

Gustav Albert Blom and
Hanna Elisabet Johansdotter's
joint strife
as farmers and contractors



*Gustav and Hanna with family in the garden in Havsjö, Norregård 1917.
Back row: Carl and Valfrid. Front row: Emil and Herman. Middle row: Maria and Sven.*

This text, originally written by our grandfather Sven Blom in 2001, is translated by the four of us with the goal to keep the content and the style of the text as unmodified as possible. The language is translated in this way because it is originally written like this, and this is the way it was intended to be written. We have tried to construct the sentences so that it will resemble the old swedish way of telling the story, with emphacy on telling the story as opposed to printing it.

Martin, Linus, Tobias and Rebecka Blom (December 20, 2005)

*There was a boy called Pelle
His father was a farmer and had his own farm
With fields so poor and soil even worse
On his table, food alike.*

*But Pelle grew, to become bigger and stronger as time passed
People in the village said he was stupid
'cause he worked all day without a break
cleared fields that never before had been cleared*

*After years of struggling he received his award
When he with a happy mind claimed the first harvest
People said now that Pelle isn't stupid,
No, now they say that Pelle is smart.
(Poem from the 20's, taken from a textbook)*

Father worked as a pageant on a farm called Bjurvik in the area around Björkö. This was where he found out what he was made of. As the pageant he was among other things supposed to prepare the field for the others during the harvest. He always worked fast and hard, faster and harder than the others. I recall a memory from one of these days when Maria and I were helping father harvesting. I said to Maria that this will be too easy, us collecting the harvest while father is cutting it. Although we did our best â we could hardly keep up the phase that father was keeping. Not far from Bjurvik lay a farm called Sand, the Lieutenants of Sand as mother always referred it as. She was working as a maid there and I would like to mention something that I recall her talk about. This is before there were any combustion engines in the neighborhood, so when the farmers where threshing they used a steam engine that was fed with wood, the modern engine of that time. Just imagine the hazard, working with fire in this environment. Often a kind of relationship evolved between these farms, especially among the youths, that often led to strong life-long relations.

Father becomes self-employed

On March 14, 1901 father hires a small farm called Hulu in the area of Norra Solberga, close to Ränneslätt and the army training facilities in Eksjö. When I did my military service in 1945 we did some practice mission using the buildings of this farm. Father hired a maid during the first couple of years in Hulu, but as time passed he started to get to know Hanna in Sand, and this evolved into something serious. A meeting was arranged and the two of them decided to work for a place of their own, and a future and a family together. On mothers 25th birthday, February 22, 1902, they were engaged in holy matrimony, This was the beginning of a period where there was no time for anything else but work. As time passed the family grew bigger and bigger. Mother gave birth to and nursed seven children, working hard to feed them, wash and mend their cloths made from wool and flax, not at all as strong and hard-wearing as our modern fabrics.

Name	Date of Birth	Place of Birth
Carl	12/28/1902	Hulu
Valfrid	09/09/1904	Hulu
Emil	09/14/1906	Hulu
Herman	04/16/1908	Hulu
Maria	02/11/1911	Hulu
Signe	1913	(died in the spanish flu)
Sven	11/30/1915	Sjöarp

Father went every week, passing Ränneslätt, to the market in Eksjö, where he sold butter and eggs and other products from the farm directly to the consumers. He once told me that he was asked by his neighbor to do a favor, he was asked to go to the watchmaker. When he got there he was given a wall clock as a gift. He spoke many times about this, and today this clock is among my owning, though the wood is somewhat damaged and replaced, the clock is still working fine. After ten exciting and hard years in Hulu it was time to move on, partly because it was hard work for mother to wash and keep clean, and because of pain after giving birth to five children. The next lease was Sjöarp in Norra Sandsjö socken, close to Grimstorp by the road to Bodafors.

Moving to Sjöarp

This is the story Carl told me, as I remember it. I did not have the opportunity to participate in this. But first, a poem written by Pelle Näver who often wrote poems in Smålands Tidning (a newspaper) during the 30's-50's.

