

Anna



A Book of Memories

By Anna Regina Hilleboe Christensen
(1868-1950)

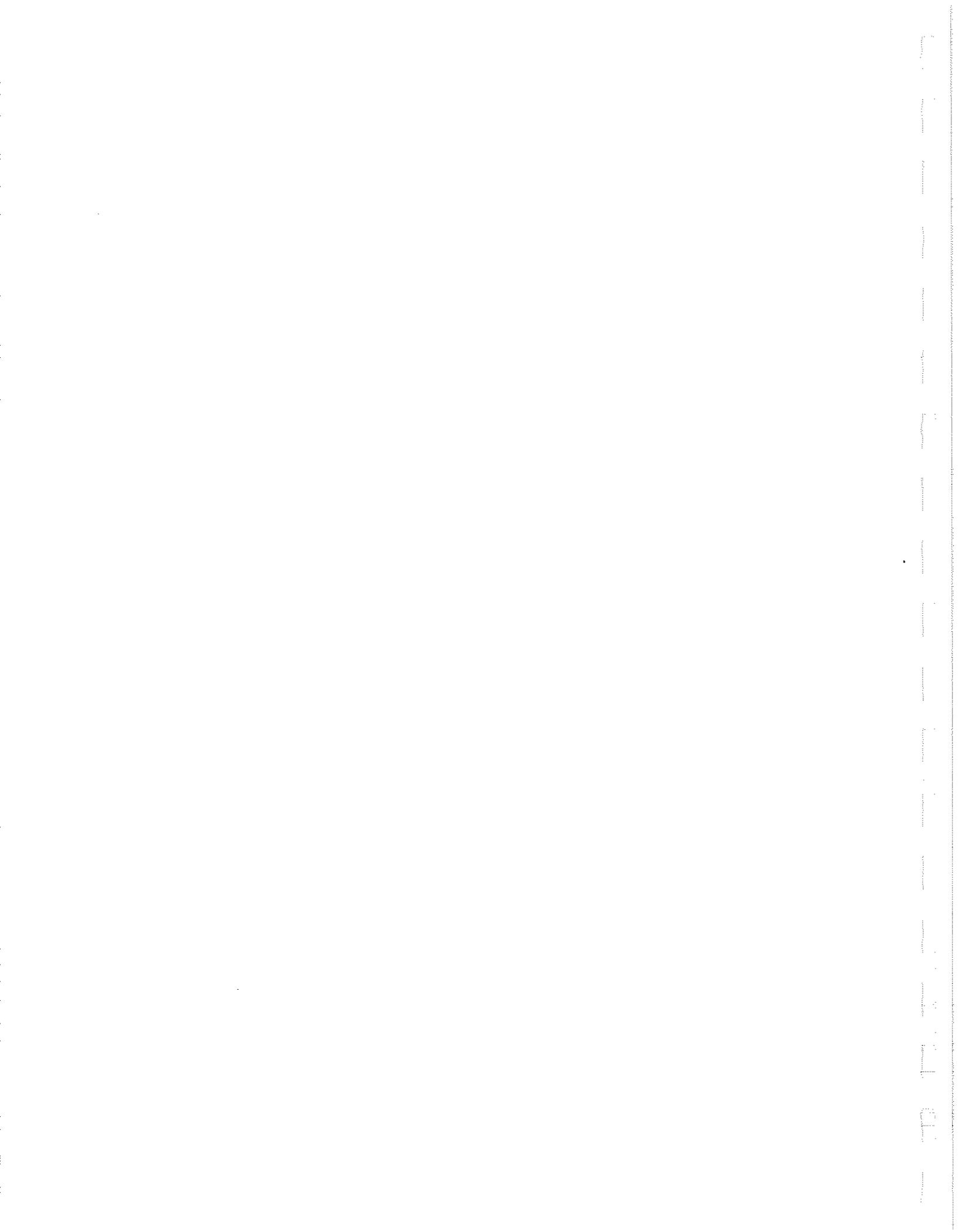
Copyright 1928 Anna Regina Hilleboe Christensen

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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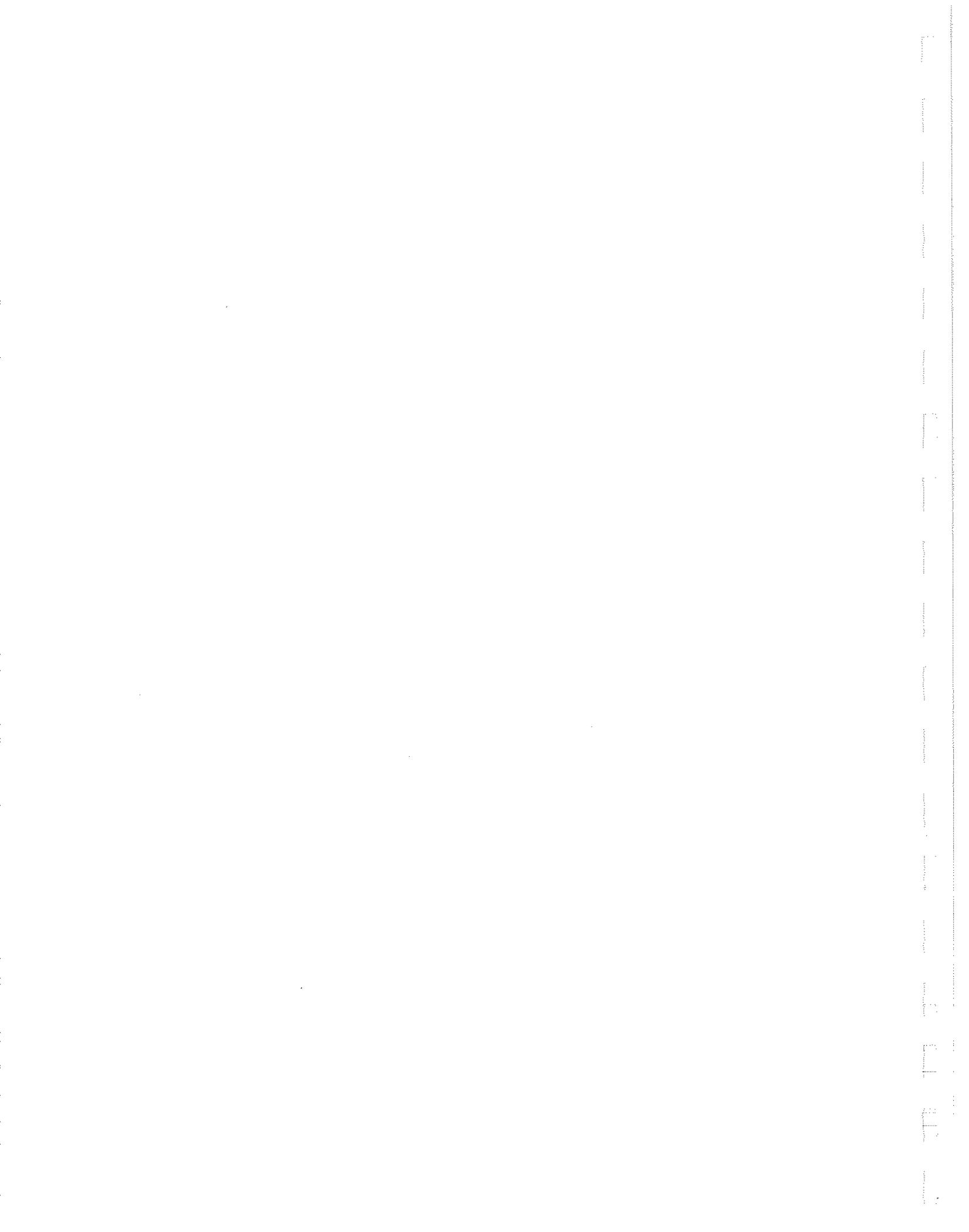
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Foreword

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 Faste 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 vellystfulde 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.

Womanhood

When Anna arrived at Hillsboro, North Dakota, she was happily surprised. She had never been told that it, like all the hamlets and villages of the new western state, was a one horse town dumped on the wild prairies; that it was like the rest of the towns strung along the railroad tracks several miles long and about twenty feet wide. She imagined that it was proportioned like Uncle John's barn. Uncle John had a nephew given to exaggeration. When he in telling anything stretched the truth, his wife tried to step on his toes. Once, while at dinner, he commenced to tell about his uncle's barn, saying it was nine hundred feet long. Noticing his wife's warning he added— "and two feet wide." Hillsboro was a very cozy place; streets wide, straight, and level; trees planted in the parkings; beautiful homes with lawns and gardens; and a very modern business section. It had great prospects, but like every other new town there was room for much improvement. Even though this was a comparatively new country, yet the pioneer life was very different from the remembrances of Anna's childhood home. The children here lived a great deal of the time on the street. It just seemed as if they could not be content to spend even the evenings at home. The homes, even in the country, were changed. The mothers did not make their own soap, candles, cheese, linen and rugs. The fathers did not turn their hands to anything and everything from cobbling shoes to building houses. She thought that honor should be paid to the brave pioneers of long ago who knew how to make their homes so self sufficient that they really depended very little on the outside for their supplies; whose house keeping meant knowledge of how to cook, sew, clean, weave, make medicine, and smack the children when they misbehaved and needed to be taught and corrected. The people seemed to have come here for one purpose—to get rich in a hurry. It reminded Anna of the newcomers that she had known. They came to America to make money, and when they had filled their coffers they expected to return to their home land. Very few of them ever went back to the old country to make it their home. Anna prophesied that this would also happen to the many who had come here to garner wealth from the virgin soil. It was also true that the wheat farming did not call for the work of the mixed farming. Here a large fraction of manual labor was performed by machinery. This had taken the industries out of the homes; food and clothes were prepared at the four ends of the world, so that the four walls of the home did not need to prepare or store a supply of the necessities of life. The houses, as a rule, were small and seemed unable to supply a store of food for the physical, mental and moral needs of the family who seemed to crave food for their hungry bodies, minds and souls. Many homes seemed like an encampment. Anna sometimes thought that maybe she was the one that had changed more than the pioneer homes; that she saw her childhood's home through enchanted glasses.

Anna had often wondered how it would feel to be a woman. Hers had been the misfortune of being treated as a woman while she was still a comparatively young girl, therefore she did not notice any marked change when she passed the age of majority. She had studied womanhood and realized that it was a great thing. She knew that much was implied in the word that characterized the qualities of "woman." So much had already been left behind; the happy days of childhood were now memories; the adolescent period and days of youth had been passed; a full growth had been attained; years of discretion had been reached; and now the adult age of legal majority had placed her among womankind. She had now reached the age when previous training, discipline and education would to a great extent determine bounds for capability, physical and intellectual attainments of womanhood. Her

womanliness would now be judged by the womanly character and qualities of gentleness, tenderness, compassion, modesty and femininity. These different shades or degrees of progress were not to be attained by leaps and simple bounds, but they would come by lapses, where the change would come so gradual and unnoticed that it would be difficult to observe the changes. Somehow Anna perceived that entering into womanhood was a time of golden opportunities; a wonderful period of taking advantage of circumstances; an epoch of entering avenues to woman's work; where the sphere seemed greater, the range of knowledge, action, influence, and social position seemed unbounded! Here in this new field there was so much excellence and opulence to enrich the life; so many things that beckoned and summoned to activity for each and every one. This comparatively new country welcomed immigrants, especially those of a chosen vocation or profession; it welcomed those who could build up the country and improve existing conditions and those who could promote constructive projects and further eminent advancements.

Anna's brother and his wife had lived in Hillsboro several years, and were well acquainted and popular, so it did not take her long to meet the people and become acquainted. She was invited to help with community work and church work. She was asked if she was a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. She told them that she was not a member of that organization, but that she was a prohibitionist and vitally interested in the temperance movement. WCTU was a kind of a nickname, many believed that it was an abbreviation for "Women constantly trouble us". The members of the WCTU wanted Anna to help them distribute literature, address letters and in a general way help them to enlist workers. She enjoyed doing this work and spent much time in helping them promote the temperance cause. They knew that voting the state dry would not keep it so, unless the work begun was continued along the same lines and the temperance question was agitated in season and out of season. In order to raise money to further this movement it was decided to sell dinners and lunches during the Fourth of July celebration. She was asked to help, which she gladly did. It was a big day with bands, speeches, parades, etc. Many floats were entered and the streets and buildings were decorated and all had a gala day, yes, a great holiday. Anna enjoyed the ride in the J. H. Hanson and Brothers float which was one of the most elaborately decorated in the entire parade. It was somewhat exciting when the team of dappled gray draft horses took fright and nearly ran away! Anna was much amused during the races, when a pony that had been entered lagged way behind, and as he ran the last lap of the race, a man threw off his coat, entered the course, raced the pony, and easily won the race!

Although Anna was invited to take part in the church work, she did not feel at home. She regretted that the church to which she belonged was not represented in the town. There were two churches near her brother's home-one a Methodist, and one a Conference-but she did not feel at home in either and although she worshiped there she never had the home feeling that she was accustomed to. There were churches of other denominations also, but not her own dear Lutheran church.

Quite a number of the inhabitants were acquaintances from Roche-a-cree, and Anna visited with many of them. She spent a week with one family where the wife had been a member of the same church in Roche-a-cree and her parents were charter members. This family had been converted in North Dakota and were now members of the Methodist church. He claimed that he had been called to preach the gospel one day while he was plowing in the field. He left the plough, so to speak, and entered the pulpit. He tried very hard to convert Anna to his views of religion. Once he invited her to go with the family to a camp meeting. She went just that one time. She was

not used to their yelling, shouting, and preaching. One of their preachers was of the very excitable type and his sermon was a conundrum to her. He repeatedly said: "When anyone asks me what I believe I say: I believe what the church teaches, and the church believes what I believe." She was not enough of a theologian to understand what he believed. After he was ready with his sermonizing he went down into the audience to proselyte. He came also to Anna and asked: "Are you a Christian?" She did not answer the question but said: "Please remove your hand from my shoulder. It is private property." She might have given him several answers, but as she did not like to be embraced by him, she thought that she wanted him to understand that his way of acting was distasteful to her. One of the preachers had learned the word "priviligium" and he used it continually, until she thought that he must be a privileged character to murder the meaning of words as he did. When after many discussions the "man behind the plow" asked her why she did not like his church, she told him that she was not a judge, but as far as she had sized up his church, it was not stable. She preferred her own established church with its trained pastors. She said: "If I were to build I should want an architect to design, carpenters and other men qualified to construct the building. So also in the church. I want pastors who have studied theology to lead, guide, and teach me spiritual things. I want some stable church with creed and doctrine." She then quoted: "God's Word and Luther's doctrine pure, shall to eternity endure." This did not convince, but rather antagonized him. He did not feel very kindly to the Lutheran church. He had been a member of the Ellingianere. That church had received him in holy baptism, had instructed him in divine truths, and had sent him out into the world with weapons to defend the walls of Zion; yet he had failed. They were having friendly discussions, each one trying to convince the other of fallacies. Her early instructions in the home; five years of preparation for confirmation; the religious instructions under Prof. P. J. Eikeland at the Willmar Seminary; the discussions during "Naadevalgstriden"; had established her faith and given her weapons whereby she might defend her convictions and Church. The books and periodicals; the study of Church history; the Augshurg Confession; and studying the life and deeds of Martin Luther had made her resent when slurs were hurled at her Church. The doctrine of the Lutheran Church was defended pertaining to its confirmation, absolution, sacraments, etc.

While waiting for the principal of Bruflat Academy, Mr. J. G. Halland, to come west, Anna did not care to apply for a school. She was very anxious to meet the principal and also to see the location and school buildings under construction. Her cousin Mary went with her to Mayville and Portland the latter part of August to visit friends and find out something definite about the school. They were told that the principal was expected any day and that the building would be finished in time for the opening in September, but the condition of things did not impress her very favorably. Had the principal been there; and had things been favorable she might have signed the contract; as it was, she decided to apply for some other school. A school belonging to the district of Hillsboro had been offered her, so when she came back from Portland she decided to sign the contract for this school three miles east of town. It was to open the following Monday. She had not seen the school, nor made any arrangements for a boarding place. Her brother brought her to the school house on Monday morning, and came near bringing her back to town when he left. No one wanted to board the teacher. Finally P. Myren said that she might stay at their home providing she would sew for her board and room. His wife was not feeling well and they could not hire anyone to help with the work and also get a seamstress. As Anna had signed the contract she decided to try this arrangement. Since she was twelve years old she had done most of the sewing at home and had since taken a course in dress making, so

this would be no hardship. It was as easy as doing fancy work, which had become almost a mania with her. It was disappointing to learn that only sixteen pupils belonged to the district, and as they all registered the first day, the entire enrollment of the district was represented. What should she do? How could she keep them busy during the school days? She tried to think that God had placed her here for some purpose, that He expected her to fill this particular place. But she was disappointed, and could not get over the feeling that her time would be wasted in this small school and peculiar community. When on Wednesday a telegram came from Bruflat Academy asking her to report for duty, she was tempted to break the contract and go. When she asked the school board to release her, they refused the request. One of them especially was very anxious to hold her to the contract, maybe for selfish reasons. It seemed to be the irony of fate that while she was a third and second grade teacher she should struggle with large schools difficult to control, while now when she held a first grade certificate she should be tied down to spend nine months teaching this small school of little children!

But even though the school was small she soon found that it was not so very easy to manage. The first week, during recess, she heard a fine looking little chap of seven swear like a hardened blasphemer. She asked him to remain after school. This he did willingly because his conscience did not accuse him of any wrong doing. When done with him she told him what she had heard. He did not seem to comprehend what she meant. When she had catechized him she concluded that as far as religion was concerned, he might as well have been born in the darkest of Africa, or any other heathen country. The only thing he knew about God were the words used in cursing and swearing that he had heard at home and from associates. She told him about God and he seemed to be very interested. Anna knew that as a teacher in the public school she had no right to teach religion; but she also knew that after school hours she had a right, and in this instance, it was a duty to instruct him and the others who seemed to be in need of religious training. She felt sorry for the children, but she realized that they were not to blame because they had been neglected in Christian education. Few of the residents were church members, or attended divine services; no Sunday School; no parochial school; no instruction whatsoever in religious textbooks or the Bible.

After she became acquainted in the neighborhood she noticed that there was very little cooperation among the neighbors and also in family life. The parents were too busy to pay much attention to their children, except at meal time. They did not seem to know when to praise, blame or admonish. They were too occupied with their own affairs to trouble with companionship, and to establish intimate feelings between parent and child. They did not value friendships and parental guidance; and did not prize confidential conferences. It did not seem as if the parents and children walked hand in hand. The feeling of wisdom, love, firmness; and sincerity was not assured.

When visiting at a home in the vicinity one afternoon Anna was given a new lesson in sociology. She heard a little son tell his mother something while they were in the kitchen. When the mother came into the living room, she laughingly told the teacher that a girl of five and a boy of seven had staged an obscene exhibition behind the stable, where a flock of children were highly entertained watching the performance. When Anna understood the revolting things that she related, she said: "Whose children are they?" The mother answered: "They are mine." She looked upon it as a huge joke. It angered Anna so that she could hardly speak; yet in a short time that mother heard much about the commandment forbidding adultery. The teacher also told her some of her duties as a mother in the caring for her children. She also called attention to evil practices undermining the physical, mental, and moral well being of the children and youth, here and elsewhere.

In classes, especially in hygiene, much information was given students in learning how to care for their bodies. They were bright pupils, apt, and advanced very rapidly. As Anna taught this school intermittently for three years she had the pleasure of noticing their advancement. This district was entitled to nine months of school a year. After Anna had taught the first year, the district decided to sandwich the terms to suit the teacher. The second year she taught a short term during early fall, then went to her home in Wisconsin to teach during the winter. The third year she taught until Christmas and then taught at the Willmar Seminary.

John, who accompanied his sister Anna to North Dakota, had spent much of the time in the state; yet the climate, or rather the water, did not seem to agree with him. He had now been offered a position as bookkeeper at Morris, Minnesota and even if he did not feel very well he left for his work one Sunday afternoon. He went to work on Monday morning, and kept at it till noon when he went to consult a physician. He diagnosed the case, and pronounced it typhoid fever. What should he do? Where should he go? No one wanted him. He telegraphed to his brother Hans who immediately came to help him. He again wired to brother Ole. There was no hospital, sanitarium, or any other place where he might be given proper care and nursing. He was then too ill to be moved far, as no ambulance was available. They had to rent a vacant house; secure the most necessary furniture and equipment; then they took turns taking care of him. Anna was ready to go at a moment's notice, and only waited for the beck and call of her brothers. She could not, however, alone take care of him, so she continued to teach, and prayed that God would be his great Physician. After hovering between life and death for two months he was taken to Willmar, on a stretcher, where he spent another five weeks before he was able to travel home. It was a strain on the entire family, but especially on the parents. Anna had been offered the winter term of school in the home district and decided to accept this offer. She had not been at home for four years, and she longed to see the home folks again; to become acquainted with the little sisters who now were confirmed, and also to help with the work. She stayed two days at Willmar to see John and the other relatives and friends. John had learned many things not found in school books but taught in the school of life since she last saw him over three months ago. He now more fully understood what he had read in Matthew 25: 35-36 about being hungry, thirsty, sick and a stranger; but he had also experienced the blessings of relationship, when all were willing to join hands in helping him.

Peter, the youngest of Anna's brothers, was to attend school at the Willmar Seminary that year, so the Lofthus boys were helping at the Hilleboe farm until John should be strong enough to assume the farm work. Anna's three sisters attended school. The school room was packed to its fullest capacity. Even the teacher's desk was used as a desk by two of the larger boys. Many of the pupils, who as children attended school when Anna taught her first term of school, were now young men and women. Both pupils and teacher had a very good time during school hours and at other functions during the winter. Her father was not well; but spent much of the time in bed. Since the death of Herman he had not been holding his own; but he was cheerful and seemed ready to go whenever he might be called from mortal life to eternal life. He often talked of death but it seemed to him to be a friend instead of a foe. He knew that death was the most fitful of all agents, uncertain, and capricious; yet it never came as a venture; but was sent by authority of Him who holds the key to death, and who holds everything in the hollow of His hand. He knew that death was only a passage to higher glory and therefore he did not fear its coming but trusted in Him who had overcome death and even hell. He liked to sing, and Anna often sang with her father. He had so many favorite hymns, but "Jig jet mig en søvn i Jesu Navn," "Paa Gud Alene," "Den Store Hvite Flokk," "Hos Gud er idel

Glede" and "Den Port er Sanver" were probably the hymns that delighted him the most. Somehow the family feared that he would not be allowed to remain with them long, but toward spring he again gained strength and felt better. There was one thing that greatly depressed him and that was the condition of the local church. At the trial the Synod had lost everything except the old cemetery. The church was now kept securely locked and bolted. Even the gates leading to the cemetery had been reinforced, bolted, and locked, and the key kept under surveillance. The high fence that enclosed the property was crowned with a heavy barbed wire to prevent any unbidden guest to climb over it in order to enter the "city of the dead." The minority congregation was using the church in Arkdale, now called the Hauge church. The lawsuits had embittered former friends and brothers, and in a way all anxiously awaited the decision of the court. It had been rumored that as the factions stood two to one, one third of the property would be granted the Synod, so they might be entitled the use of the church every third Sunday. Her father thought this very fair, and anxiously awaited the time when this report should be verified. This seemed to comfort him, so that at times he forgot his physical ailments and planned again for the future. All this church agitation and disagreement distressed Anna, so that she had not been able to do much outside of the school work that winter. This worried her, and caused anxiety because she knew that the sin of omission was just as offensive as the sin of commission. She knew that every life casts a shadow, either a bane or a blessing; that some day she should be held responsible for her influence among these old time friends and acquaintances. She loved them in spite of their faults and failings. At times she was tempted to believe that few really cared for her and her influence. False humility whispered: "Your influence does not count." She realized, however, that power arising from character or station counted whether individuals desired it or not. Every human being wielded an influence which was felt in the family, church, state and country. It was impossible to be confined to the narrow limit of personal and individual existence. The effect of even the humblest influence was permanent and could not be destroyed or undone. Every act performed was written upon the world about her whether this was for good or evil. Every year, every day, every hour brought influences to live long after she was gone. She was responsible to God not only for an evil influence exerted, but for a good influence neglected. It seemed so hard to be held responsible and to be judged for good deeds neglected; but these precepts were taught in the Book of Books.

It was time to go back to her school in North Dakota when the term of school closed, in the early spring. Anna was to meet Jorgine Enestrvedt at Willmar where they were to visit a few days. They had not met since the good old school days at Willmar Seminary. Many of the other ex-students happened to be in the vicinity, and with the present student body there was quite a reunion. Some of them formed a society that would be a bond to keep them in touch with each other. They had a picture taken, and commenced a chain letter. The charter members were, besides the women mentioned, N. J. Hong, S. N. Hagen, O. Lofthus, O. Arnegaard, Ove Hagoes, and Peter Hilleboe; after a while some more names were added to the list. As many other things transient, this society died a natural death. The picture Anna had was burned; the chain letter was lost, and the members were scattered. Anna is ignorant of the whereabouts of this congenial group. The chain letter was very interesting and was circulated many years. Whenever the envelope containing the fourteen individual letters arrived, all other correspondence was neglected while the letters were perused; the old letter was removed and a new letter replaced the old one. It was then sent on its way to make the round. It was with regret that the letter when lost could not be traced, or a new one started.

That summer, Anna had quite an experience with her correspondence. Quite a few were numbered among

her correspondents, among them several gentlemen friends. From her earliest childhood she had played with boys; had been a pal to them; and as she grew older had numbered many young men among her friends. There had been no flirting; nothing but friendship; nothing that might bring regrets in after years. While teaching it had been a pleasure to correspond with some of them. She valued their letters highly, and enjoyed writing and sending letters to them. She noticed that someone had tampered with some of these letters; opened them and reglued them. Someone had cut the ends of some of the envelopes, but this was done so skillfully that several had received this treatment before she detected it. There was nothing in any of the letters that needed to be censured; nothing of a secret nature; nothing to satisfy mere curiosity; but it aggravated Anna and set her to speculate on who might be the guilty party. She suspected a young clerk working in the store where the post office was housed. One day she accused him of the misdemeanor; she told him of the offense and crime of opening letters addressed to someone else; and frightened him as best she could. He hotly denied being guilty; but he must have been the culprit because her later correspondence was intact, and nothing else was molested.

Anna had a very pleasant surprise that summer. Her father and mother came to visit her! They visited not only their children, but other relatives in three states. Her father was feeling so much better, and it was a real treat to visit with them. They spent nearly two months away from home, the longest visit they ever made. They looked so well, and were so happy and contented. They visited Ole, who now lived at Buxton, where he was a merchant. They also visited a cousin of her father who used to live with them in Roche-a-cree. Then he was called Lars Skjeie; now he was known as Louis Thompson. He owned a large valuable farm near Buxton, and he entertained them and showed them the immense prairies, the bonanza farms, the boundless wastes now robed in emerald. All this was new to them, but especially to Anna's mother who had only once been outside of Wisconsin. That was the time she made the hurried trip to attend the wedding of her oldest son. So many things were new and strange to her. Her husband had traveled to some extent, but had never seen prairies like these. When they asked how far these prairies extended they were told: "From far east of the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains on the west; from the Gulf of Mexico in the south, through a great portion of Canada in the north." "But are the prairies all as flat as a pancake?" was asked. They were then told that many of the prairies were billowed into slopes, valleys, and even hills. During summer when covered with luxuriant grain they looked like a great green ocean. At times this endless plain, that seemed to extend to the end of the world, seemingly formed billows that rose and flattened out again. The warm air of the summer seemed to make them quake and quiver, like the motion of hidden fires that trembled in the earth.

Anna's parents, in a way, liked the prairies, still they seemed to like better the woods of Goose River and Red River that fringed the streams and broke the monotony of the endless level plains. Anna asked her father: "How would you like to teach geography to children born and raised here who have never seen a hill, mountain, river, lake, ocean—nothing but the bare flat ground?" He said: "How do you do it?" She then told him that the only way to get them to understand streams and standing water was in the spring, when the surface water gathered into pools, or when the water flowed in small grooves, trenches, and furrows and finally emptied into the ditches along side the road. The only way they grasped an idea of a hill or elevation was when the snow in winter covered the straw stacks. She then told them of two boys born and raised on these prairies, who this last winter had visited a most picturesque eastern state. When they came home again they were so happy and said: "How lovely it is to live on

the prairie where we can breath, see something and enjoy life!" She also told them of one of the youngest of her pupils, listening while she taught a beginners class in geography. She had drawn a diagram on the blackboard to explain how even the largest streams had a small beginning. She had drawn a stream and explained how from this source first came the rill, rivulet, brook, creek, and river; that many of these streams at last when the waters were joined and flowed together would form large rivers emptying into other bodies of water. George seemed very much interested and said: "How much water does it take to make a river?" Before she could answer he said: "It takes more water than you suppose."

When Anna came back to her boarding place that summer she found a new baby at the Myren home. She was not surprised as she had heard of its arrival; and last year before she left for her home, she had made a layette for it. Yes, the mother had insisted that she also make an outfit of short clothes, in case she did not return to teach. The mother was not well. For years she had been afflicted with a kind of a sleeping sickness, and whenever she sat down she would go to sleep. Often she would fall asleep during a meal, or while working. She always slept while driving or during services; and therefore it was impossible for her to do any sedentary work. She had consulted many doctors, tried remedies, and treatments, but to no avail. This year she was much worse than when Anna first came to live with them. She would sometimes go to sleep while tending the baby. One day she sat down and went to sleep while frying pork. Had Anna not come to the rescue boiling lard and burned pork, it would have caught fire, and might have destroyed the house and home. She could not help being in that condition. Anna felt very sorry for her; but she did not feel able to do the housework for the family of seven, besides cooking for the hired men during harvest; and also teach the school which now had grown quite extensively. She would be very glad to do the sewing, or pay for her keeping, if they could get a woman to do the house work. It happened that a relative of theirs had lately come from Norway and she promised to help during the busy season, but told them that she was to be married in the near future. She told Anna when she came that the date of their wedding had been set and they were to be married inside of two weeks. She knew that Anna had learned dressmaking, and insisted that she make a wedding dress. Anna told her very emphatically that she would not comply with the request; but Mathilde begged, entreated, cried and beseeched her to help her out of the predicament, as it was impossible for her to get anyone to make the dress on so short a notice. Anna then told her to bring the dress goods, and let her look at it so that she might figure out what she could do about it. It was a flimsy, filmy material hard to handle and of delicate fabric. She had also yards and yards of lace to be whipped on the many ruffles, according to the pattern. At last it was decided that Anna should draft a pattern according to her taste, in a style much more becoming to Mathilde's figure. When, however, she cut the dress there was not enough cloth for even the simplest wedding gown. In the morning Mathilde would go to town, match the goods, buy thread and other things needed to complete the dress, and Anna would cut it and fit it when she came home from school. This was a Tuesday afternoon. The men began harvesting the next day, so that it was impossible for Mathilde to go to town. When Anna came home from school they hitched Kate to the road cart, and started for Hillsboro. They were to be back to prepare supper for the harvesting crew, so they hurried. Anna never liked to drive Kate as she was so nervous and fidgety. She had been driven by a drunkard, and was accustomed to start as soon as the reins were in hand. The drive to town was without mishap. The shopping was soon done, and Kate seemed anxious to start for home. When the outskirts of town was reached Mathilde decided that she must call on her sister. It would take but a minute. It happened to be a woman's minute,

and Kate was growing restless. Anna told the sister that they must hurry because she could not long control the impatient Kate. It took the sisters long to finish their conversation; and still longer to bid goodbye. Anna again told them to hurry. Mathilde now came running, all the while talking to her sister in a loud voice. When finally she began to climb into the road cart, Kate reared and backed. Mathilde threw her packages, jumped and screamed. By this time Kate was wild. She reared, pawing the air with her front feet; then she jumped and began to balk. She was backing directly for the wall of the barn! Such screaming and excitement! A man called to Anna to use the whip, which she did. This seemed to surprise Kate, who began to run and did not stop till she came back to the farm and the barn. How she managed to turn the three corners without tipping the road cart was a mystery, as she galloped all the way home.

When Anna came back to the Myren home it was time to get supper, as the men were both tired and hungry. None of them wanted to drive to town to get Mathilde, and as she had all the material it was impossible to start dress making that day. The dress was still in the making Friday night, but early Saturday morning when the young couple started for Ada, Minnesota, the dress was packed with the veil and wreath. Anna had seen a more elaborate trousseau, but she was certain that, adorned in all her fineries, Mathilde would look sweet when she on Sunday pledged her troth to the young man she had recently met. Instead of coming back on Sunday night or Monday, the newlyweds came back on Tuesday night. Mathilde told Anna that she knew that it would be alright. She knew that Anna would be glad to do her work, so they stayed to visit with friends. What Mathilde did not know was that shortly after they left on Saturday morning Anna was requested to make some "fattigmand bakkelse". She suggested doughnuts, but Mrs. Myren insisted on krullers. So against her wishes she commenced to bake a batch, even though she would have preferred to make the doughnuts, which would have taken less time and furnished greater food value. She had just finished the batch and was going to lift the Dutch oven that she had been cooking them in off the stove, when she stepped on a clothes pin, slipped, and spilled much of the boiling lard over her left arm from wrist to elbow. Fearing a fire, she tried to wipe the grease off the hot stove. This did not help to relieve pain and suffering, and when she came to examine her arm it was a mass of blisters. She was tempted to leave everything and go to consult a doctor; but the crew harvesting must be fed. There was no one else to cook the dinner, so she got help from Mrs. Myren to bandage the arm and then went to work. She suffered torments, but as she expected Mathilde back on Sunday night she thought it necessary to grin and bear. Teaching was quite a task on Monday, but cooking dinner was still harder. After the men had gone to work Tuesday, she felt like leaving dishes, school and everything and go to town. She was so tired, her arm ached, and she suffered untold agony. During the afternoon she commenced to feel sick in body and soul. She was then unable to go to Hillsboro to consult a doctor, but happened to remember an old German woman who could cure all ills, at least that was what some of the neighbors thought. When the woman removed the bandages; asked when and how it happened; she spoke some words in German as well as in English that were not pleasant to the ear, nor would they bear repeating! She then sterilized a pair of scissors; cut open every blister now filled with a thick yellowish pus; squeezed out all the matter; then she saturated a dressing with "oleoid" and applied the bandages. Hurt? Anna never knew anything burned quite so hot! After a while she renewed the process; then she sold her a bottle of "oleoid"; told her to go home and go to bed which suited well the condition of the teacher. Whether there were any help in the kitchen or not, Anna could not have cooked a meal that night. Wednesday morning her arm was almost healed. The cure was painful but effective. It was a treat

then to lie in bed, hear the others at work, then eat breakfast and leisurely get ready for school. The larger boys were now working in the fields, so the school was easier that week. The school had been doing splendid work. The superintendent of schools, when last he visited the school said that they could compete with any of their grades in the county. Anna went to spend the weekend with a cousin, and when she came back Mathilde was very sick. They sent for a doctor, but at first he despaired of her life. He gave orders for perfect quietude. This sounded easy, but in such a household it seemed almost impossible to keep. Anna was again given extra work. She promised to stay at the bedside all night to keep her perfectly quiet. About midnight Mathilde grew very restless and wanted a drink of water. When Anna came back with the glass of water she found her patient on the floor unconscious. She lifted her back into bed, but when she was revived she was found to be delirious, almost raving. The Myrens were called, but as there were no telephones it was difficult to call the doctor and also her young husband, who had gone back to his work. The doctor wanted her moved to town, but as there was no ambulance, not even a surrey, she had to be cared for until she was strong enough to be moved in a buggy. Such was life that summer in the wild and wooly west. The teacher was glad that she had been able to help in the time of dire need. She felt that it was not always best to suit ones own fancy, but bow to providence and help where help was needed. When her brother learned of these conditions, he gave her the choice between discontinuing school or change boarding places. He made arrangements for moving to a German family. They had just completed a very large house, a modern mansion. She went with them to select the furniture, Brussels carpets, rugs and things that might make their home comfortable. She soon found that the house was not a home, but an idol. It was built to spite a neighbor who also had built a mansion. Between them it was a competition for supremacy in displaying wealth and affluence. The upholstered furniture was nearly always covered with newspaper, so were the carpets and rugs. When anyone came who was good enough to be invited into the parlor, the frau was kept busy running her hand behind the back of the chairs to detect if they were near the plastered walls. One little night lamp was placed in the china closet between the kitchen and dining room, and when the frau was sick, this flickering flame had to light also her bedroom. One evening Anna brought her little fifteen cent lamp to have it filled with kerosene. She was then told, by the Lord of all he surveyed, that it cost too much to fill two lamps with oil. She also was told that it would be best for her to spend the evenings in the kitchen. When this interesting piece of news, or gossip, leaked out of the German household, several of Anna's friends offered to give her a lamp with all the oil she could burn if she would only do it to spite him. She was paying two dollars and twenty five cents a week from Monday noon till Friday, which was considered quite a good price to pay in the country in those days. She might have felt justified in vengeance to have spited him, yet she did not court trouble and therefore did not accept the lamp and kerosene. She had always found that kindness converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence, learning and petty malice. It took patience and forbearance to refrain from a hasty retort, when in his petty way he criticized everything and everybody. All had to be up to eat breakfast at six o'clock in the morning rain or shine. In the late fall it was dark and cold at that hour, and as there was no stove upstairs, Anna often hurried into her clothes, leaving lacing of shoes, collars, belt, etc. until she had thawed out in the kitchen. One morning while hunting for her clothes she heard him yell: "Be careful; don't scratch the paint on the floor." The family walked about in carpet slippers or stocking feet. They left their shoes, clod hoppers, on the back porch. Anna was invited to spend one weekend at the home of a neighbor who was afraid to stay at home alone while her husband was out threshing. She also spent Monday and Tuesday night

with her. When on Wednesday she came to eat her dinner the landlord said: "If you want to live here, you must stay here." She waxed impatient and said: "As long as I pay you for the board, it should make little difference where I eat." Anna felt very sorry for the family on account of his peculiarities and stinginess. His word was law, and there was no appeal. They had learned that annoyances must be tolerated and that it was necessary to bear the cackle of the hen for the sake of the eggs. They set a fairly good table using the produce not marketable. Once he was going to be very generous and bought a half a dollar's worth of dried apples. The teacher did not eat dried apple sauce so he brought the uncooked apples back to the store. One morning Anna helped to pick nineteen large fat geese for market; he also brought crates of turkeys and chickens for the Thanksgiving trade; but the family ate salt pork. Anna did not go to Buxton on account of a storm, but she stayed and ate one of the simplest Thanksgiving dinners that she had ever eaten. The only delicacy added was a dessert. The daughter had made a carrot pie, a very good substitute for pumpkin pie, a national dish on that day. The day was not a holiday to them even in outward observance. The family of parents, two sons and a daughter, worked and slaved; but they had also plans and ambitions. The father had picked a son-in-law, but although he was not the daughter's choice they were to be married the following June. The boys had attended school when Anna taught the first year, and the younger was attending the present term. The father was anxious to have school continued during the winter also this year, but Anna was going to teach after the holidays at the Willmar Seminary. One evening when he seemed to be in a very jubilant mood he told about how little he had possessed when he came from Germany; how much he now owned; and added: "All this I am going to divide between my two sons." Anna asked: "How about your daughter?" He said that she was to get a dowry at her marriage. Then he turned to Anna and said: "If you will stay here and teach, you can have either of my boys." This was so sudden! She was not used to such proposals and had never once featured him as her father-in-law. The sons were sitting in the kitchen with the family; so she did not know just what to say. At first she tried to treat it as a joke, but that did not satisfy him. He was in dead earnest. One of the sons was older than she was, the other just about her age, so it was not so easy for her to convince the father and give valid reasons why she could not accept the proposal. The mother said that she was disappointed because of the rejection. The daughter told her afterwards that she could see no reason why Anna could not fill her place when she left home to move across the river. She also said that the girls she knew had all married young; in fact it seemed quite essential to popularity to avoid the disgrace of remaining unmarried after reaching the age of twenty or twenty one. An old maid was unknown there and it seemed inconceivable among her acquaintances to be a bachelor girl. The boys did not utter a word, for which Anna was duly thankful, and this incident was never again alluded to.

Somehow Anna had been more or less bothered by men this year. She was quite surprised during the summer to be offered a position in the office of a large firm. She had never been trained in business administration of the commercial world nor in any of its branches. When she told them so, one of them said: "We will help you at first with the book keeping; you will soon learn to do the work." She did not accept the offer. Her curiosity was aroused and she tried to ferret out the reasons for all this activity in enlisting her in a field unknown to her. When she learned some of the reasons it made her angry and disgusted. She understood now why she had been invited to parties, even card parties, where they insisted that she take a part in the game. They ridiculed her and called her old fashioned when she told them that she had never in her life touched a card, nor ever expected to do so. When they asked why she was so prudish and entertained such puritanical notions, she said that she had had a mortal dread

for gambling ever since she was a child when her father told her that when people played cards and gambled, the devil sat under the table full of glee and very hilarious. They again laughed at her, saying that she ought to be above believing such nonsense. They did not once, however, by their temptations and ridicule entice her to join them in their much cherished game. Anna had often met a man in one of the banks where the treasurer of the school board worked. She had conversed with him. She had also met him occasionally about town but now she noticed that he always attended parties where she had been invited. He seemed very attentive to her; would offer on Sunday afternoon to take her back to the school, saying it was on the way to his home anyway. When she first came to Hillsboro, she had heard about him and his troubles and learned that even wealth does not buy happiness and contentment. He seemed to be quite a man, but when he came to the schoolhouse behind his team of prancing horses and in elegant vehicle to invite her to go for a drive she refused to go. All his pleading and beautiful weather and delightful roads did not cause her to change her mind. His arguments and reasons fell on deaf ears and his pleading were in vain. Of course the pupils gathered and they wondered why she, on this beautiful afternoon did not encourage him to call again or go for the drive. The rumor had it, according to the pupils, that she did not care to accompany him either now or later. The district thought it quite an honor that a man of his wealth and social standing should deign to call on the country school ma'am. They told her that she was lucky to have such friends, yet the teacher thought differently. Anna did not feel that they had any common interests; their social aspirations were different; their views on life were not the same; so she could not comprehend reasons why she should encourage his attentions and cultivate his offered friendship. The clique, who had tried to entice her by glittering offers to move to town, had courted her displeasure and she was disturbed and incensed. It seemed a pity that a woman might not be privileged to tend to her own affairs; and she lost respect for some whose friendships she had valued.

