

[Letter continued from last, set, from Niels to Viola, March 28, 1910.]

Finally the time came that the small hand of the clock was on the V and with one accord strains of sweet music came from the throats of the people assembled as they sang one of the beautiful hymns of Zion. A prayer of thankfulness and protection was offered by one of the members, after which another hymn that was full of thought was sang and we all felt to rejoice on that beautiful "Easter" Sabbath day, as our minds were centered on our merciful Savior, who broke the bonds of death and appeared to his disciples eighteen hundred seventy seven years ago. The humble speakers of the day spoke as they were directed by the Holy Influence that was present, and when the closing hymn was sung everyone felt like singing to make manifest their feelings. The meeting came to a close by the prayer of an elder after which a general hand-shaking took place and one by one left the room with a "pleasant good night" and a "thank you." One new investigator had a desire to converse and ask questions about some points that were not clear to him, so he was kindly invited to remain after the rest had dispersed and a two hour conversation ensued, which was the means of making us better friends, if not fully united in our ideas. The gentleman left us with good feelings and a desire to come again which pleased the elders.

In summing up the whole matter and dividing by two, which is the more pleasant after all? The childhood days on the hills or the present life of a missionary? Oh! the childhood days were very pleasant and are the times that we become wrapped up in nature but they are only the means of preparing us for maturity, when we can receive pure joy by being leaders and teachers of the true principles of life. I love my present condition for I know if I am faithful I can perform a labor that will crown my future with joy and will prove a favor to my family.

Must say that I met with excellent success while at Lörstrand last week. Bro. Beckstrom met with me and we held two meetings that were well attended by intelligent people and after services we sold many books, two of them being Books of Mormon. We were heartily invited to come back at any time. The kindness shown us by the family of saints fills our hearts with joy and inspire us to diligence.

Excuse me dear wife for not writing sooner for I was taken up with very important business that isn't at all pleasant and that caused me to be in such a state of mind that I could not write. We will pursue our line of trouble again today, by visiting a member that has asked to be released from our church. It will be a happy day when peace is restored. I am every your loving husband. Niels Fugal. Write soon. xxxxxxxxxx

Pleasant Grove, Utah, March 30<sup>th</sup> 1910

Dearest Brother –

It is with pleasure that I endeavor to scratch off a line to you once more. I thought I would wait and write until we heard from you again, but nevertheless I feel like going ahead and perform my duties. My letters to you have not been so prompt of late, as they should be. A week passes before you know it, and I know a letter to you is always welcome as one from you is.

We are all well and trying to be busy. I believe I stated in my last letter that the boys had received a carload of machinery and are anxiously awaiting a car of buggies or part of a car, I think they said thirty jobs. So you can see that they will have something to do to get them all sold and then something more to do to get the money for what they sell.

Lew is still working here, he has been sorting potatoes for a couple of days, it was so stormy that he could not do much else. Today has been lovely, the sun has been shining nice and warm and today I appreciate the sun so I could do my washing out of doors. Lew is finishing trimming the raspberries. The apricots are out in bloom and have been for a week, the trees are also commencing to leaf out. If we keep on having nice weather it won't be long until the orchard will look like a flower garden. The lawn is nice and green, just lovely now to play on.

Last Sunday John and Carrie, Jens and Lavina, and your little wife were here. You know it was Easter, it rained Sat. and Saturday night, so we would not let the children go on the hills to eat their eggs, so they took their eggs and lunch and went to the top of the lot and clum upon the top of the old threshing machine to eat. You can bet they had a nice time. Even Glen Roy was there to.

Last night the MIA for the young men discontinued for the season. The Young Ladies will hold forth for some time yet. The 3<sup>rd</sup> ward is not to the foot in any of the organizations but there is always room for improvement. Anyone needs to be a little busy to keep up with the times.

