

Hammerfest, Norway
March 6, 1949
Sunday Evening

Dear Mom and Dad,

After a semi-rough, seven-hour trip on the fjords of northern Norway our 40-foot converted scout-boat tied up at the Hammerfest pier yesterday afternoon. We two vacationists were returning from a three-day visit in Alta, Land of the Laplanders, where we had witnessed one of the most interesting events I have ever seen.

Our trip had its beginning Tuesday evening when we boarded the 200-foot "Rendy," a local boat which works the north-Norway milk route. At 6:30 Wednesday morning, after a stuffy night, we found ourselves in the settlement of Bossekop, a section of the Alta district. The weather was clear, but cold, and the sun's rays were just beginning to rise over the horizon. We found our way to the "Turist-hotellet" where we had made reservations. It was quite nicely located on the top of a pine-covered hill, a new building with steam heat, clean rooms, running hot and cold water, and a pleasant skier's atmosphere. The pine-trees surprised us even more than the nice hotel, for in Hammerfest the mountains are absolutely barren.

We got settled at the hotel and inquired as to information about when the Lapps came down from the mountains and where we could meet them. Those at the hotel understood that they would come Wednesday afternoon, so several of us took off in a cab and headed for the "Gargia Fjellstue," a small skier's lodge where the Lapps gather when they first come down from their huts in the mountains. We were disappointed when we arrived and found none of them in sight, but we learned from the caretaker that they would be there "for sure" on Thursday.

After a morning of tracking on Thursday we again joined three other Oslo people and took a taxi 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, "Here come some more." 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 peoples 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, and 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 language (It resembles Finnish I believe) and watched them pull large bones and chunks of reindeer-meat out of their 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 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 an interesting sight to see about 200 reindeer in ~~herd~~ like that.

The show was "over" at Gargia, so we headed back for the hotel where we spent an enjoyable evening speaking English with some Oslo people and telling them of our work.

The Lapps spent the night at the Gargia Fjellstue and came into town (a few barracks) Friday morning to trade and sell their skins and meat with the merchants. Instead of gathering outside as the custom had been before, the Lapps played hard-to-get. Those who wanted to trade with them had to visit them in the homes 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 and a few other items from home. These we thought the Lapps would go crazy over. Our first stop was at a little shack where a Lapp was staying whom I had spoken with the day before (nearly all of them spoke pretty good Norwegian). He was very obliging offering to let us take pictures of each other dressed up in Lapp outfits, which was very nice of him. After bargaining with him a few minutes to no avail with the "Amerikanske" food, I bought a pair of reindeer-skin shoes (called "skalaer") which the Lapps wear outside in the winter time. They're 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 journeyed on to other houses. During our travels 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 "skalaer" for \$5.00 and two pounds of sugar. While trading with another one, I pulled out a package of chocolate cigarettes which Marilyn had sent me for Christmas. 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, yak, yak, yak!" They thought it was quite funny.

After being out all day we returned to the hotel, donned our newly bought "skalaer" and spent the evening lounging around the hotel conversing with some of the other guests there, and listening to a re-broadcast of the "Storting" discussion as to whether or not Norway should take part in the North Atlantic Alliance discussions.

Saturday morning we rose at 6:30 and walked down to the pier to catch our fast little boat for Hammerfest. It had really been an enjoyable stay and we were a little sorry to have it come to an end, but we wanted to get back to our work in Hammerfest. The weather had been perfect; the sun was out bright and clear every day, but the temperatures were low (usually around -20 C). As long as it's clear and there is no wind, we call it perfect weather. = -4°3

A stack of mail was awaiting us when we arrived at the Hartvigsen's. Among the letters I found yours of the 20th, and also notices that there were three packages at the toll office for me. One from Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt, one from "Williams, Gritton & Wilde," and one from "G. W. Williams;" something to look forward to tomorrow.

I guess I'll never live down that accident on "E" street. Every time I hear anything from Doug he has to mention that "E' Street culvert." Also in your letter was a question about how long I thought I'd be in Hammeffest. As yet we haven't heard anything about our Spring Conference, but I imagine it will take place in one of the northern cities sometime in April.

We've had a couple of weeks of beautiful weather. I hope it continues and I hope that by now you're having some sunny days.

Love,

Clayt.

April 6, 1950

Dear Clayt:

You'll be just as surprised as we were when we received a telegram yesterday morning, advising that the "Saturnia" was being taken out of service for repairs, and would not make the west-bound crossing from Naples April 6th, nor the following east-bound, leaving New York April 19th, as we have been scheduled for so many months.

We immediately tried to book passage on another ship which would meet the definite schedule which we made up as long ago as January 1, 1950, but there wasn't a chance. Obviously, the only thing left to do was to make arrangements to "fly", - to arrive in Naples on or before April 29th so that we would not upset your plans nor the hotel reservations we made long ago. We didn't have any luck yesterday, but we just a few minutes ago received word from Paul C. Child, manager of the Salt Lake City office of American Express Company, that he has lined up for us passage on the Pan-American Boeing "Stratocruiser" leaving New York, Wednesday, April 26th at 4 P.M., flying straight across non-stop to London, arriving the next morning at 9:35 A.M. We'll spend that day in London, leaving the same evening at 11:44 P.M. on B.E.A. (British European Airlines) for Rome, ~~leaving~~ Rome, Friday, April 28th at 5:05 A.M.

Obviously, we haven't time to get a confirmation of hotel reservation in Rome, so we may decide to take the train on down to Naples that same day, which will put us in Naples one day earlier than scheduled. We do not know exactly when you expect to be in Rome, so we'll have to leave it this way. When you get to Rome, we would suggest that you contact General Manager A. Armanni of the Hotel Excelsior, leaving word with him as to your plans. It was he who wrote to us December 31, 1949 confirming our hotel reservation for May 2-5 inclusive. If we miss you April 28 in Rome, we'll meet you that night or the next day in Naples at the Hotel Excelsior, whose manager, G. A. Baccalin confirmed on January 2, 1950 our reservation for the period April 29 - May 1 inclusive. Then, according to the itinerary which we mailed to you January 1, 1950, we'll take the train back to Rome some time Tuesday, May 2.

It is unnecessary to tell you that we did not dare attempt to revise our itinerary, hotel reservations, etc., to accommodate any later crossing by ship. We have been warned time and again that the heavy travel of "Holy Year" would make it impossible to make any such alterations in our plans. For that reason, our only solution was to fly across at such a time as would tie in with the itinerary already set up.

Now, Mom will have quite a job trimming down to 66lbs. of baggage, because she certainly had accumulated quite a "trousseau" for the "Saturnia". I'll be leaving my "tux" home, and we'll have to do some casting aside so that I can include your new suit in my luggage. However, it will all work out "O.K.", and we'll be seeing you either in Rome or Naples as indicated above. Have a prayer in your heart for our flight across the ocean. Although we have both had limited "air experience" we're bound to be a little jittery.

There isn't much news to give you about the family, because our letter mailed from Twin Falls last week gave you the news about Sally's and Doug's new boy. We'll be phoning to them tonight or tomorrow to find out how they're getting along, and what name they have given the dark haired addition to their family.

It just occurs to me that it would be a good idea for you to pen your comments on the carbon copy of this letter and put it right back into the air mail so that we will know that you have heard of our change in plans, and so that you can tell us how our suggestions will fit your own itinerary. We assume you'll be leaving Oslo on May 17

Very truly yours,

Walter and Sally

Walter and Sally

for Stockholm, then Goteburg, Copenhagen, Germany, Switzerland and Rome. How and with whom you are going to travel we do not yet know, but we hope you'll have a very pleasant "tour" before we all meet in Italy.

We should add that there will be no changes in the typed itinerary nor in the arrangements for return via the "Queen Mary", leaving Southampton on June first. We'll be seeing you.

Affectionately,
[Illegible signature]

Paul Child just this moment telephoned to tell us that the Denver service of Trans World Airlines has just announced that they are able to get from Denver to Paris leaving La Guardia Field Wednesday, April 26, 1950, and flying straight through to Paris, arriving in Paris the next noon (11:00 AM), leaving Paris 12:40 P.M., arriving Zurich 2:30 P.M., leaving Zurich 3:15 P.M., and arriving in Rome at 5:30 P.M. Thursday, April, 27th. This means that we will stay over night at the Hotel Excelsior in Rome, Thursday, and go by train to Naples sometime Friday, April 28.

Due to this change, we hope that your arrival in Rome will coincide with ours. We thought you were leaving Thursday night with us at the Hotel Excelsior in Rome, and then go on to Naples with us the next day. If you cannot tell by the time you receive this letter, it might be well for you to have a letter waiting for us at the Hotel Excelsior when we arrive Thursday evening April 27th. Copy your reservation on the carbon copy and rush it back to us in the next air mail. This looks like a better deal than the New York - London - Rome flight.

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

Paul Child:

Oslo, Norway
March 26, 1950

Dear Folks,

Another Sunday and another letter. I can't believe that I only have a couple more of these things to knock out. Sunday just won't be the same without writing the weekly report.

Everything seems to be going wonderfully. I really feel that I have been and are being blessed every day. I'm now the "old-timer" of the mission having been in Norway longer than any other Elder. One of the missionaries I came with left on the "Oslofjord" Tuesday leaving me to carry on alone. With the program that President Gowans has planned for the future, I feel sorry that I'll only be able to work with him a short time. He should have come a little earlier, or I should have come to Norway a little later.

Our activities during the past week in Oslo have been very interesting. First and foremost our efforts (Elder Capel's and mine) have been directed toward getting the "Plan" and the "Tracting Book" published. Thursday afternoon we picked up the Tracting Book at the printers. We were very satisfied with the result and believe it will help the missionaries arouse interest in our message. Thursday had been set as our deadline for the Tracting Book, because it had to be shown at a missionary meeting we were to attend the following day.

This meeting was held in Moss on Friday morning. Earlier in the week we had notified 17 of the missionaries in the Oslo District to meet in that city for a special conference. President and Sister Gowans, Elders Tanner, Capel and myself hopped into the Desoto early in the morning and drove the stretch in a little over an hour. The weather was cloudy, and we had a little rain during the trip, but it was really enjoyable to ride in a nice automobile again.

When we came to the outskirts of Moss I began pointing out some of the houses where I had been tracting 20 months before. At some of the places I could remember whom I had visited. It seemed like I had only been away for a few days.

The present Moss Elders had found a nice new room ^{to live in} on the same island where we were living, Jelby. It was at their place we held the meeting. The proceedings got underway at about 10 a.m. when the President greeted all other the Elders and the two lady missionaries who are also laboring in Moss. Each of the missionaries was called upon to give a 10-minute talk on a subject (which I had assigned them earlier in the week by mail) pertaining to our work. You can understand that this took all of our morning, especially when you consider that we often had discussions after the talks.

Rather than go to dinner, we decided to carry our conference through and eat dinner afterwards. The President turned the latter part of the meeting over to Elder Capel and me. He had taken us along to explain the purpose of our new proselyting plan and the Tracting Book hoping to "sell" the idea to them. After our presentation they all seemed pretty hot for the plans we had laid out for them. All of them ordered a "Tracting Book" with which they would get a copy of the "Plan."

The little conference closed with a short testimony from each of the persons in attendance, most of whom were strangers to me, except for Elder Ray Schow, and an Elder Wright (who reminded me that we had been in the same boys' glee club at Bryant High together).

By the time we finally left the room it was almost 4 in the afternoon and we were pretty hungry. I wanted to drop in on some of my old friends down there, but there just wasn't time. I had promised them by mail to make a special trip to Moss before leaving Norway, so I didn't try to see anyone at that time.

After a good pork dinner we piled into the DeSoto again and drove back to Oslo, the President relating some of his business experiences along the way. It was fascinating to hear about the birth and rapid growth of the Maxfield Candy Co.

We were pretty hopped up by the interest which was shown among the missionaries toward the Plan, so we dug in on it as soon as we arrive back at Osterhausgt. 27 Friday evening. The day had been one of the most pleasant experiences I've had in Norway. We all enjoyed every minute of it.

Saturday I was running around town doing various chores until it was time for an investigator to be baptized at 5 p.m. Elders Christensen and Stoddard have been teaching the lady the Gospel for several months now, so they performed the ordinance. I was asked to speak on baptism just before the ordinance was performed.

The lady and her husband invited us out to their nice apartment last night immediately following her baptism. We really had a lot of fun singing and playing our guitars, and watching the man of the house perform some of his magic.

This evening we have our semi-monthly fireside meeting. Elder Tanner (my old friend from Tromsø) and I have been asked to participate on the program singing and playing our guitars. Yipee! I hope some of the older brethren and sisters don't apostacize when they hear our "Wreck on the Highway."

My days are certainly numbered in this land. I have something planned for at least half of them already. Next Sunday a missionary District Conference will be held in Hamar (just north of Oslo) at which Elder Capel and I will present the same plan which we did in Moss. If all goes according to schedule Capel and I will make the same presentation in Stavanger (on the west coast) on the 6th at another District Conference. Then, I'll return alone to Oslo and Elder Capel will begin laboring in Bergen.

On the 9th I've been asked to be the speaker in ^{the} Drammen Branch evening meeting, so I'll probably spend most of the day there. I've never seen Drammen before, so it should be an interesting experience visiting one of our largest Branches in Norway.

According to my present plans, I'll be hitting Moss around the 12th, Mysen on the 14th and then return to Oslo until I leave Norway on the 17th.

I received news from Paul Smith last week that he would have to leave Norway a little earlier than the 17th if he wanted to see Europe. From what he wrote I gather that he will travel home with Paul Christensen, Allan Almond and Elder Haight; and they'll leave on about the 5th. That's too early for me. If the Pauls waited until the 17th they'd just have to rush through the Continent to meet their boat, so I think they are doing the right thing.

I still plan to meet my friend, Alvin Anderson, (who has been laboring in Finland as a missionary) in Stockholm on about the 19th of April and travel as far as Rome with him. He'll be a little disappointed that none of the other Elders will be along to continue the trip with him, but there is nothing that can be done about it.

I hope that all is well with Sally and the baby boy. In your last letter you said that the event was due to come to pass any day.

That winds up another rambling account of the week's activities. I hope you're all in traveling condition.

Love,
Clayton

Oslo, Norway
March 19, 1950
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Mom and Dad,

Another week has slipped by already. I've never seen time pass so rapidly as it has for me here in Oslo. Just a little over three weeks and I'll be leaving "gammel Norge." Today's activities have consisted of Priesthood meeting, Sunday School and a walk into the heart of Oslo where six of us had a delicious chicken dinners after which we wandered down "Karl Johansgaten" and back to Osterhausgaten 27 where I'm now pounding out this letter.

For today's letter we had better go way back to last Sunday. After evening meeting on that day a "fireside" was held here in the Oslo meeting house at which we had almost 40 people in attendance. Having been called the same day to be the "fireside's" main speaker I had not found time to prepare anything special, but the meeting went over alright with the help of the other participants. The meeting closed with an impromptu quartett number ("America") by four of us. After the meeting a few of us gathered around the piano and were forced ^{by the Idaho Bros.} to sing "Here We Have Idaho" which I knew from the automobile rides down from Holiday Park. I was able to put over "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," but Elder Capel's "Pi Kap" song didn't go over at all.

Monday morning I received the good news that one (or maybe two) of our Narvik investigators had just asked for baptism. This confirmed my feeling that things are opening up in the Northland, and that we can expect a bright future.

This week's work has been a continuation of our project to publish our revised edition of the "Anderson Plan." Elder Lee Capel (whose home is directly across the canyon from ours) and I have been engaged in the task and ~~are~~ are coming right along with it. We have many additions and charts to put into Anderson's original plan, so there is considerable work involved in the undertaking. This week I composed a tracting section entitled, "The Evolution of Tracting - A Personal Case History." In this I pointed out the many mistakes I had made in the work of tracting from the first day on which I began, in that way hoping to point out to each Elder the mistakes he is making (such as passing out tracts thoughtlessly, arguing, etc.). This tracting "case history" takes the Elder up to the latest methods tried and found worthwhile, and is designed to make the Elder see his non-progressive efforts early in the game, so it won't take him 2½ years to learn how to "tract" effectively. The by-word in our office when anything is suggested is: "Put that in the Plan!" By the time the Elders get the plan I'm afraid its size will be so discouraging that few will have the courage to delve into it.

Besides The Plan we have been making last minute arrangements for the publication of "The Tracting Book" which consists of a cover and several cardboard pages (bound by three large metal rings) on which pictures telling the story of the Book of Mormon, Joseph Smith's history, etc. are printed. In width and breadth the book is exactly the size of the original Book of Mormon plates. Our last job on this project was to print up some maps to go in the book and this we finished yesterday.

Our monthly magazine (Lys Over Norge) has just been taken over by an editor who is not quite as efficient as the last one; so she needed some help for the April edition. A little of my time during the week was spent writing three news articles for that magazine.

Thursday evening the missionaries who are located in Oslo gathered for our semi-monthly missionary meeting, President Gowans presiding. It was a pleasure to hear the testimonies of the Elders and lady missionaries. As always the missionary testimony meetings are the most inspiring gatherings of all.

In your letter of the 14th which arrived yesterday I read that you have picked out nice suit for me. It sounds good. The topcoat I have will be just fine for the trip home.

I changed my \$200.00 to traveler's checks yesterday, and still had a few dollar bills extra. As I said before this amount will be more than enough to take me to Naples.

The other two fellows (or three) with whom I had planned to travel to Italy ~~are~~ are going a little too soon for me. While Paul Smith and I were together at the District Presidents' conference ~~held~~, he mentioned that he would be leaving Norway in the middle of April. Before that conversation I had understood that he wasn't leaving until July; but he told me that their plans had been changed when Lloyd Olsen went home early. Paul said he would contact Paul Christiansen, who is laboring in a city south of Oslo, and try to set a definite date. If all goes well, I'll probably be making the trip south with the two Pauls, which will certainly be swell.

Yesterday I got my transit visa for travel through Germany, received a vaccination for small-pox, and gathered information on the points of interest along the route between here and Rome.

The other day an interesting letter came from Rex. He seemed to feel pretty good about his two recent procurements.....the girl and the Ford. I should send him a letter of congratulation for both of them, but I don't know if I'll find time between now and the middle of April. It was nice to hear that he had spent an evening at the Kirby cabin in Brighton with Dick Kirby and Wayne Nelson.

I'll have to sign off now. I'm one of the speakers in tonight's meeting, so I should start thinking of something to say.

Love,

Olaf.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 19, 1950.

Dear Clayt:

Nine P.M., and we just returned from Grandma Williams,- so this will be a short note tonight.

At five we attended the special Testimonial honoring Bishop D. Edward Judd. As we told you recently, he has been released as Bishop because of his appointment as President of Ensign Stake. The "program" is enclosed. After meeting there was an informal gathering in the Recreation Hall,- and we remained for a little while to congratulate President and Sister Judd, and to greet the members of the Ward.

Mom and I are still nursing sore arms. Friday was our "double jolt", and it was all that. On Tuesday we go down to have the smallpox inoculation checked, and if everything is "O.K.", we'll then be through with "shots".

Yesterday Mom had a luncheon for the Ballif-Campbell "clan",- all of the Campbell girls, and also Aunt Blanche Hyde, etc., from Ogden,- as well as the Salt Lake City contingent. Fried chicken and all the trimmings. This was the luncheon postponed from Grandma Campbell's birthday. Mom 'phoned to Aunt Rae, Los Angeles, who is feeling much better, and who may come to Salt Lake City before we leave on April 16th. It was Uncle Clayt's birthday last week, and Adele, Dougie and Mom sent remembrances to him. He got a real "bang" out of Dougie's poem.

Early this afternoon, we rolled out the DeSoto, and actually took an hour's drive,- the first one for a "month of Sunday's". First we "climbed" up to 15th and "I" to take another look at Wood and Adele's lot high on the mountain side. The curb and gutter and side-walk are all in place,- and the grading for these improvements has put their lot even a little higher in the "air". Adele and Dougie were two of the 3800 who stood in line Saturday to sign up for "natural gas" under the recent partial release of "freeze-order" by the Public Service Commission,- first come, first served. Talk about your World's Series, it had nothing on this. Some of the people ~~starting~~ started lining up on Motor Avenue at 5 P.M. Friday, and several hundred spent the entire night in rain and snow,- determined to secure permits for gas heating out of the 3000 connections available in Salt Lake County (1600 for old homes and 1400 for new homes). When Adele and Dougie lined up at 6 A.M. yesterday, the 3-wide line-up was backed up 2nd East to South Temple, and west on South Temple nearly to State Street. They took turns standing in position, and Mom carried malted milks to them. Six hours later they had the permit,- but it expires if their house footings are not completed by 90 days, their foundations within six months, and the home completed within about twelve months. So, unless they hurry with plans and building, their Saturday's effort may have been in vain.

Yesterday morning your friend Dr. J. Leo Shepherd extracted an impacted wisdom tooth from Dick's mouth. He just told Mom a few minutes ago that he feels much better, and will undoubtedly be on the job in the morning.

Your letter of March 12th flew through in five days. We're glad to learn that you had the movie camera with you on your recent long trip. Yes, we'll bring along with us several rolls of color film, and also three or four for Doug's 35mm Kodak which you have with you. And, with Rex, Jr.'s collegiate "taste" and suggestions, Mom will make a final choice of your suit, shirts, ties, socks, etc.

9:45 P.M. We just called Sally and Doug,- and the "blessed event" is due any day now. So we're planning rather definitely on driving to Boise next Saturday.

Oslo, Norway
March 12, 1950
Sunday morning

Kjære Mor og Far,

"A, for en vakker dag!" (Oh! what a beautiful day!). It is only 7:30 a.m., but I've already been outside to get a weather check; and we have sunshine and a clear sky. This is just a continuation of more of the wonderful weather which started when I arrived in Oslo. Being a northerner, I believe I appreciate these days more than the "Osloers."

I decided to begin this letter early this morning before going to 9:30 Priesthood meeting. The way these Oslo days are spent it is very possible I'll be doing something this afternoon and won't have a chance to write.

Going back to last Monday (the 6th) I'll try to relate some of the happenings of the day. Attending our 7:30 a.m. study class were the 6 Oslo Elders, President Gowans and Sister Gowans, two Norwegian and two American lady missionaries and myself. This event takes up an hour and a half of our morning, every morning, and proves to be worthwhile in learning more of the Gospel, and in learning to speak the language better as it is taught by a Norwegian.

After class on Monday morning the President called me into his office. He told me of his new organization for the Mission and mentioned that he had me pegged for one of his counsellors in the Mission Presidency. We didn't go any deeper into that during the morning session, but he asked me to return in the afternoon.

I returned from 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 for six months here in Norway and act as my counsellor in the mission presidency?" He took me by surprise. I felt very complimented in being asked and certainly wanted to serve him in whatever way I could, but we discussed our plans for the trip and considered the statement of the First Presidency of a short time ago requesting that the Elders be not kept longer than $2\frac{1}{2}$ years; and added that there are plenty of other Elders in Norway who are better qualified for the position. We concluded that it was best that I go home.

He told me that he regarded our Northern District as the best in the mission. Now, he may tell that to all the D.P.'s, but nevertheless I've found that we have the most eager and cooperative missionaries up there, so I think it's the best one. He said that he was happy to hear the many ideas which have come from the north and hoped, he said, to incorporate these into the south's proselyting methods. The President already had a committee going on a few new ideas, but he said they needed help. So, he put me in charge of this work. I'm thrilled with my new "job." I had intended, before being called to the task, to publish all of my worthwhile notes and charts which I have gathered in $2\frac{1}{2}$ years in Norway, so the other Elders could profit by them. This I had planned to do on my own, but now all my time is used in this work.

Our main task at the present is in getting out the Norwegian edition of the "Anderson Plan." (The Anderson Plan is a wonderful proselyting procedure developed mainly by an Elder named Richard Anderson of the Northwestern States Mission). We are making many additions to it, such as a Book of Mormon presentation via scrap-book, digests of various important reference material which is not accessible to the missionary in the field, charts, etc. Elder Capel and I spending all of our time on this work, and are finding it worthwhile and interesting.

There are many interruptions in Oslo. Missionaries are constantly coming through here, and while it is swell to see them, we find it difficult to get as much accomplished as we would like to. Last Thursday four new Elders from America arrived on the "Oslofjord." Three of them have left for their fields of labor, but the remaining one, Elder Kvevle (a convert from Oregon), is my companion until he leaves for Tromsø on Tuesday. We are living in one of the rooms at the Mission home here, and are very comfortably situated.

Your letter of the 5th came yesterday. You ask if I received the movie camera. My answer is, "Ja." I took it with me on my last rounds of the district and got a few pictures. I think it would be very wise to bring some colored film with you as it is still difficult to get here in Europe. I would appreciate it if you would also bring along 3 or 4 rolls of 35mm Kodak colored film for Doug's camera. I have run /out, and it is not to be found here.

In a footnote you ask about clothes again. I have plenty of garments. I could use a couple of shirts and ties and a few pair of socks (preferably solid colored socks, since our tastes may differ on patterns).

In another footnote you ask how much I'll need in traveler's checks. I'm sure I won't need any. Even after buying my coat in Sweden I still have \$195.00 thanks to your weekly donations. This will be more than enough to get me to Naples.

It's time to quit. I think that phone call you mentioned would be enjoyable, but too extravagant. We should be able to hash out all of our business by mail until we meet, don't you think? I hope Aunt Helen is feeling better and that you're all in good condition.

Love,

Clay

P.S. Sunday night and time to retire. We just finished our fireside meeting with yours truly as the speaker. Goodnight

March 14, 1950

Dear Clayton:

We didn't have a chance to write to you on Sunday. It took most of the day to finish "income tax reports", and then we attended Dick Kirby's "home-coming" meeting at 5 PM. Inasmuch as we were right in Dick's ^(Williams) neighborhood, we drove over there after meeting, watched the television "Crusade of Europe", had a snack with them, and didn't get home until late.

Your 2-1/2 page letter of March 5th gave us just the news we were hoping for, - to know that you had thoroughly enjoyed your final "circuit" of Northern Norway, your return via Stockholm to Oslo, and that you are actually enjoying some real "sun shiny Spring weather" after being in Arctic darkness for so many months. You and your companions must have thoroughly enjoyed your full day of skiing on Saturday, the 4th, and the return to Oslo on skis through the forest by lantern light and moonlight.

We were very much interested in your District Presidents' meetings with President Gowans, and especially his interest in, and adoption of your new "tracting technique" which you have recently tried out in the Narvik and Hammerfest districts. I am imposing on Ruby again today to get word to you, because the family is gathering at our home for dinner tonight, so we won't have an opportunity to write to you this evening.

After Rotary Club, where we listened to an address by Ralph Walker, President of the American Institute of Architects, Dick and I stopped in Fife's to leave the "measurement blank" which you recently sent back, and to look at some suits. Dick tried on a very smart single breasted gray "Doncaster" Size 39 - long. I brought it over to the office and "Merv" Bennion (who has been working for us for the past six months), who is almost your exact size and weight, also tried it on. The office force seems to think that it would be "groovy" (I believe that's your word for it). We'll take it home with us tonight and let your mother, Adele and Marian either accept or reject it.

We hope that the new topcoat you bought in Stockholm will satisfy your needs. It would be foolish for us to attempt to bring another one over for you. When you get home, you'll have ample opportunity to replenish your very deficient wardrobe.

Please remember that you haven't told us anything about socks, ties, underwear, hat, etc.; nor have you told us whether or not you will need "supplemental funds" in the form of American Express Traveler's Checks. Paul Child, manager of Salt Lake City office, American Express Company, tells us that we can send traveler's checks to you. After selling those "belongings" which you do not intend to bring along with you, will you have enough money to take care of your itinerary from Stockholm to Naples. We repeat again, don't skimp, because you may not have another opportunity to travel through that same country.

Last Friday we took our second typhoid "shot", and next Friday we take the last one along with the smallpox inoculation. We hope that the combination doesn't knock us out.

"Tom" Boise was in Boise last week, and spent a couple of days with Sally, Doug and Carolyn. He reports that they are all feeling fine, that Carolyn made a big "fuss" over her Grandpa Boise. He also told us that the doctor now seems to think that Sally is going to have a boy, and that "he" may arrive any time after March 25th. We may therefore be heading for Boise about the 26th.

Grandma Williams is feeling very much better. We were down there Sunday. The heavy wind storm of Saturday night had blown out one of the pilots in Grandma's Bryant

When I woke up this morning I found the house very cold. I had to wait for the boiler to start, and I had to wait for the gas to come on. I had to wait for the boiler to start, and I had to wait for the gas to come on.

gas-fired boiler, so she woke up to a very cold house Sunday morning. I struggled with the gas burner, gas valves and accessories for a couple of hours and finally got everything working okeh again. While there we read a cute letter from Allen Hardy, reporting that he and his family are all well, and also advising that he was recently selected a counselor in his ward Bishopric.

That about winds it up for this afternoon. We're all well, and we're so near "ready" that we could actually leave within a few days. We'll be looking forward to early answers from you to the questions we have raised again in this letter.

Affectionately,

Usual copies

Oslo, Norway
March 5, 1950
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Mom and Dad,

Today is Holmenkollen day. To a Salt Laker the word Holmenkollen probably is a little difficult to pronounce and impossible to understand. But, to any Norwegian it means the biggest event of the winter.

Each year on the first Sunday in March the best ski-jumpers in Norway (which are also the best jumpers in the world) gather at this famous hill which is located just 20 minutes' underground ride from the center of Oslo. Here, in the beautiful pine-forest setting, they do their best to capture the Holmenkollen championship which certainly brings one local publicity and fame. "The whole town" turns out for the event; that is, all except the few who believe that Sunday is the Lord's special day (and who would do anything to get "Holmenkollen dag" changed to Saturday).

Yesterday, my old pal from the northland, Elder (William, his companion Elder Lee Capel and I were lucky enough to see the Holmenkollen surroundings. The day was perfect as is also today. The sun shined so brightly that we would have melted with more than one sweater on. We grabbed our skis first thing in the morning, walked down to the underground, strapped them onto the ski-carriages which are located on the side of the underground "car." Soon we arrived at the right station, Elder Capel got his skis waxed at the "waxing hut" and then we headed for the slalom hill. It was located in a beautiful forest of green pines, there was a good lift there, and a pretty brown lodge located at the bottom of the hill. This was located near the famous jump, but we were so busy skiing that we didn't even go over to see the hill. We spent all day slaloming and falling and riding up the tow-lift. Riding up the lift I talked to a young fellow about "Holmenkollen dag." He thought I was kidding him when I told him I wouldn't be up to see the big event.

When evening came we thought we'd better give up. On one side of us the moon was coming up and on the other side we could see the beautiful lights of the city of Oslo. One has a choice of riding the underground or skiing back to the city. We chose to ski, and it was certainly the right choice. We followed a wide, downhill path which cut through the heart of the forest. The way was lighted with lanterns which hung on pine-tree branches. After a three-minute downhill run we came to a large brown lodge which looked like what I'd always thought a Norwegian lodge should look like. We didn't have time to stay there, so we continued down the lighted path for about 15 minutes. It was a wonderfully effortless finale to a swell day of skiing. At the end of the path we boarded a "trikk" (street car) and rode the remainder of the way into town. During the day I thought of the skiing Worsley family and what a kick they would get out of a day at Holmenkollen.

I haven't heard the results of the jump today, but I imagine most of the people in town are up there and that most of them are putting their Kroner on Hans Björnstad.

Well, I started out this letter intending to just mention that today is Holmenkollen dag, but I see I was pretty long-winded about the whole affair.

It is interesting to be in Oslo again. I think my feeling on arriving here last Friday could be compared with how a country-boy from Canada would feel taking a winter vacation in Miami. In the north, they regard March and February as the worst months of the year while down here I really felt spring in the air. The beauty of the landscape and the brightness of the sun amazed me.

Before shoving off from Narvik I spent a couple of days saying goodbye to the many people who had been so good to me. I must have eaten 6 or seven times the day before I left. At each call I was forced to really chow-down.

Since I hadn't had much sleep on my trip to Finnmarken nor while I was in Narvik, I decided to get a Swedish sleeper on the way down. Over here the compartment system is used exclusively on trains. I was set up very comfortably in a large compartment which I shared with two other men. The trip to Stockholm went very fast. I left Narvik at noon on March 1st and arrived in Stockholm on the 2nd at 1 pm. Stockholm's stores remind one of those in America. I walked into a fine department store and found everything for sale that I could think of. I walked up into the mens' clothing department to look over their stock in spring overcoats or raincoats. Comparing what they had with the old grey job I was wearing made a sale for the salesman the easiest thing in the world. I picked up a very nice looking grey lightweight coat for \$30 or 150 Swedish Kroner (5 Sued. Kr. per dollar). It is the kind of grey which goes good with both brown, blue and grey suits (or have I been over here too long?). Anyway I believe that it will be suitable to wear on the trip home, so unless you are sold on bringing me a coat I suggest that you let it go and I'll use the one which I picked up in Sweden.

I spent the day looking around Stockholm and again boarded the train at 10 p.m.

At 9 a.m. Friday morning I was walking out of the Ostbanerstation, and there grabbed a taxi which took me to Osterhausgt. 27 in only a few minutes. It was certainly a pleasure to see President and Sister Gowans, their kids, and all of the missionaries here.

Just one hour after I arrived the President gathered four of us into his office for the first meeting of the District Presidents' Conference. The Elders were Paul Smith, from Tönsberg District, Paul Erikson from Bergen, Gerry Dean (who wanted to be remembered to you and to Bro. Buck whose car he used to wash) from Eidsvoll, and myself. At the present time the Oslo and Trondheim districts have no presidents, so they were not represented. (or a gathering of the joint chiefs of staff)

Paul also wanted to tell the missionaries to you

We four and the President gathered around his large glass-topped desk. It looked like a Board of Directors' meeting for Maxfield Candy Co. On the wall to our left was huge map of Norway. The 85 Norwegian missionaries were represented by large pins on the map, the pins being placed on the map at the points where the Elders are laboring. The President had typed out a program for our conference. First on the program was a report from each of us on "District Procedure and Duties of the District President." Afterwards we discussed "Reports and Finances." We had a delicious fish dinner with the Gowanses. Almost immediately following dinner we gathered again for our afternoon session. There we discussed "Tracting techniques, Visual Aids, To the Convincing of the Honest in Heart, and the Problem of Conversion." That was only half of our discussion, but those were the most important items.

I was happy to find that the President had found favor in a new tracting plan which I submitted several weeks ago. Through experience I found that our tracting methods were quite ineffective. Having spent over a year reading and tracts with few results, I decided to try a new plan. I had heard something which I thought would be interesting and would like to show her something if she had time. Each time the answer at the door would be either "Come in" or "I'm busy." Rather than stand at the door with the cold north wind blowing down our necks, I felt that we should immediately accept the "come in" invitations, and tell the "I'm busy's" that we would call back at another time when they had time. I had found that I had never had any real results from just a conversation at the door, but I had had invitations to come back to people who had heard the message sitting down in their home. That is a very quick outline of a plan for more effective tracting. I asked the Elders in the Northern District to try it (as I had) and they said the results were wonderful. It was just getting away from the old practice of coming with the idea that you had to get rid of a tract at each door. I hadn't been giving out tracts, just pamphlets to those who had an interest. We found that we were more respected

when we used this more business-like approach. President Gowans is publishing a missionary plan to help all the missionaries get out of their proselyting ruts, and I found that he was going to incorporate this tracting approach in the plan.

I was certainly impressed with the eagerness and fire the President has. He has terrific plans for the mission, so interesting and promising to be successful that I was almost ready to "ship over" for another two years.. He is working himself to death, I think, but it looks like there will be some good results from it as far as the work of the Lord in Norway is concerned.

We D.P.'s were getting a little weary at about 5:30 in the afternoon, but the President seemed to have the same fire which he had started out with 7 hours earlier. I guess he noticed ^{our weariness} ~~fatigue~~, so we wound things up at 6 p.m. It had been a very worthwhile day, but we weren't yet finished. Each of us was due to meet personally with him sometime in the future. All of the other Elders were to return to their districts, so they have already seen him, but I have not had the opportunity since it looks like I'll be here in Oslo for a short time, perhaps until I leave ^{Norge}.

The first night in Oslo was spent in a good bath-tub at the Folkebad. Later on in the evening we gathered with the President and sang a few songs with a CEW accompaniment on the guitar. And yesterday ²² I have already explained the mission in Oslo took a day off with nearly everyone going skiing, or at least getting a little fresh air.

I received your letters of the 19th both in Narvik and on my arrival here. Enclosed please find the measurements with the US inch. When I was measured ⁱⁿ Narvik, I hurried into the tailor shop, hurried the fellow in the process and put the findings which he came to immediately in an envelope and sent it to you. I didn't even notice that 14" waistline, but I assure that I haven't eaten that much fish and whale blubber.

Also received was your letter of the 28th in which you tell about Kirby's broken ankle. The sad news was already old news when I arrived in Oslo. It seems that things like that fly across the ocean quite rapidly.

This morning I talked in meeting when called on by the Branch President's Counsellor, Brother Einar Strand (whose brother Mark you know). Right now it is 5:45 and almost time for evening meeting, so I'll have to close.

I'm continually hoping that you're all well and looking forward to the 29th of April.

Love,

(Signature)

February 28, 1950

Dear Clayt:

We were too busy Sunday getting ready to close the partnership records at the end of our fiscal year, so did not get a chance to type the customary Sunday afternoon letter.

We hope that you have had a pleasant tour of the northern land, and that you are now comfortably located in Oslo.

We have written final confirmation letters to the European hotels to make sure that there will be no "slip up" as we proceed from Naples to London. We had already received a letter from each hotel acknowledging the request for reservation. However, we were warned that the heavy travel incident to "Holy Year" might give us trouble, so we thought it best to address a final note to each hotel by way of confirmation of reservation, and also as a request for assistance in securing first-class rail accommodations. We have been told that it is not possible to make reservations for "seat space", except at each point of travel. It is difficult to realize that we must take this precaution, but, again, we've been warned that heavy travel makes it necessary.

We're sorry to tell you that "Dick" Kirby broke his left ankle, and rather badly, skiing at Alta two weeks ago. I just talked with him over the phone, and he tells me that he'll have to take it easy for five or six weeks. However, he "hobbled" to a "date" last night, so he can't be too much out of circulation. Incidentally, he sends his "regards" to you and "all of your mutual friends in Norway.

Rex and Rose Marie were over to see us Sunday afternoon just as we were rushing to get ready for the University of Utah Board of Regents dinner at the Alta Club, in connection with the Centennial celebration, - so we didn't have too much time to spend with them. And, speaking of the dinner, it was very nice of the present Board of Regents to invite the "old timers". It was an excellent dinner, and a lot of pleasure meeting so many people, but it took 4-1/2 hours to tell the story of Utah's 100-year University history, so we were rather tired of "speech making" when 10:30 rolled around. They gave each of us some very appropriate souvenirs, and invited us to participate in the three day celebration on the campus. However, we're still winding up the old fiscal year, as of today, so we're pretty well tied to the job.

We expect to put in a call to Sally - Doug - Carolyn within the next day or two, to keep in close touch with them, - particularly to know that Sally is getting along satisfactorily.

Dick and Marian are still "sparring around" with the automobile question, and it looks as though the field has narrowed to DeSoto vs. Oldsmobile Futuramic.

Inasmuch as you were due to leave Oslo about Thursday of this week, we'll be looking for a letter from you about the tenth, giving us correct measurements for your new suit, and possibly other ideas as to clothes you will need.

Ruby is kind enough to type this letter this morning so that we can get some word to you by air mail today. We're beginning to count the days (after all it's only about six weeks), and undoubtedly you have made definite arrangements for the touring you will do before you join us.

Affectionately,

Usual copies

Narvik, Norway
February 26, 1950
Sunday evening.

Dear Folks,

My two companions, Elders Pedersen and Lendberg have already retired, but I decided that if I wanted to get a letter off to you this week it would have to be tonight. The past days have been some of the busiest I have ever had, and I expect the coming few days to be the same.

You see that I'm back in Narvik. The trip to the fields in the north was a wonderful experience. I'll have to only hit the high points, since I have very little time this evening.

My boat pulled into Kirkenes at about 2 a.m. Monday morning (the 20th). I didn't expect the Elders to meet the boat, but to my surprise the first sight which I beheld on going ashore when the boat reached the Kirkenes pier was a comical picture of Russian-looking characters clothed in black from head to toe. It was only my old pal Sims and his companion Elder Bagley. It was sure good to see them again. Sims was fatter than ever. We went up to their room at the Kirkenes Hotel Barrack and sat talking until 4 a.m. Having spent 9 months together Sims and I had quite a few memories to hash over.

We rose at 9 a.m. the next morning, prepared breakfast on their "pious" burner and began our work. One of the activities of the day was a meeting which we held at the home of our new member there, Brother Nilsen. It was just a testimony meeting with four present, but it was very inspiring to hear our new member tell of his thankfulness for finding the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The evening was spent with another family of investigators which Elder Sims and I contacted while I was there with him. Bagley and I had our guitars.. The music we produced made the Salvation Army sound like a bunch of novices.

The next day we spent discussing missionary problems and solutions. In the morning we had a two-hour meeting, just the three of us, and it turned out to be very worthwhile. We spent also a short time with our member before it was time for my boat to leave. I was sorry that I couldn't be with them longer. If one of the boats I was supposed to take from Hammerfest had come on its regular schedule I would have been able to stay in Kirkenes a day longer, but as it was, I had only a little over a day with them.

The weather man had told us that we could expect more than a gale on the Arctic Ocean, and he was right. On this trip the little boat "Sylvia" was really tossed around in the sea, and I lost my first breakfast out of Kirkenes. I didn't eat again until we arrived in Tromsø on Thursday afternoon. As soon as we began getting near to Tromsø we became more and more surrounded with mountains on both sides of us which, of course, makes sea travel much smoother. By the time the boat pulled up to the pier I was feeling good again.

Thursday night we had a wonderful testimony meeting with the Tromsø Elders and our new member there, Thor Jensen, a young man who works as a typewriter repairman. The next day was spent visiting investigators until my boat pulled out at 4 p.m. Brother Jensen gave me an attractive hand-carved book-marker. It is made of bone on which the shape of a polar bear had been carved out (with the Northern lights above it). One of our investigators there was very thoughtful giving me a warm pair of thick Norwegian wool socks. Again I was treated wonderfully.

The old "Kong Haakon" steamed smoothly along and I kept busy typing out some mission correspondence and doing a little studying. At 11 p.m. it pulled up to the pier at Harstad. The Elders lived so far away from town that I had to take a taxi up to their place. I found them just ready to go to bed. But, that had to wait awhile, since we had alot to talk over. At about 1 a.m. Elder Holladay and I tried to pile into his thin single cot (Elder Pruhs had already gone to bed earlier). The next six hours were fighting hours. At 7 we gave up and got up. I asked Holladay if he slept. He said that there were a couple of minutes during the night which he couldn't account for.

That was Saturday morning. I left them at 11 a.m. when I boarded the bus for Narvik. Saturday evening I spent with the Elders here in the room at Øvre Promgt. Today we've had three fine meetings. I had dinner with one member family and an evening

Monday morning - Feb. 27th

Last night I finally came to the conclusion that I was disturbing my companions with the noise from the typewriter, so I made the report as short as possible. This morning I'd just like to add that I have received two of your recent letters; one of the 5th and one of the 12th.

It was interesting to read your account of the missionary party held at our house. I received a letter the same day from Carl Paulsen in which he went into detail explaining the wonderful dinner and the wonderful parents I have. It was certainly a thrill to hear from him and from you telling of the party. I'd better remark right now that everything missionaries say isn't absolutely straight fact. I'm afraid they have stretched things considerably while talking about your son. I think that parents should only believe half of what they hear from their son's companions. It was certainly nice of you to have them up to our house, and I know that they all appreciated it.

I was sorry to hear that Grandma isn't feeling up to par, but hope, as you do, that the warmer spring days which are soon to come will help to perk her up.

It was swell to hear from Wood. I recently recently received his letter of the 12th.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 5, 1950.

Dear Clayt:

500 enclosed

We're anxious to hear about your long Arctic trip, and about your arrival and present activities in Oslo. We'll bet it seems good to be "down south" again after a year and a half so far up north. According to your very interesting letter of February 19th, you were delayed a day in Hammerfest by terrific storms. That boat trip from Hammerfest to Kirkenes sounded like a real "toughy", - twelve hours late, and battering icy, Arctic winds all the way. So, we imagine that you did not reach Oslo until last Thursday, instead of Wednesday (per your 2/8/50 letter). It was nice of the many friends in Hammerfest to remember you with presents.

Yesterday was your cute niece's birthday. Yes, sir, that little blond girl born after you left, was two years old. We drove out after work with some cute dresses Nanny had selected, - and when we walked in, she yelled out big as life: "You got presents for Janey's birthday". All the neighborhood children came in for ice cream and "Nanny's birthday cakes".

Dougie has been with us for two nights, and we always get a bang out of him. He and Nanny went to "Fast Meeting" while I struggled with certain reports "Uncle" expects on March 15th. And speaking of Dougie, he can hardly wait until your train pulls into Salt Lake City on June 16th. We said to him the other day: "You'll be up Holiday Park for the opening of the fishing season"; and his very quick reply was: "No, sir, not me, I'll be down at the depot waiting for Claytie". We've been told that the railroad reservations have been completed "all the way around", so things are rapidly taking shape.

Friday afternoon, Mom and I went down for our "shots". We had been persuaded to have Typhoid inoculation (even though not required for the countries we'll visit), - so we're both nursing sore arms. On the two next Friday's we get additional "shots", and with the third, we also get the Small Pox immunization.

We just talked with Uncle Rex, who told us that Aunt Helen is suffering from asthma again this afternoon. A couple of weeks ago she had a bad time, heavy cold which almost turned into virus pneumonia. But, the past week she had been feeling much better. They have been looking at new cars - Ford, Chevrolet, Plymouth - as a second car. With Rex, Jr., home, they find they need a second car. Seems that the "returned missionary" is cutting in ~~max~~ rather heavy on the DeSoto. And, speaking of your cousin, there's talk going around that he and the Brandley girl are setting a date in September. However, he said to us the other day: "Tell Clayt I've got five girls lined up for him when he gets home". Why five?

And now it's 10:30 P.M. We drove down to spend a couple of hours with Grandma Williams, and to read your last letter to her. We're glad to report that Grandma is feeling much better again, but still not up to "par". However, considering her advanced age, she is a "marvel". Her love comes to you with this letter.

Afterwards, we drove up to pick up Aunt Edna, and the three of us then called in to see Aunt Theresa and Uncle Frank, and to take a couple of birthday remembrances to him.

Mother just suggested that you should telephone to us from Oslo. There may be some details of the "joint venture" you may want to discuss before we leave. However, the big question right now is when we're going to Boise. We want to drive so that we can take the cradle, play pen, etc., and we may not be able to wait until the baby arrives. It's so indefinite that maybe we'll try to reach you by 'phone within the next three or four weeks. And, please tell us whether or not you finally received the movie camera. We'll bring film with us. Hope you are getting some of the wonderful Spring weather we're enjoying right now.

February 28, 1950

3.00 enclosed

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We were too busy Sunday getting ready to close the partnership records at the end of our fiscal year, so did not get a chance to type the customary Sunday afternoon letter.

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Affectionately,

Usual copies

On the Arctic Ocean (unfortunately)
February 19, 1950
Sunday afternoon.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I arrived in Tromsø last Monday evening as I related in my last letter. While there we met with our new member, an investigator family, and had a good "business" meeting with the two Elders. The next day I left on the northbound "Erling Jarl" for Hammerfest.

At 5 a.m. the next morning (Wed.) some character shook me and asked for my ticket. He said the boat had arrived in Hammerfest, but outside I could only see darkness. After shaving and dressing I walked out on deck. About 7 a.m. I could see all the way over the bay to Fuglenes where I was going to stay with the family of investigators. I could pick out a few faces (among the dock hands) which looked familiar. It was snowing so I stayed in the "Salong" as long as possible, waiting to hear the bell ring which meant that the boat was ready to leave.

At about 8 o'clock the first bell rang and I went ashore. Old seaman Nordhus (a fellow who had worked on ore-boats in the Great Lakes for 15 years) yelled to me, and welcomed me back to my northernmost "hometown." I took the bus around the bay to Fuglenes and walked up the hill to Fuglenes valley. I found the Røstvik family eating breakfast in the kitchen. It was swell to see them again.

That first day was spent visiting the three best contacts we have in Hammerfest. We arranged to have a cottage meeting at the Røstviks in the evening with all three families present. The combination party-cottage meeting went over wonderfully. Just before we were ready to break up three of the ladies asked if I would baptize them while I was there. I told them that I'd do what I could.

The next day I talked with Fru and Herr Røstvik about her baptism. We knew that there wasn't any font in town, but Fru Røstvik and I simultaneously suggested the fjord; but Herr Røstvik was afraid ~~and~~ his wife's heart might not take the jolt of the cold water. She then suggested as a last resort that we use the bath-tub. I had never heard any remarks by Church authorities on using a bath-tub as a baptismal font, but I didn't feel that it would be right to use it. To make sure I phoned President Gowans (for 46¢). He said that he had talked over the same problem with the First Presidency just before he left home, and they had advised against it, saying that the pool used should either be a special font dedicated to the purpose of baptizing or the cold fjord. I felt perfectly in agreement with this council. The other two ladies who had asked for baptism were fine people and had a good understanding of the Gospel, but had not yet given up coffee completely, so I thought it would be best to wait a little while for their baptism.

That day (Thursday) was spent visiting various people in Hammerfest, one of which was our old landlord, Hartvigsen. It was really fun to talk to the old Communist. He admitted that he was getting too old for politics, and had begun losing interest in the big game. As a remembrance he gave me a swell colored map of Hammerfest showing the progress in reconstruction and plans for the "New Hammerfest." It was certainly nice of him. As he gave it to me he said, "Now, I really shouldn't be giving a map like this to the Western Powers. If Stalin hears about it he'll be sore at me." I made a couple of other visits before going to the Amundsen's where another party had been arranged with the same crowd as the night before. We had a swell time, and then the two Røstviks and myself walked home on the cold, clear night. They had their "spark" with them which they rode double (something which only Norwegians can manage). The lights shining in the bay made a beautiful night scene.

Friday morning I was scheduled to leave on the "Nordstjernen", but its trip was cancelled, so there wasn't a boat leaving Hammerfest that day. I continued my visiting. A storm was on its way in the morning, and I was caught in it that afternoon. While paying my last visit to the Høyems (a young couple with whom we have spent so many enjoyable evenings) we talked about their future in the Church. They told how they were going to build a new house near Trondheim in the spring, and there they would contact the Church. They thanked us (Elder Sims and I) for the "seed which had been planted." As I was about to leave Fru Høyem brought out a beautifully made lapp-doll which she said

(It was a gift from the Amundsen, Røstvik & Høyem.)
was for my first "pike" (girl). I didn't return to the Røstvik's until about 11:30 that night, but they were waiting up for me. In the living room their oldest daughter Bjørg (13 years) was sleeping on the couch so that I could use her bed, which she had shared with Else Marie. Else Marie was sleeping on two overstuffed chairs which had been pushed together.

Saturday morning the storm was worse than the night before. While waiting for the late arrival of the "Tordenskjold" the Røstviks and I talked about placement of two Elders in Hammerfest in the spring. Fru Røstvik said that she do all that she could to make that possible.

Finally the "Tordenskjold" came into the harbor and I said goodbye to the Røstvik family. They have certainly done alot for us. The wind was blowing terrificall hard and all of the school-kids were trying to get on the overcrowded bus. I was lucky to get a chance to go with a partially filled taxi.

I started to walk up the gang-plank of the ice-covered boat and heard somebody yell out, "Viljams, du Viljams!" Onboard the boat waiting for me was our landlord from Kvalsund (where Sims and I had lived during the summer between trips). He said that he had been watching the ships which left, for he had heard that I was in town and soon leaving for Kirkenes. His three sons were on a nearby fishing boat, and I asked to see them also. We all got together and talked over old times in Kvalsund. One of the sons who had been quite interested in the Church promised to attend our meetings when he went to Oslo in the Fall.

When the first departure bell started to ring they went ashore, I said goodbye to Seaman Nordhus and then went below to the cabin which I was sharing with two other young fellows.

The sea was pretty rough, so I took a little nap at first, and then talked with the two cabin-companions for a while.

The sea has become considerably smoother today, but it still isn't comfortable to sail on. We should have arrived in Kirkenes before noon, but due to the storm the boat is late, so I imagine it will be about midnight when we finally arrive. It will be swell to see Elders Sims and Bagley again.

I'll probably arrive in Narvik about a week from today at which time I'm looking forward to receiving your latest letters.

I hope all is well at home.

Love,

Olaf

On the road
February 13, 1950
Monday morning.

Dear Folks,

It is now exactly 8:30 a.m. and I'm aboard the Tromsø-bound "Ofotenbil". Between bumps and yawns I'll try to type out a page of news to you. This is honestly the first opportunity I've had to write since leaving Harstad Thursday afternoon. Things have really been popping.

I believe I have already told you about President Gowans' letter to me informing me that I should complete my business up here and then report to him in Oslo. My trip started the day after Elder Pruhs arrived in Harstad. We had assumed that he would arrive on Thursday, so we hadn't made any arrangements to meet him until then. When we returned home from our Wednesday evening Bible Class, we found the Harstad "Black Maria" waiting outside of our house and saw the light on in our room. At first, this was quite a shock, but then we decided that it must be our new Elder who had arrived and could not find his way up to our room. Sure enough, he and a police officer were waiting for us in the room.

We thanked the officer, sent him away and welcomed Elder Pruhs into our humble quarters. I think he must have felt just about as I did when I arrived from USA and walked into my new home in Moss. Since there were only two single beds in our Harstad room and three missionaries we had to make some alterations. We had done it a couple of times before, so the old procedure of throwing the two mattresses on the floor and sleeping cross-wise was easily done.

I tried to get around to seeing as many people as possible before the Narvik bus left at 5 p.m. *the next afternoon (Thursday)*

Friday morning I met with the Narvik Elders, one of whom was leaving for the south the same day. That was Elder Harris who had been replaced by a new Elder Lendberg, a recent convert to the Church from Minnesota. We accompanied Elder Harris to the train station where he departed for Oslo.

I was busy all day Friday packing, unpacking and shopping. In the evening we three (Elders Pedersen, Lendberg and myself) attended the Branch MIA and had an enjoyable time with the girls. I was staying with the members at whose house the MIA meeting was held, so it was convenient for me.

Saturday morning I called a missionary meeting, and we spent two interesting hours discussing more effective methods of carrying on our work. In the afternoon I dropped in to be measured by a tailor in town. You have undoubtedly received the measurements already, or by the time this letter reaches you. Our evening was spent visiting one of the member families in the Branch.

At 8 a.m. Sunday morning, a knock came at my bedroom door. It was Ingrid, sister Jørgensen's 15-year old daughter, with my breakfast. All I could do was to accept it, though the luxury was hard to endure. She had prepared "korn-kaffe" (postum), Norwegian waffles and cheese and cookies, and it was all delicious.

We all walked down to the meeting house for Sunday School. The weather was cold, but still and beautiful; and there was just a little snow on the ground, less snow than any of these people can remember in previous February's.

The most interesting event in our Sunday School meeting was the talk by our new Elder Lendberg. Since he can't speak Norwegian yet, I was asked to interpret for him. He told about his previous work as a radio-theory instructor in the Army Air Corps. His desire on being discharged had been to study for the Lutheran Ministry, but his whole life was changed when he heard about the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints with apostles, prophets, etc. He investigated only two months before his baptism. This all took place just 18 months ago, and now he is in Norway beginning on "his first mission." He is certainly a swell young fellow, and we are naturally very happy to have him with us here in the Northland.

The "Presidentinne" of our Relief Society had charge of the evening ~~meeting~~. She asked me to speak since it might be my last Sunday in Narvik, so I told about conditions in the District; that I felt the ice was beginning to melt from the hearts of many of the people up here, and that we can expect some real progress in the future. I also thanked the members for all that they had done to help me out during my few days in Narvik. They have certainly treated me wonderfully.

Søster Jørgensen knocked on my door at six-thirty this morning telling me that my breakfast was ready. I had an egg and a cup of "korn-Raffe" and then had to hurry over to the missionaries' quarters (a half-hour walk) and pick up my gear for the trip into the North. The Elders helped me down to the bus station with my baggage, and I said good-bye to them leaving on the "7:45." I'll be in Tromsø this evening.

We've already gone through some beautiful scenery this morning which is now even more enhanced by the rays of the sun which are ~~very~~ visible on the snow-covered tops of the steep mountains.

These mountain roads are a little rough, so therefore I've written as little as possible. I'll have to tell you the rest in a couple of months.

I hope you're all well. I'll write as often as possible.

Love,

Mayf.

Salt Lake City, Utah, February 19, 1950.

Dear Clayt:

As we write this Sunday afternoon, we assume that once more you are way above the Arctic Circle, around toward the Russian Border at Kirkenes,- making your "last rounds" of the northernmost L. D. S. missionary activities in the World. It certainly sounds like the happy conclusion of two-and-one-half years of interesting and successful missionary experiences as you describe (in your letter of February eighth), your itinerary: Harstad, Tromsø, Hammarfest, Kirkenes, back to Narvik,- and then to Oslo via Sweden. We are interested to learn who will succeed you as District President of "northern Norway". We know that you will have interesting visits enroute with ^{dozen} or so missionaries who are associated with you "north of the Arctic".

Nothing too exciting with us the past week. At the office, we've been very busy preparing our quotation covering heating, ventilating and power plant equipment for the 500-bed 10 million dollar Veterans' Hospital to be built up on the Fort Douglas military reservation (immediately east of Mt. Olivet Cemetery). Bids were opened on the 16th, and the low bid of Wunderlich-Curlett (two large general contractors from Omaha and Long Beach), \$7,900,000.00, was considerably under the Engineers' estimate, so we assume the award will be made to them. We do not know who the successful plumbing and heating contractor will be, although it now looks like either Ruppert of Las Vegas, Nevada,- or Hickman Bros. of Long Beach. With an out-of-state contractor, competition will be unusually tough, but we hope that we will finally derive some profit from all our hard work.

Dick, Marian and Mary Judd returned yesterday afternoon, after a week of Business and Fun (maybe 50-50), in Las Vegas, Nevada.

We received a long letter yesterday from Sally,- reporting that they are all well, and that they have located a very satisfactory "practical nurse" to be with Sally after the baby comes (the Doctor says within the next six weeks). They're having about the same kind of beautiful Spring weather as we are,- which gives Carolyn a chance to get out and play in their nice "yard".

Next Wednesday, George and "George" celebrate their birthdays. Our "George" has invited twenty of his friends (boys and girls) to an ice-skating party at the Hygeia Rink in Sugar House,- and Mom is making a delicious, and "birthday decorated" skaters' cake for the occasion.

And now to some questions raised in your last letter. By all means, give the blankets, "down-puff" etc., to your friends who need them. Let's travel home as light as possible, even though Mom says she will have enough purchases to fill the trunk when we all reach Southampton.

Sorry that you couldn't locate a good old American ruler,- because the home-made one you used was about 3"/⁸ short,- and the measurements you put on the suit-measurement blank are not reliable. Even after correcting them by approximately that amount,- which meant more than an inch in some of your notations, we decided it would be best to send the measurement form back to you, along with a tape measure. Incidentally, Doug Gill says if you measure 44¹/₂" around the waist, you had better stay over in Norway. I'm 38¹/₂" around the waist, and 160 lbs., so you at 155 lbs. certainly do not measure any 44¹/₂" around the waist. I do not have an extra blank here at home, so just add the correct measurements in ink, and "shoot it back". We'll select the best-looking "single-breasted job" (your description), and as you request "something in brown". Yes, we'll even let Rex, Jr. help pick it out (as you "hinted"), so your word "groovy" will apply. We're glad you approve Gill's suggestion as to the top-coat - wool gabardine, cravenette (light-weight), natural color,- so we'll try to get you a "humdinger". We're sending the original of this letter to Oslo, with copy to your old address in Narvik (it may reach you there before you leave "via Sweden" on the 28th). That's it for to-day.

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae and Uncle Allen.

Affectionately,

Harstad, Norway
February 8, 1950

Dear Folks,

Before leaving for our Wednesday Bible Class, I'd better drop you a short note, since there has been quite a change in my future plans.

I had suggested to President Gowans that I take a last trip through the district before leaving Norway. Monday (the 6th) a letter came from him giving his O.K. on the jaunt. He said that as soon as the new Elder arrived (to be with Elder Molladay in Harstad), I should "complete what you feel is necessary in your district and then report to me here in Oslo for a contemplated district presidents' conference." That reporting to Oslo came as quite a surprise to me. The President continued to say that I should bid everyone goodbye up here as I'll probably not be returning to the Northland.

We expect the new Elder Pruhs to arrive here by bus tomorrow, and I intend to leave on Friday's Narvik bus. From Narvik my itinerary goes something like this: Arrive Tromsø 13th and leave 14th; arrive Hammerfest 15th and leave 17th; arrive Kirkenes 18th and leave 21st; arrive Harstad 24th; arrive Narvik 25th; leave Narvik 28th and arrive Oslo 2 March via Sweden.

I don't know just what I'll be doing in Oslo from the 2nd of March until mid-April, but I'm not worrying too much about it. It will be nice to come out of the Arctic.

I think it would be best to send my mail to Osterhusgt. 27 from now on.

I began thinking about the blankets which I brought over to Norway with me. Since they are your property, I thought it best to ask you what you would like done with them. I have the yellow blanket with green, red and black stripes; the down-puff you made for me; and two sheet blankets. I'd appreciate it if you would let me know in your next letter what you would like me to do with them.

That's all I have time for right now. This letter has been a 10-minute job, but I'll try to pound out the weekly report on Sunday. Hope all is well at home.

Love,

February 9th

I hesitated mailing the above hoping to hear from you, and I was lucky. Your letter of the 1st arrived just now, so I'll answer the clothes question.

I guess your right about that new suit. I appreciate all the trouble you went to in obtaining the "Made to Measure" blanks. The last suit I purchased at Fife's was either a long or medium long 39, a nice grey flannel which I have been putting as little wear as possible into, so I could use it on the way home. I also have the dark blue (missionary suit) which I'll bring along, since it isn't in bad conditions (in fact, it's in good condition, but perhaps not appropriate). The grey-flannel suit still fits me well, though I may have put on a pound or two around the waste. For the new suit, I'd like it to be a single-breasted job (since I have two double-breasted suits with me). It is hard to pick out the texture and color not being able to see the material, but I believe something in brown would be "groovy." And then get a brown topcoat in the texture suggested by Mr. Gill. I have one pair of good Florsheim shoes which have hardly been used, so I'll be able to make it home in those. As for socks I'll see what is in Stockholm (when I visit there in a couple of weeks) and if I can't find anything I'll write you about it. We'll let the shirts wait, also. Maybe the French cuffed jobs are popular among most of the well-dressed men now, but I'm not very hot on them. If I need shirts I'll write (and maybe Rex can pick out a couple for me). Thanks for all

Harstad, Norway
February 5, 1950

Dear Folks,

Back in the Sunday letter writing "rut." Just ten minutes ago Elder Holladay and I returned from the Camp over icy roads having held another successful Sunday School meeting. This morning we had approximately 40 kids in attendance.

Arriving there 20 minutes early we were met by a flock of youngsters about a block's distance from the meeting barrack. They clung on to our bikes and followed us the remainder of the way. Our meeting procedure was the same as usual, except for a couple of photos Elder Holladay took with his flash camera. Perhaps he'll send these in to the Deseret News with an attached newsy article about the largest Sunday School north of the Arctic Circle. When we left a bunch of the kids tagged along, following us a couple of blocks on their "spark"'s (a Scandinavian sled used for transportation, shopping and recreation).

Our week was a very active one; tracting during the day and visiting every evening. Monday's visit with a man who works at the Toll Office (and his family) proved quite fruitful economically. It just happened that a few days following the visit I received your box #10 which contained a swanky McGregor shirt, and many swell articles of food which are often heavily tolled. He walked up in the middle of the tolling process and pulled a few strings whereby I got off comparatively easy (paying 70¢ in toll). It was a swell package by the way. Everything arrived in perfect shape; in fact, in better condition than any other package I have ever received. Thanks alot.

Wednesday morning we cycled out to Ervik (3 kilometers away). There we dropped into see two ladies whom we have visited twice before. We made an appointment with them for the same evening, and then took the bus from there to a small settlement called Kasfjord. We found our only member here, a fellow named Markus Eilertsen. It was he and his son's family we had come to visit, and we spent an enjoyable day with them talking and showing them our slide films. *Bror* Eilertsen was baptized in 1938 when his nephew Hugh Christensen was in Kasfjord serving on his mission to Norway. By the way this Hugh Christensen, son of Mary Christensen, is now a dentist practicing in Salt Lake. Bror Eilertsen believes his office is located in the National Bank Building. Perhaps you know Brother Christensen.

Returning from Kasfjord by bus we dropped in on the two ladies at Ervik and found that they had dinner waiting for us. The four of us sat down and had a delicious meal consisting of fish cakes and potatoes with puffed-wheat and jam and milk for dessert. We spent the evening there talking with them. Before leaving we arranged to hold a Wednesday evening Bible Class with them and some of their neighbors beginning next Wednesday.

Thursday evening's visit was more a social call than a Gospel call. It was at the home of Hr. Sandnes who, with his family, lived in Detroit until 1938 (though he was originally from Harstad). Unfortunately, he was not at home, but we had a good time talking with his cute 17-year old daughter and his wife.

Our regular Friday evening Bible Class turned out as successfully as ever. The four ladies who attended belonged to various religious organizations (one to the Lutheran State Church, one to the Frimisjon, and the other two were members of the Days of Pentacost sect), but they all agreed to all of the points which we brought up in the lesson. They liked the meeting especially for that reason; that, in spite of the fact that they all belonged to different sects, they all seemed to agree perfectly when they came to our Bible classes. And that's just what we want them to do;—as long as they agree our way. It is very possible that we'll be able to convince some of them of the truthfulness of our message by the time the 10-lesson class comes to a close.

Your letter of the 22nd finally arrived, after a 12 day journey. It sounds like Dougie's poem "To Dear Grandpa" hit the nail right on the head when he said "You're traveling in deluxe." That "sport coat" and "beige sweater" I've got to see... that is, if you don't take them back, Dad.

You assumed correctly when you assumed that I'd sell some of my "worldly goods" before leaving Norway. I've already got rid of my sleeping bag (to a missionary), but haven't yet succeeded in selling my zither, skis or typewriter (though I have sort of promised my typewriter to Elder Pedersen in Narvik). The skis and typewriter I don't want to let go of until I'm ready to leave, but I'm sure I'll have a deal on them before it is time to shove off. I'll really be in the "jack" then. I'm waiting to hear from you how much was paid out for my typewriter, so I can set a definite price for Elder Pedersen who thinks he can pay me in U.S. Dollars. If I get too many Kroner I can always arrange a deal with some missionary whereby I can give him the Kroner in Norway and pick up US dollars from his folks at home.

I'm writing to President Gowans today about the Missionary "Travel Order" which you mentioned in your letter. Also I'm going to drop a line to the "Cunard Lines" asking for shipping instructions.

I'm afraid you're worrying a little too much about my end of the trip with this talk about bringing over a new suit and top-coat for me. Elder Paulsen wrote me that he bought a good new suit in Stockholm on his way home, something which sounded like a pretty good idea to me (Dad made the same suggestion). I'd really rather do my own shopping when it comes to a suit, so instead of having you bring a suit and topcoat over to me, I'll pick up the necessary clothing in Stockholm and have it fitted there. Both my grey flannel and my dark blue suit are in good condition still, so I'll bring those along. The grey coat I'll get rid of. So, if I need some clothes I'll write you, otherwise you may tell sister Adele that she can relax.....I promise not to wear any trousers which have been patched more than twice.

I never got around to looking up Jens Jæger while in Narvik. When I return there I'll see if I can find him.

Though the trip is still a couple of months off it seems like we could be leaving next week. The way time flies over here April certainly isn't far off.

Love,



Handwritten note: To the... from...
To the... from...
To the... from...

Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 12, 1950.

5.00 enclosed

Dear Clayt:

7:30 P.M., and we just returned from the missionary farewell testimonial for Jack M. Stevens,- the fourth boy from the I. W. Stevens' family to go on a mission. Enclosed is the outline of the services,- and you will note that several of your very intimate friends participated. Rex, Jr., was there with his "White-Cross" girl, Rosemary Brandley, but we didn't get a chance to talk with them, as they left before the service was finished.

