

[Letter from Niels to Viola, May 29, 1911, continued from last set.]

Today I am preparing for a trip that I expect to take tomorrow. I will leave here at 11:30 a.m. on the boat which will carry me northward on the Gulf of Bothnia a distance of about 50 miles to a place called Söderhamn. You will probably remember that I have been at this place twice before. We have a few saints here, so I think with their help I will be able to secure a place to hold some open air meetings. I intend to remain here about two days and then follow the country road through towns and forests for another two days, distributing literature on the way and if possible hold some meetings, arriving at Lörstrand Saturday evening. Here I expect to meet Pres. Anderson and Elders Nilson and Hanson who like myself are invited to the great wedding that will take place there one week from today. We expect to hold some meetings while there and have a general good time participating in the pleasures of a Swedish wedding. Wish you could be with so the joy and pleasure might be in a fullness for me.

I hardly know how long I will remain there, but I intend to be back to Gefle no later than Thursday June the 8th. Elder Davidson will stay here in Gefle and take charge of the meetings while I am away. He is feeling pretty good now and I believe that he will recruit up to such a degree that he will enjoy his voyage homeward. I hardly think he will stay in Sweden any longer time than I will.

It is a very pleasant time of the year here now, the trees are becoming loaded with their dress of green and the grass and flowers are showing their glorious colors and filling the atmosphere with a most pleasing odor. The weather is so warm that it is more pleasant in the shade and the people spend their leisure hours in the beautiful park which is in this city. It is too nice to stay in the house therefore I have an idea that I will very much enjoy the work that I have outlined to you.

You wrote me that you didn't think you would meet me at Salt Lake City being as you had no friends or relatives to stay with. Well dear Viola, if you change your mind and want to meet me there you may do so and write me whether you will or not in the last letter I tell you to write me. I want you to do as you think best of course. I suppose it will be just as nice to meet you at P.G., but you know it would also be nice for us to meet at S.L.C. if it be convenient. I will sure call at Foulson Ave. 17 so if you should change your mind and wish to go to S.L.C. you can leave word there. If I let you know the day I will be in S.L.C. then you can go there and stay at some hotel without having relatives or friends. I don't want you to think that you must meet me there, I just mention this for fear you wish to meet me after all. I love you, my dear Viola and I am very anxious to come home to you, but will have to have patience. Goodbye dearest, may God bless and protect you is my desire and prayer. Kiss my daughter a dozen for me and in your imagination accept a few warm caresses from your loving husband Nels.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, June 6th, 1911

[Letter forw. from Gefle 6/25, arr. Göteborg 6/28, arr. Fredrickshavn 6/29 Denmark.]

My Dear Nels:

Your letter was rec'd a few days ago and read with much pleasure. I was very sorry to hear that you had had such a bad cold but glad that you were better and hope that you are entirely over it long before now. You must be careful and take good care of yourself so you won't get sick. We are all quite well at present.

About what time do you think you will get home now Nels? You must let me know as soon as you find out yourself. Melba is here asking me for a pencil, she says she wants to write a letter to papa too. [Scribbles enclosed.] Stena and I went to the dance Decoration night but there wasn't a very big crowd out and they were nearly all kids so we didn't have such a very good time. I wonder how much longer it will be before I will have the pleasure of dancing with you.

Esther and Ike are living in that little house east of Monsons where Mons' mother used to live. They are fixed quite comfortable. Yesterday Esther and I went to Provo and spent the day with Annie. We had quite a nice visit. We just called at Carrie's, she is feeling pretty good. I believe I told you before that she was expecting a baby but the Doctor tells her now that she isn't even that way. One Doctor said she had a tumor but the other one doesn't think so but she will have to undergo an operation, but it isn't anything serious. She came out to the buggy and talked to us quite awhile yesterday. Please don't mention anything about this to any of the folks in your letters because you know they all read your letters and Carrie and John might not be very pleased if they knew I had told you all about her. They were so disappointed. She had her baby clothes all made and was expecting to be sick in April. It was quite a joke on her in some ways but it's too bad and I feel sorry for both of them. It wouldn't be so bad if there was nothing else the matter with her but it was a great disappointment anyhow. They are both so anxious to have a baby and it seems too bad that they can't. Stena has written to you too so I guess she has told you all the news.

