

August 10, 2008

Dear Unca Dona' (as the kiddlypoos called you When We Were Very Young):

As you said in your e-mail of May 27, "The Anderson kids and their children" seem to have "little interest" in their Roots at the moment. But I think you are quite right in your hope and expectation that eventually the interest tide may turn from ebb to flow. In the Good Book a well-respected source is quoted as saying a plant without roots shall wither away. When the "Anderson kids" begin to feel the chill hand of mortality on their coronary arteries and other selected body parts, I don't believe they're going to wither away contentedly without them or their own kids knowing anything about their lineage. (Indeed, Stephen is lately showing some signs of interest in family Roots. Perhaps the fact he is already old enough to belong to AARP has something to do with it. Not to mention the fact he is beginning to have questions about his PSA level.)

But I digress. Please forgive my unforgiveable delay in answering your May 27 e-mail. As I said in a brief note some weeks ago, my genial-logical research has been slowed by an episode of Atrial Fibrillation. Having been there and done both, I can report that Atrial Fib, as we experienced hands call it, is even less pleasant than Benign Paroxysmal Positional Vertigo. I'm still far short of optimal in physical or mental faculties (something in the neighborhood of 60% might be a fair guess). However, I have been able to piece together some information about my father's side of the family from boxes in the attic (e.g., decades-old correspondence with a couple of my cousins in Iowa), from the World Wide Web, and from various other sources. Bear with me when there is overlapping with material you have already received from Claire. (Let us hope our basic facts are in agreement.) Bear with me, also, when I go beyond traditional genealogic facts and figures to add historical-social-economic-political-cultural context, personal opinions, and sometimes sheer conjecture. Truth to tell, I am adding this material in good part for my own edification -- and for that of my children and grandchildren when, in the fullness of time, they may wonder where they came from and how they got to be the way they are.

A final preliminary note: I expect I'll be writing more about my father's side of the family tree than my mother's. That is, about the Andersons rather than the Popes. There are several reasons for this, including, for one

thing, the disorganization of my personal archives and, for another, the relative quality of 19th Century archives in Sweden and those in the United States. Sweden's aren't perfect, but they are better than a lot of those in this country. In coming months (would you believe years?) I hope to improve the organization of my own archives, but I don't know anything that can be done to improve old marriage, birth, and death records in the U.S.

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My cousin, Jane DeRosear, of Farmington, Iowa, informed me that my paternal great-grandfather (my children's great-great-grandfather) was Sven Anderson, perhaps born around 1840. He married Mary Olson (presumably approximately the same age), perhaps around 1860. They lived in the landskap of Varmland, about 100 miles west of Stockholm. (A landskap has no exact administrative counterpart in the U.S. It might be thought of as something between a county and a state.) According to my cousin, Sven and Mary Anderson lived in a town called Nerike, but I believe that to be an error. Nerike seems the Anglicized form of Narke, and there is no town of Narke (or, for that matter, Nerike) in any atlas I have found. However, according to information sent me by another of my Iowa cousins, Paul Fotsch, Narke is a landskap adjacent to Varmland. (See Attachment 1.) It is conceivable, I suppose, that there was a village called Narke/Nerike at the time of Sven and Mary Anderson, but that it no longer exists due to out-migration. My theory is that they lived part of their lives in Varmland and part in Narke.

Confusing, if one wants to dot every tee and cross every eye. Spellings add to the confusion. There are lots of umlauts in Swedish, and attempts to render names phonetically often lead to variants. Narke in Swedish becomes Nerike in English; Varmland becomes Vermeland; etc. Furthermore, at the time we are considering, Mary Olson would most likely have been known as Maria Olesdotter: i.e., the daughter of Ole. According to information sent me by my Cousin Paul, the Swedish possessive is not indicated by an apostrophe. Thus, under the patronymic system commonplace in Sweden during most of the 19th Century, Ander's son (Andrew's in English) would have become Andersson. If Sven and Mary had followed that system, all their children would have had the surname of either Svensson or Svensdotter. By the time they started having children, however, they chose not to follow the old system.

But I digress again. Though Varmland/Narke may have been farming country, Sven and Mary were not farmers. Sven was a school teacher, and on Sundays he was organist in the local church. They had three boys and three girls. (All names provided upon popular demand.) The oldest boy, born May 17, 1866, was named Oskar. According to my Cousin Jane, Sven and Mary "were the same age, got sick at the same time, died a few days apart, and were buried in the same grave." I do not know the dates.

In 1886, at the age of twenty, Oskar Anderson decided to shake the sleet and snow of Sweden from his boots and seek his fortune in Amerika. We don't know exactly why he did so, but one may guess without serious fear of contradiction. Times were hard in Sweden during the 1880's, particularly in rural areas. The late 1880's marked the peak of Swedish emigration to the U.S. Some regions became so depopulated, the central government took steps to limit the outflow. (During the whole period of relatively open immigration from Europe to the U.S., which lasted until 1920, Swedish immigrants outnumbered those from France, Spain, and several other countries with much larger populations.)

