



Sons of Norway
HERITAGE PROGRAMS



IdeaBank25

SKITS FOR FUN AND LEARNING

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Skits for Fun and Learning

Introduction

These skits were written by Ole and Hilda Kringstad, members of Nidaros Lodge #1, Sons of Norway. They were used as program entertainment and produced as a husband and wife team. By public demand, we have put them into this booklet for use by whomever is interested.

Since one speaks Norwegian and the other English, they can be used for educational purposes, as well as entertainment. All persons can understand, as either language is translated during the presentation. They are simple, require a minimum of props and the length is at the most, fifteen minutes. Any two people can present it and whichever can speak Norwegian, be it man or woman, fits as well.

Skits

FANTEN OG KJÆRINGA
(Tramp and The Old Lady)

GUDBRAND OG SARA

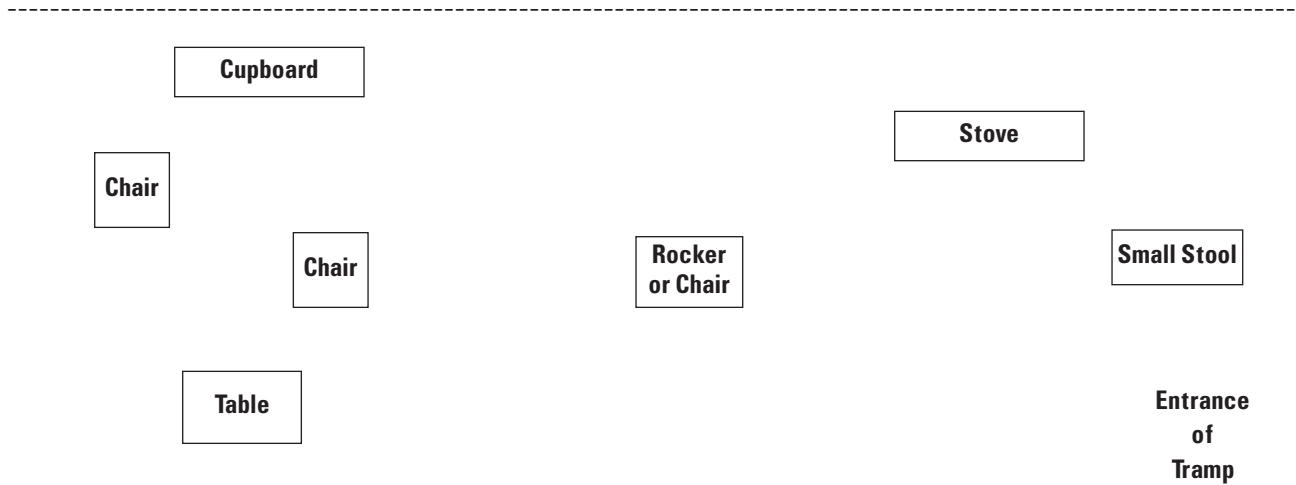
SØNNER AV NORGE
(Sons of Norway)

“Fanten og Kjæringa”

(Tramp and The Old Lady)

Stage Setting:

BACK OF STAGE



Audience:

All food supplies are hidden in cupboard. (Stove is really a makeshift open fireplace as was used in the early days, with a black kettle hanging in the center over the fire. (Note picture at left.)

As the play opens, the old lady (Kjæringa) is sitting in the rocker, knitting. The tramp (Fanten) comes in and startles her. She is a crabby, crotchety soul and he is a sly young tramp. Clothes used are:

KJÆRINGA: A long, black skirt, boot shoes, a man's shirt with a belt around her waist, a wig to make her look old, and old-fashioned eyeglasses help. (Note picture.)

FANTEN: Big, loose clothes, torn pants, a vest with watch-chain, coat, holes in socks and shoes and a wig. At times, he scratches himself as though he has lice.

PROPS: Cupboard 2 Soup Bowls, Spoon
Black Kettle Aquavit Bottle, preferably with label on
Stove Liquid can be made from orangeade
Tablecloth 2 Small Glasses

