

## TALES OF LONG AGO

By Geneva Mattson Anderson

TIME - Spring of 1855. PLACE - Dalarna, Sweden.

Peter was busy finishing his engagement chest. He had worked on it all winter. It must be made right. It had a secret compartment under the special little chest within the larger chest. The cover fit snugly, and on the front was a painted design with the date 1855. A silk scarf was placed in the little chest. Now all was ready, and Peter decided this was the time to carry his gift to Anna.

Anna lived down the road. Peter had known her since childhood. They had had their scraps, but enjoyed each others company - and now Peter was ready to ask her to marry him. If she accepted the gift, it would mean "yes". If not, too bad. She saw him coming with the chest on his shoulder. Her heart beat hard. She liked Peter. He went back without the chest. She began filling it with things for their home, and soon they were married.

Peter had a business, a little store. People used to gather there to visit, talk about the local news, as well as news from America. Several young men had gone there, and others were planning to join them. It was a wonderful country across the Atlantic.

Three children were born to Peter and Anna: Louis, Andrew and Maggie. They too loved to listen to the stories told in the store. They also enjoyed sliding down the big hill and out on the ice on the lake. They were a happy family until a famine struck. Food was scarce and business poor. They ground bark from the trees to mix with the grain when they baked bread, to make it go further. What should they do?

Letters came from America from folks who had made their homes there. There was plenty of land being given as homesteads. Soil was fertile. There was food, and there was work for those who needed money. Peter and Anna talked it over and decided to sell their business and belongings, and use the money for tickets to America.

They couldn't take much with them, but the precious chest must go along. So in the summer of 1871 they said good-bye to their friends and homeland, and started on a sailboat for America, the land of opportunity.

The trip across the ocean was no pleasure trip, for on stormy days the boat rocked and they were sick. So when they saw the Statue of Liberty and land, they were happy. Now they had a long train ride. Their destination was Minnesota, and the train went only as far as Anoka.

They filed for a homestead and were given the northeast forty of section 12 in Isanti County, Spring Vale Township. That was 38 miles north of Anoka. They were strangers in a strange land. It was getting cold and they must find shelter before winter. Some snow had fallen. They bought a big sled, four chairs, a stove, a shovel, ax, saw, and 100 lbs. of flour. They loaded the sled carefully including their luggage and the little chest; and then set off on foot to their new home. Louis was thirteen and could help pull the sled. The whole family took turns pulling and pushing, and were glad when they finally reached their home. But there was no house - the land was covered with woods.

They set to work at once. There was a steep hill facing the south. They started digging, making a hole the size of a room. The ax was busy too cutting down trees to make the roof and front of the dug-out house. On the side facing the sun, they put a door and window. Around the walls they put props to prevent cave-ins. They set up the stove. There was plenty of fuel so they could keep warm and cook food. The nearby lake furnished fish; and the woods, partridge and venison.

But they needed some cash. Mother Anna and Louis went to Minneapolis where they had relatives. From human hair Anna made beautiful watch chains and flowers. Louis canvassed from house to house to take orders and deliver the hair work his mother made. Many had things made from their own hair as presents for loved ones. They did well, and when spring came they had earned enough to buy a yoke of oxen.

Peter had worked hard all winter cutting logs for the log cabin, which they built as soon as possible. The land must also be cleared to plant the garden and grain. They all worked hard, and soon they had a three-room cabin which consisted of a large living room and two bedrooms. Later a kitchen was added; and still later a back bedroom and a pantry.

The animals too needed shelter. The same hill facing south was a good place to build a barn. The north side of the barn was a stone wall built up against the hill. The three walls were built of logs and boards. There was room for the chickens, calves, sheep, cows, and horses. There were five doors and six windows. A large hay loft and oat bin were over the barn. You could drive right into the hay loft, for the hay loft was much bigger than the barn and extended north so the opening was on solid ground.

The land was cleared and the oxen were traded for horses. The barn was filled with animals. The sheep furnished wool for socks, mittens, undershirts, etc.; the chickens, eggs; the cows - milk, cream and butter. All had plenty to eat and wear, and they prospered to the extent that there was some extra money which was hidden in a grain bin in the grainery that had been built north of the house. A cellar was also built that held 1,000 bushels of potatoes; and over the cellar, a blacksmith shop. Louis was the blacksmith and shod horses for the neighbors, as well as sharpening plows and general needs.

They all worked together until Andrew found a wife. Now he needed a home, so Peter helped him buy a farm five miles west of the home place. It was understood that Andrew had gotten his inheritance, and Louis should have the home place. Andrew's family lived there for sometime; then bought land in Webster, Wisconsin and moved there. They put their belongings in a wagon, and their animals went on foot, as did those who herded them. They had a big family: Clara, Oscar, Anna, Enoch, Florence, etc. Some of the family still live there.