*The fourteenth of March the farmer intended to move
Switching from the old farm to a new
He takes his lady,
his cow and a bucket
And starts to walk towards a foreign village*

On March 14, 1911 father moved to Sjöarp, with a hand from his helpful neighbors. He loaded tools, seed and root vegetables, well insulated from the cold with straw on a railway car in Ormaryd. It was a long trip. 20 km by air, and well over 25 km as they traveled. Father could then unload the car in Grimstorp, and had then to travel on the winter roads the last part. The farmers used the cold weather during winter to create good roads to use for transporting timber. They stamped snow and straw into the ground so that the water rose to the surface to then freeze and form plain and hard roads. This as well as to use the frozen lakes to travel on made the difficult job much easier and efficient. As father was moving, he had to take lots of thing to the new farm; both animals and meat, calves, sheep, pigs and cats in cages. Some coarse fodder was left for the new owner, though some was "used" by the rats. If possible father would hunt some game to eat at the new location. Carl and Valfrid carefully drove

the cows that were tied to the wagon, while the rest of the family walked to the train station in Ormaryd and took the train from there to Grimstorp and walked the last part to Sjöarp. Maria, about a month old, probably had a warm and pleasant ride in the lap of mother, and there she was fed and nursed so that she would be satisfied when the group reached Sjöarp.

It is told that when mother and the family got to Sjöarp, and she were to give the men food, she put Maria in a dressing drawer, while lighting the fire and heating a nutritious meal for the hungry men that still were working, maybe making some coffee if that was common those days. When everything was carried inside and the food was served, she suddenly thought of Maria. When mother could not find her, it is common that things get lost when moving, she started to get worried. After searching the mess, she said -But where is the girl? At that moment someone remembered, and maybe this one had something to do with the disappearance too; he opened the drawer, and there Maria lay not knowing of what was going on.

It is 90 years since this happened and *we would like to congratulate Maria on her 90th birthday on February 11*. We are glad that she was found, she has brought much joy and happiness to us since then. She and I have had many conversations in the kitchen after a hard days work, and while I did my military service we wrote many letters to keep in touch, and I have kept all of those letters. Those who were home had to work very hard, while we who were in the army were very well of. And we thank God that he spared us from the war.

The time in Sjöarp

The reason that father could lease Sjöarp was that it was owned by the widow Johansson, and her two sons Robert and Ernst were not old enough to run it. And because father was a hard working man, and managed to take care of both the fields and the animals, the result was excellent and the harvest big. But this also led to the problem of Swedish envy. Mother told me that she had to hide the butter when someone from the Johnsson family was visiting. This led to the fact that both parts was unhappy with the situation. But it was not just bad things that happened. During the darkest period, in November, a son was born that was named Sven, and because of this I am much grateful to father and mother for the love and caring I have received. I have had a good life, but that is another story waiting to be told and written.

My brothers have told me about the kind of games that they played. They have told me about how they build a sleigh that could slide on the railway track that passed the farm. They took a small keg, and split it in half, filled the two halves with water and let it freeze. They then used these on the track, and built the sleigh on top of these. Before they could use the sleigh they put an ear to the track and listened that no train was coming, and since the track was inclining towards Bodafors, they did not need any engine to get some action. Man, those kids... I wonder what the trackwalker would think if he saw them sliding by...

In trackwalker's cabin a boy named Kalle was born. As he grew he joined the Salvation Army, became an excellent speaker and later on was promoted to Commander Karl Larsson. The Army with Karl Larsson in head came every summer to the Hornaryds Park, where he spoke, and many people came to listen.

That's about all I have to say about Sjöarp, since I was just three and a half year old when we moved from there.

The time in Havsjö

Once again we had to move, this time to Havsjö on March 14, 1916, this was in Bringetofta parish, where we lived for another five years. Owner of the farm was Emil Hultkvist, a dealer in Eksjö. As custom, the farm was handled with excellence, and large stones were removed from the fields. But first a house for the pigs and fowls and a storage house had to be built. The owner should have built this, and if father got paid for this I do not know, as father was a generous man.

This was a large building that was located close to the house. The barn was built up by the road, and the constructor was Frans from Götenstorp. As time came to lay the roof, the neighbors were invited to a so-called "täckgille", a fine tradition that is long gone today because today the constructions are much simpler and do not need that many workers. All together there were about 20-30 people gathered, and everyone brought good food and cheesecake (*swedish: "ostkaka"*), and stories to tell.

Mother that cared much for people around her, saw that the weather was getting bad, started to prepare the coffee earlier that planed and called the men in. Just when everybody had stopped working and gotten indoors, a heavy rain came, with strong winds. As the wind got stronger the barn, that by now had three walls and no roof, fell into a pile of wood. What would have happened if not the men were indoors drinking coffee? Many of them would then probably have been hurt. Maybe some of the material could have been reused, but first it needed much work to clean up the area. It was only to head to the forest to get new logs that could be sawed and planed. Nothing of what had been built could be saved.

It is told that the village was struck by some contagious sickness, and almost everybody was ill. Öke Almgren told this at Valfrid's funeral. Because of this Valfrid had to take care of the animals. Öke's father prayed to God that Valfrid, around 16-17 years old, should stay healthy, so that he could take care of the animals until the rest of the village could go back to work.

