Lille Norge

AVISEN

1030 OLSOK 1944

R. T. Michaelsen

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Discovery of North America by the Norsemen in the year 1000



By H. Leander d'Entremont

Acadian Historian and Genealogist.



HJEMMEFRONTENS SANG

Vær nordmann, la tyskerne föle ditt hat.
De uslinger som bröt seg inn her en natt.
Med tanks og kanoner—med markmillioner,
de trodde at Norge skulle falle uten slag.
Vi sloss det vi kunne, for ryggen er rak,
det gjaldt våre hjem, det var frihetens sak.
Med rifler og kniver, med ljåer og river,
vi laget naturkatastrofer gang på gang.

Vær nordmann, la tyskerne föle ditt hat.
De röver ditt land og de stjeler din mat.
Hold våpnene klare, det vil ikke vare
så lenge för ordren om opprör blir gitt.
Vårt land er beslaglagt, men ta det med ro.
Vi vet jo at Norge atter skal gro.
Nazismen skal brytes, forrederne skytes—
Til frihetens seier vi setter vår tro.

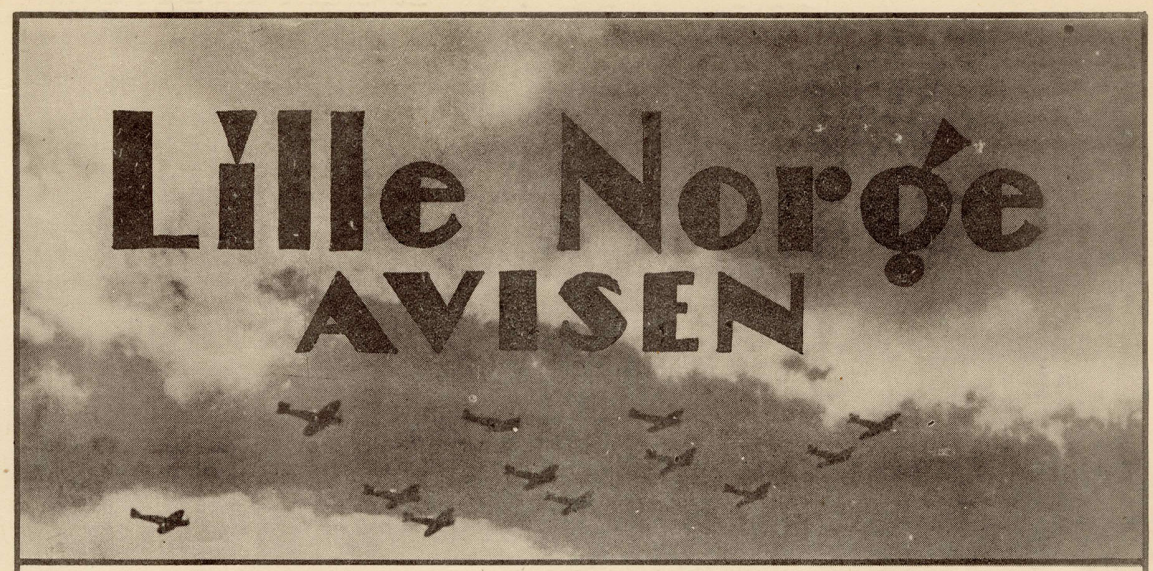
Vær nordman og vis hver en tysker forakt.
Og husk at Norges kultur er vår makt.
En ussel forreder, NS-flokkens leder,
en markstukken Quisling blir snart likvidert.
Stol trygt på Kong Håkon og det han har sagt,
Om tyskerne ljuger og sprer terror overalt
han vil ikke svike sitt land og sitt rike.
Vær nordmann og husk at vi overlever alt.

TOLLEFSEN BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1914

Marine Contractors

128-132 BEARD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



NO. 4 JULI 1944 4. AARG.

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DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA
Av H. Leander d'Entremont

R.N.A.F. NEWSPAPER FUND

NORSK INNSATS
UNNER INVASJONEN I FRANKRIKE.

Det oplyses at et stort antall norske skib tilhörende både Handelsflåten og Marinen har deltatt i operasjonene i Frankrike siden morgenen av "D-Day", og har gjort en glimrende innsats. Ikke en eneste mann av handelsflåten ble meldt skadet under invasjonen.

De Norske jagersquadrons har været over krigs-sonen i Normandiet op til 4 ganger per dag siden "D-Day". Nordmennene patruljerer en viss sektor av fronten, for å dekke mot tyske luftangrep.

Den eneste skuffelse de Norske flygere hittil har hatt, er at næsten ingen tyske fly er oppe.

Söndag den 11-6-44 landet Norske flygere for förste gang på en landingsstripe som RAF commandos hadde laget til. Siden den tid har nordmennene operert delvis fra baser i Frankrike.

En Norsk spitfire-formasjon som traff på 12 Messerschmidts 109 over Caen den 24-6-44, skjöt ned 4 samt skadet flere fiendtlige fly uten selv å lide nogen tap.

Der foreligger nu detaljer fra siste ukes sukcess da Norske squadrons i en ving under Norsk kommando skjöt ned 5 fiendtlige fly, og videre ble kreditert med 1 "sansynlig" og 7 "skadete". Dette var den förste gang siden "D-Day" at Nordmennene mötte et större antall tyske fly.

Norske jagerflygere skjöt ned sitt förste "Robot-fly" over Kanalen den 20-6-44. To av flygerne observerte "Robot-flyet" som kom fra franskekysten, stupte på det, og åpnet ild på ca. 300 yards avstand. En av flygerne våre traff en ving på "Robot-flyet" og den annen flyger klarte å få inn en fulltreffer som traff selve bomben, hvilket resulterte i en kraftig eksplosjon. Jagerflygerne våre var så nær at de gikk rett igjennem sprengningen, men den eneste skade som ble påfört, var at en del av vingen på det ene flyet ble revet av.

KRONPRINS OLAV UTNEVNT TIL NORGES ÖVERSTKOMMANDERENDE

Washington melder tredivte juni at kronprins Olav av Norge er blit utnevnt til överstkommanderende over den norske hær, flåte og luftvern. Utnevnelsen gjeller til det förste kabinetsmöte holdt i Oslo.

Kronprins Olav fyllte 2den juli 41 år. Utnevnelsen var foreslått av majorgeneral Wilhelm Hansteen, hittil överstkommanderende. Hansteen vil bli kronprins Olavs nestkommanderende. General Hansteens forslag gikk ut på at den unge og veltrænte kronprins var bedre skikket til at lede de norske frihetsstyrker og at Norges interesser samlet i hans person vilde få den besste fremmelse.

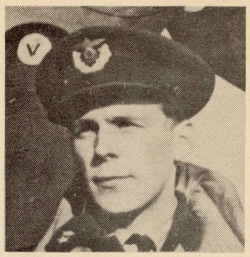
Kronprins Olav har gått gjennem de militære grader som en annen norsk officer og vunnet rang av general i den norske arme. Han har ved personlig dyktighet og træning gjort sig fortjent til den rang til hvilken han nu er utnevnt.

INVASJONS NYTT.

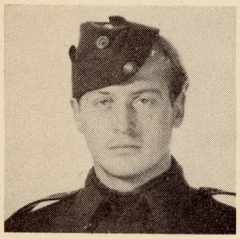
Ifölge meddelelse fra en RNAF - stasjon overseas, skjöt norske jagerfly - som eskorterte amerikanske Mitchell bombefly - ned 8 og skadet 1 fly ut av en gruppe på over 20 Messerschmidts og Focke Wulf som forsökte å angripe bombeflyene nær Chartres den 6-7-44. Bombeflyene hadde som opgave å ödelegge et tysk bensinlager.

Samtlige norske flygere returnerte i god behold.

PERSONELL I FLYGEVAAPENET MELDT OMKOMMET, SAVNET ELLER DÖD EFTER UTGIVELSEN AV "LILLE NORGE AVISEN"s MINNENUMMER 9 APRIL 1944:



MAJOR LEIF LUNDSTEN
SAVNET 13 6 44



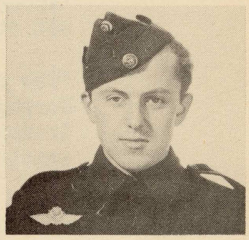
KPT. 1849 FINN JOHNSEN
SAVNET 1944



FEN. 1871 THV. HETLAND
OMK. 14-3-44



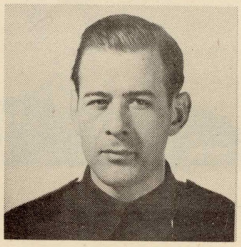
SERSJ. 1447 M. MUNSTER
SVN. 5-6-44



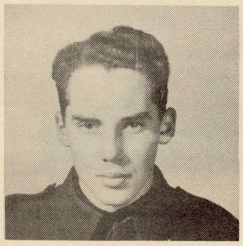
FEN. 742 J. FUGLESANG
SKUTT I TYSKLAND 1944



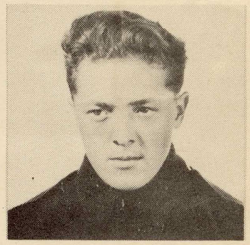
SERSJ. ROLF KARSMANN
SVN. 30-3-44



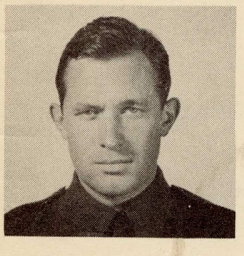
SERSJ. 1959 H. EVENSEN
SVN. 5-6-44



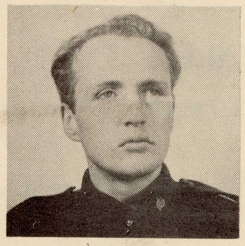
SERSJ. K. A. KNAGENHJELM
OMK. 12-4-44



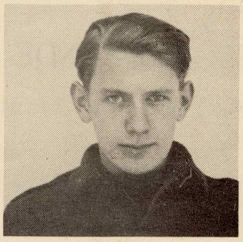
FLS PER KORSNES
OMK. 1944



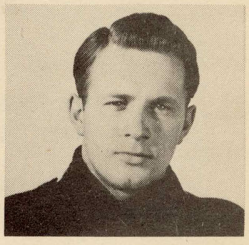
FEN. JOHAN L. VON TANGEN
DÖD 1-5-44



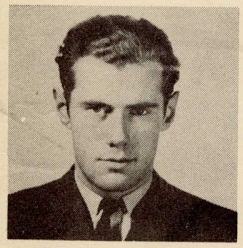
FEN. JENS BULL ARENTZ
OMK. 1944



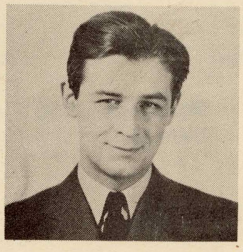
SERSJ. 1960 K. B. MAGNUS
SVN. 5-6-44



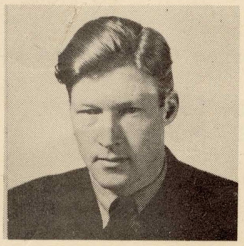
SERSJ. 1745 K. PEDERSEN
SVN. 5-6-44



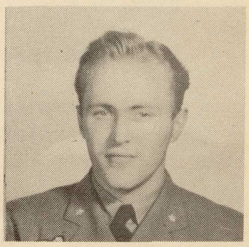
V/SERSJ. H. ESPELID
SKUTT I TYSKLAND 1944



LT. 494 K. BACHE
SVN. 7-5-44



LT. 1205 F. V. JESPERSEN
SVN. 5-6-44



FEN. K. B. ANTHONSEN
SVN 10-6-44

KAPTEIN 5506 RAGNAR STRANDENES ----------DÖD 23-5-44. (FOTOGRAFI FINNES IKKE I KANADA)

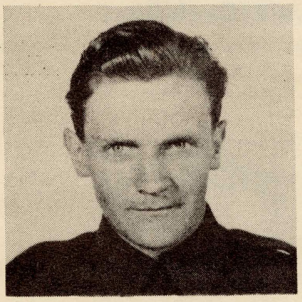
GODT RESULTAT.

