



"Things I Remember" by Mary Bess (Granna) Nygard was written over the past several years.

Pages two thru eleven entitled "Past, Present, and future" was written in March, April and May, 1977 just preceding Grannas death while she resided in Heather Manor Health Center. Her daughter Verna re-typed this portion after her death.

Material for this book was accumulated from Grannas constant companion, a green spiral notebook and from some writings sent to her daughter, Mary Phyllis.

I'm sure my two sisters join me in thanking my wife Margo, for the many hours she has spent in preparing the finished version of this book.

Bob (Arnie) Nygard

## PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

MARCH 1977

Mary Greendahl Nygard

August 9, 1888

September 5, 1977

I am lying here in Heather Health Center thinking because sleep does not arrive. I feel foolish writing it now when I find it hard to hold a pen, write legibly, or see if I have written a word once or twice, or spelled it correctly.

As you grow older, your thoughts go back; some things you have not thought of for years will jump into your memory.

Of course I do not remember my birth, but mother said I was a small baby weighing only three pounds at birth. There were no incubators in those days, so I was wrapped in cotton for two months. Maybe that has something to do with some of the odd ways some people do not understand or try to.

You all know that I had one brother and five sisters; two of them died in infancy, one at 3 months and one at 3 weeks. My early years were in Chicago where I was born, coming to Des Moines the Christmas of 1896. It was depression time in Chicago - no work for anybody. I remember one day Papa going out looking for work, came home with no work at all. He said, "I could buy a whole sheep for 98¢, but I had no money." We lived (the last place before moving to Des Moines) at 138 Laffin Street, right across the street from our Linden relatives.

I remember so clearly the day my sister, Lydia, who was at the age of four then; I was six. We were to take my little sister, Esther, who was 1½ years then, to Jackson Park, a short distance from home, for a walk there. Chaos was at my home then, Mama said. My Papa was in bed with typhoid fever, and baby sister not expecting to live and later died. We took Esther to Jackson Park when we met two girls, I think about 10 or 12 years of age. They asked us if we wanted some balloons; of course we did. They said at the end of the street a man was giving them to children. Whether this was true or not, I will never know. We said Esther could not walk that far, but they said that they would take care of her while Lydia and I went to get the balloons. We agreed and of course saw neither man, balloons or the end of the street. When we returned to Jackson Park Esther and the girls were not there. What could we do but go home and tell Mama. Poor Mama! At my Uncle Peter's home they had a house full of company - it was a surprise at the Lindens' home for a Pastor who roomed and lived there, so they dispersed the party and the people went in different directions.

This was in the morning and no news by either searchers or police. That night at 10:30 my cousin, Andrew said, "I'll go and call the police again", having to go to the drug store to use a telephone. Our house was in the rear of the lot and had a gate in front. I said, "I'll walk to the gate with you."

As we reached the gate a policeman arrived, asked "Can you tell me where 138 Laflin Street is?" "Right here," said my cousin. "Well, tell them the little girl is found." They found her wandering about 1½ mile from the park and said she could not have gotten there by herself with so many streets to cross. When they tried to find out who she was, she just said "Papa Es's." We will never know the why, when or how of the event.

One incident I have not thought of for years is one Sunday morning when I was sent to the corner drug store to buy Papa the morning paper. Coming home, passing an alley, a man beckoned to me. I went in and he asked questions about my clothes - if they were warm enough. I said "yes". He started with stockings, dress and other clothing. When he came to panties, young as I was, did not know but ran home. I never told anyone then or since then until I am now writing it down.

Another incident that shows how God protects .... as I mentioned previously we moved to Des Moines during the Christmas season. We arrived at Mama's brother's home. He had a meat market so Papa was to be working there for the present. It was the first Christmas tree we had in my life, as we never had one before. The tree decorations were all home made, made with cotton and real lit candles. You know what that would mean in case of fire. Mama had another brother, Uncle Louis, a bachelor. We were in the parlor with Uncle Louis who was in charge of us children and my two small cousins. As you might expect, some of the decorations caught fire and in a moment the tree was ablaze. I can still see Uncle Louis grab the burning tree by the trunk, carrying it from parlor to sitting room, down a step to the dining room, to the kitchen, and out through the back door. I do not remember what was said, but knowing my aunt "Tante ws we called her", she must have said plenty. That was the year I had my first orange. I am not insinuating that Mama and Papa were not good to us. They must have been very good as we were happy, never knowing there were rich and poor people.

As we three girls all had very heavy hair we wore it in two braids tied with 1/2 yard of ribbon on each braid. For Christmas Tante gave each girl 2 yards of ribbon, 1 yard for each braid. Weren't we the lucky ones!

In Chicago when the girls came from Denmark they could get no work except maid service. They had to have a place to stay while seeking a job. So that is how Uncle Peter Linden, who lived across the street from us and had a fairly large home, would take them in. Sometimes there were more than they could house, so sometimes one or two would stay at our home. For this Uncle Peter was decorated with "Ruderkorset" by the King of Denmark.

Later some of the girls who stayed at our home, after receiving work, would reimburse by giving us children toys - lovely ones they were; but all our two dolls were left behind in Chicago to save shipping expenses.

