

MEMORANDUM

In 1925, under the auspices of Norwegian dry organizations, I made speeches in most of the cities, all of which were remarkably successful. Several incidents of this tour were of striking interest.

At Trondhjem, a parade of 200 drys formed a torchlight procession to escort me to the hall where I was to speak. On arrival at the hall, we found it so crowded that none of my escort was able to get in. The only way for me to get past the crowd was to sneak in through a cellar window at the rear.

At Oslo, the demonstration was held in the Theatre, under the auspices of the Norwegian dry womens organization. I was officially welcomed by a very attractive Norwegian woman. Approaching the speakers platform, she stretched out her arms and said, "We Norwegian women love a brave man. Come over to Norway and live with us". Impulsively I retorted, "I can't do it, I am a married man". The remark and the retort set the crowd into a spasm of laughter. I don't know which one was the most embarrassed, the lady or myself.

Entering Norway at Haparanda (Torneo) at the extreme north, I found myself in the midst of a cholera scare and inspectors examining everybody crossing the border. After the Swedish authorities had finished, the Norwegian inspectors took me in hand. I was turned over to an official nurse who propounded a multitude of questions in a mixture of broken English and busted Norwegian words. At the close of the inquisition, I asked her what was the matter with me. She promptly replied "CHOLERA". She understood me to ask what she was looking for when as a matter of fact, I had asked her what I had which was a very different matter.

Wm. E. Johnson