

LAFT HUS NEWS

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Editor:

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< Judy Windrim and Christine Finlayson represented the Laft Hus in their bunads at our exhibit at Culture Services. If you haven't been there yet, you should stop by 5205 48 Ave (Intermediate School building) before the end of October. It's really a lovely display.



We even had a visitor dressed up like a Viking.

The Laft Hus was open to the public September 12/13 and 19/20 from 12:00 to 4:00 for Alberta Culture Days. Mange takk (many thanks) to Judy Windrim who organized it and had three maps set up, so visitors could stick a pin where they were from.

Thanks to Karen Larson who taught visitors to play kubb out in the square. Also thanks to Julie Macrae, Anita Dupen, Jean Pedersen, Kathy Mullin, Christine Finlayson and Grace Higgins for demonstrating crafts and/or greeting visitors.



Here's Anita Dupen rosemal painting for Culture Days.

LAFT HUS HAPPENINGS



We don't know yet if we will be having our craft and bake sale. A decision will be made at our October 13 monthly meeting and I will send you an email after that.

Butikk sales, donations and visitor numbers were, of course, way down this summer. We normally would have received three times those numbers.



Rod applied to the Canadian government for and we received COVID Museums Assistance Program funds of \$10,000. Most of those funds will go towards paying our insurance (which has doubled), gas and electric bills.



Because of COVID most of our public program classes have been canceled. If you have signed up for a class, please check with us to make sure it hasn't been canceled.



Have you heard of the comedy movie "The Lutefisk Wars"? It's about one confused cook, one mysterious recipe and two Norwegian Mafia families! The DVD is \$19.99 available exclusively at www.LUTEFISKWARS.com or you can stream it for \$14.99.



Sven and Ole are walking home from the tavern late at night and they head down the railroad tracks, and Sven says, "This is the longest flight of stairs I ever climbed in my life." And Ole says, "Yeah, it's not the stairs that bother me so much, it's these low railings."



My daughter sent me this article:

FRILUFTSLIV



The concept of friluftsliv, which translates roughly to “open-air living”, is deeply engrained in Norway’s heritage. From the remote Arctic to urban Oslo, friluftsliv means a commitment to celebrating time outdoors, no matter the weather forecast

The idea is as Norwegian as cross-country skis and aquavit. But amid a pandemic that’s upended rhythms of daily life around the globe, friluftsliv might be something to do for the approaching winter season. Instead of risking infection at indoor gatherings or spending a long, cold season in relative isolation, try Norwegian friluftsliv as an alternative. Like the cabin-cozy word hygge, which spurred a worldwide run on candles and fuzzy blankets, it’s proof that mindset can transform the way we experience our world.

Norwegian playwright Henrik Ibsen is generally credited with inventing the term in the 1859 poem “On the Heights,” which recounts a farmer’s yearlong trek through the wilderness. By the end of the poem, the protagonist ditches civilization for good.

Friluftsliv isn’t just for athletes and explorers, but it can be long strolls with friends, picnics, a leisurely afternoon bike ride, or walking the dog on a chilly morning. There’s even a special word, utepils, for drinking a beer outdoors. It’s healthy and social and you get kind of a time-out from cell phones and computers. Spending just two hours a week in natural environments such as parks or green spaces boosts well-being. The benefit goes beyond good mood though. Spending time in the outdoors can also help heal the kind of grief and trauma emerging as the virus races through communities worldwide. For those left traumatized by COVID-19, a little bit of friluftsliv could be an effective prescription.

Remember to practice social distancing and comply with any local policies related to COVID-19. Open the door, step outside and say “I’m going friluftsliving”!

BUTIKK

Here are a few things for sale in our butikk. Please check out our website www.norwegianlafthussociety.ca to see more butikk items listed under Services.



Nisse shopping bags painted by our Wednesday craft ladies.



We have lots of different placemats with matching cups and coasters.



Nisse Merry Christmas plaque.



Snap bags useful for many different things.



Wood dala horse Christmas ornaments.



Viking Freia mouse pads and cups.



Viking cups, coasters and mouse pads.



UFF DA cups, glasses, shot glasses, cards, coasters, etc.

