania Railroad. We had reservations at the Hotel Governor Clinton, corner of 7th and 31st Streets, and stayed there until our boat departed for Norway.

In New York, we took the Manhattan sight-seeing bus tour, which toured the Bowery and China Town, where we purchased a booklet of Chinese proverbs and visited their museum. We went up the Empire State Building, took a tour through the city and saw the Hudson River. One day we took a suburban train to Brooklyn where a relative of Thor's

operated a variety store. We did not get a chance to see her, for she was on her way home from a buying trip to Norway.

On August 1, we left on the new boat "Bergenfjord," its third voyage East. The boat was also equipped with water wings to make for smoother sailing, though it did not help Thor much, for he was seasick. On Sunday, August 5, our fifth day at sea, on our 25th anniversary, Thor could not even attend dinner to help us celebrate. The table was all decorated with both Norwegian and American flags, candles, nice folded, stand-up napkins. A beautifully-decorated anniversary cake with candles also graced the center of the

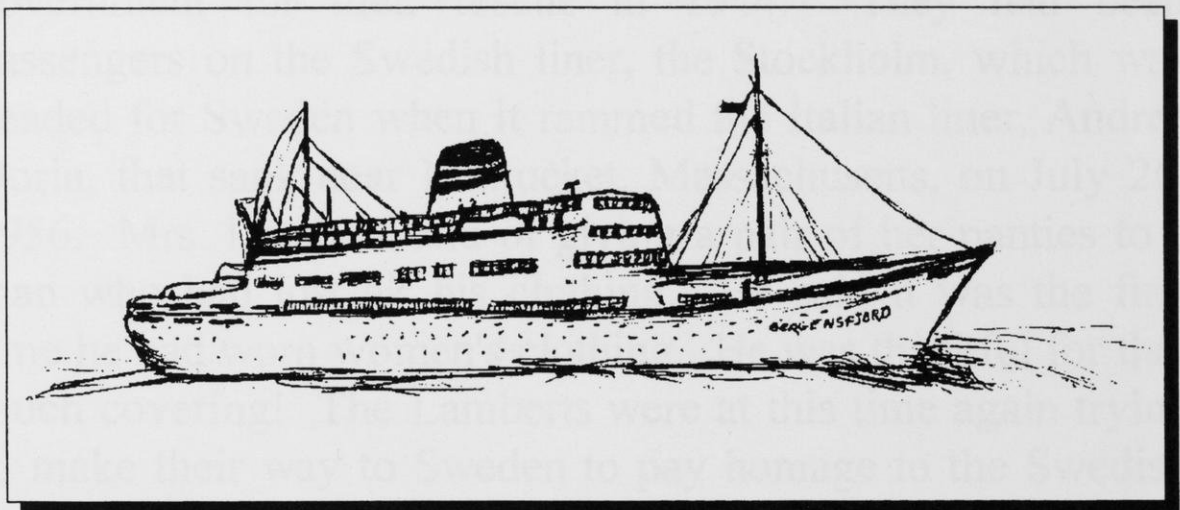


table. The menu that evening was: Cream of Mushroom Soup; Boiled Mackerel, Dill Butter; Boiled Potatoes or Roast Spring Chicken, Compote Mixed Salad with French Dressing; Fried Potatoes; Cheese Crackers; Fruit Coffee; Sugared Blueberries with Light Cream; Mixed Ice Cream. We had anniversary cake. That night, I sat there alone, with the rest of our family, to eat without Thor on our 25th anniversary! The only day we ate alone on our trip. The stewardess came

to Thor's rescue with some medicine, and the next day found him much better. That same day, Thor's sister talked to their second cousin, Hannah Simonsen, via telephone, as the boats crossed directions on the ocean.

One day we met Reverend and Mrs. George Lambert, who were then field representatives from the European Evangelistic Crusade in Chicago, Illinois. They were formerly from Latvia, where their large church was confiscated and turned into a dance hall by the Russian Communists. Rev. and Mrs. George Lambert were on the Bergenfjord on their way to pay homage to the Swedish government for their rescue in 1944. They had been passengers on the Swedish liner, the Stockholm, which was headed for Sweden when it rammed the Italian liner, Andrea Doria, that sank near Nantucket, Massachusetts, on July 26, 1956. Mrs. Lambert told of giving a pair of her panties to a man who had lost all his clothing. He said it was the first time he had worn women's clothing. He was thankful for that much covering! The Lamberts were at this time again trying to make their way to Sweden to pay homage to the Swedish government.

At a chapel service, Rev. Lambert related their story of their escape from Latvia when they were rescued by a Swedish boat in 1944, after drifting aimlessly many days, helpless on the Baltic Sea, on a flat motor boat after its motor failed. They were sighted by a Swedish boat, taken ashore, given food and clothing, and shown wonderful hospitality. Rev. Lambert mentioned how he would like to meet the

captain of that rescue ship again, when a man in the back of the room jumped up and said, "I am that captain!" We have a photo of Mr. and Mrs. George Lambert tucked away in our photo album.

Little did I realize when I left home how large the ocean was until we had been at sea for several days and seeing only water, water everywhere, with no land in sight.

After sailing for eight days, we landed at Bergen and then on to Stavanger, our destination. How happy my husband was when he looked down on the pier and he recognized his Uncle Martin, a big, burly man with his cap on, one hand leaning against a bus and looking up at the passengers. Thor scanned the crowd among the maze of colored umbrellas in search of other relatives among the crowd waiting there. Finally, he had the joy of recognizing some of them. We went through customs and were greeted by relatives, one and all, for they all come to greet you amidst a mass of confusion for me, for I understood nothing of what was being said. His sister proceeded to their Aunt Hannah's and Uncle Sven's home at Hommelund, and we went on to Uncle Martin and Aunt Birgitte Norland's home in Hole, Norway. This uncle was like a father to Thor. One day, his aunt made a soup, like the Vikings made, for us to eat. It was made from oatmeal, and I do not remember what else, as we could not communicate with our language barrier, but it was good. She also cooked potatoes and fish together, including the whole fish heads. Our son did not have a very good appetite that night, as he watched Uncle Martin roll those fish eyes around

in his mouth. After seeing a movie while on the boat of how they drink goat milk in Norway, he was not going to take any chances of drinking goat's milk; and he avoided milk most of the time while there.

One day we went to visit Uncle Sven and Aunt Hannah Hommeland. Even before we got into the house, one of the children came running and screaming, "Han John dst is bekken," which translated means "John fell in the creek." It was a cold, wet day, and the water was icy cold. He had gone with the children to the garden to pull carrots to eat, which they took down to the creek to wash off; and John, unaccustomed to the wet stones, slipped and fell into the creek. What a cold reception he got that day! Then followed a hasty search through his suitcase for dry clothes, for fear he would catch cold; but he was none the worse for his experience. One day, one of Thor's cousins and I were left alone for a while. She tried to speak to me in Norwegian, I to her in English. What a feeling! I did not understand her; nor did she understand me! Two intelligent people, I thought, and we could not communicate. Or were we not intelligent? How could this be! When we had no success with our languages, we used the universal language, threw our arms around each other, and had a good laugh -- a language we both could understand! I determined then and there that I would learn some Norwegian, somehow!

After visiting with them a few days, they took us to the train depot in Sandnes where we boarded the Sorland's Banen Electric train and headed for Oslo to deliver the letter my

husband had in his pocket. The trains were very spacious and had a large window from which to view the beautiful scenery along the way. Many travelers carry their sack lunches and concentrated juices, which they dilute with water and eat their lunches on the train. While eating our meal in the dining car, a Norwegian lady overheard and understood our English conversation. She came over to our table and spoke to us in English. During the course of our conversation, she said she had an uncle in America. We further questioned her and found that her uncle lived in Adams, Wisconsin. Could it be that Thor had her uncle's letter in his pocket? Still thinking the chances were very remote, he took the letter from his pocket and handed it to her. Hansen! Yes, the name was the same. She proceeded to read, then shouted with glee, "This is my uncle." What a small world, indeed! She then graciously told us she would escort us to her uncle's home in Oslo, a very nice apartment near the palace, and the Hansen's invited us all to eat with them. I do not remember what we had to eat; but in Norway, as the custom is, as soon as you arrive in someone's home, the wife disappears behind a closed kitchen door, no matter what time of the day, and she soon appears with a tray of open-faced sandwiches and coffee. The sandwiches might consist of sardines, bacon, cucumbers, "gjert ost" or goat cheese, anchovies (a salty fish) and eggs, or shrimp or crab salad on the best, best bread ever eaten. They sure make a variety of sandwiches. I remember one very distinctly, which had an apple slice cut across the core, the core taken out, and a dab of jelly in the center. That was very unusual, at least for me! The Norwegian are very hospitable people and enjoy the art of conversation. The evening at their

house was spent in this manner. They also helped us make arrangements for overnight lodging at a "Pensjoust," or girl's dormitory, near the Palace in Oslo. The next day we met at Hansen's and went to Holmenkollen and visited Vigland Park. Our son John, eight years old, lost a foot race with Mrs. Hansen, who was then sixty years old and still skied every winter.



Dear John,

John, you were born the fourth child in our family, almost eleven years later than your sister Myra. You were born strong and healthy -- "Just exactly like we like to see them come," your doctor told me. You were almost like an only child, for when your brother and sisters married, we still had you at home for many years. You were an obedient boy, but I remember once your making a statement to someone that I thought you should apologize for. You said, "All right, I will, but I won't mean it." You did it for my sake, but your greatest battle was within yourself. When I spanked you, it did not help. That did not work with you. If we could sit down and converse together, we could always reason things out. You always needed to know the reason for the "why" and "wherefore" of things. At grade school, they called you the "bull." Your strong body and your temperament suited your nickname, especially when your righteous indignation was aroused. You used your own judgment to settle arguments when you took the situation in your own hands instead of going to the teacher for advice.

You liked music, for you were able to read music before you started school. How proud we were of you when you were eight years old. You competed with the nine to twelve year olds on their accordions, and placed eleventh in the state. I drove you to Verona High School every week while you

were still in grade school so you could play your trombone in their high school band. That gave us many opportunities to converse with each other. All the transactions were ready for you to enter Wisconsin High School in Madison when your father was transferred, and then we moved to Libertyville, Illinois. How fortunate you were to get into a good school! Libertyville High School ranked academically the seventh in the nation. Those high school years passed quickly, and so did your college years.

