

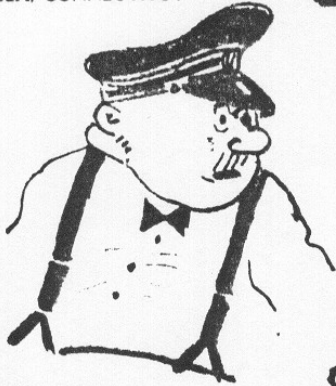
Eagle Comics

ESSEX, CONNECTICUT

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OLOF LIND

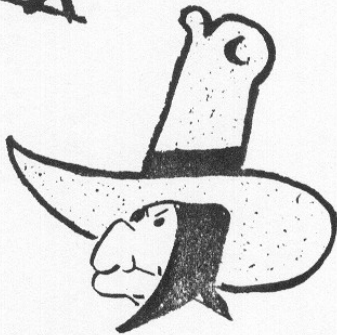
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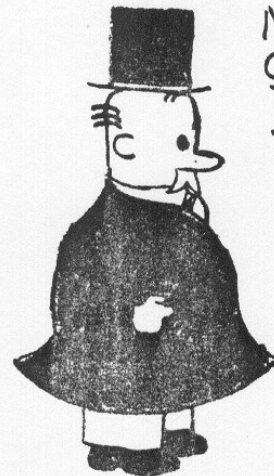
GUSTO



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MY FAMILY

By Augusta Lind Anderson

Laurence Olof Lind was my father and Augusta Justina Wiren Lind was my mother.

My father, whom we called Papa, was born in Härnösand, Sweden, on February 8, 1859. Records received from Sweden have him listed as Lars Olof Lindström, born on March 8, 1859, in the parish of Hemsö, an island just north of Härnösand. Härnösand is a city on the Gulf of Bothnia, some three hundred miles north of Stockholm.

When Papa was a boy of twelve, his father died, and his mother found it difficult to provide properly for her family. So as a lad of fourteen, Papa decided to go to America, the land of which he had heard so much good. He said he'd find work and send a part of his earnings "home" to help Mother. He came to America, and did find employment with a brick-making company. He changed work several times in the course of the years, but kept his promise and sent help to his mother. At one time he owned a bicycle shop, selling new bicycles and repairing used ones. At the time of his marriage to my mother, he was the owner of a fine grocery store. Upon coming to America, Papa changed his name to Lind, saying facetiously that he had had enough "strömming", a sardine-like fish, while growing up in a fishing community.

Papa had a brother, Johan Oscar, who was two years older than he. Oscar came to America later on and joined the U.S. Navy, serving this country in the Spanish-American war of 1898. Upon discharge from the navy, he became a farmer, owning land in

Rensselaer County, New York. Oscar married a young woman named Hilda, and they had three children, Sidney, Leslie, and Edna.

Papa's sister, Sophia Kristina, visited America late in life, while the Lind family was living in Essex, Connecticut. It was just a visit, so she returned to her homeland where she lived the rest of her life. She was married to Karl Erik Löfgren. Three of their children had preceded her to the United States many years earlier. Their names were Karl, Johan, and Ester Kristina. They had found that people had difficulty in pronouncing the name Löfgren, so they took their uncle's name, and were known as Lind. Four other of Sophia's daughters remained in Sweden.

Papa had other sisters, too. They were Brigitta Wilhelmina, who died at age thirteen, Eva Christina, who lived only six weeks, and Johanna Fredrika, who died at age twenty four. Papa's mother, Eva Stina, later married a shoemaker, Johan Fredrik Wik, of Finland. She died on June 15, 1900 in the village of Sanna.

After becoming established in America, Papa married Mrs. McGinty, a widow who had a daughter, Mamie, and a son, Vincent. Two children were born of this marriage, a son, Laurence, and a daughter, Jenny. Laurence disappeared at the age of twelve, when he visited aboard a boat which was tied up at the foot of 125th St. One postcard was received from him, saying he was going on a trip and that the captain was very nice to him, but this was the only news the family ever received. Jenny Lind, who always claimed she "couldn't sing a note", grew up to be a loved and loving older sister to all the children who came along later. Laurence and Jenny were both still young when their mother died.