Great preparations had been made for the program when school closed at Christmas. Several adults had attended school during the term and they wanted this program to be a credit to the school. When the day came it brought one of the stormiest days in history. It was a blizzard where the snow had lodged in trees and about buildings, and where on the prairies it blinded and entirely cut off all view. Anna wanted to go to the school house as she feared some of the pupils might venture forth even in this inclement weather. The rest dissuaded her; but she insisted. She dressed fit for the North Pole then ventured out in search of the road. The snow drifts in front of the house, in the hedge of trees, made it impossible to cross. Her motto was: "never say die"—somehow she must conquer these drifts! By the old house was a driveway and there she thought the drifts must be surmountable. But how could she reach the driveway? She knew the direction and the distance, and had at last the satisfaction of seeing the opening in the hedge but she was also there confronted by an immense drift. Not knowing what else to do, she lay down and rolled over the mass of snow, found the road, then walked north. But outside of the hedge the snow was even more blinding and now she could not even see the hand held up before her. The velocity of the storm bewildered her, and she feared that she was lost. She stopped, and it happened that she was on the crossroad, where the wind had blown the snow away and the roads were now discerned. She got her bearings, and as she had traveled this road hundreds of times she found the school house; made a fire, then waited for the pupils. After she was thawed out she realized the danger she had passed though. Finding the school house was a hit and miss affair and it was by sheer luck that she had hit it. The walk, fighting against the elements, had unnerved

her, and left her very weak. She regretted that she had been so foolhardy; thanked God for His protecting care; but vowed that never again would she take a chance like that or risk life unless it was very necessary. Towards noon three of the larger pupils braved the weather. Even the program did not tempt the others to risk their lives.

After spending the holidays at Buxton she bid goodbye to relatives and went to Willmar. Soon she received a letter from home saying that her father was very ill; gangrene caused the doctor to want to amputate his lower limbs. Hans and Ole went home. After consultation it was decided that it would be useless to have him undergo this operation which he did not believe would prolong his life. On January 20, 1892, he passed away very peacefully. It was a beautiful sunset after an eventful day. All the children, except John, were present at the funeral. The telegram sent John had been delayed. The death of the father brought bereavement and a loss that nothing could fill, but deep in her soul Anna could see the kindness of God also here when He called him just when He did. Many things would have weighed down his spirit had he known what was in store for him! The supreme court had reversed the decision of the lower court, and had granted to the opposing faction all the church property. Her brothers had chosen professions taking them away from the old homestead. This knowledge would have worried him. Now he had died happy and content trusting in the Savior who had been his help in all trouble.

At the funeral services at the home the old-time friends gathered. The father had request that his children sing one of his favorite hymns at the funeral; so they gathered around the casket and sang "A Slumber I know in Jesus Name." After a brief service the weary body was carried by loyal friends out of the home, where as a happy bridegroom thirty-six years ago he had moved in and where he had since lived and loved. The funeral services were conducted at the church that had brought him so much joy and comfort, but also worry and grief. He was laid to rest in the family lot by the side of his parents and two children. It was decided that the twin sisters Inger and Sarah should go to Willmar to attend school just after the funeral. Anna thought it must be very hard for her mother who had raised a large family to be now left with only two, Peter and Helena; yet this loving and loyal mother urged her babies to go, knowing it was for their good. Anna knew that her mother would feel completely at sea after her dear spouse had been called home. He had been her complement, and she his; and as one they had lived according to their best knowledge and precepts under the guidance of God.

When the family came home from the funeral to the empty house, they realized more than ever the vacancy left by the dear father; and they also knew that no one could ever take his place in the home, or in the community. There was not much time, however, for eulogies as five of the children were to leave Necedah on the evening train and must now hurry to pack the luggage, eat supper then drive the nine miles to reach the station. It was not so easy to bid goodbye to the dear ones left at home; still duty called, and there was no choice.

It was customary for mourners to be dressed in deep mourning to show the world the expression of grief through the dress of the sorrowing and bereaved. This attire of black, with crepe veils, seemed to attract the attention of all and Anna decided that even though she was supposed to wear a black dress, coat, and hat she would dispense with the veil and other formalities in costume. She did not care to bring gloom to the unconcerned by displaying that she mourned a relative. She would rather spread cheer than depression and she hoped that this outward semblance of grief would soon be discarded and the bereaved by deeds rather than dress would honor the memory of the dead, and respect the feelings of the living.

When the three sisters and brother Ole boarded the train they did not see John alight from another coach.

Hans, however, saw him and stayed and accompanied him back to the home. The telegram sent him had been delayed. He knew that he would not reach home in time for the funeral, as he then lived in northern Wisconsin, but he wanted to visit with the home folks which he knew were gathered. He was greatly disappointed when the train in a few minutes pulled out carrying the four that duty called to their work, and who must now continue their journey.

When Anna came back to the Seminary she found plenty to do. She missed her father's wonderful letters, but she often wrote to her mother, brothers and sister. The sisters at school were soon very busy also, and somehow even these months passed. The enrollment at the Seminary that year was very large, and it proved to be a very successful school year. A teacher had been secured to teach during the winter term at Anna's school near Hillsboro, North Dakota, but when school closed at Willmar she went back to teach three months during the summer. She went back to live with the Myren family, and this summer proved to be very delightful. The only thing that marred her pleasure was the death of her father's cousin Louis Thompson and his wife. It was just two weeks between the funerals. They left four young sons to mourn their demise.

Anna was invited to the wedding of the daughter of the family where she boarded the preceding fall. It was a typical wedding of the German type, and no efforts had been spared to make this an outstanding event. The trousseau represented much money; the dowry that the bride brought her husband exhibited much wealth; the wedding presents and the gifts were elaborate and costly. The feast, or sumptuous banquet, was quite different from the meals served at everyday meals while Anna was a boarder. A large gathering met at the church for the marriage and on the way home all raced to see how many could reach the bride's home before the bride and the groom arrived. A section of prairie land north of the home was used as the special race track, and Anna marveled that many were not injured in the many near run-a-ways. This was a German custom.

During this summer a congregation was organized by members of the Synod and a church was built. Rev. Tingelstad served while the organization was effected. Other pastors of the neighboring congregations and visiting pastors preached, among them Rev. H. G. Stub, Rev. Rorvik was the first resident pastor. The congregation was so thankful that they now could worship in the church of their faith. Anna did what she could to help with the church work. One Sunday in August a number of people were gathered for services at three o'clock in the afternoon. The services were held in the M. E. church. It was an extremely warm day, and as it was impossible to open the windows the atmosphere became stifling. The pastor who preached that day was a very large man, and the weather conditions were too much for him. At first he tried to wipe the sweat away from his brow, face and neck; but after a while the perspiration flowed in streams down his face and neck. Soon his vestment was soaked, his ruff saturated, and his collar hung like a rag around his neck. It was a trying afternoon for worship. Many would have preferred to wander through the plumed forest in solitude, amid the budding brush, the young trees, the ferns, anywhere where it was cool. Yet nature can only tell about God, it cannot preach to the soul the way of salvation and God's redeeming love, and point the way to heaven.

Anna had almost promised to teach at the Seminary the ensuing year; in fact she had decided to write accepting the position. Somehow "there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip." When she came to get her mail at Hillsboro she found a second letter from Martin Luther Orphan's Home at Madison, Wisconsin, urging her to come. Not long ago she had received a letter from O. A. Solheim, now superintendent of the home, asking if it would be

possible for her to come teach at this institution of the church. She read this letter on the train enroute to Buxton; but it did not strike her very favorably. When she came to her destination she discovered that she had lost all the change in her small purse, and the folks had teased her about being so rich that she went traveling sowing money along the railway. Even if the amount she had lost was not so very large, it bothered her to know that this was the second time that summer that she had lost money. One evening, when she walked to town from the school house, she had also lost her money because of a rip in the bottom of her hand bag. She had always said that she would rather give a dollar than lose a dime. She was thinking about one of her mother's sayings: "So far; no farther" when she again read the letter from Madison. She read and re-read it. This time it was not a personal plea from a friend, but an earnest pleading by the board of directors of which Rev. Christian K. Preus was the president. It urged Anna to consider carefully the needs of the children; the exigency of the institution; her share in the responsibility, as she was a member of the church that had now established the first home of its kind within its borders. That night she, in some way, felt that the future of that children's home had been placed in her care and rested on her shoulders. She did not sleep much, but spent the time in meditation and prayer. She had expected that year to teach at a Christian school, and she figured that it would be easier for the Seminary to secure an instructor than to get a teacher who would be willing to instruct and mother the orphans at this new home. Early the next morning she packed her trunk and valise; bought the ticket; checked the baggage; said farewell; then headed for home. She wrote two letters while enroute: one accepting the offer from the orphan's house; the other notifying the principal of the Seminary of her decision. She took the stage from Necedah to Arkdale, then drove home with a neighbor. Her dear mother was crossing the lawn when Anna called to her, and waved her hand to attract attention; but she stood and stared without moving. Anna jumped down from the wagon, ran over to her mother, kissed and embraced her, yet she did not utter a word. Tears trickled down her cheeks when at last she said: "Is it really you, Anna?" She assured her that there was no doubt it when her mother said: "I dreamed about you two nights. I thought you were in great distress. Although I do not believe in dreams, it has disturbed me because I feared that you were sick or in some dire trouble." Anna now realized that this very unexpected visit had been a shock to her mother, and decided that never again would she come home so unexpectedly. Instead of answering the letter that Anna sent her brother, he took the train at Calmar and came home. He could not understand her motives, and probably suspected that some of the wheels in her head were not functioning. After discussing pro and con it was decided that he should accompany his sister to Madison to sift this matter with the board of directors. Anna had already accepted, so her hands were tied. After two days it was decided that she was to remain at the Martin Luther Orphan's Home.

The new home was located in old buildings. The church still owned the Theological Seminary building which were to house the children while new buildings were erected on a farm near Stoughton. The dormitory was the Farwell home built on the shore of beautiful Lake Monoma. Anna was welcomed by a large group of children. Mr. & Mrs. O. A. Solheim were taking the parents' place for these otherwise homeless Americans too immature in years and judgment to take care of themselves. Anna had expected to work, and she was not in the least disappointed. Hers was a difficult place to fill. Besides being the teacher she must also be a sister, auntie, mother and grandmother. Many of the children had been gathered from the slums and streets of the large cities. Few had ever enjoyed real homes. Some had come from homes broken through some misfortune, poverty, divorce or death. From the very first she felt the importance of her new position. It was so different from any work that she had before undertaken.

If at times the work was strenuous; if the facilities in the school room were below par; if teaching was carried out under great difficulties; yet there was great satisfaction in the undertaking, and the efforts put forth brought peace and contentment. One drawback was the lack of help and the Solheims had their hands full and too overflowing. It seemed as if the Lord who is the giver of all good and perfect gifts also knew who to send to relieve the shortage of helpers. Marie Jensen came from New Jersey; Jorgine Enestoedt came from Minnesota; one was to take charge of the kitchen; the other to be matron of the boys. Mrs. Hagen, a mother of five of the children, had charge of the laundry, and Lars Olson helped the boys with the garden and with chores. Later two sisters Sara and Anna Boedtker came, and they taught sewing, fancy work, and handiwork of all kinds.

Besides the regular school work, the children were instructed in religion every day. They had an hour for study period every evening. Work, study, and play was timed and regulated. It was a pleasure to watch the children work. They were trained in the most necessary kinds of work. During school hours many questions were asked and answered. The children were very much interested in reviewing things learned before they became inmates of the home. Some things were all right, but some things were quite objectionable. Anna tried to guide them, and teach them; but she found it necessary to also encourage them to forget things already learned. As many of them had inherited obnoxious tendencies it was not always easy to steer them in the straight path. Some of the boys seemed interested in drunkenness. This was during the days of open saloons. One of them seemed to make a special study of moderate drinking. He brought up this question, especially during recitations on temperance hygiene. One day he asked: "How many glasses can a man drink and still be a moderate drinker?" The teacher answered: "I cannot definitely tell you the exact number; but I can give you a good rule. If you do not swallow the first glass, you will never be a moderate drinker or a drunkard." They were also very inquisitive about the use of tobacco. One day, while the pastors of the circuit had a meeting at the home, one of the boys raised his hand. When the teacher asked what he wanted he said: "We are going to have visitors. I can smell the smoke." He was right in his supposition. When the visitors, three pastors, were through with their visitation, and had left the school room, several asked: "Is it wrong or a sin to smoke?" This was a delicate question to answer under the circumstances. The teacher did not want to leave a wrong impression on the minds of the children. When she repeated the incident to some of the pastors, it set them thinking and probably they realized what was meant by the power of example. During the early autumn it was a pleasure for Anna to chaperone eight of the larger girls to the state fair near the city. It was a gala day for all, especially for those who had never seen even a county fair. They walked and walked, looked and listened. They became very tired and thirsty and decided to take a rest. Anna treated them to ice cream. While they sat enjoying the refreshment Anna overheard some women who were talking about them. One said: "She seems so young too. My! Oh my!" The girls did not understand, but whispered: "What do they mean?" When the teacher told them that the women thought they were her girls, they said: "We are." But she explained that the eight of them were mistaken for her daughters, they laughed until she had to hush and quiet them. They thought that was a huge joke. They were between the ages of eight and twelve.

Although Madison was less than a hundred miles from her home, Anna did not go home for the Christmas holidays. She was tempted to go, because she realized it would be a lonesome season for her mother, brother, and sister this first holiday since the father was called home. His place in the home could never be filled. All the other helpers at the Martin Luther home had to remain, so she was not selfish enough to leave them with all the extra worked

connected with the Christmas festivities. The programs given by the children and Sunday School were edifying and festive. The Christmas tree and "goodies" were greatly enjoyed. Many presents had been sent to the children, and they were so happy. The year was quite uneventful. The only trouble toward spring was discipline. Anna had never had any trouble with discipline before, and could not understand what caused it. The girls were doing very well, and their deportment was satisfactory; but some of the boys were obstreperous and willfully disobedient. One afternoon one of the boys was asked to remain after school. When the teacher was ready to leave the school she learned that the root of evil was implanted in Lars Olson. He was stationed by the door, mad as a hornet. Anna would not repeat the names he called her, nor the language resorted to as expletives. The children were gathered to hear and see this exhalation of temper. Anna told him that she had nothing to say there; but if he would accompany her over to the other building she would be glad to interview him retaliate and refute many of his erroneous accusations. He tagged as a dog until the place was reached where she, alone and unaided, would have been glad to settle matters with him; but there he balked. She asked him again if he would come so that she could talk with him alone and privately but he refused. She left him, but as far as his voice would carry he kept up the harangue. What he then told the children was not very complimentary to their teacher. Even if he dared not face Anna, but avoided her, he was a detriment not only to the discipline and good behavior, but the morale of the children. He had long instilled into their minds that from the superintendent down no one had a right to discipline these poor children who were sent there to be loved. He did not realize that the greatest love and kindness shown them was the training, so sadly neglected, that was given them in temporal and spiritual things. This discipline even the smaller children understood and appreciated.

When the board asked Anna to continue her work the next year, she refused to sign the contract, unless Lars Olson was dismissed. She felt it was useless to try to build, when he and others of his caliber were allowed to undermine, destroy, and sow the seeds of discord and disapproval. She had been under a strain and was glad to go home to celebrate the wedding of her brother John and Clara Strand May 14, 1893. This was also the birthday of her father who would have been sixty seven years old, had he lived.

The farm at home was rented to Ole Waller. All the sisters spent the vacation with their mother. The weddings had brought many relatives and they stayed for a visit. The summer months were very pleasant. Sarah and Anna went to Kilbourne where they had some dental work done, and also went on an excursion through the Dells of the Wisconsin River. When Anna came back to begin the second year of school, she was very disappointed to find that Lars Olson was still there. He had begged to stay; so he had been promised a room and board while the home was at Madison. He had been informed, however, that when the new home at Stoughton was finished, he must find a home somewhere else. He had a brother and other relatives who could take care of him. He had promised that he would not interfere, and kept the promise as far as the school was concerned.

That was the year of the World's Fair in Chicago, and Jorgine Ernestodt and Anna were given a week's leave of absence to visit it. This was a privilege highly appreciated. It was a wonderful vacation, so different from the work-a-day world. They came back to resume their work, and had been at home four days when during the night they awoke to find their room filled with smoke and the windows licked by fire! The fire had started in a wardrobe in the living room on the second floor, just below them. There was no time to waste, so they grabbed the clothes they could find and ran down the back stairs. Someone rang the bell, as a fire alarm; someone ran and called the

fire department; while others tried to rescue what could be saved. They were calling for help for the children, and Anna ran into the front hall, up the stairs of the rotunda, in order to help the children in the dormitories. Soon the children were all out of the building. They had been trained to place their clothes where they could easily be found. They had also, during fire drills, been taught to obey orders, so during the melee they had marched in order out of the burning building. When Anna looked in to the living room, where a party had spent a pleasant evening only a few hours ago, and saw organ, table, chairs, and other furniture ablaze, she became confused and ran upstairs again. She called the Boedtger sisters—one was a deaf mute—then she rushed into her rooms and in the fright and excitement pulled her trunk through a large empty room; lifted it through a window; pulled it across the balcony; lifted it over the balustrade; then dropped it from the third story amidst the crowd gathered below watching the progress of the flames. Someone told her afterwards that just before she dropped the trunk she yelled, and that warned of the danger. It was a wonder that some were not hurt or killed. The trunk was broken and everything spilled. She also had a very large satchel filled with jams and jellies sent as a present by her mother to be a treat for the children on Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day. This satchel contained eight two quart jars that had been lugged out on the balcony, but some intuition must have hindered her from dropping it. That would have made a mess for the people to wade through. Anna was now so bewildered that she, in her confusion, ran back to her room where she gathered pictures and other small objects and put them into a cloth; lifted her old plush coat from a hook; collected her everyday clothes, even her old shoes; then tried to descend the back stairs the second time. Everything was now afire and she was overcome by the smoke and heat. There the firemen found her and carried her downstairs, crossed the lawn, and placed her by the school building where she was found an hour later, still unconscious. A cold mist was falling, and garbed only in a thin gown, she had contracted a severe cold while lying on the cold, damp ground. This developed into pneumonia which kept her in bed several weeks. She felt it almost a disgrace to stay helpless in bed while the rest were so busy caring for the children. A bed was placed in a school room where Dr. Bodemius visited several times a day. The people of Madison were very good to the children entertaining them at their homes, until arrangements were made to accommodate them in the patched ruins of the Farwell home. Many were very kind to Anna, and Mary Underdahl nursed her during the siege of sickness. She, and others, offered Anna board and room in their homes, but she did not have a heart to move when all the rest were to camp in the burned building. It was hardest for Mrs. O. A. Solheim who had two little daughters to care for, and a third came to bless their home a short time after the fire. Over the protest of the doctor, Anna began to teach long before she was strong enough to stand the strain. The doctor said: "You will live to rue this." This prophecy was fulfilled. Anna felt that it was her duty to gather the children into the schoolroom where they again might continue their study. Somehow she had conceived the idea that she physically was so strong that nothing could harm her or impair her health. She had by teaching in the three schools in the three states, taught over forty-two months out of forty-five, and the doctor told her that she had overtaxed her strength. During the months that followed she spent many sad hours, shed many bitter tears, and endured much unnecessary suffering on account of sheer nervousness. She cried because no one suggested that she spend Christmas vacation at her home. She knew that this was a foolish notion because she was needed at the children's home where they depended on her for the Christmas tree program. Her sister Helena was now rooming with her, and taking lessons in dressmaking at a fashion parlor, and they spent New Year with their uncle Jens in Black Earth where they had a very pleasant time. Anna

was often ashamed of her tears this winter; but she lacked the strength to overcome her tearful moods. She cried off and on a whole week because she was afraid that she would be expected to teach on Washington's Birthday. A patriotic program had been prepared; but she hoped against hope that it might be given some other day, and that the day would be declared a holiday by the management. School was called as usual in the morning, and Mr. Solheim taught his classes in religion while Anna fought tears and tried to carry out her program. She did not eat her dinner that day. When in the afternoon she looked through the window and saw the sleighs that were to take the children of the public grade school for a ride, she thought of the irony of fate, and her eyes were so dimmed by tears that she could scarcely see. When Mr. Solheim saw the children pile into the sleighs, he remembered that it was a legal holiday and came to ask Anna to dismiss school. He apologized for his negligence but on account of extra work he had completely forgotten to observe the national holiday. The children were given their sleigh ride later. It was not long before Anna was able to laugh at this weakness, but it was no joke that winter. It seemed impossible to see the bright side of things and to make the most of conditions. The family of about eighty had, after the fire, been housed in the wings of the Farwell house and given the best of quarters available; yet it was not congenial nor comfortable, even temporarily, to sleep in ice cold bedrooms, where often snow drifted into the beds; and even the bedding could not temper the frigidity! The only consolation was that all were treated alike. All winter they anticipated the change when they might move into the new comfortable home at Stoughton. Rev. M. Bleken was pastor of the congregation, and services were conducted in the chapel of the old building of the Theological Seminary. It was a medium sized congregation where all the inmates of the Martin Luther home worshiped and where the children attended Sunday School. One Sunday in March when service was over, the family gathered for their Sunday dinner. A delicious meal had been prepared, and all hurried to find their places at the table. All were to be seated when grace was said. All but one had arrived, and that was Lars Olson. One of the boys was sent to call him. He went first to his room, then to the barn, and there he found him dead. He had committed suicide by hanging. It was terrible! Somehow all the commotion did not excite Anna, or cause her to lose control of her nerves. She learned the truth of the saying that "as thy day is so shall thy strength be." With Miss Enestvedt she tried to calm and quiet the children and adults, who had not already left the dining room, but it was a difficult task. Anna saw when they carried him from the barn, and when the undertaker removed him; but it was not until after the funeral, when she was telling a friend of the occurrence, that she collapsed. It was a terrible shock for all, but especially for the boy that discovered him, and all the boys who had worked with him and associated continually with him. Anna was near a nervous prostration. The doctor ordered her out of the school room, but she begged to be allowed to finish the school year. He was very loathe to grant this permission, and laughingly gave her the choice between the country and the insane asylum. She told him that very soon they were to move into a new home, on a farm, and there she should enjoy the rural scenes and rustic life and regain her health and spunk. The doctor told her to suit herself, but not to blame him for the consequences. She could not bear the idea of giving up and to be treated as an invalid or nervous wreck. Her nerves, however, were on edge, and she would sooner hear the firing of a cannon, than the dropping of a pencil; the doctor warned her of again teaching children as the little annoyances seemed her greatest mental agitations and worries. He told her that because of lacking all outward signs of nervousness, she was not given much sympathy. That was probably a very good thing. When things seemed unbearable, and the sweat began to pour, she would hide to have a crying spell; wash in cold water; then go back

to assume her duties. The school had been growing rapidly, and they had a capacity quota as far as accommodations were concerned. It was necessary to begin school at eight o'clock in the morning, and when the thirty daily recitations were completed it was often past the regular time for closing schools. The equipments for the school room were also very inadequate; but they were waiting for the time when they might occupy the new school room, with new furnishings and more modern equipments.

The residents of Madison had shown the children's home many favors and courtesies. They had also been very generous when the inmates of the house were bereft of most of their earthly belongings by the devastating fire. The members of the local church had been liberal with their donation, and the church at large was rushing the work of the new home, doing what they could for the convenience and comfort at this temporary habitation. Had the members at large understood the needs, they would have made greater efforts to expedite matters and filled the church budget to overflowing. To plan and execute are often at variance even in the Church!

Anna had spent many pleasant hours at the parsonage at Spring Prairie when Rev. and Mrs. C.K. Preus were working in the congregations organized by his father Rev. H. A. Preus and his wife. She was also a guest at many of the homes in the city and in the surrounding country and neighboring towns. Her father and mother had many faithful friends here, and as a church worker she had met many who had shown her a good time. What she appreciated most was their hospitality, and the privilege of having access to their homes where she was treated like a member of the family. The University of Wisconsin attracted her attention and she often wished that she might have matriculated there in order to continue her studies and be conferred a degree. Through the attendance of services and the Sunday school, she met many of the students raised in the church, and now willing to assume some of the duties in the local church. Among those were Cora Thompson and Sarah Johnson who later became the wife of Rev. D. G. Ristad. Minnie Olson, a daughter of the congregation, married Rev. G. A. Gullixon. Many of her other friends and co-workers are now filling positions of trust and high office.

Madison, being the capitol of the state, had a galaxy of prominent personages, and a group of state institutions. Anna visited some of these, but the one that impressed her most was the Asylum for the Insane. It was a blessing that an institution was erected where these unfortunate, mentally deranged and irrational people might be cared for. The magnificent buildings, overlooking placid Lake Mendota and surrounded by well kept lawns, sheltered many who through some cause had been made unfit to do their work, manage their affairs, and mingle in the society of their fellow men.

When the time came for moving to the new Orphan's Home at Stoughton, there was great excitement and also extra work. The baggage and household goods were transferred by trucks; the family traveled by train. The Ladies Aid Society of Christ Church served dinner in a hall, and towards evening, the members of the family were domiciled, and soon were busy as bees, but happy as larks. The children were so delighted! They played and played, running all over the farm, and climbing anything and everything that could be mounted. The larger children soon were busy spading and planting their gardens. The boys also had to do the chores. The cows and other domestic animals claimed some of their attention. The girls were so pleased with all the new dishes and household utilities which made their household duties more pleasant. The new labor saving devices made menial work more attractive. Marie Jensen was still the supervisor of the kitchen, and under her efficient instructions they were taught to cook, bake and clean. About one hundred and twenty five loaves of bread were daily consumed, and bread baking was

the heaviest work. The sponge set in the evening was divided among the girls; and they soon became bread makers. According to an old definition, the word lady means a loaf maker; thus there were many ladies at the home! Mrs. O. A. Solheim, the house mother, was a most wonderful administrator. She arranged the work, and the program was carried out as regular as a clock; in fact it was timed. She also had the great gift of making work a pleasure, and now the work was made easier by the many new and handy conveniences and labor saving devices.

Anna's room, a corner room on the first floor, was very pleasant. It was above the boys' playroom and beneath the bedroom of the small boys. During the night it often happened that some little fellow would roll out of bed. She would run upstairs, lift him into the bed, and then go back to rest until she heard another thump on the floor. Korvey, a beautiful dark haired brown eyed lad of three, was her ward. When in church, or anywhere else, she took care of him; and had she had a permanent home she might have adopted him. She knew, however, that the brunt of the burden would fall on the shoulders of her dear mother; and she had raised a large family and was now entitled to a much needed rest.

Anna soon began to feel like her former self, and could now laugh at some of the hardships that she thought she had endured. She realized that she had seen brightness through blue and black glasses that had dimmed the vision and obscured the view causing gloom and shadow, where she might have seen sunshine. Everything seemed now so cheerful; the people were lovely; they invited her to their homes; and added much to the pleasure of living. Mathilde Solheim was visiting her mother and brother, and she and Anna spent many happy hours together. They reviewed some of the pleasant days at Willmar, and also the days when Jorgine and Anna visited her during the fair at Chicago where she was training at a large hospital. The principal of Stoughton Academy, Prof. K. Kasberg, a classmate of her brother Hans at Luther College, often invited her to his home where she was a welcome guest. She also visited at the home of Christian Melaas, a son of her mother's adopted brother, Johannes Melaas. The blood relation was very thick, yet she always felt at home with his family. There was one home where she often visited, and that was at the parsonage. Rev. Adolph Bredesen had spent some of his boyhood days in Roche-a-cree, and his wife and daughters—Lydia and Inga—were always so friendly and congenial. Mrs. Bredesen was like a mother to her, as well as to the others at the children's home.

Decoration day was the date set for the dedication of the Martin Luther Orphan's Home. The church had just closed a convention of the church at Kishkonong. Rev. M. F. Weise had been called, and many of the pastors and lay people came to be present at the ceremony. Anna's little ward Korvey wanted to be carried all the time after the crowd had gathered, because he was shy and seemed to be afraid of the immense concourse of people gathered from far and near. He was a chunky little lad, and quite a load, yet she wanted to please him. Because of him she met many people who were attracted by his jovial disposition and loving mannerism.

Many of those who had contributed to the funds necessary to construct the building were justly proud of this new home. The programs given were very edifying and the Martin Luther O. H. was dedicated by the president Rev. H. A. Preus. Anna met very many of her friends. Among those that she was introduced to was a young theological student from Robbinsdale, who was a supply pastor at Roche-a-cree, their pastor being sick. They had many mutual interests and when, with his brother, he bid her goodbye, she sent many greetings to the folks at home.

The work in the school room was made easier by the pleasant surroundings and new equipments; still the same long day with its thirty recitations was the daily curriculum. Many of the children were very gifted, and Anna

tried to make them toe the mark and absorb what was taught, she knew that the time would soon come when they must leave this home to work for their living, and might not be offered the opportunity to continue their education. The first class of three boys and three girls had been confirmed, and the class next year would be much larger. When work might be secured at reliably good homes for these confirmed youths, they would go out into the world to make their living. Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Solheim were parents to these children, yet Anna found that there were so many extra things to teach them that in a home was taught by parents, brothers and sisters. Many questions were asked, still many of the children were too ignorant along certain lines to know enough to inquire. She tried to inform them, especially the girls, about many things they should know. Once while talking about creation she read: "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created He them. And God blessed them, and God said to them 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth'". She reviewed the story of creation as it is recorded in the first chapter of Genesis. She called attention to man as the crowning glory of all creation. She dwelt on the glory of mankind; of how man made from dust was fixed with God's own creative spark, a sacred flame that made God God. Into the dead dust God breathed a flame and gave man the power of a God; the power to create human life. God gave sex to humans, a gift that lifts a mere man to God head. That was the reason why Adam could not find a help meet for him until God also created a woman. Marriage was also discussed. Anna tried to impress upon them that this state of bliss was instituted by God and that true wedlock was pleasing in the sight of God and man; that it ought not to be sullied with vulgar associations, salacious jokes, and impure suggestions. Some of the girls wanted to know why Anna had never married, but she told them that was another story!

The last months of the school year had been very pleasant and seemed to pass all too soon; yet she knew that she should always cherish them as fond memories. There was only one thing that marred the pleasure of the last days of school, and that happened on the Monday of the last week of school. One class in Arithmetic had worked very hard and they were now working problems in equation of payment. The problems were monstrous to them, as they had been, and would be to any normal child. She assigned four problems on Friday, and told them they might have the choice of one out of the four for their lesson on Monday, and added "Work all if you can." When on Monday the class was called, not one problem was solved. Without thinking the teacher said: "I will give a nickel to each one bringing a correct solution with the correct answer to the first problem assigned." Before finishing the sentence she regretted the statement. She had always been against any special inducements or prizes for doing plain duty. It had reminded her of the mother who spoke to the children and chided them because they wanted to be paid for any special service. She said: "Why are you not like your father? He is good for nothing." A nickel meant more to either of those children than it meant to her, and she already dreaded the consequences of the promise and bargain. This class recited just before the recess in the forenoon. When school was called to order just after recess one of the boys, John, raised his hand to inform the teacher that he had solved the problems. Joseph said "John did not work that problem, Peter did." She looked at Peter and said: "Did you work that problem?" He answered "No." She then asked John again if he had worked it and again he said "Yes." She then asked Joseph to tell what he knew about it, to get his version. He became so excited, and got his statements so confused, that she decided to ask the three boys to remain after school. Joseph belonged in a lower grade, so she did not wonder that he was bewildered and muddled; still she suspected that he had an inkling about what he was trying to explain. When school

was dismissed, and she was alone with the three boys, she quizzed them, entreated them to tell the truth; and tried in various ways to get them to confess; but to no avail. Each one stuck to his first statement and Peter and John did not budge one iota. It grieved the teacher, because to some extent she felt guilty of leading them into temptation by her rash inducement. When at last she understood that they were persistent, and continued unflinchingly to stick to the original version of the occurrence, she dismissed them. They went down to eat their dinner, but Anna did not crave a meal just then. She felt sick at heart and tried to collect her thoughts. She knew that she must plan some course of procedure in order to settle this perplexing question. After considering all the angles she decided to let this matter rest for the time being; not to mention the episode to any one, not even to the three boys, until the last day of school. She wanted this affair settled ere she severed her connections with the home. She would not leave these children, that she had learned to love so well, with a cloud hanging over her. But even if she did not tell, the school had already spread the news. The superintendent came to offer his assistance in untangling the mess, but she told him to leave it to her. He was very indignant and suggested severe punishment, but she advised him not to meddle. It worried her when the days passed without any explanation; and on Friday morning she was unnerved and depressed. She went into the school room early to finish the reports when the door opened, and Peter entered the room. She knew immediately why he came, but said: "Is there anything that I can do for you?" He answered: "I came to make a confession." He then told the teacher that John was working very hard at recess to solve the problem; when he came to his rescue and pointed out the mistakes. Anna said: "Why did you lie to me?" He answered that in reality he did not lie. He had not worked the problem but had only called attention to John's mistakes. John had solved it; he had only called his attention to certain errors. Anna told him that the spirit of his answer had given her and the school a wrong impression and she wanted to know why he had not corrected this before. He began to cry, and she put her arm around this young penitent boy of twelve, and in a motherly way asked him to tell her everything. He then confessed that the teacher's question had caught him unaware; that without thinking or considering the import or full significance he had answered "no". When it dawned upon him what he had done he decided to stick to his answer knowing that the teacher had full confidence in him and his veracity while John enjoyed a less enviable reputation. He asked to be forgiven. This pardon and forgiveness was not withheld. She called the other boys. When they came, many things were explained and before they were ready to go they had almost a love feast. They all felt so much better when everything had been explained and forgiven! Anna felt extremely happy because now she could leave with a good conscience, mistakes forgiven, and faults overlooked.

This last day of school was a memorable day. Anna was not coming back to teach, as the doctor had advised her against it. She had also fully decided to spend the year with her mother. The children had begged and the board had urged her to come back later, but she could not make such a promise. The last day of school was also her birthday, and she received many tokens of love. The children and personnel gave her a beautiful hand painted rose bowl, also a small silver dish and hand painted china plates. She could not express in words how much she appreciated these presents, and how she treasured them not so much for their intrinsic values as for the sentiment they conveyed. It was with regret that she bid goodbye to the children. She had promised to answer their letters and this correspondence of about thirty letters kept her in touch with them and the home several years. The Solheims had been wonderfully forbearing with her, and she was sorry to part with them and their loving daughters Olea,

Laura, and Margarethe. The helpers who had been her co-workers these two years would also be missed. She would miss grandma Solheim who had been almost a mother to her at Willmar and at the home. She was a typical pioneer of the old school.

It was now home again for Anna. She felt now so free, and she longed to romp across the meadows; to wade, swim, and fish in the streams and lakes; to listen to the babbling brooks, the murmuring creeks, and the rushing river. She desired to again climb the hills, bluffs and mountains; to roam in the forest; to enjoy the freedom of the farm; to visit old time friends. As she dreamed these day dreams, she wondered, however, if she would ever again be as happy and carefree as when a child. These sports and things were so thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated. On the train between Stoughton and Madison her stay with the children spread as a panorama before her. She prayed that the months spent at teaching might not have been lived in vain. She wished that she might have been able to do more for them. She had, according to her conceptions, tried to work solely for their best interests. She knew that she had been criticised often unjustly. She recalled a visit to a country home. It was a Sunday evening when all had attended services. After they came home they gathered in the living room for a social hour. The house mother brought a decanter, glasses, and assorted cakes. The wine was poured and passed. Anna asked to be excused from drinking the wine, but asked for a glass of water. An old pastor present said: "Are you a teetotaler?" She did not answer, thinking that it was unnecessary. He kept on however, egging her to answer. She then told him that she had never signed a pledge, but craved neither wine nor any intoxicating liquor. It had always been a habit of hers to try to be temperate in all things; that anything considered injurious to the human system was taboo. He said that he did not consider it a sin to drink a glass of wine, or to be a moderate drinker. She asked him to define moderate drinking; but then he was not quite so ready. He then told her that he had heard it rumored that she taught teetotalism at the children's home, but that he considered this teaching not Biblical. She begged to differ with him and they both quoted the Bible to carry the point of argument. She then told him that the law required the teachers to instruct in temperance hygiene; that she was heartily in sympathy with this movement; and that as long as she was connected with the Martin Luther Orphan's Home she would continue to teach abstinence and self denial. She also informed him that many of the children were kin of drunkards and debauchers; that this vice had very likely been a cause of their broken homes; that the children in all probability had inherited the cravings for alcoholic beverages which would be kindled and fed by moderate drinking. She also informed him that while there and elsewhere she would try to subdue vice, evil and obnoxious habits; that she would continue to teach that there is no danger of becoming an even moderate drinker, a tipper, or a toper as long as they refrain from inbibing the first glass. She stated that the habit was acquired by drinking spirits and liquor habitually even in small quantities. Instances of gluttony and drunkenness were recalled. Pictures of the life habits and ultimate end of drunkards were reviewed. She based her arguments and ultimate fate of drunkards on the Bible.

While in Madison she had discussed Luther League with a very good church member. For information she had asked: "Why is there not a Luther League in this church?" He gave several reasons why he did not believe in the organization of young people. The main one was that this movement was very unnecessary. He stated that it was quite sufficient religion for them if they attended divine services. They argued quite a while; she insisting that it was very essential for the young folks to be trained and given an opportunity for developing their spiritual, as well as their physical life. Finally he said: "I hope that you are not going to start anything radical here?" She promised

that she would refrain from doing anything contrary to the moral convictions of the leaders in the church; she was not courting activities, nor soliciting work but added: "Wait until I get into a more wide awake community where there are active workers; then watch me organize young church workers."

While waiting for the train at Madison, Anna went to visit friends and also to view the house where she had spent many eventful days. The lake and grounds were as beautiful as ever, but the building, ruined by fire, was being razed. She compared the way it looked today with the days of long ago when Governor Farwell moved into this majestic mansion, of unique architecture and construction. The magnificence, splendor, and grandeur were gone, and the material used in construction was now ruin and debris. It reminded her that life at its best was only transitory and was: "Just a little sunshine; just a little rain; just a little happiness; just a little pain; just a little longing; just a little gold; then the great eventful tale, of life was told."

Anna realized that the children were much happier in their new home and surroundings; yet it saddened her to note the sudden change that had taken place. It was better so, than if the house should for years have stood vacant; a home for bats, owls, vultures, and other creatures who dwell in abandoned, forsaken and deserted ruins. Time would have ravaged also this once magnificent home and landmark. Could the immense blocks of stone, now being piled in tiers, have been given the gift of speech, they might have told of the gay life while the home was an executive mansion; where men and women living in the society of friendly intercourse and conversation, in groups or in masses, had enjoyed the social functions as well as the more serious gatherings of legislative assemblages. The same stones might also have told of learned professors and august assemblages who, when this was a dormitory of the Theological Seminary, made this abode their home. These walls might have imparted knowledge of young theological students who here had their pleasures and romances, as well as hours of study and prayer. Here the consecrated young men had come, eager to learn the divine things that treat of God and man as recorded in the Holy Scriptures and treatises by theologians. Here they had anxiously delved into the study of the natural and supernatural teachings in order to be prepared to go out to teach and preach of the being, power, wisdom and goodness of God; the obligations of His moral law; and the folly and danger of transgressing it. Here they often pondered on the immortality of the soul; the doctrine of the trinity; the creation and fall of man; the penalty of sin; the mission work; the atoning death of Jesus Christ; His resurrection, ascension, second advent; and many other doctrines and dogmas. These stories that once had graced and solidified this octagonal edifice might also have told many things concerning the inmates of the Martin Luther Orphan's Home that had never been recorded, but whose memories were indelibly inscribed on the heart and mind of at least one who had spent memorable years within its walls.

Anna felt as if a load of responsibility and care had been lifted when she was again welcomed home. A big celebration was planned for the national holiday, that always closely followed her birthday; and her name had been placed on the program. She chose to tell the legend of the Peter-well-bluff as gathered from Indian lore. The theological student, that she had met when the children's home was dedicated, was to be the orator. Many were gathered, and it proved to be a regular old time observance of the Fourth of July. As an aftermath, and to eat refreshments left from the picnic, some of the young folks spent the next day at Carmon Rocks, and while there learned of the death of the president of the church, Rev. H. A. Preus. This cast a shadow on their mirth and day of rest and gladness. The student immediately left for Kilbourn where he would board the train for Morrison, and

hoped to reach Keyser, or Spring Prairie in time for the funeral. It cast a pall of gloom on the Hilleboe home where he had so often been a guest and very dear friend of Sjur and Gjertrud Hilleboe. His death, however, came after a long day of many years of service in the vineyard of the Lord. His work as a pioneer pastor had borne, and would bear, abundant fruit. "Blessed be his memory."

During the summer there were many gatherings at the Hilleboe home; and since the farm was rented, the mother had more time to visit and entertain old friends. At one of these assemblages, one of the older women turned to Anna and said: "Why don't you buy a pian?" Anna at first did not understand what was meant; but when it dawned upon her that she meant a piano, she said: "Why should I buy a piano?" Guri said: "I have heard that you have so much money, at least one thousand dollars." Anna said "Who told you that?" Anna, when she had learned who circulated this rumor said: "I wish the one who knows so much about my financial status would prove to me that his statement is correct." She then told Guri that it is very hard for a stranger to always figure the receipts and disbursements of someone else. Even if he had been able to surmise her income; it was impossible for him to guess her expenditure; especially during the last two years when she had worked for two thirds of her former wages, and with the other workers at the childrens home had been tithing. This proposition struck the funny bone of Anna and she said: "Don't you think that a piano would be cumbersome for me to move from place to place as long as I have no permanent home?" Guri then said: "Why don't you marry? You ought to marry a minister." Anna answered: "If the Lord had intended that I should live in a parsonage, he would have created me a male." Guri then said, "Would you have been a pastor?" Anna assured her that in all probability she would have studied theology had she been a man. Guri continued to unload what was on her mind. Anna was not surprised, as she knew some underlying investigation had prompted all this inquiry, instigation, and concern about her. Guri then said that when Anna came home last year to attend the wedding of her brother, a young pastor had visited in Roche-a-cree and he had been telling that he was a great friend of hers, and other things, that made people wonder if he was not a lover. Anna told her then that she, and others, were all mistaken about them. She added: "I am glad and proud to learn that he has said so many altogether lovely things about me; but because mother gave a dinner for him and some other friends; and because we happened to travel on the same train when we left, you have no right to link our names. He came here, because he was sent by someone in authority, to perform a task; you know that he was not even invited to the wedding, which would have been proper for a future son-in-law." Anna when asked why she did not favor being a pastor's wife, gave many reasons why she was not willing to subject herself to the work and criticisms of a woman so much in the public eye. Someone then said: "Have you ever met a man that might become your husband?" Anna knew well what was meant, so she answered, "I have heard that it is easy to tell when you meet the lover. You will then know, right off from the start, that this is the one person who can make the other half of your life; the one person you need to finish, complete, and illuminate your life! He is music to your words, bloom to your garden, sunlight to your sky, a road through your desert, food and drink for your heart's hunger and thirst. Don't you think that sounds sugar sweet? I have never met such a man, at least not one with all those supernatural qualities."

