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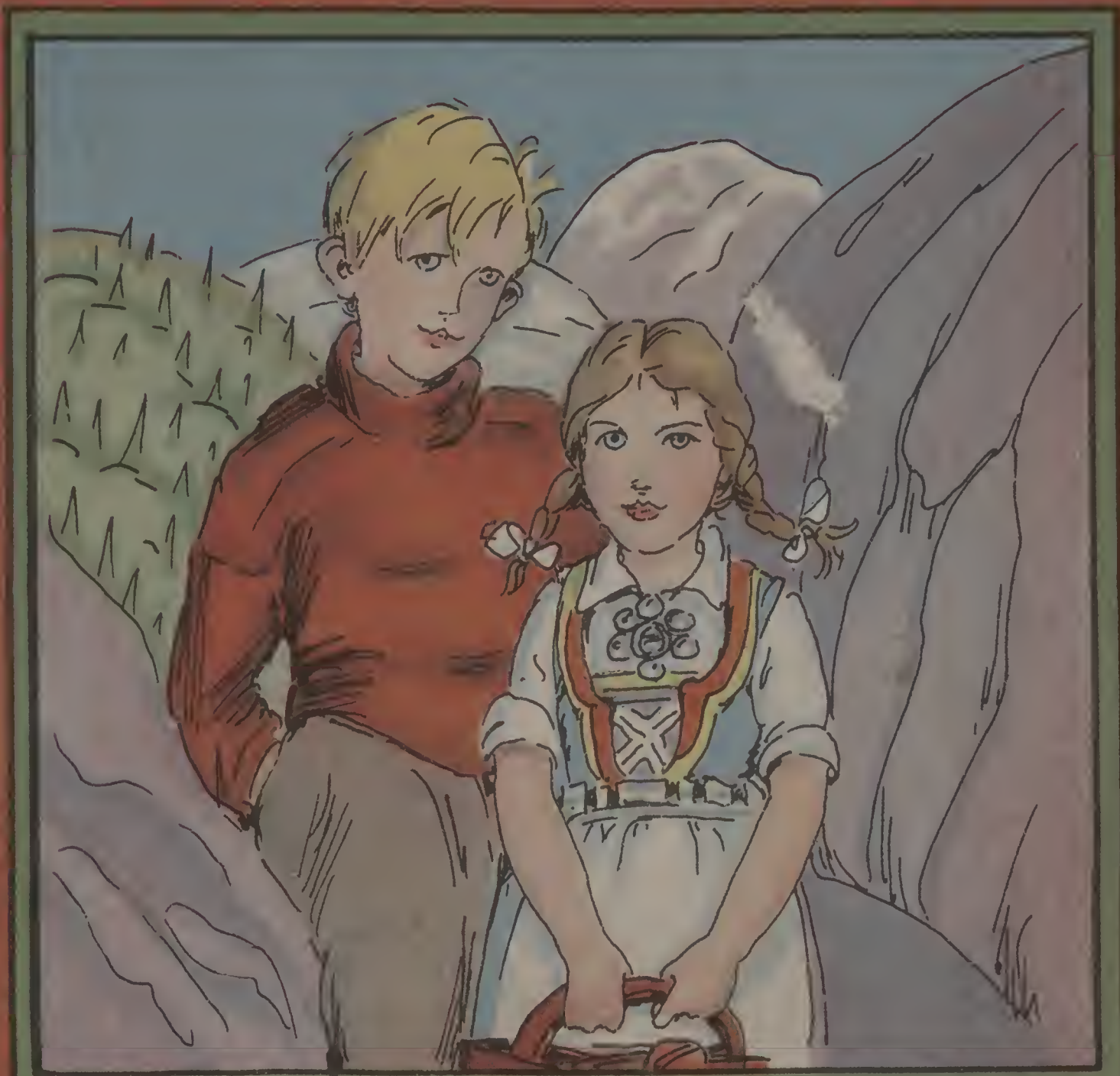
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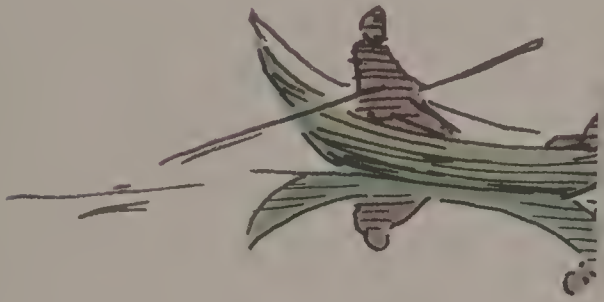
CYCLONE

GOES A-VIKING
EVA · M · KRISTOFFERSEN



pictured by
HEDVIG · COLLÍN





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Cyclone Goes A-Viking



Sundal.



The Haugen Farm



CYCLONE

· GOES A-VIKING ·

∞ A STORY OF NORWAY ∞
EVA · M · KRISTOFFERSEN



PICTURED
BY

· HEDVIG COLLIN ·

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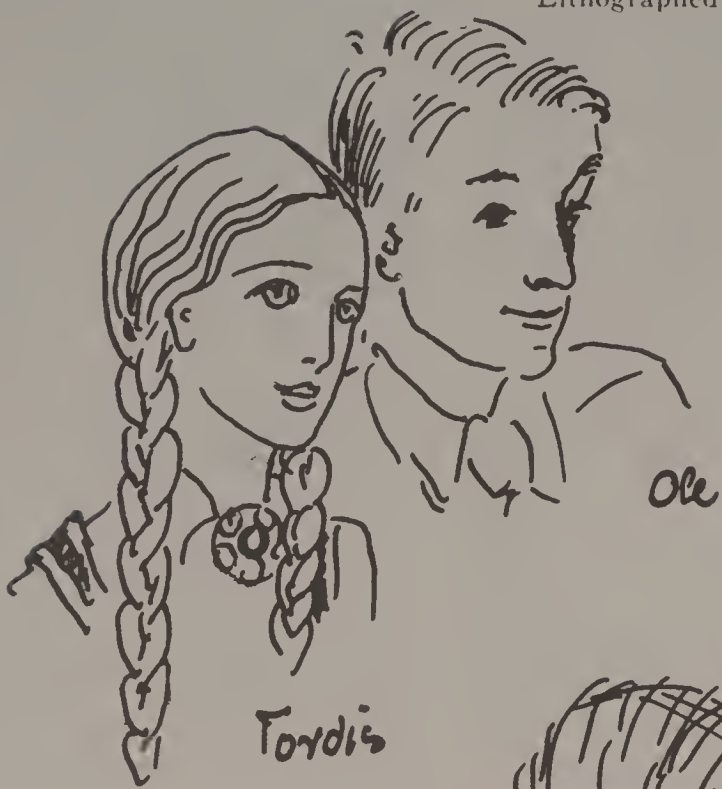
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Tordis

Ole



Mrs. Haugen



Cyclone



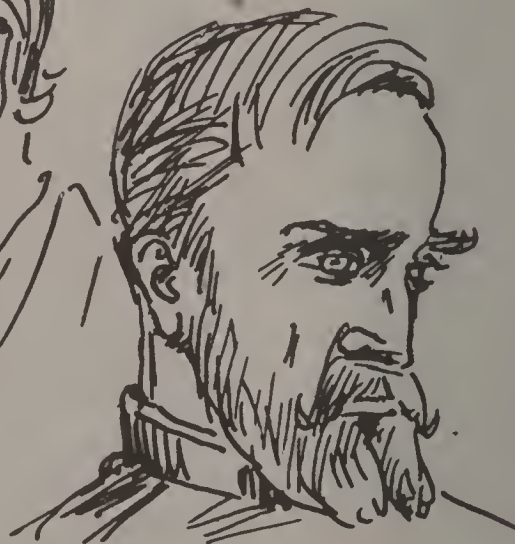
Windy



Grand Father



Mr. Haugen



Capt. Erik

Dedicated to
INA

SEP 23 1939

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I

HOI-DOOOH! Hoi-doooh!" The clear voice of a boy rang out against the snow-clad rocks and mountain sides.

"Hoi-doooh—doooh—doooh," the echoes rebounded from every nook and cranny.

Cyclone was the boy's name. At least his mother had called him so the minute he hurried into this world. His real name was Arne. But only important strangers called him that, like school teachers and such.

His father and mother always called him Cyclone. His big sister, Tordis, called him Cyclone. And his grandfather, who was almost a hundred years old, called him Cyclone. Only Alf, his baby brother, did not call him anything whatever. He was too small for words as yet.

All together, this family lived on an old, old farm, which always and always had been known as the Haugen Farm. Lonesomely it perched on the slope of a mountain in the land of rocks and water, the Viking country of Norway.

Right now, knapsack on back, Cyclone was on his way home from school. A walk of three miles stretched ahead of him, along the slowly ascending road to Haugen Farm. And because it was winter and the snow lay deep and powdery, Cyclone had a pair of skis fastened to his feet.

The boy was all bundled up in his woollen togs—mittens, scarf, cap, snow stockings, and all. His nose was very red. Just two round eyes shone as blue as blue can be. Cyclone's breath came in short puffs of warm air, so cold it was.

“O—e—oh! Oh—e—oh!” He swung his ski-staffs and lightly stuck them into the snow: right staff, left ski; left staff, right ski, onward and up the hill. Again and again he made the mountains echo with his very own voice:

“Ho—ee—ho! Ho—ee—ho! Ee—ho, ee—ho!”

By the time Cyclone reached his home, twilight had fallen, although it was barely two o'clock in the afternoon. Icicles hung from the low roofs of the farm buildings. Two snow-covered boulders, one on top of the other, stood on the north side of the yard. Both together, they had the shape of a mighty snowman with a cap on. And as Cyclone passed the silent fellow, he waved at him, “Hi, Mr. Snowcap!”

“You do look weird today,” the boy thought to himself, “but I mustn't tell you, Mother said. She said a giant has dumped you there so that the north wind cannot blow our house in.”

“Cyclone! Cyclone! Have you come home?”



Hedvig Collins

Cyclone was on his way home from school



His mother stuck her head out of the door. But just as quickly she drew it back again. Whew, it was cold! She would not heat the out-of-doors, no, not she!

"In a minute, Mother," cried Cyclone as he hurried over to the storehouse. There he slipped off his skis and his woollens and changed his shoes. Then, with a few skipping steps, he entered the farmhouse.

"First it's too cold and now it's too hot," he laughed. His cheeks began to glow even before he had closed the kitchen door behind him.

"Good afternoon, Mother," and Cyclone shook hands with her. "May I grind the coffee, please?"

"Fine," said Mother, "that gives me time to cut the cake for our dessert."

So Cyclone thumped down on a high-backed, scoured chair and took the coffee mill between his knees. He turned the handle as fast as if he had been promised a million pennies for it.

"Bah—bah—booh!" Lusty howls came from the corner of the room. Something—it might have been the coffee mill—aroused little Alf from his nap.

When the last fragrant bean was ground into bits, Cyclone knelt by the ancient oak wood cradle. "Hi, roly-poly," he said, and grinned down at his little brother. He tickled him under the chin and poked him in the ribs, until Alf squealed with delight.

"Call Father and Tordis and Grandpa, please," said Mother. "Dinner is on the table."

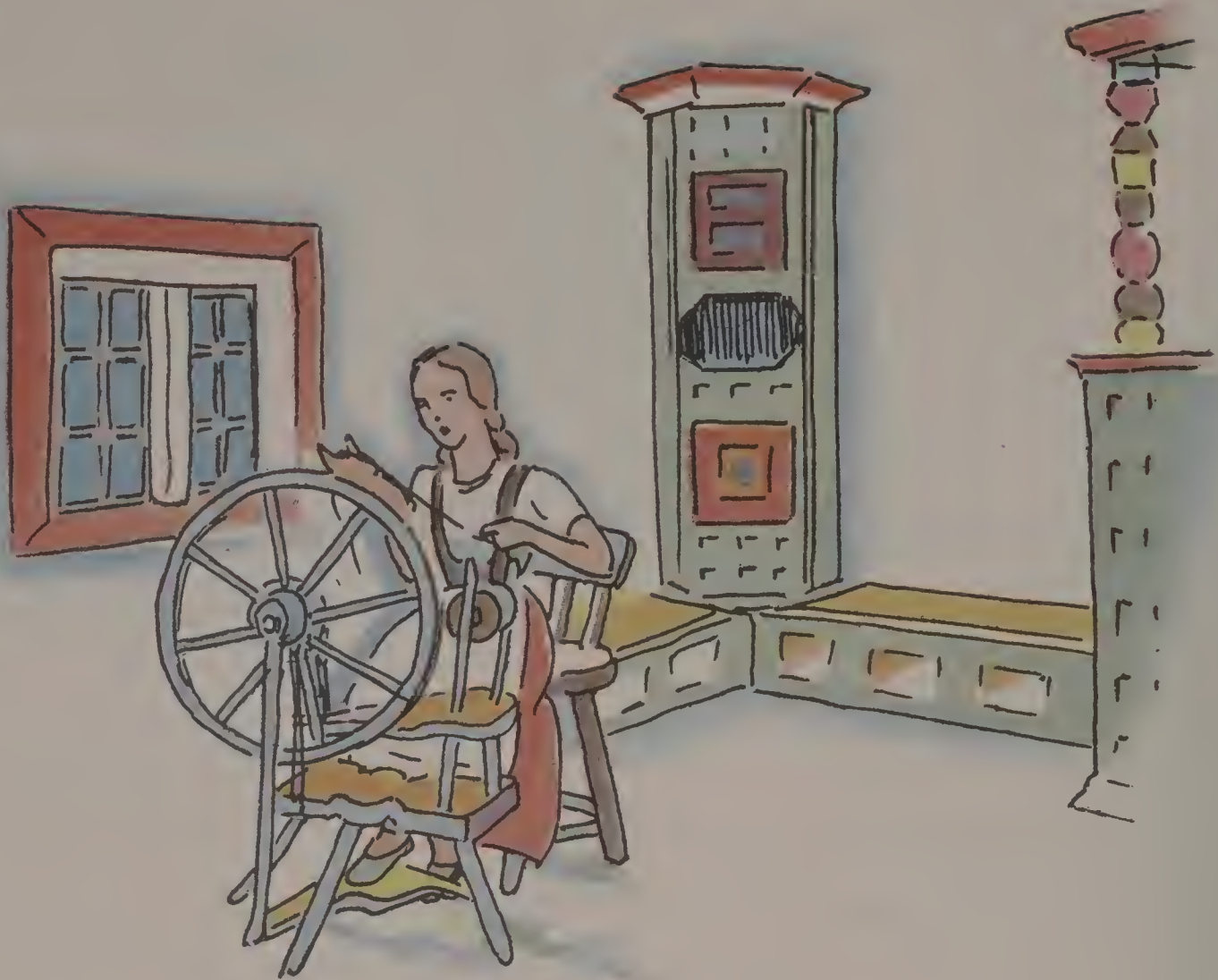
Cyclone walked down the front steps of the house. "Fa—ther!" he called, "Tor—dis! Grand—pa! Dinner is ready."

So the family enjoyed a meal of Norwegian fishballs, potatoes, and buttermilk.

For a while nothing could be heard but the munch-munch of cake eating and the sss-pp of coffee drinking. Perhaps these noises should not have been made. But there they were!

Even before the dessert was finished, it had grown dark in the room. Mrs. Haugen lit the wrought-iron lamp that was hanging from a beam in the ceiling. And Grandpa sucked the rest of his coffee through a lump of sugar which he kept on the tip of his tongue. But nobody else did this, only Grandpa, because he was so very old and because he liked his coffee best that way. Little Alf and Cyclone watched him with shining eyes.





II

And so the days grew shorter and shorter and the nights grew longer and longer. Haugen Farm was as busy a place as one could possibly imagine. For Christmas was not far away now.

The pig and the calf had been made into round, fat sausages, and the tongues and pig's feet had been pickled. Newly baked cakes and cookies were sleeping in jars and boxes, to wake up on Christmas Eve. But the cleaning that had yet to be done! Why, scrubbing brushes and water buckets were everywhere.

