

# Swedish Roots

by

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## PURPOSE

In writing this little book I have tried to leave with our children information they have asked for. How I wish I could have painted the pictures more vividly for you. I also wish I had listened more attentively when Ma and Pa told of their many experiences. We are not always good listeners. We think the old folks repeat, and they do. We have a heritage we can be proud of. There don't seem to be any scandals, at least we weren't told of any. All my nieces and nephews are special to me and I hope you'll enjoy this little book too.



Edith and Martin - taken at 40th wedding anniversary



Top:  
Grandma & Grandpa Anderson  
(at Paul & Mavis Overby's  
wedding)

Right:  
Eva & Anders Anderson's farm  
home in Sister Bay, Wisconsin  
(still in good condition)



Bottom:  
Blovik Kyrkan, Boxholm, Sweden  
Grandpa, Axel Anderson was con-  
firmed here in 1884.



## MY GREAT GRANDPA AND GRANDMA (MOR FAR)

Nels Goranson was born in Westmanland, Sweden. He was my great grandfather. He and my great grandmother had six children - three boys and three girls. Their names were Goran, Nels, Jonas Erick, Greta, Stina and Lotta.

The three sons took their father's first name, Nels, and added son to it, so they were known as Goran Nelson, Nels Nelson, and Jonas Erick Nelson. The daughters kept the name of Goranson. This was the custom in Sweden at that time and still may be.

Nels Nelson went to America and settled in Minneapolis. Jonas Erick Nelson moved to Hellestad and Goran moved to Nykroppa Varmlans. His father lived there too and is buried in Nykroppa.

Goran (Mor Far) and his wife, Stina, had five children. Their names are Mary, Annie, Louise, Nels Fredrick, and Gustaf. They were all born in Nykroppa. They all attended school there and two of their teachers are Lars Hansa, and A. P. Ellstrom. Goran worked with the construction crew who built a railroad (Bergslagens järnväg). Stina baked wheat cakes and sold coffee and the rolls to the working men. Stina was a frail woman but she had a lot of determination. They were a Christian family and often Grandpa Goran would preach the gospel of salvation. The state church of Sweden is Lutheran and everyone was expected to be baptized as a baby and later confirmed. Those who did not conform were discriminated against in the employment field and also politically. In some instances marriage licenses, visas and other papers of importance were withheld until after confirmation, regardless of age. Grandpa Goran was a believer in religious freedom and called an Anabaptist. The meetings of the Anabaptists were held in the secrecy of the homes. I suppose at that time he was considered a radical. He was fearless and determined and a man of high principles. These fine traits were inherited by his children.

Grandma Stina died at an early age of "consumption" or tuberculosis of the lungs. Louise, my mother, was fourteen years old then.

## LOUISE (MY MOTHER)

Grandpa Goran remained a widow with two teenage daughters. Life wasn't the happiest with two step sisters so Louise left Nykroppa and went to Darlana, Sweden. She had an aunt living there. I don't know much about the years spent there. All of Coran's children went to America. The custom was that someone got enough money to come over, maybe borrowed. Then, as soon

as work was obtained in the new land the next sibling would be sent fare to come and so on. Annie was in America before Louise came and no doubt sent her the money needed. They all traveled by boat - not luxury liners. It took two or three weeks. They brought food to eat on the voyage. This consisted of dried meat, cheese, flat bread. Their pad, or mattress, was a muslin bag filled with straw. Glowing reports had come back home of the wonderful land of promise. Many who came first were too proud to tell of disappointments. Hardship traveling was gladly endured just to get to America. All male passengers were in a section by themselves and husbands and wives were separated while on board boat. No doubt these boats picked freight at other seaports. Louise went to Lake Forest to find work with wealthy families there. A common sight at the depot were expressmen with their horse drawn wagons to take immigrants. She made her home with Anna Johnson, her mother and two brothers. Their friendship lasted all through life and Anna was a dear friend of mine. She was younger than Louise and her parents had moved from Chicago at the time of the Chicago fire (1871) and bought a farm in Lake Forest. Her father was custodian at Ferry Hall College and her mother had roomers and boarders. There were no motels and the few hotels were too expensive for working people.

Louise's two sisters and two brothers came to America as young adults. Not knowing the English language made working conditions harder for the "Green Horns" as the immigrants were called. One family that Louise worked for was Rev. Scudder, a Presbyterian preacher. Mother has told us how every morning there was a call to prayer for the whole family and servants. She didn't like this part of the daily routine and tried unsuccessfully to get out of going. If she had started kneading bread dough the saintly old preacher would wait for her to finish. They all knelt as they took turns to pray.

If my memory serves me right, Annie had a boarding house in Chicago. When Uncle Andrew started courting her he frowned on the idea of her running a boarding house so Louise took it over. Many young Swedes were glad to have a clean room and good home cooked meals and last but not least, fellowship with other Swedes. How good it must have been to come "home" at night and talk Swedish after struggling all day with the English they were trying to learn. One of Louise's boarders was a dignified, well educated Swede called Mr. Fernberg.

I remember a story my mother used to tell about Mr. Fernberg. The boarders had their individual pegs on the rack in the bathroom where they hung their derbies. The dumb maid, not noticing Mr. Fernberg's hat had fallen in, used the toilet. She came to my mother and said "Mr. Fernberg's hat." (I have wet in Mr. Fernberg's hat. Now what?) Louise's answer, "Empty it,

rinse it and hang it up." Mr. Fernberg was never the wiser.

One evening Mr. Fernberg brought his new friend home. This friend was Axel Anderson, my dad.

#### AXEL AND LOUISE

Axel and Louise were married on December 17, 1892. She was 30 and he was 22. Louise made her beautiful wedding dress with its stiffening, beads and laces. It was draped here and there with sprigs of myrtle. All the Swedish immigrant young ladies had to plan and execute their own weddings. Their parents in the old country had to be content with letters telling about happy events here in America. Axel and Louise had a "flat" - an apartment in the neighborhood of Western and 22nd Streets. Axel worked at McCormick Reapery Works.

#### GRANDPA AND GRANDMA (FAR FAR AND FAR MOR)

Anders and Eva Anderson lived in Boxholm Bruk, Ostergotland, Sweden. They had six children. Their names were Wilhelmina, Pontus, Frank, Axel, Christ and Emma. Axel was my father.

Wilhelmina married Adolph Carlson and left the next day for America and Wisconsin. This has been told many times how they traveled by train to Green Bay and walked the rest of the way to North Bay, near Bailey's Harbor, carrying their Swedish trunk containing their precious possessions. Some say the early settlers followed the shoreline so as not to get lost in the woods or encounter wild animals. Sometimes they traveled barefoot so as to save on wear of their shoes - maybe their only pair.

Pontus and Axel left Sweden in May of 1886. They had an uncle living at Western Avenue and 22nd Street in Chicago. It was a long walk from the Northwestern Depot where they arrived to their uncle's home, but Swedes were used to walking and it seemed safer than taking the street car and worrying where to get off. The card they carried showed their uncle's address and this they showed people along the way who just pointed west and told them to continue walking. One Swedish man directed them to a house along the street where a Swede lived. How happy they were to find someone they could talk to. Mr. Boquist, their uncle's friend, remained their friend for life, later living in Sister Bay.

#### FAR MOR AND FAR FATHER'S ARRIVAL

Eva and Anders together with Frank, Christ and Emma left Gotenberg via Allen

Line Steamship on May 12, 1893. Aunt Emma was confirmed the same morning they left in order to obtain a passport. They landed in Quebec and then came by train to Chicago where they arrived on June 20, 1893.

