

Message from your President—Kristi Johnson—James

Just before the snow covered our beautiful Pacific Northwest, New Sweden successfully celebrated Christmas. LuciaFest was barely a warm memory when BOOM the weather let us know who was boss around here. I truly hope all of you were able to participate in at least one of our amazing events, as this year, we outdid even ourselves. The Lucia Luncheon in November was well attended, and the Lucia candidates kept up our tradition honoring young women of Scandinavian heritage who give so much to the community at large.



I will only speak for myself, but listening to how the candidates honor their roots made me feel downright inadequate! Where do they get all the energy, and still radiate warmth and love? AHHH, youth. Oh, and the “light lunch” was so very beautiful and festive. Absolutely everyone I spoke to raved about the afternoon. You would be wise to put this event on your calendar next year. ScanFair was the next event that New Sweden participated in. Our booth was active, fun, and cheery. It was the booth that teemed with activity. It was the place to see and be seen! We all caught up with many New Sweden friends, and made a few new ones. LuciaFest. Saying the word makes me feel all warm and toasty. So many people do so much to make this service and gathering the true highlight of the Christmas season. I wish to personally thank everyone who did their part behind the scenes to make this a most memorable event.

This year, there aren't many guarantees, but I can give you one. Give a few hours to New Sweden, and you will be rewarded tenfold. We are such a thriving organization, it won't be long before you'll be reminiscing along with me about all the fun you had with your fellow members, laughing, visiting, and perhaps eating a tad too much. Come to share a memory, and perhaps make a new one!

Three years ago, I became your New Sweden president. It has been the honor of a lifetime. You are now my best friends. You are my extended family. You are how I spend some of my best times. And that will continue. As I prepare to become a grandmother for the first time, it is time for me to hand over the reins to the next president. Will it be you? We will grow with an infusion of new ideas from a new president, but you can be assured I will be here for New Sweden, front and center.

Our annual meeting will be held on Sunday, March 1st at 2:00pm at Fogelbo, and hors d'oeuvres and sweets, coffee and punch will be served.

Thank you for three years of friendship. New Sweden forever!!

Scandinavians celebrates 24 years of ScanFair, on December 6 and 7, 2008

The sights, sounds, tastes and traditions of the Scandinavian Christmas were celebrated at Portland State, and it seems that attendance was better than last year and is the third best in ScanFair's 24 year history. With the income from ScanFair, the Scandinavia Heritage Foundation continues to support Nordic language classes at Portland State University.

A lot of people gathered for the fun, the food and the traditions of a Scandinavian Christmas with ScanFair, a holiday festival and market with over 60 vendors. Many people came dressed in traditional folk-costumes, which added to the festivities.

At mid day the crowning of the 2008 Lucia of Oregon, Karita Lehtonen Hårskog, took place. She is the 53rd Lucia, Queen of Light, in Portland. The crowning was performed by Anna Kosatka, who was Oregon's Lucia for 2007.

Program introductions was made by Kristian Foden-Vencil, OPB-Radio.

Vi önskar Eder alla en god fortsättning på det nya året 2009!
We wish you all a very good 2009!



Lucia Fest on December 13, 2008, at St Paul Lutheran Church, Portland

This year Lucia Fest featured two Lucias with their courts; Oregon's Lucia, Karita Lehtonen Hårskog och Svenska Skolans own little Lucia, Linnea Nilsson. Both Lucias and their courts entertained the audience with singing and a wonderful Lucia parade.

We had a full program with wonderful music, singing, reading of the Tomten poem, followed by refreshments and dancing around the Christmas tree. Tomten himself came visiting to the full enjoyment of the children.

The Lucia Fest was sponsored by New Sweden Cultural Heritage Society





Chef's corner: Blåbärssoppa or Blueberry soup

Blueberry soup, is a Swedish drink made from bilberries, which can be served cold or hot. The drink is sweet and contains starch which gives it a fairly thick consistency.

In the USA, "blåbärssoppa" is imported and sold under the trade name Blåbär, despite the fact that it is not made from the North American blueberry (section *Cyanococcus* of the genus *Vaccinium*) but from the bilberry, (*Vaccinium myrtillus*), which grows in the wild throughout Scandinavia and other parts of Europe. The Swedish word for bilberry, blåbär, literally means "blue berry".

Blåbärssoppa

Ingredienser :

½ liter blåbär, färska eller djupfrysta

½-3/4 dl socker

7 dl vatten

1½ msk potatismjöl

Blanda bär, socker (den större mängden till osockrade bär) och vatten i en kastrull.

