

Memories

Written by

ARDELLE OLSEN

PARENTS

JOE ANDERSON - ELLEN PAULINA STRANDBERG-ANDERSON (MARRIED 1-4-1919)
DAD Born (6-24-1891) (MIDSUMMER DAY)
MOM Born (6-6-1893)

SIBLINGS

TWIN BROTHERS Died-at-Birth pre-1924
BURIED NEXT TO LARS AND BETTY JOHNSON ANDERSON

VIRGIL TELFORD ANDERSON 3-26-1924 - 9-25-95
WAYNE EARL ANDERSON 10-24-1928 - 11-13-06

I was born on a Saturday, May 30th, 1931 at 10:15 a.m. They called Dr. Vrooman from Anoka but doctors very seldom came on time. Midwives usually were present. It says that Aunt Edna was here but went home before I was born. I believe a neighbor lady, Mrs. Kent, was the midwife. Aunt Amanda stayed two days and Aunt Ida stayed for two weeks to help. Grandma Strandberg and Aunt Effie were the first visitors. Mom said Dad was "in the barn" when I was delivered, and he always told me "he found me in the manure pile"!!!! I was born in the living room of our house. I think it was a larger room and maybe more comfortable than the bedroom. I weighed 7 1/2# as all of us - don't think they had a scale.

I think they bought the farm of 120 acres in 1923 for around \$2,500. They lived with Dad's parents before that time. Mom got encephalitis right after they married while both of them worked in the Wire Grass Camp. Many people worked there, and I think it was like on the "mud arm" of Coon Lake. Horses were used to pull machines, etc. The horses got "sleeping sickness". A mosquito carried the germ, and Mom got infected with sleeping sickness. She was in a coma for two months.

The doctors didn't have any idea what she had and guessed it was typhoid fever. Her mother-in-law took care of her in an upstairs bedroom. Mom always told me she was the most wonderful woman. Finally, she came out of it. She was very thin and frail and had a hard time gaining weight after that. She would compliment women who were heavy because she thought they looked so good! She didn't have any problems until she was in her early 40s when she began to tremble on her left side. At that time she was told she must have had encephalitis (sleeping sickness) at one time. Her shaking kept getting worse. She had to rest a lot as she got so tired. When she'd sleep, she didn't shake. However, she had lots of work to do. She milked cows two times a day, cooked for everyone, and never had any modern conveniences or money to make things easier. She complained very little as that was the way it was during that period. She made

at least 12 loaves of homemade bread every week. Just part of the routine. She liked sweets, so she always made cake, pies, cookies, and puddings from Watkins products. We'd have rhubarb dessert and peach and apple desserts in the summer. Our meals were nutritious but very plain. Chicken (fryers in the summer) boiling hens in the winter. Lots of Pork, especially near Christmas and in the winter, as it was freezing outside, and they stored it outside. Had our own potatoes (stored in the cellar). If we canned corn or vegetables, we had that in the winter and a garden in the summer. Mom canned peaches and lots of apples in August. That was our only fruit in the winter. She made many Swedish dishes as she was brought up by immigrant parents. The dishes include milk, eggs, salt pork, and potatoes. Usually, we only bought staples at the grocery store in Soderville. Flour, sugar, coffee, salt, yeast -nothing exciting!!! Soderquist grocery would pay for our eggs, which usually didn't cost us much. We didn't drink milk because we didn't have a refrigerator and did not like warm milk. We received a paycheck for our milk, which was helpful. We heated and cooked by wood, but never had a woodpile. Dad wasn't good about that. Virgil was, and he usually carried in all the wood as well. In the fall, they cut trees down, then cut them up and split them as needed. Hay was the same. Wait for a snowstorm – then harness the horses and sleigh to "get a jag" of HAY!!!

When I was born, my Dad was 40 years old, and Mom was 38. When they got married, Dad was 27, and Mom was 25. World War I was still going on. Both of them said goodbye to many men who were drafted; some came home, and some didn't. It was hard times. Mom worked in her brother August's grocery store, Strandberg & Johnson. Dad stayed at home farming, and his brother was drafted to serve in the war. During both World Wars, men on farms were exempt because someone had to keep farming. Ed and Joe stayed home, and Gunnard had to go to war. Dad had worked for the streetcar company in Minneapolis. He said they hired him because he had cow shit on his shoes. Farmers were hard workers, and they usually got hired before the city people.

