

EVELYN BLANCHE ANDERSON FRANCOUR

Stephenson Michigan

I was born February 22, 1917. ~~I was born~~ at home with Dr. Sawbridge. Our address was Stephenson, Michigan. It was on what we called the "new farm". My family once lived on a farm in Palestine, Michigan - near mother's parents. That was called the "old farm". Our neighbors were the Bastians, who lived across the road. Joe & Pete (LaPoints), and the Savinskis were also our neighbors.

We had many friends around the church area. I remember a few names: Gidloffs, Vickanders, Malmstens, Gustafsons. We often went to their homes for dinner after church. We went every Sunday (in a sleigh in winter) to the Swedish Mission Church. It was in Swedish. The area was a Scandinavian settlement. My mother and Goldie, ^{oldest sister,} ~~(my sister)~~ could understand Swedish. When the minister said "amen" I was glad it was time to go to someone's house for dinner. Poor Lorraine, Carmon and I hadn't understood a word ^{of the service} because my parents never spoke to us in their native tongues. I wish they had. They only spoke in their native tongue when they didn't want us to know what they were talking about. The both spoke good English - no accent.

I had a happy childhood. My parents were very caring. I don't remember a lot of hugs and kisses, but they were good to us. I don't remember ever being spanked -- only once. When we were living in Minnesota, my mother told me to come right home from school. I stayed to watch the boys practice basketball or something or other. My mother met me on the front screened-in porch and I got the strap around my legs. I was probably a freshman in high school then. Imagine!! We all honored our parents in those days.

Our friends were usually our brothers and sisters. Once in a while we would go ^{to} our neighbors or they'd come to play with us. But 1/2 to one mile is a long way ~~to~~ hike to play.

(Alexandria Minnesota)

In "Alex" I had a lot of friends. Can't remember their names, but we played a lot of outdoor games: Run Sheep Run; Last Couple Out; Hide and Seek; King of the Mountain; Hop Scotch; and Tag. As we got older we played Spin the Bottle, Basketball, etc. We always had fun. We often made our own toys. PUSH THE WHEEL - Chet made this on the farm. Someone would push the small log and the sled would go around the small log very fast. Small log connected to the upright log and the sled. They would ice the ground.

The girls in our family never milked cows or worked in the fields. My mother said that was men's work. Except my sister Lorraine. She'd race to beat the boys milking. Naturally she was "papa's little yenta". She was the only one that got a new bike. I guess she deserved it. We did pull mustard out of the oat field. It would burn our arms. Once my brother Carmon was running or playing in the oat field. That made my father angry. He started chasing Carmon and they ran around a lilac bush. I it ended up everyone ^{was} laughing because he never caught Carmon. I remember another time my brother Chester drove our car in the ditch when he was going too fast around the end of the road. He stood behind my mother scared to death. My dad took a team of horses and pulled it out - no punishment.

On the farm we'd watch the cars go by and count the black Fords or Chevies. Those were the only cars on our dirt road. If there were others, I didn't know them. In winter the sleighs and cutters would go by. We'd hitch our sleds to one of them and ride into

town. We'd have to hang on with our hands, flap down on our sleds and ride into town. Then we'd hitch a ride home. We lived a mile from town. We read books and played OLD MAID. If we ever fought, Mother would say, "I'll throw those in the stove if you fight." I'm sure we immediately became quiet because goodness knows when we'd get another deck. Dad loved to have his back scratched. I'd do it and he'd give me a penny.

I remember in the winter putting on our nightgowns around the big "pot belly" stove and then run upstairs and jump into bed. It was cold up there, but mother used to heat irons on the stove to put in our bed -- on really cold nights. Sometimes that pot-bellied stove would get red hot. Then dad would "bank" it for the night. It's a wonder our home never burned. I guess God answered prayers. My mother was a devout Christian.

I suppose I did my homework after supper. Before supper we had simple chores to do: carry in wood and water. We had a pump outside the door. One winter day, Carmon put his tongue on the handle and couldn't pull it off. I'll bet that caused some consternation before mother got it off - I suppose with warm water. We used to have an outside entrance to our upstairs. One time Dad took it off and hung it on the side of the barn - the steps that is. One summer day, the house was all cleaned, Bertha was home visiting before her marriage and she was finally able to sit and read a book. ~~When~~ I came running into the house telling her Carmon fell off the discarded steps ^{from the} stones that were hauled from the field. That book went flying ^{up} across the room as we ran to Carmon. No one went to a doctor. Bert just cleaned and wrapped the gash. It was deep. He took the scar to his grave, but no broken bones.

In fact, none of the us had broken any bones. Lorraine sprained an ankle in Marinette. I stayed up for hours pulling her toes to ease the pain and she went to sleep.

In the evenings we had lamps to light our home. I remember when we acquired our Aladdin Lamp. What a joy!! What light! The whole room lit up - almost like electricity. We were all so pleased and ~~don't~~^{didn't} anyone touch the bags from which the light came. If you did, the bags would crumble. I think we used kerosene ~~it~~ⁱⁿ, and pumped it up every night. How we loved that lamp. Can you imagine our delight?^{camp} Going from a dim lamp to an Aladdin that ~~lighted~~^{lit} up the whole room with a lovely white light.

We spent weekends like any other day - except Sundays.

Carmen played the piano by ear. I took piano lessons for 2 years. I was just getting good when I started ~~Teachers~~^{Teacher} Training. That ended piano. Oh how I wished I continued! At Payne School years later, I learned to play the electric guitar by myself. I guess I had an ear for music. I also composed a simple piano tune. I played & sang with Ila Ihde in many many places - school, community clubs, etc. Of course all free. We were in several W.L.S. Shows. Once we were asked to go to Chicago and sing over the radio. Didn't make it big.

We had a vegetable cellar beneath our farm house. We buried carrots, beets and potatoes in the earth. We had fresh foods in winter, too. I think we ate good. We bought peanut butter and jelly ~~in~~ⁱⁿ gallon pails. I don't imagine we bought those very often. We also bought lard that way. The pails were used for lunch pails when we went to school. One day Chester was down getting something for mother to cook. Lorraine had a be-be gun in her hand. While Chet was bending over Lorraine decided to shoot him in the rear. I can still hear her yelling "Ma! Ma!" as Chet chased her into the house. (We had to go outside to get inside.) I don't remember how the incident ended, but I'll bet Lorraine got a spanking.

We didn't have radios or T.V. when I was young. We did have a gramophone (victrola). I'm sure we listened to the tunes that were popular at the time. We also had an organ. No one played it. I guess Olive took a few lessons, but she accomplished less than I did. How I wish I had that organ and other pieces of furniture from the farm house. After Dad died no one went back to take any of it. How sad. Now I could have given it to my children. When we had a radio in "Alex", I don't think we listened to music. We listed to Amos and Andy. The shadow knows, Fibber McGee and Molly, etc. and political talks.

My mother took Good Housekeeping, Better Homes & Garden, Saturday Evening Post, Liberty and Redbook were some I remember being around the house. My dad read the Swedish paper. My mother read novels. Some of our names she "picked up" in novels. I don't remember any of the titles, except "Uncle Tom's Cabin". She read to us Little Women, Huckleberry Finn, Treasure Island, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, etc. I think she read to us through elementary years. The last book she read to us (if I remember correctly) was Black Beauty.

We had a lot of dogs. I remember one called Fanny. I can't remember why (she wasn't vicious), but Chet had to shoot her. Then we had a dog much like Fanny in "Alex". Mother brought her to Marinette when we moved there. I don't remember what happened to her. We had one on Houston Street. She wouldn't let anyone in the yard. We had to pick up our mail. We finally gave her to a man who wanted a good watchdog. He was a guard someplace. I don't even remember her (him?) name.

I don't think I ever went to a movie. They were a sin. Mother said, "going to the movies supported the sinful people." So in high school I went to movies. You know all the old stars - Betty Davis,

Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Crawford, Rudolph Valentino, Marx Brothers, Laurel and Hardy, Lou Ayres, Ralph Bellamy, Jeanette McDonald, Nelson Edie, etc. I liked them all. Every Sat. afternoon we went to "Serials". We couldn't wait to see what would happen next week. I remember when Chet was 16 years old, Dad let him take our good team of horses and went to work at a dam being built.

We went on a picnic once by car. I think it was to see Chet and the horses. While on the farm we went to Marinette to "big" shopping. I remember Dad bought Carmon a very nice winter jacket. My mother was angry because he spent so much on Carmon and nothing on the rest of us. Lorraine got a new bike because she was papa's little yenta (Papa's little girl). She earned it. She milked the cows and always wanted to beat the boys. No one else ever got a bike. Lorraine and I received the most beautiful dolls - about third grade. We took them to "Alex". Lorraine sewed beautiful clothes for her doll - more a little hobby now. Mother took our dolls to Marinette, but not my reed buggy. She kept it until Sandy was about 2 years old. I took it out of the store room shed and put it on the back steps. Sandy saw it picked it and dropped it. I couldn't blame her, but I cried. I had that beautiful blond-haired china doll for about 20 years. I was heart broken. No more doll to leave to my daughter.