Koka 2-3 min, smaka av och tillsätt ev. lite mer socker. Rör ut potatismjölet i lite kallt vatten. Ta kastrullen från värmen. Tillsätt redningen i en fin stråle under omrörning. Soppan ska sedan bara koka upp.

Håll upp den och sockra på ytan så att den inte skinnar sig.

Servera den avsvamad eller kall.

Blueberry Soup

Ingredients:

2 cups blueberries, fresh or frozen

1/4 cup sugar

3 cups water

1 1/2 Tbs potato starch

Mix berries, sugar (larger amount if non-sweeten berries) and water in a pot.

Boil for 2-3 minutes, taste and add more sugar if needed. Mix the potato starch with cold water to be used for thickening. Take the pot off the burner. Add the thickening in a small stream under constant mixing. The soup should then be brought back to just the boiling point.

Pour the soup and sprinkle some sugar on top so skin doesn't form on the surface.

Serve warm or cold.



Blåbärssoppa is traditionally served to the participants at the ski marathon *Vasaloppet*, as it is rich in energy. Blueberries have traditionally been used to combat mild gastrointestinal ailments, and in Sweden, blåbärssoppa is often considered suitable food for people with stomach upsets, also because it is energy rich.

Vasaloppet is a cross country ski contest over 90 kilometers from Säter to Mora in Dalarna County.



The traditional story, about *Vasaloppet*, is that in 1520 the young nobleman Gustav Ericsson Vasa was escaping from the troops of Christian II, king of Denmark, Sweden and Norway (the Kalmar Union). A large part of the Swedish nobility was in opposition to the king, even having nicknamed him *Christian the Tyrant*. In a move to silence the opposition Christian invited the Swedish aristocracy to a reconciliation part in Stockholm, only to have them, including Gustav's parents, massacred in what came to be known as the Stockholm Bloodbath.

Danish and Swedish kings have on a few occasions ordered murders on their opponents, but that has never been generally tolerated.

Gustav was escaping through Dalarna, fearing for his life and discovery by the king's troops, when he spoke to the assembled men of Mora, trying to convince them to raise a levy and start a rebellion against the king Christian.

The men did not want to fight for those reasons so on his ski, Gustav Vasa started to make his way towards Norway, to find refuge there, when he was caught up at Sälen, by two Mora brothers on skis. The men in Mora had changed their minds after hearing that the Danish rulers had decided to raise taxes, and they now wanted Gustav to lead a rebellion. On June 6, 1523 Gustav Vasa was crowned king of Sweden, having beaten the Danish king Christian and dissolved the Kalmar Union. Sweden has been fully independent ever since.

In fact the story is probably just a fable as historical documents place Gustav Vasa in Gävle at the time of his supposed ski trip in Dalarna. But as with all legends it's what the people believed that is important.

When I emigrated to America

a life story by Hans Gösta Andersson



Hans Gösta

My mother, Tilda Augusta Andersson, delivered me to the world on January 30, 1904. It was a delivery without professional assistance because it took place in an isolated house ten miles from nearest civilization, and plenty of ice and snow in the way. It was a difficult birth for her and for me.

In 1906 my family (mother Tilda, father Hans-Fredrik, my sister, Svea and myself) moved from our home at Lilla Björnmossen to a place by the name Jädraås, in Gävleborgs County, closer to civilization and with a population of 500 people. It was located in the Iron Land – a part of the country where iron mines and blast furnaces once gave life and activity to the district. My father worked for Dala-Ockelbo-Norrundet Järnväg and became the Station Master in Jädraås in 1906. My sister Annie, and my brother Thure, were born there.



Jädraås Station

Jädraås had a public school which I attended for a few years. Jädraås was a place surrounded mostly by forests and in the wilderness I, and three or four more children were lost at one time for several days and nights. Also on another occasion I fell into the river that flowed through the village and I had a close call with death. The current took me for a swift ride to the top of the dam where the water was rushing over. A protruding nail caught my kilt and kept me hanging there until rescuers came and helped me back to solid ground.

In April of 1914, the Anderssons moved to an even bigger place by the name of Norrsundet, on the bay of Bothnia (Baltic Sea), where my father got the position as Station Master in 1914. Norrsundet had a population of 1200 people. I continued my education there until graduation from the Swedish public school system on May 15, 1917. I was 13 years of age and was considered to be ready to go to work and earn my own subsistence. But I had objections, I wanted to continue my education.



