

**Peachy and Agnar Johansen
Tree Dedication 1996
Presented by Ella Nordby**

Peachy and Agnar came to Bismarck in 1948. They first lived in Wilton and for two years commuted to Bismarck. These were North Dakota's hardest winters. It was a difficult way to live and they thought many times of returning to Norway.

Agnar worked for the Sweetheart Bakery for three months, the Dakota Maid Bakery needed a baker and he worked for them for twelve years. This bakery was on 5th Street where the White Drug is now located. The bakery was owned by the Dahlens.



Peachy worked for Montgomery Ward store for four years, and then for the Bank of North Dakota for five years. I first met Peachy through bank functions.

They bought the Dakota Maid Bakery from Dahlens in 1960, and at that time Peachy started working at the bakery too. They moved the business to Broadway and Washington Street in 1968. The bakery continues to do business there, with its new owners.

Agnar had to go to work at 11 o'clock at night to start the dough. He worked until 5 in the afternoon. After moving the bakery to Broadway, they hired extra help and Agnar could go home at 2 in the afternoon. These years had many long, hard hours.

Their children Kjell and Jenny also helped in the business. Kjell sliced bread before going to school in the morning and they helped after school hours too. On Wednesdays the leftover rolls would go to the youth at Trinity who had choir practice at the church.

This was the best and most well known bakery in Bismarck and for many miles around. Everything was made from scratch. There were large orders to fill every day. The first order of rolls left at 5:30 in the morning to the Coal Creek Power Plant. There were standing orders to both hospitals. Every Easter they baked hot-cross buns and rolls for 11 churches in Bismarck. They baked many wedding cakes and Kransekaka. There were special cookies for Christmas and other occasions. I remember ordering 10000 dozen cookies for 1st Bank when they had open house on 3rd and Broadway. They sent bread to Arizona; others bought buns to take to Kentucky and Washington State. In 1983 Peachy and Agnar retired.

They have 4 children: Bjarne, Kjell and Jenny were born in Norway. Norman was born in Bismarck.

Bjarne and his wife Marisa live in Spain. He is in the Merchant Marines and travels all over the world.

Kjell and Sandra and their children March and Sara live in Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin.

Jenny lives in Pottstown, Pennsylvania. She works for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

Norman lives in Minneapolis. He works with health foods and vitamins and also enjoys his music.

We are sorry that none of the children could be here for their parents today.

Agnar's interests, beside the bakery job include playing bridge. He won several silver trophies playing in bridge tournaments in Norway. When he came to North Dakota there wasn't much time to play cards.

He also liked to fish in Norway. That was almost a necessity because they needed the fish for food during the occupation of Norway.

He played the valve trombone for 25 years in the city band of Sandefjord. He also liked to dance. He liked the modern dances – the Tango for one, and he was a smooth waltzer.

Peachy was very musical. Sons of Norway could always prevail on Peachy at the last moment to fill in for a program. She sang solos for many special occasions. She sang with Blanded Kor in Sandefjord. That group has been to Bismarck.

She was a member of the Thursday Music Club and sang in the Trinity Choir. She composes music. She has entertained at the nursing homes and shared her talent and time with many. She is well-known for her Norwegian language abilities and translates letters for those who can't read Norwegian. She also works with the quilters at Trinity.

In 1969, Peachy and Agnar planned their first big vacation. They were going back to Norway for three weeks. This meant closing the Bakery for three weeks. Some people bought up enough bread to last the duration. But right here at the Bismarck Airport Peachy had a heart attack, they went anyway. She landed in the Oslo hospital for 4 days when she arrived in Norway. She is a survivor.

In 1951, they joined Sons of Norway. She became the Social Director and continued in that position until about 1968-or 1969. There were about 60 members in Sverdrup at that time. The biggest difficulty was to get members to attend meetings; sometimes only seven or eight would show up. Not even enough so they could vote on issues. They had meetings once a month. Business and social meetings were at the same time. They had sandwiches, cake and coffee.

At one of their meetings they were going to have a potluck. Ms. Magnus wanted to bring potato salad, but Mrs. Madland also wanted to bring potato salad. Neither of them wanted the other to bring potato salad so they called the party off and had sandwiches for the meeting instead.

Peachy and Agnar provided the julekake for the Christmas Party. There always was a Christmas party. She taught them to walk around the Christmas tree and sing Norwegian songs. At the meetings she insisted that they use the Sons of Norway songbooks and sing in Norwegian. Ruth Engen, mother of Gordy Engen and Ethel Tosterud, was her "forever" secretary. Their meetings were held in the Memorial Building. The women didn't want to go any other place because the new place might serve liquor and they were afraid the men would start to drink.