Our family doctor in Chicago was a Dr. Tobias who had two children. For two years he sent a box of toys to us - their children's last year's toys, as, of course, they would receive many new ones each year. I do not remember what gifts were in the boxes except one item - a monkey that climbed a string.

One thing I was told was that the Lindens had to go out in to Lake Michigan to escape the great Chicago fire, in the seventies, I believe it was.

Papa had worked in several meat markets until he got work with a painter and finally got back to his own trade of painting.

I was a frail child, so had only  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years of schooling. However, that is not the reason for this poor writing. I did write a fairly decent penmanship. The doctor said I should not go to school too much, and then with poor eyes I sometimes got bored, so one day I picked up a newspaper and saw an advertisement for "WANTED: Cash girls at the department store Younker Brothers" which is now called just Younkers. Mama said I could apply, never thinking I would be accepted, but to her surprise and mine I was.

My working hours were from 8 am to 6 pm, and on Saturdays the store was open until ten o'clock. I walked both to and from work, excepting on Saturday nights when I came home on a street car, and Papa would meet me. We lived, then, only one block from the car line. The cost for riding was 5¢. For this first job I received eight dollars a month. Was I ever rich! I remember the first thing I bought was a short jacket for three dollars marked down from six dollars, a knitted tam o'shanter, and a pair of what was then golf gloves (knitted with white cross stitch on the back). I was cash girl on first floor only half a day. I guess I didn't run fast enough so was sent to second floor. I was there  $1\frac{1}{2}$  years, the last year at the wrapping desk. Then I was advanced to the office, first sorting checks and then filing them.

I was put on the billing machine which I had to learn first. About four years later I was advanced to Bills Accountable. We had real large ledgers. We had to stand at a high desk as it was the only way to reach to post the books. I did not do that at first, but after I had learned to write small and with little figures I did very well. I was always to stay and check in all the cashiers, and the credit man stayed until all were in and vaulted. Quite different then - no dollar currency - all silver - which was put in sacks of 300. There was no Lewis System then - no night drops at the bank. The man with a sack of silver dollars held on each shoulder would walk ahead of another one with a gun in his pocket. It was a good thing there were no holdups as Mr. Hopkins, the gun carrier, was a very timid man. I really do not believe he would shoot a rabbit. Then I made up the bank deposit in the morning.

I used the first Comptometer in Des Moines. A Mr. Muir came from Chicago to teach me the art of working the Comptometer, fractions, estimates and percentages. Not to brag, but I was good! Today I doubt if I could punch a key down. One thing, I nearly always balanced the first time. I always liked to work with figures, and somehow an error would jump out at me. I started working at Younker Brothers in September, 1901. It was the day the assassinated McKinley was buried. The store closed at one o'clock.

Another incident in my early years which I have never told anyone before is when I was about ten. Papa was working at a meat market quite a distance from where we lived. I took his lunch every day, and it was quite a long walk. One day on the way I found a penny so went into a candy store and bought candy. In those days you got more for a penny than now. I ate half of the candy and then thought if I go home with it, I would have to divide the rest with my sisters. So, I looked for a place to hide it and saw an empty house with a front porch open on the foundation. Just the place, I thought, so twisted the top of the sack and placed it in under the porch. The next day I was anxious to go and as I neared the porch, yes, I could see the sack; opened it and instead of candy, the sack was filled with about a million ants. No one has ever heard this story before. I guess I was too ashamed of being such a stingy little brat.

In all my life I have seen one living president. It was Teddy Roosevelt who was going through Des Moines, and of course a parade followed. My sister, Esther, age 6, was in the first grade. The whole class was taken to see him. Of course front lines were filled so they put the children on the platform. That day I was bragging about seeing the president and she said, "I touched his coat tail." I couldn't top that one, so she won.

This does not really belong here, but I will insert it.....I forgot to write about our church affiliation. In Chicago there was no Danish Lutheran Church so we went to a congregation that was near by. Later a Danish Church was started, and we were charter members. Then we came to Des Moines and there was no Danish Church so we went to a Presbyterian Church. Later a few families met, and it was decided to start a Danish Lutheran Church. Our first meetings were held in an empty storeroom on East 7th and Grand. A Pastor Bing was called, and he accepted the call. He was here a couple of years. He was cross eyed and had to hold the Bible close to read it, but he could surely catch the flies. Later it was decided to build, and a lot was chosen on East 9th and Buchanan Streets where the church and parsonage was built.

Every Sunday we would go up to see how much it had advanced, and we were really excited when we saw the steeple. There was no basement, but what did that matter! Later a basement was made; the entrance was on the outside, so if we were in the sanctuary upstairs we had to go out and around to get to the basement entrance. Queer I remember all this but not a thing about the dedication.

the entrance was on the outside, so if we were in the sanctuary upstairs we had to go out and around to get to the basement entrance. Queer I remember all this but not a thing about the dedication.



It was decided to call it Bethesda Danish Lutheran Church. After Pastor Bing left to accept another call we called a young man, in his late twenties, I think. He was a brilliant man, graduating from the seminary when he was 21. He was a widower. He lived in the parsonage but spent a lot of time at our home. He used his Latin Bible, translating it to Danish as he read. He also was musical and wrote the music for the Apostle's Creed. I cannot remember the music, except the part about the Holy Ghost. I sing it to myself frequently when I am alone.