I went to Conjoint meeting Sunday night and took Melba with me. Everyone was talking to her and saying how sweet she was. She did look like a little doll, I do wish you could have seen her. She is writing a letter to you now. She talks lots about her papa. Yesterday she said, "Mama let's go on a mission." She says she wants to see nice Papa. Well goodbye dear, write often to Viola and Melba.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, June 6th, 1911

Dear Brother –

It is some time now since I commenced my letter to you and Lavina finished it, so I thot it time to write again, especially as I received your very welcome letter nearly a week ago. We were very glad to hear that you are well and are back to work. Being as you are not released the time would drag heavily on your hands if you were not working. And one does not like to feel like that.

Since I last wrote to you I have been visiting with Carrie. She has been sick but is feeling much better now. Her side has been bothering her for some time, but it is much better now.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton came down for decoration day, they spent the day with us and then went out to Don's. Viola and I went to the dance at night, there were not many out, only a few kids. We enjoyed it for a little while, you meet lots of people at dances that you do not meet at other places. Friday morning Lavina and I went to Salt Lake City to the M.I.A. conference. We came back at 10 o'clock the same day. The meetings were just fine. Viola and baby are with us now. Melba is so sweet, she gets sweeter all the time if that is possible. I wish you could see her.

Sunday night the M.I.A. of the three wards held their conjoint meeting. The programme was rendered well although there are not so many people that go as there could be. The first on the programme was an instrumental by Amy Cooper, a reading by Bessie Newman, talk on prohibition by W. L. Hays, a quartet by Lawrence and Horace Monson, Stella Thorne and Roena Adams, it was just fine, and a solo by Swen Nielson, he is certainly a good singer, it would do you good to hear him.

If you were here right now you could hear a different kind of music. The boys sold two calves this morning and the cows have been bellowing all day for the calves, they do not let up long enough to count ten. Mother is fixing warp in the loom today to make some rugs, so you can tell she is fussy with business.

Chris' house has the roof on now, it is almost ready to plaster. I suppose he will step off the earth about the last of the month. He did intend to put it off until you came home but I don't know whether he will or not. I think he has thought of getting married during the month of June. [Got married June 21 in the Salt Lake Temple.]

Olive Nelson and Oscar Oler, Jesse Oler's brother, are going to get married tomorrow in the Salt Lake Temple. Geneva West and Adolf Warnick got married last month. I understand that Sam Jorgenson and Mary Bullock are going to get married this month also.

The boys are busy, Jens has commenced to dig his cellar. They cannot stay at it all the time as there is farm work and other things to see to in between. L Sundberg and sons are doing the carpenter work on Chris' house. I do not know who will do the rest of it but I expect they will.

The merry go round has come to town. I think we will go down for a little while tonight, the children would like to see it and perhaps have a ride on the horses. They have been in town since Friday. Viola is writing to you now so if I have not told you all the news I suppose she will. Melba is walking around carrying two dolls and says she is going to see Uncle Chris. She talks so cute. I do not know of any news particularly so will close trusting that this finds you well and enjoying yourself and hoping it will not be so very long until we see you. We hope that you may enjoy yourself the remainder of the time that you have to stay. I am as ever Your Loving Sister, Stena.

Mother sends her love. Chris will not have time to write this time.

Gefle, June 10th 1911

My Dear Wife;

It is nearly two weeks since I wrote to you last so I know you will be anxiously waiting for this one, probably nearly as anxious as I am at present to receive one from you.