By now, father assessed that he had the economy to buy his own farm, and by this stay at the same farm longer than five years. He bought 1/16th of Lämmarp Norregård. The seller was Henning Andersson Vakås that made a good deal since he before the change cut all trees, but let the new owner plant the new forest. Because of the war he could then sell this to a very high price and make a small fortune. After the war ended the prices started to fall, and

this was when father bought the farm. Many people became very poor during the depression. The farm was in bad shape; the building needed to be repaired and the crops were poor, the bog was lacking lime. The price for the farm was 16.500kr with access from March 14, 1920. Considering the shape of the farm and the falling prices this was a very high price, but it is always easy to tell afterwards. Included in the deal was that the farm was a part of Havsjö, which allowed it to use the tools from there. So during spring sowing, autumn harvest and the plowing the tools had to be transported the 18 km between the farms. In the summer of 1920 Valfrid and Maria was 17 and 9 years old. Valfrid took care of the animals and Maria worked in the household.

Memories from Havsjö

They were harvesting turnips on the field near the house. Carl, who often played with me, might have thought he would delight me. He went to the tool shed and arranged something for me to play with. But there were protests from those in charge of the labour, it's obvious that you shouldn't play on working hours. But I found a way. There was a small knife in the table drawer in the kitchen. I fetched it. Eager as I were I ran really fast, but on the bridge I slipped and fell, and the knife I held in my hand penetrated into my right cheek. I don't know whether it forced it's way through the cheek and into my mouth, but I've still got the mark as memory. Valfrid picked me up and consoled me in his arms. My plans to make a miniature stack to cover turnips for storage were dashed for that day. But that's nothing to be sorry about, I've had may chances to make real stacks later in life.

Cars drove by where we lived now and then. High T-Fords were most common. I sometimes took the chance to open the gate and received 2 öre (cents) for the trouble. At one occasion the Bloms from Sävsjö visited and I was curious about the newfangledness. It was a smart car. They ran a firm of hawler contractors by horse, but they'd also begun with cars. One brand was Protus and Brisko. This car was splendid, there were two flags and two kerosene lamps on the front shields.

I also remember, although it's a vague recollection, Maria and I baking cakes of sand and dirt. I also remember when father caught bats in the attic. In the evenings, when it was dark, he took a butterfly net and when the bats approached he held the net in their way. Early in the morning of January 11, 1920 I woke up due to a visit. It was the teacher Otto Valström representing the neighbors who dropped by and congratulated father on his 50th birthday. They gave him a watch, I think. From his wife and children he also received a stick with silver on it. The stick was a matter of course as 50th birthday gift.

I want to tell you about the most precious memory I have from Havsjö. There were a series of revival meetings in the mission-hall. Everyone who could go went. The hall was packed and we got some places well in the front. Father was dressed in everyday clothes and had his boots on. It was biblical, you were supposed to come as you are to God. I myself sat in my mothers lap and slept

the sleep of the innocent. When I woke up a girl stepped up to the center aisle with a guitar and sang a song that caught my full attention:

<i>To a wedding I've been invited by the prehistoric God, in heavens beautiful palace. In a costume oh so white, with clothes washed in blood I hurry to take my place.</i>	(Chorus) <i>Keep the gate slightly open that the one who has loved and felt. May happily reach, oh dear lamb of God. Keep the gate slightly open.</i>
---	--

I believe this is the beginning of my spiritual life and it's been fantastic and interesting. God has been with me both in success and misfortune. I've experienced his guidance in daily life. You might not think about it when you chose path, but when you get old and look back you see his hand has been with you.

I've been trying to remember the move to Lämmarp, but it's been in vain. I don't remember anything. Who knows, I might have slept the whole time. It was time again to move on March 14, 1921, this time to our own farm Lämmarp. Although I don't remember anything I guess they took me with them out of pure compassion and I'm grateful, of course.

Lämmarp

So, we finally arrived at Lämmarp, the times of tenancy were over. Now we only had to get the farming going on the small, poor, stony fields. To plow deeper, fertilize, lime and to harrow properly is the condition for a good harvest. Kalle P told me that the spring sowing was delayed once, so he sowed oats(a special kind), simple and rational, but at a man sows, so shall he reap. It wasn't common with improved seeds for sowing. This is a description of how farmers cultivated at this time. Dung was fetched from butcher Svensson in Sävsjö and it consisted of animal stomachs, kitchen refuse etc. The dunghills were a good place for crows to eat. Herman was interested in hunting and arranged a brushwood hut as hiding place. He shot many crows from there. There was a premium paid for the shooting of crows, but the net profit was probably meager.

