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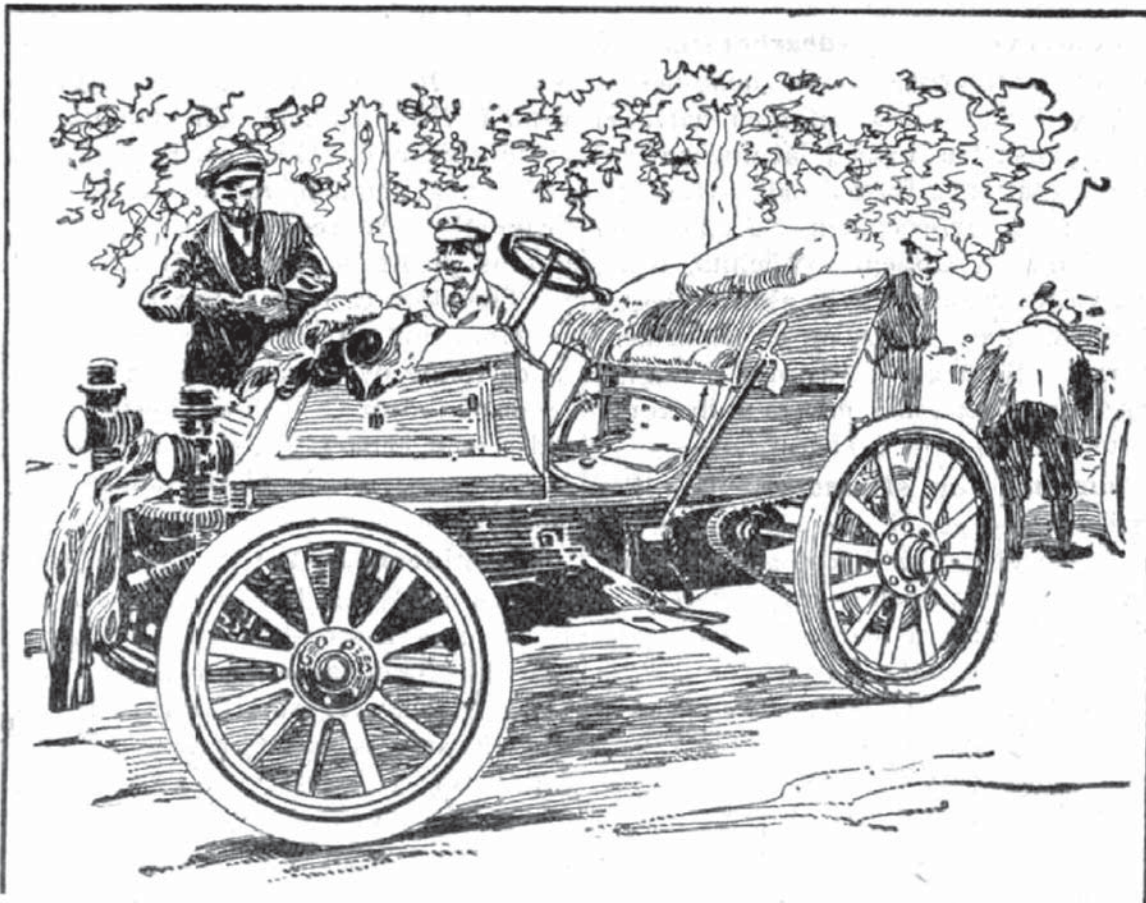
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Swedish American Genealogist

*A journal devoted to Swedish American
biography, genealogy, and personal history*



En täflingsautomobil.

Swedish American Genealogist



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Cover picture:

Picture of racing car (*täflingsbil*) from Swedish-American newspaper *Svea*, published in Worcester, MA. This issue from 20 June 1900.

The Search for Selma Lagerlöf's American Nephew

An old mystery is now solved

By ANN WICK

Volunteer work helping to preserve the stories of the past can lead to unexpected research projects. One of the more fragile ephemera that contain records of our daily lives are newspapers. Because of the process used to make newsprint from wood pulp, the acid used in production rapidly destroys the paper and in a major effort to preserve the information, libraries and other institutions scan and convert the information to digital form. At Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington, the Scandinavian Immigrant Experience Archives, managed by Archivist Kjerstin Ringdahl, is part of this effort to preserve Scandinavian history. This past year I was asked to scan and save for inclusion in the Scandinavian Immigrant Experience web page several scrapbooks and related information written by or about Stephan Forslund.

Stephan Forslund was very active in the Swedish community in Tacoma during the 1920's through the 1970's. He worked for the Griffin Wheel Company in Tacoma but also wrote a column for the *Tacoma News Tribune* in the 1950's. He saved many of his articles in several scrapbooks which were left to the PLU Scandinavian Archives. After retirement, he started writing a book about the history of Tacoma's Swedish settlement but it was never published. While scanning the book draft for inclusion in the archives, I could not help reading what I was scanning and a particular paragraph caught my attention.

"Sandgren and Lind decided that there must be a crying need for a Swedish newspaper out in the Pacific Northwest and came to Seattle in 1888. A previous attempt to publish a Swedish paper had been made in 1885 by Frans Lagerlof, which folded after a few issues. Ernst Skarstedt, a prominent Swedish-American journalist in his

day who was something of a traveler, visited Lagerlof in Seattle about this time and describes him as a gloomy and melancholy man who had no use for Seattle, the Washington Territory, nor for the United States in general. Besides trying to be an editor, he was also a teacher in a public school. He must have been in an awful hurry to get out of town when he left, for he sold the whole aggregate of Swedish type and some other equipment to a German printer for 5 dollars. Lagerlof was a relation to Selma Lagerlof (sic), noted Swedish authoress and Nobel Prize winner, who made many attempts to locate him. He must have been a rather close relative as she has a brother who emigrated and was never heard from."

Since Selma Lagerlöf is a very distant relative of mine, I wondered if it could be true that a brother of hers lived in Seattle. A quick check on Findagrave.com showed that there was a Johan and Nathalia Lagerlöf buried in Lake View Cemetery in Seattle. Could this be the brother? No information was given on the cemetery site that he was related to Selma Lagerlöf.

Preliminary research for a Franz(s) Lagerlof or Franz(s) Lagerlöf in Ancestry.com or FamilySearch.com or the U.S./WA census records was unsuccessful. Furthermore, as later records would prove, Selma's brother was not yet in the United States in the 1880's. But was the Lagerlöf buried in Seattle still Selma's brother? More documentation was needed.¹

Selma Lagerlöf Genealogy

The family history for Selma Lagerlöf is well-known. She was the fifth of six children born to Erik Gustaf Lagerlöf and Louise (Wallroth) Lagerlöf. Her two older

brothers were Karl Daniel (b. 1850) and Johan Gustaf (b. 1854). Her sisters were Johanna Maria (b. 1851), Anna Georgina (b. 1856), and Gerda Julia (b. 1862). Johanna Maria died in 1854 of dysentery, a few months after Johan Gustaf was born. All of them were born at Mårbacka in Östra Ämtervik, Värmland. The family lost the farm because of debt in 1884 and Selma's father died in 1885 in Östra Ämtervik. Selma later purchased her family home back using money from winning the Nobel Prize for literature in 1909.

Tracking down the burial information for her siblings, showed that all the siblings except one, died in Sweden. Selma, of course, died at Mårbacka. But information for Johan Gustaf Lagerlöf stated only "USA." Family trees published on the Internet had information about Johan Gustaf's death and history but the facts often conflicted so I needed to go back to the source material to be certain this was the correct Johan Gustaf at Lake View.

Johan Gustaf Lagerlöf

He was born at Mårbacka on 5 April 1854, the second son of Erik Gustaf and Louise, and the third child. He lived with his family at Mårbacka from 1854 to 1877. In 1873 he went briefly to Filipstad, perhaps as a student for further study, but in 1877 he left his family home for Göteborg. Perhaps he went there as his older brother Daniel lived in Göteborg. He moved back to Filipstad in 1882. In 1883 he moved to Lidköping from Filipstad. There he met and married Eva Maria Nathalia Rappe Lidbom, widow of the tobacco factory owner Conrad Lidbom. Johan worked in the factory as a clerk.

Eva Maria Nathalia Rappe Lidbom Lagerlöf

She was the third daughter of Baron Johan Axel Gustaf Rappe, a cavalry officer, and Eugenia Charlotta von Platen. There were fourteen children in the family born from 1847 to 1869 and Eva Maria *Nathalia* was born 19 May 1854 in Sörby parish (Kron.). As the father was in the military, the family moved several times in this period. Interestingly, Nathalia Rappe Lagerlof (sic) is listed in the Lineage Book of the Daughters of the American Revolution as a descendent of Count Curt Bogislaus Ludwig von Stedingk who fought in the Siege of Savannah, 1779. This qualifies her for membership in the DAR!²

Nathalia left home in 1878 to marry *Conrad Julius Alexis Lidbom*, a widower with a 7-year-old daughter, *Signe Sofia Lidbom* (born 1871) from a previous marriage to *Ingeborg Nanny Södergren*. A daughter, *Astrid*, was born on September 26, 1879, in Lidköping to Conrad and Nathalia. Conrad died in 1881 from bronchial pneumonia. Nathalia was now a widow with two young daughters. On 18 December 1886 she married *Johan Gustaf Lagerlöf*.

When Nathalia married *Johan Gustaf* in December, *Signe*, at the age of 15 in August, 1886, had already left to live with her grandfather *August Södergren* in Örebro. When he died March 27, 1894, *Signe* left for Uppsala on September 28, 1894. Conrad and Eva's daughter *Astrid* stayed with *Johan Gustaf* and her mother, *Nathalia*. A son, *Pehr Johan* was born to *Johan Gustaf* and *Nathalia* 27 December 1887. The family lived at No. 7-8, Lidköping.

Johan Gustaf and Nathalia (Nanny)

In 1890, *Johan* left Lidköping for America, leaving *Eva*, *Astrid*, and *Pehr* (now *Per*) in Lidköping. They moved to No. 10 Lidköping.

Johan Gustaf left on May 16, 1890, on the *Ariosto* from Göteborg to Hull and then on the *City of Chester* from Liverpool to New York, arriving June 2, 1890, with the final destination listed as Chicago. He was listed as a laborer. He settled in Joliet, Illinois.

Nathalia, now known as "Nanny", *Astrid*, and *Pehr* joined *Johan Gustaf* in 1895.



Johan Lagerlöf 1893 in Minneapolis.

They left on the *Ariosto* on September 20, 1895, from Sweden to England and then travelled First Class (!) on the *City of Rome*, arriving in New York October 5, 1895. They lived in Joliet, Illinois, Ward 1, for several years when once again *Johan* had the urge to move on. He went to Seattle, Washington, about 1906 or 1907 where he was listed in the city directory as working in "cigars and fruit" at 401, later 526?, Madison (presumably in a small shop) and living at 415 Madison. The Seattle city directories are somewhat unclear from this point onwards. In the 1908 directory, *Johan* and "Percy" are listed at 525 Madison, residence at 1110 Terry Ave, with no mention of *Nanny* or *Astrid*. *Percy* is listed as a student at the University of Washington which seems unlikely. In the 1910 U.S. census, *John*, *Nannie*, and *Percy* (age 22) are listed as living in Seattle, ED 146, Ward 3. In the 1910 Seattle city directory, *John* and *Percy* are listed as living at 227 Queen Ave., with *John/Johan Gustaf* working as a confectioner. *Nannie* is not mentioned. In 1912 the city directory lists *John G*, *Nanny*, and *Percy "G,"* as living at 227 Queen Ave. *John* is a confectioner and *Percy* is listed as a "clerk."

Johan Gustaf died in Seattle 25 June, 1912. He is buried in Lake View Cemetery, Seattle, King County, WA. So that part of the tale is true. *Selma* had a brother who lived for over twenty years in Seattle and is buried there. But what happened to *Nathalia*, *Pehr Johan*, and his half-sister, *Astrid*?

Eva Maria Nathalia (Nannie) Lagerlöf

After *Johan's* death, *Nathalia* (now known as *Nannie*) and *Pehr* (now 25) moved to 1708 26th Ave. N. in Seattle. *Nannie* is listed as a widow and *Percy J.* as a "computer"/civil engineer. In 1917 they moved to 707 N. 63rd and then back to 26th Ave in 1919. In 1922 *Percy* is listed as an engineer at the 26th Ave. address. In 1924, Mrs. *Nathalia Lagerlof*, is living at 5251 12th Ave NE., Seattle. *Nathalia* dies 2 March 1926 and is buried in the same plot as *Johan Gustaf* in Lake View Cemetery, Seattle.

Astrid (Ester) Lagerlöf

Astrid must have remained in Illinois when her mother and *Pehr* went to Seattle. I did not find a record for her in the 1910 Illinois census. No record was found of her marriage to *William Henry Holke* either, but by 1919/20, *Astrid* (now known as *Ester*), *William*, and two children were living in Seattle at 1708 26th Ave. N. with *Nanny*. The marriage possibly was around 1912 or 1913 as the daughter, *Mildred N. Holke*, was age 6, born in Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, 4 March 1913, and the son, *Donald H. Holke*, was age 2, born 6 November 1918 in Seattle. The family moved several times between 1920 and 1929. *William* and *Astrid* lived at 1726 Harvard Ave., Seattle. *Astrid* died June 26, 1929, in Seattle and her ashes were buried in Washelli Columbarium, King Co., WA. Her grave stone simply states "E. Holke 1881- 1929." *William Holke* died January 7, 1942, in Seattle.

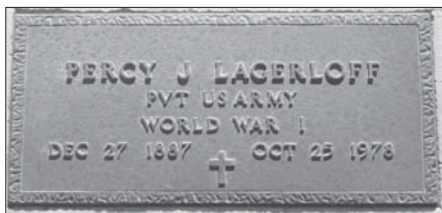
Mildred Holke is listed in the 1930 and 1940 U.S. censuses as living with her father at 1708 26th Ave. N., Seattle. No further information was found on what happened to her after 1940.

Donald Holke married 3 Feb. 1940 to *Lillian Marie Hudgins*, born 1918, died 2001. He died 24 January 2008, in Grandview, Yakima Co., WA. Both are buried in the Vashon Island Cemetery, Island County, WA. *Donald* and *Lillian* had two children, *Penny* (1943-2012) and *Donald H.* (1947-1967). The son *Donald* died in Viet Nam and was awarded numerous medals for bravery. *Penny* married and was a mother. *Penny* and *Donald* are also buried in the Vashon Island Cemetery.