The year spent on the old homestead was a real treat; Anna now often wondered if part of last year had not been only a night mare or a bad dream. Jorgine Enestveldt spent part of her vacation with Anna at the Hilleboe home; but they both preferred to remain quietly on the farm rather than gadding about visiting. The Ladies Aid society

had been invited to meet at the home the first meeting in September. Everything was in readiness, and the mother, sisters, and Jorgine waited for the women. No one came. At last Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mikkelsen came and all wondered why the members and other women stayed away. Then Mrs. Mikkelsen remembered that at the last meeting it was decided to postpone this meeting one week, due to hop picking but they had forgotten to notify the hostess of the change. The sandwiches were spread, the cakes cut, and as the society was now large and preparations made accordingly, it was apparently a waste of food. They decided to eat lunch and go into the woods to gather nuts. When they returned, after a very enjoyable afternoon, they brought several gunny sacks full of butternuts. The mother had decided on a party and much of the neighbors that could be reached in a hurry had been invited. When the late supper was over much of the victuals had been preserved from spoiling. The officers of the Ladies Aid society apologized for their negligence when they met the following week.

A new modern church had been built by the Synod. It was located a quarter of a mile north of the old church. They had also bought and dedicated a new cemetery near the church. Now there were three churches and four cemeteries in the community, where one church for the living, and done cemetery as the city of the dead, should have been quite sufficient. These congregations were working independently of each other; but there seemed now to be less antagonism and hostility; and probably a little better understanding. This word should be one of the greatest words in the English language.

Anna was now alone with her mother much of the time. Inga was teaching the home school and Helena and Sarah were attending school at the Willmar Seminary. She now recalled how from earliest childhood the children had been taught the value of an education. They were told not to expect inheritance in money or other values; but that they would be given education as far as the means allowed it. Now they had all been sent to Christian schools to prepare for their life work. They had been told to make their one brief life a success; that it was necessary for them to open new areas in life; that knowledge was a power to help them grow great in mind and soul; that Christianity would shed light and joy on all their deeds. In Christian schools and under tutelage of consecrated teachers they had acquired new motives; more lofty ideas had come to possess them; new ideals rose before them; new purposes, strange and undreamed of, came to possess them; new ambitions were born within them; new powers commensurate with this new program of life developed for them. Anna often reflected on the lines of the children born and reared in this home; and realized that they had much to be thankful to their parents for. It was probably to the dear, sacrificing, unselfish mother that much of the honor was due. To her they owed respect and gratitude for anything they might accomplish. She had not as a child or youth been given the opportunities that she earnestly desired and now her ambition and wish was that her children might be prepared to meet the requisites; that they might be transformed under the beneficent influences of Christian institutions; that they might become true men and women. The parents had laid a firm foundation on which they might build; where they might move in a new world toward a more worthy goal; where their thoughts might run a wider orbit; where their feelings might rise to a higher and nobler level; where their actions might speak in a newer refinement; where their hearts might know a greater happiness; and where their living might be more sublime.

Anna had not forgotten the discussion on Luther League and her one ambition that year was, in some way, to help the children, young people, and anyone else, if it was possible. She had always been a very good friend of the Mikkelsen family, and it was a pleasure for her to be able to be with them during the long illness and death

of their mother; also to be with them till after the funeral. She had often nursed the sick; and prepared the dead for burial, and during the winter she was glad that she had courage and strength to help. Scarlet fever had claimed many a child in the community and in some family plots were several graves where there were three in the grave and two in the one coffin. Precautions were now observed where before this contagious disease had lacked proper care and interest.

In the early fall Anna again began to teach the Sunday School, and when the fall work was over a "Young People's" society was organized. Constitution and by laws were adopted and to the credit of the members be it said that they observed the rules and regulations, and made their society very much worth while. Once a month a newspaper "The Evening Star" was published. Every member contributed to its one or more departments; some item of news, poetry or article. Anna was editor. The copies were penned by hand, and consisted of about thirty pages of foolscap paper. Many who had never tried to write poetry or prose discovered a new outlet for their thoughts. Anna had while at Willmar been associate editor of the "Seminary Echo" and she thoroughly enjoyed the work during the winter. The debates and literary programs were beneficial and contributed much to the edification and entertainment of the members. They met in the Tamarack school house. On Washington's Birthday, a program was given at the Community Hall at Arkdale, where a very good program was rendered. Jermon Tveit, Manston, was the speaker. A play furnished much amusement. Andreas Waller appeared at his best that evening. The Hohm brothers also played important parts.

A church choir was organized on Thanksgiving Day with Martin Mikkelsen director. He trained the choir, while Anna gathered the children of the congregation; assigned recitations and songs, and rehearsed a Christmas tree program. A committee trimmed the most perfect tree, (made from four trees) and the congregation who taxed the capacity of the church declared that they had spent a very delightful and edifying Christmas eve together. They expressed a hope that this might become an annual affair. The student from Robbinsdale, who had now been called as assistant pastor by the congregation was present. He spoke during the program; preached on Christmas Day and New Year's Day; and spent the holidays among the members of the congregation. This was something new. The pastors had lived so far away from this church that they had never taken part in anything except the services, confirmation class, and annual meeting of the congregation. They hoped that he would accept the call and reside at Arkdale.

Anna enjoyed the letters from the children at the Martin Luther home, and decided to visit them in the early spring. She spent a week with them and had a very good time. They thought she looked well enough to come back to teach the next year. They had two new teachers, but one of them, A. Lunde was going to the Theological Seminary at Robbinsdale, Minnesota to finish his schoolwork. Mrs. O. A. Solheim drove a horse and Anna went with her several times during the visit. Anna went to Madison to visit Mary Urdahl who kept house for her brother and sister, students at the University. While there she was taken sick with pneumonia; she was glad when Jorgine Ernestedt, who was to spend Easter with Anna, came and brought her home. Dr. Bodenius examined her and told her that she was now paying the price for working before she had gained strength when she a year and a half ago suffered from the same malady. When she went home this time she thought that her doom was sealed. After she came home and had rested she grew stronger, and somehow could not believe that she had contracted tuberculosis for which they then thought there was no cure. When her brother wrote and asked her to again teach at the Seminary,

she answered that she believed that she had taught school for the last time; but she did not confide to him the reason for her belief. As the days grew longer, brighter, and warmer, she felt stronger and stronger and hoped that the doctor had been mistaken in his diagnosis. A new doctor had moved to Arkdale and all thought that he was a wonder. Anna's mother urged her to consult him, and to please her mother she went. It was a beautiful afternoon when Inger and she drove to the village. She was feeling unusually well when she entered the doctor's office. When he asked why she had come she told him. He looked at her, laughed and said: "Neither you or I will ever die of consumption!" When he had given her a thorough examination he told her that she had a severe case of bronchitis, but by care and exercise she would soon be well again. He said: "You must take regular exercise." She answered: "I have been doing that for several weeks." When he asked what kind of exercise, she told him that she had been out driving. He then told her that she might as well be sitting in a rocking chair in a corner with her knitting. He asked: "Where do you live?" When she had told him he said: "Has your mother a lawn, garden and a vegetable garden?" He then told her to go home, to dress warm and comfortably; then rake the dooryard; make flowerbeds and put the garden in order; plant a large kitchen garden; and while these gardens were waiting to be weeded she might tackle the farm. Anna followed his instructions and was surprised at her improvement and exhilaration. Instead of tackling the farm, she took an axe and cleared half an acre of ground where as a child she had played; but now it was over run by brush and brambles. When she had cleared this patch, she felt so well that she commenced to cut the branches of the oak trees as far as she could reach above her head. This favorite haunt was now transformed into a park. She arose every morning at five, except on Sundays, regardless of weather, of aching arms, and stiff shoulder; she spent six week in regular exercise. Her hands became calloused; her skin turned brown by sunshine and wind; but otherwise she had never felt any better. She had reasons to be glad that she had met such a common sense doctor. The medicine he gave her she analyzed as "anise tea", and she did not drink many doses of it as it was not necessary. The weeds in the gardens seemed small and the exercise seemed tame after her tussle with the trees!

The Fourth of July celebration had been such a success last year that they were planning a much bigger and better one this year. The choir had learned many new songs, and expected to surprise the crowd with these selections. The committee on arrangements wondered who might be available for the oration. They mentioned the good program of last year and wished that they might again have been able to secure the services of the student. Fire had destroyed the Theological Seminary at Robbinsdale Minnesota during the winter, and the letter calling the student as assistant pastor had been destroyed together with his other belongings. Their pastor, who was still sick, and had not visited the congregation for about two years, had refused to sign another call; so the congregation was powerless. They were disappointed as they had built such high hopes for the success of the church if they could only get a resident pastor. Anna suggested that they leave the program as it had been prepared and something might happen to send them a speaker also this year. Anna's name was suggested when cleaning and grubbing the grounds was mentioned. The neighbors poked all sorts of fun at her for the exercise taken; yet they all congratulated her on the cure effected. The day for the celebration was perfect, and a very large crowd had gathered when the Hilleboe family arrived. Great was the surprise when Anna introduced to the audience the speaker of the day. He was none other than the student that was such a favorite with them. They wondered by what kind of a hoax she had invited him to appear on the scene. They did not know that it was at his own suggestion that she invited him, and that it was not altogether the national holiday that was the great attraction. He claimed that he needed a vacation and

remembered Roche-a-cree. He was much feted, and the young people seemed to vie with each other in arranging for all kinds of parties, hikes, fishing, picnics, and moonlight excursions. He had accepted a call from Genesee, Idaho and tried to induce Anna to accompany him, when in August he was to be ordained and installed in the congregation served by his father when he was a young boy. Although Anna had promised to become his wife, she was not free to go, even if she had desired to go at this time, as she had also promised another man; and a promise was a promise. Her brother was going to matriculate at the Chicago University and she had promised to teach at the Seminary that year.

The people of Roche-a-cree were quite surprised when they received the cards announcing the engagement of Anna Regina Hilleboe and Martin alexander Christensen. It was no surprise to the parties of the betrothment. They had been correspondents for a long time, and were confident that the mission call where he was to be the only pastor of the Synod in the state of Idaho and eastern Washington, would give them an ample field for carrying the messages of the gospels to the scattered Lutherans.

When he left for a visit with his mother, Mrs. Amelia Christensen, Gayville, South Dakota, before going to the far west, she prepared for her school work. August was a very busy month, yet Anna found time for many heart to heart talks with her mother. In a way this had been a year of convalescence yet she had at times felt so very well, and this year would be prized among her dearest memories. When she came home from Stoughton the mother seemed so lost and lonesome in her widowhood. It had filled her with joy whenever she could comfort her and assuage the grief. During this stay at home mother and daughter had been more on the same level, and at times had played and acted like school girls. One evening when they were discussing some up to date problem Anna said: "Mother, that is too old." She thought that Anna said that the mother was too old, so she jumped up and challenged her to run a race. Anna accepted the challenge but the mother came near winning because of the laughter of the daughter! They both had many laughs about it afterwards. They discussed even politics and debated many questions. During Anna's last month at home they often talked about marriage and home. There had been only one draw back when the young student had pleaded his cause and professed his love, and that was the dear loving mother. Anna knew that she could not bring her mother into the far away west where she would be so far away from the dear home where she had spent nearly a life time. Anna was so glad that her mother liked the future son-in-law. Her advice and motherly counsel was a blessing and benediction and Anna appreciated these intimate conferences.

Anna had not been at Willmar for more than three years so when she saw the changes in the buildings and faculty she was surprised. The large addition and the remodelling had not only enlarged, but changed the arrangements of the school rooms as well as the exterior of the building. Not one of the members of the former faculty remained. The new faculty of nine were nearly all young people. N. J. Hong was to be assistant principal while Prof. H. S. Hilleboe was in Chicago.

The majority of the teachers were comparatively young but they seemed to be successful; at least there was not any trouble, to speak of, during the entire year. The reception given by the faculty at the beginning of the year pleased the student body who just before Christmas gave a very delightful party for teachers and students. The entertainments were well attended and as the school had advanced along all lines the music especially was of a higher grade and class than when Anna attended the first year. Nearly all the teachers of 1895-96 were ex-students who

at other institutions had specialized in the branches that they now were teaching. The students seemed more advanced now when they entered the Seminary. Some, however, came fresh from the country. One of these when asked in what course he expected to register, answered "In the comical." He evidently meant commercial. Another came to study "rapid imagination." When informed that they taught rapid calculation he said: "Maybe that is it."

Anna was invited to very many social affairs that year. Many of the former students lived and worked in the city, and many had also established their own homes both in Willmar and vicinity. Rev. O. Estrem was still the pastor of the church. When Anna first came to attend school she was much impressed by the family of the pastor when she saw them enter the church. The three older children, Joseph, Jennie and Tomrine left the rest of the family at the door and took their places in the choir loft on the gallery; the others headed by their mother marched up the aisle to the family pew where Mrs. O. Estrem stepped to the side to let the flock of neatly dressed children take their places. She then sat nearby the aisle. To Anna, this wife and mother had always by her gentle manners, sweet disposition, and other womanly qualities been an ideal "prestfrue." Anna had been a school mate of the older children, and now many of the younger of the family of eleven were attending school. She spent many happy hours at the parsonage.

It now seemed impossible to Anna that only a few months ago she was a nervous wreck, and later thought that she was dying from tuberculosis. This winter she was teaching nine periods, and was matron of the girls which meant much extra work and worry; still she was feeling very well, and having a wonderful time. Her fiance sent daily messages and kept her well informed about conditions in the wild and woolly west. Her sister-in-law and children were in Iowa so Anna roomed at her brother's house, but boarded at the home of L. O. Thorpe. Ella J. Peterson had charge of the department of music, and she and Anna spent much time together. During the spring term many social affairs were given for the bride elect, and several surprise parties were given by the students. Anna taught a class of girls in fancy work, and they were very generous in presenting her with samples of their work, and other gifts greatly appreciated. She had no "hope chest" in which to gather the shower gifts, yet she had a display of many beautiful and useful articles for her future home. As she had never expected to marry, thinking she was used to her schools, she consequently had given away most of the fancy work that she had made. Most of the gifts presented to her in former years had been destroyed by the fire while she was teaching at the Martin Luther Orphan's Home at Madison. She had valued these tokens of love very highly, but the flames disregarded sentimentality and consumed them together with things less valuable. It was hard for her to believe, even now, that her mementos collected and prized even from childhood's happy days, had in a few short moments gone up in smoke and ashes together with pictures, books, letters and other things that could never be replaced.

The date for her wedding had been set at June 14, 1896. When the examinations were over she was excused from work, and left for her home May 31st. She was accompanied by her sister Helena who had been living with brother John, Warren, Minnesota during the winter. The Synod met in convention at La Crosse, Wisconsin the first week in June, and the sisters stayed one day in that city. Rev. M. A. Christensen had come from Genessee, Idaho to Lake Mills, Iowa to the wedding of his brother Dr. Ferdinand A. Christensen and Ida Stevens May 30th. Anna had been invited to their wedding, but could not leave school so early. When she came home she found plenty to do, as the whole congregation, and many more, had been invited to the wedding. It was decided to erect a shanty for shade, and serve the dinner on the lawn. The wedding cake, of fifty pounds, had been baked a year ago, and

was a present from her sister-in-law Mary. This fruit cake had ripened and was very delicious. Liva Johnson, a childhood companion was going to make the immense pyramid of angel food cake. Several others had promised to bake at their homes; still about a dozen were busy at work at the Hilleboe home the last days, baking and cooking. Anna Hohn had charge of the baking, and Karen Waller of the cooking. It was no easy matter in the heat to preserve all the food prepared, and a great deal of cooking and baking was left for Saturday. One of the pie makers insisted on designing on the crust a school house for the bride and a church for the bride groom. She was, however, dissuaded from carrying out her threat. Pickles, preserves, jellies and jams for the dinner were arranged in a corner shelf in the cellar in order to make room on the long shelves of the cupboard for the cooked and baked food. When the wedding was over they were still intact! Many other things also had been overlooked and forgotten and left to waste their sweetness on the desert air. Jorgine Enestvedt and the three sisters were to be bridesmaids; and very many of the relatives had come to be present at the wedding. Many who had attended the convention at La Crosse had also come to see that all went according to Hoyle. Several did not know that the Hilleboe home was located nine miles from the railway station, and that neither hotels or summer resorts had been built in the community. Kind neighbors offered their homes, and also met the travelers at the station so they were all cared for.

On Saturday evening a large number of the guests were entertained at dinner and spent the evening in social intercourse and incidentally fighting mosquitoes. The president of the eastern district Rev. H. Halvorson, a friend of the Hilleboe family, requested the pleasure of officiating at the wedding, and he was a very welcome guest. There were in all eight pastors present at the wedding, among them the bridegroom's brother Rev. G. A. Christiansen and his brother in law Rev. S. S. Urberg and wife. Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Christensen, Profand Mrs. H. S. Hilleboe and three daughters, Gertrude Marie and Genevieve; Mr. and Mrs. J.S. Hilleboe and daughters Agnes and Sylvia; Mr and Mrs. P. S. Hilleboe and sons Selmer and Christian had come from neighboring states to visit the home folks. Many other relatives and friends had also come and some were afraid that they had inconvenienced the family by their presence. This, however, was not the case. As many as possible were entertained at the Hilleboe home but since kind neighbors had opened their homes for entertainment all were welcomed and given temporary homes.

When the party was over on Saturday night, there was much work yet to be done and Anna helped to frost cakes, and put the finishing touches here and there in order to have everything in readiness on Sunday morning. It was a great pleasure to get ready for the hundreds of guest but there was also much work and responsibility connected with the undertaking. She was so glad that she had had all her clothes made at Willmar. The dressmaker who had made her outfit had insisted on designing the wedding dress to suit herself. It was a much more elaborate trousseau than Anna had planned; yet now when she had everything arranged, she was pleased with the effect. The dress was made when the style of the balloon sleeves were such that the sleeves were cut first to see if any cloth would be left for the rest of the dress. This dress was made with a very long and wide train so that the skirt measured over nine and a half yards around the bottom. When Anna looked at the dress and the long veil, with face veil, she wondered how she would ever be able to manipulate these garments. She had never been an elaborate dresser always preferring simple garments; yet these filmy garments rather appealed to her fancy and she knew that wearing this wedding dress with orange blossoms and wreath, from her mother's beautiful myrtle, was a chance of a life time but she was willing to risk it. Although somewhat uncomfortable, as other brides, she knew that she would be happy when she ventured forth and left her childhood, girlhood, and womanhood behind. After the work of the strenuous

day was over, the lights were extinguished, and she again had a heart to heart talk with her dear mother; she tried to sleep, but somehow she suffered from insomnia and nostalgia. She looked through the window into the magic night where the silver moonbeams shone so very brightly. It seemed as if the world was moondrenched while she looked at the beauties of nature; she also listened. She could hear the murmuring of her old friend the creek. It seemed to be talking in murmurs so soft and low telling of its home; of clear springs where it came from; of beautiful hills and valleys; of fields and meadows; of comrades it had known; of words and other murmuring streams; of hamlets, villages and homes. As Anna listened she lifted her face and hands in prayer; with her heart attuned in reverence she again petitioned her heavenly Father to bless her in the future as He had done in the past. She rededicated her life to His service, and prayed to live in constant readiness for whatever providence had in store for her. She implored God to make her a worthy wife to the pastor who had chosen her as his help meet to go into the mission field to gather the scattered flock; to build a home with all the blessings and privileges; where all living within the radius of their influence might be granted the privilege of coming home to a parsonage.

She humbly begged to be given the strength to earnestly say in words, thoughts, and deeds: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Wifhood

A wedding seems always to interest not only the contracting parties, but also the kindred and friends. The ceremony of the marriage with its attendant festivities and ceremonies seems to put all concerned in a festive mood. The state of being married, ethically considered in Christian countries, is a mutual and voluntary compact properly based on mutual regard and affection and suitably ratified to live together as husband and wife until separated by death. The nuptial ceremonies may differ, and the weddings be according to usage in the community; yet there is always created a special interest and attention at a large church wedding. At Roche-a-cree it was customary to set the date of a church wedding on the Sundays when regular services were to be conducted. Thus the date of the marriage of Anna Regina Hilleboe and Rev. Martin Alexander Christensen was set at June fourteenth, eighteen hundred and ninety six, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. All the preparations had been completed. The friends of the bride and bride groom had decorated the church. As it was in the time of roses, this favorite flower predominated in the profuse decorations beautifying the new church. As this was the first large wedding in the new church all vied in making it the grandest possible. An arch of flowers had been built, and an enormous wedding bell of roses and June grasses was suspended above the place where the contracting parties were to pledge their troth. A number of pews had been reserved for the family and special guests.

Very early on Sunday morning the entire household of the Hilleboe home was up getting ready for the services and wedding. As the marriage was to be the first on the program, the wedding party did not want to be tardy. There was quite a commotion while the large household was getting ready to be presentable at the church wedding. The bride, when she was to be dressed said: "I feel so tired that I fear I shall not be able to play my role today. If I do not faint today I shall never faint." When, however, the bride's maids had helped her into the trousseau which according to old adage that a bride should wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue" had been strictly adhered to, she felt more at ease. Her mother had cut from her beautiful myrtle the needed sprays to be used in the wreath ornamenting the dress, and other embellishments. The wreath and veil, especially the face veil seemed to add to the heat of the day. From the earliest morning the weather had been unusually warm. The betrothed had laughingly repeated "Rain on the wedding day brings riches to the bride." They could not see even one little cloud in the sky, and therefore their prospects for wealth seemed evanescent. This did not dampen their ardor. They were not accustomed to riches so the effulgence and splendor of the glorious sunshine only added brightness and glory to this day of days! They were very happy in their love and believed that matrimony came from Paradise and would lead them to an earthly paradise. They expected to multiply their joys by sharing them, and to lessen their troubles by dividing them. Although they were not blessed with earthly riches they relied on other things of sterling qualities such as geniality of soul, kindness, intelligence, sympathy, courage, perseverance, faith, understanding, and other things which they considered perpetual fortune. They had learned that it was futile to rely on mutability of circumstances which one day confer resources, which sooner or later are withdrawn. They had also learned that to err is human; to forgive is divine, and neither of them considered the other perfect. They knew that they were not without faults, incapable of mistakes, immaculate in speech, in temper, and in habits. Neither of them would dare to hitch their imperfection fast to supernatural excellence, nor try to be the companion of an angel—if there was such human perfection. Anna quoted from Spurgeon: "A true wife is her

husband's better half, his lamp of delight, his flower of beauty, his guardian angel, and his heart's treasure. In her company he finds his earthly heaven. She is the light of his home, the comfort of his soul, and the soul of his comfort."

The drive to the church was dusty, otherwise very enjoyable. When the immediate relations and special guests were seated, the bridal procession moved up the aisle. The brides maids lead the procession; the bride's oldest brother, Prof. H. S. Hilleboe, escorted the bride and she was given in marriage by him; the best man was Dr. Ferdinand A. Christensen.

The ritual of the Lutheran church was used. The marriage vow; the solemn promise to fulfill in the hereafter; the pledge that had been given at the betrothment; the pledge of fidelity and affection, was renewed in the presence of the August assembly. To Anna it was a very solemn occasion. She was now to bid farewell to home and childhood's friends; to go to the far west among strangers, as a worker in the home mission field. She was confident that this was the will of God, and as Mrs. M. A. Christensen, she hoped to be able to accomplish much greater things than she had been able to do alone and unaided. She had perfect confidence in her husband and knowing his ability, capacity for work, and consecrated life, she was eager to work hand in hand with him in the yet unknown field. A few of her old friends who could not spend the day with Anna had come to the church wedding to wish her joy and happiness, to bid her goodbye, and wish her God speed in the future. When the wedding guests assembled at the Hilleboe home, and the congratulations and good wishes had been extended, all were invited to dinner. Long tables had been set on the lawn, and the delicious dinner prepared and served by kind friends and neighbors was enjoyed by the many guests. After all had partaken of the meal; had admired the many gifts, had met old friends and been introduced to the strangers; a picture of the entire wedding party was taken.

During the afternoon, two of the bride's brothers wanted to make and serve lemonade. They cut several dozens of lemons into a large container and sweetened the lemonade with salt. By mistake, table salt had at first been sent for the ice cream instead of rock salt, hence the mistake. After much hilarity the real lemonade was served; and when the rock salt had been found, ice cream was also made and served as a refreshment on the hot afternoon. After supper some of the older people went home, while many stayed to enjoy the evening as so many evenings had been spent at the dear old homestead.

On Monday morning about thirty gathered at the Hilleboe home to plan for the day. Lunch was prepared and all wound their way to a favorite resort, the Carmon Rocks. Much of the prepared food that had been overlooked and forgotten at the wedding feast was enjoyed now. The wedding cakes had been cut and distributed, yet there were cakes and sweet meats galore left for many picnic parties. It was decided to go to Fish Lake in the afternoon to try luck at fishing, but the newly weds preferred to drive to Arkdale to get the mail, and then spend a social hour at the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Mikkelsen. When the guests were assembled in the late evening they decided to ask for blankets, so that all the men might sleep in the hay mow in the barn and the women and children in the house. Thus they might be permitted to spend the evening together instead of being scattered among the neighbors, several miles apart. This arrangement proved to be very satisfactory and all spent a very pleasant evening planning for the morrow. No special time had been set for the departure of the newly weds; but the pastor was anxious to get back to his field of work. They decided to leave for home on Tuesday evening but did not care to tell the rest of the folks, as they did not want to interfere with their plans. When the various parties went on their expeditions on Tuesday morning, Anna went upstairs to pack her belongings. When the rest gathered for dinner

Anna did not go downstairs as she was in no mood for eating. Her mother suspected that something was afoot, so she came upstairs. Although she was loath to see her daughter leave so soon, still she did not insist on a prolonged visit. It was very hard for Anna to bid farewell to the home folks, especially the mother. Somehow she felt that it was farewell forever in this world. It was such a consolation, however, that they parted as the very best of friends, with the blessings of God resting upon them.

Anna was now to meet her husband's mother, three sisters, and two brothers living at Gayville, South Dakota. Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Christensen decided to travel with them to visit the folks also. Although the distance was not so very great between the two towns, still it took nearly two days to reach Gayville. The first night was spent waiting for the train for McGregor. There they had to wait ten hours for a train for Canton, S. Dakota where they again changed trains for Elk Point, where they finally boarded the train for Gayville S. Dakota. It would have been alright to have changed trains so often, if it had not been for all the baggage! So many of the wedding presents of silver, cut glass, and china were so fragile that Anna was afraid to pack them in the trunk but carried them in a handbag and suitcase and did not dare to check them.

Anna received a hearty welcome at Gayville and she was soon made to feel that she was one of the family. She had never enjoyed all the jokes poked at the mother-in-laws, and she said then and afterwards that if all the mother and daughter-in-laws get along as well as these two did there would be no need of dreading the proverbial mother-in-law. Friday was spent in driving, and fishing in the James River. The only one that had a bite was the doctor. When he tried to land what he thought was an immense fish, it proved to be a large turtle. Saturday they all visited at Bergen congregation and saw the house where Martin Christensen was born. His father, Rev. Emil Christensen had studied theology at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri. His wife Amelia and sons Gustav and Ferdinand had been there with him. When he graduated he was given the choice of calls, either Texas or Dakota Territory. He chose Dakota. There he worked faithfully ten years organizing congregations in Clay County and surrounding districts. His wife played a very important part during the pioneer days, and she often bore the brunt of the burden.

It was touching to hear the pioneers talking about the days in the early sixties. Rev. Emil Christensen became their pastor in 1867. One of his special friends was Nils P. Leque who was also a co-worker. He taught parochial school, was "klokker" and in various other ways was the pastor's right hand. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Leque were sponsors when the third son Martin Alexander was baptized. Anna enjoyed seeing the old haunts and meeting the old time friends of the family.

On Sunday a mission festival had been announced at the church in Gayville where Rev. P. H. Dahl was pastor. The young pastor, a native son of this congregation, had been invited to take part in the services, but the one who was to preach the mission sermon was Rev. Styrk S. Reque. After the services Anna met many of the Gayvilleites. Her husband said that he wanted her to meet the pastors. When he introduced her to Rev. Reque he had the surprise of his life, when Rev. Reque looked at him and said: "Never mind about introducing us; I loved her long before you did. She has sat on my lap very often and we have kissed and embraced long before you ever even met her." Anna had, in some way, forgotten to tell her husband that she had been baptized by Rev. Reque, and that as a baby and very young girl she had been a favorite of his, and had been silly about her friend and pastor.

On Monday a meeting was held at Vangen congregation, at Mission Hill, near Yankton. There Anna met

many of the charter members of the congregation, and also there she felt right at home among them. Several invitations were extended for dinner and also for lunch and supper. The same spirit of hospitality prevailed there as elsewhere among the pioneers. The Christiansen family also received an invitation to the wedding of Mary Bagstad and Prof. W. Fenenga. They accepted the invitation and had a delightful time. The Bagstads and the Christiansens had been friends since the days of pioneering. The following Sunday Rev. M. A. C. preached at Bergen in the forenoon, and at Gayville in the evening. Dinner was eaten at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Myren. So many invitations were extended that it would have taken weeks to have kept all the appointments if all had been accepted. One day was spent with the family of Lars Sampson at Yankton and as many other invitations were accepted as the brief visit allowed. After spending less than two weeks in Gayville a visit was made at Lake Mills, Iowa to visit Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Christensen. Fourth of July was celebrated in that city. There Anna met a young man, J. A. Aasgaard, who treated her to a dish of ice cream. She did not dream then that he would become a professor of Concordia College, and later be elected president of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America.

It was now soon time to leave for the Pacific District. At Minneapolis they were met by Sarah Hilleboe who was to accompany her sister to Idaho. They visited at the home of Rev. and Mrs. O. Wilson of St. Paul where her brother Ole with family also were visiting. Selma Wilson and Mary Hilleboe were sisters, and had just returned from Roche-a-cree where they had attended the funeral of their father Iver Olson. Anna visited with her nieces, Grace, Stella, and Evelyn while their parents and auntie went shopping. The Hilleboe family left for their home in Buxton, North Dakota in the evening. Anna did not suspect that she should never again meet her brother and his youngest daughter Evelyn. The following day the three west bound travelers were invited for dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Jens A. Johnson, better known as "Northern Pacific Johnson." He was an old time friend of the Christensens. He had been at the wedding in Roche-a-cree and now he was assisting them in securing their transportation to Genessee, Idaho. The men had to go to St. Paul in order to sign the tickets, and Anna and Sarah were to meet them at the station at Minneapolis. Anna wanted to buy some fruit, some handkerchiefs and other things for the trip, so she stopped at Donaldson's Glass block. When she was through shopping and went to hail a street car, she noticed that she had lost her purse. This was a predicament! She was now in this strange city without a cent of money. Besides the money, all the checks for the baggage were gone and it was about twenty minutes before the train was to pull out for Spokane, Washington. What should she do? She ran into the store, and luck was with her for she found the purse. When she again hailed the street cars, they sailed right by without stopping. They were already loaded to the limit. When she asked a policeman for advice, he told her that she had better not rely on the street cars but walk or even run if she expected to board the train. He gave the directions and as she was quite a sprinter, she got there before the train pulled out. When her husband and sister saw her come they piled the bags and suitcases into the coach. She gave the checks for the baggage to J. A. Johnson and he had them re-checked and sent on the next train. The train they boarded was carrying a load of excursionists and every coach was filled. At last the three found one seat, where the sisters crowded in among the bags and baggage. It was an extremely warm afternoon in July and as Anna had to run about a block to the minute, she was almost exhausted. A colored woman occupied the seat ahead of them, and Anna thought that probably she was not going so very far, and maybe they might get her seat. When she asked: "How far are you going?" the woman answered "To Seattle." Before evening they were able to secure two upper berths, so now trouble was at an end.

The scenery was very familiar to them all the first day. They had all traveled over that road before. The second day, however, when they saw the "bad lands" the sisters became interested. As a child Rev. Christensen had traveled over this road when it was first built, and last year he had also been a passenger and traveled over the same road. Anna was so anxious to see the Rocky Mountains. She had always pictured them as great rocky mountains rising thousands of feet abruptly from the level land, capped with snow and very precipitous. She was so very disappointed when told: "There are the Rocky Mountains!" They had been climbing so gradually that the elevation and altitude did not impress her. Her husband called her attention to many interesting things and places, yet she was disappointed. She had heard so much about Montana, but had also there had a wrong impression. She realized that the railroads were built where the cheapest right of way could be bought and where the engineers could find the most accessible places for building the best possible road beds. She enjoyed watching the mountain streams whose crystal clear waters leaped and jumped and plunged down in gigantic waterfalls. Toward evening the distant snow capped mountains were exquisite in their opaline tints and hues from the softest pink, violet, blue, amethyst, rose, and various other shades, to the spotless white. Farther down the sides of the mountains, the green, yellow and brown contrasted intensely with the pale but gorgeous peaks seen in the distance. The wild flowers grew in profusion. Their gorgeous colors gave a brilliancy to the otherwise somber mountainsides. Even if the mountain scenery had not overwhelmed Anna, yet she enjoyed the newness of the scenery. She had heard much about Yellowstone Park and somehow she had imagined that the mountains at least could be seen from the train. She had studied geography, had taught geography, yet the west seemed so different from the descriptions, maps and pictures. The almost endless stretches of waste land covered with sage brush made her feel lonesome. She missed the immense wheat fields and mixed farming of the Mississippi valley; the bonanza farms of the Dakotas; and she wondered how they could make a living from the patches of cultivated land along the railways. In some places she saw orchards, yet she could not comprehend how anyone might eke out an existence in this wild and woolly west. To her the west was a conundrum. As they neared Spokane, the world again seemed more natural. The valleys were now wider, the orchards of cherries and early apples were loaded with fruit, the fields promised good crops, and the meadows waved their luxuriant grasses. The city of Spokane appealed to Anna. It seemed to be a metropolis; but she could not understand why the surrounding country needed a city as large as this. This was the place where they were to change trains for Genesee. They went to a hotel in order to find a place for their luggage and also to rest and clean up before they went calling. Although Rev. M. A. Christiansen was the only pastor of the Synod in the state of Idaho, he also served congregations in Spokane, Rockford, Deer Park, and Clayton, Washington, and wanted to visit these congregations before moving to his congregations in Idaho, a distance of 113 miles. They first called at the home of the Oiens. Mrs. Oien would not listen to them when they told her that they were domiciled at the hotel. She sent for the baggage, and they soon felt very much at home in this hospitable Christian home. Anna spent much of the evening watching the rushing Spokane Falls, and listening to its roaring as the voluminous waters dashed from the ledge to fall into the foamy abyss where the waters were dashed and churned and by the most violent motions transformed into a seething mass. Not many rods below the falls, the river again became placid, and flowed along in its bed as if nothing had ever happened to disturb its restful course.

The following day, a Saturday, the travelers went to Rockford about thirty miles west, where they were to spend a few days. Here several families formerly from Roche-a-cree had made their homes. Four of the Hanson

brothers from Arkdale; their sister Christine now Mrs. Ole Hegna, and other members of the Hegna family; the Brediseus; Strands; and others from the homeland welcomed Anna. She was quite amused when she alighted from the train. A man walked up to her and said: "Hello, Emma. I have been looking for you the last two weeks." It was hard for her to convince him that she was not the Emma Smith that he thought she was. The congregation had furnished a cottage for them, and this was the first temporary parsonage and home where Anna was to be "preste frue." In the evening the congregation and friends gave a surprise party for the new pastor's wife; Sunday dinner was enjoyed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. Rude. Their daughter, Millie, wife of Rev. T. H. Tonnesen from Portland, Oregon was visiting at her old home. The Rude family planned a camping trip to Lake Coeur d'Alene and invited the pastor's family as guests. Anna was delighted. She would enjoy this outing very much and planned to stay there while her husband preached and worked in the congregations about fifty miles north of Spokane. Before they were ready to go to the lake, Anna had the misfortune of suffering a minor injury. The doctor had ordered quietness and rest until her leg was strong enough to carry her. She borrowed a hammock and took some books that she wanted to read, and was ready to go with Mr. O. Rude when he went to join his family at the camp. Never in her life had Anna driven over such roads! In fact, in some places, it was not real roads but only openings and spaces between the majestic trees. It was up hill and down hill nearly all the way. The ponies did not seem to mind reins or brakes but galloped down the hills, and sometimes also up the hills. The lumber wagon filled with bedding and provision rambled along. At the brow of the hill, or rather mountain, about two miles in the lake, Anna did not dare to sit in the spring but got down among the boxes and bedding. Her sister was a little doubtful about descending that narrow road along the ledges, and hugging the side of the mountains, where if anything should happen they would land hundreds of feet below in the gorge. Mr. Rude, however, assured them that traveling here was perfectly safe. He drove this road of some twenty miles often, and nothing had ever happened to him. The horses started off in a gallop but made every turn safely and it did not take them a long time to reach the camp. Mrs. Rude had prepared an excellent dinner, and there Anna ate her first real piece of huckleberry pie. Her husband had initiated her into appreciating the deliciousness of the wild western berries: the red and blue huckleberries, thimble, and salmonberries and many other berries whose new and unfamiliar names she had forgotten. Anna was so glad and thanked God that she had been privileged to visit this lake with its beautiful surroundings. The scenery was the wildest and boldest she had ever seen! Here was the forest primeval and nature as created by God. Very few places had ever been visited by man. Mr. Rude owned a boat, and as soon as Anna was able to hobble the short distance from the camp to the landing, she went for a boat ride. The camp was situated at the head of the thirty mile long lake, and here she and the friend were lords of all they surveyed as there was no one to dispute their rights. The scenery at this end of the lake was magnificent. As she rowed along, every curve and turn brought some equally new and beautiful scene. The lofty mountains rose abruptly from the water with scarcely a scrap of shore or beach. The trees and luxuriant vegetation covered the sides of the mountains, and the variegated green with numerous trees loaded with many colored blossoms formed a panorama fit for a king. The cool water near the shore was transparent; but as it quite abruptly reached almost fathomless depths, it became emerald, sapphire, jade, turquoise and various other colors, reflecting the walls of the mountain. This shifting influences of rock and depth formed an interesting study in hues and colorings. When the water was placid it formed an almost perfect mirror, and it was difficult to discern where the reflection really began. The water trickling down the mountain sides and the waterfalls added

life to this rustic beauty.

One morning most of the campers had left the camp; some had gone for hikes, and some were fishing. Anna chose to lie in the hammock reading a book. A neighbor of the Rude family, with three year old son had come to visit and rest. The little boy was playing on a raft at the end of the boat landing, when he lost his balance and fell into the deep water. Anna yelled to those fishing to come to his rescue. She had been unable to walk that morning and therefore had stayed in camp. It dawned upon her that if that child was to be rescued she must be the one to do it. She jumped up, forgot that she was crippled and ran down to the landing where she found an oar. With this she fished him out of the water. She gave him first aid, and soon he was all right. He cried from fright and excitement. His mother came, and when she noticed that he had wet his clothes and spoiled his new shoes, she gave him a sound whipping. Anna went back to her hammock weary from the exertion and also sad at heart to know that there were mothers of this caliber. When the campers came home and told this mother of the danger and timely rescue of her son, she came over to apologize for her behavior, and to thank Anna for saving the drowning child. Anna then told her that she had considered her a most unnatural mother, but that now when she had been instrumental in saving the life of this child she hoped that in the future as a mother she would look upon him as God given the second time, and would care for him and bring him up accordingly.

After a delightful two weeks camping, the people heading for Idaho bid goodbye to the friends who had so graciously entertained them. It was soon time to go to Genesee. The pastor had been busy, part of the time, but had also spent some time at the lake. Before leaving Rockford they went to Mica Peak to work and visit. It happened that three of those confirmed with Anna lived in the vicinity—Thora Hanson, Rebecca Hegna, and T. Thorstenson. It was a pleasure to again meet them. The girls were married, and Anna was invited to Tomm's wedding. He married Anna Isaacson of Genesee. Many children were brought to the church for holy baptism the last Sunday spent in Rockford. Just before the pastor left for his trip east, he had baptized an infant, and the parents wanted the pastor to name the baby. They had forgotten the name given and so had the pastor. He could remember that the first name was Carl, but the middle name was not recalled until the pastor looked through the ministerial register when he came to Genesee.

The trip from Rockford to Moscow, Idaho was very interesting. The farming districts were much like Minnesota, only the prairies were more rolling and the hills higher. At Moscow they were met by George Tegland. At the Tegland home the pastor had boarded and made his home the preceding year. Anna suffered torments when she walked but she was bound to hide her slightly crippled condition. The Ladies Aid Society had bought a stove, kitchen utensils and dishes for the parsonage. The books and some household goods sent by freight had been hauled to the parsonage and the pastor and wife were very anxious to get settled. Anna wondered what kind of a home she would find. They had been promised \$100.00 a year as salary, and the use of some acres of land, but she knew that would not go far in paying debt and in furnishing a house. The congregation had given their pastor last year a bedstead, dresser, and two chairs, but that comprised all the furniture. Hans Tvedt had given a horse, Truls, and a buck board had also been secured. After breakfast they climbed into the buckboard and drove over to the parsonage. When they came there they found that the articles bought by the women had not been delivered. They unpacked the books, carried the bedding where it belonged and hung the curtains and a few pictures, then waited for the rest of the furnishings. It was eight miles to Genesee; and even if they had gone to fetch the things it would

have been impossible to load all into the buckboard. Mrs. Tegland had invited them to come back for dinner; but she was not feeling well, and the men were busy in the fields, so they decided to eat the remnants of the lunch prepared by Mrs. O. Rude when they yesterday left Rockford. With a cup of cold water to drink, a newspaper for a tablecloth, and morsels to eat, they began their housekeeping. They were glad, however, that they were at last at home, after traveling, more or less, for nearly two months. Before evening, the load came from Genesee, and the delayed baggage came from Moscow. It did not then take long to get the things assorted, and the house put in order.