In Norrsundet I had no possibility to do it. I would have to be sent to a city where they had High School and College, but it would cost money! Money the family did not have. A great-aunt of mine, Stina Hallin who lived in Falun, offered to help me. She died when I was 18 years old and at that time I had graduated from High School and had some college. But I was far away from where I wanted to go.

I had heard that America, a country far away, was to many, the Promised Land, and where anybody with courage and determination could make a dream come true and at the same time I believed that "Where there is a will, there is a way". America was the solution to my problem, I thought.

When I told my parents of my decision, they gave me their love and support. My father also warned me "If you fail to get success, be brave in the attempt." I'm proud to say that I think I was brave in the attempt.

I arrived in New York, May 17, 1922. I had just turned 19 years of age, had a student visa, could read and write English as well as Swedish. I found my way to an aunt and uncle (the Tinnerholms) in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I stayed with them 6 months while I went to a trade school where I learned to run a lathe, how to use it, read drawings and make useful things on it.

In the fall of 1922, I got my first job turning shafts to the right diameter, leaving thousands of an inch for grinding. Easy work and good pay, twice as much as I had gotten if I had not had the training. For the next few months, I worked hard with plenty of overtime at double pay an hour, lived cheaply and saved a lot.

I had been in America almost one year. I left the lathe and took a short trip back to Sweden, perhaps to stay. But my stay in Sweden didn't last more than a few months-- I realized that America was the place for me...where my opportunities would lie.

I signed on as a crew member on the *MS Kungsholm* out of Göteborg, and arrived in New York on May 1, 1923. I worked my way back to Chicago, Illinois. I worked my way through school working various jobs. I went to the University of Chicago and took premedical courses. When I had the credits I entered Northwestern University's Medical and Dental School in October 1927.



High School Graduate



Norrundet Station



MS Kungsholm

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At that time I had \$3,000 in the bank, all earned from working on the lathe. Everything went fine for the first two years. In the third year it was getting tough! My money gone, I managed to get a student loan of \$2,000 for the next three years. Smooth sailing for the next two years but at the end of the second, I was broke again despite several small jobs during this time. In October 1932, I tried to get another loan for \$1,000 but no luck. In October, 1932, I received my dental degree. I was just one year away from the medical degree that I hoped to earn.



NWU Graduate

Depression had come to the United States. People begging or selling apples on the streets everywhere. No spare money around and no work. Time for decision-making again. I hitchhiked to New York City with thoughts of getting a job on a boat, living cheap and saving money for my last year in school. I stayed there for a week or two at the Swedish sailors and immigrant quarters at 6 Water Street in Battery Park, New York City. I worked at a nearby restaurant washing dishes in exchange for food. No luck in getting a job, so I started out for Boston. I had a friend there, Alf Birkram, who sold supplies to the boats in the harbor, hoping that he might be able help me.

The truck that I was riding in stopped in Providence, Rhode Island. Without money I had to walk the streets there. The Salvation Army gave me a bed and something to eat. One day I walked to the State Institutions (IMH) in Howard. There I had a talk with Dr. Sturgis, the head of the infirmary. He was very friendly and my troubles must have touched his heart strings and a desire was born in him to do something for me. He got out a billfold and handed me a 5 dollar bill and promised to try to get me a job.

I worked and lived at the IMH for half a year until Dr. Sturgis arranged for me to meet with Dr. Ladd, the superintendent of the Exeter School. He directed me to Ladd School in Exeter, Rhode Island, where Dr. Ladd was superintendent. I took the train to Wickford Junction and then walked by foot the remaining eleven miles to get to the school.

Dr. Ladd said that he could use me if I did a good job. I would get \$150 dollars per month, room and board. I thought I was in heaven, a room of my own, clean clothes, plenty to eat plus money!!! I stayed there nine months. Then an even better opportunity presented itself.

A Cranston dentist, Dr. McGovern, had died suddenly with a big practice and a wonderful staff. I was offered the chance to take over the practice. However, \$2,500 was required. Of course I did not have anything like that. Then, Dr. Ladd stepped in, without me even asking for it, he gave me a check for the amount.

In 1934, I opened my own private practice in the Eden Park section of Cranston. The second floor consisted of a waiting room, exam room, and lab. The building housed the offices for other doctors and dentists. I began to earn good money, and I paid off my debts. I forgot all about returning to Northwestern for the final year to get my medical degree. I was able to save money more and more and I was soon pretty well off financially. I was also able to send money back home.



My dental practice

On June 29, 1938, Ruth Malmberg and I were married by Rev. Carl Sandberg in a small ceremony in the rectory of Bethany Lutheran Church.

