

I can remember 'way back when I was 2½ years old and my parents moved from Bissel and Sedwick Streets on the north side of Chicago, near Lincoln Park, to 6613 S. Green St. on the south side. I remember standing in the front room, my thumb in my mouth, looking up at the casket where my mother lay, having died of Spanish influenza. We were four boys: John, Eddie, Wilhelm and Waldemar. Dad had his hands full with us and he soon remarried, as we were not angels.

What happened in the years up to six years probably was about what any other family would experience with four kids. Dad married Emma Charlotte Lock* in the early year after mother's death. I'll start at the time I was six. I well remember having a boat ride in the Jackson Park Lagoon and stopping at the Field Museum and walking up the many steps to enter the building. This was the 1893 World's Fair. The architecture of the building was fancy scroll work, etc., much different than it was in later years. The midway looked great to me. I remember sitting on top of a freight car of the Monon Railroad, watching a big warehouse burn to the ground, John, Ed and I. A Mr. Gust Johnson found us there, having looked all over for us. It was dark and we had strayed from home. I remember the Iowa Building and the German Building of the Fair. They stood for many years. The big ferris wheel at 55th and Cottage Grove, the swimming pool across the street, were places Dad took us to many times. I have a book of this World's Fair and also admission tickets and souvenirs.

My parents had two roomers at our home, Mr. Lindstrom, who after a few years left for Suwanee River area to work and we never heard from him, and Miss Emma Johnson, a half sister of Dad's. She also left a few years later, went to New York and married a bricklayer, Mr. Hultgren. Didn't hear from her until late in life and I shall comment on that later.

Some of our playmates in the neighborhood were Willis Lake, who moved away, Fogelsong whom I'll mention later. Dad said that I had plenty of time to go to school, so I didn't start until I was eight. Speaking only Swedish in the home, I had to learn the English language. I knew just a little English. I was sent to a Swedish school to learn good Swedish. This school was a Lutheran school on 66th and Sangamon St. A high fence surrounded the chu ch, and of course I was always climbing the fence. Other playmates were Lillie and Harry Rowe, Bert and Zora Patchin, Eddie Wiley, Elmer Newstrom, Fay Holland, Arthur Threastrom, Mollie and Laura Butler. They were a great bunch of kids; most of are now dead. There was also Frank Rabsch, now living in Milwaukee.

I remember the wooden cedar blocks on the streets, the ditches in front of our house, the gas lamps which were lit every evening at dusk. A man would come on a bike with a pole in his hand and a light on the end of the pole. He would return in the morning to turn off the lights. There were no buildings from 66th Street to 65th, and from Halsted to Morgan. The Kingling Brothers Circus staked their tents here in the summer. Oh yes, we got into the circus, always by way of crawling under the canvas. We also followed the circus parades.

The Salvation Army marched from their headquarters at 66th and Halsted and we often followed them from 66th to 63rd and back again. Well do I remember when all four boys were led by Dad to the Army. We wore little velvet suits and fountelroy ties and white collars folded over the suit jacket. Dad picked me up from a ditch I had fallen into. The Army Captain always put the drum on the floor and folks threw their change on the drum. We were thrilled. Every Sunday we attended they gave us a little 1 x 2" card with a picture of a bird

* Lock was name given him in Swedish army. His real name was Carlson.

on it. After four Sundays we got a bigger card, etc., and at Christmas time a big bag with an apple, orange, nuts, candy, a book and a toy. That was worth going all year, every Sunday.

At age of ten to 15 we were up in grade school. Evenings we often met the boys of the street on the corner, but we had to be in by 8 o'clock. Often we got in fights. Many colored children were in our classes. We played "pump, pump, peedaway" and "policeman" in the school yard. The name of the school was Kershaw.

I remember the magic lanterns and mile banks at Christmas. A 50¢ toy was fine from Santa Claus.

The street cars had straw on the floor for heat, no stoves, drawn by horses. I can hear the clang, clang of the bell the motorman stepped on. Later there were electric summer cars. We always liked to be chased by the conductor, down one aisle, then on the running boards, finally had to jump. Ed had a paper route. He always flipped cars. He was on the way to 63rd for papers and was knocked off and badly hurt.

I remember upside down Johnson's clothing store where I worked as a messenger boy. Johnson's picture on all advertising was upside down, therefore the name. Becker Ryan and in earlier years Legerer Dept. stores were where Sears Roebuck now is. I remember the starving Cuban in the circus side show. A man was hypnotized lying in the front window of the dime store for two days with a big rock on his stomach.

