

The FAMILY OF
ELWOOD LEONARD WIKLUND
AND
MABEL AURORA SUNDBERG

By Harry R. Art

Elwood Wiklund is son of Hulda Marie the oldest daughter of Anders and Betty Blomberg who emigrated from Sweden in 1881.

The daughter of Elwood and Mabel Wiklund Estelle Mae Art married Harry Art who made this paper about his wife's relatives. Harry died in 1993 short after finishing this paper. Estelle lives now 2011 in Coon Rapids.

APPENDIX D-F

Containing the early history about the settlement in Ogema.

Estelle M. Art
3340 Northdale Ln. N.W.
Coon Rapids, MN 55448-6702
USA

APPENDIX D

CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS OF HULDA BLOMBERG WICKLUND

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Psalm 23:6

It is with a heart filled to overflowing with praise and thanksgiving to my Heavenly Father that I pen some very vivid childhood memories and I can join with the Psalmist in saying: For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

My very first memory of childhood brings me back to a scene which often flashes before me and it has blessed my entire life. Seated in the comfort of my mother's lap I was taught to sing a Swedish song which in effect tells of Jesus on the cross, wounded and bleeding for my sins and that I might some day live with Him. The message of that song and the loving words of my mother as in simple manner she explained the blessed gospel story made an impact upon my young life and implanted a seed which has grown throughout the years. I was only three years old then.

Time and again my parents were persecuted for their faith in Christ and their boldness to witness of Him and I recall that at the age of five I heard a man come to our door and threatened to kill my mother because of her faith. I became so frightened at his threat that I never forgot it.

My father had the contract to build a new army base at Karlskrona, Sweden. He was a stone cutter by trade and had three hundred men employed in blasting rocks and cutting stone. Karlskrona was a very wicked and ungodly city with no Christian witness. There was a religious group called "Sjatuener", but they had no knowledge of salvation. Mother was raised in a very pious Lutheran home. Her father was religious and lived an upright life but had never experienced true conversion or the new birth. When my parents were married they went to Smaland, Sweden, where father had his contract, but both were grieved over the ungodly life down there and there was no one to whom they could turn or who could point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. In their despair they called on the "Sjatuener" priest and he advised them to live a good life and then, gradually, step by step, they would attain salvation. This, praise the Lord, they found to be false teaching and they only became more and more unhappy as time went on. They had nothing to cling to. It was all so empty and barren and they felt themselves drift farther and farther away from God. Finding no help among people they turned in anguish to God and cried unto Him that He might send some good Samaritan to show them the right way. The God, who has promised that we can call upon Him and He will answer, heard their cry.

One day there came a man to our home seeking work. He was from Varmland, Sweden. When father promised him work he asked if he could room with them. Father said no, but he was

very persistent and finally he was sent to inquire of mother and she could not turn him away. God was working in His own mysterious way and it wasn't long before it became clear to them why he had come. God sent him in answer to their hearts cry. He began to speak to my parents of spiritual matters and while mother warned us to be careful of false prophets, father said, "'I believe this young man has the REAL thing!'" It was through his faithful witness that the precious Holy Spirit worked upon my parents' hearts and they were gloriously saved. Father could not keep quiet, but witnessed wherever he went of the saving grace of Christ Jesus and of his transforming power and many were saved through his testimony. One young man who roomed in our building and who played the violin at dances was also saved and later became a preacher of the Gospel and shepherded a church in Omal, Sweden. But when God works, Satan becomes busy. The most ungodly blacksmith was the one that Satan used to stir up trouble and to oppose the work of God in their midst, and he got others to join him when father had a meeting one night in a small place about a mile from home (one Swedish mile is equivalent to seven English miles). We were all along and as we drove over the crest of the hill we heard unearthly noises. The intoxicated blacksmiths cried with loud voices, "Now we will stone preacher Blomberg." I began to cry with fear and Aunt Augusta held me tight while mother clung to little brother Hjalmar. Mother cried out to God Almighty to intervene and father commanded the chauffeur to drive on. We couldn't see what happened but we knew that God had answered our prayers, for not a stone touched us and we later learned that the first stone had hit one of their number and they began to fight among themselves. As God opened the Red Sea for Israel so He had also opened a way for us and stayed the enemy. Father continued having services and many souls were saved but Satan again made an attempt to hinder the Gospel. One day the enemy had decided to kill my father. The instigator was one Oscar Ankerberg. They had learned that a meeting was planned at one of the worker's homes and the way to that home led through a dense forest and it was there they planned to seize father and stone him to death. On the way to their hideout they came to our home to frighten mother so they rushed up to the door and demanded that our hired girl come out and dance with them. Mother locked the door but then they came around to the window and looked in, stuck out their tongues and cried, "You will die before my very eyes for this". It was an experience I shall never forget. Mother trembled as a leaf and was as white as snow. Then they rushed to the spot where they would lay for father. They lined the road with cans full of stones they would bombard him as he came along. When father saw them he lifted his heart to God and cried for help and walked through the line. As he looked back he saw them again fighting each other and bedlam reigned among them. When he reached home to find all well there was another praise and thanks service there.

