

## MY FIRST VISIT

We lived in Toronto at the time, my parents and me; I believe the year to be 1928. Hilder Elofson, then, a teen-ager came to our place to board and room. It was at that time, my Mother first heard of the Scandinavian settlement called Kipling. Of course, she heard all about it from Hilder and was enthralled.

The Elofson's kindly invited us to visit with Hilder when she was to go home. They lived at that time, on what was or was to be Halvorsen's farm. It was a long train ride and I can clearly remember getting off the train and Mr. Elofson was there at the station to meet us with a team of horses and a sleigh. I was put up on the seat beside Mr. Elofson and my Mother and Hilder sat behind. Those horses were huge and they went very fast too, but they were going home. Mr. Elofson couldn't hold them back! It was dark and very cold, the snow squeaked under the sleigh, the bells jingled and I could see the horses' breaths, I was fascinated!

Mrs. Elofson and Hilder's sisters Martha and Greta, met us at the door. The house was warm and inviting and delicious aromas were coming from the kitchen, it made me hungry.

The girls fussed over this four year old; took me tobagganing, showed me the animals, I had a wonderful time.

Sunday, we went to church. Everyone went by sleigh. The horses were all tied up, side by side under a long shed close to the road. After the service, all the men gathered down by the horses, the women in the church, and had a little visit.

My Mother was very homesick for Sweden, and she fell in love with Kipling, it was like home. So the following summer, we came back, (*for the summer*) and we lived in a house on Mud Lake; across the lake from England's. Carlson's lived at one end and Wicklander's at the other. My father couldn't come as he was working, I think we were living in Hamilton then.

One morning In July, we awoke to singing and guitars playing—it was my Mother's birthday. Hilder and a friend were singing outside the window. They brought coffee and coffee bread to us.

It was wonderful. People in Kipling were wonderful, so how could I forget my first visit to Kipling?

GLADYS (ANDERSON) NEWMAN

## MEMORY OF KIPLING

In the winter of 1943-1944 when there came so much snow, we didn't get any mail. At that time a little french man drove a team of ponies which couldn't get through. He walked all the way from Verner with a pack sack to bring our letters and then he returned through Kirk. Everyone was so happy! Mail men to-day wouldn't do this. Johnny was a baby then and we lived in G.T. Johanson's old house up on the hill, back of where Keeping's live now.

GLADYS OLSEN