There is no record of how Oskar made a livelihood in Sweden. I conjecture he may have spent some time as an apprentice to a tailor, since that is the occupation he followed when he got to the New World. One hardly need to conjecture about the route he took. It was no doubt the same as that of thousands of other Swedish emigrants at the time: to the port of Goteborg (Gothenburg) on Sweden's west coast; by small ship (possibly still under sail) to Kingston-upon-Hull (commonly known simply as Hull) on the east coast of England; across the Midlands (in 1886, probably by rail) to Liverpool; thence by steamer to New York City. Almost certainly, Oskar came by steerage class, meaning there were wooden bunks below decks, stacked two or three high, with little if any access to daylight or fresh air, and no privacy at all. (I'll have more to say about this later.) Total cost of the trip was probably in the neighborhood of \$50. (I'll say more about that, also.)

I have not been able to learn the precise date of Oskar Anderson's 1886 arrival in New York, though I wish I knew. The Statue of Liberty, after months of assemblage by iron workers, was dedicated on October 28 of that year. I like to try imagining the thoughts that arose in the young man from rural Sweden if his introduction to his new homeland was the sight of Liberty

Enlightening the World lifting her lamp beside the golden door.

Young Oskar did not pass through Ellis Island, which didn't open until 1892. In 1886, New York's immigration center was called Castle Garden, located at the lowermost tip of Manhattan. During the 37 years of Castle Garden's operation, some ten million immigrants passed through it into the U.S., including more Swedes than later went through Ellis Island, and almost as many immigrants of other nationalities. Today almost everyone has heard of Ellis Island, while almost no one has ever heard of Castle Garden though it still exists as a National Monument. Sic transit gloria mundi.

It is likely that during the immigration process some petty bureaucrat Anglicized Oskar's name -- the same thing which happened to untold numbers of other immigrants whether they liked it or not. (Throughout this family history, I shall try to employ the spelling which seems to have been preferred, in a given place and time, by the persons directly concerned.) Oskar soon became known to everyone as Oscar.

Millions of immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe, and from Ireland, never got farther west than New York or Boston. Most Germans and Scandinavians, however, continued on to the Midwest and Great Plains. There can be no doubt as to where young Oskar/Oscar Anderson was headed. For close to a hundred years, my family possessed a large wooden trunk, with the following carved on its lid: "Oskar Anderson, Chekago." After many a moon and many a move, I lost track of that trunk; possibly my brother knows what became of it.

I have sometimes wondered how my grandfather and his trunk made connections in what must have been a bewildering Chicago scene at that time. My cousin, Paul Fotsch, found that in the year 1887 alone "there were over 20 Oscar Andersons, with various spellings, leaving Sweden for America." Somehow, our Oskar/Oscar and his trunk were united. He did not stay in "Chekago" very long. Perhaps the hurly-burly of the city was too great a culture shock for him. Perhaps he heard that opportunities for a tailor were better in the college town of Champaign, about 80 miles to the south. Presumably, male students at the newly-founded University of Illinois needed help lengthening or shortening their corduroys, etc. (However, Oscar would have needed the help of a translator; he spoke very little English for another ten years or so.) Or perhaps he had a friend or relative in

Champaign. In any event, he moved there and remained until 1895. (The university campus later expanded into immediately-adjacent Urbana.)

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Let us leave this particular Oscar Anderson for the moment (there will be others later), and turn our attention back to Sweden. In 1866 -- the same year the first Oskar/Oscar Anderson was born -- Revida Juhlin was born in the parish of Tutaryd, landskap of Smaland, about two hundred miles south of Stockholm. (As usual, one encounters variations in spelling: Smaland/Smoland; Revida/Reveda; Juhlin/Julin, etc.)

Revida's father was Erick Ulrick Juhlin, born in Tutaryd in 1823. Revida's mother, Eva Casja Svensdotter (Swenson in Anglicized family histories) was born in the neighboring parish of Hamneda in 1830. (It's interesting to note this is the first time we've encountered the use of middle names. One would have thought they were more common on the Anderson side of the tree, to differentiate Sven, Oskar, et al., from the great number of other Andersons with the same given names. However, we don't encounter an Anderson with a middle name until the first Oscar Anderson, my grandfather, had a son also named Oscar.)

But once again I digress. Erick and Eva Juhlin were known as "crofters," meaning they were farmers who worked the same land year after year -- but never owned the land they worked. (In the U.S., they would be called tenant farmers or sharecroppers.) The Juhlins' farm was owned by the Skogsgaard family, and the arrangement between tenants and landlord was evidently a very stable one. Erick Juhlin's parents, Magnus Julin (note alternate spelling; born 1782) and Brita Ulrika Gadd (born 1780) seem to have lived and worked on the same plot of land as their son after them. Brita died at age 86 on November 21, 1868; Eric at 88 on November 22, 1868 -- and you can't get much more stable than that. (See also the case of Sven and Mary Anderson, above.) The Julin/Juhlin line may have been poor, but unlike Millet-Markham's Man With the Hoe, and unlike many a sharecropper in the U.S. south, the light had not been blown out in their minds. Revida's grandfather, Magnus, was a parish organist. There were several other organists in the Juhlin family as well. (See also Sven Anderson.)