We never had family reunions as a child. It wasn't until we were all grown and married that we had Christmas Eve at Mother's house for several years. They were big affairs. 25 or 30 each year and everyone gave gifts to everyone. Can you imagine the gifts around the Christmas Tree? They practically covered the living room floor. Then we decided to draw 2 names for a couple of years. When mother died that ended that. Then just we girls exchanged gifts until about 1970. By then Goldie was getting too old and Bert and Olive were disinterested. So Lorraine and I went

along with it. It made me sort of sad. Our closeness was sort of lost. For many years the Cobes, the Reiters, and the Francours went to Chicago (Bert & Ed's) for Thanksgiving. Olive and Al were upstairs in their apartment building. Then everyone came to our place on Monterey Court for Christmas Eve. Lorraine, Diane and Mother came a couple of times. We ate on the ping pong table in the basement. The children ate on card tables. Oh yes, Goldie and Eunice were always there - most welcomed. Eunice, Al, Ed and Bill would play pinnacle by the hours. What fun we all had. There were no "characters" in our family. We were just average, hard-working, trying-to-get-along People. No one lived with us, except if you want to consider Eunice. She and Goldie met in their 30's, I would guess. They never held hands or hugged each other. They had separate bedrooms. I think they were just very good friends. Lesbians-I doubt it. Eunice almost left her about 1938 to marry, but changed her mind. Eunice was an artist - most sculptures

MY FATHER **Isaac Anderson**

My father was born ISAAC ANDERSON in Sundsvall, Sweden on March 12, 1869. he died on the "new farm" in Stephenson, Michigan December 18, 1933 at the age of 64 years.

Isaac came to America alone in 1891 at the age of 22 years. He settled first in Pennsylvania; then Racine, Wisconsin, next Cedar River, Michigan and finally in Palestine, Michigan. He met my mother in Racine. From Racine they moved to Cedar River, Michigan. I know nothing of him until he and my mother lived in Cedar River. 7 children (Goldie, Godfrey, Bennie, Bertha, Clarence, Olive and Chet) were born in Cedar River, but I don't know how long they lived there. Mother did laundry for the sailors. She would tell about the stiff collars she ironed. Dad

worked in the lumber yards and saw mills. They did a lot of lumbering in that area. Dad became a citizen in 1893. Dad probably went to Palestine with Geodloff (?) and Vicklanders. Dad probably met mother at church in Palestine, as she was living there then too on a farm.

Isaac's parents were Andrew and Olivia Anderson. Andrew was married twice. That's all I know of them. I don't know anything about Isaac's childhood. I only know his dad, Andrew, must have been in politics, because men used to meet in his home. Isaac always said our home, dishes, silverware, etc. were nothing compared to his home. He said his father never worked (physically) a day in his life. If they were so well off you wonder why he came to America - Adventuresome??

I only lived with my father for 11 years when Ma, Chester, Lorraine, Carmon and I moved to Alexandria Minnesota to take care of Agnes (Axel's first wife). I don't remember what happened to Harvey. I know he came to Alexandria to bring Carmon and Ma to Marinette.

In Alexandria, we went to the Covenant Church. There is where I learned about my bible and religion. We memorized bible verses and portions of the bible. I remember one of the teachers saying "she couldn't wait to die, so she would know what heaven was like." That greatly impressed me and had a lot to do with my feelings about religion. Mother was very religious, but never taught us very much about the bible. She was a wonderful mother, but she left the bible teachings to Sunday School. When we moved to Marinette I went to the Baptist Church. I don't know why, because Bensons and Anderson lived in Menominee. Bensons were old friends of Mother and Dad. Mr. Benson was a fantastic minister (according to everyone). One day he left his family and became a casket salesman. I don't know if they ever

divorced. One time Hannah and Stanley and I went to see him somewhere. I can still smell the flowery place. They used to walk over that mile bridge plus land every Sunday and Wednesday. Mrs. Benson was very religious. No swearing, smoking, movies, dancing, etc --EVER!! You did nothing but go to church on Sundays - no radio, no sports, etc. Andersons had a church in Menominee. Sometimes I would go there. Bernice and Glenn Anderson & Bob Thorpe became good friends; just as Hannah & Glen Benson had been good friends. A few years later after Andersons moved to Minnesota, Bernice and Bob were married and became missionaries in Central America. Bob Thorpe stopped to see me at Oliver School one year. I don't know why he couldn't stay, but what an opportunity we missed finding out about each other's lives and families. I was married then and had Sandy and Chuck. One night a few of us went to a Salvation Army Revival. The Palermo Family was there. They were ^{from} Italy originally and they were impressive. There were 4 of them - singing and preaching & testifying. We were moved to go down to the altar. I had been baptized by immersion by Rev Fred Nelson about 1936. I felt this would add to my convictions. I don't think it change^d me much. I often wonder many of them do "take" as we see on T.V. It's often on emotional experience - the singing and all. If one lost soul is saved, it's worth it. Let's hope hundreds survive the test.

During college and the first few years of our marriage, I didn't go to church. That was "fun" time, not a time to think about your soul. We wouldn't die until old age.

Dad was a happy man. He loved his children and sang a lot. So did mother. My dad especially would sing Swedish songs. One was about a horse (I can say it, but not spell it). "See my horse, see his legs, head(?) and see the steps he takes". Mostly, mom and dad would sing hymns. Mother used to make sout soup - fruit soup. It was more like a sweet thick soup - corn starch thickened.

It was good. At Christmas time we had lute fisk. We bought the fish dry - hard and dry. Mother soaked it and then boiled it in a cream sauce. Loved limpa bread made with molasses. Mother baked a lot of bread and cinnamon rolls. She also fried bread on top of the stove. It was all good, but what a treat when we had store bread!! We seldom had oranges, bananas and other fruit. We did have our own apples and picked wild blueberries. Once we saw a large pine snake. Dad tried to kill it, but it got away. We kept right on picking blueberries, which mother canned. Mother canned vegetables, apples and blueberries. The blueberries were used mostly for Swedish pancakes. She also canned a lot of pork (from pigs we butchered). Oh yes! Another Swedish dish was called Cloob (sp)? It was thickened blood. It sounds awful, but with spices and milk and whatever, it was good fried (I think). Of course we had that only at butchering time. We all enjoyed it.

Dad drank heavily on occasions, but he went to church every Sunday. He was a farmer and a lumberman in winter. He owned forests. I remember Chet and Harvey peeling the bark off some of them. We grew sugar beets. My sister, Lorraine, cut the end of her finger badly when she was cutting off tops of oats and potatoes. We had a cellar and one day Lorraine shot Chet in the seat with be-be's. There was such yelling and running to my ma.

I only know of one sister that my father, Isaac, had. Olivia was born in 1870 and she married Adolph Wicklander, who was born in 1869. They had a son Axel, who came to America in 1905, at the age of 13 years. Isaac sponsored him. I don't remember the years, but he was in the Navy and when he discharged he went to Alexandria, Minnesota as a painter. Axel had a paint store. Chet worked for him for awhile. We moved there to take care of Agnes until she died, about 1928. He married Nora Thornburg and they had Ollie in 1930. We then moved to Marinette, Wisconsin.

In 1993 we went back to Alexandria. It was so different. We did find Noonan's house, the school and our house. Many houses and the church were torn down.

**My Mother
Amelia Brynildsen Anderson**

Amelia was born in Moss, Norway on October 15, 1874. She died at the age of 83 years in Marinette Hospital of just plain old age. She came to America when she was 5 years old. She says she remembers carrying a bird cage. I don't know why they came to America. Mother says her father, Bernard Brynildsen, was a captain on some ship.

They went to Pennsylvania first. I don't know how long they were there. Then they move to Racine, Wisconsin. The picture of Amelia was taken in Racine when she was probably 12 or 14 years old. I don't know when they moved to Palestine. They had several Scandinavian friends there. Perhaps they knew them before they moved. When Goldie grew up, she kept in touch with some relatives. Olive and Al and later Sandy and Michael went to see them. They were very rich.

Mother loved children. She was an only children and always said she wanted 12 children. She did have 12, but one was a miscarriage. One son, Godfrey, died in World War I. Bennie died at age 2. The remaining 9 lived to old age, with the exception of Carmen, who died in his 40's.

Grandma Brynildsen died there of T.B at the age of 51 years. Grandpa lived alone until he moved to Cleveland Ohio. He lived with his sister, Tia Holmes. He also had a sister Hannah Fredrickson. He died in Cleveland. Tia sent a trunk of his things

to us. I remember it was his old clothes and a uniform (probably his captain's). Mother was so angry, I think she threw it all out. Mother didn't tell me anything about her childhood and I (all of us) were too dumb to ask. I do know she went through the 6th grade and liked school. She loved to read. I think she read us books until we were in the 7th grade -- all kinds of books we would bring home from the library. I also remember mother saying her mother was a very good housekeeper and that her dad was very strict. About 1893 mother married dad because Goldie was born 1895.