A short time after this experience my little sister Esther

was born. She lived but four months and though I was but five years old I can never forget her moans of pain - the same moans I had heard from my mother that frightful night when she was threatened. Little sister moaned and cried until one day God plucked her from earth and planted her in His garden. Mother's sorrow was so deep that she longed to go back to her home and loved ones in Varmland. Father knew that she needed that change and thus he left his business with his brother Allfrid and returned to Varmland with his family.

Uncle Allfrid stayed with that work and became a well-to-do man. He married, raised twelve children and built himself a little villa outside of Sundsvall. His children were all well educated, and became rich in earth's goods, but as far as I know none of them had a saving knowledge of the Lord and were poor in matters that counted most.

God had chosen another path for my father - how wonderfully God does lead His own dear children when they permit him to lead and are willing to follow. We came home to beautiful Varmland and bought a little home a short ways from Frykruds Station, a Swedish mile from Karlstad. Just across the bridge lived grandfather in the childhood home. Her mother was dead. Her oldest sister and her husband took over the mill because grandfather was quite aged. Mother began to get stronger daily and father began once again to witness to all that God had done for them. There he came in contact with some Baptists and was shown the need of baptism as an outward symbol of what had already taken place in the heart and to follow the Lord all the way. It was a chilly day when they traveled the Swedish mile to a place in northern Frykrud where a little chapel had been built. In a little lake there mother and father were baptized by a visiting colporteur. There were no Baptists where we lived so now father began to preach baptism following *conversion* and among those baptized was a young man named O. J. Engstrand who later became a well-known preacher in America.

Father baptized many there but now opposition began to arise among preachers and bishops and there was much confusion. Three of the leading men in the State church led the opposition and became very hostile toward us. They forbade us to hold services in the homes. It grieved the saved and they were all on their knees in prayer and they cried to God that He would stop the men from hindering the work and persecuting us. It wasn't long before all three were gone. One had gone up into his hayloft when the roof caved in and he was killed. Then we began to meet in the homes again but we dared not have baptisms during the day so they had those at night.

One night my father came down to the lake with softie people who had recently been saved and now desire do be baptized. A young man living nearby heard them and began to mock and cry that they must baptize him too right away. Father was startled but remained calm and said, "Another will come and baptize you, young man." A few days later he was drowned in

that very spot. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Galations b:7. It caused real revival in the community and many were saved but mother's sisters and brothers turned against her - all but the youngest, Augusta. She was saved and father baptized her also. Mother's oldest sister and her husband became so angry when little brother Victor was born that mother did not allow him to be sprinkled that one Sunday morning they came to our home, picked Victor out of his cradle and ran to the church and preacher that he might be sprinkled. Mother cried but father consoled her with the thought that it could not hurt the child for he knew nothing of it.

Now father received word from Stockholm and he went up there and built a match factory and when that was completed he came home and built the Edsvalla bridge. That was his last piece of work in Sweden. How he yearned to go to America and he had no peace for there was a power that drove him on. We had been in Varmland five years and Esther was born there also. She took the place of the other little Esther that we lost in Karlskrona.