I took her and my brand new automobile to Sweden, to visit with relatives there, to show them how things had gone for me since my departure in the spring of 1922, for America, the Promised Land, which was my choice. In retrospect it proved to be the right place and thing for me to do and go. It gave me all the opportunities I needed to succeed. Upon returning from our honeymoon, Ruth and I would live in the Comstock Apartments at 1 Rickard Street around the corner from my office. Ruth would not return to teaching but would work in my office until 1941.



Honeymooners

In November of 1941, Ruth and I bought her dream house at 15 Fairfield Road in Cranston. And the family grew: Stephen was born in 1942, Rachel in 1944, Kurt in 1946 and Carla in 1950.

In the early 1950's I bought the camp in Greenville. I found the ad in the newspaper and when I saw this log cabin nestled in the woods, it reminded me of Sweden. The cabin was located on Hawkins Pond with a stream that ran by the side of the house. There was a bridge over the stream. The bridge would be rebuilt several times over the years, especially the railing which I wanted to be made of birch. After we moved to Florida, we would still return there every year to spend the summers.



Ruth and I at camp

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My brother Thure, immigrated to the US in 1939 and enlisted in the military so he could get a citizenship quicker. He fought and was wounded in the Italian campaign in WW II. He settled in Rhode Island and also married a girl of Swedish descent.

I retired from dentistry in 1957, and I was 53 years young. Retirement would not mean sitting around in a rocking chair. I was always focused and determined as I looked into the future. Because of the long winter nights, Swedes have always been attracted to the sun. In this next phase of my life, I saw myself as an orange grower. Of course, I probably first saw it as a monetary investment, but I was also challenged by learning something new and the hard work. So I moved my family to the South.

Our new home would be situated off Tuskawilla Road on Lake Burkett near Goldenrod, Florida. If you were to look at a map of Florida, you could not have found Goldenrod. It would take a detailed map of Orlando to find it. The house had ten acres of orange groves in addition to grapefruit trees and dwarf banana trees and a kumquat tree...and some navel oranges.

I also had forty acres of oranges in Deland and another thirty acres in Howie in the Hills. We grew Valencias, Naval, Parson Browns, and Hamlins. In Florida most oranges bloom in March-April. The "early" varieties, such as Hamlins and Parson Browns, reach maturity in October through January. Later variety such as Valencia matures in March-June.



Harvest time

In 1989 there was a bad freeze, and most of my trees in the grove around the house froze and died. I looked out at 600 dead trees, wondering what to do. I was 85 years old, and it would take new trees five years to fruit, so I decided to sell off the groves in Deland and Howie, but continued to maintain the ten acres around the house.

In 2003, I celebrated my 99th birthday in Goldenrod before moving to the house I bought in Jefferson, Georgia, near my daughter, Rachel, who was taking care of my wife who had Alzheimer's.



Birthday Party

In 2006, when Rachel and her husband decided to build their own home and move to St. Helens, Oregon, I moved with them. Although I cannot drive myself like I used to, and now need to use a walker, I have been driven around by others in the Northwest of Oregon to see parts of my new home state. I find it very beautiful, especially the Columbia River, and the rocky coast. It reminds me of Sweden.

In retrospect I left Sweden in the Spring of 1923, in pursuit of the education and future that was not available to me there. I thought my prospects would be better in America, the Promised Land. It proved to be the right place and thing for me to go and do.



Hans Gösta

I found out there is a truth in the saying:

"Where there is a will, there is a way". I had the will, and I found the way!

Oregon is celebrating a "Century and a Half of Statehood" on February 14, 2009

On February 14, 2009, Oregon is celebrating her 150th birthday, which corresponds to a century and a half of statehood. It will also coincide with Valentine's Day, so there is a lot to celebrate that day.

A very good quotation in the VIA-Magazine said:

A salute for Oregon – from her dry east to her extremely wet west – long may her rain!

Dozens of roses make their debut each year at the rose society, but only one mark Oregon's 150th anniversary of statehood.

Oregon Celebration, a yellow grandiflora with spicy fragrance, gets the honor.



More information at www.oregon150.org

Honoring our heritage: Aspirations of a Loftier Nature.

By Aase Beaulieu, Development Director of the Scandinavian Heritage Foundation



Aase with husband

All my life I have been proud to be a Scandinavian. That pride is not necessarily of our Viking past, although the prowess, the daring and the competence of the Vikings as ship builders and navigators (not the pillaging) contribute to what we are today. The pride is based on an assessment that we have done well as nations in solving problems that all nations face.