ROMMEGRØT

I made this Vesterheim rommegrøt (cream pudding) recipe the other day and really liked it. In Norway it would really be called flotegrøt. The word romme means sour cream, so ekte (true) rommegrøt was made with sour cream instead of sweet cream as is used in this recipe.

1 quart milk
1 cup half and half
1 cup butter (or
margarine)
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter melted
sugar and cinnamon



Heat milk and half & half (I used whipping cream), stirring often to prevent scorching. (I put it in the microwave.) In a large heavy pan melt butter or margarine and add flour; cook about 5 minutes, stirring constantly with a wire whisk. Pour in milk and half & half and cook, stirring frequently until mixture bubbles and thickens. Stir in sugar. Pour into bowl and pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter on top. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Makes about ten 8 oz. servings.

(I halved the recipe and it was still way too much for Bill and me. It's very rich, so you can't eat very much at a time.)

Another thing I learned is you can keep it warm and serve from a crock pot on low heat. (Maybe I'll bring it to our next potluck, if we ever get to have one.) It may also be refrigerated and reheated in a microwave.

A little history: Rommegrøt was considered heders plass (held in high esteem) in Norwegian food culture. It was carried in an ambar to special occasions such as births and wedding feasts. It was described as a "stick to your ribs" porridge, as it needed to provide nourishment to our hard-working forefathers.



Here is a story Rod obtained from our member, Delrose Burns. It's more of a genealogy write-up, but I think you will find it interesting.

Delrose Ann (Woodward) Burns

My Great Grandparents came from Mo in Ranen, Norway which is just south of the Arctic Circle. My Great Grandfather Peder Annas Mickelson was born February 29, 1856. His surname was "Gruben". After arriving in the United States he changed it to Mickelson. My Great Grandmother Elizabeth Anna (Amundson) Mickelson was born January 6, 1856. They were married July 25, 1880 in Norway. Together they had eight children: four were born in Norway; four in Holmquist, South Dakota. Peder Annas and Elizabeth's ancestors were all born in Norway. The Gruben family or as they will be referred to from now on as Mickelsons immigrated with other Norwegians who wished to come to North America to settle with their families. They arrived in South Dakota in 1887. Houses were mostly made of sod and times were very tough. It was the second winter with severe blizzards. The blizzard on January 9th 1887; with temperatures of 50 below (-46 degrees C) and snow 20 inches (50 cm) deep changed open range ranching on the Great Plains on the leeward side of the Rockies from the deeper south, Utah, Wyoming, Montana including the Dakotas right up to Cochrane, Alberta. When spring arrived millions of animals were dead, 90% of the cattle rotted where they fell.¹ [Google: Winter of 1886-1887].

My grandmother was the second oldest of eight children. Her name was Anna Randine Mickelson (or Gruben) and she was born February 18, 1882 in Mo in Rane. She was five years old when she came to South Dakota. The family had many hard times but were happy.

Evans Norman and Petra Greenfield were also immigrating to North America from Norway to settle in North Dakota. Petra died before leaving but the rest of the Norman family left for North America after that. Four boys and a girl came over; Albert Evans was the fourth boy of the children born August 8, 1866.

Years later Albert Evans Norman and Anna Randine were married in Bismarck, North Dakota on December 26, 1898. Parents Peder and Elizabeth Norman were witnesses at the wedding. At sixteen years she married Albert Evans, a man fifteen years her senior. As they said back then: "It's better to be an older man's darling than a young man's slave" Together they had four children: Emil Peder Norman, Albin Theodore, Mabel Amanda and Selma Nordine -- all born in Richmond County, Mohall, North Dakota. When Albert and Anna Norman were first married they ran a Hotel and that might have gone well, if the Railroad had gone through as expected. Unfortunately, it did not, by-passing the town (not an unusual story, see Castor AB and many other Canadian western towns the CPR skirted around). When the Hotel failed, they were forced to move often and lived in several different places.

During one move, to a better farm in another county, Albert Norman returned for one last load of odds and ends; Anna Randine Norman Mickelson asked Albert if he had room for a mattress that she needed. He put the mattress on the wagon last. He was driving a team of horses; with one named Dolly that was a runaway horse. It is believed the mattress he was sitting on slipped forward and fell behind the horses. The team bolted and the wagon ran over Albert. He was alone when a man found him. His last words were he wanted to see his wife and children. Anna sank by the bedroom door when she heard the news. Here she was: a mother and widow at 24 years old with no means of support. Emil the eldest was six years and Selma the youngest was one year.

