

Anna Marie Olesen

born January 26, 1871 Oster, Jolby, Denmark

died December 23 1893 Chicago, Illinois



This is from the writings of J. P Wammen mostly from the letters send and received from Anne Marie back and forth from her parents Soren Olesen Fra Mors and Marie Eriksen. I took it off Chris Flengs website but it was written in Danish and I translated it using Google translate. It was challenging to translate but you can get the main message.

Thaine Olsen

She was named after her grandmother, Ane Marie Frandsdatter from Gjersholt. She was beautiful and gifted and had as most children, a wonderful example to follow. Anders Svendsen Houmøller said she matured early, she was a person of fantasy, dreamy but also purposeful and aspiring in nature. She was her father's favorite child, and there was a relationship of mutual trust between them, which lasted until her death. By contrast, she did not get on so well with her mother, who was more straightforward.

After what she says, she had her 17-year-old birthday in Bjergby Free School, where she was to help the aging teacher with the children's education; She had then spent a summer at Salling University. Her 18th birthday, she spent on the farm Over Astrup (Sydthy), where she was to teach two small children; but she did say she was not satisfied with the teaching profession, she

craved to leave, she wanted to go to America and study to be doctor or go to the maternity hospital in Copenhagen. Her father held back, and said he did not dare let her go until she had reached 20 years. She wrote: "I do not care whether I'm here or there; for I regard it only as a layover! "

The first of April 1889, she traveled from Over Astrup with Mr. Joacim Nicolaj's warmest recommendations in her pocket; but with a reduced budget; she had enough, as far as I can understand Anna.-

From Over Astrup she sent her father a strange letter; strange because therein she was trying to portray her remaining life. I take an excerpt from this letter:

"Dear Father! In response to your letter, I will send you the following excerpt of a novel that I've written. It's called:

"Medicinal Product" and is about a young girl who was born and brought up in a serious Christian home, but despite this, it turned out that she was much more romantically inclined. From an early age she began to build air castles in thoughts and dreams, in which lived mighty knights and lovely Valkyries and skjoldmøer, (*Valkyries (Old Norse skjaldmær) was according to Norse literature women who fight like warriors on equal terms with men. The most famous Skjoldmøen was Hervor*

in hervorsaga and Brynhild in Volsungesaga . Valkyries was Odin female dødsvetter who collected dead warriors, and these were also described as "Odin's warriors." Wikipedia.)

as in the legends and fairy tales her father often told her. But as the years went by, and she grew older she dreamed of other things - now it was moonlit nights and idyll love.

Then came a time when she was still half a child, still a believer in dreams; she loved and so did he or so she thought. But soon it turned out that she had made a sad mistake; for it was only a fleeting outburst of infatuation; For as soon as the first small wind turned out, he started away and left her, to sail on his own lake. - He had fervently assured her that he would never let her go as long as she held true. She clung to those promises and golden words. Then she gradually began waking up and realizing that she had only dreamed all her life. – She had always imagined that all people were good and noble, and that there was no fraud and perfidy.

Therefore she must now wake up to the dark reality with a heart deeply hurt and incurable.

Now she worked to get far away to a foreign country - away from the memories - drowning her grief in work, and only lived for that goal. With her own happiness over - and she thought there might be some happiness by sacrificing her life in the medical or nursing profession. She began to move forward along that road - slowly - for she could not move ahead without money and without examination.

Only once she faltered. It was when she became reacquainted with a young farmhand. He wrote her with ardent loving tears, and they were not like the first: romantic and unhealthy. No, there was a reality behind them. But she would not turn back now. She gave him a refusal as quietly as she could, though however it still hurt. Later she would regret it.

But she struck it down, studied eagerly to be a doctor and came to the maternity hospital to familiarize herself thoroughly with this subject. She traveled then to America and established herself as a doctor and for the first time found healing for her wounded heart in work. Then came reality, life away by herself. "

Postscript:

In an unhappy sorrowful moment when I felt that I should have given a different answer, it brought a great heaviness. And it was a statement I gave quickly, I regretted it immediately, but the words were said. This time it was entirely my own fault.

It was only once and would be only once that I believed in a man's love. - What is a human life; a few years - I see that with what little time you have, you must use all the forces you have, for the good of others; for thinking and living is its own happiness. And what is the bit of luck a man can achieve in this world? No, I long to come to America and be a doctor or nurse if I can not reach higher. But you say I have to wait two years. For myself I do not expect happiness. It is forfeited. I wish I could have God's blessing and good fortune to come into the blessed work which medicine is. Why do you want me back? There's no one who loves me. Let me try to get to the only thing I want.

Anna.

The following will show how strangely her life came to resemble what she portrayed in this letter.

Kr. Anker, who before had been both a student and teacher at Galtrup University, and who was now high school superintendent in Elk Horn, was just home in Denmark and visited Soren Olesen an entire day. He advised very strongly to let Anna travel. "And for his persuasion and Anna's prayers, we gave in" wrote Soren Olesen in a letter to his father. It turned out later that the good Kr. Anker hardly stood completely innocent in this case. He had in fact been promised free travel if he could get a certain number of emigrants to go, so he benefitted from poor Anna's desire to go to America.

Enough about it, Whit Monday July 9, 1889 she left for the last time from her home. The 12th of July the ship departed from Copenhagen.

In her first letter home from the Far West, Anna explains how on the ship she was taken to be the nurse for ten sick people, that she was held back in New York, lost her luggage, got on the wrong train and consequently the wrong station, where, however, some Danes who resided there procured her work keeping watch over young girls until she was finally found, thanks to Poulsen Dal and his sons, and 22nd July came to her destination - Elk Horn.

In that regard, she writes in the next letter:

Do you want to know why I traveled from Elk Horn, why I was in New York and then 14 days in Harlam? Yes, I will quietly tell you that it is not far from what I would call a miracle, a really wonderful thing. So why would I not at least say to him. I'll look after myself. He really does not like what happened to me. But our Lord took care of me; For though things went wrong at first; thank God it was ok, I knew that God the Father wanted me to come to America; For He directs my feet, although right now I am unable to see tomorrow, it seems so certain to me, that I shall be a doctor!

A year later she comes back to the same story in a letter. She had asked Sophus Neble, editor and publisher of "The Danish Pioneer", how it could be that there was such a place where there was guaranteed credit for the girl who had nursed the ship and why they would not keep their

promise, and what Anna went through with out help from Anker, and how she had to beg for help when she should have been taken care of. To that end, he had replied that they had been on an asylum for the business address and helpless. Then Neble wrote, to her chagrin, a piece about a "pioneer" in which he attacked Anker for this matter without mentioning her name. Whatever the case, then it is obvious that the good Anker had been singularly careless with the two young girls who were entrusted to his care.

Well, back to the letter. Anna was involved with fashion in Omaha. She was with an elderly lady, from whom she had borrowed \$50. Anna decorated hats and embroidered while the others took care of the housework. It was to make money, Anna has agreed to become involved with fashion. "I have never adorned hats before," she writes, "but when you are good with your fingers, you can easily delude the Americans that you are a professional.

The other day she had sold a hat for 18 kr., Even though she had only paid 4 kr. for it. Old Poulsen said the other day: "You are a dangerous one!" But, seriously, she said "Mode Never mind!" - "You've got to stand and praise your own work and say that it is the very latest fashion!" - For advertising, she made some small elves who stand in the window on a velvet cushion, and with a small bag, which she embroidered: "Here is \$100!" People who come by enjoy themselves like little children.

"By the way, you become resigned with being in America. We hear every day about murder and suicide in Omaha. The other day a man in Chicago had taken another man's wife and then moved here to Omaha, but then one evening her real husband comes to Omaha with some others, and they smeared them both into the tar and rolled them in feathers. - But it's no more than, "you get what you deserve! "

She has already had a suitor, for the Americans are not so wise. "My teacher in English both begged and cried, because I would not go with him into the city and marry him and then follow him to Chicago, where he would be a folk high school principal; but I told him not to be foolish; I knew almost nothing about him and he is not for me. "

Her address is Sanders Str. 1423, Omaha, Nebraska.

The next of the letters was dated Omaha 25 December 1889.

"Dear Good Parents" she writes, "sincere heartfelt thanks for your loving letter. Oh, it's so good to hear a kind word here in this cold hard depraved America. Oh, sometimes I feel like I could just speak and testify of the Almighty God, which is both grace and the judgment of God. But no. I have enough to preach to myself; For alas, how often I have even thought: "There is no God!" or could there be, oh, no, my Lord can not be - How mistaken, one fashions inside their mind, talking about the world's vanity; but old Poulsen believes that may be just as much good in this position, as in any other - when you do not doctor your soul therein.

I have thought about traveling to Utah unto the Mormons. There are two Danish female missionaries and a Danish pastor, Pastor Blom. I have spoken to him a lot about this. Dare I put all temporal things in His hand that gave me food and clothing until today? - Doctor, I will yet be; but it is shameful English that I learned to talk very soon; but reading and writing really well is not an easy thing to do. "

She longed for home and asked for their picture: "When I am sitting alone in my room in the evenings and close my eyes, I can clearly see all of you. I am sitting in the bedroom, Dad is

reading, mother is sewing and nodding occasionally. Sesilie playing with her dolls and talking to herself. Petrus holding a small pipe concert in bed, and the others, well, they laugh and smile at me without knowing that it is far away, Sister is invisible among them. Yes, when I dream, America almost never exists. "

In a letter from Soren Olesen, dated September 30, 1889 states: "Anna has begun to study and will take the first exam for the New Year (1890) and the last about two years later, if she gets that far - So New Year 1892 . "

He further writes that she went bankrupt for Christmas with a loss of 40 kr. In a letter dated, Omaha, March 2, 1890, tells that Anna is now 19 years old and has been at 19 things. - "It's probably not just to praise her; but if things are untried it is of little value! "

First, she has been a teacher, a servant girl, then an inside maid, an iron maiden and now typographer! - But then the next will be Doctor!