Revida was the fifth of eight children born to Erick and Eva Juhlin. (Three died in childhood, which was not unusual at that time. Leeches and laudanum were probably still the treatments of choice in the backwaters of Sweden -- and, for that matter, the U.S.) In 1883, when she was only seventeen years old, Revida moved from the family farm to Halmstad, a town on the west coast of Sweden, south of Goteborg. In 1885, she was joined there by her younger sister, Ulrika. They must have had some simple form of employment -- housekeepers or kitchen helpers in a boarding house, for example, which would have given them free room and board and enabled them to save practically all their modest wages.

The Juhlin sisters were nothing if not adventuresome. In 1887, the younger of the two, Ulrika, left for the United States, settled in Champaign, Illinois, changed the spelling of her name to Ulrica, and married a man named Percy Picknell. So far as we know, she was the first in the family to marry outside her nationality group.

In 1888, at the age of twenty two, Revida joined Ulrica in Champaign. We know more details of her trip than those of her sister or her future husband, Oscar Anderson. At that time, the leader in transporting emigrants from Europe to the U.S. was the White Star Line. It is today remembered for little other than the short-lived flagship of its fleet -- at the time it was launched, in 1912, the largest ship in the world. Unhappily, the RMS Titanic enjoyed its distinction only four days before its close encounter of the worst kind with a North Atlantic iceberg. In the 1880's, however, the fortunes of the White Star Line were happier. It dominated the sealanes between Europe and America, with 120 vessels far outnumbering those of its main rival, the Cunard Line.

Revida's ship was the SS Adriatic. It had been built in 1872, part of a class that might be called "hybrid": steam-powered, using coal as fuel, but fitted with four masts in case there was trouble in the engine room -- and, probably, to give a sense of security to passengers still not entirely comfortable with the Age of Steam. (See attachment 2.)

The Adriatic weighed only 3,888 tons, but into the space available 959 passengers were crammed. Doubtless, they were virtually all steerage class. (We don't know anything about accommodations for crew members; perhaps they swam alongside.) By comparison, a representative passenger

ship of today, the Coral Princess, weighs 92,000 tons and accommodates 1,970 passengers. The average passenger on this Princess Cruises ship enjoys the space afforded by 47 tons of structure. In 1888, the ratio was 4 tons per passenger, about one twelfth as much. Or, to put it another way, the modern liner carries twice as many passengers cossetted in twenty four times as much space as the ship which carried Revida Juhlin.

The Adriatic and other ships catering to the immigrant trade achieved their economies by the total absence of amenities such as dining rooms, bars, theaters, shops, game rooms, etc., and by the use of multi-tiered wooden bunks in cramped dormitory-like sleeping quarters. Not until 1890, did White Star Line begin equipping these bunks with louvres which provided a little privacy. (See attachment 3.) When bunks were completely open to public view, as they were when Oskar Anderson and Revida Juhlin made their Atlantic crossings, passengers no doubt slept fully clothed. (The only bow to decorum was that single men and women were housed in separate areas.) Toilet and bathing facilities are better imagined than described, and there were probably no laundry facilities at all.

Cunard tried to attract passengers by emphasizing the speed of its steamers. White Star emphasized economy, which to most immigrants was more important than two or three additional days of mal de mer. Both lines developed a network of resident agents throughout Europe who assisted neophyte travelers in working out an itinerary with one all-inclusive fee -- provided, of course, they exclusively use either White Star or Cunard and its cooperating companies. Attachment 4, for example, shows that on May 29, 1880, Abraham Price of Hyde Park bought passage for John Price, age 43 (his brother? his son?), from Cardiff, Wales, which is 150 miles south of Liverpool, to Scranton, Pennsylvania, via White Star Line steerage -- all on a single ticket. Total cost, \$32.00, of which the White Star agent got a commission of \$2.30 (about 7%). White Star Line's \$29.70 had to be shared with carriers from Cardiff to Liverpool and New York City to Scranton. Since Oskar Anderson and Revida Juhlin made their hegira only a few years after Abraham Price, and there was a major recession in the meanwhile, we may assume they had the benefit of bargains at least as great as his.

