

Dedicated to those I love,
admire and respect but especially
to my beloved mother and father
and those who may come after me.
This book a loving memorial
completed May 6 1926.

a+

My Ancestors!

They sailed the sea of hope
To the land of promise blest
They were my joy and my pride
May they forever rest.

With hard work and labor
They made my life sublime
May I always remember
And with pride call them mine.

A.M.O.

Beautiful

My Ancestors.

What is it we all have? Why ancestors of course. I would like to know about mine so I shall close my eyes and go back to the year fifteen hundred. I open my eyes and find myself in a strange country. I look around, it seems homelike and familiar. Why! it looks like Sweden and so it is. I look around, I listen to what the people say, I look in the records and this is what I find written in my ancestor's book of life.

In Skane Sweden near the city of Lund lived Mine Sweden a poor peasant farmer, my great grandfather. He had chosen for his companion through life a Swedish girl of noble character. They had several children but one especially notable one whose name was Ake Munson. It was a common practice during that time for the boys of any family to take the first name of their father, add s-o-n and make that name their own name. Taking the name

munson and adding s. o. n made his last name Munson.

Oke Munson was a hard working industrious lad. He spent his boyhood on the farm working very hard but receiving very little for it. A year's work on the farm was deserving of a suit of home spun clothes made of linen. All the clothes during that time were made at home by the women folks and were usually made of linen for the simple reason that they would last longer than any other kind of clothes. The clothes were made at home by the women folks. Each farmer had a small piece of flax which was carefully tended to. Not a single weed was allowed in it and when it was grown to its full height it was cut with scythes and laid on the ground to dry. It was made into thread and from thread into cloth which was spread on racks to bleach until it was snow white. It was from this cloth that the heavy durable clothes of that time ^{came.}

Home made dyes converted the cloth into different colors

This lad Oke in due time fell in love, wooed and won for his wife Alna Johnson a tall dark girl with a heart that was full of love and kindness to every one. This quotation always reminds a person of her.

"When you are good to others you are best to your self."

After their marriage they lived for some time on a small farm near Sand. Hard workers though they were they obtained a very meager living for themselves and the six children which came to bless their home. Though they scrimped and saved prosperous times did not come and in 1881 they decided to set sail for America that land of golden opportunity where it was said there was money and wealth for every one. Those who wished to emigrate said even the pigs and in this country were running around roasted with knives in their backs ready to eat. It was with light hearts and high



Andrew Okesson Laker 21.

Descendant of Oke Munson.



Mather - Sweet Sixteen.
(Alma Anderson)

high hopes that they gathered up what few possessions they had and set sail for America. Among the children was a tall robust lad of eighteen called Andrew who too, was looking with eager eyes toward the new land. It was this same stalwart lad who later became my father.

Arriving in this country they settled on a small farm near Grove City, Minnesota. Things prospered with them so well that it was not long before Andrew was able to rent and own a farm of his own. What could be more natural then when living alone for a while he should begin to take notice of all the pretty girls there were around there. My father was thirty years old when he met July 4, 1892 Alma Anderson a lively, lovable, adorable Swedish girl of nineteen. His fate was settled and February 24, 1893 they were married at the little Lutheran church in Grove City.

My Mother was born in Flysund Skane Aug. 16, 1874. All her folks were

1965
1892
1965
1893

well to do and were classed among
the wealthy in Sweden. It was in 1886
that Par Anderson my grandfather came
to this country. He was a man who
had tried various professions but
had not succeeded very well in
any of them. He was tailor by profession
but tiring of that he worked for a
while in a depot, it seems he did
not like that very well, so started
a bakery. His trade was good and
he would have got along successfully
if he had not been so generous and
kind hearted giving credit to persons
who never paid and lending money
to many others who did not appreciate
the help and never tried to pay any
thing in return, while grandfather
was so kind hearted and proud to
push his claims. This made
Grandmother very discouraged
and she was very often cynical
and cross when she thought of all
they might have had for their
children if he (as she thought) had
not squandered their money
in foolish enterprises. Thus it
was that that Par Anderson came

8
15
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Par Anderson and family.
(Grandmother & Grandfather)

to this country to recuperate his last money. The year after he arrived he was able to send for his family which besides his wife included five eager, lively, winsome and charming girls. When anyone chided him about his girls he always replied "Well I always liked girls best why shouldn't I have as many as I wish?" Grandfather had a small farm near Grove City, Minnesota. He met his family when they came with a summer wagon. The girls who had been used to the good roads in Sweden thought the ride from Grove City to their farm a dreadful experience and were dreadfully frightened because they were jostled and bumped around so much. One especially sweet and plucky girl there was. Her name was Alma and it was she who later became my mother. A mother whom very few are lucky enough to possess. That is how each girl feels, Alice.