Pehr Johan Lagerlöf

Pehr Johan was known as Per, John, P.J., and Percy; and Lagerlöf, Lagerlof (no ö), and Lagerloff.

He might have attended the University of Washington studying engineering for a brief period in 1908 according to the Seattle city directory but this is unlikely (see below). He worked as a clerk as a young person, then a drafter, then a “computer” (sic)/ civil engineer, then as a road surveyor and resident engineer for the WA Department of Highways. After leaving home, he lived at 2016 W 10th St, Port Angeles, WA, and was drafted August 26, 1918, and served as an engineer on the 166 Dep Brig Co C 70 until his discharge 5 Dec. 1918. In 1920 he lived in Melbourne (the town no longer exists but was located south of Montesano, WA), and worked as a surveyor for logging roads. He moved by 1930 to Port Orchard, WA, and lived in a rental on Sidney Street with a Richard Johnson



Per's memorial at Lone Mountain Cemetery (Billion Graves).

A Swedish book gives more information

In 2010 Swedish writer Torbjörn Sjöqvist published the book *Kära Syster! Jag tyckes hafva otur i allt. Om Johan Lagerlöf och hans syster Selma* (Dear Sister! I seem to have had bad luck in everything. About Johan Lagerlöf and his sister Selma) (ISBN 978-919788555-0-8).

In this book the author has gone through the collections of family letters that exist, both in print and in the Royal Library, to members of the family from Johan. There are 112 letters to Johan's mother and 29 from sister Selma. Many excerpts from the letters shows a clearer picture of Johan and his family's life in Sweden and the U.S.

An early letter shows that Johan supported his sister Selma when she studied at the teacher's college in Stockholm, both by convincing their father that it was right for Selma to get an education, and also with money, for which she was always grateful to him.

These letters also tell a lot about how Johan struggled with his various efforts to

and worked as resident engineer for the State Highway Department. Sometime after 1930, he moved to Nevada. In 1935 he lived in Boulder City, Clark Co., Nevada, and by 1940 he lived in Humboldt, Pershing Co., Nevada, and worked as a “mucker” in a tungsten mine. His 1940 draft card states he worked for the Nevada-Massachusetts Company, Mill City, Nevada, and lived in Humboldt, Nevada. Both the 1930 and 1940 U.S. censuses list the highest level of education as 8th grade. He died October 25, 1978, and is buried in Lone Mountain Cemetery, Lovelock, Nevada, where he is listed as a WWI veteran and as Percy Lagerloff. He never married.

Conclusion

I still have no idea who Franz Lagerlof (sic) was or why Stephan Forslund thought he was related to Selma Lagerlöf, but I do know that Selma Lagerlöf's brother and sister-in-law lived and are buried in Seattle and that the only child of Johan Gustaf and Eva, Pehr, left no recorded descendants, but his mother, Nanny, did leave descendants in the United States.

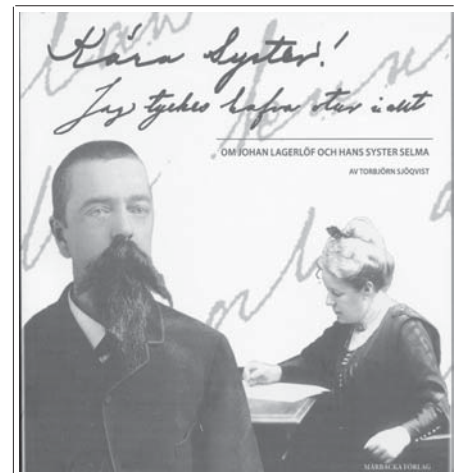
Editor's endnotes:

1) The above mentioned *Franz Lagerlöf* was born 15 Sep. 1849 in Skellefteå (Vbn.) [birth

records burned], and immigrated 1 Sep. 1882 from Söderala (Gäv.) according to *Emibas*. He returned to Umeå, Sweden, in December 1886, and died 15 June 1923 in Norrtälje (Stock.) [Swedish Death Index 1901-2013]. He was not a member of the same family as author Selma Lagerlöf.

2) Nathalia Rappe Lagerlöf's mother was the baroness Eugenie von Platen (1826–1887), whose mother was baroness Nathalia von Stedingk (1803–1862). Nathalia's father was count Curt von Stedingk (1746–1837), a colonel serving with the Anhalt regiment in the siege of Savannah during the Revolutionary War in 1779.

Author Ann Wick has the following e-mail: [skogkatt@earthlink.net]



thought there would be good opportunities for son Per to study and become an engineer. He was now 19 years old. Johan opened a fruit and cigar shop in Seattle, which seemed to do OK, but not great. But they still needed more money from Selma as wife Nanny was ill and needed operations. She and Per joined Johan in Seattle, and Per started his studies at the University of Washington, which was planned to take about four years, but for various reasons he never graduated. At this time Johan became seriously ill, probably of some liver disease. As he had stopped working he now had time to read all Selma's books and enjoyed them.

After Johan's death Selma still supported Nanny, but after her death in 1926, Per does not keep up writing to his aunt Selma, and he was lost to his Swedish family.

Now his fate is known, thanks to the good research in the preceding article.

The French Huguenot Connection

A Swenson Family Legend

BY RUSSEL CHALBERG

<austinruss@sbcglobal.net>

For at least the last two generations, the Swenson family has circulated an oral story that this family was not 100% Swedish; it is said to have a bit of French blood. A recent DNA test seems to confirm this fact as the test indicated approximately 2% to be Western European.

As this family legend goes, one of their ancestors was a Huguenot who came to Sweden in order to escape religious persecution in France.

When this Frenchman got to Denmark and found the Baltic frozen, he proceeded to skate across to Sweden on a pair of wooden ice skates. The Öresund is only 4 km. (2.5 miles) wide and although it is very rare, records show it does occasionally freeze over as it did in the extreme winters of 1703 and 1708. This is the period when the Huguenots were fleeing France. No more than about one hundred Huguenots came to Sweden at that time.

The Huguenots were a group of French Protestants with origins in the 16th and 17th centuries. History tells us the Huguenots were persecuted by King Louis XIV and the Catholic Church. Because of the harsh persecution, many Huguenots chose to leave France and it is estimated more than 250,000 fled the country by the early 1700s. They fled to many areas including the surrounding countries of England, Ireland, Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden. This series of religious persecutions continued intermittently from the early 1500s until 1787-89, when Louis XVI signed the Declaration of the Rights of Man.

Tracing the family story

Now back to our legend: “**Just who was this Frenchman?**” Many people, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been looking for years for a clue to solving this question.

In a tape recording, made many years ago, Ruth Swenson (b. 2 Mar. 1885) states very clearly, “*that one of her ancestors was a Huguenot who had escaped the persecution in France.*”

Ellen Ruth Swenson was the youngest of nine children born to Frans August Swenson (b. 10 Mar. 1838) and Johanna Johansdotter (b. 9 Feb. 1840). This family lived in Ljuder parish (Kron.), until the father, Frans August, died in 1897. Shortly thereafter Johanna and 6 of her children came to America and settled in Indiana.

(See “*Bondeskog and the Frans August Swenson Family, Swedish American Genealogist* - June 2010.)

Carl Emanuel Swenson (b. 31 May 1875) was another child of this Swenson family and he wrote in a handwritten copy “*Memories of Carl Emanuel Swenson,*” dated Nov. 27, 1965. He states, “*My maternal grandfather was a descendant of the French Huguenots, who fled their native France to get away from the Catholic persecution in those days, which was quite fierce. . . .*” Carl lived in Indiana and had no idea that his sister in Texas was relating the same Huguenot story.

A third child in this family was Maria Johansdotter (b. 18 Nov. 1842 – d. 1907). Maria and her family did not immigrate to America. Recently, a great-granddaughter of Maria, Christina Nyberg, a Stockholm resident, visited the United States and asked if anyone in our family knew anything about our French ancestor. With descendants on 2 different branches of this family tracking the same legend, this story is likely to have some validity.

Ruth Swenson had said on several occasions that she remembered the name *Peter Marche*.

This Peter Svensson Marche (the name was also spelled Mars) was Ruth’s moth-



The Lenhovda medieval church was torn down in the early 1800s, and the new church was inaugurated in 1843.

er’s paternal grandfather. The name Marche could be French, but research has found that Peter got the name Marche while he served in the Swedish military. Besides, Peter was born on 4 Nov. 1773 in Kylleskröv, Lenhovda (Kron.). He was married on 19 Nov. 1797 to Annika Persdotter in Kylleskröv, Lenhovda, and died on 20 Dec. 1828 at Jäppamåla, Lenhovda.

Since Peter Marche could not be our Frenchman, let’s look at Peter’s father, Sven.

Sven Börjesson (also spelled Birgersson; Birger and Börje are variants on the same name) was born on 4 Jan. 1749 in Kylleskröv, Lenhovda, and married on 10 May, 1772. He died 1 Dec. 1811 in Kylleskröv, Lenhovda.

Sven’s parents were Birger Persson and his wife Maria Johansdotter. When Maria and Birger were married 8 Jan. 1738 in Lenhovda, Birger is said to be a bachelor from Badeboda and Maria a maid from Kylleskröv.

Birger Persson died at Kylleskröv on 28 Dec. 1768, age 52, which makes him born around 1716. He died from consumption.

Badeboda village is found in nearby Åseda parish, and there is born a boy Börje on 9 March 1712, son of Per Jonsson and Sara Börjesdotter in Badeboda. This baby

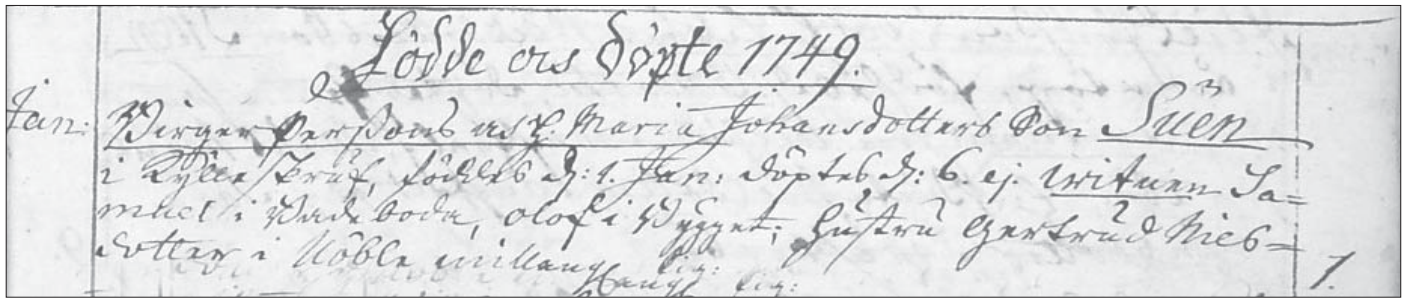
is probably the future Birger Persson who marries in Lenhovda, but that needs further research.

We have almost no information about the father of Per Jonsson, but he would have been born about 1680 and probably would not be our missing Frenchman, as history tells us that most of the Huguenots had escaped from France by 1700.

Now after some 300 years and nine or ten generations later, members of the Swenson, Johnson, Samuelson, Franson, Carlsson, Nyberg, and Chalberg families have all searched for an answer to this question and to this point no one has found the “French Connection.” However, there are female lines to research too, and you never know what to find if you do not do a thorough research.



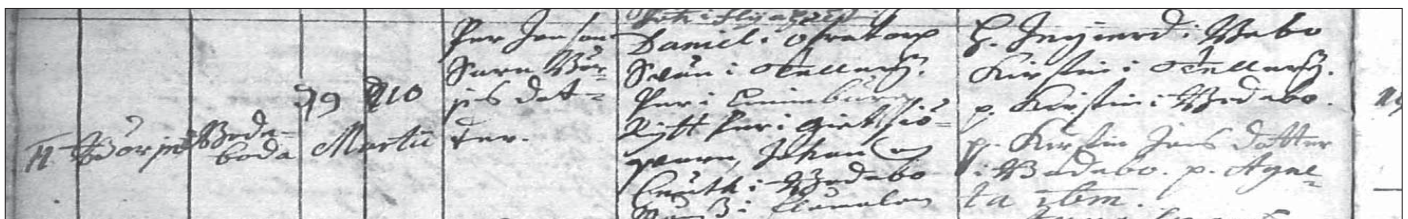
A house in Kylleskruf village in Lenhovda.



Lenhovda (G) CI:2 (1740-1838) Image 19 / page 31 (Arkiv Digital). Birth of Sven Börjesson (Birgersson), son of Birger Persson and his wife Maria Johansdotter of Kylleskruf. Sven was born on 1 January and baptized on 6 January (ej=ejusdem) a Latin word that means “the same month”). Witnesses were Samuel of Badeboda, Olof in Bygget, wife (hustru) Gertrud Nilsdotter in Nöbble Millangård.



Åseda (G) AI:1 (1737-1745) Image 10 / page 3. (Arkiv Digital). Clerical survey for Badeboda in Åseda 1737–1740. It shows that Per Jonsson died during the period. His first wife seems to have died and he remarried to Karin. His son Börje moves away, and stepdaughter Kierstin is married to Samuel, who is noted a son-in-law (måg), and then they have other people living with them.



Åseda (G) CI:1 (1688-1780) Image 42 / page 77 (Arkiv Digital). Birth of Börje on 9 March and baptized on March 10, son of Per Jonsson and Sara Börjesdotter in Badeboda. Witnesses not transcribed.

Handwriting Example #49

340.
Högallans Olaf Petren vid
Rusthyttan, som till detta Gång
kommit Olaf Mattson vid Filipstad
och på vad annat Gång
och ombud sig till adlon som
säger valbror Arvid Sandbeck
att Gång, som Gång sig Gång
dysk suannad Petrens Gång
matt vad vid rusthyttan
därvid utläses, matta kallad
under Gångning utgård, på
att Gång matta Anna utis
vad, om Olaf Mattson drottning
att vad, som Petren till vid på
12 Gångar, utligen vid rusthyttan
vad vad vad, samt på
att utgårdig Gång utgård
och plitka.

Färnebo häradsrätt (S) Ala:29 (1757-1758) Image 702 (Arkiv Digital)

This court case was discussed in the District court (*häradsrätt*) of Färnebo in eastern Värmland during the fall meeting (*Hösteting*) of the court during October 1758. The court with its judge (*härads hövding*) and its 12 permanent jurymen (*nämndemän*) assembled in the city of Filipstad.

