

Second part of the story

### **7.3 The Fall**

Fall was the season when our backs hurt. The potatoes were to be taken in, not only at home, but also at the neighbors. Sometimes it would take about 14 days to get it all done.

We had to make sure we had enough fire wood for the winter. Dad and grandfather had to get the fishing gear ready for the Lofot season or home fishing. Mom and grandmother had to clip the wool of the sheeps and also prepare and do the slaughtering. Grandfather always went fishing when it was time for slaughtering. He didn't like it at all. Grandfather didn't eat meat at all, but he would eat all kinds of fish for dinner. Grandmother was actively with on slaughtering.

Fishing was always important. Fall was time for halibut fishing. Sometimes there would be a lot of halibut, but prices were very low. We had to sell the halibut to make money, but the head was salted and this was something I thought was very good. One saying was: "If the fisherman didn't have a halibut head for Christmas, he would have to sit on top of the boathouse on Christmas Eve. Or if the lady didn't have a boyfriend for Christmas, she would have to sit on top of the barn."

After the grass was in the house, we had to make more farmland. Lots of the land we had was all stones. Without any other tools than spades, sticks and a sled dragged by hand, we made it into land that we could use.

### **7.4 The Winter**

Winters work was different depending on if dad was in Lofoten or not, or if the winter was long and hard or not. The animals had to be taken care of twice a day, both for food and in cold periods also for keeping warmth. Grandmother was the one doing that with an ethic that the animals should have it as good as possible.

Grandmother and mom had their work in making sure the men going to Lofoten had everything they needed. Making clothes, mending clothes, baking and making food.

When dad was in Lofoten everything was quiet at home, but the work had to be done and grandfather had to go fishing for dinner every day alone until he was so old that I had to go with him.

Late in the winter for several years we got to little hay for the animals. Then we had to go and cut seaweed to the animals. We did this on the beach in Alvenes, Håkjerringvika and Belkjosen. Together with the seaweed, we would cook in the leftovers from the fish we caught, something the animals just loved. Sometimes we would also use the bark from trees and feed the animals, but they liked that as well.

I have written about the peat before. When the winter came, we had to get the dry peat down to the sea. Grandfather, Anne and I rowed to Håkjerringvika, dragged the peat-sled with 6-8 empty bags up the mountainside. When we came up we packed the peat into the bags and tied it up on the sled. Now was the time to drive it down the hills. If the snow was a little icy it was a lot of fun. Grandfather, who was about 80-84 years old, dragged the sled to the edge of the hill while we were pushing at the back. There he would stand on the right front-side of the sled, holding a good grip on the drag-rope with his right hand and his left hand was holding the rope that held the bags onto the sled. Anne and I would push the sled going and at the same time we would be ready to hold it back with a extra long rope hanging from the back of it. Grandfather's position was very strategic when he was to turn the sled from right to left and so forth. When he wanted it to go to the right, he would set his left foot on the sled and lean out to the side. If the sled were to turn left, he would run on the side of it, pushing it to the left using his body. If the speed were high, his feet would go like drumsticks. When the worst part of the hill was over, he would run in front of it to keep it going,

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while Anne and I was running in the back pushing. If it were too slippery down the hill, he would cut of some birch and hang it after the sled to slow it down. Then Anne and I would sit on the back on the birch all the way down. Down by the sea we put the bags in the boat, rowed back to Alvenes and carried up to the wood-house.

### 7.5 Carrying Water

The one thing I remember really hating, was carrying water. The well by the barn was used for many years, at the end only for the animals. It was accidentally to close to the barn and the dunghills, so germs probably infected the water. In the summer when the germs blossomed, everyone had stomach- and intestines infections, mostly me. Mom said the reason had to be the water by the barn, but everyone was just laughing at her. That is why we had to carry water from a river belonging to Arnt Kristensen, about 400 meters distance. When it was summer, there were no problems, but when the snow came, we had to do it on skis, something that was very difficult.

