

Courtesy of Hans Fugal, these ten-page sets of letters to/from Niels Fugal are available on this website, www.fugal.net. There are 34 sets, for a total 340 pages. Also posted in a separate file are pertinent photos as to the time frame of the letters.

These letters were stored on the opposite side of the wall where the fire began at the Niels Fugal home in November of 2000. That fire was way hot, and it consumed completely the tires and upholstery of the car in the garage. There was no firewall between the garage and the house. The house should have been condemned but Norma was determined to resurrect it from the ashes, making it better than it was. Providentially if not intentionally, these letters survived. I fully believe it was so they could be shared. They are very brittle, and time is wasting. My sister, Lois, started the project many years ago, and many of you have copies she made of certain letters.

Grandpa Fugal was most insightful the whole of his life. Grandma Fugal was to her grandchildren a quite different person than you will find in these letters. She was 19 and pregnant before he left two months after their marriage, which in those days meant closeting and limiting of previously enjoyed socializing; she lived with her father and others, watching those around her live lives seemingly more fulfilling, getting letters from a husband whose life was occupied, enriched and full, largely because he attitudinally chose it so. No doubt this hard beginning helped form her into the soft, patient, exquisitely kind woman it was our privilege to know.

Pleasant Grove, Mar. 9th, 1898

[Niels born Sep. 14, 1885; oldest brother Jens, almost 11 years his senior, on a mission to Denmark and Norway.]

My dear brother,

It is about time I was writing to you because it is quite awhile since I wrote to you and I think you would like to hear from me. I am attending school now and so is Stena. I was glad to get a letter from you. We are going to have school eight more weeks. I will be glad when it stops. It has been quite muddy but it is getting dry now.

We have fifteen sheep. We would have had seventeen but one got its neck hurt and I killed it and one almost died because its mother would not let it suck and it was frozen one morning so it could not stand up and Chris killed that [one]. [Chris was eight years older than Niels.] We have five lambs and ten old ones. Chris and Ole [Hansen?] made a pen for them last fall in the northeast corner of the crell [corral]. We have got a fat nice pig and four cows and even about thirty head of chickens.

I had the primary heart [?] three Saturdays ago. I'll tell you I did not feel very good when they called my name out to have it. I was not as scared as I thought I would be when I read it. I attend deacon meeting now. I have been on the program two times there. I have had to hand in a question one time and answer a question one time. Johnny has got a boy staying to his place now. He is fifteen years old and has never been to school. I don't think I have any more to say but I must not forget to tell you I am an uncle and you hello Uncle Jense. [Spelled Jens/Jense; baby is first grandchild, Carrie's (refer p. 15).] Your affectionate brother, Niels Fugal

Pleasant Grove, Ut., Nov. 5th, 1908

[Envelope mailed November 9, addressed to Svartensgatan (corrected Svartösten, Luleå), Sweden, plus forwarding markings, 5¢ postage.]

[Niels would be age 23, near arriving in Sweden, his mother's homeland, to begin his

mission; letter from Lavina, Jens' wife.]

Dear Bro. Niels,

“I now take my pen in hand to write you a few lines to let you know we are all well and hope you are the same.” Well Niels, had you been a mind reader, you would have read many letters we have written in our minds. But somehow those letters never reach their destination. You can just believe your letters and cards have been read with interest and it is good to hear you haven't got over being a “clam.” Suppose we will soon learn how you enjoyed your rock-a-bye over the waves. You must have passed thru a lot of beautiful and varied scenery and for my part I should like to get hold of your day book when you get home and read it. Hope you saw a whale. Jens did. It is written in his book thus – “Oct: Saw a whale.” Guess he was a bit physically deranged and thought that was plenty to write for one day.

This pen gets fatally twisted in this elegant writing paper [lined, elementary school paper] but you have lots of time and patience so I will just keep going. The weather has been fine now for about two weeks and Lou [Nielson] and Jens have kept themselves busy getting potatoes and beets up. Two more days will finish the potatoes out on Old Lady Gussie's [Gustaveson] farm and next week will finish the beets if the weather continues fine. The hay is also in the barn. This is nothing for me to write you about but Jens is too sleepy to write tonight so I write for the both of us. O yes I almost forgot: our hens have stopped laying and then too, eggs are 40 cents per doz. That's awful bad. Somehow I can't think of any news so it is best I don't write any. I got your address from Viola on Election day. She is as sweet as ever. Say, Utah and the whole USA went Republican except four or five states. All the folks are OK except our babies. They all have the whooping cough. Are getting along fairly well. It is now 11 o'clock P.M. and as we must be up at nights with the children it is sleepy time now.