From what we know about Louise in later life, you can be sure she was a busy bride of six months getting her apartment into top shape for her in-laws' first visit. I'm sure she baked and cooked Swedish dishes to impress her new relatives. After a day of preparation for their guests, Louise awoke at midnight with a premonition that somehow or other the telegram that Axel's parents had sent from Quebec was misunderstood by them. She told her fears to Axel and insisted that he get up and dress and take the two street cars to the Northwestern Station. In the middle eighteen hundreds immigrants were segregated for their own protection from those who would exploit them or swindle them out of their meager possessions. An interpreter was usually at the station at the time New York trains arrived. He called out, "Ar ther nogone har som heter Anders Anderson? (Is there anyone here by the name of Anders Anderson?) Axel's parents, two brothers and one sister had waited all day. What a happy reunion that was. I am sure Louise had coffee and goodies all ready when they arrived. They all must have approved of their new relative as she was not only a very attractive woman, she was industrious and showed great strength of character.

This happy time lasted one week as they were anxious to continue their journey to Door County to be reunited with their daughter, Wilhelmina and her husband, Adolph Carlson. While in Chicago, Axel and Louise took them to Jackson Park to the Columbian Exposition, the World Fair of 1893.

Emma, the youngest daughter, remained in Chicago and made her home with my parents.

Eva and Anders bought a farm in Sister Bay together with Frank and Christ which they farmed. My grandparents' place was just across the street from the one room school that I and my brothers and sisters attended. Frank and Christ were our old bachelor uncles. We especially liked Christ because he played with us. Frank always appeared stern. We should see later that Frank was a good and thoughtful person.

Christ married quite late in life to a kind-hearted and lovely lady, Amelia Highland. Amelia raised canaries and for my wedding present I was given two canaries. We enjoyed their singing for many years. Amelia was compassionate and a lover of all animals. If a little pig was sick she would bring him in and make him comfortable in the big wood stove in the kitchen.

Eva and Anders Anderson lived to be past 90 years old. They are buried in the Moravian Cemetery beside their daughter, Wilhelmina and their son, Frank. Their tombstones mark their resting place.

Pontus married Emma Nordeen of Sister Bay and lived there the rest of his life. They had six children, Hattie, Esther, Agnes, Milton, Florence and Irene. Esther passed away suddenly as a young teenager. This was a traumatic experience for all of us as no one had died in our relation before that we knew about as children.

This shocking time was in the early 1900's and there was no undertaker in Sister Bay or neighboring towns. Aunt Amelia bathed and dressed our beloved cousin, Esther, and placed her in the simple wooden coffin. There were no florists so the cousins made wreaths and bouquets of garden flowers. Services were in the home of the mourning family which was marked by a spray of flowers on the front door. The casket was placed in the back of a buggy and was taken to the Little Sister Cemetery to the grave her uncles had dug.

Uncle Pontus was a butcher. When a farmer had a pig or cow for slaughtering he would do it. At one time he bought cattle and pigs and slaughtered them, then drove his wagon with a home-made truck-like body and delivered meat from farm to farm. The meat was on chunks of ice that could be purchased at the ice-house. This ice had been cut from the frozen bay during the winter months and stored in sawdust.

Uncle Pontus was killed in an accident while sawing wood. Aunt Emma lived a few years longer.

After Aunt Amelia died, the two brothers, Frank and Christ, lived together for the rest of their lives. Christ and Amelia, Pontus and Emma are buried in Little Sister Cemetery next to Axel and Louise.

Aunt Mina, Wilhelmina and Uncle Adolph Carlson first lived in North Bay (near Bailey's Harbor), then moved to Sister Bay where they farmed. The original Carlson home is still standing and cousin John and Dagne are living there.

The Carlsons had eight children. Their names are Selma, Robert, Hildur, Hilma, Gust, Carl, Minnie and John. There were some that died in infancy. Aunt Mina died when Johnny, the youngest, was a very small boy. Uncle Adolph married a very capable and kind lady from Chicago, Stina, who helped raise our cousins to be respectful and useful citizens, as well as Christian workers in the church. Of all the Carlson cousins, John is the only one left.

Aunt Emma married a man with the same name as my father, Axel Anderson. They lived all their lives in Iron Mountain, Michigan. He was a miner and died of black lung, a miner's disease. They had twelve children. Many of them were still small when their father passed away. The only names of these cousins that I remember are Mabel, Florence, Irene, Richard and Arthur. They sought employment in Chicago and our home was "their home away from home." Most of Aunt Emma's life was a struggle to make ends meet. Her reclining years were spent in a nursing home.

#### AXEL AND LOUISE - MA AND PA

My parents lived in old Stockholm, a neighborhood located in and around Western Avenue and 22nd Street in Chicago. Yes, it was called Stockholm because it was populated by Swedes, many who much later moved to Austin.

Axel and Louise attended services occasionally at the old Salem Swedish Baptist Church. They were never members there.

My sister, Florence, was born in 1893. She only lived to be two and one half years old. She had respiratory trouble and measles or some such children's sickness which was just too much for her frail little body to bear. How very sad to lose your first child. She is buried in Concordia Cemetery in Forest Park. Louise was pregnant with her second child at this time. Esther was born May 21, 1896. No one can take the place of a lost child but how happy they both were to have another daughter to brighten their home.

While Axel was employed at McCormick Reapery Works a sliver of steel pierced his one eye. There were anxious days and months while doctors treated the injured eye hoping to save it even if it was sightless. This they were able to do but Axel went through life blind in one eye.

Many happy times were had with friends and Louise's relatives but there was the yearning to visit Axel's family in Sister Bay.

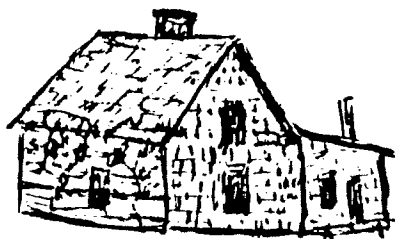
One day Axel and Mr. Boquist started the long trip north with horse and buggy and their big dog. We must remember that there were no highways, only dirt roads, no road-maps, no gas stations and very few lunch rooms along the way. Sometimes they slept in the back of the buggy or in school yards. If they were lucky enough to reach a graveyard by nightfall their horses were put into the stalls used during funerals. One day as they drove through a small town they heard the townspeople discussing a dance that was to be held that night in the next little town. Axel and Boquist knew the young people would have to pass the cemetery so as they were returning from the dance the two



men wrapped bed-sheets around themselves and lay down by graves near the road. As the jolly revelers passed by the two men got up and swayed to and fro, scaring them out of their wits. Of course, the townspeople who had stayed home thought the others had had too much strong drink. The two men went on their way north and were never suspected to be the ghosts in the graveyard.

When Esther was a baby the three of them took a trip north to Door County to visit relatives and see the beautiful country. Chances are they went on one of the Goodrich Line boats that made weekly trips. When Esther and I were teenagers we made this same trip by boat. It was a long trip as they stopped at many ports but it was enjoyable.

In 1894 or 1895 my parents moved to Sister Bay. They bought an 80 acre farm with out-buildings and a log cabin farm house. It was one of the oldest houses in Sister Bay. Three sides were covered with shingles. On the fourth side the logs were visible with the white plastering between them. This south side of the house was covered with hop vines.



The inside was plastered and wall-papered. The main building had a lean-to that was used during the summer months as kitchen and dining room. There was a bedroom upstairs and one downstairs. During the cold winter months the cook stove was brought into the main room which was our parlor in the summer. In this room we played, my father would whittle on wood for skis or sleds, and my mother sewed or knitted. She made all our clothes. Many were made over from clothes we had been sent by Chicago friends or relatives. We were always nicely dressed. My parents were not afraid of hard work. They were true pioneers.