He was married here to a Danish house maid, had a son and named him "Julius Heinrich Theofolis Kloth". Now he had his own wife to care for him. I, with my brother Andrew, were in his first confirmation class. Others were Elvena Pedersen, Christine Nielsen, Emilia Borre who married my cousin, Oscar Isacksen, both deceased. On Saturday mornings we had class, and in the afternoon Danish school. We girls would clean the parsonage between times.

The homes had hard coal burners for heat, and one day he stood too close and his long coat tails caught fire. He sniffed and walked up and down, saying, "Noget Brander" which means something is burning. We silly kids just giggled instead of telling him. It seemed funny then, but not so funny when now when I realize what could have happened. We really had a lot to memorize. Besides learning the small Bible history and Luther's catechism we had to memorize several Danish hymns. Examination was public and took two hours. We were not told the questions before hand. Now of that class only Elvena and I are left. Soon there will be none.

When World War I came along most congregations changed to English, but not the stubborn Danes. So Synod sent a Pastor F. O. Hanson here to start an English speaking church. Of course he stayed at the Greendahls, and when his family arrived they did too, so the Greendahl children slept on the floor so the Hansons could have the beds. Pastor F. O. Hanson was father of Earl who was superintendent of schools at Dixon, Illinois. Earl was a book worm. I remember his father saying, "bed time, boys," and Earl who was reading said "Can't I just finish this chapter". F.O. said "You may finish that word." Earl is now deceased. Next was Harold who I believe is still living in Minnesota (an x-ray doctor). Then came Fridolf who was superintendent at our Iowa Lutheran Hospital. He has a son who is a brilliant neuro surgeon in the East and has recently performed surgery on Eldon Rohs. He must be good looking as was his father, for Verna wrote that the nurses call him "Handsome Hanson". The youngest was Paul, who also has been superintendent at Des Moines Iowa Lutheran Hospital; he also is deceased.

While F.O. was here, the people met in the old Friends Church on East Grand Avenue. Later Bethany Church was started, and again we were charter members. When Bethesda built a new church on Euclid Avenue, they did not want the altar statue given by N. S. Nielsens on their 25th wedding anniversary. It was a life size (almost) of Thorvaldsen's Kristus in white marble. They said there was no place for it in the church. I can't believe that. At St. John's Lutheran Church here in Des Moines they have the Kristus statue near the entrance welcoming worshippers as they arrive. Another thing they did was change the beautiful name of Bethesda to Highland Park.....here I am

criticizing, which I should not do. We used to belong to the old Bethesda, but when we moved north and it was time for Verna to start Sunday School, we transferred to Grand View, of which I am still a member. Verna was confirmed there as were Arnold and Mary Phyllis.

While we still lived in Chicago there was an old lady friend we called Auntie Byington. Recently I have heard that she was a sister of David Livingston, the missionary explorer to Africa.

We have had a number of Pastors during our membership at Grand View; Pastors Kempe, Spong, Raymond and now Leslie who has already asked to retire as of January 1, 1978. He has bought a home recently in Ankeny, so apparently plan to stay in the Des Moines vicinity. Sr. Marjorie was a Deaconess at Grand View for a number of years. She worked with the young people, and under her guidance several decided to enter the seminary - Kenneth Peterson, Norman Maigard, Harry Myklebust Jr., Robert and Ray Cunningham. Harry's sister, Jean, took vows as a deaconess. We give Sr. Marjorie most of the credit with them receiving a call. We will miss Pastor Leslie greatly. At one time we had an assistant pastor, but then there was a shortage of seminarians so that stopped. They said that they liked to have Pastor Leslie train them as he was considered the best in that line.

I will write something about sickness, touching only the high spots. Verna, the oldest, was shy, but grew out of that. She was born at 6 am on a Monday, I believe, as Mama and Esther had to leave their washing in the middle and come when called. Most babies were born at home. Our doctor was a woman, Dr. Leona Scruby, a wonderful person and doctor. She is now deceased.

When the Spanish flu swept over the nation and soldiers at Camp Dodge were dying like flies, Verna also contracted the Spanish flu. We had a pneumonia nurse to care for her during the critical period. The nurse's method was unique; she would have gone to Camp Dodge but they would not let her use her method, so we were the winner of her services. She had me mincing onions continually, cooking them slightly in grease. Then she would take some of them, make a small plaster of wool flannel and make a small plaster for Verna's chest. I do not remember how often she changed them. One day the nurse Boller said to me "I want you to see this or you won't believe it." She opened the plaster she had just removed from Verna's chest. There were the onions wrapped with green phlegm drawn through the chest and flannel and wrapped around the onions. It was a happy day for me when the plasters were no longer needed and I could care for her myself.

When Verna was three she fell off the davenport and broke a collar bone. While visiting Carl Olsen's when they lived on their acreage, Mary got caught on a barbed wire fence. I ran to help her and thought I had sprained my ankle and limped around a few days. Then the doctor said I had broken a bone in my foot. He did not want to rebreak it; he said if it had healed as

it should I never would know it. Suddenly a lump appeared. It went down, but I still feel it in bad weather.

