

The Granly News

A Publication of the Danish Historical Foundation, Inc., Hurley, Mississippi



Granly Collection Gets New Home at USM Archive

Members of the Granly community officially handed over the first batch of historic materials to the University of Southern Mississippi archive on Monday, March 18. The community's highest priority for preservation, the three official journals and record books dating back to the beginning of the colony, were among the items delivered.

Granly Materials Delivered to USM Archive

- Granly Record Book, Ladies Aid Minutes and the Bethany Congregation Bylaws
- Original letters and documents (11)
- Photos— original and high-quality copies (138)
- Danish books from the forsamlingshus (11). Of the 200 or so books in the cabinet we delivered a sampling that would be representative of the Granly story.
- VHS tape of Granly Reunion from late 80s.

The three are the “*Kirkebog*”, referred to informally as the Granly Record Book, the Ladies Aid Minutes, and the Bethany Congregation Bylaws.

The *Kirkebog* recorded baptisms, deaths, marriages, confirmations and military service of the colonists from 1935 to 1965. The initial page describes it as “*Kirkebog for Bethania danske evangelisk-lutherske Menighed i Kolonien ‘Granly’ ved Hurley, Jackson County, Mississippi*”. Further down the page someone wrote that the book was acquired and first put into use on the first day of Advent 1935.

The first recorded baptism was Dallas Mortensen, born September 12, 1933 in Harleston and baptized on

November 5 of that same year.

The first recorded confirmations took place at the home of Pastor Knudsen on March 8, 1936. The confirmation class consisted of Anne Stine Larsen, Else Larsen. Alvin Buck, Sonja Outzen, John Outzen, Svend Outzen, Irma Smidt and Borge Smidt.

The Ladies Aid minutes were documented from 1931 to 1955. The opening passages of the journal, translated in recent years by Granly volunteers, describe the group's origin: “The first few ladies, who helped in the beginning of Granly Colony, did in 1931, upon the suggestion of Mrs. Axel Buck, agree to meet a couple times a month in each other's homes for a little encouragement in the loneliness.

The first gathering was in the home of Mrs. Axel Buck, 23 Sept. 1931.

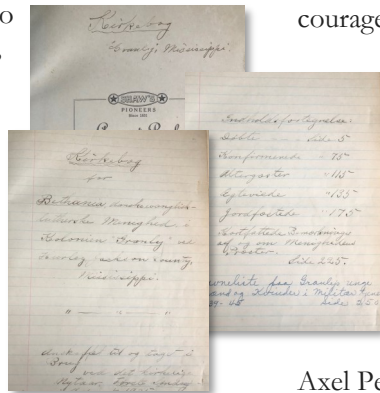
“We jokingly called these social gatherings as ‘Ladies Aid Meetings’ in hopes that in time we would be so many that we could form a society similar to it since most of us have been members in other places. At this first meeting we were only six ladies present; namely, Mrs. Axel Buck, Mrs.

Axel Pedersen, Mrs. Jacob Pedersen, Mrs. Julius Karby, Elin Karby, and Mrs. K. Knudsen.

“Later a few more came, and we decided to meet only once a month. At the meeting in January 1934 we agreed on monthly dues to be paid into a joint box. At the next



Lorraine Stuart, Head of Special Collections and Curator of Historical Manuscripts and Archives at the University of Southern Mississippi receiving historic Granly materials on March 18.





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Daughter of Bob and Margaret Brinkman Roberts

Future Events

2024 Annual Meeting
October 26, 2024 at 9am

2024 Annual Workday
October 25, 2024

Granly Christmas
December 26, 2024 at 6pm

Visit Our Facebook Page at:

<https://www.facebook.com/GranlyDanish/>

Share your Family Photos and Memories with us to be posted on our Granly Facebook Page and in the Newsletter.

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We want to hear from you!

Please send your family photos, current news and your comments and suggestions to the editor.

Publishing Dates & Deadlines:

Issue: Fall-Winter 2024
Deadline: October 26, 2024
Mailed: November, 2024



Granly Collection cont.

meeting, Mrs. K. Knudsen was elected Treasurer, and the first monies were collected. Within the next year, more and more settlers arrived, and in October 1934 at the meeting in the home of Mrs. Ejner Mortensen; we agreed that at the next meeting we would elect officers and organize a regular Society.”

