

Things which looked so promising were soon shattered since after working only a few days, my father came home sick. As mother saw him coming, she said to the children "Now your father is sick because he never walks that slowly". This illness turned out to be typhoid fever, and after an extended illness he passed away. Our family was destitute and in order to get funds for the family and for the burial of my father, it was necessary to ask for help. Rev. Fjeld wrote a letter telling of the condition of the widow and children, and I, being the oldest boy, was sent to the people to beg, carrying Rev. Fjeld's letter of explanation. The first day I succeeded in getting six dollars, and the second day about seven dollars. I went to people whom I didn't understand as I had not yet learned the English language. After the second day I refused to keep on begging, but enough money had been raised to make a rude coffin of boards which was painted black, and to take care of the family for the present.

I obtained work for my board at Knut Fecher's, and when harvest time came mother bound grain after the cutting by a cradle with my help. After the day's work, mother went home and made supper for