My mother, Augusta Justina Wiren, came from the town of Raglunda, a suburb of the city of Köping in Västmanland, about one hundred miles west of Stockholm. She was born on January 7, 1868, the first of the five children of Carl and Margreta Wiren. Her sisters were Beda, Edla, and Elsa. Their brother was named Eror. (This name means "brother", which was appropriate since he was the only one.)

Augusta came to the United States in 1886 for various reasons, such as adventure, work, and new friends. Her sister Beda arrived in New York City on June 14, 1891, the day I was born. Beda never married. She worked at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut, and in 1937 took a trip home to Sweden. While there, she became ill, and she died in Sweden on November 8, 1939.

Erer Wiren arrived in America a few years after Beda. He married a young woman named Hannah Nelson. They had three children, Gladys, Stanley, and Harold.

Mama's other sisters, Edla and Elsa, never came to this country. Edla was married to a farmer, and they had four children, Lilly, Alice, Lennart, and John. Alice died in 1979. Most of the members of this branch of our family live in central Sweden.

Elsa, who was the youngest of Mama's sisters, stayed in Raglunda and took care of her parents as long as they lived. She then went to Stockholm to live, where she worked as a public health nurse. She died in 1978.

In the summer of 1890, at the age of thirty-one, Laurence O. Lind married Augusta J. Wiren, who was then twenty-two. They became the parents of a large family - five boys and seven girls, of whom I was the first. I think it was to their advantage that they came to the United States as young people, for here they were given many fine opportunities. My father operated an employment agency, located on 125th Street in New York City, for many years. He was able to find positions with wealthy New York families for the young Swedish men and women who were coming to this country in great numbers.

Mama and Papa's first home was at 417 E. 119th Street in New York City. They owned the house, which was a four story brownstone with a high front stoop and an areaway. Diagonally across the street eastward was a beautiful Catholic Church.

I was born at the above address on June 14, 1891, and am now almost eighty-seven years of age. I was christened by the pastor of a nearby Swedish Lutheran church and was given the names of my mother and grandmothers, Augusta Margreta Elisabeth. As the family grew, my name became "Gussie", and to this day I am known as Gussie by my two sisters and Aunt Gussie by nieces and nephews. As a small child I attended an elementary school at the corner of 119th Street and Pleasant Avenue. Due to moving, I later attended P. S. 37 in The Bronx, from which I was graduated on February 1, 1906. I then attended Morris High School, also in The Bronx, graduating in June, 1910. I had lost half a year when the family was quarantined while Norman and May were ill with scarlet fever. I then went on to New York Training School For Teachers, located in Manhattan. My diploma upon

graduation in June 1912 meant a great deal to me, as Papa had a big growing family and his was our only income. I was happy, therefore, to be able to help with my salary. I did some substitute teaching in the Wendover Avenue public school, and then in April 1913, I was appointed to P. S. 32, on 180th Street between Beaumont and Cambreling Avenues in The Bronx. I taught here for six years, and then resigned to be married. On June 28, 1919, I married Anders Anderson whom I met and knew from church. We were married in my parents' home in Essex, Connecticut, by a Baptist minister, Rev. Hatfield, from Deep River, Connecticut. We set up housekeeping in a small house owned by my parents and located just across the road from the house they lived in. My parents had moved to Essex in early spring of 1919, as Papa had been working indoors for many years and was now on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The outdoor life did help him, and he became a well, strong man, and lived to the age of eighty years, seven months.

Anders and I had two children. A girl named Elaine Elizabeth was born September 6, 1920, and a boy named Allan Andrew was born on December 9, 1921. The babies were only eighteen months and three months old when their dad became very ill and was advised by his doctor to go to a convalescent home until he was well enough to return to work. I immediately applied to the New York City Board of Education for reinstatement, and in October 1922 I was assigned to P. S. 72, Manhattan, where I was given a second grade class of fifty-two boys. In New York, I lived with a family I knew from church, and went home once a month to visit my babies and their dad who had come home in August. My parents were very

helpful in many ways. My mother took baby Allan into her home and he couldn't have been in better hands. Anders took care of Elaine and a very close relationship developed. I knew my babies were fine during my absence. But seeing them only once a month just teased me, so in the summer of 1923, we moved to New York City. We found a second floor apartment at 1012 Hollywood Avenue in the Throggs Neck area of the Bronx. The house was owned by a Finnish couple by the name of Anderson, who lived on the first floor.

