

If today goes into The Official Pete Sanstol Web Site, you will find a lot information about this champion boxer Peter Olai Sanstol - better known as Pete. It is one of his grandchildren, Richard (Ric) Kilmer, who for several years has collected this and put it online. There's also "The ABC Box" in Norwegian, a small book written by Pete. But something is missing: The book that you now hold in your hands.

Borgny and Charles Oak, the latter head of Lund History and Ættesogelag, has for some time been in contact with Ric. They exchanged information. Recently it happened gratifying that he sent the manuscript of "Through the Ring", the book that Pete wrote completed in 1957 but was never released. The reason is understandable. Despite what it says in the preface, was not the final script through work. For some reason stopped working along the way.

Although I am very concerned person Pete both inside and outside the ring. In 2005, a hundred years after his birth, I had the pleasure of writing an article that is reproduced in the "Yearbook of the valleys from 2004 to 2005" and "seed-Goal" number 5 Now I have "fair copy" Pete his own book. To interfere in another person's work without an individual's ability to evaluate the results, is quite serious. I still made it - for two reasons: I feel confident that it's Pete's voice you hear throughout the book, and I know he wanted it published.

As a conclusion, you will find an article by John W. Wik. This article has been sent in manuscript form by Eddie Peter Wik, son of John. Wik was the friend and sparring partner for Pete in Norway. He has written numerous articles about famous battles and a book of heavyweight boxing.

With financial support from Lund, the Lund History and Ættesogelag now give out this book. That we rejoice. In the summer of 2005, the Nysted park on Moi unveiled a memorial to Pete. You see him as a boxer. Here you can read and listen to what he has to say.

Torbjørn Kjørmo

FOREWORD

This book is dedicated to the seekers and disaffected youth. It is my hope that someone will enjoy it. I say all now thank you for your company, but hope to meet again at a fertile crossroads when the book is read.

It would seem ridiculous if I now, in 1957, suddenly imagined that I'd become a writer. I do that then either. When this book came into being, it is because my friend, the writer Knut Wersvick, took care of my experiences, impressions and opinions, and helped me get expressed them through the words that fill the pages of this book. Without twigs was never been any book at all.

Over the years I have received many enticing offers to write down my experiences, but I basically knew that the last chapter of my life had not yet found its final form and satisfactory conclusion, I have waited to start my work. Now I know that part of my life is rounded, something essential in me has taken shape, and therefore, these words.

Actually, there are many authors of this book, and without these employees, I had not been able to accomplish anything of value. By that time for me unknown forces, began Leif, Fridthjof, Andreas and the other comrades in the school playground hours to shape the man who would become Peter Olai Sanstol. Later sporting life with its challenge to the youngster, travels the world and life among strangers, to make me who I am.

I owe a thank you to everyone, both friends and foes, whose influence has helped me to find the idea behind the entire sports life. Accounts

still not settled - debt Harald Undersrud because he trusted me in a critical situation, because he showed confidence in me and took a chance on me - the debt may never be paid fully. The good Harald realized that Pete had something of value to him, he would help it out, and began my adventure with his good humor - gave me the start of the large lifetime.

Pete Sanstol

Childhood Memories of Moi

My parents, Dorothea and Jonas, were well advanced in years when their son Peter Olai came into the world on 28 March 1905 on Moi in Lund, Rogaland. That is not the boy named Peter Olai when the event took place, the name he was given only after various complications. The parents had some time before lost a son named Peder Olaus, and now believed that this new kid ought to have this trusty name. But it turned out that the vicar did not agree. He believed that in Norway you had both the right and the duty to give the boy a good Norwegian name. Face to face with "the father" in your living room, parents had to capitulate. Thus it happened that Peter Olai Sanstol entered in the church records.

Thea - we called it the mother daily - had given up the dream of a boy who could lead Sanstol name on. Two boys had already received a grave in Lund Cemetery. The two industrious people had more than enough to do in the daily struggle to keep the store going and home together. The four girls, who were pretty much older than little Peter Olai, may help to both early and late.

It is told from very reliable sources that Thea was not maintained according to the regulations for good tone when neighboring wives came with barselmat. She was supposed to stay in bed, but they had gotten a glimpse of her face in the window when they arrived. Now they demanded that she should stand up - and then it turned out that she was lying fully clothed in maternity bed. In so far as this was no surprise to family friends and acquaintances. They were used to the Thea Sanstol went their separate ways.

The work in the family business was operated as a kind of cooperative effort. Everybody had to help out and do their part for it to pass. All but Peter - he did what he wanted.

It did not take long to figure out that by crying a little splash, could achieve great things, but I availed myself of tears too often and was seen through the mother. It was just foolishness when Peter wail! Thus was the end of both compassion and understanding, although they probably were a little care about the kid, because the first Peder Olaus got such a sad fate.

One day - he was about three years old - the boy was missing. He had, as usual played out around the house, but did not prove when it was food to get. To begin with, no one feared that something bad had happened, but he soon found, took the commotion. The search became more and more hectic as time went by. My parents left their work and facilitate more eager than anyone else.

And it was the mother who found her son.

She picked him up from a neighbor's well. When Jonas saw his wife come with their boy in his arms, he walked over to her and asked permission to carry him.

But Thea looked at him and said: "I can manage to bear my own son!"

Jonas gave up. He stood silent and thoughtful as he murmured: "Such a woman is stronger than death: She lives in her womb."

About neighbors probably not quite figured out what Jonas meant by that, they nodded anyway that they understood.

This new their boy, Peter Olai, was energetic and restless from its very first days. Father, who was calm and quiet of disposition and an exceptionally stable nature, could not understand how the boy had been given all the turmoil from. He tried to comfort me, preferably with good words and promises of gifts, if only I would be a little quieter. But it did not help much. Once I'd love to walk nicely and quietly, I took a few steps, but do so at a run. I ran because it was fun to run. I had simply no time to go, it was as much as I should have done, and there were so many things in the world of play that I was going to cover. When there was nothing else to do but pick up the pace!

At first, it was probably the innocuous and "tame" game I was doing, I like others of the same age. But soon enters the scene a need for excitement and danger. Interest subconsciously I felt the urge to get something else in there that would otherwise only play.

To bring bread to the store, we had over a fairly high bridge. At first it was fun to run across the bridge, but one day I found that it was much more fun to get bread when I walked back and forth on the fence - and then it became my daily schedule. Father explained time and again that such would not I do -

it was dangerous - but it did not help. The railing was there and tried, and it was so delicious high down! Mother was also anxious and took the harder, but not in vain.

The excitement, the danger, the daring - and drawn toward the unknown, had already gained a firm hold of the little boy body. Time and again I had to promise not to do it more, and I meant it honestly in the moment. But when I looked again it was on the bridge railing tempted as before, and the promises were forgotten in that moment.

Mother consoled himself that Peter Olai probably would grow from such vices, and father agreed. In his opinion, Thea knew best!

And so the boy continued to play on the high rail.

Moi in is so beautifully at the bottom of Lund water. It was in the children's imagination the most wonderful place on earth. There was so much good in Moi, as it certainly did not exist elsewhere. The pier was the "Nøkken", a large and fine motor boat and everything. Something like that was just Moi who could boast of.

Or look at the beautiful rock formation surrounding Moi, the prettiest in the whole world. It was God's doing. The great God had put his stamp on Moi when he created it.

This with God and creation was now not easy to understand for a *frisky little rascal*, even if they helped as best they could. Surely, God must have very busy, for everything he was involved in. Got cow a calf, horse a foal or hen chickens - all of it was the work of God. He always had a hand in it.

I could not understand why a hen would have so many children, when others only got one. But when it was told that God had arranged it so, and then it was all good. When Kaninmor one day got the right number of kids, God had been extra kind to Peter Olai! When God got extra thanks and honor.

Mostly it was good with God. It was safe to watch Dad sit at the table, fold their hands and pray grace. Sometimes it probably went a little long, but usually it was just safe and good to hear Dad talk to God.

As I grew up, there were many difficult things to keep track of, and time stretched nearly to when I would be involved in everything. It was the cow that would be brought in from the field - it was important, then I got a little ride. The cow as probably a bit surprised when the boy got on his back, but my father always went next and kept in "his treasure", and then got it even be possible.

The squad stood full of fine horses. They belonged to customers in our store. I was quite proud of it. Many customers came from far up the country, and they still were too many days when they were on Moi. All were family friends, and everyone would lift the boy to Thea and Jonas. Gildest was there when they opened the coffin trip and took the small parcels that lay there. It was usually small cakes with various good causes smeared on - and something better I could not get.

But the most hilarious was when Gretel came to bake flatbread and lefse. Grete was not like others, she smoked namely clay pipe. I was excited and came in everything she undertook. She talked with me, smoked and did their work - all at the same time. The whole time she was new and strange things to tell. The other families at Moi had enough too to tell her about, but they now had still not Gretel. She was ours. Grete heard in a way with the family, and the mother was proud of her. When customers purchase the good pastry, they always straightforward message that it was Grete who had baked. More was not necessary to say.

When I was four years old, I began to understand that life is not just to live, but including also the need to die. And it is perhaps this, my first clear recollection of his childhood years, which in reality has taught me to live.

My youngest sister, Emma, had for some time been sick for scarlatina, and that meant some inconvenience for me. I had to play away from home, and I had to play quietly. Emma could not bear the slightest noise. The doctor came and went constantly, mother and father so serious and sad. Nothing was more fun.

Then one day they told me that Emma had moved, she was no longer with us, she had gone home to God. A few days later a large black coffin, and it was Emma added. I was allowed to look at her as she lay in her coffin and slept, I thought it was strange all together and would ask for something, but then came the others, took the casket with him. When my mother asked if I would not cry, now that they

traveled with Emma. But I did not. Why should I cry because of Emma traveled to God, where it's just felt good to be?

It was like so empty and strange for Emma, and little by little it became more difficult to understand this with the good Lord. I asked him to bring Emma back to me, but he did not. Finally I realized that Emma would never come back. We should not play together anymore. It was unnatural and painful, for she was my youngest sister, had been closest to me and always been so good and kind. Gradually I became that there were two aspects of life: the bright and light with fun and games, and the heavy and black with death as the worst of all.

Emma's death was my first sorrow.

So I was big enough to be taken to the church. There, I had to sit still and listen to the pastor talked about God. I knew that the priest was afraid of God - and then had well I be there! This was something new, and it made life complicated and difficult for me. But as soon as I came out of the church was the game that interested me, and the difficult relationship with God was forgotten. I, Peter Olai, not long pondering over these problems then. Without being conscious of it myself, I felt that life was lived to the joy and delight, and so I took it as far as I could.

Life in the Sanstølske home was rich in variation and adventures of a little boy. Dad struggled all day with its many and varied activities, and most of the customers in the store was also the family's circle of friends. They came back home just as surely as the back shop. The peasants we had, ate at the same table as us. It never made any difference in high and low. Everyone who stopped by, was equally welcome and equally revered. And all they had something to talk to mom about.

The priest came by and drop in for a coffee and a chat with Thea. I used to hide when his hat, get it in the wrong in any way. But neither he nor the mother was angry with me because of that, they laughed at the little officious fellow who could not refrain from doing mischief. I felt confident with the priest, had no fear of man that every Sunday talking about God, and now I felt no fear of the great God himself.

Many of Moi had reportedly believes that Thea Sanstol afford for everything. She had been in America, and learned to settle. If the doctor was gone and people need medicine, they came to the mother. She made up something in a bottle, the patient received a cup of strong coffee, and it was easy to see that he or she felt better all the time. A small bag of candy or "candy" came always with medicine bottle. The bag was the young who sat at home. After many sighs and thanksgiving and outbursts like "you Thea, Thea you!" patient underwent left, happy and satisfied - and mother went to his next task.

Since then I thought how strange it was that so many were cured of their mother medicine. Often she may not have known what they really ailed. But the reason was not enough simply that when Thea had said it would help, it did! That was the secret of suggestion, which certainly is not the mother even knew the least of.

But the strangest thing of all that I saw in my childhood were the ones who came in quietly knocked on the kitchen door, but still would not enter. When the mother had, and I was wondering me, holding her skirt and tried to grasp some of what was happening. Often there was an old woman standing there with a black shawl on her head and no teeth in the mouth. She wanted very much to talk to Jonas - if it was possible. So mom and I had to go all out and push his wife into the room. Soon came the coffee cup on the table, and when it did not take long before I was sitting on the lap of the old. She and her mother talked about this and that, if she came from the farm, animal and crop production, and how it really stood with both people and animals. Then they arrive at the problem! I realized that sometimes it seemed more important to get a vet than a doctor, the cow was absolutely necessary! The vet had said maybe the cow was good enough again, if only it had enough food. But without money - how should they be able to provide enough food for both man and beast? More food for the cow, meant less to the people on the farm.

Mom knew so much already. She knew of course what it was about now. Therefore, it was possible for the old woman to tell everything as it was. Later I realized that when grom boy Thea sat on the lap of the visits were in a way tied a special bond between the two women, which also made it easier to talk.

When the mother had learned what was needed, was called Jonas. The hood that now it was getting coffee! But before he had finished his coffee, his wife had given its name to a new page to the major credit book, and her home would now be enough food for everyone.

Sometimes there was a man who knocked on the kitchen door. Neither he wanted in the beginning, but maternal coffee tempted enough - at least it was easier to get a man inside than the old women.

Now there were other issues that came to light. Awful things were about to happen. Forced Auction. Yes, they had a few days to think it over, but what was the use? It was necessary to have money to get out of the difficult situation.

Father was called in for coffee!

In cases like this, it could probably be that he grumbled a little, and he thought it was really bad, he shook his head. But when the mother spoke gently and firmly on Christian responsibilities and obligations towards fellow humans, he bent forever. It was Thea was right.

But not always it about poverty and lack of money. It could be about the kids who grew up and married, and those who had traveled to America - the land that the mother herself had been in for a long, long time ago.

Yes, there was something new from the young people out there?

Not since the last letter - that Jonas had read aloud in the living room, since none of the parents were so strong-minded that they could read with the glasses they had now. They read the way, is not so good either. About Thea remembered how nice Jonas had to answer? How nice he had words to say exactly what was said? How good and well it all was?

Jo, the mother remembered it, and now it was almost Christmas again. Then came probably the letter from America as usual.

Yes, yes, said the old, it was probably so. The letter she had received all! What was in it? No, she did not - she had not had the courage to open it. Unless Thea thought Jonas would help her with this letter too?

Thus had Jonas into the kitchen for coffee, and the letter arrived from the chest.

Far dried glasses extra good, took out the pocket knife and cut the letter carefully and took out the contents. Often it was both a letter and a colored piece of paper in it. The note said so much weird about everything from storm to strange things, so incredible that no normal person could believe it. It could not be true. There were stalks so tall that a man reached the top of it if he stretched his arm straight up! When the writer had been told about all the strange, he came to the real reason for the letter was sent.

The wife of the letter had been given a son, daughter, and the child should be baptized after her!

Finally, the desired Merry Christmas to all, and had the little paper that was in the letter help them to have a little extra nice in the Christmas weekend.

Then the tears came. They followed the wrinkles in the wrinkled face, and was to small streams down to his chin. I had a permanent seat on the lap of the old, kept as an open hand under her chin and thought it was fun to collect tears in it.

After a while a large handkerchief up, his nose was vigorously cleaned and the face thoroughly dried. Then came caressing. I was stroked her hair, I was a good kid and everything was so good, so very good in all respects.

Quiet and calm father had disappeared without anyone noticing.

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I was not great until I noticed that America was something that somehow was behind everything. If a call is jammed, got America on the track again! Mom was in a manner obvious to talk about this country, since the first her husband was dead there. America became a place from which both joys and sorrows came. It was in America she met Jonas! And for an old but freshly baked grandmother, was heavily missed by those who had traveled but a letter with a welcome note in, created profound joy.

Many visiting with many coffee cups in the kitchen for mom taught me that life was not so easy and straightforward. The ears were open, I followed as best I could, but there was a lot I did not understand. To this day I have not understood what had really happened, when young men had to leave the country because they had "sinned against the state." Some secrets steeds were so large that they did not have a name. Things were only suggested. And just this mysterious, this unspoken, was for me the life, the only thing that was worth knowing more about. There was something big, at least as long as I sat on his lap in the kitchen. But there was much else that was also great, and the greatest of all the great, was Peder at Skåland, just outside Moi, who had given me a whole cherry in their hands, and to me alone.

There was no limit to everything Peder could and did. He had been in America, and in many other countries. Inside the room his best, he had a lot of things that he had collected on his travels abroad. He liked to tell about all he had seen and experienced, and I was keen interest. He talked about his strange stones, what they contain, how he had obtained them and what they could be used. He talked about the hardships and privations. Better was there when he took my hand and told foreign countries where people had enough clothes, but clothes that were completely different than ours. But nothing was quite similar: They had children there as here at home with us.

Even better was when Peder told about Indians. That I knew well from books and pictures, and I was childishly proud that now stood a man holding my hand, a man who had shaken hands with real living Indians. I knew the name Sitting Bull, but the world how very different life was when Peder told about him and his place in history. I kept Peder extra hard in hand right then.

And then the nice cherry mine! Where could I sit and eat my own cherries, and if I ate up every one year, then came the new berries next year. This happened only by God. Yes, God was good - it was certainly. Peder was in a way my Norwegian prince, my own Sitting Bull, and he was not much less than God in my eyes. Peder and Indians he described so vividly, grew in me a vague idea of a new world, very different from the one I had around me at Moi. It was a world that I created and populated with my own imagination, and little did I know that by and large the world would immediately become my own.

After Emma's death developed relationships in a way that surprised me. The older my sisters traveled gradually away, and soon I was, at least the child alone at home with mom and dad. In a way I liked it, because there was more room at home, and so was the end of that bothered me! There was no harm intended, they just wanted me to constantly change clothes, and worst of all: They certainly would wash me! I meant to wash me was totally wasted, and soon after I was as dirty again! What was the point?

On that question I never got an answer.

When the older siblings now disappeared, I got better opportunity to travel around the own. And well, it was because I had a lot to take care of and look after. There were cats looking for small birds and mice, there were fish that swam right past my nose, but that disappeared as soon as I reached for them. It was my job to build a dam to have tadpoles in and I slept well at night because I knew the pond was full of such sprawling and funny little animals. The next morning they were all dead,

and I mourned bitterly. But then I explained that it was God's will, and then it must be so. It was so very much for such a little boy to look after, and I was aware that I could reach everything that I wanted.

One day I started a new chapter in my life. Mother took me to school and got my written there. It meant that now I should start learning in earnest, and it was Miss Berthe Svihus that would be my teacher. My sisters had all gone to school for her, and they often talked about everything she had taught them, what she did to help them, and how unique she was against all the young pupils. I soon found out that all of it was true. For me, the school a new way to play. Admittedly it was a bit hard to sit still in a room all day with all the great world outside the windows, but when Miss smiled at me and looked a little reproachfully at the turmoil in my body, I strive extra hard to sit nicely and quietly. I felt that I had to help her with it, and it was not too bad.

The first three years of school went like a flash. Everything was just fun. We got to play and learn at the same time. I became so fond of Miss because she was so good and responsive in every way. She was easy to teach. She could answer anything, she knew, Miss spring.

"Miss Svihus is very learned," said the father one day, and to me it sounded very nice.

Homework was a breeze. It was not that hard to remember what we should memorize home either. And so it was so lovely when our teacher was happy because we could homework so well - it was just fun to live -!

If anyone still answered incorrectly, she had her own way when she would fix it. "You are on the right., We'll just add a little more to get it right!"

Along with the toy and the trend was not school at Moi just a school where we learned to read, it was far more a place where we learned how to live. When I later in life have had an opportunity to see how others have shaped the development of the young students, I better understand how healthy and important it is to build it the easy way, as was done in the school at Moi. We learned that everything in nature has its place, its own specific meaning, his work to do, and it is not good except it be taken into account everything. Behind it all was God, we learned - he was the heart, the teacher in the school of life, the one who personally guided and prepared with everything. It has taken me many years to reach a personal understanding of the relationship of these things, but now I realize that in the rearing leave school and my parents down which I later in life has been very gratifying. I learned to fight my way through mistakes and failures, learned to understand that not everything was exactly as it looked to be. There was a sense of adversity and a will behind it, and this we had to learn to face with a smile - and with a certainty that everything was to our benefit. It was a kind providence that led, a gentle and loving hand that waved us forward.

This feeling was why I was so fond of Tollak Østrem. He had not only a great horse - he also had the best hand to hold in. When I let my little black boy hand in the big his hand, I felt a warmth and security that can not be described. It was all a lot of good by my friend Tollak. He had long, black beard, was large and powerful, a little slow, but safe, quiet and safe. He had only one fault - sometimes he took a trip to Flekkefjord, and then he came back constantly sick and miserable and unsteady on his feet. It seemed that I was sorry. We were probably as good friends, but when Tollak so, he just does not have time to talk to me or care about my toys, and I did not.

Once Tollak came home so, I got a bell from him. Then I was so happy that I had never been. Such a nice bell was no one in the world who had before. When I rang the bell, went there my thoughts out into the field, on the road that went down there, out to the horses and cows were there, the sheep and goats that leaped around out there - there was I also once come. Bell was not just a gift, a toy, no, for me it was the song to life, and to all the animals who were both in the real world and the one I had created in my imagination.

