



EMBLA NYHETER

EMBLA LODGE NO. 2 DAUGHTERS OF NORWAY

MAY 2003 VOL. 16, NO. 2

Editor — Marie Hayden

Photos — Dagny Vaswig

EMBLA CALENDAR

June 5th, Thursday — 7 p.m.
at Bethlehem Lutheran Church.
Regular Business Meeting. New
Member initiation.

June 20th, Friday —
6 p.m. SANKT HANS FEST
on *My Girl Yacht*. Boarding
starting at 5:30 p.m. Cost to
members and guests — \$10.00
per person. This trip is sold
out with a waiting list for tick-
ets. If you cannot use your
tickets for any reason, please
call Kari Stackpole at 627-
7806 so someone from the
waiting list can go on the trip.

Written directions to the
dock are available from Kari
or Chris. The dock is located
at 1150 East Dock Street Gate
#8.

Open faced sandwiches,
strawberry shortcake and
Rømmegrøt. Coffee will be
served. The Captain will have
the bar open for purchase of
other drinks.

July 26th — 11:30 a.m. at
Scandinavian Cultural Center at
PLU. Summer Luncheon honoring
those over 75. Embla pays for our
honorees. Luncheon cost \$12.

September 4th, Thursday —
6 p.m. Welcome Back Potluck and
White Elephant Sale and Silent
Auction.

A CHILD'S LOOK AT WAR IN NORWAY DURING WORLD WAR II

My parents, Bertel Gilje and
Julie Borufsen, arrived in America
when they were in their 20's. They
did not know each other then.
Mother had two brothers who lived
in New York and soon found a job
with a wealthy family as a nanny.
She loved her job. My dad was a
master bookbinder by trade and
went to Minneapolis, Minnesota,
where he had an uncle. He soon
found a job at Augsburg Printing.



Embla Financial Secretary,
Kari Gilje Stackpole.

After some years in America
they decided to travel back to Nor-
way to see family. Mother had been
on the ship *Stavangerfjord*, which
lost a propeller in the middle of the
Atlantic and had to return to New
York. The next ship was the pas-
senger liner, *Bergensfjord*, which
my father was on and that is how
they happened to meet on the same

ship going back to Norway to visit
their respective families. Mother
was going to the Mandal area and
father to Stavanger. They did not
see each other in Norway but when
they returned to America they be-
came friends and saw each other at
the Norwegian Youth Organization
in Brooklyn. When they decided to
get married mother was 30 years
old and my dad 32. They returned
to Norway for the wedding at
Vigeland Kirke and reception at
Underoy, mother's island home on
the south coast of Norway.

Back in America they settled
in Brooklyn, New York, where both
my sister and I were born. When I
was two years old and my sister 6
months old our parents decided it
was time to return to Norway. They
were anxious to take their children
"home." The war was on in Europe
but no one thought at that time that
Norway would become involved.

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Esther Van Noy with her Bunad Show in April. An excellent program with different Embla sisters displaying their bunads.



Esther with two of her life-size dolls and costumes.



What is the meaning of your Sølje? Esther showed us a beautiful framed remembrance.



Embla sisters displaying their bunads: Dagny Vaswig, LaVonne Kraft, Gail Sawyer, Delphine Johnson, Emilie Pedersen, Harriett Swieso, Esther Van Noy and President Carol Kemp.

DAUGHTERS OF NORWAY TUBFRIM STAMP PROJECT

We are asked daily to help others in need. The Tubfrim program is a very simple way to do just that. This program began in 1928 when a postmaster collected and marketed cancelled stamps to raise funds for the Tuberculosis Association in Norway. Soon many communities in Norway as well as other countries were collecting and sending stamps to aid in this cause. The name "Tubfrim" is a composite word combining tuberculosis with the Norwegian word for stamps, frimerker.

Today the funds benefit disabled, mentally retarded and needy

children and youth through government programs.

All types of stamps are received with thanks and are given a "new" value! Simply clip the stamp leaving a 1/2 inch border (minimum 1/4 inch) or just tear off a good chunk of the envelope corner and we will trim them.

Tubfrim also collects used telephone cards. (When we form the habit of opening our mail at the bottom of the envelope the stamps are spared.)

Such an easy way to help someone in need!

Thanks to all who regularly bring/send stamps to me. On January 20, 2003 we shipped another 12/5 kg. (about 27 1/2 pounds) of stamps to Tubfrim. Since the Daughters of Norway started this project we have shipped 64.5 kg (over 140 pounds) of stamps.

Tusen takk!