On Sunday she met most of the congregation. She had been asked to climb up into the gallery to help with the singing. It had rather amused her to watch the people eye all who entered the church. She knew they were all anxious to get their first glimpse of their new pastor's wife. The congregation welcomed her, and she felt at home among them from that day. She was surprised but also amused when one of the women later told her that they had hoped—yes, she thought that some had almost prayed—that something might happen to break the engagement between their pastor and her. As a lover, he had talked about his fiancée, and somehow they had got the impression that she was a very high toned, fashionable, and haughty personage. They did not want a teacher from the city and Seminary to come to dwell among them because they feared she was not like one of them. Anna was often glad that she had been raised in a pioneer home and understood many of the trials and problems of those who had bid goodbye to established customs and things. She had to learn many new ways and also many new words and expressions. The first Ladies Aid Society that she attended met at the parsonage. The pastor had informed her that they met in the forenoon; ate their dinner; spent the afternoon together; had afternoon coffee and then went home. She could remember this arrangement from the time that she was a young girl; and she prepared for them accordingly. This society was very much smaller than the organization in the old eastern congregations. She remembered once, when the society met at Roche-a-cree at her home in the month of June, that so many came that they ate all the veal of a good sized calf besides many kettles of potatoes, vegetables, loaves of bread, etc. As soon as the busiest season of harvesting was on, Sarah taught parochial school. Quite a number of the children attended. In the early spring they had also a short term of parochial school taught by Anna Tenwick from Rockford. The pastor had found her on a farm out among the tall timbers where she, then a young girl, yearned for an education. Because she was a girl this was deemed unnecessary. The pastor had encouraged her, had pleaded with the parents to send her to a Christian school, because she seemed particularly interested in the study of religion. She had been trained in the home in this very important subject, so she was glad when she was given the opportunity to go to Latah County to teach parochial school. This year she was going to Parkland, Washington, about five hundred miles west to attend the Pacific Lutheran University. This school had been built and supported by the members of the Synod under the direction of Rev. B. Harstad. Anna had visited at the Tenwick home and was very much interested in this young girl and had encouraged her to work for an education and forge ahead. She even prophesied that this young girl should graduate from the school, later named Pacific Lutheran Academy, should become a very successful teacher at the institution, should go as a missionary to the mission fields of China, should there become Mrs. Edward Sovik, and work faithfully and successfully until the wars in China in 1927 compelled the missionaries to return to America.

Anna soon became interested in her new home, new work, and this, her new state. It was, however, rather an old state, as it was first explored early in the nineteenth century by Lewis and Clark. A mission was established

at Couer d'Alene in 1842 but till the discovery of gold in 1852 the state was visited only by hunters and prospectors. It was not admitted into the Union till 1890, and was the thirtieth state admitted. She soon learned that the state was very hilly and in some places exceedingly mountainous. Anna was told that the southern part of the state was very arid. It was only where irrigation was possible that agricultural products and fruit could be raised. The soil was of volcanic origin and very fertile when water was applied, otherwise the plains were covered with sage brush and various kinds of obnoxious weeds. Gold, silver, and lead were found in abundance in the mountains, while gold bearing gravel was found along the Snake, Salmon, and Boise rivers. The basin of the Boise was noted for its auriferous gold deposits. Genesee was situated in the panhandle in northern Idaho. The country in that vicinity was noted for its wheat. All cereals and ordinary garden vegetables and small fruits grew in abundance. Peaches, pears, apples, cherries, apricots, prunes, and plums were the principal horticultural products. The farming along Cow Creek, and in other valleys, was dry farming, but along the Clear Water and Snake Rivers they were beginning to put in irrigation systems. Thus the mountains and hills afforded excellent pasturage and the valleys were rapidly converted into cereal fields and orchards. Neg Perce Indian reservation had recently been opened, and many from the settlement took claims there. The pastor and his wife were tempted to claim each a quarter section of land but were advised against it. They would not be expected to live there all the time if they served a congregation regularly on the reservation. The congregation, however, thought it would be too hard a trip to drive over sixty miles over the very poor roads once a month. They also thought that the field already was large enough for one pastor to serve.

Anna was very much interested in the way that the wheat was harvested. Instead of a binder where the bundles were shocked, as in the east, here the grain was allowed to remain standing until the wheat was dead ripe. Then the heads were cut with a new invention of a machine called a header. The heads were run into a peculiarly shaped wagon box, and stacked until threshed. Because there was no dew, it was possible to harvest the wheat thus in that climate. The headers had cut the wheat on the small acreage belonging to the congregation. Anna was wondering how she would be able to accommodate the thirty and more men of the threshing crew. She had only small cooking utensils and half a dozen of each kind of dishes, so she knew that she must borrow from the neighbors. The threshing machine was at Ditlef Smith's and she had been watching the men at work, when at about eleven o'clock they stopped working and prepared to move. She wondered why they quit, and where they were going. The parsonage was set back from the county road over a quarter of a mile. A large hill ahead of the house cut off the view except to the northwest. Ditlef Smith owned the forty acres between the road and the forty belonging to the church. Anna watched the men move the machinery. She was surprised to notice that they stopped ahead of the gate leading to Smith's land. She was still more surprised when they opened the gate to drive in to their farm, and get ready for threshing their grain. They had found the wheat at Smith's too damp and had decided to come to the parsonage to thresh the wheat there. Anna called the pastor who was upstairs in his study. What the men had forgotten was to notify Anna of the change in their plans. She knew they would come one of the days in the near future to thresh so she had baked a large batch of bread and some cakes. There was not a piece of meat in the house, nor any vegetables so what should she do? She learned that day that a friend in need is a friend indeed. Mrs. Ditlef Smith was cooking dinner for the crew when she was notified of the change. She immediately gathered and sent plenty of dishes, the peeled potatoes, vegetables, and meat in large kettles; so when the men were ready for their dinner, the meal was ready to be served. That was not the only time that Mrs. Smith befriended the pastor's

wife. During the afternoon the pastor drove to town for supplies, so she had plenty to serve for supper. Anna and her sister baked muffins for breakfast; but she never realized before how many muffins a man can eat. Some of the men suggested that they also eat dinner at the parsonage, but as that was unnecessary Anna did not second the motion.

Prof. Albert E. Egge moved west almost at the same time that the Christensens came to Idaho. He was to teach at the Agricultural College at Pullman, Washington about fifteen miles away. The Washington State College was quite a school, and this new professor was a welcome worker among the young people. Mrs. A. E. Egge, Laila and Eric moved west later, when he had rented a home. Prof. Egge spent several days at the parsonage before school opened, and he was a very welcome guest whenever he found time to visit. After his family arrived the two families often visited and spent such pleasant hours together.

Six young people were to be confirmed that year. Some lived at and near Genesee and had over seven miles to come to church. All the parents with their families were to honor the class and had been invited to eat dinner at the parsonage. Through some misunderstanding very many more came. This was perfectly all right; but because the housewife was not prepared to serve so many, it grew quite late before the dishes had been removed and washed; and the table was set and reset many times before all had eaten. There was not very much left to eat when all were fed. When in the evening they had gone home Sarah said: "Today we must have fed four thousand men, not counting the women and the children." They all seemed to enjoy spending the day together, and Anna felt that she was becoming better acquainted with the congregation whenever she had a chance to rub elbows with them.

Day before Thanksgiving Day the Ladies Aid Society met at the home of Lars Olsen. It began to storm and grew bitter cold. When in the evening Anna went into the cellar, a "dug out" several feet away from the house, she decided to bring into the pantry the fruit and the vegetables she needed for the Thanksgiving dinner. A Prof. B. Cobb was to lecture in the church in the evening and he was to be entertained at the parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Ingwall Smith invited the pastor's family to eat their Thanksgiving dinner with them, and they also insisted that they stay there for supper. After the lecture was over, and the guest had been made comfortable Anna asked if anyone cared for anything to eat. The guest thanked and said that it would be very fine. He then confessed that he had eaten very little during the day, and was really hungry. Anna went into the icy cold kitchen where she made a fire in the kitchen stove. When she came to get the eatables everything was frozen into a solid icy mass. Meat, potatoes, vegetables, canned fruit, bread—everything had to be thawed out and steamed before they could be served. It was nearly midnight before Anna was ready to serve the meal. She knew the professor thought her a slow house keeper, but it surely had been a task to prepare that meal. The houses were built very poorly, even the best of them, when compared with homes in the east. This parsonage had been poorly constructed; and as it had been standing vacant a very long time, it was far from comfortable, especially during windy weather. Then the lamps flickered so that it was hard to even ready by lamp light.

A class of girls met every Saturday afternoon at the parsonage. It was a great pleasure for Anna to instruct about thirty girls in all kinds of fancy work, as well as in plain sewing. Some of the younger women at times joined the class. A Young People's Society met in the school house nearby and there Anna enjoyed meeting both young and old. There was no Sunday School, but the children had been assigned recitations and a Christmas tree program was to be given. This was something entirely new, and all looked forward to Christmas Eve. The young folks were

practicing songs both for Christmas Eve and also Christmas Day. The pastor left day after Thanksgiving to spend two weeks in the congregations about Spokane, and also to attend a circuit meeting at Seattle. He did not get back to Genesee until just before Christmas. The Christmas tree had been trimmed and everything was in readiness for the festivities. Anna was thankful now that she had had so much practice in training children. Her sister had charge of the program to be given by the children in the town of Genesee, so they were both busy. The church was packed, and the program was enjoyed. Many presents were distributed. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hanan and daughter Olive came home with the pastor's family and stayed all night. Mr. Hanan and Anna had been schoolmates at Willmar. He had brought his young wife to Spokane where they went to make their home. While there a baby girl was born, and the mother had to spend weeks at the hospital afterwards suffering with milkleg. She was a stranger among strangers and longed for her folks in North Dakota. Mr. Hanan had been to visit some of his former neighbors near Mayville, North Dakota, Mr. and Mrs. John Hove now living at Genesee. He had liked this new country so well that he brought his family. They had spent weeks at the parsonage where they were very welcome. It was ever a pleasure to mingle with these congenial people. On Christmas Day the older people gathered at the parsonage, while the younger set had a party at the Tegland home. This time Anna had borrowed dishes, carried boxes and planks into the house for seats; she had prepared plenty of food; so it did not take so very long to dispense hospitality. This was a real Christmas party. At her childhood's home none but the immediate family were ever invited on Christmas Day; the other parties came later during the holidays; but here it was different. It was customary here to give a large Christmas party. As the congregation had been so unfortunate as to often change pastors, and often be without a pastor, this coming together in groups had been a means of keeping the congregation together. Many of the charter members, who had been faithful from the time that Rev. Emil Christensen organized the congregation were gathered now at the parsonage. His brother Carl married to Caroline, a sister of Mrs. E. Christensen, had lived in the community but were now in Spokane. The charter members present spoke of the many changes that had been wrought during the years when the pioneer pastor, Rev. E. Christensen, gathered the few settlers and organized the congregation. He and his wife had been pioneers in the church work in Dakota where he had been called by the church council in 1867 and was the first resident pastor. He had moved from St. Louis to Mayville, Dakota and from Sioux City they had driven with oxen in a kubberulle. This was during the month of August. Mrs. Christensen with her two baby sons suffered great hardships as the children had whooping cough. The wild prairie grass was over six feet long which hindered the progress. Fog and mosquitoes made traveling unpleasant. The wife and mother was only 21 years old and it took courage to brave the hardships of the journey. After a several year stay, Rev. E. Christensen was sent by the church to the Pacific coast, and after working in Astoria, Portland, Stanwood, and other places he had come to Idaho. The trip to the coast was thus graphically described by Mrs. Amelia Christensen:

"We left our home near Yankton, Dakota November 6, 1876 and went first to Omaha, Nebraska. From there to Sacramento, California we traveled eight days and nine nights. We had to furnish our own food and bedding. We paid one dollar for a board to place between the car seats. This was our bed. As there were no porters, each family had to take care of themselves. There was no dining car but when the train stopped at the larger stations men would offer for sale soup, milk, meat and potatoes. We cooked in a small kitchenette. The Union Pacific was the first railroad to cross the Rocky Mountains, therefore we pioneered also on the railroad trains. The trip was quite romantic, but my heart was heavy and weighed down with sorrow. Our quartet of boys had been divided. Our

youngest son, Walter, five years old had been called to his home on high last spring, and the oldest, Gustav, a lad of twelve and half years had been sent to Luther College to be educated while we were to serve on the home mission field in the Pacific District. It was all meant for the best, but my mother heart longed, and suffered. From Sacramento to San Francisco we traveled by boat. We rested there two weeks. Rev. Lauritz Carlson was very congenial and did all that he could to make our stay pleasant. He introduced us to many Christian friends, who did all they could to make our stay comfortable. This stay has always been to me a cherished memory. The voyage to Portland, Oregon was very trying on account of storms. Old Ajax rolled in the tremendous waves outside of the mouth of the Columbia River. At this confluence we waited a day and night before we could "cross the bar". It seemed restful to sail up the beautiful Columbia, and soon storms and sea sickness were forgotten, as we neared the journey's end. As several of our Dakota friends had moved to Centerville, now Stanwood, Washington we were anxious to continue the journey to be with them. But as we were sent to do mission work we found Portland a center to work from. Here many Lutherans while they waited to decide on permanent homes, rested as it were. The first service conducted in Portland was on the first Sunday in Advent. The text "Behold thy King cometh unto thee" seemed to fit the occasion; and the few who were gathered went home cheered and with a brighter outlook for the future. My husband traveled almost incessantly to visit, wherever he learned that Norwegian Lutherans were living. Stanwood about 270 miles north of Portland he called the mother church because he considered this the most established, stable, and promising church in the western field. Facilities for travel were very primitive especially between Seattle and Stanwood. Several times the farmers of Stanwood met him and he was rowed in an open boat the sixty miles between the two towns. The pastor, as well as these stout pioneers, were good oarsmen, and they did not complain of the difficulties and hardships. A congregation had also been organized in Astoria over a hundred miles to the west. This was a home for fishermen and a large fish cannery had been built where many found employment the entire year, while others worked only during the fishing season. As there were many more interested in the church work there than at Portland, we moved to Astoria during the summer of 1878. That fall I had the pleasure of visiting Stanwood for the first time. We went first to Seattle where A. J. Brue of Stanwood met us. He had built a sailboat, and he brought my husband over to Port Blakely where many Scandinavians were employed in the saw mills. Services had been announced there in the morning, and at Seattle in the evening. With four children, I spent the day in Seattle. We were entertained at the home of Peterson the photographer who photographed us and the children and where Martin got his first pair of boots. The Petersons were very kind and considerate and the family was well cared for.

When we arrived at Stanwood we were met by our friend Mrs. N. P. Leque whom we knew and loved while we lived in Clay, N. Dakota. Her husband happened to be away from home, so she came to row us across the Stillaquamish River to her home on Leque Island. We were now so happy! It reminded us of olden days, and this reunion was so dear to us all. The days spent with the friends in Stanwood were pleasant days indeed. The years of pioneer work spent in the west were not so exacting. The mild climate, the grandeur of nature in mountains, ocean and river, the kind people, all helped to cheer and soothe. Then there was hope for the future. We could tell what would happen when the people back east really found out what a wonderful country was waiting for them west of the Rocky Mountains! That was the time when the churches and congregations must be ready to receive them. We came to Genesee Idaho in 1879. This was an entirely new field where we worked until 1882 when we were called to Iowa."

The people of Genesee had not forgotten the first pastor, nor his wife who comforted them in their trials; who spoke words of courage, and of cheer; who always seemed so cheerful and constantly smiled. They thought it quite a coincidence that during the brief history of their church the local congregation had been served by three pastors named Christensen viz. Emil, Nehem, and Martin.

Anna had a habit of singing while she worked. One day in the early autumn when her husband was called for dinner he said jokingly: "You make a great noise all by yourself; I can hardly study." Anna said: "You will soon get quietude, if that suits your fancy." She had planned to visit the parochial school that afternoon, and she was also invited with the rest of the family to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hove for supper. Anna had scarcely reached the school house when she saw Truls come running as fast as he was able, or as in the west they said: "Lickety split." She went to find out what had happened to cause all this commotion. It amused her when her husband said: "When you left, the house seemed so quiet." She then told him that it was just as quiet when she was home all alone. Whenever it was possible she went with him. She enjoyed the drives, and also the visits with the parishioners and others interested in the church work. By special invitation from Spokane and Rockford she attended the Fruit Fair at Spokane in the early fall. She was accompanied by Dorothea Smith, who although a young lady, had never before been a passenger on a train, nor seen the Fruit Fair. At Spokane they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thorstensen, and later by Rev. M. A. Christensen who had spent one week at Deer Park, and was now to preach at Spokane and Rockford. Anna had often attended fairs but she had never seen so much fruit and other western products. They also visited the parks, natatorium and large stores. It seemed a treat to again roam through the department stores, after trading at the general merchandise stores. Anna always enjoyed bargain counters, and even if she did not buy, she liked to see the display, especially of fancy work. She now bought very little for herself, but several of the women had asked her to do their shopping. She also made some purchases for the kvindeforening.

A harvest festival had been announced for the Sunday following the visit to Washington. Anna had never before been along to decorate the church with branches of fruit trees, sheaves of grain, vegetables, and other things conducive lifting the hearts and minds to higher levels. A German Lutheran pastor from Lewiston came to visit the congregation. He partook of the bountiful dinner spread on long tables in the shade of the church. When he entered the church he was much impressed by the unique but excellent decorations. In the afternoon he spoke on "The Lutheran Church". It seemed nice to have a visiting pastor. He with his family spent the night at the parsonage.

The scenery was rather monotonous. The immense hills were quite bare except where grew various bushes and shrubs. The soil was very fertile, and wheat grew to the very top, where the hills were not too steep for cultivation. One hill in the distance had attracted Anna's attention and admiration since she for the first time saw it. This was Paradise Hill. It was an immense hill, sparsely covered with evergreen trees. It was between the parsonage and Moscow, the University city. It was in plain view all the time except in foggy weather. There was something very substantial as well as graceful about it and Anna was delighted every time that she crossed it. It was especially attractive during the winter when snow covered it. The roads in the valley were very dusty in the summer, and extremely muddy during the sloppy winters, when the ground was not frozen solid. Often the mud and water was so deep that the feet had to be placed on top of the dash board of the buckboard in order to be kept dry. At times about the only means of travel was walking or riding horse back. The Hanan family lived on a farm that they had bought quite near the parsonage. In February, pastor had gone to visit his congregations in Washington and Anna

had spent Sunday at the Hanon home. They were going to drive to Genesee on Monday to buy food and fodder, and they invited Anna to accompany them. She needed several things for the household, still she dreaded to drive in the rain and through the terribly muddy roads. They left home early in the morning and at first the roads were not so bad. When, however, they reached the valley of Cow Creek the roads became impassable and soon they had to turn into a field and take to the hills. It took over four hours to drive less than eight miles with a team of splendid draft horses. Going home they decided to drive the road in the valley west, but when they came to John Hove's home after dark, they were glad to spend the night at their home. It was not much of a joy ride, and it was a hard trip for all even little Olive.

A Sunday in February the entire congregation came to take full possession of the parsonage. It was a surprise party, and several pieces of furniture and some money was left with the pastor's wife. It was a very enjoyable affair. Somehow Anna felt so at home among the people out west. Many had predicted before they left the east, that it would not be long before they would accept a call from the east and move back to kinsfolk and friends. Several very tempting calls had been sent them, but they all were returned, even the one from Roche-a-cree. They had tried to pay back some of the debt that he had contracted while a student. There were also book bills and other bills to be met, but somehow they never worried. They tried to work; to do their duty; and they trusted in God, knowing that He would help in all need. Although the wages were very small many gifts in nature were brought to the parsonage. Ingwall Smith gave a horse, Ned, so now it was easy to drive with Truls and Ned. Anna tried to take care of what was given to them. Although they had not butchered hogs, still once they had seven smoked hams, which was several more than could be eaten by them. Some of the hams were given to the butcher in exchange for fresh meats, fish, and other commodities. When they came they were also presented with canned fruits, flour, and other necessities. All the fresh fruit in season was theirs for the asking and boxes and basketfuls were also brought to the parsonage. Tennes Miller, living near Genesee, had one of the largest and finest orchards in the settlement. It was almost an experiment station as he tried to grow all kinds of fruit and berries. He was pleased when Anna showed interest in his garden and orchard and was very anxious to have her sample his fruit. When the canning season was over, she had fourteen different kinds of plums on the shelves in the cellar! He had even transplanted the wild plum from Wisconsin. The plum that appealed most to Anna was the insignificant looking English Damson.

The Ladies Aid Society had met regularly, once a month, and they had decided to hold a sale, or as they called it a bazaar, in March. This was to be held at the home of Ditlef Smith. Many had come to get a delicious free dinner, and to buy, if things suited their fancy and pocketbook. There some of the women discussed ways and means for raising money for the church in an easier and more practical way than they had been accustomed to. The year had been almost a banner year in crops. Some of the old timers owned each a section of land; owned their own farm implements, even their own headers and threshing machines; so in that respect the days of pioneering was a thing of the past. The rich prairie land was still yielding abundant crops from the virgin soil, and the prospects were that prosperity would hold sway for years to come. The women did not think it advisable or correct to spend one day a month with a member of the society eating two meals without even paying dues. They were also serving free meals at their special meetings and sales, where articles they had made were displayed and marked at very reasonable prices. There were those, however, who enjoyed the hospitality and sociability; yet never spent a cent in the interest of the church. Some of the women seemed to favor the plan now generally adopted in the older and

more established societies, of meeting in the afternoon where simple lunches were served at nominal prices. At sales and bazaars it was suggested that a dish be placed on the table where those so inclined might place a gift.

After Anna came home, she began to take inventory of the time spent, and the work accomplished, in this comparatively new western field. She had planned to do so many things; she had hoped to be of help to the parishoners, and make the church work so appetizing that outsiders might crave to join in the work in the vineyard of the Lord. Now she felt that she had fallen far short of the goal. So much of her time had been spent in cooking, baking, washing dishes and clothes, and other work connected with housekeeping! In a way she thought much precious time had been wasted. She had found only one orphan that she had tried to mother, befriend and help in various ways. Here nearly all owned their own homes, or lived with relatives. A young new comer boy had made his home at the parsonage and had helped with the chores for his board and room. Her sister who had come west for her health had not found the climate very conducive for recuperation. The winter had been exceptional according to old timers. Anna had, however, become used to the unusual seasons wherever she had lived, so somehow she took all this weather talk with "salt." They all argued that this was a very late spring, and that there had been much sickness during the month of March. Her sister had been threatened with pneumonia; and the rest had been fighting influenza, then known as very bad colds. The pastor wondered what to do with the small farm. He was not a farmer, and never had been. He would be gone much of the time in the future as he had been in the past. If he had to hire the plowing, seeding, harvesting, and threshing, there would not be left much as profits. If he should depend on donation work, it would mean either too early, or too late, as all had their own work on the farms that would have to be tended to in the right season. The congregation owned forty acres; but much of the land on the hillsides had never been broken, as the hills were so very steep. This was now being fenced off for pasture for the cow and horses. There were four wells dug on the land; in the well near the house the water was bitter like medicine, and even animals would not drink it. The one near the barn had quite good water, but was so shallow that it dried up during the summer. The best water was in the well near the northwest corner of the forty; but it was below the hill and at some distance from the buildings so it was quite a task to carry it. Anna had quite an experience that winter. Some of her table cloths had been stained with fruit juices, and she had not been able to remove them. After a heavy snow fall, she spread them on the new snow, as she was want to do at home. When she came to examine them some rodents, probably field mice, had gnawed large holes in them! Her best cloth had suffered the worst damages.

An old second hand organ had been bought, and the pastor was giving music lessons to help some of the young people musically inclined. He had helped one of the young women, so that she was now organist in the church. There were no music teachers within the radius of many miles. Anna had enjoyed the evenings at the home. There were very few meetings in the evening; and had they had better lights, she would have enjoyed to read or sew; but the lamplight seemed to be hard on her eyes because it flickered so on account of drafts. When the wind howled and shook the house, she remembered the well built homes of the neighbors, and also thought of her friends in their cozy homes in the east. The plan was to sell this property, and build a new parsonage by the church one mile south. The church was commodious and well planned and the congregation was proud of their house for worship. It was a gathering place for Lutherans who lived miles and miles away. Even here the old dissension in the church was felt. Even when this church was first organized, there had been some agitator, who in the east had been anti-Missourian. They had stirred up strife even in this distant church and a few dissenters had built a small

chapel where they at times had been served by pastors, either transient or resident, for a short time. They had built a fine parsonage by their church, less than a mile from the church belonging to the Synod. Here stood these two churches almost side by side, the only two Norwegian Lutheran churches in the state. By a queer coincidence, the pastor serving this congregation had been a classmate of Rev. M. A. Christensen; but he had not been ordained in any of the Scandinavian churches, but by some organization in the far east. He had moved with his wife to Genesee and had taken charge of the work after Anna came. His name was David J. O. Westheim. It would have been much easier to have built up one congregation than to be everlastingly stepping on someone's toes, and hurting someone's feelings. The other congregation also felt quite at sea not knowing where they really belonged. They were to some extent kicked between pillar and post. Mrs. Westheim was not of Norwegian descent and therefore it was not always easy for her to work here in this "little Norway." Rev. M. A. Christensen had commenced to preach in the town of Genesee where he gathered Lutherans of all nationalities, and where all the work was conducted in the English language. They used a church built by the members of the Ohio Synod which was now vacant. Anna remembered many meetings that she had attended there; but it was especially one, the Christmas tree festival, that she often recalled. When the program had been rendered and the presents had been distributed, a large box was brought out from behind the altar. It was a present for Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Christensen, and Anna wondered what it was. It was a crate of some kind, and she thought it must contain a piece of furniture. When it was deposited near the light everybody was surprised by the cackling. It contained two fine pullets presented by a dear old German friend.

Motherhood

No word in the English language touches a more tender chord in the human heart than the precious word mother. Of the entire list of endearing names expressing the most intimate of human relationships, mother is the dearest of them all. In this word is wrapped an affection beginning at the cradle and ending not even at the grave. This love began even before birth, when mother love guarded and prayed for the life entrusted to her care, the life that was to spring out of hers, even at the cost of her own life if necessary. This mother love blossomed forth in the heart of Eve when Cain was born, and has since down through the ages of time been recorded in all lands and among all people. The Bible has recorded many instances of Mother love, among them the wives of the patriarchs; Jochebed the mother of Moses; Hannah the mother of Samuel; Naomi the mother-in-law of the Moabitic women; Eunice, the mother of Timothy; and Mary the mother of Jesus.

Mother? Even the most artful of word painters could not paint her beauty, although to the human eye she might appear very unpretentious, with plain features, ungraceful figure, careworn countenance, furrowed brow, calloused hands, drooping shoulders, loitering and broken gait. Mother? Words could not define or describe the importance of her position, nor her capacity for work; but if in work and service there were perennial nobleness and sacredness then to the mothers should be awarded a sacred nobility.

Anna had been lonesome for her mother, and her advice and counsel of late. She longed for the heart-to-heart talks; for the advice and instructions that only a true mother can give. She also longed for other friends in whom she might confide. In this isolated place where she soon should face motherhood there was no hospital; no not even a physician that she trusted or considered a capable obstetric; not a trained nurse, only a seventy five year old midwife. She knew that words could not circumscribe motherhood. It was only those who fully understood the meaning of that word, that had entered the valley of the shadow of death in order to bring one more life into this world. When the time came when Anna was to enter this valley, she was ready and willing to give her life for a life, yet she prayed for courage, strength and, if it was the will of God, she also asked that her life might be spared. When she on April 8th came back to light and life, she thanked God who had again been the ever present helper in the time of dire need. She now fully appreciated the music of her baby daughter's cry, the only means of welcome, the universal speech of all God's human creatures, the language everyone understood. Words could never half express the joy she felt, when anguish and turmoil was over and she knew she was still in the land of the living! Words could not describe the ecstasy she felt when the face of her dear baby, Gertrude Amelia, was pressed against the fount of life, warm, and comfortable, and tender. Words could not convey or express her gratitude when Gertrude nestled in her arms as though she had been fitted or measured for it. Her dear darling baby also found that gracious hollow God had made in her shoulder that fitted the baby's head better than could even pillows of down. Even though Anna felt weak, tired, and suffering pain, she forgot her pain and anguish because her baby had found its dining room and this new service of love filled her with pride and delight. Thus from the first moment it had been love at first sight and Anna's life had been entwined about the life of her darling baby daughter. Thus was formed the strongest tie, an the most intimate of human relations. But there was also the father to be considered. He also came in for his share of loving and being loved. The strain had been shared also by him, and now the joy and gladness was mutual, and they joined in thanksgiving to the Giver of all good and perfect gifts. There was one thing that

marred the happiness of their household. While the angel of birth had hovered near the parsonage, the angel of death had appeared very unexpectedly at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Hanan and had carried off their ten month old daughter Olive Agnes. The pastor went to their home and tried to console and comfort these dear friends. It was decided that they should make the parsonage their temporary home. Kind friends had come to the parsonage to help with household duties while the sisters were sick. Mrs. O. Miller stayed to help with the work a week, and the other neighbors also showed their goodwill by doing many kindly acts. The women followed an ancient custom of carrying all kinds of food to the confined mother. Anna did not eat this "fløte grøt" and "barselsmad" but it certainly lightened the work of the cook. For very good reasons, the midwife was discharged. Mrs. Hanan stayed at the parsonage several weeks, but he went between the two homes, as he was busy with farm work. On Easter morning Anna was again up and dressed. It seemed so hard for her to stay in bed. Her sister was also up, so now things seemed more like other bygone days. The pastor left in the afternoon on Easter Sunday to be gone two weeks. He hoped that the congregations in Washington would soon be able to call their own pastor. The work was getting too strenuous. The membership in all the congregations had been increasing, and as new members were added the work also increased.

On May 2nd the baby was baptized. She was named for her two grandmothers and was christened Gertrude Amelia. The sponsors were Mr. and Mrs. Ditlef Smith, Hans Tvedt, and Sarah Hilleboe. Uncle Carl had come from Spokane, and at the christening party many of the old timers gathered. It was always a pleasure to listen to the reminiscences of the real pioneers.

Anna enjoyed watching the developments of her baby. She watched her scowl and frown knowing it was the baby's ways of telling that something was wrong. She smiled when baby opened her eyes; she smiled when assured that baby was healthy and strong, that it was a perfect normal baby. She kept on smiling until at last one day the baby smiled back at her. After a while the baby laughed and crooned on hearing its mother's voice. This was the sweetest of music to Anna's ears, and then she smiled as only a mother can smile. As time went on, little Gertrude could "pat-a-cake", show how big she was, and could also say papa and mamma.

Anna was very excited when she discovered the first tooth. It was at devotion, and baby was crooning and was noisy. The mother put a finger into its mouth to quiet it, and when she discovered the tooth she could hardly wait until devotion was over so that she could show the tiny tooth to the proud father. Taking the first step alone was also a great event. But when sickness rapped, then Anna wished that she had known as much as her mother did about medicine, home remedies, and nursing. Anna then neglected everything else in order to administer to the wants of her darling. Her entire time was given to cool the fevered brow, to quench the thirst, and to moisten the parched lips. When human help seemed insufficient, then on bent knees she implored God to spare the life of this ray of sunshine, if it was His will.

At the commencement exercises, Rev. M. A. Christensen was to be the speaker of the evening. As usual, he gave a fine discourse. As it was Decoration Day the subject assigned to him was "Patriotism." As a great many in the audience were foreigners this was mentioned, and in referring to the mother country he said something that greatly impressed many. He said: "My ancestors came from Norway, and I love this mother country as I love my mother; but America I love as the one whose hand rocks the cradle where sleeps my baby."

The Young People Society gave a "Birthday Party" and ice cream social at the parsonage in June. It happened

to be on Anna's birthday, but they did not know that. The program given by the young folks that evening was a revelation to many. Anna marveled at the ability of many, who when she last year met them seemed unable to do anything. They were not yet any shining lights, but they had broken the ice, and in the future they would take part in the programs with more confidence and greater ability. This was a lawn social and the porch was the stage. While Anna gave a reading she heard the cry of her baby, and she was anxious to go comfort her. Poor baby! She was not used to such commotion in the night, and she also wanted to display her part in the program. It was all off with sleep as long as the party lasted.

The convention of Pacific District was held at San Francisco, California, and the pastor was anxious to attend it, as he hoped some arrangements might be made to divide the call. Anna was loath to stay at home. The baby was restless and her sister, instead of getting better, was gradually getting worse. It was decided the sisters and the baby should go to Rockford to stay with friends until he came back from the meeting. He was to spend some time there then anyway and was also to visit Spokane, Clayton, and Deer Park. While in Rockford Sarah was doctoring; but when the doctor asked for a consultation, it was decided that it would be best for her to go home. She would consult doctors in the Twin Cities. A Prof. Bailey and his wife were going to St. Paul and they promised to care for her on the trip. Anna wired for her brother Peter to meet Sarah at St. Paul; she secured a lower berth for her in the Pullman and then she had to bid her goodbye. With the baby she dared not, on account of climactic conditions in July, make the trip and there were also financial reasons why she could not accompany her sister. She was truly thankful when she learned that Sarah arrived home safely.

When the pastor came home he was accompanied by a Rev. C. B. Ingibrigtson, who later became pastor of Rockford, Clayton, and Deer Park. Anna and the baby went along to Deer Park and Clayton. Talk about tall timber! Anna had never before been to a place where such trees grew. She now knew that the pines at home in Roche-a-cree that she had thought such giants, would seem small compared with these wonderful trees. The whole country seemed so different from any place where she had been before. The farms seemed so small and hedged in, yet everything seemed cozy and home-like. The houses were real homes. Most of the inhabitants had come directly from Trysil Norway, and their houses and furnishings were very European. The people seemed to be hospitality personified. At first they eyed the "preste frue" a little askance, but soon they became very friendly. They all made much of Gertrude; and the children made her laugh until she hiccupped. The women called her "butter ball" on account of her size and weight. She was not afraid of strangers, and the mothers and larger children vied for the honor of taking care of her. They had furnished a room near the station, where the pastor and family felt right at home. Every day someone came to invite them to breakfast, and they were invited also, according to schedule, for the other meals. A horse and buggy at their disposal made it easy to be able to reach the entire congregation. Anna had so often heard "Paul paa Mountain" mentioned, so she was very anxious to go there. They went there on Saturday and stayed until it was time to go to church on Sunday. It was a delightful place on a mountain, and the view and the air was wonderful. The woods seemed so full of huckleberries, thimbleberries, and salmonberries. Anna had the pleasure of teaching some of the women how to can fruit while she was there. She felt that she knew Peter Roland, and his sister, before she had ever met them. So many had mentioned them. He seemed to be a pillar of the church. The school house, where services were held on Sunday, was packed to overflowing. They were very attentive listeners. On Monday morning Peter Roland and the Christensens drove to Loon Lake. This was quite a

summer resort. He invited them to dinner at the hotel, and then took them for a ride in a graceful sailboat. At first the wind was just right for a real good boat ride; but all of a sudden the wind died down, and everybody had to row in order to reach the shore in time to catch the afternoon train for Spokane. It was Anna's first and last trip to this interesting settlement. The people may have forgotten her, but she still remembers them.

Anna had canned and preserved and made jelly of the currants and gooseberries growing at the parsonage before she left for Rockford. When she came home she learned that Mrs. A. S. Hanan had canned raspberries for her, and Mrs. Ingwall Smith and others had canned cherries so now she had all the small fruit and berries that she needed. She found it very convenient for lunches to have plenty preserved fruit on hand. The chickens also came in for their quota as food. The crops were not up to the standard that year, so much of the grain which had been sown too late was cut for hay. The congregation did not feel that it would pay to repair the parsonage, and as it was in no condition to house the baby during the winter, it was decided that the pastor's family should move to town. A four room cottage was rented. A church was being built for the congregation in Genesee and the congregation was growing. So many seemed to prefer the English language. Confirmation day the church was packed. Many who had never before attended services in the Lutheran church were surprised at the religious instruction that the children had acquired. They answered the questions like old professors. The church was to be dedicated the first of December. Rev. M. Behrends who had organized a church of the German Missouri synod had been a guest at the parsonage about a month. Rev. B. Harstad the president of Pacific district could not be present. Rev. C. B. Ingebrigtsen had been invited by the church by Rev. Carlo A. Sperati, Tacoma, Washington. Rev. Sperati who was also a noted musician was to give a concert on Saturday night, and everybody wanted to attend the concert. They came to town from far and near, and quite a few came to the parsonage. It was a very stormy day, so the women came to change clothes, curl their hair, etc. The small rooms of the parsonage soon became crowded. When supper was over all got ready for the concert. When the concert was over, many wondered where they would be able to lodge. The heavy rain had caused the Cow Creek, and other streams to overflow and as it was pitch dark, it was not safe to travel by night through storm and flood. The hotel and boarding houses were soon filled. This little town, really a village, could not boast of its hostelry and therefore the people from the country were at loss to know where to get rooms to stay. Those who came to the parsonage to ask for lodging said that they would furnish their own bedding (blankets from their wagons) and would sleep on the floor, if they might find shelter from the inclement weather. The three pastors had to sleep in one bed; a sofa, chairs, and benches had been transformed into beds; yet some had to sleep on the floor. It was not so bad in the evening but in the morning it was quite a task to get dressed; remove all the superfluous beds and bedding; cook and eat breakfast; then get ready for Sunday School and dedicatory services. Anna carried the baby to church, but the excitement had been too much for them both, so they went home early. By the time the guests came everything was again lovely.

A large turkey had been brought to the parsonage to be served for dinner on Christmas Day. But as that day was a very busy day it was thought best to give a party on December 23rd. The Christmas dinner, with all the trimmings was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Haan, the Miller family, and some of the young folks of town. It was a real Christmas party with a Christmas tree for the baby. The company also enjoyed it. Early the next morning they drove out to the home of Ingwall Smith where Mrs. Smith's mother Mrs. A. Borgen had died. The services at the house were brief. The funeral at the church had gathered a large crowd. She was one of the oldest members

of the church, beloved and respected. Rev. Behrends and Anna sang a duet. Snow had fallen and it was growing very wintry. When the body had been committed, Anna asked Mr. Hauan to bring her home leaving Mrs. Hauan to come with the rest. Anna was very anxious about the Christmas tree. It was to have been trimmed in the forenoon, and the program was to be given in the evening. Instead of going home to get a bite to eat, she asked Mr. Hauan to take her directly to the church. It was now past three o'clock. Imagine her consternation when she saw the Christmas tree lying in the snow outside of the church! The committee had met in the forenoon; but as no one seemed to understand how to make even a foot for the tree it was left and they had not even made a fire to warm the church. The funeral had changed the plans of the pastor and his wife, but they felt confident that someone would go ahead to get things ready for the evening. Mr. Hauan soon had the tree placed, and some of the Sunday School teachers came, so by six o'clock, the tree was trimmed quite respectably. The pastor, Mrs. Hauan and Anna Tanning had prepared supper. Poor little Gertrude! She had been cold, and hungry, and out of sorts many times that afternoon. It seemed a pity after she had been made comfortable at home and had cuddled up so satisfied and gone to sleep to again to be carried into the cold night where she would also be liable to catch cold in the draft in the church; but duty was duty. Anna had been training the Sunday School children, and she knew that it was necessary to be with them that night. Everything went fine, so when the end was good, then everything was well. No harm befell either of them, and the Sunday School gained many recruits by the program given.

When the pastor and family came home from church on New Year's Day they learned that Mrs. Emma Peterson, a young mother, had died in childbirth. They immediately went to the bereaved family. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Soren Halvorson. Besides her husband she left the infant son, and two other children of tender age. Anna stayed with them all night. The shock had upset the whole family. The mother asked Anna to make the shroud. She made one of white satin. She stayed with the family until after the funeral. The baby was baptized and named Emmet. Three weeks afterwards they were going to the Ladies Aid Society at Tegland's home. They had heard that Stella Halvorson was sick, so they drove up to the Soren Halvorson home to inquire about conditions. They learned that Stella was very sick. At first they had thought that it was grief on account of the death of her sister. When they called a doctor he diagnosed the disease typhoid fever. They had sent for her sister Anette who was a student at the Normal School at Lewiston, Idaho. The pastor stayed at the Halvorson home while Anna went to the meeting of the society. When she came back she found that Stella was much worse, and in the evening she was carried by angels out of the world of tears. Anna hoped that she would never again witness such grief! The poor mother collapsed, and it was over four hours before Anna could leave her in order to lay out the remains of Stella. In those days there were no undertakers, and Anna was now so thankful that she had strength to care for the sick and dying. Stella was a member of the confirmation class. She had told her mother that she wanted a white dress, white shoes, and stockings, and several other things for the confirmation garments. The family now wished her to be laid away in her confirmation outfit. Anna was again asked to make a shroud, and again she made one of white satin. She had to order the white silk stockings and white kid slippers from Spokane. She stayed four days and nights with the family, until after the funeral. She was quite tired. The funeral was very trying as one after the other fainted away. It was hardest for the mother. When Anna was to bid goodbye to the family at the cemetery the mother again begged her to accompany them home. Anna went with them. Gertrude was very restless during the night and towards morning she became feverish, and early in the morning Anna called her husband and they

sent for the doctor. The doctor shook his head, and ordered them back to their home in town. Anna felt dreadful. They all thought that the baby had contracted the typhoid fever. One of the Halvorson boys was sent to make a fire to warm the parsonage, and then Mr. Halvorson drove a young sprightly team. It did not take many minutes to drive the three miles home. Before they came home Anna had diagnosed the case and she felt confident she could effect a cure with onions. She told this to Mr. Halvorson who ran up to the nearest store and grabbed two handfuls of onions and was back almost as soon as they reached their home. Gertrude's illness was caused by teething, and in a few days she was well as ever. Anna had, however, learned a lesson. She knew that in the future she must consider the welfare of her family, who might not be as robust as she had been. It was easy to make a promise, but it was not always so easy to keep it.

A Shakespeare club had been organized and both the pastor and his wife were members. He was the president. It was a genuine pleasure to meet a dozen and more interested in study. They met at the homes of the members, and put in several hours of study every other week. The members were mostly teachers and ex teachers who craved to keep abreast with the present day, and also to study the classics of the past. There were very few entertainments or lectures worth while in the village and the only hall available was a veritable fire trap.