It was very hard to wash clothes in the winter. After the clothes were washed and boiled, they had to be rinsed. Getting to the river was hard, therefor we would rinse the clothes in the sea and, for then to rinse it in cold water from the river.

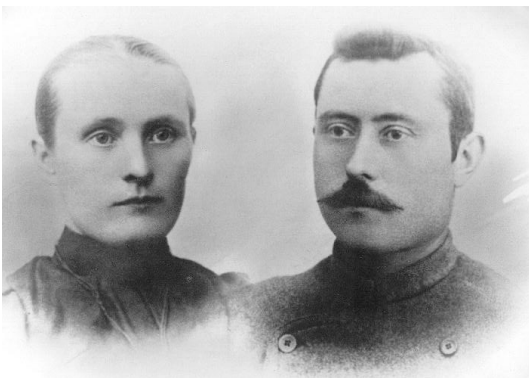
Everyone was very happy when dad built a well 50 meters above the barn so the water was germ-free. This happened in 1946 or 1947.

## 8. My mother Astrid

Mom, Astrid Sandra Josefine Gabrielsen from Tjelbotn, born the 26<sup>th</sup> of January 1902- died the 7<sup>th</sup> of April 1991, moved to Alvenes the 13<sup>th</sup> of December 1930, and married my dad Hans the 21<sup>st</sup> of June 1931 in Alvenes.

Her father was Emil Pareli Gabrielsen, born the 24<sup>th</sup> of June 1877, died the 26<sup>th</sup> of December 1945. Her mother was Annette Otelia Gjæver Pedersdatter Skar, born the 14<sup>th</sup> of January 1875, died the 12<sup>th</sup> of October 1904. Emil later married Marlene Sofie Pedersen Dahl, born the 23<sup>rd</sup> of August 1875, died the 3<sup>rd</sup> of October? They got married the 22<sup>nd</sup> of October 1908.

She later told me that her childhood in Kjeldebotn was very hard with a lot of work to do. When she was 29 years old she came for the first time to Alvenes. This and the story about when the house burned down are already written down.



**Emil and Marlene Gabrielsen, the father and the stepmother of Astrid**

short brake in the start of the day with everything that had to be done that day.

Mom had a strong faith in God and practiced it every single day as I can remember. Whenever it was possible, she would go to church every Sunday. Every morning she would hold a little prayer for the ones who could sit still and listen to it. It didn't take long, but it was a



**Anette Gabrielsen, the mother of Astrid**

Later she would for years lead the Sunday school for the children in Alvenes. She was a member of

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the parish-leadership in Nordfold for years and she was leader for the Woman-society in Alvenes that worked very hard for the Outer- and Inner-mission for years.

What has been memorable for me later on, was her practicing her strong faith in God in her daily work. She would often use quotes from the bible, saying; “If someone hits you on your left cheek, turn your right side to them and remember to forgive” and “As you plant, you harvest”.

Both my grandparents and my father practiced this as well. Something that would always give my mom a pleasure, was knowing that everyone that came to her house got something to eat and drink, and something in their hand when they left. She used to say that “No one gets poor by giving!!!” In all her busyness, she always found time to keep in touch with hers and dad’s family by letters.

### ***8.1 The Care of Her Mother-in-law and Her Father-in-law***

Mom was put on a hard test when my grandfather became bounded to the bed for ten years after he got blind. When we asked her if we should send him to Nordfold retirement-home, she said that she had made a promise to grandmother and grandfather that she would take care of them till they died. And she kept her promise, even though it cost her a lot. When grandfather died and she was to think about herself again, she had got Parkinson disease, something she had to live with till she died.

On top of it, grandmother became ill and had to stay in bed the last year of her life. She probably had cancer in her stomach, because she could hardly keep anything that she ate. Mom had to change her several times a day, and it was a lot of work with washing her and a terrible smell. She died peacefully in the bedroom a nice spring-day in 1957, while grandfather was in his bed and dad, mom and Elin was there.

