

FAMILIE JOURNAL

Nummer 5

Maj 2018

Syv Vadstrup Søskende



Ellen Gunnilde



Ane Kathrine



Jørgen Michael



Meta Kirstine



Jørgine Marie



Rasmus Jørgen



Anna Margrethe

— deres efterkommere og aner

Seven Vadstrup siblings – their descendants and ancestors

Tucson i Arizona USA, maj 2018

Jørgen Mortensen

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– deres efterkommere og aner

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Familie Journal Nr. 5 er baseret på oplysninger, der var til rådighed i maj 2018.

Det anvendte datoformat er dag.måned.år i både danske og engelske tekster.

Fire af de syv Vadstrup familier bor i USA. Væsentlige dansksprogede tekstafrsnit bringes derfor sideløbende i oversættelse til engelsk. Danske overskrifter og tabel- og grafnavne har som hovedregel engelske undertekster. Engelske tekstafrsnit er ikke oversat.

Familie Journal No 5 is based on information available in May 2018.

The date format, day.month.year has been applied in both Danish and English texts.

Four of the seven Vadstrup families live in the USA. Therefore, essential sections written in Danish have parallel translations to English. Headings and table and graph titles generally have English subtitles. Texts originally written in English have not been translated to Danish.

Tidligere udgaver af *Familie Journal* – *Earlier versions of Familie Journal*:

- Familie Journal No 1, *Ancestry of the Vadstrup and Rasmussen Families*, Tucson, June 2013.
- Familie Journal Nr. 2, *Ane Kathrine og Jakob Rasmussen*. Tucson, juli 2013.
- Familie Journal Nr. 3, *Caroline og Peter Mortensen, Efterkommere og Aner*, Tucson, februar 2014.
- Familie Journal No 4, *Vadstrup and Rasmussen Families in the United States*, Tucson, February 2017, redigeret sammen med *Elaine DalPian*.

Nogle andre informationskilder – *Some other sources of information*:

- *Ancestry of the Vadstrup Family 1803-1979*, poster by Elaine DalPian 1979.
- *Our Danish Heritage – Rasmussen and Vadstrup Families 2009*, Elaine DalPian 2009.
- *Celebrating the Vadstrup & Rasmussen Families*, Elaine DalPian 2013.
- www.samsøeroots.dk - Genealogi database, Inge Lise Vohnsen og Karl Erik Kornmaaler – *Genealogy database by Inge Lise Vohnsen and Karl Erik Kornmaaler; continuous updating*.
- Private optegnelser gennem flere årtier – *Private registrations during several decades*.

Hæftet er via email distribueret som PDF-fil til familiemedlemmer med kendte emailadresser.

The booklet has been distributed as a PDF file to family members with known email addresses.

Jørgen Mortensen er barnebarn af Ane Kathrine (Trine) Rasmussen, født Vadstrup, den næstældste af de syv Vadstrup søskende.

Jørgen Mortensen is the grandchild of Ane Kathrine (Trine) Rasmussen, born Vadstrup, the second oldest of the seven Vadstrup siblings.

INDLEDNING

Introduction

Dette hæfte samler på ét sted nøgleoplysninger om de syv Vadstrup søskendes familier. De syv var børn af *Maren og Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup*, som havde deres familierødder på Samsø. Efter forældrenes tidlige død søgte fire af de syv til USA, hjemstedet for deres nulevende efterkommere. De tre andre søskende blev i Danmark.

Som årene går, og nye generationer kommer til, bliver det vanskeligere at bevare overblikket over personer i alle familiegrene – hvor de bor, hvad de beskæftiger sig med o.s.v. Vi har alle nok at gøre med at holde kontakt med nære familiemedlemmer, venner og bekendte. Men ind imellem går vi på jagt efter viden om forfædre, fjernere slægtninge i vore egne generationer samt nye familiemedlemmer. Heldigvis bidrager mange efterkommere af de syv Vadstrup søskende jævnlige med nye oplysninger om familiemedlemmers liv og færden. Det er vigtigt, at oplysningerne bliver skrevet ned, så de ikke går i glemmebogen. For tre af de fire amerikanske familiegrupper er der stadig huller i personoplysningerne. Der arbejdes videre med at få bedre kontakter i de ufuldstændigt belyste familiegrene.

Tak til alle for positiv hjælp med at skaffe oplysninger. Hvis I finder fejl, mangler og unøjagtigheder i denne udgave af *Familie Journal*, må I meget gerne kontakte mig. Nedenstående kontaktoplysninger kan benyttes.

Ved en stor og påskønnet indsats har min egen familie luget mange trykfejl ud af rapporten. En række forslag om forbedringer af sprog og generelt indhold er også accepteret med tak.

This booklet collects information about the families of the seven Vadstrup siblings. They were children of *Maren and Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup* who were natives of Samsø. Following the early passing of their parents, four of the seven settled in the US, the home country of their descendants. The three other siblings stayed in Denmark.

As time goes by and new generations grow up, it becomes difficult to maintain a good overview of all family members – where they live, what they do for a living, etc. We all have plenty to do keeping in touch with close family members, friends and acquaintances. But sometimes, we go searching for information about ancestors, more distant relatives in our own generations and new family members. Fortunately, many descendants of the seven Vadstrup take an interest and provide facts about the life, deeds and whereabouts of relatives. It is important to record such family information lest it sinks into oblivion. There are some gaps in the family data for three of the four American family groups. Work continues to establish better contacts to persons in branches of the families that at the moment, are not completely covered.

Thank you to all who assisted and provided information. Please let me know about errors, omissions and inaccuracies you encounter in this issue of *Familie Journal*. You can use the contact information below.

In a much-appreciated effort, my own family has weeded many typos from the report. A number of suggested improvements of language and content were also gratefully accepted.

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INDHOLDSFORTEGNELSE

Table of contents

	<i>Side</i>
INDLEDNING – Introduction	3
AFSNIT 1 De syv Vadstrup søskende og deres nære familie <i>The seven Vadstrup siblings and their close family</i>	5
1.1. De syv Vadstrup søskende, deres ægtefæller og børn <i>The seven Vadstrup siblings, spouses and children</i>	6
1.2. Træk af Maren og Søren Jørgensen Vadstrups familieliv <i>About Maren and Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup's family life</i>	7
1.3. Breve m.v. fra Søren Vadstrups dage <i>Letters etc. – from the days of Søren Vadstrup</i>	8
1.4. Forældrenes tidlige død og børnenes opvækst og adskillelse <i>The early passing of the parents and the parting of the siblings</i>	11
1.5. Om familienavnet Vadstrup <i>About the Vadstrup family name</i>	13
AFSNIT 2 Enkelt personer i de syv familiegrupper <i>Individuals in the seven family groups</i>	19
2.1. Antallet af familiemedlemmer <i>The number of family members</i>	19
2.2. Gruppering af oplysningerne om medlemmer af de syv familiegrupper <i>Arranging the information about members of the seven family groups</i>	20
2.3. Familietræer og oplysninger om enkeltpersoner i hver af de syv familiegrupper <i>Family trees and information about individuals in each of seven family groups</i>	21
2.3.1. Ellen Gunnilde Hansens familiegruppe – <i>Ellen Gunnilde Hansen's family group</i>	22
2.3.2. Ane Kathrine (Trine) Rasmussens familiegruppe – <i>Trine Rasmussen's family group</i>	25
2.3.3. Michael Wadstrups familiegruppe – <i>Michael Wadstrup's family group</i>	54
2.3.4. Meta Rasmussens familiegruppe – <i>Meta Rasmussen's family group</i>	60
2.3.5. Marie Spang Larsens familiegruppe – <i>Marie Spang Larsens family group</i>	67
2.3.6. Robert Wadstrups familiegruppe – <i>Robert Wadstrup's family group</i>	71
2.3.7. Margaret Jacobsens familiegruppe – <i>Margaret Jacobsen's family group</i>	77
AFSNIT 3 Familiemedlemmers erindringer – Memories by family members	82
3.1. Marius H. L. Jacobsen	83
3.2. Anna Mortensen	105
3.3. Signe Christensen	142
3.4. Elaine DalPian	168
3.5. Donald Coppen	175
3.6. Jørgen Mortensen	177
AFSNIT 4 De syv Vadstrup søskendes aner – Ancestors of the seven Vadstrup siblings	191
4.1. Antal kendte forfædre – <i>Number of known ancestors</i>	191
4.2. Anetavle for de syv Vadstrup søskende – <i>Ancestor tree for the seven Vadstrup siblings</i>	192
4.3. Aner ordnet efter ane- og generationsnummer – <i>Ancestors by number and generation</i>	194
INDEKS Efterkommere alfabetisk efter fornavn – Descendants by first name initial	199

AFSNIT 1

De syv Vadstrup søskende og deres nære familie

The seven Vadstrup siblings and their close family

Vadstrupslægten har mange forgreninger på Samsø, i resten af Danmark og i udlandet. De syv søskende i denne beskrivelse er børn af *Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup* (1842-1894) og *Maren Mikkelsdatter* (1847-1901). Begge var født på Samsø og bosat i Brundby, indtil de omkring 1875 flyttede til Århus sammen med deres étårige datter, *Ellen Gunnilde*.

I Århus fik Maren og Søren endnu seks børn. Tre af de syv blev gift og stiftede familier i Danmark. Fire andre udvandrede for 100 år siden til USA, hvor deres efterkommere lever i dag.

Familie Journal Nr. 2, 2013 redegjorde for een af de syv, min mormor, *Ane Kathrine (Trine)* og hendes store familie.

Trines søskende som udvandrede, *Jørgen Michael*, *Meta Kirstine*, *Rasmus Jørgen* og *Anna Margrethe* fortalte min mor spændende om. Oplysninger om medlemmer af deres familier blev i 2017 sammenfattet i *Familie Journal Nr. 4*.

I min barndom hørte jeg også ofte om min mormors to søstre, *Ellen* og *Marie*, som slog sig ned i København. Efter ny kontakt har medlemmer af disse to familier nu ydet værdifulde bidrag til *Familie Journal Nr. 5*.

Opdaterede og nye oplysninger om enkeltpersoner i de syv familier er samlet i AFSNIT 2. I AFSNIT 3 er der afskrifter af familiemedlemmers erindringer, og AFSNIT 4 bringer foreliggende oplysninger om de syv søskendes aner.

There are many branches of the Vadstrup family on Samsø, in the rest of Denmark and abroad. This booklet is about seven children born to *Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup* (1842-1894) and *Maren Mikkelsdatter* (1847-1901). They lived in Brundby on Samsø until moving to Århus in 1875 with their one-year old daughter, *Ellen Gunnilde*.

Six more children were born in Århus. Three of the seven established families in Denmark. The other four emigrated a 100 years ago to the USA where their descendants live today.

Familie Journal Nr. 2, 2013 dealt with my maternal grandmother, *Ane Kathrine (Trine)* and the numerous members of her family.

My mother told many exiting tales about Trine's four siblings who emigrated, *Jørgen Michael*, *Meta Kirstine*, *Rasmus Jørgen* and *Anna Margrethe*. Information about members of their families was stated in *Familie Journal No 4*, 2017.

As a child, I also heard much about her two aunts, my grandmother's two sisters, *Ellen* and *Marie* who settled in Copenhagen. Members of the two families have now provided valuable information for *Familie Journal No. 5*.

SECTION 2 shows updated and new information about individuals in all seven family groups. SECTION 3 brings transcripts of memories by family members, and SECTION 4 reports information about ancestors of the seven siblings.



Maren og Søren Vadstrup med 6 af deres 7 børn - Anna Margrethe ikke født, da fotoet blev taget omkring 1890.



Maren og Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup.



Maren portrætteret under besøg i København.

1.1. De syv Vadstrup søskende, deres ægtefæller og børn

1.1. The Seven Vadstrup siblings, their spouses and children



Ellen Gunnilde Jørgensen Vadstrup (1874-1941)

G. 1897 med Hans Christian Hansen (1868-1944)

Børn:

Henri Lauritz (1905-1972)

Helga Ingeborg (1912-1962)

Ebba Rigmor (1912-1987)



Ane Kathrine Jørgensen Vadstrup (1876-1956)

G. 1898 med Jakob Rasmussen (1876-1956)

Børn:

Signe (1898-1956)

Anna (1903-1996)

Maja (1900-1976)

Ragnhild (1908-1979)

Søren (1902-1982)

Jørgen (1910-1991)



Jørgen Michael Jørgensen Vadstrup (1879-1963)

G. 1906 med Marie Larsen (1875-1940)

Børn:

Frederick Kai (1912-1978)

Anna Margaret (1913-1996)

Henry Lauritz (1914-1971)



Meta Kirstine Jørgensen Vadstrup (1881-1979)

G. 1911 med Hans Søren Rasmussen (1882-1969)

Børn:

Gerda (1912-1998)

William (1915-2003)

Emmy (1920-2016)



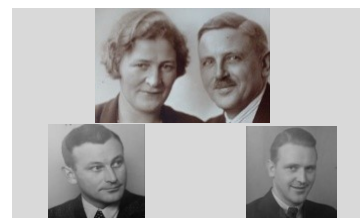
Jørgine Marie Jørgensen Vadstrup (1884-1979)

G. 1909 med Arvor Spang Larsen (1882-1945)

Børn:

Erik (1911-1979)

Jørgen (1919-1951)



Rasmus Jørgen Jørgensen Vadstrup (1887-1921)

G. 1914 med Susan Ferguson Hunt (1894-1952)

Børn:

Frances (1915-1988)

Robert (1918-1986)

(Rasmus og datteren Frances)



Anna Margrethe Jørgensen Vadstrup (1892-1985)

G. 1912 med Marius Lindorf Jacobsen (1888-1991)

Børn:

Henry (1913-1991)

William (1929)

Paul (1915-2008)

Edwin (1929-1996)

Howard (1919-1998)

Raymond (1935)

Robert (1926-2016)

(Edwin ikke med på billedet)



Flere detaljer om ovennævnte personer og deres efterkommere findes i AFSNIT 2.
For more details about the persons above and their descendants - see Section 2.

1.2. Træk af Maren og Søren Jørgensen Vadstrups familieliv

1.2. *About Maren and Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup's family life*

Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup (31.03.1842-05.02.1894) og *Maren Michelsdatter* (13.01.1847-24.07.1901) var født i Brundby på Samsø, hvor deres forfædre havde levet i mange generationer. De blev gift i Tranebjerg 06.10.1869 og boede de første fem år af deres ægteskab i Brundby, hvor tre børn blev født. De to første, Ellen Gunilde og Ane Catrine døde i 1873 i en alder af kun tre og ét år.

Fra kirkebøger kender vi børnenes fødselsdatoer og navngivning. Farens breve har nogle spredte glimt om familiens liv i Århus, men ellers findes der ikke megen skriftlig dokumentation.

Den ældste overlevende af søskendeflokken, *Ellen Gunnilde* blev født i 1874, før familien flyttede fra Samsø til Århus. I Århus fødte Maren yderligere seks børn i perioden 1876-1892.

Nummer to i søskendeflokken var *Ane Kathrine* (af alle kendt som *Trine*). Ca. syv år gammel fik hun permanent ophold hos sin faster, *Anne Jørgensdatter* (1847-1901). Anne var Søren's halvsøster, den næstældste af seks børn fra hendes fars andet ægteskab med *Mette Kirstine Jensdatter* (1815-1880). Søren var den yngste af syv søskende fra farens første ægteskab med *Ellen Sørensdatter* (1805-1843). Ellen døde kort efter, at Søren blev født.

Anne Jørgensdatter blev gift i 1874 med *Jørgen Pedersen Sønder* (1844-1907). Parret havde ikke selv børn. I Brundby drev de Damstrupgaard, som blev Trines hjem for resten af hendes liv. Trine blev i 1898 gift med *Jakob Rasmussen* fra nabogården Eskegaard, og kort tid efter overtog parret Damstrupgaard.

Jørgen Sønder havde tidligere arbejdet som herskabskusk for forpagteren på Hjalmarsgaard under Brattingsborg Gods. Da han fratrådte ved sit giftemål modtog han som tak for lang og tro tjeneste et sølvbæger (se foto næste side). Bægeret gik senere i arv til Trines datter, Signe. Hun berettede bægets historie i et brev til sit barnebarn, Poul Hansen på dennes 30-års fødselsdag, da hun overdrog bæget til ham.

I Århus ernærede Søren sig som træskomand, mens Maren ind imellem sine mange pligter i hjemmet tjente lidt ved at vaske tøj for soldater, navnlig dem fra Samsø.

Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup (31.03.1842-05.02.1894) and *Maren Michelsdatter* (13.01.1847-24.07.1901) were born in Brundby on Samsø, the home of their ancestors in many preceding generations. They married in Tranebjerg 06.10.1869 and lived for about five years in Brundby where three children were born. The first two, Ellen Gunilde and Ane Catrine, died in 1873 only three and one years old.

From the church registers, we know the children's dates of birth and given names. The father writes a few comments about the family in his letters, but otherwise, only little documentation is available.

The oldest surviving child, *Ellen Gunnilde* was born in 1874 before the family moved from Samsø to settle in Århus. During 1876-1892, Maren gave birth to six more children.

The second oldest of the children was *Ane Kathrine* (known as *Trine* to everybody). About seven years old she was adopted by her aunt, *Anne Jørgensdatter* (1847-1901). Anne was Søren's half-sister, the second oldest of six children in her father's second marriage to *Mette Kirstine Jensdatter* (1815-1880). Søren was the youngest of seven children in the father's first marriage to *Ellen Sørensdatter* (1805-1843). She died shortly after Søren was born.

In 1874, Anne Jørgensdatter married *Jørgen Pedersen Sønder* (1844-1907). The couple did not have children of their own. They farmed Damstrupgaard in Brundby where Trine spent the rest of her life. In 1898, Trine married *Jakob Rasmussen* from the neighbor farm, Eskegaard and they took over Damstrupgaard.

Jørgen Sønder had worked as a coachman for the tenant of Hjalmarsgaard, which was part of the Brattingsborg estate. When he was going to marry and gave notice, a silver cup was awarded for his long and faithful service (photo next page). The cup was later passed on to Trine's daughter, Signe. She related the history of the cup in a letter to her grandson, Poul Hansen on his 30th birthday when Signe passed the cup on to him.

Søren supported his family as a shoe and clog maker while Maren among her many duties in the home did laundry for soldiers, especially those from Samsø.



Silver cup presented to Jørgen Sønder for his long and faithful service as a coachman before he married Anne Jørgensdatter in 1874.

1.3. Breve m.v. fra Søren Vadstrups dage

1.3. Letters from the days of Søren Vadstrup

Der findes ikke meget skriftligt om familiens liv, men et par breve fra Søren Vadstrup giver dog et lille indblik.

Til højre gengives et brev til Trine på hendes otte års fødselsdag. På det tidspunkt var hun fast beboer hos sin faster og onkel på Damstrupgaard.

---oooOooo---

Letter to Trine and birthday gift when she was 8:

Birthday present

to

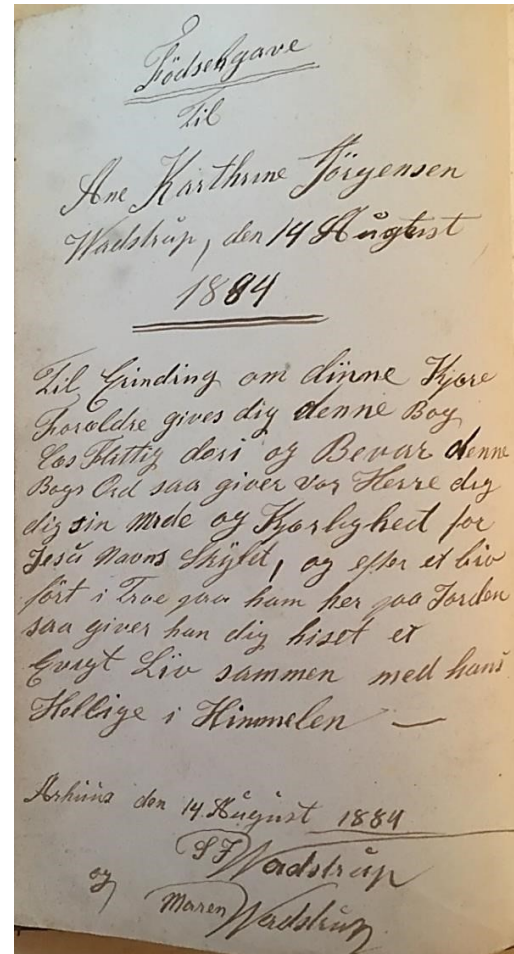
Ane Kathrine Jørgensen Wadstrup, August 14
1884

This book is given to you as a remembrance of your dear parents. Study the content of the book, keep its words in mind and our Lord will have mercy on you and give you love in the name of Jesus, and after a life on Earth in faith of him, he will reward you with eternal life among his saints in heaven.

Aarhus August 14, 1884

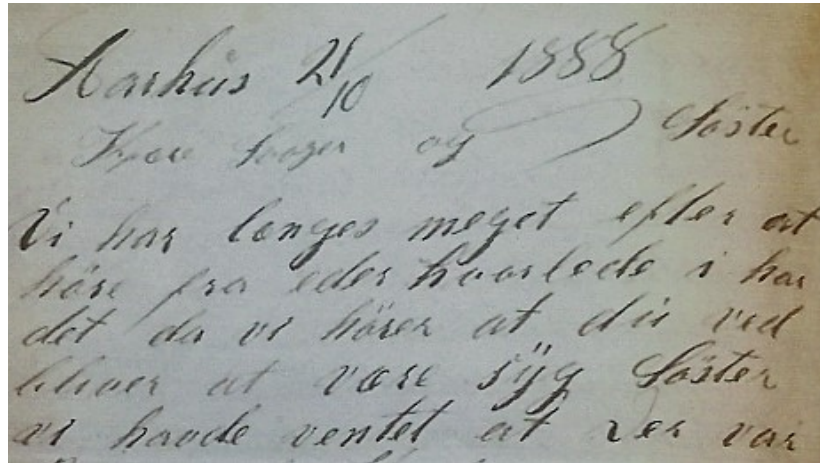
S. J. Wadstrup and Maren Wadstrup

Note: The book mentioned in the letter is *Fra Livets Kilde* (*From the Source of Life*) by Vilhelm Beck, 1881. At eight years old, Trine had settled in with her aunt and uncle at Damstrupgaard, her home for the rest of her life.



Nogle få yderligere oplysninger om familien findes i Søren's brev af 21. oktober 1888 til søsteren og svogeren på Damstrupgaard. De første linier af Søren's håndskrevne brev er affotograferet nedenfor fulgt af afskriften af hele brevet.

A few additional pieces of information about the family are found in Søren's letter of 21.10.1888 to his sister and brother-in-law at Damstrupgaard. The first lines of his handwritten letter are copied below followed by a translated full transcript of the letter.



Fuld afskrift af Søren's brev:

Kjære Svoger og Søster.

Vi har længes meget efter at høre fra eder hvorledes i har det da vi hører at du vedbliver at være syg Søster vi havde ventet at der var Brev med Baaden men der var ingen saa traf jeg Kasper et par dage efter han fortalte at du var meget syg den gang han rejste hjemme fra men nu er det jo allerede flere dage siden saa jeg haaber at der er sket forandring til det Bedre dog vi ikke har hørt noget fra eder. Men det kommer altsammen an paa vor Herre i Himlen han kan snart gjøre alt godt igien for han har Magt baade over Liv og Død.

Jeg kan nu lade eder vide at Gunilde hun er ude at tiene hun faar 4 Kroner om Maaneden til at Begynde med hun er godt tilfreds med hendes plas nu sender hun hendes Fotografie saa kan i see hvordan hun saa ud til Comfirmationen, Lille Broder gaar paa Gulvet og leger i kan tro det er en sød stump han begynder at vil tale lit Michael er med sin Melkemand om dagen, Metha skal nu til November udskrives af Asylet og til at gaae i skole hun er dygtig til at læse Gine fortsetter som sævanlig i Asylet til hun bliver 7 Aar nu fortiden er di i Seng alle paa Rasmus nær han løber frem og tilbage paa Gulvet.

Nu vil Trine nok være saa venlig at vise hendes Tanter Ane Mette og Ane Dorte og Ane og Bestefader Fotografiet for di vil nok være glad ved at see hende, i kan troe det havde været Trine til

Translated transcript of Søren's letter:

Dear brother-in-law and sister,

We have yearned for news about how you are doing since we learned that you, Sister, are still sick - we expected a letter from you with the ferry boat but nothing was there - then a couple of days later, I met Kasper who said that you were very ill when he left from home, but this was already several days ago, so I hope changes to the better have happened though we have not heard from you. But it all depends on our Lord in the Heaven, he can make everything good again because he is the Master of both life and death.

I can let you know that Gunilde now has a job as a maid - for a start she makes 4 Kroner per month - she likes her place of work - now she sends her photo so that you can see what she looked like on the day of her confirmation. - Little brother now walks and plays on the floor; believe me he is a sweet tiny tot, he is starting to talk a little - Michael is helping the milkman in the day time - by November, Metha will finish in the Asylum kindergarten and start school, she is good at reading - Gine stays in the kindergarten until she is seven years old - right now, they are all in bed except for Rasmus who paces forth and back on the floor.

We hope Trine will show the photo to her aunts, Ane Mette, Ane Dorte and Ane and to grandpa who will all be happy to see her - it would really have pleased Trine to be at her sister's confirmation

pas om hun var kommen til Aarhus til sin Søsters Comfirmation for Kongen var i Aarhus i disse dage, kom om Fredagen og Reiste Tirsdag. Der var en stads over hele Byen saa det var uden Lige der var saa mange Tiltag saa man ikke kunde tælle dem og Aftenen var der saadan en Belysning jeg aldrig har seet Mage til. Om Søndagen var Kongen i Kjærke jeg havde Plads lige ved siden af ham saa jeg og min Hustru vi fik ham rigtig at [se] og Gunilde var ikke mindre glad ved at see Kongen i Kjærke den dag hun blev Comfirmeret.

Nu vil jeg til Slutning [ønske] for dig Kjære Søster at vor Herre vil hjælpe dig at du maa blive Rask igien saa vil vi Tilsammen takke ham derfor det Beste vi formaae i vor Herres Jesu Navn.

Vi er alle Rask og har det godt. Skriv os snart til og lade os vide hvorledes det staar til.

Kjærlig hilsen til Eder alle ønskes af os allesammen.

Med megen Agtelse
S J Vadstrup

because the King visited Aarhus at the same time, arriving Friday and leaving again the following Tuesday. The whole city was decorated as never seen before - events were so many that you could not count them and in the evening, there was illumination the like of which I have never seen. On Sunday, the King went to church - I was seated right next to him so that I and my wife really got to see him and Gunilde was no less happy to see the King in the church on the very day of her confirmation.

Finally, I wish for you my dear sister that our Lord will help you to get well again - then we will all together thank him the best we can in the name of our Lord Jesus.

We are all in good health and doing well. Write us soon and let us know how you are doing.

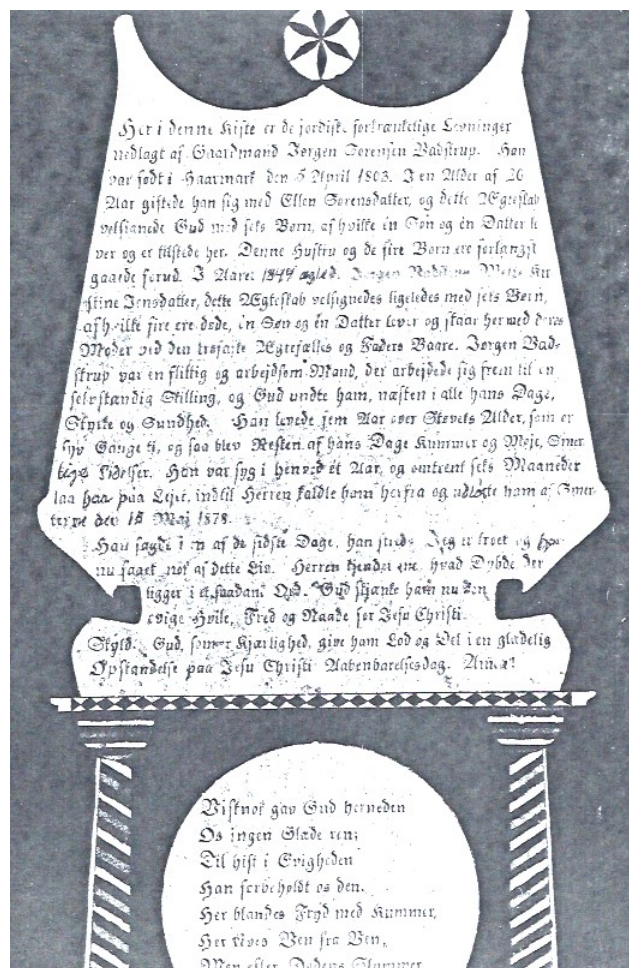
Love and best wishes to all of you from everybody here.

Yours very respectfully,
S J Vadstrup

Gravskrift Sørenns far – Epitaph Søren's father

Bortset fra navne og levedatoer vides meget konkret om Vadstrup børnenes bedsteførelde og tidligere anegenerationer. En sjælden undtagelse er præstens gravtale ved *Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrups* (Sørenns far) begravelse i 1878. Talens indhold er gengivet i epitafen vist til højre herfor. En kopi af epitafen blev modtaget i 1978 fra Trines datter, Ragnhild. Ifølge Trines svigerdatter, Martha var det dengang ikke ualmindeligt, at sådanne skrifter blev indrammet og hængt på væggen hos den afdødes familie. Epitafens indhold, vist i afskrift på næste side, taler for sig selv om periodens store familier og høje dødelighed blandt mødre og børn.

Apart from names and living dates only little written information exists about the Vadstrup childrens ancestor generations. An exception is the minister's speech at *Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrup's* (Søren's father) funeral in 1878. The content of the speech was printed in an epitaph pictured in the right hand column. A copy of the epitaph was received from Trine's daughter, Ragnhild. According to Trine's daughter-in-law, Martha it was common in those days to frame and hang the epitaph in the homes of relatives of the deceased. Its content, transcribed at the next page, speaks for itself about large families of the period and high mortality among children and wives.



Afskrift af Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrup's epitaf:

Her i denne Kiste er de jordiske forkrænkelige Levninger vedlagt af Gaardmand Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrup. Han var født i Haarmark den 5. April 1803. I en Alder af 26 Aar giftede han sig med Ellen Sørensdatter, og dette Ægteskab velsignede Gud med seks Børn, af hvilke en Søn og en Datter lever og er tilstede her. Denne Hustru og de fire Børn er forlængst gaaede forud. I Aaret 1844 ægtede Jørgen Vadstrup Mette Kirstine Jensdatter, dette Ægteskab velsignedes ligeledes med seks Børn, af hvillke fire ere døde, en Søn og en Datter lever og staar her med deres Moder ved den trofaste Ægtefælles og Faders Baare. Jørgen Vadstrup var en flittig og arbejdsom Mand, der arbejdede sig frem til en selvstændig Stilling, og Gud undte ham, næsten i alle hans Dage, Styrke og Sundhed. Han levede fem Aar over Støvets Alder, som er syv Gange ti, og saa blev Resten af hans Dage Kummer og Møje, Smerter og Lidelser. Han var syg i henved et Aar, og omtrent seks Maaneder laa han paa Lejet, indtil Herren kaldte ham herfra og udløste ham af Smerterne den 15. Maj 1878.

Han sagde i en af de sidste dage, han stred: "Jeg er træt og har nu fået nok af dette Liv". Herren kjender ene, hvad Dybde der ligger i et saadant Ord. Gud skjænke ham nu den evige Hvile, Fred og Naade for Jesu Christi Skyld. Gud, som er Kjærlighed, give ham Lod og Del i en glædelig Opstandelse paa Jesu Christi Aabenbarelsesdag. Amen!

1.4. Forældrenes tidlige død og børnenes opvækst og adskillelse

1.4. The early passing of the parents and the parting of the siblings

I 1894 døde Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup knap 52 år gammel. Den sidstfødte, Anna Margrethe, var da kun 2 og den ældste, Ellen Gunnilde var knap 20 år.

Det store følelsesmæssige og økonomiske pres blev yderligere forstærket af Marens bortgang i 1901, kun 54 år gammel.

Ellen blev i 1897 gift med Hans Hansen og flyttede til København. Den næstældste, Trine var som nævnt knap 20 år tidligere blevet adopteret af sin faster og onkel på Damstrupgård. Hun blev gift med Jakob Rasmussen i 1898. De fem yngre børn var i alderen 9-22 år, da deres mor døde.

Der er ikke kendskab til skriftlige notater eller overleveringer om, hvordan de klarede sig i disse vanskelige år.

Transcript, Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrup's epitaph:

In this coffin are the mortal perishable remains of farmer Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrup. He was born in Haarmark on the 5th of April 1803. Aged 26 he married Ellen Sørensdatter and God blessed this marriage with six children of whom one son and one daughter are alive and present. This spouse and the four children have passed long ago. In the year 1844, Jørgen Vadstrup married Mette Kirstine Jensdatter, this marriage was also blessed with six children, of whom four are dead, one son and one daughter are alive, standing here together with their mother at the bier of the loyal spouse and father. Jørgen Vadstrup was a diligent and hard-working man who struggled his way to an independent position, and God granted him, during almost all his days, strength and health. He lived for five years past the age of dust, which is seven times ten, and then the rest of his days were distress and trouble, pain and torment. He was ill for almost a year, and for almost six months, he lay at the sickbed until the Lord called him away from here and released him from pain on the 15th of May in 1878.

On one of his last days of struggle, he said: "I am tired and have had enough of this life". The Lord alone knows the profundity of such words. May God grant him his eternal rest, peace and grace for the sake of Jesus the Christ. May God who is love grant him lot and share of a joyous resurrection on the Jesu Christi Day of Revelation. Amen!

In 1894, Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup died only 52 years old. Then, the youngest child, Anna Margrethe was only 2 and the oldest, Ellen Gunnilde almost 20.

The emotional and financial pressure was aggravated by Maren's passing in 1901 when she was 54 years old.

In 1897, Ellen had married Hans Hansen and moved to Copenhagen. Around 1883, the second oldest, Trine had been adopted by her aunt and uncle at Damstrupgaard. In 1898, she married Jakob Rasmussen. The other five children were 9-22 old when their mother died.

No written notes or other handing downs are available to tell us how they coped during this very difficult period.

Jørgine Marie blev gift med Arvor Spang Larsen i 1909 og flyttede til København. De fire andre søskende, Jørgen Michael, Meta Kirstine, Rasmus Jørgen og Anna Margrethe¹ udvandrede til USA i 10-året efter morens død.

Udvandring, særligt til USA, havde været kraftigt stigende gennem det 19. århundrede. Det skønnes, at mere end 450.000 danskere emigrerede til USA efter 1820², størsteparten i perioden 1880-1920, heraf omkring 85.000 i 1880'erne. Danmarks befolkning var da omkring 2 millioner. Udsigten til bedre beskæftigelse og levevilkår spillede en afgørende rolle for manges beslutning. For nogle har eventyrlyst måske også været en faktor. For de fire Vadstrup søskende har forældrenes tidlige død sikkert også spillet ind.

Selvom udvandring således ikke var en ukendt begivenhed, er det ikke svært at forestille sig, hvor dybt et indtryk adskillelsen gjorde på de syv søskende, både emigranterne selv og dem, der blev i Danmark. Dengang var internationale besøgsrejser ikke en nærliggende mulighed. Ved adskillelsen havde de berørte ringe udsigter til at mødes igen.

Tidslinien for deres udrejse omtales kort i det følgende³. I 1902, året efter morens død, var Jørgen Michael den første, der satte kursen mod USA. Rejsen tog ham til Connecticut på den amerikanske østkyst, hvor han fandt arbejde. Efter tre år vendte han midlertidigt tilbage til Danmark, hvor hans søskende hørte om hans oplevelser og mulighederne i det fremmede.

I 1906 tog Jørgen Michael igen til USA, denne gang sammen med sin fremtidige svoger, Søren Rasmussen. De kendte allerede hinanden, fordi Søren's bror, Jakob Rasmussen få år forinden var blevet gift med Jørgen Michaels søster, Trine. De slog sig ned i Hartford, CT, hvor Jørgen Michael i 1906 blev gift med Marie Larsen fra Køge. Søren blev senere gift med Meta Kirstine.

I 1908 tog Meta Kirstine og hendes bror Rasmus Jørgen af sted. De fandt i første omgang logi hos Jørgen Michael i Hartford.

Rasmus blev i 1914 gift med Susan Hunt, men han døde syv år senere, kun 34 år gammel.

¹ Kendt i USA som Michael, Meta, Robert og Margaret.

² Se www.visitdenmark.com/heritage/danish-immigration-united-states.

³ Detaljer om ankomstdatoer, skibsnavne m.v. er tilgængelige i passagerlister fra New Yorks Havn (Ellis Island) - se også *Our Danish Heritage*, Elaine DalPian 2009.

In 1909, Jørgine Marie married Arvor Spang Larsen and moved to Copenhagen. The other four siblings, Jørgen Michael, Meta Kirstine, Rasmus Jørgen and Anna Margrethe¹ settled in the US during the decade after the death of their mother.

Emigration, especially to the US, had been on the rise during the 19th century. It is estimated that more than 450,000 Danes settled in the US after 1820², most of them during 1880-1920, 85,000 alone during the 1880s. Denmark's population was then about 2 millions. Prospects of gainful occupation and improved living conditions was a driving factor. Desire of adventure may also have played a role for many. For the four Vadstrup siblings the early passing of their parents is believed to have influenced their decisions to leave Denmark.

Even if emigration was not a very unusual event it is not difficult to imagine the profound impression of the break-up, both on the emigrants themselves and on the family members who stayed in Denmark. In those days, long distance vacation traveling was not feasible and the separated family members faced slim chances of ever meeting again.

The *time line* of their relocation is briefly summarized below³. In 1902, the year after his mother's passing, Jørgen Michael was first to leave. He ended up in Connecticut on the American East coast, where he found a job. Three years later, he returned to Denmark and told his siblings about his experience and the possibilities of making a life in the country so far away.

In 1906, Jørgen Michael returned to the US, this time together with his future brother-in-law, Søren Rasmussen. They knew each other well because Søren's brother, Jakob Rasmussen had married Trine a few years earlier. They settled in Hartford, CT where Jørgen Michael in 1906 married Marie Larsen who had come to the US from Køge in Denmark. Søren later married Meta Kirstine.

In 1908, Meta Kirstine and her brother Rasmus Jørgen left Denmark. They met with Jørgen Michael in Hartford.

In 1914, Rasmus married Susan Hunt, but he died seven years later only 34 years old.

I 1911 vendte Meta og Søren midlertidigt tilbage til Danmark, hvor de blev gift og fik deres tre børn. Efter et par år på Samsø drev de landbrug i Tornved og Favrbø på Sjælland, før de i 1922 slog sig permanent ned i USA.

I 1909 tog den da 17-årige Anna Margrethe alene turen over Atlanten og blev forenet med sine søskende i USA. Hun blev i 1912 gift med Marius Jacobsen, der også var indvandret fra Danmark.

Detaljer om emigranterne og personerne i de amerikanske familiegupper er indeholdt i AFNIT 2 i dette hæfte og i Familie Journal nr. 4, s. 11-37. Marius Jacobsens og Elaine DalPians erindringer i AFSNIT 3 beretter udførligt om udvandrernes liv.

I de første mange år efter adskillelsen var der intet fysisk samkvem mellem Vadstrup familierne i USA og Danmark. En undtagelse var Anna Rasmussens (Trines og Jakobs datter) deltagelse i en tur til USA i 1923 med Niels Bukhs opvisningshold af gymnaster. Anna har i sine erindringer i AFNIT 3 berettet om turen, som på det tidspunkt var en usædvanlig oplevelse. Hun fik under besøget mulighed for at mødes med flere af de udvandrede Vadstrup slægtninge og deres familier.

Fra omkring midten af 1900-tallet har bedre og billigere flytransport øget antallet af familiebesøg i USA og i Danmark. En del af dem er listet i Familie Journal nr. 4, side 8-9. Her skal nævnes, at Meta på en tur i 1970 sammen med sit barnebarn, Elaine og dennes mand, Kenneth DalPian besøgte et stort antal danske familiemedlemmer og etablerede mange tætte kontakter. Meta var så begejstret, at hun som 90-årig gentog turen to år senere i 1972. Denne gang var hun sammen med sin 80-årige lillesøster, Anna Margrethe, som da genså Danmark 63 år efter sin udrejse i 1909. Anna Margrethes mand, Marius deltog også i det 5 uger lange Danmarksbesøg. Han havde senest været på besøg i Danmark i 1910, 62 år tidligere.

1.5. Om familienavnet Vadstrup

1.5. *About the Vadstrup family name*

De syv søskendes efternavn, Vadstrup kan følges i lige mandlig linie gennem seks generationer tilbage til *Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723)* som vist i diagrammet næste side. Slægtsskabet kan også etableres via deres tip-oldemor, som hed *Mette*

In 1911, Meta and Søren went back to Denmark. They married on Samsø staying there for a couple of years before moving to Sjælland to farm in Tornved and Favrbø. In 1922, they returned and settled for good in Hartford together with their three children.

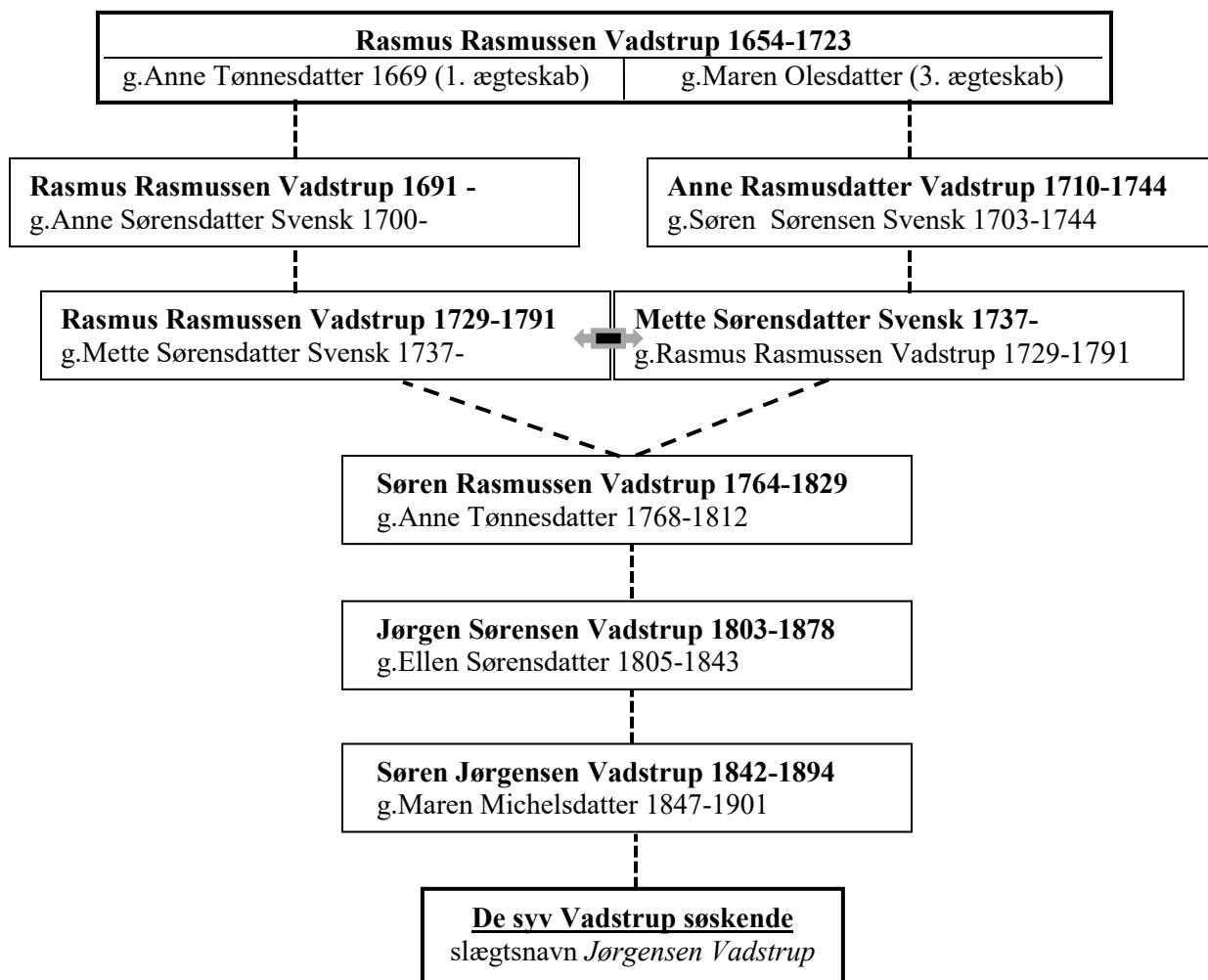
In 1909, the then 17 years old Anna Margrethe traveled across the Atlantic Ocean and united with her siblings in Connecticut. In 1912, she married Marius Jacobsen, another Danish emigrant.

More details about the emigrants and their descendants are stated in SECTION 2 and in Familie Journal No 4. Memories by Elaine DalPian and Marius Jacobsen (see SECTION 3) bring extensive descriptions of emigrants' life in the US.

For many years after the parting of the siblings, there was no physical contact between the Vadstrup families in the US and in Denmark. Anna Rasmussen (Trine's and Jakob's daughter) made an exception by joining Niels Bukh's team of elite exhibition gymnasts on a tour to the US in 1923. In her memories (see SECTION 3) Anna tells about the event and travel, which was rather unusual in those days. During the stay, she met with many members of the Vadstrup families who had settled in the US.

After the middle of the 1900s, the number of family visits between the US and Denmark has increased with the improved air travel possibilities. A number of visits are listed in Familie Journal No 4, p. 8-9. To mention here is Meta's visit in the summer of 1970, together with her granddaughter Elaine and Elaine's husband, Ken DalPian. They met with many Danish relatives and established lasting contacts. Meta enjoyed the trip very much. Two years later, when she was 90, she went on a 5-weeks tour to Denmark, this time together with her 80 years old sister, Margaret and her husband Marius. Margaret had not been in Denmark since her departure in 1909, 63 years earlier. For Marius 62 years had elapsed since his last visit to Denmark in 1910.

The surname, Vadstrup of the seven siblings can be traced back to *Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723)* via the line of male forefathers; see next page. The connection can also be made via their great-great grandmother who was named *Mette*



Note: Based on information in www.samsroeroots.dk

Sørensdatter Svensk. Hun var gift med *Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1729-1791)*. Begge ægtefæller var børnebørn af Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723), men havde forskellige bedstemødre, henholdsvis fra dennes første og tredje ægteskab.

Ingen af Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrups (1654-1723) forfædre synes at have efternavnet Vadstrup. Derimod har mange af hans efterkommere udover dem, der er vist i ovenfor, efternavnet Vadstrup.

Inge Vohnsen⁴ har på grundlag af folketællinger og skiftprotokoller godtgjort, at Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1729-1791) drev Lille Vadstrupgaard.

Sørensdatter Svensk. She was married to *Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1729-1791)*. The couple were both grandchildren of Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723), but their grandmothers were different – from his first and third marriage, respectively.

No ancestors of Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723) seem to have the surname Vadstrup. But many of his descendants in branches besides the one in the diagram carry the Vadstrup family name.

Based on census data and estate protocols Inge Vohnsen⁴ has established that Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1729-1791) farmed Lille Vadstrupgaard.

⁴ Inge Vohnsen er ansvarlig for www.samsroeroots.dk og er en Vadstrup slægting, som jeg selv 4 x oldebarn af Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1729-1791)



Vadstrupgaard - fotografisk gengivelse af litografi baseret på Anton Winters originalmaleri fra 1846. Fotoet er venligst stillet til rådighed af Inge Vohnsen. Den hvide bygning i billedets baggrund er Besser Kirke. I en periode blev Lille Vadstrupgaard (til venstre) drevet som fæstegård af de syv Vadstrup søskendes forfædre. Gården blev genopført efter ildebrand i 1775. Efter forfald blev Lille Vadstrupgaards bygninger fjernet ved en kontrolleret brand i 1940erne. Gården til højre var en bestyrergård under Brattingsborg Gods, som i 2000 solgte bygningerne til de nuværende ejere. Efter omfattende renovation er de tilbageværende bygninger nu indrettet som hotel under navnet Vadstrup 1771.

 – During a period in the past, ancestors of the seven Vadstrup siblings farmed Lille Vadstrupgaard (left).

Han havde i sin tid fået gården fra sin far, *Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1691-)*. Da han selv døde i 1791, blev den overdraget til datteren, *Ane Dorthe Rasmusdatter* (en søster til Søren Rasmussen Vadstrup (1764-1829)) og hendes mand, *Jens Rasmussen*. Videre undersøgelser vil måske kunne vise, at også den ældre Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723) var landmand på Lille Vadstrupgaard.

Frivillige ved *Slægts- og Lokalhistorisk Forening Samsø* og *Samsø Egnarkiv* har været meget behjælpelige med oplysninger om navnet Vadstrup. Et landsbynavn, Wadstrup ses på tidlige kort. Senere kort bruger stavemåden, Vadstrup. Navnet antyder, at der på stedet var et vadested, og det menes, at det tidligere var muligt at komme dertil med båd.

He had inherited the farm from his father, *Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1691-)*. At his own death in 1791, the farm was transferred to his daughter, *Ane Dorthe Rasmusdatter* (a sister of Søren Rasmussen Vadstrup, (1764-1829) and her husband, *Jens Rasmussen*. It may be possible to determine that the older Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup (1654-1723) himself farmed lille Vadstrupgaard.

Volunteers at *Slægts- og Lokalhistorisk Forening Samsø* og *Samsø Egnarkiv* have been very helpful with information about the Vadstrup name. A village named Wadstrup was known in early maps. Later maps use the spelling, Vadstrup. The name indicates a wading ford at the spot. It is believed that earlier, one could approach the location by boat.

Det lokale stednavn og familiens tilhørsforhold til Lille Vadstrupgaard gav i sin tid anledning til at tilføje et såkaldt *folkeligt tilnavn*, Vadstrup, der så blev en del af familienavnet nedarvet fra generation til generation; se side 14.

Navngivningens historiske udvikling er meget kompleks med store forskelle mellem land og by⁵. Før industrialiseringen boede de fleste på landet og fulgte det *patronyme* navngivningssystem. Drenges efternavn blev bestemt af farens fornavn med tilføjelsen "sen" (oprindeligt "søn"). For piger var tilføjelsen "datter". Med få navne i brug blev det noget ensformigt, når f.eks. Jens Hansen og Hans Jensen optrådte skiftevis fra generation til generation. Det prøvede man at råde bod på ved brug af genkendelige, folkelige tilnavne, som kunne nedarves. Det var dog et problem, at sådanne tilnavne havde tendens til at glide ud ved navngivning af næste generation. Senere personidentifikation er yderligere vanskeliggjort, fordi kun fornavne i tidligste tid blev indført i kirkebøger ved børns dåb.

For at bringe orden og fremme brug af faste slægtsnavne blev en offentlig forordning udstedt i 1828. Den bestemte, at børn ved dåb skulle have et *egentligt familienavn* eller stamnavn, som så skulle viderføres til næste generation. Præsterne blev instrueret om, at barnefaderen selv måtte vælge, om barnets familienavn skulle være hans eget folkelige tilnavn, et patronym dannet på traditionel vis eller navnet på familiens hjemsted. Den eneste begrænsning var, at alle hans børn skulle gives det valgte slægtsnavn, og at det herefter også skulle gælde personer i de følgende generationer.

Noget ulogisk blev det samtidig bestemt, at hvis et patronym blev valgt som basis for et slægtsnavn skulle det for piger ende på "sen" og ikke som før "datter".

I praksis mødte navnereformens gennemførelse megen modstand. Efterhånden som forordningen slog igennem, valgte de fleste at lade et ægte patronym indføre som slægtsnavn i kirkebogen. En stigende del af landbefolkningen endte derved med et af relativt få "sen"-navne som arveligt slægtsnavn. Og med den stigende afvandring fra land til by, bredte denne ensformighed sig også til byerne.

The name of the settlement and the family's affiliation to Lille Vadstrupgaard were reasons to add a so-called *popular surname*, Vadstrup. It became part of the family name and was inherited by later generations; see page 14.

The history of naming is complex and, in earlier days, very different between rural districts and towns⁵. Before the industrialization, most people lived in rural areas where *patronymic* naming was common. A boy's surname was made by adding "sen" (for son) to the father's first name. For girls the addition was "datter" (for daughter). With few different names in use one would often see e.g. Jens Hansen and Hans Jensen alternating in successive generations. It was recommended by the authorities to establish recognizable family names via inheritable popular surnames. However, such names tended to slip when naming the next generation. Later identification of persons was also hampered because earlier, only first names were entered in the church records in connection with baptizing of children.

To bring some order around and promote the use of permanent, inheritable surnames authorities, in 1828, issued an ordinance. It prescribed that a child at baptism should be given a *proper family name*, later to be passed on to their descendants. Priests were advised to let the father choose, whether to use an already established popular surname, a traditional patronym, or the name of the family's living locality. The only conditions were that a surname once chosen should be given to all of his children, and that the chosen surname from then on should be given to coming generations.

Rather illogically it was also determined that if a patronym was chosen as the basis for a permanent family name the ending "sen" should apply to both girls and boys.

The practical implementation of the naming reform met with considerable resistance. Where provisions were carried out, most often a patronym was selected and recorded in the church records. More and more people thereby ended up with one of a limited number of "sen"-names as inheritable surnames. This conformity gradually spread to the whole country as more people relocated from rural to urban districts.

⁵ Se f.eks. *Efternavnets historie*, Eva Villarsen Meldgaard, Afd. for Navneforskning, K.U. 2008.

I et nyt forsøg på at skabe klarhed og etablere mere populære regler beordrede myndighederne i 1856 biskopperne til at gøre en ende på det frie valg af efternavn. Det blev fastlagt, at navne valgt efter 1828-forordningens ikrafttræden skulle gælde for alle følgende slægtsled. Traditionel brug af patronymer var dermed ikke længere tilladt. Det gjaldt også brug af et folkeligt tilnavn, f.eks. stedsnavn, hvis et andet efternavn allerede var valgt i overensstemmelse med 1828-reformen. Også disse restriktioner mødte kraftig folkelig modstand.

For at komme udenom virkningen af begrænsninger blev det almindeligt at give børn mellemnavne med samme indhold som de ønskede slægtsnavne. De var ikke reguleret af reformerne, som kun tog sigte på egentlige efternavne. Flere love om navneforandring og om anvendelige personnavne har set dagens lys (i 1904, 1961, 1981 og 2005). De nugældende bestemmelser imødekommer de flestes ønsker om større valgfrihed ved navngivning.

For Vadstrup navnet ses afvigende *stavemåder* – brug af “V” eller “W”. Det gælder både stedsnavnet (se side 15) og dets brug som familienavn. Bemærk at Søren i sine breve vist på side 8 og 9 underskriver sig først med “W” og få år senere med “V”. I offentlige registre, på dåbsattester o.s.v. er brugen af “V” helt fremherskende, men afvigelser forekommer dog.

En af dem er påpeget af David Smith Wadstrup, Jørgen Michaels sønnesøn, bosiddende i Connecticut, USA. I en udskrift fra 1885 af Vor Frue Sogn Kirkes Ministerialbog fandt han, at Jørgen Michael, f.30.01.1879, ved dåben havde fået efternavnet **Wadstrup**. Tilsvarende dokumentation for hans seks søskendes navngivning viser, at alle er døbt Vadstrup med enkelt “V”. I Ministerialbogens oversigt over døbte er i anmærkningkolonnen anført “Wadstrup” uden yderligere forklaring, se kopien øverst på næste side.

Hvis nogen i familiekredsen er vidende om, at der på et tidspunkt har været en reel diskussion om den korrekte stavemåde, vil oplysninger herom blive modtaget med tak.

Det er selvfølgelig vigtigt, at alle oplysninger er så korrekte som muligt. Nogle eksisterende afvigelser og navnevarianter kan dog skyldes tilfældigheder eller mennekelige fejl. Der kan bruges megen tid på at efterspore dem, uden at komme til en endelig

In a new attempt to clarify and establish more popular provisions bishops were ordered in 1856 to put an end to the flexibility regarding choice of surname. It was made mandatory that surnames chosen after the introduction of the 1828 ordinance should apply to all subsequent generations. Traditional use of patronymes was no long permitted. This also applied to the use of popular surname additions, e.g. name of living locality, if another surname had already been chosen in accordance with the 1828 ordinance. These new rules also encountered significant resistance.

To circumvent restrictions it had become common to let children have middle names mirroring the desired surnames. Middle names were not subjected to the naming reforms, which strictly applied to surnames. A number of laws about change of names and use of first and family names in general were introduced (in 1904, 1961, 1981, and 2005). Present provisions satisfy most people’s desire to be allowed greater flexibility for themselves and their children.

The Vadstrup family name is seen with *different spellings* – use of “V” or “W”. It is true both for names of localities (see page 15) and when used as family name. Note that Søren in his letters shown on page 8 and 9 signs first with a “W” and few years later with a “V”. The use of “V” dominates in public registers, birth certificates, etc., but deviations occur.

One such was pointed out by David Smith Wadstrup, grandson of Michael living in Connecticut, USA. In an 1885 transcript from the Ministerial Book of the Vor Frue Parish, Aarhus he found that Jørgen Michael, b.30.01.1879, had been baptized with the surname **Wadstrup**. Similar documentation for his six sibling shows that they all had been given the surname Vadstrup with a “V”. In the comment column of the Ministerial Book survey of baptized children the word “Wadstrup” has been entered without further explanation; see next page.

If anyone in the family is aware of a real discussion about the correct spelling taking place some time in the past, information about it will be received with appreciation.

It is important that all dates and other information are as correct as possible. Some deviations and variation of names occur due to human errors or other unknown reasons. Much time can be spent scrutinizing inconsistencies without finding the

1879. fødte				Mandkjen.			
Nr	Kor og Datum.	Barnets fulde Navn.	Døds Datum enten i Kirken eller hjemme.	Dødsstedets Navn, Stand, Qvændering og Bopæl.	Faddernes Navn, Stand, Qvændering og Bopæl.	Over aarsen i det altes Børstetids-Række.	Anmærkninger.
21.	28 Jan.	Aage Richardt Jensen.	J. Nielsen d. 29 ^d . Marts f. 18.	Grundtvistskolen Næstved og København København	H. H. Nielsen København		
22.	30 Jan	Jørgen Michael Jørgensen Wadstrup	J. Nielsen d. 30 ^d . Marts f. 18.	København København København København København København	København København København København København København		Wadstrup
23.	1 Febr	Christian Ove Johan Christensen.	H. H. Nielsen d. 1 ^{de} . Marts f. 18. Dødsst. publik. d. 3 ^{de} . August f. 18.	København København København København København København	København København København København København København		
24.	1 Febr.	Johannes Marinus Jensen.	H. H. Nielsen d. 1 ^{de} . Febr. f. 18. Dødsst. publik. d. 3 ^{de} . August f. 18.	København København København København København København	København København København København København København		
25.	2 Febr.	Jens Hansen.	J. Nielsen d. 1 ^{de} . Juni f. 18.	København København København København København København	København København København København København København		
26.	2 Febr.	Peter Emil Pedersen	J. Nielsen d. 1 ^{de} . januar 1880.	København København København København København København	København København København København København København		

Kopi af Vor Frue Sogns Ministerialbog 1879. Indskrivning nr. 2 fra oven vedrører Jørgen Michael Jørgensen Wadstrups dåb den 30. Marts 1879. Navnet Wadstrup ses præciseret i anmærkningskolonnen.

Copy of pages in Ministerial Book 1879, Vor Frue Parish, Aarhus. Entry no. 2 from the top concerns baptism of Jørgen Michael Jørgensen Wadstrup on March 30th 1879. The word, Wadstrup is added in the comment column.

sandhed. Man kan ikke korrigerer eventuelle fejl fundet i ældre oplysninger. Det væsentlige er, at benyttede navne, datoer m.v. er så klare, at der efterlades mindst mulig tvivl om forhold og begivenheder, som undersøges og beskrives.

Afsluttende om de fire udvandrede søskendes navne: I USA brugte de konsekvent "W" i efternavnet Wadstrup. Dette blev tilsyneladende allerede etableret i forbindelse med indrejseregistrering på Ellis Island i New York. Også deres fornavne blev tilpasset for at lette deres brug blandt engelsktalende. Jørgen Michael var kendt som *Michael*, Meta Kirstine som *Meta*, Rasmus Jørgen som *Robert* og Anna Margrethe som *Margaret*.

precise and final truth. One cannot correct older information. The important thing is that used names, dates, etc. are sufficiently clear, minimizing any doubts about the essentials of events being examined and reported.

A final comment regarding names used by the four emigrants: In the US they consistently spelled their surname with a "W". This was apparently already established in the passenger rosters at arrival in New York, Ellis Island. Also, their first names were adapted to ease their use among English speaking people. Jørgen Michael became known as *Michael*, Meta Kirstine as *Meta*, Rasmus Jørgen as *Robert* and Anna Margrethe as *Margaret*.

AFSNIT 2

Enkelt personer i de syv familiegrupper

Individuals of the seven family groups

2.1. Antallet af familiemedlemmer

2.1. The number of family members

Der er indsamlet oplysninger om over 600 personer i de syv Vadstrup søskendes *familiegrupper*. Tallene inkluderer blodsbeslægtede efterkommere og deres ægtefæller eller partnere, men ikke "svigerpersoners" øvrige slægtninge.

Optællingen kan ikke gøres fuldstændig for de allersæneste generationer p.g.a. manglende personlige kontakter i nogle grene i tre af de fire udvandrerfamilier (efterkommere af *Michael*, *Robert* og *Margaret*). Det drejer sig formentlig om mindst 70 personer. Forsøg på at indhente de manglende oplysninger fortsætter.

Ca. 80 % af efterkommerne er nulevende. Knap 65% nedstammer i lige linie fra de syv Vadstrup søskende; resten er ægtefæller eller partnere samt adopterede personer. Andelen af kvinder er tæt på halvdelen i hver af de syv familiegrupper. Trines familiegruppe er betydeligt større end de andre seks grupper og har over 50% af alle optalte familiemedlemmer i de syv grupper.

Information has been collected for more than 600 persons in the seven *family groups* founded by the Vadstrup siblings. The numbers include blood related persons and their spouses/partners, but not other members of the in-law families.

The enumeration is not complete for the latest generations due to lack of personal contacts to certain branches of three of the four immigrant families (descendants of *Michael*, *Robert* and *Margaret*). The omissions are believed to concern at least 70 persons. Efforts continue to collect the missing information.

About 80% of all descendants are alive today. Two thirds are blood relatives of the seven Vadstrup siblings, spouses/partners and adopted persons accounting for the rest. The share of women is close to 50% in each of the seven family groups. Trine's family group is significantly larger than the other six, accounting for more than half of all enumerated family members.

Antal familiemedlemmer, inkl. ægtefæller/partnere fordelt på familiegrupper og generationer

Number of family member, including spouses/partners, by family group and generation

<i>Familiegruppe:</i>	Ellen	Trine	Michael*	Meta	Marie	Robert*	Margaret*	Alle	%
De syv søskende	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	14	2.3
1. generation	4	15	10	6	5	4	16	60	9.9
2. generation	5	51	12	10	9	20	24	131	21.5
3. generation	7	105	20	19	10	26	14	201	33.1
4. generation	5	128	8	18	6	8	4	177	29.1
5. generation	0	24	1	0	0	0	0	25	4.1
Alle**	23	325	53	55	32	60	60	608	100.0
Gruppens andel %	3.8	53.5	8.7	9.0	5.3	9.9	9.9	100.0	

* Ikke fuldstændig information for visse grene af disse familiegrupper, specielt for de seneste generationer – *Information incomplete for certain branches of these family groups, especially for the youngest generations.*

** Inklusive børn adopteret som små og deres efterkommere, ialt 9 personer – *Includes adopted children and their descendants, 9 persons.*

2.2. Gruppering af oplysningerne om medlemmer af de syv familiegrupper

2.2. *Arranging the information about members of the seven family groups*

For hver af de syv familiegrupper vises personernes slægtskab grafisk i familietræer. De enkelte familiemedlemmer omtales i særskilte rubrikker startende med familiegruppens stifter efterfulgt af de enkelte efterkommere, deres partnere og børn. Udover navne og relevante datoer tilstræbes for alle korte biografier med oplysninger om uddannelse, arbejde, bopæl interesser m.v.

En samlet oversigt over alle familiemedlemmer kan ikke vises i ét opslag i dette hæfte. Materialet er derfor hoved opdelt i syv underafsnit – ét for hver af de syv søskende

Beskrivelser af enkeltmedlemmer holdes sammen i *familier* startende med ældste barn i familiegruppens første generation og alle dets efterkommere i følgende generationer. Derpå følger næstældste barn og dennes efterkommere, o.s.v.

I individuelle personrubrikker omtales forældre, eventuel ægtefælle/partner og børn. Der anføres levedatoer, dato for indgåelse (og afslutning) af ægteskab. Alle børn er listet, hjemmeværende med understregning og fødselsdatoer. Børn døde ved fødsel eller inden voksenalder er også omtalt. Ikke-hjemmeboende børn har også deres egen rubrik.

Forkortelserne “f.”, “d.”, “g.” og “p.” markerer datoer for henholdsvis fødsel, død, ægteskab eller partnerskab. Et årstal i parentes efter dato for indgåelse af ægteskab/partnerskab viser året for ophør, hvis forholdet er afsluttet.

Rubrikttekster er i familiemedlemmets eget sprog uden dansk eller engelsk oversættelse.

Personrubrikkerne har en identitetskode for at lette genfindning af personer. Identifikationen indledes med fornavnsinitialer for den pågældende af de syv Vadstrup søskende og dennes ægtefælle (se næste side). Kodens næste position vedrører familie ”overhoveder” i første generation, nummereret i aldersrækkefølge. Den næste position nummererer personer i 2. generation o.s.v. Personsøgning kan ske via INDEKS over efterkommere på hæftets sidste sider. Denne liste er ordnet alfabetisk efter fornavn og med referencer til familiegruppe og sidetal for omtalen af personer i afsnit 2.3.

The relationships among family members is shown in family trees for each of the seven family groups. Next come paragraphs for individual family members, starting with the founder of the family group followed by the descendants, their partners and children. In addition to names and other basics, brief biographies deal with education, jobs, hobbies, etc. where such information is available.

All persons in the seven family groups cannot be shown in one opening of this booklet. Therefore, the material has been divided in seven sub-sections – one for each of the seven siblings.

The individual narratives are grouped in *families* headed by first-generation children, starting with the oldest and including all her/his descendants in following generations. Next follows second oldest child in generation 1 with her/his descendants, etc.

Individual family member paragraphs also state names of parents, spouse/partner and children if relevant. Living dates and date of marriage are included. Children living at home are listed and underlined in the parent paragraph. Children dead before adulthood are also listed. So are children no longer at home, but they have their own paragraphs.

The abbreviations, “f.”, “d.”, “g.” and “p.” indicate date of birth, death, marriage and partnership, respectively. A number in parentheses after the date of marriage/partnership is the year of termination if the relationship has ended.

Paragraph texts are in the language of the family members in question, without translations.

To facilitate person search, paragraphs are headed by an identification code. It starts with the first-name initials of the founder of the family group and the founder’s spouse (see next page). The next position of the code pertains to first-generation family heads, sorted by date of birth. Next position enumerates children in the second generation, and so on. Person search is supported by the INDEX of descendants, page 199. The list is sorted alphabetically by first name initial. For each person reference is made to family group and to page number of personal narrative in section 2.3.

Sidetalsnøgle for de syv familiegrupper og familier benævnt efter første generation efterkommere
Page number key by family group and first generation head of family

FAMILIEGRUPPER (Syv Vadstrup søskende)	FAMILIER (1. generation)	Side
Ellen Gunnilde Cathrine Hansen (Vadstrup) – EH	Træ for familiegruppen	22
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Henri Lauritz Hansen	23
	Helga Ingeborg Hansen	24
	Ebba Rigmor Hansen	24
Ane Kathrine (Trine) Rasmussen (Vadstrup) – TJ	Træ for familiegruppen	25
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Signe Christensen	32
	Maja Holm	35
	Søren Rasmussen	40
	Anna Mortensen	42
	Ragnhild Holm	47
	Jørgen Rasmussen	49
Michael Wadstrup – (Jørgen Michael) – MM	Træ for familiegruppen	54
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Frederick Kai Wadstrup	55
	Anna Margaret Williams	56
	Henry Lauritz Wadstrup	57
Meta Kirstine Rasmussen (Vadstrup) – MS	Træ for familiegruppen	60
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Gerda Coppem	61
	William Rasmussen	62
	Emmy Meyer	64
Marie Spang Larsen (Vadstrup) – MA	Træ for familiegruppen	67
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Erik Spang Larsen	67
	Jørgen Spang Larsen	70
Robert Wadstrup (Rasmus) – RS	Træ for familiegruppen	71
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Frances Mulligan	72
	Robert Charles Wadstrup	74
Margaret Jacobsen (Anna Margrethe) – AM	Træ for familiegruppen	77
<i>Familier, 1. generation:</i>	Henry Lindorf Jacobsen	78
	Paul Lindorf Jacobsen	79
	Howard Lindorf Jacobsen	79
	Robert Wadstrup Jacobsen	79
	William Lindorf Jacobsen	80
	Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen	80
	Raymond Lindoff Jacobsen	81

2.3. Familietræer og oplysninger om enkeltpersoner i hver af de syv familiegrupper

2.3. Family trees and information about individuals in each of the seven family groups

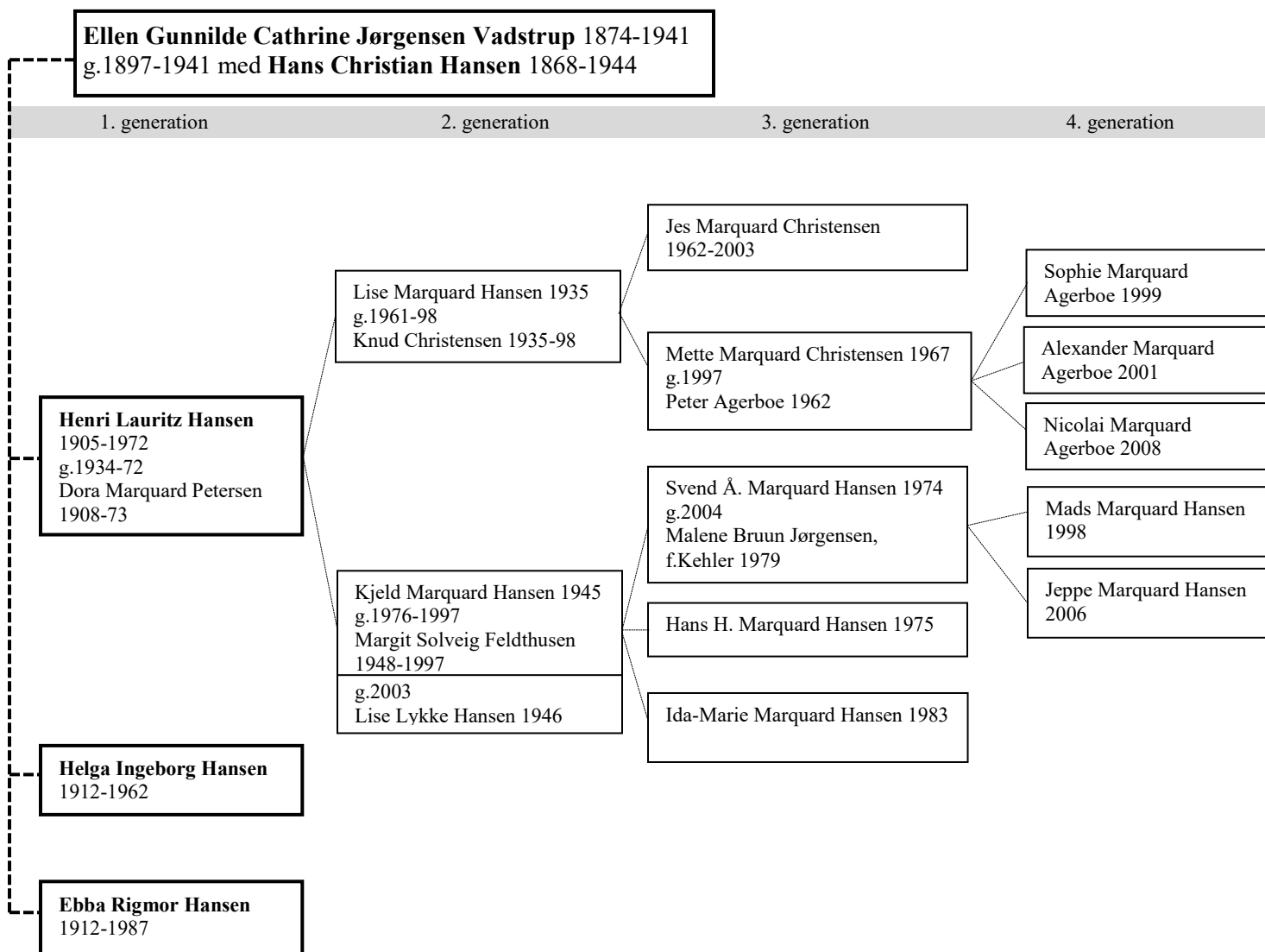
I de følgende afsnit redegøres for *hver af de syv familiegrupper* indledt med et familietræ efterfulgt af oplysninger om enkeltpersoner i gruppen.

Each of the seven family groups are reviewed in the sections below, starting with a family tree followed by paragraphs for individuals in the group.

2.3.1. Ellen Gunnilde Hansens familiegruppe

2.3.1. Ellen Gunnilde Hansen's family group

2.3.1.1. Ellens familietræ – 2.3.1.1. Ellen's family tree



2.3.1.2. Personoplysninger Ellens familiegruppe – 2.3.1.2. Individuals in Ellen's family group

FAMILIEGRUPPENS GRUNDLÆGGER:

Rubrik EH

Ellen Gunnilde Cathrine Hansen, f.Vadstrup 25.07.1874 i Brundby, Samsø; d.19.11.1941 i København.

Forældre: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup (1842-1894) og Maren Vadstrup, f. Michelsdatter (1847-1901).

Gift 24.09.1897(-1941) i København med **Hans Christian Hansen**, f.21.10.1868 i København; d.07.09.1944 i København.

Børn: Henri Lauritz Hansen, Helga Ingeborg Hansen og Ebba Rigmor Hansen.

Ellen flyttede omkring 1875 sammen med sine forældre fra Brundby på Samsø til Århus. To ældre søskende var døde kun 1 og 3 år gamle. I Århus voksede Ellen op sammen med 6 andre søskende. Som barn boede hun en kort overgang hos sin fars halvsøster, Anne Jørgensdatter Vadstrup (1847-1901), der sammen med sin mand, Jørgen Pedersen Sønder (1844-1907) drev Damstrupgaard i Brundby. Parret havde ikke selv børn. Ellen fandt sig ikke så godt til rette og vendte tilbage til forældrene i Århus. Kort tid efter blev hendes lillesøster, Ane

Kathrine adopteret af Anne og Jørgen. Ellen var kun 19 år, da hendes far døde knap 52 år gammel. Efter deres bryllup slog Ellen og Hans sig ned i København, hvor deres tre børn blev født. Hans arbejdede for Københavns Kommune som gasværksarbejder. Familien boede i Flensborggade.

ELLENS ÆLDSTE BARN, HENRI LAURITZ HANSEN OG HANS FAMILIE:

Rubrik EH.1. – Generation 1

Henri Lauritz Hansen, f.06.07.1905 i København; d.09.09.1972 i Århus.

Forældre: Ellen og Hans Christian Hansen.

Gift 07.12.1934(-1972) i København med **Dora Hansen**, f.Marquard Petersen 13.02.1908 i Oddesund; d.04.05.1973 i Århus.

Børn: Lise Marquard Hansen og Kjeld Marquard Hansen.

Henri var uddannet elektroingenør og var ansat indenfor radio og TV branchen (Telavox, TO-R, L&L) indtil 1954, og arbejdede derefter og indtil sin død for Terma Electronic i Århus. Dora arbejdede forskellige steder med husligt arbejde indtil sit ægteskab og derefter i sit eget hjem. Familien boede indtil 1954 på Frederiksberg i København og siden i Århus.

Rubrik EH.1.1. – Generation 2

Lise Marquard Christensen, f.Hansen 15.08.1935 i København.

Forældre: Henri Hansen og Dora Hansen.

Gift 24.03.1961(-1998) i Sct. Lucas Kirke, Århus med **Knud Christensen**, f.13.10.1935 i Horsens; d.02.09.1998 i Århus.

Børn: Jes Marquard Christensen og Mette Marquard Christensen.

Efter studentereksamen på Frederiksberg i 1954 uddannede Lise sig som teknisk tegner og arbejdede fra 1954 til 1961 for firmaet Rambøl i Århus. Knud læste til bygningsingeniør og arbejdede i perioden 1959-1965 for Rambøl og havde fra 1965 til 1998 sit eget rådgivende ingeniørfirma i Århus. Lise bor i Beder.

Rubrik EH.1.1.1. – Generation 3

Jes Marquard Christensen, f.10.06.1962 i Århus; d. 30.12.2003 i Århus.

Forældre: Lise Marquard Christensen og Knud Christensen.

Jes, der døde i en alder af kun 41 år, blev student fra Marselisborg Gymnasium i 1981 og var uddannet som medico tekniker fra Århus Universitet.

Rubrik EH.1.1.2. – Generation 3

Mette Marquard Agerboe, f.Christensen 28.09.1967 i Århus.

Forældre: Lise Marquard Christensen og Knud Christensen.

Gift 20.09.1997 i Ebeltoft Kirke med **Peter Agerboe**, f.05.05.1962 i Hvalpsund.

Børn: Sophie Marquard Agerboe, f.29.01.1999, Alexander Marquard Agerboe, f.16.02.2001, Nicolai Marquard Agerboe, f.11.01.2008; Sophie og Alexander er født i Åbenrå og Nicolai i Århus.

Efter studentereksamen fra Marselisborg Gymnasium i 1986 var Mette i 1986-87 på ophold i Californien, U.S.A. og tog i 1992 eksamen som jurist på Århus Universitet. Mette arbejdede for Danfoss på Als fra 1995 til 2001 og har siden været ansat af ARLA i Århus. Peter blev ingeniør i 1990 og har fra 1995 været golftræner. Familien bor i Beder.

EH.1.2. – Generation 2

Kjeld Marquard Hansen, f.13.04.1945 i København.

Forældre: Henri Hansen og Dora Hansen.

Gift 24.07.1976(-1997) i Elsted Kirke, Lystrup med **Margit Solveig Hansen**, f.Feldthusen 21.04.1948 i København; d.09.04.1997 i Frederikssund.

Børn: Svend Åge Marquard Hansen, Hans Henrik Marquard Hansen og Ida-Marie Marquard Hansen.

Kjeld uddannede sig som elektronik mekaniker med læreplads i Terma, hvor han arbejdede i nogle år inden 3 års militærtjeneste. Derefter indledte Kjeld medicinstudiet på Århus Universitet, men stoppede et par år senere efter at have mødt Margit, der var sygeplejerske. Deres børn, Svend og Hans blev født i 1974 og 1975. I 1976 flyttede familien til Grønland, hvor Margit arbejdede på landshospitalet, mens Kjeld var systemtekniker ved Grønlands televæsen med focus på skibs- og flytjenestens radiokommunikation. I 1981 vendte familien tilbage

til Syd-Danmark, hvor Ida blev født i 1983. Fra 1982 til 1989 arbejdede Kjeld for Foss Elektrisk i Hillerød. Fra 1989 til 2007 var Kjeld ansat hos PBS. Han arbejdede med Dankort systemet og havde samarbejde med forskellige telefonselskaber. Efter opdelingen af PBS i 2005 var Kjeld beskæftiget med lønsystemer i Multidata. Margit døde af kræft i 1997. Efter pensionering i 2007 dyrker Kjeld sine hobbyer frimærker og småelektronik, og han er i bestyrelsen for det lokale varmeværk.

Gift 17.05.2003 i Jægerspris med **Lise Lykke Hansen**, f.17.11.1946 i Gedser. Hun har arbejdet i Danske Bank. Kjeld og Lise Lykke bor i Jægerspris.

Rubrik EH.1.2.1. – Generation 3

Svend Åge Marquard Hansen, f.26.11.1974 i Århus.

Forældre: Kjeld Marquard Hansen og Margit Solveig Hansen.

Gift 11.09.2004 i Skovens Kirke, Jægerspris med **Malene Bruun Hansen**, tidligere Jørgensen, f.Kehler 11.09.1979

Børn: Mads Marquard Hansen, f.11.11.1998 og Jeppe Marquard Hansen, f.22.07.2006.

Svend er uddannet automekaniker ved Volvo i Frederikssund. Han aftjente i 1995 sin værnepligt i Beredskabsstyrelsen og blev efterfølgende uddannet brandmand i Jægerspris brandvæsen, hvor han stadig er tilknyttet på deltid. Blev i 1999 ansat som brand- og ambulanceredder i Gentofte brandvæsen, og i 2003 som flybrandmand, holdleder og instruktør i Københavns Lufthavn. Malene er uddannet pædagog på Danner seminariet i Jægerspris og senere senere social- og sundhedshjælper ved SOPU skolen i Hillerød. Hun arbejder nu på plejehjemmet Pedershave i Frederikssund. Mads har afsluttet gymnasiet og er i 2018 på skoleskibet Danmark. Jeppe er i folkeskolen. Familien bor i Jægerspris.

Rubrik EH.1.2.2. – Generation 3

Hans Henrik Marquard Hansen, f.14.12.1975 i Århus.

Forældre: Kjeld Marquard Hansen og Margit Solveig Hansen.

Hans Henriks uddannelse omfatter data og computer soft- og hardware. Han er også uddannet elektriker og arbejder i firmaet Koratec. Hans bor i Venslev ved Skibby.

Rubrik EH.1.2.3. – Generation 3

Ida-Marie Marquard Hansen, f.20.07.1983 i Frederikssund.

Forældre: Kjeld Marquard Hansen og Margit Solveig Hansen.

Ida er uddannet socialpædagog ved Danner seminariet i Jægerspris, 2008 og har siden arbejdet i København, først som pædagog i fritidsklub og som teater/drama pædagog og senere på socialpsykiatrisk bosted. I 2018 færdiguddannet som kognitiv mentor og coach, og er begyndt et nyt job som afdelingsleder i en fritidsklub på Østerbro i København. Siden 10-års alderen har Idas store hobby været heste og ridning.

ELLENS NÆSTÆLDSTE BØRN, HELGA OG EBBA HANSEN, TVILLINGER:

Rubrik EH.2. – Generation 1

Helga Ingeborg Hansen, f.21.02.1912 i København; d.28.08.1962 i København.

Forældre: Ellen og Hans Christian Hansen.

Helga var uddannet og arbejdede som skønhedseksperter. Hun boede indtil omkring 1955 sammen med sin søster i forældrenes lejlighed i København og flyttede senere til Brøndbyøster.

Rubrik EH.3. – Generation 1

Ebba Rigmor Hansen, f.21.02.1912 i København; d.04.03.1987 i Århus.

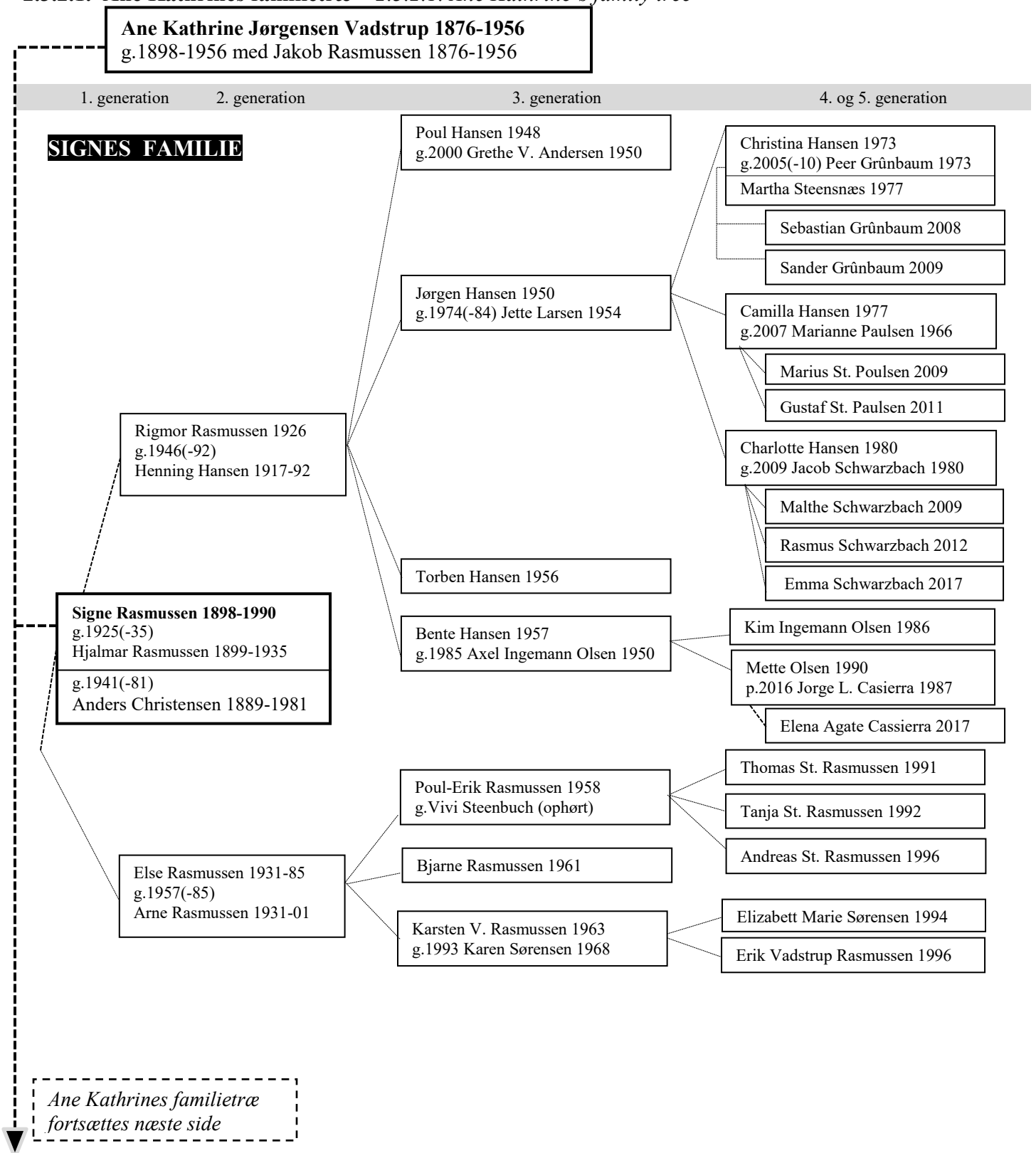
Forældre: Ellen og Hans Christian Hansen.

Ebba var laborant ved Statens Seruminstitut i København. Hun flyttede i 1979 fra København til Århus og boede dér indtil sin død.