The court meeting went on for several days, and many different items were on the agenda.

The meeting started on 19 Oct. 1758, and in separate minutes were listed cases of guardianships and sales of real estate. Next came 134 cases of crimes, conflicts,

and more, and then the meeting ended on Oct. 27. Not everything was resolved, but some cases were referred to the first meeting of the next year (*Vinterting*).

At the end there should also be a list of the fines that the court had decided on, but it is missing for this meeting.

News from the Swenson Center

Swedish American Newspapers project

By LISA HUNTSHA, ARCHIVIST/LIBRARIAN OF THE SWENSON SWEDISH IMMIGRATION RESEARCH CENTER

Launched this fall, Swedish American Newspapers is a free, online portal that allows users to explore more than 300,000 pages from 28 different Swedish-American newspaper titles published across the United States. Anyone with internet access can now read how the Swedish-American press covered current events in America and Sweden from 1859-2007. Browse by date of a significant event, by regional area, or use the keyword search.

“The Swedish-American press was a significant part of a vibrant Swedish-American cultural community and is an amazing resource for anyone interested in Swedish-American history,” said Dr. Dag Blanck, director of the Swenson Swedish Immigration Research Center. “The fact that the newspapers are keyword searchable truly transforms the ways in which the papers can be used,” continued Blanck.

The bilingual web portal also includes

text correction features and annotation tools to help researchers dig deep into the Swedish-language newspapers. Users can add comments and connect with other researchers by using the annotation tool in the portal (indicated by a quotation mark icon). In order to use these features, users must open an account and log in to the website.

Other important features of the portal include the ability to print and copy text. To copy text, select the icon that looks like a clipboard, then draw a box around the text you desire. Please note that there may be errors, and it is best to compare the copied text to the original newspaper image. From here, you can use translation software or save the text in word processing software.

The newspapers portal is a result of a transatlantic project involving libraries, archives, and funding agencies in both

Sweden and the United States and will be of great interest to academic researchers, genealogists, students, or anyone interested in the history of Swedish immigration to North America. The partners in the project include the National Library of Sweden (*Kungliga biblioteket*), Stockholm, Sweden; the Swenson Swedish Immigration Research Center, Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois; the American Swedish Institute, Minneapolis, Minnesota; and the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Funding for digitization was provided by the *Riksbankens Jubileumsfond*, the *Barbro Osher Pro Suecia Foundation*, and *Konung Gustaf VI Adolfs fond för svensk kultur*. Funding for online access was provided by the *Marianne and Marcus Wallenberg Foundation*.

[Link on p. 30.](#)

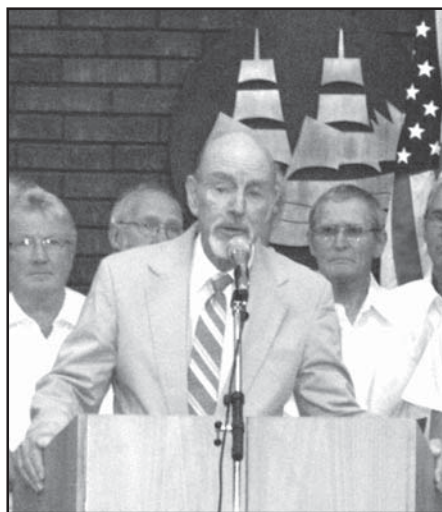
Browsing issues from April 1912 reveals how the Swedish press covered the sinking of the Titanic. From Svenska-Amerikanska Posten, published in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In Memoriam H. Arnold Barton 1929-2016

Professor H. Arnold Barton, Tyresö, Sweden, passed away on 28 September 2016. He was born in Los Angeles in 1929, the oldest of four siblings. His parents were Sven Hildor Barton and his wife Marguerite Lemke. In his book *The Search for Ancestors* (1979), also in Swedish as *Släkten* (1981), he tells his family saga. Arnold had his roots on his *farmor's* side from Hälsingland and from his *farfar's* side from Småland. His *farfar* Ernest Svensson assumed the name Barton as it sounded more American. Already as a youngster Arnold realized that he had Swedish roots among the pioneers in the Midwest and decided to learn Swedish. After high school and studies at Pomona College he spent four years in the U.S. Coast Guard. For a period he was stationed at Rhodes, Greece. He had plans to continue his military career, but chose studies for a Ph.D. at Princeton University instead. During a quarter of a century he was professor of European history at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, IL, where he also played the cello in the university orchestra.

Arnold Barton was a prominent authority on Nordic history and he became a leading person in the American Scandinavian studies community. His doctoral thesis dealt with the arch aristocrat Hans Axel von Fersen the Younger, who played an international role during the French Revolution and in Napoleonic Europe. Arnold Barton's research into the Nordic countries around the turn of the century 1800 was summarized in *Scandinavia in the Revolutionary Era 1760-1815* (1986). *Sweden and Visions of Norway* (2003) should also be mentioned.

When Arnold Barton started a new subject, he did so in earnest. His systematic approaches and his surveys were impressive. The transatlantic mass migration became his other great area of research. His long list of publications includes *A Folk Divided: Homeland Swedes and Swedish*



Americans, 1840-1940 (1994), in which he shows how the relations between Swedes in Sweden and the Swedish-Americans have changed from distrust and stereotypic views to an effort to better understand each other. From 1974 to 1990 Arnold Barton was the editor of the *Swedish-American Historical Quarterly*, published by the Swedish-American Historical Society of Chicago.

In New York, Arnold Barton met Aina Bergman from Solna, Sweden. They married and became inseparable. Their summers were always spent in Sweden, and after Arnold Barton's retirement they settled in Tyresö, southeast of Stockholm, for good. His research in later years on Kanton, near Drottningholm palace, caught the interest of King Carl XIV Gustaf. The Bartons had many friends in Sweden. Both attended the John Ericsson Day in Filipstad for many years, and also came to many other places with Swedish-American celebrations.

Arnold Barton personified the Swedish-American cultural and academic relations. He was awarded an honorary doctorate from Uppsala University and was elected Swedish-American of the Year 1988. In the U.S.A. Arnold Barton played a leading role in the Society for the Advancement of

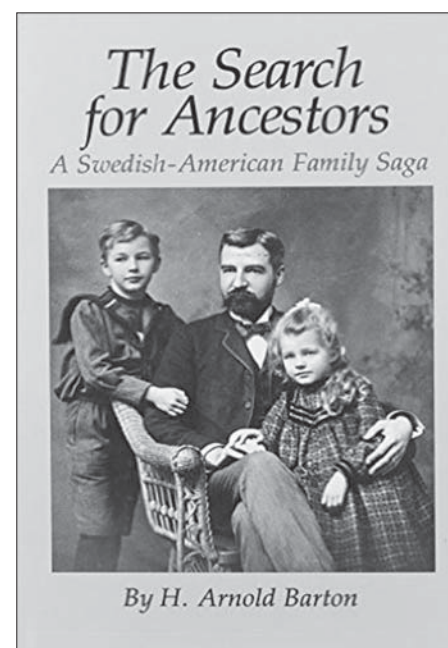
Scandinavian Study, the Swenson Swedish Immigration Research Center, and in the Swedish-American Historical Society. The latter awarded him the Carl Sandburg medal.

Arnold Barton's great-grandfather, Ernst Svensson from Bullebo in Djursdala, Småland, immigrated with his entire family in 1867, and settled on the prairie of Iowa.

For Arnold Barton life and learning became one and the same. He fulfilled the ambition to learn the language of his forefathers and had, like few Americans, a thorough understanding of Swedish culture. With Arnold Barton's passing a Swedish-American odyssey, lasting for generations, has ended.

By Dag Blanck and Harald Runblom

Translated by Elisabeth Thorsell and Chris Olsson



Arnold Barton's own family history, still available from Amazon.com

This happened in Sweden in the 1800s

- **1804** An Edict of Inoculation was proclaimed, which soon brought down the fearful epidemic of small-pox.
- **1805-07** War against Napoleon in Pomerania in northern Germany; many Swedish soldiers were taken prisoners of war by the French and had to walk to prison camps in France.
- **1808** War with Russia, which mostly took place in Finland.
- **1809** The King was dethroned and replaced by his uncle Karl XIII. A new constitution was adopted.
- **1809** In the Peace Treaty of Fredrikshamn, Sweden had to give up Finland to Russia.
- **1810** The French field marshal Jean Baptiste Bernadotte was elected crown prince.
- **1812** The army was reinforced by more or less compulsory militia units.
- **1812-13** War against Napoleon and Denmark, which mostly took place in Germany.
- **1814** In the Peace Treaty of Kiel, Denmark gave up Norway to Sweden. The Norwegians resisted, but the following year had to accept a union with Sweden, as a double monarchy. Both countries had separate laws, constitutions, and governments, but the same head of state. It was called the Kingdom of Sweden and Norway.
- **1818** Karl XIII died and was succeeded by Bernadotte under the name of Karl XIV Johan.
- **1830** the first modern newspaper, *Aftonbladet*, was started by Lars Johan Hierta, and is still published.
- **1834** An epidemic of cholera troubled the country. Another one occurred around 1855.
- **1842** The Law of Public schools was passed; every parish had to have a school for the children in the parish.
- **1844** King Karl Johan died and was succeeded by his son Oscar I.
- **1845** The law of inheritance was changed so that sons and daughters inherited equal shares; earlier, sons inherited twice as much as daughters.
- **1845** The Swedish mass emigration to the United States started.
- **1846** The very old guild system of masters and journeymen was abolished and freedom of enterprise was declared.
- **1853** The first telegraph line was built between Stockholm and Uppsala.
- **1854** The *Riksdag* decided to start building the first railway lines.
- **1855** The old *riksdaler* was changed to a decimal system, 1 *riksdaler* = 100 *öre*.
- **1856** An unmarried woman could be declared legally capable by a court at age 25.
- **1858** The Conventicle Edict was revoked, and more religious freedom was allowed.
- **1859** King Oscar I died and his son Karl XV became king.
- **1860** Passports, both within and outside the country, were abolished.
- **1860** It was no longer an offense to renounce the Lutheran faith.
- **1861** All unmarried women were legally capable at age 25, without going to a local court.
- **1865** The old four estate *Riksdag* (Parliament) was abandoned and a new two chamber constitution is passed. Only men of property had the right to vote.
- **1866-68** Famine years increased emigration.
- **1872** King Karl died and his brother Oskar II succeeded.
- **1873** The *riksdaler* was abandoned, and the *krona* was introduced. 1 *krona* = 100 *öre*.
- **1878** The metric system was introduced.
- **1880** The first telephone net was built in Stockholm.
- **1899** The first provincial archives, at Vadstena, was started.

Confessions of a Genealogy DNA Test Addict

How come I change my origins so often?

BY LEE ARNOLD

My father was a habitual liar. I know that sounds cruel, but it is the truth. He told us kids we were Irish – not true. He told us we were part Native American – also not true. He told us we were related to country & western singer Eddy Arnold – really, Eddy Arnold? He told us we were related to Jefferson Davis – my goodness, such nonsense. I dismissed Eddie Arnold right away. I was gullible, but not *that* gullible. In my early years of genealogical searching I did check out the Jefferson Davis claim and saw that that too was a lark. The Irish thing though, that was a bit harder to crack. I was intrigued.

I wondered, if we were Irish, why were we all born Baptists and then raised Methodists; why were we not Catholic? This question was not readily answered in our house. By the time I hit high school, I decided I would attend a Catholic college. It was in college that I did the first of, in retrospect, a string of impulsive acts that all would have been neatly avoided by actually doing my genealogy first. In this instance, I converted to Catholicism to get closer to my Irish roots. Oh yes, I went there. It was only a few years later, when I found a long-lost relative in Marion Co., Illinois, that I realized we were not Irish at all, but rather Scotch-Irish (that explained so much, like why I could never tan – only burn). So there I was, a Scotch-Irish Catholic – now that's a small club. Eventually I left Catholicism, returning to my Protestant roots, and eventually became a secular Jew (don't ask). But before that, I decided, against all good judgment, that my father, even though he was so wrong about the Irish thing, was right about the Native American ancestor.

I was obsessed with the notion of being American Indian. I decided, since Daddy's people were from Tennessee, that I must be Cherokee. So I became a charter member of the Smithsonian's National Museum of the American Indian. And I started learning the Cherokee alphabet and took



an Indian name. I dove in, big time. It was just around then that genealogical DNA testing was hitting the news.

I ordered a kit from DNA Print Genomics and received my results on May 23, 2006. I was so excited. I read them out loud: “95% European, that makes sense, and 5% Che..., huh,” stopping mid-word. My spouse asked what's wrong. I said: “I have good news and bad news. The bad news is that I'm not Cherokee. The good news is that I'm Black.”

Yes, the remaining 5% was listed as Sub-Saharan African. Daddy never told us about that. I, of course, was elated again. And I promptly took out a charter membership with the Smithsonian's fledgling National Museum of African American History and Culture (do you see a trend about me needing to self-identify?).

I wanted to find out more about my Black heritage and took another test three months later, this time using Trace Genetics. And I came back 100% European/Middle Eastern – what? That was too vague for me. I needed details. Unfortunately for me these tests all cost around \$200.

So I waited a few years and finally in 2009 found DNA Tribes (sounded perfect to me) and waited for the results. And when they came back I was a mixture of about 20 ethnic groups, the largest being Tuscan (yes, as in Italy) at 9%. And there was not an African or Native American in any of



Jefferson Davis, Confederate president.

the rest. I was, just to name a few, part Turkish (7%), Portuguese (5%), Romanian (5%), French (5%), Greek Cypriot (5%), Belgian (4%), Serbian (4%), Basque (4%), Slovenian (4%), etc. I called the company and asked about all of the Southern European/Mediterranean results; I believe I said: “You realize that I'm paler than a Presbyterian?” They didn't care. Their results were what they were.

I waited two more years before I ventured back into the gene [testing] pool. On December 5, 2011, myDNAmix had me at a boring 100% European. On July 15, 2014, myOrigins had me also 100% European but hinted at British Isles and Scandinavia.

Scandinavia, that sounded interesting. Perhaps I was a Viking. I waited two more years before being tested again. What prompted me was seeing the victorious Icelandic national soccer team do a traditional Viking war cheer. Something stirred within my spine. I knew I had to find out if perhaps I could really be a rugged Nordic type (I just needed to grow my beard out and start to eating herring). Perhaps this was the heritage that had thus far eluded me.