Documents, Letters and Photos

An original letter from Granly founder Alma Holst to Dagmar Pedersen discussing plans for the colony from January 1931 and a Granly certificate of shares were among the historically significant donations. These items made it to the collection because of the determined efforts of Ida Larsen, who, while researching colony history in 1987 tracked down Elin Holst, Alma's daughter. The two corresponded often and Elin shared family papers as well as photos of Alma and her parents and fellow founders, Hans and Joanne Madsen.



The Granly photo collection has grown through the years thanks to the efforts of Else Martin. Original photos and high-quality copies were donated by nearly every family and meticulously cataloged and stored at her home. The 138 photos in this initial donation now have a permanent home where they can be preserved, digitized and eventually shared as part of the Granly online collection.

Danish Books from the Forsamlingshus “Library”

The cabinet along the South wall of the forsamlingshus holds the colony's library with over 200 books — almost all in Danish with some dating back to the 1800s. It remains as a curiosity and an enduring link to our Danish ancestors as several were signed and dated by the original owner and many others have handwritten notes in the margins. A recent review of the collection, with cursory translations and research, uncovered some hidden treasures, including:

Two books on farming, *Farming med Hoved og Hænder* and *Farmer Bibliothet*. Both are well-worn with figures written in the margins. Published 1886 and 1901 respectively, they provided guidance on poultry, fertilizer, preparing for market, tanning, and planting.

Two books on Danish history — *Fædrelands Historie for Folkeskolen* and *Danmarks Historie*. The latter, published in 1870 in Copenhagen is the oldest in the collection. It belonged to the colony's first resident pastor, Rev. Knude Knudsen.

Luther Katekismus (Luther's Catechism) The booklet shows signs of heavy use and contains hand-written notations. It would have been used by young Danes studying for confirmation. Published 1929.

Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book (in English) -- A note indicates it was property of the Pascagoula Lutheran Church in 1937 so it was likely donated around that time. Published in 1927.

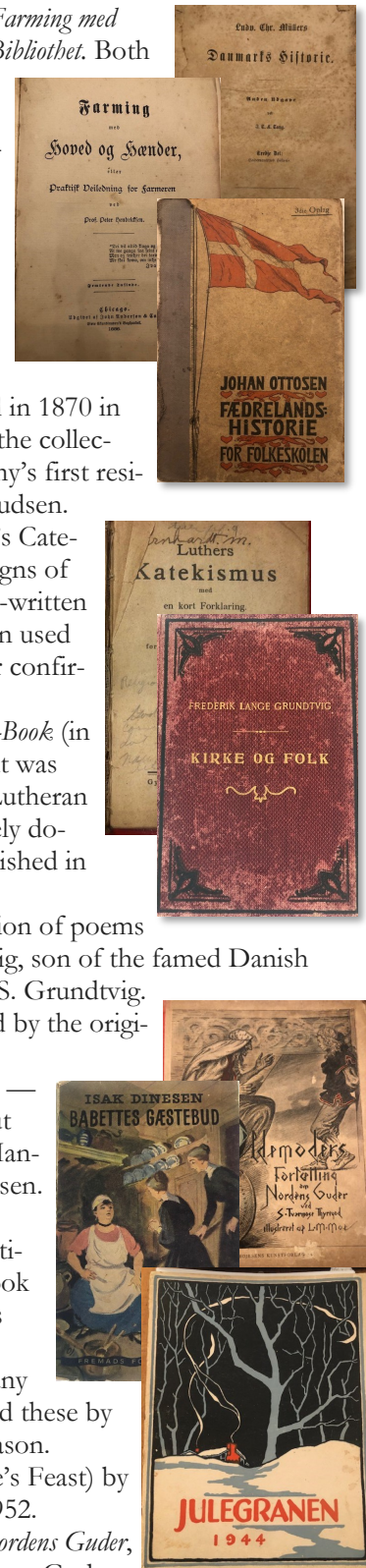
Kirke og Folk — A collection of poems written by Frederik Grundtvig, son of the famed Danish philosopher and pastor N.F.S. Grundtvig. Published in 1909 and signed by the original owner, Mrs A.P. Nelson.