The first few years on the farm water for household use and for the livestock was hauled by my dad in big wooden barrels from Lake Green Bay. After a well was drilled and a wind-mill erected, this hard chore was ended. We had cows, horses, pigs and chickens. Our dog, Fido, was a beautiful collie.

Some time between 1894 and 1899 my brother, Stanley, was born. Mary Seaquist was the midwife. The nearest doctor was in Egg Harbor. There were no phones, no cars and the nearest drug store was in Sturgeon Bay, 40 miles away. Drugs were obtained by giving the mailman an order and he would see that it was passed along and finally filled and delivered by him. Most farmers used their own home-made remedies, such as ginger tea for a cough, hot butter and honey for a sore throat and the woolen cloth with goose grease on the chest for congestion. My little brother lived only six weeks. He is buried in Little Sister Cemetery.

Many years later when the farm had changed owners twice a flat stone was found there showing that my father had started to carve in the hard stone to make a marker for Stanley's grave.

Grant and I were born May 10, 1899. The same midwife helped with all my mother's babies' births. My dad went to get her each morning and took her home each night. The usual stay of a midwife was three to five days. Many times they had to help with the milking which was the woman's job in many cases. Her fee for the time was \$2.50 and \$5.00 for twins. Money was very scarce at that time. When my mother told the midwife that it would be twins she said she had never delivered twins and did not know what to expect. She did have her little Swedish doctor book with and began reading. My mother said, "If you haven't gotten your medical education before this, it's too late. The twins are coming." All went well. I am the oldest by ten minutes.

Baby showers were unheard of and pregnancies were to be kept secret as long as possible. The baby clothes were made by the mothers. Bird's Eye or flannel diapers were made from bolts of material and so were baby sacks, pinning blankets and belly bands. Can't you just hear young mothers of today ask, "What are pinning blankets and belly bands?" Midwives and mothers of that time and earlier were sure the baby's navel would become ruptured without the belly band. The pinning blanket was made with a wide waistband and slightly gathered skirt. The baby was wrapped in this and the lower part would be brought up and pinned so as to keep the baby's feet and legs warm.

There were no prepared formulas, no Pampers, no prepared baby food. Clapps was the first prepared baby food and that wasn't until forty-two years ago. I used it for John.

As we grew into childhood Grant was the adventurous one and I liked to stay near my mother. One time Grant climbed to the top of our forty foot windmill and didn't know how to get down. His little legs barely reached the rung of

the windmill ladder. Ma had to climb up and get him down. Another time he crawled under the Bethel Church in Gills Rock which at that time had a concrete block foundation. The holes between the blocks weren't big enough for an adult to get through so coaxing was resorted to. As my twin we were drawn close to each other.

Grant and I were four years old when Arthur was born April 26, 1903. Arthur as a small child wasn't as robust as the rest of us, so Ma gave him Maltine and Cod Liver Oil. He also needed more of my mother's care than the others.

At the age of six Grant and I started school. Esther was already in third grade. It was much harder for her as our parents had used the Swedish language in the home but started to talk English when they realized the difficulty for us.

Our school was one room with a cloak room and a big bell on top. This was rung in the morning, at recess time and again at lunch time. We brought our lunch in emptied lard pails. I still remember the labels on the pails - either Karo syrup or Swift's Guaranteed Pure Lard. Many times Grant would eat the egg or meat in his sandwich on the way to school and only have the bread left. Esther and I would feel sorry for him and share ours. All grades from first to eighth were in the same room with one teacher. We never had music or art but plenty of the three R's.

Grandpa and Grandma's farm house was just across the road from our school. We were not allowed to visit at Grandpa's place unless we saw our team of horses and buggy tied to the post in their yard. My grandchildren have mentioned how cruel not to be allowed to visit our grandparents at will. Almost half of the school's pupils were cousins and this would just be too much for Grandma to have us all drop in to visit them. Our grandparents were kind and thoughtful people. We loved them in a sort of standoffish way. I was twenty-three years old when Grandpa died at the age of ninety-one. Grandma died a few years later at the age of ninety.

Helen was born August 19, 1905 when Grant and I were six years old. The day or two before we were taken to Fish Creek to stay at Aunt Annie's. We were happy to go there to play with our cousins. Aunt Annie had a heart as big as "all out of doors." She let us play with gobs of bread dough, and dress her clothespins up in scraps of material and call them dolls. Uncle Olson (he was never called Uncle Andrew) brought toys home from Chicago where he was employed as a coach-man to wealthy families. Some of the toys were discards of the wealthy children. One such toy is especially remembered - a big jointed doll and another a little wrought iron stove that could be used for cooking and baking with the best iron cooking utensils. By the end of our month's

stay in Fish Creek we had had little disagreements with our cousins and the newness of having us as house guests had worn off and we were looking forward to going home. We were anxious to see our little baby sister for the first time.

August is a busy month for the farmers, as harvesting was in progress, so my mother came alone with Esther, age 9, holding little Arthur, age 2, in her lap while Mom drove the horses. Helen, just a few weeks old, was comfortably cradled in a clothes-basket at my mother's feet. Mom felt confident she could get to Fish Creek and back, a 20 mile drive, but she hadn't counted on meeting an auto. Horses were afraid of the autos and many run-aways were caused by them. Mom held the reins as hard as she could but the horses sped away and turned into a wooded area. This sounds like a scene from a Western movie only Mom was the heroine woman doing her best to save her three small children from injury. The driver of the auto stopped, ran after the run-away rig and caught the frightened team. How happy we were to see her coming as we were sitting on the stone fence by the gate waiting for her. It was an uneasy visit for the two sisters as they were thinking of the long drive home again and the possibility of another auto on the narrow dirt roads.

Uncle Frank had driven over to visit my dad that very afternoon. He was a bachelor but had real concern when he heard Mom had gone alone and would have to return with all five small children. He persuaded my dad to let the work go and ride with him in his one seated top-buggy to help Mom get their little brood home safely. How happy we all were to see them. Dad drove our buggy and Grant and I rode with kind and thoughtful Uncle Frank.

## THE FARM

Our 88 acre farm was located on the road going west from where the Highland Motor Court is now located. It was about one mile from Lake Green Bay. Our nearest neighbors were the Holbergs, who lived where John Seaquist's farm is. The Strandells lived just east of us.

We raised rye, wheat and barley. Some of the land was left for pasture. When my parents first started farming they had only 2 or 3 cows besides chickens and pigs. The cows supplied the milk they needed. The time they left the farm in 1912 they had 23 cows, 5 horses, pigs and chickens. My parents and Esther, being the oldest, did the milking by hand morning and evening. My job was to wash dishes and clean the dishes of the DeLavel cream separator. After a creamery was opened in Sister Bay the farmers sold their cream and felt wealthy getting the monthly cream checks. Money was very scarce before this, and eggs and butter were used as money at the village general store, Bundas.

After milking time the cattle would graze along the road-side bordering our

property. It was Grant's and my job to watch them so they wouldn't wander off. I took things to play with but always kept my eyes open for straying cattle. I disliked this job intensely as the horned big cows frightened me. Mom would tie a white dish towel high enough in the windmill as a signal that we could bring the cows to our pasture and lock them in for the day. How often I would have Grant go home and see if Mom had forgotten us and the cows. The time was so long.

We had a large vegetable garden and both fruit and vegetables were canned for the coming winter.

My father started with meager farm machinery but as money came in, seeders, mowers and even a McCormick binder was added. Mom rode on the binder and drove the horses which pulled it while my dad pitched the sheaves of grain from the carrier. These sheaves were later raised in shocks to dry.

The summer months meant really hard work especially for Mom who had the housework to do besides helping in the fields. She truly was a strong pioneer woman.

