

Amanda Burgstrom Nelson - ❖ Casper A Nelson - ❖ Carol Nelson Tyler

September 13, 1989

My name is Carol Nelson Tyler. I am the daughter of Casper A. Nelson. I feel I must add my knowledge and experiences to help clear up the family mystery, as to who was Grandma Amanda's father. I think this is a neat story and typical of Amanda.

I remember when I was teaching school in Mt. Jordan Jr. High [the year being about 1955,6, or 7], that the King of Sweden died. At this time we briefly discussed the incidence of Grandma going and mingling with the Royal family at the time of their visit to Salt Lake. During the 1920's the Crown Prince of Sweden visited Salt Lake City and was honored at a reception in the Tabernacle. Amanda mingled with the Prince's retinue during the reception without invitation to do so. She sat on the stand with the group during the program, which she did because of her feeling of kinship justifying her presence. She did not explain to anyone why she was there, nor was she questioned by anyone. The royal family probably thought she was assigned to be there by City or State officials. Whomever was in charge of arrangements no doubt, believed her to be a member of the entourage.

Some years later I tried to help Mother and Dad get their genealogy information in order. It was very interesting. My daughter Tami, was about ten or twelve and was a big help to me. We spent three days going over charts and getting everybody together.

When it came time to put Amanda's parental lines in order I suddenly saw the importance of chastity, records, family responsibility, etc. I felt very empty having only a name that someone said was the father. There was no information about anyone with that name. I did not feel good about the name any way.

A year or so later, mother told me that they had gone ahead and sealed our family to the man who married Amanda's mother. Amanda was raised by her grandmother. Although I love the family that came from that marriage, I never knew that man and he did remain in Chicago when the family went to Utah. Inside I was repulsed by that news and within me I cried "No, that is wrong, wrong." I was surprised how adamant I felt about it.

Time passed and my life took other turns and I gave very little thought to Amanda's father. I sometimes thought to myself that "telling a daughter that she is the daughter of the king's son would be a nice story to build ego."

As an American, I am totally unimpressed with Kings and I wouldn't want such a life. Royals are no better than anyone else and I could never bow down to any. Besides, isn't Bornadotte a French [ugh] name? I am Swedish, my dad said, as pure as a Swede can be.

Sometime in 1982, Tami and I were talking and I mentioned in passing that I had a real urge to visit Iceland, but Dean never took it seriously. Although we flew over Iceland four times, Dean never arranged for us to stop. I was disappointed about that. Tami said "Let's us go." I thought she was crazy. I need Dean to take care of me. "Let's set a goal and go." I didn't want to tell her that setting goals doesn't work, so I said "okay." I knew we'd never do it. I really didn't want to go without Dean. Then one day in the fall of 1984, I knew that we should go to Sweden in the Spring. It was a wonderful comfortable feeling from the Holy Ghost, I am sure.

Tami would be graduating from Chiropractic College in April of 1985 and I thought we should go soon after her graduation. I feel that I was led every step of the way, where to get the money, where to go, what to take how to get passports etc. I just followed impressions and it all worked out great. I also realized that with my knowledge of German, I could learn to read some Swedish. I went to the Library, found an excellent book and so I began reading Swedish. The story was about a student who lived in old Stockholm and so I followed him about his travels in Stockholm. In one chapter he went to the national palace. In a flash I know that I could go there too, and there would be portraits of the royal family. I would see if there was any family resemblance. If this was so, so what, I couldn't prove anything. It remained a mild idea in my mind.

My Dad died January 18, 1985. I went out and tried to help Mom organize her life for widowhood. Dad had left things very easy to work with. While going through his desk, I read again the information about Amanda's father being a Bernadotte. Again, I had not much interest in Frenchmen!