My grandfather was a strict Lutheran very religious. Two of his uncles were ministers of the gospel



Wedding Picture of Mother & Father
Feb 24, 1893.

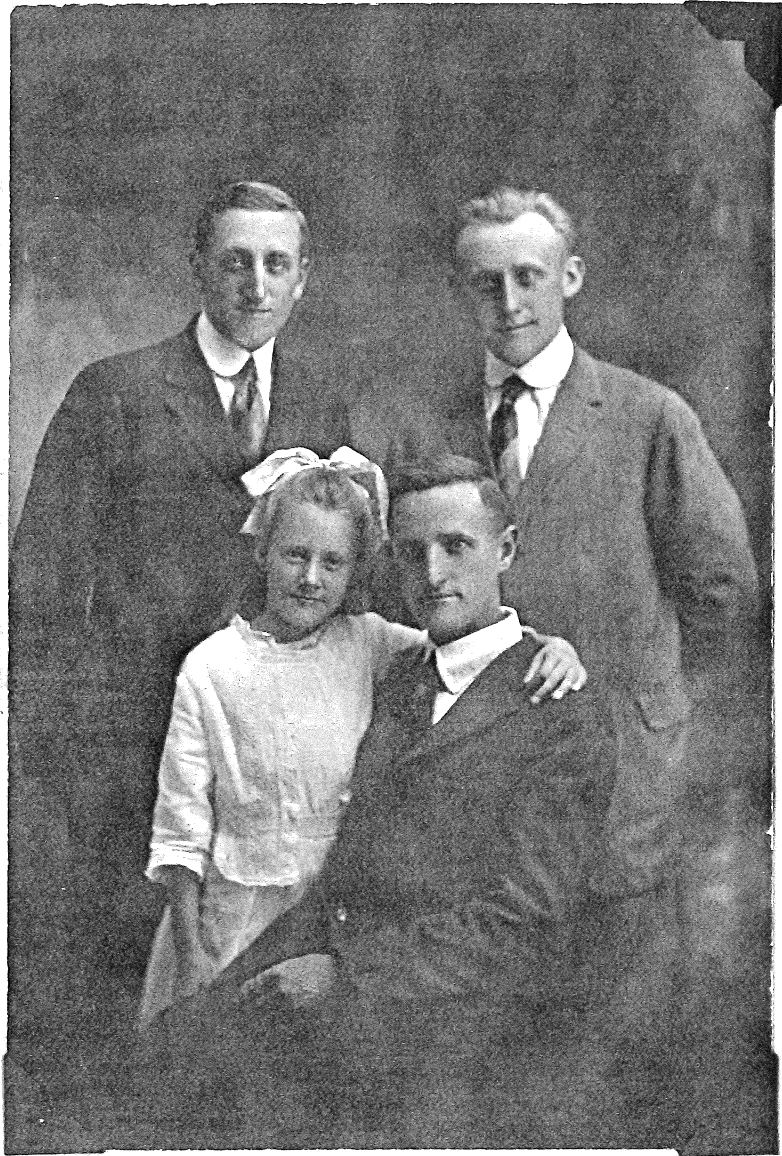
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The Bible was read daily in the home and though they often times could not get to church a small service was held at home and was to the little girl who did not stand still and listen when the Bible was being read.

All the children were used to hard work and received very little education except what was taught them at home by their father who was a very learned man. It was not thought necessary to give the girls an education in those days "Why, what would they need it for. Huh! They'll go and get married in a year or two and then what good would their education do them?". "No its their duty to learn how to cook, sew, bake and tend babies find a man who can support them and be a good wife and mother".

Thus it was two families so close together could not help but come in contact with each other, my father and my mother first met at a celebration held in Chave City.