I was born in Copenhagen, a lovely city with culture and the arts. It was easy to move around and get to places, taking the clean, electric streetcars or the underground – it was one of my greatest disappointments when in my teens the decision was made to switch to traffic-easing buses, a short-term gain but an environmental loss. It was only when I got to the U.S. that I started to give and get directions in terms of South, North, East and West. I was used to: Take streetcar #1, get off at Rådhuspladsen, go down Strøget, turn right (or left). Left and right were more comfortable – it also might have had something to do with our overcast skies as well.

The first time I felt the surge of pride was after learning how Denmark got its constitution. It was a process of evolution, not revolution. Our monarch established a constitutional monarchy in 1849, with the monarch as titular head of state and giving power to the population through elected officials. I was proud of the nonviolence involved in making our democracy. And our modern leadership's abilities in reaching equitable settlements is recognized in the 21st century as well. We may not be teaching the whole world Nordic languages, but in the U.S. at least, if you have a grievance you are very likely to take your case to an **Ombudsman, a very Nordic invention.**

In the areas of environmental protection, conflict resolution and gender equality, the Nordic nations continue to be sources of pride for me. I appreciate our contributions to world literature, art and architecture. In our immigration stories and our ability to adapt and contribute I am amazed by the daunting challenges met and solved by our ancestors. When I first came to the U.S., I was among 2,000 young people selected by American Field Service (AFS) from 20 nations, sailing together on the ocean liner the **Seven Seas**, and accompanied by chaperones. Many of us came with scholarship support from AFS and the Rotary Clubs.

Most of our pioneering ancestors came on their own, with everything they owned. In 1961, I knew I would be going back to Denmark after one year: the earlier immigrants most often acknowledged they had left their home country for good. While they came here seeking a better future for their families, still they kept the best from home, the language, the songs and music, the dances, the food and many of the traditions. And as times passed, they kept contact with the old country, even as the old countries renew themselves.

I have lived in California and Nebraska, as well as Oregon and Denmark, and I honor each place. Arriving in Oregon in 2004, our family felt we had come home to a lovely city, lively with culture and the arts. I was enchanted by the Portland display of homage to other traditions: the Japanese Garden, the Classical Chinese Garden and the Grotto. to mention just a few.

When I was fortunate enough to become a part of the **Scandinavian Heritage Foundation** in 2007, all the pieces seemed to come together. We too honor our past, our ties with Scandinavia, in a visible and celebratory manner, historical and contemporary, with our dreams of building a **Scandinavian American Cultural and Community Center.** We have much to offer the world, and we think the time is right to make the offering. Our Capital Campaign to raise \$5,000,000 to build the Center on property we own on Oleson Road is underway.

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We are engaging in conversations with our community on how to celebrate and honor our heritage, our traditions and our contemporary ties with Scandinavia. You are cordially invited! According to the Monday 12/29/2008 Oregonian, there is nearly \$9 trillion in cash on the sidelines, waiting to be invested. Rather than investing in the risky stock or bond markets, you are invited to invest in our heritage for yourself, your children and those who come after us. In that way, we all receive a permanently high yield on our investment.

Aase Beaulieu may be contacted at shf-aase@mindspring.com, or 503 320-1041.

A family story.....and the story of Paul Bunyan statue

by Bette Davis Nelson



This family story, that I'm about to tell, starts with Victor Albin Nelson (Nilsson), born in Dan-nemora, a province in Uppsala, Sweden on March 22, 1884, and died February 28, 1974. He emigrated to America when he was about 15 to 25 years of age. He entered the United States through Ellis Island. His name is engraved on the wall of honored guests arriving through Ellis Island. When he entered through Ellis Island he was headed to Harris, Minnesota where there were many Swedish immigrants living.

At one point he obtained work as a designer of machinery that people wanted to machine parts to a specific job. He then went to work for Boeing Company and there he learned to fly a small plane taking company officials to work locations. The plane was a float plane with an open cockpit, with a cork bobbing to let the pilot know how much gas was left in the tank.



Boeing float plane

In 1923 he returned to visit his family in Sweden and on this trip he met his future wife, Ellen Josephine Bergström.

Ellen Josephine Bergström was born on August 26, 1899 and died December 16, 1985. Victor and Ellen had two children, Victor Robert Nelson (my husband) and Eleanor Nelson Taylor.

He never wanted to talk about his life in Sweden because of the hardships he endured growing up on a farm with five children in the family. The eldest son inherited the family farm, which was the custom in Sweden at that time.

