

Anna



A Book of Memories

By Anna Regina Hilleboe Christensen
(1868-1950)

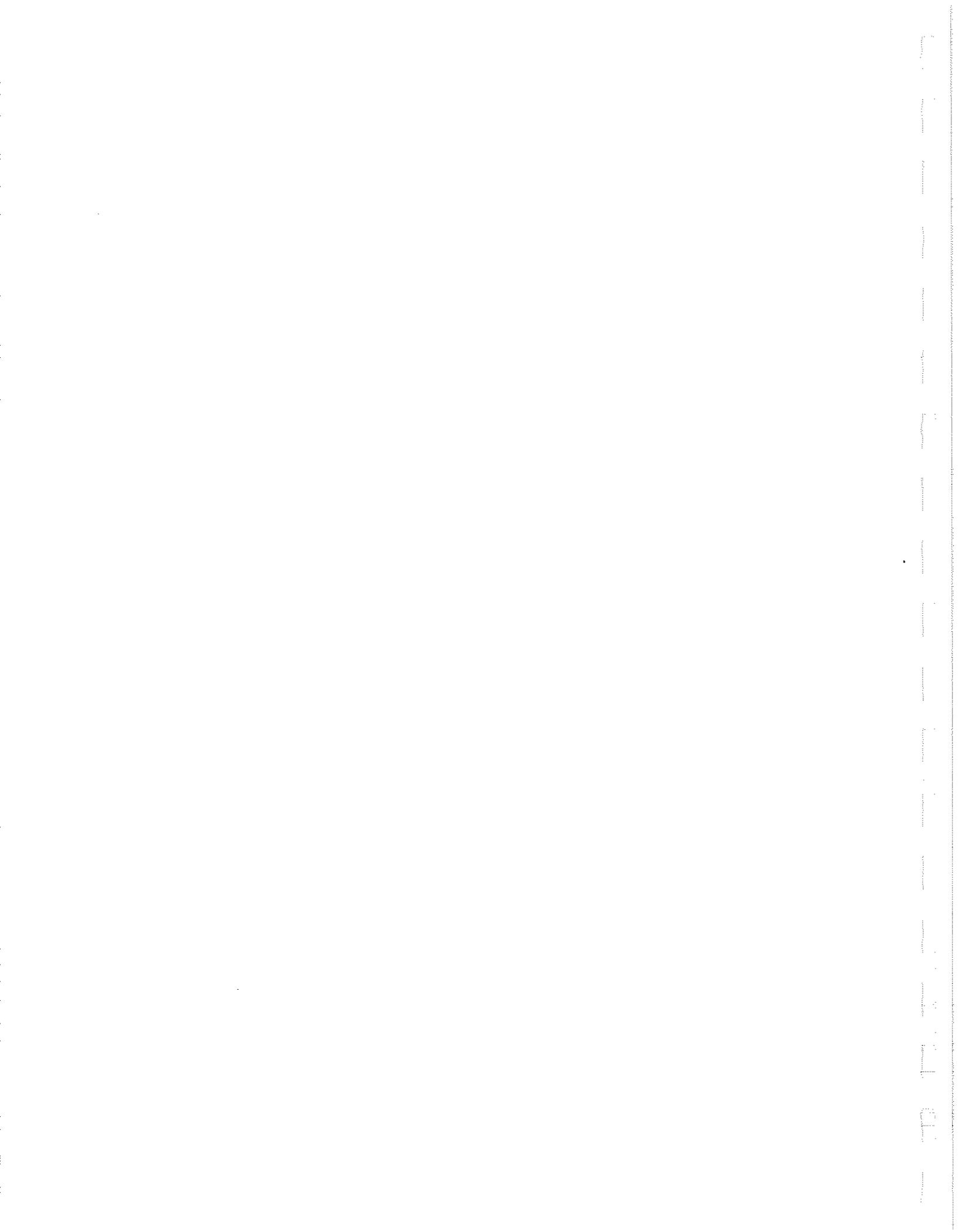
Copyright 1928 Anna Regina Hilleboe Christensen

I am the female white shell
Come to me
Come come come come come!
My grandmother said,
I took you out of your mother
I held you against my own thighs
to warm you.
I gave you the mother torch
You are the Norwegian Girl
And all is beautiful.
The flower head the curving back
the meadowed breast the horizon belly
curve of buttock stretch of legs
All beautiful, she said.

Grow and give! Be powerful!

Paraphrased from Meridel Le Seuer
Minnesota writer

These are the memoirs of Anna Regina Hilleboe Christensen, written in
Astoria, Oregon in 1928 at the age of 60.



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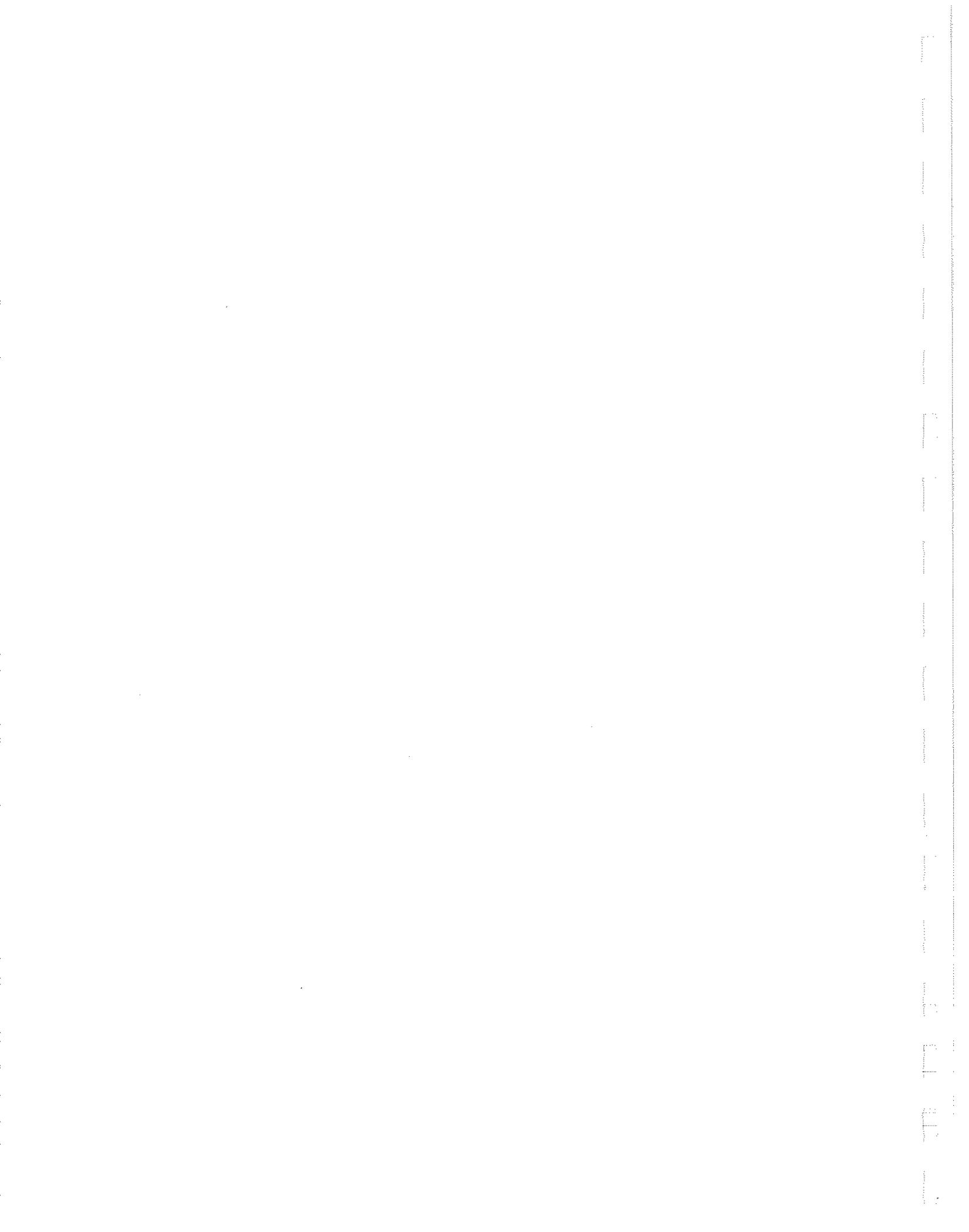
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Foreword

Dear Family,

It has lately come upon me from voices of wise oracles and goddesses from the past that I must cease this mesmerizing addiction to my endless "things to do" list and pay attention to the voices from my past. These voices tell me that who I am and from where I come in the vast rich tapestry my family weaves are infinitely more important than that list! And so I put it down, and begin the work.

This book is the story of our grandmother, Anna Regina. Her mother, Gertrude Rumohr, was born in Sogn, Norway in 1833 and had emigrated to Wisconsin in her teens (see "Wife and Mother" in Addendum). Anna wrote this story in 1928, the year I was born, at the age of 60. As I read it, I became changed. Here, before my eyes, was the mystery and the infinite strength of women through the centuries. I became connected to the heartbeats of my ancestors, and the verse from Psalm 45: 17 came to life: "I will make Thy name to be remembered in all generations; and the people will praise Thee forever and ever." Here was the woman who gave birth to my mother who gave birth to me, and who here represented all the archetypes, the collective unconscious of every woman! See these archetypes as she leads us through her astonishingly productive life as questioning child, young teacher, pioneer pastor's wife, nurturing mother, organizer of new mission churches in the west, and finally founder and first President of the Women's Missionary Federation (Pacific District). She fiercely defended women's rights both in and out of the home, the church as an institution, the strength of the family, and uncompromising morality and belief in God's Word.

However, it was not in those roles that I knew her, but as a silver-haired grandmother whose long hair I loved to brush, then twist and set in place with tortoise-shell combs, as she sat in the sunshine that streamed through our dining room lace-curtained windows in the parsonage at Astoria, Oregon. She must have loved it, too, as she would close her eyes and talk to me, tell me stories, and laugh her hearty laugh.

It was 1942 and I was a sophomore in high school when she came to live with our family of seven (Dad, Mother, Martin, Grace, myself, Kathy and Teddi). Imagine the generous spirit of my gentle mother and busy Pastor father, whose duties at church and home were already enormous! I am in awe of it now.

Grandpa had died in 1937 of a heart attack just as he was rising to speak at a District banquet in Seattle. Grandma continued to live alone in Parkland, Washington for five years (I remember visiting her in the two-story white frame house on the corner a few blocks from PLU) and then because of her age and diabetic condition she came to live with us. My mother missed "Papa" dearly, as she spoke warmly of the days when she would play the piano and organ for him in the parishes he served, just as years later I would play for my father as he sang hymns

and Norwegian patriotic songs in church and community. Mother had also loved the long hikes through Yosemite Park that she and "Papa" had taken. I, too, felt sad, as I would miss the chuckling smile that wrinkled his crystal blue eyes as he held me on his knee and told the latest Norwegian joke or sang "Johnny Sands" in his easy, quiet way.

My memories of Grandma are etched in my mind in kaleidoscope fashion—she sitting in her bedroom next to the dining room listening to the radio on the bedside table, giving herself those relentless insulin shots in her inner thighs and then joking "It's not so bad." She was a large woman with a broad face and I can still see her cheeks puffed with laughter, her eyes turned into mere slits behind her smeared glasses (no matter how often we cleaned them) and her aproned stomach which "shook when she laughed like a bowlful of jelly." She seemed to have a way of laughing at herself and even at life itself; however, I found out later that she complained unendingly to poor Mother, who had a real problem persuading Grandma to let us wash her clothes, as she feared they would "wear out." And Mother would protect her to us, saying "Please don't remember her like this"—and we didn't!

How hard it must have been to grow old and isolated after her busy public life! She continued to attend our church every Sunday, where her own husband had once been Pastor; we kids were a bit embarrassed by her loud, piercing voice as she fearlessly sang out her dear familiar hymns!

It was when Grace and I were in college that Grandma had to be moved to Sunset Nursing Home in Eugene, Oregon, as Dad had accepted a call to Sacramento, California. There she died on February 23, 1950 at the age of 82. She had lived a rich and varied life in many roles, and in each one she had left her imprint on those around her.

And now, dear children, grandchildren, brother and sisters, nephews and nieces—as you read this book may you all feel the bond of generations past and future which binds us all together in that beautiful word "family." It is a huge mosaic, and we are all colorful tiles in that mosaic as we live out our lives, followed by our children and their children. How wide and deep this mosaic of ours grows and will continue to grow until we all meet in heaven with Him who creates us, loves us, and finally calls us back to Him where we belong.

And I'm certain that when we see her again, Anna will be organizing something for somebody forever!

Rumohr Gulhaugen Gamm Roberts
June 1992
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Acknowledgements

Many thanks to my friend and relative Fernanda Malmin, who gave me this written manuscript in 1960. Her husband, O. G. Malmin, editor of the Lutheran Herald at Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minnesota, had discovered it along with excerpts which were published as "Souvenir of Norse-American Women 1825-1925." How fortunate for us that they saved it!

Many thanks also to delightful Jeanne Burns, wise in the ways of word processors and copy machines, who devoted long hours putting together this treasury of history. She has been a delight to work with--never a negative moment!

Ann-Marie Taylor of Sons of Norway, Minneapolis, studied the Norwegian words and pronounced that they are "Old Norwegian" popularly used in the 1800's, and taken from the Danish language of the 1600's.

Jeanne and I gave up our careful editing of excessive semi-colons when we were informed by Anna-Marie that punctuation usage in the 1800's was different than our more cryptic style of the 1990's.

And finally, thanks to my ever-patient, dear husband Walt, who because of his respect for family histories encouraged me in this project.

*1. The Old Norwegian
2. The Old Danish
3. The Old Swedish
4. The Old Finnish*

A Tribute

Anna Regina Hilleboe was born at Arkdale, Wisconsin, June 29, 1868, of pioneer parents who had emigrated from Norway during the epoch later spoken of as "The Great Migration," when they, along with many other hardy souls, had contracted what was commonly referred to as "The America Fever." She was one of six brothers and five sisters. The family lived on a farm near the confluence of the Roche-a-cree and Wisconsin rivers. At first their home was very isolated, the nearest town, Milwaukee, being a hundred miles away. Her parents were charter members of the home congregation, organized in 1852. Their first pastor was Rev. H. A. Preus, who visited them three times a year.

Anna Regina obtained her elementary education under the tutorship of S. H. Hilleboe and at the parochial and public schools of the community after schools had been established. Their schoolhouse was built of logs and was known as the Tamarack School. It was situated in District No. 10, one of the oldest districts of the community. The term continued for three months during the summer and for two months during the winter time. She matriculated at Willmar Seminary, from which she was graduated in 1889, whereupon she embarked upon her teaching career. She first taught at Hillsboro, North Dakota, for three years and then at Martin Luther Children's Home in Stoughton, Wisconsin, for two years. She was next called to teach at Willmar Seminary, which post she held until her marriage to Rev. M. A. Christensen of Genesee, Idaho, on June 14, 1896. Rev. Christensen was the only pastor of the Norwegian Lutheran synod in Idaho at that time. He also served three congregations in Washington, and as western Montana and eastern Oregon were without pastors, he preached and otherwise served many places there.

Moving to the coast, Rev. Christensen served parishes in Washington, Oregon, and California. How very fitting that his last parish should be in Astoria, Oregon, where he had lived as a little boy when his father was the first Lutheran pastor in the Pacific Northwest! In all these fields Mrs. Christensen faithfully worked with her husband, braving the many hardships and unflinching facing the multitudinous tasks of their early ministry, as well as caring for a growing family.

When, through the efforts of Mrs. T. H. Dahl of Minneapolis, who, speaking for the womanhood of the church, expressed "concern about increasing our usefulness," and felt the need of systematizing the missionary work for greater efficiency, the Women's Missionary Federation was organized in 1917. Word was sent out "that each district will take charge of the work within its own borders, will organize the different circuits, and thereby bring the local society in touch with the Federation all along the line." To accomplish this almost impossible, almost hopeless task in a district of this size, Mrs. Christensen was elected. At the organization meeting at Tacoma, Washington, July 12, 1919, she was made its first president, and set out to accomplish that, which to human minds, was impossible, but which, with God, was entirely possible.

In the twelve years of her presidency, Mrs. Christensen tirelessly traveled up and down the length of this vast district, visiting Ladies Aids in out-of-the-way places, organizing societies here and there where a few could be gathered in the interest of missions; visiting Sunday Schools, children's societies and youth groups, always pointing out the blessedness of living an active Christian life.

For twelve years she represented this frontier district on the General Board of the Women's Missionary Federation, making one or two trips to Minneapolis every year, to bring the problems of this newly organized unit to the headquarters of the church for help and advice, as well as to champion its cause. Following these trips, there would be the burden on her heart to disseminate the knowledge and inspiration she had gained, so that the societies in her district might profit thereby. The innumerable letters to write, the very meager treasury to care for this great work, the lack of cooperation and misunderstandings were enough to try the strongest soul. In one of her reports she writes, "The greatest word in the English language is 'understanding'." But God had endowed her with so many gifts, and one of the greatest was her cheerful countenance and sense of humor. How often this carried her over a "rough spot"!

What a friend she was to the children and youth of this district! She was always a welcome guest at the Children's Home, in a Sunday School or the Women's Missionary Federation. At the college, she was a motherly friend to all, with a wholehearted and warm interest in every student, and in her quiet walks with the girls, inspired them to a deeper, fuller spiritual life. Not only did she organize the women of the district, but also the Lutheran Daughters of the Reformation and the Lutheran Children of the Reformation. Her mother love was big enough to enfold all ages.

During these years of unending duties, one can guess the sacrifices that had to be made in the Christensens' home life, and the cooperation that was necessary on the part of every member of the family that Mother might be able to carry on this great work. But this can be said—never was there any sacrifice of prayer or Bible study or family devotion! There was a time for the "one thing needful." The children and the children's children have brought honor to Mother and Father and to Mother's and Father's God!

At the close of their active duty, Rev. and Mrs. Christensen moved to Parkland, in 1936, where they

could be close to the College they loved, and where their grandchildren would continue to bear tribute to a marvelous heritage. They looked forward to many pleasant years in this community where they were loved, but the Lord willed it otherwise. Rev. Christensen was called to his heavenly home very suddenly on April 7, 1937, and Mrs. Christensen was faced with the lonely years ahead. The later years found her spending some time with her daughter Gertrude in Astoria, Oregon, and finally at the Sunset Home in Eugene, Oregon. God also saw fit to deprive her of sight, which brought to a close an active life. For one who had traveled extensively and had taken an extremely active part in the work of the church, it became her lot to sit and wait for the Lord's call. but they also serve who only sit and wait. Her testimony and her intimate knowledge of the Bible, were indeed a blessing to those around her. Oh, that it might be a lesson for us who can still see and hear, that we fill our hearts and minds with His wonderful words of life!

Mrs. Christensen was called to her eternal home on February 23, 1950, at the age of 82, and her earthly remains were laid to rest in beautiful Pacific Lutheran Cemetery, Seattle.

Blessed be her memory among us, and may her life and influence raise up many zealous workers in the Kingdom of God!

How happily the working days
In His dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh!
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is,
Shall His blest servants be.

In grateful remembrance,
Emma H. Ramstad

Parkland, Washington
May 10, 1951



Introduction

The memories recorded in this book have been chosen at random, and but poorly and meagerly sum up some of the accomplishments and achievements of those that blazed the trails during the pioneer days. It is hoped that this humble attempt will be a small link in the chain of historical data of authentic history, to spur others to record what the thousands of Norse men and women have accomplished during the past century in our beloved America. They have played an important part in the building of the country in home, school and church. They have also taken an active part in civic, community and political affairs. During the early days of the Middle West, gold rush of California, pioneer days of the Northwest, stampede of gold seekers in Alaska; yes, throughout the changes of life and vicissitudes of time since this territory was first settled, the Scandinavians have been a vital force. They have borne the brunt of the burdens, have suffered hardships peculiar to foreigners uncomplainingly. but their perseverance, endurance, and achievement are walls and foundations in the building of the United States. Many, especially the women, during pioneer days succumbed to the lonesomeness of the forests, the wilds of the hills and mountains, the desolation of the bleak plains and glades, the endless monotony of the diludtide flats and prairies, the extreme clime of the northern states, and the snow fields and ice of the frozen Alaska.

Times have changed. Where today we find beautiful homes in flourishing neighborhoods boasting of wealth and comfort—there over half a century ago lonesome, homesick, timid women with a flock of children spent the days and nights in fear and anguish while their husbands were away earning money to pay for their homesteads. Many handsome, accomplished women rest today in premature graves, many intelligent women spend their days in asylums because of the isolation and utter loneliness of pioneer days, many as invalids have suffered untold misery for want of care and medical aid, many have been depressed and melancholy for want of diversion and recreation. But even if the pioneer days were hardest on the women, yet we find the great majority of the women and men were more than conquerors, and today they enjoy the life in the east, north and south and in the "wild and woolly west". They forged ahead against tremendous oppositions, bravely faced dangers, overcame obstacles, smiled through gloom, fixed their eyes on the citadel of success. In religious work they were optimistic. They knew that every cloud had a silvery lining. So instead of being pessimistic and sitting with unemployed hands and idle brains, they hoped and trusted, worked and prayed. They trained and taught their children at home, they studied their Bibles, read devotional, interesting and instructive books, sang their songs and hymns, built their family altars where they gathered for worship and devotion. When churches were established they sang in the choirs, organized Ladies Aid Societies, Mission Societies, and Guilds. Today, hundreds of churches, schools and charitable institutions are built and maintained by the sturdy Norse-American pioneers and their descendants. Although they have accomplished much, yet they are not ready to rest on laurels and roses. Rather with respect and gratitude they say: "Hats off for the past; coats off for the future." If some of them feel that they have not accomplished what they see as a good, then a child is their second chance. Many are helping others financially or otherwise to make life a grand success, where they themselves seemingly failed. They honor the memories of those who gave to their reward, they preserve the worthy ideals of Christian houses, they revere God and the faith of their fathers. As their ancestors sacrificed, they are willing to share with others, as their progenitors built, so will they build, as their forefathers dreamed dreams

and made them come true, so also will the Norse-Americans of today dream dreams that may be realized.

To all who cherish the memories of old-time days, to all who put into action the best impulses straight forward and unafraid, to all who aim to be great in word, thought and deed, to all who are willing to take the incomplete problems handed down from predecessors, who labor through life to solve these problems, then hand them on a little less incomplete to their successors—to these this book is dedicated.

Anna Regina Hilleboe Christensen
Astoria, Oregon, May 7, 1928

Memories of Childhood

The children of the pioneers were happy and content. Their houses may not have been the most elegant, nor their clothing made of the finest fabric, nor fashioned according to the latest Parisian styles, but these humble abodes were to many children the dearest spot on earth. It was no disgrace to be an inmate of a humble home but a disgrace in after years to be ashamed of the care, love, service, and sacrifices bestowed upon him while a member of such a family.

Anna was the third daughter in a pioneer house. Her two little sisters had remained but a short while with the family; then had gone out to the bourne from whence there is no return. There were the parents and four sturdy brothers to welcome her to the pleasant home and later another brother and three sisters came to sleep in the house. The parents had come from Norway and had established their house in a place known as the land of the Indians. Here they lived in peace while the Indians roamed over their former hunting grounds. They were loathe to relinquish their claims to the white people who had usurped their possessions and crowded them out of their homes. The land chosen as homestead was well adapted for homes and had great possibilities for future domiciles. As time went on the land was cleared and broken and the former wilds were transformed into entire fields and vibrant meadows. Churches were organized, and schools were established. Divine services were at first conducted three times a year but during Anna's childhood, services were held approximately once a month. School was divided into two terms; three months during the coldest winter, and two months during the hottest summer. Nearly all the pioneers in the settlement were members of the Lutheran church and this was of great significance to their church in this new country called America. They had been members of the State church of Norway—the Lutheran church; therefore it seemed to them the most natural thing to join this church.

Lutherans are not worshipers of Luther, but of Christ. Luther epitomizes the story of the Lutheran church. In proportion as Lutherans are like Luther are they loyal and influential. Every man is a priest in his own house; everyone called into priesthood of believers; Lutherans insist that the Word shall be taught and preached in its trust and purity. They read the Word and meditate on it in meekness. They serve God with hearts, and hands, and voices. They pray. They sing.

In the atmosphere of such a house, Anna was raised. There she played, ate, slept and grew, and developed. The house was neither large nor modern, yet it was very comfortable and homelike. A traveler who spent days at this house described it, "It is not a large house, yet there is always room for everybody. There is something about it that reminds one of a glass house; it admits and emits so much light, sunshine, cheer and happiness." Although years have passed, Anna can still remember just how the house appeared, where every article was placed, where every picture was hung, the beds of flowers in the garden, the arrangements of the vegetable garden, the ornamental trees and shrubs, the fields and meadows, and the woods of ringing there. Besides the house she still can with her mind's eye see the old granary and corn crib used during the summer for a play house, the old well with its windless rope and bucket, the trees where she climbed the garden where she worked. Here she pulled weeds, as well as young carrots, turnips, onions and other vegetables. These were washed by the well, and eaten raw. No relish now tastes quite as savory. She also enjoyed to be with her father and brothers when they worked in the fields and meadows. Many a mile she walked, unnecessarily, in the furrows after the plough, especially during spring plowing. She can

at times even now smell the peculiar savor of the upturned sod, a welcome harbinger of spring. While very young she delighted to hunt for strawberries in the clover fields, the blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, and raspberries in the pastures. With her brothers she soon learned where to look for ground cherries, choke cherries, other wild cherries, plums and grapes. It was however the woods that attracted her most. They held a wonderful and peculiar fascination and she would spend hours of enchantment under the swaying branches. She liked to watch the sturdy oak and wondered why it retained its brown dead leaves throughout the winter until the beautiful young leaf buds displaced or crowded out the old leaves. She admired the many colored, or variegated young oak leaves, and often transferred them as patterns or as borders on her handkerchiefs and other articles. This often caused her mother's displeasure because the stains were hard to remove. The maple was also a great friend. The various varieties were all very beautiful and the family wished for a grove of them near the house. One spring, the children each transplanted a maple, but it was only Ole's and Herman's trees that lived, and continued to grow to majestic shade trees. The elm, ash, hickory, alder and willow she admired; but the ironwood was a species of tree that interested her very much. This tree of exceptional hardness and durability resisted her strength, baffled any demolition, and she wondered how anyone could fell such trees, and what they could ever use the wood for. Even a sapling seemed to be irresistible. She admired the evergreen pines, spruce and tamarack. The yellow pine seemed so abundant and grew in large groves; in fact, in places they grew so thick that it seemed that they had to struggle for an existence. It was only the fittest that survived. The dried branches far up the trunk indicated the struggle for supremacy, and the green tufts at the top were almost crowns of victory. The Norway pines were the most graceful and beautiful. Just south of the field grew a magnificent species of this kind of a pine. Its graceful branches swayed at all times and where the wind blew its sighing and souging could be plainly heard at a great distance. Anna loved this tree. She thought that God alone could make anything as beautiful as perfect as this tree and hoped that nothing would ever cause its destruction. Northwest of the field a cluster of very large white pines thrilled her. Their tall straight trunks were almost unscalable; their branches and boughs seemed always to be moving backwards and forwards, and they, especially in autumn and winter, sang such weird and mournful songs. These melodies always made her feel so sad and melancholy, and gave her a sort of a homesick feeling. The birch with its light peeling bark, its drooping willowy branches, its silvery leaves, always made her think of a weeping willow. The woods were full of many other trees, shrubs and plants. But there was one tree that always caught Anna's fancy, and made her wonder. That was the silver aspen. A large grove of them bordered the meadow east of the house. They never threw cool shadows on the ground, not even shade within defined limits. They were always trembling and making a peculiar sound which seemed to emit from their silver leaves. The silver aspen seemed to be a tree set apart with quivering leaves, beautiful branches, and graceful white trunks.