"The only ones who don't have a whole lot of work to do right now are the chickens and the cows and the goats," said Cyclone after the supper dishes had been cleared away. He took a book from his knapsack and joined the family around the fire. "The chickens don't lay any eggs, and the cows and goats give next to no milk."



Henrië Tollin

Cyclone joined the family around the fire

“Right enough,” said Mr. Haugen, “but what about the pony and the lambs?” Thin twists of smoke rose from his pipe. On the floor lay a heap of harness, waiting to be polished and mended. Sadly dull and weary looked the heap of harness. “Do you think the pony and the lambs are earning their living?”

“No-o, not exactly,” Cyclone fumbled. It was an awkward question to answer. He took a piece of wood from the pile and threw it into the hearth, for he was to be the fireman until bedtime. “Oh! Now I know!” His face brightened. “They are growing! We are waiting for them to grow up. That’s work too.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” everyone laughed. Even Grandpa’s carving knife gave a little extra jerk. It almost spoiled the birchwood spoon on which he was whittling.

“Zurrrr,” went Tordis’ spinning wheel, “zurrr—zzz.” There! She had lost her thread again. It was the third time tonight.

“Tordis, Tordis,” teased Grandpa, “break your thread seven times and you will not get married.”

Tordis blushed to the tips of her ears. “Whatever is the matter with me?” she murmured, bending her head very low. Of course, she would marry Ole in the spring. There was no doubt about it, and the spinning thread had no business to break even as much as once. So. She had caught it again.

“Zurrrr-zurrrr!” By this time the spinning wheel was behaving very well.

Mrs. Haugen made her knitting needles fly. She had cut off the worn-out feet of a red pair of Cyclone’s stockings. And what she was trying to do now was to knit new feet on old legs. The yarn did not quite match, but what of it? Wool is wool, and cherry-red wool is as warm as tomato-red wool.

“Grandpa,” Cyclone burst out suddenly, “have you ever been at the North Cape?”

The old man pricked up his ears. “Is it at the North Cape, you ask?” Wistfully he shook his head and laid the carving knife aside. “The North Cape! No. I never stood on the top of the world. But I would have given my soul for a few steps on it. I have been a fisherman and a forester and a boat-builder, but nothing brought me that far north.”

“Why didn’t you go, when you wanted to so very, very badly?” Cyclone shut his geography reader with a bang, moving closer to his grandfather.

Dense curls of tobacco smoke filled the large kitchen. The old man puffed as if his life depended upon it. “Did you ever have it this way, Cyclone,” he said, “that you’d much rather have gone on a picnic than to school?”

“Ye-e-e-s.” Cyclone squirmed. “But I went to school anyway, because I had to.”

“That’s the point. You hit the bull in the eye,” cried Grandpa. “Not that the North Cape makes for splendid picnic grounds. It’s too cold and rocky and barren. But it happened that my work called me south, instead of north to the Arctic Sea.” Grandpa sighed.

“Couldn’t you have gone for the fun of it, just once, maybe in vacation time?” Cyclone began to feel sorry for his old grandfather.

“No vacation and no pennies.” Grandpa shrugged his shoulders, “and now it’s too late. Still, I haven’t reached a hundred yet. And if a fairy or a giant would pick me up tomorrow and say ‘Come, ride with me north’, I assure you I’d follow.”

“You would, wouldn’t you!” Mr. Haugen spoke from behind the harness he was polishing.

“And so would I,” cried Cyclone, delighted, “and then I’d see the sun rise at midnight, and I’d watch the birds fly around all the daylight-night long!”

Grandpa’s eyes shone as bright as his grandson’s. “Do you know,” he went on, nudging Cyclone lightly, “that the flowers of the farthest north do not close their petals in sleep? And that rye grows a couple of inches in twenty-four hours? It’s when the sun never sets, of course, during the summer. I know, because my eldest brother told me many years ago. He had a friend whose sister’s son was in the whaling business up there.”

Cyclone was thinking of what he did and what he did not want to do when he was big. More than anything else, he wanted to travel toward the Midnight Sun. And most certainly he did not want to wait, like Grandpa, until he was almost a hundred years old. “When I am big—” he set out and paused.

His mother looked at him and smiled. “My uncle Eric used to live in Hammerfest,” she mused.

“Oh, Mother!” Cyclone burst out, “in Hammerfest? In the most northerly town of the world?”

“Yes,” replied Mother. “Uncle Eric is a captain on a freighter and he has a little girl, your distant cousin. Come to think of it, her nickname is Windy. ‘If you have a Cyclone, we have a Windy,’ Uncle Eric wrote to me many years ago. Windy must be about one Norwegian winter younger than you are, Cyclone.”

“But Mother! Where are they now? In Hammerfest? Why don’t I know a thing about them?”

“That’s where the trouble lies. I haven’t the faintest idea



"But Mother! Where are they now?"



where they are now. Windy's mother was hit by the big landslide years ago. She and the child happened to be visiting the old folks at the time. It was very sad. Only a dozen were saved, among them Windy. Her father came for her and decided to keep her right with him, on the freighter. That is the last I heard about them."

Cyclone swallowed hard. So he had a distant cousin who was a sea captain's daughter and who was one Norwegian winter younger than himself. But what was the use, since no one knew where she was? "What exactly is a distant cousin, Mother?" he asked. "Is it very far away?"

Mrs. Haugen folded her knitting together, for bedtime had arrived. "Oh, yes," she laughed, "quite far away, at least twice around the corner. Your mother's uncle's child. Now figure it out for yourself."

Tordis yawned. She had stopped the spinning wheel while listening to her mother's tale. Now she stood up and moved it back into its place by the window. Suddenly the whole family appeared sleepy.

"Good night, Mother, Father, Tordis, Grandpa."

"Good night, Cyclone. Sleep well."

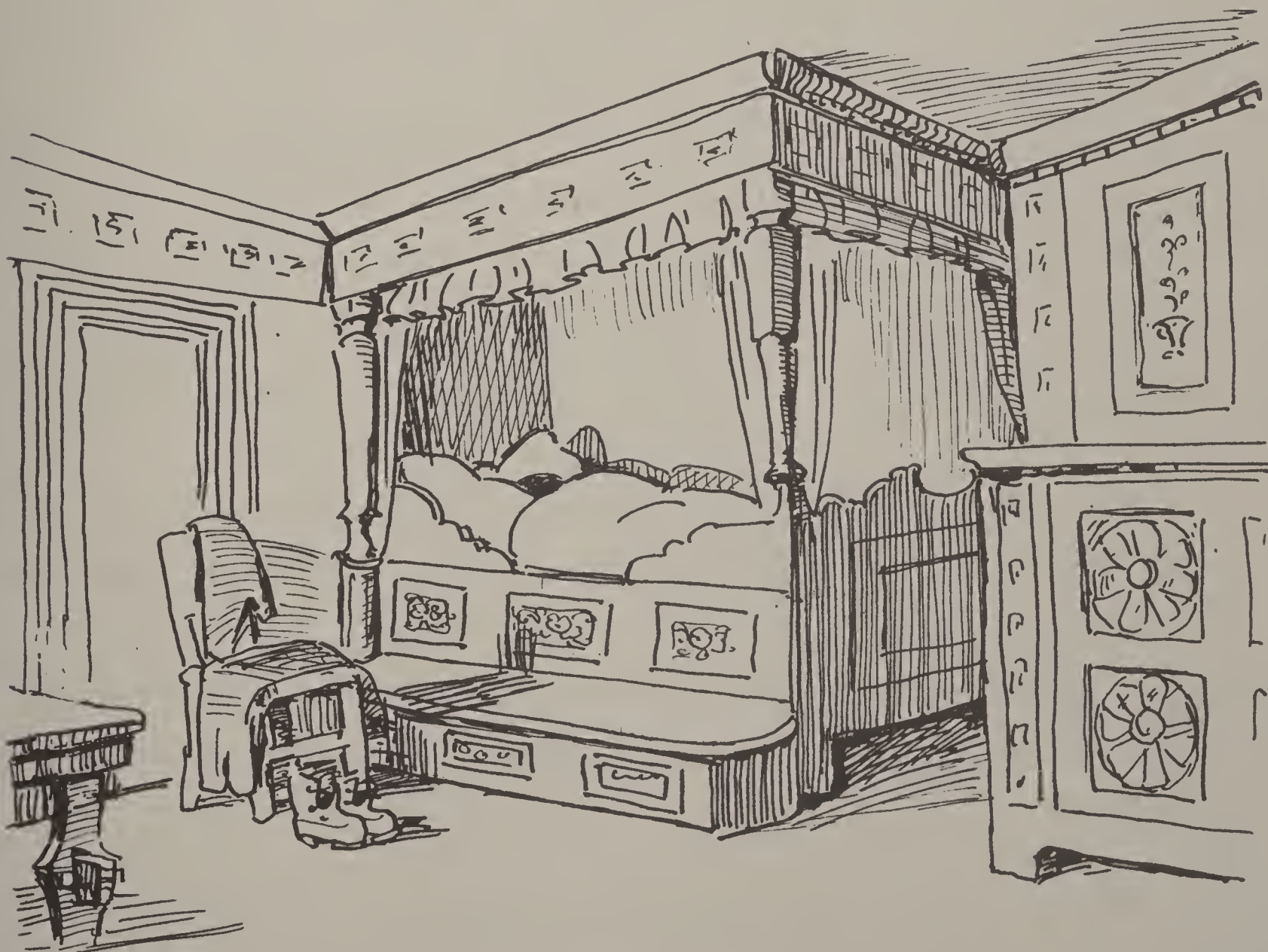
"Thanks, the same to you."

Not much more than a twinkling later, the boy lay in his box bed upstairs. So far down in between the homespun sheets and bulging eider-down puffs he snuggled that nothing but a wisp of yellow hair stuck out.

“Windy!” he murmured with closed eyes. Her father was a sea captain in the Northland. And she was—what? A distant cousin, at least twice around the corner. Now, how was it? Mother had an uncle, and the uncle had—well—he had Windy of course. Cyclone giggled and curled his toes with pleasure. Why, that wasn’t hard to figure out! He had it all straight.

He began to feel warm and cozy. He crawled out a tiny bit from under the eiderdown. The moon peeped in at the small window to the left of him. So Cyclone turned over on his right side and faced the wall.

“Going a-viking—” he thought drowsily, and fell asleep.





III

“Four hours left,” sang Cyclone this crispy, cold afternoon, “then three, then two, then one. And then none!” With that, his heart stopped beating for a second, or else it gave a terrific jump. He could not make out which.

Christmas hung in the air! Under their cloaks of snow the trees stood motionless. Away down in the valley, the houses of Sundal by the Hardanger Fjord resembled a sugar-frosted toy village.

“Cyclone,” called his father from the barn, “how many poles do we have out?”

Cyclone counted them: one, two, three, four—“Five!” he shouted across the neatly swept farmyard, “five poles. And we do need loads of grain for them.”

“Here you are.” Mr. Haugen was carrying a huge armful of sheaves of grain. He dropped them on the steps of the storehouse.



Hedvig Collins

"Keep off, you trolls. Keep off!"

Cyclone had gathered these fine, large sheaves during the fall, and now they were to make a Christmas dinner for the birds.

“May I pile up a snowdrift by each door, Father?”

“Just what I wanted to ask of you,” laughed Father. “Then I’ll come after you with the poles.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” Cyclone beamed with the excitement of his task. “The first one by the farmhouse door,” he decided. So he set to shoveling and scraping and building a nice, tall drift. “And the next one by the storehouse, and one by the bakehouse, and one by the barn, and one by the stable.”

At last the birds’ Christmas feast was ready. Now they need do nothing but arrive and eat. The always hungry magpies would be the first to come, no doubt.

At this moment Tordis rushed by and disappeared into the stable. There she would feed the cattle an extra meal, and she would give them salt from a horn. Without these treats they might forget to be good, obedient cows and goats and sheep on the mountain pasture next summer.

Mr. Haugen brought a mighty paint pot and a long, fat brush with him from the tool shed. He handed them to Cyclone. “Now I must attend to the fire in the bakehouse. If I don’t hurry, there won’t be hot water enough for all of us to take a bath before dinner. I’ll leave the painting of the doors to you, young man.”

Cyclone was more than pleased, because this made him feel important. Into the inky paint he dipped the big, coarse brush. It came out coal-black, drippp! With a wide artistic swing he painted a circle on the wooden door of the stable, and then a cross inside of the circle.

“Keep off, you trolls,” he whispered, “keep off, keep off!”

Surely no troll would brave the sign of the cross and circle. And so the cattle would be protected against illness and other mishaps during the new year.

Four crosses inside of four circles Cyclone had painted on the doors of four little wooden farm buildings. And then his job was finished. Keep off, you trolls, keep off, keep off!

“If things are not safe behind those doors, my name is Peter,” Cyclone thought, satisfied. At the same time he hoped that no troll would be anywhere near him. For trolls were famous for guessing people’s thoughts and were easily offended!

He hastened his steps and entered the bake-and-bath house. In the big tin tub he scrubbed himself clean and rosy all over, with plenty of soap and hot water.

Dressed in his blue and yellow holiday togs, Cyclone soon appeared in the kitchen. “Um-m,” he sniffed, “it smells of pig, I mean of pork. Um-m!”

“Short ribs it is,” explained Grandpa from his bench beside the fire, “yes, sir, short ribs of pork.”

“Hm-m,” gurgled Alf, who was riding on Grandpa’s knee. He clapped his hands and laughed, “Hm-m, hm-m.”

Mrs. Haugen and Tordis kept running back and forth, back and forth. Old, old wooden cups and bowls and plates they placed on the table. As if they knew they were the family treasures, these dishes stood up with an air of haughtiness and pride.

“I suppose that honest-to-goodness Vikings ate and drank from such big things.” Cyclone studied them with due respect. “The Vikings must have had enormous appetites. I wonder what they ate and drank from them?” The mere thought made his

mouth water. "When are we going to eat, Mother?" he asked.

"Right this minute. Please, be seated at the table, all of you."

Mr. Haugen opened the huge black Bible and read aloud from the story of the Christ Child. It was not easy for Cyclone to keep his mind where it belonged. The whiffs of holiday food were almost more than he could stand. Little Alf said, "Ta-ta-ta," and Grandpa had to whisper "Sh-h-h" into his ear.

But at last the feasting began. And how the family ate, especially Cyclone! There wasn't a dish that he left untouched. He started out with a piece from the tall pile of flat bread, and then he helped himself to a slice of spiced rye bread. A bit of butter he cut from the roll that weighed twenty pounds, and a bit of goat's milk cheese he cut from the huge brown square on the center of the table. The goat's milk cheese was covered with a hand-embroidered napkin.

After these snacks, Mother served fish and then short ribs of pork and potatoes.