Vi gjengir nedenfor et utdrag Daily Routine Order of May 10, 1944, Camp Borden:

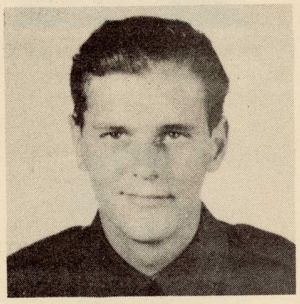
"The pupil obtaining the highest standing on Course 96 was N2449 LAC Aschim, M., R.N.A.F. The second highest percentage was obtained by N2447 Lac Aagaard, K.L., R.N.A.F.

"Among R.C.A.F. and R.A.F. graduates the pupil obtaining the highest standing was K214959 LAC Laidler, R.A.

"The standing achieved by LAC's Aschim and Aagaard of the Royal Norwegian Air Force in obtaining the highest percentages in this Graduating Course is a remarkable achievement and testifies to their scholarly and flying ability."



SERSJ.2449 M. ASCHIM



SERSJ.2447 K.L. AAGAARD

HEDRENDE OMTALE.

Om löytnant Jespersen, som var uttatt til Pathfindertjeneste, uttales fra hans O.T.U. kurs bl. a.:

"The captain of this crew is the keenest I have ever seen.....should be outstanding in operation."

Om crew'et is sin almindelighet:

"An above average crew, possibly one of the best that has left this station."

Löytnant Jespersen crew bestod av fölgende:

Sersjant 1747 M. Münster
Sersjant 1745 K. Pedersen
Sersjant 1960 K.B. Magnus
Sersjant 1959 H. Evensen

OVER TIDER OG HAVET.

AV PAAL ROSCHBERG



Vi lever i spennende dager. Den siste begivenheten er så mektig at den slår den foregående i svime. Vi får ikke tid til å se oss tilbake. Igår döde med förste kringkastingen idagmorges. Men sitter jeg en stille, lys sommerkveld i leiren i Lille Norge, eller vandrer dovent utover Muskoka lien, kan det hende at tankene drar langt, langt over havet. Lengtende tanker - håp. Tanker om dager og netter för mareritted. Minder------

Dengang var livet lunt og fredelig. Det var för husmaler Adolf hadde satt vår hyggelige klode i brann.

Nåtildags tar vi op morgen avisen og leser med kriminell likegyldighet om tusener av mennesker drept, byer utslettet, om hunger, död og fordærvelse verden over, og vår medlidenhet er dyp som et fuglebad og vår följsomhet som en skilpaddes rygg. Dengang la det en skygge over morgenstunden, kanskje fordi Aftenposten rapporterte fire tilfelder av mund- og klovesyken på Slitug, eller fordi Tidens Tegn beklaget at lynet hadde slått ned i et fjös i Nissedalen. Men la oss håpe at når ilden og stormen har dödd hen, vil våren dekke gravene og ruinene med sitt grönne teppe og vi vil igjen bli fri til å söke vår egen lykke. Der vil bli fred her i verden - håper vi - og våre små private glæder og sorger vil igjen bli det viktigste for oss. Det blir selvfölgelig ikke bare stille vær, men stormen blir i vannglasset. Der vil bli leende hjerter og lyse dager. Som dengang jeg vokste op.

Barndommen var omringet av et höyt og solid gjerde av respektabel borgerlighet. Livet gikk sin altfor jevne gang uten sensasjonelle hendelser av nogen art. Drap, ildebrann og skilsmisser var ting som hendte om natten i en helt annen verden, som vi ikke hadde nogensomhelst befatning med. Vi kjente ikke engang nogen som kjente nogen som var i beröring med slikt. Vi hadde selvfölgelig lest om Nittedals morderen, og om det danske Mediumet Einer Nielsen, som de fant teleplasma i begge ender på, og om fru Sylviane Schou, men vår eneste kontakt med katastrofer, kan man trygt si, var gjennem Aftenposten.

Selvfölgelig var der nogen få mindeværdige og skjebnesvangre begivenheter som satte et dypt preg på de tidligere år av min tilværelse. Det var f. eks. den gangen det tok fyr i juletreet hos disponent Ek, som bodde nede i gaten i nummer ni.

Der var også yngste datter av sakförer Hjalmar Christian Spörck Borchrevink - de bodde i vår gate - som gikk til scenen. (Jeg vil si til Hjördislill Spörck Borchrevinks forsvar, at for å spare sin familie litt av skammen og nedverdigelsen, reiste hun til Stavanger for å vie sig sitt skjendige yrke. Det ble aldri noget av henne - det kunne man heller ikke vente med et slikt navn, det får også være grenser for hvad selv en norsk skuespillerinne kan tillate sig å hete.) Ennvidere husker jeg der var portneren Koldstad, som styrtet sig selv og sin familie i bunnlös fornedrelse ved å komme hjem full en syttende mai.

Og mens jeg taler om katastrofer må jeg ikke glemme dengangen min bror under leken satte potten på hodet og ikke kunde få den av, så mor tilslutt måtte ta ham til doktoren. Mor satte en sydvest over potten for at det ikke skulde se altfor ille ut på trikken - men det hjalp ikke så meget, for hanken trengte sig uforskammet frem.

En tid cirkulerte der stygge rykter at min mors firemenning hadde været med en massöse på Kunstner karnevalet, men det ble aldri bekreftet.

Men ellers tör jeg vel si min barndom vilde ha svunnet hen, mild og kjedelig som et glass nysilt melk, hvis det ikke hadde været for "tantene."

Det var særlig to.

En på fars side og en på mors. Dette faktum er jeg overbevist om reddet det meget lykkelige ekteskap som var mine foreldres. Tante Thea og tante Charlotte på samme side vilde ha været en oplagt skilsmisse grunn. For om mor f. eks. kom i skade for å bebreide for hvordan hans söster Thea hadde opfört sig i hennes dameselskap, kunde far med engang komme tilbake med: "Du har vel ikke glemt den gangen vi hadde biskop Möller her, da din söster Charlotte tordnet ut at Trotsky var den gjenopstandne Kristus!" (Tante Charlotte var i en tid ivrig kommunist).

Tantene Charlotte og Thea hadde meget tilfelles. De var begge höyst impulsive og begge temmelig intelligente. På en gal måte. Begge var blottet for konvensjonalitet i en tid og et milieu hvor konvensjonalitet var like nödvendig som luft for å leve. De hadde begge reist meget og var begge enker, tante Charlotte to ganger. Mor sa at Charlottes menn hadde simpelthen visnet bort av utmattelse efter nogen års samliv med hende.

Begge tantene hadde kunstneriske tendenser, hvilket i den tid var ensbetydende med billet til unnerverdenen uten retur. Tante Charlotte var drömmer og fantast. Hele sitt liv gikk hun omkring og omfavnet skygger. Hun var pianistinne og komponerte. Meterlange symfonier som aldrig ble offentliggjort eller spilt. Kun "klaver-uttoget". Det raste hun selv igjennem til enhver anledning hvor to eller flere var forsamlet og der uheldigvis var et "klaver" for hånden. Det foregikk altid på samme måte: Charlotte vilde sette sig kontant ned ved pianoet og slå an nogen ubarmhjertige akkorder som fikk lyskrone og vinduer til å be om nåde.

"Det var da forfær-r-r-r-delig så ustemt da!" vilde hun rope ut. "U-u-u-begripelig!" Derefter fulgte nogen minutter i hvilke hun fortalte litt om hvad hun skulde gi, mens hun tok av sig, et efter et, utallige antall av armbånd og ringer, som hun altid hadde på sig. Så kom den höytidelige andaktstund når alt måtte være så stille at man kunde höre en knappenål falle til gulvet -- på veien ned. Tante Charlotte koncentrerte.

Stilheten för stormen. Og så! Så gikk det lös! Som regel ble det en feil-start, for hun ble hengende fast i et av sine halskjeder, som hadde huket sig i piano-nökkelen. Det ble en liten pause igjen. Halskjeden kom av og pianonökkelen ut. Og så ble det "symfoni." Symfonien som hun spilte, men aldrig nogen annen. Derimot hadde Charlotte som konfirmant skrevet to såkaldte tonebilleder, henholdsvis "Ved den gamle mölle" og "Når Liljekonvalene gråter". Disse såkaldte tonebilleder ble solgt i tusenvis av eksemplarer og skaffet tante Charlotte og forleggeren hver en liten formue. Möllen og de forurettede liljekonvaler ble radbrukket fra Nordkap til Lindesnes, og piano lærerinner landet over knirket sine "en-og-to og-en-og" til deres akkompanjement. Nevnte mölle og ulyksalige blomster brennemerket Charlotte for resten av livet.

Tante Thea var på sin måte også drömmer, men hadde på samme tid sans for livets små detaljer. Praktisk sans. Hennes mest almindelige bemerkning var: "Ja, det er så greit så." Thea var mor til tvillinggutter som hadde rödt hår og fregner. Min bror og jeg, som var deres jevnaldrende og også tvillinger, henförte til dem som "rödspettene" eller "fluesoppene." Da Thea hadde klekket spettene og siden fikk höre at mor også hadde blitt velsignet med tvillinger, sa hun kort: "To på en gang vet du. Det er så greit så!"

Tante Thea hadde levet et rikt og aktivt liv. En tid studerte hun kunstmaling i Paris. Lei av det tok hun op missjonær virksomhet og opholdt sig i mange år i India. Her snakket hun hovedsakelig engelsk og da hun kom hjem avskaffet hun, en gang for alle, höflighetsformen og flertallet av tiltalepronomenet i det Norske sprog. Det var altid du med Thea, enten hun talte til en eller flere, ven eller ukjent.

Mine minder om Thea og Charlotte var sommerminder, for de to var begge trekkfugler, og drog mot syd når hösten kom.

Den som i livets vår hadde været på Fjöslia med Thea Storm kunde vel aldrig glemme det.

Det var en solvarm juli morgen - en söndag husker jeg. Med våre små kofferter i hånd, stod min bror og jeg forventningsfulde på hjörnet utenfor Frk. Haugs Colonial og

Fedevare handel, (Karoline Allting som vi kaldte hende). Vi skulde hentes av tante Thea og rödspettene, også kaldet fluesoppene. De ankom med hest og vogn precis tyve minutter efter avtalt tid. Tante Theas hode var dekket av en gulnet og livstrett tropehjelm som hun hadde fra India, mens spettenes fregnede neser stakk frem unner skyggen av altfor store sydvester. De var halvt kvalt i stive, tykke oljefrakker, skjönt det ikke regnet, men som Thea sa, det var greiest å ha dem på for man kunde aldri vite. Oksesteken, forklarte hun, hadde de hat dagen för, skjönt det var lördag. De hadde bare spist halvparten og resten hadde hun, med fat, gaffel, kniv, saus og persille, stukket inn i et putevar for det var så greit så!

