

[Letter from Lavina to Niels Mar. 8th 1910, continued from last set.]

Well Niels, can say we have spent a good winter, although it has been a very long and cold one. There has not been much contagion in town and although the minor ailments are bad enough, we feel blessed that so little of the bad diseases has been prevalent in P.G. After all, P.G. is the best place on earth. "Didn't you think I knew," for I have lived here all my life? I understand we will soon have the pleasure of having Lawrence Monson's verdict on that.

Just think of it, Niels, one year and four months have gone since you left home! In one way it seems impossible that you have been gone so long and we take it from your letters that the time is flying fast for you also. That is good and that speaks for itself. It is a pleasure to read your letters. They have the right ring with them and I don't wonder that somebody feels proud of her baby boy in Sweden.

Must tell you that I was over to your place a few minutes ago and what should I find but a dear little lump of pink and white spooning with Viola. It can say pat-a-cake ever so cute now and just fairly laughs with her bright little eyes. It wears pink stocking and when it gets tired of watching the movements of those chubby little hands, it pulls away at these little pink stockings and then pat-a-cake and "goo goo" to make the picture complete. She has one lover already. Roy [Jens and Lavina's fourth child, three years old] has the manners of a Frenchman. He takes one of Melba's hands in both of his and of course he kneels to her as he kisses her hand. Neither can he resist the temptation of squeezing it.

Say Niels, a lady in Provo told me the other day that she thought I was no more than 20 years of age. Of course I felt quite flattered, but the more I think of it, the more it was due to the pretty dress Viola made for me. In a way I feel ashamed to mention anything about the dress because they turned other sewing away in order to do mine, and when it came to settling up, they refused to take a cent and somehow I felt like a postage stamp that had been licked about twice. However I appreciate it very much but felt that it was an imposition in as much as they turned away other sewing and put off their own.

Am going to talk about the weather now. The last few days it has been simply beautiful. The ground has been drying fast and people are putting in their grain. There have been about a dozen ask for the seeder today. Jens and Lou are plowing. It certainly seems good to be able to go out of doors without rubbers and to be able to get the mud out of the house without the assistance of horse and scraper. We have had some severe winds here and in one storm about three barns went over, according to one of the locals.

John Halliday gave Jens and I for the advocate Sunday night, Roylance and Co.'s packing house would have gone over had not A.K. Thornton and sons had a lean on it. He wondered if they knew of the coming winds and took that necessary precaution rather than pay up.

It is sundown now and soon time for Mutual so I must give this pen and your patience a rest for now and it is my good intention to try them both very soon again. Last night there were ten girls here to study the lesson so I feel that we are partly prepared and that seems good because for the past two months we have hardly known where we were at since

Luella practically dropped out of our association having moved into the second ward. She now says she will stay with us the remainder of the season. That sounds good to us.

The children have written you a number of letters and it is our fault that they have not gone off since our letters have not been ready when theirs were. I haven't the courage to apologize again for not writing oftener but Niels, rest assured that our thots are with you continually and our best wishes are in your behalf. May God bless you with health and strength and in the furtherance of the cause of Truth. With love, I remain, Your Sister, Lavina.

Provo, Utah, Mar. 11th 1910

Dear Bro:

It is a long time since I received your most welcome letter, I was very glad to hear from you. I have been thinking about writing to you for a long time but that is as far as I have got, it is a good thing for you that I am not the only one that writes to you, and of course I hear from you occasionally thro the folks.

Stena was down visiting with us for three days, she couldn't stay longer on account of Ernest, you know, he goes to school. Ma stayed with for ten days, don't you think she did well. We went and visited Mary Carlson Jacobs one afternoon and took coffee with her, then we visited Annie Tell one afternoon and Mrs. Shoemaker Nielson another. We had a good time at all the places. Then we took in the shows and one lecture, Ma seemed to enjoy herself.

We are having some very beautiful weather now the roads are all dry, that does seem such a treat, for we have had a long cold winter, the best winter we have had for years. John has started to haul brick for one new house, he took the third load up today, he just hauls one load a day, then works at the cellar till night. He says it will be quite a job to dig it because when he gets down about two feet it will be so gravelly.