Father went and worried how he would arrange things so he could make ready to go to America. He had to sell his home and furniture and all. While he went about worrying God sent a Lutheran preacher who had once been in America, our way. He and his family came down to the station at Frykrud en route back to America. They had to stay overnight to await the next train and upon inquiring as to hotel accommodations he was informed that Blombergs had plenty of room and they should ask to stay there. Father became so enthused that he pledged with the Lutheran preacher to stay in Sweden and buy his home and let father who was much younger go to America instead. No sooner said than done - they began to unpack their trunks and he began to pack and were ready to leave in a few days. Can we doubt the Lord's leading in it all"

We were now four children who crossed the Atlantic with mother and father. All went well over the North Sea and we arrived safely in Liverpool in England. When we boarded the ship to take us across the Atlantic father began to doubt a little if we had done right for we were placed aboard a cattle boat where even the stalls were in place. We had a young lady with us to help care for the children on the trip. We could not eat the food for it was terrible. Fortunately we had taken food along so we did not starve but fared well on dried leg of lamb, hard tack, lingon jam, cheese and butter. The weeks were long on the boat and all went well with only one day of storm when the waves beat high and lashed the boat and we were warned to stay off the deck. Night came on and I slept but was awakened by the cries of people and found that water was pouring in so my hammock was wet. Someone had left a porthole open and it caused the panic but soon several of the crew restored order and opened the hatch to allow the water to escape. For a while I was sure we would never see America but would go down in a watery

grave. Mother, with a quivering voice said, ''If we come safely across I will never again want to try it.'' That she never did do either. The young lady we had along to help care for the children had forgotten to watch my brother Hjalmar and he had slipped away from her and gone on deck. When we found him he was sitting on the edge of the boat with one leg over the edge and he exclaimed to mother, "see, I'm riding horseback!" Mother became so frightened she dared hardly to go over to him and when she did get him down he was never allowed out of her sight for the rest of the trip.

I shall never forget the day when we saw land in the far horizon. A cry of joy arose as we realized that soon we would be ashore in the new country. When we landed we were directed to a place where we would await the trains that would take the emigrants to their destinations. We landed in Philadelphia and while we waited for the trains we sat on long benches. Father went down to see that our belongings were claimed and while there a police officer approached him with a gentleman at his side and the officer asked father if he knew the man. My father didn't recognize him for he was so well dressed and dignified. When father returned with a stranger at his side we were a little startled and then he asked mother if she knew him and when she learned that it was Ankerberg she became frightened but he had come to ask forgiveness of my parents. Then he related that he had been saved shortly after they had left Karlskrona and he had prayed that he might not die until he could ask my parents' forgiveness. God's spirit had moved him and for weeks he had no peace and then he was led to go to Philadelphia and a voice told him to go to meet a boat there. Strange as it seemed he obeyed that voice and when we stepped ashore he saw us and knew the reason for it all. God had once again led in His mysterious way and his prayer had been wonderfully answered. He told of how he often had gone to my little sister Esther's grave with flowers for after he was saved he learned that he had been the cause of her untimely death and mother began to rejoice that her little daughter's death had been the means of winning a precious soul.

Arriving in Chicago we decided to remain there a week and then go on to St. Paul where some of father's fellow workers from Sweden were employed and they had informed him that there would also be work there for him and the same kind of work as that which he had done in Sweden. Just as we were rearranging our trunks to make ready for father's trip to St. Paul a man, sent of Ostergren, a land agent in Ogema, Wisconsin, came and tried to interest us in going to Ogema. We had some acquaintances there and the agent informed us that the State would clear land and make parks out of it and make it wonderful for the emigrants. It was of course a lie to fool poor emigrants but my parents believed him and went along to Ogema. Had they known the trials that awaited them there they would never have gone but it is a good thing that God veils the future and allows us but to see one day at a time. All the jealousy, hatred and persecution was hidden from his view, but father often thanked God for that also.

Seven brothers and sisters joined our family in this country and all are saved and happy in the Lord. But I have run ahead of my story here.

When the train stopped in Ogema and the man who traveled with us announced that we were there it seemed that all at once we were standing beside the train and mother leaned on an old black pine stump and wept. Was this Ogema? How the castles toppled about her! There was no depot, just a little store and some shanties. The land agent had quite a nice home for himself. The thought often comes to me that if we had gone on to St. Paul when we saw how we had been deceived - how different our paths would have been and how much heartache we might have been spared. But the Lord knew best and we belonged to Him. With hardly time to think we found ourselves having purchased a forty of railroad land and therein stood a shanty which one of the emigrants had built. Several of the other emigrants, with no money with which to buy, had taken homesteads. To the little shanty on our forty we started "'home". There was no road and we were directed to it by little marks cut in the bark of the trees. We carried our belonging in sacks on our backs. It was but a mile out there but that was far enough. Mother was not strong from the long journey and in another couple of months little brother Carl was to join the family circle.

