
Introduction

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Dennis Rowley
Curator of Manuscripts
February 21, 1975

ROBCPMPBELL'S JOURNAL

Commencing 1843 (18 years of age)

Rob Campbell was born in Kilbarchan on the 21st of January 1825. Kilbarchan is a village in Renfrewshire Scotland. Was convinced of the truth of the fulness of the everlasting Gospel being again sent to man by Priest John Craig and 'born again' on the 9th day of August 1842 and confirmed the 14th of same month by Brotler Thomson at Glasgow conference at which Apostle P.P. Pratt was present.

Sent out on 1st July 1843 by the Johnstone Council President Gibson Ellwood to bear testimony to the world along with Priest William Craig to Dalry a village 14 miles distant from Johnstone.

On the Sabbath morning at about 6 o'clock went out of the town a half mile when a half square of houses inhabited by colliers presented itself. Br. Craig said I think we will preach there. We then retired and prayed that the Lord would open their hearts that they might give us some house to preach in which we got. We counselled how we would warn the people and agreed that each of us should begin at one end and warn them till we met. We warned them and got the majority of them to come and hear us. The only people that did not give us soft answers were a Roman Catholic and one of our native village. We preached to them and they gave us a show of hands that they wanted us back. Preached also at night.

3 September 1843 Went to Howwood along with Br. I. Craig Priest but could get no place to preach.

10 September Went with Bros. Craig and Martin, Priests to bear testimony but before Br. Martin had got through the clouds were let loose upon us and we were obliged to stop.

17 September Went back again when on the road it began to rain when it was proposed we should ask God to stop the rain till we had borne testimony of the everlasting Gospel. Accordingly the three of us went off the road and asked God to do it which he did and for which I do sincerely thank him even so Amen.

They preached and I bore testimony to a good many people who when it turned dark began to rally around us for the Lord he was with us and granted us much power to bear testimony to his own truths which caused us to go home rejoicing and singing the songs of Zion.

24 September 1843 Went along with the priests before mentioned again got few at the first to come and hear us except two or three old persons who had passed through the bustle of this world and now felt the withering hand of time upon them but we were terribly annoyed by a drunk man who began at first to show his foolishness by bringing a lookingglass to the door and looking in it very attentively but when the devil had got a good hold of him he began to show he was a Pugilist and for boxing all around him. He occasionally went in to an Inn and Tollhouse and would come out and begin the dancing, Whistling or shouting and at last came to so close quarters that he almost forced us to stop but we all bore faithful testimony rejoicing that the devil had no power over us and that he had to employ such weak persons in Howwood to do his work. Intimated that if they wanted us we would come back when some women had the boldness to say that some like to hear us well enough.

8 October 1843 Went and bore testimony when the people would scarcely listen to us.

15 October 1843 Went to Dalry this morning and came back with Priest I. Craig. People were not aware of our coming consequently we did not get many. Bore testimony to very inattentive sinners.

4 November Br. Hedlock having sent word that he wished to hold a two day conference with the Glasgow Conference went in but no meeting could be got up today till night when Br. Hedlock addressed us.

5 November Conference held today when I was called from a member to the office of a Priest by Br. McCue and ordained under the hands of Br. Reuben Hedlock High Priest.

19th November 1843 Sent out to Dalry to preach there along with Br. Inch. None came out till night when we got a crowded audience.

26th Went to Dalry myself and preached to a set of infidels who I had not the confidence to open the Bible till thinking that though I did then would not believe it. Therefore I did not preach to them the first principles and the Lord did not bless me with his Spirit.

3rd December 1843 Went to Dalry again. and preached the first principles to a filled house with a power surpassing anything I had ever felt which makes me praise the Lord.

10th December The same as the day above described particularly.

17th December do-----do

23 do do-----do

1st January 1844 Went to Kilmarnock and preached at night only as desired by Council.

7th January 1844 Went to Irvine. Preached forenoon. Went to the Streets the middle of the day and preached in the Hall in the afternoon then travelled 7 miles to Kilmarnock and preached at night and I felt the Lord was with me and blessed me.

14th Preached in Dalry to some very attentive hearers but I was very wearied having been at Irvine through the day.

21st Preached at Dalry to very few persons but attentive ones.

28th Preached at Kilmarnock at night to a very respectable audience but I lost faith. Consequently I had nothing to say being afraid of their learning and c but read a great deal of proofs for the Scattering of Israel then Gathering together again together with the manner in which it was to be done and the signs and miracles and c that would be in the last days to effect this object.

4th February Went to Dalry and preached at night.

10th February Went to Kilmarnock and opened Dragon on Tuesday night coming home.

17th " Went to Irvine & Kilmarnock.

25th " Attended Conference in Glasgow.

28th Left Johnstone without purse or scrip to preach to the world.

Went to Irvine and Ayr and preached to some attentive persons (for particulars of my preaching see letters sent to Joan) (No. 1 dated 8th March). Owing to some disagreeable circumstances in Ayr among the few Brethren there I could not get staying to preach and to follow it out until I would go to Glasgow and get matters settled although I believed many would obey the Gospel here.

Went to Irvine and preached there and in Dragon and surrounding villages See letter No 2 for particulars. Went home to Johnstone on the 25th March and the Johnstone brethren counselled I should be ordained an Elder when Br. McCue ordained me on the 27th at a prayer meeting.

Went to Irvine next day and preached. Some obeyed the first or second time they heard and I confirmed them. The people here began to be infuriated against me and some young persons threatened to tear me to pieces the first good opportunity. Persecution began here to kindle and some immediately obeyed. I preach here once on Thursday night and 4 times on Sabbath which has caused great speculation.

April 20th The people here as still in arms against me as I am preaching twice through the week and 4 times on Sabbath. I have given liberty to any of them to ask me questions which they are doing and thereby bringing many to the nall. Thursday week I was asked some questions by an individual in the hall who would not give me liberty to answer him save by a negative or affirmative answer and he raised a hubub and went away believing he had fairly put me down but as I was determined to let the people here me answer him I sent him notice that I would answer his questions fully and explicitly on Tuesday last and that he would have an opportunity of replying at which meeting the hall was crowded to

suffocation so that some had to go out and a great many could not get in but no person had the boldness to oppose me though I gave liberty to all present to ask me questions. On Thursday however I was again opposed and two or three argued against me but they went away while one of them declared I was a dangerous character to be in a town and my mouth ought to be muzzled for particulars of preaching. (See letter No 2) The people then reported I was fairly put down and that I had renounced my faith. Others had said of me I was on the stage while a woman declared she actually knew me when she was in Edinburgh and I lived there (although I never was in Edin.) and was of notoriety among the bad women but while the world was thus talking of me I was conversing today with two honest hearted persons who heard me last Thursday who saw the truth and who requested Baptism the same day at my hands and thus the world goes. Even so Amen.

✓ James Finley a Collier here who having heard me preach became very favorable attended our meetings advocated our cause and defended us in our attacked position in the hall when the rabble was against us. Having been severely lacerated and broken by a fall in the coal pit sent for me a little before he died to pray for him. I told him there was yet an ordinance in the kingdom for him and that if he was dying in the faith of the everlasting Gospel being sent again to man I would yet attend it for him when he would be blessed of God and rise in the morn of the first resurrection when he told me to do all I could. Strangers being in I could not get laying the doctrine of Baptism for the dead before him.

May 5 The Saints here are beginning to be built up in the doctrines of God and the gift of healing is powerfully evinced amongst us. We preached yesterday to the people four times and the honest in heart are beginning to come amongst us. Although we are poor and very much despised - in fact the people here can scarcely think to see us go on the street. We had a meeting amongst ourselves this evening when I baptized one into the kingdom. The power of the Spirit was in our midst. The gifts was in our midst although the sisters here had not faith to use them and

truly my heart did rejoice to see my Olll sisters singing the songs of Zion with the Spirit and the IIDderstanding.

May 27 I have still been preaching here and in sUTrollliding villages and Br. Inch having come last sabbath week I preached in Doura on Sabbath week last and In Irvine at night. Also we preached in Fergushill and went again to Pearceton where some truth-seekers listened attentively. The people here being deceived by the Irvinites are very cautious in religious affairs lest the work of God proves like Irvinism a failure. Also the lies which are abroad against us makes the people to look with disdain upon the Saints. However a few of the offscourings of Society seem to be the Olll persons who are looking for the truth here one being baptized last week and another yesterday. The Saints here are as yet however weak and afraid for the world but as the Spirit of God begins to be in our midst we are comforted and strengthened. I preached in Dragon till the people would come no longer and hear me. I warned them individually till the minister sent Ire word not to warn him. Another woman declared to mys_elf I was not to open her door again. Others looked up to heaven through the ceiling of their houses and said "God forbid I should be a Latter-day Saint" while some declared I ought to be stoned out of the town and so I left them with the truth scattered amongst them. One obeyed and some I believe had their ministers visiting them declaring they were "lost sheep" going into forbidden paths but some would not listen to their ministers as they saw the truth clearly but having a good name and some filthy lucre they had not the humility to be numbered amongst the children of God.

Illle 2 Attended Conference and represented Irvine and Ayr. I was sent to Lanark by the Glasgow COIIDcil.

June 10 Preached in the TownHall here yesterday to 20 or 30 who came out 3 times to hear. Afterward I had a meeting this evening.

16 Preached in Kilburnie also through the week III DaIry and attended the Kilmarnock organization. Likewise spoke in Irvine.

Irvine June 23 Preached here today. Mondaynight in Fergushill where about 50 colliers gathered out to hear the truth and received it with gladness of heart. Tuesday evening preached in Irvine. For particulars see letter of this date no. Wednesday preached in Pearceton where a few listened carelessly.

Thursday went to Kilmarnock when Elder Gibson replied to a Lecture delivered against us by an apostate. Friday went to Kilwinning when it was considered I should come there on Sabbath first when I would get an audience and a house to preach in.

Irvine 30 Preached here forenoon when Br. McGhee occupied the afternoon. Afterwards went to Kilwinning and laid down the first principles of the Gospel to about a hundred people who listened with great attention. SOIrethought the principles were Scriptural and one woman declared if she joined any that was the sect she would join. The people here have not heard anything save the false and slanderous reports.

July 1 Preached at Fergushill colliery to a good audience who listened attentively.

July 2 Preached in Irvine this evening.

" 3 " in Perceton. The people here are bound down by their tyrannical employers. Some of them are careless concerning the things of God - others are fond of hearing the truth. They give me my supper last week. They also wished Ire to take pence from them this evening but they are afraid of joining for their work's sake as their masters are much endowed with the Spirit of aristocracy and they have to crouch beneath their opinions as serfslaves.

July 7 Preached in Irvine and in Kilwinning in the evening when a good audience turned out and they listened with breathless anxiety to the truths of heaven as again preached unto mankind at which apparently some rejoiced.

July 8 Preached in Fergushill and Br. Inch bore testimony "When I felt by the Spirit some were believing while SOIre of them manifested a desire to speak

to us of those things we were so anxious to proclaim.

Irving July 9 Br. Inch spoke to us of the resurrection and the glory thereof showing us also the glorious realities of such a doctrine. I also spoke on the same doctrine for the benefit of some strangers who were present.

10 Went to Kilmarnock as requested by my father and from thence to Johnstone.

11 Went to Kilbarchan and spent a happy night speaking and hearing of those things which belong to our temporal salvation.

12 Went to Greenock and parted with Sis. Campbell who sailed for America.

13 Went to Glasgow when Br. McCue consented us to preach elsewhere when my testimonial was not received in Irvine but to build up the Saints and to get the Saints in Irvine to consent to receive me as President to see if Br. Gibson would come from Kilmarnock to do this.

14 Preached in Glasgow afternoon and evening.

16 Preached in Irvine to the Saints on their duties.

July 17 See letter sent to Joan of this date.

July 19 Preached in Dalry this evening.

21 " in Irvine to the Saints.

22 " in Fergushill to a good assemblage of friends. Afterwards had a long discussion with them on the principle I set forth. Some were very well pleased. Others would not believe God had sent me although they admitted ministers should be sent of God as was Aaron. One wanted me to preach in French and he and many others would believe.

25 Preached to the Saints in Irvine.

26 " " " in Dalry.

28 " " " in Irvine and to the people in Kilwinning in the evening. They turned very well out and listened attentively.

29 Preached in Fergushill proving the Book of Mormon which some rejoiced and others spurned.

30 and 31 Went home to see Joan and my relatives.

Aug. 1 Went to Kilmarnock on the morning train, where Br. Cairns was who got a letter from Br. Warde?) of Joseph and Hyrum being murdered at Carthage.

Aug. 4 Preached in Kilburnie.

5 Went to Dalry.

6 Went to Fergushill but it was too wet to preach in the open air.

8 Preached in Irvine.

10 " " "

12 " in Fergushill. Afterwards had a discussion concerning the fulfilment of the Prophecies relating to the Plagues to come in the last days. Somewhere for holding they were past although John was commanded to "write the things which shall be hereafter". Some say they believe but do not evince any symptoms of wishing to obey although they are so glad to hear us preach.

Oh that men were alive to the things of God!!!

13 Read the Star in the Irvine meeting concerning Joseph and Hyrum's murder.

14 Preached in Bensley to an attentive audience and kind people.

16 Preached in Dalry at the prayer meeting.

18 "in Irvine and in Kilwinning at evening where a few strangers came out and listened with attention.

Aug. 19 Preached in Fergushill to a few attentive hearers.

" 20 Attended the Irvine prayer meeting and spoke a little on the first principles to the Saints.

21 Went to Bensley and preached to very attentive persons who were delighted with the ancient Gospel and who were very kind to me.

22 Went to Kilmarnock when I was infoTired Sabbath first was the Conference day.

23 Went through to Johnstone.

24 Went to Glasgow.

25 Attended Conference and represented Irvine and Dalry. Br. Cairns presided.

27 Attended Johnstone Comcil meeting and took notes on Henderson's case.

30 Went to Dalry and spoke at the prayer meeting.

31 Held Council meeting in Dalry when it was considered wisdom to open Saltcoats_ and to continue labouring with renewed diligence in Kilwinning. Br. Rainey, McGhee, Lindsay and Elwin were present.

Sepr. 1 Preached in Irvine afternoon and reUTILing in evening to very few hearers .

2 Preached in Fergushill to many who apparently were rejoicing. in the truth as much as Saints who have obeyed. Their masters are tyrants and as usual would persecute those who believe in the .Ancient Gospel.

3 Attended Irvine prayer meeting when scarcely any Saints came - no meeting.

4 Preached in Bensley to at ten ti ve people.

5 Went to Kilmarnock and waited till Sabbath and preached.

9 Went to Fergushill but it was dark ere' the people got their work past and there dinner taken so that I could not preach out by

10 Went to Stevenson and visited Sis ter Iurdam(?) and went home In the evening to Irvine but the Irvine Saints were not gathered waiting for the prayer meeting as I suspected. ✓

11 Went to Bensley and had a conversational meeting with my friends. wI.en went to Dalry.

12 Went home thinking that I would have to attend Henderson is trial on Sabbath in Glasgow.

Sepr. 13 Went up to Kilbarchan and had a conversation with my friends. and in the evening saw Joan and had a good meeting.

14 Went to Glasgow and at night saw the Johnstone Comcil and arranged the evidence for the case to be tried tomorrow.

15 Attended the trial and the church.

16 Went home to Johnstone and at night to Kilbn.

17 Had a conversation with my Kilbarchan friends and afterwards with Joan.

18 Went to Kilbarchan and afterwards went to Bridge of Weir prayer meeting.

19 Went to Bensley and had a conversational meeting. Afterwards went home to Irvine.

20 Went to Stevenson, Saltcoats and Ardrossan and circulated Bills intimating, preaching in Saltcoats 3 times on Sabbath first. Went home to Dalry.

21 C01.IDcilmeeting in Dalry.

22 Preached afternoon in Saltcoats to 5 or 6 and at evening to a very respectable congregation.

Irvine 24 Prayer meeting held here at which we arranged concerning the Hall rent.

29 Preached in Saltcoats.

Oct. 1 Attended Irvine prayer meeting when few came. Began and expounded to them those things their minds were dark on.

6 Went to Bensley afterwards to Saltcoats.

9 Went to Kilburnie prayer meeting.

10 Home to Kilbarchan and Johnstone.

13 Preached in Johnstone.

15 Went to Glasgow prayer meeting.

17 do ----- do

20 Preached in Bridge of Weir and at night gave my reasons to the chartists in Kilbarchan for leaving them and joining the Saints.

23 Attended Kilburnie prayer meeting.

27 Preached in Corschile at 5 o'clock and went to Saltcoats and preached after Br. Rainey.

Nov. 3 Attended Kilburnie where Br. Cairns preached on Sabbath & Monday evening.

Nov. 10 Preached in Saltcoats to a very few who came to hear.

17 ---do-----do-----do-----

21 Went home to Johnstone.

24 Attended Glasgow Conference.

Decr. 1 Went to the Shaws and preached in the evening at Thorneybank.

2 Went to Kilmarnock prayer meeting.

4 " " Irvine, warned them to meet.

5 Met with the few who assembled in Irvine when Br. Gibson inquired into their standing in the Church and found them very waning in the faith.

8 Preached in Saltcoats and in the evening conversed with 6 or 7 honest inquirers after truth at the Dubs.

9 Met with some inquiring after the truth according to appointment and got 2 hours agreeable conversation with them regarding the Gospel.

11 Went home to Johnstone.

15 Went to Greenock and preached forenoon, afternoon and in the evening to a good many strangers.

Decr. 22 Went to Kilwinning and held a conversational meeting in Br. Steels and afterwards, preached in Dubs to a good many strangers and got a conversation with some of them after the meeting.

23 Went to Br. Steels and had a conversational meeting.

24 Went to Irvine and got the names of the Members then to enable me to fill up their schedule.

24 Went home to Johnstone.

26 Went to Glasgow & to Thorneybank prayer meeting.

27 Home to Johnstone.

29 Preached in Johnstone.

1845

Jany. 1 Attended meeting in Johnstone and Soiree in the evening.

5 Preached in Greenock,

12 " " Johnstone.

14 Left Johnstone for Nauvoo at 9 1/4 in the morning and sailed from Glasgow to Liverpool at 2 o'clock. Sailed out from Victoria dock till the Mersey on the 16th. Sailed from the Mersey on Tuesday the 21st at 11 o'clock and landed in New Orleans on Saturday the 8th day of March 6 weeks 4 days. Landed at Nauvoo 26th March 10 weeks and 1 day. For particulars of voyage see journal kept.

Experience of Elder Robert Campbell

Jany 1845

since

he received the power of the Priesthood but more especially since he went to the world to proclaim the truth about a year ago. About the month of October 1843 Elder Houstoun having come to visit the saints in Johnstone on their prayer meeting evening. I being then a member in said Branch which is in the Glasgow Conference Scotland desired to have the ordinance of the house of God attended to in my behalf. Br. Houstoun then laid hands on me and by the power of the Spirit told me that I would yet be called to labour in my native country and ultimately to preach the truth to the nations of the earth. According to this prediction and in fulfilment thereof Br. Hedlock announced his intention of coming to Scotland on the 6th. of November being the succeeding month when Elder Gibson Ellwood asked me if I should be willing to take the lesser priesthood upon me. I told him I would rejoice much in being a Servant of God and would if it was the Lord's will that I should receive it be glad to take it upon me in his strength. Accordingly I was called and ordained to the office of a Priest on 5 Nov. 1843. From this time until next Conference in February next I went and preached in Dalry where little good was done to all human appearance we had only a garret room however which was no way enticing to any respectable people. I also occasionally preached in Irvine and

Kilmarnock according as appointments were to fill up. In February my years engagement being out in the office I was in I was told by my master he heard I was preaching and that he did not intend to retain me longer in his engagement and I having no great liking to be in a Writers(?) office but having a great desire to preach the Gospel I was sent out to preach in the West of Scotland. I proceeded West to Ayr where I endeavored to get the few Brethren met to lay before them my intentions in conformity with my mission but I met with a very cold reception from some of them who were becoming withered branches and acting unlike the children of God.

I preached there twice but my preaching was nullified by the conduct of the Saints from there I went to Irvine where I preached often and raised a commotion amongst the people. I preached there as also in the neighbouring hamlets until July when there was eleven or twelve baptized some of whom have since evinced no saintly disposition nor that fondness to acquire truth which is so common amongst the true Saints of God. I continued to labour in any place where I could get preaching and convinced some who told me they saw it was the truth but did not obey. I having received a blessing through tongues and interpretations telling me I should be taken soon to Zion had a great desire to go in Jan'y 1845. Indeed I looked forward to that time for many a day with a desire to go. I wrote By. Hedlock about Nov. or Decr. about my little success and my great desire to go when he wrote I might feel myself at liberty to go or stay as I felt led by the Spirit of God so accordingly I am now on the Atlantic Ocean fulfilling that which I believe to be the mind of God.

Nauvoo May 7th 1845 And which I now know to be the mind of God as contained in my blessing received today which I here copy. A blessing by John Smith Patriarch upon the head of Robert Campbell son of Alexander and Agnes Campbell born in Kilbarchan Renfrewshire Scotland 21st Jan'y 1825. Brother Robert I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ by the authority of the Priest-

hood I seal a fathers blessing upon thee. Thou hast left thy native land for the Gospels sake and all thy former friends, and crossed the mighty waters to dwell with the Saints which thing is pleasing unto the Lord and he hath many blessings in store for thee, thou art called to preach the Gospel to the nations of the earth, and it is left to thy choice where thou wilt go, nevertheless thou shalt prosper in thy labours, bring many to a knowledge of the truth, baptize and lead them to Zion, the Angel of the Lord shall go before thee to clear thy way, and shall defend thee deliver thee from all thine enemies and not a hair of thy head shall fall to the ground by their hands and no power on earth shall prevail against thee, thou shalt have power to do any miracle that will enable thee to fulfil thy mission honorably, thou shalt bring thy thousands to Zion with much riches and establish them in the cities of the Saints, thou shalt have a Companion to assist thee in all thy labours, thou shalt have a numerous posterity to keep thy name in remembrance, thou shalt possess all the riches of heaven and earth, share in all the glory the Lord hath in store for the Saints, live till your satisfied with life, even to see the winding up scene of this generation stand on the earth with the Savior and reign with him a thousand years being clothed with all the power of the Priesthood. I seal these blessings upon thy head if thy faith does not fail and I seal you up to eternal life because thou art of the house and lineage of Joseph and of the blood of Ephraim even so Amen.

Nauvoo or City of Joseph April 9th 1845. Ordained this day into the Quorum of the Seventies and organized into the 24th Quorum. Senior President Lewis Eager.

May Clerked a few days to John Smith Patriarch.

June 19 Began to clerk to William Smith & continued until Sept about to the 19th.

-Received the following Blessing under the hands of Wm. Smith Patriarch.

Nauvoo City of Joseph 25th July 1845 A Blessing by Wm. Smith Patriarch on the head of Robert Campbell son of Alexander and Agnes Campbell born KilbarG-an Renfrewshire Scotland 21st Jan'y 1825. Beloved brother Robert I lay my hands upon

your head to seal upon you a fathers blessing and a blessing that shall continue upon thy head and fortell thy future prospects and what the Lord has in store for thee, for thou art of that number that has been gathered from among the Gentiles and one that the Lord has remembered and by his special providence has pointed thee out as one of Josephs Reilitants and from the nations of the earth hath he gathered thee out and brought thee to Zion. This has been done that thy Salvation might be made perfect, and that as one of the house of Joseph that is called to gather the people together in this last dispensation, this ministry has been appointed unto thee and greater enduements await thee: and then shalt thou see the situation of the world lying before thee, and thy spirit shall aspire after the Salvation of the house of Israel and of thy Brethren who are of thy blood even the household of Joseph and many shall hear thy voice even in distant lands, and they of thy kindred & shall be gathered in the last days into the kingdom, and be saved even many of them as the fruits of thy labours then shall the power of the holy Priesthood increase upon thee, for it is sealed upon thy head, and the heads of thy posterity after thee by an irrevocable decree, and unto thee the promises of God that have been made by the fathers shall never fail for as one of the house of Israel who claims by heirship and legal descent the blessings, powers, & privilege, of the holy priesthood, thine inheritance shall be appointed unto thee by lot, and with the children of Ephraim, and all the sons of Joseph thou shalt inherit the earth with many blessings thereupon, and all the blessings of the Spiritual kingdom shall be thine, with great power & glory upon thy head and after thy labors are done thou shalt after many days return to Zion, & great shall be the crown of thy rejoicing for thy Brethren shall come as clouds and as doves to their windows and as the good wheat is prepared for the garner they shall come and as a shock of com that is fully ripe thou shalt sit down in Zion, and enjoy thy inheritance in peace forever, thy name shall be enrolled among the honored ones of the earth, and thy Priesthood shall beget thee great praise

among thy Brethren & with fond remembrance shall thy goodness in days to come be cherished in the hearts of thousands, and a multitude shall call thee blessed forevermore & thy faith through all this journey of life, and by the sealing blessing of the holy Priesthood upon thy head, thou shalt find a safe admittance into the celestial kingdom of God, and in the Resurrection shalt receive a crown of glory that shall exalt thee in celestial mansions, & thy praise to God and the Lamb shall never end for I seal this salvation upon thee even the life which now is, and that which is to come, even a Salvation that is immortal, to dwell in the presence of God and the Lamb forevermore. Even so. Amen.

1845 Novy. 10 Went to Dr. Richard's to clerk for him.

Novy. 15 Joan Scobie arrived at Nauvoo from her native land; left her father and mother in Kilbarchan Sept. 2. Left Glasgow on the 3rd and Liverpool on the 13th & reached New Orleans in 6 weeks & 3 days & got up to Nauvoo on the 15th of November as above at 8 o'clock p.m. being in all betwixt Kilbarchan & Nauvoo 10 weeks 4 days & 13 hours. On the 20th November went to Uncle John Smith Patriarch and was married to Joan according to the ceremony contained in book of Doc. & Cov. ✓
~ On the 21st of Jany 1846 Joan received the following blessing - City of Joseph
Jany 21st 1846 A Blessing by John Smith Patriarch upon the head of Joan Campbell daughter of George & Margaret Scobie born April, 3 1825 Kilbarchan Renfrewshire Scotland - Sister Joan I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and inasmuch as thou hast left thy fathers house the land of thy nativity and all that is near and dear to thee for the Gospels sake I seal upon thee a fathers blessing even all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. Thou art a daughter of Joseph who was sold into Egypt and thou hast a right to all the blessings which the Lord has promised to bestow upon his people in the last days. Thy name is written in the Lambsbook of life because of thy faithfulness and the integrity of thy heart and shall not be blotted out: thou shalt be blest with health for I rebuke every disease of thy body and every infirmity that

is prying upon thee, thou shalt have faith to overcome every power of the destroyer: thou shalt be a mother in Israel and as such thy name shall be had in honorable remembrance in the church through all generations: thou shalt raise up a numerous posterity, to stand on Mount Zion in the last days clothed with all the power and authority of the holy priesthood and partake of all the blessings of the kingdom of Israel forever: thy days and years shall be multiplied according to the desire of thy heart and thou shalt obtain every favor & blessing which you desire in righteousness: and inasmuch as thou art diligent in keeping the commandments of the Lord & abide in the truth thou shalt stand on Mount Zion with thy companion with the 144,000 and enjoy all the blessings of eternal lives. Amen.

Jan'y 6 Sent letters to Father Scobie & also to Anne.

21 Wrote letter to father Campbell & also to Johny & sent them with Br. Cain on Feby 28. He left Nawoo in March.

Feby 2 Joan & I went through the ordinances of washings and anointings. In the Temple and were instructed as usual in the ordinances and signs of the Priesthood.

8 Wrote to Sarah & sent it off by post.

March 8 Received letter from Uncle James Anderson & Sandy(?) Campbell. Sent one to Sandy in answer same week.

April 14 Received letter from father Campbell & John Craig.

29 Posted letter to father Campbell & Rob Climie.

May 6 Received letter from Annie Scobie & Rob Climie.

June Received letter from Sarah McDougall.

Augt. 18 Posted long letter to Br. McGhee & one to Anne Scobie. O that we may soon hear from them! I am just getting over my fever & ague sickness - I shook for about 3 weeks & fevered after my shaking very bad, first sickness ever I experienced, & its all learning me to know my own character and the vicissitudes of human life.

I had a backset and continued "shaking" until about 8 or 9th September.

Nauvoo September 1846

10th Had no shake of the ague today. Mob at Joseph's farm about 3 miles from Nauvoo firing their cannon at the Brethren.

11th Mob came round today northwards to the head of Laws lane, took their position a little north of the lane and the Brethren planted one of their cannon on Young Street about a quarter of a mile or a little better west of Laws lane. I can look out at the window and see the mob on horseback and their flags waving in the breeze. The Bre are only 2 blocks or nearly 3 west of our house. Mob commenced firing about noon with Cannon and about 4 I saw a ball fly past the window. I then said to Joan take a pair of shoes & stockings & let us flee. Some of the Bre had retreated & called in & told us to come along, so I took Joan by the hand and went towards the temple. Called at Sister where Joan put on a napkin round her shoulders & washed her feet & put on shoes and stockings. She was washing & had to leave her clothes scolding in the dirt. We went down below the temple to Br. Whiteheads. The Bre rallied round their cannons and gave the mob a salute in return for their kindness. None of the balls that the mob have fired into the city have done any hurt, only one of our Bre got wounded in the foot.

Satur. 12th The mob and the Bre have been cannonading briskly today, and came to close quarters with small arms. Three of our Bre killed & two wounded but not seriously.

Sund 13 No firing by the mob, it is believed they are short of ammunition. Our Bre fired off several shots with their cannon but the mob never returned; this was after sundown. An individual who had climbed up a tree reported that after one of our cannons went off the fire of the mob flew into the air, but they soon extinguished all their fires. A few small arms fired by scouting parties, at mobs supposed to be among the com. I shot once.

Mon 14 Little firing today, the mob fired twice with their cannon, I was looking out at a two storey high window when I saw the first ball coming, I kept my eye on it and it struck the ground a few yards from the window. It passed the corner of the house & I ran into an adjoining and my eye again caught the ball & I kept my eye on it till it stopped, then went downstairs and got it and took it to one of our cannons commanded by Captn. Hathaway, who discovered it was one of the new balls the mob had just got sent on, the other ball struck about the same place. We fired once or twice with cannon.

Tuesd 15 The Brethren fired one cannon at some of the mob who had climbed up a tree near to their position. The mob also shot. There are a hundred men who have come from Quincy who are riding out and in to the mob from our quarters in a buggy and carrying a (white) flag of truce. I heard Squire Wells say that the mob offered the following propositions which if we would accept hostilities would cease on their part. That the Mormons leave the city in ten days. That the Mormons deliver up their arms into the hands of two men, one to be chosen by each party. That they march into the city armed and have power to serve writs on all individuals in the city. That six Mormon families be allowed to stay to sell property & c.

Wed 16 Stayed at home all day in consequence of a bile on my neck being ripe and painful, but the flag of truce is still going out and coming in. No fighting that I can hear.

Thurs 17 Early in the morning a meeting called in the temple of t.J.eSaints - when Bros. Babbitt & Heywood addressed us and read the correspondence between the mob and them as Trustees, advised us all to cross according to the Agreement and use all men respectfully & civilly. Got a team in the afternoon and took our effects to a house at the river side. The mob came into the city, at 3 p.m. according to agreement and in the evening I got a horse and went after my cow and calf, hearing w.l. at the mob had not killed any cattle, & I found my cow &

calf coming home at their usual time for supper.

Frid 18. Went with Bro. Hetherington to his farm and helped him to bring in his cattle.

Sat. 19 Crossed the river in the morning early and amnow lying in the open air on my bed amongst the bushes that shades the sun from me and write this and feel quite contented. Towards evening drove in some stakes in the ground and put a blanket over our bed about 12 p.m. The wind rose and the thunder and lightning almost made us believe we were going to have a storm, but the clouds were thin and spare and gave us but a small sprinkling.

Sab 20 Gt tent poles from a bra who had a waggon and cover and Joan and another sister sewed quilts & bed covers together that we made considerable of a tent with, not however water-proof.

Mon 21 Went over to Nauvoo found t...enob apparently in high spirits with guard at the northern entrance to the Temple square and their cannon planked 2 or 3 yards from the Temple stairs. I felt indeed I was an outcast and a stranger there.

Tues 22 Went to Montrose and found the Bre & "new citizens" camped along down, saw about 22 men congregated at a meeting. The meeting immediately broke up and 2 men began a striking, at one anothers faces briskly. I suppose they meant no harm, but from their bloody appearance they did some.

Wed 23 Went to Nauvoo for some vegetables and took Philo Hard to his widowed mother. When going up from the river met two mJbocrats arred and on horseback. They saluted us civily, and asked if the Mormons were going over quick. I ans "Yes Sir". They replied "'That's fine, jus'!. what we want" when within 20 yards of Sister Hard'S, we saw a patrol of the mob at her door. We waited a little to see if they would go in but we found she was talking to them and we went in, when she saw her son she clasped and kissed him and never minded the mob. Her son had gone on with the camp in Spring and had just returned. The

mob stood at the door and told her she must leave. Went to P.G. and found Squire McAuley there. Lawyer Edmunds came in, and after salutation Ed asked what was the good word? McAuley said he got possession of that damned Temple, and found a barrell of powder and some castings buried there. McAuley... When did you come here? Edmunds? Ed said just now. McAuley replied: Well I don't know as to your staying here, Jack Mormonist leave (swearing). What about your selling the Temple? Ed told him about some who were enquiring after it. McAuley said, send the men to us (meaning the men who were enquiring after the temple to buy it).

23 Sept 1846 Went to boat to cross back for I felt strange when in Nauvoo. When half over the Mississippi the wind, the thunder, and lightning all conspired against us for a time, and the hail came so thick and hard we could not see where we were going. The women and children became alarmed but in about 15 min the hail abated and the wind slackened inasmuch that we were enabled to get to the shore. Got myself completely wetted all over and this brought back again the ague. When I reached our tent I found it had shed little of the rain. It was rather an unpleasant time with us but we made ourselves as happy as possible.

Thurs 24 Muddy walking. Ojilted today.

Frid 25 Shook today with the ague. Singing hymns round the fires at evenings.

Sat 26 Took some 'metier tarter' & puked & purged thoroughly. Great deal of bile on my stomach.

Sab, 27 Two Bre passed our tent said they had been baptized by the mob. Bre agreed to seek out a better location within 6 miles. Got baptized for my health. Perceived a snake creep out from below my pillow or near my head, but it soon got out of sight. Fine day.

Sund 28 Two Bre came past the tent enquiring for anybody that wanted to re-cross the river as they had to take down their names and get them a permit from the mob. Fair day. Windy a little. Had a "shake" today with the ague.

baptized again.

Tues 29 Fair weather. Windy. Oilled again. Bro. Thos Traverse died tonight, two sisters died last week named

Wed 30 Very warm day. Oilled a little. Towards evening it rained & thro the night but the tent prevented much from coming thro.

Thurs 1st October Very chilly, windy, cold day. Captn. Clifford and a New Citizen distributed some fresh meat among us today.

Frid. 2 Fine day. Abundance of quail are shot by the Brethren & a good many wild ducks, some fine large fishes are caught here by our tent which weigh 14 lbs.

Sat. 3 Dull day, little rain, chilled today.

Sat. 4 Clear day.

Sat. 5 Gloomy windy day. Shook violently with ague in consequence of jumping into the Mississippi to cure me. All sick in tent but Joan.

Tues 6 Sunny, windy day. Chilled. All sick in our tent. Joan complaining.

Wed 7 Sunny day. Captn. O.M. Allen & Br. Bullock told us we might have part of a waggon to put our effects in & go on to the camp. Captn. Allen preached this morning & told us the Twelve had sent the teams that came along with him back for those whose names he read. Joan very sick, pained and feverish.

Thurs 8 Warm day. Joan little easier. We loaded up and went to rendezvous for organization to start to morrow.

Frid 9 Several flocks of quails flew around our waggons and seemed to have lost the power of flying insomuch that many of the Brethren caught them. Warm day. Joan continues bettering. In the afternoon the Trustees came round our waggons and distributed the dole to the company and then we started & travelled to the foot of the bluffs 3 miles.

Sat 10 Dark misty morning, but soon cleared up. Started by 10 a.m. Got to Charleston about noon and encamped on the east side of Sugar Creek at

1/2 past 6 p.m. 13 miles. Joan chilled and fevering at night, bled at the nose considerably.

Sab 11 Started at 8 a.m. Halted a little at noon to let cattle feed on the prairie. About 6 commenced crossing the Des Moines River. All crossed over and encamped in less than an hour. A heavy shower of rain descending all the time. 14 miles. Joan chilled, very much pained.

Mond 12 Camped all day. Washed today. Fine day. Joan had a regular shake of the ague.

Tues 13 Camped. Joan "shaking" & bad with the diarrheea. ✓

Wed 14 Showery. Removed 5 miles on to the prairie. Joan had another shake.

Thurs 15 Cloudy and cold. Joan very sick. Encamped. Joan very bad ✓
towards evening.

Frid 16 About 1 a.m. Joan was delivered of a dead male child and in about 2 hours died herself. In the morning when the Brethren got up I repaired with Bishop Knight to Buonaparte with a team & got clothing for Joan to be interred in, and also lumber for her coffin. When the coffin was made Joan was blessed & her child. I placed in it, the child laying in her right arm. A grave was dug about 40 rods N.N. East of Samuel Davis, well in a hazle patch, rolling land, on the top of the ridge. ✓

Sat 17 A little after noon we buried Joan & her son. Elder Bullock read a hymn and Br Bosley prayed. Aunt lvhry Smith's waggon took on fire but was soon put out. ✓

Sab 18 Went to Indian creek 4 miles ahead.

Mond 19 I began to feel bad. My head swarmed and I was very dizzy inasmuch that I could scarcely go out of my waggon without falling.

Tues 20 Camp started at 8. Went thro Mechanicsburg at 11. Encamped on the banks of the Fox River at sunset. 16 miles. When I endeavored to speak to

the Captain I found I could talk, but would talk nonsense and could not convey what I meant & I know it was so. I was sensible enough. I grew worse and continued sick, and was very dizzy. We had a long, tedious, weary journey. Sometimes the oxen would be a missing and it would be almost night before they were found, sometimes not found that day. Every thing seemed dull and wearisome to me and it was into November before we got to Mount Pisgah. After this it grew very cold, and by the time we got to Ichua Bóbræ I chilled again and shook with the ague. I felt more strange and lonely than I can express. I was not much acquainted with anyone in camp and I was divested of the company of her who was my chief delight & better society than hers I never longed for. I thought how vexed her parents would be when they heard the news, how vexed my own dear parents would also feel & for the first time since I left my native land I wished I was at home. These were the feelings of my heart, but had I possessed the health and the means to go home on reflection I would not have done it for I well knew it would have been an unwise & imprudent step which I would ever after have regretted, but O how I longed to see my mother & Joan's that I might express my feelings to those who were almost as much interested as myself and who could sympathise with me and peradventure sooth my feelings, for I felt bad because I believed they would feel bad and might censure me because I acted as I did: but in this thing and in this trial has the Lord tried me and I feel now to fret not, nor repine at the dispensations of God's providence, but like Job I feel to say "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord" but in this my Journal & Record do I record her death and from my heart do I believe the Mobocrats of Illinois are guilty of her blood and at their hands do I require it and may the Lord cause their ashes may sleep in peace undisturbed until the time, the happy time when those who have fallen martyrs in this dispensation shall come forth victorious - and in the language of a conqueror say O Grave where is thy

victory. O Death where is thy sting; when they shall receive their crowns and immortal bodies, fit to dwell in the company of sanctified beings and act as kings & priests - & queens & priestesses in the celestial world and rule and govern in celestial kingdoms possessing eternal lives and a dominion and a kingdom to the increase of which there shall be no end.

Joan was baptized Decem. 1, 1843.

On parting with Joan Campbell who died 16th October, 1846.

Farewell to my wife: my darling wife,

My bosom friend; the partner of my life:

Farewell! until we meet again,

In Zion's blest abode, where peace shall reign.

Rough was thy path, hard was thy fate;

When men became like Devils incarnate;

And forced thee from thy happy home,

A stranger; pilgrim, on the earth to roam.

O cruel man! hast thou a hate;

Which innocent blood alone can satiate;

Like heathen Gods, dost thou require

A victim's life to appease thy ire.

Distances & When Travelled

1846		Rout from Nauvoo to Mo river opposite Winter Quarters	Miles	Distance from Nauvoo - miles
		From Temple to the sleugh opposite Nauvoo	2	
Oct	9	Drove to the Bluffs	3	5
"	10	" to Sugar Creek	13	18
"	11	" " Bonaparte	14	32
	12, 13, 14	Encamped		
"	15	Drove to Prairie	6	38
"	16, 17	Encamped		
"	18	Drove to Indian Creek	4	42
"	19			
"	20	" " Fox River	16	58
"	21	" " do	14	72
"	22	" " Allen's Hill	8	80
"	23	" " Soap Creek	12	92
"	24	25th, 26th Encamped		
"	27	" " Big Spring	15	107
"	28	" " a Wood	18	125
"	29	" " Wild Cat Grove	12	137
"	30	" " White Breast Creek	7	144
"	31	" " White Oak Springs	10	154
Nov	1	" " Grand River	8	162
"	2	" " Raccoon Fork	13	175
"	3	" " Thomson Fork	15	190
"	4	" " Mount Pisgah	5	195
"	5	" " Monon Grove	6	201

Nov 6	Drove to last fork of Grand River	6	207
" 7	" " on Big Prairie	18	225
" 8	" " "No 102" River	14	239

1846 Rout from Nauvoo to Eastern bank of Mo River Winter Quarters

		Miles	Distance from Nauvoo - miles
Nov 9 & 10	Encamped		239
" 11	Drove to Prairie	11	250
" 12	" " Sand Stone Springs	3	253
" 13	" "		
" 14	" " Ottawa River	9	262
" 15	" " 3rd Fork of Ishna Botna	14	276
" 16			
" 17	" " A Grove	8	284
" 18			
" 19	" " Sideling Bridge	5	289
" 20, 21	" " West fork of Ishna Botna	10	299
" 22			
" 23			
" 24	" " Keg Creek	10	309
" 25	" " Mosquito Timber	6	315
" 26	" " Banks of Mo River	14	329
" 27	" " " " " "	6	335

50 days - 33 days travelling. Average 10 1/8 miles per day
 17 days none

When we landed on the Eastern side of the Meriver opposite Winter Quarters I was indosped from the effects of the weather & our scanty diet. I had no home nor any connexions, and scarcely any acquaintance with any resident here, but I had to take out my effects and bedding from the waggon I came in, as the owner required it so I got assistance & took them from the waggon, and layed them on the gromd - exposed to the weather, to the Indians, & to the cattle. I lost at this time a bag of salt, a wash board, an axe & I got permission to lay my bed in doors, though it was no wanner there than in the waggon the houses being scarcely finished, no doors in them and the roof incomplete, but it tasted good to be in a house after living in waggons & tents for a season. I went next day, and got my bed removed to another house and by this time I had got cold in my bowels and felt pretty bad. It was very cold. I took the flux - and believe I would have died with it, before I was aware of my dangerous condition had I not fell into the hands of Sis. Mayberry, who was acquainted wiw~ the disease. She took care of me, kept me warm, gave me some nourishments and in 2 or 3 weeks, I felt a great deal better, my bowels having got heat gained strength & operated as usual. I continued however weak for a long time after, indeed until about the time I volunteered to go as a Pioneer.. For Sister Iv-yberry's kindness to me I pray the Lord to bless her & may she be blessed as a nurse for the dlildren of Israel, whidl God grant for Christ's sake. Amen.

WINTER January 1847 QUARTERS

- Sat., 16 Removed from Sis. Rhyberry's to Bro. Brigham's.
- 2\lond. 18 Remained in house all day.
- Tuesd. 19 Wrote at Uncle John Young's.
- IVed. 20 Wrote in Br. Brigham's when I could get convenience.
- TI Mrs. 21 " with Bro. Joseph Young all day & till about 2 in the morning.
- Frid. 22 " a little at Dr. Richard's office. Willed today.
- Sat. 23 " at Drs. office. Mond 25th do Tues 26th do Wed 27th do
till 2 o'clock then attended Seventy's dance.
- Thurs. 28 " at Drs. office 29th & 30th do.

February 1847

- Took minutes in full of Seventy's meeting on 6th February & copied do.

Sat., 13 Pleasant morning attending at Drs. office.

Sund. 14 Warm wind from south --do--

~lond 15 North wind. Copying 'Word & Will of the Lord.'

Tues. 16 Pleasant morning writing songs.

Wed. 17 --do- - Attending the office. Br. Brigham sick.

Tnurs 18 --do-- --do-- --do-- little better

Frid 19 Snow on the ground --do-- --do-- pret ty comfortab le

Sat., 20 --do-- --do-- very snowy & windy

Sund 21 Snow about 6 inches deep. Drifted snow near the houses 2 & 3 feet deep.
Writing clean copy of letter to father George Scobie & to Annie - cold day.

Mond. 22 Pleasant morning. Snow remains as deep. Frost las t night. Writing
'Will of the Lord,' Got my Drugget pants tonight.

Tuesd. 23 Cold south wind. Frosty. Copying lists of Pioneers for 1st Division.
Copying accounts for Dr. Sprague in the evg about 2 hours. Feast today
for poor soldiers wives. 22 baskets left of pies & about 300 eat.

- Wed 24 Sleety morning till 9. Shaving. North wind. Attending office & copying letter for Doctor. Writing letter for E.T. Benson. Received 75 cents from Samuel Lewis for his subscription to the band & son's.
- Thurs 25 N.E. wind. Copying 2 letters for E.T. Benson. Got vest from Sis. Wheeler who had sewed on buttons & made button holes. Charged me 3 picaymes.
- Frid. 26 N.E. wind. Thin sheet flying with the wind. Writing letter for council.
- Sat. 27 Cold north wind. Attending office. At early candle light attended Seventy's meeting & took minutes.
- Feb. 28 Cold. N.W. wind. Writing letter to Br. John Campbell. At early candle light attending meeting of first Presidency 70's at Bro. Rockwood's house. Took minutes. Visited Br. Dailey & his next door neighbor Br. _____ who had dead child.

1st March 1847

- Mond 1 Pleasant morning. Cold south wind - about 12 noon sun shining. Mr. Ivk:Careya Choctaw Indian married to a white woman named Lucy Stanton. A sister. He being baptized in Nauvoo by O. Hyde last year a great fluter & player on instrs. Came to camp last Friday. I heard him remark in Bro. Brigham's when the family of children were playing around him "he wondered how people could talk easy when others were talking & playing in same room." Amongst Indians he said "children were not allowed to talk or make any noise, you may be amongst 100 Indians from 1 year old to 10, or from 10 to 15, or from 15 to 20, & you will not hear a word, neither any noise, but you may hear a Cambrie needle drop on the ground." There has been 73 of the Omaha Indians killed by the Sioux this Winter in the month of December last.

on the night of the 11th 40 miles above. Also on the 9th a few were shot at and wounded; one of the Omsakav Chiefs named "Big-head" was wounded." There is now in Winter Quarters a survey of 41 blocks of 820 lots, 7000 houses, 22 wards, a Bishop & 2 Councillors over each of these wards. Writing letters. Posted 1 to Geo & Annie Scobie & another to my mother and my Bro. John. Dr. Richards paid out 16 cts for me.

Winter March 1847 Quarters

- Tues. 2 N.W. wind. Thawing a little through the day but freezing in evening. Clear copying minutes of 70s last Saturday meeting & clear copying post list for Dr. R. Went home with Br. Bullock this morning who was very bad with Rheumatic pains. Washed & anointed his legs and feet. Sent copy "Journeying song" by Lem Lewis to Bro. Cook 10 cts.
- Wed. 3 S. wind. Copying Seventies minutes. Brigham said I might put my name down as a "Pioneer" and try and get an outfit to go. Thawing fast today. Wet walking. Three flocks of swans reported flying up the river - ominous of the river breaking up. Freezing tonight a little.
- Thurs. 4 W. Wind. Thawing - wet walking. Sunny & pleasant. Bro. John Hill saw geese flying up the river - - ominous of good weather - an approaching Spring. Making up Journal.
- Frid. 5 S. wind. Freezing last night. Beautiful sunny day, clear sky. Wrote letter for Sister Darrow who made my pants. Thawing today.
- Sat. 6 N. wind. Thawing last night. Making 2 journeying songs. Attending Pioneer meeting. Bad walking. Thawing till night or sundown when it began to freeze a little and blow briskly. Attg confer of 70s & taking minutes. Collected \$3.10 to hand to Br. G.D. Grant. Fiddle string(?) subscription.

March 1847

- Sund. 77 N. cold wind. Attg afternoon meeting at council house = about 19
Omaha's came into Winter Quarters today selling moccasins. I
saw them cutting up a dead cow to eat it. When any of them got any
Johnycake they would divide with each other all the time. A Bro.
said of the Indians, that although it was only one potatoe they would
divide it all round. They have uniformly so far as I have seen
yet beautiful white teeth & black hair. They had with them 2 or 3
wolf traps, one or 2 rifles, bows & arrows. Clad in buffalo robes,
leggings, & moccasins, one of them had some garment or jacket of
flannel. One of the squaws had a printed calico jacket below her
robe. They dug roots on the other side of the river when I lived
there. They beg here from the Bro & Sisters food of bread, & wait
till they get it. Sometimes go into houses to warm & will not leave
until forced to. They have long pipes out of which they smoke.
Very dirty. Paint their cheeks red & their hair sometimes. The
Omahas steal every thing they can get hands on. Have killed a
good many of our cattle. Very cold wind. Rode a mile S.
- Mond. 8 N. wind. Cold & piercing. Sister Young cut me out 2 shirts &
gave me buttons & thread. Also canvas cloth for hunting coat &
pants. David Grant cut out my coat as a subscription for my outfit -
25 cents. Copying letter for Sis Darrow.
- Wed. 10 N.W. wind. Preparing for Pioneer journey. Writing Seventy's minutes.
- Thurs. 11 Crossed the river & got my clothes & cooking utensils from Sis
Mayberry's. Copying B.Y.'s dream. S.E. wind. Pleasant day.
- Frid. 12 S. wind. Pleasant morning. Writing letter to Joseph Young &
complaint agt. one of the 70s.

- Sat. 13 Cold, snowy. Keen wind. Copying B.Y.'s dream, attending office, 6 o'clock. Attending Seventy's Conference and taking minutes. Got my hunting coat from Sis. Wheeler.
- Sund. 14 N.W. wind. Cold. T.B. & I agreed on taking a walk for our health. We left his house about noon and went westward up the hill or elevation bounding Winter Quarters on the west from this elevation we could look Eastward about 4 miles and see the Bluffs, on the other side of the river. The Bluffs as near as I can say, are about 100 feet (some think about 150) above the level of the Missouri river or near that height. On the top of the ridge you can see a few small trees. It is like a wall of that height which at the top on some places might be 20 or 30 feet broad. Although it is not so perpendicular as walls are generally built but I have not yet seen anywhere that will admit of horses & waggons crossing. There are some places however. It is noted and called "Council Bluffs" because the Indians there assembled in Council annually, how far the bluffs extend I know not; some say 30 or 40 miles. There are bluffs up above here which I have not seen; We could also see from our elevated position the various windings of the Missouri in its course. We could look down on Winter Quarters the city of a day, and behold about 700 houses put up in the course of about 3 months in regular line. Streets running north & south, east & west, the needle varies here from the North Star about degrees eastward, it varied at Nauvoo about 8 degrees. The houses we looked down upon were generally log or sod houses, covered on the top with earth. Looking to the north we saw the ground covered with small timber on hills & valleys. Towards the west it is hills and dales or rolling land having a black appearance in consequence of the Prairie being burnt. To the south we could look 6 or 7 miles along the plain

to the timber or hills which bound our view. We travelled south west to the burying ground where we could count 96 graves, all being dug since the 16th Navy last where the bodies lay, of many Saints who have fallen in consequence of being forced to leave their homes in the United States. We pursued a south west course for about a mile till we came to the creek where the cattle in the south part of the town water. Crossed the creek & went into a narrow dale and rested. We then passed over to where there was an enclosure; with several hay stacks & sat there a while and sang the journeying song made by Eliza R. Snow "The time of winter now is o'er." T.B. then laid hands on me and prayed for blessings to rest upon me on my intended Pioneer trip. It was a pretty cold wind but the sky above was clear, blue & white, to the east. From appearances we thought there was a snow storm. We turned round & came home, wind blowing in our faces. I was well clad with a quilt over me, Indian fashion, but still felt pretty cold. This sharpened my appetite, put my blood in circulation and I "snuffed the clear air."

- Mond. 15 West wind. Attending emigration company meeting about 11 o'clock & got the Presidents instructions. Reported ready to start on Saturday morning. Making out report for the Captain pro tem of 1st Hundred 1st division of Emigration. Attending meeting of Council to hear the Captains reports of Pioneers that are ready to start.
- Tues 16 South wind. Writing journal. Preparing for Pioneer trip. Getting clothes packed & c.
- Wed. 17 Pleasant, beautiful, Spring-like morning. Attending office, writing letter for John Young. Saw several flocks of geese flying up the river about 1 o'clock. Question - Why was it that Absalom could not cut his hair & extricate himself from the tree on which he was hung. Ans. -

Hair anciently valuable as life; thought so much of hair.

- Tnurs. 18 S.E. wind. Very mild and pleasant. Copying Seventy's minutes.
Writing family letter for Joseph Young. Writing Patriarchal Epistle for H.C. Kimball. Copying letter for Dr. R. Writing letter for E.T. Benson.
- Frid. 19 S. wind. Close foggy dull morning. Preparing for Pioneer journey, packing chest, arranging matters & c.
- Sat. 20 N. wind. Cold. The flouring mill began to grind corn today about 3 o'clock. It ground about 10 or 11 bushels an hour. I carried half a bush from the mill & examined it & it was very fine meal. The ferry boat crossed the river & brought over some loads of potatoes. Attending Seventy's Conference, taking minutes. Collected in my behalf to pay for the sewing and washing I had got done. Received in cash \$1.06 1/4.
- Sund. 21 Wind, pleasant day. Attending meeting at start. B.Y. preached. Afterwards retired with Br. Bullock & wife & Bro. & Sis. Major to Major's house. Saw some beautiful landscapes, also several profiles, dined there; and Bro. Major, Bullock & myself took a walk to the north of the city about a mile. Saw the Mo. river bearing on its surface floated ice. Boat crossing. River very circuitous. At the north it is hilly & there is quite a large hazel patch. Good easterly & southerly view. The skeleton remains of dozens of oxen & cows we saw on our route along the banks of the river. Cattle having died I think from exposure to the inclemency of the winter & poor feeding some mired on the edge of the river when going for water in the quick sands & mud. Numerous flocks of geese flying up the river. Fly orderly.

- Mon. 22 Awoke this morning about 7 o'clock. Found the ground covered with snow. Cold S wind. Thawing till about 5 when it began to freeze. Very sick today. Had a slight chill.
- Tues. 23 S. wind. Copying Seventies minutes. Getting clothes fixed for journey &c.
- Wed. 24 N.W. & N. wind blowing vehemently. Chilled this morning, then fevered hard till about 5 when I arose and went over to office.
- Thurs. 25 N. wind. Big Elk chief of the Omahas, and White Buffalo his first councilor with Albert Fontenelle interpreter had a talk with B.Y. in office today. Brigham going to get some of the Brethren to learn them to plant this year.
- Frid. 26 No wind. Meeting at stand. Pleasant day. Flocks of geese flying up the river. Pleasant day.
- Sat. 27 S. wind. Beautiful Spring like day. Copying Seventies minutes. Attg Seventies Conference when adjournment was roved for.
- Sab. 28 Warm, pleasant, beautiful day. Numerous geese flying up the river. Meeting at stand. Took a walk down along the banks of r'v. Bre. fishing. Got some fish to eat today. Taste good, and allowed to be very good for the complaint which is among the people called Black Leg, or scurvey. Bre pulling horse radish & artichokes for to prevent Scurvey, mixing them with vinegar.
- Mon. 29 S. wind. Writing letter from Joseph YOHNG Levi W. Hancock and Seventies in the Battalion. Writing on the Record of Seventies.
- Tues. 30 N. wind. Recording Seventies minutes. Copying letter to Levi W. Hancock & Seventies in Battalion. Making out list of names to send to P.O. for letters. Attending Chubby's concert. The Indian flutist.
- Wed. 31 S. wind. Cold and dullish day. Recording in Seventies Record.

April 1847

- Thurs 1st April N. W. wind. Pleasant Springlike day. Recording in Seventies Record.
- Frid. 2 N. W. wind. Beautiful morning. Missouri River risen 2 feet. A few blades of green grass brought into office 4 inches long. Corn vegetating below stove in office 4 inches long in the stalk. Recording in Seventies record.
- Sat. 3 S.E. wind. Dull morning. Recording in 70's Record. I weighed 140 lbs today. Went to 70's Conference. Found G.D. Grant who told me that Joseph had said that they might have a dance tonight and he would relinquish the use of the hall tonight.
- Sab. 4 S.E. wind. Attending office forenoon and writing under Dr. Richards dictation. Afternoon atg meeting & taking notes. Evening writing letter for Joseph Young.
- Mond. 5 Raining through the night. A brisk shower from 7 a.m. till noon. Loud peals of thunder; raining through the earth covered roofs of houses also in office. Copying letters for Dr. Richards. At noon broke out a sunny day. N.W. wind. Evening cloudy & dark sky.
- Tues. 6 N.W. wind. Pleasant morning - T.B. came into office with a stem plucked from a cotton wood rafter in his gopher hill. Its leaves were green & beautiful. Atg conference. Writing orders & copying letter for Dr. R. Waiting on Post Office, which Dr. R. said I would have to take charge of when Thomas Bullock left.
- Wed. 7 S.W. wind. Beautiful morning. Writing certificate for Phineas Young. Pioneers starting over the hill westward. God bless them. Dr. R blessing some of his children. Taking the blessings in writing from his mouth. I received myself a blessing from him which I here copy.

7th April 1847

A blessing by Willard Richards upon the head of Robert Campbell, son of Alexr. and Agness born in Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, Scotland 21st January 1825.

Robert, I lay my hands upon thy head to bless you, for my heart is full of blessings for you and I desire to do you good, and in the name of Jesus Christ I say unto you be humble and be faithful, be diligent in all things that shall come before you and watch the whisperings of the small still voice within you, and you shall know the mind and will of your Heavenly Father concerning you and your heart shall rejoice and your way shall be opened up to you far beyond your expectations or anticipations for the Lord has great good in reserve for thee: Watch the motions of the Spirit and the Spirits of all those with whom you may have intercourse when I am gone for I leave you for a little season to do good to you and all the Saints and govern yourself by the Spirit of God or let the Holy Spirit govern you at all times according to the Spirits which shall be made manifest that you may comfort and bless all around you or with whom you may have intercourse and be always ready to whisper Peace, Peace, and do good and prove yourself a wise scribe in Israel. It is in thy heart to do all this and much more, and if thou wilt carry out all thy present feelings and live and act as a servant of God at all times thou wilt be a great blessing to this people and they will bless thee for they will help to sustain and support thee. Therefore let thy words be words of comfort and consolation to all thy Brethren & Sisters and never let anger or petulance or anything that shall mar thy peace have any place with thee at any time but remember that thou art left here to do a good, great and glorious work in common with thy Brethren and that thou wilt have opportunities in thy calling to speak many words of comfort and consolation that shall sooth the hearts of the Sa-nts and bind up their wounded and disconsolate feelings which will endear you to them and their hearts will bless you, and they will pray for you, and they will impart of their substance to you and you will be full and abound, and your soul

will swell with thanksgiving and praise: & you will be satisfied: and you will feel to praise the God of Israel that you have lived in this day; and when I meet you again you will say, Verily, had the Lord respect unto the words of his servant and if you will be humble and watchful and prayerful and diligent you shall have dreams and visions and manifestations of the Spirit: by night and by day and your soul will be lifted up even as though your body was departing from the earth for the Lord has good in store for thee & you shall not want for food or for raiment or for the comforts of life: for you shall be full and abound. You shall save your kindred and your fathers house and your progenitors: until you are satisfied: and until that part of the work is done and sealed up according to the law of the celestial kingdom, and your posterity shall be without number according to the blessing of Abraham and you shall be satisfied with a fulness: which blessings I seal upon you in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

April 1847

- Thurs. 8 N. wind. Beautiful day. Writing express to be sent on to Camp, copying blessings for G.A. Smith. Went to Uncle John. Took down a blessing for Dr. Rich & E.T. Benson. Copying the same. At 5 p.m. visiting with Dr. R. Sister Jane Richard, taking down her blessing. Attending council taking notes from P.P. Pratt's report about the churches in England & general news & c. R.C. appointed to take charge of P.O.
- Frid. 9 Beautiful calm morning. Went with Luke Johnson to Uncle John & took down his blessing. Copying same. Writing letter for Aunt Mimi Young to her son in the army. Dr with B.Y. & H.C.K. left about 11 a.m. for Camp, taking notes of Council this morning. Recording G.A. Smith's blessing & Patriarchal ordination. Recording blessings of Luke Johnson & Dr. Richards.
- Sat. 10 Calm clear morning. Recording E.T. Bensons blessing. Writing letter for Eliz. Burgess, copying Catherine, George & Edward Grays blessings. Copying Jane Richards blessing. Got a few wild onions. They are pretty small but

taste: like tuncones. Got some pickled artichokes, very good. These grow on the bottoms on the banks of the river. The boys are also digging up wild potatoes.

Sab. 11 Beautiful clear morning. West wind. Attending preaching at stand and taking minutes. P.P. Pratt preached. No afternoon meeting. Took a walk down the river 4 miles alone. The (Mo) river has risen a great deal this week past and its waters are so impregnated with mud. In consequence of banks of the river giving way and falling into the river that the water is quite opaque and of a brown earthy color in such that when the Missouri at its junction with the Mississippi flows into the Mississippi it colors the Mississippi almost as brown as itself. The floodwood which in high water is always to be seen floating on the surface, I perceived when walking at the rate of 3 miles an hour that it soon came into sight, passed me and soon went out of sight. While walking along its banks I would occasionally hear a splash into the river and would look and discover that it was some of the bank which had given way and mingled with the river. Some wild ducks were in the river, flocks of geese flying up the river, on the low marshy ground by the river bank. I could see the grass which was sprouting up as evenly as if it had been sown, amongst which were abundance of wild onions with heads on them about $3/8$ of an inch in diameter. They can be dug up with knives by the boys and girls. The atmosphere was clear and pure, the sky was blue all around. To the south I could discover a small dense cloud which apparently was falling to the earth. About 4 miles from the city there is a large haze ruff and when turning to return home by a different route I entered the ruff transversely, but found it was broad and long so I did not get out so easily as I got in.

Mond. 12 N.E. wind. Sunny, clear morning. Taking min of Council of Twelve. Gathering onions & c on bottom.

- Tues 13 Copying letters for Council. Westerly wind. Writing at evening after Cmilleil dismissed under Dr. R's dictation. Pleasant day. John Taylor ar 6 p.m. Copying Rhoda Anne Richards blessing.
- Wed. 14 Dull morning. About 8 a.m. a sharp shower of rain. for 2-3 minutes. Pioneers left for the mountains about noon, that is the 12 who had returned here; about 75 waggons with the pioneers; & 145 men. Making out Post Office list. Capt. Stout reported picketing going on briskly.
- Thurs. 15 W. wind. Beautiful clear morning. Copying Rhoda Ann J. Richard's blessing. Writing long letter to John Lyon Kilmarnock. Looking after my cow.
- Frid. 16 Cloudy dull morning. Continuing letter to Bro. Lyon. Writing history under Joseph Young's dictation. Began to clean copy Lyon's letter. A few drops of rain in the after noon. Copying Lyon's letter till late.
- Sat. 17 Cold chilly morning. N. wind. Writing letter for Susannah. Clean copying history for Joseph Young. Clean copying Lyon's letter.
- Sab. 18 Chilly keen wind from the south. No meeting at stand. John Taylor preached in his house. Attending Municipal high council.
- Mond. 19 Clear beautiful wann day. S. wind. Making copy "Word & Will of the Lord" for John Taylor. Also for P.P. Pratt. Attending high council taking minutes.
- Tues. 20 Warm morning. Strong S.W. wind. At 8 a.m. attending adjourned meeting & taking minutes. Writing letters for Joseph Young to Felt & O. Spencer England.
- Wed. 21 Dull cloudy calm morning. Show'ry all afternoon. Loud peals of thunder & flashes of lightning. Making copy Dr. R's Epistle to family & copying Rhody Ann Jenetta's blessing.
- Thurs. 22 Pleasant calm day. Attending Council & taking minutes of Report from Omahas.

- FFrid. 223 Clear beautiful morning. S.E. wind.
- SSat. 224 Warmday. N.W. wind. Otto chief came to town. Got letters from him to authorities. Delivered them. Afterwards attg. Council & taking minutes. Also copying "talk" with Otto.
- Sund. 25 Clear, warmday. Taking minutes of Council this morning & Otto talk. Attending meeting at stand taking minutes. Copying letter Daniel Spencer to Indians. Searching 2 or 3 hours from Omaha Contract. Attending High Council taking minutes. Gave Thos. Colburn his check on the Bank of Ithaca as Bro. Brigham directed me.
- Mond. 26 S. wind. Warm clear day. What I do in relation to taking minutes of councils & other church matters I omit here but see my Camp Journal, excepting the Seventies: I keep that in this Journal as it pertains to my own station & not to the Camp Journal which I keep for Willard Richards of the Church. Gave out two Seventies licences. Writing 2 letters for Seventies: one to Felt & another to O. Spencer. Writing 2 letters for Sister Bullock. Attending on ordinances for the sick.
- Tues 27 S. wind. Clear warmday. The hills on the north & west of Winter Quarters covered with sheep grazing on the green pasturage which now looks beautiful.
- Thurs 29 Attending Big field meeting at Sundown the wind began to rise. Thunder to fell, sky very cloudy and dark. Wind blowing furiously from the north in sudden gusts for a little while, then rain began to descend copiously. A few flashes of lightning. N. wind. Temperature of the air fallen considerably. Recording in Seventies Record.
- Frid 30 N.E. wind. Cold morning. Recording in Seventies Record.
- Sat 1 (lay) Dull, cloudy, cold morning. Went across the River to hunt my cow. Pulled spires of grass 14 inches long on the bottom and marshy ground

overnear the Bluffs.

Ca. Capt. Ca. W. Otto chief sent word to Camp that the Otto's & Omaha's had a flight with Sioux. Killed 7 Sioux & 3 Omaha's during this week.

Sab. 2 N.W. Wind. Cool, cloudy morning. Voted to be clerk to Municipal High Council. Attending Seventy's meeting & taking minutes.

Mond. 3 N.W. wind. Pleasant mild day. Comparing the names of the 31st Quorums of Seventies with L.O. Littlefield. Copying Preface to Seventies Pamphlet.

Tues 4 S.W. wind. Pleasant cool day. Copying minutes of High Council. Making up mail for L.O. Littlefield. Copying poem for Judge Phelps. Writing letter to Higbee Ferryman & making copy for the High Council.

Wed 5 S. Strong S. wind. Office business. Writing letters & c.

Thurs 6 Towards 4 in the morning I awoke with hearing loud peals of thunder and heavy showers of hail or rain, also flashes of lightning. Rain coming on to my face in bed. S. wind. Dull, cloudy morning. Towards noon thunder & storms with a few flashes of lightning. Showery all afternoon.

Frid 7 N.W. wind. Cool cloudy morning.

Satur. 8 Pleasant cool day. Planting & sowing in garden & c.

Sabb 9 S. wind. Atg High Council taking minutes & c.

Mond. 10 N. wind. Cool morning. Accompanied Pa. Lotz to Council point. When near the point went over Misquito creek 8 or 9 yards from the road to an Indian wigwag lodge where 4 squaws were sitting in the cool of the shade (Pottawattamies) also a little girl. They were seated down on their "sitters" on some skin which they spread on the grass before their little door where the trees shaded them from the sun. The eldest sat on a chair and appeared as if she might be 70 years of age, and the other about 40 & 2 about 25. These three last were seated on the ground and were sewing up calicoes. I nodded to them and said Ahoy day day. They also nodded &

returned the compliment. I gave the 2nd Eldest a piece of Johnny cake I had in my pocket and they handed me a wooden plate like a small butter dish with a wooden spoon as broad as any butter spoon. There was boiled corn in the dish. I partook and handed it back. When the one I handed to took a spoonful. Their hair was universally black some cut short except a small bunch which came from the crown of their heads down to the middle of their backs. This was platted and at the end tied round with a calico string and beaded all over. Saw a great number of Indian horses and ponies on the Prairie. Some few Indians riding one way and another. I asked what they were doing. A Bra. observed they were the gents of the earth, had nothing else to do. Their squaws carrying loads of wood for fuel on their backs. Some going on foot their guns over their shoulders, their powder horn & lead pockets over their right shoulder and beneath their left arm. Saw some half breeds. Some of the Pottawattamies are dressed with pants, vest & hunter coat, printed shirt, something like the whites. Saw some of the Pottawattamies. The males have a piece calico or napkin tied round their head - leaving the crown of their heads bare, some have this napkin beaded over with white, red, blue & colored beads. Half breeds of course are a little whiter than the Indians. Here there is a large store kept by Mr. Sarky an Indian trader and a blacksmith shop.

Tues 11 Very cold morning. Cloudy. Went over to Misquitor mill. Found large farm fenced in by the Bre. & the ploughs going. N. wind. Grass on the bottoms near the bluffs. East side of the M-foable to be moved - Ottobess in camp yesterday & today - they got some beans (?) for

Wed 12 Cool calm morning. Greens! Greens! Greens! The boys in camp take their bags, baskets, down to the river side & in a little while come laden with greens which when boiled & then fried in fat eat sleek.

Thurs 13 S.E. wind. Pleasant warm day.

Fri 14 S.E. wind. Pleasant day. Fishing going a head from appearances in camp.

Sat 15 S. wind. Pleasant shower before sm up this morning. Cloudy cool morning. Thmder shower.

Sab. 16 Cold wet morning.

Mon 17 Cool calm mild morning.

Tues 18 Pleasant calm morning. Warm day.

Wed 19 " warm day. At sundown a shower of rain. fell. Sky cloudy & dark.

Thurs 20 N.W. wind. Showery. Cloudy. Thunder.

Frid 21 Westerly wind. Pleasant day.

Sat 22 N.W. wind. Warmday.

Sab 23 S. wind. Cool day. A boy bitten by a rattlesnake had hands laid on him & the Dr. administered Lobilia & Cayenne & no 6 when in 5 min his jaw was mlocked & he was pronounced well. Attg High Comcil.

Mond 24 N. wind. Rainy all day. Cold, chilly wind. The steamer "Archer" landed here today. Driving oxen before the plough.

Tues 25 Calm pleasant day. Driving oxen.

Wed 26 S. wind. Pleasant mild day. -do-

Thurs 27 S. wind. Warmday. Sick. Headache in consequence of being out in the sm.

Frid 28 S. wind. Warm sultry cloudy day. Attg at stray herd pens taking descriptions & c.

Sat 29 N. wind. Cloudy morning. Rainy -do- -do- Towards smdown, thunder, lightning, & rain.

Sab 30 Rainy morning. N. wind. Changeable. Attg Mmicipal High Comcil taking minutes.

Mon 31 N.W. wind. Warm day.

June 1847

- Tues 1 Started at noon for Austin Post Office Mo. Went to Keg creek.
- Wed 2 Went to the office & back to Plum Hollow. Pleasant day.
- Thurs 3 Showery in the morning. Clear day. Got back to camp at sundown. 120 miles.
- Frid 4 Pleasant & warm day.
- Sat 5 Easterly wind. Warm day. Parley P. Pratt & large Coy starting off for the mountains.
- Sab 6 S. wind. Dull, cloudy, warm day. Attg High Council taking minutes.
- Mon 7 S. wind. Dark, cloudy morning. Rainey. Planting for Sis Bullock.
- Tues 8 S wind. Warm day. A storm & heavy rain. Planting and driving the oxen.
- Wed 9 S. wind. Warm day. Planting in field.
- Thurs 10 Warm day. -do- -do-
- Frid 11 S.E. wind. Warm day. Planting in field. Thunder & lightning and a few drops of rain.
- Sat 12 N. wind. Attending office while teams starting westward.
- Sab 13 N. wind. Warm morning. Attg High Council & c.
- Mond 14 Warm showery cloudy day. Started for the Elk Horn at 2 p.m. with Pa Lott & Morley. Reckoned about 27 miles to where we came to cross the Horn from W.Q. In going we passed over a very broken prairie full of divides & c. but a very great lack of timber. The eye could reach miles upon miles and scarcely a speck of timber to be seen. Camped about 8 p.m. on the N. East bank of the Horn.
- Mond 14 Warm, showery, cloudy day
- Tues 15 S.E. wind. Crossed the ferry. Found that about 250 waggons had crossed the Horn and were formed into 3 lines in the middle of their camping ground something like a liberty pole put up by the Bre: a peeled willow tree 51 feet high out of ground on which this morning they put a white flag.

They began to organize when I acted as clerk. This was on the S. West bank of the Horn.

Wed 16 S.E. wind. At Horn continuing organization.

Thurs 17 S.E. wind. Dull, cloudy morning. Accompanied Andw. L. LATHREUX to the Platte: in his buggy. Distant about 8 miles. Saw a young fawn at J. Taylors camp caught last night. Beautifully spotted white on its brown back about a week old. Passed on over the level prairie: and perceived beautiful spots of Buffalo grass. A yard or two long, surrounded with the common grass it was about 5 inches on an average - while the seed spikes were about 15 inches long interspersed thro it. Surrounded with the common coarse prairie: grass 2 feet long all round about it. Passed thro grass between 3 & 4 feet high. Saw few small birds. of beautiful plumage and a prairie: chicken. Went to the Platte: river: where it was a mile broad the waters as muddy as the Mv: river: full of snags. Islands and sand bars. Towards noon the sun broke out and the air got warm. Went into the Platte: to swim. Pretty strong current. Sandy bottom. Got a few prairie: flowers, some roses like scotch wild roses. Others like Sweet William, or London Pride: and the Widowsteer, a light purple colour. All of good fragrance & nice perfume. The country along the Platte: so far as the eye could see was level. Very little timber however, and what little timber is to be seen is on the banks of the Platte: and Elk Horn. The fishing Coy of the 1st Fifty in 1st Hundred brought to camp upwards of 350 fish mostly Buffalo Chub & Pickerel weighing at an average 3 lbs each - in all 1050 lbs weight. Got at a slough half a mile north - in two or three hauls of the line. A thunder storm broke over us, blowing down mast of the tents & rained profusely for an hour.

Frid 18 Thnder, lightning - and heavy rains early this morning. About 8 a.m. rain ceased, clouds dispersed and the sun shone brilliantly. Westert

breeze. 700 lbs of fish caught with net.

Sat 19 W. wind. Cold morning. I went on towards the Platte whither teams were movillg. Whennear the encampment on the Platte fonnd a jury of twelve Bre inspecting the remains of a hLID1a skeleton. Found arrows stuck In the ground & part of pants and waistbands in his pant pockets, 2 flints & 2 letters. Letters dry & sound, apparently untouched. The jury went to their encampment 80 rods past the Sandy willav patch & I accompanied them and made out a verdict & c. See CampJournal. Fonnd the Bre had erected a cotton wood pole at this encampment on a knoll 30 feet high and a white flagg floated on its top, the emblem of peace, Prairie destitute of timber. A few cotton wood trees along the banks of Platte and can see a little timber & N.E. on th~ Horn. Bra Jacob Weatherby shot by an Indian going from the Horn to Willter Quarters.

Sab 20 Platte river encampment. Beautiful warm mornillg. Buried the bones found on the Prairie near where they lay. Started home for camp at Horn about 2 p.m. with Alpheus Cutter - C.P. Lott & Bishop Whitney. Sav! the deer skip along the Prairie in the long grass. Reached the Horn encampment about 6 p.m. Went into the tent where they were putting on the clothes to bury Jacob Weatherbie who was shot by the Indians and died about 9 a.m. A fine shirt was put on him and a pair of pants & socks. Also wrapt a quilt about him and carried him from Genl. Rich's tent to his grave. Grave dug 4 rods of the Liberty pole twards the river and 15 rods from the river on this the S. West bank of the Elk horn. Grave dug 4 feet deep laid on the bottom with willows. They carried him wrapt up in a coverlet laying on a Buffalo robe ill which robe they wanted to bury him. Wm. Kirball offered to pay the money for the robe & they let him down in it & put willows on the top of him. Then Genl. Rich engaged in prayer and asked the Lord his bones might rest in peace mtil the morning of the

resurrection. He was then covered & they put up some slabs at the head of his grave. This was done a little after sunset.

Mon 21 Beautiful, dear, still morning.

Tues 22 Wam day. Distributing letters & parcels brought from the camp.

24 Went out with a party, mder 2 Lieutenants, & Captn. Stout. After the Omahas, saw Indian graves which were small round mounds. In the inside of the shell or mound the Indian sits up & it is covered on the outside round about with sods, & a wand stuck up thro it. They are different sizes, some 6 feet high and 20 round. This Spring & Slidder drove 8 yoke of cattle before the plough, planted com, beans, potatoes, cabbage and garden sauce in connexion with Dr. Richards family & on Sabbaths took *winutes* of the meetings; and done what recording was needed. Several thunder storms this Spring and SlidderThe thermorreter sometimes stood at noon about 110⁰ Fahrenheit in the sun. The camp was exceedingly healthy. Sicknes came on about Aug. when a good many children died, but very heal thy for this time of the year. I cut dCMI8 or 9 tons of hay this fall and felt first rate.

Feb 10 1848 I have wrote so much so late & so early that I am unable to keep my private journal up. Have a considerable deal of writing to do at nights, but am blessed, happy & very healthy & strong, perhaps more so than ever I was before. Attended dancing schools & parties a good deal. I keep up my CampJournal to which I refer for what I have done. Have wrote several letters to my friends, which shows my situation & c. Have \VTote some reflections as to my situation to which I refer. Studying Greek under Judge Phelps but get little spare time.

" Puna Camp, Omahanation, near Winter Quarters 29 Feby. 1848. A Blessing by Isaac Morley Patriarch on the head of Robert Campbell son of Alexander & Agnes born Kilbn. Renfrewshire, Scotland 21 January 1825.

I Brother Robert. By virtue of the Holy Priesthood, I lay my hands upon thy head and I bless thee with the seal and blessing of thy Father, and thou shalt be blest & numbered with the seed of Abraham and become an instrument in the hands of the most high in communicating glad tidings to thy friends, and kindred in thy native land for this is the desire of thy heart and thou shalt be satisfied and be blest in convincing thy father's family of the truth of the everlasting Gospel and thou shalt return with songs of everlasting joy bearing thy sheaves with thee and thou shalt rejoice in the land of Zion upon thine inheritance with the posterity of thy father's family of thy kindred and of thy friends, and become an instrument in the hands of thy God in sealing upon them their washings, anointings and endowments, and thou shalt have power to communicate key words of knowledge to them and become a father and a patriarch over thy posterity sealing blessings with wisdom and knowledge upon their heads to be handed down from generation to generation so long as they shall dwell on the earth, and thou shalt be blessed in the gift of a scribe and a clerk in sealing blessings in the house of the Lord and thy gift shall be increased and none shall excel thee because of the honesty of thy heart and the sincerity of thy mind, because it is thy desire and the intention of thy heart to sustain ptrue principles, and in thine enduement when thou shalt receive the fulness thereof thou shalt be clothed with power from on high with that faith that was once delivered to the Saints that shall cause prisons to burst at thy voice, and the waves of the deep to be stayed, and the wicked shall be hushed at thy voice and thou shalt see one chase a thousand and two put their ten thousand to flight and by promise I seal upon thee a full restoration of every limb and every joint and thou shalt be made perfect in form and in stature and grow up in Christ's kingdom and receive a fulness for thou hast the blood of Joseph thro' the loins of Ephraim and a legitimate heir to the promised blessings, this is the seal and blessing

of thy father & thou shalt be crowned with crowns of celestial glory in the kingdom of thy God. Amen and Amen.

Winter Quarters March 27, 1848. This day about noon I received letters from Father, Mother & Brother John, informing me of my father & grandmother's deaths & other relations. My feelings were acute and keen for a few minutes, as I contemplated on the ravage made by death among my friends. ere I could go and gather them up and bring them to Zion. One thing comforted me that my Brother John and his 2 sons were coming on, yea another thing comforted me, my mother had a notion of coming across the Atlantic ocean, to go to my sister Sarah's in Canada, she who never would think of crossing the deep for my father would have done so, but she was never willing but the changes that have occurred since is the reason. Her mother dying, my father dying, all these things have conspired no doubt to change her feelings, even as "the Gosp-...?<:1.11~E:d
mine fo-be-...?<:1.11~E:d ever thought of leaving my native soil. When I went with the Octagon from the office and told the Dr. (Willard Richards) he said to me: Son of man! Prophecy~ and it came to pass while I yet had the Spirit I prophecied and said 'That before 3 years would elapse I should be sent to my own country, preach the Gospel, baptize my kindred, and bring them to Zion, all of them, and thousands of my countrymen should come along, and esteem me as their Savior. My mother should come to Zion, and walk in the statutes of the Lord, and observe his judgements, and delight to walk in his steps, and that I should take comfort in seeing her in Zion rejoicing & my youngest Brother Jares whom I love should become a great man in Israel, and in turning the hearts of the people Zionward and I should hear him proclaim the truth in the congregations of the wicked and confound the wise. He also should become a great scribe & I should see my sister from Canada come with her children in her arms and she should esteem me as her Savior, and before 10 years I should be sent on foreign missions to the courts of Europe. Amen.

Whereupon the Dr. said Amen and Amen.

(G.S.L. City 21 Novy. 1849 in Dr. Richards carriage. A Blessing by Willard
Richards on the head of Robert Campbell son of Alexander and Agnes born 21st January
1825 Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, Scotland. Robert, I lay my hands upon your head to
bless you for my heart is full of blessings towards you & I pray thee O God the
Eternal Father in the name of thy son Jesus Christ to grant me thy Holy Spirit at
this time even the Spirit of Prophecy and Revelation even the revelations of thy will,
that is those things upon the head of this my Brother which shall be fulfilled unto
him, which shall cause his heart to rejoice, which shall lift him up when he is cast
down which shall comfort him when he is disconsolate for thou wilt have thy hours
of trial like other men & Satan will lift up his heel against thee at times and try
to afflict and perplex thee and weary thy mind and faint would lead thee astray but
the God of Abraham is thy God, and his hand is over thee for good and his eye is upon
thee continually, and he has a great work for thee to do upon the earth, and inasmuch
as you will walk humbly before him and seek his good spirit and keep it with you, you
shall walk in the light unceasingly, tho' the powers of darkness strive around thee
on every hand, the way of thy footsteps shall be light. Thou shalt never be in
darkness, the truth shall shine in thy heart, and the visions of eternity will
enlighten thy mind, until what thou hast not seen thou shalt see, until thou shalt
comprehend eternal things thou art now going forth on a great and important mission,
the Angels of God will go before thee and will lead out this Camp of Israel for the
Lord hath designed to bring to pass a great work thro' the medium of this journey.
Thou shalt be blest with wisdom and understanding in thy observations, and in thy
writings more than thou hast ever been even to thine own astonishment. Thou shalt
be blest with health and strength and the comfort of life to perform this journey
to thy hearts content lack no good thing. Neither the Lamanites nor the beasts of
the Forest shall have any power over you. You shall accomplish the work to which you
are now set apart and return from this mission in safety filled with thanksgiving and
praise to God and the Lamb. Therefore be holy, be meek, be gentle, easy to be

entreated at all times and under all circumstances, that you may be a blessing and a comfort to all the Brethren, and a greater mission will speedily unfold itself unto you when thou shalt return. Thou shalt go forth to preach the Gospel to the nations and thy work shall be glorious, prosperity will attend thy steps, success will crown thine efforts. Many shall come to the knowledge of the truth thro' thy instrumentality and multitudes shalt thou lead & teach the way to MORMONISM, and in the midst of thy labors shalt thy heart be made to rejoice for in the own good time of the Lord he shall give thee a companion that shall do thee good all the day, and make thee to forget all thy former sorrows. Therefore be not anxious concerning this matter. The time is not yet. The Lord will bring it to pass when he sees fit and when thou shalt have proved thyself before God and his people until the father shall say enough. Thou shalt abound in houses, in lands, in orchards, in vineyards, in flocks, and herds, in fields, in gardens, in gold & silver, and the precious things of the earth, and wife & children until you shall say enough I am satisfied, & the power of the highest shall rest upon thee. Until thou shalt command the elements and they shall obey thee, and thou shalt have power to perform any miracle that is necessary for the accomplishment of thy work on the earth, the veil shall be rent, and thou shalt stand in the presence of thy God & Savior and what can I say more for there is nothing good which thou shalt desire but thou shalt attain unto inasmuch as you shall always keep the quiet and meek spirit that shall lead thee to all truth. I seal all these blessings upon thy head by virtue of the Holy Priesthood in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Rob Campbell, clerk.

A blessing; on the head of Rôbert Campbell who was going on a mission to the British Islands; under the hands of Héber C. Kimball and Ezra T. Benson April 13th 1850 in the Bowery, Great Salt Lake City, Pres., Kimball being mouth. Brother Rôbert, we lay our hands on thy head in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood we set thee apart to go on a mission to Scotland, thy native land and we dedicate and consecrate thee as a Priest of the Most High God, and as a messenger to the nations. We seal health and life on thee. Thou shalt have power over foul spirits and wicked men, and confound the wisdom of the wise. Thy enemies shall flee before thee. Thou shalt be filled with the Holy Ghost and thy speech shall be sharper than a two edged sword & altho' gins and snares will beset for thee, thou shalt not be ensnared. Be humble & meek, cease from all your lightness and lift up thy voice, and be as a Priest of the most high and thou shalt overcome. Thou shalt do many mighty works, no one shall supercede thee. Go & prosper, do a good work and return in peace to the bosom of the Church of Jesus Christ bringing many of thy friends with thee. We seal these blessings on thee & set thee apart to do all things which thou art called to do in the name of the Father, Son & Holy Ghost. Amen.

As reported by Thomas Bullock, clerk.

Sabbath 14th Apl. 1850. G.S.L. City. Brother Robert, I place my hands upon thy head in the name of Jesus of Nazareth and seal upon thee a blessing for your mission which you are about to undertake. The Lord loves thee and will give his Angels charge over thee to protect thee. They will guard thee under all circumstances thou art placed in. Thou shalt have power in the Priesthood to magnify thine office & shall be abundantly successful in the ministry, shall baptize thy thousands and lead them to Zion. The Lord hath given his Angels charge over thee and thy name is written in the Lamb's book of life. Years shall be multiplied according to the desires of thy heart. Thou shalt have power to rebuke the raging seas if necessary, so that a storm shall become a calm. Thou shalt have peace and friends where 'er you go, shall return to this land in peace, shall enjoy every blessing which your heart desires, even a companion to comfort thy heart & raise a posterity yet that shall be honorable among the Saints to the end. This is thy blessing Brother inasmuch as thou art faithful in thy calling not a single word shall fail. Amen.

Robert Campbell, clerk.

This blessing was given by John Smith Patriarch at his house, he having given me before my Patriarchal blessing which was recorded in his records & also in this record.

To All Whom It May Concern

We certify, that Robert Campbell is an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints: faithful & approved in his ministry: and by the General Authorities of said church this day assembled in Conference. He has been called and set apart in a mission to preach the Gospel in England, under the direction of the Presidency of the Church in that kingdom and we invite all people to give heed to the words of eternal life, which shall fall from the lips of this our beloved Brother, and assist him on his mission in whatsoever things he hath need and we pray God the Eternal Father to bless the giver & receiver in things spiritual and temporal with all good gifts and blessings: that the kingdom of righteousness may speedily fill the earth to the great joy of all the inhabitants thereof in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Given at Great Salt Lake City
State of Deseret North America
the 6th Day of April 1850
Wm.L. Appleby, clerk

Brigham Young
Heber C. Kimball
Willard Richards

Presidency of
the Church of J.C. L.D.S.

15 Witton St. L'pool

Sepr. 11th 1850

Elder Campbell's appointment to the Glasgow Conference

To Whom It May Concern

This is to certify that our well beloved Brother Elder Robert Campbell is appointed to labor in the Glasgow Conference under the directions of Elder Joseph Clements President of the said Conference, and we earnestly recommend the Saints to give diligent heed to his councils and teachings. Elder Campbell has been associated for some years past with the Twelve and also with the Presidency of the Church from whom he has gathered many glorious truths calculated to benefit the Saints and all who will listen to him. Elder Campbell has the Spirit and calling of his office resting abundantly upon him, and will be a source of comfort to the Saints in adversity, and a wise counsellor in prosperity, therefore while Elder Campbell ministers to the Saints in spiritual things let them minister to him in temporal necessities & the blessings of the Lord shall be with them. ✓

Signed

Orson Pratt

F.D. Richards

Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Great Britain & Ireland.

To the Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Wales:
and to all whom it may concern.

Greeting. We send unto you our beloved Brother Elder Robert Campbell, to labor for a season in the Western Glamorganshire Conference in connexion with and under the Presidency of that conference to preach the Gospel, and help devise ways and means of opening the same in new places: To counsel and advise in all matters which may tend to promote the circulation of the printed and preached word throughout the conference - both of the Welsh and English publications and to aid and council in all things which may be deemed expedient to promote the cause of our Redeemers kingdom in that portion of the Principality: We pray you Brethren and the Saints generally, receive Elder Campbell who is one of the Seventies, in the love and confidence of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: minister unto his wants in temporal things as well as spiritually, in the excellency of your prayers of faith & he will prove a blessing to the people among whom he may labor & you will together have great joy in your labors of love to your fellow man. May the blessings of Almighty God be richly poured out upon you & all his ministering servants; together with all Saints is the incessant prayer of your humble Brother & President in Christ.

Franklin D. Richards

Millennial Star Office April 24th 1851

James Linforth Secy.

590 Jan 170
1935

CALENDAR 1913

1913.							1913.						
JANUARY							JULY						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	27	28	29	30	31		
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

1913.							1913.						
FEBRUARY							AUGUST						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

1913.							1913.						
MARCH							SEPTEMBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	28	29	30				
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

1913.							1913.						
APRIL							OCTOBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

1913.							1913.						
MAY							NOVEMBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

1913.							1913.						
JUNE							DECEMBER						
SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	28	29	30	31			
22	23	24	25	26	27	28							
29	30												

10⁵⁰ - Berliet 154 24
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Dussel Pelain

Postage

CLASSIFICATION	DOMESTIC	FOREIGN
Letters.....	2c. per oz.	5c. first oz. * †
Postal Cards.....	1c. each	2c. each
Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals.....	1c., 4 ozs.	1c., 2 ozs.
Printed Books, Photos, Circulars etc.....	1c., 2 ozs.	1c., 2 ozs. Samples
Merchandise.....	1c. per oz. ‡	2c., 4 ozs. ‡

Registry fee, 20 cents in addition to postage,
Domestic or Foreign.

*Each additional ounce or fraction 3 cents.
†Great Britain and Ireland; Newfoundland, and to Ger-
many direct, 2 cents per ounce.
‡Each additional 2 ounces 1 cent.

SEEDS, BULBS, ETC.—The rate on seeds, bulbs, etc., is 1c.
for 2 ounces.

DOMESTIC: SPECIAL DELIVERY.—A special delivery
stamp or ten cents' worth of ordinary stamps and the
words "Special Delivery" marked on the envelope or
wrapper, in addition to the regular postage secures the
immediate delivery of any piece of mail matter within one
mile of any U. S. post office.

REFORWARDING.—First-class matter (letters, postal cards,
etc.) will be forwarded without extra postage. Other
matter requires a new prepayment of postage.

DOMESTIC MONEY-ORDER FEES.—For Orders from \$0.01 to
\$2.50, 3c.; \$2.51 to \$5.00, 4c.; \$5.01 to \$10.00, 5c.; \$10.01 to \$20.00, 6c.; \$20.01 to \$30.00, 7c.; \$30.01 to \$40.00, 8c.; \$40.01 to \$50.00, 9c.; \$50.01 to \$60.00, 10c.; \$60.01 to \$75.00, 11c.; \$75.01 to \$100.00, 12c.

FOREIGN: COMMERCIAL PAPERS.—The rate on Com-
mercial papers is 5c. for first ten ounces or less, and each
additional 2 ounces 1c. Unsealed.

REPLY COUPONS.—An International Reply Coupon may be
purchased for 6c. which upon presentation in countries that
have entered into the agreement will entitle the person
presenting it to receive without charge a postage stamp of
that country equivalent in value to a 5c. U. S. postage stamp.