Landsmand (Countrymen) — A book of short stories about Danish-Americans by Carl Hansen owned by Gunnar Knudsen. Published 1910.

Julegranen 1944 — A beautifully illustrated Christmas book with short stories and poems published by Holst Printing Company of Cedar Falls. Many colonists would have received these by subscription each holiday season.

Babettes Gæstebud, (Babette's Feast) by Isak Dinesen published in 1952.

Oldemoders Fortælling om Nordens Guder, an 1890 storybook about Norse Gods.





Granly History

Anna Larsen Memoir:

A Partial Ancestry and Descendant Line of Rasmus Larsen and Anna Hansen, Danish Immigrants

Editor: This fascinating and heartfelt memoir by Anna Larsen was shared by Betty Larsen Engdorff, the youngest of Anna's seven daughters, in 2010. In her email to Else Martin she wrote "Hope you enjoy this and can use it in some way as a benefit to Granly. (If you notice, it was diligently copied even including her misspellings as she had no formal training in reading and writing the English language." Betty penned the introduction and added occasional comments [inserted in brackets] when needed for clarification. Anna's story will be published over multiple issues. This first part describes life as a young girl in Denmark, emigration to America and life on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska..

Rasmus Larsen and Anna Hansen are classic cases of Danish immigrants arriving in the United States around the turn of the twentieth century.

Rasmus Larsen was born 4 Feb 1890 at Horbelev, Falster Island, Denmark the son of Anders Larsen and Johanne Kristoffer-son. About 1910, he was enticed to immigrate to America, and made his way to northern Kansas, where he worked for a Danish immigrant farmer, and soon gained notoriety and demand for his carpentry skills. After returning to Denmark in December 1911, he and Anna Hansen became engaged to be married, and made plans to sail back to America. This young couple began their new life crossing the north Atlantic Ocean, and after a two-week sail arrived at Ellis Island 6 Mar 1912. Their first-born, Johanna Larsen, would years later become the wife of Harold E. Dadey.

Anna Kirstine Hansen was born 6 Apr 1889 at Stevns Klint, Sjøælland Island, Denmark, the daughter of Hans Hansen and Hanna Madsen. Anna was the eldest of four chil-

dren, and at a young age she fully perceived her father's unhappiness and depression with the hardships of the farming life and debt that he inherited. The property was known as "Enghavegaarden", and was a short distance from the cliffs at the edge of the ocean.

Anna recorded her life's experiences in an autobiography which she began writing in 1964 and concluded in June 1979. Anna died at Pascagoula, Mississippi 4 Dec 1983 at the age of 94 years, 7 months and 28 days. Following is her autobiography/journal in its entirety, verbatim with most spellings and syntax left as written.

Part One - October 1964

I will try to write down all I can remember from a long and rich life. I was born April 6th, 1889 on a farm called "Enghavegaarden" near Stevns Klint "Hojensyalland". My parents were Hans and Kathrine Hansen. It was an old farm, but the ground was poor, and could not produce enough to keep the stock and cover all other expenses. There was plenty of work, and a hired man, a halfgrown boy, a hand to care for the stock, and 2 girls was employed the year around.

I was very young, when I began to note what was going on and to remember. I was the oldest of 4 children born on the farm. 2 boys and 2 girls. On long winter days, the girls would be sitting in the big room used for every day living and eating by all, sewing, knitting and patching while my mother would be using the spinning wheel. On such winter days the room would smell delicious from baking apples my mother would bake on top of the old heater for us to eat.

We loved that old place. There was an old big garden with lots of fruit trees and berry bushes, apples, pears, plums, walnuts, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and other kinds of berries.

My father was the youngest of 2 brothers and the most intelligent of the two. My Grandfather must have been a hard man. He made my father take care of the farm instead of the older brother, and with all the debt along with it. My father's dream had been to study to be a veterinarian, but in those days, they were not asked what they would like to do, but told what to do. It had to end wrong.

