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# Memories of Vrigstad and Des Moines

Augusta Charlotte Gustafson  
With notes by James E. Erickson

Editor's Note: This is a fascinating account of the first twenty-eight years of life of Augusta Charlotte Gustafson, who lived in and around Vrigstad, Småland, from 1866 to 1891, and Des Moines, Iowa, from 1891 to 1894. It was written in November and December of 1947, when Augusta was eighty-one years old and in failing health. In her own words:

I could have written more, but I have been keeping my mind in the past. I have really enjoyed myself...It has been hard for me, however, for eight years [she broke her hip in 1940] sitting and trying not to give up. When I am here alone, there is much that comes in my mind. When I haven't anybody to talk to, I take my book and write a few lines, then I forget my worries and myself. But my hands are starting to get stiff and shaky, and I know it will be hard for you to read. You can burn it up, for whatever you do it won't hurt me after I am gone."<sup>1</sup>

A twenty-nine-page, typed manuscript based on the original written version was brought to my attention by her grandson, Dale Gustafson, Bloomington, MN. What follows is approximately the first third of the original manuscript.<sup>2</sup> I have annotated her text with footnotes, editorial comments (which have been placed in brackets), and figures (see the appendix).

oOo

I have often thought of writing down something about my home in Sweden and my life as a child. In memory I often go back to the time when I was a little girl and my mother used to tell me stories of her childhood at Lundholmen, the place where she was born and raised, and I remember how I loved those stories.

When my children were small, I never had time to tell them stories of Sweden. But now I sit here a helpless invalid and cannot accomplish much of anything, aside from a little handwork now and then. The time often seems long, and that is why I am writing down a few of my experiences as a child in Sweden and of my trip to America and my life as a pioneer out on the prairies of

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<sup>1</sup> "Augusta Charlotte Gustafson" (Typed Manuscript, [Nov. /Dec. 1947], photocopy), p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pages 1-10 and 18-20. Pages 10-18 and 20-29 describe her life experiences in Minnesota.

Minnesota. It may be of some interest to my children and grandchildren in time to come, and it helps me pass the time.

Many long years have passed since I left Sweden, but my life there often comes to my mind and my eyes are full of tears.

<p><i>Mitt hem är så ringa, dess dörr är så låg, men aldrig en kärare boning jag såg kring hela den grönskande jorden.<sup>3</sup></i></p>	<p>[My home is so humble its door is so low but never a dearer dwelling I saw around all the green world.]</p>
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### Vrigstad

I was born 8 November 1866 in the town of Vrigstad in the southern part of Småland. I was the oldest of seven children. My parents were Emma and Gustaf Johan[ni]sson. They both came from the country near Vrigstad and, when first married, lived in Vrigstad [see figures 3 and 4].<sup>4</sup>

When I was two years old, we moved to a little farm named Hushall (all country homes in Sweden have names) [see figure 5].<sup>5</sup> This place was nothing more than a clearing in the deep pine forest. We were hemmed in on all sides by the tall, dark trees, and we were far away from our neighbors.

When I was six years old, I had to start going to school in Vrigstad. I had three miles to walk over a rough and stony forest road. The treetops met over my head, so I could not see the sun or sky. I was always afraid to walk in the forest. There were all kinds of wild animals (elk, foxes, and wolves). Every morning my mother walked with me the worst part of the way. We both cried when she had to turn back.

There was a little boy who came from another direction in the forest. He was seven years old and his name was John. We met where our two paths crossed. We were so happy to catch sight of each other. We were both glad to have company on the lonely road, so we trotted happily on together. We had wooden shoes on our feet and carried our best shoes tied together over our arms. When we came out on the main road that led to Vrigstad, there was a large

<sup>3</sup> First half of the first verse of the poem *Mitt hem* by Carl Rupert Nyblom (1823-1907). Special thanks to Ulla Sköld, Västerås, Sweden, and Elisabeth Thorsell, Järfälla, Sweden, for independently locating this citation.

<sup>4</sup> This is true. Sven Gustaf Johannisson (b. Vrigstad on 10 March 1833) and Emma Karolina Jonasdotter (b. Vrigstad on 3 January 1849) were married in Vrigstad in 1866. They were living in Vrigstad Gästgivargård when their first child, Augusta Charlotta, was born on 8 November 1866. - Birth and Christening Record (*Födelse- och Dop-Bok*), Vrigstad (Små.), C:5, p. 25, No. 50; Household Examination Roll (*Husförhörslängd*) (hereafter HER), Vrigstad, AI:14, 351.

<sup>5</sup> This is incorrect. The family (father, mother, and three children) moved to Sunnerby Östergård, Hushall No. 1, sometime in 1872, when Augusta Charlotta would have been at least five years old. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:15, 265. Prior to that, the family had lived at Mölnarp (1867-71) and Sunnerby Norragård (1871-72). - HER, Vrigstad, AI:14, 264; AI:15, 251 and 275.

juniper bush by the roadside, and we hid ourselves under this bush while we changed our shoes. This juniper bush was a comfortable shelter for us in rainy weather. You could stay under it through the worst storm and never get a drop of rain on you.



**Fig. 1.** Augusta Charlotta Gustafson on Mother's Day, 9 May 1943.

One day I shall never forget. We had just left school and were on our way home when a terrible storm came up. We were far from our bush, so we started to run. We ran and cried. We ran to our bush and crawled under it. We struggled to get out of our wet, soggy shoes and into our wooden shoes that were hidden under the bush. We were crying all the time, afraid we could not get home before dark. Suddenly we stopped crying. We thought we heard a cowbell in the distance and it kept coming nearer. When in front of us, the poor cows were frightened off the road by our loud, noisy crying. Then a girl came and peeked under the bush, and I knew her at once. It was my cousin, Ida. She tried to comfort us by saying that our mothers would soon come and find us, but she had

to go along with her cows, so we kept on crying. We had been so frightened! This happened seventy-six years ago. I had an aunt living in Vrigstad I could have stayed with, but I would rather walk the lonely road and stay in my own home.

### Sandslätt

Life is very strange with all of its changing times from the cradle to the grave. You can never tell what will happen next. As children, we have small troubles and worries; when grown up, greater troubles and responsibilities come. While sitting here alone, I have so much time to think of bygone days and many experiences.

My parents moved away from our home in the forest to a place called Sandslätt [see figure 6], which was nearer Vrigstad and also school.<sup>6</sup> There my brother John started school. He was very bright and quick, always there with the answer, so he became the teacher's pet. The other children in his class were jealous and had it in for him, but did not dare to tackle him. So they took it out on me instead and I often had to suffer for having a smart brother.

When we started Sunday school, the same thing happened. John was always there with his hands up. Our Sunday school teacher was *Fröken* [Miss] Hedda Granquist. She also taught sewing and knitting. We met one afternoon a week, and the nicest part came when, after class, she served us homemade rolls, cookies, and milk and played the piano and sang for us.

Minnie was two years old when we moved to Sandslätt and here Hilda was born.<sup>7</sup> I was nine years old.<sup>8</sup> There was much work to be done. Father was in poor health, so it was hard for us children. We had to help with everything. Our food was very simple—potatoes and herring. For dinner sometimes we had pork instead of herring, but very seldom beef. We had homemade cheese and we raised garden vegetables. We sold most of our milk to get money for other necessities.

In the summer we children often went berry picking. The woods around us were full of berries (strawberries, raspberries, and blueberries) and *lingon* grew wild all over the place. Sometimes we came home with one basketful, and mother would let us go to Vrigstad and sell the berries to regular customers. There were no green grocers in Vrigstad. The townspeople depended on farmers for fruit and vegetables. After selling our berries, we stopped and bought coffee, sugar, and other things we knew mother needed. This surprised her and cheered her up. It was often hard for her with dad in such poor health.