Tollak understood me so well. It was so good to sit on his lap, taking him in his long beard and talk with him. But the best I liked to hold his hand. Then I felt a strange way that the man was both happy and good.

Bell that I got from Tollak, has followed me through life. For me it is still the song of the animals, to the creature, and it reminds me that it once be called the eternal cycle - and it is the symbol of the faithful friendship.

In a way it was easier to talk to Tollak than with the father. Now was not the father of any angry and cross dad that we were afraid, on the contrary - he had a distinct whiff of the distinctive Western Norwegian humor. But it was not often he let it come forward. He would have everything in order. If I asked him about several things at once, I got no answer, but I came back after a while and repeated one of my questions, he answered with a pair of smiting words. He lavished not with unnecessary talk.

But the father was silent and still, we can not say the same about my mother. She liked that others discussed and participated like yourself. Between her and my sisters, when they were at home, was often hard, but even if the words could be sharp, there was no unfriendly spirit behind. In those moments Dad around with his hands on his back and his glasses far down on his nose, quiet and unmoved, he and forth between the debating parties and seemed like a kind of surge suppressor. When he found they were too eager and boisterous, he concluded the discussion by saying: "I hear that you finally agreed!"

Thus was the end of the debate.

Neither in our home or in someone else's home at Moi, was thrown which could be used. Nothing was to be lost. Human manure was obviously

involved in horticulture. Mother had a beautiful garden with flowers, vegetables and fruit trees, but Dad had to when the trees were fertilized. One day he had worked on it, he came into the room with glasses unusually far down on his nose, looking very concerned out. When my mother asked what was wrong, it came as a small but heartfelt sigh: "I think dolls using a bit of paper!"

Any abuse and any exaggeration, was sin in my father's eyes. God put us on earth to do our duty, and on that occasion he had given us different gifts. They should we manage with respect and common sense. In his opinion, this was not a religion, it was just something that should be so. Everyone should always try to do what was right and proper.

I enjoyed so much being with mom when she tended to her flowers. She chatted so familiar with them. She shared their sorrows and their joys with small potted plants in the window in the same way that she shared with us. She told them things that she claimed they liked to hear, she gave them love. The flowers had as great a need for love as men, and there was a plant that did not show the straight well-being, so made sure mother. On the way she taught me to see the creature as a large living unit, except I still understood the context of everything.

There were many other things that I do not understand. On the way home from school, it happened that I ended up in a small boy fights, and then I, small as I was, often beating. More than once I came home with a black eye. For me it was just fun and games all together, but when I would explain to the father what had happened, it was difficult. For me it was very simple: Another boy had argued himself into me, he turned first, so I knocked again - that it was not my fault.

But Dad would not see it that way.

"It takes two to make a fight," he said, and was stubborn about it. He was convinced that a boy alone could not fight, and there was a conviction that it was possible to change.

It would take many years of my life bevegete before I completely made the wise father's words.

All the time I had both the need for excitement that later evolved. I saw the danger as a challenge, it was dangerous and difficult, calling it emerged powers in me that took power over me and drove me longer than I wanted. There was not much that was left untried by the boy's gang, and was there anything that was particularly dangerous, as it would audacity to perform, so I felt this need to do - and do it now. I went both danger and difficulties in the face with open eyes and a childish tillitsfullhet who had nothing with neither courage or bravado to do. It was kind of a natural and proper joy, and without that I knew it at the time, I felt like a happy child, a being that it could be something evil and therefore could do anything. This feeling - I gather - was a kind of auspicious mascot for me.

With my true joy and cheerfulness, I was even as a mascot for forest workers up yonder by Moi. They took me with him, and was certain that Peter Olai would bring happiness and joy into the workplace. It was not always that it was given the message that I was in the forest, and so began the search for the lost, first with some hesitation, but rapidly with increasing persistence and maybe even a

little fear in the blood. For the mother, of course, never forgot Peder Olaus and he drowned in the well ...

Then I - high to horse with timber load - haughty and proud, and did not know anything about all the fuss that had been because of me. A little scolding was maybe, but not rice. To the mother was happy when she got me healthy and speedy return home.

Out in the woodshed we had a large, sharp ax, and I would like to play with. It could not be anything dangerous! I could see that people used the ax every single day, and then I would also try. To appease me, Dad bought a pretty little lekeøks, but he could have saved himself. Admittedly the hatchet fun for a day or two, but then it was over. It was impossible to chop it with the great, which I was not allowed to use.

But I soon found a way out. Could not I use the great ax though, so I could get others to do it. I got Peder Arnfeldt that was bigger and stronger than I am to use it. One day we had a lot of fun to chop up a towing in tiny pieces. He cut and I let the rope up eventually. Finally, I had only a few centimeters left. I let the rope forward and pulled his fingers to me. But then it struck me that it was cowardly. So I still stuck out her hand to hold the rope while Peder cut.

Naturally struck blow me. One of his fingers were cut off so that it just hung on a leather cloth. When I was not particularly haughty anymore. I vrælte and carried me and ran into the mother, and from there went straight to the doctor. No one could understand that I could cut off my finger with the hatchet which I had received from my father, and they were not wiser of my strange explanations. I lied in a way, portrayed the incident a little differently than it really was, but nothing I could not do.

To tell that it was Peder who had cut me, was impossible.

A little sad it was when it was clear that the finger came to be stiff and useless for my whole life, but worse was to listen to the father when he blamed himself that he had bought the hatchet to me. He thought all along that I had cut myself with it.

But I consoled myself then, as I also since have comforted me, even though I had told the truth, they would never have understood the father such dealings. The secret to blow and finger was between Peder and me.

Peder's father was a blacksmith and spent a large sledgehammer. It was incredibly fun to follow my older best friend away in the smithy of his father and watching him as he worked. He shaped the red-hot iron to the thing he wanted it, and when it had its proper form, he spat at it in a certain way, before he put it in cool water. Everything was as it should be in the smithy of Peder's father.

The smell, the fire, the iron that lay there and glowed - all told me that there was a blacksmith Peter Olai would be when he grew up and big. Thus, Peder and I had two secrets together: The story of the finger, and the fact that we both would be blacksmiths. When we agreed it was like life. It was good to be in the same way as it later in life has been good to live when I had a clear goal in front of me.

Then came the day when my mother told me that we had sold our home and would be moving to Stavanger. I did not like, and if I had known nothing about the environment in which I was going to meet, I liked it even less.

About the environment, I must say a few words before we go on the road ahead.

Meeting with Stavanger

When we finally sat on the train, had excitement got hold of me. I realized that now I get to see and experience something strange and big as the other guys at Moi knew nothing about. Thus there also. The first journey in my life is actually also been for me the greatest. I can not forget it.

The journey took five hours, gave me more knowledge about the world outside Moi than I then realized. Picture after picture rolled up to me, all as new and strange. Everything was bigger and prektigere than at home, or at least different: houses, stations and landscapes. I stared and stared and came in first with enthusiastic exclamations, but in the end I did not know what to say. Dad lowered his

glasses further down his nose and smiled a little strange to me. Mother gave her son an extra hug, and maybe there was a tear or two. But I had no time to bother me at the time.

People in the city had great speed. They ran back and forth and looked like ants at home at Moi. I also noticed that they were very serious, as if something sad had happened. The air was not the way I was used to. At home it was good to take it into the long dragon, which we often did for fun, but it tasted something strange, not directly hurt, but not good either. I did not like this air.

But out of the station, I quickly forgot the air. On the way to our new home in Skolegaten 25, did I ever new discoveries. I saw children playing almost like Moi, they laughed and talked and I understood what they said, but it sounded different from home. I met some familiar and strange at the same time.

Will start to move came from the station, and soon gathered a large group of boys and girls around us. Dad and my sisters struggling to carry our stuff into the house, the mother was inside and put in place and arranged to, but I could be out and look around. The children remained at a distance, but it was clear to me that it was me they were talking about. It dawned on me that they considered me as a child, and that they would clear me!

It was the first time I heard strangers talking about that I was not big in stature. Sure enough, I had realized that I was less than others of my age, but both mother and father thought it would work out eventually. Once Peter Olai would start growing in earnest, and when he was as big and powerful as the other guys. But this was something else entirely. Here was a crowd alien guys and agreed that me would be easy to beat - otherwise it could not mean. Should they take me because I was less than them? Home at Moi was a shame to strike or give a beating whoever was smaller. Was it not so in Stavanger? This promised well, and I was already beginning to resent that we would stay in this city.

But the first few days gave me does not have time to ponder. Everything was new and strange and exciting in many ways. Admittedly, I found no friends to play with, but it worked out enough of the time, his mother said. For mother and father arranged everything with time. From Moi we brought flatbread and lelse, and when the mother set the table, everything was about the same as it should be. But outside the house, I met a kind of cold resistance, a form of hostility as the boy from the country had no knowledge of before. I came with a nice rubber ball home and wanted to play, but the other ran and kicked at a larger ball and their game was no place for me. They shouted words to me that I had not heard before, and which I do not understand.

Both mother and I hoped it would get better when I started school, but there we took mistaken. The first thing I found there was that the older boys formed a ring, and then they pushed me from one to the other inside the ring. I do not know if the teachers saw it, but I know that no one intervened and stopped this toy. Recess was a nightmare, it was a relief to get into, there will be Miss peace. What was going on, raked obviously not her.

But it was no good inside either, as in Moi. I missed Miss Svihus, missed her way of being. My new teacher was probably too kind, but she said so much that I did not quite understand, and I dreaded already to be heard in homework - even though I knew I would be it.

Many of the boys in the class was certainly not kind. They sat there and stared and stared.

When school was over and I was ready to go home, I spotted a flock of boys who had gathered down at the school gate. It looked as if they were waiting for someone. Interest instinctively I realized that it was me they were waiting for, and I can not describe what I felt as I approached. I had to go. There were no other ways out.

They showed no mercy. The blows rained down on me. It seemed like it was important for as many people as possible to get some help. How I really got me through and away from the pack, I do not know, but when I first was free, I was also rescued. For I could run fast, even though I was small of stature.

When I got home, looked at the mother while both me and my clothes. So she came with the best consolation she had: "It'll be plenty of time."

There she got right in. But something strange and ugly had come into my life, and the school was never more so as I had perceived that the school should be.

Should I be accepted, I had to learn to speak as they spoke in Stavanger. But it was so hard to get to the new emphasis on the words. I also failed to express myself, when I once was sure to talk "right." In reading hours like many of the other students, and it did not help that lady smiled too, in a kind of harmony with them. Soon the fear of being heard in the reading was greater than the fear of teasing during breaks and attacks on the way home.

As if this was not enough of difficulties, new as well. About mother was ever so understanding and did their utmost to help me, yet it was something that not even she realized. When I came so far that I had someone to play with in the street, she invited them my new friends into the chocolate and homemade cakes. She was handy with children, and we always had fun in her kitchen. But what if she could understand that "others" had the shirt that was bought in the store! I had the shirt that she had made and which was necessary for me to keep me nice and warm. There was no way around it. But every time when we should have swimming and had to change clothes, I was laughed at. They laughed under my shirt, laughed at everything from the color to the thickness. "Look at that shirt!" said on stavanger - his dialect, and did bathe hours nearly as bad as it was in Norwegian.

Fortunately the school had nothing to offer me too! In the gym, I had my big hours. No sooner climbed to the top of the rope than I, and have jumped better over ram. Line gymnastics had the pleasure to seep into me. I enjoyed the exercises and restrained them. In the gym, I found again the good feeling from the railing on the bridge at Moi! Here I went into my own world. There was laughter from the Norwegian classes not so bad anymore, and here the boys slowed up or did not laugh at all of my mixture of dialects. Maybe life was good anyway?

Outside the gym, I also slowly begin to show my best side. It was not impossible anymore to be with when the others played football, and here came the agility and speed of my to his right. I argued me where others also wanted to be good. It was noticed and appreciated, and that gave me confidence. When I was twelve years old, had strangely enough they stitched the shirts were gone. Ertingen had diminished greatly. Only in Norwegian classes there were still some who had it very funny, but now I began to see light. One of the boys - undoubtedly a bright head, but very poor in gymnastics - had teased a little too often and too long. Now I was the one arguing me into him until he could not avoid a fight. It did well to beat him. It felt like I grew during battles. Where were now his grin? He received a beating that he undoubtedly remembered.

But while I experienced even something strange: When the battle was over, I felt no joy, and later I often away on just this kid who sat there so quiet.

Perhaps he too had its difficulties, as I?

Brytningstid

Football was a major part of my life. On the pitch there was life and movement, great speed and lots of fun. There was interaction and struggle, countless situations that require lightning fast decisions and immediate action. I felt that I mastered this game better than many of the older boys, and I was filled with something inexplicable that only did so very well.

The time was "Jeja" the great football hero. He had probably no idea how much he meant to us boys. I can still see myself on the track where I for hours practicing to get to the same aggregate on the ball as it "Jeja" had. Anything less than that, the length is not usable. and my training bore fruit, that there was no doubt. I developed myself constantly playing, and in imagination I saw myself in the national team. When I had the worse in school, I cried myself to sleep at night, and sometimes I wet myself out at night - now I lay happily dreamed about Peter Olai from Moi who enrolled in Norwegian football history!

But soon it turned out that the new disappointments waiting. It was on the small areas where we played at my skill came into its own. When I did try me on a regular, large soccer field, was not my size to. I could keep my place in the team was fast and quick on the ball, but something essential was missing - the necessary weight behind kicked. This lack I could not do anything. So it was that I was a master at

small tracks, but on the big tracks, I stood behind the goal and cheering for the other guys who played. Sometimes I also try me, but the track was too large and the body easy. The best I could do was to acknowledge defeat.

And I did.

Stavanger had more than football to offer. Maybe it was the turn was the sport for me?

With the same vigor that I had posted in football, I went to reach for my new sport. I played around with my skills, and soon rose to new heights. Turn in was really my field! Here I could my business from bar gymnastics down to the smallest detail, and playful took me to the new skills and tasks. It was good to have a body that conceived and instantly executed the smallest orders from the brain. And the body had to be with. It was played on all strings: strength, flexibility, speed, balance ... Everything was just as important.

But then there was this size again.

Should I up the rings, I had to be lifted up, and if I turn up the rod, the same thing happened there. This led to some undeniably drew a little smile, and although this could not be compared with sneers and laughter from the Norwegian classes, so it hurt that they smiled at my size. I could not turn away from me, and I could not drag me back to a smaller court and be totally there.

In the end I finished the turn no too.

Life was just not that simple.

Mother was fixed and immutable holding point. She was the rescue now. I had learned to play a little, and wished me a strong accordion. But when I got hold of one, it turned out that the father did not like to see such a game in the house. I had to hide it under the bed, and it took only until when I could play the mother alone. Then she began to swing at them in a kind of dance, and I realized that my mother was something pretty special. Whatever the difficulties arose both around me and within me, so I had always mother.

Again, I remembered something my father had told her. Over the years he had told much about her, and some several times. This story had I asked him to tell again and again.

That is when the railway was built to Flekkefjord and "slob" was on Moi. Then it was plain that some went to "town" and bought liquor. Afterwards there was a party, and perhaps a brawl. The home was not drinking anything stronger than coffee, and shelter peace was important. Fill and riot was an abomination - hot.

Then one evening my father took a sleeping giant with liquor bottle by his side. He took care of the bottle, but let the man sleep.

But later in the night was the noise! When the husband awoke, missed the bottle and got himself told that it had Jonas brought!

Soon began hammering on the door. It was also called different as not to be misunderstood. There were demands for the extradition of the bottle once, and rich promises of beating if this did not happen.

My parents had gone to bed, but not sleep. They listened well everything that was said, but Dad did not go out. He said that he had no desire to meet the man at the time.

But when my mother was angry.

She got out of bed, and in only her nightgown, she went to the door, opened it quickly and jumped up - and hit the roaring giant in the face!

He stumbled across, stopped and turned slowly, looked astonished at his mother standing there.

Then came the "Oh so glad I am that it's you, Thea, I thought at first that it was the devil!"

Then he apologized for his behavior and went his way.

Mom had to order two. She had the vigor and a fierce determination. And she reminded us that we always have to keep your spirits up.

When the mother saw cash fixed up with "slob", it was because she knew no fear. What did this really mean? Boy brain suddenly a new sport to master, it began to ruminate, speculate and think about the relationship of things. I did not know the concept of cause and effect, but was still in the process of finding out just that.

It was exciting to think about what the answer might be to many questions. Although I had to lift up the rings and some laughed: Why did I then still best that rings hung high? The answer could be that when the increased danger, and thus the voltage. And if this was taken as a challenge, instead of trying to "secure", the exercises bolder and better. Without excitement were all tame and pointless.

By starting to ask critical questions, I discovered that even the reading homework, could be interesting. At home we had almost only religious books, and what was in them, only read. It was never discussed whether it was right everything that was there. But the textbooks were not saints, and one day I read something that I did not agree, and when I asked the question: Was it really as it was written in the book? I accepted no longer necessarily that everything in the books were true.

It was interesting to read and look for things that I could take the doubt and begin to argue with in a way. Laws and regulations that had been completely straightforward, suddenly looked upon with great suspicion. I wanted to know why one or the other would be just so or so. Groping and uncertain, I began to formulate my own opinions about things. I felt resentment by accepting what others had thought out and would no longer obey orders even if I agreed with it.

Peter Olai had begun to go their own way - without him even knowing it!

It soon became apparent that many others do not understand this, and thus began a new type of conflict throwing shadow over my days.

It was during a statement in any occasion that it began in earnest. We should stand with feet at a 45 degree angle when the instructor asked us up. I did not understand why this stance was so important and would have explained why it would be just so. Nobody could tell me, and then I found no reason to do it. I thought it was silly to be so, and it did not suit me.

I learned that I could like the rule or not like it. I could be or not be.

A 14-year-old boy who began to have their own opinions and asked questions, had not something he should have said to the authorities.

It was another defeat.

But maybe it was not a defeat nonetheless. For this time it is not that I was little that I could not do what was expected of me. I lost because the others could protect themselves behind some rules that were to shake, even though they could not understand why they were so!

Then something else happened that would be of great importance to me. We moved again - but only a little, just to another house in the same quarter, still enough that I got in touch with a new bunch of guys. The sons of master baker Fredriksen became my new friends. All were bigger and older than me, but Sverre who was my age. These boys could both play and fighting, but the fighting was really just playing, too. This was a game I enjoyed! We could be angry, but it was just taken - part of the game. When the fight was over, the mind blown away. Such battles did us only for better friends.

None of the parents of these boys, took any notice of these matches. It was as it should be. Mother Fredriksen was so easy to talk to, she understood us so well, she was like the mother. And then she put the art to something to do. When she cut the pastry, it was always someone batted down again, and they could not be sold. These will be ones we got, but in return we had to clean up somewhere, cleaning up in the yard or do anything else that she felt was necessary. When we had first begun work ended often that we kept on until we had also deserved a bottle of red soda! Fuller family were people that I really felt comfortable among.

But Mom marked enough that her boy was about to be an adult and found it necessary to tighten the reins. She set up some sort of schedule that I would follow, it was school and homework, regular meals and bedtime fast - depending on the clock. But there is something that boys dislike, then it is regularly named as determined by the clock. Especially bad was going to bed when I knew that my friends do not leave so early. Thus it was that I wondered mother. My window facing so it was hard to get out, and although I got myself a pretty bad conscience, I began nevertheless to slink in and out through the window when the mother thought I was asleep.

It was probably at this time that I began to have what is called "religious scruples". In my intense search for answers to everything needed in - - from why I should stand with feet at a 45 degree angle to

the statement of the meaning of life - I was about to get into really deep water. I had to find something to cling to. Not even the new my mates was enough.

I joined the I.O.G.T.

It happened after curiosity was alert, and I really started to discover some of all that ugly and sad happened in the streets and alleys after dark. Worst of all, I thought, was to see the many young boys who dashed about, binge drunk. It was bad to see the old filling, but we cared little about the situation they were in. We had fun with them. Quite different was it with the boys - they was not much older than ourselves. With words and gestures they gave themselves out to be the big guys, invincible in strength and mannmot, but after a while they were reduced to almost nothing.

But then there were some words that openly and honestly fought against this drunkenness, against liquor as they called it. For many people it had become a passionate cause and a point of honor to be there. This I understood the meaning, and I would fight with them.

It was a big change in my life. Here I came into an environment where there was also questioned, with investigating things and situations the way it should be done, and where you're looking for the right answers. The bright and friendly rooms we met friends, read, talked and taught. Bookshelves in the reading room contained not only Christian devotional books, but also books with different content. There were also newspapers from many parts of the country. Today I want to say that I expanded my horizons considerably, but at that time I only understood that this was a new way of looking at things. These people had given themselves a task to solve - and proceeded to fix it!

Now it will not be right to say that the lodge was all good, for I soon found that some of the members failed to keep the promise that was given. There I pondered over, but did not come to any conclusion. Although I had no trouble keeping me away from the alcohol.