He lived in Minneapolis while he had this job and had the Como Park line. He would shout out the stops, collect fees, and enjoyed the people and his job. However, the farm was calling him back home, and he kept writing letters and dating Ellen. I don't know when he quit, but he moved home and liked the country. During their courting years, they went to barn dances - dances actually held in the haymow. They were both good dancers and very musical. Dad could cord on the piano and Mom could play the Concertina. Some dances were held in the living rooms by "rolling up the rug". Mom was very pretty and she had many men who wanted to date her. However, because of the War, there weren't as many men around. She received many letters from her friends stationed in United States and France. Dad had a hard time getting her but he must have had a gift of gab!

They both were brought up by immigrant parents. Strandbergs came in June 1880 and the Andersons came around the same time. They stayed with relatives in Minneapolis until they found some land to homestead. Strandbergs chose Chisago County, Comfort Lake property. Sven built a house and a barn plus sheds. He was a good carpenter and very organized. When they first settled they lived in Amador, close to Taylors Falls, near Almelund. They had eleven children, and they each helped on the farm. They had to walk 4-5 miles to grade school, so my mother didn't go to more than 4th or 5th grade. My mother learned how to read and spell through us kids. She was the best speller, and she was very interested in learning. She really wanted to be a telephone operator, and she would have done a good job. I got my clerical skills from my mother.

She just didn't have the opportunities offered to her. She could make up stories, as the grandchildren can attest to. She was good at it.

Her sisters were seamstresses and sewed beautifully, making all their clothing for the family. My mother loved to crochet and could make anything just by looking at it! I ended up liking to sew, but I can't crochet!!

When she was a teenager, perhaps 17, Sven sold the farm at an auction. My cousin, Orene Grant Cartier, and her husband, Bill, bought the place. They lived there for a few years. They built a small cabin by Lake Comfort and a new house across from the old farmhouse on the road. I think they tore down all the buildings. They had one son, Wayne Cartier. At that time, the Strandberg's, Sven, Christine, August (moved out from Seven Corner's, Mpls.) He had a Cigar store. Effie, Ruby, and Ellen worked at the Strandberg and Johnson store, and I think the others were gone or married. They took care of Stanley Strandberg, Charles' son.

Stanley's mother died at childbirth (first born). When Charles moved to Canada, probably in the late 30's, Stanley went with him. Charles married again and had Harold and Eric Strandberg. Stanley and Charles would visit us once in a while and keep in touch with family. Wayne visited them in Canada a few times.

My Grandma Betty died when I was 2 years old in 1933. I remember her laying in the bedroom and she offered me a banana which was in a dish on the Victrola. I never had bananas, so that was a wonderful thing. That's why I remember it.

Grandpa Sven died in 1924, the year Virgil was born. Grandma Christine died when I was around 11 years old. She always had hard candy in her apron pocket for the grandchildren. Grandpa Lars died when I was about 13 years old. I remember the auction after he died. It was in April; I was so happy to get rid of the long-legged underwear and the long brown stockings I wore all winter. I didn't listen to my mother and wore anklets because I wanted to look cute!!! I froze so badly, I had never been that cold in my whole life. It taught me a good lesson. Listen to your Mother, and don't dress cute for an auction in April!

I always had fun with my two older brothers. They teased me so much, so they kept me in line! Virgil acted like a parent to me as my parents were getting old and relaxed in their ways. They were always there to help me, and in turn, I helped them when I got older. We didn't have toys, so we made our own fun. They were good at playing tricks with everyone. They were always tinkering in the garage, fixing, inventing, and it became a neighborhood meeting place for all their friends. They always wanted me to help in the barn; I didn't do much more than hold the cow's dirty tails in the summer so they wouldn't hit them. Cows used their tail to chase off the flies. Then DDT came, and oh, how we sprayed the flies!!! They'd drop dead immediately. We used it in the kitchen too as we always had so many flies in the kitchen!!! Farms have flies!!! We were all exposed to DDT, and we probably had health problems because of it. I took care of the cats and their darling kittens. I fed baby lambs their bottles full of milk, gathered eggs, and helped wash them. I pumped water and carried lots of water to the house for drinking, bathing, washing clothes, and cooking.