Gunnar in Lilla Lämmarp was good at technology. They had a saw driven by a water wheel and a Kristdala crude-oil engine. A can was excellent as cylinder to the future copy of an engine, wire became a rod, handle, winch and a pipe for oil, a small can was excellent as oil tank, and hub ring became flywheels. The model resembled the original quite much. Now came the big moment, they were going to give it a trial run. After all the preparation, it was ready to test, they were excited and eager. According to Arvid, who was there, it was really close that it worked, "it ignited once". When I heard the witness reliable story, he was two years older than I, so it had to be true. This made my imagination get going. I would build a machine that could operate in the woods, as power source the steam engine was the best alternative, and I could use cons and such

things. This must be a forerunner to today's modern forest machines, with a few changes. What little boys' fantasize about might, when they've grown up, become useful inventions for the good of the country.

The distribution and planning of labour

Emil was perfect as farm foreman, he handled the task exemplary. When I came home from school it was my task to carry the kerosene lantern. I followed him close behind, the range of the lantern was limited. My duty finished around nine o'clock. I sometimes thought it was a little boring, but we all had to help one another. The adults worked with clearing stones, ditching, reclamation, afforestation and such things besides the farm. Father also did other jobs to get an extra income. In the summer he built with stones, he built a cellar in the neighboring farm Planen and a new bridge near Bringetofta, to mention some of the jobs.

The digging of a channel by a cooperation between Lämmarp, Kristnarp and Sjöaryd, to lower the stream is worth a special section. In the winter it was forestry work, both hew timber and transporting, to make some extra money. The principle is that you worked with reclamation as long as possible. To finish a reclaimed land Valfrid dug a ditch in the light from a lantern. They spoke much about this in the district. And then it was time to go to the peat moss, approx. 110 cubic meters for next years need.

Some dates and years to remember, if my memory serves me right

The years 1921-1927 were eventful years. During that time most of the afforestation that was supposed to be done was done, the fields were cleared from stones and the channel was finished the autumn of -27. The marsh was drained and reclaimed, the old bog drained and prepared. The roof was retiled. 1927 was the pigsty and extension of the kitchen built, and also new windows.

A dream father and Valfrid had spoken about during a long time was probably decided upon in the winter -31. 1932 the poultry-house and the tool shed was built. Valfrid built a barn in 1933, and a house and our barn in -34, they were covered with splinters on the roofs the same day. The reason for dividing the farm was that it was too large for one person to farm. It might be an extraordinary line of reasoning, first growing as much as possible and then the area became too large. The ideal was Karl Nordbring in Täftey. Valfrid thought like this, if he bought a farm the houses would be in a bad state and outmoded but here it would be perfect from the beginning. The government distributed subsidies for improvement of the farms through the Household association and made blueprint to barns and houses. Emil spoke about buying a small farm in Srete at this time, the price was 6,000 kr. But he never bought it.

It might be of interest to see the prices at that time, soon after the so called "*Krüger crash*". The unemployment was huge and it was hard to get money for food. In 1932 Oscar in Södragärde built a barn. The building contractor charged 5 kr + food, the rest charged 4 kr per day. When the roof was done Klas told Gustav Falk; I don't have anymore work for you, we do the rest ourselves. Gustav had a large family and asked if he could stay, and on the condition that he got 2 kr per day and his own food he could stay. He accepted. What was the alternative? It was the same for Valfrid. Plumbers and painters who were professional were grateful if they received food and a low hourly wage.

1935 and forward

When the barn was built in 1934 we couldn't keep the (a horse or bullock goes around a pole and work a cogwheel). On an auction in Björkö father and Valfrid bought a threshning-mill that completely weeded out, a stationary Thermanius with a two-stroke engine that wasn't very good. Father had relatives in Djuvanäs and they had a transportable threshning-mill and a large and heavy crude-oil engine. They threshed for the farmers in the area. With them as an example, we would do the same thing.

They were going to thresh for the first time in Björnaryd. The threshning-mill was lifted to a narrow carriage and it looked quit dangerous with such high load. Valfrid cried when they left, but father was bold and stubborn and it went well. Then we attached ordinary carriage wheels with broad gauge that were safer to transport the threshning-mill on. 1935 father bought a ten horsepower crude-oil engine that weighed thousand kilos and was driven by two horses, the threshning-mill by two and the hawser by one horse. The transports were difficult, especially if long distances. Later father changed to a larger transportable threshning-mill. When the war begun the fuel became rationed.