May 30th, I left Gefle and rode a boat to Såderhamn. I was welcomed and treated nicely by the saints in that place. May 31 I walked to a place called Lervik where three elderly saints live. One of them knew of me coming and therefore arranged for a meeting to be held there the same night and one at Såderhamn the following evening. But the paper with the announcement in it came out so late in the day that only three persons came to the meeting, so we held no services that night. I remained in Lervik overnight and then went to Såderhamn the next day. At 8 o'clock in the evening the people commenced to gather amongst the trees at the end of town where we were to hold the meeting. I had no help whatever so now was a good time to exercise my very best qualities which are none too good. I don't know how the singing sounded, but as the melodies echoed through the surrounding woods, I thought it sounded quite harmonious, i.e. there was only one singing so the voices of course harmonized. About seventy five persons were present and the biggest part of them were quite attentive, while a few showed their ignorance by trying to make a disturbance. My voice is quite strong and my expression quite stern so as a rule I demand respect, but occasionally there are people who give no heed to my sharpness. I spoke about an hour and when I got through I believe the people were glad, for the mosquitoes were quite fierce and perhaps my doctrines did not suit everyone.

June 2 and 3 I walked about 30 miles distributing tracts and selling books to the farmers along the way. I met with good success selling books and getting into gospel conversations so I felt happy and contented. While I have been away on this trip I have given away 450 tracts and sold 63 books. Nothing to boast over, but at the same time it is pretty good considering this country, for it is very difficult to sell books.

I arrived at Lörstrand Saturday evening June 3rd. Sunday we held Sunday School, but no meeting. Monday Pres. Anderson and Elder Hanson from Sundsvall, and Elder Nilson from Östersund arrived at Lörstrand and in the evening we had the privilege of seeing the young couple get married by the priest. We had a pretty good time at the wedding but it seemed to be a tame affair. Everything was so quiet and it seemed like the people were frightened of each other. Perhaps it was because we Mormons were present, I don't know but it seemed like it. All the life there was came from Elder Hanson playing his mandolin and we elders and the saints singing. Elder Nilson had such a sore throat that he went back to Östersund the next evening, so it was no pleasure to him.

Wednesday we went out tracting and invited the people to attend our meeting which we held in an old barn out in the woods. It was quite cold that evening but still there were 60 persons present to our humble services and a very good spirit prevailed in the meeting. The people were very attentive and after the meeting some of them purchased some books. We could have easily have got a crowd out the following evening but the weather was too cold and there was no one who was brave enough to offer us their house for they are afraid of losing their jobs if they accommodate the Mormons. So you can see how popular we are out in the world, dear wife. Like Christ, we are misunderstood and driven

from the synagogues, therefore we accept the open air and old barns.

Pres. Anderson and Elder Hanson left Lörstrand Thursday evening and I left Friday at 11:39 a.m. arriving here at Gefle in the afternoon at 3:16. I found Bro. Davidson feeling fine and very glad to see me. No sooner did I arrive home than we were asked to go to a sick lady to administer unto her. She said she had been waiting patiently for me to come back. She seemed to feel easier before we left.

Well dear wife I hope you will excuse me for procrastinating, but it seems as though I could not get to writing before. I hope I soon hear from you. I received a letter from Pres. Peterson but the date of our departure is not known as yet. Hope it is not far off. I remain your loving husband Niels. Best love and kind regards to all.

Ålborg, Denmark, July 1st, 1911

My Darling Wife;

I received your welcome letter of June 6th two days ago. I was then in Frekrickshavn, a small city in the northern part of Denmark. Pleased to note that you are feeling fine and seem to be in good spirits. That's what suits your husband, when he reads your letters.

When I wrote you last I was in Stockholm [don't have this letter], but now I am in another nation. I am well and am enjoying my travels immensely. The trip over the Göta Canal from Stockholm to Göteborg was a grand one. The scenery is beautiful and the locks which raise and lower the ships are certainly wonderful. I had never seen one before and now I had the privilege of seeing 75 of them. In going from Stockholm to Göteborg we of course go from sea to sea and in doing so we are raised to an elevation of about 300 feet above sea level and of course lowered again to sea level when we reach Göteborg. I arrived at Göteborg just as the elders' Sunday meeting was letting out, so I didn't have to preach that Sunday, but the following evening in M.I.A. meeting I was called on to talk. I remained at Göteborg until Tuesday night at 12 o'clock when I took a boat to Denmark.