In 1960, Sons of Norway began to come alive. There was a good incentive to join. If you were a member for six months you qualified to travel to Norway on a Charter Flight and the price was right. Many people had not been to Norway and this was a good opportunity.

As people paid for their baked goods at the bakery with a check, Peachy looked over all the Norwegian names and gave them to Carrol Juven, as Sons of Norway prospects. These new members recommended others. We were voting on many new members at every business meeting. I was financial secretary by this time. I well remember bringing 30 new members to be voted on at one meeting. There was lots of typing, bookkeeping and keeping track of all these members so I was very busy. I think it was all Peachy's fault. At one time Sverdrup's membership was over 800 thanks to Peachy and Agnar.

Now it was time to change our meeting place. Tor Hegland was President and it was his idea that we have a dinner meeting at the G. P. Hotel. It was a grand success. After that we met mostly at the Municipal Country Club. Dinners then were \$3.75. This was a hardship on some of our older members, but they continued to come, just not as often.

In 1970, Dr. Brink thought we should have a lutefisk dinner. We knew we had to make the meatballs ahead of time. Peachy and Agnar volunteered the bakery for the making of the meatballs. We did this early on a Sunday when the bakery wasn't being used for the daily baking. We had to be careful not to make a mess. Food inspectors could close down the bakery. We had so many electric frying pans that we blew out fuses. Each one of us took big pans of meatballs home and froze them in our garages or wherever it was safe to keep them. It all went well and we had a very successful event. We served a few over 1200 people. Dr. Brink, who liked to eat, was so tired by the end of the dinner he couldn't eat. As I recall, I think we used the bakery another year for making meatballs before we started using the church. Peachy and Agnar were so willing to help the lodge with our projects in any way they could.

Bismarck can be proud to have honorable citizens like Peachy and Agnar, who have given their best efforts to Sverdrup and the community. We thank you Peachy and Agnar for keeping Sverdrup alive during those trying years, with so few members to support the lodge, Sverdrup could easily have fallen by the wayside. Thank you Peachy and Agnar for being the glue that held the lodge together.

This ends the Tree Presentation, but other stories about Peachy and Agnar follow:

The Occupation of Norway
by Peachy Johansen
given for Cable Access TV 10/8/1996

April 8th, 1940 was a sunny day. I was an American citizen visiting my parents in my home town of Sandefjord, Norway. On April 9th there were rumors and then we could hear the rumbling of the bombing from the Norwegian forts as they attacked the German ship the "Bliicher" as it was sailing up the fjord to Oslo. On board were several thousand German soldiers and S.S. men coming to occupy Norway. They didn't get a chance to land in Oslo - a last minute charge from the Norwegian fort sunk the ship in the Oslo Fjord and all the soldiers aboard were in the sea, covered with burning oil.

Quisling, a Nazi traitor stood at the pier with German General Falkenhorst waiting for the ship to arrive. They must have been very disappointed. The Norwegian citizens weren't going to surrender without a fight, and they held out 60 days against the German invaders.

The first few weeks were hectic and scary. There was no truth on the radio or newspapers, which the Nazi government had taken over. My folks took me out in the country to stay with a cousin. They also hid the good tires from their car in the hay loft so they wouldn't be confiscated by the Nazis.

Agnar and I weren't married yet. One day he came out to the farm with a bicycle which I had to learn to ride at the age of 25. Bicycles became our mode of transportation.

I came back to town after a month and we decided to get married in June 1940. Agnar's mother and my mother were busy getting linens while they were still available. Everything was disappearing off the shelves in the stores.

Apartments were difficult to get so we were fortunate to get one over the bakery shop. We could still get some furniture; Agnar shopped around for spices, tea and coffee which were disappearing too.

During the busy time of setting up our apartment, we were conscious of Germans all over town, marching goosestep and playing "Deutschland, Deutschlanduber Allies". They confiscated schools and many homes and fields of potatoes and orchards too. Our beautiful city park was occupied. We saw German soldiers buying up perfume and jewelry; they ate chocolate bars spread thick with butter.

Our wedding day arrived, June 29, 1940. We were fortunate there were no air raid sirens to interrupt our party. My mother had somehow gotten fresh salmon for the dinner at the Hotel King Carl, which was still available. The other large hotel, The Atlantic, was occupied by German officers. Agnar's parents made the cookies and a blotkake for dessert for the wedding.

