

## VICTOR HOLM'S MEMOIR: A ROUGH TRANSLATION

*This memoir covers a little bit of Grandpa Victor's life in Sweden and then of his journey to Kenora, Canada, and his life there. He wrote it in 1963 and sent it to his cousin Harry Långström in Sweden. When Harry died, a relative named Rosa Borg got many of his belongings including this document. In 2005, another relative named Laila Falk brought a copy of the memoir to Jerry Longstrom, a fourth cousin of mine who lived in Arizona. Jerry sent a copy to Carl in early 2006, and he gave me a copy.*

*The first 30 pages of the memoir listed descendants of Anders Andersson, our great-great-grandfather, but this list was not completely accurate so I removed it. You can find a better version of this list in Helen Holm Hobert's 1984 book The Descendants of Olaf and Eva Anderson.*

*This translation is mostly powered by Google Translate. The process required me to type the text into a file. The transcribed text was then pasted into Google Translate. If Google's translation made sense, I left it as it was. If it did not make sense, I used three reference books: Svensk-Engelsk Ordbok (Astrid Tornberg and Margareta Ångström, Saphrograph Company, 1965), Prisma's English Swedish Dictionary (University of Minnesota Press, 1989), and 201 Swedish Verbs Fully Conjugated in All The Tenses (Richard P. Auletta and Leif Sjöberg, Barron's Educational Series, 1975). After all that, there were still 19 words I could not translate, but I was able to get assistance from Laila Falk of Sweden to get their meanings. Sometimes the translation is not very smooth, but rather than spending time trying to perfect it, I am sending it out now.*

*I've entered page numbers to show where in the original document the story comes from. Feel free to make your own translation if you want.*

*I underlined words that I think are place names. I've added a few comments which I've listed as Editor's notes and surrounded them with square brackets. The first 30 pages of the memoir list descendants of Anders Andersson, our great-great-grandfather, but this list may not be completely accurate. Take it with a grain of salt.*

*Albert Holm  
1 January 2017*

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Harry Longstrom, Tveten, Fressland!

Holm Family Records

The family originates from the farm Helgebo in Moo parish on the east side of the Lake Bullaren at the foot of Kynne Mountain.

Anders Andersson and Wife

Born: 1769	Born: 1774
Died: 1838	Died: 1858

Son. Olaf Andersson                      Born: 10 April 1815

Married                                      Died in July 1892

Eva Karolina Andersson,      Born: November 24, 1824  
Died 20-2-1907

Daughter of:

Anders Eriksson and Maria Larsson

Born: 1782	Born: 1790
Died: 1862	Died: 1855

Nine children were born of Olaf and Eva Andersson. There is a record of six:

1) Anna Maria 2) Karl Johan 3) Frederick  
4) Anders 5) Alfred 6) Otto

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Anders, Alfred and Otto's Swedish name was Olsson. Their father's name was Olaf Anderson. The tradition in Sweden was that the children took their fathers first name as their surname.

Olaf and Eva Andersson and three of their children immigrated to the United States. Anders Olsson was a sailor and came to the U.S. before he married in 1878. Otto Olsson came 1882 at age 20. Olaf and Eva Andersson, their parents, arrived in 1892, but their father Olaf died a few days after arrival at their destination in the U.S.

In 1900 Alfred Olsson's family immigrated. When they came to the United States they changed the name to Holm for "H" In Helgebo and because there were so many named Olsson, Andersson, etc.

Our family would thus be about 300 individuals, and most of Lyon County = (District) on the prairie in the southwestern corner of Minnesota.

From the beginning to now the Helgebo family is about 300 Souls. Lyon County = (District) is probably the size of Bohuslän, and prairie and family farming of wheat and corn.

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Later I will write you my experiences from the day I was born on Helgebo to my mother until the trip to Canada and the seven years there!

Have soon finished my "memoirs", or as I call it! The first 83 years in this world.

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Attention!

Shall write some events of my life from the day I was born, according to what my mother told until the first years in Canada. So anyone reading it can find out how they "grabbed" all their money in America from 50 or 60 years ago!

It was a hard, cold winter when I was born on a Sunday, 12 Jan 1879. The place was in the farm Helgebo in Moo parish on the east side of Lake Bullaren at the foot of Kynne Mountain! My mother told a lot about that time if nothing else, I cried so terribly, and probably it was a sense of what awaited me in the future?

On Sunday, after I must be baptized (Christened?) so they bundle me into the clothes put me in a "skrinda" (a sort of high carriage with two seats) and drove north along Bullaren Lake 1 1 / 2 mile [Mil >> engelsk mil = one mile, svensk mil = 10 kilometers] to Naverstads

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church where I was baptized in "Spring water". Then there was nothing remarkable until when I was vaccinated!

It was read in every church that mothers should bring their children for vaccination! Children must be carried because there were no cars, buses or taxis. The roads were sometimes impassable by vehicles, especially on the east side of Bullaren Lake.

The man who vaccinated was the clerk in Bullaren's District. He had long white hair that reached close to the shoulders and was cut like a thatched roof.

People were so superstitious in those days and said he could "do magic." At any event, he was an organist, had excellent singing voice, and before he started singing, he always set a lump of snuff in his lower lip so it stuck out and then he sang so loud and good. They had a small organ in the Moo church but

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the mice had eaten holes in the bellows, it was said. Later, they got the "pipe organ" in the church and sometimes I "trampled" the bellow. I was then about 16 or 17 years. Back to my vaccination and when the pain was completed, mothers got orders to bring the children back to see the results.

I was immune so the third time my mother brought me to the clerk, he said: Here comes the "Hard" and he has tough skin! Have been vaccinated four times since to no avail. "Immune." (Even for money??)

When I was 3 years old, my Uncle Otto sat at the table and ate and stood in front and someone said: That uncle is going to America! I had never heard the name but thought it was in the woods on the other side of the neighboring farm Hillbo. That's how far I had traveled. I thought he would probably come back, but it took until 1948 thus 66 years when I saw him in a small town "Tracy"

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Southwest Minnesota!

Child notices not how time flies, except for unusual events. There was a place called Djupesvik north of Helgebo of Bullaren Lake and there were some fields used for agriculture and one day I go with (Probably because they could "know" where they had me?) They brought with them a gray horse named "Grålle" and the manure cart so they stood me up in the cart, gave the reins, smacked the horse and said, let him go as he wants, he'll take you home and he did. I was 4 years old, stood holding the reins with both hands as a "man", but was too close to the front of the cart so when Grålle saw some green, delicious blades of grass on the way he stopped unplanned from "Halt" and "plump" there fell the little coachman down from the cart and

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on the back end of Grålle who had not moved. Do not remember how I got into the cart again or if I bumped myself when I fell? Grålle took me home quite rightly, and there was no house on the farm that stretched from his horse, took off the harness and let him loose to graze green grass!