Mention should be made of how the Mattson family got in contact with Seventh-day Adventists. Dr. Lee came to preach some distance away. Even if it was far to drive with horses, the farmers tried to attend services. They were impressed with the message and began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. Peter chewed snuff. The day after he heard Dr. Lee preach on tobacco, alcohol, etc., he was cutting hay with a scythe. He took his snuff box out of his pocket, looked at it and asked, "Who is boss?" Then he threw it as far as he could, and never used it again. No one in the Mattson family used any form of alcohol. They helped build the Adventist church on the hill by the cemetery where they now rest. The church has since been moved to Grandy and is now used as a community church.

TIME - January 29, 1863. PLACE - Oringe, Halland, Sweden.

A baby girl whom they named Bina was born to Sven and Ingrid Erlandson. Little Nels toddled around not knowing what to make of it. They lived in a little house belonging to Patron Hammar, who owned a large estate and lived in a beautiful large house with many servants. On this estate were many small homes consisting of a house on several acres of land to be used by the occupants who would work certain days for Patron Hammar to pay for the use of this home. He farmed his little place to provide for his family, for what he grew belonged to them.

The family grew until there were eight children: Nels, Bina, Andrew, August, Peter, Otto, Nellie and Eric. There was always room for one more. Near the house were fruit trees - pear, cherry and plum. Never were any cherries as sweet as those. The plums were delicious and so were the pears. Better than any grown in America - so it seemed to Bina in later life. The children loved to climb trees and play together, but as soon as they were old enough there was work to do at home and for Mr. and Mrs. Hammar. Bina learned to knit, weave and sew when she was very young. They got up before daylight and worked long hours, but didn't seem to mind. Bina was sixteen when Eric was born. His mother wasn't well, so Bina took full charge of the little fellow and loved him dearly. She never lost that special love for him.

Nels and Andrew sailed to America while in their teens. They worked hard and wrote home about the wonderful country, urging the others to come. When Andrew left he had a girl friend, Tilda. He saved money and sent her a ticket to join him. Nels sent Bina one also, so the two girls were to travel together. They each had a small trunk, and took a big lunch with them. Their food was furnished on the ship, but not too good; so some hardtack, boiled eggs, and cookies tasted good as a supplement.

It was hard to say good-bye. Bina was eighteen. Little Eric was at a cute age. She didn't know if she would ever see them again. The trunks had been sent on ahead. She carried her lunch, and her mother walked with her some distance. The time came to part, and the last time she saw her mother was at a distance waving good-bye. She must hurry to be on time.

The voyage was stormy and many times they had to take to their beds, they were so sea sick. Some were sure the boat was going to sink, and asked Bina to get up and pray. She had given her heart to God while she was young and was not afraid to die. The Lord watched over them, and after many days, yes weeks, they arrived safely in New York. Then they had to go by train to Minneapolis, Minnesota.

They were met by Nels and Andrew. Soon Andrew and Tilda were married. Bina found work first in a boarding house, and later as a housemaid. She was in a strange land and didn't know the language, but soon learned. There were other Swedish young people, and they felt in need of a place to worship. There were nineteen who got together, read their Bibles, and prayed. These get-togethers were a real help to all of them, spiritually and morally. They read their Bibles and found that the commandment said that the seventh-day was the Sabbath and no work should be done on that day. They were surprised, for they had all been brought up to keep Sunday. They knew of no other group, except the Jews, who kept the seventh-day Sabbath. But if the Bible said the seventh-day was the Sabbath, they felt they should do what the Bible said, and the next Sabbath there were four who worshipped, and one of them was Bina. Soon all nineteen were keeping the

seventh-day Sabbath.

The English Seventh-day Adventists heard of this group of Swedes and sent a Swedish worker to visit them. After some studies they were organized into a church, and Bina was a charter member of the Swedish Seventh-day Adventist Church of Minneapolis,

A young man, Gust Johnson, attended this church and became, interested in Bina. They kept company for several years, but while in Duluth canvassing, he took a girl out three evenings. Bina found out about it, and that finished that courtship. They were still friends and both were sorry for the break. Am afraid neither one really forgot. But it was lucky for another young man who had been looking longingly at Bina for a long time.

Louis Mattson from the country came to work in Minneapolis during the winter when there wasn't too much work on the farm. He attended the Swedish Seventh-day Adventist Church. Here was his chance, and he wasted no time. He told her of the good home in the country. Why should she have to slave in the city! She had worked for the Woodburns for six years. She was happy and they appreciated her good work. She loved their little boy, Morris, and taught him about God and to pray. Great sadness came to the home when Morris died from diphtheria when in New Orleans. He was five years old, and their only child. This experience drew them still closer together.

Bina loved children and was good help in the Sabbath school. She had a class of girls whom she loved dearly, especially Minnie Larson and Betty Iverson. She not only saw them on Sabbath, but visited in their homes, sewed for them, and took a real interest in them.