Og så var det at jeg först merket den mystiske lukten som fulgte oss hele reisen efterpå. Det viste sig senere å være gammelosten, som det også hadde været veldig greit å stikke inn i et putevar. Thea Storm hadde dyp forakt for kofferter og pakket utelukkende i poser, sekker, kurver, hatteesker, aviser og altså - putevar.

Vi ankom i siste litten på Vestbanestasjonen og fant vår vei til toget. Så var det å skaffe plass. Toget var fullt av folk som var veldig fine i sine lyseste klær som de bare brukte 17de mai og på togreiser. De hadde alle med sig store mengder av mat som skulde fortæres i löpet av den to timers lange reise til Drammen. Omsider fant vi plass i en kupe hvor der satt to fulle menn som drakk bayeröl, og en blek, skuffet kvinne med et forkjölet spedbarn på fanget. Hun hadde allerede begynt å skrelle appelsiner og hårdkokte egg, som jo folk kjör så fort de kommer på toget. Det luktet våte bleier av ungen, öl av mennene og appelsiner og sydame av den skuffete kvinnen. Men efter at vår begasje og putevarene var brakt inn luktet det bare gammelost.

"Jaja," sa tante Thea, "Vi får tute med ulvene i Rom," -- hun misbrukte altid ordsprog -- og ga sig til å pakke ut "nisten". Og för toget hadde rört sig av flekken satt vi med fangene fulle av oksestek, hveteboller, sjokolade, bananer og julekake. Så satte toget sig igang. Ungen begynte å hyle. De fulle mennene klinket med flaskene og skålte. Den bleke, skuffete kvinnen pirket sig melankolsk i tennene med en hårnål. Av og til trakk hun hårnålen ut av munnen og studerte eftertenksomt resultatet. Tante Thea smilte og vinket til helt ukjente folk på platformen og rödspettene begynte å sloss fordi den ene mente at toget sa töff, töff, mens den annen hevdet at det sa vekk, vekk. Spette 1. grep sin mors håndveske og slengte den efter spette 2. som dukket ned, og vesken landet i maven på det forkjölete spedbarnet, som satte i å ilskrike så forferdelig at det ikke var örens lyd å få för mamaen knappet op blusen sin og la ungen til brystet. Tante Thea kommanderte oss å snu ryggen til og se ut av vinduet, men vi forsökte naturligvis alle fire å kikke på det så uhört interessante som foregikk i kupeen, som virkelig var meget mere spennende enn kuene ute i engen. De fulle mennene var også svært interessante. En av dem gikk ut på gangen og kastet op og det ga naturligvis anledning til höylytt munterhet blandt de to par tvillinger.

Men tilslutt sovnet våre to berusete reisefeller inn, og snorket forfærdelig. Da vi ankom til Drammen var vi nedgravet til langt opover anklene i tomme ölsflasker, papir, papesker, bananskal, eggeskal, appelsinskal og sigarettstumper og det tok lang tid å finne fluesoppenes kalosjer. (Som det efter Theas mening var greit å ha på - for en kunde aldrig vite!)

Efter togreisen fulgte en lang tur med hest og vogn. Bestemmelsesstedet var Mysens Sagbruk. Her skulde vi få klövhest og veiledning, og fortsette reisen tilfots. Tante Thea hadde leiet Fjöslia for sommeren av en bekjent. Hun hadde selv aldri været der, men efter beskrivelsen skulde det være et "aldeles deilig sted". Hytten var fult möblert. Vi behövet bare og ta med sengetöy og proviant.

Vi nådde Mysens Sagbruk uten videre vanskeligheter, fikk de nödvendige oplysninger og ga oss på vei. Det lot ikke til å være vanskelig å finne frem efter hvad vi forstod, for det var bare å fölge stien inntil man kom til et tjern. Her skulde man da bryte av til venstre. Siden kom man over en åpen slette hvor det skulde være en bekk. Vi skulde gå langs denne bekken og den vilde ta oss til Fjöslia. Og så gikk vi og gikk vi. Time efter time. Vi pustet og stönnet unner våre tunge pakninger. Det bar opover åsen. Skogen åpenbarte sine tusene undere for oss. En mild, furunålsmettet vind kjærtegnet kinnene. Höyt oppe lente grantoppene sig mot hverandre og hvisket om sin himmelske nærhet. Furuer sprette sine moderlige grener over småkratt og skogblomst, og unge bjerker smilte blygt som lysklædte brudepiker. Vi kom til tjernet. Det lå der så vakkert og hemmelighetsfult i sin sorte taushet, og fikk mig til å tenke på nökken. Vi bröt av til venstre og snart lysnet det foran oss og vi kom ut på sletten.

Et stykke lengere borte småklukket en bekk fornöyet i sin leende ungdom. Vi skulde nå altså fortsette langsmed vår sorglöse venn, bekken, men Thea kunde ikke riktig huske enten det var til höyre eller venstre. Vi var öyensynlig ikke langt fra menneskebygg, for to rustne hermetikkbokser og et forhenværende vaskefat övet vold mot bekkeleiets praktige renhet. Vi gjettet på höyre, og ganske visst, en halv time senere stod vi på tunet foren en liten gård. Der var et beboelseshus, en låve med fjös og et ganske lite lekehus. De to par tvillinger kastet oppakning tilside og styrtet begeistret bort til lekestuen, som slett ikke var en lekestue. Tvertimot. Men såvidt jeg husker kom det lille huset til å spille en temmelig stor rolle i leken allikevel.

"Nå kommer du hit alle fire. Som et lyn!" ropte tante Thea. Hun var meget opskaket for det viste sig at nökkelen hun hadde fått, slett ikke passet til hyttedören. Det var ikke annet å gjöre enn å knuse en vindusrute og klatre inn. Og så lenge vi var der tjente dette vinduet som inn- og utgang. Vi kunne jo ikke godt sprenge op den solide dören. Vi var alle dödstrette og efter at vi hadde fått litt mat ble sengene redd op og vi la oss. Jeg hadde forferdelig mareritt, men det var jo heller ikke så rart for jeg hadde vært så uheldig å bli tildelt gammelost putevaret.

"Lopper!" ropte Thea höyt og klart næste morgen. "Huset vrimler av lopper!" Hun löftet op ullteppet som var hengt over vår kombinerte vindudör og sommermorgenen strömmet muntert inn. Stövkorn danset i solstrålene. Vi hadde frokost og tante Thea helte kaffe på gammelosten. Efterpå hjalp vi alle med opvasken og en grundig husrengjöring. Det trengtes. Dernæst ble vi organiserte. Fluesoppene var förste tropp, min bror og jeg annen tropp, og tante Thea, oberst. Så gikk de samlede styrker på svstematisk loppejakt. Siden lavet obersten middag mens förste og annen tropp lekte krig. Det lille huset var festningen.

Om aftenen helte tante Thea te på gammelosten. För vi la oss bestemte hun for sikkerhets skyld å flytte et stort skap foran den knuste vindusruten. Man kunde aldrig vite, der kunde komme både tatere og vilde dyr. Den neste dag lekte de fire tvillingene kongekroning. Det lille huset var domkirken. Plutselig kalte obersten oss sammen. "Huggorm!" ropte hun. "Stedet yrer av huggorm!" Hun tilföyet - idet hun så med mild fortvilelse på det lille huset - at det måtte være mulig å finne et annet sted å leke. Så marsjerte hun oss op bak låven og viste oss en orm som lå på en maurtue og vred sig i krampetrekkninger. "Dette" sa hun, "er en huggorm. Jeg har nettopp drept den med et velrettet slag over hodet. Det er så greit så! I India drepte vi klapperslanger daglig. Vi måtte altid kikke under sengen för vi la oss, vet du." Hun bestemte ennvidere at et felttog måtte organiseres mot den lumske fiende. Oberst Thea Storm vepnet sig med et meterlangt, hult jernrör og troppene fikk solide trestokker. Vi fikk ordre om å innta forskjellige poster i den solbakte steinuren i skråningen bak låven. Strategien var enkel og grei, vi hadde bare å vente til fienden kom ut for å sole sig på stenhellene, og gi den et godt slag over hodet, og så bære den bort på maurtuen. Maurene likte nemlig meget godt ormestek og maurene var våre venner, blé vi fortalt, skjönt jeg personlig hatet dem. Det gjör jeg enda. Det ble et par farlige og krigerske dager. Den andre dagen fikk jeg virkelig öye på en orm. Jeg ble varm over hele kroppen. Redselslagen la jeg på sprang og stoppet ikke för jeg var vel inne i huset. Jeg ble stilt for krigsrett for desertering, men ikke engang det fikk mig til å gå tilbake til steinuren. Jeg var dengang bare seks år gammel og hadde enda ikke lært å banne, men hvis jeg hadde, vilde jeg utvilsomt ha sagt, at jeg ga f..... i det militære.

Sent den aftenen var det at de kom.

Thea hadde helt vann på gammelosten, som nå var blitt til en ekkel sennepsaktig röre, og vi hadde lagt oss. Vi sov fredelig da vi plutselig ble vekket av tante Thea: "Tatere!" ropte hun. Vi kunde höre stemmer utenfor og en hest som vrinsket. Vi hörte også tante som i mörket famlet sig frem til dören og boltet den forsvarlig. Vi tenkte hvor heldig

det var et skapet stod foran det knuste vinduet. Det var en meget betryggende følelse. "Tatere er ofte låsesmeder og slikt," mumlet Thea. Stemmene utenfor ble höyere og nå hörte vi virkelig lyden av en nökkel i låsen. "Ha! var det ikke det jeg sa?" ropte tante triumferende. Der hörtes en forfærdelig banking på dören, fulgt av forbitrede utrop. Der gjenlöd også vilde og engstelige skrik inne i hytten. Förste og annen tropp var grepet av panikk. Utenfor ble det stille et öyeblikk för angrepene begynte påny. Taterne hadde trukket sig til nordsiden av huset hvor dörvinduet var. Med friske krefter hamret de gjennem vinduet på skapet, som truet med å ramle overenne. I dette öyeblikk griper Thea, som ingen frykt kjente, det jernröret som hittil hadde været huggormenes dödsom. Hun skyver det sagte mellem veggen og skapet til det stikker nogen tommer ut av vinduet. "Hvis du ikke går godvillig" tordnet hun, "skyter jeg!"

Da ble det stille utenfor. Bare tidernes susen i grantoppene, og nå og da en gammelklok gjök langt borte i skauen, bröt nattestilheten.

Sommersolen stod höyt på himmelen da neste formiddag to bevepnete menn vandret inn på tunet. Det var lensmannen og hans assistent. Men tante Thea syntes ikke det var det spor pinlig. Langt ifra. Hun fant sig i å betale for den knuste ruten, men det faktum at vi hadde flyttet inn i en gal hytte var bare en ubetydelig feiltagelse, som skyldtes rett og slett at vi hadde tatt til höyre da vi kom til den bekken, istedetfor til venstre. Det kunde jo hende hvemsomhelst. Ganske visst hadde vi bodd i hytten en uke, men hadde vi ikke storrengjort og praktisk talt renset stedet for huggorm og lopper?