Ally and Perlinda have moved up in Willie Stagg's house, they have rented it for the summer. Ally will be a papa before very long. Willie Stagg and his wife live in Salt Lake City, he has a job in there with his team. Henry got married last week, he lives in Mammoth. Lawrence Monson is on the road home, they expect him home on the 5<sup>th</sup> of April. I understand that he made a mash while in Sweden. I don't know whether it is true or not, if it is he has changed since he left here. He was so bashful, he did not dare say anything only Yes mum. Last Friday was Mrs. Gustaveson's birthday, mother and I did not go out as mother was not feeling very well. We are going out to see her tomorrow, we have made a nice quilt for her. She has not been to see us since last summer and then we went after her and brought her back. This week Aydelotte is having a sale, he is selling everything in his store, most everything is damaged by the smoke and water. Davy Adamson got fined \$300.00 for selling booze and had to give \$1000.00 bond. I haven't heard of any sprees for a week or two, so perhaps he is somewhat frightened.

Say Niels, your daughter is sweeter than ever. She can walk in a walking chair and will be able to say dad before long. You must take good care of yourself Niels and not work too hard. You must not expect to convert many, you do much good if you don't convert any, and there will be wayward Swedes after you have finished your mission and there always will be.

I have started to weave carpet. I am only going to make four pieces. I am too lazy to weave every day.

Your brother Chris is staying with his last mash, Miss Richardson, he was down to see her last Sunday night and stayed till half past twelve, so I guess they are all right yet. For a while I didn't know but he would be sending for a Swede if you could find one suitable. She is a nice girl but perhaps a little young for him. I will try to get him to put the wedding? off until you come home. [This is Delilah, the young woman he does marry, but not for more than another year ... but we're getting ahead of the story.]

You stated in your letter to Jens that you had lost your surplus flesh, we did not like to hear that as you looked just fine in your picture. Mother told me to tell you that she wants you to eat three big meals every day. You must not be too economical, it doesn't pay. And you must not worry, and not study too hard. I think myself if you follow her instructions you will be benefited thereby.

Ernest is getting ready for bed, he is on the go from morning till night and he is growing like a weed. If he keeps on growing he will be as big as a ten year old when you come back.

I notice that my letter is getting lengthy and there is not much in it either so I will close hoping to hear from you in the near future and hoping also that you are feeling fine. I am as ever Your Sis. Stena.

The folks send their love. Mother enclosed a dollar in this letter.

P.S. Pete Carlson has bought the Alldredge home, he paid \$1300.00 for it. The boys thought some of buying it for you but they thought it wasn't worth that much. The plaster is falling off the walls and it would have to be remodeled right away. They thought it would be better to put that money in a new house.

Provo, Utah, Mar. 31<sup>st</sup> 1910

My Dear Bro.

Again I take pleasure in writing you a few lines. I don't write to you very often, but I think of you just the same. It is a long time since I heard from you, I hope you are well and enjoying yourself. I imagine I can see you walking along the streets with your book case well filled with books, visiting your friends and some that are not friends, looking like a real president.

The weather is just fine and the roads are good, we have our garden in, peas, onion, carrots, beets and lettuce, and we have a small piece left for potatoes. The soil is very rich here, it looks almost like oat soil so we expect to have quite a nice garden. John has gone on the Bench, he brought the last load of face brick up that we will need for our new house. Next week he is going to start to haul adobes, it will take twice as many of them, because our walls are to be three feet thick. Don Clayton is helping him dig the cellar, that is quite a job, he struck the hard pan two and one half feet from surface.

Last Sunday we spent Easter over to Ma's, we had a good time. Viola and baby was there, they were both well, baby is doing just fine. Mother has been sick but she was

better. Erval went fishing last night after school, he caught about fifty suckers, so you can tell they are quite thick, he says he is going again tonight. Both the children are doing fine in school.

Well Dear bro. I don't know of any more to tell you. News is scarce. So will close hoping you will take good care of yourself so you may keep well as health is the main thing, and wishing you success in all your labors, I remain Your sister Carrie.

I was going to send you a dollar for an Easter dinner but I didn't get at it so will send it now and you can have Easter dinner when it gets there. How do you like Gefle by now? Are the people good to you or are they not nice to you. Ha. Ha. John says I must helsen you so good and that you must be good to Niels.