Well Niels, by the time you get this letter you will have been gone for one and one half years, so time is going alright, but I guess it don't go quite so fast for you as it does for us at home. Take good care of yourself so you may keep well, and it won't be long till you can come home. You will have quite a girl when you get home, she is growing so nice and she is just as sweet as she can be, when you see her you will be proud as a peacock of her. It is over one month since I seen her, I don't go home as often as I used to. I have no news to tell you so will close, trusting all is well with you and wishing you success in all your undertakings, I remain your Loving Sis Carrie. Write soon.

Gefle, March 11th 1910

Dear Darling Wife;

It is now 11 a.m. and I have written a letter to Mrs. Brita Gustaveson and one to Mr. Jens Fugal so while I am in a humor to write I will write the third to you. Your welcome long looked for letter of Feb. 20th came to hand and the contents were read with great joy.

[Lots more Viola letters missing. Last one in the box was dated February 5th, and the next one in the box is March 14th.] I am glad you and babe are well and that you seem to be feeling OK. It is always nice to hear that everybody thinks Melba is so sweet and good, but it is no wonder when we stop to notice that her mother is also blessed with these attributes. They say, "by their fruits ye shall know them," so you see we can know what you are by the dear little child you have.

You say you are quite anxious for me to come home. Well I don't blame you at all for I also would like to be with you where we could have a fullness of joy, but wait just a little while and that happy time will come. Time goes very fast to me but I suppose it does not go so fast for you, for you are tied to one place and your life is more of a sameness thereby making it a little tiresome at times, while a missionary has many things to draw his attention making many contrasts and varieties in his experiences.

Today we are invited out to dinner with an old lady and gentleman who are very kind to the elders and who like us to call on them quite often. We have many friends here now and I am making more every day as I canvass the town. I find many people who will not even talk to me when they learn who I am but occasionally we greet someone who is seeking for truth, but it takes so much reasoning, persuading and preaching to convert them of the truth when they hear it. Our division is not vanished yet here in our congregation but I think we will soon have things in good shape again, but we may have to cause some of the members to leave the church if they don't repent from this ungodly slander and backbiting and finding fault with those who are in authority to set them right. I will certainly be glad when peace is restored for the work will seem to roll on much easier then and better results will be derived from our efforts for where there is no harmony the Spirit of God will not dwell and we cannot expect any progress. We have some nice warm investigators now and I believe they will be ripe for baptism when warm weather comes if we can keep them on the right track.

Now while I think of it I want to ask you again if Aunt Lettie ever received that letter I sent her. I have asked you before but you never answered me. Please also send me your father's address so I can write to him. I suppose he thinks I have forgotten my father-in-law but I haven't and I should like to send a Swedish letter to Aunt Hanner.

I understand you have had quite a severe winter so I suppose you will be glad to have the merry spring time make its appearance and set life into every living thing. We will have winter here for about two months yet but that makes no difference to us for we can accomplish our work just the same. It has been quite mild weather the last month and the snow is melting rapidly. We may have another young winter before spring opens up.

Well dearest I received a letter from Stena yesterday which was accompanied by five dollars from Mrs. Gustavson and five dollars from the Scandinavians amusement committee, so you see I have some friends and I feel thankful for them. I hope I may use the money to good advantage in promulgating the work of the Lord in this foreign country where the people need to be taught the gospel of Christ.

We will have conference May 7th and 8th so that time will soon be here and then I suppose there will be some changes made. I think I will be sent back to this place but I am not

sure. I would like just as well to work here as any other place in the mission but I am willing to go wherever they send me. Be good to yourself dear wife and make life as pleasant as possible. Kiss Melba a few for me and accept a dozen from your husband Nels. xxxxxxxxxx Write soon.

Pleasant Grove, Ut., Mar. 14, 1910

My Dear Husband:

I guess it has been nearly a week since I wrote to you and so I take great pleasure in writing again. We are quite well. Melba is coughing a little again. It seems like she has a cold all the time. I hope that you are well and enjoying yourself. Well dear in about eight more months I will be waiting and watching for you to be released and in ten months I will be looking for you to come home.