Together with her brothers and sisters she roamed through the forest and learned many secrets, and found many paths. These paths formed a network, and she delighted to roam and wander to find where they led. The Indians had evidently blazed the trail; but the cattle, horses and sheep, and other animals also roamed among the trees. Many of these paths were old and abandoned; they were overgrown with grass, weeds, and underbrush, and were almost impassable; on the lowlands where floods often soaked the ground they were entirely obliterated. Wild flowers of many kinds grew in great profusion. The fields, meadows, and woods were fully of many wonderful varieties. It was a veritable haven for the botanist. Her mother had transplanted some. There with the many cultivated

plants and flowers grew in great profusion in the garden. Her mother, who loved flowers, seemed to be able to get everything to grow and flourish under her tender care. It was then customary to exchange flower seeds, to slip plants, to divide bulbs and roots, thus furnishing a great intermixture or succession of different plants, and a variation of peculiar forms of the many species. Anna always thought that the home and the gardens of her childhood's days were places apart, different from any other places in the world. There was something about the very atmosphere, a kind of a poetry which even today lingers and reminds her of the ringing, or the peeling of soft sweet bells, whose chimes reach the ears of her heart.

The first recollection of Anna's childhood was love. She was loved by her parents and brothers. The parents loved all their children equally well, with the same care, tenderness and devotion. She at an early age prayed that she might be worthy of their love, and she wished that she might be a true, dutiful daughter. Her father and she were always pals. Hand in hand they strolled, often accompanied by his friends. She often wondered why he called her Anna when everyone else called her Regina or Gina. He never answered that question when she asked him; but her mother told her that when he was a little boy living in Norway he had a little sister named Anna. One day she was to cross a stream on a plank, or narrow bridge, and in some way lost her balance, fell into the water and was drowned. He had never forgotten his little sister; the sorrows of a child are often deep seated. Her father had a great many friends, but the one, from Anna's childhood, that she can best remember was Rev. Styrk S. Rique. He had baptized her, and he was a frequent guest at her house. He came to the house so often that the horse was so accustomed to turn from the main road that unless he was watched would always head for the house. Once when he came he was quite excited. He had crossed the Wisconsin river on the ice. The ice itself was thick along the banks, but when he came to cross the channel the ice began to crack so he whipped his horse to a gallop and reached the other side safely. He had been warned of the condition of the river, but there seemed no other way. The ferry at Peterwell was laid up for the winter, and there was no bridge nearer than thirty miles. Services had been announced and he was anxious to keep his appointments. He lived about twenty five miles south west and had to drive over rough roads in all kinds of weather. He was not of the complaining kind but was a true pioneer pastor filling the place to the best of his ability. Although he did not always have smooth sailing, he managed the work, and formed many warm friendships. He was a teacher as well as a preacher and instructed the congregation in the way of doing church work in this new world.

He and Anna became great friends. He was as a father to her and she used to play with him as she did with her father. In church she often sneaked way from her mother to climb into the pastor's pulpit. Although he tried to send her out, she clung to him until someone came to take her away. She also had a trick of begging for rides when he left for his home. He would drive until he thought she was far enough away from the house, then he would lift her out of the buggy and watch her toddle home. Once she begged to sleep on a sofa in his bedroom. During the night she caught her foot, and called to him, "Gode, prist, jig vil ha hjalp!" One evening he brought his two brothers Lars and Peder. Anna and her mother were out on the lawn when they drove down the hill and he called, "Here are three Riques, have you plenty bread?" Of course she had plenty bread. They stayed several days. One evening after supper her mother had piled nearly all the dishes she possessed into a dishpan, and placed it on a bench. One of the brothers accidentally tipped it, and you may guess the consequences. When the pastor came to preach his farewell sermon, he brought his family along, and they stayed at Anna's home while he called and

tended to affairs before he left for his new charge at Spring Grove, Minnesota. The children were playing when Kathinka spied a harmonica and begged to get it. Anna's brother Hans gave it to her. She wanted to keep it and he gave her an evasive answer, which made Anna suspect that the harmonica was to be given away. She had at Christmas been given this mouth organ by her grandfather and did not choose to see anyone else walk away with it. She prized it highly both because her grandfather gave it to her, and also because it was a Christmas present so even if she was less than four years old she insisted on the right of ownership. Soon there was a fight and Kathinka, who was older, hit Anna in the head with the harmonica cutting a deep gash, causing the blood to gush out and soon all were in a great commotion. The mothers came running and ere long there was a tear fest.

One day a letter caused a great excitement. It was from uncle Peder Ha^ug, Waseca, Minnesota. He wrote that he, auntie and two cousins were coming to visit their relatives. Anna had never seen anyone of them as they had moved away from the settlement before she was born. Her mother had, however, told the children about this her only brother in America, and the expectation of meeting them, and the joy of entertaining company thrilled the entire family. They came and the visitors spent many very pleasant days to the house. One day, uncle, auntie, and Anna's parents went to visit grandfather and grandmother Hilleboe. The children were left at the house to enjoy the day, and they dug a cellar in a hillside. It was great sport, and good exercise. When the parents came home, they came to inspect the work, and told the children that they had done a good job. Cousin Ole was especially elated and, among other things, he said, "I was the boss, you know." Uncle took some of the bossiness out of him and gave him lessons in etiquette. Among other things, he told his son that he might learn many things from his country cousins. The next year another visitor came from Minnesota. It was a cousin, Anna Vieg. She had many friends from the time she had her folks were pioneers in this settlement, but she came to visit her grand parents Aunt Helga and uncle Sjur and his family. When Anna's sister Gertrud Helena was baptized, cousin Anna was one of the sponsors. After she had gone home the relatives were surprised to get a letter from her informing them that she was going to California to be married to a Nile Brown. When the folks talked about the distance, about the trip Anna got the impression that this place must be near the end of the world. She could not understand how anyone would go clear to the Pacific Ocean. The name Sacramento was mentioned, and she wondered where and what that really was. After cousin Anna had made the trip, had moved to Oregon, had even sent some dried fruit from the western states, the folks in Wisconsin commenced to understand that even this wild and woolly west was within the bounds of civilization.

Aunt Herborg Vieg and cousin Sarah also came for a visit. Their stay brought many enjoyable hours. Sarah and Anna were of nearly the same age, and they had many things in common, although they were very different in appearance and dispositions. Old Sally was a friend in need then. She would trot along wherever she was guided. The mothers and the smaller children would sit in the seat, while Sarah and Anna would sit in the buggy box. There were so many visits to make; so much company and entertaining, that the time passed all too soon. The people who had come directly from Norway were anxious to learn about conditions elsewhere, and aunt Herborg both entertained them and informed them of conditions of the prairie country. Anna spent much time with these relatives at aunt Helga and the grandparents. They were both bedridden and Helga stayed with them and cared for them. Aunt Helga had many suitors, but she declared that as long as her parents needed her, she would devote all her time to them. It was hard for aunt Herborg to bid her parents goodbye. She realized that it might be her last visit with

them. Traveling then was not so easy. The Virga lived quite far from the railroad and the nearest station at this end of the line was New Lisbon about twenty five miles away. Several hundred miles was quite a trip, and although easier than when the pioneers traveled in prairie schooners, still a trip entailed hard strife and expenses.

About this time Anna had her first real sorrow. A new courier, Kristiane Koyen, had presented her with a beautiful doll. It was an imported doll, dressed in elegant clothes of hand embroidered garments. Anna thought it the most beautiful of all creations; elaborate and distinguished, and she was so proud of it. One afternoon when she and her brother Peter were playing upstairs her mother called her, and asked her come rock the cradle where her little sister was sleeping. Her mother was going to carry lunch to the man working in the fields. Soon Peter called her, but she told him that she could not come to play until her mother came back. Soon he threw something downstairs. Imagine Anna's feelings when she learned that it was her dear doll with its head smashed. He had crushed its head with a hammer. Anna cried and cried! When her mother came home she begged her to give him a sound whipping. It was hard to tell which was the greatest cause of her sorrow, the loss of her doll, or that her brother was not severely punished, but was only reprimanded. She could not understand why such a crime should not be meted full justice, even if the culprit was only a three year old infant.

About this time Anna's oldest brother was sent to Lemonveir to prepare for confirmation and also to be instructed and tutored to enter Luther College, Decorah, Iowa. The schools in the district were yet rather primitive and Anna's parents were much concerned about the education of their children. Some of Anna's earliest recollections were plans for the future of the oldest son Hans. The highest ambitions of the grandfather was that the grandson, his namesake, should study theology and become a minister of the gospels but the parents planned to educate him and then let him decide or choose his own career. Rev. S. Rique encouraged, yes urged, them to educate their son in a Christian institution. One of Anna's earliest recollections was the morning that Hans was to leave home. Preparations for his departure had been made; Sally hitched to the buggy was anxious to get started; there were sighs, tears and prayers; then the first of the flock to leave home said goodbye. The chain was broken: the family tie was severed. The children missed their brother, yet they understood that the separation would be only temporary; that he would be back home for confirmation before he left for the college.

One of Anna's first recollections of her mother was early one autumn morning when she was sitting in bed painting the letter A on a frosted window pane. Her mother was baking buckwheat cakes, while she was teaching Anna to write the letter correctly. The mother had a way of doing several things at the same time. She would spin and teach or knit and read; or tell Bible stories while working. She was a great entertainer and often instructed the children when they did not suspect that they were being schooled. John was not particularly interested in learning how to read, write and figure. While the mother was coaxing him along, Anna learned those branches by listening to the instructions. When the oldest son came home from his first year at Luther College he was engaged to teach the summer term of school in the Tamarack school house. Anna was then six years old and she was going to attend school. The two mile walk to and fro did not tire Anna who was used to running all over the farm. she was excited and almost afraid of her own brother who had been so far away from home, and seemed almost a stranger. The school house was built of logs. It had four small windows. Its desks were like shelves running along three of the walls; the benches were without backs and ran parallel with the desks, and they were so high that the smaller children's feet did not reach to the floor, but were dangling in mid air. The black boards were painted boards. The

teacher's desk was a table of rough unpainted boards and the children stood in a row in front of this while they recited Mattie Mikkelsen and Anna studied out of the same book. First the little children were taught the alphabet. Then they began to pick out the letters they had learned, and after a while they knew all of them. Then they began to spell, and then the sight reading began. The book used was Sander's Union Primer. Anna tried to do just as the others did. One day she forgot the rules and regulations and commenced to read. Her brother said, "Can you read?" She answered, "Sure I can!" She was then promoted into the First Reader class and made rapid progress. The school house had been built some years ago but it was soon discovered that it was not built at a desirable location. A pond nearby offered the pupils much pleasure, but the parents much worry. The playground was small and very rough, and when the land was surveyed it was also found that it would be some distance from the roads both south and east of it. The roads of pioneer days were blazed by trails and consequently did not follow the section lines. When Anna first attended school it had been decided to move the school house and the pupils spent much time in unnecessary worry about the new location. It gave them ample excuse for going off on expeditions and the little tots came near being lost in the woods.

One morning about the middle of the term everything seemed so quiet at Anna's home. She did not see her mother but two of the neighbors Helga Waller and Katherina Lofthua prepared the breakfast and put up the lunches. John and Anna went to school, but the teacher did not come. They waited and waited for him to come. They walked down the road to meet him. They even climbed trees on the top of a high hill to see if they could not spy him. They knew that he was well when the left and could not understand what was detaining him. Although the pupils at first played and had a good time, after a while they tired of playing and wished the bell might ring for them to begin school. They grew hungry, ate their lunches, then waited again. Finally, they decided to go home. When John and Anna came home they had the surprise of their lives! They found a pair of twin sisters! Anna ran to her father and said "Now you do not need to buy the doll you promised me; I have two dolls to play with." She found it play, but she also found it to be work to help take care of them. One day Anna was taking care of one of the twins. The mail was brought home and among the periodicals was a book full of pictures. They all wanted to look at the pictures, so Anna picked up the six week old baby, held her on her arm, leaned over to look at the book, when the baby lost her balance and they both fell. It happened that a quilt was folded and lying on the floor and they fell on it so neither of them were injured. The baby was scared and cried; Anna was sure that she was hurt, and she did not want to see her suffer and die. She ran away and hid in the woods. Her parents were much concerned about her, and hunted to find her. She heard them calling her but dared not answer fearing the consequences. How happy they were when at last they spied Anna in a clump of bushes. They coaxed her from her concealment, assured her that the baby was all right, that she was not harmed in the least, that Anna was exonerated from all blame. Her father looked at her and said, "Stakkels Anna!" They even bragged of her and told her she was a good nurse girl, that she took such good care of the babies Anna felt that she did not merit all this praise but it restored her confidence, and made her love her parents with a deeper filial love and a greater desire for service. Hand in hand they walked home. That episode left a deep impression on Anna, and the memory of that afternoon caused her heart to beat often in after years when she recalled the love and perfect understanding they had of reaching the child's heart. They knew that the child's character drew life from the parent's united spirits when the vague emotions began to develop into more adult character. It took spiritual fitness' nobler, lovelier

mingling of the father and mother to foster the spiritual health of their growing child

One afternoon Aunt Helga and Anna drove to Arkdale. There they met an old acquaintance of Anna's mother. She inquired about the twins and everybody, but asked particularly about the mother. She lamented the fact that the mother had so much to do and that she had so many children; then she said something that made Anna cry. She said: "I hope that at least one of the babies may die." Why should she wish this when the mother had never expressed such a wish, but loved them, and would willingly sacrifice anything for their comfort? Anna never liked Martha after that, but was always in a fighting mood whenever she met her. "Oh never say a careless word, Has not the power of pain!"

Just before the school closed that summer the teacher was taken suddenly ill. School was dismissed and all went home. Soon, several of the brothers also were indisposed, and they were put to bed. Anna was sent to the field to notify the father of the conditions at the home. When he came home, he decided that he would bring the cattle home from pasture. They were that day in the large pasture, and being a sweltering day, he suspected that they had spent a great part of the day on the sand bars and in wading in the shallow waters of the Wisconsin River. A storm was brewing, and the mosquitoes were savage so he figured that towards evening they would hike up the river and to the flats near the Dalve pasture; if so he had a long walk ahead of him. In the late afternoon father bid goodbye and went. He did not come back that night. As portended, a terrific electric storm of fierce lightning and thunder, fallowed by a tornado rain and hail made living in the forest rather hazardous. The lightning splintered many a tree that night, and the wind and hail did much damage. Anna watched her mother walk the floor wringing her hands in despair and ever listening for the cowbells and expecting husband's return. The sick children and the tiny infants called for almost constant care. When the storm finally abated about midnight in the lull that followed the tempest most of the children went to sleep. There was no sleep for the mother. She spent hours in watching and praying. At times the suspense and care seemed almost more than she could bear, and she came near collapsing. She feared for her husband's safety, knowing that he would have come home if possible. There was not much of a demonstration when in the early morning he came home, bringing the cattle with him; but oh, the joy and happiness in their hearts shone forth in their eyes and beaming faces! Everyone in the household were so truly thankful, happy, and content. They boys were feeling much better. The medicine and treatment of their mother had borne swift results, and the anguish and anxiety of yesterday was soon past history. Everyone was anxious to hear the father's story of how he had fared. The cattle after he at last had found them would not go anywhere in the storm, but sought shelter under the trees and in groups, protecting each other. At least he had been able to herd and drive them to an old hut built and vacated by loggers. This was a relic of pioneer days and there they had sought and found shelter from the vehemence of the raging and angry elements. He did not dare venture forth into the dark night. Between the flashes of lightning the air was pitch black, and the falling trees also caused havoc and made traveling hazardous. In the morning he could have sworn that the sun arose in the west, but when the cattle headed east he followed them and soon got his bearings. That night was a milestone in Anna's life as well as to the parents and the rest of the family. She later heard her mother tell one of the neighbors that that night tested her strength and had she not received strength from on high she would not have been able to bear the suspense. Again she experienced the truth of the passage that have sustained so many: "As thy day is so shall thy strength be." When Anna listened to this conversation she understood that at times even the life of her mother became ruffled and

troubled. It was not natural for her mother to give way to her feelings. She always seemed so stable and composed. She was a queen in her home and ruled with love as only the best of her kind can exercise superior authority. She was small of stature, yet she seemed to fill her domain. She radiated cheer, peace, comfort; but above all she created an atmosphere of Godliness. Anna could remember how from the earliest childhood her mother had taught the children prayers. How she also had impressed upon them the value of truth, cleanliness, honor, chastity, and purity in words and deeds. She was a sun radiating light; a magnet drawing blessings; her home was the universe where she reigned. While working she did not seem to hurry, but she always accomplished wonders. Work was waiting for her wherever she went. She did not believe in idleness, saying that it was the devil's pillow. She sang while she worked. She sang and knit while walking. She taught her children to sing almost before they could talk. While the children daily studied their lesson aloud, she corrected the mistakes they made, while she was working. In this manner she daily taught the rudiments of the Christian religion, through the catechism, Bible history, hymns, bible stories and other stories with good morals, relating interesting educational and edifying incidents. In some way Anna's mother always talked about the nearness of God; how He walked and talked with His children; how the richest and the poorest, the proudest and the humblest, the best and the worst were in reality alike before God if they were His children. Even though full of faults and failings all God's children while on earth stumble towards the light and become invested with His glory and honor and thus they grow in strength, tenderness, and reverence. This love from God seemed almost like a strong, warm wind blowing through the soul, blowing away the bitter dust of hate, intolerance, and suspicion; the rust of fear, the wicked rubbish of pride and self righteousness, and caused His children to walk with Him and to share His greatness.

Anna's mother was to her children a wonderful companion, wise counselor and a true friend. A mother is either the child's best friend or its worst enemy. If she is not a mother according to God's definition, and does not the work God expects her to do then she is the child's worst foe, as no one can take the mother's place in the early formative years in inculcating his knowledge and by example and training give them the foundation on which to build their lives. Her genial cheerful disposition made her a desirable companion, her store of information and experience made her a judicious confidante. She was a parent according to God's command and she corrected and trained for time and eternity. Hers was a difficult task and she had, at times, to wield the rod, to exact prompt obedience when necessary.

The Sunday that Anna's twin sisters were to be baptized it rained so that it was impossible to take them to church, so they were Christened at home. They were named Inger Elizabeth and Sarah Gjertrud. The party to be given in their honor was postponed until the next day, due to inclement weather. A number of guests enjoyed the festivities, and when the hour for dinner arrived it was found expedient that the children wait until the adults had feasted. The children went to play in an empty corn crib used for a play house during the summer. The pastor's oldest son, Kolbein, did not like this arrangement. It angered him, and in order to give vent to his feelings he picked up a large ear of corn, and hit Anna in the head rendering her unconscious. This caused quite a commotion and when the parents came he merely said: "Jig slog pigen." This was as near as he came to apologizing. When Anna had wronged any one she had been taught to apologize and then to ask to be forgiven, so she thought this son of the pastor was let off very easy. Later this same boy caused Anna a scare not yet forgotten. His father had preached his farewell sermon before leaving for his new field at Blair, Wisconsin. During the Sunday after noon the children

were left to play while the parents went to bid goodbye to Anna's grandparents. Kolbein grew tired of playing and suggested that they go for a walk. The children did not seem anxious to walk in the heat of the day. Finally he coaxed his brother Christian and Anna to go with him. They walked east until they came to a meadow which he wanted to cross. Anna hesitated, because she was afraid of snakes in the grass. Kolbein, however, insisted and finally induced them to accompany him. They came to a big tree, where they rested in the shade of its magnificent branches. When they had cooled and were rested, Christian and Anna wanted to go home, but Kolbein wanted to cross the east side of the meadow where grew a number of trees, hazelnut bushes, and plum trees. From there they spied a large pond, formerly a bend of the Roche-a-cree. This stream had during high waters cut a new channel, and therefore this large body of water was now adorned with pond lilies, water lilies, and various other vegetation and growths peculiar to pools of standing waters. Fish were also found here, and it was a haunt of anglers and other fishermen. Here Kolbein found a boat and invited the two other children to go for a boat ride. After much persuasion, they finally acquiesced, even though Anna knew this was a forbidden sport. The parents often warned the children against rowing unless accompanied by someone older and experienced in the art of using the oars. After the children were seated in the boat, Kolbein grabbed the oars, jumped ashore, then pushed the boat as far as he was able to thrust it. The two children begged him to come to their rescue; they cried and called for help but he only laughed at them and their predicament and called them cowards and dastards. After a while the boat drifted so far from the shore that he could not help them even if he so desired; but even this did not seem to cause him much concern. Anna cried and would have jumped into the water if Christian had not constrained her to sit still. The heat and anxiety was terrible! At last, John, one of Anna's brothers, came to their rescue. He had become anxious about their prolonged absence and went to look for them. Their calls for help hastened his steps, and he came just in the nick of time. The boat was old and leaked, and the water was filling it; and as they had nothing with which to bale the water, or stem the influx of the water, the boat was near the point of sinking. John found a long fishing rod with a line. This he threw out to them. They grabbed the line and held tight while John pulled them ashore. By the time the children were safely landed Kolbein had disappeared. The children decided not to tell the parents of this adventure, because they did not want to cause them anxiety now after all danger was passed. They also felt somewhat guilty for leaving the home where they were told to stay and to play. Anna never again met Kolbein, but she met Christian at Luther College many years afterwards. He seemed to have developed the same loving traits of character that he possessed as a child. She was deeply grieved to learn that such a noble man was doomed on account of physical indisposition which was incurable. Humanly speaking, it seemed to be a distinct loss to home, church, friends and acquaintances when he said goodbye and went to sleep in "God's Acre." Even if God calls at an early age His loved ones from earth, they live in words, thoughts and deeds and their memories are blessed.

Anna did not attend school the following winter. During the three months of school, December, January, and February, the snow was too deep for a seven year old child to walk the two miles to school; besides that she was needed at home to help her mother in taking care of the four younger children. Her oldest brother had gone back to Luther College, and the three older brothers were attending the district school. This left a great deal of work to be done by the parents. Her father was also away from home a great deal attending to business and other affairs peculiar to his various offices. When school closed Anna was told by her mother that she might spend a week with her grandparents and Aunt Helga. This was to be a kind of a vacation. Her mother then collected a number of pieces

of gingham, calico, percale and chambray and told her that auntie would teach her how to do patch work, so that she might make a piece quilt. She was happy to be allowed to spend the week with the relatives, but was not anxious to transform the many colored pieces into a quilt. Her aunt cut the pieces into strips, squares, and triangles and she also basted them together to for the correct pattern. Anna had to "back stitch" every seam and unless the seams were straight and the stitches even, the work had to be ripped and sewed again. It was very tedious work and when finished this coverlet, with its three kinds of patterns, was not a thing of beauty, nor did it bring joy forever. She was so tired of piecing that she determined then and there that if she ever had daughters they should never be asked to piece quilts. She did not then understand the beauty of even such simple work. This was in the good old happy days when the girls were taught almost from infancy to sew; the women pieced quilts for recreation; the older women soliloquized and whiled away time while doing patch work. This was the time when piece quilts were exhibited; the girls as well as their mothers exchanged pieces in order to have a great variety of colors and patterns in their fancy work. They "robbed Peter to give Paul", made "Log cabins", "crazy quilts", "bear paws" and an endless variety of counterpanes. The most remarkable of all coverlets, and often the slowest to make, was the "chain of memories" made of even sized triangles no two alike. It took years for some to collect enough pieces and many of their odd contrivances were never finished. These were the days when the maidens instead of having the much coveted hope chest had a dozen or more quilts to display and exhibit. It was customary even for young girls to begin to piece their quilts; but most of them were made during the long winter evenings. In a way, it was a diversion to combine the somber gray, blue, brown and black with bright hued pink, red, yellow, green, and lavender. Anna never learned to like this work, but was always willing to give away the pieces. Her mother however insisted that she should do as the other girls in the neighborhood, so she made several quilts. Sedentary work was not to Anna's liking. She much preferred, when not working, to roam through the woods; pick flowers, berries, nuts, grapes and other fruits. She was a great climber and was told by her mother that even before she was old enough to remember it, she was caught one day climbing up and down the west wall of the old log barn. At an early age she climbed the trees, and there was scarcely a tree anywhere near the house that she did not scale. There were two large oak trees behind the old granary which John and she climbed and then jumped from one tree to the other catching hold of the branches. Old lumber was piled between the trees and a fall might have meant injury or death-but they never fell. No gymnasium ever provided such genuine healthy exercise and sport.

The week that Anna spent with her relatives was not forgotten. Even if she disliked piecing the quilt, yet she had a wonderful time. Her aunt Helga was a good singer and she taught her many songs, among them was: "Listen to the Mocking Bird." She thought this a most remarkable song, but she did not blame her brothers for threatening to kill the mocking bird when she sang it continually after she came home. She had never seen a mocking bird, but always thought of a "Whipporwill" when she sang it. Another thing that she remembered was the sugar cookies her auntie made. She had never tasted anything quite so toothsome and palatable. Her auntie also prepared many other dainty concoctions new to her culinary art.

Anna had often been to visit her grandparents, but it seemed so different to live with them all the time. They were both bedridden, and had been for some time, especially the grandmother. Her bed was in the south east corner of the living room, and the grandfather's bed was in the southwest corner. The grandma seemed so very tiny. She wore a white cap on her head, and she was always playing with the bedding. Sometimes she imagined that children

surrounded her, and were playing with her. She liked to have Anna talk to her, and laughed at some of her stories, and seemed so extremely happy. Anna did not then understand that sometimes old people, especially invalids, become like children and live their lives over again in a childlike way. To her grandma she was a playmate; while her grandfather always spoke to her as if she was grown up, and that made her feel so very important. He told Anna of their home in Norway, especially while they lived in Hardanger, at Kjosaa, Aarhus, and Ulvik. He had been a school teacher and had been transferred several times. He pictured Hardanger in such a way that Anna thought it must be as beautiful as heaven. He spoke of the grandeur of the mountains, hills, fjords, farming districts, industries; but it was the beautiful summers that he liked the best. He often spoke of his home and young bride who had all these years been such a wonderful helpmate in his house and work. He described some of the hardships she had encountered, but the hardest thing she ever faced was the pioneer days in America when she was a stranger among strangers, and where only three whites, besides her own family, were struggling to build houses, and establish homes. He told Anna that they were too old to be transplanted from the old established home into an entirely new and strange world. He said that his dear wife had suffered much worse than he had, because he could mingle with the few settlers, while she was confined to her home and her household duties, and the loneliness of the tall trees, the sighing winds, and the dread of wild animals and Indians. They had not been able to master the new language, nor the American ways of living and of feeling at home. He thanked God, however, that they had not moved away from His tender mercy and care; and although many things seemed strange and new, still the same blue sky covered them, the same sun, moon and stars lighted their way, and at last when the trumpet call should sound they would all gather from all the parts of the earth to the eternal home on high, never to be separated from near ones and dear ones.

The following summer was an eventful one for Anna. On her eighth birthday the whole family had been over to visit the grandparents, and they had such a delightful time. Her grandmother seemed so cheerful; her grandfather said that he almost dreaded the summer now because the hot days made him feel so tired and restless. Aunt Helga served such delicious refreshments, and she gave Anna a beautiful autograph album that she had made. It was covered with velvet with a crescent of hand embroidered flowers, and Anna admired it, especially the lilies of the valley which nestled so snugly against the rosebuds. She had also composed a verse which Anna appreciated because it mentioned the forget-me-nots, her favorite flower. The parents had also presented Anna with several tokens of love. On the way home the family wondered how many birthdays the grandparents would live to enjoy. Sunday, July 2, 1876 was to be a gala day at the Hilleboe home. On that day Anna's father would be fifty years old, and many were invited to celebrate the day with the family. The tables were to be set out on the lawn and the mother was very busy getting ready for the festivities. The dinner of new potatoes, fresh vegetables, chicken, meats, relishes, cakes, pies and other goodies had been planned. There were jars of cookies and other small sweet cakes that were to be served with the lemonade when the guests arrived. Hospitality is a characteristic of the Norwegian people especially on festive occasions. To Anna who had just celebrated her birthday a few days before, it seemed that one festal day outdid the other. What she was most interested in was a large white cake, the birthday cake frosted and decorated. Her mother had just finished this cake on Saturday when a messenger came informing the family of the death of dear grandmother. It was a shock to all. The end had come very quietly and almost unannounced. The parents wondered what they should do. Everything was practically ready for the party and as there were no telephones, it would be next to impossible to notify the guests of a change. They at last decided to carry out the

plans, but it put a quietness on the festivities and dampened the ardor even of the flock of excited children. The guests arrived early, and after devotion, they all ate their dinner. Then the entire assembly went over to grandfather's home. Here Anna's father conducted a short service, and then the body was placed in the coffin. It was the first time that Anna had been face to face with death, and she cried as if her heart would break, and she wondered how she would ever live without her dear grandmother. It seemed so cruel to have grandma lie on a board with only a sheet for a covering, and another sheet hiding her from mortal view. While singing a hymn two of her father's best friends lifted the deceased into the coffin made by the Wallers. She looked so peaceful and at rest in her narrow black bed; but Anna did not like to see them cover the face with a thin white napkin, and winding sheet, then put the cover on the coffin. Arrangements had already been made for the funeral which was to be held on July 4th. It was then customary to invite to the funerals, and serve meals. All those invited to the birthday party were also now invited to the funeral and many more were bidden. It was too far for Aunt Herborg and her family to come but Anders Roseland, the widower after aunt Ragna, came from Lemonveir and some distant relatives also came to the funeral.