On July 5, 2016, I received confirmation of my hunch. Genographic (by National Geographic) found I was 46% Scandinavian, 37% British and Irish, 10% Southern

European, 4% Finnish and Serbian, and 2% Eastern European. Even though my mother's parents both came from Germany, and German was the language of the home and church, I had no German blood in me, *nichts*. I did some research and found that the part of Pomerania where my grandfather came from was at one time called Swedish Pomerania (since it was ruled by Sweden). That was it; I was home. I had finally found my people and (surprise!) promptly joined the American Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia.

Was I done? Not at all. Like anyone in an established 12-Step Program, I was powerless over the seductive call of the DNA test. I thought: just one more, just to make sure. On November 2, 2016, I got my results from the AncestryDNA test. I was 71% Western European, 11% Irish, 10% Scandinavian, 3% British, 2% Finnish/Russian, 1% Eastern European, 1% Iberian, and 1% Italian/Greek. I was devastated. How could I drop from 46% Scandinavian in July to 10% in November? Is it even possible? I want to be a Viking, damn it! [See, I even curse like one.]

I am done. I swear this time. No more scraping my inner-cheeks or spitting into tubes. No more converting religion, no more joining ethnic museums, no more DNA testing. I curse; I curse all of those Ancestry.com commercials. But it's not just Ancestry; all of these testing sites have the same reliability, in my mind, as a smooth-talking Herbalife salesman. No more for me, thank you.

But then I was on the phone with the American Swedish Historical Museum, confirming my reservation for their annual Lucia Festival (of course). I asked her about the discrepancies in my last two tests. She didn't have an answer, but said: "Have you tried 23andMe? I hear they are really good." Oh no. She shouldn't have done that. It was like swinging a fresh loaf of sourdough bread in front of Oprah or a catnip toy to a tabby. I started saying the Serenity Prayer but then stopped mid-plea. What would my common Cherokee-African-Swedish-Italian-Basque-Romanian ancestor say? Maybe just one more test.



Lee Arnold is an APG member and the senior director of the library and collections at The Historical Society of Pennsylvania. His e-mail is: <larnold@hsp.org >

What is a "männing"?

Männing is a Swedish word that has at least two meanings:

1) it is a word that explains a relationship. If you have a *cousin* you are two generations from the common ancestor; yourself, your parent, and your grandparent. Instead of cousin you say that you and your cousin are *tvåmänningar* (two=två).

Next you have *sysslingar* (2nd cousins) or *tremänningar* (three generations back to the common ancestor).

And then comes *bryllingar* or *fyrmänningar* (four generations back to the common ancestor. *Brylling* is not a very common word in daily use.

With this *männing-system* you can easily go back many generations, and if you hear somebody mention that so-and-so is a *niömänning*, then you have met another genealogist.

Years ago I found out that my husband and I are ½ *elevenmänningar*, as we are both descended from a lady in Falun, Gunborg Olofsdotter, who was married twice, and he comes from her first marriage, and I from the second. This is early 1600s.

2) It is a word that has to do with the Swedish army during the time of the *Great Nordic War* (1700–1720), when Sweden was fighting against Denmark, Poland, and Russia during the reign of Karl XII (1682–1718).

The war started with various victories, but in 1709 the Swedish army was on the march towards Moscow, but lost the battle of Poltava in modern Ukraine. The whole Swedish army was taken prisoner and had to spend the time in Siberia until the Peace of Nystad in 1721. After the peace, the survivors were allowed to go home again.

After the losses in 1709 Sweden needed to set up a new army, and this was done according to the allotment system (*indelningsverket*) according to which each county was divided into many *rotar*, and each *rote* consisted of a number of farms, maybe 4-6, that were responsible for hiring a soldier and furnishing him with the necessary equipment.

In difficult times two *rotar* could combine their resources and together hire one soldier, who was then listed as a *tvåmänningssoldat*.

The war went on, and in 1710 the Swedish army won the battle of Helsingborg in Skåne, and then went to northern Germany to try to end the war with a victory over Danish, Saxonian, and Russian forces, but had to surrender in 1713 at the fortress of Tönning in Holstein-Gottorp and the Swedish soldiers were taken prisoners.

So a new army was recruited, and this time the authorities had to resort to soldiers hired by not only two *rotar*, but by three, four, or five *rotar*: *Tvåmännings-soldater*, *tremännings-soldater*, *fyrmänningssoldater*, and *femmännings-soldater*. The same happened to the cavalry regiments, where they also had to find horses.

King Karl was killed in 1718 in Norway, succeeded by his sister Ulrika Eleonora.

In the final Peace of Nystad in 1721 with the Russians, Sweden lost Estonia, Ingria, Livonia, and parts of Finland, resulting in a border between Sweden and Russia that is similar to the present border between Finland and Russia.

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Barn födde i Gåsinge församling 1847.

Födelsedag	Barn	Föräldrar:
Jan. 17.	Johan August } Lovisa Charlotta } Trillingar.	Förparen A. Johan Lettervall och Hustru Johanna Cath. Eriksdotter i Opa Fryntorp.
— 27.	Gustafva	Soldaten Johan Grand och Hustru Ulrika Larvsdotter.
— 28.	Henrik Jakob.	Hemmansegaren Bonden Lars Larsson och Hustru Anna Catharina Andersdotter i Hjelminge.
Febr. 4.	Maria Lovisa.	Bältaren Emanuel Sjoberg och Hustru Hina Liva Andersdotter.

Source: Gåsinge (Church birth book) C:5 (1847-1859) Image 6

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Bits & Pieces



Dag Blanck is honored



Dag Blanck, professor of North American Studies and director of the Swedish Institute for North American Studies at Uppsala University, Sweden, and since 1985 also the director of the Swenson Swedish Immigration Research Center at Rock Island, IL, publisher of SAG, has been awarded the *Carl Sandburg medal* by the Swedish-American Historical Society, their highest award.

SAG congratulates Dag Blanck!
(SAHS Newsletter Oct. 2016).

Arkiv Digital AD AB buys aerial photo collection

AD recently announced that they have bought millions of aerial photos from another Swedish company. Their aim is to digitize all these photos and make them available to their subscribers.

The photos are from the 1950s to the present time, and show farms, *torp*, villas, gas stations, and much more from all over Sweden. Some of the houses might have been photographed every ten years or so. (Arkiv Digital blog 24 Jan. 2017).

Allt för Sverige receives an Emmy award



It was for the 2015 season of the popular program “Allt för Sverige” a.k.a. “The Great Swedish Experience” that the award was given. The program competed in the section “Non-scripted entertainment.”

(SVT 21 Nov. 2016).



American Swedish Historical Museum, Philadelphia

Waffle Day

Saturday, March 25, 11 AM-2 PM

Every March at the end of the month in honor of Annunciation Day (*Maria Bebådelsedagen*), Swedes eat waffles. Intrigued by this tradition? Stop by the Museum for *Waffle Day* to get the whole story, along with some tasty Swedish waffles served with whipped cream and strawberry jam, and of course coffee.

[Link for more info on p. 26.](#)



AMERICAN SWEDISH INSTITUTE

The American Swedish Institute in Minneapolis has a new exhibition, *Where the children sleep*. It is an acclaimed series of emotionally moving photographs and stories of Syrian refugee children, gathered by Swedish photojournalist Magnus Wennman, winner of two World Press Photo Awards. It runs **21 Jan – 5 March 2017**.

Cows Can Dream, January 21 - Oct. 29, 2017. ASI's Family Gallery becomes an immersive play environment inspired by *Cows Can Dream*, a children's book with text by Jason Diakit  (a.k.a. Swedish rap star Timbuktu), with illustrations by Maria Bajt. (ASI Newsletter Klipp, Dec. 2016).

Swedish American Museum of Chicago is 40 years old!

The museum, started in 1976 by Kurt Mattiasson, Selma Jacobsson, and others celebrated its 40th anniversary in November 2016.

SAG has visited their Genealogy Day and enjoyed the hospitality and enthusiasm of the volunteers and visitors at this event, and hopes to be back.

(SAHS Newsletter Oct. 2016)

Huge donation to the Royal Library

Philanthropist *Barbro Osher* has through her *Pro Suecia Foundation* donated \$50,000 to the *Kungliga Biblioteket* in Stockholm (Sweden's national library) to be used to buy antiquarian books that the library does not have.



(<http://www.kb.se/aktuellt/nyheter/2017>).

Swedes nominated for four Oscars

Among the nominations for Best Foreign Language Film is the Swedish *A Man Called Ove*. The same movie is also nominated for *makeup and hairstyling*. The music in the movie *Trolls* is produced by Swedes *Max Martin* and *Karl Johan Schuster*. *Linus Sandgren* was nominated for the cinematography in the movie *La La land*.

The 89th Academy Awards ceremony, presented by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences (AMPAS), will honor the best films of 2016 and will take place at the Dolby Theatre in Hollywood, California, on 26 February 2017.

Roy Larson – the architect of Philadelphia

BY DENNIS L. JOHNSON

Roy Larson was about 4 decades my senior as an architect in Philadelphia and I first came to know of him soon after my arrival in Philadelphia in 1956. With a fresh bachelor's degree in architecture in my hand and a wife and infant son in tow, I had come from Minneapolis to work for a well-known Philadelphia architect, Oscar Stonorov, and to seek a graduate degree at the University of Pennsylvania. At that time the Stonorov office was on the 19th floor of the Architect's Building in center city where I set myself up at one of the large drafting tables in that office with a sweeping view of South Philadelphia and the Delaware River beyond. The building housed several other architectural firms and some business offices only a few blocks from city hall and Penn Center. About a dozen blocks west just across the Schuylkill River lay the large campus of the University of Pennsylvania where I hoped to enroll for two years of graduate work in architecture and city planning. We had rented, sight unseen, a small apartment near the airport, about eight miles from Center City.

As I became more acquainted with my surroundings, I soon learned that one of the largest architectural firms in our building was the respected firm of Harbeson, Hough, Livingston, and Larson, which had a sizable practice in public, institutional, and educational buildings in Philadelphia and beyond. This firm employed at the time as I recall about eighty architects, draftsmen, and other people. The firm I had just joined had only a total of about six, including the principals and a secretary. Roy Larson was a principal of the larger firm, and I am sure I shared an elevator with him many times in the eight years that our firms shared space in the same building. We did not become acquainted at that time, however; I am not sure I even knew him on sight. Stonorov, about a dozen years later, bought a building on Chestnut Street which we remodeled to our purposes, so my proximity to Roy Larson then became less remote.

It was only many years later that I found out more about Roy Larson, mainly through my involvement with the American Swedish Historical Museum in South Philadelphia, which my wife and I joined in about 1975, after our five small children were older. I was generally aware of the work of Larson and his office and the many prominent buildings they were designing in and around Philadelphia. Eventually I learned more of his Swedish origins, his connections with Minnesota, his education at Penn, and other parallels with my own background and career, both personally and professionally. More recently, I became even more intrigued by these parallels, causing me to undertake added research resulting in this article.

The Swedish background

The parents of Roy Larson were immigrants from Sweden. Per Leander Larson and his wife, Anna Maria Persdotter Larson, came to the U.S. in April, 1880, with two children, Anna, age 8, and Hildur, age 2. They lived in a small rural village at Fivelstad's *ågor* in Östergötland, as did the grandparents. They came to the decision to come to the U.S. for the opportunities for a better life they had heard were here. They settled for a time in Iowa where a son, Charles, was born in 1881. Another daughter was born, Ida, or Minnie, in 1886. A third daughter was born after the family moved to Minneapolis, Lillian, in 1889. A sixth child, son Roy Frank Larson, was born on 31 August 1893, also in Minneapolis.

A major tragedy befell the large family when the father, Per Leander, died at the age of 59 years in September, 1894, when son Roy was less than two years old. The cause of death is not known. There is no record of how the family survived, but by 1900 the family turned up in Chicago, in Ward 33 in Southeast Chicago near Lake Michigan. The address was a three-bedroom apartment. At that time, the area had

a large Swedish population, so it is possible that Anna Maria had sought out relatives from Sweden to get some help with her large family. By this time the eldest daughter, Anna, now 28, was no longer listed with the family and possibly had married. Roy, now 17 years old, was still with the family as were Charles, Ida, Hildur, and Lilly.

Early career of Roy

Older brother Charles was listed in 1920 as an engineer working for Wisconsin Steel and may well have had some influence on the choice of career of his younger brother Roy Larson, now age 27. By this time, Roy had worked for four years (1911-15) for architects Zimmerman, Saxe, and Zimmerman in Chicago as a draftsman. This was a firm which had originated in Bloomington, Ill, and then developed a practice in Chicago. The office was originally residential, but about the time Roy Larson joined the office, was increasingly doing larger public and commercial projects. In 1915, Roy joined another firm, Lowe and Bollenbacker, until 1917.

By 1918, Roy Larson had enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania to study for a degree in architecture. How he came to seek this degree and why he chose this particular university are not known, but it is likely he was influenced by his associates at the two firms he had worked for, and possibly by his brother Charles. His talent, based on his work as a draftsman, no doubt would have been self-evident to the architects he worked with. Younger architects keep very tuned in to which schools are sought after and what notable projects architects are designing and where they are working.

About two years of Larson's life, 1917 through 1918, are not accounted for in any records. One source, a record of burial, indicates that he was a veteran who served in 1919 with the rank of 1st lieutenant, and another source indicated that he served the U.S. Army during that period. This could account for all or part of this time. Possibly he aided the World War I effort in some

architectural capacity and his rank was to enable him to be compensated in accordance with his skills, but this is only a guess. Larson's mother, Anna Amelia Larson lived until 1934 and died at age 85 in Geneva, Illinois. She is buried in Lakewood Cemetery in Minneapolis, MN, alongside her deceased husband, Per Leander Larson.

University studies

In any event, Roy Larson enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania in 1918, when he was 25 years old. He soon proved himself to be an outstanding student; where during his years at Penn he was awarded the Huckel Prize, the Faculty Medal, and the Arthur Spayd Brooke Medal. Soon after graduating, in 1923, he added the Walter Cope Memorial prize for his design for "The Remodeling of Franklin Square," one of the five town squares in William Penn's original plan for Philadelphia. The timing of his studies at Penn proved to be quite fortuitous for his own career because of the presence of architect Paul Cret on the faculty during the same years.