Somehow it seems so odd not to see you come marching thru the lot once in a while and I believe Jens is getting lonesome to hear you call “Yuns.” Did you know that Martin [Christiansen] is going to Sweden. [From 1922-29 Niels was Martin's counselor in their ward bishopric.] He leaves on the 20th. Wish I could send you a nice Thanksgiving dinner. Well kid, may you have good health while you are away and may Heaven bless you in your labor that all may be well with you is our earnest wish for you. Lavina. You know we will always be glad to hear from you. Everybody sends hello.

Hotel Revere, 1421-23-25-27 Blake Street, Denver, Colo., Oct. 18, 1908
[Viola born October 17, 1888. Niels and Viola were married August 12, 1908.]
[Envelope addressed to Box 190, Pleasant Grove, Utah, 2¢ postage.]

My Dear Wife Viola,

I am now in the Hotel Revere Denver as this paper states. It is Sunday morning 9:50 o'clock just the time that I suppose you are going to Sunday School. There has fallen about five inches of snow in this city and the weather is not very pleasant. I am glad I have two rubbers with me if they both are for the left foot. As you know we took the D&RGRR to Denver. We were supposed to meet a train here leaving for Chicago last

night at 6:55 o'clock but we didn't get here until 12 o'clock so we have to stop over until today at 2:15 p.m. Then we take the Burlington Route to Chicago. I just came from breakfast so I am feeling fine. There are 29 elders in our crew and we hang together like a bunch of Greeks.

The trip so far has been a pleasant one to me. Going through the Rockies we find a great deal to keep our eyes busy. All I hate about it is that we can't see in the night also. Some parts we have gone over are barren while some are covered with snow. I think the reason we were late is because the snow made it harder for the train to travel. Part of the time the first night it took four iron horses to pull us up the steep slopes of the Rockies. It seems like it is one continuous canyon from the mouth of Spanish Fork canyon to Florence, a place at the mouth of Grand Canyon. On our trip we have passed through about ten tunnels, one of them being 10,418 feet above sea level and it took over two minutes to pass through it.

I suppose you have received those two cards I sent you. I mailed them at a Railway station called Salida. Be sure and write to me so I can get it at Liverpool. For fear you never received my card I will write the address here. Niels Fugal, Durham House, 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, England. Well dearest I suppose I will close for I also want to write to the folks. I will write again soon. It seems an awful long distance from home but I haven't got a good start yet. I have a railroad map and I can see by that what part of the distance I have yet before me. Denver is 741 miles from SLC. Well dearest I feel like I would like to see you and have you with me but I suppose I can't so we will have to make the best of it. I have a partner from Cash[e] Valley by the name of Hansen. He is going to Scandinavia. Give them all my best regards.

Your Loving Husband, Niels.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 19, 1908

My Dear Wife Viola,

At last we have reached the great city of CHICAGO. Our delay at Denver made us about 14 hours late. The company of elders that took the OSSRR arrived in this city about 7 o'clock this morning. We arrived here at 9 o'clock this evening. It is now 9:30 and we have just got settled down in our respective rooms of the Majestic Hotel. The agent of our next R.R. Route met us at the depot and directed us to our hotel. If you could have seen us you would have laughed. Thirty-one of us following the director. It looked just the same as when a hen catches a worm and thirty more hens chase her to get the worm. Everybody in Chicago cleared the train, and one fellow asked if we were railroad men. We told him yes, and that we were going to Great Britain to construct a large railroad line.

I can't tell you much about Chicago yet because it was dark when we arrived and we came straight for the hotel. The first thing when we landed we CLUM up some steps, with the accent on the clum, and found ourselves on a road built in the air, this lead us to our hotel. We are quite a green bunch of grapes. There were six of us took the elevator at once to our room, and one fellow is from Sanpete. When we stepped into the elevator

he, being the last, said, "We can't all stay in here can we?" We had the laugh on him. This is the finest bedroom I ever was in, in my life. There are two double beds and two single beds, making room for six. There is a wardrobe, a writing desk, a dresser, and most important of all, a closet, also a bath tub.