It did take some time for Louis to persuade Bina to give up her good job, her church, her Sabbath school class and all, and go to live on a farm. But he won out, as usually these persistent men do. They were married July 4, 1894 at the John Larson home, 4020 Clinton Avenue, Minneapolis. The Woodburns were there and Mr. Woodburn gave Bina her first kiss after she was married. In fact, Louis had never kissed her, for she had saved her first kiss for her husband - and even then he was cheated!

Their wedding trip was to the farm fifty miles north of Minneapolis. Harris was the nearest railway station, twenty miles from the farm. The neighbors were all anxious to see the city girl Louis had married. It didn't take long. The young folk of the countryside came for a shivaree. What a noise! They marched around the house beating wash tubs, saws—anything that would make noise. Shots were fired. One poor fellow stepped into a kettle of soap "Muna" had set out to cool. All were invited in to see the new bride. They were treated bananas, and Emil Anderson brought his home to show his mother. They all decided Louis had married a fine cook who could bake cake with a skin over it (the bananas!). They had never seen bananas before!!

Soon the furniture arrived. They had bought a bedroom set, a sewing machine, and a dining room set. They received lovely gifts, and this all made a big improvement in the house. Mother Anna, who was called "Muna", was very happy with her new daughter-in-law. Father Peter wasn't so sure. He was afraid the city girl would be too extravagant. He held onto the money. There was to be vegetable soup for breakfast; potatoes and meat for dinner; and grot or "valling" for supper. Muna said, "Let her cook and we eat; she makes things so good." After awhile

father Peter agreed.

That first year was a hard year for farmers. Potatoes sold for 5 cents a bushel. They had to haul them to Harris, twenty miles away, and received \$2.50 for the fifty bushel load. Bina had \$1.00 worth of sugar that winter. They had bees and plenty of honey, so it wasn't too bad. They churned butter, gathered eggs, and traded these for kerosene and necessary groceries at the Spring Vale store, one and a half miles to the west. That is where they got their mail too. The grain was ground for flour, so there was good food to eat.

On April 15, 1895, Geneva arrived. Dr. Shuleen, from the little town of Cambridge, delivered the baby. She was a fine lady and served the community for many years; in fact, she gave Geneva a wedding present.

Betty Iverson, still a young girl, spent the winter with Bina and family and went to school in Spring Vale. She met a bear one day, but didn't know enough to be afraid; and it didn't hurt her. She loved to hold the new baby, and rock the cradle.

Baby Geneva was well dressed for Bina loved to sew, knit and crochet. She had knit little white shirts made from Saxony fine yarn. She had little chimeses to wear under these wooly garments. There were belly bands, pinning blankets, slips, and dresses - all fancy and long. Bina had so much fun getting ready for the new baby. The baby had good food, mother's milk, until she was two years old. In fact, when Geneva was nearing two she would say, "Tat deg po stolen o giv mig bata bu."

Morris was born October 28, 1897. A son, great! Louis brought home a guitar as a gift of appreciation for that son, but Bina was so busy she never had time to learn to play it.

Grandfather Peter was getting old. He was a fine looking man with curly white hair and beard. He suffered with dropsy and spent sometime in bed. He would call, "Where is my little girl?" Little Geneva would answer, "Here I am, 'far.'" "Will you get me a drink?" Off she would run to the kitchen pump and fill his bottle with water. He passed away September 7, 1898. Muna lived only a short time after his death. She came down with pneumonia. The doctor lived in Princeton, twenty miles away. Louie went to get him, but it was too late. She passed away December 2, 1898. Both rest in the Seventh-day Adventist cemetery near Grandy, Minnesota. Their work was over, and a new generation came on the stage of action.

That left only four in the home, but it didn't stay that way very long. Two more children were born: Hazel, February 28, 1901, and Rachel, March 4, 1904. That meant more work for Geneva, who had to care for them when Bina had so much to do. They were fat, heavy babies, and her back would ache between her shoulder blades. Bina kept the salt on a shelf behind the stove. Geneva would take some in her hand and rub it in. It seemed to help.

NOTE: This is now written in the first person by Geneva Mattson-Anderson.

Both mother (Bina) and dad (Louis) liked company. Uncle Otto was single and lived on a big grain farm in Wheaton, Minnesota. He would come and spend the winters with mother and dad. He had been married, but he lost both his wife and baby in childbirth. He was heartbroken and lonely, so he came to our house for

love and sympathy, Maggie, father's sister who was still single, came to visit at the same time. You guessed it! They fell in love and were married. They were happy and came to visit us often. Uncle Otto married, so he brought his wife, Nellie, and two children, Ortyly and Ruby, and came to spend much of the winter. We loved to have them come.

Another Uncle August lived in Sweden. He brought his girl friend and came to America. They were married in Princeton, but came and lived with us until they found a place to live. They later bought a farm about two and a half miles west of us. Uncle Andrew too came to spend time with us after he broke up with his wife and after her death. He finally died in California.