MONEY-ORDERS.—The money-order rates to some foreign
countries are lower than those given below; enquire of
postmaster for information.

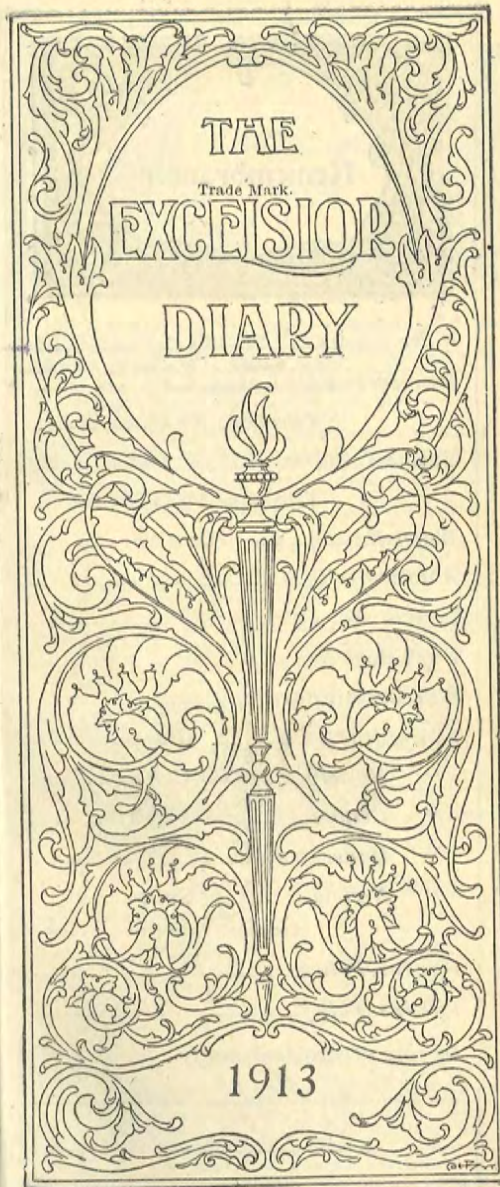
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\$10.00, 10c.; \$10.01 to \$20.00, 12c. etc. to \$100.00, \$1.00.

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* Culte Dimanche *
matin à 10 hrs.





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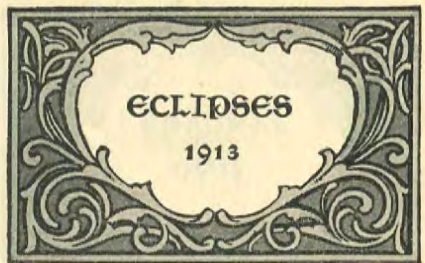
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J.A. Williams

Salt Lake City, Utah

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Gilbert W. Williams



There will be five eclipses this year, three of the Sun, and two of the Moon, as follows:

I. Total of the Moon March 22, partially visible in the U. S., the moon setting with the eclipse on in the Eastern states.

II. Partial of the Sun April 6, visible in Alaska, Washington, Oregon and in California as far south as lat. 36° or the southern part of the county of Monterey.

III. Partial of the Sun Aug. 31, invisible in the U. S.

IV. Total of the Moon Sept. 15, the Moon setting as the eclipse begins in the Eastern states. The end of the eclipse occurs a few minutes after the rising of the Moon in the northwestern portion of the U. S.

V. Partial of the Sun Sept. 30, invisible in the U. S.

PLANETS BRIGHTEST.

MERCURY will be brightest: Jan. 1-3 and Dec. 5-10 as a morn. star; also March 27 and Nov. 5-10 as an eve. star; practically invisible at all other times.

VENUS will be brightest as an eve. star March 17-20 and again as a morn. star May 25-31, being an eve. star until April 24, at which time, and for some days before and after that date, she will be invisible. After April 24, she will be a morn. star to the end of the year when she will be so near the Sun as to be quite invisible.

MARS will not attain his greatest degree of brilliancy usually possible this year, but will be nearly so at the close of the year, being best seen as an All-Night (nearly) star the latter part of Dec. He will be exclusively a morn. star until about the first of Oct. when he will begin to shine in the evening hours also.

JUPITER will be a morn. star until April 6 when he begins to shine in the eve. hours also; brightest and an All-Night star the latter part of June and early part of July.

SATURN will shine in both morn. and eve. hours until middle of Feb. after which he will be an eve. star to the last of May.

URANUS will be brightest the last half of July

NEPTUNE will be brightest in January.

FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS.

Septagesima Sunday...Jan. 19	Ascension Thurs..... May 1
Sexagesima Sunday... " 26	Whitsunday..... " 11
Quinquagesima Sun...Feb. 2	Trinity Sunday..... " 18
Ash Wed. (Lent beg.)... " 5	Transfiguration..... Aug. 6
Quadragesima Sun... " 9	Thanksgiving Day...Nov. 27
Palm Sunday..... Mch. 16	Advent Sunday..... " 30
Good Friday..... " 21	Christmas (Thurs.)...Dec. 25
Easter Sunday..... " 23	Holy Innocents..... " 28
Rogation Sun.....Apr. 27	

CHRONOLOGICAL CYCLES.

Domical Letter..... E	Roman Indiction..... 11
Epact-Moon's Age, Jan. 1. 22	Dionysian Period..... 242
Lunar Cycle (Golden No.). 14	Jewish Lunar Cycle..... 11
Solar Cycle..... 18	Julian Period..... 6626

Mohammedan Era, Year 1332 begins Nov. 30.
Jewish Era, Year 5674 begins at Sunset, Oct. 1.

JANUARY 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East. Time	Cent. Time	W'st. Time
New Moon 7 D.	5 H. 28 M.	4 H. 28 M.	3 H. 28 M.
First Quarter ... 15 D.	11 H. 2 M.	10 H. 2 M.	9 H. 2 M.
Full Moon 22 D.	10 H. 40 M.	9 H. 40 M.	8 H. 40 M.
Last Quarter ... 29 D.	2 H. 34 M.	1 H. 34 M.	0 H. 34 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. N. Y. GOV.	Sun			Sun	Moon	H. W. Bos'n N. Y.		
rises	sets	R. & S.			rises	sets	R. & S.				
7 25	4 43	1 44	3 17	1 We.	7 30	4 38	1 46	6 33			
7 25	4 44	2 59	4 24	2 Th.	7 30	4 39	3 3	7 37			
7 25	4 45	4 4	5 27	3 Fr.	7 30	4 40	4 9	8 38			
7 25	4 46	5 12	6 22	4 Sat.	7 30	4 41	5 18	9 35			
7 25	4 47	6 16	7 10	5 S.	7 30	4 42	6 23	10 27			
7 25	4 48	7 11	7 53	6 Mo.	7 29	4 43	7 18	11 12			
7 25	4 49	sets	8 33	7 Tu.	7 29	4 44	sets	11 50			
7 24	4 50	5 57	9 07	8 We.	7 29	4 45	5 52	morn			
7 24	4 51	7 3	9 40	9 Th.	7 29	4 46	6 58	32			
7 24	4 52	8 4	10 13	10 Fri.	7 29	4 47	8 1	1 10			
7 24	4 53	9 5	10 45	11 Sat.	7 28	4 48	9 3	1 47			
7 23	4 54	10 4	11 23	12 S.	7 28	4 50	10 4	2 25			
7 23	4 55	11 4	morn	13 Mo.	7 28	4 51	11 5	3 7			
7 23	4 56	morn	6 14	14 Tu.	7 27	4 52	morn	3 48			
7 22	4 57	6	58 15	15 We.	7 27	4 53	8	4 33			
7 22	4 59	1 10	1 55 16	16 Th.	7 26	4 54	1 13	5 24			
7 21	5 0	2 16	2 55 17	17 Fri.	7 26	4 55	2 20	6 17			
7 21	5 1	3 25	3 57 18	18 Sat.	7 25	4 56	3 31	7 13			
7 21	5 2	4 37	4 53 19	19 S.	7 24	4 58	4 44	8 10			
7 20	5 3	5 47	5 48 20	20 Mo.	7 24	4 59	5 54	9 5			
7 19	5 4	6 48	6 41 21	21 Tu.	7 23	5 0	6 55	10 0			
7 18	5 5	rises	7 32 22	22 We.	7 22	5 1	rises	10 52			
7 17	5 7	6 33	8 20 23	23 Th.	7 22	5 3	6 29	11 45			
7 17	5 8	7 53	9 10 24	24 Fri.	7 21	5 4	7 51	Ev. 36			
7 16	5 9	9 8	10 0 25	25 Sat.	7 20	5 5	9 8	1 27			
7 16	5 10	10 23	10 50 26	26 S.	7 19	5 6	10 23	2 18			
7 15	5 11	11 33	11 40 27	27 Mo.	7 18	5 8	11 35	3 11			
7 14	5 13	morn	Ev. 37 28	28 Tu.	7 17	5 9	morn	4 7			
7 13	5 14	45	1 42 29	29 We.	7 16	5 10	48	5 5			
7 12	5 15	1 55	2 58 30	30 Th.	7 15	5 12	2 0	6 7			
7 12	5 16	3 4	4 14 31	31 Fri.	7 15	5 13	3 10	7 12			

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 1-13

FEBRUARY 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East. Time	Cent. Time	W'st. Time
New Moon 6 D.	0 H. 22 M.	11 H. 22(5)	10 H. 22(5)
First Quarter ... 14 D.	3 H. 34 M.	2 H. 34 M.	1 H. 34 M.
Full Moon 20 D.	9 H. 3 M.	8 H. 3 M.	7 H. 3 M.
Last Quarter ... 27 D.	4 H. 15 M.	3 H. 15 M.	2 H. 15 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. N. Y. GOV.	Sun			Sun	Moon	H. W. Bos'n N. Y.		
rises	sets	R. & S.			rises	sets	R. & S.				
7 11	5 18	4 10	5 22	1 Sat.	7 14	5 14	4 17	8 7			
7 10	5 19	5 8	6 16	2 S.	7 13	5 15	5 15	9 16			
7 9	5 20	5 58	7 2	3 Mo.	7 12	5 16	6 5	10 10			
7 7	5 21	6 38	7 40	4 Tu.	7 11	5 18	6 44	10 54			
7 6	5 22	7 9	8 12	5 We.	7 10	5 19	7 15	11 2			
7 5	5 23	sets	8 40	6 Th.	7 9	5 21	sets	morn			
7 4	5 25	6 57	9 4	7 Fri.	7 8	5 22	6 55	8			
7 3	5 26	7 57	9 32	8 Sat.	7 6	5 23	7 56	42			
7 2	5 27	8 57	10 2	9 S.	7 5	5 24	8 57	1 14			
7 1	5 28	9 58	10 38	10 Mo.	7 4	5 25	9 59	1 50			
7 0	5 30	10 57	11 21	11 Tu.	7 2	5 26	11 0	2 28			
6 58	5 31	morn	morn	12 We.	7 1	5 28	morn	3 8			
6 57	5 32	3	10 13	13 Th.	7 0	5 29	7	3 53			
6 56	5 34	1 10	1 8 14	14 Fri.	6 59	5 30	1 15	4 44			
6 55	5 35	2 19	2 14 15	15 Sat.	6 57	5 32	2 25	5 41			
6 53	5 36	3 27	3 25 16	16 S.	6 56	5 33	3 34	6 42			
6 52	5 37	4 30	4 32 17	17 Mo.	6 54	5 35	4 37	7 43			
6 51	5 39	5 24	5 32 18	18 Tu.	6 53	5 36	5 31	8 43			
6 49	5 40	6 10	6 26 19	19 We.	6 52	5 38	6 16	9 41			
6 48	5 41	rises	7 17 20	20 Th.	6 50	5 39	rises	10 35			
6 46	5 43	6 40	8 5 21	21 Fri.	6 48	5 40	6 38	11 27			
6 45	5 44	7 58	8 53 22	22 Sat.	6 47	5 42	7 58	Ev. 18			
6 44	5 45	9 14	9 40 23	23 S.	6 45	5 43	9 16	1 7			
6 42	5 46	10 26	10 27 24	24 Mo.	6 44	5 45	10 29	1 59			
6 41	5 48	11 42	11 16 25	25 Tu.	6 42	5 46	11 46	2 48			
6 39	5 49	morn	Ev. 12 26	26 We.	6 41	5 47	morn	3 42			
6 38	5 50	54	1 20 27	27 Th.	6 39	5 49	1 0	4 38			
6 37	5 51	2 2	2 40 28	28 Fri.	6 38	5 50	2 9	5 40			

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 2-13

MARCH 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st Time
New Moon..... 7 D	7 H. 23 M.	6 H. 23 M.	5 H. 23 M.
First Quarter... 15 D.	3 H. 58 M.	2 H. 58 M.	1 H. 58 M.
Full Moon 22 D.	6 H. 56 M.	5 H. 56 M.	4 H. 56 M.
Last Quarter ... 28 D.	7 H. 58 M.	6 H. 58 M.	5 H. 58 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

Boston, New England New-York, Mich., Wis. Iowa and Oregon.

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon R. & S.	H.W. N.Y. GOV.I.	Sun rises			Sun sets	Moon R. & S.	H.W. Bos'n N.Yd		
6 35	5 53	3 3	4 3	1 Sat.	6 36	5 51	3 10	6 47	7 57	8 53	
6 34	5 53	3 55	5 12	2 S.	6 35	5 52	4 2	7 57	8 53		
6 32	5 54	4 38	6 3	3 Mo.	6 33	5 53	4 45	9 45	10 26		
6 30	5 55	5 12	6 42	4 Tu.	6 31	5 54	5 18	11 35	12 34		
6 29	5 56	5 39	7 14	5 We.	6 30	5 55	5 44	13 32	14 31		
6 27	5 57	6 4	7 40	6 Th.	6 28	5 56	6 7	15 35	16 34		
6 25	5 58	sets	8 5	7 Fri.	6 26	5 57	sets	17 38	18 37		
6 24	5 59	6 57	8 30	8 Sat.	6 25	5 58	6 57	19 41	20 40		
6 22	6 0	7 49	8 57	9 S.	6 23	5 59	7 50	21 44	22 43		
6 20	6 1	8 48	9 28	10 Mo.	6 21	6 0	8 51	23 47	24 46		
6 19	6 2	9 55	10 5	11 Tu.	6 20	6 2	9 58	25 50	26 49		
6 17	6 3	11 0	10 48	12 We.	6 18	6 3	11 5	27 53	28 52		
6 16	6 4	morn	11 36	13 Th.	6 16	6 4	morn	29 56	30 55		
6 14	6 5	7 morn	14	14 Fri.	6 14	6 5	13	31 59	32 58		
6 12	6 6	1 16	33	15 Sat.	6 13	6 6	1 23	33 62	34 61		
6 11	6 8	2 19	1 40	16 S.	6 11	6 7	2 26	35 65	36 64		
6 9	6 9	3 17	2 58	17 Mo.	6 9	6 9	3 24	37 68	38 67		
6 7	6 10	4 2	4 10	18 Tu.	6 7	6 10	4 8	39 71	40 70		
6 6	6 11	4 42	5 13	19 We.	6 6	6 11	4 47	41 74	42 73		
6 4	6 12	5 12	6 10	20 Th.	6 4	6 12	5 15	43 77	44 76		
6 2	6 13	5 41	7 0	21 Fri.	6 2	6 13	5 43	45 80	46 79		
6 1	6 14	rises	7 47	22 Sat.	6 0	6 14	rises	47 83	48 82		
5 59	6 15	8 2	8 33	23 S.	5 59	6 15	8 4	49 86	50 85		
5 58	6 16	9 18	9 18	24 Mo.	5 57	6 16	9 22	51 89	52 88		
5 56	6 17	10 34	10 52	25 Tu.	5 55	6 17	10 39	53 92	54 91		
5 54	6 18	11 46	10 55	26 We.	5 53	6 18	11 53	55 95	56 94		
5 52	6 19	morn	11 50	27 Th.	5 52	6 19	morn	57 98	58 97		
5 51	6 20	53	Ev. 57	28 Fri.	5 50	6 20	1 0	59 101	60 100		
5 49	6 21	1 50	2 18	29 Sat.	5 48	6 21	1 57	61 104	62 103		
5 47	6 22	2 37	3 40	30 S.	5 46	6 22	2 44	63 107	64 106		
5 45	6 23	3 15	4 43	31 Mo.	5 44	6 23	3 18	65 110	66 109		

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 3-13

APRIL 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st Time
New Moon..... 6 D.	0 H. 48 M.	11 H. 48 M.	10 H. 48 M.
First Quarter... 14 D.	0 H. 39 M.	11 H. 39(13)	10 H. 39(13)
Full Moon 20 D.	4 H. 33 M.	3 H. 33 M.	2 H. 33 M.
Last Quarter ... 28 D.	1 H. 9 M.	0 H. 9 M.	11 H. 9 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

Boston, New England New-York, Mich., Wis. Iowa and Oregon.

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon R. & S.	H.W. N.Y. GOV.I.	Sun rises			Sun sets	Moon R. & S.	H.W. Bos'n N.Yd		
5 44	6 24	3 44	5 30	1 Tu.	5 43	6 25	3 49	8 17	9 5		
5 42	6 26	4 8	6 5	2 We.	5 41	6 27	4 12	9 5	9 46		
5 41	6 27	4 29	6 35	3 Th.	5 40	6 28	4 32	10 22	11 17		
5 39	6 28	4 48	7 2	4 Fri.	5 38	6 29	4 49	10 22	11 17		
5 37	6 29	5 7	7 28	5 Sat.	5 37	6 30	5 7	10 57	11 52		
5 36	6 30	5 26	7 58	6 S.	5 35	6 31	5 25	11 32	12 27		
5 34	6 31	sets	8 28	7 Mo.	5 33	6 32	sets	11 57	12 52		
5 33	6 32	8 52	9 3	8 Tu.	5 31	6 33	8 55	12 27	13 22		
5 31	6 33	9 59	9 42	9 We.	5 30	6 34	10 5	13 47	14 42		
5 30	6 34	11 8	10 25	10 Th.	5 28	6 36	11 15	14 72	15 67		
5 28	6 35	morn	11 13	11 Fri.	5 26	6 37	morn	15 47	16 42		
5 26	6 36	12 morn	12	12 Sat.	5 25	6 38	19	16 22	17 17		
5 25	6 37	1 10	8 13	13 S.	5 23	6 39	1 17	17 47	18 42		
5 24	6 38	1 59	1 15	14 Mo.	5 21	6 40	2 6	18 22	19 17		
5 22	6 39	2 41	2 32	15 Tu.	5 20	6 41	2 49	19 47	20 42		
5 20	6 40	3 13	3 46	16 We.	5 18	6 42	3 17	20 22	21 17		
5 19	6 41	3 42	4 50	17 Th.	5 16	6 43	3 44	21 47	22 42		
5 17	6 42	4 6	5 48	18 Fri.	5 15	6 45	4 7	22 22	23 17		
5 16	6 43	4 30	6 40	19 Sat.	5 13	6 46	4 29	23 47	24 42		
5 14	6 44	rises	7 28	20 S.	5 12	6 47	rises	24 22	25 17		
5 13	6 45	8 8	8 15	21 Mo.	5 10	6 48	8 12	25 47	26 42		
5 11	6 46	9 23	9 22	22 Tu.	5 9	6 49	9 28	26 22	27 17		
5 10	6 47	10 35	9 48	23 We.	5 7	6 50	10 42	27 47	28 42		
5 8	6 48	11 38	10 38	24 Th.	5 6	6 51	11 45	28 22	29 17		
5 7	6 49	morn	11 32	25 Fri.	5 4	6 52	morn	29 47	30 42		
5 6	6 50	31	Ev 35	26 Sat.	5 3	6 53	38	30 22	31 17		
5 4	6 51	1 13	1 45	27 S.	5 1	6 55	1 19	31 47	32 42		
5 3	6 52	1 46	2 54	28 Mo.	5 0	6 56	1 51	32 22	33 17		
5 2	6 53	2 10	3 53	29 Tu.	4 58	6 57	2 14	33 47	34 42		
5 0	6 55	2 34	4 38	30 We.	4 57	6 58	2 37	34 22	35 17		

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 4-13

MAY 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st.Time
New Moon..... 6d.	3 H. 24 M.	2 H. 24 M.	1 H. 24 M.
First Quarter...13d.	6 H. 45 M.	5 H. 45 M.	4 H. 45 M.
Full Moon.....20d.	2 H. 18 M.	1 H. 18 M.	0 H. 18 M.
Last Quarter....27d.	7 H. 4 M.	6 H. 4 M.	5 H. 4 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill.

Boston, New England
New-York, Mich., Wis.
Iowa and Oregon.

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun	Sun	Moon	H.W. N.Y. GOV.I.	Sun			Sun	Moon	H.W. Bos'n N.Yd		
rises	sets	r. & s.			rises	sets	r. & s.				
4 59	6 56	2 53	5 14	1 Th.	4 56	7 0	2 55	8 18			
4 58	6 57	3 12	5 48	2 Fri.	4 54	7 1	3 12	9 0			
4 56	6 58	3 31	6 20	3 Sat.	4 53	7 2	3 30	9 39			
4 55	6 59	3 51	6 52	4 S.	4 52	7 3	3 49	10 17			
4 54	7 0	4 13	7 27	5 Mo.	4 51	7 4	4 10	10 57			
4 53	7 1	sets	8 3	6 Tu.	4 49	7 5	sets	11 36			
4 52	7 2	8 57	8 42	7 We.	4 48	7 6	9 3	morn			
4 51	7 3	10 5	9 23	8 Th.	4 47	7 7	10 12	18			
4 49	7 4	11 6	10 9	9 Fri.	4 46	7 8	11 13	1 1			
4 48	7 5	11 58	11 0	10 Sat.	4 44	7 9	morn	1 50			
4 47	7 6	morn	11 55	11 S.	4 43	7 10	5	2 41			
4 46	7 7	41	12	12 Mo.	4 42	7 11	47	3 43			
4 45	7 8	1 17	58	13 Tu.	4 41	7 12	1 22	4 37			
4 44	7 9	1 45	2 8	14 We.	4 40	7 13	1 48	5 39			
4 43	7 10	2 9	3 18	15 Th.	4 39	7 14	2 10	6 42			
4 42	7 11	2 33	4 25	16 Fri.	4 38	7 15	2 33	7 43			
4 41	7 12	2 56	5 23	17 Sat.	4 37	7 16	2 54	8 42			
4 40	7 13	3 22	6 20	18 S.	4 36	7 17	3 19	9 37			
4 39	7 14	3 50	7 10	19 Mo.	4 35	7 18	3 46	10 30			
4 39	7 15	rises	8 0	20 Tu.	4 34	7 19	rises	11 20			
4 38	7 16	9 22	8 49	21 We.	4 33	7 20	9 29	Ev 7			
4 37	7 17	10 18	9 38	22 Th.	4 32	7 21	10 25	55			
4 36	7 18	11 5	10 25	23 Fri.	4 31	7 22	11 12	1 41			
4 36	7 19	11 44	11 15	24 Sat.	4 31	7 23	11 49	2 30			
4 35	7 20	morn	Ev. 8 25	S.	4 30	7 24	morn	3 20			
4 34	7 20	12	1 226	Mo.	4 29	7 25	16	4 11			
4 34	7 21	36	1 54	27 Tu.	4 29	7 26	39	5 2			
4 33	7 22	57	2 45	28 We.	4 28	7 27	59	5 53			
4 32	7 23	1 15	3 31	29 Th.	4 27	7 28	1 16	6 41			
4 32	7 23	1 33	4 13	30 Fri.	4 27	7 28	1 33	7 28			
4 31	7 24	1 55	4 55	31 Sat.	4 26	7 29	1 53	8 13			

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 5-13

JUNE 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st.Time
New Moon..... 4d.	2 H. 57 M.	1 H. 57 M.	0 H. 57 M.
First Quarter...11d.	11 H. 37 M.	10 H. 37 M.	9 H. 37 M.
Full Moon.....18d.	0 H. 54 M.	11 H. 54 M.	10 H. 54 M.
Last Quarter....26d.	0 H. 41 M.	11 H. 41 M.	10 H. 41 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill.

Boston, New England
New-York, Mich., Wis.
Iowa and Oregon.

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun	Sun	Moon	H.W. N.Y. GOV.I.	Sun			Sun	Moon	H.W. Bos'n N.Yd		
rises	sets	r. & s.			rises	sets	r. & s.				
4 31	7 24	2 15	5 37	1 S.	4 25	7 30	2 12	8 57			
4 30	7 25	2 41	6 19	2 Mo.	4 25	7 30	2 37	9 40			
4 30	7 26	3 12	7 1	3 Tu.	4 25	7 31	3 7	10 23			
4 30	7 26	3 52	7 43	4 We.	4 24	7 32	3 45	11 10			
4 29	7 27	sets	8 28	5 Th.	4 24	7 32	sets	11 57			
4 29	7 28	9 53	9 15	6 Fri.	4 24	7 33	10 0	morn			
4 29	7 28	10 39	10 2	7 Sat.	4 23	7 33	10 45	44			
4 29	7 29	11 17	10 52	8 S.	4 23	7 34	11 22	1 34			
4 28	7 30	11 48	11 44	9 Mo.	4 23	7 35	11 51	2 27			
4 28	7 30	morn	morn	10 Tu.	4 23	7 36	morn	3 20			
4 28	7 31	14	42	11 We.	4 22	7 36	16	4 20			
4 28	7 31	37	1 45	12 Th.	4 22	7 37	37	5 20			
4 28	7 32	1 0	2 50	13 Fri.	4 22	7 37	59	6 21			
4 28	7 32	1 24	3 57	14 Sat.	4 22	7 38	1 21	7 22			
4 28	7 32	1 51	5 215	S.	4 22	7 38	1 47	8 22			
4 28	7 33	2 22	6 316	Mo.	4 22	7 38	2 16	9 20			
4 28	7 33	3 2	6 58	17 Tu.	4 22	7 39	2 56	10 12			
4 28	7 33	rises	7 50	18 We.	4 22	7 39	rises	11 5			
4 28	7 34	8 59	8 38	19 Th.	4 22	7 39	9 6	11 51			
4 29	7 34	9 40	9 25	20 Fri.	4 23	7 40	9 46	Ev 37			
4 29	7 34	10 12	10 9	21 Sat.	4 23	7 40	10 17	1 22			
4 29	7 34	10 39	10 51	22 S.	4 23	7 40	10 43	2 49			
4 29	7 34	10 59	11 30	23 Mo.	4 23	7 40	11 2	3 49			
4 29	7 34	11 19	Ev. 10 24	Tu.	4 23	7 40	11 21	3 35			
4 30	7 35	11 38	50 25	We.	4 24	7 41	11 38	4 19			
4 30	7 35	11 56	1 33	26 Th.	4 24	7 41	11 55	5 6			
4 30	7 35	morn	2 20	27 Fri.	4 24	7 41	morn	5 52			
4 31	7 35	15	3 13	28 Sat.	4 25	7 40	13	6 40			
4 31	7 35	40	4 6	29 S.	4 25	7 40	36	7 28			
4 32	7 35	1 9	4 57	30 Mo.	4 26	7 40	1 4	8 18			

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 6-13



MOON'S PHASES.	East Time	Cent. Time	W'st Time
New Moon..... 4d.	0 H. 6 M.	11 H. 6(3)	10 H. 6(3)
First Quarter.... 10d.	4 H. 37 M.	3 H. 37 M.	2 H. 37 M.
Full Moon..... 18d.	1 H. 6 M.	0 H. 6 M.	11 H. 6(17)
Last Quarter.... 26d.	4 H. 59 M.	3 H. 59 M.	2 H. 59 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

Boston, New England New-York, Mich., Wis. Iowa and Oregon.

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun	Sun	Moon	H.W.	D. OF MONTH.	Sun	Sun	Moon	H.W.	D. OF MONTH.
rises	sets	R. & S.	N. Y. Gov't.		rises	sets	R. & S.	Bos'n N. Y. d	
4 32	7 35	1 44	5 47	1 Tu.	4 26	7 40	1 38	9 8	
4 32	7 35	2 31	6 38	2 We.	4 26	7 40	2 24	9 58	
4 33	7 34	3 27	7 28	3 Th.	4 27	7 40	3 20	10 47	
4 33	7 34	sets	8 15	4 Fri.	4 28	7 40	sets	11 27	
4 34	7 34	9 15	9 5	5 Sat.	4 29	7 39	9 20	morn	
4 35	7 34	9 49	9 52	6 S.	4 29	7 39	9 52	28	
4 35	7 33	10 18	10 41	7 Mo.	4 30	7 39	10 20	1 18	
4 36	7 33	10 41	11 32	8 Tu.	4 30	7 38	10 42	2 10	
4 37	7 33	11 4	morn	9 We.	4 31	7 38	11 4	3 4	
4 37	7 32	11 29	1 25	10 Th.	4 32	7 38	11 27	4 1	
4 38	7 32	11 54	1 22	11 Fri.	4 33	7 37	11 50	4 58	
4 39	7 31	morn	2 25	12 Sat.	4 33	7 37	morn	6 0	
4 39	7 31	24	3 37	13 S.	4 34	7 36	19	7 1	
4 40	7 30	58	4 48	14 Mo.	4 35	7 36	52	8 4	
4 41	7 30	1 45	5 54	15 Tu.	4 36	7 35	1 38	9 5	
4 42	7 29	2 37	6 51	16 We.	4 37	7 34	2 30	10 0	
4 43	7 29	rises	7 42	17 Th.	4 37	7 34	rises	10 50	
4 44	7 28	8 12	8 26	18 Fri.	4 38	7 33	8 18	11 36	
4 44	7 27	8 40	9 5	19 Sat.	4 39	7 32	8 44	Ev 18	
4 45	7 26	9 4	9 41	20 S.	4 40	7 31	9 7	58	
4 46	7 26	9 23	10 15	21 Mo.	4 41	7 30	9 25	1 36	
4 47	7 25	9 41	10 46	22 Tu.	4 42	7 30	9 42	2 14	
4 48	7 24	10 11	11 18	23 We.	4 43	7 29	10 0	2 54	
4 48	7 23	10 19	11 53	24 Th.	4 44	7 28	10 17	3 35	
4 49	7 23	10 39	Ev 35	25 Fri.	4 45	7 27	10 36	4 18	
4 50	7 22	11 5	1 23	26 Sat.	4 46	7 26	11 1	5 5	
4 51	7 21	11 37	2 20	27 S.	4 47	7 25	11 31	5 55	
4 52	7 20	morn	3 20	28 Mo.	4 48	7 24	morn	6 50	
4 53	7 19	19	4 22	29 Tu.	4 49	7 23	12	7 45	
4 54	7 18	1 8	5 22	30 We.	4 50	7 22	1 1	8 40	
4 55	7 17	2 13	6 43	1 Th.	4 51	7 21	2 6	9 34	

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 7-13



MOON'S PHASES.	East Time	Cent. Time	W'st Time
New Moon..... 2d.	7 H. 58 M.	6 H. 58 M.	5 H. 58 M.
First Quarter... 8d.	11 H. 3 M.	10 H. 3 M.	9 H. 3 M.
Full Moon..... 16d.	3 H. 27 M.	2 H. 27 M.	1 H. 27 M.
Last Quarter.... 24d.	7 H. 18 M.	6 H. 18 M.	5 H. 18 M.
New Moon..... 31d.	3 H. 38 M.	2 H. 38 M.	1 H. 38 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

Boston, New England New-York, Mich., Wis. Iowa and Oregon.

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.
Sun	Sun	Moon	H.W.	D. OF MONTH.	Sun	Sun	Moon	H.W.	D. OF MONTH.
rises	sets	R. & S.	N. Y. Gov't.		rises	sets	R. & S.	Bos'n N. Y. d	
4 56	7 16	3 27	7 10	1 Fri.	4 52	7 20	3 21	10 28	
4 57	7 14	sets	8 0	2 Sat.	4 53	7 18	sets	11 19	
4 58	7 13	8 17	8 50	3 S.	4 54	7 17	8 20	morn	
4 59	7 12	8 43	9 38	4 Mo.	4 55	7 16	8 44	10	
5 0	7 11	9 8	10 27	5 Tu.	4 56	7 15	9 8	1 0	
5 1	7 10	9 32	11 15	6 We.	4 57	7 14	9 30	1 52	
5 2	7 9	9 56	morn	7 Th.	4 58	7 12	9 53	2 44	
5 3	7 7	10 26	7	8 Fri.	4 59	7 11	10 21	3 39	
5 4	7 6	10 59	1 4	9 Sat.	5 0	7 10	10 53	4 36	
5 5	7 5	11 42	2 10	10 S.	5 1	7 8	11 35	5 37	
5 6	7 4	morn	3 27	11 Mo.	5 2	7 7	morn	6 40	
5 7	7 2	33	4 42	12 Tu.	5 3	7 6	26	7 47	
5 8	7 1	1 30	5 47	13 We.	5 4	7 4	1 23	8 50	
5 9	7 0	2 34	6 40	14 Th.	5 5	7 3	2 28	9 45	
5 10	6 58	3 41	7 25	15 Fri.	5 6	7 1	3 35	10 33	
5 11	6 57	rises	8 1	16 Sat.	5 7	7 0	rises	11 15	
5 12	6 55	7 28	8 35	17 S.	5 8	6 58	7 30	11 52	
5 13	6 54	7 48	9 3	18 Mo.	5 10	6 57	7 49	Ev 27	
5 14	6 53	8 6	9 32	19 Tu.	5 11	6 55	8 6	1 0	
5 15	6 51	8 24	10 0	20 We.	5 12	6 54	8 23	1 35	
5 16	6 50	8 43	10 32	21 Th.	5 13	6 52	8 41	2 13	
5 17	6 48	9 7	11 10	22 Fri.	5 14	6 51	9 3	2 52	
5 17	6 47	9 35	11 52	23 Sat.	5 15	6 49	9 30	3 35	
5 18	6 45	10 10	Ev 42	24 S.	5 16	6 48	10 4	4 23	
5 19	6 44	10 54	1 40	25 Mo.	5 17	6 46	10 47	5 18	
5 20	6 42	11 52	2 47	26 Tu.	5 18	6 44	11 45	6 17	
5 21	6 41	morn	3 55	27 We.	5 19	6 43	morn	7 17	
5 22	6 39	1 2	4 59	28 Th.	5 20	6 41	55	8 16	
5 23	6 37	2 16	5 57	29 Fri.	5 21	6 39	2 10	9 14	
5 24	6 36	3 35	6 50	30 Sat.	5 22	6 38	3 31	10 8	
5 25	6 34	4 55	7 42	31 S.	5 23	6 36	4 52	11 0	

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight. 8-13

SEPTEMBER 1913

MOON'S PHASES.				East.Time	Cent.Time	W'stTime.
First Quarter....	7d.	8 H. 6 M.	7 H. 6 M.	6 H. 6 M.		
Full Moon.....	15d.	7 H. 46 M.	6 H. 46 M.	5 H. 46 M.		
Last Quarter....	23d.	7 H. 30 M.	6 H. 30 M.	5 H. 30 M.		
New Moon.....	29d.	11 H. 57 M.	10 H. 57 M.	9 H. 57 M.		

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill				Boston, New England New-York, Mich., Wis. Iowa and Oregon.			
MEAN TIME.		Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.		Stan. Time.
Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon s. & r.	H. W. N. Y. gov. I.		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon s. & r.
5 26	6 33	7 7	8 30	1 Mo.	5 24	6 35	7 7
5 27	6 31	7 32	9 18	2 Tu.	5 26	6 33	7 30
5 28	6 29	7 57	10 6	3 We.	5 27	6 31	7 55
5 29	6 28	8 24	10 56	4 Th.	5 28	6 29	8 20
5 30	6 26	8 57	11 50	5 Fri.	5 29	6 28	8 52
5 31	6 25	9 39	morn	6 Sat.	5 30	6 26	9 32
5 32	6 23	10 27	50	7 S.	5 31	6 24	10 20
5 33	6 21	11 24	2 5	8 Mo.	5 32	6 22	11 17
5 34	6 20	morn	3 23	9 Tu.	5 33	6 21	morn
5 35	6 18	27	4 22	10 We.	5 34	6 19	20
5 36	6 16	1 33	5 35	11 Th.	5 35	6 17	1 27
5 37	6 15	2 36	6 16	12 Fri.	5 36	6 15	2 33
5 38	6 13	3 41	6 55	13 Sat.	5 37	6 14	3 38
5 39	6 11	4 43	7 26	14 S.	5 38	6 12	4 41
5 40	6 9	rises	7 55	15 Mo.	5 39	6 10	rises
5 41	6 8	6 30	8 21	16 Tu.	5 40	6 8	6 29
5 42	6 6	6 50	8 50	17 We.	5 41	6 7	6 49
5 43	6 4	7 11	9 18	18 Th.	5 43	6 5	7 7
5 44	6 3	7 37	9 53	19 Fri.	5 44	6 3	7 33
5 45	6 1	8 9	10 33	20 Sat.	5 45	6 1	8 3
5 46	5 59	8 52	11 18	21 S.	5 46	6 0	8 45
5 47	5 58	9 40	Ev 11 22	22 Mo.	5 47	5 58	9 33
5 48	5 56	10 42	1 10	23 Tu.	5 48	5 56	10 35
5 49	5 55	11 52	2 29	24 We.	5 49	5 54	11 46
5 50	5 53	morn	3 32	25 Th.	5 50	5 53	morn
5 51	5 52	1 8	4 37	26 Fri.	5 51	5 51	1 3
5 52	5 50	2 26	5 35	27 Sat.	5 52	5 49	2 22
5 53	5 48	3 44	6 28	28 S.	5 53	5 47	3 42
5 54	5 46	5 3	7 19	29 Mo.	5 54	5 46	5 2
5 55	5 44	sets	8 7	30 Tu.	5 55	5 44	sets

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 9-13

OCTOBER 1913

MOON'S PHASES.				East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st.Time
First Quarter...	6d.	8 H. 46 M.	7 H. 46 M.	6 H. 46 M.		
Full Moon.....	15d.	1 H. 7 M.	0 H. 7 M.	11 H. 7(14)		
Last Quarter....	22d.	5 H. 53 M.	4 H. 53 M.	3 H. 53 M.		
New Moon.....	29d.	9 H. 29 M.	8 H. 29 M.	7 H. 29 M.		

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill				Boston, New England New-York, Mich., Wis. Iowa and Oregon.			
MEAN TIME.		Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.	D. OF WEEK.	MEAN TIME.		Stan. Time.
Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon s. & r.	H. W. N. Y. gov. I.		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon s. & r.
5 56	5 43	6 22	8 55	1 We.	5 57	5 42	6 19
5 57	5 41	6 54	9 45	2 Tu.	5 58	5 40	6 49
5 58	5 39	7 31	10 37	3 Fri.	5 59	5 39	7 25
5 59	5 38	8 19	11 35	4 Sat.	6 0	5 37	8 12
6 0	5 36	9 14	morn	5 S.	6 1	5 35	9 7
6 1	5 35	10 16	41	6 Mo.	6 2	5 33	10 9
6 2	5 33	11 22	1 56	7 Tu.	6 3	5 32	11 16
6 3	5 31	morn	3 10	8 We.	6 4	5 30	morn
6 4	5 30	28	4 12	9 Th.	6 5	5 28	23
6 5	5 28	1 33	5 2	10 Fri.	6 7	5 27	1 30
6 7	5 27	2 36	5 41	11 Sat.	6 8	5 25	2 33
6 8	5 25	3 35	6 15	12 S.	6 9	5 23	3 34
6 9	5 23	4 35	6 45	13 Mo.	6 10	5 22	4 35
6 10	5 22	5 34	7 12	14 Tu.	6 11	5 20	5 35
6 11	5 20	rises	7 40	15 We.	6 13	5 19	rises
6 12	5 19	5 41	8 10	16 Th.	6 14	5 17	5 37
6 13	5 17	6 11	8 45	17 Fri.	6 15	5 15	6 6
6 14	5 16	6 49	9 22	18 Sat.	6 16	5 14	6 43
6 15	5 14	7 35	10 5	19 S.	6 17	5 12	7 28
6 16	5 13	8 32	10 52	20 Mo.	6 18	5 11	8 25
6 18	5 12	9 40	11 46	21 Tu.	6 20	5 9	9 33
6 19	5 10	10 50	Ev 48 22	22 We.	6 21	5 8	10 45
6 20	5 9	morn	1 58	23 Th.	6 22	5 6	12 0
6 21	5 7	4	3 10	24 Fri.	6 23	5	morn
6 22	5 6	1 20	4 13	25 Sat.	6 24	5	3 1
6 23	5 4	2 37	5 11	26 S.	6 26	5 2	2 35
6 24	5 3	3 52	6 5	27 Mo.	6 27	5 1	3 52
6 26	5 1	5 9	6 55	28 Tu.	6 28	4 59	5 11
6 27	5 0	6 29	7 45	29 We.	6 29	4 57	6 32
6 28	4 59	sets	8 34	30 Th.	6 31	4 57	sets
6 29	4 58	6 7	9 25	31 Fri.	6 32	4 55	6 0

Heavy figures 12 noon to 12 midnight 10-13

NOVEMBER 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st.Time
First Quarter.... 5d.	1 H. 34 M.	0 H. 34 M.	11 H. 34 M.
Full Moon.....13d.	6 H. 11 M.	5 H. 11 M.	4 H. 11 M.
Last Quarter....21d.	2 H. 56 M.	1 H. 56 M.	0 H. 56 M.
New Moon..... 27d.	8 H. 41 M.	7 H. 41 M.	6 H. 41 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.		D. OF WEEK.		MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	
Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. s. & r.	H. W. gov. I.	Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. s. & r.	H. W. Bos'n N. Yd	Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. s. & r.	H. W. Bos'n N. Yd
6 30	4 57	7 0	10 20	1	Sat.	6 33	4 54	6 53	48	6 34	4 53	7 55	1 38	
6 31	4 56	8 2	11 20	2	S.	6 34	4 53	7 55	1 38	6 36	4 51	9 2	2 30	
6 32	4 54	9 8	morn	3	Mo.	6 37	4 50	10 11	3 25	6 38	4 49	11 18	4 23	
6 34	4 53	10 16	27	4	Tu.	6 39	4 48	morn	5 23	6 41	4 47	23	6 20	
6 35	4 52	11 22	1 35	5	We.	6 42	4 45	1 24	7 17	6 43	4 44	2 25	8 5	
6 36	4 51	morn	2 38	6	Th.	6 44	4 43	3 26	8 47	6 46	4 42	4 27	9 27	
6 37	4 50	25	3 33	7	Fri.	6 47	4 41	5 30	10 5	6 48	4 40	6 35	10 40	
6 38	4 49	1 26	4 19	8	Sat.	6 49	4 39	rises	11 18	6 51	4 39	5 28	11 58	
6 40	4 48	2 26	4 57	9	S.	6 52	4 38	6 21	Ev 40	6 53	4 37	7 26	1 25	
6 41	4 47	3 25	5 30	10	Mo.	6 54	4 36	8 35	2 13	6 56	4 35	9 49	3 7	
6 42	4 46	4 25	6 2	11	Tu.	6 57	4 34	11 4	4 5	6 58	4 34	morn	5 7	
6 43	4 45	5 27	6 33	12	We.	6 59	4 33	19	6 10	7 0	4 32	1 32	7 12	
6 44	4 44	6 30	7 6	13	Th.	7 2	4 32	2 48	8 10	7 3	4 31	4 7	9 8	
6 46	4 43	rises	7 40	14	Fri.	7 4	4 31	5 25	10 2	7 5	4 30	6 46	10 53	
6 47	4 42	5 34	8 18	15	Sat.	7 7	4 30	sets	11 42	7 8	4 29	6 42	30	
6 48	4 41	6 28	9 0	16	S.	7 10	4 29	5 37	morn	7 11	4 28	5 37		
6 49	4 40	7 33	9 45	17	Mo.	7 13	4 28	4 7	9 8	7 16	4 27	4 7	9 8	
6 50	4 39	8 40	10 33	18	Tu.	7 19	4 26	6 46	10 53	7 23	4 25	6 46	10 53	
6 51	4 39	9 53	11 29	19	We.	7 26	4 24	sets	11 42	7 30	4 24	sets	11 30	
6 53	4 38	11 7	Ev 30	20	Th.	7 33	4 23	sets	11 42	7 37	4 23	sets	11 30	
6 54	4 38	morn	1 37	21	Fri.	7 40	4 22	sets	11 42	7 44	4 22	sets	11 30	
6 55	4 37	20	2 45	22	Sat.	7 47	4 21	sets	11 42	7 51	4 21	sets	11 30	
6 56	4 36	1 32	3 49	23	S.	7 54	4 20	sets	11 42	8 0	4 20	sets	11 30	
6 57	4 36	2 47	4 48	24	Mo.	8 0	4 19	sets	11 42	8 7	4 19	sets	11 30	
6 58	4 35	4 4	5 43	25	Tu.	8 14	4 18	sets	11 42	8 14	4 18	sets	11 30	
6 59	4 35	5 21	6 37	26	We.	8 27	4 17	sets	11 42	8 21	4 17	sets	11 30	
7 0	4 35	6 40	7 28	27	Th.	8 40	4 16	sets	11 42	8 34	4 16	sets	11 30	
7 1	4 34	sets	8 20	28	Fri.	8 53	4 15	sets	11 42	8 47	4 15	sets	11 30	
7 2	4 34	5 44	9 11	29	Sat.	9 6	4 14	sets	11 42	9 0	4 14	sets	11 30	
7 3	4 34	6 49	10 4	30	S.	9 19	4 13	sets	11 42	9 13	4 13	sets	11 30	

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 11-13

DECEMBER 1913

MOON'S PHASES.	East.Time	Cent.Time	W'st.Time
First Quarter... 5 D.	9 H. 59 M.	8 H. 59 M.	7 H. 59 M.
Full Moon..... 13 D.	10 H. 0 M.	9 H. 0 M.	8 H. 0 M.
Last Quarter... 20 D.	11 H. 16 M.	10 H. 16 M.	9 H. 16 M.
New Moon 27 D.	9 H. 59 M.	8 H. 59 M.	7 H. 59 M.

New-York City, Phil. Conn., New Jersey, Penn., O., Ind., and Ill

MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	D. OF MONTH.		D. OF WEEK.		MEAN TIME.				Stan. Time.	
Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. s. & r.	H. W. gov. I.	Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. s. & r.	H. W. Bos'n N. Yd	Sun	Sun	Moon	H. W. s. & r.	H. W. Bos'n N. Yd
7 5	4 34	7 58	11 0	1	Mo.	7 10	4 29	7 53	1 20	7 11	4 29	9 2	2 9	
7 6	4 33	9 6	11 59	2	Tu.	7 11	4 29	9 2	2 9	7 12	4 28	10 9	3 0	
7 7	4 33	10 12	morn	3	We.	7 13	4 28	11 13	3 52	7 14	4 28	morn	4 43	
7 8	4 33	11 15	55	4	Th.	7 15	4 28	14	5 37	7 16	4 28	14	5 37	
7 9	4 32	morn	1 49	5	Fri.	7 16	4 28	14	5 37	7 17	4 28	1 14	6 27	
7 10	4 32	14	2 40	6	Sat.	7 18	4 28	2 15	7 13	7 18	4 28	3 17	8 0	
7 11	4 32	1 14	3 25	7	S.	7 19	4 28	4 21	8 43	7 20	4 28	5 28	9 26	
7 12	4 32	2 14	4 5	8	Mo.	7 21	4 28	6 35	10 8	7 22	4 28	rises	10 52	
7 13	4 32	3 14	4 44	9	Tu.	7 23	4 28	8 55	2 0	7 24	4 28	10 10	2 52	
7 14	4 32	4 17	5 21	10	We.	7 25	4 28	11 22	3 48	7 26	4 30	morn	4 46	
7 15	4 32	5 22	6 0	11	Th.	7 27	4 28	1 36	5 47	7 28	4 31	36	5 47	
7 15	4 32	6 29	6 40	12	Fri.	7 29	4 28	3 1	6 48	7 30	4 31	1 49	6 48	
7 16	4 33	rises	7 20	13	Sat.	7 31	4 28	3 7	7 50	7 32	4 32	3 7	7 50	
7 17	4 33	5 22	8 2	14	S.	7 33	4 28	4 25	8 50	7 34	4 33	5 41	9 47	
7 17	4 33	6 31	8 47	15	Mo.	7 35	4 28	6 53	10 40	7 36	4 33	6 53	10 40	
7 18	4 33	7 44	9 33	16	Tu.	7 37	4 28	8 55	2 0	7 38	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 18	4 33	8 59	10 22	17	We.	7 39	4 28	10 10	2 52	7 40	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 19	4 34	10 12	11 13	18	Th.	7 41	4 28	11 22	3 48	7 42	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 20	4 34	11 22	E. 10	19	Fri.	7 43	4 28	1 36	5 47	7 44	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 20	4 35	morn	1 12	20	Sat.	7 45	4 28	3 1	6 48	7 46	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 21	4 35	35	2 17	21	S.	7 47	4 28	4 25	8 50	7 48	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 21	4 36	1 47	3 25	22	Mo.	7 49	4 28	5 41	9 47	7 50	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 22	4 37	3 3	4 50	23	Tu.	7 51	4 28	6 53	10 40	7 52	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 22	4 37	4 20	5 30	24	We.	7 53	4 28	8 55	2 0	7 54	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 23	4 38	5 35	6 27	25	Th.	7 55	4 28	10 10	2 52	7 56	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 23	4 39	6 46	7 19	26	Fri.	7 57	4 28	11 22	3 48	7 58	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 23	4 39	sets	8 10	27	Sat.	7 59	4 28	1 36	5 47	8 0	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 23	4 40	5 39	8 59	28	S.	8 1	4 28	3 1	6 48	8 2	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 24	4 40	6 48	9 45	29	Mo.	8 3	4 28	4 25	8 50	8 4	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 24	4 41	7 55	10 30	30	Tu.	8 5	4 28	5 41	9 47	8 6	4 34	sets	11 30	
7 24	4 42	9 2	11 15	31	We.	8 17	4 28	6 53	10 40	8 18	4 34	sets	11 30	

Heavy figures, 12 noon to 12 midnight 12-13

INTEREST TABLES

FOUR PER CENT.

TIME.	\$1	\$2	\$3	\$4	\$5	\$6	\$7	\$8	\$9	\$10	\$100	\$1000
4 DAY	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	45
8 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	9	89
12 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	14	1.34
16 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	18	1.78
20 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	22	2.22
24 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	27	2.67
28 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	2	31	3.11
1 MO.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	37	3.54
2 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	42	4.07
3 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	5	47	4.50
4 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	5	52	5.00
5 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	6	57	5.43
6 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	7	62	5.86
1 YR.	4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	400	4000

FIVE PER CENT.

TIME.	\$1	\$2	\$3	\$4	\$5	\$6	\$7	\$8	\$9	\$10	\$100	\$1000
4 DAY	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	56
8 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	1.11
12 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	17	1.67
16 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	22	2.22
20 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	28	2.74
24 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	34	3.34
28 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	39	3.84
1 MO.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	44	4.37
2 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	49	4.84
3 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	54	5.25
4 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	5	59	5.67
5 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	64	6.00
6 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	69	6.34
1 YR.	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	500	5000

SIX PER CENT.

TIME.	\$1	\$2	\$3	\$4	\$5	\$6	\$7	\$8	\$9	\$10	\$100	\$1000
4 DAY	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	7	67
8 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	13	1.33
12 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	20	2.00
16 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	27	2.67
20 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	33	3.33
24 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	40	4.00
28 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	47	4.67
1 MO.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	53	5.00
2 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	60	5.60
3 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	67	6.30
4 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	6	73	7.00
5 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	7	80	7.70
6 "	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	8	87	8.40
1 YR.	6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	600	6000

WEEKLY TABLE OF WAGES

Week	1/2 hour	1 hour	2 hours	3 hours	4 hours	5 hours	6 hours	7 hours	8 hours	1 day	2 days	3 days	4 days	5 days	6 days
\$1.50	1	3	6	9	11	14	17	20	22	25	50	75	1.00	1.25	1.50
2.00	2	4	7	11	15	19	23	26	30	33	67	1.00	1.33	1.67	2.00
3.00	3	6	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	90	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00
4.00	4	8	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	108	1.00	2.67	4.00	5.00
5.00	5	10	15	22	30	37	44	52	60	67	134	1.00	3.33	5.00	6.00
6.00	6	12	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	162	1.00	4.00	6.00	7.00
7.00	7	14	21	32	42	52	62	72	82	92	184	1.00	4.67	7.00	8.00
8.00	8	16	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	216	1.00	5.33	8.00	9.00
9.00	9	18	27	40	54	68	82	96	110	124	248	1.00	6.00	9.00	10.00
10.00	10	20	30	45	60	75	90	105	120	135	270	1.00	6.67	10.00	11.00
11.00	11	22	33	50	66	82	98	114	130	146	292	1.00	7.33	11.00	12.00
12.00	12	24	36	54	72	90	108	126	144	162	324	1.00	8.00	12.00	13.00
13.00	13	26	39	58	77	96	115	134	153	172	344	1.00	8.67	13.00	14.00
14.00	14	28	42	63	84	105	126	147	168	189	378	1.00	9.33	14.00	15.00
15.00	15	30	45	67	90	112	135	158	182	206	412	1.00	10.00	15.00	16.00
16.00	16	32	48	72	96	120	144	168	192	216	432	1.00	10.67	16.00	17.00
17.00	17	34	51	76	101	126	151	174	201	228	456	1.00	11.33	17.00	18.00
18.00	18	36	54	81	108	132	156	180	210	234	468	1.00	12.00	18.00	19.00
19.00	19	38	57	84	111	138	162	186	216	240	480	1.00	12.67	19.00	20.00
20.00	20	40	60	90	120	144	174	204	234	264	504	1.00	13.33	20.00	21.00

This Table is based upon the usual calculation of 9 hours to a day.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

MEASURES OF WEIGHT.—*Avoirdupois*: 1 pound equals 7000 grains; 16 drams, 1 ounce; 16 ounces, 1 pound; 112 pounds, 1 hundredweight; 20 hundredweight, 1 ton. *Troy*: 1 pound equals 5760 grains; 24 grains, 1 pennyweight; 20 pennyweights, 1 ounce; 12 ounces, 1 pound. *Apothecaries*: 1 pound equals 5760 grains; 20 grains, 1 scruple; 3 scruples, 1 dram; 8 drams, 1 ounce; 12 ounces, 1 pound. *Metric*: 1 kilogramme equals 1000 grammes, equals 2.2 Avoirdupois pounds.

MEASURES OF LENGTH.—*Customary*: 12 inches equal 1 foot; 16½ feet, 1 rod; 40 rods, 1 furlong; 8 furlongs, 1 statute mile; 1 statute mile, 5280 feet or 1760 yards; 1 marine league, 3 nautical miles; 1 fathom, 6 feet; 1 nautical mile equals 6080.2 feet. *Metric*: 1000 millimetres equal 1 metre; 1000 metres, 1 kilometre; 1 metre equals 39.37 inches.

SURFACE OR SQUARE MEASURE.—*Customary*: 144 square inches equal 1 square foot; 9 square feet, 1 square yard; 30.25 square yards, 1 square rod; 40 square rods, 1 square rood; 4 square roods, 1 acre; 640 acres, 1 square mile; 1 acre equals 208.7 feet square. *Metric*: 1 square metre equals 10.764 square feet; 100 square metres equal 1 are; 1 hectare equals 100 ares, or 2.471 acres.

SOLID OR CUBIC MEASURE.—*Customary*: 1728 cubic inches equal 1 cubic foot; 27 cubic feet, 1 cubic yard; 40 cubic feet of round timber, 1 ton; 50 cubic feet of hewn timber, 1 ton; 128 cubic feet of wood (4 feet by 4 feet by 8 feet), 1 cord; 24.75 cubic feet of stone, 1 perch—usually 16½ feet by 1½ feet by 1 foot, but varies greatly. *Metric*: 1000 cubic centimetres equal 1 litre; 1 litre equals 1.0567 quarts.

LIQUID MEASURE.—English gallon equals 277.274 cubic inches, or 1.20032 U. S. gallons; 4 gills, 1 pint; 2 pints, 1 quart; 4 quarts, 1 gallon.

DRY MEASURE.—1 bushel equals 2150.42 cubic inches; 2 pints, 1 quart; 4 quarts, 1 gallon; 2 gallons, 1 peck; 4 pecks, 1 bushel. *Metric*: 10 millilitres equal 1 centilitre; 10 centilitres, 1 decilitre; 10 decilitres, 1 litre; 1 litre, 0.908 dry quart.

POUNDS PER BUSHEL.—The weight per bushel of different articles differs in different States. Revised Statutes of the U. S., Sec. 2519: "For the purpose of estimating the duties on importations of grain, the number of bushels shall be ascertained by weight instead of by measuring; and 60 pounds of wheat, 56 pounds of corn, 56 pounds of barley, 32 pounds of oats, 60 pounds of peas, and 40 pounds of buckwheat, avoirdupois weight, shall respectively be estimated as a bushel."

CAPACITY OF BOXES.

25 in. sq., 11.66 in. deep	=	Approx. 1 wine barrel.
20 " " 9.10 " "	=	" 1 wine half barrel.
17 "X 14 in. 9.00 " "	=	" 1 bushel.
10 "X 12 " 9.00 " "	=	" ½ "
8 " sq., 8.40 " "	=	" 1 peck.

Combinations of Colors

Red and Black makes Brown.
Red and Light Blue makes Purple.
Lake with White makes Rose.
Umber and White makes Drab.
White and Brown makes Chestnut.
Carmine with White makes Pink.
Lamp Black with White makes Lead.
Paris Green with White makes Bright Green.

Yellow Ochre and White makes Buff.
White tinted with Purple makes French White.

White tinted with Black and Purple makes French Gray.

Emerald Green with White makes Brilliant Green.

Chrome Green with White makes Pea Green.

Chrome Yellow with White Lead makes Straw.

White with tints of Black and Purple makes Ashes of Roses.

White tinted with Red and Yellow makes Cream.

Blue with Lead Color makes Pearl.

Lamp Black and Indigo makes Silver Gray.

Chrome Yellow, Black, Red and Blue makes Olive.

Chrome Green and Black makes Dark Green.

Yellow and Brown makes Chocolate.

Vermilion and Chrome Yellow makes Orange.

Carmine with Straw makes Flesh.

Blue with Yellow makes Green.

Principal Cities

CITIES.	Popula- tion 1910.	CITIES.	Popula- tion 1910.
New York, N. Y.	4,766,883	Trenton, N. J.	96,815
Chicago, Ill.	2,185,283	New Bedford, Mass.	96,652
Philadelphia, Pa.	1,549,008	San Antonio, Tex.	96,614
St. Louis, Mo.	687,029	Reading, Pa.	96,671
Boston, Mass.	670,585	Camden, N. J.	94,538
Cleveland, Ohio.	560,663	Salt Lake, Utah.	93,777
Baltimore, Md.	558,485	Dallas, Tex.	92,104
Pittsburgh, Pa.	533,995	Lynn, Mass.	89,336
Detroit, Mich.	465,766	Springfield, Mass.	88,906
Buffalo, N. Y.	423,715	Wilmington, Del.	87,411
San Francisco, Cal.	416,912	Des Moines, Ia.	86,368
Milwaukee, Wis.	373,837	Lawrence, Mass.	85,892
Cincinnati, Ohio.	364,463	Tacoma, Wash.	82,972
Newark, N. J.	347,469	Kansas City, Kan.	80,331
New Orleans, La.	339,975	Yonkers, N. Y.	79,803
Washington, D. C.	331,069	Youngstown, Ohio.	79,066
Los Angeles, Cal.	319,198	Houston, Tex.	78,800
Minneapolis, Minn.	301,408	Duluth, Minn.	78,466
Jersey City, N. J.	267,779	St. Joseph, Mo.	77,493
Kansas City, Mo.	248,381	Somerville, Mass.	77,236
Seattle, Wash.	237,194	Troy, N. Y.	76,813
Indianapolis, Ind.	233,650	Utica, N. Y.	74,419
Providence, R. I.	224,326	Elizabeth, N. J.	73,499
Louisville, Ky.	223,928	Fort Worth, Tex.	73,312
Rochester, N. Y.	218,149	Waterbury Ct.	73,141
St. Paul, Minn.	214,744	Schenectady, N. Y.	72,806
Denver, Col.	213,381	Hoboken, N. J.	70,324
Portland, Ore.	207,214	Manchester, N. H.	70,063
Columbus, Ohio.	181,548	Evansville, Ind.	69,647
Toledo, Ohio.	168,497	Akron, Ohio.	69,067
Atlanta, Ga.	154,839	Norfolk, Va.	67,452
Oakland, Cal.	150,174	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	67,105
Worcester, Mass.	145,986	Peoria, Ill.	66,950
Syracuse, N. Y.	137,249	Erie, Pa.	66,525
New Haven, Ct.	133,605	Savannah, Ga.	65,064
Birmingham, Ala.	130,085	Oklahoma City, Okla.	64,205
Memphis, Tenn.	131,105	Harrisburg, Pa.	64,186
Scranton, Pa.	129,867	Fort Wayne, Ind.	63,933
Richmond, Va.	127,628	Charleston, S. C.	58,823
Paterson, N. J.	125,600	Portland, Me.	58,571
Omaha, Neb.	124,095	East St. Louis, Ill.	58,517
Fall River, Mass.	119,295	Terre Haute, Ind.	58,157
Dayton, Ohio.	116,577	Holyoke, Mass.	57,739
Grand Rapids, Mich.	112,571	Jacksonville, Fla.	57,699
Nashville, Tenn.	110,364	Brockton, Mass.	56,878
Lowell, Mass.	106,294	Bayonne, N. J.	55,545
Cambridge, Mass.	104,839	Johnstown, Pa.	55,422
Spokane, Wash.	104,402	Passaic, N. J.	54,773
Bridgeport, Ct.	102,954	South Bend, Ind.	53,684
Albany, N. Y.	100,253	Honolulu, Hawaii.	52,183
Hartford, Ct.	98,915	Rutland, Vt.	47,516

New Year's and Preparation

Wea. WED. JAN. 1, 1913 Ther.

Began the New Year by arising at 11:30. Read until dinner time. Ate my last New Year's dinner for probably three years with immediate family and T. G. R. Went down for Florence, and returned with her, that mother might receive a few of my friends. "Kuck around" till seven, then went back with Florence to give her time to get ready for "The Red Rose" "Have Reese" in one of male leads.

Adjourned at 1 A.M.

Wea. THURSDAY 2 Ther.

Arose at 8³⁰. Called for "Mrs" Anderson & Henry Moyle, and went with them to the President's Office. Arranged for transportation. Returned to Bishop's Bldg at 2 P. M. and was set apart with simple, pertinent yet beautiful blessing by Golden Lineball. Arranged for a berth cabin on "Maretama" for Dave, Thes and self, and with "Larry" Clayton for berth on L.A. Limited to Chicago. Picked trunk and called on Florence.

Adjourned 1:30 A.M.

Departure from Salt Lake -

Wea. FRI. JAN. 3, 1913 Ther.

Arose 8^{AM}. Hurried down town for last shopping and returned with tickets and letter from Gov. Spry, to lock trunk. Train hour late, so dropped down to take picture of F.C. and bid her goodbye at 11³⁰. Went home for lunch. Mother rather "broken up" over my leaving. Taken to train by Father, Frank, & Cox. Bishop Platt, Heber Aldous, Lon^{and} Ott at station. Couple more pictures. En route at 1¹⁵ P.M. Conversation with L.C. reminiscent and pertinent to mission. Ate dinner across from old m^o. Short letter to F.C. Adjoined 9⁰⁰ P.M.

Wea. SATURDAY 4 Ther.

Arose 8³⁰. Breakfast hearty. Read from preceptor. Conversation principally concerning missionary experiences. Met Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Smoot of Preston, Ida, also Miss Helen Walker and sisters, daughters of M. H. Walker, with whom we ate fruit, candy, etc. Read until 8³⁰ and adjourned. Letter to F.C.

Chicago and Sigma Chi -

Wea. SUN. JAN. 5, 1913 Ther.

Arose 8⁰⁰. Breakfast hearty. Arrived Chicago on time. Went from C. & N.W. depot to station of Michigan Central. Visited Art Institute for hour. Lunched with "Larry" who departed immediately for Ann Arbor. Finally succeeded in reaching chapter house at Chicago. Went with fellows to bid farewell to Miss Louise Smith, sister of one of the bunch. Had supper and sat around fire at house, chatting with bunch including "Jinks" (Albert) Bowers. Wrote to Allen M. and F.C. and adjourned at 11⁰⁰ P.M.

Wea. MONDAY 6 Ther.

Arose 10⁰⁰ A.M. Hurried to Northwestern station to meet "Dave" and "Mae", but train 8 and late. Ate lunch with "Billie" others and Bassett (Omega) at Marshall Bldg. Chatted with Brothers till P.M. Then called on William A. ~~W~~ and stayed half hour. ~~W~~ asked I join him at lunch today, Jan. 7. Met Roger M. Bowers, arrived on Overland. Wrote F.C. from La Salle Hotel. Had supper and took short walk Long State St. met Mae and Dave and registered at La Salle Hotel. Saw "The Girl of the Gate" from front row of La Salle Theatre. Returned to Hotel, bathed and adjourned 1⁰⁰ P.M.

Chicago

Wea. TUES. JAN. 7, 1913 Ther.

Arose 8^{AM} Called up Alex Preston who met us immediately at hotel. Had breakfast and roamed around. Left fellows at Marshall Field's to dine with B.J. Mc a. Tramped at Brevoort hotel. Had nice dinner and sociable yet pertinent conversation. Called on Mrs. Chas. Alling, Jr. who gave me guest card to Chicago University Club and insisted I dine with him tomorrow (Wed). Met fellows again at LaSalle hotel. Went to "The Count of Saxe-Coburg" at the Illinois. Best of its kind I had ever seen. Adjourned to Fountain room of Congress Hotel; then to H.J. Sears, 1432 Jackson Blvd, where we stayed over night. Adjourned 1^{PM}.

Wea. WEDNESDAY 8 Ther.

Arose 9^{30 AM}. Ate at Stillson's, on Madison near LaSalle. Went out to Chicago fraternity house to say goodbye to fellows and gather up luggage. Rejoined "Spes" and "Dave" and went to "Ted" Snyder, the Chicago publisher. Mailed eight of newest "rags" to F.C. also wrote her. Met "Alex" and "Billy" Haugh and ate at "Tip Top Inn". Ran into Larson & Co. from Omega. Took in vaudeville at Palace Music Hall with fellows, and then went to Congress Cafe (cabaret). Adjourned to Sears, at 7 P.M.

Chicago, Buffalo and Niagara Falls

Wea. THUR. JAN. 9, 1913 Ther.

Arose 9^{AM}. Ate at Stillson's with "Dave". Arranged transportation for ~~the~~ New York. Met "Spes" at Hotel LaSalle at one o'clock. Left for Buffalo over Nickel Plate at 2^{32 PM}. Ate dinner on diner and "cashed in" at 8^{30 PM}.

Buffalo

Wea. FRIDAY 10 Ther.

Arose 6^{30 AM}. Arrived in Buffalo 9^{30 AM}. Went directly to Falls over New York Central & Hudson R. Crossed into Ontario, and went down behind Falls on Canadian side, dressed in rubber hoods, coats & trousers. Wrote to F.C. from Ontario. Returned to Buffalo, and loafed around till train time. Left for New York at 6^{30 PM}. Adjourned 7^{30 PM}.

Arrival at New York and Boston

Wea. ^{Cloudy} SAT. JAN. 11, 1913 Ther.

Arose 6⁰⁰ AM. Arrived New York 6⁴⁵.
 Ate breakfast at "Child's" on 42nd street.
 Went with "Dave" to Imperial Hotel
 where he registered. Went up Fifth Ave.
 and over on Wall Street past Trinity
 Church, Woodworth Bldg etc. Took
 train to Boston 12 noon. Arrived 5³⁵
 P.M. and was met at Station by W. W.
 Stone, who took me immediately to
 supper at the Commons (Harvard's student
 dining room). Then retired to 29 Hastings,
 washed and hurried to Majestic in Boston
 to see production of "Stinky Pauly".
 Came back immediately after, made a
 rabbit and retired. 12³⁰ P.M.

Wea. ^{Rainy} SUNDAY 12 1. 39. Ther.

Arose 9^{AM}. Had a glorious shower
 bath and enjoyed hearty breakfast
 at the Commons. Strolled around
 yard, over to stadium and athletic fields
 along "Gold Coast" (row of dormitories of the
 wealthy students), and on to Cambridge
 Commons, past Washington Elm. Re-
 turned to Commons for dinner. After-
 ward went into Boston, visited Art
 Institute Museum, and hurried to
 Boston Grand Opera House (cap 4,000) to
 hear Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini (Box seats).
 Made great hit with scores "The Last Rose
 of Summer" and "Home Sweet Home".
 Returned to 29 Hastings after supper, made
 tea and pdgs, and talked with Jack Owen
 and J. Paul Stewart (Doe's roommate) Got
 sigs from Lafayette. Retired 11 P.M.

Boston

Wea. ^{Clear} MON. JAN. 13, 1913 Ther.

Arose 9³⁰ AM. Had a hair cut, shave & shine,
 took picture of yard. Met Lafayette Lentz
 Butler, who invited me to dinner Jan
 14. Lunched at Commons. Went out
 to Bunker Hill and climbed stairs
 to top of monument, which gave us a
 wonderful view of the bay and five cities.
 Then visited Old State House, where first con-
 session in Revolutionary War was received, -
 and then hurried over into Faneuil Hall, the
 "Cradle of Liberty". We visited the scene of the Boston
 Massacre, and Old South Church - then the modern
 Boston Library to look at a Sgt. Locke paper. Spent
 out to Boston Beach chapter house, had dinner
 and met all the bunch and then went to Fogg field.
 Fellies at the Colonial, sent telegram of congrat-
 ulation to S. Co. After theatre adjourned, to
 Georgian Cafe, and then home. Retired 12³⁰ P.M.

Wea. ^{Clear} TUESDAY 14 Ther.

Arose 10⁰⁰ AM. Visited class in Property
 under Prof. Edward Warren of Harvard
 Law School. Lunched at Commons,
 and visited Fogg Museum of Art,
 Agassiz Museum, and strolled out
 to spot where Leif Erikson built his
 house in the year 1000, on to birth-
 place of James Russell Lowell,
 and out to Auburn Cemetery, where
 so many great men were buried. Had
 dinner with Mr. & Mrs. Lafayette Lentz
 Butler. Met Lee and J. Sander Stewart
 and went to production of "The Garden
 of Allah" at the Boston. Returned to
 29 Hastings, wrote to Jean, and
 retired.

- Boston and New York -

Wea. ^{Clear} Fine WED. JAN. 15, 1913 Ther.
Arose 9⁰⁰ A.M. Had delightful shower bath.
Packed suit case & travelling bag, and at-
tended class in Forts under Prof
Mambaugh. Ate lunch at Commons.
Hurried to matinee performance of the
"Merry Countess". Just enough time
for supper before 6⁰⁰ P.M. train to Fall
River to connection with boat over
New England line to New York. Good-bye
to Vee at N.Y. N.H. & H.R. depot.
Wrote to F.B. en route to New York.
Got off the "Providence" at Newport
while the freight was loaded on.
Sat about deck listening to orchestra
till 10 P.M., shaved (✓) and
retired. 11 P.M.

Wea. ^{Light} rain THURSDAY 16 Ther.

Arose 5⁰⁰ A.M. Dressed and hurried
on deck to witness entrance into
Long Island Sound through "Frog Neck"
Hell's Gate, past Statue of Liberty
etc. Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges
to pier. Arrived 7³⁰ A.M. Went di-
rectly to Imperial Hotel to meet "Hes",
and then to Mission Hdqts, 35 W. 126th
to get mail. Four letters and beauti-
ful wallet from F.B. Returned to
Imperial, ate lunch at Childs' with "Hes",
and wrote to F.B. Went to Battery
and Aquarium, and over to
Immigration pier. Back to Imperial
and to Childs' for supper. Then to
Bertrade Hoffman at Hunter Garden.
Returned to hotel & retired. 11³⁰

- New York

Wea. ^{Clear} Fine FRI. JAN. 17, 1913 Ther.

Arose 10⁰⁰ A.M. Had delightful bath.
Ate lunch at one of "Childs", and
journeyed with "Hes" out to Mission
Headquarters. Received letter from F.B.
Continued on from there to the
wonderful zoo at Bronx Park.
Returned hurried to hotel and
prepared hurriedly for dinner
with ^{Commander} ~~Mr.~~ and Mrs. Henry Allen
Pearson, and Mrs. Pearson's mother,
father, and brother, at Hotel Lucerne,
201 W. 79th St. Henry thinking of re-
turning on 7th day. Had to hurry away
in time to meet "Hes" to go to "Oh Oh!
Delphine" at Knickerbockers. Wrote to F.B.
How bye. Light rain after. Retired 12 P.M.

Wea. ^{Funny} Clear. SATURDAY 18 Ther. ^{odds}

Arose 9³⁰. Shaved and wrote to "Lon"
Ate at Childs on 7th and sent some
music to F.B. Took in the "Under
many Flags" at the giant Hippo-
drome. Had supper at Childs
on Seventh Ave., and after short
walk wrote a couple of letters -
one to F.B. and one to Lon - and
retired. 9 P.M.

New York

Wea. ^{Clear} SUN. JAN. 19, 1913 Ther. Moderate

Arose 9¹⁵ AM. Had lunch at Chedson Seventh Ave. and took subway out to mission headquarters. Went to Sunday School with Norma Sears, etc and met. Drs. Bates, Romania Hyde, R. H. Young, Jr. and mission officers, elders, Utah students in New York, etc. Took auto bus along 5th Ave. and Riverside Drive (Palisades of Hudson) and return. Dined at Maxims. Unique, and embarrassing experience with course actress through no fault of mine. No misbehavior. Returned to hotel and wrote F.C. Took nice long walk down 5th Ave. and Broadway and returned to write to father. Retired 12:30 P.M.

Twenty-first Birthday

Wea. MONDAY 20 Ther.

Arose 10³⁰ AM. Drove back from Washington to join ad. Had lunch at Chedson 6th Ave. and parted for a few hours. Dave and Wes going to Cinarad pier to arrange everything for voyage and I to Regina Elhi House at Columbia and to Hartley Hall to talk with Dick Young (R. H. Jr.) Proceeded on to mission headquarters to get letter from F.C. Met Dave and Wes, etc supper at Chedson - and with Dave went to "The Whip" (Krumpholtz production) Returned to hotel and wrote to F.C. Had chicken sandwich in adjoining cabaret and retired. 1 A.M.

New York and Voyage

Wea. ^{Clear} TUES. JAN. 21, 1913 Ther.

Arose 10 AM. Had delightful bath. Packed preparatory to departure. Hurried out to E. M. House for lunch, and met all the bunch. Called at mission letters to say goodbye to elders and returned to Imperial (32nd & Broadway) to meet fellows. Took all our baggage to pier and looked over the "Mauretania" - second biggest ship afloat - 790 ft long, 33000 tons. Ate at Childs on Broadway and Dave and I went to "The Lady of the Slipper" (Montgomery Stone, Elsie Kings) at Elks Theatre. Wrote F.C. Postal.

Went on board at 1:30 P.M. and put out at 1:30 AM. Retired 2³⁰ AM. A. L. J. C.

Wea. ^{Clear} WEDNESDAY 22 Mod. Ther

Arose 11 AM. A little music and then lunch. Met E. N. McWilliams and J. P. Summit, Phi Delta Phi from Ohio, traveling with companion, ^(Wes) on Vander-ville circuit as "The Three Collegians". Have just completed Orpheum circuit. Romania Hyde, Wes and Emma Lucy somewhat seasick. Introduced me to Summit to crowd and we had some time - medical and otherwise. Dinner at 6³⁰ then back to lounge, where we had classy entertainment principally from me to Summit who introduced some of their specialties. Kept them busy till 10¹⁵. Had a romp about the deck with Dave and Norma and retired 11³⁰ PM

Voyage

Wca. ^{Cloudy} THUR. JAN. 23, 1913. Ther. Mod.
Ocean somewhat disturbed.

Arose 7 AM. Shower and had hearty breakfast. "Meds" still slightly "under the weather." Little exercise on the deck. Spoke to F.B.

Played ~~shuff~~ shuffle-deck with Dave and ate hearty lunch. Another game of shuffle-deck on a wet deck, Ocean getting too rough to continue. Dave went to Deck in the lounge, and awoke feeling quite sick, so returned at 7:00 P.M. I ate a hearty dinner and ~~retired~~

~~retired~~ and adjourned with Norma to the lounge where we discussed Mormonism and ethics with a Welshman till 11 P.M. (Davis) Retired 11:30

Wca. ^{Stormy} FRIDAY 24. Ther. Cold
Ocean quite rough.

Arose 9:30 AM. after having eaten breakfast in stateroom. Spoked with "Meds" till I got sick myself. Decided to eat no lunch, but to try to get out on deck. After reading to Dave for about 1/4 hour, I got out on deck under the care of "my wife" and nurse, - Norma, - who read to me from O. H. Roberts' treatise "The Gospel." Soon Dave joined us and with Mr. Arnold of Vacuum Oil Co., Dave and I enjoyed a dinner of toast, duck, chicken, ice-cream and grapes on the starboard "B" deck. With Norma and some other English people we sat there talking and singing till 10:30, when we all retired.

Across

Wca. ^{Cloudy} SAT. JAN. 25, 1913. Ther. Mod.
Ocean smoother.

Arose 9 AM. after having eaten breakfast in stateroom. Feeling fine again. succeeded in getting "Meds" up on deck again. Passed a North German Lloyd Steamer bound for U.S.A. Norma arose at 11:30 and joined us on deck. Came alongside a freighter bound for Europe. Enjoyed a delightful lunch with Norma and Dave. "Meds" too sick to get to lunch. Sat around on deck, and played "shuff" for a while. Ate very hearty dinner. Had a grand informal concert in the evening, - Mr. H. Crumit, Romanian, and Emma Lucy. Went out on port deck to continue. Retired 11 P.M.

Wca. ^{Clear} SUNDAY 26. Ther. Mod.
Ocean rather rough.

Arose 9:30 AM. after breakfast in stateroom. Had delightful saltwater bath, and shave. Packed trunk. Enjoyed delightful lunch. "Meds" feeling considerably better, - in fact the three of us sang about 3/4 of the Sunday School songs before arising. After lunch we all gathered on deck and talked and sang. "Meds" feeling well enough to join us at dinner table, - his second appearance in Dining Room. Read Henry Hummels "The Greatest Thing in the World" with Norma. Had a few songs, etc. and ladies retired. Indulged in sperms on port deck. Retired 1:45 AM

Liverpool

Wea. Foggy MON. JAN. 27, 1913 Ther.

Ocean smoother.

Arose 9⁴⁵ AM. Had allightful hot & cold salt water bath and returned to bed till lunch time. Ate hearty lunch. Went out on wat deck for a short time, then to Loungs to write to Mother while listening to general entertain- ment. Wrote to Lon. Ate very hearty dinner. Arrived Fishguard 8 P.M. Passengers sent in intenders. Put out of Fishguard at 9⁰⁰ P.M. Shaved, Packed trunk and suit case, and retiaed. 11¹⁵ P.M.

Wea. Foggy TUESDAY 28 Ther.

Arose 5 AM after very rest- less night. Ate hearty 7¹⁵ AM break- fast. Arrived Liverpool 8⁰⁰ AM, and went immediately to Mission Hdg. with Norma, after having left Europa ship, her father & Romonia Hyde at the docks. Elder Ezra Benson arranged for our trans- portation to Basel, and we left at 2³⁰ P.M. for London running into Elders from Allan Line (Halesow 17⁴⁵) as we left headquarters. Met at Marybone by Elders George Chamberlain & Clyde Tennion, who took us directly to Adgros, Halesow High Road, gave us something to eat and introduced us to Pres. Phelps (used to be printer at Birnace Bldg. High school) and Elders. Retired 11¹⁵ P.M.

London

Wea. Foggy WED. JAN. 29, 1913 Ther. ^{bought 2000} 144

Arose 8¹⁵ Sang had morning

Prayer and ate breakfast with Elders. Wrote to mother & R.C. on Wiggins typewriter. Took train at Seven Sisters Corner, and then to Underground riding to Dover. Walked packed to Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus (at museum, Nelson's Monument, etc. St. James Park, Trafalgar Sq. & Mon. and met George and Clyde at Hippo- drome at 2 P.M. Ate dinner at a Lyons, and then got 3 passengers to stand in line for us at Covent Opera House @ 3³⁰ and walked out to Houses of Parliament, West- minster Abbey, etc. Returned at 6³⁰ to take our places in line for production of Grand Opera by Strauss "Der Scherezade" (Kaiser- Cavalier), Eva von Her Osten as "Ottaviani", King of Portugal, etc. in attendance. Wonder- ful production and beautiful voices. Over hundred piece orchestra. Adjourned to Minico, and then to Adgros. Retired 1³⁰ P.M.

Wea. Foggy THURSDAY 30 Ther. X (Covent Garden)

Arose 10³⁰ AM. Shaved, Wrote to G. Ate lunch with Elders. Went with Sue & Mrs to London Tower and Bridge, via top of motor tram. Visited Jewel Tower, Eglia and Armour Room, Body Tower, Execution Spot, White Hall with names of Lady Jane Grey, etc. cut in wall. Crossed London Bridge and took Underground back to Piccadilly Circus, then over to Lyons "Corner" where we ate dinner, and then met George Chamberlain unexpectedly and ate again with him. Bought a pair of gloves, and after George left us for meeting at Adgros, went to Coliseum (beautiful theatre) for vaudeville. Retired 12¹⁵ P.M.

London to Paris

Beautiful FRI. JAN. 31 1913 Very Mod. Ther.

Arose 7:45 A.M. Checked and hurried to Victoria Station without breakfast. Left Leo for Paris at 10:00 A.M. over London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Crossed English Channel. Very rough. Lost hat. Arrived Dieppe 3:30 P.M. Boarded train for Paris. Had "dejeuner" en route. Arrived Paris 7:00 P.M. Herb Snow, to whom we had telegraphed ahead, had been released, so there was no one to meet us at the station. Therefore had to rely on my meagre knowledge of French to get us to "Herb's" and "Collie" Cannon's address. They had moved, so we took "taxi" to Richard's Family Hotel, had supper, took short stroll and retired 11:30 P.M.

Wear. Rainy SAT. FEB. 1 Ther.

Arose 10 A.M. Went immediately to Mission Hdgrs. 49 Rue de Flandre du Temple, and met Collins (Collie) Cannon and "Norm" Salisbury. Left Hdgrs. and "set in" for breakfast (really dejeuner). Went to visit world-renowned collection of art at the Louvre, etc. Returned to Place de l'Opera, then through Lafayette Dept. Store, and over to La Grande Mexeville for dinner. From there to the famous "Bal Tabarin" (much better than "Le Moulin Rouge") where one of the wonderful Masque balls was held. Had some time (7:30, 8:00, etc.) till 2 A.M. Knowledge of French helped wonderfully.

Returned to Richard's [L.] retired

Gay Paris

Beautiful SUN. FEB. 2, 1913 Ther. Mod.

Arose 11:30 A.M. Dressed and took "taxi" to Place de l'Opera where we met "Collie" and "Norm". "Set in" for "dejeuner". Hurried along principal boulevards to ~~Fontaine~~ Pantheon, Pont-Neuf over Seine, Notre Dame, Cluny Museum, Hotel de Ville, art collection at Luxembourg, etc.; taking in all the beautiful parks and ~~boulevards~~ boulevards. Went to La Grande Mexeville for dinner, walked along the boulevards through the confetti (Festival day - 50th before Easter) and went to famous Bullier [Loo] in the Latin Quarter, - the other complexion of French life being well represented. French helped again. Took taxi back to Richard's and retired.

Wear. Cloudy MONDAY 3 Ther. Mod.

Arose 10:30 A.M. Hurried via "taxi" to St. Lazare Station to meet "Collie". Transferred trunks and had "dejeuner". Cashed traveller's cheque and went over to Place de l'Opera to meet "Norm". Took "taxi" to Tomb of Napoleon; then walked over to Eiffel Tower, and went up tower from which we had excellent view of Paris and environs. Visited ~~the~~ Trocadero (where Exposition of 1878 was held). Took subway for Etoile (Star), nucleus of 12 beautiful boulevards, where triumphal arch is located. Took subway to Sacred Heart Cathedral situated at top of inspiring hill. 30,000,000 francs - \$6,000,000 already expended. Shook over to Mission Hdgrs. and shaved, and, after eating dinner, went again to Bal Tabarin. Retired 12:30

Paris to Basel, Switz-

Wear ^{undy} TUES. FEB. 4, 1913 Ther
Arose 10:30 Dressed hurriedly and
grabbed a "taxi" for Gare de l'Est
to meet "Collie". Ate lunch near
Station. "Collie" Norw. J. Hains, and
cousin Jos., Clyde J. Hains, at "give"
to see us off. Arrived Basel at
9:17 P.M. and took taxi to Mission Hqs.
Met Paul Platt, Ferguson Harris
Pres. Valentine and wife, etc. at
office. Sat up and read letter
from Father (Eua 154²⁴ fr.) and
two from F. C. Talked with
Paul till 11:15 P.M. and retired
with Paul.

Beautiful WEDNESDAY 5 Ther.

Arose 8^{AM}. Ate breakfast
with Elders and Pres. Valentine.
Had conference with Pres. Val.
who assigned me to Lausanne,
"Spes" to Chemnitz and Shwe
to Hannover. Wrote to Father
and "Oaks" Winder. Ate lunch
with Elders, etc. Went over Rhein
to Randererstr to see O. Seland
Read and Meet Lindsay. Took
some pictures and walked along
Rhein with Seland. Met Conrad
H. Jensen. Wrote to F. C. Taken
to station by Bros. Harris, Platt
Read, Anderson, and Stoddard.
Arrived Lausanne 11:27 and was met
by Bros. Storrs and Rigby, and taken to
by No. 12 Rue midi

Lausanne, Suisse

Wear ^{eggy} THUR. FEB. 6, 1913 Ther.
Arose 9:30 Dressed and had
a couple of buns for breakfast
Visited "locale" with Bro. Rigby
Walked down to Lake Geneva, and took
a stroll along shore through the beautiful
parks and side roads. Returned to Rue
midi for lunch. Went visiting with Bro.
Storrs and Bro. Rigby. Returned to room
and Bro. Rigby and Storrs went to visit one
of the saints. While I was awaiting their
return Pres. Ed. Brossard and Con. Pres.
Sholf returned from La Chaux de Fonds.
Had dinner together and went together
to "locale" for meeting. Made few
remarks in French. Wrote to B. Howell
Returned to room and retired. 11:30 P.M.

Beautiful FRIDAY 7 Ther. 2

Arose 7:45 AM.
Dropped postal to "Collie" and "Affence"
Felt. Had a couple of buns for break
fast and tracted for two hours with
Bro. Storrs, returning for lunch. Had
a conference with Pres. Brossard from
1:30 till 3:30 and was temporarily
assigned to Lausanne Branch.
Went visiting with Pres. Brossard
and Con. Pres. Sholf. Had dinner
home.
Went to visit Bro. and Sister
Chappuis with Bros. Sholf and Storrs
Returned to room, made out re-
port for the day, and retired.
11:30 P.M.

2/1 ^{Cloudy} Wea. ^{hazy} SAT. FEB. 8, 1913 Ther. Mod.

Arose 8^{AM}. Went to station to see about trunk. Got a couple of buns for breakfast, and went to "Locale" to clean room and wax the floor. Returned for lunch and unpacked trunk. Bathed. Wrote to Mother

3 Wea. Ardent. SUNDAY 9 Ther. ?

Arose 8^{AM}. Went to Sunday School. Benj. F. Howells came down from La-Claux-de-Fonds with Pres. Brossard and Bro. Wolf. Sand shake with all the Saints and friends (60) at special meeting at 3^{PM}.

Took a delightful stroll on Lake Geneva, returned and wrote to G. B. and L. L. Butler, and retired.

11³⁰ P.M.

3 ^{Beautiful} Wea. MON. FEB. 10, 1913 Ther. ?

Arose 7³⁰ AM. Went tramping with "Bennie" Howells, - and in the afternoon went with him to the Station.

Beautiful Wea. TUESDAY 11 Ther. ?

Arose 7⁴⁵ AM. Accompanied Apostle Clawson and Pres. ~~Sturum~~ Valentine (Swiss-German Mission) "à la gare" - and started them off for Geneva.

5 Hrs. Study.

5 1/2 Hrs. Visiting Saints.

Dined with Socuritz and stayed till 10^{PM}.

Retired 11^{PM}.

[A. :- "Ott", Ham. G. W. Norma S., Bish. Watson, H. H. Stone, & P. Preston]

Wea. ^{WED. FEB. 12, 1913} Ther. ^{Moderate.}

In fact Stan Leung
Arose 8 AM. Shaved. Started out
tracing but was misdirected and
landed down by Lake Lemman (Geneva).
Studied all morning and all after-
noon (7 1/2 hrs) Received letter and
photograph from Curtis F. Robbins
Took French lesson from Coeur
Helphine Charlet.
Visited 1 1/2 hrs. with one of
the Saints.

Wea. ^{Beautiful THURSDAY 13} Ther.

Arose 7 AM. Had breakfast
and traced for two hours -
six Gospel Conversations.

Wea. ^{FRI. FEB. 14, 1913} Ther.

Ditto

Wea. ^{SATURDAY 15} Ther.

Ditto

Work Day

Received letter from
Norma Sears at Nurn-
berg, Germany.

Went to Cinematograph.

Wrote to Mother and A.C.

Wea. SUN. FEB. 16, 1913 Ther.

Sunday School, Study,
Walk along Lake Lemay, and
Réunion à huit heures du soir.

Wea. TUES. FEB. 18, 1913 Ther.

Received letter from Fb.
Tracted 2 hrs.

Ditto

Wea. MONDAY 17 Ther.

Tracted 1 1/4 hrs, Visited
with Saints 3 1/2, Studied 4 hrs.

Not feeling well.

Wea. WEDNESDAY 19 Ther.

Ditto

Wea. THUR. FEB. 20, 1913 Ther.

Ditto

Received letter from Jean
at Los Angeles, Cal.

Wea. SAT. FEB. 22, 1913 Ther.

Went ice skating at Sainte
Catherine from 10-3³⁰.

Received notice to leave
for Lyon in about a
week to work with Herbert
Allen.

Wea. FRIDAY 21 Ther.

Went to Motion Picture
Theatre at night.

Wea. SUNDAY 23 Ther.

Sunday School
Evening Meeting

Went to Old India
Restaurant afterwards
for a little patisserie
and some good music.

The Second Year

On October 21, 1947 I wrote: "A rushed departure from the Union Pacific Depot placed me on the train and off to the mission field." Thus began my experiences which are recorded briefly in a diary which covers the first year of my life as a missionary. Today, on October 21, 1948, I begin my second year and plan to keep a fuller account of things of interest which happen to me during my days in Norway.

October 21, 1948 - Thursday

Elder Max Petersen and I rose at the usual 6 AM and after breakfast, individual study and class, headed out for the day's tracting. Our assigned district is an area called "Tåsen" where we were received rather well, being "invited in" for lemon-ade at one home and conversations at other places. We contacted one family whose members all spoke excellent "American" having spent several year of their lives in Oakland, California. We were asked to phone and arrange to visit them some evening at their home. Then, we were informed, we could meet the man of the house who is employed by Oslo's leading newspaper, The "Aftenposten." Later on we met a lady who had thought seriously about the purpose and plan of life. She stated (as if she had studied our teaching before) that we should attempt to obtain as much knowledge as possible while we wander on this earth, for our goal is to become like God, and (her idea) "now is the time to begin." All of these ideas were deeply thought out. She promised to attend our meetings at Osterhausgaten 27 as soon as she had the opportunity. Elder Petersen and I spent the evening at home teaching him the language. I devoted some time to the study of the Gospel reading out of L. L. Bennion's excellent The Religion of the L. D. S. which book is used extensively in college religion classes.

October 22, 1948- Friday

During the day's tracting in Tåsen we met a middle-aged lady who claimed she had, as a young girl, been associated with our missionaries at Osterhausgt. 27, in fact, she said she had "danced with them". It turned out that both she and her husband were "first degree" Communists and didn't believe in anything they couldn't "see and know existed." I explained as well as I could the mission of Christ and not only the Biblical grounds on which belief in Him, as the Son of God, is based, but also our new witnesses for Christ in Latter-day revelation, the Book of Mormon, and the eleven "material" witnesses. They believed I should spend my time in important work and mentioned politics as a good field saying that I was coming informed as to the world situation one might help to "restore" here on earth. I preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ as the only way on to bring peace to both individuals and nations. I felt rather sorry for that man, because it seemed that dislike for others was the main interest.