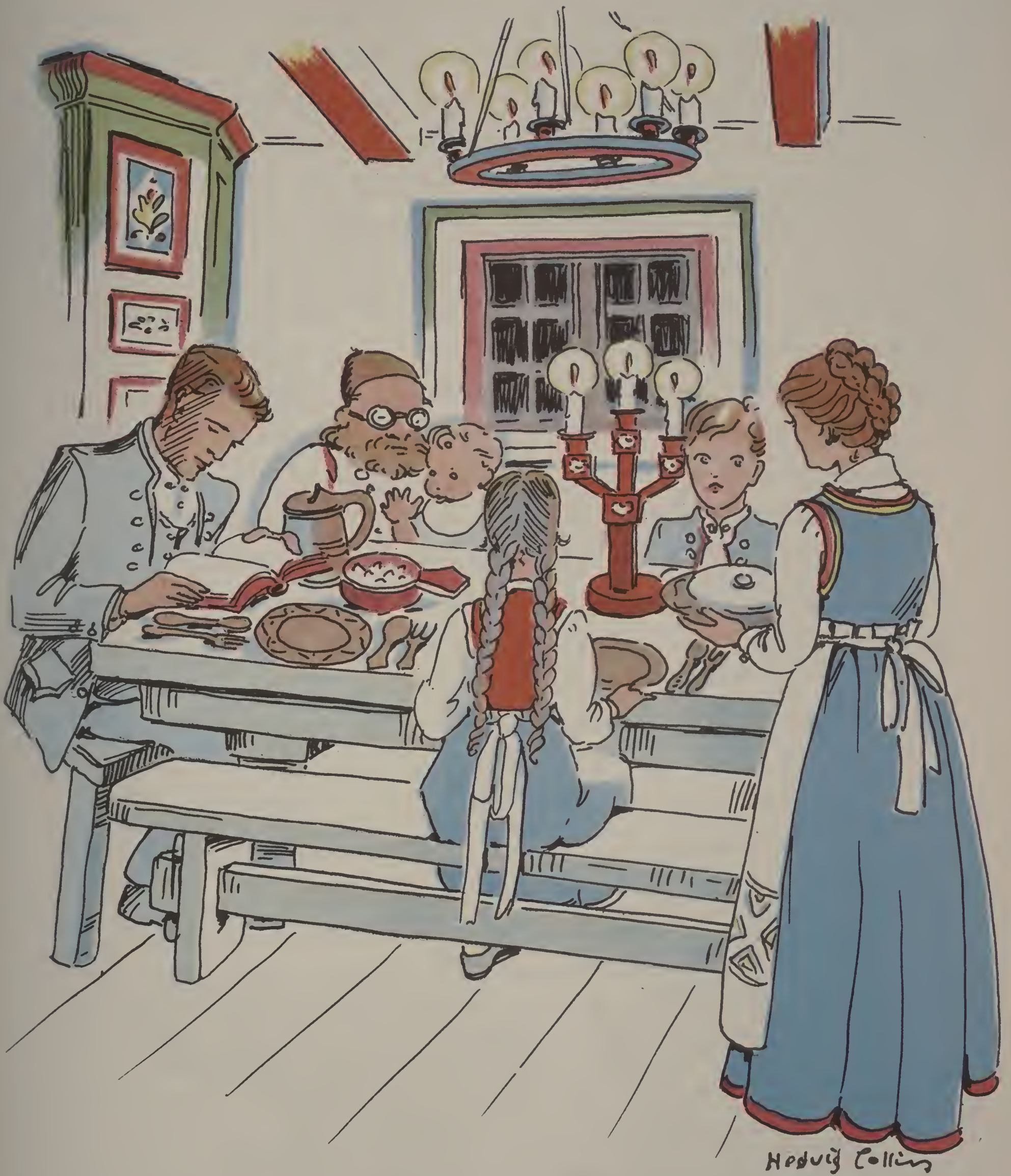
"Um-m," Cyclone sniffed again, "I think that nothing in the world smells better than roasted pig. Do you, Tordis?"

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," she answered playfully.

Cyclone reached for one of the golden fried cakes on the tray. "Why are these called Poor Man's Pastry?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" twinkled Tordis. "It's Poor Man's Pastry because there are only eighteen eggs in it, and two pounds of sugar, and a pound of butter; oh, and a cup of punch." Her eyes sparkled. "Some day I'll bake a Rich Man's Pastry, with a quarter of an egg in it, and a pinch of sugar, and a dram of butter, and a thimble full of punch."

Finally, there was nothing left to be eaten, except the dessert



Hedvig Collins

Mr. Haugen opened the huge black Bible and read aloud

of rice pudding with cinnamon and sugar on it. And there was an end to that too. One whole almond was hidden in the pudding. Whoever found it would be the first one to get married.

Mrs. Haugen dipped a wooden spoon with a curved handle into the birchwood bowl. She helped herself to a spoonful of the pudding and put it into her little porridge dish. Then she passed the bowl around.

“Hi! What’s this?” cried Cyclone of a sudden. He grew hot and red all over.

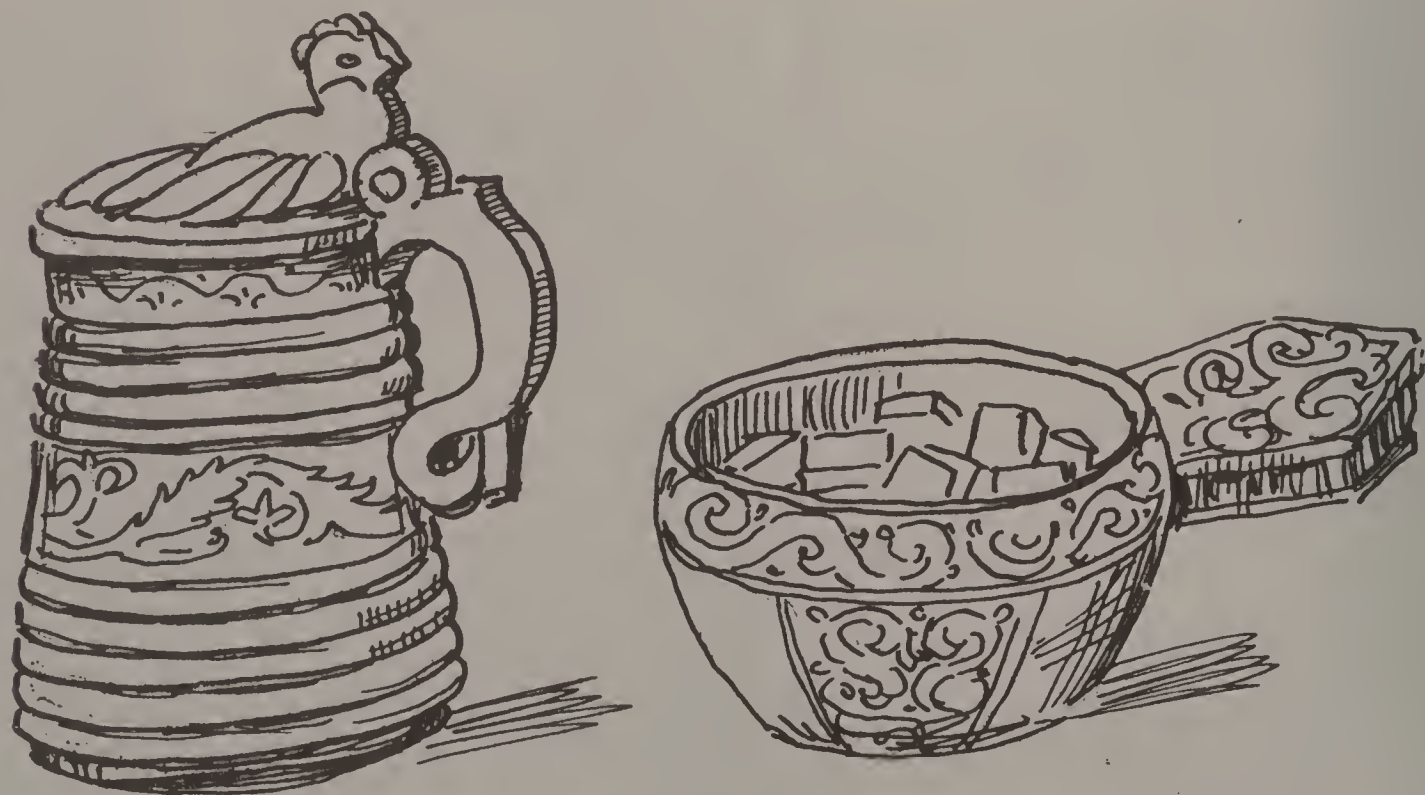
“Now we know what’s on your mind, young man!”

It was a grand joke for everyone. Cyclone thought so too. He chewed on his almond long and heartily. Tordis chuckled. No one knew how glad she was to have been spared the almond. She had been teased enough lately, she thought.

“Well, thanks for the meal.” Mr. Haugen rose and marched into the parlor.

“Thanks for the meal. Thanks for the meal!”

“I am glad that you enjoyed it,” smiled Mrs. Haugen.





IV

In the middle of the parlor stood a tall Norwegian pine. The branches of the pine tree were laden with lighted wax candles. Candle light shone from every corner of the room, and the floor was covered with juniper twigs and various presents. For this was Christmas Eve.

“Oh,” gasped Cyclone, “Oh-h!” He looked at a separate pile. Were these glorious things really his? It seemed to be that way. Mother had knit a blue sweater for him, with a border of reindeer at the bottom, and Tordis a pair of mittens to match. Grandpa had carved the proudest little boat, with both oars and sails. But his father! His father had made a violin for the boy—a true Hardanger fiddle, with a carved body and a dragon’s head for a scroll!

Cyclone felt as if he must jump out of his boots for joy. And while Grandpa tried on his new fur-lined slippers, and Mother her embroidered apron, and Tordis her silver brooch, and Alf his woolly red cap, and while Father admired a new tobacco pouch, Cyclone explored his Hardanger fiddle.

"It's almost nicer than yours, Father. Yours has only four steel strings under the finger board, and mine has six."

Mr. Haugen looked straight at his eager son. "You have a fine ear for music," he reflected. "On your own instrument you should play even better than on mine."

"How about a bit of singing now?" Mrs. Haugen proposed. "Cyclone has many tomorrows left for his fiddle."

Nothing could be said against this. So Cyclone joined hands with the others, and they all danced around the tree, singing Christmas carols. Grandpa sang the loudest and danced the merriest around and around the tall Norwegian pine. Was he almost a hundred years old?

"Tap—tap—tap!" Knocks at the door! "Tap—tap—tap!" At the same moment five masked figures rushed into the room. "A merry Christmas to you," they called out.

"Who are you?" cried Cyclone boldly. "Where do you hail from?"

"From under the earth and from inside the mountains. We are brownies and fairies and trolls," was the gruesome reply.

Cyclone shook his head. "They are people from Sundal, of course. But I do wish most awfully they would not hide their real voices. Who can they be?"

He never found out. For Tordis passed cake around, and horns and wooden cups that were filled with Christmas punch. As this was all they had wanted, the merrymakers disappeared as fast as they had come.

Little Alf lay sound asleep in his cradle. No amount of noise could have awakened him. In his chubby fist he clutched the woolly red cap.



"A merry Christmas to you," they called out

“Well, let’s blow the lights out,” suggested Mr. Haugen. “We must be up bright and early tomorrow morning, for church.”

“That’s what I was thinking,” yawned Grandpa, “so I say good night.”

“Good night. Good night, Grandpa.”

“Huff—puff—huff!” Cyclone filled his cheeks with so much air that he looked like an angel blowing a trumpet. He blew out light after light, until the lonely fat candle in the window was the only one left burning. To any wanderer, this was the sign of welcome for shelter and food at Haugen Farm.

Cyclone pressed his nose against the pane. Just outside, the lonely Christmas candle cast a kindly patch of brightness. Far away in the distance a rippling curtain was hanging from the sky. Flickering reds and yellows and greens were moving across the heavens. Those were the Northern Lights!

“Here is a bowl of porridge for the Christmas Brownie,” called Mrs. Haugen. “Please, put it under the small table, Cyclone.”

“And I am going to hide the brooms away in the closet,” whispered Tordis. “Have the witches ride their own or perhaps other people’s, but not ours.”

“It’s so still everywhere.” Mrs. Haugen shuddered. “Not a soul abroad but brownies and witches and such folk.”

Tordis tried a smile. “Perhaps they fell asleep, for once? I wonder how Ole is today, in his forest hut!”

Cyclone glanced at her quickly. “Next Christmas—” He got no further. “Listen! I hear something. Sleigh bells!”

Sleigh bells! Sleigh bells! Sleigh bells! Huddled together, the little family stared out of the window. They could see nothing.

But the muffled sound of bells came nearer and nearer, "Ting-ling, jing-ting."

"Who on earth would venture out on such a night," Mr. Haugen mumbled, "and so far off the beaten track as Haugen Farm?"

"I can't hear it any more," cried Cyclone, terribly excited. "The sleigh must have stopped in our yard! I want to go out and see."

"No, Cyclone, I'll go," said Mr. Haugen soberly, "you stay right here." He snatched his jacket from the hook and went out.

The bells resumed their ting-ling sounds, and the horses' hoofs their clop-clop-clop. Then they died away altogether.

Into the kitchen stepped a tall, broad man and a young girl. Mr. Haugen closed the door behind them. "Welcome to Haugen Farm on Christmas Eve."

"Come and warm yourselves by the fire." Mrs. Haugen's voice quivered.

Tordis busied herself to prepare refreshments for the strangers. Guests on Christmas Eve, she thought. Like a couple of giant snowflakes they snowed into the house. Who might they be?

Cyclone planted himself in front of the girl. "I'll hang up your togs for you," he offered. "What's your name?"

He had hardly asked his question when Mrs. Haugen threw her hands together in a burst of recognition. "Eric," she cried, drawing him to the lamp. "Uncle Eric! Is it you or is it your ghost?"

Her eyes lit up with delight as she turned to the girl. The merest tip of a nose she saw, then three independent freckles

sitting sidewise on the tip, between two rosy, dimpled cheeks.
“And you are Windy!”

Cyclone was so astonished that he almost toppled over backwards. Surely, he must be dreaming? That’s what he used to do in the middle of the night.

But Windy slipped off her coat and her cap and mittens and handed them to the boy. “They are wet and nasty,” she smiled.

“That’s all right,” grinned Cyclone. Stiffly, he hung the clothes over the back of a chair to dry by the fire.

“Windy is frightfully tired from the long journey,” her father ventured. “If you could please excuse her—”

“Bless her heart,” cried Mrs. Haugen, “the poor child! I’ll bring her a cup of hot milk to her bed.”

It took but a minute to fix up the lower one of the bunk-beds in the parlor wall. There Windy was to sleep, in the company of the tall Norwegian pine and the lonely fat candle.

“Good night, Windy. God’s peace and a merry Christmas to you,” Cyclone called after her. And to himself he said, “My distant cousin, twice around the corner.”

By the hearth stood his Uncle Eric, the captain, nodding and smiling and twisting his whiskers.

“I must be dreaming after all,” decided Cyclone.





V

Early on Christmas morning, when the stars were still out, Captain Eric with Cyclone and Windy set out for church. They each carried a lighted torch, so dark it was. A huge snowplow worked its way through the drifts ahead, sputtering and spewing clouds of snow.

“Splendid road for walking.” Captain Eric wore heavy nailed boots. His steps were short and firm. “This is better than a sleigh ride.”

“But Grandpa and Alf couldn’t walk to Sundal if they wanted to,” ventured Cyclone. “It’s good we have a sleigh for them, and sometimes for us, too.”

“Besides, the snowplow is our luck,” reminded Windy.

“That’s what those monsters are made for, now, aren’t they?”

“Yes, but they needn’t be where we are,” teased Windy, “and then they are not our luck, exactly.”

“Ah, me!” exclaimed her father, “you are thinking of yesterday, I presume?”

“Indeed, I am!”

Cyclone’s eyes wandered from one to the other and back again. “What happened yesterday?”

“You may well ask, young man,” said Captain Eric. “It has to do with our arrival at Haugen Farm. We would have come by honest daylight, hadn’t the fog and ice on the fjords delayed us in the first place. And then, to top it off, we were caught in a snowstorm. Why, the horse wouldn’t budge, nor the sleigh. The driver had to shovel his way for over a mile.”

“A snowplow just ahead of us would have been handy, you see,” said Windy and glanced at Cyclone.

“Yes, but where did you come from altogether? And why—”

“Straight from the port of Bergen,” Captain Eric hastened to explain. “Seven captains we had on board, as passengers. I was one of them. They all were heading home for the holidays, except the child and me. Said Windy, ‘Father, I am tired of spending Christmases on board an old rig. Give me a cow and a goat to feed, and I’ll be happy. Please, let’s go on land, somewhere—anywhere.’ So I racked my brain to think of a homelike place where we could come in gladly without a speck of warning.”

“And with a bang he thought of Haugen!” concluded Windy. “What do you say to that?”

“I say thank you,” answered Cyclone promptly.

“Clap-clap-clap, jangle-jangle-jangle.” The Haugen sleigh had caught up with the three walkers.

“Hullo, hullo!” waved Grandpa, Father, Mother, and little Alf.

"They will be there before us," cried Cyclone, "and they mustn't. Let's hurry."

The pony slowed up a bit, and the walkers hurried a bit. So the whole family arrived together at the little white church of Sundal.

Inside, the little white church was decorated with hundreds of pine twigs and fir branches. Two huge Christmas trees stood sentry, proud and silent. The menfolk sat at the left, and the womenfolk sat at the right of the aisle. The service proved a long and festive one. And it was as gay as it was solemn. The many babies and small children did their best to make the occasion a gay one, and the parson did his best to make it a solemn one.