I believe I told you about going to that Scandinavian dance and what a nice time we had. The Relief Society are going to have a dance Thursday night and maybe I will go to that too. A week ago Sun. I went to Sunday School and then to afternoon meeting and to Conjoint at night. Last Sunday I didn't go to Sunday School but I went to meeting. We had quite a good meeting. June Hayes was one of the speakers and I enjoyed his talk. Sant Walker was asking about you and he sends his best regards. I went up to your mother's after meeting and spent the afternoon and evening. They played the graphophone and we had a nice time. Ora Harvey and Arnold West are to be married right away. Well Nels the time is passing quickly and about the next thing we know you will be home again. It seems such a long time since you left that it is more like a dream than anything else that I ever knew you. I have heard that Lawrence Monson will soon be home.

I got a letter from Pa the other day. They are all well and he wishes to be remembered to you. I guess you get all the papers so you can read the news yourself. I guess Annie has sold her place and will buy her a home either here or in Provo this summer. Melba is as sweet as ever and is growing so fast she will soon be as big as her mother. I guess this is as long a letter as you care to read so will say goodbye. Write often and longer letters. Your loving Wife Viola.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, Mar. 16th 1910

Dear Bro. –

Received your very welcome letter a couple of days ago and was very pleased to hear from you and to note that all is well with you. We are all well and busy. The weather now is just lovely, the ground is dry all over and the farmers are busy putting in grain. Both seeders are extra busy. Yesterday the boys had a carload of machinery come in. Alvin Carlson and Lew were hauling freight all day, if they sell all they have bought they will do a rushing business. Ten movers, four binders, eight spring tooth harrows, a big lot of common plows and harrows, etc., etc. was in the car. It pays better to have it come in bulk but it makes them hard to catch when it does come. Chris told me this morning that the freight on the car was \$384.00 alone. At present there is a good prospect of a good

fruit crop and other crops too. But of course we must not count the chickens before they are hatched.

In my last letter I believe I told you that Lerina's baby was very sick, it is not much better yet. It has had a drainage tube in its side for ten days. The doctor thinks it might pull through.

Say Niels, I am making cake. Mother said just now, "Stena you better take the cake out of the pans," so I will have to quit for about five minutes. Well that job is done, don't you wish you could have some?

Ellen Nielson has just come over to card wool, we are going to make a quilt for Mrs. Gustaveson for her birthday. Mrs. Lim received your letter for her birthday, she seemed pleased to think that you could remember when it was. I notice in the Citizen that Alma Monson and Mart are missionary companions, it is strange that both of you should have the same companion. We are glad that you have a good companion, in fact I understand that you have two. I am glad to note that you are busy, it will be time for you to come home before you know it.

Viola and baby and Annie and her children were up to see us Sunday. They were all feeling fine. A week ago Ernest and I went to Provo to visit Carrie and John, we had a good time.

James T. Thorne of Idaho, Fay's father, died a couple of days ago, everybody in town are very much astonished. He was such an intelligent man. Everybody in town feels so sorry for him and his family. I don't know any news particularly only I am going down town this afternoon. We will send a check for you in this letter, it won't be as large as usual but will send more before long. Be sure and write in plenty time for money cause sometimes the boys are a little slow at sending. The boys are sending \$25.00 and mother \$5.00.

I have stopped writing three times since I started my letter so if you find it somewhat disconnected you will know why. Jens is busy plumbing, it takes lots of time to talk business. Business is business you know. I can hear the anvil ringing and mother's and Ellen's cards a humming, and the children laughing.

D. N. Adamson is arrested for selling booze so I will send a clipping out of the paper. He has not got his sentence yet. Will let you know next letter how it comes out. [Article very lengthy, states three local boys were picked up drunk with bottles of whiskey, confessed where obtained rather than go to jail (city recently voted in prohibition). Adamson owned and operated the Star Saloon at the head of Main Street (1901-1920), and was arrested. [Saloon, top right building in photo. In the row, left next is the Fire Station, The Baxter Building, and the Hawley House (hotel).] Paid his bail of \$250, arrested again with three more counts, adding up to \$1,000 bond, so he remained jailed. He wrote a letter to the city council asking, for the sum of \$200, to be released and he would in exchange not sell, barter nor give away any more liquor and would "take the paint of his windows." The mayor was incensed by this, calling it either an insult or a bribe, and offered his resignation rather than to consider it. The councilmen, Joseph E.