#### THRASHERS

John Logerquist owned a thrashing machine. It was run by an old-fashioned steam engine fired with wood. There would be an average of about 12 farmers who would work as a crew during thrashing time. Usually one day was long enough to get the grain thrashed (the grain separated from the straw). A big dinner was prepared at each farm home for the crew. As the farmers took their turn at working with the crew they would get their thrashing labor gratis. The men would know just which farm wife was the best cook and looked forward to an extra good meal.

#### MORE ABOUT OUR FAMILY

Our family dog was named Fido. He was a beautiful collie and was loved by all. He was Grant's special pet and would defend him if in a fight with his playmates. There was special communication between them.

He lived 14 years and had to be put away as he became crippled. There were no veterinarians.

We had happy times on the farm when families would gather for dinners and the many children could play together. There was a small pond that froze in the winter where we could skate with clamp-on skates. There was bob-sledding and skiing. We all had skis that my father made for us.

I have been reminded that I haven't said much about Esther. She was truly our big sister in every way. She loved the farm and was my mother's dependable helper. She was the kind of big sister that every child should have, always willing to help and to share with others. God bless her memory. This wonderful relationship continued through life.

## OUR BELIEF

We were born with an instinctive knowledge of good and evil. My parents weren't comfortable putting their love for God into words, but there are other ways. Their high moral standards were made known without hesitation. Their willingness to be of help to those in need and their Christian hospitality was always evident.

Both my parents were Lutherans in name only while they lived in Sweden. When they lived in Chicago before moving to the farm they attended Salem Swedish Baptist Church in Old Stockholm.

For a short time we were brought to the Moravian Sunday School where Mrs. Johnny Johnson was my teacher.

In 1910 Blind Freeman held evangelistic services at the Baptist Church in Sister Bay. Esther and I responded to the altar call and accepted Christ into our lives. We were baptized that same summer and received into the church membership. My parents were baptized and joined the church the same year. In 1912, the year we moved to Chicago, we all had our memberships transferred to the First Swedish Baptist Church in Austin. Grant accepted Christ as a teenager while vacationing in Sister Bay. He was baptized in Lake Green Bay. Arthur joined a Congregational Church after his marriage to Lillian. Helen joined Central Avenue Baptist Church as a teenager. Rich blessings and strong guidance were gifts of Central Avenue Baptist Church to all of us during the many years of membership there.

## BAD YEARS

There was a drought during the summer of 1917. There was practically no grain to harvest that fall. This meant buying the feed for our 23 cows, 5 horses and chickens. How very much the farmer depends on God-given rain.

Surely next year would be better and this would off-set the losses of the previous year. Not so. Another year of drought tested the farmers' faith and endurance. What could they do? Borrow money from the bank for feed and keep working and praying.

In 1912 God gave them a bumper crop. As harvest time was drawing near the farmers were thankful for the good grain. But alas, on July 28, 1912 a severe storm, probably a tornado, cut a wide swath through the farmland, pounding the grain into the soil, killing chickens, breaking windows and pounding roofs to pieces. What a sorry sight. The exact date is remembered because it was my father's birthday and we were at Henry Anderson's for Sunday dinner to celebrate the occasion. Our home and farm were among those that were hard-hit. All the windows of both our house and the barns were broken and the house roof was badly battered. At first my parents decided that Pa would go to Chicago to find work for the winter. Ma would stay and take care of the livestock. Esther had gone to Chicago in August to do housework or take care of children. The rest of us four children would continue at school. Pa used to come and bring us home when the roads and weather were bad. Now Ma would have to hitch up the team and sleigh and do this. She felt equal to the big task before her. She was a pillar of strength and I'm sure she depended on divine guidance and help in the big task before her.

## OUR DENTIST

One Tuesday (that was the day our dentist, Dr. Smith, was in Sister Bay), while having dental work done, Dr. Smith asked Ma why she and the children could not go with to the big city. If she worked that hard in the city she would get paid and we children could attend city schools. This was a new idea for her to think about as she drove home that day. After talking it over with Pa it was decided we all should move to Chicago. There would be an auction of everything except precious gifts and keep-sakes. Little did my parents know that I had prayed every night after getting into bed that we would move to Chicago where our cousins, the Olsons lived. Glowing letters had been received from them about their beautiful new home with electric lights, inside bath and all. The roller-skating on concrete sidewalks sounded so thrilling. I did not tell anyone of my constant prayers but I surely thanked God for answering my earnest pleas. I did not want my parents to think I was dissatisfied with our farm home. Once it was decided to move the wheels of action were set to motion.

## THE AUCTION

Well meaning friends from church advised my folks to borrow money for stock feeding and trust God for better years ahead. Ma's answer was she would trust God but they were sick and tired of borrowing money.

An auction was held and it was a traumatic experience. Our cows and horses went on the auctioneer's block. They were known by name and many of them were special pets. The Dolly, the bell cow, Suzy, Daisy, Nettie, Beau-

ty and so on. Ned was our favorite horse. Esther and I were allowed to drive him with our top-buggy. We hoped our cows and horses would get good owners who would feed them well and not abuse them. How sad it was to see them go.

All the furniture was sold. Dishes and cooking utensils were displayed on a long table in the front yard. Even the things in the attic were brought down and cleaned up for the sale. One of my most embarrassing moments was when Ma brought the porcelain pot and bedpan for everyone to see. How glad we are now that Mother's wedding gifts and precious gifts were packed and shipped to Chicago. We cherish them to this day. The bare necessities were left for us to use until the day of our departure.

Esther was very upset when she received the letter from Ma that we were moving away. She especially loved the farm and the farm animals. She took the savings she had accumulated while working and boarded the Goodrich boat for her trip home, maybe for a last farewell or maybe to persuade my parents to stay on. The boat stopped at many harbors on the way. The last one was Menominee, Michigan. Esther was the last passenger from there. She hadn't told us that she was coming. The boat docked at Rosiers Pier and she walked, carrying her case, to Ole Erickson's store. This is a distance of about a mile. It was Sunday morning when she arrived so she sat on the porch of Erickson's store waiting for us to drive by on the way to church. You can just imagine our surprise to see her. How glad we all were. My mother, being very frugal, was a little dismayed that all of Esther's savings had been spent when we would see her so soon anyway.

## OUR EXODUS

We took the "stage" to Sturgeon Bay. It was a cold fall day and one stop to warm up was Bailey's Harbor. There we met Mr. McCormick, our Watkin salesman. He was glad to see us but disappointed in losing one of his customers. He called his wife in Sturgeon Bay and asked her to have a hot meal ready for us, which she did. Salesmen in those days were also good friends.

John Paul, the hardware store owner in Sister Bay, told Ma to take a farewell gift on her last visit there. She chose a big carving knife that I still have after 67 years. Mrs. Bunda had a nice luncheon for our family before we moved. Going shopping in a small town at that time was much more than just buying supplies. It meant visiting with friends and hearing the town news. We had no newspapers.

We took the Kewanee Anipee and Western Railway to Green Bay. There we



took the Chicago and Northwestern train to Chicago, arriving at 10 P.M. on Halloween night. I can't remember but I must have been awed at my first train ride, the first electric lights, the L and the bus. We all went to Aunt Annie's where we stayed until we found a flat. How happy we were to see all our cousins. How could we all have room to stay there? Esther and I stayed at Enstroms who lived just across the alley.

Ma's and Aunt Annie's saying was, "If there is heart room there is seat room." This they believed and this they always practiced. God bless their memory, they were both good-hearted, warm, thoughtful persons.

#### ARRIVAL IN CHICAGO, 1912

We stayed at Aunt Annie's and Uncle Olson's for two or three weeks, the time it took to find a "flat" and buy new furniture. As children we were delighted with getting new mission styled furniture and being rid of the old antique things. What we would give to have some of the old beautiful pieces now.