Probably, I was sleepy put myself to sleep. There was a cobbler and made shoes for the family on Helgebo and he did a couple of what at that time they called "krokstöflar" breeches with "gap" for "the back end." When my boots were finished, I had to test them, and the shoemaker said, now you go and show your mom. My mother was at the "Dyet" fountain in the valley so I ran there constantly and kicked with the leg! She said: You are a big grownup man now! Four years?

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I thought it was sunshine as it always is when I think of childhood and Sweden.

When it was winter I got a small sled with short stakes in the back that I walked and pushed around. At that time there were no under clothes and I went out there every day without mittens and "lamb" down the "back end". It seems as if the children do not notice the cold.

In the spring of 1884 I got arthritic rheumatism and was confined to bed and sore in every joint. It was far to a doctor Fjällbacka 50? Kilometers and perhaps scarce of money, but there came a medical-soldier who would be good? He prescribed unwashed sheep wool round the joints, and salt water baths and lampante oil. I was so sore so they had to wind me into a sheet.

I became "unconscious" for a time, but how long I do not know. Forgot to ask my mother.

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It was spring when I woke up and the sun shone into the cabin. They had an old gun, some old clock wheels, and buds of willow outside to look at when I woke up.

They were all out in the spring work which then went on! It did not take long for me now because the day after I came to my senses, I stood already on four legs in bed and said, when my mother came in: Look here! Then it did not take long before it was all forgotten?

Had reached the age of five years in January, and had no one to play with but at "Änghagen" above the Kast Mountain lived my Aunt Anna Maria, who was married to Ivar Långström and they had a couple of boys, but older than me, who played with me and Aunt fried waffles that we had with either honey or syrup on. Mmm. I learned to climb the Kast Mountain though it probably was risky so steep as it was? They did not want me to climb or go to

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Änghagen so they said it was a bad old man between the southern end of Lake Bullaresjön Vassändan to Sundshult and carried the "head" under his arm!! Perhaps there yet?

I was afraid, but looked carefully before I sat across the road.

In the evenings before lights came on (tallow and wax candles) said that they were "evening squatting" and then crept forth ghost stories! I sat in a corner and listened, hardly daring to breathe for "the ghost" could hear me.

After my illness when I was feeling good, I accompanied my mother to Moo Church. It was sunny and beautiful, we walked through the small door of the church, sat on a bench near the altar and the door was open because it was hot. My mother warned me to be quiet! Suddenly a bumblebee flying in and a "child voice" whimpered: Momma, there is bumblebee!

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There were many people in the church and everyone raised his head and smiled when the boy was embarrassed!

There are many small episodes from my childhood and youth, and experiences during my time in the Swedish army and so on. Never sick a day for a long time.

Instead, I seek to explain how they behaved in the past, as folks thought, shrugged and quickly grabbed to himself a "small" million. Was finished of 17 Infantry in the fall of 1906 and was married which I would not have been. The Army did me only good. Both the corporals - and non-commissioned officers - the school did well. We learned mathematics geometry, geography, cartography, proper essay writing, Morse - (telegraph system), fast writing, Esperanto = (world language) and I took a course in Italian double bookkeeping? It was much better than the ordinary people's schools!

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After military service I went to Stromstad, put the application on duty received the City as "additional", i.e. if someone was sick or had vacation! We call you when we need you. I must have medical reviews so I took it in Strömstad: Could use glasses, it was said, but otherwise flawless with unusually strong bodily "constitution". It meant nothing to me that time. Never sick a day for a long time.

At the regiment, I spoke that if I did not get any job after I took off the uniform, perhaps I would travel to America.

There was a volunteer at the Bohuslän regiment who had heard what I said, and stopped at the time that I was looking for the post and got it, but died not long after. Customs inspector called me up and asked if I knew a certain person whom he mentioned by name. I replied, yes!

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He got your place because he said you were going to America! I responded if I get no job, but I was of course promised on the duty. That was end of it and so it was decided that I would travel to America and got tickets from there.

I earned on the average 3 kronor a day and it was hard to sort itself out. Thus began the "whispered" about "general strike", how can one "exist?" America, America this is the place. –

We made plans, moving from Hamburgsund to Hällevadsholm that Frida would be closer to her relatives!

On June 12, 1909, I left the railway station took leave of the loved ones I had! Svea was then 11 months. We did not know if we would see each other again! It was the first "day of summer."

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It was the first time I traveled south of Uddevalla on the track I helped to build! In Gothenburg, I met a northerner who was to the U.S. and we went on a "tricycle" which well had petroleum motor. It was put-put-put.

We came to the boat as "Rollo" lay at an old failing wooden pier in Gothenburg port. Then I thought: "He will do it." The weather was calm and beautiful all the time in the Skagerrak and young people were at upper deck in blankets and sunbathing!

When we had passed the Skagen peninsula or northern end of Denmark and had the feeling of the English Channel, the boat began to roll (Rollo) and the young people disappeared and I saw them no sooner than in England. (Seasickness) When we got to England, we had a little to eat, were placed on the train that took us to Liverpool where we got some kind of immigrant

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soup.---

From the train station in Liverpool which was under the "glass roof" we went on a double-decker bus that was drawn by two skinny starving horses. On the way to the boat Empress of Ireland the bus stopped for something and there were some young boys of 10 or 12 years old and a girl the same age!

Someone on the bus threw a few small coins and the ragged children threw themselves on the money and fought. The girl fought like a lioness poor child! She had "no" skirt only an old blanket tied about the life so they saw "only her thighs and hips." I thought is this the wealthy England that they have boasted so much about?

We went aboard and got our cabins designated. My bunk was in the bow along with five others, and I had the lower bed or bunk!

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So blew the Empress of Ireland to leave Europe and headed out through "the Irish" Sea during calm and sunny weather, but when we came out into the open lake = Atlantic waves went in shirt sleeves and it was northwest winds with heavy seas during four days. We saw eight icebergs one day and the air was cold, because of the iceberg. It was said that glaciers had "calved."