Lemonade, cookies, and cakes were served, when those that had been invited came, and they were many and from all parts of the settlement. When this was over, they gathered in the living room for the services. The congregation was without a pastor, so a layman conducted the services. Several long funeral hymns were sung; many tears were shed; and there was much weeping when the remains were viewed. She was a pioneer beloved by all who knew her, and even if her lot in America had been among the lowly, and at times it might seem that her sweetness had been wasted on air, still many had learned to know her and love her for her real worth. Of her it might be said that anyone may be great regardless of circumstances; that some of the greatest souls the race has ever know have been housed in feeble bodies, and handicapped by obscurity, pain and misunderstanding. Anna's mother had helped aunt Helga to prepare the eats for the funeral, but now some of the neighbors took charge of the kitchen while the cortege went to the cemetery. It was hard for Anna's grandfather to bid farewell to the love of his youth, and she would have liked to have stayed with him, but as it was the first funeral that she had attended, she also wished to go to the cemetery. The procession was very long; the roads were very dusty; the horses walked so slowly that she had never known that horses could walk at such a gait. Quite a number of the people walked, because they did not own teams. They walked the paths and short cuts and arrived almost at the same time as those who drove. Anna was grieved when the coffin was lowered into the grave. There was no box to receive it, and the grave was not decorated, but its bare walls seemed so uninviting. She thought it was terrible to see them fill the grave especially when the first shovels full of dirt fell with thuds on the coffin. The men changed about while filling the grave, and then all the loose dirt was heaped up in a neat mound. When this was done all again gathered around the grave and sang a hymn. There were no flowers, wreaths, or large floral pieces to decorate the newly made grave. It was before the custom was inaugurated of spending fortunes on flowers that so soon wither and die.

When the guests came back to the home of the departed, dinner was ready to be served. It had been cooked in the summer kitchen and many preferred to fill their plates, get their coffee, and then eat out of doors under the trees. The balsam of Gilead trees furnished the coolest shade, while the oak trees and lilacs also offered cooling abode. The children sat beneath the asparagus. Anna's father, uncle, and some of the older men spent most of the afternoon with her grandfather. She thought it very queer that there should be such festivities on so sad a day as

a funeral, but was told that it was an old and honored custom, showing respect for the dead. The family stayed for supper. Her Uncle Roseland had a team of very fine horses, and they drove home with him. They all enjoyed the drive in the beautiful moonlight. The moon shed its silvery light over the fields of ripening grain and made them look like a golden sea. The parents, who were great lovers of nature, called the attention of the children to many a beauty spot. The spacious firmament on high displayed its glory, but Anna was always afraid of falling stars; so when she saw a meteor shooting, she did not admire the luminous body that dazzled and excited wonders among the rest of the family. She was scared almost to death. She knew that sometime one of those shooting stars would fall on her, and that would end it all. She never really enjoyed a moonlight night on account of this phenomenon.

After the chores were done the family again gathered, and the children enjoyed listening to the conversations. Among the things discussed was the use and abuse of celebration the national holidays and they wondered how many of the people of Roche-a-cree were celebrating this Fourth of July. Anna's father said "Many of the parents who today attended the funeral of my mother have children who are celebrating not far from here." The children knew what he meant because it had been rumored that there would be a dance in a hop house near by. The family spent the evening at home very quietly. As usual their uncle had brought bags of candy, which they enjoyed, as well as his visit. Early the next morning the whole family were shocked and grieved to learn that during the night a young neighbor boy had been stabbed to death by another young man, also a neighbor, while at the dance. Two young men while drunk had picked a quarrel, and began to fight. Isaac Rosgaard had tried to separate and appease them when he received his death blow. During the excitement that followed the murderer had escaped, and everybody was asked to help search for him. He was hunted like a wild animal, but no one could find him. After much searching, tracks were discovered at Carmon Rocks. It seemed as if he had run down the rocks to the edge of the rim and then jumped into the Wisconsin River. It was thought that remorse had driven him to commit suicide. This, however, was only a ruse to fool the hunters. He had run to the edge of the rocks, then climbed down and hid his tracks in the waters of the river, and thus eluded the searchers. His conscience smote him, so in a few days he returned, threw himself on the mercy of the court, and confessed his guilt. He regretted exceedingly what had been done, but claimed that he was too drunk to control himself, and as bad blood had for some time existed between him and the other man, this hatred led first to blows and then to murder. He was sentenced to serve a term of years in the penitentiary, but that did not bring back life to the dead. A sister grieved so that she soon followed her brother in death, and it left a mark of grief on the whole family. This was one of the most respected of the pioneer families, and it seemed a pity that such an act should throw a shadow of sadness on an otherwise happy household and place a stigma on the whole neighborhood. It was a terrible lesson, but it may have saved others from sin, debauchery, and other seductions from purity and virtue. It was customary in the district where Anna attended school to have a two month term of public school during the summer, and then a few weeks of parochial school, when the elements of Christian religion and doctrine were taught the children who all came from Lutheran homes. This summer the school was taught by a new teacher who had come from a neighboring congregation and had been very highly recommended. He brought with him his wife, son, and daughter. They were very poor and the people were sorry for them; but he was not the kind of man that was wanted to teach the children and instruct them in the rudiments or any other form or system of faith and worship. It was very futile to teach piety, love, and obedience to God when he was not able to enforce obedience in the school room, and when his actions belied his faith in purity

and morality. Even the smaller girls were afraid of him, so when the term was over, he was informed that his services were not desired in the future. His wife was skilled in making fancy work, but very few could afford to buy it, and she made very little money while in that neighborhood. The people were very glad to give them gifts, and share food with them until one woman sent a side of spare ribs which was returned with this message: "We do not eat bones." This kind of dampened the ardor of the donors. Anna thought there was nothing quite as good as roasted spare ribs with brown gravy and mashed potatoes and a great many of the others agreed with her, so choice morsels did not afterwards find way to the house of the teacher. After a while they moved out of the vicinity but no one ever cared where they went. It did not pay him to be a pretender.

During the month of August Anna began to feel so queer. She had chills and fever, and her parents feared that she was having dysentery. But when her body became covered with boils, they wondered what could be the matter. There were no doctors for miles that the people had any confidence in. When anyone wanted to consult a doctor it was generally conceded that the nearest worth while physician was Dr. Hoegh of La Crosse but that was first a twenty five mile drive to New Lisbon and then a several hour ride by train. During the busy season of harvesting and haying such a trip seemed out of question. The doctor book was consulted; and as Anna's mother had gained quite a knowledge of home remedies and the medicinal values of many plants and roots, she steeped teas to purify the blood, fed her a concoction of sulphur and simp; and made many kinds of poultices and salves to heal the boils. These treatments were painful, but not very effective. When proud flesh set in, it was not very pleasant to have this burned by acids, but the only thing to do was to grin and bear or to suffer and be strong. Instead of becoming better Anna grew worse; and try as she would to relieve suffering, alleviate pain and reduce fever, her mother could not conquer the disease but had to put Anna to bed. This was on a Friday. During Saturday the fever was gradually rising and on Sunday it was very annoying for her that so many called. Mr. & Mrs. John Heyer and four children came to spend the day, and they brought a basket of lovely red apples. The rest of the family relished these apples, and tried to induce Anna to eat one but she only played with hers. Her head ached and she felt so tired that she only wished that she might sleep. When all the company had gone Anna felt relieved and told her mother that she would take a long nap. When she awoke she was surprised to see many men sitting at the table eating their dinner. She asked her mother, "What day is it?" When her mother said "It is Tuesday," Anna said "Did I sleep all day yesterday?" Her mother said "It is over nine weeks since you went to sleep." Anna then said "Why are all these men here?" Her mother said: "They are threshers. It is now the first part of November." She then told Anna that she had had a long siege of typhoid fever; that early that morning she had to all appearances died; that the threshers, all neighbors, had been at the bedside to see her eyes closed in death. All had at last left her alone with this third of her daughters to cross "the crystalline river that flows into the crystal sea." But with a mother's heart she was loathe to believe that it was all over and she gazed and scanned for a sign of life. At last she had thought that she noticed the beating of the pulse, and upon a careful examination also other signs of life, and knew that Anna had come out of the valley of the shadow of death. It took weeks, however, before she was able to sit up, and even longer before she could again walk. How she wished that she might be able to do something to help her dear mother who had been so very busy during the long siege of illness! Her strength had been taxed with the work and the worry. Bertha Waller had been her helper but there were so many things to do, which only a mother was capable of doing. Before Anna was taken ill she had been busy making night caps. Her mother took this means of teaching Anna to sew and

hem, knowing that if these were to be presents for Faster Ragnhild and other old ladies she would do the work neatly. They were made from unbleached muslin and if a seam or hem were made carelessly and had to be ripped it would be doubly hard to make it the second time. One day Anna asked for work, but her mother told her that she did not have to work, unless she so desired. Knowing how Anna disliked making night caps, she told her that she might make button holes in some garments where it was not necessary to make perfect holes but Anna was unable to control the needles and had to give it up. She then asked for knitting and was given blue and white yarn to knit striped stockings. She struggled along until these were finished and she was very proud of these stockings which she thought were beautiful. Even before she was able to walk alone, she used the broom as support and thought that sweeping was delightful. It was now getting near the Christmas holidays, and preparations were made for celebrating the holidays. Her brother Herman was preparing for confirmation and the class met at Eberhard Hall that month. When he came home he was very tired and his head ached. He was put to bed and before long his case was diagnosed as measles. He was quite sick and before he was able to be out of bed the rest of the children, seven of them, were taken ill with the same malady. The weather was very cold and stormy and how to take care of all these sick was a conundrum. It was decided to move them all into the living room; some lay in the bed, some in a trundle bed, some in a "slag bank" and some in a cradle. Peter and Anna were to lie in the "slag bank" because they were not as sick as the rest of them; in fact they were not sick, only broken out with measles spots. Their mother told them to lie still and not expose themselves to cold, or their eyes to the light, and not to disturb the others. The room was dark and very warm, and it seemed a pity to lie still when not sick; so when the mother and father left the room they would jump in their bed and would also jump from bed to bed and have great fun. How Ole and John begged them to be quiet! They did not understand how sick the others were, and how all this hilarity, noise and jarring annoyed them. Their behavior was not willful disobedience or refusal to submit to authority, but rather childish ignorance; but that did not ease the discomfort of the sick. They had many lessons in obedience and should have known better. They had often been punished for willful disobedience and knew that this was not as it should be. Anna had, however, once been punished very severely when she had not committed any crime, and that unjust whipping hurt more than she could express. In the bedroom hung a large mirror, the pride of the household. It was supported by two large nails with silver heads, and the children thought it the most beautiful of all mirrors. One day the mother noticed a small crack in one corner and she was surprised and vexed to discover it. The children had been trained to report anything broken and the mother was grieved to learn that this had not been reported. She was not superstitious and thought a broken mirror meant a death in the family, or bad luck for seven years, or any other ill omen but she wanted to know who had trespassed and not reported. She asked: "Who has broken the mirror?" No answer. Again she looked at the children gathered and asked who ever had done it to confess. No one confessed. Just then Anna happened to speak to one of her sisters, and somehow the mother thought that she must be the guilty one. She questioned her, accused her, but Anna maintained her innocence and denied that she had broken the mirror. Finally she whipped her but even then Anna did not confuse nor acknowledge, because she insisted on her innocence and freedom from guilt. There was something that hurt Anna much more than the punishment and that was the underlying feeling that the mother did not fully trust her. For a long time she felt that the mother still suspected her and this rankled, irritated and disquieted her. That episode was never cleared. Maybe the crack, like Topsy "just happened." Many years afterwards she reminded her mother of that day and again told

her mother that she was innocent of the accusation. The mother asked to be forgiven. This pardon was freely granted, and both felt better and firmer friends than ever. "To err is human; to forgive is divine."

Anna was often punished by her mother, but never by her father. One day, however, she came near getting a spanking from her father. He had come by a neighbor's house one day while the mother was spanking one of her sons. The first time she hit him he yelled, "I am dying!" When she hit him again he yelled: "I am vomiting." He told this when he came home, and all laughed and called it a good joke. One day later Anna crept into an empty hop box and commenced to yell the same words to the top of her voice. Her father happened to come by with some men from Necedah. He called her, and told her to go to the house and judging by his looks she feared the worst. The men may have interceded; because she escaped with only a reprimand after she had promised to refrain from a repetition of such humiliating sentences.

Anna had a brother that was almost as a father to his brothers and sisters, his name was Herman. He was very strong, and an all around steady boy. He was also quite a disciplinarian and many times he meted out justice for things the parents knew nothing about. One day he took John to task because he had learned to smoke. He gave real parental advice and somehow the children admired this older brother and counselor. One morning this wonderful brother almost scared the life out of Anna. With the other boys he had killed a large snake, a copperhead, in the field. Even if they knew it was dead still it kept on wiggling its tail and they knew it would do so until after sunset. In the morning the children went to see if it was still wiggling its tail, but then they found it dead as a door nail. Herman then took a rake and picked it up with the handle to throw it over the fence, when in some unaccountable way it slid off the handle and circled around Anna's neck. She almost went into hysterics. She stood paralyzed with fear and screamed with nervous fright while her brother removed from her neck the weight of this hideous serpent. It took some time before she could be restored to her usual poise and be appeased; and for a long time she seemed to feel the cold clammy reptile which gave her a creepy, shivering and chilly feeling, and made her forever dislike all kinds of creepy groveling creatures.

One fine summer day, the Geyer family came to visit at Anna's home. They also brought some young stock to be left during the summer in a pasture adjoining the Hilleboe farm. A cow led the procession, and served as a cow bell. They stayed for dinner. They then told their daughter Helena to lead the cow home, a distance of about four miles. Helena and Anna were great chums, so they planned to spend the afternoon together. Anna's mother permitted her to accompany her friend. The day was warm, and the girls would have had much more fun without the cow. She walked very slowly and wanted to nibble grass growing by the wayside. The girls were young and full of adventure and decided that it would be easier to ride than to walk. They led the cow over to a log and climbed up on her back. She evidently had not been trained for riding because she lit out and proved to be quite a racer. She did not stay in the road but managed to run through the brush along the road; and when she came to a place where the beaten path was not bounded by a fence she ran over stumps, logs, brush, and tried to brush them off against the branches of the trees. It was a wonder that they were not thrown off and injured or killed. At last, they managed to get her stopped and then they dismounted. When they again came to the road, they decided that they had had enough excitement for one afternoon and so Helena proceeded with the cow and Anna went back to her home. When John Geyer in the evening wondered why the cow did not give any milk, he blamed it to the long walk and the heat of the day. Helena might have given him a clue, but she did not. No circus rider nor movie actor

could produce a more exciting thrill nor exquisite sensation than that ride gave the young foolish girls.

These two girls spent a great deal of time together, and always had such good times. Once, however, Helena came home and told her mother that the Hilleboes had already bought a tombstone for Anna, and added: "Why did they do it?" Her mother said: "Did you read the inscription?" Helena answered, "Yes, I read Anna Regina." Her mother then told her that if she had read on she would have learned that this Anna Regina was born on May 10, 1867 and died in August the same year, and was an older sister. She added, "This tombstone had just come and would soon be a marker for her grave." She also said: "I wish you had read all the inscription and you would have learned this beautiful verse: 'I was on earth your treasure, When now I know but pleasure, Ye weep in bitter woe: Believe whate'er betideth, God's love in all abideth, and soon your tears shall cease to flow.'"

During this summer term a new teacher taught, and he later also taught parochial school. His name was N. P. N. Hovale. He lived in Arkdale, but taught school in several districts. The old school house had now been moved farther south; the new home made desks were far superior to the old arrangements. They, although large and clumsy, had desks for the books and comfortable seats with backs and they all faced east. A new store had also been purchased, and when this log school house was rebuilt, the cracks had also been plastered with mortar that kept the wind out. The school house was entirely too small for the number of pupils that attended during the winter term, when four or five were crowded into each seat. Many adults attended, as the pioneers, who had endured the hardships of frontier life, had resolved that their children should have schooling as far as they were able to provide it. They were willing to work and sacrifice but they hoped and prayed that their children would use these golden opportunities and they insisted that every school task should be faithfully performed. The great ambition of many was that their children might continue their education when they had finished at the district school. They thought education the supreme gift and wanted it for their children as a yearning passion that could not fail to awaken an answering ambition in the children's hearts. They were so happy because they now had been able to secure an efficient teacher. Besides the regular school work there were also good entertainments and spelling schools. Different districts met to match for spelling and it was quite an honor to spell down a school. Spelling was quite easy for Anna and she had learned practically every word in the spelling book. Once many from the Sullivan school came, and they bragged about their spellers, and boasted that they would gain the laurels and win the victory. Each district chose a leader and they again chose their teams. After the spellers had been selected and numbered the test was on. It was very exciting, and one after the other failed and had to leave the rank. At last there were only two left from each district. They were Eugene Sullivan and Anna. They spelled correctly ever word pronounced by the teacher until he gave the word hough (now spelled hock). He even defined the word, but Eugene missed it and Anna spelled it correctly. This was a feather in her cap, but he did not take defeat very graciously. It tickled her vanity when he said: "I would not mind losing to one of my size but it was a disgrace to be defeated by a mere child." This spurred Anna to study harder than ever, and she even strived to master every word in her studies which were reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic. She did much supplementary reading, and committed much from her school work to memory.

The smaller children thought the adults were so dictative, while they thought the younger element were big nuisances. They all had much fun. However, in the fall the older ones played ball, while the younger played "Pump, pump, pull away" or sometimes all played "Last couple out" and other equally exciting games. In the winter

they skated or coasted, or stood on skis down the big hill by Ole Rosgaard's house. It was especially exciting to watch the ski jumping and many of the larger boys put on quite an exhibition. Many of the girls were also adept in the art of coasting. At times the boys borrowed a bob sleigh and then all piled on and had a glorious time. They did not realize the danger when some fell, or were pushed off while the sleigh went at top speed. Often the pupils would go hunting for frozen cranberries, wintergreen berries, and beautiful vines and other plants that grew along the edge of the cranberry marshes. These evergreens were often used for decorating the school room, and many of the vines made splendid wreaths and festoons. During the summer term the pupils picked blueberries growing in abundance. The bouquets of wild flowers brought to the school room were gorgeous. These wild flowers grew in great abundance in the woods, meadows, along the roads and everywhere, from the early spring with its buttercups, dandelions, violets, wood-anemone, cowslip, primrose, jack-in-the-pulpit, and later the daisies, snap dragons, golden rods, black-eyed-Susans, morning daisies, and innumerable other species and varieties. These flowers delighted the eye, but there were no flowers that Anna admired more than the Indian-paint-brushes, the lilies and the roses. The roses which grew in such abundance and of such varicolors were special friends. They seemed so ruddy amidst the thorns, adorned by the green leaves; and in spite of the surroundings sustained their charm, preserved their grace, and lifted their lovely faces heavenward. Even though at times the thorns pierced the silky petals, still they bloomed amid wind, rain, gloom and thorns and added beauty by their pale rose or crimson faces. The many kinds of lilies also were dear to Anna, but it was especially the lilies of the valley that from their hearts as white as snow seemed to bow their heads and to heaven make a vow that their lives should be serene, their virtues sweet, and that they would give to all a heavenly look of modesty and celestial purity. The beauty of the flora appealed to Anna and she delighted in the study of all wild plants, but so few in the settlement had studied botany; even the teachers seemed to know very little about the science which treats of plants.

One day in the late autumn the weather grew suddenly very cold, and when the children went home from school they noticed that ice had frozen along the edge of a large pond and they went to inspect this. The Lofthus girls, John and Anna went near the pond when John said: "I wonder how near the water the ice will carry us." He dared the girls to try the ice. They started but did not get very far before the ice broke and under they went. He fished them out, wet from head to foot. They were over two miles from home, and as the weather was biting cold their clothes froze stiff. Anna began to run, and kept it up till she reached the house. As the stairway lead from the porch she ran upstairs and changed her clothes. When she came downstairs her mother said: "Today you have been a real good girl and changed your school clothes before eating your lunch." They always had a lunch when they came home from school. John had come home now, and he could not keep from laughing on hearing this compliment. When the mother looked at them, they told her everything. Instead of scolding, she told Anna to thank God for His protecting care. The water was deep, and she might have been drowned. The following spring John and Anna went for a walk in the woods. They discovered a pool of water that during the winter had frozen into solid ice, but the warm spring weather had melted the upper part and water covered the ice. They wondered how it would feel to walk across the ice bare footed. They pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded across, and then ran back to put on their stockings and shoes. Their curiosity had been satisfied. They did not even catch a cold; but were not ever anxious to repeat this fool-hardy and daring rash act, regardless of consequences. Another youth from Roche-a-cree had also attended Luther College. His name was Martin Mikkelsen. He was young and

very active and soon became a leader among the younger members of the congregation. He was a great walker, and it was of him Brita said: "Slikt folarkast som dara paadeg veile Martin, ha ag aldrig set paa maake mummisje." Anna was a great friend of his, and she attended his wedding. It was a church wedding, and a double wedding. The brides were cousins — Martin married Gurina Rosgaard, and her cousin Sigrid Reirson married Nels Paulson, also a student of Luther College. It was a Sunday and also Easter Sunday. There was an offering that day and the wedding parties headed the procession and placed their gifts on the altar first. Never had Anna before seen such elegant clothes as those wedding dresses! They were wonderful creations of beautiful blue material trimmed with folds of satin, bows, yards of lace, long trains, drapes and what not. Their long veils and wreaths added grace to the bridal array, and Anna was sure that the bride grooms were very proud of their brides. Anna enjoyed the wedding very much.

There was to have been another large church wedding some time after this, but rumors had it that the two bride grooms claimed the one bride. In a hurry it was decided to call the pastor to the house and marry the bride and one of the bride grooms on the Saturday evening preceding the day set for the church wedding in order to avoid a scene at the church. Several weeks afterwards this bride came to the services dressed in her wedding dress, veil and wreath. It so happened that the work on the new church had been rushed and the pews had been varnished in plenty of time for drying before the time for services. There must have been something the matter with the varnish because it did not dry in time, so it was decided to conduct services in the woods north of the church. Poor bride! Some pitied her, but some ridiculed her as she climbed over logs, and walked among trees and stumps with the train of her dress thrown over her arm. Her veil also became unruly in the wind and caught in the bushes and branches of the trees. For some reason the bride groom was not very attentive to her; he did not help her in the difficulties and embarrassing predicament. In her wedding finery she looked that day like a butterfly out of season.

The early pioneers who in the first part of the fifties settled in Roche-a-cree had known better days and they looked forward to the dawn of a new day. With their faces to the light they did not see the shadows, but facing the morrow they built their houses and organized a congregation and trusted in the Lord of Harvest to bring to fruition the seed they had sown, in faith. They had been members of the Lutheran church in Norway, and somehow only material things did not satisfy their longings. They felt that without God the soul of man is divorced from the destined satisfaction of being followers of Christ. This need of God constrained them into a feverish quest of something higher than farms, something greater than earthly possessions. They craved the "Bread of Life" and the "living waters" which alone can appease hunger and slake the thirst of the soul. Even though far away from the center of Norwegian inauguration, strangers in a strange land, they had not become victims of endless delusions. Their training and environments had prevented them from losing faith in God. Their task, at times, seemed hopeless, yet they did not let material things obscure the vision of God. Although surrounded by things of the world their eyes and ears saw the glories and heard the messenger through the Bible, devotional books, hymns, and songs that had followed them across the waters. They did not let earthly possessions, money, pleasures, ambitions, or selfishness come as a veil to hide their faces from the face of God. Their faith in Jehovah did not want them to hide from His presence, but rather they felt His nearness and saw His greatness, and handiwork even in this remote part of the world. They planned, worked, and prayed for light, strength, and guidance. They trusted that God in His wisdom would send them a minister of the gospel who would teach, preach, lead, and direct them. They realized that they could never

find their Savior in materialism, philosophy, nor idols, whose empty wells and poison pools end in dismal failure, and spiritual death. God heard their prayers, and answered their pleadings. He sent them a man living at Spring Prairie about seventy five miles south of their settlement. He visited them about three times a year to preach and otherwise minister to their wants. His name was Herman Auburg Preus. It was not easy for him to visit them as there was in many places no roads. During the summer he generally came walking and during the winter he came on ski. The houses were very small, so it was impractical to meet for services in the homes. They decided to build a church as soon as possible. A graveyard had been decided upon, because even among the few settlers death had visited some homes. The first to be buried was the oldest sister of Anna. As a young wife Anna's mother had without the aid of doctor, midwife, or nurse entered the valley of the shadow of death, and brought back a still born daughter. They would have liked to have buried her in cemetery or consecrated ground but there was no such designated place. About four miles northeast was a location where they hoped someday to build a church, as this was considered the center of the settlement. So in the forest primeval, under the spreading branches of a tree, she was laid to rest.

When the congregation now sought a site for their church, it was decided that a location one mile south was more desirable and there the first log church was built, and a cemetery dedicated. When they came to move the coffin of Anna's sister, they found that the land where she was buried had been cleared, broken, and plowed and all marks, even the mound had been obliterated. This was an added sorrow to the young parents. They would have liked to have kept the grave decorated in honor of the memory of their dear first born darling.

This log church for which the congregation was so thankful was burned to the ground. Many of the new settlers now lived north of the Roche-a-cree creek, and so it was decided to build the new church just across the road from the location that had at first been chosen. That church was a frame building, but while it was yet comparatively new it blew down during a cyclone. The congregation was quite discouraged, still they were ready and willing to again put their shoulder to the wheel, and build their third church. It was to be rebuilt on the same foundation. Many of the church members had to dig deep into their pockets in order to construct this church which was to be larger and more modern than the other churches had been. Anna's father, a charter member, had always taken a very active part in all church work and was chairman of the building committee. He spent much time and money in making this a temple of worship. One day while inspecting the work in the belfry the scaffold broke and he fell and landed first on the joists of the gallery; then on the joists of the floor, and finally on the ground. When the men picked him up they wondered that he was alive. There were no fault findings or law suits; but there was much suffering, much sympathy, many regrets on account of the accident. They carried him to the buggy, brought him home, and helped him into the house, and put him to bed. It was hard for the family, but especially hard for the mother. Poor woman. She suffered with him. He spent most of the remaining summer in bed and never fully regained his health and strength. When the church was finished great preparations were made for dedication. This was a new event for Anna. She was so happy because her friend Rev. Styrk Rique was to be present. The other two former pastors were also to be present and Rev. H. A. Preus, now president of eastern district was to dedicate the church. The Hilleboe family arrived early as Anna's father was pastor, and was always on time. Anna was so thrilled when the procession of pastors moved up the aisle! They wore the prescribed canonicals, but Anna had never seen the special vestments of white robes prescribed to be worn by clergymen when officiating on certain occasions, and at certain seasons of the church year. She thought some of the pastors looked so very queer, and

she wanted to ask her mother why, especially Rev. Rique wore the funny white robe or surplice. Her mother told her that these vestments were called "messe skjorter." The Hilleboe pew was near the altar, and few things escaped the eyes of Anna that day. She listened to the Bible readings; the solemn act of the religious ceremony when the church was dedicated; the impressive sermon; the greetings sent by other congregations; but it was most interesting for her to watch the people when they marched around the altar and placed their gifts as an offering. She thought all the people looked so dressed up and dignified. There was something festive in the very atmosphere, and even though she had often seen the church, still it now seemed so different. She thought it was the most wonderful edifice that she had ever seen; maybe because it was the only church that she had ever seen, that she could remember. That church has not been changed, except a furnace that now replaces the stove. Although Anna has since seen hundreds of churches; some smaller but many much larger and much more magnificent; yet this is her church, her spiritual home, where she learned to worship God in a different way from the reverence and respect, homage, and adoration of her worship at home and at school.