When Verna was seven she was seriously ill with measles complicated by pneumonia and pleurisy.

Next, Arne had the most of the children's diseases. He was the smallest of my children. From the beginning he had yellow jaundice, and I had to nurse him every two hours around the clock, as he was too little and weak to nurse hard or long. When he was about three years old he had the pink eye - which is what it was called then. The matter ran so from his eyes at night that when morning came there was a spot as big as his head. His eyes were glued together and I had to carry him downstairs and bathe his face in warm water before he could open his eyes. When he was about four he had whooping cough and mumps. He was so good during those sieges. With mumps he lay perfectly quiet - I suppose because he was so sick. The worst was when he had whooping cough, vomiting every time he coughed. I put newspaper around the edge of the living room, and when he felt a cough coming he would throw himself on a paper, and I marvel at that little boy who never had an accident while coughing. It was bad at night when I had to change the bedding. He never slept through a night before his tonsils and adenoids were removed. He was earliest in teething, having 8 teeth when 8 months old and 10 when he was 10 months old.

For myself I really need a whole tablet but will try not to drag it out. There might be some information you would like to refer to some time. I remember that I had measles when I was about 6 years old. I have had poor eyes all my life and had my first glasses when I was about ten. That was the first time I felt nose conscious. There was not a variety of glasses, and the optician said "How do you expect me to fit that nose?" The left eye ulcerated when I was about twelve. I had no dark glasses but had a handkerchief tied around my eyes and I sat in a folding camp chair until dark. I have hated camp chairs ever since. The ulcer was right on the cornea which affected my vision. It has broken open five times since, and each time the ulcer scar was enlarged so now I have no vision in that eye.

We were quarantined when I had diptheria. For certain contagious diseases a large placard would be tacked on the front door of the house to warn people not to enter. Yellow cards were used for diptheria and red for measles. Papa got permission to come in through the back door and stay for the night but was not to enter the part of the house where Mama and I were. Mama, Papa and Esther had it at different times. I have had surgery three times; first was for a hysterectomy. Then three months later I had my gall bladder removed. They did not want to do it so soon after the first surgery, but it was inflamed and full of stones. They could not even get an x-ray picture of it. The doctor said there were about 50 small stones removed.



I had fallen arches - queer that I should as I had a sitting down job then. One day as I got up to leave for home I could scarcely stand, they hurt so. I managed to get to the bus and home. Next day I went to a foot doctor and he said I should have braces made to fit my shoes. I got them and they cost a pretty price \$40.00. As for the rest, you know better than I what happened to me between Christmas, 1976 and today, the 7th of April, 1977.

Mary, the youngest of my three living children, was born May 14, 1929 at 11:10 pm, the only one to be born in a hospital. It was the Polyclinic in the downtown Des Moines area. Her only sickness was chickenpox. Verna also had chickenpox, but Arnold never contracted the disease. I believe I missed writing that I had dermititis very, very bad. The doctor, after being unable to cure it, sent me to a skin specialist. I went to him several months but nothing seemed to help. He did something, finally, that dried it up. By then my whole neck looked like chopped beef. The solution he gave me I put on at night, and in the morning it was so stiff I could not move my head until I had used olive oil on it to soften it. I used it six months before I was permitted to wash in an Epsom Salt or baking soda in water. So now, what the future holds, only the Almighty knows.

When Carl came here from Denmark he was so afraid of being a greenhorn that he threw all his belongings into the ocean excepting what he had on his back. His trade was shoe repairing, specializing in making handmade shoes for crippled people. When he came here he went to work with his brother, Chris, and learned the brick mason trade. The wages were good for those days. The trouble was that he worked only six months the first year as there was no other outside work to be had. We had large doctor and nurse bills because of Verna's Spanish influenza. I do not know how we would have made it if our good friend, A. Paul Johnson, a grocer, had not kept us in groceries and extended credit. By the time one bill was paid, we were ready to start over again.

Now it is up to the young people to run the country for your generation, so do your best to make it a better place for your having been here. Be happy in your work whether you are digging ditches or working for the Bank of England. If you are not in work you prefer, make yourself like what you have.

We pray your will be done. Do we pray it or just say it. It is easy enough to say it, if it is your way also. Be kind and patient. In James letter, standard version, he writes "have patience". The reason I remember it is because when I was about thirteen, one Sunday in Sunday school we received buttons with a verse on and that was on mine. I wonder if that button is in the collection of my brother Andy, now Arne's?

Now I give my love and blessing to my fine children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. To Verna I wonder if she remembers when she was here with David when he was five months old, what happened to David's ear in the bedroom.