Thorne and John C. Nelson, were embarrassed claiming they thought it their duty to consider any petition. The mayor, A. E. Cooper, pointed out that in addition to the fact that Adamson had offered gold to the three drunks to perjure themselves, petitions from jailbirds were inappropriate.

Good article at <http://www.media.utah.edu/UHE/p/PROBHIBITION.html>, locally voted in Utah 1909, went statewide in 1917, federal 1919-33.]

[Coming down the street in the photo, the buildings are: the bank, the pharmacy (became Review office), Mason's Clothing Store (Vilace Radmall's, Allie's younger brother), Clark Hall set back (City Hall), unknown (torn down re City Hall), Clark Brothers Store (the IGA).]

Be good to yourself Niels and write soon. You have been good to write in the past and I know you will be in the future. The folks send their love to you. From your Sis. Stena. P.S. Since I wrote my letter Lerina's baby has died. They are all broke up about it.

Gefle, March 18th 1910

My Dear Darling Wife:

Once more I will be so kind as to do you the honor as to write you a few lines. The weeks pass quite rapidly and I know you like a letter from your man every week, so I take pleasure in trying to satisfy your desires even if I don't receive a letter from you every week.

It is a beautiful Friday morning with the welcome sun adding to the charms of the sky. There is a slight breeze setting the myriads of atmospheric atoms into motion causing the branches of the trees to bow and sway as if they were beckoning to each other. The barren places of the ground have just enough frost in them to make it pleasant walking without getting mud on our rubbers. The atmosphere is very mild and so inviting that it is a great temptation for us to go out and take a morning walk. But I won't find time to go off this forenoon as I am going to press my clothes as soon as I have written this letter.

We are invited this afternoon to visit an old lady who is 72 years old today. She is one of our investigators and the mother to one of our saints. She wishes us to drink chocolate with her today and talk with her so we accepted her invitation with pleasure.

Tomorrow we are invited out for dinner and then at 1:37 p.m. I am going to take the train to a place called Lörstrand which is about 150 miles north from Gefle. We have a nice family of saints there and they would like to have us visit them. Bro. Beckstrom will meet me there and we are going to try to hold some meetings. Elders Woodard and Benson are out of money so they cannot go with, so I wrote to Beckstrom and told him to meet me there if possible and I just received a card from him stating that he would be at Lörstrand Sunday. It will seem nice to get out and preach to a strange congregation for a change. Here in Gefle I have to talk every Sunday and it is difficult to get new talking material each time. We have new investigators every time so it makes it quite encouraging. We are not orators nor great preachers but still it seems as though the

saints never tire of hearing us talk. Some of the members say they would not miss a meeting for anything so you can tell they are quite interested. Our people at home don't realize the great opportunities they have at home and they don't value the good talks that they could hear each Sunday if they would only go to meeting where they belong.

[Mart Christiansen spoke at Niels' funeral in December of 1958, and said: "We were called on a mission together.... We didn't work together in the same conference but we kept in close touch with one another.... I contacted some people who knew him who came down to Stockholm. I said, 'Do you know Brother Fugal?' 'Oh yes,' one girl said, 'You should hear him preach the gospel. He don't stand back of the pulpit, he goes right down in the aisles and he preaches to them on both sides when he preaches the gospel.' ...I visited him and I saw an example of his preaching. That's exactly what he did. He started out, but before he got through he was right down in the aisles talking to the people on both sides and I was wondering why he didn't convert the whole neighborhood."]