Oct. 23 - Saturday

We were visited in the evening by Elder Howard Swainston who had dinner with us (home-made vegetable soup and Mormon tea). After dinner having planned to see the movie "Jernteppet" we phoned the Eldorado, only to learn that the tickets for the evening performances had been sold out. So, we sat around the table and discussed missionary life, pre-missionary life and the influence of the Gospel on one's life. (Read about Samuel, the Lamanite and his prediction and preaching of the coming of Christ). One important thought for today: To teach, the teacher must appreciate the position of the listener and must present his thoughts on a plane which is understandable to the person to whom he is presenting the message.

Oct. 24 - Sunday

We attended Priesthood meeting at 9 AM where we discussed Section 38 in the D&C; that the holder of the Priesthood should warn their neighbors and that we who bear the vessels of the Lord should be clean. In our Sunday School class we discussed "when is the end spoken of in Mathew 24:14," and came to the conclusion that it was after the Millennium. Elders Petersen, Swainston, Mathias and I went with three of the Oslo Branch members to dedicate the grave of one of their husband's. After visiting the burial places of Bjørnsen and Ibsen we went to the Adventist's restaurant where the four of us had a good (non-meat) dinner. Later on we went through the National Art Museum. There we saw much beautiful sculpture work, (many of them reproductions of masterpieces), and some lovely paintings, the most outstanding of which were done by Dahl and Krogh(?). Also, we saw some modern art which I found very hard to appreciate. I simply couldn't see the beauty in it. At evening meeting (kl.6) the theme was, "Is Revelation Necessary Today." Brother Einar Strand gave a forceful, convincing discourse presenting his points clearly and with Biblical support. It was enjoyable for me to have the opportunity to sing with the large Oslo choir. I was called upon to close the meeting with prayer.

Oct. 25 - Monday

We were engaged most of the day in apartment tracting. We contacted, among others, an elderly lady who invited us "in" because of the fact that we were Americans and she wanted the opportunity to speak English with us. It turned out that she was a Christian Scientist disciple; and being unacquainted with their belief I asked her to explain how this organization was founded. She told of a young girl who, she said, had an experience similar to Samuel's. This girl was supposedly called of the Lord one night and hearing the voice came to her mother asking if she would lead her. Her mother remarked that she hadn't said anything. This happened several times until her mother told her that the Lord had

been calling her. The young girl finally replied in the same manner as Samuel did. This call was followed by the writing of a book whose contents she wrote unconscious of their meaning. When the book was finished she had written a "guide to the scriptures," which they (the Christian Scientists) regard as an "inspired explanation." The author of the book, Mrs. Eddy, who has been dead for several years was the founder of the Christian Scientist sect. During our conversation the lady mentioned that in their belief there was no place for medicine. She said that if one with strong faith had an appendicitis attack, a doctor would not be summoned, but in case death was the result of not having an operation performed it didn't matter, for it was just the going over into the spirit world. Many of her ideas were new and strange to me, and while some of her statements discussed here may be treated inaccurately, I believe a closer examination would reveal that their teachings were not in agreement with the Bible. Their teachings omit baptism which is certainly a deviation from the Gospel preached by the Savior and a matter which she admitted was contrary to her personal beliefs, but yet she remained fast and faithful a member of the Christian Science Religion.

Oct. 26 - Tuesday

During the day we tracted in the Ullevål section. In general the people seemed busier than usual, but a few took time out to discuss with us some points of the Gospel.

In the afternoon we met a lady who seemed quite interested in our message. Having grown up in a home where religion was forced upon the children she was turned against Christianity early in her life. As a result of her early experiences she originated her own philosophy of life and has tried to do what she thought was best in spite of the fact that it was contrary to the beliefs of others. She had a good attitude in that she believed in accepting truth wherever it may be found, and also she was optimistic about life. She denied the ordinances of the Gospel calling them unnecessary for those people of higher intelligence. She accepted Christ as a great teacher and the world's most honest man, but couldn't believe in His resurrection in spite of the fact that I explained that this "world's most honest man" foretold His own betrayal, crucifixion, and resurrection; and that He was certainly no liar, nor were the many who witnessed Him as a resurrected being. At the close of the conversation she asked for our telephone number saying that she would give us a ring some night, in hopes that we would be free to visit her and her husband.

I had my eyes tested by Dr. Mohn who after a five minute examination informed me that even though I had had several sties in the past two months my eyes were in good shape and that I probably needed only more rest; that my diet had "nothing to do with the condition of my eyes."

After shooting 15 Kroner at the Doctor's office I came home where we fixed dinner and then left for "G.U.F." meeting. There we discussed the 14th Chapter of Acts after which we (Mathias, Gabrielsen and I) discussed the

Bible with three students of Theology who are now studying to be priests in the State Church. We found it difficult to agree on anything, though we both use the same Bible. They consider child baptism pleasing in the sight of the Lord and believe that these small children need baptism because they have inherited sin from the Fall.

Oct. 27 - Wednesday

We really met the characters today. One lady was all excited about the fact that we are continuing with the photographing of the Norwegian State Church Records. She said, "When I die I plan to have first arranged the matter of my sins with the Lord, and then I want to rest in peace, instead of having your Church down here meddling with my soul." She was bitter against our Church because of her associations with one of our members by whom she judged the whole Church and our teachings.

Two doors later we came upon an interesting "case." An elderly man opened the door and I told him that we were representatives of the L.D.S. Church. On hearing this he crumpled the tract up in his hand, came out on the porch and pushed down the stairs saying, "I knew one of those Mormons and I won't have anything to do with you; you are heathens." His wife came and got him, took him in the house and closed the door. Those two people must have been acquainted with the same member.

In the evening Elders Swainston, Halvorsen, Eriksen, Petersen, The L.M.'s Sister Solvig Astad and Sister MacDonald and Sister Inge Mari Strand, Brother and Sister Christiansen from Trondheim gathered at President and Sister Peterson's to honor the three leaving missionaries, Elders Schow, Mathias, and Gabrielsen. It was a wonderful evening. The remarks made by Elder Mathias were fine. He mentioned that the Lord has placed us here on the earth for a special purpose and that while we are here we should make use of every talent we have, and make use also of every minute of time we have. Brother Christiansen remarked that in our Church we find that the Father and the Son are a reality to the people, and that their being a reality influences the people to better living, because they know that the things they do should be pleasing in the sight of this living God. We sang, played the piano, ate ice cream, talked about the election, and had a good time.

Oct. 28 - Thursday

This fine day of tracting began at one of our first doors where we contacted a middle-aged lady who invited us in immediately. We sat down discussing nothing particular for a time, then I happened to mention that we were from America and she was amazed thinking all of that time I was a Norwegian. She began to ask how she could develop a belief in God and obtain a knowledge that the Lord lives today. She was very honest, and told me she had lived an unworthy life having been a pianist in an orchestra most of her life. She said that the greatest thing she could receive

would be faith that God lives. I began with the Bible and Jesus and explained the wonderful teachings He preached as best I could, and then continued to tell her of the resurrection of Christ and that He had foretold that He would rise on the third day; and of the many witnesses who saw Him, and of the many who gave their lives defending that testimony. She said that other missionaries had visited her, but that she hadn't before felt free to talk as we talked and that it would be wonderful if her belief in God could come back to her, for she said she had it once. She wanted very much to read the Book of Mormon, so I said I'd visit her again and let her borrow a copy. She was very considerate offering to let us use her bathroom and then giving us some "brus" just before we left. She was certainly in need of help and it would be a thrill to be able to help her understand the Gospel and then obey it. Later on in the day we contacted a young man who seemed very interested in the message we presented. He said that he had not yet found a sect on the earth with which he was satisfied. He seemed attentive to the story of the Prophet's vision and would have liked to have read the Book of Mormon, but was leaving town in a few days for Lillehammar. At the next door we were met by a young (28) artist who spoke English and invited us in to his study where he was working on a painting which should be the cover for the book, "Ubeseiret" (Unconquered). That is his business painting covers for novels which come out in Norway. Much of his work I had seen before, but had not recognized who he was (Erik Engebretsen). We discussed with him, among other things, modern art which he agreeing with us said he didn't understand. His remark concerning these modern artists, "Those guys are nuts," was a real surprise. I think he has seen too many movies. We met a very nice elderly gentleman who was the husband of a relative of Elder Carl Paulsen. I mentioned to him that I would probably be seeing Elder Paulsen soon and told him I would "hiss" him.

October 29. - Friday

Three days have passed since the above date, and my mind is blank as to what happened that day, so it must not have been of great importance.

October 30, 1948 - Saturday

Got up early in spite of a rough cold. We were surprised by an early visit of Elders Openshaw and Dean who come in from Odalen for a dentist appointment; a good excuse. I spent the whole day inside re-packing my gear in anticipation of a long trip to the north. The wather was damp and cold, so I didn't dare make the usual trip to the bathhouse. (Time spelling.)

Oct. 31, 1948 - Sunday

We spent the time well in Priesthood meeting discussing mostly the first and introductory chapter of the Doctrine and Covenants. One thing I clearly remember was Bro. Strand's interpretation of Christ's Second Coming. He said that not all on the earth would be aware of the fact that Christ had come immediately, but would learn of the fact through our various means of communication. His interpretation, therefore, gives one the impression that the world will not be enveloped by a cleansing fire at that time.

In Sunday School class we had an interesting discussion about conditions during the Millenium.

We spent the day with the visiting missionaries talking about the good old days and about the people we know at home; who's engaged, who's married, and who's mission-bound.

That evening we attended Sacrament meeting where we heard a very intelligently prepared and well spoken talk by Bro. Freidel on Baptism for the Dead, and on our photographing of the Norwegian State Church Records. His ideas were convincing, and he had in his remarks some humor, which is seldom found in sermons preached here in Norway.

Nov. 1, 1948 - Monday

I had another big surprise this morning when the character of the mission, Kirby, opened the door and walked in on us un-announced. He had come to Oslo to gather together some gear which he wanted to take to his next field of labor which is Arendal.

I
During the day's tracting Elder Petersen and ran onto a Student of Theology with whom we spoke for approximately one half hour. He was apparently a little familiar with the blood atonement. He had received a distorted impression of that doctrine, and I tried to straighten him out as well I could. He was firm in his belief, I don't know why, for he had no biblical proof for many of his statements. I left my testimony with him, and also as much proof as I could present as to the truth of continued revelation.

We had Elders Kirby and Swainston to stew dinner which, and I'll say it my self, was delicious. Kirb had purchased tickets to "Jernteppet", so we took off for that at 7 PM. The movie was wonderful propoganda for democracy and based on fact. I believe the film will serve a good mission for America in Norway. I thought of the Proclamation against Communism put out by the First Presidency in 1936, twelve years ago.

Nov. 2, 1948 - Tuesday

I received definite information this morning that I was going to be sent to Hammerfest. According to the tentative arrangements I shall leave Oslo tomorrow evening for Trondheim, arriving there Thursday morning. I will contact my companion, Elder Gidley; and after a short time there we'll head northward by boat to Narvik. We may stay there a couple of days, after which we plan to continue on to Tromsø where Elder Carl Paulsen and his companion are. We'll probably spend a short time with them, and then take the last leg of our long trip. Finally, we hope to arrive in Hammerfest. There we shall stay and begin working, and according to present arrangements, Elder Gidley will soon (probably about a month's time) be replaced by a new Elder.

Today, I completed most of my business in Oslo, such as registering with the Police and telling them where I was going; also reporting my change of location to the American Embassy.

Elders "Red" Carter, Miles, Stensrud, and one other missionary from Beggen came to Oslo today and will soon be on their ways to the various fields of labor assigned to them.

Elders Schow, O. Boyd Mathias, and Gabrielsen left early this morning on their homeward tour which will take them through most of Europe and eventually to England where they will embark for America on the "U.S.S. America."

This evening Mutual was held with very few in attendance. Our class discussion was on the 14th Chapter of Acts and was interesting in spite of the fact that a "drunk" sitting in the back of the chapel disturbed the meeting's proceeding several times with his comments on the discussion. After meeting I had the opportunity of playing the piano for several of the missionaries and girls.....a "hyggelig stund."

Nov. 3, 1948 - Wednesday

I spent most of the day packing, and keeping as close touch on the election returns as possible. What a surprise it was to find that President Truman was leading.

At 8:35 PM I carried my baggedown to the train in a rainstorm. I had reserved a "sitting place" for the night and expected an arrangement similar to that which we find on our American trains. When I arrived at the compartment I saw to hard, leather-covered benches (facing each other) with straight backs, and places for 4 persons on each, but there was no extra room. Across from me there was an army boy who complained the whole trip that he had only had 1 hour sleep in the last 3 nights. The people were not very talkative, but conversation came forth now and again. The light was kept on all night which was another hindrance to an almost impossible job of resting. The biggest problem was in the head department. Nobody's shoulder to lean on, couldn't lay it back because of the bench, and when it dropped forward the jerk was a real "waker-upper." A whole

company of young soldiers were in the outer aisle. They stood for a time, but as the night wore on they, one by one, began dropping to the floor until they were all stretched out overlapping each other. But, before all this came to pass they were entertaining us by singing, "Now is the Hour," and "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo, I don't want to Leave the Congo."

Nov. 4 - Thursday

At most I slept an hour during the night. At one of our first morning stops I jumped off of the train and grabbed a little "smørbrød og melk." We were among the first real mountains I had seen since leaving Zion. I picked up a newspaper and learned to my disappointment that Truman had been chosen to lead the nation for the next four years. We discussed the election in our compartment and also life in America. One lady remarked that no one could ever get her to live in one of those skyscrapers to which most of the agreed. Soon we were skimming along by "Nidelven" and before I knew it we were in the Trondheim station. There I was met by Elders Gidley, Reading, and old Paul Christiansen from the Ward. It was great to meet these fellows again; in fact, a few minutes later I met Elders Norman and Rawlings whom I hadn't seen for some time. Some of us had a little spare time after arranging our trip to the Northland, so we took a trip through "Dom Kirke" which is regarded as Scandinavia's largest. This beautiful structure was built partly in 1160, and other additions have been added on since. The colored windows were exquisite and much of the statue and sculpture work was beautiful.

In the afternoon under Elder Gidley's direction we held a fine missionary testimony meeting which was followed by a business-like meeting where we discussed the problems which confront missionaries in tracting, cottage meetings, and our planning of the work. We felt that much was accomplished there in that we were all able to give each other hints and helps to make our work more efficient and enjoyable.

In the evening Elder Norman and I visited some members in Trondheim where we discussed the Gospel and talked a little about the "Apokryfiske Bøker." We considered also the passage in the first chapter of the Doctrine and Covenants which informs us that the spirit will not always strive with man if he lives unworthily in spite of the fact that he has received the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands after baptism. We questioned the Norwegian translation of "strive," which appears in "NY*Apenbaring" as "Trette."

I was well pleased with the fine work which is being carried out here in Trondheim and of the many opportunities for the missionaries to use and develop their speaking and musical talents. The members here have treated us wonderfully.

Nov. 5 - Friday

Elder Gidley and I spent most of the day arranging baggage and food for the long trip north. In the afternoon we stole away for a couple of hours having completed most of the necessary preparation duties. We had promised one of the "Saints" a visit in order to administer to her sick 12 year old daughter. Elder Gidley gave her a lovely blessing telling her to have strong faith in this healing power, for many have been made well by it. Following our visit there we hopped on a bus which took us to the Tuberculosis Sanitarium approximately a half hour's drive out of Trondheim.

There we met Sister Julia Oyen who has been bed-ridden for a couple of months with a serious but not very painful case of T.B. She is a pretty girl of 21 with a beaming personality who didn't look the least bit sick to me. We spent an enjoyable two hour visit with her talking about her contemplated trip to America when she gets well.

On arriving back in town we dropped in on the Oyen family. One of their daughters is planning to leave for America in two weeks where she will meet her fiancee Paul Edvartsen. We spent a delightful evening with them during which time Solvieg Astad and Sister MacDonald came into to say hello. Elder Gidley and I got our baggage together, called a cab, and arrived at the "Sigurd Jarl" about an hour before sailing time. Elders Reading, Christiansen, Rawlings, and Norman came down to see us off, so we said "Farvel" to them, and the boat pulled away from Trondheim on the nose of 12 midnight.

Nov. 6 - Saturday

Got up rather late this morning. It was so "deilig" in that warm sack. Elder Gidley felt a little on the woozy side, so he took several "siestas" during the day. The weather wasn't rough, but he was pretty sure before he stepped on board the boat that he was going to be seasick. We held a "class" after which I retired to the "Spisesalong" where I typed up some notes and got off a letter to J.D. The scenery was beautiful. Many high fjord mountains topped with low shifting clouds.

After a stop in a small port I was looking at the map trying to figure out our course when a young man who had just come aboard answered a couple of my questions in English. It happened that his father who had been a sailor came up at that time. We had an interesting time talking first about various places in America where he had been, and then discussed the Gospel. I gave him "Joseph Smith forteller sin egen historie," and I noticed later on in the evening that he was reading it.

We pulled into Sandnessjøen where the famous "Syv søstre" are found. I wandered around the snow-covered pier for a few minutes, bought some post cards and then "turned in" for the night.

One year ago today, I began missionary work.

Nov. 7 - Sunday

At the end of our regular morning class I went up to the "Salong" to read. There I chat ted with a Norwegian soldier who was playing Dominos with a buddy. He, thinking I was Dansk, had supposed that he had seen me before and began the conversation. Crossing from Bodø to Samsund Elder Gidley hit the sack while I typed out a letter to the folks in the "Spisesalong." I spent most of the rest of the day studying, reading the talks given by the Church Authorities at the October Conference. Brother Widtsoe's remarks, on the world lving in luxury as a result of work and research, but absolutely lacking in spiritual development, were very good. He proposed a plan whereby we be our neighbor's keeper, for he believes that in this way peace can be brought to the world.

Nov. 8 - Monday

The "Sigurd Jarl" pulled into Harstad about 5 hours late causing us to miss the morning bus to Narvik. We looked about the small city and decided thaat the best way we could spend our time would be in giving a few of these people an opportunity to hear the restored gospel message. The first door on which we knocked was answered by a middle aged woman who was from Oslo. She invited us in and Elder Gidley presented to her in brevity the story of the Book of Mormon and Joseph's visions. She was very interested; even requested that we drop in again when we come back to town. As we left she made what I think is a typical statement for the average Norwegian. She said that she was impressed by the message, but that it would be very interesting to hear what her neighbors had to remark after we had spoken with them. As with many people she depended on her neighbor's opinion (or public opinion) for deciding a question. We stayed with her so long that it was just about time to catch our bus when we left her. Had a 5 hour bus trip to Narvik where we were met by Elders Ellis Kingsford and Donald Spencer. They took us to their home where westayed with two members of the Church, Brother and Sister Abrahamsen. They had a swell bed ready for me and Elder Gidley, so we sacked in very comfortably.

Nov. 9 - Tuesday

Elder Gidley and I arranged our baggage and further transportation with Bennett's Travel Bureau. In the evening Elder Spencer and I went out with the idea of making some visits. We were just about ready to do some evening tracting after three unsuccessful tries. But then, Spen thought of a person named Jens Jaeger whom he had known at the U. OF Mr. Jaeger was a ski-instructor there. It had be told Elder Spencer that Jens' parents were living in Narvik in one of the larger hotels. So, we dâcided to look them up. After little trouble we located them

and were invited up to their hotel room. We spent an enjoyable evening there talking over life in America (couldn't seem to work much Gospel conversation in), and alot about Jens' time at the "U" where he was very popular. We ate some delicious "smörbröd" with them and left with the invitation to return again when Jens returned from America.

Nov. 10 - Wed.

Elder Gidley and I went visiting some of his investigators. First, we dropped in on a middle-aged man whose wife had been killed during the German seige of Narvik. We stayed about an hour with him eating the famous Norwegian dish "får i kål" and discussing the Resurrection. His belief was that the only way he would live again would be in his children. Later on we visited the head of the Narvik Police Department and his wife. We had an interesting conversation with them regarding eternal progression. He had an interesting psychology of life that there was absolutely no need for police; IF we could train children in the ways of the Savior and take them out of this present environment, they would grow up to learn love for their law. We spent an enjoyable evening attending a "Kvinneforening" auction-fest. There we heard remarks by some of the members (also, by Elder Gidley and I). Later on Brother Evensen officiated at an auction held for the raising of money for the building of the new Relief Society Building. Each of the members prepared a fine box of food and wrapped it up in pretty paper. They were then auctioned off and sold for approximately 10 Kroner each after which we put all of this food on the table and had a delicious feast. Ninety-seven Kroner was taken in. Following that meal we played a game called "Simon says Thumbs Up."

Nov. 11 - Thurs.

The four of us took the ferry boat across the fjord to visit Fru Larsen who had spoken to Bro. Abrahamsen about having the Elders administer to her. As the anointing and blessing was taking place she was bursting in tears. I believe the blessing certainly moved her and she was also moved by the story of Joseph's visions. Elder Kingsford said that he wouldn't have been a bit surprised if that lady had of stood up from her bed after the ordinance was finished. We visited two more places and then returned home to pack for the next days trip to Tromsø. While writing this diary I might as well explain a little of the beautiful landscape surrounding Narvik; huge mountains rising immediately out of the fjord; sun comes up for a couple of hours and shines with a pink glow on the snow-covered sharp mountain peaks.

Nov. 12 - Friday

Elder Gidley and I boarded the morning bus for Tromsø and after an enjoyable 10 hour ride arrived at our destination. The city looked very pretty from across the fjord, its lights shining on and reflecting from the water. We were met at the pier by Elders Paulsen and Tanner who were all "duded-up" for the winter in black Russian-Cossack hats. We headed homeward balancing our baggage on the backs of their bikes. After talking for a while we hit the sack.

Nov. 13. - Saturday

We spent the day performing necessary chores such as bath, shopping, etc. which had to be done. In the afternoon Elder Tanner, Paulsen and I went down to the "lokal" to practice the piano. Tanner was pretty good, although he has never had any lessons. In the evening Paulsen, Tanner and I went to the movie "Thousands Cheer." We came home early, Paulsen and I hit the double bed together and shot the breeze about how he had prepared himself for the mission field. He mentioned that he hoped to hold a family prayer, song, and sermon with his family every day.

Nov. 14 - Sunday

In the morning we took the bus to a small outlying district of Tromsø where a family by the name of Dagestad (members of the Church) live. We had a nice visit with them. A couple of hours before our scheduled 8 PM meeting, we went to the meeting house to practice the songs we had planned to sing. The meeting turned out grand. Every one of the 47 seats in the house were filled and the audience was very attentive. After the meeting many took literature which we had set out for them, and several remained to ask questions. The meeting consisted of an opening song by the Trio (Williams, Paulsen and Gidley) Prayer, Trio, remarks by Elder Gidley, Remarks by Elder Williams, Trio, Remarks by Elder Paulsen, Trio and Prayer. I was really thrilled by the attendance and interest shown.

Nov. 15 - Monday

We began the day with a two hour testimony meeting. Set out for a day of tracting which turned out very successfully; nice people, many of whom were interested in the message. Noticed how Paulsen contacted people; seems to sell himself as a friend. At this time of year it is very dark in the Northland, in fact, we could have used a flashlight to advantage in our tracting. Came home and spent the evening singing Norsk songs.

Nov. 16 - Tues.

We began the day with a class during which we discussed the Book of Mormon and its scientific proofs. Another 5 hour day of tracting in the dark, after which we showed the Elders' land-lady a couple of the Church films: "På fjellets topp."

Wed. Nov. 17th

In our tracting Elder Paulsen and I found many who were unconcerned at what we would tell them. We received many "yes" answers to questions like, "Did you know that an angel from God had come down to the earth in our time." We decided that we should ask the people if they thought the devil was saved and see if their answer would be the same mechanically repeated "Ja." Found quite a few people who believe that the Lord has several of his prophets on this earth now. They began to wonder when we told them that all these self-appointed prophets have different interpretations of the word of the Lord, and put the question to them if they thought the Lord was that changeable.

The "Nordstjerne" had motor trouble which made it impossible for us to leave Tuesday night, so we arrange passage aboard another ship, the "Polarlys" which was to leave at midnight. We found that a member of the church, Hakon Storm was 1st Mate aboard the Polar Lys, so he fixed things up for us in a 1st class cabin where we were comfortably situated when we said farewell to Paulsen who had helped us with our baggage down to the pier.

Nov. 18 - Thursday

I got caught up on some typing before the "Polar Lys" blew its whistle telling us we were approaching Hammerfest. After baggage arrangements Elder Gidley called Fru Astrid Pedersen who informed him that there must have been some misunderstanding; that she was unable to take us in. We were without a room, so we got hot on the telephone and arranged a place in the Andersen's Pensjonat, nice little room with stove and two beds for 4 Kroner (each) a night. Then, we took off; first, for the newspaper office where we put an ad in the paper asking for a "vaerelse." Then, we began tramping the streets in the dark, ringing doorbells, asking for references in this city of barracks for an empty room.. Several of the people were exceptionally nice. They gave me references to people who they believed had rooms, and even sent their sons out to show me around. I arranged for a nice room for a month, if the deal goes through. We're going back tomorrow at 11 AM to see if we may move in. This city is very interesting....no pretty show windows, few buildings with more than one story, not many private homes.....just barracks and buildings under construction. The Germans did a bang up job of burying this place up when they were here.

Nov. 19 - Friday

After a large "smørbrød" breakfast Elder Gidley and I dropped in on a "lead" we had visited the night before, but were sorry to learn that they would not rent us their room. We spent some time trying to locate something else, but were unsuccessful. We boarded a bus for Indrefjord hoping to see Fru Astrid Pedersen who was supposed to have the room for us. We found the house empty when we arrived, but we located the key and made ourselves at home inside reading our mail which had arrived there. She came shortly thereafter and explained to us the misunderstanding which led to our coming up from the south. She had spoken with the Abrahamsens and mentioned to them that in the summer she be glad to take a couple of missionaries into her home. The Abrahamsens understood her to mean now, so they told President Petersen that everything was "set," and that we could come right away. She was very apologetic although it wasn't her fault. Anyway, we had an enjoyable stay with her; labskaus and all. We caught the bus back to town and continued with our house-hunting project with little success until it was time for "aftens" at the Pensjonat. The people treated us very nicely during the day. Several referred us to a district called Fuglesnes where we shall investigate tomorrow.

Nov. 20 - Saturday

In our house-hunting we met some very nice people again, but came home without any definite deal on. A lady with a beautiful house out in Fuglenes invited me in, gave me an apple, and phoned a friend to try to help us, but to no avail. One young man we contacted put on his coat, and headed out in the night with a couple of possibilities in mind. Came back home after a fine evening bath at the Folkebad still without a permanent room, but with just as much determination to find a room.

Nov. 21 - Sunday

We received no message from Fru Aksel Stangvik, so we headed out in a terrific snow-storm to visit her. Her husband explained to us that it was definitely to their advantage to work their empty room as a Pensjonat, instead of taking in permanent boarders, but that we could share the room with two others until we found another room. We had to have something, so we agreed on the deal. We can't stay here in Andersen's Pensjonat after Monday. Wrote home informing Adele of several Moss and Mysen children to whom they may write Christmas letters; I presume it's a Cub Scout Project.

Nov. 22 - Monday

Elder Gidley opened the door of Andresen's Pensjonat this morning and found a cold world awaiting us. We called on Herr Stangvik who had practically promised us a room, but were disappointed by him. We continued house-hunting (for we had to leave Andersen's before evening). Several people were nice, in fact we got some pretty good leads to follow up, but none of them have yet developed into anything promising. As a last resort we decided to try a fellow by the name of Hansen who we knew had an empty room. We made a deal with him to stay for a couple of days until we found something permanent. One of the people I contacted today gave me the phone number of her father whom I called in the evening. He told us to drop over and ~~was~~would discuss the situation. He was quite an odd old boy, but it's possible that we'll be able to rent a small room which he has, at least for a couple of months. We

Having had nothing to eat in several hours we headed out at 8:30 to find a few "stikkere" of Smørbrød. Everything was closed except one small smoky cafe where we picked up some unappetizing-looking balony on some hard bread; a year ago I wouldn't have given it to my dog, but we appreciated just being able to get a little food in our stomachs before bedtime. Settled down for a good night's sleep in a warm, but only temporary, clean, ideal, missionary-room.

Nov. 23. - Tuesday

First thing on our schedule this morning was a trip by bus to Astrid and Gunnar Pedersen's where we had a delicious "fiskekaker" dinner, ironed a couple of shirts, and picked up a bed we had planned to use in our new abode. Gunnar joined us on our way back over the dangerous, snow-covered road which winds around the side of a high fjord mountain with a drop of a couple-a-hundred meters straight down to the sea. We made it back to town over this one way road and immediately made arrangements to move in our new room. We borrowed a "spark," and moved all of our belongings from Styrman Hansen's to Herr Hartviksen's two story, newly-built house. We found our new room small, but very clean and neat. What a lay-out; central heating, yes, actually radiators in every room. Beside that we have a toilet on the second floor, and right next to that a bathroom with a bath-tub and a shower. What a lay-out. And what's more the people here can't seem to do enough for us. The Lord certainly has blessed us by leading us to these people. I hope we are allowed to stay here a long while, although the deal is that we shall only be here temporarily until we find another place.

Nov. 24 - Wednesday

Got out of bed this morning in a wonderful, warm room. By the time 10 o'clock rolled around we had finished our "smørbrød" breakfast (grøtt finnes ikke), had a class, and were ready to begin the work in Hammerfest. We took for our first tracting area the territory surrounding our house, out along the way to Fuglenes. Although not over-eager, the people were generally nice, and we had a rather enjoyable day of tracting. We tried to buy a spark in town, but were unable to find one large enough.

In the evening after dinner, we went out in a blizzard to see a lady who had asked us to call back to see about a room. She and her husband had decided against it, and she didn't seem to interested to have us spend the evening with her, so we left. On the way home we passed the "Frelsesarmeen lokalet" and decided to drop in for their 8 o'clock meeting. There was a fair turn-out there in spite of the weather and they got the meeting rolling with a jumpy song accompanied by three guitars and an accordian, all of the "soldiers" sitting up front with their uniforms on. During the meeting we had at least 15 songs, a few testimonies of the soldiers telling of how they became saved and asking any of those present who were "un-saved" to get in the spirit. They prayed on their knees, each adding vocal encouragement to the one leading the prayer. As the meeting closed they requested that those "ufrelst&sjeler" present come forward to the alter (on which were written the words "Det er Fullbragt") and be saved. They continued praying and singing until one of the soldier-ladies came down from the stand and talked a young girl into going up to the alter, kneeling down, and being saved. I spoke to the man in charge after the meeting and asked him what was the procedure after one let himself be saved; what then? He said that that was all. I asked about baptism, but he said that almost all of them had been baptized as children, so that more baptism was un-necessary.

It does a person good to attend such a meeting once in a while, so he may remember what blessings we have in the Church of Jesus Christ and appreciate them. But, I did feel also a bit nauseated at the proceedings, especially at the naming of the Lord's name so often; and also was I sorry for those people who were actually being lead blind but who might receive some help there in that they repent and try to live better lives.

Nov. 25 - Thursday

The usual five hour tracting day completed, Elder Gidley and I went out to hunt up a couple of investigators with whom we might spend the evening. We bumped into the worker whom we met at Larsson's Sports Shop. He was exceptionally nice and we had an enjoyable conversation with him discussing possibilities in Hammerfest for having an English class, also for getting a choir going. After we left him we paid a visit to the State's Church Priest who was not home.

I thought of a lady who had mentioned to me several days ago that there was a possibility that we might rent one of her rooms,, so we dropped up to see her. She said that the room was still full, that her son had not yet found a flat. It seems that if he could locate a few rooms, then he and his fiance' could get married. Continuing this story about her son's troubles, the lady mentioned casually that when a couple have a child it's almost necessary that they get married; and that's the way the greatest per cent of the Norwegians look upon engagement and marriage, that the relationship is just about the same, engaged or married.

We continued further to the old "fiskehandler" and his wife who upon seeing us thought we had come back (for the 4th time) looking for a room. We assured them that we weren't going to take their living room, for we had one rented already. Instead of discussing the cost of living we got down to religion and explained to them the four principles of the Gospel brought forth by Peter on the Day of Pentecost, but unfortunately, they didn't "komme til troen" as the three-thousand in Peter's day.

Nov. 26 - Friday

During our day's tracting we ran across some very nice people again, some of whom seemed to be interested in our message. We made friends with the Stangvik family, discussing the Gospel with the family and speaking English with their 17 year old boy.

In the evening we left the Hartviksen mansion with no definite destination in mind. We passed by the barracks which the State Church priest lives in. We were invited into his office & brought up the business for which we had come (inquiry about meeting houses available for meetings we shall hold). He told us that he couldn't do anything for us, and by his actions we understood that he would rather not speak with us. We left and continued down the road until we came to the Catholic Priest's barrack. We were given quite a hearty welcome by him (Pater Gøres) when we introduced ourselves as American missionaries. He invited us to sit down and I began with some questions

which I wanted him to explain, namely Catholic claim to divine authority, Catholic church organization, and child baptism. I was very disappointed in his answers, and in his apparent limited knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I suppose he hasn't had much opportunity to hold meetings here, and thus hasn't done much studying in the past few years. But, he was very nice, in fact, he said that he would read our pamphlet on the Mission of Joseph Smith, the Prophet, but he added that we would never convert him.

One thought I forgot to note in connection with our visit with the State Church priest, Berg-Hansen; that the only building left standing after the Germans layed this city waste was the Lutheran Chapel and in that chapel were kept the Genealogical Records which we saw in the priest's office. Before hitting the sack I enjoyed a fine bath and shower....what a deal.

Saturday - Nov. 27.

The minute I got out of bed I headed for the basement to begin the big fire under the laundry pot. I had a huge washing, but with the Hartvigsen's "relatively modern" equipment the job was soon done. At the post office I hit the jack-pot, four letters from home and one from "the woman."

Studied "Seven Claims to the Book of Mormon," a pamphlet I haven't been able to get hold of until now. Very interesting and convincing.

Sunday - Nov. 28

The Hartvigsen girls threw a big party here last night which lasted until 6 AM, so I rose this morning a little on the weary side. There was a terrific storm outside, so we felt extra thankful for the "middag" invitation which Fru Hartvigsen had given us. We enjoyed the meal very much and then I retired to the living room where Herr Hartvigsen and I had a little discussion. I found he was a staunch Communist. He wanted the laborers to take over in all parts of the world with the idea that in such a system, those who actually fight a war could say, "We won't make any weapons; we don't want to fight." He was full of anti-capitalist propaganda, and sure that Russia didn't want any more territory or control over any more territory than she had. One of his friends in town stopped him and said, "I understand you have 'Vestmaktene' in your house now."

Monday - Nov. 29

Having finally obtained some grain to make "mush" of, we got up this morning with a gleam in our eye. We hadn't had a bit of "grött" since we were in Tromsø. The only available grain in Hammerfest was a little cracked-barley which we picked up at the corner "kolonial;" this wasn't much good, but it was filling.

We tried separate tracting this morning with the idea of contacting more people before our first public meeting is held. I spent most of the morning with three families, who because of their interest encouraged me to stay awhile. By sitting down with them and pulling out a pencil and paper, I was able to show them clearly how the Churches of today have withdrawn from the original Gospel which is found in the Bible, and have brought forth new, strange, doctrines of men. With a little investigation we were able to arrange a meeting house in which to hold our Sunday meeting. This came rather by surprise, for we had anticipated a long search as we had made to secure a room. The manager of the Reconstruction "Spisse-Messe" was very accomodating, and after giving us a look at the "lokalet" signed us up for the next three Sundays.

We journeyed out to do some evening tracting, and found the people very nice, as a rule. Tracting is just about the same here day or night, but in the eveing we do have the opportunity of speaking with the man of the house.

Nov. 30 - Tuesday

During the day's tracting I came in contact with one lady who could remember the "Mormon" missionaries when they were here about 40 years ago. We discussed morality and mentioned the high standard of morals found in the Church of Jesus Christ.

We went out visiting investigators in the evening. Our first try at the ritziest house in town failed, but we were invited into a small hut next door. The young wife woke her husband up and I thought for the first 15 minutes he was going to kick us out and go back to bed. But, we spoked with them and heard a few of his opinions, which were quite comical. He was pretty well disgusted with all of these sects, naming the Salvation Army as just a bazaar, the Catholic Church as a "kino," and thought all of the "Pinsevenners" were "begrepet of anden" (which he said scratching his head). We finally got him to pull out his acordian and play a few numbers for us. We were amazed at how well he played; "Nidelven," "Godnatvalsen," and "Aftenstjerne." The woman requested permission to order the "Book of Mormon" & when we left there we noticed that the man of the house was in much better humor than a couple of hours earlier when we had pulled him out of bed.

Dec. 1 - Wednesday

Elder Gidley feeling a cold coming on decided to spend the day in bed, so I faced the cold world along this morning; and what a cold world. The wind was blowing with a force which nearly lifted one off the ground, and the snow which it drove excluded almost all visibility.

With the day's mail there came a "følgebrev" from Oslo telling of a package which had arrived. I was glad to see that it was my Xmas present from the folks; a wonderful, warm pair of leather slippers lined with fur, and a slip-over overcoat plastic slicker.

On returning home I felt the results of (as far as we can diagnose) partial cooked barley mush. For the past few days both of us have had stomach trouble. It began when we started eating "bygg-grött" for breakfast.

Dec. 2 - Thursday

I faced the stormy world alone again today, Elder Gidley being still sick with a cold. The people seemed exceptionally friendly today. One elderly lady who lived in the second story of a new house was listening to my message while I stood inside in the warm hallway in front of her door. I finally got around to telling her that I was from America, to which she replied, "Well, don't stand there freezing; come in!" I obeyed and sat down in her kitchen. She prepared "middag" while I told her the story of the Restoration of the Gospel. My "View-Master" arrived from Mysen where a family has been using it. The Hartvigsen kids and grown-ups really got a bang out of it, all except the old boy who probably disliked my showing it to them...propaganda from the "West."

Dec. 3 - Friday

Today, I reached the ripe old "alder" of 22. My only celebration was the taking of a warm bath before hitting the sack; but, as that event seldom takes place I was quite overjoyed at beginning my 23rd year in clean garments.

The days tracting went as usual, except for a terrific storm of which I have never seen the like, but to Hammerfestians it was just another breeze from the North. One person whom I met during the day came back with a seldom heard remark which she spoke after I had told her about the appearance of the Father and the Son to Joseph Smith. As "enfoldig" as a child she asked, "Is it true?" She thought it was wonderful if were really true.

I opened one barracks door thinking it was another home, but it turned out to be the Movie House. The two mechanics working there were quite interested in the fact that two Americans had come to Hammerfest, so they opened up the house for me, showing all of their new equipment which was all quite interesting.

Received cards from Tullen Rummelhoff, the Andresens, Søster Jansen, Louise-Jan Erik-Egil, Sandy from Richards, Socks from Anunt Helen and Uncle Rex.

Dec. 4 - Saturday

With the day's washing out of the way we were free to head for town and get our week-end shopping done. Along the way we observed the pretty pink signs I had put up the day before, advertizing our Sunday evening meeting. With shopping and dinner at Hermos finished we returned home to write letters, and also to get some preparation done for our sermons.

I received a box from home containing some new ties, used clothes, and some gum which I shall save for the Hartvigsen kid's Xmas.

Dec. 5 * Sunday

Elder Gidley arrived a bit early at the "lokale" (Gjenreisningens Spisemesse) in order to have time to push the tables aside and arrange the chairs in rows. We fixed the old place up with a few colored pictures of our temples and other scenes from Utah along with our tracts and pamphlets which we had set out on the back tables. We had room for about 40 people. Meeting time came and although there were only 15 there we started precisely at 8. I accompanied our songs with a guitar I had borrowed from a fellow here in town, but the music was nothing to write home about. Elder Gidley spoke first and took approximately 45 minutes. I thought perhaps I could develop my subject ("Claims of the Book of Mormon") in less time, but I stood there talking at full speed for at least 45 minutes. The meeting was rather long, but I believe that those who were present were satisfied with it, in fact, some of them remarked that they would attempt to bring some friends out next Sunday evening.

Dec. 6 - Monday

Back on schedule again today with Elder Gidley back in condition. Our tracting was as usual, some interested, some uninformed of our real message and overinformed of the rumors about Mormonism. Near the end of the day we were invited into one house with a hearty welcome; this family thought it was reall "noe stas" to be visited by two Americans. It was their son's day to receive the sacrament; the day after his confirmation, and party. We didn't stay long, but they wanted us to return again soon.

We left Hartvigsen's in the evening hoping to find someone who would take us in for an evening. Our second attempt was successful; a wonderful young couple who seemed quite interested in our message.

They had once known a Mormon barber and had discussed the Gospel a little bit with him. They asked us to drop in on them anytime.

Dec. 7 - Tuesday

A clear, though dark, morning greeted us as we began our tracting this morning. The weather remained fine most of the day, and the people whom we contacted were generally in good humor. For our evening's visit we chose the home where a young couple live; people with whom we were only slightly acquainted. It turned out that her husband (who is a sawplayer in his spare time) was not home, but we spoke to her for a few minutes and found her with ideas quite opposite to ours. She was a firm believer in "death-bed repentance" as are many of the members of "Stats Kirke." We weren't able to stay long with her, for she had dinner to prepare, so to finish off the evening right we visited Styrman Hansen's wife who has been very sick. To her we explained the Church's moral standard and word of wisdom; of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon.

Dec. 8 - Wednesday

At one of my first doors this morning I woke up a sick young man. I expected him to be disagreeable, but on hearing I was an American, he invited me in his small barrack-room. He was a young Danish architect engaged in the job of building up Hammerfest. He remarked that he had never had much interest for religion, but that he wanted to find out reason back of and the circumstances under which polygamy was practiced in our Church. To him polygamy seemed to be a solution to the world's morals problem. I explained other questions he had as the conversation went, mostly discussing the Book of Mormon and the Word of Wisdom both of which he seemed interested in. As I left he remarked that these principles and this doctrine which we preach seemed reasonable and that we had seemed to benefit from it. I was pleased with the results of the conversation and am going to make it a point to visit him again.

Elder Gidley contacted a family who showed strong interest in the Book of Mormon; and after discussing some of the Gospel with them we left, promising to return soon with a copy of the B of M for them to read.

In the evening we first took a trip on the "spark" to Fuglenes where we inquired at the Indremisjon lokale as to the possibilities of renting it for a meeting. The fellow in charge told us that it was impossible to rent it to a Church which preached a different Gospel than that taught by the State Church.

We had no one special to visit, so we started pounding on doors and immediately contacted a nice, middle-aged man, who told us right away that he had no belief in God. It turned out that he hadn't actually thought the question out very seriously. After we were through with our discussion he said he would be interested in reading

the Book of Mormon, so we told him we'd drop by with a copy which he could borrow for a couple of weeks.

Thursday - Dec. 9

Holding to our regular schedule, 2 hours tracting in the morning, dinner at Hermo's Pensjonat, and 3 hours tracting in the afternoon, we went through another day of pounding doors. Several showed interest, especially a young girl who lives above the fisherman and his wife. She agreed that sometime in her life she should be baptized, but thought like many others that she should wait to receive a call; some sort of a feeling that forced her to be baptized. She didn't have the courage to repent on her own.

Later on in the day I met a young house-wife who told me some stories of visions she had had. If I remember correctly the story went something like this: Her sister had died, and it had made her life very empty. She seriously worried as to her sister's fate. This whole event affected her in such a way that she felt impelled to spend long hours at the side of her sister's grave; her mind began to weaken. One night as she sat in the grave-yard she heard a voice telling her to go home, to sleep a certain number of hours, and the prayers which she had been offering (asking of her sister's fate) would be answered. She followed the directions as given, but rose before that certain time was up. Having received no revelation or dream she retired again during which period of rest, a letter was shown her on which was written a sentence and the handwriting was her sister's. At first it was in a dim light, and unreadable, but then a light flashed behind each word in the sentence, one word at a time, informing her that her sister had been saved. Later on the words of her two year old daughter quoting scripture and speaking as a grown-up gave her more assurance that her sister was saved. This is an example of the stories we hear told by people we meet. The lady was absolutely sincere as far as I could tell, in fact, she had no reason to attempt to deceive me. I guess she imagined that all these things had happened, and that they had come from the Lord.

For our evening visit we had made an appointment with an Adventist. He was a nice man, but his interpretations of scripture were very distorted, though he himself believed that his Church was the only true Church on earth.

Dec. 10 - Friday

What a storm! "Gid og meg!" But, we hit the trail just the same and found the day's tracting worthwhile.

We found refuge in many of the houses we approached, partly because the people took pity on us, and partly because we put forth great effort to get an "invite" into their warm kitchens. One such lady was bitter because of her losses during the burning of Hammerfest. Of course, she had good cause to complain having lost a "beautiful, new house," but the sorrowful thing about it was that she lost her belief in God at the same time. Added upon that was the fact that since the war she has judged Christianity by its Lutheran fruits; and this had made her even more bitter. We made little progress with her. Our evening visit was very interesting and profitable. We weren't actually taken in until our third try, and this happened to be by a couple of young fellows whose chess game we interrupted. They spoke pretty good English, so most of our conversation was voiced in that language.

They showed keen interest in the story of the Book of Mormon, and also in the fact that their Church's teachings were not in agreement with that which was written in the Bible. This fact we brought forward by constructing a Chart showing the sequence of performance of ordinances in the Church of Christ and the Lutheran Church:

<u>Church of Christ</u>	<u>Lutheran Church</u>	
1. Tro	1. Dáp	
2. Omvendelse	2. Konfirmasjon	} Tro för eller } efter Konf.
3. Dáp	3. Omvendelse	
4. Den Helligands Gave	4. Frelse	

By making such a chart for an investigator, and having him or her answer questions which will confirm this sequence of events in the Plan of Salvation, seems to impress these truths on one's mind better than if we could just explain the principles.

At the end of our visit both of the young men asked to read the Book of Mormon which they shall receive from Elder Gidley who has a spare copy "på Svensk."

Dec. 11 - Saturday

I had set aside today as the deadline for getting out my Christmas list and buying cards for the folks back in "united." I found about 50 people to whom I should send Christmas greetings. To my disappointment the selection of cards at the stores in Hammerfest was very limited, consisting mostly of post-cards which were too heavy to send for 40 Øre. But, I found some small, pretty winter-scenes in color. These I pasted on some white writing paper and made up a quick batch of 16 cards for 20¢. Most of the day was spent working on these Christmas greetings.

Dec. 12 - Sunday

During the day Elder Gidley and I wrote letters and Christmas greetings and outlined our remarks for Sunday evening meeting. Our meeting was poorly attended, only nine people present, but we had a couple of consolations, number one being that 7PM at which time our meeting was scheduled was a busy time for the Hammerfestians. Another was that several of those present had come back after attending our first gathering. Next Sunday's meeting time: 5 PM. We're determined to find a time which suits these "Nordlanders."

Dec. 13 - Monday

The city of Hammerfest has been almost completely gone over one time, but we located a small area by the power plant which we took in the morning. The man-in-charge of this station (which is the source of all electric power for Hammerfest) seemed to be a reasonable thinker and at first almost denied us the opportunity of speaking with him on the grounds that he was not well-read in religion. But, we talked him into it and had a good conversation with him, after which we were shown through the power plant which had one turbine and a generator 500 V a-c which was later reduced to 250 V for use in the homes here. In the afternoon while tracting by Gjenreisningens lokale we contacted a young Norwegian housewife who spoke fine English and invited us to return some evening during the holidays when her sister from America will be visiting them. Our evening visit was spent with a family who had requested to read the book of Mormon, so we delivered an edition (på Dansk) to them. We stayed with them a short time and received an invitation to return during the holidays.

Dec. 14 - Tuesday

Today our tracting hours were spent picking up the stragglers, the last few houses in town where our tracts hadn't been delivered. A fellow named Evensen who is working for the steam-ship line here invited us in where we met his wife and all sat down to discuss the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Having grown up in Poland under considerable Catholic influence she put forth the question asking if we met much opposition from the Catholics in Norway to which we replied that we hadn't contacted many here. She spoke of the emigration of her forefathers from Holland where they were under Religious persecution in the 17th century, and that her home had been one of the few protestant in a multitude of Catholics. They seemed to be "thinkers;" and much opposed to the emotional Religion which is found in many of the Churches and sects in Norway.

Our evening visit was with our friend the architect and his wife who live very near us. This evening we discussed Baptism, for the living and the dead; and I presented the proofs I have collected for the genuineness of the Book of Mormon.

Dec. 15 - Wednesday

Having completed our "once-over" of Hammerfest Elder Gidley and I started today on our number 2 round. In barracks 301 I met a young housewife who remarked that if I were a Norwegian she would have more confidence in my words, but an American she couldn't trust. She said that several of her friends had been discussing us and came to the conclusion that we were spies for the U. S. Government. At any rate she invited us to visit her and her husband some evening. On and off Gidley and I took some of the houses as a team. In one such case we came upon a commercial air-telegraphist. One of his first questions to us was, "What is your opinion of the commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not kill.'" After a brief discussion of our views he presented his "belief" which was that he would not resist attack upon himself or anyone else if it meant taking the assailants life. It was his theory that by promulgating this doctrine peace might come to the world. (In his words, "The situation couldn't be worse than the "peace" which has come to the world by resistance and final destruction of the aggressive force.") We couldn't agree with him in many instances, but his ideas were interesting. For our evening visits we chose to deliver a Swedish Book of Mormon to a very nice young man who is interested in reading it, and then we dropped in on a young Danish architect whom I had visited before. With all our efforts we could not incite his interest in our message. He said with his work, his painting and his writing, he couldn't find time for religion.

Dec. 16 - Thursday

"Gid-a-meg!" What a storm! But, of course, the tracting must go on; and thus passed another day: As mentioned before we are now on our "second-round" of tracting Hammerfest, and so today's subject for discussion was "The Godhead" which our number 2 tract handles. At one home I was discussing this subject with a house-wife. I was dealing especially with God, the Father as a personal being, and, of course confirming my statements with Biblical scripture. After I had told her these characteristics the Father possesses, she came back with the statement that in her opinion God was "the good in people." We continued discussing the subject and didn't seem to be getting much more in agreement when her eight year old son suddenly presented the truth to his mother when he said, "No, mother, the man is right. God is a person." It was one of most satisfying statements I have ever heard.

We had made an appointment in the evening to show Styrman Hansen and his family our slide films. Upon our arrival we learned that the Styrman had been delayed at work, so we progressed without him. As the film's showing drew to a close, the man of the house burst in and questioned us as to what we were doing in there. He said a group of people were gathered outside his house watching colored pictures through the window. The deal was that we had hung a sheet up over a window and our pictures had shown through the sheet so that they were visible to the people passing by outside. He was really only putting on as far as his anger was concerned. As we left Elder Gidley mentioned that we were holding meetings and that "først kommende Søndag vi skal avholde et møte her;" to which The Styrman replied a decisive "Ikke her!" thinking that Gidley meant in his house.

Dec. 17 - Friday

Today's tracting took Birthday Boy Gidley and I up around the lake this morning where we contacted a Fru Svensen who had been often to our meetings in Bergen. I had spoken with her husband before about getting some "skalaer" for me, and she said she'd see that it was arranged. Our afternoon session took us out on the way to Fuglenes where we met several interested people; chalked down the average "2" contacts worthy of an evening visit.

On the way home from tracting I dropped into see the Acordian player. Our purpose in visiting him was either to buy or loan his guitar. After 15 minutes of bargaining I slipped him a "century note" and the guitar was mine.

Seeing as it was Elder Gidley's 27th birthday tonight, we opened a can of beets for dinner.

Dec. 18, - Saturday

Up at 7 AM and down the basement to get the fire built for our clothes washing.

I dropped into the toll office during my visit to town and there received package number 31 from the folks. Its contents were well chosen, mostly small gifts for children. But, there was also a shirt for my Christmas and a delicious selection of food, namely: boneless chicken, canned cheese, and canned ham.

We had a cottage planned for the evening. All of the Hartvigsens had been notified to gather in the living room at 7 PM where we were to show them our slide films. I opened the meeting with a short explanation, we sang a song to the accompaniment of my new guitar, and Elder Gidley read the description of the pictures. After the "History of Mormonism" film Elder Gidley played a solo on his clarinet, and then I showed them "The Tops of the Mountains." Afterwards I had a discussion with the eldest daughter who said she had no belief in God.

Dec. 19 - Sunday

Our day was spent in study and song practice anticipating a large turn out for our 5 o'clock meeting. The meeting hall was warm and ready to welcome the multitude, butat 5 o'clock only 5 persons had arrived. With promptness as our motto, we got the meeting of to a start by singing a song accompanied by the guitar of Elder W. We followed through with the program as we had planned it; Christmas duets "på Engelsk", and clarinet solo by Elder Gidley, and two talks by the missionaries. Our only interruption was made by a six year-old boy who knocked on the door and asked if he could come in and listen. The music, I must admit, was a little on the sour side; maybe that is what is holding the people away.

Dec. 20 - Monday

We found time during our day of tracting to locate and reserve a meeting house for our meeting to be held January 5th when President Peterson visits us. In stead of coming home for our evening meal and then going out again to visit investigators, we just continued on to a place called Fuglesnes where we tracted until 8 PM.

One of our visits was at the home of an eager plugger for peace. According to his plan peace could come to the world by uniting all laborers in every city in the world; and have them pledge not to go to war. Their organization in Hammerfest numbers approximately 300 members. *Journal of the Communes*

Dec. 21 - Tuesday

Planning to visit as many people as possible before the President's arrival we wandered out Fuglenes way today. In this small settlement the city hospital, composed of several barracks-buildings, is located. We had visited with several families before we came on to the nameplate, HOLMSEN, Læge. A young woman dressed in a nurses uniform invited us in here, and asked us to sit down while she phoned her husband Dr. Holmsen. After a short time he and his wife joined us. Our subject of discussion soon came to religion. It happened that he had ideas which in nearly every case conflicted with ours, in fact, he claimed to be an atheist. When I told him that we believed in a personal God with a body, he asked me what type of nutrition did this being take into his body to keep it in life and where did this "being" of flesh and bones live. To both of those questions I had to answer, "I don't know." Those were typical of many of his other questions which he presented seriously, but apparently trying to disprove the existence of a higher personal being than man. Nevertheless it was very interesting to speak with him, especially in the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon and giving him some of the scientific proofs which seemed to have a more convincing effect on him. We presented him the truth and told him that it was his privilege to accept or reject our testimony. He remarked as we left that he would like to speak with us again.

We chose to visit our friend Finn Ytreberg in the evening, but found him busy with some comrades; so we continued on to the home of a young man who has been baptized in the Pinsemenighet, but who is now a Frelsesarmeen recruit. They seemed very interested in our showing of the "History of Mormonism." In our discussion afterwards when we asked the young man if he thought the Pinsemenigheten Forstander who baptized him had authority from God, he came back with the innocent reply, "Well, he spoke in tongues."

Dec. 22 - Wednesday

"The Man with a Plan" and I decided that today should be set aside to carry out our necessary buying undertakings in town, so we left the "mansion" immediately after "class." We had borrowed a bed from Astrid Pedersen, so that was our next task to be accomplished before Christmas. There had begun quite a storm by the time our bus reached Indrefjord and through it we had to pack the bed to Astrid's home. We were disappointed to find the house empty, but the only thing we could do was to leave the bed and a few items of food we had gathered together on her doorstep. So, the vacation had begun for us, and we decided to get it off to a good start with an evening's entertainment at the movie house.

The entertainment was first-class, though ancient. It was entitled "Vigil in the Night," an English, doctor-nurse medicine-come-first thriller. We both thoroughly enjoyed it.

Dec. 23 - Thursday

Our labors today were solely confined to preparation for Christmas. The room had to be cleaned and packages had to be made up for all of the family. Using the various candies, nuts, etc. which Mom and Dad had sent, we fixed up seven small surprise packages for the Hartvigsen kids. For the grown-ups we had five gifts which had been sent from home. Also we had received some used clothing and small toys which we wrapped up for an 8-year old boy named Alf Svensen.

The evening was spent with the Hartvigsens, decorating their Xmas tree, a fine tall one reaching to the ceiling. Their selection of decorations was rather limited, so we popped up a can of pop-corn, strung it on thread, and hung it on the tree. That helped things out quite a bit.

Dec. 24 - Friday

The big occasion was drawing near. I had a little shopping to do in town, so I left Elder Gidley, took the "spark" and sparked through a storm to do my last minute duties. The stores were crowded, just as they are at home on the 24th of December. At 12 noon everything was closed up and the people returned their warm, spotless barrack-homes.

Before joining the Hartvigsens for the evening celebration Elder Gidley and I gathered together a couple of packages and wandered out on the glassy roads and paths. We had two visits to make. In a small barracks room not far from where we live we found the Svensen family, the mother sick in bed, the father and small Alf sitting by her side. In the corner was a three-foot Christmas tree decorated with home-made paper articles. The family was very surprised to see us, for we were not very well acquainted with them. We had been tracting there only twice. We wished them a "God Jul" and asked them how they were going to spend the holidays, etc. Then I casually mentioned to Alf that I had noticed in the hall a couple of packages which the "Julenissen" had left for him. We went out into the hall together and there lay two colorfully wrapped Christmas gifts for "Alf Svensen." His eyes opened wide in astonishment. He grabbed the packages and hurried in to show his parents. It was a thrill to see him open them up, and reach into the stocking full of various small playthings. He was really a happy kid.

We didn't stay long, for we had to be back at the Hartvigsen's at 5 PM. As we left they both gripped our hands tightly and thanked us for what their boy had received. The father followed us out to the door, wished us success in our labors here, and that the Lord be with us. It was wonderful to make someone happy at Christmas time. On our way home we dropped into Lars Larsen's house where we delivered a small package to our milk-boy, Lars.

We arrived "home" just in time for the opening of the many presents which had been placed under the tree. All of the family gathered in the living room where Lilli handed presents out to those whose name she found on the package. Both young and old were thrilled with the gifts they received. We were surprised to receive gifts along with the rest of them. Each of us got a small dog decoration piece which is good for nothing, but the thought behind the gift was fine. We enjoyed a delicious pork dinner with rice pudding for dessert and then retired to the living room where we played games, talked, and listened to the radio until late into the night.

Dec. 25th - Saturday.

We both enjoyed the opportunity of sleeping late Christmas morning. At 2 PM we joined the Hartvigsen family for "middag" after which I spent the afternoon talking with Herr Hartvigsen and reading in the living room. It was a pleasure to sit in an easy-chair, listen to the radio, and read.

We decided to visit "The Redhead" and her husband and kids. She is very interested in the message of the Restoration of the Gospel. She is reading the "Book of Mormon" and enjoying it immensely. It is surprising how well she remembers what she reads. They informed us that it seems to be the common opinion in Hammerfest that we are American spies.

Dec. 26 - Sunday

We spent the evening with Herr Amond, the accordionist. He and his family gathered in their small living room and we showed them the slide pictures of the History of the Church which they seemed to be quite interested in. They were very nice. Asked us to return to visit them again.

quoting from Rob. Louis Stevenson on death in his
poem Resurgence — "He is not dead - your friend, - not dead"
Then, I talk about Maurice Maeterlinck's recent death
& his remarks about his wondering what lay beyond
the grave. Thousands have spoken & written of the
coming life - many with questions of what it had
in store for them. I continued by saying that
the answer to these questions was already written,
but many would not accept it, because of con-
fusion, lack of unity, and inconsistency. Then,
I told about the Lord telling Moses the plan, the
directions, — but when the Lord sent his
son to the earth the Jews said that they were
Moses' disciples, & they would not accept the Christ.
Comparing Paul & his rebellion showing how in-
competent people are to grasp these spiritual truths
added more background to the presentation of Joseph
Smith's claim which come next. For the people in
his time said that the Lord had spoken to Moses
to Paul, — but, it is impossible today. I tried
to sum all this up (in spite of confusion from
automobiles) by saying that today we have received
this plan of salvation, these instructions from the
Lord in their purity & clearness, so that there
is no more of that confusion & inconsistency —
& no more need for worldly wise Maeterlincks to
ask what is in death, what lies beyond the
grave?

Whinnying horses + truck motors caused considerable confusion, enough to teach us that the side of the road was no place to hold a street meeting. (It was interesting to see a little lapt come up to where we were holding the meeting and take off his hat in reverence.)
Sat. June 9th

Had a good bath at the Gjestgiveri bathhouse. Decided for health's sake + for the sake of just a good dinner we should eat at the Gjestgiveri. With dinner over we packed up our bags, said good-bye to our hosts + showed off for E. lue bakken. On the way we ran into two officers who had come ashore from the Duke of Westminster's yacht which lay in the harbor. We asked them about the possibility of going out to the boat + talking with the Duke. They said they should try to arrange something for Tuesday afternoon. The Duke, by the way, comes to Alta for a few weeks ^{every summer} to fish for salmon in the river there. He has reserved a certain portion of the stream + pays out colossal amounts of money for the yacht, the stream, + his aids. We learned from the two officers that he was a man about 72 years old who "owns about half of London."

Once in E. lue bakken we made arrangements immediately to sleep in the schoolhouse. We ran into an old friend after a couple of hours tramping. She was the brother of Finn Amundsen's husband. Got invited back tomorrow.

Sunday July 10th

Woe is me! We fasted (as we have done quite often) the forenoon had a very enjoyable missionary meeting with the Elders bearing their testimonies after which we held an ~~amusing~~ interesting class.

At 3 o'clock we had an appointment with Here Amundson. We were welcomed in when we arrived + made arrangements for showing the films.

The children were unusually quiet + he + his wife ~~seem~~ quite interested. I asked him what he thought of what he had read in the book of Mormon + he said that he thought he would be "tilfreds" with the book. I explained the fulfillment of several bible prophecies with the coming forth of the B. of M. which he found interesting.

We were nearly starving to death. He mentioned the dried fish which were hanging outside. We ~~said~~ ^{saw} that we would not be served anything so we said that we would like to try to eat or taste a little of that dried uncooked fish. He brought out

of the stiff things in and we tore off small pieces which we loured, but didn't enjoy.

I left the B. of M. with him with the arrangement that I'd fetch it before leaving Alta + send him another copy from Kvalsund.

On the way home we were forced to drop in at the "Kopi" - where we were taken for a ride in paying 6 Kroner for 2 loaves of bread, a half-kilo of margarine + a pint of jam. It tasted good to get some food in our stomachs.

We spent Sunday evening talking + studying and hit the sack early to enable us easy rising Monday morning.

Monday July 11th

We rose early + I studied a couple of hours before our 9 o'clock class.

In class we discussed healing by non-members of the Church; + also the fate of a murderer who murders after having received the full light of the Gospel.

We split up for our tracting. I chose Elder Bayley for my companion. We met a lady who had been a Finsepenner + became disgusted with their long prayers,

them talking in tongues (she said she had
also seen it), etc, & had left them to con-
tinue in her "barnelardom" which was the
"histadimuke" sect. Because baptism for the
believers had been preached so much
to her she was absolutely against it.
My hour conversation shedded a bit of
light on the gospel for her, I believe.

We had to kid one lady quite a bit
after which she broke down & cooked
us a couple of eggs. It is a difficult problem
this eating when one is living in the school
house as we are & not with a family.
We get enough food to keep us going but
not enough to keep us feeling in top
condition. We left that lady's house & she
called to us after we had gone a half-
block calling us back to get a loaf of
bread from her.

The next interesting conversation was
with a lady who had strong Communist
feelings. We bore our testimonies to her
that in our Church we hope to attain
a condition soon where all of our members
are materially satisfied, but not through
communism — this is the Lord's plan. She
seemed impressed, but at the same
time a heart & soul Communist who

believed that the whole situation in Norway would be bettered if the Communist party could only take over. She had many warped ideas about the U.S.A. & about our voting system.

On the evening we cycled way out in the country to show the top leader to an investigator who Elders Bayley & Sims found the other day. When we arrived it was disappointing to hear that the man's children had just come down with the measles so we had to call off the visit. Instead we went tramping & had a pleasant evening.

Tuesday July 13th

We spent our early morning hours in a worthwhile manner studying the scriptures & holding a class. We then split up in pairs, I with Elder Bayley, and continued covering the Eluebakken area with trails.

I was quite surprised when Elder Bayley suddenly came forth with a to-the-point question directed at one of the ladies with whom we spoke. He said "Would you make breakfast for us?" The lady's

mouth dropped for just a second & then she said "Mat skal lokket ja!" - And she cooked us up 2 eggs each & went all over the neighborhood to get us each a glass of milk. When we left her she said that she would surely come to our meeting.

At 3 o'clock we had an appointment to meet the Duke of Westminster. When we arrived at the dock nearest his yacht which was anchored out in the bay he waved for them to send a boat in to get us. When the flashy small boat arrived we heard the bad news that the Duke & all his party slept & that it wouldn't be possible for us to come aboard. We were disappointed to say the least especially after we had put on clean shirts etc. We had even taken the slide projector with us in case we could preach a little gospel to him.

The only thing to do was to cycle back over the hill to Enebakkem & continue tractting until meeting time at 8 pm. At 8:15 there were only about 14 people gathered outside of the school building where we had been sleeping. The rain started just as soon as they gathered, but we had them stand under the eaves of the building while we took

a box out from the school to set our books on + to use as a pulpit.

We had sung several songs in ~~the~~ Norwegian as we always do when a young tanned, good-looking fellow came up + asked us in English if we wouldn't sing one song in English for he + his party of 7 could all speak our language. We then sang the first verse of "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet" in English followed by 2 verses in Norwegian.

Our meeting finally got under way with only 4 in attendance. Our singing was better than ever. We each took our turn in speaking, as usual.

Immediately at the close of the meeting the young man who had asked us to sing the English song came up to us and remarked that he had spoken with a couple of our missionaries in France where he lived - he was a Frenchman. He said that he + his friends would like us to join them at a nearby "Kafe" where we could chat for awhile.

The hour we spent with them was enjoyable. We all sat at a table we drinking "brus" + they coffee, talking about the gospel, the Book of Mormon + languages. In the middle of our visit up walked a middle-aged man who commented on our international table - American, French, + Norwegian. A lady asked him if he were Danish? (no), Lysek? (no) Itelvik? (no)

He finally had to tell us he was Swiss — a man from Switzerland. The Frenchman jumped up & they chattered back & forth in either Iyok or French. They were all (except Switzer) taking a semi-vacation. Their only work was the planting of trees (a great amount of the forest here had been destroyed by the Germans) done partly for the free trip north, partly for the 5 kroner a day pay & partly because they wanted to do something worthwhile & fun at the same time.

It was important to me this fact that the Frenchman had spoken with our missionaries & had become so impressed with them that he had an interest to hear more — especially seeing as I had met another foreigner a couple of weeks ago in Skaidi who had also talked with our missionaries & had a desire to hear more. It showed the growth of the Church & the interest shown by those who hear our message & listen to what is said.

After a pleasant, many-languaged hour we retired in the school-house still trying to use the few words each of us knew in various languages. Note: The French man understood when I sang the childhood song I'd learned from Dad & mom — *amie fa fa fa la petite Marionette!*

Wed July 13th

We rose late, made arrangements for transportation back to Nordreisa (Friday) + then said good bye to our two friends, Elders Bagley + Janner who were heading back to Nordreisa + Lingsviken. It had been swell having them with us.

We traveled across the bridge in Ekebakken where we showed the slide films for one poor family (10 kids) + then when the rain started pouring down found a room at the home of another big family (8 kids) after an unsuccessful try at the home of a "religious" person who had plenty of room.

Received a nice plate of - superbred with some warm, new cow's milk. One of the boys gave his room to us (against our will) to sleep downstairs with his brother. Hit sack on floor - the good old floor.

July 14th - Thurs.

I washed and shaved outside in the coldest water I have ever "barbert meg" in. Each stroke of the razor was agony. I thought perhaps the coldness of the water would make my face numb, saving me much pain, but no such luck. The family with whom we had stayed were very hospitable in giving us a good breakfast of cheese and salmon "sandwiches" with milk to drink. The weather was quite poor, but we had an area to cover with tracts, so we headed out early and kept going all day long. We found the people typical "Listadians." They just wouldn't listen, save a few, to what we had to say. The surrounding country was beautiful for northern Norway. Green trees, grass, yellow flowers, etc..... also there was a "Weber-sized" stream with numerous falls and nice holes comparable to "the narrows" in the left fork of the upper Weber.

Another humorous incident happened today concerning our eating problem. We had gone all day until evening without anything to eat and were getting so weak that it was difficult to talk. Finally, I decided that something had to be done. We were asked to sit down in one of the houses we came to. After a couple of minutes conversation, I asked the man of the house if he had a loaf of bread to sell us. He answered to the affirmative. Then, I added that we had no place to eat it, and asked if we might use his kitchen table....to which he answered in the affirmative. Elder Sims went out to the bike and fetched a bottle of jam which we had, along with a little margarine and some "gjeitost." We sat at his table eating and chuckling at what our folks would say about such crust. We were very fortunate to get a room with Herr Suhr with whom we had arranged to ride over the mountain on Friday. He welcomed us into his home, his wife tried us each 3 eggs and we settled down to a pleasant discussion with them. Later on we showed our slide films to a group of the family and neighbors. We retired on the floor.

July 15th - Friday

At 6:30 Herr Suhr pounded on our door and told us that it was time to get moving. We dressed, washed up, ate a couple of fried eggs and were on the road. He arranged it so that I could ride with another fellow in his truck and Elder Sims rode in the cab of Herr Suhr's truck making the journey comfortable for all concerned. It was an interesting trip. We passed huge piles of snow along the edge of the road. At several points there were work parties working on either the road or bridges. At one area the driver pointed out to me the ruins of a wooden tunnel which the Germans had built along 9 kilometers of the mountain road, but which he said was not very successful in keeping the road open year round. Part way along our journey we ran into snow flurries, something to remember, snow on the 15th of July on Finnmark's "vidda." We arrived in Skaidi at about 9:30 and took off immediately on our bicycle for the last leg of our journey. We assumed it would take us approximately one hour to cover the distance. We found it tougher going. A strong wind was blowing right in our faces and at intervals we had a flurry of sleet, hail, or a taste of rain. So, the trip was not so pleasant, but we made it "home" after 2 hours on the road. And it was good to be home. We had a lot to do....washing clothes, e.s.v....

July 16th - Saturday

We began the day with good intentions, the idea that we would do five hours of tracting. After one hour out in the storm we were forced to take a rain check and call it a day. In the afternoon and evening we talked with the family here and especially with Ken, showing him the fulfillment of Biblical prophecies in the coming forth of the Book of Mormon and talking about other doctrine all of which he was in complete agreement with us.

Tuesday - July 19th

We decided that our trip to Hammerfest had been postponed long enough. With our bicycles loaded with everything except our sleeping bags, we set off on the ~~morning~~ 3 hourx journey. The weather had been fine during the forenoon, but as soon as we hit the road ~~thru~~ a strong wind began blowing against us, and soon ~~the~~ rain came. We hadn't reached the half-way point when we decided it was foolish to continue, so we turned around and headed back to Stallogargo with the wind pushing us.

Wednesday - July 20th

We had to make the trip today rain or shine. We tracted for a short time in Stallogargo keeping a close eye out for any kind of transportation which might go by. When we saw a private car we flagged it down and asked it we could ride into Hammerfest with the fellow. The ride was smooth and fast. The fellow was rather smooth himself charging us 4 Kroner each for the lift.

Our first visit was with Fru Amundsen who was feeling well caring for her month old baby boy. Her husband had not yet returned from Oslo where he had to go for a T.B. and liver check-up. Next, we dropped up to the Høyems. We chatted with them until they asked us where we were going to spend the night. When we told them that we were not sure, they said that we could sleep on their small couch or divan. From there we headed out to Fru Røstvik's. This was the event we had been waiting 6 or 7 months for.....the arrival of her husband who has been recuperating from tuberculosis at a hospital in Mo i Rane. The evening was a wonderful success. After chatting about T.B. and the weather we had a bite to eat (as Fru Røstvik always insists on) and then we showed him the films of the Churches History, "The Tops of the Mountains," and "Temples These seemed to impress him quite a bit. Afterwards we discussed the Book of Mormon and told the whole history with Biblical and scientific proofs. He seemed very agreeable in all that we had to say, and told us at the end of our discussion that we must come again soon and continue. When we arrived at The Høyem's it was about mid-night, but we just sneaked in and both climbed onto the narrow divan.

July 21 - Thursday

We had a great deal of shopping to do in the Big City, especially important was the buying of fresh vegetables, something which we hadn't seen in Kvalsund. We were able to purchase cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes and cucumbers. With our various duties performed we caught the 3 PM bus back to Kvalsund, had a delicious whale-burger, fish-cake, vegetable dinner, and then went tracti g.

Monday July 25th

Making up with an ear which was stopped up
I visited the Kvalund Hospital Barrack where a 'jordan'...
shot water in my ear + worked on me an hour without
much of a successful result.

From the hospital Eldu Iris + I mounted our
scooters + pushed against a strong wind until we
finally reached Hammerfest. - From Frau Amundsen's relatives
who were in Hammerfest visiting her we heard in-
teresting stories about how they ~~were~~ escaped from
the German troops during the evacuation of Lyby
+ how after living in mountain caves they were
finally rescued by an English Destroyer which
picked them up and carried them to ~~murmorske~~
From there they were transported on an American
ship to Scotland (during the trip they were attacked
several times + many ships went down). They were
in Scotland until the Nazi capitulation at which
time they were transported back to their land of
isolation. They said they were well cared-for there
+ that the people + they themselves cried when
they departed.

After our visit with the Amundsens we dropped
in at the Høyens + greeted them at the door with
"go! Høyen!" They had invited us to visit with
them on Saturday, but we jumped the gun on
them a few days. We had a swell evening with
them talking until it was 1 AM. We
slept on their divan.

~~Thursday~~
Tuesday July 26th

Our morning was taken up with various important jobs; among them I visited the T. B. doctor to receive a confirmation of our soundness as far as T. B. is concerned. He said we were "positive" which means that a trace of the disease is in our bodies, ~~but~~ not enough to make us ill, but enough to counteract the disease when contracted. We passed Herr Krotvik on the street ~~and~~ giving us the opportunity of giving him the Book of Mormon saving us the time of dropping out to his house.

Just before boat time the doctor's office opened allowing me to drop in and have my ears washed out. He pulled out the water gun + out came the wax — 2 minutes work + the bucket charged me 6 Kroner.

We made a bee-line from the doctor's office to the pier where we boarded the "Tordenskjold." We found the boat an ancient thing (built in 1906), but it had undoubtedly been re-furbished + was in quaint, good shape. She is class "Salong" where we received permission to sit (because the 2nd class was overcrowded with sleepers) was uniquely decorated with many shiny brass light fixtures, the room walls were paneled in deep brown.

Soon we experienced some rough weather and I could see Elder Sims begin to sink in displeasure, or better termed misery. I used from the Danish "Trosartiklerne" and played an old piano which was standing in the Salong. When bed-time came we decided the best place on the ship would be on the top deck, under an awning with tables + chairs arranged around us to protect us from the wind + with our sleeping bag tops up we lay down for a cold night in "støjt vær."

July 27th Wed.

At 10:30 AM I asked the 1st mate "what for a city this was?" + he said, "Det her er Varof." We were surprised to see that there were many, many old houses here, + learned that the Germans had not had time to burn this city, but that it had been bombed. In the afternoon Elder Sims who had been feeling unpleasant results of the trip suggested that we buy a "middy." But, we found all of the (2) Cafes closed for "middy" so we put on our crust, walked into a religious (Bethel) owned cafe where we bought 2 glasses of milk + received permission to cut up bread and spread our jam there. It took intestinal fortitude.

When we once began asking about a place to stay it wasn't long before we found a family who received us. We spent the evening with them talking and showing them our slide films. The Larsen was especially nice to us feeding us milk + "superbreads" twice in one evening. 8 hours trawling, 3 hours in., 1 voyage

July 28th Thurs

After a delicious egg sandwich breakfast with Erling + Larsen, his wife, + son Kjell we left for our day's trawling. During our day's travels we passed by a sign which had been set up to show tourists where an old fortress had stood from 1305 until the 18th century (1736). This fort had been an outpost where the Danes sent their criminals to punish them. These persons guarded this northern land against attack from the Russians. We had an appointment with a fellow at 5 P.M. to make an agreement about the use of a meeting house. At the last house we visited before departing to keep this appointment, an Adventist family seemed interested to talk to

us. Finally, we said that we had to leave whereupon they asked us where we were going to sleep tonight. They told us we should stay with them, so we accepted with happiness. Torby Olsen at the "Turnkallen" meeting house wanted 75 kroner for one night. We couldn't pay that, so we continued looking for a "lokale". During our search we ran into a Danish architect who was living on the second floor of one of these meeting houses. (Interesting note: the people here said that about 40 years ago a man + his 2 sons, members of our Church held a meeting in that "Løse lokale"). This Dane was an artist on the side. He had the whole second floor cluttered up with his paint equipment + many paintings. He had done his paintings in Varde + was soon to have an exhibit at which he planned to sell these mediocre paintings. He had been in various European countries. His best looking work was done in France (two water color drawings - one of a French street scene + another of a "Southern French" bullfight). This young man was born in Indiana; left for Denmark with his Danish parents at the age of 2. In Denmark he received his education. He spoke good English. His quarters were typically those of an artist. We had with us some bread and jam with us which we asked to eat in an outer room which he used as a kitchen. We used his utensils - a saw for the bread + a spoon to spread the butter + jam with.

Earlier in the day we met a lady who on hearing we were Americans asked us where we were from. We told her Salt Lake City, Utah. She then related to us how all of her brothers + sisters had left Norway + emigrated to Western U.S.A. Her name was Signid Karlson. She showed us pictures + addresses of her relatives in S.L.C. Their addresses: Henry Wald, 445 Stanley Ave, S.L.C. + Anne Keilham, 124 Apricot Ave

Apr. 3, S. L. C. — a small world. It also happened that these Adventists had a relative who was a member of our Church.

Finally, we returned to the Adventists without having found a meeting house. They prepared a wonderful "hield" for us. We spoke to them about America + our Church doctrine + then gathered 9 people to show slide films to. Tracting 8 hours, Mrs. 2 hours, College 1 hour.

July 29th Friday

First thing in the morning while the sun was shining we mounted the highest rise on the island + took pictures of the town standing on destroyed gun emplacements; also pictures of the thousands of dried fish hanging on their supports. Afterwards we began tracting keeping a close eye on the weather. When it looked like we were going to have a good day we decided on a street meeting for that evening. We hurriedly put posters up all over town after getting police permission.

The Adventist family (son-in-law operated Karlen's Elektriske Forretning) had us to 2 o'clock "midday" a delicious halibut dinner. That fish + potato dinner really hit the spot after going so long without ~~it~~ it. We continued our tracting + returned to the Adventists to prepare for meeting. We didn't get a Cheria to prepare anything as one of them sat down and began a conversation in our room. We talked about man's eternal journey. It was their opinion that when death came to man on this earth (his body was laid in the grave, ~~and~~) his spirit (or soul) slept until the resurrection.

When Elder Sims and I arrived at the Town a little before 8 P.M. we found only one man waiting for our meeting. At 8 P.M. there were only a handful more. Things

looked rather dark. But after singing a couple of songs quite a few people had gathered. Finally I mounted the bombed ruins of the old State Church & opened our meeting asking the people to gather around. By that time approximately 100 people were standing in the street in front of us. We then spoke and sang — and the people were attentive. At the close of our meeting they all waited to receive tracts which we passed out.

When we returned home to the Adventists the lady of the house had fixed Cheese sandwiches for us. We sat talking with her about tithing & collection at meetings. When she was ready to retire we thanked her very much for all the food & help we had received from them. If there is any people on the earth whose members remind me of or can be compared with our Church members it is the Adventist people. We left with them & by leaving some literature and the blessings of the Lord. 5 hrs tract

1. Mt. meeting 2 hrs.
most.

July 30th Sat

We rose at 6:30 to catch the 7:30 ferry to the mainland, a 15 minute trip. Once on shore we began our bicycle trip up over the mountains. After an hour's travel we arrived at the first little settlement, a place called Kiberu. Here we bought unwatoned "gzeitost", unwatoned honey & some jam. Just outside of town we found a secluded spot & ate breakfast.

We continued over the "washboard" road stopping to converse with people on the way. The area was quite sparsely settled. Further along the road we saw the remains of a Russian fighter with its bright red star on the side. It was apparently an American-made plane, ~~missing~~ for all of the writing in it was in the English language. Yet farther we came across a huge group of gun emplacements, trenches, & barbed wire fences. Late in the afternoon we cycled into a place called Skallida. There were ~~about~~ many houses here (about 300 people) so we decided to spend the week end here holding a meeting

Sunday if we could get permission. When we spoke with the Kreleformann and told him we were representatives for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints he gave his permission that we use the school building for our gathering during our ~~visit~~ conversation I told him that our Church had a nick-name, "Mormon." He looked kind of funny & told us that it was not lawful that any other than the State Church use the schools for meetings but now that he had promised us the use of the meeting house we could hold our meeting there Sunday night.

Then he began on a long tale about life "under Krigen" in Skellefte. He said that this area was held strongly by German troops & that it was heavily fortified as was Lake Opele. He pointed out the window to some mountains which were clearly visible across a long stretch of sea. He said, "there is Russia." ~~Under the~~ Often Russian planes would come across that stretch of water to bomb & strafe these areas. He said that they could hear them warm up their plane engines, & that when they heard this they all ran for cover to the mountain for raid shelter. The only thing they could think of as a reason for this strafing was to kill German soldiers, but actually they killed mostly cows & animals. Only one house here was destroyed ~~by~~ & that was by bombing. Finally these raids got so terrible that they had to move to the mountains where they lived for about 5 months. From there they would watch the battle between Allied convoys ~~and~~ one the way to Murmansk & German subs; and the battles between Russian planes & German convoys. He said that until the invention of Radar only a few ships got through, but afterwards there was a remarkable difference in the number of ships which came through.

We looked for a place to stay & found it after only 2 tries. It was at the home of a former "Listedeaner" leader, a marketing man. But it was his young blond English speaking

grand-daughter who invited us in. I think the grand-father probably rolled over in his grave. After securing the use of a room we left to announce our meeting by putting up posters + then visiting each house. In one place we contacted a fellow who said that going to each place was absolutely unnecessary. He said "as soon as those posters went up, everyone in the settlement knew about your meeting." When we returned to the house we found that there was a dancing party going on (the grand-father probably rolled over one more time in his grave), so we retired. I read a few minutes from *Telesbymannens Spadommer*. 9 hours rest, 1 hour work.

Sunday July 31st

We were so tired that we didn't awaken before 10 A.M. The lady of the house fixed us a nice breakfast of milk and small bread. The morning was spent studying, filling out reports and writing in diary. At 2 P.M. we ate a delicious whale meat dinner with the family here. The afternoon was spent reading the Bible thinking over what I might say at meeting.

The school-teacher, a good egg, met us at the school-house at a little before 8 in the evening. He helped us arrange the chairs + fix the meeting house. Only a few had gathered by 8:15, but they came up one by one until at 8:25 we had about 23 grown-ups + some kids.

We got the meeting underway with a song - but we were out of voice - it really was tough. (As the meeting progressed the songs got worse). Elder Sims gave his remarks after which I spoke comparing the reaction against Paul during his speech before King Agrippa, where Festus said he was "wanting" and the trial Joseph Smith went through because he also proclaimed that the Lord had revealed Himself for him. I told that Paul's vision was not the first nor the last time that the Lord has spoken in revelations. The meeting went over but I felt that the Spirit wasn't with me. I felt more like I was lecturing ^{than talking}.

Monday Aug 1st

We had a pleasant trip from Skallebo today stopping in at the various houses along the way to chat with the people and deliver tracts. We were given milk + sugar by two families. Along the way we met a "pinseverner" who was also cycling to Vadsø. He rode along side of me + we discussed "Kristendom" along the way. After checking in with the police we continued tracting.

We were in need of a bath, we needed to catch up on our weekly letters + we had other private matters to settle, so we dropped in at the hotel barrack + got a room where we could lay our sleeping bags. There we wrote home + brought in our carrots + gjeitost for a little snack in the hotel room. We decided that all missionaries (especially us) must have some Jewish blood in them. We said that when we went on our honeymoon we were going to take along our own food + spread it in the hotel rooms where we stayed — oh yeah.

It was interesting to note during our travels how these "stakkars" people have built their barns adjoining their houses, so that in the cold winter weather their cows won't freeze + neither will they for they can do their chores without going out in the Finnmark winter. 10 hours tracting

Aug 2. Tues

At the close of our day's tracting we contacted a nice elderly couple who offered to let us use their living room for sleeping. They told us interesting stories of how they were mishandled by the German soldiers. They relate that the middle-aged Nazis were comparatively human when put up along side of the young Nazi dedicated soldiers.

Aug 3 Wed.

After washing out socks Elder Sims and I began our day's tracting. The most noteworthy visit we had was with a leader of the mission, a middle-aged man. He began by relating much nonsense he had heard about the Mormons after which we began telling him the truth. He listened + seemed to be stopped everytime we cited the scriptures. When we left him, he certainly had heard an hour's sermon on Mormonism which we hope he will remember. It had been a few days since we had had a "middy" so we decided to shoot the works + buy one, a delicious whole steak dinner.

Immediately after we finished dinner we cycled into town. At a distance I saw 3 men standing in front of one of our posters, two of them looked like they could have been our missionaries — but I thought they must have been from Finland or Sweden. As we grew closer we saw to our amazement that it was the Harvick missionaries + Bro. Abrahamson.

We nearly fell off of our bikes. They were taking "a vacation" we learned, & Hurtigvate tour from Honnernesfest to Honningsvåg & then farther to Furber's from where they were just returning. It was swell to talk to them and hear about their trip. I was lucky to meet Elder Harris as he gave me a roll of color film which will allow me to continue my mission. history. They were able to chat with them for about an hour & then the "Skjerve" pulled out.

When meeting time rolled around it was "fryktelig kaldt." The rain had stopped, but the sky was full of dark clouds & a cold wind was blowing in from the sea. We arrived at the meeting place (Fotballplassen) and chose a corner of the huge destroyed open area where we could stand. We doubted if anyone would come, but, sure enough, a few minutes later there came a total of about 50 people to hear our remarks.

I made the meeting short taking into consideration that the elderly ladies would freeze ~~to~~ to death if we made them stand too long.

After making we returned home where we sat discussing everything from "preparing fish for cooking to Child baptism." Then we hit the back on the floor.

Aug 4. Thurs

Checking out with the police and arranging boat passage to Horkness were our only two duties before beginning our day of traveling. The weather was wet, but we braced as long as possible before leaving on the "Kong Harald" at 3 P.M. In the 3rd class Salong Elder Sims and I sat reading until the weather got quite rough at which time Elder Sims put down the books + fought the battle of stomach against the sea. I spent part of the time finishing a short book written about the prophecies of one Anton Johansen from Telesby, a man who became quite famous in Norway for his accurate predictions as to the outbreak of World War I. Some of his other prophecies have been inaccurate + many yet unfulfilled, the most interesting of these being the prediction of ~~as~~ a terrible war to be fought in Fennoscandia with Russia, France, Sweden + Norway taking part. This is to come to pass in 1953 says "Telesbymanen".

When the boat finally arrived in Horkness there had begun a terrific storm giving us an anything but pleasant impression of this place. We went to the one hotel in town to find a place to sit while we got our bearings + found it to be a small barrack with only a few rooms with a sitting room across the street. Finally we decided that rain or no rain we had to have a place to stay, so we went on the hunt + located after ~~the~~ ^{hours} a new house in which

We found a lady who said she would fix us a bed for one night. We spent the evening talking to her hard to converse with husband, had a delicious kwekwe with "flesh" + eggs + then hit a beautiful sack with clean sheets. "Diligent also!"

Aug 5 Friday

With a good breakfast under our belts we set out in hunt of a meeting house. We had a "gripping" experience on our first attempt which was made at the "Indre misjon" new meeting house. We met the man in charge outside of his "lokale" + asked him if it was the custom for them to rent the building out to other religious organizations. He replied that it depended upon which church it was. After I told him that we were missionaries for the L.D.S. Church he burst out with: "We don't find the 'Mormonism Book' in either the New or the Old Testament. It's not Scripture." When I began to explain that the B. of M. had been translated from the records written by the earlier inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere he very impolitely walked away. What a burning experience.

Later on we arranged with Gunnar Olson to rent a small meeting room in the movie house for 20 Kroner. Having put 10 posters up in town we felt rather "sullen" + Eldar Simo's stomach was calling as usual, so we decided on a "mudday" at the Centrum Cafe.

We visited Bror Abrahamson's niece, Fru Selma Sivertsen, who was a very pleasant person. She offered to let us lay our sleeping bags in her quarters but since her son was coming home that evening from

As I thought it would be an imposition on her, so we declined the offer.

During our tracing we ran into an odd situation — a lady who invited us in immediately & asked to have us translate a letter she had received from America. The deal was that through post-war gift packages she had begun corresponding with a California widow. The correspondence had developed into the widow's asking this Norwegian lady to send her 18-year old daughter to America where she would take her in as her daughter. She was lonely since her young son was killed in World War II. This Kirkens mother after apparently weighing the matter completely decided to send her daughter over.

At seven in the evening we quit tracing to attend a meeting which was to be held by the Norwegian Workers' Party at which "Statsminister" (Prime Minister) Einar Gerhardsen should speak. Gerhardsen was elected at the close of the war and is now up for re-election, supported again by the "Arbeiderparti." The movie house was full (it was Gerhardsen's first visit in two years). An awkward, self-conscious m.c. opened the meeting by welcoming Gerhardsen & his wife who walked in & sat down in the front row. (Both of them were dressed in sports or traveling clothes, the men in knickers & "helikopter"). After a short reading by another awkward quick moving Norwegian, Gerhardsen quickly took the speakers stand & began talking looking up at the ceiling & at the walls of the building. His opening words were of little effect because of this self-conscious-

ness, but when he began to get wrapped up in his thoughts he forgot the crowd + himself + really presented his party's views in a clear, convincing manner; and I thought his personality was very winning. (He knew he was talking to mostly workers, something which may have been the reason for the everyday clothes. To me it seemed like quite a smart move.)

The people of Norway say that they dislike the political meetings mainly because there is too much back-patting at them. We found that this meeting was no exception.

Richardson began by telling of the accomplishments which the "Arbeider parti" administration had made in the past few years — dwelling mostly on the reconstruction of Nord Troms + Finnmark counties. He then continued by explaining the administration's views on 3 variables + their relation to each other: 1. Taxes, 2. Reconstruction, and 3. Articles ^(especially Food + Clothing) available for consumption, three variables which have close association with each other + which are of great interest to the voters.

He explained for us common men that if the rate of #2 is increased (something which is desired by all Finmarkingers) #1 must increase + #3 must decrease. But, if #2 should be drawn out over a long period of time #1 could be lower + #3 could increase.

He explained that to create a stable ^{+ independent} Norway for the future the administration had chosen this plan: To build up Norway's industrial enterprises by

investing in Marshall aid; ~~the~~ building up & devel-
oping Norway's natural resources (fishing, farming, electric
power); both of which would place a heavy burden
on today's taxpayer, but which will in the future
make Norway ~~into~~ a very independent country in-
stead of the country in Europe which imports more
product than any other per ~~the~~ capita. He explained
that the speedy reconstruction was the other reason
why the Norwegian taxpayer gives the state 20%
of his income.

He claimed that other countries which have
followed another plan, i.e. increasing #3 have already
received the feeling of an unstable economy while
Norway's prices have stayed more unchangeable than
any other European country because of the ad-
ministrative controlled economy (prices & rationing)

After these explanations he added a warning word
about Communism by saying; that it was the policy
of a democracy to allow an undemocratic party to have
a voice in their government even though the country
would be robbed ~~of~~ that democracy if ~~some~~ party
ever "took over". He explained that before ~~the~~
war Communists the world over declared an open
war on "Capitalism" & admitted that their government
was of a dictatorial nature. When Russia joined the Allies
~~the~~ Communists all over the world changed their song
to: ~~working~~ "Work Together with Our Democratic Brothers."
At the close of war that song changed to a war
chant again. He warned the voters to know what they

were voting for Democracy or Dictatorship — Many parties
are one party.

Gjerdhansen closed his remarks by ~~describing~~ describing the
periods depression which took place in Norway at the close
of World War I (1919). He said that his party's program,
through building up Norway's resources + factories, +
keeping a controlled economy ~~was~~, was designed to
kill such a depression this time. His last words:
I hope you'll remember these things. And then he
walked quickly back to his seat & the meeting ended.