Victor Albin Nelson's brother, A. Nilsson, was the Game Keeper and the Game Warden for the Swedish Royal Family. When A. Nilsson retired the Royal Family presented him with a walking cane made of fine wood with a silver handle. The silver handle is engraved with his name A. Nilsson and the date when he retired May 1, 1923. After his death the families remaining in Sweden shipped the cane and a few mementos on to my husband. We treasure them in our family for future generations.



Victor Albin worked in St. Helens in a machine shop and then moved to Portland to work for Kenton Machine Shop. He later purchased it from the owner. Kenton Machine Shop received note for designing and building Paul Bunyan for the 1959 Oregon Centennial to commemorate Oregon known for the lush forestland and wood processing plants. Victor Albin and my husband Victor R. Nelson designed and constructed the metal frame work of steel in Kenton Machine Shop. .

Paul Bunyan

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All the material was donated by the unions. Workers donated their time to paint and constructed Paul on site. When light rail required Paul to be moved, Emmet Construction put a hard hat on Paul and safety jacket in yellow and safely moved Paul back towards Wells Fargo Bank. For the 2009 Oregon Centennial we are working to put Paul Bunyan on the National Historic Registry.

The North Portland Business Association has been instrumental in protecting Paul Bunyan. Recently a millionaire collector of Paul Bunyans insisted on purchasing Paul Bunyan but the City of Portland would not allow this to happen. My husband left a fund to maintain Paul Bunyan.

Mrs. Ellen Nelson (Victor A. Nelson's wife) and the Bergström family were instrumental in building the First Emanuel Church at 1816 N.W. Irving Portland, Oregon. The church represents well the Lutheran austere interior style and has wonderful painted windows with Swedish text describing the motifs.

The Bergström family were accomplished carpenters and builders, and they actively participated in the building of the First Emanuel Lutheran Church. Ellen and Victor A. Nelson always attended Julotta services here at 7 AM Christmas morning. Our family continues this tradition. Victor R. and I have three children. Our two daughters', Lynda and Karen, have participated in the St. Lucia Court and were on the court for three years. We still go to the St. Lucia Luncheons in Beaverton. All of the Bergström family was baptized and confirmed at First Emanuel Church.

Today, few folks remember why the Paul Bunyan statue of Interstate Avenue was erected. But Vic Nelson, however did. In 1959, the Oregon Centennial took place near what is now the Expo Center. The Centennial celebration was like a miniature world's fair, and to reach it, tourists would have to traverse the Interstate Avenue.



Vic Nelson stands besides Paul Bunyan, the Kenton neighborhood icon, built in 1959.

“At that time, Oregon was a leading Timber State and Kenton Business Association wanted people traveling the route to see something that represented the lumber industry”, said Vic Nelson.

The Swedish Dalmålning Class everybody is waiting for, scheduled for February/March, 2009

by GunMarie Rosqvist

We just finished dancing around the Christmas tree, but in less than five months we are dancing around the May-pole. We Swedes do get our exercise, don't we? Well, let's sit down and for a few weeks and paint!



It's time for class that so many of you have been waiting for – the Dalmålning “Daladansen”. This class is scheduled over five weeks.

There will be a Wednesday class on Feb. 25, March 4, 11, 18 and 25, and a Saturday class Feb. 28, March 7, 14, 21 and 28. The time will be 9 – Noon and classes will be held at the SHF building on Oleson Rd.

If you are interested call GunMarie at (503) 466 – 2119. A letter with more information about the class will be sent out separately to all interested.

New Sweden Cultural Heritage Society
10765 SW Cottonwood St.
Tualatin, OR 97062

Membership for 2009

Memberships are renewed each year at the beginning of the year. Thanks to many of you who have already renewed for 2009! Check the mailing label on this newsletter for your current membership status. If you need to renew, please do so soon! Tack så mycket!

Membership Renewal Form	
Date:	_____
Name:	_____
Address:	_____
City:	_____ State _____ Zip Code _____
Phone Number: (_____)	e-mail: _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Single \$20.00	<input type="checkbox"/> Family \$35.00 <input type="checkbox"/> Patron \$50.00 <input type="checkbox"/> Scholarship Fund
Each membership includes a subscription to <i>Nordic Reach</i> magazine. Make checks payable to New Sweden .	
Send completed form and check to Membership Chair:	Denver James, 10765 SW Cottonwood Street Tualatin, OR, 97062 Telephone (503) 454-0135 denverjms@aol.com