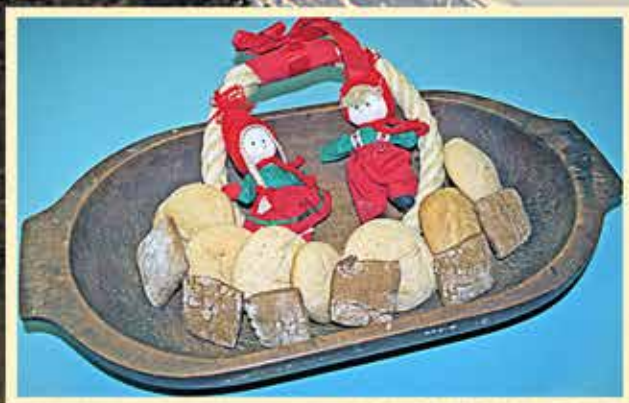


HISTORY ... NEVER TASTED SO GOOD!



FLAVORS OF THE FJORDS

EPUBLICATION EDITION

THE NORWEGIAN
HOLIDAY COOKBOOK

TRADITIONAL RECIPES
OF THE
FLADVAD-BJØRKE FAMILY
BY:

FAITH RAYMOND CONNORS

TRACY DANIEL CONNORS

TOVE JOHANSEN FLADVAD

BJØRN JOHANSEN FLADVAD

From Norway to Newport...
“History has never tasted so good!”

FLAVORS of the FJORDS

-Digital Edition-

Norwegian
Holiday
Cookbook

[Faith Cottrell Raymond Connors](#)
[Tracy Daniel Connors, Ph.D.](#)
[Tove Johansen Fladvad](#)
[Bjørn Johansen Fladvad](#)



The BelleAire Press
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About the Book

Flavors of the Fjords includes recipes for over 100 holiday cookies, cakes and breads, toppings, and puddings, all interwoven with fascinating bits of Norwegian social history, including explanations of Norwegian Holiday traditions and customs, many of them kept alive to this day by many of the 4.5 million Norwegian-American families in America today.

Norwegian-Americans share a unique culinary cultural heritage. These dishes reflect authentic cooking of 19th Century Norway, and those flavors, uniquely Norwegian, brought to America by the nearly one [million Norwegian immigrants from 1860-1920](#), a greater percentage of that nation's population than any other country except Ireland. Many of the recipes take advantage of today's healthier alternatives, while retaining mouth-watering taste and consistency.

"*From Norway to Newport...*" is the first Norwegian holiday cookbook, and includes many cookie and cake recipes never seen in "American" or "Scandinavian" cookbooks.

Lavishly illustrated, it offers over 300 photographs illustrating life in Norway and Newport, R.I.--then and now--from period portraits and views of the late 19th and early 20th century, including antique post cards, to the present day. Unpublished photographs selected from the authors' private collection (including an autographed picture of Roald Amundsen, who discovered the South Pole), antique post cards, and contemporary Norwegian and Newport scenes are included.

Flavors provides interesting reading beyond its recipes. In addition to over 100 tasty recipes, it includes chapters outlining the life and times of the Fladvad and Bjørke families--from the challenges of life on the farm in Norway, to surviving as a "businesswoman" in Newport, R.I.

Interesting and poignant family recollections shed light on life in Newport, Rhode Island at the turn of the century. All was not "Bellevue Avenue high life."

One chapter traces the history of the Fladvad and Bjørke family farms in Central and Western Norway from 1400-1900, using information obtained from Norwegian archives. Fascinating glimpses of life and customs in Norway since written records were first kept are revealed. We know of no other work which follows the life and times of a typical Norwegian family as far back as recorded history allows.

In addition, we incorporated an unusual section of letters and photographs from family members describing the trials of life in German-occupied Norway during World War II.

Tove Johansen Fladvad prepared a 1,800-word Norwegian-English glossary, with useful terms for foods and cooking, but also family, kinship, and home. We believe the Glossary will help readers who wish to translate their family Norwegian recipes.

Recipes are complete and easy to make. Step by step directions are provided.

Preface

The Story Behind "From Norway to Newport..."

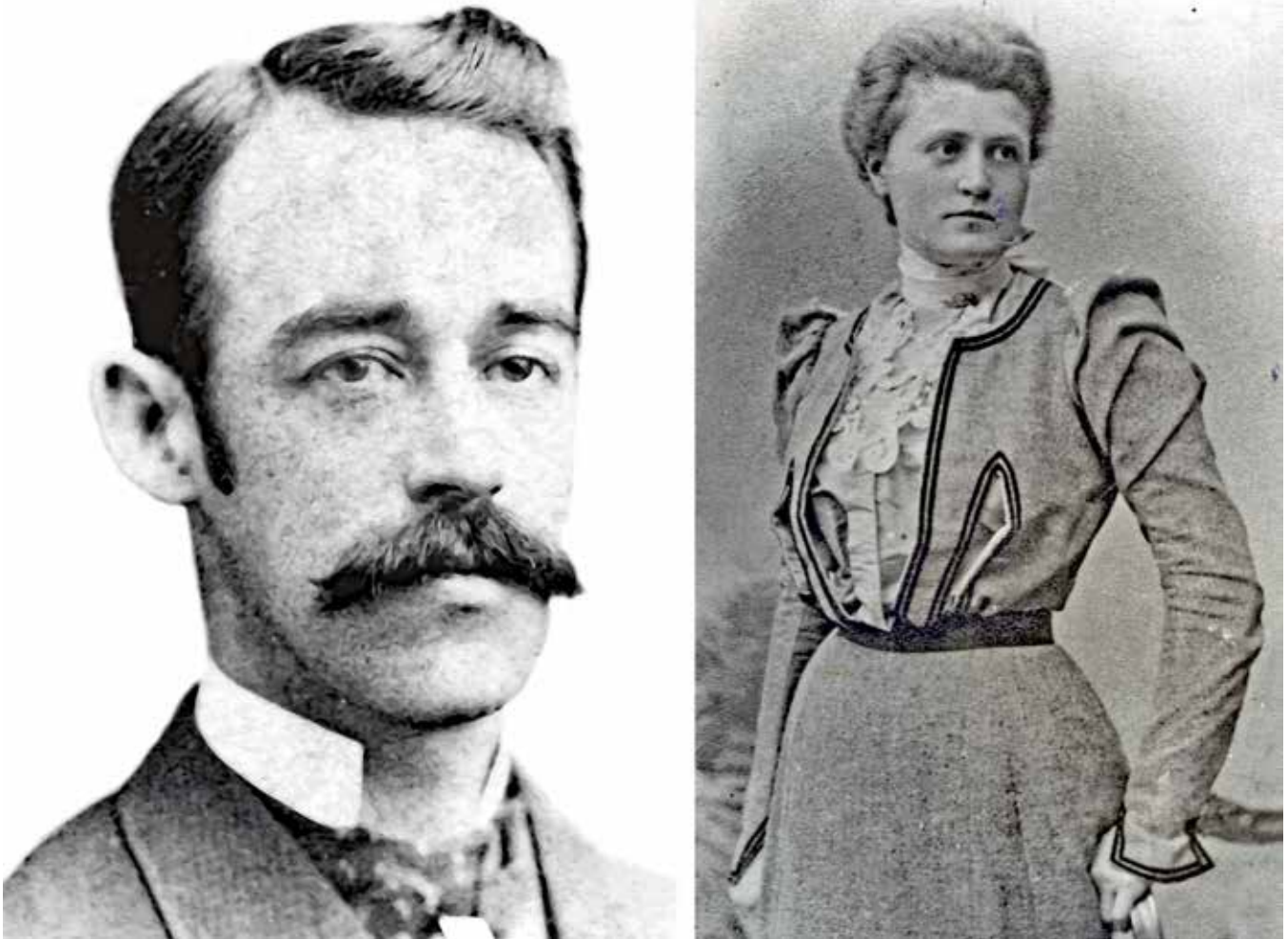
The day the United States put a man on the moon for the first time in 1969, I watched the incredible event on television well into the wee hours of the morning. Sitting in the living room of her vacation home in Jamestown, Rhode Island with me was my mother-in-law, Marie Theresa Cottrell Raymond. The rest of the family gave up and went to bed before the now immortal words were spoken from the moon to signal a giant step for mankind.

"Petie," as she was called by the family, was a highly intelligent, interesting woman who had curtailed a promising business career in New York to devote her attention to her children, a son, William Raymond, III and a daughter, Faith Cottrell Raymond. She awed me with her ability to complete the New York Times cross-word puzzle quickly and completely, every morning.

I had known her for eight years, but that early morning visit was the closest conversation we ever had. During the lulls in space activity, we talked about many things, including her youth in Newport, just across



At left, Marie Theresa Cottrell Raymond, in about 1924, a fun-loving "flapper" starting her business career in New York. Below, with her daughter, Faith Cottrell Raymond Connors in 1962 at her home in Westport, Connecticut.



Charles Middleton Cottrell, Newport merchant, married Marie Theresa Fladvad, newly arrived from Norway, in 1895.

Narragansett Bay. She had lived in Stamford, Connecticut for many years after she married, but Newport was always home to her. She told me about her mother, Marie Theresa Fladvad Cottrell, who came on a "visit" to the United States from Norway in 1894 and married a Newport merchant, Charles Middleton Cottrell. Petie considered herself a Norwegian-American.

Six months later, Petie died--too quickly--after a very short final struggle with the cancer she had fought so bravely for years. There was so much I wish I had taken time to say. Then, it was too late.

Some weeks later, Faith and I were given the first of many boxes of Petie's "things," an eclectic assortment of photographs and mementoes stretching back over her entire life. "Mother never threw anything away," Faith explained as we looked at the jumbled boxes in great dismay. Sorting them was too painful. We put them in the attic and basement for years. Finally, in the late Seventies, we began to sort through the "collection." Much of it we determined was not worth saving. However, we kept all photographs, letters, postcards, and mementoes in good condition. [We may have the only dance card left from the Graduation Ball for the Class of 1923 from Rogers High School in Newport.] There were letters in bundles, old 616-size Brownie negatives, buttons, snap shots and portraits, and on the bottom, the yellowed little book.

There was much more. Many of the items kept by Petie had belonged to her mother, Marie Theresa Fladvad Cottrell. There were many photographs, from snapshots of the family in Newport to studio portraits taken in Norway and Newport. Many of these were of Marie's sisters from Christiania (now Oslo) who visited her often in Newport.

The Faded Yellow Cookbook

Marie's Manuscript Cookbook didn't look like much at first glance, simply a yellowed little 19th century manuscript note book. In fact, it looked a lot like an ancient college "essay book."

When we took a closer look at it, we found it was written in a beautiful, flowing script--in Norwegian. A few sessions with a Norwegian dictionary helped us determine that it had been Faith's grandmother's manuscript cookbook.

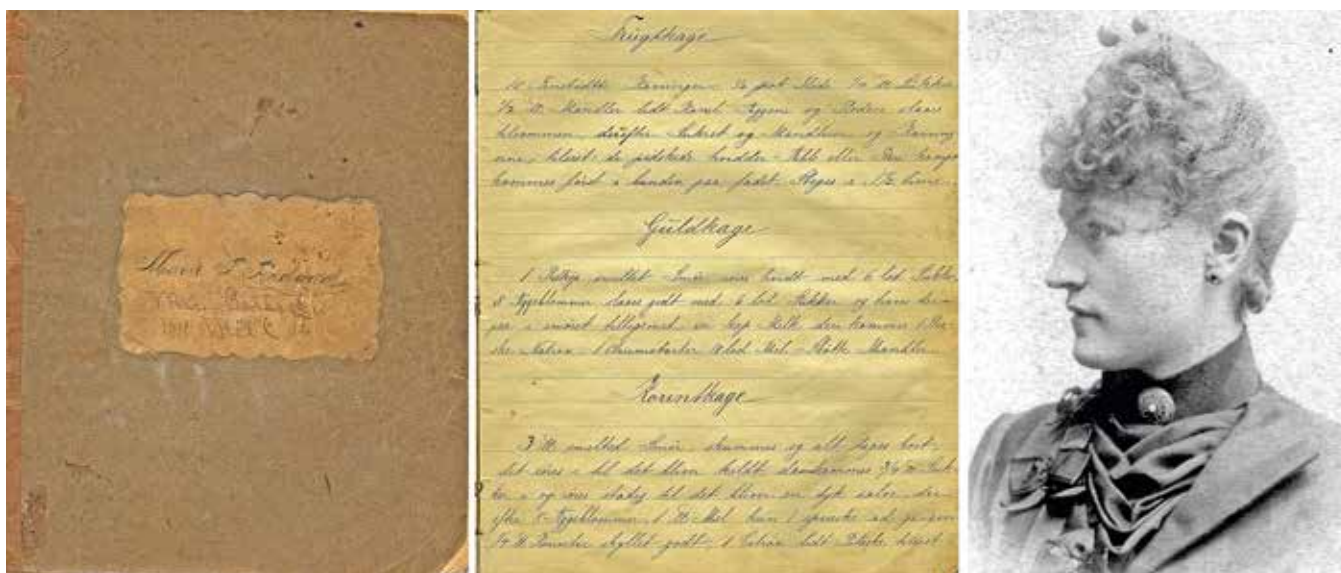
The faded cover was marked simply, "Marie T. Fladvad," and below that "Mrs. Cottrell." It was Marie's handwritten manuscript cookbook of Norwegian desserts, soups, puddings, and geles. Further review showed the booklet contained recipes written by three different individuals. In addition to Marie, we believe one of the the other authors was Marie's mother, Oline Bjerke (or Bjørke) Fladvad. The identity of the third hand which added some recipes in the very back of the book, may never be known.

The initial sessions with a Norwegian dictionary have stretched into years of steady discovery as Marie Flatvad Cottrell's cookbook gave up its secrets. And, its "secrets" included more than just the wonderful aroma of cardamom flavored holiday cookies. Eventually, the discovery of Bestemor's cookbook would send us back to Norway to locate distant relatives and to rediscover Marie's heritage.