Der ble pakket og vi drog avsted til Fjöslia. Lensmannen fulgte med for å være sikker på at vi kom riktig frem denne gangen. Anei, mente tante Thea, de folkene som eide den hytten behövet såvisst ikke beklage sig. Det var hun som hadde lidt tap. Hun som hadde gått og glemt igjen gammelosten.

Slike stöt gir verden!

FRA EN KIRKE I TEXAS.



"SNAPSHOTS" FRA LILLE NORGE

1. Överst:
Flightlieutnant A.L. Wainwright med frue hadde en hyggelig Sankt Hans Aften i Lille Norge.



2. Nedenfor tilhøyre:
Medlemmer av K–korpset prøver å slå V/Sersjant Skrettebergs rekorder

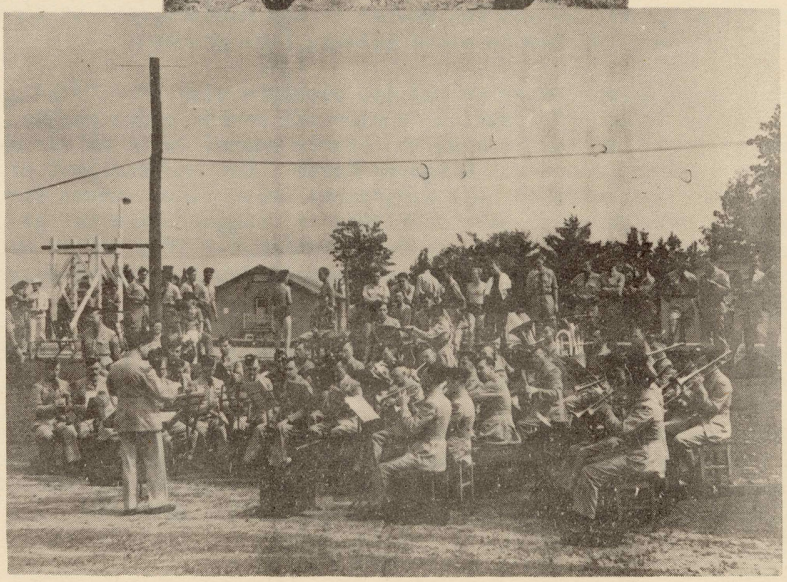




3. Ovenfor tilvenstre:
Vingsersjant Holte er optimistisk med hensyn til K–soldatenes skyte–ferdighet.

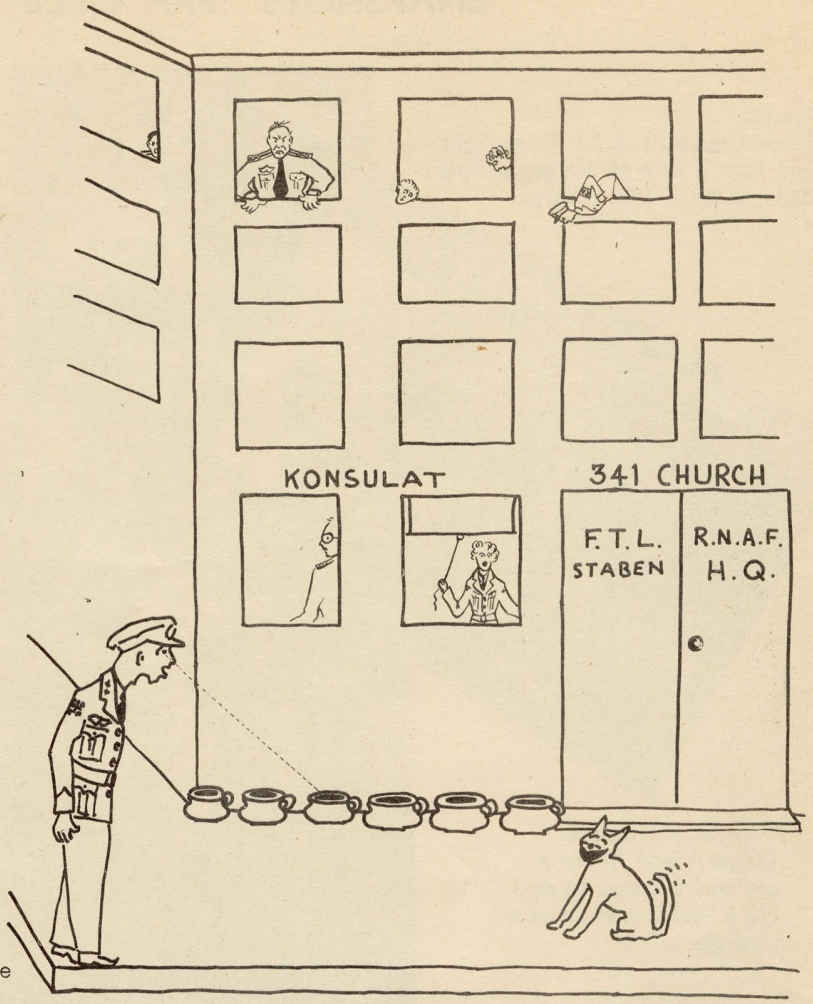


4. I midten:
Vingsersjant Skabo treffer sin søn Løytnant Skabo i Lille Norge efter fem års adskillelse. Løytnanten er nettopp kommet fra "overseas".



5. Nederst:
R. C. A. F. No. 1 Manning Depot's Mussikkorps unnerholder ved Sankthans–festen i Lille Norge.

NATURLIG UTLÖSNING FOR YTRINGSFRIHETEN.



Et ubekreftet forlydende vil vite at en vegg på Kingston House, der ifölge forskriftene skal lokaliseres "somewhere overseas", for en tid siden ble gjenstand for en noe overstömmende opmerksomhet fra en av våre luftens betvingere. Den overalt så populære og hjelpsomme "Bobby" fant å burde gjöre visse Herrer til Kingston opmerksom på hvilken opmerksomhet de hadde gått glipp av å bivåne.

Herrene klödde sig efter sigende lenge i hodet. Det var et særegent tilfelle. Som gode representanter for navyen fölte de sig noget usikre på Grundt vann. Imidlertid viste det sig at våres alles makeslöse Christian Quint for aldri så mange hundrede år siden hadde tenkt på tilfellet idet han udi en af sine paragrafer sålunde hierved bestemme "At hannem som lader sit vand på annen mands griund tage det tilbage." Dette fant man imidlertid måtte være av mindre vesentlig betydning samtidig som det kunde stöte på praktiske vanskeligheter og den omstendighet at mannen var i uniform kunde reise visse spörsmål vedrörende eiendomsretten til grunnen.

Da vilde det ligge nærmere å gripe til det populære uttrykket "dårlig militær opt..." men se der stod man jo igjen. Spörsmålet om hvorvidt mannen hadde handlet i nödstilstand vilde jo være ulöselig og det var jo også et rörende moment dette at når man er som mest betrengt söker man i nödens stund til Kingston House. Den omstendighet at mannen kom i bil viste jo bare hvor tvingende og helt avgjörende selve tidsmomentet var og den kjensgjerning at han selv da altså bare rakk frem til veggen bekreftet jo nödstilstands-momentet i en nesten sjelerå utstrekning. Da mannen heller ikke doftet Rye men Haig & Haig måtte dette også tas som en garanti for at han ikke på denne enkle og naturlige måte hadde ytret sin mening om noen inside Kingston House.

Da var det at denne kjære kjente setningen plutselig steg op av de tenkende röksöiler som en fugl Föniks: Leave it to the English.

Alarmert over nyheten har 341 tatt omfattende foranstaltninger for å avlede opmerksomheten i påkommende tilfelle, idet man under plasskommandantens feriefravær på Vesle Skaugum har sett snittet til å overföre det nödvendige utstyr som i sin tid ble innkjöpt for alle tilfelles skyld - med henblikk på celebre gjester.

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VI SELV OG VAARE

SLIK SOM TORONTO - PIKENE SER PAA OSS.

Det var en av disse julidagene hvor minnet om dengang menneskebarna gikk rundt i fikenblad steg opp på den solhete himmel som et fata morgana utenfor vårt redaksjonsvindu.

Vi var derfor behersket da en representant for Eva i Toronto krysset vår dörterskel ifört en kusine til fikenbladet, så å si, plus en mystisk papirrull under armen, og beleiret oss med en ynde av fjern fransk herkomst, - for å bruke dagens terminologi.-

"Med hva kan vi stå til tjeneste", begynte vi, relativt tekkelig - og med en sterk subjektiv innstilling til problemet enten det nu måtte være representert ved Eva selv eller rullen under armen. Vi har jo tross alt oppsnappet litt anglo saksisk dannelse overfor det svake kjönn her borte, tiltross for manglende instrukser i så måte fra P.P.

"I am puzzling with cartoons" kom det sött "and I know some Norwegian boys."

"Aha" utbröt vi, med lett forurettet tone uten antydning til maskulin skjegg i rösten og uten nærmere å kommentere denne foruroligende sammenheng mellom nordmenn og inspirasjon til karikaturtegninger.

"May we have a look?"

"Well" sa hun - for å holde oss til morsmålet, - og demonstrere våre amfibiumevner til å höre på engelsk og skrive på norsk - "jeg har laget to pröver på personer som jeg ikke har sett men bare hört beskrevet. Jeg hadde först tenkt å gå opp og hilse på sjefen på kontoret for å få et inntrykk, men da jeg fikk se et intervju han hadde hatt om kvinnen i Kanada så turde jeg ikke. Jeg tenkte derfor at jeg skulle oppsöke ham privat, for da skal han være fryktelig söt, men da jeg hörte at han aldri skal ha vært sammen med noen kvinne i Kanada uten at en tredjemann er tilstede og han som jeg kjenner ikke turde fölge med meg, så oppga jeg det også, og har bare holdt meg til beskrivelsen. Her er tegningen."

Vårt ansikt forandret seg til en saltstötte i samme sekund. Ikke engang et aldri så lite "hm" forrådet hva vår reaksjon måtte kunne være. After all, som det heter på norsk, vi er til det ytterste loyale.

"Ifölge våre militære instrukser må en tegning först forelegges for det offer den gjelder", svarte vi med en upersonlig röst som fra en bestövet men ufruktbar sekretær av annen skoffe i sosialdepartementet i gode gamle Norge.

"Don't you think he will like it" utbröt Eva litt betuttet i stemmen. "I don't know" svarte vi og husket på instruksen i Kongespeilet.

"I think it's rather cute", kom det innsmigrende igjen, vi fölte i panikk at saltstötten forsvant som sne for sommersolen, men reddet oss hurtig over i en annen gate ved å innskyte spörsmålet "What's coming next?"

Vår nye velynder smilte igjen men denne gang blygt. Jeg har ikke sett ham heller kom det stille. Jeg hadde tenkt å gjöre det, men jeg ble fortalt at alle piker som kom opp i hovedkvarteret for å treffe ham ble sett på sånn rart av en som het Svanhild, fordi de vanligvis ikke kom for morskap men for farskap. Jeg skjönte ikke hva den norske vennen min mente med det, men forsto det som om det var best at jeg ikke gikk opp der. Jeg har derfor laget tegningen bare etter beskrivelsen, sluttet hun og så på sitt verk som om hun ville si: "Stompelompen."