Well dearest I must not go too much into detail or I will cover too much paper. I have so far enjoyed my trip very much and hope I can remain well while crossing the pond. I suppose you got my letter from Denver and received my Liverpool address. It would do me such good when I reach that point, to hear from home. My trip through the Rockies was worth much to me and also the trip across the plains. Denver is a great city about three times as large as S. L. City. I sent Mart a card with the picture of the Union Depot upon it. If you get a chance you might take a look at it. This was the place we left for Chicago. After leaving Colorado we bid the mountains farewell, and entered the Rolling Hill State of Iowa. Iowa is all hills and hollows, there isn't a mile square in the whole state that I could see where the land was level. After leaving Iowa we entered Ill. This is a nice level country covered with cities, corn, blue grass, timothy and a little more corn. I never dreamed of so much corn. They also have a great many pigs running loose in the pastures. Well I haven't space enough to tell you everything so I will close now, and next time tell you of our experience in Chicago. We leave tomorrow at about 2 p.m. so we will get to see a little tomorrow. Goodbye my dear little wife. I will soon write some more. Nels. [Signs both Niels/Nels.]

Boston, Mass., Oct. 22, 1908

My Dear Loving Wife:

I am now in the city of Boston and the sooner I get out the better it suits me, because this is the damndest place I ever was in, or that I ever want to be in. The streets are at every angle you can think of, strait and crooked. One can get lost without trying.

I wrote to you last about my trip as far as Chicago, so I will start where I left off. After a peaceful sleep Monday night in the cool damp air at the Majestic Hotel we ventured into the narrow, busy streets of Chicago, where one is almost deafened by the noise made by the street cars above your head, and on the ground the large, heavy dray wagons, the striking of horseshoes upon the pavement, and the horrible noise made by the hundreds of news boys. After breakfast we arranged for our tickets and baggage for the Nickel Plate Route to Boston. After that myself with two others went up to Montgomery Ward & Co. as I told you on the card. We went up to the top story of the tower which is the 25th, 1,394 feet high. If the day had been clear we would have been able to see why out upon the Lake Michigan and the surrounding places. But the air was filled with the mist caused by the wind and the clouds of smoke arising from hundreds of smoke stacks.

We also went into the basement where the large boilers are which supply the building with heat and power. They make their own electricity by steam power. This is used to light the building and run the many elevators and machines which they use. The system they have of doing business is wonderful.

After a few more street scenes were taken and diner was eaten it was time to hunt the

train which left for Buffalo at 2:32. After riding the train all day and night we reached Buffalo about 10 o'clock. We went from there to Niagara Falls, reaching this place at 10:30 a.m. There we enjoyed ourselves viewing the beautiful natural scenes of the Niagaras. The pictures of this place are nice and beautiful but there is no picture that can explain and show the waters as they really are. The prettiest part of the falls is found on the Canadian side of the river. Here the falls form a horseshoe bend which is shown in the pictures which I sent to you. At this place we placed a rubber suit around us and stepped into an elevator which lowered us 100 feet below the surface of the earth, from there we followed a tunnel 700 feet which led us downward right under the falls. We certainly were under water. After that we went to the top of a 50 foot building to view the river and falls. The water as it dashed down 158 feet into the gorge beneath would send sprays back that would soak us in a very short time if we remained there. This was on the Canadian side. After that the car took us back to America. There are four steel suspension bridges across the gorge at this particular point, which certainly denote the skill and ingenuity of man. As you cross these bridges and look down you find a space of about 300 feet between yourself and the rushing water beneath. There are 3 small and one large island out in the river above the falls. There are bridges which lead out to all of them. Well dear wife I will tell you more about the Niagaras when I see you. I must now proceed with my experiences of today.

The train left Niagara at 5:55 p.m. It carried us back to Buffalo and from there to Boston. We rode the train once more all night and arrived here at 12:40 today. I haven't seen the ocean yet but expect to see it tomorrow. We sail from here Saturday 9:30 a.m. I would rather be on the ocean than in Boston. If a man wants his pockets picked I think here is the place to get them picked. Only about half the people are white, the balance are from all the rest of the nations of the world. Tonight while we were on the streets a fire department came down through the crowded street on a dead run. Talk about crowded places, this is one. I will write again tomorrow if I get a chance. Your loving Husband.
xxxxx Nels