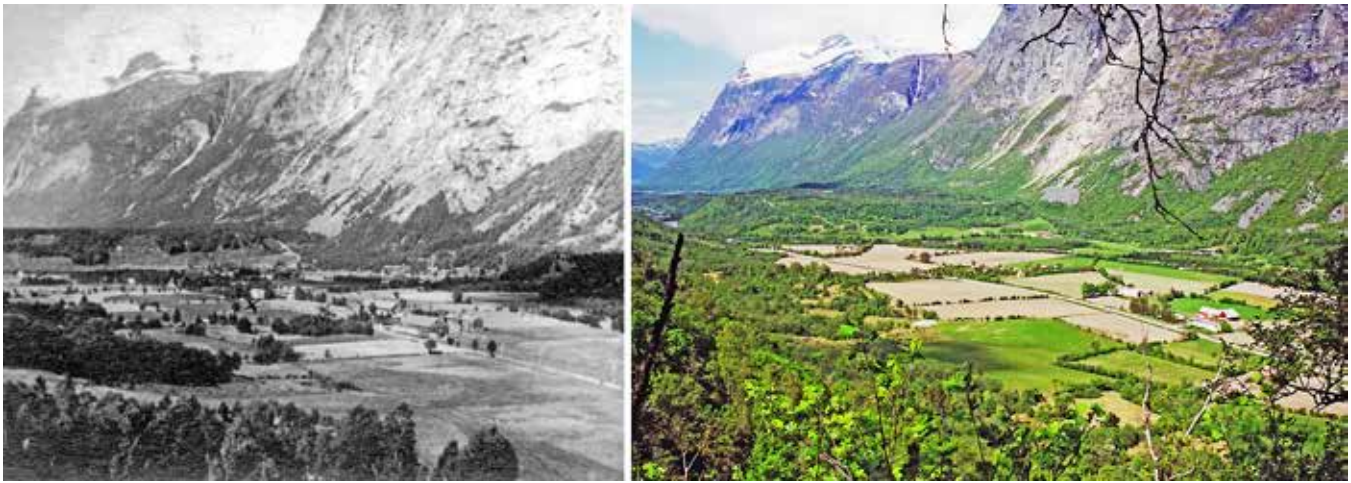
The manuscript cookbook includes 207 recipes ranging from "Kavringer" to "Vafler" and "Brunekager" to "Smaakringler," many of them new to us. The Norwegian language of the late 19th century reflected a strong Danish influence, particularly in the spelling.

We were intrigued by the recipes and were determined to try them ourselves. That became a challenge which is not fully resolved to this day. First, there was the problem of translating the 19th century Norwegian text. With the invaluable help of Tove Johansen Fladvad, Marie's great niece, the recipes were translated. Next the problem of ingredient measures presented itself. From many sources we compiled the present day equivalents of the *gamle Norske mål*--traditional Norwegian measures.

The final problem was nutritional--many of the recipes were heavy on butter fat, lard, and other ingredients high in cholesterol. The challenge then was to develop recipes which retained the taste and consistency of the traditional recipe, but which were considerably reduced in fat calories.



(Left) Marie Fladvad's original manuscript cookbook. The name plate has been overwritten. "Marie T. Fladvad" was changed to "Mrs. Cottrell 104 Mill Street." (Center) a sample page with recipes entered in the Norwegian of the late 19th century. (Right) Marie Fladvad as she looked when she first started her cookbook.



The "mystery" photograph of Flatvad that sent the authors to Norway to find the family farm. Found in Marie Cottrell's scrapbook after her death, it had been sent to her by her brother-in-law, Chris Willumsen, in 1945. A small "X" at left center marks the farm where her father, Tron Fladvad was born and raised. (Right) Almost the exact view of the Sunndahl's Driva River as it passes behind Flatvad at the lower right. Clearly, the postcard photograph was taken from near this location on the mountain "across the street" from Flatvad.

ourselves? What would their reaction be to these Americans suddenly showing up on their doorstep with an old photograph? There were so many questions, and far fewer answers.

We made some decisions.

We would go to Norway to learn what we could and to see Tove Fladvad and Bjørn Fladvad, Faith's cousins. I had been there many times since the early 1980s to participate in NATO exercises as part of my Navy duties. Of course, this left time for just a few "flying visits" as I came back through Oslo's Fornebu airport enroute home. Faith had not been back since 1960 when she attended the International Summer School at the University of Oslo. Since then her beloved Tante Jeanne Willumsen had died.

We decided also to make a serious personal commitment to publish our work in a book to share with others. This soon took us down the desktop publishing road and into a computer based typesetting system which could help us include the massive amount of imagery we had in mind. The text was vital of course, but we believed strongly that the photographs we had uncovered during our research and those we planned to take ourselves would add immeasurably to our understanding of the story, the people, the times, and the land about which the story revolves.

MEMORABLE MILESTONES...

FROM NORWAY TO NEWPORT

From then until now, the pace picked up rapidly until, compared to previous years, it became almost breakneck. Our trips to Norway and to Newport since 1992 were the turning points in our decades long quest to assemble Marie's story and to understand her life and times.

Our journeys have been exciting and passionately interesting. In addition, they have given us wonderful memories, new friends we plan to keep, and renewed ties with family we treasure. We thought you might be interested in sharing a few of the highlights from our travels.

Finding Flatvad

In 1993, we flew to Oslo. After a brief initial stay, we started out to find Flatvad. It required a long, cross-country drive from Oslo, across the Gudbrandsdal, over the Dovrefjell, and down the Sunndal to Sunndalsøra, as its name explains, the southern-most town on the Sunndalfjord. It was then early October, and we were racing the weather predictions for an early snow.



[Kristiansund](#) waterfront and harbor. (Center) [Klippfiskkjerringa](#) (klippfisk wife) statue on Kristiansund's waterfront honors the town's women who worked alongside their men to prepare the dried and salted cod which was a major source of income for the town. The statue was unveiled by HRH Queen Sonja in 1992 during celebrations recognizing the town's 250th anniversary. (Right) Kristiansund's Rådhus (city hall). Tron Fladvad owned four small farms near here in the late 19th century.

Thanks to the assistance offered by the Bibliotek and by the Fladvad family in Kristiansund, we learned that although he first leased farm land, in 1880, Tron became a gårdbruker, a farm owner and manager, and purchased four farms in and around Kristiansund, one of them near the present location of Kristiansund's Rådhus, or city hall.

The records noted that in 1884 Tron and Oline left Kristiansund and moved to Oslo. Thanks to Marius Fladvad, we learned that Tron used his knowledge of boats and sailing to carry out the move. Over coffee with his brother, Odd, sister-in-law, Oddrun, and his wife, Henny, Marius related that Tron loaded his family, his belongings, and his cattle aboard his ship and sailed around the Southern coast of Norway and up the Oslo fjord to reach their new home. At the time, he was 53 years old and Oline was 45. Anna was 22, and Marie was 18.

Another fascinating coincidence revealed itself to us in Kristiansund. In her later years Marie had been quite actively involved in the Newport Rhode Island Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber sent her several letters of appreciation for her efforts to support the major fund raising drive which led to the construction of Newport's Viking Hotel. She provided the hospitality cooking—cookies and cakes. But where had she learned those skills? Was there some experience in her background that might account for some of her well developed abilities as a cook and caterer?

We found what could be part of the answer in a faded clipping which fell out of an envelope being examined by a kind and patient librarian at the folk bibliotek. The headline mentioned “Marit Flatvad.” We were intrigued. Following Tove's translation, and further discussions with Bjørn Johansen and Lars Flatvad, we determined that she was probably not a direct relative. However, her husband did have ties close enough to the farm to assume its name as his own.

What was particularly interesting to us in light of Marie's well developed cooking and hospitality skills was the fact that Marit Flatvad established and managed for many years Norway's first real *kaffestue* (“coffee house”). She was described as both “pleasant” and “temperamental” in newspaper accounts written about her and her role as Kristiansund's *kafevertinne* (“coffee hostess”).

She operated the coffee house in Loennee-hengarden from about 1880 until after 1900. Tron and Oline were there during this period and Marie was old enough to work outside the home, as had her mother at that age.

Marit Kårbø Fladvad was born in 1833 in Lesja, in the Romsdal valley to the east of Kristiansund. She met and married Lars Olsen Flatvad, who was a farmer and businessman in the town. However, the news-



Near Dombås, early Spring on the [Dovrefjell](#)'s high mountain plateau, the season was poised somewhere between Winter and Spring. The sun is bright, but the wind is still "crisp." The trees will not see leaves for several more weeks. You can imagine that you are the only human at what looks like the top of the world, a giant basin of red-brown lichens, boulders, and stunted trees rimmed by snow capped mountains.

One of the most beautiful views to enjoy in Norway as you savor a Karamellpudding watching the late morning mist wafting gently over the smooth surface of Golåvannet. In the distance, the snow-capped shoulders of Storronden, Rondeslottet, Digerronden, Veslesmeden, and Sniubæljen rise from the Jotunheimen masstif.

poised somewhere between Winter and Spring. The sun was bright, but the wind was still "crisp." The trees would not see leaves for several more weeks. Looking for the right angle for the photograph to illustrate Oline's trip from Furnes to Kolvereid, we pulled over at a scenic point. The two lane road for miles ahead and behind us was empty. It seemed like we were the only humans at what looked like the top of the world, a giant basin of red-brown lichens, boulders, and stunted trees rimmed by snow capped mountains.

Slinging the camera over my head, I moved away from the car toward a tree-rock combination that looked promising. Stepping off the gravel, I was surprised by the sponginess of the lichen ground cover. It was like walking on a soft, but springy mattress. Reaching the tree, I took several shots then realized that the best angle would be from ground level. Reaching down, I tested the surface, expecting it to be wet. It wasn't. It was dry and warm. Cautiously, I stooped on one knee, then slowly, the other. I still expected the ground to be wet and I didn't want to wear wet or soiled clothes to our reunion at Flatvad.

I continued my descent to ground level. Still dry. Soon, I was lying in what my rifle instructor of many years past would call the "prone position." Squeezing off several shots with my camera, I began to relax and enjoy the moment.

The next few minutes stand out to this day. There I was lying on my stomach in the middle of a huge mountain basin on a soft, warm blanket of lichens listening to the much cooler wind whistle above me. Time seemed to stand still. It was a truly perfect few minutes. Everything was, well, just perfect.

Thousands of pilgrims had struggled by this spot enroute to the cathedral in Trondheim. Faith was waiting patiently in the car (writing notes from the historical marker by the roadside). But for those few moments I was the first, and the only person in that strangely beautiful and barren world of lichens, rocks, stunted trees, and stark mountains. Who knows, perhaps some of those pilgrims, like me, had found a cathedral of another kind on their way to Nidaros.

Understanding Marie Fladvad

I learned about Marie Fladvad Cottrell soon after Faith and I were married. First, I heard the tender stories from Faith about how her Norwegian grandmother (*Bestemor* Marie, although the family called her "Monnie," pron. "Money") had often stayed with her daughters and their families for extended periods. How when Faith was born Marie had washed the entire room down with soap and water, including the



ceiling. How Faith had rarely taken a nap or gone to bed without Marie being there by her side, holding her hand as she went to sleep. How devastated Faith had been when Marie had died suddenly after a very short illness.

As a young girl, family recollections indicate that Marie had rheumatic fever. Although she lived into her Eighties, she was always extra careful about her health. She made a special effort to develop and stick to a healthy diet. A hard worker, when she was tired or under the weather, her daughters would try to see that she got her rest.

Her daughter, Eleanor (“Ellie”) related many times the story of how, when they were living at 23 Catherine Street in Newport, Aunt Hattie came to the door unannounced and demanded to see Marie. Ellie “stood her down” saying: “My mother is resting upstairs. She is not well.” Ellie was always proud that she had sent Hattie packing. It says a lot about how protective Marie’s daughters were of her, and of their feelings about their father’s domineering sister.

As the years passed and we continued to work on putting this book together, it became the longest single project on which we had worked as a couple (with the exception of raising our two grown daughters, a project we know to be a “work in progress” that will continue for many decades to come).

Aside from the wonderful smells and tastes warming our kitchen and our insides, I remember asking myself one long afternoon as I was slowly scanning photographs into the computer’s memory: what was it about this subject and Marie herself that had such a grip on our interest and energies? True, it was a fascinating story with great emotional and even historical aspects, but could that totally account for the “fixation,” that went far beyond the foods and recipes we were preparing to share with readers.

At some point we realized that a substantial part of our continuing interest in the subject was Marie herself. We were fascinated and frankly, inspired, by her strength of character and her determination in life. Time and again, as her story slowly revealed itself, we were impressed by her creativity, innovation, and resiliency in dealing with the many challenges life put in her path. Marie showed great resourcefulness in providing for herself and her children despite enormous challenges.

She was, and is, an inspiration to us and to those who knew her in life.

Integrity was fundamental to Marie, the cornerstone of her outlook on life. In fact, the very reason she decided to visit America was related to integrity. She was engaged to a doctor in Christiania. She later explained to her daughters that he told her an untruth. The engagement was ended, and she decided to leave the country. To her, people of character did not lie, and they owned up to mistakes, no coverups.

Marie herself did tell a lie--once.

Late one evening in the mid-Teens, when she was living on Catherine Street with her daughters, they heard a frantic pounding on the door. Opening it cautiously, she was faced with a very frightened, frantic man--a man she knew even though he was far from his own neighborhood.

“Mrs. Cottrell, there’s a mob after me,” the man gasped, out of breath.

“Come inside,” she commanded, and found him a place to hide in the basement. Moments later, came more pounding on the door. When she opened it, she saw in the flickering lanterns the angry profiles of the crowd.

Norwegian Holiday Traditions

Syttendemai

May 17th Independence Day Celebration

Juletid

Christmas Time in Norway

by

Tracy Connors Faith Connors Tove Fladvad

Norwegians especially enjoy two major holidays each year. One commemorates their struggle to regain independence as a nation, the other celebrates the Christmas season. Both are family-oriented, combining national festivities and warm, convivial times with their immediate and extended families.

On May 16th of each year, the pace in Oslo begins to quicken. An international capital of nearly half a million people, Oslo bustles year round. However, on the 16th of May, the city begins to change. At first the casual visitor might suppose it is due to the arrival of Spring. Winter is over, the trees are glowing with a fresh, brilliant green. Mornings are cool enough for *vinter klærne* (winter clothes), however, sweaters and windbreakers are off by midday when a few bare arms are seen. Sunrise is at 6:30 a.m., but dawn occurred two hours earlier. Twilight lasts until 11 p.m. In a few weeks, it will be daylight almost 24 hours a day.