We bought a Volvo 6 cylinder from 1932 and reconstructed it into an "epa-traktor"¹, a car rebuilt into a tractor, that operated on gas produced from wood. The farmers provided the wood themselves. We attached rubber wheels. We replaced the back wheels rubber wheels, I assembled the winch from a (small crane to lift rocks) on the tractor, a beam was placed under the threshning-mill and the threshning-mill was hoisted to the tractor. Then the transportation no longer was a problem. The parish was large and included 7 parish churches. The most we threshed was on 85 farms, but we then borrowed a threshning-mill that Emil operated. We always begun with the threshning at Sörensen's in Sävsjö, then we were busy til Ehipany, sometimes we worked during the night. But it wasn't without problems. When people came and asked for a priority it was difficult to say no. 1940 I was summoned for 5 months but then I was exempted because we had a so called station for machines. At that time, you bought your own machines and the workload eased as time passed and an epoch ended in a process of development.

¹Slow car/tractor that requires no driving licence

Times of changes

Mother and father began to get tired, mother suffered from rheumatoid arthritis and we had help from maids. I sometimes worked alone with the milking and that was lonely and tough. I met a young girl named Elsa Ström and we became fond of each other. She was willing to share my life. I don't understand it, but I'm grateful. After 56 years together our relationship is still good. We agreed that I would lease the farm and take possession of it March 14, 1945.

Father bought a small house on Luftvägen 3 in Bodafors and moved there on Midsummer Day. It's difficult for all old people to move from a well-known surrounding and it was difficult for father and mother. If he had moved to Sävsjö, where we did business, we could have helped more, with wood, visits and such stings. Furthermore the bus went from Sävsjö to Lämmarp. It took one day to go to Bodafort by horse, the bus only went to Lämmarp.

To us it was times of changes. We tried to rationalize where we could. We skipped the trip to the market in Sävsjö. Instead we sent the box with goods by bus to Estenstorp with a bill and it was returned the next day. Some small changes here and there were possible without damaging the farm. I wasn't suitable as farmer, I didn't have a flair for looking after the animals. I simply was in the wrong place. My dream was to work with metal, forging, turning and such things. I decided to change occupation. I terminated the leasing and moved to the parts near Taberg. After a while I got a job at the factory Tabergs Maskinfabrik and learnt turning. If you are in the right place you enjoy your work and even have fun in working hours.

This change was best for me and Valfrid. His farm wasn't very profitable after the changes within farming. I see the father's hand guiding us. Our heavenly father keeps watch over us and make sure our time on earth is as good as possible. But one condition is that we let us be guided because humility is a sign for nobility.

Some thoughts at last

Some thoughts when I have the answers. What if father had made all the improvements he made during 20 years on his own farm instead of the tenant farms, then things would have been different today. But father was a poor man. He took advantage of the possibilities he got. To borrow initial capital, those who had money didn't take chances as creditors. The only possibility was to take a bill of exchange for three months. You then helped each other and signed for each other. It was an expensive type of loan, three months passed quickly and it was supposed to be turned over with at least 10 kr less. It seemed to take the whole working life to get a good economy and finish this form of loan. Father once told us; "I'm telling you boys, if you want time to pass quickly, get some bills of exchange." Father didn't become rich of his work, he might not be an economist, but he did a good deed farming, by gigantic measures.

The ending of life

Father and mother became members of the Missionary society in Bodafors, where they had their spiritual home. For father the envelope with the offering became important and he offered regular til the end. The last years he was looked after with much love by Alfred and Astrid. Mother passed away in Bodafors 1954. Father passed away in Lämmarp in 1959. The last time I visited father I asked father and Valfrid for forgiveness, I'm grateful for that. The forgiveness to God and our fellow beings is the most important matter in life.

This is an honest attempt to remember some of the most important events 100 years after my parents start in 1901. We remember with gratitude their effort to provide for and take care of us. I will finish this story of our family with a poem.

Imagine if everyone would be like me
everything would just be boring.
I hurt my fellows from time to time,
and have to apologize all the time.
I cannot hide the envy I feel
when everyone gets a raise, but me.

Jesus, if everyone could be like you
peace, and harmony would be
You that was abused, turned the other cheek,
that was hit, did not return the fight.
When punished, and whipped,
you prayed, O Father, forgive them.

Jesus, make me more like you,
fill me with the spirit of yours.
Give me strength when I am down,
fill me with the love of yours.
So that others see you in me
and help me guide them to you.