While staying with the Olsons, Aunt Annie sent me to the store. Our cousins were all in school or working. Being a stranger in the big city, Annie gave directions how to reach the small general store on Division Street. She instructed me to walk west until I would get to a hedge. "What is a hedge?" I asked. Farmers did not take the pains to trim their bushes into hedges so this was new to me. I reached the store and a tall, skinny dark-haired young man waited on me. When I asked for American soap he corrected me by saying American Family Soap. The only soap we had on the farm was Santa Claus soap. Little did I think then that the nice 19 year old lad would one day be my husband. I was 13. He owned and operated the store.

#### OUR NEW HOME

The 6 room flat at Augusta and Austin Boulevard was our first Chicago home. Mrs. Frukholm, an old lady member of Austin Swedish Baptist Church was our Landlady. My father obtained work at Pettibone and Mulligan foundry at Division Street and Cicero Avenue. Working hours there were very uncertain. Many times the workers would come with their lunch bucket ready to put in a day's work only to be sent home for the day. The workers were not unionized and the pay was not good. I can remember my dad earning as little as \$18.00 a week. Carfare to and from work was only a nickle. There were no withholding taxes at that time nor income or social security.

My mother did washing and ironing by the day for \$3.00. We had no car so my mother had to walk several miles to where the wealthy people lived where she worked.

Our flat at Augusta and Austin (it's still there) was on the second floor and had three bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen and bath. We did the cooking on a coal stove and the "flat" was heated by a coal heater in the dining room. We had gas lights and did the ironing with a gas iron. We were happy with our new home. It was far better than the log house on the farm. We lived there two years.

Esther was a mother's helper in Oak Park. The four of us - Grant, Art, Helen and I were attending Byford School. We went home for lunch.

Mae and Ellen Bornes (Mae Blossey now) were some of my first friends in Chicago. My friendship with Mae has lasted over the years - soon 70. We see Mae and Fred as often as possible and we correspond. It was hard to adjust to the big city school. We knew nothing about art or music. How strange it seemed to me when our teacher asked me to sing the scale. I had never heard of "do re me." While we still lived in the flat on Augusta my parents bought a piano and Helen and I took lessons. Our teacher was Madge McAllister of Oak Park and her fee was 50¢.

#### PA'S NEW JOB

One of my mother's jobs was washing and ironing for a Mrs. Poole. Her husband was an official for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company. She liked my mother as an employee but felt sorry for her because she had to work so hard and walk so far morning and evening. Then there was always more work waiting for her at home. Through the efforts of Mrs. Poole her husband got a job for Pa as foreman for the carpenter crew that made forms for the concrete bridges. This meant steady employment and good pay. He worked at this until this method of building bridges was discontinued. This was in 1930, the beginning of the big depression.

#### NEW HOME - 1914

The farm in Sister Bay had been sold and that made it possible for Ma and Pa to use the money as a down-payment on a "bungalow" in 709 Lombard Avenue in Oak Park. We were all thrilled and happy with our new home. There were two small bedrooms, a bath, living room, dining room and kitchen. Grant and Art slept on a sofa bed in the living room until Pa built an attic bedroom. Helen, Esther and I shared one bed. No one wanted to sleep in the middle and there were many complaints of being crowded.

Esther was a mother's helper, but before too long got a job as clerk in the Purchasing Department at Montgomery Wards. It was good having her home

evenings and weekends. We did many things together - mostly going to Sunday evening church services and stopping at the Greek ice-cream parlor at Austin and Chicago for sundaes. We were more interested in who was there than the ice cream. We attended W.Y.P.U. Sunday afternoons and even went to local ball-games between the Monarchs and the Referendums on Sunday. This was frowned upon as sinful. When we did things our parents disapproved of I got the blame for using my influence.

We all had long hair. The bobbed hair was just becoming stylish. The older generation was sure it was sinful and a sign of worldliness to have "bobbed" hair. Those who seldom quoted scripture repeated the verse about "a woman's hair being her crowning glory." We had our hair cut one Saturday and came home from downtown with flowers for my folks as a peace offering. I know I used my influence on Esther as it seemed safer if we both had transgressed and faced them together. It wasn't very long before they said it was a big improvement in our looks.

I was in the February, 1914 graduation class at Byford School in Chicago when we moved to Oak Park. The Oak Park schools had graduation only in June. If I transferred it would mean one more semester in the 8th grade. The Chicago Board of Education demanded \$40 tuition to let me stay at Byford and graduate with my classmates. Mom went downtown to the superintendent of schools and through her persuasiveness got a permit for me to stay without paying the tuition. How strict they were then - now students are bussed long distances to other districts.

Our social life as teenagers revolved around church activities. There were picnics, roller skating, beach parties, slumber parties, tennis and ice skating. We even sneaked away to a movie occasionally. This was frowned upon but our folks were not too narrow-minded.

My first date with Martin was to a Penny-A-Day picnic at Ravinia Beach on a Sunday afternoon.

## RELATIVES FROM SWEDEN

Gustaf Magnusson - born April 10, 1824 in Klingekan, Habo, Sweden  
(owner of Mossen - the old family home - still in very good condition)

Maria Magnusson - born April 27, 1837 in Kyrkeryd, Habo  
(Martin's grandparents - parents of his father, Victor)

### Their Children

\*\* Johanna Johansson - born June 25, 1859 in Mossen, Habo  
married to

Henning Johanson (owner of Hellebo family estate) - born January 18,  
1856 in Vastra Ehered

\*\* Albertina Karlsson - born in Mossen, Habo on October 29, 1861  
(Naomi and Gideon's parents)  
married to

John Edvard Karlsson - birth date not known

\*\* Viktor Gustafsson - Hagstrom - born in Mossen, Habo April 10, 1864  
married to

Augusta Carolina Wetterlund Hagstrom - born February 2, 1862 in  
Brandstarp

(parents of Judith, Martin, Arvid, Ruth, Esther, Naomi, Edna and  
Austin)

\*\* Karl Gustafsson - born September 14, 1866 (owner of Mossen, Habo)  
married to

Emelia Gustafsson - Born February, 1875 in Liaback  
(Gideon's parents)

\*\* Axel Gustafsson - Born May 15, 1869 in Mossen  
married twice to sisters

Anna and Elin Gustafsson - birth dates not known in Ostergotland

\*\* Johan Gustafsson - born April 1, 1874 in Mossen, Habo (owner of Hallebo,  
Habo)

married to

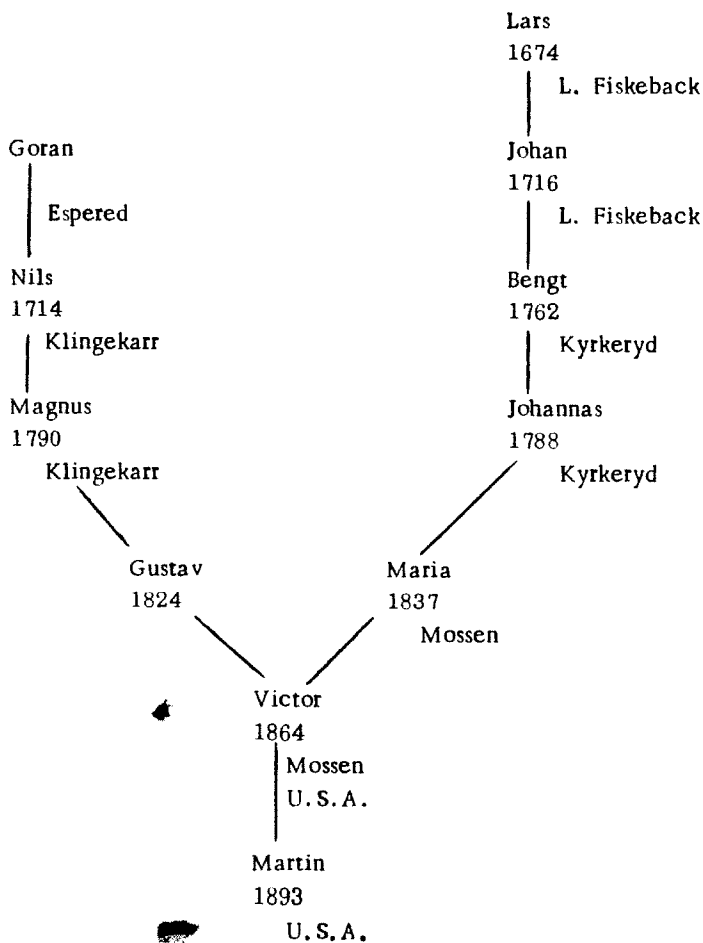
Elin Gustafsson - born May 3, 1885 in Haknarp, Habo  
(Ragnar's parents)