Mem gave the children and grandchildren a "preview" of Valentine's Day. We had a big, roast-beef dinner with all the side-dishes, at 1:30 P.M. Of course, we missed you, and Sally-Doug-Carolyn; also Dick and Marian. They left at 1 P.M. with Marian's Mother for Las Vegas, Nevada. Dick is spending the week down there, preparing heating and ventilating plans for the architects,- so he and Marian thought it would be a nice vacation for Mrs. Mary Judd (sounds a little formal, but not intended). As a matter-of-fact, they are traveling in Mary Judd's Oldsmobile "88". Dick is anxious to try it out, as he and Marian have been casting sort of "wishful eyes" toward the new 1950 Olds. The Freed boys may lose him,- although he admits that the 1950 DeSoto looks pretty good.

Yesterday afternoon, little "Jamie" was playing in the basement, and during the excitement one of the children pushed her down on the concrete floor. Result: two loosened front teeth. But it didn't seem to faze her. She was all smiles at dinner here today, and all afternoon. She talks "a blue streak", and certainly has a "million dollar" disposition. Of course, Ann, Ricky and "George" were in equally good spirits.

After dinner, Ricky, Dougie and I walked down to Grandma Williams'. Aunt Edna was there with Uncle Rex, and we were soon joined by Ralph Hardy (who had flown up from Chandler, Arizona), and by Bob, Maxine and Robin. We read a newsy letter from Grace and Allen, who told us that they and the children were well and thoroughly enjoying fairly moderate winter weather (incidentally ours has been delightful the past week). Grandma is still feeling "punk". Her blood pressure is satisfactory, but her heart beat is rapid, and her stomach is not yet settled. As a result, she looks worn and tired; and we're worried about her condition. But, as usual, she passes it off with the remark: "Oh, I'll be all right in a few days".

While we were at Grandma's, "Dick" Kirby called on Mem, and they had quite an afternoon together. He said that he hadn't seen you for a year (inasmuch as he has been in southern Norway), but he reports much praise has reached his ears about "that wonderful District President Williams" from the missionaries coming down from the Arctic regions. He told Mem that he had promised to give you the address of a lady who does expert knitting, so here it is: "Edna Hørran, Hyrkolesgt 1, Skien, Norway". Her charge for labor only, \$5.00, and plenty cheap at that. After touring Switzerland and France, he visited Italy. While in New York City, he spent two days with Marilyn Covey, and they seemed to have done considerable talking about you. From here, Dick was going to call on your missionary friend, John Christensen, who has recently returned.

Now, to Sally-Doug-Carolyn. Thanks for Sally's note. With inventory over, we're expecting a long letter from Doug. Mem hopes that the Valentine package comes through "O.K." We're still hoping to get up to Boise before leaving for Europe.

Now, finis. We're dashing to the Jack Firmage's,- an "open house" to meet Mrs. Firmage's sister. We received our pass-ports, and now for the "shots". Love from all of us to the scattered Williams-Campbell-Ballif families (did we miss any?).

Usual copies

3 - \$1.00 Bills enclosed

Salt Lake City, Utah, February 5, 1950.

Dear Clayt:

Last night Mom put on a real "spread" (rib-roast, julienne potatoes, 12-layer chocolate cake, etc.) for some of your recently-returned Norwegian missionary associates: President and Sister Petersen, Carl Paulsen, Howard Swainston, Alice McDonald and Lloyd Olsen. We were sorry that Lloyd's Mother and Father had to work last night, and therefore could not be with us. The repeated and unanimous praising by all of them of Elder Williams - his excellent grasp of the Norwegian language and of the Gospel, his executive ability, his wonderful disposition, et.c., etc.- thrilled us "no end",- even though we have always known that you were "super".

All wanted to hear about some of your recent travels and experiences,- so we read parts of several of your more recent letters. All-in-all we had several hours of ~~reminis~~ "reminiscing" and "tales of Norway", which Mom and I thoroughly enjoyed.

Carl Paulsen had a "date", and left soon after dinner; Lloyd and Miss McDonald left about 10 P.M. to take in the last part of a dance to which they had been invited,- so the "Petersens" and Howard stayed with us until about eleven. We persuaded Howard to play several piano "selections". We told him that he should continue on with his music (he displays considerable talent and "harmony")- rather than study law at the University of Utah. Lloyd is enrolled in the school of business at the U. of U.

We told you in our letter of two Sundays ago what balmy "kite-flying" weather/^{we}were having. Well, it changed the very next day,- and we were suddenly plunged into more snow and some sub-zero days. To-day it's up around 45° F., and most of the snow has melted away. During the week we received a card from Sally, who told us that they had several days of minus 20° F., and were having difficulty getting coal. But the reports in the newspaper and "over the air" are more favorable for Boise and the Pacific Northwest.

We met the Geo. J. Cannon's at Stake Conference last Sunday, and they told us that they had received a fine letter from you. True to their generous attitude, we feel sure that they must have sent a Christmas "remembrance" to you.

6 P.M. We just returned from Grandma Williams' and from the Dick Williams', where we saw the "movie" Dick took at Christmas time (part of it here in our home, and the remainder in their home). It was exceptionally good for scenes taken indoors and mostly with natural light. Adele and Dougie went out with us (Wood is skiing at Alta with Henry Dinwoodey, "Stew" Pett, etc.), and we were going to stay for the Sunday evening television show, but decided we had better come home early and finish this letter to you. Besides, Adele and Dougie went ice skating (after Sunday School) out to the Hygia rink, and they were so tired they could hardly keep their eyes open. Your nephew, "George", is getting to be a real, fancy skater. We haven't seen them together, but "we're told" that Adele and Dougie do some fair waltzing on ice.

Grandma Williams is not feeling very well. Her blood-pressure is back to normal, but her stomach is upset, and she feels very tired. It was quite unusual, and perhaps a bit alarming to hear Grandma say: "Well, children, maybe I'll have to reconcile myself to feeling this way. I hope that I can keep 'on my feet', and not have to take to bed." That doesn't sound a bit like Grandma, who has exhibited such "pep" and optimism. We all hope that sunny days will soon return to brighten her life, and to make her feel better physically. While with Grandma, we read Ralph Hardy's letter of January 30th, telling all about their recent trip to New York, also about the Broadcasters' Convention he'll soon attend in Chandler,- then fly here for a visit and for two important speaking engagements. He's putting a pile of energy into his new position, and must be receiving many thrills from his contacts with influential people.

Usual copies.

Affectionately,

Harstad, Norway
January 29, 1950
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Folks,

Elder Holladay and I just cycled back from Trondenes Evacuee Camp where we held our regular Sunday School. The weather was spring-like, the roads were ice-free, so it was an enjoyable "tur" both going out and returning. The sun didn't show its face this morning, but it painted a beautiful red picture on the clouds which hid it.

The kids turned out in good number this morning; over 50 of them. While telling our stories and praying we are able to keep them quiet, but when the coloring of their weekly picture comes the confusion reaches its climax. There are really alot of cute kids at our meetings; and we certainly like to meet with them.

When I wrote last Sunday's report I believe it was just before we held our evening meeting in Harstad. The meeting went over quite well, except for our singing which was terrible. The attendance was 24 which is above average for religious meetings in Harstad.

Our tracting has been confined exclusively to Harstad. Though missionaries have been here for almost a year most of the people still don't have an idea of what our message is about. We have now secured maps of the city, have traced out our tracting area #1, and our daytime work during the past three weeks has been covering area #1. We have been well received and have found many new contacts; so many that we have had our evenings filled up for at least a week in advance ever since we began. At the door on our first time around we introduce the people to the Book of Mormon by tellings its story, and showing a few small pictures and maps which we have pasted on small cards. This method of having something to show the people almost invariably leads to a conversation. If the contact is interested we make an appointment with them to return in the evening and tell them more about the Book, show them a scrapbook or slide films. Most of the people we now have listed in our investigator book are these new contacts. Having visited many of these in the evenings we are just getting around to eliminating the "suspects" and concentrating our efforts on the "prospects."

Beginning our first day of "second time around" tracting, we found that several people had not clearly understood ^{od. ma} tract on the Book which we had given them. Looking at the tract from the standpoint of the investigator we found that it tended to create doubt as to the genuineness of the Book of Mormon, in that nearly every paragraph contained statements trying to prove the Book's genuineness. We felt that a more matter-of-fact approach would be much more convincing to the reader. Therefore, we began making plans for a new tract on the Book of Mormon with pictures and a "matter-of-fact attitude." If we compile something worthwhile we hope to send it to President Cowans asking him to have it printed up for use here in the mission. We feel that there is a real need for an interesting piece of literature which will leave the reader with a strong desire to read this interesting Book of Mormon.

After tracting and visiting each day of the week we finished off our labors with a Bible Class on Friday evening. There were six ladies in attendance; just the right amount to make things go smoothly. We discussed the need for new revelation with them, and then opened the discussion to questions. When all their queries were answered we closed the class with 3 songs (they liked our Church songs) and a prayer.

Observing the date on today's letter I see that our meeting in Naples is only three months away. During the week I began "sitting on my trunk" a little. I received a letter from my friend in Finland, Elder Alvin Anderson from SIC, who says he would like to travel as far as Rome with me. I'm also awaiting a reply from a friend in Oslo who plans on leaving Norway at about the same time as I. If all goes according to schedule I'll spend about 11 days traveling in Norway early in April visiting friends mostly in the southern area. I now plan to spend about 10 days from Oslo to Naples visiting Stockholm, Gøteborg, Copenhagen, Basel, and Zurich along the way. When we reach Rome I plan to say "adjø" to my two missionary friends and take the train to Naples arriving there on the 28th.

I haven't heard from you since receiving your letter of the 15th, but I expect to get a letter tomorrow at the Post Office.

President Gowans told me recently in a letter that he hoped to have a new companion for Elder Holladay on the 10th of February. At that time I'll probably return to Narvik. Soon after my return to Narvik I'm going to try to talk Pres. Gowans into letting me take a final trip through the District visiting with the Elders and dropping in on our investigators in Hammerfest two families of which have written that they hope to be members of the Church. I have alot planned for the next two months. I hope I can find time to do it all.

That does it for now. I have to get off my weekly letter to President Gowans before going out to visit investigators this evening. Hope you are all well.

Loves



February 1, 1950

\$5.00 enclosed

Dear Clayt:

We did not get a chance to write last Sunday inasmuch as I spent all of the day (prior to the evening session of Ensign Stake quarterly conference), bringing up to date the file of Grandpa Williams' estate so that Joe Jones and I could submit a complete report to the court, as required. I thought we would have a chance to write either Monday night or last night, but "company" dropped in both times. Now, I'm imposing upon Ruby long enough to get a short letter off to you this afternoon.

You'll be interested in the attached newspaper clipping, and at the same time you'll be surprised to learn that Bishop D. E. Judd was sustained as the new Ensign Stake President last Sunday, also that Earl Maw was selected as Bishop of the South 18th Ward.

Your description of the joyous celebration of the forty Sunday school children January 22nd at the first sight of the returning sun impressed upon us how fortunate we are to live in a land where we get a maximum of sunshine. After not having seen the sun since last Thanksgiving it must be a real thrill to have it coming back at least for a few hours each day. The weather over there still sounds "rugged", particularly when you try to cycle around on ice covered roads.

We're glad that you are making some headway in your itinerary to begin about April 7 from Narvik, and you will undoubtedly enjoy your tour of the Scandanavian countries before you join us in Naples.

In the post script to your letter you ask about the cost of the typewriter which we sent to you in January, 1948. You'll remember that we purchased it through the Office of the Presiding Bishopric, at their discount, which was \$76.90 net f.o.b. Salt Lake City. We assume that you know the cost of the other things you have, which you intend to dispose of rather than attempt to carry them around and bring them home. As I now recall it, your mother spent approximately \$27.50 for the sleeping bag. Maybe you'd better keep that so the three of us can sleep in it in Italy if we run out of hotel accommodations.

In one of our recent letters we questioned you about new clothes, suggesting that you might intend to purchase a new suit and topcoat in Stockholm. Now, that doesn't sound "so good" after talking with some of the returned missionaries who tell us that their clothes look fine in their own atmosphere, but the "cut" is very peculiar compared with American clothes.

We're enclosing in this letter order blanks such as Hart, Schaffner & Marx and Lebow use to serve out of town customers. "Art" Ball and "Doug" Gill both suggested that if you will carefully fill in some of the important measurements (preferably in English rather than metric system) they can fit you very well. "Doug" Gill tells us that the last suit you purchased at Rife's in 1946 was a Size 39medium long. However, you have undoubtedly put on some weight since then. We've checked a few of the measurements which are important; however, you might just as well fill in as many as you can.

"Doug" Gill suggests a wool gabardine, cravenette (lightweight), natural color, as the top coat which would best suit you for the spring and early summer.

You'll have to tell us what you have in mind as to color and texture of both suit and topcoat. Do you want a single or double breasted suit?

Be sure to tell us about shoes, socks, shirts, ties and everything you may want us to bring over for you.

REPLYING CASE NO. 100*

We have in front of us the reprint of your recent article in the "Harstad Tidende" daily paper. We'll have to take your word that it's similar to one you had published in the Narvik paper. It sounds like you're making some very influential contacts which should invite considerable "investigation".

We have everything pretty well "lined up". There have been no changes in itinerary or hotel accommodations, except that we may decide to stay at the Savoy in London instead of the Claridges. There appear to be numerous strikes in effect and in evidence here in America so we'll have to "hope" that there will be nothing to interfere with the itinerary and schedules on which we have spent so much time.

We'll try to give you more information about the family, etc., in next Sunday's letter.

Affectionately,

P.S. The Cunard Line is asking us for your passport number and date of issue. Apparently they must have this for their files.

...

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...

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...

Best regards:

Handwritten signature

February 1, 1950

Harstad, Norway
January 22, 1950

Dear Folks,

Elder Holladay and I just finished singing the first verse of a very timely song, "Catch the Sunshine." You'll recall that the words go: "Catch it quickly! it is passing; passing rapidly away; It has only come to tell you there is yet a brighter day."

Just an hour ago our Trondenes Camp Sunday School let out. The kids who had gone out of the door ahead of us were shouting: "Ser dokker solen! ser dokker solen?" The kids were asking if we saw the sun which was breaking through some clouds which lined the horizon. It was quite an important event for them;—and for us. It was the first time I'd seen the sun since our Thanksgiving trip to Kiruna, Sweden. The kids told us that now was the time "to take off your hat and make three wishes;" and according to the Norwegian legend about the return of the sun, the wishes are bound to come true.

It wasn't long before the clouds hid the sun from our sight, and as the song goes, it passed rapidly away having let us know that there is yet a brighter day. This experience today, like hundreds of others which happen from day to day, reminds us of how many blessings we have to be thankful for.

Our Sunday School was well attended today (over 40 boys and girls). Elder Holladay has made each of them a book in which they insert a new page each Sunday. On these pages he has drawn a picture, under which he has typed a verse and a song for them to memorize. Part of our meeting each week is taken up in giving the children an opportunity to color these pictures. They really seem to love to come to Sunday School, and it is alot of fun to have them.

We have had another busy week with appointments every night. Most of these were with new contacts which we have made while doing our daily tracting. To most of them our message was something new. Given a little time we may find some genuine investigators in the bunch.

On Thursday we were surprised to see my article, "Sannheten om Utah", printed in the "Harstad Tidende." I'll enclose the article (which is exactly the same as the one I sent you before), so you may put it with the rest of my "souvenirs."

By Friday the "big thaw" had come to Harstad. We're having some of the strangest weather I've ever seen; from a temperature of -18 C on Monday evening to 6"above" on Friday. The main highway to town was covered with water from the melting ice, but the side-roads were still icy with a thin coat of water on top. When we started out on the 3 Kilometer long road to Trondenes on Friday night to hold our first Bible Class conditions looked pretty good, but as soon as we turned off onto the side-road we began doing acrobatics on our cycles. Coming down a hill I suddenly found my back wheel abreast of my front wheel and I was on the ice, the cycle on top of me, sliding about 20 meters along the road. It was quite an unusual experience. When we arrived at the barrack-home where we were to hold our class, Elder Holladay had a rip in his "seat" and I was pretty wet. We went on with a class with only 3 in attendance (besides ourselves), and pushed our bikes back home over the icy 2 kilometers.

(Complete with the lettuce.)

Saturday morning after taking our weekly bath at the city "badhus" we picked up our mail at the "posthus." There I found your letter of the 15th. It was swell to hear that you had a happy birthday, Mom. Sounds like you're really equipped for the European jaunt; even have poetry to read on the way. Ole George sounds like another Edgar A. Guest.

In the letter you asked if I had received some razors and gifts which you had sent several months ago. Yes. I guess I forgot to mention it to you. I made up some packages for our investigators in Hammerfest who were so nice to Elder Sims and I. I included in these packages the swell selection of articles you had sent in the package. Thanks alot. They sure came in handy.

Sannheten om Utah.

For Harstad Tidende av
Clayton R. Williams.

Siden min ankomst til Harstad har jeg hatt anledning å snakke mange ganger med folket om mitt hjemsted, staten Utah. Ofte har jeg vært skuffet over de misforståelser jeg har oppdaget her angående dette stedet. Jeg synes derfor det er min plikt å beskrive tilstandene slik som de virkelig er i Utah. La meg ta et lite eksempel

En norsk familie som var på turistreise i U.S.A. hadde kjørt hele dagen gjennom øde og tørt landskap. Deres glede var stor da de plutselig kom til et utsiktspunkt og så en vid, grønn dal foran seg. De stoppet bilen og innåndet den kjølige, friske luft fra landskapet. I dyp beundring betraktet de dette stedet med tre-bepantede ller og områder, og rundt det hele de høye fjell som innhegnet denne grønne oase.

De fortsatte videre og kom inn i forstedene av en stor by og la merke til de snorrette og brede gater som krysset hverandre, og rekker av trær langs gatene. Da de endelig kom til sentrum av byen, ble de straks oppmerksom på et høyt, svart granitthus, hvis seks spir rakte opp mot den blå himmel. «Hellighet til Herren» var skrevet på dens massive dør. De reisende likte seg her. De sa til hverandre «Her er stedet hvor vi vil tilbringe en tid».

De hadde ingen anelse om at for 102 år siden hadde en annen gruppe trette reisende nådd det samme punkt på deres lange vandring over øde og tørre steder, og hadde skuert den samme dal som da var en ørken uten bebyggelse eller endog et tre, et øde sted hundreder mil fra nærmeste sivilisasjon. Deres leder hadde også sagt: «Her er stedet». Det hendte den 24. juli 1847 da den første gruppe av Siste dagers hellige pionerer kom til denne dal og begynte å planlegge og bygge en by som i dag består av over 200 000 innbyggere.

Våre norske turister sto opp den neste dag og ble overrasket over å finne et folk med så stor vennlighet. Sant nok hadde de hørt før at dette folk var berømt i U.S.A. for sin toleranse og gjestfrihet. — Senere på dagen ble de besøkende tilhørere til et vidunderlig sangkor bestående av kun norske emigranter, kalt «Norges Røst». Da fikk de anledning til å

NYTTÅRSKLÆR I NEW YORK

Reisebrev fra him—.



Amerikanerinnene danset nyåret inn i Ballerina-kort tyllskjørt. — Over delen varierte fra dristigste strapless til langermest tricot-genser. — Julekjolen i New York var i år sommerlig mønstret silke. — Begge modellene er fra Fifth Avenue, henholdsvis Burnett og Russeks.

New York i januar.

Stråhatt og sommerkjole er det eneste brukelige antrekk herborte nå, hvis man skal være like praktisk som amerikanerne. For her er den rene sommervarme denne julen, minst 20 norske grader nesten hver dag. Og det føles temmelig lummert for oss som kommer hitover i tykke ullkjoler og med nye tette pumps på bena.

3. nyttårsdag var jeg til lunsj hvor minst 10 av damene hadde stråhatt — meg selv inkludert. For jeg hadde høstet bitre erfaringer i min tette sitende velourhatt — innendørs er det tropisk varme nå når det er sommervarme utendørs. Førrige gang jeg var herover var det deilig airconditioned i de moderne hus og restauranter, men da var det virkelig sommertid og ikke som nå midtvinters med ekssjonell sommertemperatur.

landsmenn og fikk høre at de trivdes utmerket i sitt nye hjem. De hørte også om Petter Hugsteds mesterskap siste vinter i denne by da han slo Amerikas beste skihoppere. Mange andre folk traff de som ikke var medlemmer av Jesu Kristi Kirke av Siste dagers hellige, og de ble for-

I julen hadde altså amerikanerinnene en luftig liten sommerkjole i mønstret silke under pelsen. Kort kimonoerm er svært populært her borte selv om det er uvant for oss — og ikke alltid så stilig — å se mildest taif fyldige damer så bararmet.

Det store skrik i grand gala er lys tyll. På nyttårsballet i Norske Klubben danset de aller fleste amerikaniserte norske damer nyåret inn i pastell eller hvit tyll. Men de aller fleste av amerikanerinnene foretrekker ankelsid galla istedenfor sopsid, så har det blitt altfor mange av de ballerina korte strittende tyllskjørtter og korsettrange stroppløse liv på ett brett minner det uvilkårlig om en festforestilling hvor ballettpikene i pausen danser med publikum.

Utendørs tripper amerikanerinnene rundt i trekvartlang pels og himmelhelte sandalsko. Selvom pumps er meget moderne og i sær sees i de dyrere forretninger, så kan jeg godt forstå at åpen tå og hel foretrekkes av de fleste. For nylonstrømper er jo ikke behagelig å ha på bena, det har vi jo forlenget oppdaget også hjemme i gamle Norge. De er isende kalle i

Siste dagers hellige, og de ble fortalt at over femti prosent av byens innbyggere tilhører andre trossamfunn.

Denne reisende familie lurte på hvordan noen mennesker hadde klart å få dette sted, som var en ørken for 100 år siden, til å blomstre slik; og hvem hadde bygget dette vakre templet som sto i byens sentrum. — Deres spørsmål kunne besvares av John A. Widtsoe, som er en av de tolv apostler i Jesu Kristi Kirke av Siste dagers hellige. Han var nemlig født i Norge. Han snakker fremdeles norsk og er en av de ledende vitenskapsmenn i U.S.A. Apostelen Widtsoe sa opp sin stilling som president ved et stort universitet da han ble kalt til apostel-embede, for å kunne bruke hele sin tid i denne nye gjerning.

Han kunne fortelle de norske turister hvordan dette øde sted var blitt det det var i dag, takket være kunstig vanning, samvirke, og kjærlighet for et felles mål. Og han kunne fortelle at dette arbeidet fremdeles går etter det samme prinsipp: «Du skal elske din neste». Bare siden krigen sluttet, er over 107 jernbanevogner med mat og klær blitt sendt

til landet oppdaget også hjemme i gamle Norge. De er isende kalle i sterk kulde. Og de er dessverre ofte tette og harde som glass, slik at foten lettere blir høven og trett når vi trasker for meget omkring. Det er sikkert både sundere og fornuftigere med åpne, luftige sandalsko i forbindelse med nylons. Her er overflod på alt, og mangel er aldri en årsak. Når amerikanerinnene kler seg så vårlig og lett i januar er det fordi de har en utpreget sans for det som er praktisk.

bin—

til De Siste dagers Hellige i de europeiske land. Dette minnet familien om de ord som står i Apostlenes Gjæringer: «Og alle de troende holdt seg sammen og hadde alt felles».

De norske turister som nå var ferdig å dra videre, hadde et spørsmål til som måtte besvares: «Hvorfor var denne livets filosofi kommet til disse mennesker som kunne få dem til å dra tusener av mil til dette sted og få dem til å arbeide og leve så godt sammen at en ørken ble forvandlet til en blomstrende rose, og som i dag forårsaker at 5000 unge kvinner og menn, misjonærer for Jesu Kristi Kirke av Siste dagers hellige, vil reise verden over for å dele sitt livs

filosofi med andre mennesker. Apostelen Widtsoe kunne ha gitt dem svaret til dette spørsmålet ved å fortelle dem hvordan Gud hadde oppreist profeter i disse siste dager og hadde gitt dette folk veiledning gjennom disse profeter.

Denne påstand at Gud hadde falt påny, var kanskje litt vanskelig for mennesker i denne materialistiske verden av i dag å tro på, men de måtte innrømme at veiledning fra Gud var noe som denne forvirrede verden trenger.

Vår norske familie dro videre etter å ha nytt en herlig dag i Salt Lake City, Utah, overbevist om at de heretter måtte forandre mange av sine oppfatninger om det folk som verden har gitt klengenavnet «Mormoner».

SANNHETEN OM UTAH

For Ofotens Tidende av
Clayton R. Williams.

Siden min ankomst til Narvik for en kort tid siden har jeg hatt anledning å snakke mange ganger med folket om mitt hjemsted, staten Utah. Ofte har jeg vært skuffet over de misforståelser jeg har oppdaget her angående dette stedet. Jeg synes derfor det er min plikt å beskrive tilstandene slik som de virkelig er i Utah. La meg ta et lite eksempel:

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Han kunne fortelle de norske hvordan dette øde sted

Arr.: Uniformskomiteen.

Fin musikk!

Lørdag 10/12 kl. 20,30.

! Folkets Hus, Anknes

NG 48-320



Gillette

net bl

og er en av de ledende menn i U.S.A. Apostelen Widdsoe sa opp sin stilling som president ved et stort universitet da han ble kalt til apostel-embede, for å kunne bruke hele sin tid i denne nye gjerning.

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A.s Norske Alliance

— Forsikringsselskap —

Overtar:

Brann-, Sjø-, Automobl-, Ulykke-, Syke-, Ansvar-, Tyveri-, Garanti-, Vannledningsskade- og Glassforsikring ved

Fullmektig ERLING SMISTAD

Telefon 108 — Narvik.

Garanti for Automobl og motorsykler utstedes.

Urmaker

Osc. E. Gustavsen

— Ankenes —

December 20, 1949

Dear Elder Widtsoe:

In yesterday's mail we received the attached news clipping from our son, Clayton R. Williams, who is now serving as District President of the Northern Norwegian Mission with headquarters in Narvik. Inasmuch as Clayton pays such a well earned tribute to you, Florence and I thought you would like to read the article.

Incidentally, in his letter to us of December 10, 1949, he/makes the following comment:

"I told you once before about the many odd stories about the "Mormons in Utah" which continually circulate here in Norway. One day last week I got a little tired of hearing these accounts, so I dropped in to see the editor of the town's best newspaper. I told him of the misunderstandings many of the people here have about Utah, and asked him if he wouldn't let me put an article in his paper explaining a little bit about what it is like in Utah. He accepted, though not too willingly. The next morning before breakfast I whipped out a page on the typewriter in English and dropped in to see an investigator friend that same evening to get a little help on sentence construction in the Norwegian. I gave the article to the editor the next day and it came out in the paper's next issue. Enclosed you'll find the article which was published in Marvik's "Ofotens Tidende". I'm enclosing an approximate translation of the article. It may do some good; - who knows?"

We would like to keep the newsclipping for Clayton's file (which we are maintaining for him), and will appreciate it if you will return it to us in the enclosed stamped envelope.

All of us join in cordial Holiday Greetings to you, your family and your associates.

Sincerely,

Gilbert W. Williams

Elder John A. Widtsoe
L.D.S. Church Office Building
Salt Lake City, Utah

Narvik, Norway
December 10, 1949

Dear Folks,

Since I'll probably be quite busy all day tomorrow, I thought I'd drop you the weekly line this evening while I have the opportunity. Anyway, how could I spend a better Saturday evening.

Last Monday was quite a big day for the missionary. I pulled down about four letters and three packages in the mail. Three of the letters were from Zion and one of the packages. I heard from you, Adele & Dougie, and Rex, all of which were swell letters. Besides that I discovered an appreciated \$5 bill from the Worsley family which was really nice of them. The package was one of your large food ration kits which will come in very handy during the Xmas holidays.

The week's missionary activities all seemed to go just fine. Since we have so much work to be done here in Narvik, I wrote President Peterson a letter asking him to send another missionary up here to be my companion. With two or three of our week-nights taken up with meetings and after-meeting visits with members we just can't get around to visiting our 16 listed investigators, so we need another man; and I believe the President will send one up after Christmas.

I told you once before about the many odd stories about the "Mormons in Utah" which continually circulate here in Norway. One day last week I got a little tired of hearing these accounts, so I dropped in to see the editor of the town's best newspaper. I told him of the misunderstandings many of the people here have about Utah, and asked him if he wouldn't let me put an article in his paper explaining a little bit about what it is like in Utah. He accepted, though not too willingly. The next morning before breakfast I whipped out a page on the typewriter in English and dropped in to see an investigator friend that same evening to get a little help on sentence construction in the Norwegian. I gave the article to ^{the editor} the next day and it came out in the paper's next issue. Enclosed you'll find the article which was published in Narvik's "Ofotens Tidende." I'm enclosing an approximate translation of the article. It may do some good;—who knows?

Thursday night we had our monthly Genealogical meeting which reminds me of something I should ask you. A short time ago I wrote to Uncle Serge asking about the data he or the family had concerning the Ballif and Campbell family trees. I imagine he has been too busy to answer yet, but I have thought since then that perhaps you would have some of that information. What I'd like to find out is just how far our ancestry has been traced on those two family lines. If it is possible I'd like to get the facts, in case I might be able to arrange for further investigation and name-finding while I am in Europe.

One of the packages which arrived two days after my birthday was the accompanying gift which came with the new movie camera (which I haven't received yet). The gift I'm talking about was a swell pair of leather, fur-lined gloves, and a good-looking tie. Thanks a million.

Today I received another letter from you, yours of the 4th. Your mention of the "Winder Family Dinner" really made me a little envious of all of you. I'm sure it will be a lot of fun for you all.

Christmas is really creeping up on us; only two weeks away. I guess 489 "B" is getting all dolled up for the Holiday Season.

That's about all for now. Hope all is well.

Love,

Clay

THE TRUTH ABOUT UTAH

This is an approximation of the conditions mentioned in the article.

Since my arrival in Narvik a short time ago I have had the opportunity of talking many times with the people about my home, the State of Utah. I have often been disappointed over the misunderstandings I have discovered here concerning that place. I believe therefore that it is my duty to describe the conditions as they actually are in Utah. Let me ~~use~~ give a little example:

A weary family of Norwegian automobile travelers having driven all day long on a desolate, dry stretch of their trip were happy to suddenly see a huge green valley before them. They stopped the car, breathed a clean breath of the cool canyon air, and gazed over the massive, tree-covered expanse, impressed by the huge mountain ranges which almost completely surrounded their green oases.

Driving on they entered the outskirts of a large city and noticed immediately the wideness and straightness of the tree-lined streets. It was a large city, but still their seemed to be ample room for the trees. Their auto finally brought them to the center of the city where they beheld a huge building of granite with six spires pointing heavenward. "The House of the Lord" was written over its massive doors. The weary travelers said, "This is the place where we shall spend the night."

at the city and

Little did they know that just 102 years ago another weary band of travelers had reached the same point in their long, dry journey, and had looked over that same valley which was then a desert without a habitation,--or even a tree; a desolate wasteland, miles from civilization. Their leader had also said, "This is the place." And so, on July 24, 1847, the first group of Latter Day Saint pioneers came to their valley and began planning and building the city which today has over 200,000 inhabitants.

Our Norwegian family rising the next day found a very friendly people, a people noted for their friendliness and tolerance in the USA. They found many of their own countrymen who had come to this gathering place because of their belief. They heard of a wonderful choir in the city composed entirely of Norwegian immigrants called "The Voice of Norway." They heard of Petter Hugsted's visit to this city last winter, and of his mastery over America's best ski-jumpers. And they met many people who were not Latter Day Saints; in fact, over 50 per cent of the population belonged to various other religious organizations.

The thought which kept coming up in these travelers minds was just how this desert of 100 years ago had come to blossom so. Who had built that beautiful temple which stood in the center of the city? Their question could have been answered by John A. Widtsoe, one of the Twelve Apostles in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He was born in Norway, could speak the native tongue. He was classed as one of the leading scientists in the United States. A man who had been president of a university, he had left his worldly positions when called to the apostleship in order to use all of his time in this important work.

He could tell our travelers how this wasteland had been transformed into what it was today, thanks to irrigation, cooperation and the common love of an ideal. And the tourists could see how this work was still going on using the same principle: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." Just since the end of the war over 107 carloads of food and clothing had been sent to the Latter-Day Saints in the war-torn European lands. This reminded the travelers of the words in Acts of the Apostles; "And all that believed were together, and had all things common."

The Norwegian family, now ready to move on, had one more question which they would like answered: "Whence this philosophy of life which caused people to cross an ocean, which had made a people work so well together that a desert had been made to blossom as a rose, which today caused 5,000 young men and women, missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, to travel the world over to share their message with others. Apostle Widtsoe could have answered their question by telling them how God had raised up prophets in these latter days and had guided these people through these men.

This claim, that God had again spoken, was perhaps a little difficult for a people living in this materialistic world to comprehend, but they had to admit that this confused world certainly needed guidance from the Lord.

Our travelers moved on having thoroughly enjoyed their short stay in Salt Lake City, Utah, convinced that they would have to change many of their former opinions concerning that people whom the world has nicknamed, "The Mormons."

500 from Grandma Williams enclosed

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 18, 1949

Dear Clayt:

This is the third year you have missed the Xmas "ladder work", and I just told Mom that I'm glad you'll be home to take over the "heavies" next year. The white reindeer is hung in the west "picture window" of the Living Room,- but it's a doe this year. Its horns were broken when we took it out of the upstairs closet,- so it's now wearing fancy ornaments where the horns used to be. The sconces on the north wall are now reflecting violet, round ornaments in their pendant crystals,- and at the moment Mom is trying to persuade me to hang similar ornaments on the sconces on the south wall. I ain't for it, but you know they'll finally be hanging there.

On your favorite plane is a large, pink, "gum-drop tree",- another of Mom's creations. She got Aunt Becky Smoot to cut off about half of one of her "scrub-oak" trees, and then she persuaded Mr. Hansen (her boy friend in Z. C. M. I.) to spray it with pink paint. And now it's mounted on a square of two-inch plank, has a bow of pink ribbon around its lower trunk, and its limbs are highly decorated with vari-colored gum-drops, miniature ornaments, little sleds, skis, etc. That's the best I can do. Can you picture it? It may turn out to be our "Christmas Tree" this year,- 'cause we're sort of thinking we'll pass up a big tree this year,- and save a real decorating and tree-trimming for you for next year. In addition to the usual trimming of the windows, Mom's pulled a new one this year. She has stapled to a long red ribbon the Christmas cards we've received, and they're hanging on the wall of the entrance hall near the front door.

Wilma is coming next Saturday to help with the Christmas dinner,- and we're sorry that four and two-thirds of our family will not be with us, in person, for Christmas Day. We wish we could talk with you by 'phone, as we intend to talk with the Doug Williams' on Christmas morning (if we can get a call through to them). But certainly, in the tradition of the Williams and Campbell families,- and what Christmas has always meant for them,- we'll all be together in love and affection, and thanksgiving and cheery greetings.

We just 'phoned to Rex, Jr., to find out if he had any special word for you, but he said that he's going to try to write to you to-day or tomorrow. Incidentally, we told him that if he would trim Grandma Williams' Christmas Tree this year, that you would take your turn next year. Seems we're planning a lot of Xmas jobs for you in 1950.

It was good news to know that you recently received two of Mom's packages, also a box of candy from the "Ren" Richards. Were these boxes addressed to you at Kirkenes or Narvik? Mom wants to know if you have received the package containing four shirts,- two colored and two white,- the package being addressed to Kirkenes. Also there was another package containing some presents for children and grown-ups,- also including four safety razors for you to give to some of your friends.

We're happy that you had an enjoyable birthday,- and particularly that your companions surprised you with a "birthday cake". Your letter of December 4th arrived last Monday, and it told all about your excellent contacts, meetings, etc. in the Narvik district. Elders Lloyd Olsen and John Wallace (just returned from Norway) give glowing reports of the wonderful work being done by Elder Clayton Williams and his northern Norway missionaries.

Well, we finally received a "guarantee" for the Queen Elizabeth for May 25, 1950,- actual space to be assigned later; and we have hotel reservations at the Excelsior in Naples, and at the Excelsior in Rome. So we have a fairly good start. We'll give you a rather complete itinerary in next week's letter. We hope that you have had a happy Christmas by the time this letter reaches you, and that a joyous New Year is ahead for you.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae, Uncle Allen & Tom Felt.

Narvik, Norway
December 4, 1949
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Folks,

Again we three Elders have eaten another delicious dinner at the home of Bror og Søster Sørensen. The Sørensen family has already "hit the hay" for their traditional midday nap, so Elder Pedersen and I have stolen away to the meeting house where I hope to get a few letters written this afternoon before our evening meeting at 6 PM.

Weather conditions in Narvik have changed just a little from when I last wrote you. We now have a few inches of snow on the ground and the thermometer has climbed since last week at this time. Walking to the meeting house just now at 2:30 in the afternoon Elder Pedersen and I commented on what a beautiful sight the bright, full moon made, shining on the snow covered mountains. At this time of the afternoon in December we owe most of the light to the brightness of the moon, since the sun doesn't even come near ^{reaching} the mountainous horizon any more.

The past week has been a very busy and enjoyable one. I wish I had my diary with me this afternoon, so I could be sure to include in this letter all of the things of interest which have happened. Monday and Tuesday evenings were spent with two fine investigator families helping them to comprehend the importance of our message and teaching them its principles. We were happy to hear from one of these investigators that he was convinced that the Book of Mormon is the word of God. The other family is composed of new beginners who have not yet begun their reading of the Book of Mormon.

On Tuesday something else quite nice happened. I received in the mail a wonderful letter and a delicious cake from a swell, young couple in Hammerfest. It was certainly nice to hear from them and to receive such a thoughtful gift from them.

Wednesday night the Narvik Branch held their annual food-package auction to raise money for the Relief Society Fund. Just a year ago while passing through Narvik on the way to Hammerfest I had the opportunity of attending their yearly auction and was called upon to speak then. This year they made me repeat the performance. Other parts of the program were two talks by members of the Branch and a duet by Elder Harris and I which turned out to be by far the comiest performance put on (It sounded pretty good when we practiced it while washing the dishes the day before). The program was followed by an auctioning of food-packages which the lady members of the Branch had made up. These contained "smørbrød" (which are Norwegian open-faced sandwiches), cookies and cakes. All seven of these packages were purchased for about 5 Kroner each. At the conclusion of the auction we all gathered around two tables and the contents of the packages were served to us as refreshments. It turned out to be a swell evening, and all seemed to have a good time.

Friday while out tracting we came across a Norwegian-American lady whom I had met once before and who had come to one of our meetings. She has been in Salt Lake and praises it to the sky. While talking with her on Friday she asked us if we had been to visit one of her friends in town, a person whom we promised her we would visit. We said that we hadn't had the opportunity as yet, so she immediately picked up the telephone and made an appointment for all of us to visit one of her good friends on Monday night. I mention this just as an example of her talent for arranging things. She seems interested in our meeting all of her friends, and in straightening out our ideas concerning the Gospel and especially marriage for them. She has been very helpful to us so far.

Friday evening we three missionaries and the five girl members of our MIA met for our weekly gathering. Our meetings are getting more interesting each time since we have begun assigning a talk to be given by one of the members each week, and have begun on a project to help some family at Christmas time. The last meeting was especially profitable for us missionaries in that the girls suggested that once a month we have a "work-meeting" at which time hand work and project work may be done. They also offered to take care of all of our sewing needs at these work meetings, so I now have Astrid, the red-head, pledged to darn my socks and patch my trousers. This laboring in a Branch isn't bad at all.

Saturday morning I rose early to get three week's washing out of the way. It was Elder Pedersen's turn to prepare breakfast and he surprised us with pancakes. I thought he chose to have pancakes just as a change from the usual oatmeal, but later on I learned that he had taken into consideration that December the 3rd was an important day, and

therefore the pancakes." As I was putting the last bite into my mouth, Elder Harris came forth with a, "One...two...three;" and to my surprise out came "Happy Birthday to You." Apparently, that wasn't enough. At the close of the song, Pedersen reached into the stove oven and pulled out a big banana-fill cake with white frosting and decorations. Gee.....it was really touching. So, we finished off a big pancake breakfast with a couple of pieces of birthday cake.

Other activities of the day included a trip to the toll office where I received two swell packages from you and a nice box of Christmas chocolates from the Richard's. From there I walked up to the dentist's office and got a couple of teeth filled, played a music store owner's piano with Elder Harris for an hour (This music store owner is sure a fine fellow. He has given us permission to use his piano any day of the week from 10 Am to 6 PM. We usually manage to get about an hour in on it on Saturday, but no more). We took our weekly bath at the bath-house and then Elder Pedersen dropped in to visit one of our members here who has been quite ill for the last couple of weeks. I had been to see him a couple of days before and he was really glad to see again so soon. During the conversation I asked him if he liked prunes. He said that he was crazy about all kinds of fruit, but of course, one just can't buy it here in Norway. He added that last Xmas he had received 6 prunes and he still had them. He said he was saving them to cook up some day when he had a desire for something especially good. I pulled out one of the two cans of prunes which came in the boxes from home and gave it to him. I thought he would squeeze my hand off. This is actually true; exactly how it went. The people in Northern Norway are very fond of fruit, but it just isn't found. Each year at Xmas time they are rationed out a half-a-dozen oranges, a few raisins and maybe a couple of prunes and that is the limit of their fruit consumption for the year except for a few apples in the fall; and this year we have hardly seen apples except for those we bought in Sweden. We surely are blessed to have been raised in a land where all of the proper foods necessary for proper body function and growth are available; and to have had these foods all of our lives.

Well, that brings us up to date. Today we had another fine Sunday School meeting followed by Fast Meeting which was very inspirational. This evening I get off easy. All I have to do is sit and listen to the remarks which are made. After meeting we are invited to visit with the Evensen family and have a Sunday evening snack.

In your letter of the 20th you mention my trunk and ask what I plan to do with it. I imagine the best thing to do would be to ship it directly to Southampton and arrange for it to be placed aboard the Queen Elizabeth leaving there May 25th. I assume that I'll need information about our reservations before this may be done, but there's no hurry. We have until March.

That's about all for now. Hope your both taking care of yourselves so you'll be in good shape for the Spring trip; and that all the rest of the family are feeling fine.

Love,
Clay.

Clayt: Hope you have a happy Christmas "holiday", and that some of Mom's presents finally get to you,- some addressed to Salt Lake City, Utah, December 11, 1949.

Kirkenes, etc. Nothing new on return

Dear Clayt: reservations, but hope for definite word this week.

Well, winter broke with all its fury last Friday night. Mom, Aunt Edna and I went to an early movie ("The Forsyte Woman"), then stopped at the Rotisserie to pick up three club sandwiches to eat before the grate fire in the upstairs "sitting room",- and all of a sudden a raging blizzard set in,- so much so that Aunt Edna stayed all night with us,- and the three of us had breakfast at 7:30 A.M. yesterday at Walgreen's. Friday night's storm gave us six inches of snow, and yesterday's several inches more. Last night we attended Ruth and Russ Snow's dinner at the Aviation Club,- but even the DeSoto with its new tires wouldn't make the last block, so we parked it in the gutter on the corner of 9th & "B". This morning I put on your ski shoes and Levis, and went down to the corner and dug it out.

Six P.M., and we just returned from an hour's visit with Grandma Williams,- who was feeling fine but doing a lot of worrying about Christmas,- such a contrast to the eventful Holiday festivities when Grandpa Williams was living,- and when the entire family gathered at 520 East Second South for turkey dinner, and for the entire day. It's a joyous time for Grandma, but yet a difficult one,- what with all the memories of the past. And she wants to be sure that you know that there will be a nice present for you, which we will either send or bring to you. We read a four-page letter from Grace Williams,- and as always just the news Grandma yearns for; also a fine letter from Maren Hardy and a cute note from little Clara Hardy. Aunt Edna was there, and we just drove her "home". She is fine, and always enjoys reading your letters. Again, she send her love to you.

Mom just said: "Now, don't you quote what Bill Fisher wrote in the Rotary 'Bee' about me. Grace and Aunt Rae will be sick listening to stories about my projects". But, I'm going to, anyway, because I know you'll enjoy it. So, here goes: "Under the direction of Prescott Dum, we had one of the finest parties it's ever been your reporter's pleasure to attend. Of course, Pres had the foresight to enroll Floss Williams on his team, and that's a great help. Floss always outlines her inspirations thus: 'Now, we'll just get a little gold paper and some ribbon and we can fix it up like this, and it won't take any time at all.' Of course, the job generally turns out to be something like turning the gates to the Empire Room into gold, and requires several thousand man hours of hard work, as well as Floss' alchemy. Somehow she is always able to enlist volunteers, and certainly the results are always magnificent." It was a beautiful party, and there were a lot of beautiful ladies there,- including Mom, Marian (both in new gowns), Ruth Snow, "Ollie" Nilson, etc., etc.

Mom is busy at the moment putting the finishing touches on two Christmas surprises,- one for Aunt Rae, and one for the Allen Williams' family,- and from the size of the cartons (36" cubes), the expressmen will have a merry time getting them through to their respective destinations. And, believe it or not, they're both to be opened immediately on arrival. Mom said Adele are holding their breath (plural), for fear the large cartons will get smashed in transit,- let's hope not.

It won't be such of a surprise for Doug and Sally, because Doug's new top-coat, and Carolyn's new chest of drawers, and the bedspread for Sally all are "exposed". But, we're squeezing through a couple of small surprises for them, and they must not open any more packages before Xmas.

8:30 P.M. Just returned from a delicious roast pork dinner with Adele, Wood & Dougie, at their home. They're busy making cute Christmas presents, and already decorating their home for Xmas. Adele told us that Sally drew Adele's name in the family Xmas "exchange",- so we're passing on that word to Boise. Dougie was busy labeling his presents with some of Adele's new "personal stationery",- and in all of his fancy printing and illustrations.

Mom talked with Lloyd Olsen who reached home yesterday. After his recent sick spell in Norway, he seems to be recuperating rapidly on the diet prescribed by his uncle,- the doctor in New York, with whom he spent several days. We're glad that you had a good Thanksgiving dinner in nearby Kiruna, Sweden. Have you received any packages?

Encl. 5.00 bill

Narvik, Norway
November 27, 1949
Sunday evening.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Just 2 minutes ago I got up from the table having polished off my evening ration of carrots, cabbage and kálrabbi. While the other two Elders are downstairs performing their duty on the dishes (it's their turn tonight) I should have some quiet up here long enough to get off an understandable letter.

We had a fine meeting tonight from which we returned only about an hour ago. The attendance was poor, but the spirit was fine. Three of us spoke, my subject being a discussion of the workings of the Holy Ghost in the days of the Apostles and today; and of the blessings we are promised will come to us through the Holy Ghost if we will only "stir up" that gift which we received after our baptism. I'm happy that we weren't invited out after meeting as is often the case, for I like to try to get my weekly letter off on Sunday.

I haven't received any further word from you since I last wrote, but assume that a letter may be waiting for me tomorrow. I hope the arrangements for the European jaunt are working out as planned.

While out tracting on Wednesday Elder Harris who is one of my companions here in Narvik asked where we would be able to order a turkey dinner on the following day. I was a bit surprised that Thanksgiving had crept up on us so fast, so I lacked a plan. He came back with the suggestion that we spend the day in Kiruna, Sweden, a city just over the border and about a 4-hour train trip from here. We three agreed on the suggestion, and one hour later we were on a Sweden-bound train. At about 7 PM the train pulled into Kiruna, the largest city (in area) in the world. The city's population is only about 17,000, having as its chief industry a huge iron ore mine. We found a hotel to stay in and headed out for the 9 PM movie in one of the city's three cinema houses.

The next day we looked at Sweden's wares visiting nearly every store in the town. We found two differences from Norway which were very noticeable. The first was Swedish salesmanship (the salesmen and women really put on smiles for their customers); and the second was amount of good clothing and food which was for sale there. The Swedish smiles worked on me to the tune of \$8 for a swell pair of skiing knickers. The newly devalued Swedish Kroner made things easier for purchaser who had dollars in the pocket.

We returned to Narvik on Friday after a very pleasant stay. Friday evening we attended an MIA party which was given by the "Mutual" girls;—all four of them. We really had alot of fun performing on the program (I did a little magic for my part of the program), playing games etc.

Today has been spent in the usual way. Sunday School in the morning, dinner with the Sørensen family and evening meeting. We have had continual beautiful weather. There is still no snow on the ground and the sky is almost constantly clear. During the past 3 days the temperature has been hovering down around the -10 degree mark, but that doesn't bother us a bit.

I hope that you all had a pleasant Thanksgiving; that the game was a good one.

That's about all for tonight's note. If I hear from you tomorrow I'll probably add a little note on to the above.

Love,
Chap.

P.S. One of the members here in the branch put the question to me last night when Elder Pedersen and I visited them. The question was if I would be so kind as to write to my acquaintances in Salt Lake and ask if they knew of anyone who would like to guarantee for his daughter and son-in-law who desire to emigrate to USA. I told the family we visited that I would write to you to see if you happened to know of any one. I'm only writing because at the moment I promised him I would do it. Actually there are many others who should come before this couple who have little or no interest in the Church. If you hear of anyone in town who is just dying to guarantee for someone in Norway would you please write me the name. Other wise we can let it go and still feel perfectly alright about it.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 4, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

8:30 P.M., and I just returned from the meeting of the East Ensign Ward, I went there tonight particularly to hear Ralph Hardy speak, - and he delivered a wonderful sermon. His "boss", Judge Justin Miller, "flew in" today to plan several National Association of Broadcasters' meetings with Ralph and local radio men, - so Judge Miller attended our meeting tonight. Ralph asked me to stay to meet him, and I was delighted to hear his very complimentary remarks about Ralph. Our other "treat" tonight was six beautiful choral renditions by the Allegro (sp) Ladies' Chorus under the skillful baton of Burt Keddington, - who, incidentally was one of Ralph's companions in the British Mission quite a number of years ago. Mother went up to have roast duck dinner with Aunt Edna, but I begged off so I could enjoy Ralph's message.

Well, you turned "23" yesterday, - three birthdays now celebrated in far off Norway. We hope that you had a very pleasant day, and a good meal with your companions, - also that the weather was, - and still is, - favorable. Mom would not let me tell you in advance, but the new "movie" camera which we sent over by Ray Schow was intended as your "birthday present", - but, unfortunately, it reached you after the sun left. And now, so you say, you will not be seeing the sun again until late February or early March. So the camera won't do you much good until next Spring, unless you may be able to locate a few "flash bulbs".

We're thrilled with your report about your activities in and around Narvik, and particularly to know that you're making many new "contacts" and thoroughly enjoying your missionary duties. Your meals "sound better" than last winter in Hammerfest, and we hope that occasionally you and your companions can enjoy a hearty restaurant dinner, - with maybe some beef and trimmings. And speaking of "trimmings", how is the Christmas season developing above the arctic circle? We're still enjoying balmy weather, - no snow or rain, - and it doesn't seem possible that Christmas is three weeks from today. Yet I can see all around me as I type this letter in your room, the evidence of Mom's Christmas ornaments, decorations, "angels", candles, etc., - some for the family, and some for the Mormon Handicraft Shop.

We've received letters from both Sally and Doug this past week, - and that's really "something". Doug says business at the store is showing a real Xmas spurt. They're all well, and planning a cute Christmas for Carolyn and for themselves, - because they don't think they'll be able to be with us during the "holidays". George Richardson, Phil and daughter were down for Thanksgiving, so Mom got them to take back to the Doug Williams one of her famous plaster "Christmas Reindeers" created for Rotary a couple of years ago, - you remember with the red candles on the antlers. And speaking of Rotary, Tuesday night is the "big night", - and from what I've seen of the preparations it will be a beautiful party. Have to tell you all about it in next week's letter.

Tomorrow night is the big "Winder Family Dinner" in the Lion House, and the Susan Winder Williams' children should be well represented. Grandma is feeling remarkably well, but she doesn't attempt to attend such large gatherings. There'll be a big turn-out from each family, lots of ~~good~~ "home talent", community singing, etc., so we'll all have a good time.

I was just interrupted by the Boise operator who was trying to locate Warren Lowe of the San Francisco Westinghouse office, - who was here last Thursday. I asked her if they had any snow in Boise, and she replied: "No, the weather here is fine".

Your letter of Nov. 22nd came through in a week, so maybe we'll get one tomorrow. "Everybody" asks about you and sends love and Holiday Greetings. Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae, Uncle Allen & Tom Felt.

P.S. SUSAN FELT DOWELL HAD A CUTE BABY DAUGHTER LAST FRIDAY.

Narvik, Norway
November 22, 1949
Tuesday evening

Dear Folks,

Last Sunday was such a busy day that I didn't find time then to drop you the weekly line; but, now, two days late, I have a few minutes in which I hope to pound out a quick letter.

A few days ago I received your letter of the 13th in which you told of Mom's trip to Boise to visit Sam, Doug, and Carolyn. Hope that all went well and that you are now back home, Mom, having had a nice visit with them.

The letter contained good news about the trip to Europe; that is, your securing space on the Saturnia. The trip really sounded near at hand when you wrote that you would probably be waving to me on the Naples pier next April. Sounds good. You mentioned that it is possible that we may fly home. If we could choose between flying and taking a boat my vote would be for the boat, but of course, you two talk it over and whatever you decide on is absolutely O.K. with me. Adele may not be much enthused about these larger boats such as the Queen Mary, but I've heard from those who have taken the Atlantic trip on them that they were very much satisfied with their accommodations. Of course, whatever you decide to do is O.K. with me.

Here in Norway we have been having wonderful autumn weather. The temperature has often been huddling near the zero mark, but the sky has been remarkably clear. There has been almost no wind at all, and not a sign of rain or wind. All this adds up to one swell week. Three nights of the passed week were spent in meetings with the Saints; on Wednesday, Priesthood meeting; Thursday, Genealogical meeting; and MIA on Friday night. Each of these evenings were spent having a snack with the members at whose house the meeting was held after the meeting had broken up. On our way home at 10 PM each evening the northern lights were visible at their best. Our days have been spent doing the usual tracting, beginning long before sunrise and not quitting until long after sunset. That makes it sound like we're working pretty hard. Of course, the sun never does rise here at this time of the year, so the interpretation of beginning before sunrise. And the sun is always back of the mountains, so we can rightfully say that we labor long after sun set. It has been quite a while since we last saw the sun. Its rays are still visible at about 11 AM on these clear mornings shining on the tops of distant mountains, and we have a considerable amount of light from about 10 AM to 2 PM, but at 4 PM it is now as black as night out. This "darketiden" (dark season) seems to bother many of the Norwegians who claim that they have trouble sleeping during this time of the year. But, I have never noticed any bad effects from it. Because of the huge mountain which lies on the side of Narvik where the sun appears to be, I assume that we'll be without the direct rays of the sun for a long, long time. I'm not sure just when we should expect to see it again, but I believe it comes back to us sometime in February.

As I have remarked before, I am really enjoying my work here in Narvik. The members here are treating us wonderfully, we have found several families who have shown considerable interest since I arrived, and our living conditions here are fine. I believe I told you that we are living with the family to whom Brother Abrahamson (who is now living in Logan) sold his house. When I think of Bro. Abrahamson I think of the remark made by a lady whom we contacted a few days ago during our tracting here. Among the people of Norway there are many distorted tales about the Mormons and the state of Utah, (which according to these tales is an area in America which could well be compared with the territory back of the "Iron Curtain"....the comparison being that no one outside of these areas know what goes on inside of them). Often we hear stories of "poor old Fru Johnsen" who went to Utah as a young girl and has never been heard from since. Well, this lady whom we met told us that she knew Bro. Abrahamson and told us how sorry she was to hear that he had gone to Utah. And, lowering her voice as though she were giving us the most confidential news of the day, she said, "Not a soul in Narvik has heard from them since they left. The only word that has come was a letter from the Church Authorities in Utah saying that they were all right." The truth of the matter is that several of our members and Abrahamson's associates here in Narvik have received fine letters from him telling of how pleased he was with his new home etc. I really feel sorry for some of these poor old gals here who keep so busy warning their contemporaries about "de farlige Mormoner."

A short while ago I placed in the mail a box containing a few small souvenirs, etc. for the kids' Xmas. The postal workers said they would arrive home in time for Christmas. It isn't much. I just hope that you two will look the things over and divide them up as best you can, if you will.

That's about all I have for now. Hope all is well with the whole family. I have another request, "desverre." It is a book I would certainly like to have if it is available and if you would care to add that to the two pair of garments and two shirts as a Xmas present. The book is entitled, "The Restored Church" and it was written by William E. Berrett. I have really enjoyed reading his talks in the Deseret News which he delivered over the radio about a year ago. I've also read parts of this book which ~~me~~ impresses me very much.

I have neglected to mention the receipt of 3 rolls of movie film from Ray Schow. He informed me that he also had a movie camera which he had given to an Elder Andersen who replaced me in Tromsø. Elder Andersen had the movie camera in his trunk, but the trunk hadn't arrived in Tromsø when I left there. I received a letter from him just recently in which he asked what I would like him to do with the camera. Thinking it risky to send it in the mail, I advised him to keep it there until I gave him further notice. I won't be able to use it until the light comes back anyway, and perhaps by that time I will have taken a trip to Tromsø. I take it that you received a movie camera replacing the one which was stolen and that you'd like me to get some movies here and bring the camera along for our trip through Europe.

As I said two paragraphs ago, that's all for now. I'll try to write you again on schedule this coming Sunday.

Love,
Clay.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Nov. 27, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

Mom 'phoned the office Monday morning, and almost shouted "I just received a swell letter from our boy",- and Dick and I (both listening in), could almost "see" her beaming countenance. So, you'll understand what a letter "does for" your Mother, and for all of us,- and how keenly we miss receiving word from you once each week. We wouldn't complain for a moment, because your newswy, cheerful letters over the past two years have come through so regularly. It's just our way of impressing upon you how Mom watches for the postman every Monday or Tuesday morning. So, your letter of November 13th from Narvik was doubly welcome. As usual, it gave us just the news we wanted,- all about your recent travels through your "district", your making arrangements to live with your two missionary companions in Narvik, the institution of the "Williams Health Program" (oat meal, raw carrots, vitamins, and all) to fortify you for the cold winter already upon you, with its "total darkness", etc.

It has been an eventful week,- particularly Thanksgiving Day. Under blue skies, and in "shirt-sleeve" weather, we attended the Utah-Aggie game,- and it was a lot of fun. Seemed good to see Utah win once more. Just before the game we telephoned to Sally, Doug and Carolyn (that's wrong, it was after the game), and we were glad to learn that they were feeling fine, and that the Arthur Caine's had been kind enough to invite them for Thanksgiving turkey dinner. Then, we did quite the unusual. I had told Mom that she was not to work herself into a "dither", getting dinner for the family,- so we made a reservation at the Alta Club for nine of us,- all the grown-ups at home, and including Anne, Ricky and Dougie. It was a delicious dinner, and there were several other families doing the same thing,- but we all decided that it was not like "Thanksgiving at home",- and Mom said it wont happen again. "Just wait until next year. Clayt will be home, and we're going to get the whole family together for a big dinner". That's what she said. After dinner, we were all tired enough to "go home",- so Mom and I crawled into our pajamas, and were just about ready for bed, when Rex, Jr., knocked at the door. So, we had a delightful two hours with him, learned all about his "love life" (now it's Rosemary Brandley), showed him your recent "pictures" (accompanied by your narrative), etc.

And at this moment, 2 P.M., Dougie walked into the room and said: "When do we eat?" Does that sound familiar to you? Adele and Wood went duck shooting yesterday morning with "Heine" and Mitzi Wallace, so we have your "worshipper" with us. He's a cute "nut", and getting so big you won't know him,- 5 ft. 1 1/2", and 101 pounds, and absolutely "nuts" about sports,- football everyday over at Lindsays or up on the Veterans' Hospital lawn, and soon it'll be basketball in the "basement", and over at the ward gym.

Dick is chairman of the decoration committee for Rotary ladies night, Dec. 6th. Mom has met with his committee members several times, and showed them how to decorate the 3" x 16" white candles with Holly leaves (made from green wax), and with cast plaster cherubs,- one of these beautiful candles as the centerpiece for each table, and to be "drawn for" by the ladies seated at the table.

Last night we were invited to two dinners. Some of the "brass" of Minneapolis-Honeywell "flew in" in their DC-3, so we went down to say hello to them, and then on out to the Country Club to Agnes Gallacher's dinner party. So we had quite a big evening.

We're still having Indian Summer weather,- about 65° outside right now,- but the weather man says were due for a change tomorrow,- the tail end of a storm which hit the Pacific Northwest this morning. Such a contrast with the heavy winter which set in so early last winter (I just looked back to the carbon copy of letter to you of Dec. 5, 1948). Mom just called in : "Don't forget to tell Clayt about the automobile accident in southern Utah a week ago which killed Mr. and Mrs. Bywater". They were on the way down to Las Vegas, Nevada, to visit Lucile. A sudden, sad ending to two of our "good old neighbors on L Street". And, again the bottom of the page, and Dougie is yelling for food. Love.

Copies to Donz. Aunt Rae. Unale Allen and Tom Felt.

Narvik, Norway
November 13, 1949
Sunday evening.

Dear Folks,

It's 8:30 PM and Elders Harris, Pedersen and I just returned from the "Losje" meeting house where we held our regular Sunday evening meeting. It seems good to be back in the old schedule; and with the regular schedule comes the regular Sunday letter. My travels during the past days have thrown me off of my usual routine, but I'll try not to let it happen again.

I truthfully don't remember when I last wrote you, so I'll start off by telling you some of the happenings from the time when I left Tromsø, last Saturday, November 5th. At the Tromsø pier I said goodbye to Elders Tanner and Anderson and boarded the "Rangvald Jarl" which arrived in Harstad Saturday evening. I spent the night sleeping on the floor on two joined mattresses with the two Harstad Elders. Sunday noon I caught a bus for Narvik, and, after a very pleasant trip, arrived in Narvik just in time for evening meeting. It was good to see the Elders and Saints again. I was asked to speak, but I cut my remarks very short...just enough to tell the Saints how the work was going in Tromsø and Harstad. Keeping to their usual hospitable custom one of the member families had us over for an evening snack. Since I had traveled all day I was favored with a full course dinner of beef and potatoes. They certainly look after us here.

When I arrived in Narvik I had no idea where I would stay. Monday that problem was solved when the landlord who keeps the two Narvik Elders offered to let me move a divan in their room and remain with them. It was certainly nice of him. You can imagine that it wouldn't be very enjoyable living in a room alone. So, I was very thankful with the way things have turned out.

Tuesday we began getting in the swing of things; tracting, missionary classes, and visiting investigators. Besides that the "Williams Health Program" got under way on the same day. Of course it was not established by "commandment or constraint but by word of wisdom." Its main points: 1 vitamin pill each morning, 1 bowl of oat meal mush; and in the evening with our evening snack: raw carrots, cabbage, and rutabaga. And as the day comes to a close a few exercises are necessary before retiring for the recommended 8 hours rest. I figure that this plan should fortify us against the cold, dark winter which awaits us. The other Elders were a bit skeptical about the raw vegetables and exercises at first, but they seem to be all for it now.

Nearly all of our tracting experiences through the week have been enjoyable as have the various branch meetings which we hold during the week. All in all, I'm really thrilled with my new set up. I hope I am privileged to stay here for awhile.

This morning I got up early to do a little studying for my remarks in meeting this evening. At 10:30 AM we held Sunday School after which the three of us went to the home of one of the members and had a delicious Sunday dinner. We spent the afternoon with them very leisurely, and all left for evening meeting at about 6 PM. I was happy to see two nice ladies at the meeting with whom I had spoken during the week. One of them had been in Salt Lake and had really praised it to the sky. The meeting was a little long for them, but they said they enjoyed it, and remarked that they hoped to see us again. My subject (the advertisement of which you'll notice in the enclosed newspaper ad) was; "Can the True Church Exist Without Continuous Revelation from God." As is usually the case in the Narvik Branch there were only the Saints in attendance (except for the two above named ladies). During the past months there hasn't been much life in the branch. So, if I can help to stimulate greater interest in our Church among the people of Narvik while I'm here I'll be happy.

I have your letters of the 30th of October and the 6th of November before me. In both of the letters I found a lot of good, interesting news and clippings. Before I forget it I want to thank you for the swell print of that picture of our Hammerfest Primary. It really looked good. Your tentative plans as of the 30th of October sound fine; it seems very sensible in that it will cut out all backtracking on your part.

I have already investigated train schedules and routes from Oslo to Naples. I'm sure a very pleasant trip may be planned as far as Naples where you'll take over with the arrangements you plan. I hope everything works out O.K.

Your Sunday dinner on the 6th sounded like a lot of fun. I really would have like to have been with you. I got a kick out of the enclosed notes from the relative. It was swell to hear from the all. The next day I received a swell letter from Rex. I really appreciated his taking time out from his tied-up schedule to drop me a line. Thank him, will you; and tell him that I want to write him as soon as I get a chance. It sounds like re-adjustment to civilian life has its problems, especially when you jump into school a week or two late and try to pick up where you left off two years previously.

That is just about all the time I have for tonight. Time really goes. It won't be long before our rendezvous in Naples. I hope you're both well, and the same with the rest of the family.

Love,

Cleop.

P.S. Something must be done about that "U" football team. The most depressing news of the week comes in reading the Sports Page. This sure looks like an off year for "Ike."

Acknowledge the receipt of your latest \$75 check Thanks.

Salt Lake City, Utah, November 29, 1949

Dear Clayt:

We haven't heard from you for nearly two weeks, so we're "banking on" a letter tomorrow. The last letter received was yours of November ~~XXXXXX~~ first from Tromsø.

Now, to pick up where we left off last Sunday. I attended the farewell testimonial for the Gowans' family,- in fact I was there for three hours,- and I met many of your friends who asked to be remembered to you,- among them the Schow family, the Sims, etc. Enclosed is the "program" of the evening service. After meeting I drove over to have a snack with Marian and Dick.

And now for to-day. It's 4:30 P.M. and we just returned from Ricky's "birthday party". Dougie went out yesterday and spent the night with Ricky, and also went to Sunday School with him this morning. Mom spent all morning making the birthday cake,- thirteen layer with chocolate "frosting",- and then very cleverly decorated with a ski "jump" (a narrow strip of cotton over a tin slide), with the little skiers, etc. and all around the base of the cake (which was Mom's "Lazy Susan") were the red birthday candles. You can appreciate that it was a work of art,- as was Mom's decorating yesterday for the "tea" in the beautiful Wallace Bennett home on 11th Avenue. Oh, yes, Ricky got a complete Ski outfit,- swell skis, boots, harness, socks, air rifle, etc.

And, now, while we're talking about Mom, we must report that she had a wonderful visit with Sally, Doug and Carolyn in Boise,- nearly a week. She does nothing but rave about cute Carolyn, who recites many of the Nursery Rhymes, sings songs and "mimics". Mom was thrilled with Doug's enthusiasm for his work, and with their wonderful spirit and happy home. She and Sally made a bedspread, decorated candles for their Xmas, etc.

We were sorry to hear that Lloyd Olsen is being released because of poor health. His mother did Mom's hair yesterday at Z. G. M. I., and was very much concerned and upset. We understand that he is flying home, and will stop in New York City for a few days with Mrs. Olsen's brother, who is a doctor. Willard Spith told us yesterday that he understood it is a recurrence of World War II infection while Lloyd was in the south seas. However, you possibly know more about it than we do.

In last week's letter we forgot to tell you that we had received two boxes of pictures, 35mm slides which you have taken during the past few months,- and they are excellent. And we also forgot to enclose the newspaper "picture" of Grandma Williams,- so it is in the envelope with this letter.

Nothing new about return reservations, although American Express Co. thinks we will be able to come home on the Queen Elizabeth (last week I said Queen Mary by mistake) sailing from Southampton May 25, 1950. And right now we're wondering about your trunk. Would it be best for you to try to send it home by one of the returning missionaries, ~~and~~ will you ship it from Oslo to Southampton? Everything sounds wonderful,- except for the large crowds of tourists expected in Europe next year. It will be difficult to make desirable hotel and tour reservations, but we'll have to make the best of it. Mom says being with you will make anything seem "swell".