Three quarters of the passengers were seasick moaned and vomited, and smelled bad. The boat belonged to the Canadian Pacific Line and was at 18,000 tons. Now it stands at the bottom of St. Lawrence Gulf in Quebec. It was rammed in 1912 or 1913 by a Norwegian coalboat. I knew and worked together with a Norwegian who worked on Norwegian boat. His name was Anders Martinsen and is dead now. There were over 1,000 people

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who died at that time and my brother Karl was scheduled to come up with "Empress of Ireland" but there was no room, so he came with the next ship "Empress of Britton" so he survived!

I used to stand at the railing on the right side of the boat and watch as about every "ninth" wave hit the bow and then "popped" me in the lee of the railing which was made of thick plate and handed me in "the chin!"

Right as it was, there came up two "dandies" with "knickerbockers" and with their hands in the trousers and began to "stroll" back and forth on the promenade deck and chatted. By the reason of that they saw me where they suspected nothing, but I just waited for the right wave to come and it came so both dandies were laid flat and swept away towards the bridge where some of the officers stood and roared with laughter at "the show."

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The two urchins became drenched and disappeared!

After a while there came up a couple of other "cuckoos" and they had the same cold, heavy showers as the last!

When we got closer to shore the sea calmed and we could see Nova Scotia (a province in Canada with waterfalls and ice on the mountains yet). When we came into the "Saint Lawrence fjord" it became and was constantly foggy so the steam whistle sounded every two minutes and it sounded as if the air trembled. Yes, we came to Quebec, which was the terminus of the voyage, and we stayed there to get on the train, each of which had only immigrants on board. [*ed. note: Victor arrived at Quebec on 25 June 1909*] While we waited, we went out and looked at the city and then we saw for the first time "sidewalks" made of planks.

Quebec is an old French town.

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We were inside a store and I bought myself a large white bread and a good piece of cheese for victuals. A Swedish fellow passenger bought a piece of "pie" for me to eat.



The first one I ever tasted! We had to undergo a sort of inspection, and so we went on a train that whistled at departure and it sounded like a steam boat whistle so I looked and looked but saw none. We were of course in America now and there was a big difference.

In the carriage I had, all were strangers and I sat all day and looked out to see something magnificent, but nothing for a long time other than bog with larch and spruce. In a few places you could see one or two settlers who built themselves a small "log cabin" with a room, two small window holes and a little door!

There was some open ground, and probably

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had all the stumps like a fence blasted out of the earth.

At length we came to "Lake Superior" or called in Swedish - Upper Lake - by the city of Port Arthur. The track went over a long wooden bridge over a large bay of the lake and it did not look good out. On the bridge were water barrels full of water that splashed over when the train rolled past. The water was to extinguish the fire with should there be a forest fire as there often was, and perhaps might ignite the "old, dry," timber in the bridge. The bridge was long and went into a great arc or "horseshoe shape" so that I was the last car, I looked out and saw the locomotive opposite across the bay. We were all immigrants.

One night the train stopped outside in a bog and a few of us went out on the track and took a walk and we heard it was spiked. Perhaps it was the new sleepers?

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The weather was calm, the sky was clear and a new moon shone in the west! Then I thought that I heard a strange chirping of a bird and it sounded like t-r-r-r-r of the "eternity" for it was of an out of breath. I thought to myself: This is America, or at least the beginning. Many years later I found out that it was a small "frog" which climbed a tree and could change its body color to match the bark of the tree which he sat on. Most of what we saw was desolate except when we had passed the "Upper Lake" when it might prove to be a "pioneer" log cabin or a small community at a lake.

I sat all day and watched the country and the journey took me two (2) days and two (2) nights and "victuals" was one bread and a piece of cheese that I bought in Quebec. At night we slept on wooden benches and there were pickpockets as some who had money lost it, but I was "lucky" I did not have to "lose."

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I had read a lot about Indians and now I see them occasionally at some rocky place where they usually had their tents at a hillside. Women and children sat next to their "Tepee" = tent and the men were out hunting or trapping fur?

Eventually, I approached the destination Kenora or what formerly was called "Rat Portage." It was at 7 on the morning of 27 June 1909. The sun was shining and it was warm and beautiful! The station building was of brick, and the name Kenora stood in large letters so I was probably very true in the right place. It's not like in Sweden where the Station Master stands on the platform and flags stops!

All passengers were "west" and I was the only one who dismounted in Kenora!

When I came down on the platform, a solitary man was standing there and leaning or supporting himself against the station house! He had black lumpy

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hair, big hooked nose, dark complexion, and had face full of pustules.

I knew a few words of English so I went and asked if he knew where John Samsson lived? He shook his head, but did not answer!

Probably he was half French and half Indian from "Quebec" and knew no more English than me. I had been out in the world a little before so I thought you could stand where I managed myself alright!

The sun was shining, the sky was clear and it was beautiful. The railway station was a little high so I could almost see the whole town though it was "widespread" with a population of 7.000 in round numbers, it was said then, and was 50 or 60 years old.

There I saw a large block with just "hasty cabins" covered with tar paper, a small window opening and a small door to enter through, some a metal pipe sticking up from a half roof. They had better woodsheds the area in Sweden where I came from. Oh! Oh, I thought

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everybody makes them, or they get all the money from. I went and looked around and then I could see there was "Opera House" in a hotel and that was where my sisters had worked and then was there a second proof that I was in the right place in America.

There were cement sidewalks here and I noticed that almost all the houses had one gable facing the street and the houses that served as the shops were expanded facing the street so it looked square, but behind it was "ridge." Bluff!

As I was walking the sidewalk ahead and looked, I heard two Swedes who spoke Swedish, and I did not hesitate to address them, and again ask for John Samsson and now I got answer because the one named Bokvist turned and replied with "gruff" voice: What do you want him? I spoke of how the matter stood and he said come with us! That was down to the center of town to a restaurant

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where Swedes used to gather and there were some ladies, and tub baths and a couple were introduced to each other! The man held out a large "fist" and said: My pleasure! For you my "gentle fun!" I thought it sounded rude!! We sat there for a while so Bokvist said that I should follow the lake "Lake of the Woods" or in Swedish "The Forest's Lake", it is 140 English miles long and nearly as wide with hundreds of islands each. I did as he said, and stared right and left when I saw a man standing and sharpening a harvest borer at a field smithy! It was John Samsson! Had seen him in "photograph", but did not know or think it was so easy.

He saw, of course, by the clothes, etc. that I was a stranger, so he asked when I walked by: Where I came from and when I answered Bohuslän, he said, then you are the brother of Maria. When the answer was yes

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he said wait a minute, I take you home and we went, came to his home and sure enough there was Maria outside the house and washing clothes by hand in a laundry tub. There were no washing machines yet.