Finally we arrived in the little home. It had two rooms, no beds, so we slept on the floor on some of the quilts we had along from Sweden. At the little store we could buy what we needed, but we had plenty left in the oak chests we had brought along with us. Father got some of the emigrants who had come here the year previous to our arrival to help him and in six weeks they had a large house built into which we moved. Those whom he employed were all so poor and were so happy to have work. Father paid them every Saturday night as he was accustomed to doing in Sweden. We were all so happy to move into our new home and mother was happiest of all. After the home was built father was advised to peel the bark off-the large hemlocks because they were paying well for bark in Milwaukee. Many of the emigrants were employed to peel bark which they laid into piles to dry. They worked at that all winter. In the spring they loaded the bark on railroad cars and had it shipped to Milwaukee only to be informed that it wasn't dried well enough and was worthless, so it was a total loss and father even had to pay the freight himself. Had he been able to speak the American language he might have gone to Milwaukee to discuss it but he was unable to speak and had to suffer the loss in silence.

When a company moved into Ogema and put up a sawmill we were very happy. They cut down a whole forty of large pines for us and hauled them to their mill but never paid us a cent because they said they had done us a favor in taking them off our land. The large pine stumps that were left were a big nuisance and we worked early and late to clear them away. Father would put a heavy crowbar under the roots and then we

children would hang on the crowbar to loosen the roots. When potato planting time came we could not find the soil for roots. Finally we purchased a horse from the boss of the mill. That eased the burden a little but one day a freight train went through and when they saw the horse they blasted their whistle and frightened him so that he ran upon the tracks and fell and broke his legs. The train stood there and they demanded that father remove the horse but father refused for they had caused it all. The railroad company would not pay for the loss of the horse so my father hired a lawyer and we won the case but after witnesses and the lawyer were paid there was little left. Then father brought a big ox home he named Bright. When he came with the ox he met a bridal pair and the ox staged a runaway and father became frantic for fear that he would lose him also. He was able to stop him at last and the ox was a faithful worker.

There is so much that could be told of the experiences we had in those years and in every turn we felt the hand of the Lord. Like Job of old we would be tested and tried until we would come forth as gold. Father became very ill with rheumatism and ache in his muscles and for two years he was unable to work. He sought help from different places but nothing seemed to take effect. We were then seven children and there was much work to be done. We had to let the young lady we had along from Sweden go out and earn a living elsewhere. The money we had along from Sweden was almost gone and we all had to eat. Just then all seven of us children became sick with whooping cough. Mother had a trying time when for weeks she did not get much sleep. She had to sew all our clothes and mend. There was no way we could buy any. Also she had to care for papa and all of us sick children. Then she had to go out to the barn and tend two cows. For twelve weeks this went on until some of us children could begin to help carry in wood and water. God gave her sufficient strength to endure and she leaned heavily upon Him.

I would hear her talk aloud at night when she sat and sewed our garments and she always had one of us on her knee as she sewed with the machine. "Dear children", she would say, "I am talking to God". She seemed so happy after those times of communion with him. During the years of my life I have also learned that I can take from the Heavenly resources and be filled and happy.

My father became worse each day and then one day we saw in the Swedish paper "Vecko Posten" that a doctor had come from Sweden and he was what they called a "water" doctor. Father remembered his name for he had been a doctor in Karlskrona. He became so happy and wrote to him at once about his illness. Then he wrote back to father that he would not help him nor anyone else but he could help himself, if he had patience. Father wrote to him and told him that he did have patience and then he sent a long list of what we should do such as steam baths twice a week, using an electric machine and cupping. When father's good friend A. P. Morner heard this he said, "No, don't do it." That frightened mother and

she did not dare to try it but after three weeks father's leg was so swollen and he was so weak that he could not move.

I had to help mother turn him in bed. Then father said to mother that he knew he would die anyway and she may as well try what the doctor had advised. She called all of us children to her and asked us to kneel at father's bedside and pray as we had never prayed before and then mother took the cupping instrument and started to work on father's thigh until she had cupped the whole hip. The blood was as black as tar. When this was done papa got out of bed and walked back and forth over the floor several times and, finally, back to the bed and sat down on the edge. Wonder of wonders! I shall never forget that time. "Thanks and praise to God!", everyone was screaming. For the joy in her heart mother could not say one word. She just sat and looked at pa. That a miracle had happened right before our eyes, she understood best of all. Under all these trying times, she had never lost hope or mistrusted God and He had stood by her!