I found the elders at Fredrickshavn about 6 o'clock in the morning. They were in bed and the door was locked, but I stuck my head through an open window and asked to be permitted to enter. I had not slept any during the night as I took a 3rd class passage, hence I now enjoyed two hours sleep before breakfast. I stayed here until the following morning at 9:20 when I rode the train to Hörby, the place where my father lived. Here I had a merry chase trying to find the place where father's house stood.

After inquiring for some time, through the help of the kind people in that town, I at last found a man who was acquainted with my Uncle Niels Fugl who died in Hörby 18 years ago. I was now at a school teacher's home and I was really surprised the way that he did everything in his power to help me. He drew a little map on a piece of paper and marked out the way that I should go to find a man by the name of Niels Rasmusson who lived close to father's old homestead and who would show me the place. He helped me secure a bicycle and then of course I should eat dinner with them before starting on my journey. It was about 4 miles from the station so that was just a nice ride for me.

Everything went OK, I found Niels Rasmusson and several other people who were acquainted with my father and grandfather. One man who is now 77 years old (just the same age of my father providing he had lived) was a playmate of my father's. His name is Christen Mortensen. His wife, who also knew my father, is living, and they were both very glad to see me. It seemed nice to stand on the spot where the old house had stood and see the ground where father had done so much work.

I also learned that I had another cousin living at the next station south so after riding the bicycle back to the school teacher's place I boarded the train and rode to Dybvad. With a little trouble I found my cousin Ane Kirstina Nielson (daughter of Niels Fugl). She is 57 years old and unmarried. She gave me some supper and gave me two kronor to go to the hotel and get a bed. I came back next morning and had breakfast with her and then at 10:13 left for Ålborg. I arrived at the elders' house just in time to eat dinner with them. In the afternoon one of the elders showed me about the town and in the evening I set out to find my cousin Jess Nielson. I received his address from cousin Ane so it was no trouble to find the place, but he was not home. His wife was at home however and I have an appointment to visit them this evening. So you see everything is going OK so far and I am enjoying myself first class. You may read this letter to my folks if you will, so they may learn how things are going. I will also write some to Stena and send with this letter.

The Mormon Church owns a very nice building here at Ålborg so the elders laboring here have a very nice place to live and everything is so convenient. There is a saint living in the same building who does the cooking for them and also keeps the house clean. The building is built in the shape of a church and it has several rooms. I will send you a view of the hall.

I will remain here on Sunday and then continue on south. Be good to yourself dear wife. Give Melba a dozen kisses for me because she sent papa a letter. Best regards and kind wishes to you all. Your loving husband Niels Fugal.

Pleasant Grove, Ut., July 9th, 1911

My Darling Husband:

[Sent to Liverpool, arr., July 24; forw. to Pleasant Grove, arr. Aug 7.]

It's just a few days since I rec'd your letter stating that you had rec'd your release [don't have this letter], and Oh you can't imagine how glad I was to hear it. I feel better in every way than I have for some time. I have been feeling quite blue for awhile until I got your last letter but I guess you could tell that the way I have been writing lately. I am sorry I wrote such horrid letters but you know it is so easy to write just like one feels [don't have these letters either]. I hope you are well and are glad that you will soon be on your way home. I hope you have had a good time while visiting with your relatives.

A week ago Saturday Jens, his family, Stena and Ernest, Melba and I went up Provo Canyon a little the other side of Hieselt's and camped overnight and then the next day went up to Midway. Monday we went bathing in the hot pots and Oh we had such a good time. I do wish you could have been with us Nels. We stayed in Midway till about noon

Tuesday, 4th of July, then we went down the canyon and camped again in the same place we camped the first night, and came home Wednesday. It was such a beautiful night the last one we spent in the canyon. The high mountains all around us and the river just making music enough to lull us to sleep. I couldn't sleep at first tho for watching the stars and the moon. I was thinking of you too dear and wishing you were with us.

I have been to Sunday School today and this afternoon we went to Lehi to Union meeting. Lawrence and Horace Monson, Jen and Lavina, Dezzie Shoal, Viola West, Lily Monson and I went over in one outfit. I hope that you will be here to take me over next time. That will be about the 13th of August. On the 16th of Aug. the Sunday Schools are going to Saratoga for an outing. Won't it be nice dear, we can go to that together too.