Salt Lake City, Utah, April 3, 1910

Dear Nels:

It is just a week today since I wrote to you last so I guess you are ready for another. I came in here Tues. in the wagon with Esther and Ike. We left home about nine o'clock and didn't get here till ten o'clock. We almost froze to death and got stuck twice. It was muddy and the roads were quite bad. It is Conference in here now and Pa and Annie came in to Conference this morning. We weren't expecting to see Pa so you see it was quite a pleasant surprise. Annie said that John and Carrie came up this morning on the morning train but I guess I won't get to see them. Stena isn't coming because your mother isn't very well. I don't know how long I will stay in here. Esther wants me to stay all summer but I don't think I shall. Joe is living out to Garfield and I guess I will have to go and see them awhile before I go back. Lawrence Monson is home but his folks are quarantined in with diphtheria so I guess he hasn't been home yet. I guess I will go to Conference tomorrow if it is a good day. It has been snowing all day today so we haven't been any place today. Melba has quite a bad cold, it seems like she has a cold all the time. I don't know what to do for her. I wish you were home, it seems like you have been gone about ten years now and it will seem ten more years before you get back. I am sick and tired of staying around without any place that I can call home. I do hope they don't keep you any longer than two years. I think that is long enough and especially for you. I wish they had sent you home instead of Lawrence Monson but I guess he is glad to get home too. I do wish we had some kind of a home but I don't suppose it will do me any good to wish that. I don't expect to have one for sometime and maybe never.

Do you remember Isabel Smith? Her mother is dead and she left nine children and Isabel is the oldest. Well Melba is crying so I will have to close so goodbye, write soon, Viola.

American Fork, Utah, April 10, 1910

Dear Cousin

It is with great pleasure I answer your letter. We were all glad to hear from you. We are all well and hope this few lines will find you the same. We are now having pleasant weather and the trees are all blooming and the crops growing fine. I expect all this kind

of work is off your mind and much more pleasant ones on it, for from your letter I see you are enjoying the work you have been called to do, and no doubt it is of more needed for there are still many which have not heard the gospel and but for our gospel would be left in the dark. Hoping you will have a good influence among your people together with good health. I will bring my letter to close hoping you will not be so long in answer as before. We all send our best wishes too. From Your Cousin, Ben. Carlson.

American Fork, Utah, April 11, 1910

Dear Nephew

I received your welcum letter and ve was glad to hear from you and was glad to hear that you are feeling well and I hope this lines will find you still feeling well and I am pleased to say that we are all well at present. We have had a good deal of sickness this winter but thank the Lord ve are all well now.

Well I don't know any news to tell you so I will close for this time and I ask the Lord to Bless and Prosper you in your Labor and Protect you from all harm that you may be able to fulfill your mission in honor and Return home in Safety is the Prayer and wish of your Brother. All the folks sends their best regards to you. Please accept the little bill you will find enclosed. I remain yours truly, J. J. Carlson. [John Jacob Carlson, younger brother of Hannah.]

Pleasant Grove, Utah, April 13<sup>th</sup>, 1910

Dear Brother –

Your long looked for and extra welcome letter came to hand a couple of days ago, and contents were noted with pleasure. Glad to note that you are busy, then we know that you have the spirit of your mission but at the same time you must not work too hard. You must leave something for someone else to do. Well Niels, it is one and a half years since you left your old home and to look at it one way it has passed very rapidly and to look at it another it is a long time since we saw your dear red face. Nevertheless we will appreciate it that much more when we do see it.

I suppose you are a regular Swede now and I imagine that I can see you on a Sunday just more than pounding the pulpit (and perhaps swinging your arms as you used to when you gave us Hogan's speech). We were pleased to note also that you had taken a trip out in the country, it always strengthens the saints testimonies to have the missionaries call on them and hold meeting, and it does you good at the same time. Glad you are laboring in a good branch, one can do more good laboring in a good branch than in a poor one, it is more pleasure too. Being as you were sent to Luleå first you appreciate it now to be in a good branch.

