

We had planned to stay in Sweden at least four years but

the black clouds of war hovered over us. Mother, Peter, and I left Bergen (after my sleep all night in a smothering feather bed) on the last ship to the States. The sea was dangerously full of mines and our captain steered our ship to the tip of Greenland.

The Christmas tree and presents on the boat, did not seem to bring their usual happiness. Fear seized the thoughts of the passengers. I sensed it as children do, and when I had to wear my life preserver could only be soothed with quom from a kind gentleman.

Our furniture left Oslo few days before it was bombed.