Rev. Emil Peterson was now the pastor of the church. He was a young man, but as he was a Dane, it had been a little difficult for some of the members at first to understand him. When, however, they learned to know him, they also learned to respect and love him. He was unmarried when he came but when he announced his engagement to Elizabeth Larson, Manston, Wisconsin, the congregation felt happy. The call had been divided and Lermoneir was now independent, while Roche-a-cree and Newport formed the new call. The pastor lived at Kilbourn where a parsonage had been bought. This was over thirty miles south of the congregation, and the long drive over the dirt road was quite a hardship. One day the annual business meeting of the congregation was announced, but the pastor had not brought his Bible, thinking there was one in the church. When informed that the church was not supplied with a Bible he asked: "Has anyone brought a Bible?" No one had. He then asked a man living near by if he would go home to bring one. One of the men said: "He has not got a Bible." When Jens indignantly answered, "Jo vist ha ag bibel: Linderoth." There were those that suspected that neither of the books were used very often by him, or else he would have known the difference between the Bible and this book of sermons.

John was now old enough to register in the confirmation, but insisted that Anna should also join the class. She was only ten years old, but the parents allowed her to accompany her brother, and she was delighted to meet with the class. The pastor was very kind, and they enjoyed studying the lessons, although they were long and hard. Beside the catechism, Bible history, and epitome, they also learned hymns, chapters of the Bible, and church history. Their parents had taught them their lessons in the first three branches, and they also knew many of the hymns and Bible stories, because their father, especially during the winter evenings, told Bible stories, taught the doctrines of the church, church history, and always made clear the way to salvation. Their district school had also been taught by Lutherans, and since all the pupils were of that faith, the law allowed that one hour a day be set aside for the study of religion. Thus their faith was established, and they had even while young laid up treasures in heaven where moth and rust could not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

When Anna was nearly eleven years old, she was promised a trip to Lermoneir. She was to spend her birthday at Roselands with her uncle and three cousins. The day before she left home the Waller children, and three of the Hilleboe children went blueberry picking. They picked several large buckets full of the largest and sweetest

blueberries, to be preserved. Anna was permitted to bring hers to Necedah to sell, but as the crop of berries was very profuse the price was very low. For a whole milk bucket full of delicious berries she received just enough money to buy a small silver ring that she had wished for. She thought it quite an investment. Her aunt Helga and Christine Hanson, now Mrs. O. Hegna, helped her to select the ring. Her father gave her money to buy a hat and shoes, so she felt all dressed up on her birthday. She had been to Necedah several times before, but that was as far away as she had been away from home. She remembered the first time she had gone there with her father. He had given her twenty five cents to buy anything that she liked. She wondered and wondered how she might invest this magnificent sum. Her father told her to stay at the store, the largest one in town, until he called for her. She looked, she priced, she wandered! Finally she saw a small pink parasol that she liked very much, but she was afraid to ask the price, fearing it would be many times more than her money could purchase. The clerk told her it was marked fifty cents, but she might have it for thirty five cents. Just a dime more and the sunshade would be hers. She stood in the doorway watching for her father, but he was not in sight. She looked for landmarks, and finally decided that she would venture forth to search for him, and incidentally get the ten cents. She walked back and forth looking and listening. The longer she walked in the hot sunshine, the more she desired to get the sunshade. Finally she came by the opera house, and there on the first step lay a dime, as smart as you please. She thought God must have left it there! She wasted no time in studying whether she should pick it up or not. She grabbed it and almost ran to the store where a bargain was soon closed. She now walked up and down looking for her father, who by the way, had gone to Brindleville, without having had a chance to tell her. He admired her taste in selecting this wonderful parasol. He did not know it was the only one in the store. He was sorry to have caused her such anxiety and hours of tedious waiting. He bought some crackers and sausage which they ate while driving home. On their way to Roselands they passed Necedah Bluff. Anna wondered what the country on the other side looked like. She was disappointed when she discovered that it looked very much like the country that she had always known. When they came about half way to New Lisbon they heard a train whistle. The branch between New Lisbon and Necedah has just been built, and Anna had never seen a train. Her father stopped the team so that they might see the train, an accommodation train, when it crossed a marsh. She thought it marvelous to see this train, and she hoped that some day she would be privileged to be a passenger and go traveling to see more of the world. They stopped a while at New Lisbon where they bought candy, gum, apples and oranges to treat the relatives at Lemonveir. They were now only five miles from their destination. They had left home early and the long drive over sandy roads and the heat of the sun had tired them. Their team, Frank and Dolly, also seemed tired and warm. They arrived at Roseland towards evening but Anna was so thrilled by the varied scenery of bluffs, fields and meadows that she wanted to climb the bluff and hills immediately. She cared for neither rest nor food; she sought adventure. She was, however, induced to eat supper, but by this time, that was over. The sun had set, and it was too late for hiking. She played a while by the small stream near the house; they they all sat on the porch and talked. Her uncle's house was almost identically like her grandfather's, both in construction, arrangement, and size. She felt at home with her cousins even though she had not met them before. Her uncle's first wife was aunt Ragna, who had later married a widow. She lived but a short time, and then he had married again and this his third wife took a great interest in Anna. It was quite amusing that three of the girls in that home were named Anna. It was Anna Helena, Anna ^{Ka}Angina, and Anna the baby. They were in the house known as Store Anna, Gina, and vesle Anna. Although next day was

Sunday Anna and her cousin Arne climbed a buff before they went to church. The church was built on a high hill, almost a bluff, and the view from it was grand, overlooking the valleys. The church was filled with people, who seemed so strange to Anna. In the church at home she knew everybody. Here she knew only a very few. She knew Odd Larson, a brother of their pastor's wife, and his family. They had visited at her home. She also knew the pastor Rev. M. P. Rub, a friend of her father. On Monday when they were to start for home Anna wished she might have continued the visit. She was having such a good time, but her father and aunt Helga were anxious to go home. The grandfather had not been feeling well as usual of late, and they were anxious to get back to relieve those who were caring for him while they were enjoying this visit. The trip home was uneventful.

It was decided that Anna should stay with aunt Helga the rest of the summer, to help her care for grandfather, to run errands, and be a kind of messenger in the neighborhood. Twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday, she walked the five miles to Arkdale to get the mail which was brought by stage from Necedah on those days. She did shopping for the family and others. When the neighborhood mail had been assorted it had to be delivered, and as some of the neighbors lived quite far apart this was quite a job. Anna hated this job! Some of the neighbors gave her cookies, candy, fruit, or some other recognition for her errands, but many said only thanks. She often thought: "It was only thanks that killed the cat."

Anna's grandfather was beginning to feel very tired. He often prayed that God would see fit to take him home, but he always added "Thy will be done." He had now spent seven and a half years in bed; why, no one knew but they thought that it must be "alderdomsvaghet". He had in the prime of life been a very tall man of fine stature, but now the muscles of the lower limbs had contracted and he was very bent, crippled and helpless. For years he had to lie on his left side, and Anna often wished that he might have been able to lie on his back and right side also. Lying in the same position all the time during the summer months caused bed sores. Anna knew how sores hurt, because she had been hurt often. The preceding winter she had fallen against a cross-cut saw cutting several deep gashes in her right arm, which would not heal. Her teacher recommended an ointment made of lard and the leaf buds of the Balm of Gilead tree which would cure all ills. It had healed the sores on Anna's arm, and it also brought to her grandfather. Many other remedies were also used to ease pain and suffering. He was very fond of lemonade and Anna often ran down to a spring near Carmon Rocks for ice cold water in order to refresh him with this cooling drink. She would also sing for him, and in her childish way help to entertain him, because she had noticed that diversion seemed to make him forget his pain.

Anna lived one day of that summer that she still remembers. It was August 18th 1879. The morning was beautiful but warm and sultry and during the forenoon clouds obscured the view of the sun. When aunt Helga and Anna sat down to eat their dinner in the summer kitchen the air was lurid and it looked like a storm was brewing. Soon the wind blew a terrific gale, the thunder rolled, the lightning flashed and it seemed as if the claps of thunder grew louder and came nearer. Finally a terrific crash shook the building and filled the room with fire. Anna was so frightened and must have been stunned, because the first she remembered was continued storm. Instead of sitting by the table, she was lying on a bench near a farming mill that was stored in the building. The dog, Fido, lying under the table was killed, and so were the three cats lying by the stove. The lightning had struck a large oak tree by the house; had torn away the entrance of the building, a former granary; had set fire to the east and south walls; had shaken the stove to pieces; had splintered the floor; and had cut some other capers. What concerned Anna most

was that her aunt Helga had slumped and to all appearances was dead. She ran into the house and told her grandfather what had happened. The house was only a few feet away, so he knew that the lightning had struck but was shocked about the other conditions, especially about aunt Helga. Judging by his looks Anna feared that he also was dying. He told her to go back to her auntie, to shake her, to put water on her and said that she might only be in a swoon. Shortly before this happened Anna had read that in a case of this kind of doors and windows ought to be opened to allow the fresh air to enter the room. The air was stifling, yes so suffocating that it nearly choked or smothered her. It smelled like sulphur. Anna crossed the room to where aunt Helga was lying; she spoke to her; put water on her face; tried to raise her up; but felt so insignificant and helpless. She cried, and prayed for strength and help. It was about half a mile to the nearest neighbor, and she did not expect anyone would come along in this storm. She called her aunt by name, stroked her beautiful dark hair, petted her cheeks, and kissed her dear face. After a while she commenced to show signs of life, yet Anna could hardly believe it when she opened her eyes, looked at her, then asked: "Where am I? What has happened?" Anna told her what she had done, what she had told her grandfather, then her aunt said: "Go tell him that I am living and will soon be in the see him." Anna was glad to inform her grandfather of this good news. After a while Anna helped her aunt to walk into the house. It was touching to witness that meeting between father and daughter.

As soon as Anna dared to, she asked for permission to go home. Her aunt said: "Yes. Tell brother Sjur to come over as soon as he can." It was still raining hard, but Anna threw a shawl over her head and shoulders and ran the shortest way through the woods. She was so out of breath when she came home that she could hardly tell what had happened. The house was nearly filled with men who while haying on the meadows west of the Hilleboe farm had sought shelter from the storm and had dinner at their friend's home.

When Anna's father went to console his father and sister he took John along with him to stay with the relatives. It had been quite an experience for Anna who thought that she would never again feel safe during an electric storm. It was blessed then to have a mother that could cheer, comfort and console and tell of the protecting care of an Almighty and Allwise God. When Anna came home that day she said: "I have never in my life been in such danger." Her father answered: "You know nothing about that. You may often have been in greater danger without knowing it." He then told of many hidden, lurking dangers; but he also told about the guardian angels and sang one of his favorite hymns "I walk in danger all the way; the thought shall never leave me that Satan who has marked his prey, is plotting to deceive me. This foe with hidden snares, May seize me unawares. If e'er I fail to watch and pray: I walk in danger all the way." After spending the evening and night at home Anna was very willing to go back to her duties the following morning when her father and brother came home to work a haying. Her grandfather looked so different and her aunt said that he had been greatly shocked, and she feared it would hasten his death. He had been an earnest Christian, and his faith in God had sustained him in trials and temptations, but now in his weakened condition the Devil tempted him to doubt the certainty of his inheriting eternal life and heavenly glory. Towards evening he was in the slough of despair. It seemed as if a veil of darkness hid him from the living and loving Savior. Aunt Helga, although still suffering from the effects of the sufferings of the preceding day, tried to be strong. She read many beautiful consoling passages from the Bible; she prayed with him and for him; but the tempter would give him no peace and comfort. Even singing the hymns that he liked so well did not scare away the Satan; that evil spirit that tempts and fights for supremacy even to the last; that archangel of darkness and satanism,

whose satanic and diabolic spirit even now as of old, like a lion sought to devour the lamb of the Good Shepherd. About eleven o'clock that night he asked Anna to go home to call his son Sjur. He thought his son who had been his right hand might help him fight also this battle. Anna was so frightened, still she did not refused to go. Her aunt realized how nervous these days had made Anna and she also knew how scared she was in the dark, still she knew that there was no one else to send. She kissed her good-by and told her to be brave and God would be her protector to take care of her. Anna did not at this time of the night dare to walk the path through the dark woods, but went north along the main highway. She met no one; saw no one; heard nothing; so she began to feel quite brave. It was quite cloudy; no moonlight; not even starlight, so she had to almost feel her way in the dark. She was almost halfway home when she happened to look east and there she saw a light. Immediately she thought of lightning and commenced to run. She stumbled, fell, arose and still that light shone in the east. How she reached home was a mystery. When she at last was able to talk she told why she was sent home and about the lightning in the east that had so frightened her. Her brothers laughed, called her silly, and other things; then they showed her the cause of her fright. It was the rising moon that she had seen through the trees. Her father put his hand on her head and said: "Stakkels Anna." He told her to remain at home, and she was so thankful that she again should be privileged to spend the night with her dear mother. When she had asked further about the grandfather and comforted Anna she said: "Now let us say our prayers; pray for grandfather; then go to sleep."

When her father came home the next morning he thanked Anna for being so dutiful and brave. Through the grace of God he had been instrumental in bringing comfort and solace to his dear father. God had shown His power over the Devil also this time; had strengthened and sustained the faith in this disciple and cross bearer, who now again felt confident that the crown of life awaited him when his journey on earth was ended. When Anna the next day came back to this home where turmoil and worrying confusion had reigned, she found a peace that passeth all understanding pervading the home. Her grandfather was so happy and looked so peaceful. He was lying very still with his hands folded as if in prayer. The anguish and anxiety of yesterday had in reality also been the death struggle. About two o'clock in the afternoon without a struggle he entered into eternal life. The end came so very quietly and unexpectedly that the change was hardly noticed. Karen Bredeson had just come to inquire about conditions. She stood looking at him when she noticed the change and beckoned the others to come to his bedside. He looked at them, then closed his eyes and was gone. Anna had never before been at a death bed; but this peaceful ending of an eventful life did not frighten her, nor cause her to dread the angel of death. Karen closed his eyes even tighter; then weighted them down with silver half dollars. The she said: "Let us thank God that he has found rest and peace." While he was still warm they washed his body and tried to straighten his legs, but they succeeded only partially. When Anna saw his emaciated body she thought of the pictures that she had seen of the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ. Death is death; even if the end had been expected her aunt nearly collapsed when her father went to sleep in Jesus. She did not begrudge him this blessed sleep, from which no one does wake to weep; yet somehow she now felt so alone. Her work seemed ended; she felt so alone and without a home. She had always lived at home to care for her parents.

Anna was now sent home to notify the family of the change. Mother and the younger children were at home. When mother had been told of the change she said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Peter went to tell the father. He and the brothers then left the hay field and went home. The parents then washed, put on their best

clothes and everything seemed so consecrated. Ole was sent to Wallers with an order for the coffin. The rest of the children stayed at home while the parents went over to grandfather's place. They stayed there until towards evening. Everything had been arranged for the funeral which was to be held on Sunday afternoon. The custom of inviting to the funerals had now been discarded. The boys were to be messengers north of the creek, and in the eastern parts of the settlement, while Anna was to announce the death and funeral in the neighborhood. As it was already Friday evening they must be up early the next morning in order to reach all the people. When asked: "How is Grandfather?" Twice Anna answered: "He is about the same." She was so used to answer that question in this way, but she found it very embarrassing to correct this and tell them that she was sent to announce the funeral. The entire community paid their respect to the dead, to this grand old friend and father. Several of his favorite hymns were sung; some words of eulogy and appreciation were spoken; then the long procession wound its way to the old cemetery where his body was lowered into the grave by the side of the bride of his youth and true, loyal and faithful wife. When the pastor, two weeks later, came to conduct services, the real funeral sermon was preached and the body committed to the dust of mother earth.

As soon as everything was arranged Aunt Helga decided to go to Chicago to visit with Rev. and Mrs. A. Mikkelsen, old time friends. She was a daughter of a Roche-a-cree pioneer family and Helga had been her bridesmaid when years before she had married a young clergyman. They had been friends all the while—corresponding, exchanging pictures, etc. and now they had invited her to come for a long visit, and a well deserved rest. She often wrote to her brother Sjur, and told of the life and activities of the great city. Anna thought that it must be wonderful to live in this interesting metropolis, and she wondered if her aunt would ever come to live with them again on the farm. She had missed her aunt very much, and she hoped the hustle and bustle of the city would tire her so that she again would seek the rustic scenes and the quietness so characteristic of the country life.

The family was quite surprised when Helga wrote that she had accepted an invitation from Rev. and Mrs. B. Hood to spend part of the year with them. They were still more surprised when she informed them that she had met a widower with four children and after due consideration, advice, and prayer had decided to become his wife and the mother of his children. She thus became Mrs. Lars Grinde. They came to visit their relatives in Roche-a-Cree. After spending some days with relatives and friends, she gathered her earthly possessions; said goodbye to kindred and friends, bid a fond adieu to all that had been so dear to her and went to live at Etrick Wisconsin. When Helga left the Hilleboe family felt kind of alone in the settlement. Every relative, except Faste Ragnhild had moved away from Roche-a-cree. The only ones they felt in any way responsible for was Mr. & Mrs. William Carmon. They were the only real Americans in the community. They were old timers and lived in the very outskirts of the settlement. They had come from New York and even from the first had been attached to the Hilleboe family. They lived not far from the farm that had once belonged to Anna's grandfather, but now belonged to her father. Anna often went to visit them. Somehow they seemed so different from the rest of the settlers. Their house was built close up to the hill; so close that she could step from the hill to the roof, a shanty roof. The rooms were arranged in a row; and the furniture, dishes, and even their clothes seemed so different and old fashioned. Mrs. Carmon was such a dainty little lady. She was quite lame and seldom left the home. He was a great talker, stern and outspoken, and was often misunderstood. He liked to go visiting and enjoyed the Norwegian hospitality. He very seldom mentioned his home in New York, and very seldom received letters and other communications from relatives.

During the winter of 1880, in February, Roche-a-cree was experiencing a very peculiar winter. After a heavy fog deep snow covered the ground. This was followed by a heavy rain, slush and silver thaw. The world looked beautiful after the silver thaw when everything was covered with glittering ice that like diamonds glittered in the bright sunshine. It was very hard on the trees, however and many branches gave way under the heavy load. The roads were almost impassable after the cold wind and weather had turned everything into an icy mass. The heavy frost made the roads so slippery that even if the horses were newly shod it was dangerous to drive because the sleighs would slip and slide. Sunday before this unusual weather Anna's mother felt very concerned about the "Yankee friends." Just after dinner she filled a basket with delicacies and invited Anna to walk with her to visit the Carmons. It was a delightful walk, and they enjoyed the visit. The old friends welcomed them most heartily and thanked them time and again for the victuals they brought. They confessed that at times they felt very lonely and isolated as they were growing old and feeble; they feared that they must soon get someone to care for them. They were not anxious to move back to their former home in the east. Financial circumstances also limited their power of planning for comfort and convenience. Mr. Carmon complained of rheumatism, and she confided that the supply in their larder was rather low, and in case of a late spring they would also be short on fodder. They thanked for the visit, again they thanked for the supplies when the visitors said goodbye, and they urged them to come see them often. During the inclement weather the following week the Carmons were often mentioned by the Hilleboe family and it was planned that someone should visit them the following Sunday to bring them more supplies as well as offer the other help if needed. "Man proposes but God disposes." Just after devotion the following Sunday Robert Holm rushed into the house to tell of the calamity that had befallen the Carmons. Tuesday night the roof of the house had caught fire. Without dressing they tried to extinguish the flames. He climbed the hill, walked out on the roof, slipped, fell, and injured his hips leaving him very helpless. He called for help, but being after midnight no one saw the flames, or heard his cries for help. At last he managed to drag his crippled body over to the chicken house, and she rescued a quilt and blanket to cover him. That was all they saved. She had made him as comfortable as she could; she left him to seek help. In her crippled weak condition she tried to walk the mile and a half to Christen Holm, their nearest neighbor. How she was able to walk at all up the hill and over the slippery road was a miracle. She had managed to cross the field, but in lowering the bars she had slipped and fallen and there hanging over the lowest bar she was found five days afterwards, cold in death. Mr. Carmon had been lying helpless in the chicken house knowing that she must be dead, because no one came to his rescue. the only nourishment he had was one egg a day laid in a nest near him. The pain and anxiety nearly crazed him. He had been calling for help hoping that someone across the river might hear him; but no, he was doomed to disappointment. That Sunday morning he decided to make a final effort to call for help or else die from exposure. Knowing now that no one could hear him while he was in the chicken house, he dragged his helpless limbs up the hill and thus was able to attract the attention of the Holms by his loud calling for help. As soon as they heard his call they went to his rescue and also found her corpse. They brought him to their home where he was cared for during his last illness. They kept her corpse a few days thinking that perhaps he then might soon follow her. He, however, lingered on. Anna's father often visited him and although they had before often discussed religion it seemed now to be the all important theme of the conversation. If church members at all, the Carmons had been of a different church; the local congregation now felt that they had been too lax in not trying to do more for these old settlers without any church connections. They never attended services,

nor would they have understood the services in the Lutheran church of this community, because they were conducted in the Norwegian language. Now, however, many felt that they might have helped these old folks in a spiritual way. They had evidently come here in search of adventure, to change climate, or maybe they had sought success. Success may mean the prosperous termination of any enterprise; it may mean prosperity; or it may mean only a glaring haberdashery futile and soul blasting, if attained at the expense of personal freedom and sincerity. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" They regretted that more real love had not been shown. These poor old pilgrims! They knew that love was the best talisman, and that there was wealth even in the poorest looking humans; that it was more beautiful to call forth good than bad; the bright rather than the dark; the noble rather than the selfish. Much wretchedness and pain could be prevented if love could be provoked instead of anger. They admitted frankly that they often failed in their religious life; that it was not as real and earnest as it should be; that deep in their heart's conviction was expressed more sincerity than found expressions through words and deeds. They recognized now that this event which came so unexpected and unforeseen in reality was a challenge of their faith and conviction and was a remedial influence against such neglect of Christian duty in the future. They did not know if the Carmons had been readers of the Bible; but they must have studied the lives of the professing Christians of the community. They knew that the life of a Christian is the world's Bible. They had been taught that men are the messengers of God on earth, as the angels are his messengers in heaven; and that in dealings with the human race God invariably used men to accomplish His purpose. Men, not angels had been given the privilege of teaching and preaching the good news of salvation through Christ; and now many felt that they had woefully failed in being the instruments of God in helping to develop Christian character, the greatest work any man can accomplish. God had placed the church in this community as a means to introduce men to Christ and His way of life. Had this church now failed, without consecrated human personality? Had the greatest privilege in life, that of being able to save souls, been frustrated? Had they as fellow workers of God through the church been weighed in the balance and found wanting? God forbid it. Many in deep penitence sought forgiveness for their failing and shortcomings. Good are all alike; There is in His sight no personal difference of race, of nationality, of creed, of confession. All must enter, into eternal life through the same door which is Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Many visited Mr. Carmon the last few months of his life, and it seemed that he found rest for his soul even though his body suffered great pain and misery. When in the early summer he passed away, his tired broken body was laid to rest by the side of his wife in the cemetery near the lot of the Hilleboe family. As no former friends or relatives ever claimed the privilege of mourning their demise, this family has kept the graves green and whenever they tended to and visited their own graves they also remembered these old time friends.

About this time there had been a movement on foot to try to come to a better understanding with the other congregation, the Ellingianere. At the time of Carmon's funeral, there was a meeting of discussion, but although many questions were debated they reached no understanding or reconciliation. There had been much dissension in the Church at large, and this again caused discord and misunderstanding in the local congregation. It was not so much a question of doctrine as an excuse for airing private opinions and individual views on the questions that they did not understand. It was futile for the laymen to discuss questions like "Predestination" when the learned

theologians could not decide, or give judgment or decision, or explain to everybody's satisfaction the meaning of that word. Yet this controversy caused dissension among the members of families; divided interests among neighbors and caused a kind of feudal system where peace and harmony had before reigned. It brought many, however who had neglected to study their Bible to again peruse its sacred pages. Some studied the Bible because they wanted arguments for their discussions. The factions were called "Missourians and Anti-Missourians." Anna's father spent much time in study and prayer. He felt there was so much that he did not understand; so many things that were dim and vague; so many passages where the Bible was not clear, but rather contradicted itself. He sought advice; wrote for information; read and studied church papers and periodicals where this question was discussed by some of the leaders of the church. At last he sided with the Missourians, and remained a staunch supporter of Synod of which he was a charter member, and where he had always been an active worker, not only in the local congregation but in the church at large where he was a member of the church council. He was well informed as he had studied the church problems and had attended many of the circuit meetings and most of the General Conventions. When Tollef Waller, an Anti Missourian, and father spent hours in friendly debate, they did real Biblical research and work. When, however, Tollef discussed this same question with another neighbor, Izak Olson, he spoke as a Missourian and then he used Sjur's points of argument and tried to convince Isak of the fallacy of the Anti-Missourian doctrine. When Sjur understood the way the wind blew he gave Tollef much material to defend his convictions and vindicate his viewpoint by force of argument and evidence.

Good may have resulted from this controversy; but it left in many a heart, doubt, perplexity, indifference, bitterness and grievance. Many thought this was some new phase of church dissension; they did not realize that history repeats itself; that this question had been discussed time and again without any satisfactory results throughout the epochs of the Christian church. Had more time been spent in prayer and meditation; had more supplications in reverence and humility ascended to the throne of grace; probably the harvest would have been richer in Christian fruits. Had there been more Christian forbearance and tolerance among the older members of the church it might have left a better impression on the hearts and minds of the children and young folks. Anna often listened to the discussions, and while she was too young to understand all, she grasped the gist or main points; she heard the loud angry voices; she saw the intense hatred of the eyes; and the fierce expression of the faces. She often felt sorry for her father as she watched him walk back and forth on the floor in deep meditation and intense anguish. This dissension effected the local congregation both financially and otherwise. A few of the settlers had not joined either of the churches; some because of indifference, but some because they were proud of being known as free thinkers or athiests. These made much ado about breach of union and strife among the church members. They ridiculed the church, and called the members hypocrites feigning false professions. Anna and her mother often spoke about the evil effect this had wrought and hoped that the "Higher ups" and local congregation might soon cease their disagreements and that peace might again be restored both in Roche-a-cree as well as the entire Lutheran church.

Girlhood

It is not easy to distinguish between childhood and girlhood, or to tell exactly where childhood ends, and girlhood begins. At a certain age there seems to be a kind of unrest; a dissatisfaction; a seeking for something new; this is the beginning of the adolescent age. It is the development and growth between childhood and womanhood; an age of many changes through adolescence and into maturity. Anna stepped from childhood into girlhood at the age of twelve; at least she thought that she did. Her twelfth birthday was on a Sunday. In the morning she sat on the front porch talking with her parents. Her mother remarked that many changes had taken place during the year, and added: "You have grown to be a large girl, almost a woman, this year." Anna answered "I am taller than you are, mother." Her mother doubted the veracity of this statement when the father said: "I will measure your height, and settle the dispute." They found then that the mother and daughter were exactly the same height. He put a board on their heads and poured water on it; but the water remained stationary flowing neither way. They all had a good laugh about it, when the mother said: "Now you are my big daughter. It makes me feel rather small." It surely made Anna feel big. Another thing that made Anna feel quite grown up was that her father had sent to Chicago for a book "Life Thoughts for Young Women" which he presented to her as a birthday gift. The children all liked to have their father give them a spanking on their birthdays because he always gave them such worth-while presents. He had such good taste in purchasing and seemed to surmise just what they desired. He told Anna to read this book carefully, telling her that there was much to learn for a young girl, if she wanted to be a fine, sweet girl whose purity should make her a pure and noble woman. He talked to her about things that she did not understand nor comprehend. In some way her father's words made her feel so uncomfortable. He spoke about life and right living; and said that the end and aim of life is to do the will of God; that the maximum achievement of any life is to have done the will of God; that not even Luther or Melancthon or any of the great men she had read about could have done more. Anna thought that it must be wonderful to be able to be a follower of Jesus Christ who did the will of his Father through temptation, through good and evil report—yes even the death on the cross. She had committed her catechism, Bible History and Epitome and parts of other books to memory; but it always affected her to study the life of her Savior. There was nothing however, that filled her with such mental dread and terror as Judgment Day. Her father had told bible stories from the time when she could first remember: he also told many other interesting stories and fables. She had never been interested in fairy tales or "eventyr" as he called them. She always thought they were so unreal, especially the trolls. Besides the deity, the characters of the New Testament that she admired most were Peter and Paul. Her father was an ardent admirer of John but Anna at the age of twelve had not learned to appreciate his character. Even if Anna was not able to appreciate her father's talk that day, still it set her thinking. The gifts from her mother were simpler, and their conversation was also of a more everyday nature. As usual on birthdays, a delicious dinner had been prepared, and the entire family had a very enjoyable day. Sundays were always such pleasant and memorable days whether spent at home, at church, or among friends.