Say kid, aren't you glad you are married so it won't do the girls any good to make goo-goo eyes at you. By the way, Lawrence Monson has returned home and he is sporting a young lady from Sweden, folks say he brought her with him. There are two young ladies, I have not met them yet nor Lawrence either. Mons Monsons have been quarantined in

for diphtheria. The flag was removed Monday so I suppose Bro. Lawrence will be out to meeting next Sunday and give us a sermon.

Stella Sundberg Thorne had a baby boy born to her about three months ago, it was burned last Sunday. I feel so sorry for her. Lawrence Monson has been staying to Sundbergs as his folks were quarantined in and that is the reason he could not go to church last Sunday.

I stated in my last letter that Crimeny would soon be a papa and he was papa the day after I wrote. A big fat girl born on 1<sup>st</sup> of April. Perlinda and baby are doing fine. Ally says, to me when I went up to see them, "Crimeny, I got so much chloroform that I have been awful sick too. Crimeny, I had such a headache for two days I couldn't do a thing." I don't believe he is very busy, he has not been doing much since he came home from the sheep herd about Feb. 1<sup>st</sup>.

Mother and I went out to see Mrs. Gustaveson about a week after her birthday, she was very pleased to see us and she had received your letter and card. I tell you she was pleased to hear from you, and that part of your letter about the cows and mother Brita particularly tickled her. She has three cows yet and she seems well pleased with her farmers, her place looks nice. She does not get around quite so spry as she used to but she can do her own work OK.

Chris Christiansen (Fisher) is going on a mission to Denmark, he leaves Salt Lake tomorrow. Saturday night the Scandinavians gave him a party in the basement of the meetinghouse. Three were not many out (it is a busy time) but we had a good time, played games and had picnic. He seemed to enjoy it very much, then Sunday night the missionary committee got up a programme for him in the church. The meetinghouse was filled and the programme was very good. They had Chris Fisher make a little speal and among other things that he said, he said he never felt better in all his life than at the present, and that he considered it a great honor to have so many turn out to a social for him. He told Bishop Olpin not to have any doing for him because even if they did no one would turn out anyway, so he was certainly honored. He did not want anyone to donate as he said he had plenty means to pay his own way. He has changed wonderful in the last year or two.

Last night the MIA had a dance in the Apollo at American Fork, there was a large turnout, there were quite a few from P.G., Jens, Lavina and I went from our family. Jens has gone to Salt Lake today and is coming back tonight.

The carload of buggies came in last week, the shed is somewhat full now. They have sold two buggies, one to Mark Richens and the other Harry Hogan. They have opposition in the form of Bro. Thomas so they will not sell so many as they otherwise would. They have hopes of selling them and I certainly hope they can. They have sold quite a number of implements this spring.

Lew is still working here, he is down the field marking off the oats. They have their crops in now, that is the grain, and the beets are being planted today. I understand that they are planting six acres of beets this year. They have five acres of oats planted. They are farming for Aunt Margaret, the crops on her place are sowed and commencing to

come up. [Uncle Christian Fugal died 1895. Aunt Margaret died (in Idaho, living then with son Jim) in 1915.]

Viola and baby are to Salt Lake City visiting with Esther as I suppose you already know, it seems sort of lonesome just to think that they are not in town. The baby is so cute, she gets sweeter all the time.

Mother is cutting carpet rags and Ernest is mowing the lawn, so you see we are busy. I suppose Chris is talking buggy, he is out in the shop.

All the trees are out in bloom, they look beautiful and the air is filled with their perfume. The wind has been blowing a little all day so everything will be dry as cork. We have not started to irrigate yet but will have to if this weather keeps on. John, Carrie and Chris went to conference two days, they had a good time if they only stayed two days.

Mother says to tell you she is going to have a cup of buttermilk and some bread and honey with it. I wish you could have some too. We keep just what milk we need and Lavina gets the rest, she makes butter, so far she can make enough to supply her family and us too where if we divided the milk equally neither one of us could make butter.