You and your boyfriends belonged to a bachelor's club that you all formed, even having a joint bank account. Your friends were more like sisters and brothers than boyfriends and girlfriends. You were always together as a group, many times at our home. You always lived at home! You didn't want to leave home and go away to college, so chose Trinity College at Deerfield, within driving distance. I wondered if you would always live at home. In your senior year, you anxiously waited to become acquainted with the new freshman girls, hoping you would find someone you would like. You dated one, then told me the next morning that it was as if you were out with your granddaughter. She was nice, but so immature. But then you went on your college band tour, where you learned to know Linda. There was a real stirring within your heart. "A nurse," you said, "someone I can converse with on my own level, on subjects I like." Linda was from Minnesota. She came to college to take some Bible courses. In her heart, she was hoping someday to be a pastor's wife. It wasn't long until one day you told your father, "A man needs to think about getting married some

day." Now, our bachelor son was thinking about getting married! Your plans were for October, a month after school started for you at Bethel Seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota. Linda would work as a nurse at the hospital while you went to the Seminary. You took your precious belongings, your pianos, trombone, guitar, accordion, desk and swivel chair, books, your clothes, and moved into an apartment you rented near the Seminary. Your bedroom furniture was still in your room, but our home was not the same. There was no more conversation with you. When it was time for you to come home from school, you were not there. I was there alone, for your father worked the three to eleven shift. I had always enjoyed our conversations. There was the news to tell you, and I was anxious to find out how your day went at school. After you were gone, I think I learned how a mother must feel to have lost a son or daughter. Never another opportunity for a conversation, not even to say, "I love you" or "Please forgive me." It seemed every day that there was something I must tell you, some question I must ask you, but there was no John around. The house was vacant! No sound of your voice, no sounds of the piano, organ, trombone permeated our home. There was no singing in the shower every morning -- a daily routine unless you had a sore throat. Our house was different! What a difference in food preparation, without your healthy appetite around.



You lived in your apartment alone the first month before you were married. There was a vacancy in our home which we felt very deeply. It must have been a mutual feeling! When we asked you how you liked your new apartment, you answered, "It is hollow." There was no one to converse with, no one to greet you, no smell of food to meet you, just an empty house, though it was furnished nicely.

Now, Son, don't you know that it takes more than a house to make a home?

Love,

Mother

BITTEN BY A BUG -- "SAVEITIS"

We are afflicted! We have some unusual diseases. My husband has "Saveitis," and I have "Paperitis"! Why should we develop these dreaded diseases? They seem to afflict only married couples. Symptoms don't seem to bother single people. Heirs may suddenly develop "paperitis"; though it is of a short duration.

There is no cure for Saveitis. Sometimes it may develop early in life; others may have it a long time before they realize they do. Friends know it before the patient does. Sometimes I wonder if he will ever really know! He is so busy! Since they don't feel the aches and pains, they go happily along as though they were well.

I feel sorry for me! I can see the symptoms! I can feel the pain! The fact is that I have developed Paperitis since my husband keeps all that the postman and paper boy bring him. Lifting heavy boxes of reading material lugged home from auctions and garage sales is a back-breaking job! I might even be getting spinalitis! Today I had a particularly bad case

of Paperitis! My hands even turned black! But there is a temporary cure for that! A Disinfectant, made with strong soap and water, applied gently, will ease the pain, at least for a while. However, it is sure to develop again when your next contact is made.

One day we both felt such pain we decided to do to Doctor Clean. He suggested we do an operation. We decided to clear the operating table in the den room on the second floor. We turned on the brightest lights, got out the medicine. "That sticky balm, the paste, that must be applied." We sharpened our tools (the scissors)! We applied the antiseptic, soft music in the background to ease the soul. These operations are so messy! I knew there would be much paper spilled on the floor as we cut away at this incurable growth. This would be a long operation, not accomplished in one day. The waiting period! How I paced the floor! Who would want the doorbell to ring or a visitor to drop in while you are still in intensive care? Now my paperitis is better! My husband's Saveitis has developed into scrap books by the score.

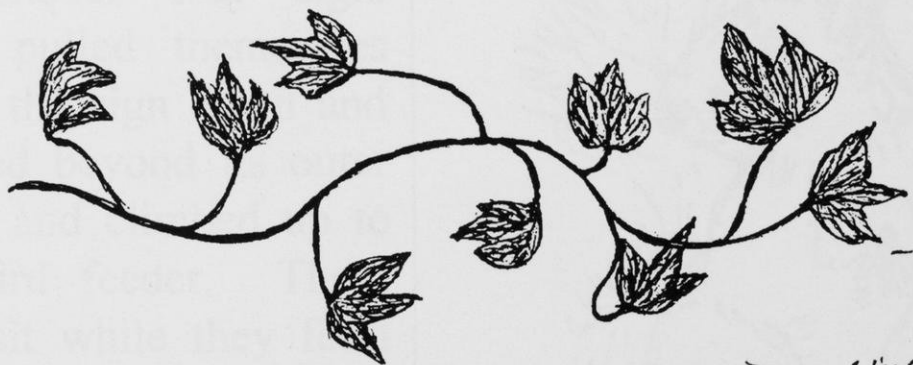
Today we are feeling fine! None of the symptoms are bothering us. It's the first day of a week's vacation! Paperitis usually doesn't bother me while traveling, but sometimes my husband does have symptoms of Saveitis on his trip, caused by contacts he makes along the way. This week has been a real rest from our illness.

Now that we are home again, Paperitis has been bothering more, and Saveitis has taken control of him. The symptoms

are a little different this time. I'm wondering if Saveitis is affecting my husband's mobility. He is glued to that chair! I'm sure his hearing is affected! He hasn't heard a word I've said. His Saveitis has put me into a silent world. Will I survive? I've almost given up hope.

Wouldn't you think that in this technological world there would be a cure for these horrible diseases of Saveitis and Paperitis? If there is, I haven't heard of it. Now I am going to try a remedy of my own, and I hope it works.

I've joined the writer's class! I've also contacted Saveitis. Now I have both! Perhaps my Paperitis will get better, but my Saveitis may get worse, for I'm going to try my own remedies: "If you can't lick them, join them" and "Give them a dose of their own medicine"!



Margie E. Harland '90'

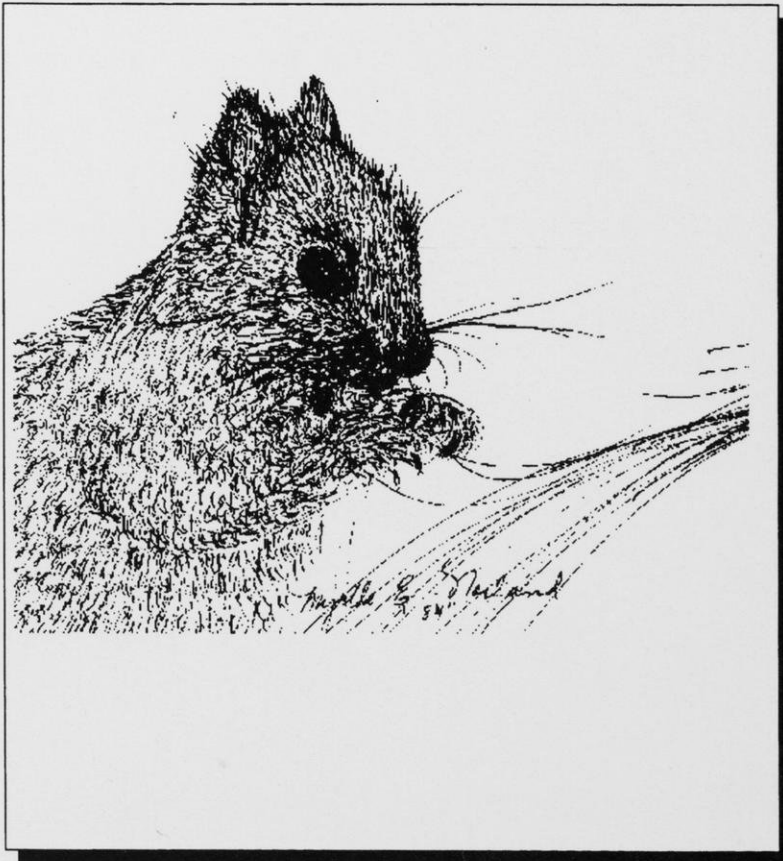
SQUIRRELS

Squirrels are fun to watch at the bird feeder. They are very determined creatures. Oh, how they like those sunflower seeds, and what they won't do to get at them. Thor actually put up a "No Trespassing" sign on the pole of the bird feeder. This was a square metal sign that he had slipped on the pole through a hole in the middle of the sign. He put it there, upside down, so the squirrels could read it; but it appears to me that they don't believe in signs, either. No way would that sign be placed with the words "No Trespassing" up. Who would want the birds to feel unwelcome at their own feeding station?

The squirrels managed to conquer that sign. They pulled themselves up or the sign down and reached beyond its outer limits and climbed up to the bird feeder. There they sit while they feast on off-limits food. I'll tap on the window, talk to them, scold them while they sit and look me right



in the eye. They give me audience for a moment, then it's back to their eating. One day one was eating that way, then he got disgusted with my tapping, so he moved to the other side of the feeder, thinking I couldn't see him there. He looked to see if I was watching, then promptly pulled in his tail so it wouldn't show from my side. How clever! I went down the few steps to the back door and went out. He didn't move. That's being brave! I went over to the pole and gave it a shake. Did he ever scamper! I guess he thought his world was coming to an end. Now, that one squirrel will scamper when I tap on the window. He will try me for a minute as if to say, "Please let me stay." But then on second thought, he scampers. Guess that proves "experience is a good teacher." Some of the others are much more brave.



One day a squirrel tried to conquer that sign, but couldn't. He sat there a minute, then promptly climbed up the birch tree, out on the farthest branch which was the closest to the bird feeder. He sat there a while, and I could almost hear him say, "Can I

make it, or not?" Then, with one long leap he landed on the outer edge of the feeder, catching himself and hanging on for dear life. Then arighting himself, he proceeded to eat, and I didn't have the heart to say, "Can't you read? Don't you see that 'No Trespassing' sign?" This "No Trespassing" sign was a Prairie Farmer sign that we had received to put up on the farm -- good as new, so Thor thought he would put it to use.

Now we are waiting to see if any more squirrels have done their homework and learned to read well enough to know that they should keep out of there. Whoops! There one sits! We missed seeing him conquer, but he didn't stay. He took one look at me and scampered, perhaps thinking, "There she is again, that 'pesky woman.'"

A FAVORITE CORNER OF OUR HOME

A favorite corner of our home is a statement that is hard to decide upon. Just a few weeks ago, we considered purchasing a different, smaller home. We now live in a large four-bedroom home, with too many pieces of furniture for a small home. The thought came to my mind: What could I eliminate? I have to find room for this; I have to find room for that, but all the time knowing some things would have to go. What makes things special? Why can't I get rid of that? What possesses me to want to keep that thing? I'm glad I didn't have to make any decision right now.

As I ponder this statement, "What's my favorite corner?" I think I would have to come to the conclusion that it is not the money value of things that makes them your favorite, but it is the sentimental reasons that people (or at least I) have attached to them. There are a few things I have put a lot of time into, such as my crocheted bedspread, furniture I have refinished -- perhaps not so valuable, but precious to me.

I sometimes like to show, especially young people, through my home, pointing out certain things, like the picture

of my grandparents which I rescued from my cousin's chicken house; a charcoal picture on a wall made on our 42nd anniversary in Venice. Then on another wall a fern stand, one of our few remaining wedding gifts; another wall an organ, used at our son's dedication of a new church they built; one wall a picture I have painted. There is also on another wall my hutch, which contains my good dishes, Mother's glass bowl (her wedding gift), my Hummels, crystal, cup and saucer my husband bought me from Greece, a plate from his mother in Norway. What's my favorite wall or corner?