Great preparations were made for celebrating the Fourth of July that year. Anna's oldest brother Hans had just graduated from Luther College. He was coming home by stage that day and was to be the main speaker of the day. As he was the first young man from the congregation to complete the studies at the college, there was keen interest in his home coming. The entire community had decided to gather at noon when the program was to be

given, and then a picnic dinner was to be served. The celebration was to be at Arkdale. The Hilleboe family felt the importance of the occasion and left home early in order to see that everything was above par as far as arrangements were concerned. It was a five mile drive, and as many of the neighbors as could find room were given a ride. When about half way east they met an acquaintance who with his large family was driving west. The teams were stopped and greetings were exchanged. Then Anna's father added: "Where are you going?" The answer was: "We are going to Carmon Rocks to spend the day." Again father asked: "Why did you not stop at Arkdale to celebrate with us?" This seemed to anger the other man and he began to deplore the worldliness, the spiritual condition of the members of the Synod church. He said that neither he nor his family should be contaminated by mingling with them. The father then said: "If you and yours never partake in anything worse than this celebration you are all right." They then said goodbye and went each their way. Anna's father laughed and said: "He surely has some queer notions, and if I did not know him so well, my feelings might have been hurt, when he hurled some of the accusations against us and our church." He then told about some of his peculiarities. He had such queer ways of bringing up his children. They were not allowed to have any companions. On Sunday they must stay in the house and be compelled to learn a certain portion of the Scripture by heart. When they made mistakes and were to be punished, the punishment consisted of learning Bible passages. Instead of the Lord's day being a day of rest and gladness, they had learned to hate Sunday, church, and religion. As they grew older and could not be forced or compelled to worship according to their fathers dictation, they lacked faith in their father, called him a hypocrite and threatened to leave home, as soon as they were of age. Had it not been for their good mother they might even younger have run away. The oldest daughter had accidentally been killed by a younger brother. He did not know that the gun was loaded, but his ignorance was her death. Two other daughters had left home, and they later were headliners in sensational newspaper articles much to the families' grief. When Anna's father predicted that such training would not bring the desired results he did not know how true this prediction would be; nor how many of the children would be punished for crime; nor that their father should fill a drunkards grave, and the large family be scattered. He also mentioned a peculiarity of the laymen of the church of the Ellingianere. They wanted to preach whether they were qualified or not. He told of a happening during the pioneer days. He had gone to look for some stray cattle when he heard someone talking in a loud noise. He listened and soon knew the voice of the speaker. He became curious to know what was going on and sneaked along until he was within hearing distance. Then he learned that this was not a quarrel, or a conversation, but a neighbor standing on a stump in a fit of oratory. He was evidently practicing a sermon and thought he was wasting his elocution on the desert air. When he came to this sentence: "Listen, you shall now hear some wonderful words!" Sjur said: "That may be true, but now I must go to search for my lost flock." He then spoke some "wonderful words," but they evidently were not the words that he had meant to say! Another time at one of their meetings an old man got up to make a confession. He got a very poor start— then he hesitated and said: "Ogsaa atte da ——— atte da ——— atte da" That was as far as he got when he thought it best to sit down.

At last Arkdale was reached where great preparations had been made for this much heralded celebration. Among other things a kind of merry-go-round had been constructed, but it did not look very strong so Anna's father suggested that someone try the strength of it, fearing that someone might be injured if it should break while in motion. He was a large man weighing over two hundred pounds. He asked several other men of his size to try the strength of this contrivance which they did. Some of the youngsters thought it would be fun to give the fat men a carousel

ride, so they began to turn it faster and faster. Sjur asked them to stop it, but they continued and thought it great sport. Not being used to this swinging motion he grew dizzy and fell. Anna stood near by; she saw her dear father fall; she saw how he rolled down the incline like a ball. When he regained consciousness, he begged them to go on with the celebration as if nothing had happened. He was carried to the home of a friend where he was cared for during the day. The merry-go-round was made safe, as other contrivances were added making it next to impossible to fall off. It was not easy for Hans to take the lead in the celebration that day. He was tired after the trip, and his father's condition worried him. With no doctor to diagnose the case, no one knew how seriously he was injured. Anna went over to the grave where a platform had been built, and seats had been arranged. She stayed there until the oration was over, and then she went back to stay with her father and mother. Towards evening her father was taken home. His chest seemed to be badly crushed and he split blood. Olina Butburg brought her cupping glasses and drew much blood, and that seemed to some extent relieve the pain. The young men that had caused his injuries deeply regretted their thoughtlessness and inconsideration. Some of them begged to be forgiven; but even forgiveness does not heal wounds. He forgave them and harbored no ill will against them knowing that this was not done from evil intentions and premeditated designs. What a lofty thing it is for a Christian to be able to forgive! It is the highest style of human existence to forgive and forget. It is not enough for man to merely acknowledge God in the secret chambers of the soul, but declare fellowship, faith, and willingness to forgive trespasses as he expects to be forgiven by the heavenly Father.

When the Civil war brought so much havoc and misery to the American homes, the Hilleboe home also experienced trials when the father was brought home from the camp sick and unable to work for more than a year. The responsibility and work was then placed on the shoulders of the mother. Now with the head of the house again bed-ridden the responsibility again fell on the shoulders of the mother. Now, however, she had five stalwart sons to help her as well as the four girls who were trained to work, so everything went fine with everybody working in unison. Much of the large farm had now been cleared and broken, so that the fields and meadows had been greatly enlarged. The old way used by pioneers of scattering the seed by hand; of cutting the hay by scythe; of reaping the grain by cradle; of making the hay by hand rakes; of binding the bundles of grain by hand; was now a thing of the past. Modern inventions and labor saving devices had supplanted the primitive way of the long ago. Instead of Jack and Jerry and other yokes of oxen, they now owned several teams of draught horses; that pulled the plows, seeders, cultivators, drills, planters, mowers, binders and many other implements and conveniences to lighten the work. The large fields of corn, hops, potatoes and other tubers, rye, oats, wheat, buckwheat and other grains kept all busy. There was also stock of cattle, sheep and hogs that needed fodder. There was work for all in the house, the garden, the field, the meadow, but there were so many hands to work, and they had such a good time that the summer passed almost too quickly. During the summer Elizabeth, a cousin of Mrs. Hilleboe moved to Elbow Lake, Minnesota with her family. They traveled in a prairie schooner and did not dare to bring Tante Ragnhild who was about ninety years old but they left her at the Hilleboe home with her niece. All the children called her "Gamle faster" to distinguish her from "Helga faster". She was the twelfth member of the Hilleboe family. Anna was very fond of her, and as she had always spent a great deal of the time at this home even when her daughter lived in the neighborhood it seemed only natural to have her live with them now. She was a sister of Mrs. Hilleboe's father and as they had known each other from the time they lived in Norway, they always had plenty to talk about. Anna was

intensely interested in these conversations and by being an attentive listener, she learned much about the conditions and life in the old country, and the Norwegian people. Much of what was related was not meant for her young ears; but she heard, understood, and remembered these informal conversations. It was also one of her duties to help gamle faster whenever she needed help, or special care, and in her advanced age this help was often needed. This responsibility made her feel quite important, grown up, and reminded her of the time when she helped her grandfather.

During hop picking that year Anna was not satisfied to be classed with the children, but thought it marvelous to be invited for walks, and drives, and spend the evenings among the young folks. It was customary for the hop pickers that did not spend their nights at home to enjoy the evenings together. Several wagon loads of young folks would often go for long drives. The main past time during these enjoyable drives was singing and telling riddles. They all tried to give enigmas or puzzling questions that could not be solved or answered.

Hop picking was a neighborhood affair and was a splendid chance for social intercourse, as well as an opportunity to get the hop crop harvested. It was a splendid time also to plan parties, picking nuts, grapes, plums, cranberries, and wild crab apples. The large cranberry marshes were several miles south and also west where cranberry raising was quite an industry. There were many smaller marshes within the borders of the settlements where plenty berries for family use might be picked. The wild crab apple was used by some for cooking but at the Hilleboe home they were dug down in the hay now until they were frozen. Then in the evenings the children would toast them on spits before the open fire. They did not compare very favorably with the Spitzbergens, Kings, Gravensteins, Baldwins, Delicious and many other varieties of the apple; yet all the different kinds of apple trees in cultivation are mere varieties of the wild crab tree. Agents had canvassed the settlement and several had invested in fruit trees, bushes, berries, and other small fruit. Several orchards were bearing apples, plums, and pie cherries, but the trees seemed so short lived. It took some time before they could find the right tree for the right place. At Anna's home the father bought a mulberry tree and several kind of apple trees, but although they lived many years, they bore very little fruit. They did not understand the art of spraying, pruning, and other secrets of the horticulturist.

Hans decided to stay at home and teach the winter term of school that year. It was now a four month term. Anna had to stay at home one day and sometimes two days a week to help her mother with the work. She had quite a household with her dozen boarders and roomers, but she managed very well. In spite of her school work being impeded, Anna learned more that year than during any previous year. Her brother taught them many new songs, and she delighted in singing them especially the patriotic songs and the Norwegian hymns and songs from "Jensen's Sang bog for Born og Ungdom". He taught the soprano and alto, and the pupils thought that they were some grand singers! He also allowed the larger pupils to translate some of the selections in their readers into Norwegian. "Wang, the Miller" was probably the most difficult selection that Anna translated. Even if it was difficult to change the sixth reader from one language into another, still it was interesting as well as beneficial. Anna very much benefited by it, as it seemed that so many of the root words awakened in her a keener interest in both the languages. New Geographies were purchased that winter; also some reference books, and books of recitations, dialogues, and games. The district now purchased the books for the school. Some other changes had also been made, but it was rather difficult to bring about many changes in the curriculum. The school board as well as the parents wanted their children to get an education, and next to godliness they considered it a supreme gift. They wanted to inculcate the virtues

of integrity in business; kindness in the home; friendliness in the community; and generous charity in the world. The members of the school board were untrained and therefore could not dictate the needs, nor direct the education in the public school. Even where the teacher was ready to try a new type of education and school system the public was not ready for the change. Some seemed to think that the system and textbooks in use; the old fashioned education that had been good enough for them and their ancestors ought to be good enough for their children. They could not realize that transportation of the old type that had partly lived its usefulness was giving place to a new system, with more of an up-to-date administration and changes in the field of education. It was not easy to teach in a school room crowded to its capacity with pupils of ages from six to twenty one, and from the primer to the sixth reader. The work was not graded, but each pupil might be promoted and advanced as fast as possible in any one branch. Even though Anna knew practically every word in the speller; could read and understand the sixth reader; could write a fairly good hand; yet she had never studied history, or grammar, very little geography, and just finished fractions in arithmetic. Her education was very lopsided. The teacher that winter tried to correct some of the discrepancy and grade the work so that she might be placed where she belonged. He had, however, no normal school training and had during his college career not fitted himself for a district school teacher. Besides the regular routine of school work, he also taught one hour of religion, in the Norwegian language. Anna was very much interested in this hour of religion. It was the usual arrangement whenever the school was taught by a teacher of the faith of the Lutheran church, and the children thus learned much religion. According to the laws of the state this arrangement was permissible when all parties agreed.

The congregation was now beginning to agitate the question of Sunday School. District No. 7 was the only district in the congregation that had arranged for the weekday instruction of religion, and in several districts they had no religious training, not even parochial school during the summer. Anna had for some time been a reader of the children's paper "Borneblad" and through it and other church papers she learned of the Sunday School movement. In the congregations where this school had been inaugurated there seemed to be much diversion of opinion as to the feasibility of the new movement.

Great preparations were made for a Christmas program that year to be given in the church. Such programs had been given in the school house for the district, but now the school was to give the program, assisted by the choir, for the entire congregation. There was much excitement about it, as there always had been when any new project was to be initiated. The Christmas festivities at Anna's home also called for extra preparations and work. The house had to be cleaned, decorated, and festooned. A Christmas tree was trimmed as usual. Even from the days of butchering earlier in the season the meats were selected, spiced, and frozen. There were short ribs, spare ribs, steaks, roasts, and palatable delicacies as sylte rullepølse, lutefisk, and many kinds of sausages. The meat was chopped very fine with a sharp ax in a shallow trough. Many hours of weary work was spent in preparing the meat to be spiced and made into sausages and meat loaves. Her mother was very particular about the fineness of the meat and though it was tedious to mince the meat, it was delicious when prepared and served. The "flatbrod" for the lutefisk was generally baked by "flatbrod Gure"; that was not her name, but her nick name. All kinds of other breads, biscuits, cookies, fattigmand bakkelse, and cakes were also in readiness for the holidays. How the family ever managed to eat of all these foods was a mystery; yet the family of twelve healthy mortals were able to keep many victuals from being wasted or spoiled. Everybody looked forward to Christmas eve! The Tamarack School gave most of the

children's program. They recited and sang, and were very proud then that they had learned the soprano and alto in "Glade Jul; Let kimer nutil jule fest; Jeg er saa glad hver julekvald," and other songs and hymns. Hans and Anna left in the morning both for rehearsal, decoration, and trimming the Christmas tree. The rest of the family were to come later. How Anna waited for them! She was so disappointed because her mother had at the last moment decided to stay at home, cook dinner, and make the home comfortable. Her father came directly from Necedah to the church. He also seemed to be disappointed because his spouse was not there. He had bought a beautiful shawl for her; but he kept that until he came home. When he gave her the present she was so pleased, and told him it was just what she had wished for. The program was a great success. Many presents were distributed, and all seemed to enter into the Christmas joy and festal spirit. The Hilleboes however, had their best time after they came home. Faster Ragnhild was as happy as a child when she received her small tokens of love. The wife and mother was amply repaid for her sacrifice, and the enjoyment she created by the wonderful repast gave her more comfort and real pleasure than the program would have given her. She laughed when Anna said: "You missed a golden opportunity; you will never again hear anything as wonderful as that program, especially our singing." When the father gave her the shawl he said: "I was kind of disappointed not to meet you in church, yet I knew you had your reasons for staying at home. God bless all true wives and mothers. May you live to wear this shawl, and may it bring you comfort and pleasure." When Anna's mother left this world, the shawl was the only thing Anna asked for as a keepsake, or a memento; and even if it then was moth eaten she prizes it very highly. It always reminds her of that very happy Christmas, the last one that the family were all together to celebrate the birth of the Savior.

The program that Christmas had been such a success that the young people of the church had organized a choir, and they sang at festive occasions as well as at services during the winter. There was no organ in the church. Hans was choir leader. His father was precentor or Klokker, and leader of the singing. Now his oldest son wielded the baton and helped lead the hymn singing as well as the liturgy. The choir sang anthems and chorales. These beautiful melodies of solo, duet, and chorus appealed to the aesthetics of the congregation; and even if few had any musical training, yet this concerted singing delighted them and they were justly proud of the choir. The choir met on Sunday afternoon for practice and the members represented every part of the settlement. They filled the choir loft and it was a pleasure to see the active part they took in the service and other activities.

One fine day in summer they gave a concert at Carmon Rocks. It was also a day for a general picnic. A great many had come to enjoy the Sunday afternoon under the blue canopy of the sky, and the shade of the magnificent white pines. They also came to honor the choir, and listen to their singing. They were thrilled by the singing as under the trees they listened to: "Hoor herligt kinger Sangen ei, Blandt skovens gromme Treer," "Der aander en tindrende Sommerluft"; "Dag til glade, Dag indvieltil Guds Fred" and many other well known favorites, so dear to the hearts of the Scandinavians. The picnic ground was at the mouth of the Roche-a-cree. Many had never visited this beauty spot and when the concert was over, they wandered about seeing what they could see. Some walked south along the Wisconsin river to the ruins of the Carmon home; others found boats and went for boat rides; some walked up the Roche-a-cree through the forest to the spring where the effervescent ice cold water bubbled from the hillside among the rocks, fringed by beautiful ferns, grass, and wild flowers. Had they known that this delightful beauty spot was a home for snakes, toads and lizards they might not so fully have enjoyed their ramble!

Anna was quite elated and felt highly honored when a group of the singers invited her to go with them across the river where they planned to eat their dinner under the large shade trees on the bank of the river near the Appleby home. When she asked for permission, her mother told her that she might go, but added: "Be careful." Anna thought this advice unnecessary. She considered those who had invited her to be the elite among the picnickers and tried to act grown up and behave accordingly— "When in Rome act like the Romans." It was quite dark when this group recrossed the river after partaking of a delicious repast. It was still darker when they landed after a delightful boat ride. They rowed up towards the "Yellow Banks." Most of the people had gone home but Anna was not afraid because her brother was with her. Afterwards Anna learned that some did not like it when they took the boats to cross the river; but of course it is impossible to please everybody, and all in all it was an enjoyable day, and a leaf in the book of memory.

That summer Hans made arrangements to go to Valparaiso, Indiana to attend the Normal School. Ole had earlier in the year gone to Minnesota to visit relatives, the uncles S. N. Vieg and Peder Hang. Gamle Faster had gone to live with her daughter so now the family had dwindled down to nine. John had met a great disappointment when Rev. E. Peterson asked him and Hans Thostensen to meet with the confirmation class another year. He said that they were doing so well, that they had been doing such splendid work and made such progress that he wanted to instruct them in the large Explanation of the Bible as well as other Bible teachings so that they might be prepared to enter Luther College. The boys had expected to be confirmed with the class, and were not altogether satisfied with this arrangement. After several visits and conferences, it was finally agreed that the boys should follow the counsel of the minister. Neither of them, however, entered Luther College, but both attended one of the Christian Colleges some years afterwards.

Life in Roche-a-cree moved on quite smoothly. Many new settlers had made their homes in the community and it was noticed that now there were many men of minds, not altogether in sympathy with existing conditions. There were many agitators ready and willing to further ruffle the troubled waters. It was especially the controversy in the church that caused strife and discord. The charter members who had organized the church were loyal to it, and as long as Rev. E. Peterson was their pastor he managed to keep the flock together, and most of them worked together quite harmoniously. When he was called as teacher to Luther College and accepted the call, they were as a flock without a shepherd. By the time the next pastor had accepted the call extended to him there was much indifference and disharmony. He came as a stranger into a strange land and had evidently been working among a different class of people. It seemed as if he was a square plug in a round hole and did not fit into the field where he was to work. At first some of the members tried to advise him; to correct his mistakes; to acquaint him with conditions; to encourage him to work in unison with the congregation. He resented this; called it interference and told them succinctly that he was perfectly able to tend his own affairs. Soon he was left to his own ways of working and of devising his own methods of procedure. When he made his mistakes; when rumors and current stories were circulated; no one cared to correct him, trace the rumors and run them to the ground. They felt that he had abused their friendliness, and if their advice was worth anything it was worth asking for. At last things came to a head. This caused consternation among the deeply interested, so after a while some thought that they should investigate and sift matters. There were rumors of gambling and debauchery, and as the ball of slander and gossip was rolled it grew in size. After much investigation it was found that the misdemeanor consisted in drinking wine and playing

cards at a wedding. This was a gross misdemeanor of a pastor, to be sure, but how about the evil conduct of the others doing the same thing? Was it, in the sight of God, worse for him than for the others professing to be Christians? It was so easy to criticize; it was so human to condemn; but it was so un-Christian to pass judgment without a trial. Although many felt more charitable towards him now, still to many this was a knot where they might hang their hat of self righteousness, and self sufficiency.

A Ladies' Aid Society then called Kvindefoening, or by some Kvindeforvirring, had been organized. It may be there was no constitution, rules of order, or even a special system for work. They met once a month, men, women, and children. They came in the forenoon; had dinner; spent the afternoon in a social way; then had afternoon coffee, and went home. There were no dues, no obligations; not even a list of membership. The pastor who lived over thirty miles away never attended the meetings, but Anna's father conducted devotion and generally led the meetings. At first they had no officers, and consequently no regular business meetings. A few of the women often told the rest what to do, and arranged for places for meetings. As time went on they began to devise ways and means for raising money. They had learned that other societies, of similar nature, were working; so they began to knit socks, made shirts, pieced quilts, braided, sewed aprons, pillow cases and other common sense articles which they tried to sell. It was not always easy to dispose of the articles offered for sale. Some suggested raffling, but many were objected to this kind of a lottery where each participant paid only a small fraction of the real value in consideration of the chance of gaining the article. As it was also against the law, they thought it ill behooved a church organization to encourage this law breaking. The agitators, however, worked fast and furious and as the majority ruled, tickets and numbers were sold. Two pieced quilts were to be raffled. There was great excitement the day these quilts were to be drawn and the right of ownership was to be established. Two sisters from Chicago were visiting their folks and one of them got both the quilts. Then the people grumbled, but Sjur said: "She is entitled to the quilts, because she paid ten cents a piece for them." This put a damper on the ardor for gambling for the time being. When finally it was decided to meet only in the afternoon, the men dropped out, and then it became a society for the women. Officers were now elected and the work became more systematized. The aid society was a great social agency where many friendships were formed, and where views were broadened. Many of the women who in former years stayed at home, always at work, now found time to leave work and worry for a few hours to enjoy the social intercourse and become better acquainted with the work of the church.

Sunday schools were also established. Although they were not organized, nor worked according to any system, yet they gathered many of the children and were instrumental in forming a bond of fellowship among the children. Anna worked with her father and taught the little children. Sometimes the Sunday School met in the church; sometimes in the schoolhouses; and sometimes around in the houses. Anna liked best to meet at the homes, because she often was invited to partake of the hospitality of the home. Martin M. Mikkelsen taught school, worked among the young folks, and also taught Sunday School. The choir was still alive but did not meet for regular practice. They often sang during services. Anna had now joined the choir, and as she liked to sing she enjoyed being a member. The congregation appreciated it when the choir led the singing; it lent dignity to the worship and services.

Before John's confirmation his father went with him to Kibbensen to buy his confirmation outfit. As Kilbourn was the nearest large market place they brought a load of wood, hides, and other produce to be sold or bartered for commodities. Just after they had left the home the family was notified of a sudden rise in the Wisconsin river,

and warned of impending danger of flood should the dams break. The stock was brought from the pastures on the river bottom. The sheep were corralled and other domestic animals were brought to safety where the ground was high and dry. Before evening the river had reached the high water marks; it had flooded all the bottom lands and was nearly on the level with the fields. In the morning the fields and meadows looked like a sea. The house, on a hill was above the flooded area, but the children were not satisfied with watching the immense body of water; they wanted some fun. The mother allowed them to build rafts which they paddled over the garden, the corn, potatoes and grain fields. On planks, like gondolas, they rowed between the rows of hop poles. No movie ever thrilled like this! The children were so sorry the following morning to find that the water had receded and left in its wake, only mud and debris. While the father and son were at Kilbourn the crest of the inundation was reached, and as soon as advisable they left for home. After many detours due to washouts, and bridges being washed away, they reached home in safety, tired but happy to find that no mentionable damaged had been done. It seemed queer that the river so peaceful most of the time; a friend during winter for driving and skating, and in summer for moving, swimming and fishing; showed its force, majesty, and turbulence when rampant. Anna had such a good time playing like a child; but there was one thing that distressed her; she was growing and developing too fast. Although large and grown on the outside, she was small and young on the inside and wanted to do what others of her age were doing. It was always: "You can't do that; you are too big!" She hated the word big, and has ever since pitied large, awkward, and overgrown youths. She was taught housework, sewing, fancywork and other things a girl should know. The girls in the neighborhood also instructed her in needlecraft, crocheting, and fancy stitches and embroidery. She was more interested in music and art, but as there were no teachers, nor instruments, nor materials, she could not learn playing or painting. She was very fond of reading and read anything she could get hold of. It was her luck that books were few and of the right kind. The magazines and the periodicals that her father subscribed for were all good and wholesome reading. The papers she liked best were "Youth's Companion" and "For Hjimsnet." She read the church papers, "Kirke tidende", "For Gammellog Ung" and also those pertaining to "naoudevalg stricden" but she did not understand much of the discussions. At times sample copies of publications were received; but many of these were not up to the standard, and she read many articles, stories, and even advertisements that were not very edifying. A circulating library was a new innovation and provided much good wholesome reading. The people exchanged books; and as it was expensive to buy books, most of these were choice readings. Anna was very fortunate in having two good friends Karen and Bertha Waller. She might not at the time have been able to fully appreciate their true kindness and sisterly advice, but being treated as a woman several years ahead of time, it took older friends to correct and guide into ways of propriety and proper behavior. Her brothers also were wonderful counselors and protectors; but she did not always appreciate their guardianship; and she thought them altogether too bossy and dictatorial. When she was fourteen years old the children were invited to a party at the Waller home. During the afternoon many others came and they were quite a party at supper time. After the girls had washed the dishes and the boys had done their chores they decided to go for a drive. One of the young men had come from Necedah and he drove a team of splendid horses, hitched to a new bob sleigh. He invited Anna to sit with him in the spring seat, the rest of them sat in the hay in the sleigh box. Anna felt like a somebody to be given the seat of honor! Her home was about a half a mile from the Waller home, and when they reached it her brother Ole wanted to stop. He went into the house, but soon came out again accompanied by his mother. She called Anna, so she

climbed down, went over to her mother and asked what she wanted. Anna was quite surprised when she said: "Ole thinks it best for you to stay home." When she asked him why, he said: "It is hard telling where that bunch will go." Anna knew that the only thing for her to do was to obey. Her mother's commands were law and there was no appeal. Anna was not in the sweetest of moods that evening. What hurt her most, though, was that her brothers went. They had no more of a right to go than she did; if it was wrong for her, it was equally wrong for them to go. It hurt her still more when they came home and told of the wonderful time they had had, and when John said: "Anna should have gone too." They had all had a delightful time at the Rosgaard home. It took some time to explain to her gallant young partner of that evening, why she had not been allowed to accompany him and that she was not to blame for the occurrence. This incident, though at first humiliating, was soon treated as a joke.