It was noon and there was done a good midday meal for Maria was a good cook! It was "cakes" = cakes and white wheat meal and also good with sugar! Maria knew how it was at our house so now she said: "Victor, eat all you want now" and that she did not need ask me after the "diet" I had on the trip from Quebec.

A couple of days I was idle and looked around. There was a scarcity of work at that time in Canada too, and the only industry was a large sawmill and a mill grinding 3,000 bushels of wheat in 20 hours, but there was obviously full and could not wait for someone to quit so I would get a job.

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My brother-in-law August Karlsson had been in Canada for many years, knew the people relationship quite well, so he got me a job! There were three men, one Vastmanland, one from Umeå, and a Norwegian from Hammerfest, the world's "northernmost" city! They had been working on the new Canadian Transcontinental Railroad far north in the "Wilderness!" They had four horses, a male - and an 8-horse tent truly gear! Now they were out towards the prairie and harvest hay on the

Canadian Government's country, and needed a fourth man and I had probably been born to it.

We loaded the horses, tent gear and food and went out "West" 140 English miles if I remember correctly. We stopped on a side track on the border between Prairie and Mountain Land. There were bogs each of which grew a kind of grass they called "Redtop" = Red Head, which was close to 2 meters high. The bogs ran 5 or 6 English miles in all directions! Just one house nearby and it was a watchman for Canadian Pacific.

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The railway which was twin-track, and went between Quebec in the east to Vancouver in the West 3,000 English miles, with much traffic!

The other three men had a well-chosen place which was about 50 meters from the railway and a little higher than the railroad location. They took one of the horses to the camping site, which was situated a good distance from the side of the track, and bound him in some small birch trees on the other side of a deep water ditch, which we have to get over by going on the railroad.

When we went back to get the other horses and the horse which was tied there saw that we left him, he tore himself and jumped through the bushes to get to us. He did not see the ditch for the bushes, but jumped right into the ditch which was about three meters deep, with brown water that stood over the back of the unfortunate

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horse that jumped in the mud and tried to come up, but the ditch was too deep and the sides were too steep.

The man from Umeå ran back to the wagon after a rope, came back, stripped himself and went down to the horse, put the noose around its neck and maneuvered it so that it stood on its hind legs and forelegs against the ditch. And so all together at the same time we pulled! The horse was suffocating, and when he felt he did a "desperate" jump and came up like a shot.

The men borrowed what they called a "Pushcar" i.e. a four-wheeled cart that was on rails, and so they made a platform so they could run the hay bales then! We set up two tents and brought over the most "necessity" of work tools. They were mowing scythes, axes, files, kitchen utensils! There was a stream near our camp, but

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the water was yellow, hot and stagnant, full of mosquito larvae, lizards, frogs and other insects and it was the only kind we had to make use of. To begin with we

boiled water in case it would be "Typhoid bacilli" in it. Typhoid epidemic had been raging hard before! It was hard to get chilled by the water because it was 35° Celsius and higher. Even the nights were warm and there was no time to cook so we chased away the "brood" and drank the water as it was! We sweated terribly because of the strong heat and the water was warm! The others had typhoid before so they were immune, but they had diarrhea July and ran there with pants in the "fist" every day, but I felt fine strangely enough. Even the horses became sick with "Swamp fever" and hoof rot so they had to shoot the poor wretch. It was a Sunday that I took a walk along the path when I saw one of the horses lying down and he had eaten all around as far as he could

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enough so the ground was black!!

I tried to help him, but he could not come up, so I went back to the tent and alerted the others! One of them had rifles and shot the poor animal. I brought a shovel, dug a grave and rolled him down in, but it became a cross or monument.

The Norwegian drove the mower and I had to go before the horses and see us before because there were one-piece large pits probably dug in 1867 when the railway was built. The grass called "Redtop" was sometimes six feet high and wet with dew, so I was soaking wet until the sun could dry me. What we could not get with the machine we used scythes. When the hay was dry, raked it up and put in big stacks!

One day when I and the Norwegian were out and struck, the horses went down in a quagmire so only the head and the back appeared! My companion ran home after the other horses and pulled them

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up. It was dangerous to get them loose from the machine, and terribly straining so they trembled when they came up and they were covered with sand and blue clay.

We wiped the horses with grass as best we can and it was very hot so the horses dried quickly otherwise mosquitoes in "millions" would eaten them up. We had worked hard so sweat poured from us and "thirst" sat down at us, so we started looking for some hole for water!

I searched on the southern side of the railroad and the other on the north. I was lucky and found a hill and against it was bricked up in a half circle with stones! Probably it would have been a source when the railway. It was about two meters deep, but there some water so I climbed down, skimmed off it "yellow" sludge, chased the caterpillars and creeping things away, got my friend's hat, filled it and gave it to him and I did "the same!"

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After all the grass that we could reach and was in stacks, they received a hay-press from the city so then started baling in the days, and in the evenings we drove bales to side track where every one of us piled it up. The longest we had to drive on the railroad was about a  $\frac{3}{4}$  Swedish mile [7.5 kilometers]. It was toward autumn we pressed hay so the wheat harvest was going on as most so there came a wheat train heavily loaded every half an hour sometimes and then we had to stop, unload off, and when the train went past load up and go again. At fixed time a train came from Vancouver with passengers. It was called "Vancouver Limited and one night it was delayed so we waited and it did not come! They said that we still should go and watch for the light and the smoke. We used to see the smoke and the light out towards the prairie for there were few trees in the way! On the way to the hay stack, there was a salvaged cutting and before we went through

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that we used to stop, listen and look round so we did not get "trapped" there.

On the other hand, there was large swamp with good high railway embankment.

They set off as usual, the Norwegian drove, one sat on the wagon and kept watch, I sat on the back backwards and was brakeman! We had made a kind of platform of boards and we took usually one ton per load! When we got to the rock cuts, we stopped and listened. It seemed neither light nor smoke, so we drove through and when we get halfway out on the bog it flashed to the intersection and there was "Vancouver Limited!" It took a little time to stop the wagon because I just had a lever for the brake and it worked only on one wheel.

Once it was stopped the Norwegian took the horse away from the railway embankment and tied him up. He hurried up to help us.

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We had bales of which we threw to the right and left, some on the other track, and some down the embankment. We were also by the platform when the Norwegian came and helped us with the cart and then the train was just a few meters away from us and it said p-r-r-r-r-r? and sand and gravel swirled about us.