Bakery windows are filled with *kranssekake*--"crown cakes"--some over 18-inches high and made of concentric rings of mandle masse (almond paste) dough. Each ring is drizzled with white icing neatly looped to simulate snow. Every cake is covered with red, white, and blue Norwegian flags.



As *Syttendemai* festivities begin in Oslo on the morning of May 17, marching groups convene, each wearing the uniform of the school it represents. **Musikkorps** (school bands) arrive downtown, form up, play several numbers, then march off to assemble nearby for the parade which starts at 10:00 o'clock. Crowds grow to 5 and 6 people deep along Karl Johan. The street is alive with movement.

Suddenly, taxi cabs sprout Norwegian flags from their "For Hire" lights on top. Store displays--from hardware to clothing--are bedecked with red, white, and blue ribbons and rosettes.

On the streets, horns suddenly begin honking for no apparent reason. Their drivers don't seem to be upset, in fact, many are smiling.

Sidewalks are filled with shoppers chatting pleasantly and looking cheerful. They are filling their shopping bags with bread from the bakery, sweet delicacies from the *konditori* (the bakery specializing in confectioneries), and vegetables from the *grønsakshandel* (green grocer). From the size of their bags, a great deal of cooking--and eating--will go on tomorrow.

The city doesn't really settle down during that short night. A surprisingly large number of people are still strolling along the sidewalks when darkness falls at about 11 p.m. Open apartment windows convey frequent laughter and animated discussions in lilting, musical Norwegian. Finally, the city settles down only to begin waking again as dawn arrives at 4:30 a.m.

Constitution Day

For much of its history, Norway's destiny was determined by either Denmark or Sweden. One result of the Napoleonic Wars in 1813, was the transfer of Norway from Danish to Swedish control. After Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig, King Carl Johan of Sweden declared war on Denmark, and eventually took Norway away from the Danes. However, the Swedish diplomats had not consulted the Norwegians about the arrangement. They did not want to be a part of Sweden.

Leaders from throughout Norway gathered at Eidsvoll, a small town about an hour's drive north of Oslo, and prepared their own Constitution. They even elected the Danish Prince Christian Fredrik as King of Norway. A short war between Norway and Sweden delayed full independence for nearly a century, however the Swedish government did accept the Norwegian Constitution, which gave the Norwegians the right to have their own **Storting** (Parliament). The union with Sweden lasted until 1905.

On May 17, 1829, the Norwegians were celebrating what they had come to call Constitution Day. The Swedish authorities were upset. They considered May 17th to be a day of rebellion. In their view, November 4th, the day the union with Sweden was established, was a more appropriate national holiday.

As Christmas approaches, even Norwegian ships signal their participation: in harbors throughout the world *juletrær* (Christmas trees) are rigged on the mastheads. And, on board ships, as in Norwegian homes, Christmas is celebrated Norwegian style, which means little differently than the way others celebrate this very special season.

Of course, the shops along Oslo's Karl Johan resemble main street and malls elsewhere throughout the world. Fanciful window displays beckon eager-eyed children pressing noses against the glass for a better view of Christmas "goodies." Streets throng with Norwegians on the customary Christmas shopping spree. Big, lighted Christmas trees brighten up the squares, and street lights and poles are festooned with garlands and lights. Adults, already weary of shopping excesses, dream about the good, "old-fashioned" Christmas the way *Mormor* (grandmother) used to celebrate it.

Christmas in Norway is an especially happy time for everyone since Norwegians celebrate the season for an entire month. Preparations begin in early December, and by preparations we don't mean simply gift buying. To a Norwegian housewife a clean house and boxes filled with seven kinds of Christmas cookies are of major importance.

Every corner of the house is cleaned. Curtains and windows are washed, carpets, pillows and bed-clothes are brought out for a thorough airing then beaten until the last particle of dust has disappeared. Silver is polished and the crystal is washed until it shines.

In many farm kitchens throughout the country, preparations include the brewing of *Juleøl* (the special Christmas beer). In addition, for most families, there is a trip to the woods to select with great care the Christmas tree. Oslo residents Bjørn and Kari Johansen purchase their Christmas tree at Trysil, "not far from where we have our cabin. It is 190 cm. high, and with the base and the star in the top, it reaches the ceiling." (It was only during the late 19th century that the custom of a Christmas tree was introduced into Norway from Germany.)

As Christmas draws closer, the baking is started. Many kinds of small cakes (biscuits and cookies) are baked, the minimum being seven different kinds, in addition to the *julekake*, the sweet Christmas bread



A wide variety of *Julenissen* (Christmas elves or gnomes) can be seen at the [Tregaarden Julehus](#) in Drøbak, Norway. Many of these "kitchen witch" designs represent the creative artistry of Eva Johansen, who founded the Julehus in 1976, with her husband, Willy. Children from all over the world write to "Santa Claus" or *Julenissen* in Drøbak, the official Christmas post office in Norway. (Center) Author Faith Connors with cousin, Ingrid Opdal visiting Tregaarden Julehus.

The Fladvad and Bjørke Families

by

Bjørn Fladvad

and

Tracy Daniel Connors

Contributing Editor Lars Flatvad

Marie Theresa Fladvad emigrated from Christiania (Oslo), Norway to the United States in 1895. She left behind in Oslo, her father Tron Fladvad and mother, Oline Bjørke Fladvad, plus several sisters and brothers. Settling in Newport, Rhode Island, she soon married and began a new life. The Fladvad and Bjørke families from which she came have been established in Norway since before written records were kept. This is their story.

To better understand and appreciate the history of these two old Norwegian families—the Fladvads and the Bjørkes—we need to begin with a brief overview of the historical background and the circumstances in which they lived. Tron’s family had lived on three neighboring farms in Western Norway near Sunndalsøra for several hundred years. Oline Bjørke’s family was from Furnes, about six miles north of Hamar and about 30 miles south of Lillehammer, the site of the 1994 Winter Olympic games.

In many important respects, these two families and the land which they farmed represented the majority of Norwegians who emigrated to the United States. By following their story in so far as possible, we get a much better understanding of these families and times in which they lived.

The following is a broad outline and summary of Norway’s history and events—including some interesting information explaining different systems of taxation, weights, and money.

Throughout the chapter we mention historical events ranging from military actions to changing customs, in Norway, Scandinavia, America, and elsewhere. We have added these to provide perspective and comparison between events at the farms and in Norway with trends, developments, and changes taking place around the world.

In the second part of the 12th century the Norwegian Kingdom consisted of the Norway as we know it geographically today, plus it then included parts of Sweden. In addition, the King of Norway collected taxes from Isle of Man, The Hebrides, The Orkney Islands, The Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland.

Starting in the 13th century, Norway developed its own traditions and folklore which continued throughout the Middle Ages. People sang and danced to folk songs, and passed stories from one generation to another. It was the beginning of Norwegian customs and culture as we know it today.



*The Norwegian **bumerke** for the Hoås, Fladvad, and Bjørnhjell families of Nordmore.*



Norwegian farms from the Middle Ages at [Maihaugen](#) in Lillehammer. Solid, practical buildings designed to provide protection and useful function for farmers trying to survive in Northern latitudes. Even today the Norwegian diet reflects in many important ways its origins in the foods able to be grown on relatively isolated upland farms. Looking at what they were able to grow, from grain to cattle, we can better understand why certain grains are used in traditional baked goods more than others. Because dairy cattle were always at hand, butter and cheese were staple foods, included in many traditional recipes. Today, butter is in some disrepute for its cholesterol content. However, we should keep in mind that these early farmers worked long hours, with plenty of demanding physical activity. They burned far more calories than we do today, and probably could tolerate the relatively high levels of fat in their diet. Certainly, their grain heavy diet was high in fiber content.



Sunndalen. By that fall, one third of the population was dead. By 1400 the population was half that of the 12th century, Norway's "Golden Age." Ironically, even as Norway began to lose its identity as a nation-state, for those that were left life was somewhat better—they took over the best land. Whole communities had been wiped out, the aristocracy all but eliminated. These lands would not be reclaimed until the 1600s. Farmers paid less in taxes and tithes. In 1500 taxes were half of what they had been two hundred years earlier.

Consider the economic and emotional toll represented by the death of two out of every three people in a country. Entire families were wiped out.

Sweden-Denmark-Norway

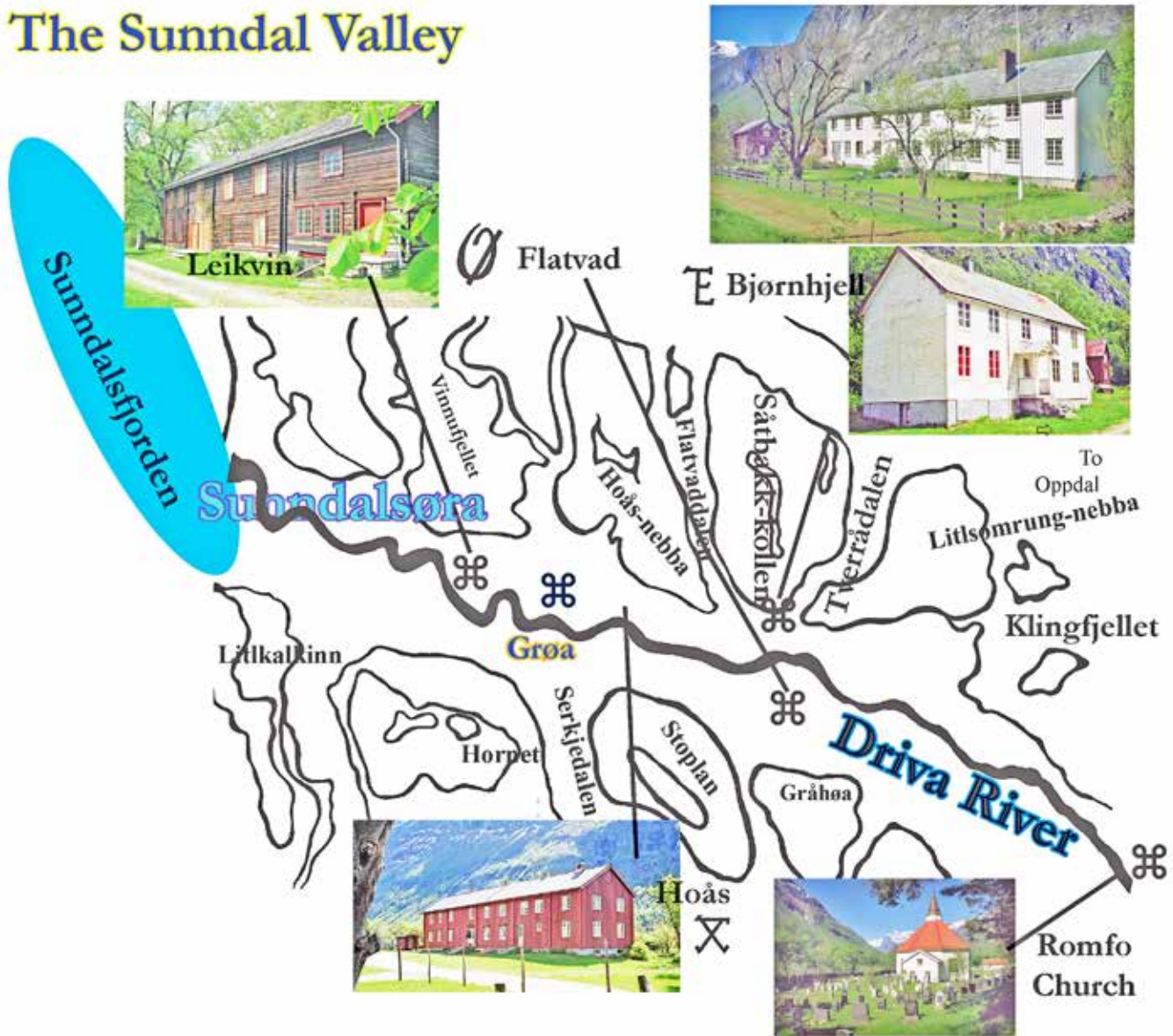
Because both Sweden and Denmark had more arable land and therefore larger populations, they dominated Norway. In the 14th and 15th centuries, the Hanseatic League based in Bergen, took economic control of Norway's foreign trade.

The Union of Kalmar (1389-1521) brought Norway, Sweden, and Denmark together as a national union for the first time in 1397. Margrete was a Danish princess who became Queen of Norway following her marriage to Håkon VI Magnusson. Eventually, she survived her father, her husband, and her son to



After the Reformation, when the Norwegian Church became Lutheran, the Church lost most of its powerful domain, and the Ecclesiastical aristocracy disappeared. After the Reformation, the aristocracy consisted mainly of Danish nobility who came to Norway as administrators. Pictured here is the [Gol Stave Church](#) (Norwegian: Gol stavkyrkje), a stave church (1200) originally from Gol in the Hallingdal area of Buskerud county, Norway. The reconstructed church is now a museum and is now located in the [Norwegian Museum of Cultural History](#) at Bygdøy in Oslo.

The Sunndal Valley



This was the case for the Fladvad family, who owned “Fladvad Number One,” the eastern farm or *Østigård*.

Taxes

At first, officials and citizens did not pay taxes. During the 1700s, a small portion of the total taxes was paid by the privileged classes. The real taxpayers were the farmers. Taxation was based on the farm’s yield—the greater the yield, the greater the tax. Land rent was based on the same principles, and when taxes were calculated, they were based on the land rent as well.

Measures and Currencies

When people during the Middle Ages paid land rent or taxes, or when they needed to purchase something, they did so most often with products of the soil. Because they were in such frequent use as a “currency,” these products acquired their own more or less fixed value and rate of exchange vis-a-vis other products.

At one time, for example, 3 *laup* (or pails) of butter = 3 hides = 1/3 mark of burned (smelted) silver.



The headwaters of the [Driva River](#) are in the Dovrefjell mountains where it flows north, then southwest through the Drivdalen valley in the municipality of [Oppdal](#). After a 93 mile transit through Trøndelag and Møre og Romsdal counties, it reaches the sea at Sunndalsøra.

When it reaches the village of Oppdal, its flow turns westward, down the Sunndalen valley to empty into the Sunndalsfjord at Sunndalsøra in Sunndal. On the way to the fjord, it passes [Grøa](#), Hoelsand, Lønset, and Vognillan. At Gjora, the Driva river changes its name to the Sunndalselva (the "Sunndal river"). Route 70 follows the river for most of its length.