In Utah we have some of the best speakers in the world for the simple reasons that they are inspired by the Holy Spirit to say those things which are for the benefit of the saints. There is nothing more nourishing to me than to read the splendid discourses which are found in the Desert News and oh! how much more influence would they not have upon me if I could be present in the great Mormon Tabernacle and hear the words as they fall from the lips of those inspired men. Oh! if the people could only awake from their deep sleep and take a birds-eye-view of the great work which God is causing to be accomplished among his people in this day and age of the world. Think of the many great opportunities that we are allowing to slip through our fingers without as much as seeing what blessings they would be to us if we would but take advantage of them when we know that we cannot be saved faster than we gain knowledge. I think it is high time for people to awake and become acquainted with those principles which are essential for our salvation.

Excuse me dear wife for writing you such a long letter but you know what the heart is full of the mouth speaketh and I can't help but write about these things which look so plain to me. I wish I were with you so we could talk about these glorious things which make life a real joy when we sense them. Oh! dearest I am glad we are married and that we were married the proper way so we will always be one and can go through not only this life together but through all time and eternity. I hope I may be worthy of you at all times and that I will have strength to resist the appearance of evil whenever I come in contact with it. At present my heart is swelled with pure love and I never felt better in my life.

May my feelings and thoughts inspire yours to be in harmony so that we may both exercise pure joy and happiness. Remember me in your prayers dear wife. I remain yours forever Niels. Kiss Melba for her papa. xxxxxooox

Pleasant Grove City, Utah, March 27 1910

[Written on Pleasant Grove City letterhead, which notes: Mayor, A. E. Cooper; Councilmen W. R. Frampton, J. C. Nelson, J. E. Thorne, Alex Thornton, E. F. Wadley; Jos. Hilton, Recorder; Helen Carson, Treasurer; D. M. Smith, Marshal; Mons Monson, Justice of the Peace; Thos. Larson, Watermaster; D. M. Smith, Sup. Streets; F. S.

Humphries, Sexton; S. F. Walker, Poundkeeper; J. P. Fugal, Sup. Waterworks]

Dear Brother:

Your letter of the 11 inst. came today, and we were glad to hear from you once more and to note that you are fairly well. I say fairly well because you do not seem to be so healthy as you have been, perhaps you worry more than one man ought to. If you do, cut it out, as nothing is gained by worrying. I know it is easier to say not to do it than it is to not do it: be that as it may, take care of yourself and don't worry much about the Swedes over there. It is often very unpleasant and no matter what one does he cannot suit everybody.

The Sunday schools were held conjointly today when a good Easter program was given. The tabernacle was full except the choir seats. Stake priesthood meeting was held here this p.m. at 2:30 but I did not go as John and Carrie was over.

By the time they left and milking was over I would be late for sacrament meeting which is held evenings the day we have priesthood meeting and just before doing chores Clarence Hilton and Everet West brought each a load of goods from S. L. Howel Co. which I helped unload. We have two loads more to be brought, one from Utah Imp. Co. and one from Murray. Our car of machinery came about two weeks ago but we did not have enough spring tooth harrows. We only get ten, and have sold 15, and the load from Utah Imp. Co. is more harrows. Our car of buggies will be here in about – well when they get here – but they were shipped on the 20th so 10 more days ought to bring them. The season opened up early so we are a little behind with our buggies as we have some competition. Ringbone Thomas, the lime burner – used to be – the wonderful farmer and a cuss to preach is selling Studebaker's line. We sold out last year and have good hopes for this year.

It is rainy weather now so I don't know just how soon we will be through sowing. We have plowed about 2-1/2 acres of Mrs. Odoe's lucerne, up and planted wheat 3 a. in the old field and are getting 5 acres ready for oats on the 10 a. field and we are going to plant one acre of barley. We got the 2nd contract for this precinct for 6 acres of beets so you see we believe in growing them. I told you in my last letter that the potatoes were almost a failure and it matters not much as Roylance is offering 40¢ bu. at S. Lake City. I have had Swen Nelson, he's helping me 4 days. Alvin Carlson has helped about a week and will likely help me another so I can catch up a little.