In the case of Revida Juhlin, her passage to America would have included the trips from Halmsland to Goteborg, Goteborg to Hull, Hull to Liverpool, Liverpool to New York, New York to Chicago (via Vanderbilt's New York

Central, or the upstart New York, Chicago, and St. Louis ("Nickel Plate") line), and Chicago to Champaign (via the Illinois Central). As we have ^{said} before, Revida joined her sister, Ulrica, in Champaign in 1888, when Revida was 22 years old,

Historical details of the Anderson and Juhlin clans were more complete when they were all still in Sweden than after the younger generation began to break away to this country. In the 19th Century, Sweden kept much better records than the U.S. (and probably still does). Sweden took a detailed census every five years, rather than ten. And virtually everyone, whether or not a faithful congregant, belonged to a parish, and from 1686 on, parishes were required by law to keep records of marriages, births, and deaths.

In any case, by the late 1880's both Oscar Anderson and Revida Juhlin were living in Champaign, Illinois. Coming from widely separated parts of Sweden, and arriving in the US two years apart, there is no possibility they knew each other beforehand. We don't know how they met. Perhaps through a mutual friend. Perhaps at a Svenska Grupper -- a social organization offering a respectable environment for single persons to meet. Or perhaps at church. Oscar and Revida were Methodists, which set them somewhat apart from most of their compatriots.

We do know that by 1890, Oscar and Revida had courted, married, and on October 8 of that year, in Champaign, their first child was born. They named him Oscar, and to distinguish him from his father added a middle name, Albin, which had not previously appeared in the family tree. (The use of "Sr." and "Jr." came later, as we shall see.) Other children followed in good order: Pearl Esther in 1892; Ruth Mabel (known most of her life by her middle name) in 1894.

(From fragmentary evidence, it can be deduced that some time after Revida and Ulrica had emigrated to Champaign they were joined by another of the five Juhlin sisters, Clara, born in 1858. She married a man named August Anderson (no relation to Oscar), and died in Champaign in 1905.)

Some time in late 1894 or early 1895, Oscar and Revida Anderson and their three children moved to Rock Island, Illinois, on the Mississippi River. There, on December 14 (same birthdate as the writer of these lines), 1895, a third daughter, Agnes Reveda was born. (Note the change in spelling of

Revida.) We don't know for certain what prompted the move to Rock Island, but the impetus was almost certainly economic. Since 1893, the country had been groaning under one of its worst depressions -- "panic," as it was called in those days. There was probably little if any demand in Champaign for the kind of tailoring Oscar Anderson specialized in: custom-made men's suits. Rock Island was the site of a huge federal arsenal, and one might have thought economic conditions would be more stable than in most communities. However, the family's finances did not improve in Rock Island. In 1896, there was another move -- across the river to Davenport, Iowa. It was to remain home for the elder Andersons the rest of their lives, and their children returned to it again and again.

My father, Oscar Albin, told us little about his boyhood but I remember him saying that only Swedish was spoken at home until he was six and had to undergo a "total immersion" in English at public school. (There were undoubtedly enough Swedish-speaking children to have formed an "English as a second language" class in Davenport, but such things were unknown in the public schools of that time. Parents who wanted their children to retain any of their ancestral language formed private schools which children attended after regular school hours.) My father began tutoring his parents in English at home. In time, they grew perfectly comfortable with the new language. By 1900, when my father was ten, and the last of his siblings, Edwin, was born, the language of choice at home had changed. The children lost whatever grasp they had ever had of their parents' tongue. I don't recall ever hearing my father use a Swedish word or phrase.

Times continued to be hard for the Anderson family. There was, of course, no governmental "safety net." Revida may have made a pittance by sewing at home, though with children of tender years she could not have had much time for it. (Another daughter, Elsie, was born in Davenport, but she died in infancy.) There may have been a Swedish mutual aid society; at least, we may be sure neighbors helped neighbors, as was taken for granted in every culture and ethnicity in those days. From an early age, Oscar no doubt supplemented the family income in whatever ways were available to young boys -- perhaps selling newspapers, perhaps running errands for some local business or professional person.

It is reasonable to assume young Oscar graduated from high school at the age of eighteen, in 1908. He could not afford to go on directly to

college. The record is less than clear and less than complete, but from miscellany in a scrapbook in my possession, I gather that for several years he was a social worker of some kind, probably with a religious affiliation, in the Chicago area. (I fantasize that he was familiar with conditions in the notorious "back of the yards" district around the stockyards and slaughter houses; this was very soon after the appearance of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*.) He may have saved a little money, but no doubt helped with expenses at Davenport as well.

In the fall of 1914, Oscar Albin Anderson enrolled as a freshman at Cornell College, a small liberal arts school in Mt. Vernon, Iowa. He must have had at least a partial tuition scholarship, and probably worked as a "hasher" for room and board. From the beginning, he thrived at Cornell. For one thing, he was an active member of the debate team. The liveliest issue at that time was Prohibition. In a debate on April 7, 1915, the question was: "should the Constitution be amended to prohibit the...sale of all alcoholic beverages?" Oscar's three-man team was assigned the negative side of the question. As it happened, he was active in the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, but like a polished debater (though he was only a freshman) he was able to put his personal feelings aside in marshalling his arguments. He and his two older teammates won the debate.