When I was 10 years old, I started cleaning the house as my Mom wasn't well and too busy to clean. I always liked things in order, and our house was way OUT of order. It would take me all

day because I'd listen to the radio too much, and I wasn't in a hurry. Then, at 12 years old, I started to wash all the clothes. That entailed pumping the water, carrying it into the house, heating it in the large boiler on the wood-filled kitchen stove, dragging out the old wringer-type washing machine, placing the two rinse tubs next to the machine, and then starting washing the clothes. The machine had a loud gas motor on it. The wringer was tricky as sometimes the clothes would wind around the wringer. My mother couldn't handle that and would start to cry. That's when I decided things like that weren't worth getting upset about! I hung the clothes outside to dry (or freeze) - my bare hands got so cold. We washed all the clothes in the same water. The whites first and the dirty overalls the last. The water was black when I finished washing the clothes. Then I carried out the dirty water and dumped it and cleaned out the machine and tubs. After a few hours I took in the clothes. In the summer, I could fold and put away the clothes. In the winter, they were stiff and had to be hung over chairs by the stove to dry. They smelled so good.

My favorite time of year was haying season. I sat on the mower while my Dad pulled it with a tractor. He told me to LIFT the blade when a gopher pile would come up. The sand would make the blades dull. Wayne usually sat on the spring rake. Then we would make stacks of hay, and my job was to stand in the stack. The men would pitch hay to me, and it was my job to bring the stack to a point so the rain would slip off the sides. When I'd have an 18" top, they would throw me a piece of wood with twine to anchor the stack. Then I'd put my fork down the side of the stack and throw my body down to the ground. Virgil was always there in case it didn't go right. Mom would usually bring out a field lunch of fried egg sandwiches on homemade bread, Watkins nectar, and cake or cookies. We'd sit by the stack of hay for shade. The food tasted so good. The weather was usually hot. We didn't have plumbing, so we usually went to Coon Lake to my Aunt Amanda's for a swim after a hot day. The water felt so good!

One time Wayne hurt his leg on the rake. I took one look at him, and I saw blood and FAINTED!! They had to revive me before they took care of Wayne!

One of my greatest fears growing up was when the gypsies would come!!! They were dark-haired people who came from Syria, a very distinct population. They lived off everyone else by stealing their property. They'd come in an old car, many of them. They would spread out and take chickens, eggs, and anything they could get their hands on.

Dad would usually talk to them, and I think he'd give them a chicken, milk, eggs, or something. I'd usually hide, and I remember the last time they came, I was outside by the barn, and I hid in the silo pit and stayed there a long time before daring to stick my head up to see if they had left. No one checked on me - didn't even miss me!! They would usually steal something of value to sell to make money. You couldn't trust them. I was so afraid of them and, of course, no help at all. All of a sudden, they quit stopping at our house.

We never locked the door and didn't have a key. We never went very far from home as we had to milk cows twice a day and were tied down to farming. Of course, we had nothing of value in our home. We would go to Anoka about four times a year. Always went to Anoka County Fair and the State Fair. We bought our groceries at Soderville, and many times, we'd take our eggs there in exchange for groceries. Dad was active in East Bethel activities and was on the town board all

his adult life. The community was his life. He was also a leader in 4H, and he would judge potatoes at the County Fair. I belonged to 4H for several years.

That is where I learned to sew a dress. Isabel Rasmusson was our leader and taught a few of us how to sew. Because of her, I have enjoyed sewing all my life. It is so important to teach the younger generation. Also, I learned some cooking and went to the county fair to display my baking and a dress I made.

Dad was a Bouncer at a tavern for about 20-25 years. That was in the 30's and early 40's. He worked for Ingvaldsen's and the Ramblers (Otto Olsen's) at Coon Lake Beach on Saturday evenings. He'd get paid \$10 - \$20. He'd wear a white shirt, which I usually ironed, his one and only pair of black pants. He'd have a way to calm down men who drank too much and wanted to fight. He was Big and Strong and seemed to enjoy his job. He never drank much and always had a good attitude. Mom would try to entertain three bored kids by having a picnic and doing something fun. She didn't drive a car. She said she backed up over a stump and decided right then and there - she didn't want to learn to drive a car. It was a Model T!!! I don't remember any women driving a car during the 30's.