One morning a man came to the door, and asked if he might see the minister. Anna told him that the pastor had gone to the country but would be at home about lunch time. She asked if she could do anything for him. She was quite surprised when he told her that he had driven 65 miles from the Nez Perce reservation to be married. Anna asked where the wedding was to be. He said that it made no difference to him but his fiance would like to be married at a church. Anna suggested that the time for the marriage be set at 2 o'clock p.m. in their church. They were staying at Mrs. A. Lysne who had a lodging and boarding house. As they had no witnesses, she also volunteered to supply a best man and brides maid. Although there were no telephones she had learned that a good way to broadcast news was to telephone, telegraph, or tell a woman. It happened that quite a number gathered at the church. The pastor came home just in time for the wedding. Anna wondered how the bridegroom had been able to induce this fine young girl of eighteen to become his wife. Anna was just straightening the veil and rearranging some of the flowers of the wreath when the pastor came to inform them that the wedding must be postponed because they had failed to secure a license. Anna had forgotten to ask this all important question. She evidently thought that the bride groom was old enough to tend to his own affairs. He had forgotten to get his license when they drove through Lewiston. What were they to do now? Lewiston was nearer than Moscow, yet the twelve miles with about half of them the renowned Lewiston Hill, was a much harder trip for the small ponies than the twenty mile trip to Moscow. It was finally decided that he should bring a witness along and drive in post haste to Moscow. The wedding would take place at the parsonage as soon as he came back. Anna felt so sorry for all concerned, but especially for the bride. She decided to give them a small surprise in the form of a wedding dinner. The bride came early. She looked so sweet and innocent in her white dress. The veil and wreath would be donned later. She told Anna that she also came from the "Badger State"; that she had come west with her widowed mother; that they had filed claims as homesteads; that on the reservation she had met the man she was now to marry. They waited and waited and waited for the return of the bridegroom. Finally they heard a wagon stop outside of the house. She knew his voice, and urged the brides maid to arrange the veil and wreath to be in readiness when the bridegroom came. The pastor went out to meet him. Anna then heard these very portentous words: "We came to the court house just ten minutes

after the office was closed." Of course he had not had presence of mind to hunt the county clerk to induce him to go back to the office to grant him the necessary document! He thought that when he told the pastor his sad plight, that he would be lenient, show compassion, and marry them. They might secure their license when they drove to Lewiston on their way home. The pastor, however, was adamant, and declared that he could not nor would not be a law breaker. Poor bride! Anna tried to console her. The rest also tried to make her realize that every cloud has a silvery lining. She left the parsonage in tears. When Anna had bid her goodbye and again tried to cheer her, she wondered if the bride for the third time would be arrayed in her trousseau!

There now came an opportunity for Anna, her husband and Gertrude to attend a meeting in Silverton, Oregon on the coast. At first they thought they could not afford the money to go, but God works in mysterious ways! Several years ago Anna had loaned fifty dollars to a man that needed the money right away. He did not give a note, and she had almost forgotten the incident. Now he sent not only the loan, but also interest. She was scarcely over this surprise when she received another check from the Willmar Seminary. In checking up the accounts they found that she had money coming from the time when she taught school there before her marriage. Thus she received more than enough money to pay both her own and her husband's trip. They went first to Spokane; then to Tacoma where they visited Rev. and Mrs. Carlo A. Sperati. Then they went to Parkland, where they were taken all through the Pacific Lutheran University. They also attended a Sunday School picnic near Fern Hill. From there they went to Seattle, then to Stanwood where they visited Rev. and Mrs. L. C. Fass; the Ryans, Brues, and the Leque home where all the children were gathered. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Leque were in Norway. A meeting had been called at Seattle, where there was a vacancy, and they extended a call to the pastor from Idaho. They stayed with Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Erickson. They then went to Tacoma and while waiting for the Portland train, Anna saw the home of her friend Mrs. Carl Hordness, nee Lena Solheim consumed by fire.

While Anna was putting Gertrude to bed she spoke Norwegian to her. The black porter came by and said: "Are you a Dane?" She answered "No. Are you?" He answered "Yes." She then looked at him and laughed. Rev. and Mrs. Updyke, friends from Madison, Wisconsin who happened to be on the train, asked her what the porter said that caused her to laugh so. When she told them, they also laughed. She was now so thoroughly ashamed of herself; but she had never before seen a black Scandinavian, and she thought he had learned to say just a few words. When her husband came she told him of the incident. He went to find the porter, and he learned that the porter was born and raised on the St. Thomas Island, then belonging to Denmark. He was well educated and very interesting. Anna always spoke Norwegian to the baby, but she thought that she would in the future be careful not to tell any secrets in a foreign tongue. It seemed that color of skin has little to do with language and even nationality!

Many bound for Silverton boarded the train at Portland. When they at Woodburn changed trains they met the California delegation. They had to wait seven hours for the train that would carry them to Silverton, only a few miles away. It seemed a waste of time; but there seemed to be nothing else to do. The roads were very poor, and the vehicles seemed to match the roads. No one dreamed that in a few years automobiles would race over the pavement and require only a few minutes between Silverton and Woodburn.

The "Synodaler" were met at the depot by a committee and assigned to the homes where they were to spend the week. The pastor's family from Idaho was to stay with Mr. and Mrs. C. Hanson. She was a daughter of Rev. N. Pederson the resident pastor. They had one child, a daughter named Juanita, called Nita for short. Gertrude and

Nita became great chums.

The meeting was small, but out here they seemed to think that it was well attended. Anna was introduced to the church on the coast. The pastors were few and far between. There were many vacancies. The president of the district Rev. B. Harstad, Parkland, Washington, had gone to Alaska. The Pacific Lutheran University was in dire need of money, and he had gone to Klondike to stake claims for the school. Rev. L. C. Foss was vice president of the district, and he presided at this meeting. California was represented by Rev. O. Grousberg, San Francisco; Rev. E. M. Stensrud, San Francisco, English; Rev. J. Johanson, Fresno; Rev. I. Blakkan, Eureka. Washington pastors were Rev. Carlo A. Sperati, Tacoma; L. C. Foss, Stanwood and vicinity; Rev. O. Hagoes, Lawrence and vicinity. Vicinity in those days meant to take care of scattered settlements within a radius of probably 25-30 miles. Also Rev. O. M. Holden, Astoria, Oregon; Rev. N. Pederson, Silverton, Rev. V. Koren, general president from Decorah, Iowa were present at the meeting; so were Rev. A. K. Sagen from La Crosse, Wisconsin, Rev. K. Bjorgo from Red Wing, Minnesota, Rev. N. J. Berg from Kalispell, Montana. Rev. J. C. Reinerson from the United Lutheran Church was a visitor.

Anna would have enjoyed to have attended all the sessions, but little fifteen-month-old Gertrude was not at all interested in hearing the theological questions propounded! She was not even interested in the business sessions; nor the plans for advancement of the church, and filling vacancies. She would rather chase calves and cows grazing around the church; try to catch butterflies; and pick dandelions and other wild flowers. All the pastors and families were invited to eat dinner at the parsonage one day. There Anna learned how to make Danish dumplings. She spent the afternoon with Mrs. N. Pedersen, and they became good friends. Mr. and Mrs. H. Halvorson, a family from Iowa who knew the Christensens invited them to spend a night at their house, and there they met some more eastern acquaintances. Rev. M. A. Christensen preached the sermon in English on Sunday night. This convention sermon was appreciated by many who did not understand Norwegian.

When the meeting was over—it lasted over a week—the Christensens went to Portland, Oregon where they stayed with friends of Rev. Emil Christensen and family from the time that he was pastor of the congregation. These charter members were Mr. and Mrs. Tidemand Johnson. Anna stayed several days and she was invited to several lunches, and met most of the church members. They were now without a pastor again. It seemed so hard for them to keep a pastor. Rev. T. Tonneson and Rev. E. Hove had spent some time with them, but when called east they had accepted these calls. Rev. V. Koren, General President, Rev. L. C. Foss, who had been elected district president at the convention, and Rev. M. A. Christensen had several meetings with the congregation. Services were conducted on Sunday by two of the pastors. On Monday the pastors who had been visiting in Portland went to Astoria to visit Rev. O. M. Holden. They also went to Seaside. On Wednesday a number of guests were invited to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. John Olsen at their home in Ardenwald. Anna had never seen such cherries as the Royal Inn, Black Republicans, and many other kinds that grew in this well kept orchard! Mr. Olson cut great big branches for the convenience and the pleasure of the guests. Mrs. Olson had prepared a delicious chicken dinner, but somehow the guests could not do full justice to it on account of the fruit and berries that they had devoured. The Christensens left for home on Friday noon, and arrived at Genesee on Saturday night, tired but happy. Anna was asked to give a report of the convention at the next meeting of the Ladies Aid Society. The report seemed to be appreciated; but it hurt when one of the women said: "It must be pleasant to be a pastor's wife, and have plenty money; to travel and see something of the world." Anna was tempted to retort; but decided not to put oil on the fire. She did, however,

say; and she was glad to have the chance: "The money we used for this trip was earned by me long before I became your pastor's wife." She was glad to make this statement so plain, because she did not relish the idea that they begrudged her this trip. Most of those who lived here had not left the settlement since they immigrated; but that, of course, was their own affair.

In August, Rev. M. A. Christensen was asked to attend the Pastor's Conference at Red Wing, Minnesota. He had received several calls of late; and there were also many questions concerning the future work in Pacific District to be discussed. Anna, Sarah, and Gertrude were to spend some days at the Hauan home. She was also to help prepare the class for confirmation. Anna still met with the girls who had now organized a society of their own, and were to have a bazaar in the early fall. The two classes met that Monday at the home of Ingwall Smith. While driving out from town, the horses had been frightened by an engine pulling a threshing outfit, and very nearly ran away. Truls especially was unmanageable. While eating dinner Anna was telling about this, and they all seemed much concerned. It had been a very dry summer, but the weather that day portended rain. While they were visiting, they heard a clap of thunder and all laughed. Ingwall said: "I have never known it to fail, that it rains when my brother begins his harvest." Little did they think that when they heard the clap of thunder, the lightning struck nearby and killed two men, and injured two more. It was unusual to hear thunder and see lightening in that part of the country. When they came to the Hauan home, Mrs. Hauan said: "I left my home in North Dakota on account of electric storms. If it storms here, I am going to Honolulu." The Hauans were so glad to have them as guest, and urged them to stay. Anna was glad to do what she could for her friends. On August 30th a son came to bless and cheer the Hanan home. He was later named Allan.

When Rev. Christensen came home it was time to go back to the regular grind and routine work. Anna had canned all the fruit that she needed and was now busy sewing and preparing for the winter. Many new families had moved to Genesee. The Missouri Synod had a resident pastor by the name of C. J. Heuer. With his wife and two daughters he moved there from Hepner, Oregon. They lived across the street from the Synod church, and the two families, who had much in common, visited back and forth. Several of the pastors from the east had also visited at Genesee, so now Anna did not feel that she was entirely isolated, as she had felt at first. Rev. J. I. Berg had made quite a visit during the summer. He seemed a near neighbor now since he had moved to Montana.

On November 5, 1898 a son came to the parsonage. He was named Emile Hilleboe Christensen, and his father called him his ten thousand dollar boy. He wrote to the folks in the east and told them about this wonderful boy. After a while a package came wrapped in heavy paper used in the butcher shops. When opened it contained a pair of heavy boots, with red tops and brass toes. The father thanked the folks for the serviceable present but added: "It is hard to keep him dry, even now when he has these boots." It was hard for Gertrude to understand that she was the baby no more. She liked to play with her brother, and when he was able to sit up they had much fun playing together. Anna had to give up some of her work outside of the home. Her sister who at first when she came back had felt very well, was not so well again. She had also much trouble with her teeth and neuralgia. That winter was unusually cold, with much snow. A very fine second hand two seated cutter had been purchased, and Anna enjoyed the drives. She rolled each of the babies in a gray blanket, and held them while driving. The baby was nicknamed "rullen" and Gertrude always called him "lullen". The parents wanted the two children to be baptized in the same church and in the Norwegian language; so when he was three weeks old they drove out to the church in Cow Creek

valley. Mr. and Mrs. John Hove and Mr. and Mrs. Lars Olson were the sponsors. When baby was a month old, they went to Paradise Hill to visit a family that had recently come from South Dakota. Towards evening when they drove home it grew suddenly very cold, and reminded them of the eastern winters. Gertrude said: "Snow no good." Seattle had extended several calls to Rev. Christensen; but on the advice of the local congregations they had been returned. During the winter another call had come from Seattle accompanied by a letter stating that the members of the congregation were now so discouraged that only one man was willing to sign the call. His name was Hans R. Erickson. Somehow the congregations in Idaho felt that they would not long be privileged to keep their pastor. They preferred to have him stationed on the coast, instead of going east, so even if they were loath to do so, they advised him to accept the call, and move to Seattle. They told Anna that they were sorry to see them go, and added: "You will be sorry. It is like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire."

Rev. Christian Anderson was called to Genesee, and he accepted the call. The Christensens were glad, when they came to pack and move that they had so little to move. They had purchased only the most necessary articles. They had tried, out of their meager salary, to pay the debt that he had contracted while a student at Luther College and the Theological Seminary. His father Emil, who with his family had just moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin had died very suddenly on Nov. 23, 1889, leaving the family of nine what he had; but that was not very much. He had been sent by the church council from one home mission field to another. At the age of 51 he was all worn out. His wife was left with the flock of children of which Emil Wilhelm, called "Little Uncle" was only seven months old at the death of his father. Mrs. Amelia Christensen had tried to keep the children together and provide a home for them. When the larger children became of age and made wages, they helped their mother all they could. Anna favored this, and was willing to share with her mother-in-law rather than spend money for herself. Anna felt sorry for all the widows of the pastors who were left without any support. They had given their strength, time, and everything for the welfare of their congregations, and now when they needed help, sympathy and love, many of them seemed to be forgotten. She felt that the church should make some provisions for them and their children. Anna wished that she might have been able to do more; but the stipulations in the call from Seattle were not very encouraging. The call consisted of Seattle and Ballard congregations. Seattle offered \$20.00 a month, and Ballard \$15.00 a month without parsonage. Of course, they would be privileged to get what more they needed from the "missions kasse," but Anna knew that the treasury of the home mission had been, and would be empty for some time to come. The crisis of 1892-93 had deflated the finances and money was scarce.

The Christensens left Genesee May 30, 1899. It was hard to say goodbye to the members of their first congregation, but they were wished Godspeed in their new field. Many promised to visit them in their new home in the metropolis of the northwest. Mary Miller accompanied them to Seattle. They spent a few hours at Spokane visiting aunt Caroline and her sons. Several of their former friends in Spokane called, as they knew that it was hard for Anna to travel with the babies. They were going to Parkland where Rev. Christensen was to deliver the address at the Commencement exercises. One of the daughters of the congregation in Genesee, Sina Olson, a daughter of Lars Olson was a member of the class of '99. Anna Leque, Stanwood, and Nellie Lee, Mt. Vernon, Washington were also among the graduates. Prof. N. J. Hong was now principal of Pacific Lutheran Academy. He was kept busy going between the school and his home, where a son Harold had arrived shortly before the school closed. Mr. N. P. Leque had come to be present at graduation, and Anna now met the man who seemed to be such a favorite among the

church workers. Anna also there met Rev. John Moses. He scared Anna so that she would gladly have spent her last cent rather than to have gone to stay at the home of C. M. Hanson. Mrs. C. M. Hanson had sent them such a hearty letter of welcome to Seattle, and had invited them to make the Hanson home their home until they could rent a house. They had accepted this invitation, and Anna had been looking forward to meeting this family. When Rev. Moses found out where they were going he said: "Are all of you going there? Are all six of you going to crowd into their house?" Then he went on to tell that Mrs. Hanson was almost an invalid; that she was a wonderful housekeeper, but, he added: "If anything disturbs the peace of her home, she gets all upset. Even a fly cannot escape her swat." Anna told her husband what she had learned about conditions; and when she said that she dreaded to go there, he said: "Never mind. I know the Hansons and you will feel right at home there." This proved to be true. It may be that Moses had scared Anna into being very careful not to disturb the home and also to take good care of her children; but the nine days spent at the home of the Hanson family were very pleasant days. Mrs. Hanson and Anna became lifelong friends, and the Hanson home always seemed like a home to the Christensens. Mary Miller soon found a place to work. Hunting a house suitable for a parsonage was not an easy task. The Klondike rush had put new activity into the business world, which had been demoralized, more or less, since the big fire and the crisis of a few years ago. Houses that during the late years might have been had almost for the asking, had that year improved in value, and rent had doubled and tripled during the last months. All advised the pastor to get a house near the business section; a central location, irregardless of cost. Such advise is easily given, but where the purse is empty, it is not so easy to follow. A lot on Summit and Pine which might have been bought for \$700.00 tempted the pastor. It was a splendid location; near the church on Olive and Minor; but everybody advised him against it saying that it was too far out of the city. Inside of the year that streets were graded, a street car routed near it, and the lot was sold for \$3,000.00. The pastor at last decided to rent a house on Seventh Street near Pike at \$25.00 a month. It had in its day been a pretentious house. It had five rooms downstairs and three upstairs. It had two fireplaces, one in the parlor, and one in the dining room. There was also a large conservatory which was known as the "Jomfru bur". The rooms were arranged very unsatisfactorily and it was a veritable ramshackle of a house. Paying twenty-five dollars a month on a thirty-five dollar salary seemed poor business methods; yet there was nothing else to do. After purchasing the most necessary furnishings the parlor was sublet to two young men, and after a while the bedroom downstairs was also rented. This meant much extra work, but something had to be done in order to live. The Christensens never received one penny from the home mission board as long as they lived in Seattle. Shortly after they came to Seattle they met a young youth by the name of Olaf. He and his sister Valborg were trying to earn a living in the city. His father had been a pastor on the home mission field, and now, as the children became older they had to rustle for themselves. Anna felt sorry for the boy who had no home and she invited him to live at the parsonage. He worked in a bookstore, but his wages were small. She charged him fifty cents a week for room and breakfast; allowed him one dollar a week for spending money, and banked the rest for him. This was satisfactory to both parties. In after years he told her that he was sorry that she did not continue to be his financier; he might in time have become a millionaire.

Although the congregation in Seattle was not new, yet the work had been sadly neglected, and the many vacancies had discouraged the people; so many had lost their morale, as far as church work was concerned. The first pastor to gather Norwegian Lutherans in the city was Emil G. A. Christensen. He had had practice in gathering

scattered of his faith, as in Dakota he had organized twelve congregations from 1867-76. When from 1876-79 he lived in Oregon, his territory embraced an area of over 300 miles. Seattle had been served by transient pastors until 1891 when Rev. Carl S. B. Hoel was the pastor for two years; then Rev. Isaac J. Kvam served the congregation, another two years. After a vacancy of several months, Rev. H. M. Gunderson had become their pastor. Rev. John Moses who was now pastor for the seamen of Seattle, had preached occasionally at their church at Olive and Minor, since Rev. H. M. Gunderson moved to Hoboken, New Jersey. When Rev. M. A. Christensen was installed Sunday evening June 3, 1899, the church was quite well filled. Anna was surprised to see a church in the city with so few furnishings. The chairs were very common, once evidently purchased for temporary use. They made much racket as they were pushed about on the bare floor. The small kerosene lamps lighted the church dimly. The altar was only a table, bare, and the uncarpeted floor echoed and re-echoed when the people walked across it. There was no choir loft, and no basement. There was a good organ, and Mrs. C. M. Hanson was the organist. The "klokker" was Mr. H. R. Erickson. Even if the church was not so very attractive, it evidently represented the best house for worship that the few faithful members were able to build and maintain. The congregation was composed of attentive listeners who appreciated again having a resident pastor. A reception was given the following Tuesday in honor of Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Christensen. This was a very pleasant affair attended by the congregation and some of its friends. Among those who welcomed the pastor and his family to Seattle were the Messrs and Mesdames H. R. Erickson, C. M. Hanson, O. Sandstrom, Carl Sunde, I. Sunde, H. Eggan, A. Dalk, James Ask, M. Munson, Frank Olson, C. Thuland, H. NEDerlee, N. C. Johnson, O. Olsand, K. Erland, C. A. Christoff, Birger Clausen, P. F. Nordby, O. Wammer, O. Kvalvog, O. Rindahl, M. Hanson, Capt. and Mrs. Blekum, Capt. and Mrs. J. Johnson, Capt. and Mrs. E. Mortinsen, the Mesdames Mary Anderson, M. Copeland, Lina Fritzvold, and many other faithful workers, old and young.

On June 29th the Ladies Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. Mary Anderson. They decided to reorganize the society and elect officers. Much against her wishes, Anna was elected president and served in that capacity three years. Instead of organizing a Sunday School during the summer, they on Saturdays taught parochial school. This seemed to be very satisfactory. Anna was elected superintendent of the Ballard Sunday School. She hesitated and studied about the advisability of accepting, as she knew that it would be a hardship for her babies to leave home every Sunday morning at nine o'clock. She had to walk from 7th Avenue to Western Avenue to board the Ballard car which passed Pike Street about ten minutes after nine. Between First Avenue and Western was a stairway of fifty five steps. She dared not let Gertrude walk these steps for fear that the twenty-seven month old darling would fall; so she put one baby under each arm and carried them. After reaching Ballard, about six miles north, she had to walk from the City Hall, the terminal then of the carline. This was a distance of over six blocks from the church on State Street. The climate in Seattle was too damp for Sarah, so she was sent to California. Anna yet remembers one Sunday morning of that year. There had been company in the evening, and as a consequence the children were sleepy the next morning. She had the breakfast prepared when she called the pastors for breakfast. While they were eating she went to awaken the babies. Emile especially was very sleepy, and she hated to awaken him out of his refreshing slumber. When she brought the children downstairs she must have made some remark about wishing that she might be privileged to stay at home, when one of the pastors said: "It is only when we serve the Lord willingly, and cheerfully, that He accepts our services and blesses our work." Anna felt the rebuke. She did try to do what she could in a Christian spirit; but it was not always easy for the flesh, and at times it almost overtaxed her strength.

She did not answer the pastor; but somehow she felt that even a pastor may at times misjudge and overestimate a woman's capacity for work. Anna often felt that there were so many extra duties in the city; that there was so little time for quietude, reflection, and meditation. The clatter of the world seemed to creep into the church so that the Christians had their hands so full that their hearts became empty. It seemed that church work was becoming more and more demonstrative, and this taxed means and time, so that it was hard to find time to be holy. It seemed that the Seattle spirit, that Anna had heard mentioned so often, was one of drive, hurry, and stress; it was filled with impatience, unrest, fussing and trumpet blowing. Everybody seemed to be in a rush; even the church was imitating the world in this. The Christians, who worked long hours, seemed to crave short devotions, short services, short everything. Anna often thought of the very long services that she was used to from childhood; of the devotions at home where they always seemed to have time for family worship. It may be that at times this rush and helter skelter existence made her eagerly crave the lost art of meditation; of again regaining the art of being still before God; of again in quietness to muse and ponder holy things. The pastor was busy from morning till late night, rushing hither and thither on errands of mercy and other ministerial duties, so that it was difficult even for him to find time for quietude, prayer, and meditation. He had to struggle to find time to go apart himself, so insistent were the demands of the city church. All seemed to have more faith in the whirlwind than in the small still voice. They seemed to have forgotten that God spoke generally in whispers, but the people failed to hear those gentle whispers on account of the worldly clamor.

In observing the activities of many of the city churches Anna was tempted to suppose that the real and primary business of the church was to be of a physical or temporal nature; to make this world a better place in which to live; to improve the physical and political conditions of the people. They seemed to some extent to lose sight of the real aim and purpose of their existence. They more and more seemed to forget that the Lord and Master commissioned the church to provide for the spiritual welfare and the salvation of souls, at the same time promising that the physical well being should be added as a by product. It seemed as if the Christian's life became tangled; that the perplexities of modern society obscured the vision; that there was danger of losing Christ in the maze of modern church organizations and obligations. Anna often thought of the danger even of her dear Lutheran Church of losing Christ amid multiplied committees and commissions; conferences and conventions; discussion groups and uplift gatherings; welfare organizations and community drives; where the church was supposed to play an active part, and the pastor was expected to take the lead. At times it seemed that the Christians were in danger of professionalizing their holy tasks; substituting social service for the religious program; until the regenerate church became a degenerate church; until the church in the world became a church of the world and Christianity became a sanctified commercialism.

As there was no basement in the church the Young People Society met the first year at the parsonage. Arthur Howard Hanson was the president. He was a student at the University of Washington, and an able leader. A large choir was organized and a choir loft was built. A committee was appointed to beautify the interior of the church. They did what they could with the means they had. The altar was built. Instead of an altar painting they had to content themselves with a large piece of wine colored velvet inside of the frame that had been built. A beautiful gold cross adorned it. The woodwork was also varnished and several other improvements were made. This made the building seem much more churchly.

In July the Philological Society met in Seattle. This was an organization of those interested in the scientific study of words in language and their structure and mutual relation. The members were mostly professors of the education institutions of the states in the northwest; but several others interested in this project were also members, among them Rev. M. A. Christensen; Prof. Albert E. Egge and Prof. Berry from Washington State College, Pullman, Washington, and Prof. G. Gunlogson and Dr. Pihl of Tacoma were guests at the parsonage. One of them had as a hobby "deadly microbes." One day after the dinner, Anna brought a large cut glass dish filled with Royal Ann cherries picked from the trees growing in the back yard. They had just been washed, and looked very tempting. One of the professors, however, asked for a glass of water, which was brought to him. HE dipped the cherries in this water before he ate them. After having eaten all the cherries they cared for, they got into some deep argument and during the heat of the discussion the learned doctor waxed warm, took the glass containing "the deadly microbes" and drained the contents. The deadly microbes did not kill him.

One Saturday night the Christensens had some car tickets and ten cents as wealth in their home. Anna had cooked her dinner for Sunday, which she always did on Saturday as she seldom had time on Sunday; but she needed milk and sugar. Milk was cheap then, so she bought a quart for a nickel and with the other five cents she bought a pound of sugar. She wondered when they would be paid their salary. They had been at Seattle a month yet, and she wondered if there they paid the pastor each month, or semi annually as they were want to be paid. The pastor did not have any appointments that evening, but was at home visiting with his wife. They were sitting discussing their future work, when in walked a large delegation from Ballard. When they, after a delightful evening, left for their homes, they left at the parsonage a goodly sum of money besides an abundance of food. Not long afterwards Seattle congregation followed suit. They, however, had divided the money and gave the pastor one half and Anna the other. Prof. N. J. Hong, Prof. Albert E. Egge, local members, old acquaintances, and others who were in the city at the time delivered speeches and talks. The lawn provided a cool place for the entertainment. It encouraged the Christensens to be met with such kindness and goodwill by their two congregations. A bond of good fellowship was formed. One evening the doorbell rang. When Anna answered the call she saw standing on the porch two strangers; but she was so used to meeting strangers that she was not abashed. She looked at them, and when the younger of them smiled, she knew immediately that it was Mrs. N. P. Leque. Her smile was renowned. Mrs. Madli Anderson, a sister, was her companion. Anna knew that she would love this noble woman who had always been such a friend of the Christensens from the time of the pioneer days in Dakota. The sisters stayed at the parsonage several days, and Anna enjoyed every minute of their visit. They had come to the city to visit, but also to buy supplies, as Stanwood did not then boast of its modern stores. Mrs. Anderson's son H. C. Anderson had while in Alaska staked valuable claims. He had invested in lands; had near Stanwood built a beautiful mansion, had sent to Ladi, Wisconsin for this mother to come live with him; and he considered nothing too good for his mother. Anna enjoyed going shopping with these sisters. It was not a question of hunting bargains; it was a question of finding what they desired. They did not take the clerks in the department stores long to size up the situation, and they were over zealous in waiting on these customers. When they left, the Christensens had to promise that they should spend at least two weeks of August at the Leque farm. It was not hard to keep this promise; and it was a joy whenever in the future a few days or weeks might be spent at Leque Island.

Rev. and Mrs. M. Borge, Decorah, Iowa, spent a week at the parsonage. They were old time friends, and

together the two families visited parks, lakes and many other places of interest. One day Rev. Borge said to Anna: "Do you know what I think of when I see you pick up your babies and run to catch a car?" When Anna answered: "No," he said, "I think of a girl playing with her dolls, rubber dolls at that." When Anna asked: "Why rubber dolls?" he answered "Because if the little girl should drop them, they would not break."

In October the Christensens received a letter containing the sad news that ten year old "Uncle," the youngest of the Christensen brothers, was very sick. Later a telegram came announcing his death, and that the funeral would be held November 5th. After much coaxing Rev. M. A. Christensen was induced to go to attend the funeral. Anna knew that he would be such a comfort to the family, especially the bereaved much tried mother. Little Uncle had been heart broken when Anna bid him goodbye when she left for Mayville. He wanted to move west with her. He had set his heart on going, and had even coaxed the mother and brother to acquiesce to his wishes; but Anna felt the responsibility of taking a seven year old boy away from his mother, so she did not dare to assume the role of a mother when his own mother was living so far away. She was so glad now that he had his own brother Dr. F. A. Christensen and his colleagues to doctor him. Grandma had now moved to Lake Mills, Iowa, and all the relatives had done all that humans could do to alleviate pain and try to save his precious life; but all had been to no avail. When Anna thought of this loving little favorite, she could see him as he looked at Mayville when he sat on the depot platform hugging his pug dog and fighting his tears. The beautiful June morning did not appeal to him. HE had sorrows of his own deep and real; but he was too manyly to shed a tear. Anna remembered the fifth of November eighteen hundred and ninety nine as Uncle's funeral; as Emile's first birthday; and as the day when so many of "our boys" came back from Manila. Seattle had during the morning outdone itself in honoring the returned soldiers. Never had their been such a parade in the history of the city! Relatives and friends had gathered to welcome them home. Anna told the many young folks who had stayed at the parsonage over night to go to the parade to see what they could see. She was in no mood for celebrating. When they insisted that she accompany them she put the children into the buggy and wheeled them to the corner of Pike and N Street. She begged her company to leave her there, while they went to meet the parade. When people passing by saw the two babies sitting in the large baby buggy, nearly all thought that they were twins, and Anna did not disillusion them. As every place of business had been ordered closed until after all the festivities were over, the problem of finding places to eat became rather acute. Anna met several dear friends from Ballard who, with their families of children, were hungry and tired. She invited them to come home with her. Before they had walked the five blocks to the parsonage many others joined the rank and file of the hungry brigade. A fire was made, potatoes, vegetables, meat and coffee were cooked, and the victuals were set on the table. It happened that Anna had quite a supply of food on her reserve shelf. Her husband had, before he went east, bought bacon, fish balls, summer sausages, etc. and she had plenty home made bread, butter and vegetables. As time went on that day, more and more gathered at the parsonage. They were all in want of food. At last, everything that might be converted into food was gone. A family came from Bothell, Washington. They were hungry, especially the two children. They had brought some butter and "pultost" and they were glad to gather together some very dry crusts of bread to spread and eat. Iver Johnson and Mr. C. Murphy, two of the roomers at the parsonage came home tired after they had trudged the street up and down in quest of a restaurant that might have opened its doors. When at last the grocery stores, butcher shops and bakeries were opened, Rev. O. Hagoes of Fainhaven who also had come, volunteered to go to buy supplies. Soon everybody had all they wanted to eat

and drink. They then laughed about it and called it the day of rationed meals. Anna remarked that it would not take much of an accident before people would suffer hunger in the city, where such small supplies are kept on hand in the homes. Here it had not been a question of money but if all a chance to buy food. Transposition was also an important item. Cars and trains were overcrowded.

Walter T. Christensen had accompanied his brother when he came home from the funeral, and he spent the winter at the parsonage. HE soon found friends among the young people. Christmas Eve was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. K. Erland. Several of the students from Parkland spent their holiday vacation at the parsonage. Anna Tenwick Dagny and Signa Skattebol I. Dorrum, Emma Loe and others were very welcome guests. There was to be a wedding on December 21st and as the bride was one of the choir members, Anna had been invited to be the brides maid. The guests of the parsonage wanted also to be witnesses but the pastor told them that they had better stay in the kitchen. Since two of the rooms downstairs were now rented, the dining room was converted into a living room where the marriage rites were to be pronounced. About in the middle of the ceremony Anna heard a heavy thud or thump on the floor. Soon she heard tittering and she wondered what she would hear next. The young folks had tried to peep through the key hole in order to catch a glimpse of the bride and one had lost his balance and had fallen on the floor. The bride and bridegroom evidently blamed the children for the noise.

At the family Christmas tree festivities the Christensens had invited as many as they could reach of people in the city that had no homes, and it was surprising to see the number that gathered. It became an annual custom, and each year brought its quota of new members. In the city there seemed to be so many who appreciated to be invited to the homes! Even if entertaining at times was hard on the carpets and furniture, it paid to open the doors to the homeless. The Young People Society had grown to be so large during the winter, the hall on Third Avenue was rented, and there some very good programs were given. It was decided to raise the church and build a basement with auditorium, kitchen, etc. Now when the basement was finished, the different societies had a place for their social meetings, and they all were pleased. The pastor had also organized a congregation four miles from Redmond, across Lake Washington. They had services in the school house. They had also organized a Ladies Aid Society. The pastor conducted weekday services. It was so difficult to supply the pulpits on Sundays as there was a scarcity of pastors. The settlement near Redmond was a delightful place to visit. Anna and the children had accompanied the pastor on several of his trips. They took a steamer from Madison Park to Kirkland and were there met by Mr. Christian Stensland. He had a home where everybody seemed to feel at home. Mrs. Stensland was a refined Christian mother, who lived for her family. There were four Stensland brothers in the neighborhood and a sister MRs. C. Robstad. In Happy Valley there were also many Swedes belonging to the congregation. When Lina Fritzvold married John Tesdahl, Mrs. C. M. Hanson and Anna gave a wedding dinner for them. They were married at the church. Dr. and Mrs. Winslow attended the wedding, and their children, cried as if their hearts would break when they bid goodbye to this faithful servant who had lived with them eleven years.

Mrs. C. Ellefson, Oeakland, California, came to Seattle to meet her husband Captain C. Ellefson who sailed on the Dollar route between Seattle and Nome, Alaska. His boat was the Robert Dollar. She was a friend of Anna's cousin Mrs. N. Brown and brought greetings. When she found out that there was a vacant room at the parsonage, she moved in and stayed there rather than at the hotel. Robert Dollar was delayed on the return trip, so Mrs. Ellefson and her daughter Lena went along to celebrate the National Holiday at Norman where Rev. Christensen was to deliver

the Fourth of July oration. In the evening they all were going to Stanwood to visit the Leques. On the train they learned that there had been a terrible accident in Tacoma, where a street car from Parkland had jumped the track and slid into a canyon, and over forty were killed and many more wounded. No reliable information could be had, as no newspaper could be bought that could give anything definite about this accident. It was one thing to hear of accidents that had happened far away among strangers, but it was quite another thing when the dead and injured were personal friends and neighbors. When Mr. Leque had rowed across the Stillaquamish River and they had entered the Leque home there was still more consternation. Several of the Parkland students were at Leques visiting. Among them was Marie Harstad. She was so positive that some of her family were numbered among the unfortunate, because she said that they had planned to go to the big celebration on that car. There was not much sleep that night. Early the next morning when a paper had been bought, all tried to scan the list of the dead. Anna knew eight of the dead and many of the injured.

The convention of Pacific District was to be held in Tacoma in July. Anna had hired a young girl, Norma Olson, to go along to take care of the children, so that she might be privileged to attend the meeting. Several pastors from the east had come. Among these was the General President of the Church Rev. V. Koren, Rev. K. Bjorgo, Rev. and Mrs. A. Mikkelson, who were visiting their son-in-law and daughter Prof. and Mrs. Manson, Ellensburg, Washington. Several new pastors had moved in to the district. California was represented by P. Borup, Eureka; J. J. Anderson, Oakland; N. P. N. Carlson, Oakland; O. Gronsberg, San Francisco; J. Johanson, Fresno; E. M. Stesaud, San Francisco; A. H. Hauge, San Francisco, Lassvitz Carlson, San Francisco. The pastors of Oregon were: O. M. Holden Astoria; S. M. Orwall, Portland and N. Pederson, Silverton. The pastors of Washington: L. S. Foss, Stanwood; O. Hagoes, Stanwood; Carlo A. Sperati, Tacoma; I. J. Blakkan, Everett; M. A. Christensen, Seattle; George O. Laue, Fairhaven; B. Harstad, Parkland. Rev. E. B. Slettedale of the United church was a visitor.

A large church had been rented which was used for the convention. Meals were served in the old synod church on 17th and J Street served by Rev. Carlo A. Sperati. The invitation to hold the next convention at Portland, Oregon, was extended through the Pastor S. M. Orwall.

After this convention, Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Christensen taught parochial school at Ballard. They lived in a tent while teaching and Norma Olson took care of the children during school hours. Many had now moved to this city, and had joined the church. Zion Lutheran church was the only Lutheran church in the city. That year there were 135 registered in the Sunday School. The confirmation class was also unusually large. It was decided to build an addition to the church with folding doors, so that when needed the two auditoriums might be opened into one large room. The preceding year so many had crowded into the church at the Christmas services that it was feared that the foundation of the church had been damaged, so the foundation was also reinforced.

Many Norwegians worked on board the Robert Dollar, and through Captain Ellefson several of them became acquainted with the pastor and his family. Five of the men asked if they might stay at the parsonage when the boat was in port. They were told, "Var saa god." They paid well for their rooms and often rented sail boats and motor boats and invited the family to go for a boat ride, either on the Puget Sound or Elliot Bay, or Lake Washington. Anna was curious to learn why they preferred to stay at the parsonage, so one day she asked them to tell her the reason. Peder Klingset answered: "You don't know the temptations of the sea faring men. The only places where they are welcomed while in port are the saloons, brothels, gambling dens, and other places of ill repute. We do not care

to mingle with the men who enjoy to frequent these places. When we tell them that we live at the home of the minister, they do not tempt us to spend our hard earned money with them. That is why we are so glad that you open your home to us, and make us feel at home. It is so much fun to play with your children." Anna was so thankful to know that she had been able to befriend these worthy men. Many other men were also reached through these five men that became a kind of a nucleus. Several newcomers, who were anxious to learn to read and write the English language asked Anna if she would teach them. She opened a night school, and the first to enroll were Christine and Elise Askheim, and Inga Slyngaard. Anna enjoyed this work very much, but she soon found it next to impossible to meet regularly with them, on account of her other duties. She met with the class, and others, occasionally, and always enjoyed both the teaching and talking with these young folks who had recently left the mother country, and at times were very homesick. One young man of seventeen was very anxious to learn; but he was also very home sick. One evening he was in no mood for work, so Anna let him talk about his home in Norway. She asked all kinds of questions in order to spur him on. At last he looked at her and said "What part of Norway did you come from?" When she told him that she had never seen Norway, he opened his eyes wide, looked at her and said "Where did you come from anyway?" Anna told him that there were many places in the world outside of Norway. She told him about her Norwegian home in America, and before he left, he told her that he had learned many new things about the United States.

Many of the men of the congregation had gone to Alaska; some to fish but most of them in quest of gold. Many, however, brought more gold into Klondike than they brought out when they came back. Many of them suffered great hardships and came back very much discouraged. Some found wealth in the mines, and some in the sea. The first that attempted to prospect took the boat to Skegway, then with provisions to last at least on year, they through the snow mushed up the mountain to Chilkoot Pass. When they had crossed this pass they had to camp in order to build boats from whipsawed timber in order to float across Lake Bennett, and then on to the Yukon River and eventually to reach Klondike. After a while when the boats sent directly to Nome, traveling to reach the gold fields, trips became less hazardous and much easier. The first year after the Christensons came to Seattle, many of the church workers were "Alaska widows." It was not always easy for them to be left with a flock of children; with the responsibilities, cares, and worries. Many also became widows, some through shipwreck, and some through sickness and death. One large boat was lost at sea, and every man on board was drowned. A Mr. Hanson was among those drowned. He left a widow, four daughters and one son. The daughter Inga, although very young, decided to help her widowed mother. She began to sew, and soon she had established one of the finest modish shoppes in the city, where her mother, sisters, and several other women were busy from morning till night.

In order to be able to entertain all who shoed Rev. and Mrs. Christensen so many favors and courtesies, they generally once a year gave a reception. They lived next to the Unitarian church, so they rented the reception room and kitchen where they could easily accommodate at least three hundred. This made the serving as easy as possible, but provided a good program and other entertainment. Such a reception was given in March 1901. It was decided to celebrate the 17th of May, renting the Grand Opera House, and making it the largest celebration of its kind ever attempted. Later a committee of twenty four members were appointed. Anna was a member of that committee. They had many meetings, and many plans were perfected. The governor of the state had accepted the invitation to be the speaker of the evening. Musical talent had been secured, and Marie Christensen, who was teaching at

Parkland, had promised to give a reading. At the last meeting before the great event someone suggested that the governor be presented a huge bouquet of American Beauty roses. Who should present it? The chairman of the committee suggested that Anna should do it. Before she could decline the honor, someone had made the motion that she be delegated. This motion was seconded without any discussion it carried. When Anna thanked them for the great honor conferred upon her she said: "Much as I should enjoy representing you in honoring our highest executive in Washington, I again must decline the signal honor." The chairman again urged her to represent the committee, and added: "We want a woman of great dignity to represent us." Anna was tempted to say, well it was not said. Mrs. B. Clausen was chosen to take her place. The celebration was a great success. The afternoon program was given at Ballard at Salmon Bay Park, and in the evening the opera house was packed. The Norwegians were praised by the governor for their greatness, and were eulogized and lauded to the skies. He said some things, however that disparaged them, and they resented what they called unjust criticism.

June 14th was the fifth anniversary or wooden wedding of Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Christensen, and the Ladies Aid Society presented them with a very elegant and substantial side board. The next morning they were presented with a fine healthy baby daughter. It seemed that they had their hands full just then, because they had been notified shortly before that Rev. S. M. Orwell had moved out of his district, and the board had decided that the District Convention should be held in Seattle the last week in June. When Anna came down stairs on June 25th she found that the delegation from California had arrived, and soon all the other delegations gathered also. Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Christensen and daughter Alice Margaret came from Lake Mills, Iowa, to surprise their relatives, and they in turn were surprised. Rev. V. Koren asked if he might baptize the baby as he was an old friend of the Christensen and Hilleboe families. This request was gladly granted, and she was the last, of not the only baby, baptized by him in the Pacific District. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Leque and nine Christensens were sponsors when she was christened Esther Marie on Sunday June 30th 1901.

Anna had been quite amused at the business meeting of Zion congregation Ballard in May. She had sent in her resignation as Sunday School superintendent, but assigned no reasons. One of the trustees said: "I cannot understand why she should resign now when she has come here every Sunday in all kinds of weather while her children were so small." They decided to ask her to continue during the summer. When they learned why she asked to be released they elected Abraham Hovick as assistant superintendent. A theological student from Robbinsdale was to teach parochial school and otherwise help with the work that summer. His name was Wilhelm A. Larson, who later was pastor in Oakland, California.

The work and excitement had been a little strenuous especially when the baby was taken very ill, so the doctor, A. O. Loe, advised Anna to go to the country for a rest. Her husband went with them to Redmond to spend some time at the Stensland home. While there her sister Inger came from Wisconsin so the family moved home again. Anna however found that too many cooks spoil the soup. There were at the parsonage six women, her sister, Inger, his sister Marie Olga Jensen, Grace Kravik and a dress maker Mary Olson. Mrs. N. P. Leque had begged Anna to come home with her after the baptism, so now she decided to go there for a much needed rest. When she came home two weeks later she was all ready for the winter's work; and during the winter she again assumed her duties in Ballard.