The one thing that bothered me when pondering what I would have to get rid of perhaps was my hutch, as there was no room for it, considering the home already had a built-in hutch. I even considered putting it in my bedroom.

This same question could and would be answered in many different ways. For instance, one day, my six-year-old granddaughter said to me, "Grandma, you know the nicest thing you have in your home is that poem," pointing to a poem that hung near the stairway, her favorite place to play. The title of the poem was "Home" and goes like this: "Home is not merely four square walls; home is where affection calls." At her tender age, that was her favorite corner. Material value worth perhaps a couple dollars, but its meaning worth its weight in gold.

What's my favorite wall or corner? Perhaps the wall or corner that shows love and affection. As I think along this line, in one hutch, a token to the "best grandparents in the world." Sitting on my davenport, a favorite doll. Another wall in a memorabilia box, our son's shaved-off beard, his present to his father one Christmas, with a note "Something you have wanted for a long time." Another corner, candle made by a granddaughter, a painted vase from a grandson, another candle holder made by a grandson. Everywhere I look, I see reminders of love and tenderness. Usually, there is some picture or note on my refrigerator from one of my grandchildren. These are priceless things that cannot be replaced by money, that make not only walls and corners favorites, but the whole house a favorite; for where your treasures are, there will your heart be also.

A FIVE-HOUR ORDEAL

We noticed a few snow flurries as we piled the luggage in the car at O'Hare Field and headed for our home in Libertyville. It had been a nice February day in 1967 as we left in our son's new Ford station wagon to meet my husband and son who were returning from a trip to Norway. All of us, our son's wife, their four children, our son-in-law, my husband, our son, and me were all in that car as we started a thirty minute drive to our home. Already, it had started snowing, then it grew more intense, then fierce! Did it ever snow, with a driving 70 mile-an-hour wind that seemed to come out of nowhere. As we neared Lake Forest, we could hardly see. Suddenly we saw this car in the road!! We thought to go around it, but it was crosswise in the road, and we landed in the ditch. By this time you could not see the road. We all got out of the car and tried to push, but to no avail. We could hardly stand up, let alone push. We could do absolutely nothing, and now we were cold, wet, and miserable. I remember that I had on a buttonless coat, no scarf, no gloves, no boots, and I was soaked all the way down, shaking so I could hardly talk.



What were we to do, sit there until someone came? The snow was blowing into our closed doors and windows. Soon a big Lincoln came and took all but the men to the Lake Forest Oasis. How thankful we were. We were so cold we could hardly walk into the oasis. I remember how long

the distance seemed, from where we parked to the building. The men had stayed with the car, for the car needed to be pulled out, but my husband and son took the next ride they could get to the oasis to see if they could get help.

As we walked into the oasis my eight-year-old granddaughter yelled out for all to hear, "Oh, Grandma, your hair!" I had recently had a new permanent, and my frozen hair stood out and up like cork screws on my head. I only regret that I didn't think to go into one of the photo booths and take my picture before it thawed out. But my thoughts were not on hair at that moment. I wondered how our son-in-law was doing out there in the cold weather. He wasn't prepared for this experience either. Our daughter had to work and couldn't come. How could I explain to her if something

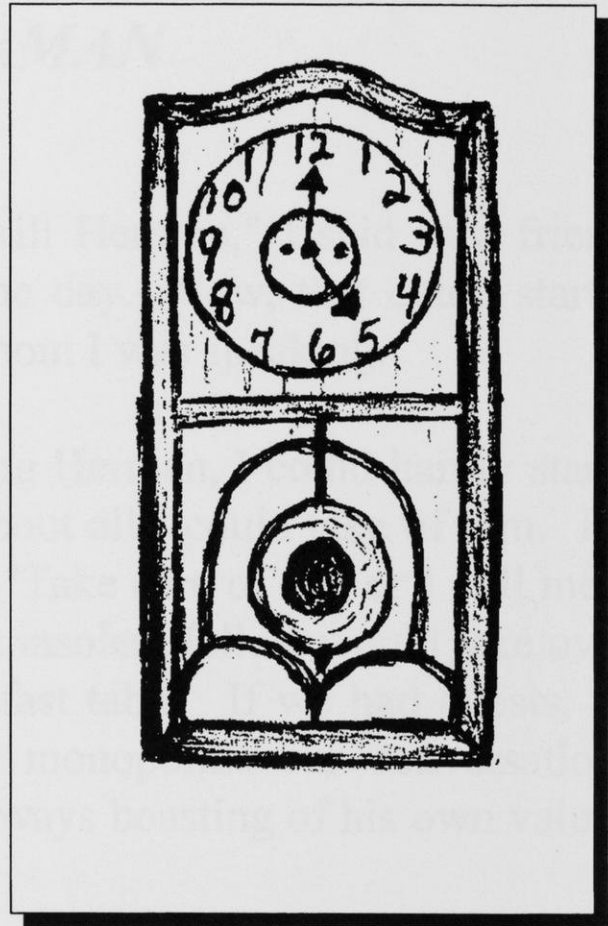
happened? Why was he the one to stay? It wasn't his car. A dozen other thoughts entered my mind. Out there in that car was one time that I thought we might all perish. What would it be like? Probably not bad if that happened to me, but what about our children and grandchildren? They had their whole lives ahead of them. The children had no scarfs, only knee socks, all that was necessary for a nice, warm car, but what about now? It sure was insufficient for the circumstances we were in then.

There were long lines at the bathrooms, telephone booths, and the restaurant was running out of food. We could not order what we wanted, only what they had left. My husband finally got a phone call through to our son at home, then wondered if he should go back to the car to see how our son-in-law was doing. What if he had gone -- could he walk back to the oasis again if he could not get a ride back? Finally, our youngest son arrived at the oasis and took us all home in his car. Then a friend with a four-wheel-drive truck took the men to the place of the stalled car at Lake Forest, but found that our son-in-law was gone. A wrecker had come, and for twenty dollars, pulled the car out, and he had arrived home safely. The men with the truck arrived home shortly afterwards. How thankful for all to be home safe and sound in the comfort and warmth of our home.

What should have been a thirty-minute drive for a happy ending of a trip turned into a five-hour ordeal, which could have had a life-or-death ending. A freak storm that covered only a few square miles in that area. One we won't forget, for

we were there when it dumped eleven inches of snow in an already snowy territory.

The wall clock that my husband had purchased for me, and had so carefully wrapped, which he was going to hang up somewhere so I wouldn't see it and let it chime for me as a surprise, was forgotten as the events of those five hours transpired.



HERMAN

"Some day I'm going to kill Herman," I said to a friend who was visiting with me one day. Now, that could startle you if you did not know of whom I was speaking.

My Herman, my demanding Herman, I could hardly stand him any longer. I had just about all I could take of him. He just seemed to scream at me, "Take care of me, or I will mess things up for you." Why, that insolent fellow would take over the conversation at the breakfast table. If we had guests, he would always show up and monopolize our conversation. The nerve of him! He was always boasting of his own values and goodness, too!

But our grandchildren loved him, as long as he could live with Grandma and they did not have to take care of him. They appreciated his surprise visit at their breakfast table on Sunday mornings. He always took over their conversation, but they liked him best when he was not quite so nutty.

When I had more of him than I could stand, I put him in the freezer to preserve him. He liked that cold, clammy climate and fared well in it.

One day I was telling one of our grandsons about Herman, and he said, "I am afraid Herman will take over the world if he keeps on growing." He sure was an aggressive fellow and would always rise to the top, even after taking a beating from me every day. He surely had the spunk!

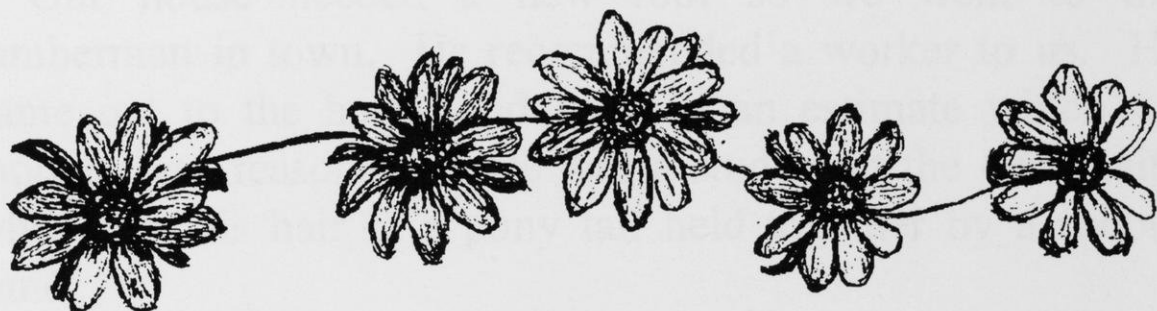
Yes, I had planned to kill Herman some day; but one day, quite by accident, he met his own demise.

"Let me show you Herman," I said to my son who was visiting with us. Again, he had been the topic of our conversation!

After my complaining, our son said he would take Herman home with him so I would not have to kill him. I went to the refrigerator, his favorite place to live, took out the container that was his home, where he lived, blew, and grew, then PLOP, on my braided rug by my kitchen sink, he landed and splattered himself all over. I did kill Herman that day, quite by accident. Poor Herman! My coffee cake sour dough was slaughtered on my braided rug. Murderers are so messy! Fortunately, it was a good day for me to kill Herman, for our son cleaned up the mess he made. No, he did not take over the world, but he sure took over every crack and crevice in that rug.

Now there are no more demanding cries, "Take care of me before I blow my top and rise to the skies."

I miss you, Herman! Maybe some day I will even resurrect you. You were so aggressive, but good and sweet, though sometimes pretty nutty. If only you would not have demanded so much of my attention, not even giving me rest for a single day, maybe I could have tolerated you a little longer.