We had an old man, by the name of "Walking Charlie" who would stop by for "work for mott"! Work for food. He'd chop wood or do something. We could always use that. He didn't have a home, and he'd stay overnight with some farmers. One time, my dad told him he could stay overnight at our place, my bed!! You have learned how hard it was to wash clothes, and I had to wash the sheets after he slept in my bed. That didn't happen again! He had certain mannerisms like touching certain electric poles. You'd see him walking, and walking, and walking! He came from Sweden and didn't seem to have any family. He was a nice old man, and Mom would always feed him. That was the way it was - my Grandma Betty lived by Highway 65, and many "bums" would stop there to eat. She was curious about them and would talk to them. I think she tried to counsel them. No one had extra food, and it was hard times, but they always had food for the needy. Living on the farm, we always had milk, eggs, meat, and garden produce, so we lived well compared to the city folks. During WWII city folks came to our place to get muskrats to eat - Virgil and Wayne trapped them. I never could figure that one out!!

A Jewish man named Crotkin would come from Minneapolis and peddle "dry goods" department store stuff, to the farmers. He'd have items for sewing, thread, buttons, pins, some fabric, household items, and many odd things. He had a small truck (I think he started out with a horse and buggy) and opened the back doors to display his items for sale.

Jack Robinson, yes, Uncle Jack, came here with a refrigerated truck full of meat, sausage, wieners, and bologna to sell to the farmers. Dad usually bought from him. I still remember his smile - that winning smile!

Also, the Watkins man stopped once a month. Mother liked her sweets, so she bought nectar-orange, strawberry, grape-flavored vanilla, black pepper, lemon, vanilla, and chocolate pudding. Dad would buy Liniment, Menthol- Camphor Ointment, Unguent, Petro-Carbo Salve, and anything for sickness, aches, and pains.

Dad was the caretaker when we were sick. We didn't get sick very often. I think there were less germs around those days. Also, less contact with lots of people. We stayed home most of the time. The world was small as we didn't have many people from other countries visiting. However, we also did not have as many drugs to cure illnesses. My Aunt Ruby died of pneumonia at age 21 years in 1921. We had the usual measles, mumps, and chickenpox. When Wayne and I had the measles, we shared the downstairs bedroom (switched beds with Mom and Dad). We were so sick, I still remember it. We had very high fevers and no medication to help with it. We never had aspirin in the house. Dad would use his Vicks and liniment to rub us down.

Also, if he had Blackberry brandy, he'd give us a swig of that, and that made me feel WORSE. I remember one night, we were hollering for help, and nobody heard us. I remember saying to Wayne, "They don't care if we DIE!!!" I guess Dad finally heard our whining and gave us a glass of water, and we went back to sleep. Wayne and I had a lot of "knee aches" growing up. Never heard of Virgil complaining about it, but he was 7 years older than me and probably had it too. Dad would take me to their bed and rubbed my knee, and I'd go to sleep. I slept with my parents for much of my young life. I didn't have a real bed until I was 16 years old. I cleaned out the upstairs junk room, and my Aunt Amanda gave me a nice bed with a comfortable mattress. I thought I died and went to Heaven!!! Our house was so cold. When I was around 8 years old, I had an Army Cot, which was like a hammock, and I shared a bedroom with my brothers. The other two bedrooms were too cold in the winter. My brothers slept on a 3/4 size mattress. Dad never spent money on furniture or beds. I slept on the floor for many years.

When I was around 11 years old, we took in a young neighbor girl for about one year. Her mother died, had two older siblings, and had to walk about three miles to go to school. Her name was Esther Johnson. Their house burned down, and it was hard times. We felt so sorry for her and offered her residence during the school year. Of course, we didn't have a bed, so we made a nice "bed on the floor" in the hallway upstairs next to my brothers'. It worked out fine, and we didn't complain. In the summer, it was too hot upstairs, and I could hear the bats. I made a nice bed on the floor in the living room and slept there all summer. I thought it was so nice.

One time - a RAT- came into the house and ran right past my BED. I got sooo scared! We had rats in the chicken coop and would fumigate them with the car's exhaust pipe! Our house had many holes and had mice and sometimes rats in the house. We never went to the doctor or dentist. Dad had good teeth, and he thought it was a waste of money to go to the dentist. It is surprising we never needed dentures. I had many toothaches and was told to put "cloves" in my tooth, and the pain would stop. It did help. At 16 years of age I had to have four molars pulled. Never had a filling.

When I started work, I went to the dentist at the U of M and had two bridges put in. I worked at the Health Department at the U of M, so it was convenient and inexpensive to have dental work done. The bridges lasted me 50 years, so they did a good job. Wayne had good teeth like Dad and Virgil and I needed help with fillings.