He was also active in track and field. The Cornell College "Royal Purple" yearbook reveals that in an intramural meet on May 29, 1915, Oscar Anderson won the high hurdles and low hurdles, and tied for third in the broad jump. His freshman class team swamped the sophomore, junior, and senior teams.

Oscar Anderson completed his junior year at Cornell College a month after the US entered World War I. It appears he volunteered for the army rather than waiting to be drafted. At the time, he wanted to become a physician and had taken some of the appropriate courses. In recognition of that, and of his early enlistment, he was assigned to the Medical Corps. After basic training, probably in New Jersey, he was assigned to a hospital near the front lines in France. The fates of war intervened cruelly in his career plans. Men were brought into his ward directly from the front, often with their uniforms still impregnated by mustard gas. He inhaled enough of it that his lungs were affected. Afterward, he was never able to tolerate the fumes in chemical work required for a medical degree.

It took him a year and a half to recuperate after the war. He returned to Cornell in the fall of 1920, and was again active in extracurricular activities. He was secretary of the Cornell chapter of the Intercollegiate Prohibition League. He was president of the Parmenian Literary Society. And on the strength of his track and field career as an undergraduate, he was still a member of the "Block C" Club. But owing to his lung condition, he no longer engaged in organized athletics.

Oscar Albin Anderson graduated from Cornell College in 1921, with English as his major. (It may be noted that he was already in his 30's, about ten years older than most people just coming out of college.) He could not have afforded to think of graduate school at the time. He took a position teaching English at the high school in the small mining town of Globe, Arizona. (About 150 miles north of Tucson and perhaps 120 east of Phoenix by the roads available then.) The dry climate was quite likely a consideration. Globe is considerably hotter in the summer than in Oscar's home town. For example, Globe's average daily high in June is 95.5 compared to 81.0 in Davenport. But as the saw says, it ain't the heat... Average June rainfall in Globe is 0.37 inches; in Davenport, 4.75 inches. And even when it isn't raining, the humidity in Davenport, fully fronting the Mississippi, is punishing.

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Do I digress? Very well, I digress. Enter now, at last, the Pope side of the family. In the early 1890's, Henry Pope, a Texas stockman, lost his wife by whom he had a daughter, Zella. He remarried in 1894; his second wife, considerably younger than he, was Mary Alice Pedigo. On July 30, 1896, in Bonham, near the Red River in northeast Texas, a daughter was born to Henry and Mary Alice Pope. They named her Ethel Victoria. (There do not appear to be any Victorias among Ethel's grandparents or great-grandparents so I assume she was named after the Queen of England, who was then nearing the 60th year of her reign.)

In 1898, Mary Alice died of typhoid fever. The source was almost certainly a polluted well; the germ theory of disease was still not well known or accepted at the time. Ethel was barely two; in later years, try as she might, she was never able to call up any memories of her mother. Henry Pope entered into what was essentially a marriage of convenience, in order

that Ethel have someone of the feminine gender to help raise her. Ethel always resented her stepmother as an interloper, though for her father's sake she always managed to be civil. So far as I know, in family records there is no mention of this stepmother, even her name.

By the time Ethel was in high school, Henry Pope had moved his thoroughbred horse business to San Angelo, Texas. (San Angelo is in the central part of the state, 214 miles from the nearest major city, San Antonio.) Ethel seems to have finished high school without incident but then experienced a health reversal of some sort. It took her four or five years to recover. When she began thinking of going to college, her physician recommended that she choose one in a warm, dry climate, which suggests she may have had a respiratory condition. In any event, she chose the University of Arizona in Tucson, and enrolled in the fall of 1918. (Average annual precipitation in San Angelo is 20.4 inches; in Tucson, 12.0. Tucson, somewhat surprisingly, has more precipitation in July and August. In June, San Angelo's average daily maximum temperature is 92.7 degrees; Tucson's is "warm," to say the least: 100.2. But despite Arizona's occasional summer thunderstorms, it is highly likely that on average humidity is lower in Tucson than in San Angelo. Ethel may have visited her father briefly, but for the sake of her health she probably stayed in Arizona year-around.)

Arizona, sometimes called the "Baby State," was the last of the 48 continental states to be admitted to the Union, in 1912. At the time Ethel enrolled, the university was still very small, especially since many young men were in the armed forces. The graduating class of 1921, when Ethel was a junior, numbered only seventy persons. Ethel's class of 1922 may have been slightly augmented by returning servicemen, but still included only eighty graduates. (I don't believe there is an accredited four-year college or university in the country today with anywhere near that few students. The University of Arizona currently has an enrollment of more than 35,000.)