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<sup>6</sup> This is correct. The family (father, mother, and three children) moved to Lunnaberg, Sandslätt No. 4, in 1874. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:15, 371.

<sup>7</sup> This is essentially correct. Vilhelmina Josephina, i.e., Minnie, was born at Hushall on 23 June 1873. She would have been one year old when the family arrived at Sandslätt. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:15, 265. Hilda Lovisa was indeed born at Sandslätt No. 4 on 27 January 1876. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:15, 371.

<sup>8</sup> Augusta Charlotta would have been eight years old when they moved.

### Christmas in Småland

Three weeks before Christmas we started washing clothes. First we put *crikashares*<sup>9</sup> in a bag and soaked it in water. Then we had a big barrel in which we put that bag, water, and all the dirty clothes. We also had a big iron kettle that held 20 gallons of water. We put that on a fireplace and, when the water came to a boil, we poured in into the barrel over the dirty clothes. Since the barrel was placed on a stand inside a tub, all the excess water ran into the tub, and that water we put back into the kettle. We repeated that for one day and one night. It was at night that we had fun. We stayed up all night and all the young folks in the neighborhood came. The boys had their mouth organs and accordions with them to play, and we that were washing had the party. We went from place to place. When it was time to rinse, we took the barrel, put it up in a wagon, and went off to a lake or creek. Here we knelt on our knees and rubbed until the clothes were white. The water was so brown. We only washed that way twice a year—Christmas and Midsummer. We had a mangle in the neighborhood, so we girls had to mangle (not on a mangle like we have now).

The next thing was to butcher a pig [*julgris*, Christmas pig] that had been fattening. I had to go along with a little pail with flour. When dad killed the pig, I had to collect the blood in the pail and stir it into the flour so that there wouldn't be any lumps. I didn't like that job, but I had to do it just the same. When the pig was cold, it had to be cut up in different pieces. The insides had to be taken out and the casing [i.e., intestines] in the pig had to be cleaned inside and out. What a job! The casings had to soak in salt water before we could use them. Then we made blood bread and all kinds of *korv* [sausage], *kalvsylta* [veal headcheese] and *pressylta* [pork headcheese].<sup>10</sup>

The washing was done and also the butchering, so now it was time to bake. It was *rikt* bread, *limpa*, rye bread, and bread for every day. We also baked all kinds of round cakes. Next the cleaning had to be done. Then, when Christmas Eve came, we had to go out in the woods to get a tree. We decorated the tree with apples, *karameller* [candies], and Christmas cookies made into different shapes (animals and *julgubben*).

We had a big table where we put up what we called *julahöga*<sup>11</sup> (one bag for each one of us) and six or seven white *julgubbar*. We sure were happy. We got

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<sup>9</sup> Although the precise rendering of this word is unclear, Augusta is undoubtedly describing the process of placing wood ashes (e.g., birch ashes) into boiling water to produce lye.

<sup>10</sup> Headcheese is a "jellied loaf...made from chopped and boiled parts of the feet, head, and sometimes the tongue and heart of an animal." - *The American Heritage College Dictionary*. 3rd ed. (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1997).

<sup>11</sup> "The baking of Christmas bread was an undertaking of great proportions because of the need of large quantities. Aside from the baskets of bread for the poor, and the supply to be put away for the winter months, each member of the family was to have his or her stack of breads called *julhög*. This was to contain a sample of each kind of bread baked at Christmas, and it could be nibbled at and tasted at will. The custom hints of the time when food was scarce and regarded as *ett gudslån*,

something good to eat on Christmas Eve for dinner. We each got a piece of bread and dipped it in the kettle (*vi doppad i grytan*), which contained the juice in which the veal and pork had been cooked. It sure tasted good. For Christmas Eve we had *lutfisk*, homemade cheese, *korv*, rice pudding [*risgrynsgröt*] with cinnamon, and *kardemumma* [cardamom]. I remember how happy we children were and wished that it would last until next Christmas. It lasted for two weeks. We invited aunts and uncles and their children and we were invited to their homes. My dad used to sing *Var hälsad, sköna morgonstund* [All Hail To Thee, O Blessed Morn] for us.

We would get up at four o'clock Christmas morning and go with Dad to *julotta*. We went through big woods with only a little track to walk in. The trees were covered with snow. We had to walk four or five miles before we came to Vrigstad Church. In every window there were candles and a tree in the middle of the room all lit up. It was beautiful and wonderful for those of us who came from the woods.

When we entered the church, there were hundreds of candles all lit up and everything was so quiet. Suddenly, *fröken* Grandquist started the organ and everybody stood up and sang *Var hälsad, sköna morgonstund*. The pastor came in from one room all dressed up in a cape that reached to the floor. Then he turned his back to the congregation. He had a big cross on his back made of silver and gold. Above him it was like a rainbow with big words written: *Ära vara Gud i höjden, frid på Jorden och människorna en god vilja* [Glory to God in the highest, peace on Earth and good will to men]. Then he turned again to the congregation and read from the Bible about Jesus, when he was born of *jungfru* [virgin] Mary in a stable, and how the shepherds came and prayed and brought gifts to Jesus.

There were many children in the church that came from far and near with their parents. We watched the candles burn down. It started to get daylight and we had to start back home again; Dad ahead of me and I in his footsteps. Mother was waiting for us to come home. I was about eight years old. Mother had a good breakfast for us and everything tasted good. We didn't have a Christmas tree. We had what we called *julkrona* [Christmas wreath]. We dressed it up like a tree with candles. Just think how poor we were in those days, but there was always something good to eat. We didn't get any toys.

### Lillegård

Then we moved once more to a much larger place in the village of Holkaryd. The name of this place was Lillegård [see figure 7].<sup>12</sup> It was a nice

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meaning a loan or gift of God." - Lily Lorenzen, *Of Swedish Ways* (New York: Gramercy Publishing Company, 1986), 211.

<sup>12</sup> This is essentially correct. The family (father, mother, and five children) moved to Holkaryd Lillegård in 1878 and remained there until 1881. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:16, 8 and AI:17, 9. Augusta

place with a rambling old house. It was close to a little lake and the Holkaryd schoolhouse was almost in our backyard. We liked it here, but we had much bad luck and trouble in this place.

With Dad in such poor health, the work here was too heavy for him. In the spring he took sick, and John and I had to take over the work in the fields. We hired a man to do the sowing for us and John plowed and harrowed with a pair of oxen. Our fields were full of rocks and stones. I had to go around with a broom and sweep up the seed that fell on the stones so it would not be wasted. We could not afford to feed the birds! During the summer, Dad got so much better that he could help us a little and direct the work.

Then came more trouble in the early spring. Mother slipped on the ice and fell and broke her leg. I was then eleven years old and going to school, but now I had to stay home from school and do the housework and take care of Mother. It was a hard time for us all, but we had many kind friends and neighbors that did everything they could to help us. Every day they came to see us and they never came empty-handed. And so the time passed and Mother began to take a few steps at a time. But it was hard for her, for it was only about two months later sister Ida was born<sup>13</sup> and that meant more work for us all. But we didn't mind. She was so very good, and she gave us much pleasure and very little trouble.

Now Mother had four girls and a boy to knit stockings and sew clothes for. It was not an easy thing. We kept sheep and they had to be washed before they were sheared; then the wool had to be washed, carded, and spun; and then the yarn had to be dyed before we could knit stockings or weave material for clothing. I remember how Mother used to get up at three in the morning and she would wake me up at four o'clock. I would do the carding so she could go on spinning. We had a little brass lamp without chimney that gave hardly any light, but we had a large fireplace where we burned great birch logs and the flames of the fire lit up the whole room. We made some coffee to keep ourselves awake and we got a lot of work done while the others slept. Mother told me funny stories to keep me entertained. Sometimes they were about trolls, hobgoblins, and ghosts. Then I would squeeze as close to Mother as I could get.