It was a "close call" and what if the train had derailed going down the high bank and down into the bog. We three would been killed and perhaps all who were on the train. We did not do it again because it was "risky." The following day the same train returned west and both the fireman and engineer shook his fist at us!

One night there was a hurricane, rain and lightning storm that flashed from all corners of the world and our horses' tent blew down so we must be up, out to try to raise it up again, which went better than we thought because

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we had "free" electric light.

One night we had to up and retrieve a mare that had fallen into a creek with steep sides and could not get up because it was 1 ½ meters deep! The mare was sick and was stiff in the legs! They took a shovel, dug down the edge where she stood, walked home harnessed two horses and one of them took off the clothes, went into the water, the rope at the front - and back legs! The horses knew it was something specially and were afraid and drew quickly and with compression so that the mare came up out of the stream as if it were "lubricated". She went down another time, but then was four of us to lift her up!

Then there was nothing peculiar other than that the wolves were impertinent and howled at night close to the tents so we could not sleep! One of the men fired in the direction of wherever they howled, then there was silence. It became colder and autumn frosts at night so the mosquitoes became stiff and a man was left in peace.

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We worked out there for three months so we went to Kenora again and it was still nice weather and bare ground! Came back to Kenora, where I stayed with my sister Maria where there to shave + haircut as well as get on other clothes.

I went down to town and looked around. Right as I was standing on a corner was the same man "Bokvist" I met three months ago! He asked if I wanted to work, I could go with him to the Canadian Continental Railway where we would make the walls of the station house and lineman cabins for the new railway. There was no human life and no houses other than log houses that laborers had resided in!

I accepted the offer and the payment was \$ 2.50 a day and \$ 2.75 for Sunday? He said: buy yourself snow boots, wool sweater, Hudson Bay blankets, woolen shirts, mittens both the leather and woolen as well as washing soap (soap)

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shaving things, writing materials, paper, a couple of towels, etc. I bundled up the blankets in a roll, took my hand Swedish suitcase, packed it full of the things I thought I might need and so we went.

We took the train east on the Canadien Pacific Railway to a place which I think was called "Vermillion" and from there we went 20 Swedish miles north in the

wilderness! There had been some snow and a kind of road, which was used to carry "supplies" such as food, explosives, and what the workmen could use. The railway was finished, but there was no ordinary traffic yet, only a few work trains.

The place where we were staying was abandoned log huts, that were used when the railway was built and the clay smeared between the logs had fallen off so you could be in the "bunk" and see the snow outside, but we did not feel cold because there was a cooking stove and two large oil barrels that it was heated within. The place was beautifully situated on a good sized lake with a "clear" water! On a small

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hill among pine forest was an "isolated" log house in which it was said that they had women who have always followed the railroad construction and it was the first house built. It was said to be most Swedes and Finns, and it was said that the railroad was built because of "snuff", "brandy" and "women!"

It was mostly piecework and many cartloads not to the city until the work was completed and it sometimes took one year. They never changed underwear because they did not have time to wash so clothes were left on while they hung on and then take again. The result was that they became full of "louse" and lice brought 'Typhoid' disease so a lot of railway workers died. Close by was a cemetery which was enclosed by the railway rails and in the middle stood a large tombstone with the names of those buried. If there was any relative of the dead from Sweden and they could then they took the dead relative to the town and buried him in the town of Kenora Cemetery. It was a long and difficult

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through the wilderness to bring the dead especially in the summer! There were a lot of forest, streams as well as bogs, so it was probably difficult. Most of the dead are probably left in the wilderness and remain there into "eternity" times.

I got a bed (bunk) for another and was alone as well as had hay to lie on, and so, I was in America. In the evening when I went to bed I lit my pipe! At that time I smoked "corncob".

I was happy with my day, laying down and worked out how much the day's earnings were in Swedish money. On Sunday we loaded gravel in a railway carriage for use in the foundation wall and we got \$ 2.50 and that was 9 kroner in Swedish money. Huh! One day we were working on a foundation wall, a man came and asked for work and got it but according to custom in Canada, he had no blankets with himself as they should have. He reached with his right hand in the clothes on his chest and moved back and forth. He was full of - lice!

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In the evening when we should go to bed, he had no blankets so a "foreman" asked if he could not sleep with me, which I promised. But great living how his "tenants" attacked me at night so I did not sleep. In the evening after, I changed the shirt, put on a clean and poured kerosene after the sides and washed the cast-off and hung it to dry! So I continued to do every night, took one of my blankets lay in the top bunk with half of the blanket over me and I lay there on the boards just because there was no hay to lie on.

We had a good long piece of work so we use a kind of "surrey" as "driven" by four men and it was generally close to full dark before we reached home!

One night when we went home and had come into the salvage cutting which we always went through the train we met working there. The track was straight there and the train had faint lights so we could

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do not see how close it was until we were inside the "cut" and the right upon us when we all jumped off and all except one man from Västergötland and I jumped up into ravines and terraces in the cut! I and my friend stopped to lift the machine off the track? We had lifted one end when the train was close to us and we jumped towards the train on one side in case the train took the "trolley" which it did! One of the train crew was standing above the cowcatcher and jumped up when he saw us and trolley otherwise he had been killed. A pair of wheels of the trolley got stuck in the cowcatcher and the trolley was destroyed. The train stopped and the other men came down from their "shelves" and Bokvist who was foreman told the engineer that if we were right we would go down and give you a "good" spanking because you did not use the steam whistle even!

He was alone and it was said that he was discharged. It began to be towards Christmas 1909 and the snow fell

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and became too cold to handle the cement so we had to quit and go home.

The man from Västergötland wanted me to join him in the West. He had worked on "steam shovel" and then he would help me to find work, but because I had my relatives in Kenora and I was not very good in English then, I decided not to join him!

The night before we left the camp there came 1 foot = 30 cm of snow and 30° Fahrenheit, and we set off in the morning. There were 18 English miles = 2.5 New (Swedish) miles! My companion said that today you will see a hard march! He did

not know that in the army we had hard marches, and that none could stand above them.

My companion went before, but took such short mincing steps, so it was not so much!

At noon, we reached what they called a "half-way house" where we bought coffee and sandwiches! We were about half-way to

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the railway station on the Canadian Pacific Railway! After coffee, my companion said that now you can go there, which I did. I had high lace boots with high heels. It was 30 cm. snow and no one had traveled there before! I took out and rested on the steps as I had taught in the Swedish infantry and after he lagged my companion became far behind and I have to wait for him at times and both sweating hard. We reached the station in time [and] got into the carriage where it was good and warm!