Later I understood that in my innate idealism had a good support, and I had brought with me a home that perhaps many others had not. I did not realize that anyone could be so weak that they could not keep what they had promised, which resulted in arrogance. Without being fully aware of me, I was helping to run the weak out. When after a suitable time was allowed to come back to the meetings, so some of us rather skewed at them, calling them apostates and worse. I was one of those who had the lodge's laws and ritual into your head, but the movement's spirit and goals I had enough though rarely. To judge a fellow human being, is a bad start if you really want to give a helping hand. But it may be a while before you realize this.

The image of a man on a stool, a man with receptive people around him, was the start of something new even in the searching my mind. Hans Nielsen Hauge - it was the one I looked at! He was put off because he had his own opinions, they really had something to say to the community, was after him, but they could not say what Hauge did that really was wrong. He just could not do it their way! An ordinary man could not look up the Bible and read and tell others what it said! It had to be taught to do!

I read everything I could find about this new hero of mine. But soon I realized that no one had thought of people like me when they wrote. It was not a doubting and questioning youth they approached. All major and crucial issues in life should be answered with faith, but I wanted to know.

And it went with Hans Nielsen Hauge few years earlier with football hero "Jeja": A star appeared and disappeared.

With boxing gloves on his hands

I know it sounds weird, but what I really came away in his boxing and was totally engrossed in it, I can not do properly accounted for. But it must have been the older Fredriksen brothers who led me on to the cellars where the boys met and trained boxing. The left must have obtained knowledge and inspiration through SIF, Chicago Athletic Association, and the box where enthusiastic coach, Johan rifle. With boxing gloves on his hands, it was as if a whole new world suddenly opened up to me, and now I did not ask any questions. I knew it only. This was my game!

Those who fought, had their own gloves, and I could not carry on and borrow from others. I also had to have gloves. But I could not go home and tell mom and dad what I had now discovered, and ask to buy a pair of boxing gloves! Something like that would be impossible for them to understand. But the mother could be the solution now that so many times before. If I could get anything you wanted fabric of her and lend sewing machine, I should clear the rest.

Mother was very concerned. Now it was she who asked the question. She said no. But after a while she said yes anyway, and I could go back to work. Down at the harbor lay the big balls of cotton. There I found what was needed to be with my gloves. Such an action could not be called anything other than theft, and so it was one worse than the other, but I refused to see it that way. They had guard down! Besides, could not possibly as little mean anything in the big picture. Anyway - with the upbringing I had, this theft bothered me quite a long time.

But it was forgotten when I fought. It was so wonderful! Pretty soon I discovered that none of my friends managed to outbox me. It did not matter if most were far bigger and stronger. When blows my reach them at the right moment, it was as if a small orchestra in me playing beautiful music! But just nice it was to shy away from battle, knowing them stroking harmless by, because I was no longer where my boxing friend thought I should be. Gradually I became convinced that I could beat them that had been my tormentors - if I wanted to. It filled both body and mind with its own peace and safety, and the prayer that I still prayed every night, heartfelt clearly and confidential. God has really shown me the way, had given me the key to true inner joy. It did not matter if I was a kid. I was probably just as happy as anybody else.

A new hero emerged.

This time it was the Frenchman Georges Carpentier, European champion in boxing until he was nineteen years old, and described as one of the best technicians in the ring ...

Through the newspapers, I learned that Georges Carpentier was both intelligent and knowledgeable, which led to me threw me over my homework with new zeal.

When the city was visited by an American warship, I got a wonderful opportunity to show my arts. The city boys were invited on board to fight sailors. Where would we get the box real, "live" boxing gloves. Something like that I could not even have dreamed of. After a few rounds, and without that I can not explain what happened, I was the crew of the boat noticed. That smile of a young negro boy met me, I'll never forget, that lit up his face, and expressed her joy and appreciation. Finally it went out a challenge to the sailors to take a tussle with me, and those who tried, came up short. I could really fight! And when I got home after this visit, I found a picture of Carpentier, looked at my own image in the mirror and found out that we were very similar. Just look at the way I kept my system on. Just look at it and look at it and just come on! A wonderful feeling came back into my life - now I was not afraid of anything!

After this experience, it took me a long time to find your way up to Stavanger Athletic Association's boxing department, and the coach there, Johan rifle. From the first day he took care of me and my art. Yes, for it was art. Art and play. I played and laughed my way through the exercises and assignments I got from him, and he in turn lined up both spiritually and physically for my training. I could turn and look at him, he was angry, and more and he taught me new details that increased my knowledge.

The new sense of security also worked on schoolwork. I felt no fear that I would not be able middle school. It was worse for the mother and the day she waited for me to come home with the result, consoled herself with one cup of coffee after another. But I came home happy, with exams behind me and playful and the life ahead of me.

But it was something that was not particularly funny anyway - mother and father did not know what I was really doing. Often when I practiced boxing, they thought I was in meetings of the lodge. I lied to them and had even hurt by it, but saw no other way to do it. They would never be able to understand and accept that Peter Olai should be boxes. A good education and a secure job - that's the way it should be. The lies my I had begun long ago. In the days when I went to one of my friends picked - football boots and practiced for hours to get to the "Jeja" flick with the left foot, they thought I was in Sunday school. At that time I had thought that God certainly knew that I had to do it this way. He

understood everything. When he realized that I could not sit and listen to someone talking about him, when there was the chance I had to practice football. Something I myself did not understand was why I could grow as much as everyone else.

Now I no longer need to be like others. With boxing gloves on his hands, I was well satisfied to be who I was.

Then one day the verdict.

Mother sat and read in the newspaper that Peter Olai Sanstol had achieved 2nd prize in a box reunion!

It was a day of many explanations. For both mother and father must all have been unreal. But at the same time they must have known that here they encountered something they had no control over, and that they therefore could not stop.

For me the big question why I was not sued the numbers I!

What was it that I did not win?

It was too easy just to say that he was better than me. I began to analyze the struggle to figure out what we both had done, and what the judges could have seen in him that I was not even aware of. If I were able to reveal this, I even learned something. And suddenly it dawned on me that losing a battle, not the worst thing that could happen. If I could just reveal the secret of the other, as I still had no knowledge of and that gave him the victory, I had even come on. In other words, the losses I could learn something, not victories. My first defeat in the ring, it was a long Bergenser who had given me. He would also give me the other.

When applied to nothing less than the Norway Cup in boxing.

The event went to Bergen in 1921.

From amateur to professional

Mother and father decided to move again. Father was troubled by gout, and he believed that the climate in Oslo would be better for your health. I was now eighteen, but still hit it over me again what I faced when the family came to Stavanger. Now I spoke fluent stavanger dialect, and was afraid that in Oslo would be a new "struggle for existence".

But it turned out that I had nothing to fear. I was received with open arms. My career started boxing gave me actually a certain position in society. First I was a member of the Gymnastics Association, where George Brustad was the coach, a man I personally knew little of before.

Through Gymnastics Association, and later OAK, Oslo Athlete Club, I got to meet with coaches and several famous boxers, new progress as a fighter.

But first of all I got a job in an office. I enjoyed the work, and even better, I liked that my boss knew that I had to fight.

The game continued, and it became quite clear to me that if I could not lose her sense of humor, there was no sense of it all. And just because I was afraid of defeat, I was not afraid of the fight. Nervousness before a tussle, I did not know what was, but I was at times wondered if my theory would hold objectives and tactics succeed. I still had much to learn.

One time I lost a match against Einar Nilsen Skar. The I still remember, and I hope Einar also remembers the match. For me this was a chasing tussle against one of the best technicians. After three rounds we were so similar that it was required an extra round to come to a decision. But I had never attended a match out of three rounds and could bear no more. This gave Einar victory.

This gave me new lessons, and I thought that the next time would the outcome be different. But in the ring we met again.

In 1925, I became champion in the bantam, and thus I was hit by the deadliest disease a human can get - the one that comes with popularity - I was sunning myself in my greatness! I had proved that my way of doing things measure up - I had won. Sure enough, I had become a sort of fourth champion in 1923, but it did not count. It was the top I would now, on and nothing less.

Suddenly, I had become great - clean bodily. My friends, both male and female, looked at me with different eyes than before, and people who had been strangers to me, noticed me and searched my company. Nobody cared anymore about my dialect. Everything was very good.

No, not all.

To put it a little careful, I had no support at my parents when it came to boxing. With high and low, they had long been looking for a job that would give me enough to take care of, so no box came from a distance. I had gone metal school and got a job at a mechanical workshop. It was okay and interesting enough, but not great - and the excitement I had to have in my life. After my six months as a soldier in Kjeller Airport, I came in as close contact with one of my friends box, Axel Norman, that we decided to start a repair shop together. It was really interesting, but again lacked the most important - the good tension. All the art of balance, speed and boxing technique I had adopted me, literally cried after being used for something. I started to feel like I was trapped - and not just on our workshop.

I had recently discovered that the mother of his strength and determination in a manner demanded to organize my life for me, that she had been accustomed to, but it did not suit me anymore. We had at times exchanges was violent enough that we both showed teeth, but this hurt, because I was extremely fond of my mother, and she wished me the best. She had her opinions about everything, from food and clothing to girls and dancing. Called a girl up to me for a brief conversation, the mother sat there and listened, and as soon as the call was over, her remarks. There was nothing to throw away their time on such nonsense. Now she does not understand some things. It was useless to argue with her anymore - it was either me or the mother.

One day I decided to move from home and take a room out. But when it became resurrection! Mother raged, threatened and came with their conditions, but I had no choice: I had to go out, go out to see and live. When I had finally packed my stuff and was ready to go, let the mother on the threshold, and said that if I went now, so I went over her corpse. I did not answer, but rose over her body - and thus began my further journey in life.

Now the actual boxing come from a distance. I did my work, and although it does not always fit me, and although I felt far from satisfied, I tried anyway to do my best. The old box my friends knew I did not have time to train and fight as well, so everything passed quietly and smoothly until a few weeks before Norway Cup in boxing to be processed, this time also in Bergen. OAK, now my league, had many good boxers, and if they could win the King's Trophy which this year was set up in bantam, chances were good to also win the trophy for the best club. Since I fought in the bantam class, there was pressure for me to set up. I excused myself that I had not trained for a long time that I did not have time to exercise now either and that I could not travel the basis of the work, but in response to my objections, said Arne Knardahl that all this could be arranged. He had already been in contact with my companion - I could just travel. And what training concerned, it would at least get a couple of days when I could fully concentrate on it! Moreover, there was no opposition to speak of in my class, ie opponents that reached up to my level. Did I know someone who would stay for three rounds?

Finally, it was decided that I would train one day, settle and then travel to Bergen to help my organization to win the trophy they were looking for. Had it not been for this last, I had not traveled.

I lost my championship Norway Odd Nøsdahl from Bergen, and missed it so thoroughly that it's almost a shame to tell. Nothing worked. I felt his arms refused to execute the orders that were given, blows my avail. and no matter how hard I tried to outmaneuver Odd, I had him always before me. I was beaten in the ring by boxing rules of art - and an unforgettable lesson. Never, never again should something like this happen?

When the battle was over, I popped over to Odd's corner and congratulated him with victory, yes, there was no doubt who was the winner. But the audience's cheers rose, however, not to the roof of Bergen's old gymnastics hall before Judge decision had confirmed this. With huiing and screaming uproar broke loose, and even though I had lost, I joined the party. Both odd and I was raised on straight arms and carried from the ring to avkledningsrommet. It was all just fun and enjoyment. The Odd had supplied the ring was good and honest boxing. He was a great guy.

| Homecoming to Oslo was something else entirely. The defeat and detronisering as champion, resulting in their new "friends" mine suddenly was gone. No one needs to meet or be seen with a loser. This encounter with reality hurt a day or two, but then I decided which would be crucial for the rest of their lives: fight in Bergen was the first and last time I went to a task without being aware of it!

Again it was therefore a defeat that really taught me something.

And I decided to start exercising again, whether I had the time or not. A few weeks after the Norway Cup OAK should arrange a big boxing event, and then I would have revenge. Odd Nøsdahl were enrolled, and now it would be really fun! I was up at Little Water with my old boss and friend, Wilhelm Køltzow. There I had the countryside just outside the door, and there was much and varied running. Visits to the gym were not neglected - they began to see a different Peter Olai than the one they had seen in Bergen!

Meet The day came, but not Odd Nøsdahl.

I went several battles - and won.

After this event, I began not only to fight again in earnest - - I decided to take the leap out. After defeating several good amateur boxers outside the borders, I invested in a professional career.

My first professional match was on the 2nd May 1926.

I won the knock-out in the first round.

Via Berlin to Paris

For Harald Undersrud choice was clear: now expecting Europe for us! He had several good contacts. First we were going to Berlin.

How easy and simple everything would be if only my parents had given me the encouragement and support that I so desperately longed for! But they understood less and less what their boy wrestling with thoughts and ideas, and I could not tell them anything either. I could not seriously repeat what I somewhat blithely had once stated, and that reporters had smiled indulgently on, I dared myself to become world champion in boxing! The only thing I could do was to start going in the right direction.

Meeting with Berlin, the first impressions, the first day in the big city - - made me undeniably to feel somewhat lost. Uncertainty grabbed me, like a bad surprise was waiting around every corner. The language made it so that everything seemed difficult.

But Harald had the courage and audacity, who knew few limits, and he was convinced that this was going to be okay. If only we got started, arranged everything himself. It was music I recognized! And even though I know how he really got it, it was the first match agreed, and I was in full training.

The 5th July I met Urban Grass in Luna Park, Berlin. The match was stipulated to four rounds, but I won on technical knockout in the third. Harald was in high spirits. This went like clockwork. The next two matches should be also in Berlin, both in July, but Steve did not have time to wait on the outcome of these. It would go smoothly! He would go to Paris and start negotiations for a battle there. Having procured a substitute who would take care of all the practical in connection with the fighting in Berlin, equipped me with what would be enough money and wanted the best, he left.

Well, the next game went well - and it was good publicity. But unfortunately, I had been having problems with my nose, it was bleeding pretty easy, and I decided to get the surgery. Thus, I was out of cash! I went up to the game organizer to get paid the money I would have for the last match, but was told that the amount already paid to the new my manager, and that he currently was away! I explained that I had neither the money for rent or food - I was broke - but it concerned not the men. When I got to my room and could not pay, I got a clear message that as my baggage was held back as a guarantee, while I stood on the street. My first thoughts were to telegraph to Harald and ask for money, but something like I had never done in my life - and went on the road to Tier Garden. There I found a bench that could be used as a bed, a drinking fountain that contained both breakfast, lunch and dinner.

You can believe it or not - it never occurred to me to see the difficult situation or be angry at someone because of what had happened. No, I just looked at it as something I had to go through, a new lesson, an experience which I later once would benefit. Sometimes hunger was fierce, but I allayed it with water. And so a few days. A couple of new visits to fight promoter, did not lead to any result, just a reminder that soon there was a new game, and then there would be lots and lots of money. I just had to wait!

There came a letter from Harald. He wrote that he had spoken with an American boxing manager who was interested. I just had to make sure to keep me in shape. Besides, he had taken my old boxing friend Trygve Stokstad, and now they would soon let you know that I had come to Paris. I replied to the letter, but did not mention that I had not trained for a while, and that I had not eaten in days. A hot afternoon when I stood on the Unter Den Linden and read the result of the Aftenposten newspaper, I heard a voice that asked if I was Peter Sanstol. I turned and saw a man standing there. He was from Flekkefjord and hood Tore Tjersland. After a few words, I was invited to dinner. The first soup plate fell on its side, and forthwith came second. All other goods that were served, went down in double portion, including dessert. When Tore puzzled and asked friendly voice when I really had eaten last, I felt a blush came to her cheeks, and the tears flowed without that I would call it crying. The feelings were just suddenly too strong. In the end I told the whole story. Tore was there and then my manager for the next few days, I borrowed money and started training again.

Some friends and acquaintances of Tore arranged it so I got together with Arthur Bullup, manager of heavyweight Max Schmeling, who ensured that I got the same training camp as the good Max. There were some lovely days. It was boxing expanded into something far more than I had ever heard of. Long-term, purposeful work. Thoroughness in all details. Healthy living, determination and discipline, varied training, effort and relaxation, joy, music, harmony ...

When the third match in Berlin was done - it was not declared an official winner - came in. letter from Paris. We would meet American Mr. Lew Burston immediately. I had to hurry to Paris. But on the drive it showed that I had enough money for a ticket, I just wanted to get to a designated station in Belgium. Well - the bar when the road I was going, so I said goodbye to Berlin, left an unpaid rent and suitcases were taken in pledge, and from the man who had run off with my part of the consideration for a fight. He had some explanation for it. Everyone had their little problems. I was just happy that I was again underway. The goal of my dreams - America - was suddenly come much closer. When Mr. Burstan got to see me in action, he would be so excited that he immediately took me across the Atlantic - and from there it was straight road to the World! It all appeared at so simple that it almost was not exciting anymore.

It soon turned out that I had gone to the wrong wagon, a wagon that was the way to Paris, but I just was going to Belgium! The conductor said that I had to move. But instead of suitcases, I had six packs of different sizes, so to move to another carriage was not easy. It was then determined by means of my fellow passengers that I could sit where I was until I had to get off the train. Now it was suddenly interesting to know where I was supposed to go, and when I answered America, smiled most. In particular, one of them began to show me a special interest. He asked me about work and future plans. He was not even American, but spoke good German, and he wondered how I would get on from Paris to America - if I came to Paris!

I had no good answer to that, but did not have to answer, for now I was in the right station in Belgium and had to dismount. The conductor helped me out with my packages, and I waved goodbye to my new friend.

So when I stood there at a station where they only spoke French, but nevertheless asked an official at the German well when the next train went to Paris. He nodded toward the train that was standing right in front of my nose, and replied in French. I realized that the train was about ten minutes, and of course was the same as I had just dismounted.

When the train was ready to depart, the plan was born, and I shopped at second. With a smile I stepped back into the cart before I had left, to the American and my other new "friends". Amazement was great, but I had specifically explained that I was going to America, and when there was not much

else to do than to try to move on! Again he began to ask about this, that and the other. If I knew that Belgium had been at war with Germany and the German language does not sound particularly good in either Belgium or France? Yes, I knew a lot about the war, but it was a few years ago it stopped.

Then the conductor.

This time it was a pretty little French man with small mustaches. When he asked for the ticket, I replied that I had none, but that the matter would be dealt with by Harald and Trygve immediately I was in Paris! But I should obviously not said, or maybe it was the language he reacted. At least he took it very badly. He hissed with rage, beat his head and thigh and elsewhere, and continued to ask questions in French. I knew absolutely nothing. But then I told him that I spoke Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, German and English. The last one was a little white lie, but he should know that I was quite powerful language! We could probably always find a language that we understood each other. But this I would not have said, for now he was quite scarlet in the face and stopped beating themselves. "I am Norwegian," I told him in German, "on the way to America via Paris!" - And demonstrated with arms and fists that I was cans.

Then he disappeared.

But it was not long before he was back again, with a man of considerable dimensions. This great man took no further all my packages, and so off I went: conductor first, then I, and the man with my packages to finish. A door was unlocked and thrown into the packages. Then I ended up in my packages, and the door was locked. I sat up and looked at the beautiful scenery we drove through. Now, I doubted not that I'd come to Paris, where Harald and Trygve undoubtedly stood at the station and waited.

While I sat there quietly and peacefully, the door was unlocked, and in came the American. He neither smiled or laughed, just looked at me with thoughtful eyes. Then he asked if I still thought that I would come to America. Yes, why not? In Paris waited Harald and Trygve and the American Mr. Burston - and the rest would go pretty easily. Then he used a word that stuck in my memory, and it was the "spirit" - and then he smiled and shook his head. Suddenly he opened the door and asked the little French, furious gentleman get into. I did not like him, but it was enough mutual.

The American said some words to him, so it came out a little book he wrote something on a page was torn out and handed to the American, who in turn handed it to me along with a note. This last was taken from me by the conductor, as he looked astonished at the American. New questions and answers - and then I got both tickets and a whole bunch of notes in my hand. I handed the money to the American, but he shook his head. Then he handed a note to the conductor, and another for the big man now appeared in the background. Both took their caps off, thanks, turned to me and thanks again - and then helped the big man me get the six packs back to my seat in the carriage.

All Chat stopped when we arrived, everyone waited like something, but none of us had anything to announce.

So we rolled into Paris.

I looked directly at American and brought up a silent thanks, but added that I first saw that he got his money back.

Then he said something strange: "Never stop the gift you get, it belongs to you only when you give it away."

I did not understand what he meant, but remembered the words.

Then he smiled whimsy and welcome me to America!

Dream and deed in Paris

Quite right - Harald and Trygve stood and waited. I quickly told about our adventures on the train and would like to introduce American to them, but he was already gone.

The two also had a lot to tell, Harald Mr. Burston, and Trygve of French boxing.

I was only waiting to get started.

The meeting with Mr. Burston at Café Le Dom was pretty weird. The only thing I knew about him was that he came from America and was a Jew. With Trygve interpreter, began the conversation.

First he wanted to know how I had it on the journey, then when I was ready for my first match, and then he came with some questions that I do not even understand the meaning of.

Regarding the timing of the first game, I replied, "Anytime!"

Burston looked at me and said that he had asked for a specific answer - today, tomorrow or next year.

I was surprised, I thought he would make a suggestion, but as I said, "I'm ready tonight."