Muriel E. Nordlund '90

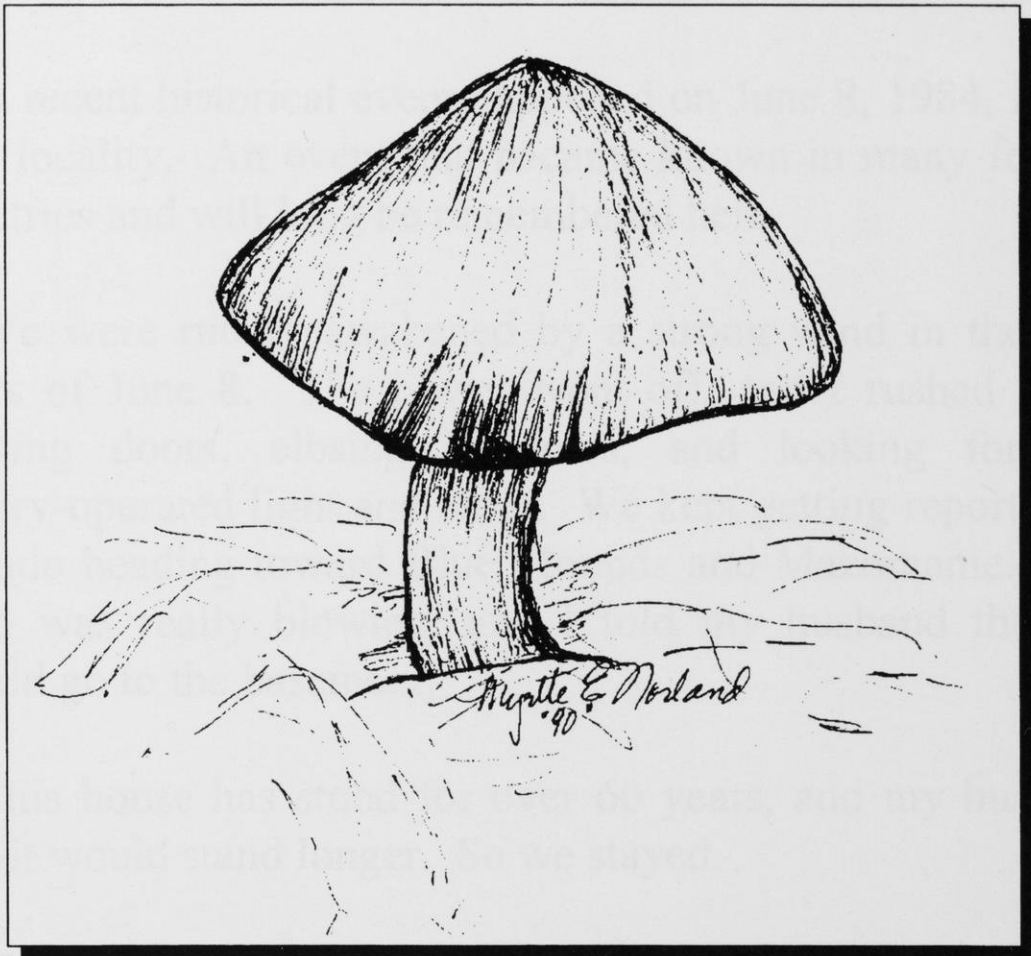
A NEW ROOF

Our house needed a new roof so we went to the lumberman in town. He recommended a worker to us. He came out to the house and gave us an estimate which we thought was reasonable. He was a student at the University who wore his hair in a pony tail held together by a rubber band.

Our neighbor's home needed roofing too, but they wanted no part of him when they saw what he looked like. How could a man be trusted and dependable when he looked like that? What kind of a job would he do? "No, thank you," they said. "We'll find someone else."

The day arrived when our new roof was started. He was a fast, powerful, accurate worker who virtually ran up the ladder with his bundles of shingles. One windy day his ladder blew down. We were gone, but he continued to work until our neighbors came to his rescue and put the ladder up again.

We gave him coffee and cookies in our home during his breaks. He was an excellent worker. When he finished, we wrote him a check -- a check that is now autographed by a celebrity. For the long-haired student who replaced our roof was none other than Tom Wopat, or "Luke" one of the two co-stars of the television series, the "Dukes of Hazzard."



ASSIGNMENT: What historical event in your lifetime stays most in your mind? Describe it and what you were doing at the time.

BARNEVELD

A recent historical event happened on June 8, 1984, in our own locality. An event that became known in many foreign countries and will long be remembered here.

We were rudely awakened by a strong wind in the wee hours of June 8. The power went off, and I rushed about shutting doors, closing windows, and looking for our battery-operated light and radio. We kept getting reports of a tornado heading toward Blue Mounds and Mazomanie. The wind was really blowing, and I told my husband that we should go to the basement.

This house has stood for over 60 years, and my husband said it would stand longer. So we stayed.

Things quieted down after about an hour and a half. The lights came on again, and the siren started blaring. They must have been electrically operated. The storm seemed to have subsided, and we turned the lights and radio off and went to sleep.

At 7:00 the next morning, we were awakened by a telephone call. John, our son-in-law, told us Barneveld was leveled last night. Like us, he had not known about this until he received a telephone call from a fellow funeral director from Lodi, Wisconsin, offering his help. "Help for what?" John asked. His friend was thinking John probably had more bodies than he could handle alone. Thank God, only nine people lost their lives in that tornado.

While Barneveld was still barricaded, we were privileged to go into the disaster area to take care of some business at the bank, which was no longer operating at that location. A trailer was set up for that purpose, but it was so crowded that I went out and left my husband to take care of the business.

While standing there looking over what once had been a bank, church, garage, houses, and businesses, but was now no more than a mass of rubble, I looked down to the gutter, and there lay a slice of whole wheat bread. Then my eyes focused on what was once a man's beautiful white sweater, now soiled and wet, lying in the gutter across the street. This was a silent reminder of what had happened there at 12:50 a.m. on the morning of June 8. While standing there looking sad and forlorn, a Red Cross truck drove up and offered me a cup of coffee or a cold drink. I declined but continued to watch people with bruises go in and out of the bank. While talking to one young man, he said it was really a miracle that more people weren't killed when he considered the condition of their homes.

A few days later, I was privileged to meet an elderly lady who survived that tornado. Her husband was in the hospital, and she was in her home alone. She said her door blew open and her windows blew out. She scrambled to find her flashlight, put on her glasses, put in her teeth, grabbed her robe and slippers and stepped outside. She was taken by two men, one on each side, and led to "she didn't know where," as all was in total darkness.



She said she and her husband were at an age where they needed to make a decision soon. They had been thinking about giving up their house and moving into an apartment, but they had grappled about the idea, as they did not like to have anyone else living in their house. She said the Lord made the decision for them. Their house had to be torn down, and they are now living in an apartment in Mt. Horeb.

Many similar stories could be told, but I am sure they would be as varied as the people that would tell them.

ALTERATION

We had two colonial swivel rockers that had seen better days, but we liked the chairs. I decided I should try my hand at re-upholstering. I had put some seats on some chairs before, but I had never attempted anything so large. Knowing what I know now, I would say that ignorance is indeed bliss. I reasoned with myself that if I couldn't do it, there were two chairs alike, and I would take the chairs to the upholsterer and say, "This is what they should be like."

But I decided to try it myself. So I purchased enough material for two chairs. Again being ignorant, I purchased heavy material with a plastic backing, material that was almost like carpeting and as heavy, too.

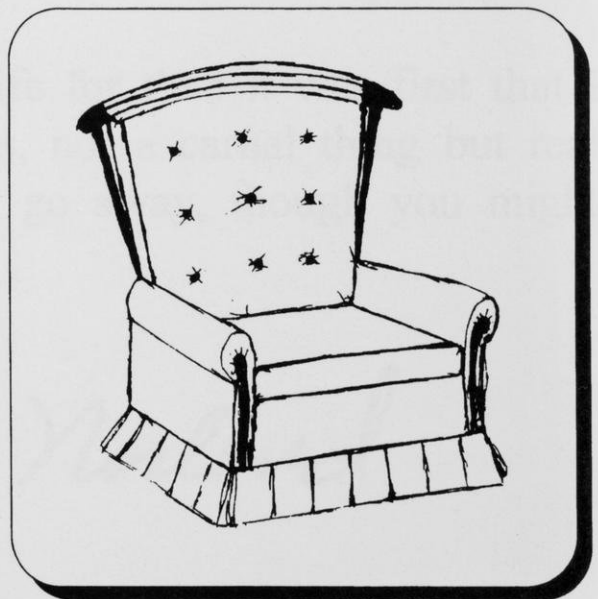
So the day came that I started to take one chair apart. A big job, but I accomplished that. Then came the job of cutting the material and getting it back on the chair. I hated to cut into that material. What if I ruined it? But I went ahead and made the cut, and that all went well.

But there were so many small pieces to put together. The chair had a stuffed pillow backing. It had cording around the pillow and seat. That meant sewing at least four layers of that material. The material was too heavy for my machine, and

my machine broke. Now what? Well, since the machine wasn't working, we decided to take the machine apart and see what happened. It couldn't be any worse; it was not working now, so apart it came. To my surprise, I was able to fix it. The material was too heavy for my machine. I should have had a commercial machine. It had to work harder than it was built for, so the machine had slipped a cog and was all full of line from the material and it was also gummy from the plastic backing. So I cleaned it, put the cog in place and put it back together again. Surprise! It worked!

But with all those small pieces of material, I could not get it together. I could not figure out how all the pieces fit together again. So I said, "Forget it. I can take it to the upholsterer." But after leaving it for three weeks, I went back to it again. I guess my nerves were getting the best of me. Now, my head was clearer, and I was able to figure it out. After one chair was accomplished, the other chair went together easier.

When all was said and done, it ended up looking like a professional job, and, in fact, I received a number of compliments! The material looked and wore well. After that, I upholstered several other pieces, including two hide-a-beds. But no more. It is a back-breaking job.



THE HAPPIEST THAT I'VE EVER BEEN

Happiness is a new creation. Happiness is to know the Lord of all creation and ever dwelling presence in our lives. Without Him, you could not know what it is like to be forgiven, to be free from the guilt of sin and sorrow; for it is He who died for you and paid for your sins. It is He who has taken the burden from your heart and put his spirit within.

Yes, I remember the day when I said, "Lord, I'm a sinner, please forgive me and come into my heart." It was then that the burden of sin rolled away and I could sing praises unto His name.

The happiest day of my life for then it was first that I knew what real happiness was, not a carnal thing but real lasting happiness, that doesn't go away, though you might have trials and sorrow.

Mystic Norland

DELIGHTFUL DAY

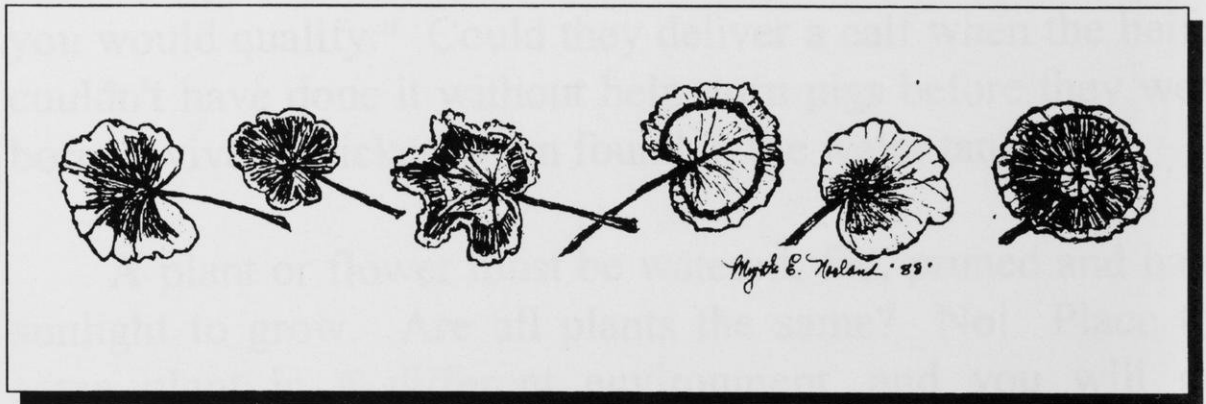
Perhaps the happiest I've ever been would be the day that they had open house for our book. That is, if you can equate happiness with a feeling of success, with a project accomplished, with all the attention you were getting, congratulations, pictures taken, books to autograph. It was a day of great joy.