She does not stay at these businesses for long; For as we saw before, she was in fashion, 25 December 1889. There will not be many days to be maid in; for as an iron maiden she was one month and 10 Febr. 1890, she started as a typographer's apprentice in "The Danish Pioneer", where after finishing an apprenticeship (3 a 4 months.) she can earn \$ 7 week (then 26 kr. 25 pennies in Danish coin). She is to be at work at 8 in the morning and when she has 3 English miles to go, she must get up at 7. When she comes into the office, she asks for the President's copy and then he says to the boy: "Copy to Miss Rammelhøj" The boy comes and puts some pages in her name, and then she begins to set type. When the steam whistle sounds on "Union Pacific Work", we are free for dinner at 12, in the evening at 6. Thus, she tells her little sister Margaret. She sends her picture (19 years old).

The anniversary after her departure from home, Pentecost 1890, she sits and writes the following mournful words:

"Dear father and mother. Recently I came home from church, I think I will give you my first holiday thought. I heard, I'm ashamed to say, not by preaching; For though the priest appeals to me - I was so lethargic and neither listened or saw or thought. - Then, suddenly I saw, and I seemed to see Lund - it was impossible not to cry. I thought he stood before the altar and said: "God bless and preserve you" and I felt set high - high above all pettiness. I felt: "God is here" and I thought at that moment, I saw all of you - then you smiled at me and said: "Welcome home, Anna!" - And thoughts and many images poured in on me. I wondered if ever in life I would hear your "Welcome home." Ancient Lund I have not heard again*) * (Lund had recently died).

When I am sad or feeling lonely I can imagine: The old priest Brohus, as it was that day of Pentecost, when I gave my last look at my childhood home and took it with me in my heart. - When I was with my dear little brothers and sisters, when for me - our large Danish flags waved from the flagpole in the garden - as they will be flown once I return. Did you know how many times this picture of my dear old home has saved me, has been my inner vision in the midst of the great American multitude, and like I said: "You would not believe how many times."

Dear Father, you remember, once you scolded me because I did not take part in the young people play? - Oh, I would so like today to take part in a young people's play; but I can not. My happiest and best hours were when I would be allowed to sit and live in memories and the dreams, and it's always been that way. I always feel so left out, so insignificant, so uncertain

when I am in a happy event. How can this be? There is a small verse that hums to me now while I am writing, maybe there is something to it; but now I will write it; who wrote the words, I do not know:

"Longing warmth is a powerful,
strange subject in the heart,
which can bring a dear image
evoked forth in quiet hours.
Home will grow double strong!

Today my whole soul is with you and I wish you a happy Pentecost.

My love from your
Anna

A short time earlier she had written a letter home in a very upset mood. This letter, however, is lost, but from the father's response, you can guess at its contents:
She has written something about conditions at "The Danish Pioneer", something about freethinking, blasphemy and immorality and her father writes:

"Can you not, dear child, go somewhere else for a better atmosphere, where there are Christian people; or will you not come home to Denmark. There is nothing ugly, immoral, or dirty, where you're from. "(He offers her travel money)

Then she wrote something about doubt and that she is a child of perdition and the father replies:

"No, you are consecrated in your baptism to the True God and you are his child. And the evil spirit can not hurt and soil you, or take you completely, no, he can not. Despite all your doubts you will find rest in God's peace, which is more than the angels protection. Paul, who is an experienced man, writes: "Although your heart condemns you, then, God is greater than your heart"

"You go, dear child, to the master's table. It is to people like you he calls when he says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, I will give you rest for your souls!" The sinners in any circumstance, he calls, a little doubtful girl is always welcomed by him; for he will give her faith and peace from doubt and unrest. Do so, dear Anna, in Jesus' name. "

Finally, she wrote about a young man, Niels Herskin, who is in love with her, who she also likes. And herein is the following passage:

" Am I worth a man's love, and dare I take someone else with me into darkness, down to hell? No, and no again. "

And the father replies:

"- Baby, baby, do not say such a thing: A woman who has not compromised her honor by immorality or other burdens, is always worth a man's love!

Do not talk so much about the devil and hell, only in your confession and renunciation. Never believe though, that you have neither self-will or will draw others toward this dark realm. - No, my child, live with the angels and your life's God, with your Savior and Liberator, and be drawn by the journey of God's light on High. Maybe on the way you stumble and go into shadowed valleys; but.

"We walk among angels, where we go, the way they well maintain! "

Anna's reply is dated July 26, 1890.

"You write, dear father, that I have to come home again, and that you will pay the return journey. No, I will not give up, it would be cowardly to be miserable, and give up hope, that alone keeps me strong and brave in the struggle for existence, give up, and I would be nothing."

She could easily get the money for the return journey if it so required. Further down in the letter states:

"Now, as far as your letter is concerned, I have no definite answer. I have come to more calmness and peace. My love is gone like snow in the sun. I can not love more than my goal – I cannot live - nor breathe otherwise. - Strange that you can write as if I should give up. - Do you know what I have put into it - what day after day keeps me going - what keeps me clean and delivers me from temptations - solely that I should make myself strong to win the future. - I should give up on life, before I gave up trying to reach my goal. "

The letter from her father did have a consequence, as Anna returned to her former job in the magazine "Dannevirke" office in Cedar Falls and on 22 August 1890, she is still here. But she calls herself a "blockhead" for she can not earn nearly as much and they should not be angry at home, if she moves back again.

"Nebel wanted to keep me," she writes, "and asked me about the reason why I wanted to travel. And when he has been so good to me and helped me the most, next to Poulsen, so I told him the truth.

"They are upset at home that I am" the Pioneer "and I always hear about it. And when I have been glad to be here and also that I should be the one who comes here, they vote, as you know, no! "

So said Nebel: "May I write home to your father; for he will not be thinking that I'm such a devil, and he need not worry, as long as you are under my guard! "

To her sister she talks about her new home.

"Mr Holst, Dannevirke editor, is a tall, lean, quiet man who rarely says more 'than absolutely necessary. Mrs. Holst by contrast is more talkative and more severe. A very lively and bubbly ma'am. "

Anna has a beautiful room with rugs on the floor and pictures on the walls. At Christmas (1890), she went to the countryside to a pastor Thomsen and also a professor who swarmed to her; but he wants to be special, and she says "hell" on him and would rather serve to Dr.MD than marry the professor and get an old "growl pot" in addition.

Stud. with. Anna Olesen Ramelhøj *)

* (She took her great grandfathers name)

How Anna really behaved with being both typographer and then in school for the baccalaureate, does not appear clear enough of the few surviving letters; but this much is certain, that she in July 1891 graduated with mg and in individual subjects ug. She immediately began to prepare for university, as evidenced by a letter dated 18 July 1891. Here in she writes:

"Pastor Skans Hansen here must help with "State Medical University" for winter. He will help me with the purchase of books and so forth, and he wants me to go with him to the university for the winter. He thought I could take admission exams; but I have such a horror of anatomy, I have to immediately receive a half-rotten body to cut up and pick the meat from the legs; For the past year hard work has made me nervous, with shaking hands, as you probably know this has greatly increased. Well, I would even call this a trifle, as long as I had money, money! How hard it is to be poor. When I want to save and not buy a dress thread in the three years I might do it for four to five hundred dollars, and I've certainly saved and worn in the two years I've been here; I've got good clothes and put \$ 150 aside, that will just make the first year in which I have to study chemistry and anatomy and matter-medical. These three books plus and the key cost respectively 4-12 and \$ 8.

Is it possible that you can make a loan to me in a year's time? I understand that I must serve three or four years before I get started, then my health will probably be destroyed. Hansen says that I should quit the printing; for if the tremor worsen I would become utterly inept. "When your father sees that it goes well with the work, he will help you enough!" 'Do not think I need to take him to the university, it will be a very big help for me? "

She further explains that Scan Hansen took first-year exams, and he promised to help her throughout. She could certainly pay the money back in about five to six years; for if she becomes Dr., she'll have something to do: Miss Dr. Gydesen and Dr. Henriette Brown have more than they need.

"Now, after all, I go to school in winter. - Is this the path God wants me, that in my work I serve him so:

"One way or another God knows! "

What do you think about the grandfather's picture (a large charcoal drawing of Ole Kr. Sørensen). Thomsen and Holst can not understand how I can draw so. They want me trained to draw since I have talent ..."

There has been some talk about getting Søren Olesen as a priest, probably in Cedar Falls, where a bystander's letter is written. The circumstances I do not know, but they are mentioned in the letter:

"Dear Father, I was so happy that I jumped, danced and cheered with the little hope that you might want to come over here. Pastor Hansen and Mr. Thomsen have often asked me if there was an thought to get you over here. We have no priest yet. There was no little support for Uffe Birkedal but he said "No". Old Nielsen, which of course has been here before, and also at the Church of Berg, also said no. Up in Utah it is also hard. Oh! Dear father, you could then go up there and take a tag with the Mormons. We have half our family there, so I almost think our heart should be there. "

At the University

Then Anna came to the State University of Iowa. It must have been 1 September 1891. There are a number of letters from here; but it seems the next daunting task is to go through them. However, I struggle greatly with Anna's letters because she always expresses herself in the mood of the moment, and I will try to make an excerpt:

"Dear parents and siblings, now I have been here a long time and not heard anything from you, I never hear Danish; for even when I talk to Skans Hansen, we speak English for the other students' sake, or otherwise they think we are talking about them. I have to say that it stretches me much to keep step with the English students. I must work almost twice as hard; for I must study both the language and the curriculum. I have roomed together with an English student, and we even make our food. We make do with a little black coffee; (For milk is so expensive!) And bread, for we are both equally poor, though she has just enough money for three years and I have barely enough for one. Her name is Carrie Beaver. She complained the other day over our Latin homework and thought it was something horrible to learn all the languages; I told her that she now has a small taste of what I had to endure, for my Latin homework is explained in English and I have to study both languages; while she has only one.