One *laup* is the equivalent to 15.4 kilograms or 35.96 pounds. Roughly then, 107.88 pounds of butter equalled the value of three tanned hides, which equalled the value of 82.5 grams of refined silver. Over time, payment in currency was preferred, then required.

From 1544 to 1875, the *Daler* was the main currency throughout Norway. The coin's name was taken from a 25-30 gram silver coin from Joachimstal in Bohemia, Germany.

The coin became the *Joachimstaler*, then simply, *Taler*. In the United States, it became the "Dollar."

The weight of the Daler was 25 grams of silver. The silver content was stable throughout the period. This was not the case for smaller coins in which the silver content was considerably reduced. This increased the number of smaller coins equalling one Daler. To begin with, one Daler was 3 Mark, or 48 Skilling. In 1625, one Daler = 6 Mark = 96 Skilling.

In 1875, Norway introduced *Kroner* ("crowns") and *øre*.

Flatvad & Bjørke

The basis for Flavors of the Fjords was the manuscript cookbook of Marie Theresa Fladvad who emigrated from Christiania (Oslo) in 1894. Her father was Tron Fladvad and her mother was Oline Bjørke. Tron Fladvad's family had owned a farm in Western Norway near Sunndalsøra for several hundred years. Oline Bjørke's family was from Furnes, near Hamar.

The Fladvad farm is on the floor of a valley carved through the mountains by the glaciers and the Driva River. Its plunging "V"-shape as opposed to a "U"-shape signals that the valley was largely formed by glacier action. Periodically, the river would rampage through the valley doing great damage to the farms. Farming there was both risky and remote. The nearest town of any size was Kristiansund many miles away by boat down the fjord. It was until recently called Kristiansund N(orth), to differentiate it from Kristiansand, which is located in the south of Norway.

The Bjørke farm was located on the North shore of Lake Mjøsa, Norway's largest inland lake. The countryside there was somewhat less challenging and more settled, with pastures and fields gently sloping down toward the water.

the land rent. The total value of the farm and its holdings that year was set at 55 weights of silver, plus 40 weights of silver for the land itself.

About this time as well, chocolate was brought from Mexico to Spain. Eventually, it would find its way into Norwegian, as well as into world cooking.

The Widow Called Synnøve

In 1548 the records mention at Flatvad, a widow called Synnøve, apparently a farmer's widow. She paid an annual land rent of one cow, and one sheep. Her farm had a land rent of 2 2/3 pail.

As previously noted, from time to time we will add historical footnotes to help the reader correlate events in Norway by pointing out events taking place elsewhere at about the same time. For example, at this time King Henry VIII had died in England the year before, and was succeeded by his and Jane Seymour's son, Edward VI. However, Edward, too would die in 1553 after a very short reign. Lady Jane Grey would be proclaimed Queen of England, only to be deposed nine days later. Finally, Mary I, daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, became the Queen "Bloody" Mary.

From 1609 to 1626, Peder Helsing, probably a newcomer to the area, farmed Flatvad.

Elsewhere, in Constantinople, the Turks were starting the Blue Mosque. Tea from China was being shipped to Europe for the first time by the Dutch East India Company. And, Henry Hudson sailed through Hudson's Straits to discover Hudson's Bay.

In 1611, the War of Kalmar was declared by Denmark on Sweden. And later that year, Charles IX of Sweden died. He was succeeded by Gustavus II (Gustavus Adolphus). In England this year, the first edition of the Authorized Version of the Holy Bible, the "King James Bible," was published.

Ivar, Dordi, and Ingrid

About Ivar Pedersen, born in 1620 near Flatvad, we know much more. He was married twice, first to Dordi Nilsdatter, with whom he had three children: Ivar, Morten, and Helga. After their mother died, they received 34 Daler.



The first church in Sunndalsøra was located at [Løykja](#), about three miles east of the town. The site was near what today is the largest preserved Viking burial ground in Norway, consisting of about 200 graves, mostly burial mounds. The oldest of the graves were from the fourth century A.D. and were used to bury cremated remains. In 1685, an avalanche destroyed the church, leaving only a few scattered fragments, including these pieces of the altar rail and a carving of Christ. They have been incorporated into a special Chapel room at the nearby Leikvin Heritage Park. Services are held weekly.

The world's first written absolutist constitution went into effect in 1665 giving the king total authority in all matters. Ironically, the officials selected to administer the country were often Norwegians and increasingly viewed Norwegian matters through the eyes of "native sons." Absolutism actually reduced the power of the aristocracy in favor of more centralized control exercised in the name of the people.

Flooding Ravages Flatvad

Historical records over the centuries make it clear that flooding was a "clear and present danger" to the farmers who worked the land in the Driva River valley. Interestingly, one of the ways flood damage can be detected from the records is to note when taxation was reduced.

In 1666, the same year that London's center city burned to the ground, taxation at Flatvad was reduced by 12.5 percent. Flooding by the Driva river had left its mark on the Fladvad family and the economic picture for the region. In that year as well, the first Cheddar cheese was made.

Taxation of Flatvad in 1667 was based on an annual yield of 71 barrels of oats. In England, the blind poet John Milton completed "Paradise Lost."

Ingrid, A Widow With Property

At Flatvad in 1678, with Ivar's death, Ingrid was a widow with property. Mons Toresden, son of Tore Andersen Ørsund, married the Flatvad widow. They would have two children. Russia and Sweden went to war. In England, there was great consternation over the "Popish Plot." Trials were conducted of many leading Roman Catholics.

Mons and Ingrid welcomed a daughter, Asbjorg, in 1680. She later became a farmer's wife at the Toske farm number 1 nearby.

Absolutism was imposed in Sweden under King Charles XI. In America, the French organized a colonial empire stretching from Quebec to the mouth of the Mississippi River. In Germany, an enterprising restaurateur opened the first coffeehouse.

At Flatvad in 1682, a second daughter was born to Mons and Ingrid. Marit remained unmarried and in her later years, became insane.

In America, La Salle claimed the Louisiana territory for France and took possession of the Mississippi



Confirmation into the Lutheran Church was introduced in Norway in 1736. One important change it made was the requirement that children learn to read in order to learn religious tenets by reading the Lutheran catechism.

Romfo kyrkje (Romfo Church) is a white, wooden, [octagonal church](#) built in 1821 (incorporating a much older church on the same site), in the village of Romfo, [Sunndal Kommune](#) (municipality), in Møre og Romsdal County, in Northwestern Norway. Designed by architect Ole P. Tøfte, the 265-seat church was established to the western portion of the Sunndalen valley, along the river Driva.

from Hans Nielsen Hauge to the people. Meanwhile, after his sister, Anne, had been widowed, she and her two children moved to Brunsvika and took over the household.

On one of his evangelical journeys Ole became ill. He spent some time on a farm where he was cared for by the daughter of the farms owner, Marit Olsdatter Resell. They were married in 1867 and had 9 children together. The estate Brunsviken remained in the family until 2015.

In Christiania, Henrik Wergeland published his epic poem *Skabelsen, Mennesket, og Messiah* (Creation, Humanity, and Messiah). He went on to fire his own and succeeding generations with his poetry, prose, articles, and political activity. He died in 1845 at the age of 37.

Tron Fladvad, was born in 1831 to Ole and Anne at Flatvad. He would marry Oline Bjerke of Furnes, near Hamar. One of their daughters was Marie Theresa Fladvad.

Trond had three brothers and three sisters, including:

Endre took over the farm (in Sunndal, near Sunndalsøra).

Ivar immigrated to Østersund in Sweden and married Maria Johanna Bergmann, 20 years old. Ivar and Maria are the ancestors of a large family in Sweden.

Ivar, the fourth son of Ole and Anne, studied at Klebo school in 1854-55, learning to be a church singer. He also took a position as a teacher at Romfo elementary school. However, after four years he taught himself to be a goldsmith and watchmaker.

Family stories suggest that Ivar, after an unhappy romance, determined to leave Norway. Together with a friend he walked to Ragunda, Sweden in 1860, where they established a gold- and watch-shop.

After about five years he left the shop and from 1865 – 67 educated himself at an agricultural school. At age 35 he started dating Maria Bergman, age 20. He was considered old by her family and soon acquired the nickname “Gammelnorsken.” Eventually they married in 1869. They would have nine children. Some of them died very young.

Ivar took a position as manager at a farm and had an annual income of 1000 riksdaler which was considered as high income. This was considered to be a high income and allowed him to be generous both with gifts to persons and institutions, and to be able to buy things for himself and his household which were not obtainable for most people at that time.

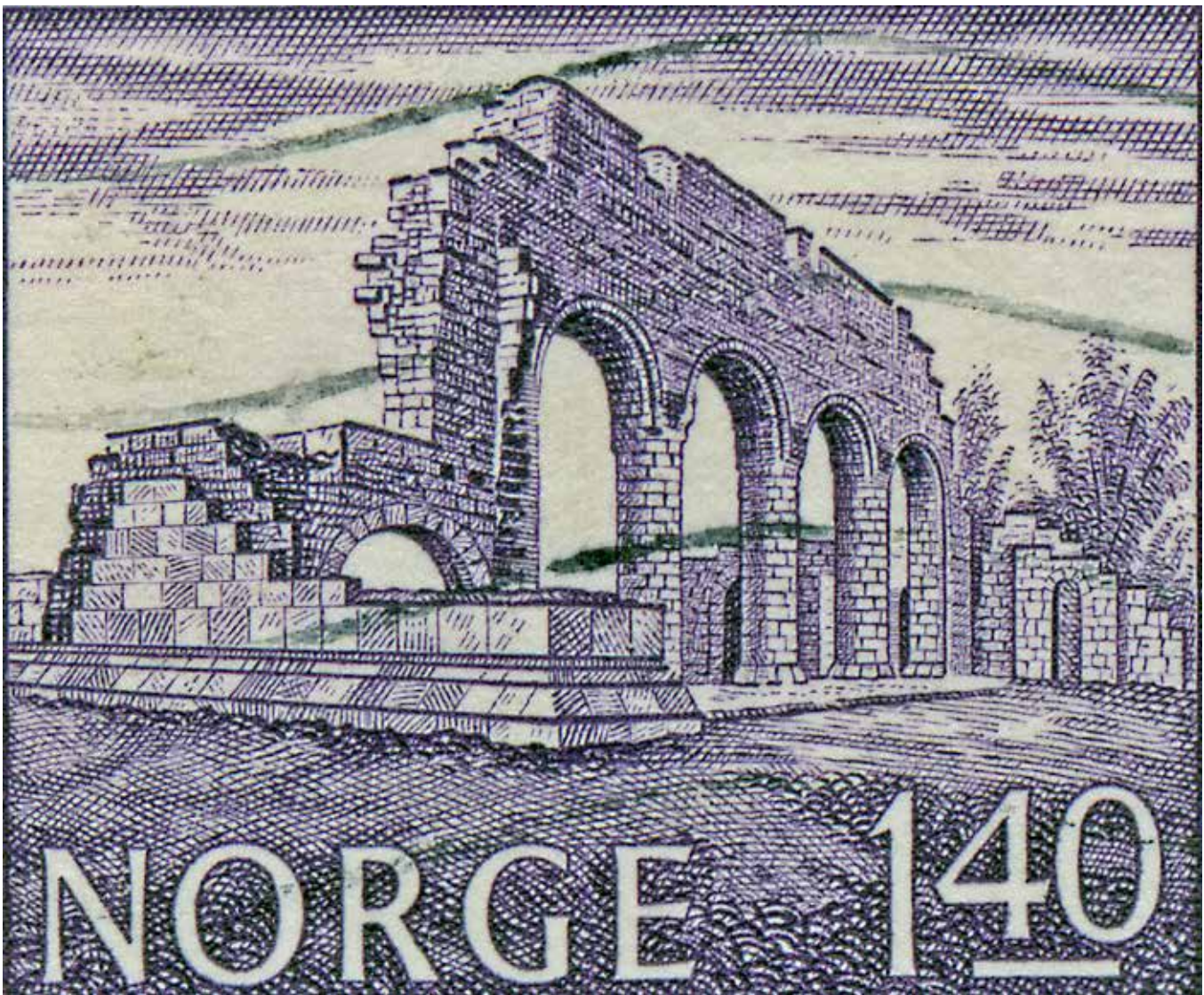
In 1872 the family moved to Bodsjø where he took the position as forrest inspector with the company “Skønvik AB.” He worked for them for 32 years, until he retired in 1904.

Belgium separated from the Netherlands. Cholera continued spreading from Russia into Central Europe, reaching Scotland in 1832. The first horse-drawn buses appeared in New York.

Norwegian farmers finally succeeded in electing a majority of representatives from their own ranks to the Storting. This would lead, in 1869, to the formation of Norway’s first political party, the Liberal Party



Estate Brunsvika in Kristiansund. (Right) The Germans Wehrmacht occupied Brunsvika during WWII. Expecting an Allied invasion that never happened, they built this “pillbox” on the adjoining lot in Kristiansund. The soldiers also left hobnailed boot gouges in the stair treads.



Hamar. This Norwegian stamp commemorates [Hamar's Domkirkeodden](#) (cathedral ruins), a medieval cathedral and Bishop's castle, the only visible traces of the old market town of Hamar. These four Romanesque arches date from about 1150 and remain the symbol of the city. (Courtesy of Bjørn Fladvad)

Hamar

Norway's largest inland town, Hamar, is located about forty miles northwest of Oslo. The city was founded in 1049, and its first "tourists" were pilgrims coming from throughout Europe, resting in Hamar during their long, arduous journey to St. Olav's tomb in Nidaros Cathedral in Trondheim. Hamar's first cathedral was built shortly after Christianity was introduced in Norway. The remains of the cathedral and bishop's palace (from about 1150) are still to be found in Hamar.

Hamar's first cathedral was built shortly after the city became an Episcopal residence in 1152. During the seven years' war (1563 - 1570) between Sweden and Denmark/Norway, Swedish forces attacked Norway in February 1567, crossing the border northeast of Hamar. Their aim was to capture Akershus Castle which was protecting Oslo. On their way they stopped in Hamar for a while, and plundered the rural districts around the town. In Oslo they were defeated, and when leaving they burned the city. On their way back to Sweden they again reached Hamar, and this time they also set fire to the cathedral which was largely destroyed.

part, the homes of the farmers, and the accommodations, as might be expected, are of a primitive character, but they are the best that the country can afford, and the guest is always assured of civility and attention.”