We never went to the doctor either. I guess we were lucky as we were never sick. However, Virgil had pneumonia when he was around 18 years old and had to be hospitalized for a few

days. I felt so sorry for him and was afraid he might die. Wayne broke his arm cranking the tractor when he was a teenager.

Dad was the contact person for Anoka County, so when someone had a contagious sickness, such as polio, he would post a sign on their door saying NO ENTRY = QUARANTINED. He would also help sick people who needed care or take them to the doctor.

We sang together as a family. Mom and Dad used to sing duets before my time. Dad had a wonderful singing voice, which Wayne and Joe inherited. Virgil sang bass, but he didn't participate much. Mom and I sang soprano. One evening in the summer, we sang so loud on the porch that our neighbors, Jackson's, who lived 1/4 mile away, heard us. The Anderson family was very musical. Uncle Ed played the violin by ear. He'd hear a song once and could come home and play it on the violin. Aunt Esther played the piano, and Dad corded on the piano. That was our way of entertainment.

Gloria, Virgil's daughter, has the original Anderson piano, which I played. Sharon took piano lessons and played the piano, and Cliff refinished it so that Sharon would have a NICE piano to play on. We took it to Moorhead and brought it back; Joe, Wayne's son, had it for a few years and then gave it to Gloria so that Kalley could use it. It is a HEAVY piano and made its way around. Dad inherited the piano plus two pieces of living room furniture from his folks.

We didn't have electricity until I was around 10 years old. We used kerosene lamps, and a nice lamp that had a mantel that gave us a stronger light. I couldn't believe how bright the electric light was when we first turned it on. The DUST AND DIRT REALLY showed up!!! How nice it was to have light to read and do my homework. Dad was instrumental in getting rural electricity, which required poles and a lot of work. I must have been around 1940.

Our 120-acre farm had about 12 cows, chickens (baby chicks every spring), sheep (nice lambs every spring), two horses, pigs, one dog, and cats. We used manure for fertilizer (organic), had corn, soybeans, rye, alfalfa, other hay, and potatoes we grew in the peat field.

Threshing was a BIG DEAL! It was a FUN TIME. The women would feed the men for two or three days. We always had a crew of men as it took many people to do the work. Women would bake cookies, pies, desserts, and lots of homemade bread before the day of arrival. The menu would include large dinners - chicken, beef, meatloaf, meatballs or hot dish as the main course, potatoes, vegetables, gravy, pickles, maybe a salad, dessert, lots of nectar as they were thirsty, and coffee. They'd have coffee and dessert at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. With all that eating, there would be lots of dishes to wash. Remember, we had to pump the water, carry it in the house, heat it, and carry it out after the dishes were washed, rinsed, and wiped dry with our large flower sack towels! The men would compare the dinners to others they had and sometimes "talked" about the great or terrible food they had at so and so's house. Plus, if they found a FLY in their food, their house was SO DIRTY!!!

The mothers always encouraged their daughters to cater to the men and be nice to them. "They work so hard" and it was our duty to take care of them, the children, and the house. It made for a well-run family life. My mother would tell me not to take the biggest piece of meat, etc., to save

it for the men, or go without, as we can eat anytime. It didn't bother me as I was never THAT hungry, and as a teenager, I was counting calories. My brothers always teased me that I WAS FAT!!!! They had so much fun teasing me, especially Virgil. He was very convincing, and I started to believe that I WAS GOING TO BE BIG AND FAT!!! One time, after a Strandberg family reunion, drinking lots of nectar and swimming, on the way home in the car, I WET MY PANTS!!!

I probably hadn't gone potty all afternoon. They teased me so badly. I was around four years old, and believe me - that didn't happen again!!! I tried to keep up with my brothers, which I never achieved, but it was a fun time growing up. One time, after I kept asking them, they took me along to a drive-in movie. They were teenagers, and I was about 12 years old. They chased girls and were rude to me, so I never asked to go along again.

Sometimes, my parents would take me to Coon Lake Beach and my Mom and I would sit in the car to listen to the music while Dad did his job as a bouncer. One time, it was "Slim Jim" playing the guitar and singing, and that was so fun to listen to. Sometimes, it was "old-time dance music," and I couldn't wait to grow up so that I could go inside and listen to the music. It was against the law for women and children to go to a place where alcohol was sold. At least, that is what I was told. And the Lutheran religion was against bars, dancing, playing cards, and going to a movie on Sunday!!!