They lived there some ones a
 year. It was there too, ^{that} their oldest
 boy Marshall was born. They were
 not satisfied to stay in Minnesota
 so decided to go to the Dakotas and live
 It took a great deal of courage and grit
 on their part to leave all those whom
 they knew and loved and go to a part
 of the country where it was rolling
 prairie and often times you would
 travel miles and miles before finding
 a farm home. They came and settled
 in what is now known as South
 Dakota and took a home stead
 near Sisseton. It is on that farm they
 have abided during these thirty years
 or more. It was there too, that
 four more children came to bless
 their home, three boys and one
 girl Alice (myself). The one boy
 Hugo died in infancy from pneumonia
 So there were only four children
 who survived until the recent
 date, three boys and one girl
 They have had their joys
 and their sorrows yea! but they
 have taken them with an



Andrew Aheson family 1919

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undaunted mettle and courage. True
pioneers they are.

We children as descendants
of these ancestors have received
much of value from them. We are
healthy, normal children, not extravagant
but of that class which is a happy
medium between the stingy and
extravagant. Father is indifferent
in regard to church, my mother
exactly the opposite. Some of us
children have taken father's view
point and perhaps I too would have
been inclined had not my mother
made me promise I would attend
church when I stayed in town. I
did, and now find that church is
a vital factor in my life. No great
part has been performed in any
political line nor can any genius
be found on the family tree. We
are of the common American
type, 'yes!' red blooded Americans,
doing the best we can and
ever striving upward.

My Education.

In the grades my teachers true
Took my hand and helped me through.
True and staunch they still do stand
In this our own and glorious land.

They were my guide and help
Strive upward give yourself
To a wagon hitch your star
Don't give up go travel far.

To Lisseton High School goes my cheer
It I shall remember through the years
I was there too I went striving on
And the good teachers helped along.

When with my education over
Trials and troubles come to have
Though my eyes be filled with tears
I shall remember twelve glorious years
amc

My Education ^a

In the year of 1914, I began my school career in a little white school house in Easter Township. I was but five years old when my brother brought me to school with him. The teacher Miss Bonney stayed at our house so I felt sufficiently acquainted and not at all bashful. I marched up to the first grade class as dignified as you please and held my own quite well due to the fact that my mother had taught me all my a, b, c's at home. I did not know how to speak English very well so before I had permission to leave for school I was duly coached on how to act and speak. Special emphasis was placed on the latter by my mother who had foreseen what would happen if I was



When I was young and beautiful

not careful. I got along alright till it came time for Reading. Reading was what I liked, so when one of the pupils missed I became very excited and while correcting the mistake switched from English to my original Swedish language. The children laughed, I became embarrassed. It squelched all effort on my part to take an active part in the recitation for some time.

Active and wild I was never still, always into mischief. From the time I was big enough to walk till I was big enough to walk I had a mania for running away. Some one always had to be watching me for mother did not have the heart to tie me up in one place. One hot day in July, when I was about three years old and the men were busy working out in the

field I slipped away from my brother who had been detailed to guard me and ran down the road. Taking my little puppy with me, I set out far where I thought my Daddy must be working. I ran as fast as I could, but pretty soon I began to get tired and hot, I was about half a mile from home when I decided I couldn't find my Daddy and would have to rest a while before I went farther. Slipping into a millet field where the grain was tall and heavy, I laid down and fell asleep. I had discarded most of my clothing because it was so hot and these I had dumped in various places before I lay down.

While I lay asleep my little dog, slipped away from me and ran home. I slept on all unconscious of the tumult I was causing. When my shift had finished.

This reads like a
story itself.

digging his potatoes) he missed me but thought I had gone to the house, when he reached the house I was not there. Mather and he searched the place but finding no one they decided they must have help. My brother ran out to the field and the men came home tired and dusty. They searched in every place conceivable, at last the alarm was spread to the neighbors and groups of men were organized into search parties. One man had seen a little girl with a sun bonnet go over a hill, that was the only clue they had as to my whereabouts. The day grew more hot and sultry while the search became more and more insistent. Every field was searched, finally only one place was left and that was the millet field. Many had given up hope of finding me alive and

well. It was a general opinion that I had become overheated and was lying in some obscure place unable to go farther or that I had been carried off. It was thought useless to search the millet field because the grain was so thick and heavy a man could hardly force his way through to say nothing of a little child going into it.