Almost before I had sensed me, we sat in a car on the way to a training hall. The clothes came off, boxing equipment - and then started training with another young boy.

It was quite an experience. Imagine - none of my entire boxing program used to this boy! Everything I had learned over my loss, was to no avail. Here I was really small. Nevertheless, I tried my best through three rounds, but thought that this was my farewell to America!

Afterwards Mr. Burston would know what I meant about training my friend. I admitted that tonight I had gotten quite a beating, but added that there came a day after this. Mr. Burston must have found the answer satisfactory, for a little man called out to the group - and I got my first professional coach. It was the Frenchman Gloria.

So incredibly quickly everything happened next! The very next day he would begin training in earnest. Through Trygve did I know that little Gloria was an exceptionally talented coach, and that he once had long fought against my hero, Georges Carpentier. Now I was in the best hands. The rest was up to me.

A new life had begun.

The whole time during the workout, Gloria looked at me, and Mr. Burston stood at a distance and watched it all. I got to meet René Devos, European champion in the middleweight and Mr. Burston boxes - and then back to training. Training, yes. I got do not work at all in my opinion. I only go on two lines back and forth, over and over again. Gloria had their own way of communicating. He showed me what he wanted me to do, then turned my face to the wall and let me go back and forth to the giddy for me. Mr. Burston explained that he wanted me to work on this at least eight hours a day. Not the slightest justification. After a brief goodbye.

When Harald returned home, I moved over to Mr. Burston hotel, and there began another form of exercise. From now on, I was not allowed to eat anything without Mr. Burston knew what it was. I had been sent a goat from my parents, and this, together with a kind of French biscuits, I had a desire meal. But henceforth I practically live on grass: tomatoes, lettuce and all kinds of vegetables, mixed together with oil which I liked. It was the same fare every day. He even prepared meals, and make sure I ate what was put forward. Funny, it was not, although Mr. Burston was now to Lew and I were baptized Pete - without any kind of ceremony.

Soon the fighting at a little place called Central Boxing Club. Where fought down every day except Wednesday, for when there was fighting in Sal Wagram under Jeff Dickson's leadership, and there fought René Devos. I realized that Lew had repeatedly tried to get me to these games Wednesday, but without success. I was unknown and uninteresting. But the fighting in Central Boxing Club had after all started to get some attention from the boxing experts. Before long Lew had created a special boksedag for me under the name Pit Sanstol, and tickets went away in a hurry Norwegians at the Norwegian restaurant Chez Les Vikings. It was literally a festive evening on Scandinavian and even French women came to our event. It was really fun to see my French audience, and hear the comments coming. I was accepted, no doubt about it, and it was threw money into the ring after the current battle.

The experience grew, and the fighting became tougher. Then one day I might be at a show to raise money for injured French soldiers, and there met none other than Georges Carpentier. He led my exhibition fight. The newspapers had begun to call me "the little Carpentier," and no greater honor could not leave me. My popularity grew so quickly and to such a degree that I did not understand some things, but I tried not to think too much about what happened outside the ring - it got Lew handle. So it

happened that the Jeff Dickson was interested in me and turned to Lew, but the agreement that everything was done with the promoter of the Central Boxing Club, made sure I was standing there.

Gloria worked tirelessly with my footwork, it was practiced so thoroughly that no errors during the match was possible. The training was as a normal working day - eight hours, but it was usually more. For when Gloria was finished with me, took Lew. It was boxing for breakfast, and boxing for supper. Lunch I ate no more. The food was hearty, with milk for breakfast and tea with lemon for supper. Was it not Gloria, it was Lew and Lew was not, it was to look at others who fought. There, I had to sit for hours just to see. Lew talked about the eye, and that was all the information I got. Boxing, boxing - from when I got up in the morning I lay down at night. I realized that this really was a craft that was not learned in a day or two, and I do that even great boxers never got to know the box art to the bottom. When Gloria ran its countless repetitions, I did the job with a smile, for I marked the development and progress through my efforts. And Gloria - with its few words - smiled when he saw my zeal and determination to do my absolute best.

Sometimes my thoughts went back to the Norwegian gymnastics - program that I had been involved in, what was for a particular pattern and that the "experts" had been prepared. Such a program began to seem pointless. How could the body run free by training only after scheduled exercises? It was evident that many, many muscles do not come in motion at all.

The relationship with my parents improved significantly, and away flight from Norway was now accepted by both of them. Especially the mother realized now that I want something, and that I had to go my own way. When Lew saw that his departure for America was soon to become a reality, he thought it was best that I went and consulted with parents first. The visit home was linked with a new nose job - something I had to go through. Lew said that the sooner I got organized with the surgery, the better.

After hospitalization, she went back to Paris and a long rest break. The postponement of the journey to America, made sure I took a few games to keep me in shape, but as it turned out that another surgery was needed. Training from now on footwork and footwork again. And then suddenly one day I revealed a secret that looked Gloria: The secret is in the hips, the center of gravity position and displacement through rhythm, coordination, melody, harmony of the whole. But Gloria confided to me that there was more to discover. Revelation would come when the time came - when I was ready to move on.

Since I'm currently not able to fight, Lew perceived me as unemployed and lent me out as a model for painters and sculptors. On this occasion, I met a man who ran the art school in Paris, and this knowledge of the great gain. It felt so good to sit down with this man and listen to his explanation of the Mormon opinion on life. He liked to talk, and I liked to listen - and the words stuck in my brain. I realized that I had on, not only in the boxing ring, but in several areas.

And Lew - and his explanation of Judaism. His parents came from Russia and settled in Brooklyn, New York. Through religion, Lew began to really challenge my mind. He did not stop with Judaism, but eventually took for himself all the major religions of the world. Thus, a comprehensive travel also in the tank world began.

Paris, world capital, was for me a dream of a lifetime. Paris - big and beautiful in its naked truth, the great story and great in understanding. There was much I myself would never understand about Paris, but it also had room for me.

But - so it was left to say goodbye. This time the dream and life in Paris.

America!

Liberty Center, Freedom Goddess, shining so beautifully in the sun when I, Lew and René sailed into the harbor of New York. A new chapter unwritten stood in front of me. Sure, I had been told me what I wanted to meet, but words can not describe my first impression. They were actually quite different than I had imagined it. Something new, something uncertain and hard, counted out from the

tall buildings that stood like a wall in front of the entrance to Manhattan. In this country would no longer be boxing thesis, it would only be a means to get me money. I wanted money for the studies. Studies without a name. But it should be about the breath, the second living and dying, about human endeavor and struggle before death gets the upper hand. Hundreds of exciting tasks lay ahead of me, if only I had the ability and willingness to embark on them. But first it was necessary to find the key to the American boxing.

The first visit on Stillman Gymnasium, gave me a strange feeling. The hardness was shown there, the murderous and brutal. On my question if this was boxing, Lew said: "This is America!"

I began to take notice of the human brutality, and I longed already back to Paris, back to Gloria and his smile, the music and the rhythm of the game, the art and the great dream.

Now all this was good there.

The heat and dust - and not least chased, resulted in both headache and stomachache. I was both spiritually and physically sick. The stomach was the worst with. The food did not suit me. Now I realized how healthy and properly I had eaten in Paris. Then I was refreshed. Here I was sick and miserable.

The letters from home saying that they were worried about me, but that I myself was scared, I could not write. The first month was so that I do not know how I got through. But finally began belly to comply with the new, and I revived. Lew forgot me. He saw how bad I had it and was constantly seeking to comfort. Soon I would be in the form as before. I only get to see. But I knew deep inside me was something that neither Lew nor I even fully understood. It was due to the brutality I had looked at Stillman Gymnasium.

When I was finally started, I met a new coach, a new method - and new difficulties. "Secret" that I had with me from Paris, did not fit into this environment. It talked about no games and music! There were no secrets! It sounded like a military order: First, shut down, show no mercy, win - and the money is yours. But such brutality I knew that I could acquire me. Should I continue to fight, I had to find my own system which was on par with that here was widely accepted. But so far, I had no choice but to throw me into it and try to play all the strings after all I had.

In Paris I had gone six major battles, stipulated to ten rounds. Three of them had gone full time. Now I would initially go games in four rounds.

Lew would start gently, and he chose his opponents wisely. We should go step by step. Yet it was literally beaten into my brain that there were the laws that applied: eye for an eye, no understanding, and absolutely no excuses for anything. The brutality at the forefront. I saw it chasing greed for fame notwithstanding, but failed to think myself into such a role. I began to think that I no longer had anything in a boxing ring to do, I gradually lost faith in myself and all joy was gone. Each day began to seem like a nightmare, and life itself became a nuisance.

But strangely enough - in the midst of all this, there was other things that led me on. Suddenly I could find friends among boxers. Even the former world champions, came smiling and showed interest and understanding. They looked at my boxing with both amazement and appreciation. They had noticed my attempts to sneak inside or go outside of the opponent's defense and attack, so that I could score points without being a victim of brutality. With the speed I had, this was a system that I should pursue and develop further.

Through all the sorrows and joys, I had never forgotten my rudiments, and until now I had thanked God for letting me use the gifts he had given me to reach through life. To me, boxing school of life, and through a myriad of mistakes, I sought a greater meaning to it all. But many questions I had not received a response.

In my wanderings around, outside the box halls, I met one day a retired Norwegian captain, well advanced in years. It turned out that he liked to sit and talk with me. We talked about so much, but mostly about the questions I had not found the answer. Then one day I got almost like a message from him to take the trip up to the Vedantic Society and greet his friend, an Indian swami, that is a teacher in Hinduism. What would happen there, I had no idea.

Indian religion and philosophy was far beyond my thinking. But I took the challenge and walked off.

The memory of this still stands for me as something strange, something mysterious, something that is impossible to explain.

The reception was warm, familiar, and before I knew it, I came up with all of my unanswered questions, even about what it would take for me to become champion in boxing.

– He said nothing, just sat there and stared straight into the air with a faint smile. Long after it had gone quiet between us, he sat there and smiled, far away, completely in another world.

Seconds ticked. Silence, and a smell of incense, descended upon me. The moment stopped.

As far away came the question: If I was willing to pay the price to be champion?

To this I replied "yes", but afterwards it became persistent quiet. Not one word more.

Before I went, I was asked to come to a weekly hour of concentration, meditation and breathing learn. Furthermore, I explained that to begin with, I would have no understanding nor notice anything, maybe it would never amount to anything - I had to be receptive to the teachings. It cost very little, just an honest opinion of the tank. Whatever I got out of it all, I would anyway be a far better boxer than I was when I learned the secret of breath. The western world learned not to breathe.

From now on, began one of the strangest I've seen in my entire life. It feels weird when I am writing about it. My teacher never asked, my words so little interested. The atmosphere said so much more! Little by little, I sat with her hands folded and sent a silent prayer to life, a prayer to the Lutheran God as my parents had taught me to talk to. But although much was like before, so it was, after all, a difference from my previous understanding of life seriously.

Astonishment grew when I began to analyze my progress in boxing. It was to be an effort, felt lighter and lighter, I could hardly work my tired even. I learned diaphragmatic breathing, the child's way of breathing. I began to study children playing in the park, even for hours, I could be sitting and just watching the game. I looked at the exercise of the wonderful balance, the rhythm, the falls and injuries. Activity all the time, certainly constantly. As they breathed and breathed! It was as if something pierced through the skin and into the body, something extra, something inexplicable that constantly gave new strength. The child was playing an honest game in the Kingdom of God, free from all

learned and sunbathing. The child carried a secret that it could not explain the adults and the adults could not even see his eyes were in the way.

But something more than child's play had to - that I realized - for the adults can not go back. I brought many new questions to my swami, but the answers did not come so fast. He said the sort of mother that I had to take the time to help - I could not learn something I had inside me. That I did it, does not mean that I could express it or using it.

Astonishment increased according as I continued my quest with the tools

my teacher gave me. They took me to the art galleries, the art on all fronts, the lecture, the different religions - while I felt like I constantly had childhood God beside me. In the face of all this, I spoke with my parents. Mother got me so incredibly close, Dad put a little behind, but safe and secure. A happy feeling and a safe in the knowledge somehow took care of my entire life.

Again went days with relish. I was like in a big classroom where something new to be learned all the time, but there was no coercion and annoyances - school created joy! Every spare moment outside the regular boxing training, I used to run programs in yoga teachings. Karma-Yoga called textbook min. It was the doctrine of the body, the world of action. Everything had a meaning, everything had an effect, action and reaction, equilibrium existence. And according to my studies brought me more understanding, the box easier. Life had meaning. Previous question answered itself. I had begun to see.

The physical hard drive in existence had taken so much of my time that I hardly had time to look at the mental state. Now I discovered how other people also lived and fought, gave life and killed. If I personally had found no answer, had not hardness otherwise changed. If I could personally come into balance, so there was not much balance in the society I live in. Peace and harmony had lost hectic rush. - Dissatisfaction of the people turned out in their way of going on. It was all getting man who understood what it meant to walk gracefully. In fact, it was fascinating to study how people commonly took them by foot! On various occasions, I started talking to my closest friends about this, but let me just as well say it straight out: Most thought it was nonsense.

I discovered that women go in a completely different way than men, and in natural play with children, it becomes a perfect harmony. This I had not seen or known before. Now I knew.

In my swami was like responses had stopped, but then one day I asked him if he had lost interest, he replied: "It takes many years for a

oak tree to grow up, so why do you think you can take a shortcut? "

While all this was going on, from summer 1927 to summer 1929, I fought steadily, usually two games per month. We also went for the most part all the scheduled rounds, from four in the first six, eight and ten later. I won most of the points. It was due to my style, and it was proof that brutality and raw strength could topple from hurtighe – t, courage and technique. Lew knew his business and knew to sell my boxing to the highest bidder. Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn was my main arena. It met all races and nations, and there were Norwegians and other Scandinavians. Saturday night was good for me, and the money rolled.

Yep, seen from outside, so the system functioned well here. It should have been the celebration of the golden calf, but happiness was missing. While the fighting was more prestigious and fees grew, I felt that I removed myself more and more from the environment. It was certainly something that was not right.

My studies continued. I visited many churches that gave me the same

Truth: There was only one God. But there were many paths to walk that led up to the light. People had obviously not learned what Jesus meant by his words - those who were persuaded to put into action. "What you do for one of my very least, you do for me." It was not to be misunderstood. And unless we become as little children, we can not enter into the kingdom of God. Sermon was carefully read through and given a new, understandable explanation. Everything was so easy if you just let all the excuses behind. It was like a heavy, dark fog had lifted from my brain. Sun shone.

The responses that ultimately came from my swami, gave no real clarification on either one or the other, except that I had a task boxes in front of me - so stick to your read. Continue the physical progress, so the rest will come in due time.

When I one afternoon after this set in Central Park and studied children, it struck me how unique light they could change their minds from evil to good, from tears to smile. It was strange and touching to see how some nannies could stop the tears when someone had turned up, just by moving your attention and thoughts to something else. The pain seemed to disappear in seconds! Where did they go? Where did they really go?

I had to bring these two questions also voted for my Indian teacher. He looked at me with an almost sad look in his eyes and said that I had finally reached life's greatest enigma, namely glands function.

Reached up to the riddle.

But the puzzle would not provide the basis of the answer.

I sat for hours staring at a spot on the wall, sat and would collect my thoughts to one point for a device, but it was no use. I could not collect my thoughts more than a few seconds, how would I be able to keep them together?

No explanations from anyone. No encouragement.

The secret was enclosed and inaccessible.

But the boxing arena Lew had gotten me up to a "star" that shone clear and clean in boxing heaven. Before us lay a promising future. But my manager had subtly taken over where the mother stopped, his command and orders so be sure that I again felt that now it was about an either - or. One thing was for sure though: if we continued on this path, we would sooner or later reach the championship. Lew explained and explained. We had to take the time to help. Advances mine had to be supported by solid experience. We focused not on chance, but on mathematics. The road ahead was open. World champion named Al Brown, nigger from Panama, and he was an artist in his profession. I had seen him in Paris and knew what Lew talked about. But the master would even experience weakness, and then we should turn to. I understand the argument. But Lew did not realize that I had to have my freedom

next boxing. I could not give life itself to be the champion. Was it not the life that should show the way and produce a result? Becoming world champion in boxing, was no longer the biggest goal I could see for myself. Could I reveal glands secret, was much more gained.

One July day in 1929, we decided to travel to Paris, and it was arranged in a hurry. Then came the trip to Norway, a reunion with her mother and father, sisters and friends. So good it all was!

Father said little, but considered me a lot.

A match in Oslo brought old memories back. It was great fun being popular in her own country, it really felt like a rush through your body. Brand recognition, see the glance that asked to play together, experience it all and smile.

But some "excesses" were not involved. Lew ensured that training continued uninterrupted, the discipline never left. But it was a nice visit anyway.

The return to Manhattan and reunion with Stillman Gymnasium and misery, the dirty, rotten air - so thick it could be cut with a knife - the sight of people who did not understand me, but as Lew loyalty demanded that I should pay up quickly a decision with me I had to get out or go under.

I chose the former.

I broke with Lew and traveled to Montreal.

Victory and defeat

The train journey to Montreal closed a chapter in my life. Behind me lay a world of experiences. After two years I left America, two years of troubles and hardships, but also much experience - not to mention many victories in the ring. But now knew that I had to seek something new. I admitted that Lew certainly was right when he said that Stillman Gymnasium was the world's boxing school, and there I found the best and the worst of everything in boxing. Now I took a leap into the unknown, but I knew it was right, without being able to explain why that was so.

Before departure, I spoke with my swami and told him about the decision that was taken, and so I asked where I could find a new teacher.

Then he replied: "Get ready, and doctrine come to you."

He explained that a teacher always stood ready, if only I myself was ready. It could be a cobbler, a bird, a sentence, a thought, a second ... The important thing was constantly searching while life went on.

In Montreal, I found a real home, and I mean that it felt as though I was born and raised there. French-Canadian, Raoul Godbout, my new manager and coach, and I was living at home with him. Again, I felt the joy flow through me. The loneliness of New York City was gone. It was not long before I found new friends and acquaintances, and the natural, sincere, and almost childish play among adults, gave me exactly what I needed to continue my boxing career. The food was good. Everything was so well suited as I could wish it. And Raoul realized the trick to get me forward and upward toward the top, without destroying my way to fight on. Yes, it actually savored like I could safely return to Gloria and use all the good advice that he had given me.

Suddenly it was boxing which took all my time, because the joy of it had returned. I discovered that here was the boxers who belonged to the world leaders. They fought doggedly to reach the top and it turned out that there were several systems involving nothing but brutality and raw power. This was my environment. My other "studies" to wait. Here I had friends who supported me wholeheartedly, who thought that I had it in me, which was required to be champion, and I decided that whenever it was possible, they should not be disappointed.

The recognition grew.

I boxed me up until I stood at number two on the list of world's best, and the place did not take from me, it turned out. Montreal Boxing Commission had for some time been trying to bring about a battle for the championship between Al Brown and Pete Sanstol, but the agile world champion had no desire for this fight. After lengthy negotiations, it was possible to get the National Boxing Commission

based in Chicago, Illinois, to recognize a match between me and Archie Bell, New York City, as a championship match.

Thus, preparations in full swing, and the hardness of the exercise was turned up to the maximum.

It is impossible to tell in a comprehensible way about all the sacrifice one must travel through at all to reach where I am now. I often asked myself the question of the outcome of the game, whatever it was, was really worth the effort. But I knew I could not pull me. This was the chance I had been dreaming about, and both my friends and my audience demanded that the world would see a new champion!

The 20th May 1931, we met in the ring. The fight would go over ten rounds. The excitement was killing, but it was as it should be. I was not nervous, just so incredibly excited if I could now translate into action all that I had trained for and everything I had planned.

Then there was the time. Lap after lap - and I knew that everything worked as it should. When the tenth round was over, I was in front of a cheering crowd declared the winner.

I was a world champion!

There is not too much said it for me giddy. It was hard to comprehend. But it was true. My thoughts went to my mother and father and friends in Norway. Now I had proved to myself and to everyone else that the boy from Moi could do it as few or no thought possible.

After the victory lowered himself first a good peace over me, but then it was like I woke up - woke up and discovered that I had entered a whole new life! If I had had a few hours to myself before, so I had absolutely no now. Before I opened my eyes in the morning, was the program for the day done for me, and it was to walk around and smile and be nice chap. Again and again I had to tell the same, write my name - and suddenly it was interesting to hear my opinion about everything and nothing. Talk, talk, talk. After a while I felt the mood started to decline. Nerves were tired, and the good sleep was gone.

Now, as before, I needed the freedom to live.

New games and new victories, but now critical voices started to be loud. Not to me personally, but to the fact that it set a world champion in Paris and one in Montreal - and both were in the same weight class! The final decision approached. It was bound to come.

Conversations and negotiations were started and then fell decision: Al Brown had accepted that he and I would meet in the title game here in Montreal.

What would be new arrangements, was a resurrection and a run so I finally knew where I was going to do to me. Instead of a gradual rising shape, had a feeling of fatigue property in my body. This was not the boy I knew. Something was certainly wrong. But the drawn plans were followed to the letter. Apparently everything was well under way. We sat here with all cards. Just the fact that Al Brown had come to Montreal, was a half victory.

But then he did not come after all.