NOTE: Ragnar and cousin Gideon came to America and stayed for two years  
with Martin's folks - worked in cement industry for Quarnstrom and returned  
to Sweden. We keep in touch with them.)

- \*\* Anders Gustafsson - owner of Gullskog, Gustav Adolph, born August 23, 1876,  
in Mossen, Habo  
married to  
Frida Gustafsson - Born July 6, 1874 in Sjogarp, Habo
- \*\* Martin Gustafsson - owner to Dalen, Gustav Adolph, born January 20, 1879,  
in Mossen, Habo  
married to  
Matilda Gustafsson - Born November 8, 1879 - Stora Karr, Habo

\*\*\*\*\*

#### MARTIN'S RELATIVES ON HIS FATHER'S SIDE



## THE HAGSTROMS

Victor came to America in 1887 and became a citizen in 1896. His sisters and brothers stayed in Sweden with the exception of Axel Gustafson and Albertina. Axel and Elin, with their three children, Ezra, Mildred and Eleanor, lived in Chicago. Axel rented a farm located at Ridgeland Avenue and North Avenue and had dairy cattle. Martin spent many happy times with his aunt, uncle and cousins. There was a tank at Austin and North Avenues for watering the cattle and sometimes Uncle Axel (and others too) would bathe there. In 1912 Axel moved his family to Norquay, Sask., Canada and took up a homestead claim on a section of land where he lived until he died.

In moving his cattle to Canada he had to stay with them in the box-car to insure proper feeding and watering. He was a sturdy frontier man and all his efforts paid off well. Ezra, his son, managed the ranch when Uncle Axel retired. Recently Ezra sold the ranch and retired himself.

Cousin Mildred passed away a number of years ago. Eleanor is in a retirement villa in Delano, Minnesota.

Grandpa Hagstrom's sister, Albertina, Mrs. John Karlsson had two children, Naomi and Gideon. Gideon died as a very young man. Naomi lived until 1979. Her last years were spent in a nursing home (Martha Washington) on Chicago's south side. She was married to Frank Minster. They had two children - Naomi and Bob. Martin and I had many happy times with them both on the south side and in St. Petersburg, Florida.

### AUGUSTA CAROLINA WETTERLUND (MARTIN'S MOTHER)

Augusta was born in 1862 in Brandstarp, Sweden. Her mother was Sophia Karp Wetterlund. After Wetterlund's death she married Mr. Plantine.

Grandma Hagstrom's father was a cabinet maker. She had a sister, Alma (Mrs. Levin Jernborn) and four brothers, Axel, Ernst, Edwin and Oscar. Axel was a sculptor and lived in Stockholm. It is said that the king of Sweden heard of his talent and brought him to Stockholm and Rome and gave him his art education. Some of his work is reported to be in Chicago - but where is not known.

Edwin and Oscar went to America and lived in Chicago. Edwin was a furrier on the south side and Oscar had his tailoring business on North Avenue. We visited with Uncle Oscar and his wife, Hattie, but never got to know Edwin and his family. His wife, Annie, spent her later years in a mental institution then known as Dunning. I visited her with Aunt Hattie who drove a car be-

fore it was customary for women to drive. She also took a course in auto mechanics.

Augusta came to America in 1888 and died June 20, 1931. She was a thoughtful and caring person. Even when she was wracked with pain of cancer she did not complain. Grandpa Victor idolized her. So often we heard him refer to her as *inama lila*, little mother. He would send her birthday and greeting cards and even bring her flowers. Much of this "rubbed off" on Martin. I was always made to feel that they both accepted me as a daughter-in-law. Many times she would slip us a five or ten when she realized ends were hard to meet. Could it be because I was a Swede and a Baptist? I'm sure it helped. She went to be with the Lord who she loved at the age of 69. Now we as old people feel that is young. Our children missed not having her longer. Lou was five and Arthur two when she died.

#### GRANDPA VICTOR HAGSTROM (MARTIN'S FATHER)

Grandpa was a small but strong man. He was a black-smith for Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Co. He made and repaired tools. Both he and Grandma were frugal but generous to their loved ones. They always "came through" for their children when it was needed. He had to go about three miles to work. The street car would take him there but for a long time he walked to save up his carfare for a surprise! This time it was a bike for Martin. As the children grew up he helped them financially when necessary. He often said he hoped and prayed he would not "out-live" his savings. He didn't and was able to travel to Canada to visit his brother, Axel, and also to Sweden to visit two brothers and other relatives there.

After Grandma died he made his home with Edna and Al. He died while recovering from prostate surgery in January, 1935.

#### AUGUSTA AND VICTOR (MARTIN'S PARENTS)

Augusta and Victor were married in old South Chicago. I don't know the exact date. Their union was blessed with eight children - Judith, Martin, Arvid, Ruth, Esther, Edna and Austin. Esther and Austin died while still very young. One more child - Naomi - died as a small child.

They and their family lived in Humboldt Park but finally moved to 5937 Sophia Street (now Rice) in Austin in 1902. In September, 1914 they purchased a lovely bungalow at 1218 Menard where they lived until the Lord called them home. After Grandma Hagstrom died in 1931, Edna and Al bought the family home and Grandpa lived there with them for three years. Grandma and Grand-

pa joined Austin Swedish Baptist Church, later known as Central Avenue Baptist, when they moved to Austin. They were faithful in their attendance and for many years Victor was one of maybe 10 or 12 men that were "skaffare" for the church. These men were picked by the church because of their dependability, diplomacy and ability to bring good cheer as they called on church members each month to collect their tithes. Victor always came away from the folks he visited giving them the feeling that they were an important part of the church. Skaffare translated means procurer. The work of the skaffare really was to get members to contribute regularly. Grandpa was the one who visited our home and he was always welcome even if my mother had very little for him. I'm afraid this method would not be workable today.

## THE HAGSTROM CHILDREN

Judith, being the oldest, was born in 1891. She married Joe Yale, who, at that time, was running for the office of alderman of South Chicago. They lived on the south side of Chicago all their married years. Joe preceded Judith in death by a few years.

Martin was born August 22, 1893 while the family was living on the west side of Chicago. He graduated from the Byford School in 1907 and went on to business college. At the age of 19 he owned and operated a grocery store on West Division Street at Parkside Avenue. His was the first, and only, grocery store west of Cicero Avenue. The store was open seven days until ten o'clock. Finally this was too confining for someone that young and he sold out. He had many different jobs in the next decade. At one time he worked for a brokerage firm (F. M. Zeiler) in the Rookery Building downtown. When he started dating me he was unemployed. That did not stop us from having many enjoyable times together. Grandpa Hagstrom was always so generous with the Maxwell. Martin was the only one who drove it.

