

Grandparents (Fathers Side)
Of
Vera Genevieve (Anderson) Beavers

Karl (Carl) Magnus Anderson (1849-1930)
Anna Louise (Nelson) Anderson (1852-1935)
Both are buried at Hartington, Nebraska

This is a copy of a picture of my Grandparents on my father's side of the family. Their names are Karl (Carl) Charles Magnus and Anna Louise (Nelson) Anderson. As close as I can figure out, they were in their 40's or early 50's when this picture was taken.

They migrated from Stockholm, Sweden in about 1884. They had five children at that time, Anna, David, John, Gustave Adolph (my dad) and his twin brother, Franklin Fabian, who were two years old.

They settled in Odebolt, Iowa where Grandma had a sister Fina (Nelson) Johnson. While living there they had three more children, Addie, Harry and Otto.

Times were hard, so when an older couple living close to them asked if they could have one of the twins, my dad's brother Fabian (as he was called) went to live with them; he was not adopted, but they raised him until he was 17 years old, he then went to Colorado and staked a claim on some land, around Straton, Colorado; married and raised a family of five children.

I do not know how long the Grandparents lived in Iowa and then moved to Hartington, Nebraska, Cedar County. Two more children were born there, Minnie and Reuben.

Grandfather was a stonemason and helped build many of the big buildings, banks, etc. in Hartington. Grandmother was a Practical Nurse and helped deliver many babies and cared for the sick after her own children were grown and left home.

The girls all married young and most of the boys left home and married young also. My Dad, Gustave (Gus) and later nicknamed Smokey or Smiley, hired out to farmers at their busy times of the year for room and board and low pay. That is how he met my Mother, Elizabeth Bergman. Her Mother was a widow and she had a big farm with seven daughters and two sons. They were a strict Catholic family and Grandma Bergman did not approve of my Dad, as he was not Catholic. So the young couple ran off to Vermillion, South Dakota and was married by a Justice of Peace, but this is a different story so I will get back to my Grandparents life story.

Grandmother at the age of 67 delivered me and gave me the name of Vera Genevieve. After my Mother died when I was three years old and my sister Katherine was six years old, Dad tried for a year to take care of us, but found it very hard to work and care for two little girls. So at the age of 4 ½ I lived with Grandmother and Grandfather Anderson and my sister stayed with Mothers oldest sister Kate and her husband Chris on their farm at Brooky Bottom, North East of Obert, Nebraska and two miles from the farm where we were born. *Kate later went to live/work for Lively Family*

Grandparents Anderson had built a sturdy house in Hartington. It had three bedrooms up stairs and one large bedroom down stairs, a parlor (living room) large dinning room, a kitchen and pantry. The house is still there, but has been added onto and a closed in porch on the front.

I started Kindergarten when I was 5 ½ years old in Hartington. Grandfather was a strict man, he kept busy with a big garden and did some shoe repair and leather work in a shed in back of the house, he also had a small barn and kept a horse there for a while. There were several apple trees, one cheery tree and gooseberry and current bushes.

Grandmother kept busy with the house work, she canned and preserved the vegetables and fruit, and always kept a small suit case with night clothes and other clothing under her bed and when a doctor needed her nursing help, they would pick her up and take her on their calls.

I remember seeing Grandfather read his Bible by lamp light at the dinning room table, he never attended church, but Grandmother took me with her to a Swedish Lutheran Church that was about a block away from the house.

In 1930 Grandfather died suddenly from a strangulated hernia, he was 81 years old. Grandmother had always been able to help him with this problem, but this time she could not.

I did live one year with my Mother's sister Christina Hirshman and her husband Albert. She wanted to raise me in the Catholic Church and I went to first grade at the Catholic school, but after one year she gave it up and I returned to the Grandparents Andersons. I attended second grade in the public school. Grandmother was a no nonsense woman, she was very generous with her time and food. She always had some cookies, cake or other baked goods on hand, the coffee pot always on the old cook stove. When neighbors or relatives stopped in, they were expected to have a cup of coffee and something sweet. She loved nursing and lots of folks came to her for her advice or service instead of going to the doctor.

Grandfather was a loner; he never visited with folks and was very gruff with children. The one nice thing I remember of him, he would let me sit on his lap and soak a sugar cube in his coffee.

Times were hard during the depression years. Grandmother at age 74 was still doing some nursing and my Dad lived with her and helped her out with food, still no electricity or running water in the house. Dad now worked the garden.

At eight years old and in the second grade, my Dad's oldest sister Annie and her husband Olof Swan decided Grandmother was too old to care for me and they took me to live with them on their farm about eight miles North-East of Hartington. I stayed with them for five years and went to a little country school "Waukaponie". When I was in the seventh grade they let me go back to Grandmother Andersons to attend Junior High and High School. Grandmother was getting feeble and started having small strokes, each one leaving her more disabled. Dad stayed with her during the day when I was in school and when I got home from school he would go to his night job. I bathed and fed her and put her to bed. After two years she had a big stroke and was bedfast for a few weeks. Aunt Minnie and Aunt Annie came then and cared for her. She died in 1935 at the age of 82. I was 15 years old. They are both buried in the Public Cemetery at Hartington, Nebraska.

Grandmother Anderson was more of a Mother figure to me than anyone else. She was not affectionate, but kind and fair in her dealings with me. I missed her very much after she was gone.

As a young man Grandfather Anderson was a Sailor in the Swedish Navy, he was married and while he was out at sea, his wife died in childbirth. Grandmother was a young nurse and had been helping the young wife and she stayed and cared for the baby girl Anna until Grandfather came home. They soon married and started their own family, so Anna was a half sister and I can still remember how upset Grandmother would get when Anna would introduce her as her step-mother and Grandmother would always say that she was the only mother Annie ever had and she should not call her step-mother.

Grandmother never received much money for her nursing care, but would be paid with meat, butter and eggs from farm people and other home grown items. She used old time remedies, she boiled pieces of old sheets for bandages, believed in using lots of water; hot for aches and pains and infections; using cold water for sprains and swelling, bathing and keeping clean, good old castor oil, turpentine, soda and other things on hand in the kitchen and eating lots of rich soups.

Grandmother made quilts and rag rugs. She was always busy, babysat for people and helped whenever she could. Grandmother and I would hop on the train on Friday or Saturday and ride to Laurel, Nebraska (about 20 miles) and baby-sit Uncle Reuben and Aunt Gladys's four children so the parents could go out with friends to dance or play cards. These were fun times for me. One of the boys (Harold) was my age and we all played games and enjoyed ourselves. Cousin Harold was killed at Pearl Harbor at the start of World War II, he was in the navy and his ship took a direct hit, he was 21 years old.

This is the end of the story about the Anderson Grandparents. I will write about my Grandparents on my Mothers side at another time.

My Love,

Grandma Vera Beavers

I think this picture was taken when they were 48 & 50 years old - about the year 1900.