Tickets had gone rapids, training was completed, everything was all set - it was only to eat and sleep and then go in the ring. But I was torn out of sleep when the phone rang. I had to get to the organizer's office with a single time - a difficulty had arisen. What in the world could this be? I got dressed and took a cab to the office. There were reporters gathered, and there was a representative of Al Brown, and from my own camp. All spoke. The atmosphere was testy.

It appeared now that the manager of Al Brown refused to accept the scheduled kamplereden, judges and all the arrangements for the match! He demanded significant changes, and if these requirements were met, were no match!

Talk and chat with many fiery words did not change my decision. The fight could be considered as canceled!

Now, it was revealed what made this possible conflict: In his eagerness to get Al Brown to Montreal, organizers had failed to secure the usual warranties for such a fight.

We were backed into a corner and held there - outside the ring.

Words in the endless vain. For me, the matter quite clear: The fight could not be canceled, but it should take place, it was we who had to make major concessions. Or more precisely: It was I who stood with the key in hand. There was only one who could resolve this issue.

I accepted that kamplederen were replaced, and that they got their own judgments.

Back to bed and rest, I knew that now expecting a completely different game than I had imagined. I was too old in the ring, not knowing the consequences when kamplederen was not neutral. It was like meeting an opponent who had an assistant on hand. I not only had to be better than Al Brown to win this fight - I had time to turn him out.

From the first moment it was fought doggedly hardness. Al Brown knew all the tricks, all the attacks and attempts to get him out of his rhythm. He was phenomenal, and in spite of all the experience I now possessed, he represented something new. Round after round showed that a knock-out was impossible. This I could not win - unless something completely unexpected happened to my opponent. In the distance, I had no chance. His head towered 21 inches above me, and his long, rhythmic legs and arms gave him a reach as I had never been exposed to. It seemed impossible to get in on him.

It is very careful to say that I enjoyed myself. I did not fight like it was normal for me to fight - I bet from me in annoyance. But it was not Al Brown who annoyed me. He was just the greatest fighter I had ever met, and now proved why he was world champion. No, what hurt was that I felt betrayed by my own. We were in Montreal, it was here that I was absolutely, that is when I should have been guaranteed is fair game, and so I had instead ended up in this situation. It was I who fought in front of my own crowd, and now even the public did not understand what was happening in the ring! I felt tired, not physically, but spiritually. I always tried to fight with a smile. Now I smiled. The match was stipulated to 15 laps. A whole hour if we keep going in the same style and the same pattern - if we both kept us on the legs so long.

In the eighth round, the first signs that my attacks after all had had their effect. I noticed it on the breath to Al. He breathed actually pretty heavy. Time and again, I ducked under his guarden and placed body punches. Perhaps I had there a better gun than I was fully aware of. But I was too late? So far, he led unquestionably big on points.

I noticed that it was easier and easier to slip into during those long his arms - and out again unless he got into some bumps. But he had all the ring experience as a boxer could wish for and maneuvered masterfully. Yet I won rounds now, and in the fourteenth and penultimate hung over the ropes.

Maybe I had him!

The final round will always be to me as something special. In three minutes, poured everything I had the power, speed and experience out of me, but Al Brown was standing, and when I went to my corner for the last time, I knew what the outcome of the match would be. It was not my hand that would be lifted in the air as a sign of victory.

Judge ruling showed 2-1 victory to Al Brown.

The sound in my ears would not stop. I was tired. I had lost, and it could have been an honest and straight defeat. But the reaction that followed was about far more than a loss in the ring. I wanted there to when to take leave of all boxing. But first I had to find out what really made sure everything was suddenly wrong.

An x-ray of my right hand showed that there was something between sprain and fracture. In the heat I had known that something happened, but where and when was it something that just about me and nobody else. No one had to reveal that I was hurt! The damage was great enough that the doctor was clear in his statement: I could never trust that the hand would hold during a hard kind exchange. So I could really just admit it - but still only for myself - my fate was settled; career was over.

Something far more serious had happened to me anyway. The prehistory of the match, when confidence in my closest supporters broke down, leading to a suspicion near the morbid. Even during the match, as second class seats handed me my water bottle, I would not drink the water. I demanded a new bottle! Afterwards I suspect that the whole fuss just before the match was a game where my own friends were involved. I found no logical support for such ideas, but it was no secret that many kinds of bets came up, and large sums of money changed hands during the lucrative fights. I did not want bitterness and such thoughts would have power over me, but I could not just push it away. Basically, I

was deeply disappointed in myself, which resulted in the most unreasonable of excuses and explanations. I had my big break without being able to grasp it.

Again, I had gone. I packed and went to Europe, traveled to my always beloved Paris.

Comeback with fervor

Not even a brilliant Paris could deny that there were many dark days. The hand needed time to be as good again as it could, and the other "damage" I had given me in connection with the last game, needed just as long to heal.

After a while I decided to travel to Oslo - return home.

The experience was odd to be received with open arms. Was it not I who had just lost? Both my parents, friends and my old crowd seemed to have understood something. It surprised and delighted me. New explanations or rationalizations about the defeat, proved to be completely unnecessary.

At home, I found again sleep and rest, the great tranquility, and this seemed like forever before: Activity urge returned. It was like an old, familiar tune started to tone. Thus the decision to proceed with studies that had the meaning of the glands in the body to do. I was a free man, no longer bound by schedules and intense training to win boxing matches. I could wholeheartedly go on to solve a major mystery.

Over the months I tested out new ideas through different combinations of entirely new systems, and more and more I felt that I still was not finished as a boxer! But the road ahead should I not let me catch something or someone.

After almost ten months I was back in Canada, ready for what could be called a comeback. It was set in motion a series of "qualifiers" to find the best challenger to another title match against Al Brown. Now, I strongly felt how the disappointment of Montreal put in your body. Time could not erase what had happened just before and during the match. It did not help though I had proof that I was betrayed by my own assistants - we were all been outplayed by the clique around Al Brown. The game was a part of the whole. That we knew everyone and had nothing to complain about. Furthermore, I understood now better than before setting to Lew, the one who went out to get the game in that moment that suited me. As it went, it was Al Brown and his people controlled the race. All in all so accustomed Al Brown while I lost, because they controlled the game best. In retrospect, I also saw the difference in the professional training of Stillman Gymnasium, and in the more amateurish in Montreal. But nothing could be done again. Now a whole new game in time.

My qualifier went to Toronto, and I won on points after ten rounds.

From June 1932 until autumn 1933, I fought 17 matches at different venues both in Canada and America. Most of these games I won on points, but I also experienced loss, and a new title match found not within reach. As I struggled not only with hand injury - I had problems with an ankle. In the boxing ring, a good footwork is not considered high enough. I had put countless training hours to become as proficient as possible and just footwork had been my strongest side in the ring. Now began an ankle to fail. It meant a weakening of both attack and defense, with the consequences as it could get. As if that was not enough →: The right eye had become so badly damaged that I risked losing sight if it were still exposed to new kinds.

The last two games went on my old arena in Montreal, both against Bobby Leitham, Canada's own son. There was a lot of blood during and booing rather than cheering enthusiasm from the audience. I won both games, but felt no joy in victory.

Once I went home.

The final settlement

Together with good friends in Oslo, I started to work to put an idea into practice. I wanted to create the opposite of Stillman Gymnasium. I would get started boxing for a whole new mindset. The game was the foundation that everything would be built. The important thing was not to withstand hard knocks or even hit hard. The important thing was movement, speed and agility, balance and rhythm. Impact combinations should show the box technical skill, but not to hurt, just to demonstrate proficiency. Box halls would be for anyone who wanted healthy exercise for youngsters as well as for men of all ages. Skilled coaches and leaders should stand as guarantors for the game with gloved hands could be a good lesson for everyone.

It started well. "Sanstol Institute" was opened at Majorstua in Oslo. I became more and more familiar with the brutal play in the pro ring was over.

But then the plans for a new "public battle" just in Oslo!

One day there came an unexpected offer from none other than former world flyweight, Victor "Young" Perez, a struggle, and I immediately saw what a "nice" and technically sound game at Bislett could mean for boxing interest, not least for the sport's reputation. I accepted, and the fight date was set to 1 September 1934. At that point it would be almost a year since I left Montreal, and after that I had not had any fights.

So it was to work out smoothly and purposefully left.

The fight was over ten rounds. Right from the first lap I knew I was in control, and although I had believed in victory, I won lighter and brighter than I had expected.

During this time, something happened that made the dreams of the "old days" in the ring to become alive again. Al Brown lost his title to a Spaniard who was not to be found among the best in the weight class. The new champion would never be recognized on the other side of the Atlantic. But was not Al Brown anymore better than that? Then came the telegram from Montreal if I'd meet one for me unknown, young boxer, Sixto Escobar, in what was called a title match!

I had already left the pro ring for good, or I was going into it? Anyway - it was now the decision had to fall. Such an offer would never make again.

I accepted and started training hard.

But I had to get out of the country to test me in battle. After two games in Sweden, I went to Berlin. There I met the German champion featherweight, class of bantam. We went ten rounds and I won on points.

When I went to Montreal, it was the belief that I had a real chance in the impending battle.

But during the last charging before the fight, I will not say that luck smiled. First I had problems with my ankle, and then the stomach. Besides, I knew now that Sixto Escobar was no shuttlecock - it showed his filmography. And he was young. When I was his age, I had served many older boxers a bitter medicine. Now I had to prove to myself that I was ready to swallow the same medicine.

The match was set up with twelve rounds.

During the first kind exchanges, I knew in what direction it was going. It was an honest fighter and a worthy opponent. All my experience was not enough. I came face to face with my superior. It was no longer a question of winning, but to keep going through all twelve rounds. To date, no one had managed to get me down for the count, and the matches I had lost, I had yet complete. No one had been able to force me to give up. But now I knew that anything could happen.

In the seventh round Sixto hit me with a left hook that turned me half around, and I knew that I was on the way to the floor. I was there I had never been before and it was a strange moment. A series of images raced through my mind, images from prouder moments than this. Never had anyone taken a photo that showed me lying on the canvass, but now it was just before the flash bulbs could begin to flash. If I fell, I knew Sixto stood there ready to give me grace made.

What really happened in the next second, can not be explained. I just knew that I had to collect myself. This had to be a worthy conclusion. Call it routine or instinct - I have no name. But I turned back

again and jumped up in an attack. Was driving my old crowd that I wanted to show something? I had been the "star" and won with a smile. Now I lose, but then I could smile. The attack was carried out with all the cunning that only experience can provide, Sixto but met me with impressive calm. Instead of going in for a quick knock-out, he maneuvered away. He still had five rounds left to give me as much as he wanted.

Next day newspaper with a recognition that will forever be remembered, recognition because I had not passively waiting for the decisive battle, but on the contrary had attacked - and stood out battle. My friends came and congratulated. This was new to me. I was congratulated for what I had shown that loser! This had both with understanding, respect and the right to make sportsmanship. Now I could retire from the ring and memories in Montreal with dignity and head held high.

Then insert a wire in from Oslo. It was about a new game at Bislett. Now I could again meet Al Brown!

In the big picture we finished both. But a new meeting with Al Brown was something I had longed for and dreamed about. The question was only if I was able to accept the challenge.

After brief reflection, I confirmed that I was ready for such a meeting!

On the flight home, I follow with four French-Canadian friends. The foot could rest and massage. From day to day may have appeared all the brighter. But somehow I made clear to me: The new face of Al Brown, I had to outdo myself - and then it was over. No more fables and fantasies. I approached the end.

As preparations proceeded, increased both tension and mood. It was obvious that interest in the game was growing. Some of the sparring both Al Brown and me, took public. People paid to see us in action! A separate Sanstol newspaper was born. Here was the most important thing about us both as boxers. Match organizers started talking about the public record!

Match Day was set for Friday 30 august 1935. However, it was subjected three times. Al Brown struggled with various injuries! For me it was all right with these delays, for my own injuries needed all the rest and care they could get.

But Friday the 13th september we stood toe to toe in the ring.

I did not know how many thousands of people who had found their way to the stands, but I felt the atmosphere and did something about expectations. The excitement was intense, but still I felt the great calm. This was the moment. It was all thought and concentration combined into a single point!

Attack, attack! Incessant. Let your arms go. Let the gloves fly. Above, below. No excuses, no withdrawal. Injuries or no injuries - it is now it is fought. It is now the case. Movement, movement. Fakes and shock. You know him from before. The last time his breathing began to walk heavily, and he was forced on to the defensive in the eighth round ...

It was not a pretty picture we showed up. It was not about sport, it's about winning a fight using all permitted means. The sport I even spoke so warmly about boxing for hvermann, had nothing to do with this.

In Montreal in 1931, I had started the run too late. The mistake I would not do again. Now all cloths set of the first round. I had so long hoped for a new battle against just this man. At last everything had saved up for four years, to flow out.

But not so understanding: Along I got mine. The skin around his eyes was easily torn, and a cut over the right eye was bleeding heavily. I just saw with the left when it went against the tenth and final round. To fight had unfolded, I knew the victory was mine. A clear points victory. But for the first time I really wanted a knock-out victory. Thus it does not.

Then it was over. Not only this match but my boxing career!

I threw the gloves out of the ring.

Peter Olai from Moi, who could refuse to fight, had done her!

Downhill

I am grateful that I did end like that. When I got home and told my mother that now it was over, she cried with joy. It was the first time I saw her cry. Peace descended after year-long rush. Finally, I could rest.

I read the press headlines and maybe got more praise than I deserved for a fight that was tactically good, but technically not the world. It was not immaterial what was written. Now everything was good.

Or ...?

I was made aware of an article that showed that someone hits under his belt both inside the ring and outside it. This reporter could tell that I had paid Al Brown to victory. Through the years, it was the first time I was accused of something. It was a lie that hurt deeply. If the author had suspected something about the thousands of hours of toil, of discouragement, of loneliness that was endured before this last fight - would he still have made such a claim? The taste in the mouth and a dozen stitches to close the cut over the eye, testified for anything other than a victory bought with money. And this slander, I therefore see in Oslo, were among the countrymen and friends. Unimaginable. There was an article that changed a lot in my life.

A welcome invitation to take a North-Norway-tour, gave me a chance to get away from the city for a while. This trip created a new understanding of many things much. The reception in the cities up north was cordial and sincere. I met something fresh and direct as I could not dream of. I wanted to stay private and participate in the daily work, so as to teach men to know. And so it was. I got to experience fishing and other forms of struggle, disappointment and hope. But I also got to experience the bright nights with song after visits and gatherings. These were people in close contact with nature, and dependent on it, often in the struggle against a much stronger opponent than the one that was found in a boxing ring. This was a woman and mannsmot! If anyone had reason to feel slighted and treated, there must be people in remote areas in the north.

I returned to Oslo with many new impressions and thoughts.

Here expecting an operation. The right eye had more than tolerated. Shortly thereafter operating the second - followed by a long rest in darkness. In the long, silent moments it became painfully clear that every medal has its reverse. I was marked for life. The vision in the right eye was gone forever. When I mentioned this to the mother, she revealed a secret. Even so, she also only one eye. "But I've seen too much of one," she said.

For me, the price seemed to be too high, but I could not stop. I got to travel to the Olympics in Germany's second, for boxers. Berlin was somewhat familiar to me - I thought. But again I faced something entirely new, something so strange that I could not hide my astonishment. At Europe and perhaps the rest of the world was something frightening in the meeting, I was convinced. But the Olympic program was conducted on an almost flawless and brilliant way.

Home again began what I would call the way back. I had been on top and could never get there more. It's amazing what one must go through before one can say that life is lived! Then came silence as a threat. I missed the shouts from a thousand throats. Those unforgettable days seemed to come in the way of everything I set out to do. Soon I realized that it was not "the other" that failed, but the "little I" who failed to put things in the right place. The first few days after the match, I woke up to the comfort and well being. I did not have to think about training

and still exercise, relaxation, breathing and concentration exercises. I could leisurely stroll around and enjoy myself. Pretty soon the morning time to do nothing. A morning without duties, led again that it is not so much with sleep. I read late into the night, and continued to ponder. After a few hours it was to stand up to a new day with excitement and challenge.

One day I went into yet another landscape. I took a cocktail to whet your appetite. It did not directly hurt. I knew others who did the same, but my resistance to alcohol, had prevented me from trying. Until now. But a cocktail before dinner was not really anything wrong. It would prove that it complied nicely into the vain pleasure, and after a while one drink something small! Moreover, it was not bad with a little food for either.

I noticed that on some occasions the mother looked closely at me, but not a word about what she thought, came across her lips. She understood well maybe more than I understood myself.

Slowly I walked down and farther and farther away from the world I knew, a world of good sleep, hard training, a keen mind and a healthy body. Now all this was gone. Something was torn to pieces. Before I'd had easy to come to terms with my surroundings. The smile had been my trademark. Now I noticed war atmosphere that built up against everything and everyone. There were no limits to what I found errors around me. Finally it dawned on me that I had to get away, far away, in an attempt to build something new among the ruins of my head. My approach to the laws, and all my philosophical and natural perception of life's song of the people, did not fit together with daily work and toil. None of my nearest and others around me seemed to understand what I'm really talking about, and no one found my ideas useful for something. Outside the professional boxing community, I stood lonely and alone.

A memory of a sports event appeared. The organizers had to have cash on the hour for an American team on from Sweden to Norway. What had gone wrong, I will not try to explain, but there was a need for monetary help without warranty. They got the money, reunion was a success, and when I got the invitation to the party and business meeting at Frognerstieren, it gave me a good, warm feeling that I had helped to create this party. The smiling friendliness told that I was an important part of success, and when the talks would be held later, it was no more than fair that I also was mentioned! This I had not expected, but it was a nice gesture.

But when the time came, and the one great speech after another was shed, I forgot. On the way down to town with my board lady, in a brilliant, starry night, I came into this which was a bit strange phenomenon in my eyes. She looked at me with both laughter and seriousness. Then she said: "You are a Homecoming. You are a leper!" When I later went to those who had the money without a receipt and called for a more human explanation, I learned that one could not very well praise a professional who had just joined an amateur club!

Missed by my old life was violently, from sweat and blood to the admiration of my little self. Yeah, maybe I missed it last the most, but I would not like to admit. Then came the bottle more and more forward, like medicine to get over the first difficult hours until I got out and away to friends in the same situation. We discussed and criticized and agreed. Cheers!

In some glimpses I saw quite clearly the fallen stars of America, men that I had looked down upon. They were former, but had not even respect and courage enough to see the truth. Now I was there myself.

My old friend, Marcello, gave me in short sentences recipe for my future life: Destroy what over the years has built up, and go out in life and seek the truth!

It was about to lose his life in order to win it.

Now it was recorded in the preparations.

We wrote 1937 when I left and headed for New York, America.

There's always a way out!

My arrival in New York City had nothing to do with earlier arrivals to do. No, not a single person knew I was now back where it started in earnest, without even having any idea what I really wanted. Marcello had said that I had to destroy all the old before I could find something new. However, I was already at the bottom? I remembered when I was many years ago had stated that seeing an old boxes jump around and act 'star' would be to see the lowest a person could get. It was not long ago some of my Norwegian friends had reminded me of the words. I knew where they wanted to go, and it burned.

Although business relationship with Lew Burston was broken in 1929, did not mean we had stopped talking to each other. We had a friendship that was of exchanges and various opinions about my development as a fighter. Now I went to him and got to experience the relationship between us was as good as ever. It was something I wanted to hear his opinion.

If I had been the right man in the right place, I could say that I simply did not go empty-handed from Oslo. On the contrary. I had a 10-year contract in his pocket! It was about writing for a newspaper. In collaboration with a journalist, I had written some articles on my own start as a boxer, and was now working extensively continued. No Norwegians famous boxing scene in America and Canada better than I do. Ring-side I could get me anything of importance, from Norwegian youngsters who were trying to make a career, to follow the new, shining star, Joe Louis, the heavyweight ring. It could still be boxing from morning to evening every day - just in a slightly different way. There was an offer of a secure future!

As in passing I told Lew about this, and he nodded, smiling, but not convincing. When I pressed him to know his honest opinion, he asked me to sleep on it before I took a final decision.

"Think of the fun behind all the mistakes," he said. "It leaves you now miss, and the excitement is gone for good!"

Lew knew me. He knew that I had to have the power to live. I had to have the uncertainty that comes with the game. My life's path could not go through a secure future.

The next day I broke the contract. I wrote and told me that it was impossible for me to follow up.

This had not Lew nothing more he could help me with. Without being conscious of it myself, I had begun to follow the advice of Marcello!

I threw myself into the "life", used and consumed both money and love. The dance for this living happy music, took me to and from any chance where the voltage stayed. I bet money on horses, the racing and wrestling - included bets on anything, I just saw a chance to lose! And I lost. Losses and had it fine. As long as I had the money, it could drop further down. I would not give away what I saved myself up - I would lose it, and the sooner I could get it done, the sooner I could find peace. I was manager of boxers, funded questionable patents, and supported emerging stars in theater and music. Nothing could stop this would chased towards the total zero.

Sleep came easy in this time. I did not need a sleeping pill when I closed my eyes after today degradation. Some respect for myself, I had not really anymore. Oh well - it's not entirely true. When I got the offer to sell my name to a sports saloon, or act as a sort of decoy to draw customers to an arcade, I said no. But otherwise I do not much left that could be called honor.