Our grandparents (maternal) lived near us, and John and I would often run over and see them after school [see figure 9].<sup>14</sup> They were always happy to see us. We ran errands for them and carried in water and wood. Grandma used to fix us something good to eat and she gave us eggs to take home. Dad would not let us keep chickens because they ate up his grain.

Dad got much better, so he could manage the farm work. For having been such good little helpers to him, he had promised to make us a boat so John and I

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fails to mention that the family lived in Holkaryd Norragård from 1881 to 1883. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:17, 11.

<sup>13</sup> Ida Kristina was born at Lillegård on 9 August 1878. - HER, AI:17, 9.

<sup>14</sup> During the five-year period 1878-1883, when the family lived in Holkaryd, the maternal grandparents—Jonas Svensson and Sara Isaksdotter—were living at Svenstorp, Lundholmen. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:16, 38 and AI:17, 38.



could go fishing on our lake. So one day when it was finished, we set out on the deep and we got a big haul the very first time. Were we pleased and proud of our catch! Mother cooked the fish with bay leaves and allspice and we ate them cold. It was a real treat; tasted better than herring. John and I spent much time on the lake. It was the greatest fun we knew.

### Svenstorp, Lundholmen<sup>15</sup>

My grandfather had been superintendent/foreman [*rättare*] at Lundholmen for over thirty years, but was now retired.<sup>16</sup> We were still living in Lillegård when Grandma passed on [see figure 9].<sup>17</sup> She was seventy-five years old when she died, and Grandpa now went to live with one of his sons. They had always lived at Lundholmen at a place called Svenstorp, near the manor house [*herrgård*].<sup>18</sup> Mother was born there [see figure 1].<sup>19</sup> When my grandfather retired, he received a gold medal for long and faithful service. He had been much respected and highly thought of by the owner and tenants alike. Before he left, he used his influence to get my father a position at Lundholmen so we could live at Svenstorp [see figure 10].<sup>20</sup>

The place at Svenstorp was small. Just a few acres of land went with it, so the work was easy. The work assigned Dad at Lundholmen was also easy but didn't bring in much. John and I, who felt ourselves grown up, began to look around to see what we could do to help. Lundholmen seemed our best bet. It was near home, so we both applied for jobs there. I got a place as chambermaid; John got the job of machinist in the creamery.<sup>21</sup>

This was a new life for me—no more wooden shoes for Augusta. I had to be all dressed up to wait on the gentry. I had to get up every morning at four o'clock, dust up, and make fire in all the rooms (each room had its individual fireplace). It was *Herr* and *Fru* [Mr. and Mrs.] Wessberg who were the owners of Lundholmen. *Fru* Wessberg was of nobility. Her title was "Hård of

<sup>15</sup> The large manor (*herresäte*) in Vrigstad.

<sup>16</sup> This is correct. Jonas Svensson was *rättare* at Lundholmen from at least 1846 to 1871. - HERs, Vrigstad, AI:10, 27; AI:11, 29; AI:12, 31; AI:14, 34; AI:15, 34 and 35.

<sup>17</sup> This is incorrect. Sara Isaksdotter died at Svenstorp on 2 November 1884. At the time, Augusta Charlotta and her family were living at Lunnerby Södergård. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:17, 263 and 38.

<sup>18</sup> This is partially correct. They are simply listed as *tjänstefolk* (domestic servants) at Lundholmen from 1846-56. They were living at Lundholmen Säteri from 1857-1871 and at Svenstorp, Lundholmen from 1871-1893. - HERs, Vrigstad, AI:10, 27; AI:11, 29; AI:12, 31; AI:14, 34; AI:15, 34 and 35; AI:16, 38; AI:17, 57 and 38; AI:18, 184; and AI:19, 184.

<sup>19</sup> This is true. Emma Carolina was born at Lundholmen, but her birth record does not indicate a specific place within the estate. - Birth and Christening Record (*Födelse- och Döplängd*), Vrigstad, C:4, 3 January 1849.

<sup>20</sup> According to the household examination roll, the family only lived at Svenstorp during the period 1885-87. The grandfather, i.e., Jonas Svensson, continued living there until his death on 22 March 1893. - HERs, Vrigstad, AI:17, 57 and 38; AI:18, 184; and AI:19, 184.

<sup>21</sup> Augusta and Johan are listed as *stafolk* (staff) at Lundholmen as of 1885. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:17, 35.

Segerstad." Lundholmen had been in the possession of the titled family for generations, and *Fru* Wessberg had evidently inherited the estate [see figure 8].<sup>22</sup>

Every morning before the "*Herrship*" got up, I had to brush and press all the clothes that they had worn the day before and shine the shoes that were put out for me. Then came *Fröken* [Miss] Wessberg (*Herr* Wessberg's sister) on her tour of inspection. Sometimes she came like a roaring lion, slid her hand over the polished tables, and shouted at me, "Augusta, did you dust here?" She was a tyrant and we all hated her [see figure 8].<sup>23</sup>

We were six servants in the place (housekeeper, cook, kitchen maid, chambermaid, nursemaid, and governess). We had servants' quarters in one wing of the manor house. For the married servants there was a servant hall, a large, two-story building, with living quarters for about eight families. They were the gardeners, coachman, game warden, stablemen, and grooms. High up on one gable of this building was a large dinner bell that Grandfather had rung morning, noon, and night for over thirty years.

Father was still in very poor health and could do very little work between periods of illness. In the second year we lived at Svenstorp, he came down with a bad cold that later turned into pneumonia. He died a few days later. He was only fifty-nine years old [see figure 10].<sup>24</sup> We now stood sorrowing by our mother's side. Of us children, only John and I could take care of ourselves, but now Minnie also had to go out in the world and make her living. She took a place as a nursemaid at Pastor Syren's in Vrigstad. Uncle and Aunt Mallander took Carl home with them after the funeral and later adopted him.<sup>25</sup>

So it was now only Hilda, Ida, and Ernst at home with mother, but still it was hard for her to make ends meet.<sup>26</sup> We helped her all we could, but the next spring she had to leave her little home. She got a position as an assistant in the creamery at Lundholmen. She also helped with the milking. There were over one hundred cows at Lundholmen that were milked by hand. She moved into one of the small apartments in the servants' hall.

Next fall I was tired of the slavery at Lundholmen, so I got a place as maid at Pastor Syren's and moved with them to Jönköping [see figure 11].<sup>27</sup> I stayed

<sup>22</sup> Eg. (= *Ägare* = owner) Karl Hugo Wessberg was born in Norrköping 28 July 1843. His wife, Agnes Mathilda Hård af Segerstad, was born in Gränna on 7 July 1848. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:17, 34.

<sup>23</sup> *Fröken* Amalia Augusta Wessberg was born in Norrköping 1 October 1846. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:17, 34.

<sup>24</sup> This is correct. *Torpare* [Sven] Gustaf Johannisson died of lung inflammation at Svenstorp on 9 November 1885. He was fifty-two. - Death Record (*Dödslängd*), Vrigstad, C:6, No. 32; HER, Vrigstad, AI:17, 57.

<sup>25</sup> The specifics of this situation have yet to be worked out. He may have lived with his aunt and uncle, but in 1887 Carl Algot Gustafsson is still listed with his mother. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:18, 38.

<sup>26</sup> This seems to be incorrect. In 1886, the widow Emma Carolina Jonasdötter is listed with five children, including Wilhelmina Josephina, Hilda Lovisa, Ida Kristina, Carl Algot, and Ernst Theodor. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:18, 38.