We always had hired help to cut wood, fence posts, cordwood, and sometimes dad sawed lumber. In the summer Frank O'Brien, Dallstrom, Pete, Ole and others came to work. We also had girls from Minneapolis spend part of the summer with us. There were Judith, Esther and Jemima from one family; Emma, Florence and Hulda from another. We did have a good time, but mother put us all to work. Don't know where she put them and how she managed the big washings done on a rubbing board. The water came from rain barrels in the summer time, and melted snow on the kitchen stove in the winter. We used the hard water from the pump for rinsing. Wool was spun, stockings and mittens were knit, quilts were made, and sewing was done for the family - not only our family, but for the neighbors, as well as her brothers, Nels and Eric's, big families. Nels had ten children and appreciated getting clothes too, especially after the fire that took the lives of his wife and three of his five children.

When father became lame and couldn't work the farm, mother and we children had to work in the fields. Father did what he could and tried to take the heavy end. When we stacked grain, he would pitch it up to me, and told me where to place the bundles so the stack wouldn't soak up the rain but shed the water. This knowledge came in handy after we had to run the farm by ourselves. We would dig the potatoes which was our money crop; he would haul them to market or to the cellar to store them.

Often mother expressed the desire that she would like to take a trip to visit her mother and father in Sweden. The children were all in America except Nellie, who spent sometime over here, but when she decided to marry Nels Skogland, a former boyfriend threatened her life, so she and Nels decided to go back to Sweden to live. They were still living in Sweden when she passed away.

Uncle Otto, still unmarried, decided to visit his folks for the 1900 Holiday Season. He went to Sweden, and along with Aunt Nellie and her family, drove out to the little farm house on Christmas Eve. Grandfather came to the door to welcome them. Grandma was sick in bed. How happy she was to see Otto again, and the grandchildren! She said to Nellie, "You have such lovely children. Bring them close to me." They came close, she placed her hands on their heads and prayed, "Dear Heavenly Father, save my grandchildren." That was her last prayer. It has had a lasting effect on her grandchildren. After the prayer she closed her eyes, and with a smile on her face, breathed her last. Uncle Otto's visit was cut short, but how lucky he was to get to see his mother alive, and to have a few words with her.

They decided it would be best for grandpa to go to America with Otto to visit the rest of his children, so in 1901 Uncle Otto brought Grandpa Erlandson to our house. The back bedroom was his abode. He lived with us

for six years. At first he was able to help with the farm work, and Dad gave him a couple acres of potatoes for his own as wages. He followed the plow and helped cultivate the potatoes and corn. He was very contented and happy, but was getting older, and that last year he slept much of the time. He would get up in the morning, eat his breakfast, read his Bible, and have a nap. Then he would eat his dinner, talk and walk, and have another nap. After supper he would often bring his Bible into the living room and read to all of us. Then to bed again. He attended the Baptist church. He naturally rested on the Sabbath also while he lived with us.

He knew no English, so we had to learn to talk Swedish so we could talk to him. His bad habit was snuff he drew up his nose. He wore a beard that got contaminated once in awhile.

He went to visit Uncle Pete and Uncle Otto who both lived in Moose Jaw, Canada and while there he died. A lovely tomb stone marks his resting place. I am told that Grandmother Erlandson also has a tomb stone, the nicest marker in Oringe cemetery, placed there by her children.

I have a cousin, Nellie's daughter, living in Malmo. Her name is Effie, and her address is: Mr. and Mrs. Gosta Berggren, 50 A.P.A. Hanssons Vag, 21463 Malmo, Sweden. If any of you travel in Sweden, look her up. She is my first cousin, daughter of mother's sister, Nellie.

Of course, we children all went to school when the time came. I didn't start school until I was seven, and the usual thing happened - I finished two grades the first year. I remember the third grade was a bit difficult, and perhaps it would have been better if I hadn't done two years in one. At any rate, I loved school. The first year the first and second grades were taught in a little church west of Blomgren's store. We had to cross the creek to get there. It was fun playing in the water. One day a little girl named Lily came to school in a dirty dress. Theresa ran home for a bar of Lenox soap. We took her to the creek and washed her dress. Don't think it was very dry when the bell rang! That school was 1 3/4 mile from home. Many times we sat down by the roadside to rest. We lifted up our dresses to compare panties. I usually did, for I had crocheted lace or embroidery on mine.

One day when mother was washing clothes on the washboard she took my dress off a hook in the kitchen and threw it into the tub. A snake stuck its head and fangs out at mother. I must have carried that snake home in my dress somehow. Vera Gesellius heard the story. The next day she thought she felt something crawling. She grabbed the front of her dress tightly, thinking she was hanging onto a snake, and ran home crying all the way. It was all her imagination! Vera was such a little "lady" and could wear the same dress all week if she chose to. My mother gave me a clean dress almost every day, and I would come home a mess. I heard a hundred times, "Vera can wear a dress a whole week, and you look like a pig every day." Guess I was a real tom boy.

The second year I went to the regular school at Spring Vale which was half a mile closer. Morris started school there. Then the Oxbow School was built only a mile from home. That is where Hazel and Rachel spent their grade school years. I finished there in 1909.

