

Early on the morning of August 7, I said goodbye to my mother and younger brothers. My father and older brothers were going to take me to the railroad depot. As we rowed across the still lake in the early morning, I cast a glance back to my home, where my dear ones stood outside waving goodbye to me; to the mountains and woods, where I had worked and played all my life. Then we rounded a curve in the lake and all was hidden from my staring eyes.

The train was ready at the platform when we arrived. I bought my ticket and stood beside the train talking to my father and brother. Then the train whistle sounded and I had to say goodbye to my father and brother. The train started moving. My father stood looking for a while, then turned and walked homeward. Surely his back looked more bent and his steps more feeble than before. The train started moving faster, faster! Goodbye home! Goodbye friends! Goodbye mountains! Goodbye to you all! I am starting out in the world, alone and inexperienced. What lies ahead in the future?

I will omit details of my arrival at Kristiansand and the embarking on a coast steamer for Oslo.

On arriving at Oslo, I found many more emigrants assembled at the hotel where we were to sleep that night. We were all talking of our expectations and hopes in this new land—far off wonderful America. Two men, who had been in America before, were talking English with each other, and a group of us had gathered around to listen to them. We did not understand what they were talking about, but we were curious to hear the language which we soon should hear so much. Oh, how I did wish I could talk English then!

The next day we went aboard the ship on which we were to sail. One that has not seen a ship like this can hardly imagine how big they are. A ship that will accommodate fifteen hundred passengers

besides a large cargo, naturally has to be big. At the time of sailing, a large crowd assembled at the pier. Paper strips in the national colors were thrown aboard the ship, and when it started moving, the strings were broken off. All ties with the mother country were broken off!

We stopped at Stavanger and Bergen where more passengers were taken aboard. From Bergen we were to go directly to Halifax, Canada.

Life aboard the ship was never monotonous. There was always something going on: movies, lectures, dances, and explorations of the ship.

The Statue of Liberty and the sight of New York at night from the harbor impressed me very much. It will always remain in my memory as one of the greatest sights I have ever seen.

In the morning, after we had been examined by doctors and inspectors, we were dismissed from the ship.

One incident in New York, besides the tall buildings and the large traffic, stands out in my memory. From Brooklyn to New York we went on a big barge. Some of us emigrants were sitting on one side when two girls came in and sat down opposite and facing us. One of the girls had painted herself up a great deal. I was not used to seeing painted women and I kept looking at her for a long time. Finally, she went away. Most likely she thought something was wrong with my mental ability.

A group of emigrants occupied a coach from New York to Chicago. In Chicago we were divided. I went to St. Paul first, and from there to Grand Forks, North Dakota, where my uncle met me and took me to his home. I had found out what was on the other side of the mountains and the big ocean. Was I disappointed? Only time will tell.

ADVANCED—FIRST PLACE.

ENTIRE SCHOOL—FIRST PLACE.

Torlief Boe.

Shadows

*Today the sun in all its glory, is rising in the east
To cheer a human heart beneath its rays—to brighten up his feast.
And as he travels onward, shadows will be cast
Of the grand and noble deeds he's done
Which will be shadows of his past.*

*Tomorrow when the sun is gone, when it is hidden from his view
He may waken early just to find he is one out of a few
Whose deeds have cast their shadows so deep into the knoll
That they have brought the sunshine back into his Soul.*