Anna had now come to the fifth year of her preparation for confirmation. She had registered with her brother John and somehow had just kept on from year to year. When Rev. E. Peterson, their preacher and teacher left the class they were all so sad. They loved their pastor and when he, with tears in his eyes bid them goodbye he encouraged them to continue to study the word of God; to profit by the admonishments and advice found in the Scriptures; and to believe divine truths recorded in the Holy Writings. After invoking the blessings of God on the class, he drove away from them. The pastor who came to finish the instruction of the class was very brilliant and scholarly; but he could not reach the hearts of the catechismens like the former pastor. Anna might have been confirmed the preceding year, but she preferred to wait until she was fifteen years old. Her brothers all had been that age when they were confirmed. It was no hardship to her because she already had committed her text books to memory, but she found that there was so much more to learn. Ere this she had not really understood many of God's blessings; that they were for all time now as well as the time when Christ lived on earth. She had always thought of the Biblical characters as a different people. Now she realized that the people then as now had their problems that must be solved; that their doors of opportunity had to be opened; that the hearts of faithful followers clung to Him and He was the ever present helper in all needs. She was much impressed when she understood the importance of Christ's words: "Lo, I am with you even to the end." She realized then that it is not the Christ that was, or the Christ that is to be, that will help to carry the burdens, bear the sorrow, and wipe away tears; but He whose presence is with us even today. Clearer and plainer than ever before did she comprehend that Christianity is a religion developed from the life and teachings of Christ; that it deals not so much with the historical, as the living personality of the Prince of Peace. She wished that she might have walked with him in the holy land where his power, presence, and prescience were manifested to the astonished multitude. Somehow when she now studied the Bible history she more fully understood how Christ's pathway was a trail of exhilarated, rejuvenated, and believing humanity. It was so comforting to know that His touch and teachings brought relief from malady and sin; and that hope sprang up in the discouraged soul. As Anna studied she became more interested in Jesus Christ the living personality in the life of the world. She learned that Christian life should not be only a study of evidence or a dreamy sleep; but to be a true Christian means personal work for the salvation of souls. The spirit of Christ demands that we come down from the high hills of vision and dreaming, and go to work in the vinyard of the Lord even among the humble, lowly, and common wherever the Lord calls for workers. A permanent function of the church is to enlist the love, good will and interest of the individual men, women, and children for God. In the Lutheran church the infants through the sacrament of Holy Baptism are marked by the sign of the cross; later though instruction, and the divine

guidance of the Holy Spirit they are fitted to go out as disciples, to finish up the work of bringing others into the Kingdom of God. That winter was the last term that she attended in the district school. Martin Mikkelsen was the teacher, and the attendance was very large because several young men from neighboring districts attended. It was a year of entertainment as well as study and there were often visitors from the schools of Sweet, Thompson, Arkdale and Sullivan. There were also many parties, surprise parties and weddings to feed the social cravings and aspirations. Some of these were pleasant but some were not. Adams county boasted that it had neither saloon, jail nor railroad, yet the neighboring counties had. Juneau county had many saloons that were well patronized, and it also cared for the jail-birds. Many a thirst was slaked and craving quenched in the saloons, but much misery was caused by drinking. One of the catechumens in the confirmation class was nearly killed in a run-away when his master was killed driving while intoxicated. When the sons went to bring home their father's corpse they became so drunk that they had to be taken home. Many of the younger men boasted of the number of drinks they could down, and thought it great sport while in a fit of inebriation to pick quarrels, fights, and other things degrading to true manhood. When Anna once spoke to a young man about the sin and shame of intoxication he said: "I hope your husband will be a drunkard." She said: "Do you realize the full meaning of that wish?" He told her afterwards that he regretted his rash statement. Although some deviated from the path of purity and sobriety, yet there were very many, yes the majority that lived clean lives. Many refrained even from moderate drinking; from using tobacco in any form or style; and they tried to be chaste and pure in words and deeds. There was one custom that to Anna always seemed disgraceful and unfair, and that was to invite to a party, provide the refreshments and then go to a certain house to surprise the family, then take full possession of the house for the evening. They often went to homes where the family was opposed to dancing, but did not have courage or gumption to chase them out, or forbid them to dance. It might have been fun for the young folks but it often caused conscientious pangs and left a bad taste in the mouth of those that were surprised. At one home the children had invited a large party and intended to give their father a surprise. He was a widower and very much opposed to dancing, so the children thought that they would fool him, because they did not think that he would dare to stop the dancing. In some way he must have had an inkling of their intentions. It was a beautiful summer night and the guests gathered on the lawn to enjoy the moonlight. When at last the fiddler had come they decided to go into the house to begin the real fun. It began, but not as they had expected. The father had put a generous sprinkling of cayenne pepper on the floor of the living room. Instead of treading the light fantastic, they sought the exit of the door where they might sneeze to their heart's content. Some of the guests had walked over to visit an invalid, and when they came back, some were still sneezing; some were laughing at the joke thinking the father real clever to turn the tables of deceit. The children especially the youngest daughter, thought that he had forever disgraced the family; but it taught her and the others a real lesson.

Getting the clothes ready for confirmation was quite an ordeal in those days, even if it was before the days of uniform color and style became a vogue. Anna's dress was a gray alpaca trimmed with jet buttons and black silk lace. The dress goods were a present from her mother, but Mrs. M. M. Mikkelsen helped her to make it. It was made a polonaise with two rows of plaiting at the bottom of the skirt, headed by a wide shirring. The drapes were edged with lace, and the waist and sleeves trimmed with three rows of buttons. It was the first elaborate dress she had ever possessed. Her former dresses had been made from calico, gingham, and home woven cloth. She did not want any of the girls to see her dress, because she was afraid they might want to copy the style of it. Her father

in June attended the church convention, and Herman and Anna drove to Kilbourn to meet him. They left early in the morning, and came to Point Bluff at sunrise. It gave Anna a queer feeling to drive along the narrow ledge of the bluff high above the Wisconsin River. It was a one way traffic road and the "Pass there" signs had to be closely observed. Anna was very disappointed because so few of the beauty spots and natural scenery of the river could be seen from the road. She had read so much about the Dells of the Wisconsin River, and had seen the stereotypical views. When she looked at these views through the stereoscope she thought no place in the world could be so beautiful! Herman told her about the time when he was a little boy when their grandfather came to visit them. Their father had just brought home some new views and grandfather was very much interested in looking at them. In one picture was a hunter with a gun standing on the bank of a river watching for prey. A fly walked across the picture when grandfather called: "Why don't he shoot?" Anna wished that she might have seen the turbulent dalles, as well as the wonderful Dells; the Sugar Bowl; the Chimney Rock; the Devil's Kitchen; the Devil's Inkwell; and the other property claimed by the Devil as his possession. As they were to drive home again in the evening, there was little time for sight seeing and excursions. They called at the parsonage for their father, and then they all went shopping. Anna got money from her father to buy hat, shoes, shawl and other garments. She had good luck in getting what she wanted, and she was very proud of the purchases, as the hat and shawl matched her dress and gave her quite an ensemble. They left for home towards evening, and she was so tired that she was glad when her father and brother suggested that she go to bed. They made a bed in the wagon box, and even if it was not a Pullman, she still was very comfortable and she felt rested when they came home. They had bought dress goods and ribbons for the sisters; several tokens of love for the mother; and the brothers were also remembered with presents.

Confirmation day had been announced for the last Sunday in August. The weather had been very warm and sultry and the class feared that they would fare no better than the class of the preceding year. Just half of that class fainted; four of them were assisted, one carried out at the same time. They had been lined up along the aisles and were catechised a long time. The heat and excitement made them weak and faint; it seemed that the swooning was contagious. The class of which Anna was a member were allowed to bring chairs and were asked to stand only while reciting. They had met three days in succession before the confirmation day. Everything went fairly well until Saturday afternoon when one of the boys gave a wrong answer to the question put to him. The other forty three had answered correctly all the questions put to them and they could not understand why the pastor became so very angry. He threw the book in his hand across the railing of the altar, then he told the class to go home to study so that they would not disgrace him on confirmation day. He went into the sacristy where he remained. The class had worked so hard and had managed to answer questions that were severe tests of their knowledge of God and His Word. Their minds and hearts were filled with many questions and thoughts; they were attuned to receive messages from on high. This seemed such a shock to all, and somehow seemed to remove the reverence. Anna walked home alone. She felt very sad and miserable. Somehow she had felt so near heaven these days; had prayed very fervently for light and guidance and had implored God to help her to keep the vow and the baptismal covenant which she was to renew. This outburst of anger seemed so uncalled for; it seemed so un-Christian to send away a flock of forty four chatechumens in that spirit. There seemed to be a veil between her and understanding the reason for this finis of the Bible study. There were mysterious moments whose mysteries she could not fathom. She had at first chosen as her hymn "Tarvel meddine gange, Der vellystufulde vei." but had these last days decided on "I Jseu

soger jig min Fred." These hymns now helped her, and calmed her troubled spirit. Maybe God knew that she needed moments just like these. Perhaps it was God's finger that touched her and spurred her on to a clearer vision; raised her spirit to a higher level, and nobler heights; brushed her heart to cleanse and purge and purify it; awakened in her a deeper joy, greater peace, and stronger faith. She felt so weak and in need of comfort, courage, tenderness and love. Before she reached home she decided that she would not tell anyone of this incident. It would only sadden the family; recalling the occurrence would again call forth surging seas, threatening clouds and angry storms, instead of peace, quietude, and happiness usually enjoyed on Saturday evenings.

Anna was so glad that again she felt more calm. After an unusually warm and lurid day, the evening was so cool and refreshing. It was a wonderfully beautiful evening, when the tall shadows of the trees fell softly on the carpet of moss and grasses; when the leaves seemed to whisper and clap their hands; when from the copse the brown thrush, robin red breast, blue jay mingled their voices with the meadow lark. The cooing of the doves; the mournful strains of the whip-poor-will; the gurgling of the streams; the sighing and soughing of the trees and the wind murmuring and whistling through their branches seemed to fill Anna with a longing, a desire to join in the singing of melodies entirely unknown to her before.

As usual, at the close of the week there was a lull in the household when the work was done. It was ever a pleasure and benediction when her father conducted devotion; but somehow there was something even more divine, than on the holidays, when her father this Saturday evening read from the sacred pages of the Bible and then prayed: "Praise and glory and thanks be unto thee O loving God and Father this evening hour, that thou so graciously hast led me until now and again permitted me to finish a week of this life of exile. Forgive, O merciful Father, for the sake of Jesus Christ my transgressions and draw Thou all that is in me after Thee, that I may dwell in Thee, and Thou in me. Let me do nothing, Lord Jesus, without Thee nor let my body sleep, nor my eyelids close before Thou has made thy dwelling within me. Incline Thou my heart unto thee in true repentance. May Thy love in me be stronger than death, yes stronger than all the powers of hell, that by Thee I may stand in the evil day and gain the victory in the hour of temptation and need. When mine enemy seems nearest into me be Thou still nearer and show that Thou art the watchman of Israel who slumberest not. Watch over me this night that my soul, even while I sleep, may hold fast to Thee, that I tomorrow may rise in Thy name and live unto Thy glory though the coming week, yea all the days of my life. Lord bless me, bless us all, for the sake of Thy mercy. Amen."

Anna felt strengthened and comforted. Her father had also read some verses; the last one was: "Sou da, sov i Jesu arme! Vigeralle verdens Sarnu: Jig er i min Jesu Skjod! Han mig skal af morket fore; Han min sidste Sovn vil gjore Sagle, rolig Sajbog sod." Instead of a peaceful night of refreshing slumber, she was awake often. She thought of the morrow and almost dreaded the break of day. When, however, at the morning devotion, her father again took all trouble, worry and care to the throne of grace and there asked for strength, courage and grace she felt calm and undisturbed. When he ended with: "Saa fryter jig ei noget stod Oyer hvor snart i liv og dod. Det end ekal aften vords" in her heart she said "Amen."

Anna's mother had noticed that there was something wrong; something worrying her daughter, but she thought it was nervousness on account of the catechization. Anna assured her that that did not bother her in the least. The mother then told her to put all her trust in God, and He would be an ever present helper in all trouble. She then helped to dress her daughter. She combed her hair, just like she had done until Anna was about fourteen

years old. The hair was so long and heavy that it was hard to braid the four braids and arrange them becomingly and tie the bows of ribbon. When Anna was dressed she liked her confirmation outfit, yet she was not nearly as thrilled by the finery as she had expected to be. Something more important claimed her thoughts and took possession of her. The family drove to church. When the chairs had been arranged the class took their places and a spirit of holiness seemed to pervade everybody.

Everything went fine. The class answered well, and the many confessions served to strengthen their faith. They read their hymns, and as they renewed their vows each one was given a Bible passage. Anna was given this: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Anna seemed nearer to heaven than she had ever been before. It had been customary to arrange the catechumens according to the ability to answer correctly. Everyone liked to be Number One; but this had often grieved the others and disturbed their piece of mind; so this year they had drawn numbers and were arranged accordingly; and all seemed to be satisfied. The services were very long, but impressive. It was not then customary to invite guests to dinner, in fact the family did not crave company that day. They had a delicious lunch when they came home at four o'clock in the afternoon. Somehow Anna felt so different! They all seemed to treat her as if she suddenly had become grown up. The Wallers came towards evening, and they all sat under the lilac and maple trees and talked. They could also hear Nels Lofthus play the clarinet. He liked to play, and the distance seemed to enhance the charm of the music and add to the entertainment. When the Wallers were ready to go home the Hilleboe young folks went with them to the bridge spanning the Roche-a-cree, familiarly known as "Kriken". This was an old habit which did not change. It would have seemed discourteous for either party to neglect to accompany their visitors to this bridge. It was a kind of trysting place, and a delightful place to visit, except when the mosquitoes were at their worst behavior.

Communion services were announced four weeks after confirmation. As this was to be Anna's first communion she wondered about forgiveness of sins; and partaking of the body and blood of Jesus Christ. This subject had caused her many conjectures. She had often been at services during communion; had taken care of her younger brother and sisters so that her mother need not worry. Her parents attended the Saturday afternoon services where the announcements were made; where confessions were heard; and absolution given. Those who could not attend the Saturday services announced their intentions of partaking of the Lord's supper on Sunday morning made their confession and then they all gathered around the altar for absolution. Anna often wondered why so many of the women cried during these services. It was always so edifying during the communion services. Anna's father was the custodian of the sacramental vessels, and her mother made the communion wine from wild grapes. The chalice, paten and the other vessels used during the feast of Eucharist were polished immaculately clean and bright. All felt the purity, sanctity and importance of this blessed feast.

Between confirmation and communion Anna had great mental pain and spiritual uneasiness. The first days after confirmation she felt so courageous and strong and thought it would not be impossible to remain faithful to her Savior. When she that year went to pick hops there were so many things that claimed her attention, and the hop pickers had so much fun. One evening they were playing games out-of-doors when someone suggested that they go into the house to play games. There they played "Come boys lets go to Boston" and "Vavl Vadmel", "Virginia Reel" seemed to be a favorite and as one of the boys had a harmonica and played it, the game was unusually lively. Before they realized it a quadrille was played and danced. Anna's conscience smote her and she left the room. When

they called her and urged her to come back, she refused to acquiesce. She remained in the summer kitchen with some of the older people when the housewife said: "Why don't you join in the crowd?" Anna told her that they were dancing, and she did not believe that it was right, and therefore would not take part in their fun. The housewife then said: "There is no harm in dancing; why do you think there is?" Anna then told her that her parents had told the children not to take part in anything unless they could invite Jesus to accompany them, and she did not think that Christ would care to dance. The housewife then said something that Anna has never forgotten: "It is possible to pray to God even during the dance." Anna replied: "It may be possible, but it is not probable. I should not like to meet my God and my Redeemer while at a dance." This conversation made Anna feel so sad and downhearted. It seemed bad enough for the young folks to argue and defend the dance; but for an old gray haired mother to take that attitude was beyond her comprehension. She went to bed because she dared to walk home alone in the dark, and she did not want an escort. Early the next morning she went home. She surprised her mother who asked immediately what was the matter. At first Anna told her that she had seen a very large snake by the creek that had frightened her. That was very true, still the mother suspected that there was some other cause. Anna then told her mother everything. She said: "You acted wisely." The mother then volunteered to take Anna's place in the hop yard if she would tend to the housework. Anna was delighted to exchange work with her mother. When with the parents and brothers she attended confessional services before communion she felt assured that God pardoned her weakness, granted her forgiveness, and absolved her from the consequences of sin.

During the autumn Anna stayed at home and worked, but she did not feel satisfied. A neighbor boy had been stricken with a disease that partly paralyzed him and made him incapable of doing manual labor, so he was elected to teach the school that year. It was an act of charity to him, but it barred many from continuing their school work because they were advanced beyond him. Some said that he was like the painter that climbed the ladder, fell, and was crippled. Because of this infirmity he was decreed a teacher. "He climbed a painter, and fell a teacher."

In October the congregation was very busy. They planned a large Reformation Festival. They had observed this day in former years but now they had sent special invitations to neighboring pastors, and expected people from Necedah, Slab Slough, Big Flats, and Grand Rapids. They were preparing for a large crowd, and dinner was to be served. Where should the tables be set? Where should the coffee be cooked? No one knew. If the weather was very favorable the tables might be spread under open sky. This seemed to be the only solution, fair weather or not. A large committee was appointed from all parts of the settlement. At last it was decided to clear away the trees and brush in a hollow east of the church. This track was below a very steep hill, and the committee had a big job on its hands. Everything had to be carried as the hill was too steep to drive. A very large copper cauldron that had been brought by Anna's grandfather from Norway was cleaned, scoured, and solved the question of boiling the coffee. A fire served a double purpose: it boiled the coffee, but it also served as a camp fire to warm cold hands and feet. Anna's mother filled a large clothes basket, used as a picnic basket, with food and dishes. How the brothers managed to carry it down the hill was a wonder! The festival was a great success. Even those who had spent days in working to make it a success felt amply repaid and satisfied. The services in the morning were very well attended, and the audience in the afternoon taxed the capacity of the church when a program was given. A picture was taken during the noon hour, probably the first of its kind in the history of the church. Cameras and Kodaks were not common in those days. The congregation now felt the need of a hall for social gatherings; but soon this urgent need

seemed to die a natural death.

Anna had heard of a co-educational institution, St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, but since not one girl from Roche-a-cree had ever been sent away to school she did not even dream of such a pleasure as being sent to attend school there. Her brother Hans had written home to inform them that a new school, a Christian school, was to be established at Willmar, Minnesota. Some of his college friends A. M. Hove, O. A. Solheim, H. H. Aaker, and others were to teach at that institution that year, and when he had graduated from the Norwalk School, Valparaiso Indiana he had been invited to join the faculty. It may be Anna dreamed dreams. It seemed to her almost a waste of time to do the routine work on the farm. There was plenty work; but this did not satisfy her ambitions. Several of the young men now owned a horse and buggy, and some of them had invited her for drives; but as she knew practically every road in the settlement this did not appeal to her, and seemed monotonous. There were plenty fishing trips, picnics, and parties; and during the winter sleighing and skating parties, as well as coasting and skiing. One day she had gone with her father to Necedah to do shopping. There she met Halvor and Karen Waller. They invited her to drive home with them, and as her father had much business to transact, she accepted the invitation. They drove Nellie, and she looked fine hitched to the graceful new cutter. They crossed Fish Lake and the Wisconsin River and were skimming along over the much driven winter road (used only during the winter for hauling logs and other heavy loads) and it consequently was quite rough even at its best. The snow was deep and full of ruts and kinks which were called "kiss me quicks". Old Nellie, for one reason or another started to run and soon galloped along so that Halvor could not check her pace. The cutter kept bobbing along and all of a sudden Karen was spilled into the deep snow; Anna was next sent a-flying and finally Halvor was thrown out, but he hung to the reins and turned the horse against a tree by the side of the road. Halvor was so provoked, but the girls assured him that no harm was done. They picked up their packages strewn for some distance along the road; they brushed the snow from their clothes; then the trip was continued, no one feeling bad on account of the affair. Anna told them of another sleigh ride that had thrilled her. One morning when she was about twelve years old she had an exciting drive with Rev. E. Peterson. It was a Monday morning. He had spent Sunday afternoon and night at the Hilleboe home where he was always a welcome guest. During the night there had been a very heavy snowfall and it was inexpedient, yes, almost impossible for him to be the first one to drive through the new snow and snow drifts. He was very anxious to get home as his dear wife was sick, so it was decided that Anna's father and his brother should hitch a large team of horses to a heavy sleigh and break the road and drive ahead of the pastor's lighter rig. Anna was to drive with the pastor as far as the school house. When they came near the Paasaas home the team encountered an immense snow drift and the men ahead signaled the pastor to stop his team. The sudden "whoa" and jerking of the reins frightened the horses and they skied and tipped the cutter. They reared and nearly trampled under their feet the two imprisoned by the robes and the cutter. They had to lie there, however, until the brothers came and raised the cutter. With a thirty mile drive ahead of him, the pastor had protected himself against inclement weather. A large stone, baked in the oven until very hot, had been wrapped in newspapers and blankets as a foot warmer. Several robes were also tucked about their feet so they were unable to untangle the mass and free themselves. Then at last when the cutter was righted and they were released, the pastor said: "Dette var darrlig moro." Anna begged leave to differ with him—she thought it was great sport!

When she was fourteen a circus with a parade, at Necedah, attracted the attention of Anna and her brothers,

and they were given leave to go to town that day to watch the parade. After the parade was over they were ready to go home, when a young man from Roche-a-cree came and asked Anna to go with him to the circus. Her brothers told her to go, and added that they might decide to take in the circus also; at any rate they would wait for her to accompany them home. Anna had never been to a circus, and enjoyed this invitation immensely. The young man who had invited her had the reputation of being very stingy. He paid the admission and they walked through the menagerie and watched the wild animals. There was quite a collection of animals for exhibition; but there were also all kinds of sideshows. Anna would have enjoyed to see these sideshows, but since her escort did not invite, she had sense enough to refrain from suggesting that they also visit these shows, because she knew that that called for extra money. At last after they had seen all the animals, some of them many times, he suggested that they enter the main circus tent. Only a few were seated there as it was an hour before the performances were to start. He asked if she would like a reserved seat. She had no idea what that meant but said "yes"; so he bought one in the second row by the aisle. She saw him give the attendant twenty five cents so she understood that that was the price of the seat he reserved for her. He stood by her side and talked. She said: "Why don't you get a seat for yourself also?" but he said: "I would just as soon stand." Soon a popcorn vendor came by and the young escort bought ten cents worth of popcorn and he stood eating it while she sat and munched her share. She was very hungry as she had walked to Necedah, a distance of six miles, and about the only rest she had had since early in the morning when they left home was while her brothers rowed the boat across the river and Fish Lake. While they were lined up on the sidewalk waiting for the parade to pass, her brother Herman had treated her to a glass of lemonade. After a while she saw her brothers enter and take their places not far from her, but in the section where the seats were not reserved. She wondered why she and her young friend did not sit there also. There were hundreds of vacant seats when they entered the circus tent and she would have preferred to be near them and many of her other acquaintances. She understood now that she had made a social error when she accepted the reserved seat. When he did not look, her brothers made all kinds of grimaces at the young cavalier who had laid himself open to ridicule on account of a quarter of a dollar. This mortified her and deprived her of some of the pleasures of the afternoon. Her brothers later teased her unmercifully until she also could see the funny side of being an innocent country lass going to a circus with an equally unsophisticated rube, or country jay.

One day in February, the year after she was confirmed, a friend from Necedah called. He was out trying to hire a helper for the family where he was living, and asked if Anna would take her place, at least until another girl might be secured. Anna's mother told him that if he could not get anyone else, she might help temporarily but added: "She is too young and inexperienced, and the place is too hard for her to keep permanently." Anna had often helped the neighbors, for a day or so when they were in need of assistance; but she had never otherwise worked for strangers. Several days later this same man came to get her. She had almost forgotten the promise, but collected a few things and went with him. She had not been in the house many minutes ere she was at work and work she did, early and late! Besides the family of six there were also four boarders and roomers. As did the other servants in those days, she had to do all the cooking, baking, cleaning, washing and ironing. She also had to milk the cow and tend to the chickens. Two weeks after she went to work a baby boy came to make his home with the family. This did not lighten her work, as the family did not even engage a nurse, but a neighbor came to wash the baby and care for it in the morning and evening. This added much to Anna's duties as she had full charge of all the work.

A family of twelve was a task for a fifteen year old girl. Time and again she asked them to get another hired girl, but they did not even make an attempt to do so. The four little girls were lovely, but they were all too young to be of any help, the oldest being under seven years old. Anna chafed under the servitude, which she thought was very unjustifiable. These people that she had tried to befriend when they were in dire need of help, were so called friends of her parents. They had often been guests at her home where they had been entertained, especially the husband. Anna knew that if her parents suspected the conditions and knew the way their daughter was treated, the stay would be cut short.

Anna tolerated many indignities, swallowed her pride, but did not want to acknowledge that she was a quitter on account of hard work, suspicions and insinuations. When her parents sent word for her to come home, after learning of the conditions, it did not take her long to pack her few belongings, climb into the buggy and head for home! She had not been at home since she left eleven weeks earlier. No agreement had been made concerning wages, so when she asked for her pay she was given fifteen dollars for eleven weeks time. This did not seem to her to be a magnificent sum for all the hard lifts and perpetual grind of the laborious work and tedious duties. She pocketed the money but she thought: "Never again would she slave for unappreciative people for such a paltry wage." She now understood why so many of the young women were not satisfied with wages offered them near home; but went to the cities of Chicago, Evanston, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis where the work was easier, the days shorter, and the wages higher.

That summer Anna was needed at home. Ole and Herman were working at Necedah, but Hans had come home after he had graduated from the Normal School. He was now the happy owner of two diplomas, yet he helped at home with the farm work. He had accepted the position to teach at the Willmar Seminary where John was to register as a student. One day about a week before they were to leave for Willmar John told his father he did not want to go to school. When asked why, he replied that the other boys had teased him about it; twitted him for thinking himself better than they were; and ridiculed him for wanting to be a student, or as they put it a "stuck up." His father did not say anything for quite a long time. Then he turned to Anna and said: "Anna would you like to go with Hans?" Would she like to go to school! It had never even occurred to her that this chance for an education would ever be offered but it did not take her long to decide. She ran into the kitchen and called: "Mother I am going to Willmar to attend school at the Seminary!" Her mother could not comprehend what all this excitement meant; but after she had talked with her husband and found out the reason why their plans had been changed she said that this arrangement suited her, since John did not care to go. Clothes? Anna was very willing to wear what clothes she already had. Her wardrobe consisted of her confirmation dress, a black cashmere, and some wash dresses to be worn during the fall. Her mother also remodeled a dress worn by her some years ago. It was a beautiful delaine and proved to be quite an addition to her wearing apparel. Her mother had bought a neat brown leather trunk and into this Anna packed her clothes, books, and bedding. She was so excited that she forgot almost everything except the fact that she was going to school. The last evening, however, it dawned upon her that this was to be a long trip of several hundred miles, and it was also doubtful when she would be at home again. She sat on the doorsteps and looked at the field, the beautiful trees fringing it, especially her favorite tree the immense Norway pine. As she sat there she hummed "Farvel mit legested farvel! Jeg ud i verden gaar; Du muntre barndoms stund farvel! Gud ved hvad forestaar." As she sat there her mother joined her, and after a while their tears mingled. The three sisters

soon joined them, and they sat talking until the evening was far spent. Anna for years remembered her sisters and mother just as they were that evening. In the morning the family did not seem to have very good appetites, at least Anna did not relish her breakfast. After devotion, all put on their best clothes because they were going to have a family picture taken at Necedah. The father said: "It is hard telling when we will ever all be gathered again." Since that day August 26, 1884 the Hilleboe family have never been assembled. It was a farewell to the happy family group.

After a fond goodbye the family separated. Some went back to the old homestead while Hans and Anna boarded the train that was to carry them to the then far west. Anna had never been a passenger, and she was quite worried. She did not know much about trains and locomotives, but she had heard threshers mention that engines at times exploded, and somehow she did not trust the locomotives. They arrived safely at New Lisbon where they left the branch line. After waiting a while, they boarded a train on the main line of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul. Anna did not sleep very much, but thought it safer to be awake if anything should happen. She had never seen a large city, and was amazed when they entered St. Paul, Minnesota. There they had to wait for the train that was to carry them to Willmar. They ate their breakfast while they waited. The depot was a very busy place, and Anna tried to see what she could see while there. St. Paul and Minneapolis, as twin cities, were quite a revelation to Anna! She wondered what the thousands of inhabitants could find to do; how they could govern so many people; and how they could enjoy living in such crowded quarters. When the cities were left behind, it was the prairies that caused her to wonder. The only prairie she had ever seen was Strong's Prairie, but that seemed almost nil compared with these endless tracts and extensive treeless plains. She marveled at the level or slightly undulated land under cultivation; but the uncultivated prairie covered with tall coarse grass gave her a new scope for astonishment. In spite of the extensive fields with their numerous stacks of grain; the verdant meadows with their immense crops of hay; in spite of all this wealth she would not exchange them for her homeland! There was no place like home, after all.