Yesterday we had three ghastly operations in less than an hour. I must tell you a little about the school and about teaching. I enclose a program of our school hours. I have not been told how many homopathic students there are, probably a little over 50 and 11 are female. In the allopathic department there are several hundred, and they make fun of us homopathics. We're with Allopathy in anatomy, chemistry, physiology and dissection. The hall we sit in is like a theater with numbered chairs, one above the other in such a (drawing of a "target"). In the middle is a round space, which is for the professor with his medication, and he gives lectures and quizzes us by sending a question to the appropriate number.

The professor of anatomy takes apart and describes where and how to cut up the bodies so as not to spoil them. There is a strong smell, even though the corpses have lain in brine. There are two of every half corpse, cut lengthwise. Some corpses are negroes; but it does not matter; for they are all blue-black. The first night after, I dreamed of the dead "equal half" - rotten meat so that I was quite ill. Oh, but it has to be.

In our operating room, we sit in four rows, around the operation site. The professor calls us down to assist in pairs (except for the first year). All the preparations are then shown us. Yesterday, a little girl came first. She had a kind of growth in the brain. Oh how she screamed. The students then took hold of her, one on the head and arms, one on the legs. Chloroform was so firmly pressed to her mouth and nose, that it was next to impossible for her to get put under and she complained and was angry all the time. All this made me ill, so when he started to cut, I almost fainted, but they were all so busy, that no one saw me, so it went without anyone noticing. Next, a young man, had a kind of putrification in -----, but by then my indisposition was gone, I was just as cold-blooded seeing the other operations, as if the doctor had cut into a dead creature.

In the physiology lectures we sit 20 at each table and each with a microscope in front of us. There are three professors. We get a small piece of glass with a blunt nerve, flesh, blood, matter, ulcers, leg or the like on it. The slider we put under the microscope, and the professor explains it all (each part and screw on the microscope has a name). First he says: "shift glass", To a man, we take our glass – and put it under the microscope. "Change optics, turn down to one-sixteenth, find optics. What do you see?" We then tell. "What it is, what does it consists of, how does it appear?" etc. It goes on forever.

In dissection, we each have a small box containing four knives, 3 scissors, a blower to inflate guts up, a pair of pincers and a few needles. But we should not use them more when we have finished the dissection. Yes, dear, if I were rich, I would rather be here six than three years, and even then I would not feel confident with the many diseases that exists. However, I could never do an eye or delicate operation, since my hands shake, and the least wrong move in these delicate parts can make an accident.

Just now I really need the loan that I have mentioned, otherwise I go from my horse rings around by (-----) 1892. Until then, I think I will starve myself through. I cannot be afraid to borrow when I'm so far along. The only exam that would put me back half a year, would then be my work in the chemical laboratory. For you know well that I am totally foreign to chemistry and ill at doing, but I work the best I can in both and my Beaver gives me a hand now and then. I think I can borrow some money from Neble, but I fear for the consequences. I will write to Dr. Nielsen in Chicago or Dr. Molarky, any one of them would give me something to get through nursing during the summer holidays, for I have not afford to rest. - Dear father and mother, I hardly dare ask you to lend me money on my own word alone, about how things are going. I asked Skans Hansen write to you about me. He helped me and read with me, he could best appreciate my situation. He said, when I asked him if he thought I dared take the responsibility

to borrow money from you, "Yes, I can't see that your parents would be afraid of it, especially when they helped the first year, for if they don't understand English, you can help them. " But write, soon, I think. Rather a try, than eternal torment. Should -----
(End missing).

October 10, 1891

(The beginning is missing). ----- Block head. Yesterday we were students in (chemistry), but I got two zeros on my two questions. I certainly could not answer them. The first was: "What is the weight of oxygen relative to hydrogen?" - I could not really recall. Then I had to say what the connection was with the the following: " $\text{CaH}_4\text{P}_2\text{O}_8$ ", but it shamed Anna not to be able to tell him. However, you can count on that I know it now and will not forget it again. I felt such unspeakable shame to sit there and stare like a sheep among so many, it is too common of an injury but that is of little consolation. Now I know that the weight of oxygen relative to hydrogen is 16 times as much, and that the last connection is hydrated sulphate of lime; but I'm certainly "not 10 cents worth the expense", as you know, also I get so nervous when my name is called, I forget everything. Our professor said he knew enough of it when he was a student, he always seemed to think that everybody else's question was easier than his, but he would tell us that it was just our imagination. He can sometimes come with such droll observations that we all have to laugh. The other day the professor of anatomy gave us a Latin name for a muscle, and I think it consisted of eight syllables. 3-4 of students let them fall to the ground in fright. I was up at him today to get crossbones exchange (university must provide us legs to study), so today I was like the old monks with a skull and a hand in front of me on the table. Who could have told me a half dozen years ago that I dare to sleep in the same room and eat at the same table with a skeleton. But I have other things to think about than dead legs and ghosts. I might as well cut dead people, as a pig; but living people, I think I will never get used to. However, before I came here, I thought just as clear that it would be impossible to dissect. Have you received grandfather's picture in the frame? I'm going to take one of myself when I get time, but it will surely be, when I become a doctor.

Coming in as above with the first: "where we should have it nice. I will then be on Jer all the time, dear parents; for I do not think I can be happy by getting married. The times I have seriously been asked that question, I have always felt a horror, so I think I would go on even though I came so far, and when I think of my future, my thoughts involuntarily, fight against it, well I do not think I can be both doctor and wife, for the medical profession will take all my love. Nor do I think that I naturally could come to love anyone more than my home - you, and I do not know why I am always plagued with declarations of love. Recently, a very mature young man proposed to me. I will not mention his name; For I told him that no one would know about it - but I could not. I know him well. He has been at Askov High School two winters and Vallekide a winter. His brother, who is also here in America, has been on Galtrup University. Since I came here, he has written to me, but we do not match; "For there must be any moss grow over it." He was distraught as I traveled from Cedar Falls. One of the last evenings he met me at the railway track when I come from the printers. Just then the train came, and he pretended he did not see it. I was quite startled and grabbed him. He both cried and trembled and said. "Let's take both of us down in front of the train!" I replied, "If you sin against God?"

Since then he winks at me and said, "You are a little pious child, O, it is no wonder that Jesus said "Unless ye become as these ye will not enter heaven," and so he went. I have often since had tears of pity when thinking of these words addressed to me. I need so much to have an answer for this. However, I will with all diligence try to do my work for God's glory, and it has always seemed to me that as our professor told us the first day: "To be a real doctor ye must be a real Christian!". Yes, he was so inspiring to us, to be a doctor for the people and not for the money to help the poor, which we knew nothing of could pay just as happy as the rich, to be accurate and true to our patients and not as so many impostors who prolong the disease to get a big doctor bill. The professor I'm talking about now is the one I have mentioned that I liked so much, his name is Copperthwaite (pronounced: Kopertoeit) and as previously stated is the President here. Here I write our schedule:

Dissection is not on the agenda and is always in the evening.

Sunday, October 10

I came from the Congregational church where I always go when I cannot stand the English Lutheran here. Today I came to the altar there, it is really nice with their communion. The priest blesses each piece of bread and it is composed of thin slices so that he can break it into equal pieces. He puts them on eight plates (that's a mighty big church) gives it to eight of the church's oldest members. They go around the chairs to people and offer it to them, then they do the same with the wine. (This is arguably because it must look like the Last Supper) and everything is done while the organ is playing so quiet and solemn and it is so quiet in the mighty church that you could hear a pin drop.

Tomorrow Dr. Mary Witties begins to teach a course in Swedish gymnastics. If it were not so expensive, I would have taken it, but I do not have time. Swedish gymnastics and dairies after the European pattern are beginning to spread over here. So if you come over here, let either Karen or Margrethe could learn gymnastics, because they can get a well-paid position after they learn. But above all, let them learn sewing. You have no concept of what it costs to get clothes sewn. I wish I had learned tailoring. Once you have determined to come, I'll just tell you what you need to bring and what not to bring with you, and the difference between the prices here and in Denmark. For you'll come, right? You will certainly not regret it. Sure you could probably sell when you go down a little in price. I hope that when this letter reaches you, dear parents, you have already searched the priesthood in Cedar Falls or mission office in Salt Lake City, as I also mentioned need an employee, then, as you probably have read in Society magazine "Dannevirke"; the last priest was a sinner and a cheat that would just feather his own nest.

Read the way "From society's annual meeting in Clinton" will in general get a true impression of the relationships between Danish above through "Dannevirke". But I would certainly wish, dear father, that you would join Grundtvig in Clinton's friends and have nothing to do with Ankor, if there is any person I hate, it's him. I would not be an hour under the same roof with him, and I have not seen much of him since the time he left me in Harlan and I wrote to him and scolded him, and though he has it all, some say, I deserved better. He needed a proper slap, For I do not think he is as holy as he seems. It has aroused much indignation in society that he has made a school in Elk Horn, an English secondary school, though he can not speak two words in English, he is, however - American.

Anna Rammelhøj
Stud. with.

October 15, 1891

Dear parents and siblings! Though, I continue to not hear from you, I will send my letter of October 2, together with probably a number of Student Journals, and it's because I have the honor to be mentioned therein. The reason is: "One day the students were fighting before the professor came in, I began to draw a few caricatures of the match, tied a thread on the paper and tossed it down to the fighters that were in the lower gallery. You should have seen how they laughed and clapped and my drawing went around among the approximately 2,000 students. I thought nothing of it; but soon after, I saw them in the University Blade report, as I have mentioned. "The homeopathic artist turns out to be a lady this year!"

Now, what more could you imagine, now you have seen your daughter mentioned in the papers twice. First time just as adventurous as Peder Paars wonderful journey to the underworld and the second time as an artist. And also I have been called, "Dannevirke" as you probably remember. My arrival at the University was reported with other great personalities. - Oh, but then how I look to the day when my departure can be reported.