God's blessing seemed to rest upon us and we were so happy in Him. In six weeks papa was out splitting wood. That fall he bought another forty with timber on it and the two oldest boys could help with the logging. Our good friend from the store (Lofquists?) loaned money to pay for the land and also helped with the groceries. Later he built a two-story frame home. Two little sons and two little daughters were the joy of his later years and they were home to work the farm and help.

Just twenty years after he had become so ill the Lord called him Home. He was so happy to go home to the Lord, He left us with a good home and all we children had our separate tasks. I went to Chicago and took nurse's training, Esther became a milliner, two sisters were school teachers, one a seamstress and the youngest daughter, Ruth studied singing and music. My oldest brother became a blacksmith and also police in his town. He worked in a large *ammunitions* factory in World War I. The youngest son was in World War One and came home safely.

As I pick out little bits of memory here and there and know that they but slip into the timeless sea I would cry out in joy, "Bless the Lord all my soul and all that is within me bless His Name."

=====

Note by Hulda's daughter, Evelyn (Leafblad):

This cupping machine was something! Mother had one for years. It was a heavy steel box about 2 1/2" square with perhaps 36 tiny moon-shaped blades all pushed down by a lever. Lay this over the area of pain and press a button. All fine extra-sharp blades would come out at once and make as many slits in the skin. Then light fire to a piece of cotton (like a cotton ball), put it in a glass and place the

glass upside down over the cut area. The fire burns out all the oxygen and creates a suction, which draws blood. The blood is dark because of no oxygen. Somehow this procedure really helped. I've seen mom do it to others with great relief, and also to herself. The machine, of course, burned with the house.

APPENDIX E

CHILDHOOD AND TEENAGE MEMORIES OF HULDA WICKLUND

I was ten years old when I came to America. I had the opportunity of going to school a little in Sweden, but the rest I had to learn from my parents after we got to this land. They taught me to read and write in Swedish and that was good as I never had the opportunity to spell or write in English.

We had a young lady with us from Sweden to help with the children during the trip over. She stayed with us a couple of years, then took a job in a hotel in Ogema so she could learn to speak the English language.

A young lady was hired for school teacher to teach the English language. School was held in one of the emigrant's homes in one room that was rented out for that purpose. The poor teacher (little girl) learned more Swedish than she was able to teach English. To think of a dozen Swedish children who couldn't speak, spell or write English, but she was supposed to plug into them the a, b, c, d's of English. She became so confused herself that when the children began singing their own Swedish songs she would join in with them. We did learn little by little to read cat, rat, etc. in our first book. Then we would turn back to Swedish again. A song we learned "Oh, if I were a little bird, drinking in the dew", was sung "Oh, jhalde malde klagen, drinking in den dew" If anyone from our present time had come in and listened, they would truly have laughed.

So I was allowed to go to school a couple of years and so completed second grade. In the third grade I had to stay home at least half the time to help my mother, and finally had to quit entirely. There was no more time for me to go to school. The little I had learned to spell, I forgot, but I learned by myself to read as the years passed by.

A schoolhouse made of logs was built about a mile from our home. A walking road was cut through the timber from our house to the school so the children could find the way. All my sisters and brothers got to go to school, but I had to stay home and help mother to keep the rest fed and clean. My oldest brothers, Hjalmer and Victor, were not able to go so much either as they had to help at home with the work.

Later on, sister Esther had to stay home some too and help because when I was fifteen I had to start sewing. Mama would cut out the pieces and I sat and sewed on the sewing machine. Then little sister Esther had to help with the dishes and other things in the house.

And this is the way it went. At last I did all the sewing and mother took charge of the food. Then we all had to help with scrubbing of clothes and scrubbing the floor. Just think, to lay on your knees and scrub all the floors in the house until they would become white. What a Job! And then, just after we had finished with the scrubbing and rinsing,

the children would come bounding in from school. What a racket and bustle! If we could only keep them still for a little while so the floors could dry!

In a little while the floors would be just as dirty again. Just think, if there had been linoleum carpeting as we have today, but there was none. It is no wonder that I still dream of laying on my knees scrubbing the floor in my old childhood home.

The seven brothers and sisters could go to school and learn all that could be learned. Sometimes I felt that they could go to school, but not we older ones. We had to stay home and work so they could go. I have felt that this was not fair to us, but at the same time I am so thankful that I could help mother when she needed me so badly.