This letter should reach you a few days before December third, your birthday. Mom send combined birthday and Christmas presents by Ray Schow, and we hope that they have reached you in good condition. We hope that you will have an unusually happy day, that you feel "tip-top",- and particularly that you are "eating well".

Well, we must stop right here. We're going to Stake Conference in the Assembly Hall in twenty minutes. ~~Sorry~~ Sorry that you could not be with all of us to-day,- except, of course, Doug, Sally and Carolyn, too. Love from all of us.

Salt Lake City, Utah, November 13, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

4 P.M., and I thought I would come down here to the office to take advantage of a better typewriter. Mom is in Boise with the Doug Williams'. We had talked of driving up last week, as we told you, but things "piled up" at the office, so Mom decided to go up Thursday evening on the train. I've heard nothing from Mother, but assume she is having too good a time with Carolyn (and Sally and Doug), and the Arthur Gaines, etc., to take time to write. I may talk with her later on this evening. She has been busy decorating the windows and "shoppe" of the Mormon Handicraft, and working too hard otherwise, so the little "jaunt" to Boise will undoubtedly be good for her.

I got up early this morning, drove down town at eight for breakfast, and then went right back home to repair several of the "taps", regenerate the softener, assemble and hang the kitchen fan (which I took apart several weeks ago so that Mr. Frederick could paint it), drain the two lengths of garden hose, rake up some leaves, etc.

Adele and Wood sent Dougie over ~~with~~ with some delicious fried chicken for my lunch inasmuch as they intended to eat about 5:30 P.M. After lunch, a bath, now here writing to you, then up to see Grandma Williams. Last Thursday was Grandma's 88th birthday. Her picture was in the "Church Section" of the Deseret News, - the picture of Grandma taken on her eightieth birthday. To help finance the new L. D. S. Children's Hospital, the committee suggested that members of the Church each buy a "brick" for 10¢. So Grandma bought 94 bricks, - one each for her seven children, 26 grandchildren, 33 great grandchildren and her large family of "in laws". Thursday was a strenuous day for Grandma, but she received so many "greetings", letters and 'phone calls, that it proved to be a continuous thrill all day. Grace and Allen 'phoned Friday, - they couldn't get a call through Thursday.

Your letter of November first from Tromsø came through in eight days, and we were glad that you had received our letter of October 16th, and the enclosed notes from your "pals" who wrote to you from Rex Williams' homecoming reception. I haven't seen Rex, Jr., this past week, but assume that he wrote a long letter to you.

You asked about the copy of the "weekly letter" going to "Tom" Felt in Oakland. I should have told you that he is a "traveling salesman" with Proctor & Gamble, and his letters to Aunt Edna tell that he likes it fine, and is getting some real experience. He may be back in the Spring, but it all depends upon "openings" available at that time. He may have driven 85 miles to Lodi to see Utah walloped last night by College of the Pacific, - 45 to 6. If we don't look out, the Utah Aggies will beat us on Thanksgiving.

I received a letter yesterday morning from the American Express Company that they had been notified by their New York office that "Room 227, outside double with shower" was the only space available on the Saturnia for April 11th (and that only because of a cancellation), and that New York must have an answer and 25% deposit by Monday, so I rushed over to the American Express yesterday, put up the money, and asked them to be sure to tie up the reservation. It's "first-class", but I have already told Mom that it will take a lot of persuasion before I will drag along my "dress clothes" just for the "Captain's Dinner". But, you know, I may lose out. So, unless there's a slip somewhere, we'll be waving to you from the Saturnia at Naples on April 21, 1950. No definite information yet about the return trip. I learned yesterday that the Ile De France will not sail from Southampton until May 31st, and that there is practically no chance of getting a reservation. So we're asking for return passage (Cabin for 3) on the Queen Mary leaving May 25th. Don't be surprised if we wind up by flying home.

I must hurry along so that I can spend a little while with Grandma Williams before going to the Bryan Ward Chapel at 6:30 P.M. to attend the farewell testimonial for President and Sister A. Sherman Gowans. Will tell you all about it in next letter. Love.

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae, Uncle Allen and Tom Felt

Dear Jack and family: Every week we type a letter like this to Clayton,- on a missi in Hammerfest, Norway,- the northernmost city in the world. He has been in Norway for two years, and we hope to be able to meet him in Oslo when he receives his release next April. After reading this poorly typed and rambling letter, Aunt Florence would appreciate it if you would mail it to your Mother and Dad, because we never hear from each other any more. You will note that we pass copies around Salt Lake City, Utah, Sunday, Oct. 2, 1949. to members of our two families. We used to send a copy to Rex, Jr., at his mission address in Nov Scotia. Love to all of you.

Dear Clayt:

You have been constantly in our minds to-day as we have been listening to all of the Conference speakers while we've been doing our customary Sunday chores,- particularly because so many of them spoke so feelingly about our "5000 missionaries scattered throughout the world".

FLASH! The Rex Williams just got home (5:30 P.M.), and we've been talking with Rex, Jr., and all of them for the past ten minutes. Finally, so that they wouldn't have to repeat their story of the "trip home", we've arranged to meet them down at Grandma's in a half hour.

And another "sport flash"- Brooklyn and the Yankess won to-da y, so they'll battle it out in the World Series. It has really been a "photo finish" in both leagues.

Utah didn't do so well last night,- 12-12 with Arizona. The broadcast sounded like a rough scrap on both sides. Next Saturday night, it will be Utah-BYU in Salt Lake City. Utah should win, but not too easy, for the "Y" has improved steadily since the beginning of the season. However, Utah isn't the smooth team of years gone by. "Ike" lost eighteen letter-men, so he had to start practically from scratch with a "green" squad.

Your letter of "September 18th At Sea" was very interesting, and you must have been thrilled when your friends in Hammerfest gathered at the pier to bid you and Elder Sims "bon voyage". And that ~~message~~ reminds us - that "bon voyage" - that Mom and Dad are talking very seriously of "flying" to Oslo about April first, spending thirty-five days with Elder Clayton Williams, touring Norway, France, Italy, Switzerland and England, and all three returning on the "Ile de France". We have gathered together descriptive booklets, tour itineraries, airpla ne schedules, etc., and we're waiting anxiously for you to tell us when you will be released, as we must make our reservations immediately. 300,000 Catholics from United States will travel to Italy next year in celebration of "Holy Year",- but if we come over in April, or late March, the tour agencies tell us that we should be able to travel very comfortably. Your Mother is sitting right here by me, and says: "Please ask Clayton to find out as soon as possible, and tell him that I want to fly to Oslo so I can be with him that much quicker."

We heard a report over the radio Friday night about a C-45 airplane crashing and burning on Antelope Island on a flight from Wendover ~~field~~ Hill Field, and on Saturday about two army pilots having "bailed out",- but we did not know until reading last night's paper that one of the lieutenants was Jack Romney. We immediately tried to get in touch with him through the public relations officer at Hill Field, but learned that he had flown back to Wendover, and from there to his base at Mountain Home, Idaho. Several weeks ago, he called on Sally and Doug while he was in Boise for a few hours, but we do not know whether he has yet had a chance to visit Boise again, and to take with him his wife and daughter. We're very anxious to see them, and hope that they will call on us soon. We're taking a long shot and addressing a copy of this letter to Jack at Mountain Home, in hope that he will receive it, and know that we're glad that he was not seriously hurt.....

8 P.M. We just got back from Grandma Williams. Rex, Jr., looks fine, the same cute smile,- and we enjoyed listening to a quick resume' of his missionary experiences. The entire family thoroughly enjoyed their 7,000-mile automobile trip, and are now glad to be back home again.

Mother wants to know if you would like some nylon shirts. They should be wonderful for a missionary,- just rinse them out and hang them up to dry,- no ironing. I haven't worn one, but some of our friends have, and they seem to like them,- particularly for summer wear. If you would like some, rush size you now wear, exact length of sleeve, collar size, etc...Wood, Adele, and Dougie just got back from Holiday after closing the cabin for the season. Too bad. Sorry, bottom of page, and news all gone. Please rush your answer to all questions. Love,

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae, Allen Williams, Jack Romney.

September 9, 1949
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Clayt:

Your mother and her "girl friends" arrived home at midnight Tuesday after having a wonderful time in Sun Valley. "Mom" looks very much better after the five days of complete relaxation, lots of fresh air and apparently quite a bit of food, - because she seems to have put on a few pounds.

When I got back from Holiday Park last Monday night, Aunt "Vi" Campbell telephoned to tell me that Mignon Delhalter Lewis had passed away the preceding day. She has been in the Holy Cross Hospital for several weeks, suffering from cancer of the liver. She did not realize her serious condition, and the doctors and members of the family decided it would be best not to tell her that there was little hope for her recovery. Apparently, Mignon did not realize that she was dying, and, fortunately, she suffered very little pain, - going into a coma last Saturday evening from which she did not recover consciousness. Aunt "Vi" asked me if I would preside at the funeral service and also offer the invocation, which I was very glad to do. The service which was held yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock was well attended by the many friends of "Vi" and Mignon, the address by Grover A. Giles was excellent, the music was also very good, and the flowers were beautiful. Uncle Clayt Smith flew up from Los Angeles yesterday morning, and your mother and Uncle Serge met him at the 6:30 AM plane. After the funeral service, Aunt "Vi", Adelaide, Mignon, Uncle Clayt, Uncle Serge and Aunt Ruby, Marion and Dick, Mom and Dad, all met at Adele and Wood's for dinner. Uncle Clayt could not stay with us very long because he had to catch a 7:15 PM plane back home. We were all sorry that Aunt Rae did not feel well enough to come up with him, - particularly because we had understood that she intended to come until her doctor advised her not to come at the present time. From all the reports we have received, Aunt Rae "looks like a million", weighs only 122 lbs., - but she is not feeling up to par. Undoubtedly the 103°F weather in Los Angeles (the hottest on record) isn't helping out any.

What you told us in your August 28 letter about being transferred to one of the southern cities in Norway as a "District President", was just the news we had been hoping for. You've been way above the Arctic Circle for nearly a year, and we feel sure that you will enjoy a change in climate and weather, even though it means leaving many of the friends you have made in Hammerfest and the surrounding countryside. We'll be anxiously awaiting a letter from you from Trondheim at the time of the District Conference beginning September 24, so that we will know about your new assignment. After all, your mother does nothing but talk about our coming over to meet you next Spring when you are released. It would be wonderful if we could arrange it so that we could meet in Oslo.

The Russell Pryor's are here from New England, visiting the Spencer Felt's, and we were invited to join them at Holiday Park beginning this morning. However, we had anticipated that Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt would be here, to remain over the week-end, so we told Aunt Ruth and Uncle Spence that we would have to pass up their kind invitation. They called this morning and insisted that we still join them, so we may leave early tomorrow morning so that we can spend Saturday and Sunday with all of them in Holiday Park. Your mother, your sister and your brothers think the old man is really "going nuts". All I do in Holiday Park is fish over in Yellow Lake, - five or six hours a day, - even though the fishing is poor, and I only get two or three at a time. Someone in the family suggested last night that I spend all of my time at Yellow Lake so that I won't have to do any work around the cabin, and there may be "more truth than poetry" in that statement.

Ruby is writing this letter for us today. Your mother just telephoned from the Deseret Book store to make sure about the book you asked for in your last letter "Handbook for Genealogy and Temple Work - 1949 Edition", and I assume that it will be on its way to you this afternoon. In last week's letter, we told you about the Rex Williams' family. I just talked with his secretary who told me that Uncle Rex phoned from Washington, D. C.

yesterday, telling her that they were all feeling fine, that Aunt Helen is standing the long drives very well, and that they are having a wonderful time with J.D. and Bea. They go to New York Sunday and from there on up to Halifax where they meet Rex, Jr., next Friday and spend nearly a week with him touring Nova Scotia. Then they will head back to Cambridge, Albany, Cleveland, Chicago and land on Allen and Grace's front porch in Milwaukee, about Friday, September 30th.

In your letter you said that you would leave Hammerfest on Sunday, September 18. We hope that this letter which we are getting out on Friday instead of Saturday will reach you before you "head south".

Enclosed is a copy of letter from Sally and Doug dated September 14, 1949, - telling us that they're expecting an addition to their family early in the Spring. They're delighted and so are all of us. We hope to get up to see them before many weeks pass.

Regarding the Sunday TRIBUNE, we'll be glad to renew the subscription, but we'll hold off until you give us your new address.

And that just about winds up the news out here. We all send our love to you.

Affectionately,

Copy to Doug and Sally
Copy to Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt
Copy to Allen and Grace
Copy to R.W. Williams (M-Alpin Hotel New York)

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Post Restante
Hammerfest, Norway

Encl.

made out on a tax bond.
...
best regards:

...
September 8, 1949

*file copy
address will send phone book soon*
Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 3, 1949

Dear Clayt:

Love to all of you Florence Best

9:30 A.M. Saturday. Just received a very short Air Mail "note" from your Mother, from Sun Valley: "This is the place. We were up at seven, walking. It is so beautiful, - wish you were here with me. The flowers are out of this world". All of which leaves me to guess that the three ladies had a very pleasant drive, arrived safely, are eating and sleeping well, and feel fine.

Adele, Wood, Dougie and I will leave early this afternoon for Holiday Park for the week-end. And we'll undoubtedly join a "parade" up the canyon, as the newscaster this morning predicted that 33,000,000 Americans are already out in their cars headed for vacation spots. Although the moon is in the wrong "phase", we hope to catch a few fish over in Yellow Lake.

From the vivid descriptions in your recent letters, we can appreciate that you have been viewing some beautiful fjords, mountain and marine scenery during your several weeks of tracting in the "hinterland". And we'll bet you are enjoying the warmer weather after such a long winter.

Uncle Rex, Aunt Helen, Bob and Maxine left early yesterday morning in their DeSoto for a month's tour of the East. According to present plans, they expect to pick up Rex, Jr., in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on September 16th, - the day of his release, - and he will join them (including J. D. and "Bea", whom they will pick up in Boston) in what will certainly be a delightful family reunion. They're combining pleasure and business, as Bob and Rex, Jr., are anxious to visit some of the manufacturers Uncle Rex represents. Seems they're "cooking up" a family business arrangement, and it sounds good.

Are you beginning to notice the shorter days? Summer is practically gone, - and, as always, entirely too soon. But, with cooler weather already here, we'll soon be planning another automobile trip through our Idaho territory, which will give us another opportunity to visit with Sally, Carolyn and Doug. We received a letter early this week from Sally, telling us that they're glad to be together again in Boise, after their recent visit with us here, that Carolyn is fine and thoroughly enjoying their new fenced-in yard and garden, that Doug is still "sawing away" for M-W and liking it, - and that everything is on the up-and-up with them.

We received a short letter from Uncle Alen last Monday, and one paragraph reads: "I want to tell you again that Grace and I appreciate your letters to your Norwegian son, and I was particularly interested in reading about the gold mine you are operating on West Second South. I'm quite sure your son was probably just bragging about how hard his Dad had worked to turn an iron pyrites deal into a remunerative enterprise." Seems to me that Dick started all that "talk" when he was back in Marshalltown with Fisher Governor Co.; but if you were to ask him now that he has his "teeth in it" out here, he'd readily admit that plenty of "sweat" goes into the "development work" of the mine.

Sorry, but I've run out of news, and I still have to clean up some work before leaving for the Canyon. I'm sending Mom's love along with mine, although I'm sure you will hear from her while she's at Sun Valley.

Affectionately,

Copies to Mom (in Sun Valley), Doug, Aunt Rae and Uncle Ellen.

Sally: I just 'phoned Mary to find out about Virginia Wardlaw Pearce. She is about the same, nothing definite yet about the back injury. Mary says that Dean Dunham Taylor stopped in yesterday to see Virginia, and reports that she is very cheerful, although all bound up in bandages. Mary said she would be writing to you tomorrow.

Kvalsund, Norway
August 28, 1949
Sunday afternoon

Dear Mom and Dad,

The Sunday dinner left-overs of ham, mashed-potatoes, creamed-corn, and fruit cocktail are on the shelf, the dirty dishes have been taken in to the lady of the house and I'm sitting at "the writing machine" again with a couple of Floss' incomparable caramels on the table. Time to write a few lines about "Our Week."

You'll remember that last Sunday Elder Sims and I were staying with the Størdal family in Hasvik anticipating our meeting which was to be held the following day. At that time we had not yet arranged for a meeting house, so first thing Monday morning we were out looking for a place to hold our gathering. We were denied the use of the only good meeting house by the town's priest, but we were able to secure use of the town's next best. It was a barn-like, untidy barrack which is used for everything from boxing events to theatrical presentations,- Hasvik's Madison Square Garden.

Monday we tracted for 7 hours in continual rain, but when meeting time rolled around at 8 PM the rain ceased and we headed for "the Garden." As usual, most of the people came late, so we delayed the commencement of our meeting until 8:30. The number of people who turned out for the gathering really surprised and thrilled us. There were over 80 people sitting on the plank benches in the un-lighted room when we opened with a song. Our meeting proceeded much as the one held several days earlier in Breivikbotn with the exception that here we threw in an English song, "In a Garden." I was satisfied with the meeting, especially because of the eagerness of the audience to obtain literature at the close. As you probably know we have a series of 12 tracts covering the main principles of the Gospel. It is usually the custom for us to pass out some of these or some pamphlets at the conclusion of our remarks. This time we had no pamphlets, but the people were anxious to get their hands on as many of the tracts as we would give them.

Leaving the meeting house we just had time to go "home," pack up our bicycles, and grab a bite to eat before meeting our Hammerfest-bound boat at the Hasvik pier. Fru Størdal who had been very nice to us had stuck a couple of goat-cheese sandwiches in our pockets before we left. As the "Haukøy" pulled away from the island we stood on the deck eating our sandwiches and commenting on the past week's experiences which had brought us in contact with the most pleasant people we had met all summer.

Tuesday morning at 8 AM I opened my eyes, looked out from under the canvas cover of my sleeping bag and discovered that we were in Hammerfest. From there we continued to Kvalsund by bus after visiting with a family of investigators.

On Friday morning we received an interesting letter from President Peterson. He related there that President Alma Sonne of the European Mission would be in attendance at the Trondheim District Conference commencing September 24th in Trondheim. Because of his arrival, the President wrote, the Narvik and Trondheim districts would have their conferences conjointly.

This news came as a surprise to us. It sounded good as far as being able to meet with alot of missionaries and President Sonne was concerned, but it had a big disadvantage in that we had contemplated taking our Hammerfest investigators (perhaps, two families) to Narvik conference for baptism. With the cancellation of the Narvik conference and considering the long distance to Trondheim a problem arose as to where these investigators could be baptized. I now have Elder Tanner in Tromsø trying to work out a deal whereby he can arrange for a baptismal font to be used by us about the 15th of September at which time we may be able to hold a "little conference" in Tromsø during which we can baptize a few people.

If my plan for a "little conference" doesn't go through I guess we'll have to arrange another way to baptize our investigators. If such is the case Elder Sims and I shall leave Hammerfest on Sunday the 18th of September and travel by boat directly to Trondheim arriving there on Wednesday the 21st. "Ja," the polar-missionaries finally return to regions below the Arctic Circle. Where I'll go from there nobody knows. A couple of weeks ago President Peterson wrote and asked me if I would like to come south and be a D.P. down there. I answered that I had no preference, so I can't even begin to guess where I'll go from here.

Since our time is short before going to Trondheim I thought it best that we spend our remaining time working with our Hammerfest investigators. Yesterday we took the bus to Hammerfest to try to make arrangements for a room there. Our investigator with a room whom we had hoped to contact was out of town, so that part of our trip was in vain. But, on our arrival in "the big city" we noticed that there was a large, odd-looking ship down at the pier. Approaching nearer to it we saw the good old "stars and stripes" on her fan-tail.....and that flag really looked good. We started talking with a fellow on board the boat (U.S.S. Tusk, a sub). He was from Denver and had that old American twang which sounded even better than the flag looked. We talked about home, and he said that he had known a fellow on another boat who was a Mormon from Salt Lake City. Thinking it un-proper to ask what the ship was doing in Hammerfest we left the fellow without knowing why they were there. Walking into town we noticed a large poster on the wall of a building. On it was written the story of a U.S. sub which had sunk off the coast of Norway as a result of an internal explosion. The U.S.S. Tusk traveling with this sub had performed a remarkable rescue work, saving every member of the sunken ship's crew, but losing 7 of its own men.

We then returned to the "Tusk" and learned more about the disaster which had taken place just a couple of days earlier in the rough waters of the Arctic Ocean. You have probably read the details in the paper. It was really sorrowing to hear them tell how they sent out rescue-men to gather in the crew of the sunken ship (all of which they got on board) only to lose seven of their own men who were top-side giving artificial respiration to a man when a huge wave came and swept them all overboard.

On his arrival in Hammerfest the Captain of the ship phoned Washington immediately and reported the affair, after which he phoned London requesting that a U.S. Navy doctor be sent by plane to Hammerfest. The doctor arrived at a landing place a short distance from Hammerfest, but never made it the rest of the way because of the thick fog.

We spent all of Saturday morning at the pier talking with the fellows. At about noon the sleek sub shoved off without the doctor; and a Norwegian PC carrying the crew of the sunken sub joined it as they headed for Tromsø where they would meet a U.S. destroyer which would carry the crew-without-a-ship to U.S.A.

Your letters of the 7th and the 14th contained alot of good news. It was interesting to read that Don Gidley came up to see you and that you had a good talk with him. I'm interested to hear the details of Elder Paulsen's homecoming if you can remember to write me about some of his remarks. I'm expecting a letter from both Gidley and Paulsen soon. By the way, what did Don say he was going to do as far as business or school is concerned?

Yesterday I received another carton of color film pictures from England. I'll have them in the mail soon. Enclosed in this letter you'll find a couple of pictures taken in Alta when we spent 10 days there this summer with the Elders from Tromsø. I just received these in the mail from Elder Tanner who took them.

You may continue sending your letters to Post restante, Hammerfest. I imagine we'll spend the next three weeks in Hammerfest. It would be best if you stopped sending packages until after conference time.

We are beginning to feel that winter is on its way. It is beginning to get dark again around 7 or 8 PM. After the long spell of nothing but light this sudden coming (it has seemed to come on us suddenly) of the darkness seems even more odd than when the 24-hours of light began last spring.

Time to close. *Have you heard when he will be home?*

Love,

Clay.

P.S. In the last couple of months I've read about a handbook for temple work which has now published by the Church. If you could get hold of a copy of this "handbook for Genealogy & Temple Work - 1949 edition" I'd sure appreciate receiving one.

I appreciate receiving the Trib. I haven't received it for the subscription has run out.

P.S. Your letter of the 20th just arrived. Thanks a million for sending the shipping bag containing the box of Paulsen's homecoming + a New York paper.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Aug. 27, 1949

Dear Clayt:

As we read the U.P. report from Hammerfest on the front page of this morning's Tribune, we wondered if you would meet any of the members of the crews of the ill-fated submarine Cochino or its sister sub, the Tusk.

Last Wednesday evening we picked up Carl Paulsen and Ed Tholen, and drove out to the Sims' residence in Cottonwood to see more "films". The pictures were wonderful,-- particularly because there were so many of you fellows, and of your activities in northern Norway. We hadn't seen the second film from your trip of several months ago to Alta, and the country of the Laps,-- so that was a treat also. You and Bob both look fine, and the "close-ups" -- sailing -- were excellent. So were the pictures of your travels, the ships, the beautiful fjords, mountains, parades, and all. We spent a very pleasant evening with the Sims' family, and thoroughly enjoyed being with Carl Paulsen and Ed Tholen again.

Ralph Hardy was the speaker at Rotary Club last Tuesday, and the Rotary weekly bulletin, received this morning, has this to say in part: "He assured us that in accepting his new position as head of the audio division of the National Broadcasters' Association, he did so with the definite understanding that he could follow his own convictions without influence or pressure; and that he would not be swerved from his opinion as to ethics, principle or policy. His high moral and patriotic stature assures us that in his department no action will be taken that would impair our American way of life, free initiative, incentive and profit (if one can make it). Ralph said more in twenty minutes than many speakers do in a lifetime, and those who missed hearing it lost immeasurably. We are losing one of our finest friends and most able citizens, but the knowledge that he is going to fill an important assignment of national scope will tend to lessen our sense of loss. Our sincerest wishes, Ralph, for success, and we know you will attain it." And that's only part of the report. It was a remarkable speech. We're invited next Saturday to a reception for Ralph and Maren to be given by the superintendencies of the YWCA and YMCA in the home of the John Longden's, but we'll be out of the city.

Bright and early next Thursday morning, "Mom", Aunt Edna and Marian Felt are leaving in the DeSoto for Sun Valley to spend the Labor Day week-end. They're trying to take me along, but I'd rather go up to Holiday Park where I can really relax and spend most of the time fishing. The three "girls" should ~~be~~ have a lot of fun. It will do Mom good to get away from the responsibilities of her various activities for a few days.

Wood left a few minutes ago for Holiday Park in a truck Dick borrowed from James Plumbing & Heating Co. so that Wood could take up a new "studio couch" just purchased from Laleta Madsen,-- along with some chairs, tables, etc. for the cabins. The main cabin looks bright and clean with its interior "coat" of yellow paint. Last week ~~we~~ Wood and Adele took up ~~some~~ windows for the "Bark House". I went along for the "ride", and succeeded in catching a few "nice ones" over at Yellow Lake. Adele, Dougie and Ricky have been up there all this week. They were joined Monday by "Edie" Parkinson and two children. And undoubtedly, they've had a good time, although Adele expected to do a good deal of painting.

Tom and Mary Boise told us that they had a fine visit with Sally, Carolyn and Doug,-- that they're very comfortable in the home they are now occupying, and that they all feel fine. However, getting a letter out of Doug is harder than pulling teeth. One of these days he'll break down and write,-- or I'll cut them off my mailing list.

Grandma Williams asked us to tell you how much she admired your decision to extend your mission to the full two and one-half years; and, of course we agree with you and with her. After talking with so many of the returned Elders, and hearing their praise of your work, we realize that in your assignment as District President you have wonderful opportunities for the next six months. If your Mother's health permits, we may join you next April, and tour Europe together. How does that sound? And now,-- end of paper and no more news. Love from all of us,-- and good cycling and "sailing".

Copies to Doug. Rex... Rae & Allen

Affectionately,

Harvik, Sörby
August 21, 1949
Sunday morning

Dear Folks,

Sitting in the living room of a house whose owner's name I don't yet know I'll take a few minutes this Sunday morn to write of our travels during the past week. Looking out the window I see the southern tip of the "Rocky Sörby" (South Island) whose largest party, Harvik, we are now located in.

I believe that the most interesting happening during the week was how we happened to come to Sörby. It all came about in this way:

Rising at 6:30 last Tuesday morning we caught the early bus into Hammarfest from Kvalønd. We intended to meet with our Hammarfest investigators the same evening & leave the next morning early by boat for Sörby. But our plans were changed when we learned that the Wednesday trip of the Sörby boat had been cancelled.

After examining the map we decided upon a change in plans. Since we couldn't go to Sörby, we made arrangements to take another boat leaving Tues. evening for a city called Skjerøp, lying south of Hammarfest and just over the Finnmark County border.

Before our boat left at 11 P.M. we had a nice visit with two of our investigator families, the Amundsons & the Rpsstalls. We discussed the Book of Mormon after which we had a nice evening snack consisting a can of ham which I had just received in one of your packages. Besides that we really enjoyed eating some of your delicious, home-made caramels for dessert, like having arrived the same day in your package to me which also included 3 subell books.

Having had an enjoyable evening with them we boarded the "Skjerstad" & it pulled away from Hammarfest heading south. It was past midnight when I finally found a place to lay my sleeping bag on a bench on deck — then I began

2.

Sawing wood.

At 5:30 the next morning I was abruptly awakened when the ship's whistle blasted out announcing our arrival at Skjerøpy. The city had a beautiful location nestled in a green, lushy cove with high, snow-capped mountains in the background. While still in my sleeping bag I whipped out my camera & snapped a picture of this beautiful scene.

I had to push through the usual "deck-sleepers problem" — that of dressing in ones sleeping bag. Once dressed and out loud we had nothing to do for everything was closed so early was it.

When 9 a.m. rolled around we figured that it was then late enough to visit a relative of one of our Hammerfest investigators. We were well received by this lady & it wasn't long before we learned from her that 2 of our missionaries had been there only 6 days earlier. That shot our plans. We couldn't spend our time here when the whole town had been tracted only one week earlier. And so our plans had to be changed again.

On investigating the boat situation we found that we were stuck in Skjerøpy for several days as far as the local boats were concerned. Then, we thought of taking a ride with some north-going fishing boat — it was a slim possibility we were told — down at the pier Elder Simons spotted a 30-ft fishing smack with an "F" on its bow which told us that it was from our county, Finnmark. We hustled ~~over~~ over to the boat & learned from the skipper that they were leaving for Sproy in a half-hour & that we could come along. It was quite a coincidence we thought! But even more surprising was the fact that the skipper's wife had been in Hammerfest a couple of weeks ago & we had there made friends with her & her sister. The skipper said we could come to his home in Brivikvoten on Sproy and ~~stay~~ stay at his house.

The boat trip was one experience I'll never forget. The weather was beautiful & so were the fjords. The skipper & I sat down in the cramped sleeping quarters for 2 hours talking about the Gospel. When he finally came up on deck he

noticed that the landscape was unfamiliar. It found that during our conversation the fellow on watch at the wheel had steered us off course & we had been heading down the wrong fjord for 2 hours.

Back on course the skipper headed the boat for Nordreiss, where we were to pick up two men before heading on to Sorby. We arrived in Nordreiss in the evening & Elder Sims and I spent 3 hours tracting while the crew took on-board gear and oil for the diesel engine.

When we pulled away from the Nordreiss pier we had 7 people aboard that small boat. Down in the crew's quarters there were 3 small bunks, a small oil stove, a table & room enough for 4 people to sit.

After a couple of pieces of bread & cheese the crew members insisted that Sims & I take two of the bunks for the night. I had only had a couple of hours sleep the night before so I accepted, & my companion & I settled down for the night in 2 of the 3 bunks. In mine there was not enough room for stretching out but I was so tired that I slept in my suit until 7 the next morning. The rest of the crew spent the night shooting the breeze & drinking their staff of life, coffee.

Not long after we had finished our bread and cheese breakfast we tied up to the pier at Breivikbotn, Sorby - the skipper's home town, a settlement of about 400 people. From the pier we followed the captain to his barracks home where we saw his wife & 73 year old father working in the hay field carrying huge bundles of dry hay from their field up over a hill to their barns. I thought they would drop dead under the load.

I felt so sorry for them that I insisted on our buying them a pound. So, Elder Sims and I put on work clothes & carried hay all afternoon. It was a real task, but we were rewarded with a good dinner when we were through. We spent the evening tracting & arranging for a meeting house in which to hold a gathering the next evening.

Friday's tracting there in Breivikbotn was pleasant because the people were so friendly. By evening we had announced our meeting time in every house.

To allow everyone the opportunity of completing their milking chores we announced our meeting time at 8:30 P.M.

In the center of Breivikstoa there stands a large, newly, red barrack. It's called "Ungdoms huset" (The Youth's House) + it is used for all kinds of "get togethers" being the only meeting house in the settlement. When we opened the barn-like doors we found that it was quite an unusual place. The room we were to use was 50 x 25 feet. Instead of chairs or benches they had rigged up seating arrangements using long 2 x 6's which we supported on either end by wooden boxes. There were about 15 rows of these. As there was no pulpit we piled two wooden boxes (one on top of the other) up front + placed a clean piece of paper on the top of them. This was good enough to set our books on.

One more interesting ~~thing~~ ^{thing} about the house was the fancy decorations which had been placed there by the Red Cross committee who were having a party there the next evening. On the ceiling we had many strips of multi-colored crepe paper + on the walls they had nailed leafy branches. It was the oddest atmosphere for holding a religious meeting I've ever seen.

By 8:30 the place was half full, something which seldom happens with these late-coming Norwegians. Just at that time we heard a lot of barking outside + before we knew it four goats had been chased through the door into the meeting house by a courageous fox-carrier. They were at once on the plank-benches + there was a terrific uproar; but we were saved by four people who knew how to handle goats + took them by the horns + led them out.

A few minutes later the place was full, about 75 people in attendance. We were really surprised to see so many there. After the usual opening exercises + Elder Jim's remarks I spoke for about 45 minutes telling about the Restoration of the Church of Jesus Christ + of the fruits which the Church has borne in the last 19 years. The people kept perfectly quiet + attentive. I was more pleased with this meeting than any other one we have had all summer. At the close of the gathering one lady told me that we would surely win many followers if we would stay awhile.

Saturday morning before shoving off for Hasvik we dropped in to visit some of the neighbors to deliver a few pamphlets + say "adijt." Mine never been treated better than we were our few days in Breivikbotn.

Having said good-bye to all we pushed our heavily packed bikes up over the hill leaving the small settlement. The day was beautiful, warm enough that we took off our coats. We stopped at each house along the way telling the people of the establishment & the Church of Jesus Christ in the latter days, leaving literature, + answering questions. In the afternoon we cycled into another small settlement, a town of about 500 people. There we got a shower, found a cobbler to repair my shoe (which had begun coming apart, + traded a few fourses until we found someone with an empty room.

That was last night. And now, after a good night's rest I'm taking time to scribble this letter in these people's ~~for~~ living room.

Up to now our trip has been wonderful. We have been blessed with pleasant weather + kind people. Since catching the fishing smack in Skjerbovy we haven't spent hardly a cent. The manager of the Breivikbotn meeting house wouldn't take any money for our using his gathering place + neither would the fellow at the Shower-house take any money.

Our schedule now will be to hold a meeting here in Hasvik either tomorrow or the next day. From here will continue on to either a place called Skerfjord or back to Kvalsund for more supplies + then out again.

I've received the levis + tie you sent. The landlord was thrilled with the levis in spite of the cost. I asked that you write + tell me the cost but it's not necessary since ~~it~~ there was a price tag on the trousers. At the same time I received another food box from you. A few days later the package which I mentioned earlier in this letter came. Your clothing books was swell. All three of them will be very helpful. Thanks for writing.

Also received was your last \$55 check.
I'm in good financial shape now with \$85.00 in the
bill.

I'm looking forward to hearing from you
and our return to friends.

Love,
Clayt.

Request: I need some color film, but I want you to promise me that you'll draw money out of my bank account to buy it with. This is certainly one thing I can buy! When you get time I'd appreciate it if you could do this.

Question: Two of our best friends in Hammerfest were really crazy about those sleeping bags you sent. They are a young couple who would like to buy one. They were sure that it is big enough for the 2 of them. I can get the equivalent of the cash price plus postage from them in Norwegian Kroner, if you'll agree to send it + if you want to do it. It's a lot of trouble for you, but I'm sure they would appreciate it ~~immensely~~ immensely. If you are able to do it would you please send it to them!

HERK ODDMUND HØYEM
MOLLA
HAMMERFEST, NORWAY

+ if you'll send me the ~~total~~ total amount of money you put out I'll collect the Norwegian equivalent from them. I hope it's not too much bother.

Your loving, youngest son,
Olav L.

Kvalsund, Norway
July 17, 1949
Sunday afternoon

Dear Folks,

W I N T E Rhas come back to Finnmarken. At least, that's the way it looks now;-and, that's the way it has appeared for the past few days. This weather is actually something to write home about. A couple of weeks ago I told you about what a wonderful week of sunshine we had just had. At the close of that week we had a spell which could be compared to autumn in SLC, and then last Friday winter came and has continued, but we hope it doesn't stay long.

My last letter, written from the Fossekop Tourist Hotel's bath-house, was an extra short edition of the weekly report; and it was written in such haste that I'm not sure now just what I did write. So, I think it calls for a quick review over the period from when we left Kvalsund to the bath in Fossekop.....

On our arrival in Fossekop Wednesday forenoon it was a pleasure to see Elders Aksel Tanner and Frank Dagley waiting for us on the pier in their raincoats and traveler's caps. We spent a nice day with them though both Elder Sims and I were suffering from not a minute of sleep since Monday night and I was suffering from a sick stomach;-and lack of food. We were fortunate in that we located a place to sleep in an empty barrack room where there was room for all four of us. We obtained food now and then from hospitable families whom we contacted during our tracting.

Friday evening at 8 PM we had a nice turn-out for our street meeting, a crowd of about 100 people. Our quartet singing songs of Zion in Norwegian sounded pretty good, I thought,...and the Elders did well in their talks. The only difficulty we had was the disturbance from trucks and cars passing on the nearby road plus the neighing of several horses in a pasture adjacent to the location of our gathering. But, it was good experience for us all and I believe it did some good as far as making our message known and better understood in that area.

After writing to you Saturday afternoon, I joined the other three Elders when they were finished bathing and we decided to break-down and have a good dinner. At the Tourist Hotel we were served a very delicious "middag" consisting of soup, spaghetti, sausage and potatoes, and rhubarb for dessert. With that under our belts we were ready to leave Fossekop and travel to another settlement in the Alta district, a place called Elvebakken, 3 miles away.

On our way to Elvebakken we made an interesting contact. It was a young English Navy Officer who was serving aboard a 100-foot yacht which the Duke of Westminster (a 72-year old member of the royal English family who "owns about half of London") had rented to carry him and his party to Alta to spend about three weeks fishing for salmon in a special area of the Alta river which area he had also rented. This fishing trip was an annual event for the Duke before the war, but this is the first time he has made the trip since the war ended. We had seen the beautiful yacht out in the bay and had a desire to go aboard her, so we mentioned this to the officer. He said that he thought it could be arranged if we would come down to the pier on the following Tuesday afternoon. We left him looking forward to seeing the yacht, even though we'd get a chance to shake hands with the Duke.

Once in Elvebakken it was an easy thing to find a place to stay. Someone suggested that we hold our meeting at the school-house, so we went directly there where we received permission to hold our meeting and also were allowed to lay our sleeping bags on the school-house floor. We went tracting that evening and Elder Sims and I contacted a fellow who I had known in Hammerfest. After explaining a few things to him he asked to borrow my Book of Mormon, and we made an appointment to show him and his family our slide films the next day, Sunday.

The four of us visited this fellow on Sunday afternoon showing him films on the history of the Church and pictures of Utah's points of interest. He said that all this was very interesting to him and he felt that he would be "satisfied" with the Book. So, I let him continue reading my one and only copy of the Book in Norwegian.

We were all quite hungry by the time our visit with him was over. He was a fish-seller and had a large structure outside of his home where many fish were hanging

in long rows. The purpose of this was to dry the fish for later use. We asked him a little about this process. We were a little surprised to see him go out into the yard and come back with one of the stiff, dry things in his hands. He told us that the Norwegian kids, and grown-ups also, were quite fond of this dried (un-cooked) fish. We were so hungry we would have eaten anything short of tree-bark, and that's just about what the dried fish tasted like.

Monday was spent covering the town with tracts during which time Elder Bagley and I were fortunate in getting food. In fact, ~~it happened that~~ during the whole trip it nearly always happened that Elder Bagley and I received enough food while the other two Elders had it a little tougher.

We interrupted our day of tracting on Tuesday to cycle over to the Duke's yacht three miles away. After getting cleaned up at the hotel we went down to the pier and waved to have a speed-boat sent in. When the boat arrived another officer was on board. ~~He~~ made known to us the sad news that all of the Duke's party had been up nearly all night fishing and that it wouldn't be possible to come aboard today because of that. It was quite a disappointment. I don't know if the Duke really slept or if we didn't have the rank to rate a visit with him, but we felt that it was his loss.....for we were all prepared to show him our slide films and give him a free Book of Mormon.

In Elvebakken again we had met considerable opposition from a sect known as the Listadianers. I told you a little about them once before in one of my letters. They are the kind of people who will not open their minds to new inventions, ^{etc.} and apparently cannot be moved from their firm faith in Martin Luther because they will not listen to the opinions and ideas of others.

A great percentage of the inhabitants of Elvebakken are Listadianers; therefore at our meeting Tuesday evening we could only gather 14 people in the school yard. As our meeting got underway we had light rain showers, so we told the people to line up under the eaves of the school-house and we took a box out in the yard from which we spoke. Fortunately, the rain stopped and our meeting continued without interruption.

At the close of our songs and remarks a young fellow who had attended the meeting came up to us and began sneaking to us in English. He told us that he was a Frenchman who was in Norway on a partial vacation and partial study ^{tour} of the forests here. He stated that he had spent a whole evening with two of our missionaries in France several months ago and that when he had seen our posters here he had taken the party of about 6 Norwegians with whom he was traveling to our meeting. He asked that we join he and his friends at a nice, nearby "Kafe" where we could chat for awhile. We had an enjoyable hour with them talking about the Book of Mormon, the Gospel, and various languages. In the middle of our conversation another fellow walked up and commented on our international party. We asked him where he was from. He asked us to guess, but after erring with guesses like "Dane", German, French, he finally had to tell us that he was from Switzerland. He joined in our conversation and we continued speaking Norwegian, the only language that each person there could speak.

The Frenchman said that he had found our message interesting. It is quite significant to note that two of the three foreigners (Europeans) I've met in the last few months have spoken with our missionaries in their native lands. The Gospel is really being preached over the whole world. The Frenchman told me the name of our Church in French. The language sounded beautiful the way he spoke it. I repeated the words of that children's song which I had learned from you at home (Le Petite Marie-Louise) and he repeated them after me saying that my pronunciation was quite correct (though I didn't know what I was saying).

The next day, Wednesday, we said goodbye to the two Tromsø Elders. They headed back to their city and we to ours. I had made arrangements with a fellow to take us over a long, barren stretch of road in his truck, but he wasn't leaving until Friday morning, so we had to stay in Elvebakken a couple of days longer. We spent that time finishing up our tracting there and were well taken care of in regard to food and shelter. Both nights we had a good floor to lay our sleeping bags on and received dinner and breakfast from both families.

Friday morning at 7 AM we piled into two trucks, Elder Sims with one fellow and I with another. The 2 1/2 hour truck trip over Finnmark's "vidde" (the large expanse over which the Lapplanders drive their reindeer herds summer and winter. In the winter they use skis and sleds for the area is ice-covered. In the summer the herds graze in the lower areas where the snow has melted and there is food.) proved very interesting. We passed huge piles of snow along the edge of the road. At several points we saw groups of

men rebuilding roads and bridges. In 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 to keep the thing open all year round, but the driver added that the tunnel wasn't a very successful undertaking. The weather had been poor all day, but it reached a climax when we ran into snow flurries. From a place called Skaidi we cycled against a strong wind the rest of the distance home taking 2 hours to cover a distance which under normal conditions we should have covered in an hour.

It was good to be home after 10 days on the road, and especially welcomed were the two letters and a package from you. Your letters were very interesting.....I was surprised to hear that Sue Stoddard was going on a mission, but it sounds like a good deal seeing as by leaving now she will probably arrive home at the same time as her fiance, Bob Stevens who is laboring in South America. I wasn't quite as surprised to hear about Marilyn's accepting a pin from Dave Pettigrew. The only correspondence we have had in the last six months are a few letters and a Christmas present. I don't want you to be too broken up about it, Mom.....by the good word you kept putting in your letters I gathered that you liked the gal quite a bit.

Your 4th of July week-end at Holiday Park sounded wonderful especially the "two-pounders" from Yellow Lake, not to mention the fried chicken and the 7-rib roast. It sounds like your having pretty good luck fishing; and the cabin should be in good shape for my return. I noticed in the "Trib" that Dougie got beat in the finals of the city tournament. Sounds like he's going great guns. You asked in your letter if I had taken the rolls of movie film you sent. No, I haven't had the opportunity yet, but hope to do it soon. In answer to your questions, Mom....Yes, I'm still taking my vitamins and have yet a good supply on hand.....my shoes are lasting fine.....thanks for sending the levis...No, I don't need summer garments, but I'll write you if later on I need a new supply of winter ones. I haven't even thought of changing to summer garments this year.

Your package (#48), sent on June 13th, arrived and contained some fine articles. The model airplanes will be put to good use with the kids, the blue-grey sweater will also come in handy, and the food-articles were well chosen. Thanks a million.

I've shown everyone in the neighborhood the picture of the "Woman of the Week." Why didn't you ever tell me before that Mrs. W. was so famous? Is she the star of that Television program? And to top it all off she qualifies for the title of "Den Mother!" Seriously, she must really be on the ball to be chosen for all of these activities.

I guess that winds up another session at the typewriter. We have no definite plans for the coming week as far as country traveling is concerned. We are quite dependent on the weather conditions. The weather report this afternoon told us that there would be continued rain and wind and that last night's temperature was 1 degree above freezing. Last summer when I was in southern Norway they told me that it was one of the rainiest summers in the memory of man, the Hammerfestians told me that the winter we just endured was the windiest in the memory of man, and now we hear from these folks this summer that this is the worst summer Finnmark has ever had, while in southern Norway the sun shines warmly every day. I don't know if they're just pulling my leg or if I've got a weather jinx over me. But, I don't want you to feel sorry for me after reading this letter.....I'm just reporting the facts as I see them, not actually complaining.

Hope all's well at home. It is going to be a real experience to be able to complain about the heat again.....someday.

Love,



I might add that during the day we ran across a Frau Sigrid Karlson who showed us pictures of her relatives in Salt Lake City. It was especially interesting and almost unbelievable to see one picture taken of her sister walking down Main Street. Her relatives' names are Henry Mold who lives at 445 Stanley Ave and Anna Keilhan, 124 Apricot Ave. It's a small world.

During our tracting in the city Friday morning we kept a close eye on the weather. We were overjoyed to see the sun break through the clouds in this city famous for its "over" (un-weather). At the sight of the sun we decided on a street meeting for that evening (our meeting house deal fell through when we found out that we couldn't rent it for under 15 bucks).

At 8 P.M. Elder Linn and I arrived at the Vardo "town place" with Bible, Book of Mormon, Church Song Book + a bundle of tracts in our hands. There was hardly a soul in sight. We had advertised as usual, but it looked as though it had brought no result. We struck up a conversation with one fellow who was standing nearby, + in 15 minutes + after a couple of songs about 100 people seemed to gather ~~out of~~ nowhere. When it looked like the proper time to begin I mounted the (2 ft. high) bombed ruins of the old State Church Building and asked the people to gather in closer. We went through our usual songs, and each of us spoke to a very attentive audience. The weather wasn't warm (I had my heavy winter coat on) but it wasn't so cold that the people were bothered by it. At the close of the meeting our

kins and I passed through the crowd distributing our tracts telling about the Restoration of the Gospel. The Adventist family with whom we had stayed 2 nights in Vadsø had treated us wonderfully. Saturday morning at 7 a.m. we left them after giving them our thanks, our tracts, and our blessings; and we boarded the small ferry which took us quickly over to the mainland where we began our bicycle trip for Vadsø.

This trip was very interesting, but I haven't time to go into detail. Let it suffice to say that we saw that a war had been fought there by the barbed wire fences, trenches, destroyed gun-emplacements, etc. We even saw the remains of a Russian fighter bearing the bright red star. I assume the plane was American made, for all of the writing in it was in English.

In the late afternoon we arrived at a place called Skallelo, a fishing settlement of about 300 people. This was located half-way between Vadsø + Vadsø. We figured that this would be an ideal place to stay overnight so we investigated the possibility of getting a place to stay, and of holding a meeting there. Both turned out in our favor, though the man in charge of the school looked sorry that he had promised us the school house when we told him that our Church was commonly known by a nick-name: "Mormon - Kirkens."

He (the school teacher) had interesting tales to tell about life in Skallelo during the war. Pointing out the window to a group of mountains clearly visible across the sea he said, "There is Kustia"

and then continued by telling us how when they heard the Russian fighters warm up their engines (a story which sounded a bit unbelievable), the inhabitants of Skallelo would run for their mountain air-rain shelter where the whole town finally had to move, because the strafing + bombing got so bad. The only reason for this action on the part of the Russians was to kill German soldiers who were quartered there, I presume. Unfortunately, the people of this small settlement suffered unnecessarily as the German troops were living a ~~good~~ considerable distance from Skallelo. His story about the terrific losses suffered by the allied convoys on the way to Murmansk were also very colorful but sad. He said that often, at the beginning of the war, they would watch nearly a whole convoy go under as a result of ^{the} German submarines' torpedos, but he remarked about the noticeable change that occurred with the invention of radar + better sound equipment. He told also of the German convoys which were sunk by Russian planes just off the coast of their small settlement.

After a long conversation with the school teacher we found a place to stay with a nice family.

Sunday evening (after having put away a delicious whale meat dinner) we held our meeting in the small Skallelo school house where we spoke to 23 adults + a bunch of kids. For some unknown reason everything seemed to go wrong at that meeting — everything from singing off key to being disturbed by a mad chasing a cow outwards.

of the building.

b.

This morning we left Skellefte & continued along the coast dirt road arriving in this city this afternoon. We were treated nicely by the people on the way. Some of them spoke only a little Norwegian. The language most used in this area is Finnish.

Once in Vadst we hurried to the stores to pick up this writing paper. While looking around in the general store my ~~eye~~ ~~fell~~ ~~upon~~ a case full of carrots. When I saw them I gasped as though I had seen a gold ~~mine~~ nugget. The sales girl must have thought I was crazy, but it sure looked good to see carrots on sale again.

We plan to be here at least until Wednesday evening at which time we shall hold a meeting of all ~~gods~~ according to schedule. From here we'll take a boat to Kirkenes & after about 3 days they will return to ~~the~~ our home in Kvalsund.

It has been a very interesting trip so far & we have been able to contact many people & have given them a better understanding of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I believe.

Hope you're in good health & that you're having a nice summer.

More letters when I get time.

Love,
Clay

Kvalsund, Norway
July 24, 1949
Sunday afternoon

Dear Folks,

I can see it all clearly even from "Whale-sound," Norway. Lined up on the shore of Yellow Lake today we find Bert (with his trusty "40-year old" rod), Wood, and Adele; Dougie and Ricky down in the smaller beaver dams and Buck up at the narrows in "Left." I'm really a little envious today, especially after another week of winter weather. You mentioned in your note of the 14th that you hoped that the clan could get together for this week-end. Hope you have some luck with the fish!

Speaking of fishing, I'll have to relate my only fishing experience of the summer; so far, that is. The other night Elder Sims and I were returning from a bit of evening tracting at about 10 PM. We looked out into the fjord and our eyes were immediately focused upon a school of hundreds of fish which would come to the surface every few minutes to feed. It really looked exciting so we ran down to the shore, and, upon seeing our landlord Kristian Johnsen out in a small boat, yelled for him to come in and pick us up when he got a chance. After he had been out only a few minutes he told his son to row to shore where we met him. In the boat we saw over 20 coalfish (one-pound each). He threw them out on land and Elder Sims and I climbed into the boat with his son Arne. I rowed the thing out to the spot where the "school" had last been seen. We threw out the two lines with spinners on their ends and proceeded to row back and forth in the designated area. After a half-hour's work (and it was work) we came back to the shore with one fish. What fishermen! I guess I'd better stick to Pole Bridge.

Our week has been rather un-pleasant except for a trip to Hammerfest. Because of the poor weather we didn't dare attempt a trip into the country, so on Tuesday we packed our bicycles and headed for Hammerfest. The weather had been quite threatening Tuesday, but we thought with luck we could make it into Hammerfest without much trouble. As soon as we got out onto the road we noticed a terrific head wind which made the going slow. But, that wasn't enough;- the wind had to bring rain with it. Before we reached the half way point we decided it would be wise to take a rain check on that trip, so we turned around and let the wind blow us home.

On Wednesday the weather was just about the same, but we played it a little smarter, at least we thought we would play it smart. We gathered our gear together and waited down by the Kvalsund Ferry Station for a car or truck to come by. Why not save a little money rather than pay 90 cents for the bus. In no time we arranged a ride with a fellow in a private car. When we reached Hammerfest, out of politeness I asked the fellow how much it would be, and to our surprise he said 90¢ each.

This trip to Hammerfest was something I had been looking forward to for over 6 months, because this time I knew that our best investigator's husband would have returned home from the tuberculosis hospital in mid-Norway, and I was anxious to talk to him. We arranged for a place to stay at the Høyem's and then headed out to visit Herr and Fru Røstvik.

I sent you snap-shots of the Røstvik family, all except the husband. Well, we found him just as hospitable and friendly as the rest of them; and besides that he was interested in our message. We showed him our files after which we discussed principles of the Gospel and told him the story of the Book of Mormon pointing out that the coming forth of the Book of Mormon was in fulfillment of several ancient Biblical prophecies, prophecies as clear and understandable as the prediction in the Old Testament of the birth of the Savior. I'm sure this explanation helped awaken his interest, so that he finally asked if he could borrow one of our copies of the Book. His wife is already convinced of the truthfulness of Joseph Smith's story and I believe that he too will soon receive the same testimony.

We spent a peaceful night on the Høyem's divan. The next day, Thursday, we did some worthwhile shopping in the big city buying a few fresh vegetables, something which we haven't been able to purchase in Kvalsund. We got a couple of heads of cabbage, a head of cauliflower, potatoes and a cucumber. When we returned to Kvalsund the same evening we had a delicious whale-burger, fish-cake, and vegetable dinner.

Unfortunately, we haven't accomplished as much this week as we usually do, mostly because this weather is the worst they have had since the summer of 1900, but I'm still an optimist. I'm sure things will ease up. We are looking forward to some kind of a trip this coming week.

That winds up the news for the moment. Thanks, Mom, for the joint letter from all of the "girls."

Love,

AIR MAIL

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

July 23, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

8 A.M. Saturday, and I got an early start, hoping to clear up a few important items before heading for Holiday Park with Mom, Wood, Adele, Dougie and Ricky Prince for the "24th week-end". Your Mother is over at Z. C. M. I. having her hair "done" by Mrs. Olson.

You'll be interested in the enclosed clipping from this morning's Salt Lake Tribune, announcing the appointment of Ralph Hardy to the position of Chief of the Radio Division of the National Association of Broadcasters, effective September first, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. We shouldn't discuss salary, but "via the grape-vine", we have heard that it carries an annual stipend of \$17,500. And Ralph will earn every cent of it. Already, he has done a wonderful job for the radio industry in his position as chairman of the educational standards committee of its national organization.

Salt Lake City will lose a capable, civic-minded and ardent worker, — but from a nationwide viewpoint, Ralph can do much for Radio and for the Church.

I did not get a chance to read Mother's recent letter to you, so I may be repeating some things she has already told you. Sally, Doug and Carolyn have moved into the home they are renting at 1905 Idaho, Boise, Idaho. We received a postal from Sally yesterday, and she says that they like it very much, — more room, and a nice "yard" for Carolyn to play in. We hope to drive up to see them soon, — maybe next Saturday. If we do go then, we'll take Dougie along with us, because he's going to stay with us for a week while Adele and Wood enjoy an outing on the North Fork of the Snake with the Henry Wallace's. It's time I should be getting another "crack" at some of our customers and interesting projects in southern Idaho.

Now, about fishing. It's not too good, but I'm one of those "crazy guys" who will stay on Yellow Lake through downpour and sunshine for seven hours just to hook a couple of those two-pound scrappy "Rainbows". The Weber river has been fished to death. The forest road around Holiday Park and way ~~now~~ up into Gardner's is like a paved highway, and you can well realize that it has opened Left, Middle and Gardner forks to hundreds of fishermen who had never heard of those "spots" until a couple of years ago. But, it is the same story all over the country. The automobile has created "transportation" into even the "virgin country", so we will all have to be satisfied with smaller catches, and we'll have to learn to do more "sight-seeing" through the canyons and forests.

And now, I must stop abruptly, because we're leaving soon. Will write a longer letter next week. Love from all of us to you.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, ~~Allen~~, and Allen. + Rex, Jr.

July 3, 1949
Kvalsund, Norway
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Folks,

S U M M E Rcame to northern Norway last week. For us it was just as important as the successful outcome of the foreign minister's conference in Paris. Since before last November when Elder Gidley and I arrived in Hammerfest I hadn't felt warm wearing anything but my grey, polar overcoat. Finally, I felt like putting that coat in storage (but I didn't dare having experienced before the changeability of the weather). The cold wind suddenly stopped; it seemed like the yellow flowers and dandelions appeared on the grassy fields overnight. There is an old saying here in Finnmark that we have cold, "sour" weather up until a certain time, then, one day Mother Nature will snap her fingers and summer comes to us. That's just how it happened this year. And we were sure thankful for the warm days, for they made enjoyable a beautiful trip of country tracting in "Nordens paradis" (the paradise of the North).....a place called Karasjok.

Elder Sims and I left Kvalsund on a late bus Tuesday afternoon. Our bicycles hooked on the front of the bus on special holders and our baggage tied to the top we sailed along the dirt road passing many familiar places which we recognized from our trip to Kistrand a couple of weeks ago.....Skaidi, Olderfjord, Kistrand....and passing Kistrand we continued on to Kolvik, Banak, Lakselv and finally after about 140 miles of traveling (8 hours on the road) we reached the tourist hotel at Karasjok just before midnight, the sun still brightly shining. From the tourist hotel we looked over a branch of the Tana River to see the small settlement of Karasjok. That was as far as the bus went, so we unloaded our baggage and re-loaded it on our bikes which we rode down to the river's edge. There were several laborers setting up a bridge over the river as they do each summer to enable those tourists who have cars to drive across. (But, each winter the bridge must be taken down, so that the ice won't destroy it.) The bridge being only half-way completed, we were forced to seek some other way over. Waiting on the bank were several young fellows each with a 20-ft. canoe, some equipped with motors, others with oars. Into one of these tipsy, unsteady canoes we lifted our bikes loaded with sleeping bags etc. and a young man who couldn't speak Norwegian rowed us over. On the other side he managed to get out the words "en krone," the amount we were to pay for the short journey.

We cycled into town and asked the first person we met where we could lay our sleeping bags for the night. She said that she had an extra room we could use. We found her house very cleverly decorated with various nick-nacks, quite different from the average house. She told us that she had come up from the south to cook for the construction workers and that this house was actually a cafe which she had tried to make as cozy as possible. We were very comfortably situated.

The first thing we did Wednesday morning was to visit the police station to get permission to hold a street meeting ~~there~~ that night. After a little red-tape we secured the use of a speaker's platform which was located on a green pasture beside the police station barrack. We then filled out our posters advertizing our meeting at 8 PM, and put these posters up all over the settlement.

We had two reasons for going to Karasjok. One was to preach the Gospel and the other was to take in a little beautiful scenery along the Finish border. As soon as we had our posters up on Wednesday morning we headed out the road to the "Finske grense" tracting along the way. The population in this area is made up largely of Lapplanders, many of whom speak only a little Norwegian. This difficulty was soon noticeable when we began tracting. Finding that nobody could speak Norwegian at one house the only thing we could do was to leave, and at another an elderly couple yelled upstairs for their son to come down and translate what these two Americans had to say. Our being Americans helped out everywhere we went. It was fun to speak with those who could converse in Norwegian and from them we picked up a few words of "Lappisk" (or, as it is correctly termed "Samisk"), enough that we could tell the Lapps that we were American missionaries and be able to say hello and good-bye.

The trip to the Finish border was 14 miles, a distance we could have covered in 45 minutes if we hadn't tracted, but seeing as we weren't on a tourist's trip we spent considerable time with the people along the way. By the time we reached the Customs Office it was after 5 PM, but the officer in charge there understood that we were in a hurry, so he stamped our passports and gave us a few hints as to how we could get across the Tana River (which marks the borderline) in the cheapest and fastest way. He gave us the name of a fellow named Isaksen whom we found immediately and who consented to take us

across the river in his long motor-boat. We received directions from Herr Isaksen which would lead us to a small tourist hotel. Along the way we stopped our bicycles to ask a lady if we were going in the right direction. She didn't understand a word until I said "hotel"then, she pointed down the road and said, "En kilometer."

The hotel manager's wife, a Norwegian named Olga Balto, just couldn't do enough for us. We told her we had only a short time, so she hurried into the kitchen and made us a ham and egg dinner while we wrote a couple of post cards and looked around the cleverly decorated hotel living room. We bought a few small souvenirs there which were quite expensive (\$2), but were quite surprised when she gave us the meal for almost nothing saying, "I'm of the same spirit as you."

Our time was very short. We were lucky in obtaining the service of a young fellow at the hotel who offered to take us by boat directly to the customs office, something which saved us just enough time to make it back to Karasjok at 8PM.

There were only a few people gathered when we began our street meeting. I think this was partly our fault for not advertising better for it, and partly the fault of the Norwegian government for not having a mosquito prevention organization in Karasjok. Those who braved the mosquitoes sat on the grass while we sang and spoke. I think Elder Sims and I probably looked "nuts" the way we'd wave our hands while singing and speaking -- trying to keep the boards of mosquitoes from our faces and necks. At the close of the meeting those who had attended came up and thanked us for holding the meeting by shaking our hands. They said they hoped we would come again and advertise in advance, so that more people could attend.

Thursday morning was spent tracting in Karasjok. It was quite comical to speak with many of these people and to see the conditions under which they are living. They build fine houses, just as people in other Norwegian towns, and it appears from the outside that these Lapps, who have become "civilized" and have left their relatives in the mountains to live in the city, keep house just as other people. But, when one steps in the front door he gets quite another picture. There are no pictures on the un-papered walls, there is little furniture -- just a few planks nailed together for a bed, and a drainboard in the kitchen, perhaps a couple of tables. The floors are dirty as are the pots and pans on the stove. Having been raised in tents I guess it's a little difficult for them to make the change to clean living.

We had made reservations on a "truck-bus" which was scheduled to leave Karasjok at 2 PM Thursday afternoon, and we arrived at the place of departure at that time expecting the usual wait. Much to our amazement the bus had left one hour ahead of time. At the tourist hotel we contacted a Norwegian insurance salesman who had his own, small, English-made car. He said he would take us as far as Laksely, so we left our bikes arranging to have them sent the next day, and rode over the two-hour stretch with him. When we arrived in Laksely it was too late to hold a meeting as we had planned, so we had dinner at the Laksely Tourist Hotel and received permission to lay our sleeping bags in one of their empty rooms.

We spent a good deal of Friday traveling by bus back to Kvalsund. At the Skaidi Tourist Hotel we stopped for a short time. While we chatted with the hotel manager a Swede sat down next to us and we continued speaking English to him. He was one of a party of Swedish businessmen who were taking a 2-week tour of Northern Norway in a classy Swedish bus. He said he had spoken with two of our missionaries in Stockholm several years ago and that they were "very jolly fellows." Just as the bus was ready to leave this Swede rushed out of the hotel with an American newspaperman on his arm who was taking the tour with him. We spoke only a couple of minutes with him, but in that time learned that he was representing a Minneapolis paper in Stockholm. He was quite well acquainted with our Church. It sounded good to hear that old American dialect again.

Back in Kvalsund Friday evening we went tracting, after which we gathered several people for a showing of our slide films. We didn't get to bed until after mid-night and were up again at 6 Saturday morning to make our weekly trip into Kannerfest where we made three investigator visits, did some shopping, took our weekly bath, and returned to Kvalsund on the 5 PM bus. So, we have had another busy week.

I forgot to mention that on Monday evening (before we left for Karasjok) we pumped up a football I had received from one of the missionaries who left last fall for America. We took it up to the soccer field, chose up sides, and taught about 15 of the Kvalsund soccer team how to play American touch football. They had never played the game before, in fact, they had never even seen such a ball. It was alot of fun.

After those seven days of wonderful weather and our trip into the beautiful forest-covered country surrounding Karasjok we're back in Kvalsund listening closely for the weather reports, which don't sound too good, and planning our coming week which will be spent in Alta (where we attended the Lapp-market in March) with Elders Tamer and Bagley from Tromsø. I feel that while we don't have snow-storms we've got to spend this time to advantage, so we really have been keeping hopping.

Elder Sims has been getting mail regularly, but I haven't heard from you for several weeks. In one of his letters we learned that Father's Day had passed us up. I'm sorry I missed it again, Dad.....but, I hope you had a nice day, maybe spent catching a nice mess of fish in Yellow Lake.

We haven't been fishing, but we have had trout for breakfast once. I mentioned that last week the boys in the house went on an overnight fishing trip to the lakes near here. They came back with 22 fish. (a few under 7 inches) of which we got 6..

That's all the news for now. Hoping you are all alright and that I hear from you soon.....I remain your forgetfull son.

Love,

Clay.

P.S. Monday morning - July 1st.

Got your letter of June 22nd this morning. Nice to hear that you are having fun with Uncle Allen, Aunt Grace + family.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 15, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

Yesterday was Sally's birthday. When we called her last night to wish her a happy birthday, she was just leaving the apartment to meet Doug downtown to celebrate the occasion. She told us that they are all well, that Doug is getting a thrill out of his work,- and particularly because the division manager so liked his salesman's presentation that he had sent it around the district as a "pattern" for others to follow. When we were in Boise, Doug told us that his life insurance training was an excellent background for the M-W merchandising program. So it all adds up to a good deal for him. Carolyn is feeling fine, and greeted us with "Hi, Nanny; and Hi Grandpa" over the phone.

We're still trying to get ready for the linoleum and carpet layers. To-day we took up the rubber flooring in the kitchen and breakfast room, and cleaned the rubber cove base with "lye-water" so that it can be painted green to match the new linoleum. "Mom" has changed her mind. She has decided to have "bottle-green" linoleum flooring, white walls, and "apple paper" ceiling. Last week this time it was yellow linoleum and yellow walls and ceiling. Next Thursday it may be "ice blue" linoleum and sky blue ceiling,- who knows? The carpet is here,- sort of a "rose beige with a lavender cast",- and we like it very much. Now we're waiting for the sponge rubber rug-underlay, which must come from Chicago, so it will be ten days before we can lay the carpet. It looks as though we'll be torn up for the next two or three weeks, because the painters cannot come until about June first. But, we're doing our best to have everything "spick and span" when Allen, Grace and children arrive on June 11th.

Tomorrow morning we leave early for Ogden to enjoy an 8 A.M. breakfast with the past district governors and wives, and to spend the day at the Rotary District Conference. And we'll probably drive back to Ogden on Tuesday for part of the day, but we must come home early, because we're invited to dinner at "Johnny" and "Ike" Clayton's in Cottonwood.

The weather the past two days has been "blustery",- rain downpours with thunder and lightning,- which has been "rough" on Grandma Williams. But the weatherman promises better conditions for the "morrow".

We're still waiting anxiously for news of your Narvik Conference,- and particularly about your future plans. If you're staying on at Hamnerfest, we hope you have found suitable "quarters" now that the Hartvigsen's need "your room" for their married daughter.

I'm still dividing your Mother with the Skollingberg's and the Mormon Handicraft "shoppe",- and still trying to get her to "slow down". You know, the same "old gal", doing a lot for everybody, and getting a real thrill out of it. Fortunately, "Mom's" health is much improved, and her doctors are keeping a "close tab".

Don't get excited about your room. I'll try to keep "Mom" from covering the knotty-pine with "bedroom pink". As of to-day, it merely gets a good cleaning and the same carpet as the rest of the downstairs rooms. And, now, goodnight.

Affectionately,

Copies to the same gang.

Hammerfest
May 14, 1949

Dear folks

While the rain is pouring down outside I thought I'd take the opportunity to write a note to you — and get back on the week-end letter schedule. My typewriter is not accessible at the moment, so I'll try to struggle through this one by hand.

The Harstad, Tromsø and Hammerfest missionaries left Narvik as planned — at about 7 PM Wednesday evening (the 11th). The boat was small but the trip was fun. We arrived in Harstad early Thursday morning before the "Lofoten" had arrived from the south, so we had a short wait on the pier. (When we travel by boat here in Norway we always carry with us a good supply of bread, margarine, sardines, jam, etc., so as to save money, for the meals "onboard" are quite expensive.) Being hungry, and having no place to go for breakfast, the only thing for us to do was to prepare a morning snack on the dock — which we did. It wasn't long before the "Lofoten" tied up at the pier, and we loaded our baggage + bicycles aboard. Then we left Elders Engelsen and Gwilliam standing on the dock as the rest of us headed northward to our fields of labor.

Thursday evening the boat arrived at Tromsø where we left Elders Sanner, Bagley, and Paulsen. Elder Paulsen has been released from his mission having been in

Norway approximately 2 1/2 years, but he is waiting in Tromsø for the arrival of one of his friends who has just completed a mission in Sweden. The two of them are planning to travel home together after taking a trip to Hammerfest in about 10 days in order to see the midnight sun.

