

A NORWEGIAN LETTER

In Tryon are people from all over the world who help to bring added charm to an "Unspoiled Paradise". One of them is Miss Anne Riis, a talented artist in leathercraft.

Recently she received from her brother-in-law a long letter, a sort of survey of events, both personal and otherwise, which took place in Norway during those five long, dark years of German occupation. Her brother-in-law has been a doctor in a small town in Southern Norway for more than 50 years.

He writes:

"The news of our liberation came to this town on May 7th at 5:30 p. m. and people went into un-ending jubilation. We all felt as if, at last, we could 'breathe' freely again.

"... It was in the first beginning of the war, that so many of your mother's family 'fell'. Your youngest cousin, the army officer, killed by the splinter of a German shell. Next, in quick succession, his two elder brothers—from exhaustion and illness. Then the highly thought of school for boys, of which the fourth brother was originator and director,—was closed by the Nazis, the teachers arrested, but your cousin, having just reached the age of retirement, 70 years, was left free. Shortly afterwards his very fine wife fell down, dead.

"My own son-in-law", the doctor continues, "as member of the 'General State'—was in command of part of the army far north. King Haakan and the government left Oslo and were pursued farther and farther up north, until they reached the city of Trom,—where they sailed for England, taking with them important Norwegian state papers.

"To Harold fell the bitter commission of finding his dangerous and difficult way to the harbor and rail road terminal of Narvik, already occupied by the Germans, and from the top of a mountain, just above the town, to hoist a white flag in order to contact the German command, and as representative of the Norwegian army—surrender.

"Which laid his country in

chains for the many years."

"All Norwegian army and navy officers were then arrested and sent to prison camp in Germany with a few exceptions, including Harold, who were to give their 'word of honor' and remain in the country. He then lived quietly with his family for some time, until he with the small number of officers, were sent to Germany also.

"These officers have been found in a camp in the new Russian-occupied part of Germany and are soon expected home. These men had not suffered very much physically, for both the Red Cross of Sweden and association of Danish women under the leadership of Prince Viggo of Denmark, had been sending them enough food.

"After some time, came to Norway those terrible days, when the Nazis began to arrest people right and left, for little or no cause. The pretense usually being: 'un-friendliness towards the Nazi regime.'

"And," the old doctor says, "when your heart is so full, to overflow, somehow got to find a way out,—and I must tell you about just one case of many. One, that has caused me special anguish.

"He was the only young man in a family group, of which I am very fond,—old, trusted friends, an unusually fine, handsome, promising young engineer, educated in the best schools, married, had one 3-year-old son.

"The Nazis took him. He was imprisoned, beaten, tortured. When he, like the many others, refused to 'confess', he was taken to first one, then another concentration camp, here at home, finally to Germany to one of those 'unspeakable' camps there,—'the shame' of Germany of which that nation will never be able to cleanse itself! Those camps have here been named 'DE STUMMES LEJR'—(Stum,—or to be stum means to be unable to speak; lejr is camp). For those interned in those camps were never heard from any more.

"A recent search made for 70 persons, departed from a given stretch of territory, has disclosed,

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