When I was eighteen I was allowed to go to Ashland to sewing school for one month. That was all the time they could be without me at home. However, I was taught to cut clothes from patterns, so now mother didn't need to help me. Sister Esther was ten years old, so she had to do dishes and sweep the floor.

The next year I was given three months to go and cook for my cousins that had a store in Ogema. This was four months going on my twentieth year. I longed for home and all my small sisters and brothers. It was only one mile from home, so I could run home every so often and visit.

It would be too much to mention all the things that happened to us as a family during trying years, but under all, God was with us.

(At this point she included a near duplicate of the account previously written in Appendix D about her father's illness. It is not repeated here, but the few differences have been incorporated into the Appendix D account)

APPENDIX F

THE BLOMBERGS IN OGEMA IN THE EARLY 1900S

Hulda wrote of some early experiences at Ogema in her "Childhood Recollections" (see Appendix D) and "Childhood and Teenage Memories" (see Appendix E).

The following are recollections of Betty Hughes (Hjalmar's daughter), who lived with Betty Blomberg during the summers of 1918 and 1919, and of Ruth Reas (Victor's daughter), who lived with Betty Blomberg for four years beginning in either 1917 or 1918, and of Lilly Westlund (Hulda's daughter), who visited her grandparents frequently just after the turn of the century. To avoid confusion Betty Hughes is shown as "Betty," Ruth Reas as "Ruth," and Anders, Betty and Ruth Blomberg as "grandpa," "grandma" and "aunt Ruth."

During one of the years before Ruth lived with grandma there was a fire in Ogema. Ruth lay on highway 13 during the fire to avoid the flames. It did not get down as far as Betty's, but Ruth's parent's house burned, and they lived for a while in a tent.

Lilly remembered that there was a hammock on the porch where grandpa would swing them. He had side and chin whiskers and would sing Swedish songs to the grandchildren.

She also said that there was a log house behind the main house and that this is where the Wicklunds stayed with them for the winter when the Wicklunds came to America in 1882. It was later used for storage. There was also a concrete root cellar which Anders had put in.

By the time the 1908 picture was taken (see a list of names in Appendix G) the six older children were married, and after Anders died in 1910 the others began leaving home. Betty remembers that while she lived with her grandmother, George, Arvid and aunt Ruth were the only children still at home. George married in 1916. Arvid went to war in 1917. Aunt Ruth and Albert were married in 1919, and they lived for a short time with grandma. Arvid owned a car, which Albert drove while Arvid was in the army. George and Arvid farmed the forty acres until the place was sold.

Ruth Reas will be 90 on 8 Jan 93. She graduated from the A. P. Morner grade school in Ogema. It was one room with eight grades. Ella and Jennie taught there. For the next four years Ruth lived with her grandma. Ruth called them four happy years. Grandma was stern, but very kind.

In 1918 when Betty went to live with her grandmother the house was laid out as follows:

Kitchen: There was a long table by the window facing what is now Highway 13. A cream separator stood in the northwest corner and a large wood stove with a big oven along the east wall. The telephone and a large hump-backed trunk (from Sweden) were on the south

wall. There was a big gray rocker with pillows for comfort.

Pantry: It was in the northeast corner with shelves with lots of juices and jams and other food on them (this is now a bathroom).

Bedroom: Grandma's bedroom was off from the kitchen. It had a bed and dresser and a round table by the bed with a kerosene lamp, a magnifying glass and a bible.

Dining Room: There was a big square table (no doubt with leaves) and two hutches - one each stood against the north wall and the south wall. There was a large floor model Victrola with a big horn on top, a rocking chair, a wood heater and plants in the east windows.

Living Room: This room had a large baby grand piano (out of tune), a two-seater (called a settee), a rocker and a beautiful kerosene lamp with roses on the base and globe.

Upstairs: The rooms just had beds.

The house was built on rock pilings, arranged like fences. There was no basement, just a small area for storage of canned goods, etc. under the house. At one time there was a large barn and also a machinery shed in the area behind the house. There was a big yard with a ring of lilac bushes with an open center where they ate snacks in the summertime. Grandma was a good cook, and there was always much food

on the pantry shelves. She cooked soup with dumplings, baked bread, and they had chickens. She kept a supply of "saft," which is cherry or raspberry juice and water (apparently the straight juice was too strong). Grandma and aunt Ruth also had a little garden. There was a smoke house, so they had smoked hams and bacon. Butter was churned using a barrel type churn with a plunger that went up and down. They sold butter and eggs to Lofquist's store in Ogema in exchange for groceries. Dishes were washed without soap because the dishwater was fed to the pigs. The dishes then were rinsed with boiling water.