I had applied in February 1923 for a transfer from P. S. 72 to P. S. 12 in the Bronx, and was accepted immediately following an interview with the principal, Dr. John F. Condon, the "Jafsie" of the Lindbergh kidnapping case. Under several principals I taught in that school until my retirement in October 1951. Altogether I had taught in New York City public schools for thirty-six years. Anders died on March 6, 1940, and I still had eleven years to teach before I'd be eligible for retirement. Although both Elaine and Allan were working, I often wondered if I had the stamina to continue that long in my job. But God was in charge, and he saw me through to the end. My principal, Mr. Edward A. Sheridan, and the staff of P. S. 12 tendered me a beautiful retirement party and presented me with a fine wristwatch, which to this day keeps perfect time.

Over the years our family moved several times. We left the Hollywood Avenue house to take the small upstairs apartment at 312 Brinsmade Avenue, which was the home of Anders' sister, Justina and her husband Christian Kayson. From there we moved to 2452 Williamsbridge Road, where our landlords were Mr. and

Mrs. Charles Grey. When we needed an extra bedroom for our growing children, we moved to a six-room apartment on Fenton Avenue, just off the Boston Post Road. Here our landlords, the Korrays, were coffee wholesalers, and the odor of fresh ground coffee beans often permeated the house. During the depression we moved back to the Kayson's house, and later to 1585 White Plains Road, our first experience with living in a large apartment house. Our last two residences in the Bronx were in a two-family house on East 196th Street, where Anders died, and then 1230 East Tremont Avenue, near West Farms Square and the Bronx Zoo.

I moved my household belongings to our beloved Pine Hill in 1951, and then went to live with Elaine and Cliff in Indianapolis. I had the joy of being near ~~two of my grandchildren and~~ watched them grow up into fine young people. The family moved to New Hampshire in 1955, and some twenty-two years later here to Pine Hill. Now at last I'm living in the home which Anders and I had hoped to share in our retirement.

Mama's second baby was a boy, born November 12, 1892, and was named Harris Alexander. He was a fine healthy baby but came to a sad and untimely death. He was in the baby carriage one warm spring day when a friend of Jenny's from across the street came to see the baby. She picked Harris up, and literally loved him to death. She had hugged him so hard that internal injury was done and our little brother died six hours later, on May 14, 1893, at the tender age of six months. In our big house, my parents rented out the entire first floor to Dr. Sheehan, and he was as bereaved at our loss as we ourselves were.

The third Lind baby was a little girl born February 19, 1893 and given the name Alva Laura. My stepsister Mamie said the baby looked like a little doll and began calling her Dolly. From then on our little sister was known as Dolly throughout the nine-and-a-half short years of her life. Due to rheumatic fever, which followed a severe attack of whooping cough, our Dolly was never well enough to attend school, so her family became her teachers at home. She died in April 1903 in the home where we were living at that time and where my father had his employment agency - 76 West 125th Street, New York City.

Before moving to the above address, Mama's fourth baby was born at the 119th Street address, on November 1, 1895. She was named Blanche Sophia Amelia, the two middle names being those of my parents' sisters. As an infant, baby Blanche had a very bad case of whooping cough. When a bad spell of coughing gripped the baby, Mama would hold her up in the air by the baby's hands. That seemed to help expand the lungs and prevent choking. God took care of the baby for Mama and she got well, growing into a real healthy child. Blanche attended various schools, depending upon where we lived. She was graduated from P. S. 32 in the Bronx on January 30, 1911. Shortly after, she attended Bird's Business school, studying typing and stenography. Upon completion of these courses, she was given employment by the Frankfort Insurance Company, on her sixteenth birthday. She worked here for four years and then changed to Dowler Forbes and Company, Importers and Exporters, where she worked for two years. Blanche then resigned to be married to a young man named George Wassmuth. Their first home was an apartment on ~~Park~~ Avenue in the Bronx, and here a baby girl was born on February 9, 1918. Little Beryl