Elder Ains + I had a problem at the close of
that meeting — we were still without a room for
the night. We went trawling for an hour during
which time we met a fellow who knew one
of the Church's members, a Kirkens barber named
"Dillgutt" (questioning spelling) who had gone to America.
Having no success we returned to the Barrack Hotel
where the manager said he'd like to talk to us.
When he asked us where we'd stay we answered that
~~we~~ we didn't know to which he said, "You're
my guests while you're here!" We received a
bed + then went into his room to talk. His reason
for being so nice had 2 points: one, because he
wanted connections in America + 2, because he
had a good heart. He sat up until mid-night
discussing the hotel business with him — how he'd
bought 2 barracks + the close of the war + now
paid everything + was doing well mostly because of
his hard work. (& education in the hotel business.)

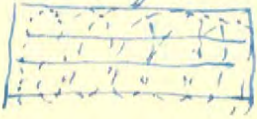

He desired to come to America & we discussed the
slim possibilities with him, suggesting that he write
the consulate & apply for a student's visa. We
then hit a good hotel sack.

Aug. 6 Saturday

We had a free breakfast in the newly furnished cafe
free, on the house, altsa. Then, we continued spreading
the news about our meeting to be held Sat evening.

At 1 P.M. we had to interrupt our tracing to
climb aboard a bus which would take us to the
Russian border, a 30 minute drive from Kirkenes.

Accompanying us on the bus were several Norwegians who
apparently had been "til byen" shopping & were returning
to their borderline homes & 6 Frenchmen with their Oslo
girl guide with whom they spoke what little English
they could. I forgot to mention a crusty Englishman
36 year old tourist whom we met & who had become
quite a bosom friend to us.

The bus took us over the pretty Pasvik river
at Elvenes & we continued up to a fork in the
road. There stood a sign one arm pointing to Jarfford
and the other to Soviet Samveldet. Here the bus came
to a stop because it wasn't scheduled to go to
Jarfford & the way to the Soviet was barricaded
or blocked by a large roll of barbed wire tacked
to wooden strips  back of which there
stood a  yellow adgang
forbuet sign.

Looking past the barbed wire barricade we saw 100 yards of bareness - they call it no-man's-land. At the end of this 100 yd area we saw a yellow sentry house + a flag pole. No one was in sight in that direction.

About 200 yards up the Sjarfjord road we saw a lady piling hay on a fence in a field beside a farmhouse. We walked up there and began talking with a couple of Norwegian "non-coms" who were supposed to be guarding the border. We asked them questions about if they ever saw the Russians on the other side to which they answered "seldom". We asked if there had been any interesting border incidents, but they replied, "no". He couldn't answer our question of how many Norwegians were on guard, neither could he say if there were many or few Russian soldiers on the other side.

The lady in the farmhouse was very nice. She invited us in + gave us a glass of milk (I'm, the English man + I). She signed her guest book which had many names of foreigners in it. When we came back outside we noticed that the 6 Frenchmen were tiptoeing ~~past~~ past the barbed-wire, "just to see what would happen." The Norwegian guard got out his rifle + fired into the hay field. The party of 6 scurried back to Norwegian soil.

The bus returned + picked us up ~~giving~~ giving us just enough time to get a couple of pictures taken of us on the other side of the barricade.

The Englishman (John Read) Elder Sims + I didn't ride the bus all of the way back, but we got off at a junction called Skaffehule(?). Here we started walking along a road which should take us to the border — we arrived there after a 20 minute walk.

This place was more interesting than the last.

On this road we found another barbed wire barricade. This was really a borderline — actually cut through the forest — a strip 4 meters wide with posts

50 yard intervals. These posts stood about 8 ft. high, the Russian posts painted Red + Black with a silver U.S.S.R. Hammer & Sickle seal on the upper part meeting the eyes of the trespasser. Opposite these Russian posts were the yellow Norwegian posts standing at the same height, but in solid color + with the Norwegian seal attached to them meeting the eyes of the Russian trespasser. Here there was

one warning ~~sign~~ sign. This was attached to the Norwegian post meeting the eyes of the ~~trespasser~~ trespasser going from ^{Norway} ~~U.S.S.R.~~ into Russia. It said that anyone crossing the border did it at the risk of being shot or arrested + the same fate awaited anyone who marked any of these markers. From the road we climbed the mountain following the posts along on the Norwegian side.

We heard a couple of shots in the distance + returned to the road where we took a

few pictures standing on Russian soil. We walked back to the road + on the way talked to a "Norisk gutt" who told us that there had been quite a few tourists there this year. We asked if he'd been over the border, but he said not since 1946 when he was last in Boris glo their a Finnish town which is now un-inhabited. Since the iron curtain went down he hadn't been across + had n't seen many Russians on the other side either. A lot of people had left the area because it was impossible to trade as they were used to before the Russians ~~had~~ received that territory from the Finns + ~~put~~ lowered the iron curtain.

On our way back to the crossing we passed a large white monument ~~where~~ under which many Russians had been buried, Russians who had been taken by the Germans during the war + had been forced to work themselves to death. The monument had an indecipherable Russian inscription on it + the dates 1941-1944. r.r.

When we arrived in Kirken it was late afternoon, so we headed for the bath-house where we took a shower + a steam bath + where the lady in-charge pressed our pants "grets". Interesting note about the steam bath. The natives take birch branches with them into the steam room where they beat themselves until their body turns red — they say it feels good, but it looked like it would hurt. Anyway it gave the room a very pleasant smell.

We studied for an hour before our 8 o'clock meeting + I thought out some clear thoughts on a presentation of the Book of Mormon. When we came to the meeting house it was being used by the "Venstre" (left wing) for a political meeting but we decided not to disturb them until some of our audience came. Four or five came up + we said we wait for more before going in, but no one came, so finally we had to call off our meeting. It was too bad that we had to schedule it on a Saturday night when many of the people had gone to their summer "canyon huts"; + others wanted to spend the seldom pleasant evening out walking.

We returned to the hotel, had a "gratiskveld" + spent the evening visiting the people with whom we spent the first night in Kirkus to thank them for their hospitality (we had to leave a note as they weren't home) + a short visit to Froie Swertsen who said we were welcome to come again sometime. After that we talked to Hansen at the hotel who said he'd arrange a room there for 2 missionaries + the English man.

Then we hit the pad.

Sunday Aug. 7

After an early morning glimpse of the city from one of the high hills which had been used as ~~was~~ a fortress during the war we boarded the "Royal Danish" at 9 A.M. + pulled away from the shores of Kirkus.

Aug. 8 - Monday

The Rangvald Jarl pulled into the Hammerfest bay this forenoon. After a visit with Fru Amundsen, during which we made an appointment for a meeting to take place at her home next Saturday, and a haircut from Jarl Hannen who had been on vacation in Oslo where he saw the U.S. Olympic team in action (Gordien, Bob Mathias, Fuchs), we shoved off for Kvalsund on our loaded down bikes. (Plus the regular baggage we had a box of vegetables which the charitable Tromsø Elders had sent us, besides bread and other groceries.

Aug. 9 - Tues.

Took a tracting trip around the point of the mountain where we only found one family, but saw some pretty green landscape and a patch of "moltebaer."
Returned to Kvalsund where we continued tracting.

Aug. 10 - Wed.

Our tracting today took us over to "Stor bukta" where we found everyone busy raking and cutting hay with little time to talk gospel. We ran in to one fellow who showed us one of Luther's books written in "Lappisk." Its letters were of a very odd type, an alphabet different from ours in many respects. He also showed us a young fox which he had caught.

Aug. 11 - Thurs.

We aksed Kristian if we could use his boat to row across the fjord in, but he said that he was going to use it. I felt that we were making enemies going around Kvalsund with our tracts while everyone else laboreed in their hay fields, so I decided to take off in the Repparfjord way. The landscape was much prettier than it was two months ago when we first cycled out that way. It's unbelievable to think that two months have passed since we took our first coun ry tracting jaunt out into Kistrand. The time certainly flies. We found the Listadianers out there tougher than ever. They must have had a meeting and decided there that they wouldn't listen to us, or if they listened to our words they wouldn't take any of it in. They would quote scripture which must have been their own authorship, for it certainly wasn't written in the Bible. Two people we met were really nice. One of them, Armanda Aslagsen, invited us in and after talking with her a short time during which she told us that her mother was killed during the war when she stepped on a mine and it blew her foot off. She died from loss of blood. She said that if we would come back later on she would have baked some "lefse" by then and we could have some "lefse" and "gjeitmelk." We said thanks and moved on. Later on we met a fellow who was impossible to talk to, so impossible it is hard to explain. One of the type who will say that something is false without knowing anything at all about it. I felt like telling to jump in the fjord, but I had to control myself and quietly ask him to use his reason a little more and his tongue a little less.

Farther along the road we ran into a good friend whom we had known in Hammerfest. She invited us in, we chatted, and then she gave us some fresh milk and some bread with real butter on it. She said she liked the lonesome life with her husband in Hammerfest and she and her son Ulf out in the country. She told us a story about how the Listadianers would get all worked up at their meetings, and how a very interesting thing happened at one of these gatherings. It is the custom with these Listadianers that they confess their sins to their fellow-believers who must forgive them of them before they die, otherwise they die in their sins. They interpret Christ's statement to the Apostles: "That which ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven and that which ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," to mean that they as believers are charged to "loose" a person from his sins on earth by hearing them and then forgiving them...and that that forgiveness of sins shall be valid with the Lord. During one of their meetings when they were putting their arms around each others shoulders one of them mentioned that he had stolen a great deal of fish which his neighbor had caught in a net in the fjord, but which he had not had time to gather in. At the meeting he was forgiven of that sin, but the next day he found that a difficulty arose. The fellow whose fish had been taken lost the spirit of forgiveness and filed a suit against him for theft. She said that the proceedings lasted 2 or 3 years, but that she didn't know how it finally came out.

We had stayed so long in Repparfjord that by the time we arrived at Armanda's again it was quite late and we didn't have any desire for goat milk, so we took a rain check on the deal and said that we'd drop out to see her before we left Kvalsund.

Aug. 12 - Friday

On our morning bicycle trip down to Pedersen's to pick up our mail we noticed every one still working with their hay. It was kind of pitiful to see old women out in the fields while we just cycled around making enemies. A few people ask us jokingly to give them a hand, so finally we decided that we could certainly do more good for one day by raking hay than by passing out tracts. But, first we had to see the Crown Prince who was scheduled to drive through Kvalsund. We cycled down to the Ferry Pier and there we saw him step off the ferry in his Norwegian Army uniform looking very "stram," ~~warm~~ salute and smile for the crowd, then climb in his car and drive further to Skaidi where he and his party were to eat lunch after which they were to return to Hammerfest for the Norwegian Shooting Championship Tournament. Our day in the hay field with the Israelsen family was really enjoyable. We ate a good fish cake "middag" with them after which we chatted. During our conversation we began talking about various human races, and Herr Israelsen asked if we happened to know anything about the Indians. He said that he knew they were on the Western Continent when Columbus came, but wondered where they had come from. I had by scrapbook with me and was able to explain the whole story for him which I think he found quite interesting.

Elder Sims had a little trouble with the hay-raking. Twice he broke the rake he was using, but he caught on as time passed. Keeping with custom we went back to work about 2:30 and then quit again at 5 for more food going back to work at 7 PM. Elder Sims and I only worked until 8 PM, but they seemed thankful for our help and offered to pay us for it, but, of course we didn't want any money. I felt like we hadn't even earned our dinner.

We returned home and talked with Ken for quite awhile. He was interested in the article which Elder Norman had just arranged to have put in the Narvik paper, "Ofoten Tidende" concerning our Welfare Plan, the same article as appeared in the American edition of the Readers' Digest, but not in the Norwegian edition. We talked more about the Book of Mormon and He said that he just had to finish the Book. He seemed to be doing quite well on his attempt to quit smoking.

Aug. 13 - Saturday

Today's experience was quite amusing -- now that it is all over. We had planned to leave Kvalsund in plenty of time to reach Hammerfest before the stores closed, but we were delayed, first because of our own slowness and second because of the Kvalsund Ferry. When we finally got under way it was 1:30 and we thought it impossible to reach Hammerfest by 3, but when we noticed that the wind was with us we decided to give it a try. We sure sailed along, but when we reached the toll office in the big city it was 3:10, desverre. After a good bath we visited with Fru Amundsen and her sister Harda explaining various things to them and showing them the latest additions to my scrapbook.

The Røstviks were supposed to join us there in the evening. Elder Sims and I had counted on getting a bed at their place to spend the night in but when we learned from Fru Amundsen that they had little room we decided to look for a room in town. All four of the barrack-hotels were full. Coming back to Fru Amundsen's we found that the Røstviks had not yet arrived and it looked that they weren't coming, so after serious consideration we decided that the only thing to do was to cycle back to Kvalsund. Fru Amundsen offered to fix us up a place on a divan she had, but with her husband away (in Oslo) we decided that it would be unwise to spend the night there.

So, shortly before 10 PM we took off with a freshly cooked yellow cake and 6 waffles in our pack, a gift from Fru Amundsen. This time the wind was against us, and it was no easy job pumping that 22 mile stretch again. But, we arrived in Stallogargo before 1 PM and finding that the ferry was not running so late, we had to wake up a fellow nearby and borrow his boat to row across the fjord in. We pulled it down into the water, put in our bikes, and Sims rowed me across the fjord. Once on the other side it was all we could do to pull the boat up on the shore high enough so it wouldn't be damaged by the waves when the high tide came. From

there we made it home and rolled into the sack at 2 PM as tired as I' can ever remember being,

One sad event today which I shouldN't overlook mentioning. When we climbed aboard the ferry going in the direction of Hammerfest this afternoon Elder Sims opened a letter from his folks. I sat there reading a letter from Rex when all of a sudden I heard a gasp from him. I looked over, but I thought maybe something serious had happened, so I just waited for him to reply, but instead of a reply he passed the first page of a letter from his mother over to me. On the page I read that his girl had suddenly become secretly married. He couldn't keep back the tears. I know that she really meant the world to him. They had plans to be married as soon as he got home. They had planned their house, she had bought a bed-room set. I thought the deal was all set as did he. We were both greatly surprised. He said that the only hint he had was that on her last letter he had noticed that the stamp stood right-side-up while previously she had always placed it up-side-down. He left the Ferry Salong and went up on the deck where he threw her pictures into the water. Farther along on our journey to Hammerfest we came to a high bridge over a rushing stream where he stood and comicy and "dramatically" tore her picture to bits and threw the pieces into the wind....and they fluttered down and were swept away by the rushing stream....the last of a year and a half romance.

Aug. 16 - Tuesday

Rising at 6:30 we made quick preparations to catch the 7:30 bus for Hammerfest. When it arrived at the Johnson residence we piled on our baggage & with our bicycles tied to the front (on a special holder) we were off for the big city. I remember Elder Sims talked about his change in plans, since his girl left him. The change was to be that immediately on his return home he should begin in the U. of U.'s school of Engineering with a goal to graduate.

At the Hammerfest Toll Office I received a package from the folks containing some delicious candy, (hans) and three very good books - "God Planted a Tree," "At This Same Hour" and "The Story Tellers Handbook."

We visited Frau Olson and found her as nice as ever. She invited us to come again whenever we had time. The area surrounding her place which was buried in snow the last time we saw it was now green & pretty. We could hardly recognize the old place.

After picking up my bike at the repair shop (I had five new spokes put in) we dropped up to see Frau Amundsen who was expecting us. She prepared waffles & milk for us & we chatted a little.

Our plans had been to take Wednesday morning's "Lokal" boat to Sorpy, but we learned from the local transportation company that the boat was under repair & that it would not make the trip. We were very disappointed, but not ready to give up. Down at the dock we asked if any of the fishing boats were going in that direction, but we didn't have any luck there either.

The only thing to do was to look at the map & choose another destination. We noticed

that Skjerøya & Øksfjore looked like fairly large settlements & inquired further concerning them. It turned out that there was a "Hurtigrute" going to Skjerøya the same evening at 10 P.M., so we decided that that was the thing to do - take it.

In the evening the Røstviks came to Frø Amundsen's & we talked gospel with them explaining more about the Book of Mormon & various other principles. Here Røstvik was very receptive.

For "kvelde" I bought peanuts & ham plus some home-made candy all of which went over big.

We left the Amundsen's & Røstviks & boarded the "Skjerstad". I located a bench out on deck on which to lay my sleeping bag, & settled down at midnight for some shut eye.

Tue Aug 17.

I didn't know a thing until 5:30 A.M. at which time the boat whistle let out a terrific blast to let us know we were in Skjerøya. I looked at our destination & beheld a beautiful sight. A small town nestled in a green cove with high, sharp-peaks, snow-capped mountains in the background. And besides all that it was a be-you-tiful day.

We got off & walked around town. Finding no one awake & nothing open, we went to the post and sat on a couple of boxes & that's where I'm now writing these near illegible words.

By the time 9 A.M. rolled around there were many people in the streets going to work. We sat in a Cafe and planned out our schedule for the coming days.

Then we dropped in to visit a Fru Paulsen whom Fru Rostvik had told us to visit while we stayed in Skjervoy, Fru P. being a relative of Fru R. As soon as we walked in the door & began speaking with Fru Paulsen her daughter came running in & said that "last Thursday" there were two other 20-year old Americans missionaries there. We tried to find out if they were the Tromsø Eilers by asking her questions. Finally she brought out the proof, an Article of Faith Card with Elder Tanner's name on it. They were very hospitable people & wanted us to stay, but ~~but~~ on hearing that the other 2 missionaries had been there just 5 or 6 days before we decided that we should find a quick way out.

Having investigated all boat schedules with no luck we headed for the pier to try a long shot; - that of meeting some fishing boat captain who was taking his "smack" - "Nordover". It's not often that Finnmark fishing boats are found way down in Nord-Trøndelag county, but we noticed a couple of them with "F" on the bow. One of these was leaving in a half-hour for Apsøy, the place where we had wanted to go in the first place. Which is more the skipper onboard said that we had talked to his wife who was over at Fru Amundsen's a few weeks ago.

We bought a loaf of bread & a piece of the "newly rationed" cheese & then took off for Nord-riise where we were to pick up 2 fellows who were going to work on the boat.

The time went by very fast as we sat down in the sleeping-eating-everything-eating compartment explaining to the skipper the story of the Restoration of the Gospel. When the Captain went up on deck a couple of hours later he found that the men on watch had taken us down the Lyngen fjord in stead of the Nordreiss fjord, so we had to spin the boat around + head back to almost to where we had started.

I joined Sims in the back for a couple of hours getting up just in time to see us pull into Nordreiss. () There the crew had to bring aboard some fishing equipment, so we were told there would be quite a long wait. Therefore we took off on our bikes to a nearby settlement of about 700-800 people + began to tract. We had expected to hear that our missionaries had been here + we found that to be the case, in fact, we were told that they held a short ^{short} ~~large~~ meeting there in the rain a couple of weeks ago.

During our tracting we met a young woman who told us that her uncle Magnus Mathisen belonged to the Narvik branch of our Church, but that she had never talked with him before. She added though that the Troms missionaries had often visited her mother in Troms. She had never learned anything about the Church before.

In another house we were invited to stay for milk and cakes, + in still another place we were politely told that we were not wanted — that they had talked with our missionaries two weeks ago + they didn't want to hear any more. They were naturally, Kristadianers, and what's more, a Hopperni type Kristadianer from those whom we have

in Kvalsund. She said that they didn't & wouldn't listen to any other religious group, not even the missionaries from Kvalsund. That was the limit — we moved along.

While waiting for the boys to get the boat ready for sailing we sat on the pier as the sun went down back of the steep, sharp-pointed fjord mountains. Their silhouette against the red sky, with the water in front of us being rippled by the many jumping fish painted a beautiful picture of a cool summer night in the north.

Finally arrangements were made & we slowed off with two more fellows on board making the total 7 people. It was quite dark at 11 PM, but light enough to see without using any lights to find our way. The boys cooked up their staff of life (they think of it as such) coffee & had a few pieces of "Smørbrød og Kaffe" while we had just "soft-brød". Mine was in the sack immediately. About an hour later after talking with the Skipper I too (on the insistence of the captain) hit one of the two remaining cramped bunks. The rest of the boys sat up most of the night talking.

Aug 8 Thurs ~~8~~ slept well in my bunk in the cramped quarters. I didn't hear a thing until about 7:30 at which time I arose, washed my face & teeth out on the deck & then come back down to eat cheese & bread breakfast the only course I had eaten since leaving Fren Amundsen on Tuesday night.

We all took turns steering the boat. I noticed that these fellows really enjoyed the free-sea life. No time clocks to punch, no one to boss them. They all just pitched in & stood their watches, but most all

they actually did was to talk + drink coffee. Of course they work hard when they're out in a school of fish especially during the winter. I never before could understand why they liked their life, but now I understand that it's the freedom they love.

At about 9 AM we pulled up to the pier at Brivikbaton, Høføy, the skipper's home. It was his idea that we come + stay with him for a couple of days. His home was not far off - a five minute walk. When we arrived there we found his wife working harder than any woman should work carrying hay in huge bundles over her shoulder up to the barn from a field which was a few hundred yards away + down from the barn. She was working with her 75 year old father-in-law.

I felt so sorry for them that I said as soon as we arrived, that we were going to give them a hand. They protested, but I insisted. After eating another breakfast ~~at~~ Simo + I put on our lewis + got to work - a job which turned out to be harder than I had imagined. We would wrap a doubled piece of rope around a bundle of hay + then pull the rope tight + throw it over our shoulder with the hay on our back. After a short time the rope hurt our shoulder so much that we had to figure out another method. This time we got a long pole + tied the big bundle of hay in the middle of it + carried the bundle balancing the two ends of the pole on Simo's + my shoulders. It worked much better. By 2 P.M. we had hauled in 2 fence fulls of hay, so we stopped + had a delicious midday - far-i-hal (lamb in cabbage) with potatoes - deilig.

In the evening we arranged for a meeting house to hold our Friday evening meeting in. Then, after some tracting we returned to the house in which we were staying where we sat in the kitchen chatting with neighbors who had dropped in to see "the two Americans." We talked about everything from "Sae Sij Boyen" to Free Larson's lamb who fell in a hole & had a hole pecked in its back by the birds.

When it became so dark that we could just barely see each other we decided it was bedtime. Both of us spread our sleeping bags out on the divan & used four chairs to support the shade outside man (me).

We talked about Elder Sims' losing of his girl. I could see that he hadn't yet become used to the idea that he was already beginning to worry if there was anyone else in the world for him — he said there wasn't anyone in his ward whom he would care to take out.

According to Sims his girl was beginning to smoke when he first met her, but he pulled her up out of the company she was going with & she began to have higher ideals. Apparently his being away was just too much for her. I thought of something which I had heard & experienced before in how a good girl can pull a slipping boy up, but how difficult it is for a good boy to pull a slipping girl up.

Aug 19 Fri

After breakfast (with plenty of milk) Elder Sims & I began our day of tracting aiming to visit every house in the area to invite the people to our meeting. We found the people unusually friendly, except for a couple of evangelistic show-offs — a Titosimer "fortlander"

and a Pinesenn preacher.

Then Nilson had us to a delicious "false" milled.
followed by rice + raisin "willing". Then I decided to
certainly send them some food when I returned to
Kwalsand. The old grandfather sat through the whole
meal chatting about one thing + another + we
sat there just answering, ja, ja to everything he said.

By evening we had contacted all of the
people, so we returned to the Nilson's to do a little
pre-meeting reading.

At 8:15 we walked down the dirt road to
the "Ungdomshus" a large red barrack in the middle of
the settlement. We opened the barn-like door + entered
What a meeting house!! The room we were to use had
been decorated by the Red Cross for a party they were
going to have Saturday night. Multi-colored strips of crepe-
paper were hanging all over the ceiling while on the wall
they had nailed ^{city} branches. Quite an atmosphere. They had
no chairs not even benches. The only sitting equipment
they had was an arrangement whereby they had set many
long 2X6's in rows + had supported them on wooden
boxes at each end.

We placed two wooden boxes (one on top of the other)
up front to be used as a speaker's stand.

By 8:30 we were surprised to see that so many
people had come + ^{they} not only had come but were "nervy" enough
to sit on the front rows → the first time in my life
I've ever seen it happen. We waited just a little longer
+ there was a full house — over 75 people.

~~I welcomed them all + we joined~~

Just before meeting got under way we heard
a lot of barking outside. Before we knew it four goats
had been chased into the meeting room + were up on the
few empty planks. Those who were "goat - light" took them
(by the horns + led them out of the meeting house.)

Finally, I opened the meeting by welcoming all of the people who had come after which all ~~spoke by singing~~ sang "Redeemer of Israel" + Elder Sims prayed. I followed with a little explanation of our summer travels + then Elder Sims spoke. Secret Prayers followed.

Doubts: mortal traitors to the soul's integrity.

I used the rest of the time (about 45 minutes) speaking about the Restoration + telling about the cooperators + mutual help which is found in the Church of Jesus Christ today. The people kept perfectly still + were very attentive. At the close of the meeting we passed out tracts to them all as they left. I felt better about that meeting than of any other one we've held this summer. It was wonderful to see so many people there.

We returned "home" where we had a delicious "kneel" all "pplse + Amā sei." There we chatted about the meeting with the family + some friends who dropped in. Everyone seemed to be very satisfied with the meeting. One of the ladies said that we'd certainly win many followers if we would only stay longer.

By 11 it was dark + we closed the day in our sleeping bags.

Aug 20 Sat.

We packed our bags + were ready to leave when a neighbor girl ran over + asked us to drop in at her house for cocoa + cakes before leaving. First I had to take care of paying for the meeting house. The watchman there said there would be no charge.

We then dropped in at a couple of the neighbor's houses + bode them farewell after which we went to the other neighbor for cocoa + cakes. The mother there was blind, she had been very nice to us all during our stay there + wanted to do something extra before we left + therefore she gave us. We talked a while etc. She said that she had received an address of a pastor in America who was reputed to have

healed many people "by mail": She wondered what we thought of her sending a piece of silk to him ~~for~~ that he might touch it + send it back. According to his propaganda she should, on receiving the cloth place it on the part of her body which was suffering + it would be healed. We told her that we didn't believe in it.

She asked us to write in her Bible which I did + Elder Gus + I signed our names. At the end of our visit we said good-bye asking that the blessings of the Lord would be with her.

With our last good-byes to the members of the boat crew made we were off under heavy pack headed for Hasiuk. There were many steep hills on the road which followed along the coast high above the shore where the waves were breaking against the rocks.

We stopped at each house on the way telling who were that the Church of Jesus Christ had been against established on the earth + leaving gave them each a tract. At one of the houses we received milk + bread + butter. All of the people were more friendly, perhaps because they had been in Scotland during their evacuation + had grown fond of English-speaking people because of the kind treatment given them by the Scots.

The first thing we did on arriving in Hasiuk at 3 PM was to get my shoe fixed (one of the soles had split) + take a shower which we got for nothing.

We talked to a few people + in a short time found a nice fellow next on upstairs room which he said we could use.

Aug. 21 - Sunday

The day was spent very peacefully getting off a six page hand-written letter to the folks after which I spent many hours reading from the scripturally written "Jesus, the Christ" by Talmage. The Størdal family with whom we were staying were kind enough to keep us wonderfully satisfied with nourishment, for the body. The younger members of the family seemed quite interested in hearing about the high-tempo construction project which Sims' father is now doing at Kearns, Utah.

Aug. 22 - Monday

In spite of the very rainy weather we got a considerable amount (7hours) of tracting done today. We started early investigating the meeting house situation. We thought we would try a long shot, that of asking to use the State Church Barrack-Chappel. We visited the house in which the priest was renting a room. The landlady spoke with him, but he wouldn't come down and talk to us. He just told her to tell us that no church other than the Lutheran is allowed to use that meeting house. Actually, that isn't so odd, especially when one considers the fact that the paid priest has a group of people to look after - that he is paid to keep them believing and active in the Lutheran Church.

With a little more investigation we arranged to use the only other meeting place in town, the Idrettsbrakke (Athletic barrack), a barny, untidy place which is used for everything from boxing to theatre,- Hasvik's Madison Square Garden.

After securing the use of that barrack we set out to let the ca. 500 inhabitants know that our meeting would take place there at 8 the same evening. We were well received. One hospitable old couple, Hasvik's former schoolmaster and his wife were especially nice. He related to us that during their evacuation he and his 35 year old son were visiting Copenhagen in Denmark and that they decided to drop in at the L.D.S. meeting house there. For some reason (he wasn't too eager to explain) they were given 25 Kroner by the "Pastor" there he said. Since that time the two of them have also visited Osterhausgt. 27 and as a result of the fine treatment they have had by the L.D.S. people have begun to read considerably about our Church. It was interesting to hear that the members of the family don't use ~~nicotine~~ hardly any stimulants. While speaking with the "pastor" in Denmark they told him this fact to which he replied that they were almost Mormons already.

We were surprised by the hospitality shown us by one of the radical Listadianers. After a pleasant conversation with one such a family we were invited to have some tastey "Smørbrød" and milk. We came home from our tracting day weary in the legs, but satisfied at having announced our meeting to everyone. The lady with whom we were staying had cooked us each up a huge bowl of oatmeal, and I don't think oatmeal ever hit the spot more than at just that time.

Elder Sims and I washed up, went through our songs once, and then left for our meeting. We were blessed by a ceasing of the rain.

When 7 PM, meeting time, rolled around we were disappointed in that there were only a few people standing outside the barrack. They didn't want to come in until they could be sure there would be more. By 8:15 there were on about 15 people and all of them stood outside. In the next 15 minutes the flock arrived. Apparently many of them had to get the cows and goats milked before leaving home. At any rate by 8:30 the barrack was packed full of over 80 people, and the meeting began.

We opened with "Redeemer of Israel" again, followed by prayer, introduction, and "Secret Prayer." After Elder Sims remarks we tried an English song on them... "In a Garden." Then, I spoke for 45 minutes. The general run of my talk was: that History gives us reasonably indisputable proof that a Man named Jesus, surnamed Christ was born in Bethlahem about 1949 years ago. (The affect He has had on the world.) His message - Love. His one Church. And then, the condition 1949 years afterward. The different interpretations of what and who he was and what his teachings were. The loss of the most important point of his teachings, love, through arguments concerning various points of doctrine. The need for more of the Spirit of Christ. The disagreement ...our solution, Revelation. Christ had a message 1949 years ago but he could not reach everyone, so he chose 12 Apostles, other helpers until there arose a Church, the Church of Jesus Christ.....the Apostacy.... analogy about the big boat and little boats....Church of Jesus Christ again established in this day by a Prophet. But, what happened to him....he was murdered.....same as has happened many times before, because people are incompetent to understand and imagine that such things can happen....Lord talked to Moses, but when Christ came they said they were the disciples of Moses and they Crucified Him. Paul said he had received a vision...his story and fate. In the latter days Joseph's Story.....and his fate. Fruits of the Church. Chosen to come by the 12 Apostles....job to call the world to repentance as Noah did before the flood...this time we are going out before the destruction by fire.

O.s.v.

An interesting thing happened at the close of our meeting. I stood at the door passing out tracts to all as they left. After they had all gone out there were many who came back to get more tracts. I began passing out the various types. Those who received would say "I only have numbers 3 and 7, ...please give me the other numbers." I have never seen people so eager to get their hands on literature.

When we got back to the house we had to hurry and get our bikes packed up. Fru Stördal had prepared a place for us at the table where we sat and ate bread, butter and freshly made goat-cheese and milk. Besides that she had made up a sandwich for each of us to take along on the boat which was just about ready to leave.

We boarded the boat at about 11PM and said good-bye to all who had been so kind. On "Sörby" we had met the most pleasant people we had contacted all summer. The boat, "Hauky" pulled away into the night and we stood on the Heck eating our cheese sandwiches.

At Hasfjord the boat stopped and on jumped our old friend, Torulf Hofseth. He had been home on a 3 week vacation and was now returning to Hammerfest. It was really swell to see him again. He is a very clean cut, out-door fellow.

We stood up in the steering bridge with him talking until about 1:30 at which time I decided to look for a place on the small ship where I could throw my sleeping bag. I did find an uncovered, dirty spot which I took as a last resort. There I got in the bag, pulled the canvas top over my head and in two or three minutes I was dead to the world. The "Haukoy" pulled into Hammerfest at 4 the next morning.

Aug. 23 - Tues.

I slept in my warm "sovepose" until about 8 AM. After doing a couple of necessary chores in town we dropped up to the Hartvigsens where my boy Trygve came running up and jumped on me. From there we went out to visit the Røstviks, and finding them not at home, we went over to the Amundsens. Herr Amundsen, after 4 months in Oslo for Liver and T.B. treatment was home "frisk som en fisk." It was "hyggelig" to see the old boy again. Much to our sorrow (because we have received so much from them) they asked us to have dinner with them. It was delicious fried fish with onions, with rice soup for dessert.

At 3 PM we met the Hammerfest Kvalsund bus and after colossal loading got underway, but we hadn't gone more than a couple of blocks when a spring broke and we had to shift all of the load over to another bus., delaying us about one hour. The whole bus trip was ~~qu~~ a comical experience worth writing a half-page about, but I haven't time tonight. We arrived home after a wonderful trip during which we had received wonderful care from the Lord. Old Kristian was really glad to see us, especially when I told him that he could have the pants to the suit I was wearing, a hole which I had sewn in Hasvik had broken through again, so I was through with them and he was happy.

Aug. 26 - Fri.

Received word this morning from Pres. Peterson that because Pres. Sonne could not come to Narvik we would have a joint conference with the Trondheim District on September 24th.

We had only one nearby place to cover here where we hadn't been before and that was a place called "Klubben"; across the fjord was where it was located. We borrowed ole Kristian's boat and took off at what looked like just a short distance. After rowing in 5 minute shifts (one would row while the other read aloud from the Bible) for an hour and a half we arrived at our destination. I guess there were only about 20 houses all in all. Out of these 20 Listerians we found only one who would really speak seriously and open-mindedly with us. He was quite interested. We made it back in a little less time, though we were given considerable trouble from the current. We had accomplished little, I suppose. The one contact was a fair one, and I informed him that he could receive more information whenever he wanted it by writing to Oslo. I think we picked up a few hints on how to row, besides picking up a few blisters and callouses.

Aug. 27 - Sat.

The early bus took us to Hammerfest arriving there at 9 AM after spending an interesting hour or so along the way reading "God Planted A Tree" .. chuckling at the author's humor. We noticed an odd looking ship down at the pier. On coming nearer we saw the good old "stars and stripes." It was the U.S.S. Tusk, a submarine. We started chatting with the crew and found that one of them lived in Denver another in Montana. It was sure good to hear that old western twang. The Denver fellow said that he had known another Mormon on another ship, a fellow from S.L.C. I didn't ask him why the ship was in Hammerfest thinking that such a question was un-proper. Leaving them we walked into town where we saw a huge poster that the "Vestfinmark Arbeiderblad" had put up telling of a disaster which happened just off the Norwegian coast a couple of days ago. A U.S. sub had an internal explosion which apparently blew a hole in the ship and it began sinking. The "Tusk" was along side of the sinking ship and remarkably enough saved all of the crew onboard inspite of a heavy sea. While giving artificial respiration onboard the "Tusk" seven of the "Tusk" s own men were washed overboard and they lost them all. The survivors of the sorrowful happening came to Hammerfest aboard the "Tusk" whose captain phoned Washington therefrom and then phoned London where a U.S. Navy doctor was notified to take a plane to Hammerfest. The plane made it to a nearby city, but because of fog it was unable to continue.

We returned to the "Tusk" and learned from them the details of the rescue. There was a cold wind coming in off the sea, but we stood and talked it seemed so good to hear the boys aboard shoot the breeze. When sailing time rolled around the town doctor walked off the ship with a carton of "Camels" under his arm, followed by the dock captain who came off with a can of ham. The sleek sub (really a sharp looking boat) sailed out of the harbor with the good old "stars and stripes" waving in the breeze. It was joined by the "King Haakon" a Norwegian PC which carried the crew of the sunken ship to Tromsø where they would meet a U.S. destroyer which would carry the crew-without-a-ship to America.

We went about our business in town. Our trip had been a little in vain ~~in vain~~ since the Røstviks were still out of town. We had hoped to arrange a room with them which we could use until leaving for Trondheim conference about the middle of September.

Nevertheless we had a chat with Fru Høyem who wanted us to stay overnight, then to the Hartvigsens, and on to the Amundsens.

We caught the 5 PM bus back to Kvalsund. The hour trip went remarkably fast as I spent all of the time talking to Herr Wilhelmssen. He related to me a story about Lapp superstition during the war in Karasjok. He had heard it from a teacher who lives in Karasjok. When the Germans began their burning of Finnmark they gave orders that everyone be evacuated to the south. The Lapps didn't want to turn their reindeer heads over to the Germans nor did they want to leave them wandering loose in the hills, so they escaped from the Nazis and took to the hills. Several months later they came back to their burned city of Karasjok. (During this time the school-teacher and her adopted daughter had stayed with the Lapps, eating and sleeping in their

tents, wearing their louse-filled clothing. On their return there was but one building left standing, and that was the State Church Chapel. The school teacher said that she just had to wash up and change her clothing, and that here was the only place she could do this, so fearing that there might be some kind of booby traps, but willing to take the consequences to get rid of these ~~gross~~ lice, she walked in the church and put on some water to boil. When she had finished bathing, she cooked up some coffee. Until then the Lapps had refused to enter the building, for they said that since the burning all of the evil spirits had been driven out of the houses and that they must be in the Church since that was now the only structure in Karasjok.....but, the smell of the coffee was too strong for them. They dared to enter the building and have a cup of coffee. The teacher thought that now they had really made some progress in that they had won over one of their old superstitions. But, night began to fall over Karasjok and as the dark shadows came the Lapps began streaming out of the old Church not daring to spend the night in the building with the evil spirits.

After that story Wilhelmsen told me about one of Ibsen's which the Hammerfest Studioscene was going to present. He is quite a character, this Wilhelmsen, ...gets a lot of enjoyment out of life working his hours as a post-office worker and ~~making~~ taking parts in all kinds of diversion in his free time.

Aug. 29 - Monday

Thinking that perhaps today was our last chance to tract in Kvalsund I attempted to plan our work such that we would be able to speak with everyone here who I thought had any interest at all in our message. A couple of remarks made during the day were noteworthy. As I stood at a door tract in hand speaking with a lady, another elderly woman came to the door, looked squintingly at the tract and asked, "Er det mot Tuberkulosis?" The other humorous remark made I have forgotten, desverre. In the evening we visited a staunch Listadianer, a lady whom we have spoken with several times. I had my scrapbook with me and explained earnestly everything which I had pasted in it touching on all of the main principles of the Gospels. At the close of my explanation she said that it sounded fine, but that it didn't coincide with the teachings written in the Bible. When I asked her to be more specific, she couldn't name one scripture which had a meaning contrary to the principles which I had explained, but still she wouldn't accept the message.

Since Ken Rasmussen was soon to leave on a 3 month fishing trip, we wanted to have one last discussion with him. We spent a couple of hours with him before going to bed during which we dwelled upon the Prophet's story. To the question, "Do you think Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God," Ken answered, "Yes." Two weeks earlier with the same testimony he had sworn that he would quit smoking, but it seems that his will-power was not strong enough for he didn't manage to do it. I gave him a copy of "NY-Apenbaring" which he said he would read, besides his copy of "Trosartiklerne." I promised to send him a copy of the Book of Mormon (when it finally is published) and also a Norwegian Bible. His intention as far as the future is concerned is to find work in Oslo during the winter. There I told him to look up the Church and make his friends among the members there. He said he would.

Aug. 31 - Wed.

Having done our packing yesterday we took off into town to try to make arrangements for a room to hold us during the interim between now and conference. After a pleasing cycle trip we arrived at Røstvik's in the afternoon finding them all home.

We had an interesting conversation with them discussing various Gospel principles among which was an article which I had received telling of Thor Heyerdahl's opinions about the earlier inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere. All of his theories confirm the truth of the Book of Mormon.

We began speaking of baptism and Fru Røstvik mentioned that it was her greatest desire to be baptized in the Church. It really thrilled me to hear her say that since I couldn't think of a woman in all of Northern Norway who was more worthy to be a member of the Church. Her husband was not yet ready to commit himself until he read more and learned more of the teachings and fruits of the Church. We talked a little about emigrating to America and learned that it was also her desire to do this for the sake of her children, but that he was not so sold on the idea, mainly because of his poor condition physically.

We had contemplated sleeping at the Høyem's, but we were disappointed in not finding them at home. The only thing to do then was to drop over to Hermo's since it was raining so hard and get a room with them.

Sept. 1 - 1949 - Thurs.

I tried to reach the T.B. (Tanner & Bagley) Elders by phone this morning, but had to cancel the call after waiting a couple of hours. Instead I sent them a telegram telling them to call me Friday forenoon. It was quite necessary that I hear from them to try to arrange a place for baptisms down there, since our ~~numbers~~ ^{investigators} cannot make it to Trondheim.

I also attempted to reach Hilberg Hansen in Kirkenes wanting to speak with him about a room before writing to the President. With not much accomplished other than alot of waiting around we finally left Hammerfest and cycled in to Kvalsund tracting all along the way. It was an odd afternoon. No sun, the clouds were thick above us and many of them were hanging low, so low that we nearly cycled through some of them. We were fortunate in that there was little rain during our trip. We got to Kvalsund just as it was getting dark, about 7 o'clock.

Sept. 2. - Friday

Contacted Hilberg Hansen by phone and received the good news that a room would be ready for our missionaries if they should arrive about the 1st of October.

Sept. 3 - Sat.

Having accomplished little in the way of tracting during the week we intended to head out in the Repparfjord area today. Returning from the store I just started to read a letter I had received from home and in walked three strangers with out-stretched right hands. They didn't say a word, and I didn't know whether to say "Hello" or "Goddag." Finally Elder Sims' burst out "Elder Anderson!" and I thought sure they were a group of new missionaries whom the President had sent us. With the exchange of a few words I learned that they were three Finish Missionaries. ...and President Henry A. Matis was right on their heels. What embarrassment. The room looked like a tornado had hit it and in walks the President of the Finish Mission. Well, after making excuses that we were packing up for our departure we settled down to learn that they had spent the night in Hammerfest and that they had asked there about our whereabouts learning that we lived in Kvalsund. They were taking a little vacation trip in the mission's '47-Ford. In the party were the Pres, his 3 D.P.S his son, and his Finish cousin who couldn't speak English. We whipped up a fast lunch for them of Norwegian smørbrød using all of the bread and all of the "pållegg" we had; but ~~it~~ it was well worth it for they seemed to enjoy the meal. The President seemed very interested in my scrap-book; and showed it to his cousin explaining everything in the odd-sounding Finish language. It was quite impressing to hear Elder Alvin Anderson bless the food in Finish. I should mention here, so I'll remember it, that Elder Anderson wanted me to write him next Spring and maybe arrange to go home with him. We all gathered around their Ford when departure time came and spent about 20 minutes taking pictures while the neighbors undoubtedly were peaking through their windows saying, "Kæisi Amerikanere."

Sept. 5, - Mon

Moving day had finally rolled around; and, as the saying goes, "one never knows how much he owns, until he tries to move it." By the time the horse + cart pulled up into Kristian's back yard we had packed up 20 articles full of books, clothing, tracts, fixtures, + food. It looked like we had walked away from a give-a-way show with all the prizes - real prizes. As usual, the boat was late. We waited for its arrival sitting in the one + only Kvalund Cafe. After only a 6 hour wait the Røpø pulled up beside the pier + we began piling the goods onboard. When the job was only half complete, the boat started slipping away from the dock. I yelled for the Captain to "hold on!" - and, seeing the goods we had, he yelled back, "What do you think this is, a cargo ship!" The ship snuggled up again to the pier + we threw the rest aboard. - guitar, typewriters, bedding - O. S. V. Once aboard we sat in the lounge, but learned along with a few others that it was only for 1st Class passengers, - the skipper kicked us all out. Down below we heard music - guitar music. It was an old Salvation Army soldier strumming out their lively, "revival-meeting-type" songs + singing himself in a harsh voice. Six or seven passengers were standing around. His songs were amusing. The gist of them all was that Christ's death on the Cross had made us free from sin if we would only say, "I believe;" And after that "salvation" everything would be rosy for "ved Kommande." To me, the songs in their liveliness seemed sacrilegious, but not to them I'm sure. Besides their liveliness, such phrases as "there will be no rationing when we come in" made me grim.

After these songs the preaching boatswain began a short sermon on how he knew that all his sins were paid for because he "believes" Up in heaven they had crossed them out with a red pencil.

The machinist-mate, a fellow whom we knew (he ~~was~~ is married to the Scotch gal in Hammerfest) took us down in the engine room & showed us his working place. His main job was to throw enough coal under that steam engine to keep the kerry going full speed - also he had to keep the pistons, shafts & all other working parts well oiled.

When the boat pulled into Hammerfest we had to arrange our many packages onboard for there was no warehouse open at that time (1 A.M.). The singing boatswain said his keep an eye on them. We piled both sleeping bags on the back of Sims' bike after slipping our brief cases in the saddle-bags, & then with our two large suitcases hanging on each handle of the handlebars we headed for the Rostvik residence hoping that having received our phone call about the tardiness of the boat they would not be waiting up. We found the doors open, the lights on & the ~~up~~ living room floor empty, so we opened our bags & hit the pad - true, but thankful that we had a place to come to.

Sept. 5, 1949 - Tues

Herr Rostvik showed us a swell room with two nice beds which were to be ours for two weeks - they are certainly swell people.

After breakfast we headed out to do our chores in town. We got our baggage into the "by-bud station"; then, we were free to tract.

We started at the outermost end of Sogfenes contemplating a sweep of the town. One amusing remark which was uttered seriously by a lady - "Joseph Smith couldn't

have been a prophet, because he doesn't look like one.

From the Scotch gal we learned that he two girls were writing to a young girl named Sherry who lived for 8 years in A.L.C., but is now living in Boise.

We spent the evening visiting Herr Anton Johansen, "the world's northernmost light house keeper." Always interesting to chat with Johansen came out with a new theory of his which will be interesting to watch to see if his prediction comes to pass. It is that the existing Russian government + governmental form will have its downfall in 1966 after which time the "Dra Carlain" will fall, + open trade + travel will again be established. He seemed quite stirred up about the visit Hammerfest had of the U.S. submarine + wondered if it didn't mean that war was just around the corner.

After our discussion of the B. of M. he said that it must be a true account but that if he were to take up the study he would have to investigate for years + that was too much work. "Even if the reward were exaltation in the Kingdom of God," I added. He seemed to agree with everything but apparently felt he was quite old + that his good life would keep him out of all danger in the coming life.

We returned "home" + chatted with the Rostails — ate reindeer meat which Herr Rostail had bought from a boy who had passed by his house. All 4 of us were all talked out + tired out, so "vi la oss."

Sept. 7 Wed.

We began the day with a bowl of grøtt holding to the regular missionary custom. With breakfast over we began our class upstairs + then thought that perhaps the Rostails would like to join us something which they wanted very much to do. With them we began ^{a study of} "the Anderson Plan" — it seemed interesting to them.

Our evening visit (after a day's tracking) with the Hygums was very worthwhile and enjoyable. She was busily engaged in the cooking of boughnuts when we arrived + he was admiring the fine desk which he had just completed in his spare time, (with an innovation of his own: a slit in the back to slide his drawing board in. Quite a clever idea since the back part of a desk of that type doesn't need to be used ~~by~~ in front of this slit he had another clever arrangement: a vertical sliding drawer for pencils + drawing instruments.

It appeared such:  cross section —

drawing board kept at desired level by sliding drawing up or down.

Edmund also related to us that he intended to build his own house in Koroik + that though he had never attempted architectural work, he hoped to plan its structure ~~also~~ and design also. ~~It~~

After an evening snack of tomatoes and smoked trout sandwiches (the process of smoking trout he says is very simple. All one needs is a metal container which is tight enough to allow no escape of smoke which ~~is~~ is produced by burning saw dust in the bottom of the container. The container full of smoke is sealed + the fish are ready to be taken out after 3 or 4 days.) we opened my scrapbooks and began discussing the Biblical prophecies of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. They found them very interesting and convincing. We left with an invitation to be sure to come one more evening before we head south.

Sept. 8 - Thurs.

Shaving, learning of a scripture, "gift", + our morning class over we hurried to the telephone

central where I had arranged a conversation ~~with~~ with Elder Tanner in Tromsø. He reported that it would be impossible to ~~just~~ obtain a baptismal font as far as he could find out; so that was my big disappointment, for the "little conference" in Tromsø was ~~not~~ something which I had my heart set on.

After tracting we dropped in to see "Lief," the boss at the "Spise-messe" for the "Hjeler-hjem." Finding that he had moved we spoke with another fellow who told us that he had known a Mormon down in

Tofoten, a fellow named Elgutt. I had heard his name mentioned several times before, but had never spoken with him since he emigrated to Minneapolis a couple of years ago. The fellow with whom we spoke said after our explanation of the Book of Mormon that he had a desire to read it if there were no "forplikelser" i.e. if there were no strings attached. I think some of these people think that they have to join the Church if we loan them a B. of M.

We returned from his place to the Røstails. They made a couple of ceiling repairs + chatted with the two swell people.

Sept. 9. Fri.

The day was spent tracting, the evening was spent with the Røstails helping with a few chores which were too strenuous for "Jens" to perform.

Sept. 10 - Sat.

We got our clothes washing job under way early this morning. We had a lot of dirty "tøj" — 20 pairs of socks, many shirts + pairs of underwear. Everything was finished + hanging up by a little after 1 P.M.

The afternoon was spent pressing clothes, ironing shirts, & cleaning mecties.

We had invited the Høyems and the Amundsens to visit this evening, but the weather was so "fryktelig" that we didn't expect them to make the trip up into "the valley." But, the good old Høyems came in with their gifts + "church-member-hondshakes." Frie Høyems had prepared some delicious fish pudding beside the regular "smør-brød." Also she had put up some good "molte-beer." The evening was really full of laughs, all of them being created by old Jens' humorous stories. It was really a pleasure to hear him.

Sunday Sept. 11

While I was writing a letter to the folks Bjerg + Harin came into the room so we held Sunday School for them. We sang our good old primary songs after which I told them a story about The \$10,000 Smile.

Then we all went down for dinner - & it was really good. Reindeer meat pot roast was the main course. Røstvik had stopped a hagg who passed by the house the other day, took him in the house, & got a hunk of "rein kjøtt" ^{out} of him.

We completed our dinner & Bjerg thanked the Lord for the food having before dinner asked the Lord to bless the food. Then we helped Frie Røstvik with the dishes harmonizing on some good old Norse songs. The Røstviks then took their "midnatts-lur" & we went up to study. At 6 we had milk & cakes & then "kvelds" again at 7. - the Norwegian custom of eating 4 times a day something which seems to all in good order.

During the evening Herr Røstvik told more of his experiences. This time he gave an account of the days in Hammerfest immediately preceding and during the destruction. At that time he and 5 other Norwegians were the only Hammerfestians left in their city. They were held here by the German Army because of their knowledge about sewers, water lines, etc. The Nazis wanted to be sure that their job of destroying the town was complete. Røstvik related to us a story about how he and his friends were nearly caught one evening with their radio out on the table. A Nazi soldier came to the downstairs door, one of the fellows went down to let him in while the others hid the radio in a box and threw it in a closet. When things got really going tough, they boarded it up in a tight old wooden box and threw it aboard one of the "lokal" boats. He claims that the radio is being used by one of them today, having traveled way down to Oslo and back.

Sept. 12 - Mon.

Received word early this morning from President Peterson that Elder Sims and I would return to ~~Min~~ the north after Trondheim Conference. First, we would drop in at Narvik and hold a branch conference, then head for Kirkenes. The assignment was quite a surprise. Our tracting brought us in contact with the usual characters. One of the significant expressions of the day: "We have grown up to fear two kinds of people; the Russians and the Mormons. But, who knows, maybe they're not as dangerous as we have heard." Another person we spoke with related to us the story of how a "Pinsemenigheten forstander" stood up in a meeting down in Lofoten and read Herr Laurang's translation of the article which appeared in the Readers Digest about our Welfare Program. He added at the close of the article that there was an example of the spirit of brotherhood.

Our evening visit was with the Olsen family. We spent most of the evening explaining to them more about the Book of Mormon and also other principles of the Gospel which I wanted them to remember. I put the question to the man of the house, if he didn't think that the Prophet Joseph was actually sent of God. He was ~~N~~ot sure, but his bashful wife who hardly ever says a word sat beside him nodding her head affirmatively. I feel that she would certainly join the Church if he would only take an ~~a~~ greater interest.

Sept. 13 - Tues.

I was able to get the Anderson Plan translated into Norwegian for the Røstviks. I wanted to leave it with them, so they would have a good study guide and some clear scriptural references. In the evening the Joynsen boy from next door dropped in to learn about the Church and to see a real live Mormon. He had been away in the Navy for about a year

and had never seen us before. I explained the whole story to him. He was the type of fellow who seemed mostly interested in finding fault with the message, but after the whole explanation was over he consented to reading a pamphlet to gain a better understanding of everything and then he said he would return and we would discuss more. I said that he was welcome if he had a desire to learn.

As we sat eating "kvæds" (she had some good pickled sild with onions), we chatted with one of the fellows living with the Røstviks. He was complaining about the terrific amount of money which is taken from his monthly paycheck in the form of State Tax. He apparently had good grounds for his argument since he loses at least 30% each month, leaving him only 300 Kroner (\$60) for all his expenses. Besides, he works ^{from noon till} nearly every evening until around 8 PM in his Bank job which he has held for a year.

Sept. 14 - Wed.

One noteworthy experience which I must include in the "dagbok" to day was a conversation with Fru Hval, and that is always an experience. She is a tried and true follower of the "Party line" as is manifested by her every utterance. First, she begins with what she has read in the latest "Friheten" about the thousands of Greeks who are being murdered by the Americans. Then, she tells what she has just heard from London, after which she ~~manipulates~~ says, "You are informed of all of these things aren't you?" to which I reply, "No." Then, she proceeds to say that it is a Christians duty to follow closely everything that is written in the newspapers. She asks, "Are you for the Marshall Plan, or the Atlantic Pact?" I answer to the affirmative and she says, "If so, you are no Christian. They are only inventions of the war-mongers to begin another war, so they can keep their production in full swing. If they don't have war materials to produce, they can't keep everyone working." I explained the responsibility of the Church in today's world, that of preaching repentance to all the world that thereby and only thereby might peace and happiness be won. After our message for the day had been related, I reached for the door but the chubby, little old lady with a twinkle in her eye held it closed. Now, that she had us in her house she wasn't going to let us go. ~~When~~ ^{As} we finally escaped, she said that if we were ever again in Hammerfest we must come up to see her.

Sept. 15 - Thurs.

Winter is certainly on the way. This morning I looked out of the window at the mountain just behind Hammerfest. For the first time all summer it had donned a white cap. During the night snow had fallen a little on it, and to a much greater extent on the mountains out on Sørøy. Before tracting we took a short trip over to the brand-new local boat, the "Sørøy." It was now ready for its first trip on the

Honningsvåg-Rølfstøy- Hammerfest route. The inhabitants of Hammerfest were allowed aboard her this forenoon, so Elder Sims and I took advantage of the opportunity. The most interesting part on the whole ship for us was the engine room. Everything was run by oil. The steam for steam-heat was produced by two oil burners, the electricity was produced by a compact 6x2x3ft. deisel motor, (they had also a reserve motor of the same type), and the ship was driven by huge five cylinder deisel-job. We were very pleased with the looks of the ship and impressed by the engine room. Back to the weather again. As we returned home we noticed one fellow tacking heavy paper on the outside of his barrack. He said that the whole family was cold last winter and that he didn't want that to happen again, so he was making some preparations. It wasn't odd that he was getting ready for winter now....anyone could feel that winter was just around the corner.

Sept. 16 - Friday

Washing and ironing took up most of our day, but in the evening we got away to visit the Amundsen. Herr Røstvik was there also.

We spent much of the evening talking with Frau Amundsen trying to explain to her the principle of authority. She had felt that the talking in tongues which the "Pineknights" in her old home town used to perform was from God. I tried to explain how confusing it would be for God to establish the ^{Church of Jesus Christ} ~~the latter day saints~~ + then tell another church on earth they were the ones who were on the right track.

We walked home with Herr Røstvik on that beautiful autumn evening - the weather was exceptional. We even had a little of the northern lights with us. Toralf, our friend, joined us on the way.

The hill up to Sjugenes dalen was a tough task for Røstvik who is just getting over a serious case of T.B.

Saturday Sept. 17

After a bath + a nice talk with Heli Högda
I dropped over to Jarl Hansen's where I took a
picture of his young "gutt" + talked to Tru Hansen while
she fed me onion rolls + milk. Jarl has really
been a swell friend, even though he hasn't had any
interest in our message. When I left, he thanked me
heartily + asked that I send him a colored picture of
myself when I reach the States.

I then dropped over + took pictures of the
Amundsons. Elder Sivo + I also blessed Trond Aksel
Amundson + Per Roald Amundson.

We ironed + pressed coats - cleaned hats +
suits like mad until seven P.M. at which time we
headed for the Hygma. They had everything clean +
cozy + we settled down + then looked at my new
colored pictures with interest. The Rostviks joined us
a little later + then began the stories. Rostvik
told of a little old lady whom he talked with after
the war. She explained how the "frekk Germans" had
bombed her. She said that even after she went into
the house she had flown by her window - "frekk
Sysser!" She ended her story by saying, "Sann
krieg har jeg aldri sett for." Rostvik tells the
story of his mother who was a little deaf - how
during the war she got mad at the Germans who
kept coming in her house with their big rifles.
Her remarks to them one day were really amusing.
She said, "Ut med dakter, dotter skal ikke krig
i mitt hus. Om du må svige du skal ut i krig!"

Joe Hygon had prepared a delicious feast for us. Topped off by a big blaff cake. Finally, it got late, so we thanked them for everything & headed home.

Sept. 18 - Sunday

We were up early - about 4:30. By 9 A.M. we were ready to go but the boat wasn't scheduled to leave before 11 A.M. We had arranged a family meeting at 9 to bless the 4 girls. We all gathered in the living room, the 4 girls lined up on the couch from the eldest to the youngest. We opened with "Ver velkommen, søndags morgens" ~~and~~ - Byrd + us to leading the way, the rest following along. Elder Sim opened with prayer. I read the Lord's commandment in "Paktens Boka" about the members of the Church blessing their children & explained that we liked our investigators to have their children blessed also. Then we began with the two year old, Anne Grete who just couldn't get used to having our hands on her head - she was quite a problem, but I gave her a blessing just the same. Elder Sim then blessed Ellen Marie. When I then blessed Ellen Karen I asked especially that if it was the Lord's will he would help her bones grow straight & heal the ^{partial} lameness she has as a result of a Polio case when younger. Then I blessed Byrd Joid & asked the Lord, as with the others, that she would grow up to understand the truth, to use her days of probation to advantage, that she might understand the importance of cleanliness & obey the Lord's commandments. After my closing prayer, Tom Rostvik thanked me ^{and his} heartily with tears in her eyes as did Herr Rostvik.

The boat was seen from the east at about 10, but it ~~was~~ was late. We all sat down to a ^{toasty} breakfast & then I rushed upstairs & typed out my translation of the "Anderson Plan" which I wanted to give to the Hygens. The boat hadn't come by midday yet, so we stayed for dinner. It consisted of a con of ~~roast~~ turkey which I had given the Rootals. The girls were lined up at the table from the youngest to the eldest in step fashion.

When the last mouthful was on its way down Rootalk who was ~~out~~ in the hall said "Her Kommer han." So, we put on our coats & thanked them heartily for all they have done. Bygga said she was going to lock the door, ^{very Rootalk said we had to come back to them & show way back,} but she let us out. We hooked our heavy suitcases on Sus' bike & slushed through the rain down the hill. Once on Fug. meien, Sus began cycling with the baggage to be sure we wouldn't miss the boat. I saw a little kid go by on a bike, hailed him & pumped him ^{up} to the pier through the downpour. The Hygens were there with two sacks of cookies. They are sure swell friends. I gave them a copy of the "Anderson Plan" to study & Sus gave them 4 sugar taters for which they were very thankful. They left with the invitation for us to come up when we returned. After loading a mess of fish the "loftbu" shoved off. Sus & I headed for the 1st class lounge where I had my bag on the piano. Then to letter writing.

Sept. 18 - Sunday

I arranged to hold a little meeting with the Röstvik family before we shoved off. We were all packed by 9 AM so we gathered in their living room at that time. We opened the little meeting with a song and a prayer. I then told them why we in the Church of Jesus Christ bless the little children instead of baptize them that it is a commandment given to us in latter-day revelation. We then took the youngest of the four girls who were sitting uprightly on the couch in the order of their age and size. It was Anne Grete Röstvik (~~XXXXXXXX~~ 17-5-47). It was a job and a half to keep her quiet and still enough, but I managed to get ordinance performed though I was chasing her head half of the time. Next, Elder Sims gave a blessing to Else Marie Röstvik (23-7-44). Ellen Karin Röstvik (22-6-40) came immediately after her, and I asked that the Lord, if it be his will, give her a strong perfect body, since she now is hindered by a limp which was caused by polio. Then, we both laid our hands upon the eldest Björd Jorid Röstvik (25-10-36) and I asked that he be generous in his blessings to her; that she might understand the importance of cleanliness and the importance of making the best of her years on the earth.

We waited and waited after our meeting and the boat did not come. I might add that I was impressed with the sincerity and humbleness of Fru Röstvik in that when she thanked us at the close of the meeting there were tears in her eyes. We had time in our waiting to eat dinner. The four girls sitting opposite us at the table made quite a sight as they ate.

Finally we heard the whistle of the "Lofoten" and grabbed our goods and were off. We thanked the Röstviks for the wonderful hospitality they had shown us. And we were welcomed back as soon as we wanted to come. We put our baggage on Sims' bike and wheeled it down the hill in the rain. When we reached the bottom he headed off, but I found a kid who cycled by me. I called to him and asked if I could sit on his bike. He said I could ride him over so I got on, he sat on the back and we were at the pier in no time. When we arrived, Helena and Oddmund were there waiting in the rain. They had brought us two sacks of her delicious cakes and cookies. When we gave her a few sugar stamps I thought she would hug us. Finally they

left and we went below. It was a couple of hours before the boat finally left.

Sept. 19, Monday

The boat pulled into Harstad in the morning and standing on the dock reading a book was Elder Gwilliam. It was good to see him again. After we got our baggage on the dock up walked Elder Holladay pushing his bike. We pushed our ~~in~~ baggage on their bikes all the way (about 20 minutes walk) to their home which is located just outside of the city in a pretty farming district. The first thing which caught my eye on coming into their room was a chart hanging on the wall on which was written their plan of the day. In the plan it looked like there was an awful lot of time for "going off" and for sleep. Under the chart was written, "not by commandment or constraint, but by word of wisdom." To heat their room and to cook their food on they had arranged to get a warmer from a barn which is made to be used for cooking pig-food. It was a long (3 ft.) slab with a wire heating coil.

With them we held a class, and then Elder Gwilliam and I left to visit investigators while the other two went tract ing. Our first visit was with a gal who was mostly interested in "Vaktarne" and Holladay's brown eyes. We talked quite extensively with her, but found that she didn't seem seriously interested. Our next visit out in the Finmark's leir which took us past the old and famous Trondernes Kirke. This was with a very nice lady who seemed to have an earnest desire to find the truth.

We cycled then back to their home through the rain and had a good dinner prepared by their amicable landlady. The evening was spent visiting with a wonderful family. They had been visited many times by the Harstad Elders, had read the Book of Mormon and were coming along fine except for the fact that the husband was having trouble stopping his smoking. We showed them my charts and scrapbook which they seemed to be very interested in.

After a good snack of smør brød and plenty of milk, we left and headed home again, meeting Elder John Harris on the way. Sleeping arrangements were a little cramped. Sims and I slept in a bed which couldn't have been over two feet wide as did Harris and Holladay.

Sept. 20 - Tuesday

We rose at 6 AM wanting to be sure not to miss the boat which was due to arrive early. Without eating breakfast we all piled into a cab and took off for the ~~station~~ boat dock. Arriving there having phoned first we learned that we had received the wrong word on the phone, that the boat would be about 12 hours late. So, we headed back to the huse again having picked up Elder Norman on the way. He had been out on Bjarkøy visiting relatives.

The rainy day was spent talking and reading. In the afternoon we put on a little songfest for the landlady. She really went for Elder Harris' "Ave Marie." While phoning at the neighbor's huse to find out when the boat would g I learned fr m the lady of the house the conditions which her daughter had met in the Russian Zone of Berlin. She had written a note to her folks that it was terrible, that there wasn't half of the freedom or food which was found in the west zone.

We all piled into a czb and were off for the boat dock for the second time. When the "Rangvald Jarl" pulled in on the middle deck we saw Elders Tanner and Bagley. They seemed to be in good spirts, in fact too good. They yelled to us on the dock. Asked us what names we were traveling under, and uther ~~name~~ semi-embarrassing questions. When we got on board the first thing to do as usual was to secure our cabin. We noticed that there was some odd looking fellow who kept his eyes on us all evening as we wlked around the deck and waited in line for our cabin reservations. What he wanted we never found out.

Sept. 22. Thursday

Finally we again passed below the Arctic Circle and noticed immediately the change in landscape, at any rate we thought we could see a difference.

In the late afternoon the Elders broke into my cabin where i was washing and getting into my grey suit. They announced our arrival in Trondheim.

The sun was shining brightly, there was no need for wearing a coat. We were disappointed in that there were no Elders waiting to meet us. But, soon we spotted a few fellows walking down the pier at a distance and immediately could tell they were missionaries though they were so far away we could not recognize them.

The missionaries turned out to be Elders John Wallace, Bruce Andresen, Busaith, Evensen, Almond, (wearing my best tie which I lost to him in a Tie-trade), District President Reading.

We piled in a cab and they drove us to the Oyens residence. Here we were well received by Fru Oyen and her daughter Julie who has in the passed year recovered from T.B. We chatted with them for awhile and then proceeded to show slide films, the pictures the missionaries had taken in their various fields of labor. It was a pleasure to see some of the beautiful sights of various places in Norway. When we had finished with these pictures several of us got together and went to the beautiful "Sentrum" theatre where we saw the movie "Carnegie Hall," a movie which I didn't know that I had seen before, but whose music I liked hearing a second time.

Sept. 23 - Friday

The most interesting event of the day was first our GUF meeting which was held at about 6 in the evening. A couple of the missionaries talked, we heard a speech from one of the Trondheim members, and the missionaries' double quartet sang a song.

After meeting we got together and held a prayer before going out to the big Trondheim Torv. When we arrived ~~there~~ a truckload of singing Salvation Army soldiers were just driving off having held a street meeting there. The crowd was quite dense, so we didn't wait more than a couple of minutes before the eight of us "standing in the shadow of Olav Tryvasson's statue (it was he who introduced "Christianity" into Norway by using the sword) began sing "Redeemer of Israel." There must have been at least 300 people there. The center of the crowd-semi-circle was strengthened and held together by the handful of our members from GUF. I introduced us and the meeting began. About four of the Elders spoke with a song in between each speech....then, I took about 20 minutes to tell about the Restoration of the Gospel. A couple of more speeches (one by Elzer Holladay and I thought he would never "sit down") and then we closed the meeting. It seemed to be very successful in that many had an opportunity to hear our message who would never otherwise hear it. The members congratulated us heartily on it.

Sept. 24 - Sat.

At 10 AM the missionary meeting was scheduled to be held in the Masinisten lokale. Here we met Pres. and Söster Sonne and Pres. and Söster Peterson, besides Elder Flint Dickson to whom I slipped the grip. It was good to see the old boy again and to hear about the missions of Europe, about the boys in Denmark and Czech.

This meeting was one of the best I have ever attended. I believe some of the statements made here should be recorded and remembered. One of the Elders was disappointed in the progress which had been made. He said that he was afraid that the blood of Israel here had turned to water. Some other Elder told about a street meeting which they had held during the summer. He related that the rain had been coming down all day before the meeting was to be held. They wonder what to do, and remembered that once faith had held the rain from the earth for 3 ½ years. He said that we four with our faith should be able to hold it back for 1½ hours. So, they had faith and the rain stopped. They held their meeting and the rain stopped. After the meeting the rain started again as the Salvation Army moved in to hold their meeting.

Another Elder told that ~~immigration~~ the only thing he didn't like about northern Norway was the way the engineers had built the roads....he said all of them have been built against the wind.

Another new Elder told about how when he first arrived in Norway his senior companion would write his talks for him. Finally, he came so far that he could write his own and his senior would check for the errors. The only trouble he said laughingly was that about every other sentence his senior would have to say, "Now, let's see, what do you mean here."

President Sonne told about a Catholic priest in one of the towns where Elders are laboring. He would follow the Elders in their tracting district, collecting the tracts from the people at every house.

Another told about how in 1840 his ancestors had joined the Church in South-hampton, emigrated to Navou; built a home; had it burned by a mob; packed all their worldly possessions into a handcart and pushed it to the Rocky Mountains. Today hundreds of Latter Day Saints have descended from them

and are out in the world preaching the same Gospel that made them suffer persecution, but receive the greatest joy they had ever known and who today are undoubtedly leaders in the spirit world. These descendants are bringing many people to that same knowledge of the truth which they have received as a result of the sacrifices of their noble forefathers.

President Sonne told of the leaders who have been educated by the Church and called the Church the greatest educational body in the world.

Flint asked me to go with the President and his party to dinner at the ritzy (for Norway) Phoenix Hotel. We had a very enjoyable dinner with the "brass" eating delicious fried trout. We returned after dinner to finish our meeting.

After meeting the "brass" and Elder Reading and myself took a car trip around Trondheim. We saw the house where we were told Apostle Widsøe was to have grown up in.

We visited the famed "Dom Kirke." We "bilte" it up to a fine view-point and then drove over to the old Nazi sub-bunkers and from there we returned to the Phoenix.

After a fancy pork-chop dinner we retired to the President's room where we were going to talk about Mission affairs, but it seems that we had too many interruptions. First, Pres. Sonne came in and we started talking with him. Soon after Bror. Kristiansen of Trondheim who had just returned from a short trip to America came in and we talked with him.

He told first about his arrival in USA and that he told his wife to buy him a newspaper in New York. He saw her return with a whole bundle under her arm and thought she must be bringing old papers to wrap fish in. He finally learned that it was just one issue of the New York Times. He carried it for awhile, but he said it got so heavy that he had to throw it away. He was very impressed with Zion as far as the Church was concerned, but not as far as his business was. He couldn't see much future for a seller of ship's materials.

Having accomplished very little we decided that it was time to shove off. We should get some good rest for our meetings tomorrow,

Sept. 25 - Sunday

First on the program was a Sunday School meeting at 10:00. Here the children took part and were very "flink"....they were under the direction of Sister Knudsen, a lady missionary from Zion. Our octet sang "Kom, Kom Guds folk" with Elder Andresen on the solo. It sounded pretty good, I thought. At Sunday School Pres. Sonne spoke about his visit to Bro. Widtsoe's home yesterday and about what a great man he is. Elder Dickson told about the growth of the work in Germany.

After Sunday School we ate dinner followed by a Sunday afternoon Jazz Session on the piano in the meeting house. At 3:30 President Peterson and Mom joined all of the missionaries in the lokale for a final talk. Their remarks were really wonderful. I only wish I could have copied them down word for word. The President talked much of the time about his favorite subject, Marriage. There was certainly a peaceful, spirit of love present at that meeting.

The general or main conference meeting rolled around at 7 that evening and I was chosen to take charge of it.

I introduced the speakers and the songs etc. President Sonne's talk about the Book of Mormons was one of the most inspiring I have ever heard on that subject.

After the meeting we headed home to the wonderful Sister Oyen and there had a little party with the flink Sister Strand,

Abster Jellie Oyen and Elder's Andresen and Busath. During the course of the conversation Giddley's hair net was discussed along with several other oddities in missionary personalities. When the time came we retired each to our own bed. We were wonderfully cared for.

Sept. 26 - Monday

After shopping we met all of the "reisende" missionaries at the Centrum for midday. We learned from some of them that we were scheduled to make a record in the morning at 9:30 A.M., something which sounded good.

After dinner we returned home + prepared for the fest.. which the lady missionaries had planned for that evening. At about 6 P.M. 20 missionaries were gathered around one large table in the "missionary headquarters"

Ine Oye's house. When the delicious chili was served
the Florio began — one I remember about Elder Cornell.
It seems that he could speak a little of the language
when he arrived in Norway. After a couple of days here
he thought his attempt to use this language he had
learned at home. Entering a Cafe he began asking
for food by saying "Jeg er sulten" — at the same
time rubbing his stomach to help her understand.
But she asked him to repeat, so he went through
the same procedure again. Finally, the woman gave
up and broke out in perfect English, "What's the
matter, don't you feel well!"

Elder Spencer told about a lady in Alsand. She
had received some welfare food, but wasn't too par-
ticular about finding out what she ~~was offered~~
would read on the can. In need for a fine
consommation to a good meal, she caught sight of the
word "Desert" on one of the cans & interpreted to
mean "Desert." Actually the contents of the can was
wax beans. She dined the things cold, but her
poor husband just couldn't make it.

After dinner we retired to the living room where
we all sat around singing Norwegian and English
songs until we had run out. Then we began playing
games, & first on the ticket was a one-man go-out
of the room — game where he would return to "guess"
what the crowd had chosen as the object he was
to guess. The key to the puzzle was that ~~the~~ his helper
in the room would ask him if the object was some
object which was hair cover or had hair on it just
before he would ask the "right" object. After trying
unsuccessfully to solve the problem we began on another
game, that of passing scissors "crossed or uncrossed."
Following that we passed messages around in a circle
by squeezing hands.

Just before mid-night we broke up, the crowd
went home & we hit the sack.

Sept 27 - Tues.

We packed up the shirts which Sister Dyer had washed, starched and ironed for us + then took off for town intending to get our home-recordings made. The pros- tried with the piano + guitar, but were finally dis- appointed to find out that because of mechanical difficulties we wouldn't be able to make the recordings.

I changed 5 bucks with Sister Dyer (at the old 5 to 1 rate). She had been so nice to us I had to do something. Besides that I gave her a souvenir "bell" from Hamarfest. All of the Ironham missionaries were down at the pier to see us off. The boat should away right on time (merkelig mat!) + we left the fair city by the Nidelven. It wasn't easy! It seemed as though we were pulling away from civilization.

Our trip north was at times rough making it tough for some of the Elders especially Sims + Harris. To keep their minds off of the rolling boat we now + then played "20 questions," a game which since then has proved to be a very popular traveling pastime.

Sept. 28 - Wed.

The boat (Lopoten) stopped long enough in Bodø to allow us to get a "midday" in town. To soothe the pain of the loss of "the girl at home" for Elders Sims + Harris we had to compose a little song about the fate of the boys in the "Brotan Harts Club." The chorus went something like this: "Dear John, Dear John, ~~because~~ ^{because} you've tried to be true, a couple of years is a long, long time - I cannot wait for you." Which is answered by the missionaries: "Dear Jane, Dear Jane, ^{having sung that all the time he was only making,} you've tried to be true, - a couple of years is a long, long time - I cannot wait for you."

Sept 29 - Thurs.

At 9 A.M. the "Lafaten" pulled up to the Harstad pier. We said good bye to the Troms Elders who were going to continue on, said farewell (or rather so long) to the Harstad Elders who were anxious to get home + cook some grøtt + dropped into the Kaffistova for a bit of breakfast.

At 11 A.M. we hopped aboard a cold bus + were off to Narvik. There was snow on the ground along the way — + winter in the air.

On our arrival in Narvik we beheld the snow-covered mountains — the thought of winter chilled our backbones. We located a room for Jens + I in the Pensjonat opposite Hotell Royal + then joined Elders Olek Pedersen + John Harris for a bath at the town bath house. It was wonderful to meet Elder Pedersen especially in that he brought lots of news from Moss where he had labored for the past few months. That evening we relaxed in the movie house (I behind a pillar) + then retired.

Sept 30 - Friday

We were invited to "grøtt" with Harris + Pedersen, after which we held a good class to them giving them some good hints on the Book of Mormon presentation. The snow was really coming down. I washed socks + performed other necessary chores until it was time for "midday."

Friday evening is G. U. F. evening in Narvik. This meeting was held at Helen Jorgensen's house. There were 3 girls present — one of them a member of the Church. I accompanied the songs on my guitar. The lesson was taken from the Lys av Norge it being a story of the persecutions endured

by the early members of the Church. After "mutual" we talked 2 of the girls into singing a duet on our fest. program. This they practiced until it was time for "kvells".

Oct. 1. Sat.

We met the Harstad Elders at the bus depot, had a six noon banquet + then headed for the Kaffistova "where our fest was to be held. We had only a short time to practice, for soon the members began arriving + before we knew it, it was time for the "fest" to begin. Elder Harris was the master of ceremonies + he made a good one.

The program proceeded as follows: I played introductory music while Elder Harris was getting them to keep quiet. Then after a couple of opening songs + a prayer Elder Harris led them in a clapping exercise the body of the program proceeded. 1. A song by Harris, Sims + Williams, "Old Black Joe." 2. "Pinecone" song by Pastor Ruth Ekland 3. A poem by Peter Jorgensen 4. A piano solo by C. L. Williams 5. Duet by Frk. Jorgensen + Hansen 6. Song - Williams, Harris, Sims "Swing Low" 7. Accordion by Arthur Fredrickson 8. Quartet Harris, Guillea, Stolladay Williams 9. Solo Elder Harris "Bless This House" Williams accompanying 10. 2 songs on guitar by Williams in duet with Mrs "Kiddie" + "Eg Heter Anne Knudsdatter" + then "Blood on Highway" afterwards. 11. Vidan solo by Stolladay "Kjerringa med staven" - he called it Odalens national anthem. Then we had a time to eat, the food being prepared by the people who owned the meeting house. Immediately following "kvells" we began our program again by choosing 5 contestants to take part in the game "20 Questions" - it was a riot. We continued with

myself as m.c. until the kids got "wroly". Finally we
stopped the game + closed the ~~meeting~~ fest. with song +
prayer, telling the people "på gjensyn" - we left the hotel.
The missionaries didn't have to pay a cent for the evening. The cost
Sunday Oct. 2 was covered by the members.

Sunday school began at 10:30 in Hojers lille sal. We
had a fairly good crowd of 28 in attendance. I took
charge of the meeting calling upon the various leaders of
the branch to speak + report on progress, but first
I read of the names of the leaders for the approval
+ support of the branch. Several kids took part on
the program + did very well, one of them reciting all of
the articles of faith. The speakers were: Sonia Sprensen,
Bro. Emil Evensen, Bro. Stromsen, Sister Selma Evensen,
Elder Halladay + Elder Pederson.

We had a good dinner at the Cafe, paid for by one
of the faithful members, Bro. Karolsson.

After an afternoon of study + talk + song we
held our main evening meeting at 6 P.M. We had
only 30 in attendance, but we were thankful to see
a few investigators there. First I announced Elders
Guilliam + Finis who both talked about important
subjects pertaining to the restored gospel, Guilliam about
the Word of Wisdom + Finis about love. Sister Eklund gave
song beautifully + then Elder Harris spoke on Branch
Cooperation + I saw Evensen squirm. Sister Eklund
sang another song ("La meg med") + then I was given
the rest of the time (by myself). I spoke on the blessings
which we have, + how we came to receive the gospel
the importance of Revelation, the testimonies of Verrill, Wilford
Woodruff.

I was thrilled with the meeting. We left the members at the "tobakki" and went to the Cafe again where we ate "ventes fugel" as a result of the generosity of Bro. Mathias. We chatted at the Pergo until bedtime.

Monday Oct. 3

I had an appointment with Bro Mathias at 10 am. He was engaged in transferring his Branch minutes over to the Minute Book from the small pieces of paper he copies them on. We talked about the records & he told me how he had been without a home for 3 months of the occupation during which time he had continually carried the 3 Branch Books with him guarding them as he would his life. I explained some things about the Book of Mormon to him & he was thrilled. He thanked me heartily for explaining these things to him. We talked about the meetings & he gave me a list of items I requested which I would need for my District minutes book. Two hours had passed & I thought I should be back for dinner, so I left. We had dinner at Spaten Jergener's. There I read a very amusing poem which dealt with ~~the~~ a distasteful meeting. At the dinner table we discussed Elder Holladay's pet subject Economics. He at the time, seemed peeved at Taft's statement that we should hold tariffs up. Holladay is strictly a free trade man.

We returned to the missionaries room & prepared to leave. I suggested that we open a District library & it was agreed upon, so I'll publish a list of all available books which the missionaries can order from each other.

The 5 hour bus trip from Narvik to Harstad was tough on seasick Sus, but the rest of us enjoyed it playing "20 Questions" all the way.

Arriving in Harstad at the home of the missionaries we decided that 2 two foot beds were not enough for 4 people, so we folded up one of the beds, laid the mattresses out on the floor & the four slept cross-wise on them. It was a rough night.

Tuesday - Oct. 4th

We had an interesting discussion in class concerning the house of Israel. Elder Gwilliam & I visited a couple of people ~~unhappily~~, did our shopping, sent off a picture to the ~~mission~~ mission secretary to be used in the memorial for Pres. & Mrs. Peterson, & then returned home for midday, cycling over the icy streets.

The snow came down after dinner in cubic inch flakes & two of the Elders were in bad health so we decided to spend the afternoon at home & get to bed early.

The "hit the deck" in the same way as ^{we did} the night before.

Wed. Oct 5.

At 5 o'clock the alarm rang. Sus & I were up & dressed in no time. We packed our gear on to the bikes & ~~shoved off~~ ^{shoved off} thanking the Elders for their kindness. It was dim & cold & the streets were icy. In a short time we arrived at the dock where we deposited their bikes in the "By Seed" & boarded the "Haddell." It shoved off at 6 AM.

Wed Oct. 5 (cont.)

I talked the 1st Mate on the "Hadsel" ~~him~~ into letting us study in the 1st class "salong" since the 3rd class "salong" was full of sleepy travelers who were stretched out all over the benches. He consented to this, but we noticed that he charged us for it on our boat ticket. We arrived in Tromsø in the afternoon and did everything in our power to locate Elders Tanner and Bagley, but we seemed to just miss them. We returned to the ship having eaten dinner and got ready for bed. One notable conversation during the day was with a painter from southern Norway who spends considerable time "heroppe" making scene-paintings which he sells to the people down south. He seemed interested to hear about the Book of Mormon, but was more interested in the scenes of the national parks in southern Utah which he said would make excellent subjects for his painting. He left saying goodbye in French, English and German. (Wanted me to think he was educated).

Oct. 6 - Thurs.

The boat pulled into Hammerfest at about 6 AM. We had several jobs to do in town, so after a bite to eat we began doing them. Picked up the mail in which I received some good news from home about another addition soon into the DCW family. Waiting for me at the Toll Office were six packages from home. We dropped up to Hartvigsen's where we said "adjø" to them and finally took our junk from their attic. We got everything packed away in the "By-bud stasjon" and then dropped up to the Høyems meeting old Mr. Nordhus on the way. He seemed quite excited about the Russians having the atom bomb, but was calmed a little by the recent trade agreements which the two countries are trying to make. We found the Høyems in as good humor as ever. They had (or rather) he had drawn plans for their home which they intend to begin building in Rørvik this spring. We discussed the Gospel, the various forms of religion in the world and Oddmund confessed that if there was a true Church on the earth it must be ours. Then, we talked about the election which is to be held on the 10th of October. But, after a few minutes' discussion of that we became so taken up with the ~~mission~~ problems and platforms (especially Oddmund and Helena) that we decided not to get started on a political debate. We left with the invitation to visit them at Xmas time, an invitation which we couldn't accept, because we don't know where we'll be on the 25th of December. After 3 hours with the Høyems we went over to the Røstviks where we found the two of them sitting at the table talking to Herr Johnsen, the

next-door neighbor. Fru Røstvik showed us our swell room which she had cleaned, straightened and warmed-up just for us. We spent the rest of the evening talking with the three downstairs. Soon it was 11 o' clock and we decided it was time to retire. We said goodbye to the Røstviks then, because we would be leaving so early in the morning that we didn't want them to get up. But, we didn't make an agreement with Fru Røstvik (who has the gift of waking at any appointed time) to pound on the floor to wake us up at around 5 AM.

Friday Oct. 7

Sure enough at 5 AM the rapping on the floor came, we ~~imppan~~ rapped back, hopped out of bed, threw on the warmest clothes we had, and headed out into the cold, cold morning with just our typewriters and briefcases in our hands having taken all of our other baggage down to the "by-bud" the day before. When we took all of our baggage out of the storage room, it didn't look like he had anything left in their. After a couple of sled-trips from his place to the "Erling Jarl" we had loaded all of our boxes, suitcases, trunks, skis, bike etc. on the boat.

We were certainly pleased with our wonderful accommodations. This is the newest of the "hurtigrute" boats and it is really a dream. After taking a shower we had dinner and then spent the afternoon writing letters.

Saturday Oct. 8

A real storm was brewing when the "Erling Jarl" pulled up to the snow-covered Kirkenes pier. It was a half hour job getting all of our baggage off of the ship and into the baggage room, but we made 'er. On our arrival at the "Overnattingsheim" we received a "welcome to Kirkenes" from our friend Hr. Høyisen who is the manager of the hotel. He told us that our room would be ready in a couple of days and that we would live in his hotel in the meantime. He gave us room number 4. We shared it with a traveling paint salesman.

The wind increased and finally as we were sitting in our room "it got the lights" and we were in darkness. I borrowed a candle from the "pike" and continued typing "setting it fast" to my typewriter. There was a knock on the door and in came a fellow who asked for "Mr. Williams." I was a little surprised to hear that ^{the news} my arrival had traveled so fast. It turned out to be a helper of the hotel manager who had read my letter and telegram to Mr. Hansen and who had a desire to talk to us, mainly because he spoke English. We sat in this candle-lighted room talking about religion, languages, etc. for over 4 hours. Finally he left saying that he would drop in on Monday afternoon at 6 and take us over to his home. We acquiesced.

Oct. 9 - Sunday

I had many letters to write, so some of the day was spent doing this. We were getting settled ~~mm~~ in Kirkenes and getting to like the place, if not the hotel room in which we lived. Its air conditioning system was of the old type where the wind blows outside and inside, the cracks in the window frames acting as ducts. But, we were thankful for what we could get, and had got.

Oct. 10 - Monday

One of the first houses we "hit" Monday morning was the home of a lady whose sister, a Sister Jensen lives in SLC at the address 85 "C" St. Both she and we were very surprised at the coincidence. She remembered the two missionaries who were in Kirkenes before the war, in fact they had often been in her home. Also she was well acquainted with Alf Ilguth; and was very surprised to hear that he had gone to America. We talked a short time with her and her husband and received the invitation to come back again sometime.

One odd thing that happened several times during the day was people wanting to turn down our tracts thinking that they had to pay for them.

Oct. 11 - Tues.

One of the contacts made during the day was a lady who was quite eager to tell us how she had come to see Christ. It seems that that is the goal of everyone of these so-called Christians...to see Jesus. She told how he had come to her. I asked her how she knew it was Jesus, and she answered that she recognized Him; apparently from the pictures she had seen which have come from the imagination of artists.

We met a couple during the day who were extra-nice Communists. They invited us in and wanted to hear all about our beliefs, saying that they were interested in everything. Our evening visit was quite uninteresting. We talked with a fellow for a while until things got so boring that we had to leave. I just couldn't seem to wake any kind of interest in him. We began to receive the ~~results of the~~ election returns, Norway's most exciting election which has every been held. The returns were very favorable in that the Communists lost 10 of their 11 seats in the Norwegian Parliament (which consists of 150 seats). The Worker's Party had progress (they preach and practice a very socialistic politic) winning 84 of the seats.

Oct. 12 - Wed.

The most interesting contact during the day was made at the home of a family of Finns who were very hospitable. The man of the house was a "original." He was a bug on the Old Testament; could quote from every book in it. He had theories about the location of the 10 tribes placing

each in the nations of today which are located in Europe...but, interesting enough he placed Joseph in America and in England. He had interpreted one of Daniel's chapters such that in the "next war" the western powers would defeat the Reds. We spoke of baptism and various other principles and he seemed very interested in our message. His daughter was quite talented as a painter, but because of their not-too-rich condition her talent had to remain undeveloped. It was their hope that she would soon receive the opportunity to travel to Oslo for schooling in Art. Learned a couple of Finsk words...that Os means address and that Tie means street. In the evening we met Fru Sivertsen. She had invited us to come to see her. She was very nice, but her interest in the Gospel seemed quite passive.

Thurs. - Oct. 13

At one door today we were invited in with a gal about 30 years old who was smoking. We began explaining our purpose in going from door to door and our purpose in traveling to Norway. When we began on the Gospel she seemed to have the same opinion as we on all points. When I asked her if she had ever talked with our missionaries before she told me that she had been to several of our meetings in Oslo, but that she had been of the same opinion before going to those meetings. She said she had read considerably in the Bible, and in that way had understood the words which were written there "as they were written." Later on the same day while tracting alone (Elder Sims in another house I met what seemed to be the best contact I had made in Kirkenes. She said to the other members of the family who didn't agree with all I said that she agreed with everything. Our evening appointment was with the "By-bud" man and his wife. We were surprised at the unconcerned greeting we got at the door. They had undoubtedly forgotten that we were to come. They came out with that... Oh!.....Oh...a .. come in if you'd like. I talked for about an hour straight to them, but they didn't seem very interested.

Frid. Oct. 14

The day was spent in regular tracting. In the evening we went out visiting and got a few appointments to show the slide films which had just arrived. One with the "commies," another with the Finns and one with Sister Jensen's sister. At the Finnish family's house we were detained by the man again who had other theories he wanted to pull out on us, but we finally broke away. Very cordial people. When we returned to our room at the hotel we had a visitor, a 40-year old guy with whom we had talked during the day. He said that he had become saved in Kirkenes when he was about 21 years old, but had gone back to his farm immediately after. The influences there among the un-saved broke him finally and he lost the spirit. It was his plan that every one in Kirkenes who gets saved should receive permission to

travel to a "farm for frelste" where they could together become strong enough in the faith to face the world and not break down. He said that a 6 month training period should be long enough. As one can gather he was quite a different sort of a fellow.

He told us that he had always heard the saved say that they had seen Jesus. He decided ~~tomorrow~~ one day that he too would like to see Jesus. So, he prayed and prayed. He related that one night he suddenly woke up and there was a feeling of thick darkness around him, so thick as he had never before seen. Suddenly out of the darkness there came a light in a cone-shape. In the middle of the cone was Jesus....he knew him from his pictures. Jesus said to him that only the saved could step inside the light....and suddenly he found himself standing on the edge of the light. Did he dare step into the light....could he. He tried and accomplished it. Once inside he asked, "But where are the 'krigsfolket' (the Salvation Army)." Jesus said that they were over there in the darkness and pointed to a group of the "soldiers." Finally there came a dark veil which shadowed over Jesus and he was no longer to be seen. The darkness again surrounded the fellow, and ~~hem~~ said that this time it was darker than ever.....and I agree.

Oct. 15 - Sat.

Today's events: First, a little Xmas shopping, a trip to the Ry-bud, and then to the dentist where I received the sad news that I have 5 small cavities. After a bath (where I noticed that a difference exists between this bathhouse and the one in Hammerfest in that the bathers drink soft drinks instead of beer after taking their shower and steam bath) we relaxed for a couple of minutes and then out to show our slide films to the Commie family. They were all dressed up. We sat in a circle in the living room discussing various things among which the subject of languages came up. We tried to solve the problem of why we say "pá" a certain place (for example Moss) and "i" another place, but came to no certain solution. For the first time in my life I was told that I spoke Norwegian like a Lapp.

We showed the slide films and they seemed to be quite interested. I believe that their materialistic philosophy influenced them so strongly that they regarded spiritual manifestations as an impossibility. They were cordial, even though they didn't seem to believe the Prophet's Story.

Oct. 16 - Sunday

I knocked off a letter to Thor Heyerdahl of Kon-Tiki fame, asking him if he had read the Book of Mormon and if so, what he thought about it. Don't know if I'll receive an answer, but the only loss could be a few minutes and a few cents in postage.

Had a good "får i kál" dinner after which I wrote a letter to the folks telling them how happy I was about their decisions and plans about

a trip to Norway. Made an evening trip to the "Hurtigrute" to mail the letters

Oct. 17 - Monday

The snow continued to melt as a result of the effects from the mild weather and intermittent showers. There was still a glassy-slip coating of ice on all of the roads which made walking difficult. After securing the use of the movie house's little meeting room (holds about 60) I took my tattered and worn tweed suit in to the tailor's for repairs; and then we began our day of tracting. It seemed like every other person I talked with was a Communist, and they all seemed to have little faith in the Bible. One of them commented that she didn't understand how the last election (in which the Communists suffered such a terrific defeat) could have come out as it did if the voters had been Christians. She really seemed serious and hurt.