I realize that my letter is somewhat rambling and perhaps not very interesting but I know you have plenty time to read it even if you are not sitting on a feather cushion. The Odeon stock paid a premium of \$12.00 and 17 shares of stock this year, isn't that splendid? It has never done so well. We will send you a draft with this letter for twenty dollars. We will send your \$12.00 and I will send you five this time and mother three. You must write and let us know when you need more dough, you have not said you were out of money yet but we thought we would send you some anyway being as we had it so handy. Chris says he will try and write you a line this time so I will close trusting this finds you feeling fine. I am as ever your longwinded Sister, Stena. Excuse me for writing with lead pencil, I was too lazy to write with ink. Lavina says to tell you hello.

Dear Bro. Neils,

I am filling out this space to let you know I am still alive. I am getting ready to make some smudges in the lot tonight, it feels like it is going to freeze, we don't want the fruit froze if we can help it. We have started to sell buggies, we have sold 2 and prospects for more sales. Studebaker outfit are selling a quite a few, old Ringbone Thomas the lime burner is selling them, but we will try to hold our own. If we do as well as we did last year we will do fine but we can't always tell. I am pretty busy in the shop and Jens is busy plumbing so we are not idle. The beets are planted today and we just finished sowing oats, so we are getting along pretty well with our field work. The season is looking fine so far. I haven't felt very good the last 2 days but that is nothing new. I hope you are well and getting along fine, don't worry. From your Bro. Chris.

Provo, Utah, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1910

My Dear Brother

It is such a long time since I heard from you. I would very much like to know how you are getting along by now. I hope you are well and enjoying yourself. This letter leaves us all well. We went to Salt Lake to attend the last conference, we attended three meetings, don't you think we did well? We enjoyed the speaking very much. We went with Ora Galli and Hyrum Shelton to the courthouse to witness their marriage. So you see she married her old beau after all. Annie and Joe were both very much against it, but he might turn out to be a good husband. I guess you heard that Pearl Galli got married last December to Joe Street. So Annie [her sister-in-law] has two children married already.

We will live at Provo, I like it real well here, but sometimes I wish it was nearer P.G. so I could run home when I feel like it. You know that used to be quite often. The folks hasn't been down for a long time, they weren't even down on my birthday. That was the first time that I didn't have visitors on my birthday, so I celebrated by doing my washing.

I saw Lawrence Monson the first of the month, he was feeling fine, but he is quite thin. I asked him how you were when he saw you last, he said you were feeling fine and that you were doing some very good work. When I saw him it made me wish that your time was out and that you had got home, but if they don't keep you more than two years you will soon be with us again. Take good care of yourself so you may keep well, then all will be OK.

We attended quarterly conference here in Provo last Sunday. I don't think I ever attended a more interesting meeting before. One man talked about what a great work the missionaries were doing, that they needed more men to go out in the world. I just wish you could have heard what he said, it would have made you feel so good because you are doing just what he said is such a great and glorious work, not only spending your time but also your means, leaving your loved ones at home, for the benefit of mankind. This is all for this time. Trusting all is well with you, and hoping you may receive every blessing that you are in need of. I remain Your Sister Carrie.

Gefle, April 20, 1910

My Dear Wife;

With pleasure I will once more endeavor to write you a few lines, being as you say you are anxious to receive my letters and that they hardly come often enough. I haven't received one since you told me you were going to S. L. City but I surmise you went and I hope you had a pleasant time. Probably you haven't come back to P.G. yet, but I suppose you will receive my letter anyway. It certainly would be nice to have taken the trip with you but perhaps there are good time coming, at least we will hope there are, and try hard to make our wishes come to fulfillment in the sweet by and by. While you were riding to S.L.C. in the wagon, did it call to mind recollections of the time you made a return trip with me on the potato wagon? I'll bet it did, and I almost feel that you were wishing I were with you this time also. Say dearest, I have a longing in my heart for the privilege of accompanying you in a buggy and taking a ride out in the north field and on Provo Bench to renew my memories of the few rides we have taken before. I haven't been in a buggy since I left home and I don't suppose I will have the privilege until I return home again, for they don't use buggies very much in this country; they use dump carts instead