Hovslätt January 30, 2001
Sven Blom



*Where is the love that until death
stands unchanged despite of faith.
That sees us like the eyes of God
that wants nothing, and always sacrifices.
On this earth there is but one,
a mother's love the only one.*



"This Saturday, one of the neighborhood's really tough old boys, freeholder Gustav Blom, Bodafors, becomes eighty years old.

He was born in Blomberg Björkö. A short period of his childhood was spent in Nävelsjö, but he eventually returned with his parents to Björkö, this time to Ösen. When young Blom was hired as a hind, it took place at the Björkö estate, from where he later moved to Bjurvik. Among other things, the young hind figures in that Nävelsjö-portrayal which was printed in this newspaper shortly before the New Year. In October 1900, he was ready to take his first farm under a lease; it was Hulu in Solberga. A couple of years later, he married his Hanna, whom during all years has been his life's better genius.

In 1911, the husband and wife took one of the Sjöarp farms in N. Sandsjö under a lease and then performed a creditable well done restoration work. The time spent there was, however, limited to just five years. During the last of those years, they were also responsible for the handling of a farm in Havasjö, Bringetofra, to where they moved in 1916. The year 1917 became an important year for the family, it being when they took possession of their first own farm, Lämmarp in Bringetofra. Also, a new era started at the farm. For Gustav Blom and Hanna had, as the years passed, brought a few boys into the world, as well as a girl, and they had as inher-

itance received an enormous lust for manual labour. And in Lämmarp, there was plenty of labor present. The first monumental work was when eight farms joined in an important draining off project, which demanded a near two kilometers long channel, of which Gustav took charge. It was a three year project, which totally changed the named farms' values and production capacities. The Blom farm gained six acres to break new soil on. And much improvement in the old fields. A visitor must be amazed at what has been performed at the place. But then the farm was awarded prizes four times! In the year of 1921, it begot 4-5 cows and a horse. Now, it consists of two farms, each of them having almost twice the number of animals as the undivided once had. The new farm has completely new buildings. The old farm has a new barn and a well-restored dwelling-house. In 1945, Gustav Blom and his Hanna moved to a small house next to Luftvägen in Bodafors, as they had leased their farm to one of the boys. The new part was already owned by another of the family's sons.

Gustav Blom enjoys an unusual strong physique. And he never saved himself. According to his own statement, he has never worked as few as eight hours a day. But often twice that number.

All the same, it's quite an alert "boy" who this Wednesday turns eighty years old. Additionally, during recent years, he as been involved in sales of calcium oxide, sowing etc., and it's still not unusual to meet Gustav Blom bicycling on the most peculiar roads several tens of kilometers away from home at very late hours. For slipperiness and dirty weather, he shows no respect. And the joviality lasts for daily routes of any length. Neither can any annoyance be so great that it makes his blood boil. Still, there is always time for the intellectual and the spiritual. Services and seminars are sure to attract the eighty year old man as a visitor.

Few people has for Smålandian wilderness' cultivation done what Gustav Blom has done. And he is worth the warmest remembrance, the indomitable clearer and cultivator he is. A.V."

1955-01-11

"Gustav Blom, Bodafors

Today, Tuesday, freeholder Gustav Blom, Bodafors, is eighty-five. We have had, on several earlier occasions, the opportunity to mention the preserving yeoman's astonishing deeds as a farmer and will therefore this time limit ourselves to point out the vigour and apparently unlimited go-ahead spirit, by which Gustav Blom also celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday. Even though he cannot really be counted among the bilkers of the neighborhood â and fortunately so, â he possesses a great amount of that peaceful courage that these bilkers undeniably are animated by. It is true that the only evidence of this courage in the eighty-five-year-old is the possession of a moped equipped with highly enhanced speed resources. But using this, he gladly travels 80-100 kilometers a day while still thinking his body just got some extra rest. We send our respectful congratulations to the heroically good "hårdvallsgubben" V."

"Bereavement

Mrs. Hanna Blom, wife of freeholder Gustav Blom, Bodafors, died Friday morning after some days of destructive illness, 77 years old. She was born in Karstorp, Ramkvilla. When they entered into marriage in 1902, they settled in Hulu, Solberga, where the young couple took over the farm. After ten years they came to Sjöarp in N. Sandsjö and after a further four years they came to Havsjö in Bringetofta, during a period they both managed the farm they left in Sandsjö and the one they took possession of in Havsjö. Year 1921 they bought a farm in Lämmarp, Bringetofta, and with that they began a period of more work than before. For in the reorganization on the farm all members of the family participated, not only the housewife. Everything was re-built, large ditches were maid, new land was ploughed and mighty banks for pasturage. By degrees the farm was divided in two parts, which now together feed close to three times as many animals as it did in the beginning of the 1920's but even during days of hurry, Mrs. Hanna Blom has been able to preserve a gentleness in mind that made her old age so beautiful. During the last years the married couple has lived in Bodafors, and she have been suffering from rheumatoid arthritis, with made her invalid. But long after most others would have given up, she managed most of the housework and in many ways showed her compassion for others, even in those cases when their difficulty were less then hers. A devout belief in God determined her lifestyle. She is mourned by her husband, five sons and a daughter in addition to their families and by two brothers and one sister.