The loneliness was oppressive.

I'm not talking about that I did not have people to be with. I was still Pete Sanstol! But too many obviously thought reminiscent of my greatness was something I liked to talk about. The only thing that was of some interest, was to confirm how little a person outside the ring really understand it all. Even journalists and "experts" who spoke after a match, seemed unaware of the plan and tactics. "Reality description" of a match, was as a sketch of a piece of nature. Yet it was this sketch that served as "truth".

It was like in real life: the legendary freedom song about the beauty, the power of love and life under - all showed again that oppression, pettiness, lust and fight for positions.

In the midst of the breakdown of myself, there was still something that refused to go down. I threw myself on books, writings, articles, speeches and anything that could make a positive contribution. I looked into history to find out about modern research showed a new "truth" than the previously posted about various events. On this occasion, I discovered among other things that my young hero for a while, Hans Nielsen Hauge, had vindicated. The story confirmed now his message of peace, and praised him for his fight for freedom of thought!

My search showed me the price man must pay, if it is fighting for something far greater than his own self. I figured the statement "be different and be damned." The story of a suitable distance, could admit mistakes and deceiver could switch roles with the hero - or vice versa. Up close clung most stuck with hands and teeth and had enough with it.

Jesus' teachings had by no means lost its strength: it was just still not implemented in practice. I was thus in my good right to correct a fatal criticism mostly. But the main character in the gospel showed me suddenly my own cloak, my own hypocrisy. I sought no truth. I searched the abyss!

The truth, I could only find the correct full attention to myself.

So far this realization came the war.

The story of Germany's occupation of Norway, and the interruption of normal relations with the home country, came as a blow to me. Details of the conquered country came slowly, while preparations in America to a major war continued. In the quiet hours the pictures at home back. I was convinced that my mother would get along, but my father was not so strong anymore. The words and the reminder that one day I would be the only man in our family, was intrusive. Father's words strengthened that he was ready to go first. Should it now be so? Everything was so uncertain, and turbulent America did not answer anything. War - the horror that I had not previously offered many thoughts - had come to me.

Increased production took care of human life. Old and young, male and female, began working in the violence. In order to conduct a war, required so much. The wheels went faster and faster, the flow increased. The home was business. Nannies came in fashion - an understudy took over while parents complained that they had to help to get this war over in a hurry. America had a proper understanding of what was right and wrong, the country had never demanded in return for help to friends in Europe. Now it was again to be able to help.

The messages became more and more ominous. Defeat after defeat was turned up on the first page, however neutral we stood to the last. Some groups that had found their new home in America, called for commitments and moral responsibility. The confusion increased. Get as another uncertainty, hardships and money.

The big change came when Pearl Harbor was bombed 7 December. It was as if an evil hand had stretched out towards us and drawn us to Himself. I volunteered for military service, but the notice of my cohort did not come. Moreover, it was probably the lack of vision in the right eye one good reason why I was taken late. In this context, I could not do much more than wait. The wait lasted until April 1942.

My knowledge of German, French, American and all Scandinavian languages did that I would get the chance to come out, even though the eye and my age did not talk to my advantage. Finally, the day finally arrived when the order was: Be prepared! It reminded me of something. Training and preparation was completed. Now remained only the match.

A few days passed.

As I stood and shaved me, I fell suddenly to the floor. I got up again - but then came the pain. Next stop was the military hospital. I had a kidney stone that it proved impossible to get on the slide, and thus I ended up on the operating table. I do not know what went wrong, but something must have been. At least I was lying and lying without the chance to come into service.

But here I learned something important again.

Previously I had clearly enough understood that America is like any other country, had its good and bad sides, but here in the hospital was the best forward on an almost touching way. It is impossible to describe in full the care and understanding that was shown to us in the hospital bed. Although it seemed best not good enough, and although we sometimes felt that the visitors treated us like little children - which annoyed us - they were still enchanted with their little gifts and incentives.

Then I even got to my feet again, I began to help in the effort to help others, which clarified the meaning of the words that it is better to give than to receive. A new power and joy of life took root in me, and all my thinking began to change. I began to look forward to each new day with new services. Eventually, the nurses had no inhibitions to ask if I would bring a patient a "bed pan" for they knew that I did with pleasure.

What they did not know was that in addition to having a desire to help, also tried to pay of a debt. I had been so down that I saw any purpose in a future life. The pain - along with other difficulties - gathered for a heat that would choke me. Tapped for power and will, I stood for a few seconds and flipped between life and death, and it seemed as if death was the correct and easiest solution to this equation.

When he was there, the unknown sailor, a sailor, who mocked me in my helplessness, because he saw my self-pity. He laughed at my acidity and my despondency, and demanded to exercise its right to help me! I answered him with a bad mood and ungrateful, but the next morning he was there again and

continued his good deed. Strange. He was not mad at me once, but genuinely smiling. When I was a little better, I asked him why he did this, and how it was possible to be.

The answer was simple and straight forward: "I pay my debts in this way, and so I continue the good work in the life cycle."

He had been in the same situation as me, but then he got to meet a man who taught him how to help themselves in the service of their neighbor. The secret was to do good, without thinking of anything more than just that. They found mishagytringer and insults no basis and received no importance.

Here in the hospital, I found a new swami - a sea man, an unknown sailor. One morning I sat on the bed and waited for him, but he did not. When I asked questions about him to my nurse, I conveyed a message of thanks for staying and well met again.

He had been there when I needed him. Now it was perhaps others who needed it as I was able to do.

Most people who took my services, looked at me with astonishment. Some wondered my background. Yes, certainly they knew Norway, but they had always thought that it was about the same as America. If they asked, I explained a little more often. If not, I went ahead with no other thought than the next guy on the list. There were many who needed help, I was well enough to help, and some other reason for doing what I did, I did not.

When I was discharged from the hospital, I received orders to take it easy for a while to come. I came back to my own company and would help a man to keep our "day room" in order. This was a kombinasjonsrom. Here one could sit and read in books and magazines, or playing different games - a space for rest and comfort for a weary soldier.

Here I could accomplish anything. It soon turned out namely that most soldiers in the camp were unhappy. They longed for home. Yet they had no contact with home. They did not write the letter. What would they tell? When asked if they then do not get any letters, the answer was a hesitant no.

I provided what was needed to get off a few letters, and helped to content so not everything was just misery. When the answers came, rose mood considerably. They were certainly not forgotten. On the domestic front, it was also fought, if not with weapons, and it always made the impression to confirm that it was requested for them. Had an invisible but powerful hand protect against evil. And then - write on!

The change became noticeable. Morale got a fillip and pleasure made progress. Parting with some took no mood of those who traveled, nor from those who remained. We were all in the same boat, although not all could come to the front. Little by little, I realized that my mission was important, that morality was a building and invisible servant in the fight that was passed, and that life had again proven that everyone has something to give - we just forget so often that the little we can contribute , may be necessary.

When my manager one day traveling the order, I was responsible for our daily room. I decided to do it as encouraging as possible, which gave me a lot of extra hours. Cleanliness was first commandment, so I started with brushes, rags and water. Not understanding that it was dirty before, but now it was still significantly better. Again, this small, which after all leads to a change.

Then came the news that my father was dead. He died quietly. Mother wrote steady and sensible as before. She always had a lot to tell, and she told well. Now she was even so far advanced in years that she longed for to see me before the trip went on.

Further. Everything had to go on.

I tried to do my best on the record where I was sitting, the day I was discharged from the Army. I had not been in the thick of the action, but I still felt like a partner.

With the war behind me, I went to Chicago.

Now what?

Latest message from mom

The war was over, and those who were not directly affected, the world was open. Although I had not been at the front, but I still had seen the price that some must pay. In the face of suffering and loneliness in the hospital and later in the soldier camp, I found that after all lifted me up. In Chicago, there was discontent which threatened to have the upper hand.

I met the dance around the golden calf that I knew so well from before. But the dance was talking not about, you just threw himself into it. It was part of civilization - the good, rich life.

I wandered the streets, one street up and the other down - and preferably in the evenings when chased was muted. When showed the city a new face. Surely shouted one go about progress for all, but here were people who probably were in that concept. There was no one there was no point trying to help! But in the face of these social distress, revealed again this marvelous: the wretched was perhaps after all happier than happy. The first knew there was not much to look for in this world. The other fought their way to win even more wealth and power, which gave a sense of being something. Humbug had survived the war with aplomb and put safer than ever.

One day the telegram from Norway: Mother had brain hemorrhage, she felt no longer.

Death knocked on the door.

It felt strange. I stopped and started to think about what we two had together. Now it was over. We should never spoken together more.

So much flowed through memory. I saw myself as a child in bed, almost broken by adversity - and as the mother on the bed. She spoke easily, of what life demanded by a human. It was not friendly chat. She talked about life's challenge, the difficulties which first had to be overcome before the road went on. It was so easy to understand mother and trust her. She had a cure for everything.

Mother remembered it was important to remember - and forget the rest.

The small and strong-willed lady had never had anything good to say about boxing, but when I first had made sport of my work, she stood by my side. Never regretted her, and many a night she sat with my father and waited on the phone with the results of my fights.

Now it was I who were awaiting the outcome of her dramatic battle, though I knew who would win.

One time she came and picked me up from the boy band - it was a 17 May - to everyone's laughter. It felt really hard and I did not understand it, she got her way. The next day we heard that, one of the boys had broken an eye. "It could have been you!" Mom said. When I asked her how she had managed to find me, she replied that she had followed the line. More I did not get out of her.

When someone was sick, it was the mother who found something that relieved. She believed that there was advice for all; one had only to look for it. When the mother was ever in his field, had no dad what he should have said.

What newspapers could tell, she did not care about. The newspapers were the father.

When I even came to visit from America and explained to the mother that science had now found a recipe for kids milk was healthier and more nutritious than breast milk, she replied simply that the man with the difficult name would even find out that he was wrong!

And sure enough: Scientists found that maternal love and closeness can not be transferred to a bottle.

The visits of mother's kitchen, did not stop when we moved from Moi. In a strange way, it was exactly the same in Stavanger. People from different countries sat and talked with her over a cup of coffee. She was a child of nature who always and in so many ways had something to give.

A story told father, appeared. Mom would buy a house in Stavanger, only to sell it. This was speculation, which normally lay in the mother's gate. But this time she wanted it. The only problem was that now she moved into the father's area, and he would not be involved in that kind of trade. There was uproar, but my mother had to give up.

Others used the opportunity. The house was bought and sold twice - both times - a good profit.

"Then the mother angry," said the father.

I asked what he did.

"I said nothing," he said.

I knew what that meant. He said not a single word in two or three days. Her mother was ready to take up a new topic of conversation.

The two divisions had strengths that balanced each other. Where the mother was quick in his decisions, where the father had to take the time to help. But to others, it was the mother who claimed that everyone had to take time help. Everything would fall into place in due time.

As a cook, she was special. She could take a little of each, taking what she had on hand, and make the best food. Along the way, she could stick a finger in the pot and test the flavor. The finished result always tasted good.

The hours passed.

I sent a telegram to Oslo and said that I would make calls at a particular time. I was talking to my sisters, who could only tell that mother lay in a stupor, was sometimes awake, but knew no one.

Then suddenly my sister says that now the mother will carry the phone.

I hear a tentative breath. And one word: "Peter!"

It was the last message from the mother.

From tourist to Director!

Now I was thus an orphan, and for the first time, I felt a little old.

I had to get active again, come on. I had nothing to do in Chicago. Now I would cross the new, clear boundaries.

Within a few days the preparations done, and went about my train west toward Seattle. But I was not going to stop there. Alaska was the ultimate goal. Yet there is no abrupt to get there. It took ship across the ocean to an even more distant world and I boarded. When we reached the Philippines, was no sense of amazement and surprise as big as I had expected, people are in fact the same the world over. I saw people in a busy time. Work eternal time was the same here as elsewhere. The war had destroyed, he not only rebuilt - - everything would be so much better. And as many as possible would be to divide the proceeds.

The same picture was rolled up in China. Shanghai was a single swarm of people moving, hectic bustle everywhere, advancing civilization. Some uncertainty was noticeable, but whatever the future had to bring, so no one wanted to stand still or go back.

But everything faded to Hong Kong - it's wonderful of cities I've seen. Moreover, the mix of East and West managed to conjure up the world's most beautiful women, a symphony of life, certainly the most beautiful of creatures that I have seen. Everything here was a game of colors, so beautiful that I could not possibly have dreamed it lovelier.

Here I met my Confucius and his philosophy. Child's respect for the elders gave me the picture of the fourth commandment: Honor your father and your mother, and it will go well and you will live long in the land.

Amazement.

It was not been told that I would experience something like this. And yet - what had I really seen this vast country? An old Chinese man confided to me that if I visited all the major coastal cities, I had just lifted a corner of China!

A deep insight into their own ignorance, put their marks.

I turned my nose against California's sunny coastline, and found it good to come "home". Los Angeles and San Francisco. Then Sacramento - a wonderful place.

And then back to Seattle for departure to Alaska.

Holiday trip was over. For Alaska, I went to work.

The flight took us over lakes, fields, forests and mountains, and especially lately. A continent of snowcapped peaks. This was the adventure.

The goal was Bristol Bay and the world's largest salmon fishing, where we landed without difficulty, got ashore and the barracks. Where we arranged us and went to bed.

At night there was a knock at the door.

Just a few questions. First of all: the name. If I drank? No. If I smoked? No. If I bathroom? Yes.

Thus I cook!

A patch ga know what I would take with me. I tried to explain that there had to have been a misunderstanding. But, no - my qualifications were not enough!

And so began a new school.

The captain was white and a stately man, married to an Indian woman. He once asked if I would mind cooking for Eskimos and Indians, large second we did not come in contact with on the route we went. The boat went to and from the fishing grounds and fish collected from boats, and while the count was in progress, the crew ate. No, man, I had no objection, the relevant question was how they liked the food I made.

I got recognition for my Norwegian meatballs, although no one had eaten anything like this before. The same happened with stew and meat soup - although this too was strange dishes. But I was white, and I noticed that the distance was kept. Not a single word was exchanged. They sat silent and gave me sometimes a glance, even taken their portions and eventually make his way.

There I was and knew something was wrong, something I could not explain.

I went to the captain and said that I could not continue in the job, something was obviously wrong, either with food or something I did. Never a word from anyone. Never a smile.

He had his own explanation. He knew that the crew was satisfied with the work I was doing. The silence and lack of smile, he could not do anything. Did I know that an Eskimo or Indian never smiled at a joke or other slackens? Not openly. They smiled with heart.

So there I was. Sto and saw that the food was taken and eaten. Saw them disappear without a smile or word.

I felt hurt and dissatisfied with myself.

Again I went to the captain. I would know if it was okay that I rather began to set the table, made it a bit nice, and often served a cup of coffee or two after dinner. Would not it be natural for whites?

I learned that with this I could do what I wanted, but over twenty years he had never seen a white chef - or a chef at all - who had served an Eskimo or Indian.

Next meal I served with smiles and humor. Then at least it lives in my guests. They protested! But I kept on my mind and I got what I wanted. The next meal was going the same way, new protests and new victories to me - but anything closer than before, we did not get.

Coincidentally, I learned that one of my guests had a seriously ill daughter. It struck a tone that I knew. I went into the warehouse and "stole" some extra good stuff, made for a nice package and started the trip to the hospital. On the way, I stopped by the intendant, who asked what I had in the package. It was clear that the theft was not unknown to him. When I explained to him the whole context, confessed my own theft and said how I now had intended to go.

The reaction was unexpected. He was just in a good mood! He did not say it directly, but he said clearly enough that I should not save anything to the crew either, if it could create a better mood.

I delivered the package with a smile, it was received with astonishment questioning, accepted with serious face - and then lost man in a hurry.

The next day, the whole situation changed. There were smiles throughout the crowd, and soon I had questions about both the one and the other that I knew that they needed. The ice was broken. Community feeling grew. The previously hidden smiles in the hearts shone suddenly faces of happy people.

Something happened with me. The same exuberance and energy that had characterized my boxing career was on the way back. Foreign and with a mixture of sunshine and storm out at sea, I found my new audience. Here was something that challenged my true self. Here in the world's periphery, was the new boxing ring which was worth fighting. I did not have to look around to find a match: The challenges were there all the time just in front of me. Just roll up your sleeves!

The long and hard hours, often days on end, did not have room for a lot of deadline under, but now I was in tune with the world's top aides. My guests understood, and they gave me the outreach efforts that were needed. It was good, hard days.

When the season was over and I was back in Seattle, it seemed as if I had been on the other side of a chasm. But it was on the other side I had found myself again. It was there that I liked, that's where I had to return.

This time we went to Petersburg, Alaska. The city was founded by her husband, Peter Bush Man, and even in 1947, it was almost too Norwegian to rain. In each case, there was no city in the world outside of Norway that could be compared with it. Where I would like to see more of my own "race", Norwegian-American. It was not the first time I was with the gentleman!

To begin with, did it deep impression to see fathers legacy here in what once had been virtually wasteland. There was greatness in what was accomplished. Ocean was a gold mine, but the fish were extracted and converted to the homely comfort and prosperity. Petersburg has been described as the world's richest place per head. Well, here shown homes and bank John Doe from his very talented side.

A season I worked in a fish factory, where salmon were closed hermetically. I delivered ice to the boats. Again there were many hours at a stretch, but the dollar rolled in as if it was going to be working in the ring it was all about. The ambitious battle sea of gold, and efforts through the next paragraph before the market could take over, created a diverse and colorful image. I saw facial expressions that were difficult to interpret, so smile and disappointment, as friend and foe. And then the words. No, not straight out said - but when illegal fishing had made a good catch, the man got the praise of his accomplices, if even this time was not as lucky. Then there were the stories. The stories from years back, but that still lay on the tongue of the old. They remembered the Chinese who refused to sell his house, but agreed to arrange it so that if anything should happen to him, got the Norwegian first right to buy it. One day, the Chinese found with a broken neck at the foot of a staircase. A strange coincidence!

Boatload boatload on the south, and fortunes that constantly grew.

Those who called themselves real Americans, could tell that the 17 May, it was demanded that the red, white and blue to fly over the Stars and Stripes on the boats. It was the spirit of Norway dominated. But this said Uncle Sam as a firm no that the small warship cannon directed against the flag pole. It was as if the story continued on the next track. In fact, it was reported that there was no place in America where a race was then assembled to stop all moving in the other races, as here in Petersburg.

Although I had a good season, served well, and used part of the money and leisure to help young people to get their own collection facilities. It was on the second floor of a church. Along with me were brothers Wikan from Trondheim, taller guys have to look long for. Not only did they now - - they had helped to build and ski lodge, and helped with other things that had to do with youth. It was fun to work with such people, handsome and proud of his background, but U.S. in its operations.

In Petersburg I met also one of life's heroes, Erik Ness, which in human behavior gave me the proof that behind it all there is something more, a greatness that can not be explained. Yes, indeed - among my countrymen in America, I found both the good and the evil. And when Alaska's history to be narrated, the emigrant from Norway tied closely to its progress, developing from a nearly deserted location to something meaningful in the world of money. Alaska is a big operation in the financial markets, it is inconceivable values that are waiting to be adopted. The Norwegians started the song on the new time through fishing.

Alaska's history?

What about the little body with great spirit, Leonhard Seppala, the man who has more victories mashing a sled than any other man, the man who brought medicine to a doomed city, Nome, the man who is the easiest of all, my great friend. Many a time I have sat at his feet and listened to stories from his life - and listened to his beliefs. There is peace and tranquility that characterizes this man who understands the dog's language, living with their joy and grief. The secret, he found the beast once and fight for the man.

A melody - and every win in the community, gave new strength melody.

Strangely, by the way, that all the great men and women are so simple and ordinary in his thought and action. True greatness. Those who can not learn, the just there.

From Petersburg went way to Ketchikan, Alaska, where I work as Director of Ketchikan Civic Center for nearly five years. Here I found the big challenge: Sportsman Ship Brotherhood Inc. - and the first words of a new chapter was written in a new sheet. The title of president sounded undeniably nice, and should perhaps give a sense of "greatness" - or at least a place among the higher men. But it was where I belonged?

It did not take me long to realize I had a fight in front of me, a battle I could not win. I had to go against public opinion, and therefore eventually succumbed.

The fact was, it turned out, that it was the "better" people who had created and kept alive in this position of director. My task was to help them to entertain their children. I could not accept such reasoning. From the first time I fought that all should be included. Even did I get to the handyman: I was a carpenter and electrician, cook and nanny, I settled and cleaned after the party, and with good humor, I opened the doors again for the youth who stood outside, ready for new activities.

Many and difficult situations waiting for me, but none so sad as when the "pretty" in his greatness made a rice for those who do not measure up. There was no understanding of broderånd of those who controlled it all. The people speak so warmly of higher and lower trust, is not something to be translated into practice. Fellowship - a better world built on the understanding - a dignified life for all ... speech. Words that sound fine in the ears of all those who are already with. We imagine that we have a culture that will take care of the best in us, but it is challenged, the revelations.

In nature, nothing is as brutal as the feminine way to fight, nothing will kill ruthlessly. It is life and death in one - and victory means to live. A worse opponent than a hostile woman, it is impossible to find.

