

June 2007

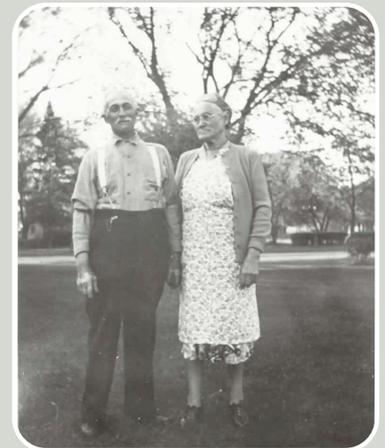
HANNA

Hanna Ramsdal comes to USA with mother, Martha Johanna, sisters, Martina, Hilda, arriving New York Jun 10 1893

HANNA RAMSDAL

her brother Knut Ramsdal sisters Annie Mundahl & Bertha Bervey were already in USA

is married to Ray Askland 21 Jan 1897 in Dixon, IL



Ray & Hanna lived in Illinois after marriage, moved to a farm North of Humboldt, IA in 1917

Obit:

Mrs Hanna Ramsdal Askland, daughter of Halvor and Johanna Knudson Ramsdal was born Aug 5, 1874 near Stavanger, Norway.

She passed away at the Houston Nursing home in Humboldt June 23 at the age of 86 years.

She grew to womanhood in Norway. She came to America in 1893 and made her home in DeKalb, IL.

She was united in marriage with Ray Askland at Dixon, IL 21 Jan 1895. They made their home in Illinois until 1917 when they moved to a farm north of Humboldt where they lived until 1931 when they moved to Humboldt. She was a member of Our Savior's Lutheran Church.

She was preceded in death by her husband, a son Ray Jr. and a daughter Helen, Mrs Chris Rosedal.

She is survived by three sons, Henry Askland of Garner; Arthur Askland of Fort Dodge; Charlie Askland of Stanhope; four daughters Edna, Mrs Ed Askeland of Thor; Alice, Mrs Charles Wendle of Humboldt; Mildred, Mrs Joe Savich of Des Moines, Esther, Mrs James Skow of Rutland; 28 grandchildren; 49 great grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren. A grandson Helmer Rosedal was raised in the Askland home.

Interment was in the Union Cemetery. Casket bearer were Glenn Askland, Carroll Askland, Oscar Askeland, Robert Hagins, Leonard Brandt and Lowell Heggen taken from the Humboldt IA newspaper

Some of my Memories of Hanna and Reinert Askland
Bette Christensen Nichols
(From Bette)

My memory of Grandma Askland is much stronger than of Grandpa Askland. I feel she was the dominant figure.

Grandma always looked the same to me all through the years. A pleasaiving?? a shower and had me drive the gifts in on a pedal car. I believe the car was borrowed from the Jaqua family.

The next house was the house a block south and a half block east of the old Lutheran

Church, between the Naugal (sp?) and the Shellenburger (sp?) houses. Newsomes (sp?) lived close by and had goats. I remember being sick at Christmas time and having to stay in bed while everyone was eating and having fun. Alice had my 6th or 7th birthday party in this house. I think everyone in my class was invited. It was a memorable party. I remember that the Christmas tree caught on fire and did some damage to the house and furniture. Grandpa and Grandma still lived in this house when we moved to Des Moines.

From there they moved to the tan house about 1941 or 1942. This is the house where I stayed many summers visiting Grandma and Grandpa and also at Christmas time. Sometimes I was put on the bus in Des Moines, transferred in Fort Dodge and then took a bus to Humboldt. Not a good idea in this day and age. We also took the train at times, the M&STL (Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad line) which we could take from Des Moines to Humboldt.

Of course, Aunt Alice lived at home until she married Charlie. Sometimes I would walk to the bank and then we would walk to Charlie's gas station, pick up his car and drive home for lunch. Alice always came home for lunch. Charlie and Alice would occasionally take me shopping in Fort Dodge and then eat at Treloare's Restaurant which was a special treat. They were known for their fried chicken.

Grandma always had a Christmas tree that reached to the ceiling. This was very impressive to me because we always had a little one that sat on a table. I always loved their Christmas trees.