Anna had noticed a young woman with a little son, who often came to church. When she this evening saw

her come accompanied, by a man, she made up her mind to meet her and greet her. Anna sang in the choir, and as the choir loft was near the pulpit, it was hard for her to reach the door in time to shake hands with the congregation. This evening she walked down to this couple, introduced her self and found that they were Mr. and Mrs. George Johnson. The wife looked at her husband and with tears in her eyes said: "What did I tell you?" It developed that she had lived several months in the city; that she had gone to several of the Lutheran churches without getting acquainted; that she had been willing to make a final attempt by going again to Immanuel Church where she felt somewhat at home, in spite of the fact that no one had ever paid any attention to her. Her husband was a barber and had to work Sunday as well as long days during the week. This evening she had asked him to go with her to church, but had said: "If no one pays any attention to me, I am going to take Arnold and go back to mother." Upon inquiry Anna learned that the Johnsons lived only five blocks away from the parsonage. They became great friends, and when Grace Marie Beatrice Johnson was baptized on Christmas Day Anna was the godmother.

In May notice was served that the old house that had been the parsonage these three years was to be razed; and a large apartment house was to be erected on the large lot, now almost in the heart of the city. Anna had received the heritage after her father. Her sister had married a Martin I. Kleven. They had bought the old homestead and were paying the inheritance due the sons and daughters of Sjur Hilleboe. Anna had used the inheritance to buy a lot, and now they were building a home on Minor Ave., just across the street from the church. Their house would not be finished until in August, but as they had to vacate the house before June 20th they decided to store their household goods in the church basement. They had been invited to the wedding of Rev. Ola J. Ordal and Anna Leque June 18th and had accepted the invitation. The church had been decorated very beautifully, and the wedding was well arranged. A very large number of guests had been invited to enjoy the day at the Leque home. There was only one thing that marred the festivities. The bride and bride groom had to leave before dinner in order to catch the train that was to carry them to the home of Rev. F. E. Wulfsberg, Decorah, Iowa where there was to be a double wedding. Sina Wulfsberg was to become the wife of Rev. Zakarias J. Ordal; and Frida Wulfsberg was to marry Rev. E. A. Boyd. At the dinner table the toast master, Rev. H. M. Tjernagel, said something that was funny but true. He said: "A wedding dinner without the bride and groom is like a table set with dishes but without food."

Anna was to take part in the Fourth of July program at Redmond, so against the wishes of the Leques she went to join her husband who was to be the speaker of the day. There was so much excitement in Seattle, as Harry Tracy, an escaped convict was terrorizing everybody wherever he went. When the train reached Bothell it was learned that he had just shot two men near the town, and many of the passengers were so frightened that they prostrated themselves on the floor of the coach. In Redmond they were frightened because they suspected that this brutal outlaw, who had already taken many lives, was heading for Snoqualmie Pass. If so, he would be bound to pass through this valley. They feared that a man of such desperate character would not hesitate in further murderings, if he deemed it necessary.

On July 5th dear little Esther Marie had toddled into the kitchen, had reached the stove, had pulled a small wood box; and in falling against it, had fallen against the hot stove. Her cry attracted the attention of Anna and the others. Her hands had been burned very badly. She was taken to Seattle where Dr. A. O. Loe treated her. Although he first thought that her hands would be crippled, in time, only the scars remained to remind of the terrible summer. Words fail to express the joy that Anna felt when she moved into the new house, even if it was far from finished.

This was the first home that she might call her own; where she was at liberty to arrange everything to suit her taste. The congregation had surprised them and had given them a lovely Wilton rug, an upholstered settee, and two comfortable chairs. Both of their congregations had before presented them with lamps, rocking chairs, bookcases, and many other articles; so now Anna thought she would, as time went on, be able to fully furnish her own home. The summer, camping in the church basement with her suffering baby, seemed now like a nightmare. Marselia Lersten, who had been suffering with blood poison in her hand, had spent Christmas at the parsonage. Anna Brevig, Jim Liverston, Iver Johnson, O. Hougen, K. Snorheim, and others had also spent the holidays with them, as in former years. A flock of young folks which called themselves "stepchildren", because the porch of the former parsonage was so small that when they were all gathered most of them had to sit on the steps, were regular visitors. Her sister Inger had gone to California.

In the spring Anna had the pleasure of entertaining her brother Peter and his family. He had been living in North Dakota, where he was president of a bank, but now he had brought his wife and five children to the coast to look for a new location where the climate was less severe. Although the children were cousins, still they were as strangers having been brought up in homes many hundred miles apart. They tried to play, to converse, but there was a strained feeling, until at the dinner table when in unison grace was said. The cousins from the east then joined in with the cousins from the west. It seemed then that the ice was broken, and a bond of fellowship bound them closer than kinship. At the close of the day, at the devotion, they all joined in the singing of hymns, and after a portion of the Scriptures had been read, they all joined in the prayers. While putting the children to bed Gertrude said: "Mamma, is it not queer that our cousins say grace just like we do, and know the same hymns and prayers?" Anna told her that it was not queer. She then told her little daughter that she and Uncle Peter, had been raised in the same home, played the same games, and had spent many happy hours, days, and years together. Their parents had reared them, trained them, and had early taught them to worship God. At their mother's knees they had been taught to pray, sing, and listen to Bible stories. In unison they had for years said grace, and they still remembered the hymns and prayers that they had committed to memory. She then told her children that these lessons they had learned at their home they had again taught to their children; that they were now trying to bring them up in the same faith, the faith of their fathers. When the children had gone to sleep, Anna thought of this conversation. A Christian home she realized was a wonderful institution. The training and lessons inculcated were priceless treasures. The dear Lutheran church was a home where the members constituted a great family. God was the head; the church was the mother that trained, taught, and prepared for temporal and eternal life. She more fully than ever understood how wonderful it was to belong to this body; to meet at the home of grace to pray; to attend any church of her own denomination, and hear these comforting words: "O Lord, our Maker, Redeemer, and Comforter, we are assembled in thy presence to hear Thy holy word. We pray Thee so to open our hearts by Thy Holy Spirit that through the preaching of Thy word, we may be taught to repent of our sins, to believe on Jesus in life and in death, and to grow day by day in grace and holiness. Hear us for Christ's sake Amen."

As Anna thought of these things, she again thanked God for the church. It was a great privilege to belong to a body of fellow believers; to sing the same hymns; hear the same gospel lessons; pray the same general prayers of supplications and intercession; partake of the same communion; and receive the same benediction.

The congregation had been growing; the confirmation classes, the Sunday Schools, the Young People

Societies, Ladies Aid Societies, choirs and other organizations were too much for one man to take care of. It was after much discussion at last decided to divide the call. As Ballard had most members they claimed the pastor. Seattle extended a call to H. A. Stub, a student, who accepted the call.

The Christensens were anxious to visit their folks and also go to Decorah, Iowa to the "Jubel Synod". They left Seattle June 2nd and went to Roche-a-cree. Anna was so glad to again visit the mother and sister Helena and her family of husband and three children! She found that her mother had changed a great deal yet she was, as usual, happy and content. She was busy as ever but her time was now her own. She was glad that she might live at the old homestead, tend to the six graves, and attend services; although it was hard for her to hear the sermons. Anna noticed that she sang so many new hymns and quoted Scriptures that she could not remember from her stay at home in former years. When Anna asked about this her mother said: "I am not so busy now; the evenings are long; I am growing deaf; should I also become blind, what would I do without my hymns to sing, my Bible to study and ponder?" She was in her old age laying up treasures in heaven "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." Age had ravaged her health, claimed her physique, sapped her strength; but as her body, God's temple, felt the ramparts crumble she was ready to obey the clarion call and anxious to join her dear ones on the celestial shore. Roche-a-cree had not changed a great deal in the seven years since Anna went west. Rev. M. A. Christensen preached in the church on the seventh anniversary of their wedding and the congregation had arranged a big celebration in the grove at the home of Ole Mikkelsen. Anna was asked to sing "I Cannot Sing the Old songs." So many memories crowded in of by gone days, that it was very hard for her to acquiesce. Anna wanted to again visit her father's grave; so the mother walked with her to the old cemetery which had been part of the Mikkelsen farm. As the Christensens were to leave the next morning, the Wallers and Lofthus families spent the evening at the old homestead. Klevens were to build a new house, but had waited until after this visit. The day they left was the second birthday of Esther Marie. Uncle Kleven had promised that when Emile came to visit them next time he would give him a sixteen year old horse named Ned. Many years he talked about his black horse in Wisconsin! Gertrude thoroughly enjoyed staying on the farm. The only thing that she did not like was the mosquitoes. It was hard for the dear mother to say goodbye to the grandchildren and their father, but it was still harder to part with Anna who somehow felt that this would be the last farewell on earth, and so did the mother. The morning train bid her from mortal view; but the memory of that afternoon and that parting still lingered on and on as long as the mother lived. Anna always remembered her just as she looked at the depot in Necedah.

Next on the program was the visit to Lake Mills, Iowa, to visit the Christensen family. Anna and the children remained there three days after her husband went to Decorah, Iowa to attend the General Convention. On Saturday afternoon with Emile, she also went to attend the Jubilee of the Church. It was then fifty years since the Synod was organized. She wanted her son to see Luther College hoping that someday he might become a student at the institution. She will never forget the Sunday, June 21st of that 1903 convention. There was something peculiarly sacred, festive and impressive from the time in the early morning, that the band from the College Tower played the wonderful chorales so dear to the hearts of the Lutherans, to the closing of the evening session. Anna who had not for years had an opportunity to attend a General Convention enjoyed all; especially meeting old friends. A meeting of pastor's wives had been scheduled for Monday afternoon, and Anna had been invited to give a talk on "The Pastor's Wife as the Pastor's Helper." After services on Sunday she had, with her brother Prof. H. S. Hilleboe driven out to

the Even Tykeson home where the Hilleboe family was spending the summer. Mrs. Hilleboe was the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Even Tykeson. As the meeting had been announced for 2 o'clock p.m., Anna had to cut the visit short and drive to Calmar in time to board the noon train. The meeting of the pastor's wives was well attended. Mrs. A. Bredesen was elected president. The program given was very interesting, but Anna noticed that nearly all those on the program used the English language. Several of the older women present expressed a wish that the Norwegian language might be used. When Mrs. Per O. Stromme was to give her talk on the "Ex-Pastor's Wife" she started bravely in the Norwegian language, but finally she stopped and said, "I have prepared this speech in English, and in English it must be given." Mrs. V. Koren, Mrs. Johannes Levisaker, and Anna used the Norwegian language. It was decided to meet again on Tuesday afternoon to perfect a permanent organization. There it was decided to drop the title "Fru" except for Fru V. Koren and Fru Lauritz P. Larson whose husbands had been decorated as Doctors of Divinity by Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, and who had also had other degrees of honor conferred upon them. The organization decided that the title "Mrs." that was good enough to be used by the "First Lady of the Land" ought to be good enough for them. They also decided to raise money to erect a statue to be placed on the Luther College Campus in honor of Dr. Lauritz P. Larson who had been professor in Theology at the Concordia Seminary 1859-61; and had since been president of Luther College until he resigned in 1902 and who was now Professor Emeritus and teacher of Hebrew. His pupils had in 1897, in recognition of his splendid work and as a thank offering from them for faithful service while they were students, built and presented him with a modern house.

When the Christensens came home on July 2nd they found plenty of work waiting for them after their month's absence. They had promised to teach parochial school in Ballard during July. Their new home had just been finished and they thought it hard to move when they had enjoyed it just one week; yet duty called them. They moved to Ballard, where they rented a small house across the street from the church. When they moved they found boxes, suitcases, coats, furs, trunks, etc. stored by the men and women who had no homes, but had stored their things at the parsonage. The owners were notified that they must come to claim their property; those that could not be reached had their belongings labeled and moved to Ballard. Anna now reflected on the many who had lived with them, and she knew that she would miss them. Only one of the many that Anna had entertained and befriended had caused her any trouble. That was a new comer girl who begged to stay until she could find a place. Anna had, while in Seattle, placed many girls in homes, and the women who hired girls had learned to know that if she recommended the girls, they were generally trustworthy and capable. This girl was very incapable and also sloven, so Anna would not recommend her. Finally this girl had through an acquaintance in Ballard found a place with a Jewish family, and while there had stolen a gold thimble, linen handkerchiefs, silk stockings, and all kinds of Mexican drawn work, a teneriffe cloth, and madeira embroidered doilies and centerpieces. When the lady that she worked for finally located Anna and informed her of the theft, she would not believe that this unattractive and inartistic girl had ever even desired to steal all these beautiful things. Anna tried to get her to confess, but she firmly maintained her innocence. The pastor at last made her acknowledge the guilt, and then it was found that the stolen articles were secreted in the closet in the front hall of the parsonage. She had also stole a dozen beautiful handkerchiefs and other articles at the parsonage. She evidently was a kleptomaniac.

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Stub were married June 30, 1903 and moved to Seattle in July where he was duly installed. The church was filled with members and friends who wished him welcome. A large class had been confirmed in

May, and the flourishing Sunday School, Ladies Aid Society, Young People Society and choir were ready to help him in the church work. The Stub family rented the upstairs of the Christensen's house that had been used for a parsonage. Thus they were near the church. As this parsonage was well known, it would also help the people to locate and to reach the pastor. They lived there until the house was sold the following year. Miss Johanna Anderson rented the downstairs, where she had established a dress making parlor.

That summer Mrs. Amelia Christensen, Miss Amelia Christensen, Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Christensen, their daughter Margaret, and Valborg visited their folks in Ballard. Grandma had not been to the coast since the days of pioneering, and she marveled at the changes that had been wrought during these intervening twenty five years. IT seemed incomprehensible that a few years might change the wilderness into a mdoern city the size of Seattle. Her friends from former years were glad to again welcome her to the coast. The Leques came, and they insisted on all the Christensens coming to Stanwood. With Mr. and Mrs. Carl Christensen, Spokane, also visiting, this made thirteen—a bad number but a good crowd.

The congregation in Ballard was now happy because they had a resident pastor. They decided to repaint the church, buy new pews, and also remodel the altar. John Butler, an artist of some renown painted a beautiful altar painting, "The Good Shepherd." Mr. A. Landaas made the attractive frame for it, and also built a new altar. The Ladies Aid Society recarpeted the chancel, put in new electric fixtures, and in various other ways beautified the church. The house rented by the pastor was too small, old and very unhandy, so they borrowed the money to buy a lot and build a house near the church. Although this house was only a temporary home and small yet it was new, clean and modern. Anna stored some of the furniture, and with the rest tried to make this home convenient and cozy. The house was too small for much entertaining.

The following summer Rev. Christesen was called to Lake Mills, where Amelia, his sister, had been stricken with a malady, that they knew would cause her death. She passed away in August. While there the pastor was taken ill and brought to the hospital in St. Paul, Minnesota. But even if those days were dark and dreary, they came to an end. The neighboring pastors were very willing to supply the pulpit, and when it was impossible for Anna to secure a pastor, the congregation said that it was all right.

One Sunday Rev. B. Harstad was to preach. Just before the services the "klokker" came to tell Anna that he had a bad cold, so he did not feel able to open the meeting. He said, however, that he had asked a man, who had recently moved to Ballard, to be his substitute. When it was time for the services to begin he opened with a prayer but not the one given as part of the liturgy. He evidently thought his free prayer an improvement on that. After the services he again closed with prayer—but such a prayer! Anna did not understand that prayer, and no one else did. She wondered if the man knew what he was praying for; she wondered also if God understood it so that He might answer it. When he was through and went to sit down, Rev. Harstad, who was kneeling at the altar, turned his head and said: "Will you pray the Lord's Prayer?" When the man did not do it, the pastor did. Anna doubted if anyone who heard him pray then ever would forget the prayer. When Anna after services went to explain to Rev. Harstad he said: "Never mind: I knew that man while he was in Minneapolis years ago. He had not changed, at least he has not improved any. He likes to hear himself talk."

On September 25th another little son came to bless the parsonage. When he was baptized at the circuit meeting at Ballard by Rev. Carlo A. Sperati he was named Ferdinand Martin and the sponsors were Rev. and Mrs.

O. J. Ordal, Inger Hilleboe, and Iver Johnson. When he was a month old he went traveling and took his parents and brother with him. They went to Parkland to celebrate the wedding of his aunt Inger and Iver Johnson, October 23rd 1904.

A parochial school, with Hannah Hong as teacher, was opened with about 40 pupils. Gertrude and Emile registered. It was a nine month term, taught in the church parlors. An office for the pastor had been built near the church. Congregations had been organized by the pastor at Vashon Island, Orillia, and Port Madison. The church at Orillia was built and had been dedicated, but the other congregations had not yet been able to build. When the church in Redmond was dedicated, the choir of Zion Church assisted, and many of the church members also went to worship at this daughter church. Miss Jorgine Enestvedt was visiting her sister Mrs. G. H. Kravick, Everett. She also spent some time visiting at the parsonage. She accepted a call to go as a teacher to the mission at Teller, Alaska, where Rev. T. L. Brevig and wife had been stationed since 1894 and had done such splendid work among the Eskimos; especially during the epidemic of measles which swept the greater part of the adult population of the village, leaving a number of orphans. Besides the caring for the orphans they were also missionaries among the Eskimos and Lapps and others who came to the station. The Church appropriated an annual sum of \$1,000 to this mission and the teacher was paid by the government.

The first of July Walter T. Christensen, who had just graduated from a medical college, Kaskuk, Iowa, moved to Ballard. Here he immediately passed the medical examinations, and established an office, where he became for years a noted physician, surgeon, and incidentally a politician. His mother and sisters also moved west and established a home. Marie taught the parochial school and Margaret was organist and music teacher.

It had become quite fashionable now to go out camping during the summer months, as soon as the schools closed. The pastor's family had one year camped near Magnolia Bluff but Anna did not like all the flies and insects that pestered them. When a house boat was offered for sale, at almost a song, this boat was procured and it became a summer home during several seasons. It was fully furnished and at the back end the door was unlocked or locked. It could be towed from place to place, and when anchored it was a convenient summer home for the owners. When not occupied by them it was often loaned to friends. Many parties were given while there. The Ballard Ladies Aid Society, and the Interbay L. A. S. were entertained there one summer. Not a day passed without some visitors. Most of them brought their own lunches, and came to spend the day on the beaches. Twice while in camp the family of the pastor were victims of surprise parties. The visits to Port Madison were very pleasant. Each summer the congregation would charter a boat and go there for its Mission Festival. The port was old but the settlement several miles from the landing was new. Most of the men were fishermen, many of them Alaska fishers. They had built comfortable homes. Anna and the children spent weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Monsaas.

On September 15th 1906 a little baby girl visited the parsonage, but stayed only eight days. After having been baptized Regina Margaret she moved to the home on high to be with the angels. It was hard for the parents, brothers and sisters; yet they knew that all had been done for her that could be done by humans. She was just like a flower opening in the ray of the morning, nipped by disease's cruel power, and love's embrace could not hold her. She was placed in the loving care of the Savior where she is to blossom in the immortal bloom, and wear the golden crown. Her body was committed at Crown Hill Cemetery.

In the spring of 1907 Rev. M. A. Christensen was delegated to go on a tour of inspection to Alaska by the

board of the Pacific District. He was to visit the places on the coast and inland settled by Norwegian Lutherans where he was to preach and also learn of existing conditions. He conducted services from Southern Alaska to Nome, and then went to visit the mission at Teller now known as the "Mrs. T. L. Brevig Mission." This mission was situated on the Seward Peninsula, the extreme northwest part of Alaska. This district embraces about 20,000 sq. mi. and bears its name in honor of the statesman William H. Seward who bought the territory from Russia. The mission station is located about six miles from Teller, at Port Clarence, and was founded by Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Brevig of the Synod. In 1892 the Federal Government commenced to introduce reindeer into northern Alaska. This was done to benefit the Eskimos, and to help them get an easier livelihood. The government tried to hire Lappis from Lapland and Northern Norway to teaching herding to the Eskimos. They were Christians, and would come only on one condition—that they might get a pastor. An appeal for a pastor was made and Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Brevig were called. In 1894 with his young wife he left home and kindred to sail for the then almost unknown Alaska. Mrs. T. L. Brevig was a very able assistant and through her efficiency, noble Christian character, faith in the future of the mission, and love for the needy she won many for Christ. She was a remarkable woman whose influence was felt wherever she went. It might seem as if her talents could have been put to a better use in another field; but God evidently must have desired that she should work among the heathens in this foreign field in the frozen north. After years of strenuous work she passed away very suddenly and was laid to rest with an infant, her daughter Borghild and a son Clarence. Here with her children, in the frozen graves, across the brook on the east side of the mission that bears her name, she rests from her labor. Although in her cold chamber, frozen into ice, still her memory is warm in the hearts that loved her. Her spirit lives in the hearts and minds of the many who had reaped benefits and blessings because of her splendid enthusiasm and unselfish service. In God's acre in the north she rests till Judgment Day.

When Rev. Christensen had visited this mission, he also went to the other stations and from there he was invited to take a trip into Siberia. He went where whites had not been the last two years. After he came back to his home Anna met a woman who said: "I am so sorry that your husband has come home again." Anna looked at her and said: "I am not. Why are you sorry?" to which she replied: "I enjoyed so to read the travelogues by him in Pacific Herald."

While Rev. Christensen was in Alaska a young theological student came to substitute for him in Ballard; his name was Oscar A. Tingelstad. He was a western boy, although born in N. Dakota. When ten years old he had moved with his parents Mr. and Mrs. B. Tinglestad to Silverton, Oregon. He had attended school at Pacific Lutheran Academy where he graduated in 1900. He then went to Luther College where he graduated in 1905 and had now finished school at the Theological Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. He was ordained at Zion Church by Rev. L. C. Foss. His parents came from Silverton to be with him, and it was a great day for them as well as the congregation at Ballard. Besides the local congregation he also served Orillia, Port Madison, Miler's Bay, Tracyton. He also had charge of the Interby Ladies Aid Society.

Anna was rather unfortunate that year. A few days after her husband went north, she stepped on a nail into her foot. At first it did not cause any alarm but after a while erysipelas caused the doctor to ask: "Does your husband know about your condition?" When she said "no" the doctor said: "If you insist on keeping him in ignorance, I shall notify him." At the time of the ordination she was unable to walk. Rev. L. C. Foss and Rev. P. Blicher volunteered to carry her over to the church when she happened to remark: "I have never seen an ordination," but she did not

care to put on so spectacular a show. The doctor was using applications of alcohol on the foot to reduce the inflammation. Mr. B. Tinglestad was watching this performance, and as it took quarts of alcohol to reduce the inflammation and fever he said, in his own peculiar quiet way: "It seems too bad to pour all that good liquor on a foot."

Anna's cousin Louise Grinde, daughter of her aunt Helga, had come from Blair, Wisconsin, and she was a wonderful companion the two months when Anna had to play invalid. Sophie Peterson, Blair, Wis., one of the teachers at Parkland; another Miss Peterson, a dressmaker; and several others stayed there also, so it was not very lonesome. In August her sister Sarah, who had visited at the old homestead, stopped off for a visit on the way back to San Francisco, California. A delegate to the national convention of the Christian Endeavors, Seattle, Washington, stayed at the parsonage. When he came home from the meeting on Sunday evening he was very much excited. The greatness of the meeting had overwhelmed him. He told of the chorus of a thousand voices who sang "Creation"; of the wonderful speakers; of the splendid men, and women who represented the churches not only from the United States, but also foreign countries. He had attended a meeting early in the morning, lead by a wonderful pastor, who had addressed the meeting. His subject was "Perfection." He had asked all those who had never sinned, who had never made any mistakes, to stand. Here Mr. Aas stopped. Anna looked at him, then said: "Did you stand?" He answered "No, I did not, because no one else did." Anna then said: "Have you never made a mistake?" He answered "Have you?" She told him that she had many many times, and she certainly would never be even tempted to rise if such a question were put to her. Mr. Aas had a large badge pinned to the lapel of his coat. On it was printed St. Paul. Anna asked him why he wore that big red badge. He looked at her and answered "I am for St. Paul." She said: "Do you know the meaning of it?" Again he said quite vociferously: "I am for St. Paul." When she understood that he thought that he was confessing to the world that he had lined up with the apostle Paul, she told him the meaning. Many cities had invited the convention for the next meeting, among them, Kansas City, San Francisco, and St. Paul; when she had explained that these badges simply indicated a preference, he became so indignant that he unpinned the badge, and threw it on the floor. She then said: "Know that you have made at least one mistake."

That fall a call was extended to Rev. Christensen from Oakland, California. After much deliberation he went to Oakland to look over the field. He spent Christmas in the sunny south. At the parsonage in Ballard twenty four gathered around the Christmas tree. They missed the pastor, who always managed to put life into all gatherings. Several of the teachers and students from Pacific Lutheran College were spending their vacation for the last time at the parsonage; among them Anna Tenwick and Paul Brown, Oakland, Louise Grinde, who was teaching at Harper, and always spent all her vacation there. Dr. W. T. Christensen and Tina Genke were married on Thanksgiving Day. Many parties had been given in their honor, and now after they came back from the south, they gave a Christmas dinner for the family and friends. It was decided that the call from Oakland be accepted. This was the only time that Anna ever demurred, but when Rev. L. C. Foss asked her what she thought about it she said: "In Ballard we now have a good sized congregation who are loathe to have us go. The Sunday School that I have worked in as a superintendent whenever possible has reached nearly 150. All the other organizations are active. We are not as young as we were when we came to the district twelve years ago. Why don't you send a younger man? When, however, she understood that it was the wish of the ones in authority that they should go try to untangle some of the snarls caused by the predecessor, she commenced to pack to get ready for the trip. A year ago they had bought

a nine room house and moved on their lot. As they had always had the house full of company, and as they had expected to reside in Ballard, they had furnished the entire house. In Oakland there was no parsonage except four tiny rooms in a hall, so they decided to sell or give away all their canned fruit, jellies, jam, pickles, etc. They also had to dispose of most of their furniture and dishes. The articles they prized as gifts and that they knew they needed when they came to California they sent by freight; the rest they stored at grandmother Christensen's home. She also promised to take care of the large myrtle so that Mr. O. Skordal gave her in memory of his wife, and also other plants given as tokens of love. On the last Sunday in January they bid farewell to Rev. O. A. Tinglestad, their successor, to the relatives and friends in Ballard, and went to Parkland where the pastor was to deliver a lecture before going south. Mr. and Mrs. George Tegland, Genesee, Idaho, had now moved to Parkland. the two families had a very good time. the reminiscences from the days spent in Idaho were both sad as well as pleasant.

Due to a misunderstanding of the time table the Christensens came to the station in time to see the train pull out. They had reserved two lower berths on this train. They had to wait several hours for the next train, travel in the day coach to Portland, where they had another tedious wait, and then climbed into upper berths. This was also a slow train, and they regretted exceedingly that they had missed the train where traveling would have been easy. Rev. S. B. Hustvedt, pastor of the St. Paul's English Lutheran church, met them and took them to the home of Anna's cousin Mrs. Anna Brown, where they stayed until their household goods came. It was decided to raise the hall that belonged to Trinity church, build a hall under it, and convert the old hall into an eight room flat. While this remodeling took place a small cottage was rented where they lived several months.

From the time when Anna was a child she had hoped some day to see California. Now she was here, but she did not find it as she had pictured it. The city of Oakland was fine; but the work was difficult. Anna had never realized how difficult a field might be made through the mismanagement and misdemeanor of one man! The Church had done what they could to correct some of the things, yet creditors galore seemed to take for granted that the new pastor should pay all delinquent bills. Until the gas, light, and water bills had been paid it was impossible to get these conveniences installed into the new parsonage. Anna was surprised to learn that they charged seven dollars per room for the houses for rent; and the lots were sold so much per foot. The congregation was not large, but the few were very faithful. The work in Trinity was to be conducted in the Norwegian language. The two churches of the Synod, one English and one Norwegian, were built only a few blocks apart; and what made the work somewhat difficult was the fact that the members of the two congregations were about equally proficient in the two languages. There was always a danger of stepping on somebody's toes. One day, in 1909, Anna received a telegram from Prof. N. J. Hong stating that Paul Brown, of Pacific Lutheran College, a student at Parkland, was very ill and wanted to see his mother. Anna immediately went to notify her cousin, and to help her get ready to board the first train. Mars. Anna Brown came in time to speak with her son, but soon had to close his eyes in death. He was carried to his last resting place by fellow students, and only a mounds was left to show where this promising much beloved young man sleeps until he shall be called forth again to meet the dear ones.

When the new flat was finished the pastor's family moved in while the hall downstairs was built. Most of the work was donation work. The men worked during the day at their jobs, and in the evenings they would gather at 823 Athens Ave. where they would sometimes work till midnight. They were so proud when the building was finished and dedicated the 17th of May! The pastor had wanted to see the Yosemite Valley, and as soon as it was

opened for traffic he visited it. When he came home he gave some illustrated lectures of Alaska, Yosemite, Norway, and the Lutheran church. The commodious hall was packed with enthusiastic audiences who enjoyed not only the pictures but also the lectures. On June 26th, 1908 a ray of California sunshine entered the new parsonage when a son came to bless the home. The children, who had not forgotten their angel sister, hoped that he would be allowed to remain with them, and Gertrude wanted to take full charge of him from the first hour. Rev. Lauritz Carlson baptized him when he was two weeks old, and he was named Walter Herman. The sponsors were Mrs. Anna Brown, Paul Brown, Sarah Hilleboe, and E. Rasmussen. After services all gathered to see the baby. The Young People Society kind of felt a special interest in this baby, and many gave him beautiful gifts. Lars O. Roland had been a great supporter and helper in the building of the hall, and Anna had furnished a room for him in the back part of the church by the sacristy. He went in and out of the parsonage like one of the family. He had eaten his meals at the parsonage for several days as he was not feeling very well. When Anna came home from the service on Sunday evening she remarked that Lars was not looking well, although he professed that he was feeling better again. On Monday morning, about 5 o'clock the doorbell rang. When Anna went to answer the call an officer asked "Is this where the patient lives that has small pox?" Anna said "No" but when he gave the name she directed him to the room, and soon Lars was on his way to the pest house. One of Lars' friends had induced him to call a doctor in the late evening when blotches appeared on his body, and it had not taken the doctor long to diagnose the case. Rev. Christensen called their family doctor and he ordered immediate vaccination. He came and eight lined up the ordeal! Anna had never realized that anyone could be so very frightened as Bergitte, the servant was when she saw the doctor get ready to inoculate with vaccine in order to protect them against small pox. Anna volunteered to be the first one, in order to encourage the children so that they would not be scared. She thought it cruel to disturb her baby Walter who was sound asleep, but the doctor said that he had been exposed as well as the rest. The doctor ordered all out of the house in order to fumigate. Rev. Christensen and the four older children went out to a camp about forty miles from Oakland, but Bergitte, Anna, and Walter stayed at home. The campers, however, were glad to come home when the vaccine began to work.

That summer Anna met a young dressmaker from Decorah, Iowa who was one of the standbys as long as they lived in Oakland. Her name was Emma Quam. If this young lady had a little time to spare; if she came early for choir practice, YPS, or any other meeting she would come to the parsonage to look for work, sewing, patching or darning. Bergitte had been taken ill and had to leave while Walter was yet a tiny infant, so Anna appreciated not only the help, but also the consideration of this young friend.

The Yukon Exposition was to be held in Seattle in 1909. The fares had been greatly reduced, so the Christensens had decided to visit the folks, attend the convention of the church, and also meet many from the east who were coming to the expositions, among them two of Anna's brothers. Anna, with the aid of Emma Quam, had finished all the sewing and they were soon ready to start. The children were so anxious to get started, but Anna who had learned long ago not to build too high hopes on plans, had often said: "Something may happen to thwart our plans." On Monday, May 10th Anna as usual got up early to wash clothes. She then prepared breakfast and spread the lunches for the three children who were attending parochial school fourteen blocks away. As Rev. Christensen was to make some calls at the hospital that morning, Anna decided to take the babies and go along for a drive. They took the children to school, then visited the sick and also called on two old folks who always enjoyed

~~these visits. They drove up to this house~~ just before lunch time. Anna heard the bells of the telephone ring, so she hurried upstairs to answer the phone while her husband unhitched and unharnessed Kitty, and put her in the stable and surrey in the shed. One of the professors at the University phoned inviting them to a one o'clock luncheon. Anna did not care to go as the babies were tired, and she wanted to clean the house. There had been much company on Sunday, and she expected some young folks to spend the evening at the parsonage. She told her husband to go to Berkeley. Emile had forgotten his lunch that morning and came home to eat. She opened the windows; then she prepared the lunch, ate, and when the boys had gone, she undressed the baby to put him to sleep. She sat in a rocker to rock the baby to sleep. Soon she heard a peculiar noise which she thought was the gnawing of mice, which were a regular pest. While she listened she thought of fire, and she came into the kitchen just in time to see the back stairway and back part of the house blown away by an explosion when the fire reached the gas meters. She ran down the front stairs with the baby, but by the time she got back everything was in flames! The open windows, the long lace curtains, the wind fanned the fire and in a very short time, everything was gone up in flame and smoke. She thought of the children at school. She did not want them to learn of the destruction of their home from outsiders. She went into a neighbor's house and telephoned the German Missouri Synod Pastor Rev. Theiss, to ask him to go to the school building to tell the children. Next to the washer woman, Rev. Theiss was the first of Anna's acquaintances to reach the scene of the conflagration when two churches, the hall, and two houses were on fire. Anna remembered the sympathetic expression of Rev. Theiss' face when he said: "Believe me when I tell you that I am very sorry that this should happen to you." Anna did not know what else to say, so she said: "We have friends. The Church will never let us suffer. What we had is gone. We must begin anew." It was not so very easy for the family of seven to be bereft of everything! When Rev. Christensen came home he noticed when he alighted from the street car that so many people were gathered in front of the parsonage. When he was told of the holocaust he at first was staggered then said: "Thank God that there are no bones in the ruins." Before night friends, and neighbors who before had been strangers, came to offer relief and help. St. Paul congregation had a meeting that night and sent money for immediate relief and soon messages and money came from many other sources. Anna felt so sorry for the congregation who had suffered such a heavy loss, and she was so thankful that neither she nor any of hers had been the cause of the fire. Someone living back of the buildings belonging to the congregation had been burning rubbish when the fire fanned by a strong wind had gotten beyond their control. A number of library books in the survey had also been consumed.

Rev. Christensen who had been scheduled for a number of lectures went to Washington, but before he left he brought the family to Farewell in Niles Canyon where they camped. The nerves needed quieting, and it was also necessary to sew and buy clothes to again be presentable. They enjoyed the stay in the country. The fine swimming pool offered healthful sport. Frank and Cray Epperson, two neighbors from Athens Ave. spent two weeks with them. The larger children roamed through the woods, picked berries and flowers, but they also did something else that worried Anna. They liked to play by the flume; they would also walk on it. Had they fallen into that immense flume that carried the water from the mountain to the city, it would have been futile for her to have tried to save them from drowning. Emma Quam and Julius Rude, her fiance, camped with them part of the time. When they came back to Oakland, the house that they had rented had been sold. They moved into a house on Milton Avenue. While there they enjoyed a visit from Rev. and Mrs. H. G. Stub, St. Paul. With them and Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Stensrud they one

evening visited Chinatown and Barbary Coast of San Francisco. This was the first and only time that Anna had ever seen the slums of a city. What she there saw and heard left a bad taste in her mouth for a long time. She never had known that vice like that was tolerated in a civilized country! That same fall she had the pleasure of seeing the Portola Festival, a historic celebration in honor of Portola. In November Anna received a letter from her sister Helena saying that her dear mother was sick. Anna did not know what to do. She wanted to go back to the childhood's home again to see her dear mother; but how could she leave her children? How could she travel with them. It was hard for Anna to deny herself this trip, but at last she decided to stay at home. She was willing to help her sister Sarah, who was a nurse, to get started for home. When the telegram came announcing the death of the mother on December 8, 1909 Anna thanked God who had called her home, after a long eventful life, to the home where there is no sorrow, sickness or death. Though she grieved, she did not mourn as those who have no hope. Her mother had been a follower of Christ; her sins had been washed away by His blood; she had tried at all times to submit all to the will of God; and because she had been faithful unto death Anna believed that she would also inherit the crown of life. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Anna was very thankful that she had remained at home with her family when Ferdinand was taken very ill with spinal meningitis. A specialist visited him several times a day and he gave orders to Anna about taking care of him. She fought a hard battle but the Great Physician through human agencies restored her dear Ferdinand to life and health, so at Christmas he was out of danger, and all suffering was soon forgotten. Rev. Christensen stayed at home to take care of him on Christmas Eve. Gertrude, Emile, and Esther had in the afternoon trimmed a tree for their sick brother, and the family had then celebrated and distributed the presents, but all this had to be done with neatness and dispatch. The parents had bought him a new suit that he had wanted, and child-like he had wanted to put it on. Anna knew how weak he was, but since he begged to be dressed, she slipped it on him. Then he wanted to get up, but when he tried to get out of bed he said: "What is the matter with my legs? They must be getting fresh!" He was now very satisfied to get back to bed, and did not even ask where the other children were going when they were getting ready to go to Mrs. Anna Brown. Her mother, Mrs. Herborg Vieg, now eighty four years old, had come from her home in Minnesota to visit her daughter; and now the relatives had planned to spend Christmas Eve together. Anna thought of the changes since she last saw her aunt, her father's only sister living. When Anna asked her how she liked the west her aunt looked at her and said: "I am no judge but it seems that the people out here take things too easy. The fruit, vegetables, grains, hay, everything seems to grow without cultivation. Then the even climate, makes the people too self reliant. The storms in the east makes us seek refuge and protection from on high. Out here where there are neither electric nor windstorms, nor anything else to frighten or intimidate, people seem to have so little to pray for." Her daughter then told of conditions during the earthquake and terrible fire in San Francisco in 1906. She told her mother that there were plenty of all kinds of people who implored Providence for mercy and protection. Many, however, never knew what happened. They went to sleep in time, and awoke in eternity.

On Christmas morning Sarah came back from the death bed and the funeral of the mother. She spent some weeks in Oakland before crossing San Francisco Bay to resume her duties in the metropolis. While she stayed at the parsonage Rev. and Mrs. Christensen went to southern California. They left by boat, early on a Monday morning.

There was a rate war on between the different lines for transportation, and the fare by boat to Los Angeles with board and bed was cheaper than living at home. At Santa Barbara they expected to visit Rev. and Mrs. N. Pederson. Mrs. Pederson met them at the wharf. It was a beautiful morning in January, a real California winter morning. She suggested that they go for a short drive before going to the parsonage for breakfast. This pleased the visitors. Mrs. Pederson was a splendid guide. She drove through the city, through the suburbs, out to a wonderfully beautiful park overlooking the Pacific Ocean. There they rambled along enjoying the many beauty spots, forgetting breakfast and other things of minor importance. When Mrs. pederson said: "What time is it?" they found to their chagrin that the time was so far spent that they would have to hurry in order to get to Santa Barbara in time for their transportation to Los Angeles. The poor horse had to make up for lost time. They had scarcely time to drive by the church to see the new location. The parsonage was so far away that they did not have time to even greet the pastor, much to their regret.

At Los Angeles they visited Rev. and Mrs. Carl I. Sauer who insisted that they make the modern new parsonage their home while in their fair city. They accepted this hearty invitation with thanks. On the following day they took a steamer to St. Catalina Island about 25 miles west of San Pedro where they had dinner at Avalon. Later in a glass bottom boat they went to view the renowned submarine gardens. Anna had never seen such transparent water, nor such beautiful gardens growing under water! Distance was very deceptive. What seemed to be only a few feet away was in reality scores of feet under the surface. Anna was much interested in the Abalones. She learned that abalone is a California name for the ear-shells, or sea-ears, animals that feed on sea weeds creeping along the rocks. When in repose they draw all their parts under the saucer-like shells, and cling like a limpets to whatever they are attached. The Chinese use the body for food, and the shell is employed in making buttons, inlaying, jewelry, and all purposes for which mother of pearl is used. Divers were ready for "two bits" to dive for any shell wanted.

On Thursday morning they went by train to Mt. Lowe. To Anna, who had never seen southern California everything was new. As they wended their way through city and suburbs the panorama was magnificent. Anna had friends living in Pasadena but did not have time to stop to see them. In Altadena the train stopped while waiting for a train, and they ran several blocks to call on some friends from Lake Mills, Iowa. The scenery near the mountains was gorgeous. Anna was almost scared to board the car The Alpine that was to lift them several hundred feet straight up in the air. It was a counter weight affair so when their car went up the other car came down. After reaching the upper platform the passengers were transferred to a scenic railway which did not bear its name in vain—Echo Mountain. Such scenery! Nearly all the passengers went to the immense hotel on the brow of the mountain for their dinner. Anna had invested fifteen cents in lunch at Los Angeles, and so with her husband she climbed the mountain where they had an "honest to goodness" snow ball fight. It was years since Anna had indulged in this old time healthy sport, and when they were through they were hungry. The appetites had been whetted by the climb and other exercise. They sat down near a snow pile, but Anna jumped up again very suddenly. She thought she had sat down on a rattle snake. It proved to be only a cluster of a peculiar bramble growing up in the heights. When they had enjoyed the repast they walked out to a point where they could look out over the valley for miles and miles and miles. Mt. Hamilton, the home of the Lick Observatory, was located further north. This astronomical station was erected through the liberality of James Lick, the testator imposing in the trust deed the obligation of erecting "a

powerful telescope, superior to, and more powerful than any telescope yet made." It was mounted in 1887, and was first used in 1888. Being on the summit of the mountain this imposing structure can be seen at a great distance. An "air meet" was being held a short distance from Los Angeles, and many airships were on display. Aeroplanes were new then. Balloons had been in use, and Anna could even at this distance distinguish the most formidable, as they were displayed in the air. They had heard of an amusing incident last night. It was reported that a woman came into a meat shop and when the butcher asked her what kind of meat she desired, she answered: "I have heard so much about 'air meet' so I guess I will try some of that meat."

On Friday, the Christensens went sight seeing in and around the city and San Bernardino Valley. They bought a ticket on the Balloon Route where they traveled ninety-nine miles for one dollar. They visited also a number of beaches and resorts. The Aquarium interested Anna very much, and as the car made quite a stop she had her curiosity satisfied. Venice was also an interesting place, and she enjoyed the ride in the gondola. She wondered who would ever buy all the curios offered for sale! She could not guess how many times the party had been photographed. It seemed as if one could hardly turn unless a camera or Kodak clicked. There was an almost unceasing registration except when the Register and observation car was in motion. Long Beach was not much of a place. The Christensens had been invited as special guests at a reception to be held Friday evening; but when they came back to the Sauer home they decided that they would leave for home that night. They had enjoyed the visit very much, but they were kind of homesick. Anna had never before been away from the children five days. Then, too, they had to be at home for services on Sunday. They found everything lovely at home, and the joy at homecoming was mutual!