But please write, I have not heard from you since July 10, what ails. I am otherwise still glad to be studying medicine. However, I would admit that there are hours when I stare with utter hopelessness at the lot of homework and am close to dropping both Latin and English, or I stare hopelessly into the future. - Fear of no money. But I will work in the here and now, the time that is given to me, for the future, I can not tell. I doubt that I can do it in three years, because I am so little prepared and do not have the language skill it takes. However, perhaps it will go beyond my boldest expectations. The president of the university is also a really nice man, and when he heard that I had left my home and my country alone to study homopathy, he said to Skans Hansen: "There is more power in her frail body, than one would believe, I need to do for her what I can. " The other day I came into his office, he came and put both hands around my face and asked me how it went with me. I said that I could well understand my matter-medica, but what he lectured in that Physiology and Anatomy I could not follow well; but I thought it was because I had never read a jot of it in my own language. O, I am very fond of this old man also because he looks so much like grandfather. You must understand that he has already given me special attention, and as you know, wrote me personally, he has supervised and is superintendent of TLIG large university, and has clerks to answer our hundreds of incoming letters and queries.

Holstes in Cedar Falls are also very good, they send me all the bread I eat for free, and when Mrs. Holst has something good she always sends me a bite. The other day she came down here to see me and she had both cake and good juice for me, and they asked me if I would be there for Christmas, but I can not afford the time or the money.

Skanse Hansen goes to Cedar Falls every Sunday to preach until they get a priest, so Holst's wife sends these things with him. Hansen's wife also sent me some honey last time and some good books on loan, which I should read on Sundays. Yes, Cedar Falls folks are all very benevolent towards me and I know that many of them are waiting for me to become a doctor. God alone rules.

Oh dear parents, come now across, come over here as pastor people in Cedar Falls. Little father, would it not be nice if you could work as a priest and I as a physician, it would support me both physically and mentally, for homesickness is a long heavy chain dragging on me. I have mentioned before that my work can not be transferred to Denmark. - Oh, then write to the committee.

So a very affectionate greeting to you all
from the student Anna Rammelhøj
The State University of Iowa.

October 28, 1891

Dear Parents. I recently received a letter from you, dated October 3, and from this I see that you have written at least two that I have not received, it is quite strange - I can not understand it. Heartfelt thanks for the promised help. Good God, I could use the additional money; but before going on to explain it, I must reply to another, which gives me great turmoil: about Karen and Ole coming over. I now see that America is a rich country, a free country and a beautiful country, but also a country of temptation. You know I'm not big on the market town youth or village youth in Denmark, but poor, the US is surely not, they always have enough money, certainly not without guilt: for it is easily to make a few dollars to spend by simply taking work for a few days and many youth keep going that way, work one week's time and play the next: Karen, I'm not concerned about, but Ole - I feel that if he was over here, I would bear the blame - and I'm afraid that he does not love me enough that I would have power to keep him from poor company, or keep him from associating with that company. Few have probably been in worse company than I - between a bunch of rough men who prided themselves on their debauchery; but not just once they tried me when I told them how it would be, so I was able to walk unchallenged between them and was politely treated. Anyone can - but you also need to have the determination not to fall. Could Ole say as Joseph when he was tempted, "How could I have the heart to grieve God!", Because I would not be scared, but almost every step he takes he will face such women. Therefore, I dare not say for sure one way or the other. Surely he could easily get a job as a blacksmith, as it is a pretty good business over here. Plumbers are not called in America and never in the world would pay very well, since tinplate cases are so cheap that it does not even pay to do the job. Has Karen even learned to sew or earned money as a photographer, typographer, or such? No, but she can certainly find something to do. But a servant in an American mansion neither she nor I must be. There is talk enough about the maids doing so well over here. It must be either men or those trying to hire girls from Denmark who are spreading such stories. I've tried it, and maybe it's because I have not been accustomed to being lorded over, it occurred to me strongly that bowing and scraping and standing up for the gracious lady is not for me.

Simon Kems must have high school. If he can not fit enough other subjects, you could talk to him about an apprenticeship at his school. Otherwise, there is certainly enough spaces. Let him get to Elk Horn. But they will on the whole trip. Ole particular?

There is really no one who will lend me something of a life assurance, and it would be a strange request to get people to take stock of me. But we will see. If I can earn a little during the

summer holidays, I can probably at least make it through the first year: With the summer holidays, I have two plans, see about getting sick to care for, or be travel agent for a magazine. Will you get me the address to "Ill. Family Journal "Ell." North Star ". I think I could get these papers spread here - and I would also prefer to get outside for a little of the holiday than to go into a stinking hospital. I can inform you that I can practice in some states; when I have been here for two years, but if it is discovered that I do not have university diploma, I can also be arrested, and if I have no rights as a Dr., people will not pay, I can not require them. Also if someone died under my hand or if it was verified that I made a medication error, I could be fined up to several thousand dollars, and if I could not pay, then off to jail. I can come back to the university anytime I want and continue as last year's student, even after both one and two-year absence. Do you think I need it? I suppose it would save you the loan, as I am so horribly sorry. But I can not travel to Cedar Falls after two years of study as I would be in trouble with the law. I have thought of Utah, now, but within two years, much can happen. I'd prefer to be a doctor on a ship; but they do not take homeopathic doctors. America is so overrun with doctors ----- (end missing)

October 29, 1891

I just came from the hospital where I worked all night among the sick. Indeed, we must take turns to be present at night, but I would hope that it is not my turn again so soon; because I get so nervous when I am running from one end of the hospital to another most of the night, and then be at lectures and examination the next day. We are examined every day and every good answer counts 10 points, medium 5, no 0. These are then counted together and must constitute a certain number to pass the exit exam. If we are not present, the next day we must provide an acceptable excuse. I did not go today and my aches will be my excuse. Skans Hansen says I should go today. He's always so strict; he may think it's just a fake; for I can not just stand there and tell him that I have a stomach ache which is just exhaustion.

I found two other Danish names among our students, Poulsen and Jensen. I spoke today with Poulsen and made the remark in Danish that we probably were country men, but he answered in shame in English. I was very disappointed by those who have only been here for three years and are already ashamed of our dear Denmark. Yes, unfortunately it can be said of many Danes here. They must have drunk from the elf lady's golden cup. But as I said to Dr. Mary Witten: "I am Danish, and I will never be an American!" She replied: "And you say that to me, an American. It's insulting!" I replied. "I have just as many rights as you have. If you were in Denmark and would say the same thing, I would not be angry, but recognize the patriotism!" She gave me the right.

You will not have to send me money the first year, if all goes well. I will not abandon my studies if I have to work for them for six years, and as long as we have the Danish word that says, "try, try again!"

The other anatomy professor chloroformed a dog, to show the blood circulation in the flesh, we cannot learn that by cutting into dead bodies. I swear it was almost worse to help than to do the cutting. I do not really recommend cutting the corpse as there was a horrible stench; but I think that everything smells equally bad the day after dissection. But the operations. The other day, when an old man had surgery for hernia, I was half sick. Today, a man had a bad cut on his

leg. The professor said he was not happy about it because he is quite close to the stomach. We had the man inside for inspection yesterday. There was gangrene. The toes could be broken off without him noticing. Cause: One winter the man stood and fished in the water up to his knees.

There is another stir among our students these days. The question: "should women be allowed to practice medicine?" is under discussion in the student community. Both female and male students spoke at the last meeting and the poor sinners who were on the opposition side must now endure crushing stares and jibes from our side. The other day I wrote a note to two about the students who were on the opposition side that I was well familiar with, and this bill went all around the department. They had said that a woman's place was as a wife and mother (the ancient and hackneyed phrase) and I wrote then in English: If a wife has kitchen work, is a nanny and laundry girl, one must ask the same of Miles and Sage (the students' names). It caused amusement and they all asked where it came from, but no one could figure it out. Now, the day's work has not ended as I am now going to have go over my notes from the lecture and read through the books. The last lecture was about the saliva and its inflammation. We had a surgical clinic with a few small operations besides this amputation. Hu, I can hear the sound of the saw yet. It was otherwise okay. Professor Gilcriet is truly a fine and fast operator. It is not surprising that they come from afar to be operated under his hand.

October 30, 1891

Today the professor gave us a stinking half-rotten corps to cut up and then showed us a chloroformed dog. It was to compare the veins of a dead and a living subject. It just seems that I can make neither head nor tail of anatomy; for a professor lecturing on the legs, another on meat and trimmings, and it seems impossible for me to learn five lessons a day. But I will study my dear medical-medica thoroughly, then I do not care if I get a bad exam in anatomy, physiology. When the president comes in and gives lectures on matter medica I always feel like I'm waiting for something really good. We are all more or less specialists. One will particularly study one or two diseases different than others and I have the most interest in consumptive, corrosion, and insanity. These things I give most of my attention to. (They come in medical clinic) ----- (end missing)

(The beginning is missing) ----- because none of us knew what we needed "Glonone) to, for we should have said" sunstroke "and Cawpettewart said:" It was right, let me see you get so talented everyday, to get so many top class students into the state university and it is both for your and my honor, but I can believe that we will remember the Medicine for posterity. Carrie and I have a small room the size of your room in Jebjerg, and we also have a stove and a kerosene cooker. Carrie sits sometimes past 12 studying; but I always get sick the second day, if I do not go to bed around 10 and I can not accommodate more in my head than I have in a day; I can not study at night; or I will have a thumping painful day, and it is good that my hospital nights falls on Friday and Saturday for the most part; for then I can have Sunday to catch up. I get letters from the Danish teacher in Cedar Falls. She always asks how I feel, and she is very fond of me. Sometimes she tells stories of the children and now she lets them write letters to me and they are very happy to do it. I have a few invitations from Cedar Falls to come with my

medicine box at Christmas. One is from a little grocery girl of Thomsen. She says her mother has said that she would write to invite me to be with them at Christmas and then take some medicine for mischief; but, she says: "I do not think it will help; for I take after mother! " Mrs. Holst wrote to ask if I needed warm socks or have some underwear sewn. But I have enough for now. So send no money; for I do not have the heart to take it from you, and what difference does a couple of years make to or from the ground. And as you say, "Would God that I can achieve my goal, so he also has one way or another even if it is not my way or in my time. I would have every right to study until my money runs out, and then take a seat again.