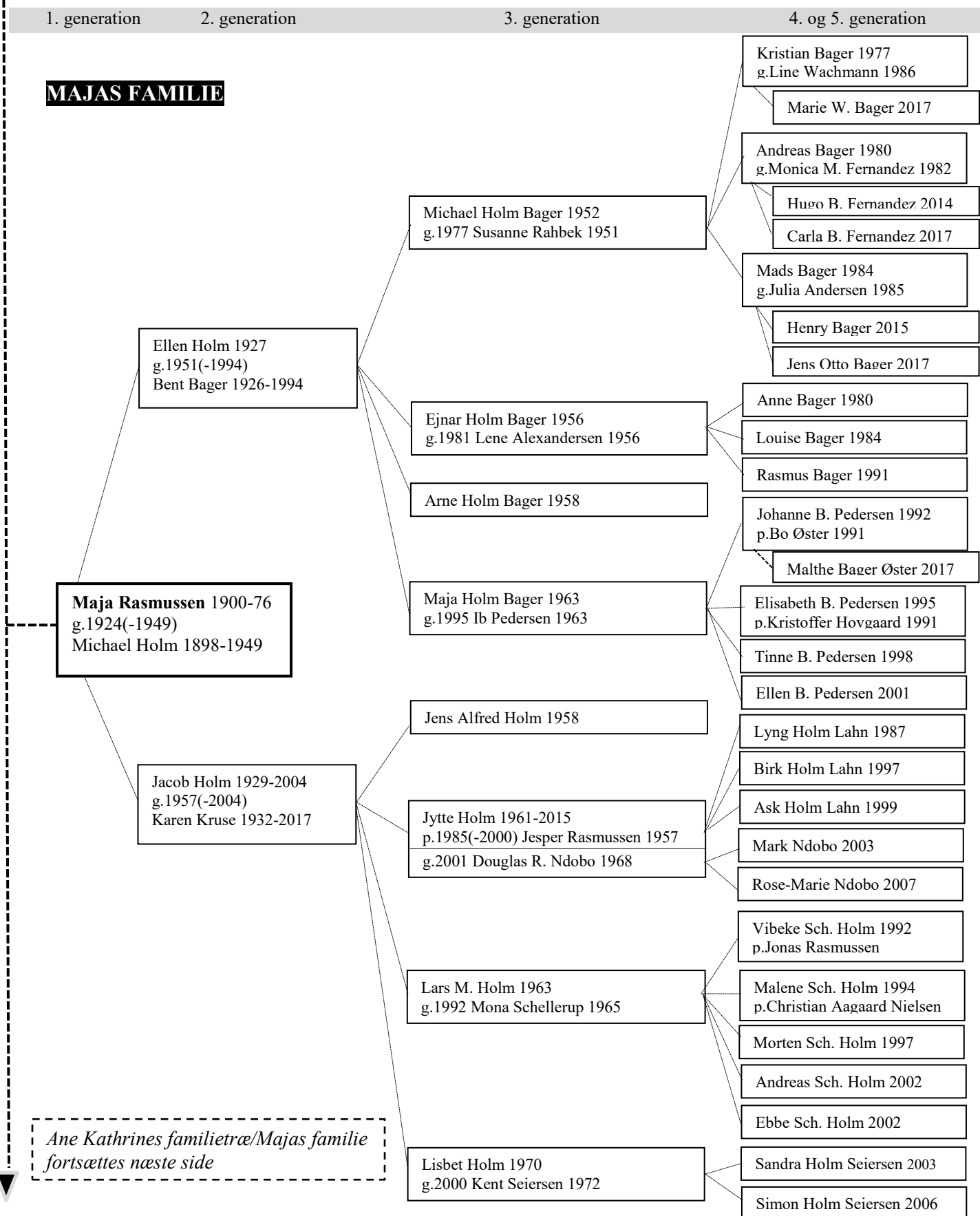
2.3.2. Ane Kathrine Rasmussens familiegruppe

2.3.2. Ane Kathrine Rasmussen's family group

2.3.2.1. Ane Kathrines familietræ – 2.3.2.1. Ane Kathrine's family tree

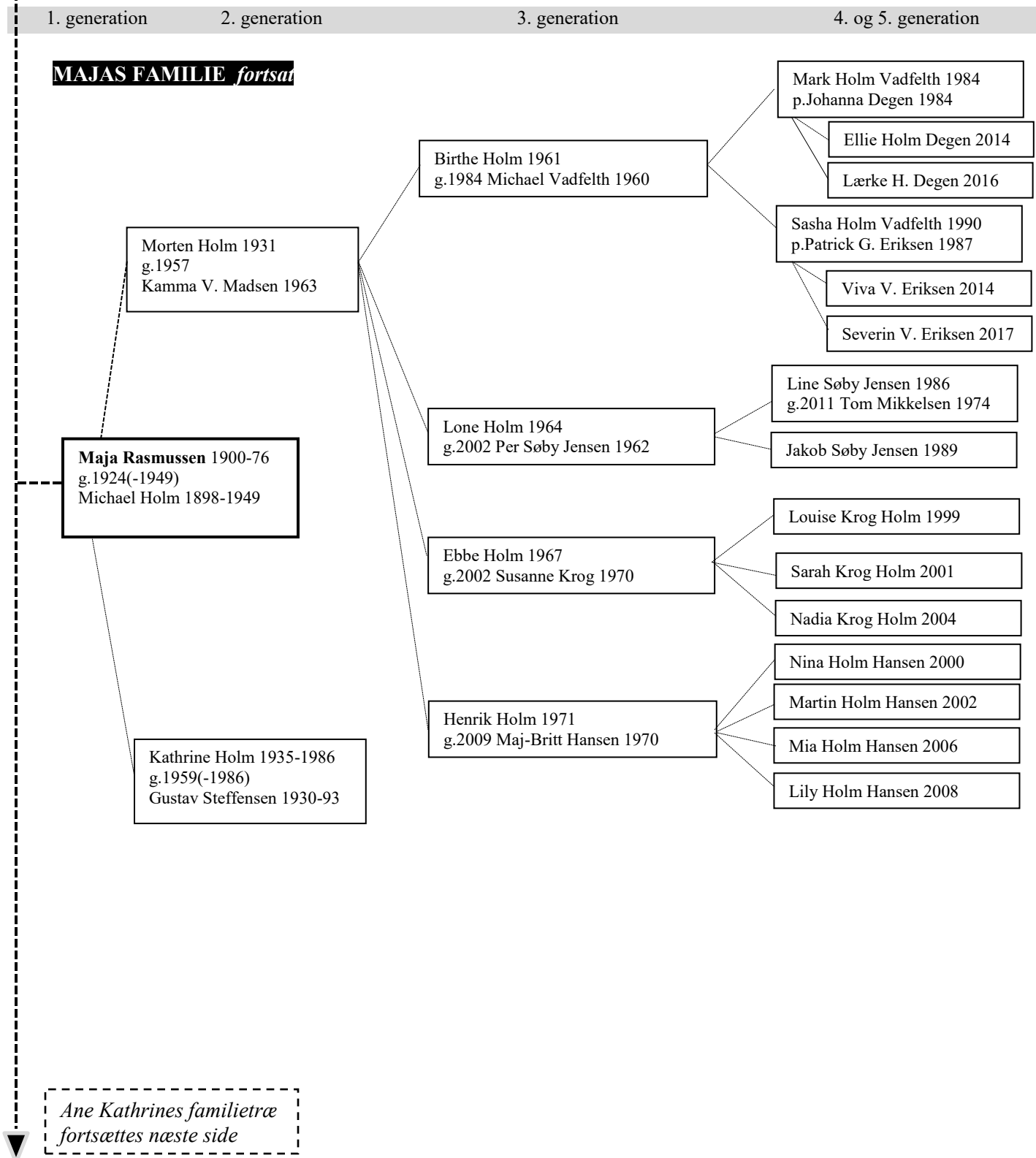


← Ane Kathrines familietræ (fortsat)



Ane Kathrines familietræ/Majas familie
fortsættes næste side

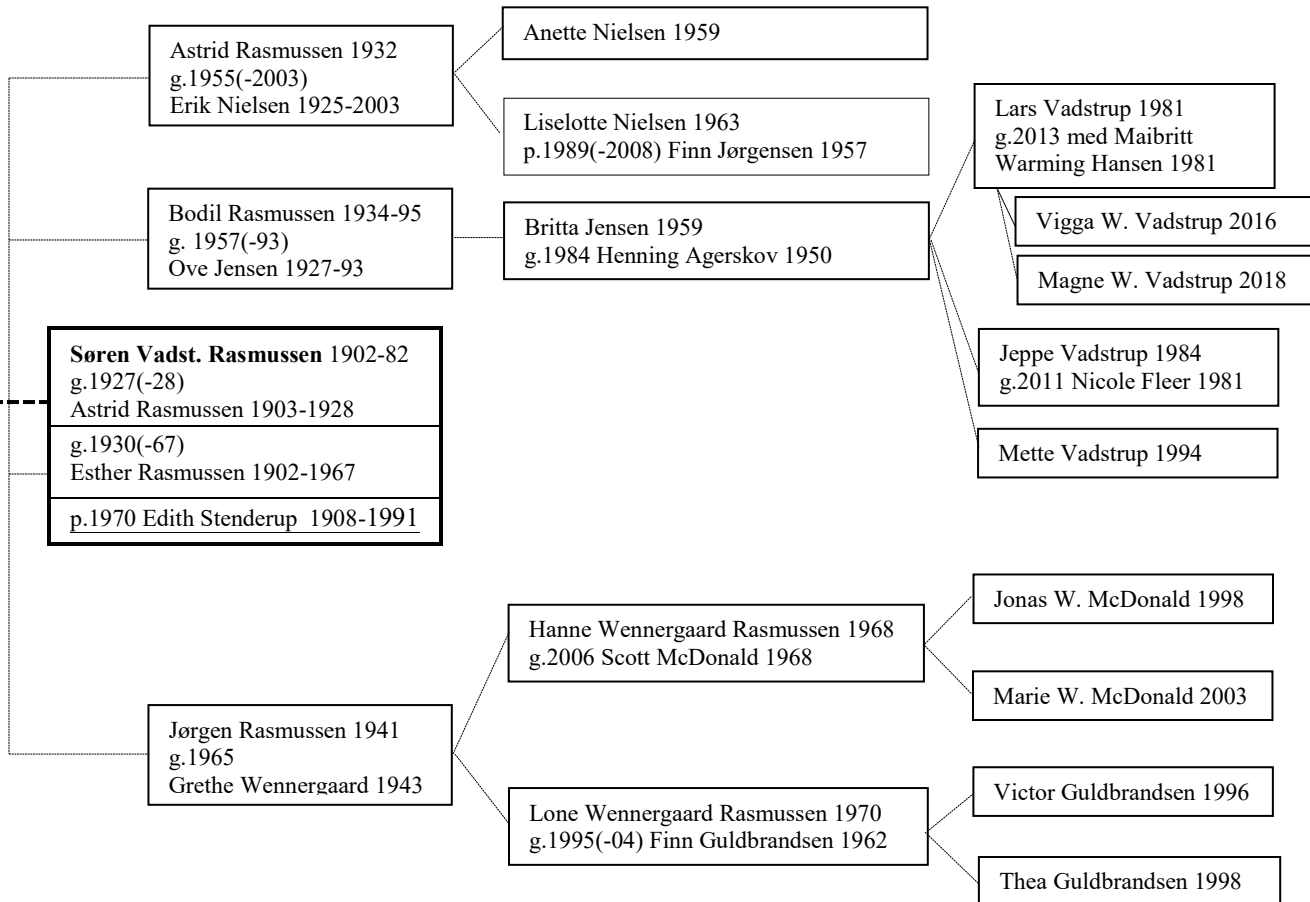
← Ane Kathrines familietræ (fortsat)



← Ane Kathrines familietræ (fortsat)

1. generation 2. generation 3. generation 4. og 5. generation

SØRENS FAMILIE



Ane Kathrines familietræ
fortsættes næste side

← **Ane Kathrines familietræ (fortsat)**

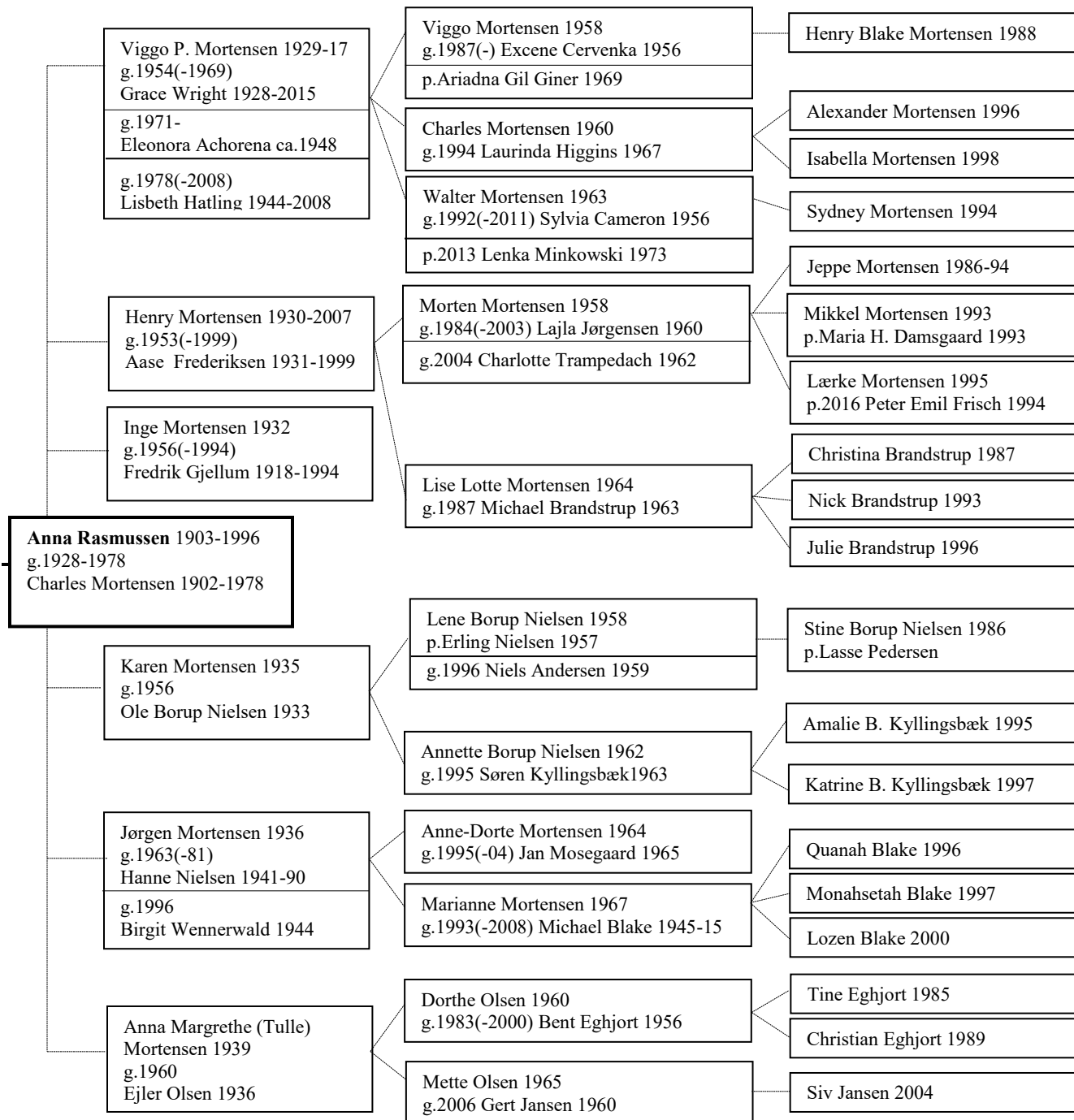
1. generation

2. generation

3. generation

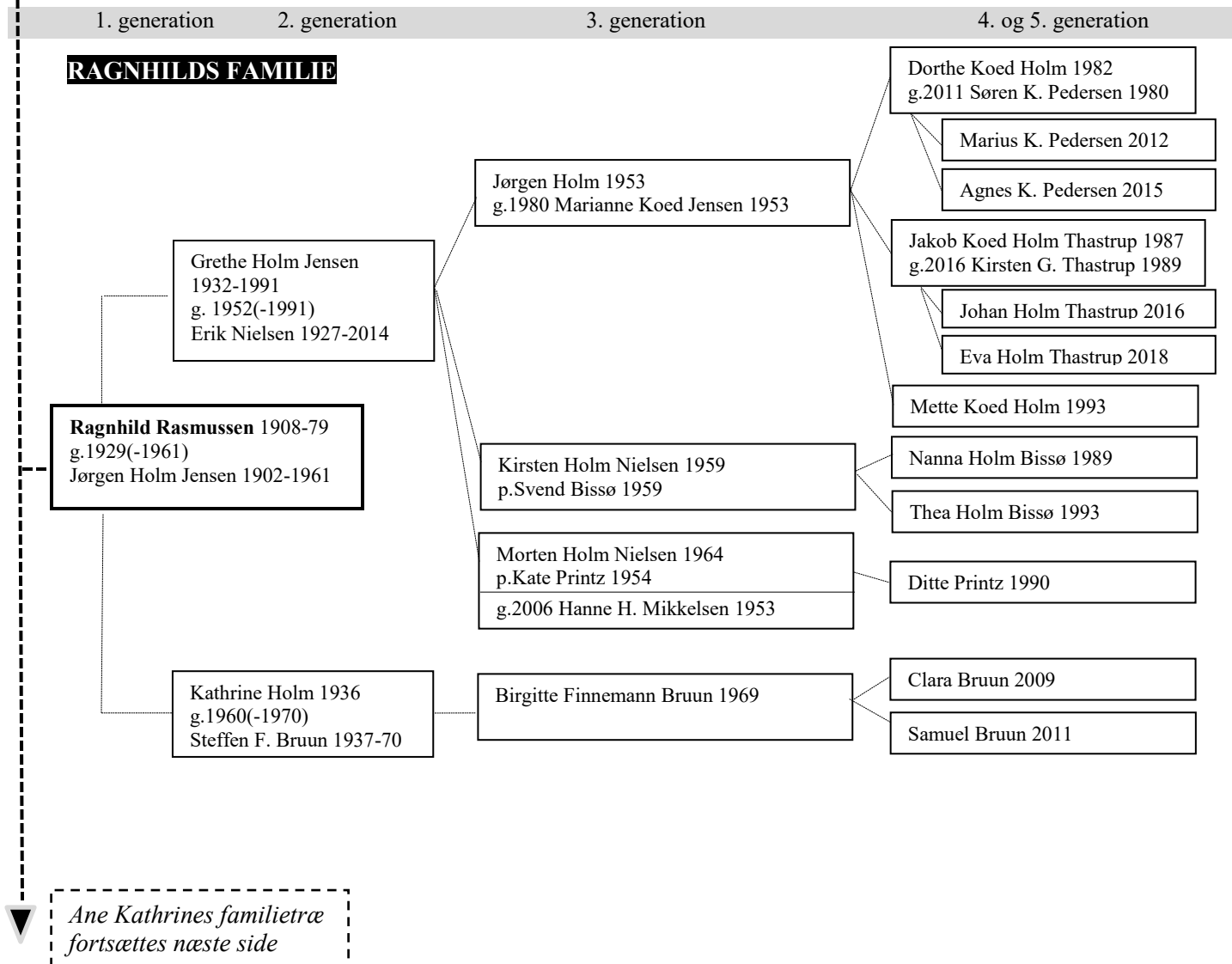
4. generation

ANNAS FAMILIE

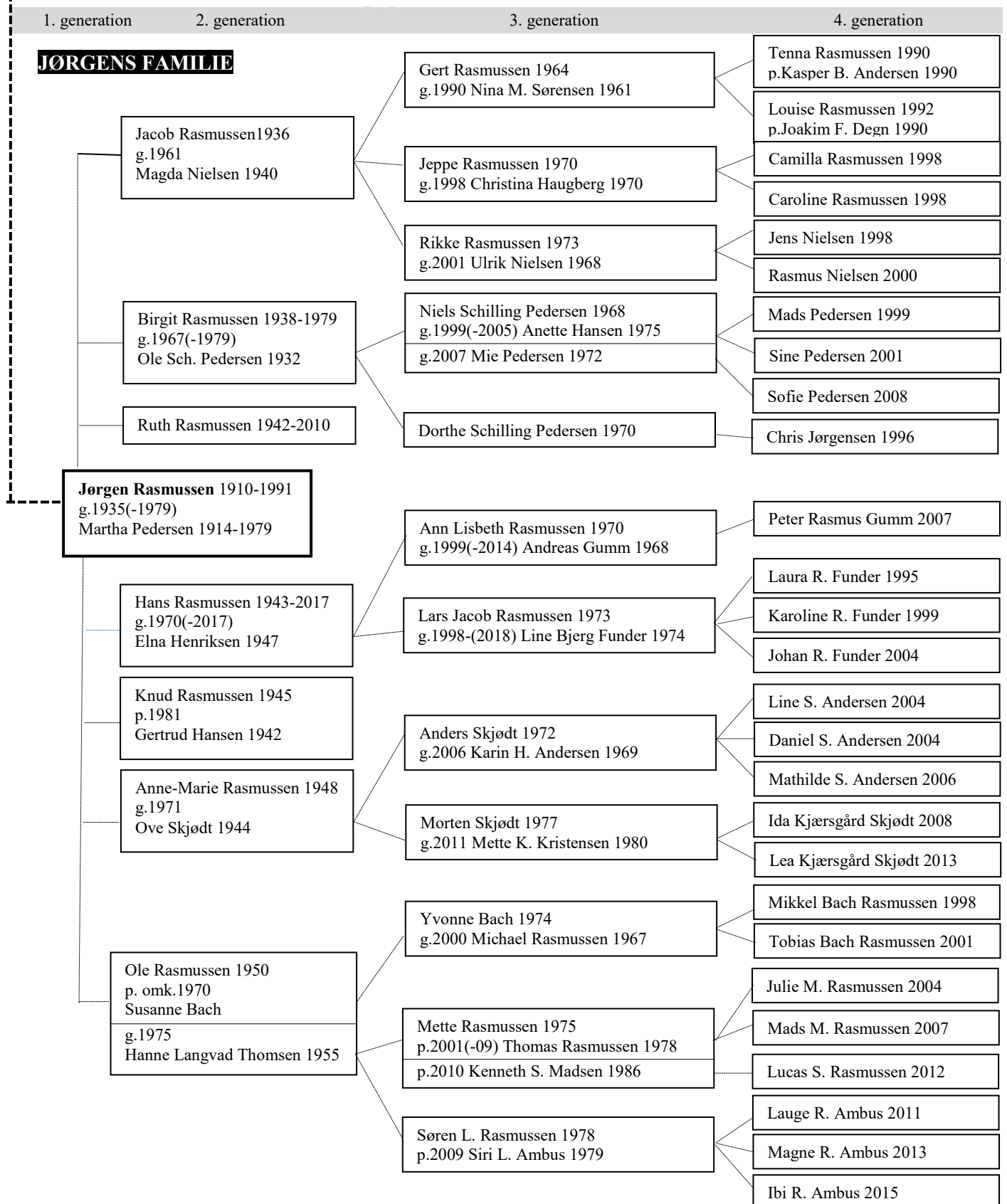


*Ane Kathrines familietræ
fortsættes næste side*

← Ane Kathrines familietræ (fortsat)



← Ane Kathrines familietræ (fortsat)



2.3.2.2. Personer i Ane Kathrines familiegruppe – 2.3.2.2. Individuals Ane Kathrine's family group

FAMILIEGRUPPENS GRUNDLÆGGER:

Rubrik TJ

Ane Kathrine Rasmussen, f.Vadstrup 14.08.1876 i Århus; d.25.03.1956 i Brundby.

Forældre: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup og Maren Vadstrup, f.Michelsdatter.

Gift i Tranebjerg 30.6.1898(-1956) med **Jakob Rasmussen**, f.30.01.1876 i Brundby; d.01.12.1956 i Brundby. Jakobs bror, Søren var gift med Trines søster, Meta.

Børn: Signe, Maja, Søren, Anna, Ragnhild og Jørgen.

Ane Kathrine var kendt som Trine. Ca. syv år gammel blev hun adopteret af sin faster og onkel på Damstrupgård i Brundby på Samsø, og blev dér resten af sit liv. Hendes faster (farens halvsøster), Anne Jørgensdatter Vadstrup (1847-1901) og Annes mand, Jørgen Pedersen Sønder (1844-1907), gift i Tranebjerg i 1874, havde ikke selv børn. De drev Damstrupgaard, som var bygget på jord skilt ud fra en gård i Brundby. Der blev brugt materialer fra bl.a. den nedlagte karantænestation på Kyholm. Jakob Rasmussen var født på nabogården, Eskegaard i Brundby, ejet af hans forældre, Rasmus Peder Jeppesen Klejs (1838-1920) og Jakobsine Jacobsdatter (1843-1907), begge født på Samsø. Trine og Jakob overtog Damstrupgaard et par år efter deres giftemål, drev et mønsterlandbrug, og skabte et godt og trygt hjem for deres 6 børn. Jakob havde gennem tiden mange tillidshverv, bl.a. sognerådsformand, amtsrådsmedlem, diverse bestyrelsesposter, og var i det hele taget en kendt offentlig person. I 1940 bortforpagtede de gården til deres yngste søn, Jørgen, som blev ejer af den i 1948. I 1976 skiftede den igen ejer, da Jørgen solgte til sin søn, Knud, som i 2002 overdrog den til sin stedsøn, Flemming.

KATHRINES ÆLDSTE BARN, SIGNE CHRISTENSEN OG HENDES FAMILIE:

Rubrik TJ.1. – Generation 1

Signe Christensen, f.Rasmussen 25.09.1898 i Brundby; d.23.10.1990 i St. Fuglede.

Forældre: Ane Kathrine og Jakob Rasmussen.

Gift 15.06.1925(-1935) i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Hjalmar Rasmussen**, f.24.01.1899 i Espe; gårdejer indtil sin død 23.05.1935 i Tystrup ved St. Fuglede.

Børn: Rigmor Rasmussen og Else Rasmussen.

Gift 08.03.1941(-1981) i Kalundborg med **Anders Christensen**, f.10.06.1889 i Flinterup; d.27.02.1981 i St. Fuglede.

Efter eksamen fra Samsø Realskole var Signe husassistent, dels hjemme og på Sjælland, dels i Sønderjylland og på Fyn. Signe drev landbrug i Tystrup ved St. Fuglede sammen med Hjalmar Rasmussen indtil hans død og senere i Flinterup sammen med Anders Christensen. Signes levnedsløb er detaljeret beskrevet i hendes erindringer, se AFSNIT 3. Signe boede indtil sin død i Fuglede St.

Rubrik TJ.1.1. – Generation 2

Rigmor Hansen, f.Rasmussen 08.06.1926 i Tystrup ved St. Fuglede.

Forældre: Signe Christensen og Hjalmar Rasmussen.

Gift 18.04.1946(-1992) i St. Fuglede med **Henning Peder Hansen**, f.01.01.1917 i Jerslev, Sjælland; d.28.05.1992 i Tystrup.

Børn: Poul Hansen, Jørgen Hansen, Torben Hansen og Bente Hansen, alle født i Tystrup.

Da Rigmor og Henning blev gift, forpagtede de Rigmors barndomshjem i Tystrup. Senere overtog de gården, hvor de drev landbrug i mange år. I 1978 solgte de ejendommen til deres søn, Poul, men bevarede bolig på gården. Rigmor flyttede i 1998 til Ubby ved Jerslev, hvor hun bor i et hus, som hun og Henning havde købt flere år, før Henning døde.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.1. – Generation 3

Poul Hansen, f.01.02.1948 i Tystrup ved St. Fuglede.

Forældre: Rigmor Hansen og Henning Hansen.

Gift 10.06.2000 i St.Fuglede Kirke med **Grethe Vesti Hansen**, f.Andersen 22.05.1951 i Sdr. Jernløse.

Poul drev den fædrene gård i Tystrup, indtil han afhændede den i 2000 og købte hus i Vedde ved Stenlille, hvor han og Grethe bor.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.2. – Generation 3

Jørgen Hansen, f.12.09.1950 i Tystrup.

Forældre: Rigmor Hansen og Henning Hansen.

Gift 15.04.1974(-1984) i Ubby med **Jette Hansen**, f.Larsen 19.01.1954 i Ubby.

Børn: Christina Hansen, Camilla Hansen og Charlotte Hansen.

Jørgen Hansen er købmand i Ringsted, bosat i Dianalund.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.2.1. – Generation 4

Christina Storm Hansen, f.16.08.1973 i Ubby, Sj.

Forældre: Jørgen Hansen og Jette Hansen.

Gift 30.07.2005(-2010) i Stavanger med **Peer Christian Grûnbaum**, f.1973 i Stavanger.

Børn: Sebastian Grûnbaum, f.20.08.2008 og Sander Grûnbaum, f.02.12.2009.

Gift 13.02.2013 i Stavanger med **Martha Steensnæs**, f.06.07.1977 i Sydkorea.

Christina er operationsmanager og Martha kommunikationskonsulent. Børn og madlavning er væsentlige interesser. Familien bor i Stavanger, Norge.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.2.2. – Generation 4

Camilla Hansen, f.03.02.1977 i Ubby, Sj.

Forældre: Jørgen Hansen og Jette Hansen.

Gift 23.06.2007 med **Marianne Paulsen**, f.04.12.1966 i Kalundborg.

Børn: Marius Storm Paulsen, f.27.02.2009 og Gustaf Storm Paulsen, f.01.07.2011.

Camilla er uddannet og arbejder som pædagog, Marianne er indkøber. Familien, som er meget interesseret i fodbold, bor i Jyderup.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.2.3. – Generation 4

Charlotte Schwarzbach, f.Hansen; f.13.03.1980.

Forældre: Jørgen Hansen og Jette Hansen.

Gift 21.07.2009 med **Jacob Schwarzbach**, f.06.10.1980 i Slagelse.

Børn: Malthe Storm Schwarzbach, f.21.03.2009, Rasmus Storm Schwarzbach, f.18.05.2012 og Emma Schwarzbach, f.12.07.2017.

Charlotte er sygeplejerske, og Jacob er falckmand. Sport og spejder er vigtige aktiviteter. Familien bor i Skælskør.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.3. – Generation 3

Torben Hansen, f.30.03.1956 i Tystrup.

Forældre: Rigmor Hansen og Henning Hansen.

Torben er mekaniker i Svebølle. Han arbejder med vedligeholdelse af lastvognsparken for Johannes Rasmussens vognmandsvirksomhed og havde 25 årsjubilæum i 2017. I 1979 købte Torben sin farfars hus i St. Fuglede, hvor han stadig bor.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.4. – Generation 3

Bente Olsen, f.Hansen 02.11.1957 i Tystrup.

Forældre: Rigmor Hansen og Henning Hansen.

Gift 06.07.1985 i St. Fuglede med **Axel Ingemann Olsen**, f.09.07.1950 i Korsør.

Børn: Kim Ingemann Olsen og Mette Olsen; begge født i Korsør.

Bentes store interesse er bøger. Hun er uddannet boghandler i Korsør, har været i branchen i 30 år og arbejder nu i en boghandel i Sorø. Axel er uddannet maskinmester. Efter 10 års arbejde i den maritime branche arbejdede han indtil sommeren 2017 som energirådgiver med optimering af energiforbrug og ressourcebesparelse i et

forsyningsselskab, der varetager leverance af el, vand og fjernvarme og opgaver vedr. spildevand for Slagelses Kommunes indbyggere. Bente og Axel bor i Korsør.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.4.1. – Generation 4

Kim Ingemann Olsen, f.12.07.1986 i Korsør.

Forældre: Bente og Axel Ingemann Olsen.

Kim er uddannet softwareudvikler og arbejder for et softwarehus i København, hvor han bor.

Rubrik TJ.1.1.4.2. – Generation 4

Mette Olsen, f.31.10.1990 i Korsør.

Forældre: Bente og Axel Ingemann Olsen.

Partner 2016 med **Jorge Lizandro Casierra**, f. 02.07.1987 i Ecuador.

Barn: Elena Agate Casierra, f.24.02.2017 i Næstved.

Mette er uddannet SOSU assistent med særlig interesse indenfor pleje af psykisk syge. Jorge, som er statsborger i både Ecuador og Danmark, er styrmand på langfartstankere i rederiet Norden.

Rubrik TJ.1.2. – Generation 2

Else Rasmussen, f.23.05.1931 i Flinterup; d.03.03.1985 i Måre, Fyn.

Forældre: Signe Christensen og Hjalmar Rasmussen.

Gift 06.05.1957(-1985) med **Arne Rasmussen**, f.28.01.1931 i Espe; d.2001 i Måre.

Børn: Poul-Erik Rasmussen, Bjarne Rasmussen og Karsten Rasmussen.

Else og Arne drev landbrug i Måre.

Rubrik TJ.1.2.1. – Generation 3

Poul-Erik Rasmussen, f.16.09.1958 i Måre, Fyn.

Forældre: Else og Arne Rasmussen.

Gift med **Vivi Rasmussen**, f. Steenbuch (ægteskabet ophørt).

Børn: Thomas Steenbuch Rasmussen, f.10.03.1991, Tanja Steenbuch Rasmussen, f.18.11.1992 og Andreas Steenbuch Rasmussen, f.20.03.1996.

Poul-Erik er vognmand med hele landet som arbejdsområde. Han bor på Fyn.

Rubrik TJ.1.2.2. – Generation 3

Bjarne Rasmussen, f.20.04.1961.

Forældre: Else og Arne Rasmussen.

Bjarne er beskæftiget med renovationskørsel på Fyn. Han bor i Ryslinge.

Rubrik TJ.1.2.3. – Generation 3

Karsten Vadstrup Rasmussen, f.28.02.1963.

Forældre: Else og Arne Rasmussen.

Gift 31.07.1993(-2013) i Brejninge Kirke, Spjald med **Karen Rasmussen**, f. Sørensen 03.08.1968 i Junget på Salling.

Børn: Else Vadstrup Rasmussen og Erik Vadstrup Rasmussen.

Karsten er reolarbejder og bor i Skelhøje.

Rubrik TJ.1.2.3.1. – Generation 4

Elizabett Marie Sørensen (navneændring fra Else Vadstrup Rasmussen), f.21.04.1994.

Forældre: Karsten Vadstrup Rasmussen og Karen Sørensen.

Elizabett studerer og bor i Horsens.

Rubrik TJ.1.2.3.2. – Generation 4

Erik Vadstrup Rasmussen, f.23.04.1996.

Forældre: Karsten Vadstrup Rasmussen og Karen Sørensen.

Erik bor og arbejder i Skjern og er ved at uddanne sig til brolægger på skole i Horsens.

KATHRINES NÆSTÆLDSTE BARN, MAJA HOLM OG HENDES FAMILIE:

Rubrik TJ.2. – Generation 1

Mary Maja Holm, f.Rasmussen 03.03.1900 i Brundby; d.31.05.1976 i Pillemark.

Forældre: Ane Kathrine Rasmussen og Jakob Rasmussen.

Gift 15.04.1924(-1949) med **Michael Holm Jensen**, f.02.01.1898 i Pillemark; d.05.10.1949 i Pillemark.

Michael var bror til Jørgen Holm, gift med Majas søster, Ragnhild.

Børn: Ellen Holm, Jacob Holm, Morten Holm og Kathrine (Tinne) Holm.

Efter de blev gift, drev Maja og Michael i seks år landbrug i St. Fuglede ved Kalundborg, hvorefter de overtog gården i Pillemark efter Michaels morbror. Den var Michaels mors hjem, købt af hendes forældre i 1890, og den er stadig i familiens eje.

Rubrik TJ.2.1. – Generation 2

Ellen Holm Bager, f.Holm Jensen 10.02.1927 i Store Fuglede.

Forældre: Maja og Michael Holm.

Gift 27.11.1951(-1994) i Vejleby med **Bent Høyer Bager**, f.21.08.1926 i Grenå; d.30.09.1994 i Tranebjerg.

Børn: Michael Holm Bager, Ejnar Holm Bager, Arne Holm Bager og Maja Holm Bager.

Ellen overtog i 1965 fødehjemmet fra Maja og Michael sammen med Bent. De drev gården, som i 1995 blev overdraget til datteren Maja. Ellen bor i Pillemark.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.1. – Generation 3

Michael Holm Bager, f.12.05.1952 i Pillemark.

Forældre: Ellen Holm Bager og Bent Bager.

Gift 30.07.1977 i Grinderslev med **Susanne Bager**, f.Rahbek 08.12.1951 i Skive.

Børn: Kristian Bager, Andreas Bager og Mads Bager; alle født i Thisted.

Både Michael og Susanne er seminarieuddannede og er nu pensionerede lærere i Thisted, hvor de bor.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.1.1. – Generation 4

Kristian Bager; f.21.05.1977 i Thisted.

Forældre: Michael Holm Bager og Susanne Bager.

Gift 06.02.2016 med **Line Wachmann Bager**, f.Wachman 27.11.1986.

Barn: Marie Wachmann Bager, f.23.01.2017.

Kristian er uddannet ingeniør og arbejder i Ålborg. Han er meget interesseret i sport, især fodbold og ishockeykampe på Ålborg Stadium og i Gigantium. Han er aktiv skiløber og har i mange år dyrket sin hobby i Alperne. Nu bruges næsten al fritid med familien og deres nye hus. Line er uddannet sygeplejerske og arbejder på øjenafdelingen på Ålborg Universitetshospital. Familien bor i Gistrup ved Ålborg.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.1.2. – Generation 4

Andreas Bager, f.07.03.1980 i Thisted.

Forældre: Michael Holm Bager og Susanne Bager.

Gift med **Monica Morilla Fernandez**, f.02.05.1982.

Børn: Hugo Bager Fernandez, f.22.06.2014 i Hvidovre og Carla Bager Fernandez, f.10.01.2017 i Karlslunde.

Andreas er uddannet IT-ingeniør og meget engageret i sit arbejde. Monica er uddannet cand.soc.HRM fra Handelshøjskolen, CBS. Familien bor i Karlslunde og bruger fritiden på samvær med børnene og fælles oplevelser. Monicas spanske rødder gør, at familien nyder alt spansk og jævnligt tager på længere ture til Sydspanien.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.1.3. – Generation 4

Mads Bager, f.24.10.1984 i Thisted.

Forældre: Michael Holm Bager og Susanne Bager.

Gift 10.10.2017 med **Julia Andersen**, f.27.04.1985.

Børn: Henry Bager, f.30.01.2015 og Jens Otto Bager, f.26.07.2017.

Mads er gymnasielærer i Tilst ved Århus. Han er meget sportsinteresseret, ivrig fodboldspiller og skiløber, tidligere skiguide i Østrig. Julia er uddannet fra Århus Universitet og arbejder ved Donorregistret på Skejby Sygehus. Familien bor i Tilst ved Århus.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.2. – Generation 3

Ejnar Holm Bager, f.20.01.1956 i Pillemark.

Forældre: Ellen Holm Bager og Bent Bager.

Gift 28.02.1981 i Onsbjerg Kirke med **Lene Bager**, f.Alexandersen 17.11.1956.

Børn: Anne Bager, Louise Bager og Rasmus Bager.

Ejnar og Lene driver Rønnebjerggård, som blev købt i 1982. Lene er desuden butiksassistent i Tranebjerg. Fra 1982 til 2000 havde de malkekvæg; derefter blev driften lagt om til ren planteavl med kartofler, kål, rødbeder, solbær og forskellige kornsorter. Ejnar har i mange år været aktiv i forskellige bestyrelser indenfor landbruget på Samsø og i den lokale afdeling af partiet Venstre. Lene og Ejnar bor på Rønnebjerggård i Besser.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.2.1. – Generation 4

Anne Katrine Bager, f.05.12.1980 i Århus.

Forældre: Ejnar Holm Bager og Lene Bager.

Anne er cand.soc. i erhvervsøkonomi og psykologi fra Århus Universitet. Hun arbejder som HR konsulent på Gentofte Hospital og bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.2.2. – Generation 4

Louise Bager, f.08.11.1984 i Århus.

Forældre: Ejnar Holm Bager og Lene Bager.

Louise er cand. cur. i sygeplejevidenskab fra Århus Universitet og arbejder som klinisk sygeplejespecialist på Gentofte Hospital. Louise bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.2.3. – Generation 4

Rasmus Ejnar Bager, f.12.02.1991 i Århus.

Forældre: Ejnar Holm Bager og Lene Bager.

Rasmus er uddannet landmand og arbejder sammen med sin far på Rønnebjerggård i Besser på Samsø.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.3. – Generation 3

Arne Holm Bager, f.08.09.1958

Forældre: Ellen Holm Bager og Bent Bager. Arne har tidligere drevet tømrervirksomhed, som nu er solgt. Han bor i Pillemark.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.4. – Generation 3

Maja Bager Pedersen, f.Holm Bager 28.04.1963 i Pillemark

Forældre: Ellen Holm Bager og Bent Bager.

Gift 06.05.1995 i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Ib Pedersen**, f.15.09.1963 i Ørby.

Børn: Johanne Bager Pedersen, Elisabeth Bager Pedersen, Tinne Bager Pedersen og Ellen Bager Pedersen.

Maja er regnskabsuddannet og arbejder som bogholder. Hun overtog i 1995 fødegården i Pillemark og driver den sammen med Ib med bl.a. opdræt af tyrekalve.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.4.1. – Generation 4

Johanne Bager Pedersen, f. 06.10.1992.

Forældre: Maja Bager Pedersen og Ib Bager Pedersen.

Partner **Bo Øster**, f.29.04.1991.

Barn: **Malthe Bager Øster**, f.22.10.2017.

Johanne var efter studentereksamen i 2012 på ophold i Australien. Hun blev færdiguddannet som sygeplejerske i 2017 og er fastansat i Hjemmesygeplejen på Samsø. Familien bor i Pillemark.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.4.2. – Generation 4

Elisabeth Bager Pedersen, f.28.02.1995.

Forældre: Maja Bager Pedersen og Ib Bager Pedersen.

Partner **Kristoffer Hovgaard**, f.01.09.1991.

Elisabeth afsluttede i sommeren 2013 uddannelse på Danish Horses College i Grenå. Hun er elev på Dyreklinikken i Odder og bliver færdig som veterinærpsygeplejerske i 2019.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.4.3. – Generation 4

Tinne Bager Pedersen, f.01.04.1998.

Forældre: Maja Bager Pedersen og Ib Bager Pedersen.

Tinne arbejder som social- og sundhedsassistent og bor hos sine forældre i Pillemark.

Rubrik TJ.2.1.4.4. – Generation 4

Ellen Bager Pedersen, f.28.05.2001.

Forældre: Maja Bager Pedersen og Ib Bager Pedersen.

Ellen er på efterskole i Vestbirk og begynder i sommeren 2018 på HF studiet i Grenå.

Rubrik TJ.2.2. – Generation 2

Jacob Holm, f.06.02.1929 i St. Fuglede, Sj.; d.04.08.2004 i Gørding.

Forældre: Maja Holm og Michael Holm.

Gift 06.03.1957 i Gørding med **Karen Holm**, f.Kruse 05.02.1932 i Bøel; d.23.06.2017 i Gørding.

Børn: Jens Alfred Holm, Jytte Holm, Lars Holm og Lisbet Holm.

Efter skolegang på Samsø blev Jacob landmandsuddannet på forskellige kvæggårde og var på Frederiksborg Højskole. Købte i 1932 Tange Vestergård i Tange ved Gørding. Efter overdragelse af gården til sønnen Lars i 1994 købte Jacob og Karen et mindre landbrug i Tirslund ved Brørup med aktiv avl af Herefordkvæg. Jacob var meget aktiv i avlsarbejdet, i mange år dommer og bestyrelsesmedlem i avlsforeningen. Solgte i 2004 gården i Tirslund og flyttede til en villa i Gørding.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.1. – Generation 3

Jens Alfred Holm, f.02.09.1958 i Gørding,

Forældre: Jacob Holm og Karen Holm.

Siden skolegang på Sct. Jørgenskolen i Ribe arbejdet på gartneri i Ribe. Bor på beskyttet institution og er enlig.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.2. – Generation 3

Jytte Holm, f.23.01.1961 i Gørding; d.19.09.2015.

Forældre: Jacob Holm og Karen Holm.

Partnerskab 1985(-2000) med **Jesper Lahn Rasmussen**, f.30.05.1957

Børn: Lyng Holm Lahn, Birk Holm Lahn og Ask Holm Lahn.

Gift 30.06.2001(-2015) med **Douglas Ndobu**, f.10.09.1968 i Cameroun.

Børn: Mark Holm Ndobu, f. 18.08.2003 og Rose-Marie Holm Ndobu, f.04.01.2007 i Esbjerg.

Efter skolegang i Gørding, HF eksamen og pædagoguddannelse i Ribe arbejdede Jytte som socialpædagog på forskellige institutioner, senest inden for psykiatri. Douglas er uddannet civilingeniør og arbejder i olieindustrien. Primærbopæl i Esbjerg, udstationeret i Stavanger, Norge.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.2.1. – Generation 4

Lyng Holm Lahn, f.09.07.1987 i Esbjerg.

Forældre: Jytte Holm og Jesper Lahn Rasmussen.

Lyng er studerende og bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.2.2. – Generation 4

Birk Holm Lahn, f.12.04.1997 i Esbjerg.

Forældre: Jytte Holm og Jesper Lahn Rasmussen.

Birk er trainee på Statoils hovedkontor i Bergen, Norge.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.2.3. – Generation 4

Ask Holm Lahn, f.08.03.1999 i Esbjerg.

Forældre: Jytte Holm og Jesper Lahn Rasmussen.

Ask er studerende i Stavanger.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.3. – Generation 3

Lars Michael Holm, f.16.05.1963 i Gørding.

Forældre: Jacob Holm og Karen Holm.

Gift 04.07.1992 i Holsted med **Mona Holm**, f.Schellerup 22.10.1965 i Holsted.

Børn: Vibeke Schellerup Holm, Malene Schellerup Holm, Morten Schellerup Holm, Andreas Schellerup Holm, f.14.06.2002 og Ebbe Schellerup Holm, f.14.06.2002; alle født i Gørding.

Efter skolegang i Gørding blev Lars landmandsuddannet på forskellige bedrifter. I 1994 overtog han fødegården, som er på 240 ha med ammekøer, 460 årssøer og 5.000 slagtesvin pr. år. Mona er kantineleder i Ribe. Familien bor i Gørding

Rubrik TJ.2.2.3.1. – Generation 4

Vibeke Schellerup Holm, f.08.11.1992 i Gørding.

Forældre: Lars og Mona Holm.

Partnerskab med Jonas Rasmussen

Vibeke er driftsleder for en større svineproduktion i Toreby på Lolland, og Jonas arbejder på en planteavlsgård. De har købt hus i Slemminge ved Saksøbing.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.3.2. – Generation 4

Malene Schellerup Holm, f.29.08.1994 i Gørding.

Forældre: Lars og Mona Holm.

Partnerskab med Christian Aagaard Nielsen.

Malene studerer til fysioterapeut og er færdig med uddannelsen i februar 2019. Christian er ansat i Aabenraa Kommune og arbejder med IT-opgaver.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.3.3. – Generation 4

Morten Schellerup Holm, f.17.06.1997 i Gørding.

Forældre: Lars og Mona Holm.

Morten er uddannet skibsmontør og arbejder ved Grumsen i Esbjerg. Morten bor i Gørding.

Rubrik TJ.2.2.4. – Generation 3

Lisbet Holm Seiersen, f.Holm 31.07.1970 i Gørding.

Forældre: Jacob Holm og Karen Holm.

Gift 26.08.2000 i Assentoft med **Kent Seiersen**, f.14.05.1972 i Gjesing.

Børn: Sandra Holm Seiersen, f.31.08.2003 og Simon Holm Seiersen, f.03.05.2006 i Randers.

Efter skolegang i Gørding, studentereksamen fra Ribe Katedralskole og cand. agro. eksamen fra Københavns Universitet arbejdede Lisbet som landskonsulent i kvægavl ved Landbrugets Rådgivningscenter i Skejby, blev derefter avlsleder i VikingGenetics og er nu vicedirektør i VikingDanmark. Kent er smedemester i Assentoft, hvor familien bor på deltidslandbrug med ammekøer og heste.

Rubrik TJ.2.3. – Generation 2

Morten Holm, f.07.10.1931 i Pillemark.

Forældre: Maja Holm og Michael Holm.

Gift 12.04.1957 i Kolby Kirke med **Kamma Holm**, f.Vinther Madsen 09.10.1936 i Hårmark.

Børn: Birthe Holm, Lone Holm, Ebbe Holm og Henrik Holm.

Efter endt skolegang i Pillemark uddannede Morten sig på landbrugsbedrifter i Besser, True ved Århus og i Sønderjylland. Han var derefter på Vallekilde Højskole, soldat i Haderslev i 1½ år og på Malling Landbrugsskole, hvorefter han igen var fodermester i Hobro og i Kvotrup ved Århus. Fra 1957, da han og Kamma blev gift, drev de Annebjerggård i Gram ved Skanderborg. I 2015 afhændede de Annebjerggaard til Skov og Natur og bor nu i et hus tæt ved Skanderborg Sø.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.1. – Generation 3

Birthe Vadfelth, f.Holm 25.04.1961 i Gram.

Forældre: Morten Holm og Kamma Holm.

Gift 27.10.1984 i Skanderborg Slotskirke med **Michael Vadfelth**, f.09.02.1960 i Hasseris.

Børn: Mark Holm Vadfelth og Sasha Holm Vadfelth, f. i Brønshøj.

Efter realeksamen fra Stilling Skole og EFG fra Skanderborg Handelsskole tog Birthe kontoruddannelse på dommerkontor. Siden har hun arbejdet som advokatsekretær og ejendomsadministrator i København. Michael er politiassistent i København. Familien bor i Solrød Strand.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.1.1. – Generation 4

Mark Holm Vadfelth, f.16.08.1984 i Brønshøj.

Forældre: Birthe og Michael Vadfelth.

Partner **Johanna Degen**, f.22.03.1984.

Barn: Ellie Josefine Holm Degen, f.08.10.2014 og Lærke Edith Holm Degen, f.17.09.2016.

Mark er uddannet officer i 2014 og arbejder på Skrydstrup Flyveplads.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.1.2. – Generation 4

Sasha Holm Vadfelth, f.21.10.1990 i Brønshøj.

Forældre: Birthe og Michael Vadfelth.

Partner **Patrick Gyldborg Eriksen**, f.29.09.1987.

Barn: Viva Sophia Vadfelth Eriksen, f.08.03.2014 og Severin Vadfelth Eriksen, f.12.07.2017.

Sasha er kundekonsulent ved Nykredit, og Patrick er folkeskolelærer. Familien bor i Solrød.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.2. – Generation 3

Lone Holm Jensen, f.Holm 09.3.1964 i Gram.

Forældre: Morten Holm og Kamilla Holm.

Gift 09.03.2002 i Skanderborg med **Per Søby Jensen**, f.16.03.1962 i Venge.

Børn: Line Søby Jensen og Jakob Søby Jensen.

Efter 9 års skolegang på Stilling Skole og EFG fra Skanderborg Handelsskole blev Lone uddannet i forsikringsbranchen, har suppleret med flere interne kurser og arbejder stadig i branchen. Per er kundeservicechef i Viby. De bor i Stilling ved Skanderborg.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.2.1. – Generation 4

Line Søby Mikkelsen, f.Jensen 17.10.1986 i Skanderborg.

Forældre: Lone Holm Jensen og Per Søby Jensen.

Gift 20.08.2011 i Skanderborg med **Tom Mikkelsen**, f.03.05.1974 i Skanderborg.

Line er uddannet fysioterapeut. Tom er kalibreringstekniker i Silkeborg.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.2.2. – Generation 4

Jakob Søby Jensen, f.17.10.1989 i Skanderborg.

Forældre: Lone Holm Jensen og Per Søby Jensen.

Jacob er uddannet mekaniker og sergent i Aalborg. Han arbejder i dag som værkfører i en bilbutik i Horsens.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.3. – Generation 3

Ebbe Holm, f.27.08.1967 i Gram.

Forældre: Morten Holm og Kamilla Holm.

Gift 03.08.2002 i Lundum med **Susanne Holm**, f.Krog 19.07.1970 i Ginnerup.

Børn: Louise Krog Holm f.21.07.1999, Sarah Krog Holm, f.13.11.2001 og Nadia Krog Holm, f. 13.11.2004; alle født i Lund.

Efter 10 års skolegang på Stilling Skole og HH fra Skanderborg Handelsskole var Ebbe i 2 års elevpraktik som regnskabsassistent ved Tetra Park Hoyer og derefter 4 år på Århus Handelshøjskole ASB. Siden har han arbejdet som regnskabsassistent for Tetra Park, regnskabschef for Micon (Vestas), controller for Siemens, Glenco, Advanta A/S samt CFO for Limagrain A/S. Susanne er salgssingeniør i Hedensted. Familien bor i Lund ved Horsens.

Rubrik TJ.2.3.4. – Generation 3

Henrik Holm, f.04.11.1971 i Gram.

Forældre: Morten Holm og Kamilla Holm.

Gift 22.10.2009 i Silkeborg med **Maj-Britt Hansen**, f.24.09.1970 i Augustenborg.

Børn: Nina Holm Hansen, f.06.06.2000, Martin Holm Hansen, f.27.05.2002, Mia Holm Hansen, f.27.10.2006 og Lily Holm Hansen, f.27.10.2008; alle født i Silkeborg.

Efter 10. klasse på Stilling Skole tog Henrik 2-årig HH på Skanderborg Handelsskole og 3-årig HA(data) på Århus Handelshøjskole. Fra 1995 til 2002 var han IT-udvikler for Jyske Bank og har siden da arbejdet som JN Data systemprogrammør. Maj-Britt arbejder som systemudvikler i Silkeborg. Familien bor i Silkeborg.

Rubrik TJ.2.4. – Generation 2

Anne Kathrine (Tinne) Steffensen, f.Holm 16.02.1935 i Pillemark; d.23.02.1986.

Forældre: Maja Holm og Michael Holm.

Gift 12.12.1959(-1986) med **Gustav Steffensen**, f.03.10.1930; d.10.02.1993.

Tinne var uddannet og arbejdede som barneplejerske, og Gustav var typograf. De var bosat i Bagsværd.

KATHRINES TREDIE ÆLDSTE BARN, SØREN RASMUSSEN OG HANS FAMILIE:

Rubrik TJ.3. – Generation 1

Søren Vadstrup Rasmussen, f.14.01.1902 i Brundby; d.31.12.1982 i Nykøbing Sj.

Forældre: Ane Kathrine Rasmussen og Jakob Rasmussen.

Gift 05.04.1927(-1928) i Nordby med **Astrid Rasmussen**, f. Moesgaard 29.04.1903 i Nordby; død 31.12.1928 i Jorløse på Lynebjerggård, erhvervet af Søren og Astrid i 1927.

Gift 05.09.1930(-1967) med **Esther Rasmussen**, f. Madsen 08.12.1902 i Langemark; d.01.10.1967 i Jorløse.

Børn: Astrid Rasmussen, Bodil Rasmussen og Jørgen Rasmussen.

Partnerskab 01.05.1972(-1982) med **Edith Stenderup**; f.20.05.1908 i Nykøbing Sj.; d.24.10.1991 i Nyk.Sj.

Efter skolegang uddannede Søren sig på forskellige landbrugsbedrifter, på landbrugsskole og på højskole. Søren og Esther drev alsidigt landbrug i Jorløse og under 2. Verdenskrig fabrikation af formbrændsel og tørv. Efter salg af gården i 1964 boede de på en mindre ejendom i Jorløse. Søren havde mange tillidshverv, bl.a. formandsposter i den lokale brugsforening, Andelsbanken i Kalundborg og Holbæk Amts Venstreblad, bestyrelsesmedlem i FDB, sognerådsformand og opstillet til det daværende Landsting for Det Radikale Venstre. Indtil sin død boede Søren sammen med Edith i det hus, han og Edith købte i 1972 i Nykøbing Sj.

Rubrik TJ.3.1. – Generation 2

Astrid Nielsen, f.Rasmussen.12.05.1932 i Jorløse.

Forældre: Søren Rasmussen og Esther Rasmussen.

Gift 10.05.1955(-2003) i Jorløse med **Erik Hutzelsieder Nielsen**, f.09.12.1925 i Kalundborg.; d.28.09.2003 i Lyngby.

Børn: Anette Nielsen og Liselotte Nielsen.

Efter skolegang uddannede Astrid sig som barneplejerske og var beskæftiget som sådan i mange år i Gentofte. Erik var arkitekt i København. Astrid bor i Hjørring.

Rubrik TJ.3.1.1. – Generation 3

Anette Nielsen, f. 19.09.1959 i Nivå.

Forældre: Astrid Nielsen og Erik Nielsen.

Rubrik TJ.3.1.2. – Generation 3

Liselotte Nielsen, f. 21.12.1963 i Nivå.

Forældre: Astrid Nielsen og Erik Nielsen.

Partnerskab 1989(-2008) med **Finn Jørgensen**; f 27.03.1957.

Rubrik TJ.3.2. – Generation 2

Bodil Jensen, f.Rasmussen 20.06.1934 i Jorløse; d.21.11.1995 i Jyderup.

Forældre: Søren Rasmussen og Esther Rasmussen.

Gift 02.11.1957(-1993) i Jorløse Kirke med **Ove Simsen Jensen**, f.29.11.1927 i Tågerup på Sjælland; d.23.08.1993 i Jyderup.

Barn: Britta Jensen.

Bodil var butiksuddannet, senere sygehjælper ved Kalundborg Sygehus indtil pensionering i 1990. Ove var uddannet smed og mekaniker, i mange år værkfører hos transportvirksomheden Johannes Rasmussen i Svebølle. Familien flyttede i 1977 til Tornved, hvor Ove arbejdede som værkstedchef i Vestsjælland Amts Vejvæsen indtil pensionering i 1992. Familien flyttede senere til Jyderup.

Rubrik TJ.3.2.1. – Generation 3

Britta Vadstrup, f.Simsen Jensen 22.07.1959 i Svebølle.

Forældre: Bodil Jensen og Ove Simsen Jensen.

Gift 21.07.1984 i Jyderup Kirke med **Henning Agerskov Vadstrup**, f. Jørgensen 18.01.1957 Bregninge.

Børn: Lars Vadstrup, Jeppe Vadstrup og Mette Vadstrup.

Britta arbejdede i 34 år med sagsbehandling i kommunen indenfor skole, fritid og sociale ydelser. Henning har siden 1980 arbejdet med bilsyn hos Statens Biltilsyn, Politiet, Færdselsstyrelsen og Trafikstyrelsen. Familien bor i Slagelse.

Rubrik TJ.3.2.1.1. – Generation 4

Lars Warming Vadstrup, f.15.05.1981 i Jyderup.

Forældre: Britta Vadstrup og Henning Agerskov Vadstrup.

Gift 14.09.2013 med **Maibritt Warming Hansen**, f.13.05.1981.

Børn: Vigga Warming Vadstrup, f.24.04.2016 og Magne Warming Vadstrup, f.22.01.2018; begge født i Slagelse og døbt i Sct. Peders Kirke.

Lars blev efter studentereksamen i 2001 uddannet som sygeplejerske og arbejder som alkoholbehandler ved Slagelse Kommune. Maibritt er uddannet social- og sundhedsassistent og sygeplejerske, og arbejder på Slagelse Sygehus' Akutafdeling. Familien bor i eget hus i Slagelse.

Rubrik TJ.3.2.1.2. – Generation 4

Jeppe Vadstrup, f.19.04.1984 i Jyderup.

Forældre: Britta Vadstrup og Henning Agerkov Vadstrup.

Gift 28.12.2011 med **Nicole Vadstrup**, f. FLeer 04.04.1981 i Mönchengladbach.

Jeppe er uddannet cand.merc.(IT) på Copenhagen Business School. Nicole er uddannet bankrådgiver i Danske Bank og har studeret sundhedsvidenskab på Københavns Universitet. Nicole har været professionel håndboldspiller i Viborg Håndboldklub og i FC København. Jeppe og Nicole bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.3.2.1.3. – Generation 4

Mette Vadstrup, f.26.08.1994 i Jyderup.

Forældre: Britta Vadstrup og Henning Agerkov Vadstrup.

Mette blev student i 2013 fra Kalundborgs tekniske gymnasium. I 2014 blev hun optaget på medicinstudiet ved Københavns Universitet og forventer at være færdig som læge i 2020. Mette bor på Vesterbro sammen med sin kæreste Rasmus, der også læser medicin.

Rubrik TJ.3.3. – Generation 2

Jørgen Rasmussen, f.16.04.1941 i Jorløse.

Forældre: Søren Rasmussen og Esther Rasmussen.

Gift 24.04.1965 i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Grethe Rasmussen**; f.Wennergaard 10.06.1943 i Onsbjerg.

Børn: Hanne Wennergaard Rasmussen; Lone Wennergaard Rasmussen.

Efter skolegang og efterskole uddannede Jørgen sig på forskellige landbrugsbedrifter, var på højskole, blev derefter udlært murer, som var hans beskæftigelse indtil 1976. P.g.a. rygproblemer skiftede Jørgen til Novo Nordisk i Kalundborg, de sidste 7 år før pensionering i 2004 fuldtidsansat på tillidsmandskontoret. Grethe arbejdede som apotekerassistent i Kalundborg og de sidste 10 år før pensionering i 2004 i et lederjob på Novo Nordisk. Jørgen og Grethe boede først i Svebølle, flyttede i 1968 til selvbygget hus i Kalundborg, købte i 1976 en landejendom i Rørby, hvor de bl.a. drev biavl. Begge deltager i forskelligt frivilligt arbejde, lokal foreningsaktivitet og bestyrelsesarbejde. Jørgen lægger et stort arbejde i familiestævnerne på Samsø. Han og Grethe bor nu på nordsiden af Kalundborg Fjord, hvorfra de har udsigt til den igangværende forberedelse af Ny Vesthavn på fjordens sydside.

Rubrik TJ.3.3.1. – Generation 3

Hanne Wennergaard Rasmussen, f.17.04.1968 i Kalundborg.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Grethe Rasmussen.

Gift 15.07.2006 i Hvalsø med **Scott McDonald**; f.27.11.1968 i Glasgow.

Børn: Jonas Wennergaard McDonald, f.18.07.1998 i Valby, København, og Marie Wennergaard McDonald, f.23.02.2003 i Tingerup.

Efter skolegang på Årby Friskole, efterskole og studentereksamen var Hanne udvekslingsstudent i Frankrig, var på diverse udlandsrejser og i forskellige jobs. Derefter uddannelse og arbejde som ergoterapeut, nu i Roskilde

Kommune. Scott er uddannet møbeldesigner, senere elektriker med arbejde i Hvalsø. Hanne og Scott boede tidligere i Valby; i 2006 flyttede de til eget hus i Tingerup ved Hvalsø.

Rubrik TJ.3.3.2. – Generation 3

Lone Wennergaard Rasmussen, f.06.10.1970 i Kalundborg;

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Grethe Rasmussen.

Gift 16.06.1995(-2004) med **Finn Guldbrandsen**; f.30.04.1962 i Værløse.

Børn: Victor Wennergaard Guldbrandsen og Thea Wennergaard Guldbrandsen, f.09.05.1998

Efter skolegang på Årby Friskole, efterskole og handesskole arbejdede Lone som kontorelev i Novo Nordisk, var derefter ansat som projektassistent i forskellige firmaer. Hun er p.t. under videruddannelse og bor i Kalundborg.

Rubrik TJ.3.3.2.1. – Generation 4

Victor Wennergaard Guldbrandsen, f.16.08.1996.

Forældre: Lone Wennergaard og Finn Guldbrandsen.

Victor er i lære som smed og bor sammen med sin kæreste i Odense.

KATHRINES FJERDE ÆLDSTE BARN, ANNA MORTENSEN OG HENDES FAMILIE:

Rubrik TJ.4. – Generation 1

Anna Jørgine Mortensen, f.Rasmussen 21.12.1903 i Brundby; d.06.09.1996 i Snekkerup.

Forældre: Ane Kathrine Rasmussen og Jakob Rasmussen.

Gift 01.04.1928(-1978) i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Charles Viggo Mortensen**, f.06.06.1902 i Thorup; d.24.06.1978 i Dianalund.

Børn: Viggo Mortensen, Henry Mortensen, Inge Mortensen, Karen Mortensen, Jørgen Mortensen og Tulle (Anna Margrethe) Mortensen.

Efter eksamen fra Samsø Realskole var Anna husassistent hjemme og på Sjælland, blev delingsføreruddannet på Ollerup Gymnastikhøjskole, og deltog i ture til Østrig 1922 og U.S.A. 1923 med Niels Bukhs opvisningshold. Var aktiv leder i omegnens gymnastikforeninger og i skolekommissionen i Vigersted. Charles blev landbrugsuddannet efter realeksamen, landbrugskandidat i 1923 og derefter bl.a. regnskabskonsulent indtil køb i marts 1928 af Havrelykkegård i Snekkerup på Sjælland. Charles var formand for Vigersted Sogneråd 1943-1959 og bestyrelsesmedlem i Ringsted Bank (senere Sjællandske Bank). Anna og Charles byggede i 1937 på jord fra gården en købmandsforretning, som de drev indtil 1942. De overdrog i 1973 gården til datteren Tulle og hendes mand Ejler Olsen. Anna og Charles flyttede da i nybygget hus på en grund udstykket fra gården. Annas skriftlige erindringer om barndommen på Samsø og hendes egen families liv og levned er gengivet i afskrift i AFSNIT 3. Charles døde i 1978, og Anna boede indtil sin død i 1996 i sit hus i Snekkerup.

Rubrik TJ.4.1. – Generation 2

Viggo Peter Mortensen, f.08.05.1929 i Snekkerup; d.02.03.2017 i Watertown, begravet 24.06.2017 på Vigersted Kirkegård.

Forældre: Anna Mortensen og Charles Mortensen.

Gift 20.06.1954(-1969) med **Grace (Gay) Mortensen**, f. Atkinson 08.07.1928 i Watertown, NY; d.25.04.2015 i Watertown.

Børn: Viggo Mortensen, Charles Mortensen og Walter Mortensen.

Gift 12.10.1971 i Greenwich, CT med **Eleonora Nazar Anchorena Queseda**, f.omkring 1948 i Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Gift 16.10.1976(-2008) med **Lisbeth Mortensen**, f.Hatling 12.07.1944 i Norge; d.09.01.2008 i Watertown.

Efter skolegang i Vigersted, praktisk landmandsuddannelse på sjællandske landrugsbedrifter, militærtjeneste i Livgarden og forretningsuddannelse i Oslo udvandrede Viggo i 1954 og bosatte sig sammen med Gay i USA. Efter business administration degree blev han ansat i Union Carbide og derefter i International Basic Economy Corporation (IBEC), grundlagt af Nelson A. Rockefeller med det formål at stimulere økonomisk udvikling i latin-amerikanske lande. Efter en tid i Venezuela var han i 1960erne med til at udvikle en supermarkedskæde i Buenos Aires, Argentina og ledede samtidig en større kyllingefarm uden for byen. I anden halvdel af 1960erne blev han medejer af en større argentinsk landbrugsbedrift med focus på kødkvæg, navnlig Zebu, og dyrkning af sorghum. Fra begyndelsen af 1970erne arbejdede han som chef for diverse projekter for et mineselskab, Basic

Rersources, med kontorer i Paris og Guatemala. Efter nogle år i New York City og Sydspanien trak han sig i slutningen af 1980erne tilbage til Cape Vincent i det nordlige New York, hvor han på en landbrugsejendom grundlagde en dyrefarm. Som ung var Viggo ivrig sportsudøver på konkurrenceniveau; har bl.a. dansk mesterskab i langrend på ski, sjællandske mesterskaber og flere norske mesterskaber i roning. Viggo boede indtil sin død på sin gård i Cape Vincent, NY, U.S.A.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.1. – Generation 3

Viggo Peter Mortensen, f. 20.10.1958 i New York City, NY, U.S.A

Forældre: Viggo Mortensen og Grace Wright, f. Atkinson.

Gift 07.06.1987(-) i Fort Robinson, NE med **Christine Cervenka**, f. 01.02.1956 i Joliet, IL.

Barn: Henry Mortensen.

Viggo boede indtil 1970 sammen med sine brødre i Argentina, derpå hos deres mor i Watertown, NY. Uddannet i politisk videnskab og spansk litteratur på Sct. Lawrence University, NY. Viggo er skuespiller og har indspillet et stort antal biograffilm, desuden forlægger, fotograf og digter. Har boet i Danmark, New York City, Los Angeles og Idaho. I 2010 modtog han ridderkorset af Dannebrog af Dronning Margrethe.

Partner **Ariadna Gil Giner**, f. 23.01.1969 i Barcelona. Ariadna er skuespillerinde og bor i Madrid, Spanien sammen med Viggo og sine to børn, Violeta og Léo.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.1.1. – Generation 4

Henry Blake Mortensen, b. 28.01.1988 in Los Angeles, CA, USA.

Parents: Viggo Mortensen and Exene Cervenka.

Henry has studied archaeology at Columbia University, NY and anthropology in London, UK. He co-manages a publishing company in Los Angeles and is a practicing musician and writer.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.2. – Generation 3

Charles Atkinson Mortensen, b. 18.11.1960 in Greenwich, CT, USA.

Parents: Viggo Mortensen and Grace Wright, f. Atkinson.

Married 23.07.1994 in Watertown, NY to **Laurinda Ruth Mortensen**, b. Higgins 15.09.1967 in Fairview, OH, U.S.A.

Children: Alexander James Mortensen and Isabella Grace Mortensen.

Charles has B.S. and M.S. geology degrees. He and Rindy are doing advisory and administrative work for a Californian geology enterprise. Charles also runs his own shop, repairing and selling bikes. He practices mountain biking at competitive level. All family members are passionate skiers and enjoy outdoor activities in North Idaho with mountains, forests, lakes and streams around Sandpoint, ID where Charles and Rindy live.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.2.1. – Generation 4

Alexander James Mortensen, b. 12.06.1996 in San Fransisco, CA, USA.

Parents: Charles and Laurinda Mortensen.

Alex lives in Bozeman, Montana, where he is studying geology at Montana State University and enjoys skiing in the surrounding mountains.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.2.2. – Generation 4

Isabella Grace Mortensen, b. 22.04.1998 in Sandpoint, ID, USA.

Parents: Charles and Laurinda Mortensen.

Isabella is studying marketing at the University of Idaho and will spend a semester in Spain in 2019.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.3. – Generation 3

Walter Sydney Atkinson Mortensen, b. 11.05.1963 in Watertown, NY, USA.

Parents: Viggo Mortensen and Grace Wright, b. Atkinson.

Married 15.04.1992(-2011) in Syracuse, NY to **Sylvia Andrea Mortensen**, b. Cameron 24.10.1956 in Great Sampford, UK.

Child: Sydney Anna Mortensen.

Walter has studied international relations, environmental science and geology. He was engaged as a sea turtle specialist and a chemist before becoming manager of a Los Angeles publishing company.

Partner 2013 **Lenka Minkowski**, b. 06.04.1973.

Walter, Lenka and Lenka's son Oliver live in Clayton, NY.

Rubrik TJ.4.1.3.1. – Generation 4

Sydney Anna Mortensen, b.13.10.1994 in Boca Raton, FL, USA.

Parents: Walter Mortensen and Sylvia Mortensen.

Sydney is studying theater and film. She is engaged in young children's education and works as an advisor for American Ballet Theatre.

Rubrik TJ.4.2. – Generation 2

Henry Knud Mortensen, f.17.12.1930 i Snekkerup, d.08.08.2007 i Vigersted.

Forældre: Anna Mortensen og Charles Mortensen.

Gift 31.10.1953(-1999) i Valsøllille Kirke med **Aase Birthe Mortensen**, f.Frederiksen 02.08.1931 i Jystrup; d.26.07.1999 på Rigshospitalet, København.

Børn: Jens Morten Mortensen og Lise Lotte Mortensen.

Henry er landbrugsuddannet på forskellige bedrifter på Sjælland og Samsø samt Kærehave Landbrugsskole. I 1953 forpagtede Aase og Henry Krusegård i Vejleby og købte i 1959 Vanholmmsgård, Ortved. Henry var aktiv i Vigersted Sogneråd og Vigersted Idrætsforening sammen med Aase, som efter skolegang uddannede sig som husassistent suppleret med ophold på husholdningsskole. Senere arbejdede hun bl.a. på telefoncentralen i Snekkerup. Fra 1953 indtil sin død var Aase aktiv i driften af landbruget, meget engageret i køkken- og prydhave, egen husholdning, idrætsforening, aftenskole, og var en drivende voluntør i mad- og ældreklubben i Vigersted. Efter salg af Vanholmmsgård byggede Henry et hus i Vigersted, hvor han boede til sin død.

Rubrik TJ.4.2.1. – Generation 3

Jens Morten Mortensen, f.13.03.1958 i Vejleby, Hornsherred.

Forældre: Henry Mortensen og Aase Mortensen.

Gift 26.05.1984(-2003) i Nordrup Kirke med **Lajla Mortensen**, f.Jørgensen 28.04.1960 i Bjæverskov, Sj.

Børn: **Jepe Mortensen**, f.11.01.1986 på Ringsted Sygehus; d.20.09.1994 i Bedsted, Mikkel Mortensen og Lærke Mortensen, de to sidste født på Holbæk Sygehus.

Gift 23.10.2004 i Kværkeby Kirke med **Charlotte Trampedach**, f.26.05.1962 i Gribskov.

Efter studentereksamen fra Roskilde Katedralskole 1977 gennemgik Morten seminarieuddannelse i Haslev og var lærer i Hvalsø 1982-1988, sælger i fotofirmaet Polaroid 1988-1996, sælger af nybyggede træhuse 1996-2010, siden lærer ved Ellebækskolen i Køge. Har været aktiv springgymnast, er ivrig ekspertfotograf, træsnedker og biavler. Charlotte er pædagog og er fuldtids billedkunstner. Charlottes børn hedder Kenneth Cronwall Trampedach, Sidsel Trampedach og Frederikke Trampedach. Familien bor i Bedsted, Sjælland.

Rubrik TJ.4.2.1.2. – Generation 4

Mikkel Mortensen, f.02.01.1993 på Holbæk Sygehus

Forældre: Morten Mortensen og Lajla Mortensen.

Partner **Maria Hatzisavva Damsgaard**; f.22.02.1993 i Grækenland.

Efter studentereksamen er Mikkel i lære som TV producer, Han er ivrig gymnast og arbejder i sin fritid som DJ. Maria har læst statsvidenskab og læser nu på CBS. Mikkel og Maria bor i København

Rubrik TJ.4.2.1.3. – Generation 4

Lærke Mortensen, f.07.09.1995 på Holbæk Sygehus.

Forældre: Morten Mortensen og Lajla Mortensen.

Partner siden 2016 med **Peter Emil Frisch**, f.12.02.1994.

Lærke læser til sygeplejerske og bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.4.2.2. – Generation 3

Lise Lotte Brandstrup, f. Mortensen 12.07.1964 i Ortved.

Forældre: Henry Mortensen og Aase Mortensen.

Gift 21.11.1987 i Vigersted Kirke med **Michael Brandstrup**, f.30.03.1963 i Århus.

Børn: Christina Brandstrup, Nick Brandstrup, og Julie Brandstrup, alle født i Århus.

Både Søs (Lise Lotte) og Michael har kokuddannelse. Søs arbejder som speciallærer, Michael er vognmand og udlejer limousiner og andre specialkøretøjer. Familien er bosat i Hørning.

Rubrik TJ.4.2.2.1. – Generation 4

Christina Brandstrup, f.11.07.1987 i Århus.

Forældre: Lise Lotte og Michael Brandstrup.

Christina arbejder som serviceøkonom og bor i Århus.

Rubrik TJ.4.2.2.2. – Generation 4

Nick Brandstrup, f.02.04.1993 i Århus.

Forældre: Lise Lotte og Michael Brandstrup.

Nick er account manager og bor i Århus.

Rubrik TJ.4.2.2.3. – Generation 4

Julie Brandstrup, f.06.07.1996 i Århus.

Forældre: Lise Lotte og Michael Brandstrup.

Julie bor i Ålborg, hvor hun læser på universitetet.

Rubrik TJ.4.3. – Generation 2

Inge Gjellum, f.Mortensen 18.12.1932 i Snekkerup.

Forældre: Anna Mortensen og Charles Mortensen.

Gift 25.08.1956(-1994) i Vigersted Kirke med **Fredrik Gjellum**, f.03.07.1918; d.06.10.1994 i Oslo.

Efter skolegang i Vigersted var Inge kontorassistent i Ringsted og København, rejste i 1952 til Oslo, fra 1952 til 1956 ansat i byggefirmaet Aspelin, fra 1956 til 1966 kontorchef i ingeniørfirmaet Kristian Foss, fra 1966 til 1991 ansat i Fortidsminneforeningen og derefter hos Riksantikvaren. Fredrik var indkøbschef i Aspelin. Efter Fredriks død i 1994 flyttede Inge til Korsør i Danmark og bor nu i Bjergbyparken ved Slagelse.

Rubrik TJ.4.4. – Generation 2

Karen Borup, f.Mortensen 06.02.1935 i Snekkerup.

Forældre: Anna Mortensen og Charles Mortensen.

Gift 03.03.1956 i Vigersted Kirke med **Ole Borup**, f.04.12.1933 i Roskilde.

Børn: Lene Borup Nielsen og Annette Borup Nielsen.

Karen er kontoruddannet og er delingsfører fra Ollerup Gymnastikhøjskole. Ole er uddannet boghandler, og sammen drev de indtil pensionering egen boghandel i Halskov, Korsør. De er begge ivrige golfspillere. Siden 1961 har de boet i Korsør.

Rubrik TJ.4.4.1. – Generation 3

Lene Borup Andersen, f.Borup Nielsen 24.04.1958 i Roskilde.

Forældre: Karen Borup og Ole Borup.

Partnerskab i 1957 med **Erling Nielsen**, f.05.06.1957.

Barn: Stine Borup Nielsen.

Gift 03.08.1996 i Skt. Povls Kirke med **Niels Rosenberg Andersen**, f.28.07.1959.

Efter real- og handelseksamen blev Lene uddannet som advokatsekretær i Svendborg, senere læreruddannet og gymnastikpædagog fra Poul Petersens Institut. Lene har været skolelærer i København og siden på Helms Skole i Korsør. Niels er uddannet elektriker, ansat i Søværnet som minedykker. Lene og Niels driver festarrangørfirmaet "Op med Håret". De bor i Korsør.

Rubrik TJ.4.4.1.1. Generation 4

Stine Victoria Borup Nielsen, f.11.07.1986 i Korsør.

Forældre: Lene Borup Andersen og Erling Nielsen.

Partnerskab med **Lasse Pedersen**.

Efter studentereksamen var Stine skiguide i Frankrig og tog derefter pædagoguddannelse. Efter ansættelse på specialskole i Herlev er Stine nu afdelingsleder i en SFO i Albertslund, hvor Lasse også er pædagog. Stine er ivrig håndboldspiller og bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.4.4.2. – Generation 3

Annette Borup Kyllingsbæk, f.Borup Nielsen 07.03.1962 i Korsør.

Forældre: Karen Borup og Ole Borup.

Gift 08.07.1995 i Tårnborgh Kirke med **Søren Kyllingsbæk**, f.17.07.1963 i Slagelse.

Børn: Amalie Borup Kyllingsbæk og Katrine Borup Kyllingsbæk, begge født i Slagelse.

Efter studentereksamen blev Annette uddannet korrespondent og eksportmerkonom, og har gennem tiden arbejdet i forskellige eksportvirksomheder indenfor landbrug og fiskeri. Hun er nu ansat i Borch Textile Group A/S, der producerer beklædning til kommuner, hospitaler og hjemmepleje – high-risk, ren-rums, OP-kitler etc. Annette er ansat som PA for den administrerende direktør og fungerer som hans forlængede arm ud til datterselskaberne i Danmark, Norge, Sverige og Polen, samt overfor produktionspartnere i Polen, Bosnien, Vietnam og Bangladesh. I fritiden er familien i centrum; hus og have, yoga og litteratur er andre vigtige interesseområder. Annette bor i Slots Bjergby.

Rubrik TJ.4.4.2.1. – Generation 4

Amalie Borup Kyllingsbæk, f.06.01.1995 i Slagelse.

Forældre: Annette Borup Kyllingsbæk og Søren Kyllingsbæk.

Efter studentereksamen i 2014 afsluttede Amalie bacheloruddannelse i 2017 med HA i Almen Erhvervsøkonomi på Copenhagen Business School. Igangværende kandidatuddannelse, cand.merc.aud. (Regnskab og Revision) afsluttes i 2019, også på CBS. Fra 2014 til 2017 arbejdede Amalie på deltid som salgsmedarbejder i salgs- og serviceafdelingen (BtC). Siden februar 2107 har hun haft deltidsjob som revisor i KPMG Danmark. Amalie bor i København.

Rubrik TJ.4.4.2.2. – Generation 4

Katrine Borup Kyllingsbæk, f.09.09.1997 i Slagelse.

Forældre: Annette Borup Kyllingsbæk og Søren Kyllingsbæk.

Katrine var på Görlev Idrætsefterskole 2013-14 og tog i 2017 studentereksamen i Slagelse. En on-line kontoruddannelse med administration som speciale afsluttes i august 2018. Samtidig afsluttes et 1-års praktikophold hos Daimler AG i Stuttgart. Ved at kombinere gennemføres dette normalt 2-årige uddannelsesforløb på kun 1 år. Katrine var fra 2015 til 2017 gymnastiktræner i Slagelse Gymnastikforening, i perioden 2015-2017 kundeservicemedarbejder i Bilka Slagelse og som nævnt fra 2017 til 2018 praktikant hos Daimler AG. Katrine bor for tiden i Stuttgart, Tyskland.

Rubrik TH.4.5. – Generation 2

Jørgen Ralf Mortensen, f.27.12.1936 i Snekkerup.

Forældre: Anna Mortensen og Charles Mortensen.

Gift 20.07.1963(-1981) med **Hanne Nielsen**, f.16.03.1941 i Valby; d.24.07.1990 i Hvidovre.

Børn: Anne-Dorte Mortensen og Marianne Mortensen.

Gift 13.04.1996 i Vigersted Kirke med **Birgit Wennerwald Mortensen**, f.Wennerwald 03.06.1944 i København.

Efter realeksamen i 1953 blev Jørgen landbrugsuddannet, var i militærtjeneste, på praktikophold i USA, blev cand.agro. i 1964, og var ansat i De Danske Landboforeninger 1964-1997 (lanbrugsøkonomi og -politik, herunder EU-politik). I 2000 M.S. i landbrugs- og miljøøkonomi fra Univ. of Arizona, Tucson; forskningsarbejde samme sted indtil 2010. Oprettede og drev i 8 år en støtteordning for en børnehjemsskole i Uganda. I mange år har slægtsforskning været en fritidsinteresse Birgit er ivrig deltager i korsang og har i mange år været tilknyttet et projekt vedr. indfangning og mærkning af kolibrier for kortlægning af deres udbredelse og vandring i Nord- og Mellemamerika. Birgit og Jørgen har siden 1998 boet i Tucson, AZ, USA, hvorfra de har foretaget mange ture rundt i Nordamerika.

Rubrik TJ.4.5.1. – Generation 3

Anne-Dorte Mortensen, f.25.10.1964 i Roskilde.

Forældre: Jørgen Mortensen og Hanne Mortensen.

Gift 09.11.1995(-2004) i Roskilde Domkirke med **Jan Mosegaard**, f.09.11.1965 i Århus.

Efter skolegang tog Anne-Dorte HH i business administration. Hun arbejdede i 10 år som tjenestemand i Post & Telegrafvæsenet på Terminalen i København. Senere supermarkedsbestyrer, derefter igen i P&T som sælger af afhentningsaftaler med industrigrupper. Emigrerede i 1996 til Arizona i USA. Uddannet i grafisk design, personaleresourcer og forsikringsjura. Siden 2002 ansat i et landsdækkende sygeforsikringselskab. Arbejder og bor i Tucson, AZ, USA.

Rubrik TJ.4.5.2. – Generation 3

Marianne Mortensen Blake, f.Mortensen 25.08.1967 i Glostrup.

Forældre: Jørgen Mortensen og Hanne Mortensen.

Gift 23.10.1993 i Vail, AZ med **Michael Blake**, f. i North Carolina 05.07.1945; d. 02.05.2015 i Tucson, Arizona.

Børn: Quanah Valdemar Blake, f.20.09.1996, Monahsetah Dagmar Blake, f.28.10.1997 og Lozen Ingefred Blake, f.29.08.2000; alle født i Los Angeles.

Efter studentereksamen og HH i business administration tog Marianne B.S. i jura fra Kbhvn. Universitet. I Arizona arbejder Marianne med forlags- og skribentvirksomhed, ejer en lille ranch med heste og køer og deltager ofte i naboers arbejde med kvæg i det bjergrige område. Familien bor i Sonoita, AZ, USA.

Rubrik TJ.4.6. – Generation 2

Tulle Olsen, f.Anna Margrethe Mortensen 14.09.1939 i Snekkerup.

Forældre: Anna Mortensen og Charles Mortensen.

Gift 18.04.1960 i Roskilde Domkirke med **Ejler Jørgen Olsen**, f.14.05.1936 i Snekkerup.

Børn: Dorthe Olsen og Mette Olsen.

Tulle er uddannet og har arbejdet i postvæsenet. Ejler blev uddannet og beskæftiget som værktøjsmager og var en overgang selvstændig smedemester i Stenmagle. I 1973 overtog de Tullers fødehjem, Havrelykkegård, og drev i mange år landbrug som sideerhverv til arbejdet som værktøjsmager og for Tullers vedkommende specialundervisning i Ringsted Kommune. Tulle var i mange år byrådsmedlem, senere formand for Handelsstandsforeningen i Ringsted. Hun var bl.a. primusmotor for etablering og drift af Ældreklubben i Vigersted. Siden afhændelse af Havrelykkegård i 1997 har Tulle og Ejler boet i Snekkerup.

Rubrik TJ.4.6.1. – Generation 3

Dorthe Kristine Schou, f.Olsen 11.11.1960 i Jystrup, Sj.

Forældre: Tulle Olsen og Ejler Olsen.

Gift 28.05.1983(-2000) i Vigersted Kirke med **Bent Eghjort**, f. 22.03.1956 i København.

Børn: Tine Eghjort og Christian Eghjort.

Dorthe har arbejdet bl.a. som laboratorieassistent og er nu førtidspensioneret. Hun bor på Amager.

Rubrik TJ.4.6.1.1. – Generation 4

Tine Anna Eghjort, f.20.06.1985 Snekkerup.

Forældre: Dorthe Schou og Bent Eghjort.

Tine er uddannet cand.merc. i international marketing. Hun arbejder for Tryg Forsikring i Ballerup og er bosat i Sundby på Amager.

Rubrik TJ.4.6.1.2. – Generation 4

Christian Mathias Eghjort, f.22.04.1989 i Benløse.

Forældre: Dorthe Schou og Bent Eghjort.

Christian er uddannet karosserismed og har tidligere arbejdet i Roskilde. Han er nu driftstekniker i TDC Group i København. Christian bor på Amager.

Rubrik TJ.4.6.2. – Generation 3

Mette Helene Jansen, f.Olsen 15.07.1965 i Stenmagle, Sj.

Forældre: Tulle Olsen og Ejler Olsen.

Gift 08.07.2006 i Dragør Kirke med **Gert Jansen**, f.23.11.1960.

Barn: Siv Sofie Jansen, f.19.05.2004 i Dragør.

Mette er plejehjemsleder i København og Gert har egen forretning i Dragør. Familien bor i Dragør.

KATHRINES FEMTE ÆLDSTE BARN, RAGNHILD HOLM OG HENDES FAMILIE:

Rubrik TJ.5. – Generation 1

Ragnhild Augusta Holm Jensen, f.Rasmussen 11.08.1908 i Brundby; d.20.07.1979 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Ane Kathrine og Jakob Rasmussen.

Gift 03.11.1929(-1961) med **Jørgen Holm Jensen**, f.20.03.1902 i Brundby; d.08.12.1961 i Tranebjerg. Jørgen var bror til Michael Holm, som var gift med Ragnhilds søster Maja.

Børn: Grethe Holm Jensen og Kathrine (Tinne) Holm Jensen.

Ragnhild og Jørgen drev i mange år deres landbrugsejendom i Pillemark. Samtidig var Jørgen sygehusinspektør i Tranebjerg. Efter Jørgens død arbejdede Ragnhild indtil 1975 som sygehjælper. Landbruget blev overdraget til datteren Grethe og hendes mand Erik. Ved sin død var Ragnhild bosiddende i Tranebjerg

Rubrik TJ.5.1. – Generation 2

Grethe Holm Nielsen, f.Holm Jensen 04.01.1932 i Brundby; d.13.05.1991 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Ragnhild Holm og Jørgen Holm Jensen.

Gift 03.07.1952(-1991) i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Erik Kjeld Nielsen**, f.03.07.1927 i Gylling; d.25.01.2014.

Børn: Jørgen Holm, Kirsten Holm og Morten Holm.

Grethe og Erik drev fødegården i Pillemark, hvor Erik boede indtil sin død.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.1. – Generation 3

Jørgen Holm, f.10.05.1953 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Grethe Holm Nielsen og Erik Nielsen.

Gift 12.09.1980 med **Marianne Koed Holm**, f.Koed Jensen 01.05.1953 i Skibet.

Børn: Dorthe Koed Holm, Jakob Koed Holm, og Mette Koed Holm.

Jørgen gik på pension i 2016 efter 30 år som afdelingsleder i D.L.G. i Sønderborg. Marianne blev også pensioneret i 2016 efter 38 år som sygeplejerske, de sidste 15 år som afdelingssygeplejerske i Augustenborg. Bor i Sønderborg.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.1.1. – Generation 4

Dorthe Koed Pedersen, f. Koed Holm 01.11.1982 i Bjerringbro.

Forældre: Jørgen Holm og Marianne Koed Holm.

Gift 07.05.2011 i Skibet Kirke med **Søren Koed Pedersen**, f.30.12.1980 i Vejle.

Børn: Marius Koed Pedersen, f.08.05.2012 og Agnes Koed Pedersen, f.22.05.2015; begge født i Lystrup, Århus. Dorthe er AC fuldmægtig, Søren er økonomichef. Familien bor i Brabrand ved Århus.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.1.2. – Generation 4

Jakob Koed Holm Thastrup, f.22.05.1987 i Varde.

Forældre: Jørgen Holm og Marianne Koed Holm.

Gift 04.09.2016 i Holmstrup Kirke ved Vejle med **Kirsten Gliemann Holm Thastrup**, f. Thastrup 10.08.1989 i Vejle.

Børn: Johan Holm Tastrup, f.29.04.2016 og Eva Holm Thastrup, f.01.02.2018 i Vejle.

Jakob er systemudvikler, og Kirsten er ergoterapeut. Familien bor i Ny Højen ved Vejle.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.1.3. – Generation 4

Mette Koed Holm, f.11.07.1993 i Sønderborg.

Forældre: Jørgen Holm og Marianne Koed Holm.

Mette bor i Ålborg og er ved at afslutte psykologistudie ved Ålborg Universitet.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.2. – Generation 3

Kirsten Holm Nielsen; f.03.03.1959 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Grethe Holm Nielsen og Erik Nielsen.

Partner: **Svend Bissø**, f.06.10.1959 i København.

Børn: Nanna Holm Bissø og Thea Holm Bissø.

Kirsten er butikschef i Imerco og Svend er butiksindehaver. De bor i Tranebjerg.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.2.1. – Generation 4

Nanna Holm Bissø, f.19.12.1989 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Kirsten Holm Nielsen og Svend Bissø.

Efter handelsgymnasium har Nanna i 2 år læst på Teko i Herning og har afsluttet bachelor studiet Design og Indretning i Århus, hvor hun arbejder som retail designer og bor sammen med Mika.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.2.2. – Generation 4

Thea Holm Bissø, f.01.02.1993 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Kirsten Holm Nielsen og Svend Bissø.

Thea afsluttede studentereksamen i 2013 og læser til kandidat i Interkulturelle Studier på Århus Universitet.

Rubrik TJ.5.1.3. – Generation 3

Morten Holm, f.27.12.1964 i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Grethe Holm Nielsen og Erik Nielsen.

Partnerskab med **Kate Printz**, f.22.12.1954.

Barn: **Ditte Printz**, f.07.03.1990 i Tranebjerg

Gift 11.11.2006 på Tranebjerg Rådhus med **Hanne Lise Holm Mikkelsen**, f.04.12.1953 i Stavtrup, Århus.

Morten er senior director i Yding Grønt i Østbirk. Han og Hanne bor i Brundby.

Rubrik TJ.5.2. – Generation 2

Kathrine (Tinne) Finnemann Bruun, f.Holm Jensen 20.09.1936 i Pillemark.

Forældre: Ragnhild Holm og Jørgen Holm Jensen.

Gift 06.11.1960(-1970) med **Steffen Finnemann Bruun**, f.22.02.1937 i Ordrup; d.21.09.1970 i Hørsholm.

Barn: Birgitte Finnemann Bruun.

Efter tidligere beskæftigelse som advokatsekretær blev Tinne i 1977 uddannet socialrådgiver og arbejdede med psykisk udviklingshæmmede børn og voksne i Københavns Kommune. I 1996 blev hun cand.scient.soc. og arbejdede derefter med planlægning indenfor handicapområdet. Tinne bor i Hørsholm.