Mother was very slim until we moved to Alex about 1927. She never worked in the fields or milked cows. I remember our home was nice and clean. She did a lot of canning (fruits, meats and vegetables). She also did a lot of baking - bread, cinnamon rolls, bread doughnuts. She would fry bread on the stove also. they were so good with jelly and peanut butter on them. We bought jelly and peanut butter in 2 quart pails. I remember Chester, Harvey, Lorraine, Carmon and me at home. She needed to cook a lot. I don't know if she was anything but a housewife. It's a shame I don't know anything about her youth.

I don't remember my family ever taking a vacation. I know she took Goldie and went to Cleveland to see her father once, but I don't remember when it was. She said he was not mean, just very strict.

We just found out recently that mother had a brother but it died at birth. I don't think mother knew about it, because she always said she was an only child. It died before mother was born. Mother (like dad) sang a lot. Dad mostly in Swedish and mother both English and Norwegian. She was a loving Christian mother. We went to church or Sunday School every Sunday until we married. Then the Army took me.

One summer, about 1940, I worked at White Cap making metal caps for jars. As I remember I worked from 8 am until 4 pm. it wasn't too difficult a job. It was a good experience working in a factory. I used the money for college.

I worked in Olive's Ice Cream Parlor one summer. She started an ice cream store. It was fun, but I gained 20 pounds. I lost it that winter. That was about 1940. It was a one summer experience. She said she broke even. Al made the ice cream. It was a good experience for too.

I lived in Marinette until we were married on June 3, 1942. I was 25 years old. I didn't teach again until Bill went overseas. I taught at Columbus School on Bay Shore Drive in Marinette Wisconsin - all 8 grades again, but I loved it.

In the Army, we lived in Camp Custer (where my brother Godfrey died); Fort Bragg (we had fun there in the Srgt. Club); Camp McCoy (Sandy was born there); Camp Breckenridge for one month with Sandy before Dad went overseas. Sandy was about 5 months old when Bill went overseas. H was gone a year and 9 months. When he came home Sandy was 2 years and 1 mo old. Of course, she didn't know her dad. She said, "He's not my dad. My dad's a soldier overseas". Lorraine took care of Sandy while we went to Green Bay for a few days vacation and to buy Bill some civilian clothes.

Bill wanted to go to college under the G.I. Bill, so he wrote to a few Universities. None would take us unless we had housing (a premium at that time). We didn't. We went to South Bend to see Olive and Al. While there Bill applied at N.D. again -- do you have housing? Olive and Al said we could stay with them and thanks be to god, he was admitted - majoring in business. He completed it in 3 years - going all year. He also worked at several

jobs - parking cars, & finally Mastic Asphalt. That was much better paying. then we were very lucky to find a place of our own at Southmore Heights. It was built as a housing project during the war. We lived there from 1946-1954. Chuck was born while living there. We knew he was musical when he kept perfect time to music while walking in his playpen at 2 years old. Bill built a big strong play yard for Chuck to play in outside. it almost filled the front yard. After bill graduated we bought our house on Monterey court. we lived there until Oct 1986. Then we bought our condo on Hampstead Ct. while living on Monterey court (& Bill had graduated from N.D.) he decided he wanted to be a dentist. He had encouragement from Olive, Al, me and friends. So we started over.

We settled in South Bend after the war. Colleges were full and we needed a place to live. Finally accepted at N.D. We lived with Olive and Al for a few months. Then we found our own place at Southmore Klinger St. Dad became a dentist, we bought a house on Monterrey Court. Lived there the longest. While Bill was going to colleges (9 years in all), I taught school at Oliver, Studebaker, Washington (Elementary, Perly & finished up at Darden. Darden was only a few blocks from home. I loved teaching school, but I decided to retire at age 60. The children were beginning to get too rowdy, as I saw the second graders. I had taught 3rd grade. I preferred 4th grade, but I liked 3rd grade too. Bill would come home weekends. That was something we were both happy he could do. One year Olive suggested I make doll clothes, which I did, and made enough to buy Christmas gifts. I made quite a few orders. I wonder how I did it all. I remember I made a bride outfit for a mother whose daughter just got married. I used the same satin material that was in her wedding gown. The mother was very pleased.

I was going to Goshen college to get my degree. I had one year to go when I got married. I was teaching school, sewing clothes for Sandy, keeping house, laundry, cooking and caring for 2 children. I worked hard, but so did Bill. He held down 2-3 jobs while going to Dental School at Northwestern in Chicago.

I took time off for babies.

While at Southmore, I became good friends with bob and Allie Rickel, Deward & Lucille Doub (he was principal of Monroe School and their daughter Diane "baby sat" while I went to Goshen college. al & Teresa Malling, Dean & Betty Argersinger. We are all still friends. We became better friends with Argersingers, Shirley & George Biggs, Betty & Marion Wetter. Then Argersingers moved to Kalamazoo to open a carpet store and the same year Biggs moved to Anderson to open a credit company. We missed them, but then we became extra good friends with the Wetters. Marion and Bill became good golf partners for many years, until they moved to Florida. While Biggs & Argersingers were still in South Bend, we were together at least once a month We'd go out to eat and played alot of Yatzee. A little bet on the side made the game a little more interesting. When Rickels moved to Victoria St. from southmore, we met Marynele & chuck Kern & Jeanette Mueller. That's when the "fish gang" started. bill had met charlie Guy at the office and at some dental meeting we met his wife Gerri. We became very good friends with them. Every Friday we'd go to Post 50 for fish and dance. Little by little others joined the group -- Kerns, Jeanette & Rickels. When charlie died, we didn't go there anymore. After meeting at someones house for appetizers and cocktails, we'd go to some restaurant - hostess choice. we do that to this day, along the way Maryann and don spencers joined the group. allie Rickel moved to Florida after Bob

died. Also picked Sykalys & argersingers. As of now 1997, there are 11. We had 12 but Gerri died in 1995. Part of our friends - Rickels, Jeanette & Dorothy Bickel & us took a teachers credit union trip to Europe. Our most fun trip.

About 1988 we bought our condo in Summer Square. It is now 1995. We also bought a manufactured home in Ft Myers, Florida. We liked both places. We have spent 7 months north and 5 months south. After this year we will be Florida residents. Now we won't have to pay a state tax or excise tax on our car. That will save us some money and help pay for living in Florida. We think of South Bend as our home city. It's a nice place. We have many activities we can attend - concerts, plays, tours, conventions (we always attend the plate convention), etc. There's always something going on. Besides I taught here for about 35 years and dad had his dentist office for 25 years. He was a very good dentist. When he had to retire because of arthritis, he received about 200 cards from his patients. I put most of them into a scrapbook. We had all the modern conveniences. We bought our first TV on Klinger St. We bought an Admiral from Clarence (my brother) because our kids were at the neighbors watching it. We didn't want to buy at first because we knew the children would stop reading books or play games anymore. It proved to be partially true, but they still like to read. We were happy about that. They joined reading programs during the summer vacation and read a lot of books. Sandy and Chuck shared a bedroom on Klinger St. We had only 2 bedrooms. You had your own rooms on Monterey Ct until Rob came along. Then he left his crib (in our room) and shared a room with Chuck until Chuck married in 1969.

When Bill and I settled in South Bend we started going to church again. Bill had changed from a Catholic and he's been satisfied in our churches.

My parents taught me to be kind to people and animals, never lie, obey the 10 commandments and love God and Christ, to be a good mother and wife, be clean - home, myself and family.

MY CHILDHOOD

While we were on the farm, we had a lot of fun. I remember Mary Bastian and I playing brides (using the flowering vines growing wild by the side of the road) as our veils. In winter we would ice the hill beside the barn and slide down it. Chet made sort of a merry-go-round by putting a sled on the end of the pole. Then we'd push it. Around we'd go. Sometimes we fell off, because it went so fast. We'd tease the goats and then run for the car parked on the lawn. Lucky we were never hurt. All of my brothers and sisters and parents births & deaths are in our family trees. I loved all my sisters and brothers. We were a close family. I suppose Lorraine was my favorite for many years, because she was home part of the time and we dated together - Lloyd & Walter Topel. Lorraine married Walter. Lucky me - married Bill Francour.

SCHOOLING

I went to Stephenson School from Kindergarten through 4th grade. Mrs. Wisener was my kindergarten teacher. I remember the little read chairs we'd sit in when she read us stories. I also remember the sandbox. That was the most fun. I often wonder how the floor felt. I think we took naps on mats. I loved school. I was always a good student. I loved to learn. The 2 classes I liked best "Ancient History" and the History of Wisconsin". I got the worst grades in history. I got a D in Ancient History in the fifth grade. I cried all the way home. In college I took History of Wisconsin. She was so interesting. I would listen so much that I'd forget to take notes and

get a C. I loved history. I still do. I like historically based novels and movies. I went to grammar school in Alexandria from 5th thru 8th grade. I liked shorthand, but I've forgotten all of it because I never used it.