He didn't care at all for farming or any of it. He didn't get along to well with the hired people, or the animals for that part. My mother was so different and well liked. Even the animals loved her. One example: she had been sick in



Rasmus and Anna Larsen.



bed for some days, and a young colt she used to care for must have missed her. It found it's way into her bedroom ... must have been summertime and the doors open. It came tramping in through the entrance way then two other rooms to where she lay in bed. Another time we stood out in the yard and looked at a hen with a bunch of turkey chicks, when a hawk flew low over the place. Instead of running under the wings of the hen, all the chickens flew under my mother's skirts. This is two incidents of many I remember.

I was only 4-5 years old when I began to understand that everything wasn't as it should [be]. My dad got more and more unhappy and depressed. Money was always short, and it was always my mother that had to go and try to find help or money by getting a note renewed. The transportation in those days were only by horse and wagon. I was the oldest of us children and she often took me along on those depressing errands, and many a time have I seen her lean up against the horse, crying when her try had failed.

After some time strangers would come and go and by and by I understood what it was all about and knew we were going to lose our home. Can anyone know what I could feel, only 6 years old. I hated those people sorry to say it.

I have so many good memories from those early years on the farm, especially around Christmas time. There was cleaning to do inside and out. The whole place was clean and swept. The cow's barn was clean and cozy and on Christmas Eve there was extra feeding and lots of clean straw for them to lay in. The house smelled of baking for days. All the baking in those days were done at home. On the 23rd of Dec. they baked ebleskiver, a round pancake. On Christmas Eve we had chicken soup and lots of dumplings, baked spare-ribs filled with apples and prunes, gravy, potatoes etc. After we had eaten and cleared food and dishes away, the doors to the other room was opened and the Christmas Tree stood there with all the living lights already on. My mother had gone in there to light them before we knew it. We all danced around the tree, hand in

"... the doors to the other room was opened and the Christmas Tree stood there with all the living lights already on. My mother had gone in there to light them before we knew it. We all danced around the tree, hand in hand singing the old Christmas hymns."

hand singing the old Christmas hymns. Later we all sat around the tables, talking and playing cards for nuts and other goodies.

I started school when I was 6 year. We had quite a way to walk. My mother came with me the first day and as soon as I had been assigned to a seat, I told her she could go home. I felt quite big now.

Just outside the school, there was a large water pool, the small town's watering place. When it was frozen over and ice was thick enough for skating, the children had fun there. One day I came to school in the morning, a girl a little older than me took me by the hand and led me out on the ice to try it. In those days we wore wooden shoes, and they could be slick on ice. No sooner was I out there and both feet slipped out from under me and I fell flat on my neck. I saw all kinds of stars and for the rest of that day I had an awful headache.

My schooldays there did not amount to many, not even a year. I was about 7 years old by the time our home was sold. It is one of the days I never will forget. We children was staying with friends. What a sorrowful day it has been for my parents to see all that go to the highest bidder

and getting spread for all winds.

Two times since then have I visited Denmark and had a chance to go and see the old home again. So much had taken place since then and I did not want my memories of that place ruined. To this day yet so many years later, I am sure I could paint out every nook and corner in the house, outside in barns and garden. My dad wasn't the only one that had to struggle and give up. The first man that took over the place after dad had to give it up. The second one had started to raise seed, but had to give up the too. He took his own life by going over the stone wall by the Church down in the Ocean. This I happened to find out many years later from a Danish couple up in Wisconsin. I had gotten to know those people through my daughter, and one night we visited there and sat talking. I happened to mention the name of the farm where I was born, and the man said "repeat that! Did you say Enghavegaarden?" He said "I had a brother-in-law that bought that place." Then he told me

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Anna Larsen Memoir cont.

what had happened to him. The third man that bought the place was able to keep it and continue with seed growing and today he is the biggest taxpayer in the community and has rebuild the whole place. This is why I did not care to see it again.

After we left the farm, we moved to a place called Lellinge, near Kóge, Sjælland. My father bought a horse and a wagon. He had to make a living somehow. He would buy up a load of cheese at one of the creameries and drive around the country to sell it. Us children often went along on those trips. It was fun. My father was always in a good humor and would sit and whistle when driving. My mother often had to come with him to Kóge to help him, and I as the oldest had to stay home and care for the younger children, clean up and make a hot meal for my parents to come home to. We lived only a short distance from a well known and beautiful forest. We could hear the many birds sing over there. The nightingale, the drossel and the little grey bird called "larken". It would go straight up in the air and warble so nice. Many an early summer morning we would get a small pail and walk over in the forest to pick wild raspberries. We could sell them to the bakeries in Kóge.