I wish these books were not so expensive. Although Carrie and I take them as we can and we count on studying together, so one buys half of the six books and the other the second half, so we do not have to pay for more than half, so in all cases we have not been wasteful.

Now, then farewell all and let me hear from you soon, and hear that you come. - So we can be together all day. And I would hope that I may be more like you and my siblings after the long separation than I was before I learned to know the world and was taught by this vast busy, excellent land, what I had been before sheltered against: poverty, hardness, roughness and temptations. And in the multifarious company I've been in, although it has sometimes lain dormant, however, I kept the faith that the Lord's little angels would cry if I did this or that; Without these memories I might not be the person I am now. You will probably wonder why the road here seems often heavy and cumbersome.

You should check with Holst!, for, though he is a pedantry cautious man, he is, however, a confident man and not the "duke Els horns" which others call him. I did not invent it.

Love from Anna!

October 31, 1891

I have wondered, planned, and rejected them not in terms of money for the study of medicine, but I have come to the conclusion that I see no way out for the last year. Either I try to walk on slippery ice and practice and take the consequences or - What do you think of the plan? I do not know if they charge any exam in Burma or in Turkey. What if I studied what I can in a year and a half or so, then go there and practice. I might even have better luck there when America is so full of doctors. Also I would like to see India and I could in the course of half a year earn enough for my trip. Then both you and I would be free from future debt. I believe I could then come here again and set up as last year's student. I have the time, India will of course be just as lucky as America.

I also thought of South America; but I am so dreadfully afraid that I will get yellow fever. (Our president says that the only disease he would shrink from, would be the yellow fever. - Give me Andrea Geleth Frank's address. I will inquire about the situation. And also Benniks I would like to have it.

Yes, I suppose you think I'm too keen on getting it done, and maybe I am. --- But if the plan succeeds, I will change something in my area of study and this year pay for the lectures in midwifery study, as it surely will be an important subject. I will then take an additional practical course in it at one of Chicago Hospitals. Do you think that would be anything lost by trying to

carry this plan through? For me it does not look riskier than to put both you and me in 1000 kr. Debt and then not even be finished. No, indeed, I will not try it if I can be allowed to practice one of the two places.

In South America Dall publishes a Danish magazine. What if I also could take it over or create a new one, since I was trained in the printing arts? So maybe with time Karen might want to learn from me either to typeset or help patch people together.

Yes, it's rose-colored dreams for the future, and it almost looks like little father when he built the priest Brohus up. Maybe I am reaching for anything that will help me move forward, and accomplish my goal. Now, however, it seems black before me, and yet it could turn out well. Doctor, I must be, for it is the only thing I find worth living for, even if I have to travel to Turkey to be allowed to practice.

But discuss these ideas with each other, and really think through it. Please check in South America, if you will. Take it into account that if it things go slowly with the physician's office that I then can set and publish a magazine, perhaps with dear father's help as editor. I should think that I am just as well suited to it as many of the Danish newspaper publishers are here, and there are a lot Danes in South America. I would have to learn to speak Spanish. It should also interest me. I want to get as much out of life as possible and want to poke my nose in all the pots, just not kitchen pots. I do not have time to use my life to study cookbooks, and I can not do which seems ridiculous to me, to wear my life out studying what we need to fill the poor stomach with.

I have especially come to see this side, since I came here and saw all the lavishness of eating, and all the children having problems with stomach and teeth. I have a great desire to make Midsummer torches of all their fine cookbooks. When I'm just not hungry, I don't care what my stomach is filled with.

Sometimes I despise the religion in Cedar Falls: I said one evening, "Why not eat your fill of dry bread and milk, and then you can always take a bite of cake afterwards. You would then have the taste that you had eaten a cake and even got rid of a stomach ache! "But alas, keep me on track with what I was talking about". One of Cedar Falls wives said that I should never be treated to anything but dry bread and milk, if I came with her. I replied that I should not cry if she would remember a little bite of cake.

Fact, it is not worth writing to Mr. Neble; For he cannot decide what to do, and we do get a black mark in the newspaper again. Among other things, have I ever told you that when I was there they sold nearly twice as many newspapers at that time, and that is 20 thousand, including several hundred in Cedar Falls. Our typographers at "Dannevirke" told that they had to describe my appearance for people 20 times a day. And I myself was overrun with questions and letters from Omaha, Chicago and Elk Horn, so it was about to make me crazy. That is not exaggerating; for one of Pioneer typesetters wrote to me that they had to dispatch a lot of overtime that week.

Now write again soon and do not forget the addresses I pray, and let me get your opinion to know both for the one and for the other. Can I not get a real letter from Karen, tell her that she could earn 20 cents every month and send me a letter?

No, little mother, Karen promise me you will not give me your hard-earned pennies to feed me; because I should be hungry, I have a good thumb and the forefinger to send out and pick up letters for me. Those letters are faithful servants, they won't let me of die of hunger, as long as I

can touch them. I wonder often how two such tiny children can earn 25 to 35 kr. per week. And it goes at lightning speed you may believe. I need to speak or write to Holst about "Dannevirke". I do not think he will let me pay anything. The professor sat for a time and spoke to me as I watched the hospital the other day, and I drew a "small pixie" for him. It amused him. He asked me about Denmark and how they considered happy patients there! So an affectionate greeting to all of you from Anna.

January 25, 1892

.....

for mother

I could see that there could be even a small piece of paper in a letter and I will then make a special request to you, dear mother. If I send 10 kr. home, could you make a piece of material into a dress for me? I will need a school dress in the summer. I have a nice black dress and a red holiday dress, but my daily dress is not in very good condition, and I do not want to wash dresses in the summer, because I have to pay to get them washed and it will soon cost more than such dress is worth. Yes, it is a pity that I have to ask you to get the tissue; for thou hast both hands full, little mother. Do not say yes unless you really think you can. I have thought that I would like to get a very light gray or blue, tvisttreddegarn isgarn (loosely twisted, glossy yarn; was used for soft loosely knit neckerchiefs or shawls) or islet. I have now made a few suggestions for this dress when I could no longer use it during the run - and should fit - pretty loose. I think that a gray dress will not show the dust so easily. If you think you can, then you can probably get it over here soon. I can put tools in place and sew on a waistband, so they are taking no duty. When I need to buy me something for a pretty good dress here, it will cost me almost at least \$1 per yard, and I would then like to have approximately 9 - 10 cubits. So it does not even resemble isgarnstøj?. However, I get excellent cotton from 3 cents up to 10 cents per cubit and really fine white dowlas here costs only \$ 1 per paragraph. A paragraph consists of 22 cubits.

I could not sleep last night because I worked so hard on the corpse, I cut last night from 7 pm. to 11 am. I had in fact committed a mistake to cut a nerve in the arm, and I had to cut and split for the whole evening before I could find the mistake and correct it. And when I came to bed my nerves and muscles were all awirl in my head, so I had to completely give up on sleep. On top of that I could smell the rotten corpse everywhere. Then I got out of bed again and washed myself and splashed myself with water but it didn't help. I sat and remembered you and thinking of how many different places I have celebrated my birthday and I found that I have not been home on my birthday since I turned 16.

My 17th was in Bjergby

My 18th in Åstrup

My 19th in Omaha at Poulsen

My 20th in Cedar Falls at Holst

My 21st will come in Iowa

So I have been around a little in the world; maybe I need to celebrate my 22nd in India. God alone knows it; I would like to be home for your silver anniversary. Instead I will probably be at the state university, so I better not say I will come as I suppose there will be no money. Yes, now it is soon the 7th again, and I'll spend my 21st birthday in the "slaughterhouse", as we students jokingly call dissection, in the company of 50 rotting corpses. What I have is so rotten, it makes me sick even when I breathe through my nose and mouth dressing. We have a syringe, which we spray the body with when we think they stink more than we can tolerate. I am now so accustomed to all this rubbish that I can stand anything. I never bothers me to assist, even at the worst that can be presented and it is much more than I ever thought that I could take as I used to swoon when seeing a bleeding finger, as you recall. Good night, dear mother, now I must go. Carrie has sharpened all our knives and scissors.

In late February or early March 1892 took Anna her first medical exam. Whereupon she left the university to Omaha, where she came to stay with Poulsen Dals. It was in her mind that she could earn some money by being a hospital nurse, but she had to give up this plan because she herself was ill. Here old Poulsen wrote about her:

Everything could be good if Anna herself was healthy; but she is unfortunately very sickly. It was with the greatest difficulty she has worked and several times she had to come home early. When she could not bear to stand up, she would sit down, but she can not make as much. Instead of \$12 before, now she can only earn \$7 a week. But even this was not so bad when she could stand it. She eats next nothing, a few eggs and a little milk is almost all. She often has headaches sometimes vomiting and all the time has a nasty cough. My wife has long talked about how she feared it was an attack. I spoke today with Anna about her condition, and she even think she suffers very badly. I think it was no joke, although it was said in a jocular tone, what she said a few days ago: "I do not think I will live for very long!"

So from the sounds of old Poulsen's report and it is not very hopeful. From her stays in Omaha, there are two preserved letters and I will share what I saw here:

(No beginning) ----- written at the end of March 1892

----- Ordinary doctors at home and I have the right to put on my plaque (I will set me) "Physician" which means doctor who has not taken doctor degree. This I can then take when I want, even several years after I have taken the physician exam. A Dr. Vance from Wisconsin wrote to me that she had done this. Of course, I do not have doctor degree, I can f. Ex. Not get any professor post (!!!) nor a place as country doctor - it is district physician o.s.v. ; but I don't aim very high. I probably could not get a job as a ship physician, I would however like this. I think the plan as far as I can see, is the best; for I can not see that I can get enough money for a doctor diploma.