Friday morning at 5 AM the two remaining Elders arrived in Hammerfest. We had made reservations at "Hermos Pensionat" for a room which we could use until we located something else, and that is where I'm now sitting in our "hotel" room at Hermos.

Most of yesterday was spent ~~was~~ looking for a permanent place to live, but without ~~any~~ ^{any} remarkable results. One lady told us that five others had visited her ~~the~~ earlier the same day asking if she would rent a room she had, but she had to say "nei" to all, because ~~she~~ her husband had just begun remodeling the place. So, we have quite a problem — that of securing the use of a livable room. We may have to go in with one of our investigators until something permanent turns up.

I'd like to acknowledge the receipt of your last check, Dad. My budget now shows that I'm 400 kroner ~~in~~ \$80.00 in the "black" — thanks to you.

I forgot to mention your letter of the 24th of April, the "three pager." It was enjoyable for me to hear that you had a fine trip and visit with Doug & Sal.

I was a little surprised to hear of Doug's occupation change, but it sounds as though he enjoys his new job so that's what counts most.

It was also surprising to read about Doug's winning the Jack Kramer Tennis racket. He must be really hitting the ball now.

I picked up your letter of May 1st yesterday in which you mentioned the arrival in Salt Lake of Johan Skallingsberg with whom we stayed a short time in Mysen. I'm glad to see that they finally talked him into ~~the~~ emigrating. He was quite against the idea when I was in Mysen. You said you'd try to get in touch with them, but I think if you visit them you should take along an interpreter, for when I was in Mysen neither of them could speak a word of English.

That's all the news I have for you today. Say hello to everyone at home for me.

Love,

P.S. I received a little book which you had sent in the mail from Desert Books. Thanks.
Note new address.

Post restante,
Hammerfest.

Narvik, Norway
May 10, 1949
Tuesday Afternoon

Dear Mom and Dad,

Finally, after several days of travel and conference I've found a quiet corner in Brother Abrahamsen's kitchen. If I have about an hour of peace I may be able to get off a report of the last few days' activities. I might mention that I'm now staying with the Abrahamsens until tomorrow night when we leave Narvik.

Going back to last Wednesday the 4th we find Elders Williams and Sims aboard the "Kong Haakon" heading south. The trip to Tromsø was very smooth, but expensive (we had to arrange for 1st class passage on this boat as they only had dirty sheets and compartments in the 3rd class). At the pier in Tromsø we were met by Elders Carl Paulsen and Aksel Tanner who were ready to climb aboard and continue with us on the old "Kong Haakon." After about 5 months time it was good to see these fellows again.

Instead of stopping at Harstad and transferring there to a local boat to Narvik, we decided to continue on to Svolvær for the sake of making better connections. We pulled into this quaint Norwegian fishing town Friday afternoon. Spring had come to Svolvær and many of the buds were out on the trees. It really looked good to see a little green grass again. There were many small fishing boats in the harbor, a large white stone church in the middle of town on a hill. In the background there is a huge abrupt wall of sawtoothed-mountains capped with snow. It was a beautiful sight.

Friday evening after walking around town and taking several pictures the four of us boarded a small boat which slipped out of the Svolvær harbor heading for Narvik. The fjords in this area are beautiful. As we sailed on the choppy, blue water we could constantly see steep, rugged mountains on both sides of us. At the foot of one of these mountains in a place so steep that it seemed unbelievable that anyone could live or build a house, Elder Paulsen pointed out for us the house in which his father had been born. He also showed us the place where his father attended grade school (about an hour's rowing from his home). The children still row back and forth to school when they have someone there to teach them, but their education is often interrupted for want of a teacher. It was an interesting story Elder Paulsen told us about how his father while selling Singer Sewing Machines in one of the northern cities had come in contact with two Mormon Elders who had talked to him for a couple of hours and had left him enough reading material to have him investigate the Gospel until he received a testimony of its truthfulness. Last summer Elder Paulsen was preaching the Gospel at his father's birthplace.

Saturday morning our little "bat" the "Skogøy" pulled into Narvik where we were greeted by four missionaries. We learned from them that our conference was ~~now~~ arranged to be held in two days instead of the usual three, and that our first meeting was scheduled for ten o'clock. We went almost directly to the meeting house where we met the President and Sister Peterson along with Brother Dalsbo and two Elders from Oslo who came along for the trip.

This first meeting was a gathering of the missionaries only. Here we discussed problems, received instructions, and bore our testimonies telling of experiences we had had during the past six months. This meeting is invariably the most inspiring of them all, and there are always interesting experiences mentioned by the missionaries.

We just barely had time to eat dinner and get washed up before it was time for our 6 PM Priesthood-Relief Society meeting. Here we heard reports from the presiding officers in the Narvik Priesthood and Relief Society along with some remarks by several of the newer missionaries.

Immediately following that meeting the conference "social" was held under the direction of the Narvik missionaries with food supplied by the Narvik "Kvinneforening" (Relief Society). During the day we managed to get in about a half-an-hour's singing practice which was in preparation for the "entertainment" we supplied at the social. Talent was quite abundant. There were vocal solos, piano solos, mandolin playing, Elder Paulsen's reading accompanied by our quartet and a trio of Elders (Tanner, Harris and Williams) singing cowboy music accompanied by yours truly on the guitar.....the singing, roving, minister. Anyway, it was alot of fun.

That was about enough activity for one day, so we were happy to hit the sack when 11 PM came. We were up early Sunday morning preparing thoughts if we happened to be called upon to speak at one of our three scheduled meetings.

First on the program was Sunday School at which we heard some interesting remarks by the Narvik leaders of the various classes. The children took part on the program, and were very clever as usual.

There was just a short break between meetings; about a 15 minute pause, then came the member's meeting. The President directed the proceedings here. The business to be accomplished was the organization of a new district, the Narvik District, to include all of north Norway with organized branches in Narvik and Tromsø and missionaries laboring in Harstad and Hammerfest (with the hope of soon organizing branches). He chose as the first district president, Elder Williams. He had notified me the day before of my calling. I feel very thankful for the confidence President Peterson placed in me and for the opportunity of serving the Lord in this capacity.

I was called upon to speak at this meeting after the President had made my appointment known. I told the Saints there of the progress which had been made through the preaching of the Book of Mormon as a new witness for Christ; how several people in Hammerfest had already become convinced of its truthfulness by studying it. Also, I spoke about the wonderful progress which is being made by the Church Welfare Plan and of the good that it is doing in the world.

At the close of the meeting I had the missionaries gather for instructions concerning our work in the coming months. We have a fine, cooperative group of Elders here in the northland. I think we're going to have the best district in the Church.

We assembled again for our public meeting which was held at 6 PM. President Peterson, the main speaker, expressed his thanks for the wonderful hospitality which the Saints in Narvik had shown the missionaries. He cited one example, that of Brother Abrahamsen in whose home we (five of us missionaries) are now staying. He told how Bro. A. had housed and fed two missionaries ever since the Elders had returned to Narvik after the war, and that he had never taken a cent from them. They are certainly wonderful people.

This is the type poster we nail up in town for our meetings.

JESU KRISTI KIRKE

Jesus

Christ's

Church

AV SISTE DAGERS HELLIGE

of

latter

day

saints

AVHOLDER MØTE

hold

meeting

Søndag dag 5/12 kl. 20

Sunday

5/12

8 PM

To Amerikanske Misjonærer Taler

Two

American

Missionaries

Speak

i Gjenreisningens Spise - Messe

in

The Reconstructions

Eating

Mess

1-11-12

Sang og Musikk

Song (oh yeah)

and

Music

ALLE VELKOMMEN — ALDRI KOLLEKT

All

Welcome

Never

Collect

Elder Carl Paulsen, who has just been released from his labors here and will soon be heading home, spoke for several minutes. He has served a wonderful mission, and has helped me out greatly. I told him to drop up and see you when he arrives home.

Monday morning the President and his party headed back to Oslo after he had set me apart as district president; and had said good-bye to the Saints, many of whom he will probably never see again. He expects to be called home soon, so I imagine it will be the last time I'll see him and Sister Peterson before I return home. They have set wonderful examples for the missionaries and the Norwegian Saints.

From Sister Peterson we learned that Sunday was Mother's Day at home. I'm embarrassed again. I hope you'll understand, Mom, that even though I do forget the day each year I appreciate all that you have done and are doing for me. And I hope that when I return home I'll be able to do things for you which I have neglected to do before.

That's about all for now. Tomorrow evening Elder Sims and I will head back to Hammerfest via Harstad and Tromsø. I have received instructions to remain there until the President can arrange for another missionary to take my place. As soon as that happens (about a month's time I imagine) I'll change my place of residence to Narvik from where I'll travel out to visit the missionaries and Saints in this the Northernmost District in the World. It should be a very interesting summer, if summer ever comes (it's snowing outside now).

Hope you are well.

Love,

Clayt.

P.S. I have a couple of requests again. If you have time I'd appreciate it if you would get a small book for me entitled "God planted a Tree" by Ora Pratt. Also there was a wonderful article in the Country Gentlemen magazine about our Welfare Plan entitled "They Take Care of Their Own"..... it is probably the February number where it is found.

P.S. This Brother Abrahamsen whom we are now staying with is planning to emigrate to America this summer. He speaks very little English, but has received a "guarantee" from a Bro. Israelsen in Hyrum. At the present time he is hoping to find some Norwegian family in Salt Lake to house him until he gets settled. He'll be accompanied by his wife and 20-year old daughter. If you talk to any of the Norwegians over there who have room for this family for a short time he'd certainly appreciate it.

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 9, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

6:30 P.M., and I just came home with the carpet man to measure finally for the new downstairs carpets. I had already drawn a plan to scale, inasmuch as the carpet we like arrived Saturday in 18 ft. width, so I had to lay it out to scale to avoid cutting to waste. After Mr. Adams left, I sat down long enough to read your letter of May first which came this morning,- very interesting news about the May Day celebrations of the Socialists and Communists.

Your Mother just walked in, after a day with the Skollingberg's,- trying to help them get settled in a home they have rented on Lake Street near 7th South. In fact, "Mom" has spent most of the week helping Sister Skollingberg and her three small children,- washing their clothes in the Bendix, feeding them, providing temporary work for Brother Skollingberg, "rounding up" furniture, bedding, clothes, utensils, etc., as they landed in Salt Lake City with only six dollars and not a single thing to set up housekeeping. Bro. Willard Smith took them in charge when they first arrived, and between him and Mom, they've had wonderful and sympathetic care.

Yesterday was "Mothers' Day", and we missed you and Doug's family at the Roast Beef dinner. The rest of the "kids" were here. It was a beautiful day, and a very happy one for Mother (and Dad),- although it would have been wonderful if we had been able to talk with you over the telephone,- as we did later in the day with Uncle Allen. We talked with Sally, Doug and Carolyn a few days ago, and we were glad to learn that Carolyn is well over the measles, and feeling quite "fit" again. We received a swell letter from Sally, and Mom received a corsage from Doug (Lillies of the Valley,- her favorite). The present from Adele, Wood and Dougie was pair of pottery plates for the "veranda" this summer, and from Marian, Dick and their children, a jewel box (for traveling).

Adele and Dougie talked with Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt, and promised to send to them a new "picture" of Dougie which the photographer had failed to finish in time.

Last Friday at Dorothy Richardson's wedding reception, we met Gail Platt, and she said: "Please remember me to Clayt the next time you write". And, of course, all the kinfolk and lots of other friends asked all about you.

Dougie just came in to have dinner with us, and to stay with us tonight. He does it frequently, and we love it. He and Ricky are both taking tennis lessons, and getting along fine.

Dick is making a hurried trip to Twin Falls tomorrow to check over a prospective heating job. He expects to spend only a day there, and hurry back to help out the swamped condition in the office. Dale Wilde flew to Boise this morning, and he expects to be back tomorrow night. This is really our busy season,- and it had better be, for competition is really getting tough.

Well, that's about it for tonight. We're hoping for news about the Narvik Conference soon.

Dearest Clayt, I haven't heard from Carolyn for a long time all the love from all of us. If I should see you,
Affectionately,
WILLIAM'S BRITTON & WILDE

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae, Uncle Allen, Rex Jr.

Hammerfest, Norway

May 1, 1949

Sunday Evening

Dear Folks,

We were awakened early this morning by a series of explosions which (judging by the sound and shaking) were just outside of the house. We hopped out of bed and went to the window trying to see the source of the noise. Though I couldn't get sight of the persons setting off the explosives I gathered that it was being done by the 1st of May committee who were assigned to the job of ushering in the Norwegian Laborer's Day with dynamite. After about 15 blasts which shook our house like an earthquake we decided it was time to get up.

It makes no difference to the Norwegians on which day their Labor Celebration falls, so they went right through with a full day's program today even though it was the Sabbath. Soon after we had washed and shaved we stepped outside to watch and take a few pictures of the first parade of the day, the Children's "tog." A couple of hours later the Communists came out about 150 strong. They paraded alone. They gathered after their march at the "town place" where one of their leaders spoke on "Communism, the Laborer's Salvation." That was the end of parade number two.

At Hermo's Pensjonat we ate a delicious meat soup dinner with chocolate pudding for dessert and then walked around the pier until it was time for the Laborer's parade. They tramped up and down the muddy, dirt roads ending at the town place again where the committee for the day's activities had set up a speaker's platform and a few flags. Here the Hammerfest "musikk-korps" played a couple of numbers after which we heard an interesting speech by a Swedish newspaper editor on "The Benefits of Socialism for the Laborer." He was very pro-Western Powers and urged that the workers all over the world unite in brotherhood to bring about peace and freedom. At the close of the program all of the people who had gathered there took off their hats and sang the Norwegian national anthem, "Ja, vi elsker dette landet," (Yes, we love this land). Elder Sims and I took a walk with two of our friends one a young carpenter and the other an old seaman who lived many years in Chicago. Our young carpenter friend returned to the Hartvigsen house with us for "smørbrød" (sandwiches). He just left us to give us a chance to write our weekly reports home.

During the week Doug's letter of April 17th arrived and it was good to hear that you were able to make the Easter visit with the Boise branch of the family. If the trip worked out as you had planned it you probably returned to Salt Lake on the 24th, and you should have found a couple of letters and some pictures (colored) awaiting you. I was surprised to read that you had bought a sleeping bag for me. I didn't mean for you to go to any expense, but now that it's done I appreciate it. I was also surprised at the size of Carolyn Adele. She sure has grown.

The work is progressing just fine here. As I have probably mentioned before, two of our investigators have expressed their desire to be baptized. This is usually performed at conference time, but unfortunately neither of these two will be able to attend conference in Narvik, for one of them is expecting a baby any day now and the other one is hindered by the fact that her husband has tuberculosis; but, they both have decided definitely to make the trip next fall. Both of them are wonderful people with fine families.

Speaking of conference, we leave here this Wednesday the 4th on the "Kong Haakon" heading south. In Tromsø we have arranged to pick up Elders Paulsen and Tanner who will board the same boat and travel to Harstad with us. In Harstad we are to meet Elders Engbretsen and Williams who are supposed to have arranged passage on a local boat to take all six of us on to Narvik. I'm not yet sure exactly when we'll arrive, but we have arranged to leave in plenty of time to get us there before our first meeting on Saturday evening, the 7th. We had hoped to be able to take a bus from Tromsø to Narvik, but they haven't yet got the roads open, so that is impossible.

Though we have combed the city of Hammerfest from end to end we still haven't found anything definite in the way of a room to which we can return after conference. We shall continue for the remainder of our time here. Something is bound to turn up.

looking

Lammestad, Norway

On the way to the Post Office tomorrow morning I'll stop in at the photo shop to see if some extra prints of a few more black and white pictures are ready. If so, I'll include some of them in this letter.

It's time to quit. I'm feeling fine and looking forward to conference. It will be good to meet again with President and Sister Petersen and the 6 other missionaries who will attend conference.

We were awakened early this morning by a series of explosions which (judging by the sound and shaking) were just outside of the house. We hopped out of bed and went to the window trying to see the source of the noise. Though I couldn't get sight of the persons setting off the explosives I gathered that it was being done by the Labor Day committee who were as usual in the Norwegian Laborer's Day with dynamite. After about 10 minutes which shook our house like an earthquake we decided it was time to quit.

Weather report: We still have snow every few days, though the weather is getting a little warmer. I had to get up at 2:30 last night, and noticed while I was up that it was very light outside. The sun will be with us today and night in a couple of weeks. With all that sunshine we should get rid of this snow and begin having a little delightful weather. Sabbath. Soon after we had washed and shaved we stepped outside to watch and take a few pictures of the first parade of the day, the children's "tag". A couple of hours later the Communista came out about 1:30 strong. They paraded alone. They gathered after their march at the "town place" where one of their leaders spoke on "Communism, the laborer's Salvation". That was the end of parade number two.

At Harvo's restaurant we ate a delicious meat soup dinner with chocolate pudding for dessert and then walked around the pier until it was time for the laborer's parade. They tramped up and down the wharf, dirt roads ending at the town place again where the committee for the day's activities had set up a speaker's platform and a few flags. Here the "musik-korps" played a couple of numbers after which we heard an interesting speech by a Swedish newspaper editor on "The Benefits of Socialism for the laborer". It was very pro-Western powers and urged that the workers all over the world unite in brotherhood to bring about peace and freedom. At the close of the program all of the people who had gathered there took of their hats and sang the Norwegian national anthem, "Ja, vi elsker dette landet." (Yes, we love this land). Elder Sims and I took a walk with two of our friends one a young carpenter and the other an old seaman who lived many years in Chicago. Our young carpenter friend returned to the Hartvigsen house with us for "sandwiches" (sandwiches). It just left us a chance to write our weekly reports home.

During the week Doug's letter of April 15th arrived and it was good to hear that you were able to make the Easter visit with the Boise branch of the family. If the trip worked out as you had planned it you probably returned to Salt Lake on the 21st, and you should have found a couple of letters and some pictures (colored) awaiting you. I was surprised to read that you had bought a sleeping bag for me. I didn't mean for you to go to my expense, but now that it's done I appreciate it. I was also surprised at the size of Carolyn Adela. She sure has grown.

The work is progressing just fine here. As I have probably mentioned before, two of our investigators have expressed their desire to be baptized. This is usually performed at conference time, but unfortunately neither of these two will be able to attend conference in Harvik for one is expecting a baby any day now and the other one is hindered by the fact that her husband has tuberculosis; but they both have decided definitely to make the trip next fall. Both of them are wonderful people with fine families.

Speaking of conference, we leave here this Wednesday the 14th on the "Kong Haskon" heading south. In Tromsø we have arranged to pick up Elders Hansen and Tanner who will board the same boat and travel to Harstad with us. In Harstad we are to meet Elders Inge-pretzen and Gulliksen who are supposed to have arranged passage on a local boat to take all six of us on to Harvik. I'm not yet sure exactly when we'll arrive, but we have arranged to leave in plenty of time to get us there before our first meeting on Saturday evening, the 17th. We had hoped to be able to take a bus from Tromsø to Harvik, but they haven't yet got the roads open, so that is impossible.

Though we have combed the city of Lammestad from end to end and we still haven't found anything definite in the way of a room to which we can return after conference. We shall continue for the remainder of our time here. Something is bound to turn up.

Hammerfest, Norway
April 24, 1949
Sunday evening

Dear Folks,

The weekly letter writing hour has rolled around again. I'm a little behind schedule this evening as a result of a visit we just had of one of our investigators, Fru Høyem who lives across the street from us; but, I still have time to "pound out" a page.

Fru Høyem dropped over to show us some cloth book covers, one of her own ideas for a work project for our Primary. I should explain that she and her husband attended Primary last Tuesday and she was so thrilled with it that she had to get right in there and help us out. As I have told you before each of our Primary children has a small book in which they paste their weekly Memory Gems and Primary Songs. Fru Høyem noticed at meeting that the paper covers which the children had made were not good enough, so today she surprised us with an example of a cloth covering in blue on which the kids would embroider "PRIMARY" and their names in white. It is wonderful to see that some of these people, though they are only investigators, are taking considerable interest in our work, and are willing to take part in such activities as the Primary.

During our tracting this week we have asked nearly every person we have contacted about the possibility of renting a room from them, but up to now we don't have much to show for our efforts. Wednesday we contacted a lady who said we could probably rent one of her rooms which would be empty sometime in June. Even though that's good news it still leaves us without a room from the middle of May until "sometime in June." We have covered nearly every "permanent" house in Hammerfest in our search, so during the coming week we'll start on the barracks and see if we have better results there. We'll do our best to find a place to stay here for I'm sure that there are several people in Hammerfest who will join the Church someday.

I have taken a roll of black and white film since that last roll of color which you should have received by now. The pictures came back from the developers yesterday. They include pictures of the wedding which we had here at the Hartvigsen mansion several weeks ago, pictures of some of the Primary children which I took to have a picture of each of them to paste in their books, a couple of "shots" of one of our best investigator's family, and the remainder of the pictures were mostly of Hammerfest showing the snowfall and barracks. I'll send a few pictures in each letter. By the way, I could use a couple of rolls of 35 mm black and white and a couple of rolls of color if you would send it. As you know packages containing film should be marked "FILM," so they will not be "x-rayed" in New York and expose the film.

We continue to hold our weekly Bible Classes at the various investigators' homes. They are very interesting and worthwhile gatherings. The only thing discouraging about it is the word opposition which is received by those who attend the "Mormon Bibel-klasse." It is a wonderful testimony to see how these few people hold on to what they have learned even though many of their associates turn almost unfriendly towards them.

From your letter of the 10th of April it sounds like the house is undergoing a complete change.....getting it ready for my homecoming, "hva" (only a year away)!!

That's all for tonight. We're both feeling fine. The snow is finally melting away. It's going pretty fast with the rain and the wind beating on it. Last week they began putting away their "runner" sleds and are now using only carts with wheels, so we feel that summer may someday come to even Hammerfest.

Hope you're all well.

Love,
Clay

Our Spring Conference is scheduled to be held on the 7th and 8th of May as
I mentioned in my last letter. I mentioned that I will be pulling out of here in just a little over two weeks. I
just a little while ago we were trying to do a little party in Hammerfest after
the Easter holiday. The party was very nice and we had a good time. We have been waiting
of here before I can arrive. We have been waiting for the boat to come but as yet nothing definite has turned up. If we don't hear something in the next two weeks
I'm afraid we will have to leave Hammerfest. I have faith that we will find a way to continue our mission here.

Hammerfest, Norway
April 17, 1919
Sunday evening

Looking out the window this evening at 9 PM it is hard to believe that I'm in
the same location as I was four months ago. The house and the neighborhood are the same,
there is approximately the same amount of snow, and the wind is still blowing, but something
has changed greatly.....the position of the sun. I remember looking out of the window
on Christmas day about noon. Then I saw nothing but blackness dotted by a few dim street
lights. As I look out there tonight I don't see any street lights though it's 9 PM. The sun
went out of sight a couple of hours ago, but its light is yet visible and will continue to be so
all through the night. This coming out of the darkness into the light is an interesting and
delightful change to observe.

I mentioned in my last letter that we were looking forward to the Easter holiday.
In Norway we get a little head start on you Americans. The workers here left their jobs at
Wednesday noon, but actually the first holiday was Thursday.

As we tracted Wednesday we heard remarks all through the day about the beautiful
Easter weather and of the prophesied "pent var" (fair weather) on the morrow. But, when we
got up Thursday morning having waited anxiously to "hit the slopes" we heard and saw a typical
Hammerfest wind blowing. We dropped over to discuss the situation with our friends, the Byems,
who remarked that it looked too rough for them. Elder Sims and I decided to give it a try any-
way, so he borrowed a pair of skis and we headed for Blueberry valley. After a couple of windy
hours we had had enough, so we returned to the Byems where we had a delicious bowl of meat
and vegetable soup (homemade). We spent the afternoon with them leaving just in time to make
our Bible Class on time at Fru Amundsens. Several people were gathered there and after our
class we popped a little pop corn and then whipped up a delicious cream chicken dinner which
they went crazy over; creamed-chicken on toast with sweet potatoes.

We thought perhaps the weather would clear up for Friday's skiing, but we were
disappointed. By the time we got together with the Byems the weather was acting up again and
the snow was too wet for good skiing, so we took a walk and returned to the Byems barrack for
the most delicious dinner I've eaten since I left home. We actually had slices of roast beef,
potatoes and gravy and sour cabbage (I'll have to send you the recipe, Mom. It's really good).
We had a restful afternoon with them listening to the radio after which we ate again and then
departed to fill an appointment we had with our best investigator, Fru Röstvik. There we had
a nice visit, and were forced to eat once more. It was still quite light when we walked home
at 11 PM.

Today has been spent mostly studying except for the time we spent eating Easter
dinner with the Hartvigsens. Tomorrow, the last day of the holiday, we are invited to eat
dinner with the Byems again.....we try to say no, but they twist our arm. We have been
treated wonderfully by our friends here, and we have certainly enjoyed it, even though it may
sound like we have eaten too much.

Last Tuesday at Primary the kids got a big kick out of decorating and coloring
their eggs. They liked the eggs so well that one of them asked if it wouldn't be possible
to keep the egg that way until next Easter. They are sure a fine bunch of kids. I've spent
most of the day working on Tuesday's lesson. I've run out of Norwegian Memory Gems (I have
been taking them out of songs in the Norwegian Song Book), so today I had to write one myself.
A young fellow we know here was nice enough to make a fine board for me to place pictures in
while telling stories. I remember that you had one, Mom, so I gave him the plan from what I
could remember that yours looked like and he made me up a beauty.

I received your letter of April 3rd in which you mention the opening of the
Mormon Handicraft Store and of Mom's decorating at Barbara Barnes' announcement luncheon.
You also said that you hoped to take a trip to Boise during the Easter holiday. I hope you
were able to make it and that you had a nice rest.

Our Spring Conference is scheduled to be held on the 7th and 8th of May as I mentioned before, so we will be pulling out of here in just a little over two weeks. I'm just a little worried about what we're going to do about a place to stay in Hammerfest after that. The Hartvigsen's are having guests here soon after conference time, so we must be out of here before they arrive. We have been hunting continually during the past couple of weeks, but as yet nothing definite has turned up. If we don't locate something in the next two weeks I'm afraid we will have to leave Hammerfest; but, I have faith that we'll find something if we continue our searching.

Looking out the window this evening at 9 PM it is hard to believe that I'm in the same location. The snow is all gone. Feeling fine. Hope you are all well. There is approximately the same amount of snow, and the wind is still blowing, but something has changed greatly. I remember looking out of the window on Christmas day looking at the position of the sun. I saw nothing but darkness dotted by a few dim street lights. As I look out the window tonight I don't see any street lights though it's 9 PM. The sun went out of sight a few hours ago, but its light is yet visible and will continue to be all through the night. This coming out of the darkness into the light is an interesting and beautiful change to observe.

Olaf

P.S. You might include a couple of rolls of adhesive tape in a future package if you think of it. I mentioned in my last letter that we were looking forward to the Easter holidays in Norway we got a little head start on your Americans. The workers here left their jobs at Wednesday noon, but actually the first holiday was Thursday.

As we packed Wednesday we heard remarks all through the day about the beautiful Easter weather and of the predicted "great year" (fair weather) on the morrow. But, when we got up Thursday morning having waited anxiously to "hit the slopes" we heard and saw a typical Hammerfest wind blowing. We dropped over to discuss the situation with our friends, the Høyems, who remarked that it looked too rough for them. Either it is and I decided to give it a try anyway, so he borrowed a pair of skis and we headed for the berry valley. After a couple of windy hours we had had enough, so we returned to the Høyems where we had a delicious bowl of meat and vegetable soup (pomme). We spent the afternoon with them leaving just in time to make our little class on time at the Amundsen. Several people were gathered there and after our class we popped a little pop corn and then we topped up a delicious cream-tartan dinner which they went crazy over; creamed-celery on toast with sweet potatoes.

We thought perhaps the weather would clear up for Friday's skiing, but we were disappointed. By the time we got together with the Høyems the weather was acting up again and the snow was too wet for good skiing, so we took a walk and returned to the Høyems park for the most delicious dinner I've eaten since I left home. We actually had slices of roast beef, potatoes and gravy and some sabbags (I'll have to send you the recipe, Mom. It's really good). We had a restful afternoon with them listening to the radio after which we ate again and then departed to fill an appointment we had with our best investigator, Mr. Røstvik. There we had a nice visit, and were forced to eat once more. It was still quite light when we walked home at 11 PM.

Today has been spent mostly studying except for the time we spent eating Easter dinner with the Hartvigsen's. Tomorrow, the last day of the holiday, we are invited to eat dinner with the Høyems again. We try to say no, but they twist our arm. We have been treated wonderfully by our friends here, and we have certainly enjoyed it, even though it may sound like we have eaten too much.

Last Tuesday at Primarily the kids got a big kick out of decorating and coloring their eggs. They liked the eggs so well that one of them asked if it wouldn't be possible to keep the egg that way until next Easter. They are sure a fine bunch of kids. I've spent most of the day working on Tuesday's lesson. I've run out of Norwegian Memory Gems (I have been taking them out of songs in the Norwegian Song Book), so today I had to write one myself. A young fellow we know here was nice enough to make a fine board for me to place pictures in while telling stories. I remember that you had one, Mom, so I gave him the plan from what I could remember that yours looked like and he made me up a beauty.

I received your letter of April 2nd in which you mention the opening of the Motion Handicraft Store and of Mom's decorating at Barbara Barnes' announcement luncheon. You also said that you hoped to take a trip to Føtase during the Easter holiday. I hope you were able to make it and that you had a nice rest.

Salt Lake City, Utah, April 24, 1949.

Dear Glays:

Our 1300 mile trip through Idaho was delightful. Doug has already told you about our Easter visit with them in Boise, so we'll pick up from there. Last Monday morning I drove over to Hampa, Caldwell, Nyssa (Ore.), etc., and Monday evening we had dinner with Sally and Doug. Tuesday I spent visiting the architects and contractors of Boise, and Tuesday evening Edyth and "Bob" Campbell took us all to dinner at the Boise Country Club. After a delicious dinner, we sat around and played "bingo" for a couple of hours,-- but the "natives" seemed to take all the money. Guts Susan Campbell was with us, and so was Bill Campbell. Bill's wife, Rosa, is expecting a baby soon, and she did not feel well enough to join us. All of them wanted to be remembered to you.

Early Wednesday morning we headed for Twin Falls; and after a day of business calls, we "put up" at a new motel,-- the Colonial Motor Court. Thursday morning we started for Pocatello, and drove most of the way in a heavy wind, and plenty of sand and dust. We reached Pocatello in time to make a couple of "calls" before noon, and I went to the Rotary luncheon in the Bannock Hotel, while Mom had lunch in the new "Rose Room" of the redecorated and refurnished Bannock. Immediately after lunch, we drove on to Idaho Falls, checked in at the Bonneville Hotel, made a few business calls, and then went to dinner with Beulah and "Ed" McDermott,-- joined by the Walter Bauchman's. You will remember that "Mac" was president of the Idaho Falls Rotary Club the year I was District Governor, and it was he who did such a "bang-up" job arranging the district conference in Idaho Falls that year (1939). After Friday morning business visits, we left for Pocatello and home,-- returning via beautiful Cache Valley. Of course, we had to stop at the Blue Bird in Logan for an "ice cream soda". The new highway through Sardine Canyon is wonderful, and we did the 89 mile "stretch" from Logan to Salt Lake in exactly an hour and a half. It was a wonderful week, and we enjoyed every minute of it. Mom got a little tired during the long drives, but occasionally she "folded up" on most of the front seat, and took a little snooze,-- which seemed to refresh her.

We've just finished breakfast,-- Mom and I, and Dougie and Wayne Graham, who is the essay winner from Weber County High School entered in the Salt Lake Rotary Club's "Youth Conference". Sixty-four winners from Senior classes of the High Schools of Utah are in Salt Lake City as our guests for four days. They spent yesterday afternoon visiting the Utah Copper mine, and taking a "dip" in Great Salt Lake. Last night they were entertained by the Salt Lake City high schools at a "social" in the South High School. Tonight at 7 P.M. we all attend a special religious service in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, and the speakers will be Rotarians Rabbi Adolph H. Fink, Dean R. Dunham Taylor, Rev. Edward F. Dowling and Richard L. Evans,-- music by Lisle Bradford's East High a capella choir. Tomorrow the high school boys visit Salt Lake City industrial plants, have luncheon at the Hotel Utah, spend the afternoon at the University of Utah, and then go to the Centre Theatre. Tuesday morning they have "personal preference visits to representative businesses", have lunch again at the Hotel Utah, and then go into a group conference in preparation for Tuesday's Dinner meeting,-- under the direction of Dr. Adam S. Bennion. At 6:30 P.M. the Youth Conference Dinner will be enjoyed by the boys, and the Salt Lake Rotarians and their wives. At that time Dr. Bennion will announce the winners of the essay contest "That Youth may more fully appreciate their American Heritage, and build upon it", and will award the University of Utah scholarships. And now, getting back to our guest from Eden, up at the top of Ogden canyon, who is occupying your room for four days. He is 17, a fine, clean cut fellow, and has written an excellent essay. At the moment he is with Dougie at Sunday School. Last night we took him to dinner at the Alta Club,-- after we had driven out to the opening of "Ren" Richards' new candy store on Highland Drive just beyond the Beau Brussels Restaurant.

While we were in Idaho your package arrived, and Mother picked it up yesterday at the Post Office. Also, while we were away, Dougie won a \$21.00 Wilson "Jack Craver" autographed tennis racket as a prize in the Desert News "tournament" for the youngster of his age showing the best tennis form. You'd better get in some practice, or he will beat "the pants off you" when you get home. And by the way, when do you think that may be?

Wood and Adele have a new "film viewer", so we have almost worn out your recently arrived pictures--Hvosh, Oslo, Narvik, Hammarfest, and the trip to the Laplanders' festival. Sorry that the shutter of your camera is giving trouble. Maybe a little warm sunshine may cure it.

Your letter of April 11th certainly made good time,-- forwarded from Salt Lake and in our hands in Boise on the 19th. It must have caught a sea-plane from Hammarfest to Oslo, as it came through the same day as your letter of April 3rd. We were glad to learn that you had finally shaken off the "flu" and sore throat, and that you had enjoyed a few days of sunny weather. Incidentally, you must be getting long hours of sunshine by now,-- at least when you're not having those "horizontal snow storms".

We hope that you had a pleasant Easter week-end,-- and particularly, that the Easter egg dyes (which Mom sent you) worked out well. It doesn't seem possible that the youngsters of Hammarfest have never dyed Easter eggs. Undoubtedly it was a thrill for them. Referring again to color-film, we'll try to get a couple of rolls off to you within the next few days, so that you can use them in Elder Sims' movie camera.

And now for a short "tour" of the families. Grandma Williams went out to the tea for Dorothy Richardson yesterday afternoon in Mom's DeSoto, and from all reports Dorothy has a beautiful trousseau. She's to be married to Charlie Knudsen May 6th in the Salt Lake Temple. Dick and his family are all well, and we hope to get out to see them this afternoon. Ricky has joined the same tennis class group as Dougie, and Wood has given him a racket which may have to be shortened a bit. Adele is completely swamped with arrangements for the Junior League "Horse Show", but she and Dougie still manage to get a little ice skating during the week. Wood is very busy trying law cases, but seems to thrive on it. And he gets a little tennis in every week. In fact, they're quite a tennis family. Your niece Carolyn Adele is really gorgeous,-- beautiful hair, beautiful eyes,-- and she's bright as a whip. Doug is about like Dick. They could both stand about twenty pounds additional weight. Sally looks fine, and she's a cute mother and housekeeper. Their apartment in the Boise Hills Village is very attractive. They have furnished it in very good taste, and it is extremely comfortable. Doug seems to be thrilled with his new position as head of the appliance department of Montgomery Ward's. He has four outside salesmen working on a commission basis, and while we were in Boise, he was preparing their sales presentations for them. Two or three months ago, out of a clear sky, he decided he'd lost his "yen" for life insurance, and wanted to get back into merchandising,-- his first love. You will remember that when he got out of the army, he wrote to over thirty American colleges trying to line up a G.I. course in merchandising, but none of the big schools would take out-of-state G. I.'s. So Joe Butler sold him on the idea of Life Insurance, and he was doing right well at it. However, we're glad that he's enthused with the new set-up. He is working nights and Sundays planning his sales work,-- all of which would indicate that he is really getting a bang out of it. I can just hear Uncle Allen Williams say: "Well Sewell Avery, the 75-year old Chairman of the Board of Montgomery Ward, has just kicked out all of his vice-presidents. Maybe he's passing up a bet in not grabbing Doug to fill one of these spots". But, all kidding aside, there's plenty of room at the top in any business for any smart young man who is willing to hit the ball, and to apply some vision and initiative to his work.

Aunt Edna just told us that Tommy is up on the rifle range with the National Guard unit this morning. She says that all of her family are well and happy. And, of course, you realize she is a marvel,-- working at K.S.L., yet holding her family close to her, and keeping that rare sense of humor, which she has so abundantly.

Aunt Clare isn't very well, but she seems to be improving all the time. She has a very comfortable apartment in the Covey, and spends her Sundays with her own immediate family,-- at least with those in Salt Lake and Ogden. And, as far as we know, all are well, including the Jack Hardy's in far off Japan.

Aunt Jean and her family are all well, and as we have probably told you, Martha is expecting another baby within the next few months. Martha just recently underwent an operation for removal of a kidney stone, but she got along fine.

Mom received a letter from Aunt Rae last week, in which she enclosed your recent letter to her, thanking her for the nice handkerchiefs she sent to you last November. Aunt Rae is the real leader of the Utah "colony" in Los Angeles,-- at least, that's what we were told at the Alta Club last night by Mrs. James W. Silver of Ogden. Uncle Clayt expects to announce ~~a~~ new business connections within the next few days, and we hope it will be something which he and Aunt Rae will thoroughly enjoy. We're anxious to hear all about it.

We generally see Uncle Frank and Aunt Theresa at Grandma Williams' on Sundays, and they're O.K. Uncle Frank is selling air conditioning equipment for Ashton Co.

Aunt Helen tells us that Truman Madison ran neck-in-neck in the race for President of the U. U. Student Body. He was represented the "unaffiliated students", but a fraternity man finally won out, and I'm sorry I cannot give you his name. I can't find the newspaper which carried the story.

Mother just called "Dinner is ready", so I'll have to close right now. We hope to receive a letter from you tomorrow. Please excuse the bad typing. To make six copies I really have to pound the keys, and it spoils my "expert touch system".

Love from all of us.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Rex, Jr., Aunt Rae, Uncle Allen, Bob and Edyth.

P.S. to Clayt: Your presents for the kids are swell, only we hope that Dougie and Ricky don't carve up someone. The doll for Anne is very cute, and the souvenirs are interesting,-- as well as the pictures, letters, booklets, etc., which you sent home. We'll keep everything in good shape for you.

Hammerfest, Norway
April 11, 1949
Monday morning

Dear Mom and Dad,

Last night I was busily engaged in typing out explanations of each of the colored slide pictures which I received just a short time ago from England where I had sent them to be developed. I had just completed the explanations and had put another piece of paper in the machine with the intention of getting off the week's news to you when there was a knock on the door and in walked two of our investigators, the young couple who live across the street from us. They had been out for the evening and decided to call on us and "see how we have it." (A Norwegian phrase meaning in this usage, "the conditions under which we were living."). We had a nice visit with them, but it lasted so long that it was bedtime when they left, so I had to postpone writing you until now. Concerning the pictures mentioned above; I'll put them in the mail today, so they should arrive within the next 14 days.

The week's work went well. I finally shook off the sore throat and influenza which had been bothering me, and we got an interesting, worthwhile week in. Primary was held as usual on Tuesday afternoon and we had 13 eager kids there. We told each of them to bring a hard-boiled egg to Primary next time. I have saved an egg coloring and decorating set which you sent for last Easter, but I didn't get a chance to use it then. I'm sure the kids will get a kick out of it. They say they have never done anything like it before.

During our tracting Wednesday we bumped into a nice guy with whom we have never before spoken. He was a young married man who seemed quite interested in hearing our message. While we were talking he happened to mention how fond he was of fly-fishing. He told of the good luck he had had in a stream which is rented by his fishing club. He told me to send home for my pole right away, and "we'll take a trip this summer." I don't believe I own three pieces of pole at home, so I thought if I were to go fishing for a couple of days this summer I could probably rent or borrow some equipment.

Thursday the three weeks of stormy weather finally broke giving us a beautiful sunny day. It was really wonderful to feel the warmth of the sun. The weather continued that way over the week-end, but as I look out the window this morning I see only snow. I hope we are not in for another three weeks of it. We finished the week off with two good evenings; Thursday a visit with the Amundsens where we held a Bible Class for three of our investigators. Friday evening was spent with the Høyems, those who unexpectedly dropped in on us last night.

Elder Sims and I polished off the week's wash early Saturday morning. After a trip to town and dinner we were free for the rest of the day, so we decided to take a little hike. I put on my skis and he just slipped some old clothes and a pair of goggles on (he hasn't got hold of a pair of skis yet). With about seven of the neighborhood kids we climbed up the mountain which rises abruptly back of the Hartvigsen house. After a short hike we were up in "Blåbær dalen" (Blueberry valley), a swell skiing area. Hans Kristian, a ten year old, began building a jump as soon as we got there. With it completed he took the first try and jumped about 36 feet. I had never done much jumping before, but it looked so fun that I had to try it. I made about five jumps improving on my distance each time until at the end I hit 27 ft. (9 ski-pole lengths). It was a beautiful day and a fine hill, and all of the kids got as big a kick out of the hike as we did. One of them said, "They come and teach us about God and we teach them how to ski."

As you have undoubtedly gathered from my letters before, the Norwegians really celebrate their holidays. Easter is coming soon and their celebration begins on Thursday and lasts through Sunday. The Høyems have invited us to dinner Friday and we plan to go skiing with them either Thursday or Friday. We have been invited to Sunday dinner here at the Hartvigsen house. Thursday evening were going to take a can of chicken which you sent me a long time ago to Bible Class and have a meal "on the missionaries." So, we'll have quite a full schedule this week in spite of the holidays.

With the continual storms we have been having, quite a bit of snow has piled up, especially in the areas where it has drifted. Thursday morning we were tracting and we noticed a lady up on a hill digging in the snow with a shovel. As we came a little closer we could see that she was just taking her clothes off the line — where they had been buried by an unexpected storm. As we walked a little farther up the trail we walked along a drift which put us just level with the roof of a barrack..... and we actually had to stoop there to go under the telephone wires. So, you can see that the winter is still very much with us.

I want to acknowledge the receipt of your last \$75.00 check. It arrived from the President this morning.

That's all the time I have this morning. We are both feeling fine and hope you are the same.

Love,

Clay.

P.S. Your letter of the 27th of March was interesting. I'm glad you had the opportunity to see the films that Elder Sims took, and that you enjoyed them. Elder Sims says that I could use his camera if you would send a couple of rolls of color film.

Hammerfest, Norway
April 10, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad,

I believe this is the third time I've sent colored pictures home. Each roll seems to get worse, but with this bunch I have an excuse; the shutter has been acting up a bit. I hope to be able to find a competent camera repairman in Narvik when we visit there in May. I'd like to have someone take a look at the shutter and see if the trouble can be corrected. In extremely cold weather, as I'll explain later, the shutter has been slow in acting and some of the pictures have come out blurred, because the camera moved in my hands.

This series of pictures begins last summer when Elder Paul Smith and I were in Mysen; from there we hop over a couple of months until November when Elder Don Gidley and I headed north for Hammerfest via Narvik. From the time we arrived in Hammerfest until the middle of February there was not enough light to get any pictures; but finally, on the day Elder Gidley left Hammerfest we got a "shot" of him and me together. The last group of pictures was taken at the Laplander's market, but I didn't have much luck there, see for yourselves.....

1. The Mona Hotel in Mysen where Paul Smith is now staying, and where we two shared a third floor room.
2. We were out tracting one day on our bicycles in the country when we came across this pretty tree.
3. If you can get enough light on the other side of this slide you'll see the beautiful green forests surrounding Mysen.
4. One day Paul and I came across an encampment of Jewish Displaced Persons. Here we tried to preach the Gospel, but were hindered by a language problem. They could speak Hebrew, (some of them) German, Polish, a little Norwegian and a little "G.I. English," but they were so little acquainted with the two languages (Eng. & Norwegian) we had in common that we made little progress in our conversations.
5. Now we skip from summer '48 to November at which time Elder Gidley and I were aboard the "Sigurd Jarl" heading northward from Trondheim.
- 6, 7, & 8. Same as #5.
9. My companion Elder Gidley, and the sharp-peaked fjord mountains.
10. The "Sigurd Jarl" pulled into Harstad. We tracted there a couple of hours and then caught an evening bus for Narvik. The coat I have on was one which Sister Peterson loaned me for the trip, mine having been misplaced in Moss. (I later recovered it.)
11. An uninteresting picture of the center of town in Narvik.
12. That's about as much sunshine as they were getting in Narvik when we were there.
13. November 12, the morning Elder Gidley and I left by bus for Tromsø. The two Elders laboring in Narvik are standing with Elder Gidley; Elder Spencer on the right and Elder Kingsford in the center. Elder Kingsford left home in the same missionary group as I.
14. Leaving Narvik we crossed the fjord on a ferry-boat; from here I snapped a picture of a rather famous mountain peak.
15. After a visit with the Elders in Tromsø, we boarded a boat, the "Polar Lys" arriving in dark Hammerfest on the 18th of Nov. This is about all we saw of Hammerfest for 3 months.
16. Elder Gidley headed south in February, but before his departure we managed to get a "shot" of us standing together outside of the Hartvigsen "mansion." To the left you'll see the type of homes the greater percentage of the Hammerfestians live in.
17. The Hartvisen front door step with Fru Hartvigsen and five of her grandchildren. From l. to r: Jan, Trygve, Randi, Inger, Anne Lise.
18. Elder Sims and his Russian hat outside the Hartvigsen home.
19. Me, in my own grey coat. Note how little snow there was then. Now we have over twice that much.
20. A couple of homes across the street from "our" house.
21. Now, to our trip to Alta and the Laps. Our first day there we dropped up to the Gargia Fjellstue, but were disappointed as the Laps had not yet come. The three on the left took the trip with us, two young people from Oslo and in the middle the lady manager of the Alta Gjestgiveri where we stayed. The two men on the right work at the Fjellstue.

22. A blurred picture of a reindeer pulling a sled.
23. A blurred close-up of a reindeer head.
24. A better shot of the reindeer and their sleds, and a couple of Laps in the background.
26. If you'll look hard you'll find me with four or five Laps.
25. The only good picture I got up there.
27. Three Laps.
28. A Lap family, Mother, Father and baby. It was beginning to get dark.
29. Father and baby.
30. The next day down in Bossekop we managed to borrow Lap-outfits to have our pictures taken in, but the weather was a little cloudy, so "dårlig" results. That's a reindeer-skin coat.
31. This was a little over-exposed, but from the picture you can get a fair idea of how these colorful outfits look.
32. After our visit with the Laps we took a little boat home to Hammerfest. These last three pictures (#32,33,&34) were taken en route.

Since our trip to Alta I've been taking a roll of "black & white" which I'll deliver in to be developed in a couple of days, so it won't be long before you receive prints of those.

Love,
Clay.

Our advertisement says:

The Church of Jesus Christ of
L.D.S. hold meeting Sun. 19/12
5 PM in Reconstructions'

Eating Mess .

Christmas Program etc.
Hammerfest Indremisjon
Møtebrakken.

Lørdag ungdomsmøte kl. 20,30.
Søndag møte kl. 17. Strand m.
flere. Musikklaget.

Jesu Kristi kirke av siste dagers hellige

avholder møte søndag 19/12 kl.
17 i Gjenreisingens Spisemesse.

Juleprogram.

Alle velkommen !

Aldri kollekt !

K I N O E N

Fredag og lørdag

kl. 19 og 21

7. E POKKERS UNGER

Lørdag kl. 17

Barneforestilling.



Hammerfest, Norway
April 3, 1949
Sunday evening

Dear Mom and Dad,

I believe I closed last week's letter with the statement that winter in Hammerfest continues in full force; and I might well add the same to this week's report. For two weeks now we have had an almost unbroken succession of storms. All this snow, wind and cold has had a bad effect on our health as I have written in my last two letters, but I'm hoping that the coming week will bring us a break in the "uvær" ("un-weather") and give us a chance to really get back on our feet. It's no fun to feel only half-well.

Our week's work consisted mostly of evening visits which had been pre-appointed. We made a couple of attempts at tracting, but the weather proved too much for us in "our condition." The ten children who showed up for our weekly Primary gathering were just as eager as ever. Today I have been working on a home-made apparatus for telling stories with the aid of shadow-pictures. The kids should get quite a kick out of it.

From your letter of March 20th it was interesting to learn of the coming interior painting of the house. I imagine we'll finally get a green job, huh? I haven't heard anything more about your working on the redecoration of the Mormon Handicraft Shop, Mom. Have you gone into business? Mother, you added a post script on that last letter telling me that Bill Gibbs has been quite sick and that you would like me to write him. The address was written so that it was quite hard to make out. Perhaps you would send his address again.

Package number 45 (sent 2-17-49) came through last week along with the small package containing the two pair of slacks. There was little toll to pay on #45, but they socked me quite hard for the trousers, about 4 bucks; but I like them fine and they'll come in handy. Thanks alot.

I had been having a little trouble with one of my back teeth, so I dropped into the dentist's office one day. He scraped around, but finding nothing wrong decided to take an X-ray picture of it. Saturday I received the picture myself which I'll enclose in this letter. It shows my two back teeth on the lower left hand side along with the wisdom tooth which is just beginning to come in. The dentist told me to wait about 6 months and then come in and see him again, unless of course, I had to come in sooner because of pain. He thought that either the wisdom tooth or its neighbor would have to come out in about 6 month's time. I thought it would be a good idea to send you the film and see what Dr. Bergstrom thinks about it. I have redeived very little pain from it, just a few short, sharp ones now and then.

When you pack another box for me there are a couple of items which I'd appreciate it if you would enclose: a bottle of Vicks Vaporub, 2 bottles of Alka Seltzer, and if you could figure a safe way of packing it, a bottle of Listerine.

One more request: The kids here would really go for gold stars on their accomplishment sheet in their work books. If you would slip some in your letters I'd appreciate it.....red and silver, too, if you can get them.

We are looking forward to our "Spring" Conference early in May when we'll get together with the Elders from Harstad, Tromsø and Narvik. One of our investigators mentioned last week that it was her intention to attend Narvik conference if all went well. Before conference time we're expecting a visit from the Tromsø missionaries one of whom (Elder Carl Paulsen) will be leaving for "Uditen" at the end of May. Elder Gidley will soon be on his way home. I told him to drop in and see you when he goes through Salt Lake City.

Other than influenza, sore throats, and horizontal snow-storms all is well in Hammerfest. We plan to give 'er another try tomorrow. I hate having this sickness slow down our work as it has.

I hope you're all well at home.

Love, *Clay*

Dear mother & Dad - I'm not ending the picture
 to raise as they are back & back to see without
 a nickel & I'm afraid by the time they
 & the ^{Hammervest} reach you, you would be
 in Idaho Falls etc. Don't put your trip short
 just to get home & see them. Had a
 nice Easter - went to see Grandma Williams -
 don't faint. Love to all. adell

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 in Hammervest continues in full force; and I might well add the same to this week's report.
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 what Dr. Bergstrom thinks about it. I have received very little pain from it, just a few
 short, sharp ones now and then.

When you pack another box for me there are a couple of items which
 I'd appreciate if you would enclose: a bottle of Vicks VapoRub, 2 bottles of Aika
 Seltzer, and if you could figure a safe way of packing it, a bottle of Isterine.

One more request: The kids here would really go for gold stars on
 their accomplishment sheet in their work books. If you would slip some in your letters
 I'd appreciate it.....red and silver, too, if you can get them.

We are looking forward to our "Spring" Conference early in May when
 we'll get together with the Elders from Harsted, Thomas and Narvik. One of our invest-
 gators mentioned last week that it was her intention to attend Narvik conference if all
 went well. Before conference time we're expecting a visit from the Thomas missionaries
 one of whom (Elder Carl Paulsen) will be leaving for "Utah" at the end of May. Elder
 Gidley will soon be on his way home. I told him to drop in and see you when he goes
 through Salt Lake City.

Other than influenza, sore throats, and horizontal snow-storms all
 is well in Hammervest. We plan to give 'er another try tomorrow. I hate having this
 sickness slow down our work as it has.
 I hope yours all well at home.
 Love,
 Adell

Salt Lake City, Utah, April 10, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

A beautiful Sabbath morning, bright and clear. I'm typing this letter to the accompaniment of the Tabernacle Choir and Mother's new "Kitchen Aid" beating out a cake for Gordon Madsen's reception following the farewell this evening. At the moment Mom is talking with Bob Sims' mother to get some news of you, because your letter of March 27th hasn't reached us. We're glad to learn through her that you are well over your "flu", that you are both happy and busy, and that she has already forwarded to you two some literature and suggestions for your Primary classes.

"Tom" Boise just 'phoned to tell us that he had talked with Sally and Doug and Carolyn this morning, and that they are all well again after recent colds and sore throats. We may not be able to get to Boise for Easter Sunday, - more "visiting firemen" from the eastern companies this coming week. Dale is driving to Twin Falls and Boise next Tuesday in his new Buick Dynaflo, to check on some school projects and hospital jobs.

Roland and Marian Pollock, and family, have been here from Milwaukee to attend the funeral of Marian's brother Robert, who died very suddenly. Last Thursday evening we invited Marian, Roland, and Roland's parents, and Edels and Wood to dinner at the Alta Club. Marian and Dick couldn't join us because of recent heavy dental treatment on Marian's impacted wisdom ~~knack~~ tooth (which is now out, and Marian is feeling better). Most of the evening we talked about you and about the Allen Williams', and about how enthusiastically Grandma Williams is looking forward to the coming of Grace, Allen and family sometime in June.

We received a long letter from Doug this past week, telling all about Carolyn's birthday party, and enclosing some very cute pictures of her.

Mom just called in from the kitchen: "This Kitchen Aid is wonderful. This cake frosting is out of this world". She's just like a child with a new toy. When we were down at Westinghouse Electric Supply Co. last week, we also bought the new Refrigerator Deluxe, but we cannot install it until the new "ice blue" linoleum is here and laid. We haven't yet heard any definite word about the carpeting. 15 ft. carpets are still "on allotment", so we'll have to wait our turn. Mom does not want to go ahead with the painting of the Living Room, Dining Room, Hall, etc., until the carpet arrives. The carpet is a "pebble beige", darker than the present carpet; and Mom is talking about "eccea brown" (she just said "not quite eccea brown") walls. But she may change her mind completely when the carpet is delivered.

Mother just read down this far, and now she says: "Please tell Clayton that we were terribly worried about him because he told us in his last letter that he had been quite sick, and we haven't received any word from him since. I hope we do get a letter from him tomorrow, so we will know for sure that he is well again". Every alternate Tuesday the "Sewing Club" meets, and Mom reads your letters to the Whitneys, Felts, Fehrs, Claytons, etc. Tomorrow is Dick Whitney's mother's birthday, and we husbands are joining the lady members of the "Sewing Club" to surprise Eva. More about it in next letter.

And now, we're going for a ride in the DeSoto. We haven't any idea "where", but just a nice ride. We hope to get back in time for Gordon's farewell service. Love from all.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Aunt Rae, Allen, Rex Jr.

My letter tonight has been an extra speedy job, but I believe you'll find it readable. I'm finally back on my feet and feeling physically fit again. I hope all are in good health at home.
Hammerfest, Norge
den 27 Mars 1949
Søndag kveld

We learned this week that our Spring Conference will be held in Narvik
Kjære Mor og Far,

Også begynner vi det ukelige brev på Norsk ikveld bare for engangs skyld.....

After about 17 months of this "språk" you can imagine that the words flow out just about as fast and easy in Norwegian as in English. It's a fact. Sometimes while writing letters to you in English I think out certain phrases in Norwegian; and a few times I've had to look up words in the Norwegian dictionary to find the English word I wanted to write.....you can expect a foreigner home next Spring or Summer. Thanks

When I "pounded out" the weekly report last Sunday I was feeling pretty low, but I expected to be in shape to put in a good week's work. Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. The "flu" held me in bed most of the week, but on a couple of necessary occasions I had to get up and go out.

The first trip I made outside was Tuesday afternoon for our Primary meeting. The children were really eager, even moreso than they had been at our first meeting. We had assigned them a memory gem to learn, and I nearly fell over when every one of them came up in front of the class and recited it perfectly, even a little 4-year old Else Marie Røstvik. It's alot of fun to labor with the children who come. One of them told us last time that she counts the days waiting for Tuesday to roll around. We were disappointed at one statement which was made there....when calling the roll we came across the name of one little girl who wasn't there. Another 8 year old girl said, "Her parents told her she couldn't go to the 'Spies' Sunday School," but I get to come for my folks don't believe that you're spies." It's probably hard for you at home to imagine that anyone could even suspect anything like that, but there are many people here who won't investigate our message, but are content to hold onto their erroneous opinions. Most of them are Communists. Despite the bad thoughts some of these unthoughtful parents have put in the minds of these children most of them continue to come out to our meetings; and they're the eagerest bunch of kids I've ever seen.

We managed to get out into the stormy weather again Thursday putting in a good 12 hour day, but apparently the hard weather was a little too much for us, so we took it easy most of Friday slipping out and across the street in the evening to visit with two of our best investigators.

That Friday night visit was really alot of fun. We took over a "Cinch" chocolate cake which Fru Helene Høyem baked up; and also a can of popcorn which the two of them (a young couple in their twenties, Fru and Herr Høyem) went crazy over, especially the popping of it which they had never seen before. We took the popcorn to Herr Høyem to help him out in his fight against smoking. He is 27 years old and has been smoking for years, but a week ago he decided that the thing to do was to quit, so we offered to help him out with "time-passers" such as pop-corn. These two people have been wonderful to us. Today we had a delicious reindeer roast dinner with them. It was the best food I've eaten since we came to Hammerfest. Our delicious (and it really was good) "Cinch" cake we had for dessert along with some Norwegian canned plums. Our meal today nearly matched roast beef and a seven layer cake, but even after 17 months I could tell that it lacked the "Floss-boss" touch.

Our friends, the Hartvigsens, have finally decided that with the marriage of their daughter they just haven't got enough room. As of yesterday we are hunting for another place to stay. It was bound to come sometime (our being cast out). It has been wonderful of the Hartvigsens to let us stay on as long as they have. Rooms are hard to find in Hammerfest as we learned when we first arrived here, but I feel pretty sure that something ~~won't~~ will turn up if we get out and look for it. Herr Hartvigsen has been very helpful up to now and may be able to give us a little help in finding another place. He was interested to hear what your business is, Dad, and wanted ~~to~~ me to send his greetings to you both.

My letter tonight has been an extra speedy job, but I believe you'll find it readable. I'm finally back on my feet and feeling physically fit again. I hope all are in good health at home.

I might add a little weather report tonight before closing. Winter continues in full force. During the past week we have had almost continual snow, so it looks like we'll be well supplied with "Easter ski-snow" as they say here.

We learned this week that our Spring Conference will be held in Narvik May 7, 8, & 9th.

Love
.....

flow out just about as fast and easy in Norwegian as in English. It's a fact. Sometimes write writing letters to you in English I think out certain phrases in Norwegian and a few P.S. I received package #49 (sent 1-22-49) which I mentioned in last week's letter. Thanks. You can expect a foreigner home next Spring or Summer.....

Clay

P.S. I don't want you to buy a sleeping bag for me, but if you think there is one in the family which won't be used this summer, I could use it over here. Let me know what the situation is will you.

The first trip I made outside was Tuesday afternoon for our primary meeting. The children were really eager, even more so than they had been at our first meeting. We had assigned them a memory gem to learn, and I nearly fell over every one of them came up in front of the class and recited it perfectly, even a little 4-year old Miss Marie Rasmussen. It's a lot of fun to labor with the children who come. One of them told us last time that she counts the days waiting for Tuesday to roll around. We were disappointed at one statement which was made there..... when calling the roll we can scarce the name of one little girl who wasn't there. Another 8 year old girl said, "Her parents told her she couldn't go to the 'spare' Sunday school, but I got to come for my folks don't believe that you're spies." It's a pretty hard job for you at home to imagine that anyone could even suspect anything like that, but that's the way people here who won't investigate our message, but are content to hold onto their erroneous opinions. Most of them are Communists. Despite the bad thoughts some of these anti-social parents have put in the minds of these children most of them continue to come to our meetings; and they're the eagerest bunch of kids I've ever seen.

Jesu Kristi Kirke

PRIMARY

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my home-made star stamp



That Friday night what was really a lot of fun. We took over a "Cinch" chocolate cake which Mrs Helene Hyvem baked up; and also a can of popcorn which the two of them (a young couple in their twenties, Mrs and Herr Hyvem) went crazy over, especially the popping of it which they had never seen before. We took the popcorn to Herr Hyvem to help him out in his fight against smoking. He is 27 years old and has been smoking for years, but a week ago he decided that the thing to do was to quit, so we offered to help him out with "time-passers" such as pop-corn. These two people have been wonderful to us. Today we had a delicious reindeer roast dinner with them. It was the best food I've eaten since we came to Hammerfest. Our delicious (and it really was good) "Cinch" cake we had for dessert along with some Norwegian canned plums. Our meal today nearly matched roast beef and a seven layer cake, but even after 17 months I could tell that it lacked the "Ploss-post" touch.

Our friends, the Hartvigsen's, have finally decided that with the marriage of their daughter they just haven't got enough room. As of yesterday we are hunting for another place to stay. It was bound to come sometime (our being cast out). It has been wonderful of the Hartvigsen's to let us stay on as long as they have. Rooms are hard to find in Hammerfest as we learned when we first arrived here, but I feel pretty sure that something will turn up if we get out and look for it. Herr Hartvigsen has been very helpful to us now and may be able to give us a little help in finding another place. He was interested to hear what your business is, Dad, and wanted me to send his greetings to you both.

Salt Lake City, Utah, April 3, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

First of all, we hope that the "flu" has all cleared up, and that you feel fine again. We had hoped that you would escape, but with so much reported in Hammerfest, it seems that it really gets around.

Your Primary program was very thoroughly prepared, but Mom promises to dig back into her own twenty years experience, and give you some suggestions.

The past week has been a very active one for your Mother. First, it was the gala opening of the Mormon Handicraft's remodeled store, and we're still hearing many compliments for the decoration and contributions of your Mother to the very attractive shop opposite Temple Square. Hundreds of Salt Lakers attended the opening last week, and it was really quite an affair.

Yesterday, at the Alta Club, was the announcement luncheon for Barbara Barnes and Dr. Gillespie. Eva Barnes asked Mom "for a few suggestions", and Mom really went "all out". The "Motif" was a dentist's "denture mirror" with a miniature picture of the prospective bride and groom covering the mirror, with the announcement that the bride-to-be had "an appointment for life with Dr. Gillespie". Also, the table decorations carried out the same theme.

Well, it's now 9:30 P.M. We've listened to Elder Ezra Taft Benson on the "Church of the Air" broadcast at eight this morning, and to most of the Conference addresses. Your Father was connecting up the sprinklers, and repairing the damaged ones, and doing some gardening at the same time. That's why you'll have to excuse the typing, because my hands do show several bruises from the Stillson wrenches.

At 5 P.M. we drive down to ~~see~~ see Grandma Williams. George and Phyllis Richardson were there with their cute daughter, Janice. They had recently returned from Portland and Boise, and told us all about their evening with Sally and Doug. George and Phyllis are planning on moving to Boise as soon as they can find a suitable apt.

Then, Martha and "Pete" Felt came in with their 5-week old son, "Ted". So, we had quite a visit. Grandma is very much upset with spring housecleaning, but is remarkably well at her advanced age.

If we can get some of our work caught up, and if we can get rid of an additional deluge of "factory men", we're going to try to drive up to see the Doug Williams' about Easttime. We haven't been to Boise since they moved there, and we're very anxious to spend a few days with them.

By the time this letter reaches you, it should be "conference time" for you, - and possibly at Harvik, as mentioned in your letter of two weeks ago. We hope you're now having some pleasant, spring weather, and that the sun is really beginning to warm you again.

Rotary is having its "Youth Conference" again in three weeks, and we expect to entertain one of the high school boys in our home for four days. It's a wonderful program, and nearly one hundred high school boys from all over the State will participate again this year. So, you will be having some high school senior occupying your room once more.

Mom is glad to hear that the packages are getting through, and that they contain the things you like. Love from all at home,

Affectionately,

Hammerfest, Norway
March 20, 1949
Sunday evening

Dear Mom and Dad,

After a couple of days of rest and gargling I'm feeling pretty good again, but last Friday morning I wasn't in very good condition. I guess the influenza bug hit me as it has so many other Hammerfestians. Since Friday I've been taking it easy, so I'll be in shape to get going again tomorrow morning.

One of the most interesting events of last week was the first meeting of the northernmost Primary in the world. As I told you before, we had secured the use of a fine Nursery for our weekly gatherings. At 4PM Tuesday we arrived and found a closet-full of kids waiting to "scare" us. Thirteen of them were between the age of 4 and 12, so we signed these on the roll and gave each one of them a "work book." I think these "books" will work out pretty well. I've left a space on the inside cover for a photograph of the child. On the first page is written "Jesu Kristi Kirke av Siste Dagers Hellige Primary" I had a stamp made for that. Then comes a short explanation of Primary work. On the next page is a chart recording their attendance, if they were on time for meeting, and record of their accomplishment of assignments. We type these assignments out and have the kids paste them in their books; for example, for next Tuesday they have a short 4-line verse to learn along with the weekly song. For this week the song is our version of "Haste to the Sunday School," only we sing "Kom til vår Primary, Kom! Kom! Kom!" and they seem to catch on quick to the tune and the words. Having signed the children on the roll and given them their books we began our meeting with the week's song and a prayer after which we had song practice. The rest of the time was spent in telling them a story, pasting in their books and chatting. We were very pleased with the order and eagerness of the children and are looking forward to next Tuesday's meeting. I wrote this explanation of our meeting in full, so that perhaps Mom could send along some suggestions on improving the procedure.

On Wednesday night we had a nice gathering at our first Bible Class. Here we discussed the Plan of Salvation (Where we have come from; why we are placed on earth; what the conditions are after death). Those who attended seemed very interested in the explanation and in the chart I had drawn to show Man's Eternal Journey. Next Wednesday our class is scheduled at the home of another investigator.

One of the most interesting events of the week was the arrival of the Christmas pictures. They came out beautifully. Dougie, Ricky and Anne had grown so much I hardly recognized them, especially Anne. I actually had to think for a minute to be sure it was she. Jane was a stranger to me, but a plenty cute gal. And I hadn't seen Carolyn Adele for so long that she was just about a stranger, but I could see she looked like Sal. The rest of the group looked just about the same, except that maybe Dad had put on a few pounds and Mom taken off a few. If you have any more, I'd sure like to see them.

I forgot to acknowledge the receipt of the vitamins a la Maurice Andersen. They came a few weeks ago. Another of your packages arrived this week, but I haven't had the opportunity yet to get it at the toll office. I have the customs declaration and its contents look good.....Honey, tomatoes, pineapple, orange & grapefruit, etc.

We haven't yet heard any news about when or where our Spring Conference will take place, but I imagine it will be sometime in April at Narvik. Until then, I guess we'll continue the usual Hammerfest routine.

That's all for tonight. Hope you are all well.

Love,

Olaf.

Salt Lake City, Utah, March 27, 1949

Dear Clayt:

No letter from you this week, but we assume that the mails have been slow, and that we will receive a letter tomorrow.

Thursday evening we had a real treat. Your companion's parents invited us out to their home to see the movie pictures which "Bob" Sims and you took at the Laplanders' market festival in Alta. It was just like sitting there with you, and talking with you. We had to see the "film" four times just so that we could feast our eyes on you, and enjoy your smile. You and Bob look fine, although a little pale in contrast with the dark-skinned Laps. We sat there trying to figure out what you were wearing. Mom says that it did not look like the overcoat you left here in. We're not talking about the Lap costumes which you wore through part of the reel, but your "regular clothes". Where did you get the cap? It doesn't look like the one your Mother sent to you. In one part, it looked like you handling one of the reindeer, and moving its horns. Was it? We were surprised at the extreme whiteness of the reindeer. It was difficult to count them because they were so near the color of the snow. That must be nature's protection for them. Bob's father told us that Bob had never taken a "movie picture" before he left on his mission three months ago. Please tell him for us that he did a swell job. The four reels spliced together, which cover his journey from Salt Lake City to New York, across the water, then the scenes in Oslo and other parts of Norway, and then through Sweden up to Hammerfest, and finally your recent trek to Alta, were excellent throughout.