<sup>27</sup> This seems to be a slight oversimplification of her actual whereabouts during this period of time. On 28 October 1886, August Charlotta Gustafsdötter arrived in Hylletofta from Vrigstad. - Moving In Record (*Inflyttningslängd*), Hylletofta (Smål.), B:5, 1886, No. 18. She is subsequently listed as a

with them three years, and during that time John went to America and later sent for Minnie and Hilda.<sup>28</sup> Our youngest brother, Ernst, died at Lundholmen.<sup>29</sup> So now it was only Ida and Mother, and they moved to Vrigstad, where they lived for a short time.<sup>30</sup>

In Vrigstad mother supported herself and Ida by doing practical nursing. There was a doctor in Vrigstad but no nurses. Later she accepted a position offered her as housekeeper at Patron Leander's in Stockaryd, the nearest town and railroad station to Vrigstad.<sup>31</sup>

Leander was well-to-do and had the largest general store and the largest residence in Stockaryd. A sister lived with him and, in the summer, three of his bachelor brothers spent their vacations in his home. They were college professors from Stockholm.

Mother had help, sometimes two maids, but there was a lot to do. There was much business activity and much entertaining. All the Leander family regarded the place as their home and kept dropping in at all times, but Mother was a good manager and she was well-liked by all the Leanders. The fact that she came from Lundholmen gave her a lot of prestige with them. When she was complimented by some guests on food or service, a Leander would speak up, "Well, you see Emma comes from Lundholmen and knows how things should be."

Mother was still young and good-looking (she had been married at seventeen). Leander was a middle-aged bachelor. After a couple of years, *Fröken* Leander married a widower, *Kyrkoherde* [Reverend] Bursell, the minister from a neighboring parish. Shortly after, mother married Lochrantz Leander.<sup>32</sup>

*piga* for *Arrendator* (leaseholder/tenant farmer) Axel Fred. Thelander, Kyrkv. (*kyrkvård* = church warden) of Hylletofta Klockagård until 1888. - HER, Hylletofta, AI:16, 116 and AI:17, 111. She moved from Hylletofta to Backen Östregård in Bankeryd Parish on 3 May 1888, where she is listed as *piga* in the home of *Comminister* Johan Syren, who moved here with his family in 1888. - Moving In Record (*Inflyttningslängd*), Bankeryd (Smål.), BI:1, 1888, No. 5; HER, Bankeryd, AI:13, 18. On 13 November 1888, she moved to Hasarp in Bankeryd Parish, where she worked as a *piga* for *Eg. Konsul* Gustaf Westman in Jönköping. - HER, Bankeryd, AI:13, 48. Finally, she moved to Sjövik in Bankeryd Parish on 31 October 1889. Here she is listed with other *tjänstefolk* (servants) as a *piga*. She remained at Sjövik until 20 May 1891, at which time she left the parish bound for America. - HERs, Bankeryd, AI:13, 168 and AI:14, 162.

<sup>28</sup> All three left for North America from Lundholmen—Johan Fredrik Gustafsson on 1 December 1888; Wilhelmina Josephina Gustafsdotter on 6 April 1890; and Hilda Lovisa on 10 July 1890. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:18, 158.

<sup>29</sup> Ernst Theodor Gustafsson died at Lundholmen on 29 June 1887. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:18, 161.

<sup>30</sup> This statement is not quite correct. Emma Carolina and two children, Ida Kristina and Carl Algot, are listed as living at Lundholmen in 1892-93. Ida Kristina left for North America on 6 November 1893. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:19, 162.

<sup>31</sup> Emma Carolina and Carl Algot moved to Stockaryd on 14 March 1895. - HER, Vrigstad, AI:19, 162.

<sup>32</sup> Lorenz Leander and Emma Carolina Jonasdatter were married on 26 May 1895, just two months after Emma Carolina had arrived in Stockaryd with her son Carl Algot. - HER, Stockaryd.

It was about this time that I also caught the America fever, but mother didn't like the idea of us all leaving her. She and Leander both begged me to stay in Sweden. If John hadn't already sent me the ticket, I don't believe I would have ever seen America. I came home from Jönköping to get ready and to say goodbye to friends and relatives.<sup>33</sup>

### From Småland to Des Moines, Iowa

Charles Hofström from Holkaryd was booked for the same boat, leaving 9 June 1891, so we decided to travel together. I was going to Des Moines, Iowa, and he was going to Stanhope, Iowa.<sup>34</sup> He was younger than I and had never been away from home, so I felt sort of responsible for him. There was much to be done to get ready, so I stayed with mother for a few days. Leander packed a big bag of provisions for me from his delicatessen store, including cheese, *ansjovis* [anchovy], *medvurst* [German sausage], *knäckebröd* [crispbread], and chocolate.

So came the time to say goodbye. I can see my mother standing there waving a last farewell as the train rolled away from the station, carrying me out into the world towards an unknown destiny in the promised land of the West. I had two sisters and a brother waiting for me there, so I had no worries, and I soon got over the sadness of parting and started on my journey with high hopes and in good spirits. It was to be a great adventure—so much to be seen and experienced; and, when you are young, you take life lightly.

When we arrived in Jönköping, Uncle and Aunt Hillerström were at the station to meet me and say goodbye. Their home had been like a home to me the three years I was at Pastor Syren's. We continued our journey to Gothenburg, where Charles Hofström's aunt came to meet us. We had to stay there two whole days until everything was ready. There was much red tape before we could board the large steamer that lay waiting for us at the docks, but finally everything was clear and it started plowing its way across the North Sea [see figure 12]. We had a very rough passage across. The high waves swept over the deck, and we had to stay in our cabins. Everybody was seasick.

It took us two days to go from Gothenburg to Hull, England. Here we had to exchange our money, and here for the first time we were up against a foreign language, which was very confusing. We were many emigrants, all Swedes and Norwegians. We were all young and in high spirits. We landed in Hull on a bright Sunday morning. There was much commotion and excitement before we all got on the train for Liverpool. When we arrived in Liverpool, there were

<sup>33</sup> Augusta Charlotta lived at Sjövik in Bankeryd Parish from 31 October 1889 until 20 May 1891, at which time she left the parish bound for America. - HER, Bankeryd, AI:13, 168 and AI:14, 162.

<sup>34</sup> Augusta Ch. Gustafsson (No. 790; from Bankeryd, Jönk[ö]ping län); age 25; bound for Des Moines, Iowa) and Carl O. Pettersson (No. 792; from Vrigstad, Jönk[ö]ping län); age 19; bound for Gowrie, Iowa) left Göteborg on 12 June 1891 aboard the *Ariosto* bound for Hull, England. - Göteborgs Poliskammare Utvandrare Personer, E IX 45, 12 June 1891.

more complications and red tape to go through. We had to stay here several days to await the large steamer that was to take us across the Atlantic, so we had a chance to see the city of Liverpool.

It was an unpleasant mess to go through—to be herded onto the ship and into our right places—but soon it was over and we could feel the motion of the boat as it started. Before long we were so far out we could see nothing but water and sky. After a time, we thought we saw land in the distance and we began to wonder, “Surely it couldn’t be America already.” It was only Ireland that we saw. When we came nearer, our ship slowed up and came to a stop and a small boat came out to meet us. It was loaded with emigrants, all Irish. They lowered a rope ladder from our ship to their boat. It was awful to watch them climbing up that ladder with the water under them, but all went well and they all got safely on board. Our ship started moving again and all was still and calm on the ocean, but “after the calm comes the storm.”

On the evening of 23 June, there came up an awful storm that lasted all night. We all had to go below. The ship was pitching and rolling something terrible and we were very frightened. Then we thought of our homes in Sweden and all the fun they were having there now, since it was Midsummer night in Sweden, with dances around the Maypoles. I think we all had our regrets as we lay there expecting every minute to be swept to the bottom of the sea. But God was good to us and calmed the waves. We had fine weather the rest of the way.