Through light and gray days, through joys and sorrows, the work continued. In children's play asks not for color or money in the bank. Where it is really only to be involved, to experience fellowship, and know the joy of the master. The child from Moi, from Stavanger and Oslo, is the same as in New York, Chicago or Alaska, and life's secret lies hidden in the positive playful, loving sense of it all easy and natural. It is only in the children's natural play that life is lived. Escape from the simplicity of the child into the "adult" complicated world, is itself the great deception.

Gland function is life's secret. One can put words on paper, and then talk about science today - and forget that in the Yoga teachings realized one has to make use of the secret for thousands of years ago. When the child in his game in an instant can go from tears to smiles, from pain, forgetfulness, from evil to good, it is because it unconsciously, but in its pure truth, makes use of nature's gift - the body's ability to heal itself. It is here that we adults have to watch our own rescue.

The battle in the boxing ring can be converted to play in the ring.

The fight in life can be turned into life game.

The large community

I claim my right to express myself. But it has no purpose?

It is twenty years since I traveled from Oslo. Now I am back again.

We enter 1957.

When I spoke at that time about rhythmic gymnastics, on balance, rhythm and coordination, I was laughed at by the big men. They knew so much better. When I now look at how far you've come, I realize that it's taken big steps forward, but the road is still only begun. This is not meant as criticism, but as an honest opinion of what I am through my own experience and analysis have reached.

Through Yoga teachings I understood what it means to breathe. Whole life is the time between the first breath and last breath, but few have understood this. I have not found the textbooks to the public, states that a normal thinking person can understand it. Someone who really knows how to breathe, are

singers. If this lesson was not kept as a secret by the experts, much would be gained. The students in the school would know that they can breathe themselves to sink in the water, but they can also breathe out to float effortlessly. Imagine knowing that your nerves are controlled through breathing. For my own part, it was easy to fall asleep and sleep until a few minutes before going in the ring. Then I was ready in mind and body. I had not wasted time and effort to tell me what to do when the moment was right - I was prepared. A settlement may be lost on the way from avkledningsrommet the starting line or sample exam can go bad - just because you forgot to take your breath into consideration. That something so simple and so important is not emphasized and explained to everyone, is to me incomprehensible.

Rhythm is not one - two, one to two, but even people singing to his physical body, it is the difference and the device.

Coordination is harmony, harmony and wellness. It is impossible to feel this unit without being happy. One is simply happy because something is good, warm and beautiful. It is a necessity for all, and a destination for everyone. Without harmony, one can not go for a walk in a positive way - it is disruptive, a heaviness and fatigue that must be overcome. When walking in unison, the joy with which companion. Body Learning is not just to tell you what you can and should do, but to show in practice the natural joy that comes with - children's play.

The center of gravity of the body is about an inch up from the tail bone, and a couple of inches into the body. Around this point involves the physical movement itself. In all sports that is about to stand upright, one must first learn to stand - before the movement begins. Stance in tennis, soccer, wrestling, gymnastics, boxing and all the other branches, is about the same. In a harmonic propagation from toe to hair, you create movement that power the snazzy. The movement must assume a relaxed position, for only then understand the power to follow the path of the flick or technique, which is the force that lies behind the ball after it has left hand behind jumper and the rate after he has left the ramp, behind the battle and the performance of "follow through", as I call this flick to make it understandable. Without lash can not write his name - just try and you will soon find out that it's not your case. Without lash can not get the cup to the mouth at the right moment. Without the lash, you can not go, exist, think, play and live. How they have managed to avoid learning this young, yes, people as a whole, beyond the country to the remotest village, is a bit of an enigma.

If one then finally found harmony, discovered flick - the invisible force that is behind everything and pushes on, his gaze lifted to a higher truth and unity: When one is faced with the Creator and His creation; then religion comes into play.

When you have met defeat, and frankly admitted that they have lost, both inside the ring and outside it, when you understand this better with the spirit behind it all, the right sporting spirit. If the deficiencies are not sport a builder for public health. But even worse: As the sport has become idolatry.

And there seems to be the sport today.

Men salute the victor with adoration in her voice, as Athens and Rome did it for their Olympic champions, they were looked up to as a god. A big difference between then and today, it is not really. Susen for victory is all-consuming - the loser is forgotten. The adoration and worship is often so sickly that a common man can not dare stop and seriously think about what is happening.

It states that responsibility commitment, and in all sports press has a huge responsibility. It should not contribute to an audience driven into ecstasy as all cultural forgotten. It is shameful. The press has no spirit, although a voice sometimes cry out in the night that such a thing exists. Give us a conqueror! It is the requirement that sounds, and the only thing that matters. Shout propagates and becomes an ecstatic audience - something that no one, especially not young people should be exposed to.

Sports and athletics educator, is the same as public health, but without religion, it is nothing. How it works, it is understandable that the church does not see any connection line to the sport, a movement that worships the winner. But just understood, does not create any religion hanging heads. The true sportsmanship is not lost - it promoted. The highest lift ideals found in our religion. True sportsmanship should

Hence, spring from these ideals. On my way through life, I discovered the game, the real game, it does not create winners and losers, it does not create exclusion and separates, but it creates joy and community. The healthy playful not be cheered up, but it creates jubilation.

Tape's cup, and back to the winner's medal, is something that should be thought through. It that drives a person to lead, coach him up to win, and then pushes him forward to cheering altar, is something that must be stopped - if one believes that the harmonious development of youth and health is the most important. It is important to learn for every man is to overcome himself. Understanding this need in home and school. The public has no right to shout for victory! It really expresses the cry, is a win for me!

It's a sad moment when the child discovers his rage at his father or mother because the hero or heroes lost in the tussle.

Not meant as a criticism, I said.

Yes, criticism that goes to the men and leaders in the world of sport have not understood to set forth the ideals of both the performer and the audience, which is based on the honest in our society, a common thought that bestow responsibility and culture. Can anyone honestly say today that Norway has created a development where the spirit keeps pace with the body? For someone who has been away for twenty years and have not followed through on the daily steps on the way up, the image of the situation is completely distracting. I take my hat off to the work that is underway to create an ever better physical existence and for the care you have for your children right from the first year - I'm really impressed with the many, many things. But I am disappointed by the idolatry I look at the sports ground.

Another chapter that belongs to preparation for any activity, eating. It is the industry that provides the athlete the power to both the physical and spiritual performance. One must learn to control the urge to overeat, learn that hunger is often just a nervous reaction front battle game, which is quite normal. But one can safely say that it is possible to eat in a victory by over loading the body with the good life. It is very important to go to the game a little hungry, knowing that the food is digested, the same applies fluid intake - adequate, but no more.

When boxing amateurs today criticized using images from professional world, I think the idea and the idea behind this sport is completely fabricated. I do not think there is a sole practitioner of the sport for 25-30 years to prove that it was anything other than play in self-defense art, that through sport learned to overcome his rage, and that it was understood that the greatest victory was to could smile in the struggle. There are hundreds of smiles behind the few, the extremely few devastation that took place. When sport is attacked because it is not so today, so must be the responsibility of management who have not followed the developments. From my younger days, I remember the football game, it is often applied to peg the opponent out of the way and then kick the ball. Had this system still, we would not have any football today. Now I need to go after the ball, use the intelligence you have, and then interacting get it between the goal posts. This is fun. And the same could we had in boxing, if management had been awake and not sold to the public pleasurable sport. Those who really know the sport, know that among the hundred "fighters", there are at most two are mature enough to set up in competition and display their skills. Drop land battles! Loops game programs! La boxing game that will be fun and games for children, games for the toy's fault, with mom and dad and friends as an audience. Precisely this toy may be necessary for many that require this kind of release, and enjoy it. Let the advanced walk their rounds, but still because it's fun. Then boxing sport in line with all other sports - neither more nor less.

I think probably the men who in their zeal trying to get his boxing to life, should also look at other sports simultaneously, and then make an overall statement. Moreover, it is important to distinguish between amateurs and professionals. As a former professional boxer, I'm the first to admit that his team is not boxing sport. It is hard work and a livelihood. Moreover, I would go with that amateur sport in Central Europe, nor are any good role model. Yes, I would go so far as to say that Norway should not struggle to get the boxers on the Olympic program, nor where appropriate into boxing. The goal is just to win, and the road may damage. But as fun and games, it has its place, just as well as football and skiing and all other branches of sport.

Again, the press accountable. The minutes of the game, it's not the good technique, but the raw brutality that is sung, the boxer is praised as he should have had criticism slaggeren are often completely - aided by the public. The cry of the victor is the only sound. Sport spirit is gone, and everyone has lost.

When an athlete of any sport, love their sport, when he knows that training is taken care of and that is fought with integrity by the rules, all the nervousness be a thing of the past. When he further understood that somber challenge the best in a man, and that the game itself is bigger than the victory, then, culture had a supporter and love an apostle. If the joy is not included in the game, there is no game. The experienced natural for a boy or girl, should have the opportunity to develop. Let it be skating or boxing - - let there be any sport - but let it be controlled by knowledgeable people with true sportsmanship. If not, the destruction be the same in all fields. There are no limits to what a "liberated" sport can make a mess in, but no limits to what can be created - if the rise is natural, and the pleasure the positive force.

As it is today, where victory is the only thing that matters is often a bad trait until both performer and audience: over the explanation of the facts. You can not just lose to someone who was better, and give the winner's honor. No, actually was the one who lost, best still, it was just that one time or another accidentally got in the way. In ski sports was a time quite common to explain a poor result with that rubbed away, and this term was the appropriate shapes transferred to other sports. For a Norwegian, it was impossible for such honest and sincere to be beaten by a Swede. Being a good loser is far greater than being a bad winner. Taper is in earnest the moment one can not accept their own and others' skills. Has the press and the public understood this?

A harmonious man has a good attitude. Is not that good mood in today's sports, it suffers from a severe shortage. If it has failed so that the church does not want anything to do with it, then one can also say that the church has failed not to try to gain understanding from the sport. The best men is the best server and gateway requires the church and its worthiness to identify healthy sportsmanship. The church is the one who must make the transition, the need to find the basis for cooperation. After that I have knowledge of both organizations, there should not be major obstacles to overcome. One should not try to block the other, but to work toward a common goal. Today's details that might impede a close relationship, but in a larger context, the details should be pushed aside. And as I see it, it's not just the sport area that the church should be more active in using their message. There are many occasions and many tasks to tackle. If a landslide is first started, the slide coming for a while. And when it does not help to look for excuses.

Sport and sport is beside the point if it just becomes a matter of a few performers who perform for an audience. The idea has with health and well to do, and therefore applies to the general public. It is not sport when twenty thousand people sitting and watching a football game, sports would be if you did twenty-two players sit and watch twenty thousand in play. The understanding of the ideal behind the sport, is turned upside down. And it can certainly argue that both church people and other "intellectual" groups have not taken the sport seriously. It does not apply to them. But sport is a folkesak of great importance - sport fueled by the right sportsmanship - and should therefore have a wide place in the school. From sport is a short step to an understanding of "social play", the understanding of what it means to fight and win honestly, and without losing a single excuse.

Through the study of children in natural play, I discovered the true and healthy game and its importance. But I've also discovered the importance of a good and safe home for a child. Wherefore, I doubt what I now see that a lot of home responsibilities shifted to different organizations. Many parents seem to sit inside with so much knowledge that it does not come into its own within the framework of a normal workday. Evenings, and holidays must be used. When I once sat and listened to a talk about how to manage to get the kids into the right time in the evening so they could get off the street and into bed, and discussion not led to any good suggestions, I allowed myself to say that this could not possibly be a big problem - it's really just that the parents were home at night and forgot other "important" tasks. Such a solution is obviously not commented.

Something that strikes me pretty strong after so many years away from Norway, is that the home most often become an exhibit box, a place where children need to be cautious, and where it is no longer natural that friends gather to have fun and play off . It is important that everything is at all times in order - that every thing is in its proper place. Materialism is received. We no longer have to shout and look to America. Now we are actually there.

Children have a natural place in the future, for without them there is no future for any of us. But thus it must occupy the main place in all planning. The home with mom and dad's place. Parents are responsible for the child's behavior both on and off school, they must pay for their right to call themselves what they are. Children need their parents to learn the current pattern to know, be aware of contexts and become familiar with the many different emotions. Mom and Dad's peace of mind, and the fixed point home, until the day has come for full and independent responsibility.

Justice is not something one demands that the youngest should respect and abide by, but people thought of building values and a strong culture. Start building your home first, then comes the respect and understanding of themselves. Sure it's great to see young people today who have gotten everything from kindergarten to being in the race of life, depending on what skills and possibilities permits. But is it enough? If you look closely, it is painful to discover how a father can forget his son as soon as school is reached. When lost all affection, precisely at a time when additional understanding is required. Not only from the mother, who is always there with heart and tenderness, but also tenderness from the father, and words that he, too, once, long ago, with the same problems. He must spend time to understand, and to create understanding. Father is not just to go on tour with, or one that can talk about football - he is the child can take refuge, and come with both evil and good. Tears is no shame for the adult. Tears of sadness and joy through life's diversity, is about a deeper understanding in and around any situation. It is not to make himself small when emotions appear, no weakness, but rather an expression of the greatness and strength.

Norway and the development in the last twenty years is extensive and impressive. I have seen an appreciation in many areas is reassuring, I've seen building strength in the large community. But in sports and sports drag the country on an old guard, experts from years back, who has never been able to understand that "truth" can grow truer, that development is change, and that change is needed not to solidify in a position .

Today the world is on the way forward in their human understanding - everyone has the right to come into the sunlight, everyone has the right to participate in life's great game. The sport has in some areas exceeded my dreams, but in other fields - as I have mentioned - failed completely. Good sport can not run without true sportsmanship and sporting spirit must again have its roots in, and nourished by, the highest of all our ideals.

Home and school, church and sports organizations - all have on the same path, with shared values and common goals. It takes all kinds to make a world. We are all servants of life's garden. Nobody, absolutely nobody, is worthy to bear IDEAL tab alone. We are all necessary but only large insofar as we are able to keep our team spot. The first person who thinks he is bigger and better and more important than his teammate and the next, is the first to break the interaction.

The example that the older gear worn on the child and adolescent. Are we disappointed the fall we see, we must be disappointed by what has been sown. Athletes and sports and life's game should not be a disappointment.

Great men and women often show their greatness through a childish attitude to life's real values. It's not about victory or defeat. It's about "TO PLAY THE GAME".

Sanstol AGAINST BROWN IN LONDON
Behind the Scenes
By John W. Wik

It was the hard thirties at the time, finding a job was like finding gold in the Klondike. This has probably little interest in the day where you can frolic in the offer through many pages of Aftenposten.

But I must mention it because boxing at that time was one of the places you could scrape together some coin to the daily operations.

We had namely: "The guys on the corner" met early in the morning and walked in unison up to Aftenposten, and then through what was available. Split squad for the various jobs available and met again at the Employment Office.

It happened that someone bypassed the "clique", started very early for somehow taking inner bend at any job openings provided in Aftenposten. These comrades were long shunned, and had to find herself being outside if the "clique" in some way got hold of grain and had a "festive" gathering.

Like the others, I got good experience: Met up for a job - like an errand boy, handyman and so on - never a real job. When one came, one might somewhat long in the face. Without exaggerating the queue was about 100 feet long. A couple of times it succeeded me to get into the "interrogation". I had previously been an errand boy in a grocery store up the street Therese, has been an assistant on the car at the Norwegian Frugtcompagnie af 1898 - and a few years at sea. This is the "at sea" settled the matter immediately.

- Seaman? Not of interest.

It was to meet at the Employment Office where we got meal tickets to Sct. Halvard in Pilestredet. Certainly soup and meat sausages. The day it was porridge, we sold the tickets and went rather on Bygdøy and bathroom. Without food.

But then something happened. As a member of Oslo Athlete Club where our great boxers, Otto von Porat, Peter Sanstol and Haakon Hansen had gone their baby, I was also well regarded in the Norwegian Confederation of Sports. The fact was that the Norwegian Sports Federation at that time lived in the upstairs of sport Houses in Pilestredet.

This was not related to the current size. Man came in at a fairly long and large office where the late Gunnar Hansen ruled. He was indeed the alpha and omega of what was going on what the associated concern. In a small office inside, put the boss, Helge Løvland - the man who captured the 10-game gold in Antwerp. He saw I little, but suppose he had anything to say when the major decisions were taken.

The general manager was, however, Gunnar Hansen. He was also a member of Oslo Athlete Club. The man who supported us OAK-boys as far as he could. Invited us for coffee / sandwiches for lunch in the cafe around the corner. Sometimes at dinner Arrow Restaurant. In short, did the best he could for us to thrive outside of training and matches.

The only thing he did was to get us a job, even though he often attempted.

Enough of it so I came up one day - so coffee / sandwiches on the horizon.

- Pit has come, said Hansen.

- So what?

- Need sparring partner and I have recommended you.

Pit Sanstol was Peter who was home for a visit. Figured on the top level of the world's bantam boxers, approximately 53.5 kg.

It was the hardest lesson of my life.

Having carried 10 to 15-pound sacks on their backs every day from Therese street to Rådhusgaten plus other hotels in town, I had dumped crates of jam and pickles from Sct. Olavsgate around the city. Besides, I had worked as the devil himself for 10 crowns a month plus one cent of every barrel that was extracted from whales down in the Antarctic. Fought some battles around Norway and partly got beat up by Henry Tiller, Norway compete up in the Sports Hall at Kampen.

It's funny that the Sports Hall was lying on FIGHT. For there was

sure is fighting for "FOA".

In my case it started 24 liebhavere the championship title in the lightweight, approximately 61 kg. I met a Ålesund in the first place. Fight for your life in the first round. Johansen from Ålesund lost his pants in the second round, which caused that I had a mental advantage.

Met Henry Tiller in the quarterfinals.

- I'll take the blue corner, I said to Henry.

- No, I'll take the blue, black this confident young guy.

He got the blue, and I had a kink in my confidence.

It did not last long. Had seen Henry in the preliminary matches and found out that he was open to a left hook.

Quite right.

He was open enough.

Battle land.

The next thing I heard was the judge's six to seven - eight -

- I can not be bothered to get up, I thought, and took it easy.

And that was it - what NM in 1931 concerned.

Met Henry many years later in the form of professional boxing in Trondheim.

- Why did you not up - I saw that you were not ready? he asked.

- It was something that I did not understand, and as I sat there on the podium, I thought simply that here I am - and it will be nice to get out of it.

The whole thing was caused by the struggle for living, training and terms, no money, never a proper home - in short: The nerves took over.

It was the tram home from battle.

In front of me sat a long, hung guy.

- But it is not you then, Rolf?

- Yes, very much alive.

- Were you in the Sports Hall?

- Yes, I fought the best of my ability, but it did not. Went out in the first round.

- Yes, when you meet a fellow, for I did too. But this is boxing's nasty stuff - what do you think?

- Never more. It is the devil himself.

And that's for sure.

That time we went usually Majorstuen up to Frognerseteren. So we like to keep ourselves fit and entertain a bloodthirsty crowd.

Sunday we went thereon route.

That time was the top boxers in Norway next football players. It was something like today's youth as swarms of musicians and singers.

I heard it on the way up against Frognerseteren.

One was right horrid.

- If I were you, I would buy my knee. Had I not known better, I'd think you were Catholic, by the way you knelt on.

There was nothing to be done about it.

Traveled to Skien and Sandefjord and elsewhere to address rumors while pulling in some dough.

It was excellent. It was actually just victories.

That's probably why Gunnar Hansen NIF came with the invitation to spar Sanstol.

Peter Sanstol from Moi who was now Pete Sanstol.

This Sanstol revolutionized my life.

In boxing as in life.

Entrees should I forget late.

- Sparring Partner? There is no such thing as that - here we will try to find out from each other. You can give me something, and I tell you something. Do not try to imitate me, because I am I, and what suits me, may not suit you. Can you find something in me that's right for you, take hold of it, but

remember that I can not teach you boxing. I Sanstol - my boxing, my life - I have found out. For me larch cheering loudly in the sky as much inspiration as any article in a newspaper. We will train together, eat together, discuss together - but never forget that I can not teach you to fight. You have to find out for yourself.

If I found out?

I was the rather forced to do it.

It started at six o'clock in the morning. In the Palace Gardens. With running and gymnastics. Breakfast at eight. The juice of an orange and a skonrok with a little butter. Resting at noon. New races and gymnastics in the Royal. Dinner: egg omelette with orange juice. At sixteen: double end bag and hard physical training before we went in the ring - where I was beaten in three rounds.

Each eternal day.

It lasted a few months - was in really nice shape.

The sign of a new championship in Bergen.

King's Trophy went to feather weight, approximately 57 pounds. So scratch that it was possible I weighed about 60 pounds.

- Go for the King's Trophy in Bergen, said Sanstol. - Whoever wants to, he can.

This is absolutely correct - when it came Sanstol.

I saw him - or rather, was with him - in Mandal, where we fought exhibition in three lively rounds. Not he ate before we went - not during our stay in Mandal - and only a day later, he took birth in the form of an omelette.

Now you would think that the man was completely "out", but on the contrary, he was as much alive. In fact, the best vigor.

Our faith in him grew tremendously.

No, we ate, drank and not we.