We had three children during the war and they wore made over clothes, cellulose diapers, fish skin shoes with wooden soles. The baby rattles were made of wood. We read a lot and sang a lot and always managed a birthday cake. Families were close-knit. We didn't talk about the danger.

Crisis Song

Now you can believe it's fun to keep house
My kitchen is really an artist home
Before it was so easy
But now it's an art to get something in a cup.

The grain was here - but flour is gone
Can you understand how that happened
If you will have flour you'll have to hurry
Just go and buy, of course you can.

The flour now has a beautiful color
Must certainly gotten a suntan
Perhaps you can find larvae
But in a cake, it is good.
Klukk said the hen, but the eggs are gone
Can you understand how that happened
If you want an egg, you'll have to hurry
Just buy a hen, of course you can.

Just think today, I got 3 or 4 beans
Seven or eight peas and some barley
The storehouse grows, it always pays
to buy in quantities, for a sight!
Peas are here, but the meat is gone
If you want meat, hurry, buy a cow, you can.

Barley today I cooked with a nail.
It was so strong and good
Add a bouillon cube, if you like the taste
Don't miss the port - can you believe it
Now said the hog, but the pork is gone
Can you understand who has done this
If you want pork you'd better hurry
Buy a hog - you can - you know.

Just think one day I got 7 or 8 onions
A little pepper and also a tomato
Luck is with them who seek
Hang in and hoard and don't be lazy
Onions were here but the meat is gone
Can you understand who has done this
If you want beef, you'd better hurry
Buy a cow, you know you can.

Anyway, we make the most wonderful entries
Just cook with a little fantasy
Therefore we gladly sit at the table
Lift our glasses and all voices raised

We had everything but now its all gone
Can you understand who has done this
Whoever did this will also be gone
Be an optimist, you know you can.

After World War I, many German children had been sent to Norway to live in foster homes. Now those boys came as soldiers and wanted to visit their foster parents, but were turned away. Come back in peace, not in war, they were told.

A few years before the invasion of Norway, all kinds of salesmen from Germany were spying and acquainting themselves with the people, places and language. As soon as the Nazis invaded, these salesmen donned uniforms and were soldiers.

When the German bands and Nazis paraded and marched goose-step in the streets, people turned away and any man or boy who didn't remove his cap for the Norwegian flag was caught and made to march holding their cap on a pole, and later beaten in the school gym.

A paper clip, safety pin or red cap were signs of resistance and also a sweet pea on the lapel to remember King Haakon was punishable. The Norwegians wrote many parities and songs and the jokes and sense of humor couldn't be confiscated.

One evening I stayed a little late at my parent's home about 10 blocks from our apartment. Walking home I'd have to pass our city park which the German soldiers occupied, so my father said he would walk me back to our apartment intending to only walk part way, but every time we stopped to say goodbye we knew someone was following us so my father walked all the way with me. Ladies didn't walk alone after dark.

It was good that we lived across the yard from the bakery because Agnar had to go to work early every day to sift the flour that the Germans were allowing. The flour had to be sifted to remove buttons, worms, bugs, mice - many uneatable things. Agnar and his father were always experimenting with every new shipment of flour. The bread was doughy like on the inside, but had a crust like Grapenuts.

Fortunately Agnar's father and oldest brother had hidden some white flour in an attic and in some wood piles. We could have white bread for holidays. Pregnant women were allowed a ration of white flour too. The three bread trucks were converted to use carbide and cokes for fuel. There was no gasoline. The ration office was always complaining because the 3 truck drivers were not turning in enough ration coupons. The brothers (bread truck drivers) were always helping families and the bakery was always giving bread to the underground. How they got it I never knew and didn't want to. Many families had potatoes for breakfast.

Windows were blackened out - one house up the street from us didn't have their windows properly covered and the Germans promptly shot out their lights.

When we were married in June of 1940, we had a beautiful radio. It was confiscated in October. All radios had to be turned in. Agnar's cousin and brother had a secret "a sweetheart" hidden in the cake oven. They got news from England, heard rhymes and codes. My cousins carried resistance newspapers. It was a very dangerous job.

You had to have a passport or permit with your picture on it and special permission to travel by train to the next city. We even had to show our pass to the guard when we crossed the railroad tracks to visit my aunt and uncle, a fun place to go because they had apple trees and cherries. I still have our passports.

The rationing - There was no coffee, roast split peas, sugar beets, barley and other grains became Postum. Rosehips became a healthy tea and the lowly rutabaga became the Norwegian orange - another source of Vitamin C.

There were no vegetables, meat or eggs at the marketplace anymore. There were not even flowers. Meat was rationed. One quarter pound every 6 weeks of either ground beef or horse meat was allowed and one quarter lunge mousse - that was the lungs, heart, liver and kidney ground up and cooked to form a tasty dish.