As the U. of A. was a land-grant institution, its faculty and curriculum were weighted toward the state's practical concerns of mining and agriculture. In 1922, there were 10 faculty members in the former department, 21 in the latter. But for some reason the U. of A. also regarded the teaching of English very highly. There were 9 instructors in English Composition and Rhetoric, 3 in English Literature. (Compared, for

example, to 2 in History, 2 in Physics, and 1 in Art.) The teacher-student ratio in the English Department was extremely favorable, which may have been among the reasons Ethel chose to go to Tucson. She always wanted to major in English; her goal was teaching the subject in high school.

Ethel excelled in her major, being named an Honor Student each of her four years, and in her senior year being inducted into the university's chapter of a national scholastic society, Phi Kappa Phi. (U. of A. did not yet have a chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.) She was also active in extracurricular activities: among other things, as president of the YWCA, president of the Women's Athletic Association, member of a national sorority, Gamma Phi Beta, and member of the staff of the University's yearbook, *The Desert*.

On May 31, 1922, Ethel Victoria Pope graduated from the University of Arizona with an A.B. in English Literature. She probably visited her father for a time, but had no desire to remain in the meteorological or cultural climate of San Angelo, Texas. She wanted a position as a high school English teacher and she accepted one that fall in Globe, Arizona.

The English faculty at Globe High School could not have been very large, and we may well suppose it did not take Ethel long to discover she had a colleague, just starting his second year in the department as she was starting her first, with whom she had much in common besides the fact they were both English teachers. Being nearly 26 when she got her A.B., she was older than most of her classmates; her colleague in the Globe English Department was also more mature than most. Ethel discovered that she and he were both interested in nature studies and out-of-door activities: astronomy, rock collecting, hiking, and the like. They were both interested in the temperance movement. (Though the 18th Amendment had gone into effect in January, 1920, there was still no shortage of intemperance in the land.)

Above everything else, Ethel Victoria Pope and Oscar Albin Anderson became interested in each other. They were married in 1924. The following year, they moved to Palo Alto in order for Oscar to get an M.A. in the School of Education at Stanford University. Their first child was born on January 16, 1926. They had decided in advance that if it were a boy, he would be named after his father. If it were a girl, she would have been named Mary Alice, after Ethel's mother. (Those were the days when only Dame Nature

knew a child's gender in advance, and Dame Nature wasn't talking. Although it was foolish for parents to set their hearts on one gender or the other, they did so not infrequently, with the result that boys suffered through life with the name Evelyn, while girls were named Michael.) To their delight, Oscar and Ethel's first born was a boy. He was named Oscar, Jr., and his father thereupon became Oscar, Sr.

After receiving his Master's degree, Oscar, Sr., obtained a position as principal of the high school in Mexia (pronounced Muh-HAY-uh), Texas, some 100 miles south of Dallas and 30 east of Waco. There, on December 14, 1927, "early on a frosty morning," a second son was born to Oscar and Ethel Anderson with the assistance of a Mexia midwife. There is no birth certificate; Texas was very relaxed about such matters. But I'm quite sure I was in fact born. I was named Henry Pope Anderson, after my maternal grandfather.

When investigative journalists and paparazzi inquire, I tell them I left the state of Texas as soon as I reached the age of reason -- namely, a year and a half. At the end of the Mexia school year in 1929, the family moved back to Palo Alto for Oscar, Sr., to enter the doctoral program at Stanford's School of Education (he never completed it). In the early 1930's, a baby girl was born, as Ethel had desperately hoped for, but the infant died of birth defects in a few days, before she could even be formally named Mary Alice.

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Back to my grandparents. I have no personal recollections of any of them except my paternal grandmother, Revida Anderson. She stayed with us in Palo Alto for several weeks in 1936, and I remember her well and fondly. She was a short, smiling, roly-poly, Swedish dumpling of a woman. My mother, busy running a nursery school, was happy to turn over our kitchen to her mother-in-law. I had never had anything like my grandmother's cooking; to me, it was food fit for the Nordic gods. In memory, I can still savor the Swedish meat balls with plenty of caraway seeds; short ribs with meat that fell off the bones if you spoke to it crossly; orange rye bread; fruit soup -- raisins, prunes, dried apples and peaches -- thickened with sago; even simple boiled white potatoes with dill weed. I also remember my paternal grandmother for the fact she spoke idiomatic, completely uninflected English even though she had spoken it scarcely at all until she was thirty years old. I cannot help thinking of the comparison with a high

government official in California who has been in this country fully forty years, yet still can't correctly pronounce the name of the state he is supposed to be leading.

But once more I digress, perhaps for a final time.

My paternal grandfather died in Davenport, Iowa, on March 23, 1931. I don't believe either I or my brother ever met him, and I know almost nothing about him. I seem to remember someone saying he had a melancholy Swedish temperament, and may have been rather fond of aquavit. My maternal grandmother died, also in Davenport, on December 18, 1940. Like her husband, she is buried in Davenport's Pine Hill Cemetery.