Paul Cret was a French-born architect from Lyon and studied at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. He was offered the position of professor of design in 1903 by The School of Fine Arts at the University of Pennsylvania. He accepted the position and soon became the dominant force in architectural education there. He had a profound impact on an entire generation of American architects until his retirement in 1937. He employed many of his students in his own firm. Four of these were to become partners in his firm, including John F. Harbeson, William J. H. Hough, William Henry Livingston, Sr., and Roy Frank Larson. Roy Larson became partner in 1924, later than the first three, but only a year after he had graduated from Penn.

Employed by Paul Cret

Cret's firm was particularly successful in designing memorials, monuments, civic buildings, the architectural elements of bridges and railroad terminals, court houses, and other solid, official structures. His work remained firmly in the Beaux-Arts tradition while involving modern features and simplified classic traditions. Cret's work included projects such as the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia, several

war memorials in Valley Forge and Gettysburg, PA, and in Europe, and numerous other building projects throughout the U.S. In 1938, he was awarded the Gold Medal of the American Institute of Architects. Ill health forced his resignation from teaching in 1937, but he continued to serve on the U.S. Commission of Fine Arts until 1945, when he died in Philadelphia of heart disease.

Following the retirement of Paul Cret in 1937 and his death in 1945, his firm was renamed Harbeson, Hough, Livingston, and Larson, after the four surviving partners, which was later simplified to the acronym H2L2 to recognize the nickname which it had acquired informally. It is evident that Roy Larson's abilities became obvious to Paul Cret through his work as both a student and an employee, resulting in his decision to make Larson a partner much earlier in his career than normal.

City planning and more

In 1943, Roy completed a course in city planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to further his earlier interest in that field. In August, 1945, Larson was chosen as the architect for a war memorial to be located on the campus of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute (VPI) by the Memorial Committee. The memorial includes a memorial court with eight upright pylons and a cenotaph, with the seven Medal of Honor winners from VPI. Below is a 6,000 sq. ft., 260-seat chapel with commemorative sculpture and flags in the chancel. Sculptors for outside and inside pieces were all recommended by Larson.

The H2L2 firm continued on for several decades under that name with a varied and substantial practice. Roy Larson played a prominent role in the continuing success of the firm for the next 45 years as the designer and project architect for many of their projects, most of which were in the public, institutional, and educational realm. The legacy of Paul Cret served them well and helped establish the character and the reputation of this successor firm. H2L2, with which I was familiar for years, was noted for solid and responsible projects which fitted well into their settings and performed well for their clients. This was not a cutting edge firm with daring and radical departures from the norms of usual design practice and did not become idolized by

younger architects everywhere for innovative designs, unlike several other contemporary Philadelphia architects.

Famous projects

Notable projects designed primarily by Roy Larson include the following: the American Cemetery and War Memorial in Normandy, France (1945), the Eisenhower Chapel at Penn State University (1956), the Walt Whitman Bridge (1959), the War Memorial and Chapel at Virginia Tech University in Blacksburg, VA (1960), the Visitors Welcome Center at Penn Center (1960), the General Plan for Thomas Jefferson University in Philadelphia (1963), the Rayburn House Office Building in Washington D.C. (1970), Scott Memorial Library at Thomas Jefferson University, Philadelphia, (1970), the PECO building, Philadelphia, the Hetzel Student Union, and several dorms at Penn State University (1976), Mikveh Israel Synagogue, Philadelphia (1972), the Van Pelt Library at the University of Pennsylvania, and numerous others.



The Walt Whitman Bridge over the Delaware River in Philadelphia.

While all projects are attributed to the firm as a whole, Roy Larson directed his projects personally and was very much a "hands on" architect who became deeply involved in the design of each of his projects. He was in temperament almost the polar opposite of an architect such as Louis Kahn, who has been elevated to almost a God-like status by his fellow architects and students for his own work and philosophy. Roy Larson was too much the reserved Swede, much too modest to ever see himself in the same way that Kahn did.

Soon after his graduation from Penn, Roy Larson married to Olive Alden, in 1924. Olive had grown up in Lansdowne, PA, the second daughter in a large family. Soon after marrying, the young couple settled into a small but attractive home at 110 Owen Avenue in Lansdale.



Roy F. Larson's passport photo 1924.
(Ancestry.com)

They began to raise their family in this house which ultimately came to number three sons, Peter, David, and John. By the 1940's they had moved to a larger home in nearby Radnor Township.

In March of 1924, Roy Larson applied for a passport to travel abroad, returning to the U.S. within 6 months. He stated on the application his intention to visit Italy, France, and England for the purpose of study and travel. He was described in the application as being 5 ft. 2 inches tall, with a medium forehead, small mouth and chin, roman nose, oval face, a fair complexion, and light brown hair, and blue eyes. There is no indication that he planned to travel with anyone, so this trip was no doubt taken before his wedding, and no indication that the trip was actually taken. It was common at the time for young architects to travel to Europe, especially the countries named, to see these locations.

For the next dozen years, Paul Cret continued as the senior partner and Roy Larson no doubt assisted him with the design and execution of his projects. Commissions during this period included work at the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pa., the Rodin Museum on Franklin Parkway in Philadelphia (1926), the Benjamin Franklin Bridge (1926), the Clark Memorial Bridge in Louisville, Ky. (1929), and the Integrity Trust Co.

1957-1960 Roy Larson was a chancellor of the building in Philadelphia (1929), the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington D.C. (1932), the Duke Ellington Bridge in Washington D.C. (1935), the Eccles Building in Washington D.C. (1937), and Bancroft Hall at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, Md. (1944). The flow of projects during this period was greatly

reduced by the Great Depression but the office survived this lean period and resumed more work as the nation entered World War II in 1941. Cret's retirement in 1937 caused more responsibility to be placed on Roy Larson and the other partners, and their roles became more prominent.

As an ambitious young architect, Larson became involved in the surge of urban improvements projects which civic leaders turned to upon the end of the Second World War. He joined the Independence Hall Association, founded in 1942 by Judge Edwin O. Lewis, which was formed to protect and enhance the setting of Independence Hall, built in 1747 and the revered location of the meetings leading to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. Many prominent Philadelphia figures and leaders were members of this organization. As a national park was being advocated for the area surrounding Independence Hall, the idea to assemble three blocks north of the building began to take form.

The idea for a three block mall was conceived in 1947 by the architect Roy F. Larson and was strongly backed by the Association. This idea ultimately became a joint project of the federal government, Pennsylvania, and the City of Philadelphia, to be overseen by the new Director of the Philadelphia City Planning Commission, Mr. Edmund Bacon. After years of demolition and construction, Independence Mall was essentially completed by 1976. The Liberty Bell Pavilion, designed by Romaldo Giurgola to house the Liberty Bell in its own building, was completed the same year. By about 2000, the Mall was redesigned to accommodate a new and larger Liberty Bell Center, a new visitors center, and a new Constitution Center on the Mall. Roy Larson played a prominent role in the genesis of this idea of an Independence Mall. He went on to become a vice president of the Independence Hall Association and chairman of its committee on research and planning. Later, Roy Larson served as chairman of the Philadelphia Art Commission where his presence exerted strong influence on the designs of many buildings brought for review before the Art Commission.

A former associate who worked with Larson from 1955 to 1974, Mr. Barry Eiswerth, now head of the successor firm

to H2L2, indicated that during much of this time Larson would vacation many summers at a farm in Vermont with his family for from 2 to 4 weeks at a time. He was so tied to his work that he would often forward sketches of details back to his office in Philadelphia from Vermont for use by those working on his projects.

Other civic and professional activities in which Roy Larson participated while engaged in his long career as an architect included serving as an associate trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, a member and fellow of the American Institute of Architects, the T-Square Club of Philadelphia, as chair of the National Committee on the Architect and Governmental Relations, as a consultant for the U.S. Army, as a visiting critic in the engineering department of Penn State University, and as a Director of the Citizens Council on City Planning in Philadelphia. He was also a member of the National Academy of Design, and the National Sculpture Society. In 1957-1960 Roy Larson was a chancellor of the AIA College of Fellows, whose duty was "to preside over the College's investiture ceremonies and business affairs."

In 1955, Roy Larson, as an associate trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, was awarded the 1955 Medal of Achievement of the Philadelphia Art Alliance in recognition of his outstanding achievements "as president of the Philadelphia Art Commission and chairman of its Committee on Research and Planning."

Roy F. Larson passed away on 30 June 1973 and is buried in the West Laurel Hill Cemetery, Bala Cynwyd, Montgomery Co. PA.

Thank you!

The author wishes to extend his thanks to the following for their help and cooperation in gathering information for this article, including:

Mr. Barry Eiswerth, architect of the successor firm to H2L2 Architects, H212 Nelson.

And to my faithful and diligent editor and proofreader, wife LaVonne S. Johnson.

The author, Dennis L. Johnson, passed away on 13 Aug. 2016. His obituary is found in SAG 2016/3.

The solution to the Handwriting Example #49

Transcription

[21 Oct. 1758]

§40

Bokhållaren Olof Petrén wid Mo-
kärshyttan har till thetta Ting in-
stämt Olof Mattsson wid Elgsjön/
och påstod emot honom igenom/
thess ombud Liquidations Commi-
sarien wälb[emäl]de Arvid Lundbeck/
at han, som hos sig haft en/
dyrk hwarmed Petréns Spanne-
måls bod wid Mokjärnshyttan/
kunde upläsas, måtte ställas/
under ransakning derföre, på/
thet Genast måtte kunna utrö-
nas, om Olof Mattsson borttagit/
then säd, som Petrén til wid pas/
12 Tunnor årligen wid Mokierns-
hyttan skal saknat, samt ef-
ter omständigheterne derfö-
re plikta.

Translation

[21 Oct. 1758]

§ 40

The bookkeeper Olof Petrén of Motjärnshyttan has to this court meeting sued Olof Mattsson from Älgsjön and alleged through his representative the Liquidation Commissary well-known Arvid Lundbeck, that he has had by him a picklock by which Petrén's grain storage house at Motjärnshyttan could be unlocked, [he] should be sued for investigation of this, so it could be clarified at once if Olof Mattson had taken away the grain, that Petrén had been missing per year of about 12 barrels, and fined according to the circumstances.

Notes:

1) The place Mok(i)er(n)shyttan has the modern spelling Motjärnshyttan.

The place Elgsjön has the modern spelling Älgsjön.

2) Olof Mattsson (b. 1719) denied everything but explained the picklock saying that he had made one because he had lost a key to his own cellar. The court did not believe him and the case dragged on for several

days; finally on Oct. 26 the court had to adjourn, as the judge had to leave for another court near the Norwegian border.

The case would continue at the next court meeting (*Vinterting*) to the next year, and until then Olof was taken to the prison in Örebro.

Olof Petrén (above) became the great-grandfather (*farmors far*) of inventor John Ericsson (1803–1889).



The Motjärnshyttan blast furnace from the 1800s.

A Mission Covenant Pastor writes his memoirs in his old age

His early life was not always easy

BY NILS JOHAN LINDQVIST

Introduction

Last year I got a surprise package in the mail – a book I did not know about, called *Livsrön* (Life observations), by Pastor Nils Johan Lindqvist of the Mission Covenant Church, which had been published in Swedish in the *Missions-Wänneren* of Chicago in 1946-1947, and later translated into English by Stina M. Dufour. It was published as a book in 2012. It was sent to SAG by grandson James E. Holst who hoped that an excerpt from *Livsrön* would be suitable for publication in SAG – and so it is.

Who was Nils Johan?

He was born 11 July 1859 in Böda parish on the north tip of the island of Öland, along the coast of Småland, belonging to Kalmar *län*. His parents were the sailor Anders Lindqvist and his wife Cajsa Andersdotter of Allvara 5 in Böda. Anders Lindqvist was born 18 Mar. 1819, and Cajsa was born 4 Nov. 1835, both in Böda. They had an older son, Anders Peter, born 10 Dec. 1857, also in Böda.¹ In 1860 they moved to Sandby in nearby Högby parish, and in 1864 to Munkegården in the same parish. Shortly after this move Anders Lindqvist disappears without his proper papers. His wife Cajsa died 7 Feb. 1871 of typhoid at Munkegården.

Nils Johan eventually came to America and became a pastor of the Mission Covenant Church, and died 9 Mar. 1952 in Alameda Co., CA.

By Elisabeth Thorsell

My Childhood.

I can recall as far back as to when I was two years old. That was when we moved to the Högby congregation; here my father had purchased a plot of land that was

sold immediately afterward. A large property was then purchased in Munkegård not too far away, and we moved onto it right away. I remember it well, for there were many things that gladdened a child's heart, both inside and outside.

At this time something disturbing happened. It happened one day in my mother's absence. For some reason now forgotten, I upset the babysitter, and, as a result, I received a good punishment. I wish that I could remember the reason for the argument. It is easy to remember the bad things to which one has contributed, but not so with that which others have brought about.

Therefore, I am certain I received that which was well deserved. I told mother immediately when she came home, what I had received, but not what I had done. The babysitter carefully saw to that. In that way, I won nothing by telling tales, though when the young girl was done with the story, I got more of the same type punishment as I had received before. But this time it was of a kinder sort. I regretted that I had told about the previous punishment, but I hoped for the lesson that the young girl was to receive. I hoped in vain.

My memory thinks back on a happier adventure from the earlier years. I had an extreme curiosity in beehives, which were placed on the sunny side of the house. Its inhabitants were really nice to me, when they were allowed to be undisturbed in their home and to sing their song in the notes which the Creator had determined by his own hand, and which they sang perfectly in their temple. But the friendship ended when I, with my long stick, came closer to their comb than they thought I had the right to do. I had to run for my life, for I was alone against their entire army. Their wings were faster than my short legs. They did not relent in their pursuit until their victim

was captured and hurt. Their weapon inflicted deeper sores and more bitter, smarting pain than the babysitter's. I had to find a doctor right away, while I could still see the way to the hospital. There it was confessed where I was from. There I was given medicine, soft drinks, and a break for the conquered and tired warrior, who had been consistently taken captive.

The memories from these innocent pranks persist even into twilight years, from heartfelt smiles that cause an old person to feel like a child again for a moment, while one wanders about through the beautiful realm of one's childhood.

Such visitors are welcome guests to the elderly, when they appear now and then, though they stir up the senses like the showers quench and soften the dry and hard land. Memory's flowers will not offer any sweet smells, though in one's memory one plucks cornflowers out in swaying rye, lilies in green meadows, and makes wreaths of long garlands; the elderly is freed like a child and lets his mind wander to the coming days.