It's rather late to think of sending a movie camera to you. How would it be for us to send to you a couple of rolls of color film for you to use in Bob's camera in between some of his own reels? It would certainly be wonderful for us, - particularly if you would take some close-ups of each other, and of your friends and "investigators" in the mission field. Please answer in your next letter.

Mother went to "fast meeting" while I did some mending and electrical work. She came home full of praise for Gordon's beautiful tribute to his father for the wonderful home he has always made for him and his brothers. Gordon's "farewell" is two weeks from today.

Yesterday was Carolyn's birthday. Mom sent some clothes and Easter things to her. We're anxious to hear a full report from Sally and Doug about the events of the day. Sally's father showed us some recent Kodak "shots" of Sally, Doug and Carolyn, and they all looked fine.

It has been snowing most of the week, but intermittent rains have melted most of the snow. The sky is overcast today, and it's raining "moderately" right now. But Spring is finally here, the deer have gone back into the hills, and the buds are coming out.

Mother talked with Marilyn last night at the Civic Music concert in Kingsbury Hall, and she said she had received a letter from you recently. Mom thinks she has a darling personality. What do you think? Or do you care to say?

We're starting again with the "flood" of eastern business associates. Last week, McCabe of Denver, this week the Honeywell "gang", next week J. H. Smart of Tuttle and Bailey, and then a steady string of them, - pleasure trips charged to business expense, - at least some of them.

Now it's time for our Sunday visit with Grandma Williams, and from there we'll drive out to see the Dick Williams'. (It just started to snow again.) Love from all of us.

Copies to Doug, Rex, Jr., Aunt Rae and Uncle Allen. Affectionately,

Hammerfest, Norway
March 13, 1949
Sunday Evening

Dear Mom and Dad,

The Hartvigsen house has been in quite an uproar during the past week. Their youngest, Liv, was married to Arne Markussen yesterday afternoon in the Lutheran Church. Having lost our table to the broussseau room Elder Sims and I are balancing our typewriters on suitcases trying to get a bit of news off to the folks at home. It was interesting for us to witness a Norwegian wedding reception. The bride and bridegroom returned from the Church about 6:30 PM, Arne in a dark suit and one of my white shirts, Liv in a blue evening dress. By 7PM most of the 30 guests had arrived and we sat down to dinner served by friends of the bride. Toasts were made to the newlyweds at intervals during the meal, and after the American JELLO dessert several of the guests made impromptu speeches praising the bride and groom and wishing them good luck. It was interesting to see the various gifts on display even though the arrangement of them wasn't like a Flossie Williams job. Most of them were practical kitchen articles, but there were also a few nice candlesticks, etc. Before they moved the dinner tables away for dancing I attempted taking a couple of indoor shots of the bride and groom, but it was so dark that I doubt if they will come out.

The real show began when they got the living room clear. A fellow from the country strolled in with his huge accordion, sat down and began his one-man-band renditions of everything from "Now is the Hour" to "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Along with playing his instrument he would whistle, make noises like a trumpet and sing. We got a kick out of hearing him and watching the people dance their jerky fox-trots and waltzes. We turned in early, but I'm sure the party lasted many hours after we had hit the hay. Fru Hartvigsen told me she didn't finish washing dishes until 6 AM. This evening the "older set" has been visiting and congratulating the newlyweds.

We certainly appreciate the hospitality shown by the Hartvigsen family. Instead of putting us out to make room for Arne and Liv, Herr Hartvigsen had a basement room fixed up for them. So, we feel very fortunate to be living with these people.

Tracting has been quite disappointing during the week. After three visits many of the people are getting quite tired of seeing us. On the other hand our evening visits with investigators continues to be both interesting and encouraging. The past week was a busy one, and we have every night of the coming week arranged for visits with people who have shown considerable interest. One young man who seems quite interested in the message dropped in to visit us today and we spent about three hours with him.

After searching a couple of weeks with no luck as to finding a meeting house where we could hold Sunday School for children, we finally came upon the idea of holding Primary instead, and managed to secure the use of a Children's Nursery (a place where children, with working mothers, play). So from now on we shall hold Primary each Tuesday at 4PM. On Wednesday nights we have started a Bible Class which I think should go quite well.

During the week I received an interesting letter from Bro. Willard Smith in which he told me that he had labored as a missionary 41 years ago. Two more of your food packages arrived, #44 and #42. The socks, scarf and mittens in #42 were very nice. Also received was a package from Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt sent in November. It contained some lovely handkerchiefs. The book which you loaned from the 21st Ward library arrived. Mom will probably remember that a short time ago she sent me a fine book entitled "The Americas Before Columbus", a book which contains exactly the same pictures and writings as the book from the 21st Ward. Besides that Mary Lois Sharp sent me another copy of "The Americas Before Columbus," so you might say I was pretty well stocked up on those books. Mary mentioned that if I already had such a book that I should give the copy she sent to one of the other missionaries, so Elder Sims was the lucky boy. I think it would be wisest to return the 21st Ward's book "with a vote of thanks." Thanks a million for the packages, etc.

Your last \$75.00 dollar check came, Dad. "Takk skal du ha!" I'm in good financial shape now with Kroner 422.45 in the till. Not much more time tonight. Looks like we're in for a little more nasty weather after two wonderful weeks of sunshine. Hope you're all well and happy.

Love,

Clay

Dear Mom and Dad,

The Hartvigsen house has been in quite an uproar during the past week. Their youngest, Liv, was married to Arne Hartvigsen yesterday afternoon in the Lutheran Church. She sat on the edge of her chair listening carefully to every word translated, then she made me write it for her in Norwegian. That business about "Al Jackal - Lawyer, Joe Zebra - Black and White Paint Company, George Gorilla - Gym" was a little over my head. I couldn't quite get the drift myself, and had a heck of a time explaining it to her. By 7 PM most of the 30 guests were made to the arrival and we sat down to dinner served by friends of the bride. Toasts were made to the newweds at intervals during the meal, and after the American table dessert several of the guests made impromptu speeches praising the bride and groom and wishing them good luck. It was interesting to see the various gifts on display even though the arrangement of them wasn't like a "Flossie Williams" job. Most of them were practical kitchen articles, but there were also a few nice candlesticks, etc. Before they moved the dinner tables away for dancing I attempted taking a couple of indoor snapshots of the bride and groom, but it was so dark that I doubt if they will come out.

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After searching a couple of weeks with no luck as to finding a meeting house where we could hold Sunday School for children, we finally came upon the idea of holding primary instead, and managed to secure the use of a Children's Nursery (a place where children, with working mothers, play). So from now on we shall hold primary each Tuesday at 1 PM. On Wednesday nights we have started a Bible Class which I think should go quite well.

During the week I received an interesting letter from Bro. Willard Smith in which he told me that he had learned as a missionary 14 years ago. Two more of your food packages arrived, and Mrs. The socks, scarf and mittens in this were very nice. Also received was a package from Aunt Rose and Uncle Clay sent in November. It contained some lovely handkerchiefs. The book which you loaned from the SIST WAYS library arrived. Mom will probably remember that a short time ago she sent me a fine book entitled "The American Before Columbus" a book which contains exactly the same pictures and writings as the book from the SIST WAYS. Besides that Mary told Sharp sent me another copy of "The American Before Columbus", so you might say I was pretty well stocked up on these books. Mary mentioned that if I already had and a book that I should give the copy she sent to one of the other missionaries, so either Sam or the lady. I think it would be wisest to return the SIST WAYS book "with a vote of thanks." Thanks a million for the packages, etc.

Dear Sally,- Sorry that we didn't get a chance to talk with you this morning. We hope you're feeling O.K. again. We were glad to have such a long talk with you, Doug, because it made us all (including you folks) feel much better. We hope the new set-up works out fine. Please write frequently, as we're always anxious to hear all about your doings, about Carolyn's new tricks, and everything. We may drive to Boise about the middle of April. Love from all of us to all of you,

Dear Clay!

Meeting was late - 9 P.M. - But we want to get this letter on its way to you in the morning. Truman and Gordon Madsen, Dick Beesley, Bishop Waldo Anderson, Bishop Judd, etc., etc. wanted to be remembered to you. Last Sunday night we took along with us what was then your latest letter, and we handed it to Truman Madsen so that all of your "buddies" in the Choir could read it. Tonight we forgot to take your interesting letter of March 6th, telling all about your wonderful trip to the Laplanders' "market", - and when we met Gordon on the stairs, going into the Chapel, he said: "what, no letter". Leonard Higgins, recently returned from the California Mission, made his "report" to the Ward, but ~~xxx~~ the Bishopric had planned too long a preliminary program, which made a late start for Elder Higgins.

Now, getting back to your trip to Alta. From your narrative, it must have been full of thrills. And, your bargaining with the Lapps, using some of Mom's canned goods and sugar to barter with, must have been a real "kick". We're anxious to receive some of the handiwork and trinkets you were able to get from them. Over a hundred reindeer gaily harnessed to their individual sleds, and the picturesque Lapps in their highly colored dress, must have been a sight to behold. We're glad you had clear weather for the four-day trip in the 40-foot scout-boat, and we hope that your pictures will turn out fine.

This afternoon we drove down to visit with Grandma Williams, and from there out to Marian's and Dick's to see their dream of a daughter, Jane, take her first steps. She's one of the cutest babies anyone could possibly have, and "good as gold". Dick has just finished painting their kitchen, and now is starting on the "master" bedroom.

And speaking of painting, we're trying to decide right now whether to paint the downstairs rooms the same color as at present, but Mom cannot make up her mind until she selects the new carpets for the Living Room, Dining Room and your Room. Maybe it will be green throughout, and maybe it won't.

This morning we called Doug and Sally, and their cute Carolyn Adele said over the 'phone: "Hi, Nanny and Grandpa". They're all three very happy. Doug's doing a little merchandising along with his insurance business, - trying to garner enough "lettuce" to get ahead.

Mother is busy running the Mormon Handicraft Program, - redecorating and refinishing their store across from the Temple Grounds (on South Temple), and is thrilled with the outcome. The "grand opening" is March 31st.

Adele and Dougie are spending every available minute on the new artificial skating rink at Hygeia Ice Co., 1208 East 21st South. I've been threatening to try it, because I used to be pretty fair on the "zippers", - at least I could beat all you kids. They have some real professional talent, - figure skaters, jumpers, etc. - and it is fast developing into an attractive "spot".

Mom sent to you last week two of the three books you recently asked for. Say, did you ever receive the book we borrowed from Uncle Rex, and sent to you?

10:30 P.M., and time to quit for tonight. Love from all of us.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Rex, Jr., Aunt Rae & Uncle Allen.

A.

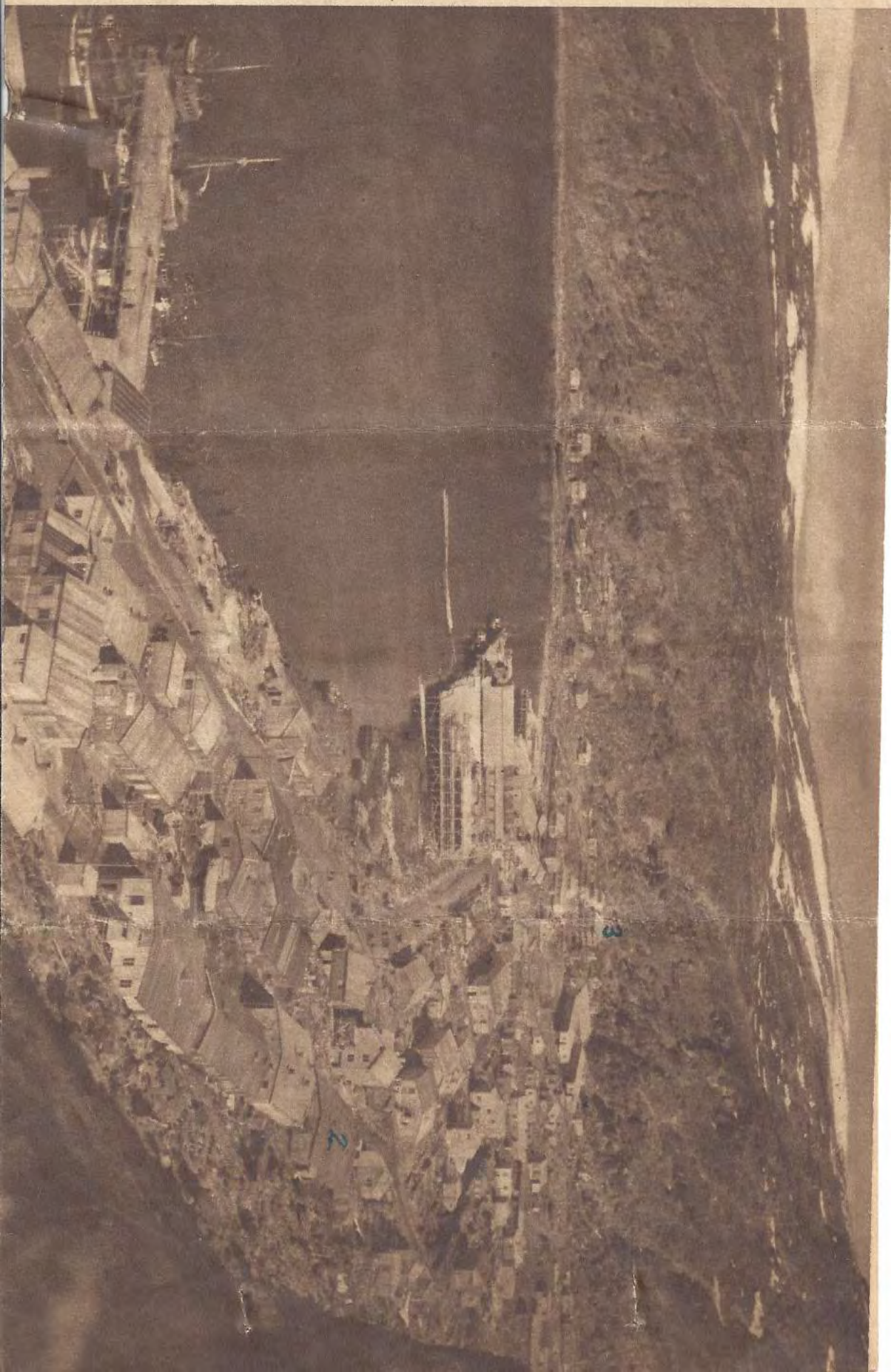
The great tragedie of Finnmark happened over three years ago when Hammerfest and other cities were destroyed by the Germans. They demolished every house, blew up ^{the} harbor, streets, sidewalks and flagstones; they left nothing untouched. The people of the city had received two or three hours to pack what they could take with them before the destruction began and they were led away. Four thousand people had their homes in the world's northernmost city at that time. Today over 2000 of them have come back and a new Hammerfest is being built up, although the reconstruction is going slower than hoped.

B.

They who came back to the city during the first winter after peace came had to live in tents. Since then it has been getting better - with barracks and permanent houses. But, building houses is expensive, with prices double and triple of what they were before the war.

C.

Hammerfest lives today literally of fish, fish and again fish. Oatmeal is a luxury, and meat hasn't been procured for a long time. The only thing outside of fish which isn't imported is drinking water. But the world's most glorious and magnificent location has the city. (That last statement could be debated).



1. Andersens pensionat where we stay when we arrived. 2. Hermes, where we eat fish every day.
 3. The Hartvigsen mansion — our home, with a view over the bay.

VERDENS NORDLIGSTE BY REISER SEG AV ASKEN

Det er i høst tre år siden den store Finnmarkstragedie, da også Hammerfest ble lagt i grus av tyskerne. De sprengte hvert eneste hus, de sprengte havnen og gatene og fortauene og flaggstengene, intet lot de urørt tilbake. Byens folk hadde fått to—tre timer til å pakke hva de i farten kunne få med seg før ødeleggelsene begynte og de selv ble ført bort. 4 000 mennesker hadde den gang sitt hjem i denne verdens nordligste by. I dag er allerede 2 000 tilbake igjen, og et nytt Hammerfest holder på å reise seg, selv om gjenoppbyggingen går langsommere enn håpet.

På denne og de to følgende sider en fotoreportasje fra byen som den ser ut nå. Øverst på denne side panorama over byen med det nye kaitanlegg, til høyre gatebilde med en ung mor.





Verdens nordligste avisredaksjon — Vest-Finnmark Arbeiderblads, redaktør Waaktaar og hans medarbeider. Etter flere års stans begynte bladet å komme igjen i vår. Det er nå det eneste i Hammerest. *The northernmost newspaper in the world.*



b. The State Church small chapel by the grave yard. The only structure which the Germans left standing.

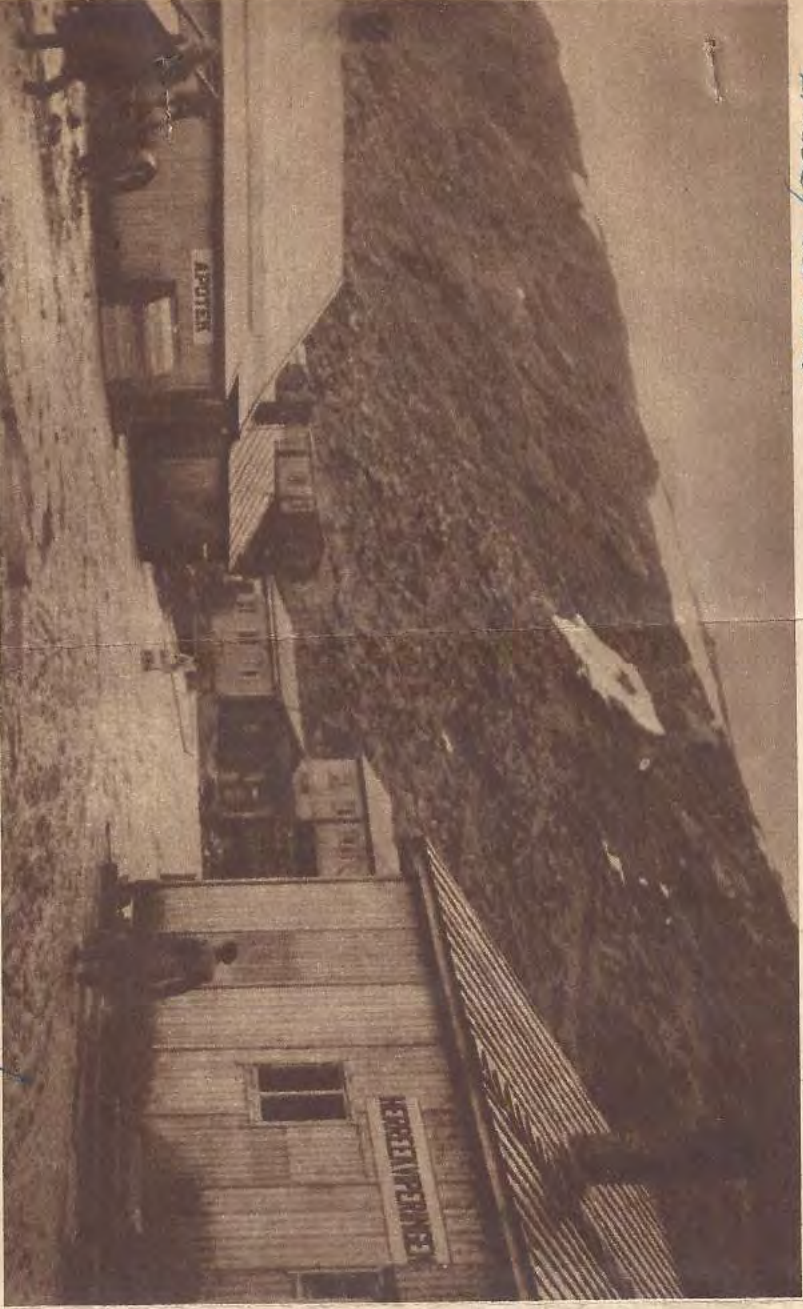
RUINBYEN VED ISH

Den første vinteren etter frigid-

Det er mange barn i Hammerfest; noen annen lekeplass enn gatene og mellom ruinene har de ennå ikke.

A little different from Lindsay Gardens.

B.
ringen måtte de som da var kommet tilbake til byen, bo i telt. Siden er det etter hvert blitt bedre — med brakker og permanentus. Men husbygging er kostbart, med to- og tredobbelte priser av førkrigstidens.



Fra forretningsstrøket med apoteket i brakka til venstre og herreakviperingen til høyre.

Hammerfests business district. To the right — over

4 *W. E. F. Fes's store.*



Fra hovedgaten i Hammerfest, ennå med ruiner etter bygninger som tyskerne sprengte, men også med nye hus og med

Shopping district



4. Lion messengers Spise-messe - where we stream the guitar and preach the word on Sunday nights. 5. The drug store & best building in town.

AV ET FÅR LIV IGJEN

Please Note

Hammerfest lever i dag boksta-



Kinokø er det også i Ishavs-byen. Trenger noen avspenning, er det så visst den som lever under så vanskelige forhold som deroppe.



Veing av fisk, fisk og auter fisk. Havrerryn er luksus, og kjøtt har ikke vært å oppdrive på lange tider. Det eneste fornten fisk som ikke må importeres, er drikkevann. Men verdens herligste og mest storslagne beliggenhet har byen.

Figgråden fra tyskertiden har ennå ikke kunnet fjernes alle steder. Den skriver seg for det meste fra krigens første periode, etter Svolvær-raiden.



både hest, bil og buss. De sprengete til og med gater og fortau.

Hammerfest sparekasse er ikke bare verdens nordligste finansinstitutt, men også det med de mest beskjedne lokaler. Men det fyller allikevel sin oppgave i ruinbyen ved Ishavet.

Hammerfest Savings bank; where I cash Bert's checks. 5



Sjøgutten som skal gifte seg med Englands fremtidige dronning, Philip Mountbatten, ble sendt på skole i Skottland. Det han først og fremst lærte der var at han ville bli sjømann. Siden har han deltatt i krigen som en tapper mann og til sist vunnet prinsessen og kongeriket.

Løytnant Mountbatters guttedager



Philip Mountbatten er sportsmann på sin hals. Da han var i Gordonstoun representerte han sin skole ved de skotske friidrettsstevner.

6



Han var kaptein og venterforward i skolens hockeylag og satte rekord som skolens beste scorer og vant et navn som god idrettsmann.

Hammerfest, Norway

February 27, 1949

Sunday Afternoon

Dear Folks,

I hope I have already sent them to a letter. Thanks very much.

You added a note onto your last letter asking if I'd like my being sent. From what I can gather from the people here about the summer in Hammerfest, I believe that the suit is a little impractical being so light in color and weight. If anyone at home can use it they are welcome to.

Elder Sims and I are both seated at our little card table. He's been struggling through a letter for almost an hour now (it must be to his girl), and so I decided it was a good opportunity for me to get the weekly report off. I've just completed a chart drawn on cardboard showing man's eternal journey; from the pre-existence to the earth-life, and on to the Millenium and the degrees of glory. As I sat here "inking" the chart I had to keep looking out the window at the beautiful scene the sun has been painting as it lowers itself to the horizon. It is now 4 o'clock on the nose and it just slipped behind the snow-covered fjord mountains, but its rays still leave a crimson tint on the clouds, the fjord, and the snow. What a beautiful place when the sun shines.

We had a full week with investigators (17 hours) besides the 25 hours tracting, 14 hours study, etc., so we decided to spend today liesurely doing whatever we wanted to. After a delicious meat-soup dinner at Hermo's Pensjonat we took a little walk out to the marker for the 71st meridian which lies just outside of Hammerfest in a small district which they call Fuglenes (Bird's nest). I think today has been the most beautiful day we have seen in Hammerfest....not a cloud in the sky, sun shining brightly, lots of snow on the ground. The temperature was low (15 below), but it isn't very noticeable when one dresses warmly and when there is no wind. It seemed like just about the whole city had put on the "boards" and headed for the foothills, for we saw nothing but skiers on our way to and from Fuglenes.

Our evening visits during the week proved interesting and worthwhile. From a few of them we received invitations to "kom snart igjen" (Come again soon); and it is very encouraging to have them say that. After our visit Friday evening with a young couple they asked to read the Book of Mormon, so we dropped by their barrack and delivered the Book to them today. We are handicapped in Norway as far as the Book of Mormon is concerned because there are so few copies available, and they are written in either the Swedish or the Danish language. They have been working on the Norwegian translation for quite some time. I understand that it is now being printed and should be ready for us sometime this Spring.

We have only made one appointment for the coming week, for we are planning a trip to Alta. Each year on the first Wednesday in March the Lapplanders leave their mountain huts and travel in reindeer-pulled sleds to the settlement of Alta where they gather for their yearly "market." They bring with them their huge herds of reindeer some of which they slaughter to sell the meat and the skins. From the information I can gather there should be some swell souvenirs available, so Elder Sims and I are going to take a trip by boat (about a 10 hour ride) to "market" and see what we can pick up. Maybe you'll get your Christmas presents yet! It should be an interesting sight if the weather is in our favor.

During the week your package #41 (sent Jan. 12th) arrived. It contained some beautiful yarn, 20 skeins. On the Customs Declaration Slip you had marked the value as \$22.00. I didn't realize it was so expensive. The Toll Agent couldn't imagine that it worth so much, so he marked the price down. As he explained it anything which comes into the country wich has a value over 100 Kr. (\$20) cannot come through the Toll Office until the owner secures a license from the Central Toll Office in Oslo, and that involves quite alot of red tape. So, they did a nice favor for me by letting it come through without my going through the work of obtaining a license. Thanks for the yarn. I'll see if I can get some nice things made out of it.

In your last letter (written Feb. 13th) you mentioned that Mom had bought a couple of pairs of slacks for me, after reading my letter about mending worn-out seats. I appreciate your doing that Mom and I'm sure I can use them, but I'm not as bad off as you think, so you shouldn't do anything about a new suit until you get the word from me. If, later on, I need a new one, I'd like to tell you what kind, the size, etc.

Your letter, rather note, with the collar-stays arrived. I've already sent them to a fellow down in Mysen. Thanks very much.

You added a note onto your last letter asking if I'd like my beige suit sent. From what I can gather from the people here about the summer in Hammerfest, it is often rather chilly. I believe that the suit is a little impractical being so light in color and weight. If anyone at home can use it they are welcome to it.

Your weather in Salt Lake still sounds pretty rough. I hope it's not too hard on you. I think that just about winds up the new for this week. I should have something quite interesting to report after our trip to Alta, so stand by.

Thanks for every thing and take care of yourselves.

Love,
Phyllis

P.S. Thank Cousin Tom for his note.

There are a couple of small books which would come in very handy if you could manage to send them to me. One is called "Geography of the Book of Mormon," by Cecil McGavin and Willard Bean. Another is the "Bible Ready References" and another is a small pamphlet entitled "A Mark Your Bible Reference" by E.L. Whitehead. All of them are inexpensive.

Our evening visits during the week proved interesting and worthwhile. From a few of them we received invitations to "come again soon" and it is very encouraging to have them say that. After our visit Friday evening with a young couple they asked to read the Book of Mormon, so we dropped by their parlor and delivered the book to them today. We are handicapped in Norway as far as the Book of Mormon is concerned because there are so few copies available, and they are written in either the Swedish or the Danish language. They have been working on the Norwegian translation for quite some time. I understand that it is now being printed and should be ready for us sometime this Spring.

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WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING—TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

Sunday, March 13, 1949.

SUBJECT:

Dear Clayt:

We're still trying to locate on our map of Norway the place "Alta" you referred to in your letter of Feb. 27th as the locale for the yearly market of the Lapplanders. We hope you and your companion enjoyed your 100-mile boat trip (I should have said 10-hour trip) on Wednesday March 2nd, and we're anxious to receive your report.

"Mom" is glad that you received the 20 skins of yarn, and hopes that you did not have to pay too much to get it through "toll". Now, what are you going to have made?

You must get a real thrill from the beautiful weather you now experience from time to time. Is there any warmth in the sun as yet? How long a growing season does Hammerfest have? Mother wants to know if your friends "up north" would like some seeds from Utah. She's even talking of sending a shrub or bush to you.

I walked down through Memory Grove at eleven this morning. It's the first time I haven't seen deer, so maybe they have finally moved back into the hills. It's time to have a reckoning with "Uncle Sam" and the State Tax Commission, so I decided to come down to the office to prepare our "returns". Mother will drive down at three, and we'll have dinner "out" to-day,— probably at the Hotel Utah coffee shop. Then, we may take a little drive in the DeSoto coupe, and probably wind up at Grandma Williams,— and then to church.

The Rex Williams and Doug Woodruff's are driving down to Arizona, and then returning by way of Los Angeles so they can help celebrate the first birthday anniversary of grand-daughter, Robin Williams.

Doug's 1941 DeSoto finally "washed out" at about 100,000 miles, and we assume he has found another car this past week,— although we haven't heard definitely. We talked with them a week ago, and they reported they're all well and happy,— and that the insurance business is "picking up".

We're invited to be guests of the D. & R. G. W. R. R. Co. on the initial exhibition run of the beautiful new stainless steel "California Zephyr" from Salt Lake City to Thistle and return,— "Pa" on Tuesday and "Ma" on Wednesday. We'll tell you all about it in next week's letter.

Well, Mother just arrived, and says she's hungry. And I'm "fresh out of news", so goodbye for today. Love from all of us.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Rex., Aunt Rae & Uncle Allen.

Hammerfest, Norway
February 20, 1949

I received another package from you during the week. It was number 40 (sent Jan. 10th) and contained some small bottles of relish, jams, etc., fruit, jello, all of which looks delicious. Elder Sims and I are well supplied for the present, in fact, it looks like what we now have should last months, for we only eat breakfast at home and sometimes an evening snack. I think it would be wise and economical to hold back on the packages for awhile. Thanks for #40.

Enclosed in this letter you'll find some swell pictures of Hammerfest which I'd like to have you save. They should give you a better idea of conditions in the northernmost city in the world (without the snow.).

Thanks for renewing my Trib-subscription.

That's about all for tonight. Watch out for the cougars and take care of yourselves.

Love,

Well, it's enough for the weather report. Elder Sims and I had a very interesting week with investigators beginning Monday evening with a cottage meeting held in a small mess hall. There were 13 construction workers and a middle-aged woman (their cook in essence). First, we showed them our colored film on the History of Mormonism which explained in detail the restoration of the Book of Mormon, and the trek across the plains to our home in the Valley. At the close of the showing I asked, as always, if there were any questions and was happy to see that some of the "boys" had interest in what they had seen. The biggest topic of discussion was the Book of Mormon, something which catches the interest of many when you explain to them what it is. I'm sure if I had had copies of the book for sale I could have sold several. We left the group after an hour's discussion, on friendly terms with all and with an invitation to come back.

Our Wednesday evening visit turned out to be one of the best contacts we've yet made, I think; you can't tell for sure until after the first visit. It was with a young married couple whom I had contacted while out tracking, and had received an invitation to come back. We gave them the works; History of the Church, Book of Mormon and all. After a snack and "Mormon tea" the young fellow started asking how he could stop smoking. We left with an invitation to come back "as soon as possible." It's really a thrill, you can imagine, to meet with the young people and get them interested, but all of our visits aren't this fine, unfortunately. But, we keep busy; one investigator each evening. After a year here we should know just about who is interested and who isn't.

Your letter of the 6th was very interesting. It was news to hear that Fred Holbrook had returned home. If you see him again, tell him to drop me a line and let me in on his future plans. I was surprised to hear that Buck had been elected a member of the Rotary Club. I guess that puts him in the executive class.

You mentioned in your letter that "Hal" Morgan, a ham-operator, has made connections with points here in the Northland before. As you suggested in one of your letters before I have inquired here about who are the amateur radio operators in the city, but have not been able to contact anyone yet. I wouldn't dare put an ad in the paper, and I even hesitate to ask too much, because of the spy-talk which some of the less-informed people of the city keep perpetrating. But, I'm very anxious to give this idea a try, so I'll continue hunting. Thanks for the information.

Both Elder Sims and I are enjoying wonderful health. He has even got me taking 10 minutes of Charles Atlas exercises before we hit the sack in the evening. I think our warm room and daily restaurant meal are partly responsible for holding our resistance against colds, etc. I don't notice the bad weather half as much as I thought I would.

Salt Lake City, Sunday, February 27, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

Your letter of Sunday, February 13th, arrived yesterday, and brought the news of assignment to Hammerfest of newcomer Robert Sims to take the place of Elder Sidley as your missionary companion. Looking back sixteen months when you were a "new arrival", you can appreciate how strange the Norwegian language and customs must seem to him. We do not believe that we know that Sims family, although I do know that there is a manufacturer of ready mixed concrete in Hilladay by the name of R. William Sims. We'll have to give them a "ring" and get acquainted with them.

This morning we got a real early start so that we could call at the Hotel Utah for Albert and Irene Nesbitt (he is president of John J. Nesbitt, Inc.), so that we could take them to the Tabernacle Choir broadcast. Wayne Huish, secretary of the Salt Lake Rotary Club, and a "volunteer guide" on Temple Grounds, joined us as we entered the Tabernacle, which was very fortunate as he gave us a personally conducted tour of the "grounds" after that. The Nesbitts were very much impressed with all they saw and heard, and particularly with the new concept of Mormonism they received from the morning experience. Richard Evans ("The Spoken Word") was thoughtful enough to chat with us for several minutes. As he left us, Albert Nesbitt said: "You know it takes a brilliant mind to deliver such a challenging sermon in five minutes".

Leaving the Temple Square, we drove around the city, up to "This Is The Place" monument, etc., stopped in at the ~~Harley's~~ for a few minutes, then had luncheon with Albert and Irene at the Hotel Utah.

Inasmuch as Salt Lake City was fog-bound most of last week, Albert failed to get through from Los Angeles until Friday afternoon, so it was necessary for us to postpone until tomorrow the luncheon for architects and engineers. He and his wife, Irene, are very charming people of about our age, and we have ~~thoroughly~~ thoroughly enjoyed the past three days with them. Last night they entertained the four partners of W, G & W. and their wives, - a delicious dinner in the Empire Room of the Hotel Utah, and more dancing than any of us have done for several years. So we're all rather tired tonight.

We spent a couple of hours this afternoon with Grandma Williams, - and, as usual she asked all about you, and asked us to send her love to you. The milder weather seems to cheer her a little, although she is anxious for warm weather to come so that she can "putter around in the garden". We read a cute letter from Grace with lots of good news about their family, and how much they are enjoying their television set.

Then we drove out to the Dick Williams', and spent a couple of hours with them. Their cute Jane will be a year old next week, and she is a dream. She goes around holding on to chairs, and will soon be walking.

Ken's always thrilled to learn that the packages are coming through, and that they contain the things you like. We're puzzled when you tell us that you received during the same week one package your Mother mailed way back on November 6th and one mailed December 24th. Two weeks ago you told us that you had received one mailed December 22nd, or thereabouts. Some of them surely take the "long way around".

And to think that the sun has finally returned to Hammerfest. We hope the winds will soon die down, and that you will get some clear, bright weather. Love from all.

Affectionately,

Copies to Doug, Allen, Rex, Jr. and Aunt Rae.

Hammerfest, Norway
February 13, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad,

The wind is at it again. Outside it is causing quite a commotion, but up in our little chamber Elder Sims and I are protected by double windows and warmed to a pleasing temperature by an oil burner under dependable Minneapolis-Honeywell control. And to add to our enjoyment we just polished off a can of delicious grape-fruit and orange combination which arrived just recently in one of your packages. What more could a Norwegian ask for?

Speaking of Elder Sims brings up a little story which you haven't yet heard. It began last Tuesday morning when I received a telegram from Narvik saying, "Vi reiser fra Narvik kl 0030 Tirsdag - Robert Sims." (We sail from Narvik 0030 Tuesday -). From the telegram Elder Gidley and I supposed that both of our new companions would be coming in on the boat the next day. We had received no further instructions, so we were rather excited to learn what our fate would be.

At 2:30 PM Wednesday the "Kong Harald" steamed up the fjord and tied up at the pier, but aboard her there was one missionary, not two. It was Elder Robert Sims who had been in Norway just a little over a month. He had come to be my companion in Hammerfest; ~~and~~ Elder Gidley was to head south. After getting baggage, police registration, and the other necessary arrangements made, we settled down to chat and hear the news from the south. He said that all was well and that every missionary in Norway wanted to come to Hammerfest after the way the President talked on his return from his visit with us. He told us also that more cities were being opened up in the northland, one in particular; a place called Harstad.

Elder Gidley remained with us a few days gathering all of his belongings together. He finally got all of his "gear" cleared out of the room which allowed Elder Sims and I to give it a good scrubbing and then get him moved in. We followed Elder Gidley down to the pier helping him with all of his belongings and got him aboard the "Kong Harald" which this time was going south after its trip over to Kirkenes and back. I was sorry to see Elder Gidley leave. We have worked well together and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

Elder Bob Sims is a very nice young fellow (20 years old). His parents live in Holladay south of Dyers Inn; his father is connected with a Ready-Mix cement outfit. Having been here in Norway only a short time (all of which has been spent in Oslo) he is still in the "What did he say class," but he is very cooperative and willing to learn, so I'm sure it won't be long before he is speaking this "språk" like a "Norsker." I'm looking forward to the coming months in Hammerfest.

The time is short but there are a couple of items which I should include in this letter. First, that I received two swell packages this week, one of which contained alot of fruit. They were both without number, but they were postmarked November 6, 1948 and December 24, 1948. Also received during the week was my paycheck; the amount 370.60 kr. (\$75.00). Thanks for everything.

One thing ~~more~~ worth mentioning; it happened Saturday at 10 minutes before noon. I saw an extra bright spot on the wall of our room, and on coming to the window I saw the source of the light. The sun had risen above the hills and it was actually shinning its rays in our window; it really looked good, and what a beautiful scene it painted on the snow-covered fjord mountains.

That's all for now. I hope Mom's cold is better and that all the rest of the family is well. You asked if I received the dollar bill Aunt Marion and Uncle Harold sent.....ja, I got it and sent them a card quite a while ago; they should have received it by now.

Love,



February 12, 1949

Dear Aunt Florence and Uncle Bert- Doug Adele and Wood--

I wish I could say that this letter had been delayed because of the storms or something like that but all I can say is that I just haven't had a chance to get around to writing it. Aunt Florence, the ~~caramels~~ caramels were wonderful.. tasted just like 489n B St. again. Thank you so much for thinking of me with them and the key holder. I sure do appreciate it.

We have also been having a record breaking winter. They say that it is breaking all records for mildness here in New England. I guess that I shouldn't mention the weather though, it seems like it sort of a sore spot with you westerners. I have really been having some wonderful experiences and opportunities here in the office. They are somewhat different from those that Clayt is having, but they lead to the same thing. I just finished a few weeks ago, the annual financial and statistical report for the Mission. It was certainly interesting for me and it gave me an overall picture of how the Mission is run and just what a wonderful organization the Church is. Since finishing this report, I have had a little more time and now we are getting out and holding cottage meetings and tracting in the evenings. The tracting is certainly different here than it is in Nova Scotia. About all we meet on Brattle St. are the Butlers and Maids. The people are very respectful to us though and when we do get passed the hired help we have some very good discussions. I hope to get back to the woods of N. S. for the summer though.

I have been trying to keep tabs on the U this winter. They sure have had their ups and downs, haven't they? Any chance for them to get back East to the Tournaments? The little chance I get to take in any of the Athletic events back here, I spend at the Hockey games. To me, it is the best sport in the world to watch. It has all the wonderful plays of basketball the roughness of football and its speed can't be touched. That's one sport that I'll bet that Doug can't play.

I just wanted to say hello to you all and thank you for the kindness of letters and gifts. Give my love to the family and to all the Wednesday afternoons.

See you someday,

love,



P. S.

You can see that the time in the office hasn't helped my typing any.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 20, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

We got twisted on our schedule tonight, and as a result we missed Ensign Stake Conference in the Assembly Hall. We drove down to Grandma Williams at six, expecting to leave in time for 7 P.M. ward meeting, but Aunt Helen and Uncle Rex, who were down with Grandma reminded us too late of the Stake Conference. So, we're at our Sunday writing assignment a little earlier.

Your letter of Feb. 6th arrived Thursday. On Friday we received a letter from Rex, Jr., and on Saturday a full-page letter from Doug. All of which rounded out a ~~mix~~ swell week for us. A paragraph from Doug's letter: "For the first time since bad weather began, I had trouble with ye olde DeSoto this morn. It sounded like I dropped three gears, and like two pistons were trading places. I got a push as far as three blocks from town, but couldn't get the thing going. So it's now at rest in ye olde shoppe. It doesn't look too good. I think something snapped, but if it's anything serious, I'm going to write Glix and blame it on his hitting the 'E' Street culvert."

Doug's letter also told us that they are all well again, that they have recently had twelve inches of snow, which melted rapidly and nearly flooded Boise, that his business is looking up. We're mailing your Feb. 6th letter to Boise along with a carbon copy of this one, so that Sally and Doug can enjoy its news and then return it to us.

We're sorry you had to pay \$2.00 "toll" on a recent package containing sugar and some of Mom's delicious candy, so we'll follow your request and go easy on such items. But if the four packages of Cream of Wheat hit the right spot, as you said, we'll send more.

And speaking of the sun, which your Feb. 6th letter reported as due that week,- we got a more favorable break in the weather last week,- a little sunshine and temperatures in the forties to start melting the overburden of snow and ice. But we still have the deer with us every night, and they're still chewing away at our planting. I tried to re-wrap some ~~sk~~ of the shrubs and trees to-day, but they will undoubtedly pull off most of the wrapping tonight, or dig around under it.

At this moment Dick's talking on the 'phone with Mom,- telling her all about their afternoon toboggaming ~~in~~ Emigration Canyon. He says they had a circus.

What do you know by this time as to how long you may stay in Hammerfest? You haven't mentioned anything about a district conference, but we assume you'll soon be attending one somewhere in northern Norway. We were very much pleased to learn that the Hartvigsen family seem willing to let you two fellows stay on with them, and that they invite you to dinner occasionally. And we'll bet that they're glad to get in on some of Mom's sandies and canned goods, etc.

Next Friday Williams, Gritton & Wilde will have about forty architects and engineers for lunch in the Presidents' Room at the Hotel Utah to meet Albert J. Nesbitt, president of John J. Nesbitt Co. of Philadelphia, and to see the latest model of the Nesbitt Syncretizer (school-room heating and ventilating unit). We hope the weather behaves so that our out-of-town guests will be able to attend.

Well that's "30" for tonight. Keep up your good work, and keep healthy and happy.

Affectionately,

INDREMISJONEN

Lørdag 22. januar Ungdomsforeningen møte kl. 20 hos Søren Larsen.

Søndag kl. 17, Møtebrakken. Tale av pastor Gilleberg. Musikklaget, vitnesbyrd.

Alle velkommen!

FRELSESARMEEN

Lørdag kl. 20 ARSFEST. Frelsesarmeen i Norge 61 år. Prolog, «Juniorene presenteres». Kapt. Eikeseth leder. Bevertning. Entre 1 krone.

Søndag kl. 15 Søndagsskole. Premieutdeling. Kl. 20 FRELSESARMØTE. Kapt. Eikeseth, korpsets offiserer og soldater.

Tirsdag: Major Sina Sveen fra døvearbeidet.

METODISTKIRKEN

HØYTIDSGUDSTJENESTE

søndag kl. 11. Pastor Rolf Ottesen. Innvielse av kirkens nye altartavle. Søndagsskole kl. 12,30. Møte kl. 20. Tale, sang og musikk!

JESU KRISTI KIRKE

av Siste Dagers Hellige

avholder møte i Mehus søndag den 23. kl. 20. Emne: Guds fortsatte åpenbaringer nødvendig i den sanne kirke. Se Amos 3:7.

Alle velkommen.

Aldri kollekt!

K I N O E N

Fredag kl. 19 og 21

SPØKELSESSKIPET

DON AMECHE.

(Voksne)

Lørdag kl. 19 og 21

O, HELLIGE EKTE- STAND

med

Loretta Young og David Niven.

(Voksne)

Søndag kl. 19 og 21

Mandag kl. 19 og 21

DRØMMENES MELODI

med

Stuart Granger og Phyllis Calvert.

Kl. 17 søndag er det barneforestilling.

Bekjendtgørelsen



Min kjære, omsorgsfulle mann, vår eiegode far, vår bror, vår fetter

Anders Klemetsen

døde fra oss 1. juledag 1948, 56½ år gammel.

Kolvik, 12. januar 1949.

Karen Klemetsen,
hustru.

Ragnar, Ingvald, Alf, Trygve,
Ester, Borgny, Kjell,
barn.

Søsken-Fettere.

Fotballspillere

Innendørstrening hver tirsdag og fredag 20—21.

«Stein».

Inner Mission
(State Church - Luth.)

Salvation Army

Methodist Church

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER DAY SAINTS
hold meeting in Melhus
Sun. the 23rd 8PM
Subject: God's Continuous
Revelations necessary
in the True Church.
See Amos 3:7.
All Welcome
Never "collect"

The Movies

Announcements

My dear, considerate,
husband, our tender-hearted father,
our brother, our cousin
ANDERS KLEMETSEN
died from us 1st Christmas day 1948,
56 1/2 years old.
Kolvik, 12th~~th~~ January 1949
Karen Klemetsen,
wife,
Ragnar, Ingvald, Alf, Trygve,
Ester, Borgny, Kjell,
children.
Cousins.

(A typical Norwegian obituary).

Hammerfest, Norway

February 6, 1949

Sunday Afternoon

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have just finished a delicious meat-ball dinner with the Hartvigsen family. The occasion was the birthday dinner for their 33-year old daughter Iilli. As we dined we looked out the large dining room window hoping to see our first glimpse of the long-hidden sun which was due to shine some of its rays in the Hartvigsen window today. But, the usual cloudy, stormy weather blocked our view... we're bound to get a look at it sometime this week.

In my last letter to you I mentioned that it had been a long time since I had received any word from you, but your "page" of the 16th came the day after. It was interesting to read of the snow and cold and of the "deer incident" in Salt Lake. Mom's birthday party sounded fun, and I imagine Dad got "surprised" on his.

I'm sure there isn't a missionary in the field with parents so "on the ball" as you two. Poor Elder Gidley says he asked for a View Master 8 months ago and it hasn't arrived yet. I read in your last letter that you have already sent the yarn I asked for and twenty skeins of it. Fine! Yesterday I had another pleasant surprise on the arrival of your package sent the 22nd of December. In it were 4 packages of Cream of Wheat, (just what we needed), and 6 of the best View-Master reels I've ever seen. They were pictures of the Inca-Maya-Aztec ruins in Central and South America; perfect for our preaching of the Book of Mormon. Your home-made candy and the chocolate kisses were delicious, but too expensive. Here in Hammerfest the toll authorities are more accurate in their tolling of the goods which come into the country; and candy and sugar are the most expensive items. I had to pay 10 Kroner (\$2) to get that package through, which was way too much. It would be best if in the future you would go easy on the candy.....too much dough. Thanks for everything.

We got a big kick out the article you sent concerning the Hammerfest missionaries. I take it with me when I go tracting to show the people that Hammerfest is becoming famous through our work.

Yesterday I managed to get a package off to you containing a few souvenirs for the kids and some interesting items about Hammerfest. It should arrive in about a month. The lady who was supposed to procure some Laplander handwork for me, didn't come through with it "in a few days" as she said at Christmas time, and after several visits with her I'm still waiting for what I thought would have been on the way to you long ago. There's nothing to be done about it. These Lapps are tough customers to do business with.

In your last letter you wondered about how long we'd be able to stay at the Hartvigsen's. I asked him about it over a month ago, and he answered that he would let us know and give us good notice before he booted us out, so it looks like we'll be here a little while longer. They are very nice to us.

Elder Gidley is now back on his feet after a few days in the sack with a light case of the "flu"(which I luckily escaped). Our work continued in full swing after Monday of last week, and it has gone very well, except for a little problem which we have met several times during the past week. It seems that the word is going around Hammerfest that we are carrying on with espionage beside our preaching of the Gospel. When we first heard that some had taken us to be spies (some have thought American, others Russian because we live with Communist Hartvigsen) we thought it was quite amusing and expected the whole thing to pass over in a few weeks as soon as people heard more about the Gospel. But instead, the talk has increased and is actually damaging our work here, in that some people hesitate inviting us back into their homes for fear that their neighbors will call them down for "fraternizing" with spies. I believe the most intelligent people in the city whom we have spoken with understand our mission here, but the average person is often suspicious, though we never discuss politics. Their suspicion comes from the fact that they were so terribly betrayed by the German tourists who streamed in and out of Hammerfest and northern Norway before, many of whom were actually gathering information about people and places to be used when occupation time came.

Last night Lilli had a gathering of a few friends here at the house, a birthday-party. We were invited and discussed the Gospel with several of the city's most intelligent people and we were very pleased with the result. They all seemed to have considerable interest in our message.

In spite of all of the spy-talk we are making progress with a few. Fru Rostvik whom we have visited several times and who has had exceptional interest in the Book of Mormon told us Friday night that she knew this was the truth that we were preaching. She is a wonderful woman with a family of four young girls, the oldest of which has written a short letter to Dougie. (enclosed with this letter)

I should spend some time preparing some thoughts to present this evening at our 8 PM meeting, so it is best that I say "adjo." I'm still pretty well fixed financially with \$40 in the treasury, and in just as good or better physical shape. Hope your just as well physically.

In my last letter to you I mentioned that it had been a long time since I had received any word from you, but your "page" of the 10th came the day after. It was interesting to read of the snow and of the "deer incident" in Salt Lake. Mom's birthday party sounded fun and I imagine Dad got "surprised" on his.

Play

I'm sure there's a missionary in the field with parents so "on the ball" as you two. Poor Elder Gidley says he asked for a View Master 8 months ago and it hasn't arrived yet. I read in your last letter that you have already sent the year I asked for and twenty skins of it. Fine! Yesterday I had another pleasant surprise on the arrival of your package sent the 22nd of December. In it were 4 packages of Cream of Wheat (just what we needed), and 6 of the best View-Master reels I've ever seen. They were pictures of the Inca-Maya-Aztec ruins in Central and South America; perfect for our preaching of the Book of Mormon. Your home-made candy and the chocolate kisses were delicious, but too expensive. Here in Hammerfest the toll authorities are more accurate in their tolling of the goods which come into the country; and candy and sugar are the most expensive items. I had to pay 10 Kroner (\$2) to get that package through, which was way too much. It would be best if in the future you would go easy on the candy....too much dough. Thanks for everything.

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Salt Lake City, Utah Feb. 13, 1949.

Dear Clary:

We've just been down to visit for a couple of hours with Grandma Williams. She seems to be feeling better today, although definitely not very happy about the weather. Friday night and most of yesterday we experienced another blizzard, and seven inches of snow. Today has been bright and clear, but too cold to melt the overwhelming piles of snow. The temperature at ten o'clock this morning was zero, and we are expecting ten or fifteen below tonight.

We were invited to dinner Friday night by Lareta Madsen, and when we left her apartment at midnight most of that seven inches of snow was on top of the DeSoto. We still cannot figure out how we were lucky enough to get home. Fortunately very few cars were in our way up "B" Street, so we came up full speed, and at the corner of 10th and B we plowed through a drift two feet deep, and finally made it into the garage, - where we left the car until last night when I had to shovel it out so that we could drive to the George Gadsby dinner.

But we're warm and comfortable and very glad that we're not isolated like so many people in the rural communities.

Aunt Edna came up with us from Grandma's, and we wish you were here to have a sandwich with us, - in the "upstairs sitting room before the pinion pine fire".

We were sorry to learn about the "worn-out seats" in your trousers. We thought you would get a new suit before you left Oslo. Not being very certain about your present size and weight we hesitated Christmas time about attempting to send a suit from here. Last week your Mother bought two pair of slacks for you at Z.C.M.I. (one grey, and one brown), and we hope they reach you soon and are O.K. We'll gladly send a suit to you if you want us to buy one here. Be sure to tell us in your next letter.

Are Mom's packages getting through to you? Your last letter indicated that our mail to you is much slower than yours to us. Incidentally, your letter of January 30th came through in nine days, which is the best yet from Hammerfest. Last week Mom also mailed to you three "collar stays" which you requested for some of the young Norwegian boys.

Tell us more about the "Northern Lights" which you described very briefly. It must be a wonderful experience. And what you said about the "pink tints" on the clouds must indicate that the sun will soon be getting around to you again.

We've ordered color prints of some of the Christmas pictures, but it will be three weeks before we get them. They would have been on the way to you before this, but we wanted Dick to take the pictures back with him to show them to the Allen Williams'.

We couldn't gather the "clan" together today for the "Sunday roast", so we're saving it for next week. However, we are all well here, and we assume that the Doug Williams' are O.K., although we haven't heard from them this week. They're having cold weather too, but nothing like the record-breaking winter we are experiencing.

And now for the sandwiches. Goodnight and God bless you. Love from all of us.

Affectionately,

Hammerfest, Norway
January 30, 1949
Sunday Afternoon

Dear Nanny and Grandpa,

Due to disturbances beyond our control the mail hasn't been coming through. Your last letter (Jan. 9th) is on the table before me, but I commented on that one last week, so this Sunday I'll just have to touch upon the news from this end of the line. Elder Gidley is sleeping (in spite of the racket from my Royal), trying to get rid of a case of influenza which put him to bed last Friday. I just returned from Harmo's Pensjonat with a hot meat-ball dinner for him; that made him feel a little better.

I believe I mentioned last Sunday morning that we were having a terrific storm. All day long we hoped that it would subside, but when we left for our meeting at 7 PM it was still going strong. We arrived at Mehus Dance & Recreation Hall to find the one stove burning, but not giving out sufficient heat to warm up the drafty, wind-penetrating building. By the time 8 PM rolled around only 15 people had gathered in our "ice-box" (a hall which is about three times as large as our front-room at 489 "B"). We gathered these brave souls in a semi-circle around the stove, broke out the guitar and began our meeting by singing "Guds and som en ild" (The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning). By the time it was my turn to speak on the subject which we had advertized I was chilled through, but they had come to find out why "continuous revelation was necessary in the true church," so I told them. Believe it or not, I could "see my breath" at intervals during my talk. It's quite amusing to look back over the occasion; at least it's something to write home about. (See clipping)

Monday night we had one of the most interesting visits we have made. It was a pre-arranged gathering with a young engineer, his wife, and another engineer who is a Lutheran preacher in his free time. I had contacted the preacher once before and we had visited with the architect and his wife once, but this time after reading some of our literature they were full of questions. The preacher hoped to "explain" Joseph Smith and his mission, but his explanations didn't seem to satisfy the architect, his wife, or us. He has borrowed the book "Trosartiklerne" (The Articles of Faith) from a friend and I believe he is sincerely interested in it. We're going to meet with them again as soon as they return from a trip they have taken down south.

Coming home from our visit Tuesday night we got our best view yet of the northern lights. From a point in the center of the sky hundreds of green rays shot down to the horizon forming what looked like the cross-section of a cone. At the horizon on the far right and left the green turned to red. It was a beautiful sight, and the first time we have seen any color but green in the lights.

Wednesday started out beautifully. A bright morning with a sky full of pink clouds reflecting rays of the still hidden sun. Hammerfest is noted for its changeable weather, a taste of which we got this day when a wet, sleet storm broke out in the afternoon. We had two appointments Wednesday evening, first visiting a family, and afterwards to show publicly our slide films. Twenty people turned out to see "Historic Highlights of Mormonism" and "In the Tops of the Mountains."

Elder Gidley has been in bed since Friday, so I've spent most of my time doing washing, clean-up work and mending the seats of two pair of trousers; my blue suit split on me and my tweeds are sheer (I believe that's the correct term). My health has been good. I've tried my best to keep from getting the "flu" bug which is going around town.

Those were the week's activities in short. We have had more strong winds which have held up some of the boats and put them back of schedule. That is undoubtedly the reason why I haven't heard from you for quite a while. I hope that you and the rest of the family are well.

Love,

*P.S. Just before Xmas I had wrote asking for addresses of children here
but Nanny could write to. In reply I mentioned a young fellow in Mysen
who would like a wire collar slipper (cost about 25¢). If she wasn't able
to send one to him I'd appreciate it if you would make one.*

Nanny and Grandpa
Salt Lake City, Utah, February 6, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

8:30 P.M., and we've just returned from West Engiza Primary Conference. We stayed a few minutes afterward to talk with Fred Holbrook, and to let him read your letter of January 23rd. We tried to get him to come over with us, but he said he was going out to call on the Jones family. Your mother says it may not do him any good because Marjorie has accepted a fraternity pin from "Ken" Campbell, one of Mother's kinfolk in Ogden. / However, I'm still betting on Fred's cute personality and "salesmanship".

Just before meeting, we spent a few minutes with Grandma Williams, and also read your letter to her, and to Aunt Helen and Uncle Rex who were there at the same time. Grandma is thoroughly tired of the snow, and of being shut-in so long. At the ripe age of eighty-seven, it must really be "hard to take"; it's tough enough on us "youngsters". Aunt Helen told us all about recent praiseworthy reports from President "Dil" Young about Rex's excellent work in the Mission Office.

Not having heard from the Doug Williams for some little time, we did receive a welcome letter yesterday from Sally, in which she told us that they were just getting over colds, and that Doug's cold had settled in his ears. So, we put in a 'phone call this morning, and had a nice visit with them, except that we couldn't persuade Carolyn Adele to say very much to us. Doug says his insurance business is going along fine.

Dick was elected a member of the Salt Lake Rotary Club at last Tuesday's meeting, and is very much thrilled about it. This afternoon we tended Jane Williams while Marian, Dick, Ricky and Anne had dinner with the Judd's,- a family gathering in honor of Marian's Mother's sixtieth birthday. And Nanny rocked darling Jane to sleep and loved it.

Your story about "horizontal snowstorms" was fascinating,- and even quite realistic because we're having some of the same kind ourselves. 75 automobiles stalled between Salt Lake City and Bingham for 18 hours by drifting snow, and we just heard over the radio that all roads out of Salt Lake City are blocked. Yesterday was a beautiful clear day, but not warm enough to thaw our tremendous piles of snow. We have been threatened with more snow to-day, and the weatherman insists we'll get more tonight and tomorrow.

From our upstairs window we've been watching about 25 deer down in Memory Grove all day. During the past week Dr. Gill Richards and his wife encountered a cougar as they were walking into their house, and we have had cougar tracks in our back yard and on the rear terrace on two different nights this week, although we haven't seen the animal itself.

You say that you recently received notice from the Salt Lake Tribune that your subscription expired on December 27, 1948. Fortunately, I renewed it on January 3rd so there shouldn't be any gap. It should now come direct to Hammerfest. Is that what you prefer?

I just talked with "Hal" Morgan who has charge of the Police Radio System, and who also operates amateur radio station WYJOE and WYJPH on the twenty meter band. He says that if you can establish listening facilities, you should find that stations WYMGX and WYMFQ on the 10-meter band are frequently on the air. Furthermore, he suggests that if you find some station in the Hammerfest area, and will send through to us their identification for call letters and frequency, that he and some of the other Salt Lake City stations referred to above, may be able to get through to you, just as they frequently talk with Oslo, many points in Sweden, Iceland, etc., whose voice signals come through very clear.

It sounds as though you and your companion are making excellent progress, and were thrilled. We hope you soon "see the sun" and get some more cheerful weather. Love from all of us.

That is all for today. I hope the information of the above was helpful to you. I hope you are all well and not working too hard. I'll get a crowd for our meeting. Hope you are all well and not working too hard.

Love,
Dad

Hammerfest, Norway
January 23, 1949
Sunday Morning

Dear Mom and Dad,

Looking out our second story window I am now observing what we call a "horizontal snowstorm;" and we have had them almost every day this week. I'm afraid the cold winter has begun for us now. From the description given in your letter I imagine that our snowfall here has been almost the same as yours in Zion, but I'm sure that the flakes come down in a more pleasing way over there. I've never before seen wind like we have had it during the past week; it took one barracks-warehouse roof right off. It sweeps the snow cleanly off the surrounding mountains and piles it up in huge drifts. You understand, now, what I mean by "horizontal snowstorms." While out visiting investigators the other night, I felt like an arctic explorer as we walked on a drift which was level with the rooftops. I'm not complaining; just explaining how the weather treats us in the northland. We haven't been bothered, or at least we haven't noticed, any extra low temperatures. A couple of times I have noticed it below -10 degrees, but usually it remains just a few degrees below zero.

Your letter of the 9th telling of Sunday dinner with the Schows, the Covey girl, and Uncle Rex and Aunt Helen was very interesting. I was glad to hear that Don was feeling better. It was nice of you to have them to dinner.

This past week has been our busiest yet, and it was topped off with a pleasant surprise. Of course, we went through our regular tracting routine each day, but this week, instead of one investigator visit a night, we were forced to double-up on some of the evenings. We only have use of the slide projector through the 31st of the month, so that made it necessary to make extra visits last week, and the same goes for the coming week. We have continually reserved Saturday evenings for our visits with the Amundsen family, our best investigators. After an enjoyable visit with them last night, Fra Amundsen very unexpectedly said, "I don't know about the rest of them, but I certainly hope to be baptized in the Church of Jesus Christ." She is a very careful listener and reader, and has in this short time of less than two months come to an understanding of the most important principles of the Gospel. We contacted her first on December 8th.

Naturally, everyone isn't on our side. We learned last night that the lady at the milk depot had told the little boy whom send after milk that we should go back to America instead of "robbing them of their milk." I guess some of them get a little bitter when they think of their small rations and of our taking some of their supply, but as a rule the people are quite nice.

Yesterday I received two packages from America; in one, two View-Masters and 6 reels from Deseret Book Co.; in the other a box of chocolates from the Richards'. I had promised one of the View-Masters to a family in Mysen and the other one was for the Hartvisen family with whom we are living. They came through the toll office without charge. Thanks for sending them.

I received a letter from Marilyn in which she mentioned "the beautiful china bowl" and praised the "creamy home-made caramels" which had been given her. That was a very nice gift choice you made, Mom. Thanks alot.

During the week I received a notice from The Salt Lake Tribune telling me that my subscription expired on December 27, 1948. I have enjoyed reading the Sunday Edition as it has come regularly during the past year. If you want to renew the subscription I'd appreciate it, but you decide what you think is best. You've got the capital.

I'll investigate into this Ham Radio deal you mentioned. From my experience as a radio operator I should be able to remember enough of the Morse Code to send you messages if the connections could be made, but it seems quite improbable to me that "voice signals" would carry that far under normal conditions. I'll see what I can do.

That is all for today. I hope the intensity of the storm we're having decreases before 8PM this evening, so we'll get a crowd out to our meeting. Hope you are all well and not working too hard.

Love, *Clay*

P.S. I've been included in Aunt Helen's last two "party letters" and have enjoyed hearing from them and hearing how all the Rex W.'s are.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Looking out our second story window I am now observing what we call a "horizontal snowstorm" and we have had them almost every day this week. I'm afraid the cold winter has begun for us now. From the description given in your letter I imagine that our snowfall here has been almost the same as yours in Zion, but I'm sure that the flakes come down in a more pleasing way over there. I've never before seen wind like we have had it during the past week; it took one barracks-windhouse roof right off. It sweeps the snow cleanly off the surrounding mountains and piles it up in huge drifts. You understand, now, what I mean by "horizontal snowstorms." While out visiting investigators the other night, I felt like an arctic explorer as we walked on a drift which was level with the rooftops. I'm not complaining; just explaining how the weather treats us in the northland. We haven't been bothered, or at least we haven't noticed, any extra low temperatures. A couple of times I have noticed it below -10 degrees, but usually it remains just a few degrees below zero.

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Yesterday I received two packages from America; in one, two View-Masters and 6 reels from Bessert Book Co.; in the other a box of chocolates from the Richards'. I had promised one of the View-Masters to a family in Green and the other one was for the Harviken family with whom we're living. They came through the toll office without charge. Thanks for sending them.

I received a letter from Marilyn in which she mentioned "the beautiful china bowl" and praised the "creamy home-made caramels" which had been given her. That was a very nice gift choice you made, Mom. Thanks alot.

During the week I received a notice from the Salt Lake Tribune telling me that my subscription expired on December 27, 1948. I have enjoyed reading the Sunday Edition as it has come regularly during the past year. If you want to renew the subscription I'd appreciate it, but you decide what you think is best. You've got the capital.

I'll investigate into this Ham Radio deal you mentioned. From my experience as a radio operator I should be able to remember enough of the Morse Code to send you messages if the connections could be made, but it seems quite improbable to me that "voice signals" would carry that far under normal conditions. I'll see what I can do.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 31, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

It's 9:30 P.M. Monday evening, and right now Utah is getting a real drubbing at the hands of B. Y. U. At the moment, B.Y.U. leads 49 to 28, but we'll tell you more at the close of this letter. B.Y.U. beat Utah by one point last Saturday night in the Utah Field House, and tonight they're playing in Springville.

We didn't get a chance to write yesterday. At ~~xxxx~~ one o'clock we had a delicious dinner with Aunt Helen and Uncle Rex, then went down to visit Grandma Williams, and then out to Marian's and Dick's to hear Dick's report of his trip to Chicago; Milwaukee, Kewanee, etc. While we were having dinner with the Rex Williams' we read your letter of January 16th, and Uncle Rex said: "I believe I have just the book Clayt wants,- a book contributed to the 21st Ward Library telling all about the pre-historic wonders of Old Mexico, the 'Grandeur of Ancient America', and we'll be glad to let Clayt borrow it." So we will get it on its way immediately by first-class mail.

Your Mother tried to secure from Esseter Book Store some of the old issues of National Geographic, but a postal card from the publishers advised that we would have to write direct to them, and that maybe some of these real "ancient" numbers might be available. However, we believe that the "Grandeur of Ancient America", telling all about the origin of the Mayas will be exactly what you have been looking for.

Your letter of January 16th, telling about recent snow storms, and particularly about your getting a chance to try your skis, was the information we had been anxious to hear. For the benefit of those to whom copies of this letter will be mailed, we're going to repeat one phrase from your letter: "As Elder Sidley and I walked over to eat dinner today, we looked out over the fjord. The white hills, with pink rays of a not yet visible sun shining on them, were quite a lovely sight. It looks like the sun will be with us soon".

And getting back to Dick's trip,- he had a wonderful visit a week ago yesterday with Grace, Allen and their four cute children. Tonight, Dick is calling on Grandma Williams to give her a first-hand description of Sunday with the Allen Williams'. Last Thursday, he and Dale Wilde spent in Kewanee, and Mrs. Baker and Bessie Brooks wanted to know all about you and the whole Williams' clan.

Basketball game just over. Flash! 65 to 45 in favor of B. Y. U. Really bad.

Your sister Adele had charge of decorations for the "Polio Tea" last Saturday,- and judging from reports, she made a tremendous hit as she modeled some of the new creations of fashion.

Dougie stays with us frequently, and we get a real "bang" out of his enthusiasm for all kinds of sports, his interest in all that's going on,- and particularly his breakfast "blessing" when he says: "And bless Claytie too that he might have a good breakfast".

Did you receive the Christmas note and "dollar Bill" from Aunt Marian and Uncle Harold? They are now grandparents. And speaking of new children, George and Phyllis Richardson have a girl, and Wayne Decker and his wife have a brand new boy.

Mother is wondering about the packages. Are they coming through to you?

We haven't heard from Sally and Doug for two weeks, but expect a letter from them soon.

Affectionately,

Dear Dad,

Seeing as I'm not the poet of the family, the best I can do is wish you a Happy Birthday on the 20th. I had to look on Ralph's Genealogical Report to find out how many over 50 it is now....I didn't think it was so many.

I hope your feeling well and that you begin spending less time down at "The Gold Mine" now.

Love,

Clay.

Hammerfest, Norway
January 16, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad,

Winter finally arrived in Hammerfst last week. There has been snow on the ground ever since I came last November, but there had never been a great deal until a series of storms in the past few days decked the ground and the houses (no trees) with a pretty thick covering. As Elder Gidley and I walked over to eat dinner today, we looked out over the fjord. The white hills with the pink rays of a not yet visible sun shining on them, were quite a lovely sight. It looks like the sun will be with us soon.