The summer after graduation I went with my sister Bertha and her 2 sons (Kenny and Carmon) to the Indiana State Dunes Park outside of Chicago for a month or two. Edgar would come on the weekends. We all got brown and had lots of fun. We went picking blueberries. I met 3 guys that I had fun with. Sam? from Indianapolis, Indiana. He came to Chicago to see me once. I didn't encourage him. John? and Casmier or something like that. They were from the Chicago area. We just had fun swimming, dancing, hiking, lunching, etc.

Now it was time for plans for the rest of my life?? I knew I wanted to teach school. I was in no hurry to marry and have children. I had my large family and we had a lot of fun together. Everyone thought I'd get married before I graduated from High school to Lloyd Topel. Lloyd was my first real boyfriend. I don't remember how we met, but we both lived on Logan Avenue. My sister Lorraine went with his cousin, Walter (Wally). I went with Lloyd for about five years. He wasn't very romantic, but the four of us (Lorraine, Wally, Lloyd and I) had a lot of fun. Mother trusted us, so we had no curfew. I dated other guys, but I always went back to Lloyd. We did some hugging and a little kissing, but nothing beyond that. We went bowling a lot and to the movies. I started drinking Sloe Gins & smoking about now, which is 1939 when I went to college. So I fooled them all! We didn't get married.

At college I had a lot of boyfriends. Your dad was one of them.

I met Bill at a bowling banquet on April 8th, 1940. I went with John Yandt and Bill went with John's sister. I don't know what

attracted me to him. I just like^d him. He asked me for a date that evening. I invited him to my brother Chester's wedding dance. He^d fell asleep and when he awoke and saw the time, he said he never got dressed so fast in his whole life. He was in love. We dated for about a year before we became engaged. He proposed on September 8th, 1940 while we were at a picnic on Lake Winnebago. In October 1940 he gave me my cedar chest. In 1995 he refinished it. He picked out the rings the following Christmas - 1941. I think we borrowed \$300 from my brother Clarence to help pay for the rings. We soon paid it back.

My dad was dead at this time, but everyone in my family like^d Bill. My family and college friends said, "Marry Bill!!", which I did. His family liked me and have treated me like a sister. I liked his family and he liked mine. Lorraine and Bill got along great.

While Bill was going to O.C.S. (Officer candidate school) I dated guys at college. I wasn't Bill's yet, and I wasn't about to stay in my room and miss out on all the excitement of college. Caroline Kolista Sullivan and Ruth Munson were my best friends. All the girls (4 of us) at the house were special friends.

I told Bill about my dates; but not how serious some of the guys were. I didn't love any of them. Years later when he read my diary he was upset for awhile. He was the one I married and was faithful to so he settled down after a few weeks. I destroyed the diary, so now I can't write names & places and things I did for several years. I had professors, dentists, ministers pay me special attention. I didn't mean to flirt, but it was easy to get dates. I had boyfriends in Marinette, Menominee, Oshkosh, Chicago and the Dunes. I never lacked for dates. I remember one date especially in Chicago - a little Italian guy. He took me to the Chicago Morgue. That was some experience (Tony?). I wrote a theme on that

experiene and got an "A". I dated a couple of dozen men. Dated-yes, but never sex. I was saving myself for my husband and I'm glad I did.

I played basketball after school. I think it was called G.A.A. (Girl's Athletic Association). I was also in a drama Club in "Alex". I debated one year. I don't know why I didn't join more clubs. I guess I was having too much fun. We'd roller skate at rinks in summer and ice skate in winter.

My bestfriend in "Alex" was Irma. No, I never see her. My best friends in High School were Glays Topel, Irma-Mildred? Howard, Wally & Lloyd Tope, Donna DeTemple. I only see Donna and Gladys Topel and others at Class Reunions Wally and Lloyd are dead. My best friends in Stephenson Training School were Amanda Pinkowsky and Elvira. I see Amanda once in a while at class reunions and Elvira has died.

In my family, all the older girls and I graduated from high school. The boys did not. Chet went though 8th grade. Probably all the boys and Lorraine did not go to high shool.

Lorraine went to work in Milwaukee for a Jewish family. I have no idea how she got there. She worked hard before she went to Chicago and was a nanny to (I think) 3 Cox children. After straightening them out, everyone in the family learned to love Lolo. (One child named her that). When Diane (Lorraine's daughter) was born, Mrs. Cox sent her beautiful baby clothes. Poor dear couldn't wear them because of the ugly salve she had to use on her. Exzema. It was bad. Fish was awful. Of course she left Cox's to marry Wally. When Diane was born they sent the beutiful things, silks and satins.

Right out of High School (18 years old) I went to the Stephenson Training School to prepare for teaching. I went 2 years and started teachin at 20 years old in Payne School. It was a country school - teaching all 8 grades. No discipline problems. I stayed with Emil Ihde and paid \$15 a month to stay there. It was fun. I worked hard for \$60 a month. I was there for two years. On weekends I woud go home. Carmon would usually pick me up, as I didn't drive. When I was out at the State Graded School at Loomis, mother bought a new plymouth. I don't know where she got the money, but she did. That is where I learned to drive. Car^mon taught me. I drove home. Then i drove downtown. Can you believe mother let me drive downtown.

My next school was in Loomis and I taught grades 1-4. Ella Hollett Ames taught 4-8. We became good friends. I still see her in the nursing home in peshtigo -(1995)looks good.

I taught for about 35 years (off and on from 1937 to 1977). Now I receive a fantastic retirement check each month -- ha ha not enough, but that and social security helps us meet expenses and have a little fun, along with Bill's S.S. and Navy retirement.

I paid for my own eduction at Oshkosh State Teachers College for 2 years. I saved from salary and borrowed \$500 from Clarence, which Bill paid back. ha ha I don't remember what it cost to go to Training School - maybe nothing - at that time. I don't remember any money being paid. I completed 3 years of college. Then I got married to Bill Francour, who ws in the army. One doesn't concentrate on the fact that I might be a young widow. We were in love and decided to get married. Thank God all went well and he came home to me. We continued our happy life together. Several years later Van Wynsburgh encouraged me to get my degree. Every summer I was requ^{ir}ed to take a course or two because I didn't have my degree. So finally I went to Goshan

college at nights and took several classes during the winter months and finished my classes in summer school. I received my degree from Goshen College 1952 --happy day!! Bill was going to college too, so I had to teach, go to school, keep house, pay bills, sew clothes for Sandy, do laundry, study, etc. How did I do it?

~~I wanted~~ ^{knew} I wanted to be a teacher. We all lived in private homes. We had one room and shared cooking and bathroom areas.

Goldie, Bertha, and I became teachers. Goldie and I got our degrees. Bertha didn't get one. She only taught a few years before marrying Edgar. My older sisters and mother encouraged me to go to school and teach. I never regretted teaching as I loved teaching school.

My brothers went on to be successful. Chet and Clarence in the new and used car business and parts. Harvey in sales. Carmon died young. Olive was a waitress (but she didn't want any of her new friends to know. She was proud.) Lolo just did maid or child care work. She also worked at a knitting mill in Marinette and at Lloyds in Menominee. She had to quit as her back gave out.

I was reared by my parents until I was 11 years old. Then my mother took Chester, Lorraine, Carmon & me (not Harvey) to Alexandria to take care of Axel's wife, Agnes. I remember the doctor coming and tapping her stomach. her bedroom was the living room downstairs. When she died, Axel left. I don't know why we were allowed to live in the house.

OLLIE

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OLLIE

Axel married Nora (from a terrible home) and had Ollie Wicklander (a Swede). When Ollie was maybe a freshman, my sister Olive and, husband, Al took her from that "slum" and sort of felt she was their daughter after that. They were living in South Bend at the time - same as your mom and dad. When Ollie was a baby I remember wheeling her in my doll buggy. I was so sorry when mother didn't bring it to Marinette. She did bring my doll!! But darling Sandy dropped it on the back steps and broke in many pieces. I cried, but didn't blame her. She was probably 3 years old and I left it available. I'm just sorry she doesn't have my old beautiful blond haired doll.

OLIVE

Aunt Olive was my favorite from the time we moved to South Bend. Again we were together a lot so we became close. When she and Uncle Al got older and needed help they would write and ask us to come and help - make repairs, cook, shop for them, etc. We wouldn't take any money, but we were well rewarded after she came to live with us. She paid for 1/2 of the manufactured home in Ft. Myers and paid us \$1200 a month for caring for her. She developed cancer and all our fun plans were shot. We were included in her will - \$65,000. Most of it went to our children to get out of debt - school loans, bank loans, etc.