Before the homeward journey started, there was no end of handshaking. "God's peace and a merry Christmas to you!" Cyclone wondered just how often he spoke the wish, maybe a hundred, or maybe two hundred times.

An eager clop-clop of horses' hoofs filled the air, and a light-hearted jingle of bells.

"Good-bye," waved Tordis from the sleigh, "dinner will be ready when you arrive."

"Splendid," cried Captain Eric, "I am as hungry as a bear."

"So are we," shouted Cyclone and Windy. Briskly they stamped their way up the slippery slope.

"Hoo-wee-e!" A toboggan whizzed by toward the valley, and another, and another.

Windy stood still to gaze back of her. "Do you have a toboggan, Cyclone?"

"Do I!" puffed Cyclone, "and skates and skis and anything you like."

“Come on, children.” Captain Eric beat his hands together. A pair of woollen mittens could not keep them warm.. “The wind blows icily.”

“Isn’t it much colder where you come from?” Cyclone was puzzled.

“Yes, sir, but a fellow dresses warmer, too. Two pairs of socks, two pairs of pants, well, in short, two of everything.”

“Oh-h-h!” cried Windy at this moment, “look at them!” She pointed at a little frozen lake. Boys and girls were skating on the lake. Some of them were playing hockey. Wildly they dashed over the ice, carrying bent sticks and driving a ball.

“If I only had my skates with me,” sighed Windy. “I wish that I could skate this minute.”

“Let’s go over and watch them,” Cyclone proposed.

“Cyclone and Windy!” cried Captain Eric in dismay. “Here we said we were as hungry as bears, and now what happens?” Still, he bravely trudged after the excited children.

A pale sun was breaking through the clouds. Three pairs of eyes followed the skaters on the lake.

“They’re doing nicely,” observed Captain Eric dryly.

“Do you know the girl in yellow?” asked Windy. “She is not skating now. Do you think, oh Cyclone, do you think she’d lend me her skates for just the shortest while?”

“It’s Elsa. I’ll ask her.” Cyclone cupped his mouth in his hands. “El-sa-a-a!” he shouted, “Elsa!”

The girl twirled around: “What?”

It did not take long to explain what was wanted. And it did not take long either before Windy could be seen sailing off over the mirror-like surface, with Elsa’s skates on her feet.



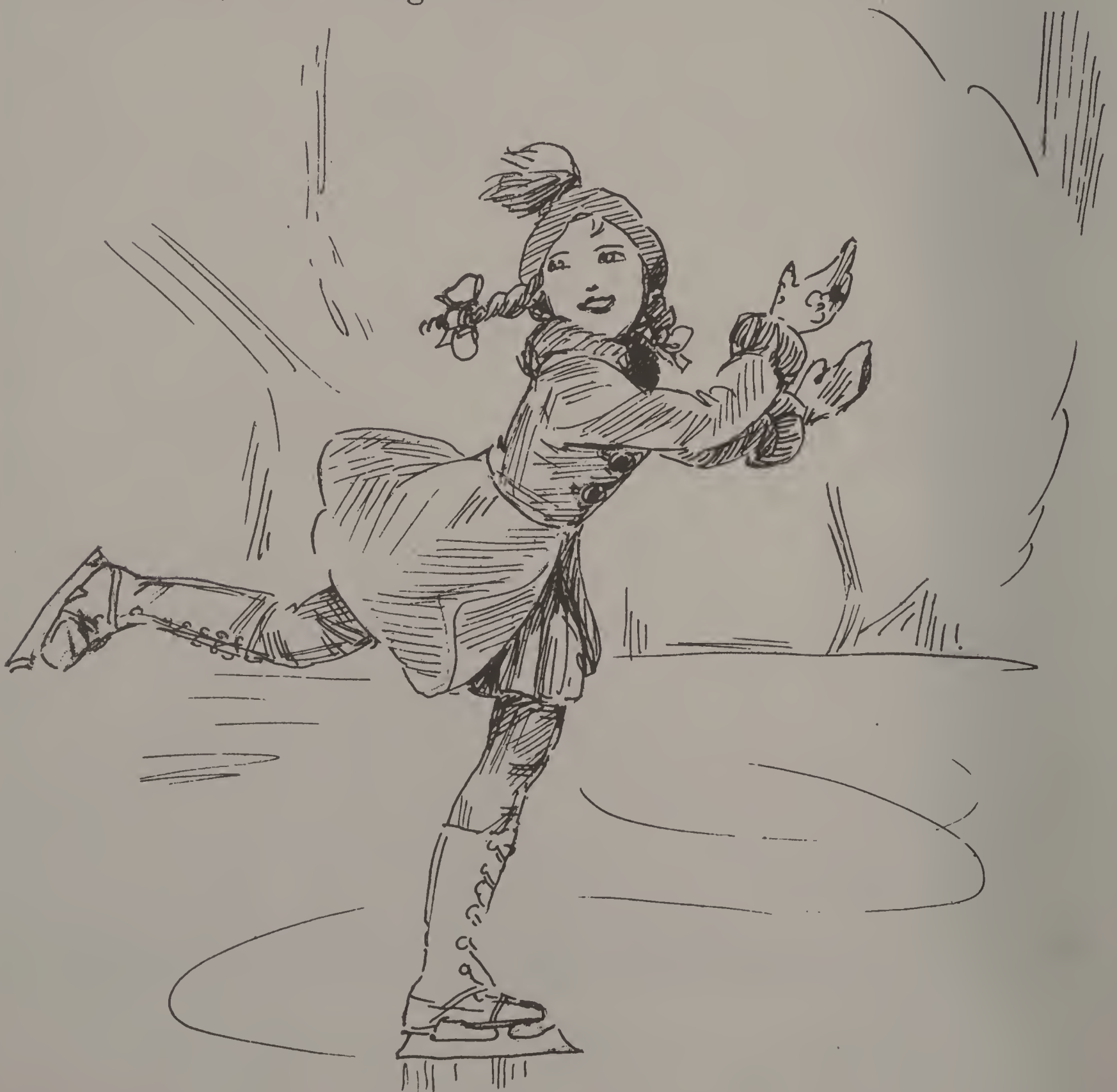
Three pairs of eyes followed the skaters on the lake

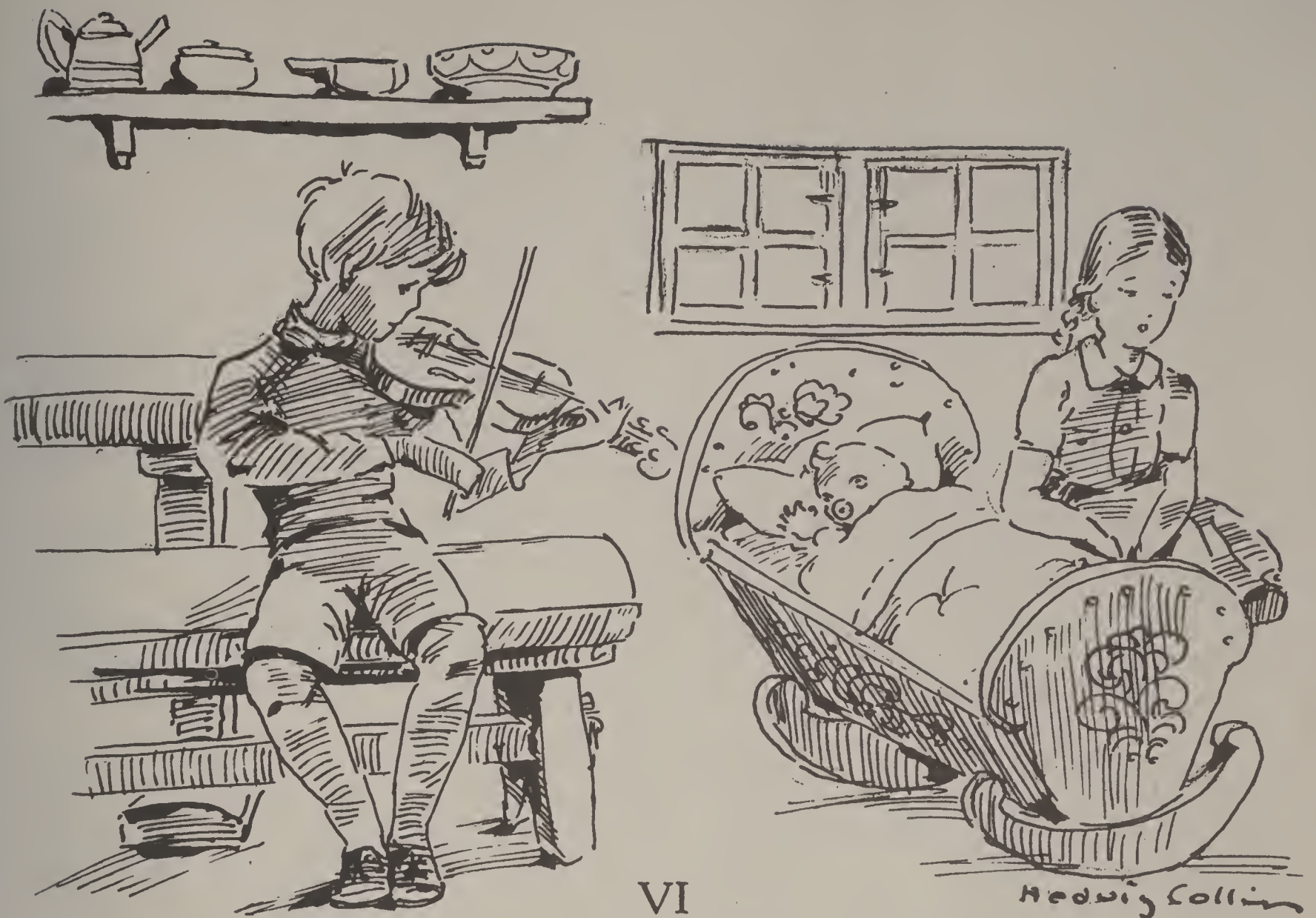
Cyclone held his breath. Was this Windy? Windy who wanted a cow and a goat to feed? "Oh!" he whispered. "Oh-h!"

Light as a spirit, Windy glided over the ice—forward, backward and sidewise. She skipped and she swirled, and she danced.

In wonder the other skaters drew aside, forming a huge ring around Windy. "Who is she?" their eyes said, "she must be a foreigner in Hardanger."

"She has music in her, the child has," thought her father. "Snow and ice and cows and goats and everything there is for her on land, but nothing on the sea."





VI

Windy was rocking little Alf to nap by the kitchen hearth. She was singing away merrily because she felt so sad. Her song was a lullaby, but it sounded like a fairy dance.

Cyclone watched her out of gloomy eyes. The steel strings of his fiddle droned. He too felt sad, because tomorrow Windy would be gone. "We must not miss the winter sports at Oslo," her father had explained.

"Will you write me a letter from Oslo?" Cyclone sighed loudly, and the fiddle strings sighed softly.

Windy shook her head with much decision. "No!"

"Beg pardon?" Cyclone did not believe his ears. "Why not?"

"Because I do not want to go away." Windy's eyes dimmed.

"I do so want to stay on the farm with the cows and goats and you and your mother and everybody else. Oh, what can we do to make me stay here? Father is used to having me with him, but he cannot know how much I like it here."

Hot and cold shivers trickled down Cyclone's spine. What on earth was a fellow to do with a girl who begged his advice? "Let me think," he frowned, "let me think." A hundred tiny spinning wheels zurred in his head. "She wants to stay on the farm, and I—I have an idea!" he shouted. "I know most exactly what to do."

"What? What? Tell me, please. Tell me!"

Cyclone straightened up. "You like to stay on the farm, and I like to go a-viking. So you stay, and I go away. See?"

Windy did not see. "You are not me, and I am not you." She had grave doubts.

But Cyclone had no doubts whatever. "I am going to have a talk," he announced and marched out of the door. Windy scurried after him.

Outside, the snowdrifts lay so high that the farm buildings reminded one of soft, white bumps. The grown-ups were hard at work digging a tunnel toward the stable.

"Uncle Eric," shouted Cyclone, "don't your arms ache yet? I mean, won't you come in soon?"

"We simply must talk with you," added Windy, jumping up and down. "It is important."

"Oh, really?"

"Go ahead," and Mr. Haugen gave him a friendly push. "We're too many here anyway. Too many cooks spoil the porridge."

"Quite a snow-porridge, if you ask me," laughed Captain Eric, as he put his shovel aside.

Back in the kitchen, Cyclone drew three chairs to the hearth, one for Windy, one for her father and one for himself.



The grown-ups were hard at work digging a tunnel

Captain Eric warmed his hands over the fire. "Any toes pinching?" This was an invitation. "Out with it! I am all ears."

Windy gazed at Cyclone, and Cyclone gazed at Windy. Uneasily the boy wiggled on his chair. He cleared his throat. Just how would he tell what he wanted to tell his uncle, the captain? "Couldn't you leave Windy on the farm and take me with you, please?" he blurted out. "I'd like to go a-viking, and Windy'd like to stay on the farm. See?"

Captain Eric twisted and twisted his whiskers around and around his fingers. So here was his little girl who should have been a farmer's daughter, but wasn't. And there was the boy who should have been a skipper's son, but wasn't.

At last Captain Eric stopped twisting his whiskers. He had made a grim decision. "I shall go off with less baggage than I expected," he announced, facing Windy. "Perhaps the folks will let you work your way here until summer. I shall speak to them about it."

"Thank you, Father," said Windy brightly. "Then I'll learn to spin yarn, and I'll knit stockings for you, and weave you handkerchiefs, and put Hardanger embroidery on—oh, on shirts for you. Cyclone has never been in Oslo anyway, and—"

"I shall go off alone!" her father's rolling voice broke in.

Cyclone's face fell several inches. Alone? But at least it would be more fun with Windy on the farm than without her.

Captain Eric watched him from the corner of one eye. "Why do you look so gloomy? You have many years ahead of you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir!" Cyclone tried to smile.

“And anyway, what can you do to work your way, young man?” Captain Eric wrinkled his brows. “Can you brush a captain’s uniform and put his room in order? And can you comb his hair and twirl his whiskers?”

The boy’s eyes grew as round as soup plates. “N-no, sir.”

Captain Eric jerked forward in his chair. “Or can you hold a tray of dishes when it storms, and not spill the beans? Or can you polish knives and forks and porthole frames?”

“No, sir,” Cyclone whispered hoarsely.

“I thought you couldn’t.” Captain Eric half hid his eyes under his lids. “There isn’t much the young man can do, is there? Oh! I have it. Surely, your mother has taught you to peel potatoes in the curly pigtail style?”

“In what?” Cyclone asked hopelessly.

A giggle from Windy and a snort from his uncle were the answers. And then the girl burst into ripples of laughter. “Father! You are spinning yarns! Cyclone looks as miserable as a wet poodle. He doesn’t understand—”

“Sh-h! The sooner he understands the better. Besides, I am not spinning now.” Captain Eric twirled his whiskers into proud and happy shapes. “Po-ta-toes!” he said dreamily. “From messboy in the kitchen to captain of a ship, that is my story. It all began with the lowly potato. My, it was fun to see the peel come off so fast and curly! Fast as the wind and curly as a pig’s tail, Windy’s mother used to say. Well—”

He turned to the boy. “Cheer up, Cyclone. My bones are telling me that we will speak of this again some day. A couple of years will give you time for brushing up on things.”



And so it came about that Captain Eric went away alone and that Windy stayed on the farm. There was work a-plenty for her, to be sure. But today it was play, for she and Cyclone were ready to leave for the Boys' Ski Jumping Contest.

A fresh, cold whiff of air clung to them as they stepped into the kitchen from the hall. The little nails under their shoes were clicking noisily.

"Here is your knapsack," said Mrs. Haugen. "I have packed enough food into it for a picnic. Have a fine run, and good luck with the contest, Cyclone. Take care of yourselves, the two of you!"

"We will! We will!" cried Windy excited. She helped Cyclone strap the knapsack on his back. "Farewell, farewell."

Outside the children put their skis on. The sky was blue and the sun shone warm. The powdery snow glimmered like billions of stars.