We often walked to Washington Park to watch the automobiles. They were just coming on the streets: Holzmobiles, Electrics, Steamers, Pierce Arrows, Whites, Maxwells. We often walked to Washington Park dragging a toboggan sled, 18 ft. long. We were 16 on the sled once and when it hit the bottom of the slide, Bang! it snapped and that was the end for that day. We repaired it and used it in Hamilton Park, on the hump back toboggan.

I remember Luetgert's sausage factory at 63rd and Wallace. Luetgert had murdered several persons and buried them in the basement.

There were the Western Indiana, Monon and Chesapeake and Ohio Railroads, then on the ground, later years elevated. Our Sunday School often had their picnics at Cedar Lake and we took the Monon train. Once the four of us were late getting down to the train. We had to run to get it. I had a 16 qt. basket of lunch and had to throw it in the ditch in order to make it. At the picnic everybody felt sorry for us and we were fed well.

Halloween was a big day - two days. We burned gates, fences, big wooden garbage boxes - anything that was wooden. What a bon fire! Put a buggy on a barn roof after taking the wheels off. Threw rocks through the family entrance of saloons. The family entrance, a door into the back room, was where ladies with their families could sit and drink. Some of the things we did were, going into Intemulic candy store, asked for a penny's worth of various kinds of dandy, and when bag was full we ran out the door; brought in a package of laundry to a Chinaman. Layed it on the counter and ran for our life. The package had a dead rat in it. That wasn't nice. We always had a flooded prairie in winter for skating. One was at 66th and Halsted. Had a girl friend I always liked to skate with named Carrie Seaberg. Her father was a building contractor. (During the depression, many years later, she was found dead, a suicide, after losing her savings.

Often in winter time Dad walked us to church at 59th and Emerald, the Swedish Baptist Church; one Christmas morning in two ft. of snow. That was rough but we enjoyed it. Every Christmas our Uncle John (Jack he was called) came to us and always had gifts for all of us. Never will forget a big blue and white sled he brought us.

We were always in touch with Aunt and Uncle on my mother's side and were often together. They lived in Brighton Park, 35th and Artesian Avenue. Their name was Larson. We often played together - Ellen, Charlie and August. They moved to Sterling, Ill. where Uncle Jack worked in a foundry and blacksmith. He was a blacksmith. The children are living still, except for Ellen. Charlie and August have a million dollar hardware factory in Rock Falls, across the river from Sterling. We had many good times there together until Mrs. Larson died, and a few years later Mr. Larson died. I had a date one time with Charlie's cousin, Amy. I was about 17. Never saw her again until about 60 years later in Shorewood Hills, Mich. She wanted to know where I went.

47th cottage
April 13, 1904, I got 100 in my arithmetic paper. I was in the grade. Ed and I were in the same room at school and we wanted to graduate together. I flunked and Ed passed into the higher grade. Then I packed my books and left the class room, never to return. The principal wanted me to come back and he would let me graduate with Ed. It was too late. At 17, I was out of school. The next day I got a job in the mail order department of Sears Roebuck on Desplaines Avenue, looking up lost orders. My next job was at Tipton Machine Works at 63rd and Wallace. In the front was a bicycle shop and I worked there. Then I was put into the machine shop, working on cars, but I didn't like that. I then found a job at the Fashion Livery Stable. Here I could drive the Electric Show Cases (I called them) like a carriage. I would drive them to the owner in the morning and get them in the evening, riding the street car home each time. I liked this job very much. I don't remember what I was paid.

During our growing up years, the summers, about seven of them, we spent in Grovertown on Dad's farm. We raised potatoes, pickles, blueberries. Every day we went to the pickle factory in town with pickles. I still have a souvenir pickle with a pin attached. We used to walk to town with blueberries, the four of us, each carrying a bucket with 16 quarts. We had the best and cleanest berries and got two or three cents more a quart, usually 8¢ a quart. We took it out in trade, groceries, etc. Mr. Uncapher, the store keeper, always gave us a big scoop of candy - how we grabbed for those candies. We would work for Uncle Andrew Nelson, and after a day's work walked a mile and a half to go swimming. We had a place where we went in wearing our birthday clothes. A Mr. Olaf Wilson, a sailor, taught us all how to swim by throwing us into the lake. I spent a week with John Alpine at Mr. and Ms. Koontz' home. (John Alpine's father was Secretary of Labor or something in the Hoover Administration, a \$1.00 a year man.) This was a happy time - the summers at Grovertown.

After working at the livery stable, I had a job as fireman for the Swedish American Telephone Co. Then after a short time I was promoted to work on telephones and switchboards. I worked after that for Florsheim Shoe Company, tanning boots. The first day I worked until noon, went for lunch and never went back, not even for what little money I had coming.