The awakening

One day I followed mother to a home where good health had banished itself and where nothing was spared for relatives, who now came and were received with open arms. When it became evening, I reminded mother that it was time to go home, but the kind family encouraged mother to stay overnight. But this did not meet her son's satisfaction, which was inclined more toward going home.

He had no other bed than his own and he wanted to go there to rest even now. But I lost the fight. I had to stay. There was an awakening of the entire house, except it was not New Year's, but rather the middle of Lent. I would not quiet down until

fatigue overtook me, wherupon I fell asleep.

“And so there was peace upon the land.” Yes, so can one, through unnecessary persistence, create unrest and sadness for one’s self and for others, when it otherwise could have been sheer sunshine and happiness both day and night.

Still a secret.

After carrying on with farming for a time, our land was rented out and my father traveled to America for a short time, or so he thought. The time became long, for he never returned. The reason for his disappearance is still a secret. He no doubt became the subject of misfortune either at sea or on land.

Such things that happened almost one hundred years ago could not be conveyed as quickly as they are today, when they spring about the world at the speed of lightning. Our world is not as big now as it was before.

To wait in vain for the person one loves and to a great extent is dependent upon, year after year, is not pleasant. This was my mother’s bitter lot the remaining years of her life here on earth.

The long road

Up to this point, the distance between my brother and me hadn’t been long, for where he was, one could be sure to find me too. But now there was a separation, when it seemed different. The time had come to teach myself to read. It followed now that my fate was to stay every day at an old woman’s house in the neighborhood, to hold instruction in the “great” book that has a rooster on the first page.

To learn to read wasn’t difficult, for I did not lack for memory and the ability to compose. But to be in the lonely house, separated from my mother and friends – I did not do well with that. The hours were as long as days. The assignments were small, but it didn’t help. The rooster lay coins, caramels, and gingerbread cookies, but it didn’t make the hours go any faster. Nothing helped. All I wanted was to go home.

One day when I was permitted to go outside for a while I obeyed the tempter’s suggestion to run away from this “institution of learning.” Just as well, I used my



An old first reader from the 1800s.

hat as a box for food, swung my legs like wings of a lark away from the “work of learning,” and went toward home instead. But happiness did not come from this forbidden behavior; instead, it only brought sadness. After that day, the “professor” paid more careful attention to her student’s activities during recess.

Oh, how I have regretted, even to this ripe old age, that I was so impolite toward the woman who was so nice to me, most of all because my mother became teary-eyed and anxious on account of my insubordination. Oh, were that I could make up for that! But such wishes do not mend the heart of one who was broken down a long time ago.

This memory from the beginning of my school years does not coerce a smile, but rather sadness and shame.

Home life’s skies become cloudy

My father’s disappearance from the home caused great changes from the otherwise bright and hopeful future, starting from the time it was decided that he would not return. Our beautiful home was surrounded by pine forests, green meadows, rippling streams, fields of flowers, and swaying cornfields. These were lost because they were not – and could not – be paid for in time. We lost our land to our creditors’ rightful demands. These burdens became too heavy for a young woman to carry. She was not used to hearing the sound of the

steps of such visitors. She now had to open her door to scarcity and hardships of many kinds. She was weighted down by all this, which she did not have the reckoning to find her way through this delightful area. It’s no wonder that what was once clear became dim, her rosy cheeks became pale, and her light feet slowed down in their stride long, long before their time.

In this day and age where health, vitality, and comfort are the dominating force, more so than sickness and want, old age and long lives are normal. But the sun set on my mother’s life long before it had achieved its midday height in the sky. For me, the loss was indescribable and the longing was bitter; yes, more bitter than the pen can record. It is with these sorrows in life that it is as with the freedom in salvation. They can be learned but never be described. Yes, so can circumstances in life change our brightest days in the future to the darkest night. Joy in sorrow and longing. Abundance in want and in poverty. Oh, how empty and deserted life becomes for children, when the way to their mother’s embrace is strained and they no longer have the warm heart to rest against! It is well, therefore, that in this day and age one cannot fully fathom what it means to be without a father or apart from a mother’s care, and difficulty, temptation, and trials. I found myself in this position at the age of 10 years.

My delightful childhood, with its heartfelt laughter, and innocent play together with dear siblings and neighbors’ kind children, had now ended. Just a memory, but a dear one at that. A delightful, delightful time, now gone – you shall never, never return!

New experiences

That which usually happens to orphaned children happened to me, namely to be placed in strangers’ homes, where everything seems different than where one came from and where one needs to accept what one is given, and keep to one’s self all one’s desires pertaining to one’s upbringing and social development.

But the sun arose and new day began to dawn, where the sun both shone and was warming me. A wealthy uncle without male help with two grown daughters invited me to take a break out in his pleasant and serene home. Here, out in this luxurious home

with his friendly inhabitants and his naturally beautiful surroundings, I again heard motherly advice, and felt the breeze come to meet me from a forgotten childhood home with all of its advantages, which one looks for in vain other places in life, and where the house is small and the door is low.

Here, out in this calm and serene nest, all of my wishes were cared for without the slightest hint of me needing to repay them. Here there was given time for play, reading, and schooling. Here, out in this pleasing and warming sunshine, the young plant was rooted anew.

Trying out my wings

The time had now come for the bird to try out its wings by lifting them to flight. I was just a boy of nearly fifteen years with good health and a healthy spirit, full of longing for getting a grasp on what the world was like. So, with the church's demands completed, and with a certificate to prove it, Bible stories in my memory as well as the New Testament in my luggage, always an honorable resource, I left the Earth's dearest neighborhood in April 1874 in my brother's company, as well as some others, with the city of Oskarshamn as my destination.

Floating icebergs prevented us from reaching our destination, so we had to land on the island of Jungfrun and stay overnight until the following morning, when the obstacle was cleared out of our way. That morning, the destination could be reached without a problem on that same day. We rejoiced over this.

Many vessels, great and small, set sail on the sea hoping for sufficient wind to raise anchor and to make their way to their destination without any obstructions. I thought of these flowing abodes with great delight; in my eyes they looked grand. I purchased a spot on one of these and hurried aboard. This was a happy day for me, for my wish was granted.

Not too many days afterward we raised anchor, set sail, left the port and set sail for a more spacious place.

After a while, the northern cape of my childhood home had been passed and we were out in the deep water, where ice and waves tried to prevent our progress. The sun set. The darkness overcame us, the

wind picked up, and "it was evening on the first day." Now I had really come to the place where I had longed to be, when I saw these sloops swim on the sea's surface like swans out in space.

Nevertheless, that which I wanted so much seemed to not be so far out on Östersjön's restless waves on that stormy and starless night, which the childish fantasy had painted there on the sandy shore, and made clean those which were grazing so pleased on the green plain. In that way, we could, in all of life's areas, wish that we were in circumstances that became anything but pleasant when they were to be practically lived out. They looked so enchanting from afar. One waited patiently but it became stormy when one intended for the future's skies to be clear and sprinkled with stars. Instead, it became covered with black clouds, which at times looked quite menacing. Yes, such is life.

During the winter, I was home with relatives in a peaceful, beautiful area that reminded me of my childhood home, which I had enjoyed at one time, but had been cut short.

The following spring I traveled to Stockholm, where I found work at a Norwegian company, which cut boards in Skutskär, where the country's largest sawmill was based.

With this security we traveled to Vigo in Spain. On this fun trip I camped the whole summer until we decided to pass the

winter in our own hometown of Arendal. Over time, I had become quite conversant in the neighboring country's beautiful language, which both came in handy and was an enjoyment.

From Norway we steered the course to Hamburg, Germany, where I was going to become German, or so I thought, for I enjoyed myself there better than anywhere else I'd been in foreign lands. I would have well stayed there if gainful employment could have been found. But it was just as well not God's will for me to become German.

After a time I was hired on a German ship, which was docked in Hull, England, bound for Hong Kong, China, something that I had never planned.

This journey was therefore both lucky and full of lessons, but toward the end it became a bit slow and tiring, for the wind was against us. At times there was no wind at all. The crew had nothing against those conditions, but the captain and the shipping company did not like it, for it didn't fill their pockets.

For me, it was no loss that the trip took a long time, for it gave me more time to learn their native language.

And to that end, I had no one on the home shore who was waiting for my return. Everyone on board was German, with the exception of two. The Captain was an older man, friendly and nice, but such beautiful words cannot be used to describe



Maybe it was on a ship like this that Nils sailed in around Cape Horn.

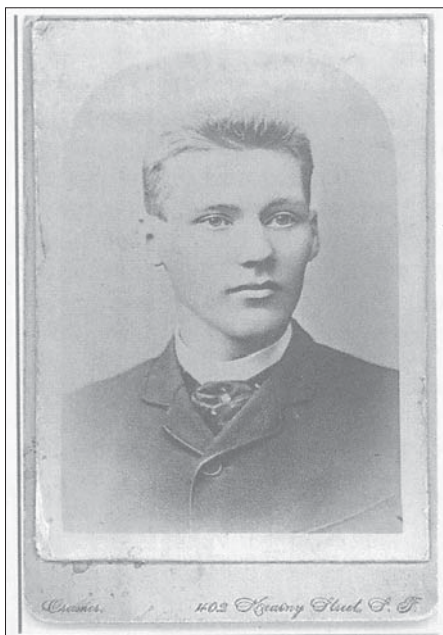
the first mate. Of him, it is better to say as Pastor Lidman said when he gave his farewell sermon to a certain congregation: “I don’t have anything good to say about you, and I don’t want to say anything hurtful.” So would one provide a just description of that man.

That which first and foremost caught our attention in the Chinese waters was that the rivers were almost as heavily populated as the towns, though our stately ship had a difficult time making its way through the countless number of ships or sloops which overcame us when we arrived in the area of the distant land. Out in Hong Kong’s floating suburbs were an unusual motion, just as lively as on the big city’s street. Everything one wished for could be bought here from these animated businessmen, who exerted themselves to the utmost to shout over one another in the offering of their Oriental wares.

In the end, we found the dock where our ship – shining on “the outside but black as coal on the inside” – should be rid of its heavy burden. The cargo was unloaded and allowed us to meet our obligations. And it became peaceful among us so that we could hear each other’s voices. Now when our cargo ship had released its wares, it had to be subjected to a thorough cleaning before it could be filled with silk and cinnamon, which was to be taken back to the market in London, England.

We continued carefully on the return trip, though we had the same benefits on the way home as we’d had on the trip out, headwind and stillness. Sails had no driving power during that time. It became necessary to completely rely upon God and to learn that it was He who could both lengthen and shorten our trip by letting the winds loose and telling them to hinder as well as to help our progress, for they are His obedient servants.

During this trip, I was transformed from Swede to German by and large, which caused me to “babble.” I mixed languages rather liberally, so that I could have almost made the ignorant to think that I was a real German. But such an attempt would be completely unsuccessful, for one does not practice it over the course of nearly seventy years; it is not so easy to do. Therefore, it is wisest for the Germans in my proximity to keep quiet about such things that they do not wish to be brought to light, for they



Nils J. Lindqvist around 1880, photo from San Francisco.

might mistakenly happen upon some problems, of which he knows full well. Poor Germans!

I didn’t stay long in London, where we brought our valuable cargo, for a large steamer lay as if it were waiting for me, ready to depart for Canada. I found a job on this ship and traveled there where I had never thought to go. It was certainly of God’s wonderful leading, of which I was unaware. Wonderful honor be to the Lord’s ways!

When I had now, so unexpectedly continued so closely toward the great land in the West, it was of course reason to at least put my foot on its shore and to take a look in that direction. And so it was. My prejudices were far too great to give even a thought to staying there, for in my childhood I had heard that America was only a land for people that other countries didn’t want to accommodate.

Therefore I found myself with a great desire to make use of the opportunity, which had so unexpectedly been placed at my disposal, to see for myself at close proximity how awful the infamous country looked, and to hear for myself how it sounded in there. The boat left and I went through the door to the “criminal’s homeland” in the company of two friends.

Book submitted by James E. Holst,
<e-mail: jameseholst@yahoo.com>

Editor’s note: References for the church records of Böda and Högby:

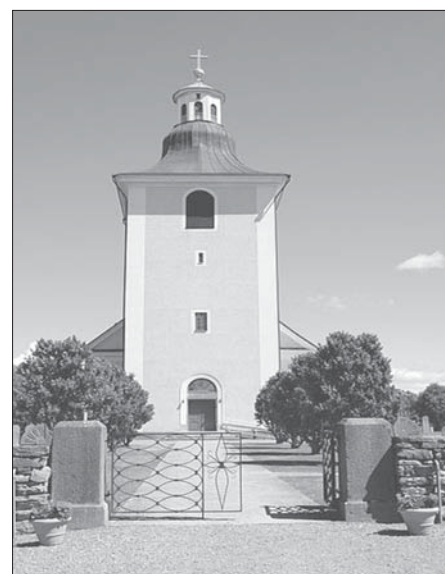
- 1) Böda (H) AI:10 (1853-1860) Image 28 / page 40;
- Högby (H) AI:9 (1861-1871) Image 110 / page 406;
- Högby (H) AI:9 (1861-1871) Image 44 / page 340;
- Högby (H) F:1 (1861-1895) Image 25.



Böda church on Öland.



Interior of Böda church.



Högby church on Öland.



Book Reviews

Here you will find information about interesting books on the immigration experience, genealogical manuals, books on Swedish customs, and much more. We welcome contacts with SAG readers, suggestions on books to review perhaps. If you want to review a book yourself, please contact the SAG Editor, at <sag@etgenealogy.se> so we know what you are working on.

Another crime in Bishop Hill

Clouds Over Bishop Hill, by Mary Davidsaver. Published by MWC Press, Davenport, IA, 2016. Paperback. Amazon.com, \$14.92, Kindle edition \$7.95.

Mary Davidsaver is a former Bishop Hill resident for some 25 years and a debutant author. Her book is not as much about Bishop Hill as about the main character Shelley Anderson. The old colony buildings appear only in a brief description. The other buildings that play a role in the action are fictitious with the exception of the Lutfisk Café, which can be recognized as the Filling Station Restaurant. The locals gather at the café to gossip and eat. Shelley orders Swedish pancakes with lingonberry jam for breakfast and a hamburger later in the day.