Grandma did so much sewing, crocheting, knitting and quilting. She made pot holders, aprons, mittens for everyone. She knitted mittens for all the grandchildren with a crocheted string that went through the coat sleeves so they wouldn't get lost. She used every scrap of yarn, crochet thread, material. Sometimes the combinations were pretty wild because she did make use of every scrap.

We played Chinese checkers and Rummy, but never on Sunday. She didn't do knitting or crocheting, etc. on Sunday. On Sunday they went to church. In later years, Grandpa pre-

ferred to stay home and listen to the Norwegian service on the radio. I believe it emanated from Northwood, Minnesota. In earlier years they had a Norwegian service at the church and then they were discontinued.

Grandma used a rubber mat to lean her knees on when she washed the floors.

I loved going to Weiris Grocery Store for her. It was a little grocery store in Weiris home, not far from where she lived in the tan and brown house. She would give us a coin purse and a list and send us to the grocery store. She would let us spend money to buy candy. In retrospect, I realize she couldn't afford this. We were so poor; it seemed everyone else was rich.

Grandma would always do her baking early in the morning, before anyone was else was up. She made little girl cookies with pink icing, spritz, kringla, lefse, potato cakes and lots of other good things. The other things I liked to eat at her house were rusk toast, Zwieback toast, wieners and sauerkraut or ring bologna with boiled potatoes, pickled wax beans (which she canned herself), maraschino cherries. One time she let me eat a whole jar of maraschino cherries. They always had their main meal at noon and a lighter meal in the evening. They had a nice storeroom in the basement where she kept the canned goods she made and extra items she bought at the store. Another thing she made was look-aid popsicles made in ice cube trays with tooth-picks for handles.

Grandma and Grandpa would have a snack mid-morning, mid-afternoon and before going to bed.

I loved going to Ladies Aid at the church with Grandma. It seemed they usually had tuna sandwiches and coffee. I also loved going shopping in Fort Dodge with her. We would take the bus.

Grandma always flew the American flag. She was one patriotic lady with many lines in her face. I am sure brought on by many hours of work in the garden, caring for her chickens, etc. She had long, white hair which she wound into a bun during the day and braided at night, letting the braid hang down her back. She

used tortoise shell hairpins to hold the bun in place. In later years she had her hair cut and went to the beauty shop across the street from her home to have it set. She had a sturdy body, but never too heavy. She had lean upper arms and thighs, not flabby like many older people. She wore round glasses with metal frames. When home, she wore print dresses and aprons and sturdy black shoes. When going out, she wore dresses made of silk-type fabrics with a pin at the neckline and often a necklace also. She also wore a hat when dressing up.

Grandpa Askland was a mild-mannered man with graying, thinning hair. He was a rather small man. He had a mustache which he shaved off once and Grandma wouldn'tt speak to him. He tried to get back in her good graces by drying dishes, etc. He smoked a pipe. In nice weather he sat in a chair in the back yard and smoked his pipe, but in bad weather he smoked in the basement. He did yard work for people and pushed a red hand cart. He did work for Pastor Anderson. The Anderson's lived across the street from the tan house, directly north. Grandpa would buy ice cream cones for me. He drank coffee out of his saucer. He wore elastic bands (like garters) to hold his shirt sleeves up so they wouldn't hang over his hands. He wore leather bedroom slippers.

I remember Grandpa getting angry with me only once. They lived in the house a block south and a half block east of the Lutheran Church (the old one). I told Shari there was a ball under the table in the pantry, knowing there was a mousetrap under the table and not a ball. She went under the table to get it and the trap went off. I don't think she was hurt, but Grandpa gave me a swat on the behind. I was devastated.

Grandpa and Grandma lived in five houses in Humboldt, to my knowledge. My earliest memory is of them living in the large white house on the corner across from the park by the river (where the bandstand is). It was on the northeast corner from the park. I was very young when they lived there. Grandma took care of me while my mother worked at the bank. I remember falling down the stairs in this house. Prior to this house, they probably lived in the house two houses west of the last house that they lived in (the tan

house with brown trim). There is a picture of my mother (Mildred) and me in front of this house. My mother is dressed in a flapper style with bobbed hair and I am very young and blond.