I took a job at George and John Rayfields Automobile Repair Shop (later manufacturers of carburetors). That didn't last long. Had a Maxwell down and was assembling it when my helper dropped a bolt in the transmission. We didn't take it out, and the trouble that caused gave us our "walking papers". Now what was I to do. Had many other little jobs. Worked for Paul Becker Butcher Shop

at 6732 So. Halsted Street.

One day I started to walk to find a job. Walked all the way down to the Loop. Found the Western Newspaper Union, a large printing Company. I landed a job at \$14.00 per week. This was June 1, 1906. I got appendicitis and was in the hospital three weeks. John Mastie, my superintendent, came up to see me and I got my wages each week I was gone. He said that he had never seen so many flowers as I had, tubs full, vases and jugs, said that I must have many friends. After six months I quit and got a job in a job office, S. J. Matheson Printing, at 35th and Halsted. Got about \$9.00 a week, but I was now learning a trade. I decided to learn the business. I was an apprentice at the Western Newspaper Union, Aug. 13, 1906. Stayed at S. J. Matheson until March, 1912, when I joined the Chicago Typographical Union No. 16. My working card number was 343. I paid \$15.00 initiation fee. Now I was on my own, getting \$19.50 a week, union scale. From here on I had to try out what little I learned of the printing business. I thought I would like to learn the monotype key board, so in October, 1913 I left Chicago for St. Louis to go six weeks to school. I lived with a printer who came from Chicago same day I did. He lived in St. Louis. I got a room and board at his home. He had a lovely daughter who was engaged to marry a coal miner living in Collinsville, Ill. After five weeks stay there, I was asked to be best man at their wedding. They were to elope. They did and I was best man. Her dad did not approve of it which is why they eloped. Well, when her father got wind of what had happened, he asked me to leave. That was O.K., only had a week to go when I was to return to Chicago. On Thanksgiving Day I was invited to the home of Mr. Robert Peterson for dinner. Mr. Peterson was Western representative of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The whole family, and I joined them, went to a foot ball game, then came home for the dinner. Some spoiled suet put in the turkey ruined the turkey so we would up with salmon croquets.

I returned to Chicago. Got a job at Hillison Ethen Printing Co. I was to set periodical ads, that's what the boss said. What was a periodical ad? Well, I set an ad to try out. Gave the boss a proof of the ad and he called me to the desk and said, "where did you learn to set periodical ads?" I was fired but finished the day distributing type. I tipped over a case of type I was so nervous. I was noseey and looked at the ads being set by the other men and I got the principle and idea of how it was done. Fired, disgusted, discouraged, I walked six doors south to the G. P. Englehard Printing Company, walked in and found I knew the foreman there. He said, "Hello Bill, are you working? No? Want to take the place of this man, he's going to Paris for six months. Can you set periodical ads?" I told him that I could. I knew I would make good. Stayed there one year. Now I thought I was pretty good. I got my first union card on May 29, 1912, now getting \$22.50 per week. I began barnstorming, going from shop to shop, getting experience and learning various ideas and styles of printing.

I was converted January, 1912, baptised March 17, 1912. Got into the Lord's work. I was president of the Englewood Swedish Baptist Young People's Society. Membership was around 300 or more.

In 1916 I was married to Miss Lillie Newman. In 1917, December, she died from child birth in the South Shore Hospital. It was Dr. Lahlberg's first death in 500 confinement cases. Lillie predicted she would be buried on the last Sunday of the year, and the last day of Sunday burials, and so it was. I had bought a small print shop at 99th St. near the Rock Island Railroad depot, called

Walden Station. Much evening work kept me in the shop a lot. We lived on 110th and Princeton in Roseland. Now a baby girl was my main concern. I had to move closer to the office. Val and Nellie lived at 9307 V nderpool Ave. just around the corner from the office. I lived with them for about two years. I made about eight moves with the baby, various friends taking care of Lillian. The first world war was on and having the baby I was put in Class 4-A by the draft board. The government ruled non-essential business should cease, so I sold my office equipment to a firm in the loop, Chandler Printing Press Co. Then I went to work at the steel mills in Gary. I lived with Val's mother-in-law Nellie's mother. I worked in the lumber yard, then in the machine shop and then in the steam fitting department. When Armistice was signed I returned to Chicago.

When I was living with Nellie and Val, Esther would come and visit them every week and walked by my office to catch a train. Could see her often and spoke to her. Finally, to make a long story short, we were going steady. In the meantime I was back in young people's work and very busy.

On July 19, 1919 I started work at the American Newspaper. Had just got enough of the newspaper work to like it.