Nearly all of the people with whom we spoke had begun to understand since their youth that a "covenant" such as ~~m~~ child baptism is of little worth. The reason why it continues to be practiced is almost entirely because of tradition ~~m~~.

Our evening visit was really a swell one, spent with the Finnish family. As soon as we opened the door the man of the house had his Bible opened to the Old Testament and we discussed a few of his theories. Finally when he ~~m~~ came to the blessing we got in the first word, the story of the wandering of Lehi and his company out of Jerusalem and over the "wall." He found it very interesting and admitted that he thought it was true. They ~~a~~l (wife, daughter, son and neighbor boy) sat interested and amazed at the beauties of Utah and the Story of Mormonism. When the film was over we discussed the possibility for (and the need for) latter-day revelation, all seeming to agree whole-heartedly on this point. Other Biblical prophecies and their fulfillment the family took notice of. I left with the man a book entitled "En Advarsels Røst" which I believe he will read and which should do him some good. They told us that we must come again soon, and for that we were thankful. I believe that these people are good **contact** who could if they can repent the man from his almost chain smoking become members of the Church.

Oct. 18, 1949 - Tues.

I felt that our day of tracting was quite unsuccessful in that we couldn't seem to get to the hearts of the people. We had several conversations, but no real long ones. One of the last houses we approached had a sign hanging outside of it which read that it was the home of the district Priest. We knocked on the door and a young (35) fellow answered ~~it~~. He was wearing an army uniform, and looked as though he had just returned from duck hunting or something. I asked if the priest was home. He replied that he was the priest and asked what we wanted. I told him who we were and he seemed quite interested. He said that he hadn't read the Book of Mormon and didn't know

very much about our belief. He also added that we were probably visiting just for "a short time." I said we might be around a little longer. He said that it was very impolite of him to keep us standing at the door instead of inviting us in, but he had just returned from a long trip and had to unpack, but suggested that we come again. With that he put out his hand, we shook hands with him and left. His personality was quite pleasing; and least, that's the way it appeared on the surface.

During our evening visiting we met a nice young construction worker with whom we spoke for quite a long time. He doubted the existence of a personal God, holding to the very prevalent philosophy that we call materialism.

We returned to the hotel for we had an appointment to show our slide films for the employees. When we finally got them all together we set up the apparatus with the home-made resistor (a light bulb in a tin can), plugged in the ~~ring~~ plug and the light in the projector popped out. What a blow! That was our only light. Well, the only thing to do was to begin telling them about our doctrines and covenants, about the Book of Mormon, Welfare Plan, etc. They found it very interesting. One of them said that it seemed so clear the way we explained it; that he could listen all night. I took out my scrapbook and told them the story of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, something which they all had great interest to hear. Out in the hallway a young fellow stood and listened the whole time. When I had completed the explanation of the Book of Mormon he came in and said that it all sounded very interesting, and that he would like to hear more. We then sat and talked to him for the next hour about everything from child baptism to fly fishing. He said that he had looked and written all over Norway to find a double tapered salmon line, but without and good result. He requested that if it were possible I find him one in USA when I arrive there and send it to him, he sending me something from Norge in return.

It was finally time to hit the sack, so we said good-night to them. One of the fellows said that we would have to take another discussion one of the "first nights." He came back in just a few minutes later to tell us that there was a journalist in the hotel who would like to interview us the next day.

Wednesday - Oct. 19

The usual class was over and we were ready to make it another day of tracting, but first a trip to the post office. I was surprised to find a telegram waiting for me there; and more surprised to learn of its contents. It was from the President and read that we were supposed to be in Narvik to meet with him on the coming Saturday. We couldn't imagine leaving Kirkenes at this time when we had just got a start and the cost of the trip would be nothing to smile about, but there wasn't time to telegraph the President. If we were going to obey his orders and be there for Saturday and Sunday we had to be on our way. At the Steamship Company Office we learned that the "Hurtigrute" boat would be leaving at 2 PM, and by taking that one we could reach Narvik by Saturday after-

noon, so we reserved a cabin on it and then began our many last minute chores. I had to arrange for my tweed suit to be cleaned after the tail was finished patching it up. I had to take in a batch of dirty shirts to the laundry; had to postpone our evening appointment with Fru Jensens sis and she was really disappointed. She had invited allof her relatives for the evening visit and had undoubted spent some time and effort cooking or baking. So, I excused ourselves a thousand times and promised to visit t them on our return. Then we had to cancel/ our use of the movie house for our meeting, postpone our dentist appointments, and check out with the police and at the hotel. Having squared every thing away we just made it on board at 2 PM. We pulled away from the pier saying to each other that we never thought we'd find ourselves heading for Narvik today...and that, this trip is sure cutting into our tracting day.

We hadn't been sailing long before the above named reporter came into our lugar and asked who wem were and what we were doing in Norway. He already knew the answer to these questions, but he had to begin someway. When I answered, "Missionaries," he acted like this was a huge surprise that anyone would send missionaries to Norway, one of the most informed Christian lands in the world. The conversation that progressed is really not worth recording, even though it lasted for two hours. I tried to explain to him the importance of our mission while he tried to rundown the character of Joseph Smith about which he knew nothing. We left each other with a handshake, but back of that shake it seemed that he was lacking the "Kjærlighet" that his smile tried to pretend.

Soon the water got rough and sailor Williams had to hit the sack. The next morning I awokened to the tune of Sims' regurgitating, and soon followed suit myself, something which greatly relieved my condition. It was the first time I had felt bad effects from the sea since my days on the Atlantic

Oct. 20 - Thurs.

Sims and I spent most of the day in bed trying to forget our seasickness in every way possible. One thing I forgot to mention was something which happened last night when the boat pulled into Vardø. We had over two hours there and it just happened that the movie "The Enchanted Cottage" was playing at the local theatre. We decided that it would be good for our seasickness.

The point of the moviem was very uplifting and interesting. A blind man played by Herbert Marshall was the emiter of the morally uplifting ideas. He taught two people how they could learn to sea with their hearts...That when one loses his sight he learns more of the importance of the more important things in life. These two unattractive-in-appearance people learned from him that to see with the heart was a much truer and more valuable sight than to see only with the eyes. They learned to appreciate the wonderful qualities in each other until they actually thought that they had both become attractive. In trying to explain to outsiders the condtion these two had arrived at the blind man told a story to these outsiders about two people who were blind and who loved each other, and in spite of the fact that they lived in a burned and unattractive city they ~~maintained~~ were as happy as could be living in that world of their own, using their hearts to see with.

Beginning Third Year.

Oct. 21, Fri.

We rose feeling much better. The water was smooth (comparatively) and we had had a good night's rest. I spent the day doing some typing of notes which I had taken during the past few weeks. At 2PM the boat arrived at the Tromsø pier and we hurried ashore to pick up a little something to eat, something which we would find tasty after our period of seasickness. A plate of fish-cakes hit the spot.

Being out of garments the first job to do was to wash a pair onboard which I did, after which I hung them out on the fantail. By the time we arrived in Harstad (at 11PM) they were dry though a little bit smudged with soot. After three tries I secured a room for us at the Grand Hotell, Harstad's best, I believe. We had very comfortable accommodations anyway.

On Oct 19 I forgot to mention in my diary about the letter received from the folks in which they explained the possibility of my meeting them in London early in April; and from there instead of from Norway we would tour the Continent on a very well planned American Express Trip. It certainly sounds wonderful.

Another interesting, but almost unbelievable paragraph in their letter was telling of the coming home of Web Adams and Rex; and the fact that the cousin is dating it again. Seems unbelievable.

Oct. 22, Sat.

Early ~~am~~ in the morning we crossed the street from the Grand Hotell to the Harstad Community Bath where we shared three showers with about 12 other Harstadveringers. Sims got short changed there. We then boarded the bus for Narvik and had a very pleasant trip. The snow had all melted away and the road and its adjacent fields were in good shape. As the bus moved along the way we talked, read and Sims gave me a subject. At the Narvik Bus depot the Harstad and Tromsø Elders were waiting with their hats covering their hearts. What they were mourning for I don't know... perhaps it was that we had put out so much cash on our trip that they felt sorry for us. Sims and I had an act worked out for the President about why he had asked us to come all the way from Kirkenes to Narvik. When we finally met him and Mom it was so good to see them that we forgot the act.

We missionaries left the President and Mom and had dinner after which we all went to see Danny Kaye in "Up in Arms." We all got some good laughs out of his versatile acting.

After the movie we returned to the hotel where we met a friend of the Harstad Elders. He was visiting Narvik on business, his work being the inspecting and instructing in welding for one of the large Norwegian construction companies. We had an interesting conversation with him concerning the Welfare Plan which he remarked was a wonderful example of what faith in a common ideal could accomplish.

Oct. 23, Sun.

The regular Sunday School meeting was first on the morning schedule at

10:30. Here we listened to talks by several of the missionaries, in fact, all of them except me.

Immediately following Sunday School the President gathered the missionaries for a testimony meeting which lasted for about 3 hours, each missionary saying a few words about experiences which he had had which caused his testimony to be strengthened. Mom Peterson mentioned the necessity of all of the members living their religion, so that when the day of judgment comes, no one will say that members of the Church lived not their religion and it was that which caused me to stay away. Elder Bagley told an interesting experience about his brother who was healed from an "incurable" sickness by the power of the Priesthood. Elder Tanner told about how he had got water-on-the-knee as the result of a fall while skiing in Tromsø. He related that the doctor had told him that he would have to stay off ~~himself~~ his feet for at least 3 months. He ~~asked~~ Elder Paulsen to administer to him and told that he was out tracting again in only a week. And the knee has never given him trouble since that time.

In my testimony I mentioned ~~my~~ my thankfulness for the wonderful foundation this understand of the Gospel that I have has given me. A foundation which I can continually build upon and which will continually give me comfort. A foundation by which I can judge the institutions of the world.

The President talked on his favorite subject, marriage. I asked him if the returned Norwegian missionaries on the average had a greater number of children than any of the other missionaries, since he preached so much the blessings in marriage and having ~~ing~~ large families.

I looked over the group of missionaries assembled and found something about each one of them which I ~~id~~ probably remember for a long time. Elder Bagley, the Callio kid; Elder Holladay of Arizona fame; and Elder Pedersen and his pride for Toole "where many great men have been born;" Elders Sims and Harris with their lonely heart's club; Tanner and his girls and Gwilliam and his smile.

Our evening meeting was attended by the usual flock with only one stranger whom nobody seemed to know. I was the first speaker (talking on a parable which I had read in Orson Pratt's Works about the King and his Kingdom). Then our northern quartet (Tanner, Bagley, Sims and Williams) sang Redeemer of Israel followed by Sister Peterson's remarks followed by "Secret Prayer" by our quartet again. Then President Peterson took the rest of the time speaking on various Gospel subjects.

I forgot to mention that Elder Sims and I had a delicious labskaus dinner with the Evensens. Bror Evensen is really a nice fellow when you get him alone and talk to him... He has a good knowledge of the Gospel. It seemed to be his opinion that the Laplanders were decedents of the original ten tribes, but I didn't have time to hear what his theories were grounded on.

Monday , Oct. 24

I looked all morning to find a pair of Lapp figures carved out of wood like Mom Peterson had bought, but found that they had all been sold.

In the evening Harris, Pedersen, Sims and I visited Sister Hartgen and found her with many questions about authority. She seemed to doubt that there should only be one true Church, because her sister had been a good Pinse-

venner and her mother a "trofast" Listadianer. There were quite a few questions and scriptures that we discussed that evening which I hope gave her a clearer picture of the question on authority. I also asked if she would care to rent an extra boom, but she said that she didn't have one which she could rent.

Oct. 25 - Tues.

The four northgoing missionaries boarded the Tromsø bus at 8 AM and took a last look at Narvik. For Sims and Bagley and Tanner it might be 6 months before they would get another glimpse at the place. I figure on being back there in a little over a week. The journey to Tromsø was long, but I was able to make pretty good use of my time reading most of the way. The scenery with the huge abruptly rising fjord mountains was pretty (and it would have been ~~just~~ even more beautiful in the summer when the green leaves were on the trees).

At about 6:30 in the evening we pulled into the Tromsø ferry station having just before come down a canyon road and looked across the water to what reminded us of the approach to SLC from Parley's Canyon. Once in Tromsø we located a "Gjestgiveri" where we could spend the night. It was kind of a low-type place, I believe, but we had to take what we could get. We then went up to Helmer Hansensgt. 4 with Tanner and Bagley, fixed up some sandwiches and spent the evening there eating and reading the newly arrived Church News sections.

Oct. 26 - Wed.

The Elders Sims and Bagley left us for the north.

Oct. 27 - Thurs.

Talked to a very interesting person. One of their investigators, a fellow named Stenersen.

Oct. 28 - Fri. & Oct. 29 Sat.

One thing I remember being quite a ways behind on my diary was Saturday afternoon as Elder Tanner sat in a movie house. The movie was the story of Jerome Kern's life and Frank Sinatra had a small part in it. When his name appeared on the screen, two 12-year old girls sitting in front of us looked at each other and exclaimed, "Oh, Frank!"

Oct. 30 - Sun.

Most the day was spent in study, Elder Tanner's foot still bothering him so much that ~~very~~ much walking is yet unwise. I decided that my subject for the evening meeting would be concerning continuous revelation and its necessity. We practiced our songs and headed for the meeting house at about 7 PM. When we arrived at the Bangsund lokale it was warm and cozy, but there was no one in attendance. At about 7:45 we heard a few young girls giggling in the hallway. They finally opened the door and came in, followed by Hr Stenersen, an elderly lady and man, two middle aged ladies and finally a young man in his twenties. It was time to

start then so Elder Tanner brought out his guitar and we opened the meeting by singing "Fader, vár i himlen." Elder Tanner spoke on the necessity for having one and only one church. He turned the rest of the time over to me and I spoke about one half hour on Revelation. My remarks were not so full of life. It seems always harder to speak to six or seven people than it is to a full house. But, Hr. Stenersen commented after the meeting that he enjoyed my comparison of radio and television as an example of something much greater and more important, revelation from God. A young fellow after the meeting came up to us to discuss more about our church. He asked what one had to do to become a member of the Church. He has read the Book of Mormon, Advarsels Røst and asked to read Ny Apenbaring which I quoted from during my remarks. We began talking with him about Christ's second coming. He mentioned that it couldn't happen before the coming of Elijah as written by Malachi. We told him that Elijah had come and he says, "He has?" He seemed to be a very good contact who agrees nearly wholeheartedly with everything the Elders have told him.

Tues. -Nov. 1

At 7 PM a fellow named Thor knocked on our door. It was he who had come up at the close of our meeting on Sunday and had asked about baptism. The two hours which followed his arrival were very interesting. We began by telling him of the plan of life, man's eternal journey, something which in part was new to him; that is, he had never considered before the possibility of a pre-existence. He agreed however to the truth of such doctrine when we explained such an existence pointing out the scriptural proofs for such a claim.

He didn't think that repentance should be necessary over a long period of time. He thought that if one just confessed his sins and asked for baptism that it should be administered for him. When we told him that the Church was actually the kingdom of God on earth, he agreed that first it should be necessary for one to show that he had repented before being permitted to enter into the kingdom, so that the kingdom would consist of "Zion" people, the pure in heart.

His account of his search for the truth was interesting. He explained that he had always had an interest for the Bible. Perhaps it was because he had crooked feet while young and felt that he was different from other boys, and that they didn't want to play with him. When he grew up he left on a ship for a short career at sea. During his sea years he spent considerable time becoming acquainted with the gospel of Jesus Christ. He joined the Methodist Church, and left that one to investigate others among which was the Jehovah Witness group. He tells how one day while walking through the Tromsø town place he happened to hear the voices of two young men singing. He had to stop and see what it was. He said he agreed with everything they said, and in a discussion which followed the street meeting he always took the side of the two Mormons and defended their every word. Since that time he has read the Book of Mormon and received a testimony of its truthfulness, also he has read "Advarsels Røst." Before he left us that evening we

gave him "My Apenbaring" to read besides "Joseph Smiths Levendesløp." I believe that someday soon he will be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Thursday - Nov. 4

Our first visit of the day was at the Skouge home. Herr Skouge, head doctor at the Tromsø hospital, has perhaps the most elaborately decorated house in Tromsø. We were welcomed and invited inside by the maid, who showed us into the living room after we had hung up our coats. The living room was full of paintings, both water colors and oils..all in good taste and very well done. Besides this were there many fine pieces of antique furniture. The large grand piano standing on a polar bear rug was the thing which first caught my eye, though. Elder Tanner played it until Nina, the 19 year old daughter, walked in. She had a very pretty face, but was a little on the heavy side. ~~Her~~ Her personality was moer comparable to one of the dolls at home than any other girl I've met in Norway. We talked, played the piano, and listened to her many fine records...such discs as "Slow Boat to China" (which is now becoming the most popular song in Norway), Nature Boy, o.s.v. One of the most amazing things of all that I ~~see~~ saw was the remarkable progress her father had made in 8 months of water color painting. His many pictures which we saw in both living room and study looked to me done by an accomplished artist. The pictures I liked especially were those of small crooked streets which must have belonged to either French or Spanish towns.

In the evening we were waiting in our room for our members, the Dagest, ds to drop up for a visit. The doorbell rang, Elder Tanner went down the stairs and there greeted Elder Russell Anderson who had come from the south to be Elder Tanner's new companion. It was quite a surprise for us since we had not heard a word from him.

Friday - Nov. 5

Today is a Norwegian holi/day. It is their "bededag" (prayerday) ~~which~~ during which they spend most of their time sleeping, or perhaps out walking. I don't believe any of the churches were overcrowded. We took the opportunity to visit our members. We found them in their one small room (a family of three). I don't believe I have ever seen people who were so depressed and wanting of faith as they. It seems that everything had been going badly for them during the past few years, and they have apparently lost all courage to try to make things better. The wife has had a nervous breakdown and is still in bad shape, and the husband looks at the bad side of everything. Because of their hard times their 12 year old son has spent most of his wakened hours in the street and had lost the respect which he had for his parents when I visited them one year ago. Elder Tanner promised to do everything he could to help them. They certainly need all of the help they can get. From their place we dropped in on a family whom we had heard had read all of the Book of Mormon. We were excited to hear their opinion of the Book. When we arrived we found two very "hyggelig" people. Our discussion came to the

Book of Mormon and we asked them what their views were on it. The man of the house brought out the small pamphlet containing Joseph Smith's Story and said that though he had not completed it, he had found that which he had read very interesting. What a disappointment. We stayed with them a short while and then left to buy movie tickets. We had heard that a certain movie about one of "MR. Belveder's " experiences should be quite amusing. While waiting for the movie to begin we dropped into the Seaman's home where I got into a game of checkers with a tough looking Spaniard who drubbed me 3 in a row. We found the movie very clever, and enjoyed especially the few words of Norwegian spoken by the leading man. He referred to the soup being made by the Norwegian cook as "utmerket."

Nov. 6 *Sat.

First on the program was a bath after which I boarded the southgoing Rangvald Jarl. The sitting room became very smoky after a short time, so I strolled out on deck and began conversing with a young girl who told me she was on her way to America with her parents. They had boarded the boat in Tromsø where they live, were headed first for Tromsheim, then to Oslo where they would catch the "Stavangerfjord." Once in America their destination would be Tacoma, Wash. where they intended to visit relatives. We talked for hours about everything under the midnight sun. We noticed small single houses dotting the edge of the fjord, and wondered why people would build houses so far away from other people; what they did for enjoyment; their small chances for advancement to a more pleasant existence.

Finally, about 7 PM the boat pulled into Harstad, I said good-bye to her, and caught a cab up to the place where Elders Holloday and Almond were living. They were very surprised. We spent a peaceful Sat. evening talking over a few things and then retired - all three of us on two mattresses which we placed on the floor.

Nov. 7 - Sun.

I left the Elders and boarded a bus for Narvik this forenoon. The trip was actually beautiful. The sunset was a real scarlet picture, and the moon which became very visible when we lost the sun looked very fake - like an imitation of the real moon, and it was pretty in its oddness.

The bus pulled into Narvik several hours later and I headed right for the meeting arriving just before starting time. It was naturally a surprise to these Elders also. I was asked to say a few words in meeting and did say very few...just told about my experiences in Tromsø with Elder Tanner.

We were invited after meeting to visit the Evensen's and there that "snill" Fru Evensen ~~made~~ knowing that I hadn't eaten any big dinner that day warmed up some delicious potatoes, peas and beef. We reminisced about the time almost exactly one year ago when I passed through Narvik on my way to Hammerfest. Søster Evensen said that she thought I was a Norsk "gutt" when I first arrived.

Herr Frantzen with whom the missionaries are living was very nice in allowing me to stay with them in their fine room.

Nov. 8 - Mon.

We had many chores which had to be done. Accomplishing all of them we finally got back home where we arranged a bed for me and fixed up the room so I could stay here permanently with them. Also, I mustn't forget that we got the new Williams "health program" under way.....carrots, kálrabbi, cabbage every evening for "kvelds" and exercises every night at bedtime.

Nov. 9 - Tues.

I was certainly pleased with our first tracting day in Narvik. It seems that I was invited inside at nearly every place we tracted. I made no contacts which asked that we return for an evening visit, and wasn't able to arrange any evening visits, but the people seemed generally nice and rather attentive to the message. I found that the "Anderson Plan" cards worked wonders.

I'll have to record one of the stories that a lady told us during the day. Two of Narvik Branch's best members, the Abrahamsens, recently emigrated to Utah. It is now a well known fact in Narvik. One lady we contacted remarked that "you know poor old Abrahamsen. Well, now they've got him to emigrate to Utah. And, guess what, nobody in Narvik has heard a word from them, and they emigrated several months ago. All that has been received by the people here was a letter from the Church Authorities. I guess they won't let him write." So her story sounded. It was amusing and at the same time sad that people will spend their time thinking up and passing on such stories. The fact is that several here in Narvik have received letters from the Abrahamsens telling them that they really were enjoying themselves in their new home; no letter has come from the Church Authorities.

In the evening Elder Harris had an appointment to do some translating with one of the members here, so Elder Pedersen and I headed out visiting investigators. We spent the evening with a very nice couple who seem to have quite an interest for the Gospel. I explained to them the Story of the Book of Mormon using my scrapbook, and then we talked considerably about Man's Eternal Journey. He seemed to agree with almost everything I said.

When two hours of talking had been done, the wife fried us some nice pieces of pork which really tasted good along with some Norwegian "prim." We hit the sack quite late having little time for the nightly exercises.

Nov. 9 - Wd.

The day began with the usual hour study, breakfast, class, and then tracting which when swell again today. One young fellow who spoke English showed considerable interest enough to say that he would like to read the Book of Mormon when the Xmas holidays roll around. Our evening over at Brother Sørensen's in Priesthood meeting was very interesting. In attendance were Bror Karoliussen, Bror Evensen, Sørensen and we three Elders. We continued with their study of Talmage's Jesus, the Christ, tonight spending all of our time on the Lord's prayer. I found that the three members in attendance were very well read in the Bible, and that Bror Evensen could find just about anything he wanted to in the Doctrine & Covenants. also. After our meeting we ate with the Sørensens and then hurried away from there so that Elders Harris and Keith Pedersen could see "Snake Pit" while I returned immediately home to type this diary which I was very much behind on, and do several other things which should be done.

The latest word from the folks at this point is that I'm to meet them in Naples. First, it was Oslo, then London. My bet is that the next letter will say Jerusalem, who knows?

Nov. 10 - Thurs.

As soon as I got rid of Elders Harris and Pedersen (who went to take a bath) my tracting suddenly became extra interesting. First, I had a very interesting conversation with two Baptist ladies, then an Adventist lady who seemed to be more concerned with doing good than discussing the usual Sabbath Day question. From her I next met a seaman who had been in Salt Lake and who was busily engaged in the making of fancy leather wallets when I walked in his little room. At the next door I found a real character. A lady who had been over the Atlantic 11 times, and across the U.S. four times. She was born in Narvik but had lived in the U.S. for many years. She said that the most beautiful city in the world was Salt Lake City. She thought the streets were so beautiful, the children so beautiful, everything was so beautiful. She also wanted to tell me that everyone she met who asked her about the Mormons she told them that they were either beautiful or wonderful. She also let me know that she had not only mastered the American language, but that she still spoke good Norwegian. Her sentence of explanation about how well she spoke Norwegian was humorous: "Jeg enda snakker Norsk like godt som den dag jeg reiste herifra, course jeg har vært her på besøk et par ganger og."

Nov. 11, - Fri.

Again I have dropped many days behind on my diary. I now have the job on this the 22nd day of November of trying to think back over the past 11 days and pick out the most important and noteworthy happenings. I remember our evening visit on Nov. 11. It was in a place called Fagernes a little settlement just out side of Narvik with a family named Hendriksen. Hr. Hendriksen was standing at his fish "Utsalg" at the Narvik torv when we walked up to him in the middle of the day and made the appointment for the evening.

He and his wife were awaiting our arrival. It seems that the missionaries had visited them quite often, and they had been acquainted with members of the Church for many years. We found as soon as the conversation began that the man of the house had no interest in the Gospel, for he told us directly that that was the case. She on the other had seemed to have great interest to hear and learn more about the gospel. The subject of the Book of Mormon was under discussion. The man of the house wondered what proof we had that the book was the word of God. We told him and asked him what proof he had that the Bible was the word of God. He seemed to lack evidence and faith in that record also. He then asked why there were so few of the these learned priest and readers of the scriptures in the world who became Mormons if the Bible actually prophesied the coming forth of this book of Mormon. I answered him by asking the question: "Why was that in Christ's time so very few of the high and mighty Pharisees and Scribes who were learned in the law could see in Christ a fulfillment of scriptures in the coming of Him as the Messiah. The same applies today.

Nov. 12

Today we began our first attempt at a Saturday-education-in-the-arts program. First on the schedule was an hour of French under the leadership of Prof. Harris who had learned the fundamentals of pronunciation from his Norwegian cousin in Bergen. We found that his two day's learning was not sufficient to give us a sure knowledge of these difficult French sounds. All I wanted to learn French for was to be able to say a few phrases when I travel through the country with my folk in the Spring and to be able to recognize the most common French expressions which one often comes across while reading. Our first hour was very interesting. The hour was opened and closed by singing two french songs, "La Mer," and "La vie en rose." By listening to records which Elder Harris had of these two songs we were able to get a "nogenlunde" good pronunciation of the words.

After our French class we went piano hunting which reminds me of a couple of tracing conversations which we had on the 11th which I could record. The first of these was with a "jordmor", a lady who was very hospitable. She invited us to come in and sit down and wanted to hear what we had on our minds. We learned as the conversation ^{wore on} that she had her husband had been members of the Nazi party during the war. She felt bad about all of the persecution she and her husband had suffered since the end of the war, but was not willing to admit that they had taken a wrong step in joining up with the party. Instead she seemed to be proud of everything that Germany had done. Her interest in religion was very little, so we didn't make much headway at first with her as far as the gospel is concern

ed, but she offered to let us use her piano when I mentioned to her that we were looking for someone who would let us rent their piano. Just a short time later we came across another lady in what may well be the ritziest house in Narvik. She appeared to be very well to do, and her language and conversation impressed me as such as would come from an educated Norwegian. We spoke to her about the claims our church makes. She broke into the conversation by telling us that she had heard in the years gone by nothing but bad remarks about our church, but in the last year that a considerable amount of good had been reported about it. She had undoubtedly heard about the Welfare Plan and as we later learned, the Word of Wisdom. Her remarks about the latter named were very favorable. She said that it was certainly a wonderful program and was bound to produce a strong and intelligent people. I gave her a few confirming statistics. We then discussed the possibility and probability of expecting revelation from the Lord in these latter-days. She seemed to agree with the logic of such an expectancy, but understood as I remarked that a great many people look upon revelation from God skeptically because of the prevalence in the world today of deceivers and of many whose imaginations run away with them. When I left her I had one of the most pleasant feelings I have ever had after a gospel conversation. She was one of the best contacts I have made - from her remarks at that first visit. I certainly hope I am able to speak with her again soon and that she continues to be so open minded as to the message we bring.

Now back to Saturday's activities. While in a music store in town buying records for Elder Harris we happened to ask the store's proprietor if he knew of a place where we might rent a piano on Saturdays for a couple of hours of the day. He answered immediately by saying that his piano in his home on the second floor of that very building was at our disposition every day of the week from 10 in the morning until 6 in the evening. We went directly up to his room and began our two hour session. The plan was that I was to teach him to play by ear and he to teach me note reading. At the end of one hour he had come about 100 times as far as I. Those notes are difficult to pick up.

Nov. 13 - Sunday

I spent a few minutes before going to Sunday School in studying for a talk which I was to give in evening meeting. We had an enjoyable time in SS. Brother Karoliussen while passing the water in the sacrament forgot to give it to two people. When the whole thing was over I thought he was going to give them everything he owned in repayment for offending them. He is certainly a good man.

We had a delicious dinner with the Sørensen family after which we sat around talking and studying while Bror and Søster Sørensen took their midday nap.

At our 6 PM meeting I was very happy to see the American lady whom I had met while out tracting. She had brought her sister along with her.

I spoke on a subject which we had advertized in the paper. It was, "Is Continuous Revelation from God necessary in the True Church, Or Can the True Church exist without continuous revelation from God" retere sagt. They

Monday - Nov. 14

We had an evening visit with an avowed Communist. It was an amusing evening, but not very worthwhile. This fellow has been a so-called investigator of the Church for many years, but I don't believe he has a grain of interest. We learned a considerable amount about Russia, but couldn't get a word in about the Church to him. They said to come back again soon, but I believe that that was our last trip out there. At least, I don't believe in spending any more time with him. We had a good tracting day, as I remember it, but so much time has passed that I've forgotten what happened of interest.

Wednesday - Nov. 16

My mind is a blank as far as Tuesday is concerned, so I'll try to account for at least Wednesday evening when we had a Priesthood meeting and evening snack at the Sørensens.

Nov. 17 - Thursday

While I think of it I'd like to add to the diary a little tale about our landlord, not in making fun of the person, but with the idea of giving a picture of his personality. We were sitting at the dinner table talking about the game of chess which he and Elder Pedersen had recently played. Leading up to a joke, I told him that Pedersen had been a terrific chess player at home. He said, "a?" Yes, I told him that he and his dog used to play the game and that some people seemed to think that he had a very clever dog, but, added that he could beat his dog 2 out of 3 games. Then, with a serious face our landlord came back with the remark that nearly floored us, "Yes, but dogs don't play chess."

Thursday evening was Genalogical meeting night at the Evensen's. We had a very interesting evening discussing various questions, followed by a snack with the Evensen's and then a walk home under the northern lights at their greenish best.

Nov. 18 - Friday

Under today's diary I might add a few lines about the wonderful weather which we have been enjoying during the past week. Clear, cold days and night without a sign of rain or snow. It has really been delightful. Of course at this time of the year we never see the sun, but at about 11 in the morning the rays of the sun can be plainly seen on some of the tops of the surrounding mountains. At 4 PM it is dark as night out.

We had another meeting tonight, the GUF (or MIA). The usual three girls were gathered to meet with the two missionaries. The program of their meeting was quite dry I thought. Just reading from a story in the Iys Over Norge and a chapter from the "Robe" på Norsk. At the close of the meeting I made a few suggestions as to how we could liven up the gatherings, and create interest and perhaps learn something. I suggested that we have one person assigned each time to give a talk, and that we spend considerable time developing our speaking ability. I also suggested that we take a family here in town who could use some help at Xmas time and give them a real Christmas. The suggestions carried. Elder Harris sneaked off after meeting to see the superb acting of Jane Wyman as a deaf and dumb girl in the movie "Johnny Belinda."

Nov. 19 - Sat.

We had our French class, our music class (during which Harris mastered, Talk of the Town, Stormy Weather, and C n't Help Loving that Man of Mine, while I still had alot of work to do before I could say I had mastered America.).

Sunday - Nov. 20

Sunday School, pork dinner at the Sørensens, writing letters at the lokale, and evening meeting, after which we had dinner with the Evensens. Fru Evensen said she thought I spoke with an Østlandsk dialect. Kanskje det.

Monday - Nov. 21

The old intestinal flu hit me today, and knocked me out. I thought my health program would keep me from all sicknesses but this germ which has been going around the town and which kept Harris in bed several days, & had knicked out Eror Sørensen, finally got into my stomach and upset it. I tried an hour's tracting, but didn't seem to do much good so I quit and went home and hit the sack where I was glad to be when my body started aching all over.

Tuesday - Nov. 22

Spent the entire day indoor recuperating after yesterday's upset condition. Felt much better as the day wore on. Finally got caught up on this diary. From now on I hope to write in it every day.

Nov 23 - Wed.

Our morning tracking was usual, some interesting conversations; but today we found no Class A. Contests. We dropped into "Kivels" for midday. As we left the table Elder Harris suggested that since tomorrow was Thanksgiving we should take a trip to Kiruna, Sweden for a turkey dinner. About

one hour later we were on our way to Sweden on one of their railroads fairly comfortable coaches. Sharing our coach room with us was a Swedish sailor who had been in Philadelphia & was returning to his home in Stockholm. He was very friendly - typical "Don't fence me in" type sailor who had no interest in religion. On the other hand he had a great interest in females & spirits (of a liquid form).

At the Swedish-Norwegian border "the little men" began humming around checking passports & asking us how much money we had. We were instructed to fill out some forms. Finally the job was completed - the little men hustled back to the train station - & the train moved on. At 1:30 we arrived in the largest city (in land area) in the world. It is noted for its huge iron ore mine which is located on its outskirts. Its population is approx. 10,000.

Adjacent to the R.R. station we found the R.R. Hotel which was rather nice. Elders Harris & Doc Pederson had received fine service there 6 weeks ago, so we decided to stay there again this time.

Checking in we noticed something which differed greatly from Norway — at least Northern Norway; that was the service with a smile. It had a pleasing effect. "Welcome to Sverige."

Having arranged our belongings in our rooms & flipped to decide who would sleep alone (Pedersen) we left the hotel. A short walk to the snow^{front} covered park trees brought into the shopping district where we looked around for a good movie. We decided to see what we thought was the best of 3 old movies — it turned out to be a sad affair.

Nov. 24 - Thurs Thanksgiving

Our morning was spent shopping in Kiruna. I had heard that Sweden was well supplied with the worldly treasures, but I didn't know that they were as well off as I found them. It seemed that in the way of clothes & food they had just about everything the heart or stomach desired — even bananas & American coat styles. I looked around for awhile, took pictures of their old Church, the parish sexton & (oh yes, they even had the beer) and looked through their very modern, glass-enclosed school. I was impressed. I cashed \$20 & got back over 100 Swedish Crowns. My first & only main purchase was a pair of skiing knickers. They had no grey, so I bought dark blue.

This next experience was interesting — at the hotel. We hoped to find a turkey dinner, so we

went to Himura's Ritziest hotel - The Standard
It had our coats taken from us as we entered
& were waited on by a very decently dressed waitress.
Our friend, the Swedish sailor, sat down beside us
and we ordered first turkey which they did not
have - then quail - which she ordered in the
kitchen, but they were out of it. Then grouse -
but they were "for det" also. We compromised on
chicken & sat expecting a nice chicken dinner.
She brought in 2 small pieces of chicken which
we divided between us plus 6 or 7 slices
of fried potatoes. That was the dinner - it
seems that "midday" time hadn't arrived, ~~thus~~
so we were served a Swedish "lunch" - that
meal is designed to hold one over from breakfast
at 10 until "midday" at 2. I asked our
finely dressed sailor friend if he knew of a
place where we might be able to make some
records to send home. He asked the waitress
who asked the headwaiter who said he had
a friend who did just that privately. Well,
the friend was at the hotel, so we talked
with him & he said his machine was broken
but he'd fix it & we would come back to
the hotel in a half hour & use it.

On our return to the Standard we found
him waiting for us & received from him an apologetic
answer to our question: "Is it ready?" He could not
fix it. We said thanks & goodbye to him &
our sailor friend & left the hotel never to
never again attempt to record our voices.

Having failed twice in two tries.

Nov. 25, 1919 - Friday

At 2:30 the train for Narvik pulled out of the station at Kiruna. We read and talked most of the way, except for when a few small school children boarded the train and we joked with them. It was fun to hear their Swedish dialect.

At about 6:30 in the evening the train pulled into Narvik. We hurried up the hill, washed out hands and faces as the Erantzen abode, and then crossed the alley to the Jørgensen home where a number of the GUF members were already gathered for a GUF "fest" they had planned for us.

We were all to take part on the program. Some of the things done were rather clever, especially that done by Sonia Sørensen when she asked each member of the party to give her an adjective to write in a little notebook she had. These she placed in order in a story she had written about the GUF and its members. The resulting composition was quite humorous. Others read poems, funny stories, etc. I did a couple of magic tricks. As soon as all had performed we began playing the games which the girls had planned. After a fine feast the party which was a prodigious success broke up.

Nov. 26, - Sat.

The usual Saturday schedule with French class, followed by music lesson at the music shop.

In the evening Elder Pedersen and I went over to the Evensen's for an interesting evening discussing "litt av hvert," talking considerably about the problem which confronts us about getting more people out to our Sunday meetings. We didn't reach a solution.

Nov. 27, - Sun.

Sunday School, dinner with the Sørensens and then to the meeting house for our evening meeting. Brother Karoliussen was the first speaker and he did a swell job speaking words of wisdom. I talked next, dwelling mostly with what the gift of the Holy Ghost is, examples of the good done by the gift in the Apostles' days and in our day. Explained the difference between it and the inspiration and spirit which the Lord will give all those who search for the truth. I also added the story which Elder Tanner had just told me in his letter of how he and a young fellow named Thor went up to a lake on the outskirts of Tromsø and breaking a hole through 4 inches of ice, baptized him. It was wonderful news.

Nov. 28 - Mond.

The day was spent in tracting while the evening was spent at the home of Alf Laurang, a very nice fellow, who has quite a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel. He said that he believed the Book of Mormon must be true. We talked about a little of everything with him, from his chronic sinus trouble to used cars. If we keep working with him it shouldn't be long before he is a member of the Church.

Nov. 29 - Tues.

Today the thermometer read about 9 below zero, but it seemed even colder with the wind which was blowing. Our tracting was quite a flop. One cheery happening was the receipt of a package from Helena and Oddmund Røyem in which I found a swell cake plus a very nice letter ~~mm~~ in which they asked a few questions about the gospel (namely they wanted to inquire as to how was the correct way to pray). They also suggested that I come to Hammerfest and spend the Xmas holidays with them.

In the evening "Dog" Pedersen and I visited the Larsen family who were very "hyggelig", but their cute little daughter made so much noise that we couldn't get much gospel teaching accomplished. Anyway we were invited to return as soon as we had time to meet with them again.

Nov. 30 - Wed.

I met some rather good contacts while out tracting today. First was a lady who claimed to ~~thum~~ be the wife of Norway's best portrait painter, a Fru Thorsen. She told of her husband's foolish "philosophy of life; it was that he believed that anything which was done by his person which was bad was actually not done by him, but by a wicked spirit which entered his body and performed the act. She said that such a philosophy had led him to drink and to do many "foolish" things in life. I saw some of his paintings and sculptur work both of which ~~appeared~~ appeared very good to my art eye.

Another fellow swept me off my feet with a very intelligent opening remark. He said, "Before we can begin to discuss religion or and life philosophy don't you think we should first understand just what God is?" He was busy, so we only had the opportunity of talking for a few minutes, but we promised to return and discuss the question further.

The KHF (Relief Society) put on an auction tonight. The ladies of the society made up food packages which were auctioned off to the highest bidder at the gathering (the maximum price was set at Kr. 5 by "Bos" Evensen.). After ~~of~~ of these had been purchased for about Kr. 5 each, the contents were placed on the table and we all had a good meal. The program consisted of a talk by me (I told about an American's impression of Norwegian customs), a reading by Sonia, a couple of duets by Elder Harris and I (Missouri Waltz, Wait till the Sun Shines, Nellie; Look for the Silver Lining; and She Wore a Tulip.).

Then a talk by the "wheel," John Emil Evensen. Quite a Hyggelig evening. One more thing: Got my first Xmas presents today: a tie and socks from Rex, and a scarf from ~~thum~~ Aunt Helen and Uncle Rex.

Dec. 1 - Thurs.

One devout "pinsevenner" showed a bit of interest today. She had been quite against my message when I last talked to her, and had had little time; but, today she had a desire to hear a little bit about what I had to tell her. Though continuous revelation seemed quite possible to her she completely denied that it had come and was coming to the Church of Jesus Christ today. The subject which left her without an answer was the subject of authority. She didn't know just how her mission leaders

could claim direct authority from God..

One door later we ran into a very nice lady who had been in America a few year's time in the early part of this century. She made us sit down and eat some delicious birthday "bløttkake." We talked over the seige of Narvik with her. Her explanation was quite vivid though spoken in broken English. She told of how the original gun blasts from the English ships in the harbor had wakened her family. Her husband clothed all of the children in winter clothing and prepared them to make a get away if necessary. She continued to give an account of how the family moved to a nearby settlement from where they saw the whole show, coming back when the fight was over to find their house fairly in order, except for the broken windows.

I had a very nice visit with Brother Mathisen who has been an invalid for the past few weeks with a back injury. He told me how badly he felt about the condition in the ~~branch~~; of the disunity which was present. We decided to do our best to make the situation change for the better. He said that there were many people in this city who have been kept out of the church because of the poor fruits displayed by the branch membership. For our evening visit Elder Pedersen and I chose to visit an Andersen family. We were disappointed to find that the man of the house had gone to the movies (Vild Vest), so we made an appointment to call back again Tuesday. We then crossed the street where Sister Hartgen lived and spent the evening talking about the Bible with her. She accented something which we all can take notice of; the danger of self-righteousness, its danger lying in the fact that our self-righteousness hinders our progress in that we cannot recognize our faults and thus are unable to correct them. A very important sermon in this thought.

Dec. 2 - Friday.

The most interesting note to be included into the daily diary was an incident which happened while tracting at the apartment where Fru Andersen, the American lady, lives. She seemed very happy to see us when we arrived. Her friend, a Fru Johansen, didn't seem to be of the same personality. Anyway, we chatted for a while and then she asked us if we had been up to see Herr og Fru Sørensen yet. We answered to the negative. She jumped up and picked up the phone and in a minute was talking to Fru Sørensen. She said she had two "pene herrer" whom she was bringing up for a visit some night. "When would it suit you," she asked. The deal was made for Monday evening at 7:30. She is quite an arranger. Then she put the same question to her lady-friend who stammered around, and turned red saying, "I don't have time right now." Fru Andersen asked her one more time and she turned even redder. What a character this Andersen lady is. She is very nice to us though, and is very fond of Salt Lake City and its people.

Our evening was spent in GUF meeting. We decided to find a needy family

whose Xmas we might be able to make happier. Ingrid gave her talk and it was fine, and Astrid volunteered to talk next week. She also offered to darn my socks during their work period in the next meeting. Between tracting and attending GUF I called on poor old Brother Mathisen who has just returned from a place outside of town where he has been staying with some friends while his back gets better. He was certainly happy to see me and really enjoyed talking for an hour and a half as I did. It certainly seems a crime that fine people often are so lonely in their older days.

Dec. 3 - Sat.

We rose early and got our washing out of the way. Breakfast was to be a special occasion today.....the main course was to be pancakes by Pedersen. They really tasted good. As I was about ready to leave the table, Harris piped up: "One, two three." And he and Pedersen boomed out on "Happy Birthday to You." I thought that was pretty nice, but that wasn't all. Pedersen reached his hand in the stove oven and pulled out a banana "bløtt" cake with cream and decorations on the top. It was sure touching. So, we had cake for breakfast.

I picked up a couple of good packages from home and a carton of candy from the Richards.

Then to Dentist Karstein Myre for a session in the chair during which I learned that a straight edged tooth brush was the best and that a toothpaste which is made from something containing a certain ingredient which most fruit has, namely the ingredient which takes the bacteria containing slime from your teeth, is the best type of toothpaste one can buy.

A session on the piano was followed by a good bath and a fine breaded veal dinner.

We had another nice visit with Bror Mathisen who was really thrilled that we'd come. I gave him a can of prunes that Mom and Dad had sen in a package and I thought he would cry. He really is a faithful member of the Church, and would do anything to help the missi naries.

Elder Pedersen and I returned from our visit and I cleaned up the room a little, put up a filing aparatus on the wall and wrote a letter to the good old Høyems who had just recently sent me a swellcake.

Went to bed feeling the same as during the year when I was only 22, but thinking of how much old 23 sounds than 22.

Dec. 4 - Sun.

Sunday school was held at the usual 10:30 followed by the monthly fast meeting for members. The meeting was very inspirational, and everyone present was eager to stand up and bear their testimony to the truthfulness of this great latter-day work.

We dropped over to the Sørensen's as has been the case every Sunday I have been here in Narvik for Sunday dinner.

Evening meeting was poorly attended again, but the remarks made there were worthwhile. Elder Harris suggested that this coming Sunday we have a 100% Sunday at which time every member should bring to meeting with them a friend. It sounds like a good plan and I hope it is carried through. We spent the evening with the Evensen family talking about the first promised land, that one mentioned in the Pearl of Great Price which is there called Cainan's land and is believed to have been somewhere on ~~the~~ America's eastern seaboard.

Monday - Dec. 5

Our tracting day was rather successful. It began by visiting the editor of the "Ofotens Tidende" to request that we be permitted to put an article about our church in that paper. The young editor did not seem terrifically happy to have it done, but accepted just the same. We had several interesting conversations during the day.

Our evening appointment with "lokomotivfører" Sørensen's family did not turn out quite as well as expected. It was a nice evening, but the chatter of our American lady friend became just a little tiresome as the evening wore on. The 20-year old daughter, Kate, was very nice and quite talented at playing the Piano. The man of the house was well acquainted with the members of the Church having been the son of a member. In fact, the missionaries had lived with his family for many years. He told of how interesting it was to hear some of the Church's great men speak; such men as Talmage have been here in Narvik. When we departed, the daughter asked us to be sure and come again soon. *Received small birthday letters from Alice (S. Evensen) + Rev.*

Dec. 6 - Tuesday

I rose at the same hour (7 AM - winter schedule) and whipped off the article for the paper in a little over one hour at which time the other two came down for breakfast.

Elder Pedersen and I went tracting again. Our best contact of the day was a relative of his, one Jakob Iversen. Actually it was his son who was interested. He had spoken with the missionaries before and had received from them the standard works of the Church which he had read, but was not so sure of their truthfulness, "because so few people believed in them."

We spent the evening with the Andersen family, a couple of nice people. He was interested to hear our beliefs in connection with some of the oft-quoted scriptures (which are used almost incessantly) of the Jehovah Witness sect whose doctrine has interested him. Some of his thoughts were quite hazy and dreamy, such as the question which he said he had been waiting to ask me, "Does it cost anything to live?" I told him the cost of living is the work we do. That seemed to agree with his opinion on the question so we were all in agreement.

The question which we tried to solve was if there is a conscious condition for spirits of men immediately following this life, or if the spirits sleep until the resurrection as the Jehovah Witness church claims. I believe he was inclined to agree with us after hearing the multitude of

proof found in the Bible (and the Book of Mormon) favoring the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ.

Dec. 7 - Wednesday

After a cold day of tracting we dropped in to see Ruth Eklund to try to get some branch grudges straightened out. She was happy to see us.

Her grudges seemed to be many and quite serious, so it took quite a long time to discuss her problems. We left there with a little better idea of what was causing the branches discord.

Elder Harris hustled off to Priesthood meeting while I boarded a bus to Ankernes where I was received by Fru Laurang. In a few minutes Herr Laurang came home from the villiage garage where he had been vainly trying to repair his broken down truck. After washing up he joined us for a little "smørbrød" and milk after which we began immediately on our evening job of translating an article which I had written in English. I translated the sentences in my Norwegian and he helped with correct sentence structure. In one hour we had completed the page-long account of a Norwegian family of tourists who had (fictitiously) visited the city of Salt Lake. I thanked the fellow and ran to catch the 9:15 bus for Narvik.

Harris came home just a short time after I had arrived and had some pretty interesting things to say about the evening's Priesthood meeting. He related how he had begun the meeting by giving a 20 minute speech on the branches disunity and his solution for improvement. He said there was quite a discussion that followed, but he felt that perhaps some good would come out of it all.

Dec. 8 - Thursday

Our tracting took us up on the mountainside where we tried to locate a needy family whom we could help at Xmas time. We did not find anyone, but we did locate a few people who were interested to converse about religion.

Evening genealogical meeting took place at Evensen's. I was assigned to prefacethe meeting with a discussion of the questions which were to be discussed during the gathering. That I did at the opening of the meeting. Everything seemed to go a little stiffly, something which resulted from the discussion of the branch members' problems last night, I suppose. As the meeting work on things got a little better.

After the others had left we spent a cozy evening with the Evensens/ conversing mostly about dreams. It seems that everyone has his or her own model or pet dream.

Dec. 10 - Sat.

The article which I wrote about conditions in Utah came out today in the "Ofotens Tidende" and I was really satisfied with it. I certainly hope it will help soften the feelings of the people toward the Latter Day Saints, both members of the Church in general and missi naries.

Karstein Myre finished up the remaining work which he had on my teeth and released me a free man.

Dec. 11, - Sunday

During our Sunday School class under the leadership of Brother Emil Evensen, we discussed the history of the Lehites, showing how in spite of the fact that the Lamanites destroyed the Nephite nation near the hill Cumorah ca. 400 after Christ, a group of the Nephite nation was preserved in the islands of the Pacific.

Immediately following Sunday School we walked over to the Sørensen's and enjoyed the usual Sunday dinner with the Fru and daughter Sonia. After dinner Sonia and Elder Harris did a little translating of some Old Testament stories while I read from the Church News trying to plan my remarks for the evening.

At the 6 PM gathering we had 7 strangers present beside our regular group which was quite encouraging. The program of the meeting was as follows: a talk by Bror Svedenborg; a duet by Elder Harris and I ("In a Garden"); remarks by myself on the Church missionary system; and a talk by Bror Evensen on the signs before the coming of Christ.

Dec. 12 - Monday

After an uninteresting day of tracting I filled the appointment which Brother ~~Emil~~ Evensen and I had made. He said he had some business to talk over with me, so I dropped in on him to take care of the matter. It was the condition of the branch which was bothering him. He now realized that there did not exist the unity among the members which should be found. We talked the problem over for at least 2 hours, and came to an agreement as to what should be done.

I returned home, had my evening carrot and talked to "Radar" Frantzen about what he could begin to do in the way of a business. He claimed that he wasn't cut out to be a manual laborer. I suggested Christmas card making, but he didn't seem to hot for the idea.

Dec. 13, - Tuesday

First thing in the morning I dropped over to the High School to talk with the Gym teacher about arranging a basketball class. He was a very jolly, young man and accepted immediately to arrange somehow ~~to~~ a plan whereby the gym could be at our disposal. He said that if we would come back tomorrow he would have things arranged for an attempt at my teaching a class in Basketball.

During our day's tracting we came in contact with a young fellow with whom we had spoken a couple of times before. He seemed to be a very sharp young High School student, at any rate he was excellent in his speaking of the English language. He was busy studying for his examinations, but we stayed long enough to talk over school with him and a few other things, one of which was basketball. The teacher mentioned above had already asked him to come to our basketball session tomorrow afternoon. We began on the subject of French, and he mentioned that he had a book which would certainly interest me. It was a French beginners book explained in Norwegian. I took it gladly.

Our evening visit was with a family, the husband of which was not home but a friend from across the hall had dropped in to keep us company with the lady of the house. We explained to him the first principles of the gospel, but in spite of the fact that he believed what we said, he was not so interested that he was willing to take any action. As the evening wore on he began telling us "jokes" which gave me the desire to cry more than laugh.

Dec. 14- Wednesday

Our tracting took place in the area on the other side of the RR bridge. I made one worthwhile contact today; a baptist lady who had the Book of Mormon in her home, thought she hadn't read it. She wondered about our teaching about baptism for the dead, so I told her how those who die without a knowledge of the Gospel will receive their opportunity of hearing it in the coming life, and continued to tell her how and why we perform this ordinance. She seemed to agree that everything was quite reasonable when one thought of it. I asked her if she would like to sell me her B of M, but she wouldn't, even though she never read it.

At 5 o'clock the three of us came to the High School Gymnasium where I had arranged to meet with the two high school gym teachers and a group of fellows who wanted to play basketball. They were already in the Gym and their game of "Kurvball" was well underway with all of its running back and forth and roughness.

The coach, Herr Solbø, turned the class over to me and I taught the fellows the rules of the game. Then we chose up sides and played awhile. It was a rough game, but a lot of fun just the same. The baskets seemed very easy to hit even though they standing along on a standard and had no backboards. After we had run ourselves ragged for about an hour I began teaching them a few drills, so they could learn how to pass, and to dribble and shoot. They seemed to get a big kick out of it. A few of them looked like they could learn to play the game, but there were also many clumsy ones. After we had finished with everything the coach asked us to come again next Wednesday to continue the lesson. It was a lot of fun to get on the basketball court again (for the first time in over 2 years) and do a little playing even though the conditions under which we carried on were a little difficult. Oh, yes, there were no showers going when we quit either. All of the water in the city is shut off at 6 PM.

Dec. 16, - Friday

Coming in from tracting Friday afternoon I was told by Elder Pedersen that an urgent phone call from Harstad had come for me, and that I should call Elder Allan Almond there immediately. That I did receiving from him the news that he had talked to President Gownans on the phone and had been advised of him to come directly to Oslo. Elder Almond's trouble was that he needed an operation to be performed on his throat and besides that, some business at home necessitated his seeing a lawyer in Oslo.

I packed my bags, said goodbye to Pedersen and hopped aboard the 6:15 bus out of Narvik. The trip was quite boring - too dark and unsteady for reading, and no one to talk to.

I arrived in Harstad at about 10:45 and Elder Holladay was waiting for me with two bicycles. We packed my suitcase and briefcase on the cycles and headed up over the icy roads to Telnes' house. Elder Almond was in their downstairs room ironing a shirt. We got settled and he related how one of his father's horses had wandered out on a Idaho highway and had been the cause of an automobile accident in which a family was injured. Since the horses were actually his (left in the custody of his brother who was a minor) he thought he could make arrangements with a lawyer to handle the details in advising him as to what should be done to escape the payment of such a great amount of damages as was asked by the plaintiff.

Elder Holladay and I fought it out through the night in a yard-wide bed, and rose after about 5 hours sleep.

Dec. 17 - Saturday

We said good-bye to Elder Almond after having bathed in the village bath-house. The afternoon was spent writing out a bunch of Xmas cards to be sent to my friends in Norge.

The evening was largely spent in watching Herr Telnes and his neighbor slaughter Herr Telnes' only pig, a 6-month old animal which weighed in at about 70 kilograms. We asked to be called in after the shooting was over. When we arrived they had the animal stretched out on a wooden platform pouring boiling hot water over him and shaving all of the hair from his body with a sharp knife. They left everything alone except the ears which they cut off. When the animal had a nice shave and its toenails had been cut off, they hung it up by its hind-leg sinews. A little blood ran out of the shot-hole, but not much - for the heart had pumped most of the blood out just a few seconds after they shot it and slit its jugular vein.

Next, the insides were all taken out, something which was very interesting to see - noticing the resemblance between the pig and the human insides. The liver and tongue was saved along with various items from the head. And that was all there was to the first pig-slaughter I've been to.

litte after 3 PM. We had dinner at the "boll'wivel'" and then headed home not knowing whether ~~we~~ we should expect the missionaries to be there or not. They weren't there. A note on the table told us they had gone to Sweden for a short holiday. I spent most of the time gathering together a few things to send in Xmas packages and then Elder Holladay (Kuling Helidag) and I went to the "Verdens Teatre", Narvik's only movie house.

Wednesday - Dec. 21

~~Mom~~ I received a few packages today - a swanky pair of socks from Jade and Bea, four swell shirts from Mom and Dad, and a roll of film from England. Having fetched those I began immediagd packing a few little sacks full of everything good I could find for the investigators and their kids in Hammerfest. Mom's gifts sent especially for such an occasion sure came in handy.

At 4 PM I mailed all of them assured that they would reach Hammerfest in time for Xmas eve. Then Holladay and I headed for the Gym where we found one of the instructors and a few young fellows. We had alot of fun playing basketball with them, high-jumping, and tumbling. At 6 PM we hopped into a freezing cold shower, dressed and were off after making an appointment to come again the first Wednesday after New Years. The evening was spent popping pop-corn (to the amazement of our Land lord who commented, "It is remarkable what science can accomplish nowadays) and talking with the Frantzen family - kidding 12 year old Aina about Santa Clause and her boy friends to which she always replies to me (Kor frekk du er). Radar Frantzen has aother plan whereby he hopes to win 500 kroner H#strying to think of a good "by-vapen" or seal for the city of Narvik, as there is a prize of 500 k's ready for the winner and small prizes for ~~win~~ runners-up. We came quite a long way; anyway he was enthused at the drawings we made.

Thursday - Dec. 22.

At 9 AM we boarded the bus for Harstad arrvng after a little over 4 hours of reading. When we arrived my suit-case was gone, but I made a phone call to Narvik and located it, making them promise me that they would send it on the first bus out of there.

We had dinner with the Telnes family and then cycled out to the camp again where we met with the cocoa committee and then dropped over to see Fru Larsen to ask her if she would serve cocoa at the Juletefest. We got her daughter to consent to do it. I really felt sorry for the poor people especially for the terrible conditions under which they're living. Always worrying about the house being warm enough because of its many cracks and never being able to keep the th ngs looking as clean as they should be. Having made all necessary arrangements we returned to Harstad where we made up more juleniss packages and practiced a few songs anticipating the big day tomorrow.

Dec. 23 - Fri.

The big day of the "juletefest" finally rolled around, and with it the biggest snow storm of the winter. ~~But~~, storm or no storm, we had plenty to do.

Since the roads were so packed with the newly fallen flakes we decided to discard the idea of using bicycles. Our first trip to town at 9AM was made by foot. The snow fell out of the black sky and made living snow men out of us. Accomplishing a few necessary buying chores in town we found a cab, picked up my lost suit-case (which had come from Narvik by the next bus), fetched the bread (8 large julebrød and 13 rolls of sweet roll) and rode home to Sama moa. Here we piled even more goods into the "bil" and continued our journey driving this time out to the Trondenese evacuee camp. I hopped off at the camp's "cooperative" and bought a few necessary items picking up 10 kroner in change at the same time.

I met Elder Holladay (who had continued on a few hundred yards in the cab) a few minutes later at the meeting-house barrack. He had just engaged the services of a young man to be our Santa Claus for the evening. Our two big helpers we let come in the "lokale" with us to make ready a few last arrangements before the torrent of children entered our prettily decorated barrack room.

At 5:05 the two helpers and I sat beside the door with the money box and the party got underway as one of the helpers let the children in 3 at a time. Those who were regular members of the Sunday School paid 25 øre, non-members of the SS 50 øre and adults paid Kr. 1. After 70 kids and 3 adults had placed their coats on the corner table (many of them bringing shoes with them to replace the large rubber fishing boots they had worn through the deep snow) and found places to sit down on the large planks we had placed two deep around three sides of the room, Elder Holladay opened the party by suggesting a song - "Tingrøne Stjerne." I opened the party with a prayer after the song. Elder Holladay asked the children questions about the birth of the Savior, and they seemed to get a big kick out of answering them. I told them a story about a little boy who found a wallet the day before Christmas eve, returned it to the old "miser" who owned it, and received by the surprise of all a great amount of Christmas presents from him, the rich man thanking the child and the family for making his Christmas the happiest one ever, it being the first Xmas he had actually given and felt the joy of giving. Our next activity was to go around the Christmas tree which we had placed in the center of the floor having decorated it with the "paper chains" etc which the children in Sunday School had made. We formed three large rings or concentric circles and walked around the tree singing all of the popular Norwegian Christmas songs.

While waiting for the cocoa and cakes to be served, Elder Holladay and I sang a song for them "Jingle Bells," and encouraged a few ~~sicker~~ children to perform.

Two young girls from the camp helped us with the serving of the cocoa which Fru Hetta had made (20 liters of milk, 1,100 grams of cocoa, plus sugar)

The children had all remembered to bring cups with them (except a couple) and that lightened the cocoa-serving job. The food disappeared quite fast and the kids were ready for more entertainment. I took over the party to explain to them a few games. The first was "pin the tail on the donkey" which they were crazy about - to put it mildly. The next was musical chairs with Elder Holladay on the violin. This they liked almost as well as the first game.

Finally time had come for them to go....and there came a heavy knocking on the door. They all knew that it was the "juleniss." He came in dressed in an odd Lapp-outfit, a mask over his face, and a sack on his back. The small children were a little frightened when he asked them in a growling voice if they had been "snill" and when he grabbed their little hands, but they all liked it just the same, and they liked what they got in the little red packages.

It was quite a job to get them out of the room, but we finally accomplished it at about 7:15 and made ready to receive the next group ~~at~~ 15 minutes late.

These older children proved to be just twice as much a job to take care of as the younger. They all wanted to show off for their friends, at least that's the way it was with the boys....the girls were much nicer. The program went just about the same for their "fest" except for the frequent interruptions to restore order. The interruptions were often futile. At our second party we had about 50 or 60 making the grand total of children served for the evening at about 130.

We locked up the meeting house as soon as possible after which we dropped in to see Fru Hetta to thank her for her help. We stayed there until about 10 or 11 o'clock drinking some cocoa and eating cakes from the party and talking with her and her husband who were evacuees from Sørøy, a place Elder Sims and I visited this summer. We found that we had many friends in common,...."Kan du skjønne!"...as was their byword. With an object in both hands we left the Hetta barrack and headed homeward over the snow-covered road. The sky was now clear and ~~and~~ the weather beautiful. It was pleasant to walk home ~~this~~ still ~~in~~ night. Quite a contrast to parties of 3 or 4 hours ago.

In my account of the day's activities I forgot to mention the morning decoration job of the meeting room with the help of four young men.

We made the room look better than it has ever appeared with pine boughs and decorations adorning the rafters, a huge welcome sign on one wall, a large Christmas colored drawing (by one of the young boys) on another wall, curtains made of Xmas paper lining the windows.

After decorating we rode into town on the bus and talked there with a man who was undoubtedly some kind of a priest. He was ostentatiously amazed that we should hold a party out here right under the nose of the State Church Priest and presented the attitude when we assured him that the Mormons celebrate Christmas; yes, even in Utah. He seemed to be anxious to tear us apart with words, but was planning another form of attack, that of being outwardly as pleasant as possible. We got the impression that he felt he was doing us a great honor being so pleasant while he spoke with us.)

Dec. 24 - Sat.

We decided to divide our day's chores in this way....I would stay at home carrying water from the creek (where we stood on the ice and dipped water out of a hole in the ice and poured it into our buckets which we carried on the ends of a yoke which we fitted on our neck and bore up over the 200 yards hill to the basement of the house) and doing our week's washing which we hadn't had a chance to do.

That would keep me busy while Elder Holladay made a trip to town and one to the camp to perform some necessary post-party duties out there. We managed to be finished both of us by about five PM at which time I took the first turn at the tub bathing in a round washing tub in about 2 inches of water, and Elder H. following suit a few minutes later.... the floor being washed by wiping up the water we had splashed over the edge of the tub.

When we had dressed in our best we dropped up to see how the Telnes family was getting along this Christmas eve. They had already received their gifts. I was surprised when one of them said that she had received a comb for Christmas. That was 15 year old Lille. I later learned that she had also received a pair of shoes. And 17 year old Aud had a few gifts to show, but not much in comparison to what I have been used to seeing.

The evening began by the traditional "julegrøtt" (raisin and rice pudding by candlelight. Then, back into the living room for apples, oranges and candy and a few songs and radio-listening (hilsner fra Spitzbergen etc.) We popped some pop-corn and played some games with the girls until it was time (at about 11 PM) for the traditional pork ribs and bread and butter which tasted mighty good.

The old man was a little under the weather as a result of too much "sprit" so he had little to add to the evening's pleasantness, but the two girls and Holladay and I stayed up later than the Mother and Father of the house washing the dishes and talking. At about 1 AM we climbed into our cold, cold sacks in the basement room. I had four sweaters on when I climbed between the covers.

This is the swell ball-point pen I received from the Elders Quorum today.

Dec. 25 - Sun.

After a long, long, night Elder Holladay and I rose at about 10 AM, throwing me entirely out of the old schedule. We warmed the room as much as possible and after a bowl of "julehavregrynsgrøtt" I "koset meg i sengen" with the latest of L.C. Douglas' books, "The Big Fisherman." I found it very interesting in the parts I read of it (which were the outstanding points in the life of Peter). Finally this off-schedule was too much for me. My eyes just wouldn't stay open, so finally I dropped off to sleep with the request to be wakened in an hour. Two and a half hours later I opened my eyes.

The evening was spent with the Telnes family and Herr og Fru Lindeberg. We played several games, went around the Christmas tree, had a pork

dinner and chatted about New York traffic, big cities, and Swedish bath houses. At about 11 PM Elder Holladay brought up his Christmas cake which was given him of a family in town. We had a snack and then all hit the sack.

Dec. 26 - Monday

We planned a day of visiting and that's just what it turned out to be. Our morning was spent out in the "Camp" visiting with several of the families there. They seemed more friendly than ever, the improvement due undoubtedly to the "Julefrefest" which we had held there.

After dinner with the Telnes family we crossed the street where we met another group of friends which the Elders have made. Our conversation drifted from Christmas to the Gospel, and we sat at the table eating and answering questions for about two hours. When we were ready to leave most of these present seemed convinced that the teachings we had presented to them were true.

From that place we headed for the home of the boss of the acetylene works. We were well received by him and his family. Our discussion centered mostly around the Book of Mormon and today's sectarian-Christian world. The conversation drifted over to an explanation of life aboard an old "sailer." Finally when we thought it was about time to leave for home, the old sailor brought out his Chinese Checkers game and we played until nearly 1 AM, desverre.

Dec. 27 - Tues.

Up at 7, packed, and away on the 11 a.m. bus for Narvik. The weather seemed terrifically cold, "og 'æ 'frø's hele veien." We found a whole stack of mail and a few packages awaiting our arrival in Narvik. One of the finest letters I've ever received was from the Røstvik family in Hammerfest. Besides that I had a can of cookies from the Høyems, socks from the Sørensens, a picture book on Northern Norway from Bror Mathisen and a jumping jack from the GUF girls. It was wonderful to sit and read the stack of swell letters which had come for me.

Dec. 28 - Wed.

Most of the day was taken up in preparations for the "Julefrefest" we were to have Wed. evening. We finally had everything arranged... the juleniss packages made up with nuts, candy, pop-corn, apples etc.; the napkins full of cakes to be eaten with the cocoa; and had enlisted the help of Søster Evensen to cook the cocoa.

Elder Harris and I fetched the Christmas tree from the Jørgensen's new house, transported it to the meeting house on a "spark" and began decorating it. The other Elders then arrived with all of the necessities for the rest of the program. When the kids had arrived

we began the party by singing a song followed by prayer, round the juletre, and games (pin-the-tale-on-the-donkey, musical chairs, and ducking for apples). The game of the donkey was won by an elderly lady who came to the fest by mistake (thinking that it was for both old and young). After more of the round-the-tree routine, Elder Holladay came in dressed as a "julenissen," though the comparison was actually impossible. He gave the kids a real scare, but we told them afterwards that even though he was a "meget streng julenissen" he was a "meget snill 'en."

The party broke up. I heard one little girl say as she went out: "Den var den beste juletefest jeg har vært på. Ingen andre har vært så snill som de var her ivkeld."

We "sparked" the tree back to the Jørgensen's house and then headed for home.

Dec. 29 - Thurs.

Today was bath day and general shopping day. Elder Holladay and I walked out to Henry Paulsen's house after our trip to the bath-house. He had phoned and asked us to drop out to see him. The discussion followed along the usual political lines, even though we began with good intentions of explaining some of the Biblical prophecies for the Book of Mormon. He and his wife are vowed-Communists apparently. Elder Holladay who had majored in economics and political science at Arizona U. kept Henry on the defensive much of the time. With each argument I tried to place myself as an individual into the given conditions. Each of Henry's arguments made me feel like I was being pushed around while the arguments favoring the capitalistic form of government always seemed to give me that freedom I desire. Personally I don't see how an individual can exist over a long period of time in a Socialistic State. It seems to me that such a system would cause a great breakdown in the individual's morale, especially in a case such as we find in today's Russia where the individual's freedom of speech has been taken from him.

We had planned to see a movie, so we had to leave his place at 8:30. He asked us to be sure to return and continue the discussion, but I'm afraid that will not be done.

The movie playing at "Verdens Teatre" was entitled "Arch de Triumph." Elder Holladay asked me what I thought of the movie as we walked home over the snow-covered streets. I think we agreed that the film left a depressing effect with those who had seen it. I felt that a movie should be entertaining rather than depressing. Therefore I wasn't very happy that we spent two hours in "Verdens Teatre."

Dec. 30 - Friday

We had a delicious dinner with Fru Hendriksen out in Fagernes. Her little two-room attic flat was covered with pictures in typical Norwegian style. We ate in her kitchen; two bowls of "kjøtt-suppe" each, bread and jam, and

jello for dessert. While she whipped up the dishes (she wouldn't let us help her) we sat in her front room reading the latest "TIME" magazines which we had purchased at the gate 1 newstand.

Arriving home I found a letter from Elder Bagley in which he stated that a fellow whom Elder Sims and I had contacted in Kirkenes two months ago was ready for baptism. He stated that unless he heard from me to the contrary he would baptize this fellow on the 3rd of January. I made up my mind to phone them and talk the thing over with them, for I didn't feel he should be baptized so soon.

I had expected a letter from President Gowans, but found none. Having several important things to talk over with him I decided to give him a ring. The call came through in about 1 hour and the reception was fine.

I was thrilled to hear the friendliness of his voice and catch his regular fellow personality over the phone. He certainly sounded like a good guy. I repeated to him several things I had mentioned before in my letters;—that we need four missionaries to work Narvik and two to be stationed in Harstad which would necessitate his sending two new missionaries "up-over." To my disappointment he explained that he just didn't have the missionaries to spare. I remarked about the baptism in Kirkenes and told him my opinion which he was in complete agreement with. In regard to the Book of Mormon, I found out from him that Sister Strand was now translating the index for it, and they were doing all they could to get it to us as soon as possible. He closed by asking me to say hello to the folks who had asked him to send me their love.

Elder Holladay and I tried to pay a visit on Bror Mathisen (and Elder Harris and I tried to pay a visit to Söster Ruth Eklund), but nobody was home.

Dec. 31 - Sat.

I finished the old year out by rising on its last day with a swell cold.

Immediately after breakfast I phoned the Elders in Kirkenes. The reception was a little poor, but I could understand Elder Sims' words. He agreed about postponing Herr Nilsen's baptism, in fact, he said, we had already decided to do just that. I talked to Elder Tanner also, He complained about the terrific cold they had experienced up there, but said that things were going smoothly.

When evening rolled around the other three Elders made their way up to Herr Jørgensen's new house for a New Years Party. Feeling a sore throat and a tight head I decided it would be best for me to stay in. I spent my evening in a pleasant way reading, listening to the radio and doing a little drawing with the help of the "ABC" course. A talk with Herr Franzen convinced me that I should photograph the midnight proceedings at the Narvik torv. When that time rolled around I bundled up and took my new movie camera with me to the town place, passing many inebriated borgeres on the way. Arriving at the torv I witnessed a spectacle of unexpected brilliance.....I had expected to see something bright and this was quite dull, except for the rockets which came down on parachutes.

The ships in the harbor whistled, but not as loudly as last year, the man-on-the-street told me. The most exciting event of the evening was an affair which happened on Gate 2 when two fellows under Alcohol's influence lit up a rocket and shot it at a store window; they lit up one more and it went spiraling over and smacked into the Methodist Kirke. The passers-by were a little irritated at this show of sport, but no drastic measures were taken since they all came out of the affair safely. I returned home, wished myself a Happy New Year, listened to the ringing in of the New Year in London, made the Elders beds and fell asleep.

Jan. 1 - 1950 - Sunday

We rose in just enough time to shave and make it over to the Evensen for 12 o'clock Sunday Dinner. I spent the afternoon writing down a few remarks for our evening meeting while Bror og Søster Evensen slept. When they got up for their hour's rest we ate again; this time it was "korn-kaffe og kaker." Shortly before 6 PM we wandered over to the Losje lokale and found Elders Harris, Pedersen and a few of the members standing inside the meeting room talking (with their "breath showing"). The gal at the lokale had forgotten to heat up the place, so things looked pretty hopeless. (She seems to be fighting a cold war against us, and has already won several battles according to the members). None of the members offering to hold the meeting at one of their homes, we all scattered our own ways. Elder Holladay and I returned to the Evensen residence where we talked about many things.... Søster Evensens desire to emigrate to USA, the battle of Hermagedon.. osv. After our third meal with them and after hearing a summary of the year's important world political news by the Oslo Broadcasting Station we took off for home.

Jan 2. - 1950 - Monday

Our day began with a trip to town after which Elder Holladay and I dropped up to fill an appointment we had made with Bror Mathisen. We found both him and Bor Karoliussen up in his room. It was really enjoyable to just sit and talk things over with the two old times of the bran bh. Though they were both in their seventies, they were still just as active as can be in the Church. We showed a souvenir folder Elder Holladay had received from Arizona showing the events leading up to the dedication of the new Phoenix First Ward Chapel. When they all of the people who came out to meeting and the lovely conditions under which the people met, I thought they would weep. To go to America is undoubtedly the greatest desire each of these two faithful members has. We thought perhaps we would catch the Harstad bus in the evening, so we had to leave them; but before we could get out of the door they had forced upon us 25 Kroner each plus a sack of oranges and apples. I ~~almost~~ withered with shame as I squeezed the 25 Kroner in my bulging wallet. It turned out that the weather was so bad that the bus had been delayed, so we decided to wait until Tuesday morning before leaving Narvik.

I had kept a young fellow's French book for quite sometime (without using it), so I decided it was time that he received it back, especially since I would be leaving the next day. So, Elder H. and I fortified ourselves against the terrific cold, loaded ourselves down with investigator material and headed out to find the young man. He was not at home, unfortunately, but we left the book with his mother.

We continued on to another house where we knocked on the door of a young lady I had spoken twice with while tracting. She opened the door and we invited ourselves in. Her husband had a visitor who seemed quite happy to see us, so we stayed and began discussing the Book of Mormon, something which neither of these two men had ever heard. They found the story interesting, though they didn't conceive its importance. We talked with them about our teaching of a personal God, something which seemed reasonable to them, though not very important. They, like many other Norwegians, had heard about Cainsmarrying into a heathen race, and sought a solution to the question of where these people had come from if Adam and Eve were the first people on the earth. That question brought forth our opinion of the contents of the Bible and of new scriptures which we have received in these latterdays. It turned out to be a nice evening with two (when the guest left) very nice people. It was just a hit-or-miss visit, and as hit-or-miss visits often go, I doubt if there will come anything of this attempt.

Jan 3, - Tuesday

We tied two large bags on the Frantzen spark and I rode it down the icy hill to the bus depot. At the corner by the Royal Hotell I broke off the handle on one side while making the sharp turn. When I arrived at the depot Boor Mathisen was waiting there. He said to turn the spark over to him and he would fix it for me.

We saw that our baggage was placed on the top of the bus, and then said adio to the two Elders and Boor Mathisen. The weather was very cold, but soon the inside of the bus was comparatively warm, so I sat reading while a little child cried in front of me and the lady across the aisle regurgitated regularly. We hadn't gone far when the deisel motor which was located beside the driver's seat began smoking violently. I stepped up to the driver who had not yet spotted it and told him what was happening. He stopped the bus, we all got out and the repairing job began. For the next half hour we had the choice of freezing or inhaling deisel fumes. The deisel fumes seemed to be the lesser of two unpleasanties, so we endured it. The rest of the trip was cold, but beautiful (what landscape I could see from the frost-free front windows).

When we reached the Telnes basement it was like an ice-box. We got the corner stove going, but it seemed to have little effect on the temperature of the room. I put on the "yok&" and took a trip to the stream which lies about 200 yards from the house. Due to the present temperature of 14 below 0 centigrade the usual hole in the ice had frozen over, so I had to chop out a new hole. On the way up the hill back to the house

I beheld a beautiful sight. The full moon was shining brightly out of a clear dark sky onto the tops of a range of snow-covered, sawtooth mountains. The brightness of the area immediately surrounding me was amazing, the light due to the reflection of the light of the moon on the snow. As soon as we put our house in order we left for an evening visit. The family whom we called on live just across the Sama bridge in a little house. Our evening's conversation centered around my scrapbook covering such points as the missionary system and the Welfare Plan both of which interested them considerably. Later on in the evening the father and son in the house returned home having seen a new film on "Lofot-fiske," a Swedish coverage of the famous Norwegian fishing area.

Jan 4, - Wednesday

The cold morning looked quite uninviting. If it hadn't been for the beautiful moon shining as we left the house, things would have been pretty intolerable; but, the bright, full-moon shining through a blue-purple haze which hung over the same snow-covered mountains was really a sight to see. As soon as I hit the Poste Restante the -15 degrees seemed to jump up above the freezing point. There I found a swell Christmas letter from the folks telling all about Christmas in SIC and also mentioning that my article about "Samheten in Utah" had been read by Elder John A. Widtsoe.

Elder Holladay and I paid our first call at the home of one of the Sarstad High School teacher's home. We found him at home. The conversation which ensued proved to be very interesting, for we found both him and his wife to be very educated people. They spoke English very fluently. They seemed interested enough in our Church to ask many intelligent questions about our social work and the industry and cooperation among the people, but they were afraid we'd think they were interested, so they shied away when Elder Holladay offered to let them read "These Amazing Mormons" saying that they were hopeless heathens satisfied with their own church. They accepted the book, however, with the promise to look into it. They, like many other contacts I've made, seem afraid to begin investigating....at any rate they hesitate, because (I believe) they are satisfied with what they have.

Our evening was spent with the Lindeberg couple who live on the second floor of the Telnes house. We had a "hyggelig" evening with them discussing mostly Napoleon and Petter Hugstad.

Jan. 5 - Thursday

Our getting up was a horrible experience in a room where ice had formed in the washbasin. By the time our class was over the room began to warm up, but then it was time for us to go out tracting. The first house we hit was inhabited by some old contacts of the missionaries here; a poor family who have visited all of the Elders' meetings. We had a short visit with them trying to put over a few gospel points, but finding it very difficult they being the type of people who just can't dwell on one sub-

ject. We had, however, a cup of cocoa and some Christmas Cakes with them. On the way out we were amazed when the Grandmother in the house handed us each a pair of gloves she had knitted. They were wrapped in paper then as a Christmas gift, but later when we opened the packages we found that they were very nice looking white, knitted gloves.

We continued through the forest until we reached "Trondenes leir" where we paid our first visit at the home of another contact. We found that the man of the house here was full of all sorts of bad stories about the Mormons, and found it quite difficult to agree with him on any subject. But, as the conversation wore on, he became a great deal friendlier and considerably more understanding. We found that the morning had already passed us by, having only made two calls (and having eaten at both places).

It was nearly time for dinner, so we put up a couple of posters advertizing our Sunday School, and then headed back through the forest arriving at our home in Sama about a half hour later. The temperature read -17 degrees. After dinner we left the house again to make a few appointments. At one of these places we stayed for a short time, and then continued on to the Elefsen home where we talked with Mr. El. for a couple of hours. I was very impressed by his strong testimony of the Book of Mormon. He felt that it was absolutely the word of God as the Bible is. One thing, for instance, which struck him favorably about the Book of Mormon was that (according to him) it confirmed his theory that when a people begin to gather in large cities and leave their food-giving farms, difficulties develop in their lives. Economically they have more spending money to throw away on vain things, degrading themselves. Physically they become a weaker people. And finally, the food for those who must work at other jobs (not farming) becomes less and more bringing about more difficulties. Therefore he feels that a great deal of the trouble with our present situation is due to the great influx of population from the country to the big cities.

The case of Mr. Elefsen is an odd one. Though he is apparently completely convinced of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon, he still fails to comprehend its message, especially in the sense that he does not yet understand the necessity of belonging to a church. He feels that a good life is all that God desires of us. We have arranged to meet with him soon again to take him through the Anderson Plan subject, "One Church."

December 6 - Fri

Again this morning we had the regular cold getting-up conditions with the usual class-with-a-coat-on.

The weather outside remained practically the same as it has been during the past few days. Our morning trip to the Nilsen A/s was successful in that we were able to secure a load of coal, cokes and wood. From there we called at the city engineer's office where we received a promise that we would receive two fine maps of the city to help us with our tracting work. I was surprised to find a letter from Don Gidley and even more amazed to find one from Thor Heyerdahl. The latter letter was written in answer to one I had sent him. Mr. Heyerdahl answered my two questions

as best he could. He began by saying that he had never read the Book of Mormon except for the incident telling of Hagoths' ships sailing out toward the land to the north and never returning. He praised the Churches people highly, but said that he had no faith in the Book of Mormon. One cannot expect a person who hasn't read the book to have much faith in it. It was very nice of him to answer my letter in such a pleasing manner, and to pay such a fine tribute to the Mormon people.

We paid a visit to a family and discussed the question of baptism with them receiving an appointment to return to show our films. Another lady, a Mrs. Koch, who has a sister who is a member of the Church received us very kindly, but her husband practically told us to get out. The Elders had been there before, and he had acted somewhat the same way, but his 60 year old wife had just ignored him. She did the same today, and as we sat conversing, he spoke up with the statement that we had no right coming in his house trying to break up his marriage. That was enough. We left. What a character.

At 4 PM we had an appointment with a young student at the High School here. We found him at home with his brother, sister, mother and visiting Swedish friend. At the close of a friendly conversation over a glass of milk and some "bløttkake" we made an appointment with this family to return with our slide films.

We next moved on to the teacher of languages, a Herr. Kauppi. He invited us up to his little room filled with books. For over two hours we sat discussing the Book of Mormon, languages, traveling in England, peoples of various lands, the Harstad School-Teachers' Strike and a half-a-dozen other things. One interesting comment was his about a Frenchman and an Englishman in an art gallery where he was. The Englishman said to his friend, "Isn't it lovely!" to which his friend replied, "Very, very nice." While, on the other hand, the Frenchman always commented to his traveling mate that the picture reminded him of something, or that he got a certain feeling from it; he put forth a much more lively criticism of the painting than was made by the Englishmen. Such are these two peoples he thought. We left him with an invitation to return again soon to speak English with a Norwegian who spoke much more fluent English than either of us.

Jan. 7 - Saturday

The weather was so "fryktelig" that we couldn't get up the courage to leave our room in the evening and see the education film about fishing in Lofoten, "Havets Sønn."

Jan. 8 - Sunday

At 9 AM we were on the road to the camp. It must have been at least 17 below zero. After walking a half hour we arrived at the Trondenes Evacuee Camp and found the barracks manager pouring the coal on our stove in the room where we were to hold our Sunday School meeting.

We talked with the fellow for about an hour, and found that he had traveled extensively in Finnmark. He even related that he had met Jens Røstvik in one of the Evacuee Camps, and knew him quite well. It was 11 o'clock before the Sunday School started. We had planned to have 2 meetings, one for the small kids and one for the older children, but due to the cold windy weather we decided to join the two classes in one. We were surprised to find that as many as 20 kids had braved the weather. We gathered the chairs around the stove which was burning furiously, but not effecting the temperature of the room much, and began by singing "Kom til vår søndagsskole." We could see our breath as we sang it. Elder Holladay told a story about Joseph and Mary's taking the Christ-child into Egypt, and I followed with an explanation of how to pray by telling first of the power of prayer using the example of the coming of the Seagulls to the Mormon pioneers. At the close of the meeting I was able to get a young fellow to offer the closing prayer with my help.

We dropped up to see the big-shot of the camp, Herr Nilsen from Halden. He invited us in and introduced us to his southern wife. Their dialect sound very different from the northern accent. We chatted with them awhile and made an appointment to visit them in their home on Tuesday at which time we would show them our slide films.

Our trip back to the Telnes residence was just a little warmer than it had been when we came to the Camp at 9 a.m. We arrived just in time for dinner. "Lille" had a lot to tell about the private dance she had attended the night before. Answering Holladay's question as to whether she wore her silk stockings, she answered, "Yes, under the wool ones." So it is in Northern Norway; the cold doesn't stop these people from their parties. On hearing that Elder Gidley had married a Norwegian girl, Fru Telnes began recommending her daughter Aud's wonderful qualities to Elder Holladay.

Jan. 9 - Monday

I'm behind again in my diary writing, but I'll do my best at remembering the past few days' happenings. In the afternoon we dropped in to see Hans Peder, the #1 English student at the High School. He speaks very fluently. He had a visitor from southern Sweden whose dialect sounded like a Texas cowboy. We sat around their small coffee table and had milk and bløtt-kake which was "deilig." (Now I'm telling about our visit with him last Friday the 6th of Jan.) Here is how the visit on Monday afternoon went: We arrived with the intention of showing them our slide films. All of the family were at home except on the boys, so we spent our time singing while waiting for him. Elder Holladay and I gave a sad duet of "Høit opp på fjellets topp," and they sang "Old Faithful" (Gammel Svartan) accompanied by Hans Peder on the guitar.

We put up a ~~new~~ table cloth and showed them "In the top of the Mountains." They (and some of their friends who had dropped in) seemed to be delighted at seeing the pictures. After the film we sat around the table eating "bløttkake" and answering their questions about the Church. "What an offering!" was their expression to President Gowans' coming to Norway to serve as a mission president.

From that place we continued on to another family where we showed our story of the Church film to a family of sleepy people.

Jan. 10 - Tues.

Our complete day was spent out in the Camp. We arrived there early and spent the morning visiting the interested individuals we could find. Fru Hætte made some sandwiches for us and we talked to her about the Book of Mormon, but could not quite hold her interest enough to put over the Book's message nor its story. The husband suggested that we hold a weekly study class out there which suited us fine. Later in the day we spoke with another lady out there who offered to hold the weekly class in her home. These are very simple, but good-hearted people. At 4:15 we had an appointment at the home of the Director of the Camp, Herr Nilsen. He had invited another couple in to see our films, but first we had to have a bite to eat. We received delicious chocolate cake and lemon-water.

The crowd found our films interesting. When we were through they began asking questions about polygamy, sectarianism, etc., but we had to break things up finally when the time came for us to fill another later appointment.

It was at 7 pm that we arrived at Herr Ranglig's barrack. He also had a guest, a fellow who had just returned from Hammerfest. He and I had a good time talking about the old home-town, and about its inhabitants. We ate here again and then showed our tourist film about the state of Utah, afterwards answering their questions about the home-state. We walked home through the cold night air. The northern-lights emanated from a cone at the middle of the sky, and were moving faster than I've ever seen them move.

Jan. 11 - Wed.

After fetching our mail (a letter from Dad with itinerary of our trip plus an article on the Tabernacle Choir) we dropped in to see the editor of the Harstad Tidende. He seemed happy to see us. We told him of our Welfare Plan and asked him to put an article in his paper about it. We couldn't talk him in to this, but he said for me to bring in that other article I mentioned (the one I wrote) and he would look that over. He was very "hyggelig," but was only afraid that his paper would lose its popularity if it published favorable Mormon news.

Jan. 12 - Thurs.

Our evening visit with Herr Skotnes and his family was worthwhile and enjoyable. He and his wife seemed to be interested in the story of the Book of Mormon as told in my scrapbook. They listened for about 45 min. while I told the account from the exodus at Jerusalem to the extermination of the Nephite nation near the Hill Cumorah. I asked him if he desired to read the book and he answered affirmatively.

Jan. 13 - Friday

Our first visit of the morning was with two ladies who live about 3 kilometers from here. The change in weather had made the roads slick as glass. After 10 days of below zero weather we had now received a break in the cold spell, and the melting ice~~s~~ on the roads made them hazardous for bike traveling; but, the ride was comical anyway. The two ladies had received the Book of Mormon and were reading in it. One of them was sitting on the end of a large bench with two metal bristled-brushes in her hand combing wool. The other lady was getting the morning milking done when we arrived, but came into the wool-smelling kitchen to chat with us as soon as she was finished. They were both nice and interested in what we ate, wore and preached.

From there we traveled into town and informed our investigators about our Sunday meeting, thereafter tracting until it was time for "middag." Soon after dinner we cycled out to the camp where we had an appointment with a lonely little lady who had come to this evacuee village from Vardø with her invalid mother. She had cared for the aging woman until just a few days ago when her mother died. Our visit came at a good time, for she seemed to need someone to cheer her up, and get her mind off of the happening of a few days ago. She told us how alone she felt; - as though she didn't have a home, since her mother's passing left her without relatives or close friends nearby. She said that the Tronden~~e~~s priest had suggested that she send her mother's body to Vardø, where it could be buried beside her father, but she had told him that it mattered not if her mother's earthly tabernacle stayed where it was, for her spirit had left the body and she would not see her mother again until at the time of the resurrection.

We showed her the film on Utah and she enjoyed seeing it.

We left her alone and proceeded to our 7 o'clock visit with the Hætte family. Elder Holladay showed the family and some visiting kids and adults the story on the Life of Christ. Afterwards we sang songs from "De Siste Dagers Helliges Sangbok." Fru Hætte then brought out the guitar and I played it while we sang Norwegian folk songs and I sang a couple of cowboy songs being helped by Elder H. on those that he "could." The kids and the old man asked for repeat after repeat of those "vakkere Cowboy sanger." Afterward I told the kids about life in holiday park, and a little about the Indians. The old man returned with the interesting story of the evacuation of Sørøy aided by three English destroyers. I had heard it told before, but was interested in hearing his version. We had a nice snack and then left with the invitation to come again soon.

Sat. - Jan 14th

Our first chore of the day was our clothes wash. Elder H. carried water, while I built the "vanskelig" fire. Finally things got cooking...the wash was underway. I talked with a fellow who came by and dropped i to the house. He asked to borrow 100 Kroner, but I told him that I might not be around very long. Elder H. returned from town where he had been shopping and bathing; and I fetched some water after dinner and then headed for town. I returned and found him still carrying on. It seems that the fires had gone out, and that had slowed him up considerably. We finally got the clothes on the light (with the aid of a long-distance-corded light) at about 8 PM having washes clothes for about 9 or 10 hours that day. What efficiency!

Efficiency 3/4 = 24/100 on the loan

Sun. - Jan. 15th

We cycled out to the Camp at 10 a.m. The sun was trying hard to shine over the mountains, but couldn't quite make it. It did, however, reach the tops of some of the opposite, distant peaks. The sight, as we rode along the fjord with our Russian fur caps pulled down over our ears, was beautiful. When time for the meeting rolled around we had about 35 kids in attendance, howling like indians. I told them a story about how to behave in Church and Elder Holladay told them about Christ's youth. Then, Elder H. brought out some folders he had made for them, first giving each child a picture of the Tronden Church which he had copied from a postcard. These the kids colored. A song was written under the Church. This they sang. They then put the sheets into their folders, looking forward to next Sunday when they would receive another one to color.

We arranged with Fru Larsen to have the Bible Study Class at her barrack on Friday evening.

I spent the afternoon reading and writing a couple of letters. I had to inform President Gowans about the phone call I received from Elder Sims yesterday morning. He had called to get permission to baptize Hr. Nilsen, a man whom Elder Sims and I had contacted about 3 months ago. I was convinced by what Elder Sims said that he was ready for the ordinance, so I asked him to go ahead with it. It was to be performed in the fjord by the side of Hr. Hovland's house today.

Evening soon rolled around and we headed for the Good Templar's Hall where we were to have our ~~8vo~~ meeting. The Adventists were still going strong when we arrived, but that soon broke up and we awaited the multitude. Three people came, so we gathered them around the stove and had a little study class.

As we walked home the Northern lights were running all over the sky. It was a beautiful sight.

Once in our room we pulled out the Primus burner (kerosene) and scrambled a couple of eggs ... which we ate. The first eggs I've eaten for a long time.

Jan. 16th- Monday

It was cold this morning, so we decided to walk to the Camp instead of riding our bikes. Our first visit was made at the barrack rooms where Fru Pedersen and her two children live. We found her 20 year old son at home, so we stayed a while chatting with them both in the kitchen. After about half-an-hour the son began speaking to someone who was in the livingroom-bedroom. It happened to be his girl friend. After 15 minutes coaxing he got her to come out and meet us. His mother, who has often told us of her belief in the Bible and is well read in same, took the whole affair lightly. The young girl had spent the night with her possible fiance, and the mother said to us, "It really isn't right, but that's the way they do it here in Norway. De tar ekteskapet på forskudd."