We're hoping that today's delightful weather will continue through this evening, so some of our friends will have the opportunity to come out to our meeting. Beside the usual competition from the Methodist Church, Salvation Army, and "Indremisjon" meetings, we are further handicapped this evening by a Communist gathering, which will undoubtedly attract a large number of the town's people. We have a few faithful friends and investigators who are bound to show up at our old Mess Hall, though.

Before I forget, I should acknowledge the receipt of the \$25 money from Grandma which Mom sent. On the books I ^{now} have Kr. 466 (\$93) to the good, so I am in no financial difficulty now.

With new-fallen, powdery snow on the ground I was pretty anxious to finish my Saturday chores and get out on the "boards." I didn't travel far; just found a small hill to practice a few turns on, but as soon as I had prepared the hill for use by tamping it solid, along came another storm which sent me home before I had much of a chance to enjoy myself; but there will be other Saturdays, and there is some excellent ski terrain in this vicinity.

Our investigator list is increasing, we add another to the list nearly every day. There is one lady whom we visit who is already convinced that we preach the truth. We visited with her and her family last night, showing them more pictures of Church activity and organization and I'm sure she was impressed. It is really a pleasure to see these people progress in their study of the Gospel.

It seems that all I do is ask you for things, but I hope it's not all too much trouble. Today I'm asking for more Indian material. If you run across any good pictures of American Indians, preferably colored, I'd appreciate it if you would send them along. I'm sure there is a wealth of material in the old National Geographics concerning the Inca and Mayan Indians. I'm trying to gather all possible interesting items connected with the Book of Mormon to make its presentation interesting.

Would you mention to Adele and Wood that I received the \$5.00 and thank them for it. Tell Adele that if she can wait for the slowness of these Laplanders she'll be receiving something really "racey" soon.

Well, that's all for tonight. I hope you are all well and happy.

Love,



Salt Lake City, Utah, January 23, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

9 P.M. Sunday, and as your Mother says: "Snow, snow, and more snow. It's more snow than we have ever had. I don't think Hamnerfest has a thing on us. There's a new song hit out, and the name is 'I'd like to take a slow boat to China'. The time it takes a package to go to Norway, I think they should change the name to 'Norway'. We were thrilled to know that President and Sister Petersen have visited you. We know that it must make you feel good. They must be wonderful people. After Aunt Annie Campbell's funeral last Friday, we had all the family from out of town, including also Uncle Serge and Aunt Ruby and the Elliott Taylor's in for lunch. Dorothy Campbell (from Ogden) said she knew the daughter of President Petersen."

And, speaking of snow, it made us think of the record blizzard in Milwaukee two years ago this month. I shoveled snow for four hours this morning. It has snowed for the past thirty-six hours, and the weather man predicts more for tonight. I left the office at 5:30 last night, intending to call on Grandma Williams, but changed my mind when I faced the blizzard. I got stuck on the First Avenue hill, backed down to State Street, and took the round about way by South Temple, Third Avenue and "B" Street, but there so many cars stalled on the Sixth and "B" Hill that I finally left the DeSoto at the 6th and "B" Service station and came home. This afternoon, I walked down to see Grandma Williams, and Uncle Rex and Aunt Helen just brought me home. The snow is nearly up to the windows of your room.

Dougie went out on the Bus to spend Saturday night with Ricky, and this morning they came back by Bus to attend Ensign Ward Sunday School, - particularly because it was LeGrand Holbrook's last Sunday as their teacher before he leaves on his mission.

Today is Adele and Wood's fifth wedding anniversary so they came over for dinner. Mom ate upstairs because of her cold. However, she says she's feeling better tonight.

In your letter of January 9th, you asked about the money order representing Grandma Williams' Christmas present to you. No, it wasn't included in the \$75.00 check. It was forwarded to you via the Post Office (they wouldn't permit your Mother to send it direct by Air Mail). It was supposed to leave Salt Lake City Dec. 15, 1948, and the receipt number is 27869, and in foreign money "121 Br. 95 Cms." (whatever that means).

By the time this letter reaches you, we hope that the sun will be paying you a visit for an hour or so each day. Tell us more about the weather above the Arctic Circle.

I nearly forgot to thank you for your birthday greeting. As your remark goes: "Thanks a million". I had a very nice birthday, - just the immediate family here for dinner, - and Sally, Doug and Carolyn by telephone, and Dick by telegram from Chicago.

If you were to be here next Tuesday, you'd be my guest at Rotary Anniversary and Father and Son Luncheon. "Pop" is chairman for the day, and I hope the program is well received, and that Wood will be able to go with me.

Last Friday "Mom" forwarded to you packages #42 and #43, containing six pairs of socks, gloves, muffler, etc.; and in the other, chicken, honey, pop corn, rice, chipped beef, chocolate, pears, pineapple, rice, tooth paste, etc. Be sure to tell us when you receive these packages.

Well, that's "30" for tonight. Copies going to Dick (Chicago), Doug, Aunt Rae and Uncle Allen. Incidentally, Dick expected to spend today with Allen & Grace and family.

Affectionately,

Salt Lake City, Utah, January 23, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

9 P.M. Sunday, and as your Mother says: "Snow, snow, and more snow. It's more snow than we have ever had. I don't think Hamnerfest has a thing on us. There's a new song hit out, and the name is 'I'd like to take a slow boat to China'. The time it takes a package to go to Norway, I think they should change the name to 'Norway'. We were thrilled to know that President and Sister Petersen have visited you. We know that it must make you feel good. They must be wonderful people. After Aunt Annie Campbell's funeral last Friday, we had all the family from out of town, including also Uncle Serge and Aunt Ruby and the Elliott Taylor's in for lunch. Dorothy Campbell (from Ogden) said she knew the daughter of President Petersen."

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Well, that's "30" for tonight. Copies going to Dick (Chicago), Doug, Aunt Bae and Uncle Allen. Incidentally, Dick expected to spend today with Allen & Grace and family.

Affectionately,

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 16, 1949.

Dear Clayt:

Another Sunday has rolled 'round,- and we're still snow-bound way out here in Utah. However, it's a beautiful, sunny day, not too cold right now (3 P.M.), but the weather man predicts temperatures down around zero for tonight. Looking out of your east window, the snow is piled up 30 inches deep, criss-cross with deer tracks. Last night as Dick, Marian, Aunt Edna and your Mother were driving home from the Contractors' Banquet, they ran into a deer at 8th Ave. and "B". Dick stopped again as he drove home from here, walked over and pushed the deer with his foot, and it got up and ran down into Memory Grove,- apparently not hurt seriously. "Pa" was attending the annual dinner and meeting of the Alta Club. Yes, and I got home first.

Your Mother was thrilled with your birthday note to her, the postal cards and particularly your letter of January second which arrived the morning of the fourteenth. Your description of your Holiday activities was very interesting, and we were glad to know that the Hartvigsen's treated you and your companion so wonderfully. Incidentally, you have said nothing more about having to move from their home "about the first of the year", so we assume that they have decided to let you stay.

Mother suggests that I copy the poem that Dougie wrote for her birthday:

You're half way in your 50's,
But those cakes are still those nifties;
With Clayty overseas,
And you just ever your disease,
And every Friday night
You manage to stand that good old fight, (the Radio broadcast fight)
Out of all the Mamys you're the best,
How about taking a rest.

Adele and Wood, and Marian and Dick, arranged a cute supper at Adele's, and invited the Spencer Felts, the Harold Felts, the Jules Roberts, and Aunt Edna. We telephoned Doug to wish him "happy returns of the day", and talked with Sally and Carolyn also. They sent your Mother a silver "silent butler", Aunt Rae sent embroidered sheets and pillow-slips, the girl friends brought beautiful dishes, Marian and Dick brought dishes, Adele and Wood gave perfume, Lareta Madsen brought a gold necklace,- all of which rounded out a very pleasant day for "Mom". Yes, and you can hear your Father saying: "Now, you all understand that I don't want any surprise or party of celebration on my birthday next Thursday,- and I mean it, etc., etc." I have already received from Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt a package marked "to be opened January 20th"; and of course they shouldn't have sent it. They have too many people "to remember".

Last Wednesday Walther Mathias, president of Geneva Steel Co., came into the office to talk to me about a humidifier,- and just as I was wrapping a package for you. He remarked that it looked like a present, and I told him that it contained twenty skeins of wool yarn which your friends in Hammerfest, Norway, will knit into sweaters for you. (Incidentally the package is marked #41 and dated 1-12-49, so let us know when you receive it). He said that before he came to this country a number of years ago, from Germany, that he had frequently visited Norway; and he then told me of his boyhood impressions of Hammerfest, Narvik, etc. We had a very pleasant "visit". Mother will add a note

Mona Hotell
Mysen, Norway
September 11, 1948

Kjære Søster Adel,

Det har vae rt nokså lenge siden jeg fikk ditt siste brevet, så istedenfor å skrive mitt ukelige brevet til Mor og Far jeg skal skrive noen få ord til deg. That's the way we'd put it in Norwegian to say that "it has been a long time since I received your last letter, so instead of writing my weekly letter to Mom and Dad I shall write a few words to you."

Right now Paul and I are sitting in our small third-story room in the "Mona Hotell" hotly typing letters home. The pea soup is on the hot-plate cooking for our Sunday dinner tomorrow (it has been cooking for two days now, but the things won't soften up.... Paul says just a couple of more hours should do it). We can hear "trekkspill" (accordion) music coming from the first floor where they are holding a wedding celebration this evening. Now that we have become accustomed to the hotel life, we don't think it is half-bad; a little noisy on the week-ends, but we spend most of our time out, anyway.

Our tracting has gone fairly well during the past couple of weeks, except for the rainy days which we manage to go out in, but don't enjoy much. Once in a while we contact people who seem interested enough to invite us in; some are only interested in the fact that we are Americans whereupon we show them pictures from the book on Salt Lake which Mom sent me, but sooner or later we manage to discuss the Gospel. Last Friday, for example, we pounded on a door, were met by a nice, middle-aged lady who immediately invited us in and led us into a small room where her husband was busy writing. Upon learning that we were "Mormon missionaries from America," he put away his business and the four of us sat down for a chat. He seemed interested in the story of the "Book of Mormon" and the Prophet Joseph Smith which we began telling him; and after about a half hour of our talking we discovered that he was a German-born dramatics teacher who had been working in Norway and in Switzerland for several years, that he had traveled extensively, and spoke several languages fluently (including English). We stayed with them for two hours discussing the Gospel and Christianity in general and found him to be well read in the Bible and interested in religion. As we left we received the invitation to accompany them Sunday afternoon at a meeting in the schoolhouse, which we shall do. We have met several other friendly people during the few weeks we have been here, some of whom have had us return to show them our slide projector films on the "History of Mormonism" and other subjects; others have offered us lunch or milk; so we are being treated better as the time passes.

It has been alot of fun learning the Norwegian language and using it. We speak it all during the day while tracting, and often during the evenings if we have cottage meetings. When Paul and I speak to each other we always mix in a few Norsk words, so little by little we are shifting from English to Norsk. I'm afraid we will have to learn English again when we return home.

That's about all for now, except.....Vær så snill å motta en gratulasjon i anledning geburtsdagen din.....translated that will say: "Be so kind as to receive a congratulation on the occasion of your birthday." These Norwegians do everything the hard way.

Happy Birthday!

Din kjære bror,

Dear Droop,

I guess you'll have to learn Norwegian, so I'll have someone to talk to when I return home. All of these children here speak it, so you should be able to also....it doesn't seem hard at all for them. I'll give you one sentence today, so you can begin to learn early.....
Mitt navn er Droopy og jeg er ni år gammel.
My name is Droopy and I am nine years old.
That's pretty easy isn't it? I'll expect you to know how to speak Norsk when I get home, so get busy.

So Long,

Onkel Clayt.

Clayt.

P.S. Please tell Mom that I could sure use a couple of rolls of Eastman Color Film if it is possible to obtain.

*Tell Mom to take it easy - I hope
she is feeling better now!*

September 8, 1948

Dear Clayt:

We had a wonderful week-end in Holiday Park, - Adele, Wood, Dougie and I, going up early Saturday morning, and being joined Sunday afternoon by Emerson Sturdevant and his wife (formerly Marian Cosgriff).

Yellow Lake yielded some nice fat Rainbows, - the largest we have taken out of it for several years. None of us caught the "limit"; but we did get some "beauties". You'd be proud of the way your sister, Adele, casts a dry fly, brings in the large ones and nets them, all by herself.

Wood and Dick have taken over the responsibility of making some improvements in the cabins, but the contractors from the Upper Weber were too long finishing L. B. Hampton's new cottage and adding a new kitchen to the Spencer Felt cabin, so they didn't get very much done. They did "jack up" the "bunk house", and have now lifted it above the ground all the way around and supported it on concrete piers, - which is a big improvement. Next year the boys are talking about closing it in and lining it with inexpensive "knotty pine". This week the carpenters are supposed to be putting a new cover over the kitchen drainage sump, which at the moment is quite an "eye sore".

Holiday Park has really taken on quite a renewed and spirited atmosphere, and undoubtedly the "second generation" will do a lot of "face lifting". However, from the angle of some of us who really like to fish, the Weber River seems to be hopeless, - completely fished out. Unless we can stimulate the Freeds to restock, and continually maintain the stocking of Yellow Lake, Henrietta and the lower Beyer Dams, and keep them closed except to paid members of the "Mountain Fishing Club", there isn't going to be very much fishing. Certainly, Yellow Lake can't stand the heavy toll which is even now rapidly depleting the stocking which was done about five years ago. 5,000 small fish were added last year and some of them have escaped the hungry, larger fish, (because occasionally we catch a trout too small to keep).

Your mother didn't feel well enough to make the trip, although she is getting along much better. Occasionally she has a little set-back due to disturbances by some foods which irritate her (and that is the case at the moment), but broadly speaking she is really showing desired improvement.

Yesterday, we received a long letter from Sally in answer to our recent air mail letter to them (copy of which was mailed to you). Sally told us that Doug was in Nampa for the day following up an insurance lead, and said that they were all feeling well and looking forward to their October visit with us. Doug attended Boise Rotary Club last Thursday as the guest of past District Governor-Bishop Frank A. Rhea. Several weeks ago he was the guest of Arthur Caine at Boise Rotary.

Beginning Labor Day, fall weather seemed to take hold, and it is delightfully cool right now. We hope that it is not too cold "with you".

September 8, 1948

One of these days we're going to convince some of your brothers and sisters and nephews to get back in the "swing" and write to you. We honestly believe it would be quite a pleasant change to hear from some others in the family who have not written to you in the last four or five months, - including the brother in Boise to whom a copy of this letter is being mailed (not too gentle a hint, Doug).

The phones are ringing almost constantly, and the office is filled with customers requiring attention, so I'll have to "break off" right now.

All of us join in love to you.

Affectionately,

copy to Doug and Sally
 copy to Allen W. Williams
 992 East Circle Drive
 Whitefish Bay
 Milwaukee, Wisconsin

copy to Rex W. Williams, Jr.

Allen- No distribution yet. The \$7,000.00 is in a special savings account in the name of "S. W. Williams", and Mother does not want to be bothered with ~~me~~ either making out the monthly checks or signing them; and particularly, as I told you over the 'phone, Mother wants to avoid "cluttering up" her personal checking account with the seven monthly transactions. For 10¢ each, the bank will issue Cashier's Checks each month against the monthly withdrawal of \$350.70 (70¢ for the Cashier's Checks), - drawing them in favor of "husband and wife" for reasons ~~XX~~ I need not mention here. Is that scheme O.K.? I would prefer not to deposit the \$350.00 in my personal account, and draw the monthly checks for each of you. If you will let me know at once, I will prepare to distribute the checks beginning October first.

Incidentally, Mother 'phoned me the other day, and said she had been thinking a great deal about the mortgage on Edna's home. She said to me: "Bert, do you think any of the children would object if I paid off the remainder of \$2300.00, and did not take ~~the~~ Edna's note, as you have talked about?" Of course, I told Mother we would be thrilled, but that she should discuss it with the other children. Mother mentioned that her own father did a similar thing for one of her own sisters after first discussing it with the other children. She hasn't discussed it yet with Edna so far as I know. What is your advice? Maybe, you and Mother should discuss it over the 'phone. Please let me have your answer by early Air Mail. Thanks.

Mona Hotell
Mysen, Norway
September 5, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

The time sure flies! It seems like just two days ago that I wrote my last letter to you. But, here it is Sunday evening again, and I can't let the week-end go by without dropping you a note, so here goes.

Wednesday afternoon we were visited by Olso District President Alan Harris who is touring the southern end of Norway wherein are located the organized and unorganized branches of his district. We spent Wednesday evening together discussing the Gospel and better ways of preaching it.

Thursday morning we all three headed out for a day of tracting. Paul and I found it interesting working with a person so thoroughly read in the Gospel as he is. That evening we had planned a public meeting in the movie house (actually it is a small room under the hall where movies are shown), and this time we were hoping for a better turnout than we had at our last. But, we were a bit disappointed in that only 7 investigators and 2 members showed up. It might interest you to hear how we run our meetings, so here I'll give you the program: After a word of welcome to those present, I announced the opening song which was "Vi gledes og frydes" (We Gather Together). Elder Smith's prayer was followed by another song, "Klippe Du som brast for meg" (Rock of Ages). Then both Elder Smith and I spoke after which we gave them a breather by the three of us (Harris, Smith, and Williams) singing a trio which they seemed to like, "Der er en tid da ro og fred" (Secret Prayer). Our visitor, Elder Harris (who is from Layton), took the rest of the time delivering a very fine sermon after which we sang a closing song, "Pris Gud fra hvem hvert gode kom" (Praise God from Whom All Blessings Come), and I closed with prayer. The meeting turned out rather well; I only wish there had been more people there. Elder Harris stayed with us until Friday evening at which time he boarded the train to continue on his way.

We have just returned from Fru Toverud's where we went after today's Sacrament Meeting for a lovely dinner. The people we know here are treating us wonderfully. It seems like they just can't do enough for us.

I enjoyed Mom's letter and was happy to hear that things are going better. I hope you will continue to take it easy, Mom.

That seems to be all for today. I'm feeling well, enjoying the work, and getting plenty of good food to eat.

Love,

Enclosed find a few pictures I have recently taken.

Saturday, Paul and I hiked out in the forest a short distance behind the hotel and picked blue berries. We came home with a couple of sacks of them, mixed them with a few currants we had bought, threw in a little sugar, cooked the mess for a half hour and this morning we had jam....it really tastes good!

Today we have spent most of our time with the Skollingsbergs where we had a delicious "middag" (the day's large meal) of some sort of beef (the first time I've tasted beef in months), vegetables, and sausage. We also blessed their young boy who has been very ill with asthma, and held a small afternoon meeting with just friends in attendance.

That's about all for now. I'm feeling fine, enjoying the work, and hoping all is going well at home.

Love,



P.S. I received box #28 which was loaded with fine food. I appreciate these packages when they come, but you must not overdo, Mom. Mysen is renowned for having the most available food of any of the towns in Norway, so don't worry about my getting enough to eat. In one of the future boxes you might include a Shick injector razor and a few blades, a couple of tubes of shaving cream and tooth paste, if you will. Takk skal Du ha! (Thanks shall you have.)

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING - TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

September 2, 1948

SUBJECT:

Dear Sally and Doug:

We didn't realize until yesterday that ~~Monday~~ ^{Thursday} was your wedding anniversary. As soon as mother gets back on an "even keel", she will be watching her "birthday-anniversary book" more closely and we assure you that we will not pass up another of your anniversaries. I know that a "box" is being prepared for you, and will be on its way to Boise as soon as completed. In the meantime, we send our love and congratulations, and hope that all three of you spent a very pleasant August ~~30th~~.

This is the first time we have written to you since our telephone conversation with Clayton a week ago Tuesday. On Monday, August 23, mother received a letter from Clayton saying that he would telephone Tuesday afternoon, 4 o'clock his time, which would be 8 A.M. our time. On that same Monday, the overseas telephone operator told us to be waiting for the call at 8 o'clock the next morning. And sure enough, the call came through exactly at 8 A.M., and when Clayton greeted mother with "hello mom", it was the finest tonic in the world for her. She has felt much better ever since, and although she must be very careful, she is able to get up and get breakfast for the two of us each morning, and do some of the light house work. The doctors tell her that she is getting along in fine shape.

"Bob" Campbell telephoned from the airport as he came through Salt Lake on his way back from Los Angeles, and he said that he and Edyth might come down for the U of U - Idaho football game September 25th.

And, speaking of coming down, "Ginny" Hutchinson told us at the "Liz" Wright marriage announcement party at the Alta Club that she was thrilled that you are planning to come down for her wedding in October.

In yesterday's mail we received the enclosed "Treasury Department" envelope containing what appears to be some kind of check for Douglas G. Williams. We thought your "G-I allotment" had expired by this time. This is the first check which has come to our address for a good many months, so you should tell us whether or not there should have been others which may have been mis-placed.

Earl and Dale left yesterday afternoon on a fishing trip to Pinedale, Wyoming, and I'm hoping to be able to spend the coming Labor Day week-end at Holiday Park with Adele, Wood and Dougie, and possibly with the Dick Williams' family if they are able to find a "baby tender" for their youngest. It will be the first time I have been away from your mother since her illness in Milwaukee last May.

Inasmuch as we receive the "Idaho Daily Statesman" we know what is going on in the capitol of Idaho, and we realize that you have been having some of the warm days we have been experiencing down here, - but nothing to compare with the heat wave in the middle West and the far East. We hope that you have been able to keep comfortable in your apartment, and that you are all well and happy. Doug was going to write to us many days ago, but he must have forgotten all about it. We're very anxious to know how the "insurance game" is going.

Incidentally, we forgot to tell you earlier in this letter that we saw "Tom" and Mary at the Alta Club party.

The whole Williams "tribe" sends its love to the three of you.

Affectionately,

copy to Clayton
copy to Allen Williams

Dear Clayt

Hope you and Paul are well, and that your new "hotel apartment" is working out OK.

Please tell us more about it.

Dad, - what about your needs in the way
of clothes.

Your Mother is feeling much better.

Will you need more money under your changed conditions. We'll send you \$75.00 again this month.

Love

Mom + Dad

Mysen, Norway
August 29, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

One more week has gone speedily by and here it is Sunday evening, letter writing time, again.

Last Tuesday was an eventful day; but, first I should begin Monday night when Brother Skollingsberg and I visited the officer in charge of housing for Mysen. We learned from him that the owner of the house which we and the Skollingsbergs live in was preparing to bring a case against the Skollingsbergs if Paul and I didn't move. He had no grounds on which to press charges, but apparently he is the type of man who likes to make a fuss over such a thing; in this small town he has a reputation as a trouble maker. So, rather than have the Skollingsbergs (and us) mixed up in a lot of difficulty, we decided to get out.

Tuesday morning we ordered a truck to come for our belongings (beds, tables, trunks.....we had enough goods for a family), and headed up a long steep hill to the Mona Hotell which lies about 2 miles out of town. Here we had arranged for a room at 100 Kroner (\$20) a month. The room is small, of course, and on the third (top) floor of a small summer resort hotel which is now seldom occupied; we are the only guests at the present time. The location is lovely as far as the beautiful view of the valley and its surrounding forest is concerned, but that long hill from town each night is a killer. It takes us 40 minutes to come home. All of the hotel's paraphernalia is primitive, as usual.

Tuesday was mostly spent arranging our new room comfortably. Then at 4 o'clock in the afternoon we both got on my bike and headed down the hill to telephone headquarters. It was fine that they were able to make connections immediately, although they weren't the best to begin with. After the first minute I was able to hear you much better and it really seemed good to hear your voices again. I could hear in your voice, Mom, that you had been sick. I hope you will really take it easy now. Dougie sounded a lot older, in fact, I almost didn't recognize his voice. The rest of you sounded exactly the same, especially Dad's "a l r i g h t" when it was time to quit. I used the money you had recently sent to pay for the call which came to 60 Kroner (20 Kr. a minute), which is 12 dollars.....quite a sum. (By the way I am still well fixed for quite a while as far as money is concerned). Thanks a million for the call; it was really swell to hear your voices.

We have had some rather interesting conversations while tracting during the week. Monday we came upon a small village of army barracks occupied by Jewish Displaced Persons who are waiting for the opportunity to travel to Israel. Many of them spent the war years in concentration camps and have been here in Norway since the war ended. All of them seem to have the desire to migrate to Israel even though many of them had never been near the place. It was hard to preach the Gospel to them, mainly because they spoke little Norwegian, and also because they don't believe the Messiah has come.

After holding a cottage meeting of our own Friday evening, we attended an interesting meeting of a group called the "Kristi Arbeiders Forbund" (Christ's Workers League), an organization designed to acquaint the workers of Norway with religion. It was really a lively meeting....guitar music and long, spectacular prayers during which the congregation would chime in with Amens, "Ja Jas", and other encouraging remarks for the one praying....give me that old time religion.

At the close of the testimony meeting our new assignments were made. Paul and I were made companions and we're going out to Mysen to open up a new branch. No missionaries have been stationed there before, and so I'm looking forward to a wonderful time building up a branch there. My new companion and assignment are just exactly what I had hoped for.

I'm waiting now to see the President to discuss some matters concerning this new branch we're going to open. I'm not yet sure when we'll leave Oslo, but I imagine it will be soon.

About a half-hour ago 13 Elders and one lady missionary arrived from America. Among them were several of my friends from home, also Jerry Dean with whom you spoke. He is a very nice guy....told me all about the "folks at home" and the green grass at 10th and B. I haven't yet received from him the stuff you sent.

There have been several complaints to the President concerning the quarterly report which you probably received. He said that some of the parents had written wondering what ~~was~~ ~~what~~ was wrong with their sons' work. I told him he could expect a letter from you any day. I've checked with the mission secretary all my weekly reports, so I can now give you the straight dope. Instead of the reported 113 hours tracting...183 hours; instead of 99 hours visiting,,,,,147 hours; class hours are 49. Not that all this matters a heck of a lot, but the President wanted us to get it straight and so do I. The President said that he probably send any more of them home, for there was too much error in that one.

I really am enjoying the work, and am looking forward to some wonderful months in Mysen.

is going well. That's about all I have for you now. I hope all

Love,



copies to Boise and Milwaukee

affectionately,

Affectionately,

August 22, 1948.

Copies to Boise and Milwaukee

Dear Clayt:

Sunday, and we're at it again. We're still wondering what happened to the 'phone call last Tuesday morning (your time),- particularly inasmuch as your letter of last Sunday told us of preparations you were making. Of course, you understood that you were to call us collect (4-9463), as early as possible Tuesday morning, and that we were to sit up Monday night, our time, waiting for your call to come through,- which we did until 1:30 A.M. Tuesday, and no call. Where is the nearest telephone to your room? Would it be better for us to call you? If so, at what time? I could take an afternoon off and try to get a call through to you, beginning about 1 P.M. But, it seemed to us that if you put through the call as early as you could get to a telephone some morning, we could easily arrange to be home the entire evening,- and it wouldn't make any difference to us what time your call finally came through. So, it's up to you, son,- and we'll be anxious to hear your decision.

"Mom" is feeling stronger each day, and already getting "anxious at the bit". Last night we went to Knox and Jane Bradford's dinner party, but came home at nine o'clock. We had a good time, but your Mother was ready to come home at nine.

We just 'phoned to Deag and Sally. They're fine, business continues to look very promising, Carolyn gets out every day, they all had a good time with Aunt Rae, and they're looking forward to coming to Salt Lake in early October.

As soon as Wood, Adale and Dougie returned from Afton, Wyoming, via Yellowstone Park, they left immediately last Wednesday for Holiday Park in the hope they would catch some fish in the Weber River and in Yellow Lake to offset the very poor fishing they had all through Wyoming and Idaho. Marian, Dick, Ricky and Anne drove to Holiday Park early yesterday morning,- leaving their adorable Jane (yes, that's the name of the latest in their family, and her only name) with their very fine school girl, who incidentally returns to Carbon College early in September.

And, now it's 9 P. M., and time for your Mom to get to bed. In the meantime, the "gang" has returned from Holiday Park with fish from First Beaver Dam, Yellow Lake and the Weber River. And Aunt Edna has been here, and wants to send her love to you. "Tomnie" is going to Los Angeles week after next for a vacation trip. Seems that his girl, Carol Anderson is going down to visit her Mother.

Oh, yes, I stopped in to see Grandma Williams this afternoon, and she always asks all about you. While I was there, we 'phoned to Grace and Allen. Allen was enjoying a baseball game over their new television radio, and he said they were all well.

"Babe" and her three children are flying to Seattle tomorrow to board a transport to Japan to join Jack.

And that's about all for this Sunday evening,- except that your Mom just said once again: "Please tell Clayt to have a good restaurant meal, and often."

Affectionately,

Copies to Boise and Milwaukee

Mysen, Norway
August 22, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Just a short note this Sunday afternoon. If all goes well I'll be talking with you Tuesday afternoon and then I can say it instead of writing it.

We have had a very rainy week, but we've enjoyed our work just the same. Last Thursday evening we held our first public meeting. We showed up at the meeting house a bit early to see that everything was in order and to greet the "multitude" as it came. Seven o'clock came, which was the scheduled time, and no one had appeared. We got our meeting under way at about 7:15 at which time we had gathered 4 of our friends, three children, and 3 strangers, two of which we later learned had come all of the way on bicycles from the next city. We were disappointed at the small turnout, for many had promised to attend our first meeting. But, all went well; so, we were thankful that at least a few were there to hear us. The next day we learned that there had been other meetings scheduled for that night, and several other excuses were given, so we were partly consoled. We were advised to hold our next meeting (probably sometime this week) an hour later; that the greater part of the people are busy until 8 o'clock. We'll give it another try.

I received in the mail this week two checks from you; one for \$55 and the other for \$75. I had run short of money and floated a loan from the mission office (which is now paid back), but am now well fixed for a while. Thanks alot.

I hope Mom is back on her feet and that she is in good condition when and if the phone call gets through to you Tuesday morning. That's all for now.

Love,

Olay.

The living conditions are a little awkward now, but we get a laugh out of it and are trying to figure out better ways to work things, so we won't have to impose on the Skollingsbergs. It is a large, clean, room we have, but we lack places to put things and hesitate putting nails in the wall and such, but things are looking better everyday and we're not a bit discouraged.

This morning we held a Sacrament-testimony meeting with four in attendance, the Skollingsbergs, Fru Toverud and her son. This was the first time these members had partaken of the Sacrament, but everything went smoothly although Paul and I were the only ones who spoke.

This opportunity of opening a new field is exactly what I've wanted to do. The immediate future looks like it may be a little rough, but I think everything will work out fine. Paul is a swell guy to work with and I'm sure we can have progress here if we're humble and work hard.

I hope all goes well, Mom, and that you'll be back to normal soon. My address remains the same.....you may as well begin using the new spelling though, Osterhausgt. 27, instead of Osterhaugsgaten (you may understand that "gate" means "street" and of course, "gt." is its abbreviation.)

I was surprised at the size of Carolyn Adele....she sure has grown....cute, too.

Love,

Clayton

My mailing address:

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhausgt. 27,
Oslo, Norway

Address in Mysen (which I don't use as mailing address):

c/o Johan Skollingsberg
Mysen, Norway

Mysen, Norway
August 16, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

I was disappointed this afternoon to hear that the arrangements I had made to telephone you tomorrow morning at 7 AM have fallen through. It seems that it is impossible for them to make connections which are satisfactory during that period of time, but they informed me that I could phone any time between the hours 1300 and 2400 Norwegian time. So, following the suggestion in your letter I have arranged to phone you one week later, Tuesday August 24th, at 4 PM my time which is 8 AM Tuesday morning your time.

I had been counting on talking with you tomorrow morning, but I'll have to wait a week.

We held a fine meeting yesterday with the Skollingsbergs and some friends, but it wasn't a large gathering. We felt rather fortunate to locate a meeting house yesterday; so in the future we plan to hold some public meetings, in fact, we have our first one scheduled for Thursday evening, the 19th. This meeting house we managed to rent belongs to the Labor Party here, and is not available on Sundays when we would prefer holding our meetings. So, we have to take what we can get and when we can get it. It will be interesting to see how many come out to hear us Thursday evening.

We are still looking for a place to live. We have it nice here, but the house owner wants to get rid of us, so we will have to find another room.

I hope all is well with all of you and that Mom is back on her feet by the time my phone call comes through.

Love,

Olav

Salt Lake City, U , Aug. 15, 1948.

Dear Clayt:

Same time of day, same day of week, same room, same people.

Marian, Dick, Ricky, Anne and Jane just left. They brought up a delicious fried chicken dinner, and "Mom" sat up in the Dining Room for the first time since she has been sick. We missed you, Sally, Doug, Carolyn, and also Adele, Wood and Dougie (who are in Afton, Wyoming, on a vacation fishing trip, to return Tuesday night). So while we listen to "M" on Mom's new Westinghouse #1 table model radio (not television), which was her coming-home-from-hospital present, we'll try to bring you up-to-date.

First of all, "Mom" is feeling much improved. We might even take a little drive after we finish this letter.

Your page-and-half letter of August 8th, telling of your initial doings in Nysen, read like a page from early Mormon history, - your trying to get located in a single room with your recent purchases of marble-topped wash table and cabinet, second-hand beds, etc., your pioneering of a new area, meeting "opposition" and all. But, you and Paul Smith have "what it takes", - lots of pep, excellent preparation, a healthy "sense of humor". It will be a wonderful experience for you. "Mom" just remarked: "I would have liked to see Clayt's first washing and ironing, and darning".

In the last paragraph of your letter, you said you had just received one of your Mother's packages, that everything came through fine except that the bacon was sold. "Joe" Wirthlin says to wipe it off with vinegar, and it will be just as "good as new". Also, your Mother is beginning to think of your Christmas, and wants to know what you will need, and also what you would like to have. Undoubtedly you will need new shirts, socks, shoes, and possibly a new suit. Be sure to give us the exact size of everything, and let us know in plenty of time. We want to get the boxes on their way soon after October first.

Right now, we're wondering if your telephone call will come through tomorrow midnight. I'll be up reading and ready to wake "Mom".

If Marian and Dick can get Mrs. Beach to tent their children, they are planning on driving down to California for a week or ten days. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Betty Rowley and husband Bill, want them to spend a few days with them in San Francisco, where the Rowley's now live.

Aunt Rae was here for a couple of days last week on her way back to Los Angeles from her recent visit in Boise. Uncle Clayt beat her by a day. He drove down from the upper Snake, and they left together in the Cadillac yesterday morning.

And now I've run out of news. Write as often as you can.

Affectionately,

Copy to Doug and Sally
Copy to Allen & Grace.

July 24, 1948.

Dear Clayt:

A Holiday, and we're in Salt Lake City, so I called at the Post-Office this morning, hoping there would be a letter from you, which there was,- your very short "note" of last Monday morning. As I type this letter, you are undoubtedly in an evening session of your Oslo Conference, and we're very anxious to learn what your next assignment may be, and who will be your new companion.

Adele, Wood and Dougie left yesterday noon for Holiday Park, and were joined last evening by Jay and "Edie" Parkinson and Laine and Elaine Adams for the week-end. Last night Marian and Dick had a dinner party in Brighton for "Bill" and Betty Rowley, and several others. They drove down last night so they could take the children to the parade, and just telephoned (1 P.M.) that they are going back to the Judd cabin in Brighton for the week-end. Holiday Park is too far away, and too lacking in modern ~~amenities~~ conveniences for their young daughter, Jane, and they do not like to leave her in Salt Lake City in the care of the school girl from Carbon County who is now living with them.

We received an air mail letter from Doug this morning, in which he enclosed a scale drawing of their apartment, with the furniture located and identified by number and description. He says they are all feeling fine, thoroughly enjoying Boise and their apartment, and getting a very encouraging "start" on some of the larger type of insurance contracts. He has been traveling into near-by towns and cities with "Bob" Campbell, and arranged a "50-50" split with Aetna's casualty representatives in those territories on such life insurance as they can turn his way.

And now, I must break down and tell you a lot of news I've purposely been holding back. Your cute Mother is well on the way to recovery after a serious operation. But let's go back several weeks. We did not tell you back in May that your Mother was in the Columbia Hospital in Milwaukee for five days,- what we then thought was an acute case of food poisoning, and it may have been. However, it revealed some trouble in the colon. Obviously, we cancelled out the balance of our trip and hurried home just as soon as your Mother was able to travel. Once home, and sufficiently rested, Mother underwent several proctoscopic examinations by Dr. Reichman (an excellent specialist in Salt Lake City) who recommended an operation to remove a growth about the size of a marble. This operation took place in the L.D.S. Hospital on Wednesday morning, July 7th. Dr. Reichman found that the growth or polyp was imbedded in the lower bowel, and after he examined it microscopically, he concluded that ^{it} was not malignant but sufficiently "borderline" to be dangerous. After consulting with other doctors, he and we decided to take ~~his~~ their recommendation and proceed as soon as possible with a major operation of the lower abdomen to cut out about eight inches of the lower bowel and then make a new attachment to the colon. By blood transfusions and intravenous feeding, your Mother's general condition was built up to withstand this operation which occurred Monday morning July 12th. Dr. Spencer Wright assisted Dr. Reichman, and the operation lasted four hours. The next five days were plenty rugged, but Mother was blessed and exercised great faith. The operation was highly successful, the new attachment was completed, and your Mother is mending well. We brought her home from the Hospital two days ago, and already she is eating and digesting eggs, chicken, fish, etc.,- a so-called "bland diet". The bowel and colon appear to be functioning almost "normal" again, and we all pray that Mother's recuperative powers will quickly give her

the strength she needs. I have just stopped long enough to telephone home to read this much to your Mother. She tells me that she has just had a nice tub bath, has put on her "two-way stretch special corset", and is walking slowly around the room according to doctor's orders. It's really remarkable how well she is doing after such a serious operation. Her spirits have been fine, and she has plenty of what it takes. She repeated as she hung up the 'phone: "Be sure to give my love to our cute son".

And now you will understand why I suggested in last week's letter that you try to telephone to us. We will not be going anywhere for several weeks, so any morning at about seven o'clock when you feel like trying to get a call through, "fire away". It will be about midnight or 11 P.M. the previous day for us, and we should be on hand to receive your call.

Tomorrow will be a big day for Memory Grove in City Creek Canyon,- the dedication of the Ross Beason "Meditation Chapel", just being finished at an expense of one hundred ten thousand dollars. It is located on the high spot on the east side of the ~~lake~~ lake, just north of the old World War I German cannon. We'll try to mail some newspaper clippings to you. Admiral Nimitz and a lot of "brass" of the Navy and Army will attend the special services.

Well, I've just about run out of news. Did Elder Dean get your books, slide rule, etc. to you "O.K."? How's your money holding out? We'll send some through this coming week. What other books do you want? We realize that we didn't get all of the "math" books you asked for, so come back at us again with another description of just what you would like to have.

Affectionately,

P.S. Enclosed a picture of Carolyn Adele which came in Doug's letter we received this morning.

Copy to Doug and Sally
Copy to Allen and Grace.

Jeløy, Norway
July 19, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Just a short note this Monday morning before we leave for a day of tracting. We have had week-end visitors from Oslo and thus the time has all been taken up with them. The President, his wife, and Elder Farnworth from Idaho who is going home Saturday having filled his two year mission, visited us and we had a wonderful day with them yesterday.

I'm feeling fine and enjoying an occasional swim now that we're having occasional sunny days, but during the past month there ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~few~~ ~~of~~ ~~these~~ has been rain nearly every day.

Saturday morning we'll be in Oslo for three days district Conference and then receive new assignments and new companions; as I said before my assignment may remain the same. The President never lets us in on these things until the last minute.

That's all for now; must rush.

Love,

Clayton

Note to Doug and Allen: Flossie has had a rough time of it, but is no definitely on the mend. Doctor Reichman and Spencer Wright spent nearly four hours in the operation, and apparently were able to sew the bowel (shortened about 8 in.) and make a new connection. It meant a long, deep abdominal incision,

so that everything could be reached from the "inside". Florence sat up for a few minutes this afternoon, and to-day they started to give her coddled egg, etc. I just talked with her over the 'phone, and she says she is lonesome, so I'll have to quit.

July 17, 1948.

Dear Clayt:

Five o'clock Saturday afternoon, and I cannot go home without first "pounding out" a letter to you. Sorry that I haven't had time to get one on its way to you earlier in the week.

Your colored prints came through in fine shape, and we lost no time in getting out the "viewer". With the aid of the itemized and numbered list which you sent along, we thoroughly enjoyed the "story" of each picture. And best of all, you look fine.

Your letter of last Sunday arrived Friday morning, and we were glad to learn that you will attend another "conference" in Oslo the latter part of this month. Jerry Dean, who is now on his way to Norway, and who is bringing your books, slide rule, etc., told us about the contemplated conference. You'll have a lot of fun seeing so many of your Utah friends again.

Mother was suggesting the other night that it would certainly be swell to hear your voice. We have thought several times of calling you, but have each time decided "no" for fear of startling you. If the idea appeals to you, we would be thrilled to have you call us collect, and if you will set the day and hour, we'll be waiting. You'll have to do some checking up with the telephone company over there to find out the best time. For example, if you decided on 7 A.M. your time, we'd gladly sit up until midnight, or after, waiting for the call to come through. Maybe it's a wild idea, but let us have your reaction in your next letter.

Holiday Park is getting a rest this week-end, but I suppose we'll be heading up there for the 24th of July holiday. The whole place seems to have taken on new life this year, as all of the cabins are being used frequently. L. B. Hampton's new cabin (next lot down the canyon from where his former cabin is located) is nearing completion, and the Hampton's are anxious to move in. The fishing isn't too good, yet good enough to provide delicious trout for eating, - for us and for a few of our friends.

Are you receiving the Sunday Tribune? It should be coming regularly now. Mother will be getting off another box soon, although you suggested that one every three weeks or so would take care of your needs. If you have any suggestions, pass them along, and we'll do our best to carry them out.

We've received long letters from both Doug and Sally this week. They're liking Boise very much. Carolyn Adele is fine, getting to be quite a jabberer, and climbs all over the apartment.

Well, your Mother is calling for me, so I'll have to cut short, and now. Will try to do better for you next week. The very best from all of us to you.

Affectionately,

SUNDAY MORNING:

Florence feels much better after a good night's sleep. For breakfast she had cream of wheat, poached egg, toast and milk. She sat up in a chair for fifteen minutes, and Dr. Reichman wants her to do that several times during to-day. Her spirits are excellent, and we're all thankful for the wonderful progress she has made thus far. She's a brick! The prayers of her family and loyal friends have certainly been answered. Now, if we can keep her absolutely quiet and relaxed for a month, it will mean so much toward her recovery.

Jeløy, Norway
July 11, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's 9:30 PM, Sunday evening, and after a day of relaxation at the home of one of members here in Moss I have an hour in which to write the weekly report. We had a delicious dinner today with this family and it was enjoyable to take it easy all day all though I did miss not having our Sunday meeting.

Last Sunday we had a nice time in Fredrikstad with President Peterson, his wife, and the four missionaries there. Maybe, I told you about it in last week's letter, but nevertheless I enjoyed talking with the President and Sister Peterson. They are swell people, devoted to the work of the Lord, and alot of fun to be with.

Tuesday we took the early boat to Horten where we spent the following three days clearing, papering, and painting a room in which missionaries will soon live. That kind of work is right up Elder Schow's alley, for he had done alot of interior remodeling before coming on his mission. Anyway, it was a change and a good job done. The missionaries who move in over there (the room is in the home of a member of the Church) will be lucky boys.

For the past few days I've been reading one of the books you sent me, These Amazing Mormons, and have found the contents a new, fresh conception of Mormonism; that of an outsider looking in. It was written by a non-member journalist who was baptized into the Church three days after the completion of the book. It was interesting to see how we look to an impartial, earnest investigator. I think you'd enjoy reading it.

We learned from the President that there will be a district conference the 25th of July at which Elder Alma Sonne, President of the European Mission and his Secretary Wallace Bennett will be present. It will be nice to take another trip into Oslo and also to talk with Wally Bennett. President Peterson told me there would soon be a change in assignments ~~soon~~, and that it's possible that I'll be left here in Moss to receive one of the new Elders coming from America. I've been hoping for a change, but it looks like I'll be here permanently. It doesn't really matter so much, there is work to be done all over, but I am hoping that sometime during my mission I'll have the opportunity (which few have) of opening a new field of labor. It would be the best assignment I could receive.

I received a nice letter from M. A. Strand in which he gave me the address of his relatives here in Moss whom we visited last week. We had contacted them once before and found them to be very friendly people. Fru (Mrs.) Bakkerud, Bro. Strand's sister in law, said she would like to have us visit them some evening and that she would phone us soon to make the date. They have been acquainted with nearly all of the Elders who have labored in Moss.

That's about all for tonight, except to mention that I received a large box of fine clothing which I'm sure will be appreciated by the folks here in Moss. Thanks!

Hope you are all well.

Love,

Langt

Note to Doug + Allen; 7/9/48 Bad news this morning after
consultation of doctors. Means another operation to remove
about eight inches of the lower bowel. If Florence's general
condition can be built up satisfactorily at the hospital within
the next few days, Dr. Reichman will probably operate again
about Monday or Tuesday. Florence is a brick, and anxious
July 8, 1948
Dear Clayt: to get it over.

Ruby's back on the job and everything's running smoothly again. However, we are still
"swamped" with a lot of business we are trying to close before Uncle Sam clamps down
any tighter on steel products, which appear to be so critically needed in the so-called
"defense program". Anything made of steel is certainly tough to get, - which means
that many of our jobs are being seriously delayed awaiting Kewanee boilers, Dunham
convectors, Fisher control valves, etc.

Night before last Jerry Dean, who is leaving for Norway next Monday, called at our
place while your mother was away, and I did not realize that she had already purchased
the reels you recently requested. However, I had a nice chat with Jerry Dean, who
appears to be a very fine fellow, and who is very much pleased that he has been as-
signed to the Norwegian Mission. I told him that we would bring out to his home the
reels, your slide rule, and whatever else he might have room for.

The July 4th weekend at Holiday Park was very much enjoyed by the Worselys, Dick
Williams' and your mother and me. The fishing wasn't up to par, but we did get enough
nice ones out of "Yellow Lake" to feed us all. Dick and Weed spent a good deal of
their time working around the cabins, improving the drainage system for the dish water
etc., and making plans for "glassing in" the bunk house, installing a water pipe line
from the cold spring to the kitchen, with a hand operated pump, etc. Your mother and
I agreed to put up \$100.00 against whatever they wanted to "donate". It may not go
very far, but will at least be an incentive for the "second generation" to fix up
the place. After all, you children are going to enjoy it from now on.

Adele tore up the linoleum from the kitchen floor, and then all of them pitched in
to scrub the entire cabin, etc. If their "pep" does not run out, the old place may
take on the "new look".

We have had some delightful weather, not too much rain, and not too hot. One of these
days your mother and I hope to make a combined business and pleasure trip up through
our Southern Idaho territory, which will give us a chance to call on the Doug Williams'
in Boise.

Several business visitors from Denver and Los Angeles are here today so I'll have to
cut short right here. We'll try to get something more to you later in the week.

Affectionately,

copy to Uncle Allen
copy to Doug and Sally
Copy to Rex, Jr.

Note to all but Clayt and Rex, Jr.: Yesterday morning Florence underwent a colon opera-
tion by Dr. Reichman, our Salt Lake City "specialist" for such treatment. Although she
got along fine, and feels fairly well this afternoon, we will not know very much until
after the microscopic study of the growth removed. She hopes to feel well enough to
"go home" tomorrow or Saturday.

P.S. Sunday night: I just returned from Fredrikstad
 a wonderful time. Holding three meetings today. First a
 meeting at the home of the Fredrikstad missionaries after which
 attended the branch last meeting followed by the branch public
 at which ^{July 3, 1918} President Peterson, his wife, and I spoke.
 certainly like the President & his wife. They are wonderful people

Love,
Clay.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have about an hour this Saturday evening to get off the
 weekly letter to you. Tomorrow we are going to meet Mission President Peter-
 son and travel to Fredrikstad where we shall hold a joint meeting with the
 missionaries there, so I'll have no other opportunity this week-end to write
 you.

I received your letter, Mom, on the backside of Douglas's.
 It was nice to hear about Sue's wedding and to read the clippings from the
 paper. At the bottom of the page you said, "Please write longer letters."
 after you had written exactly twelve lines; but I'll try to give you the best
 picture I can of how things are going. One letter a week really isn't much.

This morning I received a package from you containing some
 "View-Master" reels, and two fine books. Those books were a swell surprise;
 that's the kind of thing I can really use, and I like reading the new books on
 Mormonism. Thanks a million.

We had another full, interesting week, going on usual
 2 hours tracing daily and visiting quite a number of people. Wednesday we
 took the boat to Horten where we visited an investigator whom we have not
 contacted since I came to Norway; Elder Schow had spoken with him before.
 He was really an "interesting case." He is in charge of a light house (where
 we visited him), is an inventor (after a fashion), and is very well read in
 the Bible; in fact, he has studied every major religious sect in existence.
 He says, (in Norwegian) "I've studied them all, and the boys from Utah are
 the only ones with real authority." His only trouble is that he sees angels.
 Other than that he is really a very hospitable fellow and a lot of fun to
 talk to.

The food situation is getting better as prices begin
 to go down. Tomatoes, carrots, and cauliflower (even it tastes good, now)
 are easier to obtain now. I feel that I'm getting the necessary daily re-
 quirements in calories. One phase of the Word of Wisdom which is very easy
 for us to comply with is that "we eat but a very little meat." I don't miss
 not having meat, for we have substitutes such as cheese, eggs, and fish
 which are tasty.

I received my second roll of colored film from England
 the other day, and will put it in the mail Monday morning, so you should
 receive it shortly after this letter.

That's about all the news for now. I'd like to spend
 an hour studying, for I'll probably speak tomorrow in meeting. (As of last
 Sunday the meeting house which we have been renting here in Moss is closed
 for summer vacation; it's a tough break, for I really enjoy those Sunday
 evenings and I know our members here like them also.)

Hope you are all well. Tell the group I'll think about
 answering his letter.

Love,
Clay.

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including a date stamp: July 3, 1948. The notes are partially obscured by a large, faint circular stamp.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have about an hour this Saturday evening to get off the weekly letter to you. Tomorrow we are going to meet Mission President Peterson and travel to Fredrikstad where we shall hold a joint meeting with the missionaries there, so I'll have no other opportunity this week-end to write you.

I received your letter, Mom, on the backside of Dougie's. It was nice to hear about Sue's wedding and to read the clippings from the paper. At the bottom of the page you said, "Please write longer letters," after you had written exactly twelve lines; but I'll try to give you the best picture I can of how things are going. One letter a week really isn't much.

This morning I received a package from you containing some "View-Master" reels, and two fine books. Those books were a swell surprise; that's the kind of thing I can really use, and I like reading the new books on Mormonism. Thanks a million.

We had another full, interesting week, doing our usual 5 hours tracting daily and visiting quite a number of people. Wednesday we took the boat to Horten where we visited an investigator whom we have not contacted since I came to Norway; Elder Schow had spoken with him before. He was really an "interesting case." He is in charge of a lighthouse (where we visited him), is an inventor (after a fashion), and is very well read in the Bible, in fact, he has studied every major religious sect in existence. He says, (in Norwegian) "I've studied them all, and the boys from Utah are the only ones with real authority." His only trouble is that he sees angels. Other than that he is really a very hospitable fellow and a lot of fun to talk to.

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Hope you are all well. Tell the droop I'll think about answering his letter.

Love,
Clay.

24. "Maskinist-forening lokale" where we hold our Sunday evening Branch meetings.
25. and 26. Two dark pictures of the 17th of May celebration in Moss (Norway's 4th of July)
27. If you look closely you can see the ferry-boat we take to cross the fjord from Moss to Horten.
28. A large river on the way to Mysen.
29. Verner Andresen and his family; friends of our here in Moss.
30. Egil, Laile, and Rolf...three of my playmates.

I'm trying to keep a history of the most important events of my mission on this colored film....up to now there haven't been very many important events, but it will be nice to have these pictures when I come home.

That's all for now.

Love,

Clayton

Jeløy, Norge
July 5, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

With these pictures as with the last I'll include a few explanations and excuses. I don't think they turned out quite as good as the others, some of them being almost too dark to see, but I believe they will give you a better idea of the surroundings here, and of some of our activities.

1. I began the roll in mid-winter when we passed the Moss ski jump while out tracting; and stopped to take a few shots of these 12 year old kids coming off the big jump. They thought I was a newspaperman and they nearly wore themselves out running up that hill to get in another jump, hoping that I'd snap their picture. Nos 2, 3, and 4 also at the jump.
5. The house we nearly moved into. The owner knew we were Mormons, but didn't realize how dangerous we really were until he spoke with his neighbors; then he decided that we hadn't better move in. No. 6 is the same place.
7. Taken before I went skiing one Saturday. I hope I have a chance to use those skis a little more next winter.
8. The State's Church (Lutheran) in Moss. (Moss Kirke)
9. A big part of our life (twice a week now).....the Moss Bath House. (Badhuset)
10. Elders Milton Norman and his companion Carl Paulsen taken at Conference time, April 5, 1948, at Osterhaugsgaten 27.
11. Elders Karl Openshaw and Roy Hendriksen.
12. Williams and Kirby.
13. The King's Palace, ie. King Haakon VII of Norway.
14. University of Oslo, Sigma Chi Chapter Beta Epsilon II.
15. Downtown Oslo.
16. Three of the Samuelson family with whom we have had alot of fun. Ragnar, Turid, and Ellik; taken outside their home, Vårilig.
17. "The Girls." Our nine faithful members; taken after a testimony meeting we held at Samuelson's house. They are: Søstrene Hanna Andresen, Ellik Samuelson, Louise Schjerven, Marie Torgesen, Helga Samuelson, Fredriksen (a visitor from Fredrikstad), Gerda Jansen, Aagot Andersen, Marie Austad, and Olga Evensen (the Boss).
18. "Eldstene Skaug og Villiams."
19. The three whom we took in to be baptized at April Conference: Ellik Samuelson, Louise Schjerven, and Aagot Andersen.
20. The Toverud family whom we visit in Mysen, and Elder Schow. We'll be able to baptize her, the lady in the picture, as soon as she receives permission from her husband.
21. Frøken Tulen Rummelhoff, best looking daughter of the landlord.
22. The three children of one of the newly baptized members, Aagot Andersen; Gunar, Doris, and Geri.
23. Elder Schow with our friends, the Olsens, in Horten. Third from the left, Bjarne Mathiesen, one of our Moss friends.

Your nephew, "Dougie", is really becoming quite a tennis player. Day before yesterday he played tennis on the new court just completed by "Jim" Hogle, and Adele claims that he played circles around his boy friends. He has taken one or two lessons and I understand that one thing the instructor objects to is his "mature serve". Apparently, he has copied the service of his Uncle Clayt, and while it is not the type usually taught beginners, he seems to get it over quite regularly and very effectively. He talks about you all the time, and we have tried to persuade him to write to you oftener. Yesterday afternoon he and Ricky were catching "flies" batted by your brother Dick, and we finally stopped the performance before the ball was knocked through the living room window.

I sat with Spence Felt, Sr. at Rotary, and he told me that he and Aunt Ruth drove up to Holiday Park yesterday. The road is in pretty good condition, the river is too high for fishing, but Dave Freed told Wood Worsley yesterday that Dan Freed will have charge of Yellow Lake this year, and that there should be some fishing, - not too good, because very little stocking was done last year. Marian and Dick and Wood and Adele are talking of driving to Holiday Park either next week end or the following week end, and I imagine your dad will be going along too.

We're glad to say that we are all well, and always anxious to hear from you. We would like to receive a long letter, telling us more in detail about your activities, your health, etc.

Your mother and I dropped in yesterday to see Aunt Helen and Uncle Rex, and we spent two hours talking about our missionary sons. Aunt Helen is still having quite a struggle with asthma, not gaining any weight, but still in pretty good spirits.

The big event this month will be Susan Felt's wedding in the Salt Lake Temple on June 23 followed by a large reception at Grandma Williams'. She is marrying a very fine fellow, as you may know.

The entire family and your many friends join in love.

Affectionately,

copy to Aunt Rae
copy to Uncle Allen
copy to Rex, Jr.

Jeløy, Norway
June 27, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

It is a beautiful Sunday morning and I thought I'd take my first opportunity to get my weekly letter off to you. I usually spend my Sunday mornings reading, but as we are not holding a meeting today (being unable to rent the meeting house), I have plenty of time to get a few letters written.

After several days of steady rain and cold I think summer is actually coming to Norge. Early yesterday morning Roy Samuelsen (son of one of our members), two of his friends and I set out in Roy's row boat and headed for an island here in the fjord. After an hour of hard labor at the oars we landed on the sandy beach of "Revlingen." We spent a couple of hours there hiking, eating wild strawberries, and gathering licorice root. On the way home we put up the sail and cruised in past the visible masts of a German ship which was sunk during the war. I spent the sunny afternoon swimming and lying on the beach. It felt good to get a little sunshine again and to exercise out in the air.

There was one day last week of clear weather, so we cycled out in the farmland again, and found the tracting easier going than we have in the city. To cover more territory and to make the work more interesting we split up taking alternate houses along the way. I contacted a very hospitable family Thursday with whom I spent a couple of hours explaining the Gospel, and who invited me to stay for dinner. It isn't often that we meet people like this in our tracting, so it was a real pleasure to spend a little time with them. The next day while tracting I dropped into a grocery store to "take five" and have a "Vörteröl" (non-alcoholic beverage); and somehow got into a conversation with the owner. Well, we stood there for at least an hour discussing religion with people coming and going, others listening. It was an interesting conversation, but after I left there I thought.....eight months ago I couldn't imagine myself preaching the Gospel in a grocery store.

Dad, ~~you once mentioned that you had sent a package of pencil lead to me and that it should have arrived before your letter. That hasn't come yet, so if you would send some on to me when you have time I'd appreciate it.~~ There's one more thing which I would really like and then I'll leave you alone for awhile. That is my slide rule and the instruction book (I believe it has an orange cover) which goes with it. It wouldn't be wise to mail it, but if Mom can locate a missionary who will be coming here I could receive it safely in that way.

Yesterday I received a large box of clothes which was sent only about a month ago from SLC. Included in it were my tennis trunks, "T" shirts, and a lot of fine clothes which I'll pass out to those who need them. Thanks for all; I really appreciate the trouble you go to to keep me supplied and also to help out these people in Norway.

That's all for now. Hope you are all well.

Love,

Clay

P.S. Also received the swell box from Chicago - the fruit (grapefruit + oranges) was delicious - also chicken - thanks a million. Also the reading (clip-on-book) lamp.

Pencil lead arrived Monday morning, June 28th. Thanks!

know something about it. Thanks for all. There's one other book on my shelf which is the English book I used at the US.

Mom, the lady here who received your brown suit ~~was~~ was thrilled to death. She had it tailored and it really looks good. Thanks, or as she said it "Takk skal du ha" - (Thanks shall you have.)

Dear Mom and Dad,

This morning I received your letter telling of the trout "expedition" to Holiday Park; you boys really cleaned up! I guess the fish are still to be had if you know where to find them and how to catch them. I sure would have liked to have been with you. It doesn't look like I'll be able to do any trout fishing where I'm located, but Kirk has been out and he wrote me that he did pretty well.

I just returned from visiting the usual five hours from ten to three o'clock. We have had dinner (lettuce from my garden, carrots and tomatoes), and I have about an hour in which to write you before going to teach my Monday English class.

I've taken your advice as to the food situation, and now dine out at least twice a week. I'm in good health and feel that I'm getting enough of the right things to eat.

This Gospel work gets more interesting all the time, and I'm thankful that I have the strength and desire and opportunity to be engaged in the work of the Lord. This mission has changed my ideas on a lot of things and helped me; and I hope that I can do a good work here, for there really is much to be done. I enjoy preaching the Gospel, especially the opportunity we have of speaking each Sunday at meetings.

The weather has remained cold and rainy and I'm beginning to doubt if summer will ever come. In a few days, the 23rd of June, we celebrate "Mid-Summer Night" here in Norge. This is the time when they have the "midnight sun" in northern Norway of which you have undoubtedly heard. We practically have the same condition here in Moss, that is, only a few hours of actual darkness during the night. After the 23rd it begins getting dark earlier again.

I was surprised that Marilyn had been to see you, Mom. She's a good egg, but you don't have to treat her too nice. You know how you are that way.

That's about all for tonight. Hope you are feeling fine and that you can take an occasional trip to Holiday Park.

Love,
Dad

June 14, 1948

Dear Clayt:

We really feel rather "cocky" this morning after the week-end at Holiday Park. We brought back over 50 delicious trout from the Beaver Dams, and really had a wonderful time.

Dick, Dougie, Ricky and I drove up early Saturday morning, and Adele, Wood and Marian came up Saturday afternoon.

The fish we caught out of "Yellow Lake" this year were about once and a half as large as the ones you and we caught last year. The weather was ideal, and an occasional breeze produced the necessary riffle on the water so that the fish would take either a dry fly or hair fly. Many of the trout we caught weighed over one-half pound each, and I was lucky enough to hook one that weighed nearly a pound. As you know, fish of that size and in that cold water really put up a fight, - especially at the end of a long line.

The lower Beaver Dams are just about drained out due to the absence of beavers. Care taker Brown tells us that most of the beavers have been "poached", which means that there is no repair work done on the lower dams. However, we did catch a few "Eastern Brook" in the third Beaver Dam.

We drove home about six o'clock last night, and of course "ate dust" from Holiday Park to Oakley.

Doug and Sally drove to Boise Saturday morning, and a short air mail note from Doug, received this morning, tells us that they reached Boise at 6:30 Saturday evening. Adele and your mother are taking care of Carolyn Adele until Wednesday when Sally will fly back from Boise to pick her up. Right now, Doug and Sally are trying to locate a home in Boise, and we hope that they will find something satisfactory within the next few days.

Your letter of last week was a "peach", and we thoroughly enjoyed the pictures. Your mother took two or three of them to show to Aunt Helen and Uncle Rex, and they're going to send them to Rex, Jr. so that he can "enjoy them" and then send them back to us.

Sorry to hear that you were temporarily laid up with a cold but glad that it didn't "get you down". Undoubtedly, better weather has come to Norway, and by this time you are enjoying an occasional game of tennis, a swim, and of course many bicycle rides.

Dougie has written a letter to you, which is being mailed today. I haven't read it but undoubtedly it will give you quite a thrill.

W - Not today

I also understand that your mother is also writing to you so I'll cut this letter a little shorter. A copy of it is being air mailed to Doug and Sally so that they will know that Carolyn Adele is behaving very well and feeling fine.

A lot of people asked to be remembered to you, including the Holiday Park "family".

Affectionately,

Mom + Dad

P.S. Since I dictated this letter, I've talked with ~~Uncle Rex~~ who tells me that Rex Jr. 'phoned to-day from Halifax to tell them that he had been transferred to Truro, and that his new companion, for three weeks until termination of mission for him would be Elder Bawden. After that Rex will have a new companion for the next three months. Rex reports that he feels fine, and that he is thoroughly enjoying his labors. His temporary mail address is 79 Dublin Street, Halifax, N. S.

copy to Doug and Sally
copy to Rex, Jr.
copy to Allen W. Williams

P.S.

Marilyn Covey and Barbara Caine called to see your mother yesterday. Marilyn brought your "Mom" a present, - a very cute "perfume lamp" (to burn perfume and make the house smell sweet, - why I don't know, because it generally has a very pleasant odor). But, seriously, it was very thoughtful of her. We think she is a very cute, attractive girl, and she seems to like you, even though you don't write frequently enough.

Keep up your weekly, newsy letters to us. They give us all a thrill.

Jeløy per Moss
June 14, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

We had visiting missionaries and Saints over the week-end, so this is the first chance I've had to sit down and drop you a note.

These visitors came from Fredrikstad, a city about the same size as Moss, 30 miles down the fjord. With their help we held a fine meeting yesterday and had almost 30 people there.

After several days of rain we're back to good weather again and certainly enjoying it.

I received another box, number 24, and it came over in good shape as most of them do. Thanks a million.

Feeling fine. Hope to get an opportunity to write later on in the week. We're out every day and almost every night.

Hope you're all well.

Love,

Clay.

Jeløy, Norway
June 6, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

We returned to Moss last Friday evening after a pleasant stay with the Saints and investigators in Mysen; and we also got in some enjoyable tracting, in fact, we were surprised at how well we were received there. Elder Schow and I rose early Wednesday morning, strapped our briefcases, toothbrushes and raincoats to our bikes, and were off for Mysen at seven. We took our time, visiting nearly every farmhouse along the forty mile stretch, and arrived at Fru Toverud's at about six o'clock in the evening feeling a bit tired although the route we took was not such a tough grind. We stayed overnight there and headed out the next morning in the rain for a day of tracting. As I said before it was pleasant working in that area where very few missionaries from other sects and none of our missionaries have previously labored. That evening we spent with the Skollingsbergs, a nice married couple who just two months ago joined the Church. They are young, about 30 years, have two children, and are planning to move to America soon. The next day, Friday, we tracted and visited a museum, the birth-place of Norway's first king, Haakon Haakonsen, born in 1204. It was interesting to see the old primitive tools, furniture, and cooking utensils which were used in his time. That evening we took a train back to Moss. It was a very worthwhile visit, for the Skollingsbergs offered to let missionaries come to Mysen and live in one of their rooms, which was very generous of them. I phoned the President this morning telling him of the room, so it may not be long before we have another branch out there. The mission is really growing.

When I arrived home I found that Kirby had sent a bunch of pictures which he had taken here in Moss during his visit with us on the 17th of May. They all turned out swell. Some of them are included ^{herewith}, the others will come later.

Today we held our usual first-Sunday-in-the-month testimony meeting which always seems to be the most inspiring meeting of them all. Afterwards we ate dinner at the Andresens and I broke away from there early to come home to write the weekly letter.

We've had a week of cold, rainy weather, in fact it's been that way for quite some time with occasional warm days. I'm beginning to wonder if they actually have summer here. My health has been fine, though, so I have no complaints. The rain is good for the farmers and for my small garden which by the way is coming fine. I've "harvested" the raddishes already, and the other things, lettuce, peas, and carrots are growing fast.

I'll have to get a small box off to you soon with some books, pictures and maps which I have gathered and would like saved.

That does it for today. I hope you're all well; and not working too hard.

Love,

Clayton

P.S. I'll acknowledge the receipt of your last check, Dad, which really got through in fast time. You left it at the Church offices May 25th. I now have on hand 70 dollars which should last for quite some time.

Thanks for the securing of the \$27.90, income tax return.

Quarterly Report of Missionary Activities in the Norwegian Mission, 1948

"Counsel with the Lord in all thy doings, and he will direct thee for good: yea, when thou liest down at night lie down unto the Lord, that he may watch over you in your sleep: and when thou risest in the morning let thy heart be full of thanks unto God: and if ye do these things, ye shall be lifted up at the last day." Alma 37:37.

We submit for your appraisal this comparative report and wish to compliment the missionaries who have been so diligent in the performance of their duties. We hope the missionaries who have room for improvement will follow the example of the more diligent ones.

We extend our thanks and appreciation for your co-operation in helping us further the work of the Lord. May His blessings rest upon you.