Cyclone and Windy were skiing downhill

Cyclone and Windy were skiing downhill at a fast straight run. In between and around rocks and trees they glided, their eyes fixed on the blue distance. Over snow-covered fields they raced, always and always looking ahead. Sleepy, tucked-away farmhouses and ancient watermills peered at them in surprise.

By a frozen pond they stopped. "Crunch," said Cyclone's skis, as the edges cut hard into the snow, and "Crunch," said Windy's skis. Boys and girls were skating on the pond.

"Oh!" exploded Windy, "let's have a picnic now! We are hungry enough." So she took her skis off, and Cyclone took his off. Then they laid the four long skis side by side on the snow for a place to sit on.

"Close your eyes and open your mouth." Windy's hand dived into a paper bag and out she pulled a beautiful brown gingerbread cow! Tail first, it jumped into Cyclone's round red mouth. "Yum-yum," he said and opened his eyes.

Another gingerbread cow jumped, head first, into Windy's own red mouth. "Oh, here is some ham, and cheese, and flat-bread, and potato salad."

And while Cyclone and Windy had a gay time picnicking, the boys and girls on the pond had a gay time skating.

"Shall we give them the rest of our gingerbread cows?" asked Windy. "Do say yes!"

Cyclone eagerly agreed. "Watch out," he shouted toward the pond, "catch it. Something is flying through the air."

Whereupon Windy flung the paper bag with gingerbread cows into the jumble of outstretched arms. Oh's and ah's and thank you's filled the air as she and Cyclone fastened on their skis and sailed off again.

After a while a scramble of single and double ski tracks lined the snow. To the left lay the village of Sundal and to the right rose a frowning mountain. Toward the frowning mountain sped Cyclone and Windy.

“We’ll be climbing you, big fellow,” cried Cyclone.

“—whether you like it or not,” added Windy.

So there they were! Up and up the mountain, up and up. The slope became steeper and steeper.

“Hi,” called Cyclone, “I can’t run straight any more.”

“Neither can I,” laughed Windy. So the two small skiers began zigzagging up and up the mountain. After a while the traces they left in the snow looked like the steps of a ladder. And after yet another while they looked like a huge herring-bone.

“Ho, a spill!” And even before he knew it, Cyclone had fallen uphill. “Just a little sit-me-down,” he sputtered and stood on his skis again.

Boys and girls with red cheeks and shining eyes popped up, much like mushrooms growing on snow. “Ho! Hullo!” they called to one another, “going to jump?”

At last the top of the height was reached. A great buzz of excitement hung in the air because of the contest that had been arranged. Only boys of Cyclone’s age were allowed to enter.

“I am going to try my luck,” grinned Cyclone, as he skipped off together with a host of other boys to register. A large white bib was tied over his chest and on it smiled a large black number. The number was One, and Cyclone was well pleased. Somehow it reminded him of his birthday, when the calendar at home showed such a One all day long.

"I am going to be the first one. Just wait until I jump right over your head," he teased Windy. "I suppose you'll squeal like anything."

"I won't say peep, not even if you land on top of me instead of at the bottom of the hill." Windy joined the crowd that moved down the slope. They were to be the onlookers. "Good luck," she waved to Cyclone, "very good luck."

The group of boys assembled on the summit. Away down the hillside the judges' box was built, and close by a wooden platform. The platform was to be the taking-off point for the jumping itself.

"Booo-ooo-hooh." A man on skis blew a shining bugle. It was the signal for Boy Number One to start.

And because Cyclone was Boy Number One, he now took his heart in both hands. In another instant he came down the slope faster than the wind. He clenched his fists and bent his knees, for he was nearing the platform. And then, as if diving into the sea, Cyclone bounded forward into space. With both skis close together, he landed at the bottom and continued running on level ground. He wheeled around.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" The crowd burst into cheering and clapping hands. "Bravo! Hurrah!" For Cyclone had made a long and graceful jump.

Boys jumped in quick succession, numbers two, three, four, five, six, and many more. Boy Number Three had a sprawling, funny spill, and Number Five wobbled on his legs after landing. "Ha, ha, ha. Bravo. Ha, ha, ha," cheered the onlookers. Some of the boys took fine, big leaps, but none so fine and big as Cyclone's.



And then Cyclone bounded forward into space

If no one was exactly sure of this, the judges found out soon enough. They drew their measuring sticks and put them aside again. They nodded their wise, important heads and talked and whispered together. "Number One first prize, no doubt," they agreed.

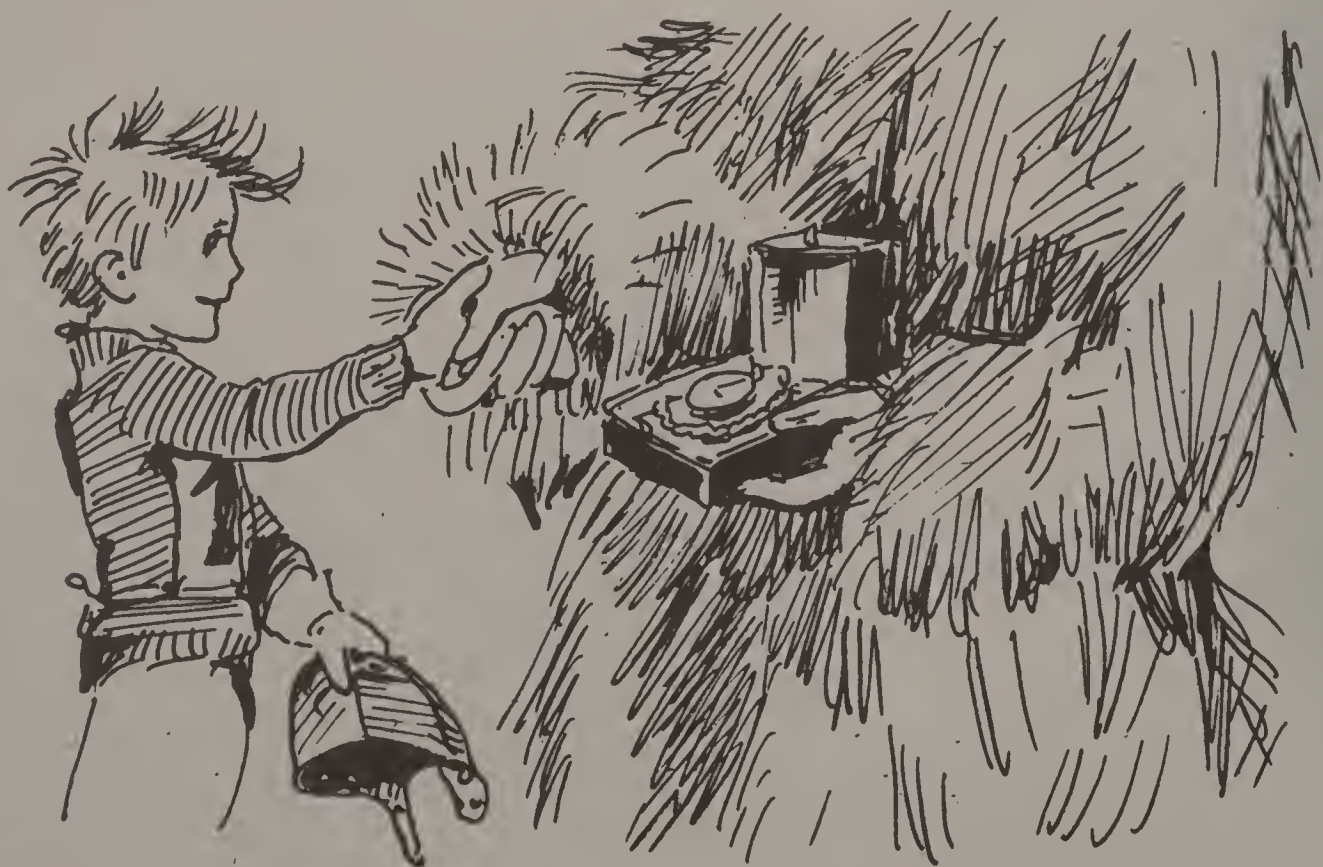
A minute later, the announcer fired off his message: "Number ONE! Arne Haugen! Champion of the Sundal Jumping Contest!"

"That's me!" Cyclone raised his head above the crowd, but just as quickly he ducked it under again. "It's a mistake, of course," he faltered.

"No mistake! We do not make mistakes, believe it or not." The judges shook hands with a most excited boy. "Congratulations, young man. Allow the Ski Club to present you with first prize."

When Cyclone saw the prize, his eyes began to glitter like the Northern Lights. A watch for his own! A real, shiny silver watch, on a shiny silver chain, and from the silver chain dangled a tiny man on skis!

"Oh boy, oh boy," beamed Cyclone, "a watch to go a-viking with!"





VIII

"Mother," called Cyclone one sunny morning toward the end of April, "Mother! where are you?"

"Here," came the answer, "at the bakehouse."

A minute later Cyclone stood on the doorway of the little wooden bakehouse. "Um," he sniffed, "I smell cream-horns."

"Right you are," laughed Mrs. Haugen, "cream-horns for dessert today." Exciting shapes of paper-thin cookie dough were spread on the board.

"I am finished with my work," said Cyclone. "All the pails in the kitchen are filled with water. And we'll have potatoes in their jackets for dinner, you said. So I need not peel any."

"You do not seem to be sorry either," twinkled Mrs. Haugen, "and neither am I."

"Mother, what I wanted to ask you is: may I go for a walk to Bondhus Lake, please? And may Windy go with me?"

"Yes, indeed, you may go, both of you," replied Mother. "Windy is nearly working her head off these days. Take her for a long outing. Here are some rye wafers to nibble on the way. They are still warm from the oven."

"Um, thank you, Mother."

So Cyclone ran off to find Windy. "Windy! Windy!" he called.

"Here I am." She stuck her blond head through the door of the stable, a dripping scrubbing brush in her hand. "I am rinsing the milk cans."

"I want to take you for a walk," Cyclone announced grandly, "for a long one. My fiddle is going too."

"Ooooh! I'll be ready in no time." Windy began rushing about in between tin milk cans and wooden buckets, like a real whirlwind. Then she washed her face and her hands under the pump. And then she skipped into the house to put on fresh clothes.

Meanwhile, Cyclone was pacing up and down, up and down in front of the rocky giant, Snowcap. Smooth white patches were clinging to the boulders, in spite of spring and sunshine. "Funny," thought Cyclone, "that the snow doesn't care to melt off Mr. Snowcap, like 'most everywhere else around here."

There came Windy running, interrupting Cyclone's trailing thoughts. Her wide blue skirt was bulging. Over her left arm hung a little yellow basket. And in the basket lay four knitting needles, together with a ball of yarn.

"These must be finished soon, and I am going to knit if I find a chance," Windy explained, when she and Cyclone were



"Ooooh! I'll be ready in no time"

out on the road. "Brand new stockings for you to wear on Tordis' wedding day." A dimple crept into her right cheek, and another one into her left cheek. "Won't your legs have fun to be dressed in white from top to toe?"

"I don't know," said Cyclone dryly. He pulled his silver watch from his pocket and gazed at it with pride. "Well, we have plenty of time. Let's walk to Bondhus Lake."

"Could we row on it, if we wanted to?" asked Windy, as she briskly kept pace with Cyclone, up, up, up the narrow road of the valley of Sundal.

"We can't do it ourselves. But if Sven Olsen is there, he'll row us across for nothing."

"Who is Sven Olsen?" Windy had to raise her voice, because of the roaring waterfall to the left.

"Don't you know?" Cyclone thought that everybody must know. "He is my friend. He rows people across the lake. Last summer he took me with him at least a hundred, or maybe a thousand times. He rowed, and I played on his fiddle." Cyclone stared at the lofty cliffs. "You know what Sven Olsen told me? He told me he'd rather listen to a Hardanger fiddle any day than to a wife and seven children."

"Has he a wife and seven children?"

"No," said Cyclone, "he hasn't. He only has a Hardanger fiddle."

This was too much for Windy. She gave Cyclone one long glance and hastened her steps. "This Sven Olsen, he needs a talking-to!"

But when the children arrived at the lake, no Sven Olsen was to be seen, nor anybody else. Cyclone shook and shook at

the door of the tiny hut, until he had almost shaken it in. "Nobody home, I guess," he said. "Too cold, I suppose."

"Too cold, I s'pose," said Windy, "for a talking-to!"

And so, because they could not cross the lake, they sat down on the stony step of the little hut. Windy started to knit.

"Want a rye wafer?" asked Cyclone.

"If you can spare me one," chuckled Windy. "Please, have one yourself." The two ate like hungry birds from the delicious wafers.

Cyclone took his fiddle. And as he played, Windy closed her eyes. She saw a picture of grazing cows and sheep and goats, high on a mountain pasture. And she heard the songs of fairies and of water nixies. Bells were clanging, and a thrush was trilling. Cyclone played the song of a brownie, and another one of a troll.

Then the fiddle burst into wild and fiery sounds. The droning music of the bagpipes it resembled.

Windy opened her eyes and held her ears. "Don't spoil it all," she cried. "Now you are noisy!"

Cyclone dropped his bow and laughed aloud. "It's the trolls who are noisy, not me!"

"And the Bondhus Lake is noisy, too," teased Windy.

"And the waterfalls are noisier yet," added Cyclone. But of a sudden he grew serious. He nudged Windy with his elbow and pointed at the mighty Bondhus Glacier across the lake. "Have you ever seen such a one nearby?"

Windy nodded. "I have seen the Black-Ice Glacier, north of the Arctic Circle. That's the third largest one in Europe, and it stands with its feet in the sea. Hoooh!" Windy shuddered. "Glaciers give me the creeps."

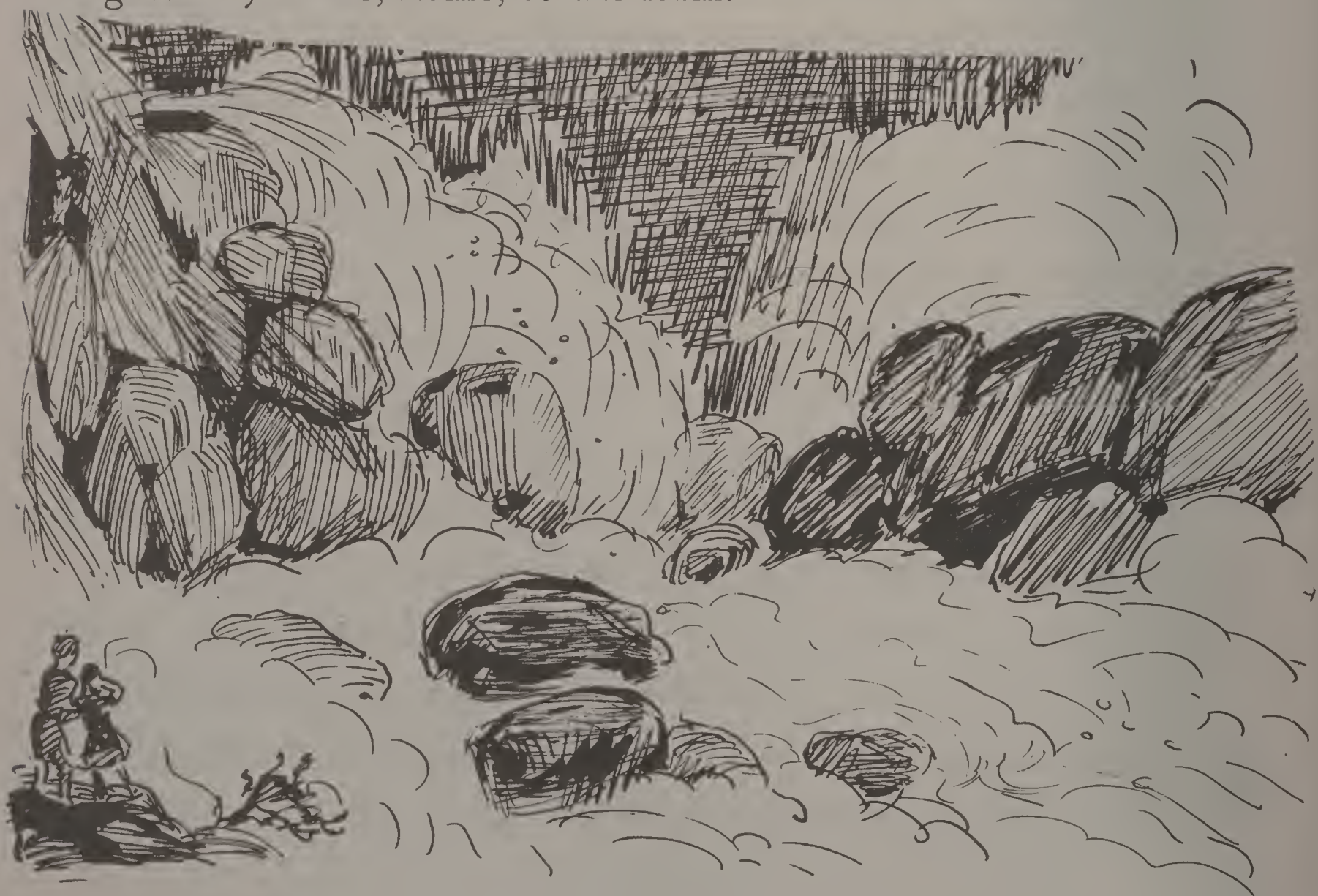
“Why?” Cyclone was just then imagining how much bigger and better a river of ice would be away, 'way up north.