I don't know where we will live now dear. Newman's house is rented and Alldredges is going to be right away. They have both been empty for a month or more. I don't know what we will do now but we have to live somewhere if it's only in a tent. [They rented two rooms in Maggie Sorenson's house (Glade Hilton's in later years), 355 N. 450 E. until the birth's of their next two children, and then lived on the same corner one block east in Ole Hanson's house (torn down). On New Year's Day, 1916, they moved into the home built just south of where Niels was born, and there the rest of their children were born.]

I will be so glad to see you Nels, don't stay in Salt Lake any longer than you have to. If you should happen to stop at Provo Annie's address is 216 East 400 South [this home still stands]. I hope and pray that you may have a safe and pleasant journey home and Oh I am so glad you're coming. I am counting the weeks now and will soon be counting the days. I guess this will be the last letter I will write so goodbye dear for a few days or till I see you be good to yourself and come as soon as possible to your loving Wife and Baby.

P.S. We have started to pick raspberries. Tomorrow will be our third picking. Stena and your mother says to tell you Hello.

On board S.S. "Celtic," July 29th 1911

[Can't read city postmark but apparently mailed from N.Y., arr. Pleasant Grove, Aug. 8, the day after he got home.]

My Dear Wife;

It is now 7 o'clock a.m. I will write you a few lines before eating breakfast which will be at 7:30. At present the boat is rocking a little more than usual, but it is not so very rough. We have certainly had a splendid voyage so far, the only trouble is that it has been too hot the last few days, but today it is blowing and the waves are rolling somewhat so it feels cooler.

Today at 2:30 it will be just a week since we went on board and left Liverpool, and it is reported that we will land tomorrow about noon. The time has passed quite rapidly to me for I have kept myself busy in either reading, writing or playing games.

Last night we saw a beautiful sunset. It certainly looked nice to see the sun's golden edge kiss the waters and then in the space of 3-1/4 minutes be swallowed as it were by the deep blue sea. The evening was a beautiful one. The sky was filled with millions of twinkling stars and the moon and dog star seemed to be smiling at each other as they would occasionally remove their veil of clouds.

Last night the people had a regular dance on deck, the orchestra was good and the people seemed to enjoy themselves, but of course I had to be satisfied by just being an onlooker, for it would hardly do for we missionaries to join in the dance. Many of the people on board know who we are and I have had the privilege of conversing with several upon the principles of the gospel.

Well dear Viola it actually looks like I will soon be home, but it seems like it has been very difficult for me to get away from Europe. I had to wait two months for a boat and then when I got to Liverpool it looked at though I would have to wait a while yet. But they finally secured a place on this ship for five of us, but not without extra pay from us so that leaves me quite sort of money but I suppose I will get to S.L.C. OK for I have borrowed \$10 of Elder Davidson. It would be nice if you can meet me in S.L.C. and if you do, please try to rustle me a few extra dollars and bring with you. If you can't come I will of course get home anyway, even if I have to walk. I don't exactly know as yet when I will be in S.L.C. and I cannot tell until I have a talk with the R.R. agent in New York. As I may never again have the privilege of visiting New York I will probably remain there one or two days and then I wish to stay in Chicago one day if my purse permits, but from there I will no doubt make a beeline for S.L.C. I will write again in time for you to make ready to meet me in S.L.C., if you so desire and can, so you better make quite frequent calls at the office until you learn the day of my arrival. [This is the last letter I have so I don't know if they met in S.L.C. but elsewhere it is recorded he came home August 7th, making his absence a total of 34 months.]

All the mail I received at Liverpool from Utah was a letter from you which had been there over a month. I suppose some of you have written to me but too late, but they said they would send my mail back if any came. When I get to S.L.C. I will call at Foulson Ave. 17 as I wrote you before, so you know what to do to find me, but I will try to inform you of the train I will arrive on so you can meet me at the station should you happen to be in the City. I am quite sure I will come on the Union Pacific R.R.