Boston, Mass., Oct. 23, 1908

My Dear Darling Wife –

It is now 6 o'clock p.m. and I have just come into my room. I have seen so much today that I care to see no more. So I thought I would spend the evening by writing. You know I wrote to you last night and said I didn't like Boston. Well I haven't changed my mind much yet. This morning myself and others took a walk out to the docks and seen the men loading our ship. There are three large derricks that draw up the loads of goods and lower them into the bottom of the ship. Our ship is about 700 feet long and 75 feet wide. It certainly is a bird. It is the largest I have yet seen in the harbor and I have seen about 50. We were on the deck but did not enter the inside. The name is Republic. I am getting quite anxious to sail so I will get to my destination, and get broke in, for I am getting enough of sight seeing and lounging around. I saw my trunk today for the first time since I left S. L. City. It was alright.

After making a visit at the docks we had dinner, then about 30 of us Utah Guys got in a sightseeing auto car and took in Boston. There was a man with who explained every

place of interest. We were taken to the Navy Yards and saw the war vessels. We saw the old war vessel named Massachusetts, called Old Iron Sides because it won so many battles of the British approaching. This was across the bay from the Old Church. We were in the Old Church just for curiosity. After that we were taken to the slums of Boston. This is the center of the marketing district. Viola, you can't imagine how crowded this part is. It's just like 200 couples dancing in Clark's Hall. The streets are only about 30 feet wide. The people of Boston must have a great deal of patience or they would never navigate in these streets. Next we entered the dwelling district. This is a much nicer place for a person can breathe a little fresh air here. There are many mansions of beautiful structure in this place. We saw the old state house where the Declaration of Independence was first read. Saw the house where the national hymn America was first sung. Boston is noted very much for its history. There were many other places of interest that I won't take time to mention.

Well my dear loving wife tomorrow I will bid dear old America goodbye for two years. I feel well and hope you are all the same. It seems like I am never going to get to Sweden. If I get across the Atlantic I will still have England and the North Sea to cross. I believe there are 68 in our company and we are becoming so acquainted that it will seem hard to part. Well dearest be good to yourself and visit my folks as much as possible. I am expecting a letter from you when I reach Liverpool. Tell your folks hello and give my best regards to all who inquire about me. May God present His richest blessings upon you are my best wishes.

Your Loving Husband, Niels Fugal, Middle Atlantic

Atlantic Ocean, Oct. 29, 1908

[Stationery, 'White Star Line, S.S. "Republic."' Drawing of ship, two masts, a stack, two more masts, no port holes.]

My Dear Loving Wife Viola,

It is with great pleasure that I take time to write a few words to my dear Wife. We left Boston promptly at 9:30. The steamer gave a horrible whistle, one that I had never heard before. This was for everyone to get ready. All the men loading goods were ordered to stop and everyone was at their place. There were three tugboats that assisted the enormous vessel to get into deep water. After the Republic got a start she passed every other in the harbor.

As we sailed out of the Boston harbor I saw over a hundred vessels, large and small. The Republic is the largest one I have seen yet. Its capacity is 15,400 tons. They say that the White Star Line has some with 21,000 tons capacity. They must be whales if they are larger than the one we are aboard. The Republic is 67 feet wide and about 700 feet long. Just think of it, as long as a block in P.G. There are about 500 people aboard and about 200 of them are men employed by the ship company. So you see there are about 300 passengers. The ship can accommodate about 2,000.

Dearest, I think it was hard enough to leave you at Salt Lake but it would have been much more sorrowful if I left you at sea. I noticed many people at the harbor who bid their

friends goodbye and it was quite a touching scene. It made me reflect. It was only about a half hour when we could see land no more. It doesn't seem like we are going very fast, but we can't travel only about half as fast by sea as by land. When it is smooth sailing, this vessel makes about 17 miles per hour. The first day the ocean was very calm, there was hardly any motion in the water only what the great steamer made. Everyone felt fine the first day and slept good the first night. The second day was Sunday and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves pretty much this day. The thing was still new. This day we set our watches ahead 68 minutes. We were then three hours and eight minutes ahead of Utah time. When we were waiting for dinner I thought for a moment of home, and I could picture you just getting ready for Sunday School.