It was still daylight when we came to Kenora and I went to my sister Maria's place, put my blankets out on the snow in case there would be "tenants" in the them.

I told Maria about the lice and said I know how to handle them so went out, spread the blankets out on the snow and it was 30 degrees below zero and she saw

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no 'passengers'; kerosene had chased them away. In the evening she took the blankets in and laid them by the cooking-range in the kitchen!

I was now as good as at home, but out of work again. My brother-in-law August Karlsson, who was married to my sister Anna, got both of us work to chop "cordwood" firewood for an Englishman on an island in Lake of the Woods! The price was \$ 1.00 per Cord. A cord = 4 cubic meters. I was not a "axeman" and saw used not, but the trees were felled. The first day I "made" a cord-mouth and stacked it up and deserved a lot - dollars to put in the "heap." It was 3 eng. = ½ Swedish miles out on the lake and we went on skis! It was a foot of snow on the lake. We went through a sound that was called Devils Gap (Djävulens Gorge) and cut some cord, how many I do not remember, but one day when I would split a firewood stick

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I cut myself in the right big toe so Karlson made a fire where I sat, next took off the moccasin, wrung the blood out of the stockings (3 pairs), changed with those on my left foot, which were dry, tied a handkerchief about the wounded toe, took the moccasin again after Karlsson found a nice, soft twine and sewed up the moccasin

that I cut! I persevered the next day but I did not go out because I was afraid to get cold in the wound.

Instead I stayed home and did a boot or sock of a bag, reefed cloth or rags on the leg with the boot over. The next day I was at work again, but in the day water had come under the snow so when we, as usual, went home in the evening Karlsson went before and I in his tracks, but probably I was heavier so the ice wasn't strong enough for me and the wet snow froze on the skis and my feet, especially where the bag was on.

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I do not remember how many cord we chopped but we got paid for half and the rest we would get when he had driven the wood out.

It was not brought out before the spring and then fire broke out somewhere out by the lake and then our firewood followed, and when the homeowner does not pay us, he said, it was poor quality. No more work to get before spring and then I work in the " timber yard " to stack the planks and boards. The payment was \$ 3.00 for ten hours which was large pay at the time, otherwise the allowance was \$ 2.00 per day.

Now, I received a letter from Sweden that Frida and Svea would come over though I had written that she should wait until I got on the possible steady job and got myself established. My uncle [mother's brother] Karl in the Nordängen was going to Canada so he paid the ticket and took her with him so there was nothing to be done about. *[ed. note: Frida and Svea arrived at Quebec on 13 May 1910 with Karl Johan Hansson]* We stayed a while with my sister Maria and then

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we found out a little house nearby that we rented and lived in to the autumn of 1912!

The work in the timber yard was especially hard for one who was unaccustomed, but I learned and got good muscles because on average we handled 40 tons of material per day.

There were four horses that pulled boards and planks up to 4-wheel trolley which was on rails!

In the fall the first week of November was out of work again because we were hit with a hard frost in a single night -30° so they could not get the timber free from the ice in the lake.

So it was to look for work again, which I also got! It was, as usual, to go out in the woods this time, pretty far north of the Canadian Pacific or commonly known as: C.P.R.

We were 70 men in the logging camp and

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it was good food and good beds and the payment was \$ 20 per month and this time I was prepared if the "camp" would be full of bugs. I had bought for 25 cents "sebedilla seed" so nothing came of me?

There were two Swedes in the camp that played the violin and a guitar so it was played every night and I sang songs!

About Christmas I told the foreman that I would stop, but he did not think I would. Out on the Lake of the Woods 35 eng. miles from Kenora was an old gold mine called the Mikado that would open again and they needed woodcutters! The boilers fired with wood because it was too costly to carry the coal the long way out on the lake. The payment would be \$ 1.10 per cord and we had to make use of all kinds of trees such as spruce, pine, aspen, larch! On January the 12th 1910

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I, August Karlsson, and a few others were on the way to the Mikado with blankets and household goods on our backs! There had come a foot of new snow, and was very cold so some got frostbite on the face. A carriage with two horses before drove ahead of us but still it was hard to go suddenly I remembered that it was January 12th my birthday which I celebrated on the "easy" way. I was now 32 years this was in 1911! We were generally two men in the same place in case someone would get hurt.

Shall return to the march to the mine, it took us two days to do!

At night we rested in an abandoned farmhouse and I and Karlsson were lying on the floor with only a blanket over us it was good cool down, it was heated by an old stove. We came to the destination next day in fairly intact condition and were referred to our quarters which

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were small timber huts that could accommodate six or eight men!

We were five, but in our hut with an Indian named Pete Red Sky, which means Peter Röd Sky. He was 22 years old and son of Indian chiefs on the reservation!

I got used to handle the ax so I could get along quite well! I cut, split and stacked 3 ½ cord and, on average, I made two cord! We paid 80 cents a day for food!

In the month of April a few days before Aurora was born I was with him that drove food and supplies to the mine! And when little Svea saw me ran and met me and I lifted her and carried her and when she looked up and saw my long brown beard gave her a "loud screech".

Everything went well with Aurora's birth [*ed. note: Aurora was born 15 Apr 1911*], and soon I had to start in the timber yard again!

Everything went well so I bought a lot or plot

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from the sawmill for \$100.00 and paid \$ 10.00 a month and I work with to clear of all debris, which the neighbors had thrown there. Together with the husband of Maria, we took Our Home out along Winnipeg River (Winnipeg Floden.) There was a peninsula sticking out into the river! It was already measured by surveyor, so I took one part of which was 172 acres and Samson took the other which was 248 acres and they were good with woods on both so we went there on Sundays in the fall and chopped wood for ourselves! It was long way to go there (5 miles), so I bought a good sailboat for cheap so we could row and sail there and back. When it was north wind we sailed home for there was strong countercurrent in some places! It is said to be the 4th river in size and water flow in the Americas and is the outlet for Lake of the Woods, which in turn receive its water from Lake Rainear and a 50-number of smaller lakes! 1912 I resolved to build a home

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that I could call my own, it was not great, but we had a roof over the head!

It was on towards autumn 1912 that the land was paid for and went to the sawmill's office, talked about my plans to build and asked to have building materials on payment and I did. It was \$ 10.00 a month and the 27th October came the material and now it began to "work!"