WORK-- I was a Clerk-Stenographer at the MN Department of Health (2 years), US Navy, Washington DC (6 months), back to MN Department of Health (2 years). In High School, I took Stenography (shorthand) and typing. That is what Lorraine took, Wayne's girlfriend, so I did the same thing. I could take shorthand at 120 words per minute and type 80 words per minute. I truly loved those subjects. I also liked spelling, geography & biology. My interests were - Secretary, Nurse, Physical Therapy, and Social work. I was primarily interested in the medical field, however, beyond my financial ability to pursue it.

My first job was at Hart Motor Express (a trucking company), and I wouldn't say I liked it. I worked there 6 months. Lorraine and Joyce Rasmusson worked there, and that is how I got in. I was a secretary for a Sales Manager and 6 salesmen. Salary was \$1.40 an hour.

They nominated me to compete in a queen contest. I was so scared! I made it to the last 10 and was so happy I didn't win. I made sure that I didn't smile in the last selection.

From the trucking industry, I went to the Grain Industry, King Midas, in downtown Mpls. I liked that much better. Then, I received a notice in the mail for an interview for the MN Department of Health located at the U of M Campus. I was chosen for a job in the Budget Department. That is where I met Gwen Raymond/Hewitt as I worked next to her. She was from Osseo, MN. From the Budget Dept. I went to the TB Dept and worked for Dr. Markley. It was next to the lab where a lot of testing was done on infectious diseases. It was very interesting, and I made some nice friends there.

Then, I was nominated to represent the MN Department of Health in the Queen of the Lakes Pageant. I competed and had to wear a bathing suit and a nice dress. It was easier this time;

however, I was so happy when it was over. It was at this time that I decided to go to Washington DC with Margarite and Lorraine. We took a Federal Civil Service test as a Clerk Stenographer and received a job right away. My job was with the Bureau of Ships, Navy Dept. on Constitution Avenue. Muggs and Lorraine went first and got an apartment on the third floor in row apartments. Two weeks later, I took the train out there, and they met me at the station. My parents did not like my idea, but I decided to go anyway. Cliff was in the service stationed in Florida at that time. It was a wonderful experience, and I met so many nice people. I liked the "grown up" feeling. My job was interesting; we did lots of sightseeing in Washington DC, and Maryland. We went to dances for the servicemen, and it was lots of fun. I went to New York City with friends on Easter and walked down 5th Avenue. This was the first time I didn't have to go home every weekend to help my Mother. I felt so free and loved it. It was a good way to travel and work at the same time. I stayed for 5 months because my Mother kept writing and telling me to come home. She said Dad was not the same anymore, and I felt bad for them and came home in June. I had not planned to stay forever, and I did meet some nice servicemen who wanted to date me, but I had decided I didn't want to marry someone from out of state. Both Muggs and Lorraine married a serviceman and lived in Michigan and Ohio.

When Marlys got married (I lived with Marlys Olson and Janette Langmade in South Mpls. until they got married, then I lived with Gwen and her sister Betty in SE Mpls. until Gwen got married). At that time, Betty and I got an apartment right off University Ave. in Prospect Park, which is not far from the U of M, where I worked. Then Cliff came home from the service, and we were married 11-7-53 at Hope Lutheran Church in SE Mpls, where Cliff grew up. We rented an apartment in South Mpls, near Lake Street and Sears.

Sharon was born 2-13-55. It was a small upstairs apartment in a private home. Very small, living room, dining room, bedroom with a small kitchen and bath. We paid \$27 a month. We bought all the furnishings as they were moving to Florida and didn't want to move anything. That is where the China Closet came from. It was a good way for us to start out. Sharon was born while we rented that apartment. She slept in the Dining room, and we really loved that place. It was so convenient for shopping and a good location for us at that time.