Well dearest it isn't always smooth sailing. It seemed as though the two first days were fine just to invite us farther into the hungry waters of the Atlantic. The third day was Monday. This day we started to pass [time], by playing games which are furnished on the ship. Towards evening the waves began to roll and the games began to cease. I can't explain the feeling one gets while riding a rocking ship, but as soon as you get done reading this letter just whirl around five minutes as fast as possible and then you will know about how it feels to ride a ship in a rough sea. Nearly everyone ate their supper Monday. Tuesday we woke up finding the ocean just a little more rough. It kept getting rougher, and towards evening there were several passengers that were sick. This was the day that some commenced to fast. The ship is large and heavy but the waves tossed it about just like it was a cork. The weather kept getting colder, the wind kept getting harder, the ship kept getting more restless. All day Tuesday and Wednesday the ship rocked and the passengers kept growing sick. I don't believe I slept over an hour Tuesday night. But I haven't the least reason for kicking for I haven't been sick a minute since I left home. My bed is at the side of the ship, and all night Tuesday I was moving up and down. The space that I traveled while swinging would form a quarter circle. There are two more that sleep in my room but we each have a bed. One of my partners was very sick but he is getting better now. This morning when we woke we found the ocean much more calm.

So far I have enjoyed my trip pretty well but I don't care how quick we see land. I have seen so much water now that I believe I could live on a dry farm. You might think you could see an awful long distance on the ocean but it looks to me like the horizon is about twenty-five miles away. The first day we saw many ships but now we see about one every day. Some are close and some nearly out of sight. We expect to get to Queenstown Saturday afternoon. This is where we will send our mail. We arrive at Liverpool sometime Sunday, and I expect we will be glad to once more place our feet on soil. I don't know when I will reach Sweden but it will be in about a week. I think now that I can cross the North Sea without getting sick. I feel very bad for those who were sick and would have been willing to share my well days with their sick ones if it were possible.

The elders are becoming just like brothers to me and I will hate to part with them. We have traveled together for two weeks now, but it will only be about two more days when some of us will part. Nearly half of us go over to Scandinavia and Sweden. When I am sent out alone to meet my partner I suppose I will feel somewhat different but I have had all the traveling I want for awhile, and the sooner I get down to work the better. I feel well and hope you are all the same. I will try to write again when I reach Liverpool.

From Your Dearest Darling Nels.

North Sea, Nov. 3, 1908

My Dear Darling Wife –

It is now 8 o'clock p.m. here, but it is only 12 o'clock noon where you are. In my long travel eastward I have gained 8 hours. I just had supper and feel like I can't keep from writing to you. My dear, you can't imagine how glad I felt when I heard from you, at Liverpool. [I do not have this letter; in fact, the first four of almost 100 letters Viola wrote are missing. If anyone has the content of any of the four, please share.] It seems a long time before I will receive another letter from you, so I will send you the headquarters' address at Stockholm. I expected to hear from my folks but I was disappointed. You gave them my address, did you not dearest?

Well dearest, I have sent you five letters and I hope you have received them all. When you answer please tell me whether you have or not. The last one I wrote you was last Thursday when I was on the Atlantic. After Thursday the weather was very good and the sea was calm. Everyone on board commenced to get well and eat their meals again. Saturday we were all glad because we expected to see land once more, for it had been a week since we left Boston. At about 2 p.m. we saw at a long distance, through the foggy mists, the rolling hills of old, green Ireland. The City of Queenstown which is located in the southern part of Ireland was reached at about 8 o'clock. There the steamer was anchored and a small steamer came out to get a few of our Irish friends and their baggage. It was here I sent the last letter. It was but a few moments till we were sailing full speed towards Liverpool.

Next morning we arose quite early and exercised our eyes by looking at the numerous vessels in the English Channel and the coast of the Great Country of England. At last we were at the Liverpool docks where hundreds of vessels are all the time and where many people gather to welcome their friends whom they expect from other countries.

There were four or five elders to meet us, and arrange for a hack to take us to the hotel. While passing through the winding and crooked streets of Liverpool for about a mile and a half we saw many of England's old buildings. As old as England is, it seems to me as though they have much room for improvement yet. They have some very odd looking carriages. Nearly all their wagons are only carts. They have some very nice, large horses and when they use two the one is generally ahead of the other, which is between the shafts. It looks odd to see a large load of baled hay on a cart. The men generally always walk when they have a load. It seems like nearly all the people look alike. They look Irish to me. They remind one of the Irishmen that one always sees when to a theatre. I am not making fun, but this is the fact. I suppose they are alright, at least they are very polite. You can't see very many large men like you can in the U.S. They are nearly all the size of Alex Ellis.