Taking care of someone laying in bed is even today a difficult task, demanding a lot of work and understanding. Grandfather only had one laying-sore in all those years. That was after he had been to Nordfold retirement-home for three weeks of vacation. That happened when we restored the house and made a new bedroom for grandfather. It took mom days to heal the sore he had got.

I remember well the mornings when mom sat in his bedroom holding her little prayer with him, and in the evening when she prayed with him. Or when he was just washed and had eaten, he had some tobacco in his mouth, then he would sing in joy.

When grandfather was 98 years old, he got double-sided ammonia. The doctor was called for and he got some medicine. The doctor told dad that grandfather might die. In the evening dad sat in his room and watched him, but he got tired and went to bed to get a little sleep. In the morning he overslept and when he went back to grandfathers room he prepared himself on finding his father dead. He opened the door and asked carefully “How are you today?” And grandfather said with a clear voice from the bed; “Yes, today I am feeling a lot better”. He lived for another two years, there had to be more than ammonia to knock him out.

When someone died in Alvenes, my mom was asked to pray in their home, something she always did with grace.



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Grandfather Emil from Kjeldebotn was a fine carpenter. He would send mom things that he had made himself of wood. Whisk, scoops, water-barrels, pot-lids and more. But the nicest thing was the sled he made for us children. It was very exciting the first evening when mom, Anne and I were going to Smibakken (a hill) in Yttergården in moonshine to try the sled. It was big enough for the three of us and a really good sled that we had a lot of fun with. He also sent us skis later. Long after mom died, Anne found a poem that mom had written when she went through her papers. Mom's mother died when mom were 2,5 years old and she often said that she missed her mother a lot:

### *Our dear mother*

*We will never forget our dear mother  
You were our greatest comfort on earth  
You led our childhood footsteps and dried the tears of our cheeks  
No, never can we grow that old that memories fades of you mother  
Astrid Jensen*

## **8. The story about Elias Grønn Weeks, born Jensen 17th of February 1907.**

Elias was child number eight in the family. Since he in young age immigrated to the USA and I (Jens Berglund) am the one who visited him the most, I would like to write down his story.

When Elias was eight years old and old enough to start school, he was sent to his sister Petrine in Mørsvikbotn. Petrine was living there with her husband Odin Arntsen. Elias lived with them till he was 15 years old and had had his confirmation. This is at least what I can remember after talking to Uncle Elias and to Ninni Arntsen, Petrine's daughter.

He told me one evening we were talking in Santa Rosa, that his childhood with his sister had been good, but that he had missed all his family and friends in Alvenes. He also told me that he had been in Skrova (Lofoten) fishing the winter when he was told that he could immigrate to the US. This must have been in the beginning of February 1927, because he told me that he immediately went home to say good bye, for then to travel to Bodø and Trondheim where he bought a ticket.

- 25<sup>th</sup> of February 1927: he got a passport at the police station in Bodø.
- 15<sup>th</sup> of March 1927: he traveled with the Norwegian America line from Oslo in cabin number 344.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> of April 1927: he wrote a letter to his brother Johan and tells him that he has arrived the home of Lind Alvenes in Winlock, Washington, USA (on the West Coast).

He didn't stay for long, but traveled to San Francisco, California. Here he got a certificate as a responsible sailor the 26<sup>th</sup> of March 1929. The 12<sup>th</sup> of March 1938 he got a certificate telling that he could navigate boats as big as 65 feet length in passenger traffic. All this information is found in documents that Elayne (his last wife) gave me to file in the museum in Alvenes.

He married his first wife Angie, and got (as far as I know) two children; a boy named Normann in 1938 and a girl named Noreen in 1940. I met Normann twice on my visits with Elias in Santa Rosa.

The first wife and his daughter have I never met. How long they were married I don't know either.