Agnar's mother raised rabbits in pens over the garage and in another secret part of the building we raised a hog to be used for Christmas. The rabbits made good stew. Best of all, Agnar went fishing nearly every weekend. Fish was the main food for many.

Butter was rationed. We were allowed one quarter pound at Christmas and Easter. My mother and others heated cod liver oil until it smoked; they used it for frying potatoes or fish.

Hand soap and laundry soap left a claylike film and had to be rinsed well. Luckily for us, my mother had hoarded soap over the years. Agnar's mother made laundry soap. We got skim milk from the bakery. My mother grew tobacco in the backyard and cured and dried it so my father could have his tobacco--my mother got hooked on cigarettes.

Eggs were scarce but Agnar's mom always came up with an egg for Sunday breakfast. Many people robbed the seagulls nests and those eggs were good for baking as well as scrambled. We had a victory garden at Agnar's uncle's farm for awhile.

Electricity was rationed, with no electricity at night. Our clothes were placed just so when we went to bed so we could find them in the dark if the air raid sounded and we had to go to the basement. There were no candles or flashlights either. Many nights the city was lit up by little parachutes when the allied planes were looking for targets. We watched the tracers in the sky and told the children they were shooting stars. Many mornings we picked up shrapnel in the backyard. We learned after the war that the shooting stars were called ach ach.

One evening the allies bombed a German ship in the dry dock, across the fjord from us. Luckily the one end of the ship with ammunition sank, but the burning oil on the water lit up the city. Agnar was a block watchman and sent his family and me walking 2 blocks in the dark to his brother's home, just in case there should be an explosion.

Our basement which was made of large granite blocks. It was confiscated by the Germans so they could, if they had to, set up a 12 m. m. canon in case the allied soldiers came. We lived on the main thoroughfare, with 3 corners leading out of town.

I had to take our jam and jelly upstairs in the kitchen pantry. Agnar's father really was angry with the Germans.

In Rjukan near Vemmark, my father and uncle worked at the Hydro plant where they manufactured ammonia and nitrate fertilizer and the heavy water for the atom bomb. One day the US planes came over and made a smoke circle and dropped a bomb into the circle. Two other bombs dropped outside the circle into the river near my uncle's house. Luckily my aunt and a neighbor were in the basement when a large boulder crashed through the third story roof and settled on a studding just above the basement. All the windows were shattered, the sink was cracked, curtains shredded, but my aunt was safe. It took several men and a crane to remove the boulder.

A policeman friend was taken to Grini prison in Oslo, the Gestapo headquarters, and also a doctor's young son was taken from a wedding party. After much torture they, along with four others were executed at Akerhus fort. They stood erect and said they would die for Norway.

Early spring of 1945 we heard that the Germans might be retreating. They were marching down from the north. We'd heard they had looted all they could, but now they were asking for food at our door.

There were rumors on May 7th, but we didn't know if the allies would invade and fight the Germans. Luckily for Norway there was no allied invasion. On May 8th, I looked out our windows on the second floor and saw the Norwegian flags popping up through the trees on the hillside and what a beautiful scene, I cried for joy.

Soon the Americans came to deport the Germans. Agnar was asking the soldiers he met - are you from North Dakota? Come visit my wife. We had G.I.s from Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. They came with cocoa and I made chocolate cake. They didn't like our coffee. Our kids got chocolate and gum. They borrowed our bikes, we picnicked with the young girls, I was the chaperon.

Our 1945 17th of May was a solemn and festive day. Agnar marched again with the city band. Many from our city lost their lives when they served with the allies. We welcomed many prisoners who returned from Grini in busloads to the market places.

Firecrackers made the American soldiers cringe. We watched them march the Germans in 20s from our upstairs window down to the jail. My biggest thrill was our being in Oslo, as guests of the soldiers in the Grand Hotel dining room on Carl Johan. Hearing the Stars Spangled Banner played, crying, and being given a hanky by one of the boys. We stood a minute in silence to honor the memory of President Roosevelt.

Out on the street Carl Johan, westward we watched the allied forces marching up towards the Palace, and the big planes zooming overhead, up over the Palace. We saw our first "jitterbug". Young people were rejoicing in the street. We didn't meet any soldiers from North Dakota, even though they were stationed in Oslo.

Slowly we got back to realizing we were free - We received letters and care packages from friends in America. We could hear the truth on the radio. It took all summer for the Americans to deport the German soldiers. That beautiful song Norge i Rødt, hvit og Bløtt was heard everywhere.