Grandpa (Peder) and Grandma (Elizabeth) Mickelson were now fifty years old and had already raised a large family of their own. It must have been a big undertaking, but Grandma Elizabeth looked after the four children while my Mother Anna Randine went to work in Cook Cars during harvest season. Mother (Anna Randine Mickelson Norman) first met Sigfred Ivor Johanson in 1910 (he changed his name to Johnson) He had immigrated to North Dakota from Sweden. He was a Rural Free Delivery Mail Carrier and had a team of horses. Anna and Sigfred were married October 10, 1910. Anna made her own wedding dress from satin material and lace.

Their first child, a girl; Esther Sylveda was born September 3, 1911 on a farm right next to Peders Mickelson's farm. Sigfred had no job and he decided to move to Everett Washington. With their baby Esther barely a month old and two of Anna's children, Albin and Mable, the grandparents Peder and Elizabeth decided it would be too much for Sigfred to support five children and a wife so they kept the eldest and youngest, Emil and the youngest Selma until they were grown up. It was heart breaking for Anna ; she never saw her son Emil again. The consolation was at least he was happy with his kind and loving grandparents. Anna was reunited with Selma in Greencourt, Canada in 1922. Peder Annas Mickelson died January 6, 1917 and Elizabeth Anna Amundson Mickelson died January 7, 1927. Both are buried at Holmquist, South Dakota.

Preparations were now under way to get the schooner wagon ready to go. Anna bought a new Singer sewing machine cheap from a lady that didn't want it. Anna made the covers for the schooner (the machine is still in the hands of her great-grandchildren in Canada 2020) They arrived at the Blue Mountain Slide. The trip was rough; the roads were ruts and bogs all the way. Sigfred homesteaded on the Blue Slide that was rock and shale with a mine tunnel dug into part of it. He found a job as a watchman with the Railroad and several other jobs. Albin now picked up small jobs when he could. It was here at Blue Mountain Slide that a son Almer was born September 20, 1916.

When the family left Haugan in 1919 they boarded the Chicago-Milwaukee train for Spokane and then north to Eastgate, then the Fernie Trail, Fort Mcleod and then Edmonton arriving February 12, 1919. There were many weary soldiers returning from the First World War. In Edmonton Sigfred and Albin found a few odd jobs. The last day of April 1919 the family left for Sangudo. A new neighbour met them with a team of mules and a box wagon, to take them to Nelsons Hotel in Greencourt. That was a long hard trip for Anna for she was about 5 months pregnant with Nina (my Mother). Anna would ask "How far is it to Greencourt?" and she was always told "Oh it's just over the hill" After supper at the hotel the family left for an abandoned log cabin left by some German bachelors, who had returned to Germany to fight for their fatherland. This homestead was 4 1/2 miles west of Greencourt. Unable to go direct, they had to go two extra miles to avoid muskeg arriving at 1:30 am. May 1, 1919.

On October 23 Sigfred left to go get a Doctor for Anna who was due to have her baby. He went on foot and took a short cut through the muskeg. Well Sigfred, got lost. He spent all night in the woods and found his way home by 5 in the morning. By now it was October 24 and baby Nina Elizabeth Johnson was born (my mother). Fortunately everything went well.

Sister Selma Norman who no one had seen for years arrived from South Dakota where she had been with Grandpa Peder and Grandma Elizabeth Mickelson. Now she had come to her new home in Canada to live with her family. She arrived in the fall of 1922.

Emil Peder Norman (Anna's eldest son) served in the US Navy and then worked for 40 years for the Lincoln Hospital in New York City. Anna never saw see him after she left South Dakota; my mother Nina never saw him either but often mentioned his name.