MARINETTE, WISCONSIN

About 1933 we moved to Marinette, Wisconsin. I don't know why, maybe because Clarence was living there and working in the Marinette Hotel.

We were there only a short while when my mother's Uncle Hans asked us to come and care for him. Aunt Mary had died and he was alone. I remember the night he died. There was a death odor. He had a stroke. He had given a few measly things to mother. To Lorraine he had given a Japanese tea set. His daughter Agnes? said we stole them. Mother was very angry and we left for Marinette (Logan Ave) again.

I had 8 months of my sophomore year at Menominee High School. I had my schooling from the 5th grade through my freshmen year in Alexandria. It was in "Alex" at the Covenant Church that I began to study and learn about the bible. When we moved to Marinette I went to the First Baptist Church. I suppose because of friends. Fred Nelson was the minister. His bible was well worn. He was so concerned about "lost souls" he would sometimes cry for them. Several years later when we were in South Bend, he wrote to us asking for money. I don't remember, but I hope I sent him something. We didn't have much either. Dad was going to N.D. and worked at the parking lot. Then he got a job at Mastio Asphalt - better pay!!

When we got married, Dad said he would turn Protestant. He hasn't been sorry. Since then we have been Methodist. Oh! We children went to the Methodist Church in Stephenson for awhile. I don't remember one thing about it. Back to Marinette. Uncle Chet (1994 still living) had a used cars & parts in Sauk Center, Minnesota. When he moved to Marinette he started the same successful business there. He had a huge fire. Even the cement block building collapsed. No insurance. A great loss, but he built a new place on Hall Avenue. As I am older, I wonder how we lived. Mother got \$53 a month from Godfrey's death. Dad must have sent money, and I suppose those that worked paid room and board. But after they married and left home, then what. Carmon and I didn't work. I never heard mother once complain about not

having money enough. She always said, "The Lord will provide". I guess he always did.

In 1935 I graduated from Marinette High School. I remember I had a long chiffon print dress. I suppose for the prom, but I have no idea who I went with. In winter we did a lot of ice skating on the ice by the library. I often went to the library. In "Alex" we went roller skating every Saturday afternoon. I'd get a blister on my inner right foot from making turns. By the next Saturday, it would be fine.. We also went swimming in Lake Geneva (?). We'd jump off a high tower. What a thrill! I never did learn to dive. I tried.

We'd play games right after supper. One night we were playing "Last Couple Out" and I accidentally ran into a fence. I got a big gash in my left cheek. I cried. Not that it hurt, but I thought I'd get blood poison in the cut and they would have to cut my head off. I probably was 11 years old. Imagine, such thoughts at that age. I don't think we had a car in "Alex". There was no body home to drive. Lolo was working in Milwaukee as a maid. I had a playhouse next to the garage. It was a very nice one. I'm sure I spent a lot of time playing in it. This is where mother left my buggy that I use to ride by doll and Ollie.

I write to Lars Wicklander in Sweden and he tells me the house we once lived in was built with help from my dad. He doesn't know anything about my Grandfather Anderson. I know my Grandfather Brynildsen was a "Salt Water Sea Captain".

My first little crush was on a boy in Alexandria. He had just returned from a reform school. (can you beat that?) However, he was a nice guy and several of us played in our yard. Margaret Erno was one. I don't remember the others. There were usually about 7 or 8 of us playing games. By 9 o'clock we had better be in

the house. We'd go to basketball games too. I never had any serious romances from 5th to 9th year in "Alex".

While in "Alex", Carmon was sent. He was never very robust. He would double (triple) date. He was with Sis, Lolo and me. I think in 1940 he married Sis. They had a boy named Kenny. He drowned. It was very sad. Then he went to Chicago to work. He lived with Olive and Al. After awhile, he moved back to Marinette and made trailers. He started getting bumps on his body. I guess the doctors in Marinette didn't know, so Sis and Lorraine took him to Mayo's Clinic. I guess he went through "hell" while he was there with tests and all. They said if he would stay and they could perform tests on him, he could stay a long time for nothing. He said, "No!" If Sis knew, she never told any of us what was ailing him. Then she told us it was cancer of the Lymph Glands. I wonder if Carmon ever knew. I must remember to ask her some day soon. As far as I know, he never suffered, he just got weaker and weaker through the years. He had it for several years.

In 1936 I graduated from Marinette County Normal and started teaching at age 19 (?) at Payne School. I stayed during the week with Emil Ihdes. It was nice and I worked very hard every night preparing for the next day. I had a gelatine pan to make many copies. I'd write on a piece of paper and transfer over to the gelatine. Then one at a time I'd make as many copies as I needed (5 or 6). The next day the gelatine would be clear and I'd start over. You could make any size copy from 3 or 4 inch to a full page. When I retired we had a machine that would crank off as many copies as one needed (25-100 or more). One wrote on a master copy and the carbon copy was used to make the copies. How times have changed. We always did have work books for most classes, which was a big help. I loved teaching school. I'd have taught for nothing, if one didn't need money to live. From an

8 grade school, I went to a State Graded School. I had only grades 1-4. How nice!!

We didn't see as many cars, R.V's, station wagons, etc. T.V., discs, airplanes, short skirts, malls, tapes, better movies (sound, etc not stories), new type telephones, so many many changes. I like watching our birds. When I look back at the changes in this world it is awesome. From lamps to electric light, T.V tapes, computers, I don't even understand how many of it works. What will be 100 years from now. Every business and many homes have computers. We don't. We do have a stereo that plays many records at one setting. We own 5 TV's, 3 here and 2 in Florida.

CHANGE THE WAY FINANCES WERE HANDLES

I think I would have invested in more mutual funds, bonds or those that were tax free. dad was not a good investor. In most cases we lost money. He did buy some good stocks where Rob worked. Our land purchases were a failure.

I retired at age 60. Bill and I hope we invested okay. Between us with pensions and social security we hope to have enough until we die. Perhaps a little left over for the children. It is all in a trust fund.

Retirement has just given us time to do as we please. We can't do much traveling anymore - too expensive and too old. I am now 79 and dad is 78. We do buy about what we like.

I lived in Chicago with Olive and Al; in Oshkosh going to school & in Marinette Wisconsin with my mother and Lolo until she married Wally. chet married in 1940, Lorraine and Wally in 1941 and Bill and I 1942. he lived on a farm in Harmony corners, Wisconsin until he went into the service in 1941. When Lorraine got married (on our way to see Bill at Camp Leonard Wood Missouri, it was a surprise. I sent to see Bill at Camp Custer^{emer} (where my brother Godfrey died in 1919), we decided to get married. I had to track down the judge in battle Creek and Kalamazoo to have him sign some sort of release papers. Jane Musselman, Milton franks stood up for us. We were married in the methodist church in Bellevue, ? Michigan. they served a lovely dinner for us at some restaurant. Little doves, etc on or around our food. Milton took seeral pictures, but only one turned out. We were so disappointed.

The fellows at cap gave us a royal reception and a gift of a waffle iron. A few weeks later I invited his close buddies for a waffle dinner - Mel Garfield, melton franks, Bill Brady. we stood up for Mels and Phyllis' wedding. No we didn't. They got married after. We stood up for bill and Lottie Brady. Just us - dinner after. Back to our wedding. The fellows (about 8 of them) lined up and I kissed each one of them. Wester wrote a cute poem about us. I still have it in my billfold. then went on a 5 day honeymoon pass to chicago and then to our folks. The honeymoon night was spent in a motel on our way to Chicago to see Bert & Ed, Olive and Al. We had a Southern Comfort Cocktail. Not that we needed it. Bill bought it to help us celebrate in the motel.

We first lived in one room in a lady's home. that's where I served waffles. Then we went to fort Bragg in North Carolina. bill was not a Tech Sgt, so we went to the Sgt. Club almost every night.

Something was always going on I remember we won a cotton Indian blanket and a somson card table, among other things by playing bingo. Those went with us for years. I worked in the commissary at the tobacco counter. then the boss moved me to foods, because I rearranged merchandise and the gal there first didn't like it. In the bathroom one day I was saying I didn't like working, making sandwiches, etc. she was in one of the stalls and heard me. As a result, she put me back on the tobacco, but "leave things alone!" here's where a doctor told me I was pregnant before I knew it. I loved being married and I liked being in the service until Bill became an officer and went overseas.

We talked about a family. We were aiming for four. we had to settle for 3. It was almost two, until our wonderful Bob joined our family when I was 42 years old. I felt I would be his grandmother, but it wasn't like that at all. I think he kept us a little younger.

Sandy came first. I was dead momentarily. They gave me a shot in my heart to get going. I lost a lot of blood. i had gall bladder attacks, so I had to quit nursing her, because they gave me morphine after 2 weeks they finally gave me blood. I was so white. I didn't even like to look at my hands. colorless. After 21 days, they sent me home. Olive came and stayed for a week I didn't want her to leave. I thoug I ight not hear her cry. but I did and i became a good mother. I thought I was. She was born camp McCoy, Wisconsin. The three survived - no problems. All grew up to be interesting, good people. chuck, the Musician; Sandy the teacher and traveler and Bob the business man. Chuck was an easy birth and I almost didn't make it to the hospital for Bob. i was at Olive and Al's when I went in to the hospital for chuck.