The second house I remember was not too far from the fairgrounds. It is the house where the picture was taken of me in the snowsuit and cap. I was probably five years old...The house where I picked a little hard green grape from the vine and put in my nose and couldn't get it out. Why, I have no idea. Just being a kid. The house where Alice was ??holidays. I remember during the war the flags with the stars hanging in the window to indicate she had grandsons in the armed forces.

When Grandma broke her hip, she always said it broke before she hit the floor. She was told she would never walk again but she did. She had a three-legged cane and she practiced walking around the kitchen table. After this happened, at a later date, she tore down the old chicken house in the backyard.

At one time they had a fish pond in the back yard with gold fish.

Grandma would let us play house in the yard in the summer under the shade of the trees on the east of the garden. There was a nice lawn with a line of trees. We would carry all kinds of furniture and junk out of the basement (tables, chairs, etc.) and when we were through we would carry it all back down the basement. We would have kool-aid and cookies.

I remember Grandma packing her square wicker basket and going to the park on picnics. I remember walking across the river on the rocks. I think Grandma must have been a very energetic woman.

She told me that once I arrived at her house all by myself. She asked how I got there and I told her I came by my lone. I do not recall this. Another incident she told me about was when I wanted a wrapped sandwich. She tried everything; including wrapping it in wax-paper, but nothing satisfied me. She discovered later that I wanted the bread folded without being cut, which is what I had seen my father do.

I
She always said she never wanted to go to a nursing home. I am very sorry she had to spend her last years in a nursing home.

Grandma and Grandpa were very special people to me. They gave me a feeling of stability that I did not have in my own home.

Grandmother Hanna
by Inez Askeland

This is a very good picture of Grandma. This is the way she looked every time you would see her. She always wore her hair in a bun. It was on the back of her head. And she always wore a hair net. Her hair was very fine and very white. She was a very good cook and always served visitors coffee and home-made cookies. If you were at her place at noon, she would serve sandwiches and cookies or cake. I think what I remember most about her is that she made the best head cheese in the world. Head cheese was made when a pig was butchered. She would use the meat from the tongue and all the little pieces of meat and grind it up and pack it tight and preserve it. It was delicious.

Grandma always had a garden behind the house. She raised her own potatoes, carrots, radishes, onions, lettuce, cabbage, peas, beans, tomatoes celery etc. You name it and she raised it and canned it. She also had a beautiful flower garden.

She didn't pay much attention to us kids, just the way she was.

She was very opinionated. Right or wrong, that was her opinion and the way it was.

She did a lot of sewing. She embroidered dishtowels and pillowcases. She did a lot of crocheting on pillowcases and made lots of dresses, scarves and fancy lace. She also made quilts.

She was never real close and cuddly with any of our family. But we just figured that's the way Grandma and Grandpa's were supposed to be. I learned different when I became a grandma. She had a large family and took good care of all.

We went to grandma & grandpa's every Thanksgiving, Easter and Christmas. There was a large family gathering every holiday. The adults ate in the dining room and kids ate in the kitchen. Everyone brought something. After dinner, the men went outside or into the basement to smoke and talk. The little kids

went outside to play if the weather permitted and the women and older girls washed the dishes and gabbled.

I had a few disagreements with her, but "she was my grandma" memories of grandma

from Juane

Bette and Russell, I thought of both of you this afternoon as I was baking some Norwegian cookies -- Kringlas. I remember eating them at Grandma Askland's and she would put butter on them. I had to sample one that way and it was good.

Memories of Grandpa and grandma Askland by Juane

I was only eight years old when Grandpa died so I don't remember a lot about him. I do remember he was short, had a mustache, wore suspenders, smoked a pipe, and was a quiet man.

Grandpa and Grandma lived in a small house on 2nd St in southeast corner of Humboldt, Iowa. The house had two bedrooms, a living room, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, and a basement. Grandpa would go to the basement to smoke his pipe. I was scared to go the basement by myself, as the south window by the song sown?? was always full of box elder bugs. Grandma would send me down to her fruit room for some of her canned goods and I would go down in fear. (I think of her every fall when those pesky buys appear).

When Grandma didn't want us kids to know what she was talking about, she and my mother would talk in Norwegian. They did teach me to count to ten in Norwegian and that has stuck with me. Grandma's favorite phrase for most anything was "Uff Da" and now my family uses it!