Rubrik TJ.5.2.1. – Generation 3

Birgitte Finnemann Bruun, f.08.04.1969 i Gentofte.

Forældre: Kathrine Finnemann Bruun of Steffen Finnemann Bruun.

Børn: **Clara Bruun**, f.05.11.2009 og **Samuel Bruun**, f.16.04.2011.

Birgitte er uddannet cand.mag. i samfundsfag og kommunikation. Hun er kommunikationskonsulent i Københavns Kommune, primært på sundhedsområdet. Bor i Hørsholm.

KATHRINES SJETTE ÆLDSTE BARN, JØRGEN RASMUSSEN OG HANS FAMILIE:

Rubrik TJ.6. – Generation 1

Jørgen Rasmussen, f.14.06.1910 i Brundby; d.19.07.1991 i Brundby.

Forældre: Ane Kathrine Rasmussen og Jakob Rasmussen.

Gift 14.06.1935(-1979) i Blegind Kirke med **Martha Nielsine Rasmussen**, f.Pedersen 07.09.1914 i Blegind, d.27.03.1979 i Brundby.

Børn: Jacob Rasmussen, Birgit Rasmussen, Ruth Rasmussen, Hans Rasmussen, Knud Rasmussen, Anne-Marie Rasmussen og Ole Rasmussen.

Efter skolegang tjente Jørgen på forskellige landbrug på Sjælland og i Jylland og var i 1932 elev på Malling Landbrugsskole. Martha og Jørgen drev Damstrupgård i forpagtning fra 1940, indtil de overtog den i 1948. I 1976 flyttede de til et nybygget hus på gårdens jord i Brundby, og sønnen Knud overtog Damstrupgård. Desværre fik Martha ikke lov til ret længe at nyde det nye hus, som var Jørgens bopæl indtil hans død.

Rubrik TJ.6.1. – Generation 2

Jacob Rasmussen, f.06.02.1936 i Brundby.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Gift 14.10.1961 med **Magda Rasmussen**, f.Nielsen 07.12.1940 i Sønderjylland.

Børn: Gert Rasmussen, Jeppe Rasmussen og Rikke Rasmussen.

Jacob og Magda har drevet landbrug i Hylke ved Skanderborg. De bor nu i Skanderborg.

Rubrik TJ.6.1.1 – Generation 3

Gert Rasmussen, f. 07.03.1964 i Hylke ved Skanderborg.

Forældre: Jacob Rasmussen og Magda Rasmussen.

Gift 27.10.1990 med **Nina Rasmussen**, f.Møller Sørensen 30.01.1961 i Tranebjerg.

Børn: Tenna Rasmussen og Louise Rasmussen, begge født på Odder Sygehus. Gert er forretningskonsulent i økonomi- og ledelsesinformation indenfor finanssektoren. Familien bor i Odder.

Rubrik TJ.6.1.1.1. – Generation 4

Tenna Rasmussen, f.20.07.1990 i Odder.

Forældre: Gert og Nina Rasmussen.

Partnerskab med **Kasper Balshøj Andersen**, f.18.04.1990 på Vejle Sygehus.

Tenna er uddannet cand.ling.merc. og Kasper er cand.merc.marketing, begge fra Århus BSS i 2018. De er startet på jobs i henholdsvis kommunikations- og marketingsbranchen. Parret bor i Århus.

Rubrik TJ.6.1.1.2. – Generation 4

Louise Rasmussen, f.27.10.1992 i Odder.

Forældre: Gert og Nina Rasmussen.

Partnerskab med **Joakim Fløjstrup Degn**, f.06.04.1990 i Solbjerg.

Louise er uddannet lærer og arbejder som speciallærer. Joakim er uddannet tømrer og læser nu til bygningskonstruktør. Parret bor i Århus.

Rubrik TJ.6.1.2. – Generation 3

Jeppe Rasmussen, f.26.02.1970 i Hylke ved Skanderborg.

Forældre: Jacob Rasmussen og Magda Rasmussen.

Gift 31.05.1998 i Yding Kirke med **Christina Hauberg Rasmussen**, f. Hauberg 13.05.1970 i Ørting.

Børn: Tvillinger Camilla Hauberg Rasmussen og Caroline Hauberg Rasmussen, f.13.12.1998 på Skejby Sygehus.

Jeppe er smed og maskinforhandler i Yding. Familien bor i Brørup ved Skanderborg.

Rubrik TJ.6.1.3. – Generation 3

Rikke Næsted Nielsen, f. Rasmussen; f.24.08.1973 i Hylke ved Skanderborg.

Forældre: Jacob Rasmussen og Magda Rasmussen.

Gift 04.08.2001 i Hylke Kirke med **Ulrik Næsted Nielsen**, f.26.09.1968 i Grumstrup.

Børn: Jens Nielsen, f.22.05.1998 og Rasmus Nielsen, f.11.12.2000; begge født på Odder Sygehus.

Rikke er dagplejer i Hovedgård, som også er familiens bopæl.

Rubrik TJ.6.2. – Generation 2

Birgit Schilling Pedersen, f.Rasmussen 21.08.1938 i Brundby; d.14.06.1979 i Kettinge.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Gift 21.10.1967(-1979) i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Ole Schilling Pedersen**, f.23.11.1932 i Kettinge; d.25.11.2014.

Børn: Niels Schilling Pedersen og Dorthe Schilling Pedersen.

Birgit tog økonomauddannelse i 1962 på Tranebjerg Sygehus ved frk. Lundgaard. Hun var beskæftiget som økonoma på Holbæk Sygehus og Nakskov Sygehus og fra 1968 til sin død på plejehjemmet Solgården. Ole blev udlært mekaniker i 1949 og var beskæftiget på Kettinge Autoværksted og i Ridehuset i Nykøbing F indtil 1973. Derefter arbejdede han sammen med sin mor i hendes bageri, senere som værkfører på Kettinge Betonvarefabrik, indtil han i 1996 gik på efterløn. Ole boede til sin død i Kettinge.

Rubrik TJ.6.2.1. – Generation 3

Niels Schilling Pedersen, f.12.05.1968 i Kettinge.

Forældre: Birgit Pedersen og Ole Pedersen.

Gift 18.09.1999(-2005) i Eskildstrup Kirke med **Anette Sch. Pedersen** f.Hansen 22.05.1975 i Grenge.

Børn: Mads Schilling Pedersen f.27.06.1999 og Sine Schilling Pedersen, f. 06.07.2001; begge født i Nykøbing Falster.

Gift 22.12.2007 i Skælskør med **Mie Christina Schilling Pedersen**, f.Jensen 31.07.1972.

Barn: Sofie Schilling Pedersen, f.09.09.2008 i Nykøbing Falster.

Niels er uddannet industriellelektriker på Sukkerfabriken Nykøbing Falster. De sidste 26 år har han arbejdet med brand- og tyverialarmer hos Siemens. Familien bor i Eskildstrup.

Rubrik TJ.6.2.2. – Generation 3

Dorthe Schilling Pedersen, f.09.06.1970 i Kettinge.

Forældre: Birgit Pedersen og Ole Pedersen.

Barn: Chris Schilling Jørgensen.

Efter HH i 1989 og et år på Ryslinge Højskole blev Dorthe uddannet kontorassistent. Siden 1996 har hun arbejdet for Falck og er sekretær for Falck, Region Sjælland. Er stærkt involveret i frivilligt arbejde i lokale foreninger m.v., bl.a. som formand for håndboldklubben, bestyrelsesmedlem i Friluftsbadet og i 8 år medlem af bestyrelsen for Nysted Skole. Dorthe bor i Kettinge.

Rubrik TJ.6.2.2.1. – Generation 4

Chris Schilling Jørgensen, f.19.07.1996 på Nykøbing F. Sygehus.

Forælder: Dorthe Schilling Pedersen.

Chris er uddannet salgsassistent i København. Han bor nu i Nykøbing F sammen med sin kæreste Terese Rønskov Jørgensen.

Rubrik TJ.6.3. – Generation 2

Ruth Rasmussen, f.09.02.1942 i Brundby; d.16.01.2010 i Skanderborg.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Ruth var syerske og boede i Skanderborg.

Rubrik TJ.6.4. – Generation 2

Hans Jørgen Rasmussen, f.13.09.1943 i Brundby; d.11.01.2017 i Jerslev.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Gift 28.03.1970(-2017) i Kolby Kirke med **Elna Rasmussen**, f.Henriksen 24.06.1947 i Hårmark.

Børn: Ann Lisbeth Rasmussen og Lars Jacob Rasmussen.

Efter skolegang i Brundby arbejdede Hans i nogle år på landbrugsbedrifter i Jylland, i England og på Samsø og tog i 1966 landbrugsuddannelse på Bygholm Landbrugsskole. I 1969 købte Hans og Elna hus i Jerslev ved Kalundborg. Fra 1970 til 1996 var Hans bankbetjent i Andelsbanken i Kalundborg. Fra 1996 indtil 2008 var han pedel ved Hvidebæk Kommunes børnehaver, senere også i nogle ældreboliger, hvor han forblev deltidsansat indtil sin sygdom i 2015. Hans var aktiv i et utal af foreninger og organisationer. Først var det Firmasporten i Kalundborg, senere fra 1986-2004 som mangeårig formand for Hvidebæk Idrætsforening, hvor han i 2004 blev udnævnt til æresmedlem. Hans var formand for skovforeningen i Troldbjergskoven, hvor han var den drivende kraft i udvidelsen af det tilplantede areal og pasningen af de små nye træer, han selv havde opdyrket. Desuden var han aktiv i Møllelauget, i Jerslev Vandværk, i Turistforeningen og i organiseringen af Vikingemarkedet på Fugledegaard ved Tissø. Elna har arbejdet som hospitalslaborant på Kalundborg Sygehus i 40 år indtil sin pensionering. Elna bor nu alene i Jerslev ved Kalundborg.

Rubrik TJ.6.4.1. – Generation 3

Ann Lisbeth Rasmussen-Gumm, f.Rasmussen 10.10.1970 i Kalundborg.

Forældre: Hans Jørgen Rasmussen og Elna Rasmussen.

Gift 15.05.1999(-2014) i Lille Fuglede Kirke med **Andreas Gumm**, f.17.10.1968 i Neukirchen/Saar, Tyskland.

Barn: Peter Rasmus Gumm, f.26.02.2007 i Darmstadt, Tyskland.

Lisbeth var efter endt skolegang på uddannelsesophold på Den Danske Købmandsskole i Bremen i 1990, studerede SPRØK, engelsk og tysk på Handelshøjskolen, var på udvekslingsstudier i Lancaster, UK og tog i 1999 M.S. grad i Human Resource Management på Copenhagen Business School. Hun har fra 2001 til 2007 haft forskellige forvaltningsstillinger i Darmstadt, bl.a. hos EUMETSAT. Siden 2009 er hun ansat i Den Evangeliske Kirkes Regionalforvaltning, Starckenburg-Ost i Darmstadt som sagsbehandler for 150 kirkesogne i afdelingen for grunde og bygninger. I en årrække (2009-2013) har hun været bestyrelsesformand for Peters forældredrevne børnehaver. Lisbeth er aktivt medlem af koret, Chorus Line, og meget interesseret i genealogi. Siden 2013 har Lisbeth engageret sig meget i integrationen af de mange flygtningefamilier, der er kommet til at bo i lokalområdet. Lisbeth og Peter bor i Klein-Zimmern ved Gross-Zimmern, ca. 20 km. fra Darmstadt i Tyskland.

Rubrik TJ.6.4.2. – Generation 3

Lars Jacob Rasmussen, f.05.04.1973 i Kalundborg.

Forældre: Hans Jørgen Rasmussen og Elna Rasmussen.

Gift 28.11.1998(-2018) i Kalundborg med **Line Bjerg Funder**, f.27.06.1974 i Esbjerg.

Børn: Laura Bjerg Rasmussen Funder, Karoline Bjerg Rasmussen Funder, f.21.10.1999 i Jerslev og Johan Bjerg Rasmussen Funder, f.22.12.2004 på Gentofte Sygehus.

Lars Jacob er uddannet processteknolog og arbejder i Kalundborg for Novozymes. Han bor i Føllenslev på et nedlagt statshusmandssted.

Rubrik TJ.6.4.2.1. – Generation 4

Laura Bjerg Rasmussen Funder, f.29.09.1995 på Holbæk Sygehus.

Forældre: Lars Jacob Rasmussen og Line Funder.

Laura er under uddannelse til maskinteknikingeniør i Århus.

Rubrik TJ.6.5. – Generation 2

Knud Arne Rasmussen, f.01.11.1945 i Brundby.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Partnerskab 1983 med **Gertrud Hansen**, f.05.07.1942 i Nordby.

Knud overtog Damstrupgård i 1976 og arbejdede også som handelsmand. Omkring 1985 flyttede Gertrud til Damstrupgård sammen med sin søn Flemming, som omkring 2002 overtog gården, da Knud og Gertrud flyttede til det hus, Knuds far, Jørgen havde bygget i Brundby i 1976.

Rubrik TJ.6.6. – Generation 2

Anne-Marie Skjødt, f. Rasmussen 26.03.1948 i Brundby.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Gift 29.05.1971 i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Ove Skjødt**, f.01.08.1944 i Onsbjerg.

Børn: Anders Skjødt og Morten Skjødt.

Anne-Marie var indtil pensionering børnehavepædagog og Ove var pedel i Solbjerg i Østjylland, hvor familien bor.

Rubrik TJ.6.6.1. – Generation 3

Anders Skjødt, f.06.08.1972 på Odder Sygehus.

Forældre: Anne-Marie Skjødt og Ove Skjødt.

Gift 26.01.2006 med **Karin Hjortshøj Andersen**, f.27.04.1969 i Århus.

Børn: Tvillinger Line Skjødt Andersen og Daniel Skjødt Andersen, f.30.06.2004, samt Mathilde Skjødt Andersen, f.28.02.2006; alle født på Skejby Sygehus.

Anders er væksthøgartner og Karin anlægsgartner. Familien bor i Hammel.

Rubrik TJ.6.6.2. – Generation 3

Morten Skjødt, f.12.11.1977 på Odder Sygehus.

Forældre: Anne-Marie Skjødt og Ove Skjødt.

Gift 28.05.2011 i Tiset Kirke med **Mette Kjærsgård Skjødt**, f.Kristensen 03.02.1980 i Ørsted.

Børn: Ida Kjærsgård Skjødt, f.15.12.2008 og Lea Kjærsgård Skjødt, f.13.08.2013.

Morten er ejendomsadministrator og Mette pædagog. Familien bor i Solbjerg.

Rubrik TJ.6.7. – Generation 2

Ole Rasmussen, f.22.11.1950 på Amtssygehuset i Tranebjerg.

Forældre: Jørgen Rasmussen og Martha Rasmussen.

Partnerskab omkring 1970 med **Susanne Bach**.

Barn: Yvonne Bach.

Gift 22.11.1975 i Tranebjerg Kirke med **Hanne Langvad Rasmussen**, f.Thomsen 06.01.1955 i Esbjerg.

Børn: Mette Rasmussen og Søren Langvad Rasmussen.

Ole er skovarbejder og bor i Ring-Brædstrup.

Rubrik TJ.6.7.1. – Generation 3

Yvonne Bach, f.12.06.1974 på Kjellerup Sygehus.

Forældre: Ole Rasmussen og Susanne Bach.

Gift 05.08.2000 med **Michael Rasmussen**, f. 22.03.1967.

Børn: Mikkel Bach Rasmussen, f.17.05.1998 og Tobias Bach Rasmussen, f.08.07.2001 på Skejby Sygehus.

Efter endt skolegang blev Yvonne uddannet frisør og oprettede selvstændig frisørvirksomhed. Siden 2005 har hun arbejdet som handicaphjælper. Familien bor i Mårslet.

Rubrik TJ.6.7.2. – Generation 3

Mette Rasmussen, f.23.06.1975 i Skanderborg.

Forældre: Ole Rasmussen og Hanne Rasmussen.

Partnerskab 2001(-2009) med **Thomas Møller Rasmussen**, f.08.02.1978

Børn: Julie Møller Rasmussen, f.30.05.2004 og Mads Møller Rasmussen, f.08.01.2007; begge født på Skejby Sygehus.

Partnerskab 2010 med **Kenneth Skovbølling Madsen**, f.16.02.1986.

Barn: Lucas Skovbølling Rasmussen, f.09.07.2012 på Horsens Sygehus.

Mette, uddannet som blomsterdekoratør, læser for tiden til Socilrådgiver. Kenneth er selvstændig vognmand. Familien bor i Brædstrup.

Rubrik TJ.6.7.3. – Generation 3

Søren Langvad Rasmussen, f.14.07.1978 i Skanderborg.

Forældre: Ole Rasmussen og Hanne Rasmussen.

Partnerskab 2009 med **Siri Lyster Ambus**, f.17.03.1979 i Tybjerg ved Næstved.

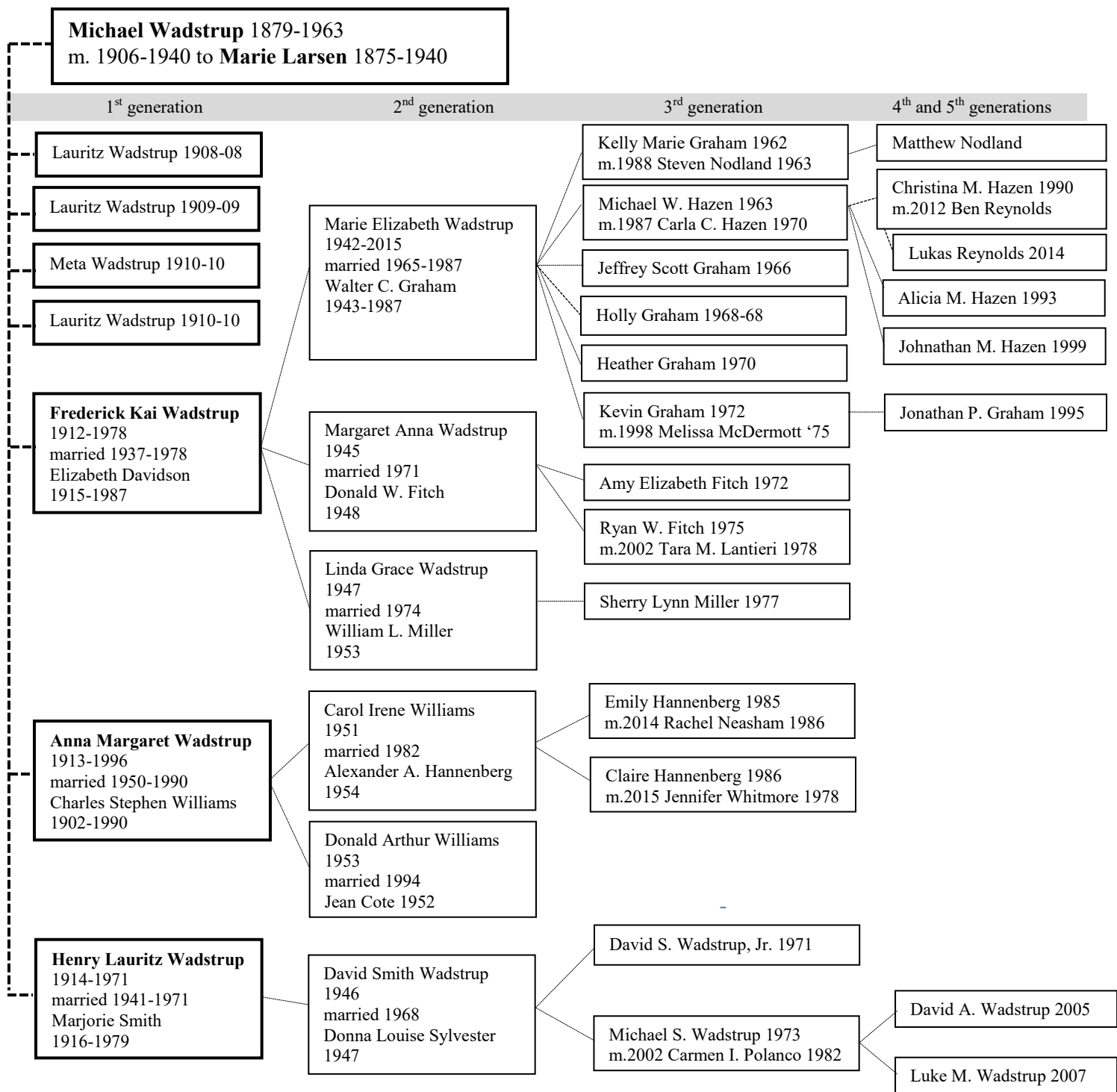
Børn: Lauge Rasmussen Ambus, f.04.02.2011, Magne Rasmussen Ambus, f.23.01.2013 og Ibi Rasmussen Ambus, f.31.05.2015; alle født på Horsens Sygehus.

Søren er VVS tekniker og Siri speciallærer. Familien bor i Davding ved Brædstrup.

2.3.3. Michael Wadstrups familiegruppe

2.3.3. Michael Wadstrup's family group

2.3.3.1. Michaels familietræ – 2.3.3.1. Michael's family tree



2.3.3.2. Personoplysninger Michaels familiegruppe – 2.3.3.2. Individuals in Michael's family group

FOUNDER OF FAMILY GROUP:

Paragraph MM

Jørgen Michael Jørgensen Vadstrup (aka **Michael Wadstrup**), b.30.01.1879 in Århus, Denmark; d.14.11.1963 in Cromwell, buried in Zion Hill Cemetery, Hartford, CT.

Parents: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup and Maren Michelsdatter Vadstrup.

Married 1906(-1940) in Hartford, CT to **Marie Wadstrup**, b.Larsen 12.05.1875 in Køge Denmark; d.1940 in Hartford, CT.

Children: Lauritz Wadstrup, born and died 14.02.1908, Lauritz Wadstrup, born and died 02.01.1909, Meta Wadstrup, born and died 04.01.1910, Lauritz Wadstrup, born and died 04.01.1910, Frederick Kai Wadstrup, Anna Margaret Wadstrup and Henry Lauritz Wadstrup.

In 1902, the year after the death of his mother, Michael then 23 years old traveled to the US. He lived in Hartford, CT until 1905 when he returned to Denmark. The following year, he went back to the US, this time in company with his future brother-in-law, Hans Søren Rasmussen from Samsø. They arrived aboard the ship "United States" on March 7, 1906 and settled in Hartford. Michael was a tinsmith by trade. After their wedding, Michael and Marie settled on Laurel Street in Hartford, CT where they lived from 1908 to 1910 with their three children. Later, they resided on Four Mile Road in West Hartford.

MICHAEL'S OLDEST SURVIVING CHILD, FREDERICK KAI WADSTRUP AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph MM.5. – Generation 1

Frederick Kai Wadstrup, b.14.06.1912 in Hartford, CT; d.29.11.1978 in East Hartford, CT.

Parents: Michael and Marie Wadstrup.

Married 1937(-1978) to **Elizabeth Wadstrup**, b.Davidson 22.09.1915 in Hartford, CT; d.01.12.1987.

Children: Marie Elizabeth Wadstrup, Margaret Anna Wadstrup and Linda Grace Wadstrup.

Frederick was employed in many positions over the years, including machinist, postal clerk, protection serviceman, production planner, assistant production manager, boiler operator, assembler and holler operator. Elizabeth was employed by Travelers Insurance Company in Hartford as an executive secretary. Frederick and Elizabeth lived for many years on Bannister Street in Hartford, CT.

Paragraph MM.5.1. – Generation 2

Marie Elizabeth Graham, b.Wadstrup 23.10.1942 in Hartford, CT; d.07.06.2015 in Shelton, WA.

Parents: Frederick Kai and Elizabeth Wadstrup.

Married 29.10.1965(-1987) in Newington, CT to **Walter C. Graham**, b.08.03.1943 in Hartford, CT; d.28.06.1987 in Windham, CT.

Children: Kelly Marie, Michael William, Jeffrey Scott, Holly Graham (born and died in 1968), Heather, and Kevin.

Paragraph MM.5.1.1. – Generation 3

Kelly Marie Nodland, b.Graham 09.10.1962.

Parents: Marie Elizabeth and Walter Graham.

Married 14.02.1988 in Manchester, CT to **Steven R. Nodland**, b.1963.

Child: Matthew Nodland

Paragraph MM.5.1.2. – Generation 3

Michael William Hazen, b.Wadstrup 25.09.1963 in Hartford, CT.

Parent: Marie Elizabeth and Walter Graham.

Married 04.08.1987 in Redwing Park, Virginia Beach, VA to **Carla Christine Hazen**, b.20.02.1970 in Portsmouth, VA.

Children: Christina Michelle Hazen, Alicia Marie Hazen 26.01.1993 and Johnathan Michael Hazen 05.10.1999.

In 1967, Michael moved to his adoptive family in South Hero, VT where he grew up together with another boy, Bruce Fairbanks Hazen. In 1975, they moved to Ruskin, FL where Donald Hazen (Michael's adoptive father) died in 1976 and the family went back north to Orange, CT. In 1981, Michael joined the United States Navy as an Operational Specialist, retiring in 2003 with 22 years of Honorable Naval Service. During that period, he met

his wife, Carla Christine, in Virginia Beach, VA and they married in 1987. Since 2003, Michael has worked as a Program Manager for an Information Technology government contractor. Evelyn Hazen (Michael's adoptive mother) passed away in 1996. It was in the late 1990s that Michael contacted his biological mother, Marie Wadstrup Graham, and met with other family members.

Paragraph MM.5.1.2.1. – Generation 4

Christina Michelle Reynolds, b.Hazen 14.02.1990.

Parents: Michael and Carla Christine Hazen.

Married 06.10.2012 to **Benjamin Reynolds**.

Child: Lukas Michael Reynolds, b.08.07.2014.

Paragraph MM.5.1.3 – Generation 3

Jeffrey Scott Graham, b.20.06.1966.

Parents: Marie Elizabeth and Walter Graham.

Paragraph MM.5.1.5. – Generation 3

Heather Carliell Graham, b.10.09.1970 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Marie Elizabeth and Walter Graham.

Paragraph MM.5.1.6 – Generation 3

Kevin Thomas Graham, b.19.01.1972.

Parents: Marie Elizabeth and Walter Graham.

Married 1998 in South Windsor, CT to **Melissa McDermott**, b.16.04.1975.

Child: Jonathan Platt Graham 1995

Paragraph MM.5.2. – Generation 2

Margaret Anna Fitch, b.Wadstrup 29.01.1945.

Parents: Frederick Kai and Elizabeth Wadstrup.

Married 06.11.1971 in Hartford, CT to **Donald W. Fitch**, b.20.07.1948 in Hartford, CT.

Children: Amy Elizabeth Fitch and Ryan W. Fitch

Paragraph MM.5.2.1. – Generation 3

Amy Elizabeth Fitch, b.12.09.1972.

Parents: Margaret Anna and Donald Fitch.

Paragraph MM.5.2.2. – Generation 3

Ryan W. Fitch, b.22.04.1975 In Hartford, CT.

Parents: Margaret Anna and Donald Fitch.

Married 01.06.2002 in Hartford, CT to **Tara M. Lantieri**, b.1978.

Paragraph MM.5.3. – Generation 2

Linda Grace Miller, b.Wadstrup 1947.

Parents: Frederick Kai and Elizabeth Wadstrup.

Married 06.09.1974 in East Hartford, CT to **William L. Miller**, b.1953.

Child: Sherry Lynn Miller

Paragraph MM.5.3.1. – Generation 3

Sherry Lynn Miller, b.1977.

Parents: Linda Grace and William L. Miller.

MICHAEL'S SECOND OLDEST SURVIVING CHILD, ANNA MARGARET WILLIAMS AND HER FAMILY:

Paragraph MM.6. – Generation 1

Anna Margaret Williams, b.Wadstrup 10.07.1913 in Hartford CT; d.01.08.1996 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Michael and Marie Vadstrup.

Married 11.02.1950(-1990) in W. Hartford, CT to **Charles Stephen Williams**, b.25.05.1902 in Manchester, CT; d.04.07.1990 in Hartford, buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery.

Children: Carol Irene Williams and Donald Arthur Williams.

After high school graduation, Anna Margaret worked from 1932 to 1950 as a librarian at the Hall High School in West Hartford, CT. She and Charles moved to Wethersfield, CT where their children grew up. Charles worked for a Hartford bank for 49 years. Their son Donald now owns the house in Wethersfield. Charles' first wife, Abigail Wilson, died in 1947.

Paragraph MM.6.1. – Generation 2

Carol Irene Hannenberg, b. Williams 13.03.1951 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Anna Margaret and Charles Stephen Williams.

Married 08.05.1982 in Cambridge, MA to **Alexander Austin Hannenberg**, b.08.07.1954 in Brooklyn, New York.

Children: Emily Hannenberg and Claire Hannenberg.

Both Carol and Alexander have worked as physicians for many years. Carol has retired from practicing medicine and is now studying German. She enjoys a number of activities, among them playing pickleball. Alexander no longer has patient care responsibilities. Instead, his time is dedicated to work for the American Society of anesthesiologists and for the Harvard School of Public Health dealing with surgical safety issues and the provision of operating room equipment for low-resourced countries. Since 1986, they have lived in Wellesley, MA where their two daughters grew up.

Paragraph MM.6.1.1. – Generation 3

Emily Catherine Hannenberg, b.12.04.1985 in Boston, MA.

Parents: Carol and Alexander Hannenberg.

Married 31.08.2014 in St. Helena, CA to **Rachel Neasham**, b.03.07.1986 in Sacramento, CA.

Emily graduated from the US Military Academy in West Point, NY and was an officer in the US Army. She has been stationed in Iraq, Afghanistan, Hawaii, Missouri, Virginia and North Carolina. She has been teaching in a Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) program at MIT in Cambridge, MA. Last year, she ended a 10-year army career and is now a first-year grad student at Harvard Business School. Her wife is also a West Point graduate.

Paragraph MM.6.1.2. – Generation 3

Claire Marjorie Hannenberg, b.29.07.1986 in Boston, MA.

Parents: Carol and Alexander Hannenberg.

Married 09.05.2015 to **Jennifer Megan Whitmore**, b.27.07.1978 in Pittsburg, PA.

Claire Marjorie is named after her aunt Marjorie Wadstrup, b. Smith. She played basketball at Villanova University. Since graduating from Villanova, both Claire and Jennifer work for The Vanguard Group, Inc., currently the largest mutual fund company in the United States. Claire is pursuing her MBA at Temple University's Fox School of Business. Jennifer is a Black Belt in Kenpo Karate and enjoys baking. They live in Exton, PA and are looking forward to the birth of their first child in June 2018.

Paragraph MM.6.2. – Generation 2

Donald Arthur Williams, Jr., b.10.03.1953 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Anna Margaret and Charles Stephen Williams.

Married in 1994 to **Jean Williams**, b.Cote 26.04.1952.

Jean grew up in Wethersfield and works in IT at Baystate Medical Center in Springfield, MA. She is an accomplished quilter.

MICHAEL'S THIRD OLDEST SURVIVING CHILD, HENRY LAURITZ WADSTRUP AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph MM.7. – Generation 1

Henry Lauritz Wadstrup, b.16.12.1914 in Hartford, CT; d.12.07.1971 in West Hartford, buried in Fairview Cemetery, West Hartford, CT.

Parents: Michael and Marie Wadstrup.

Married 1941(-1971) in Hartford to **Marjorie Smith**, b.03.10.1916 in Hartford; d.12.04.1979.

Child: David Smith Wadstrup.

Henry grew up in West Hartford, and attended Seymour Ave. Elementary School, Alfred E. Plant Jr. High School and William H. Hall High School. Due to the effects of the Great Depression he had to leave school at

age 16 and started working for Underwood Typewriter Co. in Hartford, CT where his father and brother also worked. His weekly earnings of \$11 helped to pay for the household expenses. Later, he got a job with Pratt and Whitney Aircraft at the Packard Building in Hartford, moving on to their East Hartford facility and then to their Southington plant. He served as a Leadman and a Tool Technician until the time of his death. Marjorie grew up in Wethersfield, graduated in 1935 from Wethersfield High School, and went to work for The Travelers Insurance Company in Hartford. Later, she and her family moved to West Hartford where she met Henry. They married in 1941 and settled on Oakwood Avenue in West Hartford. When David was born in 1946, Marjorie became a stay at home mom. As David grew older, Marjorie worked part time at The US Cleaners and the Van DeWater Schmidt Company in West Hartford. Later, she went to work for Tracy, Robinson and Williams and for Hunter Press. The family relocated to South Quaker Lane in West Hartford to be near and care for Marjorie's parents. Henry enjoyed wood and metal working in his spare time and was an avid New York Yankee baseball fan. He lived just long enough to see his grandson David Jr. born in 1971. Marjorie's main hobbies were vacationing and knitting. She enjoyed her family, including becoming a grandmother. In 1963, the family had moved to the Elmwood section of West Hartford where Marjorie remained until her death in 1979.

Paragraph MM.7.1. – Generation 2

David Smith Wadstrup, b.23.02.1946 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Henry and Marjorie Wadstrup.

Married 1968 in Rocky Hill, CT to **Donna Louise Sylvester**, b.06.05.1947 in Hartford, CT.

Children: David Smith Wadstrup, Jr. and Michael Sylvester Wadstrup.

David resided on Oakwood Ave., South Quaker Lane and Elmfield St. in West Hartford until the time of his marriage in 1968. He attended Florence E. Smith School and Alfred E. Plant Jr. High School. He graduated in 1964 from William H. Hall High School having worked part time at Quaker Shell across the street from his home. After school, he worked for a year at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft in Southington CT to purchase a car before he enrolled in night school. During that period, the Vietnam War had escalated and due to the wartime atmosphere a new Nike Missile Base in Cromwell, CT was enlisting part time National Guard members. After successful testing, David's application was accepted. He completed a six month Basic Training Course at Ft. Dix, New Jersey, attended weekly evening instruction at the Nike Base and two weeks training each year. After 33 years in the part time CT Army National Guard, David retired in 2006. He was employed by the Substation Electrical Engineering and Design Department at Northeast Utilities where he met Donna. They married in September 1968. Donna Louise resided in Wethersfield, CT until age five, when her family including two younger sisters, Ellen Jean and Lori Ann, moved to Rocky Hill. Donna attended elementary grades at Center School, Dr. Oran Moser School and graduated from Rocky Hill Jr./Sr. High School. She then attended Bay Path Junior College, where she was a Dean's List student. Donna worked for G. Fox & Co., Northeast Utilities, Rocky Hill Board of Education, and Project Opening Doors. Since 1969, David and Donna have resided in Rocky Hill where their two boys grew up. David has been in several organizations over the years and was Worshipful Master of Hospitality Lodge No. 128 A.F. & A.M. in Wethersfield, CT during 1984 and a member of the Scottish Rite and Sphinx Temple in Newington, CT. He enjoys travelling, fishing, photography, genealogy and being a fan of the New York Yankees. He is now involved with The Old Guard at the West Hartford YMCA and volunteers at Foodshare in West Hartford. Donna has volunteered at Hartford Hospital, Griswold Middle School and Rocky Hill High School as a mentor, and continues to volunteer at the Universalist Church of West Hartford for Have A Heart and the Wadsworth Atheneum.

Paragraph MM.7.1.1. – Generation 3

David Smith Wadstrup Jr., b.01.03.1971 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: David and Donna Louise Sylvester.

David grew up in Rocky Hill, CT and attended West Hill Elementary School, Griswold Middle School and Rocky Hill High School. After graduation, he took courses at The Boston Architectural Center and Boston University and, after moving to CA, at the City College of San Francisco until he was accepted to the University of California at Berkeley from where he graduated Summa Cum Laude majoring in Women's Studies and Ethnic Studies in 1997. He later held job positions in Seattle, WA and Portland, OR and finally settled in Brooklyn, NY where he worked as a manager for an independent book seller in the SoHo section of Manhattan. David's hobbies are reading, biking, skiing, travelling and furniture making. David is currently engaged to be married.

Paragraph MM.7.1.2. – Generation 3

Michael Sylvester Wadstrup, b.10.01.1973 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: David and Donna Louise Sylvester.

Married 2002 in Meriden, CT to **Carmen Iraida Polanco**, b.31.10.1982 in Aguada, Puerto Rico, USA.

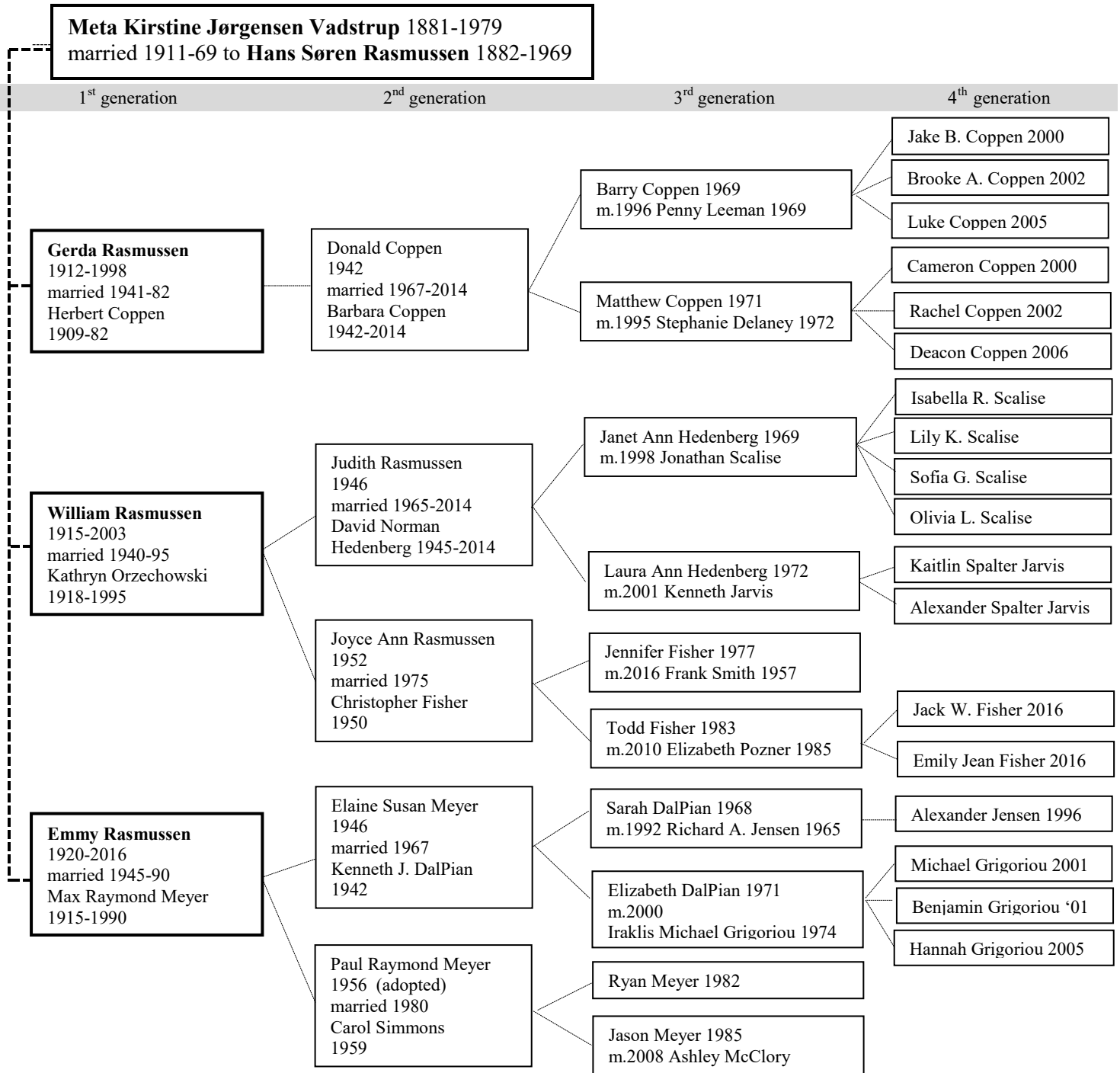
Children: David Alonzo Wadstrup, b.20.04.2005 and Luke Maximus Wadstrup, b.29.01.2007, both born in Meriden, CT.

Michael grew up in Rocky Hill, CT and attended West Hill Elementary School, Griswold Middle School, Rocky Hill High School and later the University of Connecticut in West Hartford and Storrs. During these years he was employed part time at West Side Market, West Hill Pizza, and Bob's Stores. He is currently the Manager of Supply Chain Payroll & Expense for SportsDirect. At the age of 10 Carmen (known to everyone as Cary) relocated from Aguada, Puerto Rico to Meriden in CT where she attended Lincoln Middle School and Maloney High School. In his spare time, Michael coaches Boys' Basketball and Boy's Baseball. He roots for the New York Yankees, the Chicago Bears and Georgetown basketball. Cary enjoys cooking, home decorating, entertaining and fashion. She and Michael are very active in their church. The family lives in Berlin, CT.

2.3.4. Meta Rasmussens familiegruppe

2.3.4. Meta Rasmussen's family group

2.3.4.1. Metas familietræ – 2.3.4.1. Meta's family tree



2.3.4.2. Personoplysninger Metas familiegruppe – 2.3.4.2. Individuals in Meta's family group

FOUNDER OF FAMILY GROUP:

Paragraph MS

Meta Kirstine Jørgensen Rasmussen, b.Vadstrup 23.09.1881 in Århus, Denmark; d.04.08.1979 in New Britain, CT.

Meta's parents: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup and Maren Michelsdatter Vadstrup.

Married in Tranebjerg, Samsø 08.12.1911(-1969) to **Hans Søren Rasmussen**, b.17.12.1882 in Brundby, Samsø; d. 24.12.1969 in New Britain, CT. Hans' brother, Jakob Rasmussen married Meta's sister, Trine.

Children: Gerda Rasmussen, William Rasmussen and Emmy Rasmussen.

Meta was an accomplished seamstress and baker. In early adulthood, she was a companion to a wealthy Danish woman and they traveled together to Siberia. Søren was a farm worker until he traveled to Connecticut in 1906 together with Meta's brother and his future brother-in-law, Jørgen Michael Jørgensen Vadstrup. Meta followed in 1908 together with her brother, Rasmus Jørgensen Vadstrup. In 1911 after their first stay in Connecticut, Meta and Søren returned to Denmark where they married and became farmers. Søren served in the Danish armed security forces in 1916 during World War I. Their three children were born in Denmark. In 1922, the family left Denmark and settled in West Hartford, CT where they were close to other members of the family. Søren became a carpenter by trade. In his spare time, he enjoyed gardening and reading and he was a member of the Danish Brotherhood Association. Meta was a member of the Danish Sisterhood Association and active in Our Savior's Lutheran Church Ladies Aid Association. They became naturalized U.S. citizens – Søren in 1928 and Meta in 1940. Søren died at age 87 and Meta lived independently in her home until age 95.

META'S OLDEST CHILD, GERDA COPPEN AND HER FAMILY:

Paragraph MS.1. – Generation 1

Gerda Coppen, b.Rasmussen 28.12.1912 in Tranebjerg, Samsø; d.16.11.1998 in West Hartford, CT.

Parents: Meta and Hans Søren Rasmussen.

Married 13.09.1941(-1982) to **Herbert William Coppen**, b.20.01.1909 in Chigwell, England; d.01.12.1982 in Hartford.

Child: Donald Herbert Coppen.

Gerda worked at Underwood Typewriter Corp. where she met Herbert. She was a stay at home mom until their son, Donald reached his teens. For a number of years, she then worked in the cafeteria of a local school. Herbert was the Payroll Supervisor at Underwood Typewriter until it closed. He then worked some years at Hartford National Bank before retiring.

Paragraph MS.1.1. – Generation 2

Donald Coppen, b.01.10.1942 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Gerda and Herbert Coppen.

Married 01.07.1967(-2014) in Waterbury, CT to **Barbara Duffy**, b.10.10.1942 in Waterbury, CT; d.24.07.2014.

Children: Barry Coppen and Matthew Coppen.

Don got his teacher's degree from Southern Connecticut State College (SCSC). He taught Physical Education and coached soccer and basketball for one year at the Garden School in Jackson Heights after he and Barbara married and moved to NY. They lived two years in San Diego, CA when Don was in the Navy. After returning to CT, Don was a sales representative for an automotive parts wholesaler until he retired in 2001. Barbara also graduated from SCSC, taught Special Education in Bristol, CT before marrying Don. For two years, she was at the Board of Cooperative Educational Services School on Long Island before moving to San Diego. Back in CT Barbara stayed at home until their two sons were in their teens. Then she went to work for Hartford Financial Service (The Hartford Insurance Co.) from where she retired as an Assistant Vice President. One of Don's great interests has always been sports, especially golf. Barbara's hobbies were all kinds of arts and crafts including reverse painting on glass, knitting and rug hooking and, not least, the six grandchildren. They both loved traveling and have been all over the U.S. They have visited Canada, Australia, China, Norway and Denmark. In 2013, they attended a Vadstrup/Rasmussen family reunion on Samsø together with more than 150 Danish family members.

Paragraph MS.1.1.1. – Generation 3

Barry Coppen, b.01.07.1969 in San Diego, CA.

Parents: Donald and Barbara Coppen.

Married 31.08.1996 to **Penny Leeman**, b.26.02.1969 in Middletown, CT.

Children: Jake Barry Coppen b.12.11.2000, Brooke Alexa Coppen b.20.08.2002 and Luke Coppen b.07.09.2005; all born in Hartford, CT.

Barry is the Director of Physical Plant at Klingberg Family Centers in New Britain, CT. He coaches Little League baseball, basketball and has held a position on the Avon Little League Board of Directors. Penny works for Cigna Insurance as a Learning Manager in Bloomfield, CT. Fishing, golf and spending time on the beach are some of the hobbies in the family. They live in Avon, CT.

Paragraph MS.1.1.2. – Generation 3

Matthew Coppen, b.14.07.1971 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Donald and Barbara Coppen.

Married 20.10.1995 to **Stephanie Delaney**, b.13.12.1972 in Waterbury, CT.

Children: Cameron Coppen b.16.11.2000, Rachel Coppen b.02.05.2002 and Deacon Coppen b.02.12.2006; all born in Hartford, CT.

Matthew got his B.A. degree from Keene State College, NH and is Director of Underwriting in The Hartford Insurance Company. Among his hobbies are tennis, golf, fishing, basketball and music. Stephanie works as Family Programs Coordinator in the National Stuttering Association. She is a former Board of Directors Member of the association. Dogs and the welfare of dogs is one of her keen interests and she volunteers for the Labrador Friends of the South, a non-profit organization dedicated to the rescue and adoption of homeless Labrador Retrievers in the Southeast region. Other interests are music, baseball and music. Until 2009, the family lived in Farmington, CT. Then after two years in Louisville, KY they moved to their present home in Atlanta, GA.

META'S SECOND OLDEST CHILD, WILLIAM RASMUSSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph MS.2.– Generation 1

William Rasmussen, b.12.03.1915 in Tornved, Denmark; d.03.11.2003 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: Meta and Hans Søren Rasmussen.

Married 28.12.1940(-1995) to **Kathryn Ann Orzechowski**, b.19.08.1918 in New Britain, CT; d.06.02.1995 in New Britain.

Children: Judith Ann Rasmussen and Joyce Ann Rasmussen.

William emigrated from Denmark to Connecticut at age 7 together with his parents and two sisters. He attended Hall High School in West Hartford, CT. William was very proud of his US citizenship and enlisted in the US Army for service. In December 1940 he married his best friend. Together he and Kathryn enjoyed following the big bands of their time, playing cards and spending lots of time at the beach. He worked as a tool and die maker at Caval Tool Co. until his retirement. William enjoyed playing golf, reading and – not least – spending time with his grandchildren and great grandchildren. He was a loyal New York Yankees fan. Kathryn was born in New Britain to Polish parents, the youngest of five children. She met William at a local social and soon was his best friend. She was a stay at home mom and enjoyed being part of her children's activities as she volunteered in many areas. She started her day reading the entire newspaper and she also was a loyal New York Yankees fan and enjoyed playing bingo. Kathryn had lots of zest for life and her grandchildren brought lots of joy.

Paragraph MS.2.1. – Generation 2

Judith Ann Hedenberg, b.Rasmussen 09.01.1946 in in New Britain, CT.

Parents: William and Kathryn Ann Rasmussen.

Married 30.10.1965(-2014) in New Britain, CT to **David Norman Hedenberg**, b.10.06.1945 in New Britain, CT; d.05.02.2014 in Wallingford, CT.

Children: Janet Ann Hedenberg and Laura Ann Hedenberg.

Judith grew up in New Britain, CT and graduated from Pulaski High School, Class of 1964. Judith and David were high school sweethearts and were married in 1965. Judith was a stay at home mom until her daughters were in school and then worked in banking for several years prior to employment at the University of

Connecticut, School of Dental Medicine. She retired as an Administrative Program Coordinator after 24 years of service. Throughout the years she volunteered in many areas of school organizations and the New Britain Junior Women's Club including leadership positions. Currently Judith enjoys spending time with her six grandchildren as well as attending all of their many activities; volunteering through the Southington Connecticut Elks Lodge and the American Red Cross; creating greeting cards, invitations, etc. with rubber-stamping; traveling and spending time at the beach. David was born in New Britain, CT and was of Swedish, English and German ancestry. He graduated from New Britain High School and attended Porter School of Engineering Design. During most of his career he was employed in the electrical contracting business retiring from McPhee Electric after 25 years of service. Over the years he enjoyed fishing, reading, traveling and cooking, always providing delicious meals for every family get together. Being with his grandchildren brought him great joy.

Paragraph MS.2.1.1. – Generation 3

Janet Ann Scalise, b. Hedenberg 06.04.1969 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: Judith and David Hedenberg.

Married 15. 08.1998 in New Britain to **Jonathan Scalise**.

Children: Isabella Rose Scalise, Lily Kathryn Scalise, Sofia Grace Scalise and Olivia Lauren Scalise.

Paragraph MS.2.1.2. – Generation 3

Laura Ann Jarvi, b. Hedenberg 04.10.1972 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: Judith and David Hedenberg.

Married 15.09.2001 in New Britain to **Kenneth Spalter Jarvis**.

Children: Kaitlin Spalter Jarvis, Alexander Chester Spalter Jarvis.

Paragraph MS.2.2. – Generation 2

Joyce Ann Fisher, b.Rasmussen 11.11.1952 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: William and Kathryn Rasmussen.

Married 12.04.1975 in New Britain, CT to **Christopher Fisher**, b.17.10.1950 in New Britain, CT.

Children: Jennifer Fisher and Todd Fisher.

Joyce grew up in New Britain, CT. She attended local elementary schools, and she graduated from St. Thomas Aquinas High School in 1970. She went on to attend Central Connecticut State University where she majored in elementary education. She received her Bachelor of Science degree in 1974. Joyce was a homebound teacher for 18 years. During this time, she worked with IBM employees from South America, teaching them English and Civics as well as participating as a teacher in various preschool programs in the area. A devoted mother, she successfully balanced her career and her family duties well, raising her two children who went on to college and successful careers of their own. Christopher grew up in Simsbury, CT. He attended local elementary schools and graduated from Simsbury High School in 1968. He then attended Suffield Academy in Suffield, CT. as a post-graduate. He graduated from the Academy in 1969. Christopher then went on to attend the University of Pennsylvania Wharton School of Business in Philadelphia, PA. He earned varsity letters in football and lacrosse while at Penn. He was employed by H.O. Penn Machinery, the Caterpillar Construction Equipment dealer in New York City. He retired at the end of 2017 after 34years of work for Penn. Joyce and Chris have been blessed with two Grandchildren by their son Todd and his wife Beth. The twins, Emily Jean and Jack William Fisher, keep Grandma and Papa very busy.

Paragraph MS.2.2.1. – Generation 3

Jennifer Fisher, b.22.01.1977 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: Joyce and Christopher Fisher.

Married 23.04.2016 in Brookfield, CT to **Frank Smith**, b.18.03.1957.

Jennifer and Frank are Physical Education teachers at Dover Plains High School in Dover, NY.

Paragraph MS.2.2.2. – Generation 3

Todd Fisher, b.06.06.1983 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: Joyce and Christopher Fisher.

Married 18.09.2010 in South Yarmouth Cape Cod, MA to **Elizabeth Pozner**, b.11.04.1985.

Children: Jack William Fisher and Emily Jean Fisher, twins b.23.01.2016.

Todd and Beth are both graduates of Manhattan College in Riverdale, NY. Todd is currently employed in the financial industry in Norwalk, CT and Beth is employed at the WWE in Stamford, CT.

META'S THIRD OLDEST CHILD, EMMY MEYER AND HER FAMILY:

Paragraph MS.3. – Generation 1

Emmy Meyer, b.Rasmussen 26.03.1920 in Faurbo Mark, Denmark; d.27.06.2016 in New Britain, CT.

Parents: Meta and Hans Søren Rasmussen.

Married 08.09.1945(-1990) in W. Hartford to **Max Raymond Jacobsen Meyer**, b.24.10.1915 in Hartford, CT; d.27.02.1990 in Brooksville, FL.

Children: Elaine Susan Meyer and Paul Raymond Meyer (adopted).

Emmy emigrated from Denmark to the US at age 2½ together with her parents and two older siblings. She graduated from Hall High School, West Hartford CT, Class of 1938. In September 1945, she married her childhood sweetheart. The wedding was originally planned to take place in January, 1942 but was postponed because Max was called up for active duty with the US Army. Emmy was a stay at home mom to her two children. Among other things, she was a brownie leader; room mother; president of woman's group at church; taught vacation bible school; taught Sunday school; enjoyed sewing and knitting. She inherited her love of reading at an early age from her father; she read the daily newspaper and followed the Red Sox. She enjoyed all types of music and loved animals especially dogs. She was fortunate that her father provided her with horseback riding lessons as a teenager. She died at age 96 having lived a full life.

Max was born in Hartford, CT to Danish parents; the youngest of four boys. He met Emmy at the Danish Brotherhood Association of Hartford when she was 14 and he was 19. The rest is history. Max served in the US Army during WWII from December 1941-August 1945 in New Guinea. From 1945 until retirement, he worked as a milkman for A.C. Petersen and Sons dairy in West Hartford. In his free time, he was an usher at church as well as a member of the men's club. Max was a sports fanatic - Red Sox; Celtics; Boston Bruins; Hartford Whalers; New York Giants. He somehow was able to watch a game on TV while listening to another one on the radio. He also enjoyed vegetable gardening. Emmy and Max retired to Florida where they loved the weather and socializing with residents in their community. After Max' death in 1990, Emmy moved back to CT where she passed away in 2016.

Paragraph MS.3.1. – Generation 2

Elaine Susan DalPian, b.Meyer 24.10.1946 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Emmy and Max Meyer.

Married 06.05.1967 at St. Edward's Church in Stafford Springs, CT to **Kenneth Joseph DalPian**, b.05.10.1942 in Springfield, MA.

Children: Sarah DalPian and Elizabeth DalPian.

Elaine, who shared a birthday with her father, grew up in West Hartford, where she was fortunate to be able to live next door to her grandparents Meta and Søren Rasmussen. She graduated from Conard High School, West Hartford, Class of 1964 and from Hartford Secretarial School, 1965. Elaine met Kenny just before her 19th birthday in 1965 and they were married a year and a half later. They resided in West Hartford, CT until 2003 when they moved to Bloomfield, CT. She was thrilled to be able to travel to Denmark in 1971 with her grandmother Meta Wadstrup Rasmussen and hopes to return with her children and grandchildren. Elaine was a stay at home mom until her daughters were in school. Then she was employed at the University of Connecticut Health Center for 17 years. After retiring from there as Admissions Coordinator for the School of Dental Medicine, she was employed as a Medical Receptionist for an internal medicine practice in Farmington, CT for almost 20 years and retired in 2013. She has served as the first secretary of her condominium association and volunteered for many years at the Connecticut Children's Medical Center gift shop and currently volunteers as a reading mentor for at risk children in grades K-2. Elaine enjoys genealogy and has produced posters and books about the American and Danish branches of the Vadstrup and Rasmussen families and their roots at Samsø, Denmark. Other hobbies are scrapbooking, reading and attending events of her grandchildren (sports; dance; drama; singing; robotics and more). She loves being Mimi to Alexander, Michael, Benjamin and Hannah who have enriched her life beyond measure. Elaine is very proud of her Danish heritage and is thankful to have connected with Jørgen Mortensen in Arizona and Ann Lisbeth Rasmussen-Gumm in Germany who share a love of genealogy. Kenny was born in Springfield, MA and grew up in Enfield and Stafford Springs, CT. He is of

Italian and Slavic ancestry, but happy to be a Dane by choice. He graduated from Windham Regional Technical High School in 1960 majoring in carpentry and design. He attended the University of Hartford. During his entire career, he was in the engineering field most of which was environmental engineering. In his younger days, Kenny enjoyed downhill skiing. In mid-life, he took up cross-country skiing with his daughters. He was an accomplished photographer having been a winner in many camera club competitions and he was an award winner in the National Wildlife Magazine annual photo contest with his work being published there and in Ranger Rick Magazine. He enjoys gardening and doing words searches and jigsaw puzzles. Favorite places to vacation for the DalPians are Hatteras Island on Outer Banks, NC; Cape Cod, MA and Lake Winnepesaukee, Wolfeboro, NH.

Paragraph MS.3.1.1. – Generation 3

Sarah Jensen, b.DalPian 16.04.1968 at Hartford Hospital in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Elaine and Kenneth DalPian.

Married 05.12.1992 at the First Church of Christ in West Hartford to **Richard Anthony Jensen**, b.15.06.1965 in Hartford, CT.

Child: Alexander James Jensen.

After living with her parents for about 6 months in Glastonbury, CT, the family of three moved to a home on Shadow Lane, West Hartford where she lived until she was married in 1992. Sarah attended West Hartford Public Schools (Wolcott Elementary, Sedgwick Middle and Conard High School) until she graduated in 1986. When at Conard, she loved being a member of the swim team. Go Chieftains! Sarah attended Bryant College (now Bryant University) in Smithfield, RI and studied Computer Information Systems. She received her bachelor's degree in Business Administration in 1990. Upon graduation, she took a job with the Travelers Insurance Company in Hartford CT as a computer programmer where she stayed until she earned her Master of Education degree from the University of Hartford in 1996. She currently works for an engineering firm in Rocky Hill CT as a project controls specialist. Richard (Rick) was raised full time by his mother from the time he was two years old when his parents divorced. He attended West Hartford schools – Smith Elementary; Plant Middle and Hall High School He completed a 2-year technical program. When he was 19, he and Sarah met at the First National Grocery Store, once located in West Hartford Center. They married in 1992 at the First Church of Christ in West Hartford, with a reception following at the Whitman House restaurant in Farmington. After the wedding, Sarah and Rick remained in West Hartford and purchased a single-family house on Burr Street. In 1996, Sarah and Rick welcomed their only child, Alexander James Jensen. Alexander was born with red hair (just like his father) and blue eyes (like his mother). Just before Alexander started kindergarten, the Jensen family moved to their current home on Ranger Lane in West Hartford. For the past 25 years, Rick has owned his own business, Custom Technologies, Inc., which specializes in custom residential and commercial audio-visual systems. In her spare time, Sarah enjoys reading, playing games, crafting, watching movies, cheering for her son as he plays baseball, traveling and spending time with her family. She has been part of a book club for the past 15 years and counts the members in it as some of her closest friends. Rick enjoys home renovation projects, movies, baseball, cooking and music. His paternal family is originally from the Danish town Herning which Rick visited in April 2016, when he was invited by Bang & Olufsen to tour their facilities in nearby Struer.

Paragraph MS.3.1.1.1. – Generation 4

Alexander James Jensen, b.11.07.1996 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Sarah and Richard Jensen.

Alexander is the first grandchild of Elaine and Kenneth DalPian. His middle name, James, was given in honor of his great grandfather, James Nuss. Alexander, like both of his parents, grew up in West Hartford, CT, living on Burr Street until he was five years old, when the family moved across town to Ranger Lane. He attended West Hartford schools - Bugbee Elementary, King Philip Middle and he graduated in 2014 from Hall High School (the same high school his great grandmother, Emmy Rasmussen Meyer graduated from in 1938). The 2004 World Series turned Alexander into a huge Boston Red Sox fan. He has been to many Major League Baseball stadiums, including Giant's stadium in San Francisco, Camden Yards in Baltimore, and of course Fenway Park in Boston. Alexander played baseball from the age of 7 through the end of high school where he played for Hall High. Besides playing baseball in his free time, Alexander also enjoys playing basketball, attending music festivals, photography, watching movies and sports. Alexander is currently attending Endicott College just north of Boston in Beverly MA, where he is majoring in Graphic Design, graduating in 2018.

Paragraph MS.3.1.2. – Generation 3

Elizabeth Grigoriou, b.DalPian 01.09.1971 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Elaine and Kenneth DalPian.

Married 03.06.2000 in W. Hartford to **Iraklis Michael Grigoriou**, b.19.07.1974 in NY.

Children: **Michael Iraklis Grigoriou**, b.20.06.2001, **Benjamin Joseph Grigoriou**, b.20.06.2001 and **Hannah Chrysanthe Grigoriou**, b.07.01.2005; all born in Hartford, CT.

Elizabeth grew up in West Hartford, CT and graduated from Conard High School in 1989. After taking several college courses, she worked as a bank teller. Later, she became the Assistant Vice President in the life insurance trust department of a high-profile investment company. After having the twins, she took many years off from work to be with the children. She currently works at their church as an administrative assistant. She also volunteers in the church religious education program. She loves to read, garden and spend time with her family. Elizabeth's husband, Mike was born in New York State. When he was 3, he and his family moved to Greece where they lived for 3 years before settling in Connecticut. Mike graduated from Glastonbury High School in 1992 and later from University of Connecticut with a major in accounting. He has worked for the same company since 1999 and is now the Director of Finance. He enjoys watching hockey and he coached the boys for several years. When not working or traveling for work, he enjoys being home with the family in CT, visiting his family in South Carolina, and playing golf in the warm weather alongside his sons, Michael and Benjamin. They are both involved in the high school Robotics team and mentors for the middle school Lego robotics team. Benjamin has been active in school plays and Michael in back stage activities for the productions doing lights and sound. Benjamin is in two select choirs – chamber choir and concert choir – and he also sings with the Around the Town Singers. Michael is very interested in architecture, planning to make it his college major. Both boys are eager golf players. Hannah is in middle school. She has been dancing since she was two years old, currently taking ballet, lyrical, jazz, hip-hop and two tap classes. She was invited to dance in Disney World, Florida in April 2016. When she is not dancing – which is rare – she loves to read and spend time with her friends. The Grigoriou family lives in Suffield, CT.

Paragraph MS.3.2.(A) – Generation 2

Paul Raymond Meyer, b.26.11.1956 in Hartford, CT

Parents: Adopted by Emmy and Max Meyer.

Married 20.06.1980 in Hartford to **Carol Lynn Simmons**, b.20.11.1959 in Hartford, CT.

Children: Ryan Meyer and Jason Meyer. All reside in Raymond New Hampshire.

Paragraph MS.3.2.1. (A) – Generation 3

Ryan Meyer, b.19.05.1982 in Hartford, CT.

Parents: Paul Raymond and Carol Lynn Meyer.

Paragraph MS.3.2.2. (A) – Generation 3

Jason Meyer, b.06.03.1984 in Hartford, CT.

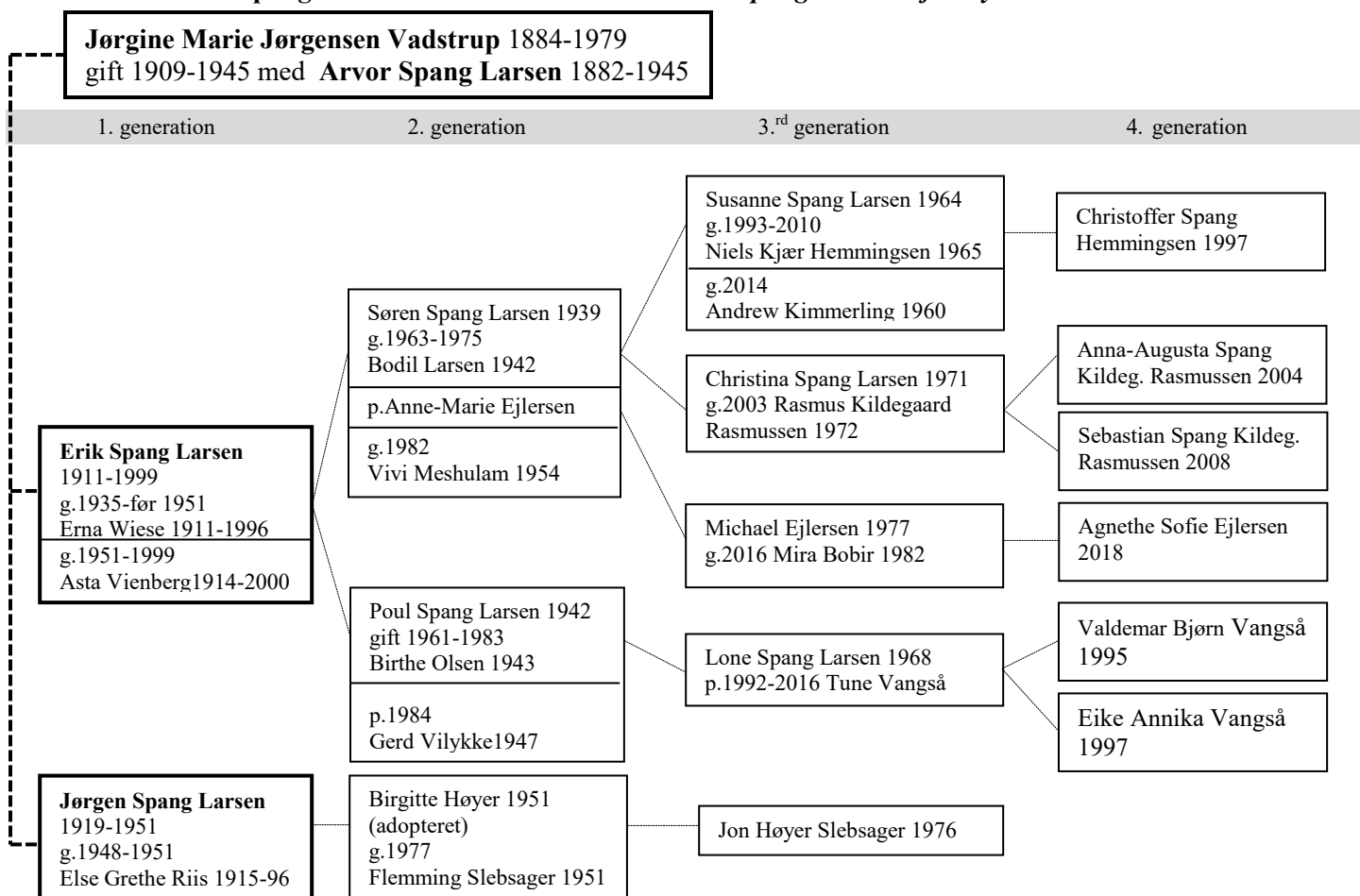
Parents: Paul Raymond and Carol Lynn Meyer.

Married 16.11.2008 to **Ashley McClory**.

2.3.5. Marie Spang Larsens familieggruppe

2.3.5. Marie Spang Larsens's family group

2.3.5.1. Marie Spang Larsens familietræ – 2.3.5.1. Marie Spang Larsen's family tree



2.3.5.2. Personoplysninger Maries familieggruppe – 2.3.5.2. Individuals in Marie's family group

FAMILIEGRUPPENS GRUNDLÆGGER:

Rubrik MA

Jørgine Marie Spang Larsen, f.Vadstrup 06.04.1884 i Århus; d.04.08.1979 i Ordrup.

Forældre: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup og Maren Vadstrup, f. Michelsdatter.

Gift 1909(-1945) med **Arvor Spang Larsen**, f.29.01.1882; d.1945 i Ordrup.

Børn: Erik Spang Larsen og Jørgen Spang Larsen.

Marie voksede op i Århus og bosatte sig sammen med Arvor i København, hvor Marie passede deres hjem i Hellerup og senere Ordrup. På sine gamle dage arbejdede Marie i en cigarforretning i Hellerup. Arvor drev sin cykelforretning, Achen. Han rejste en del og solgte cykeldele, bl.a. i Finland. De to verdenskrige begrænsede salget i udlandet p.g.a. lukkede grænser. Senere blev Arvor ansat som fuldmægtig i Tørsleff og Co. i Københavns Frihavn. Helt op i en alder over 90 år gik Marie mange og lange ture, gerne fra Hellerup til Virum, for at besøge sin søn, Erik. Marie boede indtil sin død på Tranegaardvej i Hellerup.

MARIES ÆLDSTE BARN, ERIK SPANG LARSEN OG HANS FAMILIE:

Rubrik MA.1. – Generation 1

Erik Spang Larsen, f.30.04.1911 i Ordrup; d.26.11.1999 i Virum.

Forældre: Marie og Arvor Spang Larsen.

Gift 1935(-før 1951) med **Erna Spang Larsen**, f.Wiese 23.04.1911 i Hellerup; d.07.07.1996 i Gentofte.

Børn: Søren Spang Larsen og Poul Spang Larsen.

Erik var et lyst hoved, nr. 1 i sin klasse. Efter studentereksamen læste han jura og blev cand.jur. fra Københavns Universitet i 1935. Han havde egen sagførerforretning og blev landsretssagfører i 1950. I perioden 1948-1981 var han beskikket sagfører i København og fortsatte som advokat frem til 1988, da han var 77 år gammel. Fodbold og tennis var hans store interesser. Fodbold kom til at betyde mest. Han spillede på førsteholdet i HIK og var aktiv spiller, til han fyldte 38 år. Han var i en lang årrække medlem af bestyrelsen for såvel Københavns Boldspil Union som Dansk Boldspil Union. Mange husker ham fra hans periode som formand for Udtagelseskomiteen til Landsholdet. Dengang var det ikke landstræneren, der udtog landsholdet. Han var med landsholdet på rejser, bl.a. til Sovjet og i 1960 til de Olympiske Lege i Rom, hvor det danske fodboldlandsholds triumferede ved at tage sølvmedalje. Det var en skuffelse for Erik, at det ikke lykkedes at blive valgt som formand for DBU. Efter fodbolden kastede han sig over travsporten som hesteejer og bestyrelsesmedlem i Hesteejerforeningen.

Gift 29.12.1951(-1999) med **Asta Spang Larsen**, f.Vienberg 16.05.1914; d.25.01.2000 i Virum.

Asta voksede op i Valby, hvor hendes far havde en slagter/delikatesseforretning. Hun var uddannet reklametegner, tegnede illustrationer og skrev tekster til bøger, og var ansat som dekoratør i varehuset ANVA. Hun delte hestesportinteressen med Erik, som hun lærte at kende som tennisspiller i HIK. Asta og Erik boede i Virum, de seneste år i beskyttet bolig og til sidst på plejehjem, også i Virum.

Rubrik MA.1.1. – Generation 2

Søren Oskar Spang Larsen, f.23.08.1939 i København.

Forældre: Erik og Erna Spang Larsen.

Gift 30.11.1963(-1975) med **Søs Bodil Spang Larsen**, f.20.11.1942.

Børn: Susanne Spang Larsen og Christina Spang Larsen.

Partner med **Anne-Marie Ejlersen**, f.23.08.1954.

Barn: Michael Ejlersen

Gift 11.12.1982 med **Vivi Meshulam**, f.04.01.1954.

Søren voksede op og gik i skole i Ordrup og Hellerup. Efter skoleuddannelse var han 1 år i Søværnet på Holmen i København, hvor han arbejdede i administrationen. Han har hele sit liv være meget sportsinteressert, specielt i fodbold og travsport. Han spillede i mange år i HIK, lige som sin far og han arbejdede efter skoletid for en af de allerbedste travkuske på Charlottenlund travbane. Han blev udlært i Hafnia, men begyndte kort tid efter at arbejde for Helge Møllerup i HEMO Plast. Møllerup døde, da Søren var 25 år, og Søren købte firmaet. Han drev det frem til 1985, da han solgte det til Esselte. Efter at være flyttet fra Lyngby til Maglebrænde på Falster startede han og Vivi et nyt firma, som de drev frem til 1996, hvor de gik på en tidlig og velfortjent pension. Da Michael og Jimi (Vivis søn fra et tidligere ægteskab) var yngre tog Søren, Vivi og drengene hver sommer campingvognen til mange fantastiske ferier i Sydeuropa. Senere købte Søren og Vivi en lejlighed i Sanary sur Mer i Sydfrankrig, hvor hele familien har nydt sol og strand. I dag lever de i Eget på Falster.

Rubrik MA.1.1.1. – Generation 3

Susanne Spang Kimmerling, f.Larsen 23.05.1964 på Charlottenlund Fødeklínik.

Forældre: Søren og Bodil Spang Larsen.

Gift 27.07.1993(-2010) i Lyngby Uggelesø Kirke med **Niels Kjær Hemmingsen**, f.25.04.1965.

Barn: **Christoffer Spang Hemmingsen**, f.04.09.1997 på Hvidovre Hospital.

Niels var officer i Flyvevåbnet i mange år og havde senere lederjobs i SAS

Gift 27.09.2014 på rådhuset i La Chapelle d'Abondance, Haute Savoie, Frankrig med **Andrew John Kimmerling**, f.12.08.1960 i Cambridge, England.

Susanne boede de første 5 år af sit liv i Kgs Lyngby, indtil familien flyttede til Lyngby. Her gennemførte hun sin folkeskole efterfulgt af gymnasiet i Allerød. Da hendes forældre blev skilt i 1975, blev hun boende hos sin far. Efter gymnasiet arbejdede hun i HEMO Plast sammen med sin far, Vivi og onkel Poul i et par år, før hun begyndte at studere. Hun gennemførte en master i Operational Research and Human Resources fra Syd Dansk Universitet i 1993. Susanne har generelt arbejdet i store globale virksomheder og har i de seneste mange år været HR Sr. Director for en større gruppe af lande. I september 2017 startede hun en konsulentvirksomhed sammen med sin mand. Gennem årene har hun boet og arbejdet i Østrig, Svejts og nu Frankrig, og hendes arbejde har bragt hende rundt i verden. Hun har altid været engageret i sport, men hendes store interesse som barn og ung var sportsdans, og hun har vundet mange mesterskaber både i og udenfor Danmark. Hendes mand, Andy Kimmerling er født i England, men har franske rødder. Han flyttede i 2000 til enge i Frankrig, hvor hans

familie kommer fra. Her han startede en HR konsulentvirksomhed samt en Facility management virksomhed i Porte de Soleil. Han er uddannet biolog, men har altid arbejdet med lederudvikling. Han har været HR director i bl.a. Nestle og HWSmith. Susanne og Andy bruger deres fritid på at stå på ski, vandre i bjergene samt på 'rygsæk adventures' til fjerne og øde egne af verden. Efter Christoffers fødsel boede familien de første to år på Frederiksberg. Derefter flyttede de til Lyngbe og senere Farum. Christoffer har gået på Marie Kruse Skole, 1 år på Zug International School i Svejt samt på efterskole i Skælskør. Christoffer bor i idag i Farum og skal til at starte en uddannelse. Susanne og Andrew bor i La Chapelle d'Abondance, Frankrig.

Rubrik MA.1.1.2. – Generation 3

Christina Spang Kildegaard Rasmussen, f.Larsen 07.07.1971.

Forældre: Søren og Bodil Spang Larsen.

Gift 24.05.2003 i Hørsholm Kirke med **Rasmus Kildegaard Rasmussen**, f.08.04.1972.

Børn: Anna-Augusta Spang Kildegaard Rasmussen, f.08.11.2004 og Sebastian Spang Kildegaard Rasmussen, f.03.11.2008.

Christina er født i Lyngbe, hvor hun også gik i skole. Efter at hendes forældre blev skilt i 1975 boede Christina hos sin mor. Hendes store interesse gennem barndommen var heste, hvilket hun har givet videre til sin datter. Christina tog sin studentereksamen fra Det Fri Gymnasium på Frederiksberg og læste efterfølgende jura. Hun har bl.a. arbejdet i It & Telestyrelsen, før hun og familien gennem Rasmus' arbejde blev udstationeret i Singapore i 1 år efterfulgt af 5 år i Chile. Rasmus har arbejdet som Finance Director i mange store internationale virksomheder. Idag bor familien i Rungsted Kyst, hvor børnene også går i skole. Anna-Augusta er ligesom sin mor og bedstefar vild med heste og dyrker ridning på konkurrence niveau, mens Sebastian har kastet sig over tennis.

Rubrik MA.1.1.3. – Generation 3

Michael Ejlersen, f.24.01.1977 i Hørsholm.

Forældre: Søren og Anne-Marie Ejlersen.

Gift 12.12.2016 på Rådhuset i Zug Svejts med **Mira Ejlersen**, f.Bobir 08.06.1982 i Ukraine.

Barn: Agnethe Sofie Ejlersen, f.27.03.2018 på Zug Hospital i Svejts.

Efter at Anne-Marie og Søren valgte at gå fra hinanden, flyttede Anne-Marie og Michael til Måløv, hvor Michael gik i børnehaven efterfulgt af skole samt gymnaset. Han har sammen med sin far, Vivi og Jimi (Vivis søn) nydt mange ferier i Frankrig både med campingvogn samt i lejligheden i Sanary sur Mer. Michael har lige som resten af familien altid interesseret sig for sport, hvor fodbold og basketball har været hans favoritter. Da Michael begyndte at læse til cand.merc.aud. flyttede han til Frederiksberg, og boede dér, indtil han i 2014 flyttede til Svejts. Efter endt uddannelse arbejdede han for bl.a. KPMG som revisor. I 2014 flyttede han til Zurich og senere til Zug for at arbejde som Finance Director for en dansk ejet virksomhed. Her blev han gift med Mira i 2016. Mira er født i Ukraine og hendes søn, Mikael er født 18.01.2010. I marts 2018 fik Mira og Michael deres datter Agneth Sofie. Selvom Michael idag arbejder i en dansk virksomhed i Århus, er familien stadigvæk bosiddende i Zug.

Rubrik MA.1.2. – Generation 2

Poul Spang Larsen, f.17.04.1942 i København.

Forældre: Erik og Erna Spang Larsen.

Gift 1961(-1983) med **Birthe Spang Larsen**, f.Olsen 02.07.1943 i København.

Barn: Lone Spang Larsen.

Poul læste til merkonom og blev uddannet indenfor forsikring. Efter militærtjeneste som garderhusar i Næstved arbejdede han en del år i bilbranchen, senere som prokurist og sælger i sin bror Søren's plastfabrik Hemo Plast, i flere år som direktør i Lyko Plast og de sidste arbejdsår som sælger i Roal Plast. Birthe blev uddannet i forsikringselskabet Lloyd og har været ansat i Søværnet og i Kulturministeriet. Hun bor i Allerød.

Partnerskab 1984 med **Gerd Vilykke**, f.07.08.1947 i Vejen.

Pouls store fritidsinteresse var faldskærmsport, uddannet instruktør ved Allerød Faldskærmscenter. Han var aktiv i perioden 1986-2004 med 1604 spring i Arizona, Spanien, Sverige og rundt om i Danmark. Efter skolegang var Gerd kontorassistent i Post og Telegrafvæsenet. Derefter var hun ansat i pladeforretninger, grammofonpladeselskaber, på diskoteket Prater på Nørrebro og som butikschef i Fredgård Radio. Senere skiftede hun til kursusbranchen med salg til erhvervslivet af kurser indenfor kommunikation, ledelse, sekretærfunktioner, forhandlingsteknik og præsentation. Ved personlig deltagelse i de forskellige former for kurser havde Gerd de bedste forudsætninger for forhandlinger med personalechefer om planlægning og praktisk

gennemførelse af virksomhedskurser. Gerd har to børn, Henrik og Kristina. Efter Pouls pensionering i 2007 flyttede Poul og Gerd fra Lyngby til Gilleleje.

Rubrik MA.1.2.1. – Generation 3

Lone Spang Larsen, f.18.03.1968 i København.

Forældre: Poul og Birthe Spang Larsen.

Partnerskab 1992(-2016) med Tune Vangså.

Børn: Valdemar Bjørn Vangså og Eike Annika Vangså.

Lone er uddannet Steiner pædagog. Hun bor i Allerød.

Rubrik MA.1.2.1.1. – Generation 4

Valdemar Bjørn Vangså, f.12.06.1995 i København.

Valdemar er professionel Counter Strike (CS2) spiller i FCK's ESport North.

Rubrik MA.1.2.1.2. – Generation 4

Eike Annika Vangså, f.15.01.1997 i København.

Eike er i lære hos Matas på Frederiksberg.

MARIES NÆSTÆLDSTE BARN, JØRGEN SPANG LARSEN OG HANS FAMILIE:

Rubrik MA.2. – Generation 1

Jørgen Spang Larsen, f.21.11.1919 i København; d.23.12.1951 i København.

Forældre: Marie og Arvor Spang Larsen.

Gift 1948(-1951) med **Else Grethe Spang Larsen**, f.Riis 01.07.1915; d.02.12.1996.

Adopteret barn: Birgitte Spang Larsen, efternavn senere ændret til Høyer..

Jørgen blev student i 1938 fra Øregaards Gymnasium. I 1943 tog han afgangseksamen fra D.T.H. som fabriksingeniør og blev umiddelbart ansat hos De Danske Oliemøller. Derefter arbejdede han på Haldor Topsøes laboratorium, indtil han i 1949 blev ansat på Fællesforeningen for Danske Brugsforeningers margarinefabrik i Viby, hvor han i 1951 blev driftsleder i firmaets kemisk-tekniske fabrik. Jørgen havde mange fritidsinteresser, bl.a. som aktiv fodboldspiller. Jørgens hustru, Grethe var uddannet cand.jur. De adopterede i 1951 Birgitte. Efter alvorlige sygdomsperioder og operation på Øresundshospitalet døde Jørgen i 1951 kun 32 år gammel.

Rubrik MA.2.1.(A) – Generation 2

Birgitte Slebsager, f.Spang Larsen 08.01.1951 i Højby ved Århus.

Adoptivforældre: Jørgen og Else Spang Larsen. Efter Jørgens tidlige død blev Else senere gift med Kaj Adolph (kaldet Jens) Høyer, som adopterede Birgitte, og hendes efternavn blev ændret til Høyer.

Gift 15.10.1977 på Frederiksberg Rådhus med **Flemming Slebsager**, f.26.12.1951.

Barn: Jon Høyer Slebsager.

Birgitte blev seminarieuddannet lærer i 1977 og afsluttede design- og skrædderuddannelse i 1984. Birgitte har arbejdet som institutionsleder i en vuggestue og børnehave i København Kommune og fra 1990 som lærer på diverse designskoler i Danmark med Haute Couture og skrædderi. Efter pensionering i 2011 har hun arbejdet som frivilling for Røde Kors modtagercenter for asylansøgere i Sandholmlejren, Allerød på Sjælland. Flemming arbejdede som copywriter på Bates reklamebureau fra 1984 til 1992, var creative director i Young & Rubicam 1992 – 2000, creative director i DDB 2000 – 2002, creative director i Kunde & Co 2002 – 2013, havde selvstændig virksomhed fra 2013 til 2016, og har siden 2016 været deltidsansat i Kunde & Co. I fritiden bor Birgitte og Boye i Småland, Sverige på en gammel gård som de nu renoverer på 15. år. Gennem sin barndom mødte Birgitte Søren og Poul Spang Larsen samt Erik og Asta Spang Larsen ved flere familiesammenkomster. Hun havde dejlig kontakt med sin elskede farmor, Marie, som hun ofte besøgte i lejligheden på Tranegaardvej i Hellerup.

Rubrik MA.2.1.1.(A) – Generation 3

Jon Høyer Slebsager, f. 05.05.1976.

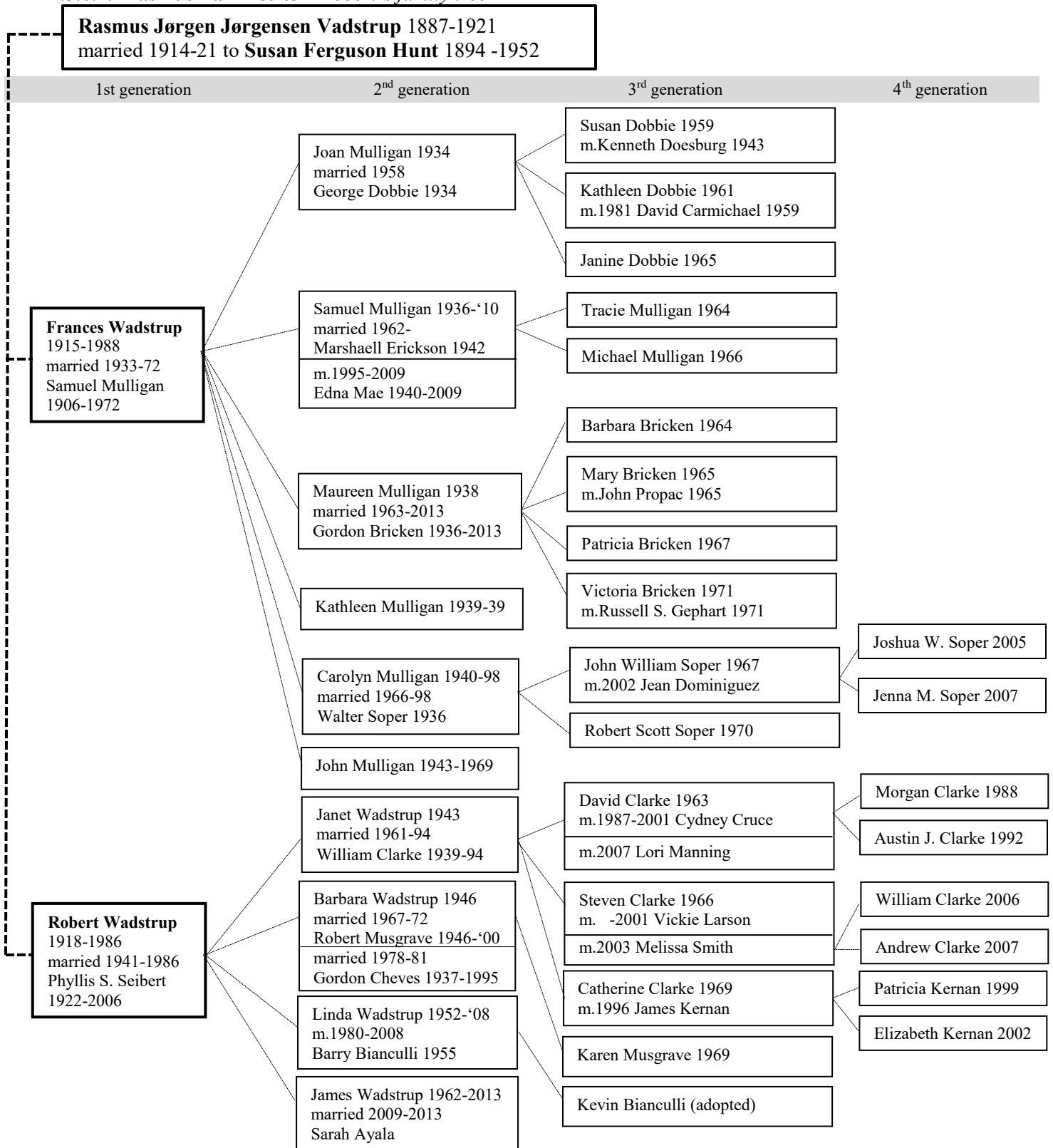
Forældre: Birgitte og Flemming Slebsager.

Jon har selvstændig virksomhed og bor i Nordhavnen i København på en båd, han selv har bygget.

2.3.6. Rasmus Jørgen Jørgensen Vadstrup familiegruppe

2.3.6. Robert (Rasmus)Wadstrup's family group

2.3.6.1. Rasmus' familietræ – Robert's family tree



2.3.6.2. Personoplysninger Rasmus Vadstrups familiegroupe – 2.3.5.2. Individuals, Robert's family group

FOUNDER OF FAMILY GROUP:

Paragraph RS

Rasmus Jørgen Jørgensen Vadstrup, (aka **Robert Wadstrup**) b.09.07.1887 in Århus, Denmark; d.17.11.1921 in Newington, south of West Hartford, CT.

Parents: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup and Maren Michelsdatter Vadstrup.

Married in Hartford, CT 21.07.1914(-1921) to **Susan Ferguson Hunt**, b.21.02.1894 in New Haven, CT; d.22.09.1952 in Los Angeles, CA.

Children: Frances Wadstrup and Robert C. Wadstrup.

Rasmus left Denmark in 1908 together with his sister Meta and they were united with their brother Michael in CT. Rasmus died in 1921 from tuberculosis only 34 years old. Susan was 27 and the children 6 and 3 years old. Rasmus worked for a typewriter company and Susan was a bookkeeper in a hardware factory in CT. After Rasmus' early death, Susan, Frances and Robert settled in California. Susan's second husband was Frank Swett. They had 4 children, Madeleine, John, Eleanor and Florence.

ROBERT'S OLDEST CHILD, FRANCES MULLIGAN AND HER FAMILY:

Paragraph RS.1. – Generation 1

Frances Mary Mulligan, b.Wadstrup 30.01.1915 in Hartford, CT, d.09.02.1988 in San Diego, CA.

Parents: Rasmus and Susan Wadstrup.

Married 05.11.1933(-1972) in Los Angeles, CA to **Samuel Mulligan**, b.26.06.1906 in El Paso, TX; d.17.03.1972 in Garden Grove, CA.

Children: Joan Mulligan, Samuel Mulligan, Maureen Mulligan, Kathleen Mulligan, b.1939; d.1939, Carolyn Mulligan and John Mulligan.

Paragraph RS.1.1. – Generation 2

Joan Dobbie; b.Mulligan 18.09.1934 in CA.

Parents: Frances and Samuel Mulligan.

Married 1958 to **George Dobbie**, b.17.06.1934.

Children: Susan Dobbie, Kathleen Dobbie and Janine Dobbie.

Paragraph RS.1.1.1. – Generation 3

Susan Doesburg b.Dobbie, b.03.06.1959 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Joan and George Dobbie.

Married **Kenneth G. Doesburg**, b.02.10.1943.