I want a copy of my diploma. The three letters, I got in high school last year, I will not write off, but thus follows what I got this year.

Number 1
Medical Department
State University of Iowa

Session 1891 and 92

This certifies that Miss Anna Olesen has taken one course in practical anatomy -: Lift upper.
Demonstrating Thu ticket no. 30 - Class 19

J. W Harrison Mann. With D.
demonstrator

No. 2
State University of Iowa
Medical Department Homopatic
partial courses certificate session 1881 -92

This certifies that Anna Olesen has attended 11/12 of the lectures and clinics required in the 1st
year of the medical course.

A.C. Cowperthwaithe
Dean

For my graduation in microscopy, I got, I been told, a box with the university stamp, which is 12
microscopic preparations from human dissections. But there is little benefit having them before
I even can afford to buy a microscope, which is arguably a long way off. Very probably Mr.
Poulsen could use them, as it is especially designed for botany and therefore not helpful
enough for me.

My little mother, thank you for the dress, it was really a shame that you did not send me what
you have made, it had surely would have been nice enough. yet, I've not received it, but it will
come (later :)

I've been down to talk with the president of "Omaha Medical College" - I think I will go here a
year or so to get my medical exam, and put the idea of doctor degree aside for better times. If
you will send me the money as soon as possible, I will start and complete it; for I see well that it
is better to go on until I'm finished. Both Cowperthwaits and Skans Hansen say it would be
much more enjoyable and interesting for me to earn money as a doctor than as a typesetter.
When I have set types I have not been able to concentrate in the composing room. I have
sometimes stood and put an entire line of some medicine subject, and I become so nervous and
upset, I'd want to throw the types far away. I can not divide myself so.

I wonder how the weather is at home; For here we have such cold, we have to light the stove so
we can stand it, and we've had such snow, sleet, rain storms, as a respectable human being can
barely move out and farmers are much behind in their planting, etc.

With love from your, Anna O. Rammelhøj
With. dr.

Omaha 23 April 1892

"--- when I came to Omaha, Neble immediately offered me a job at his magazine and a good salary, but I said "No". I now work at the "Dannebrog", a Danish free thinking magazine here in Omaha, however it does not use electricity. It is notorious in relation to the Pioneer. The magazine is close to bankruptcy. I can earn two dollars a day but then we don't start before eight thirty. It is somewhat different than in Holst where I wore myself half to death, starting at 7 am for \$1. Mr. Wolff is the editor, and I have never worked for a nicer man, only he was not so poor. Wolf will send you the magazine at my request and he will not charge me.

For I am here with Poulsen and I pay 1½ dollar a week, it's very little, but they will not say anything because I eat almost nothing. I can hardly tolerate anything other than milk.

I and Mathilde Poulsen do not get along so well, for she is always preaching at me. She tells me that I am so infatuated with the knowledge that I have set my eye - the soul's eye - on learning. Yes, maybe there is something to that for while I could sit all day and listen with interest to a medical lecture it is impossible for me to hear a very short sermon. Just as with books; I can read the particular matter medica with such interest, yes I remember the whole lecture by Prof. Cowperthwaite, on this subject - but find a Christian book more difficult. Now, please do not believe that I am agnostic, but I have seen for myself behind the scenes with the Danish-American priests - and their Christianity, which in my eyes is nothing but prejudice. I want reality Dåd after dreams. Works for words, and - this is what I see so little of among this strange hotch-potch of Danish people - the church people - over here. However --- ----

Life has become of so little worth to me since I have begun to scrutinize the human body. I can not find the soul - I'm waiting for nothing - I long for nothing - I think my heart chills - and - I confess it surely comes from the fact that I have seen so little love for people, because I do not love anyone. - Now that's the way it is but I do not appear to be more unhappy than many others; for who is well pleased with himself, and - who is perfect. I have lived for 21 years; but it seems to me as if I were a hundred years old. -----

----- I salute you from learned Lund. We write regularly and dispute especially about ecclesiastical matters. Yes, I come with questions. The answers I leave to him and he is soon the only one I care to talk to about these things. I can not really talk to Poulsens; for they have so many obsessions that I do not like. I also know that Lund keeps a good part of me, and I'm also really happy with him, but I told him it's like this: "My goal is my boyfriend!" And I do not want to become engaged. Niels Herskind is in Denmark at this time. He will, after what Poulsen says, not be free to make such a decision at the moment.

Omaha is a horrible city; but I feel nothing there, so I promise you I will not be afraid; for I have other things to think about than to go out for fun, when will that probably be? By day I am at the printer and do not come home until evening, and then I read or write. On Sundays, I have sometimes been out driving with a young merchant who is in love with me. It's my fun.

Love from Anna O. Rammelhøj
Student. with.

Around May 1, 1892 "Dannebrog" magazine " went bankrupt and Anna lost his job. She could have gotten a place at "The Pioneer"; but she would not. She went a few weeks without money; but since it did not seem that "Dannebrog" would get going again, she accepted the job from "The Pioneer" and on June 14 she is at work there. On August 4, Poulsen Dal writes that Anna is no better, and that she wants to go to Fremont to practice. In Fremont, Nebraska is where Lars Marigård lived as was mentioned in this book, and that she visited with him and his wife. From here she wrote as August 22, 1892 the last letter we have from her hand. It follows here in excerpts; but before I address the letter, I must announce that Anna has become engaged, it is with the aforementioned young merchant. On this subject, Poulsen Dal wrote:

"About Anna's engagement, I can not report much; for we know him only fleetingly. He is certainly an honest guy. Son of respectable pious believing parents who have come here from Skyum in Thy. It seems as if he was very serious about the engagement, what could Anna hardly do. She said that from her side there was not very much love."

Fremont August 22
1892

Dear Parents and Siblings.

When my weakness persisted, Neble thought that I'd better go off the press, he would then put one in my place indefinitely, and as Lars Marigård and his wife often have written to me to come and visit them and be with them for a while, I went to them eight days ago and am glad to be with them, and as far as I can see, they are also happy to have me.

I feel good when I'm stuck in the books; but as soon as I exert myself, even if it is nothing more than to run fast up the loft stairs, I pass out and begin vomiting. I probably got my sickness from cutting up a body, and it is a shame that some have become poisoned by "rotten cadavers".

In a month I'm going to Ohio or Port Island University and then try to take the before mentioned Certificate exam; I will use some of the money I can borrow from Poulsen; for I earned very little money during the summer. Of the \$30 I believed to have lost, I got five, out of the bankrupt estate. I had saved \$60 together besides the fact that I have paid Poulsen 1½ per week.

There was a doctor in Omaha, who drowned about a fortnight ago. He was homoP. and even had a pharmacy, all homoP. must have one, as only large cities like St. Louis, Chicago, Boston have actual pharmacies. Of the main sales of these medicines, I bought for \$35 from him and got among others 4 to 5 good books for \$2 apiece. Then I got drugs - probably \$50 worth for \$15, and also some tools. So I only have \$25 left and the journey will cost that much and maybe more, from Iowa City and this leaves \$18.

The reason why I want to go to one of these two state universities is that both Nebraska and Iowa passed a law, which states that there is a fine of 50 to 100 dollars for anyone practicing with out a doctoral diploma and no more diplomas are to be issued. So if I even want a certificate as I am wanting to, I have to be in a hurry; for it will soon be banned all over America, and the two closest states where it is not yet, as I said Ohio and Rode Island. I will then, if you agree tentatively get \$50 from Poulsen. I am studying in this time "Pathology and Therapentias", with good results.

Yes, this one is good enough that Carl Smith (her fiancé) had to write to you, but he can not write Danish. And he could not quite well ask to be allowed to have me, since it was I who chose him out of many - why I do not really know; for I can not figure out whether I really love him; because sometimes it amuses me to make him my humble slave. Other times I command him to drive home immediately when he will come in an evening to take me out and tell him that I will not see him for the next 3-4 days; but when he is gone a few days, I long for him. The plan was that he should lease their farm, but he will not, except I marry him, and I will not. Carl is without employment, but is in negotiations with a major retail and think that would to be a salesman. He came down and visited me, and I nearly poisoned him with chloroform when I gave him a smell. Yes, he will help me with money for my studies; but I'm not inclined to want to be indebted to him.

You asked if Carl Smith is a Christian – No, no proven Christian, he is not - by the way, he is a very quiet man, and never talks about these things, and I will not have him in my own darkness of doubt. Nor would he be able to understand me. And I am of course also so used to living with my own thoughts about life that I do not feel the urge to share it with others.

Lars Marigård is much like that as well. He owns three houses in this town besides a few brew grounds where the Methodists have now purchased one for their church. Lars and wife are Methodists, yes he is indeed one of the most distinguished, as he preaches when the minister is not here.

I could probably get some practice here - but I risk getting in trouble - the other day I cured a little English girl. She had "Colera infantom" - I gave "isspecila" without much effect. She asked the vomiting a little, so I gave her "arsenic" in 2nd dilution. It helped during the day and a half. Last night a messenger came from another English family. Their daughter, a 15 year-old girl, has a throat sickness, and when the malignant is round about I put heat on it for I can not as a doctor report an infectious disease, so I would have to abscond to Omaha, if I do not want to risk punishment; but now I will soon take my exams, so they won't be able to do anything about it.

Oh, how I long to be able to practice. That gives me pleasure to study a disease of the human body in all its provisions.

Now, yes, I must apologize if there is all about medicine in the letter, this time; for you know very well what the heart is full of, the mouth speaks about.

Love to you all from Anna.

In Toledo University

According to the above letter Anna moved to the University of Toledo in Ohio and her father sent her money there. Poulsen Dal was at home at that time and it was intended that he should leave Anna 100 kr., But when the banks were not secure, Soren Olesen preferred to send money in smaller portions. Where the engagement is concerned, it probably was off before she traveled to Ohio. She has probably begun her studies about September 1; for she could have taken the coveted exam around new year 1893.