There was one thing that touched my heart when I landed in this city and that was to see the many poor people on the streets. No sooner had we reached the street till about a

dozen women and small boys nearly begged us to death to buy their old apples and matches. It was the first day of November and some of the children had very ragged clothes and no shoes. It makes a fellow feel like giving something to them but there are so many that you couldn't do it. I haven't seen a place yet that is as good as Utah. I will appreciate home if I every get there. After arranging for transportation to Copenhagen we bid farewell to our friends who were to remain in Great Britain. It seemed hard to part with the crowd I had so long been with but it will be much harder when I say goodbye to the elders at Copenhagen and Stockholm. But if there never is a beginning there will never be an end so the quicker the better. Oh dearest I wish you could have been with me and see what I have seen. I certainly have enjoyed my trip. We left Liverpool at 2:30 p.m. Monday. England is a great manufacturing place but it has its pretty green fields as well. The first part of our journey across England was very interesting to me because I saw the men out in the fields working. They have very small farms but very well taken care of. As we went west we entered the rolling part of England. It looks very beautiful, the rolling hills being covered with green grass.

We didn't go to Hull but we went to Grimsby. They are both in the same bay. We arrived here at 7:30 so you see we crossed England in 5 hours. The trains travel very fast but they are much smaller than America's. No sooner had we reached Grimsby docks till we were on our way to the ship which was only about a block away. We had supper on board the ship and set sail at 9 o'clock. This was 10 o'clock in Danish time. Well dearest I could sit and write to my dear wife all night but my letter won't hold it. I am now nearly across the North Sea. We reach Esbjerg at midnight. In the morning we take rail to Copenhagen. We will reach there tomorrow night so I will have a change to cross Denmark in the daytime. Well dearest write to me as soon as you get this one. It will cost 5¢ postage to mail a letter to Sweden. Please give my address to my folks and have them write to me also.

From Your Dear Humble Husband, Niels.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, Nov. 5th, 1908

[Envelope from Box 147, addressed to Svartensgaten, Stockholm, Europe (corrected to Svartöstaden, Luleå), Sweden, plus forwarding markings, 5¢ postage.]

Dear Brother – [From Stena, two years older than Niels.]

We received your cards that you sent us from Boston OK and are anxious to hear from you again. It is over a week since we heard. Suppose you are in Liverpool by now and that you got our letters that we sent you there. Know doubt you are anxious to hear from us again.

Nov. 6th. Did not finish my letter last night. I got too sleepy to think. Monday night there was a theatre here entitled "Bunco in Arizona." Ida, Chris and I went. It was fine. Viola, Ida, Chris and I and the rest of them were out to the dance Tuesday night. Wm. Clark read the returns of the election at the dance. We had a pretty good time but we mist you there. Ida went home Wednesday. She was quite anxious to get home. She has so many dresses to sew before Xmas. Got a letter from Van Horns the other day. They said the Rio Grand train passed right by there place and if they had known that you went on

that line they would have been out and waved at you. We had a pretty fine time at the Sunday School teachers party. By the way they have not put anyone in yet to take your place. Hope you enjoyed your trip across the pond and was not very sick. Everybody gets sick a little. Today Jens and Louis and Louis's brother-in-law are out to Gussie's digging spuds. They have got all the spuds dug out north but not all the beets yet. The weather is lovely now and has been for a week. And if it continues so for a few more days they will get all the crops done.

Ray Carlson is a dady now. He has a dater. Today mother and I are going to American Fork. It is Aunt Stena's birthday. Last Saturday was Mr. Clayton's. We went out there and had a fine time. Jennie Rasmuson is married. She married Pat Chadwick from American Fork. Kate Frampton is going to get married right soon also. Oh yes! Old man Everson is dead. Mrs. Everson and Junius are happy now. Maggie Adamson and Ben Adams are married. This is all the locals I can think of for this time. Hope you are well and enjoying yourself very much and that you may be successful in your labors. Write to us often. We are all well at present. Say Niels, we are frying fish for dinner. Wish you could have some. Your Sis, Stena. Mother sends her love.

P.S., Chris says he endorses the remarks of Mrs. Clayton and that he will write you when you get to your destination. Hope you will receive our letters OK. Ernest says tell Niels Hello.