“Hoooh!” Windy shuddered again. “They crawl! And they groan! And they like to swallow people who walk on them. Let's go home.”

“Windy,” thought Cyclone, “Windy is not the kind to go a-viking. But I am! I am!” And somehow this made him bubble over with joy for himself. He looked at his watch, dangling the silver man on skis this way and that. “Forty-seven minutes and a half until dinner time,” he shouted, “and cream-horns for dessert! Come, Windy, quick.” He pulled her by the sleeve.

“Oooh-h,” laughed Windy, “please don't hurry me. My basket and my knitting! There they are lying asleep in the sun.”

So Cyclone grabbed the basket, knitting, fiddle and all, racing Windy home, home, to the farm.





IX

“That’s fine to have you for my mail carriers,” said Tordis a week later to Cyclone and Windy. “It will save me much time. I shall give you each a penny whenever you bring me a letter, and I shall give you each a nickel whenever you bring me a package.”

Tordis’ eyes sparkled, because she thought of letters and packages. Cyclone and Windy’s eyes sparkled too, because they thought of pennies and nickels.

“Thank you, Tordis,” they cried. “We are ready to go. Farewell.”

“Remember not to be late,” Tordis called after them.

“Mercy!” muttered Cyclone, “how on earth can one be late with a watch like mine?”

The two skipped down the road. Toward Sundal by the Fjord they hurried, for they were going to meet the mailboat.

“My, but Tordis’ wedding day is near,” mused Windy.

"Yes," said Cyclone. "What I enjoy about it is getting the mail for her. It's fun to know before she does herself whether Ole has written or not."

"I wish I'd have a letter from Father today."

"Perhaps you will," suggested Cyclone. "You know, Windy, when I am gone a-viking, I shall write you every, every day. I shall write you at least once, and maybe twice a day. And sometimes I'll send you a package."

"Letters and packages just for myself?"

"Letters and packages just for yourself," Cyclone repeated, "though they'll mostly be letters."

"I bet you will forget about it," dared Windy.

"I won't either!"

"I bet you will," insisted Windy.

"I tell you I won't forget about it, not ever. I promise that I won't."

"Honestly?" Windy wanted to be assured.

"Honestly!"

"Cross your heart?" Windy wanted to be more assured.

"Cross my heart!" Cyclone crossed his heart.

"Thank you," said Windy, satisfied. "Now I really wish that you could go a-viking soon."

"Do you?" grinned Cyclone. "Well, I do too. But that won't happen."

"Nobody knows." Windy shrugged her shoulders. One might always hope, of course.

"The boat! The boat!" cried Cyclone at this moment. "There she whistles. I want to see her dock. Run!"

So with flying legs the children ran through the village of

Sundal. Nearing the wharf, they met other people going the same way.

“Hop-la!” Windy almost stumbled against a snowplow, forgotten by the roadside. Big and clumsy, it stood beside a budding wild cherry tree.

Where rocky land and sky-blue water met, Cyclone and Windy stopped. A pointing finger of the great Hardanger Fjord reached far into the country here.

“Ugh!” panted Cyclone, and “Ugh,” panted Windy, as they watched the mailboat chug alongside the wooden pier, and then dock.

Goods were discharged and others taken on. Grey-bearded Anders was pottering about. He belonged to the wharf, and the wharf belonged to him, almost. For Anders was responsible for nearly everything that was going on at the wharf.

“Hullo!” called Cyclone and Windy. Anders raised his hand in greeting. “Hullo, hullo, children. How’re Grandpa and the baby? And the rest of ’em at Haugen Farm?”

“Fine, thank you. We’ve come for mail, if there is any.”

The old man blinked at the bulky mailbag on the pier. “Patience, patience! And I’ll see what I can do for you.”

A few sacks of flour and cases filled with wares stood in a row. Sailors were loading the little boat with outgoing things—crates and barrels and milk cans and spring lambs.

Cyclone was straining his neck and his eyes to the limit—were there twenty-nine or thirty-one lambs on the boat now? “Stand still for a wink, will you kindly?” he mumbled between his teeth.

Windy scowled. “Can’t be counted. They’re jumping

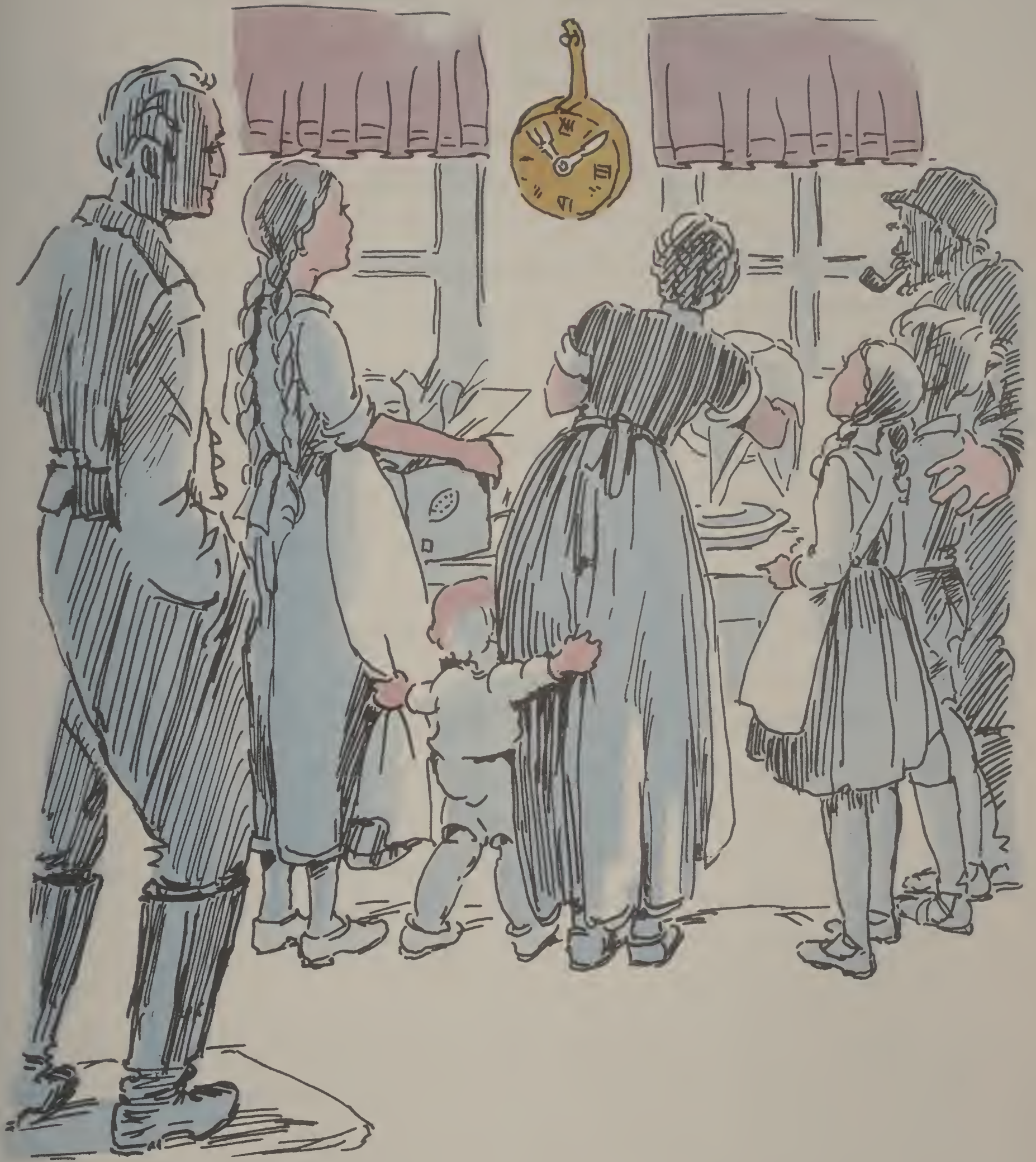


around too much. Guess they don't want to be counted now."

"Tooo-hooo-tooooh!" The ship's whistle blew a lusty blast.

The children waved their hands after the slowly moving steamer. Windy kept her gaze on the shambling, kicking lambs. "Poor little lambs," she said.

Cyclone saw the animals only in a haze, or perhaps he did not see them at all. For the captain appeared on the sunlit bridge, wearing a uniform trimmed with gold. "Some day," Cyclone



Hedvig Collins

The frying pan had been made into a kitchen clock!

promised himself, "some day I'll be commanding a ship as he is doing now, and I'll be dressed just as he is, too!"

"Windy," he burst out of a sudden, "do you think this captain knows how to peel potatoes in the curly pigtail style?"

"If he doesn't, I feel sorry for him," was Windy's prompt reply.

"Hi, children," called Anders from the shed where he had been sorting the mail, "two letters and a box for Miss Tordis, and a letter for the young lady here."

"Boy, oh boy!" With great strides Cyclone and Windy headed for the shed. Then they collected their mail, bade Anders farewell and went home as fast as their legs would take them. Cyclone carried the cardboard box and Windy carried the letters.

"Tordis! Tordis!" the two cried excitedly when they arrived at the farm.

"Father has written me from Hammerfest, and he has written you too," beamed Windy, "and he has sent you a package!"

"And a letter from Ole for you," added Cyclone.

Tordis threw her hands together in surprise. "There you have earned seven pennies each!" She searched for her purse. "And here they are."

"Thank you, thank you!"

Curious, the family gathered around the table. "Let's open the package before we read our letters," proposed Tordis, "shall we?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

So Tordis untied the heavy cord from around the box. Then she cut an opening across the top. And then she stuck her hand

deep down into a mass of paper slivers. What she pulled out was something in the shape of a medium-sized frying pan.

“Just what you need,” Mother hastened to say.

Tordis removed the final sheet of tissue paper. A frying pan, indeed! And a very, very special one at that, because it had been made—above all things—into a kitchen clock!

Cyclone and Windy gaped with wonder. “Imagine!” they cried.

Carefully Tordis took the gleaming copper pan by the handle and hung it on a nail in the wall, upside down. Squealing and gurgling, little Alf played hide and seek in between the tall skirts and trousers that were surrounding him.

“The very idea!” marveled Mrs. Haugen, “to have a tin fork and a knife for clock hands!”

Grandpa ran a timid finger over the shiny ivory numerals.

“What time does it show now?” Windy had to know.

“The knife points to four, and the fork points to six. So it’s exactly twenty minutes after six.”

“Here is the key.” Mr. Haugen passed it to Tordis. “How about making her run half a round?”

“Oh, please!” begged Cyclone and Windy. They were more excited than words can tell.

“Trrr,” crunched the clock at each turn of the key, “trrr.” The works were hidden inside of the pan, where once upon a time ham and eggs, or pancakes had been frying.

A final muffled trr of the key, and a delightful tick-a-tock, tick-a-tock filled the room.

“It talks of faraway places,” Cyclone whispered, and his heart beat as fast as the clock’s tick-a-tock, tick-a-tock.



X

Then came the Sunday that was strangely busy for everyone at Haugen Farm. In fact, it did not feel like a Sunday at all, so much there was to do.

Cyclone peeled and peeled potatoes for Tordis' wedding feast, on Tuesday. On top of the turf-covered roof of the bakehouse he sat, on a carpet of green grass and yellow dandelions. A basket full of potatoes stood to his left, and a bucket of water to his right. Cyclone eyed them suspiciously. "Now, don't you dare run downhill and away from me," he told basket and bucket. Still, for safety's sake, he packed a handful of earth under each, evening up the slanting side of the roof. Then he peeled lustily.

Grass and dandelions grew on every roof around him, like hair standing on end. A bearded goat was eating a late luncheon on top of the barn, and another one grazed calmly on the stable roof.



On top of the turf-covered roof of the bakehouse he sat

Time and again Cyclone studied his watch intently. "Three potatoes in a minute, and a good and pigtaily peel at that!"

"Plump!" said each potato as it dropped into the bucket of water.

"Three and a half potatoes in a minute," Cyclone told himself after a while. And after yet another while, "four potatoes in a minute. That's fifteen seconds for each little round po-ta-to. Ouch! My wrist feels funny and crampy inside." So for a moment he allowed his hand to swing loosely in the air. Then he peeled bravely on.

From messboy in the kitchen to captain of a ship, his Uncle Eric's story was, if he remembered it correctly. "I keep thinking and thinking of this story," Cyclone pondered. "And I suppose I must keep right on thinking of it," he sighed, "or I'll never be the captain of a ship."

And while Cyclone sat on the roof peeling potatoes and pondering, the fragrance of roasting coffee beans came up to him.

Windy sat down below that very same roof. But she was neither peeling nor pondering. Windy was roasting and roasting coffee for Tordis' wedding day and the guests it would bring. In a thick cloud of smoke she huddled, by the fire of the bake-house. 'Round and 'round she turned the handle of the iron coffee roaster.

"Crack," said the jumping coffee beans in the iron roaster, "crackle-crack."

A smoky mountain of shiny brown beans grew up on the table, as fast as Windy emptied the container—once, twice, then for the third and last time.

Quickly she stepped out-of-doors, into the brilliant sunshine.

“Pooh, I am smelling of coffee from here to Sundal!” Windy tried to shake herself free from smoke much as a dog might shake himself free of water. “Hi!” she called to Cyclone on the roof, “need help up there?”

“Na-o-o!” came the bristling answer, “not enough left to need help with. See?” He stirred boisterously. “But come up anyway, please. It smells as of a million coffee beans.”

“Ha, ha, does it?” laughed Windy. In a twinkling she had climbed the little ladder. In another twinkling she stood on the highest rung, peering straight at Cyclone. “You do look busy,” she said with admiration, “like a real messboy on a ship.”

“But I am on a house, and it isn’t even rocking!”

“Plump!” said the second to the last potato, as it dropped into the bucket, and “Plump!” said the very last one.

“Hurrah!” shouted Cyclone, “my basket is empty. Four potatoes I can peel in a minute, but that is absolutely all.”

“Fast as the wind it is,” praised Windy. “Give me the peel, and I will carry it for you.”

So Cyclone gathered the potato skins into the basket and handed it to Windy. Skillfully she climbed down the ladder with her load. Cyclone followed with the heavier load of glistening yellow potatoes.

Halfway to the house they were met by Tordis and little Alf. Tordis had a huge wrought-iron key with her. All of a quarter of a yard the key was long. “I am going a-rummaging in the storehouse,” she called gaily, “want to help me, the two of you?”

“Goodness, yes,” cried Cyclone and Windy. “We’ll be back in a minute.”

When they returned, Tordis was busy tying a light harness around Alf's chest. The other end of the harness she fastened to a post. For Alf was being tethered out in the sunshine. Now he could toddle around and play, without fear of rolling down a mountain! The two goats on the roofs shook their heads and looked curiously at the baby. Was he a lamb or a kid or a small person down there?