Every evening to the stroke of 12, Saturday night and all day Sunday. One Sunday Otto and I think it was Berndt his brother's name was. They helped me to nail boards on the ceiling. The 18th of November we moved into our new house. We were then four people, I, Frida, Svea, Aurora, and we had enough room! After the work was done it was to go out in the wilderness again and this time it was on the same train that I worked in 1909, but now there was a tunnel that where we would take down the loose stones with a bar. It was a

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dangerous job but it did not last long as well. Where? Yes, certainly I was now "out of" work again, but became "chef" for a small team of workers who would break away any rocks Winnipeg River as the water would be lower further up.

We lived in an old abandoned "shack" I know not what it was used for but there was a room with a fireplace that stood midst on the floor of a box of sand!

In the kitchen there was a table with wooden benches and an old, rusty, dilapidated cooker, but I was good to get it to work or what Smålander said about "the rooster" official business! I cooked meat and fried Swedish bread or "kake brod" in it and the men said that it "tastes good." When we left there and was completed, there was bread which I took home and gave to the children and they said it tasted so "good."

Received a letter from my brother, who said he would travel to Canada and I asked him that he then

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bring some salvage drills, wedges and wedge ink and that and he did! On the grounds, which was half a flat piece of granite, lay a large cobblestone of granite. It was probably two feet in diameter and it was preventing anyone to buy it.

[Editor's note: Victor's son Carl was born 28 Jan 1913.]

In spring 1913 Karl would come across the Atlantic with the "Empress of Ireland" or the same boat that took me over! It was at 18.000 tons, but was not as modern as later-built ships! I knew when he would arrive in Quebec so I watched the papers and one day it stood. Ocean liner Empress of Ireland sunk by a Norwegian coal boat St. Lawrence Bay 1.000 people killed.

[Editor's note: This accident occurred on 29 May 1914.]

It used to have 1,400 passengers and it lies still on the seabed.

Of course, I thought there was Karlie. But luck was that there was not room in this boat so he took the next ship, named the Empress of Britton and was a sister ship.

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Karl got a job to run the horse in the timber yard to begin with and then he tried many jobs. He was young (17 years) and "unmarried" so he managed quite well!

Now it was for me to start to wedge asunder the big stone and Karl helped me in the evenings after work and we got a variety of beautiful stones which I used part for the foundation wall of the woodshed [and] one part was put on the harvest slab where I then carried my soil, manure and rotten sawdust in which I then planted the Swedish rose potatoes. They flourished well there and one year I got 16 bushels on the small site.

What remained of the stones I used to make the road so you could run up with loads of firewood from the back end of the plot.

I said that I built a woodshed on the foundation wall and the timber for the foundation, I got out in the country! The logs cut out in the country and when there was north wind, I hung two after

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the boat and sailed against the current as nothing. All the wood I needed, I cut in the country and a German who had horses drove it home for me as well as the timber which I sailed home. Of all the time I was in America - 53 years - I have bought just two (2) cord!

One summer, the mill burned down in 1913 or 14? And then many became out of work and we had to take what we could get until it began again in the building up of the sawmill when I became "night watchman." In the spring the sawmill started, as usual, and then I had steady work in the summer again. 1914 war broke out and all work came to a halt. Only passenger trains went by and no unmarried person of military age had work, just to force them into Canada's new army. The day the declaration of war came, we went out to work in the morning, as usual, and at 10 in the forenoon it was said that now work stop. Thanks, stackers, and go home.

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I was "a little" married and had two or three small children!

Some of us decided to go out to the prairie at harvest because the wheat harvest was in full swing!

We traveled to Mannitoba, but the weather was rainy so we could not work more than half the time so we went home in a week and found work in the city to make cement sidewalks instead of the old ones that were of plank. The work lasted until there was frost and too cold to handle the cement and then it was to look for work again, but this time I went not to the forest but to a large flour mill where they ground 3,000 "barrels" of wheat in 20 hours. The mill was called "Maple Leaf" which meant "Lönn Lof". I and another unknown started night shift. The sacks were 140 pounds. 100 kg is 220 pounds so figure it out yourself! The sacks were released down

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into a chute that came from the fourth floor and at breakneck speed so that the flour dust whirled. The bags came into the railway carriage on a table that stretched across the wagon at the height of the shoulder! On one side was a Norwegian who was experienced! My companion who was unknown as well as I had on the "regular" clothes and "hard" cap (blasting cap) began only when the signal sounded, and I looked on. There were three 140-pound sacks every few seconds and I was not very eager to attack the first bag, but the other novice took the first bag as if he feared I would get the work if he had not "attacked" first. Anyway, he stood and "shifted" with the bag on the shoulder until the next sack came and stood to the one he had, and the bag and "old man" fell out after the floor and the "blasting cap" as well as "tripped" and knocked when it took off with it.

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Now it was my turn and I had learned not to stand at the table and shift, but took it the way it came and I learned to "hand out" pretty good!

In a time I was able to hand out "grain sacks" pretty hard, and one night I and the Norwegian worked Englishmen who stood at the machines thought that they should "cork" us because we were Scandinavians and neutral. It was all Englishmen at the five machines that grind the flour, and they had a huge heap of 80-pound sacks that would go to France for the 1st World War in 1914-15. We had two men who used to be in the 4th floor and send down what the warehouse which could be so and now, and together they took the men at the machines, and threw themselves on the heap of 80-pound bags and sent down so they were 7 men and every cart or "truck" took five sacks so they will say that we took

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against the bottom basket 35-80 bags of flour in a few seconds! A railway car held 42 tons, and we loaded it in an hour and 40 minutes, said the Norwegian who had watched! It was strenuous, first when we were far away in the end of the car and we ran like shot coils until we were half way to the table then we stood there and threw the bags in place. It had to be so many sacks in each "rank" to get the room for so many tons! When the warehouse was out, the others came down and wanted to see if we were buried under the bags because we had not called the "stop" during the whole flood of "flour?" When they came down and stood watching me and my partner and spoke about and he asked what they were looking for. Oh no! My partner said that we had loaded 30 tons in 1 ½ hours. Then came the bags slowly or just as fast as the machines could grind!

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Once I and a Pole were in the wagon and would load up, and he called a signal that is common for the two men, who sent when. There were 3-56 kg. bags at a time and with just the right interval! Now I do not know what incident he had or what was for into him, but he gave two signals again. Then the men ran away from the machines, seized "trucks" and because it was a huge heap that kind of bags to begin sending down.