Paragraph RS.1.1.2. – Generation 3

Kathleen Carmichael, b.Dobbie 28.05.1961 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Joan and George Dobbie.

Married 01.08.1981 in Orange County, CA to **David A. Carmichael**, b.13.01.1959

Paragraph RS.1.1.3. – Generation 3

Janine Dobbie, b.18.04.1965 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Joan and George Dobbie.

Paragraph RS.1.2. – Generation 2

Samuel Robert Mulligan, Jr., b.04.04.1936 in El Paso, TX; d.06.11.2010 in Banning, CA.

Parents: Frances and Samuel Mulligan.

Married 15.12.1962 in Los Angeles, CA to **Marshaell Renae Erickson**, b.03.05.1942 in Los Angeles, CA.

Children: Tracie Mulligan and Michael Mulligan.

Married 06.02.1995(-2009) in Bullhead City, AZ to **Edna Mae**, b.16.06.1940 in LA, CA; d.02.05.2009 in Redlands, CA.

Paragraph RS.1.2.1. – Generation 3

Tracie Renae Mulligan, b.29.03.1964 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Samuel and Marshaell Mulligan.

Paragraph RS.1.2.2. – Generation 3

Michael Mulligan, b.19.05.1966 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Samuel and Marshaell Mulligan.

Paragraph RS.1.3. – Generation 2

Maureen Bricken, b.Mulligan 1938.

Parents: Frances and Samuel Mulligan.

Married 11.05.1963 in Santa Ana, CA to **Gordon Bricken**, b.01.11.1936 in Louisville, KY; d.17.06.2013 in Santa Ana, CA.

Children: Barbara Bricken, Mary Bricken, Patricia Bricken and Victoria Bricken.

Maureen and Gordon married and settled in Santa Ana where they raised their four children. Gordon graduated from the Santa Monica High School, earned his B.S. from Loyola University in L.A. and a M.S. in electrical engineering from UCLA. He served on the Santa Ana Planning Commission from 1964 to 1974, was member of the City Council from 1974 to 1984, mayor from 1980 to 1982, hanging out with Ronald Reagan and others during his time as elected official by the Republican Party. He was very interested in the history of Santa Ana and deeply involved in its modern development. He and Maureen owned and operated an acoustical engineering firm for over 35 years. Gordon was twice the president of the Santa Ana North Rotary Club and an active member and president of the Orange chapter of the Studebaker Club. He will also be remembered for his extensive research and writing about the Civil War. He wrote and published “Pioneers in Blue and Gray”, which lists over 800 veterans buried in Orange County with biographies for about 300 of them.

Paragraph RS.1.3.1. – Generation 3

Barbara Bricken, b.11.04.1964 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Maureen and Gordon Bricken.

Paragraph RS.1.3.2. – Generation 3

Mary F. Bricken, b.26.06.1965 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Maureen and Gordon Bricken.

Married to **John Joseph Propac**, b.17.04.1965.

Paragraph RS.1.3.3. – Generation 3

Patricia Bricken, b.04.09.1967 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Maureen and Gordon Bricken.

Paragraph RS.1.3.4. – Generation 3

Victoria Lynne Gephart, b.Bricken 26.09.1971 in Orange County, CA.

Parents: Maureen and Gordon Bricken.

Married to **Russell Samuel Gephart**, b.14.02.1971 in Alameda, CA.

Paragraph RS.1.5. – Generation 2

Carolyn Susan Soper, b.Mulligan 19.11.1940 in El Paso, TX; d.10.06.1998 in Fallbrook, CA.

Parents: Frances and Samuel Mulligan.

Married 24.07.1966(-1998) in Garden Grove, CA to **Walter Soper**, b.22.03.1936 in Hawthorne, CA.

Children: John William Soper and Robert Scott Soper.

Carolyn was a stay-at-home wife and Walter worked until retirement as telephone technician. Walter lives in Fallbrook, CA.

Paragraph RS.1.5.1. – Generation 3

John William Soper, b.09.08.1967 in Garden Grove, CA.

Parents: Carolyn and Walter Soper.

Married 20.04.2002 in Santa Clara, CA to **Jean Marie Dominguez**.

Children: Joshua William Soper b.30.03.2005 and Jenna Marie Soper b.17.03.2007.

John William has a Master’s Degree in electrical engineering.

Paragraph RS.1.5.2. – Generation 3

Robert Scott Soper, b.09.02.1970 in Orange, CA.

Parents: Carolyn and Walter Soper.

After graduating from Fallbrook Union High School in 1988, Scott attended the University of California at Irvine, graduating in 1993 (B.S. Biological Sciences, B.S. Physics). Since 1997, he has worked in sales operations for Toshiba's intensive Retail PC division, processing production orders for several overseas factories and two US warehouses. Scott was an avid mountain biker for many years before turning to skiing, kayaking, and other low impact sports. Scott resides in Irvine, CA.

Paragraph RS.1.6. – Generation 2

John Mulligan, b.06.09.1943 in Hermosa Beach, Los Angeles, CA; d.17.09.1969 in Indianapolis, IN.

Parents: Frances and Samuel Mulligan.

Since childhood, John Mulligan was fascinated by race cars. After graduating from Westminster High, he became a drag car driver and won numerous state and national races and awards. He died in hospital from severe burns and internal injuries caused by a roll-over at the track in Indianapolis on September 1, 1969. He resided with his parents in Garden Grove, CA.

ROBERT'S SECOND OLDEST CHILD, ROBERT WADSTRUP AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph RS.2. – Generation 1

Robert Charles Wadstrup, b.02.06.1918 in CT; d.14.10.14.1986 in San Luis Obispo, CA.

Parents: Rasmus and Susan Vadstrup.

Married in Los Angeles 12.10.1941(-1986) to **Phyllis Susan Seibert**, b.13.03.1922 in Los Angeles; d.28.08.2006 in San Luis Obispo, CA.

Children: Janet Wadstrup, Barbara Wadstrup, Linda Wadstrup and James Wadstrup.

Robert served as a career officer in the US Army, fighting in WWII in North Africa and Italy, later stationed in various locations in the US, Germany, Japan, and Korea. Retired from the army, he worked for a year at the US Post Office in San Luis Obispo and then at the Employment Services Office for another 20 years, retiring as its manager. Phyllis was a housewife and raised four children, a lot of the time on her own while Robert was traveling. Their home was in San Luis Obispo.

Paragraph RS.2.1. – Generation 2

Janet LaRue Clarke, b.Wadstrup 22.06.1943 in Los Angeles, CA.

Parents: Robert and Phyllis Wadstrup.

Married 20.08.1961(-1994) in San Luis Obispo, CA to **William Joseph Clarke**, b.19.10.1939; d.17.01.1994 in San Luis Obispo, CA.

Children: David Clarke, Steven Clarke and Catherine Clarke.

While her father, Robert Wadstrup, was away fighting in WWII, Janet lived in the LA area with her mother Phyllis and maternal grandmother Eunice until the war was over. Later, the family stayed in various places where Robert was stationed as an Army officer. Janet attended several schools in El Paso, Japan, San Francisco, Monterey, Riverside and San Luis Obispo. She graduated from San Luis Obispo High School in 1960 and attended Cal Poly University in San Luis Obispo where she met her future husband, William Clarke. They married and moved to Oakland in 1961. She spent many years as a stay-at-home mom, bringing up their three children and working as a school volunteer. After 18 years in the Bay Area, the family moved to Paso Robles, CA where they became very involved in the community and in St. James Episcopal church. They opened Paso Robles Carbide there along with William's brother-in-law. Janet worked as the bookkeeper. William died in 1994 after a year's struggle with brain cancer. Janet retired from the company in 1998. In 2005 she moved back to San Luis Obispo where she does a lot of volunteer work with The Unitarian Universalist Fellowship and with the Food Bank delivery and Meals on Wheels. She loves to travel and tries to take a few trips every year.

Paragraph RS.2.1.1. – Generation 3

David E. Clarke, b.13.03.1963 in Palo Alto, CA

Parents: Janet and William Clarke.

Married 18.06.1987(-2001) in San Luis Obispo, CA to **Cydney Cruce**, b.in Fort Worth TX.

Children: Morgan Alan Clarke and Austin James Clarke.

Married in 2007 to **Lori Manning**.

David spent five years in USAF stationed in Fort Worth. Later he worked in the family business, Paso Robles Carbide, until the mid-1990s and currently works with his father-in-law at A-1 Mobility in Atascadero where the family resides.

Paragraph RS.2.1.1.1. – Generation 4

Morgen Alan Clarke, b.18.06.1988 in Ft. Worth, TX.

Parents: David Clarke and Cydney Cruce.

Morgan grew up in Paso Robles and currently resides in Santa Margarita, CA where he is known as a computer whiz and a philosopher.

Paragraph RS.2.1.1.2. – Generation 4

Austin James Clarke, b.22.05.1992 in Paso Robles, CA.

Parents: David Clarke and Cydney Cruce.

Austin lived in Paso Robles until he at the age of ten moved with his mother back to Fort Worth, TX. He is currently a naval corpsman stationed in 29 Palms, CA.

Paragraph RS.2.1.2. – Generation 3

Steven Clarke, b.17.01.1966 in Hayward, CA.

Parents: Janet and William Clarke.

Married (until 2001) to **Vickie Larson**.

Married 2003 to **Melissa Smith**.

Children: William Edward Clarke, b.2006 and Andrew Jacob Clarke, b.2007; both born in Des Moines, IA.

Steven lived in the Bay Area until the family in 1979 moved to Paso Robles, CA. He graduated from Paso Robles High School in 1994 and then attended California Lutheran University for five years receiving his degree in History as well as his teaching credential. He taught history at Coalinga, CA for six years. In 1996, he moved to Iowa City, IA and entered Law School at the University of Iowa. He became Public Defender and later went into private practice. He is currently an Administrative Judge with the Parole Board. His wife, Melissa is also an Administrative Judge. They are both very busy in their community of Norwalk, IA. Steve and Melissa and their two sons live in Des Moines, IA.

Paragraph RS.2.1.3. – Generation 3

Catherine Lynn Clarke, b.11.12.1969 in Castro Valley, CA.

Parents: Janet and William Clarke.

Married 1996 to **James Kerman**.

Children: Patricia Kernan, b.1999 and Elizabeth Kernan, b.2002.

In 1979, Catherine moved with her family to Paso Robles, CA where she graduated from Paso Robles High School in 1987. After undergraduate degree at Occidental College, she attended St. Mary's in Los Angeles for her Physical Therapy degree. She continues her career as a Physical Therapist, working at a clinic in Burbank. The family resides in La Crescenta, CA where they are active in their church. Both girls are involved in Club Volleyball as well as playing on their high school team.

Paragraph RS.2.2. – Generation 2

Barbara Sue Cheves, b. Wadstrup 30.08.1946 in El Paso, TX.

Parents: Robert and Phyllis Wadstrup.

Married 29.08.1967(-1972) in San Luis Obispo to **Robert C. Musgrave**, b.26.05.1946 in Kings Co., CA; d.25.08.2000 in Milford, KS.

Child: Karen Sue Musgrave.

After college, Robert worked in various fields before joining the army.

Married 1978(-1981) to **Gordon Cheves**, b.05..01.1937; d.15.07.1995 in San Luis Obispo, CA.

Gordon worked in the linen business and as a mechanic. Barbara attended various elementary schools while moving regularly when her father was re-assigned. She attended both junior high and elementary high school in San Luis Obispo, California, graduated in June 1964 and started working as a secretary throughout San Luis Obispo and then as an administrative assistant for the local university, Cal Poly from where she retired after 27 years. Barbara enjoys gardening, reading and working various types of puzzles. Together with her sister, Janet she

delivers Meals on Wheels. She shares a condominium in San Luis Obispo with her daughter, Karen. They have two cats adopted from the rescue shelter.

Paragraph RS.2.2.1. – Generation 3

Karen Musgrave, b.02.02.1969 in Columbia, SC at Fort Jackson where her father was stationed.

Parents: Barbara and Robert Musgrave.

Karen has worked in the food services before getting employed by Target in San Luis Obispo where she lives.

Paragraph RS.2.3. – Generation 2

Linda Karen Bianculli, b. Wadstrup 27.04.1952 in San Francisco, CA; d.11.02.2008 in Los Banos, Merced, CA.

Parents: Robert and Phyllis Wadstrup.

Married 21.06.1980(-2008) in San Luis Obispo to **Barry Craig Bianculli**, b.03.06.1955 in The Central Valley, CA.

Around 1990, they adopted their son Kevin.

Linda attended school in San Luis Obispo and graduated June 1970. She worked as an executive secretary in the Bay Area where Barry also found a job utilizing his degree in Industrial Engineering. They later moved to the Central Valley where Barry grew up.

Paragraph RS.2.4. – Generation 2

James Wadstrup, b.04.12.1962 at the Vandenberg Air Force Base in Santa Barbara County, CA; d.19.06.2013 in San Jose, CA.

Parents: Robert and Phyllis Wadstrup.

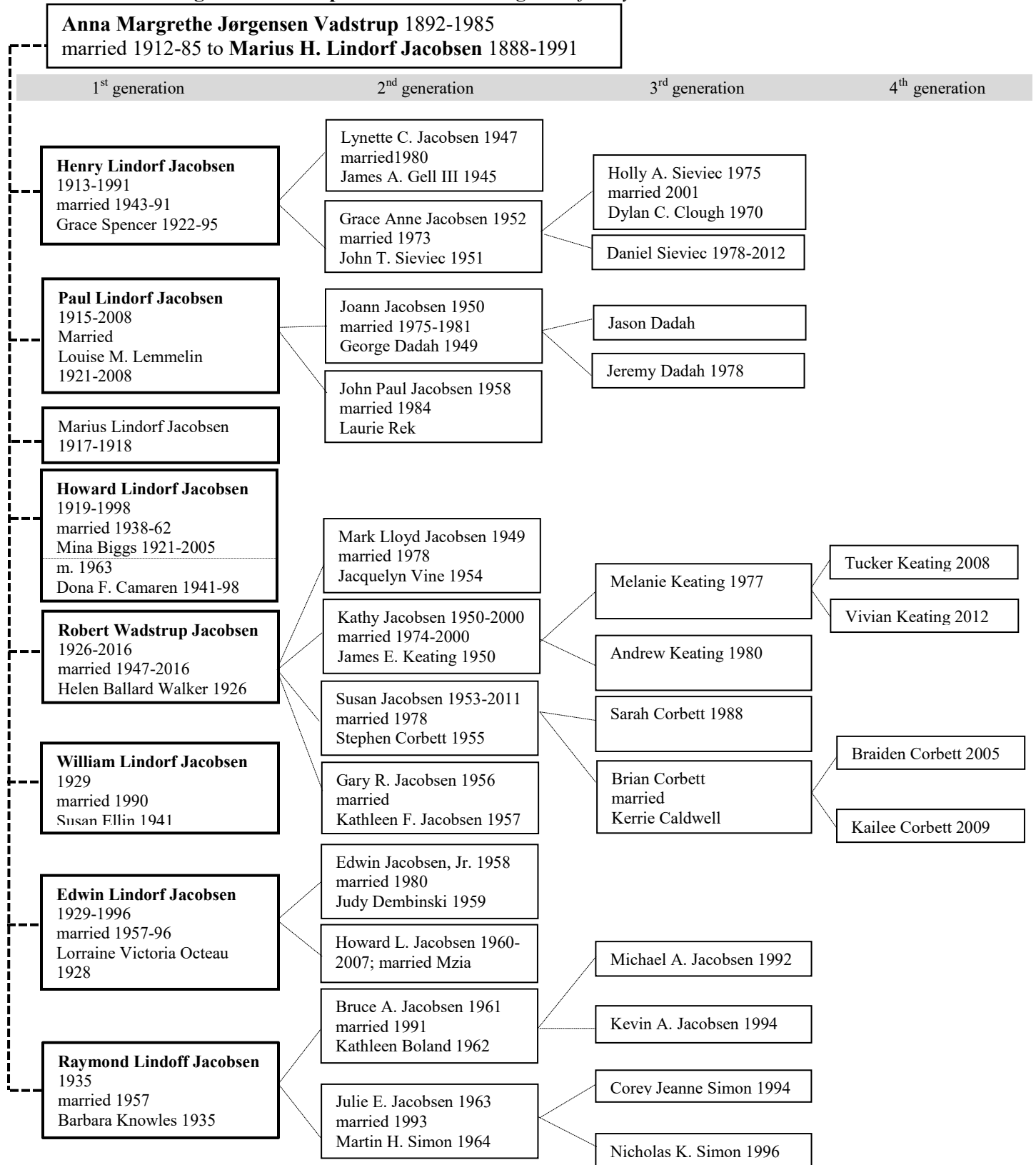
Married 02.05.2009(-2013) in San Jose, CA to **Sarah Ann Ayala**, b.in San Jose, CA.

James attended school in San Luis Obispo and graduated in 1980 from San Luis Obispo High School. He worked in the car repair and car part field and was a respected mechanic for many years in San Luis Obispo until he decided to follow a life-long dream of becoming a conductor and engineer for Am-Trak in the Bay Area. There he met Sarah in 2008. They married in 2009, but James died a few years later.

2.3.7. Anna Margrethe Vadstrup's family group

2.3.7. Margaret's family group

2.3.7.1. Anna Margrethe Vadstrup's familietræ – Margaret's family tree



2.3.7.2. Personoplysninger Anna Margrethe familiegruppe – 2.3.7.2. Individuals, Margaret's family group

FOUNDER OF FAMILY GROUP:

Paragraph AM

Anna Margrethe (known as Margaret) Jørgensen Jacobsen, b.Vadstrup 02.03.1892 in Århus, Denmark; d.04.06.1985 in New Haven, CT.

Parents: Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup and Maren Michelsdatter Vadstrup.

Married 31.10.1912(-1985) in CT to **Marius** (aka Morris) **Hendrik Lindorf Jacobsen**, b.12.04.1888 in Denmark; d. 08.03.1991 in Wallingford, New Haven, CT.

Children: Henry Lindorf Jacobsen, Paul Lindorf Jacobsen, Marius Lindorf Jacobsen; b.19.11.1917; d.19.02.1918, buried in Ansonia, CT, Howard Lindorf Jacobsen, Robert Wadstrup Jacobsen, William Lindorf Jacobsen, Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen, and Raymond Lindoff Jacobsen.

Anna Margrethe was the youngest of 7 siblings. She was only 2 years old when her father died and 9 when her mother died in 1901. After their parents' death, her sister Meta was like a second mother to Anna Margrethe and they maintained a very close relationship during their whole life. At age 17, she emigrated to Connecticut to join 3 older siblings already there, Michael, Meta and Rasmus. In 1912, she married Marius who had earlier emigrated from Denmark. They had a busy life raising their 7 sons. In 1972, she and Marius visited Denmark together with Meta, who had been there 2 years before together with her granddaughter Elaine and Elaine's husband Ken DalPian. Marius worked for the local phone company as did his son Robert and daughter-in-law, Helen. Later he became a town official. He devoted much time to the Congregational Church. Marius wrote a detailed memory of his life; see SECTION 3.

MARGARET'S OLDEST CHILD, HENRY LINDORF JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.1. – Generation 1

Henry Lindorf Jacobsen, b.29.07.1913 in Derby, CT; d.03.08.1991 in Guilford, New Haven, CT.

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married 16.03.1943(-1991) to **Grace Spencer**, b.18.08.1922; d.21.01.1995 in Middletown, CT.

Children: Lynette C. Jacobsen and Grace Anne Jacobsen.

Henry worked as a sales agent and enlisted in the army 12.05.1942 in Hartford, CT.

Paragraph AM.1.1. – Generation 2

Lynette C. Gell, b.Jacobsen 30.10.1947 in CT.

Parents: Henry and Grace Jacobsen.

Married 14.06.1980 in New Haven, CT to **James A. Gell, III**, b.1945.

Paragraph AM.1.2. – Generation 2

Grace Anne Sieviec, b.Jacobsen 16.04.1952.

Parents: Henry and Grace Jacobsen.

Married 08.09.1973 in Guilford, New Haven, CT to **John Theodore Sieviec**, b.18.01.1951.

Children: Holly Sieviec and Daniel Sieviec.

Paragraph AM.1.2.1. – Generation 3

Holly A. Clough, b.Sieviec 15.01.1975 in Branford, CT.

Parents: Grace and John Sieviec.

Married 04.08.2001 in Grafton, VT to **Dylan Courtney Clough**, b.07.01.1970 in RI, USA.

Paragraph AM.1.2.2. – Generation 3

Daniel Spencer Sieviec, b.21.11.1978 in New Haven, CT; d.22.08.2012 in Bridgeport, CT.

Parents: Grace and John Sieviec.

Daniel graduated in 1998 from Guilford High School, was enrolled at Gateway Community College and died only 33 years old.

MARGARET'S SECOND OLDEST CHILD, PAUL LINDORF JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.2 – Generation 1

Paul Lindorf Jacobsen, b.29.08.1915 in Orange, CT; d.08.03.2008 in Brewster, MA.

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married until 2008 to **Louise Martineau Lemmelin**, b.15.04.1921 in Southbridge, MA; d.05.03.2008 in Brewster, MA, buried in Bourne, MA.

Children: Joann Jacobsen and John Paul Jacobsen.

Paragraph AM.2.1. – Generation 2

Joann Dadah, b.Jacobsen 1950.

Parents: Paul and Louise Jacobsen.

Married 12.04.1975(-1981). in Bethany, CT to **George Dadah**, b.1949.

Children: Jason Dadah and Jeremy Dadah, b.24.11.1978.

Joann lives in Kingwood, TX.

Paragraph AM.2.2. – Generation 2

John Paul Jacobsen, b.22.10.1958.

Parents: Paul and Louise Jacobsen.

Married 10.03.1984 in Prospect, CT to **Laurie Rek**.

MARGARET'S FOURTH OLDEST CHILD, HOWARD LINDORF JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.4. – Generation 1

Howard Lindorf Jacobsen, b.08.10.1919 in Derby, CT; d.23.01.1998 in Middletown, CT, buried in Alder Brook Cemetery, Boston, MA

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married 1938(-1962) to **Mina Biggs**, b.11.11.1921; d.12.05.2005.

Howard served in WWII as a sergeant in the U.S. Army. In 1945, on his way back to the US from his post in Germany, he visited Henri Lauritz and Dora Marquard Hansen (see page 23) and their 10 years old daughter, Lise who reports that Howard brought chewing gum, which she then tasted for the first time.

Married 03.07.1963 in Los Angeles, CA to **Dona F. Camaren**, b.1941; d.1998.

ANNA MARGRETHE'S FIFTH OLDEST CHILD, ROBERT WADSTRUP JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.5. – Generation 1

Robert Wadstrup Jacobsen, b.19.11.1926 in Meriden, CT; d.02.07.2016 at Middlesex Hospital, CT.

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married 05.04.1947(-2016) to **Helen Ballard Walker**, b.11.12.1926 in Meriden, CT.

Children: Mark Lloyd Jacobsen, Kathy Ellen Jacobsen, Susan Elizabeth Jacobsen and Gary Robert Jacobsen.

Robert was class president during his junior and senior high school years at Guilford H.S., student council vice president in his junior year and president in his senior year. He was an accomplished athlete, member of 1944 varsity basketball team, soccer team, baseball team and football team and very popular among peers and teachers; cf. the following quote from the yearbook: "Our president and basketball star; without him we could not have gone that far. He was voted best athlete; most likely to succeed; best physique; boy who has done the most for the class; most dependable boy; nicest eyes; and tallest in the class". Robert enlisted in the Air Corps on April 6, 1945 at Ft. Devens, MA. Helen graduated from Guilford High School, class of 1944. Among other things, she was on the yearbook staff; she was a cheerleader; class vice president during her senior year; student council secretary; and in her senior year she was voted cutest girl in the class and most popular girl. She and Robert were voted class lovers. Robert and Helen resided in Guilford, CT where Helen still lives.

Paragraph AM.5.1. – Generation 2

Mark Lloyd Jacobsen, b. 08.04.1949 in Guilford, CT.

Parents: Robert and Helen Jacobsen.

Married 30.06.1978 in West Haven, CT to **Jacquelyn Vine**, b.08.6.0954. Mark lives in Bellow Falls, VT.

Paragraph AM.5.2. – Generation 2

Kathy Ellen Keating, b.Jacobsen 03.10.1950 in CT; d.10.11.2000 in CT.

Parents: Robert and Helen Jacobsen.

Married 29.05.1974(-2000) in New Haven, CT to **James E. Keating**, b.07.12.1950.

Children: Melanie Keating and Andrew James Keating.

Paragraph AM.5.2.1. – Generation 3

Melanie Keating, b.01.10.1977.

Parents: Kathy and James Keating.

Children: Tucker Davis Keating, b.2008 and Vivian Keating, b.2012.

Paragraph AM.5.2.2. – Generation 3

Andrew James Keating, b.08.09.1980.

Parents: Kathy and James Keating.

Paragraph AM.5.3. – Generation 2

Susan Elizabeth Corbett, b.Jacobsen 11.10.1953 in CT; d.05.09.2011 in South Kingston, RI; buried in Alderbrook Cemetery, Guilford, CT.

Parents: Robert and Helen Jacobsen.

Married 21.07.1978 in Guilford, CT to **Stephen Corbett**, b.18.10.1955.

Children: Sarah E. Corbett and Brian W. Corbett.

Susan worked in area banks in CT and in assisted living communities in RI.

Paragraph AM.5.3.1. –Generation 3

Sarah E. Corbett, b.25.04.1988 in Waterbury, New Haven, CT.

Parents: Susan and Stephen Corbett.

Sarah lives in Warwick, RI.

Paragraph AM.5.3.2. – Generation 3

Brian W. Corbett.

Parents: Susan and Stephen Corbett.

Married to **Kerrie Caldwell**.

Children: Braiden Corbett, b.2005 and Kailee Corbett, b.2009.

Paragraph AM.5.4.—Generation 2

Gary Robert Jacobsen, b.08.02.1956 in CT.

Parents: Robert and Helen Jacobsen.

Married to **Kathleen F. Jacobsen**, b.08.01.1957.

Gary and Kathleen live in Salisbury, MA.

ANNA MARGRETHE'S SIXTH OLDEST CHILD, WILLIAM LINDORF JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.6. – Generation 1

William Lindorf Jacobsen, b.25.09.1929

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married 01.01.1990 in Glover, VT to **Susan Ellin**, b.29.01.1941.

William played basketball for Guilford High School. He was strongly involved in construction during a long career. He and Susan and Susan's daughter, Tae Ellin, enjoy living in Brooklyn, NY

ANNA MARGRETHE'S SEVENTH OLDEST CHILD, EDWIN LINDORF JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.7. – Generation 1

Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen, b.25.09.1929 in CT; d.28.03.1996 in Milford, New Haven, CT.

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married 15.06.1957(-1996) in Los Angeles, CA to **Lorraine Victoria Oceau**, b.07.01.1928.

Children: Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen, Jr. and Howard Lindorf Jakobsen.

Edwin played basketball for Guilford High School. He enlisted in the US military 15.03.1944 at Fort Devens, MA. The family later moved to San Bernadino, CA.

Paragraph AM.7.1. – Generation 2

Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen, Jr., b.14.06.1958 in San Bernadino, CA.

Parents: Edwin and Lorraine Jacobsen.

Married 14.06.1980 in Milford, CT to **Judith A. Dembinski**, b.1959 in CT.

Paragraph AM.7.2. – Generation 2

Howard Lindorf Jacobsen, b.18.04.1960 in San Bernadino, CA; d.12.01.2007 in New Haven, CT.

Parents: Edwin and Lorraine Jacobsen.

Married to **Mzia**.

MARGARET'S EIGHTH OLDEST CHILD, RAYMOND LINDOFF JACOBSEN AND HIS FAMILY:

Paragraph AM.8. – Generation 1

Raymond Lindoff Jacobsen, b.27.10.1935.

Parents: Margaret and Marius Jacobsen.

Married 15.06.1957 in Guilford, CT to **Barbara Knowles**, b.02.04.1935.

Children: Bruce Allen Jacobsen and Julie Elisabeth Jacobsen.

Paragraph AM.8.1. – Generation 2

Bruce Allen Jacobsen, b.30.08.1961.

Parents: Raymond and Barbara Jacobsen.

Married 20.04.1991 in New Haven, CT to **Kathleen M. Boland**, b.17.07.1962 in CT.

Children: Michael Allen Jacobsen and Kevin Allen Jacobsen.

Paragraph AM.8.1.1. – Generation 3

Michael Allen Jacobsen, b.18.07.1992.

Parents: Bruce and Kathleen Jacobsen.

Michael works for an industrial supply company.

Paragraph AM.8.1.2. – Generation 3

Kevin Allen Jacobsen; b.01.13.1994.

Parents: Bruce and Kathleen Jacobsen.

Kevin is completing his last year in college where he played varsity soccer. He has been on several geological digs including one to Hawaii.

Paragraph AM.8.2. – Generation 2

Julie Elisabeth Simon, b. Jacobsen 30.10.1963.

Parents: Raymond and Barbara Jacobsen.

Married 1993 to **Martin Hurley Simon**, b.21.05.1964.

Children: Corey Jeanne Simon and Nicholas Knowles Simon.

Paragraph AM.8.2.1. – Generation 3

Corey Jeanne Simon, b.20.03.1994.

Parents: Julie and Martin Simon.

Corey is a student at the University of Maryland, Baltimore campus. She is a qualified scuba diver. One trip took her to Cozumel Island, off of Mexico. She spent one semester in Uruguay and is now in graduate school at UMBC.

Paragraph AM.8.2.2. – Generation 3

Nicholas Knowles Simon, b.21.03.1996.

Parents: Julie and Martin Simon.

Nick attended the University of Maryland, Baltimore campus and is now starting his graduate program at Berkeley, CA. He enjoys music and is a member of a band.

AFSNIT 3

Familiemedlemmers erindringer

Memories by family members

Nogle få nulevende og afdøde efterkommere af de syv Vadstrup søskende, børn af Søren og Maren Vadstrup, har nedskrevet erindringer om deres familie- og arbejdsliv. En direkte afskrift af deres erindringer er gengivet nedenfor i den rækkefølge, de blev skrevet. De uddyber nogle af de korte biografier i AFNIT 2. De belyser også træk af samfundets almindelige udvikling i de sidste godt hundrede år – skoleuddannelse, arbejds- og ansættelsesforhold, levevilkår, teknologisk udvikling m.v.

Marius Jacobsen fortæller levende om sine barndoms- og ungdomsåre i Danmark, før han emigrerede til USA. Han beretter om vanskeligheder med at finde en passende beskæftigelse og dernæst om hans lange arbejdsliv ved etablering af telefonnettet i Connecticut. Desuden skriver han om sit møde med Margaret Wadstrup, Søren og Maren Vadstrups yngste barn, og deres familieliv sammen med deres sønner, side 83.

Anna Mortensen og *Signe Christensen* var døtre af Ane Kathrine, den næstældste af de syv Vadstrup søskende. De beretter begge udførligt om deres barndom på Damstrupgaard og i Brundby og om deres skolegang på Samsø i 1900-tallets begyndelse. De skriver også om arbejdsliv og aktiviteter uden for Samsø i ungdomsårene. Og de fortæller om deres senere familie- og arbejdsliv på sjællandske landbrugsbedrifter, henholdsvis side 105 og 142.

Elaine DalPian og *Don Coppen*, som begge er børnebørn af Meta (nr. fire af de syv Vadstrup søskende) fortæller om indvandrerfamiliernes liv i USA og om samkvemet med slægtninge under besøg i Danmark, henholdsvis side 168 og 175.

Jørgen Mortensen er barnebarn af Ane Kathrine og søn af Anna Mortensen. Hans erindringer går tilbage til tiden omkring begyndelsen af 2. Verdenskrig, side 177.

A few descendants of Søren and Maren Vadstrup's children have made written reports about their family lives and professional careers. The following direct transcripts of their memories are in the order they were dated. They elaborate on some of the brief bios in SECTION 2. They also give a taste of the general development during a period of more than a hundred years such as education, terms of work and employment, living conditions, technological development and more.

Marius Jacobsen has accounted for his years of childhood and youth before emigrating from Denmark to the USA. We learn about his difficulties finding an appropriate job and next, about his many years of service installing the telephone net in Connecticut. He also writes about meeting Margaret Wadstrup, Søren and Maren Vadstrup's youngest child, and about their family life together with their sons; page 83.

Anna Mortensen and *Signe Christensen* were daughters of Ane Kathrine, the second oldest of the seven Vadstrup siblings. They both tell in detail about their childhood at Damstrupgaard and in Brundby and about school attendance on Samsø in the beginning of the 1900s. They also write about work and other activities during their youth outside of Samsø. And they let us in on their family life and work as co-owners of farms on Sjælland; page 105 and page 142, respectively.

Elaine DalPian and *Don Coppen*, grandchildren of Meta (no. four of the seven Vadstrup siblings) tell about immigrant families' life in the US and about being together with relatives during visits to Denmark; page 168 and 175, respectively.

Jørgen Mortensen is the grandchild of Ane Kathrine and son of Anna Mortensen. His memories go back to about 1940 and the start of WWII; page 177.

3.1. Memories by Marius H. L. Jacobsen

Memories Of The Life Of Morris H. L. Jacobsen

Up to November 1972

Marius H. L. Jacobsen

Born April 12, 1888

Cover note as written in Danish by Marius:

Læs det helt igennem og saa tænk om det, hvordan saa mange Mirakler hele Livet under Guds Beskyttelse foruden den mindste skade til mig eller nogen som arbejdede sammen med mig, eller min Familie.

Marius H. L. Jacobsen

Content of cover note in English:

Read it all the way through and then reflect on how so many miracles during my whole life, under God's auspices, gave protection against all injuries and harm to me and people working together with me, and to my family.

My life on this earth from my first memory at age four to now at age eighty-four, I look back and see the full life with God's blessings and help and protection all the way, by the full faith in his power to lean on and draw from when really needed, yes when needed, but not for more than really needed for a pleasant and comfortable life after his law, as taught us by his son, Jesus Christ, who he sent to earth as a final teacher of his Commandments, after the earthly teachers failed in this, and the people showed more selfishness all the time for their earthly, bodily pleasures, rather than the eternal life for their spirit with God, after the short time of existence for their earthly life, which is only a few years, supposedly under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in each of us, to guide our earthly life under the Commandments he had to give us to live here by, with the final instructions given by Jesus Christ, To love our neighbors as ourselves, and God above all, and only by the ability of our spirit to so lead and guide our earthly body in that life for that short period, will our spirit deserve that eternal life in God's kingdom. If not, it is condemned to the suffering in hell's fire under the devil, and so, I will here try to show the comfort and pleasure of a life here on earth, under that guidance, as I was taught by my mother, when at age four I was lost in a large forest in Denmark, where we lived at that time. So, here it is, hoping someone will learn from this tale of a life under and with God.

At age four in the year 1892, I was alone in our fenced in yard at the edge of a large and dense forest belonging to the Baron that owned most of that area, and for whom my father worked. My oldest brother, Rasmus, who was nearly ten years older than I, was usually looking after a large herd of cows on a meadow deep in the forest, bringing it there in the morning and bringing them back to the barn at milking time in the evening. On the days he was not in school, which was every second day, all day, 8 in the morning to 5 afternoon, 3 days each week, my other three brothers were in school that day, being what was called the low class three days, and my older brother was in the high class, taking turns every second day, with one teacher doing all the teaching all days, with some 30 to 40 children each day. I apparently became lonely in the yard alone, mother being in the house working. I guess I had been in to see my brother with someone once before, so I guess I decided to go in to visit him and started into the forest, without asking or letting my mother know. Soon I was lost in there, and after a time I became afraid and sat down and cried. Soon I felt something warm and moist rubbing my cheek, and looking up, I saw a large deer standing there and rubbing my cheek with its mouth, and I threw my arms around its neck, and it stayed with me that way until my mother found me. Being a doe, it had no antlers, so it seemed she was sort of mothering me, at least that was what my mother said. She also told me that when she found me missing she became afraid that I had gone into the woods, and she said she asked God to keep me safe until she could find me. She said she was sure God had sent the deer to guard over me until she did find me. How otherwise would a wild animal do what that deer did.

Mother then told me never to be afraid if I had the full faith in God and lived after God's Commandments, and never asked God for something we can do for ourself, and only ask for what we really need, and in an emergency like then, where she could not know what was happening to me, she impressed on me how we must really have full faith in God to ask him for anything, and to live after his will to deserve his help when needed. I have never forgotten this and have tried to live my life thereafter, and feel, in fact know, that God has all my life been with me and safeguarded me in many instances, and helped me all the way, which I feel I must write this history of my life to show how, if God is with you, you can always feel safe. The deer followed close behind us until we got back in the yard. Then, it turned and went back into the forest, and even as happened often, we saw several deer in the forest, we never recognized it even if it was one of these we did see.

Not too long after the deer incident, we moved to another part of the country to a town called Kappel on the Island of Lolland, to my mother's home, to take care of her father, after her mother fell out of a cherry tree and was injured fatally. My mother was the oldest of four daughters and one brother. Two of her sisters were then in the United States and the other sister married to a business man who could not leave where they lived, which was not too far from where we lived before moving to her father's home. Her brother was a sailor who apparently was lost with a ship in the ocean near the South Africa coast, as they had not heard from him for some time before our move, and never did since. We traveled on trains and ferry boats to the city of Nakskow, and a neighbor farmer met us at the train station with horsedrawn farm wagon and brought us to mother's home, where I saw my grandfather for the first time. We hit it right off at once, and I became his steady helper on his large wooden loom as he was a weaver of all kinds of cloth. I helped spooling thread and feeding thread through the intricate machine, for the different types of patterns of cloth. He was badly crippled with rheumatism, which he claimed to have started when he was a prisoner of the german army, having been captured as he was swimming from his sunk warship, blasted by the germans in the war of 1864 between that country and Denmark, which was lost by Denmark, thereby loosing the southern part of the peninsula of jutland (jylland, as called in danish). He was also in the 1848 war against that same germany for the same purpose, which the danes won. My father was too young for either of these wars, but he served his time later in the danish army, as all eligible young men had to do when it was time for them.

A short time after arriving at our new home with grandfather, mother presented us with another brother, making it six of us with no sister, but somehow he did only live four months, and it was a sad day for us, but as mother said, it was God's will, and his spirit went home to God. After three years helping grandfather, he finally was relieved of his rheumatism, which finally made him beridden, by dying at age 77. I being his best friend, he insisted that I sit at the bedside holding his hand, and with a smile and squeeze of his hand, he passed on into the eternal Kingdom of God. At age seven, I had there verification of what mother told me. Shortly before grandfather's passing on, Mother had presented us with another brother, the seventh, and the sixth living, and as I sit here in Guilford, Connecticut in the U.S.A., writing this, he who will be 77 years old on August 30th after I get to 84 on the 12th of April this year of 1972.

That was the year I started going to school at age seven in the central school in Kappel in the low class, where we started in the back row of seats and tables, advancing forward in the seats as we advanced in knowledge. The first hour spent on bible history, written that way for better understanding, rather than reading the hard to understand wording straight from the Bible. We had a man teacher named Henningsen, who was a wonderful man and teacher, strict in discipline but very kind and understanding. He was the only teacher in that school for six long days a week, and was the janitor, fireman and all that had to be done. As we advanced, and after the third year, we helped him with the beginners. I spent a good part of the last year in each class in helping to instruct the later arrivals, and enjoyed it, and I believe learned much that way. We had reading, spelling, arithmetic, history, world

history, world geography, physical training, gymnastics including pole and rope climbing, and all in that line, even marching like soldiers, running and high and broad jumping. At age 14 we were fully ready for a responsible life ahead. We did have a choice of agricultural highschool, vocational trade school or an entered apprenticeship in any mechanical trade or vocation, where after four years of training and hard work, at that chosen work you were considered master of that art and normally qualified for the top wages for such a trade.

During the period after arriving in our home with grandfather and the school years, I had, of course, several playmates, and had good times playing as other kids do anywhere, especially two boys, sons of a near neighbor, Hans Jørgensen, who was a mail carrier, walking or on bicycle, and after that job for the day, was a weaver of cloth like my grandfather. The sons were named Hans jørgen, the oldest, who was a year older than I, and Emil, the youngest, a year younger than I. We were constant playmates, and rarely had any trouble between us. Our playing was much in the fire ponds along the roads for use for the hand drawn and hand pumped fire extinguishers used in those days. We used to swim in the ponds in the summer, or wade through them on stilts and of course got stuck in muddy bottoms and land in the water, and normally sit in the sunshine behind a fence to dry our clothes, and in the winter skate on the ice, and when tiring of that, break the ice in large floats and jump across the water from float to float, and of course, miss or slide and land in the water, and even then we would dry our clothes in the sun, if there was any. I remember once, Hans jørgen fell and rolled in the water and under the ice, but I managed to reach him and pull him out before he drowned. Another time on another pond, that was deeper than the one we mostly played on near their house, and we had had a good time on a large float of ice left after much had melted away, we used some wood sticks to pole us across the pond. One morning on the way to school, we stopped at the pond and Hans jørgen went down to the pond to show the other kids, some boys and some girls, how we had had fun on that float the day before. I stayed up on the road, as my mother had warned me not to get wet on the way to school, or I would get a licking. It had frozen a thin crust of ice on the water that night, and when Hans jørgen stepped on the edge of the old ice he tripped and fell with one foot under the old ice and one foot above, and so laying in the water on his side the new ice held him and head bobbing up and down pleading for help, but the other kids seemed to be afraid or did not know what to do. When I saw he was weakening, I put my books down and went down there, and it seemed like a voice telling me what to do. There was a large willow tree growing on the side of the pond, and a large limb was out over the pond, and as I went out on the old ice, I jumped up high enough to grab the limb with both hands and so worked my way out over where he lay, and my feet were low enough so when I told him to grab my feet he did and I was able to lift him enough to get him away from the trap he was in and so I was able to work us toward the side of the pond until he could reach the bottom to walk ashore and I let go and dropped down beside him and we got ashore safely.

Of course, we had to go home to get dry clothes, and when my mother saw me so wet, I got my tanning, and so went to school, and there the teacher had the children lined up to honor me for what I had done, but I really did not like that, as I had only helped my friend. When I got home my mother said, "Why did you not tell me why you got wet, and I would not have touched you?" I said, "I did get wet and had it coming." "Well", she said "I am proud of you." I said, "Let us forget it." Next day I was working at our neighbors farm and he began talking about what I had done and remarked that they should try to get me a medal for rescuing Hans jørgen, and I told him to forget it as I had only helped my friend, and if any more was said about it, I would not work for him any more or any one else that kept talking about it, as it was God that had guided me to do what I did, and so I heard no more about that.

During the school years I worked on the days not in school, every second day as we attended school from age 7 to age 10 in the little class, from 8 in the morning to about 5 in the afternoon, three days a

week, and the big class age 11 to age 14 in the other in between days, being taught by one teacher in our school a man teacher who taught some 75 to 80 children, and also was the teacher in physical training, all kinds of gymnastics, besides being the janitor, fireman, in fact doing it all. He lived in part of the building with his family, and was the only one to care for everything needing attention. We started the day with Bible history, written that way for better understanding rather than trying to read the Bible as written, in hard to understand words for children to read, and our teacher, whose name was Henningsen, was a fine teacher in every thing, took time to explain everything so we could really get the meaning of everything we were studying. He certainly was a wonderful man in all lines. He was strict in discipline, but a kind and understanding man, and we all loved him. During the school year, we at age 7 entered in the little class in the last row of seats and tables, and then as we advanced in knowledge, we moved forward, until the last year, or some before that, if good progress was made in learning, and then some of us became teachers helpers to show the beginners how to do the work in the various areas in the studies. I know that I spent the last two years in each class in helping the teacher by showing the late comers how to do their work, especially to help them understand and so get the benefit of the studying in the many areas of required education for all the children, as I have mentioned before in this history of my life with God; we normally had one month's vacation in the middle of the summer, and I for one spent most of that time working on the neighbors farms, one next to us on the west, and the other across the road from our home and big Garden where I did help my parents to grow the different crops we needed for food for a large family. I normally gave my mother most of my earnings received from the neighbors, as she could use it to help feeding us all when we were at home, and there was very little we children could spend money on, except for needed clothes, or saving for the few times a year we had festivals similar to the fairs held in this country, with the usual amusement facilities especially for the young people. I did enjoy working at farmwork especially with driving the horses used as power for all farm tools in the days before any power tools existed. During the last several months before age 14 we went to confirmation class at the local Minister's home office, and so at the end of the school year at age 14 we were confirmed in the church, and became members in the church, and then you were a man, and normally decided for your own life: after I was confirmed I decided to try out for a business career, and started in a country store as an apprentice, with a small wage to start, but with board and room, and I liked the store work, but as the owner had a good size farm I spent more time doing farm work, even if that was not supposed to be included in my contract as an apprentice in business, signed by my father, I did not mind doing some work on the farm, but the milking of the cows twice a day, and the extra time spent on that and very little time on store work, even on Sundays, so it became too much of that. So one Sunday I had off to ride home on my bike, generally a 3 hour ride one way, I notice a sign on a store I passed, calling for an apprentice to start work there, I found out where the owner lived near there, and stopped and saw him and he said I could start there any time, as soon as possible, and as it was only about half the distance from my home as the place I did work, when I told my parents about it, they agreed, and that Monday my father borrowed a horse and a buggy and went with me to see the man I was working for, and he told him that as he made me spend too much time on the farm work, not in the apprentice contract, the contract was broken, and he was taking me away from there at once, and on the way back we stopped at the other store and father signed a contract for me to start there the next day.

I went home with him, and the next day I rode my bike there and started to work and liked it much better. With no farm chores to do, at either end of the day, less time was required, and even working long hours 6 days a week and a short time Sunday morning, it was all store work and I liked it, and got along fine with my new boss. I could ride home on my bike in less than 2 hours, and did more often then from the other place, where I only had one Sunday off each month. The owner was a young man, not long out of business school, and had started the store not long before, in two rooms rented in a house where the owner lived with his family, so we were rather crowded. The owner had planned to

build a new house across the road, and a big enough place to have plenty of store room on the first floor, and living space on the second floor, as he then was living with his parents, who had a good size farm nearby, and was engaged to a daughter of another farmer not far from there, and they expected to get married as soon as the new house was ready. So he worked most of his time on the new house, that he started shortly after I started with him. He had a sister doing most of the store work and continued there after I got there. The store was a cooperative store, the members paid a small amount of money to join it and at the end of each month could turn in stamps they had received during the month on the buyings for cash, and receive a percentage return on whatever that amounted to, so it was a busy place to work.

When not needed to help in the store, I helped the boss work on the new place, first excavating for a full basement, and after that the walls of cement for a base and then the wooden walls and flooring and so the roof and windows and doors. Having helped my father and others doing building work before, I really was a better builder than the Boss was, and he admitted it, and was pleased with my help. In fact, a couple of years before I got out of school, we had a new school built. When as a curious 12 year old kid was watching the bricklayers work, they first got me to make the mixture of cement they used and shortly after, I had a trowel in my hand and laying bricks. When they got to laying the cement tiles, I soon was putting on tiles, and many times after that in my life, it came in handy to be able to do such things. At the time helping my boss, I really was the master builder all the way, and soon we had the building to the point that we could have our beds on the second floor, it being in the summer, no need for heating inside for a time, and we got along fine. I was always reading when I found time, and as we had to use oil lamps or candles for lighting, the boss had warned me not to lay in bed reading by the oil lamp, as he was afraid I might go to sleep, being tired, and possibly knock over the lamp and set fire to the house. I followed the rule normally, but one night, when the boss had gone to visit his girl, I did break the rule, as I was tired after a hard day, and had an interesting book to read, and did not expect him home so early. I heard him come in downstairs and I blew out the lamp and acted like I was asleep but he had seen the light and felt of the lamp and found it warm and asked if I had been reading in bed. I made out I was asleep, and answered that way. Next morning he gave me a good beating, and knowing I had been wrong I did not fight back, which I could have done, being as strong as he at least, but it did irritate me more and more during the day.

Having been thinking about going to the United States, as I had by then three of my brothers over there and two aunts and uncles there with families, and with the small wages I had then and could expect during the next year or two, I could not expect to save up enough to pay my fare over to there. I finally made up my mind to leave the job now as he had actually broken the apprentice contract by beating me. So after supper I got my few things and left without saying anything, except leaving a note that I was through and would not be back. My oldest brother, Rasmus, was at that time foreman on a large estate farm some distance from there, so I decided to head there, hoping I could get a job there with a fair farm wage, so I could save up enough to pay my way to the U.S. by next spring. I got there before he went to bed, and stayed with him for the night, but he insisted that I go home next morning, as he felt that the man I had left, would probably come out home to get me to come back, and as mother would then be worried about me, so I did start home after breakfast. Being a long distance to walk I arrived home in mid afternoon, and sure enough, mother was worried, as my old boss had arrived there early that morning looking for me to come back, offering to pay my way through a business course if I would come back. He told mother he was sorry he lost his head and beat me, as he had nothing else against me.

I stuck to my plan for a better paying job, and managed to save enough to get to America next spring, arriving in the Hartford station with a tag stuck to my coat, with my uncle's address in Plainville, to where I was headed, as my brother, Torvald, was living there while working in New Britain. The

interpreter was to send him a telegram of the time I would arrive there and I was sitting on a bench for a while waiting, but none came. Finally a Train Announcer came over and I presume asked me what I was waiting for, and I showed him my tag with the address on it. He motioned me about if I had any money, so I gave him the ten dollar bill I had, and he went and bought a ticket and brought me up to the train and presumably told the conductor to put me off in Plainville, which he did. Not knowing where to go, I noticed a man sitting at a gate across the main street, where a railroad track crossed, and I showed him my tag with my Uncle's address, and he apparently knew my uncle, and he wrote something on the tag and pointed up the street, saying something I did not understand. So I started walking the way he pointed, and passed a trolley car standing a short distance up the street. He apparently was watching me, as a boy came running and took my hand and pointed to the trolley and pulled me to it, and I got on and gave the conductor money and pointed to my tag, nodded, and so I was riding on a trolley and after a distance the car stopped and the conductor took me off and pointed across the road to a big house, After the car left I walked over to the house and knocked on the door, and my aunt met me at the door. I knew her right away, as she and her daughter, my cousin Carie, had been home to visit us the year before. She was surprised as she did not expect me until the next day by the telegram they had received. Of course, the rest of them were also surprised to see me when they all arrived and saw me, and wondered how I had found my way there, especially since they had only lived there a short time, inasmuch as my uncle used to be a manager of a creamery and be a buttermaker there for years, and had only lately bought the farm on which they then lived. This had taken place about the time I was leaving home. Of course, when I told them what had happened and how I had been directed there, that explained it, as my uncle was well known there as they had lived there a long time.

My uncle was looking for help on the farm, and as that was one job I was familiar with, I agreed to work there for my board and 15 dollars a month, which was the average farm wages at that period, and was then comparable with the other wage areas at the time. I got along well with uncle and aunt and cousin Carie, who had that semester started teaching school in Plainville schools. I immediately started to learn to read the english language, by reading several such books as Detective Old King Cole, Diamond Dick and other such imaginary kid story books. Of course, I had to get some help from my cousin, and it took about a couple of weeks before I finished the first one, but after that I made out better and better. I used to plow and other field work talking to myself, repeating the words until i thought I said them with the right pronunciation, and in about three months, I could manage to get along talking with people. Of course, not perfect, but get by for the time being.

My three brothers and I normally got together on most Sundays for talks and some fun in places like the then public amusement parks, mainly established by the then statewide Conn. Trolley Company in different suitable areas for such establishments, to give them the profitable job of carrying the people seeking such pleasures on Sundays and holidays, that actually being the only thing in the amusement line going on in those days. My two brothers, John and Christian, were trained blacksmiths from home, and then working in that trade, John in Hartford, and Christian in Middletown, and of course, Thorvald and I together at uncles. The only disadvantage for me was that I normally had to leave in the middle of our fun to return to the farm to do chores and milk about 12 cows every day, Sundays included. Finally one Sunday, in the middle of some real fun at Whiteoak Park, between Plainville and New Britain, I got disgusted with that constant leaving in the middle of some real fun. That night after supper, normally late after the chores, being then a kid in such action, rather than facing my uncle, I left a note on the table for him, to tell him I was leaving for good, seeking a job where I could have Sundays free for myself, and would only come back for my half month wage I had then coming, if I should need it, or maybe not at all.

I had once been over to see Christian in Middletown and thought I might try there for a job. So I started walking toward New Britain, which would be on the way there, and did arrive at a freight track with a couple of railroad freight cars parked at a factory. It being then after ten o'clock, and a door to one of the cars was open and the car empty, and being tired by then, I crawled into the car, felt around in the dark interior, and my hand felt a face of someone. A voice asked, "What do you want?" I said I was looking for a place to sleep. The voice said, "I am sleeping here. You go to the other end to sleep and leave me alone." I did that, found a piece of wood for a pillow and slept to about five in the morning; a whistle blew loudly and woke me up, and the other guest was walking around rubbing his eyes and asked where I was going, and when I told him I was looking out for a job, he said he was too, and he suggested we go to New Haven and look at the Railroad Company Office, and we might get a job with the railroad. I agreed, and we started on a road toward what he called the main railroad from New Haven, through Hartford and north. The road we walked on he called the Newington Road, and in a while we did arrive at a bridge over the railroad. We went down to the track and started south toward what he said was Berlin. Passing a brewery near the track, he then suggested we try for a drink of beer, and it struck me that he seemed to be rather familiar there and after we had a glass of beer at his begging, he insisted we have another one. I got a little suspicious of him, as he was rather persistent, and it struck me he was trying to get me drunk so he could rob me. I refused and he gave up and we again started walking toward Meriden, he said. We arrived there somewhat after noon, and having had nothing to eat that day, I was hungry and we stood in the center debating where to get eats. When a landau, with a driver (coachman) sitting on the drivers seat high in front driving the two horses, and a man down in the low back seat, came by and stopped in front of us, and my companion went out and spoke with the man in the back seat of that fancy wagon, and my suspicion sort of faded, thinking if he was so acquainted with such a man, he should be alright.

So we had a couple of hot dogs and a cup of coffee, and then got on a trolley car and rode to New Haven and got there about six o'clock and my friend seemed to be well acquainted in that place. We went to a street east of the railroad track, to a rooming house where we got in the basement room that had four double beds and the cost was ten cents a night for each of us. That was a new one on me, but there was a full room when it was time to sleep. My partner said he was going to the railroad office to see if they could give us a job, and would bring back something to eat. As I was pretty tired by then, I was glad to rest a while. Shortly after leaving, he came back with a couple of sandwiches and we ate them for our supper with a drink of water too, and as I was pretty hungry, it did not taste too bad. He said we could get a job at the railroad next morning, and I still believed him like the fool I found out to be shortly after, but being tired, I went to sleep right after we went to bed. I woke up about eleven with a sort of funny feeling, that something was wrong, and looking over I did not see my partner. Looking for my wallet, that was missing with the ten dollars I had in it, and looking for my shoes, a brand new pair, they were gone with an old worn out pair left. Even a ten cent piece I had in my coat pocket was gone. Luckily, my clothes, a new suit, did not fit him or that would have been missing too.

So there I was alone in a strange city without a job or money, knowing no one, but I did learn something about professional tramps. I asked the landlord if he had seen that partner of mine going out. The guy had left the place about an hour before, and the landlord being a swede, that I could better talk with in the Scandinavian language, and I told him what the guy had done to me. He suggested that I might find him in some saloon in the area as he probably was getting a drink. He said that, of course, as I had paid for the night, I could come back to sleep for the night, and there was a Norwegian rooming in the regular room upstairs, who was working in a factory, who might know where I could find a job, if I got up early to see him before he left.

Well, I scoured the areas saloons, maybe some half a dozen, but I saw nothing of him, and I guess maybe God was again with me, as I was mad enough to half kill him, and I guess well able to do it, and

would probably then have landed in jail. It was raining by then and I was getting wet, so I returned to bed and slept good the rest of the night.

I met the norwegian in the morning, but he was in a hurry, and he told me that no job hiring was done only on Friday morning, and he would see me that night and off he went. There I was in a strange city, knowing no one, having not even a nickel for a cup of coffee, and only three months in the country and not too good at the language, barely able to get by, so what to do? The only thing I could decide to do, was to head north toward Plainville, trying to find a job of some kind on the way, and if not, then go back to my uncle's farm and ask for the half months wages I still had coming, which could help me to live for a short time while looking for a job. So I started north on the State Street, and outside the city I found a couple of green apples at the roadside and had them for breakfast, but no job, anywhere I asked it was the same at offices at factories and business offices. Come Friday. We only hire on Fridays, or at any work such as building or other construction going on, sorry, no job.

Having lost my watch to the thief, I knew not the time. I finally got hungry enough to stop at the roadside to ask a woman with a couple of small children in the yard of a small house, "Lady, I hungry. Please a little food." She nodded and went into the house and returned with a couple slices of dry bread, saying "Sorry. Is all we have. Down the road is a spring you can get water there." I thanked her and found the spring and the bread tasted as good as any meal I ever had. This was in the quinnipiac area south of Wallingford I found out later in life; and so feeling a little stronger, I continued on, with the same result, no job come Friday.

I finally made Meriden, and having been there walking from uncle's with my brother, I recognized where I was, but had to keep going. No job. Finally after entering on the road past the mountain leading toward Southington, I again begged for food. This time the lady asked me up on the porch to sit and rest and brought me a couple of nice sandwiches and said for me to help myself to water with the oaken bucket in the well on the porch, and really I had a meal and thanked the lady for it the best I knew how. So on the way through Southington center and on to the road to Plainville, same result all the way with the jobseeking, and finally arrived at the farm. As the kid I really was then at seventeen, and being very tired, I sat down on the roadside to rest, and wonder how to approach the uncle, after leaving the way I did. Then I saw my brother, Thorvald coming out, having spotted me while he was eating supper, he asked me why I sat there, why I did not come in, and like the kid I still was, I started crying, and said I was leary of coming in after the way I had left, but I was after the half months wage I still had coming. He then asked why I had left, and I told him I was tired of having to leave them every Sunday when we had a good time together, to go back to do the chores and milk the twelve cows before supper, while they could continue having fun. He suggested that we go in and talk it over with my uncle. Maybe he would let me have some of the time off, and so we did. I agreed to continue working there, when he did agree to my having every second Sunday off, and so I did stay there. Having had the first good meal for supper since I had left, I went to bed and slept all night as I was really tired, both physically and mentally. So I worked there another six months without anything unusual happening.

The name of uncle's farm was Dunham Farm, located about half way between Plainville and Southington, and the history was, that as it once was a public restplace for travelers, Washington stayed there overnight on his way back to his headquarters. It was a large farm of some 320 acres. In early February my oldest brother, named Rasmus, arrived from Denmark, and being used to farmwork, he took over my job for uncle, and I decided to go to Middletown to see my blacksmith brother, Christian, who was still working in the blacksmith there.

This time, I left in the early morning and went there the usual way of Traveling, by bus to Berlin and then walking from there to Middletown. After seeing my brother, we decided that I could stay with him for the time, as he had a room with a double bed, at a semi-private boarding house. As we were

seated at supper, across the table were a man and wife who were staying there until they could find a house to rent. I was introduced to them. The name was Roland Williams, and he was a linegang foreman for the Southern New England Telephone Company, and had just brought his gang to Middletown to work there in the area. I asked how chances were to get a job with them, as I was looking for work. He said that the seasonal work had not really got going yet, but maybe later he could use me. In the meantime he might be able to get me a job with the contractor where they hired the team they were using. Next day he told me I could go to work next morning for the contractor, which I did. The name was The Brasuss Contractors. The wages were \$9.00 for a more than 60 hour week, 10 or more hours a day for 6 days, which was normal in those days. I worked at many different areas of work, driving a team hauling anything from lumber to gravel and material for road work and even hauling ice to stores for cold storage. Also working in icehouses, filling them from ponds. They had two of these. Also going out on garden work when peopled called there for such help, and even running a steam engine to saw fire wood. Early in May, after about 3 months, the telephone foreman told me I could start work there the following Monday morning. So I did, on May 29th, 1906. I really believe that Mr. Williams wanted to find out what kind of a worker I was before putting me to work with them, and so got me the job with the contractor for a trial. With the line gang, we started at eight in the morning and on the job to five afternoon, supposedly eight hours work a day for 6 days on the job. With the horse drawn wagon the traveling home from the job, on our own time could take anything up to more than two hours to get home for supper. The wages were 25 cents an hour for eight hours a day, or 48 hours a week. The usual thing in those days, all hard work by hand and climbing poles with spurrs, not like the present times with nearly all work motorized. I liked the work and expected to work hard and was happy at it, and in less than 3 months I was given a three cents an hour increase to second rate lineman, to \$13.50 a week. Really good wages in that time. In another four months I received the top lineman rating to fifteen dollars a week.

It was really the time the telephone service was beginning to be given out into the country areas, past the town and city border lines that had been the limit up to that time. As a sample of the blessing to the country areas this was, I was digging a pole hole one day, not long after I started working there, over in the Westchester farm area, about eight miles east of a town named East Hampton, when a farmer asked me what I was doing. I told him we were going to set up some poles to bring the telephone service to the farms down the road. He said, "Let me tell you of my experience with the telephone. We live down the road a piece and my father and his father lived there all their lives, and we never had telephones, but we got along alright. We have two daughters and they both got married. One lives down in East Hampton and the other lives down the road about three miles and they wanted us to have a telephone so they could talk to their mother. But I said no, I did not want any dang telephone wires on my house to draw lightning to burn the house down. But you know women. One day I came back to the house and a guy was there ready to put a wire on the house. I went right in and got my gun and drove him right out of the yard, and told him to tell them down the office that I would shoot the next man that tried to put wire on my house. It was not long after that one day I had been down town (East Hampton) when I got home, there was the wire on the house and a telephone on the wall. I was just going to tear the phone off the wall, but the wife said, 'That is under the State Police protection and you will get arrested if you do that.' So what could I do, but I didn't go near the dang phone. Not long after that, one night the wife poked me in the ribs, 'John, I am sick. You got to do something to help me.' I got out of bed, but what could I do? I did not dare leave her alone and I did not know what to do, but she said, 'Call Ann.' That's our daughter down the road. I said, 'Call Ann how?' She said, 'Call her on the phone. Just turn the crank three sharp turns and listen. She is on the same line.' Well, I finally managed to do that, and in no time Ann's voice was in my ear and I told her about her mother. She said, 'Hang up, Pop. I will call back.' In no time the phone rang and there was Ann. She said, 'The doctor is on his way, but he wants you to get some baking soda into mom right away. Do that and I am coming home

right away.' Well, I managed to get some baking soda into mom, and she felt better. Soon Ann walked in and it seemed no time before the doctor drove into the yard, and when he examined my wife he said 'she will be alright now, after I give her some medicine, but it was a good thing you got that soda into her in time, or she would not have stayed alive till I could get here.' Boy let me tell you, that one use of that phone was worth more than all I will ever pay for that phone the rest of my life, and you can tell them down to the office, that I will shoot the first man that tries to take that phone out of my house."

Well, that really gave me more interest and pleasure in working in that job. It showed we were really doing something worthwhile, serving people with a safety measure they never had before. Living far from neighbors and any help in case of need, plus the pleasure of being able to talk with their neighbors and friends, feeling not so alone even if living far from anyone, as the case was in these days before the population explosion of the now present days, 66 years later. That is why I mention this incident from my first month in telephone work, a pleasure during the following 45 years during which there have been so many times when God has been with me and protected me, which I hope will show that if you have the full faith in God and try to live after his commandments, and the teaching of his son, Jesus Christ, you will have his help and protection when really needed.

After I told the men in the gang about the farmers tale, they all seemed to feel the same way and when we finished any extension to give more isolated people service, we had a saying "more people made happy" and then I got thinking about the time I left the farm and the trip to New Haven and robbed and so marched back looking for work on the way, and found none. I am sure that God again was with me. If I had succeeded in getting a job, I probably never would have got to work for the telephone company. Again I was lead straight to meet the foreman that engaged me to work for the telco, and he became one of my best friends. I really enjoyed the many years I worked there before my retirement in April, 1953, now nearly 19 years ago, during which time I now will show how he has been guarding me from many injuries in accidents that could have seriously injured or killed me, or others working with me, but as I intend to show that if you have full faith in God you are safe. Hoping this will help at least some that might read my story to strengthen their faith in God.

I started to climb poles and do line work almost immediately after working in the gang, and one day, shortly after the start we were removing a line on a back road, after building a line to the same place on a more used and built on road. As we only had two wires on the old poles we did not need to use the safety belt while untying the wires, and as I stepped off two poles that day, the poles broke off and fell down. What held them standing until I got off them? I say God did. Of course, we did always have to inspect poles before climbing to safeguard us, but occasionally a test did not always show the inside rot in the then chestnut wood used for poles, until the whole crop of chestnut trees died out from the blight, which had started about then. During the first four years I did have several close calls similar to the ones mentioned, but I seemed to be protected, where others were hurt. I seemed to escape, as some of the boys at times mentioned. In the summer of 1909 I asked for leave to go home to visit my people in Denmark, as I had promised when I left them in 1905. I arrived home on my father's sixtieth birthday, and so was there when my youngest brother had his confirmation, and was then through school and considered a man able to take care of himself, as the rest of us had done. I remembered the times mother had prayed to God to let her live until the time of his confirmation. In pain from her ulcer in the stomach which she had been doctoring for a long time, they all were happy that I had been able to keep my promise to come home for a visit as I was and always will be.

My father at that time of year, was on a job several miles from home, six long days a week, on a sugar beet sap station where they crushed the beets after cleaning them and then pressed the juice out of the pulp and pumped the juice, or sap as it was called, through several miles of pipes underground to the refinery in the city of Nakschow, where it was refined into sugar in various types. There were several sap stations on the island of Lolland. The only place in the country where they raised the sugar beets,

and they all had the pipes to pump the juice to the one refinery. My father's job was as a conductor on a horse drawn train on narrow tracks, to deliver the cars at various sidings through the farm area, with a driver handling the horses. The cars they hauled to the sidings normally were full of the pulp left after the pressing out the juice, which the farmers used to feed to the cows in the wintertime, when the animals normally were kept in the warm barns. My father's job was to keep track of who the cars were left to, and so marked at the different sidings, and on the way back from the farthest siding on their route, to pick up and bring back the full of fresh beets cars to the station. He kept track and marked who the loaded cars were from. Each day the cars were assigned to different farmers in the area. That meant that father had to come home late on Saturday night on his bicycle, and either return late Sunday night or early Monday morning to be on the job in time to get going on the route, normally through September, October and November, the harvest season for the sugar beets.

After the confirmation in the church, and you might call it graduation from the school, it was normally on the following Sunday to have holy communion for the conformants and their parents and any relatives that joined them. So we had that, and after supper that day father left on his bike for the station to sleep for the night. Early in the morning I heard mother calling, and going to her I found her very badly ill. I got my brother up and on his bicycle after father, and I went after a local district nurse living near our home. After she came to look after mother, I went to the one telephone in the area in the town hall and called our district doctor in the city of Nakskow, some one hour travel by horse from home. Also, I called my mother's sister living in Naestved on the island of Shaelland, from where she had to travel on train to Nakskow, and I got a neighbor farmer to meet her there at train time to bring her home. Again God was good to us, and they all arrived in time to speak with mother before she passed away. Again I sat at the same bed holding mother's hand as she passed on to the eternal home with God, leaving her earthly body to return to the earth, the bed where my grandfather was with me holding his hand when he passed on some fourteen years earlier, and as he smiled in passing, mother did too. She must have been visiting my brothers to say goodbye, as she seemed to be speaking and smiled and finally she said, "and now we are coming to Africa", and then she smiled and squeezed my hand and passed on, and that was all.

After the burial was over with in the family plot in the yard around the community church, I decided to stay home for the winter with my father and brother to help where I could. Shortly after that decision, I had a letter from Mr. Williams, the foreman I worked with in Middletown, to hurry back, as the assistant foreman had been set up as foreman of a small gang and he was making me assistant foreman in his gang. Was I surprised. I, being the youngest man in the gang, and only one year in the U.S.A. Again I felt that God must have been there for me, and I was sorry to write back and tell him that I was not returning before next spring, giving him the reason why.

I managed to get work with the neighbor farmers and my father and brother were pleased with having me with them that winter, and I did enjoy getting together for good times with many friends there. So, when spring arrived, I got ready to leave, and again my father borrowed a team and brought me to the train in Nakskow. On the way I stopped in the homes of my relatives to visit and say goodbye, that I have mentioned before in this tale; and so to Copenhagen and the boat to New York, where I arrived again by incident on May 10th, 1910 and back to Middletown to work on the 12th of May, and to my friendly boarding house, where I stayed until the following February the 13th, 1911.

In the late summer my foreman asked me what I would prefer, to either stay with him as assistant foreman, or take charge of a small one horse gang. I told him I would prefer to stay with him to learn a little more, especially in the line of the bookkeeping that was needed for the foreman job. He said he was hoping I would say that, as he would rather have me as assistant than the man he had on that job then. So I stayed and the other man took the job with the small gang, and so I did start as assistant with all the eight men in the gang considerably older than I, but they all seemed pleased with that, and we

got along fine together. They seemed to even willingly produce more work when I was left in full charge, and so it went on until one Saturday night we were together at Williams' house for a game of cards and fun, when the telephone rang. When Williams answered it, he turned to me and asked if I would go to Guilford on Monday morning to take charge of the regular line gang there. I asked him if he thought I was capable to do that, and he said yes, he was sure I could handle the job. So, I said I would try it on condition that if I failed I could come back and work with him again. On Monday morning I went to New Haven and met a Mr. Tuttle who was the district foreman for the New Haven district, which took in the shoreline area including the towns of Milford, Orange, Derby, Ansonia, Shelton, Seymour, East Haven, Branford, Guilford and Madison. In fact, the New Haven County. He took me to Guilford on a train, and then hired a one horse buggy in a livery stable, and brought me down to the gang, where they were working in the Sachems Head area near the shore, and introduced me as their new foreman and left me there and went back to New Haven. This was, incidently, on February the 11th, 1911. I took care of the gang number eleven, which was a rather odd thing.

The then assistant foreman, whose name was Harry Smith, told me not to feel I was taking his job away from him, as he had tried to run the gang, but he got so nervous at it that he could not sleep nights, and so asked them to get another foreman in his place, and he was pleased to welcome me there. In fact, he offered me that if I wanted to, I could room with him where he had a large room and a big double bed, and I accepted his offer and we got along fine.

The first thing I told the men in the gang was that they must not feel that they were working for me, but that we were all working for the telephone company together, and I would appreciate and listen to any suggestions that they had for a better way of doing the work, if they thought of anything that would help us in expediting the work in a safe way, and they often did that as we worked together to give the best service to people that ordered and paid for the service.

We were at that time expanding the lines in the Guilford area. In early 1912 we moved to the Branford exchange area, doing the same extension of the lines for service to the country area, at that time mainly farms, and we enjoyed the work and all felt we were doing something really useful to the people. We were also at that time making changes in the wire situation for safety, as the telephone lines were built before the electric light arrived on the scene, and so the telephone wires were located on the top of the poles with the light wires attached below our wires when using the same poles, which made a dangerous condition for our men working on our wires, standing with the power wires between our feet and legs. If we happened to touch a power wire with 2300 volts, a man could get badly hurt and even killed by the power passing through him into the grounded system telephone wires, and that happened frequently. So a change was started to get our wires far enough below the light wires, being shifted to the top position on the poles.

We were working on that change through the Branford area in the west side of the center, on West Main Street one day, and I had left a man on a side road off the main road to lower a pair of wires on a few poles and had gone further out on Main to direct the rest of the men on similar work, after which I returned to where I had left the first man. As I turned onto that road, the man was just ready to climb the first pole from main Street, when it was like I heard a voice saying, don't let the man climb that pole. I hollered to him to wait, and not climb the pole. He looked at me sort of funny and said, "Why? I just checked the pole and it is perfectly safe." I said, "Hold it. Don't climb it." When I got to him I said, "Put your hand with mine on the pole and push a little." He did and the pole broke off and fell down, and if he had been standing on it where he would have been and strapped to it, he would have hit the frozen ground with the pole on top of him, killed or badly injured. So, again God was with us.

Shortly after that we were doing the same kind of work in the Short Beach area on Main Street and side roads, and again I had left a couple of men on a side road doing a similar job. Only this time the electric wires were on the poles below ours, and I was directing some of the men further along Main

Street, after which I went back to the side road where the first men were left. Again as I turned onto the side road, one of the men, named Nick Schoeler, who was about 40 years old and had family of several children, was part way up the pole, when again a voice told me, don't let him go up on that pole, and I called to him to "Stay where you are. Don't go up there." He asked why. I said, "The pole is stepped so I will go up and do that little job. You stay there so you can hand me the wire." He did not like that, being an older lineman, but I did climb up there and was just about in position to do the work, when it was like someone hit me in the head with a sledgehammer and I became unconscious and fell over backwards. I must have laid there at least 10 or 15 minutes, when I heard the voice of Harry Smith, my assistant foreman, on the ground, who had been up on a pole some distance over on Main Street when I had left to return to the side road where I had left Nick. So, I figured it was several minutes for them to get Harry there, but he was ready to come up the pole to get me down, figuring that I was dead, the way I was laying there, on the wires. When I heard his voice I told them all to wait, as I seemed to be alright, and after a few minutes looking around me and realized where I was, I asked Nick if he was still there on the pole, to step up a little so he could reach my foot when I swung it down, and put it on a step so I could get down. He did, and I managed to get down on the ground. I could smell burned flesh and discovered that my left forefinger was burned from the end to the second joint, and I could feel a burn in my neck, and so I could figure out what had happened. The Crossarm steel brace on which my finger rested, when I was pulling myself up to position to reach the work I was attempting to do, had dropped about an inch, when the head of the lag screw had broken off, and it was laying against a bare spot on the wire carrying the 2300 voltage powering of the area. When my neck had contacted the grounded system telephone wire, the power had entered my finger and gone through me to the telephone wire, knocking me unconscious, and the only thing that held me from dropping thirty feet to the frozen ground head first, was that my leg had hooked over a crossarm pin and held me on top of the four light wires, two of which were dead in daytime street light circuit, and two low voltage house service wires. With winter clothes on, the power did not penetrate to me. The condition on the top of the pole was not noticeable from the ground unless familiar with it. Showing how God again had spoken to warn me not to let Nick up there to get killed, and he surely protected me from any permanent harm. There never was any question in my mind about that, and the boys felt that I must have some unusual power to protect me, and seemed to feel that they were safe working with me, even on dangerous work, as we were doing during that period of reversing the wire conditions on the lines.

Not too long after the happening just mentioned, we were down in the Norwalk area, working to make changes of the Wilton area wires to a new office being built to cover that area, to relieve the Norwalk and Danbury exchanges, we were running a new cable on a line south of Wilton on the Norwalk road and had about one mile of the leadcovered cable placed on the stranded supporting wire, and were then running another half mile of the strand. Starting at the end of the strand with the cable on, that was snubbed at the foot of a pole, at a roadcrossing waiting for an anchor guy, before placing the strand on top, a couple of the men had about finished digging the hole for the anchor, and we were pulling the slack out of the half mile strand we had run from there. As the pole seemed to be sound enough, we had a set of pulleyblocks on top to merely pull the wire up to clear the highway for the night, as we were to catch a train to Norwalk, where the regular gang of some ten men were boarding in a hotel as there was no place in Wilton that could accommodate that many temporary boarders. We had at the time hired some seven local men for the job of setting poles for extensions in the new exchange area, and also a second team was hired locally, and we were all there at the time, waiting to get the wire on top of the pole to clear over the highway. My assistant foreman had climbed up to fasten the wire so we could get to the station in time to catch the train. I can see him now, reaching for his safety strap, with his left hand, while hanging on with his right hand on the block rope, with some seventeen of us standing around in the road, waiting to get away, when snap, the pole broke off snapping away from the man on the pole, leaving him floating in the air. He dropped some twenty feet to the ground,

landing on his feet easy like that, and the pole swung across the road diagonally, the top with the pulley with the strand attached, and the butt pulled back with the pull of the wire snubbed at the butt, passing over the top of several of the men on the ground, but not touching one of the seventeen men or the horses, where many could have been badly injured and even several killed. Again, God had protected me and the men in my charge. The men mentioned it now and then, wondering how come that no one was hurt, at that time or any time in my gang. Yes, only a miracle could have prevented such damage at such an incident. Yes, God has been with me all the way. As I am writing this to show, I hope that someone will believe that if God is with you, you need have no fear, but only with the full belief and faith in him as his Son taught us. We managed to make temporary hitches and caught our train to Norwalk, and I thanked God for his protection.

There were no further unusual incidents on that job. Shortly thereafter, we went back to Branford for a while, and that is the time God again steered my steps.

On my brother, Christian's, birthday, the 23rd of March, 1912, I was celebrating the day at his house in Hartford and there met a young girl named Margrethe Wadstrup, who was visiting them. Her brother and family was living across the street from my brother and associated with them. She had arrived in this country in 1909 from Copenhagen, Denmark. The year I was home to visit my parents, when my mother passed on to God, and I stayed home until 1910. I had never met the young lady before, but we seemed to hit it off right away. I accompanied her home to where she was living with a family she was working for on housework. Later they passed the summer on the shore at Westbrook, and I visited her there often during that time. I guess it really was love at first sight, as we enjoyed each other and so got married on the last day of October that year. We have been very happy together all these years, which will be 60 years this coming October, as I write this history of my life. So, again I believe God steered my footsteps to meet her.

I was at that time located in Branford. After our wedding trip to Springfield and Boston, Massachusetts, we returned to my roominghouse in Branford for a short time and then for a short time in Norwalk, as in those days we lineworkers had to move to where the work was. Traveling was on the job by horses, but we knew that was the way then and lived with it. Not long after the move to Norwalk, we were moved to the Ansonia-Derby-Shelton area. The first place we found a rent was in Derby in a second floor rent in a four story apartment. We bought the necessary furniture and lived there when our first son was born. We named him Henry Lindorf. The Lindorf is our old family name that had to be carried as a middle name in the days before 1878. Up to then the father's first name became the children's last name, such as my father's first name was Povl so my name would be, Marius Povlson, or a girl would be Povlsdaughter. In 1878, the then King Frederik of Denmark, directed the first free government setup in the world, doing away with slavery, and gave all citizens equal right to vote for a free representative Government, where all men of lawful age could chose their representative in the new lawmaking house of lawmakers. At that time, the then used last name, became the permanent last family name, unless changed by applying to law for a change. The old name that had been carried in the middle for more than 1,000 years in our family was the old Tartar name of the first emigrants of that tribe to enter the then unnamed section, that later became Denmark. So much for that to explain a name.

Shortly after Henry was born, we moved to a new single house in Shelton, near some new friends Mother made while in the hospital, named Carlsons, who were our friends until they died years afterwards. While there, our second son, who we named Paul Lindorf, was born, and some time later we had the choice of either buying the house or moving, as the owner wanted to sell the house. Not having the means to buy the house, we moved to a second floor rent in a new three story house in Ansonia. It made a nice home for us, with five rooms and bathroom, with the same on the first floor and a four rooms and bath on the third floor where a newly married couple named Harry and Josephine

Wilkenson, who became another pair of life friends, until his death a couple of years ago, and she, the widow, still is.

During the election year of 1916, we had as usual a depression time, with not much normal business going on, and our work of expansion slowed. My gang of linemen were out of town working on a line I helped to build in the year of my advancing to Assistant Foreman, 1910, through private property from Durham east to the Connecticut River, and across to East Haddam and Moodus and Willimantic. The work at the time for our gang was mainly cutting brush and trimming trees to clear the wires, to be sure no interruptions in the tool service during the then just started first World War. My boss had given me the choice of either going with the gang, or staying in the Ansonia area, working with the maintenance and installation forces under the Wire Chief, thereby allowing me to stay home with my family. As the Assistant Foreman could handle the gang on the work they were doing at the time, I chose to stay and work near home.

This did require that I had to climb poles when necessary, but I was still young and able to do any climbing necessary. In fact, I did benefit by learning more about the work of telephone service than was gained in the line construction area. One day I was up on a pole that our gang had previously moved to a different position. I was connecting a pair of wires for a new installation to a new customer. My fellow worker was that day doing the inside work and I the outside, as we took turns at doing when working together on one single horse team. There was only one pair of wires on the pole with a corner pull, but no guy needed. I had been standing on the pole on the side the pull was toward, with my safety strap around the pole to hold me while doing the job, which I had finished and then climbed down. As I stepped off the pole, something seemed wrong, and I put my hand against the pole giving it a slight push, and the pole fell down, breaking off at the ground. If that had happened while I was strapped to it, I would have been under the pole on the hard frozen ground, and probably killed or at least badly hurt. So, again God was with me. What else held the pole standing while I was on top of it?

This breaking off of the poles was in the time when we were using Chestnut Trees, and the Telephone Company had sent a man all over Connecticut to buy as many poles from the farmers who nearly all had such trees growing on their farms. The Company had established two pole yards, with treatment tanks where they could stand about 20 poles in about six feet of creosote compound hoping thereby to make the wood resistant to the rotting effect of the blight. There was at one time some seventy thousand poles in the two yards. They were located one in Willimantic and one in West Haven areas, for easy area access. Unfortunately, that kind of treatment only penetrated about an eighth of an inch into the wood, and the poles rotted fast inside of the treatment, and especially hard to test for safety when frozen in the wintertime as we found frequently, and many linemen did not have the protection of God I fortunately had, and have had all my life, which I believe my full faith and belief in God is responsible for, and so many injuries and even some deaths resulted from such broken poles.

One day not too long after the close call I had, after my gang returned to their home area and I was again with them, I had left my assistant with a couple of the men to change our wires to a new pole set to change location, and I had gone with the rest of the gang further out into the country area to work on a line toward Seymour. Before leaving I had told the assistant not to let a man cut a wire to a house without placing a temporary rope guy on the pole to hold against the side pull of the light wires still left on the old pole after shift-ours, as it was winter and the old pole might not be safe being an old chestnut pole. We had hardly gotten out of sight before my assistant foreman came running and admitted to letting the man on the pole cut the wire I had told him not to cut before the rope guy was placed. But he had and the pole broke off at the butt with the man strapped to it and it had fallen on him. Fortunately, the light crossarm had somehow held the pole from crushing the man on the frozen ground. He had called the office to get a doctor out to see how bad the man was hurt, and he had come

running to tell me about it. I left him with the gang and I hurried back and found the doctor had arrived and was treating the man for a bruised rear hip, the only injury he had found. After treatment, the man was able to navigate and was off the job only a couple of days, with no after effects, where he could have been very badly hurt, crippled or even killed. So, again God was with us, and all the men under my charge mentioned how safe they felt with me in charge of any dangerous job, that we many times had to tackle in those days. They said more than once when they thought I was out of hearing distance, that they seemed to feel that some big power was with me, making them feel safe on any job when I was in charge. Even if of different religious sect, they thought that God was with me on the job, and that is where I lay the credit to our safety. No doubt about it.

On the 19th of November 1917 a third son was born to us at home in Ansonia. He was apparently too good, as the doctor said after his sudden death on the 19th of February 1918, just three months after birth. He never cried, only smiled. It was in the time of the flu epidemic in the 1917 and 1918 area, and I found him twisting around and took him in my arms and tried to give him help to breathe by mouth, but he went quickly, and the doctor said when he came that he was too good and as he never cried, he did not develop his lungs enough to fight off the attack that hit him. Easily he went to God quick, and he is buried in the cemetery on Wakely Avenue, Ansonia; and so our family did remain at four.

Nothing more unusual happened until the spring of 1919, when I was promoted to the job of Assistant District Foreman, or Supervisor, as the job later was called. I was put in charge of all the outside construction work in the areas covering the towns and exchanges along the shore from Housatonic River to the Hammonasset River, and including the Ansonia-Derby-Shelton and Seymour exchanges. The boss took over the Meriden and Wallingford and North Haven areas. As it was hard to find a rent to move to, I had to get the early Trolley to New Haven for most of the summer, in the meantime trying to find something.

Once I had found a rent much like the one we lived in at the time, even the same monthly charge. After agreeing for the rent, as I was leaving, the lady asked if I had any children, and after I told her we had two little boys, she threw up her hands and said "No. Especially boys. No nothing doing. No boys." "Well," I said. "I suppose if I had several dogs it would be alright, but I just cannot kill the boys, so Goodbye." That meant more hunting, but finally I saw an advertisement saying 'For rent if not Sold', and applied to the owner. He said he would like to sell it to me as he seemed to feel that I was a man who would take good care of the place, to keep the neighborhood in good condition, as he had much more land and several houses and figured on a development of a clean neighborhood. As I had very little for a first down payment, he offered to take a second mortgage on the place as a lady had a first mortgage she wanted to keep for a monthly income to help her live on. As the price was very reasonable, I bought our first home, a six room single house nearly new and a fair size garden, on Third Avenue in West Haven. We moved in there in time for our fourth son's birth on the 8th of October 1919. He was named Howard Lindorf.

Again we were very happy and found many good friends while living there. It seemed to be sort of a Swedish neighborhood, and as the older boys had begun Sunday School in the Swedish Lutheran Church in Ansonia, we found that some of our neighbors were then members of the Swedish Lutheran Church in New Haven, which was using the Swedish language. We got together to consider some way to provide a Sunday school for our children. Several of us finally decided to start with hiring a hall that was available, and start a Lutheran Church. As there were several nationalities who originally were Lutherans from the old countries, we decided to call the church the West Haven Lutheran Church, having all services in the English language. After a good start we decided to work toward the building of a new church building. A lot to build on became available, and we continued toward the goal. As finances became available, a plan was made and a building came into being, built with the possibility of adding to it when needed.

When the temporary treasurer refused to continue on the job, I was elected as the first official Treasurer of that church. We did plan and build a start of a building to use until we could afford an addition.

In early 1922, I was advanced to the job of Western Division Outside Plant Supervisor. It made the job interesting and I did get along good with the many gangs, foremen and men, and we accomplished considerable catching up on the numbers of delayed jobs. The delays mainly due to checking the need for doing many of the suggested jobs all over the western half of the state. This required much traveling on my part to do the checking before sending orders to the area gangs to go ahead and do the jobs. The many miles traveled in each day on the then dirt roads with the old Model T Ford, took much of my time in trying to accomplish the work right. Many days I did not come home to eat supper with my family of growing small boys. So, one day we were visiting my brother, John, in Hartford. He spoke about a shop that was for rent in the town of Bloomfield, that used to be a blacksmith and carriage shop. Being a blacksmith from the old country, and working for a blacksmith in Hartford at the time, he mentioned he would like to rent it and start in business for himself, but he did not have any money to start with. Being a sort of all round mechanic from my childhood at home, I got to thinking that if I went in with him, and we could work together, maybe I could get home for supper with my boys. By selling our house in West Haven, I could get money to start the business and so it was decided.

I gave my resignation of my job with the telephone company. The then top man in the plant department, Mr. Simonds, said, "What is the idea of you giving up the job you have here? It is a special and really unusual important job for a man like you, and furthermore, we have even planned a bigger job for you very soon. So why?" I could only figure that the job he was mentioning meant that I would then be handling the outside plant maintenance work in the whole state, meaning quite a job for a man like me, and it was very tempting. But having already planned the business in Bloomfield with my brother, and hoping to make a go at that, for our life time. I told Mr. Simonds that we were going to try out our plans there, hoping to make it go. As I was not after making a big name for myself, but rather to be able to be more with my family of growing sons, I was sorry about giving up a good job, but hoped he understood my reason. He said that as long as I had made up my mind, he was sorry to miss me, but wished me good luck and if I ever did look for a job again, never to look anywhere else, as my reputation with the Telephone Company was good for a job anytime. Even if not as good as the one they had planned for me, a once in a lifetime job, they would have something for me. So I did say goodbye. My fellow workers gave me a special gift a Hamilton pocket watch and gold chain, with inscription on inside cover dated October 14th, 1922 and my name on the outside back cover. That watch is keeping as good correct time today as ever, nearly 50 years later. A surely fine remembrance of good relationship with fellow workers.

After selling our house back to the former owner at a slight profit, which gave us something for a start in the new business, and we secured a rent in the area and moved there. I took over the automobile repair work, at that time mainly Ford cars, and John took over blacksmithing, mainly wagon repair and horseshoeing, it being in a farm area.

Our new home we had rented not too far from a school, making it not too far for Henry and Paul, our two oldest sons, to walk to school, and they soon started a newspaper delivery route, for a little money for their own needs.

Our business started off with plenty of work in both areas and soon I found that I had gone from bad to worse by making the change. As we soon had more work than we could handle. Even with temporary help of our brothers Rasmus and Thorvald. Rasmus started back to work for the Telephone Company, where he had formerly worked, but had changed to the Trolley Company when they offered him a better job in Meriden, but at the time we started in Bloomfield, he had gotten through and started to

work for the Telco in Hartford. Thorvald had just gotten out of the U.S. Army after 20 years service, and was getting ready for a civilian job, so we lost the help of both of them.

We were up against a bad credit condition, as the farmers, producing mainly milk, got paid once a month. We the mechanics were the last ones they thought of paying, and most of the time they had not enough left to pay us in full, so we were unable to hire help we really needed, for fear of not having enough to live on, and pay for help. So we were working early and late six days a week and even on Sundays, as our reputation grew, by doing good work, especially in the automobile repairs. Many new customers from the area towns came for repairs. After many cold mornings a rush of early calls for help to start cars, and it finally became too much for me, with the uncertainty of collecting pay for the much night and day work, seven days a week, with not daring to hire help.

I finally decided to give up, and try for a job with the telephone company again. After applying, I was given an assistant foreman job with a linegang in Hartford. My brother, John, then also gave up the rental of the shop and rented a small place, where he just did horseshoeing, and made out for a living income the rest of his workable life. I was called into the office one day, and met two of my former bosses from New Haven, and they wanted me to take over supervising the gang using a new holedigging machine, with the derrick to hoist and set poles. That had only been on the job for a short period, and they said that so far it had not been a profitable equipment. In fact, it had been in the garage for repair more time than on the job, so they asked me to either prove it in or out. I told them that in that case I would want complete authority and decide what to do and how to do it, in case of any breakdowns. Otherwise, I would not take the job, and I further demanded that they furnish me with a car or pay me for using mine, as the job was mainly a pole replacement job, going from area to area, all over the state, with an average of from 2 to 500 poles to replace in most towns, due to the chestnut blight killing of the chestnut trees, then being the trees used for poles, making the replacement from three to eight years, instead of the usual 16 years or more, and taking a gang of some ten men and two trucks around to look for pole locations would be too expensive in my estimation.