"Have a good time, Alf," called the others, as they climbed the steps of the weather-beaten storehouse. The storehouse was built of logs, and the cracks were stuffed with reindeer moss. And because the house stood on a hillside, it was made to rest on two long front legs and on two short hind legs. Tordis stuck the quarter-of-a-yard long key into the lock of the carved door.

"May I, please?" Without waiting for an answer, Cyclone fell upon the key with both his hands. Slowly he turned it. And with a grumpy sigh the ancient door sprang open, to let the three invaders pass.

An odor of food and woodsmoke met them. "We'll eat and eat on Tordis' wedding day," reflected Windy, "but we can't eat everything that's here." Her eyes roamed from the painted wooden cake boxes on the floor to the shelves stacked with enormous cheeses, and then to the beams under the ceiling. From the beams hung sausages and hams and smoked joints of meat. And in between there dangled fancy wooden spoons and cups and whisks and ladles.

Tordis walked over to the corner where sheets of flat bread were piled as high as Cyclone and Windy were tall. "We might collect what we need," she proposed, "and ask Father to help us move it into the house afterwards."



Tordis had a huge wrought-iron key with her

“We are like pirates hunting treasures,” cried Windy, “aren’t we?”

“Not quite,” laughed Tordis. “Cyclone, will you please count twenty-five sheets of flat bread and put them into this box here?”

“With pleasure,” said Cyclone, setting to work at once.

Windy helped Tordis gather dainties from jars and crocks, as well as from brightly painted tubs and birchwood boxes.

When these tasks were done, the children followed Tordis up the steep stairs that led to the loft.

“It looks like more and more treasures to be hunted!” Cyclone felt a bit queer among the huge wedding chests, silver mugs, wooden bowls and women’s clothes.

“This ceiling is the funniest ceiling I ever saw,” and Windy giggled. “If all those mittens and caps and boots and stockings hanging down from the hooks were sausages, just think how many sausages we’d have.”

Cyclone burst out laughing. “We’d have a lot of stuff to keep our insides warm, and nothing to keep our outsides warm.”

“Exactly!” Tordis began taking down some patterned mittens and stockings. Then she made a choice from the woollen jackets, vests and petticoats which were hanging on pegs along the walls. Cyclone and Windy followed close upon her heels. They were most eager to lend a helping hand.

“Would you care to peep into those over there?” In a mysterious manner Tordis pointed at the row of wedding chests. “They are packed, you know.”

“Oh, yes, do open them for us and let us peep!” Cyclone and Windy grew more curious every second.

Tordis lifted the lid of one chest, and then another, and another. The first one was filled to the rim with tapestry and blankets. The second one held sheets and towels and pillow cases. The third one sprang open with a creak and a pop, so stuffed it was with table linen, runners and doilies. Many of these were hand-embroidered with national Hardanger work.

“Did you weave and embroider every bit of this yourself?” asked Windy in a hushed voice.

Tordis nodded solemnly. “Most of it I did myself. Mother helped with the sewing. And a few of the things have been done by I don’t know whom in the family. They’re over a hundred years old, and yet brand new.”

Sometime during this talk Cyclone had edged his way toward a square, arched box. He kept eyeing the exciting dragon handles at the sides of it until he could stand it no longer. “What’s in this one, Tordis, please?” he exploded.

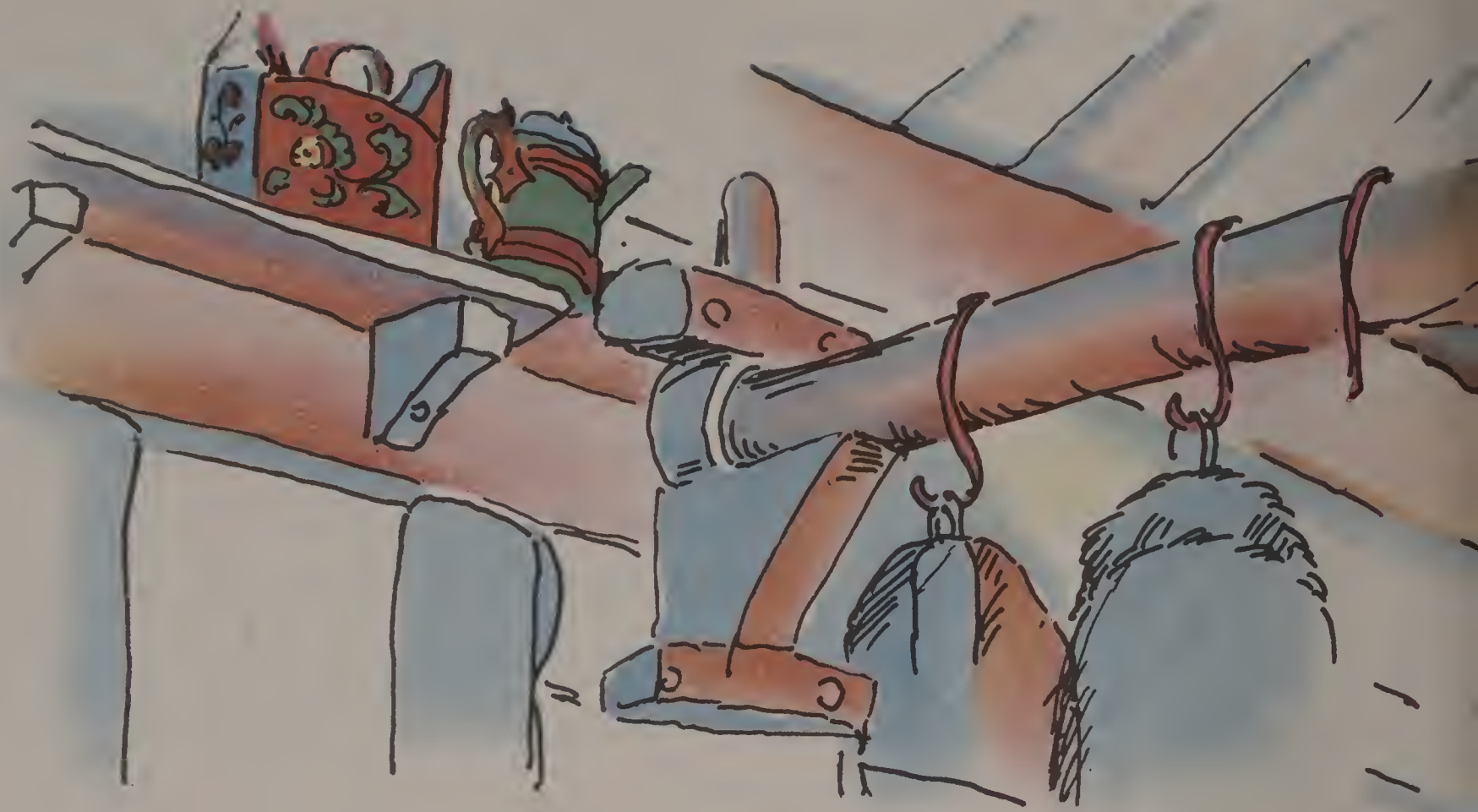
“You have a fine nose, Cyclone.” Tordis moved to open the box. “You smell a treasure before you see one.”

A tall, round something jingled and tinkled in Tordis’ hands, as she lifted it carefully from its hiding place.

“Oh-h!” cried Windy, “a Hardanger bridal crown! I never saw one in all my life, except in pictures.”

Cyclone’s fingers itched to touch the tinkling silver plates and the colored beads that were hanging from the crown. But already Tordis had sunk it back into the treasure box.

“This crown has been in our family for centuries,” she explained. “Dear me, to think that great-great-grandmothers before me wore it on their wedding days, and that at last I shall be wearing it myself!”



"I wish that Father could come and see you with it on," sighed Windy.

"Don't worry." Cyclone was quick in finding a way out. "I'll tell him all about how Tordis looked, if he will have me for a messboy."

"Thank you, Cyclone," said Windy absently.

"Except for Grandpa's empty sea chest, there's only one left that we haven't seen," declared Tordis. "Let's open it." She raised the heavy, brass-studded lid.

"Squea-k-k-ss," it scolded, as if to say, "leave me in peace. Why can't you leave me in peace?" So very ancient was this wedding chest that it could do nothing but complain upon the least disturbance. Its painted flowers were faded, and its carvings worn flat.

"Be quiet and don't fall shut, if you please." Tordis gave the lid a friendly push upward. Her cheeks glowed. For this



Hardy Collins

"Oh-h!" cried Windy, "a Hardanger bridal crown!"

chest harbored her own as well as her mother's Hardanger costumes. Everything was there: white blouses, black skirts, red-beaded waists, embroidered aprons, belts and kerchiefs and silver chains.

Windy patted a snow-white kerchief. "May I?" laughed her eyes. She threw it over her golden hair.

"Why, that reminds me!" cried Tordis. Her fingers pulled out different pieces of clothing from the ancient chest. Lightly she tossed them over to the girl. "Try these on, Windy. I wonder if they'll fit you? Cyclone, please go downstairs for a minute, until we shout ready."

At once the older girl began dressing up the younger, talking in low tones. "I wore this costume when I was your age, Windy. If it fits you, I might give it to you for a keepsake."

"Hi!" called Cyclone from below. "First I am not allowed to see what you are doing, and now I am not allowed to hear what you are saying. A little louder, please."

"Listen to the boy," chuckled Tordis and Windy. And then they shouted, "Ready!"

Cyclone rushed upstairs full speed. "Mercy!" he exclaimed at what his eyes beheld. And then he stood motionless. "Windy of Hardanger, in a Hardanger costume. She likes to be on the farm, she likes it better than going a-viking. But, oh, I don't! I—"

"Hush, hush, Cyclone. Are you pleased with the dress on Windy?"

Tordis' question brought him back to earth. "Yes," he said. "But Tordis," and the words came tumbling out of him, "you must not take it off her, I mean, not ever. Windy looks—she looks like the queen of Norway."



XI

"Please, Tordis, show us your right hand," begged Cyclone and Windy.

The church service was ended, and Ole and Tordis had just been married. Now they lingered outside the little white church of Sundal. The whole village had come together here. Ole smiled as he lifted the Hardanger embroidered cloth which covered the bride's hands.

"Oh," cried Cyclone and Windy in admiration, "it looks beautiful with a wedding ring on it!" For a moment the yellow gold band on Tordis' right hand sparkled in the June sunlight. Then it was again hid under the embroidered cloth.

"Well, smooth sailing in all sorts of weather," Cyclone burst out airily. But almost at once he felt small and not airy any more. True enough, he had been making this little speech to himself for the past week. What disturbed him was that even now it sounded as if he were telling himself, instead of Ole and Tordis! "It's my special wish for you," he tried to explain. "See?"

Ole's heavy hand fell on Cyclone's shoulder. "Thank you, my boy," he said warmly. "That was well spoken. We will need your wish."

Cyclone began kicking his right heel with his left toe, he felt so muddled. Fortunately, others took his place in wishing the newlyweds good luck. Tordis bowed her head lightly. Under the glinting crown she wore her long hair loose, down to the waist.

With great care Ole helped her into the horse buggy that had taken them to church. There was room for only two on the front seat, with a small step behind. On this step stood Tordis' father, not because he was her father—oh, no—but because he was the official fiddler of the party!

The rest of the crowd walked in a gay procession: grandfathers and grandchildren, young men and girls from the neighborhood of Sundal, and even from across the fjord.

"Hi!" Cyclone nudged Windy with his elbow, pointing back of him toward the fjord. The mailboat had anchored and the lone figure of a man was leaving the pier.

"What is he doing? He's watching us through great big goggles."

"Through field glasses," corrected Windy. And then she gave a start and her hand went to her heart. "It's Father," she whispered. "Oh, I am so glad. But perhaps, perhaps he has come to take me away from here?"

"Windy!" shouted Cyclone. "Windy! What are you talking about? He's come for the wedding, of course. Let's run to meet him." Cyclone's legs felt wobbly and kneeless as he ran, so happy was he to see his Uncle Eric.



"Please, Tordis, show us your right hand"

A minute later the three shook hands and laughed and chatted together. Merrily they walked uphill with long strides.

“This costume of Hardanger fits you too well, my little maid. You should not wear it too often!”

“It’s a gift from Tordis, and she wants me to wear it very, very often. But Father, please tell us. Where is your ship?” Windy hardly dared to breathe.

“The poor brig caught a hole in her side. She lies in Bergen port and so gives me a week of grace. Aren’t you pleased?”

“Of course I am, Father.” A faint pink spread over Windy’s face.

“And am I pleased! Oh, I am glad!” Cyclone’s whole heart was in his voice. And as Windy said no more, he rambled on. “Please, Uncle Eric, may I look through your field glasses, just once? I’ve never tried it before.”

Captain Eric smiled. “Here you are.” Carefully he pulled the glasses from the black leather case and handed them to the boy. “They are precious, you know.”

This statement made Cyclone still more excited than he already was. For a moment he fumbled with the instrument, and then he put it to his eyes, wrong end to. Captain Eric glanced at Windy and laid a hushing finger on his lips.

“What do you see? Nice, clear view?” he asked boisterously.

“Yes.” Cyclone sounded disappointed. “It’s nice and clear, all right, but pretty far away and tiny.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” Windy laughed at that, and so did her father. “Turn them around,” they cried, “and look through the other end.”

Cyclone was very confused. “Oh!” he said, “I thought that

something must be wrong. Oh-h!" he said again, this time full of wonder and astonishment, "I can almost count the beads on Tordis' crown, so big and near they are."

Then back into the leather case the glasses went and Cyclone rubbed his eyes. Tordis and her party were small specks away up the road.

When at last the three stragglers caught up with the others, they were turning into the yard of Haugen Farm. "Whoa," said Mr. Haugen to the cream-colored pony, and the buggy stopped short.

"You are like a marvelous surprise package, Uncle Eric," laughed Tordis in great delight. "On Christmas days you snow into the house without warning, and on wedding days you fall from the blue sky without warning."

Gallantly Captain Eric clicked his heels, bowed almost to the ground and mumbled, "At your service, Mrs. Tordis."

Right then and there Mrs. Haugen appeared, holding a silver-mounted bowl of punch. No one was allowed to enter the house until the last bit of punch was gone. It did not take long, either.

"Not a drop left," announced Cyclone, with a final glimpse into the empty bowl.

"No, not a drop," repeated Windy, as she followed the others into the house.

And then the wedding feast began in earnest. Most of the guests had brought a present of something good to eat. They found it now on the richly decked table.

"I hope that I have peeled enough potatoes for us all," Cyclone whispered to his Uncle Eric.



“And I hope that I have roasted enough coffee,” added Windy.

“Well, well! So you have done your part!” Captain Eric was very much surprised. “Beautiful potatoes,” he considered, “truly beautiful. Excellent coffee, too.”

How hungry everyone was! For a while it seemed as if nobody could eat enough food, nor drink enough coffee. But only for a while was this true.

Grandpa was the first one to say, “Thanks for the meal.” His eyes shone and he kept nodding his head. Was the old man pining for a nap? Or was he perhaps recalling a day such as this one, three quarters of a century past?

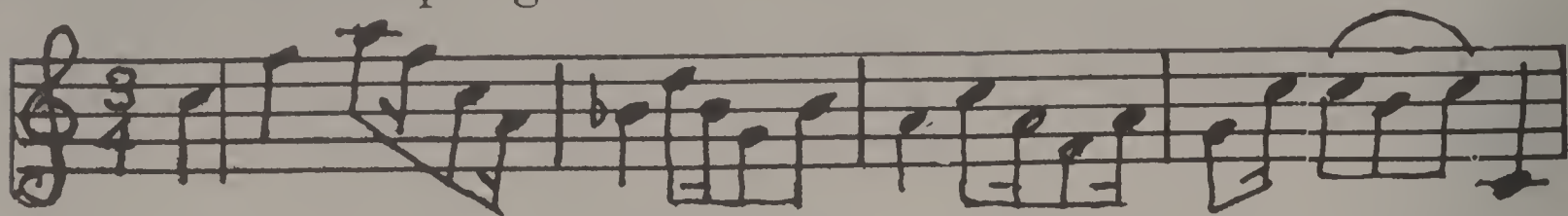
“Thanks for the meal! Thanks for the meal!”