January 10, 1920 we got married, Esher and I. We eloped to Professor Olaf Hedeem's home in Morgan Park. Esther Sabel and Frederick Jaenicken, owner of Ja nicken Printing Co., stood up for us. Prof. Hedsed had a spread for us of lots of good things to eat. Jaenicken pressed a \$20.00 gold piece in my hand for a gift. We lived in Morgan Park. We now had the baby with us. Three weeks after we got married I was laid off at the Chicago American. The foreman promised me three days a week so I stuck around for three months. Then I got the situation that I held for 39 years

I was back in young peopl 's work. In 1925 and 1926 I was city-wide young people's president. The organization comprised 23 different young people's societies in Chicago and surrounding area. This entailed a lot of evening committee meetings and rallies, etc. We had summer assemblies for young people at Bethany Beach. We were raising a family now. Had two children and a third one on the way. Esther really raised the children, I was out so much. She did a good job, all raised and married. So much transpired in the years. We had many friends - had moved a couple of times. In 1925 my dad died; my step-mother died about 20 years later.

with Anderson
We owned a little house at Pretty Lake, Ind. where Mom and I took all our children and other children on week-end trips. We often had beach parties at 63rd St. beach. We owned a 1925 Studebaker car which was dedicated to the Lord. We often picked up 14 or 16 kids to take to the Leflin Gospel Hall, nearly every night for a couple of weeks. We won a Bible for having biggest family present. Also our children won prizes for bringing the most children to the meetings. Often went skating at Washington Park Lagoon and on the Midway. We used to take many trips to Museum of Science and Industry. We let the children, when about 8 and 10 years old, attend the 1933-34 World's Fair alone. They would take a lunch, ate samples given away at the Fair. They alw-ys had a good time.

So much happened that can't be said as it would fill volumes. Had a two-year newspaper strike.

Ed died when he was 54, of lockjaw. John died in 1950, age about 66. (1.4?)

In November, 1953, I retired from the newspaper and we moved to Harbert, Michigan. Rented a new house, just finished, by my cousin Dave and Esther Lovegren. We lived there 1 1/2 years. Then in the Fall of 1954 we rented an apartment in St. Petersburg, Florida for the winter. We liked it so well that we bought a little home. That was the first week of March, 1955. Then Kellie had a stroke and we went back to Michigan at once. Moved down to St. Petersburg the next year. For five summers we worked for Mrs. Atwill and her son who had a summer home at Lake side, Mich. We liked it very much. Mrs. Atwill died after three summers and we worked for Wm. Atwill, stock broker in Miami Beach for two summers in Lakeside. Earned enough to put us on our feet.

We were making new friends and had to adjust our lives to a new way of life. Learned a lot, saw a lot, had lots of experiences and met many friends and made new friends.

Now, about Willie Lake, whom I mentioned before. During the first world war, war bonds were being sold, and one day I went into the Commonwealth Edison Building. There was a crowd inside the door. A man with a scale was selling bonds and weighing people. He would guess their weight; if he missed he gave them a Babe Ruth candy bar. I was in the front line. I saw he was eyeing me. Finally he pulled me up in front and said to the crowd. "I know this fellow, but he doesn't seem to know me." Well, he said my name, where I lived many years ago. Also said he would guess my weight. He said, "When I was 10 years of age I moved away from the neighborhood at 66th and Green." "I was 8 then and he remembered. It was Willie Lake, hadn't seen him since he moved away. We reminisced, talked of old times; when we turned around the crowd was gone. He guessed my weight too, right on the head, no candy bar! Haven't seen him since.

About Miss Emma Johnson, mentioned before. We had some friends from Mich. staying with us about six years ago, here in St. Pete. Some friends of theirs came to visit, a lady and a man and wife. In our conversation I mentioned the experience of Emma Johnson going to Brooklyn and married a Mr. Halgren. Never heard from her. "Oh," the lady said, "I knew her. I took care of her during her sickness. She died after a lingering sickness. Small world, eh? Now about Mr. Fogelson. We were invited to the Blade's home one evening and two of the other guests invited were Mr. and Mrs. Fogelson. In our conversation we were talking about 66th and Green St. Fogelson said, "I lived there when I was 10 years old, at 6623 Green, a few doors south of where we lived. He knew all about the boys and girls we played with and he remembered me. After all these years we should meet here.

Well, we have lived here now for 11 years - 1966. We've been married 46 years, have four lovely children, all raised and married. Lillian married Ray Johnson, four children: Dr. Howard, Karen, Warren and Ronnie; June married Cornell Bidderhoff, two children: Warren and Mark. Marian married George Calhoun, two lovely adopted children: Lebera and Kimberly. Bill married Marion Saxe, two children; Scott and Eric, a third on the way. We have ten lovely grandchildren and three great grandchildren. We are happy and rich with all our children and grandchildren. The Lord has been good to us. We have everything we need - nice church, home, a good pastor,

Much could be written of many experiences and things that happened down through the years that lie behind. Hope the Lord will give us a few more years of happiness together.