Sandra Lynn Francour	Oct 8, 1943
Charles Harvey Francour	May 28, 1947
Robert William Francour	July 8, 1958

Chuck and Bob were both born in south Bend, Indiana. We were living on klinger St.

Chuck never "stuck" to one degree, so never received one. he probably has 3 years of something or other. Rob has a degree in Hotel and Management and a masters in business. sandy has a masters degree in education and one in business.

We don't see Sandy too often now, because she's been in Japan. She was home for 3 months in April May and June, then to san Francisco and home again for Christmas. We see the boys about 4 or 5 times a year. sandy has been out of the country quite often teaching (Philippines, Iran, Canada and Japan). Maybe she'll stay in the US. now. We hope so.

Just having our children around is a pleasure, but not too long. we enjoy a 3 or 4 day visit. longer than that, cooking becomes a problem. But we really enjoy their longer stays at christmas. We loved watching and listening to them when small. It was a challenge every day teaching them to be respectable, caring and loving. Although we are a loving family and share our joys and problems; I think I would have talked more about their plans in life. What to expect of marriage, what their life's work would be. We should have prayed more with them and given them a more belief that god guides their life and to trust. They all had money problems. We either gave it or loaned it to them. so far chuck has borrowe the most; but he has paid most of it back. he works so hard! it finally caught up to him. he lost all of his dark body hair. The doctor said, "stress". We're all waiting for it to come back. he began to lose it in November 1995. Chuck got his hair back in a few months, but not so thick. he looks 20 years younger.

The children were spanked or sent to their room as discipline. once in a while a pprivilege was taken away. As a reult we have 3 good kids. no sassing back and seldom disobeyed.

Chuck would dance around in his playpen in perfect time to music he heard. He fell down the stairs when he was about 3 years old, bumped the piano and didn't get a bump. he was afraid of balloons. Sandy was always the "perfect" little lady - always clean and smiling. Rob was the one with no fears. he "took over" a TV Kids show. talked with the "leader" for almost the while half hour. the other kids didn't have a chance. he loved the water - no fear - until they made him jump off the diving board at the Elks. later he became a good swimmer.

The best advice I can give my children is to trust in God. To be kind to everyone; help the need; to have no color prejudices, all are God's creatures and most of all to love God and to love and care for each other. Also to keep their bodies and clothes clean.

As for Swedish traditions that have been passed down: I've given them some of the recipes handed down to me from my elders - Swedish pancakes, pies, pot roasts, etc.

Sandy made me proud of her teaching abilities nd her business experience. she took the "bull by it's horns" and id it herself. Chuck made us proud of his rearing 5 daughters - mostly by himself. then we were proud of his musical abilities. We're sorry it came to a dwindling pause, but we hope as of now (1998) that it will come alive and that he'll have at least one song to go down in musical history. As of Rob, we are proud of his business ability and his demeanor. We're proud of our grandchildren too.

I taught school for many years at the same school they went to, so I heard from the teachers. I was involved in P.T.A. and in any

programs they were in. when I retired I volunteered for about 10 years at Memorial Hospital and Century Center. My Hip operations forced me to quit. I was involved in all forms of church work - including sunday School teacher and superintendent.

We took a trip almost every year to see all of our relatives in Marinette, Wisconsin and Menominee, Michigan. we went to Wisconsin Dells with all of them. We went to Canada and the East coast with Rob, crossed Lake Michigan with Chuck and Sandy. Took Chuck up the East Coast (New York, Washington, D.C _____). Took Sandy and Chuck to Mackinac Island. Many trips to Chicago to see Aunts and Uncles.

My sister Olive lived with me for one week after Sandy was born. I think it was after her husband, Edgar died, she lived with us for a couple of months. When Olive was 84, she couldn't live alone anymore, so she came and lived with us in March. In July, we discovered her cancer was back. She lived until Dec 28th 1991 at age 85. She was no problem, always a pleasure and fun to be around. she was dearly loved and greatly missed.

Sandy and Chuck would sometimes go to Aunt Olive and Uncle Al when I went to college. When a "babysitter" was needed, they were cared for by Deeann Daubs (next door) for 25 cents an hour.

Sandy left first to go to the Philippines under the care of the Peace Corp. She had been away to college so it wasn't so hard to see her go. she was gone for 2 years. That was hard to take. Aunt Olive and Uncle Al went to see her once. then Chuck left for good when he got married and went to Colorado to go to College, which lasted a few months. Not enough money to live on, so he went to work again. He had been to Europe playing in his band, so the leaving was gradual. Rob left and joined the Navy for 6 years. that was the hardest. Now we were alone. he came quite often so that

helped a lot. sandy and Rob have fulfilled our hopes for our children. Chuck is still struggling, but we hope his dreams will be realized. He works so hard; and he has the world's worst luck.

Sandy was married and divorced Michael. It lasted 5 years. chuck married Kathy Hawkins and had Eve. That ended in divorce, but friendly Then he married Janet Nelson Ball. they had Noel. Janet had 3 daughters (Daniell, Deena & Alison). Chuck adopted Alison. janet was killed instantly by a drunk driver after 3 years of marriage. As of now (1998), Chuck has not remarried and has reared 5 daughters.

Danielle Lane Ball was born Jan 24, 1969

Deena Ball was born on Aug 29, 1970

Evie Francour was born June 3, 1970

Alison Francour was born Jan 31, 1979

Noel Francour Dec 10, 1982

Being a grand parent is very nice. it gives us a second chance to be around children. Our problem is that they are so far awy. We never saw any of them grow up. we only saw them when we visited each other. I wish it would have been different.

we were very happy when Rob and Julie had Grace, another girl, but we love her very much too. we are hoping for a boy, but we're not sure Julie can have another baby - being dibetic. Maybe they'll adopt a boy, but it won't be a "blood" relative.

Only one granddaughter is married. Eve will problably marry Jason soon. So far (June 6, 1998), there are no great grandchildren. We're hoping.

YOUR FAITH

Roosevelt, John Kennedy, John Wayne, Mother Teresa, Uncle Al (a self made man) and Bill

BILL'S ILLNESS

From Nov 27, 1997 to July 23, 1998 bill was in and out of the hospital. First it was a heart operation. Then his lungs filled up with fluid. he had them drained 3 or 4 times. they couldn't stop the accumulation, so fused the 2 linings around his lungs. in July they found cancer in the lungs and left shoulder. After radiation treatments, at the end of October all was well. we went to florida for 6 months. While there, bill had trouble breathing again. fafter 5 days in hospital he was put on oxygen, which ne needed until he died. About May 10th they said the cancer was back. no more treatments, because it was in liver, lungs and kidneys. he lived until July 23, 1998. i miss him so. After marriage of 56 years. To me he was the best man in the world. He was loved and respected by many people. Over \$1000 was donated to Hospice in his memory; and over \$500 to Clay Methodist Church in his memory. What a guy!! i only remember him being angry at me once and he was sick and I didn't know it. I wish I could see better, but I'm okay.

I have been a Methodist for many, many years. Bill converted when we married and seems content. We were charter members of Clay United Methodist Church. It has grown from probably 50 members, to over 900. Rev John Myers led us to our tremendous. My God and Savior have been with me for many years. I can't list all the ways they have led me, supplied my needs, comforted me. I couldn't live without them. I worry about my children. I don't know how much faith they have in their religion. I'm not sure about death. Sometimes I think all Christians go to heaven. Then I think maybe we stay in our graves until Christ returns. I think maybe our souls go to heaven and when Christ returns our bodies and souls will be one. I wish I knew. It's not clear in the Bible. We support Methodist Children's Home, a Boy in Guatemala, Mission of Hope in South Bend and with collections in church to help devastated areas. We also donate to the Salvation Army, Red Cross and Care, the American Cancer Society and occasionally other resource organizations. We feel we should help when we can.

We've been married almost 54 years - wonderful years. Bill was a very good husband and father. We both worked hard to get where we are. We've had a wonderful life. Bill has been a hard worker, I couldn't have chosen a better man. He's been a kind and generous man who is caring and loving. I have no money worries. I enjoy life - it's wonderful.

POLITICS

I first voted for F.D. Roosevelt. I just thought he was doing a good job getting us out of the depression. I was a Democrat because my parents were until about 1970. Then I became a Republican. As years went by I voted for the person I thought would serve us best.

The second world war affected me most because my friends and relatives were asked to serve. My special admirations were for

December 8, 1992

SEASON GREETINGS!!!!

Where has another year gone???

Life is pretty much the same in California. A lot of shaking this year has rattled our nerves, but when we had a 5.0 earthquake last week, I just rolled over and went back to sleep. We've had so many this year, it's just part of life here.