Perhaps even greater was the day in Cross Plains with all the Senior Citizens there. How shocked, how surprised and, of course, elated, I was when Karen, our teacher, opened our book, "From Mount and Plain," to Page 30 and started to say, "I know you like a book." She said, "I feel I know every author and every story in this book, from cover to cover." Then she proceeded to read the poem I had written. I sensed she, too, felt about us as I felt about my husband when I wrote that poem. Yes, I am afraid our writings revealed more about ourselves than we realized; for she knew us and what made us tick, and the tales our stories revealed. A great insight into our lives, our souls revealed. She knew every page in the book and who or what inspired the writings. I, too, was on Cloud Nine! Perhaps all those years of housework, cooking, cleaning, changing diapers and the endless meals I cooked for

people. The beds I made, when sometimes I was tempted to put up a "Motel" sign. There were times I would say to myself, "Lord, wasn't I made to do anything else?"

But then, about my work of housekeeping again, knowing that it was His will, I had better be willing, so back to the stove, mealtime again!

Finding happiness in writing is to stay with writing, so I will try this adventure again; so on with another writing course. There, happiness can be found with those who inspired us to write as we did before. Thanks, Karen, you have been an inspiration and a real source of happiness to all of us. You always encouraged us to try again, never allowing us to be discouraged. With your enthusiasm, we all made it.



INFERIOR OR DISADVANTAGED?

One day while riding on a bus in the University district, I overheard a conversation of some students talking about some "dumb farm students" -- at least that is what they called them.

We had recently moved on a farm at that time. I had just learned some of the things which farmers had to know, such as when to plant. You couldn't just put seeds in the ground. You needed to be a weather prophet, a veterinarian, a mechanic, a businessman, an accountant, a salesman, a trader, and a plain hard laborer -- willing to put in time and a half for less than regular pay. I had a hard time not turning around and saying to them, "You ought to try it yourself and see if you would qualify." Could they deliver a calf when the heifer couldn't have done it without help, turn pigs before they were born, revive a chicken when found in the water tank?

A plant or flower must be watered, fed, pruned and have sunlight to grow. Are all plants the same? No! Place the same plant in a different environment, and you will get different results. When you take a plant out of its natural habitat and put it in a less desirable place, it may still grow, it may be stunted, but it will seek its own light and grow toward that source. You can apply this same principle with people.

I have always felt inferior. I married young, didn't finish my education in the school classroom, but I got mine in a different environment. For me, every day was a day of learning, a day of new experiences; and it didn't all come out of a school book.

Inferior, yes, when I heard people converse about subjects with which I was unfamiliar, like English Literature and History. I felt left out! There were some things I had



missed! One consolation I had was that the whole world was full of knowledge of different kinds, but one vessel cannot contain it all. I learned to realize that even educated people didn't contain it all, for some of our renters were teachers who couldn't write a letter without using a dictionary, and some were not very proficient in Math. I still feel somewhat inferior, though I have had learning experiences you could not get in a school room. Though the subjects were different

and in a different environment, the results have been beneficial.

There is a little piece of paper, called a diploma, enclosed in a nice folder. Did I have one? No! But I wanted one so, when my children were grown, I enrolled in the American School Correspondence Course in Chicago. I was doing great with only two subject left to do -- Word Meanings and Typing. Then a friend of our daughters who had gone to Korea, built an orphanage, and came to our home on furlough. She spent her itinerary going from church to church. Our home was her headquarters! She had adopted us as her parents after her parents died. You wouldn't believe it, for I had a hard time believing it and I was there, but the few weeks she was home, our home changed into a secondhand store. You literally could not walk in our basement. That year, I sent over sixty boxes to Korea for her orphanage. I washed, patched and packed baby clothes, children's clothing, small adult clothing, and sent the boxes over there. Then one day I realized I had let the time element expire, and I had not finished my correspondence courses. I have never finished, for I did not renew my courses. Will I yet? I don't know. I've had my typing experience. I had to learn! For now I was sending out about 500 form letters for her, about three times a year. I got to be quite proficient in typing envelopes, but I still don't have that little white piece of paper.

I've taken Bible courses, cake decorating, sewing lessons. I have been taught the art of flower arranging, and I'm taking Norwegian. I've taught myself to knit, to crochet, to do

needlepoint, crewel, do caning, refinish furniture, reupholster, and to wallpaper. I hope I'm not finished learning yet. The Lord willing, I want to improve in playing the organ we have that our children used to play. I want to learn to do Hardanger, Rosemaling and many other things. Why? It's fun to learn. I like the challenge, for the world is full of knowledge. You just need the wisdom and determination to pluck it out.

There is no reason to be ignorant, though you may not have a formal education. With all the helps today, the do-it-yourself books available, if you can read and follow directions, you can do it. You can better yourself! It's a great day to be alive! It's the day that the Lord hath made. Rejoice and be glad in it!

You can even write if you consider Robert Burns, Daniel Defoe, Charles Lamb, Shakespeare and Dickens, with little or no education, made it. And Abraham Lincoln, who never attended school, wrote the Gettysburg Address, which has been described as the most felicitous utterance in our language.

Oh, it is a great day to be alive, to be able to hear and listen, to touch and feel, to see and observe, to smell and taste, to be able to use all the senses God has given to you; to be able to do, to think and learn, even to be able to change your life for the better.

I KNOW YOU LIKE A BOOK

I know you like a book, from cover to cover
and every page in between.

You have a good binding
and will stand much handling.

Your leather cover is in good repair
and you have gilt edges

Which though some are worn, still gleam.

I know that you can be serene
For you love the Author of your book
but sometimes you can roar
Like the God of thunder, Thor.

For your name is your title
And your life contains many chapters,
many stories to be told.

I can tell what you are thinking
by the lines on your face.

Yes, I know you, from cover to cover,
and every page in between.



Myrtle Norland

My Husband's Early Life

For the benefit of our family now and for future generations, I would like to put into writing some of the things my husband told me of his youth in Norway.

Part I

My husband, Thor Norland, was born December 28, 1907, to Petra Seldal Norland and Bertinius Norland at Seldal, Norway. The third child of the family, he has a sister Signy Marie, born May 2, 1904, and a brother Hans, born July 30, 1905. Thor's father died March 20, 1910. He left his widow with three children to rear. Ten weeks after the death of Thor's father, his brother Hans died at the age of five years, from what Thor believes to have been rickets. He was born July 30, 1905, at Seldal, Hole, and baptized September 3, 1905.

Thor's father was a farmer at Seldal, which is located in the southwest area of Norway. He was a member of the school board and was for ten years on the county board. Thor

doesn't remember very much about his father, for he was only 2 years and 3 months old when his father died. He does recall, though, being more of a mother's boy than a daddy's boy. He tells of the time his father carried him across a creek, and his father slipped on a mossy rock and injured his knee. Apparently, it turned into T.B. of the bone or gangrene. It resulted finally in his death. His father was the oldest son of his family of five children, thus being the heir to his father's place. He chose the farm from his wife's family at Seldal instead of Norland.

Thor's mother kept the farm for a year after his death, then sold it. He remembers the move from their farm at Seldal to a house they rented in Oltedal, where his mother found employment in a textile factory.

His memories from Oltedal, where they lived for about a year, were: He saw an older boy take two steps at a time down the stairway, which he tried to do and received a fall down the stairs, resulting in a bloody nose for his trouble. He used to like to watch them kill chickens, by chopping their heads off, until one day one jumped up in his face -- whether dead or alive he doesn't recall. He liked to go meet his mother on her way home from work while riding his stick horse. His "Mor-Mor", which in Norwegian means "mother's mother", lived with them and took care of him.

From Oltedal they moved to Hillevag, a suburb of Stavanger, in the year of 1912. The textile factory at Oltedal merged with the factory at Hillevag and was called "Hillevag

Olte Ulvarefabrile" or "wool factory." Thor was about five years old at this time. That place "Hillevag" was to Thor what he calls "Heaven on earth" or translated in his language, "the best place in the world to live." With his many friends there, he enjoyed swimming, soccer, track meets, along with his school work. An opportunity for work, he also found there. He received his first skates on his eighth birthday. When he was about ten years old, he received his first bicycle.

In 1914 during World War I, when he was not yet seven years old, he recalls seeing farmers hauling in their wagons extra bags of flour and other food supplies while they were yet available. Food was rationed. They were allowed only two loaves of rye bread a week for his family. Another memory was of a German Zeppelin brought down and destroyed in their neighborhood. Once he was knocked down by a horse and wagon as he crossed the street. He received only a few scratches. Another time, he blew on a hard berry, like a cranberry, out of a pipe and hit a wealthy man, a man who Thor knew, right on his cheek, while he was driving his car. The man angered, stopped his car, and took off after Thor but never caught him or found out who he was.

At the age of nine, he worked at the Gan Sardine factory, in the busy season, putting covers on sardine cans. He earned about twenty ore per hour, or just a few pennies an hour. A law was passed that children under the age of twelve could not work until they could get a permit from the school that would be issued to them at that age. Thor went to the sardine

factory and was told he would have to get a permit to work. Being only nine or ten years old, he did not have one, so he looked over his sister's permit, and he thought he could use that by scratching out her name and substituting his name. Then it would be his own valid permit. The foreman knew something was wrong. He accepted the permit anyway, but then sent the permit back to school. About two days later at school, the teacher asked him to stay in during recess. All the while, Thor thought the teacher wanted him to do an errand. To his surprise, the school superintendent showed him the permit and asked if he had done that. Of course he denied it, but under much cross-examination he had to admit to his guilt. His teacher said he was a good boy; but the superintendent Mr. Ledol said, "He has lied so much, we can't let him get by with it." He received a whipping with small tree branches. He was in the third grade at this time. Whether the whipping hurt or not, he doesn't recall; but the thought of it and his hurt pride was more than he could take. He wondered how the other children would react. To his surprise and happiness, not a word was said, but he learned a lesson that made a lasting impression in his mind. How he met and thanked his principal 40 years later is another story.

Later, at the age of ten, he was delivering bread with horse and wagon for Olson's Bakery. He delivered to homes and stores at Hillevag and Stavanger. On one occasion he was in the center of Stavanger on one of the busiest streets when he was stopped by a policeman who asked several questions, including his age. His mother received a letter from the police department that they would have to appear at

the police headquarters to explain. It was unlawful to drive in Stavanger at his age. His mother took the letter to Mr. Olson, so she didn't have to take time off from her employment to go, and he went with Thor to the police headquarters. There he was told that he could not drive until age fourteen, when a permit would be issued, but he could drive outside of Stavanger city limits. He worked for Mr. Olson for about six months. One of the most vivid things he remembers about the incident was that he was so enthralled with the police chief's uniform, brass buttons, shoulder tassels, and all the decorations, that he did not think to remove his cap. The question was asked, "How would you be able to drive when you don't know enough to remove your cap?" This is another incident he has not forgotten.