Now to my only son, Arne, who with his wife, Margo, have been such a help to me. To Mary, the youngest, but best of my three babies. We thought for several months she could not cry. I would give her her bottle and then put her to bed and never a sound from her; the same in the morning, if she awakened before Carl and I did, she would lie there and coo, until I picked her up. The folks from Chicago were here on a visit and said "I would not believe it if I had not seen it". To David who has already chosen his vocation and is a Pastor in the east. To Phyllis who with her husband, Andy, have two fine sons, Drew and Jeff. To Marilyn, who has a good job in the East. That reminds me of an incident that happened when she was two months old. I, with Verna, Eldon and Marilyn, went to a church in New Haven where there was a district Brotherhood meeting. It was quite crowded, and with Marilyn and all her necessities, it was not easy. The church in New Haven had asked a church a block or two away if they would let people go there and rest. So I, with Marilyn and all her do-dads stayed there while Verna and Eldon attended the meeting. At 6 o'clock the custodian came to lock up. I was the only one there, along with Marilyn. So I carried Marilyn and all her do-dads and went to find Verna and Eldon. I thought I would never make it, but I did.

I am so glad that Marlene likes music so well. Stick to it! It is a great pleasure both to you and others.

A lot of changes have taken place since I was young. There were no movies, radio or TV, but we had good times too. Hickman Avenue was not built up, so there was a stretch of down hill about two miles. If it had snowed when we visited Elvena's, the family one-horse sleigh would be brought out. We would go to Hickman and we kids would fill the sled. When it was loaded the rest would stand on the runners, and Elvena's brother-in-law, Chris Anderson, would sit in front, holding up the shafts and steer it down hill that way for 2 miles. Another thing that is so different now - we had a large kitchen and ate two meals there, but at suppertime we would eat in the dining room.

After our meal we had family devotions as it was the best time for us all to be present. After supper Papa would read from a Danish book of sermons, ending with prayers. He always ended the prayer with "Hold Thy hand over us during the coming night." Nobody left the table before he finished. I think of that often when one child after another would leave the table now. How much we listened or understood the sermons, I do not remember, but we did not leave the table until Papa finished the prayer. Not that I am criticizing your generation for all generations change as they should, or we would be a sorry world. I do not know how you would fit into this generation or I in yours when I was your age

Now I hope I haven't tired you. Perhaps I should rewrite it and do a better job. So with Tiny Tim in Dickens I say "GOD BLESS US ALL."

Mary Elizabeth Nygard

FIRST FATHERS DAY:

June 10, 1910

Billie Nygard, Norman's wife has chorea Huntington, and heredity disease, which does not show up til between 30 and 40. She died Oct. 23, 1974.

First State to abolish capital punishment was Michigan in 1847.

Texas, first state to have federal income tax - 1862.

FAMILY:

Robert Greendahl (Rasmussen in Denmark) had 2 sisters Carrie and Hannah and one 1/2 sister, Mary.

Mary married Peter Linden, had 4 children

Abbie, Henry, Bessie and Andrew

Abbie had 2 children

Henry, 2 children

Bessie, 4 children

Andrew, 3 children

Hannah married Robert Isackson, had 6 children

Mary - had 3 children

Iver, Christine and Paul

Sophie - had 5 children

Evelyn, Mildred, Howard, Leslie, Clifford (1 died in infancy)

Thorvald - had 2 children

Helen and Irene

Oscar - had 3 children

Lillie - had 2 children

Agnes - had 5 children

Norman, Virginia, Joanne, twins died

After Isacksen died, she married Nelson, had daughter Margaret

Aunt Carrie went back to Denmark

Lydia and I lost Esther in Chicago 1895, she was a year and a half, lost 18 hours.

FAMILY HISTORY: Greendahl (This information was taken from some other papers found after other information was typed.)

Robert Rasmus Greendahl, born in Denmark Oct. 1, 1860, Died Oct. 31, 1922.

Name was Robert Rasmussen, took name of Greendahl, name of home in Denmark.  
Youngest of 4 children, Carrie, born 1853, died 1930 in Denmark.

Mary, born May 23, 1851, died Feb. 16, 1931. Was married to Peter Linden.

Hannah born June 26, 1857, died May 30, 1935. Married to Robert Isacksen,

Robert G. married Christine Roberta Hansen, March 18, 1886.

Greendahl Children.

Andrew Hansen, born Jan. 22, 1887.

Mary Elizabeth born August 9, 1888.

Lydia Catherine, born April 11, 1890

Jennie Esther born May 25, 1893

Anna Rebecca, born Feb. 12, 1895, died 1895.

Lillian Rebecca, born May 8, 1899, died 1899.

Lillian born in Des Moines, other 5 born in Chicago.

Andrew died May 31, 1942. He was married to Louise Seeley in 1917. One child Jeanne, born March 22, 1918.

Mary (Bessie) was married March 10, 1917 to Carl Trige Nygard. There were four children. Verna Elizabeth, born Jan. 14, 1918

Mary Esther, born Feb. 26, 1921, died Feb. 27, 1921.

Robert Arnold, born May 16, 1924

Mary Phyllis, born May 14, 1929.

Verna married Eldon Rohs Aug. 10, 1945. There were 3 children. David, born Dec. 19, 1946. Phyllis Christine, born March 22, 1948. Marilyn Ann born Aug. 24, 1953.

Robert Arnold married Margaret Hansen, June 14, 1953. One child, Marlene Kay, born September 5, 1960.

Mary Phyllis married Paul Gaunt, Nov. 26, 1951. There were 3 children born. Paula Elizabeth, born March 6, 1954. Jay Willard, born April 23, 1956. Ted Willard born February 12, 1971.

Carl Nygard died April 25, 1965. Mary Bessie died September 5, 1977.