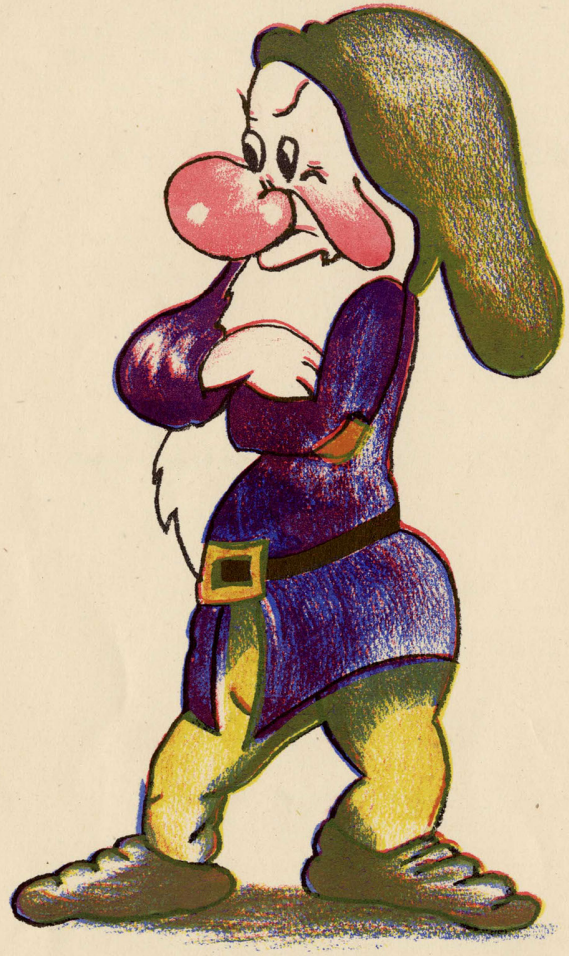
"Fortreffelig" sa vi, "De må ha sett ham i virkeligheten eller i en åpenbaring. Hva önsker De i månedsgasje?" Eva smilte lykkelig. "It's just a hobby". "De er ansatt som vår förste kvinnelige medarbeider", svarte vi for å betone det alvorlige i hobbyen og ilte opp til hovedkvarteret for å forelegge våre ofre de nökne fakta.

"Ja!!!!!!" sa det innenfor da vi banket. Vi var ikke sikker på om klirringen i glasshuset skyltes rösten fra den allmektige, eller våre skjelvende hender. Tross alt dække greitt å være Lille-Norge-avis i uniform. Vi kunne ikke forhindre at stövlene klikket to ganger i stillingsskrittet.

Bak en gallon melk, sommerens velde av rödmende epler og asiatgule appelsiner samt halve söndagsrasjonen av smörbröd i Bloorstreet, så vi at sjefen var opptatt. Han som hadde bragt det inn, kom imot oss. Han haltet ikke lenger og vi tenkte med vedmod på ham som kunne manövrere et melkeglass med rusk i gjennom höy sjögang lydlöst over teppet til den store pulten, hvor våres alles skjebner skjuler seg i hemmelighetsfulle omslag.

Sjefen så opp, og fikk plutselig et umilitært uttrykk: "Hari fönni et gullkorn nåa, sitt ner."

"Mja", sa vi - "det gjalt en tegning av sjefen." "Ikke tale om", komdet sint. "Har jække sagt Dem för at.....





To the

Air Officer Commanding Lieut. Col. OLE REISTAD

On duty. Off duty.

From the girls in Toronto.



To the
Permanent Lieutenant & Legal Adviser
of the R.N.A.F.

EDVARD OMHOLT~JENSEN

"Actions speak louder than words"

"Snow White"

"Jo", avbröt vi med plutselig mot, "men det er en Toronto-pike som har tegnet....

"Hjælper ikke, hu kan teine björnnen eller Gjæver eller..... Sjefen stoppet plutselig med et forsonlig smil, da vi som et siste desperat forsök rullet opp billedet for hans öyne.

"Ålreit da", sa han og hugg tennene i et svært eple, mens blikket dvelte ved "off duty." "Jeg kan bruke det som alibi når jeg kommer hjem tel a Bergljot. Men se å ha Dem ut. Jei hakke ti tel sånt midt i tjenestetia." "Ja, vent litt", hugg han inn, mens vi stillingsskrittet oss bakover mot dören. "Nå får Dere se tel å rote opp i denna sagflisa Deres åssa finne detta gullkornet."

Vi pustet lettet og tilfreds på verdenspressens vegne og etter en papirkopp med isvann hos Svanhild bega vi oss til det lille rummet med lås på dören og koder i safe. Dören var ikke låst og ingen svarte. Vi gikk forsiktig inn. Offeret satt helt åndsfraværende og stirret bekymret ut av vinduet gjennom sigarettröken. Foran ham lå den militære straffelov, og vi talte tyve sigaretter i askebegeret. Klokken var 3 P M.

"Å ære for noe gærnt nå igjen da", sa han og kom tilbake til virkeligheten.

"Det er en Torontopike som.....

"Ja, det er 350 dollars kontant eller 15 dollars måneden det", avbröt han og så ned i boka.

"Jamen dette gjelder Dem personlig.....

"Nei, nå fåri jaggu ta törn."

"Nei, nei, nei, ta det rolig, forsikret vi, det gjelder en tegning av....

"Av warbonds?" kom det forskremt. "Er De også begynt med det?"

"Nei av Dem", skyntet vi å innskyte akkurat da han trakk pusten. "Åh! Få se da. Fort. Jeg blir hengt hvis ikke dette svaret er levert för....." - Han stoppet og fikk et skrekkslagent uttrykk i hele ansiktet, da vi rullet opp billedet.

"Hysh, hysh, hysh," hvisket han, "ikke et ord i avisen om legal advisor. Det er bare en som skönner sig på juss når det gjelder F T L og det er ikke mig. Åssa permanent lieutenant. Er De gal. Det kan bli sak av det, hvis De ikke uttrykkelig gjör opmerksom på at permanent ikke har noe med graden å gjöre men refererer sig til håret. Ja De kan jo se det sjæl?

Putte

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   b) I en ölhall, forsyn Dem med flasker.

   c) På en kino, forsyn Dem med en blond.

6. Finner De en uekspolodert bombe bör De ta den opp å ryste den godt! Tendstiften har ikke været iorden.

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I "Lille Norge Avisen"s Sankt Hans nummer ble det oplyst, i et referat av sjefens tale 17de mai, at "Spirit of Little Norway Fondet", henimot femti tusen dollars, var stillet til disposisjon de norske gutta i Sverige. Belöpet er litt over tyve tusen dollars, da femogtyve tusen dollars allerede ved den tid var båndlagt for fly. Vi skylder på en optimistisk og generös Löytnant på Kassakontoret, som mente at oberstlöytnantens opgave av tyve tusen var litt lite. Imidlertid vil vi gjenta, tyve tusen dollars var det belöp som ble opgitt i oberstlöytnantens tale, en ganske pen sum.

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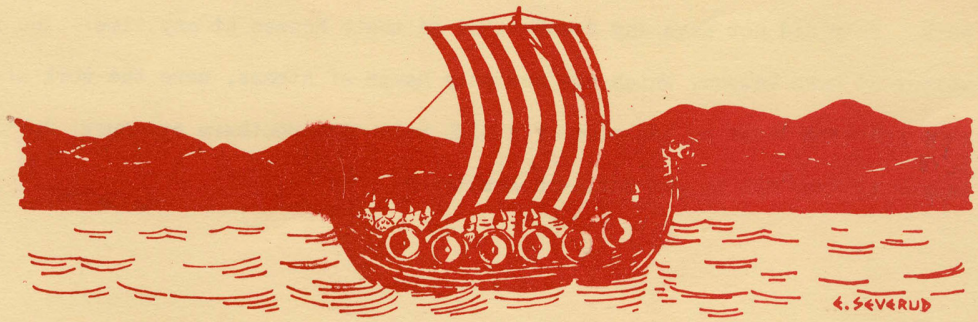
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Discovery of North America by the Norsemen in the year 1000

Written by
H. Leander d'Entremont
Acadian Historian & Genealogist
Centre East Pubnico, Nova Scotia



This essay won the Hon. F. B. McCurdy Gold Medal, in the year 1927, as the best written that year on the early history of Nova Scotia. Medal is in De La Tour Museum, at Centre East Pubnico.

Published in "Lille Norge Avisen" by courtesy Monsieur H. Leander d'Entremont.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY THE NORSEMEN.
THE REAL LOCATION OF THEIR SETTLEMENT.

ESSAY WRITTEN BY

H. Leander d'Entremont.

Note - Since the following essay was written, I have made an examination of the location, at Lake Vaughn on the Tusket River, where the supposed settlement of the Norsemen was established, and I am further convinced that it was there that Leif Erickson made his settlement, in the year 1000, and where Thorfinn Karlsefne, seven years later, made his headquarters.

As to the Acadians making a settlement there, either during or after the deportation of the Acadians, as stated by Rev. J. R. Campbell, in his History of the County of Yarmouth, (page 23) there is not the least possibility of its being a fact. Those of the Acadians who escaped to the woods, without even clothes enough to cover their naked bodies, were glad enough to accept the hospitality of the Indians, in their wigwams, or to build themselves "cabineaux" of logs and bark. They did not have any foundations to their houses at any time. The foundations at Lake Vaughn, which are now only heaps of stones, were the work of many men, and were built on the side of a high hill with southern exposure, in the same manner as they did in the northern countries.

THE ESSAY

THE YARMOUTH ROCK.

In the Public Library, at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, there is a boulder of quartzose rock weighing about 400 pounds that was found on the property of Dr. Fletcher at the head of Yarmouth harbor. This discovery was made about a century and a half ago. One side of this boulder is flat, and on it there is a neatly chiselled inscription containing fourteen strange characters that, up to this day, have never been satisfactorily explained. This strange and mysterious message, if such it was, "has been, at various times, copied and sent abroad to savants and men of learning who have made more or less attempts at deciphering it, more than one savant seeing traces of Seminic origin." (Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, by George S. Brown, page 22.).

In 1875, a rubbing procured from the stone was sent to Prof. Henry Phillips, of the American Philosophical Society, of Philadelphia. He made a careful study of the characters on it and, in 1884, he read a paper on the subject, before the society, in which he stated that the inscription was in the Runic alphabet, and that the reading was "HARKUSEN MAN VARU," which in English would read "HAKA'S SON ADDRESSED THE MEN," and, after due consideration, he was convinced that it was the work of the Norse Explorers. So it was settled that the engravings on the so-called Yarmouth Rock was the work of Leif Erickson, or of Thorfinn Karlsefne, who were recorded as having visited these shores, respectively, in the years 1000 and 1007.

CLAIMS THEY WERE MADE BY INDIANS.

Then, two years ago, while in the Yarmouth Library, I was shown a typewritten manuscript bearing the names of Sir Donald Wilson, President of the University of Toronto, and John Campbell, LLD., both of whom disputed the findings of Prof. Phillips, and made the claim that the inscription, on the Yarmouth Rock, was in Japanese characters and probably carved by the Indians whom, they asserted, were descendants of the Yellow race. These new authorities, by turning the characters upside down, made out the following sentence:

"WAHI DECA KUTURADE BUSHI GOKU,"

which they have translated to read "Katurade, the eminent warrior, has died in peace." Not being satisfied with this finding, I wrote to the Imperial Institute of Tokio, Japan, but, I am sorry to say that my letter came back, several months later, unopened and with the word "INCONNU" (unknown) stamped across the face of it. However, I shall try again in the near future.