PART II

When Thor was eleven years old, he worked on a farm for a farmer named Skavlon. He helped in the haying season. He drove a horse and hay rake up and down the rugged fields. He enjoyed his job. It made him feel grown up and important -- a man behind those reins.

Now the day has finally arrived! The long-awaited day! His twelfth birthday! The day he could get his own legal work permit. With this in hand, he went to a plumber's shop and asked for a job, proudly handing over his own permit. He

started as a telephone-answering boy. He took information from people who needed the help of a plumber. He earned about 5 kroner a week, less than a dollar, working after school in Hillevag. He enjoyed his work and had the opportunity to go out with the plumber when his apprentice was sick or absent. In this way, he learned some of the plumbing trade. He did not think the 10 kroners he got for working all day during the summer was enough. He knew he could make more at the sardine factory. The plumber advised him to stay, but Thor was a determined boy with a mind of his own, who had been shifted around from place to place. He was used to making his own decisions, and against all advice, he quit his job with the plumber.

Later, he regretted it. He still remembers some of the plumbing trade which greatly helped us on our farm. He started at the sardine factory only to have it close down by a strike, leaving Thor with no employment for the summer. This bad luck made the 10 kroners he could have earned plumbing look very good to him.

Thor was named after his grandfather Tobias, who died in 1920 at the age of 77 years. In the Norland family, it is the custom to use the initials "T" and "B" every other generation for the oldest son's first name. We have a hand hammered silver spoon, dated 1709, with the letters "T" and "B" inscribed on it, that has been handed down from generation to generation. It will be handed down to our son Bernard, and then to our grandson Timothy. Our grandson understands

that his son's name must start with the initial "B" if he is to receive the spoon.

While living in Hillevag, Thor recalls a salesman coming to their home selling oil paintings. During the conversation, the salesman asked Thor's mother, "What is your husband's occupation?" His grandmother, a jolly old lady, spoke up and said "She doesn't have a husband. He died a long time ago." The salesman then questioned, "How come you didn't remarry? You are so young and pretty." When Thor heard that, he opened the door and said, "Get out! My mother is not going to marry again!" He could not think of his mother being remarried -- whom then would she choose in the resurrection? He wanted her to have his own father.

His mother moved from Hillevag to Sandnes in December of 1920, where his sister Signy worked in the textile factory. At this time, his mother started working as a housekeeper for Simon Simonsen, who had six children -- four remaining at home, the youngest, Thor's age.

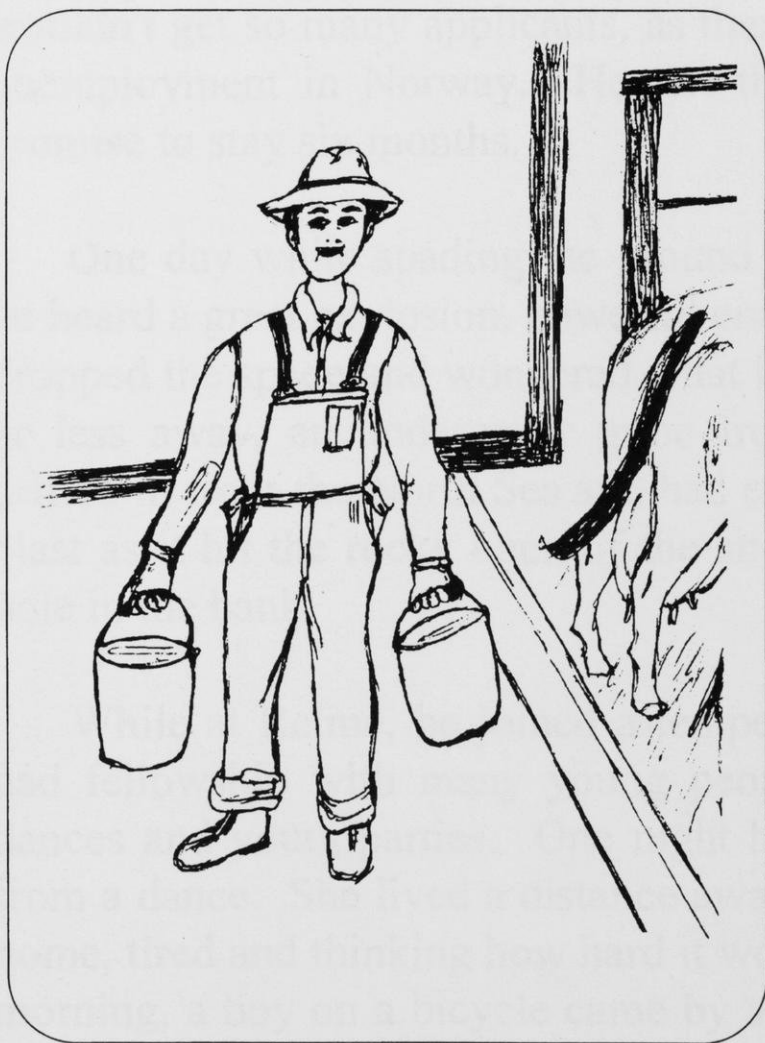
Thor's sister left Norway for America in the year 1921, for her uncle's home at Shabbona, Illinois. Thor's mother also came to America when she was about 19 years old and stayed about five years. She was here when President William McKinley was shot September 6, 1901. She liked America but was lonesome for her boyfriend and went back to Norway to marry her lover, Thor's father.

On Thor's 13th birthday, December 28, 1921, he went to live with his Uncle Martin Norland at Norland. There he went to a one-room school house (the second). The first had been built in 1873. He attended sixth and seventh grades there, the seventh grade being the last year in grade school. There were only two children in Thor's class -- about 10 in all grades that were taught by a man teacher, Sigurd Byrkjeland.

We visited the school in 1956, and it still had its pull-down map of Norway on the wall, though it was no longer used as a school. It is now remodeled and used as a community building. It is situated right beside the road and Seldal's lake, and looks directly across the lake to Seldal where Thor was born. Thor spent much time on Seldal's lake skating in the winter and swimming in its cool water in summer. I have painted some paintings of this area, a very pretty place with its trees, lakes and mountains. About a year or two after Thor's mother sold the farm at Seldal, the water rights of Seldal's lake were sold for twice the price they received for it. It was to be used for electrical power and future drinking water.

While he stayed at Uncle Martin's he was confirmed at the Hole Lutheran Church about five miles away, on September 18, 1922, by Pastor Einor Tollum. The Sunday after confirmation, the confirmants received their first communion. In Norway, they went for catechism for about three or four months because they had Bible teaching in the schools each day. All of Thor's relatives are buried in Hold Church cemetery except his mother, who was buried in

Sandnes. His Uncle Martin taught him some of the arts of farming, such as feeding the sheep, milking cows, chopping wood, plowing, as well as the distasteful job of thinning carrots, rutabaga, and pulling stones, of which there is an overabundance in Norway. His uncle was a big, burly, good-natured man. His wife, Birgitte, a tall lady, was a midwife who had gone to school for her training. They had no children and treated Thor as they would have treated their own son. While visiting them in 1956, Birgitte made us a stew like the Vikings ate in Norway.



Thor's grandmother, Sine Norland, a short, lively lady, lived there also. She was a good-hearted person who could outwork anyone. Thor states that she had a good influence on his life.

He left his Uncle Martin's home the day after his first communion on October 2, 1922. He lived with them less than two years.

You are considered to be a man after you are confirmed. The boys get to wear long trousers, which makes them feel very adult indeed.

Before leaving Uncle Martin's home, Thor had seen an ad in the newspaper for a hired boy, sixteen to eighteen, to help work on a farm in Reime. He rode his bicycle to Reime, Narbo, about 25 miles south, a place right on the North Sea coast, where he applied for the job. He told Mr. Nils Reime that he was only fourteen years old, but he could do a man's work. Mr. Reime said the reason for the age limit was so he wouldn't get so many applicants, as there was already a lot of unemployment in Norway. He got the job, but he had to promise to stay six months.

One day while spading the ground next to a stone fence, he heard a great explosion, powerful enough to scare him. He dropped the spade and wondered what had happened. A mile or less away, an underwater mine from World War I had drifted in from the North Sea and had exploded with a terrific blast as it hit the rocky bank of the shoreline. It left a large hole in the bank.

While at Reime, he joined a temperance lodge where he had fellowship with many young people who went to folk dances and youth parties. One night he walked a girl home from a dance. She lived a distance away. As he was walking home, tired and thinking how hard it would be to get up in the morning, a boy on a bicycle came by and gave him a ride on the handle bars of his bicycle.

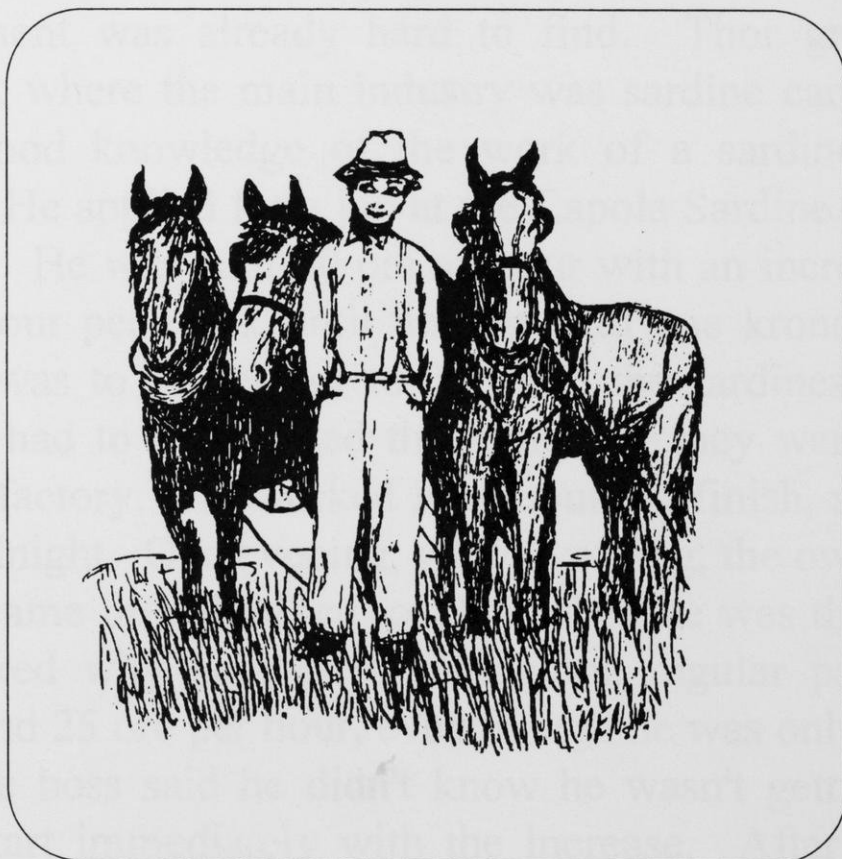
PART III

While at Reime, Thor also found jobs for two of his friends, Tore Peterson Hommelnd and Kristian Kristofferson. Kristian took Thor's job at Nils Reime, and Thor went to work for Hans and Annie Reime. His friend Tore went to work at Oberstad, a neighboring farm. He also found a job for a girl by the name of Thora Stemmen, from the Hommelnd area, at the same place Tore worked. She later married Rasmus Reime, a nephew of Nils Reime, while there.