As I said earlier, my maternal grandmother, Mary Alice Pope, died in 1898, when my mother was only two. All I know of her is that my mother said everyone considered her "an angel" -- sweet, generous, caring, with no one ever saying a single unkind word about her. My mother tried to follow that image all her life. I believe I met my mother's father, Henry Pope, some time in the early 1930's, but I don't remember any of it. I have a photograph which suggests I inherited his genes of leanness and baldness. At the time he died, he had moved from Texas to a little place in Arizona, where he raised vegetables and chickens.

Oscar Albin Anderson, Sr., died at a Veterans Administration Hospital in Iowa City, on May 16, 1956. The immediate cause of death was leukemia, but I believe a contributing factor was his second-hand exposure to poison gas in World War I. A portion of his ashes were scattered in the woods outside Davenport where he loved to take nature walks. The remaining ashes are buried in a family plot at Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland.

Ethel Pope Anderson died at her studio apartment in Berkeley, on December 13, 1977 (the day before my 48th birthday), while talking on the telephone with one of her grandchildren. The cause was an overwhelming heart attack -- the last in a series that had begun about ten years earlier. Her ashes are buried in the family plot at Mountain View Cemetery.

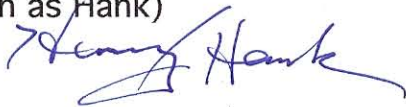
The rest of the family history can easily be documented by anyone interested and need only be summarized here very briefly. Oscar, Jr. (he no longer retains the "Jr.") and Henry -- my brother and I -- are still among the

living, having to date survived problems of the cardiovascular system and assorted other ills that human flesh is heir to. We have done our part in keeping the Anderson lineage going. He has four children and six grandchildren (so far). I have outdone him with five children and nine grandchildren (so far).

There you have it: more than you ever didn't want to know about my forebears. I hope you have been able to extract a small handful of factual nuggets from these tailings of supposition, digression, and logorrhea. If I can locate some reel-to-reel tapes I made in the 1960's, with my mother reminiscing about her past, I may be able to provide some missing details about the Pope clan. But I'm not sure I can ever find anything as intriguing as what you have already learned from Claire: that all of us on the Pope side of the family are 25 generations removed from the Queen of Sheba. Or something like that...

We all appreciate what you are doing, Don. Keep up the good work, and keep in touch.

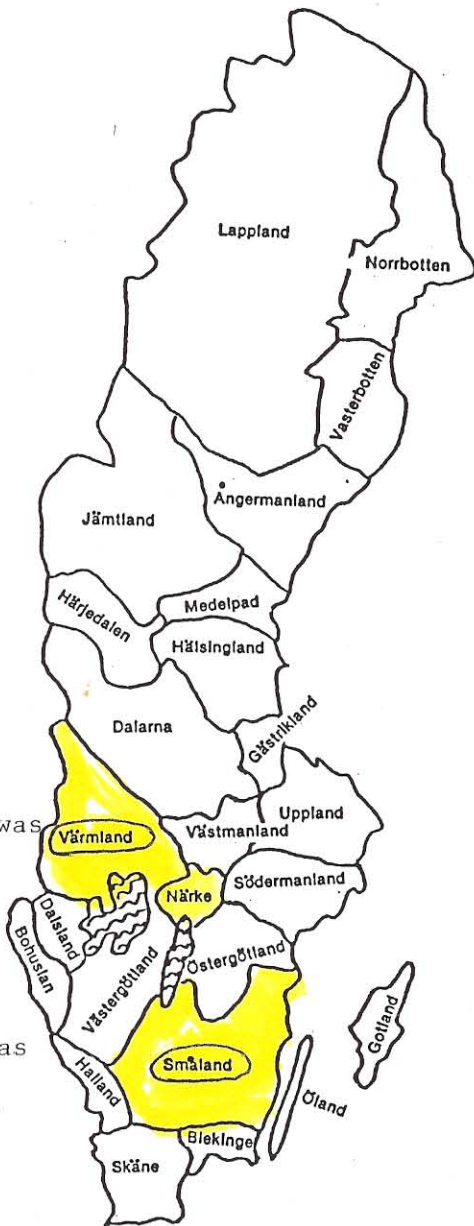
Best regards, Henry (formerly -- and in some limited circles, still -- known as Hank)

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Henry Hank". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.