Funeral

This Sunday, the remains of Mrs Hanna Blom, wife of freeholder Gustav Blom, Bodafors, were brought to final rest in her grave. The service was held at Hotel du Nord in Sävsjö, where rev Per Sunbring, Bodafors, led the prayers. The funeral service was held in the Bringetofta church with Vicar Albert Fagner as officiating minister. He also gave a speech at the funeral, reminding of her importance as a wife and mother. Cantor Lennart Klaesson sang: "Thank you my lord, for what's been". After the morning service, before the coffin was carried outside for burial, a large and beautiful arrangement of flowers was put by the



A vertical rectangular notice with a thin border. At the top center is a simple black cross. Below the cross, the text is centered and reads: "Min älskade Maka, vår kära lilla Mor, Farmor och Mormor". The name "Hanna Blom" is printed in a larger, bold, serif font. Below the name, it says "född den 22 februari 1877," followed by a paragraph of text: "har i dag stilla insomnat i tron på sin Frälsare, lämnande oss jämte syskon, övrig släkt och många vänner i djup sorg och saknad. Hon bevaras av alla i ljusaste minne." Below this is the date "Bodafors den 5 februari 1954" and the name "GUSTAV BLOM" in bold. Underneath are several lines of names: "Carl och Ester", "Valfrid och Astrid", "Emil och Astrid", "Herman och Stina", "Maria och Bertil", "Sven och Elsa", and "Barnbarnen". A horizontal line separates this from the next section: "O Jesus, hur ljuvt är ditt namn! Det talar om nåd och försökning; Det är nu min fridsälla hamn, Mitt fäste, min eviga boning. Rom. 3: 24". At the bottom, another horizontal line is followed by the text: "Jordfästningen äger rum i Bringetofta kyrka söndagen den 14 februari kl. 10.30."

coffin. Vicar Fagner spoke on behalf of the deceased's husband. The sons, freeholder Carl Blom, Skepperstad, Valfrid Blom, Lämmarp, Emil Blom, Femtinge, chauffeur Herman Blom, Sävsjö, and turner Sven Blom, Taberg, as many, upholsterer Bertil Andersson, Vaggeryd, interpreted their and their families' gratitude of the sacrificing mother's long life deed. Teacher Elsa Blom, Timerdala, and freeholder Erik Klasson, Forsa, spoke on the behalf of the relatives, and Erik also brought flowers from a brother of the dead. Further spoke her brother formerly freeholder Frans Johansson, Getinge, Vetlanda, and on behalf of the relatives in Bodafors, polisher Otto Larsson. Machine carpenter Allan Linnér spoke on the behalf of the neighbors in Bodafors, and freeholder Oscar Andersson spoke on the behalf of the neighbors in Lämmarp. Mr. Valfrid Blom thanked everyone for their condolences and mark of honour of the deceased's memory. The burial took place at Bringetofta cemetery, where vicar Fagner blessed the grave.

Obituary notice

My beloved wife,
our dear mother,
Grandmother
Hanna Blom,
born February 22, 1877,
has today, strong in faith,
quietly left us, siblings,
other relatives
and many friends
in deep grief and loss.
She will remain in our bright memories.
Bodafors, February 5, 1954
GUSTAV BLOM
Carl and Ester
Valfrid and Astrid
Emil and Astrid
Herman and Stina
Maria and Bertil
Sven and Elsa
The grandchildren
O, Jesus, how sweet is your name!
It speaks of grace
It is my peaceful harbor
My castle, my eternal home.
Romans 3.24

—
The funeral will be held in the church of Bringetofta on Sunday, the February 14, at 10:30 a.m.

**"GUSTAV BLOM,
Bodafors, dead.**

This Tuesday, former freeholder Gustav Blom, Bodafors, in his ninetieth year of his life, suddenly died. A while ago he was in rather bad condition, but had now made great progress in his recovery. Some hour before the news of his death, he was having breakfast, but was immediately after found dying. The cause of death seems to be a thrombus near the heart.