At the first sight of land, we started to pack and get ready to land in Philadelphia. The boat was crowded with people and all their belongings, so it took a long time to leave the boat. They herded us like sheep. A rumor went around that those who didn’t have \$20 would not be allowed to stay, but would have to return with the ship. Many did not have \$20 and were afraid, but I was not afraid. I said, “I don’t care if they do send me back. I will never tell them how much money I have.” We were lined up and filing by a Swedish-speaking official. When it came my turn he shouted at me, “*Hur många pengar har du flicka?*” (How much money have you got girl?). I looked him straight in the eye and said, “Oh, I haven’t very much money now, but if you will let me travel on I shall have much money when I return.” He said, “Oh, so you expect to return do you?” I said, “Of course I do, but not this way.” After a few more questions, he let me pass on. I suppose he thought I had the money because I seemed so sure of myself, but that was all bluff. I had nothing near \$20. But we all had tickets to our destination.

Next came the customs officers. Their job was to see that poor emigrants didn’t smuggle any valuables into the promised land. When I opened my trunk for one of them, he picked up a little box. It was full of odds and ends—buttons, needles, and pins. It was tied around with a ribbon and the box broke and everything in it was scattered over everything in the trunk. He got mad and his face got red. I just stood there and laughed at him. He mumbled something I didn’t understand. It was just as well, for I am sure he swore at me, or maybe himself.

We all had to take different trains from Philadelphia, so it was now time to say goodbye to the friends we had made among the emigrants in crossing the ocean. Our first stop was Chicago, and here we had to change trains. We were met by emigrant agents who never let us out of sight. They put us in different cabs that took us to a different railway station. Here again we had to say goodbye to those who had traveled that far with us, and here I had to part with Charles Hofström, my traveling companion from home. He was going to Stanhope, Iowa, to my brother John's. I saw him on a train going in the opposite direction and I was afraid he would get lost. Did I ever worry about him! But for all my worries he got safe and sound to Stanhope. From Chicago to Des Moines, I had the company of a Norwegian family man and wife and nine children.

### Des Moines, Iowa

We came to Des Moines early in the morning. A man came and said something to me I didn't understand. I showed him my sister Minnie's address. He went and called a cab driver, and in a few minutes I was with my sister Minnie. We talked and laughed and cried all at the same time. She took me to a Swedish family (the Andersons) to get rested up from my trip.

It was the 2nd of July. They told me the "4th" was a great day in America, when everybody celebrated, and that I had to be dressed up for it and not look like a greenhorn. I only had \$1.50, but it was something to get dressed up on. Minnie bought me some plaid gingham for a dress. On the 3rd of July, I made a dress from a pattern she had, but that was not enough. I had to have my hair cut off in front. They called it "bangs." Minnie brought along a curling iron to curl my bangs so I would look stylish. "Oh yes, a greenhorn with bangs." I thought I looked funny enough without bangs. Even that wasn't enough. I had to have gloves to look more stylish. Then I saw Minnie look down at my feet. They looked so clumsy. I had to have new shoes and I had to have everything ready on the 3rd. I was tired from my trip and got more and more tired. All this fuss to make a lady out of a greenhorn in two days. In my Swedish way, I started to joke with them about it and made fun of it all, but I tried to make the best of it and got along with them.

Then came the 4th, and we all got ready for what they called the big parade. We were all lined up on the sidewalk and here came one band after another, and soldiers and men in uniforms marching, flags flying, music, and fireworks in the air. We walked and walked and walked until my feet got sore in my new shoes. They were all going to a park where there were to be speeches, music, and all kinds of celebrating. I began to think America wasn't so wonderful after all. In Sweden, when we celebrated, we had fun and our feet didn't get sore from it. I guess I must have been homesick, but I didn't let on. I had come to America to make my fortune, and I had to see about getting a job right away. That was something to think about, so I forgot all about the 4th of July.

The 5th of July came and I couldn't lie around any longer. I had to start to look for work. It was something to think of because I could not speak a word of English. Sister Minnie, another girl, and myself went out job hunting. The first place we came to was the home of a Jewish family with ten children. The Jewish lady looked at me and I put on my Sunday smile, but that didn't help. She didn't want to have to bother to teach me English. She told Minnie I looked too smart. She didn't think I would stay long after I learned the language.

Then we went next door to a Swedish girl (Anna Anderson) on Pleasant Avenue. That family's name was Webb. Mrs. Webb said she would take me if she could call on Anna if I didn't understand what she said. They were very nice to me, and I stayed there a year. The first two weeks I [was paid] 75 cents a week, later on \$1.00 a week, and at last I got \$2.50 a week. It was all they could pay, but I was glad I got a job and had a little to eat and a room to sleep in. There were six in the family. Mrs. Webb's mother stayed there, too. She was seventy-five years old. She was very good to me and helped me a lot. She would always ask, "What do they call that in Swedish?" I would tell her and then she would tell what it was in English.

My first experience as a hired girl in America was washday the next day. Mrs. Webb started me out in the kitchen with wash boiler tub and wringer, soap, and a rubbing board. I didn't know how to rub or wring. I sure felt dumb. I was not even worth 75 cents a week. I really felt bad and said to myself, "It would have been better to be a poor soldier's wife in Sweden than feel like a dumbbell in America." It was my first washday in America. I could not rub and I could not wring. When I was going to hang the clothes, the line broke after I got a few sheets on it. I just stood there and didn't know what to do. A Negro boy across the street saw me and came to help me, but I got so scared of him that, when he got hold of the line, I dropped it and ran in the house. Mrs. Webb went out to help the boy and I looked through the window. How they talked and laughed at me. How dumb I was. When we took the washing in, Mrs. Webb looked at the bottom of the dress. I had not rubbed the hem clean, for the dresses in those days had to be so long that they took up all the dirt on the floor. All the clothes I had worked so hard on went back in the wash and I had to do it over again. Was I disappointed in America and my washing! Believe me, Mrs. Webb never caught me hanging up dirty clothes again.

Then came ironing day. I had to heat old irons on a gasoline stove and I just couldn't iron good enough. In Sweden, I had used mangle press irons, and I was thinking it goes *på tak* [all well] for me. I made hundreds of mistakes every day.

Then came cleaning day. I knew how to clean, so that cheered me up a little. I did a good job. One day I was going to clean my room. I found some kind of "creepers" in my bed (*tusen* [thousand] up and *tusen* down). Then I got scared again. I went to Mrs. Webb and she cried out "bedbugs." We didn't have any in Sweden, so I didn't know anything about bedbugs. I had to go after those bugs in a snappy way. They were worst at night. I started to investigate in the other beds and it was the same in all. I didn't care as long as I wasn't the one to bring

them in. Mrs. Webb didn't care either, as they were going to move into a new house they had built out in a place called Kingman Place.

I didn't like the idea [of moving]. It was a lonesome place. I told Mrs. Webb I couldn't go with them out there. It cost too much for me to take the streetcar, when I only [got paid] \$2.00 a week. Then she said, "I will give you a ticket to go back and forth two times a week." I did go along with them.

Then came the moving day. It was a hard day for all of us and, worst of all, we didn't want to take any of the bedbugs with us. It was hard to shake them, but we finally made it.

I got along very well in English, so one day Mrs. Webb sent me off to the meat market. She gave me 10 cents to buy lean pork, and I said it over and over again, "10 cents, lean pork." When I opened the door, I said, "10 cents, lean pork." They looked at me and saw I was a greenhorn. To my surprise, they gave me *fläsk*. Day by day I learned some new words. It didn't take me long before I could say upstairs and downstairs, yes sir and no sir, meat market, and saloon. When I got hold of a cookbook, I could read all kinds of recipes. I baked bread and ginger cake and made buckwheat pancakes.