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- FANTEN:** God kveld og vel møtt!
- KJÆRINGA:** Good evening! (*Jumps up startled*) Who are you? and where do you come from?
- FANTEN:** Sønnafor sol og østafor mane, og nu skal Jeg heimatt for nu har Jeg gått over heile verda rundt.
- KJÆRINGA:** (*She stands up, stiff with rheumatism.*) Well, well! South of the sun and east of the moon and all over the world, my gracious! But what do you want here?
- FANTEN:** Ja, jeg vilde låne hus—overnatte her om du vilde vare så snild.
- KJÆRINGA:** Think of that! Stay the night, no, no—be off with you! My man is not at home and—no, no, there is no bed here for you. Be off with you!
- FANTEN:** A kjære vene mor! Du skal ikke vare så vrang og vrien heller for vi er da menesker begge to og sin neste skal en hjelpe tror jeg det står.
- KJÆRINGA:** Help! Help! Have you ever heard anything like it? Who helps me, do you think? I don't have food in the house and—no, you had better go.
- FANTEN:** Kjære dig—du er så pen og fin—får Jeg ikke ligge her inat?
- KJÆRINGA:** (*She smiles, shyly turns away—reluctantly.*) Well, all right, I suppose you can sleep on the floor.
- FANTEN:** Bedre på gulvet uten blund enn ute i skogen og fryse som en hund. Er det en liten bit med mat at få?
- KJÆRINGA:** Yes, it is better I suppose, than to freeze in the woods—FOOD, where would I find food? I haven't tasted food all day! I don't have a crumb in the house. My cupboard is empty—SEE! (*Goes to cupboard, opens door and shows empty shelves.*) I can't give you any food.
- FANTEN:** Å Stakkars dig, bestemor. Da må du vere bra sulten og tom i tarmene da. Ja, så for jeg vel sjøl vere den som ber til gjestebud.
- KJÆRINGA:** You! Ask me to be your guest? That would be the day! You LOOK like you could ask me to be your guest.
- FANTEN:** Den som vide far, blir mangt var, og den som mye har sett, mister ikke brått sitt vett. Bedre livlaus enn rådlaus. Lån mig en gryte, mor.
- KJÆRINGA:** You are a flattering poet too! (*Goes to get the kettle.*) What is that going to be?

FANTEN: Spikersuppe! (*Tar op spikeren og snur den tre gang og sier*) “Hokus Pokus“

KJÆRINGA: Spikersuppe. Spike soup?

FANTEN: Ja-ha—spikersuppe!

KJÆRINGA: Tenk! Soup from a spike! I have heard and seen much in my days, but that is an art poor folks should learn. I would like to learn how.

FANTEN: Det ingen vil ha, vil ingen ta. Men vilde hu lere kunsta, skulde hu bare se vel etter. Dette her bruker og bli god suppe. Men litt tyn blir den nu denne gangen, for Jeg hele veka har kokt på denne samme spikeren. Men hadde en bare en neve silktemel a ha op i så var den sorgen slutt. Men det en ikke kan få nytter det ikke å tenke på.

KJÆRINGA: Flour?—You have cooked a whole week on that spike? Yes, it would seem that there isn’t much left of it then. (*Turns, hesitantly, looks in cupboard*) Flour?—Well, maybe I do have a little flour to put in. (*Finds flour*)

FANTEN: Dette blir suppe og by fremmed folk på det. Men om jeg hadde en bete salt kjøtt og noen små poteter å legge i—så skulde det bli kost for herremann,—om det var aldri så kræsne—Men det en ikke kan få so nytter det ikke å tenke på.

KJÆRINGA: Oh my, (*finds food*) Salted meat, potatoes? hmmm, yes, I think I have that. (*Begins to be a little excited.*)

FANTEN: Dette blir mat for grommeste storfolk.

KJÆRINGA: Yes yes, for honored guests—and to think (*Kneels before fire and looks interested and longingly—licks lips and looks admiringly to the tramp*) from a spike! Have you ever seen anything like it? You are really a magician.

FANTEN: Hadde en nu hatt litt gryn og en mjølketar så kunde en by sjøve kongen om å smakke, for slikt for han kvar evige kveld, det vet jeg for jeg har veret i kjeneste til kokken til kongen.

KJÆRINGA: Oh no. Invite the King to come eat with us. You have worked in the King’s kitchen? (*Looks fondly and admiringly at him.*)

FANTEN: Men det en ikke kan få, nytter det ikke å tenke på.

KJÆRINGA: (*Finds food.*) Oh, I have a little milk, I think, and some barley too. (*Begins to lose her crotchety attitude and rheumatic legs.*)

FANTEN: Nu er suppa ferdig—og nu skal vi riktig godgjøre oss. Men til slik suppmat bruker nu kongen og dronninga ta sig en dram eller to. Og et stykke smør brød—i det minste—og så har De duk på bordet når De for sig mat. Men det ikke man kan få er det ikke nytte og tenke på.

KJÆRINGA: (*Springs up, sets table with cloth and flowers. Finds bottle of Aquavit—holds it to her; then decides to put it on the table. While her back is turned, Tramp sits up to the table and begins to taste of the bottle—slyly. She then serves the food.*) I have never had it so good and so nice. This soup is delicious! And to think I could learn to cook soup on a spike. Now I can have good days too.