Sincerely, *Paul and Sister Peterson*

NAME	Hours Spent			TOTAL	Cottage Meetings
	Tracting	Class	Visiting		
L. R. Hendriksen	147	36	42	225	4
A. Gabrielsen	147	56	58	261	5
Ragnar Engebretsen	132	52	83	267	2
R. Prestagard	126	62	47	235	6
M.H. Norman	143	57	200	400	6
C. Paulsen	143	57	200	400	6
A. Harris	245	65	66	376	13
J. Wallace	187	50	49	286	10
R.W. Jensen	141	64	130	335	5
E.O. Kingsford	155	76	144	375	4
G. Wersland	38	75	63	176	1
B. Rawlings	140	60	266	466	11
W. Nelsen	140	60	266	466	11
T.G. Farnworth	122	65	55	242	10
P.R. Christiansen	92	50	35	177	7
N. Carter	215	56	62	333	2
F.E. Lerdahl	196	49	77	322	
A.A. Swensen	46	77	75	198	10
I.M. Swensen	23	77	87	187	5
K.C. Lucas	249	74	28	351	23
R. Nielsen	199	50	15	264	17
G. Stensrud	145	79	5	229	14
J.K. Miles	46	15	2	63	2
R. Kirby	31	15	38	84	1
J. T. Hansen	12	13	56	81	1
H. D. Gidley	127	53	60	240	6
N. Christensen	27	46	5	78	3
L. Christensen		46		86	
C. J. Hansen	59	51	59	169	1
M. Behrman	45	36	24	105	
A. Almond	29	20		49	
E. P. George	83	46	23	154	2
F. D. Haight	48	20	3	71	1
E. Salvesen	104	46	5	155	16
L. H. Faldmo	51	45	4	100	
R. Reading	180	96	34	310	2
L. Evensen	159	79	69	307	1
E. Helquist	124	46	50	220	2
A. McDonald	38	55		93	
P. G. Smith	130	45	45	220	4
A. C. Busath	165	74	38	277	6
C. R. Williams	113	45	99	257	10
D. C. Schow	183	59	101	343	10
A. Gaarder	63	39	18	120	
J. H. Christensen	32	28	2	62	
O. B. Mathias	81	52	62	195	3
V. E. Condie	92	52	60	204	3

June 1, 1948

Dear Brother and Sister Williams,

The report on the back-side of this letter shows the activities of the missionaries of the Norwegian Mission for the first quarter of 1948. The first column shows the number of hours which each missionary has devoted to tracting and the standard is 300 hours for the period covered by the report. The second column indicates the time spent in study classes which the missionaries try to hold each morning between themselves. The third column reveals the number of hours spent in visiting and explaining the Gospel to investigators. The fifth column shows the number of cottage meetings held. These are usually reported only by the senior of two missionaries.

Your son is doing a remarkable job where he is working, in Moss. He is the branch secretary and a great help to his companion who is the presiding elder there. The language seems to be coming along very smoothly and he is making a lot of friends for himself and the church. He is in good health and enjoying the work which means that you can be proud that he is doing a fine job in his different callings.

With kind personal regards, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

A. Richard Peterson
A. Richard Peterson
Mission President

ARP/obm

94-3 Helmut
Richard Peterson
Cathy

Jeløy, Norway
June 1, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have about an hour before bedtime in which I hope to be able to get off a long letter to you. I've been rather delinquent lately, but plan to get back on the regular schedule as of this week-end.

I received your letter of May 25th this morning, and it was sure good to hear from you again. Of the letters which come to me (which are very few) I enjoy most those from home. The trip must have turned out fine.....I hope you had a chance to have some fun. The new DeSoto sounds like a real "hot rod," and I'm glad you had that "under sealing" applied; I hear it's pretty good stuff.

I neglected to acknowledge the receipt of your last check which came here about the 12th of April. The money is holding out fine, and I'm sure I'll have more than enough to last me until the next check arrives (which you mentioned in the letter of the 25th). Paul Eriksen sent to me the "View-Masters" which he brought over with him. Thanks a million; the people were really thrilled with them, but it means more work now to get some "reels" for them. I ought to have an agent at home. Two more packages have come since I last wrote, numbers 21 and 23. As usual alot of good food was contained in them. I appreciate these boxes, but I think you're doing too much. It would be fine if you'd send about one a month. It sounds funny my asking you to cut down, when many of the others would like to have their folks send more, but with summer coming the food situation ^{should} improve. Thanks for the packages that I just received; the fruit we like alot (pinaapple, peaches, etc.) also rice and meats.

Speaking of food, I'm happy to report that things are already getting better, although these hot-house grown vegetables are quite expensive. We pay the equivalent of 60¢ for a cucumber (I like them, now), from 10 to 15¢ for a small head of lettuce, and 15¢ each for tomatoes of which we have bought very few. Meat is our biggest problem now. Our rations give us a nice pork chop every two weeks, and if it weren't for the times we eat with the Saints we wouldn't see much meat. Lately, we've been able to buy unrationed whale meat which is called "hvalbif" and tastes quite a bit like the beef we have at home, although it doesn't chew quite the same. Also there's whale sausage, and whaleburger. And then there's always fish, which I like alot when it's prepared by someone else. Things aren't really bad at all. I can't remember the last Sunday we prepared our own dinner, and we haven't had to buy a meal (except when we were visited by the four missionaries over the 17th holiday) since before Christmas. The Saints are really wonderful to us.

I'm really enjoying the work, and find it a real thrill to present the Gospel message when I have the opportunity. We're still meeting opposition, but we are having progress just the same. Just a couple of weeks ago a lady in our district (from Horten) took the train to Oslo and was baptized. We hold our Sunday meetings regularly and the speaking is going 100% better than before. I think I could preach the Gospel better in Norwegian than in English, in fact, I'm sure of it. I've been teaching my Monday evening English class continuously for the past 7 or 8 weeks, and we have alot of fun there. The choir I started has gone to the sticks for the present, but I have three steadfast members who are interested. We lack men in the Branch and in the choir. I caught a cold quite a while ago which slowed me down a bit, but I've been feeling fine for the last month getting in my 5 hours tracting every single working day. Tracting is sometimes enjoyable, sometimes hard work. The bicycles have helped alot to make it more pleasing.

I have started spending 15 minutes a day (before bedtime) studying Calculus and find it interesting and a good "change" from Gospel work. I still don't get the exercise I'd like to; can't find time for it. We've had a little cold spell the last week, but soon I may be able to go for a swim a few times a week in the fjord which is just two blocks from our house.

I guess that will have to do for tonight. We're getting up at 5 o'clock (I hope) in the morning to cycle to Mysen and spend 2 or 3 days there tracting and visiting with investigators and Saints. We'll probably return home Friday evening.

Thanks for all and I hope all's well at home. I think about you all alot, but am happy with the work and like it better here every day.

Love,



P.S. I'll put in an request for some "View -Master" reels when you can find time to send them. 5 of the Hawaiian Islands; one or two Bible Stories which they now have at the Deseret Book; #157 New York City; #206 Sun Valley - Winter; FT-4 Snow White; #128 Yellowstone - Geysers.

June 1, 1948

Dear Clayt:

We're hoping to receive a long letter from you this week to make up for the week we missed, and for your rather short letter of last week.

Sunday night your mother and I attended the Farewell Testimonial for David Bennett in the Yale Ward. You will note from the program that David was very fortunate in being able to secure outstanding musical selections from his intimate friends, coupled with an inspiration^{al} address by Lowell L. Bennion, Head of the L. D. S. Institute at the University of Utah. After the farewell we were invited to the "open house" in the Bennetthome, and met many of your friends who asked about you, - including Mary Lois Sharp, her mother, etc., and a number of your "boy friends".

Speaking of "boy friends", we were glad to learn that "Dick" Kirby and some of your other missionary friends were able to spend the May 16-17th holiday with you in Moss. Apparently, the four of you had a good time together; and I know from my own experiences that it was a real "treat" to be with some of your Salt Lake City friends again, even for so short a time.

Yesterday was Anne's birthday, and all of the family came up to our place in the afternoon. It was a beautiful day, a lot of fun to be together, and we wound up by enjoying some Rotisserie sandwiches and ginger ale.

Sally and Doug are expecting to be leaving for Boise as soon as they conclude final negotiations for the sale of their home. At the moment, the purchaser, Orson Blackett, is having some difficulty in negotiating a bank loan, but hopes to be able to raise the money this week through the sale of his present home and the securing of a FHA or bank loan. According to present plans, Doug and Sally will drive to Boise about next Monday and spend two or three days trying to locate a home or an apartment. Then, Sally will fly back to Salt Lake City, pick up Carolyn Adele (whom your sister Adele will take care of during these few days) and fly back to Boise to join Doug. Doug has made arrangements to rent office space from "Bob" Campbell (Dollard-Perrault-Campbell Agency). As you know, "Bob" Campbell's organization has the casualty part of the Aetna line, and "Billy" Campbell is back at Hartford, Connecticut, at the present time going through a special ~~casualty~~ casualty insurance school with the idea of entering the D-P-C Boise organization when he finishes at Hartford. The superintendent of Aetna Life Insurance Agency from the Hartford home office was out here recently and co-operated with "Bob" Florian, manager of the Salt Lake City office, in arranging the transfer of Doug to Boise and the new set up for him. Although we're sorry to see Doug and his family move away from Salt Lake City, we believe this is a wonderful opportunity for him. Boise and the surrounding cities are growing very rapidly, and Boise is a very fine "home city".

Another large package is on the way to you, and ~~it~~ contains many of the items you have been asking for, including "T" shirts, etc. We hope it reaches you in time for some of your summer activities.

May 24, 1948
Jeløy, Norway

Dear Mom and Dad,

I just returned home through a rainstorm having held English lesson #6 this evening. My pupils are doing great; improving each week in the language that some of them hope to be using someday in America.

Before bedtime I'll try to bring you up to date (having slipped up last week) on the happenings during the past few weeks.

First, Mom, I'm sorry about Mother's Day. Isolated as we are here in Norway, I didn't realize it was that time of the year until Elder Schow's mother wrote him telling of the presents that were given her. It made me feel pretty low having not sent anything to you.

Last week we had a holiday in Norway, the 17th of May; this is in celebration of their independence or something. We were visited by Dick Kirby on Saturday followed by his companion, Elder Reading, on Sunday; and two other missionaries from nearby Tønberg on Monday the 17th. All of them stayed over until Tuesday morning and we really had a lot of fun. Monday was a warm day, so after the parade we borrowed six swim suits ("turn of the century" models) from one of our friends and took a dip in the cold Oslo fjord. It was too chilly to do much swimming, but it felt good to get a little sun burnt and do a little real exercising.

When it was time for bed, we had four too many people. They decided to stay overnight as Kirb and his companion missed their boat. Well, we dropped in to visit one of the Saints who insisted that we use her set of rooms, and one large bed. So I let one of the boys sleep in my bed and took three of the guests up to the bedroom. The four of us started out the night in that large bed, but one of the Elders decided it wasn't quite large enough, so he took a quilt and spent the night on the spacious floor. Everything turned out alright, though, and we said farewell to them Tuesday morning having had little sleep, but a good time. They were a little sore at us, for we didn't give them any food during their stay, but what can you do with only plates and silverware for two.

Things are going fine with the work, weather, and health for me. Next letter when I have more time I'll be able to give you more information about work, etc.

Time to hit the sack now; hope the trip to Chicago turned out swell. I'll write again as soon as I have an opportunity.

Love,

Clayton

S. L. Zubane

Jeløy, Norway
May 6, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Today, being a holiday in Norge (celebrated in remembrance of Christ's ascension, forty days after His resurrection), I have a good opportunity to get a letter off to you; one a little longer than last Monday's, I hope.

Yesterday morning I received in the mail another notice telling me that a box from the U.S.A. is waiting for me at the toll office. So, tomorrow I'll go down there, speak a little English with the "boys" on the office force, and probably pay 3 Kroner (about 60¢) in toll. Having visited there about 20 times since I came, I'm pretty well acquainted by now and they treat me very nice, except when I have powdered soap and they nearly choke to death while trying to inspect the contents of the package. (I have an excess of a few items which I can't use like Bisquick and baking powder, so I gathered those together today and plan to pass them out to some of our friends and members today).

The other day I thought about Income Tax and remembered that I have a little money coming which was with-held during my summer work. I'd appreciate it if you'd send me an Income Tax Refund blank and the figures I have saved which you'll find in an envelope in "my" desk with something about income tax written on it.

The weather is getting better and better here (still not warm enough to go without a light raincoat), in fact, last night I saw some people playing tennis on some clay courts near where we live. I thought it would be worthwhile for me to send home for some of my used white "T" shirts (don't buy new ones), about four, and my light tan tennis trunks; they're pretty old, but just the thing I want. I feel sure that I can borrow a racket if I get a chance to play sometime. Could you manage to slip these items in a box, Mom. I don't think it will take so long for them to come over here. The last box made it in just one month which was the best time yet.

I'd like to hear how the automobile deal came out. That sounds darn good, a '48 pearl gray coupe. I'll bet that's "one car that you would really like to keep looking nice;" isn't that right, Dad. Let me in on the terms of the deal.

Also, I'd like to hear what happened concerning the burglar's visit. Your letter makes it sound like it was one of my friends.

Mom, I was amazed at how well those box/mashed potatoes came out; they were really delicious, but that canned whole chicken you sent was the best yet. I'll have to add here that the home-made caramels come over in fine shape, but the fudge molds quite often, so it would be best if you didn't send that. Would you include in one of your boxes in the future a package of that thin pencil lead which Dad placed in one of the recent letters.

I just checked with one of your recent letters and found that it's the 11th of May that you're leaving for the East, so it's not likely that you'll receive this letter until you come home.

That's about all for now. I hope you have a good trip.

Love,

Clayton

May 4, 1948

Dear Clayt:

This is going to be very much of a rushed note. Uncle Henry Richardson passed away very suddenly at nine o'clock last night in the Holy Cross Hospital, where he had been taken at five o'clock yesterday afternoon for special treatment, and where he might have the benefit of an "oxygen tent".

He and Aunt Jean just returned about ten days ago from an automobile trip to the Pacific Northwest and San Francisco. Uncle "Hen" seemed to enjoy the trip very much, particularly their visit in San Francisco, but the drive from Reno to Salt Lake City seemed to tire him out. Since his return home, he has not been sleeping well, - having to spend most of the night in a living room chair because he could not sleep "lying down".

Your mother, Uncle Rex and I drove down to Grandma Williams' at eight o'clock this morning to break the sad news to her, and we waited until she had finished her morning bath and until she had come down stairs before we talked to her. However, Grandma knew that Uncle "Hen" had suffered rather acute heart pains during the past two or three days, and the moment she saw us in her living room this morning, we didn't have to say a word. Her first remark was: "Has Henry gone"?

Funeral services are to be held Thursday ^{after} noon in the Larkin Mortuary (3:45 PM.)

Your mother and I are quite "up in the air" about our trip East due to the threatened railroad strike next Tuesday, May 11th, the day on which we are supposed to take the "City of Los Angeles" for Chicago. We have been discussing the possibility of flying, but I doubt very much if we will go if it means that we must travel by airplane. We could drive in the new car, but your mother is not at all enthused about such a long trip.

We received a cute letter from Rex, Jr. last week, and he reports that everything is going along fine for him. His mother is having quite a "struggle" with her asthma difficulties, and hopeful that as soon as our changeable weather settles down, she may get some relief. It makes me think of my own experiences of fifteen or twenty years ago when I realize how frequently she must use adrenalin and other injections. It's remarkable how well she keeps up her "spirits".

According to your last two letters, your mother's packages have really been rolling along. In the last two, she has tried to include those things which you have asked for particularly. You have never indicated that the packages are broken or damaged, so we assume that they come through alright, although the local postal authorities are constantly warning senders of packages to assure that they are firm cartons, well re-inforced.

May 4, 1948

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comentary mairing vengels of besukker so vengis that they are lily coltons' met
I may get a moment to jot down a postscript before I put this letter in the mail.
Affectionately,

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Bro when I receive you I'll be glad to see you and other interesting. If a
But some letter. I'm making no drink of my own experiences of fifteen or twenty years
of the past. And perhaps that's because we are all different people. And the
copy to Rex, Jr.
Copy to Aunt Rae
Copy to Allen & Grace

copy to Rex, Jr.
Copy to Aunt Rae
Copy to Allen & Grace
I don't want to say that I'm not interested in you and your family. I
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Jeløy, Norway
April 26, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Monday morning again and time for the weekly letter. The time flies by so fast that it seems like just two or three days ago that I last wrote you. I haven't heard from you this week probably because of your Idaho trip.

The week's been busy and interesting. We began Monday with an English class which I told you about in my last letter. Well, it really went over with a bang, so it's going to be a weekly affair from now on. I'm teaching them a practical English which they'll have use for if they happen to move to America, as many of the Saints here in Norway (and all over Europe) are doing. In Norway alone, there will be over 200 members who will leave for America this year. Mom, you talked with Elder Schow's mother; well, she has living with her the Sonstebj family who just recently arrived in America. I believe Bro. Sonstebj just gave a talk in the 21st Ward a few weeks ago. He was head of the Norwegian Mission during the war.

Tuesday, we baked a "Cinch" chocolate cake for the birthday of one of our members. It turned out alright, but the powdered sugar frosting was nothing to brag about. They think America must be quite a place! When we're invited out for dinner, we always take something to them which we receive in the packages ~~sent to us~~ from home; things like olives and marshmallows they had never before tasted; and they think pineapple and fruit cocktail are two of the best dishes they have ever eaten.

Saturday I received two more boxes (#'s 18 & 19) from you. We were given six more eggs the other day, so we opened up the bacon and had a delicious breakfast. I haven't tried the powdered eggs yet, but I'm sure they'll come in handy. Also included in one of these boxes was some powdered soap which came over in good condition; but it's really not necessary to send this item for soap is plentiful.

I'll have to cut this note short today, for time is up. I hope you had a good trip and that you were able to relax a bit.

Love,

Olaf

Sunday, April 25, 1948, 3 P.M.

Dear Clayt:

Your Mother and I just walked down through Memory Park on this beautiful Spring afternoon,- a bit windy, but otherwise delightful. Your Mother took the Bus at the Alta Club corner, and went back home to clean up so that we can call on Grandma Williams about four thirty.

We had a wonderful visit in Boise last week,- an excellent Rotary District Conference, fine hospitality, etc. When we arrived last Sunday evening, we found a note waiting for us from Bob and Edythe Campbell, and they insisted that we come right out to their home for cold roast beef sandwiches. On Wednesday evening they took us to dinner at the Boise Country Club,- including Bill Campbell who was staying with them for a few days before leaving last Thursday morning for the Aetna insurance school in Hartford, Conn.,- a school quite similar to the one Doug attended except Bill is going in for Casualty Insurance training instead of Life Insurance. Bill expects to go into the office of Dollard-Perrault-Campbell in Boise when he "graduates", about June 20th. He has your address so you may be hearing from him. Bob and his family may come down for Memorial Day.

Arthur Caine was general chairman of the Rotary Conference, and did a wonderful job. He and Glad were with us almost constantly, and we had a lot of fun with them. At the Monday evening Banquet, he placed your Mother and Me at the head table, and I was called upon to present the Rotary gift to Dr. & Mrs. Marvel Beem of West Los Angeles who were official Rotary speakers and guests of the Conference. In addition to the silver nut bowl,- the favor for each lady,- your Mother also won in the prize drawing a pair of sterling silver candle sticks. On Tuesday evening Art and Glad took us to dinner at the Boise Country Club.

On Wednesday, your Mother invited Carmen, Florence Jonasson (Carmen's sister), Edyth and Glad to lunch at the Hotel Boise. Carmen's husband, Frank Smith, has been very sick, and his two boys are preparing to take over his real estate business.

Thursday noon we headed back for home,- making business calls all along the way. The De Soto behaved fairly well, although it still doesn't steer properly,- which means on a trip like that,- especially over the bumpy roads between Fremont and Burley,- you have to drive with your eyes "glued to the road". Freed Motor have been trying to get us to turn it in on a 1948 model, and on a very attractive basis, because they realize that it has not been satisfactory. Yesterday they told us that we could have a new Pearl Gray DeSoto Coupe, which will be in next Wednesday, so we'll probably take it. Later on, if we do not like it, we can trade it in on some other make of car, and we wouldn't be out anything on the basis of Freed's deal.

When we got home Thursday night, we found that burglars had been in just an hour or so ahead of us,- at least they paid their visit after Adele left our place at 5 P.M. They broke out the pane of glass next to the handle of the door leading from the Living Room to the Terrace. The only thing we have missed so far has been the "Movie" picture camera. Either we scared the burglar away right after he entered, or else he was very choosy, because he certainly didn't "rough us up". After checking more

accurately, we'll file our claim with the insurance company. However, the whole thing looks like the work of some youngster, - even someone who knew his way about, for he went right to your room and took the camera from the book shelf, and that's about as far as his tracks could be traced, - except through the doorway to the Kitchen porch. Before we leave for Detroit, we'll either have to arrange for someone to ~~not~~ sleep in our home each night or move some of the more valuable belongings elsewhere. Of course, we could increase the insurance, or even board up the doors and windows.

As we drove home Thursday evening, we each remarked several times "I wonder if there will be a letter from Clayt waiting for us", and sure enough your letter of April 19th was on the Dining Room table where Adele had left it only an hour or two earlier. Mother's boxes seem to be rolling right along from the report you gave us, - and we're both thrilled to know that you now have quite an ample supply of certain things. Also we're following your suggestions as to foods and articles you would like included in future packages, and I'll bet your Mother will get them on the way right now. As a matter of fact, she is packing a carton this afternoon. This morning she mixed up some "fudge brownie" batter and baked part of it for you in a Maxwell House coffee can so that she can seal it tight. It should carry all right, - so you must tell your Mother all about it when and if it does come through.

Friday nite Adele and Wood entertained in our home for twenty-five of their friends, and all of them wanted to be "remembered" to you.

Well, son, that just about winds me up for this afternoon. After visiting with Grandma Williams, we're driving out to see the Richard Williams family. Dick has been in Las Vegas all week, designing a heating system for the Airport. We may get to Doug and Sally's, although they were up for a little while last evening to pick up a piece of Moose meat which Bob Campbell gave us (from his thousand dollar hunting trip in Canada, - you know that's the way we talk about such hunting and fishing jaunts). Spence and Ruth Felt, and Dr. and Mrs. Leaver Stauffer came in to eat Moose meat with us last night, - and it was very good. I would say more nearly like ~~it~~ beef than either venison or Elk.

Say, about the thin leads for your Sheaffer pencil which you say you cannot buy in Norway, we'll either include some in this letter or else in a separate Air Mail package.

And, again, all of us join in love to you.

Affectionately,

cc: Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt Smith, Los Angeles
cc: Bob and Edyth Campbell, Boise
cc: Allen & Grace Williams, Milwaukee

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

May 25, 1948

Dear Glayt:

Your mother and I returned from Chicago last night on the "City of Los Angeles" after a very pleasant visit with Allen, Grace and their children in Milwaukee, preceded and followed by many profitable and entertaining contacts with the executives of the companies we represent in Detroit, Chicago, etc.

I forwarded to you from Milwaukee last week, by airmail, three tubes of thin lead for your Sheaffer pencil, and undoubtedly, the package has reached you before this letter.

One of the big thrills during the time we were in Chicago at the Palmer House, was the receipt of your letter of May 6, 1948 which had been forwarded on to us by Adele. You raised two or three questions. Regarding your 1947 withholding statements, particularly those issued by McKean Construction Company and Mark B. Gerrif & Company, we secured refund in your name of the full amount, \$27.90, and deposited it to your savings account. As for your "T" shirts and your light tan tennis trunks, your mother will get them together and send them on to you within the next day or two. As for the 1948 Pearl Gray DeSoto Coupe, your mother is certainly delighted with it, particularly the ease of handling, the smooth riding because of the new sodium pressure tires, the isolation of noise by the under sealing, etc. The Freed Motor Company treated us very fair, and we're certainly glad to have such a nice car. How as to your question regarding the burglar during our visit to Boise, we haven't any news other than what we have already given to you. The only thing of any value which we have missed is the movie camera, and the insurance company has promised to buy us a new one.

Incidentally, I'll have to get a check into Church Headquarters very quickly, otherwise you'll be running short.

Elwood Bachman returned to Salt Lake City only a few days before we left for Chicago, so I didn't have an opportunity to see him. However, I did talk with him over the phone, and he told me how sorry he was not to be able to contact you while he and Mrs. Bachman were in Oslo. He said that he tried several times to locate you by telephone in Moss, but could not make connection.

Another thing which occurs to me this morning is that we have forgotten to make arrangements to send the Sunday Tribune to you, but I will be sure to take care of that within the next day or two.

We're glad to hear that you are experiencing some very nice weather, that you are enjoying your bicycle "tours" of the Country Side, and that you may be able to play a game of tennis occasionally. Your letters are always very cheerful, and we know you are thoroughly enjoying your work and the friends you are making. We were glad to receive the picture taken of you during the Oslo Conference. You look several years older and much more "mature", - all of which is to be expected as a result of your missionary work and the experiences you are enjoying. How are your vitamins holding out? Tell us more about your condition of health, your present weight, the food you are now able to get, etc.

WILLIAMS
WILLIAMS

We'll try to write you again later in the week.

All of us, including the Allen Williams family send love to you.

Affectionately,

copy to Allen W. Williams
copy to Aunt Rae

Jeløy, Norway
April 19, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Here it is Monday morning and I haven't yet written my week-end letter; but if I get this off to you before tracting time it should arrive in SIC at the usual time.

The past week has been an interesting and enjoyable one. We have accomplished quite a bit, doing bicycle tracting in the farming areas surrounding Moss and Jeløy "sentrum." The weather has been beautiful and we have taken advantage of it in our work.

From your letter of the 9th I gather that you're spending this week in Idaho. Speaking of Rotary, I noticed an insignia of theirs outside the Moss Hotel, so I imagine they hold meetings in this city.

The boxes from home really poured in last week, and as usual, contained alot of good food. Tuesday I received two, #15 and an unnumbered one; Wednesday two more came, #16 and #17; and Saturday another came. The last one was sent on the 28th of February. I sure appreciate receiving these packages and I know that they're alot of expense and work. Dad mentioned that I should comment on those items which I prefer and so I think I can give you some help on selcting goods for boxes in the future. The following things I have enough of: Powdered soap, dried apricots, choc. pudding, Kleenex, choc. syrup, bitter chocolate, Bisquick or other baking flour. ~~These things I will~~ come over in good condition), and a tube of Colgate tooth paste every once in a while. It would be nice if you could send the Sunday Tribune. I don't imagine it would take over three weeks to get here and it would be swell to have. One more item: Thin lead for my Sheaffer FA - 600 pencil is not available here in Norway. If you would include a piece of this lead in your Air Mail letters it would be appreciated.

Tonight we begin a new attraction in our missionary activities. We're holding an English class for all those who are interested; and give them a half hour of the Gospel on the side. Elder Williams shall be professor of English and Elder Schow the preacher. In attendance will be mostly our friends tonight, but we expect the class to grow and it may develop into a good proselyting tool.

We had a small gathering planned last Saturday night for some of our friends and members at the Samuelsen's house, so I offered to supply a large package of rice (a delicacy here) which could be cooked into pudding. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ I delivered the package the day before, and we all arrived Saturday evening looking forward to the pudding which we'd been promised. It happened that there was about an inch of rice and the rest chocolate bits in the package; but everything turned out alright for we had Norwegian pudding and chocolate bits which was just as good.

That about winds things up for now. I received a swell letter from Ralph last week, also heard from Fred Holbrook.

Hope all is well at home.

Love,

Cliff

Jeløy, Norway
April 11, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Back on the Sunday evening letter schedule, I'll try to fill a page tonight before hitting the sack. Not so much has happened since my last letter, written just a few days ago, but there's always something to say.

It looks today like we're headed for a spell of good weather which is always big help to the missionary. Last Friday, thinking we were in for a fair day, we hopped on our bicycles and took off for the outer limits of Moss, but it wasn't long before the rain began pouring down and we came home drenched that afternoon. We came out of it without a cold and having made some good contacts, so we were satisfied. It will be alot of fun in the weeks to come as we begin traveling out in the farm country, and later when we begin to sleep out nights. Of course, the weather won't permit that sleeping out for quite some time, but I am looking forward to it.

The food situation is getting better and better each week, especially in the vegetable and milk department. We have started buying lettuce when we can find it, but it's expensive (hot-house grown) and not half as good as the solid "heads" you have at home. I cook up a pound of rhubarb every other day which makes a good dessert. Carrots, potatoes, and onions are always available and we eat our share of them; especially the carrots. This week we have received a quart of milk each, every day, but we must drink that up within a day for it goes sour in 24 hours. I feel pretty fortunate that we have the swell friends we have, for we are invited out somewhere at least once a week to a delicious dinner.

Winter tracting wasn't fun, but many times I found it interesting when I was able to get in out of the cold. The way things look I think I'll be able to honestly say that summer tracting is fun. We have alot of country to cover and we're free to travel where we want to as long as we stay in our own branch which covers alot of territory (three fairly large cities; Moss, Horten, and Mysen), and return to Moss each week-end to hold Sunday meeting. My bicycle is a nice one and I think I'll get alot of pleasure out of it.

Today we held a fine Fast meeting at the home of one of our newly baptized members where we had 12 in attendance all of whom bore their testimonies. It's a real joy to hear from these elderly ladies who, amid so much opposition, have remained true to the faith for so many years. We presented ^{each of} the three new members with a copy of "Ny Apenbaring" (The Doctrine and Covenants) as a baptism gift.

I guess I was a little disappointed coming back to Moss as I did, for I had hoped to be made a presiding Elder, but things are alright now. I can't expect to have all the breaks at once.

That about winds things up for tonight. The time is really flying. I can't believe I've been in Norge over five months, but it seems years since I was home. Say hello to all. Tell Doug and Rick to begin weilding a tennis racket.....I want to play 'em when I get back..

Love,

Clay

(over)

P.S. Monday morning + I just received the envelope full of clippings which I had hoped you would send - Thanks a million. It's the new grandchild looked about six months old with all that hair. Received a nice letter + \$25.00 check from Aunt Kue today.

April 11, 1948
LeRoy, Norway

Dear Mom and Dad,

Back on the Sunday evening letter schedule, I'll try to fill a page tonight before hitting the sack. Not so much has happened since my last letter, written just a few days ago, but there's always something to say.

It looks today like we're headed for a spell of good weather which is always big help to the missionary. Last Friday, thinking we were in for a fair day, we hopped on our bicycles and took off for the outer limits of Moss, but it wasn't long before the rain began pouring down and we came home drenched that afternoon. We came out of it with not a cold and having made some good contacts, so we were satisfied. It will be a lot of fun in the weeks to come as we begin traveling out in the area country, and later when we begin to sleep out nights. Of course, the weather won't permit that sleeping out for quite some time, but I am looking forward to it.

The food situation is getting better and better each week, especially in the vegetable and milk department. We have started buying lettuce when we can find it, but it's expensive (hot-house grown) and not half as good as the "wild" heads you have at home. I cook up a pound of mince every other day which makes a good dessert. Carrots, potatoes, and onions are always available and we eat our share of them, especially the carrots. This week we have received a quart of milk each, every day, but we must drink that up within a day for it goes sour in 24 hours. I feel pretty fortunate that we have the swell friends we have, for we are invited out somewhere at least once a week to a delicious dinner.

Winter traveling wasn't fun, but many times I found it interesting when I was able to get in out of the cold. The way things look I think I'll be able to honestly say that summer traveling is fun. We have a lot of country to cover and we're free to travel where we want to as long as we stay in our own branch which covers a lot of territory (three fairly large cities; Moss, Horten, and Mysen), and return to Moss each week-end to hold Sunday meeting. My bicycle is a nice one and I think I'll get a lot of pleasure out of it.

Today we held a fine fast meeting at the home of one of our newly baptized members where we had 12 in attendance all of whom bore their testimonies. It's a real joy to hear from these elderly ladies who, said so much opposition, have remained true to the faith for so many years. We presented the three new members with a copy of "My Appearing" (The Doctrine and Covenants) as a baptism gift.

I guess I was a little disappointed coming back to Moss as I had hoped to be made a presiding Elder, but things are alright now. I can't expect to have all the breaks at once.

That about winds things up for tonight. The time is really flying. I can't believe I've been in Norway over five months, but it seems years since I was home. Say hello to all. Tell Doug and Rick to begin welding a tennis racket. I want to play 'em when I get back.

Love,
Daddy

1948

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

April 9, 1948

SUBJECT:

Dear Clayt:

Your mother is "down" with a cold and therefore unable to write to you today. She had definitely expected to be able to get a letter off to you this morning.

We've been extremely busy with the usual "seasonal rush" in addition to quite a pile up of urgent engineering work. It has been necessary for us to re-design quite a number of school, commercial and industrial projects to get them "within the money", which has meant considerable duplication of engineering work for us. Trying to catch up, we have been working Monday and Thursday evenings for the past two or three months.

As we listened to the broadcast of the Conference sessions all day Sunday we wondered if you would be getting any part of it, - possibly a re-broadcast of the "Church of the Air" (Elder Henry D. Moyle the speaker) and the usual Tabernacle Choir broadcast. Your mother has already mailed to you clippings from the papers covering part of the Conference Meetings. Your mother and I expect to go to Boise, Sunday morning April 18th for the Rotary District Conference, and we'll undoubtedly spend the week in Southern Idaho, calling on our business customers.

On Tuesday morning May 11th we leave for Detroit to attend the annual sales conference of the American Flower Corporation. Your mother will probably spend May 12-15 inclusive in Chicago while I'm in Detroit, and we expect to go up to Milwaukee on Sunday the 16th to visit with Allen, Grace and their family. The following week we will spend in Chicago and then leave on Friday the 21st for Kewanee, spending Friday afternoon and Saturday in Kewanee, and catching the streamliner "Denver Zephyr" at Galsburg, Illinois, Saturday evening, - arriving home Monday morning May 24th.

We're anxious to hear more about your recent district conference in Oslo, - and particularly as to your new "companion", as well as any probable change in your location. Undoubtedly you had a fine visit with some of your intimate friends and former "school chums" in Oslo, and we hope that you had a little leisure time to spend with them.

As we have told you so many times, your mother always gets a real thrill when she hears that you receive her packages and enjoy what she selects or prepares for you. Please be sure that you let us know what you would definitely prefer, and in what quantities, and we will try to make the necessary arrangements.

You haven't said anything about money lately so we assume that you are "OK".

Wood and I walk down each morning through Memory Park. Spring weather is beginning to open up the buds, although the past two or three weeks have been unusually cold and damp, - not particularly unpleasant, but a delay in the usual warm balmy days.

All of us are fine. One of these days we'll try to get some pictures off to you, and we hope you will do the same. We're anxious to see how you "look" by this time.

We frequently meet many of your Sigma Chi brothers, school friends, etc., and they join the entire family in love to you.

Affectionately,

Copy to Aunt Rae
Copy to Uncle Allen

Jeløy, Norway
April 7, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

I'm back at the Rummelhoff mansion again after three wonderful, rainy, conference days. I "slipped up" on my usual week-end letter for the first time, but I'll make this one extra long to make up for it.

Having packed our baggage and all of Elder Schow's belongings last Friday night and having taken them down to the boat dock, we were free to spend our last evening with investigators here in Moss. It was rather late before we got to bed and rather hard to climb out of bed at 4 o'clock Saturday morning to catch the boat an hour later. We were looking forward to the trip, hoping to take some nice colored pictures of the green, fjord, landscape, but it rained every minute of the way.

We arrived early at Osterhaugs, 27 and spent most of the day shooting the breeze with the 22 other missionaries who had come in from the different branches for our semi-annual district conference. Our first meeting, scheduled for 6 PM, was a business Priesthood meeting where we heard activity reports from the presiding elders in each branch.

At eight o'clock the same evening the chapel was filled and the Oslo branch choir was ready to perform. They put on a wonderful program singing both Norwegian and English music. After the concert, as they call it here, Elder Schow and I went to spend the night at his cousin's nice apartment, and slept peacefully in a swell bed.

At ten o'clock Sunday morning the children of the Oslo branch put on an entertaining program of individual singing, etc. followed by the Conference's General Session at noon. At this meeting four young elders and two of the elderly missionaries were called upon to speak. I had hoped for an opportunity to take part, but didn't think because of my short time here that I'd be called upon, but I was one of the four. All the others who spoke at the conference had been here over a year, so I felt thankful and privileged to be able to take part on the program.

We were invited out for dinner and returned for evening meeting where mission President Peterson, and district president Ray Engebretsen took up most of the time.

At 10 o'clock Monday morning our private missionary testimony meeting (in English) began where we each took our turn to say what we had on our minds. We broke up at 1 o'clock for a lunch at which all 24 missionaries were present, and re-convened an hour later to continue the meeting which lasted until six o'clock. Elders Openshaw, Prestgard, Swainston, and I then held our second quartet practice before the "fest" which began at 7.

This evening celebration was a lot of fun, and began with an impressive ceremony. Four Norwegian girls dressed in their national costumes marched in the chapel with a Norsk flag, as did our quartet carrying an American flag. One of them recited a verse after which they sang a national song, followed by "Ja Vi Elsker" (national anthem); and we sang "America the Beautiful" followed by "The Stars Spangled Banner." The evening was full of entertainment, speeches by those leaving for America, and cakes and soda pop.

Tuesday morning we received our assignments, and mine did disappoint me a little. I had hoped to be placed in a position where I would be the presiding elder, but the President wasn't ready to do much shifting yet so he sent Elder Schow and all his belongings and myself back to Moss. Kirb was shifted again (his forth change), this time to a place called Skien. He has been fortunate for the past few months to be with Jack Hansen, a pal of ours from East High, but he now has a new companion. Dad, you may know Jack's father who is an architect in Salt Lake. I believe he designed the Idaho Falls Temple.

After receiving our assignments Kirb and I decided to get a good glimpse at Oslo before returning to our fields of labor. The rain had stopped and it was a swell day to travel around taking pictures, visiting the King's palace and other places of interest. I managed to find a bicycle for sale in a small sportsstore, and having been unable to buy them here or in Horten I bought it at once. These bikes are a necessity for summer tracting and I had been advised to buy a new one to save me alot of trouble and repair expense. Those who have bought used ones can testify that it's not a sensible thing to do. I paid for it with money which I had saved and set aside for the purpose. It came to \$55.00. This same day I received a check from you which I imagine is the one you speak of in your March 24th letter where you say, "P.S. We left another \$55 with the Missionary Headquarters yesterday." I have on hand now 60 dollars which will easily last me until the next check.

Tuesday afternoon Elder Schow⁴⁹ boarded the train and were in Moss in an hour and a half. I was thrilled with the Conference. The spirit and encouragement we received there was wonderful. And best of all was the fact that we brought three of our investigators from Moss and one from Mysen into conference to be baptized; and Elder Schow officiated. It was wonderful to have these good friends who have been studying the Gospel for years finally take the step. Six others from other branches also came in for baptism. We were proud of our membership showing at the conference; nearly every member here and many non-members took time off to go to Oslo. The President said it was one of the best conferences he could remember.

I received your last letter, Mom, and in answer to the numbered questions therein: The packages are not opened until they reach the toll office where I and a toll office worker open them together; six pair of summer socks of a light weight material, brown and blue, would come in handy if you would include them in one of your boxes; the canned goods come over in good condition. Another box, probably number 14, will be coming today or tomorrow from Oslo.

I'm feeling fine, but not satisfied with the amount of work I'm doing yet. It's possible that there will be a shift after the two other district conferences to be held in Bergen and Trondheim in the next two weeks. The language is going swell.

The last day of the conference Sister Johnsen who is here on a mission with her husband came up to me and said that she thought she knew you, Mom. I couldn't remember her for sure, but she said that she had been up to the house and cooked for you. You probably remember her. She leaves here in May to return to Salt Lake, so she'll probably look you up when she arrives.

That's about all I have time for today. Hope all's well.

Love, *Olaf*

P.S. There are some members here who would like to change Norwegian money for U.S. dollars. If you feel safe in sending some of my monthly money in currency through the mail as many do, I could use it; but if not, never mind. It's not terribly important.

Jeløy, Norway
March 29, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's early Monday morning, the last day of the Easter holidays, and before leaving for a days visit in Horten I thought I'd drop a few lines on the weekly schedule.

The holidays began last Thursday with all stores, movies, newspapers, etc. closing down; only the "melk utsalg" has been open to keep us in fresh milk over the five days. We've certainly had some enjoyable times visiting with our friends here in Moss, and have been invited out nearly every minute since the beginning of the vacation.

Today is what they call "Annen Påskedag" (2nd Easter Day). For their big holidays here they take one extra day "off" to recuperate, and that's today. We've been invited to the Rolf Olsens in Horten with whom we have spent quite a bit of time. You probably remember my writing for two "View-Masters", one of which I have promised to him. He is related to Anton Sorensen whom you may be acquainted with in Salt Lake.

Conference time is drawing near, and I'm sure looking forward to it. At 5 o'clock next Saturday morning we'll board a small boat to take us to Oslo. It should be an interesting four hour boat ride, and a good change from usual train trip. We have meetings scheduled for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday after which we will be assigned to our fields of labor, possibly for me it will be to return to Moss. Because of the poor health Elder Schow has had he has received orders to be transferred. It's nothing serious, but he is always tired so the President is going to see how a change of climate affects him. Now, don't call his mother and give her this word, because he's not sick.

The box I received last week, and mentioned in my post script, contained as usual alot of good goods; marshmallows, hard candy, peas, and some plum jam which was delicious. I believe this one had a number 13 on it.

We held no meeting yesterday as we were unable to find a hall to meet in, but we spent an enjoyable day eating delicious lamb fricassee with the Evsens and then having dinner in the evening with one of our best investigators who we hope will be baptized at conference time. These people treat us so darn nice that it embarrasses me. Like last Saturday we dropped in at the Andresen's to leave our dirty shirts, at noon, and stayed there until ten o'clock that night. We sure have fun with them.

Not much of a letter today, but I must close now, so that I won't miss the ferry-boat to Horten. Things are going fine here; the weather has been beautiful, and nearly all the snow has melted. Hope you had a happy Easter.

Love,

Daft.

March 24, 1948

Dear Clayt:

We're enclosing a picture of the new home of Doug and Sally. Although it appears to be quite "deserted", there are actually quite a number of new homes all around it, - particularly to the South and West. Dale Wilde is completing a new home just a block south on 19th East, and Larry Hanks has a lot just another block South. Immediately West is the Highland Park area, - the upper part of which has been very much "built up" in the past few years, as you will remember.

Two or three blocks east is the road which curves down into the lower "greens" of the Country Club golf course, across the D&RG tracks, etc. You can see that Doug and Sally have a lot of grading, landscaping and planting to do.

Wood and Adele are still in San Francisco, and apparently having a very good time, because we haven't heard from them for the past week. We had one letter just about a week ago, but nothing since, so we assume that they are too busy to write. Dougie is getting a real thrill out of occupying your room and using your shower. He has grown up a lot even since you left only five or six months ago.

Dick is in Las Vegas taking care of some of our work down there, but expects to be back tomorrow or Friday. Their new daughter is getting along fine, but still without a name. Marian is feeling fine, - so well that she came into town shopping last Friday.

At church last Sunday we listened to a very fine "gospelsermon" by Dr. Clawson. Many of your friends were there and inquired about you, wanted to know how you were getting along with the language, where you were located, etc.

You may already have heard that Rex, Jr. has been to a Mission Conference and has been transferred to Kentville, Nova Scotia, with a new companion. Uncle Rex tells us that he is feeling fine and getting along very well. Do you and Rex, Jr. correspond frequently?

And speaking of new companions and new assignments, we assume that you will be experiencing a similar "change" after your April conference in Oslo. We're anxious to know what the immediate future holds in store for you.

Your mother is always thrilled to learn that you are receiving the packages which she prepares for you, and that the contents are just what you want. And, speaking of "fried eggs", which you recently requested, but which you told us before you left that you never wanted to see again after your continuous diet of them during your Coast Guard days, your mother did locate some in cans in Salt Lake City, and a supply is already on the way to you.

We're still very busy here at the office, but in a more normal way, now that the end of our fiscal year has been "squared up" and now that the Bell & Gossett meeting is over.

We just received a note from Aunt Rae which was attached to one of your recent letters which we had forwarded to her, and she was glad to know that you had received one of the packages she and Uncle Clayt had sent to you.

Clarence and "Ollie" Nilson told us that they had received a letter from you, thanking them for the very nice Bible which they were kind enough to send to you.

When we call on Grandma Williams on Sunday afternoon, she always wants a detailed report about you, and always asks to be remembered to you. She has been feeling quite well all winter except for an occasional "cold". However, she is very anxious to see warmer weather so that she can get out "around the yard".

And that's about all for today, unless I happen to think of something which I might add as a postscript.

Affectionately,

copy to Adele and Wood - San Francisco
copy to Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt - Los Angeles
copy to Rex, Williams, Jr.

Jeløy, Norge
March 21, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Here it is late Sunday evening again and I haven't much time to get this letter off to you. We've spent our usual after-meeting-visit with the Andresens and couldn't break away before now.

We've done alot of interesting things this week, beginning Tuesday with a visit from Mission President Peterson, his wife, and district president Ray Engebretsen. Early in the morning we were telephoned by a lady telling us that Sister Samuelson had been very sick during the night and would like us to come and administer to her, which we immediately did. Afterward we met the mission leaders at the boat and spent the morning visiting with them, followed by a big dinner at Sister Evensen's. We had a wonderful meeting that afternoon hearing from our visitors from Oslo. It was a real thrill to hear the President speak and see the faces of those who heard him. It was an inspiring and encouraging meeting.

Wednesday morning we traveled by bus to Mysen to visit our investigator there; stayed over night and returned the next evening to visit with some friends here. The trip was wonderful. We took a new route (by bus) through the thick green pines; beautiful scenery.

If I remember right the 21st is the first official day of Spring at home and it could well be the same here in Norge. We've had some beautiful sunshiny days and the snow is going fast. So, we have alot to look forward to as the nice weather approaches.

I was a little surprised to read in your letter, Mom, that you had sent the "Promised Valley" score, as Sue had spoken about getting the score to me and she is a member of the P.V. chorus. I was just about ready to write and thank her for it, but the thanks go to you.

We held our usual Sunday evening meeting today, but were disappointed that there were only nine people out to hear us. I can understand why there were so few when I think of the broken Norsk which we speak. I hope I can improve on those talks. It's no easy job to speak to the same people every Sunday. We were glad to see Sister Samuelson ~~whom~~ to whom administered, at the meeting.

Each week I feel more and more certain of the divinity of this work and am amazed at the amount of opposition we meet. Since I've been in Norway there have been three uncomplimentary articles about us in the Norwegian papers and many more before that. I sure enjoy an opportunity to explain the Gospel to someone who actually wants to hear it, but there aren't a heck of alot of that type. I felt pretty good this week having lent out one Articles of Faith ~~and~~ (Trosartiklene) and a "Mormons Bok" which I had to borrow as I haven't one of my own in Norwegian.

I'll have to close now, as there isn't much more time before lights out. From your letter I see that things are going pretty well at home; the new baby sounds like quite a gal.

Love,

Clay

P.S. Monday morning, and I just received a notice in the mail to fetch a package which is waiting for me at the toll office. They have really been coming in steady for the last few weeks. As we say in Norwegian, "takk skal du ha" (thanks shall you have).

Jeldøy, Norway
March 19, 1948

Dear Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt,

Today I set the time aside to get a letter off to you; one which should have been written long ago. It seems that out here in the mission field we can always find something important which needs to be done, so we have to make opportunities for "extracurricular" activities.

I have received the dried fruit, the Ross Bowl newspaper, and the delicious fruit cake, along with the skis which I bought here. I sure appreciate these gifts, and the trouble you have gone to in getting them to me. Also I appreciate your offer to start a small savings account for me, but that's doing too much.

The new skis are really swell, and although I haven't had many opportunities to use them this winter, I'm looking forward to the time when I give them a work-out again. That's the only pleasant thing about our Norwegian winters, the fact that we can ski and ice skate no matter where we are located.

We still have quite a bit of snow here, but we can see that Spring is just around the corner. The dark wintry days are all over; (those days when we'd walk home from tracting in the dark, at four o'clock in the afternoon) in fact, it's light until almost seven now. So, things are on the upgrade, and we expect to get alot more accomplished during the good weather.

As I've said before, results are hard to see in this work, but we can see that our work hasn't been absolutely fruitless as our investigators become more interested and attend our meetings. We don't expect any baptisms right away, but I'm certain that some of our friends here will someday join the Church. It's a thrill to find those few people who have enough interest in religion to actually seek the truth, and to work with them explaining the principles of the Gospel to them. I never realized just how important a part of our lives the Gospel is until I came out here; and you must believe it in its entirety to preach it.

Every move the United States makes is headline news in Norway as I guess it is all over the world. The future doesn't look too bright for Europe as we Americans see Communism or Stalinism spreading in every nation. We missionaries are small ambassadors of Democracy, as we unconsciously 'stick up' for our way of life in America, as we preach the Gospel in foreign lands. I haven't met many Communists here, but I imagine there are more here than "meet the eye."

I enjoy your letters and like to hear from you when you find time.

Thanks for everything.

Love,

Clayt

March 15, 1948
Jeløy, Norway

Dear Mom and Dad,

Here it is Monday morning, and having been too busy yesterday to get off my usual Sunday letter I'll see what I can do in these few minutes before going tracting at ten o'clock.

Again this week one of your boxes came through; this had written on it #12. It contained some swell food. I say "contained," because we use it just about as fast as we get it. The highlight item of the last few boxes was the can of bacon which we received not so long ago. We were able to buy ten eggs (5 each) on our ration cards this month, so we had five bacon and egg breakfasts which were really tops. Last week I also received from Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt: A delicious fruit cake, the Rose Bowl newspaper, and some fruit compotes. The first opportunity I get this week I'm going to write them.

I'll have to send congratulations to Mare & Buck through you. That was really good news. What are they going to name her?

I was glad to hear that the "Adult-Aaronic" class is after the "insurance man".....it wouldn't hurt him a bit, and it's an important thing to know the beliefs of the Church which you're a member of.

After the miserable foggy weather which I wrote about in my last letter, last week we suddenly had the beginning of spring. The sun has started bearing down on us and we hope to be rid of this snow by Easter. Saturday we did our spring cleaning, for we expect a visit from mission President Peterson and his wife tomorrow.

Yesterday we held our usual Sunday evening meeting followed by a choir practice with five in attendance. (I just can't get the men to come out and take part, but I appreciate the opportunity to work with even five.) Earlier in the day we had a delicious "middag" (Sunday dinner) with the Andresens, and returned there in the evening.

I'm looking forward to the April Conference which begins the 3rd and ends the 5th.

That's all the time I have this morning, but I hope to drop you another line sometime during the week. Thanks for the box. I'm feeling fine as usual, and hope you at home are too.

Love,

Clayt.

Please
send this back
Grandma was
trilled with her E. I
present. Abe wants
me to thank you
Love of loss

March 7, 1948
Jeløy, Norway

Dear Mom and Dad,

Having just returned from another enjoyable evening with the Andresens, I have a few minutes before lights go out to drop a line home. As usual, this evening I can hear the fjord fog whistle going full blast as it has for the past week; seven days of heavy fog.

Being the first Sunday in March today we held a Fast Meeting with only Elder Schow, myself, and four members in attendance. It's a thrill for me to hear these people, so strong in the faith, bear their testimonies. During the war three elderly women here held a meeting for just themselves every week. They said it wasn't easy or very interesting, but they felt it their responsibility to do so.

We spent Sunday morning with the Samuelsens listening to the Tabernacle Choir Broadcast, which came through clearly today despite the poor weather. Went to the Evensen's in the afternoon for a fine dinner of "får i kål" (lamb in cabbage) which is really a delicacy, especially now when the meat situation is so poor. I've learned to like cooked cabbage, especially the way they prepare it here. This evening we were with the Andresens, as I said, singing and eating sandwiches and the traditional Norsk chocolate pudding. We sure enjoy spending our free time with these people.

It was interesting to read in your letter about Morrie's farewell, and I was glad to see that he is going. I only wish that Pook would get the desire, for I know he would be called if he would like to go. I'm certainly more than thankful for this opportunity. It's an experience you can't get in any other way, and one which I wouldn't trade for anything.

I received another package from you this week; really been hitting the jack-pot the last few weeks. This one had no number on it that I could find, but contained: Our favorite Cracked Wheat, corn, pineapple, etc., all of which we sure like and appreciate. The fudge which you asked about came through in good shape; there was just a little mold around the outside, but we scraped that off and the rest was wonderful.

I haven't been able to get away for any skiing or skating this week, but I think in the future I'll be able to get out about once a week. It's good to get that exercise.

word

We have received/that the Oslo district conference will be held during the first week of April and I'm looking forward to that, although I won't be able to see Kirb or the Pauls from our Ward. Lloyd Olsen must have arrived in Oslo by now, but I haven't yet received the Bible.

March 8, 1948

The lights cut out on me last night, so I'll close the letter this morning.

We follow the news carefully over here, and are interested to see each move the Communists make. In Norway they are a small minority, about eight per cent, so we don't hear much of them, for they are practically without power. But, they seem to be gaining in number and getting more control in many other places in Europe. It will be interesting to hear if the missionaries in Czechoslovakia will be able to continue their work there.

Your letters usually arrive on Tuesday, so I imagine I'll hear from you again tomorrow.

Thanks for the packages and all. Hope all is well at home.

Love,

Clayton

March 4, 1948

Dear Clayton:

9:30AM and we just received a telephone call from Dick at the L.D.S. Hospital, telling us that Marian had "presented" him with a cute new daughter, - weight not yet known, but Dick says from his experience that he would say 7 lb. 2 oz. Sounds like a lot of hokum when he begins to guess that close.

I haven't been able to reach your mother to give her the good news because I dropped her off at the Salt Lake Clinic so that she could have a metabolism test. Seems like the girls are talking about some new "reducing cure", but a pre-requisite is a metabolism test, so your "mom" is going through that preliminary schedule.

Adele and Dougie are still in Los Angeles, and we rather imagine that you may have heard direct from them by this time. We talked with them over the telephone the other night, and they told us they were having a good time except for the "earthquakes". The Los Angeles area has had two or three "minor shakes", and being high up in a hotel under such conditions does give one a funny feeling.

We haven't had very much "activity" ourselves. We have been too busy winding up our fiscal year and getting ready for the March reports to Uncle Sam.

Your mother has another package ready for mailing today, and when I addressed it for her this morning, I marked it "3-4-48, #16", which I believe is the correct number. We get a thrill to know that these packages are getting through to you, and that they contain some of the things which are difficult for you to get over there, and which you and your companion and your friends can enjoy. If there are other things which you would prefer, do not hesitate to tell us. Incidentally, we noted in this morning's Salt Lake Tribune that new air mail parcel post schedules are being announced for foreign service, to begin March 15, 1948. The rates were not published, but we will have to find out what they are. This will enable us to get an occasional small package to you containing some things which you may want quickly.

Doug and Sally are now quite well settled in their new home, - getting ready for some strenuous Spring activity, grading, lawn planting, landscaping, etc. Carolyn Adele is now walking at least between chairs, - possibly six or eight feet apart, - and it will not be long before she really takes off.

We're glad to know that you and your companion have so many interesting experiences and are so well received by the people you contact. We're particularly glad to know that your weight is holding up. 158 "stripped" sounds okey to us.

Well, son, I'm rather "single handed" this morning. Earl Gritton is in the hospital following an operation on his "trick knee" last Monday morning, Dick is in the hospital crowing about his new daughter and Dale Wilde is down in Carbon County on

business. So I'm the target for the double barreled telephone hook-up.

All of us join in love to you.

Affectionately,

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

cc: Mr. & Mrs. Clayton V. Smith
Los Angeles

cc: Allen W. Williams
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

cc: Elder Rex W. Williams, Jr.
Nova Scotia

POSTAL ADDRESS: CLAYTON R. WILLIAMS, OSTERHAUGSGATEN 27, OSLO, NORWAY.

CLAYTON R. WILLIAMS, OSTERHAUGSGATEN 27, OSLO, NORWAY.

CLAYTON R. WILLIAMS, OSTERHAUGSGATEN 27, OSLO, NORWAY.

POSTAL ADDRESS:

CLAYTON R. WILLIAMS

February 29, 1948
Jeløy, Norway

Dear Mom and Dad,

Sunday evening again, and letter time. It's really a pleasure to write when I have a "skrivemaskin" (writing machine) like the Royal to help me.

Elder Schow being sick today with a cold, we missed holding Sunday meeting, but it's been a busy day just the same. I set out after breakfast to visit all of our members and some of the investigators to tell them of the cancellation of the meeting, and being a sunny day I took Doug's camera along to take some pictures for the Norsk Mission History which they are now beginning to compile in Oslo; pictures of rooms where first meetings were held, where Relief Society was organized; pictures of the fjord where some of the members were baptized. The mission centennial is in 1951, so I imagine that these pictures will be for a history to be put out then. Anyway, I had some nice visits and was "forced" to eat Sunday dinner with a family of investigators. I don't want to worry you, but I must say that it does taste good to eat a meal which is properly prepared (and by someone else).

The mission work, which could sometimes be classed as play, is going swell. We get along with all of our friends and members here so well that last week we were invited out every single evening. We don't get much studying done, but were supposed to spend as much time as possible with the people. I guess tracting would be classed as work, anyway it's work to get started each morning. But after we once get started it's not so bad and most of the time interesting. We have made some excellent contacts during our tracting; also we've met some opposition, but it's fun to see if you can deliver a tract to someone who has turned you down. I feel that we are making progress. We received a letter yesterday from a lady in Mysen who wished to be baptized as soon as she can get her husband's permission, which she hopes will be soon.

I expect to receive a Norsk grammar book from Oslo this week to help me with the language. As I said before, the language goes smoothly during the week, but those Sunday speeches are killers.

During the past week we: attended the birthday party of one of our best friends and investigators whom I spent Christmas Eve with; spent a couple of hours with a Wednesday evening sewing club of six rough English and Scotch gals who married Norwegians and are living here now; traveled to Horten to visit investigators and members. Also I took three young friends skating, and almost learned to skate backwards in my second time on skates here.

Another big event of the week was the receipt of ~~two~~ ^{three} more of your packages and the vitamin pills and color film. One of the packages had the number 11 on it, but the other had none. In the other package were the the "eskimo" hats which I appreciate, but don't dare use. The food contents were swell as usual; bacon, ham, honey, sweet potatoes, etc. It would be best if you didn't send powdered soap, as nearly all of the boxes of White King, etc. have broken. Thanks a million for all. Elder Schow receives boxes almost as often as I and they sure have some in handy. For any future box an item which would be a big help would be powdered eggs which I believe can be bought in Salt Lake.

I haven't heard from Mr. Bachman, so I imagine he wasn't able to come through Moss; and from his letter to me I gather that he will either leave Oslo today or tomorrow.

I received a swell letter from Sue Stoddard last week (haven't heard from Marilyn for a while), followed by autographed copies of the Promised Valley score a couple of days later which I'm sure she must have sent. There's a 19 year old Rummelhoff gal living here who plays the piano well, so I've had her practicing on them; and the music is really fine. Almost makes me homesick.

Sounds like things are moving along at home; Doug & Sal with a new home, Buck & Mare with a new car. When I tell the members here (we tell them the family news) they think that my brothers are practically millionaires.

I guess the spring is coming at home, and although we have no sign of it here (still alot of snow) we have had some fine sunshiny days. One thing which makes life a little brighter is the fact that we get to see the sun more and more each day. There was a time when it was practically dark at 4 in the afternoon.

That's about it for tonight. Still feeling fine; put on another pound last week, 73 kilos which is approximately 160 lbs. Hope all's well at home.

Love,

Clay

P.S. Luckily made it through "skuddárs dag" today without a proposal, so I may come home single.

February 22, 1948
Jeløy, Norway

Dear Mom and Dad,

Before I go to bed tonight, a short note to give you the latest word from Norway.

We just returned home from the train station where we said goodbye to a missionary from Oslo who has visited with us this weekend. He works in the mission office as an assistant to the president; dropped down to see how things were going in the best branch in Norge.

Our meeting this evening turned out better than any we've previously had; it was quite long, but the members and investigators (17 in all) seemed to think it was alright. We began with the usual opening program, songs and prayer. Remarks by Elder Williams were followed by a piano selection by our visiting Elder Swainston who is an accomplished pianist; then Elder Schow spoke, followed by a song by the choir (I say choir, but there were only three of them present; just the same they did well as a trio). Elder Swainston who has been here a year and has really mastered the language gave some fine closing remarks. I can see after hearing him that I have a lot of work and practicing to do before I'll have the freedom of delivery and selection of words which he uses. We were really well pleased with the wonderful spirit at the meeting.

Afterwards we were invited to spend the evening with some investigators and ~~have been~~ with them showing the latest "View-Master" reels until Elder Swainston had to leave to catch his train. So that's about how it goes for us here on Sundays; spend the morning studying, hold our meeting, and visit with our friends in the evening; and we're certainly thankful for many wonderful friends we have here in Moss.

I couldn't ask for better and speedier results than I get when I ask you for things, and I sure appreciate it. The new "View-Master" reels came in fine shape; just what I wanted. Thanks a million.

That's about it for tonight. The work is going swell; I get along fine with the language when I'm out tracting speaking with people and answering their questions, but when I speak at meeting it doesn't go as smoothly as I'd like it to. There's always plenty to do.

I hope everything is going well at home.

Love,

Clayton

Feb 23.

Just received check from Labo which I imagine is the one you sent before you mentioned that you would skip a month.

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

February 18, 1948

Dear Clayt:

It seems that we're having quite a time getting back on the Sunday letter schedule.

Dick and Paul Elfers (Vice-President of Fisher Governor Company), whom you will remember because of his visits here as well as your visits in Marshalltown, have just left for the Geneva Steel Plant. This will give me a "breathing spell" so that I can get some word off to you by air mail this morning.

Before I forget it, let me remind you that you have not told us how much you paid for your new skis. We hope that you were able to get some good ones, and that you have already had an opportunity to try them out.

Adele and Dougie are leaving by train for Las Vegas Saturday evening to meet Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt. We understand they are going to spend a couple of days in Las Vegas and then drive on to Los Angeles. We imagine that they will be back home about the 29th.

Lloyd Olsen has packed in his trunk the very beautiful Bible which is coming to you with the compliments of the Clarence Wilson's. It may be a little larger than you had in mind, but it is a very beautiful edition and one you should enjoy. I read the introduction the other evening, and was very much intrigued with the history of the many translations of the Bible and the lost manuscript, etc. "Ollie" Wilson included a note which you will find inside the cover. Maybe I was not supposed to read it, but I did it anyway, and was very much impressed with the sentiments she expressed (for herself and Clarence).

Dick and Marian have just taken delivery of their new Plymouth club coupe, which, incidentally, is almost exactly the same car as they had back in 1941, but at about twice the price. They're thrilled to have a new car, and the children are also getting a "bang" out of it.

Late Saturday evening, Valentine's Day, we drove out to call on Doug and Sally in their new home. It's really a very attractive home, well arranged, well heated. The kitchen is particularly convenient with the new Servel gas refrigerator and the 1948 model Roper gas range, which we were able to purchase for them from the Mountain Fuel Supply Company. We were also very lucky in being able to help them get a new Westinghouse Laundromat, which they seem to think is better than the Bendix. It's going to take a lot of real hard work to get the lot landscaped, but that's one of the thrills of moving into a new home. The location is an excellent one, on the Northeast corner of 19th East and Stratford Avenue, high up on the hill where they get a fine view of the mountains and part of the valley.

Undoubtedly by this time you and your companion are moved into your new "rooms", and we hope that you are more comfortably located.

Well, that just about winds it up for this morning. We'll try to get some more news off to you over the week-end. Your mother started to write a letter this morning, but I told her that I would dictate this hurried note to you so that you would get some word from us not too far out of schedule.

All of us join in love to you.

Affectionately,

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

cc: Mr. & Mrs. Clayton R. Williams
Los Angeles, California

cc: Allen W. Williams
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Jeløy, Norge
February 15, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Having returned from Sunday evening meeting, finished dinner, and built a cozy fire, I'm all set to put out the weekly letter. It's been a fine week for tractoring, rather mild weather, but a couple of difficulties have come up ending in a little disappointment.

The disappointment I refer to is concerning the "room and adjoining kitchen in a house built last summer" which sounded ideal to you. The deal was all set when we received a phone call telling us that we'd have to wait a few days. That was alright, but after another postponement a few days later we decided that maybe he was pulling a fast one on us which was exactly what he was doing. It seems he didn't want us as boarders & we didn't care too much for him as a landlord, so here we are still in the same old place; not so pretty, but cozy and near our members and friends, so we're not bickering. We realize that we're being overcharged for this room, but the people are nice; and it's all we can get being "farlige mormoner" (dangerous mormons).

You can plainly see I haven't received my typewriter yet although I've written two letters to Oslo requesting that it be sent. I believe they're afraid to send it for fear that it will be broken, but I've asked them to give it to a visitor coming to Moss from Oslo this Tuesday. As I've said before, it will wonderful to have it.

Adelle's second clothes box arrived (contained mostly shoes) and I've distributed the goods with the best judgement I could use as to the needs of the families I'm acquainted with. They certainly appreciated what they received + wished me to thank her.

Sorry to hear that the flu got you down + hope you're both all better by now.

That about winds it up for tonight - short letter, but I'll write more when I get my typewriter this week, I hope.

I'm feeling fine; healthy + happy.

Love,
Clay.

P.S. The skis with poles, boots, and all came to quite a sum and I'd like to cover part of it with my money. Total \$48.00; they're sure beauties. I've used them quite a bit already, + like them fine.

P.S. Thanks for the clippings about the Derby, pledge lists etc.

Two of our good contacts here have asked if it would be possible for them to buy a View Master (stereoscope) through me. I'd appreciate it if you would buy a couple + include them in a box sometime in the future, and include with them several different reels which I don't have. There's no rush, but I'd appreciate it if you could send a couple over sometime.

P.S. I've found that I do have a need for skis - here we're moving now. Aunt Kate wrote and asked if she could buy some for me, but I said I couldn't use them then. I have enough money here, but maybe she wouldn't like it if I bought them after telling her that I didn't want any. Maybe you can advise me as to what would be best to do.
Clay.

each week I can do a little better as I talk to people and speak in Sunday meeting. I think I can say that I've finished playing the role of Dick Tracy's "What did he say" character; a role which I played to a "T" a couple of months ago.

I've been snapping pictures quite a bit, most of which I'm afraid won't be very interesting for you, but I'll send them your way soon. Would you save this stuff for me that I send home?

That about winds it up for tonight. Hope all is well at home. I'm thankful for all my blessings here in the mission field; good health, happiness, and the opportunity to be here.

Love,
Clayt.

P.S. I'm looking forward to news about the typewriter.

Løley, Norge
February 1, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Sunday morning, Feb. 1st; it's hard to believe I've been in Norway almost three months now, but it's not hard to believe I've been away from home that long.

Having just read over my weekly Activity Report, I feel safe in saying that we've just completed our busiest week, mostly due to the exceptionally mild January weather which we are enjoying now. We haven't seen much of the sun, but the temperature has risen to and remained around $+1^{\circ}\text{C}$ which is comfortable raincoat weather. They tell us it can't last; that last year Feb. and March were their coldest months.

On these warm days we take a bus to the outskirts of town, and spend our day traicking among the people who own ^{the} small farms out there. As you can see by the Post Cards I sent (if you have received them yet) there is alot of beautiful forest land surrounding Moss and on Gøllig, and we enjoy working in this territory.

We have certainly made some wonderful friends here, and for that reason it will be hard to leave Moss when the time comes. There are several families here with whom we really have good times; Like last night we were invited to the Kaugnar Samuelson's, and spent the evening playing all kinds of games, doing card tricks, and watching Kaugnar's amateurish magic. Almost every week we spend several nights out with these families.

It will be interesting to hear the outcome of the Olympics, and although I'll probably not be able to get near a radio at the right time, I can read all about what goes on. The Norsteri were overjoyed at their boy's winning the 500 meter & I was pretty happy that I from U.S. placed second (although I had hoped for a winner from the U.S. in that race). It's going to go tough on me, if we don't beat the Norwegians in Slalom and Downhill skiing.

In answer to your questions, Mono: 1. I received the tooth brush; 2. My supply of vitamins is dwindling, so if you would ~~send~~ include some in a box sometime in the future I'd appreciate it; 3. I haven't lost any weight, and now weigh in at 155 lbs. (stripped) each Saturday at the bathhouse; 4. I haven't received the box with the hat from Z. 0. 12 yet.

The Stavangerfjord arrived in Oslo yesterday & expect to receive word about my typewriter tomorrow. Thanks for the map for the "Fire Chief". It was just what he wanted & certainly appreciated it.

Selig, Narge
January 26, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Elder Schow and I came home too late last night to write the usual Sunday evening report to you, so during "cross" time this morning I'll write a few lines in hopes that this letter will reach you on Friday as you said they have in the past.

Wednesday of last week we traveled to Mysen by train staying overnight there with an investigator and her family. We returned to Moss Thursday after an interesting visit, and an enjoyable change from eating and sleeping conditions at the Kummelhoff mansion. Not that we don't have it alright there. We climaxed the week's work with a successful Sunday School held yesterday; ~~several~~ attended. Also Sunday we heard the S.L. Tabernacle Choir Broadcast from N.S. Arony Station in Stuttgart (by record) and ate breakfast with a saint and her family, ate a big dinner with the Andressons, and returned there in the evening for what they call "smørbrød" (open faced sandwiches + cocoa). We really enjoy our visits with these members.