Gustav Blom was born in Nävelsjö. When he as a young man married, the husband and wife settled down in Solberga, where they had a farm on a lease. Ten years later, they moved to Sjöarp in N. Sandsjö and then to Havsjö in Bringetofta after five more years. Around 1920, the family bought a farm in Lämmarp in the same parish, which a few years later, thanks to draining off and major cultivation was so much improved that it could be split into two separate farms, each being better than the undivided had ever been. The farms were, however, once again merged into one a couple of years ago, and is now owned by Gustav Blom's sons. When he was in his prime, the deceased was a hard-working man next to none, and even so, both his physical and mental strength lasted well into his old age. It was only a few years ago he stopped gad about on his moped to sell sowing and fertilizers. The final years, husband and wife Blom lived in Bodafors, where Mrs Blom ended her days in 1954. A few months at the end of his long life, Gustav Blom rove about among his children, whom he each visited for a while, and it was at Valfrid's place in Lämmarp he now ended his final work-day. His company was in a peculiar way characterized by old-time righteousness where one's word was worth at least as much as a written signature, and the deceased held holy things in such veneration that it commanded respect from his surrounding. His spiritual home has during the last years been Bodafors' Swedish Missionary Society. The chief mourners of the deceased man of honor are one daughter and five sons, and their families.



A rectangular funeral notice with a black border. At the top center is a simple black cross. Below the cross, the text is centered and reads: "Vår Älskade Far, Farfar och Morfar" in a smaller font, followed by "Gustav Blom" in a larger, bold font, and "• 11/1 1870" in a smaller font. Below this is a paragraph of text: "har i dag hastigt fått bryta upp för att vara hos Herren. Vi unna honom denna vila efter en lång och mödosam arbetsdag, men erfara ändå tungt sorgen och saknaden. Där deltar även övrig släkt och många vänner, bland dem Bodafors missionsförsamling." This is followed by the date "Bodafors den 31 mars 1959" and a list of names: "Carl och Ester", "Valfrid och Astrid", "Emil och Astrid", "Herman och Stina", "Maria och Bertil", "Sven och Elsa", "Barnbarnen", and "Barnbarnsbarnen". Below the list is a short prayer: "Se, Jesus är ett tröstrikt namn / Och i all nöd vår säkra hamn, / Igenom Jesus få vi nåd / Och finna på det bästa råd." At the bottom, it says "Jordfästningen äger rum i / Bringetofta kyrka söndagen / den 5 april kl. 13.30."

Funeral



Last Sunday, freeholder Gustav Blom from Bodafors was buried. People gathered in Lämmarp, Bringetofta. Reverend Hjalmar Wängborg led the prayers. The funeral took place in the church of Bringetofta, conducted by vicar Bornsjö. At the ceremony, the Bodafors' missionary congregation's choir, under the leadership of Mr. John Häggmos, sang "I am a stranger here, going to my home" and "Where a dying rose shall blossom".

Student Kjell Bengtsson, Bodafors, played Andante by Caesar Franck and Fantasy in a-minor by J.S Bach on the organ. Many people held speeches when the large arrangement of flowers was handed over. The deceased's six children, with their wives and husband, stepped forward to the bed and Valfrid Blom spoke of how grateful they were for their father's many deeds in life. After that, about 20 grandchildren stepped forward and Mr. Henry Pettersson from Sävsjö expressed gratitude. Reverend Wängbord spoke on the behalf of the congregation. Editor Axel Vändal, Bodafors, and freeholder Erik Klaesson, Forsa, spoke as well. Many flowers were thrown at the coffin when it had been lowered into the ground. Chauffeur Gillis Celinder and polisher Arthur Nykvist from Bodafors spoke on the behalf of the relatives and neighbors. Also, many people from villages close to Bodafors and people from the time in Lämmarp spoke and brought flowers. The grandchildren sang at the grave. After that vicar Bornsjö blessed the grave.

Obituary notice

Our beloved father and grandfather Gustav Blom,* 1/11 1870 has today hastily left us in order to be with the Lord. We will let him rest after a long and hard day of work, but we still feel much loss and sadness. Other relatives and many friends, among them the Bodafors' missionary congregation, also share this loss and sadness.

Bodafors, March 31, 1959

Carl and Ester
Valfrid and Astrid
Emil and Astrid
Herman and Stina
Maria and Bertil
Sven and Elsa
The grandchildren
The gand-grandchildren

—
Look, Jesus is a name that brings comfort
And in our distress, our safe harbor
Through Jesus we receive grace
And find the best solution

The funeral will be held in the church of Bringetofta on Sunday, the April 5, at 1.30.