They granted my request, and I started on that job about a month after returning to work for the telephone company, early in the summer of 1924, about a year and a half after I had resigned, and I started on the top pay scale for a linegang foreman. Still being on a supposedly 48 hour week, we started to make up an hour a day, working nine hours the first four days and four Saturdays to get home Saturday afternoons, being away from home the rest of the week.

The gang was working in the eastern section of the state when I took charge, boarding in Norwich, and the company paid our board bill, furnishing me with money to pay any and all expenses. The first day we had hardly started on the job, when something went wrong with the digging machine, and would normally be sent to the Garage in New Haven for repairs, and tied up for many days as usual. But, when I looked it over I found that it was a left over from repairs that had been done by the repair crew in that garage just before I took charge. I told the men on the machine to take it to where we stored it nights, and showed them how to take the part off that was in trouble. After getting the linemen on the other truck, lined up for work they could do without the machine, under charge of the assistant foreman of that crew, I went in to see how the other men were doing. It was a shot steel shaft with a special gear on each end, and after giving them some work they could do, I took the part to a machine shop in Norwich and had them make a new shaft with the gears fitted on and returned and we replaced it and made the digger work, and had it on the job next morning. From then on that was the way we did any needed repairs, which were not often needed, as we used some necessary experience and sense in using it. I even made a few improvements on it, and so I proved it in, to get the benefit of the cost of that type of equipment. After about a year and a half, I broke in another man for the job, and I was made the station gang foreman for the Meriden area, and received the then used special payscale for special value. It was at least some recognition for my experience in the work.

We moved there after finding a rent we could live in and our three boys started to go to school there. The two oldest, Henry and Paul had gone to school in Bloomfield, but Howard was just then at starting age, late in 1925. While living there on Curtis Street, our fourth living son, Robert, was born there on November 19, 1926, on the same birthday, November 19th that was the birthday of our third son, named Morris, that had died on February 19th, exactly three months old, in Ansonia. Except for that, nothing special happened while living and working in Meriden.

In early 1927, I was transferred to New Haven area to take charge of line gang #11, the same gang number I took over on February the 11th, 1911. Of course, there was none of the men in the gang now that were there in 1911. After traveling to work from Meriden on the trolley for some time, I finally found a rent to live in on Grave Place, in the Prospect Beach area. A nice single family house at a reasonable rent. But in less than a year, the owner wanted to use the house or sell it to us. Not having any money for a down payment, we could not buy, so we got a single house for a reasonable rent on Kelsey Avenue, on the hill above Savin Rock, where we could go for fun and the beach for swimming.

Of course, we rejoined the Lutheran Church I had helped to organize in the early twenties, and I became a Deacon, and again a member of the administration of same. Then in September, our twins were born, on the 25th, while I was working in Danbury with my gang. What a surprise that was when I was asked to call home that morning when I got to the office and Mrs. Larson, a former neighbor and friend, answered and told me that I was the father of two more boys, making six living sons. I immediately called our New Haven office and made arrangements for a change with a gang foreman in that area to take over my gang and I his for a while, allowing me to live home with my now large family.

A niece from West Hartford, a daughter of my wife's sister, Gerda Rasmussen, came down to help take care of all of us, and all went well for about two years. Of course, Gerda went back home after our dear Mother could care for us again. The twins were named Edwin L. and William L. Jacobsen. The initial L for Lindorf, our old Tartar family name. When the twins were about two years old, our dear Mother took sick with a case of double pneumonia, and we had to have both day and night nurses and a woman for housekeeping while I was working. Doctor Gordon, who we had had for the birth of the twins and for other treatment for years came every night after his office and calling services, anytime between nine and eleven to check how Mom was doing. This special night after our children were in bed, I was sitting alone in the sitting room about eleven, when the doctor arrived with a nurse, who went up to the bedroom as soon as they arrived. The doctor came over to me and said, "Mr. Jacobsen, I feel I must tell you that your wife is a very sick woman. We are going to do the best we know how, but I am afraid it will not be enough. I must tell you that you may not have your wife in the morning." And with that he went up the stairs. Then I went on my knees and asked God to have mercy on us and let us keep our dear Mother and wife a while yet, and after that I sat waiting. It seemed a sort of relief settled on me, and about three a.m. the doctor came down the stairs and came over to me with a funny look on his face and said, "I am confused. I swear I saw a miracle happen right before my eyes this night. It was nothing we did, but all at once the fever left your wife and not an iota of fever is left in her. She is practically a well woman. All she needs is a little time to regain her strength. As I said, it is nothing we did that brought this on, and in all my practice as a doctor, I have never seen anything like it, and I fail to understand this actual miracle."

I said, "Doctor, after you told me how badly my wife was off, and what we might expect to happen, I as usual went on my knees and asked God to let us keep my dear wife and the children's mother for a while yet, as we needed her badly. And, as usual, God did help us again. As my mother told me as a child, when in real need for something only God can help with, ask him for it, and he will help. But never ask for what you really do not need." The doctor said' "That explains it, and you must have great

faith in God, and you have shown me something about faith in God that I never understood before. Yes, I learned something about God tonight I shall never forget.”

So I got a helper for my dear wife and after she got strong enough to get out of bed, it was only about three weeks. When I arrived home one evening from work, I found the helper missing and Mom said, “Yes, I let her go. I can get along now.” She has ever since been able to care for us all, and done a wonderful job in raising a fine family of seven wonderful sons. Yes, as Christ taught us, God has allowed us to draw on his power for our real needs through our Faith in him. He does not sit up there watching us. He is too busy with the whole Universe. But if we have real faith he has left power for us to draw on when in real need, and only if we live after his Commandments he has given us to live by.

About a year after this happening, I was asked by the then district foreman to move my gang to Guilford. This in early 1933, and as Paul was in his last year in High School, and would be graduated at the end of the season, I traveled to Guilford to work by car, rather than have him change school for a part time period. After graduation, we moved to a house on Church Street where we lived until late 1944, except for the summer months, when we spent a few months in a cottage in Indian Cove we had bought for that purpose, so we, especially the boys could enjoy the beach there, for fun and swimming and fishing and boating.

In the meantime, we also spent some time fixing up an old farmhouse on Boston Street we had bought there, mainly to get some land for garden use after my retirement in the spring of 1953. At the end of the summer season, we moved to the farmhouse at then 371 Boston Street. In fact, we had moved our furniture out there after buying the place in the early summer, and by selling the cottage at the shore we managed to have the needed money for the farmhouse. Being out there, we figured we were enough in the country for the summer and could get along without the cottage, and it has been that way. While we lived on Church Street, our last and seventh living son was born to us on September 27, 1935 in the then hospital on Whitfield Street. We had him baptized in the Congregational Church, which we had joined shortly after moving to Guilford, to worship God and a place for the boys to go to Sunday school to learn about God and his laws to follow through their life and live by, as there was no Lutheran Church in Guilford. It really does not matter what church you belong to, at least at that time the Congregational Church was an independent and individual Church. Pastor Moe was a fine man, a real Christian, and it was a pleasure to have him visit at our home any time.

The right kind of minister can help you on the way to become a good Christian, but after that, it is really how you live after the teachings of Christ in your own daily life that counts for your standing with God. No priest or minister can forgive your sins, nor take you by the hands and bring you into heaven, unless you have lived your life after God’s Commandments.

After a while I took over the job of Collector, and after about six years of that, I was elected Treasurer. At that time these jobs made you a part of the Church Council, the Governing body of the Church, and we found many jobs that had to be done to make the church building in usable condition. Even some to keep it from collapsing. We found that the walls of the building were beginning to open at the corners, so you could see daylight through each corner, and we had to get a concern to place steel girders with turnbuckles in the attic to pull the walls back and hold them in place, and almost a complete interior overhaul in plaster and paint had to be done, at a total cost of nearly sixty thousand dollars, which we managed to collect from a membership of about six to eight hundred within some three to four years. After that was paid for, we found it necessary to build a new addition to the rear of the Church for needed office space and for Sunday school classrooms, and a Chapel for special service needs. The plans for all this figured to an approximate cost of around ninety-six thousand dollars. None of the works mentioned were started before pledges were asked of the members to be sure the money would be available to pay for these jobs after completion, so as not to leave the Church in financial trouble. The first and necessary repair job was paid for before the new building was started, and I made

out the last check for payment on the \$96,000 for that before giving up the Treasurer job. I will mention that during that period, I did manage to pay for work on the furnace in the parsonage building, and a new chimney and other needed maintenance work to put that building in a safe condition for our pastor and family to live in. I have done other work off and on for the church needs in later years, which I shall not mention further in this my life history, except it has been in thankfulness for God's blessings in my life.

Living on Boston Street has been a pleasure, and while still working, I did plenty of garden work on the land, even to raising tomatoes for sale to the Knowles and Lombard canning factory. After a few years I gave up the tomatoes, as very little profit for the work of raising them was received after the checking out the ones they did not want at the cannery. But, much enjoyment I had in raising what we could use ourselves, a variety of fresh materials including sweet corn, and I am still enjoying my garden, as my 84th year of age is passing, as I am writing this account of my life.

Before the advent of moving to Boston Street, the World War Two started and our four oldest sons volunteered for service in the U. S. Armed Forces, and spent some years in that fighting. Again, God heard my prayers for their protection so they all arrived home from that war without any physical damage, and the spiritual feeling of having done their duty to their country.

Again in the Korean War later, the twins, Eddie and Billie, volunteered to serve in that, and after some four years in that war, they both came home without any injury. So, again God heard my prayer to protect them. On the tail end of that war, Raymond, our youngest son enlisted for 3½ years, and came out as a first lieutenant, giving their proud parents a voluntary army, at time of return, of one Captain, four Sargents, one trainee pilot and one Lieutenant. Yes, we are really proud of our seven sons who have taken care of their own lives and are highly respected by any one that knows them, and all their families.

During the years while living on Boston Street, I tried to serve our Town first as a leader of a Taxpayers league, and while the need for that service stayed in peoples interest, we did some good services, and saved quite a few thousand dollars for the taxpayers. I was later elected to the Board of Property Valuation, and served on that for some six years, until we were permitted to hire a full time trained Assessor to handle the job, and so the board of assessors was done away with. That brought me out of public service in time to take it easy after reaching age past 75, and time for the younger people to take over the public responsibility, hoping, of course, they will do an honest job, and not let personal benefit and political issues and friends dominate.

As far as my life in later years goes, nothing special has happened, except a few times where God has again protected me from harm. For an example, I was building a bomb shelter underground between our houses and was working on the roof or top over it, having made a concrete floor first, and was working on the timbers 8 feet over the floor. I stumbled and fell head first the eight feet, landing on my head and shoulders on the cement floor. I could have had a serious injury, but escaped with not even a scratch, as my two grandchildren who were watching me work, asked, "How come you did not get hurt Grampa?" I told them "Because God was with me as usual, if you have the faith."

Another time I was carrying something heavy down the cement steps to the basement, when I stumbled and again landed head and shoulders first against the cement floor and wall. Again, not a scratch, and the last time being last fall, 1971 when after a heavy windstorm blew down a small apple tree in our yard, I was hauling the brush from that to the dump at the cemetery adjacent to the meadows, where I have a permission to dump my trash. I had forgotten a long handled trimmer in the brush and it went down the bank with the brush, and before dumping the second load, I was trying to find the trimmer. Hanging on to what appeared to be a solid stump of a limb on a small tree, and leaning over the 12 foot bank reaching toward the brush, when the branch broke off and let me fall head first down the sheer 12 foot bank, landing on my head and shoulders among a number of old flower pots in the dirt at the

bottom of the steep bank, my feet straight in the air against the bank. Again, I could have been seriously injured, a broken skull or neck or other serious hurts, and could have been laying there for hours with nobody knowing about it. But again, God was with me and protected me from physical harm.

As mentioned before in this tale of my life, 1972 saw the end of 62 years since I visited my old family home in Denmark, and it became 63 years since my dear wife left there for this country, with no visit since. Our seven sons and their families decided that it was time for us to visit there before age prevented us from enjoying a visit there to all our many relatives still living and the many added since our departure from there. So, they made all necessary arrangements to send us there on the latest and biggest plane from New York to Copenhagen. The only thing left for us to do, was getting our pictures taken for the passport we had to have before starting on the trip. And so, on my 84th birthday, the 12th of April 1972, they brought us to the Kennedy Airport and saw us on the plane for the trip, which we did enjoy for a 36 day visit over a big part of the little home country, where we were on the go every day by the cars driven by the so many accommodating relatives and friends. My wife, who was 80 years in March before we left, and her sister Meta, past age 90, came with us for the trip, and even at that age really enjoyed the whole time there.

Again on arrival in the airfield in New York, we were again brought home. There again, a surprise awaited there, as our house was nearly unrecognizable, it having been completely done over, walls, ceilings, floors, all like new, plus some new furniture. This I had expected to start on doing this summer, it being fifteen years since I built the house, but now I can just sit and enjoy looking on it, and think of what a wonderful family we have, young and old, all joining in giving us a trip to Denmark, and in doing the job on the house for us.

Yes, what a wonderful family relationship, making our old age a really happy time; and so a happy ending of this Tale.

3.2. Anna Mortensens erindringer

3.2. *Memories by Anna Mortensen*

En oversigt over mit livsforløb

The course of my life

Anna Mortensen

Trine Vadstrups datter — *Daughter of Trine Vadstrup*

Januar 1977

Naar man som jeg sidder meget alene falder Tankerne jo mange Gange tilbage til hvad man har oplevet i Løbet af et langt Liv, men derfra og til at skrive en lille Beretning derom, som ens Børn maaske kunne have lyst til at se paa engang er jo et langt Stykke, saa hvis jeg tager mig sammen til det her i Vinterens Løb maa det jo kun tages for det det er, nemlig spredte erindringer set kun fra min side. Andre mindes det maaske paa en helt anden Maade.

Min Barndom var tryk og god, som den jo nok er i et Øsamfund hvor alle kender hinanden og alle deler Glæder og Sorger i Oprigtighed.

Mit Hjem var en Gaard ca. 40 Td.L. Min Mor var født i Aarhus, men Forældrene var fra Samsø. Derfor kom hun med sine Søskende paa Ferie hos Fasteren Ane og Jørgen Sønder paa Damstrupgaard og da de ingen Børn havde endte det med at Kathrine blev hos dem som deres egen, og overtog omkring 1900 Gaarden sammen med min Far Jakob Rasmussen, som var fra den nærmeste Gaard inde i Brundby. Da Halvdelen af Jorden var tilkøbt var der ingen særlig Velstand, men der taltes iøvrigt aldrig om Penge og vi manglede intet.— Helt sikker er jeg ikke paa det jeg fortæller nu men min mor fortalte mig engang noget og jeg haaber jeg husker rigtigt. Hun fortalte at enten Tante Ane eller Onkel Jørgen var fra en Gaard inde i Byen. Forældrene gik fallit og Jorden blev delt men Onkel købte den Jord Damstrupgaard nu ligger paa. Materialer til Gaarden blev købt paa Kyholm, hvor der under Pest-tiden var Karantæne for Søfolk. Da der ikke længere var brug for det blev Bygningerne revet ned og solgt.

January 1977

Sitting alone as I often do, my thoughts wander back to what I have experienced during a long life. However, to capture these memories in writing, which one's children might want to read some day, is a different story. So if, during the winter months, I manage to get something done about it, take it at its face value, namely various, scattered memories as observed on my part, from my point of view. Others may have a totally different memory of the events.

My childhood was good and safe as is probably the case in all small communities where people know each other and share joy and sorrow.

My home was a farm of about 55 acres. My mother was born in Aarhus. Her parents had left Samsø but my mother and her siblings spent vacations at Damstrupgaard with her aunt, Anne and uncle, Jørgen Sønder. They had no children and Kathrine ended up staying with them as their own. Around 1900, she took over the farm together with my father, Jakob Rasmussen from a nearby farm in Brundby. Doubling the acres by purchasing land from a neighbor farm meant that we did not have much money, which by the way was never talked about. We never lacked anything. — I am not quite certain about the following, which my mother once told me. I hope I remember correctly. Aunt Ane or Uncle Jørgen came from a farm in the town. The parents defaulted and the land was divided but Uncle bought the land on which Damstrupgaard was built. Materials were acquired at Kyholm, where sailors were quarantined during the Plague period. When no longer needed, the station was dismantled and materials from the buildings were sold.

Jeg husker vi spurgte hvorfor Vinduerne oppe i Gavlen var en Rude højere end nede i Stuerne. Svaret var at der var blevet savet af Vinduerne for man kunne ikke sætte saa høje Vinduer i et almindeligt Hus.- Siden købtes Jorden paa den anden Side af Markvejen den hed Kaptejnsmarken og endte ude ved "Loonhøj", sammen med Møgelmosen længere ude blev det til ca. 40 Td. Land. Jeg kan lige mindes Onkel Jørgen, jeg har nok været ca. 4 Aar da han døde.

Vi havde gerne en Karl og en Pige og jeg mindes Køkkenet hvor vi jo alle var samlet om Aftenen paa Slagbænken og rundt om Bordet. Højdepunktet var naar Mor, alt imens hun strikkede Strømper saa Pindene klirrede, læste højt for os af f.Eks. Onkel Toms Hytte el. Robin Hood el. Almanakken. Om Dagen deltog vi jo som en Selvfølge i alt forskelligt Arbejde alt efter Alder og hvad vi kunne magte. Vi var 6 Søskende og selvfølgelig skulle den ene jo nok sørge for at den anden ikke snød sig fra noget. Om Høsten tog de store fra i Stakken og i Roer og Kartofler var der Akkord – 2 Øre eller 5 pr. Række.

Jeg husker en Grundlovsdag hvor det lød "Hvis I vil med til Grundlovs møde paa Møllebakken i Tranebjerg i Eftermiddag skal der luges saa og saa mange Rækker Roer først."

Festligt for os Børn men en travl Tid for vor Mor var det i Sommerferien naar Mostrene Ellen el. Marie med Familie fra København kom paa Besøg. Undertiden kom Børnene ogsaa alene, Ellens Henry og Tvillingerne Helga og Ebba. Ebba var saa lille og tynd saa jeg husker Far engang sagde "Bare hun ikke dør for os" men nu er hun den der har overlevet de to andre. Maries Erik var jævnaldrende med Ragnhild og lidt vilde var de nok. Engang den ene skulle fange den anden for de op paa Loftet og sprang en efter en ud af Vinduet ned paa Græsplænen uden at brække Arme eller Ben.

Vi var 6 Børn: Signe født 25-9 1898, Maja 3-3 1900, Søren 14-1 1902, Anna 21-12 1903, Ragnhild 11-8 1908 og Jørgen 14-6 1910.

I remember asking why the upstairs windows in the house end were one window pane taller than downstairs. The answer was that the windows downstairs had been shortened because windows that tall were not for a normal house. Later, buying the land on the other side of the dirt road, called the Captain's Field, ending at "Loonhøj", and with Møgelmosen farther away, the total area was about 55 acres. I vaguely remember Uncle Jørgen. I was 4 when he died.

Usually, we had a farmhand and a maid and I recall the kitchen where we would sit in the evening on the bench and around the table. The best times were when Mother, knitting needles rattling, read aloud from Uncle Tom's Cabin or Robin Hood or the Almanac. During the day, we children would, of course, take part in the different farm activities, each according to age and capability. There were 6 siblings and one would make certain that another did not shirk his/her duties. During harvest, the older children would help stacking the sheaves; hoeing beets and potatoes was being paid for – 2 Øre or 5 per row.

One year on Constitution Day, we were told "If you want to go to the Constitution Meeting at Møllebakken in Tranebjerg, this or that number of beet rows must first be hoed".

It was great for us children but a busy time for our mother when Aunt Ellen or Aunt Marie and family members from København visited. At times, the children would visit alone; Ellen's Henry and the twins, Helga and Ebba. Ebba was so tiny and skinny that I recall my father once saying "If only she does not die." However, she has now survived the other two. Marie's Erik was the same age as Ragnhild and they were a bit wild. Once, when one would catch the other they ran upstairs and jumped, one after the other, out the window, landing on the lawn without breaking arms or legs.

We were 6 siblings: Signe born 25-9 1898, Maja 3-3 1900, Søren 14-1 1902, Anna 21-12 1903, Ragnhild 11-8 1908, Jørgen 14-6-1910.

Skolegangen startede i den gamle Skole men inden jeg var færdig med Forskolen blev der bygget en ny moderne og køn Skole ca. 1 km øst for Byen paa en høj Bakke med vid Udsigt over Havet mod Sjælland. Det var en Skole med 2 Lærere og 2 Lærerinder og 6 Klasser. Vor Lærerinde Frk. Jørgensen boede stadig inde i Byen. Jeg kan endnu se hende for mig. Hun kom altid i fuld Fart i sidste Minut naar Klokken ringede ind med Støvet fra Grusvejen hvirvlende om den sorte Nederdel. Ind i Klassen og straks istemte hun "I Østen stiger Solen op". Den sang vi hver Morgen og dog er det den Morgensang jeg sætter størst Pris paa. Vi fik en ung dygtig Lærer Christoffersen som vi havde stor Respekt for, hvilket ogsaa bevirkede, at vi fik lært en hel Del især Geografi og Regning. Da jeg var 11 Aar var jeg naaet 6^{te} Klasse og for ikke at sidde der til jeg blev 14 kom jeg i Realskolen i Bestyrer Blegvads sidste Aar. Derefter blev Lærer Grell Skolebestyrer. En god Skole med en Del Elever fra hele Øen og en del fastboende Kostelever fra hele Landet. Blandt Eleverne var ogsaa Charles min senere Livsledsager. Han gik 1 Klasse foran mig. Han var ualmindelig velbegavet og havde en Hjerne hvor alt klæbede til saa hvad han havde hørt een Gang glemte han ikke igen. Jeg husker ham mest fra den Tid, som en Drillepind der snuppede Pigernes Haarsløjfer.

Han tog sin Realeksamen med rent ug i alle Fag og med det Skudsmaal at han var den bedste Elev Skolen havde haft. Selv tog jeg samme Aar Mellemskoleeksamen men maatte nøjes med 1 Point mindre. Min Real-eksamen næste Aar blev knap saa fin, maaske lidt paa Grund af at det var første Aar den nye Karakterskala blev brugt og saa lidt Uheld i Lodtrækningen, men jeg var heller ikke saa dygtig og maatte slide mere for det.

I started in the old school but before I was through the first two years, a modern and beautiful school had been built about 1 km east of town on a high hill overlooking the sea in the direction of Sjælland. The school had 2 male and 2 female teachers. Our teacher, Ms. Jørgensen lived in town. I can still picture her. She always arrived in a great hurry the last minute before the bell rang, dust from the dirt road whirling around her black skirt, entering the class room and immediately started singing "I Østen stiger Solen op". We sang it every morning, yet it has remained my most favored morning song. Later, the young, able teacher, Mr. Christoffersen, whom we highly respected, took over which resulted in our learning quite a bit, especially geography and math. At 11 years, I was in 6th grade. To avoid me sitting there until I turned 14, I was sent to Junior High, Mr. Blegvad still the principal. After him, Mr. Grell became the principal. A good school with quite a few students from all over the island (Samsø) and many student boarders from all over the country. Among the students was also Charles, later to become the partner of my life. He was one class ahead of me. He was unusually bright, having a flypaper brain, so that he never forgot what he had heard just once. From the time in school, I mostly remember him teasing the girls and snatching their bows.

He passed his High School exam with straight A's in all subjects and the official statement that he was the school's best student ever. I finished Junior High same year, however one point behind. My final exam grades the following year were slightly below, maybe partly caused by the use of a new grading scale and some bad luck in the draw of exam question. Anyway, I was not as clever as he and I had to work harder.

Vort nærmere Bekendtskab skal jeg fortælle om senere. Jeg tror ikke han nogensinde har pralet af sine Evner, vi er enige om at gode Evner skal man være taknemmelig for.

Fra min tidligste barndom kan jeg svagt mindes Høst paa den gammeldags Maner. Da var der mange Hjælpere. Mor havde en Onkel som var Skrædder og et Par Onkler til. De var der sammen med deres Koner og hjalp til med Høsten. Jeg kan huske jeg var med min Mor ude hos dem med Mellemmad og Øldunk. Mændene mejede Rug og Konerne bandt op men det varede ikke mange Aar før først Aflægger og senere Selvbinderen kom. Bagefter holdt vi Høstgilde og kørte Høstgilde, en tur enten til Skov eller Strand. – Om Efteraaret naar der blev slagtet Gris og Faar blev vi saa sendt til de forskellige med Slagtemad. Hvordan Betalingen ellers var ved jeg intet om. Naar vi slagtede til Jul deltes der igen ud og min Mor sendte os et Par Steder hvor de trængte haardt og havde mange Børn. Der gjorde en Julekurv godt. De takkede og vi mærkede aldrig til Forskel paa Folk. – Vi havde ogsaa en Kone der hed Mariane hendes mand var matros, hun hjalp min Mor med Stovask. Det tog 2 dage – Først blev det jo kogt og stod Natten over i Luden, saa blev det vasket paa Brædt og saa kogt igen og der var meget Tøj da alt jo var hvidt.

Juleaften kom Onkel Niels og Mette Kristine, det var nok fordi de ingen Børn havde. Vi havde Juletræ og fik ogsaa en enkelt Julegave hver – 1 Dukke – 1 Bælte –nyt Forklæde, Natkjole o.s.v. Kræmmerhuse med Godter, Figner, Æbler og 1 Appelsin som jo kun hørte Julen til og var hvinende sur. Far og nogen af os Børn gik i Kirke. Juledag var Mor med og ellers var det frit.

In the following I shall tell more about our later relationship. I do not think he ever boasted about his faculties. We agreed that a good intellect is a gift, for which to be grateful.

From my earliest childhood, I vaguely remember harvest the old fashioned way. Many helpers were there: My mother's uncle, a tailor, and two other uncles. They were there with their wives to help getting the harvest done. I remember being with my mother bringing them food and a beer keg. The men scythed the rye and the women gathered and sheaved the cut material. After a few years, first the mower and then binder became common. Harvest over, there would be the harvest feast and an after-harvest trip to the forest or the beach. – In the fall, after slaughtering a pig and a sheep we brought meat products to various people. How payment was arranged for I do not know. After next slaughter before Christmas, our mother sent us to a couple of needy families with many children. A Christmas basket was a good help. They would thank us but we never sensed social differences or barriers. A woman named Mariane whose husband was a sailor helped my mother doing the laundry, each time lasting 2 days. – First, clothes were boiled, then left in the lye over night, next day scrubbed on washboard and boiled again. Lots of clothes – all white.

On Christmas Eve, Uncle Niels and Mette Kristine visited, maybe because they had no children of their own. We had a Christmas tree and each of us got one present – a doll, a belt, a new apron, a night gown, etc. We had candy in paper cones, figs, apples, and oranges so sour they set your teeth on edge. My dad and some of us went to church, mother joined us the next day; no-one was forced to go to church.

En stor Dag var Paaskedag, nok ikke saa meget paa Grund af det religiøse, men Skikken var at vi om Lørdagen lavede Paaskeæg. Vi plukkede Skarntyde samlede Løgblade Kaffegrums en Stump rødt Silkepapir. Lidt af hvert blev lagt paa et stykke Avispapir og Ægget blev pakket ind deri. Jeg tror vi fik 5-6 Stykker hver. De blev saa kogt i en stor Gryde til de var godt haardkogte, naar de var afsvalede blev de pakket ud, og det var meget spændende at se hvor flotte Aftegninger der var af Blade og Farver. – Jeg husker hvor spændte vi var Paaskemorgen paa om Solen skinnede for var det regnvejr var dagen saa godt som ødelagt. Jeg husker jeg havde en lille Spaankurv, ellers brugte vi et Tørklæde, deri blev lagt vore Paaskeæg og et par Stykker Brød lagt sammen med Smør. Saa kom vore Kammerater inde fra Byen og saa gik Turen ud til “Loonhøv” og ned ad den trillede vi saa vore Æg til de gik i Stykker, saa sad vi der og spiste med god Appetit det lidt solide Maaltid. Bagefter legede vi og saa gik turen hjem til Middag.

Fastelavnsfester mindes jeg ikke udover at mange Børn var klædt ud og gik fra Dør til Dør og raslede. Fastelavnsmandag var jo Fridag og vi fik gerne lidt Smaapenge og købte Fastelavnsboller og Lakrids der var saa stenhaardt at der maatte sættes en Kniv paa og saa slog vi paa den med en Sten og saa sprang lakridsstumperne rundt omkring.

Jeg husker ogsaa en gammel kone der hed Klemme-Boel. Hun gik rundt med en stor kurv paa Armen. Der var et Tørklæde over og i Kurven havde hun Tvebakker og Boller som hun solgte. Hun kom hver Uge, men da vi blev lidt større brød vi os ikke saa meget om hendes boller. Vi syntes hendes Fingre var saa korte, men Mor handlede med hende og blev meget

Easter Day was an important day, maybe not so much for religious reasons as for our Easter Eggs tradition. Saturday, we picked leaves of hemlock⁶, collected leaves of onions, coffee grounds and a scrap of red tissue paper. A little of each was placed on a page of newspaper and everything was wrapped around the egg. Each of us had 5-6 eggs. They were boiled hard in a large pot. When cooled off, they were unwrapped and we were very excited to see the beautiful prints of leaves and colors. – I remember our excitement Easter Sunday to see whether the sun shining in the morning; rain would have ruined our day. The eggs were placed in my little chip basket - a scarf could be used instead – together with slices of buttered bread. With our friends from town we would all head in the direction of “Loonhøv”⁷ Down the hill we would roll our eggs until the shell went to pieces; having worked up a good appetite, we then sat down and enjoyed our hearty egg and bread meal. After other games, we returned home for the noon-time dinner.

I do not recall Shrovetide except that many children would dress up and wear masks, going door to door rattling their collection tins. Shrove Monday was a day off. We would get some small change to buy Shrove buns and licorice, the latter hard as steel. A knife used as a chisel and hammered with a stone, would make pieces of licorice fly all over.

I also remember an old woman, Klemme-Boel, walking around with a basket over the arm. A scarf covered the content of the basket, rusks and buns for sale. She came once a week. As we grew up, we cared less for her buns but mother continued buying from her. We observed her very short fingers but did not say anything because it would have made our

⁶ More likely chervil, which would not have killed Sokrates!

⁷⁷ Same as “Loonhøj”, pg. 4. Ending letter “v” or “w” instead of “j” possibly a phonetic representation of the dialect spoken at Samsø. [Transcriber’s notes].

vred hvis vi sagde noget. Konen sørgede jo paa den Maade for føden til sig selv. Der var ingen Hjælp at faa dengang.

En skøn Sommerdag holdt Skolen Skovtur. Alle skulle med. De der ingen Køretøj havde kørte med andre. Madkurve og Kaffekande var med. Ude i Skoven paa en aaben Plads blev Festen holdt. Skolebørnene blev stillet op og sang de indøvede Sange, Lærer Madsen læste Historier. Saa skulde vi have Kaffe. Bager Schrøder fra Ørby var bestilt. Hos ham købte man kogende Vand fra en stor dampende Gryde og han solgte Wienerbrød til, Børnene købte røde Sodavand af dem med Prop og Staaltraad over, og naar den blev lukket op skete undertiden den store Katastrofe. Det bruste ud over en ny hvid Kjole eller Matrosbluse, men det glemtes jo igen.

Derefter gik turen til Vandet og naar vi havde leget der, tilbage igen. Saa blev Tæpperne bredt ud og Madkurvene blev tømt med god Appetit. Nogen fik lidt at skylle det ned med saa Humøret var højt.

Mens vi spiste gik Læreren rundt med Hatten hvori Folk lagde 1 eller 2 Kroner. Schrøder skulle jo have noget for sit Arbejde og ogsaa Musikken. Bagefter blev der nemlig danset nogle timer paa Dansegulvet, saa kom de unge som havde passet Dyrene hjemme.

Naar det begyndte at mørkne gik Turen hjem og det gik stærkt for Hestene var utaalmodige efter at komme hjem. De havde staaet bundet ved lange Bomme og ædt medbragt Hø. Hjemad gik det i en lang Vognrække med Viften og Hurraraab efter en god Dag.

Efterhaanden kom den Dag hvor de ældste i Flokken blev konfirmeret. Signe først. Hun blev saa hjemme til Maja var konfirmeret og begyndte saa at tale om hun vilde ud. Vore Forældre har aldrig sagt vi skulle ud men naar

mother very angry; the woman was trying to make a living and then, one could not apply for public benefits.

On a beautiful summer day, the school would organize a picnic. People without means of transportation rode with others. Picnic baskets and coffee pots were brought along to an open area in the forest where the picnic took place. Students lined up and sang the rehearsed songs. Students, a teacher read stories. At coffee time, Schrøder, the baker from Ørby, sold boiling water from a large, steaming pot and Danish pastry. The children bought red, fizzy sodas, those closed with a cork held in place by wire. Sometimes, opening a bottle led to the big disaster. Exploding, red soda would spray all over a new, white dress or a sailor blouse. Of course, it was soon forgotten.

Next, we would walk down to the beach and play there for a while. Then the plaids were spread on the ground and the contents of the picnic baskets were relished; something to wash the food down kept the spirits high.

One and two Kroner coins were put in the hat passed around by the teacher. Schrøder had to be paid for his work, and also the musicians. They played for dance on the open-air dance floor after arrival of the young people who had stayed home to take care of the livestock.

As it was getting dark we were homeward bound at a good speed because the horses were impatient to get back home. They had been tied to long bars, eating hay. Homewards we rode in a long line of wagons, waving and cheering after a long and wonderful day.

Gradually came the time of confirmation for the oldest siblings. Signe was first. She stayed at home until Maja's confirmation and then started talking about leaving home. Our parents never told us to take jobs outside the home. We

den ene tog ud var den anden som Regel hjemme saa det gik saa vidt muligt paa skift. Jeg hørte engang min Far sige “Jeg ved ikke om de hellere vil ud, men helt kede af at være her tror jeg da ikke de er. De har da som Regel Vand i Øjnene naar de tager af sted.” – Signes første Plads var i Tuse og gennem mange Breve lærte vi derhjemme meget om hvordan folk levede der. Senere kom hun sammen med en Veninde til Blæsinge ved Havrebjerg hos Frants Frandsens Datter Sara og “Pæsen” der kom min ældste Bror ogsaa siden og selv kom jeg 1 Aar til Saras Hjem hos Johs. Frandsen. Frants Frandsen og hans Kone Abelone boede da i et Hus ved Siden ad Frikirken som de havde været med til at starte og alle de Hjem vi der kom i var præget af det grundtvigske Livssyn med Pastor Dahl som Præst. Jeg tror det ogsaa satte sit Præg paa os og efter Tur blev det til Højskoleophold paa forskellige Skoler og stadig skrev de flittigt hjem saa vi andre levede med i alt hvad de oplevede. Fra de forskellige Egne kom de hjem paa Ferie sammen med deres Venner og ofte kom ogsaa Medlemmerne af Familierne de var hos og vi kom der.

Efter Genforeningen var Signe en Tur i Sønderjylland, saa ogsaa Tiden der hørte vi om. Maja var først i Sørslev og siden i Vraa i Vendsyssel Søren i Gylling og ellers derhjemme. Signe var paa Ryslinge Højskole. Maja paa Frederiksborg ligesom Søren. Derefter var Søren paa Vejlbj Landbrugsskole mens jeg var paa Gymnastikhøjskolen i Ollerup, hvilket førte til at jeg fik min største oplevelse.

I Realskolen havde vi en Lærer der var meget interesseret i Sang og Gymnastik. Det var paa den Tid Sangbogen “Syng dig glad” udkom. Den indeholdt alle Aakjærs Sange. Dem lærte vi og da alle Unge i Ungdoms- og Foredrags-

would take turns; when one was gone, another would usually stay home. Once, I heard my father saying: “I do not know whether they would rather be gone but I do not think that they are totally depressed staying home. Their eyes are normally wet when they leave.” – Signe’s first job was in Tuse. Through her many letters home we learned a lot about how people there lived their lives. Next, she and a friend went to Blæsinge, Havrebjerg to work for the daughter of Frants Frandsen, Sara and ”Pæsen” who later also hired my older brother, Søren. I myself worked for 1 year in Sara’s home for Johs. Frandsen. By then, Frants Frandsen and his wife Abelone had moved to a house next to the Free Church. They had been active starting the church. All these homes were marked by the outlook and philosophy of Grundtvig, supported by the local minister, Mr. Dahl. I believe it also left its mark on us. In turn, we visited different Folk High Schools. In many letters we would share our experiences with those still at home. Coming home from different parts of the country we would bring friends and members of the families we worked for.

After the 1920 Reunification, Signe visited Sønderjylland so that we also heard about this event. Maja first worked in Sørslev later in Vraa, Vendsyssel. Søren worked in Gylling and in our home at other times. Signe visited Ryslinge Højskole, Maja and Søren Frederiksborg. After that, Søren studied at Vejlbj Landbrugsskole while I was at Gymnastikhøjskolen in Ollerup, leading to a great experience and adventure.

We had a High School teacher who was very interested in singing and gymnastics. It was the time of publishing the book “Syng Dig Glad”⁸ with all the songs of Aakjær. We learned them by heart, and when other young people in

⁸ “Sing And Become Happy”.

foreningerne ogsaa gerne vilde lære dem tog han sammen med nogen Elever om Aftenen rundt til Sangaftener. Ligesaa var det i de Aar Niels Bukhs Primitive Gymnastik kom frem, og Lærer Rosenkjær tog ud med et Par Elever i Gymnastikforeningerne og demonstrerede Øvelserne, saa det kom igang, selv tog han flere Gange til Ollerup paa korte Kurser for at lære det. Det blev vi saa interesserede i, og mange tog siden paa Gymnastikhøjskolen paa 3 eller 5 Maaneders Kursus for derefter at tage hjem som Delingsførere og undervise Kammeraterne derhjemme.

Efter endt Eksamen i 1920 cyklede hele min klasse ned gennem Jylland for at overvære Kongens Rejse gennem Sønderjylland ved Genforeningen. Det var en stor Oplevelse. Paa Hjemturen tog vi over Fyn og saa Ollerup der lige var bygget Aaret før.

Derefter var jeg hjemme i Aar og tjente saa hos Sognefogeden i Mullerup i Vinter. Derefter kom jeg paa Gymnastikhøjskolen. Efter de 3 Maaneder blev jeg sammen med et Hold Piger og 1 Hold Karle inviteret paa en Opvisningstur til Østrig. Det var en Professor derfra der havde været paa Skolen som ville indføre Gymnastikken i Østrig. Det var første Gang Bukh rejste ud med et Pigehold.

Først gav vi Opvisning forskellige Steder herhjemme. Vi skulle helst tjene til Rejsen. Derefter gik Turen med Tog først til Berlin. Det var jo kort efter Krigen i 1922 og paa os ganske Unge gjorde Fattigdommen og alle Invaliderne paa Gaden et dybt Indtryk.

Derefter gik Turen mod Østrig, gennem landskaber som vi aldrig havde set Mage til. Vi blev festligt modtaget i Wien og saa jo ogsaa mange skønne Ting i den dejlige By, men aldrig kan jeg glemme hvad vi saa i vort Kvarter. Det var en stor Sal i et ortopædisk Hospital, Dagen efter blev vi vist rundt. Det var et Hospital for Børn født under Krigen. Frygtelig vanskabte paa Grund af Mødrenes Underernæring.

Singing and Lecture Associations also wanted to learn them, he and some students visited nightly singing meets. Also in this period, Niels Bukh introduced his Primitive Gymnastics system. Rosenkjær, a school teacher and a couple of students visited the local gymnastics clubs to give demonstrations and promote the system. He attended several brief courses at Ollerup to learn it right. We became interested and many of us later attended 3 or 5 months courses at Ollerup to become instructors. Later, back home again we would start teaching our friends.

In 1920 after High School graduation, all students in our class biked south through Jylland to witness the King's travel through the reunited Sønderjylland, an unforgettable experience. On our way back home we toured Fyn and visited new-built Ollerup.

After that I was at home for a year and next, worked during 1 winter for the local Justice of the Peace in Mullerup. Then, after 3 months at the Ollerup Gymnastics High School, I was invited to join a team of girls and young men on an exhibition tour to Austria. A visiting Austrian professor wanted to introduce the gymnastics in Austria. It was the first time Niels Bukh travelled with a team of girls.

Before leaving, we gave exhibitions in Denmark to earn enough money for travel expenses. Then the tour started by train, first stop Berlin. It was in 1922 shortly after the War, and the poverty and all the invalid persons in the streets made lasting impression on us.

On we went towards Austria going through landscapes the like of which we had never seen. We were received with festivity in Vienna and saw much of this beautiful city. One visit in the neighborhood of where we stayed I'll never forget: A huge hall in an orthopaedic hospital. We walked around in this hospital for children born during the war. They were terribly deformed because of the undernourishment of their mothers.

En dag besøgte vi ogsaa den danske Klub hvor vi mødte mange af de lykkelige Børn der var sendt til Danmark, hvor de igen var blevet sunde og friske og sendt hjem igen efter et Par Aars forløb. Turen gik til flere Byer bl.a. Gratz og Linz. Saa gik turen igen hjemad op langs Rhinen. Vi besøgte bl.a. Heidelberg og Køl'n og saa var vi atter hjemme. Om Vinteren var jeg saa hjemme og ledte Gymnastik der. Mens jeg var i Østrig blev Ragnhild konfirmeret saa vi var begge hjemme.

I Vinterens løb skrev Bukh om jeg kunde tænke mig at tage med til U.S.A. næste Sommer. Flere der havde været paa Ollerup ville arrangere Turen som skulle være gratis for Deltagerne 15 Karle og 15 Piger. Jeg fik Lov til det. Vi skulle saa være paa Skolen fra Maj og saa rejse hen i August. Programmet lød paa Primitiv Gymnastik først Piger saa Karle, derefter Opvisnings Gymnastik, saa Sanglege saa flerstemmig Sang og til Slut Folkedans.

Vi trænede Dagen lang og syede selv Folkedansdragter efter originale Mønster og Stoffer. De var kønne og Skolen havde i mange Aar derefter god Gavn af dem. Den 30. Juni var jeg hjemme og vi fejrede mine Forældres Sølvbryllup.

Saa var vi hjemme de 8 første dage af August for at faa Tøjet i Orden. Vi maatte ikke have mere med end vi kunne bære saa det skulle være praktisk. Jeg husker jeg havde 1 blaa Spadseredragt, et Par Bluser og to Kjoler, 2 Par Sko. Inden vi rejste og efter vi kom hjem kørte vi rundt i Jylland og bagefter Sjælland og Samsø for at tjene Penge ind til Skolen og Danmarks første Svømmehal der blev bygget Aaret efter.

I Sommeren 1923 blev Stadion færdigt og indviet med stor Fest og Besøg af Kristian Tiende og Tale af bl.a. Klaus Børentsen. Opvisning af Sommerskolens ca. 200 Piger.

One day, we visited the Danish Club meeting many of the more fortunate children who had been sent to Denmark where they regained their good health before going back home a couple of years later. The tour included other cities, among them Gratz and Linz. Returning home we rode along the Rhine and visited Cologne and Heidelberg. During the following winter, I was a gymnastics instructor on Samsø. While I was in Austria, Ragnhild had her confirmation and we stayed home together for some time.

Some time during the winter, Bukh sent a letter encouraging me to join a tour to the U.S.A. next summer. Earlier students at Ollerup would plan the tour, which would be free of costs to the participants, 15 young girls and 15 guys. I got the permission to go. We were to stay at the school from May to August, preparing our program to include Primitive Gymnastics followed by Exhibition Gymnastics, Singing Games, Plural-Parts Singing, and Folk Dance.

We practiced during long days, sewed our own costumes using genuine patterns and fabrics. They were pretty and the school made good use of them for many years after. On June 30th I went home for the celebration of my parents' Silver Wedding.

Back home again for 8 days in the beginning of August, I prepared my departure. We were not allowed to bring more than we were able to carry – it had to be practical. I recall having a blue suit, a couple of blouses, two dresses and two pairs of shoes. Before our departure and after our return we travelled Jylland, Sjælland and Samsø to raise money for the school and the first-ever in-door swimming pool in Denmark.

During the summer of 1923, the Stadium was finished and festively inaugurated, attended by Christian X, speech by Klaus Børentsen, and performance by the 200 female students.

En Tur til Amerika var jo paa den Tid en stor Begivenhed saa vi glædede os og rejste saa først i Sept. med Amerikabaaden "Frederik d. Ottende" en Tur der varede 11 Dage. De 8 Dage var Storm saa de fleste led Søsuygens Kvaler. De første 8 Dage var vi i New York og trænede os op efter Turen. Derefter rejste vi rundt og besøgte 39 forskellige Byer fra Hartford i Nord til North Carolina i Syd og Iowa-Chicago-Detroit i Vest. Alle vegne hvor der var danske strømmede de til for at se os og tale med os. Det overvældede mange af dem at se saa mange unge derhjemme fra. Mange af dem var jo rejst ud som ganske unge og selv om de havde det godt havde de ikke haft penge til at rejse hjem igen, saa ikke mindst Dannebrog og de danske Sange glædede dem. Hvor det var muligt var vi indkvarteret hos danske. I Hartford boede jeg saaledes hos min Moster Metha der var gift med min Farbror Søren. Dem kendte jeg, de var nemlig rejst ud som ganske unge. Senere kom de hjem for at gifte sig og havde Landbrug nogen Aar men rejste saa igen og befandt sig saa nu igen i Hartford hvor Søren igen var Tømrer. Der besøgte jeg ogsaa Mors ældste Bror Michael og hendes yngste Søster Margrethe. En anden Bror Rasmus var død Aaret før. De var alle rejst eftersom de blev voksne idet deres Forældre døde før de sidste blev store. Endnu i Dag i 1977 lever Metha 94 og Margrethe 87. De var begge hjemme for 3 Aar siden Margrethe for første Gang siden hun var 17.

I Washington var vi i Det Hvide Hus og hilste paa Præsident Coolidge og i den danske Ambassade. Vi var paa Skoler og alle Vegne var de meget begejstrede for vor Gymnastik og det endte da ogsaa med at flere af Holdet blev derovre som Instruktører da vi andre rejste hjem og mange amerikanske Lærere besøgte siden Ollerup.

En Masse Oplevelser havde vi men det er næsten glemt nu saa de Optegnelser har jeg nok

In those days, a trip to America was rather unusual. We couldn't wait but finally, in September, left on board the America Liner "Frederik VIII". The voyage lasted 11 days. For eight days a gale submitted most of us to the anguish of seasickness. On solid ground again, we stayed eight days in New York City to train and regain fitness after the Ocean trip. Then we toured, visiting 39 different cities from Hartford in the north, south to North Carolina, and Iowa, Chicago and Detroit to the west. In all places Danes would gather to see us and speak with us. They were overwhelmed to see so many young people from the old country. Many had immigrated at a quite young age and even if they were doing well they had not been able to pay for a home visit. Not least the Dannebrog and the Danish songs caused much joy. When possible we lodged with local Danes. In Hartford for instance I stayed with my mother's sister Metha, married to my Dad's brother Søren. I knew them already. They immigrated quite young but returned to get married and farm for some years. Leaving again, they settled in Hartford. I also visited my mother's oldest male sibling, Michael and her youngest sister, Margrethe. The year before, another brother, Rasmus had died. The four of them immigrated after their parents had died before the younger ones were grown up. Today, 1977, Metha (94) and Margrethe (87) are still with us. They visited Denmark 3 years ago, for Margrethe the first time since she was 17.

In Washington D.C. we visited The White House, shook hands with President Coolidge, and went to the Danish Embassy. We visited schools and everywhere our gymnastics was received enthusiastically. When we left, some members of our team stayed behind and became instructors. Later, many US teachers visited Ollerup.

The tour was packed with exciting events, now almost forgotten, so I must try to find my notes

et andet Sted. Jeg skulle nok have været lidt ældre for at kunne vurdere det hele, men en stor oplevelse var det.

Vi sejlede hjem med "Oscar II" paa 1^{ste} Klasse og blev godt forvænte og forkælede. Da vi kom til København var der en stor Modtagelse og vi gav Opvisning i Idræts-huset hvor Kongen var til Stede og der var fuldt Hus. Derefter sluttede vi af paa Ollerup og rejste saa hver til sit, hjem til Hverdagen igen. Med os tog vi Minderne om alle de gode Kammerater og de mange uforglemmelige Oplevelser.

Siden har jeg besøgt Ollerup mange Gange. Sidste Gang jeg var der var til vort 50 Aars Jubilæum. Jeg tror vi var 18 fra Holdene saa det var morsomt at opfriske gamle Minder.

Jeg var saa hjemme til Februar. Saa tog jeg plads hos Johs. Frandsen i Havrebjerg. Hans Kone Lise var Datter af Sognefogeden i Mullerup hvor jeg var før jeg kom til Ollerup. Der var jeg saa til Maj 1925. I mellemtiden blev jeg igen inviteret med Bukh paa Udlandstur men jeg sagde Nej Tak og nøjedes med at hjælpe dem ved Opvisninger i Slagelse og København.

Om Vinteren ledte jeg Gymnastikken i Havrebjerg. I Maj 1925 rejste jeg saa til Vinde-Helsing paa Fri-og Efterskole. Hos Forst. Rasmussens. Verdens flinkeste Mennesker og Masser at bestille. Der var en del af Tiden en Pige til men hun naede ikke ret langt. Konen var Lærerinde og der var 4 Børn, den mindste ½ Aar. Jeg underviste i Gymnastik baade i Friskole og Efterskole. Saa var jeg Kokkepige. Foruden Familien var der 7-8 Kostelever saa der skulle store Portioner til. Saa holde værelser og Skolestuer saa Tiden gik hurtigt.

I 1924 om Foraaret blev Maja og Michael gift og købte et Sted i Jerslev-Fuglede og i Juni 25 blev Signe og Hjalmar som var Fynbo gift. De købte ogsaa et Sted ved St. Fuglede saa dem besøgte jeg da. Jørgen var nu ogsaa blevet

somewhere else in the house. Maybe I should have been a little older to appreciate all, but a great experience it was.

Returning home on board "Oscar II" on first class, we got pampered and spoilt. There was a festive reception at our arrival in København and we gave a show, very honored by the presence of the Danish King in the fully packed Idrætshuset. The tour was brought to its conclusion at Ollerup. Each of us returned home bringing with us memories of all the good friends and unforgettable experiences.

Later, I have visited Ollerup several times, last time for our 50th anniversary. I believe eighteen persons from the two teams were there, enjoying revival of old memories.

I stayed home until February and then went to work for Johs. Frandsen in Havrebjerg. His wife, Lise was the daughter of the Justice of Peace in Mullerup where I had worked before going to Ollerup. I stayed there until May 1925. In the mean time, I had an invitation to join another international tour with Bukh but declined and was content to assist on exhibitions in Slagelse and København.

During the winter, I instructed gymnastics in Havrebjerg. Then in May 1925, I moved to the Free Continuation School, Vinde-Helsing. The Rasmussens were the kindest people you can think of; he was the school principal. The chores were in abundance; part of the time, another girl was there without accomplishing much. Ms. Rasmussen was also a teacher; they had 4 children, the youngest only six months old. I taught gymnastics, cooked for the family and 7-8 boarding students, cleaned rooms and classrooms, so time flew away.

In the spring of 1924, Maja and Michael married and bought a small farm in Jerslev-Fuglede. In June 1925, Signe married Hjalmar from Fyn. They also farmed in Fuglede and I went visiting. By now, Jørgen also had had his

konfirmeret. Han og Ragnhild var senere paa Antvorskov Højskole. 1926 til Maj rejste jeg saa hjem og Ragnhild rejste ud. Denne Gang til Fyn. Da ledte jeg Gymnastik saa længe jeg var hjemme. I Efteraaret 1926 traf jeg Charles som da var færdig med Soldatertiden og det endte med Forlovelse og vi blev begge hjemme indtil vi giftede os 1. April 1928.

Desværre er Charles syg nu og kan intet huske. Ellers havde det jo været hans Opgave at fortælle om sit Hjem og sin Ungdom, og det havde ikke været kedeligt, men jeg maa nøjes med hvad jeg ved om den Familie. Charles Far og Mor var fra Onsbjerg. Peter Mortensen var fra Sognefogedgaarden og Caroline kaldet Line var Datter af Høkeren. De blev gift i 1896 og overtog Gaarden Søbjerggaard i Thorup som Farfars Søster og Svoger ellers var startet med. Søsteren led af Hjemve og saa flyttede de hjem. Farfar var en meget dygtig Landmand og der gik ikke mange Aar før de byggede nyt Stuehus et dejligt stort Rødstenshus med Skifertag. Det har nok været i 1907 og det kostede den vældige sum af ca. 4000 Kr. De var 5 Søskende. Alle kvikke og velbegavede. Da jeg i 1927 kom ind i Familien var de jo alle voksne. Helga og Ole var gift og havde 2 Børn Agnethe og Børge. De havde et dejligt Hjem paa Skottenbjerg og Henry og Esther boede paa Hornshøj og havde Dan.

Jeg mindes de muntre Dage naar vi traf sammen paa Søbjerggaard. Der var ikke langt til Diskussioner for alt skulle diskuteres og alle ville jo helst have Ret, men man blev jo ikke Uvenner af den Grund. Det var et dejligt Hjem.

Forleden, 10/6 77, havde vi Besøg af Henry og Esther og jeg bad Henry skrive lidt om deres Barndomshjem. Det lovede han, saa det bliver vedlagt senere.

confirmation. Later, he and Ragnhild took courses at Antvorskov Folk High School. From May 1926, I worked at home again while Ragnhild moved to Fyn to work. I instructed gymnastics while at home. In the fall of 1926, I met Charles and we got engaged. We both stayed in our homes until we married on the first of April, 1928.

Unfortunately, Charles is now sick and he does not remember anything. He should have been the one to tell about his home and his youth. It would have made interesting reading; now limited to what I recall from his home. Charles' father and mother came from Onsbjerg, Peter Mortensen from Sognefogedgaarden and Caroline, called Line, the daughter of the provision dealer there. They married in 1896 and took over Søbjerggaard in Tranebjerg from Peter's sister and brother-in-law. His sister got homesick and they moved back home. Peter (Farfar) was a very able farmer and soon, in 1907, they built a new, large and wonderful farmhouse in red bricks and slate-covered roof, costing no less than Kr. 4,000. They were 5 siblings, all of them quick-witted and gifted. In 1927, when I got acquainted with the family, all were grown-up. Helga and Ole were married and had two children, Agnethe and Børge, in their lovely home, Skottensbjerg. Henry and Esther lived at Hornshøj with their son, Dan.

I recall the cheerful get-togethers at Søbjerggaard, discussions always right around the corner. Everything was debated and everybody wanted to be right but no unkindness resulted – a very attractive family.

Recently, June 6th 1977, when Henry and Esther visited, I encouraged Henry to write about their home. He promised to do it and we look forward to seeing the result.

Efter at have været Landvæsenselev i 2 Aar paa Brattingsborg havde Charles været paa Landbohøjskolen fra 1921 til 24 og sluttede med en pæn Første Karakter. Men der var den Gang som nu rigeligt med Kandidater.

Han var en Tid hos Konsulent Vestergaard paa Samsø. Derefter paa Regnskabskontor hos Børnum i Køge. Der arbejdede han med Skatteregnskaber og det interesserede ham meget. Der havde han gerne blevet men maatte slutte Sommeren 25 da han skulle være Soldat ved Artilleriet. Der var han til Nov. 1926 hvor han kom hjem som Kornet. Senere blev han indkaldt i Efteraaret 1930 og efter 1 maaned hjemsendt som Sekund Løjtnant. Fra Landbohøjskolen havde han faaet nogen gode Venner, som blev vore Venner hele Livet og som vi gennem Aarene har besøgt i de forskellige Hjem ved forskellige Mærkedage og naar vi ellers havde Lejlighed til at se hinanden. Det var Pontoppidan som rejste til Malaystaterne i Bagindien. Der arbejdede han i mange Aar ved Gummiplantager m.m. Efter Krigen flyttede han til Frankrig. Han havde da giftet sig med en sød dansk Dame og de har besøgt os flere Gange. Saa var der Richard Olsen som overtog sin Fødegaard "Gottesgabe" ved Kappel, Nakskov. Han er gift med Dora og de har 3 Børn. – Saa er der Anders Andersen og Agnes. Han var gennem mange Aar Direktør for Syd Stevns Frøhandel. Hvor vi vel nok kom næsten hvert Aar. Da han tog sin Afsked der, flyttede de til Hellerup Lille Strandvej 2 st.tv. For 2 Aar siden døde Agnes ret pludseligt men Anders bor der stadig og er rask og passer selv sit Hus skønt han er fyldt 80. De havde 3 Sønner og 1 Datter.

Sidst skal nævnes Weise og Karen. De havde en Søn Jørgen. Karen har passet Central i Søborg lige til hun faldt for Aldersgrænsen. Weise var først Cigarhandler men blev siden Chauffør for Vinfirmaet

After two years as agricultural apprentice at Brattingsborg, Charles studied agricultural science during 1921-24 at Landbohøjskolen, achieving a good First Grade; then as now, there were many graduates but fewer jobs.

For some time, he worked for Vestergaard, agricultural advisor on Samsø, later at the Børnum's accounting office in Køge doing clients' tax accounts, a great interest of his. He was preparing to stay there but had to quit in the summer of 1925 to serve in the Artillery until November 1926 when he was dismissed as a warrant officer. After being called up again in 1930, he ended his military career as Second Lieutenant. During his college days he befriended many other students; some of them became our life-long friends. During the years, we visited each other at birthdays, anniversaries and other occasions. Pontoppidan was one of the friends. He left for the Malay States in the Far East where he worked for many years managing rubber plantations. Shortly after WWII, he settled in France. He had then married a nice Danish lady and they often came to visit. Richard Olsen took over his parents' farm, Gottesgabe in Kappel near Nakskov. He is married to Dora and they have three children. Anders Andersen married Agnes. For many years, he was the CEO of Syd Stevns Frøhandel. We visited each other at least once a year. After retirement, Anders and Agnes moved to Hellerup, Lille Strandvej 2. Agnes died rather unexpectedly two years ago but Anders stays in the apartment. He is healthy and takes care of the home by himself even if he is now over 80. They had three sons and a daughter.

Last but not least, Weise and Karen who have a son, Jørgen. Karen was a switchboard operator in Søborg until retirement age. Weise first had a cigar shop. Later, he became driver for a wine trading company, "Jespersen & Co." Sadly,

“Jespersen & Co.”. Desværre døde Weise her i Sommer 77 af en Blodprop. Det var et Par ualmindelig livsglade mennesker. Glade og tilfredse med deres Hus og Have som de købte for mange Aar siden og stadig forbedrede. Buddinge Torv Nr. 1 Søborg. De havde altid Overskud til at hjælpe andre og havde derfor Masser af Venner som kom og gik som Børn af Huset. Jørgen og Tulle var flere Gange paa Ferie hos dem.

Vi besøgte alle Gottesgabe i Forsommeren 75; Pontoppidans var med. Da var vi fuldtallige og havde en dejlig Dag.

Det er dejligt at have gode Venner men nu maa jeg nok til at fortælle lidt om Starten paa vort Ægteskab.

Da Charles var færdig med Soldatertiden søgte han Plads mange Steder men der var mange om alt. Som Lærer paa en Landbrugsskole blev han budt 80 Kr. pr. Maaned plus delvis Kost. Saa ville han alligevel hellere være Karl derhjemme.

Foraaret 1927 købte min Bror Søren Gaard i Jordløse ved Svebølle og giftede sig med Astrid Moesgaard fra Nordby og saa begyndte Charles ogsaa at tænke paa at faa en Gaard men det var jo ikke saa let. Charles havde jo allerede brugt penge paa at læse saa der var jo ikke saa meget at købe for. Han saa paa forskelligt og omkring Marts 1928 rejste Charles og hans Far til Sjælland og de endte saa i Snekkerup og købte Havrelykkegaard, Matr. Nr.1b. Jeg tror den kostede 52000 Kr. Der var ca. 40 Td.L. men Bygningerne var kun bygget til de 14 Td.L. syd for Vejen saa de var ikke saa store. De var bygget 1908-9 af Niels Nielsen og hans kone Anna. Han var Søn fra Nabogaarden Matr. Nr. 1a. Senere købte han hele Fødegaarden, beholdt selv ca. 30 Td.L. mod Skoven (1c) og solgte Resten sammen med Fødegaarden ca. 17 Td.L. Kort Tid defter blev Niels Nielsen syg og kunne daarligt faa passet Jorden. Han døde vist nok i 1918. Hans enke drev den saa indtil 1927,

Weise died this summer (1977) from a blood clot. Karen and Weise were unusually charming and cheerful, a happy couple, proud of their home of many years at Buddinge Torv No. 1, a place they continuously kept improving and perfecting. They were always there to help others and therefore, they had a lot of friends visiting all the time, almost like family. Jørgen and Tulle spent many vacations in their home.

All of us, including the Pontoppidans, visited Gottesgabe in the summer of 1975 and we had a wonderful day.

Good friends are a blessing but I should not forget to tell something about the start of our marriage.

When Charles had finished his military service, he applied for work here and there but so did a lot of other people. He was offered 80 Kr. per month plus part boarding as a teacher but found it more attractive to work for some time at his father's farm.

In the spring of 1927, my brother Søren bought a farm in Jordløse, Svebølle. He married Astrid Moesgaard from Nordby. Charles also started planning to get his own farm but it was not easy. Already, Charles had incurred significant expenses going to college and did not have money available. He looked around and in March 1928, he and his father examined the possibilities at Sjælland. They ended up in Snekkerup and bought Havrelykkegaard, Land Register no. 1b, for Kr. 52,000. The total area was about 55 acres but the farm buildings matched less than 20 acres. They had been built in 1908-09 by Niels Nielsen and his wife Anna. He was from the neighbor farm, Land Reg. no. 1a. Later, he bought his birth place as well, kept 40 acres of land as his own, next to the forest (1c), and sold the rest. Shortly thereafter, Niels Nielsen became ill and it was not possible for him to continue managing the farm. After his death in 1918, his widow kept farming until

da solgte hun til Lars Larsen og Anna, som havde levet i Hornsherred men alt var meget forsømt og en daarlig Høst, saa de havde tabt Modet og solgte saa til Charles hvis Kone ogsaa hed Anna. Udbetalingen klarede han ved Penge fra Farfar. Nogen fik han og nogen laante han af ham. Nu havde Charles jo overværet da Søren købte Gaard og maaske regnet med at jeg fik omtrent det samme, men saa demokratiske var vi altsaa ikke i den Familie saa Drengene og Piger skulle have lige meget. Saa da han ringede hjem for at spørge om min Far ville støtte ham ved Købet, sagde min Far at 2000 Kr. kunne han undvære. Charles som var vant til lidt friere Sprog end vi, fik vist sagt, om han virkelig kunne afse saa meget til mig, og det faldt ikke i god Jord, saa fra da af var der lidt køligt Forhold mellem dem til min store Sorg.

Charles mente han ikke var god nok til min Familie. Naa, Charles købte og overtog Gaarden 20-3-1928 og 1st April holdt vi Bryllup i Tranbjerg Kirke og 2 dage senere rejste vi herover. Det var jo ved at være Saad og der var nok at se til.

Vi beholdt en Karl, Rasmus som var paa Gaarden han passede de 7 magre Køer der var og enkelte Grise og 2 heste men der var ingen Roer og næsten ingen Halm.

Vore nærmeste Naboer, Klara Eliassen (Matr. Nr. 2a-b) og Jens Hansen og Marie paa Centralen (18a-b) havde sendt os Blomster og Jens Hansen var de første jeg hilste paa Dagen efter vor Ankomst og de blev vore Venner gennem alle Aarene. Marie er først død her i 1977 90 Aar gammel. Det første der maatte gøres var at faa Mandskab og faa drænet alle Søerne væk paa 1c saa vi kunne køre paa Marken og faa saaet. Jeg husker Markerne var saa fulde af Kvik at jeg maatte staa bag paa Saamaskinen og løfte Tragter hele Tiden for at faa Sæden i Jorden. Luge roer var skrækkeligt.

1927 when she sold to Lars Larsen and Anna who had lived in Hornsherred. Things were badly run down and the harvest was bad. They lost heart and sold to Charles who also had a wife the name of Anna. The down payment came from money he got from Farfar, some of it a gift and some of it a loan. Charles had been around when Søren bought his farm and was perhaps expecting that my father would give me the same amount as Søren received but in our family girls and boys did not qualify for equal support. When Charles called my father to ask if he would support our establishment my father said he could spare Kr.2,000. That much! or something to that effect was Charles' comment, his language being somewhat freer than ours. It did not go down well with my father and the air remained rather chilly between them after that, much to my regret.

Charles got the idea that he was not considered good enough in my family. Well, on March 20th 1928, he took over the farm and our wedding was held in Tranbjerg Kirke on April 1st. Two days later, we left for Sjælland. Time to plant was coming up.

Rasmus, the earlier owners' help, stayed and took care of the 7 skinny cows, a few pigs and 2 horses. There were no fodder beets left and next to no straw.

Our closest neighbors, Klara Eliassen (Land Reg. no. 2a-b) and Jens Hansen (18a-b) and Marie with the area's telephone exchange had sent flowers. The Jens Hansen's were the first people I met the day after our arrival. They remained our friends through all the years. Marie died this year (1977) 90 years old. First, we had to find people to work on draining out all the small lakes at no. 1c so that we could get around in the field and plant the grain. The fields were couch grass infested and I constantly had to lift the funnels of the sowing machine to get the seeds into the soil. Hoeing

Der sad lidt utærsket sød i Laden og en Dag spurgte Charles saa den Mand der var Formand for Byens Tærskværk om han kunne leje Værket. Han skulle først spørge de andre og Svaret blev saa at det kunne han godt men de ville gerne have Betaling forud. – Saa sagde Charles Nej Tak – og fik lejet et andet Værk. – Et typisk Eksempel paa Mistro overfor alt og alle der ikke hørte hjemme paa Stedet. Men, vel nok til deres Ærgrelse, sled vi os videre. Om Vinteren da alle Mand kastede Sne paa Vejene lød det: “Naa, der gaar ham “Kandidaten”, mon han ogsaa kan betale Termin med ded!”

Det kunne han altsaa, skønt Guderne skal vide det kneb, men hvem kunne vide at Tiderne blev saadan. Da vi havde været der et Aars Tid faldt Priserne. Vi havde købt Pattegrise til 45 Kr. pr. Stk. Og solgte dem da de var store for 36 Kr. 1 Ko solgte vi for 35 Kr.

Til Gengæld var Leveomkostningerne jo ogsaa smaa. Vi sparede os simpelthen igennem og arbejdede haardt. Til Gengæld var Masser af Mennesker arbejdsløse og det var slemt den Gang. Jeg husker en af vore Naboer ville gerne tage Roer op for os 1 Dag for en stor Slagtekylling som Betaling han fik ikke mere som arbejdsløs.

Det var strenge Aar men vi tog det ikke saa tungt. Vi var jo unge og raske og meget forelskede og havde det dejligt sammen. Det har for Resten holdt sig hele Livet igennem. Selvfølgelig er man ikke enige om alle Ting naar man lever sammen i 50 Aar. Man har jo hver sin Mening om mange Ting men det kommer man jo igennem ved at tale om det og enten bøjer den ene eller den anden af og saa gaar det igen. Det er som jeg ofte har sagt: Vi Landmænd er stærkt favoriserede i Forhold til andre. Vor Arbejdsplads er samtidig vort Hjem, og vi faar Lov at opdrage vore Børn under de bedst tænkelige Vilkaar.

the long rows of fodder beets was demanding. A bit of un-threshed barley sat in the barn. Charles asked the president of the local threshing guild about renting the threshing machine. After asking the other guild members he said yes provided receiving payment in advance. Charles declined the offer and rented another thresher – an example of mistrust meeting all newcomers. We overcame the problems. During winters when all of us had to line up shoveling snow off the roads one would hear: ”So that is the college guy! Wonder if that enables him to pay his mortgage?”

That he could, but it was tough! Who would have guessed that times would become so hard? After a year, prices of our products collapsed. We had bought sucking pigs at Kr. 45 a piece and sold them for Kr. 36 when ready for slaughter. A cow was sold for Kr. 35.

On the other hand, costs of living were also low. We simply saved our way through and worked hard. Many people were out of work in those days. One of our neighbors offered to help us pulling the fodder beets asking a fat chicken as the pay for a whole day of work. His unemployment benefit did not amount to more than that.

It was a tough period but we did not take things too hard. We were young, healthy, very much in love and enjoyed being together, which by the way never changed. Clearly, you can't agree on all questions when you spend 50 years together. Opinions about various issues may differ but you get through by talking it out. Some times you yield; at other times your partner does, and life goes on. As I have often said: We farmers enjoy many advantages compared with others. Our place of work is also our home, and we are favored by having the best conditions one can think of when it comes to raising children.

Lige fra de begynder at gaa er de med i Arbejdet med Jord og Dyr og gennem Aarene faar de gennem Leg lært en Masse om det der senere bliver til daglige Pligter for dem.

Første Aar var vi paa Samsø for at holde Jul, og mens vi var der døde Sørens Kone Astrid. Hun havde svagt Hjerte. Jeg husker det var meget streng Frost og Vinteren blev saa streng at Skibene mellem Kalundborg og Aarhus ikke kunne sejle, saa min Mor som blev hos Søren maatte blive til hen mod Marts.

Den 8-5-29 blev Viggo født saa vi havde en dejlig Sommer med ham. – Vinteren derefter ledte jeg Gymnastik i Jystrup, det var meget rart at komme ud mellem andre og Charles og Ingolf, som tjente hos os var barnepige. Det Aar byggede vi Hønsesus til 500 Høns. Næste Efteraar var Charles indkaldt i Sept. Til Novb. Var vi hjemme til Bryllup med Ragnhild og Jørgen Holm og Dagen efter med Herman og Ellen som købte Gaard i Lammestrup. Den 17-12-30 blev Henry født saa der var 2 at holde Jul med. I det Aar havde vi faaet en Pige til Hjælp. Alida fra Samsø og Aarene gik saa med arbejde og med at rettte op paa Huse og Jord. D. 18-12-32 fik vi Inge. Jeg var lige færdig med Julerengøring saa alt skinnede, men jeg maatte saa holde Sengen i Julen. Det var en dejlig lille Pige, saa nem og sød. Da hun var 1½ Aar var det saa uheldigt at hun faldt ud af Køkkenvinduet og brækkede Kravebenet saa hun maatte paa Sygehuset. Sygeplejerskerne vilde knapt slippe hende igen da vi hentede hende. Paa samme tid havde vi den sorg at Farmor døde. Hun led slemt af Sukkersyge og blev næsten blind. Hun blev opereret og fik til Dels Synet igen men kort efter døde hun af Hjertestop kun 58 Aar gammel. Om Sommeren blev Albert og Mie gift og Farfar blev boende hos dem.

From the day they start walking, they are involved in fieldwork and looking after the animals. Through play, they learn a lot about what later becomes part of their daily chores.

We spent Christmas at Samsø the year of our marriage. While there, Søren's Astrid died. Her heart was weak. It was very cold that winter, the waters froze over and the ships couldn't sail between Kalundborg and Aarhus. My mother who stayed with Søren had to stay until March before she could return to Samsø.

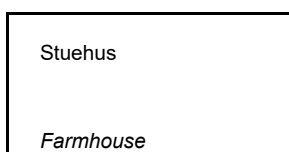
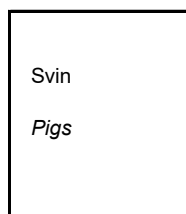
Viggo was born on May 8th 1929, and we spent a wonderful summer with him. The next winter, I instructed gymnastics in Jystrup. It was nice to be out among other people. Charles and Ingolf, our farm help, were baby sitters. We built a poultry house for 500 layers. Next year in September, Charles served in the military. In November, we went back to Samsø for Ragnhild's wedding with Jørgen Holm. Next day, Herman and Ellen married; they bought a farm in Lammestrup. Henry was born on December 17th 1930; so we spent Christmas with our two boys. A girl from Samsø, Alida became our maid. Time went by as we improved fields and farm houses. Inge was born on December 18th, 1932. I had just finished cleaning the house for Christmas and then had to stay in bed for some days. Inge was a lovely girl, so easy and sweet. A year and a half old she fell out a window and broke her collar bone. She had to spend some days in hospital and we had a hard time making the nurses let go of her when we came to take her home. At the same time, we lost Farmor. Due to diabetes she became nearly blind. Surgery partially restored her vision, but she died from heart failure only 58 years old. Albert and Mie married that year. Farfar stayed with them in their home.

I de Aar satte vi nyt Inventar i Svinehuset og byggede Husene om.

During those years, we improved and expanded the buildings.

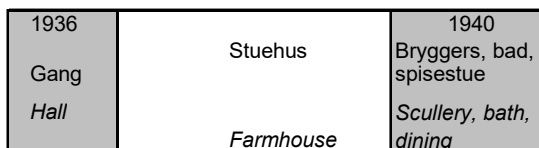
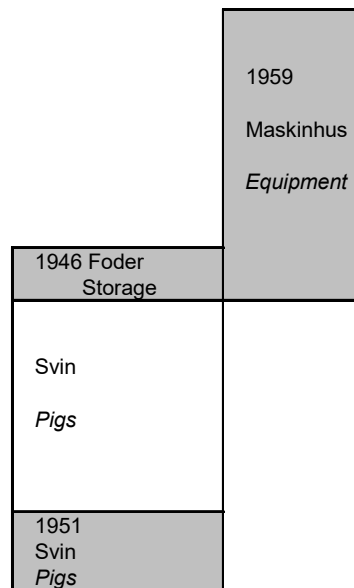
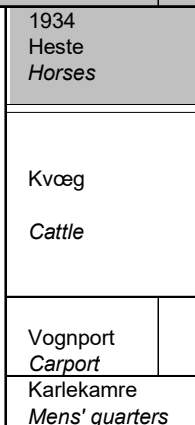
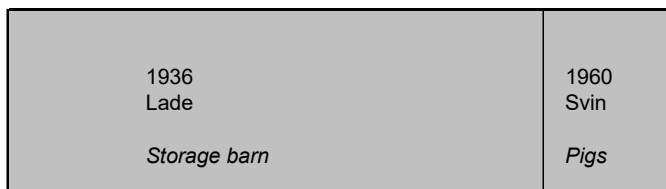
Bygninger før 1934

Buildings before 1934



Udvidelser og ombygninger

Expansions and rebuildings



I September 1930 var Charles indkaldt og Albert var hos os den Maaned og hjalp med Arbejdet. Jeg husker de havde Kongeparade ved Svenstrup. Charles blev saa hjemsendt som Sekundløjtnant og ikke siden indkaldt. Saa kom nok de 10 strengeste Aar men nok ogsaa de bedste Aar i vort liv. For mig var det ganske godt at vide at min Mand havde Forstand paa alt Arbejde og forstod at faa saa meget som muligt ud af det. Vi havde mange Høns og jeg tror det gav mest i nogen Aar. Alt andet faldt i pris. Saa kom der Svinekort saa vi kun maatte levere et vist antal. Resten vi leverede fik vi næsten intet for. Charles var med i Svinenævnet og blev i nogen Aar Formand for Jystrup Mejeri. I de Aar rettede vi en Del op paa Bygningerne. Saa kom ogsaa Tanken frem om Landbrugernes Sammenslutning og Charles arbejdede en Del for at tegne Medlemmer til det, men mange af de ældre Bønder følte sig vel som smaa Konger (selv om de var lige ved at gaa Fallit) og ville ikke som Arbejdere organiseres. En der ikke ville være med gav som Grund at han ikke ville være med til at gøre Kødet dyrere for de Fattige. (Det var da vi fik 35 Kr. for en Ko). Men der var trods alt mange der sluttede op indtil der under Krigen gik Politik i det som i alt andet og saa revnede det.

Om Vinteren 1936-37 fik vi den Ide at bygge Huset henne ved Landevejen, Matr. Nr. 1m. Vi havde da solgt nogen Grunde og skaffet lidt Penge, saa vidt jeg husker kostede 1 Grund ca. 4-500 Kr. Huset vi byggede kostede 8000 Kr. foruden alt det Arbejde vi selv gjorde. Charles og Karlen var med at grave Kælder ud og hjalp Murerne med alt.

Jeg havde saamænd ogsaa nok at se til. I Februar 35 fik vi Karen, en dejlig lille lyshaaret Pige og i Dec. 36 fik vi Jørgen saa der var Liv i Huset. Jeg havde altid ønsket et Hjem med aabne Døre og efterhaanden kom der jævnligt mange Mennesker. De talte LS Snak og

In September 1930, during Charles' military service, Albert was here to help out. I remember the King's Parade at Svenstrup. Charles was then dismissed as a second lieutenant and not drafted again. The next 10 years were the toughest period of our life but perhaps also the happiest. To me it was good to know that my husband knew all kinds of work and knew how to make the most out of it. We had quite a flock of layers and I think it was our best source of income, at least during a number of years. Prices of all other products plummeted. Then, quotas were introduced for pig production; beyond the quota prices were next to nothing. Charles was on the Quota Committee and for some years, chair of the dairy factory in Jystrup. During the period, we improved the farm buildings. The idea of a Farmers' Association (LS) came up and caused a lot of work to recruit members. Many older farmers, feeling like local Kings (even at the verge of bankruptcy) were against a type of workers' union. One claimed he would not want to be part of making food more expensive for poor people (that was the time when you could sell a cow for Kr.35). Quite a few did join until, during the second world war, it became politicized like everything else and then fell apart.

During the winter 1936-37, we decided to build the house next to the highway at Land Reg. no. 1m. Earlier, we had sold a few lots to raise some money; a lot cost around Kr. 4-500. The house we built cost Kr.8,000 plus the value of all our own work. Charles and the farm hand dug out for basement and also assisted in many other ways when the masons put up the walls.

I had plenty to do myself. On February 6th 1935, we had Karen, a lovely little, fair-haired girl. On December 27th 1936, Jørgen was born so the house was very lively. I always wanted a home with open doors and, as time went by, many people came visiting. There was a lot of

hentede Svinekort over en Kop Kaffe, saa efterhaanden lærte vi Folk at kende. Vi havde lært Alva og Henning Jensen at kende. Vi var jævnaldrende og havde mange fælles interesser saa det blev til mange gensidige Aftenbesøg i Aarenes Løb og til mange Smaature i Ponyvogn og senere i Bil, og de af Børnene der var jævnaldrende følte sig næsten hjemme begge steder. Alvas Venskab nyder jeg stadig godt af. Henning døde desværre pludseligt en Søndag Morgen 21-12-70 for ca. otte Aar siden. – Naa, jeg skulle fortælle lidt om Huset paa Hjørnet. – Jørgen viste sig at være en sød lille taalmodig Fyr og vi havde faaet en voksen og solid Pige – Ingeborg – som tog sig af Børn og Hus, mens jeg paatog mig alt Malerarbejdet i det ny Hus, der blev indrettet med Forretning og Lager mod Landevejen, Bagbutik og en Lejlighed mod Øst og to Lejligheder ovenpaa + mange Kælderrum. Alle Vinduer og Døre blev malet ud- og indvendigt 3 Gange, 3 Lejligheder malet og tapetseret + Butik malet og alle Gulve lakeret 3 Gange saa det tog hele Sommeren + det derhjemme. Jeg husker ikke Datoen men det var omkring 1 Dec. 37 vi var klar til at aabne Kolonial Forretning. Det var meget spændende om der vilde komme nogen Kunder. Jeg havde i min Fritid som Barn hjulpet Købmanden derhjemme og det var al min Uddannelse i det Fag, men det gik over al Forventning og det pyntede en Del paa Budgettet i de Aar, men det var ogsaa et Slid. Efterhaanden var Børnene begyndt at gaa i Skole og den yngste i Flokken, Tulle, blev født i Sept. 39, da Krigen brød ud.

Saa kom 9' April og alt blev mere vanskeligt med Varer og Rationeringer. Charles havde jo hjulpet mig naar der var Tid, men nu begyndte han og de to Karle at skære Tørv, og jeg syntes at Børnene trængte til at jeg var hjemme saa i '42 solgte vi Forretningen, vistnok for 24000

talk about LS, people came for their pig quota certificates and a cup of coffee, and we got to know quite a few. Alva and Henning Jensen became our good friends. We were of the same age and had common interests. Over the years, there were many evening-get-togethers, local trips in their nice pony carriage and later, in our car. The children of same age all felt at home in both places. I still enjoy Alva's friendship. Henning, unfortunately, died suddenly one Sunday morning, December 21st 1970, about 7 years ago. – Well, I was supposed to write a bit about the house we built at the corner. – Jørgen proved to be a nice and patient baby and we had engaged an adult, reliable maid, Ingeborg, who took care of house and children while I did all the paint work in the new house. It had rooms for shop and storage facing the highway, office and an apartment on the east side and two apartments upstairs plus many separate rooms in the basement. Windows and doors got three coats of paint, the three apartments were also painted and wall-papered, the shop was painted and all floors were given three coats of varnish. It lasted all summer and there was plenty to do at home, too. In December 1937, we opened our grocer's shop and were very excited to see if customers would show up. As a child I had assisted the local shopkeeper. That was my only trade experience, but things went better than expected, making a good contribution to our modest income. It really was hard work. The children started going to school and the youngest of the band, Tulle, was born on September 14th 1939 as WWII started.

Then came the 9th of April and with shortages and rationing of goods everything became complicated. Charles, who assisted when he could, started cutting peat for fuel. I felt the children needed me more at home so in 1942 we decided to dispose of the store at a price of

Kr. Den er saa drevet videre af 3 forskellige Ejere indtil for faa Aar siden da den blev lukket paa Grund af Fru Fenshøjs Sygdom.

Det var dejligt igen at have Tid til Hjem og Børn og Tøj som der efterhaanden ogsaa blev Knaphed paa, men min Mor hjalp os. Hun strikkede Sweaters og Trøjer af gammelt ophylde Garn og af Rester. Strømper af noget Garn, der nærmest lignede Sejlgarn, ja selv Selvbindergarn strikkede vi Trøjer af. - Det var en god Tid i Hjemmet mens Børnene gik i Skole. De var alle velbegavede. De gik jo kun i Skole hveranden Dag men jeg vover at paastaa de lærte fuldt saa meget som Børn gør nu indtil de er 14 Aar.

Krigsaarene var jo paa mange Maader en frygtelig Tid, men igen var det en Fordel at bo paa Landet. Her omkring mærkede vi jo ikke meget til Soldaterne og Mad kunde vi jo skaffe. Kun een Gang kom tyske Officerer og vilde have seks Mand indkvarteret. Jeg forklarede hvor mange vi selv var saa vi havde ingen Plads. Det tog de aabenbart for gode Varer, de kørte da og kom ikke igen. En anden Gang blev Huset undersøgt fra Kælder til Kvist. Der var nedkastet Vaaben i Skovene og de mente maaske der kunde være gemt noget. Jeg husker jeg var ene hjemme, saa glad var jeg da de forsvandt selv om de havde tømte baade Skuffer og Skabe.

I 1943 blev Charles valgt i Sogneraadet og blev Formand med det samme saa der blev da noget at se til men dels havde Charles let ved at sætte sig ind i Tingene og dels havde jeg i de Aar jeg var hjemme hjulpet min Far som ogsaa var Sogneraadsformand saa vi hjalp hinanden med det, men meget Arbejde gav det. Naar der skulde skrives Mandtals-Skatte-ligningslister og m. flere Lister ud kom Axel Johansen som var Kasserer og hjalp os. Vi skrev tit til ud paa Aftenen. Alt skulle jo skrives i 3 Eksemplarer

about Kr. 24,000. Since then, the store has had three owners. It closed for good a few years ago, when Ms. Fenshøj became ill.

I enjoyed again being at home with the children. Clothing them became very difficult. My mother was a great help. She knitted sweaters and jerseys using yarn from unraveled, old scraps of clothes. Even coarse twine had to be used to make socks and sweaters. It was nice to be home when the children were in school. All of them did well. School was only every other day but I venture to say that they had learned at least as much as children of to-day when reaching the age of 14 years.

In many ways the years of WWII were a terrible period but, again, it was an advantage to live in the country. We had little contact with the German soldiers and living on a farm it was possible to provide food for the family. Only once, did German officers arrive requiring lodging for six persons. I explained how crowded our home was already and they left. Another time, our house was searched from basement to attic. Weapons had been dropped from the air in the nearby woods and they assumed that some could have been hidden by us. I was there alone and happy was I when they left without finding anything even if all drawers and closets had been turned inside out.

In 1943, Charles was elected to the Parish Council and became the chairman right away. It added to our daily work but it was easy for him to get acquainted with the issues. Also, when I worked at home I helped my father who was also a parish council chairman. Together we coped with the extra work. Census rosters, taxation rosters and many other lists had to be written out in hand, everything in three copies, and we often sat there working in the quiet, late evening hours. The parish treasurer, Axel

og der var hverken Skrive- eller Regnemaskine den Gang. Rationeringsmærker til alt fra Soda til Arbejdstøj skulle uddeles hvert Kvartal. Saa vidt jeg husker fik de for Arbejdet 3600 Kr. til Deling, men det var jo ogsaa en Tillidspost. Vi lagde ogsaa Kontor og Arkivplads til.

Hvert Kvartal kom Axel og Skatteopkræveren som var Klokkeren Chr. Rasmussen og gjorde Skatter og Restancer op. Naar de saa var færdige skete det at Konerne kom eller jeg tog med ud til dem og spiste til Aften og saa havde vi en hyggelig Aften. – Da saa Krigen var forbi troede vi det blev lettere, men Rationering paa mange Ting varede ved lige til 1953. I 1946 kom Pengeombytningen med nye Pengesedler. Jeg husker knap reglerne nu, men man kunde kun faa ombyttet jeg tror det var 500 Kr. pr. Person. Havde man saa yderligere Penge og Værdipapirer og vilde have godtgjort blev det et Mellemværende med Skattevæsenet hvis de ikke var opgivet. Ingen der ikke prøvede det kan vide hvad det gav af Arbejde. Skattevæsenet gik 10 Aar tilbage, og i den Tid var mange Folk jo flyttet flere Gange, saa der blev dagligt ringet fra hele landet og spurgt om hvad den Person havde haft i Indtægt og Formue i det eller det Aar. Saa var det med at komme paa Loftet hvor Arkivet efterhaanden var bredt ud over alt og finde Mandtals- og Skatteligningslister for netop det Aar. De der ikke ringede skrev, saa det gav Arbejde. Det gav jo ogsaa meget Arbejde i vor egen Kommune og Charles hjalp alle Folk saa godt han kunde overfor Skatteraadene. Vilde Folk saa ikke bøje sig for Skatteraadenes Ansættelse af Afgift og Bøder gik det til højere Instanser og jeg tror der gik 15 Aar før de sidste Sager var færdige.

Midt i 50erne byggedes Alderdomshjemmet sammen med Kværkeby og Jystrup. Charles var Formand saa det gav ogsaa Arbejde.

Johansen would come and help us. Ration coupons were distributed four times a year for all needs from baking soda to work clothes. Charles and Axel shared Kr. 3,600 per year to cover direct expenses, incl. office and archive facilities. The work was a position of trust.

Every three months, Axel and the tax collector Chr. Rasmussen, also the sexton at the church in Vigersted, would come to go over taxes and arrears. Work done, their wives would arrive or we would go to one of their homes for dinner and a cosy evening together – The war over, we expected everything to become less burdensome but rationing of many goods continued until 1953. In 1946, a currency reform took place. Everyone could only exchange old bills for new within certain limits. If a person possessed additional money or securities it became a score to settle with the taxation authorities if requests were not consistent with annual tax declarations. If you have not tried it you can't imagine the amount of work it involved. Tax declaration for up to ten preceding years often had to be provided. Many persons had moved, maybe several times, during the period. From all over the country we got phone calls about this or that person's income and net worth in certain years. The filing cabinets, gradually spread all over in a large area upstairs, were searched for rosters and files with the needed information. Requests were often in writing and had to be returned by mail, which did not make the job easier. Many people had difficulties finding the required declarations and documents. Often they would appeal the levying of fines. Charles assisted on many of the cases, some versing for up to 15 years.

In the mid 1950s, a nursing home was built jointly with the Kværkeby and Jystrup Parishes, organized and chaired by Charles.

I Aarene fra 43 til 54 fik vi konfirmeret alle Børnene. Da Viggo var 16 blev han landvæsenselev paa Overdrevsgaarden og Vasebæk ved Køge. Derefter Lyngby Landbrugsskole. Derefter tog han til Norge og arbejdede ved forskelligt til han i 50 kom hjem for at være Soldat. Rejste saa igen til Norge. Giftede sig i 54 med Gay Atkinson fra den Amerikanske Ambassade. Efter 1 Aar rejste de til Gays Hjem i U.S.A. hvor Viggo et Par Aar læste til højere Handelseksamen. Derefter havde han Ansættelser ved forsk. Firmaer i New York, Venezuela og Argentina hvor de vel var ca. 10 Aar. Her købte han en stor Gaard og da han i 69 var hjemme tog Far med ham tilbage 1 Maaned og havde mange dejlige Oplevelser. Desværre blev Viggo og Gay skilt og Gay og Drengene rejste hjem til Watertown. Aaret efter solgte Viggo sin Gaard og rejste til New York hvor han saa i nogen Aar arbejdede som Direktør i et Firma der borede efter Olie og Metaller i Guatemala. I disse Aar rejste han rundt i mange Lande i Forretningen. Det var et anstrengende Liv. Til sidst blev han meget syg og blev opereret for noget Lever og Galdesygdom. Derefter maatte han tage den med Ro lang Tid. – I alle de Aar tror jeg han har besøgt os mindst 1 Gang om Aaret og følger stadig med i alt herhjemme. Viggo II har læst et Aar paa Universitet i U.S.A. I Aar læser han i Madrid og næste Aar i Frankrig. De to mindste er paa Kostskole. Viggo har været her hjemme i Decb. og Viggo II har holdt Jul her.

Ved Gennemlæsningen ser jeg at jeg har glemt at fortælle at vi i 1948 var til Guldbryllup med mine Forældre. – Farfar døde af Blodprop 1951. Min Mor døde ogsaa af Blodprop 25. marts 56 lige efter min Fars 80 Aars Fødselsdag 31/1. Samme Aar 1/12 laa min Far død i Sengen om Morgen.