Jami and I left for Iceland the end of April and spent the 30th in Sweden's big holiday. Sometime between Dad's death and our leaving for Sweden something very interesting happened to me and I'm still not sure what, but it was absolutely real. I suddenly found myself sitting in a wicker chair in Mom's basement laundry room thinking "What was that whirring sound and light?" Being so engrossed with a picture of my Dad that it captured all my attention. It was a 10 by 12 picture of Dad in his early 20's. I had never seen it before. I particularly noticed his curly hair over his forehead and I had never seen that before. Most pictures of him at that age had his mortar board, uniform cap or hunting cap, so the curly hair and short bangs were a surprise. I noticed his beautiful ears, unusually well formed and just everything. It was such a good picture of my Dad, I thought to myself "I must tell Mom I want this picture." I wondered why I hadn't seen this picture before.

Jami and I found a great Hotel in Old Stockholm, then we walked around a bit the first evening we were there. Soon we found ourselves at the Palace, but it was closed. We walked around it and I was a bit disappointed that we didn't get in. I thought, maybe tomorrow, but we had made plans that did not include the palace.

The next day there was a major rain storm, we had to change plans to a bus tour of the city. It was a nice tour, we went to Djurgalen, an island with an amusement park and zoo. We also went by a palace that belonged to Prince Eugene, an artist. We then went to the Palace. We ran up some stone steps to the second floor where a sign on a door said "Bernadotte Apartments." I wanted to see if the public was allowed in, but the tour guide was hurrying us up to the third floor. We hurried through, but I was the last in line, because I really felt interested, so I paused to take a second glance. On the way out were two busts of men who had a hairline [or lack of], and roman nose just like my Dad's. As we flew by the Bernadotte Apartments on our way down and out, I thrust open the door and saw that it was set up for the public. I was determined to return the next day.

The first thing we saw just beyond the desk and around a corner was a bust of a young man that looked exactly like the picture I had seen of my Dad. He had the same curls on his forehead, the perfectly formed ears, everything identical. I said to Jami "look it looks just like grandpa!" She started to take a picture, but was stopped by a lady there. We asked about the man. He was one of the sons of a king of Sweden-----Prince Eugene-----an artist. I remembered the Palace on Djurgardin and resolved to go there, I was so excited.

We stopped at the desk on our way out to look at postcards. I asked if they had old pictures of the family. She pulled out a stack. There was Prince Eugene, quite handsome, although he was sixty-eightish. The older brothers were there. One of the brothers in the front of the photo was really old. I hoped that it wasn't him. I felt quite smug that it was the handsome prince Eugene. I bought the postcard and one of the reigning king who looks remarkably like Norman, my nephew.

Then we went to Prince Eugene's Palace. I felt I was going home. When we got to the turnstyle, the girl informed us that the ticket machine was stuck and we would pay when we left. We went straight to the kitchen where they were serving lunch, so we ate at "Great Grandpa Eugene's place. Then we toured the palace. The Bust that we had seen before was there too. Jami quickly got a picture. There was a drawing of a young lady who had the high cheek bones and slanted eyes that Amanda and Uncle Floyd had. There were some family notes. Eugene was ten years when Amanda was born, so he was not her father. There were at least two older brothers. It was time to close and we were far from the door. The turn styles were closed so we couldn't pay. Thanks, Uncle Eugene.

When we got home to Kansas I had to call up Mother and tell her there was a bust that looked just like that picture of Dad.

In August I took the picture of the bust home. It was not very good, because it was too dark, but everyone could tell it looked like Dad. Mom held it close and gazed at it for a while. I went down to the laundry room to get the picture of Dad, since no one seemed to know what I was talking about. The picture was not there. I looked and looked, but I could not find the picture.

In October Keith called to say Mom needed me as she was dizzy after having a third operation on her knee. I went out and she died on Oct. 31 at 9:00 PM after I kissed her good night and tucked her into bed. It was very sacred and I'm so grateful she did not have to be old and sick and alone.

I had to go through everything in the house. I always had the picture in my mind. I wanted to send it to the palace and ask if they could identify it. When they would say that it was Prince Eugene, I would say, no that it was my Dad. They'd be surprised. I never found the picture in my mother's house.