“The Norwegian peasant—and except on the coast there are few towns—is proud of his ancestry and of his hard-won freedom, but, unless his dignity is touched, he is the most polite and hospitable of mortals.”

Anderson recommended have “a courier who understands the language.” His experience led him to conclude that “all Norwegians are thoroughly honest, even to the couriers,” and he recommended Matthias Johanssen of Christiania, as a “most capable, energetic, and trustworthy man.”

Norwegian Horses Would Not Kick

Anderson and his wife, spent a week “pleasantly in Christiania.” The evening before they left for their journey “through Gudbrandsdalen, over the Dovre-field to Thronhjem (Trondheim),” Johanssen called them into the court yard of the hotel to examine the carriage in which they were to ride, and the provisions he had obtained for the journey. “We found a light caleche carriage, closely packed with preserved meats, crackers, etc., while an ingenious contrivance, pendant from the dash-board, held a dozen small bottles of Bordeaux wine. My fears in regards to the safety of these latter fragile goods were set at rest when Johanssen assured me that Norwegian horses would not kick.” A board fastened to the rear axle carried a single trunk.

After the inspection, the “richly laden” carriage was left in the hotel court yard, “where it remained undisturbed throughout the night.” Not an article was missing in the morning. Anderson made a point of noting that “it was our custom to leave our property in the carriage, as it stood by the roadside, night after night, at the inn door, and our faith in the honesty of the people was never shaken.”

Johanssen had the carriage loaded on the train from Christiania to Eidsvoll, the end of the rail line. However, nearby by was the “pretty little steamer King Oscar,” in the Vormen river, “ready to take us to Lillehamar, at the head of Lake Miosen (Mjøsa).” There the carriage was placed on the foredeck, while the three travelers rested under an awning on the quarter-deck.”

The King Oscar is long gone. However, one of its contemporaries is still sailing.

Skibladner

On August 2, 1856 the steamboat “Skibladner,” had taken its maiden voyage down Lake Mjøsa, Norway’s largest lake. Its name was taken from Norse mythology, where *Skibladner* was a ship which could sail with equal ease on land or sea. With the railway open between Oslo and Eidsvoll since 1854, the Skibladner would help bring the capital and many inland towns and villages much closer together.

Remarkably, the *Skibladner*, the single remaining paddle wheel steamer of that period, is not only still afloat, but also still in commercial use. Homeported in Eidsvoll, it makes regularly scheduled stops



The “white swan of Mjøsa”--Skibladner--is the world’s oldest paddle-steamer still in active service. Today, as it did when Oline Bjørke went aboard in 1859, Skibladner plies the Mjøsa during the summer months. This beautiful little ship takes its name from Norse mythology, where “Skibladner” was a vessel which could sail with equal ease on land or sea. Lake Mjøsa is still the “beautiful sheet of water,” Anderson found. Seventy miles long, its greatest width is ten miles.



In 1860, Tron Fladvad left Flatvad and the Sundahl and set out for [Kolvereid](#), about thirty miles north of Namsos. His elder brother, Endre would inherit Flatvad.

Oline and Tron had two more children while they lived at Sjølstad. Their first son, Ole Andreas was born on October 11, 1863, the same year the first paper mill went into operation at an Oslo suburb. By 1890, Norway had sixty pulp mills.

A second daughter, Marie Theresa was born on December 20, 1865.

Tron seemed to be more interested in trade and seamanship than in farming. At first he bought a *jekt*, a single masted Norwegian boat very common along coastal waters. Lars Bjørke was the skipper for the vessel. In addition, Tron became a partner in a sloop called the *Amalie*.

By 1867 however, over extension and an economic downturn forced Tron to liquidate his holdings. In 1867, he and Oline moved to Kristiansund that autumn.

A second son, Frederick was born in 1868. When he lived in Christiania, he worked as an office clerk. Later, he moved to Brooklyn, New York, where he died. He had no children.

Lars was also having difficulties. After trying with no success to save the Sjølstad, he sold it.

Niels came to an even sadder end. In the autumn of 1871, while floating timber down the River Kvista, he fell in and drowned. Later, when his body was found, it had no head.



Sunndalen. Tron Fladvad took this road in 1860 when he left Sunndalen and set out for Kolvereid. He had known all his life that he would eventually have to leave the Sunndal. He could not inherit Flatvad since he had an older brother. There was no more arable land in his valley. He would have to develop other skills and move away.



Kristiansund's gamle kirke, the old church. When it was pulled down in about 1875, some of its seats and paneling were purchased by Ole Fladvad. The paneling was installed in his living room at Brunsvika and was there until 2015 when the property was sold (right). The pew was in the kitchen and was offered to honored guests who had been invited in for coffee with the family.



Ole Fladvad's gård at Brunsvika in Kristiansund. Tron's house, no longer standing, is said to have looked much like his brother's. Tron first leased the farm Lyhsgården, then in 1889, Tron became a gårdbruker, a farm owner and manager, buying four farms in and around Kristiansund: Nerlandenga, Bråsenenga, Vålenga, and Sletta. The latter was very near the present location of Kristiansund's Rådhus, or city hall.



This harborside view of Kristiansund was taken in 1867. While the Kart (map) was drawn in 1854, it is the only available map of that period in the collection of the Kristiansund Folk Bibliotek. Viewed together however, they provide us with a better understanding of how the town looked at time Tron and Oline lived there with their children. (From the Collection of the Kristiansund Folk Bibliotek)



the ancestral family, who spelled it Fladvad.

Family historians believe he might have been a cotter at Flatvad. It is highly probable in such a small town and having ties with the farm, that the Fladvads knew Lars and his enterprising wife, Marit. The newspaper later concluded that it was Marit who was probably “the real leader” of their business enterprises. She was called a “business genius” and an extremely clever human being.

At first she sold vegetables and flowers (*blomster*) from a basement store in Stangvik, a section of downtown Kristiansund. Later, she added leather goods and supplies. Her flowers and vegetables were “very popular” one account reported, and she “probably made a good living on this little business.”

It was her *kaffestue* however, that put Marit Flatvad into the history books. She was soon known for her good coffee and her cleanliness. Her *kaffestue* became very popular.

Weary, hungry Kristiansund fishermen at four and five o'clock in the morning would be welcomed at Marit's *kaffestue* which was open and doing a brisk business. They looked forward to the delicious aroma of her coffee and her famous specialty, *skillingskaker*, a large bun with raisins and coarse sugar on top. She would top them with butter and lots of *gamelost*, a type of aged, pungent cheese.

On one occasion Marit had a celebrity visit her *kaffestue*. Alexander Kielland, Norwegian novelist, short-story writer, and dramatist. He ranks among the “big four” of Norwegian classic writers, along with Bjørnson, Ibsen, and Lie. Even though he came from a wealthy merchant family, Kielland wrote about the glaring discrepancies between wealth and poverty, and obviously felt a deep aversion to the dehumanizing effects of industrial capitalism. He sympathized with its victims and had parted company with his own class. He saved his worse literary punishment for the representaives of conservative, institutionalized life,

The Cottrell's of Newport

by
Tracy Daniel Connors
&
Faith Cottrell Raymond Connors



The [John Easton House](#) at 23 Catherine Street, Newport, RI was the Charles M. Cottrell home in the early 20th century. At left, a Cottrell family snapshot of the house as it looked in about 1915, with striped awnings and before a later addition was added. At right, more contemporary views showing the addition.

On a bleak December day in 1918, his daughter Marie Theresa ("Petie") remembered, 66-year old Charles Middleton Cottrell sat on the second step of the staircase leading to the upper levels of the family's big Victorian home at 23 Catherine Street on the corner of Catherine and Fir Streets in Newport, Rhode Island. The three story house, built in 1825 by John Easton, had previously been the "cottage" of James Gordon Bennett.

Never a big man physically, Charlie Cottrell now looked smaller than ever as he sat hunched over, pained in body and soul, sobbing. He was an empty shell, a mirror image of his business, formerly a thriving partnership with his brother, Robert Clarke Cottrell. Their large Victorian store at 320-360 Thames Street, locally known at the "Cottrell Block," had served Newport for decades as one of the city's largest mercantile and undertaking establishments. [That location is now the [Newport Post Office](#).]



The [John Easton House](#) at 23 Catherine Street in Newport, Rhode Island was the Charles Middleton Cottrell home from 1911 until 1920. The Cottrell family enjoyed its best times there--until his health failed. (Right) The stairs where Charlie said goodbye to his family.



The [Grand Hotel in Oslo, Norway](#). Ibsen was often seen in its Grand Cafe after his return to Christiania in 1891. He could be found there from precisely 1.20 pm-2 pm and 6 pm-7.30p m each day, Occasionally, Marie and her friends would see him there when they went in for frokost. Of course, they saw his plays when they were presented at the nearby National Theater.

The Grand Hotel Cafe was the favored watering hole for a generation of Norwegian artists. Edvard Munch painted Ibsen sitting by the window with a newspaper. The Cafe closed for extensive renovations in 2015.

The entrance to the [Storting, Norway's Parliament](#), is seen at right.

At right, [Henrik Ibsen](#), the internationally honored Norwegian playwright and author, in 1898. The Fladvads were proud of him and were very familiar with his work. Marie had several photographs of him, including this one which she probably acquired during her 1898 visit to see her parents in Christiania. "Ibsen, like Wagner and Manet, has lived down his commentators," H.L. Mencken wrote, "and is now ready to be examined and enjoyed for what he actually was, namely, a first-rate journeyman dramatist, perhaps the best that ever lived." One of the "Ideas" Ibsen had, Mencken pointed out, was that it is "unpleasant and degrading for a wife to be treated as a mere mistress and empty-head."

Marie Rejects "The Doll's House"

Being a loving, not to mention resourceful woman, Marie tried to assure her husband of over twenty-two years that she would find a way to take care of him. After all, she had watched and assisted her father, Trond Fladvad, a Norwegian businessman, for many years before immigrating to America. Through him and her mother, Oline, she had gained experience in timber sales, fishing, farming, and cattle. Her Norwegian family was old, land-owning, hard-working, and entrepreneurial. She could take his place in the business and turn things around.

Hunched over on the staircase, Charlie adamantly refused to listen, shaking his head still buried in his sleeve. They had had this one-sided conversation before. Women, at least Cottrell women, could be educators or lead philanthropic organizations, but they simply didn't go into business. It wasn't right. People might think he was a failure...that he couldn't provide for his family. No, it was all settled, he mumbled into the stair carpet. He said no more.

Hattie's next announcement left Marie even more stunned, if that were possible, unable to breathe or to catch her breath at what she heard. "They" were putting the house up for rent. Dr. Samuel Parker Cottrell, Marie's brother-in-law, who had moved to Catherine Street to help Charlie cope with arthritis, now planned to move his office and residence to 59 Bellevue Avenue. Marie and "her" daughters, she said icily, could move into the house at 105 Pelham Street--the same house Marie and Charlie had lived in when they were first married 22 years before. This time however, their rooms would not be on the second floor, but in the basement.

The newspapers in Christiania were reporting the arrest of French army Captain Alfred Dreyfus on charges of treason. He would be convicted, and deported to Devil's Island. In New York, Thomas Edison opened a Kinetoscope Parlor. Marie was probably more interested in the news that composer Jean Sibelius had performed "Finlandia." She loved music and knew many major operatic works by heart.

In Newport, the Mercury reported that "golf has put in an appearance at Jamestown. A very interesting game was played at the Dumplings on Tuesday by Newport and Jamestown players."

"Steamers Conanicut and Anawan came into collision while off Rose Island Saturday morning (August 4, 1894) The damage was slight," the Mercury reported.

As usual, Newport was a very busy little city. The New York Yacht Club began its fiftieth annual cruise in August. "Reports of saluting guns echoed throughout downtown Newport announcing that the yachts were arriving in the harbor."

The Newport Yacht Club held its first "Ladies Night" at its headquarters "and a very enjoyable affair it proved," the Mercury reported. "Tasteful decorations, fireworks, music and refreshments were features of the evening's entertainment."

Just north of Newport on Aquidneck Island, in [Middletown](#), the soil was rich and in good weather years, could produce bumper crops of vegetables. In 1894, for example, the Mercury pointed out, "Mr. Benjamin T. Brown of Middletown planted three acres of potatoes this year on which the yield has averaged from 60-80 barrels to the acre. Some of the potatoes have weighed 19 ounces each."

In 1894, the first class Newport-to-New York fare via the Fall River Line had been reduced from \$3 to \$2. The overnight trip with luxurious accommodations on a magnificent steamboat such as the Priscilla or the Commonwealth, completed Marie's journey in time from the provincial capital of Christiania, into [Newport's Gilded Age](#).

The term was taken from the title of a novel written by Mark Twain and Charles Warner in 1873 which satirized the excesses of the time. At this time Newport was the hot weather destination of the wealthy. When the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Belmonts, and other wealthy families of the period began spending their summers in Newport, they brought with them money, friends, and battles for social standing.

Newport fairly crackled with sights, sounds, and smells when Marie stepped off the steamboat. Newport's smells included the fragrances of hawthorne and honeysuckle, whose delicious fragrances were countered by horse droppings and cesspools. The sounds included the whistle of the Fall River steamers, the Jamestown ferryboat, and the bells of warning buoys at the harbor entrance. The sights included Colonial homes, the hustle of a lively port and wharf, and the bustle of merchants and servants to meet the

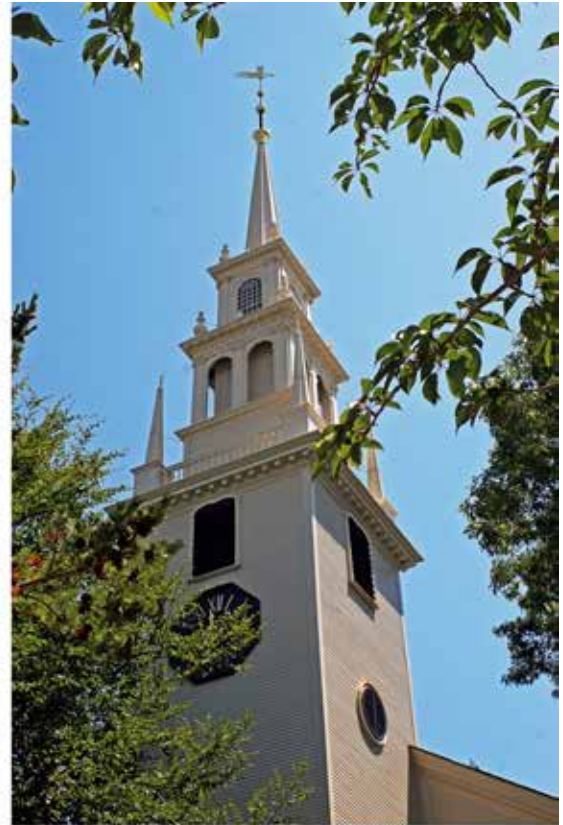


This Oslo street of the late 19th century has been completely restored and reconstructed by the [Norsk Folke-museum](#). The houses and shops are used by artisans and craftsmen in the [Gamlebyen](#), or Old Town. Marie Fladvad would find this "gate" a familiar scene, looking much the same as when she left Oslo in 1894.

ready to give us every assistance in preparing for our journey. I can not express our obligations to the gentleman for his attentions and kindness, and it was at his delightful country-house, 'Frogner,' that we first learned that northern hospitality does not partake of the coldness of the climate."