Crisis Song (Krise Sangen 1940-1945)

Nå kan du tro det er moro å stelle
Kjøkkenet mit er blitt "Kunsternes hus"
Før var det lett nok å få noe i krus.

Kornet det var her, men melte er borte
Kan du forstår hvad deter som har gjort det?
Vil du hamel må du jamen dig forte
Se å få kjøpt, ja du kan da vel clet!

Mel et har nå slik en nydelig farve
de må do sikkert ha "høifjellsol" fått.
Kawnskje du i det kan finne en larve
men i en kake det gjør seg så godt.
"Klukk" sierhøna, men egget er borte
Kan du forstår hvad det er som har gjort det?
Vil du ha egg må du jamen dig forte
Kjøp dig en høne, du kan da vel det.

Tenk her en dag fikk jeg syv, åtte-løker
Litte grann pepper og så

Franketta (Peachy) Johansen (obit) March 10, 2007

Franketta "Peachy" Johansen, 92, passed away Feb. 27, 2007, in Pottstown, Pa., as the result of complications from Parkinson's disease.

Born Nov. 1, 1914, in Fargo, she was adopted by Frank and Martha Dutton. Peachy grew up in Wilton and graduated from Wilton High in 1932. During high school Peachy won a talent contest held at the Bismarck Theater and the prize was her own radio program on KFYZ, where she sang every Friday night as Franketta Dutton. In 1933, she met and married Frank Tormaschy. She attended Dickinson State Teacher's College, earning a two year teaching certificate to teach country school. In 1934, she was contacted by her birth parents, Anna and Bjarne Larsen, of Sandefjord, Norway. Peachy and Frank met her birth parents and brother, Ola, in December 1934. She stayed in Norway until 1936, when she and Frank returned to Dickinson, as he was diagnosed with tuberculosis and later passed away.

Peachy returned to Norway in December 1937, and on the way gave birth to a son, Bjarne, on board the S.S. Stavangerfjord. In Norway she was called Betty Grace by her parents. While in Sandefjord, she met Agnar Johansen, whom she married in June 1940. Their children, Kjell and Jenny, were born in Norway during World War II. Peachy did her part during the war, smuggling the Underground Newspaper, which she hid in her shoes. In 1948, Peachy, Agnar and family immigrated and settled in Wilton. Agnar worked as a baker in Bismarck and the family moved to Bismarck in 1951. Their son, Norman, was born in 1955, in Bismarck. Peachy and Agnar purchased the Dakota Maid Bakery in 1960, and ran the bakery for 23 years. Peachy was called the "Cookie Lady," by many of the children who came to the bakery with their parents.

Peachy was a member of Trinity Lutheran Church where she was active in the adult choir, served as Luther league sponsor, participated in quilts and taught Sunday school. In addition to belonging to the Thursday Music Club, she was a life member of Sons of Norway Sverdrup Lodge 107, serving as cultural director and musician, singing in the chorus and participating as a folk dancer. From 1999 to 2001 Peachy lived with her son and daughter-in-law in Whitefish Bay, Wis., while Agnar was in a Milwaukee nursing home. During this time she entertained the other nursing home residents with her singing, piano playing and reading stories about Norwegian immigrants in North Dakota. Following Agnar's death, she moved to Pottstown, Pa., to live with her daughter.

Peachy is survived by three sons and one daughter, Robert Bjarne (Marissa) Tormaschy, Seville and Rota, Spain, Kjell (Sandra) Johansen, Whitefish Bay, Wis., Jenny Johansen, Pottstown, Pa., and Norman Johansen, Minneapolis, Minn.; five grandchildren, Ann Marie Claytor, Brockton, Mass., Robert Tormaschy Jr., Quincy, Mass., Luis Tormaschy, Virginia Beach, Va., and Marc Johansen and Sara Johansen, both of Whitefish Bay, Wis.; and two great-grandchildren, Richard and Ryan Claytor, both of Brockton.

She was preceded in death by Agnar; her parents; her adoptive parents; and her brother.

There will be no funeral as Peachy donated her body to medical science. Memorial services will be held at a later date at Trinity Lutheran Church. Any memorials should be given to the Trinity Lutheran Church Organ Fund.

Published in The Bismarck Tribune on 3/10/2007.
Guest Book • Flowers • Gift Shop • Charities

Children's Addresses:

Jenny Johansen
1567 Potter Drive
Pottstown, PA 19454-5159

Kjell Johansen
408 E Lexington Blvd
Whitefish Bay, WI 53217-5169