

when I thought myself safe, I went into the room where the milk and cream was kept and what cream I could not eat I poured over me and was happy in the thought of that I was now going to get dark hair so them fellows should not devil me about that any more. But Mother must have had a sneaking idea of where I was for she was waiting outside the door with a real good birch whip and she gave me a good round licking for stealing, and that made me somewhat cautious of following the advice that grown people have given me ever since. From then on nothing of interest happened until the last summer that we was there or rather in the fall. That summer I remember hearing the bear whistle one night and I again caught a whipping, this time not for stealing. I got afraid of that the first time, but this time for being contrary against the shepherd boy. He made me a wooden horse and it did not exactly suit me and when he made it like I wanted it that was not any better and I commenced to scold him upon which I got a licking.

That winter I commenced to go to school, going two days in the week. From that time everything is with me like it is with every boy until I was ten or perhaps eleven years. At that time my parents received a letter from an uncle of mine (he being a Brother to my Mother who had emmigrated to America when I was about a year old) that if they would let me emmigrate he would take me over and keep me until I was able to support myself. My Uncle had married a year or two before and my parents being poor, this was a good piece of news for me. I was left entirely to do as I pleased in that matter to emmigrate if I chose and remain if I liked, and I chose the first, so consequently I left Norway the fifth of October, 1882, making the trip with the steamer Geiser of the Tingvalla Line, going direct from Christiania, Norway to New York. I was not troubled with the inconvenience of changing in Hull and Liverpool. I was twenty-three days from Christiania to Clifton, Bosque County, Texas. With me came an Uncle of mine who was a carpenter by trade. He married in this country and settled in Waco where he owned a house and lot on North Ninth street. He sold that property in 1888 or 1889 and went back to Norway where he bought him a farm.

Arriving at my Uncle's on Saturday the 29th of October, 1882, not quite twelve years of age, the first work I done in this country was to pick cotton. The first day I picked fifty pounds which was considered good. The best cotton pickers of