The years in school went all to fast. I was 14 years old when I finished and was confirmed. Now I had to get a job and start earning my own keep. My first one was at a creamery near Vall Sjælland. My main job was to look after a 4 year old boy and help in the house. Those people wasn't very friendly to a homesick young girl away from home for the first time. They seldom spoke to me. The boy was a spoiled one that could do anything he wanted to me. In those day we had to keep quiet and take what came, never talk back and do what we were told, was the instruction from home. I was so homesick. It was far enough from home that I could not go home for months. To get there I had to walk a long way to catch the day coach. First time I got to go home for a couple of days, I missed the coach then walked for miles through a lonely forest till I reached

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Kóge, then 3 more miles to my home (12 English miles) I was so tired and worn out when I finally got there, it was hard to go back again when the time came.

A short way from the creamery, an old couple lived. They were so good to me and often I would go there and cry my heart out. It made it a little easier to bear.

After ca [circa] ½ year, my parents had decided to move us all to the Island of Falster. All my mothers relatives lived there. My mother and father came to live in a small house in or near Stubbekobing. I came to stay at my aunt and uncle's house. He was a watch repairman and had a small store of all kind[s] of watches and clocks to sell. My job was the hired girl. Up early in the mornings and first thing to do was to clean the store before customers came and do all other common house work, including polishing all the members shoes. There was cousins both older, younger and same age as myself, most of us just children, and we still liked to play after supper. If we could slip out, we would play hide and go seek around the

block with neighbor children till we couldn't see anymore. In Denmark the 3 summer months, it can be light as day till 11 o'clock at night. This was about all the entertainment we had, but I think we were much happier and more satisfied then children now a day. We didn't have much, and didn't ask for more.

When I was 18 years old, I got a job on a big farm on the south end of Falster. My mother had worked for the old people at the same place when she was young. Now a son and daughter had the farm together. None of them was married and the daughter had a crippled arm and foot as an after effect of polio. It was a big old fashioned place with a big garden and orchard that took an awful lot of work to keep and it was mostly another girl 9 years older, and me, that had to do all of the work there. The first day there she said to me, "such nice white hands you have but just you wait, it won't be long before they are as rough and red as mine are."

There were 20 cows to milk two times a day, and from 10 to 14 also to be milked at noon when they were fresh. We each milked 10 cows, and the noon milking was



usually left to me alone. I didn't mind that especially at harvest time. Then we worked as long as we could see. That was before there was machines to cut and tie the bundles of grain. We had to follow a machine that cut it off and dumped the pile of grain in bunches for us to come along and pick up and tie with a handful of straw. It was hard work, and I was glad that I could have the choice of go[ing] home and do[ing] all the milking by myself. At least I could sit down doing that, and milking came easy for me.

I was bothered by a bad back. It was always aching. It was especially hard at the time of year when there was acres of sugar beets to hoe in the fields from morning till night. Coming to the end of a long row I had to lay down flat on my back on the ground in order to straighten up. I had that job for 3 years.

The other hired girl later married the hired man on that farm. He had been there with the owners since he was a young boy. Those two and I have corresponded with [each] other in the more than 50 years since I came to America, and I visited in their home in Denmark two times when I was over there.

After leaving this place, I got another job closer to my home, also on a farm. There was no children there either. The husband was a good man with a dry humor. His wife was more stern. She never liked to repeat what she was telling us to do and we learned to get it right the first time. She was a very good cook and the food was good. Wages were not very high then. The most I ever earned was 18 Kroner ea. Month; about \$2.50 after the rate of dollars by then. We was hired for a whole year at a time and got our pay every 6 months. It wasn't very much. Had to figure out how much I could use for material for a new dress, some sewing thread, and knitting wool, enough for a ticket or two to a dance, and if possible, to give my mother a couple of Kroner. Still through the years I managed to get a bicycle, a sewing machine and a few more necessities.

In the long, dark winter afternoons, us girls sat in the living room doing some sewing or patching for the lady. After the evening chores and supper, we could do our own

sewing or the other handwork until bedtime.