I wanted to go to Maplewood Academy, but Betty Iverson, who was teaching there at the time, thought I was too young to leave home and live in a dormitory. I was

determined to go to school and gave the folks no peace day or night. So it was decided that I should stay with the Larson family, where mother and dad were married in Minneapolis, and attend Minnesota College, a Lutheran school. In three years I had finished their normal course and was ready to teach. I graduated in the spring of 1912 and went back home to help on the farm.

One day I helped plant potatoes in the rain and then fed the planters without changing into dry clothing. As a result I had a real case of pneumonia and wasn't able to do much that summer. I was only seventeen, so my folks thought it best for me to stay home for a year before teaching. It was a happy year, associating with neighborhood young people, but remembering that I was a Christian, for I had given my heart to God and was baptized at camp meeting in Hutchinson the spring of 1910 by a Swedish worker named John Anderson. My relationship to my Lord was very important.

Often we would go to a school program or a spell down. We always walked, often in groups. The weather was no problem. We dressed warm and had a good time. Although I was seventeen, I always asked my parents permission to go. There was to be a party at Agnes Coleman's on a Friday night. When I asked mother she said, "No. You know it will be a worldly party, but go ask dad." I did. Dad said, "You are old enough to make your own decision. Do you think the Lord wants you to go?" I didn't go, and when I heard what the party was like, I was glad I hadn't gone. Young men came to see me, but the family was always around, and I crocheted. No necking to be sure. Sometimes we played dominoes. Often we just talked.

When summer came I applied for a job teaching. I was accepted in Day County, South Dakota, and was to begin the second week of September but then tragedy struck.

### THE TRAGEDY

The telephone rang. "Bina, how would you like to go with me to visit the Mattsons in Webster? We haven't been there for sometime." Anna Mattson was Mrs. Laman's sister, and Andrew Mattson was my father's brother.

"Oh, I'd like to, but I can't; I have too much to do. We plan to thrash, and we have much to do before Geneva goes away to teach. But I'll ask Louie."

When she asked dad, he was all for her going. He felt she needed the vacation and should take it while I was home to care for the house and take mother's place in general. Sure, we all thought she should go. "Will you promise that you won't thrash until I come back?"

Dad said, "I promise." She replied, "But I don't feel I should go. I'm afraid something will happen while I'm gone."

"What do you think can happen? We'll take care of everything and you just go and have a nice time." I felt she had a vacation coming.

We got so many admonitions before she left: Do this and don't do that; keep the rain barrels covered so no one will fall in, etc. Finally on Thursday morning mother rode with the Lamans to Webster, Wisconsin to visit Uncle Andrew and Aunt Anna.

Sunday morning the phone rang. It was mother calling from Minneapolis.



"Where are you, mother?"

"I'm in Minneapolis at Laura's. How are you all?"

"We are fine - the chickens, cows, kids and all."

"How is Dad?"

"He's fine. He's at the table. We are just ready to eat breakfast."

"I was so worried I just couldn't stay any longer, so Uncle Andrew took me to the depot. I took the train early this morning."

"Mother, we are fine and you just stay at Laura's for a few days and enjoy yourself. We will be fine."

We sat down to eat breakfast. There were five of us: Dad, Hazel, Rachel, Edna O'Brien, and me. Edna and Frank O'Brien were with us for the summer. Morris and Frank had gone to Maplewood Academy for the week-end. Frank was going back to school, and Morris went with him to see if he would like to go to school there too. We had just started to eat when a bird flew against the window pane and fell back dead. Dad spoke up, "This is the seventh of September, isn't it? Just fifteen years ago my father passed away. Do you remember how a bird flew against the window that morning?" We sat in silence for a few seconds.

Breakfast over, dad took a gadget that had come in the mail the day before and went up to the steam engine parked near the hay mow. He repaired the ailing part and decided to see if it would work. A steam engine must have water to make steam. He hitched up the horses to the water tank which had been placed on the big farm wagon. At the east side of our farm was a road through a low land. There was a ditch on each side of the road that ended near the little hill. He planned to pump water from the ditch into the water tank. He drove as far as the little hill and decided to turn. He backed the wagon into the tall grass by the side of the road. He didn't see the stump, nor that the ditch was so close. One wheel went on the stump and the opposite wheel into the ditch. The wagon over-turned with dad under the heavy tank.

The horses were frightened and somehow the eveners came loose. They came running and would have turned into our yard, but Rachel gave a terrible scream and frightened them still more. They ran onto the next neighbor's.

I told Hazel to go and see how Dad was while I got the horses. I had the horses under control and drove them with me to find out what had happened. Poor Hazel had found dad under the tank dead, and she couldn't move anything. She ran to Emil Anderson for help. As I came from the west, they came from the east, and together we went to the scene of the accident. Father was dead from a broken neck. We lifted the tank and stood there helpless.

Neighbors came to help and brought dad to the house. We called the undertaker. He came out and cared for the body right in the bedroom, and placed him in a casket.