Therefore, for the present, I shall leave the Yarmouth rock aside; but this question of early explorations led me to make an extensive research in the Harvard University Library, all through the numerous works that have been written on this subject by eminent authorities, both in America and abroad, and of their findings concerning the early voyages to America by the Norsemen at the beginning of the eleventh century, and, among these volumes, I was fortunate in finding the Sagas of their voyages, translated from the original documents, and from which I copied a great many pages, extracts of which will be quoted in this article.

FINDINGS OF PROFESSOR HORSFORD, HARVARD.

If we are to believe all that the American writers have stated as facts concerning the first settlement of America, by this hardy race of the North, we are satisfied that they settled nearly every harbor, river, and lake between the Penobscott River, in Maine, and as far South as New Jersey. Professor Eben Norton Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass., who became Professor of Science, at Harvard, in 1847, became so interested in the history of the discovery of America, by these Norse navigators, that he spent $50,000 in research work, and in erecting a costly memorial, at Watertown, as

a souvenir to, and in proof of the settlement of the Norsemen on that spot. He excavated several acres of ground, between Cambridge and Watertown, on the Charles River, and, in his own mind, he located the very spot where the fabulous city of Norumbega, which he claimed had been built by those early navigators, was located. This fabulous city which Verazzano had reported as having been seen by him, somewhere around the Penobscott River, when he made his voyage to New France, in the year 1524, was sought by Champlain, when he came to Acadia, without success. However, according to Prof. Horsford, it was situated right on the Charles River. In 1890, he published a book, "Discovery of the Ancient City of Norumbega," in which he designated the precise site of the ancient city, and located it with absolute confidence, a belief he held strongly to until he died. There is also a park there which is called "Norumbega Park"; and, at the end of Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, is a fine monument erected in memory of Leif Erickson. (See "Norroene, The Norse Discovery of America," published in 1906, page 299 and following).

OPINION OF BANCROFT, HISTORIAN.

Then, did the Norse navigators really discover a new land in the tenth and eleventh century; and did they, at that time, make any settlement there? They did, if the manuscripts that are preserved in Iceland and are said to have been written several centuries before Columbus made his discoveries. If the Sagas of Eric the Red, in which are related certain voyages made to a new land, by Leif Erickson, his brothers and Thorfinn Karlsefne, are genuine, we must believe it because they were in existence several centuries before Columbus was born. And it is recorded that Columbus himself went to Iceland, in 1477, to find out something about these early explorations.

However, some historians, notably Bancroft, do not seem to place much confidence in these early explorations. In his "History of the United States, Vol. 1 p.5, is found the following reference to these voyages, - "The national pride of an Icelandic historian had indeed claimed for his ancestors the glory of having discovered the Western hemisphere. It is said, that they passed from their own island of Greenland, and were driven by adverse winds from Greenland to the shores of Labrador; the voyage was often repeated; that the coasts of America were positively explored; and colonies established on the shores of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. It is even suggested, that these early adventurers anchored near the harbor of Boston; or in the bays of New Jersey. But this belief rests only on a narrative traditional in its form and obscure in its meaning, although on undoubted antiquity. The geographical details are so vague, that they cannot even sustain a conjecture; the account of the mildness of the winter, and the fertility of nature in the climes which they visited, are on any hypothesis fictitious or exaggerated, while the remark which should define the length of the shortest winter's day, has received interpretations to suit every latitude from New York to Cape Farewell. The first discoveries in Greenland were in a high northern latitude; Vinland was but another and more southern portion of that same extensive territory."

THE DIGHTON ROCK AND DANISH PROFESSORS.

Most American historians, who have written on this subject, have based their claims for the discovery of America, by the Norsemen, on a mysterious inscription found on a rock, known as the Dighton Rock, which lies on the shore of the Assonet River across from the town of Dighton, in Massachusetts. This rock, which has been known since 1680, is over eleven feet long and about five feet high and is covered at high water. On one side of it are a great number of hieroglyphic characters; and the whole inscription has been a subject of much discussion among men of science and learning, both in this country and Europe, for more than two centuries. It has been discussed and written about and many and varied opinions have been formed as to the meaning of these strange characters, and the "Inhabitants of Atlantis, lost tribes of Israel, Egyptians, Libyans, Scythians, Chinese, Romans, Druids, Catholic Missionaries,

Pirates, and even pre-glacial men have been summoned from the past to claim its authorship." (Old-Time New England bulletin, October, 1923.).

Many photographs of the markings have been taken and puzzled over, here and abroad. Every photo taken however, showed different characteristics as to the form of the markings, hence, the great savants of Europe gave as many opinions as there were photographs sent to them. Yet, practically all the opinions, even of those professors well versed in the Runic alphabet, were that it was the work of the early Norsemen. I have in my possession twenty-seven photographs of the markings on the Dighton Rock, and fourteen of these show the deception that had been resorted to in order to please the fancy of those who took them.

PROFESSORS MAGNUSEN AND RAFN, OF DENMARK.

Among those savants of Europe who gave their opinions, after deciphering the characters of the photographs sent them, were Professors Magnusen and Rafn, of Denmark, who positively declared that the hieroglyphic writing was a Runic inscription, proving the settlement of America, by the Norsemen, in the year 1000. (See Antiq. Americanea, p. 337, seq., Hafn, 1837, and The Norse Discovery of America, p. 241-243.) Another historian, Professor Edmund Neukomm, went so deeply into the subject of the voyage of Leif Erickson, that he actually reported the conversation that passed between this hardy explorer and his companions. Neukomm published his book, "The Rulers of the Sea," in 1896.

PROFESSOR NEUKOMM'S VIVID IMAGINATION.

This is how he dreams when he describes the Dighton Rock. On page 99, of his book, he says: "What the visitor sees are strange characters, mixed up with figures still more strange; the whole cut to a depth of one-third of an inch. The discovery of this rock, in 1680, created a sensation among the Savants in Europe, but no trace of any known hieroglyphic language was discovered in the reproductions that were made. That the inscription did not belong to an aboriginal race was proved by certain details, and especially by very distinct Roman numerals. At length, on being submitted to a Danish archaeologist, the inscription yielded up its secret.

"The characters are Scandinavian runes, mixed with Roman numerals, and they form the following clear and precise sentence:

"CXXXI MEN OF THE NORTH OCCUPIED THIS COUNTRY WITH THORFINN."

"There are also the bucklers of peace and of war mentioned in the Saga, and an up-turned helmet, a symbol of the Pacific occupation of the country. Thorfinn's ship, Gudrid, who holds the key of her house in her hand, and her son Snorr (the latter indicated by the rune corresponding to our S, the initial of his name), are plainly to be seen. The cock crows the paean of peace; but Thorfinn defends himself with his shield against the attacks of the "Skrellings," whose bows and other arms and projectiles are accurately represented. Among these is the stone ball which they flung at the Norsemen from the archaic catapult before mentioned. A little animal in a corner may fairly pass for the bull of the Saga. In short, the whole story is there without an omission."

"Beyond all doubts, Thorwald (meant for Thorfinn) desired to leave an indelible trace of his sojourn in Vinland before he returned to his own country, and he fully succeeded in doing this, for his runes come down to us, in our day, an intelligible living mark set to the tradition of the occupation of America by the Norsemen, that henceforward can never be disputed." (pages 100-101)

EXPOSURE BY EDMUND BURKE DELABARRE.

Truly the above is fine rhetoric indeed; it runs very smoothly and is almost convincing. Mr. Neukomm's book is chock full of these high-flung expressions, but

as truth is stranger than fiction, we must degress from quoting any further testimony from this angle of the question, and take up an authority who has taken a different view on the subject and has, furthermore, proven his point of view.

The "Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities," in a bulletin for October, 1925, contains an article of twenty-one pages and twenty-six photographs of the Dighton Rock. The writer of the article mentioned was Edmund Burke Delabarre (whether a Professor or not, I do not know), who has made a careful stud of the inscription, on the Dighton Rock, after taking a series of pictures of it, both by time exposure and by flashlight.

Mr. Delabarre, in his article, has proven that the original markings were made, about 1512, by Miguel Cortereal, a Portugese navigator who came to these shores, in the year 1501, and never returned. His name is traceable in the photographs, but the letters are disfigured by a variety of Indian characters that have been engraved since then, the significance of which does not enter into this article. Mr. Delabarre says, on page 71, "Everything upon the rock except what Miguel Cortereal placed there, what was written by the haymakers of about 1640, and the regrettable additions due to initial carving vandals in recent times, we have every reason to believe was the work of the native Indians."

Therefore, in summing up the matter, and discarding the Dighton Rock as a proof, we will say, if the claims that have been made by New England writers that the Norsemen settled in New England, and who have based their claims on the supposition that the Dighton Rock was an authentic proof, left by them, of such settlement, they will have to bring forward some newer and more definite authorities than they have produced, so far, to prove that these early Norse explorers, of the eleventh century, settled further south, or west, than Nova Scotia. We will admit, of course, that they did cruise on the New England coast, but that was after they made their settlement, and we may safely assert that we can and will prove that the settlement, made in the year 1000, by Leif Erickson, and which was later occupied by Thorfinn Karlsefne, was on the Tusket River, in Yarmouth County.

PRESENTING THE CLAIM OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Up to this time, we Nova Scotians have been very modest in claiming the honors of this Norse settlement; we have allowed the historians of New England to shoulder all the glory of it. We have never got "hetup" over the subject; have never written any books or made much reference to it in our histories. Now we intend to come before the Court of Public Opinion and state our side of the story for the honor of the Province, that has already the honor of the first settlement in the New World, after the discoveries of Columbus, and we intend to prove that it was on her soil that Leif Erickson located his settlement in the year 1000.

Among those, in Nova Scotia, who have made any allusion, in there histories, to the Norse discoveries, we give the following extract from "Markland," published by Robert R. McLeod, in 1903. On page 4 he says: "About a thousand years ago the Norwegians who had settled in Iceland, and discovered Greenland, were not satisfied with such tame enterprise and therefore without chart, or compass, or quadrant ran their intrepid prows southward into our waters. Written accounts of their voyages exist in the Icelandic language; there has been a good deal of controversy about the locality of the land they made. Until within a dozen years or thereabouts it has been quite generally believed that when Captain Leif Erickson touched a land "covered with wood, white sands were far around where they went, and the shore was low, and he said this land shall be named after its qualities, and called it Markland," that Nova Scotia was thus designated. That this view is not now generally accepted is due to the researches of Professor Storm, a Danish scholar, who has convinced himself, and some others, that Nova Scotia is the Vinland of the Norse Explorers."

Another authority, Professor Philippe H. Smith, an American writer, and the author of "Acadia, a Lost Chapter in American History," published in 1884, says, on page 18 of that book: "That the Norse mariners visited part of Acadia centuries before the era of

Columbus' discoveries, is a fact well authenticated. Original manuscripts of the voyages of the Sea-Vikings have been carefully preserved in Iceland. They were first published at Copenhagen in 1837, with a Danish and a Latin Translation. Within the whole range of the literature of discovery and adventure, no writings can be found that bear better evidence of authenticity."

COLUMBUS VISITED ICELAND.