Anna had visited the State Fair at Sacramento in the fall. Mrs. J. Johanson, Alameda, a very good friend, had volunteered to take care of the children. That trip was very pleasant. Rev. Christensen had been preaching there occasionally as the congregation was without a pastor. Anna attended a Ladies Aid Society while there and met a great many people. She visited the museums, art galleries, parks; and a friend took them all through the Capitol Building. They climbed to the top of it, and the view was very imposing. They were gone from home a day and a half.

Anna missed Kitty and the surrey; but they had to sell Kitty after the fire, as they could not afford to buy another surrey. The only thing that they had insured, before the fire, was the piano. Gertrude had been taking music lessons and she missed the instrument, so as soon as it was possible another piano was bought. Katherine Hustvedt had been Gertrude's music teacher. As long as they had Kitty they drove out to the Greek Theater, Berkeley, whenever possible. Very good concerts, and other very worthwhile entertainments were given free every Sunday afternoon. This was an open air amphitheater where thousands might be seated to enjoy the programs. The acoustics seemed to be perfect. It was built on the campus of the University of California. Anna would have enjoyed to attend more lectures, but home duties, and church work kept her busy at home. She knew many of the students, and several of the professors, and she always enjoyed driving through the campus and walking through the ivy covered buildings. The grounds were magnificent, and the flower gardens ostentatious. The president's mansion was almost a monument. The heights, a part of the 800 acre campus, afforded a most wonderful view of the surrounding country, rivers, bays, islands, and ocean. Anna brought the children as far as they could walk to see the time the fleet from the east met the fleet from the west, to sail up the San Francisco Bay. Anna also saw William Taft, president of the

United States, when he visited the Pacific Coast.

In the spring of 1910 Rev. M. A. Christensen was taken ill, and could not occupy his pulpit for a period of two months. He spent part of the time at St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco; over a month at St. Helena, Sanitarium, and also visited the folks at Seattle, formerly Ballard. Margaret Christensen was married to Edwin E. Larson, Fargo, N. Dakota in April. Dr. F. A. Christensen and family had moved to Seattle. Rev. B. E. Bergesen was now the pastor of Zion congregation.

While the pastor was indisposed, Rev. S. B. Hustvedt preached as often as possible and took care of the most necessary work. Hilda Nelson was organist and choir director, and Anna superintended the Sunday School and instructed the confirmation class. The Young People Society had their own officers. The house they were renting was sold, and the new owner was very anxious to move into his new home. Anna begged that they might stay until her husband came back from the sanitarium. In the mean while all the children were having mumps, so it was not so easy to hunt a house that might be rented. Anna met Mr. F. Epperson on the street one day. He had heard of their plight, and offered a house that he had for rent. IT was near the church. He said: "The house is for sale. But I have not had a bid on it these last three years, so you will be quite safe in it." Anna did move into it, and inside of three weeks the house was sold. Rev. M. A. Christensen had now just come home feeling very much better. Anna said: "If any of our friends want to dispose of a house just let us move in. Three houses have been sold over our heads now in less than ten months." The congregation now decided to build a parsonage using the foundation of the former hall. When school closed, the Christensens stored what little furniture they had, and went to Bonita to camp until the parsonage, a bungalow, was finished. Anna was so interested, as she had planned this bungalow of six rooms and large sleeping porch. Shortly after they had established their camp Mrs. Anna Brown came to stay with the children, so that Anna might accompany her husband to Yosemite Park. Rev. Christensen, when he first visited the park was so impressed by its wonderful natural beauty that he procured slides, and gave many illustrated lectures. In recognition of this the Railway company sent him annually two passes; but this was the first time that Anna had been able to accompany her husband who spent part of each summer in this wonderland. Anna was greatly impressed by this short, narrow valley with the wonderful frame of mountains, woods, and waterfalls. They arrived by train from Merced towards evening and stayed at the hotel at El Portal, an immense building of unique architecture and furnishings. The valley was reached by traveling in the tally-ho.

Yosemite is a cleft in the west slope of the Sierra Nevada about the center of California and about 140 miles east of San Francisco. The name Yosemite is an Indian word meaning "large grizzly bear." This celebrated valley noted for its scenery is about seven miles long and from one half to nearly two miles wide, and is traversed by the Merced River. The lower valley looks like a large room. The floor of the room is a mixture of meadow and woodland, with a river running across it, entering by a door at one end and going out a door at the other end. The walls of the room are of granite, and are in places quite plumb, in others nearly plumb; and elsewhere they have a tendency to tilt back a little. At the upper edges they are hacked and gouged out of all semblance of regularity or neatness. It is best to leave the sky for a roof; for it would be impossible to put a roof on the room without having large gaps underneath the chips and splinters, made by the hacking and gouging which lie in vast heaps piled up against the lower part of the walls and are generally overgrown with forest vegetation. Great torrents of water pour over the tops of the walls, here and there along each side, through gaps made by the hacking and gouging. The streams

are not very wide but are seen coming from high up in the air. The Bridal Veil Falls, dropped from a low part of the wall, made a jump of 900 feet; 600 feet in one clear drop, and 300 by a series of jumps. The Ribbon, Sentinel, and the Royal Arch leaped through space, when they rolled over the edge, from 2000 to 2500 feet, before they reached the Merced River. The Yosemite Falls made a clean skip of about 1400 feet from the first jumping place, then in succession it hopped 620 feet, and then dropped 400 feet straight down. Anna could not, however, describe all the wonderful waterfalls, that jumped and cascaded and played on both sides of the valley. Anna was particularly interested in Mirror Lake at sunrise. The rock that first attracted her attention when they entered the valleys was El Capitan, 3400 feet high. It seemed almost impossible to drive past it, because it was so wide. Cathedral Rock, Half Dome, Three Brothers and many other rocks were immense and immeasurable. When Anna from Camp Curry saw the bonfire burning so brightly on Glacier Point and later saw the embers and burning logs pushed over the edge of the mountain to fall at least half a mile before it struck ground, she resolved to climb the mountain to see the beauties of the Yosemite Valley from on high. It was a good eleven mile climb, and not being a member of the Magmas she dared not start to walk. After having seen the sunrise first from the camp, and later after walking to Mirror Lake, the Christensens decided to hire a burro to help them ascend on high. So many of the tourists wanted to go to Glacier Point that morning that it was hard to secure a pack horse, donkey or burro. Anna had not tried to ride horse back since she was a child. Then her brother John fooled her into climbing on the back of old Sally and take hold of him. He sat ahead holding the reins. He made Sally canter in an easy gallop; but Anna became frightened, let go of her brother, and fell. She was not hurt badly, but she never since dared mount a horse. Anna remembered all this as she was seated on the burro. Everything went fine. The guild told her that when they passed some of the most dangerous places, if she grew dizzy just to close her eyes and hang onto the pommel of the saddle. The scenery along the way was wonderfully grand and beautiful, but Anna dared not look half the time. When at last after several hours climbing they reached the hotel Anna was truly glad, and maybe the burro also felt relieved. After dinner they went out on the point to see the sights. Her husband climbed out on the overhanging rocks to have his picture taken. Nothing could induce Anna to take such a risk. True, the rock had hung there through ages past, placed there by the hand of the Almighty Creator. God alone knew when that immense boulder should fall, but Anna did not choose to be on it should it fall! She did not crave to be hurled through space for at least half a mile. The panorama spread before them beggared all description. The next morning they walked miles out to the Fissures. Looking through the fissure's immense cracks in the mountains down into the valley several thousand feet below overwhelmed Anna, and made her dizzy and sick. She had to lie flat on her stomach, and even then it seemed that she was going to fall down into this abyss. On seeing these clefts in the mountains she could readily account for the cracks and ragged fringe of the rough and rugged rocks.

When Anna came back to the hotel after having walked about a dozen miles through the wilderness she was tired. She was so fatigued, in fact, that she would much rather have gone to bed instead of eating dinner. In order to reach Camp Curry before evening, they had to leave Glacier Point about two o'clock. Had they left for the valley yesterday, they would have been entitled to ride the burros down the four and a half wide over very steep zig zag trail. Today they had to walk. Walk? At places it was so steep that Anna had to hang on to the trees, stumps—anything she could reach in order to keep her balance. There was no danger of losing the trail even if she lagged behind; but she had seen an ugly looking lizard which made her think of a picture she once had seen of Yosemite

Park where a large rattle snake was lying all coiled ready to strike. Anna had also heard that the color of this dreaded serpent was so like the ground that it was difficult to discern, and Anna did not want to be alone if attacked by one of these venomous reptiles, so she hurried on. When she at last had descended and came to the valley, she was so tired that she stretched out on the ground saying: "If I never get back to camp, I cannot walk the five miles tonight." Her husband must have told the driver of the tally-ho of her sorry plight, because he came over to her and said: "How are you coming along?" Anna would have liked to have told him that she was not coming along very fast, but all she could think of was pain and fatigue. She scarcely dared answer him because she reared that she would cry, and she did not want to be a baby. The driver then told her, that although she was not entitled to a ride, he would nevertheless try to make room for her, which he did. before she reached Camp Curry she felt much better. She bought two pounds of baking soda; got a ticket for the bathroom; and after cooking the soreness, and stiffness out with hot soda water, she again felt as fit as a king. In the evening they walked up to view the falls again, and the next day it was home again. When she came back again to their camp at Bonita she thought the three days spent in the Yosemite Park had been worthwhile. Had they had more time, they would have gone to see the big trees at Mariposa Grove, and other wonders; but Anna was so glad she had had an opportunity to see this noted National Park.

The builders who were constructing the parsonage on Athens Avenue hurried as fast as they could, still the family had to camp nearly seven weeks at Bonita before the bungalow was ready for occupancy. The pastor's family were so thankful that they might again move into a house that they could call their own! During the two and a half years since they came to Oakland this was the sixth house they moved into, and it seemed to be such a homelike place. It was not so very well proportioned but that was because the foundation of the old hall was used. They were so thankful for the large sleeping porch. It was much more comfortable to sleep in than the camp where they had spent the summer. The pastor had spent most of the summer in the city, rooming near the church. The first part of August found all that could work busy. Some cleaned the house, and some cleaned the yard. The parsonage was dedicated on a Sunday afternoon, set apart for a solemn act of the religious ceremony which made also this building a house of God, when it was dedicated in the name of the triune God, Father, Son and Holy ghost.

A pastoral conference was held at Trinity Lutheran church, Oakland, when the pastors from the Bay cities were gathered. Rev. Carlo A. Sperati, Decorah, Iowa, and Rev. N. Astrup Larsen, Minot, North Dakota were present and they were very welcome visitors. Rev. Sperati, who besides being instructor and director of Luther College Band, was also director of Normandines Singing Society of Pacific Coast, and was making an official visit. Rev. and Mrs. N. A. Larsen nee Tora L. Ylvisaker had come to the Pacific District on account of her health. He as taking a post graduate course at the University of California, as they were living in Berkeley. Rev. M. A. Christensen had received a call from Stanwood and vicinity and was very anxious to consult with his fellow pastors. One of the pastors had been present at the business meeting when Stanwood extended the call to the son of the pastor that they had called in 1876. He was urged to accept the call; some hesitated about giving advice; and others advised against the move. Rev. H. M. Tjervagel, the former pastor had accepted a call from the mission at Teller, Alaska, when Rev. D. W. Tornve, the missionary among the Eskimos had resigned on account of sickness. The Stanwood call was one of the oldest on the coast. It was also one of the largest and strongest calls in the Synod, but it was also one of the hardest, and the salary offered was not so very tempting. the pastor was to serve his congregation viz. Stanwood, Camano,

Freeborn, Milltown, Florence, and Utsaladdy. He was also to be a "sjale sorger" at Jouplins Old Peoples Home. After much study, consultation and prayer, Rev. Christensen accepted the call. Rev. N. Astrup Larsen accepted a temporary call from Trinity Church, Oakland.

As Anna thought of the new field in which they were to work, she also thought of the congregation they were now leaving. These two and a half years spent in California had been very eventful years. The people had been very kind to them and considerate when sickness and misfortune had rapped at the door. The congregation was not large, yet it had a future; but it would require a great deal of hard uphill work. When Anna remembered the church work and requirements from the time when as a child she lived in Roche-a-cree, and compared them with present day conditions, she marveled at the changes. It might have been hard to be a pastor in the pioneer days, but it was not easy to be a pastor today. She had heard it said: "The preacher has a great time. If his hair is gray he is old. If he is a young man, he has not had any experience. If he has ten children, he has too many; if he has none, he is not setting a good example. If he reads from notes, he is a bore; if he speaks extemporaneously, he is not deep enough. If he stays at home in his study, he does not mix enough with the people."

If only the people would consider the meaning of two words so nearly alike, loving and living; only a vowel dividing them yet spiritually they could not be separated. The church fathers had much to say about the church militant and the church triumphant; but it seemed now that much more stress was paid to the church criticized. This might be justified where the church failed or did not succeed in bringing young and old, rich and poor, sympathetic relations with God. As Anna thought of the many changes she realized that the church was never so completely organized as it was today; yet many of the churches were not much more than ecclesiastical machineries where the energies of pastors and people were exhausted in making the wheels of the machinery go round. How Anna wished that the spirit of service and devotion would come first; that the Christians would frequently be reminded of the fact that the church was not to be measured by number of members, not by physical magnificence, but by its spirit of service, sacrifice, and by its fidelity to the program of Jesus. The program of Christ was built around the needs of the suffering, sorrowing, disappointed, defeated, and underprivileged humanity. The church was not established nor existed for its own sake, or for its own propagation; but for the enrichment of the world's life, and for preparation for the life eternal. As thus Anna reflected on the past history of her dear church she wondered what the future had in store for it. She surmised that the future of the church; its place in the esteem and affection of men; would to some extent be determined not by doctrinal statements and confessions alone, but also by its willingness to bear the burdens of the oppressed; to blaze the pathway to a larger life, and fuller activity of all mankind.

Since Anna had now these last twelve years worked in city churches she had learned many things, and had observed many things that before had been foreign to her. The one thing that had grieved her was the keeping of the decalogue, or rather the disregard for the ten commandments that through Moses had been sent for all people for observance. The commandment "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" was perhaps disregarded by many who in their childhood had committed it to memory, and who had also been taught to observe it, not only according to the letter, but also according to the spirit. Here in the cities so many worked, many indoors, during the six days of the week. The Sundays of beautiful weather allured them. Some as anglers were lured to sequestered pools and streams; the motorists to the highways; the rivers to the bridle paths; the golfers to the fairways; the hikers to stride over long distance of country on a tramp or march; and so on ad libitum. When Anna thought of this she wondered

if the people could fool God into believing that, because they had the privilege of living in sunny California, that they were thereby privileged to break one of His commandments, which in importance was on par with the other commandments. To Anna all the commandments were links of one chain, a chain that tended to bind men to God; so with one link broken, the entire chain was severed. Even the state laws upheld the observance of Sunday as it was found that violation of the Sabbath law had definite relation to moral declension, and that the right use of the day of rest and worship ministered to character stability. In the Bible Jesus said: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not the man for the Sabbath." The church members were good attendants and were present at most of the services; but it was the many who should have been within the fold that preferred to spend Sundays as well as weekdays away from the church, that Anna was concerned about. The earnest wish that Anna had for the church was that it might grow and flourish here and elsewhere; that the kingdom of God would spring to life; that it would become vitalized; that it would become the critique by which was measured success in fullness of grace and truth, in character and conduct.

Wife and Mother

GJERTRUD RUMOHR HAUG HILLEBOE

1833 — 1909

It is with a feeling of unworthiness that the oldest daughter attempts to write the biography of mother. This memoir might be written for thousands of Norse-American and other mothers, whose love, devotion and unselfishness have caused their children, and others, to memorialize them and to thank God for Christian ancestors. No word in the English language touches a more tender chord in the human heart than the precious word "Mother". Of the entire list of endearing names expressing the most intimate of human relationship, mother is the dearest of them all. In this word is wrapped an affection beginning at the cradle and ending not even at the grave. This love began even before birth, when motherlove guarded and prayed for the life entrusted to her care the life that was to spring out of hers, even at the cost of her own life, if necessary.

Gjertrud Rumohr Haug was born July 16, 1833, in Sogn, Norway. Her brothers and she were left motherless in 1835. Her father married a widow with four children. This stepmother was a loving woman; but she lived only a few years, and at her death much of the work and worry was placed on the shoulders of the young girl. She was confirmed when her father again married, and feeling she was then superfluous, emigrated to join her brother Peder in America. It was not easy for a girl in the teens alone to leave her home, friends, and native land; to embark on a long, hazardous journey to a strange country, an almost unknown world. The voyage was stormy, dangerous and tedious. It took eight weeks in a sail ship to cross the Atlantic Ocean. The passengers furnished their own food. This long voyage caused much of the victuals to spoil; the rations became less and less and many suffered almost starvation. Several died, and others suffered both from seasickness and other disease. The memory of the trip prevented mother from again visiting home folks and native land. From Quebec to Koshkonong, Dane County, Wisconsin, the trip was almost unendurable. The climax of suffering was reached when the fatigued newcomers arrived at their destination, to be shunned on account of pestilence. Cholera was prevalent when they reached Chicago; nearly all doors were closed to the weary immigrants. Even the friends mother was to live with closed their doors to her on account of the cholera epidemic. Her brother had gone north to "the land of the Indians" to claim a homestead. Thus her first impressions and experiences in America were disappointments and hardships. She sought and found work on a farm, where she did the housework, besides working in the harvest field and meadows. This menial drudgery, climatic conditions, and unsatisfactory meals caused her suffering and misery. Her brother had gone beyond transportation of mail, so she could not reach him. She was, indeed, a stranger in a strange land, a plight that must be experienced in order to be understood. Her joy was un-

bounded when her brother in the fall came to bring her to his homestead in Roche-a-cree (later Arkdale), Wisconsin. What cared she for roads? She had to leave all except what could be carried; but the hundred mile walk was as nothing by the side of her dear brother.

When they arrived at their destination she was somewhat disappointed. Everything was so primitive. Only a few whites, mostly bachelors, had found their way to this new settlement. There were only three families: one of these, Hans Hilleboe, a teacher, who with his entire family had emigrated, and they had received a section of land, on the banks of the Wisconsin River, from the U. S. government. Newcomers filled to overflowing the huts and cabins built of logs, with moss and mortar-filled cracks and crevices. How she missed her beautiful old and established home in Norway, where the family had lived for generations! Here everything seemed so rude, new, and unstable. She pined for her father, and longed for other relatives and friends.

Her brother had built a very small log hut, where every evening he climbed on cleats to sleep in the attic, while her bed was in the one room used for all purposes. They often were obliged to entertain visitors in this hovel. The only satisfaction was that all the homes were almost alike. Many lived or camped outdoors. With the blue sky for a roof, beautified by moon and stars, and illuminated by the most wonderful Aurora Borealis at night; with the trees and flowers for decorations, in their unpartitioned living rooms, the days sped by quickly. They could well understand why the Indians enjoyed their nomadic existence and would not willingly relinquish their claims to the white people who now usurped their possessions and crowded them out of their happy hunting grounds.

The longings and homesickness did not long weigh down the spirits of this young Norwegian newcomer girl. The bitter pangs were overcome by her amicable disposition and cheerful temperament. Before she left with her brother to work in Grand Rapids she had formed new associations and friendships. The young maidens were few, and she soon became a center of attraction. Among the men she met was Sjur H. Hilleboe, who later won her heart and hand. While working in Grand Rapids she was so fortunate as to meet a family who became very much attached to her. She was treated as one of their family, taught the English language, instructed in the American ideas of home and housekeeping. When she prepared to establish her home, they were instrumental in securing for her the most necessary articles, as well as many equipments they knew she could not acquire in the new isolated settlement.

May 17, 1856, Sjur and Gjertrud were married and moved into the log cabin he had built for his attractive young bride. On that farm, and in that cabin (later remodeled and rooms added to three sides of it), they lived happily in peace and harmony till father's death thirty-six years later. This farm was to her a haven of rest; a refuge from much she disliked; a place where she might live and truly feel at home. Her tastes and inclinations were domestic, and here she might establish her home

according to her liking. Even though crude, it had the possibilities in the future to become her castle. She thanked God for her home, for the love, esteem and admiration of her promising young husband. Their love was mutual; so were their aims and aspirations. They worshipped the same God and their faith made them followers of Him whose footsteps led over many rugged paths, through thorny lanes, and whose life was not always to His liking. The verdant pine, spruce, fir and hemlock reminded her of dear old Norway. She liked the sturdy oak, the monarch of the woods, whose stately trunk and spreading branches as sentinels guarded her home. She never tired of wandering through the forest primeval where grew multi-million beautiful trees, shrubs, vines, berries, grasses and wild flowers. Many of these she transplanted to beautify her house and garden. At times the sighing and sighing winds through the woods, and the murmuring streams, made her lonesome and long for companions. The neighbors were few and far between: then, too, they were busy solving their own problems.

As pioneers they braved many dangers, suffered much hardship, and endured many privations. The Indians often threatened them, and rumors of wars and massacres caused them worry and anguish. A cellar was built near the house in the deep woods where at times the women and children of the settlement were locked in while the men guarded it. The streams, lakes and forests had been the hunting grounds of the Indians and they were loathe to part with them. They were, however, won by the kindness and fairness of the pioneers. Near this home they often camped, and mother was a favorite with the red people. Many a loaf of bread, piece of meat and other food found its way to their wigwams. She often also cared especially for the squaws and papooses. When they, in return for her consideration and kindness, offered her their food, she declined, not relishing their culinary art. Skunk meat and snake soup did not appeal to her. At times she bartered or exchanged commodities for moccasins, buckskin and beaded bags. She tried to get new blankets but did not succeed. Pioneers in after years delighted to talk about olden times in Roche-a-cree. Many declared those years the happiest in their lives. They remembered even the minutest of incidents, and could recall even the clothes they brought with them. The women never tired of describing mother's beautiful wedding dress of green and white striped delaine with garlands of roses. Her chest, inherited from her mother and grandmother, was filled with silver, jewelry, embroidered garments, tapestries and brocades found only in the more refined and aristocratic Norwegian homes. The gifts from friends in Grand Rapids added to her store. She possessed the finest dishes and

these made their rounds during Christmas holidays, or special company. Her training, knowledge of the English language, American ideas of housekeeping, and other accomplishments, made her a teacher and leader among the women who came directly from their foreign homes. She was a good cook and an excellent baker, so she helped many to concoct delicious viands and appetizing victuals out of meager material. She was an expert with the needle, and a good designer: thus she made many a garment both for her own family and for others. She owned the first sewing-machine in the settlement, a Davis; and her oldest son stitched the seams for friends who brought their sewing.

The men had to seek work in order to make money for improvements on their farms, clear the land, grub it, break it for cultivation, and build better houses, barns, etc. Many of the men worked in the lumber mills; some went into the pineries, where the large pine trees were felled during the winter. These logs were hauled to the rivers, placed on the ice, made into rafts which in spring and summer were floated down the rivers to the mills. The songs and yodeling of the raftsmen sounded like sweet music to many who never left their homes or came in contact with the outside world. The Wisconsin River carried many rafts and these were often anchored at the mouth of the Roche-a-cree, and the men would buy eggs, butter, or anything the farmers would sell. They were welcome guests and brought news from the outside world. Hunters, trappers, fishermen, surveyors, homeseekers and prospectors roaming through the wilds also brought news and helped break the monotony. Many of these instructed mother in preparing fish, fowl and game, both fresh, smoked, salted, and cured. The wild animals furnished palatable dishes; but it was especially the cured and preserved meats that fed the pioneers.

Venison was a mainstay. Trapping and hunting became a leading industry. The meat for victuals, and the skins, were either sold or tanned into leather for shoes, patches, straps, etc. Many of the skins were made into robes, rugs, and coats.

The Hilleboe home, in time, became a center. Father had a good education; had attended the University in Norway; had acquired knowledge of the English language. His education, together with tact and common sense, qualified him for a leader in civic affairs. He was "Justice of Peace" thirty-five years, and settled many disputes, married many couples, transacted much business, and became a legal adviser and authority in deciding questions of importance. He was elected to fill many offices in the community, township, county, state and church. This gathered many to the home, where mother always dispensed hospitality and entertained both friend and stranger. This hospitality is a peculiar trait to the

Norwegians; but entertaining is not always easy when the larder is empty. It took some time before the settlers could buy cows, sheep, chickens, hogs, and raise grain and vegetables. Could the lips of the pioneers today tell of the hardships of seventy-five years ago, and more, when they claimed the wilds, they would relate weird tales, enumerate almost unbelievable ventures, inform the coming generations of real history. Without modern inventions and labor saving devices they wrested by main human force the trees from the ground, leveled the rough ground for roads, carried water for miles before wells could be dug, etc. They were happy when they could raise steers. They knew that, grown to oxen, these would be yoked to the "kubberulle" they had made out of logs and saplings. These heavy, cumbersome, crude vehicles would not compare very favorably with the modern automobile. It would be *nautic mobile* versus *auto mobile*. They could, however, be driven where not even a Ford could go; and blazed the trail of our roads and highways. The oxen and kubberulle also moved many a log, tie, and cord wood. The oxen pulled many breaking plows that transformed stumpy, grubbed tracts into fertile fields and meadows. All honor is due our pioneers, those sturdy characters who were willing to sacrifice pleasure and convenience; who would walk great distances to do their shopping, not expecting free delivery; who had known better days, and looked forward to the dawn of a new day. With their faces to the morrow, they built their homes with family altars, organized congregations, erected churches, and established Christian schools, because they felt the need of education and spiritual nurture.

The writer of this biography, being the seventh in the family of eleven children, cannot describe the hardships when Milwaukee a hundred miles away was the nearest market place; when Rev. H. A. Preus traveled seventy-five miles on foot in summer, or on skis in winter, to preach three times a year in a log church. She cannot narrate the horrors of the Civil War, which claimed so many of the men; where the death toll affected so many families; where the widows and orphans, until they received their pensions, were almost pauperized. Mother often told us of the time when father enlisted, left her, with three young sons, to care for everything. Father returned on crutches, his health gone, and he was bedridden over a year. He did what he could to cheer her and others; but she must run the farm and provide a living for the family of six. With four boys ranging in ages from an infant to a six-year-old son, this was no easy task. The prices on commodities were very high, almost exorbitant. There was little to barter or sell. Substitutes? Yes, most of the victuals were substitutes.

Their butter was salted lard; coffee, roasted grain and seeds; tea, leaves picked and dried at home. The sweets were cooked from the sap of the maple tree, and later, sugar cane. The bread, though coarse, was clean and wholesome. It was often hard to make ends meet, but mother was equal to the occasion. She was very economical, practical, and believed in "waste not, want not." Conservation should have been her middle name. She resorted to ingenuity; knit socks, leggings, mittens, scarf and sweaters, which she sold to the "lumber jacks"; she spun yarns; wove cloth and blankets which she disposed of wherever she could. Her buoyant spirit; her optimism, cleverness, capacity for work, and other sterling qualities helped her bear the burdens, conquer difficulties, and overcome obstacles.

As every cloud has a silver lining; every day, however dark and long, has an end: so also these trying years in the history of our beloved country. When the war clouds had drifted away, and the times were back to normalcy, father had regained some of his health. He was never robust, but even if he could not do much hard work he was able to tend to his affairs, and the boys were also able to work and help mother. Some of my earliest recollections of home were plans for the future of Hans. I remember father and mother, and my grandparents, who were then bedridden, having consultations about his education. Grandfather's highest ambition was to prepare him for the ministry; but my parents planned to educate him and let him choose his career. Rev. Styrk Reque, father's pastor, friend and counselor, encouraged, yes urged them to send him to Luther College, Decorah, Iowa; but he was so young, not yet confirmed. They decided to send him to the parsonage at Lemonveir to prepare him for confirmation and also receive elementary instruction in order to prepare him to enter the college.

I can remember how mother worked to get his clothes ready. I can also remember old Sally hitched to the buggy anxious to get started. There were tears, sighs, and prayers, and then father, with the oldest son, said good bye to home. The chain was broken, the family tie severed. The twenty-five mile drive to New Lisbon was quite a trip then.

My first distinct recollection or remembrance of mother is an autumn morning while sitting in bed. I was printing the letter A on a frosted window pane. Mother was teaching me to form the letter correctly. She was also baking buckwheat cakes, and I can yet see her walking between the stove and my bed. Another picture is also indelible: she was ironing clothes; I was standing on a "slag bank" while she taught me this: "Jeg ved en deilig have. Ilvor roser staar i flor. Den skapte Gud til

gave, For alle barn paa jord. Hvert barn med tanker fromme; Med øm og kjærlig sjæl. Faar lov til der at komme, Og plukke roser selv, Nu lukker sig mit øie, Og dukker ned mit kind; Gud fader i det høie, Luk mig i haven ind."

Even though I was father's girl and pal, I dearly loved mother. It seemed as if she filled the house, though she was small of stature. She radiated cheer, peace, comfort; but above all, she created an atmosphere of Godliness. From our earliest childhood she taught us prayers and impressed the value of truth, cleanliness and honor. We were taught to be chaste and pure in words and deeds. She believed in the adage, "As the root, so the fruit." It seemed as if nothing could be hid or concealed from her. She was a sun radiating light; a magnet drawing blessings: her home was her universe where she reigned, and she made it a place on earth near heaven. I can see her at work, never hurrying but always accomplishing. Work was waiting for her wherever she went. She did not believe in idleness, saying it was the devil's pillow. Besides chores, gardening, and other out-of-door work, she did her housework of cleaning, washing, ironing, dairying, etc. In the spring, she and the boys sheared the sheep. Then she washed the wool, dyed, spun, knit and wove it, and fashioned garments for husband, sons, and daughters. These clothes may not have looked tailored, nor been as soft and flimsy as the present day lingerie and silken fabrics; but they kept us warm and dry during winter and protected us whether we attended school, played or worked. During summer we wore clothes of muslin, calico, and gingham. Mother was a singer of songs and hymns. She sang while at work; sang and knit while walking; taught us to sing almost before we could talk. While we studied our lessons aloud, she was busy spinning, sewing, or knitting, correcting us when we made mistakes. Thus she taught us the rudiments of religion; our catechism; Bible history; hymns; Bible stories, or related incidents we loved to hear. When we grew older she was a wonderful companion, wise counselor, and a true friend. Her genial disposition made her a cheerful, desirable companion; her store of information and experience made her a judicious confidant. Did she have any faults? She was only a human, and therefore not perfect. Did she always smile and display her dimples? Was she never perplexed nor discouraged? She was a parent according to God's command. She corrected us and trained us for time and eternity. This was a difficult task, and hers was the privilege and duty to wield the rod and exact prompt obedience whenever she deemed it necessary.

I remember well a Sunday morning when I was sent to deliver the mail at a neighbor's home. We carried the mail from Arkdale for the entire neighborhood. Mother told me to hurry, to come home before eleven, when we

had family devotion. The mail was delivered, but the daughter insisted on my eating dinner with her and then going to visit Aunt Helga. I yielded to the temptation. Then toward evening I wended my way home; my conscience troubled me; I knew what to expect because of disobedience. Imagine my delight when I found our house full of company. Mother met me with a smile and asked how I had spent the day. That evening I was unusually helpful and eager to please. In the morning when the work was done mother invited me to go with her to a grove where we children played; there she paid me my dues. I was then very much surprised, but the spanking and other admonition left a lasting impression, and taught a lesson in prompt obedience and parental authority.

Father and mother were charter members of the congregation, and as church workers took heavy lifts both financially and otherwise. Pastors were welcome guests, and some of my earliest recollections are pastoral visits. There was a reverence in our home because of daily family worship, prayer, and Christianity in word and deed. We were never too busy for devotion, grace at the meals, instruction in religion both at home and in parochial schools. When we were reprimanded and punished it was with fear and admonition of the Lord, rather than cuffs, raps or whippings. This admonitory reproof punished more than corporeal punishment. Often a spanking would have been more to my taste or liking than asking forgiveness from the one offended; then asking God's forgiveness for any misdemeanors. It is hard to bow in submission and contrition.

From earliest childhood we were taught the value of education. We were told not to expect inheritance in money or other values; but that we would be given education as far as means allowed it. We were all sent

to Christian schools to prepare for our life work. We were told to make our one brief life a success; that it was necessary for us to open new areas in life; that knowledge was a power to help us grow great in mind and soul; that Christianity would shed light and joy on all our deeds. In Christian schools and under tutelage of consecrated teachers we acquired new motives; more lofty ideas came to possess us; new ideals rose before us; new purposes, strange and undreamed of, came to possess us; new ambitions were born within us; new powers commensurate with this new program of life developed for us. To dear, sacrificing, unselfish mother is due all honor, respect and gratitude for what we may have accomplished. Her wish and ambition was that we might be prepared to meet the requisites; that we might be transformed under the beneficent influences of our Christian institutions; that we might be true men and women. She had laid a firm foundation on which we

might build: where we might move in a new world toward a more worthy goal; where our thoughts might run through a wider orbit; our feelings might rise to a higher and nobler level; our actions might speak in a new refinement; our hearts might know a greater happiness; our living might be more sublime.

My work after leaving home was in places farther west; still it was my pleasure to spend part of three years at home with mother. At sixteen I taught my first term of school in the home district. At twenty-one I again taught the winter term and boarded at home. Later, when teaching at Madison, Wisconsin, I suffered a nervous breakdown—it was mother and home that called me. The year of convalescence I shall always remember and prize among my dearest memories. Father had been called home the previous year; mother was so lonesome and lost without him. It seemed, in a small measure, that I could comfort her, and help assuage her grief. The boys had married and established homes in other states. Hans was principal of the Willmar Seminary; Ole a merchant at Buxton, North Dakota; John in business at Warren, Minnesota; Peter a banker in North Dakota; Helena and Sarah attended school at the Willmar Seminary, and Inger was teaching. Mother had rented the farm, so after the visitors who had spent the summer with us left, we had time to live, enjoy each other's company, and plan for the future. I shall ever remember our rambles through the woods, fields and meadows; our jaunts, picnics, picking wild berries, grapes, plums and nuts; our gathering wild flowers, medicinal plants, and, in the fall, the gorgeous autumn leaves. Behind Kate and Ned in a buggy or cutter we drove to visit many of mother's oldtime friends. I saw much of Roche-a-cree that I had never seen before; visited many dear old people I had never known. Thus mother almost lived her life a second time. They would talk about Auld Lang Syne; and the reminiscences were both interesting and instructive. Mother would tell of her trials, and I learned that, being of a timid nature, she had suffered much while alone during the pioneer days. She was very much afraid of reptiles, especially rattlesnakes, of electric storms, and Indians.

During this stay at home we were more on the level, and at times played and acted like school girls. I remember one evening I told her that I thought she was getting old, when we were discussing some up-to-date problems. She jumped up and challenged me to run a race. I accepted, and she came near winning, because I thought it such a joke. We both laughed about it many times afterwards. We discussed even politics, debated many questions; but above all do I remember our heart-to-heart talks. I had met a student while teach-

ing. He served our congregation one summer and mother was very pleased when we announced our engagement. She was eager to discuss courtship and marriage; her advice motherly; her blessing a benediction. When, a years later, a day after our wedding, I kissed mother good bye, I felt it was goodbye forever on earth. My husband had accepted a call as home missionary for the State of Idaho and Eastern Washington. It was my pleasure, however, to again visit mother seven years later. I found her changed in many ways, but happy and content. The farm was sold to sister Helena and her husband, where mother was to spend her declining years among relatives and friends. She tended the six graves in the family plot at the old cemetery; attended services regularly; sat in the family pew, although it was hard for her to hear the sermon. I noticed she sang so many new hymns and quoted Scriptures I had not heard, so I asked her about it. She said, "I am not so busy now; the evenings are long; I am growing deaf; should I also become blind, what would I then do without my hymns to sing, my Bible to study and ponder?" She was in her old age laying up treasures in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

Age ravaged her health, claimed her physique, sapped her strength; but as her body, God's temple, felt the ramparts crumble, and her days numbered, she was ready to obey the clarion call, and anxious to join her dear ones on the celestial shore. When summoned to her death bed, I found it impossible to travel from Oakland, California, with my five young children. It was hard to deny myself this last visit; but we helped send sister Sarah, a nurse, to care for her and help alleviate pain and suffering. When the telegram came announcing her death December 8, 1909, we thanked God who had called her home where there is no sorrow, sickness, or death.

Home has been different since the mother is gone. There is an emptiness no one can fill. Although I have twice visited the old homestead and spent days there with my sister and her family and enjoyed these visits very much, still I have not yet had strength and courage to enter mother's bedroom where she breathed her last breath and entered to inhale the atmosphere of eternal bliss. I have not been able to gaze on the things she valued; fondle her treasures; caress her belongings. Some day I may be permitted to do so; but now it has been a great privilege to visit her haunts, kneel at her grave, read the epitaph on tombstones and monuments where under the sod she rests with her loved ones. May we all be re-united in the home on high, in the great beyond.

In loving memory,
ANNA REGINA HILLEBOE CHRISTENSEN.

Mrs. Amelia Morbeck Christensen

From a little house in Stavanger, Norway, to the residence on Fremont Avenue, Seattle, Washington, is a long distance. Yet along this path lies the long, active and interesting life of Amalie Christensen. In the Stav-

anger home lived the parents, Tobias and Anna Katrine Morbeck, with their two babes, Caroline and Amalie. Tobias had only recently completed his apprenticeship and was a full fledged gunsmith. A smooth and suave agent for the sailing vessels to America approached him. "There is going to be war with Mexico," he said, "and you, a gunsmith, can make stacks of money. If you can't get work at once in your chosen profession, you can always get a job at shoeing mules. You can make more money over there in two years than here the rest of your life."



That night grandpa did not sleep. The next day he could not eat. But poor Anna Katrine was obdurate. She was absolutely content and would rather remain in the beloved Stavanger with her babies and in her simple home. But the "Amerika-feber" was obdurate, too, and the loser was Anna Katrine. How many times later in life poor Tobias wished that he had followed the wishes of his young wife. How often he prayed that he might be forgiven the step by which he brought her so much anguish and rushed her into the early grave. Imagine his plight when, coming to Milwaukee, he saw the black wagons carrying away the victims of the cholera. Anna Katrine was attacked. The symptoms were clear. The authorities were there twice to get the body, but they found a desperate man there. At last he placed a "Bryststykke"—he had bought it in Stavanger in order to be stylish in America—on the beloved bosom. A few minutes later, with the two babies—Amalie being a mere infant, they were alone—in America!

*"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, it might have been."*

A German woman for whom cholera no longer had any fears befriended them. She took the babes into her home and baked pancakes for Tobias. God bless that German woman, whoever she was! Unknown to herself, she was a pioneer in Americanization work.

When in 1850 Nils Otto Tank founded his Communistic Colony in Door County, Wisconsin, Tobias Morbeck was one of the first to join him. The fate of this colony, its sufferings and trials, is now quite generally known. Here Amalie spent her childhood. The intense religious fervor of the Moravians, the schisms and dissensions, made a lasting impression. She was confirmed by the pastor of the Colony, the Rev. A. M. Iverson, and early in life the motherless girl learned to go to God with all her troubles and perplexities.

In due season her lover came. Emil Christensen was a bright and promising lad. Encouraged by the Rev. J. A. Ottesen, he had decided for the ministry. About the time when dark clouds of the Civil War were overhanging the country, a happy young couple appeared at the house of the bride's uncle, Zacharias Morbeck, Justice of the Peace, and after many admonitions and much well meant advice, were duly wedded. Soon we find the child bride teaching public school. She wanted to help her husband through school. The salary was twenty dollars per month in installments of five dollars each week. Imagine this ambitious and hopeful young woman coming to Manitowoc. The chest containing her apparel was on the dock with five dollars due. If it remained there till Saturday—the first pay day—another five would be due for storage. In a near-by store she was trying to tell an elderly man her embarrassment, when a young clerk declared, "I will let you have five dollars till Saturday." His name was Harald Thorsen, and he later became the well known banker and financier. I have often wondered just what would happen if any one spoke discreditably about Harald Thorsen in mother's presence. There surely would be "lightnin'", to say the least.

Later we find her in St. Louis, where she still as cook for the students is carrying out her resolve to help her husband through the seminary. Her son, Dr. F. A. Christensen, now in Seattle, was born within the walls of the old Concordia Seminary and was named Ferdinand after the noted theologian Dr. C. F. Walther. From this stay with the beloved German Lutherans came a heritage that has followed these many years. The doctrinal clarity, the sincerity of faith, the humble Christian life of those around her, made a deep and lasting impression. She has always loved things German—the language, the songs, the home life, the hymns and Christmas customs.

Then came 1866, with graduation and ordination. The choice lay between Bosque County, Texas, and Clay County, Dakota Territory. They chose the later and pioneered it for 10 years. There are still a few dear old timers in Bergen and Vangen congregations who remember the young pastor's wife, she who sang the hymns so

well and spoke so encouragingly to them and always wore a smile. A small parsonage was built about seven miles from Gayville and there ten happy years, as pioneer years go, were spent. Then came a crushing sorrow. Little Walter, four years old, died from scarlet fever. She seemed immune to almost everything but grief it was as an Achilles heel.

*"How much of love, how much of joy,
Lies buried with a darling boy."*

A call from the Pacific Coast was considered. Hundreds of the Lutheran church people were going West. The Union Pacific Railway took them to San Francisco and from there they went northward by steamer. From the trip between Salt Lake and Sacramento (October, 1876) she writes: "The trip may be all right. There are so many nice and good people, but I have sorrow. My oldest boy Gustav, only twelve years, was left in Decorah to attend Luther College. And Walter, God has taken home. So my quartette is broken up."

The seven years of pioneer work in the West were not so exacting. The mild climate, the grandeur of nature in mountains, ocean and river, the kind people, all helped to cheer and soothe. Then there was the hope for the future. We could tell what would happen when people back east really found out what a wonderful country was waiting for them west of the Rockies: and that was the time when churches and congregations must be ready to receive and care for them. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Congregations were organized in Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. Here, too, in Stanwood, Astoria, Portland and Genesee, Idaho old timers will remember the minister's wife who comforted them in their trials who spoke encouragingly and always wore a smile.



ANNA REGINA HILLEBO CHRISTENSEN
June 29, 1868—February 23, 1950

Regina Hilleboe Christensen

ANNA REGINA HILLEBOE was born at Arkdale, Wisconsin, June 29, 1868. She lived on a farm and attended district school a few months a year until she was fifteen years old. She attended the Willmar Seminary and taught school until she graduated May 29, 1889. She then went to Hillsboro, North Dakota, where she taught school three years. She taught two years at the Martin Luther Orphans' Home, Madison, Wisconsin, and two years at the Willmar Seminary. June 14, 1896, she married Rev. M. A. Christensen of Genesee, Idaho, the only pastor of the Synod in that state and eastern Washington. In 1899 they moved to Seattle, where they gathered Lutherans in Seattle, Ballard, Redmond, Orvillia and other places. Many congregations were organized which now have resident pastors. In 1908 they moved to Oakland, California, but remained there only two and a half years, when they were called to Stanwood, Washington. When, after the union of the three church bodies in 1917, the two congregations in Stanwood decided to consolidate, the pastors resigned, and Rev. and Mrs. Christensen were called to Portland, Oregon, where they are still residing.