We were on the 15th floor of the 4 Queens in Las Vegas when California had the 7.1(?) in June. It was terrible. We packed up and were out of there in 20 minutes. (Left two bags in the lobby to top it off.) Shawn and Jason were with us and we all agreed, we'd rather be home in California any day, then in a high rise during an earthquake.

Conrad and I started our own business. We service the manufacturing industry, primarily electronic controls, generators, regulators, etc. In my opinion, he's a genius at what he does, and I still have a hard time understanding it. I take care of the office, and he does the service work, so we make a good team. EICON Technical Service is our business name. I still sell antiques/collectibles, etc. through the mall, like last year. It's not booming, but it's better than last year.

Shawn (24) is living in Huntington Beach, and working in Costa Mesa for an Engineering Firm, same place as last year. He does electronic work on various things, like high-powered cameras for aircraft, etc. I was impressed on his last project when I stopped in one lunch hour. He and I went to Vegas in September and met Aaron there. We had such a great time. Conrad had to work and this trip was our last bowling trip, so Shawn went in Conrad's place. We laughed and joked and even won some money for Aaron. I can't wait to do it again with the boys. Shawn ended up winning \$150 for a guy at work. When Shawn gave it to him (when he got back), he gave him half. Shawn has friends that live there, so he has a place to stay when he and his friends go there. He is the only one I know that can go and have the whole trip cost \$40-60. He's not a gambler. He's very conservative. He knows where the best and most inexpensive buffets are. He struggles for a living, but he definitely is a survivor.

Jason (21) is going to college and working full-time as a Fitness Consultant for Busy Body, Inc. (they sell treadmills, steppers, and machines that make you work, sweat and make you healthy). I do not own any----walking is my thing, and I don't do that enough. Jason took second place in a California Body Building Meet in San Diego this June. I was so proud of him. He had worked and dieted so hard the previous months. It was something he HAD to do. (He is very goal-oriented.) He may compete again next year, but won't start training heavily again until about February. Jason is still at home, although with his schedules, I only briefly see him during the week.

We have a good relationship. If we don't get to talk much, he'll say "Come on, Mom, let's go out for breakfast. My treat." He too is self-sufficient.

Aaron (15) is living with his dad in Henderson, Nevada (near Las Vegas). He moved there the end of August, after our trip to Michigan. Aaron and I discussed the move and although I miss him terribly, we both feel the Henderson school will be better for him. The Orange County schools have had their share of gang violence (stabblings, shootings, etc.) this year. We'll see how things work out. He knows he can come back anytime. We all get along well, so visitation and custody has never been a problem. Aaron came for Thanksgiving and we had a great time. The direct flight is 55 minutes. He'll be here 2 weeks for xmas and then in January I'll see him for two weekends. He's on the school basketball team, so his schedule is full. I talk to him every Sunday and try to send a card once a week. He's 6'3" and so polite. Sometimes a change is good.

Have you guessed?? I sure am proud of my boys. We have such fun when we're together. At Thanksgiving, they all brought their friends who didn't have a place to go and they all had a good time. There were 15 of us. I think a few of them are planning on Christmas at our house----I have not planned that far yet. We'll see. Conrad has one married son living in Huntington Beach and we get along real well. He also has a married daughter with two children (living in Weed, near Mt. Shasta, CA) and two other sons (one in Sandy, Utah & one in Saipan). So our family get-togethers are growing in size and are becoming more and more fun each year.

I spent a lot of time on the Genealogy of the Anderson/Johnson/Carlson/Brynildsen families this year, but still have a long ways to go. I have also been doing Conrad's family, which include Willbanks/Williamson/Rainey/Craig/Carter. I have less time now, but hope I can get back on a schedule again in January. I may include something with this letter. If anyone has any information that can help, please send it. It has been very interesting and we should all be proud of our family and our heritage.

This has to be boring for some, but bear through it. My friends and family mean a lot to me and this is one of the few times of the year I get to tell them. I would love to hear from all of you (about the kids, animals, life in your part of the country, etc.)

We hope you have a very Merry Christmas and your new year is brighter and better than last year. Take care. We love you.

January 18, 1993

Today is the day after the 6.6 earthquake in L.A.

It's hard to get back to a routine again.

This is what we experienced:

Monday (June 17-Martin Luther King's Birthday) at 4:31 a.m. we were sleeping. We were awoken by the bed shaking, the metal handles on the dressers were clicking (always a dead give away of an earthquake). The house was creaking and swaying. Conrad and I met under the bathroom doorway. I wanted to run outside, I was shaking so bad, it felt like the house was going to fall in. Conrad hugged me until the shaking stopped. The house kept swaying for at least 30 seconds. The plants continued to swing for several minutes. I looked at the clock on the T.V. and it was 4:32 a.m. We can judge the magnitude of the quakes, by whether the electricity is still on or not. I yelled, "the electricity is still on." I grabbed my long warm robe and threw on my slippers. I did not hear glass breaking during the quake itself, but to make sure I didn't step on something, I had enough sense to put on slippers.

We preceded slowly through the rest of the house to see the damages. We were fearful of aftershocks, but thought we had enough time to survey the house. We were amazed. A few miniatures fell off my printer's rack, a stack of papers in the office fell, Jason's room later revealed his trophies on the floor, his desk drawer open, some CD cases fell over, but that was it. We felt so fortunate.

I opened the front door to see if the neighbors were outside, but no one was out, although their lights within the house were on. In the past, the neighbors would meet outside. We could hear car alarms, and burglar alarms going off for miles around us. I called Shawn's pager, and Jason's pager to make sure they were okay. While I waited for an answer I called my sister Doris. She was up and as rattled as I, but just fine. Shawn returned my call. He was at home in Huntington Beach and had just returned to bed. He said nothing would be as frightening as the time we were on 14th floor in Las Vegas in 1992 when the 7.9 earthquake hit Landers, California. This same son loves to bungy jump, so an earthquake is probably a kiddie ride for him, unless the walls start to move.

Jason also returned my call. He was on his way back to bed too. I couldn't believe these boys. Guess they're good sleepers-they probably slept through the worst parts.

Conrad made coffee. I turned on T.V. to get the latest report and we were up to stay. I was still shaking. The family room has 8 railroad lanterns hanging from the ceiling. These lanterns were swinging pretty good when we first came out. We call them our earthquake detectors. We can almost judge the magnitude by their swing. (We have had a lot of earthquakes, but this one was a doozie).

All day yesterday, we stayed in front of the T.V. We were amazed at all the damage we saw, but with experiencing the shake-rattle and roll of it all, we could understand why there was so much damage.

There were small aftershocks all day. We almost place bets on the size, but in reality we were edgy all day. I didn't want to go to sleep for fear of being surprised again, but after being up for 21 hours, I finally fell asleep. I wanted to sleep in the Van, but Conrad said we'd be okay. We've stopped feeling the aftershocks and tomorrow I'll venture out. We don't have problems with grocery store lines or gas lines, as L.A. does. I almost feel guilty having electricity and water. My heart goes out to all the victims and their families and to the families who lost everything. But as the survivors say, everyone is pulling together and that's what life is all about "helping each other".

February 4, 1994

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This is a replacement to the Christmas Cards for 1993 that never got out. I really am sorry. So in order to sleep nights, I am writing a Valentines Newsletter to all the people I love. Bear with me, it may be a long one -- lots of news.

First of all, thanks to all of you who called or sent a note when Jason made the cover of MUSCLEMAG (December issue) with Debbie Dobbins. We had so much fun. Angela Park (Jason's babysitter of many years ago) and I had a surprise party for him in October to congratulate him. (If it were not a surprise, I'm afraid he wouldn't have gone along with it. He's too modest. He doesn't like big deals made out of anything.) Everyone participated and we had so much fun--in fact, it was fun for the entire month.

Doris (my sister) and I went to Michigan for Mom's 85th birthday in May. We went to her room at Luther Manor and pretended we were the cleaning ladies. Mom's eye sight isn't real distinct, so we fooled her for only a few minutes. We couldn't stop laughing, I guess that was a dead give-away. Jeanie (my sister) furnished us with the outfits and wigs!!!??? Doris had a wonderful leopard-looking outfit. (I'm surprised she didn't get picked up for looking like a hooker.) I looked like --- like---a bag lady (my true identity????!!!!). Mom was happy to see us and everyone had to put up with us for a week. (Every five years we surprise her at birthday time.) We always love being home with family. Thank you to all who made our visit WONDERFUL.

My sister Joycie (from Michigan) came to visit in March. Had a wonderful time with her and Travis (her son). We went to Hackberry, Arizona going via Laughlin, Nevada. Doris and her husband, Don, have property in Ariz. so they introduced Joycie to the Frontier Life---The Double D Ranch is a trailer out in the middle of nowhere in Arizona. We have a great time when we go there. Joyce had great luck in Laughlin. I believe she won two jackpots of \$300 each and took most of it home. They only stayed a week, but we sure filled it with shopping, had our pictures taken at Glamour Shots -- laughed through the whole thing. Doris and Joyce's pictures turned out great. Mine turned out "old". Travis and Aaron went to Disneyland and seemed to have a good time as well as to the Hard Rock Cafe in Newport Beach.