Lydia Catherine, married Frank H. Warrick, Oct. 8, 1914. No children.  
Lydia died Sept. 29, 1963.

Jennie Esther married David Lindahl, May 28, 1933. David died Dec. 25, 1955. There were no children. She married Frank Warrick, Nov. 8, 1964. Esther died Dec. 3, 1964. Frank died Dec. 9, 1974.



## Linden family

Mary - Robert Greendahl's sister married Peter Linden. He was born Nov. 4, 1846 in Denmark. He died Feb. 26, 1929. They had 4 children.

Anna the oldest was called Abbie, born Aug. 29, 1876, died 1957. There were 2 children. Married a Mr. Fritzen.

Henry born Feb. 12, 1880, died July 6, 1957. He married Carina Rasmussen, there were 2 children, Bob and Jeanette.

Marian Elizabeth (called Bessie) born Feb. 16, 1878, died Sept. 23, 1962. She was married to John Hyldahl. There were 4 children. Raymond born Aug. 31, 1899, died Nov. 7, 1963. Stanley a twin died about the early sixties. His twin died in infancy. Helen Verna, called Verna born Dec. 12, 1907. She married Ernie Bendull Sept. 23, 1933. He died, she later married Tom Nelson. There were 3 Bendull children.

Ernie Jr., Jeanne born Aug. 30, 1943, Lynn born Mar 22, 1948.

Andrew Leonard Linden, born June 7, 1883, died in 1948. He married Christine Rasmussen. (No relation to the Greendahl Rasmussens.) They had 4 children. Grace Elizabeth, born Apr. 9, 1910. Howard, born Nov. 25, 1913. Donald born Dec. 23, 1920. Charles born Aug. 17, 1924.

Hannah - Robert Greendahl's sister married Robert Isachsen. There were 6 children. After his death she married Nels Nelsen. One child.

Mary the oldest, born Dec. 20, 1880. Died Jan. 18, 1952. There were 3 children, Iver born Feb. 13, 1898. Did not marry. Christine, born Aug. 10, 1900. Married a man named Soens. Had 2 boys. Youngest was Paul.

Thorvald born Sept. 19, 1882, died Mar. 18, 1969. He married Elvena Petersen at a double wedding. Had 2 daughters. Helen born July 24, 1906. Irene born Dec. 6, 1915. Helen married Harold Mathis, had 2 boys Bob and Bill. Irene married Connor or Conrad, had one daughter Ricky.

Sophie born Aug. 13, 1884, married Louis Hansen Sept. 19, 1905, at a double wedding with her brother Thorvald. Had 6 children. Evelyn, Mildred, Clifford, Howard and Leslie. One child died in infancy. Howard died May 1965. Clifford died Aug. 26, 1966. Mildred died Jan. 14, 1969.

Oscar born Aug. 14, 1886, died Nov. 20, 1950. He married Emilie Borre born Nov. 8, 1885. They had 4 children, Mildred, Bob, Marian and Thorvald.

Lillie born Mar. 12, 1888. Married to Ed Monks, have 2 children. A boy and a girl. The girl married Bob Hansen, Andy's son.

Agnes, born Feb. 2, 1890. Married Chris Nygard, born Aug. 7, 1878, died 1961. Had 6 children, 3 died in infancy. (Norman born Jan. 3, 1912, married has 2 children. Kortner whose wife is Melissa, and Louise who is married to Julian.) Virginia who is married and has one son Kevin. Joanne born June 8, 1923. Is married and has 2 children.

Margaret Nelson, born Feb. 6, 1897. Married Chas. Smith, had one son Roland who is married and has 2 children.

Christine Roberta Hansen:

Born in Denmark Aug. 1, 1863. Came to America 1885 - Had a number of brothers and sisters, 3 came to America.

Hannah - a sister, came to America, stayed 2 years then returned to Denmark.

Louis - a brother, born Feb. 14, 1868, died Feb. 10, 1954, Never married.

Jacob - a brother, born Aug. 14, 1859, died in 1902. His wife's name was Marie. She was born Nov. 3, 1863, and died in 1945. They had 4 children.

Andrew Ehler born Mar. 27, 1891, died July 15, 1951. He married

Elizabeth Mortensen, had 2 children. Robert, born Nov. 12, 1922 is married to Ed. Monks daughter and have 2 boys. Betty is married to a Mr. Prettyman, has 2 children.

Egbert was born July 5, 1894, was married, had no children. He died in 1947.

Arnold John was born Dec. 22, 1897 and died Jan. 22, 1969. He was married twice, had one son John who is married, and has 2 children. John was born Sept. 14, 1932.

Emma was born June 21, 1899. She married Vern Newbrough Nov. 17, 1946. They have no children.