Well dearest, it seems nice to be nearing home, but I can hardly make myself believe it is true. After so many disappointments and such a long waiting it makes a person feel to rejoice that prospects of my homecoming are so favorable. I hope I will find you all in a healthful and happy condition that our reunion may be one of real joy. I will not write any more this morning but as all mail must be handed in before 8 o'clock this evening I may write a little this afternoon. So goodbye honey for the present, but wait a moment while I tell you that I wish you were here to walk the deck with me. When I see the boys and girls, men and women go arm in arm across the deck it creates a longing in me, but I am happy to think that we will soon be together again. So Long -- .

Well dearest it is now 2:30. I have had breakfast and dinner and am feeling fine. The ship is rocking a little but not enough to hurt. I have been reading somewhat today and

playing a game out on deck, that they call shuffle [board]. It is a good pastime, but I like reading better providing the ship doesn't rock too much.

Today we saw a large sail vessel in the distance. It is the first vessel I have seen since we left Ireland so it was a nice change. Well I don't know as I have anything else special to write about, but I will just say that I don't want you to think I will be disappointed if you don't meet me in S.L.C. I just mentioned it so you would know how to find me, in case you come.

Will close with love and very best wishes. Tell little Melba that her papa will soon come to see her and that he would like a kiss when he gets there. Best regards to you all, I am yours forever. Niels Fugal.

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For two years, then seven years after his return, Niels served as YMMIA counselor, then president. He was also asked to teach Sunday School upon his return, which continued for the rest of his life (Gospel Doctrine). He was a counselor to Bishop Martin S. Christiansen from 1922-1929, ward High Priests' group leader on three occasions, and counselor to Burton H. Adams in the Stake High Priests' Quorum.

Niels worked with Jens and Chris until about 1923 when they divided up their community property: Chris the blacksmith tools, Jens the plumbing equipment, and Niels the farm tools. Their farmland was divided in thirds, and Niels continued to work all of them on shares for 12 or 13 years, and also did some plumbing and began contracting for pipe laying jobs. He was a contractor for Mountain States Fuel Supply company for ten years. He donated the installation of the heating and plumbing and the use of his equipment for the major addition to and remodeling of the Old Third Ward, 193 N. 400 E., which was the schoolhouse spoken of in these letters.

He fathered three sons who all served as missionaries and bishops, two of whom served two missions, two as stake president, and two as stake patriarch; and five daughters, two who also served missions, and all with temple marriages; and all contributing countless missionaries from their posterities. In this his prediction bore fruit, that the best way to make converts was to rear them.

He was in many ward plays as a young man, and was known for his humorous readings especially those with a Scandinavian accent. He served as city councilman for 20 years between 1914 and 1949. He was superintendent of the Pleasant Grove Waterworks System in 1920, and an elected member of the Board of Directors of the Pleasant Grove Irrigation Company for 16 years (eight terms). He was an elected member of the Utah State Legislature in the House of Representative 1929-31 under Governor Dern. He was also a member of Alpine School District School Board, for four years, and President the last year before his death at age 73, December 12, 1958, exactly four months following he and Viola's 50th wedding anniversary. And even if ambition was one of his failings (I would love to know if she was serious or teasing), as she pointed out in one of her letters, Viola was always his quiet supporter.

Viola died at age 77, October 26, 1965. She was a soft-spoken woman, and her grandchildren loved her. She would give them a cookie when they came, a sugar cookie with a hole in the middle to put your finger through while you ate it. She always seemed happy and pleased to see you. She never got over worrying, but she was kind through and through, and had a sweet sense of humor that made you wonder if she realized she was funny, which made her humor all the more amusing.

Niels was on his way to give a reading at a wedding reception the night he died, hit by a truck. At the time we were so shocked as his sudden passing, but came to conclude that some slower kinds of death are worse. Joyce recalls several blocks of people lined up outside the mortuary, though winter, waiting to pay their respects. My sister Janeil was with her the night the couple whose reception he had missed, came to call, and in amazement quietly observed Grandma comforting them, with the calm assurance that she and Niels had a good long life together and she was his, through the eternities. She wasn't worried about if or when,

then. And Viola didn't end up wandering around homeless, after all, for she lived in Pleasant Grove for over fifty-four years straight, and in the same house, 590 N. 400 E., for almost fifty.

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