The man who owned the field refused to give permission to search the field because all his grain would be trampled down and destroyed in a fruitless search he said. At last while the men were searching once more the neighboring field Mr. Jones with a group of men started to search the millet field as they walked they called. I woke up late in the afternoon hearing some one call my name. I thinking it was my

- father I answered. Imagine my
fright when several strange men
came and picked me up. I began
to cry but I was carried on and
on. Finally the men reached the
road and the signal was sent up
that I was found. It was but a few
minutes until my father reached me.
I was given water to drink and
my hot dirty little face was washed.
~~off~~ I was carried home in triumph.
There were several ladies there
and I could not understand why
I was hugged and kissed so
or why my mother cried. When I
was all cleaned up my mother
said "you want run away from
mother again will you?" "Yu da ki yu"
(Yes I will) I answered. I had not
been hurt, the whole affair had
been to me a delightful adventure.
A pocket watch was instigated
after that and though I was swift

to run I was usually caught before I had traversed any distance from home.

In school I was not ever intelligent in any studies. I managed to get along well enough without any effort on my part. I enjoyed the recess and noon periods and played hard during that time. I was always coming home with my ~~suit~~ my apron strings torn off or my dress dirty and bespattered with mud. I took seriously the advice given but when I reached school it was all forgotten in play. If the girls wanted not go out to play I would join out with the boys. Used to nothing but brothers at home it never seemed funny or strange to me. I regarded them as good play fellows and thought it a disgrace when any one called them rough or a girl cried when

They teased her. It was a common occurrence for me to go with them when they were drowning out gophers or playing baseball out on the school ground. It was not long before the other girls would come also. At first the girls regarded me as being something out of the ordinary because I did not scream and run when a mouse or gopher came my way but stood it out until it was properly killed and disposed of. Gophers were of no value I heard my father say and I was glad to see them die. What should they live for if they only did bad.

I was in the seventh grade when I came to the realization it was not nice to fight and quarrel with the boys. This conclusion was reached when my brother related one evening at the supper table an incident he had heard of at school. How a girl had licked a boy in her grade because



School Days.



Ed

he had made her give Churn cry.

Eighth Grade boy: yes she sure did lick him. He cried.

Brother: Do you think she could lick you too?

Eighth Grade Boy: I wouldn't try it, I know she could if she got mad. They guessed at once who it was and I received a severe talking to from my mother. My father and brother regarded it as a huge joke and even the teacher laughed when she told of the incident for she had witnessed the conflict from within the school house but had refrained from putting in her presence as the boy was some what of a bully and tease on the playground.

I become more timid and quiet it seemed as if all my energy was exhausted for the time. My chief delight after that was to take part in the plays and programs put on by the school and community. I managed to

to get through both the seventh and eighth grade with little difficulty. The only worry I done was after I had written the examinations and I was impressed with the fact that I could not go to High school unless I passed with fairly good grades.

In the fall of 1922, I began my High School career. I went to the school house that Monday in September with a feeling of despair. I had never been within the school before but I managed to find the place where I belonged. I was too busy watching the people to think much about what I was there for or what I should take. I had no conception of a school operated different from the ones in the County and if I had not by a lucky chance ~~struck~~ an acquaintance with a girl in town I do not doubt but what I would have been too daunted to accomplish any thing. I passed

with me at the golf frame. Howard
knew just what to do. The result
was I took everything she did and
we had made an agreement to sit
together as long as possible. ^{During} The
first week, it was hard to remember
where I belonged and which room I
was supposed to go to and the correct
time. I soon adjusted my self
to the environment and it took but
a short while before I enjoyed going
to the various classes.

One thing which I wanted to do was
to play Basketball. My mother did
not believe in Basketball and
refused permission to go down for
practice. Finally after much coaxing
the second year I was allowed to
stay once in a great while. I was
down to practice long enough to
learn the rudiments of the game and
enjoy myself while playing. During
my Junior year after a great deal
of persuasion by my brothers I was
allowed to stay unless there was

special work, to be done at home.
That special work came the evening
that the team was selected. I felt
rather bitter when the girls told me
that if I wanted to have been out
for practice that evening I would
have been chosen as sub. but when
I was not there another girl was
chosen in my place.