Robert R. Greendahl married Christine Hansen March 18, 1886

	Birth	Death
Robert R. (in Denmark)	October 1, 1860	Oct. 31, 1922
Christine H. (in Denmark)	August 1, 1863	March 4, 1935
Had 6 children		
Andrew Hansen Greendahl, in Chicago	January 22, 1887	May 31, 1942
Mary Eliz (Bessie) , in Chicago	August 9, 1888	September 5, 1977
Lydia Catherine, in Chicago	April 11, 1890	September 29, 1963
Jennie Esther, in Chicago	May 25, 1893	December 3, 1964
Anna Rebecca, in Chicago	February 12, 1895	May , 1895
Lillian Rebecca in Des Moines(3 wks)	May , 1899	May , 1899

Mary (Bessie) married Carl T. Nygard March 10, 1917(born in Denmark)

Carl had 1 sister and 4 brothers

Carl Nygard - Naturalized August 12, 1919, Born December 20, 1884, Died April 25, 1965.

#### MONUMENTS:

There is no monument for Andrew Greendahl in the cemetery.

#### NOTES:

See page 100

Andrew started school at age 6, went 2 days advanced to 2nd grad, went 2 weeks, advanced to 3rd grade. Was not 12 when through 8th grade, could not enter high school before age 12.

Mother's oldest brother went to Alaska in 1849 in the gold rush, was never heard of.

#### President when born -

1886 - Andrew Greendahl	Cleveland
1888 - Mary E. "	Cleveland
1890 - Lydia "	Ben. Harrison
1893 - Esther "	Cleveland
1918 - Verna Nygard	Wilson
1924 - Robert A. Nygard	Coolidge
1929 - Mary P. Nygard	Hoover

### Elvena's Birthday - September 19, 1974

A handsome young man named Thor,  
Fell in love with a young lady one day  
He asked her to wed.  
Do you know what she said?  
"Yes of course but not right away".  
The weeks rolled around til September  
Then both started to remember  
When their birthdays came,  
They both were the same,  
So that is the reason  
They wed at this season  
Instead of waiting til December.

### Evening Prayer - May 1, 1977

Tomorrow is another day, Lord go with me all the way,  
I need your help so much and my need is such,  
I cannot do it alone.  
So tomorrow when all are taking, no, I'm not faking  
As some here think I do, that is so foolish  
I sure would be mulish, to take such a hard way at it.  
So I let them think as they feel, God I pray for them too  
And I think me and You, can make them come too,  
"Father, they know not what they do."

### Faith, Charity and Love - May 1977

Faith, Charity and Love, Comes like a dove  
To one or two who believe,  
They will receive - Blessing for each one.  
And when you are done, Keep the faith you must,  
If in God you trust.  
Charity too for if not - What have the poor got.  
If faith is not there, then who will dare  
To give a person a gift, you will get the lift.  
The greatest of these is Love, It comes from above.

### Games - May 12, 1977

Games we played when I was young. Hide and seek was one, and it was so much fun playing out doors. We played under the old lamps in the street. Last couple out was a great favor with the teenagers. We played a game called, pum-pum-pull-away, very similar to hide and go seek of today. Then there were the indoor games which were much like nowday, pin the tail on the donkey and button, button who has the button. There were always kissing games for the teen agers of which I was too young to really appreciate. We played charades, also a cat and mouse game. It is not possible to remember them all.



# STATISTICS:

- 1885 - Robert Greendahl and Christine Hansen Married
- 1886 - Andrew Hansen Greendahl, Born January 22
- 1888 - Mary Elizabeth Greendahl, Born August 9, Deceased September 5, 1977
- 1889 - Lillian Rebecca Greendahl, Born May 8
- 1890 - Lydia Catherine Greendahl, Born April 11
- 1893 - Jennie Esther Greendahl, Born May 25, Deceased December 3, 1964
- 1895 - Anna Rebecca Greendahl, Born February 12
- 1896 - Moved from Chicago to Des Moines, December
- 1897 - Arnold Hansen, Born December 22
- 1899 - Emma Hansen, Born June 21
- 1901 - Started to work at Younkers September 19 til March 1, 1917  
Sept. 1 McKinleys funeral
- 1902 - Andrew and Bessie confirmed May 18
- 1902 - Uncle Jack Hansen, Died
- 1905 - Double wedding - Elvena Petersen & Thorvald Isacksen  
Sophie Isacksen & Louis H. Hansen
- 1910 - Eldon V. Rohs, Born June 27
- 1911 - I went to Colorado on vacation
- 1912 - I went to Chicago with papa and mama
- 1913 - Norman Nygard, Born  
I went to Colorado with Auntie Hannah
- 1914 - I went to Colorado with Laura Carson, Eliz. Fletcher & Emily Hunter
- 1914 - Frank Warrick and Lydia Greendahl, Married
- 1915 - Christine Nielsen and Paul Johnson, Married March 10  
I went to Colorado with Emily and May Hunter
- 1917 - I stopped work March 1 and Married Carl Nygard March 10
- 1918 - Verna Elizabeth Nygard, Born January 14, 9 a.m.
- 1921 - Mary Esther Nygard, Born February 26, lived only 1 day
- 1922 - Robert Greendahl, Died October 31
- 1924 - Robert Arnold Nygard, Born May 16, 3 a.m.
- 1929 - Mary Phyllis Nygard, May 14, 10:11 p.m.  
Paul Gaunt, Born July 15
- 1933 - David Lindahl and Esther Greendahl, Married May 28
- 1934 - I finish making afghan
- 1935 - Mother Greendahl, Died Monday, March 4
- 1940 - Uncle Nels Nelson, Died
- 1941 - Finished crocheting table cloth
- 1942 - Andrew Greendahl, Died May 31
- 1943 - Back to work at Younkers January 13 till January 1, 1963
- 1945 - Verna married to Eldon Rohs August 10, moved to Conn.
- 1945 - Tonte Hansen, Died
- 1946 - Mary and I to Conn. - David born Dec. 19.
- 1947 - Verna, Eldon and David here on visit
- 1948 - Mary and I to Conn. Phyllis Rohs born March 22
- 1948 - Andrew Linden, Died in Chicago
- 1949 - Mary and I to Conn. -
- 1950 - Eldon here on visit - Oscar Isacksen died
- 1951 - Verna and children here - Andy Hansen died
- 1951 - Mary Nygard and Paul Gaunt married, November 26
- 1952 - Mary and I to Conn.
- 1953 - Margaret Hansen and Arne Nygard married June 14
- 1953 - Marilyn Rohs born August 24, I went to Conn.
- 1954 - Paula Gaunt born March 6 - Uncle Louis died April 10, Saturday
- 1954 - All 5 Rohs family here
- 1955 - Went to Conn.
- 1955 - David Lindahl died, Christmas morning December 25