Come to Bergen more dead than alive, and was beaten by a slightly bent Bergenser as we stood in the ring, and I asked him to come and fight. What course he did not, and I was so giddalaus that I could not move his legs more than the required minimum.

In other words, it matched Sanstol, did not fit me.

It took me three months to come up in natural weight - by cream and cod liver oil cures. Met a Filipino at Bislett where the weight was 67 pounds - healthy and fine.

But as Sanstol said: - You did not - first and foremost, one must believe. Had you believed, you would have had King's Trophy.

Simple and easy for Sanstol. But he was nothing out of the ordinary. He studied and practiced yoga. Alive as an ascetic and did not visit a doctor.

However, he regularly visited by Marcello, known as the "psychic" man, who checked that the body was in order.

As I have never seen before "medical examination" before or since, it may be appropriate to describe it.

Marcello seemed impressive when he quietly hung his overcoat. Took a quick look at the apartment in Wergelandsveien 5, before he set eyes Sanstol.

- Dress of you and lie on her stomach on the couch.

Sanstol did so, while I with wide eyes followed the trend. With its 53 kg was the Sanstol pure dwarf against Haugen. He was therefore almost gone when Haugen climbed on the back of the boxer - was on his knees while he "saw" the body under him from head to toes. Knocked a little here and there. "So" once over, then the survey was done.

- You are okay. There is no sign of weakness.

Whereupon he just quietly took his coat and left.

You get to take it as you will, but the fact is that I worked for several years with Sanstol and never experienced seeing him sick or indisposed. It was more than strange given that his birth was so easy that you almost have to believe that the body does not need food at all. Even more remarkable was that he was always much alive and in the best vigor.

But he said: - You have to believe in yourself - believe firmly that you can win the whole world.

Or, as he also stated: - My name is Peter - Peter means rock - the rock I build.

His goal was of course to win the world championship.

Unfortunately, it was the nigger Al Brown of Panama who ruled over the world bantam boxers, and this Brown was something of themselves.

With approximately 53 pounds, he measured 1.75 m on the socks. Thus unnaturally high to such a low weight. Next came the long arms - the whole range 1.86 m - that is, from fingertip to fingertip. These long arms would think was used to keep an opponent at a distance, but which was seen as wrong. He let his opponent get into the so-called half distance, whereupon he fired off a cross between a hook and uppercut. This battle had sent virtually all of the world's top bantam boxers to the floor. One of the few who stood out rounds, and even got the victory by one of the judges was Sanstol.

It happened in Montreal in 1931.

Brown was the best in the first eight rounds, and Sanstol the past seven.

Sanstol therefore did not his goal, but he promised himself no rest until he got Brown into the ring for a new game.

But Brown had also learned of the meeting in Montreal.

- No more Sanstol for me, thanks.

But like all others, may also Brown eventually capitulate to age. Not only age, but also a pretty "sweet life" in Paris, caused that he lost his title to Spaniard Sang Chili in Valencia. A decision which, incidentally, was more than questionable, but not to get outside.

After losing the title, Brown became more "willing to work".

Here at home was another meeting between Sanstol and Brown has been a bit of a request.

A guy who forged while the iron was hot, Oscar Olsen. In his time skating sprinter of rank, and one of them gave the Finn Thunberg plenty to think about. At this time he was publisher and owner of the sports newspaper "Sportsmanden" and was known as an extremely smart and tough guy. Olsen contacted Brown and got his signature on a contract for a meeting with Sanstol in Oslo.

Sanstol in turn was in Montreal, where he was preparing for a 12-lap battle with the new marvel in bantam class, namely, Sixto Escobar from Puerto Rico. A game with a win would mean a second chance for the World Cup, the winner would meet Lou Salice in a battle for the vacant title.

Sanstol consequently received the message about the Olsens maneuvering easy.

- Oscar Olsen is a genius - so smart that he should have been in America, of course I'd like to meet Brown in Oslo, but I win of Escobar has a World Cup match more interesting.

But Sanstol lost on points.

Also for him had ages left their mark. Thus began Oscar Olsen the big game.

- Sanstol dare not meet Brown, but I'll smoke him out of his lair. I offer him 5,000 dollars and all stand against he meets Brown in Oslo, and that all profits go to the benefit of Olympiakommitéen.

It could not Sanstol stand for.

First, he realized that he had passed the height of his career. Second, he knew that Brown also was at least repeated. Thirdly finally got a chance to meet Brown again, and the fourth was a prestige action for the Norwegian box audience, and a fairly good financial contract.

In short: Sanstol turn up in Oslo.

Now it must be noted that Sanstol during his previous visit to Norway, came in contact with others interested in building a sports hall in Oslo. The place was beyond Majorstuhuset against Sørkedalsveien, where there are blocks of flats.

I do not know the specifics of the deal, but according Sanstol, would be his part to build up a training institute in the basement of Majorstuhuset. An institute with all possible comfort, which also would serve as changing rooms for players in the proposed sports hall. It would then lead - underground passages from the hall down to the department.

The basement of Majorstuhuset was really built and equipped with two rings, mirrors on the walls, double end bag as sand bags, gorgeous sanitation and offices.

On the whole the thing of Norway's land at the time.

The place was called "Sanstol Institute" where he invited everyone from young boys to tired business people to exercise or teach them details for The Noble Art of Self Defence.

The plan seemed brilliant.

Representatives from the business community arrived at 16 o'clock and exercised to the best of ability. Many crossed gloves with Sanstol and was well satisfied.

Later, the little boy class between male class and eventually the boys 'teenage' age.

It was chock-full every evening.

Sanstol was long alpha and omega. Immensely popular, friendly and careful, as he had this wonderful ability to get everyone to believe that they were virtually VM candidates. Probably had well Sanstol intended it as a financial investment for living when his active career was over.

I do not know what happened, but suddenly started his rigorous training for new games.

I got that undergo regular hard laps until he said - I'm going to Sweden to meet an Englishman in a heated battle. From there to Germany for a couple of games, and everything goes well, I continue to Montreal for a game against Sixto Escobar. You can take advantage of the institute until I come back.

There were two fights in Gothenburg. Englishman Joey Carr was eliminated in the first round. The German champion bantam, went out in the seventh round.

In Berlin, the German champion featherweight, Hans Schiller, given a game that got the German subjects ballad "Box Sport" to write, "Over the years we have seen very good boxing, but likes the experience the Norwegian Sanstol gave us last night, has we have not seen before. Our featherweight champion and a much heavier man, got a lesson in boxing he will not forget. It's the voice that Sanstol to meet our lightweight champion., we hope it is not serious, because we are afraid that the little artist from Norway will make a clean sweep in our box garde ".

Thus stood Escobar-fight trip.

In other words, for Sanstol a loss of points.

It was a battle that left its mark on Sanstol. Firstly he was injured in an ankle in the seventh round, so his viscous work in the ring was inhibited. Second, Escobar managed to damage one eye so much that he came to Oslo with a black patch over patch.

The training was immediately added to the ring at the back of the main house at Bislett.

The black patch was gone, but I remember well that the eye was quite red. At this with ankle was not "bluff", I realized too soon.

In all the hundreds of rounds of sparring we had together, it was never succeeded me to place one really good shot. Which was not so strange, because our best boxers Haakon Lind among amateurs and Harald Hansen among the professionals, either failed to get anything.

For us boxing enthusiasts - and there were many at the time - will probably Sanstol demonstration in Sports Hall, never be forgotten. The arena normally ga accommodate 3800 spectators, was completely blown. Between the rows set the people - even women who had not idea what boxing was for nothing - but all that one would see him there "Adonis" in the ring.

It was the worst out of were Haakon Lind.

This plug a hard lightweight, which was regarded as one of Europe's best in its class.

Sanstol let him stand about two feet away from him and said: - Try if you can see me!

Lind did the fireworks go, but failed to hit the champion standing BOOM quiet - just moving head or body by which all nations came.

The crowd rejoiced greatly.

But Haakon Lind never forgave Sanstol the demonstration.

Back to this first training session before the match against Brown.

Usually it was almost 1000 spectators wreathed round mound behind the Bislett. Entrees were 50 cents. Considering the eye, ankle and travel fatigue this first official practice day, was it that I first got placed a direct right corner. At the battle "took", there was no doubt but that the driven and skilled boxer he was, he let it all go some seconds before he said stop.

On the way home he said: - I got a stitch in my head - and thanks for that. It should not happen again.

It did not.

We fought every day at Bislett. Sanstol morning. Brown afternoon. 50-oring poured. The spectators and the press was well satisfied with what they saw. What they did not see, was the afternoon workout that took Sanstol Institute, where Sanstol prepared to avoid these famous hook-uppercut-hits of the Negro. And yet how he emphasized getting into the body, where he made shotgun battles against the most vital parts.

It was a treat we will not forget.

Treatment at Bislett in the official training was clean baby food to "fight" that took place in the afternoon.

In all of the rounds that were sparring against this professor in boxing, I had seen him as an oily form as it was flat impossible to hit with a good slap. Apart from the first day of practice mentioned earlier. This was before the fighting against the German champions, Riethdorf and Schiller, and sometimes in front of the big showdown against Escobar in Montreal.

This to be able to avoid the blow, a detail.

The second was embittered left the team.

Sanstol boxed in a hunched style where the right hand covered his head while the left hand was loose and free along the body. When one knew that this left hand was hyper dangerous - something the aforementioned boxers, and a myriad of dangerous American bantam fighters had discovered - not to mention myself - went concentration of avoiding this annoying and dangerous battle. Something I failed, and a comfort - none of the best boxers we had at the time in Norway.

And it was many.

Round after round, day after day, month after month, I tried to find out any action to avoid this left the team that beat down like lightning from a clear sky and be able to counter the well-meant right corner.

Which never succeeded.

There was, however, a consolation that internationally known size knock-outs Haakon Lind, technically good and hard while Harald Hansen - not to mention the technical marvel Sigurd Larsen, had exactly the same difficulty.

I had an advantage over the other sizes.

Spar with him for months every day and thought they should know him thoroughly.

When training ahead of the match against Al Brown began, I was full of confidence.

- I'll show you, was my motto. - Now you have your own medicine.

It went really well - the public workout at Bislett. How Olav Nilsen, I and some others did us pretty good.

Do I Sanstol right, it was pretty easy for the public and the press, and of course most of Al Brown, would get the impression that he - was not so dangerous. That he was at least repeated since the Montreal game, so that Brown could count on a relatively "safe" game.

Two weeks before the fight, I got orders: - We meet in the afternoon at 16.00 in Sanstol Institute for sparring.

I was a part, surprised.

The training at the Bislett had gone well, so why train more in the Institute?

The answer soon became clear.

To train and fight with straight left - right cross - hooks and uppercuts - in front of the audience, was one thing. How Brown was defeated, was something else entirely.

The daily performances continued, so that 50-oring wheeled into.

Brown made success with his sparring against our top spring guards, Fredrik Johansen and Olav Nilsen and Wilfred Sjøgren. Brown was even - some trouble with Fredrik Johansen - this stud grew hook hitting fighter from pugilist - so much that he stated: - This Johansen should be able to go long in a professional boxing ring.

But both Johansen and Nielsen on the other hand said that against this boksevidunderet named Al Brown, had our man, Sanstol, no chance. But they did not know what was going on in eftermiddagen Sanstol Institute.

From U.S. press we had read and partly learned that Sanstol, when he found it desirable, be it that had characterized his fights in America: namely, a whirlwind of boxing.

These afternoons with special training to slay Al Brown, I will always remember.

Everything I had learned in training against this man was wasted. Against me, I got a machine gun or a machine of the kind. Currently reasonably hold that I was prepared, but a storm of blows to the body and head from close range. There was dancing backwards to the best of ability. Anyway it was a gadfly on me.

"The Blonde Tornado" as he was baptized in the Americas, I got the full mark was no poster history.

I stood on his feet after two weeks, but the head wound as if I were taken into a swarm of bees.

Without exaggerating, I would say that there were two of the hardest weeks I have experienced in my life.

But everything has its end.

It was not enough that I had to spar Sanstol. The famous German light heavyweight, Adolph Heuser, would meet our Edgar Normann forkamp. Likewise Richard Stegmann, German lightweight champion, against Harald Hansen. Since Oscar Olsen and Sanstol were friends, it was that these two would also train in Sanstol Institute.

And sparring with gloves.

- Sparring Partners?

- John takes it black Sanstol.

I thanked them for their confidence went rounds against both the heavy and the light Heuser Stegmann. Heuser only highlighted their kind, and I realized the movements and all that Norman was faced quite a task. Which of course was reasonable, since Heuser not long before, had fought for the World Cup in America. One affair we should come back to, because this World Cup match against Maxie Rosenbloom in New York brought him a mascot - namely a green sponge.

This green sponge would give me much trouble.

Stegmann on his side, was an easy straight men with good kind, and a man who should stand well against Harald Hansen, since they actually were quite similar in their boxing styles.

Save the Ring against these two Germans were dog food jars against Sanstol "secret sparring", where he put his attack plan against Brown.

The plan was to drill into the negro long arms, which he would fire off with body and head battles. One tactic that had cost the famous French champion boxers Emile Pladner, Young Perez and Eugene Huat knockout defeat. As they attempted to "drill into", they were met by one of these hyper dangerous hook-uppercut-blows were Browns specialty, and who was feared by all the world bantam boxers. Thus, it was evening.

Sanstol on his side, had avoided these battles during World Cup game in Montreal and said he had learned how tactics were successful.

Revenge Battle Sanstol - Brown had public and the press waited for three years. When Oscar Olsen finally got the two fighting cocks gathered in Oslo, interest on top, and the daily topic of conversation was generally: - Can Sanstol finally get the better of his arch rival, or will Brown with their long, hyper dangerous arms once again put "The Blonde Tornado" in place?

Oscar Olsen and his matchmaker, Alf Eriksen, had had their difficulties getting the game in order. Match Date was first determined to 30th august 1935. Brown suffered an ankle injury, however, during a visit to Brussels, then the date was changed to 6 september.

Furthermore exposed to 11 september. Now everything seemed to go as it should.

But then there were three days left, put Brown on the ring floor during training at Bislett, remained at the ankle, and strong grimaces told that something was wrong. His manager, Bellierez, took immediate action to investigate the negro right hand. All the time there were almost 1000 spectators present event attracted considerable stir.

- What was wrong? Was the ankle or right hand?

Brown was brought to the emergency room where they noted a slight swelling of a finger on his right hand. This was confirmed by the doctor, the press and the organizer, who promptly delayed match-day to Friday 13 september.

For the superstitious were thus Sanstol chances dalt significantly.

- Friday the thirteenth! It's bad luck for our man!

Others took it as a fortunate notice.

- Friday the thirteenth bad luck and black color - that is, Brown is the unfortunate.

What really lay behind, knew well just Brown. This finger did not we initiate too seriously - he would he a reprieve for some reason - sounding chorus.

Sanstol in turn, took it all calmly. Drove his program on as if nothing had happened.

When the news of Brown's injury, and the postponement of the match, reached us, we discussed a little bit after the hard workout.

- What do you mean, Pit?

- I have included in my build up for the match. I know Brown now, and have put my plan. The thing is that in the World Cup match in Montreal, I did not actually when I put in the ring corner, if Brown would appear in the other corner. Beforehand, he had protested against the established judges, refused all photography and so on, so that if the operator is not accepted all this, he went back to Paris - without a fight. But he appeared - and defended his title. All this caused that I was somewhat nervous and did not start until the second half of the match. This time I'm prepared for anything from him, so this "accident" means nothing to me.

It did not.

Friday the 13th september 1935, a rainy day. It was simply what one calls for storms. Consequently, the influx of out of town spectators greatly reduced.

Oscar Olsen & Co. had expected about 20 000 at Bislett, but by noon, you knew this figure had to be revised.

Fortunately heaven closed at 15 o'clock. What caused that almost 12,000 boxing enthusiasts souls turn up.

About Oscar Olsen was nervous?

There must be faith.

He turn up not at all.

Together with Arne Knardahl - our brilliant fly-weights from the 1920s and the man who stopped the Danish "prodigy", Anders Petersen - I got the job of each secondary Stegmann and Heuser in fighting against respectively Harald Hansen and Edgar Normann. Just before we step into the ring for Stegmann - Hansen match, a phone rang in the office at Bislett Idrettshus. Everyone was on his way toward the lighted ring, so I found the need to take this phone.

Did anything surprise.

- How's it look? came a hoarse voice.

- Not so bad. There are stay and we are ready for the first match.

- Attendance, for f -! Is anyone there?

- As far as I can see - pretty full. Maybe eight to ten thousand.

- Thank God and thank you for it! It's Oscar here -!

Harald Hansen and Richard Stegmann fought a brilliant lightweight fight over eight rounds. A proper aperitif before the larger settlements to come. The judge, Ragnar Enevold sentenced Norwegian victory, which Stegeman afterwards agreed, but thought a draw would have been better. Same Stegmann battled later as one of Europe's best lightweight boxers, while Harald Hansen, thanks to the lack of background and helpers, was set sidelined. Which was a pity, because this technical and hardy boxes, undoubtedly could have done what bravader Championship titles concerned.

Adolph Heuser, this dense light-heavyweight, who had given the world champion Maxie Rosenbloom bit of a fight in America, was somewhat too large task for Edgar Normann.

Heuser was looking for a new title match for the World Championship. The fight against Doe was only a step towards such a struggle. Normann on its side as a chance at the end of his career to get into better paid salaries.

As mentioned before, I got the job of assisting Heuser in the locker room and in the ring. It was a bit of a palaver.

In the dressing: - Here you only do two things: You should say every time the bell goes what round it is, then you should remember this one -.

So he pushed a green sponge up in my face.

- My mascot, as I have in the ring when I meet him derre condemned Rose Bloom in the new World Cup game, and f - take you if you lose sight of it. You return it to me as soon we get up in the locker room again. Do you understand?

There I had.

We marched out - and the fight began.

It was the cat playing with the mouse.

During the first round - just three minutes - Normann got so much ass that you very rarely see a boxer get in a six-or eight-rounder. For my part, I was certain that Normann's father - in Norway it is known as the box applying dad beside Georg Brustad - that's second to throw in the towel as a sign of surrender.

But it did not Dad.

- Second round! I screamed into my ear Heuser, and might as well have said "second and last" - I thought.

But I was wrong.

Brave Edgar Normann went their full ten rounds. He never got the chance to put one of these right versus that he had a specialty. In return, he got through a half hour of slow execution. Whether Normann withstood the incredible, or so lacking Heuser this with the "punch" in the battles. In any case stood Normann fight out.

But he never fought.

During these rounds I looked at as an aggressive watchdog that the green mascot of a sponge was in place. Until Heusen arm was lifted into the air.

At that moment, the young, zealous water carriers saw their chance to change the water in buckets. Among other things, they took the famous sponge.

Sweaty, tired and in belligerent mood, Heuser sat in the locker room when I entered.

- Where are my green sponge? he roared, as he saw my face in the doorway.

I knew how the land lay.

Turned on a two-oring.

Downstairs in fine style, while the roaring Heuser come after me.

We went out into the crowd at Bislett, I front, Heuser in bathrobe - roaring and thrashing - after.

But I fooled him. Disappeared in among the pews and stood in front of astonished onlookers knees for five minutes before I could lift your face to see if the waters were clear.

Well hidden by the ring, I saw Sanstol implement what we had worked on for so many weeks. Then drill him in and pepper nigger with punches from close range. Time and again whistled the benevolent knockout blow on his head or next.

It never met.

Sanstol scored a secure and clear victory as the winner of six rounds against Browns three - and steady.

The judge, the German Otto Griese, was in no doubt about the decision.

Under such major settlement in the boxing ring hear it with the formation of rumors about "settled in advance."

During and after Sanstol - Brown campaign, there also emerged a number of such rumors. For us Sanstol camp, bet this is pretty hard.

Sanstol decided to get off these rumors to earth. We knew that Brown after the game was a constant guest at the famous "Red Mill", which at that time was located vis-a-vis the National Theatre.

Accordingly Sanstol and I trooped up one evening. Found Brown, as usual, swarmed by a bunch of beautiful girls.

- You've heard these rumors that our struggle should be settled in advance? You know it's a lie. Have you or anyone else uttered such a thing?

- No, Pit - on my honor, I never said such a thing, and I can give you attest that you are the worst man I ever met in the ring. Is that enough?

Thus, tears running down his cheeks, the famous negro Al Brown.

He signed a statement that he had lost honest and usually right.

Thus, one would think Brown - Sanstol episode was over.

But it was not.

Brown managed to damage the eye which already was in poor condition - after the damage from Escobar battle. Sanstol ended up in the hospital where they just barely saved the sight.

But boxing was over once and for all.

To end the story, we can mention that the day after the game, we came strolling calm and unruffled up Bogstadveien, when we in the distance saw a broad-shouldered, short stature figure wearing black beret, get down.

- The green sponge! it struck me like a thunderbolt.

Whereupon we made the fastest turnaround and disappeared before Heuser got sight of "the damned dævelen who lost my mascot."

Heuser was otherwise not a new World Cup match.

However, he went just before the Second World War up to heavyweight and met his compatriot, the famous Max Schmeling.

He would not have done.

He was eliminated in the first round.

Presumably because I had bartered away his green sponge! -

THE END