We moved to Coon Lake 5/55 and built a house by the lake. We stayed with Otto and Delores while we built our house, which took 5 months. We did lots of work ourselves and hired Andrew Hjort and his son, Victor, to do the carpentry work. They worked for \$1 an hour and did an excellent job. Virgil dug the basement, and we used water from the lake to mix the cement we needed for the blocks in the walkout basement. Cliff used #1 lumber from Sawyer Claytor Lumber Company in Mpls. Our house was 26'x40' with three bedrooms, a living room, a kitchen, and a bath. We lived there 13 years, then sold in 1968, lived with Dad one year, and then went to Moorhead for 5 years. It was nice to have Dad be home every night; otherwise, since Philip was 18 months old, he was traveling and gone three-four days a week. Russ was 7, Phil was 11, and Sharon was 14. They seemed to adjust well, and we had so much fun living in the City, close to school, shopping, entertainment, new friends, and our next-door neighbors, the Bagne's, who always had something going on!

One day in 1972, we took a trip with Roger and Idelle Bagne and ended up purchasing 2 lake lots at Big Sugarbush Lake.

One weekend, Roger knew of an auction going on and led us on a wild goose chase to find it, somewhere north of Detroit Lakes and we got lost. Yet, we made it just in time, and the auction began. Roger bought the first lot for cheap money. Dad asked the auctioneer what the best lots were, and he told him. Dad sent Phil running through the trees and brush down to the lake to see which lots had a nice shoreline and view in advance of placing a bid. He bid on Lot 16 and got it. Wagner was the auctioneer and a good friend of Roger. Wagner threw out silver dollars for each bid. We received at least 10 of them. Hilding Hagen, an insurance salesman, had bought the whole plot of land and had to build a road. By selling every other lot, he could pay for his expenses. After the auction, we stopped at "The Mouse House," a tavern in Richwood, had a beer, and Wagner was there. Cliff bought Lot 17 at that time and four years later, we bought Lot 18. Our taxes were \$7 a lot to start with, and we paid Hilding Hagen \$1,000 a year for a CD for about 15 years. It was a good investment. We camped for 35 years, and it was a jungle. We had lots of nice fires. We used our tent to start with, and in 1980, we bought a 22' camper and used that for 20 years. In 2005, I decided we needed to treat ourselves and get a cabin. I bought a cabin from Schultz Manufactured Homes and had that hauled in. We have enjoyed having the luxuries of life - bathroom - showers- air conditioning, and a roof over our head. The grandchildren and my family have worked so hard to make this possible - could not have done it without them. It has become our family retreat and will remain that way for our whole family to enjoy and relax.

I stayed home to raise three children. While I was home, I was a Den Leader for Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts. I took care of my parents by washing/ironing their clothes, cleaning their house, taking them to doctor's appointments, and trying to keep them happy. I also helped my brothers and their families. I tried to help Cliff's younger sister, Delores, as her mother died when she was 9 years old and 13 years old when we married.

When Russ was two years old, Pastor Pillman asked me to be the Church Secretary. I didn't want to, but I decided I would try. I worked one and sometimes two days a week. Charlene Olson said she'd take care of Russ, and the others were in school. I was amazed that I could still TYPE after being home for 10 years! I would've liked to have a part-time job at a hospital, but it would cost too much for a babysitter, and I couldn't make that much. Besides, Cliff was out of town 3 - 4 days a week. I worked for the church for around three years. After that, I did a lot at the church, including 40 years at the Altar Guild, Lutheran Church Women, serving as president for two years, Priscilla Circle- leader 30 plus years. I also attended Bible Study Circle monthly. Otto would tell me that I spent too much time in CHURCH!!!

In 1976, I started work at Cambridge Regional Center as Clerk Typist - The best thing I've ever done! - Russ was 15 years old, and he didn't like it very much. I started working in March 1976, Phil graduated from High School in June and Sharon was married in July!!! Was I busy!!! I knew I had to start working as the kids would be gone soon, Cliff's health wasn't good, and I was getting older - now or never. I took the test to get on the list of State jobs and preferred Cambridge or Anoka. I was called for an interview in three months and got the JOB!!! Another thing, I was being asked to do so many things at church and community I decided I might as well have a job and get paid for it!!! It worked out - and now I get a pension from the State of

Minnesota. I had done enough for family, community, and church; now it was MY TIME! It worked out well for me.

THEN - we started to remodel the house - new basement and all!!! That was a lot of work. We worked together as a family and got it done!!!

I currently belong to the following organizations: Red Hat (Kareen Gerdin and I started it about 12 years ago), Lions/Lioness, Curves, Breakfast group, CURVES Exercise, Cambridge Luncheon group, Dance group, 500 card group, Recycling for Lions, and the Cedar East Bethel Seniors Club.