But we must tell mother. We phoned Laura. Yes, mother was there. When she came to the phone I tried to break the news gently. "Mother, dad." I got no further. "Dad is dead," she screamed. It was true! She came home on the next

train.

Funeral arrangements had to be made. Uncle Otto came as soon as he could to help her. Dad was laid to rest beside his mother and father in the little Adventist cemetery six miles away. The funeral train consisted of wagons and surreys. The casket rode in a light wagon.

Mother at the age of fifty was left alone with her four children. It wasn't easy. What should she do? I must go to fill my teaching position. The beginning of school had been postponed two weeks. Leaving home at that time wasn't easy for me either. And poor Morris walked around in a daze. He just could not understand!

Mother had a letter of sympathy from the Woodburns. How could they be of some help to the family? They would like to adopt one of the children, preferably Hazel. Mother asked Hazel if she would like to live with the Woodburns where she would have nice clothes, good food, beautiful home, and even love, for they were lovely folk. But Hazel chose to live with the family. She was twelve years old and good help, both on the farm and in the house.

Morris was through the elementary school. With dad gone mother felt she couldn't afford to send him to Maplewood Academy. She knew later that was a mistake. We had a colt raised on the farm named Fanny. Dad had bought her a new harness and a one-seated top buggy. In those days that was as good as a convertible. He was very proud of his horse and buggy and started going out with the neighborhood young people. Morris was a bright boy and the life of the party. He began smoking and taking an occasional drink. He would come home late and sleep in the morning. The girls helped as they could before going to school, but mother was left with the feeding of the cattle, cleaning the barn, milking, etc. He would get up after awhile, often to get ready to go out again. This worried mother. With dad gone, she couldn't do much with Morris.

I was far from home living in a farm house in South Dakota. My room had no heat, but I stayed with the family until bedtime and then took a warm flat iron to bed with me. My school was just a short distance away from where I lived. Had a stove and coal for heat. We were quite comfortable. I put in full time, making the school a success, so didn't get too lonesome.

In April I received a card telling me that mother had had a stroke. That worried me, but she seemed to be coming out of it quite well. Then came another message - she had had a second stroke. I felt I must go home to care for her, so asked the School Board to release me from the one month left of school. We found a teacher and I started for home. I had been instructed by mother not to carry much money. I pinned my savings of \$90.00 to my underclothing and started for home.

On the way a man came and sat with me, carrying on a conversation. He told me he was on his way east, but when we got to Minneapolis he insisted on getting off with me and carrying my suitcase. It was about 10 P.M. I must go to another depot to catch the train that went to Cambridge, arriving at 2:30 A.M. When I told him I was going to the Union Depot, he wanted to take me out somewhere first. I wasn't interested. Then he suggested that we walk. I was acquainted with the city and knew that was not a safe part of town. We boarded a street car and reached the Union Station. He was still carrying my suitcase. How could I get rid of him? I phoned home. I told them to be sure to be at the station in Cambridge on time. Couldn't tell them why, for he was listening. I had over an

hour to wait for my train. He couldn't talk me into leaving my seat, and after awhile he got discouraged and left me sitting, waiting for my train. I still was frightened, and wasn't sure that I was safe. Morris was there to meet me in Cambridge, and after a six mile ride, I was home with mother.

Mother was ill, but able to sit up part of the time. We feared another stroke, but thank God she recovered. It took time, but she learned to walk, got the use of her arm again, and by summer she was working some. I was the farmer. Morris tinkered with a couple old cars. In fact, he made one car out of two. He got some good experience, and before long he hired out to an auto repair shop. He did that work for years.

Dad had planned to build a new house, and had been sawing lumber for that purpose. However, mother felt it would be better to build a new barn first, so she hired a carpenter and a new barn was built on a knoll west of the house. New maple floors were put in the house. It was painted and papered, and was very livable.

I taught three years at Bradford in a two-room school. The first two years I had grades 1-3, and the last year 4-8. Had 42 pupils the last year there.

Hazel finished the eighth grade after I had been in Bradford two years. I tried to tell mother she should go to one of our Christian schools. But how could mother get along without her? I promised to pay her tuition, but she was mother's best help. I kept mother awake all night to plead with her. I had seen Morris going down hill, and I just couldn't have that happen to Hazel! Finally she consented, but thought me really hard-hearted.

Just then Elder Lund came to the Grandy church. A school at Broadview, Illinois had recently been started. He thought that was just the place for Hazel. He was going to Chicago and would like to take Hazel with him. I thought it was a good idea, but after all Hazel had to make the final decision. Should she go to Maplewood or Broadview? - that was the question. It wasn't decided when she went out to plow in the morning, and we were to let Elder Lund know by eleven o'clock. He phoned and I said she would go to Broadview. When she came in, the first thing she asked was if Elder Lund had called. I said, "Yes." "What did you tell him?" "That you would go to Broadview, ok?" "You will have to give me a fountain pen for that." I did, and the next morning her trunk was packed and she was on her way to Broadview, where she spent many years. She finished academy, college, married Harvey Philbrick, and worked there as matron for some time. They lived in Canada for a number of years, teaching at C.U.C. Later they did pastoral work in Canada and in the Greater New York Conference. Now they are retired, living in Florida.