It is also on record that Christopher Columbus, having probably heard of the discoveries, made a voyage to Iceland in 1477. On page 199 of"Norroene, the Norse Discovery of America," Arthur M. Reeves, one of its editors, mentions this fact in the following words:

"While the design of attempting the discovery in the west was maturing in the mind of Columbus, he made a voyage (1477) to the northern seas, to the island of Thule, to which the English navigators, particularly those of Bristol, were accustomed to resort on account of its fishery. He even advanced, he says, one hundred leagues beyond, penetrated the polar cirlce and convinced himself of the fallacy of the popular belief that the frozen zone was uninhabitable. The Island thus mentioned by him as Thule is generally supposed to have been Iceland." So we may conjecture that Columbus had heard of the discovery of a new land in the west.

EASY-CHAIR THEORISTS.

Many of the historians who have advanced the theory, for such it was, that the Norsemen had made their settlement anywhere from Maine to New Jersey, did not have any knowledge as to distances, on water, between any two given points of land; nor had they, it seems to me, any clear conception of the problems involved in trying to run a sailing vessel between these two points. It is an easy matter for a theorist to sit in an easy-chair, in his den or library, and measure distances with his thumb and finger, on a school map, and figure out in his mind how long it would take to sail from one point to another, especially long distances, by water. These figures may not lie when applied to land measurements, but on the sea it is different. He does not figure adverse winds, the tides, and the zigzagging courses that must be made sometimes to find land. Especially was it the case, in the olden times, without compass, charts or quadrant, and with vessels averaging not more than four or five miles per hour (See Note 46, in Norroene.) In 1859, Henry Howard Brownell, A.M., published a book called "The Discoverers, Pioneers, and Settlers of North and South America," in which he interprets the voyages of the Norsemen and their various sailings along the coasts of North America, in this wise: Speaking about the voyage of Biarni, in 985, when driven off his course while on a passage from Iceland to Greenland, he discovered a new land.

On page 20, he says: "Beside the corroboration received from subsequent expeditions, it appears almost certain, from internal evidence, that the various headlands successively seen in this remarkable voyage, were those of North-eastern America. A ship driven by a strong north-easterly gale, yet endeavouring to head to the westward, might well bring up on the coast as far south as the great promontory formed by the southern New England States and Long Island. The wooded and hilly shores first seen, were probably those of Nantucket and Cape Cod. From the latter to Cape Sable on Nova Scotia the distance is a little over two hundred miles, which, with a favourable wind, might easily be accomplished in two days. From this point, accurately described as level, and covered with forest, with south-west wind, such as they had, would readily take the vessel to Newfoundland, whose icy mountains and precipices, overlooking the sea, are particularly mentioned. The six hundred miles intervening between that island and the southern extremity of Greenland, might certainly be passed in four days, by a vessel running directly before a favourable gale. It would be difficult to point out any other tract of coast in the vicinity of Greenland, to which the particulars of the narrative would so accurately apply. America, then, in all probability, was first made known to the European world, by the accidental voyage of Biarni Heriulfsen, in the year 985."

In his deductions, Prof. Brownell does not state how long it took the vessel to sail from Cape Sable to Newfoundland, which, according to the narrative, was three days.

STRETCHING THE IMAGINATION.

To those of us who have sailed in the vessels of fifty years ago, and have followed the coasts from Newfoundland to Cape Cod, we are well aware of the variable winds and tides that are encountered between these two points, and it is difficult to make us believe that a vessel, especially of the type of those of nine centuries ago, could in nine days make the run from Cape Cod to Greenland, which is more than eighteen hundred miles; even, after allowing that they did not figure the distance from Cape Sable to Cape Breton in Nova Scotia, and from Cape Ray, or Cape Race, to Cape Bauld, in Newfoundland, as we presume that they did not count the days while they were passing a land, we still have a distance of more than twelve hundred miles to sail in nine days by a vessel that made not more than five miles an hour, and we have to stretch our imagination somewhat to believe that the distance from Cape Sable to Greenland could be covered in the nine days recorded.

GLORY FOR NOVA SCOTIA.

However, I am in agreement with most historians that the descriptions of these early voyages of the Norse explorers, as we find them described in the translations of the Sagas, are, in some instances, very vague, and sometimes misleading; but, in narratives of this nature, where they had nothing to measure correctly their courses, distances and locations, especially when the sun and stars were obscured, we must allow for certain digressions that tends to make the narrative somewhat obscure; but, considering that the Sagas were written several centuries before the discovery of America, when they tell us of the lands they saw; of its general appearance, and describe the topography of the country; and that certain parts of the country we know, corresponds with the descriptions they have given of it, then we are ready to make a claim, bring in our proofs and expose the question in its true light, so that henceforth the glory of the first settlement of the New World will add laurels to the land of my forefathers, the Acadia of long ago.

In basing my conclusions, I am not going to use the Yarmouth Rock as a proof; I am not going to say that my arguments are unassailable, because, as a matter of fact, nothing is, but I will make it a point to assert, that in view of the absurd and fantastic theories that have been advanced by those who have written on the subject, that my conclusions will be found to have been more in accordance with the descriptions of the Sagas, vague as they are, than any other given by the various historians who have formed any conclusions.

CAPE SABLE THE KEY.

In the records of the Maine Historical Society, vol. 1, p. 51, we find the following extract from the pen of Prof. J.G. Nohl, of Bremen, Germany, it says: "The southern part of Nova Scotia forms a broad square-shaped peninsula. It runs out under a more or less right angle, the extreme point of which is called, from very old times, "Cape Sable". The cape must have been noticed at a very early time by navigators sailing along the coast. On many maps made in the first half of the sixteenth century, we find some times depicted in these latitudes of our coast a square-shaped piece of country corresponding with that south-eastern end of Nova Scotia, and we therefore conclude that Cape Sable, in such cases, was meant."

In the earliest charts of the New World and New France, we find that Cape Sable is always prominently designated. The map of Jacobi du Gastaldi, published in 1550, shows Cape Sable inhabited by Indians; one made in 1558 by Diego Homen, a Portuguese, called that point of land "bau (baye) sablon" (Sable Bay). Another one published at Amsterdam, in 1642, by William and Jean Blaeu, mentions only Cape Sable in the whole of Nova Scotia. So, by this testimony, we must conclude that this part of the province of Nova Scotia was, in the early times, the most prominent and best known part of the New World.

So this proves conclusively that, in the records of all early explorers, Cape Sable was the most prominent section of the New World they visited, and the conclusions must be that the Norse explorers considered it as such and decided to make their settlement in that locality. Having proven the prominence of this cape, we will now proceed to bring to the fore, Tusket Bay and the river of the same name and show the real location of the settlement of Leif Erickson, in the year 1000, and occupied by Thorfinn Karlsefne seven years later. Having been born and brought up right here, and having been all over this section of the country, both by land and water, I feel that I ought to know the locations that correspond with the descriptions of those early voyages. As I have already stated, I shall not make allusion to the Yarmouth Rock "as a silent witness" of their earliest settlement, but shall confine myself to the Sagas, and to the testimony of witnesses who, several centuries later, describes the then existing conditions of the wild country they visited and settled.

THE SAGA OF ERIC THE RED.

First, we will quote those sections of the Saga of Eric the Red, describing the sailings of Leif Erickson, and of Thorfinn Karlesfne; then we will dissect these and see how they correspond with this part of Nova Scotia; after that we will produce the reports of witnesses who, before this country was finally settled and still in its virginal garb, came here and, in their descriptions of the country, corroborated those first explorers. These quotations from the Saga are taken from "Norroena, The Norse Discovery of America," published in 1906, with translations and deductions by Arthus Middleton Reeves, North Ludlow Beamish, and Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson.

On page 201 we read as follows: "Now prepared they their ship, and sailed out into the sea when they were ready, and then found that land first which Bjarne had found (985), there sailed they to the land, and casting anchor, and put off boats, and went ashore, and saw there no grass. Great icebergs were up the country, but like a plain of flat stones was all from the sea to the mountains, and it appeared to them that this land had no good qualities; Then Leif said: 'We have not done like Bjarne about this land, that we have not been upon it; now will I give this land a name, and called it Helluland. 'Then went they on board, and after that sailed out to sea, and found another land. They sailed again to the land, and cast anchor, then put off boats and went on shore. The land was flat, and covered with wood, and white sands were far around where they went, and the shore was low. Then said Leif: 'This land shall be named after its qualities, and called it Markland. Then they immediately returned to the ship. Now sailed they thence into the open sea, with a north-east wind, and were two days before they saw land, and they sailed thither and came to an island which lay to the eastward of the land; and went up there, and looked round them in good weather, and observed that there was dew upon the grass; and it happened that they touched the dew with their hands, and raised the fingers to the mouth, and they thought that they had never before tasted anything so sweet."

"After that they went to the ship, and sailed into a sound, which lay between the island and a ness, which ran out to the eastward of the land; and then steered westward past the ness. It was very shallow at ebb tide, and their ship stood up, so that it was far to see from the ship to the water. But so much did they desire to land, that they did not give themselves time to wait until the water rose under their ship, but ran at once on shore, at a place where a river flows out of a lake; but as soon as the waters rose under the ship, then took they boats, and rode to the ship, and floated it up the river and then into the lake and there cast anchor, and brought up from the ship their skin-cots and made booths."

"After this they took counsel, and formed resolution of remaining there for the winter, and built there large houses. There was no want of salmon either in the river or in the lake, and larger salmon than they had before seen." All the above quotations are to be found on pages 201-203.

THE VOYAGE OF THORFINN KARLSEFNE.

The voyage of Thorfinn Karlsefne, is described in the same volume, on page 218-219, and its translation is as follows: "In Brattahlid began people to talk much about that Vinland the Good should be explored, and it was said that a voyage thither would be particularly profitable by reason of the fertility of the land; and it went so far that Karlsefni and Snorri made ready their ship. Then they had the ship which Thorbjorn had brought out (from Iceland). They had in all 160 men, when they sailed to the western settlement, and from thence to Bjanney. Then sailed they two days to the south; then saw they land, and found there great flat stones, many of them were 12 ells broad; foxes were there. They gave the land a name and called it Helluland. Then sailed they two days and turned from the south to the south-east, and found a land covered with wood, and many wild beasts upon it; there killed they a bear, and called the place afterwards Bear island, but the land Markland. Thence sailed they far to the southward along the land, and came to a ness; the land lay upon the right; there were long and sandy strands. They rowed to land, and found there upon the ness the keel of a ship, and called the place Kjalarness, and the strands they called Furdustrands for it was so long to sail by them. Then became the land indented with coves; they ran the ship into a cove. King Olaf Tryggvason had given Leif two Scotch people, a man hight Haki and a woman hight Hekja; they were swifter than beasts; but when they had sailed past Furdustrands, then set they the Scots on shore, and bade them run to the south ward of the land, and explore its qualities, and come back again within three days... They stayed away the appointed time, and when they came back, the one had in the hand a bunch of grapes, and the other a new sown ear of wheat ; these went on board the ship, and after sailed they further. They sailed into a frith; there lay an island before it; round which were strong currents, therefore called they it Stream Island. There were so many eider ducks on the island that one could scarcely walk in consequence of the eggs. They called the place Streamfrith. They took their cargo from the ship and prepared to remain there. They had with them all sorts of cattle. The country was very beautiful. They undertook nothing but to explore the land."

DEDUCTIONS FROM THE SAGAS.