My mother Nina was a happy and mischievous little girl. She and her sister, Esther, were always into something and did a lot together. They would kick each other under the dinner table and Grandma Anna Radine always gave them the 'dickens' for making fun of their father and had to separate them before their father got really mad. Sigfried was always bragging about being a hero in the American Navy. While he was in the Army, he was a cook and not a hero at all. They attended Old West Paddle School House. (1926 to 1928) as did Almer Severen. Both Esther and Nina left home in Greencourt at a very early age. Nina was about 15 or 16 years old. Making a living on the homestead in Greencourt was difficult. Nina found work in Edmonton and later was able to find a job looking after two children, a boy and a girl, for a family whose mother was very ill.

All the Normans (Mickelsons) lived in the Greencourt and Mayerthorpe districts all of their lives. Esther Sylvida married Oakly Poff and moved from Edmonton to British Columbia after where they raised their two children. Almer Severen lived at Greencourt and stayed with the homestead; he married Hazel Jean Marvin and they had nine children, seven boys and two girls.

My mother, Nina, married Sidney Roy Woodward and they moved to Wainwright where life was much easier. They had six children – four girls and two boys -- one who died in infancy. Mom was a very hard working lady. She helped with all the farm work from ploughing with horses to milking cows, kept the house in order and chased after five kids on our 1 section farm. Of course, we helped with chores. Even as youngsters, my sister and I helped by cleaning the barn and the chicken house and we started milking cows at 10 years old. At times it was a challenge getting our homework done with all the farm work. We were a happy family and had lots of good times. For example, one time we planned a Circus and did a bang up job! We included cats, dogs, goats and the beef calves: we taught them tricks, made costumes for ourselves, then invited the neighbours and charged admission.

We attended a country school until 1957. This was a three mile walk one way. In the winter our father took us in a horse and buggy; we walked home at night. Our mother Nina made all of our clothes for school, used what she could find, and an Aunt gave us second-hand clothes. Mom made beautiful clothes! After 1957, we were bussed to 5 miles to Wainwright. I was now in Junior High and it seemed the whole world changed for me.

Despite her hard work, Nina always tried to keep in contact with her Norwegian relatives. That was not easy. We lost track of Anna Randine's siblings over the years because they stayed in the Dakotas; Anna Randine Mickelson Norman Johnson passed away in 1957. Sigfred Ivor Johnson passed away in 1946.

As the oldest of Nina's daughters I have taken a great interest in genealogy and scrap booking. I have detailed albums with stories and family information on every bit of our Norwegian family history I can get my hands on. I would have loved it if my mother and father could see what I have done. My mother and father were killed in a car accident near Edmonton in 1980. I now live in Lacombe, Alberta with my husband Charles John. We celebrated 56 years of marriage last week and have two daughters and five grandchildren.



Ancestors from Left to Right: Albin Norman (14), Mabel Norman (13), Anna Radine (Mickelson) Norman-Johnson, Almer Johnson, Esther Johnson, Sigfried Johnson



Delrose and Charles Burns



**Mother Anna Radine and Her Mother (Author's Grandma)
Elizabeth Anna Michelson, seated 54 years old
Anna Randine Mickelson Norman, as a 28 year old widow**

NORWAY NEWS

Here are some of the headlines. You can Google to read more.

As the corona pandemic started, sales of painkillers and anti-inflammatory drugs in Norway soared.



Norway receives large number of applications for oil exploration on the Norwegian Continental Shelf.

Kongsberg satellites get 450 million kroner contract for monitoring global deforestation.



SAS resumes flights to China after eight-month coronavirus hiatus.

Whoever wins this year's Nobel Peace Prize won't be hailed inside a packed Oslo City Hall, or at a traditional banquet afterwards with royalty present. The Corona pandemic has forced major changes in how the Peace Prize will be awarded.

Norled's 4th electric ferry hits the water at Remontowa.

Norway's Equinor has started an environmental licensing process with regulator Ibama to develop a 4GW offshore wind project in Brazil.

Norway plans to drill for oil in untouched Arctic areas.



If you call a large turkey a gobbler what do you call a small one? Goblet. What does Thanksgiving have in common with Halloween? Gobble-ins! Why did the police arrest the turkey? They suspected fowl play.

I think they don't really celebrate Thanksgiving in Norway. However, I read they have had Høsttakkefest which translates directly to "Harvest Thanksgiving Feast". Anyway,

Happy Thanksgiving! 😊

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It turns out I'm Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish
Apparently there's more, but I can't Finnish.



The
end.