My mother would occasionally let me go stay overnight with Grandma and I would sleep in the North bedroom off the living room. I would sleep under or on of Grandma's home-made quilts. Grandma made many quilts using her scraps of material. She is the reason I started making quilts about four years ago. As I sit and stitch I think of her as I sew quilts for my family. I still have a quilt that she made and I even patched it a few times just so it will last a little longer!

Grandma had a small wicker bottom rocking chair that she sat in by the window in the dining room. I found a similar rocking chair in my husband's parent's basement and it is mine

now! So I think of Grandma when I use it. She also would sit in her rocking chair and play Chinese checkers with me when I visited her.

It was at Grandma's house that I learned to drink coffee at a very young age. But coffee always had milk and sugar added to it. Grandma had a percolator coffee pot that she perked coffee in on top of her stove. She would serve some coffee out of the pot; some more family would come so she would add a little more water and some more grounds, and perk it again. Sometimes even the third perk. No wonder I needed milk and sugar in mine!

At Christmas time Grandma would have two big grab bags with gifts in them. One bag was for the girls and women, the other one for the boys and men. We took turns reaching in for the gifts (like a grab bag). Women usually got a potholder or apron. (I still have an apron that I picked out of the bag.). It was always a homemade item. The only things I remember from the men's bag were handkerchiefs. Then the food would be put on the table for lunch. Many homemade items that Grandma had made ahead of time like Berliner Kranser, Kringla, Krumkakke, Sandbakkelese, and best of all, Lefse filled with brown sugar and butter. The house was full with all relatives.

Grandma always had a lot of flowers growing in a plot back of her house. One time she came to our farm and was planting flowers for my mother, Esther. Grandma was telling me that these flowers were "Asters". I thought she was saying the flowers were "Esther's" Now I still plant "Esther's Asters in my flowers garden each year.

Sometimes when my sister Vanetta and I would visit Grandma, we would get to walk down the street to a tiny store in a house that sold candy. This was our treat from Grandma.

The yellow wax bean pickles that Grandma made were so very good. I was yearning for them some years after I was married so I hunted for a recipe for them. I finally found one in an old Ball canning book and made some. They weren't nearly as good as they were at Grandma's!

Grandma Hanna was sick and in the nursing home for some time. She passed away while my fiancé (my husband now) was on a

college choir tour in Europe so he was unable to attend the funeral. Ironically he was in Denmark singing the solo, "Den Store Vide Flok", the same song that was sung by Berent Berge at her Funeral. I admire Grandma for all her hard work in raising a large family.

Hanna by Carolyn

I have some correspondence...limited and if written by Hannah, is all in Norwegian. I'm surprised that I can still pick up many of the words. She used to talk with me in Norwegian and had me talking back in Norwegian as well. When she was in the nursing home, she would often lapse into Norwegian. After her death, I no longer spoke or read anything in Norwegian so I assumed I had lost all of that.

As I have my morning coffee, I remember her teaching me to drink coffee probably around nine years old. She would pour nearly a cup of milk (in a yellow cup with a saucer) and then put some coffee in it. As I grew older, the milk grew less and the coffee grew more. She would say, a good Norwegian must have their coffee...and cookies for dessert following breakfast. She was never without cookies...sort of like Mary Orsland was.

I remember the "grab bags" at Christmas. I, like others still have a potholder or two from those bags. Isn't it interesting to look back and NEVER realize she didn't have much money! I remember staying at her house overnight and her neighbor, (Mrs. Stokes?) would come over to visit or play cards. I never cared much for her neighbor, I'm sure I thought I should have had Grandma to myself, but there was a lot of laughter. I would be ready to put pajamas on and head for a bedroom to do so. Grandma would laugh and say, don't you think we've seen, and been little girls before?

It's interesting to me that I'm not sure either Hannah or Ray were much of readers unless it was Biblical or church-related. With the Wendle side, I have novels indicating they read, predominantly in German, but with the Askland side, looks like it was scripturally based. I have Ray's Bible and several New Testaments that were Hannah's. The Lutheran church must have been a huge part of their life. I remember "Ladies Aid, Circle, pot-luck dinners, ministers in her home for dinner, close

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Below: Hanna & Donna Askland