LANDSKAP

Sweden

LÄN



Oscar Anderson was from Värmland

Revida Juhlin was from Småland

LANDSKAP

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| Blekinge | Närke |
| Bohuslän | Skåne |
| Dalarna | Småland |
| Dalsland | Södermanland |
| Gotland | Uppland |
| Gästrikland | Värmland |
| Halland | Västerbotten |
| Hälsingland | Västergötland |
| Härjedalen | Västmanland |
| Jämtland | Ångermanland |
| Lappland | Öland |
| Medelpad | Östergötland |
| Norrbotten | |

LÄN

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Blekinge | Norrbotten |
| Gotland | Skaraborg |
| Gävleborg | Stockholm |
| Göteborgs och Bohus | Södermanland |
| Halland | Uppsala |
| Jämtland | Värmland |
| Jönköping | Västerbotten |
| Kalmar | Västernorrland |
| Kopparberg | Västmanland |
| Kristianstad | Alvsborg |
| Kronoberg | Örebro |
| Malmöhus | Östergötland |

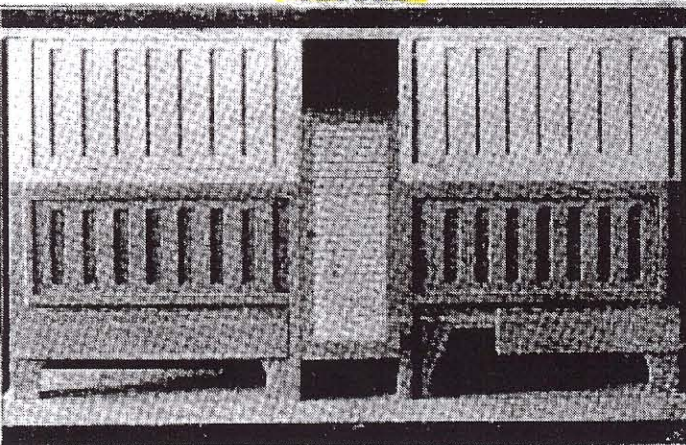
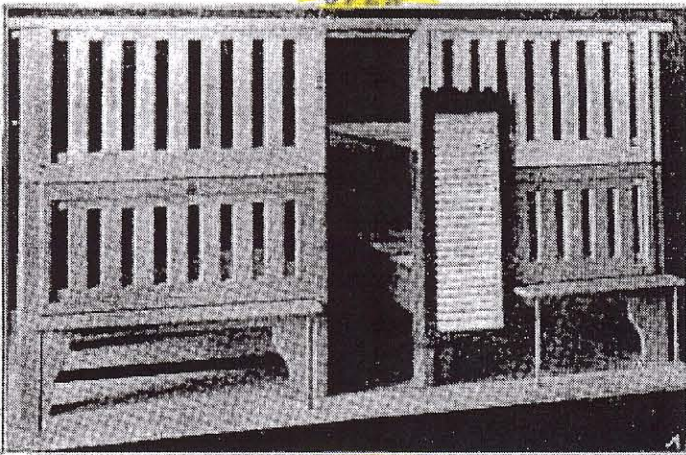
Attachment 2



White Star Line Adriatic (1st) 1872-1899

WHITE STAR LINE
ROYAL AND UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS
 SAILING FROM
LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK
 Every WEDNESDAY, calling at QUEENSTOWN every Thursday.
 Views of new type of berth, combining privacy and perfect ventilation, patented by the White Star Line, and fitted in the permanent Steerage accommodation.

"Privacy" for 4 people



Steerage Passage, including Outfit, to New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore at low rates. Apply www.oceanliner.com

Side Two shows the Steerage Accommodations

This is extremely RARE. Very little was ever issued for *Steerage class*. This dates from c1890. Interestingly enough, the edges of this card appear to be irregularly trimmed with parts of the wording cut off, but this was most likely caused by the printing process used. These were printed as a large sheet and then cut down to size for use.

- [Back to Museum](#)
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STEAMSHIP TICKET, White Star Line, Steerage Prepaid - 1880

This is the Agent's Record for a Prepaid passage on a White Star Line Steamship for passage from Cardiff, Wales, UK to Scranton PA via Steerage class in 1880.

Information Transcribed from Ticket

Ticket Number: 40915

White Star Line

Steerage Prepaid

Agents' Record

Date Sold: 29 May 1880

Name of Intending Passenger: John Price; **Age:** 43

One Adult Zero Child Zero Infant

Amount Received, including Fare from Cardiff to Scranton? \$ 32.00

Deduct Agent's Commission \$2.30

Net [To White Star Line]: 29.70

Purchased by Abraham Price

Address: Hyde Park [NY]

Date Remitted: 4 June 1880

Vertical handwritten note: \$29.30 Paid by 1st Nat Check No. 13, June 8, 1880

TOP

No. 40915

WHITE STAR LINE.

STEERAGE PREPAID.

Agents' Record.

Date Sold May 29 1880

NAMES OF INTENDING PASSENGERS	AGE
<u>John Price</u>	<u>43</u>

000 Adults 000 Child 000 Infant.

Amount Received, including Fare from Cardiff \$ 32.00

Deduct Commission 2.30

Net, \$ 29.70

Purchased by Abraham Price

Address Hyde Park

Date remitted, June 4, 1880

White Star Line

Passenger Lists (Transcribed)

- 1896-07-22 Germanic
- 1906-03-08 Cymric
- 1906-09-07 Cymric
- 1909-06-11 Arabic
- 1909-12-08 Oceanic

Steamship Articles

- 1904-07-16 The New White