Perhaps I was stubborn and
headstrong. I remember during my
freshman year when I could
not play Basketball I refused
to consider anything else and
withdrew my name from the
Declamation Contest. The result
of all that was I never took ^{part} ⁱⁿ ^{anything} ^{and} ^{remained}
part in anything and remained ^{shy} ^{and} ^{back} ^{ward}. I cannot
remember of any one taking special
notice of me because of anything
I ever did. English was the
subject I liked best and I
always had the best marks in

That work. I liked classes and enjoyed writing stories which was the only thing I could hold my own in if I tried hard enough.

I thought my life in school was unexciting the life outside of school proved more interesting and exciting. I stayed with a family by the name of Swamberg the first year. I was the only girl staying there besides two boys whom I could always expect to do some thing funny or ridiculous. They were always teasing and planning some prank to play on me.

One evening when I came home from a school show I entered the bedroom to find some thing that looked just like a man in my bed. I didn't scream because I was too frightened. I lit the lamp and as I was doing so I heard a snicker from across

the hall. I knew at once some
prank had been carried out. Looking
more closely at the bed I ~~saw~~^{saw}
that the man in it was a dummy.
Resisting the temptation to throw
it out in the hall I kept it in the
room and went to bed. The next
morning one of the boys rapped on the
door and called "Say will you
throw me those pants please
I have to wear them to school."
The laugh was on them, I returned
nothing until they came and
asked for it which they did
rather sheepishly but I had
my share of the fun. ^{Good}

One evening when I entered
my room I heard a noise under
the bed. I was too tired to
think any thing about it. I had
taken off one of my shoes when
one of the boys rolled out from
under the bed. I was so frightened
I stood immovable while he
raced from the room laughing

till he could scarcely stand upright. After that I always looked under the bed and it is a habit yet. ^{Very funny.}

It was during my first year at High that I was confirmed in the Goodwill Lutheran Church and no event has ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I can remember every incident of that ceremony vividly.

During my Freshman year I had one or two girl friends. During my Sophomore year I gradually added to the list. A number of us girls formed an organization going to every thing in school as a group. During my Junior year I became more acquainted with the boys and went with several to shows once or twice. A boy in the Junior class one day was told in Civics class by the teacher Mr

Emmert to please leave his family troubles at home. Why? Because he and a girl in the front row were always cutting up and making some sort of disturbance. The day after the incident his seat was changed and it so happened he was placed by me. We became pals after a fusion though there were times when we were so angry we would not speak to each other for days. Toward the end of school we attended shows once or twice. During our Senior year we met again and became good chums and pals.

My girl chum Evelyn Benson and I have roomed and boarded together for two years. The good times we have had together are many. We have been together a great deal even if we have been in different classes.

- I shall always look back
on my school days with
pride and yearning. Days of
busy toil intermingled with
pleasure I can say they were
and always will be some of
the most glorious days of my life.

My Present Self.

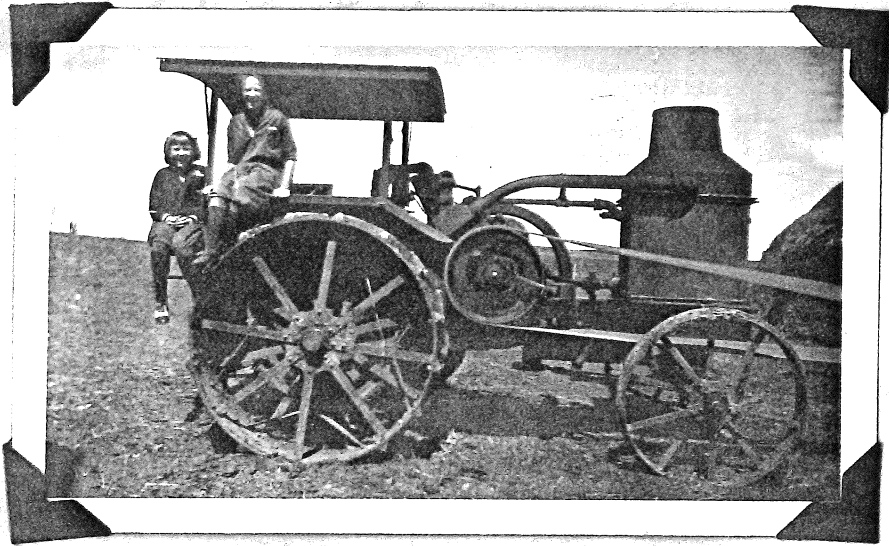
I stand face to face with myself. Five feet ⁷ inches tall, weight one hundred ten pounds. Though I am slight in build and not very strong I love to be out doors and participate in outdoor sports I am of what may be called the blond type, light hair and fair skin. My eyes are of a deep hazel color. I enjoy immensely such activities as Basket ball football and Baseball. I also enjoy immensely a good show of an upright moral type. Perhaps more enjoyable is a good play with a few good musical numbers between acts. I drift off into space listening to music and have a little world all my own that I dwell in. A dream palace, it is a culmination of my hearts desires and ambitions