We continued on our way to the old Trondenes Kirke looking for the place where Frk. Hansen was to hold the funeral for her mother who died about a week ago. The Kirke was locked and we couldn't see anyone in the vicinity of it, so we asked at the Camp Headquarters and found out that it was to be held in the "sykestue" or Hospital Barrack. Approximately 15 people were gathered around a white wood coffin which had been placed on some chairs in a very cold room in the sykestue. Beside the coffin was the daughter, Frk. Hansen, freezing and crying. It was a sorrowful sight. The Trondenes Priest stood on the other side of the coffin and began the services, nearly everyone present had to stand as there were only a couple of chairs. I stood beside the priest and used the song book with him. His remarks were read from a State Church book (the section on Funerals). At a certain point in his reading, he stopped and made a few "personal" remarks, in that he mentioned that the sun was now just coming back to us, that which is the source of material life on the earth. He thought it fitting that Christ, the creator of all these material things now come back into the lives of individuals.

The services lasted only about 15 minutes;--if they had been longer I'm afraid we'd have frozen. A horse and sled was waiting at the door, and the coffin was laid upon the sled. The horse pulled the coffin down to the graveyard which is just outside of the Trondenes Kirke. Many of the old ladies nearly fell down several times due to the "dårlig före."

At the graveside, the priest suggested singing one verse of a song, and that was followed by the traditional State Church ceremony: "Av jord har du kommet, av jord skal du bli, av jord skal du igjen oppstå." With these words the priest threw the first three shovels full of dirt on the coffin.

We went trawling after dinner and met a nice family who accepted an appointment for us to show our slide pictures to them. We caught the 7 PM showing of "Et streif i solen," a very good American movie about the Parentless children in Europe and the work which is being done for them by UNNRA. We went directly to the home of Hr. Konradi after the movie. We had made an appointment to meet with him and some of his friends to see our

films. Konradi is quite an accomplished commercial artist. His friends seemed quite well to do also. They were interested to hear about the conditions in Utah, but found our story of the Book of Mormon "fantastic" since they did not believe in a personal God nor the Bible. It was mid-night before we left the place.

Tuesday - Jan. 17th

While tracting Tuesday we came upon a lady who must have been the wife of a recently deceased Catholic Priest. She was very interested in hearing our beliefs, and agreed with just about everything we said. She always spoke of the Catholic Church as they, until towards the end of the conversation when she realized that we understood she was a catholic and began saying "we." She was interested to hear that I knew Pastor Gørres in Hammerfest, for he had once labored in Harstad and they had been acquainted. (I just said that I thought her husband must have been a Catholic Priest, but now I realize that that couldn't have been the case. Perhaps, she was just a well-informed Catholic). Her ~~most~~ oddest query was about our belief in a resurrection. She said that her conclusion was that Christ's resurrection had been only a spiritual resurrection, that is, she meant that Christ had been crucified and had remained dead, but that his resurrection was just in the imagination of those who lived in those times. For a person so well-read in the Bible, and who professed a strong Catholic belief this was the most inconsistent statement she could have said. We spent about an hour and a half with her during which time she began to understand quite a bit of our teachings. We spent the evening with the Engaa sen family who seem to ~~mean~~ be losing their interest due to the name "mormon" I believe.

Wednesday - Jan. 18th

After tracting we headed out toward Kasfjord where we dropped in on some people who had an uncle (or somekind of relative) in Hyrum Utah. I found out that this person, an A. M. Andreasen, was born in USA of Norwegian parents and was back here in Norge on a mission. He had lately been working at a bank in Hyrum his relatives told me. One of the relatives was named Markus Aronsen. From there we dropped in on two old maids (35 years old). It was hard to understand why they were old maid, for they were pleasant to talk to and not very hard on the eyes. We talked with them awhile after which we showed them "History of the Church" in their little living room. Afterwards we sat eating sandwiches and milk when a neighbor girl came in, then one of A.M. Andreasen's relatives and another lady. We had another audience, so we decided to show them the "Utah" film. They seemed to get a big kick out of seeing it.

Thursday - Jan 19th My article on "Sannheten om Utah" was printed in the "Harstad Tidende" today.

After tracting our evening visit was made at the home of Hr. Engelsen, the seaman turned gas-works manager. I spent our Gospel time showing him and his old Bergen friend ~~man~~ an organized displaying of the pictures in "Americas Before Columbus," reading the corresponding Book of Mormon scriptures at the same time. They were interested to hear that the Book was ~~man~~ published ~~int~~1830, before these ruins had been really explored and written about.

We had a snack, talked a little more and then Engelsen got us into a game of Chinese Checkers, his favorite. We played a couple, but then it got too late to continue longer, so we broke the session up with the "Welcome again" bid from the host. While there I arranged with the other Bergen fellow to work out a pretty design to go on my guitar. He said he would draw me up a "prøve" and I could see how I liked it. We arrived home and there were no lights, so we had to find our way into bed by the light of Friday - Jan. 20th. a piece of dried alcohol.

The big thaw had come to Harstad. And with the thaw came the slipperiest roads I have ever seen. We spent the morning doing some tracting in town where we met several nice contacts, especially one where we were invited to return next week. Our schedule for this week was all filled up in advance and the same is true for the coming week.

The event for the evening was a Bible Class at Trondenes. We started off on our bikes and the trip went smoothly over the main highway, but when we branched off onto Trondenes "vei" things got difficult. I thought I had the bike pretty well under control when I managed to travel about a kilometer without falling, but as my confidence built up my chances got slimmer. Finally, as I was moving along pretty fast, the back wheel was suddenly abreast with the front wheel and I was sliding along the ice with the bike on top of me. There wasn't much damage done. We arrived in pretty good shape at Fru Larsen's barrack and waited for the others to come. When we opened with "A^V Guds nåde jeg som borger" there were three people in attendance besides ourselves which really wasn't so bad considering the terribly slippery weather. Elder Holladay took them through the "One Church" part of the Anderson plan. They had quite a few questions at the end of the presentation, so we answered them, and then closed with another song (I et kjærlig hjem) and a prayer. We had a humble snack with them (a glass of milk and two bisquits with margarin and a little jam on them) and then left with the appointment to meet next week at the very same time. We walked almost all of the way home, and even that was a dangerous job.

Sunday - Jan. 22

At our morning Sunday School in Trondenes we had over 40 kids in attendance. They seemed more eager than ever, since they knew they were going to color in the books which Elder Holladay had made for them. Elder H. told them a story after which I gave them a home-made story about being obedient to their parents. As we left the little barrack room some of the kids who had gone out of the door ahead of us yelled, "Ser dokker solen?" Sure enough we came out of the building, looked over toward the mountains and there "old sol" was sticking through a bunch of clouds which lined the horizon. It was the first time I'd seen it since our trip to Sweden last Thanksgiving;- and it sure looked good. The kids followed us up the path past the priest's house, we said adjø and cycled off to town. One of the fellows followed us along the way, and I rode him on the back of my bike as soon as we reached a place in the road where there was little ice.

We spent the afternoon writing letters. At a little before 8 PM we headed out for the "Losjen lokale." When we reached the meeting house, we discovered that we had forgotten our slide projector. Elder Holladay hopped on his "mule" and headed home to fetch it while I tried to figure out how we would hang up the white pieces of paper we had decided to use for a screen. We finally got the meeting underway about 10 or 15 minutes late. I gave an introduction to the film on Christ's life and Elder H. explained the film. At the close of the showing we tried a second song which was a complete flop. We just weren't in voice that night. I remarked a little more about Christianity's present condition and then told the story of the prophet Joseph. There were 24 in attendance.

Monday - Jan. 23

Our evening visit was made out in the Camp. Arriving at the appointed place, we found the door locked. We knew, however, that the lady on the other end of the barrack wished to see our pictures also, in fact, it was she who arranged the showing. We found all of that family at home;-the arguing husband and pessimist son. We finally got around to showing our pictures to a group of about 7 people in a little kitchen. At the close of the film we discussed a few principles of the Gospel with the family, but because of the man's arguing mood we didn't get much accomplished.

I neglected to mention that we earlier visited Frk. Hansen and found her well- again after the recent death and funeral of her only friend in this life, her mother. It was hard for me to imagine that the only person on earth this lady could confide in was her mother, and now she had departed from this life.

Tuesday - Jan. 24th

Before calling on the dock-worker, we dropped in to see our red-headed fellow who had shown enough interest to come to our meeting Sunday night, having talked to him just once before. He and his father seemed happy to see us. Our conversations with him and his Dad were very worthwhile. He seems to be one of the best contacts we have made in several days here. He had found the "Ny Apenbaring" book interesting enough to ask to buy a copy of it. We also arranged an appointment with the family to show them our pictures Sunday evening.

Cycling over the slippery ice we traveled to our next appointment; - the dock worker whose great grandfather was a Mormon. They had invited two of their friends in, so we hung a sheet up on one of the walls and showed them one of our films. Afterwards they were interested to hear about the B of M, and wanted especially to find out about plural marriage among the Mormons. They, like many other people in Norway, had been of the understanding that the word "Mormon" meant one who practices polygamy. They seemed happy to hear that in spite of the fact that their great-grandfather was called a Mormon, didn't necessarily mean that he had practiced polygamy. We were treated very nicely by these people, but left the place feeling that their interest in the Gospel was below average.

Today we made up some criticism sheets on the tract on the Book of Mormon feeling that the present tract is not satisfactory as a stepping stone to the reading of the Book of Mormon (besides its being a little inaccurate). We plan to make up a new tract and submit it to the Pres. requesting that it be published for the mission.

Wednesday - Jan. 25th.

Our day's activities I have forgotten. I remember that in the evening we paid our appointed visit to our Brooklyn-accented fireman. He and his wife were two very hospitable people. He seemed happy to have the opportunity of speaking a little American to us, but we couldn't seem to awake his interest in anything we had to offer. The kids, himself and his wife like the film on Utah, and he said to be sure to come again. He believed that the least one can do for his fellow man is to show him courtesy and kindness. His nice traits were reflected in his two young kids who were two of the finest kids we've met.

Thursday - Jan. 26th.

We didn't get far this morning in our tracting. At the first house (we are just beginning our second time around our tracting district) we met a fellow who couldn't stay on one subject, so we finally had to leave having accomplished almost nothing in a half hour. Our next "door" turned out to be a little more fruitful. The lady invited us in there, too, and we spent over an hour explaining to her the Book of Mormon and the young peoples' organizations in the Church. Finding the opportunity

we made the appointment to meet with her and her husband that same afternoon at 5 PM when he arrived home.

A very important happening of the day which I forgot to mention was the seeing of the full sun. As we cycled down to town to go tracting the sun's rays hit us right in the face. We had to stop a moment and get a tan. It was wonderful to see it in its fulness.

We cycled out to Trondenes to pick up Almond's typewriter which he decided not to sell. During that operation we talked a few minutes with Herr Nilsen about the skating results between Norge- and the US. It seems that the two fast footed Americans Werket and Henry won the two short races while two Norwegians took the longer races besides most of the 2,3, and 4th places in ~~them~~ all the races. Therefore USA lost, desverre. A short visit to Fru Pedersen's to invite her to our Bible Class brought good results in that she was eager over our suggestion that she let us pay her to wash and iron our shirts. The kids out in the Camp followed us wherever we went.

The afternoon visit turned out to be very interesting. It was made with the above named lady and her bank-clerk husband. He seemed to follow everything we said; understood the Apostasy, and what the meaning of Revelation is. Finally, he said: "You must believe then that there is only one true church, and it is yours." That seemed to sour his wife on our message. We regretted that we hadn't started in on the Book of Mormon instead of New Revelation. He seemed to catch on and grasp the message we preach faster than anyone I've contacted for a long time; yet, his know-it-all attitude made me believe that he probably believed more in a personal interpretation of Christ's teachings (or a philosophy of his own) than anything anyone else could tell him. He had to hurry off to the Harstad "Sangforening" practice, so we broke the discussion off after having carried on for a couple of hours.

Friday - Jan. 27th

Our second time around tracting today was not as encouraging as I had hoped. It seemed that those who had read our #8 tract on the Book of Mormon had received an opposing attitude to our message. Perhaps it was just that those people in the block we covered had not had much interest the first time we went around either.

We made an afternoon visit before going to Trondenes. It was at the farm near our place where we often fetch our fresh milk. The man and woman who own the place were two very hospitable people. We spoke about the Welfare Plan at home. This interested these farmers. We commented that many people in the world would more than "gjerne" take part in such a program if they could mold the necessary organization, and if they had enough interest for the welfare of their fellowman. In my scrapbook we came next to an explanation of the Word of Wisdom which had interested them, since they discovered that we didn't drink coffee. The woman of the house found the Word of Wisdom absolutely in agreement with her own opinion about a health program, but the husband who likes to take an occasional "dram" didn't feel the same way. I have found that the Word

of Wisdom is one of the main causes for fewer men converts in Norway than women. Often we have found wives who have believed our message, only to be discouraged by their husbands who knew interest and final acceptance of the Gospel would mean giving up tobacco and alcohol. After a glass of lemonade and some cookies we cycled out to Trondenæs.

We found Fru Hatte and Fru Larsen waiting for us. Another lady came and we opened our Bible Class with a song "Love at Home." When we got underway 3 others came in; - a total of 6 besides us. I led the remarks about the need for new revelation (following the Anderson Plan). The ladies present are not the most intelligent I have met, but still they seemed to follow along with what we were trying to put over; and they answered all of our questions. To give an example of the need for new revelation, we took such an article as tobacco, something which was not used by man in Bible times. Is it pleasing or displeasing in the sight of the Lord for us to use tobacco. The Bible cannot give us a sure answer, so we must go to the Lord, as the prophet Joseph Smith did when he had the problem before him. The answer was given as new revelation and written down as scripture. We opened the meeting at the end of our new revelation discussion for questions. The first one was about the use of stimulants. Taking out my scrapbook I showed them what the Lord had commanded in 1833, and what science says today; about the Word of Wisdom's promise and its fulfillment. They were all convinced that the use of stimulants is not good for man and is not pleasing in the Lord's sight.

We discussed a couple of other questions and then closed with 3 songs and a prayer. It was a swell meeting, and all those who attended had a desire to come again next time, I believe.

Sunday. - Jan 29th

The kids really turned out this morning - over 50 strong. They were waiting at the barrack door when we got there 20 minutes before starting time. Eler Holladay told his usual New Testament story, and this time instead of making up a story I told the history of Moses. I pulled one Joner. At the first of the story I told the kids to listen carefully so that when the story was told they could tell me who it was about. In the middle of the thing I must have said the word Moses, for at the end the kids yelled out that I had already told them. The proceedings must have sounded like the "It Pays to Be Ignorant" radio program where such questions as "What color was Napoleon's white horse" are asked.

The evening was spent with the Telnes' family after having filled an appointment (or rather our half of it), for the other party was not at home). We talked and sang with the Telneses ending with a bite to eat after which I told Aud's fortune about her going either to California or Finnmark for marriage's sake.

Monday - Jan 30th.

This was an enjoyable visit with Toller Sprensen and his family. The

others in the family being busy when we arrived we talked for quite a time with daughter Rignore who spoke good English for a 17th year old. She had been in France the year before on a Girl Scout Jamboree held in Toulouse; quite a world traveler. Her 21 year old brother had just returned from a year's experience with the Norwegian "Handelsflåte." He said that his travels were interesting, but that he had seen enough of the sea life. The toller came in and we began discussing our Church Welfare Program which most of them found quite interesting. It seems that most of the people favor such a program, but they don't have a common interest to encourage them on in such an undertaking. The wife was busy preparing for a party which she was to have at her home the following evening, so we didn't get a chance to speak much with her, but they asked us to come back again next Monday night which we consented to do.

Tuesday - Jan 31st

Today we began using exclusively my suggestion for better or more effective tracting. That is to remark at every door that we have something interesting for the people if they have a few minutes, if not we'll come back later when it is more convenient for you. I've found that I've never really accomplished much by chatting at the door. It is either to get in and have a conversation or call back. We found that by using this procedure exclusively caused a near revolution in our tracing; it showed a definite improvement over the old method of talking at the door, or waiting for them to ask you in.

The afternoon and evening was spent visiting Frk. Hansen out in the Camp. At her place we met the neighbor lady who lived up near Rolfsøy and knew Fru Røstvik. It was a lot of fun to talk to her about these people and places.

We went from there to another barracks where we held a little cottage meeting in the room of Frk. Fors. There were six people in attendance. We sang songs, and showed them film about Christ's mission.

Wednesday - Mon. Feb. 1st

We cycled out to Tobiassens on this cold morning and found one of the two sisters out milking her cows in the barn. She offered to let us sit in her house for a half hour while we waited for the bus to Kasfjord, and we made an appointment to see her and her sister at 6 that evening. The bus came and we traveled with it to Kasfjord the little group of houses resting at the foot of huge, steep mountains. This is the home of our only nearby member, an old man named Markus Eilertsen. We found him living with his son's family there. We sat in their living room talking about his baptism in 1938 and about his relatives in Salt Lake City, especially one Hugh Christensen who is a dentist there. I said that I would look Hugh up and try to visit him when I returned home to carry a Hilsen to him. Markus' son is a staunch Baptist, and a very nice fellow. We sat in the living room talking with him about the new hydrogen bomb, the winter sports, and everything under the sun. We also showed the family

the film on the history of the Church. We left them after having a nice snack, and a nice visit.

When we arrived at the Thobiassen's they were cooking "middag". They asked if we had eaten "middag" yet, and we replied that we hadn't so they said we would have it with them. This suited us fine. A good serving of fish cakes and potatoes was the main course with puffed wheat and jam for dessert. Then we cleared away the plates and talked about "litt av hvert." We discussed how the cold spell had ruined their plants which they had left standing on the window sills. Discussing further I thought how interesting it would be to putter around with plants; crossing them and developing stronger "breeds." This brought us to the subject of sunshing which the people have too little of to grow very much. I suggested that we get to work on a mirror project which would reflect the sun's rays here, so ~~that~~ we could grow food and get rid of that dull dark time. Getting onto Gospel conversation we arranged a Bible Class to be held with them and some of their neighbors. It seems like an ideal group for such a class.

Thursday - Feb. 2.

We had continued success with the new tracting method during the day. Our evening was spent visiting first the Olsen family to whom we explained the story of the Book of Mormon with my scrapbook, and then headed out to see a family who have lived in Detroit, the Sandneses. The husband, a painter, was not at home; but their cute 17 year old daughter and the wife were. We talked with the girl while the mother was milking their only cow (that job belonging exclusively to the women in Norway). The girl was a US citizen and was worried about losing her citizenship unless she could take a trip over there this summer which she might be able to arrange. Due to the unemployment problem which these people felt was bound to come in a few years in Norge, they were making plans to emigrate again. These people lived way out of town (we thought they should belong to the Narvik Elders area), so we had to leave early to cycle back before bedtime.

Friday - Feb. 3rd

After a successful day of tracting, we left for the Camp where we visited Hr. Ranglig who is in charge of the barracks maintenance, moving families etc. He had to get up from his "middags lur" to see us, but didn't seem angry at all. We paid him for the use of the meeting house where we have been holding our Sunday School meetings. Afterwards we discussed the terrible event of two small fishing boats being lost off the coast of Finnmark during the last storm, and of 27 children being left without a father. The inhabitants of Northern Norway are taking up a collection to help these families (all of which are on the poor side). We discussed further with him the Welfare Plan of the Church, something which he found interesting and worthwhile, but agreeing that it would be unsuitable for a people who didn't have the spirit of cooperation necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

From Rangli^swe went over to our Bible Class across the street at Fru Larsen's house. There were four ladies in attendance and we had the usual "hyggelig stund" with them, Elder Holladay taking the lesson (on Need for Apostles and Prophets) this time. When the lesson is over, then we have to begin being first-class diplomats, for two of the ladies belong to the Days of Pentecost faith, one to Frimisjon and the other to the State Church. We have to not only keep them from arguing among themselves, but also from bringing out something which will tear down our faith in the eyes of the others. It has gone smoothly so far, having gone over such problems as the word of wisdom, the eating of blood-food, the paying of tithing all of which they decided in our favor though their views beforehand had all been different. *One lady: "We're all quaking for each other, but we've come in, but we here were all 'sett'."* They were all impressed by the Class, especially because it affords them all the opportunity of coming ~~much~~ closer to each other, thought they are members of different sects. It is actually bringing them to a unity of the faith, I believe, and that's what we want to do by preaching them the truth. We were surprised by poor little Fru Larsen when she served us all cocoa and sandwiches and wouldn't let us say a word in objections.

Proud of Fru Larsen's explanation of how New Revelation from God has answered for old world the question of tobacco's use.

Saturday - Feb. 4th

Finished with our daily chores we paid an appointed call on Roif Bjerka's showing him and family our "Lys Bilder." He seems to be a fellow who is a little interested in everything, but doesn't go all out for anything. Such was it with our message. He is interested in hearing but that's all.

When we arrived at his place after cycling down the hill in a full snow storm we looked like two snowmen; but the weather had cleared up considerably on our way home.

Sunday - Feb. 5th

As we approached the old Trondenes Kirk^e (which was built about 1200 AD) the kids started running to us. One of them hung on my bike and one on Elder Holladay's. They ~~rest~~ ^{rest} of them followed us to our meeting barrack. The attendance was about 40 this Sunday, and the kids were eager as ever. Before the close of the meeting Elder Holladay took a picture of me sitting at the table with some of the kids, after which I took a picture of him with all 40 of them.

They followed us up the trail to the Church on their "sparks."

We wrote a few letters until it was time to fill our 5 o'clock appointment with the Olsen family. There we showed the slide films after hearing that Hjalmar Andersen had won the European Skating Championship in Helsinki.

Monday - Feb. 6

Our tracing was successful following the new process or procedure

for Sunday, August 1st, A.S. - Interpreter - New Miss

Sat: Meeting, clothes washing, evening at Everson's.

which I suggested; that of talking with people in their houses; and making an appointment if they are too busy to talk with you at that time.

Our 2 evening visits were interesting, one with a family whom we just contacted tracing who seemed very nice, so we popped in on them by surprise and had a nice short visit there (talking about the Welfare Plan).

Our evening's appointment was at the home of Toller Sorenson who was as "hyggelig" as can be. We joked with the family, and then showed them our slide films which they were very "begeistret" for. The people just aren't the interested type, so we discussed mostly the city of Salt Lake, and the work which has been done there. And then the conversation drifted to ~~it~~ a discussion of his work at the Toll Office. He told of the great percentage of packages which come from USA (almost all of the packages private families are from USA). He told of the smuggling of cigarette paper, some thing which cannot be manufactured from the wood pulp which other Norwegian Paper is manufactured. The headlines in the Harstad Tidende today were that the Norwegians had completely captured the World Championship in ski-jumping and cross-country ~~in~~ Lake Placid. This was news! It is interesting to note that a day doesn't go by but that USA is concerned in a big front-page article

Sun: Sales from Mrs. Gunders. ^{Monday} letter from Pires Gunders

Mon: Telegram from Pires Gunders -

Wed: Bode Chars: Came home found police there
Said goodbye to all out in bank they were sorry

Thursday: Board Bus

Friday: Saw Harry off. Pires ^{visited} - G.U.F.
nice people.

Sat: good business meeting & shopping
with meason next; 230. shopping.

Carlsen - Sister Jorgensen

Tuesday - Feb. 7th

I had already received word from President Gowans that I would soon be expected in Oslo. That is, "as soon as I could complete my necessary business in the Northland". Today we received a telegram from Pres. Gowans telling us that Elder Pruhs had left Oslo on the 6th, and that we were supposed to make "arrangements to meet him." We assumed that he would be coming through Sweden, but his ETA was a problem to us. We carried on with our duties visiting many people and saying goodbye to them. Our evening appointment at the Engelsen's turned out to be an orchestra practice with Engelsen on the Banjo, mouth organ, and accordian and myself on the guitar. Hr. Engelsen is a fine fellow, but he just doesn't seem to have a burning desire to find the truth. We talked mostly about the idea of starting a skating rink in his home town, Bergen. I'm sure this would go over big in Norway.

Wednesday - Feb. 8th

Our day was spent out in the camp saying goodbye to all the people there. I felt a little sad leaving them having seen them just begin their investigation; told them I'd return in 40 years.

Wednesday Bible Class #1 was held in the evening at Frøken Thobiassen's house. There were 5 ladies in attendance. Everything went smoothly, though these didn't seem as interested as the members of our other class. ~~XX~~ We didn't finish eating until quarter to 12. It was late, so we didn't waste any time pumping home over the 3 kilometer stretch with the Northern lights lighting up the sky and perhaps helping a little to light our way. When we arrived at the Tølves home we noticed the Harstad "Black Maria" waiting outside. Looking up to the house we saw our room lighted up, and wondered what was up. We decided that it must be the arrival of our friend, Elder Pruhs. Sure enough, out of the house he walked with a policeman on his tracks. He and the policeman told us how he had come to the station not knowing where we lived. The policeman had been so kind as to drive him up to the house and wait with him there until we arrived. We thanked the cop, and then drilled Elder Pruhs with questions for about an hour about USA, Oslo, television etc. He bore up pretty well under it all, but by 1 o'clock we decided it wise to throw the two mattresses on the floor and get some rest.

Thursday - Feb. 9th

I did what was necessary in town and then hopped aboard the 5 pm bus for Narvik saying good-bye to the two Elders there. I kept busy on the bus reading almost all the way over. Arriving in the big city of Narvik I phone the Frantzen residence, but found no one at home. I tried again a little later, but was not successful, so I took a good room at the Royal, and cleaned up and hit the sack.

Friday - Feb. 10th

Early in the morning I called Elder Harris and told him to put on the "grott;" I'd be up in 5 minutes. I met our new Elder Lendberg here and found out that he was Elder Harris' replacement. It wasn't long before Elder Harris' train was to leave, so I got my washing on and we then "followed" Harris down to the depot. There was great sadness for Sonia Sørensen, his translator, but such is life. I reminded Harris to say "jeg" down there in the southland instead of "Æ." ...and he pulled away on a fine Swedish train.

We spent the day busily and then took in GUF for the evening. The members and investigators there lacked an interesting program for their meetings, so I suggested that Sister Jørgensen be engaged to teach them drawing for a half-hour of their meeting time. Sister J. acquiesced, and the GUF'ers were all for the idea.

The two Elders stayed over with me at Jørgensens to eat "kvells." And then they took off and I hit the sack in Alf's room while he used Lillemor's (Astrid) bed and Lille mor insisted on using the couch. I slept flat but cold.

Saturday - Feb. 11th

First thing on the schedule was a missionary meeting which I called. We gathered in the Elders' quarters and discussed our work, suggesting to them what I felt would help them. We carried on for two hours, and had not then completed all that we wanted to do, but had to stop so I could continue with my washing and take a bath and drop in at the tailor's to get measured for the suit Mom and Dad are bringing over to me. At 7 we paid an appointment engagement at the Evensen's. There we talked about everything from Communism (a tool of the devil) to Sister Evensen's diet.

Sunday - Feb. 12th

At 8 a.m. I heard a knock on "my" bedroom door. Inquiring as to who was there I found out that it was Ingrid, and she said that she had my breakfast for me. Sure enough, when she opened the door she had a tray with waffles and cheese, cookies and piping hot "korn kaffe." This was quite a surprise for me to receive on the Norwegian "Mothers' Day." I believe this was my first breakfast in bed since I left home. It sure tasted good, but the luxury was hard for one so unused to luxuries to endure; men jeg "klarte" det. I dressed and found that more breakfast was awaiting me on the kitchen table. We had breakfast with the Mother of the house, but the only thing I had for her was a happy Mother's day note.

Ingrid and I took off for Sunday school, the others in the house busy with one thing or another. The most interesting event in the Sunday School was when Elder Lendberg was called upon to speak. Since he cannot

speak Norwegian it was my job to interpret for him. He stood up, and in a very strong voice began telling the story of his conversion to the Gospel in Brainerd, Minnesota, 18 months ago. He related how he had been an instructor of radio theory in the Army Air Corps after the war ended. He was intending to begin in the Lutheran ministry upon his discharge, that is, he was going to study for the ministry. He then heard about the Book of Mormon and of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of LDS with apostles, prophets, etc. After investigating for only 2 months he was convinced of the truthfulness of this Gospel which we preach and was baptized. He was especially thankful of his call to Norway, and regarded it as an answer to his prayers. It was an inspiring short talk, and I'm sure there wasn't a dry eye among the members who attended. After Sunday School I went to the Evensen's for a delicious pork dinner, but I couldn't stay after dinner, for I had to go up to the Elders' quarters and do some packing. This lasted until 4 o'clock at which time we held Priesthood meeting. The questions discussed here were all very interesting and of importance. They concerned a few of the first verses in the Pearl of Great Price (Moses) which the Priesthood members have begun studying while waiting for the arrival of more translated chapters of Talmage's "Jesus, the Christ."

Our evening meeting was under the direction of the Relief Society and Sister Evensen took charge. She, Henry Evensen and Sister Jørgensen were the lady speakers, and they did a good job in spite of their nervousness. Sister Evensen called upon me to say a few words since it would probably be my last Sunday in Narvik. I told of the experience Elder Holladay and I had had of heating up the room and seeing the ice melt from the windows, making our vision clear. I compared that with the workings of the warming spirit of the Lord which has seemed to soften the hearts and melt the ice from the hearts of the people in the Northland in the last couple of months. I told of the spirit's workings in Harstad, read the letters from the Hammerfest investigators, and told of Elder Sims' baptizing Hr. Nilsen. I feel that the ice is really beginning to melt up here, and I told the members so.

Brother Sorensen was the last speaker. He made some fine remarks about Mother's day. It was ~~very~~ a fine talk, but we would have got more out of it if there had not been an auction or market below us. Outside a loudspeaker was blasting away on "Slow Boat to China" interrupted occasionally by a "barker" yelling "Come in, come over." Such is life. I went up to the Elders' quarters, completed my packing and we talked over a few last minute things of importance. Then I went to the Jørgensen's, ate a snack and hit the sack.

Monday - Feb. 13th

Sister Jørgensen pounded on my door (I didn't think it was a real pounding because I was dreaming that I was sitting with some other people in a room and someone was just knocking on the door). I didn't realize that it was actually knocking until after her third attempt.

She informed me that it was 6:30 and that my breakfast was ready. I ate, and then thanked them so much for all their kindness. All through my 3 day stay in Narvik I was treated like a king. After a half-hour walk in the cold morning air I arrived at the Frantzen house where the two Elders had just "stood up." They helped me down to the bus with my gear. I said good-bye to them and hopped aboard meeting a young engineer there who had been in "Little Norway" during the war and spoke good American.

As the journey began I started typing a letter to the folks, one to Pres. Gowans and one to the Kirkenes Elders, after which I began on the last couple of pages of my diary which I am now just getting up to date after riding for several hours (part of the time spent in letter writing).

We've come over half-way through clear beautiful country, but just in the last half hour the weather has turned on us and we're in the middle of a light snow-storm.

At 5 p.m. the bus arrived at the Tromsø station, and I got off expecting to see Elders Tanner and Andersen waiting for me. They didn't appear. I decided that it would be wise to find a hotel room, and then begin searching for them. Since the last hotel I had patronized in Tromsø was of a very low caliber, I decided to stay in a respectable place this time. I arrived at the "Grand" and found that they had a nice, clean room for me (the 9 Kr. model). I sat down and began looking in the phone book for the Elders' residence when I heard someone whistling a familiar melody. It dawned on me that it was "Come, Come, Ye Saints." I jumped to the door, opened it, and down the hall I saw Elder Tanner. They had misunderstood the time of the arrival of the bus, and not finding me at the bus station (where they arrived late), they began hunting for my tracks, Elder Andersen going back to the Elders' house and Elder Tanner coming directly to the "Grand."

Tanner fetched Andersen, and they bumped in Thor Jensen along the way. They all came up to my room and we sat talking until it was time for us to go out and visit some investigators. It was really a thrill to see how wonderfully Thor's testimony was growing. He is really a valiant member of the Church.

Our evening visit with the Johansen family was pleasing from start to finish. They seemed to agree with everything we said, and did all they could to please us. And what a feast they prepared for us....it was wonderful. The man and woman of the house believed that they should live good lives, that revelation from God was possible, that there should be one Church, and only one. From all first appearances, they looked like very likely prospects.

Tuesday - Feb. 14th

Instead of going up to the Elders' room, I had a bite of breakfast in the "Spisesalong" and then went to town to pick up some necessary items.

Returning to the room I studied until Elders Tanner and Andersen came to visit. We held our planned missionary meeting for 2 hours and it turned out wonderfully. They seemed to have many friends, but no one seems ready for baptism yet. They promised to begin using the Andersen plan more, and trying to make their visits more pointed in that they put over a definite subject and reached an agreement at each visit.

We went up to their room after eating at the "Arbejdenrnes" (gratis). There Elder Tanner and I went through their list of investigators, finding that many had read the Book of Mormon, but still had not been converted. There again we see the need for the "to-the-point" Andersen Plan.

We were accompanied to the boat by our new member Thor Jensen. He is teaching Elder Tanner a little bit about the guitar, helping him to catch on to the using of more "grips." It won't be long before our meetings will be sounding like the Salvation Army's.....I'm afraid. I boarded the "Erling Jarl" and prepared for the night's voyage to Hammerfest.

Wednesday - Feb. 15th

At 5 a.m. some character flipped on the light in my "Lugar", shook me on the shoulder and said, "Let's have your ticket." I looked in my coat pocket with my eyes not yet all the way opened and finally found it. I understood from my lugar companion that we were almost in Hammerfest, so I rolled out of my upper bunk, dressed, washed and shaved. At about 5:30 I was up on the next deck looking out of the door. A dark, cold, snowy Hammerfest dock was what met my eyes. I recognized some of the dock workers. Going out on deck a few minutes later I heard someone yell to me in English, "Hey, you've come back." It was the old Chicago-boy, Nordhus. He was working one of the cranes, so I didn't stop to talk with him. I waited on the ship until I thought the storm had broken up and then went ashore and checked my gear at the By-bud station. Hammerfest appeared considerably larger than when I was last there; even the mountains seemed to have grown higher, but perhaps it was just the snow which made them more noticeable.

As ~~in~~ I went through the "business district" of town on the bus, I noticed that there were a few new buildings, and in them many new window displays. Hammerfest had grown considerably since I was last there. When I walked in on the Røstviks, the kids were in the nightgowns as usual for that time of the morning. It was good to see them again. I told them about what I had been doing and they the same. After a couple of hours with them, I dropped in on Fru Amundsen. We talked for about an hour about the same things; I repeated to her just what

what I had told to Fru and Herr Røstvik. Little Per had grown so much that he was not recognizable. Fru Amundsen's husband was in Oslo having a kidney operation, but she invited me to stay for a foul dinner. I accepted, but decided to first drop in on the Høyems. I found them at #301 just beginning with middag. We talked for about an hour before Oddmund had to return to his carpentry work.

After dinner at the Amundsen's with Bodil, Knut, Per, and Fruen I returned to the Røstviks where I took a "deilig middags lur." It was one of the few naps I've taken in Norway, but it seemed delightful having had so little sleep the night before.

It wasn't long after I had got up and washed that the Høyems sneaked into the living room while we were trying to converse with a young Danish fellow, (who said that if he should belong to any Church it would be ours). Fru Amundsen and Harda came (the latter looking quite attractive).

We sat around the table and ate, after which I began with a little cottage meeting. I told them about the condition "Christianity" is in today, compared it with Christ's original Church; the need for continuous revelation; need for apostles and prophets; the apostasy; restoration. They did not say a word during the presentation. Afterwards we discussed some questions they had about the word of Wisdom, about Tithing, about Work for the Dead, and other things that they had an interest in. The party broke up, the men standing in the living room and the ladies in the kitchen. When I walked out into the kitchen, Fru Røstvik said, "We wondered if you would baptize us while you were here." I answered that it could be done if the way could be provided. We let it go at that for the evening and the guests went home.

We sat around talking and Fru Røstvik told how one of the neighbor boys whom we had talked to had recently come home to his mother, Fru Johnsen, and had said, "You know, Mother, I don't seem to be getting anything out of life." He was really an honest kid (19 years old). He would have to be to put forth that kind of a question I believe.

We all went to bed, ~~XXX~~ they shifting two of the kids to the couch first, that is Bjørg was sleeping on the couch and Else Marie on two big chairs which had been shoved together.

I hit the upstairs sack, and lay sleepless for at least 2 hours trying to figure out how the way would be opened for the baptism of Fru Røstvik. I honestly felt that it would be best for the other two to wait a little longer. And I knew that Mr. Røstvik would be against taking his wife out into the cold fjord water on a cold night. He had mentioned something to that effect.

Thursday - February 16th

When I came down from shaving (Fru Røstvik had wakened me at 8 a.m. and set some hot shaving water in the room) a big bowl of mush was waiting for me on the living room table.

The days activities included the following: First a trip to the

"Samvirkeag" with Jens, and therefrom took we the bus to town. The kids stared at me to see if I was really the same one who was there last year. I think my Russian hat fooled a couple of them, but most of them recognized, me. I left Jens and dropped in at the workshop to see Torulf Hofseth. He was working on some cabinets and the other work-shop machines were making so much noise that it wasn't so pleasant to be present there. But, it was swell to see old Torulf again. He had a big smile and the same likable personality. We talked a couple of minutes, but then gave up because of the noise; and I said I'd drop in at the "Kåken" to see him that evening. From the workshop I went over to the Post Office where I talked a few minutes with Nils Berlid, Calr Paulsen's relative. He told me that his mother in Arendal had been visited by Elder Jewel Christensen. Also he wanted me to relate to Paulsen that he was going to get married this month and take a Honey-moon in at Altal. Going to the next PO window I said goodbye to good old Mr. Wilhelmsen, another of the PO boys who spoke English and was always so interesting to talk with. I noticed that his Studioscene was presenting "Dear Ruth" and asked him if he was playing in it. He said no (Marion Sætermo had the main part), but that they were working on another.

Dropped in on Jarl Hansen, the city's best barber. We had a good opportunity to talk about "forskjellige" since there was no one who was waiting to be clipped. He knew all about what had transpired in the sports world for the past month (about a pole-vaulter in USA who had almost equaled the world's record, etc.). He asked me what I thought would happen in the world and I told him that I thought it all looked pretty dark. He wondered what kind of a civilization would develop if another war was fought, and the world was to be spiritually built up after that. I wondered the same. On my way "home" to eat dinner I met Anne Lisa (Hartvigsen) on the street, and she looked to left and to right and in back of me; and then asked, "But, where is Sims." It don't believe she had ever seen us separated before.

I returned "home" and had a delicious fried sild dinner. The four Røstvik girls sat in their respective places in stair-formation. After dinner I began visiting again, first dropping in at the telephone central to ~~give~~ put in a call to President Gowans and Kristian Johnse. It wasn't more than 5 minutes before I got hold of Fru Johnsen who said she knew at once who it was when she heard my voice. She told me that Kristian and the 3 boys (Ken, Egil, and Arne) had just boarded the "Aslaug" and were heading for Hammerfest. I said I'd try to meet them.

It wasn't long after (about 10 minutes) ^{Cost 2.20 Kr} I had finished with that call that the Oslo call came through, and I heard President Gowans's pleasant voice on the other end of the line. I should first explain my purpose in making the call. Fru Røstvik had taken me down in the cellar the morning and had asked if it would be possible for me to baptize her in the bathtub. She had even climbed in to show that it would fit. I didn't feel right about using the bath-tub, but she wanted baptism

that I decided to phone the President to see what he thought of the idea. I explained to him that she had been willing to go in the fjord with me, but her husband didn't have the faith, so he thought it unwise. President Gowns said he had talked over the same thing with the First Presidency just before leaving. They had said to him that it was not desired since it actually should be either a baptismal font dedicated for that purpose or out in the sea as our forefathers had done it. It was swell to talk with him again.

I went directly therefrom to the Hartvigsen's. The old man was sitting at his desk figuring out the building-material costs for a house. He was really in good humor. We talked about old times in Hammerfest, and he brought out four swell maps of Hammerfest which had been published by Hauen Materielforetning as a "Hilsen" to their customers. He told me that I should take one to Pres & Sister Petersen one to Gidley and keep one for myself. Then he gave me an extra which I'll either give to Sims or use as a tracing map for Hammerfest. It was really nice of the old boy. He really has a good heart even though it sympathizes with Joe Stalin. And speaking of Joe Stalin he said that he really shouldn't give me such a map, because if Joe got word of it he would be pretty sore. The kids came in and hung all over me. It was sure swell to see them again. Trygve brought in his arithmetic book, showed it to me page for page, and said that the teacher had told him he was the "flinkest" boy in the class; and I'm sure he is. We sat and joked about Communism, Marshal help, and he finally confided that he was getting too old for politics. He said that he had really missed us since we moved. There was something which the house lacked when he came home in the evenings. He also told how he had given up smoking during the day, and only taking a couple of puffs in the evenings when he could find a cigarette and a match. He had quit beer also. I told him that he was "snart Mormoner," but he said that it was docktor's orders. His blood pressure had been getting pretty high.

Finding most of the family at home was pretty lucky. I took some money from one of the daughters (Solveig) to buy a doll for her daughter. I told them I'd drop in again to see my favorite, Lily. The Olsens (Hans Olsens and wife) were not at home, but I went by Anny's on the way back and dropped in for a minute to see her. She was as sweet as ever. She said that she wanted us to bless her baby, but her husband (a former Communist, now losing interest) was against it. He felt that the kid should be baptized in the State Church just as all other children. She said that she was trying to convince him of the meaninglessness of child baptism, and felt that she had come a little ways with him.

I had made an appointment to meet Torulf, but he had apparently been kept at his trade school longer than he had expected, and therefore he didn't show up. I looked for the Johannens but didn't find them or their boat.

The evening was spent at the Amundsen's. The same crowd was their as the night before at the Røstvik's. It was a very enjoyable evening. Oddmund told a few good stories about experiences which he was supposed to have had. One went like this, and it was the truth: He came to Oslo his first trip to a big city. Seeing a movie house with "news" written on the outside he thought it would be interesting to see. He asked at the window at what time the film began, and they said it had just started, that he could go in immediately. He did so, found his seat and had been there approximately ten minutes when a few people in front of him got up and began leaving. Following the true Norwegian style, he hopped out of his seat also, trying to be the first one out. He thought the film was over, or just about to be over, and he wanted to be one of the first ones out. He didn't understand that some films run over and over again, and that people come in in the middle of films. And while speaking of that, I can't see why Americans continue going to movies at any time during the film. After following the European custom of going to a movie when it begins, I don't think I could enjoy a film if I came in in the middle of it. Anyway, that was one of Oddmund's personal experiences which was quite humorous, thought I. After the party we sparked it home three on each spark. When we left the Høyems, Herr og Fru Røstvik continued sparking along the road to Fuglenes while I walked fast beside them. It was a beautiful night; cold, but clear and the lights in the bay really looked svakkert."

Friday - Feb. 17

After a good grøtt breakfast I had a good long talk with Anton Johansen about everything from the 10 tribes to the Hydrogran Bomb which Einstein had just written would completely destroy our civilization if used. Anton said that it would destroy mankind if it was the Lord's meaning, if not, they would use it, and winds or other atmospheric conditions would clear the air and make life possible.

Returning home to a good dinner, I took some movies of the kids on their skis. Then in a bad storm I took a trip over to the Høyems at five. But, before going Fru Røstvik and I had a nice gospel chat. I told her the testimony of the girl of Icelandic decent who had said her testimony could be compared to a beautiful quilt and then explain the uses for that quilt. Fru Røstvik told how they liked to sit in the living room on Sunday and sing our church songs. Their favorite was "Welcome, Welcome, Sunday Morning."

The Høyems were expecting me. We ate a little and then sat and talked for about two hours. They seemed to have a lot of love in their hearts for their fellow-man. They mentioned that their child would be born, and they themselves did not want it baptized, but that they hoped to find our Church in Trondheim and have them bless the baby. They were really in doubt as to just what they should do. I told them how much I appreciated all that they had done for S ms and me, and was only sorry that I couldn't repay them. They brought in a little Lapp-doll which the Røstviks, Amundsen's and they had bought for me at Helena's

suggestion. It was a finely made thing. They said that it was for the first little girl I was blessed with. It was too much for them to do, but they did it anyway. As I was ready to leave they thanked me "for all I had done for them, especially for the sowing of a good seed in their hearts." I don't think they could have said anything which was much nicer. It seemed impossible that I'd maybe never see them again, but such is the case. When I walked out of their door, Trygve yelled, "Viljams" and a flock of 10 kids ran over to "hills" me. I told them I'd drop back later in the evening.

From there I dropped into see Fru Amundsen. Harða came shortly after and we had a little conversation. They both said that though they had not really understood the meaning of coffee before, they had now quit it for good. It was good to hear that they were convinced of the truthfulness of the Gospel and willing to sacrifice the little things for something much more important.

We reminisced about the old times in Hammerfest, especially about the evening when Sims and I cycled back to Kvalsund at midnight, eating Fru Amundsen's waffles along the way.

I said goodbye to them all there, Bodil and the two other kids, and Fru Amundsen and Harða who had sold her Salvation Army uniform a year ago when we first met her. She was a swell gal who will make a fine member of the Church someday.

From there I dropped in on Jarl Hamsen for a couple of minutes to pick up some pictures of the burning of Hammerfest. I sat and chatted with him for a couple of minutes about this and that drinking a glass of milk with him.

Then I walked down to the "Kåken" where I found Torulf tucked tightly away in his "dyne". The thin-walled hut was cold. We sat in there talking over old times, and wondering what would become of our comradeship in the future. It really isn't any fun to break up with such fine acquaintances, but that's life. There was something about that fellow which made him more likable than any other Norwegian fellow I've met, I think. He said that someday when he begins to reason over things more seriously he'll probably investigate our message. I know that he regards our Church more highly than any other religious organization on earth.

I went directly from there to Lily Hvidahl's. She and Trygve and Randi were at home, living in the same room we had used at Hartvigsens. She said that she had waited a long time for me, thinking I would come the night before. My picture was on the table. She told of her course in telegraphy, of her boy-friend/A/ etc. She had never really investigated the Gospel, and had no desire to do it, but she had a good heart and was a likable person.

I left her and her two sleeping kids and walked home on a windy night. I tip-toed into the house, not wanting to disturb the Røstviks. Slipping the kitchen door open, I found them sitting quietly there, "luring" me. We talked for a few minutes and then hit the sack.

Røstvik said that "Joseph Smiths Levendesløp" was the most interesting book he had ever read, and more convincing than Mormons Bok.

Saturday- Feb. 18th

After a cold night, I pulled myself out of bed, went down in the kitchen to wash, and had my morning bowl of oatmeal. The storm was terrible outside. I put on all of the clothes I could find and took a trip down the hill to phone at the "kiosk" to see at what time the late Tordenskjold was expected to arrive. They said about 11:30. The wind blew me so hard that I had to run all the way back up the hill. Time flew by, and it was time to say good-bye. It was hard to say how much I ~~just~~ appreciated all that they had done for me and mine. They said they were thankful for our message and for what we had taught them. "All we have are good memories from you," Herr Røstvik said. Fru Røstvik had promised to write if it was possible to send two new missionaries to Hammerfest. I left them with a thankful heart and I felt that they also had received something from the time we had spent with them there.

I could hardly see as I carried my big bag down the hill. The bus was full, but I fortunately was able to get in a cab which was going to town. I had a big surprise when I boarded the Tordenskjold. There on the gangplank waiting for me was old "Kristian." It was sure good to see him, and he called out, "Viljams, min viljams". And asked how his old "kamerat" had it. What a character. He said he thought I'd be traveling with one of these boats and had met them and looked for me in hopes of meeting me. We talked for a few minutes on the way as much out of the way of the storm as possible. He said that Ken and Egil and Arne were waiting on the boat, so I asked him to go get them, so I could say good-bye to them also. They finally came over and we went down in the lugar and talked things over. They were all bundled up in their Lofot-fiske klær. Ken was pessimistic about the future. He seemed to have lost all energy. I told him to go to Oslo and come in connection with the Church there while he was going to school. He thought he might after he fished for a couple of months in Lofoten. He hoped to make at least a 1000 kroner, which sounds like a lot, but is not really very much. It was good to see them. I hope my encouragement did some good to a fellow who could easily be a success in life if he would only try to live the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Going below I said my last goodbye to old Nordhus who asked me to be sure and write him a Christmas card. I met my old friend the Norsk sailor who had married the Scotch lady. Then I ran into Gunnar Pedersen and then into an old contact named Walcherhaug who had moved from Hammerfest to Sweden to get a better job and to live in a more pleasant climate. It was really odd how I got around to seeing so many people that I knew in so short a time.

The sea was high and the boat was covered with ice. I was looking forward to a rough trip and it was a little bit that way. After dozing for a couple of hours, I chatted with two fellows whom I was sharing the lugar with. They thought the story of the book of Mormon was interesting and were agreeing with most of everything. We'll see how things go on my next conversation with them.

Sunday Feb - 19th

Most of the day was spent in tryint to keep from being seasick and at the same time trying to get something accomplished. I chatted now and then with my two lugar companions. They were good eggs, but lacked interest in the Gospel.

I had hoped that the boat would arrive in Kirkenes by Sunday afternoon, then Sunday evening, but such was not the fate of the "Tordenskjold." I decided to try to get a little shut-eye. It seemed that I had just lain down when someone gave me a jolt on the shoulder and asked me for my ticket. He said we werenearly in Kirkenes. I got up and bundled up. With eyes half opened I carried all my gear up on the main deck. It was almost 2 a.m. I didn't expect the two Elders to be on the pier, but surprisingly enough, there they were looking like two Russian gernerals in their long black coats and their black cossack hats. It was sure swell to see them again. They really looked funny. We hilsed hverandre over the rail of the ship. I then carried by baggage over the gangplank and we got a cab and drove home to the "Overnattingsheim." Then we sat up for two more bours talking over old times, laughing over things which we took pretty seriously several months ago (which were really humorous). It was four a.m. before I stole into Hansens's office and found my bed in the adjoining room. It was too short, as usual, but I made out alright until 9 a.m. (5 hours later) when I got up. We cooked breakfast on the "primus" and warmed up the room with the corner stove. The usual breakfast of go'utt and eggs finished off we talked over the work until we left (I for the barber) and they for town) to do our various jobs in town. The barber was a good fellow who had know Alf Illgutt a member of the church who had once lived in Kirkenes. I had a foriendly conversation with him while he clipped me, catching him before he "ointed" my side-burns. I had a good "Karbade" at the community bath; we ate a good dinner (cooked on the primus) and then dropped down to hold a meeting with our new member, Herr Halvdan Nilsen. I asked the Elders to bear their testimonies, I did the same and so did Brother Nilsen. I was certainly thrilled to hear him tell that he knew he was now a member of the true Church. He had a nice little snack prepared for us which we ate rather hurriedly since we had another appoitment at 6 pm. It was with the Hovland family. We found them all at home; -The talented artist, daughter Anja, the young boy, Heiki, and the two parents. It was sort of a social call, but we talked over the Gospel with them before breaking forth with song. Both Bagley and I had our guitars, so we used them to advantage. The music which the group produced was "vakkert", we thought. I belive the whole family would be members of the Church if the husbnd could only stop smoking. I returned with the Elders to the hotel where I dropped into the office to talk to Hansen about his going to America.

Tuesday - 21 februar

Our day began with an early breakfast of gr"tt and eggs. As soon as we could get the dishes cleared away we began our little missionary meeting. It turned out to be very profitable. We spent over 2 hours discussing what should be presented and how it should be presented. The Elders seemed in favor of introducing into their tracting the ideas I had given them. They have only a few investigators, but I think they'll go well with these, for the Elders are humble and they say the people are good-hearted.

Elder Bagley and I dropped into say goodbye to Brother Nilsen. He was thankful for the Gospel and for the opportunity to meet with the missionary. I feel that he'll become a faithful member in the Church.

The snow began to fall as we walked down to the pier. The "Sylvia" was a little late. While standing on the deck talking, waiting for the boat to leave, a Australian girl came up to us. She said that she was a reporter who had come to Italy a short time ago on an Italian luxury liner. Right now she was working aboard the ship. She didn't have the means to travel as a paying customer all the way to Finnmark, but she had a desire to see it, so she came up as a mate aboard the ship; that is, she is working in the kitchen. She plans to return to the Italy soon where she'll take her return fare home to Australia. Well, the boat-departure time came and I said so long to my boy Sims with whom I had had so many swell experiences. It will be swell to see him and Elder Bagley again in Zion where we can continue strummi g our guitars. The waters getting rough. The weather report said we'd have a gale all the way around the coast, so I'd better put away my typewriter.

There really was a gale. I went out on deck in Vardø and the wind was blowing like 60. It wasn't long after the boat left Vardø that I climbed into my upper berth and began sawing wood.

Wednesday - 22 February.

At 8 a.m. I was up. I was surprised that the ship wasn't rocking. The reason for the quiet and stillness was that we were tied up at the Mehamn pier. The breakfast gong rang, so I hurried as fast as possible up to the Smoking Room where breakfast was served. Some early morning drunk was tearing the Marshal Plan apart (at the other end of the table). The other 15 people were mostly soldiers who were laughing at him. I didn't feel up to par, so I didn't do much laughing.

The ship got under way again, and I decided to try out some studying in the first classsalong (I knew the bouncing of the 3rd class salong would be too much for me). All went well for about a half hour, and then the Australian reporter girl dropped in and we began to chat about the sea. That got me to thinking. I went out on the enclosed deck and looked at the high waves which washed the second deck windows at intervals. About a half a mile away I could see the snowcovered Northermost Norwegian banks. I was happy to be towards the bow of the ship for it seemed that the

aft portion was bouncing up and down in the water like a ball. I had to get a few pictures of this interesting sight, so I went back to my lugar and got my cameras. The Australian girl offered to loan me her coat. By the time the taking of the pictures was over I was finished. I headed down to my lugar (which I was sharing with two other men) and was in the preparation of climbing up when I lost my breakfast to one of those cardboard cartons the ship is equipped with for just such occasions. It felt good to lose it. I hit the sack and slept for a couple of hours. The next thing I heard was the "middag" gong, but I couldn't see it.

Instead I lay in bed and told the story of the Prophet to my two lugar companions who listened intently.

It wasn't long before the weather started getting rougher again, so we stopped the conversation and tried to get a little sleep again. The weather report had warned us that there would be "storm" all along the coast (which was worse than a gale), so we were prepared for the worst.

At about 6pm we arrived in a little settlement called Havøysund. Here we were to load up with 17 crates of fish for Tromsø and a bunch for some other place, so our stop here would undoubtedly last an hour. I'm taking this opportunity to write my diary, since it may be one of our only still periods. Sims's comment that the DP for this district had to have a strong stomach is certainly the Gospel truth.

I walked up on deck to watch them load some fish. Presumably the fish had been caught and crated a distance from Havøysund, because it was still loaded on a "lokalboat." The little boat snugged up against the Hurtigrute ship and they got the old crane working. The wind was blowing sleet in the faces of the workers, but they didn't seem to mind it. They were laughing just the same. I should think an easier way could be invented for loading and unloading freight from ships than the crane method. For example, if a sliding panel could be well built in the side of a ship which was wide enough to allow for high and low tide, then the goods could be rolled aboard the ship on a large platform with rollers. This would be rolled on a steel platform which led to the elevator in the ship which would take the load down to the hold roll it off and send the elevator up for more. Sånn skulle det være.

Well, I should complain a little in today's entry, but if I did I'd just laugh about it next week. The only thing that gripes me and is worth mentioning is that one certainly wastes a lot of time being seasick.

Thursday February 23rd

I lay in bed this morning and read for quite a time. The sea was still too rough for me to get in a vertical position. As we entered a stretch of water which lay between high mountains on both sides the water became calmer and I dressed and shaved. Coming up on deck I noticed the beautiful snow-covered fjord mountains. The sight of fjord mountains had become so common to me that they wouldn't have impressed me if it hadn't been for the bright rays of the sun shining on their snow-covered slopes.

I wandered around on deck with my lugar-mate talking about fishing for cod. He had done it since he was a small boy in Vardø. It was quite interesting to hear him explain the process and preparation. I met the Elders (Tanner and Andersen) on my arrival in Tromsø. We talked over my trip to the north, and brought a hilsen to them from Sims and Bagley.

We went up to their room where they prepared a nice little snack for me. I was really hungry having eaten only one meal in the last two days (and that one was breakfast on Wednesday morning which I lost). We chatted about the work looking over their investigator list and tracing map. It wasn't long before Thor Jensen came up and we held a testimony meeting. I was thrilled to hear in Thor's testimony that it was on the night that I had talked to him up in the Tromsø Elders' room that he had decided to put his willpower to work and try to become a member of the Church. He told that the Church meant so much to him and related how many blessings he had received since becoming a member. He had received a good job (as a typewriter repairer). Before he had been unemployed for several months. He now had money to buy food and clothing. He was so thankful for the fact that he had been given the gift of understanding the Word of God (while his family all had other gifts). He hoped that someday his family would see the light, for he said, now they were against the Church.

After the meeting he gave me a remembrance from Tromsø. It was a beautifully carved bone book marker. On it was a polar bear figure with the northern lights above.

We took out both of the guitars and sang some good old Norwegian songs, and then had a bite to eat. After wards we discussed the possibility of beginning a Relief Society in Tromsø. I was a little ill in the stomach so we broke up the gathering and I went down to my room at the Grand. Thor and I walked down on a beautiful night. His knowledge of the Gospel amazes me. It has certainly come to him in a short period of time.

Friday - Feb. 24th

The morning was spent in a good missionary meeting with the Elders. We dropped in on Bror Mathisen's sister who is an investigator, and found her very pleasant. From there we went to Adolf Stenersen's room and talked to him about his future. He has had a testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel for many months, but can't quit his smoking, and that is holding him out of the Church. We spent an interesting hour with him. On leaving he gave me a warm pair of Norwegian wool socks as a remembrance from Tromsø. From his place we dropped in on the Dagestads. They are members of the Church, but their spiritual health has been bad. The Elders have been doing all they can for them to help them get on their feet physically and spiritually. They seem to be making some progress.

After saying goodbye to them (at which time she said that she hoped I'd hills Elder Ray Johnson) we hurried down to meet the "Kong Håkon".

I got settled aboard her and the Elders left in order to arrange for their MIA meeting which was to be held at 4 pm for the Harmonica boys, and 5:30 for the girls.

The trip to Harstad began. I spent some of the time reading, some typing, some playing the broken-down piano, and some talking to a couple of fellows who appeared to be slightly inebriated. They (from what I could gather from their conversation) had no purpose in life. Though they had lived for perhaps 40 or 50 years, they hadn't yet thought seriously enough to investigate as to what our purpose in life is. And therefore they were wasting their days of probation it seemed to me.

The whistle blew and we were approaching Harstad, in fact, we were nearly up to the pier. It was nearing midnight, so I hurried ashore and grabbed a cab (after placing my big bags in the "Bybud oppbevaring"). We passed the smoldering remains of the Grand Hotel. It had taken fire at 4:30 am and had burned to the ground in a very short time (ca. 500,000 Kr. damage). The loss of this, Harstad's only respectable hotel, creates a critical problem in the housing of travelers. It is estimated that it will take over a year to build another Grand even though all building priorities will be available for the builder. In the meantime the situation could be eased by setting up barracks, furnishing them as well as possible and running them as rooms for travelers. The difficulty here is in the terrific amount of red-tape one must go through to start such an enterprise. This red-tape (as it is found in all kinds of business life in Norway) kills initiative, hinders progress.

I found the Elders at home. Pruhs was already in bed, but Holladay was sitting up. They were surprised to see me. We sat and talked for about an hour then Holladay and I hit the sack and talked for another hour. His cot was narrow and we seemed broader than usual because of it. We tried all different positions that we could think of. I fought for covers groaned and tossed. At 7 o'clock Holladay said, "I give up." He jumped out of bed and made the fire. I asked him if he had slept. He said, "There were a couple of minutes during the night which I cannot account for."

I said goodbye to Fru Telnes and Aud again. I must say that Aud looked attractive, in her own way. We cycled my baggage down to the bus station, performed our necessary tasks in town. At the post office I picked up the drawing (lithography) which Willie Nordrá had sent me. He sent it COD from Oslo. The price Kr. 50. I was well pleased with "Same". I said goodbye at the bus station where Holladay and Pruhs stood (Holladay wiping his eyes.) The trip was rather boring, but I did my best to keep my eyes open and read almost all of the way.

Arriving in Narvik I went directly up to Øvre Prom. and got settled down. Frantzy was at home and eager to hear of my experiences in the North. I talked to him and his wife showing them my souvenirs from the north. He told me that Pedersen was really a good businessman, that he had managed to sell my sleeping bag for 289 Kr. He said that he hadn't yet got rid of my zither.

I began straightening up my gear and writing a couple of letters. It wasn't long before the Elders returned home. Good to see them again.

We sat around comparing notes until it was time to go to bed.

Sunday 25th

First on the schedule was Sunday School at the same old Losjen. The regular crew came. It was swell to see them all again. I received three invitations to come to "middag". I went with the Sørensens who asked me first.

Sørensen and I sat talking all afternoon. He had a few questions about his emigration to Zion. He is a rather old fellow to be emigrating, but it shows his strong faith. He is studying English on the side and has managed to learn a considerable amount.

At 4 pm. Priesthood meeting was held and we had an interesting gathering.

At 6pm. our evening meeting was held with just about the same crowd as usual. Sørensen was the first speaker, followed by Karoliussen and I was asked to say something after that. I told of John R. Winder's conversion into the Church, of his traveling to America, of my being born into the Church as a descendent of him; of my thankfulness for the mission and my membership in the Church. Told of the trip to the north and of its success. Told of actually experiencing that which in the mission home they had joked about over 2 years ago. That is, four in a bed, and one standing up to "rest." My recent experience in Harstad with Holladay was just about the same. I thanked the members for all their help, and asked the blessings of the Lord to be with them. I was followed by Brother Svedenborg who talked on "Paul, the Apostle."

At the close of the meeting I began saying goodbye to some of the people and making appointments with other to pay a personal call and say goodbye then.

I then accompanied the Evensens to their homewhere we had a delicious evening snack. We talked about this and that until I decided I had better go home to write a letter to the folks. They asked me to eat dinner with them for the rest of the time I would be in Narvik (two days). At home I found the Elders already in bed, so I typed a while up in the room, but decided they would like to go to sleep, so continued in the kitchen. I hit the sack in my old sleeping bag (now Pedersen's) on the floor as I had done the previous night.

Monday -FEB. 27th

I got my gear packed away and then went down to Evensen's for a delicious fried Cod-tunge dinner. We had besides cod-tunge, American Welfare Corn, potatoes and fruit-soup for dessert.

I had to run as soon as dinner was over. In town I posted some letters, conferred with a photo expert about my camera filters, bought the book, "Finnmark i Flammer," delivered in some shirts to be washed....and a few other necessary things.

In the evening I went out to sell my Zither to a lady. She found it satisfactory and paid Kr. 50 for it. From there I dropped in to see our in-

Jan: Feb. 28 - Packed, ate at Evensen's (2), said good bye to send picture, packed, sent packages to Hammerfest, Letter Eklund (3), Mathisen & Jorgensen + Evensen (4). Spent home.

investigator, Mr. Andersen and his wife. I found him off on another study of a man named Broekman's philosophy. Broekman accepts the "love-thy neighbor" teachings of Christ (and claims to believe in the Bible), but denies the divinity of Christ, His miracles, His resurrection and the existence of a personal Father. His "plan of life" as he calls it, seems so shallow that I can't understand how anyone could believe in it. It makes no claim to any kind of an existence other than our present life; its interpretation of our purpose in life is that we are in the midst of God's creation, trying to make things better, trying to make this earth a perfect place to live, trying to prolong ~~him~~ or extend the life-length of man, finally reaching a condition where man has understood all the forces and powers of nature (the laws) and has through his understanding of them acquired mastery over them. In other words, the only purpose the individual has is to make things better for his descendents. The whole plan seems so shallow, that I can't understand how he can call it a plan of life. I tried to explain to Mr. Andersen that we actually have a personal heavenly Father, and that Christ actually lived on earth, performed miracles, and resurrected after His death. I don't know if I got very far with him, but I hope so. I returned home, talked a little with the Elders, and then rolled out my bag on the floor. Being the third night my hips had become a little bruised, so it wasn't too easy to sleep in my sides, but my back was still in good shape, so I used it.

Tues - Feb. 28th

Again this morning I began my day in packing. At 11:30 I ate an early "middag" hos Evensen. Said good-bye to them and promised to send them a picture of me. Poor Sister Evensen said, "Shan't we say 'p& gjensyn?'" I said, "Yes, 'p& gjensyn," either in Zion or in the next life." The next couple of hours were busily spent packing, sending packages to Hammerfest and then began the rest of the day spent in visiting members. My first visit was at the new residence of Ruth Eklund. She did all she could to make me happy. After eating there, I hurried over to the train station where I met one of the toll authorities who told me that it was not permissible to take more than 150 Kr. into Sweden with me nor was it allowed to take more than 4 American dollars. I packed up a couple of cans of fruit and took them to Brothers Mathisen and Karoliussen. They had gathered to Mathisens apartment and we sat and chatted for a couple of hours about how the two were converted to the Church. In short there stories were: Mathisen - While out walking one day he heard a cryin of a lady. Going down to the shore outside of Narvik he saw a lady sitting on the beach (contemplating wading out) ~~he thought~~. She seemed

Wed. Sent money, ^{sent} shirts, packed, ^{spack} on way down to station, Math & Karv. - So long - District Record - Service 5 signs in all languages.

*Rev. Oving Skottun, Bureau, Department Store, Spring Street
New York, New York, New York, New York, New York, New York, New York, New York*

as though she were ready to give up in this life. He talked to her awhile and they became friends. Finally she asked him to come to her meeting. She belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of LDS. She had had trouble at home and was therefore in such **despair**. He promised her that he'd come to meeting if she would promise to be there on Sunday. He went and was gripped by the message and a short time later became a member of the Church.

Karoliussen: When a very young man he read the story of the prophets, and remembered especially the part about the plates in the Hill Cumorah. A short while later he dreamed that he was trying to help the prophet hide the plates from wicked men who designed to take them from him. He said that he and the prophet hid them in a hill. For the next 20 years or so he didn't hear a word about the Church, and then while working at the railroad as an engineer one of the trains he came in connection with Brothers Sørensen and Evensen. Every opportunity he could get while on the job he would drop up to see these people and hear them tell about the Gospel. A short time later he became a member. Since that time he tells of a wonderful experience up in the mountains when he healed a fellow who had a bad spirit in him, apparently. The man was practically going crazy. They prayed for him and came back in the tent and the man was sleeping soundly as a kitten.

From Mathisen's place I went up to see the Jørgensens and said adjø to them. From there I went over to the Sørensens and had a swell time talking to that "hyggelig" family. He is sure a good egg.

During the day I ate at least at 5 different times. I was so full of food at the close of the day that I could hardly "spark" home.

Wednesday March 1st.

I had a few rush jobs downtown such as going to mail alot of money to Oslo so that I wouldn't have to take it with me through Sweden. I had to check out of the ration office, pick up shirts, osv. We piled all of my "verdslige bekymringer" onto a spark, that is, some of it. The rest was carried down to the station by the Elders. When we got there I sent everything directly through to Oslo. When I came out, there was old Brother Karoliussen and Brother Mathisen waiting to say goodbye to me. It wasn't long before the train pulled out and Williams was aboard, seeing Narvik for perhaps the last time, (in mortality).

The trip to the south was through landscape which was almost unchangeable.

Just a few hours after we left Narvik, we pulled in at the Kiruna station and saw the sun shining from behind the large Kiruna iron-ore mine. The fellow sharing my compartment with me was a very likable Narvik locomotive engineer who was traveling to Oslo to take a course in new diesel engines. We chatted quite often along the way. The service was very good on the train, and the compartments were very comfortable. All of the instruction and information signs were written

Swedish, German, French and English.

Thursday - March 2nd

In the morning we passed through Uppsula and saw the old Swdsh King's Palace. I believe it dated back to before the first millenium after Christ. I was sorry we didn't have the opportunity of getting off here and seeing the University town of Sweden. At about 1 p.m. the train was nearing Stockholm. The forests surrounding the big city were off beautiful, tall, green pines. The snow was melting in the warm sun. I felt Spring in the air, and it sure felt good.

Arriving in Stockholm I went immediately to Bennett's Travel Bureau which was located conveniently across the street from the Railroad Station. Speaking English to them I received wonderful service. I arranged my berth-place for the evening Oslo train and then asked where I would find the best Mens' clothing store in town. I found the store not far from Bennetts! The selection they had of coats was not bad at all. I finally found one which pleased my eye and bought it for 157 Swedish Kroner (or about \$30).

The afternoon was spent looking around and also in writing in my District Record Book. I was very impressed by the largeness of Stockholm, the loaded store windows, the abundance of good clothing, food (such as bananas, oranges, grapefruit, apples).

Time came for the train to pull out and I found on coming to my compartment that I was sharing it with the same fellow as on the first leg of the journey. We spent an hour or so playing my guitar and sining some of the latest hits (det siste slag) such as "Far Away Places," "Old Faithful," and a few others.

At about midnight we all three hit the sack. The third man in the "kupe" was an old jockey.

Friday - March 3rd

Arriving just a little late at the Østbane station I was a little anxious for I believed that the President would be holding a District Presidents' meeting this morning. I gathered my baggage, grabbed a cab after waiting in the usual line for about 10 minutes, and he whisked me off to Osterhausgt. 27. There I found some of my old missionary brothers.

*det. up + skrym - cabot - describe. Part of the...
about 10 minutes many spoke English guy from Denmark
bumpy hill moon + city lights back trip home, large, patch
set of lanterns - fresh dinner with guller. See*

*being troubled by a cough! So took along the same pills day - explain
and go on in the day - taking 100 mg. - ask him to speak -
report from with*

There was Elwood Gwilliam, Newel (Red) Carter, Carter's younger Brother, Elder John B. Christensen, Elder Paul Smith, Paul Eriksen, Jerry Dean, and a few new boys whom I had never met, namely Elders Dee Capel, Stoddard, Barrow, and Mallin.

After putting away my baggage I dropped in to see President and Sister Gowans. Having come directly from the smoking sleeping compartment I must have smelled like a "Pack-a-day" man. The President's first remark was, "Which brand are you smoking today?" It was certainly nice to me him and his wife.

Only a few minutes went by before we were gathered ~~again~~ in the President's smart looking (for a mission office) office. We found the President sitting behind a large glass-topped desk. He had placed four chairs on our side of the desk. On the desk by our chairs we found an outline of the "District Presidents' Conference." To our left was a huge map which covered most of the wall. It was our land, N^orge. The places where missionaries were laboring in were marked with pins on which were attached pieces of paper with the names of the missionaries laboring in those particular cities. Where there were no missionaries, but where such cities were fitted or suitable for the placement of missionaries, the President had placed pins also. On his office door were two advertizements for Maxfield's Candy.

The morning meeting began immediately. The procedure had been planned out beforehand, and we followed it. We (the four DP's who were present: Elders Smith, Dean, Eriksen, and Williams) reported on "District Procedures and duties of the District President."

That continued until Sister Gowans told us that dinner was ready, and we all gathered in the President's living room, kneeled around the table and had a prgyer. We ate smoked cod and talked. I was favored with a dish of ice cream for dessert since I was absent from the party the night before where ice cream had been served as refreshment.

As soon as dinner was over we gather again in the President's office. The afternoon session included just about everying from Tracting to Primary organization. It was very worthwhile. We got ~~minibon~~ alot accomplished. The two Elders in charge of putting out a tracting book, Elders Gwilliam and Lee Capel showed us how far they had progressed with their work. They expressed their thanks for the help which had been given by the other contributing Elders. Elder Capel said he had received my tracting suggestions and was intending to use this book in connection with those suggestions.

After we got finished with them, we turned out chairs around and t started in again with President Gowans. We had been going strong for over 6 hours at the time, but President Gowans was just a fireball-ish as when we began. He seemed to just have a motor buzzing inside of him. He must have perceived that we were beginning to slow up

in our replies, for he suggested that we close. He looked us over and asked if we would like to meet again in the evening, then quickly added that we had really had enough for one day.

We left after 7 hours of fast talking and plenty of instructions. The best thing I could think of was to take a bath. Several of us decided to do it at the Folkebad. At the bath-house we were taken care of in luxurious style. Each person was given a large bathroom in which was located a good tub which was filled to the top with lukewarm water. Over it was a shower, large and much water coming from it.

After the bath we had a restaurant snack, and then returned to the meeting house where we sat down at the "lille lokale" piano and I started banging out a few numbers. The President and Sister Gowans and their friend Tom Thorsen came in and listened. They persuaded me to get my guitar and play a few tunes. That I did, and we all sang Norwegian Song.s. Soon afterward we retired.

Saturday - March 4th

As soon as we rose the Elders came in with the idea that we should take in a ski-trip today. The weather was "strålende" and it was a tempting suggestion. I decided to do it, so Elder Capel and I went down to the RR station where I got my baggage and skis. ~~Am~~ I put on my knickers, sport socks, grabbed my skis and we were off walking through town (the main street) with our skis on our shoulders. It wasn't at all odd to do this in Oslo. To get to the skiing places nearly everyone had to walk at least a short distance in town before they arrived at the underground stop. We made the train, and just had enough time to strap our skis on the outside before it left. After about a 20 minute ride we arrived at Holmenkollen. There were plenty of people gather around the waxing hut. It was a warm spring day, and the snow was in the melting stage, so "klistervox" was the order of the day. One could have the wax applied if necessary, but most of the people were well acquainted with that art. My skis already had a coating of said wax on them from the last time I used them (last year at Easter time when there was also wet snow). After Capel was finished we started up through the beautiful pine forest. We looked out over the Oslo fjord on this beautiful day and the scene was gorgeous. A jet fighter was zooming overhead, knowing not that it was teasing former B-17 pilot Gwilliam to death. We finally arrived at the slalom hill. It was packed with people and there was a good tow-lift on one side of it. At the bottom of the hill was a picturesque brown ski lodge. The white snow, green pine forest and brown lodge made a picture worth commenting about.

The slalom hill was bumpy and I was out of practice, so things went pretty rough. After about 3 hours I began getting on to the hill and building up my confidence. Each time we rode up the hill on the lift, we rode double and often it was a stranger who was our partner. It seemed that nearly all of them spoke good english. There was one fellow who talked just like an American. He had studied at Dartmouth and had been on their ski-team which had toured the Western Part of the US but had not been in Salt Lake City to stay. He was a terrific skier. Another kid talked to me while going up on the lift and he just couldn't believe I really meant it when I told him that I wouldn't be up to the famous Hollmenkollen jumping meet which was to be held the following day. We stayed for quite awhile. Gwilliam hasn't been skiing very often and there fore is not a very accomplished man on the boards. He falls all the way down the hill. I stood at the top of the hill and watch him go down once falling at intervals along the way. Two Norwegians were standing beside me watching him also. The one turned to the other and said, "He's English." Finally the moon began to come up, first looking like a red ball of fire and then like a huge orange ball. On the other side of us we could look over the city of Oslo and see its mass of lights which were now turned on and visible to us. It was a magnificent sight. We felt that it was time to go home, being brought to that opinion mostly by the tiredness of our bodies.

The trip home was wonderful. We began skiing down the snow-covered road which led us through a forest to the huge Norwegian Hollmenkollen lodge. This was what one thinks of as a typical Norwegian Ski Lodge. Odd shaped wooden carved figures on the eaves made out of dark brown wood. Big porch and big windows, all sammen surrounded by beautiful pines. We continued from the lodge stopping only long enough there to look the place over from the outside. We had a pleasant experience awaiting us. Continuing down the hill we came on the lighted ski-trail through the pines. The light was emitted by lanterns attached to trees along the way. The trail was down hill all the way. We must have skied almost continuously for 20 minutes. Then we came out on a short distance from the "trikk" stop. We strapped out skis on the street car, and it carried us into the heart of town, where we disembarked and headed for home. Capel wanted to see a movie with Elder Christensen, so Gwilliam and I had dinner together and then hit the sack, I in my room at Osterhausgt. 27. D

Sunday - March 5th.

First on the ticket, after rising at 6 AM was to say goodbye to my friend Elder Dean who is President of the Eidsvoll District. He was returning to his District, and I probably won't see him again

before we meet in Zion.

Our first meeting was Priesthood meeting and there the two branch leaders Strand and Larsen took over. There were approximately 20 men present. We went directly from there to Sunday School. Their first gathering was very short for we knew that we would gather soon again after class for our Fast Meeting. In class we discussed the question; "Should I go to Holmenkollen today?" Holmenkollen day always falls on one of the first Sundays in March and is the most important event of the winter save Christmas, perhaps. On this day "everyone in town" goes up to the huge and famous ski-jump and watch their prides and joys (the Norwegian ski jumpers) perform. Attached to this event is much local honor and fame, if not world-wide fame. It is colorful in that Holmenkollen jump has such a beautiful setting and especially colorful this Sunday because of the perfect weather.

Well, I heard later that there were at least 90,000 people present that day, but we were not there, we who sat in Sunday School class. And we decided that we shouldn't be there, but that we should endeavor to change the public opinion such that they would favor holding such events on Saturdays instead of Sundays.

Returning to the main assembly we began our regular Fast meeting. At the beginning Elder Paul Eriksen of the Bergen District and I were called upon to speak. I began in Lappisk and then told of the many blessings which the Lord has bestowed upon us in the far north.

Elder Newell Carter and his brother and Elder Eriksen and I ate on the high (13 story) Verdens Teater building. We like the "Vörteröl" so well, that we had to have two bottles each. I began thinking seriously of getting started the sale of such at home.

At evening meeting we heard a discourse of Brother Larsen again. After meeting we stayed up in the meeting house and played the piano until it was time to hit the sack.

Monday - March 6th

Monday morning we had the usual 7:30 class with all of the missionaries in the Branch present including the President and his wife, plus the two Norwegian girls, Söstre Strand og Arnesen. Elder Capel took charge of the first part giving his presentation of the Anderson plan, Sister Strand continued with a half-hour on the Norwegian Language, and Elder Christensen took the last half hour with the reading in the New Testament (we're now on Romans) and explaining as he went along.

The President called me into his office after class and we had a little conference about the missionaries in the Northland. He told me of the new organization for the mission and said that he wanted to make me one of his counselors in the mission presidency. I left ~~mmm~~ with nothing definite decided on.

Journal of Missionary Work

He said to return in the afternoon and we would have another little conference. I returned after lunch and we got down to business again. He opened by saying, "I'm going to ask you straight out, and see what you say. Would you continue your mission here in Norway for 6 more months and act as my counselor in the mission presidency." I was quite taken by surprise. I didn't know what to answer. For my part I was certainly willing to stay in Oslo for the summer doing work which would be very worthwhile, I believe. But, what would the folks say after they had planned the trip as completely as they had. I told him that for the sake of the folks I'd better return home. I remember also that the 1st Presidency doesn't desire that missionaries stay over their 2½ years, especially when they are contemplating going to school on their return home. He told me that I would then be in charge of getting out aids to the missionaries to help them in their proselyting. I'd have a month to do it in. Many of the ideas which we have been using up north have been incorporated down south, and the President wanted me to work on more ideas and develop the ones which had already been born. He put me in charge of this work.

March

Tuesday - ~~Feb~~ 14th

Over one week behind this morning. It seemed that by going all out for "The Plan" I haven't had time to keep ~~my~~ my daily experiences recorded herein. Instead of going to class this morning I'll try to knock out a few lines covering the happenings of the past week. Each of the week days were spent working on the famous plan. Elder Capel and I made a chart or schedule for our work and are trying to go about the whole thing systematically. We incorporated my scrap-book idea for the first cottage meeting, after the contact at the door. I have used it for a long time, but recently have made a few new additions. We tried it out one night on a very sceptical Hr. Kålvik. He found it interesting, but unbelievably, since "angels cannot visit the earth in our day." We had, however, a very interesting evening with him and his wife.

On Thursday we were interrupted when four new Elders came on the "Oslofjord" from USA. They were Elders Kvavle, a convert to the church from Portland. He said, "I roomed with a Mormon boy while going to V-12 school in Boulder. He got me to attend Church one day at the Boulder branch and I was very impressed by the ~~mormon~~ friendliness of the people, the sincerity which they had for their beliefs, and the wonderful spirit which existed at their meetings and among them. From then on I attended every Sunday and ~~in a few~~ was baptized just 2 months later. I never dreamed that I'd be in Norway 5 years after my baptism."

The other Elders were Pulsipher, Williamsen, and Nelson. This morning I got up at 6 to take Elder Kvale to the train station where he caught the 7:30 which would take him through Sweden to Narvik, traveling therefrom by bus to Tromsø where he would join his new companion Elder Anderson. The President came in on Thursday evening and told Capel and I to break it up. He thought we were hitting the plan too hard, so he made us take the evening off and see a movie with the newly arrived Elders.

Saturday the President and some of the Elders went skiing, but I had so many things to straighten up that I just couldn't make it. I took a trip to town instead to begin making preparations for my trip through Europe. On Sunday we attended the regular meetings, taking a break after Sunday School to eat on the top of "Verdens Teater." Elder Bruce Andresen just in from Tofte and on his way to Horten ate with us.

Typical of Oslo interruptions and confusion was this Sunday afternoon of shooting the breeze. One has to have more will-power than I have to get things done in this place.

The Relief Society put on a very good meeting Sunday evening. Following it at 8 p.m. a "fireside" was held in the "little meeting room." We must have had about 40 people in attendance. The meeting opened with some Norwegian folk songs, Bror Larsen made a few remarks, a piano solo was played, and I was given the rest of the time. I tried to say something humorous about how an American feels in Norge, the first impressions.

It went over alright, I guess. Then I told about a couple of experiences in the north country. To finish up the program four of us sang an impromptu quartet number, "America." Det var vakkert. After the meeting the Idaho blok sang "Here we have Idaho." And I was lucky to get over "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." Capel's Pi Kappa song didn't go over at all.

Monday morning I got a letter from Elder Pedersen in Narvik saying that Alf Laurang had asked to be baptized and he wanted to know if a private swimming pool could be used for the ordinance. He also mentioned that Fru Hendriksen would soon be asking. I talked it over with the President before he left on a trip and he gave his O.K.

Tuesday was mostly spent in writing an article on the new missionaries for the "Lys over Norge," and in composing our section of the "Plan" which would give tracting instructions. I called it "The Evolution of Tracting" and traced my own "personal case history" through the unsuccessful techniques I have used finally arriving at something effective and worthwhile.

During the day we talked things over with Elder Stoddard, the "Sin Killer." If you should ask him where he had been on his return from a cottage meeting or tracting his reply is, "Out killin' sin." Elder Capel's answer to every statement (quoting the President) "PUT THAT IN THE PLAN!" This plan is going to be too heavy for the average Elder to carry, I'm afraid.

Thursday - March 16th

The day was spent working on the plan again. We seem to be making considerable progress on it, but it isn't going quite as fast as I had hoped.

During the day we visited the mimeograph expert who instructed us as to how we could use the machine for copying some maps on cards. We looked around for something which could be used for a cover for our plan and found several ideas.

In the evening we gathered in the "little lokale" for our semi-monthly missionary testimony meeting.

As usual there were many wonderful thoughts brought out in the meeting. One of the Elders sincerely told how he liked the oft-quoted phrase about liking his mother's translation of the Bible best.

And good old Elder Mailin said, "And I wouldn't trade my testimony for anything in the world."

Another one said, "The people can't find God - they can't understand what we mean when we talk about him as a person; they can't explain what he is."

Another Elder reminded us of Elder Schow's statement when he left for home: "I've lost all my hair, half my teeth, my clothes are all worn out; and so ~~thin~~ am I. It's time to go home."

Elder "Red" Carter stood up and called to mind a little story about each person present. Everyone of them had a little good humor in it, good old down to earth Carter humor. He said about Brother Høvik: "I like to talk with Brother Høvik, 'cause he's been out in Uintah Basin and that's just about as close as one can come to the Celestial Kingdom. But, he hasn't been in Tabiona yet..... that's the highest degree of the celestial kingdom." (Tabiona is Red Carter's home town.)

Elder Carter continued to ask something which we had talked about just a couple of days before. What kind of God did Joseph Smith have in mind when he went out into the grove to pray? Was he thinking of the God which the sectarian world had created? Or was he a young man who had read about a heavenly father, and was going out to ask his heavenly father a question. It is just like the example of the young boy who was standing in the kitchen while I was talking to his mother at one house in Hammerfest. ~~When~~ She told me that the God she believed in was nature, the good in a man's heart or something like this. I told her that God was a personally heavenly father and she disagreed, but her nine-year old son said, "No, mother, he's right. God is a person."

Another of those who bore their testimonies said that "We shall be judged not only after what we do, but after much of that which we neglect to do."

After the testimony meeting we closed with prayer and song, and then had a quartet practice. We're contemplating holding some street meetings and we'll need a good choir or quartet when we do.

Wrote Mr. Gowans mentioning at the table that Elder Kirby had broken his leg. At evening prayer his son Dickie surprised Kirby's leg getting better.

Friday - March 17th

In the morning Elder Capel and I were interrupted by our Forstander, Brochter Høvik, who is a swell fellow and very talkative. He told us about how the missionaries had contacted him many many years ago, and how he had studied the Gospel each day with his father (He was only 16 then). One day his father said to him, that he was convinced of the divinity of the work, and was going to be baptized. He had quite a decision to make at that time. He knew how many "friends" he, a young man, would lose, but he also knew it was the truth, so he and his father came down to the meeting house here and were the first two to be baptized in the font here. They had no baptismal clothes, so he borrowed some white trousers and a white shirt from one of the Elders. He let his father take them and be baptized first, then he put them on wet and went down into the waters of baptism.

While walking down town in the afternoon Elder Capel and I noticed the title of a movie playing in town telling about the "wildness" of today's youth. We commented on the fact that we too would be inclined to go the way of the world without a rod to hold onto. What chance does a young Lutheran have in life? His doctrine is so inconsistent that he cannot believe it. He therefore, loses faith in that there is a God, and his morals lower to the level of his desires. I think of how worried the Lutheran priests should be at the decadent condition of their church. And I wonder how they can be so blind that they cannot see the false doctrine in it which is too weak to hold its members. I remember how these priests don't ever attempt to disprove our teachings, but only denounce us as a people.

I just returned from having a wonderful talk with President Gowans. He really makes me feel full of energy since he has such an eager attitude about the future of the mission. He told of how wonderful it would be to have a recording machine at all missionary meetings taking down everything that was said. Then, many years from now gather the Elders together and play over these wonderful old records and relive the choice missionary experiences. Taking action on the thought he had already sent for such a machine, and it was on its way.

Friday - March 24th.

The day was one of the most enjoyable I have spent in the Mission field. The drive to Moss was a treat for me, having not taken such an automobile trip for $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. Reaching the outskirts of the old city, I noticed many houses which I remembered having visited 20 months ago when I was out peddling tracts. One of the first well-known spots was the small railroad station, then a store where Elder Schow and I often bought "Vörteröl". Farther along I saw a meeting house which we were going to rent once; then past the house which we nearly got, the gas-station, a "reject-house" which I remembered and finally down to the water-fall, the row of red houses, etc. It was just like I'd only been away a couple of days.

Thurs. April 13th 1930

Mass.

During the days of the Anderson Plan publication the diary was completely neglected. I intend, this morning, to write a few words which will have to suffice in covering a few weeks' activities.

The Oslo force lost Elder Newell Carter who left on the Oslo fjord. He looked as though he wouldn't completely forget Norway as he stood on the top deck and waved goodbye to us.

It wasn't long after that when Elder Russell Stoddard was released. The doctor had advised him to go somewhere where his case of the "jungle rot" could be healed. The "jungle rot" is a skin disease which seems to thrive on Elder Stoddard.

My room (full of tracts) was like a station with Elders arriving and leaving at short intervals. Elder Lonnar arrived from the North Country and became my room companion. Elder John Gunderson came & "took bolig" in the basement with Elders John Christensen & Jack Allen. Lonnar was made D. P. for Narvik District and Gunderson Branch Pres. for Oslo.

It wasn't long before Elder Capel and I made our trip to Hamar where we presented our proselyting material for the 14 Elders assembled there. - Pres. Jerry Dean, Elders Sly, Lund, Nelson, Stensrud, Ecker, May Petersen, Cornell, and others.

I spent over an hour explaining the new tracting method, along with a visit to investigators and showing them our first visit material which is the Book of Mormon scrapbook.

Return to Oslo by train and visit to Bøster Kristensen.

Sitting up all night working on the plan. Sims and Capel and I mimeographing on the new machine, singing playing our guitars.

The interesting morning Oslo classes.

~~Another~~ Trip to Drammen where I spent the afternoon with the Elders and spoke that evening.

Returned and met Smith on the train.

Departure of Smith, Christiansen, Almond and Haight.

Departure of Capel and Sims to Beibgen. Arrival of Wild Bill Carlston from the south and his assignment to the north. We lay half way through the night talking about the northland. Departure of Carston to be DP in Narvik District.

Appointment of Elder Aksel Tanner to be new DP in Oslo District.

My missing class. President said he would have to send me home

Began officially sitting on my trunk Tuesday the 11th of April.

Trip to Visit Old Friends

Wednesday - April 12.

Left Oslo in the evening. While waiting for the train at Østbane station who should walk up but Björn Toverud. He looked like he had grown a foot. Good to see the boy.

Arrived Moss in evening. Went directly up to Elders Halversen and Rex Lybbert's missionary mansion....a house with kitchen, bedroom and living room.

First visit was with Ragnar, a Elik, Roy and Turid. Roy had grown at least a foot. After 5 minutes there it seemed as though I'd never been away from Moss even though it had been 20 months. Roy had become a singer and had started a group of singers called "The Harmony Boys"...he and four of his friends sing and play the guitar. We talked about the place dear to my heart, Finnmark, and about the Samuelsen's future trip to America at which time I told them that they could certainly live with me, while stopping over in Salt Lake.

Thursday - April 13th

Visited Sister Pedersen first. Same old clever sense of humor. Had a hyggelig visit, really hyggelig.. She gave me a lovely crocheted doily when I left.

Next we visited Tullen Kummelhoff (Elisebeth) and had a swell time talking with her. Took some pictures there. What a character. Volk remembered me, but was ready to chew Halvorsen's leg off. Tullen really looked Frank. Down to Sister Samuelsen who was still talking about Pres. and the missionaries of the old days.

Down to Fiske to see Sister Evensen. Same old gal. Then to Sister Jansen who was humble and same as ever. Out to Torgersens finding them akkurat det samme.

Then to Andresens. Good to see the kids especially. Fruen wasn't home. Doris was fixing her bike. Looking grown up. So did Gerd.

Said we would come back. Went up to Marie's. Found Marie home. She scarred me to dddm. at the door. Old Carl was there. He and I talked over old times in Hammerfest and also the recent accident up there when a snow drift slid down the hill and crushed the Anderson's Pensjonat with three people in there whom I knew, especially Herr Mehus.

Joked and had fun with Marie and Ottar, went up to take with the lady missionaries, Sisters Dorothy Peterson and . Couldn't stay. Hadn eaten couple of time already, but aae there.

WENT TO Andresen's and had a hyggelig kvell talking about northern Norway, Andresen's doves, Schow and many other things. They gave me a lovely ekte norsk pillow cover.

Got up early next day and went to see Louise before catching train. She was snill as ever. Egil was there. Had a hyggelig time together until she cried.

Boarded train and there was Elder Tanner. What a surprise. Talked with him and then said goodbye. Won't be seeing him until America.

Changed trains at Sarpsborg. Pretty landsaape. Arrived Mysen and went to Toverud. She was snill and enfoldig as ever. ~~middag~~ As usual she had middag ready. We had a swell afternoon together talking over alt mulig. Gave me a cute silver Norge spoon. Husband was really in good humor and likeable. Visted Hr. Fjeld. Gave me tomatoes. Left and changed trains at Ski. Everything seemed as though I had been ~~hjemme~~ away just a few days.

Wonderful days. Two of the most ~~good~~ enjoyable days of my mission.

April 15, Saturday

The day was spent taking care of the final travel details. My train ticket as far as Rome came to 492.55 Kroner which was a little more than I had expected, but fairly reasonable just the same. I picked up a few books on Finnmark, having visited the public library the evening before to find the books which would best cover the life and especially the struggle of the people of Finnmark. This story and struggle I hope to make a hobby of some sort.

Elder Elwood Gwilliam and I spent the evening visiting some friends whom were just as friendly as can be, but not very intelligent or interested in finding the truth. The fuss which they made over their big boxer, "Lita", seemed to fit their light, thinking personalities. Humorously enough, the big hound jumped right up on me when I first walked into the house; and that wasn't enough. The boxer was pawing me all evening long, making conversation even more difficult. Sumarily, we had a nice evening, being treated very hospitably, but not accomplishing more than the unloading of a Utah film on them.