FANTEN: A den kunsta er ikke så stor bare en har noe godt og jevne på med. (*He pours a drink for her and for himself.*) En for dig og to for meg. (*She nods yes, they skål.*)

KJÆRINGA: Yes, one does need something to put into it. (*She pours a drink for him.*)

FANTEN: Dette er den beste spikersuppe jeg har smakt, men Akavitten er endnu bedre. En dram til dig og to til mig. Skål.

Du far ikke makk i magen av det slaget. (*He begins to sing while she claps her hands to the music.*)

“Søte Amanda hvad tenker du på går du i senga med bukserne på“

(*Lifts up glass.*) Dette må sikkert vere Lysholm Akavit.

(*Looks at her and smiles slyly.*) Du er så fin og vakker, du må sikkert komme fra Norge. (*She reacts really silly. He takes off his shoes, pours himself another drink and begins to sing again.*)

“Så sulla ho mor på rokken sin,

så fant ho ei lus i sokken sin.

Så sulla ho meir og så fant ho fleir“

(*He drinks the bottle dry, thoroughly enjoying himself, gets drunk, then puts his head down on the table and falls asleep.*)

KJÆRINGA: (*She pats him on the shoulder and head*) You truly are wonderful—a true magician. Such men don’t grow on every bush. (*She puts her head down also. Curtain closes. Curtain opens and couple take a bow.*)

Gudbrand og Sara

That wonderful character Gudbrand—whose wife sent him to sell a cow for a hundred dollars—only to be talked into trading for a horse, the horse for a pig—the pig for a...well, it's enough to say he ended with nothing more than a full stomach. Returning, he bet a friend a hundred dollars his wife wouldn't scold him...The neighbors stayed outside the door to listen while Gudbrand went inside himself to his old woman. Let's see if he won the bet.

The stage setting for this skit is simple. The wife could be standing by a table stirring in a kettle or a bowl when Gudbrand comes in.

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SARA: How did you make out in town?

GUDBRAND: Å det var ikke noget at skryte av. Da jeg kom til byen, så var det ingen som vilde kjøpe en ku; så jeg byttet i en hest.

SARA: Well, you shall really have thanks for that. We're good enough people to drive to church like other folks. And, as long as we can afford to have a horse, we may just as well get used to one. Go down and let in the horse, children! (*Turns to door when calling to children.*)

GUDBRAND: Ta det med ro barn! Jeg har ingen hest lenger. Når jeg hadde gått litt lenger så byttet jeg hesten bort for en stor feit gris.

SARA: Nei, nei, that's just what I would have done! You deserve a thousand thanks. Now we can have pork in the house, and something to set before people when they look in on us, we too! What would we need a horse for? People would only say we had become so high and mighty that we could no longer walk to church as before. Go down and let in the pig, children!

GUDBRAND: Jeg har ikke grisen lenger heller; for da jeg hadde gått et stykke lenger så byttet jeg grisen for en gjeit.

SARA: Oh nei, oh nei! How well you do everything! When I really think of it, what should I do with a pig? People would only have said "Over there they eat up everything they have." Nei, with a goat, I'll get both milk and cheese, and still keep the goat. Let in the goat, children!

GUDBRAND: Bare sit i ro, barn! Jeg har ikke gjeiten lenger, for da jeg kom litt opp i gaten møte jeg en mann med en sau så jeg byttet bort gjeiten i en stor fin sau.

SARA: Nei, you've done everything exactly as if I should have been along myself. What should we do with a goat? I would have had to scramble up and down hill and dale, and get it down again in the evening. No, if I have a sheep, I can get wool and clothing in the house and food, too. Go down and let in the sheep, children!

GUDBRAND: Ta det med ro barn, for dette har ingen hast! Jeg har ikke sauene lenger for da jeg gikk litt lenger så byttet jeg bort sauene i en gås!

SARA: And thanks to you for that! And many thanks too! What should I do with a sheep? Why, I have neither a spinning wheel nor spindle, nor do I care about toiling and cutting, and making clothes, either? We can buy clothes now as before. Now I'll have a roast goose which I've been wanting for such a long time, and I can have down for my little pillow. Go down and let in the goose, children!

GUDBRAND: Derre behøver ikke at springe ned og lukke opp for gåsen for da jeg hadde gått litt lenger, møtte jeg en gammel kone som hadde en hane, så jeg byttet bort gåsen for en hane.