I was asked to teach our home school. Enjoyed that so much. I stayed home with mother and Rachel. Uncle Pete and Aunt Maggie spent the winter with us. I received my board free in exchange for paying Hazel's tuition. I also paid tuition for Oliver Olson. At \$60.00 per month, there wasn't much left.

Elder Hiatt, the Educational Superintendent of our Conference, had been anxious to have me teach church school. It was a hard decision to make. Rachel, who went to school with me, was a real help. She cleaned the school room while I prepared lessons for the next day. I paid her 5 cents a day. They raised my wages to \$80.00 a month, but I prayed about it, and was impressed to take the St. Paul church school. Uncle Pete assumed Hazel's tuition. While in St. Paul, I visited Broadview and decided to take the college course the following year. I had no

money. I worked on the farm that summer as usual. Hazel canvassed and made a scholarship. I had two acres of potatoes, but it rained so much, most of them were drowned. The potatoes netted me \$35.00. The train fare was \$17.00. I registered, got a job, and worked while going to school. The next year I canvassed and Hazel farmed. I earned two scholarships so we both went to school, and made ends meet by sewing for the girls and ironing in LaGrange once a week at 50c an hour.

While attending school I met August, and we were married June 1, 1921. Could fill this book with more recent "Tales" - but that is not for now. We have been married almost fifty-five years. They have been happy years. We love our children and grandchildren - even great grandchildren - and pray that we may all love our Lord and spend eternity with our blessed Jesus.

Mother stayed by the farm for many years. Rachel was only nine when our father passed away, but she did what she could. Geneva and Hazel were home during the summer. Morris left the farm and did mechanical work near home, and later around Chicago. Much of the time he was working for Reuben and Arthur Hanson.

About 1915 Carl Sundin came to live with us. He was younger than Rachel, so he became the baby of the family and got the candy bag mother brought home when she went shopping. Carl's mother was ill, convalescing from T.B. He felt right at home, and he too did what he could to help. One day he was weeding the pumpkin patch, leaning on his hoe. Mother watching from the kitchen said, "Carl really is lazy. I'm afraid he won't amount to much." I always stuck up for him and said, "You wait and see. He won't always be weeding."

His mother got well and he went back to live with his family. He attended Adventist schools and decided to be a minister. He married Laura Carlson, and they went to Sweden to brush up on their Swedish, for they planned to work for the Swedes in America. When they came back they were sent to Duluth, where they preached in the little Swedish church, but also served the English church. English was his mother tongue and much easier for him to use. He did very well wherever he worked. He was district leader, conference president, and then taken on by the General Conference. He has given many years to the Adventist ministry, and they plan to retire next year in California. We still think of him as one of the family. He used to come to visit mother real often while she was alive.

Rachel came to the age when it would be good for her to go away to our boarding school. I tried hard to talk mother into letting her go, and it may have worked out, but Rachel didn't want to go. She would rather do farm work, and mother did need her help.

Brother and Sister East lived next door. A grandson, Alphonse, used to come to visit them. He met Rachel and spent much time in the Mattson home. He helped with the chores and felt right at home. In March, 1924, he did make it his home by marrying Rachel. Mother turned the managing of the farm and the milking over to them. They rented the place for half of the milk check, and other cash that came in. Mother paid the taxes, repairs, telephone, etc. Babies were born and mother spent much time keeping her foot on the buggy while she knit and mended. For exercise she washed dishes. She had a full time job.

The children grew and grandma was an important part of the family. When we (Geneva and August) brought our family and came home to the farm for the holidays, it was really a full house and we had such a happy time.

In 1936 we (Geneva and August) moved to New York. Hazel and Harvey lived in Canada now. Harvey taught at Canadian Junior College for several years; then entered the ministry. We always planned it so that mother could visit us and Hazel at least once a year. Mother traveled by train to New York for awhile, but then she felt she should have someone with her. Clinton often went to spend the summer on the farm. We would take our vacation in Minnesota and bring them back with us. Mother couldn't stand the cold winters with the facilities they had on the farm.

The last twelve years of her life she lived with us. She was content and happy. She loved the church, her grandchildren and friends. Her hands were always busy. She crocheted using No. 100 thread around handkerchiefs that she gave away; some to dignitaries, such as, Mrs. Eisenhower, Bess Truman, Mrs. Youngdahl, the Queen of England, and the Crown Princess of Sweden. She received letters and pictures from these folk. She pieced many quilts and kept busy all the time.