Blanche, as she was named, was my only godchild. After living in two different apartments in Brooklyn, Blanche and George moved to a home in Stewart Manor, Long Island. Blanche went to visit Mama and Papa in Essex, and while there a second daughter, Dorothy Lind, was born on April 24, 1923. George Wassmuth, who was a certified public accountant, died on July 5, 1964. Blanche now lives in Floral Park, New York.

Mama's fifth baby was also a girl and she, too, was born in the 119th Street house. She was given the names Violet Mabel Christina. Since she came in the spring as does the lovely violet plant, Mama said the name of the flower would be nice for the new baby who came to us on March 27, 1897. Violet, like Dolly, resembled Mama, in that she had dark hair and big brown eyes. Violet was a strong healthy child and did much in the home to help Mama. Upon completing her education in P. S. 32, the Bronx, she took a training course with the New York Telephone Company and worked in the Bryant exchange for them as a night operator. Later she worked for Dowler, Forbes and Company on South William Street in New York City, the same firm Blanche had worked for. Violet met John William Tengstrom in the Manhattan Gospel Hall on 8th Avenue, between 125th and 126th Streets, while we were living on West 135th Street. Like Anders and me, Violet and John were married in Essex, Connecticut. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Pero, pastor of the Baptist church in Essex, on June 24, 1922. To use John's own words, "he tied the knot real good", and they had a blessed marriage for almost fifty-two years, for which John and Vi were most thankful. Their first home was at 2170 Hughes Avenue,

the Bronx. Here their first two children were born - Norman Robert on June 22, 1923, and Audrey Lois on February 11, 1925. In 1926 they moved to a larger apartment at 2247 Ryer Avenue, the Bronx. In this home, Lloyd lived with them for a while. In 1928 they bought a house at 192 Second Street, Stewart Manor, Long Island. Here Laurel Joyce was born on May 11, 1928 and John William, Jr. on March 28, 1932. Five years after moving to Stewart Manor, Violet and John took title to a new house in Williston Park, Long Island, where they lived till the spring of 1964 when they sold and moved out to their cottage in Southampton Shores. The family enjoyed this home for many years until Vi suffered a severe stroke and God took her unto himself on March 15, 1974, just thirteen days before her seventy-seventh birthday. John is well and active and still lives in Southampton, Long Island, keeping in contact with his loved ones.

The sixth Lind baby was another girl, born October 23, 1898. Mama gave her the lovely name Rhoda. Only two weeks later Baby Rhoda died in her sleep, a crib death, and an awful heartbreak for Mama. Rhoda was the last of the Lind children to be born at 417 East 119th Street, New York City. Shortly after her burial the family moved to Ridgefield Park New Jersey, where we had a beautiful new house on a hillside on Queen Anne's Road. The property was fenced in on all sides as Mama kept a cow and some chickens. We all loved it there and thrived on fresh milk, eggs and garden vegetables. Mama was a good cook and baker and we were well fed. But the commuting and long traveling every day came hard on Papa so we moved back to New York City.

On May 7, 1900, while still in Ridgefield Park, a baby brother was born. He was Mama's seventh baby and she named him Clinton Carl. Mama had been reading a book in which one character was named Clinton and since she liked the person she liked the name, too. Carl was Mama's father's name. Although I did not become nine years of age till the following month, baby Clinton became my immediate charge. For me, it seemed like I had a new doll to play with, but under Mama's careful supervision and fine instruction, I learned how to care properly for a tiny growing infant. I loved my brother as he did me for all eighteen years of his life. He died in August, 1918, of typhoid fever.