a little utopia in itself it stands
but the law fact the minutes slip
away when I can dream on uninterrupted.
Nothing is a better companion than
a book it offers solace, light, and a
peace of mind never to be found
any where else.

There was a time when my
enjoyment for books was so
keen I would wander off from
my other with a book under
my arm. To lie on the green grass
by the river listening to the
distant tinklings of the water,
and the twitter of birds; to so
lie reading and thinking was
a bliss in itself. A miserable
feeling it was to have some one
rudely shatter the peace by
telling me to get busy there was
plenty of work to be done in the house
I looked upon house work as
drudgery and the only time it
was done properly was when
I thought I might finish so as



One of my favorite retreats when I
was tired of work.



Threshing time on the farm.

to have an hour or two to myself.

Camping! who does not enjoy it? Sleeping under God's own stars brings you very close to Him indeed. This is a sanctuary where the head is. To lie and look up at the stars and wonder at the countless mysteries the world has to offer, to rise in the morning, take a plunge in the cool gurgling water and come forth fresh and dazling to meet the new day. With a big hat, a book perhaps a fish line then row out on the clear blue water is enjoyment one never tires of. Nature is always there daring, impregnable, bald, yet offering a peace and quiet never to be found any where else. God's trees, grass and flowers, every thing beckons to you to come ^{and} play with them. I have a tale to tell you they say. Who can resist them? None! it is impossible!

The vegetables we see in the garden how common they look, yet how we have to eat them. A person can almost see the energy and vitality in each dish of vegetables as it comes on the table. "If you eat your carrots dear, you will grow up to be tall dark and beautiful." I remember how I believed in that saying but when I didn't grow up to be tall dark and beautiful I couldn't exactly blame the vegetables so I continued to keep on eating them.

I was going to run away from home once but just as I was sneaking past the kitchen window I saw some cream puffs on the table. I then altered my decision and decided some other day would do just as well to run away in.

The winter with its snow and

ice is as enjoyable as the summer with its sleigh rides, frolics and parties. Every thing seems in the winter more pure and clear. When I was little they said winter came to wash the face of mother earth so it would be nice and clean for the next year.

It is hard to give a good character sketch of myself, so I will put down first some of the opinions - as given by other pupils and class mates. The things mentioned were as follows:

"You will be successful in teaching your attitude tells it." "You have a likeable good personality." "Ability independent and good." "Self control of the best. Cheerfulness and play instincts dominant." "These things come to my mind first honesty, cheerfulness, self compassion, unselfishness and you are not nervous." "You are well

liked by all ^{with whom} you have made
friends with." Alice has a
remarkable mental development
and grasps lessons readily
making a good student." She
mixes well and makes a loyal
chum.

My own opinion is as follows:
I cannot be successful in teaching
unless I get down to business and
do some studying. At present I do
not know where I belong. I cannot
describe my own personality but
know that my self control is
not of the best. I have a temper
inherited from some one, I could
not say who and am prone to
think about myself before others
I am very selfish in regard to some
things and if I am unselfish
in others it is because I
force my self to be. I am not
self compared and feel very
much like fighting when it
comes to some thing I dislike.

What I will be twenty
years from now I cannot say
but I wish if nothing else to
become an useful asset to
the world not a liability. I
should like very much to go on
with my schooling and become
a teacher of some merit but
if I cannot do that I wish to
be just an ordinary likable
person who will always do
the right thing in the best
way.

You ^{always} will, dear I know it!

I've enjoyed this remarkably
well written story very much, Alice.
You are gifted in expressing thoughts
and feelings as poets do.

You have the honor of receiving the
second A+ I have ever given. You
write in such a fascinating manner
that I was carried away from myself