She loved to go with us on trips and never got tired riding. When thirsty she would say, "August, how about a root beer?" She loved root beer and she knew August was always ready to cooperate, for he likes it too. August was always good to his mother-in-law. Not once do I remember any unkind words spoken between them. We all loved mother and were happy to make our home her home. Every summer except the last we took a trip to Minnesota to visit Rachel's family and the old farm she loved. The farm was finally given to Rachel who paid the rest of us our share. Rachel has ten children, and they all live nearby. They come home often, and are very good to her. Alphonse passed away, but she still lives in the house originally built with logs in 1872.

In the fall of 1956 mother spent sometime with Hazel and Harvey in Chatham, Canada. Thanksgiving we were all invited to have dinner with Don and Vad in Cortland. Mother wasn't feeling well. She had a bad cold and felt under the weather. She went home with us and came down with pneumonia. Our doctor came to see her and soon she improved. However, she was very weak and often she had a gall bladder attack. She had to take medication that sometimes made her confused. Normally she was very alert and sharp.

The children came home for Christmas, and on Christmas Eve two men carried her downstairs so she could enjoy the tree and gifts. She enjoyed the evening, but was too weak to stay up very long. We were all glad to have had her with us. She seemed to be getting weaker, and she again suffered a gall bladder attack. Don and Vad came to see her often, and Don said he dared not give her stronger medication. When the attack was over it left her still weaker. I was with her day and night, and was getting very tired. I phoned Hazel on Saturday evening, January 5th. She was fighting a cold, but took the next train and came on Sunday. Mother was glad to see her, but sensed the reason for her coming. Don and Vad came too and stayed all night. Mother was delirious and "crocheted" all night. I would cover her arms up, but she would throw the covers off and go through the motions of crocheting as though she was really doing it.

Monday morning as I was going to give her a bath, she refused to let me bathe her for she thought she saw some men in the corner of our room watching us. I opened the door and ordered them out. Then she was willing to proceed. She was able to sit on the edge of the bed and put her feet in the water. During the day she got worse, and by evening, she was spitting a dark substance. We called the doctor and he said there was an obstruction of the bowel, ordered her to the hospital. She had refused to go to the hospital before, but now she was so sick,

she consented when I promised not to leave her. When we got there, the nurse removed her clothes and put a hospital gown on her. Then she asked me to leave. She was going to give mother an enema. I obeyed; wish I hadn't. Hazel and I sat outside the door to be as close as we could. Soon an intern rushed by. We were told she was gone. How I wished I had kept my promise, but it was too late. Mother could never sleep on her left side because of her heart. The nurse had put her on the left side and she went out like a light. She had breathed her last.

The funeral was held Wednesday evening at the little white Seventh-day Adventist church in Schenectady, and the next morning she was laid to rest in the Park View Cemetery to await the call of the Lifegiver. In a short time, we will meet again if faithful. She was the last one of her family of eight to go, only three weeks short of being ninety-four years old. She had lived a long life consisting of hard work, but she was always happy and thankful for the help of the Lord. Her influence for good can yet be seen. God bless her memory.

### A STRANGE HAPPENING

It was a quiet Sabbath afternoon. Mother saw a man walking down the road. He stopped at our gate, and looked around as though he was uncertain what he ought to do. Then he opened the gate and came toward the house. Mother didn't know the man, but he was invited in. He asked if he might stay all night. That wasn't unusual, for many way-faring folks stopped for the night at our home. The neighbors would tell them to go to Mattsons for we had room.

In the course of the conversation that evening, he told us the Lord had sent him to our house. "You are having a hard time," he said. "Your cows have aborted, your horses are sick, and your baby has been sick for some time. Witchcraft has been used here. Someone is jealous of you and has cast a bad spell upon you."

Neither mother nor dad believed in anything that gruesome. He went on to describe the situation. Morris, the baby, was about a year old and he had been sick most of his life. He spent much of his time in a swing the folks had made that was suspended from a hook in the ceiling. In that swing was a thin pillow on which he slept. "Open that pillow," suggested the stranger. That was done and the good feathers that had been used in it had turned to dust. He suggested that we keep it until the next day.

In the morning they went out to the barn. True the horses were ill. The cows had cast their calves. One had died. The sheep and the chickens were all right. He asked for a shovel and dug in the empty manger. There he found a sack. He opened it. There were bones - human, cow, horse, etc. Muna said, "Oh, that is right under where I pray since the cow died."

"I will do something for you," said the stranger. "I will put some pegs in the doors so if anyone ever enters, with a curse such as this he will die."

Then he asked what we wanted him to do with the bag he had dug out. "You can bring it to the man who had it put here; you can throw it in the air to fall on someone at random; or you can burn it."

"Burn it!" they all agreed. Dad made a fire in the blacksmith shop. They got the baby pillow and the sack of bones, and burned them all.

They asked what they were owing him for his kindness. "I know the young

folks have very little, but the old man here has money in a can in the wheat bin. He can give me what he thinks I'm worth."

The baby grew healthy, the cows and the horses recovered, and all was well again.

Believe it or not, but it happened at the old farm many years ago.

**The End**