(Conrad's daughter, husband and kids) Ana, Craig and girls came in May from Northern California. We kept Jamie and Tracie and they went on to San Diego for an Elks Convention. We loved every minute of it (only four days). It's great to have kids around again -- especially girls (for a change---only kidding-I love my boys!!!!). I think the highlight of their visit (for Craig) was the Medieval Times. It's what you might call a dinner theater??!!! The knights (on horses) battle it out over the evening while you eat dinner with your hands. The meal is delicious. There just happens to be no silverware---just like in medieval times. It's really a fun place to go. I think I

enjoyed watching Craig getting excited over the knights fighting more than the show, itself. Again we had a great time--just too short. I miss my girls. Ana has a Pre-School in Weed, Calif, as well as going to college. Craig has his own painting business and is active in Elks. This family is very involved--always busy busy busy.

Andrea (Conrad's granddaughter) came for a visit in July. She now lives in Guam, so she is dearly missed, after living so close for her younger years. She helped celebrate Stephanie's (my grand niece) first birthday. Andrea and her cousin Gray loved my sister's hot tub--the videos show that. Again--another good visit.

Conrad and I took square dance lessons in 1993. Oh, we struggled with those doe-see-doe's and those promenades---but we graduated and are having a ball. We dance at least twice a week. We love it. We've become "Angels"---we help teach the new dancers. It's like the blind leading the blind!!!!!! No---I'm exaggerating. We do pretty good. We still make many mistakes, but that's what makes it fun--we laugh---and we laugh and it's unbelievable what moves we do instead of what is suppose to be done. We love it. We've made so many new friends. I just couldn't say enough good about it. It's a whole new life--try it. No matter what part of the country you're in.

Aaron is 16 this year. He's living in Nevada with his dad. This was the hardest Christmas I ever spent without him. However, the day after Christmas, Conrad and I went to Las Vegas so Aaron could open his gifts. It was short (one day), but we had fun. We went to the Luxor (the new pyramid looking casino). Aaron and I took the boat ride inside the casino--which was interesting. Conrad, Aaron and I went to a couple of their attractions, not like Disneyland, but still interesting. It was just great being with Aaron. He knows his way around Vegas--especially the baseball card shops and the roads to avoid traffic. Thanks to him we got out of a traffic jam the next day on our way back to California. Aaron will be finishing his junior year in Henderson, but wants to spend his senior year at Westminster High. He'll be returning to California in June permanently--of course with open arms. He'll be here Feb 17-21 and again at Easter hopefully. We tried to see each other at least once a month. We all adjusted to what we had to do. We all get along without fighting about this or that--which makes life easier on the kids.

oops -- 2 1/2

Jason is 23 and going to Cal-State Fullerton. He goes two days a week from 7:00 am to 9:00 pm. He works the weekend at Busy Body in Huntington Beach selling Fitness Equipment and during the other days (when not going to school) is a personal fitness trainer. His days are filled with appointments from clients all around the county. His clients are from Laguna Beach, just houses away from where the fires hit so hard, Lemon Heights, to Huntington Harbour. Most are people who have their own home gyms (homes with elevators, housekeepers--oh I wish--and views--wonderful views!!!!????) He works hard (that's why he hasn't finished school in a shorter time--he pays for it himself). Jason was on the cover of MUSCLEMAG (December 1993) issue. There's lots of things in the making--whether they come about is another

thing. We don't care--it's just been fun. He's buying a car from a man in Beverly Hills, who would like to feature him in a fitness video in Mexico. He's still being considered for a calendar (with his clothes on--!!of course). Every day is another new story.

Jason's cousin (Craig Anderson) is also training for competition in Madison, Wisc. (bodybuilding, physical fitness). Craig goes to college in Marquette, Michigan. We love to hear from him and know he will do well. They work so hard at maintaining their bodies. You can't appreciate it until you see them train. I know from experience. I "learned" to love those competitions of Jason's. We had so much fun cheering for Jason and Sandy (Jason's girlfriend), she also competed in the women's division. (Cheering I can do--dieting and training, well--maybe in another life--I'll leave it to the younger generation).

Shawn turned 25 in December. Seems to me I was just 26, how could he be 25. Wow. He's still working for Lido Engineering in Costa Mesa, Calif. and living in Huntington Beach. We see each other often. We occasionally "carpool" and I love sharing donuts and coffee on the way. It's fun. He has a nice girlfriend "Laura" who is a sixth grade teacher in Whittier. Marriage Plans??--No--not even thinking about it, I'm told. However, that could change.

John (Conrad's son) and his wife, Raquel, live in Huntington Beach. Conrad and John speak daily. Raquel and I have become real close and have lots of fun together. They never miss an occasion (birthday, Christmas, etc), that we celebrate together. It's great. It will be two years in May that Raquel had a kidney transplant. We're all happy to see her doing so well. She works as a Special Needs Aide for the HEAD START PROGRAM in Orange County, but her desire is to finish college for her law degree. John works in Gardena (Calif) as a Maintenance Supervisor for a radiator manufacturer. He's working on a patent for some type of cutting machine. (Sounds like a woman's terminology, huh???)--I know it's much more technical.)

Conrad Jr. (Conrad's son) lives in Sandy, Utah. He couldn't make it for Christmas this year, but hopefully next year we'll be together. We seem to talk quite often, but then there's the miles between us. We hope to visit him this year. He loves the change of seasons and the life of a smaller community. The California traffic gets to us all at some time.

Tommie (Conrad's oldest) lives in Saipan. We don't hear from him, but not many men are good writers---!!I???? I understand he's doing well. Christmas 1990(?) was the last time he was with us.

For the down side of 1993---Debbie Dobbins (the girl on the cover of MUSCLEMAG with Jason) died in December. It happened in a house fire in New York. She went to New York to train for the Ms Galaxie competition, which would take place in Florida about January 15th. She was on the cover of IRONMAN (Feb 1994) and on the cover of MUSCLEMAG (March 1994). She was a former Raiderette Cheerleader and worked out in the same gym as Jason. We attended her memorial

services Jan. 10th and it was very sad. She was really on "her way"--she had so much going for her. We'll miss her. MUSCLEMAG says she'll never be forgotten, so I'm sure you'll always find a picture or article of Debbie in it.

My Michigan friends, Kathy and Jack Felch lost their daughter, Kristin, age 11. It was such a shock (to us). She, too, will never be forgotten. The Felchs are like family to me. I miss them and wish we could get together more often.

Then there was the 6.6 earthquake--January 17th to be exact. Scarey. Thank you for all your calls and cards. It's amazing how many calls and cards get through when "love" is involved. (It feels good to be loved--thanks). I checked the map and found out we're 47 miles (as the crow flies) from the epicenter. I was telling everyone 70-80 miles. We were so lucky. We sure felt it, but our electricity, gas, and telephone service continued. We felt guilty washing our clothes, cooking our food etc. I was very edgy for the next week. Those aftershocks were nerve-racking. Of the 3500 that have "shook", I have felt 10 good ones. It has to be at least a 4.0 for us to feel it. I'll attach a diary of those first few days. You can toss it--it helped me get through that week, and everyone wanted to know what it was like. We all exchange EARTHQUAKE STORIES. Amongst our square dance group, there were several families who had FAMILY hit hard by the earthquake. No one was hurt, but several lost everything or a lot. They say, "You can't be a sissy to live in California"--boy is that true (and I thought I was a sissy). We love the weather, but can do without the earth movement.

I'm still into Genealogy. I've found new (to me) relatives that I hope I can keep in touch with and some day meet. (We have such a fine family 😊). On Mom's side (The Johnsons) I found back to 1685 in Sweden, with the help of Lois Beck in Utah, a new found "relative". JoAnn Hartin in Madera California provided me with pictures of our great uncle and great-grandparents, which are WONDERFUL. The Andersonside, I'm having difficulty tracking, but I'm not giving up. (Hang in there with me.) I am also doing Conrad's side (Willbanks, Williamsons, Carters, Craigs, etc). His family has been in the U.S. for ages. That side goes to 1820 and good leads to 1775. I've lacked the time the last few months, but I will sneak that back into the schedule again soon. I'll then be bugging everyone for pictures, dates or whatever. Bear with me---

Work is a little slow for both of us. We take what work we can, do the best we can and know it's going to get better.

Well, I've probably lost a lot of you by now--it got too lengthy and probably boring. Thanks for all your cards, letters, photos and clippings. I don't mean to leave anyone out. I plan to write a book someday about "everyone". I love my family and friends so don't stop writing.

Again, HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY! From the Shake-Rattle and Roll Gang.
We love you.!!!