In February I was thinking about the experience and it came to me that the picture was actually a picture of Prince Eugene, not my Dad. How could that be? I don't know, but if I were in Midvale, when it happened, why didn't I show it to Mom and ask for it? I don't remember putting it away or taking it out, I just looked at it.

If it was a dream when I was not in Midvale, why didn't I wake up in the morning and say "Wow, what a dream?" I don't know when it happened or how it happened, but I think I know why. One day on that August trip, I was driving north on Jefferson and right in front of the white house on the right and second from the corner of sixth Ave., It came to me, I knew that Amanda's father was the funny looking old guy on the front row of the family-picture--and I love him! I now have some pictures of Amanda when she was old that look just like him.

I am so happy to know who the rest of our family is. Although royalty is no better than anyone else, there is a lot of information about them that is readily available. I'm very proud of Bernadotte's and I think they are proud of us.

A couple more interesting things I will mention. When I was about fifteen, a book called *Desiree* came out. I was fascinated with the name and wanted to read the book, but the book had kind of a risqué reputation, so I didn't read it. In a museum, a guide mentioned *Desiree* as being there, and being the Queen, but she was not happy in Sweden. I wondered if this was the same *Desiree*. When I got home I went straight to the library and checked out *Desiree*. It is not risqué. It is great. *Desiree* married Jean Baptiste Bernadotte. She is my ancestor. My Dad said that his mother Amanda, told him that she had seriously considered naming him Royal Bernadotte. One of Jean-Baptiste's sons or grandsons fathered Amanda Nelson. That is why I was drawn to her in my youth. I also found Josephine, wife of Napoleon, to be intriguing. It turns out to be that she was the mother of two children when she married Napoleon. Her granddaughter married Carl, son of *Desiree* and Jean Baptiste. She became queen of Sweden. Josephine is also my ancestor. I've read quite a bit about these people--and love them. I wish I had that much information about the others.

My mother's parents came from Lund. I felt very much at home there. I want so much to go back and visit people and places. I went to the place where mother's mother was born, but it was recently razed and a big shopping mall was there. There was a cemetery there I wanted to visit, but couldn't. I think some family members must be there.



See other side of this newspaper clipping and was an authority on Etruscan sculpture.

The future of the Swedish monarchy now rests with the behavior of the new king, Carl Gustaf. The present royalist mood of the country is very much the product of King Gustaf Adolf's work. It derives from a feeling for the person rather than allegiance to the office.

For there is in Sweden no legitimist tradition. The present dynasty originated in a deliberate break in the succession because of political expediency. During the Napoleonic wars King Gustaf IV sided with the allies at the start of the treaty of Tilsit in 1807. Temporarily reconciling Russia and France, made him appear to have chosen the losers. He was deposed by a coup d'etat replaced by his uncle, and

Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, was invited to become heir to the throne to secure the favor of France, then the likely winner.

Founds Dynasty 1818
Bernadotte was the founder of the present Swedish dynasty. His plebeian origins and mode of succession are fixed in the public mind. The prevailing feeling is that if a king does not behave himself he must expect to be deposed.

If the new king does not hit it off, the monarchy may well lapse by common consent. As crown prince, Carl Gustaf was consistently attacked and denigrated by the Social Democratic Republicans and much of the popular press, which sympathized with them. He probably would prefer not to reign.

One of Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte's sons of friends was Father of my mother Amanda Nelson, So my mother told me, I have forgotten which son.

During the mid 1920's, the Crown Prince Of Sweden visited in Salt Lake City and was honored at a reception in the Tabernacle. My mother mingled with the Prince's retinue during the reception without invitation to do so. She sat on the stand with the group during the program, which she did because of her feeling of kinship justifying her presence. She did not explain to anyone why she was there, nor was she questioned by anyone. The royal family probably thought she was assigned to be there by City or State officials, and whomever was in charge of arrangements no doubt believed her to be a member of the entourage.

Casper A. Nelson
2/4/75

P.S. My mother once told me she seriously considered having me named Royal Bernadotte.

Casper Nelson