Six children, Gertrude, Emile, Esther, Fernand, and Walter, have blessed the Christensen home; one little grave in Seattle has a tombstone bearing the name Regina Margaret Christensen. While the children were small, Mrs. Christensen spent her time in the home and church as Sunday School superintendent, parochial school teacher, worker in Ladies' Aid Societies, young people's societies, choirs, etc. After the children were able to care for themselves she has also taken part in community, civic and welfare work, Parent Teachers' Associations, Mothers' Congress and Federated Club work. She was a charter and active member of the Monday Study Club, being its

president several years. Twice she has been a delegate to State Conventions of the Federated Women's Clubs, an organization of three million women who through its eight departments are working for the welfare of humanity.

In 1919 she was elected president of the Women's Missionary Federation of Pacific District. Her district includes Alaska, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and California. The first years she traveled extensively organizing her district into five circuits; interesting the women in the work of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America; urging all to contribute to the four departments of the church budget. Besides contributing, through mission boxes, self-denial and thanksgivings, the women have also built high schools for girls in China, chapels in Madagascar, supported the Indian mission at Wittenberg, and in many other ways contributed to the upbuilding of the church and its missions. She is also a charter member of the Lutheran Woman's League of Portland and vicinity. She organized this body in 1923. During the two All Lutheran Chautauquas at Gladstone Park, Oregon, she has been Bible teacher for the women and children, and lectured at the mass meetings. During the last year she has also entered the literary world in addition to her other duties.

Prairies

MRS. REGINA HILLEROE CHRISTENSEN

Looking out on the placid waters of Green Lake, Minnesota, a summer resort where she had spent part of her summer vacation, a young teacher wondered what kind of a place she was going to now. She had taught the winter term of school at Eagle Lake, a school of fifty-six pupils, twelve finishing the eighth grade. This had been no easy task for a seventeen year old girl just out of school. She had, when school closed, sought and found rest and enjoyment among relatives and friends. She had spent a most delightful summer and enjoyed every day visiting, fishing, rowing, and swimming in Solomon, Nest, Long, Foote and other lakes between Willmar and New London. She had been offered a school at St. Johns, and when she made inquiries the County Superintendent of Schools had said: "It is a fine community, easy school, lovely people, and I hope you may like your stay there." Now she was waiting at Spicer for the train that was to bring her to Willmar, where a member of the school-board was to meet her. He came at the time and place appointed. When he was ready to go home it was late in the afternoon. He piled her baggage into the lumber wagon well filled with supplies. She climbed into the wagon box and sat on the lop-sided spring seat without a "lazy back." The ponies were none too swift, and she wondered when they would reach their destination at the rate they were traveling. They drove due west for miles, then left the road and took a "cross cut" across the prairies. This stretch of road was very rough; the springs in the seat none too good; but this did not bother the young teacher. It was the vast endless prairies that concerned her. She had never before seen such level unbroken space, and the prairies frightened her. These first impressions overwhelmed her and made her homesick for wooded hills, rivers and lakes. They traveled southwest, and as far as her eyes could see it was only blue sky and level prairies. Ask others who have left beautiful picturesque homes and places in this or other countries, if they loved prairies on first sight. Smoke ascended from what seemed mounds, but were in reality sod huts and cellars. These were scattered all over the prairies, and seemed innumerable; but by actual count there was only one, or less, to each quarter section of land, their homesteads. The teacher, a stranger, dared not ask many questions, but she wondered how many more miles they must drive and how long she would be able to endure living on these God-forsaken prairies. At last she spied the school-house. She could also count several small houses. These proved to be a room or two lately built above the original sod cellar, and served as bed-rooms. She was delighted to see a real house painted white and surrounded by trees. A hedge of cottonwood trees fringed the d

yard and made it somewhat homelike. Here the teacher was to have a room; but was told that she must board herself, as the widow living there had too much work caring for her children and the farm. She was to use the kitchen, as there was no stove in her room. This was easier said than done, with nearly four miles to the nearest store. It was not long, however, before they compromised, the teacher helping with the housework and boarding with the family. They treated her as one of the family and she spent some happy and eventful months with them.

Nearly every day the teacher scanned the skies for signs of portending cyclones and tornadoes which she had heard frequently visited the prairies. It is the unforeseen that happens. One bright and very windy day, while she was busy in the school room, a stranger on horseback galloped to the door and yelled, "Dismiss school immediately and get the children on Greenfield's large plowed field. Unless we can check the prairie fires about two miles south, the whole settlement may be doomed." As said, so done. They watched the fire and smoke like clouds roll over the stubble, and miles of dried grass of the wild prairie, used for pasture and meadow. They saw the men of the surrounding country centering all energy and strength in fighting their dreaded foe, the prairie fire. They plowed fresh furrows, set "back-fires", and even scattered straw and hay stacks that might feed the conægration. At last the fire was conquered: the settlement safe for the time being. Later many set fire to the dry grass and stubble on their farms, after having taken the proper precautions. The life on the prairies again became normal and the farmer were busy laying in supplies of provision, fodder and fuel for the long, severe winter. Wood and coal were scarce and all economized, at times twisting hay into fuel. The pupils were scattered many miles over the prairies and often the teacher dreaded to send them home alone during sand storms and snow storms. The teacher and older pupils skimmed over the snow on "skis" when the roads were filled with new snow.

One day in December the wood pile was very low, and a man was sent to St. Johns to get some. When he came back at three with the news that no wood was to be had, the teacher dismissed school and sent the larger children home. Some were too small to alone face the blizzard and trudge through the snow. There were no telephore to notify the parents of the predicament, so the teacher decided to bring the smaller ones with her to Greenfield's where she was living. Leaving books and dinner

buckets, she wrapped the children in all the wraps she could find, then tying two of the children to her apron string and leading two by the hands, the rest following, they trudged along; the longest quarter of a mile she has ever walked. It took some time to thaw the frozen cheeks, hands and feet; but they were all safe. School was resumed, and when it closed the teacher had been engaged to teach the spring term. She was, however, called east to the funeral of a brother, and later nursed

sister through a siege of typhoid fever, so she did not return until in September the following year.

How different the prairies seemed then! She had, during her former stay, learned to like them. She enjoyed the sunsets; the starlight and moonlight nights; the immense horizon; the vast firmament of the sky. The early mornings just after a snow fall she enjoyed; especially the mirages when new buildings, yes even new towns, might be seen. She never could be tired of admiring these mirages, these wonderful atmospheric illusions transforming the everyday world into a fairyland. But these beautiful autumn mornings of 1887 were followed by the most severe winter since that section was settled by whites.

The change came very suddenly during December. The blizzard and intense cold weather caused the school-board to want to discontinue the school; but it was at last decided to use the living room of Sam Govig, who now rented the Greenfield farm, as a school room the last months. Five of the pupils lived here. It was easier for some of the others to attend school, and it also saved fuel. Though it inconvenienced the family, still they cheerfully let their room for a class room. Here the Christmas program was given and it being impossible to get to town to buy a Christmas tree, the teacher and older pupils made one from a wooden frame fringed with green tissue paper. When trimmed it looked quite respectable, and the program and presents were much enjoyed by the few who faced the weather to celebrate Christmas together.

At last, January 11, 1888, arrived when school was to close. It was a beautiful day and nearly all the pupils and parents were assembled. The train left St. Johns at three in the afternoon and the teacher desired to say good bye early to take that train. The parents, however, had planned a surprise party for the teacher; had brought refreshments, and it was quite late when they were ready to say good bye. The weather had changed and snow was falling. The intention was to drive to Willmar the next morning if weather permitted, or else take the afternoon train. The wind was blowing most terrifically during the night and the snow continued to fall. The next day the snow had lodged in the trees and snowdrifts were higher than the house. It was impossible to get out of the house until a tunnel had been dug through the snowdrifts, and the barn was not reached the first day. How the teacher wished she had left while the going was good! She was snowbound eight days; but it would have been useless to try to get away because all the trains were also stalled. On the ninth day Sam Govig and Peter Greenfield promised to drive to St. Johns, but that promise was not kept. All the roads were blocked, and only a few rods were traveled when they confessed it was impossible to make the trip. During the day they, on skis, visited some of the neighbors to ask them to help break a road to town. At about nine the next morning a number of the men assembled. They discussed the

best way of attempting finding and breaking a road. All signs of former roads were obliterated. Finally it was decided that one man on skis should lead a horse with a very long halter, and the rest should follow until the horse floundered in deep soft snow making driving impossible. The teacher's trunk was put into the back of the sleigh box, a feather bed and innumerable quilts and blankets were placed in front of the trunk, and into these the teacher was tucked. Four strong horses were hitched to the sleigh and the procession started. Some of the men rode, others walked on skis, so they had to stop and abide the time when the leader again proceeded. The teacher has often wished that she might possess a chart showing the road traveled that day. The train was late, so they reached the station in time to board it, having traveled less than four miles in six hours. She suffered no hardships and rather enjoyed the unique drive over and through the drifted snow. The prairies as far as eye could see were robed in hoary beauty whose whiteness could not be surpassed. Several teachers together with many others farther west, froze to death during that cold, severe, terrible winter.

Although nearly forty years have passed since she first visited the prairies of the St. Johns, now Pennock, and many changes have taken place, the prairies are still unchanged. The hills of Dover and Mamre stand as sentinels on the north viewing the endless prairies to the south and west; these prairies, so barren in winter, so productive during the other seasons.

Mrs. Gertrude Amelia Christensen Gulhaugen

GERTRUDE AMELIA CHRISTENSEN was born in Genesee, Idaho, April 8, 1897. She has the distinction of being the only pastor's daughter born and raised in Pacific District of N. L. C. A. that to-day is in a parsonage, a pastor's wife. The parents, Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Christensen, were pioneer workers in the West, and at the time of her birth her father was the only Lutheran pastor of that denomination working in the State of Idaho and Eastern Washington. The nearest neighboring pastor was Rev. Carlo A. Sperati, Tacoma, Wash. The parsonage where she first saw light was a small, meager building, built not for convenience and comfort, but shelter. It failed, however, to keep out the heat of summer, or the cold winds of winter. It was located eight miles from the village and eighty rods from the county road. Being built among the hills, a large hill west cut off the view of Cow Creek valley.

When of school age, she attended parochial school in Ballard, Washington, taught by Hannah Hong. While living in Oakland, California, she attended school at the German parochial, and later the Trinity parochial school at Stanwood. After confirmation, she was a student at Pacific Lutheran Academy, now College, Parkland, Wash. After graduation from that institution she attended State Normal School, Bellingham, and St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn. She taught school several years, and on June 14, 1921, was married to Theodore Gulhaugen who had been her friend and lover since school days in Parkland.

Rev. and Mrs. T. Gulhaugen have been ardent church workers in Pasco, Kennewick, Grandview, Yakima, Wash., and are at present in New Westminster, B. C. Theodore Adrian, Jr., rests in his grave in Yakima, but Martin Reginald is a ray of sunshine in their home.

"Mother-Love"

GERTRUDE CHRISTENSEN GULHAUGEN

"Mother-Love" blossomed forth a full blown flower in the heart of Eve when Cain was born. As Eve sat and gazed into the eyes of this marvelous child, she said to herself, "Surely, this must be the Messiah promised by God in the Garden of Eden." 'Tis no wonder that



MRS. G. C. GULHAUGEN

she could vision so glorious a future for this beloved baby, for mother's love and mother's pride were filling her heart to overflowing. What mother has not stood over baby's cradle and there visioned a future statesman, scholar, or church leader? How it grips our mother love to know that this same Cain became the world's first murderer.

Jochebed, the mother of Moses, was a mother of faith coupled with the gift for shrewd intelligence and careful planning. Jochebed's example would surely teach us that God expects of us that we make every effort to direct our mother love with its uncertain instincts into a loving and intelligent insight.

Hannah, the mother of Samuel, was a mother of prayer. Her motherhood was one prayer without ceasing. What a comfort it is to the mother who brings the welfare of her children to God in prayer.

Naomi was an immigrant mother whose mother-love culminated in her steadfastness to the faith of her childhood. Though in a strange country, among strange people, she taught her sons the religion of her Jewish fathers, and taught them so faithfully that even her two Moabitish daughters-in-law came to have faith in Jehovah. How we are reminded by Naomi of our Norwegian mothers, who have so faithfully taught their sons and daughters in this new home land, the faith of their Lutheran fathers. For this great expression of mother-love we are thankful to God Almighty.

Eunice, the mother of Timothy, was devoted to Christian education. The passion of her mother-love for Timothy was that he should be "wise unto salvation." Hence her faithful study of God's Word, and her unceasing instruction of this same Word to her beloved son.

In Mary, the mother of Jesus, we find a picture of tender and most exquisite mother-love. We find her with her Babe "all wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." 'Twas mother-love that made Him comfortable even here. Again we find her with a broken

and torn mother heart weeping at the foot of the cross Thus it was granted her the privilege to follow her Baby Boy from the "cradle to the grave."

Coleridge said,

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

The women of the Bible were true mothers. History and literature since the era of Bible times have both proclaimed "mother-love" to be the most perfect thing on earth. And we know that loving tenderness, idealistic pride, faith coupled with intelligence, natural instincts and mental ability, prayer, a faithful instruction of children in the fear of the Lord, and faith in the child itself, are the most precious attributes of mother-love today. Whether a mother's love beats in a palace or a hovel, or whether mother's love throbs beneath a white, red, yellow or black skin—

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

Mother-love did not evolve and perfect itself through eons of time. It is a gift direct from the hand of God, and it blossomed forth a full blown flower in the heart of Eve, when Cain, the world's first child, was born!

Naturalization Requirements

MRS. M. A. CHRISTENSEN

It may be of interest to Norse-American women to study the naturalization requirements as they are today. As this country has progressed, has solved many problems pertaining to the foreign born, it has changed also its laws. From the foundation of our government until these last years it was not difficult to obtain citizenship; no efforts were made to prepare aliens for citizenship. A few perfunctory questions were asked: these being answered, the alien became a citizen as a matter of course.

When the 19th Amendment of the Federal Constitution was adopted in 1920 giving women the right to vote in all states of our United States, it became necessary to change our naturalization laws. Formerly, if an American woman married a foreigner she automatically lost her citizenship; when an alien was made a citizen his foreign born wife also became a citizen. The new naturalization law was passed by Congress September 22, 1922. It would perhaps be well to mention some of the changes particularly affecting women. If a foreign born woman now marries a citizen of the United States she does not automatically become a citizen, as formerly, but she must take out her own citizenship papers. She need not take out first papers: she asks only for full citizenship. She must have lived at least one year in the United States before asking for citizenship. It is not necessary that she lives in the same state the entire time. If a woman born in this country marries an alien she does not now lose her citizenship, unless her husband belongs to a class of persons not allowed to become citizens under the law. She may also go before a court and

declare that she does not care to remain a citizen, thus losing her citizenship. If the husband dies, or she is divorced, she remains a citizen.

A woman born in the United States who lost her citizenship before September 22, 1922, by marrying a foreigner of alien, must apply for second papers to regain her citizenship under the new law. She does not need a certificate of arrival, if during her married period she has lived in the United States. A woman whose husband cannot become a citizen can not herself become a citizen while married to him. The new law does not handicap a woman whose husband has not received his final or second papers. If she desires to do so, she may become a citizen in the regular way, by taking out her papers and fulfilling all the requirements by the law; that is, declaration of intention; application for citizenship; five years residence; two witnesses; examination in open court, etc. She must pass all examinations as if she were a man or a single woman.

According to the new law, since woman now has the right of suffrage, it makes no difference between women and men; they all are treated alike. Now the woman must make her own application for citizenship, do the required study, and pass examination in open court. The applications of husband and wife are separate and distinct, each standing on its own merits and degree of qualification. Even if to the alien women this may seem a hard law, it is a just law, and no one should hesitate about becoming citizens if they expect to live in this country to enjoy its privileges.

We need education and Americanization among our foreign born residents and among those who through marriage have forfeited their citizenship. No one should be allowed to remain indefinitely without becoming a citizen. They enjoy the protection of our laws, the use of our courts, many of the privileges and rights of citizens without assuming any of the duties and obligations. Here is a great need for educational work. Night schools and private tutelage are great helps. Every alien man or woman should take advantage of this help in preparing for American citizenship.

Travelogues

Mrs. M. A. CHRISTENSEN, *President*

In order to conserve time and money an itinerant Monday, February 4th, I went via Tacoma to Parkland, Washington, where a meeting of the "Daughters of the Reformation" of Pacific Lutheran College had been announced. After visiting faculty, students and classes, it was impressive to watch the school file into the chapel, singing "Holy, Holy, Holy," then devoutly listen to the reading of the gospel, sermonette, and prayer by Prof. O. J. Ordal.

When introduced to the student body it was with regret I announced that the boys might be excused. This time it was the girls that were to receive special messages and instructions. The work by the girls at our Christian schools was explained; the girls were assigned their work; then each one received a program, book mark, and literature by the Women's Missionary Federation. At noon I left for Tacoma to meet District President Rev. J. A. E. Naess to arrange for the District Convention; called also on Mrs. O. Holen, a member of the executive board. The trip by boat from Tacoma to Seattle was delightful. Puget Sound has not changed during the twenty-seven years I have known it. I was anxious to visit Miss Jorgine Enstvedt, our Alaska missionary, home on fur-lough, Everett, Washington.

A community meeting had been arranged at Rev. C. H. Norgaard's church February 6th. This meeting of Lutheran women from Our Saviour and Ebenezer Ladies' Aid Societies packed the locality. A very interesting meeting was held; questions were asked and answered; and the work of the W. M. F. was discussed. The delegates from Everett to the circuit meeting in Bellingham decided to leave by automobiles at seven o'clock the next morning. Be it said to the honor and credit of these punctual women that at the appointed hour two loaded autos wended their way over the Pacific highway through rain, mist, fog and flood, on Chuckanut Drive, around boulders and land slides. In spite of obstacles, it was an enjoyable 75 mile drive, and we arrived at Our Saviour's Church, S. Bellingham, just in time for the meeting at ten.

After devotion the women convened and in the basement of the church held a very good meeting. In the absence of circuit president and vice-president, the district president presided. After adjournment we were invited by hostess, Mrs. H. L. Foss, to take our places at the dinner tables. When the men came they found that for once the women could fill men's places. The noon hour was spent in meeting old acquaintances and also new workers among the women. Among out-of-the-district visitors were Mrs. P. O. Stromme, Madison,

Wisconsin. I had not seen her since the convention of pastors' wives at Decorah, Iowa, in 1903, when she addressed us on the "Ex-Pastor's Wife." Mrs. A. Lindass, Mayville, North Dakota, brought greetings from the W. M. F. of North Dakota. Rev. H. A. Baalson preached the mission sermon, and the W. M. F. work was explained by the district president at the afternoon mass meeting.

In Mrs. G. H. Kravik's auto we drove to Everett after the meeting, tired but thankful. Friday was an all-day meeting of the district Board at the Children's Home, Everett. We ate lunch with the children and personnel of the home. The matron, Mrs. H. H. Holte, invited me to talk to the 100 children; it was a pleasure to do so. Several remembered me from former visits, and it was touching to hear them invite us to come again.

Friday evening was spent with my mother-in-law, the pioneer pastor's wife of Pacific district. She is not as young and spry as when in 1868 she was the only "prestefrue" of our church in the Dakotas. She is not as courageous as when, later, she with a flock of little children, moved via San Francisco to Astoria and Portland, Oregon. She is now a shut-in at Seattle, but memories of by-gone pioneer days are still fresh in her mind.

Saturday I left for Yakima, Washington, to visit the women in that valley. It was a beautiful morning and the train wended its way up the White River Valley, along Green River, up-hill over the Cascade Mountains. We beheld the hills, "rock ribbed and ancient as the sun," covered by the purest snow. The graceful evergreen trees stood as sentinels guarding this wonderful place where "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." The long tunnel, even though surrounded by light and beauty, was dark as ever. By contrast, mother earth seemed even more beautiful after passing through the blackness underground. Descending the mountains, the virgin beauty gradually disappeared, and before we reached Ellensburg, the home of our beloved "life members" of the W. M. F., Prof. and Mrs. A. Mikkelsen, *winter* was a thing of the past.

Yakima did not seem natural without its green fruit-laden orchards and vineyards. A few weeks of warm sunshine and irrigation will again transform it and make it a veritable garden and beauty spot.

Sunday morning I attended Sunday-school and services at St. Luke's church. I gave a report of the work done in the W. M. F. Where the pastor is interested, distributes literature, and emphasizes the impor-

tance of our work as Rev. T. Gulhaugen does, there the women become ardent workers. On Wednesday a special meeting was called at Grandview fifty miles east. Without a resident pastor, 14 women are working to secure a lot and build a church. This Ladies' Aid Society gave splendid reports and were interested in the W. M. F. In my work among the women I have seldom been so well received, and given such an ovation. Thursday morning I was met on the train by Theodore Gulhaugen, Jr., who with his mother and brother, accompanied me to Kennewick, where a meeting of the Pasco and Kennewick L. A. S. was scheduled for the afternoon. It was a splendid meeting. Friday was a reunion of old time friends from Genesee, Idaho, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ing. Smith, but as the train that was to carry me home left in the early afternoon I had to hurry away from friends and relatives. The journey homeward was delightful. The Columbia River, the pride of the Oregonians, moved on as of old. We cannot now as in the days gone by say "Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its own dashing." Below Pasco, five bridges now span its waters; trains race on either bank; on the Columbia highway innumerable automobiles travel over its hundreds of miles of pavements; boats, ferries, and steamers ply its waters; fishermen work in quest of fish; villages and cities disturb the quietude of nature. Seen from the Washington side of the river, Oregon looked grander than ever. Never have the verdant hills and snow-capped mountains, with the numerous streams and waterfalls, appeared more beautiful. I watched the water from the brow of the precipice leap wildly into unknown space to again jump over cliffs, or fall over obstructions as cascades, cataracts, and waterfalls; then move along more placidly until eventually the crystal pure mountain water mingled with

the murky water of the turbulent river. As I viewed nature at play, I thought, what a waste of power! Without marring the beauties of the Columbia River basin, its waters might furnish 40 per cent of the natural power of the world, if properly utilized. I wondered if our lives are not often like these streams and waterfalls: simply flowing idly on, or at times jumping from place to place. Sometimes our lives are turbulent, sometimes placid; but unless the powers within us are utilized, the forces trained and directed, radiating light and heat, then the powers for living and doing are wasted.

While thus musing, the shadows of the evening crept steadily along and majestic Mt. Hood appeared above the clouds, "whiter than snow." Suddenly a most glorious sunset changed the scene to a most wonderful panorama. Mt. Hood was tinted a deep rose color; snow on the brow of the mountains reflected the glories of the sun; while the lower and shadowy hills and mountain sides were clothed in purplish blue. The passengers, rapt in admiration and wonder, viewed this magnificent sunset ignorant of the fact that the next train passing over these tracks was to be wrecked.

The fading, waning light, the handiwork of God, reflected in the placid waters was beautiful beyond description. While crossing the Columbia River it was unique to see reflected simultaneously the myriad lights of Vancouver Inter-state bridge, Portland, the moon, and the stars. Later while crossing over Willamette River the lights of Portland with its many boulevards and bridges were reflected. We could see lights from Portland Heights, Council Crest, Mt. Tabor, Mt. Scott and other elevated sections. It seemed that our city known as the "city of roses" might at night be called the "city of lights."

Women's Mission

By MRS. M. A. CHRISTENSEN

It is difficult to state definitely what is woman's mission in this age of change and activity. Her refining, uplifting influence is felt among men in all walks of life. Though her sphere has been greatly changed, she still is a woman. Our age is one of change and activity. It is a time when this must be done, that must not be neglected. It is an age of restlessness and confusion: when even the things we have considered stable and established are undergoing marvelous changes. The unchangeable things seem to be the human heart, the immortal soul, and the eternal God. This progressive, advancing age revolutionizes the whole world. Even should we desire it, we can not stay this maelstrom of progress which compels us to acquiesce. Human life shares in his progress, this mysterious movement compelling us to adjust ourselves to changes, use new forces, and state new ideas. It seems as if every generation receives an incomplete work from its predecessor, labors through life to solve these problems, to work out its intricacies, then hands it on a little less incomplete to its successor.

The Norse-American women have had many problems to solve. The language question, for instance, with its bi-lingual difficulties, calls for constant adjustments. Such changes have come to all people and nations where progress has been made. Thus down through the annals of history new problems have been solved; new inventions have been perfected; new ideas have been realized. History teaches us how savagery and barbarism have been dispelled by enlightenment and civilization; how paganism has been converted by Christianity; how the rude implements for work have been crowded out by modern conveniences and labor-saving devices. What in former years was drudgery and slavery, is now labor and work. Woman's work has been affected by these inventions, and the change of activities has changed even woman herself. The woman of today meets a fresh challenge with every new morning. In whatever direction she looks a new invitation beckons to her. Will she go in for law and as a lawyer become the counselor of a corporation, or legal adviser of fellow men? Will she enter the medical world; establish a great practice; direct public health campaigns; or seek through research work to find a path into good health? Will she as a teacher help to recast education, or write the text-book for new education? Will the field of reform summon her to the service of woman or child in industry, political field, or to study laws of marriage and of divorce? We find women in nearly all positions and professions, viz: bankers, lawyers, doctors, teachers, professors, authors, artists, composers, merchants, farmers, musicians, politicians, etc. Women are eager for knowledge and development. Thus we find them forming associations, organizing clubs where they may study, observe, promote,

develop, and keep abreast with conditions peculiar to our age. They are not satisfied only with home and church, but are drifting into civic improvement, art, conservation, music, education, industrial and social conditions, child welfare, social purity, etc. When questions of vital importance are to be decided it is the universal factors, women, that are sought. When educational and philanthropical associations meet, in this country and over the seas, women speakers and women workers are sought. In reforms of any kind, women are asked to help. This was proven conclusively during the recent World War. This proves that the women are becoming world factors, and world powers, with burdens and responsibilities which these entail. Woman suffrage is comparatively new. To many it is an added burden instead of a privilege. Suffrage is an added privilege given to women and they should shoulder also this responsibility and do their duty by carefully studying the problems and voting intelligently. Already the Christian women have done much to eradicate evil. It is an open secret that King Alcohol lost his reign because of women interested in the welfare of man and the salvation of souls.

On woman, fitted for her calling both temporal and spiritual, rests a great responsibility. Through progress, advancement, study and prayer, she may attain to greatness; become a teacher and leader. She may honor the memory of her pioneer mother by following in her footsteps and teaching the coming generations what she has learned and retained. She may upbuild public schools, establish Christian schools, and foster wholesome community spirit. Into woman's hand has been entrusted the ideals of this nation, and she must guard the pure fire of learning and defend the walls of Zion. She must be instrumental in enriching lives; let the rich heritage handed to her be also inherited by her children. All women desire to put their lives into something permanent. Where is permanency like the church, that wise old mother of all opportunities? Reforms are often shortlived. We hitch our interests to a movement; it flourishes a while, then the big procession moves on or is outgrown. The church has been present for centuries. It was here when we came, and it will remain when we are dead. It is a great thing to be linked to what we consider stable. We link our human personalities with institutions that are permanent. Our souls find root and fulcrum when we contemplate the ageless strength of the church, which originated the current reform; conserved the foundation of our country; and is, in spite of many weaknesses, still powerful and righteous. Women who would rear their lives on something potent for righteousness may find this power in the church.

The church is calling her daughters. She needs their help desperately as she wages her ceaseless war on sin. Too many women are dazzled by more spectacular openings in other lines. Too many are deceived by appearances, and cast their lots and influences for other causes. The church needs the whole-hearted devotion of her active, far-seeing daughters. Such women are

needed everywhere as organizers; staffs of competent officers; leaders for women and children; field workers; literature secretaries; extension organizers; college counselors, etc. We need unsalaried workers to carry administrative responsibilities, travel, write, report and address church gatherings. The church asks for women who, while doing home duties, also devote themselves to the service of love and comradeship, as active, consecrated servants of the church.

Thank God, we still have women who are willing to conform their lives to Christ's principles and practices; who work for the supreme moral and spiritual force of righteousness. The women have much to be thankful for that they live in this day and age. History teaches us that women have not always been privileged to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men. Let them, then, while the gates are open and the barriers down, work while it is yet day. The women of today have been raised above the standards of pagan women; have been trained in Christian homes; have received the blessings of the church; have been trained to be like both Martha and Mary, Lydia, Dorcas, Tatbitha, and other Biblical women. May the women be zealous in garnering and bringing many into the church. May God make them worthy workers in His vineyard so at last they may be among the great white throng, the multitude praising God, singing hymns of victory, and swinging palms of triumph before the throne of grace.

Mrs. T. L. Brevig Mission

MRS. M. A. CHRISTENSEN

The Mrs. T. L. Brevig mission (which to the women of Pacific District seems to be ours in a peculiar manner) is situated on the Seward Peninsula, the extreme northwest part of Alaska. This district embraces about 20,000 square miles and bears its name in honor of the statesman William H. Seward, who bought the territory from Russia. The mission is located about six miles from Teller at Port Clarence, and was founded by Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Brevig, Lutherans of the Norwegian Synod.

In 1892 the Federal Government commenced to introduce reindeer into northern Alaska. This was done to benefit the Eskimos and to help them get an easier livelihood. The Government tried to hire Lapps, from Lapland and northern Norway, to teach herding to the Eskimos. They were Christians, and would come only on one condition—that they might have a pastor. An appeal for a pastor was made, and Rev. T. L. Brevig was called. In 1894, with his young wife, he left home and kindred to sail for the almost unknown northern Alaska.

He landed at what is now called Port Clarence, named for his son. Here he served four years in the capacity of a government teacher, pastor to the Lapps, and missionary among the Eskimos.

Mrs. T. L. Brevig was a very able assistant, and through her efficiency, noble Christian character, faith in the future of the mission, and love for the needy, she won many for Christ. She was a remarkable woman, whose influence was felt wherever she went. At times it might seem as if her talents might have been put to a better use in another field; but God wanted her to work among this heathen foreign people in the frozen north.

The government assisted the church at this mission by erecting a building—a combined reindeer station, school-room and residence. This building is still in use. Here the native men in the villages near by become apprentices and soon learned the art of herding. Soon the Lapps felt that they had fulfilled their mission and some returned to their native land, while a few remained in Alaska. Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Brevig also felt that their work was done, so in 1898, leaving their son Clarence in his frozen grave, they returned to the States. The Church, however, considered Alaska an open field for mission work among the Eskimos and others. They appropriated annually \$100 in money and called Rev. and Mrs. Brevig as missionaries to go to the field to do regular mission work. In 1900 they again sailed from Seattle to Teller, Alaska.

Just after they returned, an epidemic of measles swept the greater part of the adult population of the village, leaving a number of orphans. These orphans were immediately cared for in the Brevig home. These were trying days for the missionaries, who were not equipped for conducting an orphans' home. God was their stay and they accomplished wonders in rearing and educating the Eskimos.

Besides this work, they were also missionaries among the Eskimos, the Lapps, and others who came to the station. But, with their family and with very little help, they found the work too strenuous. In 1903 they again returned to the United States, where they spent two years. Mrs. Brevig's constant worry while home on furlough was the mission. It seemed impossible to find others who would and could go as missionaries to fill their place. In 1905, with Miss Jorgine Enestvedt as assistant, they again went back to the ice and snow country they had learned to love. Miss Enestvedt proved to be a very capable assistant who taught the school and was also Mrs. Brevig's right hand in training the children at the orphanage.

In the fall of 1907 a new building was completed and no one was happier than Mrs. Brevig, who under such trying conditions and circumstances had accomplished such wonderful results. She was not, however, allowed to enjoy her new home, with its conveniences and labor saving devices. She planned this home, watched its erection, but others were to enjoy it. In the early spring of 1908, after a very short illness, she was laid to rest beside her infant, Borhild and Clarence. Here, with her children, in the frozen graves, across the brook on the east side of the mission that bears her name, she rests from her labor. Although in her icy chamber frozen into ice, still her memory is warm in the hearts of those who loved her. Her spirit lives in the hearts and minds of the many who had reaped benefits and blessings because of her splendid enthusiasm and unselfish service. God moves in a mysterious way. It seems, humanly speaking, a problem why God should call such a woman in the very prime of life away from husband, son, and three daughters who needed her guidance and loving care; away from the large family of orphans and a host of others she had befriended and who needed her counsel and advice. In God's acre in the north, with her children, she awaits the great day when all shall be called before the judgment throne of God, to receive her reward.

Since her death the mission has been cared for by Miss Jorgine Enestvedt, Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Tjernagel, Theodore Gulhaugen (then a student, now a pastor), Rev. and Mrs. O. Fosso, Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Malmin,

Rev. and Mrs. Elmer H. Dahle, Dagny Brevig, Miss Viggerson and others. At the present the station at Teller is cared for by two deaconesses, Sister Mabel Lien and Sister Anna Huseth, while Sister Magdalena Klippen is stationed at Mary's Igloo, a small village in the interior. These stations are even today isolated, as the nearest Protestant missions to the south are 100 miles away, and to the north 300 miles away.

It may seem that this mission has not made much progress. Epidemics at times have almost eradicated the people. They have had several epidemics of measles and influenza. In 1918 the flu ravaged even worse than in the United States. Tuberculosis has since claimed many, especially the young. Due to climate conditions, it is impracticable to bring the Eskimos to the United States to train them. Consequently no extensive training of native leaders, teachers and pastors is yet done among the Eskimos. Through the schools they acquire proficiency in the English language; still it will never be their mother language. They are a foreign people with different traditions and tastes. It is doubtful if they will ever learn the Bible in the native language. The Eskimos have many peculiar traits of character; they have a very limited vocabulary; they have little background upon which to understand the Bible. English is a foreign language and they do not understand expressions which teach almsgiving, sowing, reaping, harvest grain, sleep, prophet, scribe, etc.

Although the mission might have progressed more in the thirty years of its existence, still they have been important in its history, and marked advancement has been made there, as well as in the neighboring villages and stations. The little children left orphans have grown to Christian manhood and womanhood. Many of the boys are herders, have married girls from the station, and established homes. They remember the mission as a pleasant home, and the missionaries as kind, considerate parents and guardians. The mission has always been a gathering place for all Eskimos where they might learn civilization and Christianity. Sad to relate, one of the worst evils the mission combats is the influence of money-seekers and others who during summer roam in search of wealth and exploitation.

In April, 1918, the mission burned with all its contents and the inmates lived in the old Government building till they received aid from Teller. During the summer the church erected another building and the Eskimos looked forward to happiness and home. Again it was shown that God's ways are not always our ways. During November influenza swept away practically the entire adult population from Nome to Kotzebue Sound: so instead of a happy village, children in school, and adults coming for religious instruction, the homes were empty. The mission again became an orphanage, and these trying days beggar all description. Only those personally familiar with conditions in Alaska can vaguely comprehend the situation while battling the pestilence. Rev.

O. Fosso and Miss Enestvedt at last were stricken and hovered between life and death. Mrs. Fosso, with an infant, heroically nursed husband, friend, and without medical assistance cared for all the others thrown at her door. She did the work efficiently, without thought of vainglory; recompense, or honor. It was a labor of duty, love, and willingness to forget self; it was fulfilling the command, "Whatsoever ye have done unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

We may not feel called to the Master's work in the far north, but we should all be glad to offer our services and give money, clothes or other necessities. Let us remember this mission in our prayers. The same sun shines on them, the same heaven is above them, the same God rules over them. We are one in faith, hope and love. We will all appear before the judgment seat of God. We hope to appear at the throne of grace; to enter into eternal glory; to sing praises unto Him who redeemed us and made us whiter than snow, regardless of color and conditions while on earth. Pray for this mission. Intercessory prayer will prosper the work and the will of God shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Women's Missionary Federation of Pacific District

The W. M. F. of Pacific District was organized July 12, 1919, at Tacoma, Washington. It is one of the nine districts of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America and embraces Alaska, Washington, Oregon, and California. It is divided into five circuits, each with its own officers. At present the presidents of the circuits are: N. Puget Sound, Mrs. P. O. Stromme; S. Puget Sound, Mrs. H. A. Stub; Oregon, Mrs. M. G. Gunderson; N. California, Miss Cornelia F. Anderson; S. California, Mrs. Ditman Larson.

The District Board consists of Mrs. M. A. Christensen, president; Mrs. J. A. O. Larsen, vice-president; Mrs. George Henriksen, secretary; and Mrs. H. L. Foss and Cornelia F. Anderson, members at large.

District secretaries are: Mission Boxes, Mrs. A. J. Towe; Thank Offerings, Mrs. John Berentson; Self Denial, Mrs. K. B. Utigaard; and Life Membership and In Memoriam, Mrs. L. H. Jacobson.

Mrs. K. B. Norswing, the first vice-president, was a valuable worker and organizer.

During the six years of existence many thousand mission boxes have been distributed and collected. Much splendid literature has been studied disseminating knowledge and enlightening the women; teaching the blessings of cheerful liberal giving and expedient converted work. Education at home and abroad has been urged and emphasized. We have helped to build two high schools for girls in China; one at Faucheng, and the "Lena Dahl Memorial" at Sinyang. Smaller educational institutions have been erected at other mission fields. The women have been very active in other welfare work at home and abroad. To the needy in Russia, Germany, Near East, and other lands and peoples needing support, aid has been given.

In memory of Sister Caroline Thompson, Life Membership and In Memoriam Certificates are sold to build chapels in Madagascar. Ten cents per capita are sent annually to support the seven rest homes built for our missionaries home on furlough.

The Daughters of the Reformation are studying church problems and raising money to build an industrial home in China where the Chinese widows and other women may find a home and earn a livelihood, thus furthering an important mission, a direct result of evangelization in China. Industrial work is also fostered among the Indians, Eskimos, and in all foreign mission fields.

It may be of interest to learn some of the work of the district president. During the time since organization in 1919 she has attended 24 of the 50 circuit meetings in the district; six meetings of the General Board, Minneapolis, Minnesota; three General Conventions, and

three District Conventions. She has called and presided at seven District Board meetings; organized the "Daughters of the Reformation" at Pacific Lutheran College, Parkland, Washington, and visited them four times. Thrice she has visited the Parkland Children's Home, Everett, Washington; twice the Josephine Old Peoples Home, Stanwood, Washington; and six times Pacific Lutheran College. She has visited and addressed 80 Ladies' Aid Societies and Guilds; 34 mission rallies, 40 mass meetings; and many Sunday Schools, Luther Leagues, community meetings, etc. She has stressed the work of our women at Gladstone Chautauqua; two All Lutheran Chautauquas; Lutheran Woman's Leagues; District Conventions; receptions and banquets in this

district, and four eastern states. She has written an average of five hundred letters annually; 64 articles for the church papers; besides announcements and reports of the W. M. F. work. She has promised to write a history of the church work as soon as the data is sent to her. The women of our church are urged to write church history. Our church was organized about 75 years ago. What records have we? Closely identified with all the work in the church has been the untiring efforts of our women, who so unassumingly, unselfishly and steadfastly have worked and have progressed. This work should begin at once, while our pioneers are still among us: thus we may memorialize the work, efforts and progress of our dear mothers; the many faithful women who under trying circumstances, poverty, difficulties and obstacles organized and maintained our Ladies' Aid and Mission Societies, etc.

What are the mothers doing for the juniors? Are they active workers in the Sunday Schools, Luther Leagues, Young Peoples Societies? Judging by increase in juvenile crime and delinquency, the conditions that surround our children seem to be growing more and more serious every day. True, the first duty rests upon the mother and father, but are we not all "our brother's keeper"? It seems queer that *mother*, who has so many responsible positions to fill, should be listed in most census reports "no occupation."

With a view of constructive aid, and a vision of helping mothers, teachers and children, the W. M. F. selected five of our most enlightened women educators, especially interested in the welfare of children, to plan a system whereby we can better care for our children. This department is called "Christian Nurture." These women have prepared and distributed much splendid literature.

We need to interest the children and our daughters. We need to bring youth into our W. M. F. The future workers of the church are our own daughters of today. Will they fill our places when we no longer shall be workers? We are not weary, but we shall in due time rest from our labors, and we are so anxious to secure recruits to carry on the work. We must prepare for the future, keep abreast with the times, and in order to hold our daughters it is often necessary for us to "run as fast as we can in order to keep where we are." We mothers often find that in order to keep abreast with our own daughters it is necessary for us to study, not only the needs of our church, but also our homes, committees, civic conditions, law enforcement, yes, all problems that in an intelligent way will make us better Christians.

In our church work there should be no side-stepping of personal responsibility and Christian living. As individuals and collectively we must shoulder our responsibilities and do our duty. If we fail in training and teaching our youth, we weaken our efforts as an organization and prove failures as leaders. If we are willing to accept responsibility and obligation, God will be our mainstay and ever present helper. Through faith, hope and love we may attain the highest ideals of Christian womanhood. Let us pray that God will teach us to so number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; that He will light a candle of understanding in our hearts that shall not be put out. One of our greatest words is *understanding*.

Although it is only six years since the women of the church have worked shoulder to shoulder doing systematic, concerted work, much latent talent has been coaxed from concealment; many dormant by-standers have become active workers. For efficient team work, for fellowship of this great sisterhood, of which nearly all the women of our church are members, your president wishes first to thank God; but she wishes also to thank her co-workers. She sees a brighter vision; a better future for our church; a more intimate fellowship and understanding of its members. She prays that the women may be granted strength, wisdom, courage and love to do their duty cheerfully, charitably and conscientiously; that they may often meet at the throne of grace seeking strength from on high; that through study and prayer they may become Christian leaders and teachers. When we fully submit to the will of God, and ask Him to teach us His will, then we may also trustingly pray, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Let us, then, never weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

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[Ed. I have compared portions of the original hand-written text with the typed version where I found apparent inconsistencies. Based upon my review of the entire document, I have offered some minor spelling variations to some of the names. The page numbers in *italics* indicate references to persons although the person is described but not named.]

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[Ed. I have compared portions of the original hand-written text with the typed version where I found apparent inconsistencies. Based upon my review of the entire document, I have offered some minor spelling variations to some of the names. The page numbers in *italics* indicate references to persons although the person is described but not named.]

Ed. Other corrections to note:

- p. 6 1. 9 ...uncle Peder Hanug,...
1. 20 ...she ~~had~~ [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 storv[e] had....
- P. 20 Anna's father was ~~pastor~~ [klokker],