All six children had their confirmation in the period 1943-1954. When Viggo was 16, he became an agricultural apprentice, first at Overdrevsgaarden, next at Vasebæk near Køge, and then he studied for half a year at Lyngby Landbrugsskole. After that, he left to work in Norway until 1950 when he returned to Denmark for his military service. In 1954, he married Gay Atkinson who worked at the US Embassy in Oslo. A year later, they relocated to the U.S. where Viggo studied trade and economics. After college, he worked for various companies in New York, Venezuela and Argentina where the family stayed for about 10 years. He bought a large farm in Argentina. In 1969, Charles joined Viggo going back home after a visit in Denmark and spent an exciting month in Argentina. Unfortunately, Viggo and Gay divorced. She and the boys went back to Watertown, N.Y. and after a year, Viggo sold his farm. He was then the CEO of an oil and metals prospecting company in Guatemala. He traveled a lot. It was a strenuous period and he became sick and had liver and gall bladder surgeries. After that he had to slow down for some time. – During all the years, I believe he visited us at least once a year and he keeps himself well-informed about what is going on in Denmark. Viggo II has attended college in the U.S. This year, he studies in Madrid and next year in France. Charles and Walter attend boarding schools. This year, Viggo II spent Christmas with us.

I forgot to report that in 1948, we went to my parents' 50 years anniversary. – In 1951, Farfar died from a blood clot, which also happened to my mother on March 25th 1956 shortly after my fathers 80th birthday. On December 1st 1956, my father was found dead in his bed in the morning.

Da Viggo rejste ud var Henry konfirmeret. Næste Vinter var han Elev paa Osted Efterskole. Senere var han et Aar Karl hos Farbror Albert. Saa herhjemme og hos Bjergager. Derefter var han Soldat i Holbæk og Vinteren derefter paa Kærehave Landbrugsskole. Derefter paa en Gaard i Havnelev. Han var forlovet med Aase Frederiksen fra Høed og da vi i Efteraaret 53 fandt en Forpagtning til dem i Vejleby i Hornsherred holdt de Bryllup d. 31-10-53. – I Vejleby var de i 5 Aar og købte saa Vangholmsgaard i Ortved hvor de stadig bor med deres 2 Børn Morten og Lise Lotte. Morten, 19 Aar, tog Studentereksamen sidste Sommer og tænker nok paa at læse til Lærer. Lise Lotte skal konfirmeres til Maj.

Inge var en tid herhjemme saa kom hun paa Kontor i Ringsted senere tog hun Kontorkursus i København og rejste saa til Norge til Viggo. Hun fik Plads i en Forretning og da Viggo skulle rejse hjem og være Soldat rejste hun ogsaa hjem men tog derop igen og kom paa Kontor hos Aspelin hvor hun siden traf Fredrik Gjellum og de holdt Bryllup 25-8-56 og bosatte sig i Oslo hvor de stadig bor.

Karen var først i Huset her og hos Fru Flamand. Siden var hun paa Gymnastikhøjskolen i Ollerup og ledte derefter Gymnastik herhjemme. Samtidig var hun paa Kontor paa Kambas. Karen holdt Bryllup samme Aar som Inge, 3-3-56. Karen blev gift med Ole Borup Nielsen Søn af Smed Chr. Nielsen i Snekkerup. De købte Hus paa Kbh.vej 5 i Roskilde. Ole var uddannet i Boghandel og var hos Flensborg i Roskilde og Karen kom paa Kontor paa Forskningsinstituttet. Herfra rejste de April 1960 til Halskov og forpagtede en Filial af en Boghandel. Senere købte de den. De bor i et dejligt Hus ude ved Stranden sammen med

At the time Viggo left home, Henry had his confirmation. The following winter, he was at Osted Efterskole, then worked one year for Farbror Albert, back home for some time and then for Bjergager. He served his military time in Holbæk and studied the following winter at Kærehave Landbrugsskole. He and Aase Frederiksen from Høed became engaged. In 1953, when a tenancy became available in Vejleby, Hornsherred, they married on October 31st 1953. After 5 years in Vejleby, they bought Vangholmsgaard in Ortved. They still live there with Morten and Lise Lotte. Morten, now 19, finished his baccalaureate last year. He now considers to study to become a school teacher. Lise Lotte will have her confirmation in the month of May next year.

After working for some time at home and at an office in Ringsted, Inge attended office courses in København and then joined Viggo in Norway. She worked in a shop and came home when Viggo returned for military service. Soon, she returned to Norway and got a job with Aspelin where she met Fredrik Gjellum. They married August 25th 1956 and still live in Oslo.

Karen first did housework at home and then for Ms. Flamand, Ringsted. Later, she attended the Ollerup Gymnastics High School. She became a gymnastics instructor and, at the same time, worked full-time at the office of Kambas. On March 3rd 1956, same year as Inge's wedding, Karen married Ole Borup Nielsen, son of the local smith, Chr. Nielsen. They bought a house, Københavnsvej 5, Roskilde. Ole, educated in a bookstore, worked for Flensborg in Roskilde and Karen in the Research Institute office. In April 1960, they moved to Halskov and rented a bookshop, which they later bought. They live in a wonderful house at the beach with their

deres to Piger Lene og Annette, Lene, 19, er i Boghandlerlære i Svendborg. Og Annette gaar i Slagelse Gymnasium.

Jørgen og Tulle cyklede fra de var 12 til Borup Realskole. En ny udmærket Skole hvor de tog Realeksamen. Jørgen var saa herhjemme indtil han kom ind som Soldat. Derefter rejste han et Aar til U.S.A. og var der paa et Par Gaarde og besøgte Viggos i New York og Gays familie i Watertown. Da han kom hjem var han paa Kærehave og næste Aar paa Landbohøjskolen indtil 1964 hvor han sluttede med en fin Karakter. Straks derefter kom han paa "De danske landboforeninger" i Akselborg og har været der siden. Han er nu Kontorchef i Økonomiafd. og arbejder meget m. Landbrugsforh. i Bryssel saa det giver mange Rejser dertil. — han giftede sig 20-7- 1963 med Hanne, Datter af Murerm. Børge Nielsen i Valby. De bor i Skovlunde sammen med deres 2 Piger Anne-Dorte 14 Aar og Marianne 10.

Tulle kom efter Skolen paa Posthuset i Ringsted og blev uddannet Postkontor assistant. I 1960 18-4 giftede hun sig med Ejler som er Søn af Mary og Chr. Olsen Snekkerup. Han var Maskinarbejder. De købte Hus ved Jystrup Station men flyttede et Par Aar senere til Stenmagle Smedie hvor Ejler var selvstændig til ca. 1970. Derefter var han Værktøjsmager paa Rimas i Ringsted. I 1973 overtog de Havrelykkegaard hvor de nu bor med deres 2 Piger Dorthe 17 og Mette 12. Dorthe havde jeg den Ære at holde over Daaben mens de boede i Jystrup. Hun tog Realeksamen fra Benløse sidste Sommer og er nu Medhjælper i en Børnehave i Roskilde. Tulle har arbejdet som Bogholder forskellige Steder. De sidste 2 Aar har hun været Vikar ved Vigersted Skoles ældste Klasse. Et stort men interessant Arbejde.

two girls, Lene and Annette. Lene, 19, is apprentice in a bookshop in Svendborg and Annette attends Slagelse Gymnasium.

From they were 12, Jørgen and Tulle biked to Borup Realskole, an excellent new highschool serving the area. After graduation, Jørgen was at home until his military service. Then he worked about one year at a couple of farms in the US, visited Viggo and Gay in New York City and Gay's family in Watertown. Back home again he attended Kærehave Landbrugsskole and next the Veterinary and Agricultural University. After graduation in 1964 with top grades, he started working for the Danish Farmers' Union, Axelborg, which he still does. He is now department head of the Economics and Statistics, working a lot with European agricultural policy in Bruxelles. On July 20th 1963, he married Hanne. They now live in Skovlunde with their two girls, Anne-Dorte who is 14 and Marianne, 10.

After highschool, Tulle became office assistant at the Ringsted Post Office. In 1960, she married Ejler, son of Mary and Chr. Olsen, Snekkerup. He was educated a machine mechanic. They bought a house in Jystrup. A couple of years later, they bought a machine factory in Stenmagle, which Ejler operated until 1970 when he took a job at Rimas in Ringsted. In 1973, they took over Havrelykkegaard where they now live with their two girls, Dorthe, 17 years old and Mette, 12. I was honored to carry Dorthe at her baptism when they lived in Jystrup. Last summer, she finished highschool in Benløse and is now an assistant in a kindergarten in Roskilde. Tulle has been an accountant in various offices. The last two years, she has had a demanding job as a school teacher.

Tulle har efter forskellige korte Kurser paa Gymnastikskolen, ledt Gymnastik i mange Aar, og nu følger de største i næste Generation efter. Morten og Lene har uddannet sig i Ferierne og leder nu mange Hold rundt om og Dorthé er ogsaa begyndt, saa det kan jo kun glæde mig.

6 Børn gift indenfor 10 Aar og saa var Reden tom. Et lille Stykke af een rives jo nok med hver Gang en af dem selv sætter Bo. Min Mor sagde til mig den Dag jeg blev gift: "Aah, tager de nu ogsaa dig fra mig?" Jeg forstod det ikke den Gang, men nu ved jeg hvordan det føles, men det er jo kun den naturlige Livets Gang og jeg er lykkelig for dem alle. Selv i Aar kom de hjem alle til en dejlig Juleaften hos Henrys. Saa føler man trods alt Rigdom og Glæde og Taknemmelighed.

Charles og jeg holdt Sølvbryllup i 1953. Vi havde den Gang mange Naboer og Venner saa vi fejrede det paa Osted Kro med 120 Mennesker. En god Fest, og jeg husker Charles med sin sædvanlige Humor sagde til Værten: Tak for i Aften, vi har været godt tilfreds og kommer igen næste Gang vi fejrer Sølvbryllup. Det glæder mig sagde Værten og først bagefter gik det op for ham at det jo næppe skete igen.

Charles var jo stadig Sogneraadsformand, men i 1959 gik han efter en Strid om Skole. Charles forudsaa at Kommunen snart vilde blive lagt sammen med Benløse eller Ringsted og ville derfor at de knap 100 Børn skulle gaa i Vigersted de første 3 Aar og derefter køre til Jystrup hvor der lige var bygget en ny Skole og Plads nok.

Skulde der bygges Skole vilde Charles bygge en ordentlig stor Skole men andre vilde have den skrabede Skole. De vilde han ikke give saa mange penge ud til og trak sig saa ud af Sogneraadet. De nedsættende artikler der fremkom derefter vilde han end ikke svare paa.

After several short courses, Tulle has instructed gymnastics for many years and now, the next generation is taking over. Morten and Lene have taken courses during their vacations and now coach many groups in the area. Dorthé has also started and I feel very good about it.

Six children married within 10 years and the nest was empty! A small piece is torn off oneself every time a child starts its own home. The day I married, my mother said: Now, are you also being taken away from me? Then, I did not quite see what she meant. I now know how it feels. Still, it is life's natural path and I feel happy for all of them. Even this year, all of them gathered for a wonderful Christmas celebration at Aase and Henry's place. It makes you feel rich, happy and grateful.

In 1953, Charles and I celebrated our silver anniversary. At that time, we had many neighbors and friends; we had our party with 120 persons at Osted Kro — a good party. Charles in his usual humorous way told the innkeeper that we were very satisfied and would be back for our next silver wedding. I am very pleased, was the innkeeper's reply. Only later, he realized that this would hardly happen again.

Charles still chaired the Parish Council but resigned in 1959 after a conflict over school policy. He clearly saw that our parish would merge with Benløse or Ringsted, not being able to continue efficient education of its own. He suggested that the 100 children attend school in Vigersted the first 3 years and later in a spacy, new school in Jystrup.

If a local school were to be maintained Charles wanted a quality institution but others insisted on a discount model. He did not want to take responsibility for using that much tax money unwisely and retired. All the derogatory articles in local papers he did not bother to refute.

Jeg var vred men han sagde: Du kan vel se det er ren Dumhed og det nedværdiger jeg mig ikke til at svare paa. — Fra Amtsskolekonsulenten som fuldstændig stod paa Charles Side fik han stor Anerkendelse for sin Holdning og Amtsrevisor Clausen kom personlig ogsaa med Hilsen fra Amtmanden og takkede for det udmærkede og korrekte Arbejde Charles havde udført gennem Aarene. Jeg tror det glædede ham meget.

Igennem mange Aar var der kommet mange Mennesker i vort Hjem og blandt dem var vi kommet sammen, 8 Par 1 Gang om Ugen. Mændene spillede Kort og vi Damer syede, strikkede, mens vi skiftedes til at læse højt af forskellige Bøger. Vi havde aldrig diskuteret Skolesag og saaledes ikke været uenige derom, men efter Charles trak sig ud af Sogneraadet udeblev pludselig alle Invitationer til os. Vi forstod det ikke. Jeg mente at hvis det havde været vore venner kunde vi vel tale om Tingene. — Det var os en stor Sorg og Skuffelse paa den Maade at faa opklaret hvad virkeligt Venskab er. Siden hyggede vi os sammen med Marie og Christoffer - Hennings — Smedens - Niels og Inga og Jenny og Knud Frandsen. Christoffer døde desværre pludselig i 1964 og Henning var ikke saa rask. Smedens flyttede til Roskilde saa det blev sammen med de to sidstnævnte Hold vi havde nogen gode Ture til Jylland, Bornholm og 2 Gange til Norge og kom hos dem hver Uge saa længe Charles var rask nok.

Da jeg var fyldt 60 begyndte det at knibe lidt med Helbredet. I 64 maatte jeg opereres for Galdesten. Senere var det Nyresten der meldte sig og to gange maatte jeg paa Sygehuset, sidste Gang i 1970 blev jeg opereret 2 Gange, det var en streng Omgang men hver Dag sommetider 2 Gange kom Charles og besøgte mig saa vi havde det dejligt da jeg igen var hjemme.

I was angry but he said: Don't you see it is sheer stupidity, and I'll not degrade myself by replying. — The County School Superintendent, totally behind Charles, acknowledged his stance and through the County Auditor, Mr. Clausen, the County Mayor sent his personal regards and appreciation for the excellent and correct work Charles had done as the Parish Mayor. I believe Charles appreciated these acknowledgements.

Over the years, a lot of people came in our home. We were 8 couples who took turns and invited for a weekly get-together. The men played cards and we ladies sewed and knitted and listened to one of us reading aloud from various novels. The school issue never surfaced and we, therefore, had no clue about differing opinions. However, after Charles retired from the Parish Council, the weekly invitations ceased all of a sudden. We were amazed believing that if they were friends we should be able to talk it out. It was a huge disappointment to discover this way what real friendship is. Later we continued having good times together with Marie and Christoffer, Alva and Henning, Marie and Christian, Niels and Inga, and Jenny and Knud Frandsen. Very sadly, Christoffer suddenly died in 1964. Henning was not doing well and Marie and Christian moved to Roskilde. Together with the two remaining couples we toured Jylland and Bornholm and Norway. We met weekly as long as Charles' health would permit.

When I turned 60, my health started going down-hill. In 1964, I had gall bladder surgery. Later, kidney stones were causing problems and I was in the hospital twice; the last time in 1970, two surgeries were necessary. It was a trying period but every day, sometimes twice a day, Charles visited me at the hospital, which was a great comfort to me. It was wonderful to be back home again.

Op gennem 60erne var Charles optaget af sit Arbejde som Bestyrelsesmedlem i Ringsted Bank. Sammenslutning af Bankerne gav en Del ekstra Arbejde men det havde hans store Interesse. Midt i 70erne trak han sig ud af dette Arbejde, da han mærkede sin Hukommelse begyndte at svigte.

Allerede før vi solgte Gaarden var han ikke rask. Vi havde glædet os til at flytte ind i vort eget Hus og havde mange Planer om hvad vi skulle opleve naar vi nu fik god Tid, men det gik helt anderledes. Charles blev daarligere for hver Dag og det sidste Aar var strengt. Han vidste ikke hvad han foretog sig og var derfor meget urimelig saa jeg maatte være paa Vagt baade Dag og Nat. Kort efter hans 75 Aars Fødselsdag maatte jeg give op og han kom til Slagelse Sygehus kort efter kom han til Vordingborg Amtshospital og siden har han ingen erindring om noget som helst. Hans Hjerne fungerer overhovedet ikke mere — og Gud ske Lov for det naar man skal være paa den lukkede Afdeling. Naar jeg kommer hen til ham lyser han op og jeg føler han kender mig, saa sætter vi os og han nyder en Cigar og han prøver at fortælle en Masse men alt uden Sammenhæng. Børnene skiftes til at køre for mig derved hver Uge. Det er tungt at komme derved og tungt at tage hjem igen, men Ros skal de Mennesker have der passer alle de syge Mennesker. Det er et gammelt Hospital men der er saa rent og patienterne er saa rene og Personalet meget søde imod dem.

Nu bor jeg saa alene i Huset og det kniber lidt at finde Lyspunkter og en Mening med at et jævnt og muntert og dejligt Samliv gennem 50 Aar skal have en saadan Afslutning.

Dette er maaske nok en stærkt forenklet Familiebeskrivelse, men saa synes jeg det kunne være interessant hvis hver af Jer vil supplere det og uddybe Beretningen med hver sin Historie. Saa kan vi engang ved Lejlighed

During the 1960s, Charles was occupied with his work on the Board of Ringsted Bank. The merger of banks caused a good deal of extra work but finance was a great interest of his. Around 1975 he withdrew from this work because he felt his memory starting to deteriorate.

Already before we sold the farm, he was not doing too well. We had been looking forward to moving into our new house and made lots of plans for things to do when more time became available. Day by day, Charles' health became worse and the last year he was at home was hard. He did not know what he was doing, acted unreasonably and I had to be on alert day and night. Shortly after his 75 years birthday, I had to give up. He was admitted to the hospital in Slagelse and shortly after, transferred to the county hospital in Vordingborg. Since then, he does not remember anything. His brain does not function — and thank god for that when one must be in a closed section. When I visit he smiles and he seems to recognize me. We sit down and he enjoys a cigar while trying to tell a lot, however without things making any coherent sense. The children take turns driving me each week. It is hard to go there and it is hard to return back home. Lots of appreciations to the employees who care for all the sick people. It is an old hospital but it is kept very neat and the patients are also tended to very nicely. The employees are very kind towards them.

So now I am alone in the house and sometimes it is hard to see the bright spots and make sense of this way of ending a common but happy and wonderful life together during 50 years.

This is probably a very simplified family history. I hope others will make supplements and elaborate on the events, each telling their story. Then maybe some day, we can meet and read through it all, spending an interesting

gennemlæse det hele og forhaabentlig faa en interessant Aften eller maaske en hel Dag ud af det. Jeg maa jo saa bede jer ikke vente ret mange Aar med det, for selvom jeg ikke føler jeg er gammel, ved jeg jo godt hvad Aar jeg er født og godt vi ikke kender Fremtiden.

evening or a whole day together doing just that. However, I have to ask you not to wait too many years before you do it because, even if I may not feel old, I know exactly the year I was born. One good thing about it all is that none of us knows what the future may bring.

Tilføjelse skrevet i 1978

Brief addition penned in 1978

Efter gennemlæsning af det jeg har skrevet ned gør Jørgen mig opmærksom paa at jeg helt har glemmt at omtale Fars store Interesse for Jagt. Det maa jeg prøve at raade Bod paa, men der er sikkert mange andre Ting jeg har glemmt. Det har ikke været saa let at samle Tankerne om Emnet og samtidig passe paa at det ikke blev for langt. Jeg haaber forskellige af vore Børn senere vil føje andre Ting til, naar de skal berette om deres Familier.

Lige fra Charles var Dreng fik han Lov at følge sin Far paa Jagtture. Han har fortalt meget om det og ogsaa om Jagtture sammen med Konsulent Vestergaard. Den første Jagthund vi havde fik han forøvrigt af Vestergaard en brunplettet Setter — Leo.

Da vor Mark gaar ned til Skoven har Charles i jagttiden benyttet hver ledig Stund til et Smut hen over Bakken ned langs Skoven og saa længe vi havde Roe- og Græsmarker gav det en del Vildt og den øvrige Del af Aaret var det os en Glæde at færdes paa Mark og i Skov og nyde Naturen og dens Fauna. Efterhaanden lejede han Jagt paa mange af Ejendommene her omkring og omkring 1950 lejede han Jagten i Ærtebjerg- og Hestehaveskoven.

Efterhaanden var der blevet saa mange Jægere saa Prisen paa Jagt blev saa høj at Charles lod det meste af Markerne gaa og nøjedes med vor egen og Skoven.

Having read what I have written Jørgen drew my attention to the fact that I had not told about Far's keen interest in hunting. I'll try to make up for the omission. I assume that many other things have not been dealt with; it has not been too easy to collect one's thoughts about the topics and, at the same time, to avoid making it too extensive. Later, I hope that our children will add other things when they set out telling about their families.

Since he was a boy, Charles was allowed to join his father on his hunting trips. He used to tell us about it, also his hunting together with Vestergaard, leader of the advisory office he worked for. Vestergaard actually gave him his first dog, Leo, a spotted setter.

Our fields abut the forest and during the season, Charles used every minute free of work to make a stroll over the hill down to the woods. As long as we grew fodder beets and grass there was a fair amount of wildlife. During the rest of the year, we enjoyed flora and fauna, getting around in the fields and in the forest. Over the years, he rented hunting right to many farms in the area. In 1950, he added leases on the forest divisions, Ærtebjerg and Hestehaven.

Hunting had become very popular and leases were getting rather expensive. Charles let most of the farm leases go and focused on our own land and the rented forest area.

Nogle Gange tog vi en Tur til Richard paa Gottesgabe. Hvert Aar var vi hos Farbror Henry paa Jagt og somme Tider en Tur til Samsø.

De første Aar vi havde Skovjagten inviterede Charles sine Brødre paa Jagt og senere tog han en halv Snes Jagtkammerater med i Jagten og mange dejlige Oplevelser havde de hvert Aar, 4-5 eller 6 Gange i Sæsonen. Vore egne Drengene var ogsaa med naar de var i Nærheden. Hen paa Vinteren samledes vi saa – Jægere med Damer – og havde en hyggelig Aften et eller andet Sted. Meget dejligt Vildt har jeg faaet og tilberedt men Charles skød aldrig mere end vi selv kunne omsætte.

Det blev Jagt gennem mange Aar. Efterhaanden faldt næsten alle de første Kammerater fra og nye og yngre kom til. For seks-syv Aar siden følte Charles at han ikke længere var saa rask og lidt af Lysten til Jagt fortog sig, saa han sluttede med Skovjagt og overlod den til Kammeraterne. Det blev saa Henry som nu leder Skovjagten og sørger for at fodre Dyrene og sætte Fasankyllinger ud.

Siden nøjedes Far med en lille Tur over Marken sammen med Vera. Vera flyttede med os over i det nye Hus. Her naaede den at blive 13 Aar gammel inden den her i Maj 78 blev syg og døde.

At times, we would visit Richard at Gottesgabe. At least once every season, we would go to Farbror Henry for visiting and hunting, some times also to Samsø.

During the first few years of the forest lease, Charles invited his brothers to join him and later, he shared the lease with about ten friends. They had many wonderful hunting experiences together, 4-6 times during each season. When at home, our own boys would also participate. At some time during the winter, all of us – hunters and spouses – would spend an evening together. During the years, I have prepared a lot of pheasants, hares, ducks, etc. but Charles only hunted for our own consumption.

During many years, it was a lot of hunting. Gradually, the first friends dropped out but new and younger people joined. Six or seven years ago, Charles did not feel too well and the desire to go hunting died down. He therefore transferred the forest lease to his friends. Today, Henry is the leader of the hunting. He also feeds the wildlife during harsh seasons and arranges for releasing young pheasants.

In later years, Charles would make small tours over the fields together with his dog, Vera who moved with us to our new house. She was 13 years old before she got sick and died in May 1978.

Tillæg skrevet i perioden 1989-1991

Up-date of the 1977 memoirs, penned during 1989-1991

Forleden dag fik jeg gennemset hvad jeg skrev for 10-11 Aar siden og jeg tænkte at jeg maaske godt nu kunne føje lidt til om hvad der siden er hændt. Den ¼-78 kunne vi have fejret Guldbryllup men det blev en trist Dag. Jeg var Dagen før taget ned til Karen. Om Morgen

A few days ago, I perused what I wrote 10 -11 years ago considering it might be time to add a bit about what has happened since then. On April 1st 1978, we could have celebrated our 50-years anniversary, but it turned out to be a sad day. The day before, I went to Karen. In the

købte vi en fin Buket Blomster og kørte ned til Far men al den stærke Medicin havde berøvet ham al Hjernevirksomhed, saa vi fik ikke meget ud af vort besøg saa vi kørte hjem igen efter 1 Times Besøg. Senere paa Dagen var Tulle og Pigerne hos ham. Børnene ville han gerne tale med saa de fik ham til at prøve at skrive til mig – men det kunne han ikke. Jeg har endnu Papiret hvor han forsøgte.

Om aftenen samledes vi hos Karen og Ole. Samme Aar byggede Amtet et nyt Plejehjem i Dianalund. Der søgte vi om at faa Far til og 1-5-78 blev han flyttet dertil – Hvilken Forandring. Han kunne nu gaa i sit eget Tøj og fik egen Stue med Bad i Stedet for at bo paa Stue med 8 andre, men det varede ikke saa længe. Omkring hans Fødselsdag var han uheldig og faldt i Haven og fik en lille Hjernerystelse, og næste Dag vi kom laa han i Sengen. Han fik Lungebetændelse. Jeg sad hos ham nogle Dage og Sct. Hansaften kunne vi se Livet ebbede ud. Far døde lidt efter Midnat. Jørgen, Tulle og jeg var hos ham. 28/6 blev far begravet i Vigersted. – Det var en streng Tid, men Gud ske Tak og Lov at han fik Fred.

Aldrig havde jeg tænkt at jeg skulle blive saa gammel – tænk at være 85, men bare jeg maa bevare min Forstand skal jeg ikke klage. Lidt Besvær har jeg haft de senere Aar, idet jeg har faaet Sukkersyge og fra Sept. sidste Aar har jeg haft “Helvedsild” i venstre Arm. Frygtelig smertefuldt og intet hjælper for det, men nu er det paa tilbagetog. Nu er det kun i den øverste Del af Armen, men jeg kan stadig ikke bruge og løfte Armen. Jeg har Hjemmehjælp ½ Time hver Morgen til Hjælp med at faa Tøj paa og til at lave Morgenmad og rede min Seng. Middagsmad køber jeg og faar bragt ud fra et Plejehjem og hver Onsdag Formiddag har jeg en privat Dame der gør Huset rent saa jeg har det nærmest som Blommen i et Æg.

morning, we bought a nice bunch of flowers and drove to visit Far. However, all the strong medication had deprived him of all brain activity. We did not make any contact with him and left again an hour later. Later in the day, Tulle and her girls visited. The girls attempted to make him write something to me – but he could not do it. I still have the piece of paper with his attempt.

In the evening, we got together at Karen and Ole’s place. The same year, a new nursing home was built in Dianalund. We applied to have Far transferred, which happened May 1st 1978 – and what a change! He now used his own clothes, had his own room with a bath instead of an 8-man room, but it did not last long. Around his birthday, he fell in the yard and had a small concussion, which forced him to stay in bed. He contracted pneumonia. I sat with him for some days and on Sct. Hans’ Eve we knew life ebbed away. Far died shortly after midnight. Jørgen, Tulle and I were with him. He was buried on June 28th in Vigersted – it was a hard period but, praise god, he was given peace.

I never imagined becoming that old – 85 can you believe it! If I may keep my faculties I’ll not complain. A few troubles have arrived. I have contracted diabetes and since September last year, I have suffered from Shingles in my left arm – very painful and no cure – but now it seems to be receding. Only the upper arm is still affected but it prevents me from using the left hand. Every morning, a home helper is here for half an hour to help me get dressed. She cooks my breakfast and also does my bed. I buy my dinner from a nursing home and they deliver it to the door. Every Wednesday morning, a private help comes to clean my house so most things are actually taken care of and I feel very fortunate.

Det kniber med at gaa paa Grund af 1 slidt Hofte og daarlig Ryg men noget følger jo med alle de Fødselsdage.

I sidste Uge var jeg i Fuglede at besøge Signe. Vi snakkede hele Dagen mens Tulle og en Veninde turede Vestsjælland rundt. Signe gaar ligesom jeg ved Hjælp af en Stok, men hun er ogsaa fyldt 90 og er fuldstændig aandsfrisk.

Det svinder stærkt i Familie og Venner naar man naar saa højt op i Aarene, men til Gengæld vokser saa den nye Generation op. Alt det vil jeg saa prøve at fortælle lidt om herefter.

I dag lever kun Charles Søster Helga – 89 Aar, min Søster Signe, 90, og vor yngste Broder Jørgen. Charles 3 Brødre døde af Hjerteslag med faa Aars Mellemrum. Jørgens Kone Martha døde Marts 79, hans ældste Datter Birgit i Juni og Moster Ragnhild i Juli, alt i samme Aar, af den modbydelige Kræftsygdom. Det var haardt. Ved Juletid døde Tante Esther af Kræft og faa Maaneder senere døde Henry pludselig. Dem savner jeg meget. Vi kom tit hos dem. Nu i 1989 døde Tante Mie. Hun var en Foraarsdag gaaet ud ved Vandingen for at plukke “Gæslinger”. Der faldt hun død om, og først sent paa Aftenen fandt de hende. Saa brast Baandet til det dejlige gamle Hjem. Søren døde ved Nytaar 83. – Efterhaanden er næsten alle mine jævnaldrende her omkring ogsaa væk, men nye kommer jo efterhaanden til.

Jeg glæder mig stadig over min Børneflokk, de er saa flinke til at besøge mig og hjælpe mig med alt. – Her i Sommer har jeg haft Besøg af Viggo. Han kom fra Spanien og han ringer hver Søndag saa mærker man jo ikke de er saa langt borte. Inge og Fredrik rejste hjem i sidste Uge, efter at have været her 10 Dage. Der sker saa meget naar de er her – uden jeg rører en Finger. Fredrik malede Vinduer og Døre udvendig.

Walking is a little difficult because of a worn-down hip joint and back pain. A few things come along with all the birthdays.

Last week, I visited Signe in Fuglede. We talked the whole day while Tulle and a friend went sightseeing in Vestsjælland. Signe walks with a cane like I do. She is 90 years old and fortunately, she is absolutely clear in her head.

The number of family members and friends shrinks when one becomes old. On the other hand, the new generation is growing up and this is what I'll try to tell something about.

Alive today are only Charles' sister Helga, 89, my sister Signe, 90, and our youngest brother, Jørgen. Charles' three brothers died a few years apart, all from heart attacks. Jørgen's wife Martha died in 1979, his oldest daughter Birgit in June, and Moster Ragnhild in July, all within the same year and all from the loathsome cancer illnesses. It was hard. At Christmas time, Tante Esther died from cancer, and a few months later, Henry suddenly died. I miss them a lot; we often visited. This year, 1989, Tante Mie died. One spring day, she went to the little pond to collect willow catkins. She died there and was not found until late in the evening. Thus, the last line to the wonderful old home was severed. Søren died at New Year 1983. By now, almost all people my age in the neighborhood are gone.

I still enjoy my own flock of children; they often come to see me and to help me with many things. – This summer, Viggo visited; he came from Spain. He calls every Sunday and that way one forgets they are so far away. Last week, Inge and Fredrik went back to Norway after being here for 10 days. Lots of things happen when they are here – without me lifting a finger. Fredrik painted windows and doors on

Karen og Inge malede mit Bryggers og ellers kørte vi ud. Hele familien var 1 søndag hos Karen og Ole. Det er ved at blive en tradition hver sommer og alle —Børnebørn, Svigerbørn og Oldebørn — nyder at være sammen. Jeg har nu 6 Oldebørn. Dorthe og Bent har Tine 4 Aar 20/6 1985 og Christian 4 Mdr. 22/4 1989. Morten og Laila har Jeppe 3 1/2 Aar 11/1. Lene og Erling har Stine 3 Aar 11/7. Lise Lotte og Michael har Kristina 2 Aar 11/7. Viggo og Exene har Henry 1 ½ Aar 28/1. Den lille Amerikaner har jeg ikke set, men de har planlagt at komme i Efteraaret, saa det er jo spændende.

Til daglig faar jeg tit Besøg af Astrid, Aases Mor. Vi er lige gamle men hun er stadig rask til Bens og gaar en Tur hver Dag. Saa faar vi en Snak om hvad der sker omkring os og efter 1 Times Tid gaar hun saa hjem igen.

Min Nabo Rigmor Henriksen kommer ogsaa af og til. Hun forsyner mig med mange flotte Blomsterbuketter fra hendes fine Have. Vi har altid meget at snakke om. Familie, Børn og hendes mange Rejser, som hun har været paa de senere Aar. Hun forstaar at opleve noget, og jeg under hende det godt. Hun har haft en travl Tilværelse og er nu ligesom jeg alene med en Flok gode Børn.

Ja saa er Ferietiden forbi for denne gang, (1990). Jørgen og Birgit kom cyklende herved en Weekend mens Inge og Fredrik var her og vi besøgte ogsaa dem i Rødovre, hvor Jørgen for et Par Aar siden købte et rart Hus med Have. Der bruger han sin Fritid til at pynte op paa det. Han har lige haft 25 Aars jubilæum i Landboforeningerne. Som Chef for Økonomiafd. Han rejser ofte til Bruxelles. I næste uge skal han en Tur til Island. Tulle har i ca. 10 Aar været Lærervikar. Hun er med i Ringsted Byraad paa tredje Periode og det er efterhaanden næsten en Heltidsbeskæftigelse. Ejler er paa en Maskinfabrik i Borup og hans

the outside. Karen and Inge painted my scullery and we toured the local area. One Sunday, the whole family gathered at Karen and Ole's place. It is becoming a summer tradition, which we all enjoy, my great grandchildren included. There are 6 of them: Dorthe and Bent have Tine, 20/06/85 and Christian, 22/04/89; Morten and Laila have Jeppe, 11/01/86; Lene and Erling have Stine, 11/07/86; Lise Lotte and Michael have Kristina, 11/07/87; Viggo and Exene have Henry, 28/01/88. I have not seen the little American yet but they are planning to visit some time in the fall, which I am looking forward to.

Normally, Astrid – Aase's mother – will visit when she takes her walk. She lives nearby and her legs are good. We'll talk for an hour or so about things going on around us before she returns home.

My neighbor Rigmor Henriksen also stops by quite often. She brings beautiful flowers from her very nice garden. We always have a lot to talk about - family, children and her many travels during recent years. She knows how to get something out of life and I am very happy for her. She has struggled for existence. Now, she is alone but, like I do, she enjoys a flock of good children.

1990. Well, summer vacation is over for this year. Jørgen and Birgit came biking from home to here while Inge and Fredrik were visiting; we also went to see them in Rødovre where, a few years ago, Jørgen bought a nice house with a garden. He spends some of his leisure time on shining it up. He just passed 25 years of employment with Landboforeningerne as head of their Dept. of Economics. He often works in Bruxelles and next week, he'll be in Iceland. Tulle is assistant teacher on her 10th year. She is a member of the City Council, Ringsted on her third term, actually a full-time job. Ejler works for a machine factory in Borup and his

“Hobby-Arbejde” er saa at passe de ca. 60 Td. Land, saa de keder sig ikke.

Henry og Aase passer foruden deres egen Gaard med Køer og Grise Aases gamle Hjem i Høed, og saa snart det nu bliver Høstvejr hjælper han Naboen at mejetærskes.

Karen og Ole passer Boghandlen og kommer ofte herind naar de skal besøge Oles Mor i Roskilde. Hun er ikke saa rask men er ogsaa snart 90.

Mange Søndage ringer Henry el. Aase og spørger om jeg vil besøge dem. Saa henter de Astrid og mig til Eftermiddagskaffe og saa hygger vi os hos dem til Sengetid. – Hver anden Onsdag har vi en “Hyggeklub” i Vigersted gl. Skole. Vi har de senere Aar været ca. 25. Tulle sørger for Underholdning og Aase laver Kaffe og Kage. Det har vi megen Gløde af. Ca. hveranden Maaned har vi Middag. Saa møder ca. 8 Damer fra Klubben i Forsamlingshuset. De dækker Borde, skræller Kartofler o.s.v. og Aase og et Par til staar for Indkøb og Madlavning. Vi averterer og alle der har Lyst melder sig til. Vi er som Regel 60-70 Stk. Og spiser saa f.eks. Flæskesteg m. Tilbehør, Dessert, Kaffe m. Smaakager – Alt for 25 Kr. pr. Kuvert. Imens hører vi et Foredrag el. ser Film. Sidste Gang var Sct. Hans Aften. Da var vi 170 og bagefter gik vi til Baal paa Idrætspladsen. Det var næsten for stort et Arbejde. I forstaar jeg keder mig ikke, selv om der ogsaa er ensomme Stunder. Mit Haandarbejde er næsten gaaet i Staa, nu jeg ikke har kunnet bruge venstre Haand, men jeg haaber, det kommer igen.

August 1991. Saa gik der igen et Aar siden jeg sidst fik skrevet lidt til Bogen og der er nok sket en hel Del i det Aar. I Oktober døde Faster Helga kort før hun blev 90 og 1 Maaned senere døde Moster Signe. Hun var kun syg i ca. 14 Dage. – Da Ragnhild døde laa Signe paa Hospitalet, opereret for et Maveonde og det brød saa op igen kort efter hun var fyldt 92,

“hobby” is to farm their about 80 acres. They do not have the time to be bored.

In addition to their own farm with dairy cows and pigs Henry and Aase also take care of Aases old home in Høed, and during harvest he combines for the neighbor.

Karen and Ole run their bookstore. They often stop by on their way to visit Ole’s mother in Roskilde. She is not too well but she is also approaching 90.

On Sundays, Henry or Aase will often call, asking me to visit them. Then they’ll pick Astrid and me up and we are treated to afternoon coffee. Having a cosy time we most often also stay for dinner. Every second Wednesday, we meet in the Senior Club at the old Vigersted School. There are about 25 members. Tulle takes care of entertainment and Aase provides coffee and cookies. We all love the club. About 6 times a year, we have dinner. Eight ladies meet up in the village hall to set the tables, fix the potatoes, etc. Aase and two others take care of shopping and cooking. The dinner party is advertised and normally attended by 60-70 persons. Pork roast with crisp rind, dessert and coffee is a typical treat costing \$4-\$5. There will be a lecture by someone or we watch a good movie. Last time we met, was on Sct. Hans’ Eve, 170 persons. After dinner, we watched the big fire in the sports arena. It was a great arrangement – a lot of work for all the kind people. You see I have plenty to do; of course there are also quiet periods in between. My needlework is on hold, awaiting recovery of my left hand.

August 1991. Another year has passed since the last time I wrote a little to the book; many things have happened. In October 1990, Faster Helga passed away shortly before she turned 90. A month later, Moster Signe died after being ill for a couple of weeks. — When Ragnhild died, Signe had surgery for a stomach disease; it broke up shortly after she was 92 –

saa det var godt hun ikke skulle døje længere. – Midt i Dec. døde Astrid, Aases Mor. Det var lige i de Dage da Henry blev 60, saa den planlagte Fest blev jo udsat. Jeg savner Astrid meget, hun kom næsten hver Dag og hun var den sidste af mine jævnaldrende her, saa her er blevet meget stille.

Nordmændene rejste tilbage til Juleaften hos Sverre og Sonja og jeg holdt Jul hos Tulle.

Saa var atter et Aar gaaet og jeg blev 87. Vinteren blev heldigvis ikke ret haard og Sne havde vi heller ikke meget af. Hver 14 Dag havde vi vore Klubmøder og ellers gik Tiden med Besøg hos Familien og lidt Læsning herhjemme. Det kniber lidt med at gaa men jeg klarer mig da med en Stok til Hjælp. I Juli var jeg sammen med Henry og Tulle paa Samsø.

Jørgen døde pludselig en Aften. Han havde saa meget Astma saa det var jo nok Iltmangel. De fandt ham liggende paa Sengen næste Morgen. Saa er der jo kun mig tilbage af de seks. Det er vemodigt at komme i det gamle Hjem og tænke nu er det nok sidste Gang du staar her blandt Minderne om alt hvad man har oplevet her gennem et langt Liv.

a good thing she did not have to suffer for a longer period. – Astrid, Aase's mother, died just around the time of Henry's 60th birthday. I miss Astrid very much; she came to see me almost every day and she was the last of my contemporaries so it has become very quiet here.

The Norwegians went back for Christmas with Sverre and Sonja; I was at Tulle's.

Another year had passed and I turned 87. Fortunately, the winter has been mild and there is only little snow. We meet in the Club every two weeks and otherwise, time is spent visiting family or doing some reading at home. It have difficulty walking, but with the help of a cane I somehow manage. Last July, I visited Samsø together with Henry and Tulle.

Jørgen died suddenly one evening. He had a lot of asthma so lack of oxygen was probably the cause. He was found lying on his bed in the morning. So now I am the only one left of the six siblings. It was sad being in the good old home thinking that it was probably for the last time, standing there among the memories of all what I have experienced through my long life.

**Minder om et lykkeligt Liv,
tænkt i en Aftenstund**

Ja, det er skønt i Ungdommens Tid
at elske en Ven, som ærligt elsker én igen.
Skønt i Ungdommen Aar sammen at vandre
ind i den Fremtid, de venter at faa.

Ja, det er skønt, sammen – i Kærlighed –
at bygge det Bo, der kun er beregnet
for disse to.

Vist er det skønt at planlægge
Fremtid for Virke og Hjem,
skønt at arbejde sammen, trods Slid og Besvær,
skønt for de to, naar Maalet klart fører dem frem.

Ja, se hvor skønt, Lykken tilsmiler
stadig de to, midt i en Børneflokk stor.
Skønt at se alt trives og gro – skønt at se, mens
Aarene gaar, Børn vokse op, springe ud – som en
Gave fra Gud – for saa at spredes
mod Syd og mod Nord.

Skønt ad Aare at mødes i Hjemmet igen
og høre, hvad Livet har givet enhver
i de forskellige nye Hjem.

Det er skønt sammen at takke for Livet
og alle de gode Aar – men –
tungt naar Sygdom sig melder,
og Aarene slidsomt gaar.

Tungt at staa ene tilbage, naar Vennen du elsked
ej findes paa Jord – men Tak og Guds Fred for os
begge.

Det er tungt, og Savnet vil aldrig forgaa.

Anna Mortensen, 1982

**Memories of a happy life
relived during late evening hours**

How wonderful during days of youth
to love a friend who returns your love.
So wonderful to wander together
into the waiting future.

Wonderful – in harmony and love –
to build the abode, only intended
for these two.

And wonderful to plan and prepare
the home and future work,
together to cope with toil and moil,
for the two to pursue their goals.

Behold how good fortune continues
to smile on the two amid their children.
See how all thrive and mature while
years pass, grow up and come out –
like blessings from God – and then,
disperse towards South and North.

How good, after years, for all to gather
to learn what life had to offer each one in
the homes of their own.

So good together to give thanks for life
and all the good years – but –
so hard when illness knocks at the door
and passage of years becomes a burden.

Hard to stand alone when the one you
loved no longer is with you on Earth –
but thanks and God's peace to us both.

So hard – the void will persist.

Anna Mortensen, 1982

Jeg sidder alene her i min Stue

Jeg sidder alene her i min Stue
og Dagen kan synes lidt trist og graa,
da sker det herinde som derude,
at Solen kommer og strejfer mit Bord.

Med den vender lysere Tanker tilbage
til den Tid, da Dagen var Liv og Lyst,
med Mand og med Smaabørn,
med Pligter og Arbejde,
saa Dagens Timer næppe slog til.

Men hvad gør vel det, naar alle blot trives;
og Lykken var med os i alle de Aar,
saa sunde og raske de gik ud i Livet,
og Glæder de gav os, langt fler end de tror.

Vi takker vor Gud for Evner de fik,
at bruge dem var nu deres Pligt.
Det gjorde de saa – saa vidt jeg kan se.
Men Aarene gik og vi fulgte med.

Solen forsvandt og Regnen kom,
Sygdom og Sorg kom vi ej udenom.
Alt skal nok prøves, før Livet er slut.
Glemme man skal ej de tunge Dage,
men takke for alt det man har tilbage.
Takke for Dagen, takke for Livet, takke for alt
hvad Gud har os givet.

Venner gaar bort og Livet blir stille.
Ens Gang bliver tung mens Aarene gaar
og Arbejdet – det gaar næsten i Staa.

Anna Mortensen, Juli 1985

Alone in my sitting room

Sitting alone at the window as often I do,
days seem somewhat sad and gray.
Then, the sun breaks through the clouds;
its rays graze my table and light up my room.

With the sun also my thoughts brighten
and wander back to days of life and joy
with husband and small children,
days also filled with chores and toil
and not enough hours to accomplish it all.

But no worry when all are well and thrive;
good fortune was our gracious companion.
Healthy and fit the kids entered their worlds
and gave us much joy – more than they know.

Thanks to our Lord for gifts they were given;
to use them was now their own duty,
which they fulfilled as far as I can see.
But the years went along and so did we.

The sun disappeared and storms kept coming,
illness and sorrow could not be evaded.
Burdens pile up as life nears its end.
But don't disregard the difficult days;
be grateful for what is left for you.
Give thanks for your days, your life, and all
that was bestowed upon you.

Friends pass away and life becomes silent;
your steps slow down as years pass by
and the work – it grinds to a halt.

Anna Mortensen, July 1985

3.3. Signe Christensens erindringer

3.3. *Memories by Signe Christensen*

Erindringer tilegnet mine Børn og hele Familien

Signe Christensen

Trine Vadstrups ældste barn — *Oldest child of Trine Vadstrup*

Banevej 23, St. Fuglede, 20-12-81

*Bladet i Bogen sig vender,
som Lykkespil,
under usynlige Hænder
som Gud det vil.*

[The quote is a slightly adapted verse 3 of an 1853 Grundtvig poem, *Bladet i Bogen sig vender*; it deals with the way life evolves and changes, likened with turning the pages of a book, unpredictably but still guided by invisible hands and according to God's will. Transcriber's note]

Egentlig har jeg altid gerne villet leve Livet under ovenstaaende Motto, og uden Guds Hjælp og Velsignelse ville mit Liv have været fattigt.

I, mine Børn, har sommetider bedt mig om at skrive lidt om mig selv, og den Tid jeg har levet i. Det kan maaske være svært nok, hellere vilde jeg fortælle i Timevis, men hvornaar skulde I dog faa Tid til at lytte.

Naar jeg nu sidder ganske alene en Søndag Efm., med god Varme, Solen skinner og ude er alt dækket af Sne, saa synes jeg der vist er faa der har det saa godt, og det er jeg taknemlig for, jeg har ogsaa rare Børn og deres Familier, helt ud til Oldebørnene, der sammen med deres Far besøgte mig i Fmd.

Og hvor skal jeg dog begynde at fortælle, for visselig har jeg i mit lange Liv oplevet meget af mange Slags, baade glædelig, lykkeligt, og fortvivlende sørgeligt, for det at staa ved 2 kære Ægtefællers Grav og den seneste Tid forud for det, i Angst og Haab, det er ikke noget man glemmer, men Gud ske Lov, har jeg faaet Kræfter til at rejse mig igen, og kunde leve livet videre, selv om hver Gang under andre Former, for Glæde er dobbelt naar man har nogen at dele den med, og Sorgen er mere knugende naar man er alene med den.

Actually, I always wanted this motto to guide how I live my life, and without God's help and blessing my life would have been lacking and deficient.

Some times, you my children have asked me to write something about myself and the time in which I have lived. It is difficult; I would rather talk about it for hours but when would you ever get the time to listen.

Sitting alone on a Sunday afternoon in my warm house, the sun is shining and everything outside covered by snow I feel more privileged than most others. For this I am grateful, also for my kind children and their families, including the great grandchildren who, this morning, visited together with their father.

But how do I start accounting for my long life and my experiences of many kinds, joyous and happy as well as hopelessly sad. Standing by the graves of two dear husbands and the periods of fear and hope preceding their passing one will never forget, but thank God I was given the power to recover and to go on living even if many things became different. The feeling of happiness doubles when you can share it with somebody else. Sorrow is more poignant when you are alone and you have to bear it all by yourself.

Som I ved er jeg født paa Samsø, "Damstrupgaard", d. 25-9-1898 og selv om jeg nu har boet paa Sj. saa mange Aar hedder det for mig altid hjemme paa Samsø, selv om det Samsø i alle Maader og som alle Vegne er meget forandret.

Mit Hjem en Gaard paa ca 40 Td. Land, ligger lidt uden for Brundby og er bygget af Materialer fra Kyholm, en lille Ø i Stavns Fjord ved Samsø, de var fra en nedlagt Karantænestation for Soldater fra Krigen 1848, som Følge deraf var f. Eks. baade Vinduer og Døre saa høje, at de forlængst er skiftet ud er en anden Sag.

Det var min Mors Faster og Onkel der havde bygget den og boede der. Mors Forældre var ellers Samsinger, men rejste til Aarhus hvor Morfar var Tøffel- og Træskomager, og Mormor tjente lidt ved at vaske Tøj for Soldater, især de fra Samsø.

Der var 7 Børn i Hjemmet, og Faster og Onkel paa Samsø havde ingen, saa blev Mors ældste Søster Ellen spurgt om hun ville komme og være deres Plejebarn, hun kom ogsaa derover, men kunne ikke finde sig til Rette, saa skulle Mor prøve, hun var dengang 7-8 Aar, og hun fandt sig godt tilfreds, og blev der jo alle sine Dage. Mor har fortalt at hun jo tit maatte lege med sig selv, naar hun f. Eks. spillede Kort var Staalampen paa Bordet hendes Makker, og det gik udmærket.

Det var jo ikke saa tit der var Samkvem mellem Samsø og Aarhus, men en Gang da jeg var ca 4 Aar besøgte vores Mormor os, og jeg husker endnu saa tydelig hendes Ansigt, som jeg kun saa den ene Gang, Mormor døde kort Tid efter. Saa mærkeligt kan det være, at min Farmor, som boede tæt ved os, og hvor jeg løb ud og ind hver Dag, kan jeg slet ikke erindre hvordan hun saa ud, Farmor døde, da jeg var 7-8 Aar. Jeg husker meget fra den Gang, f. Eks. lærte Farmor mig at smøre Mad, om hvor meget eller lidt der maatte smøres paa; da jeg en dag saa Farfar smøre tykt paa sagde jeg til Farmor, du har jo sagt vi ikke maa smøre saa tykt Smør

As you know, I was born on Samsø at "Damstrupgaard" on 25-9-1898. Although I have spent most of my life on Sjælland, I always refer to Samsø as "home on Samsø", even if Samsø in so many ways has changed just like other places.

My home, a farm with about 55 acres, just outside Brundby was built with materials from Kyholm, a small island in Stavns Fjord of Samsø. They came from a dismantled quarantine station for soldiers from the 1848 War. Therefore, both windows and doors were very tall and they have been replaced a long time ago.

My mother's aunt (her father's sister) and uncle built and lived on the farm. Mother's parents had moved from Samsø to Aarhus; my Grandpa was a shoe and clog maker and Grandma made a little money doing laundry for soldiers, especially those from Samsø.

They had seven children, and my aunt and uncle at Samsø had none. Mother's oldest sister, Ellen was invited to become their foster child, but she did not settle down. Therefore, my mother gave it a try and she liked it and stayed there all her days. She was 7-8 years at the time of her move. My mother often told us that she had to play with herself, for example when she played cards. The lamp at the table then served as her co-player and it worked out all right.

In those days, communication between Samsø and Aarhus was infrequent but once, when I was 4, Grandma from Aarhus visited and I distinctly remember her face, which I saw only that once. Grandma died shortly thereafter. How strange things can be. The looks of my paternal Grandma I can not recall even if I saw her almost every day. She died when I was 7 or 8 years old. I do remember many of the things we did together, for example that Grandma taught me how to butter bread – a layer of butter not too thick, not too thin. One day when I saw my grandpa giving his slice of bread a really thick layer of butter I mentioned the

paa, Farmor, det gør Farfar. Svaret var, det er en anden Sag min Pige.

Naar om Sommeren Farmor syltede skulde jeg hente Nabokonen, saa fik vi to en Franskbrødsmad med Skum fra Syltetøjet paa, en Himmerigsmundfuld var det for mig.

Farmor blev syg, og maatte til Aarhus for at blive opereret, kom da hjem igen; jeg skulle køre med Farbror, som var Karl hjemme paa Gaarden; af hvad Grund vi kørte løbsk paa Turen til Havnen ved jeg ikke, men jeg husker saa tydelig at Farbror smed mig af Vognen; da jeg ville rejse mig op kunde jeg ikke staa baa Benene; Far og Mor har fortalt at jeg havde forstuvet begge Ankler, men det husker jeg ikke saa meget om, derimod husker jeg at Farmor havde en rød flad Hue med til mig, som jeg var meget glad for.

Desværre levede Farmor ikke saa længe efter den Tid, vi Børn vidste godt at Far og Mor gik ind til dem hver Aften den sidste Tid; da de en Morgen kom hjem spurgte vi til Farmor, saa sagde de nu har Farmor det godt, nu er hun oppe i Himlen hos Gud; det var vist første Gang jeg kom til at tænke paa, hvor de døde mon var, naar de ikke mere var her paa Jorden.

Den Dag Farmor skulle begraves som foregik fra Hjemmets Storstue var jeg og min jævnaldrende Kusine Barbara med, hendes Far sagde til os Børn, kan I saa sige Farvel til Bedstemor og lægge Hænderne paa hendes Pande; aldrig har jeg siden følt noget saa koldt, vel fordi jeg selv havde en varm Barnehaand.

Selve Begravelsen husker jeg intet om, kun at der i Storstuen blev sat en Spand med Tjære hvori der blev lagt varme Sten, saa der bredte sig en anden Lugt end efter Liget.

Min Tilværelse blev forandret, jeg havde jo mistet Bedstemor, men jeg fandt et Par gode Legekammerater i to jævnaldrende Dreng, Morten Klejs og Thomas, som begge var Naboer til Bedstefar, og vi legede godt.

Saa blev det den Tid jeg skulde i Skole, og tænk jeg der husker saa meget, husker slet ikke den første rigtige Skoledag, men jeg tror det

wrong-doing to grandma. She replied "It is quite a different matter my girl".

In the summer, when Grandma made jam I was sent to get the neighbor's wife and the two of us ate white bread with scum from the boiling jam – a delicious morsel!

Grandma became ill and was taken to Aarhus for surgery and we were happy when she was sent home. I rode with my dad's brother to the ferry port. He worked at the farm. For some reason the horses bolted. I remember my uncle throwing me off the wagon to prevent further harm. When I tried to get up I could not stand on my legs. Dad and Mom have told me that I had sprained both of my ankles. I do not remember much about that but I do remember that grandma brought me a red, flat hat, which I was very fond of.

Unfortunately, Grandma died not so long after. We children knew that Dad and Mom visited them every evening. One morning on their return, we asked how Grandma was doing; they told us that Grandma was now doing well in the heaven with God. I believe it was the first time I wondered where dead people go when they are no longer here on Earth.

The day of Grandma's burial, which started in the Grand Room of the home, I and my cousin Barbara of my own age were there. We were told to say goodbye to Grandma and to place our hands on her forehead. Never before or after, have I felt anything that cold, perhaps because my own little hand was so warm.

I remember nothing from the burial itself, only that a pail full of tar and heated stones was placed in the room to spread a scent other than that from the dead body.

My life changed a lot when I lost Grandma but I found a couple of good play mates, Morten Klejs and Thomas, both my age. They were neighbors of my grandpa and we enjoyed playing together.

Then came the time to start going to school, and believe me, I who remember so much do not remember anything from the first day in

kommer af, at jeg kom i det der den Gang hed Pigeskole, hos en ugift Dame, der boede sammen med min senere lærerinde, og deres Hus og Skolen laa lige overfor hinanden paa hver sin Side af Gaden midt i Brundby, saa det gled ligesom ud i et, for vi kendte jo Skolen og flere af Børnene; det med Pigeskolen var noget Forældrene selv startede, for at vi saa kunne faa lidt Forkundskaber til den rigtige Skole. Frk. Hegervald i Pigeskolen var en lille, rund, trivelig Dame, altid sød imod os; hvor meget vi fik lært husker jeg ikke, men jeg husker Frk. Hegervald havde en Kat, hendes og vor store Fornøjelse var, naar hun satte en Papirpose over Hovedet paa Missen og den saa for forvildet omkring i Stuen, indtil den fik krasset Posen af igen, saa lo hun selv saa hjertelig.

Ved Siden af at lære os at skrive og stave, drev Frk. Hegervald en lille Forretning, med lidt Tøj, Haarbaand, Glansbilleder, Tavler, Grifler o.l. til Brug i den store Skole, hvor vi naar vi ved Juletid var udstyret med hver en 25 Øre nok kunne faa noget for den, det var vores Juleudstillingstur.

Vi var ikke saa forvante og fordrede heller ikke saa meget, jeg kan ikke huske vi fik andre Julegaver end de Godteposer, der hængte paa Juletræet, hvor Indholdet mest var Pebernødder, men Juletræet i sig selv var en stor Oplevelse, som vi ikke maatte se før Juleaften, men saa husker jeg naar Ruderne var tilfrosne, at vi udefra prøvede at aande paa dem, for om muligt at faa et Glimt af Herligheden; som lidt større Børn lavede vi Julepynten ved Køkkenbordet en Aften naar Far og Mor ikke var hjemme.

Vi havde et godt Hjem, hvor vi bl. andre Ting lærte at bestille noget; det første vi spurgte Mor om nar vi kom fra Skole var, hvad har Far sagt at vi skal lave, det kunde være at bære Hakkelse fra Loen over i Hestestalden, pumpe Vand i Kokrybberne, feje Gaardsplads, og om

school. It may be because I was already enrolled in a Girls' Pre-School run by an unmarried lady who lived together with my teacher to be. Their house and the school were across from each other on the main street of Brundby. We already knew the school and many of the students. The parents had started the Girls' School so that we could acquire some knowledge before the real school. Ms. Hegervald, teacher in the Girls' School, was a short and buxom lady, kind to all of us. I do not remember how much we learned, but I recall that Ms. Hegervald had a cat. Her and our great amusement was when she placed a paper bag over the head of the cat, which would dart around until it managed to claw the bag off the head; a hearty laugh would then erupt.

Alongside teaching Ms. Hegervald operated a small business selling some clothes, hair bands, glazed pictures, writing slates, slate pencils and more for use in the real school. At Christmas time, equipped with a quarter, each of us would buy a little something; it was our Christmas shopping spree.

We were not pampered, nor did we ask for much. I do not remember getting other gifts for Christmas than the bags with sweets hanging at the tree, mainly filled with gingerbread nuts. The Christmas tree itself was a great adventure. We were not allowed to see it before Christmas Eve but we did try to get a glimpse of the splendor from the outside by breathing at the iced-over window panes. When a little older, we made Christmas decorations at the kitchen table on an evening when our parents were not in.

We had a good home. We knew how to make useful farm work. Home from school our first question to Mom was about the chores Dad wanted us to do – carrying chaff from the barn to the horse stable, pump water into the cows mangers, sweep the court yard, in the summer

Somren være med til at luge Roer, tage dem op naar den Tid kom, tilligemed skulde Kartofflerne jo ogsaa op.

Ja og hvor har jeg kendt mange forskellige Mennesker gennem Aarene, jeg husker endnu de forskellige Typer der i min Barndom boede i de Huse op gennem Gaden vi hver Dag kom forbi paa Vej til Skole, først var der jo Smeden, hvis Kone Dorthe Margrethe vi saa godt som hver Morgen mødte med en Skaal Mølk i Haanden, som hun havde hentet henne hos Mette Dorthe og hendes gamle Far, Jørgen Skipper, der var over 90 Aar, vores Lærer Madsen havde lovet os, at vi Skolebørn skulde ned at synge Morgensang for Jørgen Skipper naar han blev 100 Aar, men ak, han døde forinden, og det var vi kede af, for saadan en Oplevelse havde vi da aldrig haft.

Der var altid noget spændende ved at komme forbi Smedien, enten sprang Gnisterne inde i Smedien, eller Smeden var ved at sko en Hest udenfor, eller vist det allermest spændende, naar der skulle lægges Jernring om et Hjul til en Arbejdsvogn, det foregik paa modsat Side af Smedien i en Grøft, hvor der var Vand, naar den gloende Ring blev lagt om Trøehjulet og det sydede og spruttede til alle Sider, saa var man heldig og fik det at se.

Smedefamilien var Baptister, hvad det ellers var, bekymrede vi os ikke om, men vi fik af deres Børn at vide, at de naar de slagtede Gris ikke maatte spise Blodpølse, det var syndigt, saa syntes vi da, at saa var saadan en Griseslagtning hel mislykket, det var for os Børn det allerbedste.

Der var et Forhold til Smeden jeg aldrig rigtig kunde finde ud af, naar jeg gik forbi ham første Gang paa Vej f. Eks. til Købmanden, og sagde pænt "God Dag", og saa et Øjeblik efter kom tilbage igen, om jeg saa igen skulle sig God Dag, men Smeden selv kom mig tit til Hjælp ved f. Eks. at sige, naa er du her allerede igen, saa var den jo klaret.

to help hoeing the beets, lift them when it was the season to do that; also the potatoes had to be dug out of the soil.

And yes, I have known many different people during the years! I still remember the various characters who during my childhood lived in the houses that we passed every day when walking the street on our way to and from school. First, there was the blacksmith. Every morning we would meet his wife, Dorthe Margrethe carrying a bowl of milk, which she had picked up at the place of Mette Dorthe and her old father, Jørgen Skipper. He was in his 90s. Our teacher, Madsen had promised that we school children would go and sing for him the morning he turned 100. But alas! He died before then, making us unhappy; it would have been a very special experience.

It was always exciting to walk by the smithy; either the sparks were flying inside, or the smith was shoeing a horse, or the most exciting was when an iron ring was to be placed around a wheel for a work wagon. It was done on the other side of the smithy in a ditch full of water. When the red-hot iron ring was forced around the wooden wheel, there was a sputter and fizzle and seething all over the place; you were lucky when you got the chance to see it done.

The smith and his family were Baptists. What that meant was no great concern of ours, but it upset us when their children told us that it was considered sinful to eat blood pudding when the pig was slaughtered. We deemed their slaughtering totally without purpose. Blood pudding was the very best.

One thing in my relation with the smith I never really learned how to handle. Passing him, for example on the way to the grocery store, I would nicely say Good Afternoon. Then a few moments later on the way home, I wondered if I should greet him again. The smith came to my rescue saying for example, Oh, already here again, or something like that. Problem solved!

Den næste vi traf var vores Bedstefar, der fra Halvdøren i Stalden raabte til os (ogsaa tit om Vinteren) barhovede Børn. I skal tage noget paa Hovedet Børn. Kulden slaar jo lige ned i Hovedet paa Jer; næh Bedstefar raabte vi tilbage og skyndte os at løbe videre; sommetider skulle vi lige hente en Rulle Skipperskraa til Bedstefar, saa fik vi en 2 Øre, for den kunne vi faa enten 2 Lakridsbaand, eller et Kræmmerhus Bolcher, eller et Stk. tykt Lakris som Købmd. slog af et større Stk. Lakris med en af Jernlodderne til Vægten, saa det var altid spændende hvor stort Stk. nu blev, om man var heldig.

26-12-81 Anden Juledag

Ja saa fatter jeg Pennen igen, sidder ganske alene, efter at Juledag er gaaet, havde en rar Juleaften hos Rigmors, og i Gaar var de alle her, saa kan det føles saa stille og tomt, naar de er gaaet, og man sidder alene, og mine Tanker er stadig, at i Fjor var Morfar dog levende, skønt svag, vi kunde besøge ham og hygge lidt om ham paa Plejehjemmet, det skulle saa blive hans sidste Jul paa denne Jord, og Tak kære Gud at du d. 27-2 tog ham saa naadig herfra.

Naturen har vist næsten aldrig været skønnere end op til denne Jul, der ligger et Lag Sne overalt, og det har været stille Vejr, saa Buske og Træer er prydet dermed, Sneen kom allerede d. 7-12, meget er kommen til siden, og bitterlig koldt har det været, 23^o, det koldeste i Dcbr. der nogensinde er maalt i Danmark, siden Maalingerne for ca. 100 Aar siden begyndte (Referat fra Radioen); i disse Dage er det heldigvis mildere igen, og vi er paa Vej mod lysere Dage.

Naa, men jeg er igen Skolepige der gaar til Skole, de sidste Aar fra 8-12, de første fra 12-4; overfor Bedstefar boede Jørgen Skipper og hans ugifte Datter Mette Dorthe; Jørgen Skipper var gammel Handelsmand, og havde været med til først, at sejle Kvæg fra Samsø til Kalundborg, derefter at drive det videre ad

The next person we would meet was our grandfather who from the half-door of the barn shouted to us (during the winter time often bareheaded) to put something over the head: The cold air strikes you right in your head! No, grandpa, we would shout back and hurry on. Some times we were asked to pick up a roll of sailors' chewing tobacco for him. Then he would give us a 2 Øre coin and we could buy 2 licorice tapes, or a paper cone of hard candy, or a piece of hard licorice, which the shop keeper would knock off from a bigger lump using an iron weight from his scale; always exciting to see how large a piece one would get.

26-12-1981, the second day of Christmas

Well, back to writing! I am here quite alone after Christmas Day. I spent a good Christmas Eve at Rigmor's place and yesterday, everyone was here. It is quiet and feels a little empty sitting alone after they have left. I am thinking about Morfar, frail but still with us a year ago; we could visit and be with him at the nursing home but it became his last Christmas in this World. I thank my God for taking him so mercifully from here.

The nature hardly ever was more beautiful than this Christmas; everything covered in snow and with no wind snow still adorning all bushes and trees. It already started snowing on December 7th and a lot has come down since then. It has been very cold; minus 23°C is the lowest December temperature ever recorded since systematic recording started 100 years ago according to the radio. It is now getting to be a little milder and we are on the way toward longer and lighter days.

Well, I am again the girl going to school, the last years from 8-12 a.m. In the lower classes the hours were 12-4 p.m. Living across from Grandpa's place were Jørgen Skipper and his unmarried daughter Mette Dorthe. Jørgen Skipper was a businessman. He had transported cattle by boat from Samsø to Kalundborg and

Landevejen til København, med Overnatning i de forskellige Kroer med de dertil indrettede Lader. Nu var han gammel og sad for det meste paa Bænken udenfor Vinduet med Ølflasken staaende i Krogen, han havde røde rindende Øjne, det kunne vi ikke lide at se.

I deres Køkken var Gulvet af Brosten, og der stod en Slagbænk med 2 hjerteformede Huller paa Siden, der rugede Gaasen, var man en Gang blevet bidt i Læggen satte man sig ikke der tiere; jeg blev naar vi fik Kraasesuppe derhjemme sendt ind til dem med en Portion, fordi Mor vidste de saa godt kunne lide det, og saa var det jo ogsaa Fars gamle Naboer.

Hvad jeg ogsaa husker var, at der ikke var Gardiner for deres Vinduer, det var der ellers de fleste Steder.

Ved Siden af dem boede Træskomanden, en lille pukkelrygget Mand, ugift, vi Børn kunne lide at komme i hans Værksted, han havde Kanariefugle, Dørene var beklædte med Billeder fra Cigaret pakker, og saa var der en egen Lugt af Tobaksrøg, tørt og vaadt Læder, samt Træskolak.

Han døde ret ung og jeg husker endnu, at vi Børn stod ude paa Gaden og kunne høre de voksne derinde synge "Tænk naar engang", den dag han blev begravet.

Nabo til Træskomanden var en Gaard, Manden hed Bertel Skrædder, hans Kone husker jeg ikke, men hans Datter Marie blev gift med en Jyde der kom til Samsø medbringende 2 sort-hvidbrogede Køer, og at samme Mand Chr. Jensen satte sig ved venstre Side af Koen naar han malkede ude i Marken, syntes vi var mærkeligt, vi sad jo paa højre side, de fik mange Børn, rejste siden til Jylland, saa dem hørte vi ikke mere til.

Over for dem, Nabo til bedstefar laa Ebbe Tønnesens Gaard, hans Kone hed Line, de havde 7-8 Børn, der var dengang næsten alle Steder mange Børn i Hjemmene, i mit Hjem var vi 6, det var Gamle straatækte Gaarde, og de var bygget saa tæt, saa paa Bedstefars og

from there by foot on the road to Copenhagen, spending the nights along the route at various inns with barns to house the cattle. Now, he was old, sitting on the bench in front of the window, the beer bottle placed in the corner. We did not like to see his red, watering eyes.

Their kitchen floor was cobblestoned; there was a bench that could open into a bed; it had 2 heart-shaped holes on the side and it was the hatching place for the goose. Once bitten in the calf, one did not sit there again. When we had giblet soup at home, I brought them a bowl of soup, which my mother knew they savored; also they used to be my dad's old neighbors.

Another thing I remember is that their house had no window curtains, which one would find in most other houses.

Next to them lived the clog maker, a short hunch-backed man, not married. We loved to visit his workshop and watch his canaries. The doors were decorated with pictures from cigarette packs and there was special smell of tobacco smoke, dry and wet leather and leather polish.

He died rather young; we stood in the street the day of his burial listening to the singing in the house of the Berggren psalm "Think, when once the fog has disappeared".

Next to the clog maker was a farm owned by Bertel Skrædder; his wife I do not remember but his daughter Marie was married to a man, Chr. Jensen from Jylland who with him brought 2 black-and-white cows to Samsø. He sat on the left side of the cows when he was milking them in the field. That we found strange; we always sat on the right side. They had many children. Later, they moved to Jylland and we did not stay in touch with them.

Across from their house was Ebbe Tønnesen's farm, Grandpa's neighbor. He and his wife, Line had 7-8 children. At that time, there were many children in almost all homes. We were 6 children at home. The farm houses were old, thatched with straw and so close together that

Ebbes Gaarde gik Tagskægget sammen, det var et herligt Sted at lege Skjul, ogsaa naar det regnede kunde vi lide at lege der.

Videre op ad Gaden laa et Hus hvis Vinduer var helt lukket til af store Pelargonier og Spindelvæv, der boede en ugift ældre Pige om hvem vi vidste at hun havde været paa Sindsygeanstalt, hvad det saa ellers var vidste vi knap, men vi var ikke dristige naar en sjælden Gang vi saa hende udenfor, skønt hun sikkert var meget fredssommelig, men det blev vi først klar over, da vi blev ældre.

Saa naaede vi til Blik Hansen, en Mand der var Blikkenslager, altid med et venligt Ord til vi Børn, ved Siden af dem igen Tække Ras og Berthe, han var vel Tækkemand og havde et lille Stk. Jord udenfor Byen, som de forskellige Bønder drev for dem, og naar vi skulde derud med Besked om, at f. Eks. i Morgen kom de og pløjede, saa sagde Berthe, vent lidt min Pige, saa smurte hun en Franskbrødsfad med Pølse paa, det var noget der smagte, derhjemme blev vi aldrig spurgt hvad vi ønskede paa Maden, Mor smurte og sagde værsgod, og vi kunne aldrig drømme om at sige vi hellere vilde have haft noget andet.

Næst efter dem boede Søren Svensker; om han i sin Tid havde været i Sverrig og erhvervet sig Navnet, ved jeg intet om.

Naa, men vi maa jo følge den anden Side af Gaden op, ved Siden af Bertel Skrædder boede Karetmager og Hjulmand Sejling, der kom vi af og til og legede med deres Børn.

Næste Hus var Sadelmageren, ham kan jeg ikke huske noget om, men hans Kone Kirsten husker jeg, de havde en eneste Søn, og han var bleven Korporal i Hæren, sikkert noget stort for dem, og saa holdt ham og jeg tilfældigvis Fødselsdag samme Dag, saa paa den Dag kom Kirsten altid ud til Havegærdet og sagde Til Lykke min Pige, ja jeg husker jo at du fylder sammen med Rolen, som hun benævnte Sønnen, og det

the eaves of the buildings belonging to Grandpa and Ebbe touched each other. We loved playing there.

Farther up the street there was a house with windows totally covered by large geraniums and cob webs. An unmarried woman lived there. We knew she had been in a mental hospital, not knowing the meaning of that, but we were cautious when at rare intervals we saw her outside the house. I am sure she was a very peaceful woman, but we only learned that many years later.

Then came "Tin" Hansen, a plumber, always friendly toward us children. Next to them lived "Thatch" Ras and Berthe; he was a roof thatcher I suppose; they had a small piece of land outside of town. The different farmers operated the land for him. When I was sent to them with a message that for example tomorrow, somebody would come and plow their land, Berthe would ask me to wait while she prepared a really tasty white bread sausage sandwich. At home mother would never ask what kind of sandwich we would like, and it never crossed our mind to say that we would have preferred something different.

The next house belonged to Søren Svensker. I do not know, whether he had lived in Sweden and there acquired his name.

Well, we must not forget the other side of the street. Next to Bertel Skrædder lived a coach builder and wheel maker called Sejling. We sometimes went to play with their children.

The next house belonged to the upholsterer; I do not remember much about him but I do remember his wife Kirsten. They had just one son, important for them a corporal in the army. As it happens he and I had birthday on the same day. On that day, Kirsten would always come out to the fence to congratulate me, explaining that she remembered because Rolen, as she called her son, and I had birthday on the

skulde jeg vel nok være stolt af, om jeg var det tror jeg ikke, for jeg kendte slet ikke Rolen, men han har jo nok været hendes Stolthed.

Saa kom lille Maries Hus, et meget lille Hus, og en meget lille sirlig lidt ældre Pige, hun gik hver Dag hen og ordnede Hus og Mad for vores ugifte Købmand, jeg kan endnu huske hende med hvid Krave paa Kjolen, og nystroget Forklæde, vi snakkede ikke saa meget med hende, men mere med vor Købmand, han var en stor Børneven, havde altid et venligt Ord til os, og i hans Butik kom vi tit saa det var saa kendt og selvfølgelig der. Det var vel nok første Gang jeg skulde gå til Bageren efter Rugbrød, og paa Vejen sagde jeg for mig selv, til Bageren, til Bageren, og uden at jeg vidste hvordan stod jeg alligevel inde i Kbmd. Butik, flov var jeg, hvad skulde jeg sige, og gaa igen uden videre kunde jeg da heller ikke; da det blev min Tur og Kbmd. spurgte hvad skal du ha min Pige svarede jeg, ja skulde ellers hos Bageren, naa men saa løb du bare derhen, du ved nok han bor lidt længere hen ad Gaden, lettet var jeg, og det fortalte jeg da ikke derhjemme.

Over for Kbmd. laa Lindegaard Hotel, det var vel en almindelig Bondegaard, som Lindegaard der var Fynbo købte, og saa byggede han en Træpavelion i Haven der blev kaldt Klondyke, der blev spillet Kegler, men det var ikke for os Børn, men der var jo som sagt landbrug til med en Mødding lige ud til Gaden, hvorpaa der tit gik Kalkuner, naar de rigtig pludrede løs var vi ikke dristige med at gaa forbi, men det gik da.

Den gamle rare Fodermester Steffensen var der ogsaa; sommetider naar vi kom og han var paa vej med sit lange Kobbelt af Køer op eller ned ad Gaden fik vi lov at holde Tøjret.

Nogle Aar senere end den Tid jeg nu har beskrevet, en Kr. Himmelfartsdag, brændte de fleste af de Huse paa den Side Hotellet laa; da vi derhjemme saa Ild og Røg styrtede vi jo alle afsted, men alle Huse var jo straatækte, saa

same day. I believe I should be proud of this. I never met Rolen knew nothing about him, but he was no doubt his mother's great pride.

Next was the house of Marie, a tiny house and a tiny, very neat woman. Every day, she worked for the unmarried owner of the grocery store, cleaning and cooking. I remember her in her white-collared dress and newly ironed apron. We did not talk very much with her, more with the grocer who was very fond of children and always had a kind word for each of us. We often went to his shop where we felt at home. The first time I went to the bakery for a loaf of ryebread, I kept repeating on the way: To the bakery, to the bakery. Without knowing why and how I nevertheless ended up in the grocery store. It was embarrassing; I did not feel I could just turn around and leave but waited in line. When I was next and the grocer asked how he could help me, I replied that I actually was on my way to the bakery. Then why don't you just go over there, you know where it is a bit farther up the street? That solved my problem. Of course, I did not talk about this to anybody at home.

Across the street from the grocery was Lindegaard Hotel, actually a regular farm bought by a man from Fyn, Lindegaard who built a wooden pavilion with a skittle alley in the garden, which was named Klondyke. It was not for us children. He also operated the farm, which had a dunghill next to the street. Often, a flock of gobbling turkeys was there. We were scared to go by them, but they never harmed us.

The kind, old herdsman, Steffensen was also there. Often when he was on his way, up or down the street, with his long string of cows he let us hold the tether made of iron chain.

Some years later than the period I have now written about, on Ascension Day, most of the houses burned down on the side of the street with the hotel. We hurried to the site when we saw the fire and smoke. All houses were

Ilden bredte sig hurtig, og Brandsprøjte var der vist ikke meget af, men hvor og hvordan var den Ild dog kommen, ja det vidste ingen, før gamle Steffensen kom med sine Køer, og selv bekendte at det var ham der havde sat Ild paa i Stalden inden han gik i Marken efter Køerne, med den Begrundelse at han ikke synes han kunne overkomme Arbejdet mere, men nej, det troede vi da i Begyndelsen ikke paa, at den gamle rare Mand kunde gøre noget saadant, men det viste sig at være sandt, og at han kom i Fængsel derfor var os en virkelig sorg, han kom hjem igen, men siden saa vi ikke saa meget til ham, det er jo nok gjort i et Øjeblikks Sindsforvirring.

Maaske skulde jeg standse her med at beskrive de forskellige Borgere, ja der var jo Grændsten Dorte, en Kagekone, der ikke vidste hvornaar det var hendes Fødsld. nærmere end naar Jens Niensens høstede Rug, saa det kunne jo nok variere lidt. Saa var der Skorstensfejeren hvis Hus laa ved en Bakke, hvor vi om Vinteren kørte i Slæde, hvis der blev raabt for højt, eller Drengene kom op at slaas, viste han sig i Døren, og saa blev der Ro i Lejren.

Ja og en anden Kagekone Klemen Boel, der hos Bageren købte Tvebakker, og 2 Øres Snegle, og saa vandrede ud over alle Marker til Udflytterne der med sin store Kurv og solgte sine Varer, og vi var glade naar hun kom, for Mor handlede altid med hende, saa fik vi jo lidt, og Boel fik tit enten Æg eller et Stk. Flæsk foruden Pengene.

Jeg husker ogsaa om Boel at naar vi traf hende i Vaabenhuset ved Kirken, skiftede hun fra Træsko til sorte Fjersko, det var jo for galt at slide Skoene ved at gaa med dem paa Landevejen, saa husker jeg ogsaa at hun havde sin Salmebog i et blaaternet Lommetørklæde, (ak ja hvor forandret).

Vores Skole hvordan var den, jeg tror det var en god Skole, Lærer Madsen var Samsing, Frk. Jørgensen, Maria Jørgensen var fra Aarhus, hun havde ogsaa været mine Forældres Lærerinde, begge Lærere var vi glade for, der var ikke den

thatched with staw and the fire spread very fast I do not think there was much of a fire engine in town. Nobody knew how and when the fire had started until Steffensen came down the street with his string of cows and confessed that he had done it before he went to the field to get the cows. He explained that he felt he could no longer manage to do all the work. At first, we did not believe that the nice old man would do a thing like that, but it later became clear that he spoke the truth. He was sent to jail, which made us really sad. He was released after some time but we never saw much of him again. His arson probably was caused by a moment of insanity.

Perhaps I should now stop my description of people I knew; still there is Grændsten Dorte, a cake seller who did not know her exact date of birth, only that it was when Jens Nielsen reaped the rye; so it changed a little from year to year. Then there was the chimney sweeper living in the house next to the hill where we rode our sledges in the winter time. If we were too noisy or if the boys came into a fight he would appear in the door; that restored peace and quiet.

Yes, there was the other cake lady, Klemen Boel who bought her rusks and 2-Øre rolls at the baker's and then wandered with her basket over all the fields selling her goods to people at the outlying farms. We were happy when she arrived; we always got a little of the purchased goods and Boel often got eggs or a piece of pork besides the money.

I also have memories of meeting Boel in the porch of the church. There she would change from her clogs to light black shoes, which she did not want to ruin by wearing them when walking in the street. Also, she had her hymn book in a blue-checked handkerchief (oh yes, how things have changed).

How was our school? I believe it was a good school. Madsen, the teacher was a Samsø native, and the other teacher, Ms. Maria Jørgensen came from Aarhus. She had also been my parents' teacher. We liked them both;

strænge Diciplin, men heller aldrig store Tumulter, vor Skoledag begyndte altid med at vi staaende bad Fadervor og sang en Morgensalme, vi sang meget baade fra Sang- og Salmebog, hvad jeg altid har været glad for, og kan en Masse Sange og Salmer udenad. Lærer Madsen, Bertel Madsen tog os af og til med paa en Botaniktur i Marker og Hegn, det var rare Skoledage. Frk. Jørgensen var meget optaget af danske Digtere og deres Værker som hun delagtiggjorde os Børn i, hun var ogsaa en Slags Kvindesagsforkæmper, var Ven med Selma Lagerlöf, som en Gang besøgte Frk. Jørgensen.

Bygningsmæssig var vor Skole en af Chr. d. 4, en solid Bygning med 2 Skolestuer og en lille Indgang midt i og Lærerbolig i øverste Ende. I Skolestuen var der hvidkalkede Vægge store Vinduer og en stor Kakkellovn, hvor Frk. Jørgensens Pige Lise Maja tit først var ved at tænde op i naar vi var kommen til Skole, om vi frøs husker jeg ikke, saadan var det bare, Skolen virkede som saadan til 1911-12 da blev der bygget en ny og større Skole udenfor Byen og dermed oprettet 2 Lærerstillinger mere, Lærer Madsen og Frk. Jørgensen fulgte med, de 2 nye var en ung Lærer Christoffersen og Ligeledes en ung Forskolelærerinde Kirsten Johansen, hun blev min gode Veninde Livet igennem, vist det elskeligste Menneske jeg har kendt, hun kom fra Jægerspris Børnehjem, som den første Pige der fik Lov til at læse til Lærerinde, ellers var det jo kun Oplæring i huslige Pligter.

*Men ak, de svandt de blide Barndomsdage,
Min Rolighed min Fryd med dem svandt hen,
Jeg kun Erindringen har nu tilbage,
Gud lad mig aldrig, aldrig tabe den.*

Jeg gik til Konfirmationsforberedelse hos vor gamle elskelige Præst i Tranebjerg Carl Chjøvring, jeg husker ham især fra Juleaftensgudstjenesterne; han ligesom svævede paa sin Gang op til Prædikestolen, og med udbredte Arme forkyndte han saa "Se jeg forkynder Jer en stor Glæde, som skal være for

there was no very strict discipline but serious disturbances did not occur. We always started our day in school standing saying the Lord's Prayer and singing a morning hymn. We sang a lot from the hymn book and the High School Book of Songs; I liked that and I know a lot of songs and hymns by heart. Sometimes, Bertel Madsen took us on a botany field trip over the fields and along hedges. Ms. Jørgensen was especially occupied with Danish writers and their works, which she explained to us. She also promoted the emancipation of women. She was a friend of Selma Lagerlöf who once visited Ms. Jørgensen.

Our school building went back to the days of Cristian IV; it had 2 classrooms and a small entrance in the middle and a teacher's apartment. The classroom had whitewashed walls, large windows and a tall oven. Often when we arrived, Ms. Jørgensen's maid was about to light the fire; I do not remember whether we were cold or not; that was just the way it was. In 1911-12, a new and larger school was built outside the town, two new teacher positions were added; Mr. Madsen and Ms. Jørgensen stayed on. New were a young teacher, Christoffersen and a young infant school teacher, Kirsten Johansen. She and I became friends for life, the most loveable person I have known. She came from Jøgerspris Children's Home; as the first girl ever she was allowed to study to become a teacher. Normally, domestic chores would be the only available occupation.

[Jens Baggesen, *Der var en tid, da jeg var meget lille*; seventh verse slightly adapted, telling about the happy days of childhood. Transcribers note]

I prepared for my confirmation with our old, kind priest in Tranebjerg, Carl Chjøvring. His Christmas Eve sermons are indeletably imprinted in my recollection. It was like he floated on his way up to the pulpit from where, arms spread out, he preached the gospel: "Fear not, for behold I bring you a great joy

hele Folket”, og hans Glæde forplantede sig til os Tilhørere.

Ja, et Afsnit af Livet var forbi, jeg kan huske jeg græd da jeg ikke skulde i Skole mere, nu havde jeg gaet der i 7 Aar, og været glad for det, nu skulde jeg til at være Pige derhjemme, og det sagde ikke saa lidt, vi var jo 6 Børn, Far, Mor, 1 Karl, 1 Dreng og en Daglejer, gamle Morten Jørgen Sørensen, han var altid god mod os Børn, naar vi spiste og selv skulde pille Kartofflerne (som Skik var) pillede han ogsaa til os Børn, og mange andre Ting.

Saa blev min søster Maja konfirmeret og skulde jo saa være Pige, og jeg skulde ud og tjene, min veninde fra Skoletiden Anna Olsen og jeg rejste begge til Holbækegnen, hun paa en Gaard i Gislinge, jeg paa Hestehandler Chr. Hansens (Holbæk) Gaard ved Tuse, som Søn og Svigerdatter bestyrede, det var unge Mennesker med 2 Smaabørn, rare Mennesker, men hvor var der meget Arbejde i et meget gammelt Hus, og den Gang var der jo ingen tekniske Hjælpemidler, det var med at hente Vand ind i Spande fra Pumpen i Gaarden, et gammelt daarligt Komfur, tit næsten ingen Ildebrænde, men saadan var Forholdene bare der, og det tænkte jeg vist ikke særligt over.

Men første Verdenskrig var jo begyndt, og der var ikke Kaserneplads i Holbæk til de indkaldte Soldater, saa vi havde 4 ældre Soldater indkvarteret paa fuld Kost i 3 Mdr. saa fri 1 Md., saa kom et nyt Hold igen og de var aldrig hjemme til alm. Spisetider, saa det gav meget ekstra Arbejde, derforuden var der 2 Karle til at passe 20-25 Heste der var opstaldet saa det var sjældent jeg havde fri, en enkelt Gang besøgte jeg Moster Meta og Farbror Søren der boede i Tornved, Jyderup, af og til tog de mig med til deres Familie i Holbæk og Roskilde, hvordan vi kom hjemmefra husker jeg ikke, i Julen rejste jeg hjem 2. Juledag og havde fri i 4 Dage. Dengang var der ingen lovpligtig Ferieordning for slet ikke at tale om Weekend fri.

which shall be for all People”, and his joy spread to all listeners.

Yes, a phase of my life had come to an end; I cried when I had to stop going to school after 7 years, happy all the time. Now I started my career as a maid in our home. And it was no small undertaking. We were 6 children, Mom Dad, a farm hand, a farm boy and a day laborer, old Morten Jørgen Sørensen, always very kind to us children; helped us peel our boiled potatoes when we ate (which everybody had to do); he did many other things for us.

Then it was my sister Maja’s turn to have her confirmation; she took over my work when I left for my first job outside the home. My friend Anna Olsen and I found work in the Holbæk area, she at a farm in Gislinge, I at a farm belonging to horse trader Chr. Hansen, Holbæk. His son and daughter-in-law managed the farm. They had two small children and were very kind. There was an immense amount of work to do in their very old house, void of technical remedies, water to be carried in pails from the pump in the yard, an old unstable kitchen stove, never enough firewood, but these were the conditions in their place and I suppose I did not waste much time thinking about it.

But WWI had started and there was not enough space for all the drafted soldiers in the military barracks in Holbæk. For 3 months, we accommodated 4 soldiers with board and lodging. After them came a new group who were never present at normal meal times, which caused a lot of additional work. Also there were two farm hands taking care of 20-25 horses and it was very seldom I had a few hours off. One time, I visited Meta and Søren, my mother’s sister married to my father’s brother. They had a farm in Tornved near Jyderup. A few times, I accompanied my employers to their family in Holbæk and Roskilde. At Christmas time, I spent 4 days at home; there was no mandatory vacation in those days and no weekends off.

Jeg fik i Reglen Brev hjemmefra hver anden Uge, det var mere end velkomment, for selvfølgelig længtes jeg hjem, men det maatte jo bekæmpes. Anna som jeg fulgtes med, rejste hjem igen, hendes Far var Snedker, og hun var ikke vant til hvad jeg var, og havde lært hjemme paa en Gaard; jeg husker fru Christa sagde i Telf. til sin Søster, tænk den nye Pige kan selv slagte Ænder, det var jo mig, det synes jeg var helt naturligt at jeg kunde, og Ænder havde vi mange af, hele Efteraaret slagtede vi hver Uge. Jeg blev hos dem i 1½ Aar, de tilbød mig en Trædesymaskine, eller en Hoppeplag hvis jeg vilde blive hos dem i 5 Aar, men nej, det synes jo som en Evighed den Gang.

Moster og Farbror i Tornved vilde gerne jeg skulde komme og være hos dem, for Farbror var indkaldt til Militæret og Moster var ikke ret meget inde i Landbruget; de var begge kommet hjem fra Amerika, hvortil Farbror i sin Tid var rejst for at undgaa Militærtjeneste men nu var der jo saa Krig og han undgik saa ikke sin Skæbne.

Nu saa mange Aar efter husker jeg knap hvordan Forholdene ellers blev paavirket af Krigen, da den sluttede 11-11-1918 var jeg i Havrebjerg, og da var vi da helt sikre paa at det blev den sidste Verdenskrig, for noget mere grufuldt kunde da ikke tænkes, men ak, alt det, og en ny Verdenskrig blev vi ogsaa Vidne til, endnu grufuldere end den første. Danmark besat af Tyskerne i samfulde 5 Aar, ja det var en Gru, og først bagefter fik vi meget af al den Gru og Massebord især af Jøder der foregik at vide.