**Norman with his wife, 1960,  
Elias' son from his first  
marriage**

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Uncle bought a fisherboat and was fishing in the Pacific Ocean. Under world war 2 he were fishing with floating yarn for shark on the coast of California. They used to take the liver out of the fish and dump the rest in the ocean. The liver was used for medical products and they paid good money for it. He told that he earned so much money that he bought two houses in San Francisco and lived pretty good. Suddenly the penicillin came on the marked and they didn't need the shark anymore. This created a lot of trouble for Elias.

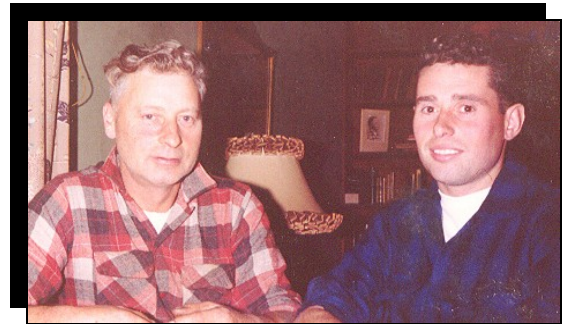


**Elayne and Elias Weeks, 1961**

After he was divorced from his first wife, he met Elayne that had Italian roots right after 1945 (from what I

have understood). They got one boy together named Elias born about 1947, and one daughter named Karen in 1951.

They moved from the damp climate in San Francisco and into the country to Santa Rosa, about 8 miles northeast from San Francisco. This was in 1952/1953. The reason was that his son Elias had respiration problems and needed a dry and stabile climate to



**Uncle Elias and Jens, 1960**

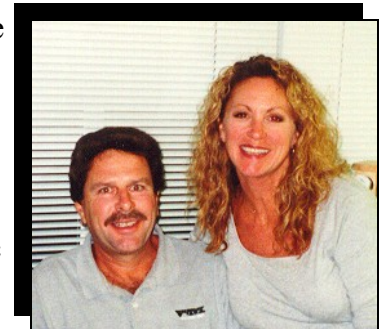
function.

He kept on fishing from his boat that was moved from San Francisco to Bodega Bay, about 45 kilometers from Santa Rosa on the coast.



**Jim and Maureen with Cathy and Connie, 1980**

In 1960 when I immigrated to the US after uncle had given me immigration guaranties, I lived with uncle and Elayne in Santa Rosa for about 3 months. During this time I went fishing with uncle for flounders on the Pacific Ocean. The fishing wasn't good and uncle made little money. I look upon this time as a school for learning the language.



**Vince and Karen Long, 1999**

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upon this time as a school for learning the language.

Aunt Elayne had a daughter from an earlier marriage, Maureen. She had already moved out when I came in 1960, and she had married Jim Piper in 1958.



**Ashley, daughter of Vince and Karen**



**Dawn, daughter of Karen**

I have visited Santa Rosa and uncle's family several times. In 1977 uncle came to visit Norway, it was the only time he visited Norway after he left it in 1927.

He came to find the country the same way as it was when he left it 50 years earlier, but Norway had changed a lot since then and

especially since world war 2 in 1945. This surprised him and he didn't like it. He was happy when he could finally go back to Santa Rosa.

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I will also say that his family had very strong family bonds and they took very good care of each other.

Marianne Aanderbakk Bodin has also spent a year in Santa Rosa. She was living with Maureen and got to visit uncle very often. She might have written this down in her own notes.

Maureen and Jim visited Norway for 14 days in 1995.

Uncle Elias died the 16<sup>th</sup> of September 1997 and was laid to rest in Santa Rosa Cemetery, together with his son "Skipper" Elias.

Grandmother spoke a lot about Uncle Elias. She had a strong wish that he would come home before he died, but that didn't happen. He came 20 years late.



**Uncle Elias visiting Alvenes in 1977**

## **9. The Museum of Berglund**

Our father Hans Jensen died the 11<sup>th</sup> of July 1989 and our mother Astrid Jensen died the 7<sup>th</sup> of April 1991. They are both laid to rest on Fauske cemetery.