In 1923 he and Ruth bought the dry goods store at 1507 Jarvis Avenue. At this time I was attending Lewis Institute four evenings a week. The dry goods was open for business until 10 on Saturday nights. That left Friday evening and Sunday for dates with Martin. There was never any doubt in my mind that I was the only one in Martin's life. He had the knack of making me feel very special, and what young woman doesn't like that. He was much more sentimental than I was, a trait inherited from his dad. I liked it and I believe some of this rubbed off on me. At this writing fifty-five years of my life have been spent with Martin and they have been good years. Oh yes, we were married June 17, 1926. Of course there were lean years and times of illness, but with our strong faith in God, we overcame hardships.

Arvid was born in 1895 and was in the navy. He played trombone in the navy



band on the U.S. Ohio when President Wilson went across the Atlantic. He married Emma Ford of Austin. They have two sons, Donald and Bobbie. Both now live in California. Arvid and Emma lived in Maywood for many years before moving to California. They loved that part of the country and spent many years there. Emma died in 1972 and Arvid in 1976. They tried farming in Niles, Michigan for a few years but returned to the Chicago area where Arvid was a painter and paper hanger, and a good one.

Ruth was born in 1898. Her twin, Esther, died as a baby. I first became friends with Ruth at the Byford School. It was through her that Martin and I started to date. She was interested in music and played the cornet. I can remember her with a group from Moody Church holding revival meetings on street corners. She and my brother, Grant, were married in 1926 or 1927. At that time she withdrew her partnership in Hagstrom's Dry Goods Store. Grant and Ruth have two children, Virginia and Grant Jr., both of Neillsville, Wisconsin. Grant passed away in 1966. Ruth is living in the Neillsville Nursing Home.

Naomi lived to the age of 16 months.

Edna was born on August 27, 1903. The family was then living on Sophia Street. Edna went to high school after graduating from Byford. She was a stenographer and private secretary for many years at Kewanee Boiler. She married Al Enstrom in 1932. When we were young our age difference seemed so great, but not as we have gotten older. We've had many happy times together. Edna came through and helped us financially at the time we sold our store in 1929. We haven't forgotten this help she gave us. Edna and Al lived in the family home until 1980 when they moved to their new home in Bethany Beach, Michigan.

Austin died in infancy. Esther also died as an infant.

## SCHOOLS

The country school in Sister Bay had one room with the teacher teaching all eight grades. After completing the first six grades there I finished grade school at the Byford School and graduated in the class of 1914. It was difficult to get used to a big school that taught music, art and civics. Even gym was new to me and I'm sure I was the most awkward pupil on the parallel bars, etc. I went one year to Oak Park High. It was not a happy time. I was the laundress' daughter and did not fit in with the daughters of the affluent Oak Parkers.

## MY FIRST JOB

Ma bought a large sized Apex washer in 1916. She wouldn't think of having this luxury and not making all the use out of it as possible. She had as many as five washings a week to do at home. Being the first to own a washer many of her friends brought their blankets and spreads to be washed at our place. The washes she did for others were picked up in a small wagon by Grant and Art and delivered when finished. This we felt was a demeaning chore and many times there was a hassel before the boys got going. Other employment was not open to women at that time.

Ma and Pa went to Door County the summer of 1916 for a week's vacation and left me in charge of doing four or five washings and ironings. I am sure there must have been arguments before each one did his assigned task for the day.

As Grant and Art walked down Ridgeland with their wagon a Mrs. Williams came out and stopped them and looked under the paper covering to see how well the ironing had been done. She got our phone number from my brothers and called, asking if we would do her laundry too. I accepted on behalf of Ma even though I disliked her doing all this work. In early fall that year she called and asked if Ma knew of some reliable girl to work in her husband's downtown office. His old book keeper and typist would stay on and train a new girl. I quit high school and went to work for A. H. Williams, Gold Leaf Manufacturer for the next four years. My starting wage was \$8.00 a week, but soon I was given a raise of \$4.00 a week. Ma got \$4.00 for room and board. At the end of five years I was earning \$18.00 a week. I typed letters, did the payroll, and kept books. Our commodity was 23 karat gold leaf which meant a very accurate count of every speck of gold.

At the age of 20 and earning \$18.00 a week I felt I could do better. An ad for a book keeper with starting salary of \$20.00 and a promise of \$25.00 a week as soon as experience was gained made me ask for a raise. A. H. Williams could not, or would not meet that figure so I took the new job for Lee Blakemore Inc. in the McCormick Building on Michigan Avenue. After working there two years the Interinsurance Co. of Blakemore Inc. went bankrupt...no, not because of my bad book keeping, but because of excessive fire losses.

## BIG TRIP - 1922

I had been very frugal with my big paycheck of \$25.00 and had managed to save enough money to take a train trip to California with a girl friend from church, Lillian Swanson. We visited a girl friend in Denver, stopped at

Grand Canyon, stayed five weeks in Los Angeles, then went on to San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. We took a boat to Vancouver Island and then went on through the beautiful and breathtaking mountains of the Canadian Rockies. From Lake Louise we went to St. Paul, Minnesota where we met our cousins, Roy and Esther Larson. After a car trip with Roy and Esther to Little Falls to visit all our Larson cousins we went on to Milaca, Minnesota to visit Esther and Pete. They lived on a farm there when they were first married. From St. Paul we left for home - broke but happy.

That long ago it seemed that the only women travelers were older school teachers. I had many regrets that I had not continued with high school and gone on to college and become a teacher. Perhaps I could still do this.

#### A. H. WILLIAMS' BOOK KEEPER - AGAIN

Mr. Williams called my mother to see what I was doing and if I would consider coming back to work for him. The girls he had for the two years had not been satisfactory. Now he would pay me \$30.00 as his firm had consolidated with another gold leaf manufacturer, Whering and Billmire. Yes, I was happy to go back to work that I was used to and to a very fine old man employer. I stayed there for another three or four years and was earning \$35.00. Many men weren't earning more at that time.

#### SCHOOL - LEWIS INSTITUTE (I. I. T.)

I had thought so much about going back to school that after working for Williams again for six months I was able to arrange my work and go to Lewis Institute for half a day. No entrance exam was required and no high school credits were required. Mr. Price was a gracious and thoughtful old Englishman who had inherited Mr. Williams' position upon the latter's retirement. He was very much in favor of everyone getting all the education possible. He encouraged me and made working hours to fit my program.

Later I switched to night school and went four evenings a week from 6:30 to 10 o'clock. Martin was there to meet me and take me home. I graduated in April, 1925. I never became a school teacher but surely my education helped me to cope with problems and enjoy life in a fuller way. My aspiration to become a teacher was fulfilled in my daughter, Louise, who is one now. I was always thankful for the encouragement my mother gave me. My dad was convinced women could diaper babies and prepare meals without an education. He was right in one respect, but life was more than just that. My graduation gift from my parents was my wedding veil. How great it was to have Martin waiting for me at the end of a hard day at work and three hours of concentrating on college studies. I'm glad that all three of our children had the determination to get a college education.

## THE MEETING

A group of young women, the Penny-A-Day Missionary Club, were to have a picnic and weenie roast at Ravinia one Sunday afternoon. Ruth and Edna Hagstrom were two of the group. We invited the young men of our church. I had not yet invited anyone as Ruth and Ethel Olson and I met at Malmstrom's Dry Goods Store on Chicago Avenue to complete the plans for our outing. Ruth and Ethel were employees of the store. Ruth kept urging me to invite her brother, Martin. At that time he was not attending Sunday School or church. I told Ruth to tell Martin to be in Sunday School the next Sunday if he was interested. To my surprise he was there and he was interested.