So helpful to Anderson was Gade, that Anderson dedicated "Six Weeks in Norway," to "Consul Gerhard Gade, of Christiania." Twenty years later, Gade was no longer in Christiania. He was in Boston at the residence of Mrs. Thomas S. ("Aunt Hattie") Nowell, who lived at 337 Commonwealth Avenue. He was an honored guest in the Nowell's home at the wedding of Charles Middleton Cottrell of Newport, Rhode Island and Marie Theresa Fladvad of Christiania. Mr. Gade knew the Fladvad family from his days as Consul in Christiania and was a close friend.

Following Marie's marriage to Charlie Cottrell in 1895, they moved into Michael and Catherine's former home at 79 Thames Street. At that time, she couldn't read English very well, so he would read the newspapers to her. There was much to discuss.



(Left) *Antique postcard view* of Newport's [Trinity Church](#). The Cottrell family joined Trinity at Catherine's urging. Years later, after attending Sunday School the Cottrell girls would go over to Robert Cottrell's home on Frances Street to "read the funny papers." Robert, a business partner with their father, Charles, was Mayor of Newport in 1906. (Right) *Contemporary views* of Trinity Church.

Between Polar Expeditions Roald Amundsen Explored Shuffleboard

Roald Amundsen was only a young man of seventeen when he witnessed the triumphal homecoming of Fridtjof Nansen, Norway's famed Arctic explorer in 1889. At some point during this time he fixed on the idea of mastering the Northwest Passage. His practical mother would have none of that, she wanted him to be a doctor, to pursue a career in medicine, and he did become a medical student. However, upon her death, he gave up the idea of hanging out a "shingle," and took the mate's examination instead.

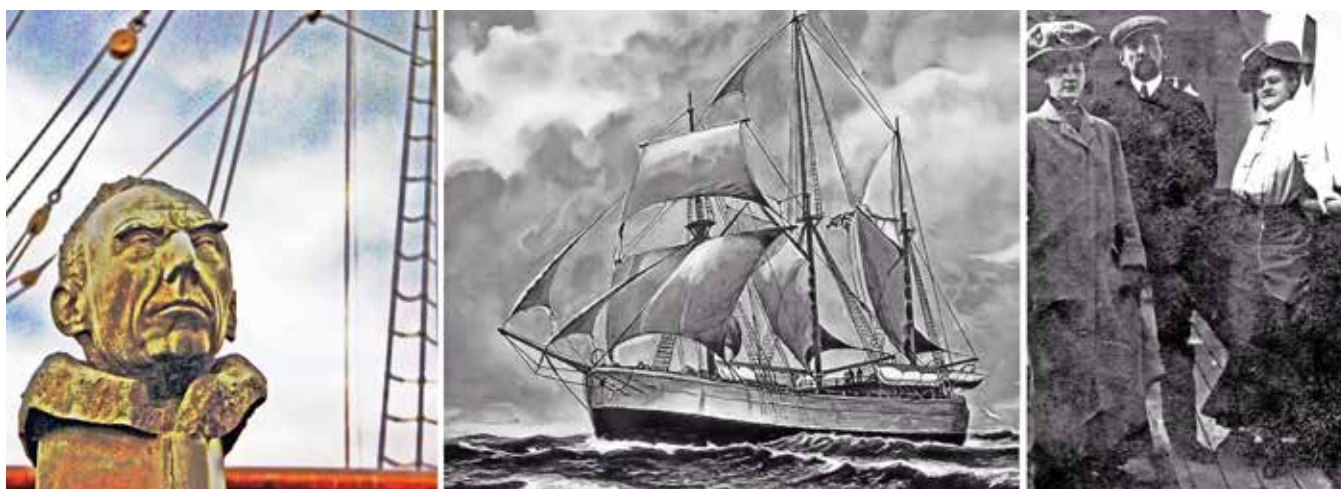
His first chance at Arctic exploration was in 1897-1899 aboard the Belgian ship "Belgica," under the command of Adrian de Gerlache. He was first mate on this expedition that was the first to winter in the Antarctic. However, he wanted to set his own course with destiny.

In 1901, he conducted oceanographic research along the northeast coast of Greenland. Finally, he was able to buy the Hardanger sloop Gjøa, ("Sea"), and set out in 1903 for Arctic seas. His aim was to locate the magnetic North Pole. He spent two winters in Gjøahavn, learning Arctic survival skills from local Eskimos, for whom he had enormous respect.

In 1905, he finally breached the Northwest Passage making the first voyage around the northern Canadian coast. During the incredible journey, he also located and charted the magnetic North Pole. Even after coming through the passage, the Gjøa had to spend yet another winter in the Arctic. Amundsen left the boat for a harrowing 3-month sled ride to Eagle City to let the world know they had breached the Passage. Finally, on August 31, 1906, the Gjøa reached Nome, Alaska.

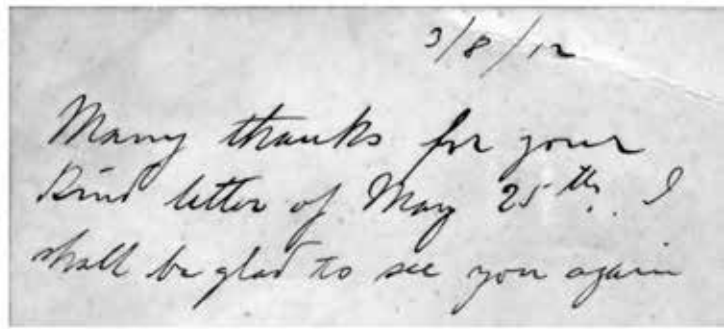
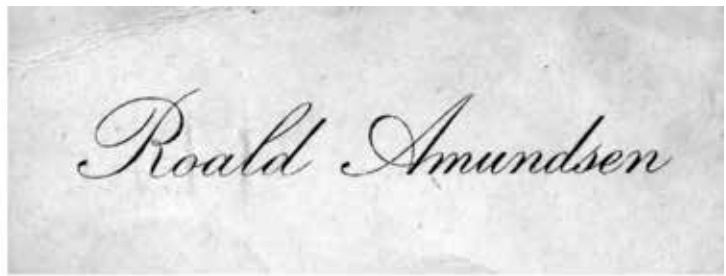
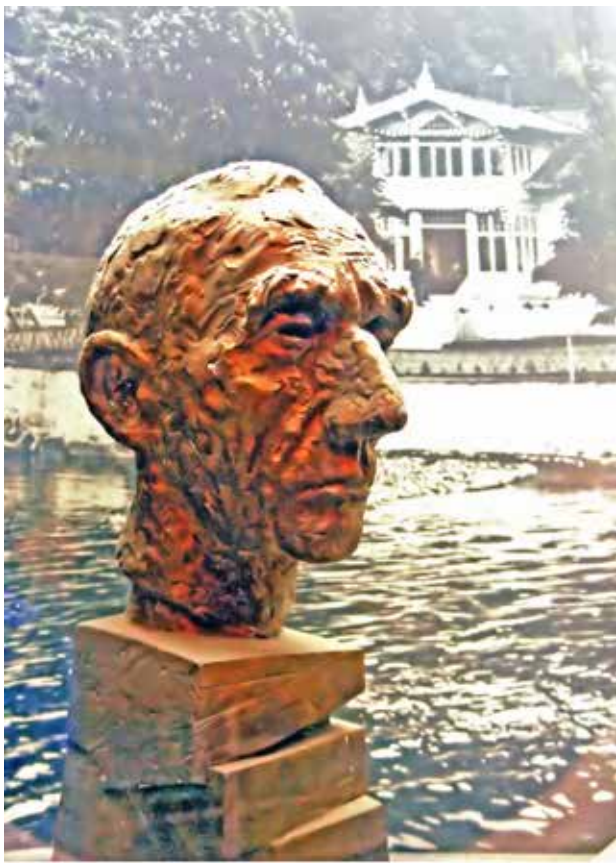
Amundsen's name doesn't show up again in the logs of history, until 1909. However, we do know where he was on October 15, 1907. He was not enduring the hazards of a harsh arctic climate. He was engaged in activities potentially much more dangerous--socializing aboard a passenger ship enroute to the United States.

Otilie and Olise were enroute to the U.S. for their first visit to this country. They were traveling with their older sister, Marie, and her three children who were returning from an extended visit to her beloved Norway. Sister Jeanne stayed with Oline and Tron at their Holbergsgate apartment. Later, she told great niece Faith Raymond, "I stayed to care for Mama (Oline)."



Famed Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen (left) traveled with the Fladvad family on several occasions. At right, in this picture taken in 1907, he stands with Marie's sisters, Otta (left) and Olise.

Later, he autographed and dated the photograph. On the back of the battered autographed photograph, Otta has noted: "Memories from my first trip to USA aboard the SS Oscar II. The photo is of Captain Hemple during a very interesting game called shuffle board with Captain Roald Amundsen!" The photograph however, shows Captain Amundsen posing with Otta and Olise. The photograph to which she referred has not been located.



After the 1907 voyage, the Fladvad sisters stayed in touch with Amundsen. They corresponded over the following years and met at least once more. Just eight months after reaching the South Pole, Amundsen sent Otta his personal card on August 8, 1912. He noted on the back, in English, that he would “be glad to see you again.”

one or two of them. On those occasions, she would become highly emotional and begin accusing members of the family of stealing her rings. Eventually, the rings would be located and the house return to peace and quiet--until the next time she forgot where she put them. The ritual became a family joke.

Marie could take no more. Finally, Charlie worked out an arrangement with his brother, Robert. Just prior to Cecile's birth, he moved Marie and the girls to 104 Mill Street. Robert, who had served as Mayor of Newport in 1906, moved his family to 11 Francis Street.

They were now comfortably settled in the big, three-story gabled roof house that had been the Robert Cottrell home since 1886. Built in 1758 by Benjamin Reynolds, a Jamestown ferryman, it was one of the very few brick colonial houses built in Newport. Sitting near the large, south-facing windows, Margaret and Eleanor tried their newly acquired reading skills to decipher Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."

Busy with her growing brood, Marie took little notice, at first, that "Fountain" pens were becoming popular. About this time she did begin to see--and hear--a new automobile chugging along Newport's streets and avenues. The Ford Motor Company had recently produced the first "Model T"--15 million would eventually be sold.

In 1910, Marie noted, sadly that Björnstjerne Björnson had died. She remembered the Christmas of 1906 when she found the small, tan volume of Synnövé Solbakken in the shop along Karl Johan. She wished she could be a little more like Synnövé, safe and secure with her family at their ancestral farm, growing up to marry Thorbjorn, the boy next door. Then she remembered how passive Synnövé was, how accepting of whatever fate had in store for her, and finally, how manipulated by both sets of parents into accepting a marriage proposal from Thorbjorn. No, she could never be Synnövé Solbakken, she was



(Left) Newport's famous Viking Hotel. (Center) Marie Fladvad Cottrell at about the time she helped raise money to help build the hotel.

It took several years for the public to dig deep enough to buy half a million in common and preferred stock. However, the project was a success. The Hotel Viking was opened in 1926. Its "Skoal Room" was designed by Harriet Cottrell's husband, Ralph Barker.

[In 1961, the Viking's "Skoal Room" was the scene of the first meeting between Marie's granddaughter, Faith Raymond, and Naval Officer Candidate, Tracy Connors of Jacksonville, Florida. Neither knew at the time that her grandmother had been heavily involved in supporting its development.]

In 1925, Marie was delighted with the news that the Storting had renamed Christiania, Norway—"Oslo." She followed closely the news that Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth had conducted a successful arctic amphibious exploration. (The following year Roald Amundsen, Ellsworth, and the Italian explorer, Nobile flew over the North Pole to Alaska in the airship "Norge.")

She was not so enthusiastic about the popularity of a dance called the Charleston. Her daughters helped her stay current with the changing fashions of the period which featured straight dresses without waistlines, skirts above the knees, and "cloche" hats. She had helped Theresa pack her bags in late 1924, and move to New York. Theresa had the right clothing, but how would she fare in the big city.

Establishing Theresa In New York

In January, 1925, Theresa began working through the Brown Employment Exchange which saw itself as the "Agency for High Class Business Positions." They charged her \$2.50 "remitted weekly until the balance is paid!" The balance was \$17.50 for a job.

Theresa applied for a job at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York on January 12th. She listed her address at the time as 225 West 14th Street. Mr. Henry Miller, the employment manager screening her application, wrote in parentheses "(convent)." At the time it was one of the few places in New York City considered to be safe and secure lodging for young, single women.

As "special qualifications," she listed bookkeeping, typewriting, adding machine." She listed as references: Mrs. Elizabeth Hodson, Mrs. William Andrews, and Mrs. J.C. Easton. The personnel department noted "OK," after their names.

Emma Hubbard verified Theresa's employment period, and said she found her "very efficient, and of excellent (sic) character as far as I know." However, she pointed out that "she left with the declared intention of returning after a two week visit but evidently changed her mind."