Fastelavnsmandag d. 22-2-82

Nu da det er ved at være Sengetid kommer jeg til at tænke paa, at jeg ikke har snakket med et eneste Menneske hele Dagen, det er da vist aldrig sket før, men prøv selv at forestille Jer Situationen, i Mangel deraf er det godt at ha gode Minder baade fra Fortid og Nutid at tænke paa.

Normally, I received a letter from home twice a month, which made me very happy. I did miss my family a lot but I had to keep my sentiments down. My friend Anna went back home. Her dad was a cabinet maker and she was not used to the kind of work I had been doing at our farm. I remember Ms. Christa told her sister on the phone that the new maid could slaughter ducks by herself. She was talking about me. I found it totally natural and there were lots of ducks. During the fall months, we slaughtered every week. I stayed with them for 1½ years; they offered me a treadle sewing machine or a mare filly if I would stay for 5 years, but no, it seemed to me like an eternity.

Meta and Søren in Tornved wanted me to stay with them because uncle Søren had been drafted and my aunt was not too knowledgeable about farming. Both of them had returned from America. A few years earlier, my uncle had left the country to avoid military service. Home again, a war had broken out and he now had to serve.

Now many years later, I do not recall how our situation was affected by the war. When it ended 11-11-1918, I was in Havrebjerg. We were totally convinced that this would be the last World war. It was impossible to imagine anything more horrible. But alas, we also came to witness a new World war, even more horrible than the first one. Denmark was occupied by the Germans for full five years and that was terrible. It was only afterwards that we learned about all the cruelty and mass murder of especially Jews.

Shrove Monday 22-2-1982

Now, ready to go to bed, it comes to me that I have not talked with one single person all day long. I do not believe this ever before happened to me, so try to imagine my situation. For lack of current communication it is nice to occupy one's mind with good memories, old and not so old.

Ja, jeg blander vist meget sammen, jeg synes ikke jeg har haft Lyst til at skrive siden Jul. Januar Md. har været saa kold og mørk, og saa havde jeg vist mere Lyst til Haandarbejdet, det har jeg nu altid Lyst til, og har altid haft, har ogsaa lavet utrolig mange Ting, og foræret lige saa meget væk, men det er da en Glæde at kunne det. Nu gaar det mod lysere Dage, men det fryser temmelig meget endnu, men nu er der da 2 Somre og en Vinter foran en [før jeg bliver 85], hvis man ellers faar Lov at leve saa længe, takker Gud for hver Dag og Nat, der bliver mig forundt.

Saa fortsætter jeg fra Nvbr. 1918, da fulgtes Anna Olsen og jeg til Blæsing, Havrebjerg til Sara og Hans Peter Petersen og deres 3 Børn Aksel, Ester og Gunnar, ja tænk, dem jeg kalder Drengene fra Blæsing besøgte mig i Fjor, da var den ældste bleven 77 Aar og den yngste 67, men morsomt var det at snakke med dem, jeg har forresten haft forbindelse med især deres Forældre, ja Pæsen døde i April 1945 ret pludselig, Sara endte sine Dage paa Kirke Stillinge Plejehjem ca 1975, rare Mennesker og hvad jeg kalder levende Mennesker, de var kun ca. 10 Aar ældre end os Piger, saa vi blev ligesom gode Arbejdsfæller, de havde været paa Højskole, vi sang meget i det Hjem, vi havde en Masse Arbejde at gøre, et stort Hus og endnu større Have, saa passet, plejet og pyntet som jeg ikke før eller siden har set nogen Have ved en Bondegård, men det blev altid paaskønnet, saa vi var glade og tilfredse der, Lønnen var 25 Kr. mdl., men det var vist almd. den Gang, vi havde heller ikke de store Behov, jeg blev hos dem 2 Aar, Anna skulde hjem efter 1 Aar, sidste Aar var Morbror Søren Karl, men vi lærte ikke ret mange unge at kende der, for paa Grund af Spansk Syge gik baade Gymnastik, Folkedans og andet i Staa, ja hvad var Spansk Syge, en Slags Pest, der hærgede hele Europa, som Efterslæt fra Krigen, det var meget høj Feber, Bylder paa Lungerne og andet, og saa var den meget smitsom, saa Folk holdt sig jo for sig selv saa vidt muligt, en Karl som hed Hans var ogsaa meget syg, vi

Yes, I let my thoughts wander over a period of many years. Since Christmas, I have not felt like writing. January has been so cold and dark and I was more interested in needle work. It has always been, and still is, a keen interest of mine. During the years, I have made so many different items – and given as many away, which has been a great pleasure. Days are now getting longer but the temperature is still well below zero. There are now two summers and one winter ahead of me before I reach the age of 85 if I am permitted to live that long. I thank my God for every day and night granted to me.

Well, back to November 1918 when Anna Olsen and I went together to Blæsing, Havrebjerg to Sara and Hans Peter Petersen and their three children, Aksel, Ester and Gunnar. Think about it, the boys from Blæsing, as I still call them, visited me last year, the oldest 77 and the youngest 67 years old. It was very nice to talk with them again. I maintained contact, especially with their parents. "Pæsen" died suddenly April 1945 and Sara ended her days at the nursing home in Kirke Stilling in 1975. They were kind people, very much alive. They were only about ten years older than us girls so we became a sort of good work pals. They had attended Højskole; we sang a lot in their home and we had a lot of work to do. It was a large house and there was a huge garden so well laid out and well taken care of. Never before or later did I see such a beautiful garden at a farm. Our work was always appreciated and we were happy and content. The going wage rate then was Kr. 25 per month. Our needs were modest. I stayed with them for two years, Anna went back home after one year. My brother Søren also worked there for a year but we did not get to know many other young people because the Spanish Flu put a stop to gymnastics, folk dance and other activities. The Spanish flu was an aftermath of the war; ravaging the whole of Europe. It caused very high fever, abscesses on the lungs and more; it was very contagious so people mostly kept to themselves. A farm hand, Hans was very ill and

skiftedes til at vaage hos ham om Natten, men han kom sig da, vi andre fik den kun i mild Grad, som Influenza.

Saa havde vi 2 Gange 3 Mdr. en Pige jævnaldrende med Ester, fra Wien, som hed Peppi Skhladal, de Stakler havde jo lidt meget under Krigen, og havde næsten ingen mad, saa de kom i Flokke her til Danmark, hun var sød og medgørlig, jeg husker endnu hun kom iklædt en Kjole syet af en Militærjakke og store tilsvarende Støvler, var sine Forældres eneste Barn, saa det har sikkert været svært at sende hende til et fremmed Land, og slet ikke kunne sproget, det lærte hun nu forbavsende hurtigt, blev klædt pænt paa, og gik i Skole sammen med Ester og Gunnar, vi var alle glade for hende, og op gennem Aarene har flere besøgt Peppi i Wien, hun blev gift, men hendes Mand døde ung, hun fortsatte det Tøjrenseri de havde, og lever endnu, men næsten blind, foraarsaget af alle de Rensemidler; (har en Datter).

D. 1-3-82

Ja, Tiden gik. Og det gør den da heldigvis stadig væk, netop i disse dage er det 1 Aar siden Anders døde, det vækker lidt triste og sørgmodige Tanker, men ogsaa taknemlige Tanker, fordi han fik lov at dø saa stille, og ikke skulle ligge syg, han var egentlig ikke syg, men gammel og træt 91 Aar, desværre var jeg ikke hos ham da Døden kom, men saadan skulle det saa være, da jeg Dagen før sagde Farvel Far, jeg kommer i Morgen igen, svarede han, ja du er velkommen, men der er længe til.

Jeg sad saa ensom i Frmd., og tænkte paa alt det, da der med eet kom en Sommerfugl her i Stuen, og det var som om den sagde, fat Mod, det bliver Foraar og Sommer igen, og saa er der meget at frydes ved, hvordan den Sommer saa vil blive er der ingen af os der ved, det er vel ogsaa det bedste for os Mennesker, de 2 foregaaende Somre har det regnet saa meget.

Saa kom Bente (tør jeg sige min Øjsten). Vi fik en Hyggesnak, og hun er væk igen, ad Korsør til, men der følger altid godt Humør med hende.

we took turns watching him during the night. He recovered and we were lucky only to catch it in the form of a mild flu.

Two times, three months at a time, we had a girl from Vienna, the same age as Ester, named Peppi Skhladal. For her and many others the war had been devastating; there was no food, so many were sent to Denmark. She, a sweet and amenable girl, arrived in a dress made out of a military jacket and wore military boots. She was an only child and it must have been difficult for her parents to let her go to a foreign country not knowing its language, which she, by the way, picked up very fast. She got some nice clothes and went to School with Ester and Gunnar. We all liked her and over the years, many people have visited Peppi in Vienna. She married, but her husband died young. She continued their dry cleaner shop and is still alive, although almost blind because of the cleaning chemicals. She has a daughter.

1-3-1982

Well, time passed, which it fortunately still does. These days, a year has gone since Anders passed away, which gives rise to sad thoughts, but also grateful thoughts because he was allowed to die so quietly without lying sick. Actually, he was not ill but tired, 91 years old. I was sad I could not be with him when death occurred but that is how it should be. The day before, when I said goodbye and I'll be back tomorrow, he replied that I would be welcome but tomorrow is far away.

This morning, I sat in my solitude thinking it all over when all of a sudden, a butterfly entered the room. It was as if it said take heart, spring and summer are on the way, and they will bring many things to rejoice in. What kind of a summer we'll get none of us knows and I suppose this is all right. The preceding two summers were unusually wet.

Then Bente came to see me (dare I call her the apple of my eye?). We had a cosy talk and off she went again toward Korsør. Her visits always cheer me up.

Jeg havde Lyst til at komme paa Højskole og det fik jeg af Far og Mor Lov til, de skulle jo betale, for af 25-30 Kr. mdl. var det ikke let at spare sammen til det, saa vidt jeg husker kostede det 500 Kr. mdl, saa rejste jeg fra Havrebjerg d. 1-5-1920 til Ryslinge, den havde jeg af andre hørt saa godt omtalt, det blev ogsaa 3 dejlige Mdr. Vi var ca 215 Elever, Alfred Povlsen og Monrad var Forstandere, Thorvald Aagaard Sanglærer, mange andre Lærere vi var glade for, den Gang var det mest Landboudom der befolkede Skolen, der var mange Sønderjyder, der sammen med Alf. Povlsen rejste hjem d. 9 Juli for at fejre Kong Chr. d. 10 Ridt over Grænsen, da Sønderjylland igen efter første Verdenskrig kom tilbage til Danmark, da de igen vendte tilbage til Ryslinge kan jeg huske vi modtog dem med Dannebrog paa Stationen.

Der kunne være meget at berette fra den Tid, men det fører for vidt, men i mange Aar syntes jeg det var den bedste Tid i mit Liv, siden har der været saa mange gode Tider, selvfølgelig ogsaa mindre gode, men saadan er Livet jo.

Jeg har været til 50 Aars Jubilæum i Ryslinge 1970, men det blev noget af en Skuffelse, der var kun faa, og ikke ret mange af dem jeg kendte bedst, saa sad vi i et dejligt Solskinsvejr i Høresalen og hørte paa et kedeligt Foredrag, hvor vi hellere vilde have sludret sammen, jeg tør sige ak hvor forandret, det er jo svært at følge med Tiden, og nu er det som om Højskolerne mere er bleven Fagskoler, ogsaa de har deres Vanskeligheder, Rostbøl var bleven Forstander, maaske lovlig ung, nu læser jeg med Interesse hans Foredrag og Beretninger i Ryslingebogen, saadan kan det da heldigvis gaa.

Else bor nu i Maare, det var dejligt at komme hjem til dem og Børnene, saa Turen var da slet ikke spildt.

Saa var jeg vel hjemme et Aars Tid, hvor baade Maja og Anna var ude, rejste til Øster-Linnet i

I wanted to attend Folkehøjskole and Mom and Dad gave me permission; they had to pay for it because it was not easy to save a lot based on a monthly Kr. 25-30 income. As far as I remember, it cost Kr. 500 per month for a 3 months stay. On 01-05-1920 I left Havrebjerg to go to Ryslinge, which had a very good reputation. The 3 months were wonderful. We were 215 students, Alfred Povlsen and Monrad were the directors, Thorvald Aagaard music teacher, and there were many other good teachers. At that time, the students were mostly from the rural areas. Many students from South Jylland joined Alf. Povlsen on July 9th 1920 to celebrate Christian X's horseback ride across the border when South Jylland was reunited with Denmark after the First World War. Returning to Ryslinge, they were greeted with Dannebrog at the train station.

A lot of things from that period could be reported but that would take it too far. For years, I considered it the best time of my life. Since then, there have been many good periods, also some less good, but that is how life is.

In 1970, I visited Ryslinge for our 50 years anniversary. It was a disappointment. Only few from my year were present and very few of those I knew best. In the nice sunshine we sat in the auditorium listening to a boring speech. We would much rather have talked with each other. I dare say, alas how changed. It is hard to keep pace with the development and now it seems that the Folk High Schools have become vocational training institutions, which are also having a hard time. Rostbøl had become Director, maybe a little too young. Now I do read with interest his speeches and reports in the Ryslinge Book. I like the improvement.

Else now lives in Maare. I enjoyed seeing her and her family in their home, so the Ryslinge trip was not wasted at all.

After the Højskole, I worked at home for about a year when both Maja and Anna were gone. I

Sønderjylland paa en Gaard der hos Kirstine og Peter Frank, vi havde jo hørt og sunget saa meget om Sønderjylland saa jeg maatte prøve at leve iblandt dem, og det har jeg aldrig fortrudt, det var rare Mennesker, de var paa mange Maader stejle og haarde, men hvor havde de ogsaa gennemgaaet meget i al Tyskertiden og Krigstiden især, der var urimelig meget Arbejde, men jeg mente altid, at saadan var det saa der. Jeg besøgte dem flere Gange og bevarede deres Venskab til deres Død, Kirstine døde om Bord paa Færgen til Norge, Peter i sit Hjem nogle Aar senere, de havde 3 Børn, Nils, Mie, og Sødde; Sødde besøgte os i Flinterup, jeg tror fra Sorø Hush.skole.

Saa vilde jeg da ogsaa se hvordan det var at leve paa Fyn, rejste til "Søbæksgaard" 1. Maj 1923, og var Pige sammen med Ester, og der traf jeg jo saa Jeres Far, Resten kender I.

Det var et fra de gamles Side meget gammeldags Hjem, men interessant var det at være med til at bage i den store Ovn, brygge Øl, samle Aske fra Bøgetræ og lave Sæbelud af det, spise kogt Flæsk og Kartf., Rabarbergrod med Franskbrød til en Søndags Mid. (men det lod sig da gøre). Børnene der var, og havde jo været, ude omkring, saa de prøvede at modernisere forskelligt saa godt de kunde, men Bedstemor og alle hendes Søskende var ligesom indstillet paa at stampe imod alt det nye, og hellere tyranisere sig selv, der var ikke nær saa meget at bestille som andre Steder jeg havde været, trods alt skylder jeg dem og hele Familien stor Tak, de har altid været rare og gode imod mig, under skiftende Forhold.

D. 3-3-82

Saa vidt saa godt. Tiden vi levede i Flinterup har I selv levet med i, jeg har altid været glad for Livet og for Arbejde, men som vel saa mange andre Menneskers Liv og Tilværelse har der været baade Glæde og Sorg, Angst, Haab

then headed to South Jylland to work for Kirstine and Peter Frank who farmed there. We had heard and sung so much about South Jylland so I decided to try living there, which I never regretted. They were nice people, in many ways uncompromising and severe, which was not so strange considering all their ordeals under German rule and not least during WWI. The amount of work was unreasonable but I accepted it. Later, I visited them several times and remained their friend until their death. Kirstine died on board the ferry boat to Norway. Peter died a few years later in his home. Kirstine and Peter had 3 children, Nils, Mie and Sødde. Sødde once came to see us in Flinterup.

Then I wanted to see how it would be to live on Fyn. I started as maid on "Søbæksgaard" May 1, 1923 together with Ester. This is where I met your father; the rest you know.

The old people in the house maintained everything as in the past. It was interesting to use the big oven for baking, to brew beer, to collect ashes from beech firewood and use it to make lye, to have boiled pork with potatoes and rubarb jelly with white bread for a Sunday dinner (but it worked). The children in the house who had been around tried to modernize where possible but the grandmother and her siblings were against everything new. They would rather tyrannize themselves under less comfortable living conditions. The amount of work was far smaller than in my earlier jobs. After all, I owe lots of thanks to the whole family. They were always nice and good to me under the varying conditions in their home.

03-03-82

So far so good! You have yourselves experienced the time when we lived together in Flinterup. I always enjoyed life and work. As is the case for most other people there have been periods with happiness, sorrow, fear, hope and

og Bekymring for mange Ting, tit har Arbejdet oversteget mine Kræfter for jeg har altid haft en daarlig Ryg at slaas med, men det maatte jeg lære at leve med.

Alt som Aarene er gaaet er der jo saa mange man savner, baade af ens nærmeste, Familie og Venner, men saa er det godt at tro paa at de har det godt hvor de er nu. *“Og hvor der er Lys er der ogsaa altid Skygge”*.

Min Glæde er tit at tænke paa de 7 rare Børnebørn jeg har, det har været dejligt at følge dem lige fra Fødslen og til nu og huske paa saa mange Pudsigheder fra de var smaa. Gud ske Lov de har Arbejde og opfører sig ordentlig.

Og tænk hvor er meget dog blevet nemt imod hvad jeg kalder gamle Dage, især fra vi fik Elektricitet, nu trykker vi bare paa en Knap, der sparer os for meget legemligt Arbejde, og saadan med saa meget, saa vi maa bare haabe, at de der raader for Atomkraften ikke trykker paa en forkert Knap, saa hele Jorden udslettes, men hvem ved paa hvad Maade den skal forgaa.

Saa er det blevet Juni 1982.

Pludselig var Vinteren forbi og Foraar var der, landmændene fik travlt i Marken, vi har haft dejligt Vejr mange Dage, og alt i Naturen staa saa frodigt og kønt, nu var det ved at være saa tørt, men saa fik vi 15 mm Regn i Nat, det er værd at være taknemlig for.

For en Uge siden var hele Familien samlet hos Else og Arne til deres Sølvbryllup d. 5 Juni i det mest straalende og varme Sommervejr der kunde tænkes, det var en skøn Morgen da vi sammen med deres Børn, Venner, Naboer og Familie sang for dem, og Sølvbrudeparret traadte ud under den skønne Æresport der var opbygget Aftenen før, om Aftenen festede vi i Ryslinge Forsamlings-hus, det var en pæn og dejlig Fest, som jeg nu i min Hverdag lever om igen. Ønsker dem mange gode Aar fremover, i al deres Travlhed.

concerns about many things. Often, work was too much to bear. I always suffered from back problems, which I never managed to get rid of but instead had to endure.

As the years went by so many have passed, both family and friends, and then it is a comfort to trust that they are all right where they are now. *“And where there is light there is also a shadow.”*

It is always a joy to think of my seven wonderful grandchildren; it has been so nice to follow them right from their birth, recalling many events during their childhood. Thank God they are all employed and well-behaved.

And think about how things have become easier today than in, what I call, the old days, especially since we had electricity installed. Now, we just push the button and a lot of manual work is spared. The technical development is amazing; let us hope that those in charge of nuclear power do not push the wrong button wiping out our Earth. But, who knows how it'll come to an end?

Now, it is June 1982.

All of a sudden, winter was gone and spring was there. The farmers got busy in their fields and the weather has been lovely for many days. Everything is so lush and beautiful; it was getting a little too dry but last night, we had 15 mm of rain, for which to be grateful.

A week ago on June 5, the whole family gathered at Else and Arne's silver wedding enjoying the most sparkling and warm summer day one could wish for. It was a beautiful morning when children, other family, friends and neighbors sang for the couple who stepped out under the gorgeous gate of honour, which had been built the night before. In the evening, we partied in Ryslinge Village Hall; it was a wonderful party, which I now re-live in my everyday humdrum. I wish them many good years in their future busy life.

Men de der ellers har Arbejde har jo alle saa travlt, den Hygge der i gamle Dage kunde være ved at man gik en tur i Marken og kunde fryde sig over Afgrøderne, træffe en Nabo og faa en Sludder med dem er forbi, nu starter mange Bilen ud til de mange Ting der foregaar her og der, Tiden er rastløs, og hver har nok i sit.

Saa mindes jeg med stor Glæde og Tak de Rejser Anders og jeg fik Lov at opleve sammen, i 1954 en 14 Dages Tur til Italien, vidunderlig Tur, blandt mange gode Rejsefæller, hjemmefra med Tog hele Vejen, Bus i Italien.

I 1956 var vi paa en 8 Dages Tur til Tyskland, ogsaa en god Tur, men et Land der endnu i høj Grad bar Præg af Krigens Gru og Ødelæggelser, alene det at se endeløse Kirkegaarde med de mange hvide Kors, vel vidende at her hvilede mange af Tysklands unge Sønner, var forstemmende.

Saa i 1958 gik Turen til England, alle Rejser med Ugebladet "Landet", alle vel tilrettelagte, den bedste vel nok i Italien, naa men ogsaa England, den gamle Stormagt med endnu sine Besiddelser forskellige Steder paa Kloden, vi sejlede fra Esbjerg en skøn Sommerdag først i Juli, det virkede saa overvældende da vi naaede Havnebyen Harwich hvor der udenfor laa saa mange af de vældig store engelske Krigsskibe; London er noget af en graa og halvsnusket By at se til, men med en Masse skønne Seværdigheder som vi besøgte, kom vidt omkring i Sydengland og havde alt i alt en dejlig Tur. London er uendelig stor, det var Rosernes Tid, jeg husker saa tydelig deres skønne Rosenhaver i Forstæderne.

Ak ja! Nu ligger mange af de engelske Krigsskibe og slaas med de argentinske ved Falklandsøerne, det burde høre Fortiden til, for ingen vinder i en Krig, men forvolder megen Sorg og Ulykke i mange Hjem, foruden Spild af Penge der ellers var god Brug for til mange andre Ting.

Those lucky enough to have a job or own a business have all become so busy. The cosiness of old days is gone; it could just be a trip over the fields to enjoy the sight of the crops and a stop to chat with the neighbor. Today, people dart around in their cars. The days are restless, everybody tending to their own affairs.

I recall with great joy and gratitude the travels Anders and I were allowed to make together. In 1954, there was a two-week tour to Italy, wonderful among many good travel companions by train all the way from home, getting around by bus in Italy.

In 1956, we were on an eight-day tour to Germany, also a good tour but to a country still marked by the horror and destruction of war. To see the endless cemeteries with rows of white crosses was depressing knowing that many of the country's young sons were laid to rest there.

Then in 1958, the destination was England. All the tours with the weekly magazine "Landet" were well-arranged, the one to Italy being the best. Well, back to United Kingdom, the old World Power, still with possessions all over the Globe. We sailed from Esbjerg on a beautiful summer day in the beginning of July. It was overwhelming to see the gigantic warships outside the harbor in Harwich. London is quite a gray and half-way dirty city to look at but it has a tremendous amount of beautiful sights, which we visited. We went around a lot in South England and had an all together great vacation. London is immensely large. It was the time of the roses and I remember the beautiful rose gardens in the suburbs.

And alas! Now, many of the UK warships are fighting the Argentines at the Falk Land Islands; this ought to belong to the past; no one wins a war, which causes a lot of sorrow and misery in many homes, not to speak of the waste of money, which could have been used for many other, needy purposes.

D. 13-6-82.

Ja alt her i Verden forandres saa let, ogsaa Vejret, for en Uge siden nød vi den dejlige Solvarme, i Dag Søndag er Vejret blæsende koldt med Regn, men vi haaber da paa mere Sol og Sommer igen.

D. 14-8-82.

Det havde været min Mors Fødselsdag i Dag, og jeg mindes de mange gode Fødsld. derhjemme. Æret være hendes Minde. Somme tider knob det med at komme af Sted for det var midt i Høsten, og dengang betød det ligesom mere end nu, alle maatte være med, vi havde jo ikke alle de gode store Maskiner, der findes nu, til Gengæld er der jo de fleste Steder meget lidt Hjælp udover Ejer og Familie.

Og vi fik rigtignok Soskin og Varme; næsten hele Juli Md. var Solskin og Varme fra Morgen til Aften, sommetider næsten for varmt for dem der rigtig skulde arbejde, men dejligt var det; f. Eks. at kunne sidde ude ogsaa om Aftenen, det er mange Aar siden det har kunnet lade sig gøre, de to foregaaende Aar har været saa kølige og regnfulde.

Saa Høsten kom i Aar lige saa pludselig som Foraaret, saa nu i Dag er største Delen af Korn i Hus, nu driller Vejret lidt med Byger, saa det sinker Halmkørsel.

Vi skriver i Dag 1. Okt.

Hvad Vejret angaar er det saa vidunderlig skønt som sjældent paa denne Aarstid, men jeg nyder det i fulde Drag, har plukket modne Hindbær i Haven, og ellers siddet og nydt Synet af de skønne Efteraarsblomster.

Og saa fik jeg igen Lov til at fejre en Fødselsdag d. 25-9, en dejlig Dag. Rigmor og Henning inviterede os alle til at fejre den hos dem, M. Søren, Edith, Else, Arne, Jørgen, Jette med de 3 søde Smaapiger, og selvfølgelig hele Familien R. – H., det blev en god Dag, hvor jeg helt var fri for Besværet og slet ikke træt Dagen efter, saa var vi samlet her Søndag, og Mandag Fmd. kørte E. - A. saa igen, men det var da rart de kom.

13-06-1982.

Oh yes, everything in this World changes, also the weather. A week ago, we enjoyed the nice, warm sun, today Sunday, is windy, cold and rainy, hopefully sun and summer will soon return.

14-08-1982.

Today is my mother's birthday; I remember many good celebrations at home. All honour to her memory. Some times it was difficult to gather people for the birthday party in the middle of the harvest. All hands were needed in those days, when we did not have all the modern machines. On the other hand, today very few farms have hired help; often all work is done by the farmer and the farmer's family.

And we did get lots of sunny weather in the month of July; days were sunny and warm from morning to evening, often a little too much for the people doing all the work, but I enjoyed it, including the possibility to sit outside, also in the evenings. We haven't been able to do that for a long time. In the two preceding years, the summers were chilly and rainy.

Harvest time came as suddenly as the spring did. Almost all grain has been gathered in. Now, a few showers cause a little delay baling and collecting the straw.

Today is October 1.

The weather is as beautiful as ever seen this time of the year, which I enjoy to the full. I have picked ripe raspberries in my garden when not just sitting there admiring the sight of the gorgeous fall flowers.

And then, once more, I could celebrate a birthday on 25-09, a very nice day. Rigmor and Henning invited all of us to their home. Morbror Søren, Edith, Else, Arne, Jørgen, Jette and their three sweet girls were there, and of course, Rigmor and Henning and their family. I did not do a thing, just enjoyed it and was not tired the day after. Everybody came here Sunday. Monday morning, Else and Arne went back home; it was so nice to have them here.

Jeg havde da forresten en god Tur over til dem d. 15-9 sammen med Povl og Bente som var til Egeskov Marked.

D. 13-1-83.

Hvorfor har jeg ikke skrevet saa længe? Ja. Undskyldninger kan der være mange af.

Men i Dag for 8 Dage siden var vi alle til Morbror Søren's Begravelse i Jorløse, jeg vil savne ham meget, vi har delt meget gennem Livet, lige fra vi som unge tjente sammen i Blæsinge til vi saa senere kom til at bo hinanden nær, og kunde trøste og hjælpe hinanden i Glæde og Sorg.

Saa nu er vi kun 3 tilbage af 6 Søskende, og man spørger sig selv, hvem af os bliver den næste der maa forlade denne Jord.

Hvor jeg ogsaa savner M. Ragnhild, vi har altid staaet hinanden nær, hun døde 20. Juli 1979, desværre var jeg paa Sygehus den Gang, og kunne slet ikke se til hende under hendes strenge Sygdom (Kræft).

Jeg havde den Lykke at blive rask igen efter Operation, men var først paa Kalb. Sygehus 2 Mdr., derefter paa Klintsøgaard 3 Uger, at jeg har det godt nu efter min Alder kan jeg kun være taknemlig for, ogsaa for alle der var gode imod mig i al den Tid, ikke mindst Henning og Rigmor der kom saa godt som hver Aften og saa til mig, og bagefter kørte til Morfar paa Plejehjemmet og bragte ham Hilsen.

Ja, Tiden gaar, og Tiderne skifter, bare man kunne glemme al den Krig, Mord og Vold og andre slemme Ting, og bare fryde sig over den dejlige milde Vinter vi indtil nu har haft, hverken Sne eller Frost; det sparer paa den dyre Olie ca 3500 Kr. pr. 1000 Lt.

2. Okt. 82.

Maaske skulde jeg fortælle lidt om min Fars Slægt, Mors har vi jo paa Stamtavlen.

Min Farfar hed Rasmus Peter Jeppesen Kleis, min Farmor Jakobsine, efter hvem jeg er opkaldt, og efter de Tider var det en Ære fra begge Sider, som Følge deraf arvede jeg den

I visited them on September 15th when Povl and Bente drove me to their place before they went on to Egeskov Marked.

13-01-1983.

Why haven't I written for some time now? Well, there may be many excuses.

Eight days ago, we all went to my brother Søren's funeral in Jorløse. I will miss him very much; we shared so much during our lives right from when we worked at the same farm in Blæsinge until we came to live near each other and could console and help each other in happiness and sorrow.

So now, there are only three left of us six siblings and one cannot help asking oneself who will be the next to leave this World.

And how I also miss Ragnhild; we were always very close. When she died on the 20th of July, 1979, I was hospitalized and I could not be there and take care of her during her serious illness (cancer).

I had the luck to recover after surgery. First I had to stay at Kalundborg Hospital for two months and then at Klintsøgaard for another three weeks. I am grateful for being well again in spite of my age. I am also thankful to all those who supported me, not least Rigmor and Henning. They came to see me almost every evening and then drove to Morfar at the nursing home to bring him my greetings.

Yes, time is flying away and things change. If only one could forget about war, murder, violence and other ugly events, and just enjoy the nice, mild winter. Until now, there has been no frost and no snow; it cuts down on expensive fuel oil, Kr. 3,500 per 1,000 liters.

October 2, 1982.

Let me tell something about Dad's family; Mom's is already shown in the family tree.

My father's father was Rasmus Peter Jeppesen Kleis, his wife was Jakobsine from whom I got my name. At that time it was an honour on both sides, and it was the reason that I inherited the

Dragkiste jeg har da Farmor døde, da jeg var ca 7 Aar; at det var min vidste jeg ikke før jeg blev voksen, men jeg værdsætter den højt, og hvem der skal arve den efter mig kan jeg ikke nu bestemme.

Far havde 3 Søskende, Jeppe den ældste, Margrethe og Søren; Jeppe førte Slægtsgaarden videre, blev gift med Johanne Kornmaaler fra Kolby, Samsø, de fik 3 Børn, Signe, Richard og Jens. Margrethe gift med Jørgen Mahler, de havde 2 Børn, Tvillinger Hans og Barbara. Søren gift med min Moster Metha, ogsaa 3 Børn, Gerda, William og Emmy, bor alle i Amerika.

Min Far har fortalt, at han var døbt og kom til at hedde Rasmussen til Bagnavn, ved at sætte "sen" til Faderens Fornavn. Piger kom til at hedde Rasmusdatter eller Hansdatter o.s.v. Det var ellers ved den Tid hvor der blev skiftet til at Børn fik deres Fars Efternavn.

Saa vil jeg ogsaa fortælle lidt om (Morfars) Anders Familieforhold, han blev født i Flinterup 6. Okt. 1879 som yngste Søn af Anders og Kristiane Christensen, Dagen efter sin Fars Død, (vist T.B.); saa var hans Mor alene med 6 Børn hvoraf den ældste var 14 Aar, det har sikkert været usigeligt svært.

Men Livet skal jo leves videre, og de havde en Karl som blev hos dem i 27 Aar indtil Børnene saa voksede til.

Nogle navne: Lars Peter gift med Lærerinde Kathrine, boede i Horbelev Falster; Inger; Werner Petersens Forældre; Christian gift med Helga boede forskellige Steder, Ellys Forældre; Chr. senere gift med Henriette boende i København; Stine gift med Hans Hansen; Rich, Ingeborg o.s.v. Forældre; Anna gift med Jens Petersen boende i Kalundborg 2 Børn; Marie gift Nielsen boende i København, Carls Forældre.

Alle de ældre er døde nu men de fleste af deres Børn lever da, og jeg har Forbindelse med de fleste af dem, alle rare og brave Mennesker.

chest of drawers when Grandma died. Then, I was only 7 and I did not know it was mine until after I grew up. It is one of my dear treasures. Who will get it after me I cannot decide right now.

My father had 3 siblings, Jeppe the oldest, Margrethe and Søren. Jeppe took over the family farm, married Johanne Kornmaaler from Koldby, Samsø. They had 3 children, Signe, Richard and Jens. Margrethe, married to Jørgen Mahler, had twins, Hans and Barbara. Søren married my aunt Metha and had 3 children, Gerda, William and Emmy, all of them living in America.

My father told that he was baptized and given Rasmussen as his last name by adding "sen" to his father's first name. Girls would be named Rasmusdatter (Rasmus' daughter). At that time when the naming system was being changed and children now get their father's last name.

Let me tell something about Anders' (grandpa's) family relations. He was the youngest son of Anders and Kristiane Christensen, born in Flinterup on the 6th of Oct., 1879, the day after his father's death (TB I believe). Left alone with 6 children, the oldest 14, was very hard on his mother.

But life goes on. They had a farm hand who stayed with them for 27 years until the children had all grown up.

Some names: Lars Peter, married to teacher Kathrine, lived in Horbelev, Falster; Inger; Werner Petersen's parents; Christian, married to Helga, lived in various places, Elly's parents; Chr. married Henriette, lived in København. Stine married Hans Hansen, parents of Rich, Ingeborg etc.; Anna married Jens Petersen; they had two children, lived in Kalundborg; Marie, married Nielsen, lived in Copenh., Carls's parents.

All the old ones are dead by now but I stay in touch with most of their children, all of them kind and honest people.

D. 12-4-83.

En graa, kold og regnfuld Efmnd, hvor det næsten ikke er Vejr til at foretage sig det man helst ville, f. Eks. ud i Haven og pusle lidt, i Fjor ved denne Tid var de fleste Marker tilsaaet, i Aar har det ikke kunnet lade sig gøre.

Naa men hvad skal jeg saa skrive om, jo jeg husker egentlig saa meget fra jeg var Barn, jeg var glad for at gaa i Skole, og havde let ved at overkomme de Lektier vi havde for, og det var ikke saa faa, men vore Skoletimer var jo heller ikke saa mange som nu.

Engang Lærer Madsen havde fortalt om, at der for mange Aar siden havde levet baade Ulve og Bjørne i Danmark, og vi legede Fanger omkring Huset, (havde han vel gjort det saa levende) saa hver Gang jeg kom hen til et Hushjørne standsede jeg lidt af Frygt for at der maaske stod en Bjørn, det gjorde der heldigvis ikke, saa efterhaanden blev jeg mere dristig.

Saa husker jeg ogsaa da jeg vel var 10-12 Aar, at jeg læste i Avisen, at Jorden skulle forjaa en vis Dato, jeg blev ved Aften sendt i Marken for at flytte og vande nogle Smaakalve, som var mig saa kære, da jeg skulde hjem igen tog jeg dem om Halsen og sagde Farvel, for nu ses vi nok aldrig mere, men næste Morgen var alt jo som før, saa fra den Tid begyndte jeg at tvivle paa, at det altid var sandt hvad der stod i Avisen, og desværre er det vist Tilfældet den Dag i Dag.

Saa husker jeg ogsaa en Sommeraften nogen af os rendte rundt og legede udenfor, det var ved at blive mørkt og vi gik ind, da vi kom ind var Maja der ikke, jeg spurgte Mor hvor hun mon var, hun er nok rendt hen ad Markvejen, der gik en dyb Grøft med noget Vand i, et Sted hvor vi tit legede med Papirbaade o.l., saa jeg tænkte at jeg da hellere maatte rende hen og kalde paa hende, jeg saa hende ikke, men raabte saa højt jeg kunde, ingen svarede, jeg blev grebet af Angst for, at hun kunne skulle være druknet i Renden, rystende kom jeg hjem og vilde fortælle, at jeg ikke fandt Maja, men saa stod

12-04-1983.

It is a gray, cold and rainy April afternoon, which keeps me from pottering about in the garden. By this time last year, the farmers were done with planting and other field work; this year it has not been possible due to the weather.

Now, what else to write about? Actually, I do remember a lot from my childhood; I liked going to school and managed easily our homework assignments, and there were lots of them. Of course, we had fewer classes than children have today.

Once, our teacher Madsen told us that many years ago, both wolves and bears lived in Denmark. His vivid description had made its impact and later when we were playing outside the house, I cautiously stopped each time I approached a corner for fear that a bear might appear. Fortunately, it did not happen and gradually, I became more daring.

I also remember reading in the paper when I was 10-12 years old, that the Earth was doomed and would come to an end at a certain date. The evening before, when I watered and fed my pets, the calves in the field, I hugged them and said goodbye anticipating never to see them again. However, next morning everything was as before and from then on I started questioning the truth of some of the things written in the paper. Unfortunately, even today, I still have reasons to remain skeptical.

Then I also remember one summer evening when some of us were playing outside. It was getting dark and when we went inside Maja was not there. I asked my mother where she might be and was told that she probably had taken the field dirt road with a deep ditch on the side filled with water. We often played there with small paper boats and I thought I better run out there and call her. I did not find her but shouted the best I could. When there was no answer I was terrified and scared that she had drowned in the ditch. Shaking I ran home to tell them that I couldn't find Maja only

hun der, og da jeg spurgte hvor hun havde været var Svaret, at hun havde været et Ærinde hos nogle gamle Folk for Mor.

Bagefter ved jeg ikke hvad der gjorde mig mest ondt, det at jeg rystede af Angst for at Maja var druknet, eller det at Mor godt vidste hvor hun var og sagde noget andet; det har jeg den Dag i Dag ikke glemt.

Jeg listede stille i Seng og faldt grædende i Søvn, uden at fortælle de andre hvor bange jeg havde været, for selv om vi da tit var Uvenner, kunde vi da ikke undvære hinanden alligevel.

D. 5-10-83.

Ak ja, saa er en dejlig Sommer endt og gaaet, som mange andre dejlige Somre, men denne Sommer var næsten uafbrudt Sol og Varme baade i Juli og August, og ingen Regn, det var selvfølgelig ikke godt for hverken Have eller Mark, mange landmænd maa lide under det hele Aaret, paa forskellig Vis.

Jeg havde den Glæde at besøge Else 2 Gange, den ene Gang i Forbindelse med Faster Ester og Aages Guldbryllup d. 22. Juli, en god Fest som blev holdt hos deres Datter Sigrid der bor i Hanning i Vestjylland, efter Festen kørte vi en dejlig Tur langs Klitterne gennem Vedersø, Tvind o.s.v. helt til Holstedbro, tværs over til Haslev til Faster Sigrid og Holger, deres Heldbred var daarligt, de var ved at flytte paa Plejehjem, hjem til Elses for næste Dag at køre med Torben hjem til Fuglede, fire dejlige Dage var slut.

D. 10-10-83.

Jeg sidder bl. skønne Blomster, dejlige Gaver, og mange gode Minder efter at have oplevet min 85 Aars Fødsld., jeg synes selv jeg havde en god Dag blandt Familie og Venner, den lever jeg paa, nu i den mørke Efteraarstid.

Den 6-10 havde det jo været Anders Fødsld. Jeg var den Dag paa Kirkegaarden, det giver vemodige Minder at færdes mellem Grave af kendte og afholdte Mennesker, vi havde levet iblandt.

to find her in the house. I was told she had been sent out by our mother to do something for an old couple.

Afterwards, I did not know which hurt me more, my agony of fear that Maja had drowned, or that my mother knew where she was but told me differently. To this day, this is something I have not forgotten.

I went quietly to bed and cried myself to sleep without telling the others how scared I had been. Even if we had our fights in between we could, of course, not be without each other.

05-10-1983.

And now, a wonderful summer has come to an end, gone like so many other nice summers. In July and August, it was sunny and warm all the time. There was no rain, which of course is not good for the gardens and the fields. In different ways many farmers will feel the adverse effects during the whole year.

I have had the fortune to visit Else twice. The first time was in connection with aunt Ester and Aage's golden wedding on July 22nd. It was a very nice celebration in the home of their daughter Sigrid in Hanning, Vestjylland. Afterwards, we made a very nice tour by car along the sand dunes, through Vedersø, Tvind and all the way to Holstebro, across to Haslev to aunt Sigrid and Holger. They were about to relocate to a nursing home. Then back to Else. Next day, Torben drove us home to Fuglede; four wonderful days had come to an end.

10-10-1983.

I am sitting here amidst beautiful flowers and wonderful gifts and many good memories after my 85th birthday. I had a very good day among family and friends. Now during the dark days of the fall, I live on the memories.

On October 6th, it would have been Anders' birthday. I visited the cemetery that day feeling the sadness walking among the graves of the people you knew and liked when they were here.

Jeg kom da ogsaa til Samsø i Aar, Rigmor, Henning, Bente og jeg tog paa en 1 Dags Tur 11. August, havde Moster Ragnhild levet var det hendes 75 Aars Dag, var ogsaa paa Kirkegaarden der, og fik ellers besøgt de forskellige Familier, en dejlig Dag i straalende Vejr.

Er taknemlig for alt dette, ingen ved hvor længe man faar lov at leve, og have Kræfter til at kunne saa meget forskelligt.

D. 21-10-83.

Det er næsten svært at skrive paa den sidste Side, for det er jo næsten som en Slags Testamente, der for den Sags Skyld kunde have været meget længere, for jeg har selvfølgelig oplevet meget mere end hvad her er fortalt, men trods alt har jeg været glad for Livet, det vanskelige Liv, der former sig og opleves forskelligt af alle hver især. Fremtiden for de næste Generationer tør jeg næsten slet ikke tænke paa, det er som om alt er saa truende, og saa al den Arbejdsløshed der ødelægger livet for mange Mennesker, for ikke at tænke paa hvad Atombomben vilde ødelægge.

Det kan være svært at følge med Tiden, for ikke alt nyt er godt, og ikke alt gammelt er skidt, men at finde den gyldne Middelvej i alle Forhold er mere end vanskeligt.

Den Dag jeg ikke mer er iblandt Jer, og I begraver mig paa St. Fuglede Kirkegaard, saa syng de samme Salmer som da Morfar blev begravet:

Befal du dine Veje
Jeg saa ham som Barn
Kirkeklokker ej til Hovedstæder
“Efter Mormors Ønske i Stilhed.”

Og naar I siden skal dele mine Ting, saa gør det i Fredsommelighed, saa I kan fremover bevare det gode Søkendeforhold; husk paa det er dog døde Ting, saa værdifulde og minderige de end har været for mig.

This summer, I also made it to Samsø on a one-day trip August 11th with Rigmor, Henning and Bente. Had Ragnhild been alive it would have been her 75th birthday. We also visited the cemetery there and got around to the different family members; a wonderful day in sparkling sunshine.

I am happy about all this. None of us know how long we have got left to live with sufficient strength to do different things.

21-10-1983.

It is difficult to put down words on this last page; it is almost like a will. It could easily have occupied many more pages because I have experienced many things other than those related on the preceding pages. In spite of all I have been happy about life, the difficult life, which evolves in various ways and is experienced differently from one person to the other. I hesitate to think about the future life of the younger generations; everything seems so threatening, the unemployment is so devastating for many people, not to speak about the Bomb and all that it could destroy.

It is difficult to keep pace with the development; not everything new is good and not everything old is bad. To strike the golden mean is more than difficult.

The day when I am no more with you and you bury me at the cemetery of St. Fuglede Kirke, please sing the same psalms as we did when we buried Morfar Anders.:

[*Commit thy way unto God*, Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

I saw him as a child, Vilhelm Birkedahl, 1858.

Church bell not for the big cities, Grundtvig 1845.

Transcriber's notes]

And, when later on you share my things then do it peacefully. Maintain the good family relations; dead things do not matter however valuable they may have been to me and how much I cherished them.

Det er en skøn Efteraarsdag med straalende Sol, hvor haard Vinteren ogsaa mit Livs Vinter bliver, er der ingen af os der ved, jeg beder til at den bliver mild.

Lev vel, og alle gode Ønsker for alt hvad der maa times Jer, alle mine Kære.

Jeres altid hengivne Mor.

Signe.

Banevej 29-6-85

Jeg har grædt som andre af Smerte fordi min Boble brast men: —

Det er med inderlig Sorg jeg maa skrive at Else døde uden forudgaaende Sygdom, Søndag d. 3-3-85, begravet paa Ryslinge Kirkegaard d. 7-3-85, elsket og savnet af os alle, mest af Arne og deres 3 Sønner, men ogsaa af mig, hendes gamle Mor.

Det maa være os en Trøst i Sorgen, at ingen ved hvad hun fremover er sparet for, Else havde Venner alle Vegne hvor hun kom, og kunde glæde sig over saa mange Ting, sit Arbejde, Blomster og Bøger. Vi vil bevare alle lyse og gode Minder i kærlig Erindring.

Mor

Nu glæder vi os trods alt til Bentes og Aksels Bryllup d. 6-7-85.

It is a beautiful fall day, brightly sunny. None of us know how hard the winter will be; that includes my own life's winter, I pray that it will be mild.

Live well! All my good wishes for all that will happen in your life, all my Dear Ones.

Your loving Mother.

Signe.

Banevej 29-06-1985

[From *I love the colorful world*, Kaalund 1877/music by T. Aagaard 1922; Aagaard was Signe's music teacher at Ryslinge 1920. Transcriber's notes]

With my deepest feelings of sorrow I write that Else died without prior illness on Sunday 03-03-1985, buried 07-03-1985 in the Ryslinge Churchyard, loved and missed by us all, especially by Arne and their three sons and by me, her old mother.

Let us be consoled in our mourning that she may have been spared for future sufferings. Else had friends wherever she went and took pleasure in so many things, her work, flowers and books. We cherish all the bright and good memories in loving remembrance.

Mother

In spite of all we now look forward to Bente and Aksel's wedding on 06-07-1985.

3.4. Memories by Elaine DalPian

Growing up Danish in America

Elaine DalPian

January 2017

Granddaughter of Meta Kirstine Jørgensen Vadstrup and Hans Søren Rasmussen

I was born into a family with Danish roots on both my mother's and father's side of the family. My mother and my four grandparents and their ancestors were born in Denmark; however my dad was born in the U.S.

My grandfather (Hans Søren Rasmussen) visited the U.S. in 1906 with his future brother-in-law Michael Jørgensen Vadstrup. Grandma (Meta Vadstrup Rasmussen) came in 1908 with her youngest brother Rasmus (Robert) Jørgen Jørgensen Vadstrup. Grandma and grandpa both returned to Denmark in 1911 where they were married in Tranebjerg Kirke. They raised their three children, Gerda, William and Emmy, on Samsø and on Zealand until they immigrated to the United States. They set sail aboard the S.S. Hellig Olav from Copenhagen on September 21, 1922 and arrived in New York on October 3, 1922.

My grandmother had three siblings who had settled in Connecticut – her older brother Michael, her younger brother Rasmus (Robert) and the youngest of the Vadstrup children, Anna Margrethe (Margaret). My grandfather had no immediate family here but his life-long friend and distant cousin from Samsø, Jens Tønnesen, lived in the Hartford area. The Rasmussen family stayed with Jens Tønnesen upon their arrival in 1922 until they were able to get settled and start their new life.

Regarding grandma's siblings who lived here, I never knew Rasmus who died at a young age in 1921. We would occasionally see her brother "Uncle Mike" but more often his daughter "cousin Margaret". We frequently saw grandma's sister "Tante Margaret" and her large family of seven boys who lived in Guilford CT. Tante and grandma had a close relationship. They were not only sisters; they were best friends as well. I looked forward to Tante's visits because she would always bring a delicious cake with her; my favorite being a yellow cake with boiled vanilla icing and topped with coconut. Tante's son Billy would bring her to West Hartford to spend a week with grandma. They always enjoyed their time together. On grandma's visits to Tante in Guilford, Helen (Tante's daughter-in-law) recalls that the "old girls" had a great time together. At night after getting in bed, they would party it up by splitting a can of beer! At least they had the sense to get in bed before any "situations" developed.

When my grandparents moved here with their three young children, it was a goal of my grandfather's that they all learn to speak, read and write English. He and my grandmother enrolled in night school to learn the language. Gerda and William, the two oldest children, went to public school in West Hartford for their education and Emmy followed. English was primarily spoken at home. After renting homes for the first few years, it wasn't long before my grandparents were able to purchase a two family house on Cambridge Street in the Elmwood section of West Hartford. My parents and I lived on the first floor; grandma and grandpa, Uncle Billy, Aunt Kathryn and cousin Judy lived on the second floor. In 1950, post World War II, when I was 4, we moved to a new development of tract houses and grandma and grandpa bought the house next door. All the houses looked identical except for the color. Our house was white with dark green trim; my grandparents' was gray with white trim. There were about a dozen houses on the street and all the parents were the age of my parents and all of the kids were around my age. All except my grandparents who were in their seventies at the time. They were affectionately called "Grandma and Grandpa" by everyone on Dermont Lane.

I always felt a close relationship with my grandparents particularly with my grandmother. Growing up next door to them had many benefits. If I didn't like what my mother was preparing for dinner at our house, I'd run next door and see what was cooking there. I would visit in the kitchen with grandma

while she peeled the potatoes and, if what was going to be served for dinner was something that I liked, I'd ask if it would be okay if I stayed and ate with them. She always said yes. I would go home and ask my mom if I could eat there and she would ask "Did grandma invite you or did you invite yourself?" I said grandma invited me. Grandma was a good cook and baker. I particularly liked her boiled (kartofler) potatoes (it was probably all the butter); apple pie that was to die for and her rich Danish Christmas cookies. Other Danish foods I enjoyed were Danske frikadeller (Danish meatballs); æbleskiver (a pancake type mixture made in a cast iron æbleskiver pan so they looked like donut holes) that were served with either honey, syrup or jelly and sprinkled with powdered sugar; bøf med løg (a ground beef patty topped with sauteed onions and delicious homemade gravy) and risengrød (white rice cooked in milk and served in a bowl topped with butter and cinnamon and sugar). After a meal I wasn't allowed to leave the table until I said "tak for mad" (thank you for the meal) and my mother or grandmother would reply "velbekomme" (you're welcome).

Grandma was a fine seamstress as evidenced by the christening gowns she hand crafted for various family members. She would sew look-alike dresses for Judy and me that we were happy to wear. She would take us to Hartford for shopping trips. We would walk to get the Webster Hill bus and when we arrived in Hartford we'd shop in G. Fox, Sage-Allen and Brown Thompson department stores. Lunch would be at G. Fox and I usually ordered the mashed potatoes.

For a time grandma had long hair that she braided and wore in a bun. I liked it when she would let me take it out of the bun and brush it. I would make a new hairdo for her. I'm sure as soon as I left the new hairdo would be changed back to the old one.

Grandma and grandpa were very different from each other. My mother has often said she doesn't know how they ended up together. I assume that because both the Vadstrup and Rasmussen families resided on Samsø played a big part in that. Being that grandpa's brother Jakob Rasmussen married grandma's sister Ane Kathrine must also have been a factor in starting their relationship. The Vadstrup family moved from Samsø to Århus in the mid-1870's before grandma was born in 1881. Grandma was a "city girl" being born and raised in the second largest city in Denmark. Grandpa, the son of a farmer, was born and raised at Eskegaard, the Rasmussen family homestead in Brundby, Tranebjerg.

Grandma was an early riser and had a daily routine. She would wear a house dress and old black shoes with white socks to do the morning chores. Monday was laundry day. She would wash the clothes in the basement on a scrub board in the sink and hang the laundry out to dry on the clothesline. It wasn't until she was in her 90's that she let my mother do the laundry in the washing machine. Grandma still hung the clothes out to dry. Tuesday was ironing day and so on. After I was married and grandma was in her late 80's, she would ask if she could do my ironing. At first I would give her Kenny's dress shirts that he wore to work but that lasted only so long until they started coming home scorched. Then we would give her our "around the house" clothes to iron. She was happy to help out. After she was done with her chores and had lunch, she would get washed up, put on a "good" dress, stockings and good shoes and sit in the living room or, in good weather, on the back porch and crochet. When grandma was in her 90's, I asked her if she would make a pair of pillowcases with a crocheted edge for my two girls. She said of course. She made them each a set, white with white trim. She hand wrote a note to each of the girls and wrapped the pillowcases in tissue paper. I gave Sarah and Elizabeth the pillowcases on their wedding day as a remembrance of their great grandmother. Maybe they will pass the pillowcases on to a future generation.

Grandma liked "fancy" things like entertaining which included setting the table with her crisply pressed linens and her beautiful Royal Copenhagen china. For special occasions she would wear her pearls and clip on earrings. She had a pink gemstone ring (maybe rose quartz) that was set in what I would call a Tiffany setting. It was worn only on rare occasions. I loved that ring! She would let me try it on and I'd walk around admiring how lovely it looked on my hand. One day when I was "borrowing"

it, I decided to run home for something and the ring fell off of my hand and landed somewhere in the grass between our houses. I was down on my hands and knees and, after what seemed like an eternity, I miraculously found the ring! I never asked to borrow it again.

I remember when grandpa would come home from work (he was a carpenter), the first thing he would do was sit and enjoy a beer - Balentine ale. When he was almost finished drinking it, I would ask him if I could have a taste and he would give me the last sip or two. Who lets a 6 year old drink beer?? I'd go with my dad to the package store to return grandpa's empties and get a new case of beer and Ruby, the owner of the store, would let me pick out a bottle of soda. Grandpa enjoyed a good cigar as well as a pipe. He smoked White Owl cigars and he would give me the cigar bands which I would wear as rings. His old cigar boxes held all my treasures. I can still remember the smell of his pipe tobacco – Prince Albert.

After grandpa retired, he would sleep in, maybe until 9:00 or 10:00 in the morning. Grandma would have the kitchen table set, ready for his breakfast which consisted of milk mixed with a raw egg that she heated on the stove and then poured over a rusk. After breakfast he would tend to his flower gardens. In the winter, he would go out and move snow around.

He wore the same type of clothes day after day, summer or winter. His wardrobe consisted of a flannel shirt, underneath was a union suit and pants held up with suspenders and a sweater. The summer version was a short sleeved union suit with the sleeves of the flannel shirt rolled up. On a 90 degree day he might take the sweater off.

Lunch was usually smørrebrød (open face sandwich) made with very smelly blue cheese, dark bread and some herring or sardines and possibly some agurkesalad (cucumber salad). I never invited myself for lunch. When that cheese came out, I went home.

After lunch, grandpa, like grandma, would wash up and put on a better version of his morning clothes. For the afternoon, while grandma was crocheting, he would sit in his chair in the corner of the living room and read. He was very interested in current events and politics and he enjoyed reading U.S. News and World Report, the Hartford Times (an afternoon newspaper) which he read cover to cover and also Reader's Digest. He passed on his love of reading to my mother at an early age. My mom still read the daily newspaper, starting with the sports section to see how the Red Sox are doing, until the last days of her life.

Most of grandma and grandpa's friends were Danish. Mr. Hatting and his wife, Elna; Hans Hansen and his wife, Dorteia; the Tønnesen's (Uncle Jens and Tante Agnes). They would have a grand old time when they socialized. Card games were always involved, usually setback; a lot of talking (in Danish); drinking (some potent beverages) and delicious food. They gathered in the dining room which was on the same side of the house as my bedroom. In the good weather, with the windows open, the smell of the cigar smoke from the four men drifted into my room and the loudness of eight people talking in Danish all at once was a bit much. Or so it seemed when I was 10.

As a child the Christmas season was my favorite time of the year. For me it began on Thanksgiving Day which was celebrated at our house. We had a houseful of guests that included, among others, grandma and grandpa, Uncle Billy, Aunt Kathryn, cousins Judy and Joyce; a couple of my dad's brothers. It was a wonderful prelude to the whole season. After dinner Uncle Billy would sit on the sofa and peruse the Sears Christmas catalog and we kids would be making mental notes of things we saw as he turned the pages that eventually would end up on our Christmas lists.

Shortly after Thanksgiving Advent began. It was a special time for us as there were a lot of activities at our church (Elmwood Community Church on Newington Road in Elmwood). One Sunday evening each year during Advent there would be a Christmas workshop held in the basement of the church. Each family would bring a box supper; beverages and desserts would be provided by the ladies of the

church. Craft tables were set up around the large room and we would move from station to station making various items – wrapping paper made from brown craft paper imprinted with a "stamp" that was made from a potato cut in the shape of a star or tree and then dipped in paint; advent candle wreaths and ornaments for the tree. Sometimes we made items that were to be given as gifts. For many years I made potholders and sometimes matching trivets made from ceramic tiles and I gave those as gifts. I sang in the Children's Choir and liked the part where I got to wear a white choir robe with a burgundy bow. I loved being part of the Christmas Pageant but I thought then, as I still do, that nothing sounds sweeter than a Christmas carol sung in church although I think many of them are so sad. I always cried during the singing of Away in the Manger.

Each year we would attend the Danish Brotherhood's Annual Christmas party on White Street in Hartford. Since neither of my grandparents drove, they always rode with us. I sat in the back seat between them snuggling up to my grandmother who wore a black fur coat (very fancy) and I petted it as if it were a puppy. I loved that coat! I can still remember what the inside of the Danish Brotherhood building looked like. There was a huge Christmas tree in the middle of the room adorned with real candles. The tree was probably 25 feet tall or maybe it just seemed that way to me. We would all make a circle holding hands as we danced and sang our way around the tree. Julemanden (Santa Claus) would come and deliver a mesh stocking filled with candy and a present for each of us. Delicious Danish Christmas cookies and other treats were served.

Christmas Eve was by far the best day of the entire year. We spent the month of December preparing for it – shopping, baking, decorating the house with paper chains and all sorts of handmade items, putting lights in the windows, writing and receiving tons of Christmas cards and finally putting up the tree.

Grandma did so much baking that everyone in our neighborhood was the recipient of a coffee can filled with her delicious Christmas cookies.

Christmas Eve was celebrated at grandma and grandpa's house. Arrival time for the guests was between 4:30 and 5:00 p.m. It was just our immediate family. My grandparents; my mother, father, brother Paul and me; Uncle Billy, Aunt Kathryn, Judy and Joyce; Aunt Gerda, Uncle Herb and Donald. My mother (or grandma) made sure that I always had a special dress to wear that evening as well as new black patent leather shoes. Around 2:00 p.m. I would start to ask my mother "when can I go over to grandma's?" "When you see a car pull into the driveway" she would reply. I sat glued by our living room window waiting for someone to arrive. It was usually Uncle Billy and his family. I'd yell to my mother, "They're here!! They're here!! Can I go now?" I'd grab my coat and off I'd run carrying a shopping bag full of gifts.

Even though grandma and grandpa's house was small, there was room for all of us. Traditions prevailed each year and that was terribly important to me. The dining room table was set with "the good dishes" and our dinner menu was the same every year. It included roast duck with an apple and prune stuffing, potatoes, red cabbage and some authentic Danish foods that I made sure never ended up on my plate like leverpostej (liver pate), korv (a sausage) and again stinky cheese. After dinner was finished and the kitchen had been cleaned up, we would retreat to the living room to exchange gifts but only after mandatory singing of Christmas carols. The singing was taken so seriously that we had real Christmas carol books that grandma handed out year after year. We got to choose which songs would be sung. The older we became, the more we tried to bargain how many songs we had to sing. We thought 2 or 3 would be sufficient but the grownups didn't think that was enough. They held steadfast. So the singing began and went on and on and on. Finally it was gift time. Grandma and grandpa gave us money. Usually a new \$5 bill in a money envelope from the bank. We were happy with that. I think it eventually increased to \$10. I remember the year I was 10, they gave me a hard cover book of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales which I still have inscribed by grandma. It seemed like every year I

gave Donald golf balls – one of us was in a rut! I can recall one particular year Judy gave me a box of personalized note cards. They were pale pink with "A Note from Elaine" scripted in silver ink on them. It was difficult for me to use them because I like to save my "good stuff". To this day I'm still trying to use the "good stuff" as my girls question, "Mom what are you saving it for?" It's a work in progress. In a short period of time, as we each got older, our boyfriends and girlfriends who became our husbands and wives joined in the festivities. Six great grandchildren arrived in quick succession in the four year period of 1968-1972 – Sarah, Janet, Barry, Matthew, Elizabeth and Laura.

After gifts it was time for dessert. Of course there were plenty of grandma's delicious Christmas cookies to go around. The "æblekage" was the main dessert. It was a soft apple cake mixed with buttery bread crumbs and topped with whipped heavy cream and dollops of red jam on the top. As children we weren't all that fond of it except that a prize (usually a box of candy) was awarded to the person who found an almond hidden in their piece of cake. We would take our forks and smush the cake around just to look for the almond. I seem to recall a disproportionate number of years that Donald won the prize which I find a little suspicious. Let's just leave it at that!

I get melancholy thinking about those days. Even traditions that Kenny and I started years ago with our girls are no longer. The girls have their own families now and their own traditions. That will change in time for them as well when their children have girlfriends who become wives and boyfriends who become husbands just as it did in our family. But in the end it's all good. The more the merrier!

Christmas 1969 was a sad time for us. Grandpa died on Christmas Eve at the age of 87. Shortly after the holidays, Kenny brought up the idea of taking grandma on a trip to Denmark. Because I don't like to travel, I was conflicted. On one hand I knew it would be a trip of a lifetime for her since she hadn't been back to Denmark in almost 50 years. On the other hand I was thinking that we had just purchased our house (could we afford the trip?); Sarah was just 2 years old (should we leave her?); and all sorts of ridiculous reasons to justify not going. In the end there really was only one choice. Grandma was almost 90 years old but still in good health. The time was now or never. She would be reunited with her sister Marie and with all of her nieces and nephews whom she had corresponded with throughout the years. We proposed the idea to grandma and she was thrilled about the prospect of spending two weeks in her homeland. Grandma contacted her nieces and nephews all of whom were delighted she was coming and they began planning for her arrival.

In July 1970, we boarded an SAS airliner at JFK Airport in New York and headed to Denmark with grandma in tow. This was back in the day when airline travel was actually pleasant. Several hours into the flight, we were given a printed dinner menu which was adorned with paintings by Scandinavian artist Øyvind Hansen. The paintings reflected traditional clothing worn centuries ago in Scandinavia. Our dinner consisted of hors d'oeuvres, breast of capon in a dill sauce, risotto, and early June peas. This was followed by a pineapple and strawberry coupe. How times have changed. Today when traveling you have to eat before you board the plane or bring your own food.

After the overnight flight, we arrived at Kastrup Airport in the morning and were greeted by family members. Grandma left with them to start her visiting while Kenny and I proceeded on to Brussels and Amsterdam. After 5 days, we returned to Copenhagen, a truly beautiful city. Our hotel on Hans Christian Andersen Boulevard was within walking distance of many of the sights in Copenhagen. We enjoyed walking the Strøget (a pedestrian way with many delightful shops, bakeries and restaurants); having dinner at Tivoli Gardens and watching the Changing of the Guard at Amalienborg Palace, the winter home of the royal family. We also explored Rosenborg Slot which was built in the early 1600's and houses the crown jewels. On the property of Fredriksborg Palace (located north of Copenhagen in Hillerød) are the stunning, well-manicured palace gardens.

The Vadstrup and Rasmussen families were extraordinarily hospitable to us as we visited and literally ate our way across Denmark. While in Copenhagen, we stayed for a night or two with Ebba Hansen,

daughter of my grandmother's oldest sister Ellen. She lived on the third floor of Flensborggade 30, a five story brick walk up that was her childhood home. She took us to a smørrebrød shop where we were treated to open faced sandwiches that were really too beautiful to eat. A true art form. We were Ebba's guests one evening for dinner in Copenhagen's city square at one of the fanciest restaurants we have ever dined in. So fancy, in fact, there was a violinist serenading the patrons.

Grandma's sister Ellen's only son, Henri Hansen and his wife, Dora who lived outside of Copenhagen, invited us to dinner at their home. Their daughter Lise Marquard Hansen and her family and their son, Kjeld Marquard Hansen were there as well. Grandma and her sister, Marie enjoyed catching up with their nephew, Henri and visiting with his children.

I remained in contact with Ebba for many years through letters she would write in Danish to my mother who would translate them for me. Mom would send my reply in Danish. Ebba could speak English but writing was a different matter. A couple of years after our trip, Ebba came to the US for a visit.

Grandma's sister Marie's oldest son, Erik Spang-Larsen, a barrister in Copenhagen, and his wife, Asta welcomed us to their lovely home for dinner. We had never before been to someone's house who had wait staff. It was enjoyable meeting his two sons Søren Spang-Larsen and Poul Spang-Larsen.

We toured with grandma in Århus, the city where she was born and grew up at Jægersgaardsgade 50. Our favorite part of the trip, however, happened next when we headed to Samsø – a breathtakingly beautiful island free from the hustle and bustle of the rest of the world. A place where our Vadstrup and Rasmussen families had their beginning; a place some in our family are still fortunate to call home. Grandma's and Grandpa's nephew Søren picked us up at the ferry and gave us a tour around the island showing us some of the lovely sights.

I can't recall each and every person that we met - there were so many and it was long ago. They are our "double" relatives – two Vadstrup girls (Ane Kathrine and Meta) married two Rasmussen brothers (Jakob and Søren). Grandma was thrilled to see, and we were happy to meet, all six of Ane Kathrine and Jakob's children – Signe, Maja, Søren, Anna, Ragnhild and Jørgen. Each and every one of them and their children couldn't have been nicer to us. Every day while on the island, we were invited to multiple homes. Signe served us a delicious pot roast dinner with the world famous Samsø potatoes. We thought it was so sweet of her to also serve potato chips with the meal so we would feel at home. I guess the Danes think we eat a lot of chips (and we do.)

We stayed at Ragnhild's home and I immediately took a liking to her. I remember the bed we slept in had a down, feather mattress. While staying with Ragnhild, we met her daughters Grethe and Tinne and their families. We had such a good visit with them that in 1976 Ragnhild, Tinne and Tina's daughter Birgitte came to the U.S. for a visit. Grandma was very happy that Ragnhild would be staying with her. Tinne and Birgitte (who was about the age of Sarah and Elizabeth) stayed with us and we had a fine time.

Being that it was July, the nights were very short. The sun probably set around 10:00 p.m. and began to rise early around 4:00 a.m. That was good for the farmers who could work in the fields before the sun got too hot. We went to one of the nieces or nephews homes for a hearty breakfast. The farmers were ready for a break after putting in several hours of work. We were served an assortment of meats, cheeses, tomatoes, fruit, delicious pastries and a table full of other goodies.

Anna, grandma's niece, was a kind, sweet soul. We struck up a friendship and corresponded (in English) with one another over the years. We kept each other updated on happenings in the family. We met grandma's other niece Maja and her nephew Jørgen and his lovely wife Martha.

We returned home happy that we were able to give grandma the opportunity to create new memories of her beloved family and for us the chance to get to know people who were family from the instant we

met. Grandma enjoyed herself so much that two years later she traveled back to Denmark with her youngest sister, Margrethe and her husband Marius Jacobsen, for an extended period.

My much beloved grandmother died on August 4, 1979, (the same day and year her sister Marie died in Copenhagen) at the age of 98 after having lived a full life. Her passing left a terrible void in my life that could never be filled. I never remember her raising her voice; she never scolded me (although I'm sure there were plenty of opportunities); she was always kind and loving. I only have wonderful memories of her. She was truly my second mother.

The trip to Denmark is what sparked my interest in genealogy; wanting to know who I was; where I came from and more about these wonderful people we had just met. Through our mutual interest in genealogy, I have been fortunate to become friends with Anna's youngest son, Jørgen Mortensen and with Jørgen Rasmussen's granddaughter, Ann Lisbeth Rasmussen-Gumm.

We had the opportunity to meet and spend time with both of them in June 2013. Lisbeth flew to New York and then came by bus to Hartford where she stayed with us. We hosted a family dinner where she was able to meet our daughters Sarah and Elizabeth and their families; my cousin Don and his wife Barbara; my cousin Judy and her husband Dave; Raymond Jacobsen and his wife Barbara and Robert Jacobsen and his wife Helen (sons of Margrethe and Marius Jacobsen). Lisbeth returned to New York City where her father Hans Rasmussen (son of Jørgen and Martha Rasmussen) joined her for a few days of sightseeing. At the end of the week, we traveled with Don and Barbara to the home of Jørgen's brother, Viggo Mortensen in Cape Vincent NY. Lisbeth and Hans joined us as well as Jørgen and his wife Birgit who traveled from Arizona. It was a wonderful weekend. I have vague memories of Viggo coming to visit grandma and grandpa in the 1950's and early 1960's. Since he lived in Argentina and traveled the world for business, they thought it was special that he would take time from his busy life to visit with them.

One of the highlights of the weekend, was the very special meal that Viggo prepared for us. The table was set with beautiful china with different hunting scenes depicted on the dinner plates as well as an antique candelabrum decorated with small danish flags. Viggo outdid himself preparing this wonderful meal. We started with smørrebrød – very dark bread topped with thinly sliced smoked salmon and garnished with cucumber and dill. The next course was braised venison (Viggo's own) which was marinated in wine and served with elderberry and blueberry sauces; Brussels sprouts and whole small potatoes which reminded us of Samsø potatoes. Dessert was a delicious lemon cheesecake, made by Jørgen, served with fresh raspberries and blueberries. After dinner we toasted with cognac served in glasses presented to Viggo by the King of Denmark. Barbara and I felt almost royal toasting with those glasses. Viggo's son Walter joined us for the meal and we all enjoyed visiting with him. The time we spent together came to an end all too quickly.

I hope some day we'll be able to return to Denmark with our daughters and their families so they can see for themselves what a special place Denmark is - surely the "happiest place on earth".

My appreciation for my heritage has only grown over time and I'm proud to be part of such an amazing group of people. Tak for minderne!

Family – where life begins and love never ends.

3.5. Memories by Don Coppen

Visit to Denmark and the Vadstrup-Rasmussen Family Reunion on Samsø 2013

Donald Coppen

Grandson of Meta Vadstrup and Søren Rasmussen

In the summer of 2013, my wife Barbara and I set out for 3 weeks to visit Denmark for the first time to not only see as much of the country as possible, but also to attend the Vadstrup-Rasmussen Family Reunion on the island of Samsø.

We spent four days in Copenhagen first. Our favorite sights were the Rosenborg Slot, the Changing of the Guard at Amalienborg Palace, the beautiful Christiansborg Palace, the National Museum, and the Netto-Badine Canal Boat Tour. Also Tivoli Gardens was especially beautiful at night. After leaving Copenhagen we rented a car for the rest of our trip. Some of our favorite places were Kronborg Castle in Helsingør, Frederiksborg Slot in Hillerød and the beautiful Roskilde Domkirke in Roskilde.

We then met up with Lisbeth Rasmussen-Gumm, great granddaughter of Trine Vadstrup who was the sister of the four Vadstrup siblings who emigrated to the US in the early 1900s. Together we went to the two places in Tornved and Faurbo near Kalundborg that in the period 1913-1922 had been owned and farmed by my grandparents Søren Rasmussen and Meta Vadstrup. The people living there now greeted us with open arms, not only showing us the house but also pictures of what it looked like when Søren owned it. Such friendly people. That night we were guests at Lisbeth's parents' house for dinner. What a lovely house and gardens Hans and Elna have.

The next morning we drove to Kalundborg for the 2 hour ferry trip to Samsø. Lisbeth, her parents, and her brother and his family were also on board. On Samsø we stayed at the Vadstrup 1771, an inn at the site of Vadstrupgaard once owned by Rasmus Rasmussen around 1760. It is now owned by Rie Toft, a woman who is a rather well known European artist and sculptor. She is a wonderful hostess. We also got to meet another great grandchild of Trine Vadstrup, Viggo Mortensen for the first time because he and his son were in the room next to us. The Reunion was held in a huge tent at a campground overlooking the ocean. It was attended by almost 200 people, out of whom we knew 3, Lisbeth and her parents, but after that day was over we felt that we knew a lot more. Everyone was so friendly and interesting. We spent all day there and tried to talk to as many people as we could. The lunch and dinner with the traditional Danish songs were great. Viggo was kind enough to come over and translate for us. We spent quite a bit of time with Morten Holm and his wife Hanne Lise, and Lisbeth's brother Lars Rasmussen and his wife Line, their daughters Laura and Karoline, and son Johan. Wonderful kids. Just a great day!!!

The next day Barbara and I spent driving around the whole island. It is such a beautiful place. No hustle and bustle, just such a calming atmosphere. On our last day on the island we met Lisbeth and Tinne Finneman Bruun (Trine's grandchild) in Brundby and they took us to a farm house built in 1911 and lived in by Søren and Meta until 1913. The owners welcomed us in and showed us the whole property and pictures of it in the 1920s. That afternoon we had lunch with Morten Holm and Hanne Lise on the patio of their lovely house in Brundby. That night we had dinner with Lisbeth and her brother's family at their rental cottage. A terrific last night, but also sad that we had to leave in the morning.

We left the next morning on the ferry to Århus. We visited the Cathedral where my grandmother and her siblings born in Århus were christened. From there we went to Ebeltoft and Skagen at the tip of the peninsula. From there we drove to Silkeborg to the museum to see Tollund Man (well preserved from 350 BC in a peat bog). Next it was on to Ribe to see the Domkirke and to spend the night at the Dagmar Hotel, the oldest hotel in Denmark. After that we went to Odense and then to Fåborg where we stayed in the Hvedholm Slot, a castle existing from the 1200s. Our last few days were spent on the isles of Ærø and Møn in the south.

It was a wonderful trip, which I will never forget because of the beauty of the country, the friendliness of the people, the fantastic experience at the Reunion on Samsø, but mostly because it was our last long trip together due to the passing of my sweet and wonderful wife Barbara in July of 2014. I really hope to go back again sometime soon.

3.6. Jørgen Mortensens erindringer

3.6. *Memories by Jørgen Mortensen*

Fra Havrelykkegaard i Snekkerup til Tucson i Arizona

Jørgen Mortensen

Barnebarn af Ane Kathrine Rasmussen — Grandson of Kathrine Rasmussen

Efter deres bryllup den 1. April 1928 slog mine forældre, Anna og Charles Mortensen sig ned på den nyerhvervede Havrelykkegaard på Midtsjælland. Her blev vi seks søskende født: Viggo 1929, Henry 1930, Inge 1932, Karen 1935, Jørgen 1936 og Tulle 1939. Under vor opvækst var der for det meste også to karle og to piger i husholdningen, så det var et ret livligt sted. Med aldersspredningen var de ældste søskende ude af skolen og ude at tjene, før de mindste var begyndt. Vi var altså ikke en flok af 6 legekammerater på samme udviklingstrin og med de samme interesser, men der var et godt sammenhold, som fortsatte i vort voksne liv. Desværre faldt Henry allerede bort i 2007. Med ham forsvandt også en stor del af den mundtlige overlevering af store og små begivenheder og pudsigheder fra vor fælles fortid. Selv efter længere adskillelse, var det altid let at tage tråden op og genopfriske tidligere hændelser, gamle skrøner og lokale vitser, som udenforstående nok ville finde mere slidte end egentlig morsomme. Vor ældste bror, Viggo døde i foråret 2017 efter et langt, eventyrlystent og meget aktivt liv. Selv om han levede i udlandet det meste af sin tid, holdt han god og hyppig kontakt med resten af familien. Det var altid en oplevelse at besøge ham i Cape Vincent i det nordlige New York på hans gård, som han i sin pensionisttilværelse forvandlede til en lille naturperle.

Hukommelse er nok for en stor del, det man *tror*, man husker. Et eksempel: I dagene, efter jeg blev født, tog min mors gode veninde, min gudmoder Alva sig af min pleje. Jeg præsterede i omklædningsprocessen at sende en stråle i en en flot bue op i fadet med det rene vand. Jeg husker og ser det hele klart for mig! Eller

Married on April 1 1928, my parents settled on the newly acquired farm Havrelykkegaard in the middle of Sjælland and that is where we six siblings were born: Viggo 1929, Henry 1930, Inge 1932, Karen 1935, Jørgen 1936, and Tulle (Anna Margrethe) 1939. Most of the time, there would also be two farmhands and two domestic maids making our home a rather lively place. Given the age difference, the older siblings would be out of school having jobs away from home before the younger ones had started in school. We were not six playmates at the same stage of development and common interests and hobbies, but there was a good sense of sticking together, continuing during our adult lives. Much too early, Henry passed away in 2007. He took with him much of the oral handing down of events and drolleries from our common past. Even after longer periods of separation it was always easy to pick up the thread to revive old incidents, tall stories and local jokes, which outsiders surely would find more odd than entertaining. Our oldest brother, Viggo died in the spring of 2017 after a long, adventurous and active life. As an adult he spent most of his time abroad but maintained frequent contact with the family in Denmark. It was always exiting to visit him in Cape Vincent, upstate New York at his farm, which he turned into a pearl of nature during his retirement.

Memory is a tricky thing, often reflecting what we *believe* we remember. An example: In the days after I was born, my Mother's good friend and my godmother, Alva helped taking care of me. During changing, I managed to send a perfectly arched ray of water into the washbasin. That I clearly remember or rather,

rettere, mine søskende mindede mig ofte om begivenheden, hvilket afstedkom nogen forlegenhed, men de sørgede for at cementere oplevelsen solidt i min "hukommelse".

Men hvad er det første, man *virkelig* kan huske fra sin tidlige barndom? For mit vedkommende mener jeg, det er 2. Verdenskrigs udbrud og besættelsen af Danmark i april 1940, da jeg var godt 3 år gammel. Uden at forstå, hvad der virkelig foregik, gjorde det et stort indtryk, at mine to brødre kom tidligt hjem fra skolen, efter at lærer Simonsen havde samlet eleverne og forklaret, at Danmark var blevet besat. At det var noget meget alvorligt, fattede jeg, da de fortalte, at lærer Simonsen havde grædt, mens han gav dem den sørgelige nyhed. Fra denne periode husker jeg også, at jeg fra min seng i mine forældres soveværelse ofte så min far fuldt påklædt midt om natten, stående ved vinduet, mens han kiggede op mod de brummende krigsmaskiner, der fløj lavt hen over området.

Vi kom ret lempeligt igennem krigsårene og voksede op på en gård, der kunne forsyne os med de fleste nødvendige fødevarer. Livet gik videre, selvom vi klart opfattede, at noget var helt forkert. Jeg mindes, at tyske soldater én eller to gange ransagede gårdens bygninger. En af de ulemper, vi egoistiske børn klagede over, var de forskellige kreationer, min mor og hendes mor lavede af allehånde materialer for at holde tøj på kroppen af os, f.eks. sweaters strikket af syntetisk, nylonagtigt selvbindergarn – virkelig meget tyngende.

På befrielsesaftenen den 4. maj 1945 var mange venner samlet hos mine forældre, og glæden var naturligvis stor, da budskabet kom via radioen. Men det gjorde et større indtryk på mig, at Alva begyndte at græde og forlod stuen. Da min mor fulgte efter hende ud i køkkenet, listede jeg med og fandt ud af, at Alva var sønderknust, fordi hun vidste, at de to finske drenge, Seppo og Timo, som var i pleje og var blevet en del af hendes familie under krigen, nu

my siblings kept reminding me of the event, which I found embarrassing and tried to keep private. However, due to their mediation, it has remained solidly rooted in my "memory".

It leads to an attempt to establish the first thing one *really* remembers. For me it seems to be how I, at age 3 years and 3 months, perceived the outbreak of WWII and the German occupation of Denmark in April 1940. Without really understanding what was going on it made a profound impression that my brothers had been dismissed early from school. The Head Master, Simonsen, had explained to all the students that Denmark was now occupied by the Germans. I sensed this was a very serious thing when my brothers told that the teacher had cried when he informed them about the sad event. From those days, I also remember observing from my bed in my parents' bedroom my dad, fully dressed, standing at the window gazing at the roaring war machines flying at low altitude over the area.

Denmark made it through the occupation with less damage than so many other countries. And we grew up on a farm that provided the most important foodstuff. Life went on even if it was clear to us children that something was totally wrong. I remember German soldiers searching our house and the farm buildings. Among details, which we egoistic children complained about, was the outcome of the painstaking efforts by my mother and her mother to keep us with clothes, e.g. very heavy sweaters knitted with synthetic, nylon-like binder string.

On the eve of liberation, May 4, 1945, many friends were gathered at our home and the joy was immense, when the message was aired on the radio. But it made an even more important impression on me when Alva started crying and left the room. I sneaked after my mother into the kitchen when she followed Alva who was heartbroken. She knew that the two Finnish boys, Seppo and Timo, who had stayed with her during the war years and had become part

ville blive sendt hjem til Finland. Efter krigens afslutning boede en tysk pige, Christa hos os en overgang. Hun var en sød pige, men chokerede mig dybt den første gang jeg så hende uden den protese, der gjorde det ud for hendes ene ben, som hun havde mistet under krigen.

Skolegangen er noget, der gør et stort indtryk under opvæksten. Vi børn gik alle i Vigersted skole, som havde en to-årig forskole og fem klasser for de "store" børn. Der var skolegang hver anden dag. Geografi og regning var nok mine favoritfag. Religionsundervisning var der også. Den bestod for en stor del af at lære katekismus udenad, uden at fatte den fulde betydning af det, som senere skulle remses op. Vi lærte også salmevers udenad, og mange af teksterne og de dejlige melodier sidder stadigvæk fast. Der var ingen tvang m.h.t. det religiøse i vort hjem. Min mor var en flittig kirkegænger, min far for så vidt også. Det var imidlertid svært at få et greb om tingene, når et hovedbudskab i undervisningen var et uspecificeret påbud om at "frygte sin gud". De Ti Bud må siges at udgøre rimelige leveregler, men deres betydning blev dengang ikke gjort særlig klar, fordi den stakkels lærers opgave var at banke dem ordret ind i ens hoved uden at forklare deres egenlige indhold i et forståeligt sprog. Allerede dengang gav det også anledning til skepsis, når korstogsridderne fortræffelighed og uegenyttige handlinger blev fremhævet på linie med de kristne missionærers prisværdige indsats ved at rejse ud i verden og omvende de uoplyste, hedenske mennesker i de erobrede kolonier. Og jo mere man erfarer om de forbrydelser, undertrykkelser og krige, der er begået og stadig begås i religionens hellige navn, jo vanskeligere bliver det at forstå religion som en del af det etablerede, politiske magtsystem. Det forhindrer selvfølgelig ikke, at sider af det lokale samfundsliv og praktisk varetagelse af social virksomhed mange steder i verden understøttes af religiøse og kirkelige

of her family would now return to Finland. After the war, a German girl, Christa, stayed in our home for a long period. She was a very sweet girl, but she shocked me the first time I saw her not wearing the prosthesis making it out for the leg she had lost during the war.

Going to school is an important part of growing up. All of us were schooled in Vigersted with a two-year so called pre-school for children aged 7 to 9 and 5 additional classes for the older children. There were classes every second day, 3 times days a week. Geography and arithmetic were among my favorite subjects. Teaching religion focused on learning texts of the catechism by heart, not really grasping the meaning of what we were to reel off later. We also learned many psalms by heart and many of the texts and lovely melodies still stick. There was no forced practicing of religion in our home. My mother was a steady churchgoer, my father also but to a lesser extent. It was difficult to grasp the real content, the main and unvaried message in the classes being that one must "fear one's God". It seems that The Ten Commandments are sensible rules of conduct, but their basic meaning was not made very clear because it was the teacher's task to imprint them literally on our brains instead of elaborating on their actual significance. Already then, tacit skepticism was nurtured by the preaching of the crusaders excellence, emphasized on a par with the sheer altruism of people who traveled foreign, dark countries, converting heathens and primitive people into Christianity. The more one learns about crimes, oppressions and wars that have been committed in the holy name of religion, the more difficult it becomes to accept the influence of unconditional faith on politics and on how countries are governed. This, of course, does not contradict that many aspects of local life, social activities and charitable undertakings find significant support from religious

organisationer, der gør meget godt. En af forklaringerne på, at religionen ikke fik et godt tag i mange af min og senere generationer kan netop være, at dens praktisering ikke havde nogen tydelig sammenhæng med egnens virkelige liv. Der er utvivlsomt nogle eller mange, som har behov for noget "større" overjordisk eller overmenneskeligt at tro på til berigelse af deres tilværelse. Så længe det ikke fører til intolerance, upassende agitation eller åbenlys uforsonlighed, er der heldigvis god plads til alle. Moral og humanisme, eller hvad den rette betegnelse nu måtte være, skulle måske have en højere prioritet som generel lærdom i vore skoler?

Udover at udstikke nogle enkle, klare regler for ordenlig opførsel forfaldt vore forældre ikke til verbale belæring og anvendte mig bekendt aldrig "slående" argumenter i opdragelsen. Kun en enkelt gang, da vi gik og arbejdede sammen, åbnede min far op, filosoferede lidt og sagde, at mor og han anså en fri, grundtvigiansk opdragelse som det bedste. Uden at jeg dengang helt forstod det sagte, følte jeg alligevel, at der var blevet sat ord på den fornemmelse af tryghed og frihed, som prægede vort familieliv. Ordene faldt nogle år, før jeg som den sidste af de seks søskende fløj fra reden. Vi lugede roer, op og ned ad 220 favne lange rækker mellem vejen til Snekkerup og skovbrynet. Det var befriende at konstatere, at vi begge opfattede roelugning som en meget uinteressant og ret sur pligt. Når vi trængte til lidt adspredelse, mens vi sneglede os af sted langs roerækkerne, lavede vi ind imellem hovedregning på, hvilke svimlende indkomster, vi kunne opnå ved tænkte kombinationer af antal lugede rækker pr. dag og forskellige, urealistisk høje akkordpriser pr. luget favn, udtrykt i kr. med to decimaler.

organizations and churches. A reason why religion did not get a good and firm hold on many in mine and following generations is perhaps that there was no evident connection with actual, common life in the area. There is no doubt that some or many people need something bigger or more important to believe in or to lean on for enrichment of their daily being. As long as this does not lead to intolerance, ill-timed agitation and conflicts, there should be space for everybody. Maybe moral, ethics, humanism, or whichever the correct term, should enjoy higher priority as a teaching subject starting at a relatively early stage in our schools?

Apart from defining a few and clear rules of behavior our parents did not resort to extensive instructions and as far as I know they never used "striking" arguments in our upbringing. At one rare occasion, my dad philosophized a little when we were doing field work together, saying that he and mom preferred a liberal upbringing in the spirit of Grundtvig. At that time, I did not fully appreciate the remark, but I felt it closely related to the sensation of safety and freedom we all felt in our home. The words were let fall some time before I as the last of six siblings left home. We were hoeing fodder beets up and down the 220-fathoms long rows between the road toward Snekkerup and the edge of the wood. It was a relief to know that we both found hoeing an uninteresting and painful duty. Seeking some diversion at snail's pace along the rows of beets we would sometimes do mental arithmetic, figuring out the potential staggering daily earnings we would make combining an imaginary number of fathoms hoed with unrealistic rates per fathom, all in Danish Kroner calculated to the second decimal.

Lidt mere om skolegangen. Transporten til og fra skolen, tre km ud og tre km hjem igen, skete i lang tid til fods. Efterhånden lykkedes det at få komponeret et antal cykler, dog ikke nok til alle, men ved brug af en slags stafetløb-teknik kom alle op at køre. Første mand satte cyklen fra sig efter at have tilbagelagt omkring en halv km. Den gående kom op bag fra, steg på den parkerede cykel og overhalede den nu gående førstemand, cyklede et stykke fremad, stillede cyklen og fortsatte til fods, og så fremdeles. I en lang periode var det ikke til at få cykeldæk og slanger. Fælgene var derfor udstyret med "faste ringe", f.eks. strimler skåret ud af gamle bildæk eller andet materiale for hånden. At det var bedre end at køre på metalfælgene, siger sig selv – på det tidspunkt var størstedelen af skolevejen stenet og gruset – men konstruktion havde dog ikke megen støddæmpende eller lyddæmpende virkning. Dette plus cyklernes sammensætning af mange umage dele, kædeskærme når det gik højt, høje og lave styr, o.s.v. var årsagen til, at disse hybrid-køretøjer fik mange "kælenavne" som f.eks. Gedebukken og Skærveknuseren. I mit første skoleår var jeg mange gange heldig at komme til forskolens indgang sammen med Henry, som da var i ældste klasse og skulle et lille stykke videre hen til hovedskolen. Han var allerede dengang stor og stærk, og jeg var godt stolt, når han uden anstrengelse med et snuptag løftede mig over stakittet og satte mig ned i skolegården.

Sommerudflugten fra skolen i Vigersted til Vrangeskov ved Haraldsted Sø var en stor fest. Mange forældre deltog, mændene spillede kegler, damerne forberedte det kulinariske, mens børnene legede på de stejle skænter ned mod søen, gyngede, vippede eller kørte i den store karussel, der på skift blev drevet ved hånd- og benkraft af børnene selv oppe fra karussellens platform i en hesteomgang-lignende indretning.

A little more about the years in school. For many years, the commute, 3 km out and 3 km home, was on foot. In time, we succeeded in getting together a number of bikes, however not one for each of us. Using a sort of relay technique, everybody managed to get a ride. The first person would bike about half a km and then leave the bike at the wayside. The next person would walk up from behind, mount the parked bike, pass the now walking sibling, bike a distance forward, park the bike and continue ahead on foot, and so on. For a long period bike tires and inner tubes were not available. The rims were then equipped with strips cut out of old car tires or other material. It goes without saying that it was better than driving on the metal rims on the stony dirt road, but the construction did not provide much in the form of shock absorption or noise reduction. These facts plus the bikes being made drivable by combining many odd parts, chain guards being pure luxury, high or low handlebars, and so on caused these hybrid vehicles to be given various pet names such as the Stonebreaker and the Billy-Goat. During my first year in school, I sometimes arrived at the pre-school entrance at the same time as my brother, Henry who attended the top class a little farther down the road. Already then, he was tall and strong, and I could not conceal how proud I was when he effortlessly hoisted me over the fence and down in the schoolyard.