SARA: I don't know how you've hit upon everything. It's all just as I would have done it myself. A rooster! That's the same as if you had bought an eight-day clock. For every morning the rooster crows at four o'clock, so we can get up; at the right time, too. What, indeed, should we do with the goose? I don't know how to roast it, and my pillow I can fill with grass. Go out and let in the rooster, children!

GUDBRAND: Ta det med ro barn. Ta det med ro. For jeg har ikke hanen lenger. Jeg gikk litt lenger på landeveien, og jeg blev sulten som en ulv, så solte jeg hanen for en krone så jeg kunde kjøpe litt mat og berge livet.

SARA: Praise God that you did! How you do take care of yourself. You do everything just as I could have wished. What should we do with the rooster? Why, we are our own masters, we can lie in bed in the morning as long as we wish. Thank heaven as long as I have you back again, who manages everything so well, I need neither rooster nor goose, neither pig nor cow.

GUDBRAND: (*Pokes his head out the door and calls out.*) Har jeg vunnet de 100 dollar?

Sønner av Norge

(Edited 11-94)

DRESS: Ole is dressed in a sweater (Norwegian if possible)—carrying a lunch bucket. Hilda is dressed in present-day clothes, appropriate for a woman about 60 and at home.

TIME: Present.

PLACE: Minneapolis, or any American city. In Ole and Hilda's living room, Hilda is waiting for Ole to come home from work. She looks at her watch nervously, then out the window, as if to look to see if he is coming. Soon he comes in and puts down his lunch box.

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HILDA: You are late today.

OLE: Jeg måtte arbeide sent i dag, for de har det travelt på sagmøllen. Det er kaldt ute i dag.

HILDA: Yes, it is cold today. Are they so busy at the sawmill? Well, you don't have too long before you can retire.

OLE: Nei, og jeg er glad for det. Det er 50 år siden jeg og du kom til Amerika fra Selbu.

HILDA: Just think of that—50 years in the sawmill and lumberyard. It is a long time since we left Selbu in Norway.

OLE: *(Sits down and picks up newspaper.)* Her står det i Minnesota Posten at Nidaros Laget skal ha lutefisk -middag på lørdagskvelden og Pål Paulson skal spille til dans. Der blir det god mat og moro.

(The above paragraph could apply to your own lodge and the orchestra you use.)

HILDA: I was reading about the Nidaros Lutefisk Dinner on Saturday. Couldn't we plan to go? I think Paul Paulson's orchestra is the best—and it would be so much fun.

OLE: Å ja, det skal vi sannelig gjøre. Vi har hatt mye moro på Sønner av Norge i 50 år.

HILDA: Do you remember when we first came here? We used to meet at Norden Hall on West Broadway? *(She gets up and pours coffee for them. Here again, it could pertain to your own history.)*

- OLE:** Ja, jeg husker at barna var små og vi tok dem med oss og de pleide å sovne på bord og benker når det ble sent på kveld.
- HILDA:** Yes, I remember how much fun the children had when they went with us; learning to dance and when they got tired, they would fall asleep on the tables amongst the coats. You know, we have met our best friends through Sons of Norway—friends that have been with us for 50 years.
- OLE:** Når jeg slutter på arbeidet nå og går av med pensjon, så kan vi ta et fly og besøke Selbu i sommer.
- HILDA:** Just think of it; to see Selbu again after 50 years. I just wonder how many we will know there.
- OLE:** Kanske du ikke vil kjenne så mange der; men den skjønnne naturen er den samme som da vi reiste for 50 år siden.
- HILDA:** You know, I can hardly wait till I can see it again. The scenery and nature never changes.
- OLE:** Jeg kan se den vakre Selbusjøen ligge der stille og blank i sommerkvelden. Jeg kan høre småfuglene synge inne i krattet eller i bjerketoppen og vakre gårder ligger der oppe i bakkeheldet—Her er det fred på jorden, og kvile for trette og utslitte nerver. (*Looks into space, dreaming himself back in Selbu.*)
- HILDA:** Oh yes, to see that beautiful Selbu Lake again, still and shiny on a summer's night. I too can hear the birds singing in the birch trees and see the gorgeous farms in the hills.
- OLE:** Vi skyller disse 18 grunnleggerne så meget. De la et solid grunnlag som var så sterkt og solid at vi har bygd på det i 100 år og vi skal bygge på det i fremtiden.
- HILDA:** Yes, we owe the Founding Fathers so much. They laid a foundation so solid and strong that we have built on it for 100 years, and we can still build on it in the future.
- OLE:** Det grunnlag som disse 18 staute karer la for "Sønner av Norge" var lagt med broderkjærighet.
- HILDA:** Those 18 stout men laid the foundation with brotherly love, strong and solid, never to crumble.