It was here that Thor bought his first Kodak camera, intending to make some money with it, doing his own developing. A poor salesman, he gave away his pictures and lost money. He sold his camera!

During the time they worked at Reime, Kristian and Thor set out on a bicycle trip to Egersund. They came to a place, Oгна, where a dog ran into the road in front of Kristian, who hit the dog. The bicycle wrecked! Kristian went up to the farmer and asked for a gun so he could shoot the dog. He was angered. They then both walked home pushing their bicycles.

There at Reime, in the fall of 1924, Thor received a letter from a man who lived at Soma, Sandnes. Thor had previously applied to him for a job, but it was taken at the time. Mr. Vogle knew Thor's time would be up at Reime, for he had hired out six months at each place. He asked Thor to come work for him. It was closer to home and to the city of Sandnes, so he decided to take the job. His first job was to drive a horse, "Gunnar," and a wagon down the lane to pick up empty milk cans. In those days, boys liked to drive horses fast just as boys of today like to drive fast cars. Thor thought Gunnar was a vary fast horse and enjoyed driving him. When he got into the yard and wanted to stop, he went still faster, right through a narrow gate of a stone fence and pulled the wagon box off the wheels. The wheels rolled down the hill!



The horse went faster in another direction, dragging the wheel-less wagon until he ended up without wagon or harness. Mr. Vogle came out and stopped the horse. Then he petted him! Thor asked "Why don't you give him a good licking instead of petting him?" He had misbehaved! The boss said, "I forgot to tell you, the tongue of the wagon was short." That allowed the wagon to hit the back of the horse's heels, scaring him. Thor was not reprimanded. Thor arrived there at carrot harvest time. They dug carrots with a fork and put them in piles. First, they covered the piles with straw, then dirt, so they could ship fresh carrots all winter. He enjoyed his work there but did not stay long. He wanted to be closer to home and more young people.

His mother was disappointed in him when he quit, as employment was already hard to find. Thor grew up in Hillevag, where the main industry was sardine canning. He had a good knowledge of the work of a sardine canning factory. He applied for a job at the Capola Sardine Factory at Sandnes. He was paid 60 ore an hour with an increase of 10 ore an hour per week until he was paid one krone an hour. His job was to "roker" or to "smoke" the sardines. All the sardines had to be smoked the same day they were brought into the factory. He worked long hours to finish, sometimes until midnight. One evening, while working, the owner of the factory came in and talked to Thor when he was there alone. Thor asked why he wasn't getting the regular pay of one kroner and 25 ore per hour, even though he was only 16 years old. The boss said he didn't know he wasn't getting it, but would start immediately with the increase. After the raise,

Thor received the highest paycheck at the factory, partly because of his long hours.

One evening while working, Thor's stepbrother, Sigurd Simonsen, brought Thor lunch and also word that he had received a ticket to the United States from his sister, Signy. This was a surprise to Thor! He had not expected the ticket, nor had he asked for it. At one time, Thor had said that he wouldn't leave Norway, even if everybody left. His mother was disappointed, and so was Thor, as he had not thought about leaving so soon, anyway. However, the thought must have entered his mind, as he had written to his sister and asked a few questions: Do you think I would like America? Do you think I could get a job? Could I learn the language? Rather than answer his questions, Signy sent him a ticket. At this time, 1924, there were many Europeans who left their country and came to America. Norway had many on the waiting list. They thought it would be at least a couple of years before he would be able to leave. One day, two months later, on a Friday, he thought he had better go into Stavanger to get his passport and find out what time he would be going. To his surprise, he was told he would leave August 4, 1924. When he came home and told his mother he would leave on Monday, she refused to believe him. When she found out he was serious and wanted to say "good-bye" to his grandmothers, she realized it must be true. In those days, you always said "good-bye" before taking a long trip, and wondered if you would ever see each other again.

He sold his bicycle to his Uncle Martin for 60 kroner. Because he had sold his bicycle, his cousin Thor Hommeland took a horse and wagon to give him a ride to the harbor at Hole so Thor could take a boat to Stavanger. Evidently, the schedule had been changed, for when they got about halfway to the harbor, they could see the boat leaving. So he missed the boat! They returned to Hommeland! Thor Hommeland took his bicycle, and they took turns riding each other on the handle bars to Sandnes, a distance of about 15 miles.

When his departure day arrived, Thor's mother and stepfather, Simon, hired a taxi to go to Stavanger later that day, to Uncle Thomas Norland's. That was a day he will never forget! It thundered, with lightening, and rained so hard it came through the side curtains of the taxi. That afternoon was his last visit with his Uncle Thomas and Aunt Molena Norland who lived at 50 Donning-gate. There he also had his last meal in Norway before he left. Toward evening, the rain stopped, and they all walked down to the harbor where Thor boarded a boat for New Castle, England. When they arrived at the harbor, they were met by several of the people Thor worked with at the factory who came to bid him farewell.

SARDINE PACKING SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(What follows is a description of how sardines used to be packed.)

Sardines were caught by the net-fulls, especially when it was good fishing.

They were kept in a tank two or three days so their stomachs were empty and clean.

They were delivered to various sardine factories in wooden boxes.

In the factory, they were put into salted water in large wooden vats for about ten minutes.

Then they were taken to different tables with a trough-like form in front of the table that had holes in it. These holes were so sized that only part of the fish's head went into it. Then a thin rod with a pointed tip was run through the eyes of the sardine. They were hung on the rod, then were placed on a frame that held approximately 50 or 60 such rods.

These frames were placed into some moveable trucks that held 10 frames. These frames were put into the oven that held five or six frames and were smoked. The frames had to

be turned in the oven so they were directly above the fire of wood.

After they were smoked, they were put on carrier wagons and left to cool. Then these frames were put into a machine with a belt with a knife which cut off the sardine heads, dropping the fish on a conveyor belt which elevated the fish to the second floor of the factory. They were received on trays and brought to the tables where young girls sat and packed them with their fingers into cans. This was piece work. The results were very fast workers. First, a very small amount of olive oil was put into the can, then the fish, then covered with more oil. Next, they were brought to a table where usually a boy sat who would grab a can with one hand and a cover with the other and would lay it on the can. They were put into a machine that pressed the lid on airtight.

Following this, they were taken into a steam room where they were steamed in a round steam settle for a certain time and temperature.

The cans were taken and thoroughly washed by hand by ladies. After being cleaned, they were brought to the tables where ladies put on the labels. Finally, they were packed into wooden boxes, and the covers were nailed on by men. Now they were ready for shipment.

Written as Thor remembers.

WANDERINGS

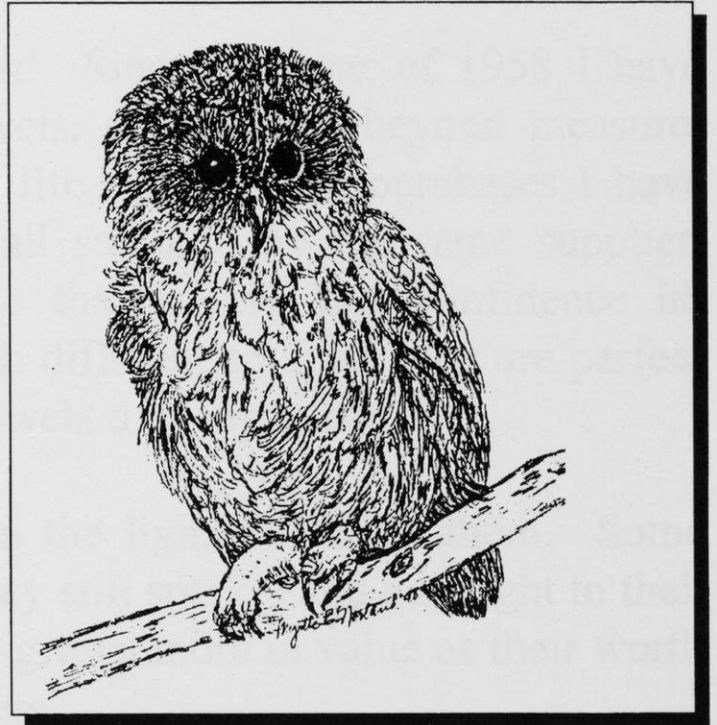
As Thor drove out of his sister's driveway, who lived about six miles east of DeKalb, Illinois, on Lincoln Highway, now called Highway 38, he wondered which way to turn, right toward east or left toward west. He had worked for Henry Clem, a neighboring farmer, for two years. He had received \$65 a month, a good wage, but the wonder lust was getting the best of him. He thought he would like to see more of America. Perhaps he could go to Kansas and help in wheat harvest. As he traveled along Highway 38, one of the first cross-country paved highways, he stopped to pick up a hitch hiker.

In their conversation, he found out neither had a definite place to go, and both wanted to see the country. He wanted to join Thor. Being a stranger, Thor thought it best to travel alone, so Thor informed him he had plans to stop and visit some friends in Rock Falls. When he came as far as Dixon, Illinois, they parted company.

After he left, Thor stopped at a station to get some gas. There was a special on oil -- five gallons for \$3.75. Thinking it was a good deal and he would need it along the way, he decided to buy some. He reached for his billfold in his hip pocket, and it was gone. He told the station attendant not to worry -- he had money to pay for it, but wanted to see if he

could find his passenger. He was nowhere to be found, nor was the \$7.00 he lost that day. He will never be sure if he was pick-pocketed or if he lost it in an outdoor toilet along the way.

Realizing that he was a very sound sleeper, before he left his sister's home, he had taken a \$20 bill and a \$10 bill and inserted it into the lining of his cap. The station attendant thought that was a good idea when he took it out to pay for his gas. He decided not to take the oil.



When he came to Rock Falls, he visited some Norwegian friends. They found a job for Thor at the Nut and Bolt Factory. He stayed there until the Fall of 1928.

Being young and free, he headed toward Chicago. He lived in Maywood and worked at construction. When the stock market crash occurred in 1929, he worked at Van Baran Hotel in Chicago as a bell hop and elevator operator. There he met many people, business people, movie stars, and learned a lot about how the rest of the world lived and behaved.

JEWELS

I am excited! I'm rich! Since the year of 1958 I have acquired 12 precious Jewels, all precious beyond measure. They are the light of my life, the greatest purchases I have ever made. They were all supplied by the same supplier, through the same lineage that I have had confidence in. Though they came through different sources, they are perfect specimen of the kind of Jewels they represent.