Guaranty Trust Company was very thorough in their screening process. They verified all references in writing. "Dear Madam," Mr. Miller wrote to Mrs. Howard Graham at Eastons Point, "Miss Marie T. Cottrell...in applying for a position with this Company, claims employment with you from June 1923 to August 1923, stating that she resigned of her own accord. Any information you can give us concerning



Cousins Joan Kaull and William M. Raymond, III ("Billy") Raymond (left) play on Jamestown's beaches in the mid-Thirties. At right, Marie's grandchildren enjoy the endless fun of exploring Jamestown's summer beaches. (Below, left) Marie Fladvad Cottrell with daughter, Eleanor ("Ellie"). (Below, right) Marie relaxes in a lawn chair with friend, Phyllis Judson, and daughter, Eleanor, near their Jamestown summer cottage.



her extended family were finishing up a leisurely vacation on Jamestown, RI, on Conanicut Island in the middle of Narragansett Bay.

"This morning everything is beginning to sink into our benumbed brains. Thank God, we all came through without any mishap... The storm started to get bad in the afternoon..." (Wednesday, September 21, 1938)

The weather systems that were squeezing the storm rapidly toward New England had begun the night before according to the later recollections of Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Hudson ("Muddie"), mother of Florence Easton, and a "dear friend" of Marie Fladvad Cottrell. Muddie wrote to Margaret Cottrell on June 5, 1939. Margaret, Marie's eldest daughter would read it to her mother, who did not read English very well:

"Now that I am back in Jamestown I miss you so much. Don't you remember how I often made surprise calls? And went home in the dark with a flashlight? Think often of the night before the storm, it was brewing then, the awful weird lightning and the rain. F & G (daughter Florence, and her husband, Gardiner Easton) came for me and I went home early. You had just got to the salad course when I came in and the children got high because they had to go to bed and mama (Marie Cottrell) had to hear her piece on the radio and how it thumped and bumped. How little we know of the morrow the day before."

The Storm to which Cessie and Muddie referred was soon to be known by several names, including [Great New England Hurricane, Long Island Express, and Yankee Clipper](#). The deadly storm made landfall as a Category three hurricane on Long Island on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 21. Before the most powerful and deadly hurricane in recorded New England history had departed the area some hours later, it had ended the lives of nearly 700 people, damaged or destroyed nearly 60,000 homes, and caused property damage of nearly \$5 billion in today's currency.

The account of their harrowing experience is drawn from family recollections, photographs, and in particular, Cecile Irving's remarkably calm, factual, and straightforward account, almost a by-the-minute

Recipes for Cakes, Cookies and Breads

Marie and Anna Fladvad, were sisters born in the last half of the 19th century who grew up on a farm in Kristiansund, Norway, and later moved to Christiania (Oslo). Their father grew up on a farm near Grøa in Sunndalen, approximately 75 miles east of Kristiansund in West Central Norway which has been the Fladvad Family home for over 500 years. Members of the family reside in the area to this day.

Cooking for a large, farm family must have been a laborious process for the Fladvad family--mother Oline, father Trond, and nine children. The Christmas Season however, was special. Many hours were spent throughout the month of December creating numerous types of cookies and cakes to be eaten during the extended holiday period. Even today, the Christmas season is special in Norway combining as it does, wonderful tastes and aromas from a busy kitchen with the warmth of family visiting and catching up on the year's events.

Disappointed by her fiance, a doctor in whom she had discovered an untruth, Marie Theresa Fladvad left Norway in 1894 to visit Newport, Rhode Island. Although America became her homeland, the tastes and customs of Norway never left her and her family. Even as she married a Newport merchant, and began raising four daughters, Marie recreated the sweets and treats of Norway for her family and friends.

In addition to the recipes in Marie's manuscript cookbook, we have included contributions from family sources all over Norway. Marie's recipes alone reflected both her father's Sunndalen heritage and her mother's Hamar cooking traditions.

Substitutes are suggested for certain ingredients which are widely used in Norway, but are not readily available in some parts of the United States.



A doll *husfrue* prepares a meal--including *Munker*--at a miniature 19th century Norwegian wood stove in an Oslo Folk Museum exhibit.

Bløtkake I Soaked Cake

Ingredients

4 eggs, separated
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
1 cup cake flour or potato flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

Preparation

Preheat oven to 325° F.
Beat egg whites with salt until stiff.
Fold in half the sugar, fold in remaining sugar.
Beat egg yolks and blend into the mixture.
Mix flour with baking powder, then fold flour into egg mixture.
Bake in a greased, 9-inch round cake pan in a moderate oven for 20-25 minutes.
Test for doneness: insert wooden toothpick, which should come out clean of batter.
Remove from the oven and invert the pan on a wire cake rack.
Cool completely before removing from pan. Run a spatula or knife around the cake between the cake and the pan to loosen it if necessary.
Cut in three horizontal layers.
Spread each layer with Smør Krem, and rejoin.



Bløtekake prepared by Bjørn Fladvad. For the berry topping, he used hand picked wild strawberries individually frozen. The tart berries made a delicious complement to the sweet whipped cream topping.

Gudbrandsdaler

Gudbrands Valley Cookies

The Gudbrandsdal ("Gudbrand's valley"), in the Norwegian County of Oppland, extends for about 140 miles from Lesjaskogsvatn and Romsdalen southeastwards to Lake Mjøsa and Lillehammer. The river that shaped the valley and the people who have lived there for centuries is called the Gudbrandsdalslågen.

This is Peer Gynt country, the setting for Henrik Ibsen's 1867 masterpiece later set to music by Edvard Grieg. Always a lure to summer travelers, the Gudbrandsdal scenery is among the most picturesque in Norway with mountains, farmsteads, fish-filled lakes, wild game, and alpine flowers.

Oline Bjørke, Marie and Anna's mother, grew up in Furnes, on Lake Mjøsa, not far from the Gudbrandsdal.



Ingredients

1 cup cream
1 cup potato flour
1 cup butter, softened
1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
3/4 cup chopped almonds

Preparation

Preheat oven to 350° F.

Stir together cream and potato flour.

Add butter, sugar, flour, and almonds.

Stir well. Using the dough hook on your heavy duty mixer helps a great deal when working this stiff cookie dough. Once you mix the cream with the potato flour, it "sets up" into a very stiff dough. Voila!

The dough hook makes preparation much easier.

Roll the dough into 3/4-inch balls and press lightly with a fork to flatten.

Or, use a rolling pin to roll out dough on lightly floured surface to a thickness of approximately 1/4 inch.

Use cookie cutters to create desired shapes.

Place on an ungreased cookie sheet.

Bake for about 15-20 minutes until pale golden brown.

Makes 50-60 cookies.



Author Faith Connors explores the [Tregårdens Julehus](#) in Drøbak, a pleasant little town of some 3,000 people near Oslo, with her cousin, Ingrid Oppdal.

[Drøbak](#) is hardly a household word--unless you're a child and want to send a Christmas card to Santa Claus. In which case, you address the letter to: Mr. Santa Claus, Julenissen N° 1440, Drøbak, Norway. "Julenissen" are Christmas elves or gnomes. In Drøbak, Christmas does come 365 days a year at the Tregården Julehus ("Christmas House built of Wood"). The quaint wooden house is chock full of Christmas presents and ornaments. Many children believe that Santa's workshop is nearby in some secret location. Another surprise. Drøbak is not at the North Pole. While it does sit beside the picturesque Oslofjord, most people get there by driving South for about 35 kilometers from Oslo. Over a quarter of a million people visit the Drøbak Christmas House every year.



Kaffebrod and King Haakon's Coffee Cake.

Mandelkake Almond Cake

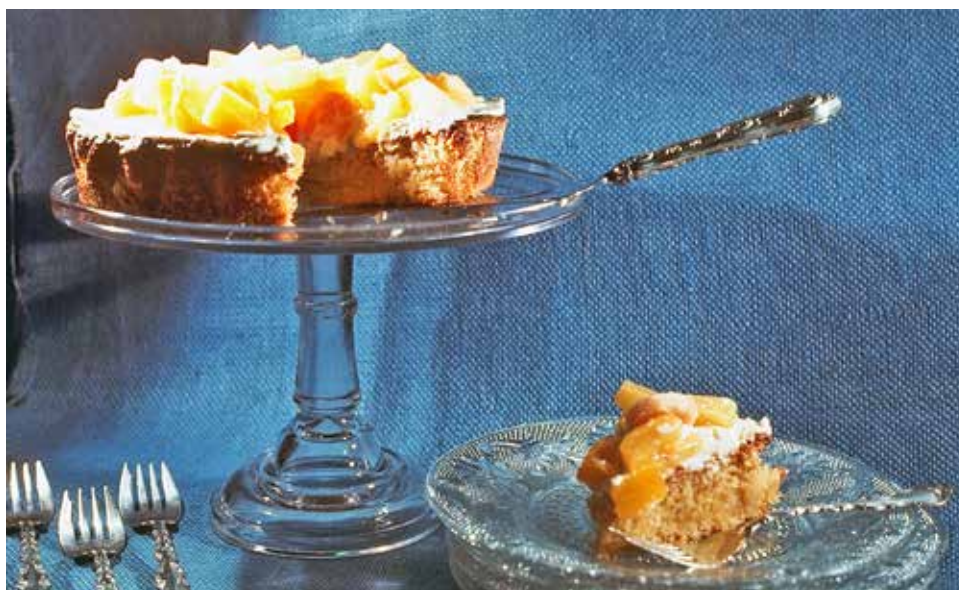
Ingredients

1/2 cup butter, softened
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
3/4 cup ground or finely chopped almonds
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Preparation

Preheat oven to 350° F.
Beat butter and sugar together in medium bowl until well combined.
Add eggs, beating thoroughly.
Add ground or finely chopped almonds.
In small bowl, combine flour and baking powder, then stir into batter.
Pour into greased, 9"x 9"x 2" baking pan.
Bake for 35 minutes.
Cool cake for 15 minutes.
Invert cake in pan on wire rack.
Gently loosen cake from pan with spatula.

Almond Sugar Cake has a slightly coarse texture and nutty flavor.



Mandelkake med Krem

Peppernøtter

Ginger Cookies

Ingredients

2/3 cup butter, softened
1 cup molasses (as an alternative, use 1/2 cup molasses and 1/2 cup cane or maple syrup)
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
2 teaspoons allspice

Preparation

Preheat oven to 350° F.
Cream butter
Add molasses or syrup
Stir in flour with soda, salt, ginger, and all spice
Roll into small balls
Bake on greased cookie sheet for 15 minutes.
Makes four dozen.

Notes

You can refrigerate the dough before rolling into balls, but it really isn't necessary since the dough is not at all sticky. You can roll them in sugar before baking if you like a shiny, crackly type cookie outside.



Marie Fladvad's hand carved deig traug or dough bowl is filled with Norwegian Christmas tree ornaments, tasty peppernøtter, and ginger cookies.

Tyske skiver German Slices

Background

This is a delicious "refrigerator type" cookie. Dough can be made ahead, then sliced and freshly baked for special company.

Ingredients

1 cup butter
2/3 cup sugar
1 egg
2 1/3 cups flour

Preparation

Cream butter and sugar.

Mix in egg.

Gradually add flour and beat well.

Chill dough for 1 hour.

On waxed paper, form a roll of dough approximately 16-inches long and 2-inches in diameter. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill 12 hours or overnight (chilling time can be reduced by placing roll in the freezer).

Preheat oven to 400 F.

Cut dough into 1/4 inch slices.

Place one inch apart on ungreased cookie sheet.

[Sprinkle sugar on tops just before baking if desired.]

Bake for 10-12 minutes or until lightly browned.

Makes 4 dozen cookies.

S



Tyske skiver on a plate hand painted by Olise Fladvad. The diary is the one she kept during her travels to England and France in 1897-98. The photograph of Olise on her bicycle was taken during one of her many rides in and around Bayeux, France. Half a century later thousands of Allied soldiers landed near there at Normandy.

"...but these are disturbing times."

Christian and Jeanne Willumsen
Letters
from
German-occupied Norway
to

*Hjertelig hilsen
fra
Riss & Jeanne*



Jeanne and Chris Willumsen at "Rognlihögda," their "hytte" in the mountains above Drammen, Norway.

The first letter is from Solveig Bull, wife of Ole Bull, Captain of the M/S Oslofjord of the Norwegian-American Line in New York. Marie Cottrell Raymond had written Captain Bull for his advice on how to get in touch with or to assist Jeanne and Kiss Willumsen. Mrs. Bull replied on his behalf since she had most recently returned from occupied Norway and had seen Jeanne and Kiss. She urges caution and patience.

**May 2, 1940, The Norwegian-American Line
New York City**

Dear Mrs. Raymond:

As I saw Jeanne and Kiss the day before I left Norway 7 weeks ago, my husband thinks it would be better for me to answer the letter you wrote him.

At the present I think it will be difficult for you to get in touch with the Willumsens--and perhaps not very wise to do it either. It might bring them into difficulties, one never knows.

I do believe they are quite safe at the present moment. The Willumsen family has a summer home well hidden in the woods about 1 1/2 hours drive from Oslo and in quite another direction than the Germans have been so far. I am sure they have succeeded in going up there--if they have not been able to get a car they can also reach it by walking--although that, of course, is rather strenuous--but it can be done. There is plenty of space for the whole family.

Besides Wilhelm Willumsen has a big place in Asker and they may be safe out there too. I would not send a telegram so that the Germans who hold the telegraf (sic) station shall have to look them up.

The difficult problem in the future will of course be to get enough food--and later on--as there may be complete disaster--they may want some money. When that will be possible to get through I will let you know how--and if I see any chance of sending a letter, I will also let you know.

If you should not have heard from me by the time matter begin to straighten out in Norway, please remind me. I have my own family there too, and if things get too difficult for us all, I might forget about this.

But I shall always be glad if I can be of any help to Jeanne & Kiss who both are very dear to me.

Sincerely Yours, Solveig Bull.

**November 30, 1940
Christian Willumsen to Marie Cottrell**

Dear Marie & Children:

Up to this writing, we have not heard anything from you, although we have heard through Bull [Captain Ole Bull], that you have written us. Outside of this, we know nothing how you and yours are getting along. But hope some day to get news from you.



The letter from Chris to Marie was dated October 3, 1941, almost a year and a half into the German occupation. At no small risk to himself and Jeanne, he decided to try and write Marie using the Luftpost. The envelope (above) survived. The various postmarks indicate that by October 6, 1941 it was in Frankfurt, Germany, where it was opened and read by Nazi postal inspectors. They assigned matching numbers--133014--to the letter and its envelope, reunited them, and forwarded to the United States.