Also in New Jersey another baby boy was born on February 14, 1902. He was Mama's eighth baby. Since we had a Swedish background, Mama thought a good name for a boy would be Norman, and since he was born on St. Valentine's day, he was given the names Norman Valentine. Norman was another baby who resembled Mama in that he had dark hair and big brown eyes. He attended P. S. 32 in the Bronx, and was graduated in 1916. He did not care to attend high school, so Papa told him he'd have to find employment immediately. This Norman did. On 125th Street, diagonally across from 45 East 125th Street where Papa had his employment office then, was a branch office of the brokerage firm of Pershing and Company. Norman was taken on there as a runner. He was an ambitious, dependable young man and as he worked, he learned the business. He was soon transferred to Wall Street and in due time became a member of the firm and of the New York Stock Exchange. On May 10, 1924, Norman married Grace Friedhoff. They had three children. Joan Norma was born March 27, 1925, Norman Valentine, Jr. on October 14, 1927, and Gary Richard on May 10, 1929. For most

of his married life Norman lived on Long Island, neighbor to his two sisters, Blanche and Violet. At about the age of sixty, he became seriously ill and died October 16, 1962.

From New Jersey we moved to 76 West 125th Street, New York City. At this address Mama's ninth baby was born on October 4, 1903. Since the baby was a girl she seemed to fill the gap left by the untimely loss of our sister Dolly six months previously. Papa still had his employment agency at this address and among those families who got their household help at Papa's agency were two middle-aged spinster sisters. When they heard of the new baby girl, they asked if she might be given their names. That's how our new sister happened to be named May Florence. While May was still in school my parents bought a house at 2430 Beaumont Avenue, the Bronx, so May, too, was graduated from P. S. 32 in June 1917. Their next move was to Essex, Connecticut, and here May married Harry Gidley. May's first baby was a boy, Robert Calvin, born February 8, 1924. A divorce followed soon after, and on November 11, 1928, May and Hans Molander were married. They had two daughters, Marilyn Ann, born August 1, 1930, and Janet May, born March 12, 1934. May's husband, Hans, died on July 4, 1966, after a long, lingering illness. May died on April 17, 1972, following a severe car accident caused by a high speed police chase of a robbery suspect.

During the time between late 1903 and early 1905, the family had lived at two different locations in the east Bronx, the first being an apartment house in 139th Street near Third Avenue. It was here that all the children were sick with the measles at the

same time - Blanche, Violet, Clinton and Norman, and I think baby May, too. Mama and I nursed them all back to good health. Soon after that we moved to a one family house in 142nd Street near Third Avenue. A doctor lived next door to us, and Rogers beautiful department store was on the nearby corner of 143rd Street and Third Avenue. I remember that from that house I had a very long walk in a westerly direction to school on Mott Avenue every day. There were no school buses at that time. My school was P. S. 34 from which I was graduated in 1906. Having spent much time in the hospital in my childhood, and having lost a half year of school while the family was quarantined due to Norman and May having scarlet fever, I was fifteen years old when I was graduated. In the summer of 1906 we moved to the Beaumont Avenue address, to a brand new two-family house my parents bought. This section of the city was still quite countrified so we liked it very much.

Mama's tenth baby was a boy, born on April 8, 1905 in the house on 142nd Street. He was named Gilbert Wiren, the middle name being Mama's maiden name. He was a very sickly baby, and we had to carry him on a pillow for the first year of his life. The trouble was that his stomach would retain no food, not even milk. One day Mama asked a druggist if he could recommend a food for him and explained the baby's trouble. He immediately took a square blue-labeled can from a shelf and called it Robinson's Patent Barley. The label gave the directions for preparing it. Mama hurried home and made up a bottle of it and fed it to baby Gilbert, with a prayer in her heart, I'm sure. To her delight,