Also yesterday we walked to the outskirts of town to look at a room which we intend to rent, which we were able to get through the influence of one of our members. It's a complete change from what we have here; one room + a small adjoining kitchen on a house built last summer. We'll rent it for 50 Kroners a month plus 11 Kr. electricity which is a total of $\text{kr } 12.50$ (6.25 each), a couple of bucks cheaper than what we pay here + twice as clean and comfortable. It will be ready for us to move into in two weeks.

I was really pleased with the results of our hour choir practice yesterday; doesn't sound bad at all. Who knows, we may be invited to sing at Mission Conference which begins in Oslo on the 25th of March; through the 30th. I'm looking forward to seeing the Pauls then.

Two more packages arrived last Friday and they were the best yet. A lot of good food, and a few useful gadgets such as clothes line + pins and shine kit. I really appreciate the effort and the money put forth to send them to me. Elder Schow also received two so we pooled our resources and made up some small gifts (gum, candy, nuts) for the kids around here. They sure went for that Bub bubble gum which you sent.

Everything contained in the packages was useful + good - fruitcake, canned goods, toothpaste + shaving cream. Also thanks for the toothbrush I've got a good supply of razor blades which should last me most of my mission. I think I have just about everything I need for now.

I should have seen a note to Aunt Marion or Uncle Harold, but I haven't got around to it as yet; also to Aunt Edna's family who sent me a dollar, too. I sure appreciate their thoughtfulness.

We're going to move on Monday the 9th into our new rooms and we're looking forward to that.

That about winds it up for today. We'll hold our monthly Fast Meeting today at 3 o'clock (the earliest we can't rent the local hall) after which we have an invitation to Sunday dinner with Sister Evenden's two husbands.

Hope all is well at home.

Love,

Clayk.

P.S. Aunt Helen gave me a "View Master Deluxe" (modern stereoscope) with three picture records (121, 141, 17) & the people over here really go for it in a big way. If possible I'd appreciate it if you could send me some additional records; numbers 122, 156, 137, FT-4. There's no big rush; just when you get around to it.

The best news I received last week was that the typewriter was on its way; I don't think I could get service like that which you've given me with the highest priority rating. It's going to be a real help.

All of those folks in Moss who received the clothes Adelle sent have asked me to thank her for them. They certainly were thrilled with them.

I really got a kick out of the pictures of the Athletics on Christmas Day, in fact I've shown them all over Moss. Carolyn Adelle looks twice as big as when I left. Of course the folks all commented on the "deer in the window" which was a beauty.

Thanks for your trouble in trying to locate a Norse grammar book, but I can easily get along without one. It seems that my knowledge of English grammar has helped alot in learning this language; also the study of Latin which I had at Bryant High gave me a few ideas about the best ways to go about learning a new language.

In answer to your note about finances, Dad. Up to date I have received two checks from you, the first one for \$55.00 and the second \$125.00 (which I spoke of as a "double check" thinking it was for two months). President Peterson's policy is to forward the checks to us as soon as he receives them, but I believe that their mailing & all takes a check about 3 weeks to arrive here. I still have quite ~~some~~ a bit of money (\$150.00 balance on my books), so I could easily get by if you would skip a month's pay.

This has been a just a speedy note this morning to let you know how things are going. Hope you're all feeling well. I'm still in good health & enjoying the work. Thanks for everything.

Love,
Clayt

P.S. Glad you located the bank book; I can remember now having put it there the day I left home.

P.S. I purchased Elder Schaus's skates (which were new) for \$7.00 but I haven't had a chance to use them since that first time which I wrote about.

Leløy, Norge
January 18, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Having just returned from Sunday evening meeting and choir practice (through a snowstorm) I have a few minutes to give you a resume of the week's news.

We've had another cold, but interesting week, beginning on Monday with a trip to Ann (45 min. bus ride) to visit investigators there. Finding none of them at home we were immediately taken in by a next door neighbor for lunch and a couple of hours chatting; things seem to always turn out O.K. for us. The rest of the week was spent practicing, most of it in "10° to 13° below" weather, but I had many interesting conversations. The cold weather seems to prompt one to try harder to make conversations hoping to get an invitation inside, though I haven't used the "foot in the door" tactic yet.

The highlight of the week came Friday when Elder Abow and I received notices of 2 packages which awaited us at the toll office, 3 for me and 2 for him. All 3 of mine came through the customs toll free being used clothes and foods which are not taxed. In one box, my sweaters and a swell towel all of which will sure come in handy. In another, clothes from Adele which are wonderful and will be passed out soon. In the other; well, we're back to happy washdays with White King and back to good old Peanut Butter sandwiches. Thanks a million for all. Everything came through in fine shape.

I've organized a small choir here in the branch & we just finished our second practice tonight. It's a lot of fun and may turn out pretty well, but these "Norstkers" are not very easy to work with in the music line. Our Sunday evening meeting turned out fine with 12 in attendance, mostly investigators, which we thought was damn good considering a snow storm which has been raging all day. Next Sunday we have arranged to hold a Sunday School which is an experiment to see if we can get enough to attend a daytime meeting. I think the work is slowly moving forward.

The temperature dropped down to -20°C one morning last week, but we've had warm weather today with the snowstorm. The snow has lasted and been added upon ~~until~~ so ~~that~~ we now have around 2 ft. in the places which have not been cleared away. From this time forward the sun begins to rise earlier and set later so we're in for more light which will seem good. Now it gets dark at 4:00 and stays so until about 10 in the morning. It seems as though things are getting better day by day in every way.

I'm certainly no master of "this" language yet, but I feel that

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

Wednesday, Feb. 4, 1948.

Dear Clayt:

Two days late with this letter, but your parents are both loaded up with "flu", and have just about turned 489 B. into a hospital. It got me with a bang a week ago, and I stayed home three days last week, then foolishly went back to the office on Monday. But it didn't work, and I've been home since. I hope to get down to the office for a half day this afternoon. Your Mother went to the Polio Ball Saturday night, and ~~she~~ she should have stayed home, because she was full of cold. But it was Adele's big night as chairman of decorations, and your Mom had helped her with some of the attractive butterfly decorations, so she wanted to see how everything looked with the special lighting. So Sunday morning "Mom" found that the "flu" bug had certainly hit her a real wallop. We were 'nt able to get Kate or any other "help", but your cute sister has cooked our meals, and got us back on our feet once more. So this morning we're both feeling somewhat human again.

Your letter of Monday, Jan. 26th was received on Thursday (really good time), and we airmailed it to Aunt Rae. Now it's back again with a note reading, in part, "His birthday present was to be a pair of skis, so tell him to buy them with his extra money, and as soon as he lets you know the cost, I shall send the money". We hope you will be able to locate a real good pair. Don't buy skis not suited to your needs, - just because of price, - because we'll gladly split the cost with Aunt Rae.

The "room and adjoining kitchen in a house built last summer" sounds ideal for you and Elder Schow. Incidentally, Uncle Rex ~~says~~ tells us that in their meeting last Sunday a letter was read from Don Schow, telling of this new arrangement, and Uncle Rex got the impression that you fellows had already moved in. I just talked with Uncle Rex, and he says that Aunt Helen is feeling some better, - not having so much Asthma. He is flying to Erie, Penn., next Saturday to attend a convention of the Zurn Company, and expects to spend next Sunday with Allen and Grace in Milwaukee, and the following Sunday with the J. D. Williams in Washington, D. C.

Your Mom's packages must finally be catching up with you, and we're glad to know that they contain just what you want and need. She's a right smart package arranger, and quite experienced after taking care of so many of you boys during the War. She has another just about ready, and it will be on its way in a few days. And about the subject of "money", you suggested that we skip a month inasmuch as the "double check" had given you some surplus. So, we have done just that, but we'll get back in stride again on the regular monthly basis.

We hope that your new typewriter got through O.K., and that it has been delivered to you. We slipped in some sheets of carbon paper, also some lightweight type paper. If you shop around in Moss, you may be able to locate lightweight #10 envelopes marked for Air Mail, somewhat similar to the kind we use. You'll have to excuse this messy letter, but I'm still a little wobbly from the "flu".

The enclosed clippings describing the Sigma Chi "Derby", Pledge list, Owl & Key, etc. will interest you. All Agreements Contingent Upon Strikes, Accidents, or Other Causes beyond Our Control Well, bottom of the sheet and time to quit. Love from all of us.

CC: Aunt Rae.

Jeløy, Norge
February 8, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Having just returned from another "homey" Sunday evening with the Andresens I have only a half hour before lights out (at 11) in which to write you.

It has been another fine week, the good weather allowing us to get quite a bit of tracting done. Most of the time we tract near each other, Elder Schew and I, but don't go to the same house. I've met more interesting people this week than ever before, two of whom, having never spoken with missionaries before, have asked to read the Book of Mormon. It sure makes one feel good to find a few who are interested. It's hard to see results of missionary work; something which we can't measure. I know my knowledge and testimony of the Gospel have grown; I don't know whether or not I've done anything for others, but I hope so. There are times when the language discourages me a little, but there are so many other good things that I really don't notice the bad. I'm really happy in my work.

Today we had Sunday dinner with a wonderful friend and investigator who will someday join the Church; she is the daughter of Sister Anderson. We held our usual Sunday evening meeting & after choir practice (4 in attendance) went to the Andresens for sandwiches (Smørbrød). Her daughter who had us to dinner plays the guitar, so we all sat around the living room (and dining room) singing American & Church songs as we've done with them many times before. We feel almost like one of the family & enjoy every visit we have with them.

Our moving into our new home has been delayed 3 days, so it will be next Thursday before we are settled.... One to a little inefficiency in Oslo my typewriter has not yet arrived, but I expect it Tuesday..... I bought a swell pair of skis Saturday, which I'll pick up tomorrow & begin my career as a sportsman I oh yeah..... Saw another movie Friday night..... our mission conference in March has been cancelled, so it will probably be quite a while before I see the Pauls.

Nearly time for the lights to go out so I must quit. I hope you & all the others at home are ^{as} well and happy as I am. I'm certainly thankful for the good health I've had.

Love,

Will you tell Tom Felt I'm really going ^{Clay} to break down & write him as I get my typewriter - he has sure written me some swell letters

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

February 11, 1948

Dear Clayt:

Our "letter schedule" has been very much upset by the "flu". Last week's letter was two days late, and the same thing is happening today. This is going to be rather a "sketchy report", dictated to Ruby, because it's the time of month and year when we are completely "swamped".

We're glad to tell you that your mother and I are feeling very much better, although we're still coughing a lot and rather "wobbly".

We were not able to attend the Olsen farewell last Sunday night, but your mother hopes to be able to get into his hands the Bible which you recently requested. We may have told you that "Ollie" Wilson has planned on sending a Bible to you and to Rex, Jr., and I understand that your mother is working out the "details". If we are not able to secure it in time for Elder Olsen to bring it to you, we will do our best to send it along at the first opportunity.

We hope that the Stavangerfjord, which docked recently in Oslo, brought along the new typewriter, and that it is already in your hands. We hope that it also brought to you some additional packages. As for vitamin pills, your mother will arrange to get them on the way to you very soon.

By the time this letter reaches you, you will undoubtedly have moved into your new rooms, and we're glad to know that they will be an improvement over what you have previously had. Is there anything we can send from here to make you more comfortable, or to add to the attractiveness of your new "location"?

Dougie stayed with us last night inasmuch as Adele and Wood were invited to a birthday party for "Sid" Smith. He told your mother that when he grows up he wants to be an engineer like Grandpa Williams so that he can sell boilers and big machinery. We always get a real "bang" out of having him with us. Except for a "kink" in his right leg from last Sunday's skiing, he is in fine shape. I told him last night that he should write to you more frequently. I do not know whether definite plans have been made, but your mother said last night that Adele and Dougie may drive down to Las Vegas to meet Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt on Dougie's birthday, the 22nd. As a matter of fact, your mother is talking about "going along".

We'll try to get back on a regular schedule beginning next week. Incidentally, speaking of "schedule" the letter which you wrote to us on Sunday, February first, did not reach us until Monday, February 9, notwithstanding the fact that your letter of the previous week came through in four days. The last letter must have been delayed by bad weather all the way along the line.

Doug, Sally, and Carolyn Adele moved into their new home yesterday, and are naturally very much thrilled with everything, - even though they have a lot of "straightening" to do. Last night, they had their first experience with one of the strong winds which

occasionally sweep out of the canyons and across the East "bench". However, it didn't seem to bother them too much, as their gas-fired heating system is working very well, and they had a fire in their living room fireplace.

All of us join in love to you.

Affectionately,

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Norway

cc: Aunt Rae
cc: Allen W. Williams

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

Sunday Afternoon
January 11, 1948

Dear Clayton:

Your letter of last Sunday, which you finished and posted last Monday, has already been down to Aunt Rae and Uncle Clayt, and came back from them by air mail special delivery this afternoon, - which means that it covered the family in record time. Doug happened to be in the office Friday morning when your letter reached 489 "B" Street, so Doug, Dick and I all listened on the telephone extensions while your mother read it to us over the telephone. Then she brought it down to us in the afternoon, and we sent it on to Aunt Rae that same afternoon by air mail.

Your mother also stopped in to pick up the Royal portable typewriter which Larry Hanks had been using all day, and she took it over to the Mission Home, where she located the four missionaries who are going to Norway, and with whom she had already talked about taking the typewriter along with them. Obviously, "mom" took along with her a box of her own candy, sort of a special "inducement", and the four boys said they would be very glad to see that the typewriter got to you when they reached Oslo. One of the boys is Francis Haight of Salt Lake City, another of the boys is from Price, and I believe the other two boys are from Salt Lake City or nearby towns. At any rate, they have agreed to take joint care of the typewriter, using it as much as they wish enroute, and we hope that it will be safely in your hands soon after the first of next month. Thinking that there might be some tax, even though the typewriter is used, we handed a \$5.00 bill to one of the boys to take care of any such expense.

As for the item of skates, we did not attempt to buy any skates because you told us right from the beginning that you intended to purchase skates from one of the returning Elders. Dick said that you are welcome to his skates, but I believe the best thing for you to do is to buy the skates from Elder Schow, or from someone else over in the mission field.

Uncle Rex Williams was over for dinner this afternoon, after having visited Aunt Helen who is in the L. D. S. Hospital. They returned from California a few days ago, and Aunt Helen was feeling very poorly. In fact, she picked up a cold, and narrowly escaped pneumonia. She seems to feel quite a bit better this afternoon, although she has been under an oxygen tent most of the past two days. She has certainly had a tough time of it, - particularly in view of the fact that she had hoped that her recent gall bladder operation would undoubtedly give her much relief. Uncle Rex had with him a recent letter from Rex, Jr., also some colored pictures which he had sent home, and they were very interesting, - pictures of Rex, Jr., Truman Madsen, their companions in Nova Scotia, etc.

The Kodachrome pictures which you sent home on December 27th arrived the early part of the week, and have given us a lot of pleasure. In fact, your mother has carried them around with her wherever she has gone, which means that all of the club members, all of the family and all of our mutual friends have had a chance to see them. They turned out fine, and they are just the things we have been looking forward to, to give us a better idea of your environment, your accommodations, your companions, and the beautiful scenery of Norway. They certainly turned out fine, - quite a professional touch to them. We're glad to know that you are taking "black and white" pictures right along, and that you will send them to us as rapidly as they are developed. It certainly gives us an opportunity to "keep up with you", and makes us feel much closer to you and the work you are

doing.

In this letter we are enclosing some of the pictures which Wood took on Christmas Day of Dougie, Ricky and Carolyn Adele. They will give you a much better idea of the basketball suits which Adele made for Dougie and Ricky than the description I tried to give you in one of our recent letters. Although the pictures would indicate that we are having Spring weather, it actually was not that warm on Christmas Day, although we did not have any snow. It has been pretty much the same ever since. In fact, I walked down through Memory Grove this afternoon so that I could dictate this letter to you on the dictaphone, and it was really a very pleasant walk, - a bit nippy.

Wood, Adele and Dougie went skiing up to Alta today, and Doug, Sally and Carolyn Adele did not get up to see us because Doug has been out checking up on the progress of their new home. However, we did have Marian, Dick, Ricky and Anne for dinner, and they all send their love to you.

We're going over to Adele's Tuesday evening for a joint birthday dinner for your mother and Doug, - just a nice cozy family affair. I hope I will be able to say the same thing about the following week, because I certainly do not want any special celebration for my own birthday. You know me, and that I would very much prefer to have just our immediate family around me at that time. We'll be thinking of you on both occasions, and certainly missing you from the "circle".

Two days after I mailed last week's letter to you, I located the missing savings bank pass book in the drawer in which I keep my neckties and handkerchiefs, so you won't have to do anything about the memorandum which I sent to you.

Your Utah basketball team continues to do very poorly. Last night, they lost to the Aggies, it seems that without Watson in the line up, due to a broken finger, they appear to be lacking the ball rustling they need so badly.

Last night we had dinner in the R. W. Madsen apartment in the Hotel Utah. It was Ren Richard's birthday, and the Jube Hals were also there. All of them wanted to be remembered to you. Incidentally, Jack Wright expects to be married in June, and the way they were talking last night, the wedding may be held at the country home of "Dick" Madsen.

Some time ago you asked us to try to locate a Norwegian grammar for you, and I told you that I had discussed the subject with the language department at the University of Utah. However, so far, they have been unable to help us. Do you want us to keep trying?

Well, son, that just about winds it up for this afternoon. I'm waiting for your mother to pick me up so that we can drive up to Grandma Williams'. Dick told us that if we would drive up to their place later on, they would pop some pop corn for us, but I rather imagine that we will go home and listen to the radio, sitting in front of the fire in the upstairs "sitting room".

We're glad to know that you are feeling fine, and getting along so well with the language. Also, we were glad that you took time out for a little relaxation, - an American movie and a little ice-skating.

All of us send our love.

Affectionately,

cc: Mr. & Mrs. Clayton V. Smith
Los Angeles

cc: Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Williams
Milwaukee

P.S. 6 P.M., and Wood just telephoned from our place, where he, Adele and Dougis had stopped in to "put away" some of the veal roast we had for dinner. They said that they went to Brighton instead of to Alta, that the snow was fine and they had a wonderful time.

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

Lelög, Norge
January 10, 1948

Dear Mom and Dad,

Saturday's chores completed and this week's "Time" read from cover to cover, I'm ready to write another weekly note from Nor-ge.

We went back to work last week and met considerable opposition, mostly from the weather. The week began with a fierce snowstorm leaving Moss with the most snow it's had in several years, just less than the New Yorkers received; and ended with three days of -10 to -13°C weather. Through it all we only missed one day of tracting, but decided towards the end of the week to invest in a pair of earmuffs. I've forgotten just how far the temperature drops below ~~zero~~ freezing at home, but I can remember that my ears were never as cold as they were Thursday morning. My body hasn't been chilled at all, thanks to the heavy overcoat and my priceless flying boots.

Your letter of the 4th made a speedy trip over reaching Oslo in 3 days and arriving here in 4 which is the best time they've made yet; maybe they're speeding up the service, which would help. As written in that letter there's some intra-family business to get straightened out with you, Dad.

First, the Bank Book. Before I left I either gave it to you or set it somewhere (as you looked over as Mom looked on) for you to pick it up. I think that it's one of two places; in your upstairs sitting room on the mantle or in a drawer, or in the living room in a drawer or in the Rotary flower vase on the mantle - have you tried the incinerator, you might find the War Bonds there also. I guess it isn't in a safety deposit box. I'll fill out the Lost Pass Book ~~request~~ report and enclose it.

I've never known such speedy service as you gave me on that typewriter deal and I sure appreciate it. I know if it's possible it will come with this group arriving at the end of January, if not, sometime later will be fine. It'll be a real thrill to have it. Thanks a million.

I have read about "Times" overseas edition subscription and almost ordered one a month ago, but I decided that moving around as I'll undoubtedly be it will be best if I buy it from the nearest Newstand each week for the price (just raised) of 30¢. It's the same overseas edition, printed in Paris, and I'm always sure of getting it every Saturday; I realize it's more expensive, but I think it's best this way.

I know you have sent many packages and I've received only two. I don't imagine they're lost; even if they were there's no way we can check on them. Elder Schow is also waiting for several which were sent a couple of months ago, so I guess they'll be here soon.

Ever since I came to Mass I've been looking for a detailed map of the city showing all streets etc., ~~wanting~~ to use as a guide for our tracting. I had given up hope having been to all stores, city building, and police station. As we were tracting the other day we contacted a city fireman at his home, who had relatives in Utah and had heard of our Church. On our second visit to his home he offered to take us on a tour of the city fire department nearby, on which we noticed a huge diagram of Mass and we asked if they were available. Today his son brought a "beauty" to us, and in return I'd like to give him a map of Utah which he said he would like. I'd appreciate it if you could locate a good map of the state and send it to me.

It seems like every letter I write now has at least one request in it; I hope soon I'll have everything so you can take a rest. This time besides the map, I'm asking you to buy an English Bible ~~for me~~ and send it. I brought Dad's Bible with me, but I'd like to have one of my own, one about the size of the Book of Normans Grandma gave all of us. Now on this money deal; I've got plenty of "small cash" in the bank which isn't doing anything, and I'll be able to cash my first War Bonds when I get home, so I'm asking you to pay for the typewriter and the Bible with that which is in the bank.

I received your \$125.00 last week and adding that to the thoughtful Xmas money gifts (\$5.00 from Geo. J. Cannon, \$10.00 from the Wards, and some from others), and the money I already had on hand you might say I'm "loaded". I may have to start sending it back — or maybe try a little "speculation". I read of Governor Mow's "5,000 bushels" not only in "Time", but also in London's "Daily Telegraph" which I buy every once in a while for the day's news — a day late.

I haven't been able to find any Post Cards as yet which would show you our little city of Mass. It's really not much to see in the winter, but they say it's lovely in the summer. Which reminds me — several weeks ago we were visiting investigators at their home in Horton. We went to the window with the lady of the house who pointed out the out-house to Elder Schow, and I, having misunderstood the conversation & thinking they were talking about their small orchard, came out with, "It must be beautiful in the Spring," from which they all got a big laugh. Such is life in the mission field.

The work is coming along fine. Will hold our regular Sunday meeting again tomorrow. Thanks for every thing & Happy Birthday, Dad. I'm still in good health & feeling fine. Love, Clay.

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

Sunday, January 4, 1948, 8:30 P.M.

Dear Clayt:

We're typing tonight on your new Royal Portable Typewriter which we bought for you last Tuesday,— right after receiving your very interesting letter from Oslo. We were glad that you mentioned wanting a typewriter because it tops off your Christmas present from us. Incidentally, your letter of the 27th reached us three days later, which is some "speed". Your Christmas Eve in Moss with the Rangnar Samuelson's must have been a real thrill for you, and your Christmas Day in Oslo with so many of your friends sounded like a lot of fun. It gave us a lot of satisfaction to realize that you, so far from home, had a happy Holiday Season.

We were surprised to learn that the S/S Stavangerfjord failed to bring to you the many packages "Mom" has sent to you, but we hope that some other ship has since docked and brought you at least three or four of them.

On December fourth I airmailed "Time" to find out if you were entitled to the special Ex-Service rate of \$4.50 per year recently announced in a memorandum from them. Finally on December 29th I received a reply stating that this rate does not apply overseas, but that you could receive the Atlantic Overseas Edition, printed in Paris, at a special renewal rate of \$8.50 (regular rate being \$10.00). Please let us know at once, as we must send to "Time" the expiration notice applying to your former subscription. Shall we have it mailed regularly to your present address? Sounds like a good deal,— especially the way you like "Time".

Do you remember giving me your savings bank pass book? I've gone through all of the papers you turned over to me, as well as all of the papers and boxes in the desk in your room, and I can't find it. Unless you can tell me where to locate it, you had better fill out the enclosed "Agreement as to Lost Pass Book", and mail it back in your next letter. Sorry to trouble you, but I should have it so that we can take care of your account for you.

Last Friday your Mother and Aunt Edna attended the Farewell Testimonial for Richard Winder. Your Mother is sitting next to me,— upstairs before the grate fire, so we'll let her dictate from here on. Everyone at the farewell inquired about you, and Bishop Judd wanted to know how you are getting along,— when he talked to Mother tonight. We've spent most of the day taking down the Christmas tree (which we sawed into pieces and burned up), and in cleaning up the Holiday debris, and putting away the decorations, etc., for next year. For the west window of the living room, we had a life-sized deer which your Mother secured at Makoff's (for free), and had painted white. And on the lamp table in front of the East Window, Mother had one of the very attractive white plaster deers,— one from the recent Rotary Ladies' night party. You remember the one like it which stood last Christmas on the sill of the west window. The Christmas Tree occupied the northwest corner, as usual. And of course, there were the two wreaths over the mantle.

Last Friday morning we air-mailed to you the complete sports-page and other clippings from the Tribune, telling all about the bowl games, etc. Utah has done very poorly so far in its eastern basketball junket. They're not playing last year's class of ball or else they're meeting tougher competition.

Mother has packed up another carton which will be mailed tomorrow. It includes the angle toothbrush you wanted, peanut butter, pears, dates, pork and beans, canned brown bread, sugar (brown), canned beef, gum, rolled oats, etc. Hope it reaches you in good ~~shape~~ shape, and ~~soon~~ Contingent Upon Strikes, Accidents, or Other Causes beyond Our Control

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON
204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

Page 2

And now for the events of New Year's Eve. We spent it very quietly in the apartment of the Williams Yeates' in the Belvedere with Harold & Marian, Spence & Ruth, Jules & Nat, and Aunt Edna. Dick and Marian participated in a "progressive dinner" with five other couples, and had a lot of fun. Doug and Sally had fourteen of their friends in our home,— Bobbe Bergstrom Blood, the "Hal" Lambs, ~~Sixteen~~ Marguerite Pugh & Bill McIntyre, "Ticker" Overfield, etc. They acted out a lot of charades, and Dougie, who was staying here, was the star of the show. They must have had a good time because they did not "break up" until the wee hours. Wood & Adele drove up to Brighton at noon of the 31st, and stayed until Friday night at the Alpine Lodge with sixteen of their friends. Just talked with her over the 'phone, and she ~~said~~ said "tell Clayt that he ought to see me ski with my new thin skis with metal edges that I got for Christmas. Wood and Jimmie Hogle and I skied both days, and had a circus. I'm really getting good."

And that's about it for tonight. Your Mother ~~will~~ will telephone to Brother Mardock tomorrow and try to contact some missionary who is coming to Norway, and who will bring this typewriter to you. We hope it will work out this month with one of the group of missionaries now entering the Mission Home. Will let you know definitely in our next letter,— which, incidentally, we will write on this typewriter to give it some use so that it will get through the Customs.

Aunt Rae sent back to us this morning "Air Mail-Special Delivery" your letter of Dec. 27th which we had air-mailed to her, and she attached a note reading: "Wonderful letter and a wonderful boy. He sure has the spirit. Thanks for sending it. Love to all."

Hope you are eating well and feeling fine. Keep up your good work. Love from all.

Affectionately,

Jeløy, Norge
January 4, 1948

Dear Mom & Dad,

It's late Sunday night, but I'll try to give you the word on the events of the past week in the little time I have before lights out at 11 P.M.

Our holiday has finally come to an end. Elder Schaw and I returned to Moss last Saturday (Dec 27th) after wonderful stay in Oslo. The next day we held our regular Sunday meeting + I'm glad to report that it gets easier every Sunday to stand before these people + speak to them using the Norwegian language. Monday was Elder Schaw's birthday + we had a delicious ~~midday~~ "middag" (lunch) with Sister Andreassen + her family. They gave us each a silver souvenir bookmark saying that if they'd known about my birthday on the 3rd they'd have had a party for me also. It embarrasses me to receive gifts from them, but there's nothing to do but thank them + tell them they shouldn't do it. Tuesday we threw a big "Julstret fest" (Christmas party) at our local hall which we rent for meetings. We had 42 in attendance - kids, members, and investigators. The kids really ate up that musical chairs game. Wednesday Elder Schaw & I traveled to Tjønsberg to visit the two Elders there + that afternoon the 4 of us hopped on a bus to Barkaker to visit + spend the night with a family of investigators there. That was New Year's Eve + we spent a tame but interesting evening welcoming in the new year, returning to Moss New Year's day. Friday night I saw my first movie since leaving ~~the~~ the States. It was the song of Bernadette exactly as it would be seen in America except for the printed conversation which is written in Norwegian at the bottom of the screen. The Norsk folk certainly like American movies, especially Westerns + war pictures, and seem to get almost as much out of them even though they must read rather than listen to the conversation. Saturday night I borrowed Elder Schaw's skates (his still unable to use them) + took three of our investigator's kids ice-skating at a swell local rink near where we live on Jeløy. I really had the time of my life; it's a good rink, well-kept, checkstand, music, hot-dogs ("pølser") + soda pop (brus). A lot of the kids up there could skate better than I, but I'll learn if I can find time.

Today we held afternoon fast meeting which was very inspiring after which we spent the evening with a member + her family.

Quite a vacation we have had and the 6:30 AM which were not accustomed to is going to come too early as we start regular work again tomorrow ~~evening~~ morning.

2
2 are at last week + contain lots of good goods,
canned nuts, olives, beets, some home-made caramel-chocolate, etc. —
do you recognize it? Thanks alot.

Got a short note from Paul Smith in which he mentioned that
you were sending ice-skates; if you've already sent them, fine, but if you
haven't bought any, it would be best that you forget it, for I can use
Elder Schou's.

*Rae Flossie is delivering the typewriter this afternoon
to a missionary leaving soon for Norway.*
How are things going with the typewriter deal? I hope it's
not causing as much trouble as I imagine it would.

I mentioned a few weeks ago about sending my money by
personal mail which I understood (now) is illegal. Anyway, I've decided that
even though it takes awfully long to receive the money through the
Church office, that's its the best way for now. If you can manage
to drop 50 bucks a month in there that'll be fine. I may have a
little extra on hand, but I assure you it won't be wasted; I keep
track of every "pre". I only wish I had paid my own way.

We feel, having talked with many people around here +
other missionaries, that we're paying too much rent; it actually is
in comparison with what the others pay, so we're looking for a new
home which will be lucky if we find.

The ~~days~~ ^{days + nights} have turned cold again after several weeks
of wonderful weather. We took a heavy loss on vegetables having had
ours stored in another room (closet) which was unheated; the sudden
cold spell froze them. But I believe we'll make out alright.

The language is coming along fine + I enjoy every thing
we do in our work; even tracting. I'm still in good health and
thankful for that. The people here treat us even nicer than I
had imagined they would. There isn't a better place in the world
to serve as a missionary.

The pictures which should have arrived when you receive
this letter don't show much of Norway + where we are laboring now
but I'm taking "bracks + whites" all the time so more will be
the way soon. (Cont. in the morning)

Monday Morn.

Just received your newsy letter about the wonderful Christmas;
 really sounded swell. Thanks for the scarf; darn good gift, Mom,
 even though you did go over the quoted price.

I hope you, Mom, and Doug have a happy day on the 13th.
 This may be the last letter before then, so I'll wish you both a
 happy Birthday.

good typewriter money.

Thanks for everything + the Xmas present of \$75 bucks

Love,

Rec. - On any package you send Clayt. to Clayt, please be sure to
mark plainly on the outside "Unsolicited Gift". Bert

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

December 17, 1947

Dear Clayt:

It is really difficult to think of something "interesting" to say to you this morning because we have recently rushed a few short notes through to you, and we know that Adele and Dougie have written to you, and undoubtedly others. We feel sure that you have received most of the "sport news".

Last night when we were having dinner with Adele, Wood and Dougie in their home, your mother suggested that, inasmuch as you would not be here to decorate the Christmas tree, she thought she would invite all of our family to dinner next Monday evening if they would promised to stay long enough to help decorate the tree. Sounds like a "capital idea" to me, as I haven't been decorating Christmas trees for several years, - at least since you fellows and Adele were old enough to take over the task.

True to past years, your mother has her Christmas present before Christmas. This time it is a brand new Singer cabinet model sewing machine complete with table and chair. Inasmuch as she picked it out herself, she is bound to like it; and while it may not have given her the thrill she received from the gift of the living room lamps, fur coat, etc., it will be quite a family "utility".

Frankly, I have done very little "Christmas shopping", but your mother and I sat down before the grate fire the other evening and tried to make a tabulation of the things already purchased and the gifts yet to be bought so that the children and grand-children would all be happy. There is nothing much we can get to you in time, other than the extra money we have already sent through the L.D.S. Church office. We want you and your companion, - and hope there will be several of you gathered together in Oslo for the Christmas vacation, - to have a good time together, and we will gladly arrange it so that you can help them to have a good time, - provided, that you will let us know what you need in addition to what we have already sent.

Your mother continues to send at least a box each week to you, and the contents seem to match very closely the list of items which you gave us in your last letter. If you happen to find some chocolate or candy in a can which carries a "creamed corn" label, may be that is just an accident. While we're on the subject of candy and sweets stuffs, you haven't told us what you are able to buy, even if you have to pay a rather stiff price for it. In the good old days when I was over in Europe, we could get delicious Swiss chocolate and other delicacies, but we assume that even in Norway, under present rationing and stringencies that sugar is too scarce to be used in candy.

The thing that is going through my mind this morning is whether or not mother's candy, even in sealed tins, ^{is} coming to you in good condition; and, if not, whether you will be able to get some over there. It is not only good to eat, but I've always felt that chocolate is a moderate stimulant and "refresher". At least the Armed Services considered it so. You haven't yet told us where you have been getting any of your "restaurant meals", neither have you said anything about food stuffs available, prices, etc. Your mother doesn't want to "spoil you" but she does want to make sure

that you have plenty to eat, because an under-fed person is certainly not a happy being, nor one capable of doing a very good job. We realize that you are sharing the contents of the boxes with your companion and with the members of the branch, and that is certainly an excellent idea.

We get a lot of joy out of your letters, and particularly your enthusiasm for the work and your progress in learning the language.

I have opened a Christmas card which came in yesterday's mail from Fred Holbrook, who is now at 250 Parker Street, Tampa, Florida. His card is enclosed in this letter. Under separate cover by regular mail, we are forwarding to you a 1948 calendar of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, inasmuch as it shows some of our Western scenery, which you have already told us appeals to the friends you have made in Moss.

This may be the last letter we'll be able to get into your hands before Christmas, so we want to make sure that it carries to you the love of all the family, and our fervent hope and prayer that you will have a happy Christmas and pleasant holiday season.

Affectionately,

copy to Aunt Rae
copy to Rex, Jr.

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

your love
Clayton

Jeløy, Norway
December 14, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's been a busy week and now the weekend has even passed without my writing to you. I just returned from Sister Andreasen's home having gone there (after Sunday evening meeting) for a snack, and I have just a few minutes before bedtime so I thought I'd keep my 'letter of the week' on schedule.

I reached another goal this week; that of 5 hours tracting per day. Being able to tract alone now I can go out any time and thus get in the 5 hours that our mission president urges us to do. I had some fine conversations, but it's still difficult for me to go into deep gospel ~~conversations~~ subjects with my limited vocabulary. I can discuss the weather pretty thoroughly by now.

We have spent some enjoyable evenings with members and investigators. All in all it's been the busiest week yet. I wish I had the time to tell you more about it.

Elder A. Shaw and I spoke again in this evening's meeting, with 5 members and 4 investigators present. I guess it's hard for these people to listen to my speaking as it moves quite slowly. I jot notes down on a piece of paper in English ^{before hand} and as I speak I look at the notes occasionally and transfer my thoughts into Norsk sentences. The ten words which I learn each day are certainly helping to increase my vocabulary.

I sure enjoyed your interesting letter, Mom - you really gave me the news and what I wanted to hear.

Sorry for the short note. I write again soon.
No orders for Xmas now.

Feeling fine. We've had some beautiful warm weather (0°) this week. Hope all is well at home.

Love,
Clayton.

P.S. Changed my mind on Xmas orders. Here we go again. Mom, if you could buy something small + under five bucks, something Marilyn could wear or ~~put~~ put in her room. ~~She~~ I just received word that she's leaving for California on the 20th so if this letter reaches you ~~by~~ Friday that would

Enclosed is letter
1/1/47 from your
Coast Guard friend
Thomas J. Coughlin, Middletown
Conn. and picture of your
fellows on the P.F. 40 Eugene
taken by Joe De Brita. We
kept one of the pictures.

Friday - Dec. 12, 1947

Dear Clayt

Just a very short note today, - more on Sunday or Monday.
Your letter of last Saturday, Dec 6th, arrived this morning
and your Mother read it to me, with Dick listening in
on his phone extension. We're all thrilled to learn that
you had such a pleasant birthday, and particularly to
know that Mom's first package finally reached you, and on
your birthday.

Money at the Winder reunion last night (Richards Ward)
inquired about you. 'Dick' Winder will have his farewell on
January 5th, enter the Missionary Home on January 6th, and
sail on the "America" from New York on January 21st headed
for Czechoslovakia.

We're glad you've had a chance to see 'Dick' Kirby. This
is the first time you have told us he's only 40 or 50 miles away.
But, best of all, your statement that you now weigh 10 pounds
more than you did on your last birthday, assures us that
the food agrees with you. And you say you feel "tip-top".
Your letters are a real joy to us, and we'll pass them around
realizing that you do not have time to write many letters.
Love - Mom + Dad

Copy to Aunt Kate (including your letter to us of 11/30/47)

This letter came all the way in 3 days

December 27, 1947
Oslo, Norge

Dear Mom and Dad,

After reading my last letter I guess it's a surprise to read that I'm in Oslo; well, my orders were changed the last minute, but it's certainly been a wonderful Christmas vacation. This is how it went:

As you will remember Kirb was to come to Moss when Elder Schow left for Oslolast Wednesday morning. After waiting all day and no sign of Kirb I was happy to receive a phone call from our district president, Ray Engebretsen, in Oslo telling me to hop on a train and come there for the holidays, that Kirb had been transferred to labor in Arundal. But, I had an invitation to spend Christmas Eve with the Rangnar Samu elsens, so I told him I'd be in on the morning train Christmas Day.

It was four o'clock when this call came, so for the next two hours I was running all over Moss giving out a few presents to some of our friends who had been so nice to us; and chewing gum to the kids. You should have seen the expression on the face of little Egil Andreassen when I handed him the small package; he smelled it, and yelled "Tiggy goomey" (which means chewing gum, but I spelled it as he pronounced it in Norsk). I learned from the people here in Oslo that the S/S Stavangerfjord carried no packages, so I didn't receive the clothes from Adele or the many boxes which I expected from you, which was too bad. They're bound to come soon; and I can distribute the clothes no matter when they come.

I was sure amazed at the beautiful house decorations besides the lovely tree and table when I arrived at Samuelsen's at six o'clock. They are better off than most of the families we know in Moss, and they go all out for Christmas "just like another family I know." Elikk, Rangnar's smart wife had prepared a delicious roast dinner for us which we ate, and ate, and ate.

After dinner Rangnar went out on the street and found a Juleniss dressed in red from head to toe taking the part of Santa Claus, going from house to house passing out the family presents. He was really a jolly fellow, and he made their two kids feel so good by bringing them so many packages. I was embarrassed to receive two fine gifts, a book on the History of Norge and some shaving soap and lotion. They're a swell couple. I always feel perfectly at home with them.

Later in the evening Rangnar and Elikk's parents joined us for "ru e" coffee and "julekake" plus some singing and talking. Both of their mothers are members of the Church, but none of the others are; just good investigators and have been for years, I suppose.

That was their big Christmas celebration, and it was certainly enjoyable for me; I don't think I could have spent a happier Xmas away from home.

Christams morning I hopped on a train and arrived at the mission home in Oslo just in time for a fine holiday dinner. Thirteen of us; President Engebretsen, his family, and the missionaries, President Petersen having gone to Bergen. Well, we all had a rare time "shooting the breeze" and singing. The Engebretsen's are alot of fun to be with.

Over here they celebrate the day after Xmas which they call Ammenjule, so we slept in late that day and relaxed until the "julefest" (party) which was at four in the afternoon to which all of the members in Oslo and their families come. That was a big deal, warding around the Christmas tree singing songs. I got a bit tired of it after an hour, but they kept it up for at least four with intervals for chow.

That night the girls here threw a party at one of their homes for all the missionaries, about 8 of us. Moss was never li ke this and we did have fun. Just had a big time playing games, singing & playing American songs(they all speak English), and of co urse eating. It's darn good to have a bit of that activity and these girls in Oslo are not bad at all, or maybe I've been over here too long.

That gives you a quick sketch of the holiday which will end today when I meet Elder Schow to take the 5:05 back to Moss. It's sure been alot of fun though. I was lucky to have the opportunity of coming to Oslo.

Now, I must answer some questions which you have asked me a cou ple of times. We have a fine restaurant in Moss where I have eaten several t imes. I haven't bought any candy here, but I have eaten a bit of chocolate or candy from the box I received. Candy is rationed and we aren't able to buy much, but the little you might include or have included in your boxes I'm sure will be plenty. Now, about those boxes, I don't want you to go all out on them. I think orfe a week is too often to send them. The things I really care about are those which I listed in my letter, ie, breakfast food, honey, toothpaste (and by the way an "Angle" toothbrush if you happen to think of it someday), and soap. I assure that I'm getting plenty to eat, and I feel wonderful; I'm thankful for that. If you could manage to get one ^{box} a month off to me with the necessities and a little candy or choc. pudding that would be wonderful.

I was happy to receive on coming to Oslo, the telegram from the Buck Williams', your letter to Aunt Laura with etc., and my first roll of color film which I had the English office or processing dept. develop for me. Much to my surprise they turned out pretty good and I'll send them off to you immediately. Also received today your notes about the gift to "Cov"...thanks. I'll have to write a note to the Worsleys when I get time; soon I hope.

I couldn't have picked out myself a better Christmas present than the swell billfold or what ever you call it that you sent. It's especially swell for me, for when I hear new No rsk words which I don't understand I write them down and learn them that night; the removeable paper in that billfold makes an excellent tablet for that purpose...it's also good for carrying my "city p ermi t" and ration cards. With money I received as gifts I bought a leather bound Norwegian Bible which I was lucky to get as they are hard to find. I paid almost six bucks for it and it's really a beaut.

copy

Brought *Q. y. ston* 3.

a new Royal portable typewriter last Tuesday, and hope to be able to send it to him this month by one of the missionaries going to Norway.

It seems good to use a typewriter even if it is one of this cali ber. I've sought diligently to buy a typewriter ever since I first men t ioned it some t ime ago; followed up adds and all without being able to get a good bu y . A new typewriter in Fredrikstad which I located would have cost \$110.00 which was absolu tely out of the question. So, I'm asking you to draw enough money out of my bank account and bu y me a new portable. I mean it when I say that I don't want it if I can't pay fo r it. A missionary class goes into the home early i n January and will leave Salt Lake around the 15th of Jan. I wish I k new the names of some of those coming to Norge, so if I had a friend among them I could have one of them bring it. That's the only way to bring one into the country as they will charge you no more than 2 buck toll that way; o therwise it costs a fortune. I hate to have you trying to locate someone to carry one over here for me, but if yo u hear of any one I'd sure appreciate it. An Elder here had a new typewriter brou ght in by one of t he missionaries in Paul Smith's group. It's alot of trouble; I wish I could arrange it myself.

Well, I've knocked this letter out in record time as you can probably t ell having read it. I hope you all had as enjoyable a Christmas as I di d.

Thanks for everything.

Love,

copy

Jeløy, Norge
December 18, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad, - and Family

The downtown stores are crowded and the streets are full of people carrying packages. Two huge Christmas trees have been erected in the center of town, and the Salvation Army has its bells ringing at outposts on every block on the streets of Moss. So here, just as at home at this time, we can see that the holiday is just around the corner.

The people of Norway are especially looking forward to this Christmas as it will be their happiest in many years. Items such as cheese, raisins, nuts, oranges, and eggs which we haven't seen at all have come out on the ration list + although we've only been able to buy small quantities it seems good to taste them again. We were able to buy with Elder Aehov's + my ration cards; 14 oranges, 5 eggs, and a small sack of raisins + nuts. That may sound rather short to you but I can honestly say that we don't even notice the rationing other than it causes us to go easy on our butler. You don't miss those other foods when you have enough to eat as we do. I believe Norway's people are better off than any other people in Europe.

Letters have been pouring in during the week, at the rate of at least 3 a day which has been a treat. I appreciate the many clippings, notes, and letters which you have sent. None, your descriptions must have been terrific. Besides other reports I heard about them from the lovely girl.

The Slavningsfjord arrived in Oslo on the 17th, yesterday, and I suppose some of your packages will come to me soon which will be the best presents I could get for Xmas. I hope that the clothes which Adelle wrote me about ~~will~~ arrive soon, so I can give them to those who need them at Yule time. I've found a family which could use some help & it would be a thrill for me to do something for them. I have quite a few foods here which we cannot use, such as things which require baking, so I plan to give these away.

I know already that I'll miss spending Christmas at home with all of you; and the best I can do this year is wish you all a Merry Christmas via Air Mail.

Love,
Clayton.

P.S. I had planned to spend Xmas in Oslo with Elder Ashow and his relatives, but that fell through; so Elder Ashow will go there alone + Elder Evensen, Kirby's companion, having made plans to visit relatives in Bergen will go there alone, leaving Kirk free to come to Moss to celebrate the holiday with me (are you still with me). So that will be fine + when we get together we always have a big time.

P.S. I received your first check today which is another Xmas present although I still have some of the money left which I brought with me. (\$40.00) I acknowledge that you have sent another "double check" which will probably arrive in a month or so. Don't send any more until I ask you for it + at that time I'll probably ask that you send it in traveler's checks (if possible) rather than through the church which is perfectly legal as far as I know - I don't know about mail regulations, but it's alright with the mission president. Thanks for the cash + Merry Xmas
Cary.

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

December 9, 1947

Dear "Clayt":

I was disappointed yesterday morning when the postman brought back for insufficient air mail postage the note which I had written to you last Saturday, attaching two newspaper clippings of the Louis-Wolcott fight etc. I'm sure that I attached sufficient postage, but I'm afraid that when I dropped the "fat envelope" down the mail chute opening, two of the air mail stamps must have torn off. At any rate, Ruby re-mailed the letter yesterday morning, and it should be in your hands before this letter reaches you.

Today's the big day in Rotary, -- particularly for your mother, who has done an outstanding job in the decoration of the Junior Ballroom at the Hotel Utah, as well as the table favors. As a matter of fact, I just left her at the hotel where we had breakfast with J. H. McCabe and Dick, and your mother is staying on to complete the final "touches".

We hope that you will be able to locate a satisfactory typewriter when you go into Oslo at Christmas time. If not, we will try to locate a portable typewriter here if you think it is worthwhile attempting to send it over to you. If we are able to get proper "exchange" at the bank today, we'll enclose some extra money in this letter. We are particularly anxious that you and your companion should have a happy Christmas season together, including some good meals at that time.

In your last letter you referred to a letter you had received from Aunt Rae in which she had inquired as to the cost of skis which she wanted to give to you as a present, and you suggested that you thought you would rather use the money to help buy the typewriter. We say definitely "no", because we will gladly send you whatever money you need for a typewriter, and we are sure that Aunt Rae wants you to have the skis.

We hope that you have received the last money which we sent through the Church Office, and we're arranging today to send through the regular December allotment. Please tell us how it comes to you, and particularly if the rate of exchange is in your favor. By all means, tell us very frankly if you need more funds, and how you would prefer to have the money forwarded to you.

A grave-side memorial service is to be held tomorrow afternoon for Uncle "Ted" Felt, -- a simple service with Uncle Rex dedicating the grave. It's particularly sad for Aunt Edna and her family, especially coming at Christmas time.

Thursday evening is the "Winder reunion" at the Richards Ward, for the children and grand-children of Grandpa John R. Winder. We're on the arrangements committee, and hope that there will be a good attendance and an interesting program.

Everybody's busy trying to do Christmas shopping, especially for the children.

Right now, your brother Doug is making an appointment with me at the bank so that he can conclude negotiations for a home he is purchasing at Stratford Avenue and Ninthth East, - a new home to be completed about the first of February. He's had it carefully surveyed by a G-I appraiser, we've all checked it with him, and it looks like an excellent "buy". He and Sally are certainly enthused about it, and already making preparations for the final painting, papering, etc.

We'll try to get another letter off to you before the end of the week to make up for the slight "gap" in our recent correspondence.

We're glad to know that you are well and that time is passing rapidly with you, which is certainly an indication that you are enjoying yourself.

All of us join in love to you.

Affectionately,

cc: Mr. & Mrs. Clayton V. Smith
Hotel Savoy
Los Angeles, California

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

Rae - Please return by Air Mail
Bert

Jeløy, Norge
December 6, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad,

I guess I'm getting in a rut writing these once-a-week letters, but the weekend is actually my only free time, so here we go again.

The work, tracting etc, gets more interesting every week as I have said before. This week was the climax I've been working for - to begin tracting alone. I hadn't felt capable of carrying on a conversation in Norsk until last week, and so I had been tracting with Elder Skow. I decided that it was time I went out on my own, so I asked Elder Skow, and did so. The results are fine and I certainly enjoy carrying on my own conversations. By results I mean the great progress which you can make working in this way.

The week moved by as fast if not faster than the others have. Tuesday night we held an impressive testimony and fast meeting. In attendance were five saints, one investigator, and we two. All but the investigator stood and bore their testimonies. A few Norsk words came to me, and I felt rather easy about getting up and expressing my thanks.

The third fell on Wednesday and everything seemed to turn out just right for my birthday. I attained my majority; quote GWN, in good shape, possibly ten pounds heavier than last year at this time, and received many letters that day. Your first box arrived right on the 3rd (it's a fact), so that was an added, unexpected gift. Sister Jansen had invited Elder Skow and I for dinner that afternoon and she was really thrilled when I told her, as we sat down at the table, that it was my birthday. Thanks for the watch (I couldn't have had a better present); and thanks to all for the letters.

The contents of Box #1, sure taste good. We love the chocolate, prunes + all of it. But I have a couple of tips which will help if you send some more packages in the future. Chocolate of any kind costs too much to receive, so if you send it, pack it in a sealed, prune box. The best foods you could send would be the following: Honey, Peanut Butter, Cracked Wheat, Cream of Wheat, Oatmeal, Prunes, dried fruit, spaghetti + dried vegetables,

^{+ a tube of Colgate tooth paste & Suprimas I have cream.}
peas etc. We can get navy beans. Thanks a million for the box. Don't spend too much money on them. We can get along with just a few.

We travelled to Fredrikstad (about 40 miles south of here) yesterday to attend a funeral and to visit the missionaries there, an elderly couple and Kirby + his companion. It was good to see the character ^{again}. We had a good dinner together + he showed me the town.

I'm accomplishing more + beginning to feel like I'm doing something. I know what it is to be busy, I'm learning to concentrate, and I can see how much time I used to waste at home. No wonder you got burnt up over those report cards, Dad, I would too, now.

I feel that I haven't learned this language, what I know of it, by myself; that the Lord has helped ~~me~~ accomplish what I have done. I didn't appreciate this missionary opportunity when I was home, but I do now.

That about winds things up for this Saturday night. My health has been tops this whole month in the field + I hope that everyone at home is in good shape.

Love,
Clayt.

Time, you said in that letter. It usually
a week for your mail to reach me. I enjoyed
letters and have shown several people the picture
sister - Adele. Which reminds me, Mom, if you have
photos of all of the family would you send them - the
really like to see them.

I received a letter from Aunt Rae telling me to let
her know how much skirts cost here, so she can send me the
money. I wonder if she'd care if I put it into a new
or used typewriter. I'm following up all leads on this
typewriter deal and may be able to get one when I go
into Oslo at Xmas time.

Well, that ends it for tonight. I imagine my packages
will come over on the S/S Stavangerfjord which leaves New York
on the 6th. I'll let you know how they come out.

I feel fine physically and can see that I'm making
some progress in my work. Each week we accomplish more
and now I'm getting so interested in the kids here that
I may be able to spend more for rent on our meeting
house, ^{so} ~~much~~ we are thinking of starting a Sunday School.

Hope everyone at home is feeling fine.

Love,
Clayton

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON
204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

November 24, 1947

Dear "Clayt":

Just as we left for the office this morning we received an air mail note from Rex Jr, thanking your mother for the "farewell party", and also thanking us for the copy of one of your letters which we mailed to him. He says that he feels fine and hopes that he is "doing some good".

Your letter of Saturday, November 15 with the Sunday, November 16 supplement, arrived last Friday. We certainly were glad to learn that you have finally located a small coal stove which is helping to keep you warm, along with the flying boots, heavy overcoat, warm blankets, etc. We all feel much happier to know your "room" is cozier after the thorough cleaning and addition of the stove.

We can well imagine how you feel in your "tracting", not being able to converse with those you contact. Again, your experience carries me back to my own early experiences in Switzerland. However, you will be surprised how rapidly the Norsk language comes to you if you and your companion will try to avoid conversations in English as much as possible.

The big event of the past week was "Pete" Felt's wedding, for which your mother did her usual masterful accomplishment in the decorations at the Country Club. Attached photograph of Martha and the newspaper clipping will give you the details.

We're all looking forward to Thursday, not only because of the Thanksgiving Utah-Aggie game, but also the opportunity to have the family together again. We hope that you and your companion will be fortunate enough to "eat out" on Thanksgiving Day in a restaurant where you can find something nearly equivalent to the "Yankee turkey". Incidentally, you haven't said anything about restaurant facilities, but we assume that you have found a "spot" where you can secure a good meal at least once in a while, - and thus relieve the strain on your own cooking.

Your mother is at the post office right now getting off a package including your suspenders, canned nuts, etc, which we hope will reach you within a few weeks. Kate Schleich told your mother last week that it takes an average of a months time for her packages to reach relatives in Germany, so we assume that it will take approximately the same time for our packages to get to you. If you have any suggestions as to what we should attempt to send, how we should change the individual containers, how we should mark the packages etc, please be sure to let us know. The postman suggested to your mother her packages might receive a little more careful attention if she indicated that they were being sent by the "chairman of the Red Cross Canteen". After all of the service your mother has given, and continues to give to the Red Cross, she should be entitled to this much consideration.

Yesterday afternoon I read to Grandma Williams your letter of November 15, and she always tells us to be sure to send her love to you. Aunt Clare is coming home from

the hospital December first, and we understand that the folks have been able to locate an apartment for her. At the moment, Uncle Rex and Aunt Helen are in California, although when they left they had intended to be back last Friday evening in time for the Felt-Stewart wedding reception. When they left, Aunt Helen was feeling much better, and we have equally satisfactory news from Allen Williams.

We'll try to get another letter to you before your birthday a week from Wednesday; but if we do not succeed, we know that you will accept this letter as our birthday greeting. It should be quite an event in your life, attaining your majority, and particularly in a foreign land. You'll have to wait a couple of years before you can exercise your franchise.

We're sending copies of this letter to Rex Jr, and to Aunt Rae, - even though the contents may not be particularly interesting to them.

Love from all of us.

Affectionately,

Elder Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

cc: Mr. & Mrs. Clayton V. Smith
Hotel Savoy
Los Angeles, California

cc: Elder Rex W. Williams, Jr.
23 Connaught Avenue
Halifax, Nova Scotia

P.S. I just talked with Uncle Rex over the telephone, who tells me that they got home at eight o'clock last night after a very pleasant trip, good weather, etc. He and Mr. Callahan of Chase Copper saw the Stanford-California game but had to leave before the last quarter "fire works" in order to catch the Ferry. Cal finally beat Stanford in the last few minutes.

Jeløy, Norge
November 22, 1947

Dear Mom & Dad,

With Saturday's chores completed I'm ready to send your way another weekly report from the Moss Branch.

The past week has certainly been the best and busiest for me so far. As I am able to understand and speak more of the "sprog", every incident becomes more interesting and enjoyable for me.

Last Monday^(17th) started off a week of cold weather. The temperature dropped to 10° below zero (C) on Monday and Tuesday - freezing over the upper fjord which is, of course, sea water. Since then the temperature has been on a steady rise until today it's "raincoat" weather again.

I like "tracking" more everyday and I'm happy to say that our receptions, as a rule, have not had much resemblance to the weather. We have made some good contacts this week putting in four hours each day in that work.

One morning last week we dropped in on the Rognar Samulson family (investigators) and left with them a package of rice which was packed in my food suitcase. At 6 P.M. we returned and spent the evening with them, and were served a large dish of delicious rice pudding, + cakes. We spoke English with Rognar (a son of one of the members here) who has travelled extensively and was with Amundsen on one of his expeditions. He has a fine family, and has always been a good friend to the missionaries here in Moss. We had a good time two nights ago at the home of one of our elderly lady members. While the others talked I picked up some Norsk words from Sister Anderson's granddaughter, Gerda, by having her name objects which I would point to in picture books.

This Norsk language is a definite hindrance, and it was discouraging at first to listen in ignorance, but I feel now that I'm making progress. Each day I list and learn 10 new Norsk words + one scripture in Norsk; and it has proved already a fine way to expand my vocabulary in this new sprog. I'm still a long way from carrying on an intelligent conversation, though.

Our living conditions are fine; the new stove keeps us plenty warm, and we're getting plenty to eat. I gave the room a real scrubbing today, so it's looking pretty good right now.

There are a couple of things which I'd appreciate if you would include in a box to me sometime. On my bookshelf is an English book entitled "Writing & Thinking"; that's number 1. On the advice received from Duff Hanks I spend 15 minutes a day studying subjects other than the gospel; Dad, if you know of a good book with "story

problems in it or my Calculus book would you send one of those and
both; that's #2. If it is in a bookstore you get inquire about a
Norwegian grammar book (explained in English). That would probably be
hard to find, but it would sure be a help to me, as I'm not able
to find anything of that type over here. I want to learn correct
grammar as I learn the words; that's #3.

I believe that now would be the time for sending my first
check into the Church office. ~~That~~ Allowing it 3 weeks to reach me
I should be just about ready for the money then.

Last Wednesday I sent in our monthly financial and attendance
report and assumed the secretarial duties for the Branch. It's not
a big job, but I like doing it; i.e. keeping records, ~~handling~~
finances (chapel rent, members tithing, etc.).

Well, I guess that's about all for now. I'm really en-
joying the work. ~~They~~ I've had troubles + discouragement, but
they're over + things have gone swell this week. Elder Schow
and I get along fine, and I'm certainly indebted to him for
all his done for me.

I appreciate what you're doing + all you have done
for me. Hope your feeling well, as I am.

Love,
Clayton.

P.S. I've been looking all over Moss for a second hand typewriter, but they
seem to be scarcer than mysons. I'm not hunting for you to send one,
because it wouldn't be practical. I'll probably be able to dig one up.

The little knowledge of Govt. I picked up ^{my} last quarter at the "H"
led me into a very interesting English conversation with a young
fellow who works for the City paper here. We spent an afternoon
with him + his English speaking Mother, the most cordial people
we have come in contact with. I learned all about their city
Govt. and of working conditions here "i Norge."

Got a swell letters from Tom, Rex, ~~and~~ Joy Jensen (Keith Jensen
Chewson's nephew) and "Cav" during the week, so I better get
busy and answer some of them.

Hav'n't heard from you since I wrote you last. I like
to have you write a few words as you've done before, now, on ~~Dear's~~
letters.

No need to send papers or magazines. I buy "Time" every
week for about 25¢.

Would you send Fred's address in your next letter.

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON

204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421

SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT:

November 17, 1947

Dear Clayton:

I put in a full shift here at the office yesterday (Sunday) trying to catch up a little, - all of which meant that I didn't have a chance to get off a letter to you. However, your mother penned the short note which is enclosed.

I do not have the Tribune Sport page, but regret to tell you that Utah was downed by the Idaho Vandals 13 to 6 on a muddy field in Boise last Saturday afternoon. The Aggies beat the Colorado Aggies, and B.Y.U. lost to Denver. We're going to have a tough time with the Aggies on Thanksgiving Day unless our boys can get back into shape. Several of them are pretty well battered up.

Your six page letter of November 15 was just what "the doctor ordered", because it gave us so much detail as to your lodgings, your activities etc. It took my mind back approximately 35 years when I was having similar experiences, - particularly in a small room in an old residence in Lyons, France, - no utilities etc. The same conditions prevailed pretty much throughout Switzerland. If my memory serves me correct, I'm quite sure that all of our "Saturday bathing" was in a public bath house, - the same as you are now experiencing. We're particularly glad to note that you are able to get a quart of milk a day, and hope that you may find some way of getting eggs.

We read your letter to Grandma Williams yesterday afternoon, and then drove out to call on Marian and Dick for late sandwiches. Doug and Mally had already been there with their baby, and Wood and Adele dropped in about nine o'clock. So we had sort of a family reunion away from home.

When your mother brought me to the office this morning, she continued on to the post office to send the sweaters and other items which you listed in your last letter, and we hope that everything reaches you without delay and in good condition. Even though you say that your money is holding out okay, we will get a check into the Missionary Department tomorrow so that additional funds will be sent through to you. Above all, do not "skimp". You have always taken very good care of yourself, but you must realize that such a sudden change in diet will require very careful attention. We're sorry to learn that your companion has not been well, but hope that by the time this letter reaches you he will be "back on his feet", so that both of you can carry on according to schedule.

True to past experience, your mother is going to decorate the Felt-Stewart wedding reception at the Country Club. Also, the Rotary Club entertainment committee has snared her to help out with the Ladies' night party on December 9. All of this in addition to her sewing club and Wednesday Club and teas, etc. Its a good thing she can keep busy because it keeps her spirits up.

It is only two weeks until your birthday, and you have already had your birthday present, so about the only thing we'll be able to do is to write to you again before that time. As a matter of fact, we believe that you will be hearing from several of the family

between now and December 3.

Do not hesitate to let us know if there is anything we can do for you, because We'll certainly respond quickly. All of us join in love and constant wishes for your health, happiness and safety.

Affectionately,

Clayton R. Williams
Osterhaugsgaten 27
Oslo, Norway

Polay, Norge
Nov. 15, 1947

Dear Mom and Dad,

Here it is Saturday afternoon again and having had a busy morning (1. Installed a small coal stove in the room; 2. Went to town for weekly bath, and shopping; 3. Got my washing on the stove to "cook" as they say here.) I'm ready to give you the details of the past week.

Things are on the upgrade, but still not how I'd like them. Our living conditions have improved with the new stove + cleaning job we've given the room. The little place is cozy and we're really fixed pretty comfortably. Things could be alot worse in other places. We're eating well - as many vegetables as we can get, for they will be more scarce in the winter - and regularly. The work and the language are the only things that bother me now. We just don't get out enough. The mission president requires or suggests 5 hours teaching per day and we are doing about 3. The companion says he doesn't feel up to par, so we cut it short each day. When I'm able to carry on an intelligent conversation in Norse I'll be able to stay out longer and I'll enjoy the work so much more. I feel pretty uneasy when we go to a door, get into a conversation which begins to lull and I don't know enough Norse to pick it up. We've come upon some in-

interesting per se, some hostile, but we like those better than the ones who have no insight at all to say. Now, the other morning we went to the door of a middle-aged lady, a Free Thinker who wouldn't accept a tract. Here's what I was able to get out of the conversation: She said she was "saved" (as do quite a few people over here) and when we asked how she knew that, she said that on the night of November 8, 1944 at 8 PM she had a vision of her family tree with an ax at its side, so from that she knew that her life would continue, her family tree remain standing. She was really a character. Why Elder Schow couldn't tell her a thing. She was saved and that's all there was to it.

That was just one door — they're all different, ~~but~~ ^{almost all} hard to get inside + sit down in the warmth. They usually just crack the door open + talk to you peering their head around the edge. But I get bewildered when I can't understand what's going on + I seldom say anything. If I could only use the language I could really help out + the work would be so much more interesting.

Last Sunday, the day after I wrote you of the good weather we've been having, the snow came, but only about six inches. It doesn't ever get very deep around here, they say. But since that storm, it's been cold, cold enough for sheets of ice to form on the fjord in the morning (and float away in the afternoon). Those flying boots and the heavy overcoat are sure the things. The people would really go for a pair of those boots, and the blankets which you fixed up have kept me just warm enough — comfortable every night.

Sunday Night
Nov. 16, 1947

Dear Mom & Dad,

Just returned from Church & I have a few minutes before hitting the sack.

Our service went off pretty well tonight — a talk by Elder Schow & hymns played by Elder Williams. They really didn't sound too good, but nobody complained. As an added attraction I played the "Promised Valley" score (my version, which has no similarity whatsoever to Crawford Gates') and that ^{really} knocked 'em cold.

There were 10 old folks & 3 kids present, which is a darn good turnout for us. None of the 3 youngsters are L.O.S. members, and 3 of the 10 oldsters were investigators. I wish we could get some people ^{my} ~~my~~ age interested, to give the whole situation a little more life.

I forgot my suspenders & I'd appreciate if you'd put them in a box some time.

I haven't written "the Cow" lately, Mom, so if you see her tell her there's a letter coming her way as soon as I get a minute. She's a good egg, but there's really not much to this affair.

I guess that's all for tonight.

Love,
Clayton

WILLIAMS, GRITTON & WILDE

SUCCESSORS TO
WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON
204 DOOLY BUILDING — TELEPHONE 4-6421
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

SUBJECT: November 9, 1947 (Sunday 1:30 P.M.)

Dear Clayt:

Your letter of October 31st, posted when your ship "touched" Bergen last Sunday night, reached us Friday morning. A fine, newsy letter; and it gave us just the information we were waiting for,- to know that you were well, had enjoyed the voyage across on such a fine ship, getting fat on the excellent food, and no sea-sickness. It was nice of Aunt Priscilla and John James to get the gloves to you before you sailed,- and particularly for John to remain at the pier long enough to wave good-bye.

You will note by the enclosed clipping from the Sunday Tribune that we have with us Mayo Nielsen of Richfield as one of the outstanding High School seniors in Salt Lake City for the week-end as guests of the Rotary Club in its outstanding project "Youth Faces Life". As a matter of fact, we have two boys from the Richfield High School,- the other being Mayo's friend Blaine Cluff. Last night they both slept in your single bed, but tonight one will sleep in your bed, and the other on the folding bed which we have moved down from the upstairs closet. They're fine boys, and seemed to be thrilled with the opportunity to participate in this state-wide competition. They will be with us until Tuesday evening.

The Utes looked pretty ragged in yesterday's game, and will certainly have to get back into their earlier season stride if they are going to beat the Aggies on Thanksgiving Day. We will enclose as much of the sporting page as Air Mail will permit. Although we have had snow all the past week, the tarpaulin protected the field, and it was in fine shape.

Getting back to the voyage, did you receive a prize for placing second in the ping pong tournament on board ship? Sounds like the recent strenuous "love-life" hasn't destroyed the old rhythm and coordination.

Adele has collected and shipped to you about fifty-five pounds of clothing for you to distribute, and she will soon write to tell you all about it. She's afraid that it will not reach you in time for Christmas, but it will undoubtedly be welcomed by those who receive it.

Now a short "survey" of the family. Ann Sharp has a baby boy, and so ~~max~~ has Martha Richardson Salthouse. "Pete" Felt will be married Nov. 21st at the Country Club. Aunt Helen and Uncle Allen are both recuperating from their gall-bladder operations. Rex, Jr., is now "laboring" in Halifax in a strong Catholic section. He and two other missionaries are living in a basement apartment, at \$25.00 per month, and are doing all their cooking. I just talked with Aunt Helen and told her that I would mail a copy of this letter to Rex at 23 Connaught Avenue, Halifax, Nova Scotia.....(indicating a gap of two hours).

Marian, Dick, Ricky, Ann and Dougie just had dinner with us. Wood and Adele were invited to Seaton Prince's for a duck dinner, and Doug is over in Aspen, Colorado,- having won an insurance award and free trip. Sally thought it was too cold to bring the baby out. I've picked up a "cold", but I think I will bundle up and go down to Grandma Williams for a little while, and then to Paul Smith's farewell.

Mother has sent two packages to you,- one on Oct. 31st, and the other on Nov. 7th,- canned goods, groceries, candy, nuts, ski hat. We hope you receive some of these packages by Xmas. (Dear Brother Clayt, this is Adele, glad to know you had such a good voyage, wishing I could be there to see the many new and strange things you'll be seeing, and hoping you'll like your work.)
All Arrangements Contingent Upon Strikes, Accidents, or Other Causes beyond Our Control
Love from all of us, and happy traveling to you,