This is a duck's mixture of a letter but no doubt you will like it better than none at all. Will try to write more before long, and in closing I wish to impress upon you the necessity of taking care of yourself. With kindest love I am your brother J. P. Fugal.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, March 27h 1910

Dear Bro:

It was with no small degree of pleasure that we rec'd and read another of your ever-welcome letters. Just a few minutes before Chris handed it to me, your mother had asked if we had received a letter from you recently. I could only answer in the negative, saying

with a guilty conscience that we deserved none. Carrie too looked somewhat guilty. By the way, it is Easter Sunday and a very nice time we have had. Carrie and John were over and Viola and her little sweetheart came up this afternoon. The day was not extra warm, yet not so bad that we could be out of doors if we wished. This morning we attended Sunday School and as you will notice in the Citizen, the three wards met together where an excellent program was rendered. The auditorium was full. I just discovered that Jens has told you all I have written, which by the way isn't much.

Your mind picture your dear old P.G. as it looks now with the opening up of spring is very pretty and surprisingly accurate. The apricots have been in full bloom for a week and peach blossoms are just ready to burst forth into the bright sunshine and as you say, the bees are busy gathering nectar from the various blossoms. Our lawns are beautifully green and I don't think that Rheumatics et al would mind a nice stroll out amid the cheat grass. I have pansies, violets and daffodils in bloom and some of the trees are putting forth their leaves. That little crab apple tree by the fireplace over to your home is a picture of verdure. What we are afraid of now is Frost, but we must not cross the bridge until we get to it. During our warm spell a couple of weeks ago, the thermometer reached 86° in the shade and a couple of nights ago it neared the freezing point. The workings of the elements are certainly wonderful.

Well Niels, I will say so long for now. Please excuse such an empty letter. With love and best wishes from all, I Remain Your Sister Lavina.

Be good to Niels. 'Tis well to work and work hard but not too hard.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, March 27, 1910

Dear Bro. Nels:

I hope you haven't quite forgotten us yet and so that you won't I am sending you these few lines. Viola says you have moved since we heard from you last. I hope it isn't quite so cold where you are now.

Viola and little Melba are going up to Salt Lake with us tomorrow to spend a few weeks. We would like awfully well to have you visit with us but I guess you almost wish that yourself now don't you. You ought to see your little girl, she is the sweetest little darling. We have a sweet little boy now too. Melba would make about two of him. Maybe Viola has told you we are living on a ten acre farm out in Sugar House Ward and I am raising chickens and geese so when you come home and begin farming you can get a start. Write to us and let us know how you are. From Esther, Ike, and Verdell, 2627 South 11th East, Sugar House Station, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Gefle, March 28th, 1910

My Dear Loving Viola;

Yesterday was a very beautiful Easter day and this morning everything is quite pleasant, even if there is a heavy mist of clouds hanging low in the sky. Yesterday as the sun's

bright rays beamed down into the city, giving life to everything and causing the blood to almost boil in my veins, I had a longing for something that I had experienced in the years of my childhood. It caused me to think of the times that I used to join my playmates on Easter Sundays and with a good supply of painted eggs we would ascend the gray hills lying east of P.G. and after wandering for hours we would select some choice place by the source of a creek, or on the green grass on the bank of a clear brook, that was making its way down the rocks and dodging the green pines and husky oaks, finally mingling with a larger stream, which was determined to soon reach the open valley below. There we would make ourselves comfortable while cracking eggs and feasting on them and our other goodies, as we would tell stories and view the beautiful scenery where we anticipated leaving our footprints in that same afternoon. Yes dearest these thoughts came to my mind and then I would think of you and wonder if you were spending a pleasant Easter with sweet little Melba.

But it would not do for me to allow myself to become lost in the thoughts of the past for I was now in Sweden on a mission, supposed to carry a message of great importance to the inhabitants of this northern region, and what was more pressing, in a few hours I would be expected to preach to a couple dozen pairs of ears and eyes that would be assembled in our little hall to hear some more about our glorious doctrines. So notwithstanding the thousands of miles that my mind was traveling, I was very quiet and calm, not even once going out upon the street or sidewalk, but I stood in the open door inhaling the fresh atmosphere that was made comfortable to be in, who was inviting jack frost to come out of the frozen lumps of snow and ice and meet him in fair play on the battlegrounds of nature.

[Letter from Niels to Viola, continued, next set.]