All those who have written on this subject, are agreed that Helluland was Newfoundland, therefore we will begin from this point to follow the Norse voyagers to their settlement. Before proceeding further, it must be kept in mind that these voyagers had nothing to guide them but the sun and stars and in consequence of this, their courses could not be very accurate, nor can they be relied upon except to show that they were sailing somewhere in the direction indicated. On page 202 of Norroena, the editor points out that, with the Norse navigators, the North to them was what our compass indicates as east. Whatever may have been the case we know that, even now,

a course cannot be steered without a compass without varying several points. So it is the general opinion that the first land that these navigators saw, after leaving Newfoundland, was Nova Scotia called Markland. Both Leif and Thorfinn have practically the same accounts of the country - low, wooded, and with long strands of sand. There can be no doubts that this was the south-eastern coast of Nova Scotia. It is also certain that both of these explorers coasted the whole length of this province. In Leif's description, he says "and white sands were far around where they went," which does not imply that he coasted the whole length of the coast at once. From some part of the coast, "they sailed thence into the open sea.....and were two days before they saw land....."West of Cape Sambro there is plenty of this white sand as far as Cape Sable. Leif might have sailed for the open sea, from any of these points and, with contrary winds, or calm and foggy weather, and he might have been two days out and still made Cape Sable. I have myself been three days reaching Halifax from Pubnico.

When they made land, they found an island in front of it. As will be seen further on, this was Cape Sable Island. Then they sailed between the island and the ness (cape), which is Barrington Bay, then they steered past the ness and into a river which flowed from a lake, where their vessel was dry at low tide. That this corresponds with the Tusket River, and that they laid on the flats off Wedgeport, or the islands, seems quite within reason. The Tusket River is quite narrow until it comes to the present village of Tusket where it broadens out into a body of water that might be called a lake; then it narrows to the falls, and it is undoubtedly on this part of the Tusket River that they built their "large houses," the foundations which were very plainly seen fifty years ago, are still visible today, although nothing but heaps of stones.

FOUNDATIONS AT LAKE VAUGHN

The foundations, that were found at lake Vaughn, on the Tusket River, were attributed to the Acadians. The Rev. J. Roy Campbell, in his "History of Yarmouth County," published in 1876, has this to say about the foundations at that place. On page 22, he says: "Passing by the Eel Brook and Tusket Acadians,.....we notice the Lake Vaughn Settlement, around the stern and sanguinary facts of which there is a romantic interest. It has been thought that this Acadian village was later than those already mentioned, that in fact, it was a place of refuge to which the inhabitants of Tusket and Eel Lake fled, when they learned the intention of the government. It lies about fifteen miles in the interior, - a beautiful spot. The settlement, which was between Mr. John Reynald's and the bridge was compact and populous, as the number and contiguity of the cellars till lately testified. The last few years, however, have served to almost remove every trace of their whereabouts."

Mr. Campbell is very much in error in his conclusions. There are no records whatsoever that the Acadians were ever settled at Lake Vaughn, either before, during or after the expulsion, and as far as Tusket and Eel Lake are concerned, there were no Acadians there until after the return from exile, about 1767. So, disposing of that fallacy, we may take it for granted that the foundations at Lake Vaughn were those of the early Norsemen and which have been there for more than nine centuries.

Then Leif says, that there was no want of salmon, either in the river or in the lake, and larger salmon than they had before seen. The Tusket River, in the early history of this country, was known as one of the best places for salmon to be found anywhere, and it is still known as a fine stream for that fish. So here is another fact that proves their settlement here.

ANALYSING THORFINN'S VOYAGE.

Now we will see what Karlsefne's voyage, which gives considerable more details than that of Leif's, has to offer. We find, that from Newfoundland, they sailed two days and found land, with great woods and wild beasts, and an island lay to the south-east of the land, on which they found a bear and called it Bear Island. A two day's sail from Cape Race, Newfoundland, with a fair wind, as they had, would bring them to the island of Cape Breton or Canso, and the island may have been Scatarie, on the eastern end, or Isle Madame, on the southern part of it. Then the narrative states that they sailed southward along the land, for a long time and came to a ness (cape); the land lay on the right; there were long strands and sandy banks there. They found a keel on the ness, and called the place Kjalarness and the strands they called Furdustrands. There is every reason to believe that this indicates most assuredly the whole coast of Nova Scotia from Cape Breton to Cape Sable.

Continuing, it tells of the land indented with coves (some savants have them "bays", and others "harbors"); this takes all the coast from Lunenburg to Yarmouth, and in this part of the story, Karlsefne goes back to Furdustrands, because he says that after they had passed Furdustrands they entered a cove and sent Haki and Hakja, two Scotch people, to explore the country, and that they brought back a bunch of grapes and an ear of wheat. The cove they entered probably was Shelburne harbor. Then they sailed further, and entered a frith, or harbor, or bay, with an island before it, round which were strong currents, and the island had so many birds on it that it was impossible to walk without walking on the eggs. There is not the least bit of a doubt as to this being Seal Island, and the frith, the Tusket River. Therefore, even before producing the proofs that I am about to show, we are assured that here, in Yarmouth County, in the Province of Nova Scotia, the first settlement of the White Race was established. Another translation reads: "They stood into a bay with their ship. There was an island at the mouth of the bay, about which there were strong currents...There were so many birds that it was scarcely possible to walk between the eggs. They sailed through the frith....., and carried their cargo ashore from the ship, and established themselves there." This seems to be still more positive proof that the bay was Tusket, and the river of the same name.

BRINGING IN PROOFS.

Now, we will bring the proofs of the grapes and wheat; and of the strong currents, and of the multitude of birds, in this section of Nova Scotia in the olden times. We know that, for several centuries after the voyages of the Norsemen, the existing condition of the country had remained the same, and that condition, be it said, was vastly different from what it is now. The land was wooded from the edge of the water, making the climate much milder and warmer in the interior; and the islands, distant from the main land, were the homes of the winged-tribes. Then, in order to form conclusions on this subject, it is necessary to bring from the past the testimony of those who first explored this country after the Norsemen.

That there were wild grapes in this province, some centuries ago,is a well known fact, attested by several explorers and settlers of Acadia. Jacques Cartier makes mention of it in the history of his early voyages. In "Purchas His Pilgrim," Published in 1625, in describing the coast of Nova Scotia, it says of one place, the name of which is not mentioned, "All the ground between the two rivers was without wood, and was good fat earth having several sorts of berries growing thereon, as gooseberries, strawberries, rasberries, and a kind of red-wine berry; also some sort of graine, as pease, some ears of wheat, Barley and Rhe, growing there wild, etc.," Marc Lescarbot, in his "Histoire de la Nouvelle France," Vol. II, chap. 14, p. 323, says, in describing Tusket Bay in 1606: "at the entrance of the said 'baye de Chouakoet,' is an island half

a league in circumference, on which we first discovered the vine (although there was some on the lands near Port-Royal, as in the St. John River, of which we did not know then), of which there was a great quantity, having the trunk of a height of three to four feet, and as large as the fist at the base, the raisins fine and plump, some like prunes, others smaller; and so dark that they left a stain wherever their juice spattered."

Champlain also mentions that there were grapes in Acadia, and the early Acadians made plenty of wine from the juice of the native grapes, and their wheat grew in abundance in Acadia.

THE TIDES AND CURRENTS OF SEAL ISLAND.

Concerning the tides and swift currents around Seal Island, we, who have sailed every inch of its waters, can testify as to the strength of the times that passes between Seal Island and the Mud Islands. At half-tide, the current goes through that gap at the rate of four and five miles per hour and it takes a good sailing breeze to sail through it against the tide, and this is one condition of this country that has not changed since the days of the Norsemen.

From the records of Samuel de Champlain, of his voyage in Acadia, we quote the following passages: "Champlain, with sieur Ralleau and ten men, left Port Mouton, on May 19, 1604, in a barque of eight tons." On this voyage, they visited Tusket Bay and explored all parts of it. Speaking of Seal Island, the report says: "Being somewhat distant from our ship, it was not in our power to reach it (Seal Island) and still less to reach our vessel; for the tide was so strong that we were compelled to put in at a little island to pass the night, where there was much game; " On page 61, it speaks of another island, the location of which I do not know, presuming, however, that it was between Le Heve and Port Royal. Of this island, it records: "Meanwhile, Sieur de Monts visited an island which is very beautiful in view of what it produces; for it has fine oaks and nut trees, the soil cleared up, and many vineyards, bearing beautiful grapes in their season, which were the first we had seen on all the coasts from the Cap de la Heve. We named it Isle de Bacchus."

We have read the records of the Norse explorers, concerning the multitudes of birds seen by them on an island that stood at the mouth of the bay they entered to make a settlement. We will now quote passages from those who visited these parts while in their primitiveness. Champlain, after telling of the vast number of birds to be found in Tusket Bay, mentions the following varieties, "Cormorants, ducks of three kinds, geese, marmettes, bustard, perroquets de mer, snipes, vultures, and other birds of prey, mauves, sea-larks of two or three kinds, herons, goillants, curlews, sea gulls, divers, kites, appoils, crows, cranes, and other sorts."

Nicolas Denys, in his "Geographic and Historical Description of the Coast of North America," published in 1672, in describing Tusket Bay, has this to say about Seal Island: "Upon these Seal Islands, is so great a number of all kinds of birds that it is past belief, and especially during the spring when they build their nests. If one goes there he makes them rise in such vast numbers that they form a cloud in the air which the sun cannot pierce; and to kill them it is not necessary to use guns, but simply clubs, for they are sluggish in rising from their nests." Again, in writing about the Tusket Islands, he says: "Many meadows occur on the islands, where abounds all kinds of birds which make their nests. There are geese, cranes, wild geese, ducks, teal, herons, snipes, large and small crows, turnstones, sandpipers, and so many other kind of birds that it is astonishing." Marc Lescarbot, in 1607, gave a similar account of these islands.

VAUGHN LAKE, ON THE TUSKET RIVER, THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA.

Then, the whole story resolves itself into this: - Leif Erickson, and Thorfinn Karlsefne both, after leaving Newfoundland, made the coast of Nova Scotia; Leif, from some part of that coast, sailed into the open sea seeking other lands; He may not have gone very far from the low-lying land of Nova Scotia, and being becalmed, in foggy weather and with the strong currents around Cape Sable, he again saw the land of Cape Sable, and from that point we easily trace his entrance into Tusket Bay and the river of that name, where he made his settlement. Thorfinn, on the other hand, gives his route in good form; gives correctly his sailing up a river into a lake, and describes the locality where he spent the winter of 1007-8, at the same place where Leif had made the first settlement, and the old foundations at Vaughan Lake are mute monuments of their settlement there. I might have designated the harbor of Pubnico for their settlement, because, from its mouth to a distance of four miles, it is quite narrow, like a river, then it broadens out to over a mile in width like a lake, then it narrows again like a river into the woods. Here are lots of mud-flats that are dry at low water. The harbor was called a river as late as 1749 (Geographical History of Nova Scotia, published in London, 1749), and it is so called in old histories. Yarmouth Harbor would answer the same purpose to a certain extent, but the Tusket River corresponds perfectly with the Sagas of the Norsemen and, such being the case, I am not going to cheat that beautiful Tusket River of the glory that rightly belongs to her.

Now that I have presented the case of Nova Scotia against New England for the honor and glory of being the location of the settlement of the first Europeans, on the coast of North America, and, after having produced reliable proofs of such settlement, I am leaving the matter in the hands of the jury, which is public opinion, to judge whether or not I have made a good case for our Province of Nova Scotia. That there will be some adverse criticisms, I have no doubts, but all those adverse opinions will have to put forth some better proofs, than I have read anywhere, to convince the general public that my conclusions are in the wrong.

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