The annual school outing to Vrangeskov near Lake Haraldsted was an eagerly anticipated event. Many parents came along, the men went to the skittle alley, the ladies occupied with their culinary duties, while the children played on the steep shores of the lake, enjoyed the seesaws and dizzying swings, or rode the merry-go-round, which was powered by the children, taking turns on moving a horse-walk-like huge wheel on the top platform.

Skolens Juletræ 3. Juledag var også én af årets mærkedage. I nogle år gjorde det mig lidt forstemt, at denne fest tog noget af glansen fra min egen fødselsdag og begrænsede fejringen derhjemme. Humørtermometeret steg dog flere grader, da jeg efter et godt råd vandrede rundt blandt juletræfestens voksne deltagere med fremstrakt hånd (den hulede håndflade vendt opad) og bekendtgjorde, at det var min fødselsdag. Det blev til en del 25-Ører.

Efter femte klasse i Vigersted var Tulle og jeg heldige at blive optaget på den ny Centralskole i Borup. Vi lærte meget i Vigersted, men endnu mere i Borup, hvor vi gik i skole hver dag og efter fire år fik realeksamen. Turen var længere, syv-otte km, men det var for det meste en dejlig cykletur ud igennem skoven og videre forbi Grønholtsgården og Svenstrup med den flotte hovedbygning. Tysk og engelsk var interessante nye fag i tillæg til grundfagene, og lærerne var dygtige og venlige – måske med undtagelse af en ældre religionslærer med slet skjulte sadistiske tilbøjeligheder. Han betragtede tilsyneladende korporlig afstraffelse som et af undervisningens grundelementer. Øretæver delt ud uden indlysende, påviselig årsag var almindelige. Han drev det engang så vidt som til at hive en af vore kammerater i øret, til det over et kort stykke revnede fra hovedet. Hvordan han slap af sted med det uden påtale eller fyring, er mig stadig en gåde – måske fordi autoritetstro afholdt forældrene fra at protestere? Alt i alt var skolegangen i Borup dog en meget god oplevelse, der ikke kunne forpurre af kraftige advarsler til min mor fra en af byens nabokoner, som erklærede, at skolegang udover hveranden dag i syv år havde den virkning, at børnene blev umanerligt dovne! Ak ja.

Konflikter var der selvfølgelig også mellem os fra den ”forkerte” side af skoven og nogle af de andre fra Borups nære og østlige opland. På et tidspunkt udviklede det sig til lidt af en

The School Christmas Party on the third day of Christmas, was also considered a red-letter event. For some years, it bothered me a little because it took the shine out of my birthday celebration at home. However, spirits rose by following someone’s good piece of advice, namely going around to adult party attendants, the hollowed palm of my outstretched hand turned upward, and announcing my birthday. The return was a good number of quarters.

Following fifth grade in the school of Vigersted, Tulle and I got the chance to attend high school in Borup. We learned a lot in Vigersted, and a good deal more in Borup, going to school every week day and graduating after four years. The distance to school increased to about 8 km, but we enjoyed the bike ride through the forest, past Grønholtsgaard and the Svenstrup estate with its beautiful main building. German and English were new subjects and the teachers were good and friendly – except for an elderly religion teacher who did nothing to conceal his sadistic inclination. He considered corporal punishment an integral part of his teaching activity. Boxes on the ear were commonly handed out, most often for no apparent reason. He once took it very far, pulling a classmate’s ear so hard that its lower part was torn from the head. It is beyond me how he got away with it without the parents’ complaining or himself being fired – probably because fear of official “authorities” was still a deeply engrained in most people? Anyway, the school years in Borup were a great experience, which could not be thwarted by a neighbor wife seriously warning my mother that school attendance beyond seven years resulted in terribly lazy children!

Of course, conflicts among the students arose now and then, e.g. between us novices coming from the “wrong” side of the forest and those from Borup and its eastern catchment area. At a

bandekrig efter skoletid. Jeg havde svært ved at forstå begrundelsen for at lave organiserede overfald på vore ellers gode klassekammerater og meldte mig ud af foretagendet. Der røg så nogle af mine gamle venner, som i en periode derefter afstraffede mig, når de kunne indhente og omringe mig på vej hjem fra skolen. Min modstand mod at deltage i bandekrigen skyldtes delvis, at jeg i disse efterkrigsår havde læst noget om pacifisme. Et venligt menneske belærte mig godt nok om, at pacifisme kunne være et uheldigt karaktertræk for sønnen af en god Venstre-mand, og at der endda kunne være en seriøs risiko for at blive etiketteret som tilhørende Det Radikale Venstre. Dengang havde jeg naturligvis ingen anelse om eksistensen af denne betydningsfulde verdensorden, og selv om tonen varslede situationens alvor, kunne jeg ikke bekvemme mig til at ændre mening. Men måske havde mine jævnaldrende ret, når de påstod, at jeg bare var bange for øretæver (i sig selv et udtryk for en slags pacifisme?). Hvilken forklaring, der er rigtig, er nok uden betydning. Det eneste sikre resultat viste sig at være slagsmål og øretæver, hvad end jeg gjorde.

Tiden gik hurtigt hjemme på gården. Vi var med i landbruget, når der var behov for det, og vi kunne magte tingene. Sammen med søskende og legekammerater havde vi en dejlig tumleplads med masser af hemmelige steder både ude og inde. Jeg tilbragte mange timer i skoven, som gården grænsede op til og kendte efterhånden hvert et træ og hver en sti i Hestehaven og Ærtebjergskoven. Specielt holdt jeg af de kæmpestore, gamle bøgetræer. Tørvemosen, som blev gravet for at skaffe brændsel og indtægter under og efter krigen, var også et paradys med mange muligheder. På vej ud til "øen" i midten af mosen passerede man et lavvandet hjørne med masser af dunhammer. Der stod normalt en kæmpestor, gammel gedde, lurende i vandskorpen. Når

time, a veritable racketeering took place after school hours. I found it difficult to understand the reason for assaulting classmates and otherwise good friends and I withdrew. That meant losing some of my old friends, who during a subsequent period punished me when able to catch up with me on the way back home from school. My aversion to bodily fighting was partly inspired by having read something about pacifism during the years following WWII. A kind person did tell me that pacifism could be a less adequate trait for the son of a loyal member of the political party, Venstre. I even risked being labeled a supporter of the Radikale Venstre. At that time, I had no idea about the existence of this important "world order", and in spite of the serious tone of the words I could not bring it to myself to change my attitude. But it could be that my peers were right when saying that my behavior was simply dictated by my fear of getting hurt (expressing a kind of pacifism in itself?). To determine, which was the correct explanation is probably of no great importance. Whatever I did, fighting and beatings proved to be the only guaranteed outcome.

The days home at the farm passed quickly. We had our assigned daily chores. With our friends we exploited the possibilities of making all kinds of games in the farm buildings and in the surroundings. I spent much time in the forest adjacent to the fields, as time went on becoming familiar with almost every path and tree in Hestehaven and Ærtebjergskoven. The gigantic old beech trees were my special favorites. A peat bog, dug out during and after the war to provide fuel and some income, was another small world of possibilities. To get to the "island" in the middle one had to pass a small, shallow inlet with a dense growth of bulrush. There, just beneath the surface a huge pike would most often be lying in wait. Aroused by our passing by it would open its

man forstyrrede den, åbnede den sit uhyggelige gab og plaskede så voldsomt i vandet, at ens hjerte røg op i halsen. En dag fandt vi den med bugen opad, død af alderdom. Jeg har stadig et foto, der viser, at den virkelig var en kleppert.

På den tid bevægede en hel del skærslippere sig rundt på vejene med deres overlæssede trillebøre udstyret med foddrevne slibestene. Hvor meget, de egentlig tjente på at skærpe knive og sakse, ved jeg ikke, men det har næppe været de store summer. Det vigtigste bidrag til livets ophold har sikkert været fri kost og logi, som de sikrede sig, efterhånden som de bevægede sig frem. Jeg indrømmer gerne, at jeg var utryk ved nogle af dem, som overnattede hos os. Det skyldtes nok mest deres noget særegne påklædning og meget usøgnede fremtræden. En af dem, Marie, husker jeg dog også som værende temmelig brysk og uvenlig overfor os børn. Inden de gik til ro på halmloftet eller i laden, formanede min far dem om overholdelse af et sæt husregler og forlangte deres tændstikæske udleveret, så de ikke kunne stifte ildebrand. Dette ritual blev sikkert afspillet for også at dæmpe den utryghed, som vi mindre børn følte ved deres tilstedeværelse. Et spørgsmål til min far, om hvad der kunne ske, hvis der var skjulte tændstikæsker, blev ikke anerkendt som grundlag for yderligere samtale. Et særligt minde knytter sig til Carl Husar. Han var en af de jævnlige gæster, og blev som regel inviteret ind for at spise aftensmad sammen med os. Som det ofte var tilfældet, var der en sådan aften hjemmesyltede asier på bordet, serveret på den aflange asiet i form af en halv syltet asie med nogle strimler på forhånd skåret af fra den ene ende. Carl Husar bad nogen om at række sig asierne. I stedet for at tage en af de afskårne strimler læssede han det store udelte stykke, vel fire femtedele af hele portionen, over på sin tallerken. Derfra stammer udtrykket, Carl Husar Agurk, stadig brugt af nogle af os som betegnelse for overdrevent stor selvforsyning med mad fra serveringsfadet, der sendes rundt om bordet.

horrifying jaws and make a violent splash in the water, scaring us to death. One day, we found it lying bottom up, probably dead from age. I still have a photo showing that it really was a hefty fellow.

In those days, a good number of knife-grinders moved around on the roads with their wheelbarrows equipped with foot operated grindstones. It is not clear how much money they made sharpening knives and scissors, but it was hardly a lot. The more important source of subsistence was probably the free meals and lodging provided by their clients along the road. I must admit that I was not comfortable when they were allowed to sleep on the hayloft or in the barn. It was likely caused by their strange clothes and often very sloven appearance. One of them, I believe her name was Marie, was rather brusque and unkind toward us children. Before settling for the night, my dad enjoined on them a set of house rules and asked them to surrender their matchbox to eliminate the risk of a fire. I am sure this ritual was enacted also to lessen the apprehension caused by their presence, not least among the younger children. A question to my dad about what might happen if the guests had one or more hidden matchboxes was not recognized as the basis of further conversation about the subject. Special remembrance is attached to one of the vagrants, Carl Husar. He was one of the frequent visitors. Sometimes he was invited to join us at our supper table. As often was the case, a homemade, large preserved cucumber was at the table, served in the characteristic oval dish, a few small slices already cut off from one end. Carl Husar asked someone to pass the cucumber. Instead of helping himself to one of the cut-offs he loaded the large uncut part – probably about four-fifths of the whole portion – onto his plate. This was the launch pad for the expression, Carl Husar Cucumber, still used by some of us to denote exaggerated selfsufficiency when helping oneself to food from the dish being passed around the table.

Mine første erindringer om hårklipning dukker pludselig op til overfladen. At være hos barberen er jo for de fleste af hankøn en vigtig, tilbagevendende begivenhed det meste af livet. En uheldig sag er, at vi er mange, som med alderen må affinde os med frisørens krav om findeløn! Jeg har ingen erindring om, hvem der tog sig af at trimme mine krøller de første 4-5 år af min tilværelse, men mener at kunne konstatere eftervirkninger af de mentale men, jeg pådrog mig, da min hårpragts kultivering i første omgang blev gjort til genstand for kommerciel virksomhed. Når vi børn så kromandens Grethe på cykel forcere den lille stigning på Hovedvej 1, før den møder vejen mod Snekkerup, vidste vi, hvad der var i vente. Vi spredte os øjeblikkeligt og søgte hver for sig mod et af gårdens utallige gemmesteder. Det var dog en overkommelig opgave for vores mor og hendes assistenter i huset at lokalisere os, genne os sammen, foretage en kollektiv hårvask, der i hurtighed og effektivitet ikke stod tilbage for moderne tiders bilvaskautomater, samt at placere os i en ventelinie uden flugtmuligheder. Lidt baggrundsinformation er nødvendig for fuld forståelse af vor uvilje mod at blive underkastet Grethes skønhedskur. Hendes vigtigste instrument var en af de velkendte, manuelle klippemaskiner. Dens centrale mekanisme er to kamlignende metalplader, der ved sideværts bevægelser bringes til at udføre en sakselignede funktion. Ved påvirkning af klippemaskinens håndtag iværksatte Grethe kamskærenes tilsigtede bevægelsesmønster, hvorved hun var i stand til at organisere afkortning af hårmateriale indenfor de skarpslebne skæreblades operationsfelt. Om det skyldtes forkert justering af apparatets maskindele, manglende omhyggelighed ved deres slibning eller ukorrekt betjening fra operatørens side, kan ikke afgøres så mange år senere. Det er imidlertid en kendsgerning, at der i stedet for den ønskede sakseeffekt ofte skete det, at hårene blot blev fanget i klemme mellem

For some reason memories of haircuts suddenly surface. To most males, visiting the barber shop is an important recurring event during a life time. That many of us, when growing older, must put up with the barber's demand for finder's reward is a different matter! I do not remember who was in charge of trimming my curls during my first 4-5 years, but I am able to discern the mental aftershock incurred when cultivation of my locks was initially subjected to commercial activity. When we children spotted the innkeeper's Grethe on bike negotiating the small incline of Highway number 1 approaching the turn-off toward Snekkerup, we knew what was coming. We quickly scattered, seeking cover in the many hiding places in the buildings or surroundings on the farm. Still, it was within reach for our mother and her assistants in the house to locate and round up Grethe's clients, carry out a collective shampooing, speed and efficiency not inferior to that of modern day car wash facilities, and to place us in a waiting line from where all escape attempts were deemed to fail. Here a bit of technical background information may be needed for the full appreciation of our resentment against being exposed to Grethe's beauty treatment. Her principal tool was a hand operated clipper. Its central mechanism consisted of two comb-like metal plates, which by virtue of sideways movements were designed to emulate scissor functions. By pressing the handles of the clipper Grethe carried into effect the said motion of the clipper blades, theoretically creating the basis for organizing the shortening of hair material brought into the field of operation of the sharply honed edges of the blades. Today, it is not possible to determine, whether misguided adjustment of parts in the equipment, insufficient honing of the cutter blades, incorrect operation on the part of Grethe, or all of the above, caused the clipper's less than optimal function. In any case, it is a fact that instead of the desired scissor effect it often

skærebladene og derefter simpelt hen trukket ud af deres forankrede plads i hovedbundens hårsække. Det overlades til læseren at forestille sig smerteniveauet forårsaget af en sådan oprykningsproces udstrakt over flere minutter. Stærke hænder var nødvendige for at holde torturofret fast, indtil den ønskede udtynding havde fundet sted. Børneværnet blev vist aldrig alarmeret eller indblandet.

Heldigvis kom den dag, hvor man fik lov til selv at besøge den autoriserede barbersalon på Hovedvej 1 i Ortved. Uden moderne tiders hydrauliske hæve- og sænkemekanisme måtte barberstolen udstyres med både Fagbog og Navnebog fra KTAS for at bringe den unge kundes hoved og hår indenfor barberens bekvemme rækkevidde. Selvom denne polstring ikke var den mest behagelige, blev det hurtigt klart, at kommentarer var uønskede. Ligeledes skete der en skarp fordømmelse af det første – og sidste – forsøg på at liste en hånd ud under frisørslaget for at fjerne et lille stykke afskåret hår, der sad og kildede ubehageligt på næsetippen og truede med at bevæge sig op i det ene næsebor. Autoritetstro – ikke sandt? Senere, efter start på skolegang i Borup, blev jeg indrulleret som kunde i en salon på Hovedgaden hos ingen ringere end faren til barberen i Ortved, et valg som klart illustrerer den tids ubrydelige kundeloyalitet. De regelmæssige besøg var ikke særlig begivenhedsrige, og konversationen mellem ejer og klient må vel betegnes som værende tæt på det rudimentære. Min klareste erindring om sceancerne i denne periode er nok en kort ordveksling om en af barberens faste vaner. Een eller to gange pr. besøg trak han en spisestuestol hen til den høje runde kakkelovn i salonen, besteg stolesædet, rakte en hånd ind over det lille smedjærnsornament omkring ovnens top, bemægtigede sig en dér placeret ølflaske, tog et par slurke, hvorefter indslaget blev gennemført i omvendt rækkefølge. Adspurgt om fordelene ved det noget komplicerede arrangement forklarede han, at

occurred that hairs simply became stuck between the blades and after that, simply jerked out of their anchored positions in the follicles of the scalp. Imagine the level of pain caused by this brutal extraction process! It took strong hands to secure the tortured in the chair until the wanted thinning-out had been achieved. The Child Protection Services were never asked to intervene.

It was a great relief when the day came and you were allowed to bike to a regular barber shop in the next village. Lacking modern hydraulic elevation and lowering mechanisms, the client's chair had to be augmented with both the commercial and private persons' telephone directories, each about 5 inches thick, to bring the young customer's head and hair within a comfortable reach of the barber. Even if this "upholstery" made a rather uncomfortable seat it was made clear that comments were not wanted. Also, a sharp condemnation followed the first – and only – attempt to sneak a hand out from under the cape to remove a piece of cut-off hair tickling the tip of the nose and threatening to move into the nostril. Later, after starting to go to school in Borup, I was enrolled as a customer in a barber shop on the Main Street owned by the father of the owner of the earlier visited local barber shop, a choice clearly demonstrating the existence of unwavering customers' loyalty in those days. The visits there were not remarkable, and the conversations between owner and client were few and rather rudimentary. The most distinct remembrance of the visits during that period was an exchange of words about one of the owner's habits. Once or twice during a haircut, he would pull a dining chair up to the tall, round oven in the room, mount the seat of the chair, reach over the iron ornament on top of the oven, grab a there located beer bottle, take a couple of swallows and then repeat the movements in reversed order. Asked about the advantages of this somewhat complicated arrangement he explained that dehydration is

dehydrering bedst forebygges ved indtagelse af væske i form af øl med en perfekt temperatur, hvilket netop blev opnået ved flaskens placering på ovnens top. Udover denne forklaring husker jeg den karakteristiske kvalitet af hans ånde, når han igen bøjede sig over mig for at genoptage arbejdet.

Efter skolegangen havde jeg kun vage ideer om, hvad jeg på længere sigt ville foretage mig i mit voksne liv, måske fordi det lå i luften, at man blot kunne følge det normale mønster og blive landmand. Jeg begyndte da også med det samme den praktiske landmandsuddannelse først hjemme på gården, senere hos min bror Henry og svigerinde Aase, som havde forpagtet en gård i Hornsherred. Den lå skønt ved vandet, lige overfor Orø. Efter knap et par års militærtjeneste og knap halvandet år ved landbruget i staten New York i U.S.A. blev læretiden afsluttet med et halvt års ophold på Kærehave Landbrugsskole ved Ringsted.

Det skal ikke nægtes, at landbrugsarbejdet i begyndelsen af 1950'erne stadig var et hårdt fysisk slid uden nævneværdig mekanisering og automatisering af stald- og markarbejde. Et enkelt eksempel er roeoptagning, som da stadig foregik 100 % manuelt. I dagevis, i al slags vejr, krumbøjet, række op og række ned, trak man roer op med den ene hånd, huggede toppen af med den anden ved hjælp af en kort roekniv, roden til den ene side og toppen til den anden. Sådan var det bare, og man tænkte ikke nærmere over det. Det er kun ca. 65 år siden, at den virkelige tekniske revolution tog sin spæde begyndelse, da den lille grå Ferguson traktor dukkede op og snart kørte rundt på de fleste gårde. Dagens landmænd er vel sluppet for en del af den fysiske belastning, men tumler med store maskiner og tekniske installationer, og med krav om øget effektivitet for at kunne håndtere og finansiere produktion i stor skala.

Sådan ændrer tingene sig, ikke alene i landbruget, men i hele erhvervslivet og samfundet i øvrigt. Et eksempel er i dag at kunne skrive dette på en (allerede bedaget)

best prevented by intake of liquid in the form of beer of the right temperature, which was attained to perfection via placing the bottle on top of the oven. Besides this explanatory statement, I also recall the characteristic quality of his breath, when he again leaned over me to resume cutting my hair.

After high school, my ideas of how I wanted to spend the rest of my adult life were somewhat vague. It was in the air that I could follow the tradition and become a farmer. And so, the practical education started right away, for some time working at my parents' farm. Later, I became a farmhand with my brother Henry and his wife Aase at a rented farm, located in Hornsherred at the fiord across from Orø. Next, after a couple of years in the army and almost a year and a half at farms in the state of New York, the apprentice period ended with six months of theoretical schooling at Kærehave Landbrugsskole near Ringsted.

There is no denying that farm work in the 1950s was still rather grinding, absent the mechanization of work in the fields and barns as known today. One example is lifting of the fodder beets, then still a 100% manual activity. For days, in all kinds of Danish fall weather, bent down, row after row, the beets were pulled out of the ground with one hand, the leaves cut off with the other by means of a short beet knife, the root left to one side and the leaves to the other. That is how it was and it did not give rise to further reflections. At that time, some 60 years ago, a technical revolution started with the introduction of the grey Ferguson. The farmer of today is less encumbered with tedious and heavy work, but he must grapple with huge, complicated equipment and with increasing efficiency pressure to handle and finance the production on an ever increasing farm area and herd size.

That is how things change, not just in farming but in all areas of trade and in our daily life in general. An example is typing this on a (somewhat outmoded) computer, forgetting all

computer, uden bekymringer om farvebånd, karbonpapir, tidskrævende rettelser og ombytning af afsnit, email forsendelser uden brug af kuverter og frimærker, elektronisk arkivering o.s.v. Alt dette udenfor fantasiens grænser for ca. 65 år siden, da håndtering af en gammeldags skrivemaskine var en udfordring, og skrivearbejde stadig for det meste var baseet på den såkaldte grafit/cellulose teknik.

Teknisk udvikling medfører forbedringer af arbejds- og levevilkår, men også en lang række nye udfordringer til erhvervslivet, transport, kommunikation og andre dele af samfundslivet. Der tales for tiden meget om robotter, der stjæler arbejdspladser, førerløse biler, kunstig intelligens og meget andet kompliceret nyt. Det kan være fristende at afvise en del som tankespind og prøve at stritte lidt imod. Men det er nok mere realistisk at regne med, at der vil ske nydannelser af en natur og et omfang, vi ikke har fantasi til at forestille os. Ændringerne vil komme i stadigt stigende tempo, hvilket vil stille store krav til fleksibilitet og omskoling for bestridelse af meningsfulde jobs. Og hvordan vil det gå med det totale antal af arbejdspladser og mulighederne for at sikre indtjening og velstand for alle grupper i samfundet? Vigtige spørgsmål for politikere og andre beslutningstagere – men hvad har det med erindringer at gøre? Hurtigt tilbage til fortiden!

Efter fire år på Landbohøjskolen arbejdede jeg 1964-1997 for landbrugets organisationer på Axelborg i København. Det var en periode, med tekniske og strukturelle omvæltninger i landbruget, stærk nedgang i antallet af landbrug og heltidslandmænd og kraftig stigning i gårdenes arealer og besætningsstørrelser. Som eksporterhverv var dansk landbrug meget generet af øgede forhindringer for international handel. Eksportpriserne og landbrugets indkomster var lave og svingende, og erhvervet var præget af hyppige finansielle kriser. Politiske løsninger – landbrugsordninger – var nødvendige for at begrænse personlige tab og

about typewriter ribbons, carbon paper, and tedious corrections, switching paragraphs around, mailing without use of envelopes and stamps, doing electronic filing and so on. All of this was beyond imagination about 65 years ago, when handling of an old fashioned typewriter still represented a challenge and when writing most often was still based on the well known graphite-cellulose approach.

Many improvements of life come with technological changes, but they also entail new challenges for various trades, transport and, communication, and social life in general. At present, there is much talk about job stealing robots, driverless cars, artificial intelligence and other complicated innovations. It is tempting to resist and view such ideas as unrealistic futurism. However, future will bring about changes, which we cannot even imagine today. Further, changes will occur at accelerating pace, accentuating the need for re-education and re-training to hold down jobs. And what will happen to the total availability of jobs and safeguarding of reasonable incomes and living conditions for all groups of the society? These are important questions for future politicians and other decision makers to deal with. – Clearly, I now ended up on a wrong track, on to something not pertaining to memories. Therefore, fast backward to the past!

After four years at Landbohøjskolen, I worked during the years 1964-97 for Danish farmers' organizations at Axelborg in Copenhagen. This period saw significant technical and structural changes in agriculture. The number of farms and farmers declined dramatically while the individual farm acreage and herd size skyrocketed. The barriers for international trade were very harmful for the export oriented Danish agriculture, farmers' incomes were low and unstable, and serious financial crises were frequent. Various support arrangements became a necessity to limit personal losses and the forced sales of farms, to secure domestic food

tvangssalg af ejendomme samt for at sikre hjemmemarkedsforsyning og bevare eksport og valutaindtjening. Landbrugets organisationer arbejde var dermed defineret, selv om statsstøttet produktion kunne føles i konflikt med ideelle ønsker om fri international erhvervsudfoldelse. Men verden var jo ikke ideel, og med presset fra andre landes erhvervsbeskyttelse, toldmure og subsidier blev danske støtteordninger også nødvendige.

Efter en lang ventetid blev Danmark i 1972 omsider medlem af EU (dengang hed det EF eller Fællesmarkedet). Det medførte mange nye opgaver for både offentlige myndigheder og erhvervsorganisationer vedr. samordning af landenes meget forskellige landbrugspolitik. Det var nyt og spændende at arbejde direkte sammen med kolleger fra alle medlemslande om udviklingen mod et frit, internt marked. Selv om mange ynder at se EU's politik som udtryk for uvelkommen indblanding og bureaukrati, så er det værd at huske på, at EU har fjernet told og mange interne erhvervshindringer landene imellem og sikret fri samfærd og samhandel. Det er også lykkedes at opnå enighed med andre dele af verden om at forbedre vilkår for international handel og samarbejde. Mest positivt er det, at EU's opbygning har bidraget til at undgå strid og væbnede konflikter mellem vesteuropæiske lande, som desværre prægede udviklingen i hundredvis af år inden midten af 1900-tallet. UK's bebudede udtræden af EU er et uventet og hårdt tilbageslag, men forhåbentlig vil det ikke svække sammenholdet om den fælles politik mellem de andre 27 medlemslande eller det gode samarbejde mellem UK og resten af Europa.

Det var også i disse år, at min private familie blev til, og det var en stor glæde at se Anne-Dorte og Marianne vokse op, følge med i deres skoleliv og deltage i mange af deres andre aktiviteter. Det blev bl.a. til dejlige rejser til Polen, Tyskland, Holland, Belgien og England

supplies, and to maintain important export earnings. A large part of the farm organizations' activity was thereby defined even if many felt it conflicting with ideals of free international production and trade. But the world was not ideal and with the the pressure from protectionism, custom barriers and subsidized production in other countries there were no good alternatives to national, Danish support measures.

After a long waiting period, Denmark became a member of the EU in 1972 (at that time EC or the Common Market). It gave rise to many new activities for both government offices and for trade organizations related to the coordination and harmonization of individual countries' agricultural policies. It was interesting to work directly together with colleagues from other countries on the development toward an open internal market. Some find that the EU represents an unwelcome interference and an excessive source of red tape, but it is worth recalling that the EU has broken down custom walls and many impediments for business life across Europe and secured free trade and communication among people in 28 countries. It has also attained agreements on freer trade with many other parts of the World. Most important of all, the integration has contributed to a more peaceful Europe, which for hundreds of years before the middle of the 1900s saw frequent armed conflicts among the individual countries. The UK decision to leave the EU is a deplorable set-back. Hopefully, this will not lead to debilitation of the cooperation among the other 27 EU countries or of the good relationship and economically advantageous reciprocity between the EU and the UK.

The time after college was also when my private family came to be. It was great delight to see Anne-Dorte and Marianne grow up, to follow their school work and take part in many of their activities, among them wonderful tours with Ballerup School Orchestra, of which both

med Ballerup Skoleorkester, som de begge var medlemmer af. Ved 1980ernes begyndelse, da pigerne blev færdige med folkeskolen, var det desværre ikke muligt at holde sammen på ægteskabet med min første kone, Hanne, som døde i 1990.

Efter bopæl forskellige steder på Frederiksberg og en tid i Ballerup købte jeg et hus ved volden i Rødovre, hvor Birgit og jeg boede i den sidste del af vort arbejdsliv i Danmark. Det blev i den periode også til lange køreture og besøg i mange dejlige områder af Vesteuropa, mest Tyskland, Benelux, Frankrig og Spanien.

Efter pensionering fra arbejdet på Axelborg forberedte vi bopælskifte til Tucson i Arizona, hvortil vi ankom i april 1998. Både Marianne og Anne-Dorte var tidligere udvandret til Arizona. Birgits datter, Larisa boede dengang i Los Angeles, så de fleste i den nære familie var tæt på hinanden. Et studentervisum var basis for opholdstilladelse. Efter godt to år på skolebænken på University of Arizona i Tucson fortsatte jeg på deltid med forskellige forskningsopgaver indtil omkring 2010.

Vi har benyttet os af de gode muligheder for at besøge de mange storslåede natursområder i den vestlige del af USA, og det er også blevet til lange ture på lansdevejene til USA's østkyst og i Canada. Vi er faldet godt til her i Tucson og nyder det dejlige varme klima i et landskab præget af de store Saguaro-kaktus og andre ørkenplanter i dalene mellem de mange bjergkæder i den sydlige del af Arizona. Heldigvis har vi med mellemrum også mulighed for at besøge familien i Danmark.

were members, to Poland, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and the UK. Unfortunately, in the beginning of the 1980s when their time in public school was coming to an end it was no longer possible to continue the marriage with their mother, Hanne who died in 1990.

After living in various places on Frederiksberg and in Ballerup, I bought a house near the old ramparts in Rødovre, where Birgit and I lived during our last working years in Copenhagen. In that period, we made many road trips to wonderful areas in Europe, mostly Germany, Benelux, France and Spain.

Retiring from work at Axelborg, we prepared for a change of address to Tucson in Arizona in April 1998. By then, both Marianne and Anne-Dorte had emigrated to Arizona, and at that time, Birgit's daughter Larisa lived in Los Angeles so that most of the close family now was in the same region. A student's visa was my access to later getting a residence permit. After two years and a master's in economics from the University of Arizona I worked part-time on various research projects until 2010.

Since 1998, we have made good use of the chances to visit many of the magnificent natural wonders of the western USA and also made extensive road trips to the east coast and to Canada. We have settled in well in Tucson enjoying the nice and warm climate in an area marked by the grand Saguaro cacti and other interesting desert plants in the broad valleys between mountain ranges in the southern part of Arizona. At intervals, we are fortunate to be able to go visiting the family in Denmark.

AFSNIT 4

De syv Vadstrup søskendes aner

Ancestors of the seven Vadstrup siblings

4.1. Antal kendte forfædre

4.1. *Number of known ancestors*

Seks af de syv Vadstrup søskende, som nåede voksenalder, kom til verden i Århus. Den ældste, Ellen Gunnilde blev født, før familien flyttede fra Samsø, forældrenes fødeø. Mange generationer af deres forfædre var også indfødte samsingere.

Fra ældre optegnelser kender vi navnene på forfædre i de nærmeste anegenerationer. Den væsentligste kilde til oplysninger om alle anerne, er dog www.samsoeroots.dk. Denne database har nu registreret 125.000 personer med familiemæssig tilknytning til Samsø.

Six of the seven Vadstrup siblings who lived to become adults were born in Århus. The oldest, Ellen Gunnilde was born before the family moved from Samsø. Ancestors in many earlier generations had their roots on Samsø.

From diverse notes made in the past, we know the names of the ancestors in the most recent generations. However, the major source of ancestor information is www.samsoeroots.dk. This database now provides names and data for 125,000 persons with family links to Samsø.

Antal aner til de syv Vadstrup søskende

Number of known ancestors of the seven Vadstrup siblings

	Kendte <i>Known</i>	Alle positioner <i>All positions</i>	% dækning <i>% coverage</i>
Personen hvis aner undersøges – <i>proband</i>	1	1	100,0
Forældre – <i>parents</i>	2	2	100,0
Bedsteforældre – <i>grand parents</i>	4	4	100,0
Oldeforældre – <i>great grand parents</i>	8	8	100,0
Tip-oldeforældre – <i>2x great grand parents</i>	15	16	93,8
2x Tip-oldeforældre – <i>3x great grand parents</i>	23	32	71,9
3x Tip-oldeforældre – <i>4x great grand parents</i>	29	64	45,3
4x Tip-oldeforældre – <i>5x great grand parents</i>	37	128	28,9
5x Tip-oldeforældre – <i>6x great grand parents</i>	33	256	12,9
6x Tip-oldeforældre – <i>7x great grand parents</i>	6	512	1,2
7x Tip-oldeforældre – <i>8x great grand parents</i>	4	1024	0,3

Enhver person har en far og en mor, og antallet af positioner i anetræet fordobles derfor fra generation til generation. Kirkebøger, folketællinger og andre registre dækker kun en del af fortiden, og kendte aner udgør en faldende andel af det totale antal anepositioner, jo længere man går tilbage i tiden. De tidligst kendte registreringer vedrører de syv søskendes 7x Tip-oldeforældre, der var født i 1500-tallet; se oversigten på de næste sider. Bemærk at der mellem familielinier og anegenerationer kan findes gengangere forårsaget af ægteskaber mellem relativt nært beslægtede.

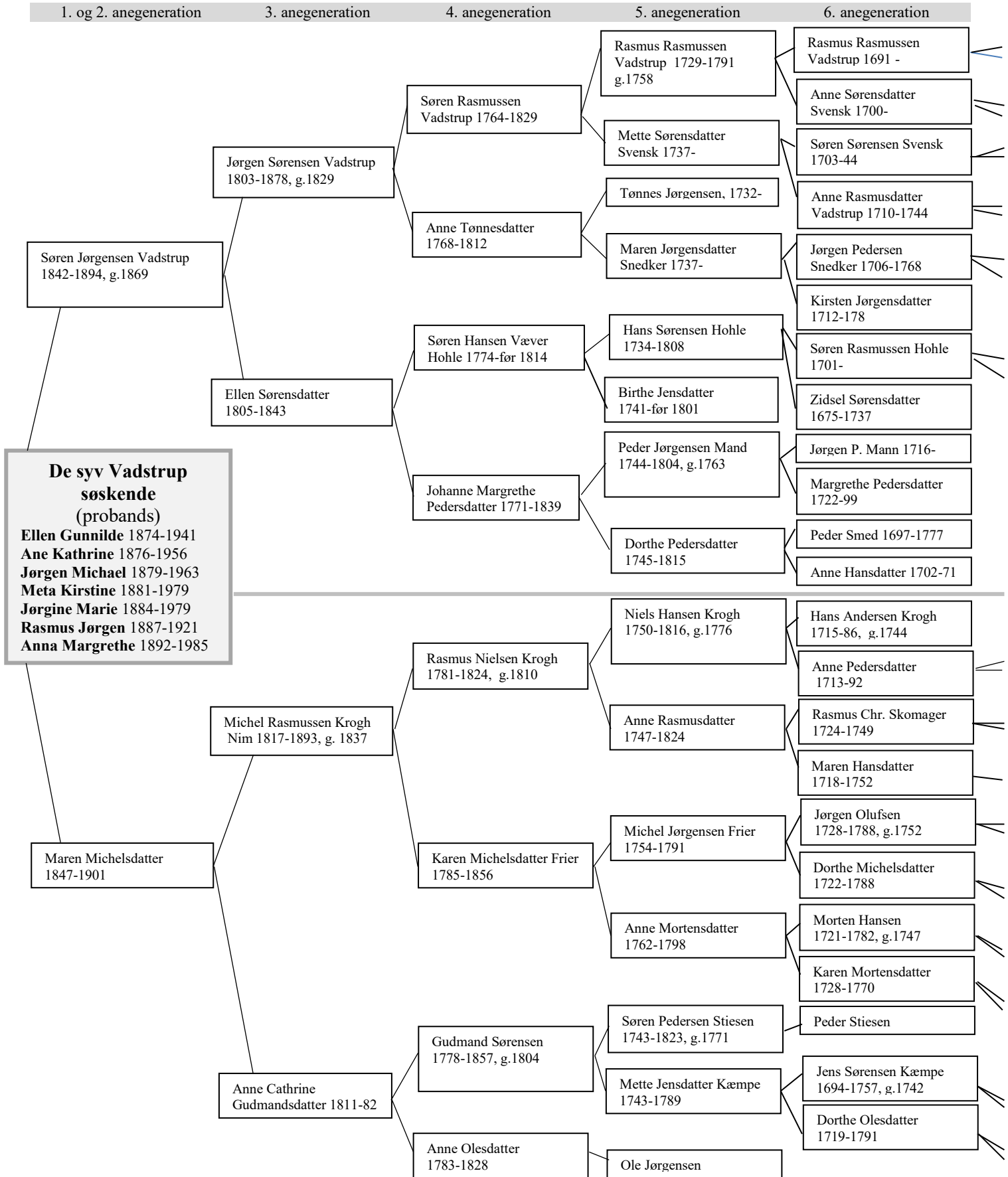
For at holde styr på relationerne mellem de mange personer i anetræet bruges det logiske nummerings system indført af den tyske slægtsforsker, von Stradonitz, forklaret i Familie Journal nr. 2, s.87.

Every person has a father and a mother. Therefore, the number of positions in the ancestor tree doubles from one generation to the next. Church books, population censuses and other records only go back so far. Actually known ancestors account for a falling share of the total number as you go back in time. The oldest ancestors were found in the 8x great grandparents generation, persons born in the 1500s; see the survey on the following pages. Note that some persons double in different ancestor positions caused by marriages between closely related family members.

The logical numbering system by the German genealogist, von Stradonitz is used to keep track of the kinships among the many individuals in the ancestor tree; see Familie Journal No 2, p. 87.

4.2. Anetavle for de syv Vadstrup søskende –

4.2. Ancestor table for the seven Vadstrup siblings



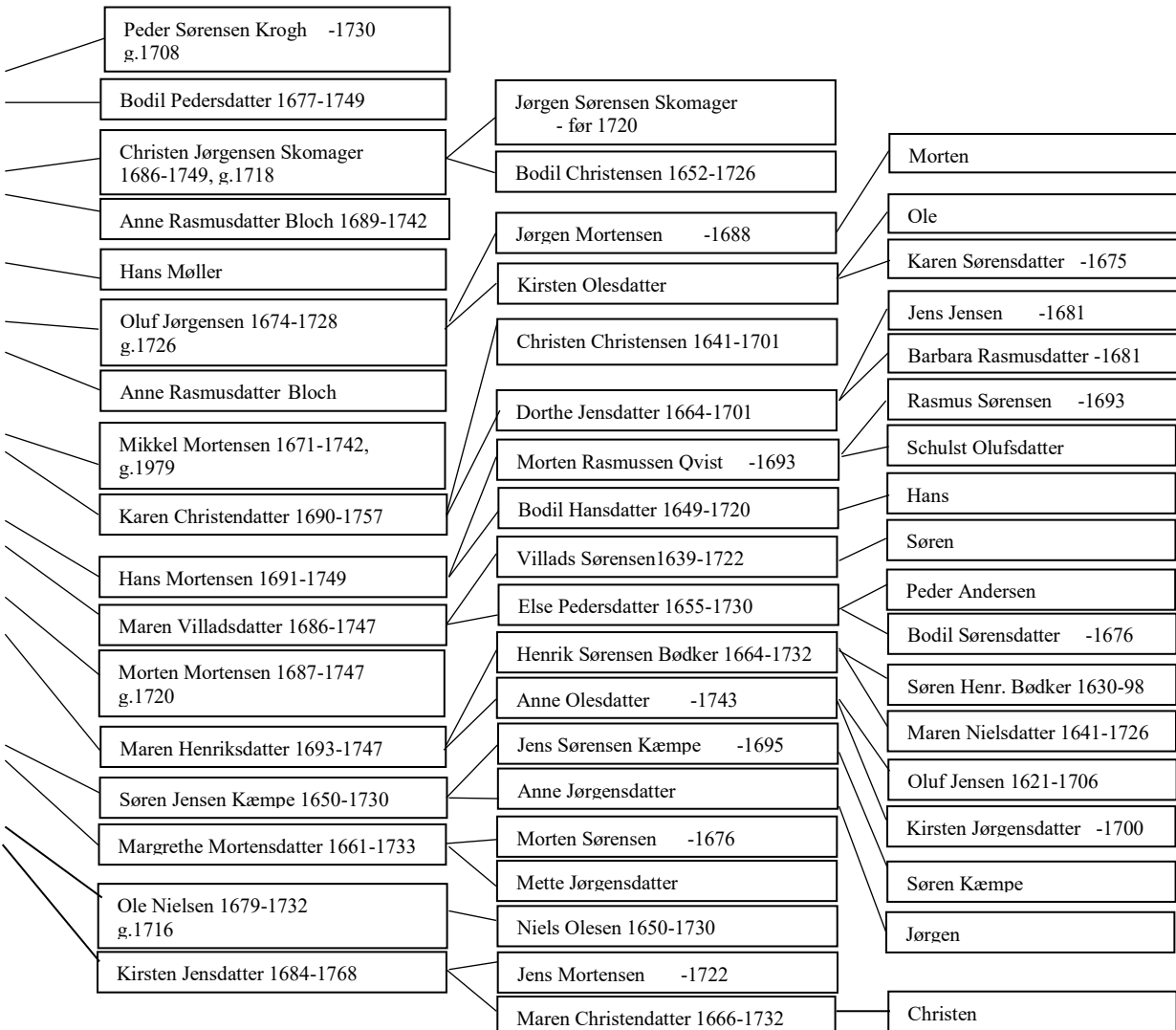
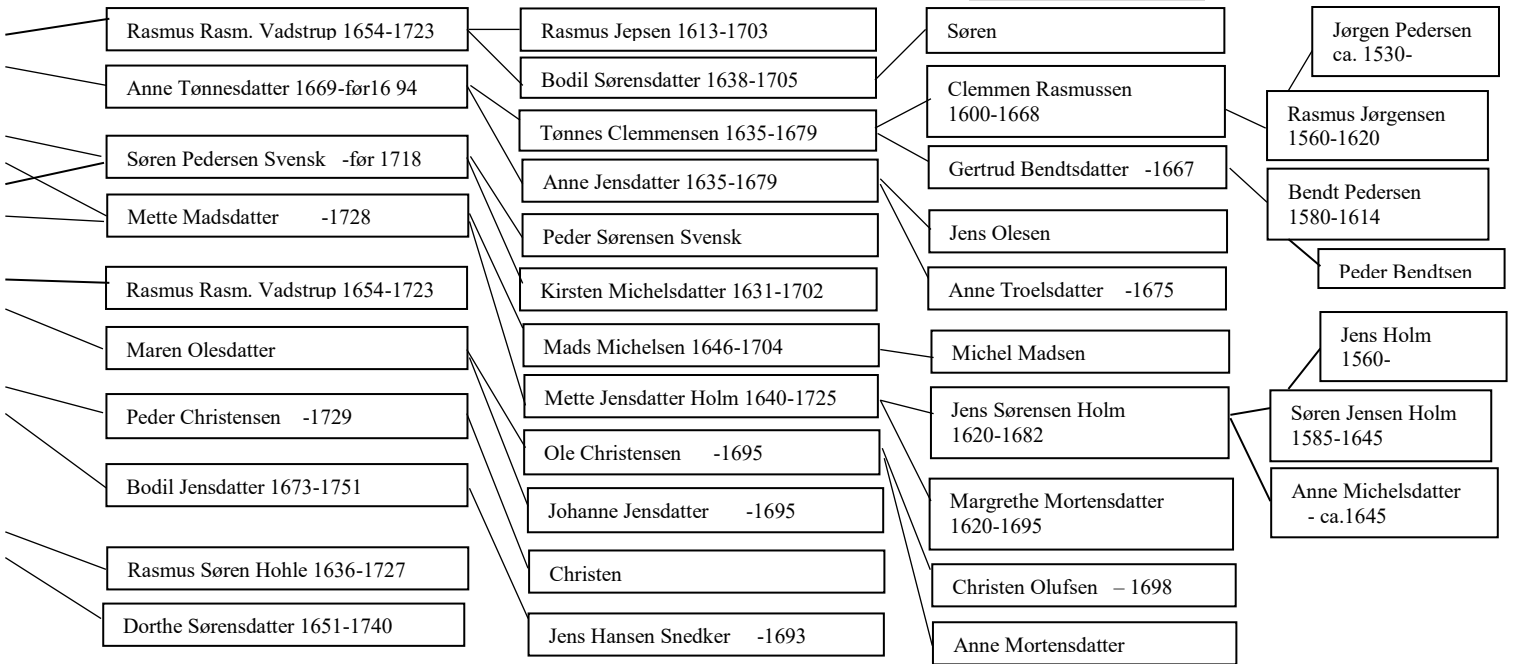
Anetavle (fortsat) – Ancestor table (ctd.)

7. anegeneration

8. anegeneration

9. anegeneration

10. og 11. anegeneration



4.3. De syv søskendes aner – navne og levedata

4.3. Ancestors of the seven siblings – names and living data

Navne på de syv søskendes kendte aner vises i den følgende tabel sammen med levedatoer m.v., når disse oplysninger foreligger. Anernes rækkefølge følger von Stradonitz nummereringen. Fuldt optrukne linier er indsat mellem anegenerationerne, mens stiplede linier adskiller fædre og mødre aner indenfor den enkelte generation.

Personen, hvis anerække undersøges (probanden), er placeret i første generation. Aneoversigten er selvfølgelig den same for hver af de syv Vadstrup søskende. I anden anegeneration er deres far tildelt nummer 2, og deres mor har nummer 3. I den tredje anegeneration har bedsteforældrene numrene 4-7, oldforældrene numrene 8-15 og så fremdeles. Kvinder har per definition ulige numre og mænd lige numre, når der er tale om ægteskab/partnerskab mellem kvinde og mand. Nummeret på en persons far er det dobbelte af personens eget nummer, morens det dobbelte af personens nummer plus 1.

Nummereringen holder godt styr på de mange navne, og med lidt hovedregning kan probandens slægtsskab til en nummereret ane følges gennem de mellemliggende generationer.

Bemærk at nogle personer kan optræde i mere end én nummereret aneposition, hvis der f.eks. er tale om ægteskab mellem personer i nærstående anelinier eller mellem forskellige anegenerationer. Således kan børn i et ægteskab mellem fætter og kusine have seks i stedet for otte individuelle oldeforældre. For en person med mere end én position i nummersystemet gentages navnet og kursiveres.

De syv Vadstrup søskendes aner i nummer- og generationsorden

The seven siblings' ancestors by generation and ancestor number

Ane nr.	Gen. nr.	Navn	Dato			Sted	
			Fødsel	Død	Ægteskab	Fødsel	Død
1	1	Syv Vadstrup søskende	14.8.1876	25.3.1956	30.6.1898	Aarhus	Brundby
2	2	Søren Jørgensen Vadstrup	31.3.1842	2.5.1894	10.9.1869	Brundby	Aarhus
3	2	Maren Michelsdatter	13.1.1847	24.7.1901	10.9.1869	Brundby	Aarhus
4	3	Jørgen Sørensen Vadstrup	5.4.1803	15.5.1878	12.1.1829	Kolby	Brundby
5	3	Ellen Sørensdaughter	12.10.1805	19.8.1843	12.1.1829	Onsbjerg	Brundby
6	3	Michel Rasmussen Krogh Nim	20.2.1817	26.11.1893	8.6.1837	Brundby	Brundby
7	3	Anne Cathrine Gudmandsdatter	24.12.1811	28.10.1882	8.6.1837	Ørby	Brundby

(aneoversigt fortsættes næste side)

The names of known ancestors are listed in the following table together with living dates etc. when this information is available. The sequence follows the von Stradonitz numbering system. Solid lines separate the individual ancestor generations. Dash lines separate paternal and maternal ancestors within each generation.

The person, whose ancestry is examined (the proband), is placed in generation no 1. The ancestry is identical for all of the seven Vadstrup siblings. Their father is given no 2 in the second ancestry generation and their mother no 3. In the third generation, the grandparents have the numbers 4-7 great grandparents 8-15, and so on. By definition, women carry odd numbers and men even numbers when marriage/partnerships are between opposite sexes. The number of a person's father is twice the number of the person herself/himself while the mother has the person's number times 2 plus 1.

The numbering facilitates the overview and a bit of reckoning establishes the exact line of the proband's kinship to a numbered ancestor through the generations in between.

Note that some individuals may appear in more than one ancestry position, e.g. when marriage between relatives in different family lines or in different ancestor generations. Thus, children in a marriage between cousins may have six instead of eight individual great grandparents. For a person occupying more than one position in the ancestry number system the name is repeated and stated in italics.

Aneoversigt fortsat – *Ancestry continued*

Ane nr.	Gen. nr.	Navn	Dato			Sted	
			Fødsel	Død	Ægteskab	Fødsel	Død
8	4	Søren Rasmussen Vadstrup	2.2.1764	15.11.1829		Onsbjerg	Onsbjerg
9	4	Anne Tønnesdatter	1768	3.1.1812		Onsbjerg	Haarmark
10	4	Søren Hansen Væver Hohle	16.10.1774	før 1814		Nordby	Onsbjerg
11	4	Johanne Margrethe Pedersdatter	9.8.1771	9.3.1839		Permelille	Onsbjerg
12	4	Rasmus Nielsen Krogh	6.5.1781	27.5.1824	21.6.1810	Brundby	Brundby
13	4	Karen Michelsdatter Frier	20.11.1785	17.6.1856	21.6.1810	Pillemark	Brundby
14	4	Gudmand Sørensen	16.8.1778	11.2.1857	1804	Kolby	Besser
15	4	Anne Olesdatter	21.9.1783	31.8.1828	1804		Ørby
16	5	Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup	1729	1791	17.11.1758	Onsbjerg	Onsbjerg
17	5	Mette Sørens datter Svensk	1737		17.11.1758	Onsbjerg	Onsbjerg
18	5	Tønnes Jørgensen	1732	1801			
19	5	Maren Jørgensdatter Snedker	30.7.1737			Haarmark	
20	5	Hans Sørensen Hohle	1.1.1734	1808	28.9.1764	Nordby	Onsbjerg
21	5	Birthe Jensdatter	1741	e. 1801	28.9.1764		
22	5	Peder Jørgensen Mand	16.2.1744	3.12.1804	9.2.1763	Pillemark	Kolby
23	5	Dorthe Pedersdatter	1745	16.10.1815	9.2.1763	Kolby	Kolby
24	5	Niels Hansen Krogh	15.2.1750	16.11.1816	18.4.1776	Brundby	Brundby
25	5	Anne Rasmusdatter	30.4.1747	9.5.1824	18.4.1776	Pillemark	Brundby
26	5	Michel Jørgensen Frier	5.5.1754	18.5.1791		Brundby	Pillemark
27	5	Anne Mortensdatter	7.2.1762	24.9.1798		Pillemark	Pillemark
28	5	Søren Pedersen Stiesen	6.2.1743	25.12.1823	14.11.1771	Endelave	Kolby
29	5	Mette Jensdatter Kæmpe	28.8.1743	7.9.1789	14.11.1771	Kolby	Kolby
30	5	Ole Jørgensen					
32	6	Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup	1691			Onsbjerg	Onsbjerg
33	6	Anne Sørens datter Svensk	1700			Nordby	Onsbjerg
34	6	Søren Sørensen Svensk	1703	1744		Nordby	Onsbjerg
35	6	Anne Rasmusdatter Vadstrup	1710	1744		Onsbjerg	Onsbjerg
38	6	Jørgen Pedersen Snedker	6.9.1706	13.11.1768		Permelille	Haarmark
39	6	Kirsten Jørgensdatter	25.1.1712	11.1.1786			Haarmark
40	6	Søren Rasmussen Hohle	8.8.1701	8.7.1742	10.12.1724	Nordby	Nordby
41	6	Zidsel Sørens datter	1695	15.3.1737	10.12.1724		Nordby
44	6	Jørgen Pedersen Mann	1708	5.6.1763	4.7.1743		Pillemark
45	6	Margrethe Pedersdatter	1722	14.4.1799	4.7.1743		Pillemark
46	6	Peder Christensen Smed	9.1697	21.9.1777			Kolby
47	6	Anne Marie Hansdatter	1702	4.4.1771			Permelille
48	6	Hans Andersen Krogh	1715	14.5.1786	29.5.1744		Brundby
49	6	Anne Pedersdatter	2.4.1713	12.4.1792	29.5.1744	Brundby	Brundby
50	6	Rasmus Christensen Skomager	30.4.1724	7.5.1749		Brundby	Pillemark
51	6	Maren Hansdatter	24.6.1718	.10.1752		Tranebjerg	Pillemark
52	6	Jørgen Olufsen	25.1.1728	6.10.1788	26.10.1752	Brundby	Brundby
53	6	Dorthe Michelsdatter	25.10.1722	10.9.1788	26.10.1752	Brundby	Brundby
54	6	Morten Hansen	21.9.1721	3.9.1782	9.11.1747	Pillemark	Pillemark
55	6	Karen Mortensdatter	2.7.1728	1.1.1770	9.11.1747	Pillemark	Pillemark
56	6	Peder Stiesen					
58	6	Jens Sørensen Kæmpe	1694	22.9.1757	4.12.1742	Kolby	Kolby
59	6	Dorthe Olesdatter	9.7.1719	16.3.1791	4.12.1742	Tranebjerg	Kolby

(aneoversigt fortsættes næste side)

Aneoversigt fortsat – *Ancestry continued*

Ane nr.	Gen. nr.	Navn	Dato			Sted	
			Fødsel	Død	Ægteskab	Fødsel	Død
64	7	Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup	1654	1723		Besser	Onsbjerg
65	7	Anne Tønnesdatter	1669	før 10.1694		Tranebjerg	Onsbjerg
66	7	Søren Pedersen Svensk		før 9.1718		Nordby	Onsbjerg
67	7	Mette Madsdatter		1.8.1728		Nordby	Onsbjerg
68	7	<i>Søren Pedersen Svensk</i>					
69	7	<i>Mette Madsdatter</i>					
70	7	<i>Rasmus Rasmussen Vadstrup</i>					
71	7	Maren Olesdatter				Thorup	Onsbjerg
76	7	Peder Christensen		1729			Permelille
77	7	Bodil Jensdatter	1673	8.7.1751		Permelille	Permelille
80	7	Rasmus Sørensen Hohle	1636	31.8.1727			Nordby
81	7	Dorthe Sørens datter	1651	3.7.1740			Nordby
98	7	Peder Sørensen Krogh		10.1730	13.7.1708		Brundby
99	7	Bodil Pedersdatter	1677	19.2.1749	13.7.1708		Brundby
100	7	Christen Jørgensen Skomager	1686	6.7.1749	29.3.1718	Besser	Brundby
101	7	Anne Rasmusdatter	1689	7.8.1742	29.3.1718		Brundby
102	7	Hans Møller					
104	7	Oluf Jørgensen	1674	30.1.1728	7.11.1726	Brundby	Ørby
105	7	Anne Ramusdatter Bloch			7.11.1726	Kolby	
106	7	Mikkel Mortensen	1671	30.7.1742	21.11.1719	Brundby	Brundby
107	7	Karen Christensdatter	12.4.1690	12.6.1757	21.11.1719	Ørby	Brundby
108	7	Hans Mortensen	1691	9.6.1749		Pillemark	Pillemark
109	7	Maren Villadsdatter	1686	2.2.1747		Haarmark	Pillemark
110	7	Morten Mortensen	1687	22.3.1747	10.10.1720		Pillemark
111	7	Maren Henriksdatter	1693	26.12.1747	10.10.1720	Haarmark	Pillemark
116	7	Søren Jensen Kæmpe	1650	3.3.1730		Onsbjerg	Pillemark
117	7	Margrethe Mortensdatter	1661	3.1.1733		Haarmark	Kolby
118	7	Ole Nielsen	1679	8.10.1732	2.12.1716		Tranebjerg
119	7	Kirsten Jensdatter	1684	17.3.1768	2.12.1716	Tranebjerg	Tranebjerg
128	8	Rasmus Jepsen	1613	18.10.1703			Langemark
129	8	Bodil Sørens datter	1638	28.10.1705			Thorup
130	8	Tønnes Clemmensen	1635	2.1679		Tranebjerg	Tranebjerg
131	8	Anne Jensdatter	1635	2.1679		Haarmark	Tranebjerg
132	8	Peder Sørensen Svensk					Nordby
133	8	Kirsten Michelsdatter	1631	28.1.1702			Nordby
134	8	Mads Michelsen	1646	14.2.1704		Nordby	Nordby
135	8	Mette Jensdatter Holm	1640	12.1.1725		Nordby	Nordby
136	8	<i>Peder Sørensen Svensk</i>					
137	8	<i>Kirsten Michelsdatter</i>					
138	8	<i>Mads Michelsen</i>					
139	8	<i>Mette Jensdatter Holm</i>					
140	8	<i>Rasmus Jepsen</i>					
141	8	<i>Bodil Sørens datter</i>					
142	8	Ole Christensen		1.1695			Thorup
143	8	Johanne Jensdatter		1.1695			Thorup
152	8	Christen					
154	8	Jens Hansen Snedker		1693			Permelille

(aneoversigt fortsættes næste side)

Aneoversigt fortsat *Ancestry continued*

Ane nr.	Gen. nr.	Navn	Dato			Sted	
			Fødsel	Død	Ægteskab	Fødsel	Død
200	8	Jørgen Sørensen Skomager		før 2.1720			Besser
201	8	Bodil Christensdatter	1652	6.3.1726			Besser
208	8	Jørgen Mortensen		3.1688			Brundby
209	8	Kirsten Olesdatter				Pillemark	Brundby
214	8	Christen Christensen	1641	17.2.1701			Ørby
215	8	Dorthe Jensdatter	1664	24.4.1701		Langemark	Ørby
216	8	Morten Rasmussen Qvist		7.1693			Pillemark
217	8	Bodil Hansdatter	1649	9.4.1720			Pillemark
218	8	Villads Sørensen	1639	8.2.1722			Haarmark
219	8	Else Pedersdatter	1655	1.9.1730		Haarmark	Haarmark
222	8	Henrik Sørensen Bødker	1664	15.4.1732		Haarmark	Haarmark
223	8	Anne Olesdatter		7.4.1743		Haarmark	Haarmark
232	8	Jens Sørensen Kæmpe		12.1695			Onsbjerg
233	8	Anne Jørgensdatter					Onsbjerg
234	8	Morten Sørensen		1676			Haarmark
235	8	Mette Jørgensdatter				Haarmark	
236	8	Niels Olesen	1650	1730			Toftbjerg
238	8	Jens Mortensen		29.6.1722			Tranebjerg
239	8	Maren Christensdatter	1666	14.1.1732			Tranebjerg
258	9	Søren					
260	9	Clemmen Rasmussen	1600	1668		Tranebjerg	Tranebjerg
261	9	Gertrud Bendtsdatter		1667			Tranebjerg
262	9	Jens Olesen					Haarmark
263	9	Anne Troelsdatter		1675			Haarmark
268	9	Michel Madsen					Nordby
270	9	Jens Sørensen Holm	1620	12.1682		Nordby	Nordby
271	9	Margrethe Mortensdatter	1620	16.1.1695			Nordby
276	9	<i>Michel Madsen</i>					
278	9	<i>Jens Sørensen Holm</i>					
279	9	<i>Margrethe Mortensdatter</i>					
282	9	<i>Søren</i>					
284	9	Christen Olufsen		5.1698			Thorup
285	9	Anne Mortensdatter					Thorup
416	9	Morten					
418	9	Ole					Pillemark
419	9	Karen Sørens datter		1675			Pillemark
430	9	Jens Jensen		1681			Langemark
431	9	Barbara Rasmusdatter		1681			Langemark
432	9	Rasmus Sørensen		1.1693			Onsbjerg
433	9	Schulst Olufsdatter					Onsbjerg
434	9	Hans					
436	9	Søren					
438	9	Peder Andersen					Haarmark
439	9	Bodil Sørens datter		1676			Haarmark
444	9	Søren Henriksen Bødker	1630	1.1698		Kolby	Haarmark
445	9	Maren Nielsdatter	1641	31.5.1726			Haarmark
446	9	Oluf Jensen	1621	20.3.1706			Haarmark
447	9	Kirsten Jørgensdatter	1659	2.17			Haarmark
464	9	Søren Kæmpe					
466	9	Jørgen					
476	9	Morten Christensen					
477	9	Kirsten Mortensdatter					
478	9	Christen					

(aneoversigt fortsættes næste side)

Aneoversigt fortsat Ancestry continued

Ane nr.	Gen. nr.	Navn	Dato			Sted	
			Fødsel	Død	Ægteskab	Fødsel	Død
520	10	Rasmus Jørgensen	1560	før 1620			Tranebjerg
522	10	Bendt Pedersen					
540	10	Søren Jensen Holm	1585	e. 1645		Nordby	
541	10	Anne Michelsdatter		1645			
556	10	<i>Søren Jensen Holm</i>					
557	10	<i>Anne Michelsdatter</i>					
1040	11	Jørgen Pedersen	1530				
1044	11	Peder Bendtsen					
1080	11	Jens Holm	1560	1613		Nordby	Nordby
1112	11	<i>Jens Holm</i>					

INDEKS PERSONNAVNE
De syv Vadstrup søskende og deres efterkommere
 Alfabetisk efter fornavnsinitial

Index of names of the seven Vadstrup siblings and their descendants
Alphabetically by first name initial

Familiegrupper: EH: Ellen Gunnilde og Hans Hansen
 TJ: Trine og Jakob Rasmussen
 MM: Michael og Marie Wadstrup
 MS: Meta og Søren Rasmussen
 MA: Marie og Arvor Spang Larsen
 RS: Robert (Rasmus) og Susan Wadstrup
 AM: Margaret (Anna Margrethe) og Marius Jacobsen

<i>Grp.</i>	<i>Navn</i>	<i>Side</i>
TJ	Aase Birthe Mortensen (Frederiksen)	44
TJ	Agnes Koed Pedersen	48
MA	Agnethe Sofie Ejlersen	69
MM	Alexander Austin Hannenberg	57
MS	Alexander Chester Spalter Jarvis	63
MS	Alexander James Jensen	65
TJ	Alexander James Mortensen	43
EH	Alexander Marquard Agerboe	23
MM	Alicia Marie Hazen	55
TJ	Amalie Borup Kyllingsbæk	46
MM	Amy Elizabeth Fitch	56
TJ	Anders Christensen	32
TJ	Anders Skjødt	52
TJ	Andreas Bager	35
TJ	Andreas Gumm	51
TJ	Andreas Schellerup Holm	38
TJ	Andreas Steenbuch Rasmussen	34
RS	Andrew Jacob Clarke	75
MA	Andrew John Kimmerling	68
AM	Andrew Keating	80
TJ	Ane Kathrine (Trine) Rasmussen (Vadstrup)	32
TJ	Anette Nielsen	40
TJ	Anette Schilling Pedersen (Hansen)	50
TJ	Ann Lisbeth Rasmussen	51
TJ	Anna Jørgine Mortensen (Rasmussen)	42
MM	Anna Margaret Williams (Wadstrup)	56
MA	Anna-Augusta Kildegaard Rasmussen	69
TJ	Anne Bager	36
TJ	Anne-Dorte Mortensen	46
MA	Anne-Marie Ejlersen	68
TJ	Anne-Marie Skjødt (Rasmussen)	52
TJ	Annette Borup Kyllingsbæk (Borup Nielsen)	45
TJ	Ariadna Gil Giner	43
TJ	Arne Holm Bager	36
TJ	Arne Rasmussen	34
MA	Arvor Spang Larsen	67
MS	Ashley Meyer (McClory)	66
TJ	Ask Holm Lahn	37

<i>Grp.</i>	<i>Navn</i>	<i>Side</i>
MA	Asta Larsen (Vienberg)	68
TJ	Astrid Nielsen (Rasmussen)	40
TJ	Astrid Rasmussen (Moesgaard)	40
RS	Austin James Clarke	75
TJ	Axel Ingemann Olsen	33
RS	Barbara Bricken	73
MS	Barbara Coppen (Duffy)	61
AM	Barbara Jacobsen (Knowles)	81
RS	Barbara Sue Cheves (Wadstrup)	75
MS	Barry Coppen	62
RS	Barry Craig Bianculli	76
MM	Benjamin Reynolds	56
MS	Benjamin Joseph Grigoriou	66
TJ	Bent Eghjort	47
TJ	Bent Høyer Bager	35
TJ	Bente Olsen (Hansen)	33
TJ	Birgit Pedersen (Rasmussen)	50
TJ	Birgit W. Mortensen (Wennerwald)	46
TJ	Birgitte Finneman Bruun	49
MA	Birgitte Slepsager (Høyer)	70
TJ	Birk Holm Lahn	37
MA	Birthe Spang Larsen (Olsen)	69
TJ	Birthe Vadfelth (Holm)	38
TJ	Bjarne Rasmussen	34
TJ	Bo Øster	36
TJ	Bodil Jensen (Rasmussen)	40
AM	Braiden Corbett	80
AM	Brian W. Corbett	80
TJ	Britta Vadstrup (Jensen)	40
MS	Brooke Alexa Coppen	62
AM	Bruce Allen Jacobsen	81
MS	Cameron Coppen	62
TJ	Camilla Hansen	33
TJ	Camilla Hauberg Rasmussen	50
TJ	Carla Bager Fernandez	35
MM	Carla Christine Hazen	55
MM	Carmen Irida Wadstrup (Polanco)	59
MM	Carol Irene Hannenberg (Williams)	57

Personindeks fortsat

Grp.	Navn	Side
MS	Carol Lynn Meyer (Simmons)	66
TJ	Caroline Hauberg Rasmussen	50
RS	Carolyn Susan Soper (Mulligan)	73
RS	Catherine Lynn Kerman (Clarke)	75
TJ	Charles Atkinson Mortensen	43
MM	Charles Stephen Williams	56
TJ	Charles Viggo Mortensen	42
TJ	Charlotte Schwarzbach (Hansen)	33
TJ	Charlotte Trampedach	44
TJ	Chris Schilling Jørgensen	51
TJ	Christian Aagaard Nielsen	38
TJ	Christian Matthias Eghjort	47
TJ	Christina Brandstrup	45
TJ	Christina Hauberg Rasmussen (Hauberg)	50
MM	Christina Michelle Reynolds (Hazen)	56
MA	Christina Kildegaard Rasmussen (Larsen)	69
TJ	Christina Storm Hansen	33
TJ	Christine Exene Cervenka	43
MA	Christoffer Spang Hemmingsen	68
MS	Christopher Fisher	63
MM	Claire Marjorie Hannenberg	57
TJ	Clara Bruun	49
AM	Corey Jeanne Simon	81
RS	Cydney Clarke (Cruce)	74
AM	Daniel Sievic	78
TJ	Daniel Skjødt Andersen	52
RS	David A. Carmichael	72
MM	David Alonzo Wadstrup	59
RS	David Clarke	74
MS	David Norman Hedenberg	62
MM	David Smith Wadstrup	58
MM	David Smith Wadstrup, Jr.	58
MS	Deacon Coppen	62
TJ	Ditte Printz	49
AM	Dona F. Camaren	79
MM	Donald Arthur Williams	57
MS	Donald Coppen	61
MM	Donald W. Fitch	56
MM	Donna Louise Smith (Sylvester)	58
EH	Dora Marquard Hansen (Petersen)	23
TJ	Dorthe Koed Pedersen (Holm)	48
TJ	Dorthe Kristine Schou (Olsen)	47
TJ	Dorthe Schilling Pedersen	51
TJ	Douglas Ribert Ndobu	37
AM	Dylan Courtney Clough	78
EH	Ebba Rigmor Hansen	24
TJ	Ebbe Holm	39
TJ	Ebbe Schellerup Holm	38
TJ	Edith Stennerup	40
RS	Edna Mae Mulligan	72
AM	Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen	80
AM	Edwin Lindorf Jacobsen, Jr.	81
MA	Eike Annika Vangså	70
TJ	Ejler Jørgen Olsen	47

Grp.	Navn	Side
TJ	Ejnar Holm Bager	36
MS	Elaine Susan DalPian (Meyer)	64
TJ	Elena Agate Casierra	34
TJ	Eleonora Nazar Mortensen (Anchorena)	42
TJ	Elisabeth Bager Pedersen	36
MS	Elizabeth Fisher (Pozner)	63
MS	Elizabeth Grigoriou (DalPian)	66
RS	Elizabeth Kernan	75
MM	Elizabeth Wadstrup (Davidson)	55
TJ	Elizabeth Marie Sørensen	34
TJ	Ellen Bager Pedersen	37
EH	Ellen Gunnilde Jørgensen Hansen (Vadstrup)	22
TJ	Ellen Holm Bager (Holm)	35
TJ	Ellie Josefine Holm Degen	39
TJ	Elna Rasmussen (Henriksen)	51
MA	Else Grethe Spang Larsen (Riis)	70
TJ	Else Rasmussen	34
MM	Emily Catherine Hannenberg	57
MS	Emily Fisher	63
TJ	Emma Schwarzbach	33
MS	Emmy Meyer (Rasmussen)	64
TJ	Erik H. Nielsen	40
TJ	Erik Kjeld Nielsen	48
MA	Erik Spang Larsen	67
TJ	Erik Vadstrup Rasmussen	34
TJ	Erling Nielsen	45
MA	Erna Spang Larsen (Wiese)	67
TJ	Esther Rasmussen (Madsen)	40
TJ	Eva Holm Thastrup	48
TJ	Finn Guldbrandsen	42
TJ	Finn Jørgensen	40
MA	Flemming Slesbager	70
RS	Frances Mulligan (Wadstrup)	72
MS	Frank Smith	63
MM	Frederick Kai Wadstrup	55
TJ	Fredrik Gjellum	45
AM	Gary Robert Jacobsen	80
AM	George Dadah	79
RS	George Dobbie	72
MA	Gerd Vilykke	69
MS	Gerda Coppen (Rasmussen)	61
TJ	Gert Jansen	47
TJ	Gert Rasmussen	49
TJ	Gertud Hansen	52
RS	Gordon Bricken	73
RS	Gordon L. Cheves	75
AM	Grace Anne Sievic (Jacobsen)	78
AM	Grace Jacobsen (Spencer)	78
TJ	Grace Mortensen (Atkinson)	42
TJ	Grethe Rasmussen (Wennergard)	41
TJ	Grethe Holm Nielsen (Jensen)	48
TJ	Grethe Vesti Hansen (Andersen)	33
TJ	Gustaf Storm Paulsen	33
TJ	Gustav Steffensen	40

Personindeks fortsat

Grp.	Navn	Side
MS	Hannah Chrysanthe Grigoriou	66
TJ	Hanne Langvad Rasmussen (Thomsen)	52
TJ	Hanne Lise Holm Mikkelsen	49
TJ	Hanne Mortensen (Nielsen)	46
TJ	Hanne Wennergaard Rasmussen	41
EH	Hans Christian Hansen	22
EH	Hans Henrik Marquard Hansen	24
TJ	Hans Rasmussen	51
MS	Hans Søren Rasmussen	61
MM	Heather Carliell Graham	56
AM	Helen Ballard Jacobsen (Walker)	79
EH	Helga Ingeborg Hansen	24
TJ	Henning Agerskov Vadstrup (Jørgensen)	41
TJ	Henning Hansen	32
EH	Henri Lauritz Hansen	23
TJ	Henrik Holm	39
TJ	Henry Bager	35
TJ	Henry Blake Mortensen	43
TJ	Henry Knud Mortensen	44
MM	Henry Lauritz Wadstrup	57
AM	Henry Lindorf Jacobsen	78
MS	Herbert William Coppen	61
TJ	Hjalmar Rasmussen	32
AM	Holly Clough (Sievic)	78
MM	Holly Graham	55
AM	Howard Lindorf Jacobsen	79
AM	Howard Lindorf Jacobsen	81
TJ	Hugo Bager Fernandez	35
TJ	Ib Pedersen	36
TJ	Ibi Rasmussen Ambus	53
TJ	Ida Kjærsgård Skjødt	52
EH	Ida-Marie Marquard Hansen	24
TJ	Inge Gjellum (Mortensen)	45
MS	Iraklis Michael Grigoriou	66
TJ	Isabella Grace Mortensen	43
MS	Isabella Rose Scalise	63
MS	Jack Fisher	63
TJ	Jacob Holm Holm	37
TJ	Jacob Rasmussen	49
TJ	Jacob Schwarzbach	33
AM	Jacquelyn Jacobsen (Vine)	80
MS	Jake Barry Coppen	62
TJ	Jakob Koed Holm Thastrup	48
TJ	Jakob Rasmussen	32
TJ	Jakob Søby Jensen	39
AM	James A. Gell III	78
AM	James E. Keating	80
RS	James Kernan	75
RS	James Wadstrup	76
TJ	Jan Mosegaard	46
MS	Janet Ann Scalise (Hedenberg)	63
RS	Janet LaRue Clarke (Wadstrup)	74
RS	Janine Dobbie	72
AM	Jason Dadah	79

Grp.	Navn	Side
MS	Jason Meyer	66
RS	Jean Marie Soper (Dominguez)	73
MM	Jean Williams (Cote)	57
MM	Jeffrey Scott Graham	56
RS	Jenna Marie Soper	73
MS	Jennifer Fisher	63
MM	Jennifer Whitmore	57
TJ	Jens Alfred Holm	37
TJ	Jens Nielsen	50
TJ	Jens Otto Bager	35
EH	Jeppe Marquard Hansen	24
TJ	Jeppe Mortensen	44
TJ	Jeppe Rasmussen	50
TJ	Jeppe Vadstrup	41
AM	Jeremy Dadah	79
EH	Jes Marquard Christensen	23
TJ	Jesper Lahn Rasmussen	37
TJ	Jette Hansen (Larsen)	33
TJ	Joakim Fløjstrup Degn	50
RS	Joan Dobbie (Mulligan)	72
AM	Joann Dadah (Jacobsen)	79
TJ	Johan Bjerg Rasmussen Funder	52
TJ	Johan Holm Thastrup	48
TJ	Johanna Degen	39
TJ	Johanne Bager Pedersen	36
RS	John Joseph Proprac	73
RS	John Mulligan	74
AM	John Paul Jacobsen	79
AM	John Theodore Sievic	78
RS	John William Soper	73
MM	Johnathan Michael Hazen	55
MA	Jon Høyer Slebsager	70
TJ	Jonas Rasmussen	38
TJ	Jonas Wennergaard McDonald	41
MM	Jonathan Platt Graham	56
MS	Jonathan Scalise	63
TJ	Jorge Lizandro Casiera	34
TJ	Jørgen Rasmussen	49
TJ	Jørgen Hansen	33
TJ	Jørgen Holm	48
TJ	Jørgen Holm Jensen	48
TJ	Jørgen Ralf Mortensen	46
TJ	Jørgen Rasmussen	41
MA	Jørgen Spang Larsen	70
RS	Joshua William Soper	73
MS	Joyce Ann Fisher (Rasmussen)	63
AM	Judith Jacobsen (Dembinski)	81
MS	Judith Ann Hedenberg (Rasmussen)	62
TJ	Julia Andersen	35
TJ	Julie Brandstrup	45
AM	Julie Elisabeth Simon (Jacobsen)	81
TJ	Julie Møller Rasmussen	53
TJ	Jytte Holm	37
AM	Kailee Corbett	80

Personindeks fortsat

<i>Grp.</i>	<i>Navn</i>	<i>Side</i>
MS	Kaitlin Spalter Jarvis	63
TJ	Kamma Holm (Vinther Madsen)	38
TJ	Karen Holm (Kruse)	37
TJ	Karen Johanne Borup (Mortensen)	45
RS	Karen Musgrave	76
TJ	Karen Rasmussen	34
TJ	Karin Hjortshøj Andersen	52
TJ	Karoline Bjerg Rasmussen Funder	52
TJ	Karsten Vadstrup Rasmussen	34
TJ	Kasper Balshøj Andeersen	50
TJ	Kate Printz	49
RS	Kathleen Carmichael (Dobbie)	72
AM	Kathleen F. Jacobsen	80
AM	Kathleen M. Jacobsen (Boland)	81
RS	Kathleen Mulligan	72
TJ	Kathrine (Tinne) Steffensen (Holm)	40
TJ	Kathrine Finnemann Bruun (Jensen)	49
MS	Kathryn Ann Rasmussen (Orzechowski)	62
AM	Kathy Ellen Keating (Jacobsen)	80
TJ	Katrine Borup Kyllingsbæk	46
MM	Kelly Marie Nodland (Graham)	55
RS	Kenneth G. Doesburg	72
MS	Kenneth Joseph DalPian	64
TJ	Kenneth Skovbølling Madsen	53
MS	Kenneth Spalter Jarvis	63
TJ	Kent Seiersen	38
AM	Kerrie Caldwell	80
AM	Kevin Allen Jacobsen	81
RS	Kevin Bianculli (adopted)	76
MM	Kevin Thomas Graham	56
TJ	Kim Ingemann Olsen	34
TJ	Kirsten Gliemann Holm Thastrup	48
TJ	Kirsten Holm Nielsen	48
EH	Kjeld Marquard Hansen	23
EH	Knud Christensen	23
TJ	Knud Rasmussen	52
TJ	Kristian Bager	35
TJ	Kristoffer Hovgaard	36
TJ	Lærke Edith Holm Degen	39
TJ	Lærke Mortensen	44
TJ	Lajla Mortensen (Jørgensen)	44
TJ	Lars Jacob Rasmussen	51
TJ	Lars Michael Holm	37
TJ	Lars Warming Vadstrup	41
TJ	Lasse Pedersen	45
TJ	Lauge Rasmussen Ambus	53
MS	Laura Ann Jarvis (Hedenberg)	63
TJ	Laura Bjerg Rasmussen Funder	52
AM	Laurie Jacobsen (Rek)	79
TJ	Laurinda Ruth Mortensen (Higgins)	43
MM	Lauritz Wadstrup	55
MM	Lauritz Wadstrup	55
MM	Lauritz Wadstrup	55

<i>Grp.</i>	<i>Navn</i>	<i>Side</i>
TJ	Lea Kjærsgård Skjødt	52
TJ	Lene Bager (Alexandersen)	36
TJ	Lene Borup Andersen (Borup Nielsen)	45
TJ	Lenka Minkowski	43
TJ	Lily Holm Hansen	39
MS	Lily Kathryn Scalise	63
MM	Linda Grace Miller (Wadstrup)	56
RS	Linda Karen Bianculli (Wadstrup)	76
TJ	Line Bager (Wachmann)	35
TJ	Line Bjerg Funder	52
TJ	Line Skjødt Andersen	52
TJ	Line Søby Mikkelsen	39
TJ	Lisbet Holm Seiersen (Holm)	38
TJ	Lisbeth Mortensen (Hatling)	42
TJ	Lise Lotte Brandstrup (Mortensen)	44
EH	Lise Lykke Hansen	24
EH	Lise Marquard Christensen (Hansen)	23
TJ	Liselotte Nielsen	40
TJ	Lone Holm Jensen	39
MA	Lone Spang Larsen	70
TJ	Lone Wennergaard Rasmussen	42
RS	Lori Clarke (Manning)	75
AM	Lorraine Victoria Jacobsen (Octeau)	81
TJ	Louise Bager	36
TJ	Louise Krog Holm	39
AM	Louise Martineau Jacobsen (Lemmelin)	79
TJ	Louise Rasmussen	50
TJ	Lozen Ingefred Blake	47
TJ	Lucas Skovbølling Rasmussen	53
MM	Lukas Michael Reynold	56
MS	Luke Coppen	62
MM	Luke Maximus Wadstrup	59
AM	Lynette C. Gell (Jacobsen)	78
TJ	Lyng Holm Lahn	37
TJ	Mads Bager	35
EH	Mads Marquard Hansen	24
TJ	Mads Møller Rasmussen	53
TJ	Mads Schilling Pedersen	50
TJ	Magda Rasmussen (Nielsen)	49
TJ	Magne Rasmussen Ambus	53
TJ	Magne Warming Vadstrup	41
TJ	Maja Bager Pedersen (Holm)	36
TJ	Maja Holm (Rasmussen)	35
TJ	Maj-Britt Holm Hansen	39
TJ	Majbritt Warming Vadstrup (Hansen)	41
EH	Malene Bruun Hansen (Kehler)	24
TJ	Malene Schellerup Holm	38
TJ	Malthe Bager Øster	36
TJ	Malthe Storm Schwarzbach	33
MM	Margaret Anna Fitch (Wadstrup)	56
AM	Margaret Jacobsen (Vadstrup)	78
EH	Margit Solveig Hansen (Feldthusen)	23
MA	Marie Spang Larsen (Vadstrup)	67

Personindeks fortsat

Grp.	Navn	Side
TJ	Maria Hatziaavva Damsgaard	44
TJ	Marianne Paulsen	33
TJ	Marianne Koed Holm (Jensen)	48
TJ	Marianne Mortensen Blake (Mortensen)	47
MM	Marie Elizabeth Graham (Wadstrup)	55
TJ	Marie Wachmann Bager	35
MM	Marie Wadstrup (Larsen)	55
TJ	Marie Wennergaard McDonald	41
AM	Marius H. Lindorf Jacobsen	78
TJ	Marius Koed Pedersen	48
AM	Marius Lindorf Jacobsen	78
TJ	Marius Storm Paulsen	33
MM	Marjorie Wadstrup (Smith)	57
TJ	Mark Holm Ndobu	37
TJ	Mark Holm Vadfelth	39
AM	Mark Lloyd Jacobsen	80
RS	Marshaell R. Mulligan (Erickson)	72
TJ	Martha Steensnæs	33
TJ	Martha Nielsine Rasmussen (Pedersen)	49
TJ	Martin Holm Hansen	39
AM	Martin Hurley Simon	81
RS	Mary F. Proprac (Bricken)	73
TJ	Mathilde Skjødt Andersen	52
MS	Matthew Coppen	62
MM	Matthew Nodland	55
RS	Maureen Bricken (Mulligan)	73
MS	Max R. Jacobsen Meyer	64
AM	Melanie Keating	80
RS	Melissa Clarke (Smith)	75
MM	Melissa Graham (McDermott)	56
MS	Meta Kirstine Rasmussen (Vadstrup)	61
MM	Meta Wadstrup	55
TJ	Mette Helene Jansen (Olsen)	47
TJ	Mette Ingemann Olsen	34
TJ	Mette Kjærsgård Skjødt (Kristensen)	52
TJ	Mette Koed Holm	48
EH	Mette M. Agerboe (Christensen)	23
TJ	Mette Rasmussen	53
TJ	Mette Vadstrup	41
TJ	Mia Holm Hansen	39
TJ	Michael Blake	47
TJ	Michael Brandstrup	44
MA	Michael Ejlersen	69
TJ	Michael Holm	35
TJ	Michael Holm Bager	35
TJ	Michael Rasmussen	52
TJ	Michael Vadfelth	38
MM	Michael Wadstrup	55
AM	Michael Allen Jacobsen	81
MS	Michael Iraklis Grigoriou	66
RS	Michael Mulligan	73
MM	Michael Sylvester Wadstrup	59
MM	Michael William Hazen	55
TJ	Mie Christina Schilling Pedersen (Jensen)	50

Grp.	Navn	Side
TJ	Mikkel Mortensen	44
TJ	Mikkel Rasmussen	52
AM	Mina Jacobsen (Biggs)	79
MA	Mira Ejlersen (Bobir)	69
TJ	Mona Holm (Schellerup)	37
TJ	Monahsetah Dagmar Blake	47
TJ	Monica Morilla Fernandez	35
RS	Morgan Alan Clarke	75
TJ	Morten Holm	38
TJ	Morten Holm	49
TJ	Morten Mortensen	44
TJ	Morten Schellerup Holm	38
TJ	Morten Skjødt	52
AM	Mzia Jacobsen	81
TJ	Nadia Krog Holm	39
TJ	Nanna Holm Bissø	48
AM	Nicholas Knowles Simon	81
TJ	Nick Brandstrup	45
EH	Nicolai Marquard Agerboe	23
TJ	Nicole Vadstrup (Fleer)	41
MA	Niels Kjær Hemmingsen	68
TJ	Niels Rosenberg Andersen	45
TJ	Niels Schilling Pedersen	50
TJ	Nina Holm Hansen	39
TJ	Nina Møller Rasmussen (Sørensen)	49
TJ	Ole Borup	45
TJ	Ole Rasmussen	52
TJ	Ole Schilling Pedersen	50
MS	Olivia Lauren Scalise	63
TJ	Ove Jensen	40
TJ	Ove Skjødt	52
RS	Patricia Bricken	73
RS	Patricia Kernan	75
TJ	Patrick Gyldborg Eriksen	39
AM	Paul Lindorf Jacobsen	79
MS	Paul Raymond Meyer	66
TJ	Peer Grünbaum	33
MS	Penny Coppen (Leeman)	62
TJ	Per Søby Jensen	39
EH	Peter Agerboe	23
TJ	Peter Emil Frisch	44
TJ	Peter Rasmus Gumm	51
RS	Phyllis S. Wadstrup (Seibert)	74
TJ	Poul Hansen	33
MA	Poul Spang Larsen	69
TJ	Poul-Erik Rasmussen	34
TJ	Quanah Valdemar Blake	47
MS	Rachel Coppen	62
MM	Rachel Neasham	57
TJ	Ragnhild Holm Jensen (Rasmussen)	47
TJ	Rasmus Ejnar Bager	36
MA	Rasmus Kildegaard Rasmussen	69
TJ	Rasmus Nielsen	50
TJ	Rasmus Storm Schwarzbach	33

Personindeks fortsat

Grp.	Navn	Side
AM	Raymond Lindoff Jacobsen	81
MS	Richard Anthony Jensen	65
TJ	Rigmor Hansen (Rasmussen)	32
TJ	Rikke Næsted Nielsen (Rasmussen)	50
RS	Ropbert Wadstrup	72
RS	Robert C. Musgrave	75
RS	Robert Charles Wadstrup	74
RS	Robert Scott Soper	74
AM	Robert Wadstrup Jacobsen	79
TJ	Rose-Marie Holm Ndobó	37
RS	Russell Samuel Gephart	73
TJ	Ruth Rasmussen	51
MS	Ryan Meyer	66
MM	Ryan W. Fitch	56
TJ	Samuel Bruun	49
RS	Samuel Mulligan	72
RS	Samuel R. Mulligan	72
TJ	Sander Grünbaum	33
TJ	Sandra Holm Seiersen	38
RS	Sarah Ann Wadstrup (Ayala)	76
AM	Sarah Corbett	80
MS	Sarah Jensen (DalPian)	65
TJ	Sarah Krog Holm	39
TJ	Sasha Holm Vadfelth	39
TJ	Scott McDonald	41
TJ	Sebastian Grünbaum	33
MA	Sebastian Spang Kildegaard Rasmussen	69
TJ	Severin Vadfelth Eriksen	39
MM	Sherry Lynn Miller	56
TJ	Signe Christensen (Rasmussen)	32
TJ	Simon Holm Seiersen	38
TJ	Sine Schilling Pedersen	50
TJ	Siri Lyster Ambus	53
TJ	Siv Sofie Jansen	47
MS	Sofia Grace Scalise	63
TJ	Sofie Schilling Pedersen	50
EH	Sophie Marquard Agerboe	23
TJ	Søren Kyllingsbæk	45
TJ	Søren Koed Pedersen	48
TJ	Søren Langvad Rasmussen	53
MA	Søren Oskar Spang Larsen	68
TJ	Søren Rasmussen	40
MA	Søs Bodil Spang Larsen (Larsen)	68
TJ	Steffen Finnemann Bruun	49
MS	Stephanie Coppin (Delaney)	62
AM	Stephen Corbett	80
RS	Steven Clarke	75
MM	Steven R. Nodland	55
TJ	Stine Victoria Borup Nielsen	45
RS	Susan Doesburg (Dobbie)	72

Grp.	Navn	Side
AM	Susan Elizabeth Corbett (Jacobsen)	80
AM	Susan Jacobsen (Ellin)	80
RS	Susan Vadstrup (Hunt)	72
TJ	Susanne Bach	52
TJ	Susanne Bager (Rahbek)	35
TJ	Susanne Holm (Krog)	39
MA	Susanne Spang Kimmerling (Larsen)	68
TJ	Svend Bisso	48
EH	Svend Åge Marquard Hansen	24
TJ	Sydney Anna Mortensen	44
TJ	Sylvia Andrea Mortensen (Cameron)	43
TJ	Tanja Steenbuch Rasmussen	34
MM	Tara M. Fitch (Lantieri)	56
TJ	Tenna Rasmussen	50
TJ	Thea Holm Bisso	49
TJ	Thea Wennergaard Guldbrandsen	42
TJ	Thomas Møller Rasmussen	53
TJ	Thomas Steenbuch Rasmussen	34
TJ	Tine Anna Eghjort	47
TJ	Tinne Bager Pedersen	37
TJ	Tobias Rasmussen	52
MS	Todd Fisher	63
TJ	Tom Mikkelsen	39
TJ	Torben Hansen	33
RS	Tracie Mulligan	73
AM	Tucker Keating	80
TJ	Tulle (Anna Margrethe) Olsen (Mortensen)	47
MA	Tune Vangså	70
TJ	Ulrik Næsted Nielsen	50
MA	Valdemar Bjørn Vangså	70
TJ	Vibeke Schellerup Holm	38
RS	Vickie Clarke (Larson)	75
TJ	Victor Wennergaard Guldbrandsen	42
RS	Victoria Gephart (Bricken)	73
TJ	Vigga Warming Vadstrup	41
TJ	Viggo Peter Mortensen	42
TJ	Viggo Peter Mortensen	43
TJ	Viva Sophia Vadfelth Eriksen	39
MA	Vivi Meshulam	68
TJ	Vivi Rasmussen (Steenbuch)	34
AM	Vivian Keating	80
RS	Walter Soper	73
MM	Walter C. Graham	55
TJ	Walter Sydney Atkinson Mortensen	43
RS	William Edward Clarke	75
RS	William Joseph Clarke	74
MM	William L. Miller	56
MS	William L. Rasmussen	62
AM	William Lindorf Jacobsen	80
TJ	Yvonne Rasmussen (Bach)	52