Martin always made me feel that I was very special. He had been chauffeuring his sisters in their father's Maxwell. Ruth's idea was that if he had his own date with it would be more interesting for him. It turned out to be a great afternoon of swimming, roasting weenies for our supper and singing around the camp fire. Our first date was a time never forgotten by me. We became engaged in January of 1923.

I graduated from Lewis Institute (now known as I. I. T.) in April of 1925 and we were married June 17, 1925 in Central Avenue Baptist Church by Rev. Swanney Nelson. A reception followed the ceremony with 225 friends and relatives attending. After a honeymoon of a week at Sister Bay we went directly to our first home. Martin bought this little brown frame bungalow at

Newcastle Avenue in March of 1925 and little by little we furnished it with lovely things Martin was able to buy at wholesale, delivered to his store on Jarvis Avenue. Our first home cost \$7,200 with a down payment of \$500.00. We were stuck with big monthly payments for many years.

## MA & PA (GRANDMA AND GRANDPA ANDERSON)

What a thrill for all of us to move into the brand new bungalow at 709 Lombard. Our furniture was only two years old so Ma and Pa, as they were affectionately called, must have felt like newly-weds except for we kids who were home.

1930 was the beginning of the Great Depression which lasted about eleven years until 1941 when World War II was declared. This meant work for everyone, but what a sad way to beat the depression.

Pa lost his good job in the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad in 1930 as the railroad discontinued building bridges and had this contracted out to large

companies with different methods. Pa had no pension and there wasn't unemployment compensation then. Ma and Pa had always been frugal and had a savings - also two or three vacant lots which they turned into cash. Pa had already started to build their summer cottage in Sturgeon Bay. After it was completed they moved there and rented their Lombard Avenue home. Good renters were hard to get as many men were out of work and many had lost all their savings when the banks closed. I was my folks' "agent" and how I disliked having to try to collect the rent, a ten or twenty at a time.

After they moved, their winter months, from November to late March or April were spent at Esther's and our home. How happy our children were when Grandma and Grandpa came. Little Arthur would stand by the living room window and wait wanting to be the first to welcome them. There were times when we allowed him to stay home from school the day they would arrive in their old Buick car. They were able to make this long trip until Pa was about 77 years old. After that they took the train.

During the spring and summer months both Ma and Pa worked hard, he with his brown bean garden and vegetables and Ma with her flower garden and hand work. It was not unusual for her to get a blue ribbon for her collection of flowers.

Each fall, after Pa had harvested the "Swedish" brown beans he thrashed them on a large tarp. He bagged them in 50 lb. bags and shipped them to the Forest Park freight yards where I would pick them up. Martin, being a store manager, was able to get small brown bags for reweighing the beans into 5 and 10 lb. bags or even smaller and selling them to friends. This was a fall chore I did not look forward to. Arthur sold some to his Swedish Club members and this was a big help. Later the idea of selling beans in large quantities to Swedish stores was a boon. The average harvest was from 7 to 800 lbs.

Pa also got carpenter repair jobs which was a big help. One year both Ma and Pa worked part time in the cherry factory sorting cherries. Pa was 60 and Ma was 68 when they moved from Oak Park.

Ma crocheted rag rugs and made piece quilts. She never sat idle even if her back ached. A couple of pillows were a help for this. We all sent her cloth scraps from our sewing and even secured some from friends and neighbors.

Ma never failed to have homemade quilts or rugs for each family when they came for the winter. She also brought us all boxes of home-made preserves, vegetables, fruit and pickles. This she continued doing until she was 86 years old. Yes, we can truly say they were both industrious and ambitious persons.

There was always a good relationship with our whole family. .many happy get-togethers at holiday time and for no reason at all. I know all of Ma and Pa's grandchildren have many happy memories of times spent with them in Sturgeon Bay during summer vacation. God, we thank you for happy times and happy memories.

## THE ACCIDENT

Ma had baked beans and coffee cake and they "took off" for a three day visit with Esther and Pete in their Lakewood cabin. This was to be a happy time, but this October 17th turned out differently. Ma stumbled and in falling broke her hip. Esther and Pete took her to the Sturgeon Bay Hospital. This is where she wanted to go. It was not a complete break but a fracture. Doctors said after complete bed rest she would be able to walk again. This was not so. Esther stayed with Pa so they could visit her daily until November 6th when Ma's doctor said she could go home or to Chicago. The long ride undid the hospital care. Ma was never able to walk again, and her last 3 years were spent in bed. How hard it must have been for someone who had always been so active. Esther and I shared the care for her. Pa was constantly at her bedside waiting on her. Ma had an uncomplaining and cheerful nature but it wasn't easy for her. She was 87 when her accident occurred. Three years in bed is a long time, but changing homes and being taken to their cottage in Sturgeon Bay helped break the monotony.

Ma had a big party on her 90th birthday. She went to be with her Lord September 12, 1952. She is buried in Little Sister Cemetery.

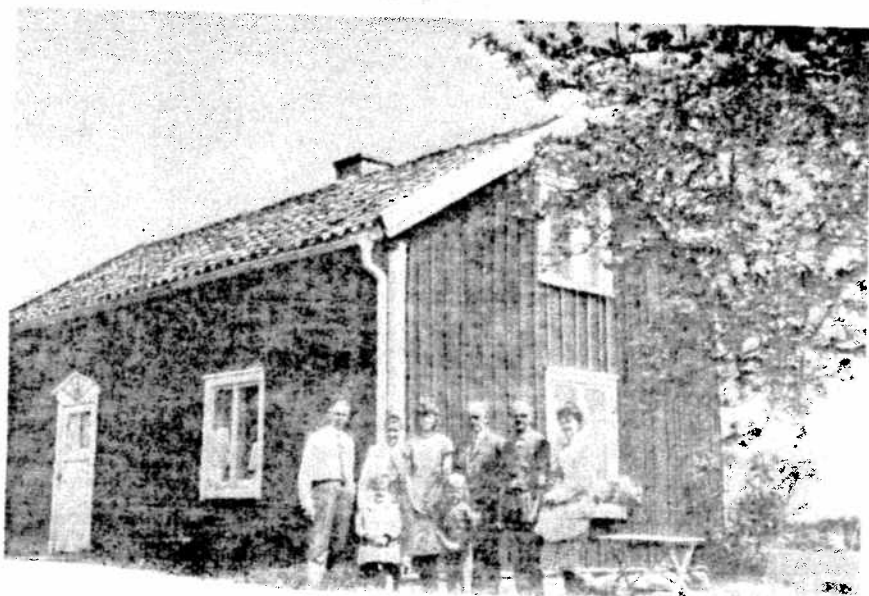
## ALONE

After Ma passed away Pa continued to stay with Esther and us. He had prostate surgery and a cancerous tumor of the bladder when he was 87. He pulled through beautifully. Then, at 88, he had a stroke and survived. He was able to go for walks alone and attend social functions with us. John and Jan's wedding in May of 1960 and the Sunday School picnic in June were two highlights for him. Esther had taken him with to visit with Ruth and Grant in Neillsville while she spent a week with Pete's relatives in Beldenville, Wisconsin. He enjoyed his visit but a massive stroke killed him instantly. He was laid to rest beside Ma and his three brothers in Little Sister Cemetery, July 5, 1960.

My parents were Swedes of high moral standards, Christians who did less preaching and more teaching by their many acts of kindness. We have many fond memories of two strong people who had sense enough to give their children a great deal of freedom. How pleased they would be to see their grandchildren who are productive, useful adults, but above all, Christians serving their Lord.

Right:  
Grandma & Grandpa Hagstrom  
in 1931

Bottom:  
"Mossen" Habo, Sweden  
Grandpa Hagstrom's birthplace  
(still in good condition)





Great Grandparents - Eva and Anders Anderson - Taken in 1923