Shelley has just graduated from a nearby college and is on her way home to Bishop Hill when she is run off the road by a 103-year old woman, Pearl, who is old enough to remember Olof Krans, the Bishop Hill Colony landscape and portrait painter. (Krans is the only person in the book that can be recognized by his real name.) The

next time we meet Pearl she stands over a dead man with a blood-stained hammer in her hand. She talks incoherently about a cross in the sky that has led her to Herb Anderson's workshop and antique store. "The painting has to be here," Pearl says. Shelley calls 911 and asks for an ambulance for Pearl. As an afterthought, she asks for the sheriff. The sheriff's deputy, Dana Johnson, comes out from Cambridge and questions Shelley. The dead man, Herb Anderson, was a colony descendant and was well-liked and had many relatives in the area, but the residents go on with their daily lives and attend a gala dinner celebration as if nothing has happened.

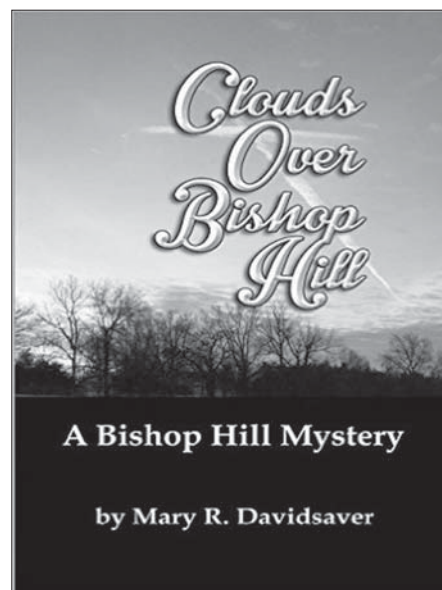
Shelley had planned to go to graduate school and get away from the confines of Bishop Hill, but she didn't get the scholarships she needed. For the time being, she takes a summer job at the new museum and conference center (fictitious) called Nikkerbo, owned by Chicagoan Curt Hamcourt V, and managed by David Ekollon (tr. acorn), the museum director. Both men carry guns. The third character toting a gun is the chief financial officer from Chicago, Thomas T. Gubben. (tr. Old Man). A fourth male character, Gordon Anderson, who may or may not have a gun, is the cousin of Herb Anderson. Gordon is an artist and paints pictures. At one time he had a shop in the Blacksmith Building.

Since Mr. Ekollon has disappeared, Mr. Hamcourt employs Shelley as temporary director. He closes the Nikkerbo Museum for a few days because he thinks that Shelley needs to recover from having discovered the murder scene. She uses her free time to do some sleuthing for the missing painting that Pearl has described as a portrait of the colony founder, here named Karl Hamson. She gets some help from Michael J. Anderson, a tow-truck driver, whom she knows from high school. (There are many Andersons in the story and they are not

related.) Shelley meets a young heartthrob, Lars Trollenberg, who has come from Stockholm to study genealogy. He is trusted with the keys to the museum, and it's his job to lock it up at night and tum on the alarm. Shelley coaxes him to keep it open a little longer so that she can sleuth in the museum. Her action is caught by the security camera.

Shelley is not the only one searching for the painting that Pearl has described. If found, it would be the only image of the colony founder in existence. At least three men are ready to kill to get their hands on a Krans original. One man had planned to sell it in Sweden. The reader has to concentrate to understand the roles and possible motives of the many characters and guess who the killer might be.

Bishop Hill was founded in 1846 by Swedish religious dissenters. The village is on the Register of National Landmarks. Bishop Hill has a dark past, which is not mentioned in the book. The colony leader, a self-proclaimed prophet, was murdered in 1850. The trustees who took over the leadership speculated in railroad stocks and lost money that belonged to everyone in



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Book Reviews



the communal settlement. The lawsuit that followed lasted for many years with no verdict. The colonists had to pay the debts and the court costs. Having existed for 15 years, the Bishop Hill Colony was dissolved in 1860-61.

Clouds Over Bishop Hill replicates some of Bishop Hill's dark past, which might be the reason why the author decided to understate the bombshell death of Herb Anderson. The biggest mystery to this reviewer is that the approximately 200 inhabitants of Bishop don't seem to react to the gruesome killing. Everyone must realize that the 103-year old woman could not have killed the physically active woodworker Herb Anderson. It seems odd that there are no headlines in the newspapers and no radio or television reporters swarming the village. In the early summer of 2008, all the stores and museums would have been open and welcoming tourists. Yet, the tourists are absent.

None of the male characters listed above are developed well enough to be of much interest. Another character, Roy Landers, caught my attention. Roy is an accomplished artist who also has the ability to imitate the folk-art style of Krans. At one time, he was forced to paint a forgery of a Krans painting. Shelley calls him Uncle Roy, but he's her adoptive father and separated from his wife, Christina. Roy lives alone in a cabin, drinks too much, and sometimes disappears. The main character of Shelley Anderson seems cold and calculating. Her family history is unbelievably complicated and of little importance to the story.

There are some inconsistencies in the use of the peculiar names of the characters that might create confusion. At times, I had to go back a page or two to find out who-is-who. A character description would have been helpful. The writing is polished and written in the 'first person' as the voice of

Shelley Anderson. Shots are fired risking people's lives. Will the murder be solved, or is it more important to find the missing painting? The reader can expect the clouds to thicken.

Those who have read *Witness in Bishop Hill* by Sara Hoskinson Frommer will notice that both books feature an old confused lady discovering the murder scene and a bloody body, but that is where the similarities end.

Lilly Setterdahl

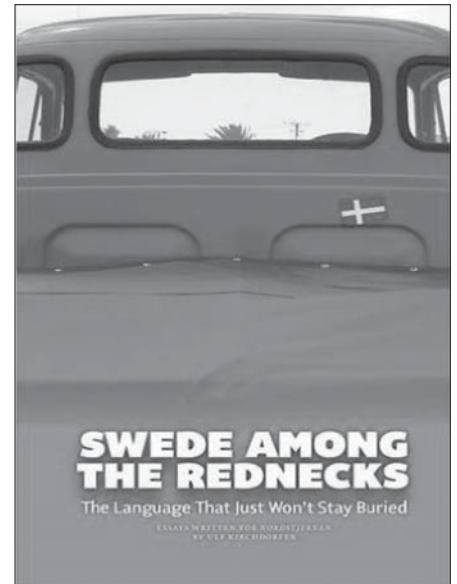
A Swede's point of views

Swede among the Rednecks. The Language That Just Won't Stay Buried. Essays written for *Nordstjernen* by Ulf Kirchdorfer published by *Nordstjernen Forlag*, New York 2015. 164 pages, paperback. \$14.95.

The 42 essays in this book were originally published in the Swedish American newspaper *Nordstjernen* and covered a multitude of topics and thoughts regarding the past, current, and future events; some related to the author's Swedish upbringing. Many of his thoughts in these articles are reminiscences of his childhood, as is the recurring theme related to lawnmowing. The book is dedicated to his mother.

Ulf Kirchdorfer is a professor with a PhD in English at Darton College in Georgia where he teaches modern American literature and English composition. With other credits to his name, he is well qualified to comment on traditions in both Sweden and the United States. And he does! He is a native-born Swede that has lived in other places in Europe – Germany for one, I believe, and even Texas!

When was the last time you thought of Ingmar Bergman or Pippi Longstocking? He comments on "The Sinful Ingmar Bergman" and wonders if Pippi should be censored for being racist, in separate musings, of course. So you see, many of the titles are provocative and compel you



to continue to read on.

Also, he recounted some of his early traditions that marked different holidays in Sweden. Christmas is an important one. Reading "Glögg" and "Julskinka," Okay, but "Stjärngosse?" will recall memories of your past Christmas activities and your feelings as you relive them. He does clarify that they are not related to each other.

It might help to have a Swedish-English dictionary available. Some of us (raised in Swedish American homes with little spoken Swedish) are not familiar with some of the Swedish words that help you catch his deeper meaning or understand the English meaning.

I felt more Swedish upon completing this reading! I gained insight into some family traditions and recall with more understanding some of my relatives. Some of them lived their adult lives in the U.S. but never left Sweden.

There is more than one nod, smile, or even a chuckle as you read this compilation.

Alice M. Johnson



Fat Tuesday
is on 28
February



Book Reviews

Northwest Swedes

Immigrants of the Independence Valley, by Dick Erickson. Published by the Swedish Finn Historical Society. 8 x10, 300 pages of photos and text. Contact Dick Erickson Dick Erickson at <twoswed@comcast.net>.

When Scandinavian immigration to Washington State is considered, most of the

references are to settlement in the major cities of Spokane and Seattle. What is not as well known are the immigrants who came to the rural areas of the West Coast, primarily to work in the logging and fishing industries. Most desired to become farmers but first needed additional work to be able to afford land. Many Swedes and Swedish-speaking Finns settled around Rochester, Washington, located about 25 miles south of Olympia, and established small farms.

This is a wonderful reference book with many photographs and detailed charts about the Scandinavian settlement of this area. The author's family first settled here in the 1890's. Although the book is intended primarily to be of interest to those with roots in this area, it is a good reference book for what Scandinavian life was like in rural Western Washington in the first part of the 1900's. An appendix is included at

the back listing the names and some genealogical information for the "Nordic Immigrants to the Rochester Area." A great community and a Scandinavian history reference. If there is any fault with the book it is that it requires through reading as there is no table of contents or content index. The book is a labor of love as Erickson states he loses money on every book sold!

Ann Wick



This book can also be read on the web site of the Swedish Finn Historical Society, see [link on page 26](#).

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Book Reviews

WW II seen from Sweden

Krigsdagböcker 1939–1945, by Astrid Lindgren. Published 2015 by Salikon förlag. Hardcover, 366 pages, ISBN 9789187659041. **In Swedish!**

This book contains the war diaries of Astrid Lindgren, not yet a famous author, just a Stockholm housewife with husband and two children, a clerk in the Swedish secret letter censorship, which allowed her to gain knowledge of many phases of the war that never reached the public.

She started her diaries on the first day of WW II, and kept on writing, not every day, but until Christmas 1945. She followed the war in newspapers, and clipped lots of newspaper reports, of which some are included in the book. At the same time Astrid Lindgren writes about her family and how the war affected them. Food rations are diminishing, coffee and eggs become scarce, and no fish can be bought.



But the Lindgrens are lucky, her parents live on a farm in Småland and can send food. She also tells about good times, going to the movies and the theater and birthday parties for the children. But in the background the war is sometimes very close. The Finnish Winter War causes people to send their children to safety in Sweden. The occupations of Norway and Denmark frighten her, and her husband is mobilized for a short time. Through her work she early on realizes the atrocities that are committed against the Jews in Nazi Germany and its conquered areas, and is appalled. She feels Sweden is very lucky to escape much of the war, which makes it possible to help the people of the neighboring countries in various ways.

Elisabeth Thorsell

SAG needs your help!

We regard the reviews as a very important part of SAG, as the readers are spread all over the U.S., Canada, and Sweden and a lone subscriber even in Australia.

For all of them it is very difficult to keep track of the many interesting books (and movies) that are published with a *Swedish* or *Swedish-American* theme.

We need you to keep your eyes open. And we are extremely pleased if you will write a review and send it to the SAG editor.

Family histories, church histories, local group histories, and lodge histories are among the things we would like to present in SAG. And all in English.

A good book review contains the full title of the book, name of author, year of printing, name of publisher, where it can be bought, and the price of the book.

Send all book reviews to the SAG editor!

Elisabeth Thorsell
SAG editor

New and Noteworthy

(Short notes on interesting book and articles)

SAG reader *Jean Larson* of Dallas, TX, has sent SAG the following tips on books: Because of the interest expressed in DNA and genealogy during the SAG trip to Salt Lake City, I thought I would send the names of two books that have come out recently. Both were written by people I have taken courses with and they are very good. The first one is *The Family Tree Guide to DNA Testing and Genetic Genealogy* by Blaine Bettinger and it is available on Amazon. The other is *Genetic Genealogy in Practice* by Blaine Bettinger and Debbie Parker Wayne. It was published by the National Genealogical Society and is available on their website, <http://www.ngsgenealogy.org/>. Blaine's book is an overview of all aspects of DNA testing and can be used as a reference. It also has a lot of charts and pictures to help the reader understand so I recommend the hardcover over the Kindle version. Blaine and Debbie's book also gives an overview but also includes exercises to complete. When I was taking the DNA courses I found exercises to very helpful in understanding the concepts.

Genetic genealogy has many concepts that are difficult to understand, so reading about something over and over is necessary, unless you are a biochemist. I would suggest reading Blaine's book to get an overview and then reading Blaine and Debbie's book to read and do the exercises.

Interesting Web Sites

All links tested in
January 2017 and
should work

Swedish American Newspapers: <http://www.mnhs.org/newspapers/swedishamerican>

Swedes to Jamestown, NY, (1851–1860): <http://www.jamestownswedes.org/>

Searching for emigrating Finlanders: <http://migrationinstitute.fi/en/genealogy/emigrantregister>

Royal and noble houses in medieval times:

https://familysearch.org/search/tree/results#count=20&query=+subcollection_id:MMD2-H72

Swedes in the Northwest Pacific: <http://swedishclubnw.org/index.htm>

About Swedish books translated into English: <http://www.swedishbookreview.com/>

Swedish Roots in Oregon: <http://www.swedishrootsinoregon.org/>

Swedish parish maps (organized by county): <http://memmingsforskarna.se/sockenkartor.html>

For Swedish hemslojd in the U.S.: <http://www.hemslojd.com/>

A blog about the possibility of being Swedish in America: <https://51percentswedish.wordpress.com/>

Scandinavian Immigrant Experience Collection: <https://www.plu.edu/archives/sie/>

An interesting database of various records: <http://www.mooseroots.com/>

The Swedish Finn Historical Society: <http://www.swedishfinnhistoricalsociety.org/>

A blog about life in Stockholm, Sweden, by an American couple: <http://thebuckleysabroad.com/>

Swedish American Historical Museum (Philadelphia): <http://www.americanswedish.org/calendar.htm>

Covenant Church Anniversary Books: http://collections.carli.illinois.edu/cdm/landingpage/collection/npu_histcc

Brålanda-Sundals-Ryr history: <https://www.hembygd.se/bralanda-sundals-ryrs/>

A surprise view of *Allt för Sverige!*

Jill Seaholm received this e-mail in June:

My wife Peggy and I just got back yesterday from an 18-day trip to Sweden. We went to see the places that were important to my ancestors. While many months of research and planning really paid off, one completely unplanned event took me by surprise.