April 16 - Sunday

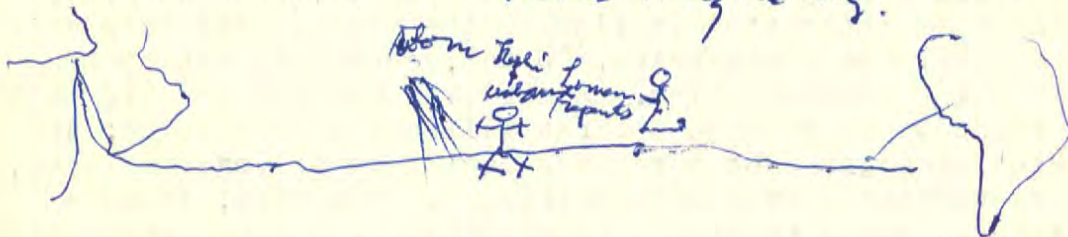
One of the nicest things that happened to me all day was receiving a telegram in Sunday School. On seeing the sender's address I feared that the folks had run into travel difficulties. Opening the message I was happy to see that it was a greeting from the Rex Williamses. It read so: "On the concluding day of your mission the Rex Williams family send love and congratulations. Hurry Home."

In our Priesthood meeting we were introduced to Brother Jens Jensen (a brother of Anthon Jensen) who has been in America 62 years. Amazingly enough, he spoke excellent Norwegian. In our Sunday school class I took the Book of Mormon lesson showing the class my scrapbook on the Book of Mormon. Immediately after SS, three Norwegians, Elder Gwilliam and I took a trip out to Bygdø where we hoped to see the Kon-Tiki raft and the Viking ships. At the Kon-Tiki display house we found several people standing outside hoping to work their way into the locked building.

They were unsuccessful. Spotting a could-be care-taker I asked if it would be possible to see the raft. He answered negatively; I told him we were Americans and that I was returning to my native land the following day, and would appreciate very much a look at the interesting raft. He seemed happy to let us in.

I was impressed by the largeness of the raft, the round logs being almost 2 feet in diameter. The light weight of the wood (balsam) was surprising. On the back wall a huge map had been drawn charting his journey. I thought how helpful such a map would be describing the journey of Lehi & Co across the water.

Pictures along the way.



The day was beautiful. We walked in the sunshine over to the building in which the Viking Ships are located. Here again I was impressed by the size of these huge ships (only one-fifth the size of the largest ships, it is supposed). It was in these and especially the larger ships that men like Erik the Red, and others performed their pirate journeys to France, Iceland and other places in the vicinity. I believe they also established a little colony around 1000 in Italy near Naples.

After a quick dinner we had to rush to meeting.

Several speakers had been chosen, in fact too many were on the program. First we heard from Brother Jens Jensen, then from a lady missionary, then Tom Thorsen, and Elder Williams who felt quite moved at the thought of leaving the country where he had been preaching for two and one-half years.

Brother Larsen took the remainder of the time. A lady, Fru Johansen from Tromsø was at the meeting. It was a joy to see that she had endured the hardships of an operation and would be in good enough physical condition to be baptized on Wednesday if she received her release from membership in the State Church in time.

After meeting I stood around for about an hour saying goodbye to all of the good people.

Down in Elder John Christensen's and Seth Allen's room we had a good showing of color slide films taken by the Elders a good portion of them down in my old home town of Moss. We topped this session off with a pint of ice cream each.

Monday - April 17th

Having secured my trunk, metal suitcase and skis at the dock to be loaded aboard a British Isles bound steamer, I did some shopping in town to try to find something of worth that was fitting to take to the family back home. I was able to find a few items.

I had a final business talk with President Gowans about the work, leaving with him what ideas and work to be done which I had. He then handed me my release. I was thankful to hear him say that he wished I'd stayed with him for 6 months longer as his counsellor.

Before my train pulled out the missionaries and Pres. and Sister Gowans and their kids gathered in the living room of their house and we had another ice-cream party.

Time soon came to shove off; Gwilliam and I got together and pushed my suitcase together and I was off. Allen, Gwilliam Christensen and Pres. and his wife drove me down to the train. We stood in the station for 20 minutes joking. My jaws ached before it was time for the train to leave. When I came to Sister Gowans, she told me that she didn't get a chance to give me a kiss when I met her like Floss had told her to, so she intended on doing it now. I guess that kiss was a send-off few missionaries have experienced from their mission President's wife.

Tuesday April 18th

Ate breakfast with Reid Johnson and the whole Stockholm staff at Svartensgt. 3. Gave Mission President the scoop on our Anderson Plan. He seemed interested and thankful that we offered it to them, thereby saving them much time.

Talked with him about the work, especially tracting. Then talked to Reid Johnson about their centennial plans offering a few ideas.

Spent day interestingly at the city museums,

Went to a dull mutual in the evening.

Wednesday- April 19th

Ran out of the Art Museum in the morning just when I saw the Finnish steamer coming in. Arrived just in time to meet Elder Alvin Anderson from Finland with whom I shall travel down through the continent.

Spent the day together visiting city's points of interest. The most notable thing about this beautiful metropolis is the colorful effect offered by the water ways in the city. For me this was something new and original. The fresh water coming from one side meets the salt water on the other side of a bridge in the middle of town. The city fishermen with their circular nets, 10 feet in diameter drop them into the water and pull them up with a winch. While I watched them they didn't get anything more than a few sardines, but it was colorful just the same. ~~When~~ When night fell, and the lights along the waterways were turned on the city was a real picture.

Left in the evening for *Göteborg* on a nice sleeper.

Thursday - April 20th

The mission home in Göteborg was something really out of the ordinary. Blue cushioned seats in the chapel, a fine organ, upright piano, guitar, amusement hall, office, and rooms for all of the missionaries. At the home we met the Elders along with a Brother Petersen who started out from his home in Minnesota last year to see the world. Coming to Bergen he went quite a time without work but finally landed a job on a fishing schooner. On the way over on the Stavangerfjord he contacted the missionaries onboard who were coming to Norway. One of these Elders corresponded with him after the trip. He began attending meetings in Bergen or Haugesund talking extensively with the Elders until he was convinced that it was the true Church. He traveled to Sweden in April of 1950 and was baptized on Easter Sunday in a swimming pool somewhere in Sweden. He was in Göteborg waiting to catch the Gripsholm for America.

On arriving home he intends to continue his medical studies at the University of Utah, studying religion on the side, finally hoping to be called on a mission before he finishes his medical or maybe pre-med studies.

After a day at the art gallery and other museums I took a shower at the mission home, did some typing, talked for awhile to the Elders and then climbed aboard my Copenhagen-bound train.

Friday - April 21st

Arriving in Copenhagen I went immediately to the mission home.

It is a beautiful building with the inscription "De Siste Dages Hellige" on the outside. The chapel's interior was very light and beautiful. I was very sorry to have missed Jay Jensen and the mission president. However, I did get a chance to talk to Sister Sorensen and her two daughters. Also there at the mission home was Brother Meyers, the geneologist. He and I rode downtown together on the "tram". He said that he had recently spoken with Brother Toronto who has been presiding over the Czech Mission for the last few years and has been recently booted out of there. Bro. Meyers said his story was very interesting. We also talked about what there was for the tourist to see in Germany. He remarked about the great extent of the damage in Berlin and stated that it would be of interest for anyone to observe exactly how much damage was done by the Allied bombers. He also suggested that one travel by day through Germany thereby being able to see the vastness of the destruction. As suggestions for gifts to take home he said: Swedish crystal and glassware, and English figurines.

I was very fortunate in getting a room at the Mission Hotel Annex, a very humble appearing pension from the outside, but with surprisingly comfortable accommodations. I set out ~~early~~ to see the painting "Mormon Predikanter" by Daalgaard. At the Academy of Arts I found everything else but. I learned from the attendants there that it had been put away in storage, but that it had earlier been on display (and that there had been many young Mormons out to see it recently). in

The weather was quite unpleasant being a drizzly, rainy condition most of the time. I was tired, so I took an hour snooze at the hotel and woke up fresh. Inquiring as to the possibility of getting tickets to the Benny Goodman concert, I was told at the hotel that it would be impossible to reserve anything ~~at~~ at so late an hour. Therefore, I decided to try my luck

at the concert hall. I found it large and ideal for such a program. Without waiting in line or any other difficulties I secured a very good ticket which placed me on about the 15th row of the main floor. The hall was filled to its 4000 seating capacity when it was time to begin. On my right was a young Danish trombone player who spoke very good English and was interested in what I thought about Be-Bop and some of the current swing bands in the States. On my left was another Danish hep-cat who was also an amateur artist or dress maker. During the performance she drew a clear likeness of the vocalist's evening dress. I guess she wanted one like it for herself. The 4000 Danes screamed and bounced throughout the concert. They yelled request to Benny Goodman such as "How High the Moon" and also importuned for a little Boogie Woogie which Goodman saved as a climax....it knocked them out.

Behind me sat two American GI's on furlough from their base in occupied Germany. They said they had only learned one Danish word: "Skaal". Answering as to the "liberty" facilities in their station, they replied that the only thing to do of worth was to get drunk.

I returned to my room after the concert and spent a couple of hours reading in H.G. Wells's, "The History of the World."

Saturday - April 22nd

When the Gothenburg train arrived at Central Station I was waiting there in the lobby for my traveling companion, Al Anderson. On his arrival one of the first things we did was to have our breakfast together. Having asked at the travel agency for a cheap but good eating establishment we were told to go to a large "Magasin" (department store) just a few blocks away. Arriving there we took an elevator to the top (5th) floor and found a very helpful elevator girl. She said they had not begun with breakfast there and wouldn't start serving for a couple of hours, but that we would be able to locate a good place by asking the floor walker. He phoned back to the 5th floor and told them to cook us up some oatmeal. We took the elevator back up to the lovely eating room and received a delicious bowl of "grött." We also were shown up to the store's tower from which we viewed the many-smoke-stacked city with its many spiral church and other building towers, or steeples.

Our tour through the city council house was of interest, especially seeing where the the city ~~representative~~ representative council of 55 hold their meetings with the city coat of arms backgrounding the speaker. Represented here are the social democrats in majority with ~~other~~ other right and left wing groups. The Communist have 6 men in the council. The ancient Viking musical instrument was interesting to see. It looked like the horn of a large bull, blown from the pointed end. We took the "TRAM" out to Rosenberg palace but found it closed, unfortunately. From there we went to the mission home finding almost noone there either.

By the time we had dinner and returned to the hotel (by the way we had a delicious steak dinner, something which I haven't tasted for a couple of years. They took almost all of our butter stamps here and left us no butter), it was time for our movie, "The Man on the Eiffel Tower." We attended this one hoping that it would give us an insight on our planned trip to Paris, but found the movie very little concerned with the Eiffel Tower, and of little worth as an interesting time spender.

Sunday - April 23rd - Leaving the cigar-smoking city of Copenhagen, where both men and women fill the air with smoke, we boarded the Hamburg bound train at 10:40 and settled down in my compartment with a little reading. Arrived at noon at the Ferry Station where the train was taken aboard the ferry and we with it. Aboard the boat we had nice stew dinner which took us most of the hour traveling time. The train continued from the other side taking us through some lovely green flat landscape. The Danish farms are beautiful things. A small white house with a black roof and rounded eaves...a few budding or blossoming trees around the house which is located in the middle of a huge green field. The peacefulness of such a setting (and we saw them all Sunday afternoon seems to contradict the world (or rather be the opposite to) the world which is described in the daily newspapers. With the shooting down of the American Privateer over the Østersjøen by Russian planes peace in the world seems to have become a more remote possibility than ever. Acheson's scholarly remarks on freedom sound ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~like~~ to the Western ear. To us it is the only way of life. But eastern propaganda has made such statements sound foolish to many people in the world.

With the issuing of the Russian order to shoot down any foreign planes which fly over Russian controlled territory one could expect the outbreak of war at any minute. In the afternoon (later) we arrived at the German border station of Flensburg where we left the train long enough to have our wallets and passports checked. The money we were carrying had to be registered on coming into Germany and it will undoubtedly be checked as we leave to see that we have used our greenbacks and travelers checks legally.

That Sunday afternoon reading in "The History of the World" and observing the beautiful green scenes of southern Denmark was one of the most pleasant traveling experiences I can remember.

I was sorry that our arrival in Hamburg did not transpire earlier in the day. The darkness made it impossible for us to see the extent of the damage done by Allied bombs, but we could see that the railroad station had been destroyed and was still not nearly repaired.

Monday - April 24th

Early in the morning our train arrived at Frankfurt. The station was just a steel structure without any of the window panes left whole, as had been the case with most of the RR stations in Germany. For the first time we saw the thoroughness with which allied bombers had laid waste this country. In Frankfurt we found that the Americans had really taken over. The American influence was felt everywhere. I first attempted checking my bags at the German RR check stand, but was told that they would not guarantee that I'd get them back. That sounded risky, so I looked around and found an Allied Military and Civilian Check Stand. At that stand we found a fellow who knew where the Church Headquarters was (West German Mission). Just outside of the Station we began to get a glimpse of more destruction. A German fellow came up to us and asked if he could help. He succeeded in getting us on Street Car number 1 which took us across the bridge to Mission Headquarters, a large stone building part of which is at the disposal of the Church.

We were met at the door by the Mission Secretary. He seemed happy to see us. Apparently they don't receive many visits by the Missionaries. While Elder Anderson shaved we sat in the dining room talking about post-war conditions in Frankfurt. He said the Elders were received wonderfully at the door; that the people kidded them about polygamy, but generally liked them. The process of conversion they were using seemed very effective, he said. The American missionaries make the friends and the German home missionaries convert the people. He said they meet anti-USA propaganda frequently. Naming one special case he told about the exclusion of American and English concerns in Germany from the bombing raids. He remarked that one might find many enterprises which were backed by American and English capital completely untouched while factories supported by German capital producing like war materials would be demolished. The Germans were bitter about the incessant bombing raids on the cities of Germany,, ,but, it was just these bombings which completely demoralized the German people and was a great weakening factor to their moral strength. He had heard from the people how they would often receive as many as four or five raids in one night, and then have to go to their jobs on the following day and perhaps receive the same treatment the next night, it is easy to understand the demoralizing effect such would have on a people.

Talking about the Saints in Germany he told of their kindness to the Elders...that there wasn't anything they wouldn't do for them. The problem of peaceful branch management seems to be the same here as it was in certain places in Norway. The Saints had some difficulty in cooperating with each other. Back to the more political side of the conversation he told of the losing battle American propaganda is fighting due to the improper behavior of the GI's during their off-hours. He said they were not setting the example they should set, and were therefore not popular among the more intelligent and well-mannered people of Germany.

On the contrary he said the American missionaries possessed just enough of the typical American freeness in attitude and carriage but at the same time enough well manners and self control to be very well liked.

Soon it was time for breakfast. About 20 of us gathered around a long table kneeled by our chairs and one of the

some

German lady missionaries offered our morning prayer book of which I could understand due to the many like German and Norwegian words.

Following the prayer (which was preceded by a song in German) we had a barley coffee and toast and jam breakfast. President Wunderlicht was ready to see us after breakfast so we dropped into his office and chatted a little with him. I showed him the Tracting Book and our Anderson Plan which he thought were interesting; and then referred me to the Frankfurt District President, an Elder Decker (MD) from Salt Lake. He was new in the field, but interested in these methods were using in Norway, though they seemed to take him by storm. He loaned us 5 German Marks (a little over a dollar) and we hustled around the corner in the rain to the "Damefrisör" where we had quite a time trying to explain in Norwegian how we wanted our hair cut. The people were very jovial and friendly. One of the girls in the mission office located a room for us in town. We returned by street car to the Rn station and crossed the street to our room.

The rainy afternoon was spent reading and seeing the ruins of Frankfurt. In places a complete city block was still rubble. Business seemed to be booming. All of the windows were full of goods, many of which are not to be had in Norway, such as bananas, oranges, apples and certain vegetables. Our meals there were good. We found the German a beer lover, as the Dane had been a cigar lover. The only good-looking cars in town were owned by Americans. The town seemed to be full of them. My appearance must have been noticeably American for I was confronted at every corner by German civilians trying to sell me black market "script money" which may be used at all army canteens, PX's or entertainment places. At one time on the street I noticed a civilian passing two packages of CAMELS to a fellow German. At the PX we were able to change one dollar into script money to enable us to attend a Danny Kaye movie. It was funny. ~~Many~~ Many of the GI's had their frauleins with them. It certainly wouldn't have been difficult for all of them to have frauleins for they seemed to be smiling at the American (in or out of uniform) at every street corner.

We dropped in at the PX after the movie having just enough money left to buy a banana split. Here again we found a house full of GI's and frauleins. It made me think that the gals were out to get the boys for all they had; and many of them were really rough looking characters.

Returning to our hotel, we sat around talking until it was time for bed. On retiring I thought of the full meaning of, or better the earthly meaning of salvation through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Without it, would we have any reason to resist the temptations of these civilization breaking down influences which I observed during the day? It seems to me that man would turn to animal without the understanding that the gospel gives us. We certainly have been saved from many of these progress hindring, mind-dulling influences having been raised in the truth. I can imagine a world of misery a hundred times worse than ours of today if Jesus Christ had not yet come to the earth to help lift the obedient up, all who would hearken to His voice. I think also of the effect His latter-day revelations have had on those who have believed in them, and the greater effect these revelations will come to have on the earth.

Tuesday - April 25th

At 7:23 we crossed over to the ~~an~~ station and boarded the southbound express. I forgot to mention one experience of yesterday which was of a little interest. It was after the movie as we were eating dinner in a restaurant. A GI a couple of tables away from us began talking to us in a voice which had to be quite loud to carry over. Unthinkingly he made many statements which seemed out of place as a representative of a country which is trying to impress the German nation of the principles of equality and democracy. He remarked how sick he was of the country and how he couldn't wait to return to the states (where everything was better). I'm sure such remarks did not build up that democratic, cooperative spirit between him or America and the English speaking Germans in that restaurant.

Getting back to the events which have already transpired today, I might mention that it seemed good to speak a little Norwegian with three Norsk soldiers whom we are sharing our compartment with. They are on furlough and are headed for points south in Italy. Their comment about the German people was that they found them obsequious. Smiling at every opportunity, but giving the appearance of falsity, as though they

did it just to gain favor while they actually disliked the occupation troops very much. The Norwegian fellow on my left said that he could easily understand their dislike for occupation for he had experienced the same in Norway for 4 or 5 years. It will be interesting to see how democracy thrives in Germany.

Time passed very rapidly. We were enjoying the lovely landscape when suddenly the sky grew dark and before we could say "Sweitz editche" it was snowing; snowing in April in southern Germany.

At the customs office we made a rapid passage and reboarded the train. In just a few minutes we arrived in Bale. What a beautiful spot. On coming out of the station we walked right onto a center or junction for the green trolley cars (which had some open cars with green-stripped canvas windbreakers, and some of which were towing advertisement floats). Instead of being a drearily place this junction was beautifully neat. In the center was a lovely fountain surrounded by a small grass covered park which again was surrounded by white, clean-looking hotels. The cleanliness and neatness of the city caught the eye of the tourist immediately.

We were fortunate in finding a room at the Park Hotel which was suggested to me by the Mission Secretary whom I called. Our accommodations were really ~~really~~ fine. The room was large with two comfortable beds. Our view was over the green park. Once settled our first thought was to visit the mission home, so that is what we set out to do (that is after we arranged our future tourist trip in Switzerland at Cook's travel bureau). At the mission home address we stopped and hesitated going in. We couldn't believe that the church owned anything so lovely here in Europe. The place looked like a large white mansion surrounded by garden and grass and a metal picket fence. We asked a passer by if we had come to the correct street and number and he answered to the affirmative, so we ventured a ring on the bell. We received a return buzz and the gate opened. The Mission Secretary, Elder Rich, met us at the door and invited us in the beautiful home. Sister Bringham was sitting at the piano and two other Elders from BLC and Provo were sitting around ~~around~~ listening to her.

We sat and talked with them telling them about the midnight sun, talking about their previous service in the Northwestern states Mission and now their call here just a few months after

their release from the Stateside mission. They had had Elder Richard Anderson laboring under them when he was working on this plan of his, and Sister Bringhurst, said that it actually worked as he tells in his introduction; that in a certain city many were converted where it was thought conversions could not happen.

President Bringhurst was busy, but we got a chance to shake hands with President Toronto who was just kicked out of Czechoslovakia, the last of our representatives to leave that country. I was sorry we didn't have an opportunity to hear him explain his recent experiences there, but he was too busy and we were going to Mutual with the Elders. In Dale one of the Saints is a very good architect. He has designed a beautiful chapel for the Dale Branch. It is every bit as good as those we have in the states. One of the Elders told me that the branch was very fortunate in having the services of many influential men in Switzerland who are members of the Church.

I could pick out a word here and there during the opening exercises in Mutual and then when we separated for classes I was able to understand a little more. Our class was led by a young intelligent looking Swiss fellow who had as his lesson, the history of Switzerland. For me this was interesting since I had just been reading about it in a pamphlet or this country. Besides the history of the three main original cantons I learned that today Switzerland is made of 23 cantons each with their own government sending representatives to the confederate government in Bern.

We had to leave early so as to get some dinner before bedtime, so one of the Elders took us through town and showed us the wonderful display of technical instruments (watches, binoculars, cameras, drawing equipment) in the store windows.

In this city the people speak what they call a Switzitche dialect which is almost ununderstandable to the missionaries, but which is spoken since the Daleers have a dislike for the German nation (one of the Elders told me) and therefore do not speak exactly their language. The Elders learn and speak German, as do the people in speeches, writing etc., but in everyday speech it is Switzitszy. We had a very nice meal at one of the city restaurants, and found the waitresses so helpful that they just couldn't seem to do enough for us.

The work seems to be progressing in Switzerland at about the same tempo as in Norway. They have approximately the same number of members and missionaries as we do. I can imagine that the people are difficult to interest seriously in the Gospel since they have all of the material things which they need and therefore find enough satisfaction in the material that they don't crave something deeper. Their hikes, ski-trips, beautiful country and houses and yards could well be the sum of all they want in life. One of the missionaries remarked that he found the people self-satisfied and "vain".

Wednesday - April 26th

After a standing up at 6:30 and a bath and breakfast, we picked up our tickets at the travel agency and boarded a clean electric train for Bern, sorry to leave such a pleasant city before getting to know it better.

The scenery was out of this world. Along the green rolling foothills the cherry blossom had come out and looked gorgeous dotting each of these green hills. The houses were of a old style, but looked new and clean. The farms were well kept and the highways had 6 inch green grass growing right up to the edge of them.

At one of the stops a young girl boarded the train and sat down across from us. After a little while she asked (in English and by the way there are few people who speak English here) if this was our first trip to Switzerland. That opened the conversation which continued in a steady stream until we arrived in Bern about an hour later. I had many questions about the place called Kleine Scheidegg where I'm going to spend a day skiing, I hope. She had to go to the University of Bern, so we went up there with her, took some pictures of the lovely green park around the building and waited for her. She then showed us around the city...the statue of the Universal Postal Union was very beautiful. The Alps in the distance were pretty, but would have been a hundred times more beautiful if they had not been partly hidden by the clouds. At one of the parks a bird ate some peanuts out of my hand. At another place we threw cut up carrots to the city symbolic live Bears. The downtown section was very old and interesting, especially the way

in which they have built the arcades, that is the covered over side walks and shops, so the shopper is protected from the rain (or snow). Soon it was time for the girl, Trudi Holliger (Spitaplatz, Langenthal, Switz.), to return to her home in a nearby city, so we said goodbye to her and found a place to eat dinner. As we were eating we looked out of the window to see huge snowflakes coming down like sixty. What a disappointment. We had hoped for clearer weather for the remainder of our time in Switz., but it looked like we were in for the winter season all over again. Soon it was time for Al Anderson to leave on his train for Lucerne, so it was goodbye again. He had to see Milan and wanted to see Lucerne both of which I'll be seeing on the return trip, so we had to split up.

I looked at some shops being protected from the snow by the handy arcades. Then I went to the Hotel Metropole and got settled in my room doing a little catch-up work on the diary. It didn't seem long before the sun was out and I was able to go and see the city again. The clock near the center of the city on the top of which there stands a little man who beats a cymbol on the hour was very unique. The huge Gothic Church, formerly Catholic, but not Protestant, was impressive as far as medieval architecture is concerned. On the front of the building, just above the door, there is a sculptured representation of the Last Judgment showing the righteous clothed in robes on the right hand of Christ, and the unrighteous standing naked on his left hand. Even farther to the left are the flames of purgatory which engulf several of the figures. The Confederation Capitol building was very nice. The city council house was attractive with its shields or coat-of-arms nailed to the eaves. These coat-of-arms represent the various cities located in the canton of which Bern is the capital city. Switzerland has 23 cantons, Bern being both the capital city for Bern canton and also the capital city for the Confederation. In the evening I washed some socks in my hotel room and listened to the fine Male Chorus singing as a background for what sounded like an accomplished yodeler. Hearing that type of music for the first time, it sounded strange and odd, but became more pleasing and beautiful to the ear as one heard more of it.

Thursday- April 27th

At 6 in the mornign I was awakened, and after a quick breakfast of the good Swiss bread and jam and milk, I rushed over to catch the clean, prompt Interlaken express. The scenery was gorgeous along the way. Yesterday it had snowed and cleared up later on. Today the weather was "straalende." I sat next to Salvation Army Officer who spoke good English. He explained the points of interest to me as we rode along towards our destination. The green fields backgrounded by the sharp, snow-covered peaks was a "picture." Arriving at Interlaken Ost we got off the train and he showed me where my next train was going.

This was to a place called Lauterbrunnen. Here we stayed just long enough to changed trains again. We now began climbing in seriousness. Interlaken was 1860 ft. in altitude. Our station, Lauterbrunnen was 2,612 ft. and the next step to Kleine Scheidegg via Wengen was a big jump; all the way to 6,762. The Alps were so beautiful here that it was almost unbelievable. The sun shone so brightly that I couldn't get a real look at the landscape before I went into the hotel and borrowed a pair from someone in there. The rest of the party continued up on another train for Jungfrauoch, but I tried to locate a pair of skis after getting my baggage put away in the room. They were not renting skis at this late date (and exceptionally late spring makes skiing possible all over this area now). I took time out to send a telegram to the folks telling them I'd meet them in Naples on the 29th. Then I bought a ticket on the special train going to Jungfrauoch. It was a train chartered by the US Special Services to take about 20 Servicemen Hostesses on a tour "upstairs." Their male leader told me that these girls will be working in Canteens and PX's throughout Europe where we have GI's stationed. The purpose of their seeing Europe is to make them better understand the attractions accesible for the GI's while in Europe, so they may explain and describe these places to the members of the Armed Forces encouraging them to take advantage of their furloughs in Europe.

The car rose on cog tracks entering a tunnel not far from the buffet at Scheidegg. Coming out of this one we saw more beautiful scenery and then entered another tunnel. This one had two windows on the way. The views of glaciers from them were wonderful.

After an hour-long ride we reached the summit, walked through a tunnel to the lodge which is built right into the mountain, and went on the porch to behold a masterpiece in nature panorama....the most beautiful I've ever seen. It stretched for miles. It was so bright that it was almost invisible to the naked eye. I took some shots here which just must ~~come~~ turn out. I suppose we picked one day in a thousand. The weather couldn't have been better. From the view-porch I went over to another outlook point, and from there to the ice palace, a cleverly decorated indoor (inside the mountain) ice-skating rink. On display were ice carvings of various rooms, an automobile, etc. The railroad which took us up there took 15 years to build through the mountain. It was started in 1897. Finally up to the observation tower which is located 11,723 ft. over the sea. The view from here was indescribable. The lodge was very nice, the eating room wonderful, especially because of its view. It seemed that there were only Americans there....about 50 of them, I guess, most of them having come up with me on the train.

As soon as I had finished taking my pictures the clouds started rolling in and before we could say *Keine Scheidegg* the snow was coming down.

We boarded a train which would take us "downstairs." I spent the whole trip talking to two fellows from India who were taking the 6 month vacation which they get every third year. They were very interested in hearing about skiing and I was interested in hearing about their country, so we had a nice conversation.

Most of the people on the train continued on down to Interlaken, but I had my reservations at the *Bahnhof Buffet*, so I said goodbye to the Indians and came into the Buffet to write the above in my diary.

The evening was spent just sitting around the lodge reading. There were only a few people there and they were engaged in a game of cards and the piano was so poor that it wasn't any joy to play the thing. I felt as though I'd have been better off if I'd taken the invitation of my two Indian friends, that of driving up to Lucerne with them, but I couldn't let a room go by unused that I had paid for. So I hit the sack early and had an enjoyable reading session until my eyes were so heavy that I couldn't keep them open.

Friday - April 28th

Without any alarm clock I awoke on the nose of 6 a.m. The morning was another gorgeous one with the sun just hitting the tops of the large peaks which I could see out the window. I lay in bed for about an hour reading, then got up, packed and had a Swiss breakfast....the only thing I cannot compliment them about. It consisted of three slices of bread, some butter and jam and a glass of milk. Their dessert of the day before was not worth much either....then they put before me three large pieces of cheese which I was supposed to carve myself and eat without crackers or bread or anything.

The trip down to Interlaken was very worthwhile. I was happy that I waited, instead of going down yesterday afternoon in the snowstorm. (It snowed quite heavily yesterday after we had returned from Junfrauoch).

The morning news from the European (Paris) Edition of the New York Daily Herald was depressing again. This time Walter Lippman was commenting on Acheson's retort to the Soviet about their sending 500,000 young Communists through the streets of West Berlin late in May as display of power and influence in the attempt of scaring ~~down~~ the Berliners and making the West pull a diplomatic blunder, the result of which would be the complete "capture" of Berlin by the Communists. Acheson or one of the officials for the Western Powers had been reported to have said that if such a demonstration should take place, the Communist youths would be shot down with machine guns as they attempted to enter the Western zone of Berlin. The consequences of such action could be of uttermost danger to the position of America and the other Western Powers, thought Lippman; and most everyone would be inclined to agree with him.

In Interlaken I had enough time to grab a nice dinner at the Royal Hotel and walk around for a few minutes. The train trip from Interlaken to Lucerne was very nice. The day was beautiful and some of the panoramas, especially the ones which ~~showed~~ had as their main subject a high snow-covered peak, or from above a low green valley, were beautiful.

In Lucerne I had just enough time to get some bulky Italian money which sum of 5,000 ~~lira~~ I got for 8 dollars looked like ideal paper to start a bonfire with.

The remainder of the trip to Milan was very enjoyable. I got into a compartment with a grandmother and her three young granddaughters (ages 14, 11, 8). These three girls, (or at least ~~two~~ of them) born in Germay were fortunate enough to get into Switzerland early in the war through some connections of their father. This fatefull event certainly changed their whole lives. At their sbbools in Switz. they had learned German and a little English. Just a cople of years ago they visited their uncle in New York for about a year and returned speaking English perfectly (they even use it among themselves). I couldn't hear that the eldest of them had a foreign accent. They said that they loved America, wanted to return and ride horseback some more. America really is a wonderful country for kids. Returning to Switz. they have been going to the International School at Geneva which is attended by children from all over the world. These three kids spoke German, French, English, and a little bit of Italian, the first three languages they had mastered a fluent conversational usage of. It was fun talk- with them, their grandmother, and an interesting Italian- American sitti g on my right. He was interested in hearing about the Book of Mormon and about our beliefs as compared with the Catholic Church which he feels is the cause for the low standard of living among the masses of Italy. He had traveled to America 6 years ago and began with a chicken farm which housed 20,000 chickens by the time he was through with it. He said that he loved the quality of friendliness w which Americans seemed to possess. When he started his farm, instead of being regarded as a foreigner and someone who was moving in to steal something from the neighbors in materials or trade, he said he met a wonderful, helpful quality at once which enabled him to build up that which he did. At a cer- tain point the learned children and their grandmother left us with a hand-shake and a thanks to the Itatio- American who had given them some chocolate. They were very sharp, ener- getic children who should turn out to be intelligent women. As we approached the Italian border I could see the change in apprazance of the greater part of the people, just as my chicken-farmer (who was well read in world history) told me. The people were dark complected, almost without exception, but even more noticeable was their greasy, less educated appearance.

Lionell Stock
Via Roma
Trieste

The chicken farmer turned out to be a very interesting conversationalist and a very big help when we reach Milan. As soon as we pulled into the station he grabbed a porter, got our bags taken into the huge station, sat me down at the restaurant and had me order a cup of coffee for him while he went to arrange for a first class ticket for me (he said I'd never get a seat in second class). He returned with the ticket had his coffee and a huge slice of light cake, and we went to find the train. We had got aboard one only to find that on that one I'd have had to change trains along the way, so that was out. Finding the right train, he got a seat for me we put my baggage on, he paid the porter and made me take an extra 10,000 lire (ca. 17 dollars) in case I ran into any difficulties. He gave me his address and told me to mail it to him in Trieste when I got a chance. He then left, and I thanked him very heartily.

The night on the train sitting up was quite sleepless, but I arrived in Rome the next day feeling quite well just the same. Stepping off the train in the new, huge station, I asked for an American Express man, and found one. He was a very helpful fellow, so helpful that it overwhelmed me. First he got a porter, followed with me to the check stand where he helped me through the difficulties there of getting strings tied around my bags which I cannot lock to insure non-breaking in.

From the station he took me directly to a fine "refurbishing" center where I first was assigned to a bath after which I handed my suit out of the door to a girl who took it to be pressed while I bathed. Finished with the bath I got my suit back, dressed and sat up in the shoe shine parlor while a very cute 16-year old, dark-complected gal gave me a good shine. At the parlor there were about 6 or 7 of these gals. I met my American Express fellow at the station again and he took me to a place where I could eat lunch...and even sat with me all of the time while I ate a big dish of spaghetti and trimmings. We returned to the station, bought my ticket 1st class to Naples and he found a seat for me on the train. For his services I paid him 1,000 lire which is about 1.70 in dollars and cents. It was well worth in it the confusion which one finds in Rome.

On the trip from Rome I talked a little with a very nice Roman who was on his way to Capri for a three day vacation.

The most interesting part of the trip down was the sight of the old Roman aqueduct ruins just outside of Rome. At the Naples depot I was met by the porters from the Hotel Excelsior who told me that my parents were waiting for me.

It seemed like it took the driver an hour to get ~~mmmmmm~~ us from the station to the hotel, but it was actually only about 10 minutes. The Excelsior was located very beautifully on the bay with a wonderful view of the blue Mediterranean water sometimes spotted with white sailed boats. At the entrance to the hotel the porters said that my parents were looking for me, and in the lobby the attendants said the same. We finally found that they were up in their room, number 12. The meeting of them was really wonderful. Mom looked absolutely wonderful; even seemed thinner and younger-looking than when I had seen her at home. And Dad really looked like a dude in his 90 dollar sport coat and trousers. Needless to write it was sure good to see them. After a few minutes it seemed as though I had never been away from them. They seemed exactly the same as when I had left them over two and a half years ago. They had brought me a very nice suit which I put on for dinner which we ate in the ritzy dining room to the accompaniment of some very pleasant music by the hotel three-piece (piano, violin and cello) ensemble. We were all pretty tired after our sleepless nights, so we only sat in the lobby for a few minutes after dinner and then retired to our nice room.

Sunday - April 30th

After a wonderful night's rest in a especially comfortable bed I rose on a beautiful Sunday morning and looked out over Napoli Bay. The warm climate made us think of California. We ate our breakfast in the main dining room and then assembled at the front of the hotel where the Cook's man pushed several of us in special cars which took us to the pier where we waited until everyone got aboard the ship going to Capri (Cap' ra). We were waiting because we supposedly had reserved seats awaiting us. When we got aboard we found that all of the seats had already been taken, so I went back to the man from Cook's and asked him if there were any reserved seats. He told me: "No, there aren't any reserved seats.....you may sit anywhere you wish."

The large steamer (about the side of the Norwegian coast ships) carried a passenger group of Sunday vacationists which must have numbered over 350. We found a nice place to stand near the bow of the the ship where we were entertained by a cute family of Italians who were singing as though they didn't have a care in the world.

Dad and Mom ran into a couple from Venezuela whom they had previously met at the hotel, a Mr. and Mrs. Bellosi, with whom they had many Rotarian friends in common. They were with us much of the day. Arriving at the beautiful island of Capri were were herded off of the large steamer and on to small 10 passenger motor boats which were to take us on a tour around part of the island....to the famous Blue Grotto about which we knew nothing. ~~Swimming~~ The Mediterranean water in the shadows of the sheer Capri cliffs was so blue it looked as though it must have been artificially colored; as though it would still appear blue if one should pick some up in his hand. After a few minutes of riding we caught sight of about 20 small row boats hovering around a hole in the side of the Capri coastline. Coming closer we could see that a few would go into the hole, disappearing completely from view and then a few others would come out again. We were asked if there were any of us who would dare to make the journey and we had a few volunteers, but Mom and Dad hesitated at the thought of climbing into those rocking row-boats. But everyone else got into boats, so they decided to be one of the group. In the boat I was with a Jewish fellow and his wife (his business is removing the hair from ladies' faces by a process of electrolysis). The row boat reached the hole (just previous to that point of the journey the boatswain had asked us three to sit down on the floor of the boat), the boatswain grabbed a rope leading into the grotto and we slipped thru without any disturbance. Once inside we beheld a sight which was remarkable to put it mildly. I've never seen anything which could compare with it. To best describe the appearance of the water, one might say that it looked just like a little lake whose bottom was covered with powerful lights which shined up to the surface making an indescribably beautiful effect, and color. The grotto was quite roomy, the boats coming in and hovering along the side and then circling the circumference of the grotto finally coming

out at the hole again. My jewissh friend said that he sure would like to have the concession on this place. Here stly, it was one of the most attractive sights I have ever seen in my life.

Once out of the grotto we again boarded our 10-man boats and returned to the Capri pier. From here open cars took us up the mountain a little distance to the Hotel Metropole where we sat out on the terrace with a big group of people and had a delicious dinner under ideal conditions both of weather and entertainment, the ~~music~~ music being supplied by a very clever guitarist-singer and his violinist friend. Mrs. Bellosi is a nut on these foreign songs, collecting everyone that she can get her hands on, and she has already picked up many on this trip which she has had written on the backs of menus etc. Here again she picked up another new, cute one. I never seen or felt such pleasant atmosphere for an afternoon dinner. With dinner over we sat around on the porch until I decided to leave the group and find some souvenirs or take some pictures. When I returned the others had taken their cars up to the top of the island, a city called Anacapri. I thought I could meet them so I took a cable car up to the city called Capri. There I found some very nice hotels, many interesting, intriguing shops, restaurants, etc. but no folks. When I returned from my sightseeing ~~tour~~ in Capri I found the folks waiting on the pier. A few minutes later we boarded the steamer and returned to Napoli via Sorrento after a very pleasant day, in fact, one of the most enjoyable days I can remember.

At the hotel we got a bath, dressed for dinner, ate some delicious food and took a little walk before retiring.

Monday - ~~Monday~~ May (Maggio) 1st - Labor Day

Mom and I had breakfast in our room while Dad ate down below having risen at 6 o'clock in order to walk over to the Cook office or the Am. Express office and talk with the man there. We met again in front of the hotel awaiting our trip to Pompeii and Amalfi today. As had happened yesterday, the sellers of everything from soup to nuts flocked around us at the door of the hotel. They had model guitars and mandolins, a shoe store, "Parker 51" (oh yeah) fountain pens, post cards, etc. While waiting for the folks to come

I was approached by several of these fellows, one of which offered me a Parker 51, he said it was, for 5 dollars. I told that that was too high that I had bought one the day before for three. He said alright, "I give it to ya for t'ree". The bargain came down to a thousand lire finally, I think. A minute later another one came up with the same article and I told him that I could have got one for 3 dollars from the other guy and he said he'd give me two for 3 dollars. While waiting for the bus to arrive, our Jewish friend from New York got caught on the side around the corner with a money sharpy. The guy offered to give him 700M lire on a dollar instead of the usual 620. Our Jew fell for it, hoping to pick up a few extra lire, "why not, it's business." He returned to the steps by the hotel and a Cook's man came up to him and said, "If you'll look at that money you'll find that it's only paper." Our Jewish friend opened the 20 dollar investment and found a thousand dollar lire note wrapped around about 10 sheets of cut newspaper. I thought he'd faint on the spot. He said that the fellow had thumbed through the money to show him that it was all there and all OK, but undoubtedly by the use of a magician's slight of hand touch the crook had switched the piles of money.....and then, the New Yorker said, "He detracted my attention by pointing to something else as soon as the deal was transacted, so I walked away feeling sure that I had made a good deal". He disappeared immediately afterward. The New Yorker also invested in four of the pens which were being sold on the spot there. He hadn't tried them but I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they wouldn't write a line. We all piled into a bus and our New Yorker couldn't talk about anything but that experience the whole trip. The bus took us over to a "Cameo" workshop and selling shop where we saw how the cameos are made and the beautiful finished products one of which Mom wanted to buy for 144 dollars. Finally the salesman came down to 110, but that was still too much to get GWW's O.K.;

We then drove on to Pompeii, Vesuvius always being in sight, though appearing a little different from the vapor emanating from Vesuvius I remember in pictures.

The city of Pompeii was one of the most interesting places I have ever seen. The restoration was been well done, so that one can actually imagine how the city formerly appeared in all its Roman glory, with the chariots and tunic-clad Vesuvians walking its narrow streets.

In 69 A.D. Pompeii was considerably damaged by an earthquake, and was laid low, but reconstruction was carried forth with alacrity and soon it was a luxurious city. Sixteen years later, in 79 A.D. the final calamity overtook Pompeii. The city was buried to a depth of 19 to 23 feet under a layer of lava and ashes.

Excavation work has gone on since the middle of the 18th century on the cities of Pompeii and nearby Herculaneum, but most of the work (in fact practically all) has been done in the former.

The places of most interest were the Public Bath which employed the use of panel heating for their hot room, the court of justice under which was the den for the prisoners, the ~~beware~~ of the ~~gog~~ mosaic, the ~~man~~ House of Vettii on whose walls some well-preserved frescos may still be plainly seen. One knew the city had been "lived in" by the sight of the tracks left in the pavement by the many chariot wheels which have gone over them, and by the hand mark which was worn into the edge of the drinking fountain (the right hand side worn more than the left).

From Pompeii we departed in smaller cars to the Amalfi drive stopping along the coast-line at the S. Caterina Hotel for dinner, and then continuing on ~~through~~ along the lemon-covered terraced mountain side, stopping occasionally for pictures. The poverty, the drudgery which the woman goes through in Italy was clearly shown in some of the sights we beheld along the drive.

At Sorrento we stopped to do a little shopping and looking around, and then finished the day by driving back to Napoli which took us about an hour from Sorrento, passing many heavily laden orange and lemon, fig and olive (not yet laden) trees along the route.

It was a very interesting and enjoyable day. We bathed again (a record for me...two baths in two days, or no, three baths in as many days) and enjoyed a delicious dinner and a nice walk before retiring.

One experience I forgot to mention was being purposely short-changed at the House of Vettii. I took back the money demanding a return of the correct amount and the fellow said, "I mak-a mistake...da color for 500 is just like da color for 1000."....Oh yeah.

Tuesday - May 2nd

As soon as we were finished with breakfast Dad and I took a walk over to Cook's to find out how much our railroad tickets would cost for the remainder of the trip through the Continent. The price quoted to us by the attendant there seemed just a little high, so we dropped in on American Express, but there Dad met a boy who got a little hot under the collar, so we came away having made little progress. Finally Dad decided that it would be best to consult the Home office and buy our tickets there.

I left Dad to buy a pair of sun glasses and to look the city over. At an old football or soccer field which was very run down, I noticed a lot of bums sleeping on the ground. The conditions there looked very depressing. Small children with only rags to cloth them were playing with a rubber ball getting as much pleasure out of it as possible. It didn't look like one 12 year old fellow was very happy the way he sat on the dirty street gutter clothed in a oversize overcoat which was very dusty. His hands were holding his tired head up and he was looking across the street, but his stare was so blank I don't believe he saw anything.

The sad condition of these young people reminded me of a young fellow whom we saw working at the cameo factory yesterday who was about 12 years old. He was the original cutter of the cameo shells passing them on to an older fellow when he finished the rough work, and then the cameo was finally given to the kid's father who put on the finishing touches. He was a lucky kid. His Dad was making money, and he was making money, but I was shocked when he asked me in front of his Dad if I would give him a cigarette.

We were scheduled to leave Napoli at about 3 pm, so we packed and left the Hotel. We were met at the entrance by a fellow who yesterday had told the Jewish fellow from New York that if we would look in his wad of money he would find that it was all paper. He told us that he would have warned the Jew, for he knew what would happen, but if he had done it, he said, "I would have been stabbed in the neck." Such is life in Naples.

On the train-ride from Naples to Rome we spoke with a construction engineer who had been working lately as a sales engin-

eeff in the Middle East. He had some rather interesting pieces of jewelery he was taking to his wife who (he said) would be very angry with him, since he had stayed away so long on this business trip.

The most interesting part of the trip was the sight of the ancient Roman aqueducts which were built perfectly level, a feat of engineering in those days, to allow water free running either way.

He had been in Norway also, and said that the only word he remembered was "frokost."

We were taken from the station to the Hotel Excelsior in Rome by a hotel cab. At the desk, the attendant kidded Dad about his file and then told him that our apartment was waiting for us, compliments of the hotel. And what a layout it was.

We had two bathrooms, each about the size of our upstairs one at home. One of these was done in black and the other in white. My bedroom was as big as the "pink bedroom" at home and contained two beds, a desk, a dresser, a chiffonier, a "multo" closet space. The bed room Dad and Mother occupied was bigger and better than mine. And the sitting room was as big as our front or living room at home, at least, and had everything we could think of except a piano.

We had a nice dinner at the lovely dining room, and then went to see Danny Kaye, we thought. It turned out to be the worst movie I have ever seen in my life. Danny Kaye played in it for about 40 seconds, if it was that long. The theater was very small and ritzy.

Wednesday -MAY 3rd.

Our day started out with a sightseeing tour of the city of Rome, visiting such interesting spots as the ancient Pantheon, whose dome is said to be the world's symmetrical masterpiece. In the Borghese Gallery of Art our guide really put on a show for us. On exhibit here are some of the masterpieces of Canova, and especially Bernini. With these he had ~~mentioned~~ a few stories to tell about the ages at which the artists did their sculpturing. When he came to the paintings of such masters as Rubens, Titian and others, he mentioned a couple of times that certain paintings were not done by the artists

credited with them. He said that he could see that some other had done some of these paintings. He said, "You can't believe what the signs in these galleries tell you, but you must use your imagination and look the pictures over to see if they are actually the work of the artist who is credited with them. What a character. After two of those explanations I was ready to leave him, but no. We had to endure him through out the forenoon.

The other place of great interest was the basilica of St. Peter, the largest church in the world. It was very ornate and included many masterpieces of art. Outside in the Place of Peter there were over 30 large busses parked waiting for the tourists who were inside looking over the basilica. We were quite fortunate to be there on a Wednesday, for it is then that the Pope has his weekly audience with the throngs at St. Peter's. Gathered in the building there were at least 50,000 people, or half the capacity filling. An hour before audience time when we arrived they were lined up so deep that we couldn't get near to aisle where the pope would be carried. And up at the altar where he would get off there wasn't a chance of even getting 50 yards from it. We stood in the crowd and admired the beautiful work which had been done there especially the mosaics which have replaced and which look just like the huge paintings which were taken out because the dust would destroy them. On the dome of the Church, the scripture "Thou art Peter..." was inscribed. The public address system was going and one was leading the throng of people in Catholic hymns and Latin phrases none of which I could understand. Assembled there were undoubtedly people from many nations, and people of every type from the richest to the poorest. Here they showed their reverence to the Holy Father. It was probably a big moment in the lives of some of these people. When the big event rolled around, the crowd really cheered. From behind red curtains, the Pope ascended, carried on a throne by his Vatican Soldiers. The crowd roared as he passed. He waved both hands from one side to the other. His appearance as far as his physical features are concerned was pleasant, and his smile seemed warm. I wondered how he really felt. I was so interested in the proceedings of the audience that I couldn't leave. But Mom and Dad had made a deal with Cook's to ride back to the hotel with them on their bus. I stayed at St. Peter's to watch the Pope bless all the people from the various corners of the world as they waved their

handkerchiefs and cheered him on.

Another lady who had been on our bus with us was worried about finding her way back to the Cook office, so I found our way back via the street car.

After eating a nice dinner we took off for a day of shopping, first visiting the tailor whom was supposed to shorten the trousers on my new suit. He couldn't understand English, but we were able to explain enough with our hands that he knew the things had to be shortened a half an inch.

While Dad and Mom and I were standing in a leather-goods store, Mom suddenly cried out, "Why, that's Irene Dunn." And sure enough, standing right beside me was the old girl herself. She said, "Shh!! If they find out who I am they'll charge me twice as much." Dad and Mom talked with her as though they had known her for years. In the store I picked up a nice wallet while stalling for time to watch her shop. I picked up my trousers only to find that the character had lengthened them a half inch instead of shortening them. It was a dirty trick.

Thursday - May 4th

The day was very taken up with touring, but the whole thing was a real treat for us all. The only sorrow we had was that we couldn't spend more time in each of the places of interest.

Our morning was spent at Vatican City, especially in the Museum, the Raphael Rooms, the Sistine Chapel, the Egyptian Museum, etc. Of special interest and beauty was Sistine Chapel, not to mention the sculpture work in the museum and the huge, ~~many~~ exquisite paintings of Raphael and his pupils.

Back to the hotel for lunch and then a trip over to the Catholic-American Church to deliver a letter from Bishop Hunt to Father Nugent (whom we were recommended to since Father Peters is in America). We were told to call later on in the day ~~morning~~ at which time we could speak with the Father.

Our afternoon tour of the city followed. First of the impressive spots was the huge Trevi Fountain. The richest Church in Rome was next, that of St. Maria Maggiore. Here we saw a ceiling done in gold which our guide told us

Columbus brought from America and gave to Isabelle of Spain who gave it to the Church. The big item of Christian interest is their claimed possession of a piece of the cradle of Jesus which was on display. From there we went to St. John's the oldest basilica in Rome (or in Catholicism). But before going in St. John's we visited the Scala Santa which contained a flight of stairs which are said to have been taken from the court of Pontius Pilatus, stairs on which Christ walked just prior to His crucifixion. Since 400AD it has been a custom (and is now an indulgence) for pilgrims to climb these 28 stairs on their knees out of reverence for the Savior. The stairs, made of wood, were very worn, and at the time of our visit were crowded to capacity. "The Scala Santa is composed of 28 steps, which the Faithful ascend on their knees, meanwhile prayerfully meditating on the Passion of Jesus Christ. And indulgence of nine years for each step is granted to each one every time he performs this pious practice with a contrite heart." Finally on Feb. 26, 1908, Pope Pius X granted perpetually a Plenary Apostolic Indulgence applicable to the Poor Souls, every time one ascends the steps on his knees." - guide book card.

The prize of St. John's, outside of its being the oldest of the Churches was its possession of the heads of Peter and Paul. At the Church of St. Peter in Chains we heard the story of how the chains which held Peter in prison in Palestine were brought to Rome and placed with the chains which bound Peter in Rome. By a miracle, according to the Catholic belief, these chains were joined and have been that way for centuries. Located in a gold and glass display case the chains were on display. Here also we saw the famous statue of Moses by Michelangelo which was magnificent. The trip progressed into the more secular history of Rome giving us a glimpse at the Capitoline Hill from which we got a view of the Roman Forum and places of great Roman interest. A view of the city from Janiculum, where there stood a huge statue of Garibaldi, was wonderful.

We returned to our hotel having seen more of historical and esthetic importance than I have ever seen in a day. We only got a glimpse of it (and I'm here recording only a phrase of what we actually saw). Next time I visit Rome it will have to be for a few weeks.

Friday

~~Saturday~~ - May 5th

Mom had to roll me out of bed this morning at 8 am. I must have tired myself out sightseeing, for I certainly was dead to the world when she shook me at that hour. We had to find out about opera tickets, so Dad and I walked down to the Opera House while Mom got her hair cut and fixed. We found that Aida had played a couple of nights ago and would play again in a couple of nights but that there wasn't anything on schedule for tonight. After learning that we walked over to a place where we could catch a bus for St. Peter's. On the bus I saw some of the cleverest advertising devices I have ever seen. They were handles to hang onto as the passenger stood in the bus. These handles were attached to the usual rod which goes along the inside floor of the bus to hold onto. As the bus would sway or bump something clicked inside of the handle and words on the advertisement changed for each bump. I believe there were 4 word changes, something very catching and clever as an advertising stunt. At St. Peter's we saw several pilgrimage groups, some Italian, some German, etc. gathering on the outside of the huge basilica, and then entering it, the first-in-line carrying a black, wooden cross and a couple of candles and the others following after. Inside we noticed the confession chambers with the priest in the middle and two confessees on either side of him telling their stories to him one at a time. Before huge altars of gold (golden candlesticks by the tens) there were flocks of people kneeling and offering their prayers. I was unable to find an English guide to show us around so Dad and I just looked the place over as best we could. From St. Peter's we walked across town to the huge, white (out of place) monument to the Unknown Soldier and to Vittoria Emmanuel II. To us the building looked beautiful and was very striking, but to the Romans it was too white to be found in Rome. We took a street car back to the hotel where we lunched in the lovely dining room with Mother who had just had a haircut.

Our afternoon Cook's tour was very interesting. This time we had a new guide who was just as much a character as the other one, but it was nice to have a change. Going out the Appian way we arrived at ~~the~~ some of the Catacombs and at

the Quo Vadis Church where according to Catholic tradition Peter, leaving Rome was met by the Resurrected Savior and Peter asked, "Whither goest thou, Lord?" The answer was that He was going into Rome to be crucified again, and by that Peter knew what He meant, so he turned and went to Rome to be crucified.

At the Catacombs we were taken underground (100 ft.) by a monk of the Franciscan order. He showed us what, according to Catholic legend, was the original burial place of Peter and Paul. In fact, they could prove it, for there on the wall the words or names Petre ~~and Paul~~ et Paul were written over and over again. Why that was proof, I don't know. It looked like modern work to us. The Catacombs were interesting and would have made a good spot for a fraternigyt initiation. Here were laid to rest hundreds of dead, for it was not permissible to bury inside of the city walls of Rome.

In the chapel above the Catacombs we were shown a lovely statue of St. Sebastian who was apparently killed by arrows in the Collesium in Pre-Christian Rome. His story must be quite familiar among the Catholics, but I had never heard it before. They had the arrow which killed him.

Across the chapel from St. Sebastian's grave or tomb we saw something which was very interesting. According to Catholic tradition, when Christ appeared to Peter on the Appian way His feet touched the ground at one time during the Revelation and left their imprint in the pavement there. They have taken the stone out of the pavement, they say, and on that stone we see a perfect imprint of two feet.

Leaving the Catacombs we travel to Paul's Church, the only Vatican property outside of the Vatican City (made so by the same lateral treaty of 1929). Here we were told another Catholic story. Paul was beheaded about a mile from this Church. When this event took place, Paul's decapitated head jumped hitting the ground three times at widely separated places. In these widely separated places, springs began to flow and upon those three springs Churches have been built, which are called the Churches of the three springs. Our tour continued and other interesting things, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, the burial places of Keats and Shelly.

I forgot to mention that our first visit of the day was a trip to the famed Colosseum, and what a magnificent structure it was. Here the gladiators and Christians were put in to the arena with wild beasts while the Roman aristocracy sat on their marble seats. Way up on the top there were a few seats left for the publicans. The guide told us that they had had a tent which covered the top at one time. The center hole in the tent could be opened and closed as a change in temperature was needed.

Saturday - May 6th

We had a pleasant train ride to ~~from~~ Florence on the express. At the Rome station I met my old American Express friend who assisted us in finding our car number. Next to me on the train there sat a medical doctor from Iraq. In Florence we got our very unique and foreign rooms at the Grand Hotel. The whole "albergo" was different and ~~completely~~ strictly European. After dinner our first activity was that of shopping. Mom had to get her linens in Florence, so Dad had to tag along to figure out the "lire" for her and I went along to check Dad's arithmetic. After the second shop at which we saw a multitude of gorgeous wares, I decided to leave them to their own calculations, and went out and bought a leather belt. From the belt store I looked at the city with its huge multi-colored Church and baptistry, with its large square dotted with out-of-doors tables. Returning to the hotel I met Mom and Dad again who had made purchases amounting to thousands of lire.....table cloths, blouses, etc. Mother said they would cost twice as much in the states and Dad just kept checking his arithmetic to see that he hadn't been ~~grossly~~ lured by too many lire. After dinner we called the Savoya where we found that Al Burrows and his wife (and Marian and Teddy Cannon) were staying. They were driving through Europe, and Mother had found out from Teddy's mother that they would be in Florence at this time. We took an old cab over to their hotel and had a pleasant visit with them down in the lobby. Teddy had grown up since I saw her last.

Sunday - May 7th

We took the early morning tour of the city with "CIT" this time instead of "Wagon-Lit Cook". The change to the new company was advantageous in this case, since we got a very intelligent guide (for a change). This lady-guide was ~~ammm~~ learned in the field of art and in the history of Florence. The art galleries, the Churches (most notable of which was the famous "Door of Paradise").

At the close of this day after a trip to the top of a hill from which we viewed the city Mom and Dad went to the home of the lady-guide along with several others. She wanted to show them some more linens, so I went along and stayed for a short time, but soon got weary and left for the hotel. There I phoned the Burrows telling them that Mom and Dad were busy on a business deal, and that we would phone them later to make dinner arrangements. It turned out that Mom and Dad were so tired they couldn't move when they returned from buying some more lace or linen, so I went to dinner with the Burrows family. We had a very interesting time talking about home and about Norway. Next day Mom made another shopping tour and I did a little more sightseeing before the train for Venice left.

Monday May 8th

Arriving in Venice (Venizia) Dad asked where we could get a taxi to take us to the hotel. The porter said that there were no taxis, but that we could have a motor boat or a gondola. We chose the latter. The appearance of the city from the gondola was certainly not clean, but it was striking just the same. We had never seen anything like it in our lives. The trip from RR station to Hotel Danieli took about a half hour, but we were in no hurry. At the hotel we unloaded right at the side entrance. We found the Danieli a very European hotel, a beautiful place. Our room looked out over the bay with the Grand Canal on the right of us.

Walking into the large square we were immediately met by a fellow who wanted to show us the glass factory. We decided to let him take us there. After only a minute's walking we found the place and went in to see a young girl make a beautiful glass swan in about 5 minutes. She was very adroit with her hands, which came undoubtedly as a result of her many years experience

These European craftsmen begin when very young, I believe, and continue throughout their lives with the trade or craft that their parents were engaged in. Well, the high-pressure salesman couldn't sell us any glass, but we enjoyed watching the girl work.

Next we walked around the unique square covered with pigeons and dining tables in the center and bordered by shops under sidewalk arcades. At intervals along these shops were dining establishments three of which had their own orchestras playing to sidewalk-dining audiences. The square was certainly a unique attraction for me.

Tuesday May 9th

Leaving the hotel early we made arrangements to take the Cook's morning sightseeing tour. We were lucky to get a very good guide, who spoke good English and explained the points of interest very well. He showed us the square, the bell tower, the clock which had two large bells upon it which chimed or rang on the hour as they were hit by two "bronze-men." In the Church or Cathedral at one end of the square we ~~were~~ were shown into the St. Mark's Cathedral where, it is claimed, the body of St. Mark, the evangelist, lies, having been removed from its original burial place in Alexandria in about the 9th century when the first St. Mark's Cathedral was built. From here we went into the Doge's (Ducal) Palace where the ruling clique of the Republic of Florence reigned for 11 centuries, losing their power when the seeds of revolution spread from France to Venice. Napoleon also came here shortly after the Revolution.

At another glass factory we saw a man ~~making~~ making a simple drinking glass, just as they had been making them for centuries, they told us. It was very interesting. At the glass factory, the hitch was that we were supposed to do some buying instead of just looking. So Mom made an investment (or rather Dad made the investment and Mom made the choice) of a rather nice looking set of two red vases. On the mailing list, Mom and Dad recognized ~~some~~ several of the Salt Lakers' names, such as Becky Almond...etc...

We also ~~made~~ took an interesting trip through the lace school. Here we saw how the lovely cloth-work is done. And Mom picked up a scarf at this stop.

In the afternoon we went up and got a good view of the city from the bell tower (Campanile) and then rented a boat which took us on a nice tour around the island and through the small canals. ~~and~~ Dad was scared to take a gondola, so we had to use a motor boat, but it was very comfortable and expensive. Returning to the square we sat and listened to one of the orchestras playing mostly Italian songs (which they played very well, the other songs they murdered). I hope to get the Italian words to such songs as "Ah Mari" (Marie Mari), Come Back to Sorrento, Ciri Biri Bin, Cielito Lindo, Santa Lucia, Won't Somebody Buy My Violets, Isle of Capri, Funiculi Funicula, the Greek song which the Rotarian's wife from Venezuela taught us, and Qui Sais, Qui Sais, Qui Sais.

Wednesday - 10th of May

We were gondolaed all the way back to the train station. We had purchased a gondolier's hat which I was wearing. It seemed to cause quite a sensation among the gondoliers and the passers by, but I liked it.

On the train between Venice and Milano we rode in a compartment with some nice gentlemen from Bale who were in the forwarding business.

Arriving in Milano's huge station we immediately got our ticket arrangements for tomorrow and then left by cab for the opera house and the famous Duomo Cathedral, the second largest in the world. It was a beautiful thing, with exquisite colored glass windows.

We had a nice dinner, did a little shopping and then went to the world famous La Scala where we saw a mediocre performance, but a very beautiful opera house, especially the color which shone as the house lights dimmed.

Dec. 27 - Monday

The weather was lousy and the vacation not quite over, so we spent the day working on "projects." I was mostly concerned with getting some of the stories in the Book of Mormon down pat.

Dec. 28, 1948 - Tuesday

Tracting was done in Fuglesness and up in the Stor Vann territory. Our evening had been scheduled for a "Iys Bilder" visit at the Amundsen's; Fruen is eagerly reading the B. of M. She, her husband, and her two sisters were present along with Bodil and noisy Knut, their children. This woman, Fru Amundsen, is the most receptive listener and eager, thorough reader I've met in Norway. When Elder Gidley told the story of Martin Harris and Professor Anton she helped him all the way through it, and I didn't know she had even heard about the story before. We have a date to meet with them next Tuesday evening, for further showing of our films. I feel very strongly that she will someday come into the Church.

Dec. 29 - Wednesday

The schedule slipped today and so we had a late start. Our tracting was done in Fuglenes where I contacted one fellow who was very well read in the Bible and agreed that one of our goals in Christendom should be that we come to a unity of faith. He was a real Lutheran. He wouldn't budge an inch. Naturally, we couldn't come to an agreement.

Our evening visit took us to the Johansen's. We had spoken with the lady of the house before and she had asked us to visit them some evening. They seemed very impressed with the film on the "History of the Church" and were anxious to see the others, so we made another appointment with them for next Wednesday night. Very nice, cordial people, apparently interested in learning of others.

Dec. 30 - Thursday

The most interesting visit made during the day's tracting was out in Fuglenes at the home of Roy Jensen. The three Jensen boys gathered in the kitchen while I told them the Book of Mormon story and added many of the scientific proofs which have been discovered in the later years. They seemed very interested and apparently convinced that the record was something worth investigation. They were interested to know our Church's standpoint in regard to movies and dances, for we find that most of the sects and religious organizations in Norway preach that it is sinful in the sight of the Lord to take part in these recreational activities. I explained to him that we must

choose our movies as we do our books; and also we must choose our places of entertainment with care, and the same goes for our companions.

Our evening visits were thwarted in that those whom we called upon were either busy or going out for the evening. After a long walk around the lake we were invited in at one home, but our listeners lacked interest in our words and so we moved along.

Dec. 31 - Friday

As I walked to town ~~morning~~ this morning I was amazed at how light it had suddenly become. Just a week ago the sky was constantly dark and dreary, but now at 11 AM the condition had cleared up considerably, and the future looked bright.

Having put on the washing before I left, the arrangement was that I continue with it on my return; so that's the way I spent the afternoon before New Year's Eve.

Lilli, the 32-year old daughter of Herr Hartvigsen, had invited us to "Iabskaus" at 10PM. She had arranged a small gathering of two of her girl friends and along with Livi and her boy friend Arna we had a cozy party. At 12 the ships' whistles began blowing and rockets began bursting in the air all of which we watched from the large window in the living room. The 5 minute celebration over we put (Godnatt Vals) "Auld Lang Syne" on the wind-up phonograph holding fast to our American tradition. That song has just recently become popular in Norway as a dance number of the "Hit Parade" type.

We played a few games, and then hit the sack for the first time in 1949.

Jan. 1, 1949 - Saturday

After a delicious New Year's Day dinner, we enjoyed the opportunity of listening to the radio and chatting with the Hartvigsen girls. Livi, their 23-year old daughter, went with a German soldier here in Hammerfest for a year during the occupation and before they were all evacuated. The affair became serious and then they had to part. Livi believed him to be dead at the close of the war, for she had heard nothing from him. Then, several months ago came the first letter. It had been written by him immediately after his release from a Russian concentration camp. Her plans now are to leave home in the summer and travel to the British Zone where this former German soldier and his parents are living; her intentions are to marry him. When we heard the plan and tried to discourage her all she could say was, "Det er rart med kjaerlighet."

Jan. 2 - Sunday

The Gunnar Pødersens had invited us to spend the day with them, so at noon we began to "hoof it" out to Indrefjord where we arrived after an hour's journey. Several of their friends and relatives were there too, so we decided to show them our slide films which they seemed to enjoy. It was this family with whom we were supposed to stay on our arrival in Hammerfest, but after the walk in and out today we were thankful that the deal fell through.

Jan. 3 - Monday

Back in the regular schedule and, of course, another day of tracting, putting up posters, and visiting investigators. Our evening was taken up first by a visit with the Mauno family after which we took in the 9 PM movie. We had heard from several sources that "Freida", a Rank Production, was a very interesting film dealing with the story of an English soldier who, Freida, a German girl, helped to escape back to his homeland through Russia. This English soldier took his German helper home with him; and after many difficulties she was accepted of the people in their small town. The lesson learned seemed to be that there are both good and bad Germans, and in spite of the history of the German nation, we must judge its people as individuals; and give them fair judgment. For if we lower ourselves to unfairness in our dealings with any human beings, we become as low as those who have transgressed against us. It was an excellent film.

Jan. 4 - Tuesday

We were eager to finish up our tracting in Fuglenes before the President's arrival. We hoped to tell everyone out there about our meeting tomorrow evening. One noteworthy contact was a middle-aged woman who asked me, "Hvad skal jeg gjøre for å bli frelst?" She was very interested in finding out what we preached. Our first conversation with her proved fruitful in that she made up her mind to come to our meeting. Later on in the day I had a discussion with the Catholic priest whom I met along the regular tracting tour. I found that it was impossible to change his ideas, and worthless to spend my time with him.

We had an evening engagement with the Amundsens where we showed our slide films for the second time. Fru and her younger sister were there, and very interested in seeing and learning more concerning the Church. We showed them "In the Tops of the Mountains," and as it was the younger girl's last evening in Hammerfest we gave them both the opportunity of seeing our film on "L.D.S. Temples." They were impressed in fact, I've never seen the Spirit of the Lord work more on a person

than with Fru Amundsen. Elder Gidley and I have done very little to interest her other than what little we have said during our visits. She hears bad rumors about the Mormons during the day, but with eagerness and interest continues reading and learning about the Gospel as it was preached on the American Continent. It is very encouraging to visit her.

Jan. 5 - Wednesday

At 11 AM the weather was brighter than I had seen it since I left the southland. It was at this time that the "Skerstad" pulled in from Tromsø and the party we had come to meet consisted of President A. Richard Peterson, his wife and Elder Howard D. Swainston. It was wonderful to see them all again.

A room had been previously arranged for them at Hermo's, so there we headed supporting "Mom" and the President as carefully walked over the slippery ice.

After a good "middag" at Hermo's we brought the three over to "our" house to show them the wonderful conditions under which we are living. They were as pleased with the set-up as we are.

The afternoon was spent mostly just chatting and practicing songs for our evening meeting. Shortly before 8 PM we were at the "Mehjs lokale" a nicely decorated barracks-building where parties and dances are held.

A crowd of 33 finally turned out, a large enough number to make it a "hyggelig" meeting. We three missionaries sang trios and Elder Swainston and I gave them a duet of "In a Garden" in English. That was the musical part of the program, and it went well. The President's remarks were just generally concerning the Gospel, but were moving, as they always are. Several of our best investigators were present which made us happy. After meeting the five of us gathered at Hermo's for "smørbrød" and milk.

Jan. 6 - Thursday

We rose on the regular schedule, 6:30. At 7:15 our breakfast guest, Elder Swainston, was here. He had been longing for a bowl of mush (a longing which only a missionary knows) since leaving Oslo about a week or two ago. So, we did things up extra special this morning with raisins in our oat-meal. He was satisfied.

Before "middag" we held an inspiring missionary meeting, each one of us taking a few minutes to bear his testimony. It is always a pleasure to be with "Mom" and the President, because they live so wonderfully the Gospel and always have such a good spirit with them.

Dinner was with the Hartvigsens. They had gone to considerable trouble to prepare some delicious "labskaus" just for this occasion. I was very impressed by the wonderful, hospitable way the Hartvigsens treated

our guests; just as if they were their own near friends. Herr Hartvigen was in an extra good mood today. He told of the various rumors going around this small town about the "prester" he had taken into his house. He said he replied to one nosey friend: "The first time we had the Germans, now we've got the Mormons." He apparently just "kids" with the town-people when they ride him about taking us in. Boat-time arrived soon after dinner, so we tied on to our two elderly visitors and practically carried them over the ice. They boarded the "Polar Iys" and we waved good-bye to "folks" whom we may not see until we return to America. It was a wonderful visit.

Jan. 7 - Friday

I met a lady today who had been converted to Catholicism at 35 years of age. We began discussing the Gospel and she asked me, as many Catholics do, "Where did your Bible come from?" I told her it had come through the Catholic Church; the answer she wanted. "And what if they hadn't kept it." I told her we had the Book of Mormon and latter day revelations from the Lord, something which seemed to stop her.

We spent the afternoon in Fuglenes. We dropped in at one barrack, gathered 10 people together and held a cottage meeting; our subject was the film on the "History of the Church." One of the fellows there was slightly intoxicated and made several interruptions while I was explaining the slide films. Nevertheless all went well. At the close of the showing one of the ladies present seemed to be quite interested. We promised to return sometime in the near future to show them other films we have.

We had made an appointment with one Arslagsen who was not at home when we arrived. We decided that instead of returning to Hammerfest, we would attempt to visit someone else in Fuglenes. Our first try was successful. It was at the home of a family by the name of Røstvik. The lady of the house was very impressed, so we made another appointment to visit her.

Jan. 8 - Saturday

I picked up some kind of a bug which held my activities to a minimum today. The "stor vask" was about all I could ~~do~~ do. On the way home from town I pass by the eating place. I just didn't have any appetite. The afternoon was spent mainly in studying for my Sunday talk. The subject I had chosen: "Fortsatt Apenbaring." When I finally hit the sack, I ached all over, a feeling I have never before experienced.

Jan. 9 - Sunday

The Hartvigsens invited us to "kjöttkaker" dinner which looked delicious but would have surely put me on the sick-bed had I eaten any of it. We got all set-up for our evening meeting, had the "lokale" warm and cheery, but where were the people. Eight o'clock and not a soul had shown up. What a let-down. Our only consolation was that those who might have come were not sure that our meeting was to be held because we didn't advertize in the paper; just used posters. That was an experience which I hope never happens again.

Jan. 10 - Monday

I didn't feel quite up to a day of tracting today, so I remained at home while Elder Gidley ran some necessary errands. I spent the day profitably; resting and completing some necessary correspondence. Missionary work: No runs, no hits, no errors.

Jan. 11 - Tuesday

After our day's tracting our two evening visits turned out fine. First, we dropped in on the Sataerno family. The point in visiting them was to talk with their daughter who had asked us to come back having visited there the evening of our arrival in Hammerfest. This girl had been in America. She had received a scholarship in Norway which entitled her to a nine month's stay and tour over many places in America. We had an enjoyable time with them and received an invitation to return next Wednesday.

From there we went up to the Amundsens'. We discussed the Gospel with the "Fruen" who was as encouraging as ever. She believes "fullt og fast" that the Book of Mormon is true, and said also that she believed the Church's claims to authority. She said she sat up until six o'clock in the morning reading our set of "Sannhetstrålers." What a gal! She certainly has the Spirit.

Jan. 12 - Wednesday

After five hour's tracting and a trip to the shoemakers to have my "flying boots" repaired we headed back out into the storm for our evening visit. We finally ended up at Rolf Jensen's. The people to whom we showed the pictures were all good "eggs," but none of them was impressed; and that's what gets me. A lot of the people whom I really like, just don't have any interest for religion.

Jan. 13 - Thursday

Our morning session of tracting took us up by the ski-jump where we found at least two people who above average interest. A lady whom I contacted was interested in reading the "Book of Mormon," but she would be leaving for Trondheim for an eye operation on the 15th. She invited us to visit her on her return. Another very good contact was made by Elder Gidley, a Fru Størkeisen. She had a considerable understanding of the teachings presented by The Seventh Day Adventists, and was already convinced that child baptism was not in accordance with the word of the Lord. We made an appointment to visit them next Thurs. In the evening we dropped by to see our sick friend Finn Ytreberg to whom we explained a little about the Word of Wisdom and its effect on one's life. We told him that it could possibly, if applied and followed, help him on the way to recovery from his undiagnosable nervous sickness.

We had a late appointment with Architect Haug and his wife to show them our "light pictures." They are a very nice couple, practical thinkers, not easy to convince that Revelation from God is possible.

Jan. 14 - Friday

After tracting both around the ski jump and in Fuglenes we filled an appointment with Fru Røstvik at 6 PM. She had invited a few friends in to see our slide films. At the close of the showing she asked to read the Book of Mormon. She is very eager to find out the truth of our message and it's possible that she will believe it after reading the book.

At 7:30 we had an appointment with "Frelsegutt's" family. There were five grown-ups there, so we held a nice little cottage meeting and showed them our slide films after which we discussed the Book of Mormon. They seemed rather receptive to the message, and said "it sounds very possible that Joseph Smith could have been a true prophet of God."

A terrific storm was well underway as we headed home at the close of the day. More snow was on the ground today than I've ever seen in a city where I've lived.

Jan. 15 - Saturday

The usual wash-day drudgery had to be overcome before I was free to venture out in the deep drifts. I had been looking forward to Saturday when I would have an hour to give the "boards" a try. I found a hill not far from the Hartvigsen residence where I puttered around for about a half an hour, then came a Hammerfest storm, so I had to give up and take time out for dinner. It was fun to get the skis on again.

We were invited to the Amundsen's for the evening. Here we showed the film on temples, discussed the Book of Mormon, Genealogical work, and life as a Christian mainly with reference to the use of make-up, the curling of hair, dancing, and going to movies, all of which Fru Amundsen was against.

She had made for us a wonderful "bløtkake" from some jam she had, and some whipped-cream which had arrived too late for Xmas. Her little daughter Boddil was crazy about the "View-Master." We had a very nice visit with them.

Jan. 16 - Sunday

After being locked out of the "lokale" we arranged a small gathering with the Amundsens and Fru Røstvik at the Amundsen barrack-villa. It was a very "hyggelig" get together with our two best investigators. We taught them several of our church songs which they were very fast to learn.

Jan. 17 - Monday

Because of a good deal of interest shown by many people today I gave out quite a large number of "En Profets kallelse" pamphlets. It was good day. We spent the evening with Fru Johannsen playing the guitar and singing songs; later discussing the story of the "First Vision." She found it hard to believe, she said, but couldn't give any reason for her doubts.

Jan. 18 - Tuesday

As is clearly shown by my summary of the past two days' activities I got behind a couple of days on my diary. Both nights we arrived home late from our visits, and I didn't have time to write out the summary. Most of the day was spent in Fuglenes tracting, in spite of a terrific wind storm which lasted all day and is still going strong. The strongest wind I can remember having seen. We spent the evening with the Wvaerås family showing them our pictures, and almost didn't make it home because of the "uvaer".

Jan. 19 - Wednesday

This was another day of windy weather. The tracting went on as usual but today we cut it a little short in order to get in two visits. We spent the afternoon with the Saetermo family where we enjoyed talking and singing with their daughter Marion who has just returned from a trip to America. We showed them our slide films and made an appointment to meet with them again the following Wednesday. In the evening we visited the Magnus Pedersens. They had gathered a group together as had the Saetermos, so here again we showed our films and had a nice audience, except for one child who made so much noise that it must have been difficult for the family to hear my description of the pictures.

Jan. 20 - Thursday

We had a little better weather for Dad's birthday. While tracting I met a young (18) fellow who was doing carpenter work in the attic of one of the barracks-buildings. He was full of questions, so we chatted for over an hour, both of us freezing. He was exceptionally interested in the message, to the extent that he would go out of his way to meet with us again. I don't imagine he is very intelligent, but he was a clear thinker and had a mind of his own which was evident from the fact that he was a "teetotler" and a non-smoker though all of his friends were "indulgents." It will be interesting to continue the discussion I had with him.

I met one character later on in the day of whom I must make mention. She was an elderly lady, presumably over 60, and a devout Communist. She told me that she planned her day so as to catch every important newscast which came over the radio, and that she attended every political gathering which was held. The honor for the "Statement of the Day" will have to go to her; she said, "You can't be a good Christian unless you know your politics."

Our two evening appointments today kept us running. First, we visited with a young architect and his wife. We thoroughly enjoyed our two hours with them and I believe they had keen interest in hearing why we had come to Norway. On our way out we made arrangements to come back next Monday with our slide films; they said they would bring a learned man of scripture, so our gathering should be quite interesting.

Our second evening visit was with the Störkesen tribe. Seven people at home to the Frue's barracks-flat to see what the Mormon boys had to offer. Elder Gidley explained the film after which I answered a few questions which some of them had concerning conditions in the next life, the degrees of glory, and death-bed repentance.

Jan. 21, - Friday

We wandered out to Fuglenes this afternoon to finish up our day of tracting before visiting Fru Röstvik and her family in the evening. During our tracting we met some very nice people, two in particular. They were living in a long barracks-building which was occupied by at least 10 families, one room to a family. They had been to our meetings before and had shown interest. One of them remarked that only a terrific storm could keep them from coming to our Sunday meeting (our meetings aren't that good!).

At the Röstvik home we showed our slide film on "Latter-Day Saint Temples" which seemed to hold the interest of all present (Fru Röstvik had invited in a few friends from the neighborhood). Fru Röstvik was reading very rapidly in the Book of Mormon and said that she believed it to be the word of God.

Jan. 22 - Saturday

A washing and button-sewing spree was the first order of the day. Having completed those tasks I "sparked it" to town where I did our shopping. At dinner I contacted a young fellow whom I had met last Thursday and invited him over to our house. We spent about an hour together discussing the Book of Mormon.

Our evening visit with the Amundsen family consisted of a discussion of Zion and child baptism. The husband who has not shown much interest so far "came around a little" tonight and was quite agreeable. As we left we were very surprised at Fru Amundsens unexpected remark. She said, "I don't know about the rest of you, but I hope to be baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ." It has only been a short time since we first contacted her (Dec. 8th). She has certainly come a long way since then.

Jan. 23 - Sunday

There was a terrific storm out today, so Fru Hartvigsen was kind enough to have us to dinner, delicious "pølser." Afterwards we gathered them all in the living room and showed them our film on "Temples" which the kids "ohed" and "awed" at. Herr Hartvigsen was interested in hearing of the social program of the Church, so Elder Gidley brought in a scrapbook on the Welfare Plan and we explained several things to them in connection with our way of caring for our members. I believe this impressed our comrade, Communist Hartvigsen.

We arrived early at Mehus Dance Hall to see that everything was in order for our meeting which was scheduled for 8 PM. There was a lot of cold and wind outside ~~mmmm~~, so it was very difficult to warm up this large room. By 8 PM only a few had gathered, so we arranged the chairs

in a semi-circle around the stove, waited 15 extra minutes and then began our meeting with "Guds And som en ild," Elder W. accompanying on the guitar. At the end of Elder Gidley's remarks I was so cold that my teeth were almost chattering, but I delivered a sermon just the same; and I could "see my breath" every once in a while. After meeting I spoke with a young man from southern Norway who seemed very pleased with the meeting and asked us to visit him and his friend next Monday night. In spite of the cold weather 15 brave souls made it out to meeting.

Jan. 24, Monday

Most interesting of all the events of the day was our evening visit with the young architect, his wife, and a fellow named Pedersen who is a missionary in the Lutheran Church. They were all people of above average intelligence and had many questions about the Prophet Joseph, the plates of the Book of Mormon, and the Book itself. After an hour's discussion we showed them the "History of the Church" film which they enjoyed very much. During the evening we talked about the use of stimulants, the possibility of creating life, the creation of the world and man, and of course the events which were explained in our slide pictures. I felt that all were unable to explain the story of Joseph Smith in any other satisfying way than that way in which it is written, that the story and the message is the truth. We were invited to return and show them more of our films.

Jan. 25 - Tuesday

As we walked home along Fuglenesveien after a day of tracting and an evening visit with Herr Waerås the northern lights appeared more beautifully than ever. It looked as though all of the green rays emanated from a star in the middle of the sky. They spread out in many directions forming what looked almost like a tent. Near the horizon the rays changed to a hazy red color. It was a beautiful sight.

Jan. 26, - Wednesday

The morning was clear and the pink and yellow rays of the still invisible sun shot up from behind the large, snow-covered mountain. It was a beautiful sight; something which put hope into the future. I think a comparison could be made, perhaps quite inaccurately, that there are some people here who go through the winter always looking forward to that time when the light of the sun comes back to them, and others who don't seem to care about being in darkness or light. And so is it in their interest in the Light of Truth. Some look forward to finding the truth, others seem to like darkness as well

as light.

Suddenly, after a beautiful morning, a wet, sleet storm broke out on us in the afternoon, so that when we arrived at the Saetermo's our overcoats were soaking wet. We showed them our light pictures, and then continued over to Mehus "lokale" to arrange for our meeting at 8 PM. Both Elder Gidley and I talked and explained one film. The 20 people who were in attendance gave us their attention and I believe they enjoyed the showing.

Jan 27, - Thursday

Our day ended pleasantly, though we had had hectic storms from morn until evening. The pleasant part was a visit with Fru Størkensen and her daughter. We showed them a couple of films after which we chatted about dreams, visions; the workings of the unseen world upon our visible world. She had quite a testimony that her life had been influenced by forces outside or beyond the forces which are put to use in our everyday lives here on earth. They were both very nice, easy to talk to people.

Jan. 28 - Friday

Elder Gidley got up this morning with an extra bad throat, and didn't feel up to going out in the storm tracting. Apparently he had caught a case of the "flu" which is going around town. I felt that I might have a touch of it also, so we rested up before our visit with the Røstviks in the evening.

The Røstviks had taken in a new tenant, a young man about 23 years old. He was present at our showing of the "Before Columbus" and "Forgotten Empires" films. After the showing of these two, a bigger show began. We began discussing religion with him and we couldn't stop him. He gave us his philosophy of life, read chapters from the Bible, and talked almost continuously for two hours. I expected him to follow us down the road, but luckily he remained with the Røstviks. I wouldn't be too disappointed if he didn't show up next time we visit our good investigator, Fru Røstvik.

Jan. 29 - Saturday

At the sound of the bell this morning, I managed to hit the deck, but Elder Gidley was knocked out. So, Trygve and I adjourned to the cellar where we washed clothes and told fairy tales. I took a trip to town to pick up the "nødvendige" and then to Fru Amundsen's to call off our appointment to visit them this evening.

We had to eat in the darkness at Hermos (a young friend and I) because ice had formed a blockade at the entrance of the dynamo in the power house, so for four hours the city was without light.

The seat of my tweed trousers was getting transparent, and I had a ripped seam on my blue suit, so the only thing to do was make with the needle and the thread. My evening was filled doing similar other "jobs."

Jan. 30 - Sunday

We cancelled a meeting with our two investigators, Fruene Amundsen and Røstvik, because of Elder Gidley's being sick. By taking the milk pail along I was able to bring him back a meat-ball dinner from Hermo's. The day was spent mostly working on a chart of the Gathering of Israel, something which I've needed for a long time to explain understandably Israel's dispersion and the present gathering of the Jews in Jerusalem and of the migrations to the American Continents.

At dinner (TIME reading)time I read an article about Garry Davis whose world-citizen movement is daily becoming more popular in France. He must be admired for his pluck, though his philosophy is idealogical.

Jan. 31 - Monday

Because Elder Gidley was still "under the weather," we cut the schedule down to a slower tempo. I had several important things to do in town, so went down quite early, taking a few minutes to speak with Herr Berlid at the Post Office. I arranged to meet with him and Herr Willumsen the same night at 8PM.

The visit turned out very interesting. Both of these Postal workers spoke good English, so to keep them happy we conversed most of the evening in that "språk." Our discussion was centered around the Gospel nearly all evening. I tried to accent first the Book of Mormon with its scientific proofs which they showed considerable interest in; later on we touched lightly on the Plan of Salvation, and I drew a chart for them on Man's Eternal Journey. We spoke of the various philosophies of men concerning regeneration, the re-birth of man on this earth in some other form (or in the same form). This brought up a statement found in a play by J. B. Priestly (I believe the play is entitled "I've Been Here Before"); a thought which was worth remembering. It was something about two kinds of people; those who search, but just go round in a circle, never holding to any definite thing; and those who search, but accept and put in to practice the practical, worthwhile things. The path of such people is a spiral.

Feb. 1 - Tuesday

During my tracting today (I did a "single" on it) I met a lady who rather surprised me with her opening statement. She said that only "dumb" people belonged to our Church. After a half-hour's conversation I'm sure her ideas of Mormonism had changed. Her statement was typical of people in general, and it seems that almost every person is guilty of it to a certain extent; that weakness of judging before investigating. After a visit with the Gunni family, Elder Gidley and I took in the 9PM showing of "The Iron Curtain." One statement made in the movie stayed with me after the whole thing was over. It was said that we shall all die sometime. The important thing is the way we have lived our lives and what we die for. I don't yet understand actually what Communism is, or how closely Marxism is followed in Russian politics today. The impression I received from the movie is that Communism main point is the revolution. If it was possible that the world could be converted to Communism, would there then be peace? Or would the completion of the Revolution leave Revolutionists unsatisfied? As The Iron Curtain presents Communistic philosophy, man is a machine. But, man is not a machine, but an intelligence clothed with a body; with characteristics very different from a machine. Such a philosophy, naturally, misses the purpose of life - that man is that he might have joy.

Feb. 2 - Wednesday

A very nice, middle-aged lady welcomed me into her kitchen today. She had read the first two tracts which had been delivered to her, and was in agreement with the thoughts expressed therein. She sat me down, and told me that she felt there were many in this city who be more eager to accept our teachings if it were not for the rumors about polygamy which all have heard. I explained to her why and how polygamy was practiced in the Church; and added that I had never come in contact with a people in the world who were more morally clean than that people which I represented. She still seemed uneasy about the question, so I told her to read our tracts, study the doctrines we preach. I told her we would return and hoped that in time she could understand our message. For some unknown reason, I think that someday she will come to an understanding of the Gospel.

Feb. 3 - Thursday

Today the spy-talk seemed to be at its height. Several people whom I contacted while tracting went so far as to ask me about the possibility of our being spies. Before the last war German tourists streamed in and out of Hammerfest and were received with open arms. During their visits here the Germans mapped the coastline, gathered all of the necessary information concerning people and places to move in when the time came. There was a very well liked German painter living here in Hammerfest before the occupation took place. During the "battle" of Narvik it turned out that he was a major in the Nazi Army. Some people have told us that the first thought that came to their minds when we arrived was the possibility of our being spies, for America. In the last couple of days others have remarked that it is possible that we are Russian spies since we live with Herr Hartvigsen who is a Communist. To us their accusations seem almost childish and certainly funny; but, to them it is serious, although not very deeply thought-out, conclusion. I took it for granted that after we had presented our message and labored here a few weeks that these false impressions would pass from the peoples' minds, but instead the talk has increased until now it is damaging our work here in that some people feel afraid to invite us into their homes fearing that their neighbors will call them down for "fraternizing" with spies. I feel that the best way to combat such talk is to live it down by doing righteously and preaching the Gospel diligently. Our evening visit was with Ulf's mother and family, 5 people living in one room. They couldn't agree with us on many principles of the Gospel, but had absolutely no reasons to doubt our claims.

Feb. 4 - Friday

Having completed a longtracting day in Fuglenes we finished our day off with a visit at the Røstvik's. Fru Røstvik is doing wonderfully in her investigation of the Gospel. She received the Book of Mormon on the 16th of January and has completed it already. She has received a testimony of its truthfulness. She is the second investigator in Hammerfest who has come to a knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We took over an hour explaining to her the Welfare Plan of which she remarked, "It's the most unselfish plan I've ever heard of."

We didn't only preach the Gospel this evening, but also had a little enjoyment in the line of playing games, showing them tricks, etc. Bjørg, the 12 year old girl had completed a letter to Dougie, so I took it promising to translate it and send it to him. She also gave me her Memory Book, a collection of poems and drawings by her friends, and asked me to write in it.

Feb. 5 - Saturday

Beside our usual chores I managed to get a package off to the folks and family containing souvenirs of Hammerfest and Norway.

We had an appointment to visit the Amundsen family at 7 PM. They were very interested to see 6 new View-Master reels which had come in a package received today from home. These reels concerned the earlier civilizations on the American continent, i.e., the Inca, Maya, and Aztec culture.

We also had another date to fill the same evening; at Lilli Høydal's birthday party. (33 years old). About 10 of her friends had come for the celebration. We had the usual party serving (labskaus) and a dish of my (or Mother's) tapioca pudding for dessert. They all thought it was terrific.

After dinner we gather in the living room and our presence brought up a discussion of our work. The "circle" seemed very interested in the questions which were asked us by the three rather "sharp" guests, and also interested in our answers. It seemed that the discussion did alot of good in clearing up the questions of espionage, polygamy, and revelation from God.

Feb. 6 - Sunday

The occasion was Lilli's birthday, and we were invited to Sunday dinner. Afterwards we listened to music a short time and then wrote a couple of letters home.

Our meeting for the evening was scheduled for 8 PM in Gjenreisningens Spise-messe and there were 4 in attendance. Our meeting went on as planned. I sincerely believe that those in attendance enjoyed and were interested in the proceedings. Topics covered by our speeches were "The Plan of Salvation," and "The Signs that shall follow those who believe."

Feb. 7 - Monday

Our evening visit which followed the day's tracting was spent at Fru Johannesen's house. She was a little hesitant when we first opened the door, hesitant about welcoming us in; but she coolly said that we should come in. The coolness was due to spy-talk. She related the story about how she had been at a woman's club meeting and how the person in charge had come out with the statement that she was surprised at a clear-thinking person like Fru Johannesen would allow those two missionaries in her home. Her pride had been hurt and she didn't know if she should send us away or not, for she certainly didn't want her "friends" talking about her like that. We finally broke the ice down and had a nice visit with her, discussing mostly the Book of Mormon.

Feb. 8 - Tuesday

Tracting was exceptionally interesting today. Our number 3 tract covers child baptism and calls it a revealed wrong teaching or false doctrine. So, our conversations concerning this child baptism are usually quite forceful.

I came across a young, married girl who invited me to come in and discuss these teachings with her. I went through the whole story of the Book of Mormon with the scientific proofs included and she seemed quite convinced. Then she brought up the question of plural marriage and said that she just couldn't trust that man Joseph Smith. She had learned in her school years about plural marriage practiced among the Mormons and had received the impression probably from unlearned teachers that Joseph Smith was the ringleader of a big movement of immorality. I was sorry that she had received this misrepresentation for it half-destroyed all that I told her and the partly destroyed the chance of her believing it. It will be interesting to meet her again. Our evening visit was scheduled with the Walcherhaug family. Her we discussed the Book of Mormon and had a very enjoyable evening with the man, wife and their wonderful 5 year old child, Walter. This child was certainly worth remarking about. During our visit every request that was made by his parents was carried out perfectly by him. He went to bed in the same room where we were sitting, "sang" his prayers, didn't open his mouth again. I've never seen such a well trained child.

Herr Walcherhaug was discouraged with the conditions here in Finnmark. He said he had learned as much as was possible in his work (a painter) that could be learned in this city and that if he continued living here he wouldn't rise to a higher standard of living, but would remain where he was, saving very little money, having little enjoyment. He wanted to move somewhere else where there were better opportunities to get ahead.