However, Anna's condition became worse, and she had to finally resort to medical treatment. The result of the study was that one lung was completely destroyed and in the other strong one, Anna had pneumonia, and she knew that her condition was now hopeless. She had nothing else to wait for now, but death. How terrible a blow this must have been for her, anyone can understand who has read the above letters. She was so near the goal and she had to give up.

Anna decided now to follow Poulsen's family to Denmark. They were just days from departure from Omaha (early November), just at the same time the study was done. She would then wait for death among her loved ones in her childhood home, the ones she so desperately longed for all these years.

But one of her warmest admirers, Niels Herskind, had been waiting for her, and was not about to let her go. He asked her to accompany him to Chicago and become his wife, he would then make a cozy home, and if she, as he hoped, regained her health, she could complete her studies at the University of Chicago. So Anna did and by the end of November 1892, they married. (After subsequent information were married Oct. 13, 1892). Her father writes about Niels Herskind as follows:

"Anna writes that he is a good and faithful man, and the Poulsen family give the same testimony of him. He is a bricklayer, or as in Chicago is called, builder, and Poulsen believes he is wealthy. He is from the Aarhus region, 28 years old. In the midst of all this gloom with illness and overlooks a swift death, then we must say thank you dear God and Father, that he has given our little alien baby a good man and a good home to rest in while she must be here on earth!

It's probably a hard blow for her that she had to abandon her studies. She had battled to reach her goals, and should have been finished with her degree this winter. But in the midst of this disappointment, she can say though God the Father, thank you, because he gave her a strong destiny; for thereby she has been preserved through many difficulties and many temptations. "

A letter written by a friend of Anna, Else Ottesen, dated Chicago 21 January 1893 gives some idea about Anna's condition. She says something like this:

"Anna can not write, and her husband is so sad that he did not write and then they asked her to do it. The English professor gave her up before Christmas. Since they sought a skilled København doctor, but he has now abandoned her. The only medication she gets is morphine and Chloroform and Iodine to smear herself with. She can not sleep and still have a high fever, and almost nothing to eat. Four times she has had some bad episodes with severe pain and shortness of breath that lasts for several hours. The last time was this week. It lasted for two days and she was unconscious all the time. Niels had completely given up hope that she could live through it. The doctor was brought, but he could do nothing. She did, however, get over it and it now appears that she can live a while longer. "The best thing is," she concludes, "that Anna is content to die when it should be, but she thinks of course, that she would have liked to have lived with her husband a little longer if she could have become healthy again; but she says that it is probably best as it goes. Niels does everything in his power so that she can be cared for as well as possible. Yes, she's so cozy and well as she wants it in every way ----- "

Thanks to this good and meticulous care Anna became somewhat better and lived one year after this tough disease. They lived then in St. Thomas Str. Block 499 in Chicago.

Anna had several times asked for his sister Karen to come and care for her at the end; but Karen had recently become engaged, and now she was to get married, so there was no help from that side. Then her sister Margaret offered herself; but no one took notice of her offer, because she was considered a child yet. So wrote Niels Herskind June 22:

"Anna dies inch by inch and she longs for and asks to have one of her sisters come to her."

July 16 was a girl from Hanherred, perhaps above Else. She had served Anna in the winter and had just returned from Chicago. Now she came with verbal bids and plea for help as Anna had difficulty in getting a decent girl in the busy season; because everyone would rather be out having a busy merry life than to go and care for the sick.

It was a hard time at the home of the priest Brohus, and many prayers rose in the night up to God to shield and protect the dear children, as the dark cold world would take from them. "We held a family council," writes Soren Olesen, "and Margaret offered to travel!"

She had in dreams at night, heard a voice saying: "You must be allowed to come over and care for your sister, and you'll come home again!"

In this voice, which she surely believed was God's voice, she trusted. She was only 17½ years old, had never been away from her mother, never seen a railway and probably had no very clear idea of where Chicago was; but she trusted her voice and went cheerfully away. The fifth July 1893 she left from her home. July 8 from Copenhagen and ----- July she was with her sister in Chicago.

Anna had lain and feared for her; because her father had forgotten to inform them what ship she came with. So she wrote her last letter home on her father's birthday, 18 July. It is lost, but the father replies:

"Oh, certainly, I was a fool, that I did not tell which ship, but I was so worried these days, that I sensed only half"

So Anna had written something about trusting in God's care, and her father replies:

"Yes you're right, dear Anna. Why frighten ourselves that our children will be gone into the world throng, for God is strong enough to preserve you in all your ways! "

Anna has written something about the upbringing she and her siblings had had in their home, they had not been warned against the flesh just looked on the bright side. Her father answered humbly that he had failed many times; for it is not easy to raise a bunch of kids with such different characters and he adds:

"Thank you, dear Anna, you for your part can see a little light from your childhood home. The dear God in Heaven be thanked, there may have been little mutual love back then; for love covers a multitude of sins "

And then he concludes his letter as follows:

"No, little Anna, we should probably not ask you to live, but we would however like to see you healthy and happy. However, the merciful God must do what he sees best, where you can live your happiest, happiest life. We will of course also be home soon. "Dear Jesus, let us gather please with our dear Anna in the eternal dwellings"

Ah, now you've inherited your father's and his family's heavy mind with its life-fatigue; My mother suffered a lot with the same, yes, most of her siblings, and I and my eldest sister, Margaret, inherited this. Yes, it is heavy to carry, however, the dear God could also use this in his service, but it is not easy to go through the world with the weight, for you will still be misunderstood and unappreciated by most "

Her mother sends a greeting:

Then you have one of your sisters with you. You had probably not thought, but you can now see, my dear Anna, our Lord also is behind it. For every time there was a request that one of your sisters would travel, we answered: "No, we dare not!" But it was such that we dare not say "no" anymore. Yes, God Father helps you to enjoy each other. Yes, God's peace be with you."

Margrethe also got a little letter from her parents on the same occasion:

"Thank God, you left well and found your little sister alive. Be really good to her in the short time she may have left. Sing to her, pray for her and nurture her as best you can. God will reward you, and - later, when Anna is in the land of the dead, then you can have peace of conscience that you did what you could. ----- We had expected the letter from you for some days; for though we were sure that our Lord was behind this trip, so we were longing to hear how the trip had gone. "

Thus wrote her father and her mother added:

"Our Lord thank you for he has sent you over to care for your poor sick sister. Now be with her, let her not be alone. Read to her from the New Testament and sing for her and share your faith with each other. For our dear Savior says: "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God"

Excerpts of letters
from her childhood home.

4. July day in 1892

The letter is addressed to Niels Herskind and his wife and shipped before receiving Else Ottesen's above letter; but in a roundabout way, they had been told how Anna's condition was and were both very faint-hearted. Father writes:

"Although we have hope and fully believe that you can get well again if our Lord wills it, it is best for the soul's salvation, however, seems to us as if you will soon be planted on the right to give his name honor .

Home to our Savior and Redeemer
away from the world's strife and toil,
Sin, lust and horror of death.
Home to eternal peace and rest.
Home with God's angels and all the saints,
singing the lamb praise.
He who bore our sin and guilt
and brotherly led us
through the wild, cold, sinful world.
- Oh what joy!
what Christmas!
when we all know that which is linked to blood ties,
must stand hand in hand at his throne,
as one whom our Lord Jesus Christ dearly bought -----

Yes, dear Anna, you were so happy for Christmas as a child, and for the Christmas tree. We now have for years had to stand around the Christmas tree and sing: "A Child is Born in Bethlehem" and we've all missed you - and hope that you once again could come and celebrate Christmas with us. - But dear, where have you celebrated Christmas Eve this year; I wonder, at your bedside with your grieving man next to your bed? - Or among the angels of God and your brothers.

Thank you, dear Anna for being with us here on earth, and thank you, dear Niels for what you have done for our daughter. God reward you so whether she should be allowed to live for a short time or a long one. She must have been a blessing to you both for this and future lives. Thank you for giving her a home to rest when she was sick and tired in the foreign country. "

Also, the mother wrote beautifully in this letter.

"October 20, 1893

Thank you for your letter, dear Margaret! Yes, our dear Anna lived even when you wrote. The merciful God and Father be with her, both while she is alive and when she dies, but continue nevertheless steady for the poor child, to get through the gates of death. We are very pleased by the Rev. Helvig's visit to you; for he is a man of God, a man who has a good word to lead and show little Anna and others the way to grace and the salvation of God.

Bring him an affectionate greeting and thanks. Bid our dear Anna if she was still alive, have her send her grieving parents and siblings a small letter, her swan song, as we need to remember her and rejoice.

Ask her also about giving a little thing for each of us, even if it is only a pin that she has worn. I will then put it in a pillow and save it for a memory of her as long as I live.

Yes, dear Margaret, you will be home again sometime and sit at table with us, but little Anna probably never will again. Not her, we must first be pleased to see her sit at God's table of light in heaven.

Little Anna, can you not write a small word to us, even if only your name and a goodbye?

October 25, 1893

My thoughts wander many times daily over to you and especially to you dear little Anna, and often brings forth the wish of your mother and I, "I wish we had our little sick daughter with us!" So we have often spoken words of love to each other about bygone days and "we will soon be seeing you again, and forget all our woe"

It is a hard day for us to know that we are never again to see you on this earth. We have so been looking forward to you coming home to our silver wedding next summer. Yes, what joy to be able to have all the children with us that day. But maybe up in heaven, you can rejoice with us. - The pen can not write what the heart feels. Could we even touch your hand and look into your face to gaze and smile and see more than pen and words, for we have great sorrow dear! Can you not, dear Anna, write a note to us! - Greet your loved one Niels and thank him fondly from us because he is so good to you. - Yes Merciful God, do good to him as he has done well for our beloved child:

Sleep tight little baby,
be calm and quiet
and hum at the name
with grace in your bosom
all the land unto salvation given
Hum Jesus to me
so favour and so fine
My Jesus has yearned and has life!