“May it agree with you.”



“Best wishes and good luck, Tordis and Ole!” Gay, laughing voices sounded through the house and yard, accompanied by the strains of the fiddle. The music of the fiddler dared not stop, for evil spirits must be charmed away, and people must be made to dance and dance! Woe to the one who did not swing with the bride, at least once.

“Deedle-dee, deedle-dee. ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three.” Feet stamped and hands clapped and heels snapped, for this was the tune of the Spring Dance.



Ole threw Tordis away up high into the air. “Oh, my goodness!” she cried out.

“Jing-ting-ling,” tinkled the frightened silver beads and plates on the crown. Down came Tordis, her blond hair flying around her shoulders. To the left and to the right of Ole she danced with little running steps. But at last Ole jumped right in front of her, and so the Spring Dance ended.

“Hop-la-la,” cried Cyclone, as he bounded ahead in front of Windy. “Ready about,” cried Captain Eric, as he sprang forward in front of Mrs. Haugen. And then they twirled and twirled each other around.

Men and boys danced the Halling Fling. As fast as fast can be, the bow went over the fiddle strings: One-TWO, one-TWO.



The dancers hopped about and struck their right heels with their left hands, and they struck their left heels with their right hands. Elbows on the left were kicked by toes on the left, and elbows on the right were kicked by toes on the right.

Then Windy climbed onto a chair, holding Ole’s black felt hat at the end of a stick.

“Naw! Naw!” cried Grandpa, trying his best to kick the hat down, but he couldn’t do it.

One after another, the village lads leaped into the air and after the hat. "Ha, ha, ha," laughed Windy from the chair. "Higher up, higher up."

"Oh hoi! Oh hoi!" Captain Eric had touched the hat with his toe, but down it came not.

"I can coax that hat down," shouted Cyclone, and with a mighty bound his white-stockinged legs went up.

Down tumbled hat and stick, and Windy too, almost.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cheered the crowd. "Make a wish for yourself, and it'll come true. Mark our word. It will come true!"

Thrills ran up and down Cyclone's spine. He shaped his wish. Perhaps it really would come true? His eyes searched for Captain Eric. He was in a corner off by himself, twisting and twisting his whiskers.

For the rest of the evening Cyclone danced with Windy. And when he was not dancing, he took turns with his father in this business of fiddling. For the music must not stop.

When the stars were dimming in the summer sky, the party gathered for a final round of good wishes. Each one of the guests emptied a small glass of punch. He then placed his own special gift of toast money into it.

"Your health, Ole and Tordis. And may these coins start you out right," the merry voices toasted.

"Boom," rang in their ears. "Boom. Boom. Boom." These were the honoring rifle shots that followed every single toast.

At last it was time for the guests to depart. Cyclone and Windy could barely keep their eyes open any longer. They pulled Captain Eric by his sleeve, pointing to the storehouse loft. "That's where your room is tonight, and we are to show you up."

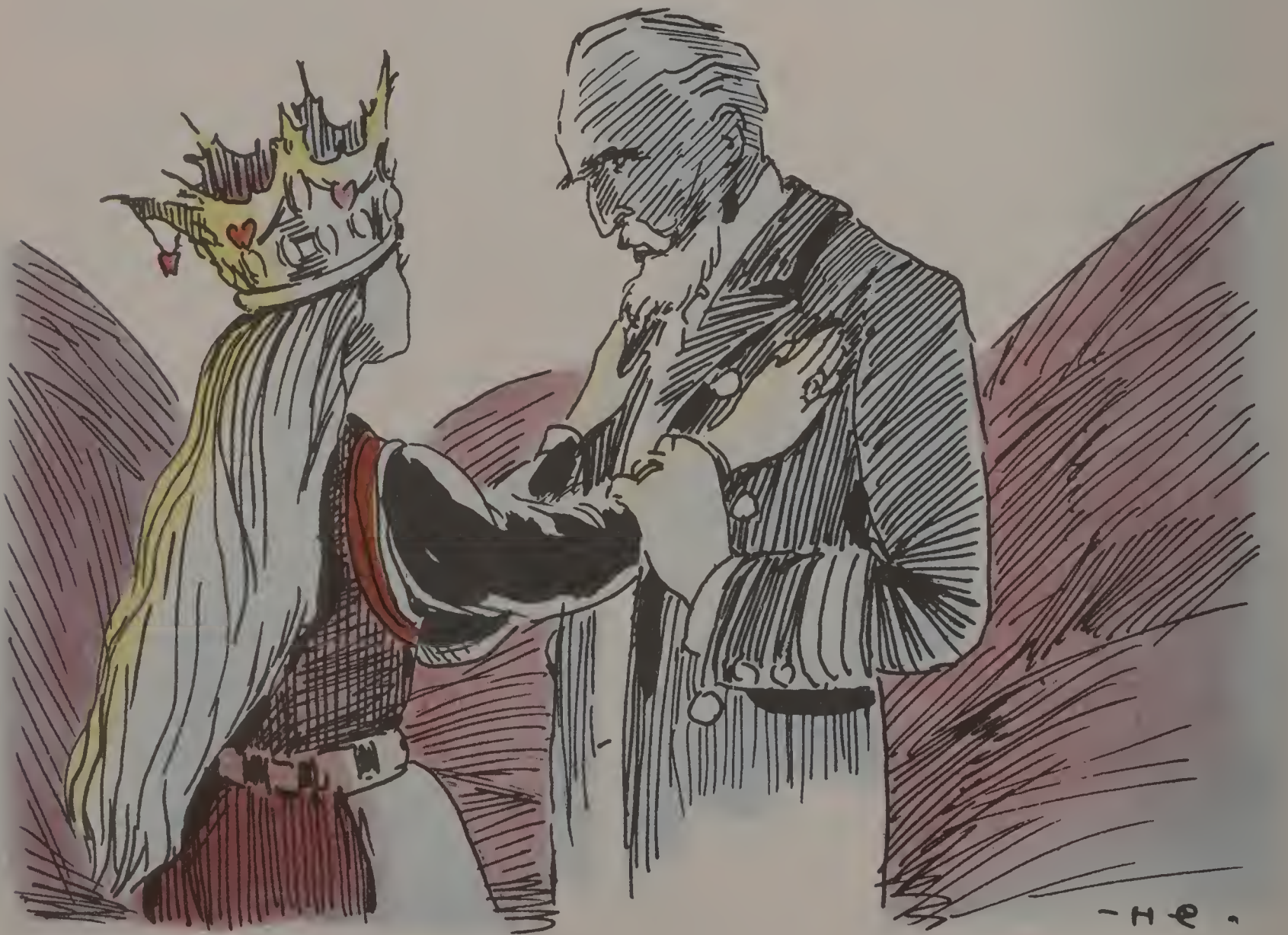
But they had hardly walked a few steps when Tordis came and asked for a word with Uncle Eric. "Run ahead," she said to the children, "he'll be with you in a minute."

"Before I leave for the forest country, I want to ask a favor of you," she set out solemnly. "It's about Windy. Please, do not take her away just yet. She is so happy here."

"But Tordis, I am lonely—"

"I know of one who wants to go a-viking more than anything in the world," suggested Tordis warmly.

"What's that?" Captain Eric frowned. But his face changed instantly, and he looked as bright and beaming as the man in the moon. "By the sons of Norway," he cried, "I'll leave the girl where she belongs, and I'll take the boy where he belongs! He'll make as spunky a skipper as I am, any day. I shall think it over and give them time to worry a bit—the rascals!"





XII

On the following Sunday the family at Haugen Farm were celebrating Midsummer's Eve. For once they had been resting until late hours in the morning, so as not to be tired at night. It was now half an hour before midnight. Grandpa, Father, Mother, Uncle, and children were sitting out-of-doors on the grassy hillside. Only little Alf lay asleep in the house.

"How light the sky is!" Windy pointed westward.

"And look at the squinting little moon," added Cyclone. "She is so pale that one can scarcely find her."

"Yes, yes," pondered Grandpa, "it's the victory of light over darkness. Won't someone start the fires soon?"

"It isn't twelve o'clock yet, Grandpa," explained Mrs. Haugen.

“Seems to be all of that and more,” the old man grumbled.
“It must be that you think the tar barrel won’t burn.”

Mr. Haugen and Cyclone tuned their fiddles. Windy took a few dancing steps. Grandpa was right. Was it never going to be twelve o’clock?

At last!

“Ping-pong-ping-pong,
Ping-pong-ping-pong,
Ping-pong-ping-pong.”

The bell struck from the Sundal church tower, away down in the valley.

“Took a long time to get there,” Grandpa mumbled into his beard.

Midnight! As if by magic, little fires began to flame up, here and there, on rocks and mountain slopes, to the left, to the right and far across the fjord. The bonfires of Midsummer’s Eve were celebrating the longest day of the year.

Captain Eric put a match to the tar barrel. “Zzzz-pff-bzzz-piff!” Higher and higher the flames shot into the gray-blue sky. In fits and starts new flames sprang up and mingled in mid-air.

Like shadows, Cyclone and Windy danced around the crackling bonfire. They clapped their hands and sang to the strains of the fiddle, “ ’Twas on a lovely eve in June—”

When the last tune had died away, Captain Eric snapped his fingers. “Tomorrow two of us will be in Bergen!” he exclaimed. “And I do hope that for once it will not rain in the Weeping City.” Weird shadows played on his face, as he fed the fire with birch and beech twigs.

Cyclone and Windy crouched on the ground. "Yes," thought the one, "tomorrow Windy and her father will go to sea."

"Yes," thought the other, "tomorrow Cyclone and his mother will go to the mountain pasture."

Both children stared into the fire and sighed.

"If Windy could only have stayed for the summer," Mrs. Haugen kept wishing. "She is so swift and jolly at her work. Cyclone is clumsy with the cows, at times." And so she also stared into the fire and sighed.

Mr. Haugen had put his fiddle aside. He and Grandpa, too, watched the shooting flames, but without sighing.

"Isn't it odd that it should rain so much in Bergen?" Captain Eric broke the silence. "You can't be born in that town but that a raincoat and umbrella are presented to you, first thing. Why, horses shy at a person who does not carry an umbrella!"

"Much more sensible to live up here in Hardanger," cried Grandpa. "I've always said so."

"Well—" and Captain Eric decided to tell more of the port where his ship lay waiting. "Do you know that once a Bergen sailor returned to his home town after years of wandering? Well, when he saw the sun was shining, he turned around and sailed out again. Poor fellow, he had never seen sunshine in Bergen. And so he feared that he had made a mistake and come to the wrong place!"

"Boy, oh boy!" laughed Cyclone, and "Dear me," chuckled the others. "Please let us have more stories," they begged. Windy moved close to Mrs. Haugen. She felt snug and comforted by her.

And Captain Eric spun yarn after yarn. He told of Iceland



where he had been, and of the North Pole where he had not been. "Now, listen to this," he continued. "One day I sailed north, for the first time with my very own ship, into the port of Hammerfest."

"Hammerfest, you say?" Cyclone's head jerked forward. His eyes almost swallowed Captain Eric.



"One day I sailed north, for the first time"

“Yes, to Hammerfest, where cod liver oil comes from. Air and water and breakfasts and dinners taste of it, and everything else smells of it. Well, then we moved on to the North Cape, where the sun does not rise in the east, nor set in the west.”

Captain Eric made a pause. In the shine of the flickering flames he caught a glimpse of Cyclone’s eager face. “Now,” it ran through his mind, “now or never. Just how will I put it?” His eyes roamed over the group. Finally they rested on Mrs. Haugen, who sat up rigidly.

She was half happy and half sad. She was happy because of Windy snuggling against her shoulder, and she was sad over having to lose her. And so her heart was on her tongue when she asked, “Couldn’t you leave Windy with us this one summer long?”

“Please do, do, do,” pleaded three different voices.

“Oh, Father!” cried Windy as she flew to his side.

Captain Eric grabbed at his whiskers, he was that startled. “This is very strange,” he murmured. “It’s what I have been thinking of these very same minutes.” Slowly his lips parted in a wide smile.

“I’ll give Windy to you for another spell, if, well, if—” Captain Eric paused mysteriously. He blinked at Cyclone. “What about potatoes, young man? Remember, from messboy in the kitchen to captain of a ship, hm?”

“Yes, sir, four potatoes in a minute in the curly pigtail style.”

“Can you do it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Want to go a-viking as messboy in the morning and as fiddler at night?”

“Yes, sir! Please!”





She was half happy and half sad



“Well,” announced Captain Eric in a booming voice, “I’ll give you Windy for another spell if you will give me Cyclone for a spell.”

Cyclone and Windy jumped to their feet. They both opened their mouths to shout for joy.

But Captain Eric interrupted. “Wait, let the grown-ups have first chance.”

So the children shut their mouths again. It was not easy.

“I agree with your proposal,” said Cyclone’s mother solemnly, “and thank you, Uncle Eric.”



They both opened their mouths to shout for joy



“I agree too,” nodded Grandpa, “and my old sea chest belongs to the boy from this day on.”

All eyes now rested on Cyclone’s father.

“If you ask me,” his words pounded slowly, “I’ll tell you this. I like to keep Windy with us. Of course, I do. But as for Cyclone—” He shook his head and turned it this way and that. “Cyclone is a farmer’s lad, and a farmer he shall be! Once he goes a-viking, he’ll never come back, never.”

“Oh, yes,” Captain Eric put in mildly, “he will return to you.”

“I tell you he won’t,” rumbled Mr. Haugen. “I wouldn’t myself, if I were he. I mean—a-hum—I wouldn’t be going in the

first place. I mean, I'd stay right where I am." Mr. Haugen cleared his throat. For it seemed to him that he had blundered. "Oh, fiddlesticks," he cried at last, "it's late and I am sleepy. Take him to the North Cape then. But leave Windy to pick cloudberries."

"Oh-h! Thank you a hundred million times, Mother, Father, Grandpa, Uncle Eric," exploded the children.

They looked at each other.

"Thank you, Cyclone," bubbled Windy, "that you do not care enormously for cows and goats and sheep, up in the mountain pasture. Oh! I am so happy."

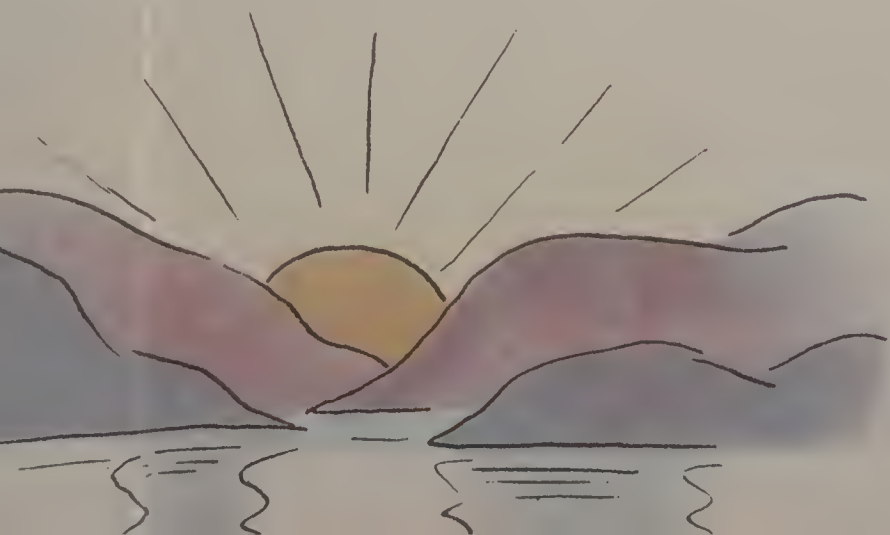
"If this is not a wish come true," beamed Cyclone. "Thank you, Windy, that you do not like it terribly to go a-viking. Because I do! I do!"

And then the two just danced and sang for joy. Around the glimmering, shimmering bonfire they danced, in the dawn of Midsummernight.

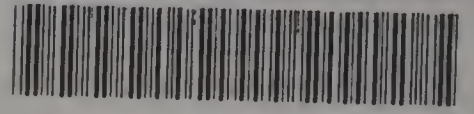








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