During the day an important message came which I forgot to mention. We received a telegram from Narvik saying, "Vi reiser fra Narvik kl 0030 Tirsdag - Robert Sims."

Feb 9 - Wednesday

At 2:30 PM the Kong Harald tied up in Hammerfest and aboard her was one missionary, not two. It was Robert Sims, a month old missionary, who had come to replace Elder Gidley as my companion. We took care of all of the necessary arrangements for baggage, police registration, and a room at Hermost. The afternoon was spent just chatting, hearing the latest word from the south.

Our evening appointment had been made with a young fellow named Per Bang. We spent two good hours with him discussing the Plan of Salvation and showing him our films with the newly-received projector.

Feb. 10 - Thursday

Several jobs had to be done with the arrival of Elder Sims, so we spent the morning fixing resistor cords, visiting the police, ration board, o.s.v. We didn't get around to missionary work until 3 in the afternoon when we set out for 5 hours of tracting. Gidley and Sims tracted together and I went alone. The visits I made were exceptionally interesting and long-lasting; I visited 6 families in the five hours. The seventh visit was at the home of a Dane who is an architect. Our conversation was mostly in English, for his Norwegian was too Danish. He seemed rather concerned about what sin was, so we dwelled upon that subject, and I explained as is written in John's letter that sin is transgression of the law. The thought that happiness is gained by obedience to law was slightly contrary to his opinion. We had an enjoyable evening visit with the Amundsens.

Feb. 11 - Friday

Elder Sims and I went tracting up in the ski-jump area. It was several days ago that all this happened, so it's now a little hazy in my mind. Our evening visit was with the Röstviks. We talked about principles of the Gospel and had a little "avskjeds fest" for Elder Gidley who was to leave us.

Feb. 12- Saturday

Elder Gidley was due to shove off today, so after getting all of his belongings out of the room, we did a real cleaning job and then moved Elder Sims' possessions in. The Kong Harald was late, so instead of Elder Gidley's leaving in the afternoon he finally left us in the evening. We went to the dock with him, piled his baggage on board and said "adjø". As we "sparked it" home we passed hundreds of people out taking an evening stroll in the beautiful moonlit night. The weather has really been exceptionally grand during the past few days. I almost forgot to mention a very important thing which happened today. At 11:50 AM I noticed an extra bright spot on the wall. On coming to the window I saw "it;" the sun had risen above the hills and was shining its rays in our window, the first time I had seen it for almost exactly two months. It really looked good; and what a beautiful scene it painted on the snow-covered fjord mountains.

Feb. 13, - Sunday

The weather was again beautiful today. We spent most of it inside studying, preparing for our evening meeting. We looked forward to seeing a multitude turn out to give an ear to our remarks, but instead of that we had a reoccurrence of something which happened a few weeks back; eight o'clock and the place was empty....eight-fifteen and still there wasn't a soul in sight, so we paid of the man-in-charge (who tried to overcharge me) and sorrowfully walked home. The most humiliating thing is that we have to report to the Hartvigsen family how many people attended our meetings, and we get a real razzing when no one shows up. Sånn er det.

Feb. 14 - Monday

Tracting went fine today, in fact, better than average. During the morning we contacted a young housewife who said that she was "very interested." She agreed absolutely with "adult Baptism" and also had great faith in the Lord's power to reveal his will to man in this day as much as in the past. We made an appointment with her for Tuesday night.

In the afternoon we spent our tracting time in Fuglenes where we met several interested people, of course there were many disinterested also. I became more and more convinced every day that Communism and atheism go hand in hand, that is, that Communism takes the place of religion for those who believe in it. Nearly every Communist-sympathizer I have spoken with has either denied the existence of God, denied the truthfulness of the Bible, or has been of the opinion that Christian religion was unimportant. We spoke with a Norwegian who has married a Scotch girl and brought her here. He remarked to us that he thought the situation was serious in the world and that he would be ready, if the Russians came, to set out with his family in a boat for England.

In the evening we held a cottage meeting for twelve people in the Spise-messe for the Søster-hjem. We showed them our films after which they had many questions as to the residence or abode of Angel Moroni, where the plates were and a few other questions of minor importance. But, some of their ideas and thoughts were of great importance, so we spent considerable time with them explaining the Gospel to them. I'm sure one of those in attendance was especially interested, a woman who had asked me before about the necessity for baptism. I felt when I shook her hand as we left that possibly someday she might accept the message preached by us, possibly while Elder Sims and I labor here in Hammerfest.

Feb. 15 - Tuesday

We ran into a young fellow today with whom we had never spoken before. I assume he was about 26 years old, a house-planner and builder, but not a graduate engineer or architect. After beginning by explanation of Lehi's trip across the ocean and of the civilization which grew up on the Western Hemisphere I found that he was an "authority" on the Inca and Mayan peoples. It was interesting to hear of the opinions he had formed by reading from various scientific or archeological sources. Some of them coincided with what I had read, others such as the absence of the wheel among those civilizations were in disagreement with the sources from which I had read. It is interesting to note that he came to the his view-point about the wheels after reading what was written by one archeologist who explained that their roads and highways were well-built, but there were often found steps instead of an inclined plane to lead from one level to another; and from this fact they were led to believe that the wheel was not used among that people. He didn't know the date during which this civilization flourished which uses such roads, so it was hard to make much of a statement about it. This fact, if true, that wheels were not used at that time on the Western Hemisphere led him to believe that this people could not have come from the Eastern Hemisphere, at any rate, from the Jerusalem area for there the wheel had been used for two thousand years before Christ, he said. He was a good thinker and interesting to talk with, but unfortunately neither of us were well enough acquainted with the archeological or scientific findings in America to actually speak with wisdom. I'm sure that he was interested in the Book of Mormon though. We also discussed the plan of salvation and man's eternal journey. Here he brought up an interesting point, when I told him of the preëxistence; and that here on earth the spirit which has existed before is clothed with a body. He wondered how separated these two things were, the spirit and the body. He asked if it was not the case that a person can inherit diseases of the mind, and thought at first that this was the spirit which takes up knowledge. That if what I told him was correct it would be impossible for man to inherit sicknesses of the mind for each spirit is born a separate individual which has existed independently before coming to this earth. I believe my explanation was accurate and understandable. I told him that the matter which we call the brain was the instrument which was at fault, and that through inheritance that brain was faulty, so that it could not operate as an efficient tool for the spirit, and thus it hindered the spirit from gaining knowledge and acting on the same plane as other ordinary people. As we left we asked if we might come back for another visit, for I was very impressed with his thoughts, but he said that he would be leaving Hammerfest soon and that his schedule was so full between now and then that he couldn't reserve a definite evening for us. It may work out, though, that we come in contact with him again. I hope so. Our evening visit was with a nice man and wife. We showed them our films, but they didn't have much to say about them. I feel that the wife is interested, but a little bashful to say what she means.

Feb. 16 - Wed.

One of the most pleasant visits I've ever made!It was with a young couple who live just across the way from us. I had spoken twice with the "Fruen" while out tracting, but I never expected such a reception. As soon as we opened the door, the husband said, "Vær så go', stig på," an expression which is sweet music to a missionary's ear. We told them of the Book of Mormon, after which we showed them our film on the history of the Church. At the close of the film, they seemed very concerned over several questions which we took one at a time having discussed what they had seen in the film. First, they wondered about baptism; who should be baptized, what it was for, and was it necessary. They said they had thought seriously over child baptism since I had spoken with the Fruen. After discussing that question and becoming more convinced of the fact that children should not be baptized, the husband asked about a subject which he had thought very much about: Should a believer in the Gospel of Jesus Christ go to war? The inconsistency of people professing to be Christians shooting down their fellow-men had bothered him considerably. We discussed the question quite thoroughly, and I promised him that on my next visit I would more completely explain the Church's standpoint on the subject. He said he had asked, because he had confidence enough in us that we could give him a satisfying answer. They offered us coffee as our friends usually do, and were surprised to learn that we do not use it. So, as we snacked the question of what man should eat and what he should drink was discussed. He mentioned that he had tried to stop smoking several times, but that the habit was so powerful that he could not overcome it.

I was more impressed by these two people than any we have spoken with in town, except the two who are with us. As we left they again said something which we always like to hear; "Kom snart igjen!"

Feb. 17 - Thurs.

We had been looking forward to another evening with the Nuland family, the young engineer and his wife. They were all dressed up ready to receive us at 7. Fru Nuland had a fancy black "new-look" skirt with a multi-colored scarf around the neck of her white blouse....looked just like an American, as well as I can remember. We showed them our film ~~mm~~ the Tops of the Mountains and they seemed quite impressed by the beauty, and work which has been done by the people in our state. After the film we discussed the Book of Mormon and they admitted that the proofs we presented were interesting and very impressive, but the husband thought that the coming of heavenly messengers to the earth in this day was absolutely impossible. I had expected him to at least think of the possibility of such a thing happening, but he just couldn't "få det til," as they say. They were very nice, thoughtful, and worth at least another try.

Feb. 18 - Fri.

Our regular Friday evening visit is with the Røstvik family. They were all gathered at home, so we sat around the table and I showed them the chart I had made explaining the Gathering of Israel. It seemed to clear up some questions they had had. They were especially interested in the Geneology of our family which Ralph Hardy had compiled and sent a copy to me.

The best news we have received all week was what Fru Røstvik told us her husband had written in a letter. He had mentioned, among other things, that the Mormon people had often been misrepresented, that he thought revelation from God was just as possible in this day as in the time of the Old Testament Prophets and the Apostles, and that he had been very interested in what he had read. They expect him home from the hospital (where he is being treated for tuberculosis) in the springtime.

Feb. 19 - Sat.

When we arrived at Fru Amundsen's for our regular Saturday evening visit, her little daughter Bodil was crying because she didn't think we were coming. She brightened up soon when she saw that we had gathered together a little candy and gum and a toy dog as presents for her birthday which had just passed.

We had a very nice visit with them explaining the Gathering, the Churches recreation program, and work for the dead.

Feb. 20 - Sun.

We both passed the day ~~in~~ studying, working on projects, and writing letters home.

Feb. 21 - Mon.

Our evening visit was with the "Frelse Gutt", a name we have given Herr Gunni who is affiliated with the Salvation Army. His sister, Fru Friis, was also present. This young man (20 years old) is one of the most sincere investigators of the Bible I have ever spoken with. He says he can't find a church with teachings which coincide with those found in the Bible. His early experiences in life have convinced him that such things as movies and dances are tools of the devil and that one who is a follower of Christ would and should not attend such. I'm sure he finds it interesting to meet with us, but he hasn't come very far yet in understanding, or rather believing, the message we bring about the Restoration of the Gospel.

Feb. 22 - Tues.

We walked into a small house down by the edge of the fjord out in Fuglenes. Inside a man and woman were sitting drinking coffee. I spoke for several minutes with the woman before the man opened his mouth. He said, "I think we're both seeking the same goal, but we are each going at it in a different way." The fellow wanted me to hold a meeting here in Hammerfest and advertize that it would be a peace meeting and that all who were interested in peace were welcome. It was his opinion that the people would stream out in hoards, that we couldn't find a meeting house large enough to hold them all. Finally, we got around to his solution for peace in the world.....Communism. I discovered with him, as with almost every Communist I have contacted in this city, not only the element of doubt as to the divinity of Jesus Christ, but moreover actual denunciation of the existence of a personal God, and his word to man which we have in the Bible. Our evening visit was with a lady at the Søster-hjem who just couldn't grasp the fact that there shall be degrees of glory in what the world calls heaven. Her incapability to understand this came from her previous experiences with the various sects of the Lutheran Church. She told of an experience she had several years ago. She said she was waiting to be operated on for an appendicitis. The doctors had taken a rush case into the operating room and had left her on the "table" to wait until they were finished. She related that during those minutes of waiting she began to think seriously as to what would happen if she should die. She wondered if "her case was clear with God." She said that after she had prayed for ~~an assurance that "she was saved,"~~ a sign which would give her an assurance that "she was saved," the walls of the hospital room opened and Christ came into the room. She said that he had a large black book in his hands and that the books edges and back were covered with gold. Christ opened the book to a certain page after he had shown her that it was the Book of Life. On that certain page he pointed to her name which was written in full. She says that after that she had no fear as to what would happen on the operating table. She knew that she was saved. But now she had fallen from that condition and had not felt right since. She said no one can know what mental anguish and suffering she goes through, because she doesn't feel that "her case is clear with God."

One of the young men who heard our explanation of the Plan of Salvation expressed his opinion that it was the most reasonable explanation he had ever heard.

Feb. 23 - Wed.

There is a Scotch family in town. I say Scotch because the two children grew up in Scotland of a Scotch mother and a Norwegian father. The little girls have asked us yearly every time we have seen them, that we drop out to see them. The six of us gathered in a room just a little smaller than the knotty-pine room at home. We showed them our two films which seemed to interest them very much. It is very amusing to hear the Scotch-wife speak English. She uses Norwegian all day long and does very well with the "språk," but when she tries to convert to her own language it is a little tougher for her. Just about every other word is Norwegian.

Feb. 24 - Thurs.

While out tracting the other day we contacted the Boss of the Toll Office and his wife. They expressed the wish to have us visit them and present our films for them. After discussing the Word of Wisdom and why we obey it, we proceeded to show the films. The man was a "you've got to show me" type, but his wife was very receptive to the story of the Restoration. They were both heavy smokers, and I think poor Elder Sims was a bit sick, but he stuck it out and all went well. They said they hoped we would take another trip to their home.

Feb. 25 - Fri.

This was our second visit with our good friends in Barracks #301. ^{H. G. Yermis} They welcomed us in as before (Feb. 16) and we began discussing various interesting subjects, especially our and his views on military service for a believer in Christ. I had written out a 4 point answer explaining why I would go into the service of my country if called by the government. In short it was that I consider the right of free worship necessary for the happiness of man; that the Constitution of the United States was written under the inspiration of God and that it is my duty to obey that law as is written in the Doctrine and Covenants; that governments are established on earth for the sake of order and that we are urged both by the first apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ and by the present leaders to be subject to these laws, but that I also regard it my duty to choose honest, wise men to lead and direct the affairs of other people; and last that I regard the leader of the Church as a true prophet of God, and that if it was the will of God that we should not defend these rights as they are presented in the Constitution, such counsel would be given to us by the Prophet. He wasn't absolutely in agreement with all of these ideas, but it may help him to understand why we in this Church have responded to the call to arms before.

We showed them the film, "In the Top of the Mountains" after a little snack and "bløttkake." Then, we discussed the Book of Mormon, its proofs and purposes. They said they had the desire to read it, so we shall take it to them soon. These two are really a wonderful couple. They were married in May, both of them work, and the husband is taking a correspondence course in furniture drawing which will prepare him for producing fine furniture. It is their hope that in the coming years they can begin a furniture store. He will do the manual labor and she will keep the books.

As we left we heard the phrase which we like to hear: "Kom snart igjen."

Sat. - Feb. 26

After the usual Saturday chores we bathed and visited Fru Amundsen and her family.

Sun. - Feb. 27

The most beautiful day I've seen in Hammerfest greeted us as we left the mansion to go to Hermo's for dinner. On our way we dropped a Book of Mormon off at Barracks #301. After dinner we strolled out to the marker for the 71st meridian. It was a cold day (-15), but the sun was shining brightly and there was no wind so we didn't notice it. Nearly everyone we passed was wearing a pair of skis. On arriving home I continued with a project of drawing and inking the eternal journey of man on a sheet of "kartong" (cardboard). As I did this I looked out of the window at intervals to watch the red sun sink quickly behind the snow-covered fjord mountains leaving a beautiful red picture behind it. We have an excellent view from our window.

Mon. - Feb. 28

We found Fru og Herr Olsen home when we arrived at the appointed hour. They seemed glad to see us, at any rate they gave us a hearty welcome. Our conversation with them was very interesting having most to do with the plan of salvation and the workings of the unseen world upon this world of ours. Herr Olsen was quite disturbed with the reports he had read about divorce cases in Hollywood and he thought it applied to every community in the United States. We explained to him how seriously we regard the marriage covenant and told him of the statistics which show that divorces occur much less frequently among "temple-married" people than among those married by civil authorities or other churches' priests. He seemed quite impressed by these statistics.

Mar. 1 - Tues.

Having finished the day's tracting we returned home to make our last preparations before shoving off on the "Rendy", a 200-ft. local boat which makes the north-Norway milk route. We stood out on deck as the boat slipped away from the Hammerfest pier and out through the smooth fjord waters. After getting settled in our small, three bunk "lugar" we retired to the smoking salon where we soon got into a conversation about the Gospel. Those we spoke with seemed amazed at our preaching the message without pay from the Church. I found a little time to read the story of Cardinal Mindszenty's trial by the Communists, a very interesting account of the life of an apparently courageous man who had continually fought for the freedom of man and now had been changed in a matter of weeks from the "lion" that he was to a beaten man confessing that he had been wrong.

When we finally went to our "lugar" to get a good night's rest we found that a tall man had taken Elder Sims' bunk. As there were no numbers on these bunks Elder Sims was required to use the "padded bench" which had been made up into bunk number three. We didn't have much peace during the night, mostly because of the stuffiness of the cabin caused by our "friends" smoking, and the noise from his talking in his sleep. After a long night we arrived in cold, cold, Bossekop. The area surrounding the pier was very sparsely populated. It was early in the morning, so there were very few people visible, but we came across an old fellow and asked him the way to the "Turist hotellet" and he pointed out the long road climbing up the side of a small hill. We spotted the place. Unlike barren Hammerfest there were pine-trees scattered about the territory here. After about twenty minutes of walking we arrived on top of the low hill just in time to see the red sun rising over the horizon.

The hotel was a cozy, new, lumber building with steam heat, partial skilodge decorations, running hot and cold water, and many rooms. Ours was located on the first of floor, a four-bunk affair, two uppers and two lowers.

We had heard that the Laplanders were to come down from the mountains today, so we joined a young "tann-teknikk" and his lady helper, along with the attractive hotel manager, (a middle-aged ski-hotel-manager-type lady) and "bilte" it out to the "Fjellstue" located at a small settlement called Gargia. We were disappointed on arriving to learn that the Lapps would not arrive until tomorrow, so after conversing with the "Fjellstue" watchman we headed back to the hotel.

While waiting for dinner to be served I ~~man~~ began talking to one of the Lapps who had come from Tromsø to market. She is known over all of north Norway, a very well-to-do Lapp. She told me the Lapps were angry at Norway for their interest in the North Atlantic Alliance, for they only wanted to live in peace and were very afraid that the alliance would bring

on immediate war with Russia. She wished I had brought with me a couple of "carloads of material from America." The Lapps cannot locate enough cloth to make their fancy outfits.

March 3 - Thursday

After a morning of tracting during which we were well received in the homes and by the "Pinsemenigheten forstander" we joined three Oslo people and took another taxi ride to Gargia. This time the sight that met our eyes was really something to see. Already about one-hundred reindeer harnessed to wooden sleds were gathered around the "fjellstue," their Lapp-owners clothed in skin parkas wandering among them. As soon as we pulled up someone yelled, "Nu kommer de igjen." We looked up the road to see a "train" of about 8 reindeer each pulling a sled packed with reindeer meat and skins. The lead-reindeer, which pulled the sled in which the Lapp-woman rode, had a bright-colored harness around its neck. When the train reached the fjellstue the tough Lapp-woman jumped out of the sled and swung the reindeer into the places and positions she wanted them. Among the Laplanders as with many of the more primitive people the woman does much of the manual labor.

We walked about the harnessed reindeer taking close-up pictures with color film of this colorful scene....grey and white reindeer, Lapps clothed in bright red, yellow and blue. The sun quickly sank below the mountains, so it soon became quite dark for picture-taking, so we walked into the fjellstue where we found the Lapp-men. The rooms were so stuffy and full of their pipe-smoke that they weren't very pleasant places to be, but it was so interesting to see and talk with them that we walked right in. We listened to them speak to each other in their mumbling "Lappisk," and watched them pull large bones and chunks of reindeer-meat out of their unclean skin sacks. One fellow took a big knife and hacked away at the bone until he cracked it open, then he dug his knife into the marrow and "downed it" like it was delicious.... they claim it is.

When we went outside again they were unharnessing the reindeer and turning them loose. Several of the Lapps (or Finns as they also call them) slipped their skin shoes (Skallar) into a pair of primitive-looking skis and slid along the snow waving their hands and yelling, trying to gather the reindeer into a herd. When this was accomplished one of the Lapps led one of the reindeer off into the forest and the rest followed being tended by several small Spitz-like Lapp dogs. It was ~~amazing~~ a ~~sy~~ striking picture to see that herd of about 200 reindeer going along on the snow, swelling in and out, changing shape like a cloud of smoke.

The show was over at Gargia, so we headed back for the hotel where we spent an enjoyable evening speaking English with some of the Oslo people telling them of our work.

Mar. 4 - Friday

The Lapps spent the night at the Gargia Fjellstue and came into the settlement of Bossekopp Friday morning to trade and sell their skins and ~~meat~~ meat with the merchants and private buyers. Instead of gathering outside as the custom had been before the war, the Lapps played hard-to-get. Those who wanted to trade with them had to visit them in the houses where they were staying. We left the hotel early, looking forward to a big day of trading. We had with us a cardboard box full of sugar, margarine, a can of pineapple, a can of chocolate syrup, can of prunes, and a few other articles of food from home. These we thought the Lapps would go crazy over. Our first stop was at a little shack where a Lapp was staying with whom I had spoken the day before. She introduced us to a very obliging fellow who offered to sell us a pair of Skalar and to let us take pictures of each other dressed in Lapp outfits. After bargaining with him a few minutes to no avail with the "Amerikanske mat" I bought a pair of reindeer skin-shoes (skalar) which the Lapps wear outside in the wintertime. They are really "good-lookers", but the price was outrageous in comparison to what they sold for before the war. He soaked me \$8.00 for them.

We traveled on to some of the other houses., and were very luck in that we managed to pick up a beautiful white pair of reindeer-skin,-never-wear-out- mittens. These we got for \$4.00 and a can of pineapple. Later on we managed to get another pair of skalar for \$5.00 this time (and two pounds of sugar). While trading with another one I pulled out a package of chocolate cigar~~ettes~~ettes. I told the Lapps what they were and they said, "You can't burn them, can you?" I told them, "No, you eat them!" They began to roar, "Eat cigarettes, eat cigarettes, yak, yak, yak, yak!" They thought it quite amusing.

After being out all day long we returned to the hotel, donned our newly acquired skalar and spent the evening lounging around the hotel talking with some of the others guests there and listening to a re-broadcast of the "Storting" discussing as to whether or not Norway should take part in the North Atlantic Alliance discussions.

The "peisestue" (corner fireplace room) was very welcoming. It was cold (under -20 degrees C.) outside and the fire really looked good. We sat there for a short time, but decided to hit the sack early for we were planning to leave early the next morning.

In the room I got into a conversation with one of our room-mates who wanted me to give him some good addresses of well established firms in America to whom he could send his fur slippers. We talked about the possibility of my selling skalar for him and sending him dollars when I returned home, something which could be a money making set-up, I think.

Mar. 5 - Sat.

We had arranged it so that we were called at 6:30 AM by the hotel staff employee who was up then. Our boat was scheduled to leave at 7:30, but when we arrived at the pier there was no boat in sight. After waiting several minutes we spotted a "skjøyter" coming up the fjord. It turned out to be a converted scout boat, a diesel motored job which took about 40 passengers. When we climbed down into the passenger compartment we found three people already there, one of them laboring diligently with an oil stove which ~~seemed to~~ smelled very strongly, but gave off little heat.

The weather was beautiful, except for a little wind which made travel just a little rough, but nothing very noticeable. As usually happens we got into a conversation with two of the other passengers. They showed great friendship when they heard we were from America, but as we got into a discussion of religion we found they were not so agreeable as they had been. They were boys from the old school, who believed that these works we do were of no value; just call on the Lord in your time of need, and so you'll be saved. It happened that these two were quite well acquainted with the Bible (each of them carried a small one with them) and they were eager to let us know how they had become saved. It was interesting to speak with them, but I don't feel that my words sunk very far in.

To finish off our "vacation" (which had actually been), we decided to take in the movie which was playing, for we had both heard good reports about it, "The Black Narcissus." We were both a little disappointed in what we saw. There wasn't much about it which was informative or up-building. About the only thing we got from it was that it must be rough to be a Catholic Nun. Sann er det.

Mar. 6 - Sunday

Studied and wrote home the news of the trip.

Mar. 7 - Monday

Being in the vicinity of the Jehovah's Witness missionary's place of residence we dropped in on her to explain a few points of importance pertaining to the principles we are preaching which she had misrepresented to some people. We were surprised to learn that the principle of baptism was not regarded by her as necessary for coming into the Church of Jesus Christ or coming into the Kingdom of God. Many of her other thoughts and explanations simply went around and around for me, they were so unclear.

After our visit with her we dropped in on a young man at the Spise-mess in Fuglenes. He had a young visitor, so being asked to come in we joined them and began discussing the Book of Mormon. At the close of my presentation of scientific proofs for the genuineness of the B. of M. the young fellows (19 yrs.) said, "It must be true!" I sold Leif

a copy in Swedish.

Mar. 8 - Tues.

Our friend the young carpenter followed us home from lunch and we had a nice visit with him in our room. He said ~~them~~ way we present the Gospel seems reasonable to him, but then he'll speak with someone from another faith and their presentations seem quite reasonable also. I feel just the same that he is interested in the Gospel as we preach it, although he hasN't read much of the Bible.

Mar. 9 - Wed.

Visited with Fru Amundsen and her cousin who seemed very much against our work. We explained to her Baptism for the Dead, something which she did not believe in.

Mar. 10. - Thurs

Brother Willard R. Smith sent a very interesting letter to me telling of his missionary work in Hammerfest 41 years ago. I showed the letter to an investigator, Herr Anton Johansen, who said he remembered them writing letters on Sunday afternoons, sitting up on the mountain. He also told me that Bro. Smith and his companion had lived with his uncle Kristian Johansen.

This investigator is a very interesting man. While young he traveled all over the world and became acquainted with many kinds of people and many lands. While explaining to him the story of Lehi and the connection of the Kon Tiki Expedition with Alma 63 where several ships set out into the Pacific Ocean never to return he told of how honest and trustworthy the natives of the Pacific Islands nearest the Americas were while the natives of the islands out from Japan and China were of a very different type.

We had an enjoyable visit with our fine investigator Fru Retvik and her family.

Mar. 11 - Fri.

One of the most enjoyable evenings I've spent in Norway was spent this evening with the Høiems. We talked about the Book of Mormon which they are reading and they commented on how much my chart had helped them understand as they read. They asked if the members of our Church had the same ideas as, for example The Salvation Army, about being saved, etc. We told them what the meaning of Salvation was and they replied, "Akkurat hva vi mente!" Fru Høiem asked if I trusted her to knit a sweater for me. She said she would like to, but didn't know if she could do it or not. They are wonderful people and I certainly hope they continue reading and thinking as they have so far.

My
TRIP ABROAD

Xmas 1912

Gilbert W. Williams
Salt Lake City, Utah,
520 East 2nd S. St.

Gift of: - Pembroke Stationery Co.

NY

TRIP ABROAD



K.M.S. Mauritania
Guano Line



IK

NEW YORK



FORETELLING THE WEATHER WITH AN ANEROID BAROMETER.

A RISING BAROMETER.

A rapid rise indicates unsettled weather.
A gradual rise indicates settled weather.
A rise with dry air and cold increasing in Summer indicates wind from the northward; and if rain has fallen, better weather may be expected.
A rise with moist air and a low temperature indicates wind and rain from the northward.
A rise with southerly winds indicates fine weather.

A STEADY BAROMETER.

With dry air and reasonable temperature indicates a continuance of very fine weather.

A FALLING BAROMETER.

A rapid fall indicates stormy weather.
A fall with westerly wind indicates stormy weather from the northward.

A fall with a northerly wind indicates storm, with rain and hail in Summer, and snow in Winter.

A fall with increased moisture in the air, and heat increasing, indicates wind and rain from the southward.

A fall with dry air and cold increasing in Winter indicates snow.

A fall after very calm and warm weather indicates rain with squally weather.

The barometer rises for northerly winds, including from northwest by north to the eastward for dry, or less wet weather, for less wind, or for more than one of these changes, except on a few occasions, when rain, hail, or snow comes from the northward with strong wind.

The barometer falls for southerly wind, including from southeast by south to the westward, for wet weather, for stronger wind or for more than one of these changes, except on a few occasions, when moderate wind, with rain or snow, comes from the northward.

DISTANCES AT WHICH OBJECTS ARE VISIBLE AT SEA AT VARYING ELEVATIONS

ELEVATION FEET	MILES VISIBLE	ELEVATION FEET	MILES VISIBLE
1.....	1.31	50.....	9.35
5.....	2.96	70.....	11.07
10.....	4.18	100.....	13.93
20.....	5.92	500.....	29.58
40.....	8.37	1,000.....	38.41



LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE FROM GREENWICH

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	H. M. S.
Aden.....	12	46	40	N	2	50	55.8	E.			
Athens.....	37	58	21	N	23	51.4	E.				
Berlin.....	52	30	17	N	10	53	34.3	E.			
Bermuda, Dock Yard.....	32	10	54	N	4	10	34.3	W.			
Boston.....	42	53	45	N	4	51	15.3	W.			
Boston State House.....	42	51	58	N	4	44	15.3	W.			
Caronta.....	52	32	35	N	5	53	20.1	E.			
Cherbourg.....	52	32	35	N	7	33	42.3	W.			
Constantinople.....	41	38	54	N	1	56	32.7	E.			
Copenhagen.....	55	41	13	N	0	50	18.3	E.			
Dublin.....	53	23	43	N	0	28	21.5	E.			
Florence.....	43	46	4	N	0	45	21.5	E.			
Glasgow.....	55	52	43	N	0	17	10.9	W.			
Gibraltar.....	36	6	30	N	0	21	52.3	W.			
Greenwich.....	51	28	38	N	0	0	0	0			
Haiti.....	18	53	38	N	4	14	21.0	W.			
Hamburg.....	53	33	37	N	0	30	53.8	E.			
Havana.....	23	9	21	N	5	33	29.0	E.			
Hong Kong.....	22	18	15	N	1	35	41.3	E.			
Hong Kong (Keel Light).....	21	17	55	N	10	37	38.0	W.			
Key West Light.....	24	32	53	N	5	27	12.3	W.			
Kingson.....	17	57	41	N	9	38	44.7	W.			
Lisbon.....	38	42	31	N	0	36	11.3	W.			
Liverpool.....	53	24	30	N	0	14	45.4	W.			
Madrid.....	40	24	30	N	8	1	30.0	E.			
Manila Light.....	14	32	35	N	0	29	54.1	E.			
Marseilles.....	43	18	32	N	6	0	13.8	W.			
Melbourne.....	37	46	33	S	3	30	54.1	E.			
New Orleans (Mint).....	29	57	42	N	9	0	20.9	E.			
Paris.....	48	50	42	N	3	40	14.1	W.			
Philadelphia.....	39	57	4	N	4	41	1.3	W.			
Portland, Me.....	43	29	53	N	4	44	32.0	E.			
Quebec.....	46	57	53	N	4	48	35.0	E.			
Rome.....	41	53	54	N	4	36	0.6	W.			
Sandy Hook Light.....	40	27	40	N	8	9	42.8	W.			
San Francisco.....	37	14	33	N	8	30	43.6	W.			
St. Ignace.....	51	24	2	N	1	12	13.5	E.			
St. John.....	41	24	2	N	1	12	14.0	E.			
St. Petersburg.....	59	30	33	N	10	15	48.5	E.			
Stockholm.....	59	51	11	N	9	15	38.0	E.			
Sydney.....	35	29	31	N	1	9	49	22.1	E.		
Tokio.....	35	29	31	N	1	9	21.3	E.			
Venice.....	45	10	50	N	1	18	36.9	E.			
Yokohama.....	35	20	24	N	9	18	36.9	E.			



VALUE OF FOREIGN COINS

The coins of Silver Standard countries are valued by their pure silver contents at the average market price of silver for three months preceding January 1st, 1907.

COUNTRY	STAN- DARD	UNIT	Value in U. S. Gold
Argent. R.....	Gold	Peso	\$0.965
Austria-H.....	Gold	Crown	90.3
Belgium.....	Gold	Franc	19.3
Bolivia.....	Silver	Boliviano.....	15.1
Brazil.....	Gold	Milreis	54.0
Canada.....	Gold	Dollar	1.00
Chili.....	Gold	Peso	36.5
China.....	Silver	Tael	76.3
Colombia.....	Gold	Dollar.....	85.0
Costa Rica.....	Gold	Colon	1.00
Denmark.....	Gold	Crown	46.5
Ecuador.....	Gold	Sacre	36.8
Egypt.....	Gold	Pound (100 piasters).....	48.7
Finland.....	Gold	Mark	4.913
France.....	Gold	Franc	19.3
German Emp.....	Gold	Mark	19.3
Gt. Britain.....	Gold	Pound Sterling.....	23.8
Greece.....	Gold	Drachma.....	4.866 2/3
Haiti.....	Gold	Gourde.....	19.3
India.....	Gold	Pound Sterling.....	96.2
Italy.....	Gold	Lira	4.866 2/3
Japan.....	Gold	Yen	19.3
Mexico.....	Gold	Peso	49.8
Netherlands.....	Gold	Florin	40.2
Norway.....	Gold	Dollar	1.014
Norway.....	Gold	Crown.....	26.3
Panama.....	Gold	Balboa	1.000.0
Panama.....	Silver	Kran	1.00.4
Peru.....	Gold	Tibra.....	4.866 2/3
Philippine Is.....	Gold	Peso	1.08
Portugal.....	Gold	Milreis	51.5
Russia.....	Gold	Ruble.....	19.3
Spain.....	Gold	Peseta	36.3
Sweden.....	Gold	Crown.....	36.3
Switzerland.....	Gold	Franc	19.3
Turkey.....	Gold	Piaster	1.084
Uruguay.....	Gold	Peso	1.084
Venezuela.....	Gold	Bolivar.....	19.3

MAIL TIME AND DISTANCES

FROM
NEW YORK CITY

By POSTAL ROUTES	Statute Miles	Days
Adelaride, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	12,845	34
Alexandria, <i>viz</i> London.....	6,150	13
Amsterdam	3,985	9
Antwerp	4,000	9
Athens	5,655	12
Bahia, Brazil	5,870	21
Bangkok, Siam, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	12,990	43
Bangkok, Siam, <i>viz</i> London.....	13,125	41
Batavia, Java, <i>viz</i> London.....	12,800	31
Berlin	4,385	9
Bombay, <i>viz</i> London.....	9,765	24
Bremen	4,235	8
Buenos Ayres.....	8,045	26
Calcutta, <i>viz</i> London.....	11,120	29
Cape Town, <i>viz</i> London.....	11,225	27
Constantinople, <i>viz</i> London.....	5,810	11
Florence, <i>viz</i> London.....	4,800	10
Glasgow	3,375	10
Greytown, <i>viz</i> New Orleans.....	2,810	7
Haifax, N. S.....	2,810	7
Hamburg	645	2
Havana	4,890	9
Hong Kong, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	1,966	3
Honolulu, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	10,590	25
Liverpool	5,645	13
London	3,540	8
London	2,740	8
Madrid, <i>viz</i> London.....	4,125	9
Melbourne, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	12,265	32
Mexico City (railroad)	2,750	7
Panama.....	2,385	7
Paris	4,020	6
Rio de Janeiro.....	6,234	23
Rome, <i>viz</i> London.....	5,034	23
Rotterdam, <i>viz</i> London.....	3,385	9
St. Petersburg, <i>viz</i> London.....	5,370	10
Shanghai, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	8,320	25
Shanghai, <i>viz</i> London.....	14,775	45
Stockholm, <i>viz</i> London.....	14,175	10
Sydney, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	11,570	26
Vaiparaiso, <i>viz</i> Panama.....	3,910	37
Vienna.....	4,740	10
Yokohama, <i>viz</i> San Francisco.....	7,345	20

DIFFERENCE IN TIME

WHEN IT IS 12 O'CLOCK NOON
IN
NEW YORK
Standard Time

IT IS AT	IT IS AT
Aden.....	Arabia..... 8 00 P. M.
Amsterdam.....	Holland..... 5 20 P. M.
Athens.....	Greece..... 6 35 P. M.
Berlin.....	Germany..... 5 54 P. M.
Bombay.....	India..... 9 51 P. M.
Bremen.....	Germany..... 5 39 P. M.
Constantinople.....	Turkey..... 6 56 P. M.
Copenhagen.....	Denmark..... 5 50 P. M.
Dublin.....	Ireland..... 4 34 P. M.
Hamburg.....	Germany..... 5 10 P. M.
Havre.....	France..... 5 00 P. M.
Hong Kong.....	China..... *12 37 A. M.
Honolulu.....	Hawaii..... 6 29 A. M.
Liverpool.....	England..... 4 48 P. M.
London.....	England..... 5 00 P. M.
Madrid.....	Spain..... 4 45 P. M.
Manila.....	Philippine Islands..... *1 04 A. M.
Melbourne.....	Australia..... *3 40 A. M.
Paris.....	France..... 5 09 P. M.
Rome.....	Italy..... 5 50 P. M.
Stockholm.....	Sweden..... 6 12 P. M.
St. Petersburg.....	Russia..... 7 01 P. M.
Vienna.....	Austria..... 6 06 P. M.
Yokohama.....	Japan..... *2 19 A. M.

*Next day.

For comparative time when twelve noon at Greenwich, see map in back of book.

WATCH AS A COMPASS

Point the hour hand of the watch to the sun, and south is exactly half way between the hour hand and the XII on the watch; e. g., assuming it is 9 o'clock, point the hour hand (indicating nine) to the sun, and the point half way between X and XI is due south; or assume that it is 4 o'clock, point the hour-hand to the sun and the figures II indicate south.



METHOD OF KEEPING TIME

ON
BOARD A SHIP

Bell	1 Bell	1 Bell
8 30 A. M.	4 30 P. M.	12 30 A. M.
9 00 " "	5 00 " "	1 00 " "
9 30 " "	5 30 " "	1 30 " "
10 00 " "	6 00 " "	2 00 " "
10 30 " "	6 30 " "	2 30 " "
11 00 " "	7 00 " "	3 00 " "
11 30 " "	7 30 " "	3 30 " "
12 00 Noon	8 00 " "	4 00 " "
12 30 P. M.	8 30 " "	4 30 " "
1 00 " "	9 00 " "	5 00 " "
1 30 " "	9 30 " "	5 30 " "
2 00 " "	10 00 " "	6 00 " "
2 30 " "	10 30 " "	6 30 " "
3 00 " "	11 00 " "	7 00 " "
3 30 " "	11 30 " "	7 30 " "
4 00 " "	12 00 Midn.	8 00 " "

SEA WATCH

Time at sea is counted in watches of four hours each and two of two hours, in order to alternate the watches, arranged as follows:

First watch.....	8 P. M.	to midnight
Middle watch.....	midnight	" 4 A. M.
Morning watch.....	4 A. M.	" 8 A. M.
Forenoon watch.....	8 A. M.	" noon
Afternoon watch.....	noon	" 4 P. M.
Dog watches.....	First, 4 P. M.	" 6 P. M.
	Second, 6 P. M.	" 8 P. M.

POINTS OF THE COMPASS

North	Southeast by East	West, Southwest
North by East	Southeast	West by South
North, Northeast	Southeast by South	West
Northeast by North	South, Southeast	West, North
Northeast	South by East	West, Northwest
Northeast by East	South	Northwest by West
East, Northeast	South by West	Northwest
East by North	South, Southwest	Northwest by North
East	Southwest by South	North, Northwest
East by South	Southwest	North by West
East, Southeast	Southwest by West	North



VELOCITY OF SOUND

In miles for intervals from one to twenty seconds, at the usual summer temperature.

Seconds	Miles	
	Seconds	Miles
1	.21	2.33
2	.42	2.54
3	.63	2.75
4	.85	2.96
5	1.06	3.18
6	1.27	3.40
7	1.48	3.61
8	1.70	3.82
9	1.91	4.03
10	2.12	4.24

The higher the temperature the faster sound travels, i. e., at freezing point sound travels 1083 feet per second, and at 100° F., 1183 feet per second.

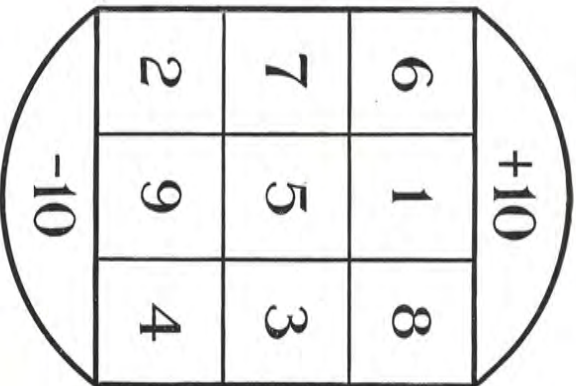
This table is for calm weather, and will be found useful to determine distance by sound between the visible phenomena (steam of a whistle or the puff of a gun) and the audible sound. Can also be used to approximate the distance of storms.

COMPARATIVE EXCHANGE VALUES

U. S. A.	England	France	Germany	Italy	Holland	Spain	Japan
\$ Cts.	£ s. d.	Fr. C.	Mks. Pr.	Lira C.	Fl. C.	Peso C.	Yen
01	1/4	5	4	5	2 1/2	5	02
02	1/2	10	8	10	5	10	04
06	3	31	25	31	15	30	12
10	5	52	42	52	24	50	20
20	10	100	85	100	48	100	40
24	12	125	100	125	60	125	48
40	20	200	160	200	96	200	80
48	24	240	192	240	120	240	96
60	30	300	240	300	160	300	120
80	40	400	320	400	213	400	160
96	48	480	384	480	256	480	192
100	50	500	400	500	270	500	200
120	60	600	480	600	336	600	240
150	75	750	600	750	420	750	300
200	100	1000	800	1000	560	1000	400
240	120	1200	960	1200	672	1200	480
300	150	1500	1200	1500	840	1500	600
360	180	1800	1440	1800	1008	1800	720
400	200	2000	1600	2000	1120	2000	800
480	240	2400	1920	2400	1344	2400	960
500	250	2500	2000	2500	1400	2500	1000

INDIA UNIT, rupee of 16 annas. 1 rupee equals 1s. 4d., or 33 cents U. S. A.
 CEYLON UNIT, rupee of 100 cents. 1 rupee equals 1s. 4d., or 33 cents U. S. A.
 EGYPT UNIT, piastre of 40 paras. 100 piastres equals £1 Eng-lish, £1 Egyptian, or \$4.86 U. S. A.
 CHINA—Here the Mexican dollar is in common use; it is worth about 2s. 1d., or 30 cents U. S. A.

SHUFFLEBOARD



Draw a diagram as above about thirty feet square.

Wooden weights are pushed from a distance of twenty-five to thirty feet with a staff having a curved end. Each one plays in turn, but nothing is scored till all have played (the same as shuffleboard played on a table) when the points indicated by the numbers in the squares occupied by the players weights are credited.

The game is to score exactly fifty. All over that number are subtracted.

Note.—The semicircles with -10 and +10 are sometimes omitted in the diagram. The diagram is arranged in the form of a Magic Square; the numbers added in each row taken vertically, horizontally or diagonally, total 15.

NIGHT SIGNALS

LINES	SIGNALS
American	Blue light forward, red light amidships, and blue light aft.
Anchor	White lantern, then a red.
Atlantic Transp't	Six ball roman candles, with green-white-red-green light.
Bristol	Blue light and two roman candles, each throwing out six blue balls.
Canard	Blue light forward, white light amidships, and red light aft.
French	Two red-white-blue lights, in quick succession, at stern.
Hamburg-Amer	Green light forward and aft, white light under the bridge.
Netherlands-Amr	Two blue-red lights, one forward, one aft.
Nor. Ger. Lloyd	Three red lights, one forward, one aft, and one amidships, simultaneously.
Red Star	One white-red, followed by one red-white light.
Scandinav.-Amer	Two green lights simultaneously.
White Star	Green Costen light followed by a red star.
N. Y. & Cuba Mail	Two blue lights, one aft, one forward.
S. S. Co.	White, red.
North'n S. S. Co	Red Costen light two minutes, then blue two minutes, followed by a red star.
Savannah	Costen light burning green, red, white, and one white-red, followed by one red-white-red light.
Pac. Coast S. S. Co.	Two white pyrotechnic lights burnt simultaneously fifty feet apart, each throwing up two red balls.
Pac. Mail S. S. Co.	Yellow pyrotechnic light and Roman candle throwing white balls, fired simultaneously.
Nip. Yusen Kaisha	Red, green, blue, stern.
Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.	Red light amidship followed by two Roman candles five green balls each. Fore and aft.
Hamburg So. Am. Prince	Blue light on bridge, followed immediately by Roman candle five blue balls.
Union Castle	Red, yellow, blue. Stern.
Hamburg West	Red, green, white, red in succession.
India	Red and blue alternately.
Navigazione Gen. Italiana	Roman candle red, white, red.
Orient Pacific	One green light forward, one Roman candle throwing three purple and three green stars.
Lampart & Holt	
New Zealand Shipping Co.	



NIGHT SIGNALS, CONTINUED

LINE	SIGNALS
Bibby	Three red, three blue, alternately.
Deutsche Ost-Afrika	Light throwing five blue balls at fore-castle, seven green balls from bridge, five red balls from stern, simultaneously.
British & African S. N. Co.	Pyrotechnic lights red one and one-half minutes, followed by green one and one-half minutes.
Canadian Pacific	Red at bow, yellow amidships and red at stern, simultaneously.
British India S. Nav. Co.	Roman candle throwing three red and white balls in succession three times from bridge.

DEPTHS OF THE SEAS

	Feet Depth		Feet Depth	
	Av.	Max.	Av.	Max.
Atlantic	12,098	23,250	730	2,130
Pacific	12,756	27,930	330	900
Indian	10,974	18,120	888	...
Arctic	5,070	16,900	216	...
Antarctic	9,000	11,850	135	...
Mediterranean	4,433	8,380	130	...

The Antarctic below Cape Horn reaches a depth of 16,300 feet, and off Cape of Good Hope, 17,100 feet. The average depth of the Bay of Biscay is 3,600 feet.

AREA OF OCEANS AND LENGTH OF SEAS

SQUARE MILES
 The Pacific covers 70,000,000; Atlantic 35,000,000; Indian 23,000,000; Southern 7,000,000; Arctic 4,000,000.

MILES LONG
 The Mediterranean Sea 2,000; Caribbean 1,800; Red 1,400; Black 932; Baltic 600.



New York to Liverpool

THE LOG
Jan. 22-28th 1913.

DATE	COURSE	POSITION	RUN	REMARKS
Wed Jan 23	Nat	N. Long.	210	10 th am. 30 th am left Co. S. P.
Thurs 23	40° 11'	56° 58'	562	Light-Strong Winds Rough Sea.
Fri. 24	40° 48'	45° 33'	530	Strong breeze Rough Sea.
Sat 25	45° 30'	35° 16'	531	Moderate gale Rough Sea.
Sun. 26	49° 13'	22° 58'	548	Fresh-light Winds Moderate Sea.
Mon 27	51° 23'	9° 13'	542	Strong winds Rough Sea.
Total Distance			2974	Nautical Miles.

The course of the ship may easily be traced on map in back of book figured from "Course," "Position" and "Run."

KNOTS AND MILES

The STATURE MILE is 5,280 feet.
The STATURE KNOT is 6,082.66 feet and is generally considered the standard. The number of feet in a statute knot is arrived at thus: The circumference of the earth is divided into 360 degrees, each degree containing 90 knots or (360x90) 32,400 knots to the circumference. 32,400 divided into 181,385.456—the number of feet in the earth's circumference—gives 6,082.66 feet—the length of a standard mile.
6 feet = 1 knot
600 feet = 1 fathom | 10 fathoms = 1 knot
1.151 miles = 1 knot

Passage - 6 days 5 hrs 52 min. 21st Speed - 23.63
Raced Run - 4 days 10 hrs 41 min. Speed 26.06

ITINERARY

Leaving Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan 3, 1913.

Chicago, Illinois	Jan. 5 - Jan. 9
Buffalo and Niagara Falls	Jan. 10 th
Boston (via New York)	Jan. 11 th - 15 th
New York (via Boston)	Jan. 16 th - 22 nd
On Board "Mauretania"	Jan. 22 nd - 28 th
Liverpool (left 22° for London)	Jan. 28 th -
London	Jan. 28 th - 30 th
Paris (via New Haven Channel & Diappa)	Jan. 31 st - Feb. 4 th
Basel, Switz.	Feb. 4 th - Feb. 5 th
Lausanne, Suisse.	Feb. 5 th - Feb. 26 th
Geneve, Suisse.	Feb. 26 th - Feb. 27 th
Lyon, France	Feb. 27 th - April 23 rd
Geneve, Lausanne, Neuchatel	April 23 rd - April 25 th
La Plaux-de-Fonds, Suisse	April 25 th -

HOTELS STOPPED AT

Chicago -

Sigma Chi House
H.J. Sears - 432 Jackson Bld
La Salle Hotel

Boston -

W.D. Stone, 29 Hastings Hall.
Cambridge. (Harvard)

New York

Imperial Hotel -
32nd & Broadway

London

"Deseret"
152 High Road.
(L.D.S. Hqrs)

Paris

Richards' Family Hotel
22 Rue Darcet

Basel, Suisse.

Rheinländer Str. No. 10.
(L.D.S. Hqrs)

Lausanne, Suisse #12 Rue Midi,
(L.D.S. Hqrs)

Geneve, Suisse.

#9 Rue Laverrier
(chez: 2 Wrights)

Lyon, France

#6 Rue Coustou.
(chez: Mme Domange)

La Plaux-de-Fonds

83 Rue Temple Allemand
(chez: M^{rs} Mme Borle)

Marestratel

La Boine 14.

Paris, France

Faubourg du Temple 49

PEOPLE MET

4
Fred R. Mosley
2915 7th Ave
Salt Lake City, Utah

Pauline Boore
Hubai Boole
Edna Boole

85 Temple Allmand, La Chaux-de-Fonds, Suisse

Margaret Jacobson
Baker Oregon

John Summerskamp.
2525 67 St

Salt Lake

Chas. J. Stokland
Richmond Utah
Paris 22 June

J. O. Soderholm

Bryham City Utah

Joe B. Stork (Vaughan Branch)
President

June name Feb. 20th 1913.

Arthur H. Wolf (Vaughan Br. Pres)
Cardston, Alberta. Canada.
Byon to 27 Nov 1913

Walter
Am. Fork, Utah (Byon 3/11/13)

(left for Naples and home March 5, 1913)

Walter
Byon

" H. R. ...
June

F. ...

Rotterdam Netherlands.

Benj. F. Howell
June name

to 9 June 1913.

Edwin E. Reedy
Lawsonville, Feb. 20th 1913.

Emma Parsons

(Tension) Middle 12

Lawsonville 26-2, 13

Wm. S. Wright (Genive Branch
President)
Bismarck, Bismarck 9, 2/25, '13.

Henry Wright
Genevieve, (Byon)

A. E. Allen.

Sale Lake. Wash.
(Byon. Feb. 28, 1913.)

DATE Sun. Jan. 5th - Thurs. Jan. 9th 1913.
 PLACE Chicago, Ill

Sun: - Visited Art Institute with Lawrence Clayton; who got me for Ann Arbor at 3:30 PM. Visited Sigma Chi House and stopped there part of the time.

Mon: - Ate lunch with William N. Brothers and Annetta Omega! Spent to Northwestern Station to meet Mrs. Mayley Anderson & Mr. J. Woodland and stopped with them at the La Salle Hotel.

Tues: "The Girl at the Gate" at La Salle Theatre. Saw: "The Girl at the Gate" at La Salle Theatre.

Wed: - Had lunch at Hotel Brewport with Mr. A. Tripp. Received guest card for Chicago University Club from Bro. Chas. Elliott, Jr. Went to "Court of Luxembourg" with Dave, Mrs. & Alex. F. Preston, and then to Fountain Room of Congress Hotel.

Thurs: - Went to Balce Music Hall and then to Congress Cafe (Cabaret) "Billie" Mayne with us. Ate at Stillsons with Dave and left over Nickel Plate for Buffalo at 2³² PM.

DATE Friday, January 10th 1913.
 PLACE Buffalo, Niagara Falls

Arrived Buffalo: 8³⁰ AM.

Went immediately to Niagara Falls over N. Y. Central & Hudson River. Saw Falls from American and Canadian sides; and went down behind them on the latter side.

Returned to Buffalo and stayed around till train time.

Departed with "Dave" for New York at 6³⁰ PM.

DATE Saturday, January 11th, 1913
 PLACE — New York & Boston —

Arrived New York 6⁴⁵ AM.

Went up Edith Ave. and over to
Wall Street, Trinity Church, Woodcock
Bldg. (highest office bldg in world: 55 stories
 750 ft high)

Took NY NH Harford R.R. for Boston
 at 12 Noon.

Arrived Boston 5³⁵ PM.

Went met at station by Mr. W. Stone,
 who took me to his room, — 29 Madison
Hall, Harvard to stay with him there.
 Went to Maryette Mahto to see
 "Hanky-Hanky" with J. Sackler
Stewart (EX. from Tafayette) and Mae

DATE Sunday, Jan 12 to Wed Jan 15th, 1913
 PLACE — Boston (continued) —

Sun: — Walked round Harvard Yards, etc., —
Cambridge Commons, Washington Stn, etc.

Visited beautiful Art Institute — and at 3 PM.
 went to Boston Grand Opera House to hear Mme
Lucia Stangorini in Concert. (Attendance: 4000)

Mon: Visited Banker Hill and climbed to top of
 monument. — from which we could see both ports
cities. Visited Old State House, Travel Hotel, Room
of Boston Museum, Old South Church, etc. Dined
 with Boston Lord Chapin and went to "Ziegfeld Follies"
Georgia Cafe.

Tues: Visited Law School, lunched at Commons as usual,
 and visited Fogg Museum, Lyding Museum, City
Trieborn Art Building of John Quincy Adams etc.
Woodcut M. in Mrs Tafayette Study Room.
 Went to "Garden of Allah"

Wed: — Went to matinee performance of "The
Mersey Boatswain". Left over NY NH Harford R.R. at
 6⁰⁰ PM taking boat "Providence" at Fall River

DATE Thurs Jan 16th - Tues Jan 21st 1913
 PLACE — New York —

Thurs: - Went on deck at 5^{AM} to witness entrance into New York Harbor. Went to Englewood Hotel to meet "Mae" and then to L.D.S. Headquarters; - Eating also. Saw Katherine Hoffman and returned to Englewood.

Friday: - Went out to wonderful good etc., at Bronx Park. The dinner with Commodore "or Mrs" Henry Allen Parsons at Hotel Seaside. Was "Oh, Oh" Helpline" at Truckers' Club's Theatre.

Sat: - Went to "Under Many Flags" at Hippodrome.

Sun: - Went to Sunday School with Norma; Saw. Got Auto and along Riverside Drive. Dined at Maxims.

Mon: - Twenty-first Birthday. ^{Jan 20th, 1913} Went out to visit

EX. Captain at Columbia and Robert Thompson Jr. Went to "The Ship" with Wats.

Tues: - Sigma Chi House for lunch. Went to "The Lady of the Shippers", and then to the Grand Prix to track the "Mauretania".
 Rat out at 1³⁰ AM.

DATE Wed Jan 22nd - Mon Jan 27th 1913
 PLACE — Voyage Across —

The Second Cabin with "Mae", "Mae's" Emma Lucy Bates, her father, Norma, Clara, Romania Apple.

Met E. N. McWilliams and J. O. Burnett two Phil. Wells plus from D. of Ohio; - booked for London Newcastle after Tour of Russia. They furnished the "cream" of the entertainment on board.

Voyage free from Sea Sickness with exception of four hours Friday.
 Sea Sough 4 of the 5+ Days.

Romania Hyde and "Mae's" sick practically all the time.

Arrived Esbjerg 8^{PM} Jan. 27th.

DATE Tues. Jan 28th, 1913
 PLACE Liverpool

Arrived Liverpool from "Mauritania"
 8 AM

Met sweetly to L.D.S. Headquarters
 with Norma, Mry, and Dave. Ellen & I
 soon arranged our transportation
 to Basel (Sole) and we left for
 London at 2³⁰ P.M., - where we
 were met at the Station by Ellen
 George Shamblain and Clyde Spence.
 Went to L.D.S. Hqrs. (Ilbert Stgk
 Road South Tottenham) where we
 stopped during our short visit in
 London.

DATE Wed. Jan. 29th - Fri. Jan. 31st, 1913.
 PLACE London

Wed: - Looktown at show district corner, and then
 to Underground to Leicester Square, and Piccadilly
 Circus (at Museum, Nelson's Monument, St. James
 Park, Trafalgar Square, etc. - Streets of Parliament,
 Westminster Abbey. Went to Great Britain Road
 from House to "The Cenotaph" (The Lee-Bury)
 Thurs: -

Waters London Bridge and Tower, via top of a
 motor tram. Went through Jewel House, Essex
 from St. John's Hall, etc. Went to Oldham.

Friday: -

Left for Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe at 10⁰⁰.
 Through across English Channel very rough (5 hrs.)
 Arrived Paris at 7⁰⁰ P.M. with nobody at station
 to meet us. Had to rely on my meagre
 knowledge of French to get us to Le Grand
 Family Hotel, 22 Rue Darcet, Place Clichy.

DATE Sat. Feb 1st - Tues. Feb. 4th 1913
 PLACE — Paris —

Sat: - Went to L.D.S. Hqrs, 49 Rue de Valenciennes du Temple and met Germain T. Garnon and Norman Sheldberg who were our "Official Paris guides". Went to lunch, ate dinner at La Grande Mayeville - and from there went to the famous "Pal Tabarin" (better by far than "Le Moulin Rouge") where one of the famous Mayeue Balls was scheduled. 2 AM.
 Sun: - Visited Pantheon, Font-Neuf over Seine, Notre Dame, Clug Museum, Hotel de Ville, Luxembourg Art Museum, and to Dallier in St. Raphael.
 "Je me rappelle très bien la belle entrée de Notre Dame, le trébuchet de Napoléon, la Pelle Napoléon Nationale, et l'ave de l'Empire, qui célèbre les grandes victoires de Napoléon et le deuxième des plus grandes galeries de peinture en Europe.

DATE — Tues. Feb 4th, 1913.
 PLACE — Paris (concluded) —

Mon: - Visited Eiffel Tower (approx 1000 ft high), with the excellent view of Paris and surroundings; - also Trocadero (whose erection of 1878 was held). Took subway to Ecole, (Nucleus of 12 beautiful boulevards, 41 Ave de Triomphe). Took Subway to Sacred Heart Cathedral, also in course of construction, \$6,000,000 having been expended already. Pal Tabarin again.

Tues: -

Gone de l'Est at Noon for Basel (Basle)
 "Celle", "Norm" and cousin "Jo", and Ellyse
 Dined at station to see us off.
 Arrived Basle at 9¹¹ PM. and went immediately to L.D.S. Hqrs. Reinhardt etc. 10⁷.
 Stayed with Paul Platt.

DATE Wednesday February 5th, 1913PLACE — Basel (Bâle) —Conference with Frs Hyrum W.

Valentine: I was transferred to the French Mission (Org Oct 15th, 1912 with E. B. Brossard-Logan-as Pres) because of my lack of the language at the Dot T. "Dave" to Hannover and "Les" to Chemnitz with "Jack" Winder.

Went over the Rhine with "Short" and "Shea" to see Delant Head, West Lindberg and Conrad St. Jensen. Took a stroll along the Rhine with a few photographs.

Station (bound for Lausanne) at 6¹⁵ PM. accompanied by "Short", "Shea", Paul Platt, Delant Head, and Elder Harris.

Arrived Lausanne 11²⁷ PM. and was met at station by Elders J. B. Stone and Elmer G. Raby. #12 Rue du Midi.

DATE Thursday February 6th, 1913PLACE — Lausanne Suisse —

Began Mission.

In the morning I took a delightful stroll with Elmer Raby down to Lac Léman (Geneva) and along the lake.

Frs Brossard and Con. Frs Golden L. Wolf (Carleton, Alta, Canada) returned from visit to La Chaux-de-Fonds, and with them I made some Saint Visits.

At "l'Etude Biblique à huit heures du soir au local" I attempted a Few Remarks in French for the edification (?) of the Saints and Friends gathered.

PLACES VISITED

DATE Thurs Feb 6th - Wed, Feb 26th 1913
 PLACE — Lausanne, Suisse —
 Pop: 65,000

Sun: 9th - Benj. F. Howells down from la Chapelle-Fonds to greet me.

Tues 11th - Fes. Rudger Clawson and Fes. Hyrum W. Leventine and wife visitors.

Wed 12th - Thurs 27th - French lessons from Sister Delphine Charlet.

Sat 22nd - Went ice-skating at Ste Catherine, - about six miles up among Prus.

Received notice to prepare to move to Lyon (Lyons), France.

It was in Lausanne that John Taylor (later President) in 1852 converted the Pastor (Supposed to be father of George Butler) of one of the prominent churches.

Art Museum, Chateau, University, etc

PLACES VISITED

DATE Wed. Feb 26th - Thurs. Feb 27th 1913
 PLACE — Geneve —
 Population: 100,000

Wed. Located lodge at #9 Rue Levrier and awaited the return of Bros. Lawrence Wright and Wm D. Wright.

Took a stroll around the town, by Lac Lemman, etc.

Thurs:

Visited John Calvin's Church built in 13th Century, containing tomb of wife of Louis 14th, etc.

Visited Calvin's Home (Destroyed, but rebuilt in 1700 of the same material.)

left for Lyon at 1³⁰ P.M. arriving at Ternache Station at 4³⁰ P.M. - and proceeding directly to #6 Rue Coustau.

PLACES VISITED

DATE Thurs Feb 27th - Thurs April 10th
 PLACE Lyons, France
 Population: 350,000

Sat March 1st: Visited one of the big silk factories with Monsieur Raymond Diebolt from whom I began taking lessons at seven each morning.
Sun March 2nd: - Visited the famous old Roman Aqueducts - five (5) miles out of Lyons - with Golden L. Wolf and H. E. Allen. On foot both ways. Strolled along "la Saône" and "le Rhône" Rivers.
Wed March 4th: - Went to « la Chaste Suzanne » (The Girl in the Taxi) with Golden L. Wolf and A. G. Hunter.

Fri, Mar 7th - "Nignonon."

Sat Mar 15th - "Faust."

Wed April 8th: - "Guillaume Tell"

Thurs April 10th - Norma Sears and her brother Motor stopped off in Lyons on their way from Rome to Paris.

PLACES VISITED

DATE Sun April 13th - Wed April 23rd
 PLACE Lyons, France

Sun April 13th: With H. E. Allen, I passed the afternoon and evening at Bourgoin - with Monsieur Louis Barranger, wife and friends.
 (Bourgoin is a small town of about 8000, 32 miles east of Lyons)



Wed April 23rd: Left for Genève at 7²⁵ AM, - arriving there at 12¹⁵ PM. (Noon). Met at Station by Benj. F. Howells & Lawrence P. Wright.

Wea. SAT. MAY 31, 1913 Ther.

In the evening called on
Julia at #60 Rue des Bebes,
and together we went to the
"Bullier" (in the Latin Quarter).

[L.C.L. 5; u 15 -]

Returned home 1 AM.

Wea. SUN. JUNE 1 Ther.

Priesthood Meeting - 10:00

Dinner "Chartier" - 12:30

Returned to write to F.C.
Missionary visitor from Sweden.

Lined up with "Norm" at
"Opera-Bonique" for Mignor (2p).
Wonderful presentation.

Had little sport with
deux demoiselles françaises,
qui étaient assises devant
nous.

Home 12:30

Wea. MON. JUNE 2, 1913 Ther.

Received message from Callister
party (Mrs. E.H. Callister daughter "Mary"
and Irene, niece Letta, Sarah
Keddington "Dave" Egmann and sister
Hazel) that they had arrived night
previous, and asking for someone to
show them about city. Took AT Bus to
Place de l'Opera, then to Place de la
Concorde, Champs-Élysées, Pont Alexandre
III, Les Invalides, Tombeau de Napoleon,
Tour Eiffel, Tricadéro, - bus back to
Galeries Lafayette, returned to Hotel
Agur (#5 Rue de Lyon) to clean up. Ate
at Chartier, and went to production
of "Blome" at Grand Opera 1:30 AM.

Wea. ~~ASTORIA~~ TUESDAY 3 Ther.

Took train at Gare de Lyon, going
directly to Bernard des Bains. Facade
Sorbon (Church in which is Richieu's tomb)
Pantheon (mosaic ceiling and wonderful
dome) Luxembourg Gardens and Museum.
Dinner at hotel near the Louvre.
Museum and Galeries of the Louvre,
afterwards to the Dept. Store "Au Louvre"
for on-hour's shopping.

Back to Hotel Agur. "How" and
I ate at Chartier, dropped in at
Pathé Freres to hear a couple of
records, and went out to
"Maggie City".

Stayed with "Dave" at Hotel.
1:30 AM

Wea. WED. JUNE 4, 1913 Ther.

All had breakfast at Hotel, and "cleared out", - taking under ground at Gare de Lyon for Gare du Nord. Off for Palais at 10:00 A.M.

Returned to office and ate dinner at the "Round Table".

Wea. THURSDAY 5 Ther.

Dropped over to "Grande Taverne" on Montmartre to have a soft drink and listen to a little ~~music~~ music.

Wea. FRI. JUNE 6, 1913 Ther.

Went to Opera Comique to witness production of "Louise", - the most charming opera I have heard to date.

Had a cute little French girl in between Bro. Salisbury and myself that she might see better and follow the opera by the aid of our "score".

(Lined up at six fifteen and got pretty good 75¢ seats.)

Wea. SATURDAY 7 Ther.

Wea. SUN. JUNE 8, 1913 Ther.

Priesthood Meeting - 10⁰⁰
Subject from Selwage's "Articles
of Faith."

Article X. All took part

Winner at Charter. Prof
Edwin Fletcher of A.C.U. who
is here studying art, ate with us.

"Jardin des Tuleries" for
etc. of military preparatory
schools and societies.
"Place de la Concorde", "Champs
Elysees", etc. Lots of "class" out

Wea. MONDAY 9 Ther.

Bro. Brossard returned from
Amiens, where he had gone to
straighten out trouble with local
authorities. Bros. Thodley and L.
P. Wright had been arrested for
tramping, having been objected to as
disturbers of peace. Pres. B. arranged
with mayor for resumption of work.

Julia Mrs. Mrs. Newcomb,
"Nona" and I spent very
pleasant evening at "Magic
City". Gala night for Tango.

Wea. TUES. JUNE 10, 1913 Ther.

Correspondence in an
attempt to locate an ex-
change of lessons.

Took in two cinemas
with N.A.D.

Had bad spell of
asthma.

Wea. WEDNESDAY 11 Ther.

Received two replies
concerning change of lessons,
but "nothing doing" owing to
early approach of exams.

Took a stroll down to
Luxembourg Museum and
Gardens, returning at 6 P.M.

Wea. THUR. JUNE 12, 1913 Ther.

Worked on books
all day.

Wea. SAT. JUNE 14, 1913 Ther.

Nice shower, "comme d'habitude"

E. George Chamberlain
and H.C. Hunter dropped
in after lunch. George
on way home from London
Office, after a wonderful
1 1/2 months trip through
Belgium, Holland, Germany,
Switz, and Italy.

Took subway to Place de
Jules Joffrin to look up
Maurice Robinson, 81 Rue du Mont Cenis
who wished to exchange. (Paschez also).

Wea. FRIDAY 13 Ther.

Working on books.

Wea. SUNDAY 15 Ther.

Priesthood Meeting - 10^{AM}. (Presided)

Dinner Chartier: (E.B. W.D.V., Chamberlain,
Hunter, Sals and G.W.W.)

Took E. George Chamberlain and
H.C. Hunter to Grand Palais to see
1913 Salon. (Wonderful exhibition of
sculpture and painting).

Met "Sals" at 7³⁰, ate supper at
"La Grande Maxéville" (L. Asti) 2⁵⁰

Went out to Fête at Neuilly.
Some mobs (1.5 Sport or so).

Lined up at 6⁰⁰ PM
with Mr. Salisbury for
"Werther" (Ballet Gala after)

Tenor: Boyle
Sopranos: - Mlle. Brothie
Excellent.

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Worked on books.

Took lesson from 5³⁰-7³⁰.
(First hour French, - second English)
Arranged for another lesson
Saturday, June 21st from 3³⁰-5³⁰.
Met George, H.C.H., N.H.E. at
place de l'Opera, and then went
to "La Grande Maxville" for supper.
(Nous tous avons bu de la bleue.)
Supper on George and N.H.E. Head
waiter gave me four tickets to the
"Bol Fabarin" so we put them to
good use.
Good souvenirs of the evening.

Called on Mlle Robichon to ar-
range exchange of lessons and re-
mained from 6³⁰ till 7⁴⁰.
Met George Chamberlain, H.C.
Hunter and Normi at "Place de
l'Opera" (1.00). Went out
to "Magic City" (1.00).
"The Usual Tale"
Paris x 1500, 2000 francs
- 1.00

Took the underground to Neuilly
to find Sœur Delphine Charlet at
14 Rue du Midi, but she had just
left for the office.
Had dinner with "Beth"
Cousworth and Sister Steele (London)
at Hotel de Londres et de Milan.
Took them both out to Magic
City. (1.00)
Hunter and Chamberlain
off for London at noon
(Clare au Nord).

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Cinematograph with
N. H. Salisbury

Three visiting Elders
on way home. All released
from Swiss-German
Commission on account of
sickness.

Lesson. (7³⁰. 9³⁰)

Went to Roberts Drug
Store (Rue de la Vierge) to
enquire for a specialist
on asthmatic trouble, and
was referred to Professor
Chauffard, - 72 Rue St. Simon.

Arranged with him for a
consultation at "L'Hopital
St. Antoine", 184 Rue du Faubourg
Saint Antoine, at 10 A.M. Friday.

Took a stroll in evening
after having ice cream in Amer.
Quarters (Latan) with ^{Miss} Sister (Salt Lake)
Patterson for F.C. wife. ^{Her nephew - Claude.}

Examination at "L'Hopital
Saint Antoine" per appointment
consultation with four French
doctors and Professor Chauffard.
Thoroughly examined, and given
prescription. Probably my
asthmatic trouble has been in-
duced by trouble with the
nose and larynx.

Note to F.C. enclosing
4 pictures of modes at Longchamp
25 June 1913.

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Wea. WED. JULY 2, 1913 Ther.

Still busy on Quarterlies

Took a short stroll up
Boulev. with N.H.D. (Hair
cut, shave, etc)

Made postal to Curtis Hawley,
fixing time for Friday night -
also "carte-lettre" to exchange
& explaining inability to exchange
lessons during short time.

Received card and letter
from Bish. Watson, at Coln.

Asthma still clinging on!!

Wea. THURSDAY 3 Ther.

Working on reports
"comme d'habitude".



Wea. FRI. JULY 4, 1913 Ther.

Pres. Crossard left for Con-
ference of Holland Mission, tour
of German Mission with Pres. E. Hoff
Genson and Pres. H. W. Valentine, to
be followed by tour of French Mission
and conferences. To be away till about
Sept. 1st. This of course left me in
direct charge of Mission affairs for
two months. (Summer days back from Lyon)

With Curtis B. Hawley, Hamel of
Spencer, "Palo", "Jack" Hammerhays,
had a nice dinner at "La Grande
Marseville" followed by "Sal
Sabarin". (1 or 2 = 3 Engle)

- Bella Mears -

Wea. SATURDAY 5 Ther.

Elders Noall, Burton
and Lake visiting from England.
Bro. Yates (Emma Lucy's brother) still
in Paris.

Had supper at
"Chartier" with "Curt" & "Dan",
Norm and Jack. Had
attack of asthma.

Went to Gare de l'Est
to see Dr. Hawley & Spencer.
Borrowed 1914 "Attonian"
from "Curt".

Wea. THUR. JULY 10, 1913 Ther.

All in from
Asthma.

Bro. Jos. B. O'Hara
arrived from Lausanne
to take the Paris
Branch.

Wea. FRIDAY 11 Ther.

Wea. SAT. JULY 12, 1913 Ther.

Went down to Boulevard
de l'Opera to purchase
some books, music, etc.
(by F. G. L.)

Celebration for the
fourteenth began in earnest
all of the streets and boulevards,
and especially the
"places" were decorated in
"Gala" style. In front of
all the large "terrasses"
cafes on the boulevards and
at the corner or centre of each
"place" was an orchestra for
dance music, and everyone danced.

Wea. SUNDAY 13 Ther.

Sudden change of weather
left me with a bad attack
of asthma and I didn't
get up until one-thirty.
Walked over to Puleries
Chryseus etc. and during
the afternoon bought some
art to take home -
having received a telegram
from Pres Grossard to
make immediate ar-
rangements to sail
directly home.

Walked over to Hotel
de Ville to watch the cele-
bration.

Wea. MON. JULY 14, 1913 Ther.

The Big Day

By seven thirty AM, 500,000 people had gathered at Longchamp to witness the review and "Levée des trapeaux". Seven military aeroplanes and three dirigibles took part in the manoeuvres.

In the evening walked over to Hotel de Ville again but was all in and returned home.

Bad attacks of Asthma

Wea. TUESDAY 15 Ther.

Received letter from Mrs. Grossard confirming his telegram. Acknowledges the same telling him I had arranged booking on Allan liner "Cordouan" departing July 23rd.

Telegram read:

"Make immediate arrangements to sail direct Salt Lake"

Wea. WED. JULY 16, 1913 Ther.

Bad attacks of Asthma

Arranging things for homeward journey.

Wea. THURSDAY 17 Ther.

Spent to matinee performance of "L'ami Fritz" at Opera Comique with Mr. Salisbury. Excellent drama.

Did a little shopping

g g g g g
Wea. Fri. JULY 18, 1913 Ther.

Very bad attacks of Asthma. Impossible to get more than a couple hours rest during entire night.

In afternoon bought a "Cote-Bonheur" for Edna in the Faubourg - 16 francs

Bought a couple of "Toys" for Mobern & "Dad"

Wea. SATURDAY 19 Ther.

Arose at four o'clock after sleepless night. Dressed and stopped in an all-night cafe for a couple of cups of coffee and some fruit. Walked to Liberty's American Drug Store, Rue de la Paix, but couldn't get anything. Some luck at other drug stores.

Bought box for F. C. at Galerie Lafayette - 45 francs also collar 6 fr 90 and a whip for Allen.

Wrote to "Dad" and Clere announcing my release.

Wea. SUN. JULY 20, 1913 Ther.

Yes.
~~Evening fete at the Bassin de Neptune, Versailles, fireworks.~~

Priesthood Meeting at 10 AM
Dinner at Chartier with Brothers Calvin E. Fletcher, Prof. Hart, A.C.U., and Salisbury, Wright, and Storrs.

Returned to 49 Fbg du Temple to pack trunk and get ready for voyage.

Took train at Gare St. Lazare for Versailles (27 fr 20) for evening fete at Bassin de Neptune. Bad attack of asthma.

Wea. MONDAY 21 Ther.

Left Gare St. Lazare at 10 AM arriving at Dieppe at 12:20. Left Dieppe on boat Dieppe at 1:30 arriving at Newhaven three hours later. Arrived at Chatorial Station, London 6:15 PM. going directly to "Deseret." Pres. Stewart Eccles and wife in charge. Leaver, Millis, Filhison, & Perry.

Had a very bad night.

Wea. TUES. JULY 22, 1913 Ther.

Asthma and more of it!

Left for Liverpool at 12¹⁵ (12) going by way of Sheffield, Galley Junction, etc. Arrived at Liverpool at 6⁴⁰ P.M. and went directly to "Durham House". Orval St. Adams, Docy, Fred C. Shoolley. Stayed at Stott's Lord Nelson Hotel. Ate at 295 Edge Lane, guest of L. H. G.

Wea. WEDNESDAY 23 Ther.

Another sleepless night.
Shaved and took emigration party up to meeting at 295 Edge Lane. With Jas. P. Shoolley and P. J. Peck given charge of party of 27.

Ate lunch at Hogers.

On board Steamer "Corsican" at 4²⁰ P.M., debarking at six. Cabin No. 140 with P. J. Peck and Frogley.

Assigned places at table and had dinner at 6⁴⁵ P.M. Retired at 9²⁰ feeling "all in".

To Noon - 283 Miles.

Wea. THUR. JULY 24, 1913 Ther.

Arose at seven o'clock to take a delightful ocean bath as a substitute for sleep. Breakfast at 8 o'clock. ~~He~~ Rented deck chair and rug (6/-).

Began reading "Les Anges gardiens" by Marcel Prevost.

Went ground under side of the Isle of Man, and around coast of Ireland.

Wea. FRIDAY 25 400 Mi. Ther

Still asthmatic.
Beautiful weather.
Reading on deck.

385 Miles

Wea. SAT. JULY 26, 1913 Ther.

Foggy weather began.
Met A. Barrow of
Buffalo, N.Y.

Very bad nights.

285 Mi.

Wea. MON. JULY 28, 1913 Ther.

Still losing time
on account of fog.
Cold disagreeable
weather.

Bad attacks of
asthma.

Passed an Iceberg

363 Mi.

Wea. SUNDAY 27 Ther.

Sea growing little
rough and table
attendance falling off.

Still foggy.

Stopped for about
eight or ten hours.

Got some medicine
from ship doctor
but failed to get any
relief from it.

240 Mi.

Wea. TUESDAY 29 Ther.

Stopped practically all
night on account of fog.

Stopped again in
afternoon and evening
very heavy fog along
the coast of Newfoundland.

Past about six fishing
snacks. (sailing).

Finished "Les Anges
gardiens" — Very clever plot
though decidedly French in
spirit and morals.

Up practically all Monday
night with asthma.

Wea. WED. JULY 30, 1913 Ther.

Up again nearly all night with asthma.

Wrote letters in French to Mlle Nadège Robichon (Paris exchange for lessons), Julia Dix, 65 Rue des Ecoles, and Norman H. Salisbury, 12 Rue du Midi, Lausanne, Suisse.

Wrote to Fred R. Woolley.

Wea. THURSDAY 31 Ther.

Entrance into Gulf of St. Lawrence, passing the island of Anticosta.

Beautiful weather.

Wea. FRI. AUG. 1, 1913 Ther.

Steaming up St. Lawrence River. Reached Quebec during night and put out for Montreal at 7³⁰ AM.

Beautiful view of the banks on both sides. Superb sunset.

Arrived Montreal docks at 9 AM and immediately disembarked to pass Canadian Customs.

Returned to boat for the night and breakfast next morning.

On deck all night - Asthma. Telegraphed Father.

Wea. SATURDAY 2 Ther.

Breakfast at 6 AM.

Took auto-bus to C.P.R. Station and passed heavy luggage through U.S. Customs.

Left over Canadian Pacific for ~~Montreal~~ Toronto at 10 AM in private chair car. Mr. Storey, C.P.R. apt. took care of us in fine shape.

Arrived Toronto 7¹⁰ PM. Our car put on Buffalo train.

Arrived Buffalo 11²⁰ PM and left for Chicago at 2⁵⁰ AM. over Nickel Plate.

Wea. SUN. AUG. 3, 1913 Ther.

Passed through Cleveland Ohio, and cities of Indiana etc. Arrived Chicago 5²⁰ P.M. Called up Sears. Norma was out, but by time of my second call she had returned. Henry Moyle and "Dick" Young (R.O. Jr.) came down to station bringing some French anti-asthmatic cigarettes.

Had a hair cut.

Left for Omaha at 11 P.M. taking Pullman on account of my condition (Party had private chair car)

Wea. MONDAY 4 Ther.

On the Chicago Great Northern to Omaha, arriving there at 4 P.M.

Left for Salt Lake City over Union Pacific at 4³⁰ P.M. Private chair car for Party.

Wea. TUES. AUG. 5, 1913 Ther.

Arrived Cheyenne 9⁵⁰ AM. and left again at 11²⁰ AM.

Had attacks of asthma

Wea. WEDNESDAY 6 Ther.

Arrived Ogden 6⁵⁰ AM. De Yong family and Henry Frogley got off. Left for Salt Lake nearly one hour late.

Mother, Father and Frank at Station in auto.

Took bath and met Father at Desert Gymnasium at one o'clock. Began daily massage treatment.

Examination of nose by Dr. Abraham. In good condition. Thorough examination by Dr. Clarence Jones. Palpitation of heart. Had. Cost. 2.60.

Wea. THUR. AUG. 7, 1913 Ther.

Arose at "Custom Lodge"
after bad night.

Went down canyon
with Franks in Delia Roadster.
Another treatment by Dr.
Inoid and also at Gym.

Called at Hotel Utah
Souvenir Co. and talked
with Carmen till Florence
returned from music lesson.
Went riding rest of afternoon
in Roadster.

Started up Canyon on train
Had an awful cramp on way
up.

Wea. FRIDAY 8 Ther.

Arose at ten after an
excellent night.

Wea. SAT. AUG. 9, 1913 Ther.

Wea. SUNDAY 10 Ther.

London.
Haffer, John S. (185) London City and
Midland Bk.

Dr. R. L. Byrnes, U. of U.

John R. Winder 3/5/13
Chemnitz i/c
Gieszer Str. 47^E bei Herzog. 7/18/13
Reed G. Thimmes, Co. Baltimore
Forestry School, Sarmstadt Ger.
Heidebergerstr. 7. Reply 3/3/13. 2/19/13

Safayette Lentz Butler, Suite 43,
888 Massachusetts Ave.,
Cambridge, Mass.

W. L. Stone, 29 Hastings,
Harvard University, 7/10/13
Cambridge, Mass.

Clifford Parker
50 East 13th So Street?
Salt Lake County, Utah.

Alex P. Preston, 1432 Jackson Bl.,
Chicago, Ill. 2/10/13

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

Basel Switzerland,
Rheinlander St. No. 10-1.

William (Billie) Haugh
Chicago, Ill. 70 A.P. Preston
1457 Jackson Blvd.

Louis Schene, EX
370 N. 120 St. New York
C. L. V. x

Mr. Heber S. Cummings 1/27/13
757 First Ave. S.L.C. Utah

Norma Kopernikus 2/11/13
Akersberger Str 64 E. 2/24/13
Nürnberg

17th of March

"Collie" Cannon 2/6/13
"Hub" Snow 2/5/13

18 Rue
18 rue d'Hauteville

A. V. V. x

Madame Henriette (?)
70, Rue du Château-d'Eau,
Paris.

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

Newman
Le Polignas
8 Rue Colbert

J. J. McCallan
Regensburger Str. 31,
70 Rasch,
Berlin, Germany.

Richard's Family Hotel,
22 Rue Darget,
Place Clisby, Paris.

Collins Tele Cannon 2/6/13
77 E Street 2/5/13

Salt Lake City
(Mimi's and Jantia's friend)

Joe B. Steers

Réunions tous les dimanches
à 8 heures du soir France
derrière la rue des Jumelles, 2

LAUSANNE

M. H. Anderson 2/7/13
Chemnitz, Germany.
Vetter Str. 24 E.

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

David I. Stoddard, 7/7/13
Warmsbückerstr 19, II
Hannover, Germany

Theo. A. Amussen, (7/20/1911)
Untere Ende Str. 7 II
Plauen 2/v.

Georgius V. Cannon, 7/18/13
Kupferschmiede Str. 19 II
(bei Bannert) Breslau 5/25/13

Bong. J. Howells.

O. Leland Lead, 7/14/13
Mast Lindsay, III
Kardener Str. 35
Basel, Switz.

Logan Morris
Bombarmerland Str. 48
Frankfurt - 2/m.

Lawrence P. Wright, Geneva
Glorien, (35 rue de la Paix,) 3/5/13
Geneve. La Chaux-de-Fonds.

Geo. M. Matson, 6/28/13 2/1/13
Kurven Str. 34 III
Zürich IV
7/2/13.

"Bal Tabarin" Feb. 1, 1913.

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

Simone Thiollier
16 Rue Henri Moitte
(Paris) (Seine)

Suzanne Leveque
76 Boulevard
De Chilly
Paris

Mrs. Peggy Walker
11 Rue de la
American Express
Paris

Mimi - 7 rue de
Mon Louis Bonaparte
Paris

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

Bullier (Latin Quarter)
Feb. 2, 1913

~~Horvath~~ 11 rue Jacob

Granita 11 rue

Geneve. —

#9 Rue Levrier

Qui est ce ~~qui est~~

Mlle Helphine Charlet, 2/6/10
Lausanne, Suisse.

CHURCH MISSION
ADDRESSES

Date

Cts.

For the convenience of travelers, the Deseret News gives herewith the addresses of the various missions of the Church where this paper will always be found on file, and where travelers will receive courteous attention:

New York City—33 West 126th Street.

Chicago—110 South Paulina St.

San Francisco—724 Broderick St.

Los Angeles—423 West Tenth St.

Denver—622 West Sixth Ave.

Tram to
Place des Terreaux
R. D'Alle Monnaie. #33.

M. Raymond Siebolt
#3 Place Gerson III.
Lyon, France.

ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

Bullier (Latin Quarter)
Feb. 2, 1913

~~Granita~~ 11 rue Jacob

Granita 11 rue

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Denver—622 West Sixth Ave.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—711 Fairview Ave.

Portland, Or.—264 E. Twenty-fifth street, P. O. Box 295.

Independence, Mo.—302 South Pleasant St.

Mexico — 1-A Calle de Santa Maria, La Redonda No. 23, Mexico, D. F.

London—"Deseret," 152, High road, South Tottenham, London, N., England.

Liverpool, England — Durham House, 295 Edge Lane.

Bristol, England—16 Westborne Road, Easton.

Birmingham—23 Booth street, Handsworth, Birmingham, England.

Irish Conference—14 Thorndale Avenue, Belfast.

Basel, Switzerland — Rheinlander St. No. 10-1.

Copenhagen—Korsgade 11.

Stockholm, Sweden — Svartensgatan, 3.

Honolulu—Punchbowl St. P. O. Box 410.

Tokio, Japan — 81 Yakujima Machi, Ushigome Ku.

Toronto, Canada—600 Gerrard St., E.

Rotterdam, Holland—Crosswijkschesingel, No. 7 B., Rotterdam.

New Zealand—Queen and Esk streets, or Scotia Place, Box 72, Auckland, N. Z.

Australia — 19 Pemell street, Newton, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.

Samoa Mission—Pesega, Upolu, Samoa.

African Mission—No. 7 Bridge St., Woodstock, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Boston—27 St. Botolph street.

French—49 Rue de Faubourg du Temple, Paris, France.

CASH ACCOUNT—MARCH

Date

Received

9th One Bible
 14th Un Chapeau
 3 books

10 —
 8 —
 10 —

CASH ACCOUNT—MARCH

Date

Paid

CASH ACCOUNT—APRIL

Date

Francis
Received

12 Pocket Kodak (Kerman) 58—

CASH ACCOUNT—APRIL

Date

Paid

CASH ACCOUNT—MAY

D. Date

figures

3 Consultation - Doctor

2 —

8 Medicinal ^{Asthma 2.35}
^{Bronchitis 2.30}
 Consultation - Doctor -

4 65

4 —

70 Tucker's Asthma Remedy

83 —

CASH ACCOUNT—MAY

Date

Paid

CASH ACCOUNT—JUNE

Date		Received	
		fr.	cent
1	Expenses for m. Hedges and oil cloths	8	-

CASH ACCOUNT—JUNE

Date		Paid	
		fr.	cent
	Due from:—		
	Melvin L. Morris (Pd)	5	50
	Benj. F. Howells (Pd)	12	50
	Wm. Salisbury (Pd 4/6/13)	10	-
	L. P. Wright	5	-
	"Howe" Cannon (Pd 4/6/13)	5	-
	J. H. Dunmore (Pd)	10	-
		300	
	Allowance	43	60
	Cash from office		300
	Allowance to Liverpool	43	60
			856

CASH ACCOUNT—JULY

Date

Received
Francis C. C.

✓ Safety Razor Blades
Shave, hair cut

5 50

1 50

CASH ACCOUNT—JULY

Date

Paid

"Il ne m'aime plus" Lausanne
 (Girl in night dress wrapping up letter)
 SUMMARY

D:	Received	Paid
Cash on hand Jan. 1		
JANUARY		
FEBRUARY		
MARCH		
APRIL		
MAY		
JUNE		
JULY		
AUGUST		
SEPTEMBER		
OCTOBER		
NOVEMBER		
DECEMBER		
Total		
Balance to new account		

"Petit Concert" par N. Kani (19^e siècle)
 "Les petits pêcheurs" par Mlle Ade Samblas
 "Portrait d'enfant" par Ant. Schöner (20^e s.)
 (Beautiful).
 "La confiance mal placée" par J.B. Sin. (19^e)
 (Young girl cupid).
 "Portrait de femme" par Ant Schöner (19^e)
 "Le moulin à eau" par M.P. Hobbema (1638-1709)
 Louvre, Paris.
 "Le retour dans la ferme" (détail) par -
 Const. Troyon (1810-1865) Louvre.
 "Brodeuse" par F. Soulacoix (19^e) Beautiful girl.
 "L'Amour, chef d'orchestre" par A. Gill (19^e)
 (Cupid leading birds - songs.)
 "L'âge de l'innocence" par J. Reynolds (1773-42)
 National Gallery, Londres. - 1128
 "Les Adieux" par B. Giuliano (19^e)
 Musée Municipal, Turin.
 "En voulez-vous?" par F.A. Charodeau (19^e)
 (Girl offering berries from her basket)
 "Capriccio" par V. Corcos (19^e) (A flirt.)
 "Surprise" par A. Fassati (19^e) Children
 Galerie Brera, Milan - 1934 waiting to
 surprise parent.
 "L'hiver" par H. J. Burgers (19^e) (Girl before mirror
 in front of mirror)
 "Sappho" par St. Le Loup (19^e)
 "Printemps" par F. Fabbi (19^e) Girls, etc.
 "Curiosité" par G. Filola (19^e) (Girl looking over
 shoulder of writer)

"Love is not getting, but giving, not a wild dream of pleasure, and a madness of desire - oh, no, love is not that - it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living - yes, love is that and is the best thing in the world, and the thing that lives longest." Henry Van Dyke.

17. Baul-L
10 Books
23
53

~~6849~~
6839 mgpde.

"Amours en Chasse"
par J. Richomme (19^e siècle)
(7' 2' 2' 7' x)

"Portrait de Boniface Amerbach"
par H. Holbein le jeune (1497-1533)
Galerie Pale. (7' 2' 6' x)

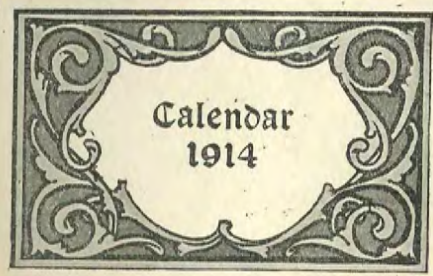
"Déclaration" par J. Soubacroy (19^e siècle)
Galerie Pisani Florence (1309) (7' x)
(Proposal)

"Jeux d'amour" par Ch. Chaplin (19^e siècle)
(Girl 2' 7')

"Lucrèce et Sextus Tarquin"
par A. Cabanel (19^e siècle)
(Girl wearing 'lover).

"Félicitations" par G. Muzzioli (19^e siècle)
Galerie Pisani Florence (Girl 1' 7' x)

"Au théâtre" par H. Schlessinger (19^e siècle) Girl
"La Madeleine" par Carlo Folci (1616-1686) Opera House



1914.							1914.						
SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
							JULY						
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
							8	9	10	11	12	13	14
							15	16	17	18	19	20	21
							22	23	24	25	26	27	28
							29	30	31				
							AUGUST						
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
							8	9	10	11	12	13	14
							15	16	17	18	19	20	21
							22	23	24	25	26	27	28
							29	30	31				
							SEPT'R.						
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
							8	9	10	11	12	13	14
							15	16	17	18	19	20	21
							22	23	24	25	26	27	28
							29	30	31				
							OCT'R.						
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
							8	9	10	11	12	13	14
							15	16	17	18	19	20	21
							22	23	24	25	26	27	28
							29	30	31				
							NOV'R.						
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
							8	9	10	11	12	13	14
							15	16	17	18	19	20	21
							22	23	24	25	26	27	28
							29	30	31				
							DEC'R.						
							1	2	3	4	5	6	7
							8	9	10	11	12	13	14
							15	16	17	18	19	20	21
							22	23	24	25	26	27	28
							29	30	31				

"Danse orientale" par F. B. Bertier (19^e)
"Féerie amoureuse" par A. Jami (19^e)
(Grand old man and old lady.)
Galerie Pisani, Florence - 1353