When we started out on Monday, 30 May 2016, our plan was to visit some places where my maternal grandfather's ancestors had lived in Dalsland. It was our last full day for seeing family-related sights on our trip. One stop we planned was at an old house at Råskogstugan. It is located on an unpaved road a few miles west of Brålanda. We wanted to see this house because some of my grandfather's ancestors had lived nearby in the early 1700s when this house was built, so we thought they may have lived in a similar home. (We found out about the house at the web site

of the local *hembygdsförening* [see link above]).

When we got to the house we were surprised to find that an episode of *Allt för Sverige* was being recorded. Peggy and I are both big fans of the show, so running into the crew filming an episode was the best ending to our trip that we could have imagined.

Peggy and I got to talk for a while with the host Anders Lundin and have our picture taken with him. He said that we were the first American fans he has met while filming an episode. He was interested in how we first heard about the show, how we watched it, and what we liked about it. We stayed about 2 hours while they conducted a team competition (which they did not want us to photograph).

Ironically, the show seemed to be more interested in a red Dalsland-style two-story house across the street from the one we

wanted to visit. The one we drove to see had a lot of camera and sound equipment stacked around it. It was being ignored.

Just thought I would write and share our experience.

With Best Regards,

Paul Sandberg



Photo: Paul Sandberg



The 2016 SAG Workshop in Salt Lake City

Left to right:

Seated on floor: Mike Swanson, Lori Jansen, Janet Wahlberg, Judy Baouab, Anna Fredricks, Scott Berglund,

In chairs: Elisabeth Thorsell, Laura Reich, Karen Livsey, Ingrid Nilsson, Kathleen Weber, Ellen Rye, Charlotte Börjesson, Jean Larson, Alice Johnson, Lois Haraldsen, Jacqueline Maxeiner, Jolayne Lindberg, Gretchen Farwell,

Standing on floor: Carole Kopera, Geoffrey Morris, Roger Drong, Richard & Jean Anderson, Lorraine Hladik, Tom & Janet Duncan, Ulf Berggren, Beverly Finley, William Fagerstrom, Jack & Arlene Johnson, Nancy Mitchell, Jon Eggers, Ruth Anne Hartman, Tim Sio, Mary Jo Eggers, Ronald Johnson, Linda Gamel, Maria Carlsson, Julie Benson,

Standing on chairs: Jill Seaholm, Paul Julstrom, Shirley Koelling, Shelly Johnson, Jim Norsen, David Raasch, Ruth Benson, John Danielson, Greg Nelson, Kenneth Anderson, Erik Nilsson, Lisa Huntsha, Deborah Gossage, Don Richards, Raymond Rye,

Not pictured: Sharon Clay, Susan Dalhed, Dave Garner, (photographer), Lynn Johnson, Wilma Larson, Eva Meyer, Laurene Wenstrand.

The Last Page

Dear friends,

Here we come again with a winter issue of SAG. In the greater Stockholm area we had the first snow in early November, which is unusual, and it did not last long. Since then it has mostly been around zero centigrade and not much snow, but there is still time before the spring comes.

I have done one (for me) unusual thing: I did go to a performance of Disney's *Frost on Ice* with our grandson Ossian (age 10), which he enjoyed.

I do not think he will be interested to go to the genealogy seminar with me tomorrow. It is for the 2nd time arranged by the Genealogical Society, and there will be six lectures on various topics during the centuries. Some of these lectures will end up in the journal of the Society, *Släkt och Hävd*. The society also videotapes the lectures, and they will be available on the

Member's pages of their web site.

Next on the agenda is a week in the Orlando area of Florida in the company of Ingrid Nilsson of Workshop fame. We hope for warm and sunny days.

Then we have the Genealogy Day (*Släktforskningen Dag*) on 18 March all over Sweden. The theme this year is *Sailors*, as many have had ancestors in the merchant navy or in the military navy, and the records can be rather different. Sailors in the merchant navy had to be registered in a Seamen's Registry (*Sjömanshus*), and there were registries in the major port cities. The records for some of them start already in the mid-1700s, and some are online.

When working on SAG I have indeed noticed that we no longer receive any queries, so in this issue there are none. But I hope you will understand that a query,

printed in a journal like SAG, has a longer life than a query on media like Facebook. A printed journal will be collected by subscribers and libraries, and it is possible to look for queries that were printed years ago – on modern media they can disappear very quickly, and not be possible to find again.

So next time you need some help, send a query to SAG also!

The BIG event in August!



Till next time!
Elisabeth Thorsell

Help us promote the SAG journal!

Do you belong to a Swedish genealogy or other Swedish interest group? Even a group that only sometimes focuses on Sweden? We are happy to supply SAG back issues and subscription brochures for you to use as handouts.

If you will have a raffle or drawing, we can even provide a certificate for a 1-year subscription to SAG for you to give away.

Contact Jill Seaholm at <jillseaholm@augustana.edu>, or 309.794.7204. Thank you!



SAG Workshop *Salt Lake City*

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The early morning line when the FHL opens.

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Paid subscribers are mailed SAG Workshop reservation forms in March upon request.

For more information you can use this address:

<http://www.bitly.com/SAGWorkshop>

Abbreviations

Table 1. Abbreviations for Swedish provinces (*landskap*) used by *Swedish American Genealogist* (as of March 2000) and *Sveriges Släktforskarförbund* (the Federation of Swedish Genealogical Societies, Stockholm [SSF]).

Landskap (Province)	SAG & SSF Abbr.	Landskap (Province)	SAG & SSF Abbr.
Blekinge	Blek.	Närke	Närk.
Bohuslän	Bohu.	Skåne	Skån.
Dalarna	Dala.	Småland	Smål.
Dalsland	Dals.	Södermanland	Södm.
Gotland	Gotl.	Uppland	Uppl.
Gästrikland	Gäst.	Värmland	Värm.
Halland	Hall.	Västerbotten	Väbo.
Hälsingland	Häls.	Västergötland	Vägö.
Härjedalen	Härj.	Västmanland	Väsm.
Jämtland	Jämt.	Ångermanland	Ånge.
Lappland	Lapp.	Öland	Öland
Medelpad	Mede.	Östergötland	Östg.
Norrbottnen	Nobo.		

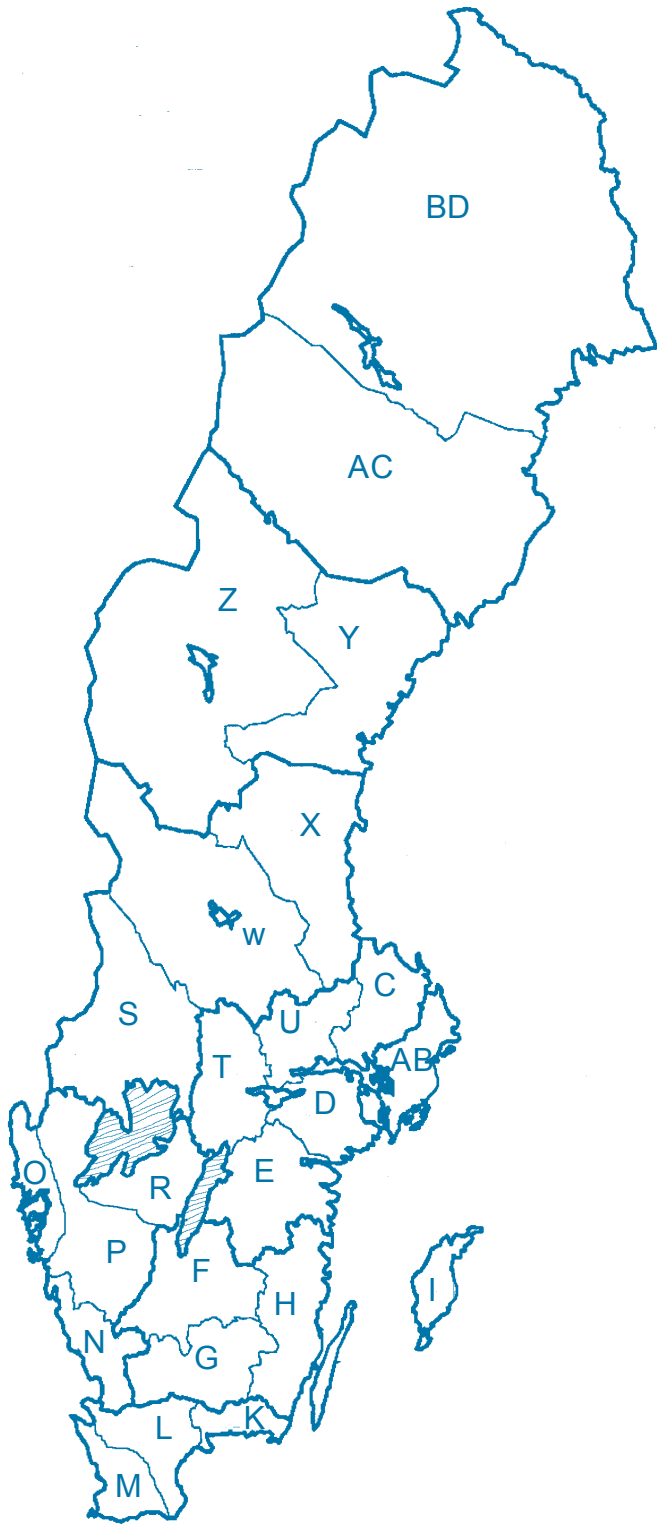
Table 2. Abbreviations and codes for Swedish counties (*län*) formerly used by *Swedish American Genealogist* (1981-1999) and currently used by *Statistiska centralbyrån* (SCB) (the Central Bureau of Statistics, Stockholm).

Län (County)	SAG Abbr.	SCB Abbr.	SCB Code	Län (County)	SAG Abbr.	SCB Abbr.	SCB Code
Blekinge	Blek.	Blek.	K	Stockholm	Stock.	Sthm.	AB
Dalarna ^a		Dlm.	W	Södermanland	Söd.	Södm.	D
Gotland	Gotl.	Gotl.	I	Uppsala	Upps.	Upps.	C
Gävleborg	Gävl.	Gävl.	X	Värmland	Värm.	Vrml.	S
Halland	Hall.	Hall.	N	Västerbotten	Vbn.	Vbtn.	AC
Jämtland	Jämt.	Jmtl.	Z	Västernorrland	Vn.	Vnrl.	Y
Jönköping	Jön.	Jkpg.	F	Västmanland	Väst.	Vstm.	U
Kalmar	Kalm.	Kalm.	H	Västra Götaland ^c		Vgöt.	O
Kronoberg	Kron.	Kron.	G	Örebro	Öre.	Öreb.	T
Norrbottnen	Norr.	Nbtn.	BD	Östergötland	Ög.	Östg.	E
Skåne ^b		Skån.	M				

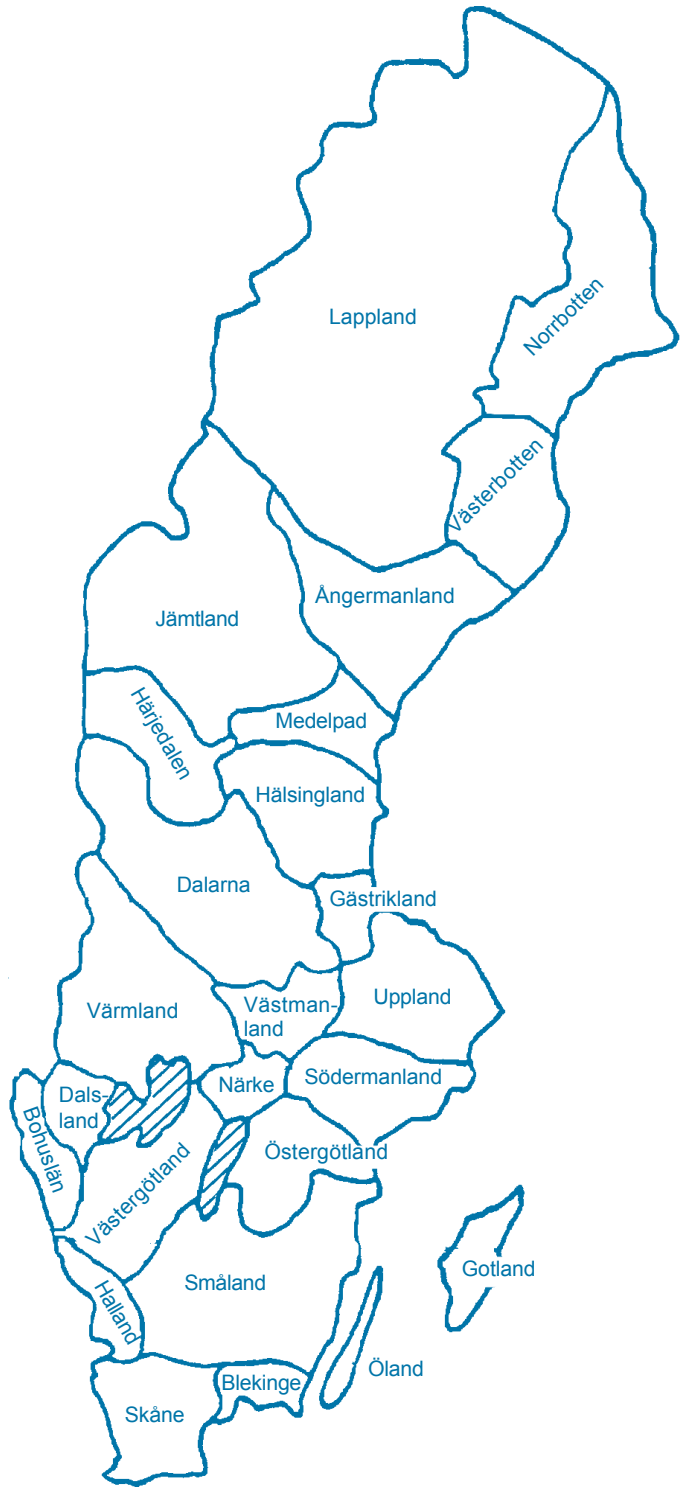
a formerly Kopparberg (Kopp.; W) *län*.

b includes the former counties (*län*) of Malmöhus (Malm.; M) and Kristianstad (Krist.; L).

c includes the former counties (*län*) of Göteborg and Bohus (Göt.; O), Skaraborg (Skar.; R), and Älvsborg (Älvs.; P).



The counties (*län*) as they were before 1991.



The provinces (*landskap*).