Elene H. Emerson
Tubfrim Project Chair
1707 N Vassault #5-2
Tacoma, WA 98406
(253) 759-7292

A Child's Look...
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We spent time in Stavanger with relatives and at Underoy on the south coast of Norway before we traveled to Oslo where Dad had accepted a job. We lived in an apartment near Holmenkollen Ski jump before moving to our house in Haslum-Baerum community.

Mother and Dad were happy to be home in Norway and life seemed to be settling down. Then on April 9, 1940 the Germans attacked and occupied Norway. Everyone was in shock and when the bookbindery where my father was manager was taken over by the Nazis he was forced to work for them. He was not able to return to the United States because he was a Norwegian citizen. If a ship had been available, Mother could have taken my sister and I back to the U.S., since we were born in New York, but she had no idea how she could support two small children by herself. One of her brothers was still living in Brooklyn but the other one had returned to Norway to take over the family farm at Underoy.

The good Norwegian life that my parents had planned for disintegrated to long lines for food...air raid sirens...time in the basement of our home during air raids...long hikes to get to the school, because the neighborhood school had been taken over as headquarters for the German Army. Books became very important to us when we were in our basement during air raids with authors Bjornstjerne Bjornson and the historical Snorre becoming a part of our growing up years. In school we received milk "og en bolle" in the morning and soup and bread for lunch. We were told this good food came from Sweden. It was important for us as growing children to receive this nourish-

ment and also to have "tran" each day (Cod Liver oil.)

Other memories of Norway during the War also were of actual fighting and bombs being dropped on Oslo... of trying to get to school many mornings when the sirens sounded and trying to get to shelter. One morning we were too far



from home to go back and close to school. The Germans were in the ditches on either side of the road with guns, preparing to defend Grini, the German prison camp not far from the country school we were attending. A German officer came to us and said to run...we all did...not knowing if we would make it to the bomb shelter...we all did but this memory stuck with us for a long time.

Grini became part of our families' life. My cousin, Karl Andreas, had been arrested in Stavanger at the age of 19 for being part of the underground group that ran a news service for the Norwegians. At the beginning of the war the Germans, in order to dictate what the Norwegians heard about the war, had ordered all Norwegians to turn in their radios and to only read the newspapers the Germans printed. Karl Andreas and his friends were arrested and he was incarcerated at Grini. Since Grini was close to our house we spent many Sundays walking past the Grini fence and

visiting Karl Andreas as to the happenings inside the prison camp. As children we made a good camouflage for him. (It's been only in the last five years that I have heard the many stories from those prison camp years. Neither my father, mother or other relatives talked about those War years until 50 years after it was over.)

May 8, 1945 – World War II was over and it was an exciting time in Norway...the U.S. Army came in...the prisoners at Grini were liberated...Karl Andreas came to our house, thin, much older and anxious to get back to Stavanger. We were able to go to our neighborhood school and the Germans were marched down the streets while the children and adults waved Norwegian flags and shouted insults.

One of the favorite things for us kids to do when the Americans came was to get autographs. We all compared autograph books and the one who had the most signatures was, of course, admired! I was especially fortunate...my godfather was an American soldier and came to Norway right after the war. Uncle Herman brought us food that we had never tasted and he brought CHEWING GUM!!! What a treat...I was on top of the world when I could go to school and chew gum. My friends wanted to taste and check it out...so I took it out of my mouth and gave them...of course it was just on loan and they would give it back to me...after all it was my gum. At night I would put it in a cup with a little sugar and the next morning it was as good as new! (I thought!)

In 1946 Mr. Marstrander came into our lives. He was the Agricultural Ambassador to Norway and was helping the farmers get back

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A Child's Look...
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on their feet. Somehow he became involved with our family and we had our first ride in a car! What a treat that was...but I got car sick...thank goodness mother had a paper bag. After that everytime he came with the car..I was not happy to ride...but it certainly was a treat since not many Norwegians had the opportunity in 1946. He also gave us the first taste of popcorn. He had invited us over to his apartment and had come to pick us up. The popcorn was in a pan on the stove and he had us all standing around watching. When it started to pop, at first it scared us, but then it was fun. He put a blanket on the floor and gave us bowls full and told us to eat. We were so excited and then took a handful... How awful...what were we to do... we didn't like it at all but we knew we didn't want to disappoint him. He also had given us 3 squares of Hershey bar which was exquisite... so we took a tiny bite of candy and a big handful of popcorn and that was how we ate our first popcorn! Looking back on that...we didn't have butter and not much salt so it was like dry dust to us.