When they arrived at their destination they were met by A. M. Hove, L. O. Thorpe and others. They were then escorted to the home of Mrs. Stalland, a mother of Martin Stalland now of St. Paul. They were to have dinner there, and Anna was to remain until other arrangements were made. After dinner her brother went with the men to the Seminary, and Anna was left with the strangers. Mrs. Stalland was very kind to her; she evidently understood that she was lonesome, a stranger in a strange land. She wrote a letter to the homefolks, and then sat on the front porch to watch the people pass. They seemed so happy and companionable. Across the street a young girl was playing with some children. Whether Mrs. Stalland had invited this girl, Anna did not know; but the next day she came across the street and introduced herself to Anna, and made quite a call. Her name was Quale, and she was a sister of Mrs. John Archander where she made her home. Anna also met the family of Dr. Raines who lived next door. In the evening Anna was invited to the home of the Solheims where lived O. A. Solheim, his mother and sisters Lena and Mathilde. She spent a very pleasant evening, talking and playing authors. The next afternoon, a Saturday, the members of the faculty that were to teach at the Willmar Seminary; the L. O. Thorpe family, the Solheim family, Bollette Christensen and her aunt, and several others drove to Norway Lake where they were to visit at the house of Rev. and Mrs. Lars Markhus. Anna Egge, Marie Railson and some of the neighbors were there, and all had a delightful time. Even if many were gathered, there seemed to be plenty of room, and an abundance of food. On Sunday the guests went to attend services at the church nearby. A sumptuous dinner was served and the afternoon

was spent on the lawn where the large trees shaded and cooled them from the rays of the burning sun. Towards evening some of the young folks went for a boat ride. Marie Railson, a daughter of Even Railson, invited them to spend the evening at her home, and this invitation was accepted. The large boat was overloaded, so it was impossible to reach the boat landing. Mr. Solheim volunteered to carry some ashore, but he laughingly told them afterwards that he thus became a burden bearer. A delightful evening was spent at the Railson home. They lived in a mansion; a pride of any rural district. The next morning the visitors again wended their way to Willmar. The drive was delightful! The country of hills, valleys, plains and lakes was beautiful especially now when the grasses and trees were clothed in the early autumn foliage. They carried with them many pleasant and fond memories of a delightful visit, where the hospitality of host and hostess had given them supreme pleasure; and where the charm of others had been greatly appreciated.

It was decided that Anna should room and board with the Solheims until the dormitory "Sorgenfri" was finished. The Solheims were to manage it and Mr. Solheim was also to travel in the interest of the school; to advertise it; and to solicit funds for running expenses, and to enlarge it. The first unit of the Seminary was a commodious residence.

On Tuesday morning the school was to open and Anna was much concerned. Anna thought that there would be hundreds of young people eager for an education that would flock to the institution and clamber for admission. Being fresh from the country she wondered how she would fit in among them; if she would be able to do the work and how long it would take her to become a school ma'am, her erstwhile ambition. The new addition to the Seminary was not finished, so the students were to congregate at the Music Hall. Anna registered early, and then waited for the student body to come. She was so disappointed when only eight students attended the opening exercises. Soon, however, they began to arrive; some from the city; some from the nearby country and neighboring districts. The noon train brought some, and the afternoon train still more, and before the end of the week, many had registered. Anna carried a heavy program of eight daily periods. At first the work seemed hard, but she soon enjoyed the work. Besides the daily schedule, there was much outside work to do. A literary society was organized which was known as "Osseo". Anna was elected secretary of this organization and took an active part in the programs and tried to further its progress. There were also debating societies, choirs, glee clubs, orchestras and other organizations for fostering school spirit and good fellowship among the students. At the first program given by "Osseo" Ann was to recite the well known "Thanalopsis". She had committed it to memory; had spent weary hours in practicing, being coached by the teacher in elocution; yet she was very nervous, being it was to be her first appearance in public at the Seminary. The hall was packed, but as most of them were strangers to her she was unconcerned as far as the crowd goes. She made up her mind not to look at the students or the teachers. She knew where her brother and many of the students sat, so she avoided looking at them. The first ones to catch her eye was one of the instructors, Haldor Hanson, and P. J. Eiluland. They were always together. She did not look very long at them. The next one was the principal A. M. Hove and O. A. Solheim, and finally H. H. Aaker. She was not yet accustomed to his broad smile, and thought that he was laughing at her. Had she not been so sure of the words of the recitation she would have stopped then and there. As it was she stumbled along, and had sense enough to sit down when she came to the end of the selection. When some were kind enough to compliment her, she trembled with fear that she again might be asked to appear on a program!

She had now commenced to feel very much at home, and was enjoying the happy school days. The Sundays were the longest of the days, but as the walk to church was about two miles it gave the students exercise and appetite as well as comradeship. They also went for walks and boat rides. Foote Lake and Lake Willmar were great favorites both in the summer and the winter. By the time the dormitory was finished, there were so many students that instead of two, as planned, each room housed four students. In the room that Anna had selected there were also three other girls—Anna Aaker, Sophia Martin and Bertha Osmundson. They were congenial and had much fun together; but when any one of them received a letter from home they all cried. One frosty morning they ran up the hill to the Seminary. They were to recite in room No. 2. The two Annas rushed through the hall, up the stairway, racing to see who could first reach the room. It was too early for the recitation but they meant to study where it was nice and warm. They headed each for a door leading into the room to see who could enter first. Anna H. opened the door, and just inside was one of the teachers on his hands and knees trying to blow life into an almost dead fire in the stove. She could not stop, so the only thing for her to do was to jump over him, which she did! She was so embarrassed, but he thought it was a good joke. T. O. Tolo was one of the janitors that year, and he must have tended to his job better after that, because Anna never again caught any of the teachers tending to the stoves. Anna was very thankful and glad because hers was the privilege of attending a Christian school where neither drinking, dancing or card playing was allowed. The students had a great deal of fun especially at their social meetings where teachers and students met for social intercourse. Some of the students at first seemed to feel just a little above playing some of the games, but after a while they enjoyed them. One evening at a party given by the faculty everyone joined in playing the games. They were playing "Vave Vadmel." Anna's partner was a dude and she thought it great sport to swing him fast and furious. She wore a flannel dress with the skirt made to be worn with or without the drapery which was attached to a separate band. As they were swinging the cascaded overskirt caught his leg, and being of a clingy material it twisted around until it was pulled off the band, and there he stood his leg encircled by the clingy gray drapery! He was so embarrassed that it was pitiful to watch him. The rest of them laughed and laughed until at last also he laughed, and since that evening he played like the rest of them. It was a kind of initiation. Anna's brother Ole registered in the commercial course at New Year and as he had more time to accompany his sister than Hans had, they had a good time together. When he was later offered a position at Hillsboro, North Dakota, he accepted it and Anna missed him very much. Her aunt Helga died January 10th and left Uncle L. Grinde with two infants. He was trying to find homes for them temporarily and Anna thought that maybe her mother might take Helen and Louise if she went home to help her with the work. She kept on thinking of this until she became so homesick that she could neither eat nor sleep. It was no joke. Spring was on the hill and with her mind's eye she could see home and the home folks. It seemed that she could hear the croak of the croupy frogs in every marsh and bog. At times she could even hear the whistles of the big lumber mills at Necedah as the sound came through the fog and the woods. Although the people at Willmar were very kind to her, yet she longed for the hearts that she knew were kind and true. She felt that she could never again find such carefree days nor the atmosphere of her childhood's home. If she could only watch the sunsets where the sun slid down into the forest, and where the sunset red lingered on and on! She wanted to work in the garden; to see the vegetables and flowers grow; to smell the scent and the savor of the new plowed fields. Her brother had evidently written home about her terrible home sickness, because she received a letter offering her the term of school in her home district, if she could come immediately. It did not

take her long to decide that she could come right away; and even if it caused a pang to bid goodbye to some of the students, yet she felt that she might be back again the next year. When she came to Necedah, she learned that due to high waters it would be impossible to get home for several days. The Yellow River was flooding the lowlands, and the Wisconsin river was also rampant and had washed away some of the turnpikes and grades. She went to visit the family where she had worked last year, but the lady of the house acted so queer, and the children seemed so changed. A neighbor told her that she had been acting peculiarly for a long time and that her mind was deranged. When she later tried to put the baby into a large heater, she was examined and sent to the insane asylum. Anna now understood why she had been treated so disrespectfully and forgave all the insults heaped upon her the previous year.

When she went to the superintendent of schools to arrange for an examination, he let her write for her certificate that day; so that was settled. Then she was glad that she looked so mature because he did not ask her age; thus he did not learn that her term of school would be finished before she was seventeen years old. She entered the school room with fear and trembling. She realized that she had little training, but she was willing to do her very best for the children who attended school. The children were young and she had no trouble either with discipline or studies. The only time that she was unnerved was one afternoon when two of the girls collided when playing "Pump, pump, pull away" and a tooth was knocked loose in Clara's mouth. She wanted the teacher to pull it, but she was unable to do this. She then asked her to tie the string around it and Clara would pull it. She did this but it made her so sick that she could not teach the hour of religion after recess. Anna had had so much trouble having her teeth pulled and broken that she was a coward when it came to pulling teeth. There had never been a dentist in the settlement, and when "Per Smed" tried to pull teeth with his snippers and pinchers, used in his blacksmith shop, it was a case of come, or break. Often it was break of either tooth or jawbone!

The convention of the Synod was to be held in Roche-a-cree that year, and preparation for the meeting was under way when Anna came home. A large meeting was expected, and they were not disappointed in the size; but many were saddened by the spirit of the meeting. Those who attended this convention of 1885 still remember it, because it was a disappointing and dreadful meeting in many respects. Anna attended it one day and that was one day too much. She had not attended a convention before and never knew that so much dissension and so many grievances of opinion could take place in a Christian church. The different groups had their own places and some of the many discussions nearly ended in fights. She did not envy the President Rev. H. A. Preus the pleasure of keeping order at the meeting. They did not always adhere to Robert's rules of order but they managed to debate many questions. Rev. H. G. Stub was so nervous that it was a pity to watch him. Many of the "war horses" attended every session of the meeting, while many of the younger and more indifferent were lying under the trees visiting and smoking much of the time. The leaders both of the Missourians and the anti-Missourians talked loud and long, but did not seem to accomplish much; nor come to a better understanding. The two pastors and two laymen who stayed at the Hilleboe home were always discussing and at times the debaters waxed warm. One morning while they were eating breakfast they had worked themselves almost up to a frenzy. Anna was bring the hot cakes when one of the laymen rose to his feet, and with his doubled fist knocked the table so that the dishes were scattered, and many rolled off the table and on the floor. Her father then rose to his full dignity and with righteous indignation said: "If you men cannot discuss religion more peaceably then it is better for you to separate." The "spit fire" did

not come back after that morning.

After that convention, conditions in the congregation were worse than ever before. Many who had been members in name only became active church workers. They also managed to bring new members into the fold, so the membership was greatly enlarged. Several business meetings were held, but the breach seemed to be growing wider and ever wider. Some of the charter members were greatly concerned. It was not so much the question of difference in doctrine, as of getting rid of the pastor. Some thought the only way to get rid of him was to split the congregation and call another pastor to serve a fraction of the now existing organization. They could not prove that the pastor taught false doctrine, nor that he lived a sinful life, hence they could not put him out of office. He showed little tact and poor judgment when at one of the meetings he segregated the members by asking those who were in sympathy with the Missourians to step over to one side of the church with him. The majority of them remained where they were. The mischief was done. The minority now asked the pastor to resign; but it was nine years until he preached his farewell sermon. Those that heard that sermon will never forget it. The majority now called a pastor, Olaf Barikino, Norway. When he came, he was told that his work was to preach; they would tend to everything else. There was much wrangling about the property. There were lawsuits and appeals. The spirit among old friends was quite militant, and the religious atmosphere was stifling. The condition among the young people was deplorable. They became indifferent to the church and even became scoffers. The reverence for the church and God seemed to many to have become execration. Anna's home-sickness had been cured, and she was anxious to go back to school to her studies. The dissensions in the church wrought havoc also in many other congregations. At Norway Lake, after much wrangling and strife, Rev. L. Markhus had been forced out of his pulpit and the once prosperous congregation was torn to pieces. Together with illness, this trouble caused the pastor's death. Mrs. Ingrid Markhus, with her five children, and sister Anna Egge had moved to Willmar and lived near the seminary. Anna and her brother, who was now principal of the Willmar Seminary, lived at the Markhus home. The second year that Anna attended school was a very interesting school year. Several hundred students attended, among them many who had attended school when the school opened two years ago. Several new teachers had been added to the faculty; among them were C. M. Christiansen, H.N. Sheel, Carrie A. Smith, Jennie Jorgenson, and L. M. Landing. There were also several assistant teachers. Anna was offered a position to teach the school at Eagle Lake, a four month term beginning the first of March. She had received a certificate to teach in Kandiyohi County and was anxious to earn some money. Two men came to take her out to the district on Sunday afternoon. They crossed Foote Lake, then Lake Willmar, and then crossed a large hill and valley and then crossed Eagle Lake. After crossing another hill they drove along a valley until they came near the home of Ole Erickson where the teacher was to live. The Erickson family welcomed her, served supper, then took her into the parlor. Here she was to room, as it had been changed into a bed room as well as a living room. A fire was burning in the heater, and there were many things added to the usual furnishings for her comfort and convenience. While sitting alone in this large comfortable room, she listened to the family and some neighbors having such a good time in their living room, and she wished that they might have invited her also to join them in their good time; but she dared not intrude, and they did not invite her. After a while the guests went home and soon the large family of parents and nearly a dozen children went to bed. Anna was tired, and after she had committed everything to the care of the Almighty and asked for guidance, strength, and wisdom, she also retired. The next morning when she came to eat her breakfast the table was set for only one; the family had gone to work,

or were in other rooms. Anna told Mrs. Erickson that she would get up and dress in time to eat with them, but was told that they preferred to have the teacher eat alone. A very substantial lunch was prepared for her, which she carried to the school house. Several of the children attended school and they showed her the way to the school house. When she arrived she found a large number of pupils gathered. They represented all ages between six and twenty years. Fifty-six registered, among them some from a neighboring district. Twelve were finishing the eighth grade. This was some work for a seventeen year old girl to tackle! A Miss Hanna Thorsen had taught the school many terms, but she was not feeling very well that spring and consequently did not want to teach. Many of the young folks were attending the Willmar Seminary and they had recommended Anna as a teacher to teach the spring term of school. She soon learned that the people in the vicinity almost idolized her brother, so she thought that it was up to her to keep up the reputation of the Hilleboe family. She worked hard to keep ahead of the school, and prepare work for all the classes in the eight grades. The pupils were good and only a very few caused any trouble, so she had a pleasant time. It was not long before she was allowed to eat with the Erickson family and was treated as one of them. The people were very social; she was often invited to visit at their homes and was shown much hospitality and many courtesies. She learned that two of her mother's cousins Peder Anderson and his sister Mrs. P. Peterson (Synneoa Arenson) lived only a few miles from Eagle Lake. She sent word to them; they came to get her, and were very glad to claim their relationship. She spent many weekends with them. The home of L. O. Thorpe was always open to her. They had always been so kind and considerate, and this kindness has never been forgotten! Mrs. Peder Ryne with three sons and two daughters had moved to Willmar where the children had attended school. She was an old friend of the family from the time she lived at Lemonveir, and she was as a mother to Anna. There were also many other homes in Willmar where Anna was a welcome guest, so she spent most of the Saturdays and Sundays with her brother and friends. When her term of school closed at Eagle Lake she went to spend the vacation with her mother's cousins. With the Anderson family she went to Willmar to celebrate the Fourth of July. She was all dressed up for the occasion. She had made a beautiful lawn dress trimmed with wide lace. She had also bought a new hat. The celebration was held in the grove near the Geiger Brewery. Among the preparations for a jolly celebration was a greased pole, to be climbed for a prize. In trying to get near the speaker's stand Anna walked against this pole and got a wide streak of grease down the front of her dress! Then someone stepped on the overskirt and tore a large gash out of the lace. The seat offered her was pitchy, so of course she got pitch all over the back of the skirt. She lost her handkerchief, tore her dress, and was hardly fit to be seen among the celebrants. While she was sitting listening to the oration she also enjoyed watching the young boys and girls drink lemonade. The boys thought that they must treat; and the girls felt equally obliged to drink. Where they found room for all the lemonade was a mystery, especially so considering all the popcorn they devoured. In the afternoon clouds gathered, and Mr. Anderson suggested that they drive home before the storm that was threatening broke loose. The adults were quite ready, but the four children wanted to see the many races. They were especially interested in the greased pig, the fat man's race, and the three legged race. There were also other sports that claimed their attention. Finally all decided that it was best to start for home, a trip of about ten miles. At Eagle Lake the wind was blowing terrifically and they figured on stopping at the Halvorson home, but thought that as long as it was not raining it would probably be best to continue on the way. Before they had gone much farther a baby cyclone struck them and caused them to seek shelter in a barn. The horses became unruly, jumped and shied whenever the lightning flashed; otherwise

they would not move. At last after much coaxing and maneuvering they finally reached the barn, drenched to the skin ere they reached shelter, yet glad to find protection from rain, hail, and wind. When the storm was over and they were ready to go home, Mrs. Anderson's hat could not be found. She had removed it from her head, and placed it under a blanket, but now it was not there. After spending some time in hunting for it they decided to leave without it. She was troubled, as it was an attractive new hat. When they drove back through the field to the main road they saw the hat floating in a very muddy pool of water. The boys fished it out, and it surely was a sight for sore eyes, and a sorry looking spectacle! After a while she laughed with the others at her misfortune. When they came home where they changed their wet and otherwise ruined garments for more comfortable ones, they laughed and decided that they had had an unusual celebration. They had seen and heard and experienced many things not announced on the official program!

Mr. Anderson's mother Gjertrud Rumohr, Anna's grand aunt, was living at the Anderson home. She related many things that Anna knew nothing about. She told about Iver Barnsness of Pope County. Anna knew that he was a cousin of her mother's but she had no idea where all his children and children's children lived which formed a large part of the population. That summer was a real vacation full of pleasures and memories. There were numerous lakes in the vicinity, the largest being Green Lake. This was a beautiful body of green water, and was a great summer resort. Mrs. P. Peterson lived near Nest Lake, one of the chain of lakes between Willmar and New London. It was a pleasure to walk or drive along the shores of these wonderful lakes of Swan, Elizabeth, Twin, Long, Solomon, and many other smaller bodies of water. Anna also spent days at the home of John Rykken, Solomon Lake. His daughter Anna was a friend from school days. In that vicinity Anna also met the families of M. O. Thorpe, Sjur Karmikeberg, Alvik Aksness, and others from the days of the Indian War when Guro Roseland and others were captured by the Indians. They often told her of those terrible exciting days, of the marvelous escapes. Anna liked to roam through the woods surrounding the lakes; she enjoyed picking wild flowers and berries; but she dreaded to get near the poison ivy, oak, and sumac, because that generally landed her in a doctor's office. Certain weeds also poisoned her, but in spite of this she spent much of the summer in the woods and fishing in the lakes. One forenoon she and a friend caught sixty-five sun fish. When Mrs. Anderson wanted fresh fish, all she had to do was to give her orders to Anna. She helped Mrs. Anderson with the work during harvesting and threshing, but working by the side of a woman of Mrs. Anderson's disposition was a pleasure. Mr. Anderson and Anna had much in common, and he was a jolly companion and a great entertainer. He and his cousin Gjertrud had been playmates in Norway, and he told many interesting items of news from their childhood's happy days.

Instead of entering school at the beginning of the school year Anna decided to teach four months, and then enter. She expected to study while teaching thus continuing the course with her class. She was to teach a school near St. John's, nine miles southwest of Willmar. It was an easy school, and at times she thought the work was almost too easy. Her brother Herman, who had spent part of the summer in North Dakota and Minnesota visiting relatives, spent several days with her. It was decided that he should take charge of the old homestead, as their father was not well and was unable to continue running the farm. John had now decided to go to school, and Peter was also planning a scholastic career. Before Herman was to take over the farm and settle down, his father told him to travel and see something of the world, and he was now on the last leg of the journey before heading for home. Anna enjoyed the visit with her brother very much. After he had spent some days with his brother Hans and relatives in

Blue Earth County, he went home. Shortly after he came home he was taken ill with typhoid fever. The doctor said very little about his illness to the home folks, but told others that he was so sick that he feared for his life. Anna knew very little about conditions at home, yet she had a premonitory feeling that all was not as it should be with him. She had been teaching Saturdays so that she might close school early in order to register at the Seminary. She now packed her trunk and prepared to go home. When she came to Willmar, everyone told her to enter school. Even her brother said: "They surely would have written in case of a change for the worse." Anna then registered, and had attended school one day when this message was received dated December 8th 1886: "Herman died this morning. Funeral on Sunday." Anna boarded the first train that would carry her home, and when she arrived it almost broke her heart to learn that her dear departed brother had been expecting her to come; that he had watched the door for her entrance; that unto the last he had mentioned her name. Had she only followed her instinct or presentiment; and gone home when her school closed, then she would have arrived in time to visit him while he was still conscious! He was laid to rest the following Sunday. His death was a distinct shock to the entire community. No one, not even the family, seemed to realize that this strong young man of twenty four years should be called by such an untimely death! The large funeral bore witness of many friendships, of much love and esteem. It was now so near Christmas that Anna decided to spend the holidays with the home folks and then go to Willmar to continue her school work. A week before Christmas her sister Inger was taken ill, and when the doctor was called he pronounced it the dreaded malady typhoid fever. She could not, nor would not, now leave home. She refused to leave her mother and the others with all the work and worry, but stayed at home and nursed her sick sister. Although delirious Inger would not allow anyone except the mother and Anna to touch her; so the mother took care of her during the day, and Anna during the night. Her twin sister Sarah was always near, and hovered about the bed. This worried the family because they were afraid that she too would contract the disease. When the crisis had passed Inger was so very weak that she was not able to be out of bed until in the early spring, and it was much longer before she had fully recuperated.

In June Hans Hilleboe and Antonilla Ytterboe were to be married at Calmar, Iowa, and his parents were to attend the wedding. Their suitcases were packed. They planned to visit his sister and her brother and to be gone about two weeks. They drove to Necedah where they on a Monday boarded the train that was to carry them on a pleasant vacation trip. Anna and John were left in charge of the farm with promises that neighbors would help them, if necessary. Anna Roseland from Lemonveir came to visit her cousins, and a picnic on Carmon Rocks was planned for Sunday. On Friday Anna churned and prepared the butter for their customers in Necedah, and very early Saturday morning John walked to town with the butter and eggs. He came home about noon carrying a large new suitcase and said: "You better hurry up with your baking, cleaning and other work. You are going to have company and will then want the house to be spick and span, and everything else in order and readiness." John refused to tell who was coming, but added that there was a man in the party. He wanted Anna to guess who it was. She guessed every man that she thought might come to see her. Her brother got a "kick" out of this and said that he learned more names of her gentlemen friends than he had ever known, or dreamed that she knew. Work? The girls fairly flew while they worked to put everything in order. About two o'clock in walked their father and mother. When the wedding was over they had been seized with homesickness and decided to go directly home, instead of going to Little Cobb, Minnesota. John had gone to the station in the early morning and was very much surprised

to see them alight from the coach. They had broken the lock of Anna's suitcase, and had borrowed this new one from Hans, and that was the reason why she did not recognize the suitcase. The children were glad to welcome their parents home again; yet they did not begrudge them the visit that they had planned. Everything at home had been run very smoothly, so the parents might have enjoyed their much needed vacation.

The Waller girls and Anna had been invited to spend the Fourth of July at Lemonveir. They stayed at Roselands where they arrived July 2. At the celebration they met many acquaintances among them Rev. and Mrs. M.P. Reeh and family; Jermon Tveit, Odd Larson and family, the Johnsons, Bensons and many others. Anna Rush was escorted by a student Ole Otterson; Hulda was engaged to a Mr. Kittelson Elroy, and rumors had it that Adelaide had as a special friend B. E. Bergesen, a theological student. Rev. Rub was a great friend of Anna's father and she spent much of the afternoon visiting with him. Mrs. Rub was very busy, as this celebration was in reality a church picnic, so the pastor's wife did not have much time for visiting.

The school board at St. John's had written to urge Anna to again teach their school in the fall, and she decided to do so. On the way west she visited relatives at Medo, better known as Little Cobb. She stayed several weeks at her uncles Peder Houg and Sjur Vieg. She met several cousins that she had never before seen, and she also made many new acquaintances. Between La Crosse and Minnesota Lake she met an inquisitive young man. Anna had now been traveling alone and had made it a point to avoid all strangers, young or old, men or women. He may have been all right but she did not like his looks and would not converse with him. He probably could see that she was young and inexperienced because he offered her gum, candy, and a red apple, and seemed quite indignant when she refused to partake of these tokens of his generosity. Even as a child she had been warned by her mother against strange men, and she had also learned a few things in the school of life, so she ignored his advances, and had he persisted in pestering her she would have notified the conductor.

After a delightful visit with relatives she made ready to go to Willmar. Her folks lived twenty-five miles from Mankato and she made arrangements to travel that distance by stage. The driver told her that the train for Minneapolis left at five o'clock in the afternoon, so she would not have a long wait before she could board it. When she came to the station, however, she found that the train left at five o'clock in the morning, but the agent said that there was also a train at noon. She inquired about accommodations, but he said that he would not recommend any of the hotels near the station. She must have looked "down and out" because the agent said: "Do you know anyone in the city?" She told him that she had a cousin in the city attending the Normal School but as she had come just a few days ago she did not know her address, but she knew the name of the people that she lived with. The agent then said: "They are neighbors of mine and if you will wait until it is time to close the depot, I will show you the way." Anna checked her baggage and waited. She walked back and forth on the platform. She was so sorry that the driver had lied to her, because she had planned her trip according to this information, and she was afraid that her brother would worry about her when she did not arrive according to schedule. When the agent was ready to escort her it was growing quite dark. They walked to the car line and boarded a street car. He was a fine looking young man, very entertaining, and seemed so pleased to be able to assist her. She found her cousin Martha at home, so she said goodbye to him and he left. After her cousin had asked about the home folks, and the trip, she said: "Who was the man that brought you here?" When Anna had explained how he happened to be her escort, her cousin said: "How did you dare to come here with a perfect stranger?" Anna told her that he had given her advice about

accommodations; that he was the agent in charge of the depot; that he had appeared to her as a man to be trusted; therefore she had not been afraid to trust him, and added: "He proved worthy of the confidence I put in him." Her cousin then gave her some very motherly advice, well meant, and warned her in the future to be more cautious in dealing with strangers. Anna had need of caution before she came to Willmar. When Anna boarded the train at Minneapolis the train was so crowded that she had to share the seat with a middle aged man. At first he read a newspaper, then studied some notes, then he got a book but did not seem particularly interested in reading it. Finally he commenced to talk to Anna. He wanted to learn where she was going and what she was doing and although she gave evasive answers, he ferreted the information that she had been teaching school. He gave quite a discourse on the school ma'am. He was very witty, versatile, and amusing, yet he did not appeal to Anna and his much talking tired her. She sat looking through the window, even if she could not distinguish anything on account of darkness; and she wished that he would be quiet. When the brakeman came to collect the slips before the train came to Willmar he said "Do you expect anyone to meet you?" Anna was afraid that her brother would not be at the station to meet her, because she had neglected to telegraph the change in her plans, but she certainly did not want the stranger to know this; so she said: "I have a brother living in the city." It was midnight when the train arrived. When she alighted she looked for someone that might be going near her brother's home at Foote Lake. While she was looking, the stranger said: "Let me take you to your brother's home?" Anna then said: "No you are not. Don't bother me. I am well acquainted in Willmar." She then crossed the street and entered a hotel. He tagged along. When she went to register he slipped forward and said: "Let me register for you." Anna gave him a look of contempt and said: "I can write. I can also attend to my own affairs, and shall excuse you from meddling." Just then the landlord entered, and when he understood that Mr. Burdick was an acquaintance of hers, he ceased to further annoy her. He had, however, made many inquiries about her in the lobby, and she was told afterwards that he hung around the lobby in the morning looking for her. She fooled him, as she left the hotel early in the morning for her brother's home.

Anna wondered why she had been annoyed on this trip, as it was the only time anyone had noticed her particularly and bothered her. She attributed it to a dress she wore—an attractive gray applique with black velvet. She concluded that simple, plain, somber clothes were best suited for travelers; in fact such clothes were preferable at most times and places.

Anna spent a few days at the home of her brother, where she became acquainted with her sister-in-law. She was a sister of Prof. H. Ytterboe of St. Olaf College, where she had been a student. Anna learned many things about that institution which interested her very much. When Anna went back to her school, she also went back to the family that she lived with last year, Mrs. E. Greenfield. She had this year leased her farm to Sain Govig; but arrangements were made so that she stayed at Greenfields also this year. The prairies that last year looked so desolate to her now seemed more cheerful and inviting. The school was much the same; a few more pupils had been enrolled, and of course the others were now a year older. She was quite amused when she scanned the book of records, to learn that one of the pupils during the spring term had been given 118 in arithmetic. Upon inquiry she learned that twelve problems had been given at examination, and one of the pupils had made a minor mistake, and hence this grade. As there was to be election of superintendent of school that fall several of the candidates called to solicit support. Among them was one Jeremiah Giantvalley. She asked him how he came by such a name, when he said:

"My folks are Norwegians, and my name used to be Jeremias Kjampedalen." She told him that he was in the same class as Jakob Opistuen who became Jacob Upstairs; Ole Honefas known in America as Oliver Chicken Falls; and Lars Hagen now Lewis Garden. She told him about the man who was to explain this change in name: "Han heite Lars paa Lewis, aa Engelek paa Norst."