and the whole family's, the little stomach retained it, and from then on Gilbert put on weight, and soon was a happy, chubby baby. But watching Gilbert grow, Mama decided that something was wrong. We all observed and studied him and finally decided that he could not hear. We tested him in simple ways in our home, and then one day in the doctor's office Mama was given the sad news that Gilbert was truly deaf. The nerve of hearing had never developed. Mama was heartbroken, but knew she could not give in to her feelings. When Gilbert was old enough for school, he was admitted to the New York City School For the Deaf, Dumb and Blind on the west side of the city, overlooking the Hudson River. Mama did not feel up to the task of taking Gilbert to his new school, so I, being a teen-ager and the oldest of Mama's children, took Gilbert by crosstown trolley to the place which would be his home for the next several years. Gilbert made rapid progress right from the start, and on his frequent visits home he explained and taught the family his new sign language. We were all adept in learning to speak with him and he therefore was always happy at school. Upon completion of his education, he worked for the Firestone Tire Company in Akron, Ohio, but due to an asthmatic condition, his doctor advised him to go to Arizona to live. He then moved to Tucson, Arizona, where he lived till his death on March 11, 1965.

Mama was sorely tried learning of Gilbert's deafness, so there was no Lind baby born for almost six years. Then on January 30, 1911, Mama's eleventh child, a boy, was born. Papa was happy about the baby and told us he had a nice name for him and hoped we'd all like it. He suggested the baby be named

Lloyd Lambert Lind and we all approved. Lloyd was a good baby, healthy and happy, and we all welcomed and loved him. By the time he was old enough for school, I was teaching and had him in my second grade class. We had taught him at home to call me Miss Lind in school, and not once did he make a mistake and call me Gussie. Lloyd attended and was graduated from the elementary school in Essex. Shortly afterwards he came to New York City, living for a while with Violet and family and attending Townsend Harris High School. Later he came and lived with us in the Fenton Avenue house. He started working for two motion picture companies, first P.R.C. and then Monogram. After World War II he had a position with Allid Artists. Lloyd met and later married Marjorie Shambaugh on August 31, 1935. They lived in Westport, Connecticut, and had two daughters, Nancy Lorinda, born February 1, 1940, and Susan Martin, born June 2, 1945. At the time of Lloyd's death he was an executive vice president of Interstate Television, a subsidiary of Allied Artists. On March 19, 1961 we heard the sad news that our dear brother had succumbed to his severe illness.

Mama's twelfth and last baby was a girl. She was born at 2430 Beaumont Avenue, the Bronx. Mama named her Myrtle Olive Anna. Olive was after Papa's name, a feminine version of Olof. Anna was her godmother's name, Anna Swanberg. Myrtle is the name of a plant very dear to every Swedish bride, for her bridal crown was trimmed with myrtle sprigs. Baby Myrtle was born on September 4, 1913. Our parents had moved to Essex, Connecticut in 1919, so Myrtle attended the Essex elementary school, and was graduated from the high school there in 1931. After Mama's death, Myrtle's life became, as she says, "a yo-yo". She shuttled

back and forth from one home to another, living at various times with each of the sisters and with Norman, doing whatever was asked of her to help out, and in the process endearing herself to all her little nieces and nephews. She met Sidney Eugene Bogue in 1936, and they were married on May 22, 1937. They had two children, Nancy Lind, born January 3, 1939, and Brian Barrett, born May 23, 1943. The family lived in Connecticut until 1955, when they moved to Southampton, Long Island. Four years later they moved again to Warwick, New York, where they lived until they retired to Crestwood Village in Whiting, New Jersey, in 1975.

Our dear Mama developed a blood clot on the brain for which she was treated at a hospital in New Haven, Connecticut. When the doctors there could not help, she went home to live with May and Hans in Saybrook, Connecticut. Here May gave her loving care until her death on February 26, 1932.

After selling the Essex house, Papa was invited by Violet and John to share their home in Williston Park, Long Island. They and their family cared for him until he died on September 17, 1939.

Mama and Papa are buried in St. Michael's Cemetery located at 72-02 Astoria Boulevard, East Elmhurst, New York. Clinton, Norman and Gilbert rest in the same plot. In another part of the same cemetery, the grave of Harris, Rhoda, and Dolly is marked with a stone in the shape of a small log.

* * * * *

This history was written at Charlemont, Massachusetts, in the year 1978, by Augusta Lind Anderson, who died November 11, 1979. It was edited and completed by Elaine A. Ostergren in 1984.