After we had sold the apartment they had in Fauske and paid of whatever had to be paid of, we decided that 60 000 kroner would be used to start a museum on Berglund in Alvenes. Anne, Elin, Anne-Lise (Erling's daughter) and Jens put together a private foundation, called Berglund museum, and decided that the 60 000 kroner would be the start capital. A contract was made between the museum and Elin, who took over the old houses, stating that the museum would rent first floor of the barn. Restoration and construction work was going to be paid by the museum/owners.

Today we have fully restored the barn and made it into a museum. Everything is paid by the owners, and the 60 000 kroner is still sitting in the account, counting 90 000 kroner today.



**The barn that is remodeled and where the museum is located on the ground floor.**

In the regulations for the museum it says that all equipment, pictures, papers and more after our grandparents and parents are to be given to the museum. That is now done and everything is written down in a protocol with name and number, and there is also given information over everything that is hanged up on the walls.

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It also says that taking care of family graves is a task for the foundation to do, here comes buying more time for keeping the graves for the family.

We are very proud of our museum and would like everyone to come by to see and to talk. We are very interested in seeing the family on our father's side visiting us. The meaning for having this museum is to show everyone how our grandparents and parents lived. That is why all our uncles and aunts on our father's side are presented.

We have been running this museum for about eight years now, and it is a wonderful experience when we can gather here at the museum with waffles and coffee. Just to talk about anything and nothing. Our friends are often visiting us here, to experience a total collection of atmosphere from long ago.

Our four families have been more bounded together and are proud to have a museum like this to honor our ancestors.

We are looking forward to this planned family reunion for our grandmother and grandfathers descendants, summer 2002.

The museum is a place for big and small.

### **11. Grandmother Nora is telling:**

Grandmother's most important subject to talk about was hers and other families relatives. Without blinking she could tell you all the names of relatives from all over the world. Uncle Elias told me one night in Santa Rosa that she wrote to all the relatives in all the places that Elias had to go by when he went to the US in 1927. She would either ask them to meet him or be prepared that he would come and stay over for the night.

When he came to Trondheim, relatives who gave him a place to stay and food to eat met him. And when he came to Oslo the same happened there. When he came to New York he went to the address she had given him, and was met with hospitality. And of course he was met in Winlock in the state of Washington.

She would time after time tell me about all the relatives we had, and a noticed the following:

- "Jens, you are related to the Sommarvoll family in Nordfold, remember that!"
- "With the Lakså family in Lakså, you are the fourth cousin of Olaf Laxo."
- When I went to Stampvika to work at the school with my father, I knew that we were related to almost everyone out there.
- When I went line fishing with my dad in Karlsøyvær, she told me in advance: "Remember to visit Sofie on Karlsøya, because we are related to her".
- She also told us that she could have inherited the land in Lakså, but that grandfather didn't want to become a farmer.
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Everything that she told me is right except that she could have inherited the land in Lakså. It could be right, even though I haven't found it yet.

### **12. Grandfather tells:**

One day he was rowing to Belkjosen to pick up some wood he had left by the sea in Skjellnes, he got a surprise. As he was about to get on land, he saw a big bear sitting by the wood looking

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curiously at him. The bear didn't move even though he made a lot of noise and big moves, so he rowed back home.

He also told about a bear they saw in Vinkfjord. The bear was walking in the mountain and people were working together to scare the bear away.

Then one time him and uncle Johan were rowing the big boat by Karlsøyvær to cut seaweed. Going home the boat was full and a big storm came in. One man had to throw water overboard the whole time and they set course right for their boathouse in Alvenes just hoping they would make it all the way. Lucky for them, all the neighbors came running down to help them and as the boat hit land it sank, but they saved all the seaweed and their lives. According to grandfather this was a very dramatic experience.

30<sup>th</sup> of December 2001 Jens Berglund

11<sup>th</sup> of March 2002 Marianne Aanderbakk Bodin, translator.

Ps. All the information for this is taken out of interviews I made in 1973 and letters I got after writing to several people in 1973.

A special thanks to Anne and Elin.