For two months I worked at Mrs. Terrell's, where my sister Minnie worked. There I had a good time with Minnie (some boss over me) as Mrs. Terrell worked for her husband downtown.

The World's Fair was here in Chicago in 1892. There was a boy that came and delivered milk to Webb's when I was there. His name was Jeff Patton. He was about thirteen years old. He came every day. He always liked to play with Walter Webb. I played Swedish games with them, talked Swedish to them, and we had lots of fun. One day he told his mother about me.

When Mrs. Patton went to the World's Fair, the grandma was going to take care of the house. That didn't work very well, so they decided to get a hired girl. Jeff told his dad that the girl he wanted worked at Terrell's. Her name was Gusta. They came over. When I saw Jeff come, I was so surprised and he got so happy when he saw me. He said, "Can't you come and work for us? Mother has gone to the fair and Grandma cannot do the work." I didn't think much about it, so I said, "Sure, I will come and work for you." I thought it was a joke. Then came Mr. Patton, and he had already talked to Mr. Terrell. I think I got a good recommendation, so I went home with them. Jeff took me around and showed me everything and helped me. The Pattons didn't have any bedbugs, but they did have dirt. I never saw so much dirt in a big house in all my life. Of course, I was young then and I have seen it in my own house many times since. But I tell you that house got a good cleaning. How I did work! I washed the curtains and hung them.

The time went fast, and one day we had a letter that Mrs. Patton was coming home. I got a little afraid that she would send me off, but old Grandma liked me; the way I went after the dirt and the way I could bake. One day she arrived and I stood in the kitchen like a dummy (I could hardly put words together), but she smiled and said, "I heard about you long ago and Jeff has



written to me how hard you have worked, so here is a little gift for you." She gave me a box and in it was a very nice gold breast pin. She talked about the fair and how nice it was to be home in a clean house. I understood most of what she said, but it was hard for me to get words together. I could say "Yes ma'am" and "No ma'am." She said the rest and treated me like I was her own daughter. She was so afraid I would overwork, so she sent the washing out. One day I told her I could do the washing and ironing if she would give me fifty cents more a week (I got \$3.00). She said she would if I wouldn't overwork. When she paid me, she gave me \$4.00! In those days they paid in silver, because they had no paper money.

Mrs. Patton helped me sew a dress. I went along with her to do some shopping. One time I remember she took me along to see how people were living in the slums, in what they called "South Bottom" in the colored district. It was a sight. She handed out to them what she had along; something to eat and clothes to wear. I never went there anymore. Mrs. Patton always cared for the sick and the poor in the afternoon.

Mrs. Patton always wanted me to have my girl friends in for a meal. When she had card parties, she hired colored maids to take care of those that came. They didn't have any cars in those days. The wealthy people had groomsmen that took care of the horses and most of those boys were Swedes. She would say to me "tell the boys to come in the kitchen" and "ask your girl friends to come too." I remember many times there were more young people in the kitchen than were in the parlor and dining room. We played games and Mrs. Patton would come out to see how we were getting along. She stood and laughed at us and talked to all; and Jeff was right with us all the time.

It was hard times in Des Moines and all over America. We heard rumors that a whole army of men that didn't have any work came from the West. They called themselves "Kelly's Army." There was another army coming from the East called "Kox's Army." They were on their way to see the president in Washington. On Sunday, 1 May, we heard they were coming through and Grand Avenue was just lined with people who waited for them to come in the afternoon. I can see them yet. They came in rags; some had sore feet and no shoes. They had some horses and wagons to pick up the sick and helpless. They took Des Moines by storm. They had to take them in and feed them. The men would go begging in the streets and stealing. They were there a couple of weeks; couldn't get rid of them. Finally, they moved on to their next stop—Dubuque. I don't remember what happened to them, but they went to Washington.

Minnie worked for Terrells, Hilda for Henry Wallace's grandparents, and I for Pattons. Then we three sisters decided that we should belong to a church, so we joined the Swedish Lutheran Church. We liked to go there, for there were so many young people. Des Moines was just full of working girls and coal diggers. The boys came into town and we girls put on our best dresses and Sunday smiles and went to church. Sunday evening the church was just packed with boys and girls, and we just waited for the preacher to say "Amen" so we could go out and

have fun—what we called “make mess.” We all walked home. Hardly any took the streetcar. Sometimes we walked four and five miles to get home.

We got tired of Des Moines, so Minnie and Hilda went to Chicago to work and stayed there until they got married. I was glad they went, for then I got to be my own boss and could do as I pleased. Then I sent a ticket to Ida and she came in 1893. She worked in different places. Then I thought I had been long enough in one place, so I decided to go to Mankato, Minnesota, in July of 1894. Ida took my place at Pattons.



**Fig. 2.** Photograph of Charles Anders Gustafson and Augusta C. Gustafson taken in Windom, Minnesota, on their wedding day, 2 November 1894.

## Appendix

Födde och dopade inom Vrigstads Socken år 1849.										
3/1										
1.	3/1	6	Emma Carolina	Rättaren Jonas Svensson, fyll. Sara Isaksdotter Lundholmen.						Volontär. El. von Porat Fru Ulr. Charl. Hedberg Lundholmen.

Fig. 3. Portion of the 1849 birth and christening record (*födelse- och döplängd*) (C:4) for Vrigstad Parish. Emma Carolina Jonasdatter was born and christened on 3 and 6 January, respectively. Her parents were Rättaren (the foreman) Jonas Svensson and his wife Sara Isaksdotter from Lundholmen. The sponsors were Volontär El. von Porat and Fru Ulr. Charl. Hedberg from Lundholmen.

Personernas namn, stånd, ämbete, yrke och näringsfång, (backstegen, lahyses- och fattighjon), nationalitet (om främmande), lyten (svaglösa, blinda, döftumma).	Födelse			Äktenskap		Flyttad		Död.
	Nr.	År och dag	Ort, (socken i Län, Stads.)	Gifv. Kall eller Kall.	År och dag	Stad, eller pagus i husförhörs-boken.	År och dag.	
<i>sjukhuset</i>								
1. <del>Sven Gustaf Johannisson</del>	33	13	Vrigstad	66		Feb. 20 66		
2. <del>h. Emma Karolina Jonasdatter</del>	49	3/1	Vrigstad			Apr. 24 66		
3. <del>h. Augusta Charlotta</del>	66	3/1	Vrigstad					
1. Peter Svensson	18	3/1	Stettin			Jul. 20 68		
2. h. Maria Lisa Karlsdotter	18	12/7	Kristianstad					
5. h. Axel August	34	2/8	Vrigstad					
1. h. Emma Hjelm	36	3/1	Vrigstad					

Fig. 4. Portion of the household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:14, 1866-70, 351) for Vrigstad Gästg[ivargård], Vrigstad Parish. The *boende* (resident) Sven Gustaf Johannisson is listed with his wife, Emma Karolina Jonasdatter, and daughter, Augusta Charlotta (see nos. 1-3). Note the word *sjukhuset* (the hospital) written above Sven Gustaf's name.