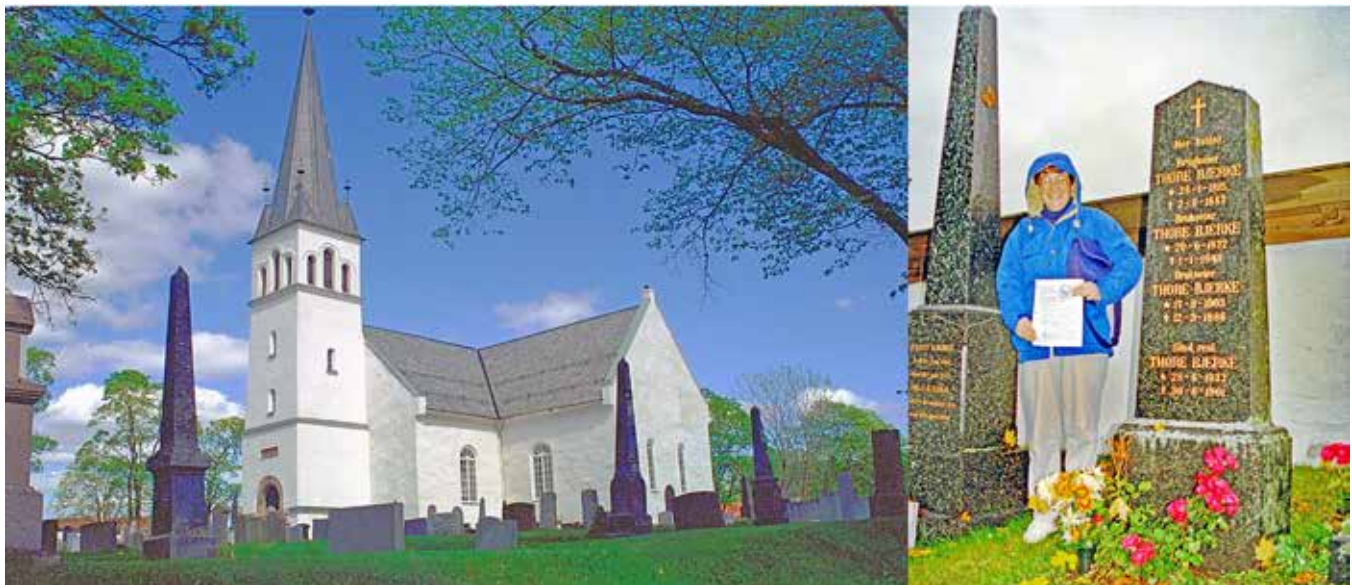
(Left) Endre Opdøl's family in a photograph taken at Flatvad in about 1943. Top, left to right, Ingrid Opdøl, Øystein, and Marit. In the middle are Ingeborg Opdøl, Endre and Liv Gudrun Opdøl. In the foreground are Nils Seljebø, Guro Ester Opdøl Sandbukt, Gudrun Opdøl, and Anna Seljebø Eikestø. Anne Opdøl Arnesen was not pictured, but later lived with her husband, Knut, son Lars, and daughter-in-law, Randi at Flatvad.

During all these years Jeanne has been marvelous and never lost her opinion about the outcome of this war. Never flinched for a moment, even when the fortune of the war turned against us. We all admire Churchill and Roosevelt for the determined fight. It was a great sorrow to us all, that Roosevelt did not live to see the Germans beaten.

The rest of the war there can be no doubt about, and we hope that it will end soon, without too much loss to your brave nation. That we have got so much to be thankful for.

Jeanne's health is fairly good, although she complains about her back. She is constantly under the doctor's care, so I hope she will be all right when the food condition improves.

Food seems to be the main question here. We have been mostly living on fish, more or less fresh. The Germans have taken the best and such things as mackerel, salmon, lobster, etc. are a dead issue for us. Meat



Thore Bjørke was born January 28, 1815. He became the owner of Nedre Kvern--Lower Mill--in December, 1844. The various branches of the Bjørke family lived in and near Furnes, a small farming community approximately five miles Northeast of Hamar on Lake Mjøsa. Author Faith Connors stands next to Thore's tombstone in the Furness Community Church graveyard.

GLOSSARY
of
**NORWEGIAN-ENGLISH FOODS,
COOKING, FAMILY LIFE**
by
Tove Johansen Fladvad



Norwegian Americans share a very special legacy in their family ties to a beautiful country, and in the delicious recipes developed over the years. This is especially true of Norwegian Holiday cooking and recipes.

Words, terms, and phrases contained in the Glossary were selected based on their use in cooking, food preparation, household living, and family relationships. We hope they may be of some help to those of you who wish to translate family recipes or letters. While this Glossary will probably not provide the depth needed for serious family research, we do hope it will be helpful. Feel free to recommend additional terms for inclusion in future editions.

To assist readers translating family recipes, we have included various phrases and terms excerpted from Marie Fladvad Cottrell's manuscript cookbook. These are italicized (in quotes) and retain their original spelling. You should keep in mind that although Norway has two official languages, we have been consistent in using only one of them in this Glossary, namely "riksmål." The other official language is called "nynorsk" (new Norwegian), which is an artificial language created from various dialects spoken in different parts of Norway. There is a strong movement in Norway trying to give this form of Norwegian preference. However, there is an equally strong movement resisting the change. Therefore, both languages are taught in the schools, used in media, and in literature. There is even a special theater in Oslo where all the plays are performed only in "nynorsk."

It is not for us to make a judgment regarding these two forms of the language. However, since riksmaal is the form the writer is most familiar and comfortable with, this form has been used in this Glossary.

årfugl

Woodcock.

abbor

Perch.

absint

Absinthe.

aftens

Evening meal.

aftensmat

Evening meal, usually 8-9 p.m.

aquavit

Akavit.

agurk

Cucumber.

agurksalat

Cucumber Salad.

ål

Eel.

alene

Alone or by itself.

alminnelig brød

Light rye bread.

altfor velernært

Overfed.

alun

Alum.

ananas

Pineapple.

ananassaft

Pineapple juice.

and

Duck.

andestek

Roast duck.

ange

Fragrance or smell.

anis

Anise or anise seed.

ansjos

Anchovies.

antikvitetshandel

Antique shop or store.

åpner

Opener.

åpning

Mouth or opening, as in the mouth of a jar.

appelsin

Orange.



A wide variety of traditional Norwegian kitchen equipment is seen in this Oslo *antikvitetshandel* or antiques store.

appelsinmarmelade

Orange marmalade.

appelsinsaft

Orange Juice.

appelsinskall

Orange peel.

appetitt

Appetite.

appetittvekker

Appetizer.

aprikos

Apricot.

arbeid

Work.

arbeidsrom

Study or workroom.

årestue

Traditional log house with an open hearth. A smoke vent in the roof allowed smoke and bad air to escape.

fårelår

Leg of mutton.

farfar

Father's father, paternal grandfather.

farge

Tint, shade, color or hue.

fårikål

Lamb Stew with Cabbage.

farin

Granulated sugar.

farløs

Fatherless.

farmor

Father's mother, paternal grandmother.

farsgård

Ancestral home (farm) or estate. Also *slektsgård*.

fasan

Pheasant.

fast

Solid, firm, or fixed.

fastelavens bolle

Bun baked and filled with whipped cream to celebrate Shrove-tide.

fastende

Fasting. "*Jeg faster,*" I am not eating.

fatøl

Draft beer.

fatte

Seize or grasp.

fattigman

Fried Cakes, Crullers.

feiebrett

Dust pan.

feire jul

Celebrate Christmas.

felt

Field or space.

fenalår

Cured leg of mutton.

ferdigmat

Convenience foods, fast foods.

ferie

Vacation. "*Feriere ved sjøen,*" go on vacation to the seashore.

fersk

New, fresh, or recent.

fersken

Peach.



Eplekake med krem and Sjokolade at the Frognerseteren Restaurant near Oslo's Holmenkollen ski jump. What can beat rich hot chocolate and apple cake while enjoying the spectacular view of Oslo and the fjord?

**ferskvannsfisk**

Fresh water fish.

feste

Celebrate.

festlig

Festive.



The farm Bjørnstad at [Maihaugen](#), the Norwegian folk life museum at Lillehammer. The farm reflects the architecture of the North Gudbrandsdal valley and the older style of Norwegian farm buildings or gård. Norwegian farm families were usually large with many children to help with the endless chores required to ensure self-sufficiency. In addition, several generations often lived together, with the elderly parents turning over operation of the farm to the eldest son and his wife. In return, the son looked after and provided for his parents until they died. With many mouths to feed several times a day, a big table (bord) complete with a langbenk and a large cupboard (skjenk) were required. The candelabra (lysestake) and drinking bowl (bolle) provided light and refreshment respectively.

almonds.

glovarm

Glowing hot, scorching hot.

god

Good. "God dag," good day. "God nyttår," Happy New Year.

god appetitt

Good appetite.

god jul

Merry Christmas.

godbit

Tid bit.

godgjøre seg

"Stå å godgjøre seg," let stand to ripen, become more flavorful, seasoned, e.g. to marinade.

godt stekt

Well-done.

goro

Wafer baked on a patterned, rectangular iron.

gotterier

Candy, goodies.

granat eple

Pomegranate.

gressløk

Chives.

grateng

Au gratin.

grepfrukt

Grapefruit.

gresskar

Squash, pumpkin.

griljere

Dip in bread crumbs before frying.

grill

Grill or barbecue.

grillet

Grilled.

grille

Broil.

grisesylte

Pickled pork.

grønnlig

Greenish.

grønn

Green or fresh.

grønnskål

Kale.

grønnsak

Vegetable.

grønnsakshandel

Vegetable store.

grønnsakstuing

Creamed vegetables.

grønnsaksuppe

Vegetable soup.

grøt

Mush or hot cereal.

kalvekjøtt

Veal.

kalvestek

Roast veal.

kameratslig samvær

Friendly gathering.

kamillete

Camomile tea.

kanapé

Canapé.

kandis

Lump of brown sugar, sugar candy.

kandisere

To coat with sugar.

kandisert

Candied.

kanel

Cinnamon.

kanin

Rabbit.

kanne

Container, pot, can, tankard.

kant

Border, edge, rim.

kar

Fully grown man.

karamell

Caramel.

karamell pudding

Caramel custard or creme caramel.

karbonade

Meat patty, hamburger.

kardemomme

Cardamom.

karpe

Carp.

karri

Curry.

karri saus

Curry sauce.

karse

Cress.

kart

Unripe fruit or berry.

karve

Caraway.

kasse

Bin or box.

kasserolle

Sauce pan.

kav

Completely.

kavring

Rusk or hard biscuit, zweiback.

kefir

Soured milk.

kirkebryllup

Church wedding.

kirkebok

Church (book) register.

kirsebær

Cherries.

kirsebærlikør

Cherry brandy.

kjeks

Crackers, cookies, or biscuits.

kjele

Skillet or saucepan.



An Oslo fancy baker or confectioner (*konditor*) displays a wide variety of delicious bread (*brød*), pastries (*konditorvarer*), and cookies (*kjeks*).



This statue of the "Klippfisk woman" ([Klippfiskkjerringa](#)) of [Kristiansund](#) has now become the symbol of the city. It not only pays tribute to the contributions of the working women of the city (*arbeider-kvinnene*), but represents the enormous importance of dried cod (*klippfisk*) to the city's economy during the 19th century. The Tron Fladvad family lived here in the late 19th century. Jeanne Fladvad Willumsen was born in Kristiansund.

kjenner

Connoisseur.

kjerne

Churn.

kjerne

Kernel or seed.

kjernemelk

Buttermilk.

kjese

To make cheese aided by rennin, e.g. cheddar.

kjevle

Rolling pin or to roll out.

kjøkken

Kitchen or cuisine.

kjøkkenbenk

Kitchen counter.

kjøkkenforkle

Apron used in the kitchen.

kjøkkenhage

Kitchen garden.

kjøkkentøy

Kitchen utensils.

kjøkkenvask

Kitchen sink.

kjøleskap

Refrigerator.

kjøpe

Purchase or buy.

kjøtt

Meat or pulp of fruits.

kjøttboller

Meatballs.

kjøttfull

Meaty, fleshy, fat, succulent.

kjøttgelé

Aspic.

kjøttkakerMeatballs, only a little larger than *kjøttboller*.**kjøttmat**

Meat.

kjøttpålegg

Cooked meats or sandwich meat.

kjøttretter

Meat dishes.

kjøttsuppe

Vegetable soup with meat.

klabbe

Press together, pat.

klar

Clear, transparent.

klede

Cloth, or piece of cloth. "Dekk den med klede og sett den til heving ca. 1 time," cover the mixture with a cloth and set it (the mixture) to rise for about one hour."

klemme

Squeeze or press.

klippe

Cut, clip.

klippfisk

Dried cod--split, salted, and dried in the open air.

klissen

Sticky, gooey, sticking together.

klok

Wise or intelligent.

sei
Pollack.

seidel
Mug, beer stein.

seig
Tough, chewy.

selleri
Celery.

selters
Club soda, seltzer water.

semulegryn
Semolina flour, often used to make pudding.

seng
Bed. “*Frokost på sengen*,” breakfast in bed.

sennep
Mustard.

sennepsfrø
Mustard seed.

serviett
Napkin.

sette
Put, place, set.

settebord
Nested tables.

side
Side (of something). “*På denne siden av jul*,” just before Christmas.

sikori
Chicory.

sikt sammen
Sift together.

sikte
Sift.

siktemel
Sifted flour.

sild
Herring.

sildegryn
Thick soup made from barley, vegetables, and pieces of herring.

sile
Pour or strain.

simpel
Plain or coarse.

sinn
Mind.

sirupaktig
Syrupy.

sirupskake
Cookie made from syrup.

sirupssnippers
Treacle gingersnaps. Thin, diamond-shaped cookies made with syrup. “*Snipp*” means a corner, or end (e.g. of a handkerchief or a collar on a man’s shirt).

sitron
Lemon. “*Saften av en sitron*,” juice of a lemon.

sitronfromasj
Lemon mousse.

sitronkrem
Lemon cream.

sitronpresse
Lemon press.

sitronsaft
Lemon juice.

sitronskall
Lemon rind or peel.

sitronskive
Lemon slice.

sjallottløk
Shallot.



A mouth-watering smörgåsbord captured by Andrew J. Henson while visiting the Flatvad family at their home near Groa in the Sunndal.

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