Washing clothes was a big job. Water was heated on the stove in a copper boiler. There was a scrub board in a tub with bar soap (possible P&G) and lots of tubs with clear cold water for rinsing. Clothes were hung on the fence to dry. Grandma taught Ruth crocheting and needlework while Ruth was living there. Grandma also knitted mittens and marked them for all the kids each winter. She also scrubbed the floors often on her hands and knees.

Farm animals included 6 cows (one named Daisy), horses (including one named Prince - with a blaze on his forehead), many chickens, at least two pigs, two peacocks, cats and

kittens and a dog named Carlo. Ruth also remembers that grandpa sold a horse to pay for part of Hulda's nurse's training and that Hulda sometimes wore paper instead of stockings in her shoes while she was in nursing school. The countryside was full of wolves, deer, bear, bobcats and skunks. Victor was a trapper and also collected Indian artifacts.

They raised oats, hay and potatoes. Large crews went from farm to farm to do the threshing. They fed them from a long table set up outside. Men, women and children all came to eat there during threshing. There was a barbed wire fence between the farms and a fence between the road and where the cows were kept.

They had a drilled well, but no electricity at that time. There was an ice house by Victor's on Jump River that was used by the family. Grandma rang a long and two shorts to talk with Jennie.

Grandma had curly hair and always wore long dresses with many petticoats (as many as 10), high black shoes and cotton stockings. When evening came they all knelt by a chair and prayed. They went to church once per week. Sometimes they went to bed before dark. They had no Christmas presents (maybe an orange) and no birthday presents. They did make ice cream to celebrate.

Ogema was as far away as they visited (mostly relatives). 3 of Hjalmar's daughters would come by train from Prentice, and three of Victor's daughters would walk to grandma's so they could all visit together. Also on Sundays others in the family came to grandma's and sang. Ministers frequently came to the house and to the Lofquist and Engstrom homes. Mrs. Carl Lofquist (Carl had the store in Ogema) and Mrs. Emil Engstrom were sisters of grandma, living in Ogema. "Uncle" Nelson, grandma's brother, lived between Ogema and Prentice and then in Minneapolis. When they took Betty back to her parents' house in Prentice by horse and buggy, they packed sandwiches to eat on the 8-mile trip.

The Wicklunds would go to Ogema from Ashland about twice a year on the train, usually once in the summer and once in the winter. In the winter the Blombergs would meet them in a sleigh with sleigh bells. Lilly would stay on for a couple of weeks and then go back to Ashland alone on the train. She went each year until she was about nine (after they moved to Mason). She especially remembered riding a big white horse while she was there.

Grandma sold the farm in 1922 and moved to Prentice, where she lived in a house by herself. She had no car. She lost her savings when the bank at Prentice failed. She died there in 1927. Helen Otto, Hjalmar's daughter and one of Lilly's bridesmaids, bought the house after she died.

The children were in the following professions:

Hulda became a registered nurse and was a midwife in the Mason WI area.

Hjalmar was a policeman in Ashland and at the Barksdale explosives plant during World War I and a blacksmith and constable at Prentice. He helped capture a famous gangster there.

Victor worked at blast furnaces for Bretting in Ashland, making pig iron. He was in Ashland from 1899 to 1908 (met his wife there) and was also a sawyer for Barker and Steward Lumber Co. Ruth says that he delivered some babies while he was a policeman.

Esther was a milliner. She also operated a dry goods store with her husband after she was married.

Carl was a farmer. He also lived in Ashland for about five years, where he worked for a lumber company. He lived for at least part of a year with Leonard and Hulda Wicklund. Elyn was a teacher.

She taught in Ogema when she was 14, having just graduated from eighth grade. Later she went to Normal School in Ashland. Then she taught at Fifi field, etc. Emma was a dressmaker.

Jennie was a teacher.

Ruth was a singer and music teacher.

George was a farmer. He was killed by a tractor turnover shortly after his 54th birthday.

Arvid was a state representative, a farmer and a carpenter. He did the fine work on the windows around the Ondossagon School. He stayed at Reuben Wicklund's while doing this. He also worked in the shipyards in Superior during World War II. His first wife, Ethel, lived to be 100.