The war was over and Dad wanted to return to what he remembered as the good life in the U.S. Norway was struggling. We were lucky in that mother and dad had friends and some family that were living in the U.S. and we received many packages after the war. Mother was an excellent seamstress and was able to sew and remake clothes from old stuff...and when she received new fabric from her friend in the U.S. She was excited. Mr. Marstrander had asked my dad to be with him when he visited the farms around Norway as his translator and guide and since

the bookbindery dad had been manager of had not started up again after the war he accepted the job. He also wanted to go to the Gilje family reunion at Gilja Valley. He had put an ad in the Book Production Magazine in New York and he received offers of a job. After attending the reunion in September of 1946 at Gilja, he came home to Haslum and began the preparations for emigrating to the U.S. In December of 1946 he took an SAS flight to New York and began his plans for bringing the family over.



My birthday on May 14th, 1947 was exciting as well as sad...this would be the last birthday I would have in Norway and my friends were all there. We were leaving from Norway soon after and moving to Birmingham, Alabama, where my father had accepted a job. We had no idea where that was in the United States but we were excited. First we would see my father's cousins in Brooklyn and stay with them...then we would see my godfather who had been in Norway when the war ended. He had promised us banana splits...(no idea what that was but it had been

described to us...hoped it was better than pop corn). Also our dad had promised us dolls...I was 10 years old and had never had a doll...so that was especially exciting!

We left by train from Oslo and went to the docks in Gothenberg, Sweden, where we boarded the *MS. Gripsholm* for New York. What a special treat that was...every morning we had a full breakfast...I loved Corn Flakes...we had oranges and bananas...never had that before...so many wonderful foods that we had never seen.

When we arrived at the docks in New York, I saw my first black person...and that to me, as a 10 year old was very exciting. I ran back to my mother yelling at the top of my lungs (Jeg sa en sort man..helt sort!) I was with my godfather who had met us on the docks. I'm sure he was embarrassed but maybe not too many people could understand me!

We stayed in Brooklyn for a couple of weeks...had our banana splits and milk shakes...THE BEST I HAD TASTED! Received our dolls...exciting. The summer heat was oppressive, then we got on the train to Birmingham, Alabama. When people had asked me on board the ship where we were going and I had said Birmingham.. the look on their faces made me wonder what kind of place it was...and I was afraid! Father told us not to sit in the back of the bus...thought



those children were privileged. To read signs and be sure we did not go in areas that said colored...we were children with no concept of this and also could not speak English. So we were afraid to anywhere at first without our parents. Dad had hired a college student to teach us English and by the time school started we had enough of the language to go to school. Teachers were very helpful and we moved ahead. I started in fourth grade and my sister in second grade.

The first winter we were there it snowed in Birmingham and our dad took us out skiing. We had a front page picture in the B'ham news...with a story. That was fun!

[Excerpts from program presented to Embla meeting, May 2, 2003 by Kari Gilje Stackpole.]

EMBLA SCHOLARSHIP

We need to replenish our Scholarship Fund. This is a good way to give a memorial to a loved friend, honor a friend who is still living or being thankful for a new grandchild. Money should be given to Kari Stackpole or Chris Engstrom, noting whom you are honoring.

Our next Scholarship is going to be given out in June.

CORRECTIONS TO FEB. 2003 photos on page 4.

Left upper photo: Anne Strom, Florence Thompson and Margit Johnson
 Bottom left: Florence Buck, Sigrid Thurston and ----
 Bottom right: Donna Dammal, Pearl Christofferson and Annette Rudsdil.

Our apology for the wrong cover on the roster, rather than have the roster delayed for another two weeks our president and the editor decided to send it out as printed.
 Next year you will have our beautiful cover on the front.



New Embla members initiated March 6, 2003 – Left to right: Gail Sawyer, Heather Dildine, Sonja Nyhuis, Darcie Johnson, and Carol Spencer.



Our president, Carol Kemp, the winner of the Norwegian Heritage Festival drawing for a special Kransekake.



Janet Kaldahl presents her program of the Ladies Aid and Lutefisk. Thoroughly delightful.



Katie Anderson and Janet Ruud making Rømmegrøt at the Norwegian Heritage Festival at PLU. They were thankful it turned out OK. Need to make more next year. Uffda!



Grace Bredeson, Outer Greeter and Marilyn Carlson, Inner Greeter at the March Meeting.

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1971 Fancy Dress Party at Normanna Hall for Embla Members.

Upper – left to right: Pearl Christofferson, Anne Flannigan, Lilly Finson, Barbara Fuller and Sigurda Aamot.



Middle right – left to right: Nora Nelson, Florence Thompson and Clara Anderson



Bottom – left to right: Magdaline Krokenes, _____Anderson, _____Nelson, Wanda Jones, and Gina Brewington.

If you have corrections or want to add names to other photos from past newsletters, please call Marie Hayden at 253-759-4451