When you were a child you always came up to our bed and kissed us goodnight before you and Karen went up to your bedroom and dreamed your innocent childish dreams. It is one of our treasured memories: Good night dear in God's grace and peace be with you.

1st December 1893

Yes, it is strictly for our little Anna that she should suffer so much. --- She delighted so as a child for Christmas. Dear God, give her this year the loveliest Christmas by far where she with delight can sing her Lord and Saviour's praise.

Dear Margaret, be really good to her the few days she has left. No, I will not plague her to write. Give her lovingly affections from father and mother and tell her thanks for what she has been for us.

Though she may be in a foreign country, may her soul be close to us when the Lord's trumpet sounds to call at the resurrection. Then we will be always together, never to part."

Her mother wrote in the same letter:

"Yes, dear Anna, be strong. Our Lord and Savior has taken away your sins - yes, God the Father, thy will be done. So goodbye, dear Anna, we meet again, which is good.
Your mother Marie Olesen "

December 23, 1893

I wonder if you, dear Anna, here on earth can take love and greetings from your childhood home. Thank you for the letter and the tresses. (Anna sent him her braids) Thanks dear Margrethe because you are so good at writing. Thanks for the pictures and the letter stating who should have them.

Thank you dear Niels, also for the gifts you sent. God bless you because you are so kind to our little Anna, and have given her a good and peaceful home.

My little Anna I stand so often and look at your picture and can not understand that we are never to see you again on earth. However, a little while, we'll see you again, and then we will be free of the earth's travail. -

"Yes.

Blessed are the dead who died in the Lord!

He allows you to sleep happy in his merciful saviour's arms

Yes he gives us grace! "

This was written December 23, 1893!

Anna died in Chicago December 23, 1893
only 22 years and 11 months old.

Sore

Hans Kristian Hovmøllers

visit

The celebrated art publisher Hans Kr. Hovmøller, uncle to the little Anders Svendsen Hovmøller visited Chicago during the World Exhibition. After his return, he sent the following letter with a sole poem to Soren Olesen and wife. Soren Olesen sent a poem over to Anna on the 25 October.

Nykøbing October 22, 1893

Dear Soren Olesen and wife.

Twice I have visited your sweet daughter in Chicago, and I think it was an indication from God that I found her and made her happy. And the parting was for me a sacred moment that I will never forget.

When I come to talk to you, I shall tell you everything. On the journey between Chicago and Washington I shaped my thoughts into the accompanying verse.
I heard 40 miles from Chicago at Grundtvig that she was dead,
but she was alive on my return.
There she was, however gentle; although marked by death,
she had wonderful mild traits, yes, her smile shone over her pale, gaunt face.
I remember that meeting with her as one of my best memories from the long trip.
I was the last who took her hand on board the ship when she left you, Mother. That she had reminded me!

My best regards,
ever from your old friend
Hans Kr. Hovmøller

Commemorative
from a Danish home
in America

In distant western countries
the world's great city,
behind the sea that never fails,
there was a home in the shelter.

In the shelter of the park's branches,
behind the capital's bustling process.
I had to think
the home was once worth it!

For here the form of a wonderful woman,
was found behind the door safe.
What is better to find
blessed in a home.

Alas, the young woman
In her sick bed lay.
Life forces they fade,
as the days they go.

My steps they sounded so quiet,
where soft blankets lay,
so they would not
disturb her peace.

A step into her chamber,

how I stood for a while,
there was not the hardship and misery;
but a smile on the pale lips.

Yes, she was like
the death angel's arrow
However, the Lord's peace was reflected
in the gentle smile.

About home here and incited
our talk fell awhile,
hunhavde very tempted
the foreign country due.
She longed to hark back to
Denmark's ancient coast
where she would be clasped to her
sad mother's breast.

Of bright childhood memories
from the Christmas tree shine
to the whole binding she lovingly
unfaded in a wreath.

I had to take leave
it was a melancholy moment,
when she brought me back
although silent was her mouth.

In addition, she raised her arms
and took me tenderly to her:
It was the last goodbye
to Denmark and to me.

With smiles and tears mixed
She lay with the peace of God,
man who communed with everything
her dreams lay in shatters.

"See you again, dear!"
it was my last word.
"Yes," she answered happily.
"Once at the table of the Lord!"

God gives her solace

and the remedy for all sorrows,
she saw your name she must praise
and be saved in your embrace.

H. Chr. Houmøller

End! After sister Margrethe's story.

Sister Anna was beautiful. She had deep dark blue eyes that shone like stars. Beautiful regular facial features, fine white complexion, long ash blonde hair; a lovely smile, beautiful shape and an easy walk. She was smart and spirited, but also religious, morally pure, childlike, innocent and sweet, and men were drawn to her as the flower to the sun, so that she even in Omaha had become engaged to Carl Smith, essentially to be freed from all the other men's attentions. When her sister came over to her, she could still be up in the afternoon and sit with her sewing in her chair.

She had a lovely singing voice and taught this young sister many beautiful songs, for example: "Aladdin's lullaby at his mother's grave," which she sang with a sweet sadness filled melody:

Some Lulle now Barnlil,
now sleep, sweet and sleep a long time now,
although your cradle stand still
without stand and without the reach.

and:

We ask so often: Why?
every time we meet with the conundrum of riddle
God's ways are not the same as ours;
but we will of course prefer those which have been provided.

Why do I never get to hang up my wreath
on the house which I am about to build?
why should the other have 'sunshine and shine,
while I am destined to live in the shadow.

She gave me too much good advice and asked me finally to return home as soon as she was dead. So I may not be in the "big cold dollar country", it showed her sisters love for her. They spoke highly of the home, but also about death and Anna said that she had been in the process of making mistakes, that's why it was necessary for her to be saved. Soon she had to go to bed for good. The relationship with her husband was good, and sister too they played and joked with each other, as other young loving genuine people, but when she became worse and worse and, withered before his eyes, like a roughened flower, so he was

afraid of the horrible disease, dared not approach her, but was content to stand in the door of the sick room and look longingly after her. Maybe it was following her orders.

Margrethe had probably lots to do. She had to keep the house in order and provide for living also for Niels, who had several buildings under construction and had to be going on from morning to night. And in particular she had to care for her sick sister, from whose company, she soon would give way, both day or night. It was much to be loaded onto her young shoulders, and also having to stay in the foreign country at her sick sister side, affected her for life. Sometimes she gets a little reminder from home. Father writes:

"Be also good to Niels and ease his work as much as you can; for he will be tired in the evening after the day's labour.

You're not very used to cooking and managing the house, but with good will, it will be alright and you are not dull-witted and tend to be willing and obedient! "

And her mother sent her recipes for cooking, most however with thoughts for Anna. Thus she wrote on October 20:

"Dear Margrethe do not go away from her more than you absolutely have to. Make some food for her that she can do well. Barley soup with prunes in and brown sugar; but no raisins. And chicken soup: You should not use more water than it can just be covered, 2 onions, 2 carrots and a little salt, and it should be cooked under a closed lid. Give this to her to eat 2 or 3 times a day. She should have some meat, but the soup is very healthy.

Yes, let me see, dear Margaret, that you remember that God always watches us and our thoughts are not hidden from him. Pray to him about everything and thank him for everything good. "

Such is the motherly admonition. There is also a small word to Anna:

"Dear Anna! Our beloved Savior was joined with you in your holy baptism and has taken away your sins. I think three are at communion when the priest comes, I believe! "

Also Anna gave her good advice about caring for a household, though she was now so weak that her sister had to give her every spoonful of food and lift her onto the couch when she should have her bed made.

The worst was that Anna sometimes had some bad attack, was lost and would jump out of bed and out the window. When these came, she was strong. She could then jump off the bed as easy as easy, and his sister could not keep her. Anna had even predicted that they would come, and she said to her sister: "Take care that no knives or scissors are close that I can get hold of and cause an accident!"

Thus ran the time and Anna was as miserable as a person can be; she could no longer cough up mucus and her sister had to take it out of her mouth with a spoon.

She could no longer tolerate her hair being combed and so she asked her sister to cut the braids off. Margaret couldn't take the scissors and she was crying because she could not cut off Anna's hair. So Anna was strong and cut her own braids off; but when it was over she wept long and

her sister cried. Then one braid was sent home to her father, and he saved it as a sacred memory of a dear daughter. After her death, the one inherited by Margrethe, held such memories that every time she saw it she thought of her sister Anna and those difficult years in Chicago many years ago.

Finally, 23 December 1893 arrived. The whole day Anna was so lively. She had next to nothing to eat for several days; but that day she ate a whole plate full of soup. So she said to her sister: "Now the end is soon come at last, thank you for coming and taking care of me, and you can believe that God will reward you with happiness in this world" and so she instructed her again, finally not to stay in America but go home to the family. So she lay and talked about Christmas and was pleased that she probably came to spend Christmas at home in heaven with her two brothers.

When Margaret saw that Anna was so strange, and she wanted to run out and call someone, but she was completely alone; but Anna held on to her hand and would not let go. "Ask Father - ----" started Anna and her sister asked what she meant. Then Anna lifted up for the last time her eyes were lovely and a heavenly clarity lay across her face. Her eyes sparkled as she saw something infinitely great. Margaret was so moved, so charmed that she was silent. Then before her eyes Anna was dead. The angels had taken her soul, and her sister was sitting alone crying with the dead girl's hand in hers - alone in a strange house in a foreign country; but she was grateful that finally the struggle was over as she looked at her dear departed sister's face.

That afternoon three men came and fastened a large black bow on the door, then came inside, took the body, washed and prepared it and placed it in a coffin, then they left the house just as silently as they had come. Such was the custom of that land.

The coffin was silk lined and Anna was dressed in her wedding dress. The coffin lid was made of glass so you could see her through it. On the 25th of December she was laid to rest at the Scandinavian Cemetery in Chicago.

"God delights your soul in his heaven
you spirited inspiring Anna!
These lines are devoted to your memory "

"Let fortune's dice roll by day up and down;
Found by evening only soul's peace
it went as it should! "