It was therefore seven men and each man took three sacks, thus 21 as fast as they could send them. When the warehouse was done, the five men returned to their machines and the bags arrived just in time soon! All of a sudden the Pole ran at me, grabbed me by the waist, but said "nothing." I did the same and squeezed him so that "crashed" into the chest of him. No one said anything, but he stayed home for a week. For whatever reason?

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One night I was alone to load two railway cars with bran (100 pounds) that is to say I handled 84 tons alone in 9 hours for \$ 2.00 or 2 ½ cents a ton? Piles of money???

Between July 1914 and New Year's ruined my left elbow and got blood poisoning, so I was scared of losing the arm and it was swollen from the nails to the shoulder! The doctor did 6 holes in the elbow, framed 6 rubber pore and blew out the blood and where? In two weeks or on my birthday, I was home again, and sometimes must then go and visit the doctor!

Had arm in a sling for a long time and the arm was sore and tender long. The arm was still in the sling and I got the job of running horse to "the company saw" and it could be done with one arm, was easier and the same "payment." In Canada, they had at that time got a new

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law in industrial "accident" so I got \$2.00 a day or as well as much as when working 9 hours at the mill. In the summer I worked as usual in the timber yard and in the fall of 1915 went into the woods far north!

A Swede by the name of the Kron had taken the contract on the cutting sleepers and timber so we were 11 men and Kron and two pairs of horses that pulled the material to the station 4 miles from the camp!

Me and a large Norwegian from Stenkjear 30 miles north of Trondhjem.

We got eight cents a sleeper, and 5 cents for every timber, and 1 cent piece for every sleeper when we drew them together.

It was a very cold winter, we worked hard and the Norwegian had large "red" mustache and breath froze on them so he had

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a small "iceberg" hanging over his mouth so he looked like a "walrus" or a "prehistoric" creature.

We used a 4-foot Swedish saw with 2-inch blade, it was easy to hand out, we used it to measure the sleepers of which was two saw-lengths or 8 feet and cut quickly through the logs. One day the saw broke so we walked for 2 miles back to the camp or forest camp to see if there were an extra saw that we could use until we got the order to the city, but there was none!

We drank a cup of coffee to warm us, and then travelled to the city. This was not C.P.R. railroad but Canadian Continental railroad far in north which I worked on in 1909!

There was a local passenger train once a day and if we hurried perhaps we might get to the "stop" 4 mile.

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It was a good winter because they ran sleepers and timber on the road. We had moccasin and were both young and ran. When we arrived, the train was delayed 2 hours, there was only one stop in between two hills with a shed where there were three flags, one white, one green and one red!

We went back and forth on the railway track backwards against Northwest wind that came in between the hills! We were both drenched with sweat and had "frost" on the back. It felt good to get into the train where it was warm and we arrived in Kenora and got us a couple of drinks of Swedish brandy and there was talk about how cold it was. One said it was 65° below 0 Fahrenheit or 55° below 0 Celsius and can "assure" that it is pretty "cool." It was shivering-worth cold many times, but because we had no thermometer,

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you knew nothing.

Two boys Eriksson and Ronnmart worked together in the woods and one day they found a "hare" which was "frozen stiff" so they made a fire, took the hare by the ears and lifted him near the fire, and after a time he left. Up there in the woods there was nothing human but "yodeling" of wolves, owl and landed some Great Tit [editor: a kind of European bird] if he survived.

On evenings when we had eaten, there were 3 Umeå residents who played violins, and guitar and bed! They played not to short and we had no newspapers to read though it was wartime. Can not remember how long we worked there, but in summer it was the lumber yard again!

Now there is neither lumber yard, saw or flour mill. Instead, a large paper mill! In the Lake of the Woods, there are many cottages and tourists out on the islands!

The lake is 140 Eng. miles = 20 Swedish miles long and as wide!

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One winter, I worked in a large forest camp where they sang and played and it was good food of all kinds, and when "the men" had been out in the cold, and worked hard and were hungry so we ate like wolves and there was an Englishman who ate himself to death, and a Swede became ill so as they made a kind of sled of skis which they laid him on and two men dragged him three Swedish miles over forest trails at 40° cool! In summer 1916 I worked as usual in the timber yard and there was a man from Umeå who had been in the States and told that there were better conditions there, and not as cold as in Canada, so we decided to give us off.

I thought that while Frida my wife and kids were always sick it was because of the cold "climate" so if I found a warmer place to the south, it would help. I liked Kenora and the surrounding area there

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and was prepared to stay for good. Had carved 80 beautiful logs in the forest to build the house, but because of this my decision I gave the timber to my brother-in-law and gave the "My Home Land" back to the State. That said, it was 174 acres = or about 174 acres of good forest and I had cleared an acre at the river and found and dug and put planks inside a "water - run!" All this went on the "potty" and was to no avail.

At the site of the city, I had dug up water, had fences around the entire lot, sidewalk from the street, planted plum trees, and gooseberry and currant bushes and peonies in front of the street! It was in 1916.

Me and my future mate Eriksson drove away "probably" by boat across Lake of the Woods because no road between Kenora and "Fort Frances" at the U.S. border where we went

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existed in those days, there was only wilderness. How we carried ourselves, we came to Fort Frances, found work in the lumberyard there! There were two large

saws next to each other and together they sawed the 300,000 square feet of boards and planks in 10 hours! We worked in the timber yard as extras, that is, if someone was absent, we took his place. I was first working on the chain where the material came out of the saw!

The material or planks and boards had grade mark so every one grade would be at their appointed place or cart and managed to get the lumber up to 30 feet long, 12 inches wide and 2 inches thick. I pulled, ripped, and "push" to get them from all the other material so the wrists' "swell. "

For a while I worked on the electric "stacker. One day I was instead of one who was home sick, and I and his comrade hand pointed 60,000 square feet 1-inch boards in

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8 hours and earned \$ 6.00 that day and the thermometer showed 110 degrees Fahrenheit or about 35 or 40° Celsius and it was many who became sick because of this extreme heat and hard work. The boards took up the heat and it steamed off them, so it was humid air.

Now we had gained experience on this place and started talking about the trip across the border! It was now toward autumn, and as I said, went off. And there were many experiences and many a "time" was, I stood on the last "step" to "hell" during the time I worked in the mines for 27 years.

I have it written down in my memoirs!

This becomes more and in this book now is room for your family on Långström's side!

So this was my first 7 years in America, and some have been disclosed.

Victor!