- 1956 - Jay W. Gaunt born April 23
- 1956 - Went to Conn.
- 1957 - Warrichs and I to Conn.
- 1957 - All 5 Rohs here.
- 1958 - Went to Conn.
- 1959 - Verna here - Regina Rohs died
- 1960 - Marlene born September 5 (Marlene Kay Nygard)
- 1960 - All 5 Rohs here.
- 1962 - Esther and I to Conn.
- 1963 - Lydia died September 29 - Victor Rohs died
- 1963 - Verna was here.
- 1964 - Anna Wildrick died
- 1964 - Chas. Smith died
- 1964 - Frank Warrick and Esther Lindahl were married - November 8
- 1964 - Eldon and Verna here
- 1964 - Esther died, Thur. Dec. 3
- 1965 - Carl Nygard died, April 25, 1965
- 1965 - Verna here
- 1966 - Frank Warrick and Christine Johnson married, January
- 1966 - Margaret Smith here
- 1973 - Verna was here
- 1975 - Verna and Eldon back
- 1976 - Verna and Eldon back
- 1977 - Verna and Eldon back - David Rohs back
- 1974 - Frank H. Warrick died, December 9, 1974
- 1977 - Louise Seely Greendahl died, January 27, 1977
- 1977 - Emma Christine Warrick died, March 12, 1977
- 1977 - Mary Bessie Nygard died, September 5, 1977

## LOST IN A GREAT CITY

Seventy years ago, Chicago was not the large city it is today, but still it was large for a little 18 month old child to be lost in.

I was only six years old when it happened, yet the whole thing stands out vividly in my mind.

My poor mother had her hands full, my father had been ill for many weeks with typhoid fever, and an infant sister who later died, was ill with what was then called "summer complaint".

To give my mother a little peace, I and my 4 year old sister were sent to nearby Jackson Park with my 18 month old sister. We were to stay a short time and play, tho' as I remember, there was no playground, but in a large city like Chicago, the park was the only place, that the children of families who lived in apartment houses could play, and stay off the street.

I remember that we had not yet come to the park, which was a short distance from my home, when two older girls stopped us. They asked us where we were going, I told them that we were to take my little sister over to the park and play. They asked us if we wouldn't like to have a balloon. Of course we would, I had never had a balloon. They said if we would go to the end of the street, there was a man giving balloons to all the children that wanted them. I told them that the baby could not walk that far, so they offered to take care of her til we returned. Foolish? Yes. But what could 2 girls four and six years old know about that?

We believed the girls, and the thought of owning a balloon was quite an inducement to girls who had never owned one. So we left my little sister with the girls, and started for our balloons. I remember of walking a long way, and of course did not come to the end of the street, or did we see a man with balloons. We finally turned back, and when we came to the place where we had left the girls, there was no sign of them. I remember thinking, what shall I do. The only thing I could do, go home and tell my mother.

We had no telephone in those days, if we needed a doctor, we had to go to the drug store to place a call. One kind neighbor went to the drug store, and reported it to the police. Then others went searching in different directions, looking all day, with no results. Every hour some neighbor would go to the drug store and call the police to see if they had anything to report.

Our house was built on the rear of the lot, with a fence and a gate by the street sidewalk. I remember that at 10 o'clock that night, my cousin, a young man of 17 said, "I think I'll go and call again". I took his hand to walk with him to the gate, and as we came to the gate, a policeman came by. He stopped and asked, "Can you tell me where 327 Laflin St. is?" My cousin answered, "right here". The policeman said, "Tell them the little girl is found".

She had been picked up two miles from where we left her. The police said it would have been impossible for her to have walked that far, crossing all the busy streets, without something happening to her. When they asked her her name, all she could say was "Papa's Ess". That did not give the police much to go on, but of course they had the report on her being lost, and of her wearing apparel, where she had been all day, we never knew, but how many times I have thought, what if she had never been found. It would have just been another great tragedy of being "lost in a great city", as it happens so often. My sister died last year, at the age of 71.