*Sunnerby Östergård*

Hushållsnummer	Namn	Ålder	Sex	Födelseort	Födelseår	Religion	Barn	Öfversigt	Förhållanden	
									Öfversigt	Öfversigt
1	Solte Anders Johan Stages	51	♂	Luzern	78	u	1	1	1	1
2	h. Emma Karina Stages	49	♀	Blom	76	u	1	1	1	1
3	s. Valer Emil	73	♂	Vrigstad						
4	o. Hilda Emilia	78	♀	Blom						
5	o. Knas Bjelmborg	51	♂	Vrigstad		u	1	1	1	1
6	h. Karl August Johansson	47	♂	Vrigstad	68	u	1	1	1	1
7	h. Emma Kristina Johansson	45	♀	Byggnad	72	u	1	1	1	1
8	o. Augusta Charlotta	68	♀	Vrigstad		u				
9	s. Johan Fredrik	70	♂	Blom		u				
10	o. Gustaf Johansson	33	♂	Vrigstad	66	u	1	1	1	1
11	h. Emma Karolina Josefina	49	♀	Blom		u				
12	o. Augusta Charlotta	66	♀	Blom		u				
13	s. Valer Fredrik	70	♂	Blom		u				
14	h. Wilhelmina Josefina	23	♀	Blom		u				

Fig. 5. Portion of the household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:15, 1872-74, 265) for Hushall No. 1 in the village of Sunnerby Östergård in Vrigstad Parish. The *arrendator* (tenant/leaseholder) Gustaf Johannisson (note that he has dropped the name Sven) is listed with his wife, Emma Karolina Jonasdatter, and three children—Augusta Charlotta, Johan Fredrik, and Wilhelmina Josefina (see nos. 10-14). The family (father, mother, and first two children) arrived here in 1872 from page 275 (i.e., Sunnerby Norragård). The third child, Wilhelmina Josefina, was born at Hushall in 1873.

*Lunnaberg*

Personens ålder, hälsa, utbildning, yrke och näringslag, (Arbetsort, bekymmer, förtäring, hälsotillstånd (om sjukvårdande), ämnen (svaghet, blind, och annat).)		Födelsest. n. n.		Årskort		Husförhörslängd	
År	Mån. och Dag	År	Mån. och Dag	År	Mån. och Dag	År	Mån. och Dag
<i>Br. G. N. Sandslätt No. 4</i>							
3		<i>41</i>	<i>29</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>69</i>	<i>0</i>	
4		<i>49</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>0</i>		
5		<i>40</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1874</i>
6							
7							
8							
9		<i>54</i>	<i>23</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>66</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>1874</i>
10		<i>49</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>1</i>		
11		<i>66</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>1</i>		
12		<i>70</i>	<i>17</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>	<i>1</i>		
13		<i>73</i>	<i>15</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>			
14		<i>76</i>	<i>27</i>	<i>Vrigstad</i>			

Fig. 6. Portion of the household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:15, 1871-75, 371) for Sandslätt No. 4 in the village of Lunnaberg in Vrigstad Parish. Here we find *Br*[ukare] (tenant farmer) Gustaf Johannisson with his wife, Emma Karolina Jonasdotter, and four children—Augusta Charlotta, Johan Fredrik, Vilhelmina Josefina, and Hilda Lovisa. Note the use of the Latin abbreviation "*ibm*" (= *ibidem*, in the same place), which indicates that the mother and four children were, like the father, also born in Vrigstad. The family (father, mother, and 3 oldest children) arrived here in 1874 from page 265 (i.e., Sunnerby Östergård, Hushall No. 1). The fourth child, Hilda Lovisa, was born at Sandslätt in 1876.

*Lillegård*

Personernas namn, stånd, embete, yrke och näringsfång (ackstuga-, hvarus- och stuglösa), nationalitet (om främmande), lyöan (främling, blida, döftamma)	Födelse-			Äktenskap.		Flyttat			Död.
	År.	Mån. och dag.	Ort, (Söcker i Län, Stad).	Gift.	Enk- ling eller Enka.	från (Söcker i Län, Stad eller pag. i Husförhörs- Bokan).	År, månad och dag.	Äktenskap- löst änkan levande	
1) <i>Eg. Gustaf Johannisson</i>	43	12	<i>Vrigstad</i>	1878					
2) <i>H. Emma Karolina Johanna</i>	40	31	<i>Vrigstad</i>						
3) <i>A. Augusta Charlotta</i>	66	24	<i>Åbo</i>						
4) <i>S. Johana Fredrika</i>	70	28	<i>Åbo</i>						
5) <i>A. Wilhelmina Josefina</i>	75	31	<i>Åbo</i>						
6) <i>A. Hilda Rosina</i>	74	27	<i>Åbo</i>						
7) <i>A. Edla Kristina</i>	(5) 42	24	<i>Åbo</i>						

Fig. 7. Portion of the household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:17, 1881-86, 9) for Lillegård in the village of Holkaryd in Vrigstad Parish. The arrendator Gustaf Johannisson is shown with his wife and five children. The family arrived here in 1878 from Sandslätt No. 4 in Lunnaberg.

*Lundholmen*

Personernas namn, stånd, embete, yrke och näringsfång (ackstuga-, hvarus- och stuglösa), nationalitet (om främmande), lyöan (främling, blida, döftamma)	Födelse-			Äktenskap.		Flyttat			Död.
	År.	Mån. och dag.	Ort, (Söcker i Län, Stad).	Gift.	Enk- ling eller Enka.	från (Söcker i Län, Stad eller pag. i Husförhörs- Bokan).	År, månad och dag.	Äktenskap- löst änkan levande	
1) <i>Eg. Karl Hugo Wessberg</i>	42	28	<i>Norrköping</i>	1879		<i>Varnum</i>	8-5 27/11		
2) <i>H. Agnes Mathilda Hård af Segerstad</i>	40	7	<i>Brennå</i>	5/11					
23) <i>Fröken Amalia Augusta Wessberg</i>	16	10	<i>Norrköping</i>			<i>Norrköping</i>	83 27/11		

Fig. 8. Top and bottom portions of page 34 of the household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:17, 1881-86) for Lundholmen in Vrigstad Parish. At the top of the page (nos. 1 and 2), Eg. (= Ägare = owner) Karl Hugo Wessberg is listed with his wife, Agnes Mathilda Hård af Segerstad. At the bottom of the page (no. 23), we find Karl's sister, Fröken (Miss) Amalia Augusta Wessberg.

No.	Personernas namn, stånd, embete, yrke och näringstyg (betslags-, släp- och förläp), nationalitet (om främmande), lyten (originalt, blinda, döfsta).	Födelse-		Ort, (Socken i Län, Stad).	Aktenskap. Gift.	Enk- ling eller Enka.	Kopior.	Flyttat		År, månad och dag.	Död.
		År.	Mån. och dag.					från (Socken i Län, Stad eller påg- i Husförhörs- Boken).	År, månad och dag.		
1	<i>Augusta Wråen</i>	18	9/10	Ålemånen			2				1884
2	<i>h. P. Joh. Schoksdatter</i>	68	9/10	Jernsäl			2				2/11
3											
4	<i>fröj. Emma Jönsson</i>	78	1/2	Wigstads			11	Hallen 25	82	18/11	92
5	<i>Anders (11 37)</i>										
6	<i>Anders Johan Johansson</i>	43	7/6	Lemböck	72		1	Lemböck	85		
7	<i>P. Lena Sofia Thorsén</i>	47	12	Marla			1				
8	<i>J. August Emil Jönsson</i>	72	10	Sköping			1				
9	<i>L. Carl Emil Sofia</i>	76	7/6	Sköping			1				
10	<i>Karl Vilhelm</i>	78	2/10	Sköping			1				
11	<i>Karl Ricard</i>	80	2/6	Sköping			1				
12	<i>J. Josef Erik Jönsson</i>	82	7/6	Sköping			1				
13	<i>Frans Gustav Emanuel</i>	85	1/7	Lemböck			1				
14											
15											
16											
17	<i>Anders Erik Johansson</i>	42	4/2	Ångede			75/29	22			
18	<i>d. Elisabeth Johansson</i>	67	7/6	Wigstads			22				
19	<i>J. Johan Johansson</i>	78	7/6	Ålemånen			22				
20	<i>Wilhelmina Sofia</i>	49	3/6	Ålemånen			85/74	7/6	57	86	
21	<i>L. Hilma Lovisa</i>	76	2/7	Ålemånen			1				
22	<i>L. Ida Karolina</i>	78	2/1	Ålemånen			1				
23	<i>L. Carl August</i>	82	1/7	Ålemånen			1				
24	<i>L. Emma Johansson</i>	84	2/7	Ålemånen			1				

Fig. 9. Page 38 of the household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:17, 1881-86) for Svenstorp el. Wråen at Lundholmen in Vrigstad Parish. Augusta's grandparents are listed at the top (nos. 1 and 2); her widowed mother and five siblings at the bottom (nos. 20-22). The death of her grandmother on 2 November 1884 is noted in row 2. See text for further details.