and they go jolting along in the same manner as old Sal Trait. In many respects it will seem like arriving in a new world when I get back home for they are about fifty years behind times here in things, but I will miss the large boats and the harbor when I get back to the Great Basin where it is difficult to find enough water to sail a duck on. Spring has opened up now and the boats both large and small are busy gliding over the blue water for the purpose of traffic. There are small boats that make regular trips to the different towns that are connected by water. It is a very beautiful picture to view the boats at night when the bright gas lights cast beautiful reflections upon the waving water, and the small boats passing under the various bridges that cross the Gefle river.

At present darkness covers the landscape at about 8:30 p.m. but the days are increasing in length and it won't be very long before we will enjoy perpetual daylight for a while. There is a very beautiful park in this city lying on the banks of the river, and the trees are commencing to bud out now and the grass trying to hide the ground with its pretty green dress, and it will soon become very inviting and no doubt we will find ourselves occasionally sitting on a bench under a tall bushy tree; and as we listen to the music of the rustling leaves and the running water, we will content ourselves by reading a good book or engaging in counsel as to how to plan our work that we may establish love and unity and cause the proper spirit to be in our presence so success will crown our efforts encouragingly. After such a long winter and short gloomy days it is with pleasure that we welcome the Merry Spring Time with all its many blessings and beauties of nature.

We will soon leave for conference and then I suppose there will be some changes made. I think Bro. Woodard will be released to go home being as he has been here about thirty months, but I hardly think I will secure a released "yet," dearest, so don't look for your husband this coming 4<sup>th</sup> of July. I have an idea that I will be fortunate to come back to this place again and engage in the good work, abut I do hope that contention and division which has existed during the winter will thaw out and run down to "hell" where it belongs, when the radiant sun fills the atmosphere with warm rays, which ought to give life and happiness to all.

Pleased to receive your father's letter, I shall write him in the near future and give an account of myself. Aunt Hanner shall also be favored with a few lines written in the Swedish language.

We have been busy today covering our sofa with new cloth. I tell you she looks swell now. I wish you could see it. We have things fixed up quite neat now and we are not ashamed to permit anyone to come into our apartment. We anticipate performing a couple of baptisms before conference as Mrs. and Mrs. Johansson have applied for baptism. The future looks quite bright but we never know when the sky will be hid by a large black cloud so I will do no boasting, trusting that the hand of God may direct all things. As ever your loving Nels. Write soon. xxxxxxxoo

Gefle, April 29, 1910

My Dear Wife;

I received a letter from you're a few minutes after I sent you my last one and now I

received another today so I deem it a duty and a pleasure to sit down and write you a few lines. The letter you sent me a week ago or rather the one I received a week ago was not so very encouraging but I will excuse you for all you said that wasn't just right because I realize you wasn't feeling so very good after that awful trip you had through the mud. [Last letter from Viola in the box dated April 2<sup>nd</sup>; next letter dated dated May 15<sup>th</sup>.]

I wish I could be with you occasionally to console you for I realize that a letter doesn't have the weight that the person in reality would. It is a blessing that brighter moments appear when we feel a little downhearted and feel as though all is going wrong. You may have been unlucky when you married me, but I hope you don't think so dearest. I am no wealthy man but I am a healthy man and I think the Lord will bless me with health and strength so I will be able to provide for my family. Prospects are not so very bright at present but I hope I may prove worthy of a better opinion than that one you expressed in the letter I received a week ago. It is true that you are homeless at present but it is not my intentions that you remain so forever. However, I shall not make any boasts of what I am going to do in the future for I know not what the future has in store for me. Your last letter was full of cheerfulness and I note that you are enjoying yourself first rate although I know that it isn't your disposition to be wandering about and never settled down to business. I note by your letters that you are anxious for the time to come that we will be settled down to business and I don't blame you at all for it is the nature of people to become located and independent.

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