Some will gleam when the light shines on them. Some need no light at all, but they still sparkle and add light to their surroundings. Some have grown more in value as their worth has become known to others.



Some are still in the refining fire, but their value is still there, only the dross will be taken out, and they will come forth as pure gold to gleam in this world and adore some other life.

Some of the Jewels will embrace my neck, and others may be worn only at arm's length, only to adorn my fingers. Some are worn so close to you they sparkle like diamonds in the sky.

Some smaller ones have to be grouped together so their brilliance will complement each other, like a dinner ring, set together.

My twelve jewels are priceless, as there are none other exactly like them, nor will there ever be, for they were made especially for me.

These jewels come in various shapes and forms, and each are perfect in its kind. Though all their brilliance may never gleam forth, you can never doubt their value -- our insurance policy proves that.

Yes, I'm rich! I'm really excited, for each of these Jewels are worth more than the whole world. I have this value to multiply by twelve -- twelve worlds the priceless value of my grandchildren to adorn me and for me to love and adore, and they will continue to shine after their source and I am long gone.



OUR GRANDCHILDREN

I. Jim, you are our firstborn grandchild, the first attorney in our family, our first to be listed in Who's Who of college students. John and I came to Georgia to help care for you right after you were born. We always called you our Georgia Peach, and now you have little Diana, your own Georgia Peach.



II. Tim, you came along just five days after Jim. You sure know how to break a grandmother's heart. I couldn't be two places at the same time. You were our hot-rodder. You loved your car and motorcycles. How happy Grandpa is to have someone to carry on his name. A good name is the greatest inheritance you can receive. Hold it in high esteem. Now you have three boys of your own to carry it on for you -- Daniel, Joshua and Matthew.

III. Beth, you were our little doll. I remember when you were about 8 years old and visited us in Illinois. A friend of mine came and said, "Hello, Mrs. Norland." You looked up and said, "Your name Norland, too?" I've always been just Grandma to you. You were our organist and a fine musical ability you have. You are the mother of our oldest great-grandchild, Jason, and you have another lovely boy, Brian.

IV. Ron, you are the one everybody loves. Personality plus. Grandpa always thought you would be the physician in the family. Oh, how Grandpa loved it when you would massage his fingers and hands. You were a teacher like your father, but now you are following in your brother's footsteps as an attorney. Two beautiful children you have been blessed with, Justin and Megan.

V. Patti, you are our blondie and our "Me-too" girl. Anything your brother and older sister did, you wanted to do also, and always said, "Me, too." You were really a good worker. Now you have two handsome young blond boys -- Ian, just like father, and Corey, just like you.

VI. Brenda, you are the fourth member of your family, a cute, petite girl. When you were a few months old, you were with us at church, and a lady looked at you and said

that you were the cutest little thing she had ever seen. Now you have a petite girl, Arwen and a husky boy, Uriah.

VII. Douglas, Grandpa always got you in a trap when we came to see you. You liked to use your muscles. You were the only one to call Grandpa "Stupid," and get by with it. You said it wasn't fair that we didn't buy that house near you and move to South Carolina. Now you are working for a Christian Camp, preaching one-to-one. Will it be from the pulpit some day?

VIII. Erik, you are one of the special ones God gave to us. A great reader you were, always learning. I remember your statement, "But Grandma, it isn't 'Icelandic fish' when I served you fish and you didn't want to eat it. No wonder you are in food service today, with your sharp sense of taste. I also remember when your folks told you that you and Sonja had to take Grandpa and Grandma out to eat for doing your paper route. We went to the Red Lobster and had fish. You and Grandpa ordered the large meal, and the bill was high. While paying for it, you said, "It would have been cheaper to go to McDonalds."

IX. Sonja, you are our special girl, and Grandpa's "Littla." You were always coming up with some bright saying. I remember when you asked me, "Would you have married him if you knew he would act like that?" This was when Grandpa was trying to get your attention while we were eating. You could do anything you set your mind on, even to

make doll clothes right on the doll. You are our violinist, and we are hoping to hear more of that.

X. Jeremy, what a cutie you were -- too pretty to be a boy. I remember you corrected Grandma on a word she was pronouncing wrong, when you were a little boy. When you were four or five, we were sitting on a stone fence in Spring Green watching a parade when a clown came and gave Grandma a peck on the cheek. Then two more clowns came running and picked your Grandpa up and took him over and put him in the truck with the other clowns. You screamed, "Don't take my grandpa away." What a handsome young man you have turned out to be.



XI. Kris, you are our reddish-blond, fair complexioned girl, with all your college years ahead of you. You are a "Straight A" student. We have great hopes for your future. I remember when you broke your wrist in the park, and you cried and prayed so hard, "Why me, Lord; Why me, Lord?"

XII. Peter, you are our youngest grandchild, our sports-minded boy, with a real gift of gab. I remember when you were little and lived in South Dakota. While we were visiting you and your mother was helping you put a puzzle together, you cried when she left to get ready for church, and Grandma helped you. You didn't need the help, but you said to Grandma, "Grandma, you can come as often as you want to and stay as long as you like." I hope that invitation still stands good.

AUCTION

Auction! How you attract me
With your charm and activity!

The Auctioneer chants, "I've got one, who will give two?
Now you know this is for you."

"I've got three, who will give four?"
The house is full, I need no more.

But with my treasures, I enter my door
Wondering what these things are for.

Soon there's no way to escape
The work my treasures create.

God help me not to be burdened down
with earthly goods, and lose my heavenly crown!

I WISH I HAD...

"I wish I had ten hands and feet"

I've often quoted when near defeat.

One hand to sew, one hand to clean.

One hand to run the washing machine.

One hand to get the groceries at the store,

Sweep the porch, answer the door.

One hand to take the children to their school,

One hand to teach the golden rule.

One hand to get dinner when I'm late,

One hand to meet my husband at the gate.

One hand to make the beds, change the sheets,

One hand to teach the children to brush their teeth.

Oh, I wish I had ten hands and feet

So I don't end up in near defeat,

Only to hear my husband sharply repeat,

"Thank God you can use your two hands and feet."

LOWER YOUR STANDARDS

Lower your standards? Oh no, not I!
I'm going forth with a battle cry.
To hit the target, I'm going to try,
Right straight for the bull's eye.

Lower your standards, or no, not I!
Hold your sights high by His grace.
If you don't run, you better not try,
For you will never win the race.

Lower your standards, oh no, not I!
Be confident in your ability, don't be shy.
David the Shepherd boy practiced, then tried.
It took only one stone to hear the "Victor's Cry."

Lower your standards, oh no, not I!
Lift your sights high, soar to the sky.
I will try, my standards I'll hold high.
I may never win, but you can never say . . .

"I didn't try."

THERE'S NOTHING TO IT WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

"There's nothing to it when you know how"
Was the favorite saying of an uncle of mine
Who for many years helped milk the cows
And kept our children in line.

There's nothing to it with you know how,
Begin at the beginning, and end at the end.
Whether you bake a cake or milk a cow,
Don't be afraid of the time you spend.

There's nothing to it when you know how,
To paint a picture with a sky so blue.
Brush on the paint, and then allow
The color to flow to blend their hue.

There's nothing to it when you know how
To play a piano or say a piece.
Just follow the rules and take a bow
And the audience will be pleased.

There's nothing to it when you know how
To be a teacher and teach third grade.
Be ready, all prepared, and don't allow
Their wiggles and questions make you afraid.

There's nothing to it when you know how,
A story, folklore, or poem to write.
There's nothing to it, and you can learn now.
Take pen in hand, and you'll soon know how.

THE DAY I ROAMED TOO FAR FROM HOME

Just a little poem -- though it may not be witty.

My first writing class, that started me to roam.
In the new Community Building was held, I assumed.
To my dismay, no writing class there in that room.

Not here -- I don't know to be frank. Try Mt. Horeb bank.
To their basement I raced, carrying my brief case
Only to find a darkened room -- not here, they said.
Try upstairs instead -- they may know the place.

While there, I said a check blank register I needed.
Now, no time to waste, to the library I speeded.
Not here she said, and handed me the telephone book,
The National Bank number for me to look.

Yes, upstairs in the back; park your car on the side.
Now to deter my race, nowhere could I find my case
That carried my written lines, all tucked inside.
My steps to the car I traced, looking every place.

On the counter of the bank it did sit, 'til I retrieved it.
Now hurriedly I departed to get my car started
To make my destination; for I had found I roamed
When I should have been two blocks from home.

But here in Mt. Horeb my venture was not concealed,
For on the phone my voice was revealed,
And my family was informed before I reached home.
Now I know I should have known where before I departed.

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG

It's a beautiful world we live in today,
It couldn't be better in any way.
But there is something wrong, our morality!
We don't live in a world of reality.

God gave us the world to be our school,
But we didn't live by the golden rule.
Our lack of morals has gotten in our way.
With no standards, we have gone astray.

We fight and we spat, we shoot and we kill,
We smoke, we drink, we pop in pills.
We are not safe anywhere, if go for a walk we would.
We are not even safe in our neighborhood.

Our property they have destroyed, our buildings they burn.
Our belongings are stolen, the law is spurned.
Our families are divided, our politicians rotten.
Our children are choking on the alcohol they have gotten.

Where is the man who has had only one wife,
The children that have lived without any strife?
Where is the home that divorce hasn't broken,
The home where love is more than a token?

Where is the father that is the head of the family,
The mother that is a great piece of humanity?
Where is the city that is free of violence,
Where standards and guidelines are kept in silence?

Our children are ruling, get little from schooling.
It would be better by far, with more fathers ruling.
We had better get back on the right track,
Perhaps to the woodshed out in the back.

COLD BUTTERED TOAST & PEANUT BUTTER

Cold buttered toast and peanut butter
Is it food for a king or the poorest around?
Where else could it be found, but here
In my tupperware, soft and brown.

I never worry about anything to eat
If peanut butter and cold toast can be found.
It's my husband's favorite bedtime treat,
Though pies, cakes or cookies are around.

Skippy, his favorite peanut butter brand--
He has eaten more than any man.
Cold buttered toast and peanut butter,
An onion or two, a glass of milk in hand.

Then to bed, and the aroma of the two I meet;
Healthy it's been, for him it's grand.
I don't mind his eating his treat,
But the aroma I get second hand!

DEAD SILENCE

Dead silence, do you ever hear it?
Noises surround everyone, no doubt
Whether you lay, run or sit,
Inside, outside or round about.

Washers, dryers, refrigerators or clocks,
Whether the purr of the motor
Or the boiling of a pot.
Dead silence is nowhere near here.

Day and night sounds of rain,
Noise of the winds,
Shoveling of the plows,
Or sleet against the windowpanes.

When I think I'm alone
And dead silence I'll find,
Then the doorbell or phone
Will ring all the time.

Even noises when in bed at night,
There hoping for some quiet.
But the ringing in my ears
Puts dead silence to flight.

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