As the term of school had been lengthened by one month, Anna found that by teaching Saturdays and during the Christmas holiday it would be possible to register at the Seminary at the beginning of the second semester. The school board willingly allowed this change. A severe winter had been predicted and as the autumn advanced the skies were scanned for signs of portending cyclones and blizzards and everybody was laying in extra supplies of provision and fodder. Wood and coal seemed scarce and all economized on fuel, even twisting hay and straw as substitutes. The snow fell early, the wind blew it into drifts, and the teacher often hesitated to send the small children home through the blinding snow storms. The children had brought candles and other necessities to be used in case of a sudden storm, making it impossible to leave the school house. The teacher and the older children often came to the school house on skis. One day in December the pile of wood was very low, and one of the members of the school board was sent to St. John's to buy a load. He came back with the news that there was no wood to be had, also that warnings had been broadcast that a severe storm was en route. School was dismissed and some of the pupils were given a ride with him so that those living in the direction he drove were cared for. There were no telephones to notify the parents of the predicament, so the teacher decided to bring the remaining children with her to Greenfield. The children were too small to alone face the blizzard and trudge through the snow. Leaving books and dinner pails in the school room, she bundled the children into all the wraps obtainable, tied two of the smaller to her apron strings; took each of the smallest by the hand and thus headed the procession while the rest trudged on behind. Even if this was a walk of only a quarter of a mile it seemed quite a distance. Near the hedge of cottonwood tree by the house the snow drifts hid the fence, and some were caught in the rails and had difficulties in being extricated. It took some time to thaw the frozen cheeks, ears, hands and feet, but all were safe and grateful for shelter against the furious hurricane of wind and blinding snow. This storm, though fast and furious, did not last very long and school was again resumed. The snow hid all signs of cultivation, and the prairies appeared in pristine beauty, unsullied to purity, and whose hoary whiteness at times almost blinded the eye. The frozen particles of vapor in the atmosphere in the form of white feather flakes seemed to set everything a tingling and gave a thrilling sensation of unrest and disquietude. Anna enjoyed these beautiful sunny days even though the cold seemed so frigid and penetrating. The sunsets were beautiful and glorious but the sun often called forth the sun dogs that many thought were harbingers of ill omen. Anna enjoyed the starlight and moonlight nights; the immense expanse of the horizon; the vast firmament of the sky; but above all she enjoyed the Aurora Borealis and the innumerable stars, those celestial bodies that twinkled and blinked and shone with such tremulous shining light adorning the blue firmament. The early mornings just after a snowfall were also very beautiful, the mirages transformed the monotonous country into regions of indefinite extent, expanses were dotted with buildings, yes, even towns heretofore hidden and unseen now displayed scenes enchanting and charming. These mirages, whose wonderful atmospheric illusions transformed the everyday world into a fairyland, wielded a supernatural power over her, and revealed a new divine knowledge of the God the Father Almighty and Creator of all things. She read again and again in Genesis the story of the creation.

The people were beginning to think that probably the worse part of the winter had passed and that the predictions had been false alarms, when a change came very suddenly about two weeks before Christmas. The blizzards and intense cold weather and shortage of fuel prompted some to suggest that school be discontinued; but the school board arranged with Sam Govig to conduct the school in the living room of the home he rented from Mrs. E. Greenfield. Five of the pupils lived in the building; the teacher lived there; and it was easier for the rest of the pupils to reach that house than the school house. This arrangement also saved fuel. Though it inconvenienced the Govigs still they cheerfully let the room for a class room. Here the Christmas tree program was given, which was greatly enjoyed by those who dared venture out in the storm. The larger pupils and the teacher made the Christmas tree, because it was impossible to go to town to buy a tree. It was made on a wooden frame, shaped as a tree, and the branches were covered with fringed green tissue paper. When trimmed it looked quite respectable, and was kept as a token of that Christmas with program, presents, pleasures and storms. The school was continued during the holidays. Several of the pupils as well as the teacher were to take part in the program to be given at the church. Julia Olson, a school mate of the teacher, was director of the choir, and before the last storm several rehearsals had been held and Anna had promised to help with the singing. Several selections had been practiced for services as well as for the Christmas tree program. When Anna last year attended services they were conducted in a school house, now a commodious church had been erected and the congregation was justly proud of it. Rev. M. H. Hegge of the "Conference" was the pastor. He was an energetic young man with a large field for work. Some of the old timers had not forgotten their former pastor O. Poulsen, yet they liked this pastor, and also a student E. E. Gynild who at times preached for him. The congregation also admired their pastor's wife, and thought her typical preste-frue. The people at St. John's belonged to the Conference, and when they found that Anna belonged to the Synod, they looked at her askance. Most of them had come directly from Norway and they knew conditions in Nordland and St. John's, but outside of that they were not particularly interested and informed. When Mrs. Greenfield noticed that Anna used her Bible and hymn book; that she conducted devotion both in her room and in the school room; she invited her to join them in their devotion. On the Sundays when there were no services, she conducted devotions at the home, and read the sermons out of a "postile" or book of sermons. Anna enjoyed going to church with Greenfields and she still remembers the first sermon that she heard their pastor preach in the old school house.

The Christmas tree program was to be given at the new church, and at Greenfields they had been informed that it was to be given at five o'clock. They debated a long time whether they should dare venture forth to drive the four miles to church while the weather conditions were so uncertain. At last it was decided to start just after school closed. The stock was fed, and when the most necessary chores were done all piled into the bob sleigh ready to proceed or return, relying on the conditions of the weather. Three-year-old Elias Govig was to sing a Christmas song, and he was anxious to take his part in the program. He had the voice of a cherub. They arrived in ample time for the program, only to learn that it had been postponed until in the evening. They were very disappointed as they dreaded to drive home during the late hours of the night. The Strand family invited them to come for supper and after much pro and con they decided to stay. The program given was very good; the attendance was better than might be expected during inclement weather. Anna met many friends and also strangers; among these were two of the pastor's sisters from Wisconsin. When the program was concluded all started for home. Anna was a little doubtful about the conditions of the road when she noticed the new snow drifts by the church; still as long as they

were on the main road and much traveled highway the condition of the road was fair. When, however, they came to the short cut at the cross road, all signs of the tracks of the road driven when they went to church were entirely effaced. Looking out across the prairie they could see nothing but snow, more snow, more snow! Although several lived on these wastes, they lived in sod huts and cellars. Now the lights were out; the fires in the stoves were dead, so that not even smoke from the stove pipes could be seen that might earlier in the night have guided the wayfarers. The snow had covered and leveled the huts so they looked like snow drifts. They drove on and on, their horses picking the way. At last they saw the house of Matthias Hansen, so they decided to drive up to the house and lodge with them the rest of the night. The Hansens were not prepared to entertain such a large party of night birds, but when the wanderers volunteered to furnish their own bedding they were welcomed and were truly thankful that they could provide shelter. It did not take long to stable the horses; carry robes, blankets and quilts into the house; make the beds; and soon all were asleep. Early in the morning, just after breakfast, it was all aboard for home. The men had to tend to the chores; the teacher and children to the school.

School was to close January 11, 1888. It was a beautiful day and nearly all the pupils and parents were assembled. The train left St. John's for Willmar at about 3 o'clock p.m.; Anna was very anxious to get started for school at the Seminary and had arranged to close this school early in the afternoon. The parents had planned a surprise party for the teacher and had brought refreshments and presents, so it was quite late when they were ready to say goodbye. During the afternoon the weather had changed and snow was falling. The plan now was to drive to Willmar the next morning if the weather permitted it, or else wait for the afternoon train. There were only two trains a day going east, one at three in the afternoon, the other at three in the morning. During the night Anna listened to the wind as it whistled through the dry branches of the trees, whizzed under the eaves and howled around the corners of the house. She wondered what this terrific wind, twisting and meandering, was doing to the newly fallen snow. The next morning revealed a strange panorama! The snow had lodged in the trees; snowdrifts were piled higher than the house, and were banked against the doors and windows. It was impossible to get out of the house until a tunnel had been dug through the snow drifts. The barn was not reached the first day. How Anna wished that she had gone while the going was good! Now they were snow bound! The trains were stalled, and everything was at a standstill; so she might just as well settle down and take it easy, as to worry and fret and censure providence. On the ninth day Sain Govig and Peter Greenfield promised to drive to St. John's but they did not keep their promise. Albert and Carrie Greenfield sympathized with the teacher in her disappointment when the trip had to be called off; when they found that every road was blocked and that it was impossible to get more than a few rods away from the house. They discussed ways and means of opening avenues after this never-to-be-forgotten week of the worst snow storm in the history of that community. During the day the men, on skis, visited some of the neighbors asking them to help break a road the next morning. About nine o'clock the following day a number of the men assembled. They discussed the best ways of finding and breaking a road. All signs of former roads had been entirely obliterated. Finally it was decided that one man on skis should lead a horse by a very long halter and the rest should follow until the horse floundered in the deep soft snow. Driving would then be impossible in those places, so the rest should wait until the leading horse again found sure footing. Anna's trunk was placed in the back of the sleigh box; a feather bed, robes, blankets and quilts were placed in the front of it; into this aggregation of coverlets sat the teacher, where she was there tucked in until she was snug as a bug in a rug. Four strong horses were hitched to the sleigh; then

the procession started. Some of the men rode, some walked on skis leading the horse while some carried rods for probing. Often the leaders signaled for the others to halt as the horse floundered. It sometimes took a long time ere the horse again found footing. Anna did not suffer; in fact she rather enjoyed the excitement after the days of ennui. She would have given a great deal for a map or chart of the road traveled that day. They surely traveled miles in order to cover a short distance. It took over six hours to travel to St. John's a distance, usually, of about three miles. The train, the first one since before the storm, was late several hours, so the teacher had time to spare before she boarded it. Anna suffered no hardship and enjoyed the very unique drive over and through the drifted snow. The prairie as far as the eye could see was robed in hoary beauty whose whiteness could not be surpassed and it almost smote her with snow blindness. That winter was unusual all over the northwest. Several teachers were frozen to death while trying to reach their boarding places, and many others lost their lives while doing their duty. Domestic as well as wild animals were prey to that severe winter.

Several weeks after this episode Anna's father met Thad Williams of Strough's Prairie who said: "It is too bad about your daughter." When her father said: "What do you mean?" Thad answered that he had had a letter from North Dakota, from an acquaintance stating that Anna was caught in a blizzard; that she had frozen her face, hands, and feet so that one hand and both lower limbs had to be amputated. Her father then said: "I had a letter from her yesterday, but she did not mention any of these amputations." It was true that her face, hands and feet had been frost bitten the day she helped the little children from the school house during the storm; but she had not mentioned this to the home folks, as she did not want to frighten them. As all rumors grow by repetition, so this report had been growing as it was passed along. When Anna answered her father's letter she told him that snow, kerosene, and arnica had cured her ills, except the chillblains which caused her pain a long, long time.

It seemed so pleasant to be back to Willmar to attend school! Anna had studied to keep abreast of her class, but felt that she had lost much valuable time and information. The attendance was very large. Many of the first year's students were now in the class that would be the first to graduate from the full course. Anna was living with her brother. One morning she was surprised to learn that a guest had announced her arrival. She was not unexpected, yet she arrived ahead of the layette ordered from New York. When asked for an appropriate name for her niece, Anna suggested Grovina Clevelanda in honor of President Grover Cleveland who had the same birthday. The parents named her Gertrude Miranda and she was christened in the same water as Esther Balborg Estrem. Anna was very proud and happy to be a sponsor of the baptism of her first neice, and has since followed with interest her enviable career.

Anna was busy at work when a message came from N. J. Hong asking her to finish a term of school for him at West Norway Lake. He had fifty four days left of his term, when he was taken sick with pneumonia and would be unable to work for some time. He had been a friend of Anna's since she first attended school at the Seminary; so after consulting with her brother, she again discontinued her studies and went to Kirkhoven to teach. She was met at the station by Mr. G. Hough where she was to board and room. A friend gave her a dozen blood oranges when she left Willmar. She ate one on the train and gave the rest to Mrs. G. Hough to divide among the children. When one of the girls noticed its color, she showed it to her mother who said: "Throw it in the swill pail. Don't eat such rotten stuff!" When upon examination the rest also were blood colored they all landed in the pig pen. Anna listened to this conversation, but did not have gumption to correct the mother. When later she told them of their

error they begrudged the pigs their expensive feed. Those pigs evidently ate in order to make hogs of themselves!

The school continued to do the work commenced by Mr. Hong. One day a member of the school board called to thank Anna for coming, and also to ask if anything was needed in the school room. She thanked him, but said that as far as she knew they were well supplied. He introduced himself as Halvor Nygaard. He seemed in no hurry to go, so she invited him to visit the school, which he did. When she said goodbye, she invited him to call again and added: "You have some very fine children in school." He did not say anything but seemed so very embarrassed. When Anna came to Hough's there was much mirth at her expense. This man was a bachelor. The children mentioned belonged to a family named Nygaard. Anna said: "Well, I am glad that something good was said about the children. He undoubtedly feels proud to be a member of the school board where such good children attend."

Mrs. Hough was to entertain the Ladies Aid Society and asked Anna to come home early to meet the women. It was a very large society scattered over a large territory. That day it was to be sectioned, or at least divided. By omitting the recess the teacher came home before the refreshments were served. When she came near the house, she thought of the Tower of Babel. All the members wanted to belong where the pastor's wife belonged. They all talked at the same time, each one trying to outdo the others. Anna waited until they were gone before she enjoyed the refreshments. Even as far as the croquet ground, the babble could be heard. They were not good parliamentarians and the pastor, who tried to lead the meeting, failed to get them to reach a decision that day. It was, however, a friendly combat. The effects of the dissension of the Church were felt also here. Rev. Johanner Halvorson was pastor for one faction; Rev. R. Fjildstad for the other.

Many of the young people that attended school at the Willmar Seminary during the winter were now at home working on the farm. Many had been Anna's school mates, and they showed her a good time. One day many were gathered at a party where they played "Last Couple Out." Anna was quite a sprinter and did not like to be caught, so she ran outside of the lawn, stepped into a hole, and sprained her right ankle. They tried to reduce the pain and swelling by applications of hot and cold water, vinegar, liniment and other home remedies, but it was several days before she was able to walk to the school house. The Houghs drove to the school house, and somehow she managed to hobble about aided by a cane and chair while in the school room. An elaborate program was to be given at the end of the term. The school met at the school house, marched a mile and a half to the home of Gjelhang, where the program was to be given after the picnic dinner. After the program was rendered, the teacher was presented with a large photograph album from the school, and being it was her birthday many had also brought birthday gifts as tokens of love. The young folks had planned a party for her the last evening she was among them, but some slanderous tongues told her not to go, saying that it was to be a dance where they meant to embarrass her, knowing it was against her principles to attend such affairs. She was so sorry to learn afterwards that this was a lie. The party was to have been in the form of a surprise, and she missed an evening of wholesome fun by listening to gossip. She missed another pleasure while teaching at Kirkhaven. Her brother Ole and Mary Olson from Roche-a-cree were married at the home church April 29th, but as both had been staying at Hillsboro, North Dakota, they were to make their home at that place. Anna went to Willmar to meet them as arranged, but through some misunderstanding they did not arrive until after she had gone back to her school. She was so disappointed, yet she was very glad to forget the disappointment when they apologized and explained the error. There was no harm done and she enjoyed visiting

the other relatives and friends.

That year there was much excitement and consternation when someone predicted that the end of the world would come on a certain day and at a given hour! Many who had forgotten religion now began to grope for something to hold onto; for someone to help them. Bibles were hunted, dusted and read. Some even tried to sing hymns that formerly had strengthened and consoled them. Had they studied to live as they would wish to die, much misery might have been averted. Had they studied the Bible and believed the words of Christ when He said that not even the angels in heaven know when Christ again shall appear in glory and majesty; they would have felt more at ease and at rest. Many breathed a sigh of relief when the time limit was passed. There were many stories told afterwards; some funny, but some very sad. Many went insane because of the strain and the anxiety. It was told that two old maid sisters sold all they had except their land. The money they divided among relatives and friends; the land they gave to their hired man. When later they wanted their property returned, they found it difficult to collect what they had so very generously bequeathed. When they wanted the deed to their land returned, the hired man refused to comply with their request. When he asked them why they gave him the deed to the property they said: "We expected to go to heaven; but we did not think that you were expecting to go there." Many wanted to be near heaven when the trumpet call should sound, so they climbed hills and mountains to be the first to meet Christ in the clouds. One man climbed to the roof of his barn; lost his balance, fell, and landed in a place not nearly as clean as heaven! Another man climbed to the top of a straw stack, lit his pipe and went to sleep. When he awoke surrounded by fire he said: "Just what I thought!" It was sad to notice that many of those who seemingly prepared to meet their God soon forgot their preparations, prayers, and celestial aspirations. They had not really learned that it behooves all to be prepared at all times to meet Jehovah, when He comes to judge all both living and dead according to His Word.

Anna spent most of the vacation that summer at the home of her brother. She helped him address wrappers for catalogs; and other parcels to be sent out as advertising matter. These would acquaint the people in the vicinity and outlying districts of the growth of the Willmar Seminary; of the advantages of sending their young folks to a Christian school; of the plans for future development of the institution; of the urgent request for cooperation in making this school the best possible. As Anna posted these hundreds of parcels, she hoped that nothing would interfere with her school work that year. This would be the first and only year of uninterrupted attendance. She hoped to be able to graduate at the end of the year, but that would mean carrying a very heavy course and intensive study.

School opened in September with a very large enrollment, and proved to be the banner year in the history of the school. Many of the former students were there for hard work; as well as social activities. Many new organizations were perfected, especially glee club; chorus orchestra and other groups. Things ran along very smoothly that year, considering the number of students, who came practically without any training. There were, of course, some who broke the rules and regulations and had to suffer the consequences. Even one of the faculty caused trouble by insubordination. It was a wonderful year for Anna with recreation as well as study. At times she wondered why it should be necessary for her to stay in the office, or sell books on some of the nights when she had been invited to parties, skating, and other sport; still she trusted that the 'higher ups' who were responsible for this also knew what was for the interest of her good. It was her pleasure at times to be substitute teacher for the teachers when they were unable to tend to their classes. There had been very few changes in the faculty the last

two years. Anna was the roommate of one of the instructs Miss Carrie A. Smith. The students filled not only the dormitories, but also all listed rooms in the vicinity of the school, and many had to live quite a distance from the building. Many of the students were residents of Willmar, and as years passed by, more and more of these students were added to the student body.

Good Friday afternoon Miss Smith and Anna were invited to go for a boat ride. It was a beautiful afternoon; the lake looked just like a mirror. They rowed past the home of Ole Aslakson. Anna told them of the time when a young steer fell into the lake through a hole in the ice, and was drowned. A neighbor hearing of this said: "What did the steer think of?" Aslakson answered: "I don't know what he thought, but that is what he did." It was suggested that they row through the strait into Lake Willmar. This would be satisfactory providing they did not loiter as Anna had an appointment for the evening. They crossed the lake and landed on the north beach near some very beautiful trees. After spending some time there the girls wanted to go home, but the men enjoyed this beauty spot and wanted to linger on, basking in the warm sun light. When the girls, however, threatened to walk home, a distance of many miles, the men acquiesced and soon all were back again, delighted with the pleasures of the day. The class in elocution each gave a recital, and Anna was to give hers in two weeks. She had prepared a program of nine recitations which she had committed to memory, and she was now being coached and needed much practice. While enjoying the boat ride she had contracted a cold, and on Saturday morning she wondered what she might do to get rid of her hoarseness. She was just thinking of some of the many remedies that her mother had concocted to drive away the effects of an insidious cold, when her brother came to tell her that Grace Skogrand, who was to give her recital that evening, was sick. Could Anna get ready to take her place? Could she? How could she do it? She had not even procured the extra numbers; the musical numbers. Her program had not been printed. She, as the sister of the principal, often had the pleasure of being a substitute; of exchanging dates on short notice; of filling in on programs; but she dreaded to undertake to tackle this exchange as it was part of the regular course and three judges were to grade the work and decide the winner in the contest. There were also other things to be considered. She thought of the bishop who was taken to task for saying that the women of his diocese were like angels. He said: "I can give three reasons why this is true. In the first place they are always without a thing to wear; they are always up in the air; they are always harping on something." Anna had ordered a dress to be made; but it was not nearly finished. She wanted to appear at her best at the recital which was a big event in her school career. What should she do? She wanted to please her brother who had always been so kind and considerate of her. She also was glad to help Grace in this emergency; but then she considered the risk, and the sacrifice; finally she promised to be ready to give her recital Easter eve. There was no time to waste. Her brother promised to tend to the printing of the programs when she had procured the musical numbers. She decided to wear a respectable looking black dress. She pressed a pink satin ribbon to be worn around the neck tied in a large bow at the back; polished her shoes; doctored her cold; then began rehearsing. She spent most of the time rehearsing: "How Ruby Played" and "The Modern Cain." She had been so busy during the day that she had almost forgotten to be nervous; but when in the evening she peeped between the curtains to watch the packed hall of friends who had come to listen as well as to criticize, she regretted that she had promised to accommodate even her brother! When at last it was time to appear on the scene, her knees shook, her teeth chattered, and she was so nervous that she was tempted to open the window, jump and run. When after the first recitation she saw her brother come she knew that he was displeased. He came

behind the curtain and said: "You must speak louder; it is impossible to hear a word down by the door." Anna knew now that this was a case of sink or swim and she chose to swim. Somehow she now forgot everything except doing her best, and many told her that she came through with flying colors. Even the judges must have thought so, judging by their decision and grade. When her brother came to offer his congratulations he said: "I was sorry to talk as I did to you; but you needed to be braced in order to regain your courage and pluck." Anna was now so thankful that she went through with the recital. It saved her hours of anxiety and weary practice!

The students worked hard before examinations. These were given by the State University and caused much unnecessary worry and anxiety. When Anna had passed the examinations, and had secured her first grade teacher's certificate, she felt at ease and enjoyed immensely the last days of school. Grace Skogrand was also through with her extra work, and they were now having their graduation dresses made. The dresses were made of white Swiss mull with a very beautiful lace flouncing. There were only three girls in the graduating class. Clara Larson, only daughter of a wealthy merchant of Willmar, wore an exquisite gown of ivory satin. Her graduation presents of jewelry, diamonds, money and many other expensive gifts did not make the other girls envious because she was such a remarkable girl, and true friend to the class of 1889. Among the graduates was Knut Gjerset, a great student, but that was about all that the class knew about him. He took very little part in anything except class and school work. William Flanders was considered by the school to be a much more brilliant student and distinguished scholar. He was a very young man, and an all around ideal student. When Commencement day May 29th Anna was to give the valedictory, having been chosen valedictorian, she chose her theme as "Mirages." She had never quite forgotten some of the mirages that she saw while teaching school on the prairies. The class was to sing "Hail and Farewell, Dear Companions" but the girls cried so that it came near being a "tear fest". Clara Larson's parents gave a reception for the class of 1889. It was a very pleasant affair attended by many of the students as well as friends of the family. One of the older students, who often corrected the others and thought that she was authority on good manners and etiquette, caused much merriment; but of course the mirth was subdued. She happened to be sitting by the door leading into the dining room and when the finger bowl was passed, she evidently did not know its use, but lifted it from the tray and drank the contents. Some of those present nearly exploded, yet they dared not let her see that they enjoyed the mistake. The class has never had a reunion. The first one to be called from work and worry was Grace Skogrand. She was a wonderful young woman, a successful teacher, and a devoted wife. She married a young lawyer, but did not live many years to enjoy her home with her talented and devoted husband. She left a young son, too young to understand his loss. Clara Larsen married a Mr. Tallman. When Anna many years afterwards visited her, she was living near her childhood's home where she seemed like an older sister to her five charming daughters. The two school and classmates spent a happy evening in reminiscence, and discoursing on husbands and children. Dr. Knut Gjerset needs now no introduction. His "History of the Norwegian People", "History of the People of Iceland" and other writings places him definitely in the company of America's big authors. He has been a professor at Luther College many years and is the one of the class of 1889 who has been in the public eye and has accomplished something worth while. He has been an honor to the class, and even before he received the badges and "St. Olaf Order" from Norway, he was a much honored citizen, respected and esteemed, who spent vacations and furloughs in travel and research work. William Flanders married his former teacher Carrie A. Smith, and when Anna last heard of them they were both teaching school in Kansas. Anna has lost track of the other members of the class, and has

no idea of where they are, or what they are doing.

After visiting at Willmar and attending the wedding of Peter Greenfield where she was bridesmaid; Anna and her brother John, who had finished the commercial course at Willmar Seminary decided to go to Hillsboro, North Dakota. They wanted to visit their brother Ole and family and might also decide to locate there. Rev. B. Harstad, while visiting Willmar, had told Anna about a new church school being built at Portland, North Dakota called Bruflat Academy. He was anxious to have her engaged as a teacher at the institution and wanted her to apply for a position; but she preferred first to visit the place and inspect the school. Several schools under the auspices of the church had been built, and other schools were planned. Thus were added to the list of schools Park Region Luther College, Concordia College, Augustana College, Madison Normal School, Bruflat Academy and later Grand Forks College, Luther Academy, Gale College, Central Wisconsin College, Clifton College, and others until there were in all twenty owned or subsidized by the church.

Anna felt that her girlhood days were now over; that as a woman she must be up and doing. Money making was also an object, as the money that she had earned while teaching had now been spent. Her parents and brothers had been very generous both with money and gifts, but now she wanted to be independent. She knew from experience that a few pennies in the purse made much more noise than a hundred dollar bill, but had much less commercial value. In a humble way she had learned that through individual efforts the mass is reached and improved, and by mass improvement the world moves forward. God had given her a sunny disposition, and experience had taught her that a little laughter lightens the load, and lifts one out of the mine of hopelessness and discouragement.

The state of North Dakota had just been admitted into the union. It was admitted as a prohibition state, and this fact caused Anna to conclude that the thousands would want to move there on account. The nickname "The Cyclone State" did not scare her. She had been born in the "Badger State"; spent several years in the "Gopher State"; but had not been annoyed by those animals. She did not, therefore, imagine that the cyclones would blow her away!

It was hard to bid her brother Hans goodbye. He had been such a wonderful brother and friend ever since she was a child. She hoped and prayed that in some measure she might be able to repay him. Her soul's desire was that the instruction, advice, and seed sown might grow and bear fruit. She had also learned to respect and love Nellie who had been very kind to her. It was, perhaps, hardest to part from Gertrude Miranda. They had grown to be very good friends, and even if she could not talk very much they seemed to understand each other. It had always caused amusement when Gertrude saw her aunt on the rostrum taking part in the programs. She would clap her hands and call "Dada, dada," meaning "auntie."

John and Anna left on the midnight train. At Fargo they learned that they had to wait many hours for the passenger train to Hillsboro, but an accommodation train was leaving in a few hours. They were strangers, and Fargo was not much of a place then, so they decided to board the first train that would carry them to their destination. The caboose was warm and very dirty, but it did not take long to ride the forty miles. They arrived at Hillsboro during the early afternoon and surprised the folks who did not expect them till in the evening. They were made very welcome, and as it was several years since they had met, they became very busy visiting. The four month old niece Grace Glenn, was a beautiful brunette-brown eyed, curly haired and altogether a darling. She seemed so small, and so different from her fair chubby cousin, but Anna loved them equally well, and were very proud of her nieces.

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Ed. Other corrections to note:

- p. 6 1. 9 ...uncle Peder Hæ[u]g, ...
 1. 20 ...she hæd [and] her folks...
 1. 23 ...married to Nile[s] Brown.
p. 7 1. 1 The Vir[e]ga[s] lived quite....
 1. 4 A new ~~courier~~[comer], Kristiane...
 1. 15 ...was sent to Lemonv[w]eir to prepare...
p. 8 1. 15 ...Katherina Loftha[s]...
 1. 18 They knew he was well when the[y] left and...
p. 19 1. 13 A new stor[v]e had....
P. 20 Anna's father was ~~pastor~~ [klokker],