*Lundholmerna*

Personernas Namn, älska, ombete, yrke och särigenhet (ämbets- titel och förtjänst), nationalitet (om främmande), työta (vagnmärk, bilnr, årtalstema).	Födelse-			Äktenskap.		Flyttat		Är, sländ och dag.	Inflyttad och sländ	Ödd.
	År.	Mån. och dag.	Ort, (Söcker i Län, Stad).	Gift.	Fink- ling eller Enka.	från (Söcker i Län, Stad eller p.g. i Husförhörs- Boken).	År, sländ och dag.			
1. <i>Fr. Petrusson</i>										
2. <i>Anders Andersson</i>	17	2/2	Vrigstad							
3. <i>M. Anna Sofia Andersdotter</i>	18	3/10	Skv.							
4.										
5.										
6.										
7.										
8. <i>doc. Axel Edward Kero</i>	28	3/10	Skv.							
9. <i>Svenstorp I. Wråen</i>	12	7/10	Skv.							
10. <i>Julia Johanna</i>	78	7/10	Vrigstad							552
11. <i>A. Emma Mathilda Wråen</i>	40	3/10	Skv.							
12. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
13. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
14. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
15. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
16. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
17. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
18. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
19. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
20. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
21. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
22. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
23. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
24. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
25. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
26. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
27. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
28. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
29. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
30. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
31. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
32. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
33. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
34. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
35. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
36. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
37. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
38. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
39. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
40. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
41. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
42. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
43. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
44. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
45. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
46. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
47. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
48. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
49. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
50. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
51. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
52. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
53. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
54. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
55. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
56. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
57. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
58. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
59. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
60. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
61. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
62. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
63. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
64. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
65. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
66. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
67. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
68. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
69. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
70. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
71. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
72. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
73. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
74. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
75. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
76. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
77. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
78. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
79. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
80. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
81. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
82. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
83. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
84. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
85. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
86. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
87. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
88. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
89. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
90. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
91. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
92. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
93. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
94. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
95. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
96. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
97. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
98. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
99. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							
100. <i>A. Mathilda Wråen</i>	78	7/10	Skv.							

Fig. 10. Household examination roll (*husförhörlängd*) (AI:17, 1881-86, 57) for Svenstorp el. Wråen at Lundholmen in Vrigstad Parish. Augusta's grandfather, father, mother, and five siblings are listed in rows 10-16. The death of her father on 9 November 1885 is noted in row 10. See text for further details.



*Backen Östregård, H. M. L. i. N. i. K. i. Bankeryds församling*

No.	Namn (barnbarn, föräldrar och öfriga i hushåll)	Ålder	Födelse		Läkare		Religion		Öfrigt
			Mån och dag	Ort	Ort	Religion	Religion		
<i>Comminister</i>									
13.	Johan Peter Nilsson	1836	21	Sjunde	67	v			
14.	H. Charlotta Amalia Nilsson	33	13	Bankeryd	1/6	v			
15.	J. Carl Henrik Melander	66	22	Bankeryd		v			
16.	J. Oskar Fredrik	67	1/10	ib.		v			
17.	J. Augusta Henrika	69	5	ib.		v			
18.	J. Tomas Gotthard	75	22	Wäljö		v			
19.	J. Johan Victor	77	17	ib.		v			
20.	<del>Ag. Anna Maria Gustaf</del>	68	21	Bankeryd		v	p. 99	86	
21.	<del>Pj. Anna Wilh. Johansdr.</del>	60	16	Kaha		v	p. 14	87	1/10
<i>Comminister Johan Syrén</i>									
13.	H. Johan August	57	1/2	Bankeryd	82	v			
14.	H. Johan August	57	1/2	Kaha	97	v			Wäljö 88
15.	J. Johan Peter	83	24	ib.		v			
16.	J. Maria Carolina	84	1/8	ib.		v			
17.	J. Sige Anna Elisabet	86	1/2	Ragberga		v			
19.	J. August Johanssen	67	10	Bankeryd		v	p. 112	90	
20.	J. Anders Ag. Johanssen	78	11	Skymstad		v			Wäljö 88
X 21.	Ag. Hanna Gustaf	60	22	Bankeryd		v			Wäljö 88 1/10
22.	Ag. Augusta Charl. Gustafsdotter	56	11	Wäljö		v			Wäljö 88 1/10
23.	Christina Amund	60	16	Bankeryd		v			Bankeryd 88 1/10 20
X 24.	J. Carl	89	23	Jönköping		v			89 1/10
25.	Pj. Wilh. Kristina Johansdr.	52	18	N. Wäljö		v			Wäljö 89 1/10
26.	Pj. Nils Ag. August	73	20	Kaha		v			Kaha 90 1/10

Fig. 11. Household examination roll (*husförhörslängd*) (AI:13, 18) for Backen Östregård in Bankeryd Parish. Note that Augusta Charl. Gustafsdotter (No. 22) is listed as a *piga* in the household of *Comminister* Johan Syrén (Nos. 13-17).

Andr. Larsson

## Förteckning

efter utvärdare, som af undertecknad befordras med Angfartyget *Ariosto* till Hull, Eng.

den 12 Juni 1891 härifrån afgår till *Hull*

Konst- lek No	Utvärdarens yrke och namn.	Hemort till län och wäcken.	Ålder.	Sex.	Qvinnor.	Summa.	Bestämmelseort.
787	Hilba L. Pettersson	Torsås Kalmar	30	1	1	1	New York
788	Karl P. af Angelin	Rydbo Kalmar	21	1	1	1	Campbell Mass.
789	Felix Nilson	Wimmerby Kalmar	25	1	1	1	Warren Ia.
790	Augusta Chr Gustafsson	Bankeryd Jönköping	25	1	1	1	Des Moines Ia.
791	Karl O. Pettersson	Eriksbo Jönköping	19	1	1	1	Rockford Ill.
792	Carl O. Pettersson	Vrigstad Jönköping	19	1	1	1	Gowrie Iowa
793	Erik Eriksson	Holshofen Stockholm	77	1	1	1	New York
794	Miriam Riddola	Finland	27	1	1	1	Calumet Mich.
795	Karl Harkko	"	26	1	1	1	Holland Mich.
796	Sakari Eskola	"	25	1	1	1	"
797	Johan R. H. Krant	"	29	1	1	1	Calumet Mich.
798	Emil Holappa	"	17	1	1	1	Sawwood "
	Henry	"	11	1	1	1	"
799	Erlend Astöm	"	27	1	1	1	Warren Ia.
800	Karl O. Pettersson	Hamnsand	27	1	1	1	Salt Lake Utah
801	Gustaf Hautala	Finland	20	1	1	1	Holland Mich.
						13	16

Göteborg den 9 Jun  
Andr. Larsson

Fig. 12. Portion of the passenger list for the *Ariosto* bound from Göteborg to Hull, England, on 12 June 1891. Note number 790 (Augusta Chr. Gustafsson, Bankeryd, Jönköping, age 25, female, bound for Des Moines, Iowa) and No. 792 (Carl O. Pettersson, Vrigstad, Jönköping, age 19, male, bound for Gowrie, Iowa).