After 3 years here, I change job again, and came to another farm. The owners there were relatives of the former ones I just left. They were newly married, very economic. Guess they had to be, but it was a little embarrassing at times, especially at the meals. This lady would seek out the dry heels of the bread and sit and eat it without butter or any other spread just to remind the rest of us to be saving.

We had so much fun with a half-grown boy, also working there. He wasn't any to bright and we often had to laugh at the comical things he did. He slept very restless, and one night the hired man heard him toss and talk in his sleep. He got up and saw the boy on his knees at the foot end of the bed, pulling and shouting "whoa, whoa there". He had dreamed he was driving somewhere and the horses had broken part of the harness and was running away.

This job I kept for one year.

My last job in Denmark was on a new smaller farm. There I was the sole house-keeper, cook-maid, milkmaid and garden and

field worker. The owner was alone [and] had just started on his own there. I had a chance to really find out what I could do with what little there was to do with. I have been glad I took the job. I learned a lot that was a help later, and I was here only 6 months. By that time I had met my future husband to be. We had been to dances and other young peoples gatherings together.

An uncle of one of Rasmus schoolmates had come from America to Denmark for a visit. He talked Rasmus and this other boy into come back to America with him. I had not decided what to do by the time they left. Rasmus was a real good carpenter, had worked for 4 years to get his apprenticeship. When he came to America in 1910 he got work for a young Danish farmer. They soon found out what he could [do] with a hammer and saw, and put him to work building a big new barn so different from what people there had seen before, and the papers praised him highly for his work.

It was in Greenleaf Kansas in the summer of 1910 his class mate got work also not to far away.

Not too long time after he came to Greenleaf, Rasmus

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Anna Larsen Memoir cont.

got acquainted with another Danish man. He had lived there for many years. They got to talking about family affairs, and Rasmus told this man about his grandfather that had left his wife and children many years ago, and mentioning his name. They had never found his whereabouts since. And this man told him about a grave on the Greenleaf cemetery, bearing the same name and date of his death. It was of the long-lost grandfather, so now Rasmus could write home to his mother and tell her where he was.

Two years have passed now, and we have kept in contact by letters. I myself had had my own disappointments at home and when he still wanted me to come to America, and my parents couldn't and would not let me take off alone so far away to a strange Country, Rasmus made the decision to come home and bring me back. He took out a loan on his new motorcycle he had just bought. He came to Denmark shortly before Christmas in 1911. We were engaged and after Christmas, I started to get ready to leave, getting a sailing date and a ticket. I had saved enough for a single ticket. It was as easy as that to come to America or back in those days. All we had to do was to go to an office and order the ticket.

Time was going fast and it was about time for us to leave. How little we think about the future when we are young. It was hard to say good-bye to my sister and brothers and father, but not until my mother was walking with us to the depot, did I begin to feel the importance of what I was about to do. And how very hard it must have been for her to see me go so far away into an unsure future. All of a sudden she grabbed hold of my arm. I thought she was just stumbling, but I know now she almost fainted. It wasn't til I sat in the train and the distance between me and home became bigger and bigger that it dawned on me that

it was a serious thing I was about to do.

Rasmus had met a young Danish man in Greenleaf. His sister was still in Denmark and wanted to come to America. We had gotten in touch with her and we met in Copenhagen. She and I had a cabin together aboard ship on the old passenger boat "Hellig Olav" (Holy Olav). It was the last journey it made before it was discarded.

It was real rough sailing. It lasted 2 wks. There was a bad storm that lasted 3 days and nights. We could not get up on deck. It was kinda scary at night to lay and listen to the big waves washing over the ship. We were seasick most of the way.

We came to New York March the 6th 1912 and was taken out to Ellis Island. It was a screening point in those days for emigrants coming to America. We had to be examined for smallpox vaccination and such. Those that were suspect was held back behind wires. We were supposed to have about \$25 each when coming into the States, but as it was all we had together, we had to cheat a little. First Rasmus came to the desk to have his papers examined and the \$25. Then he tried to slip the money into my purse for me to show it when my turn came. Then we all were taken to a larger room to wait until it was time for the different groups to be put on the train for their destination. We had to wait for hours and we were getting hungry. In the two years Rasmus had been in America, he had learned to understand and speak a little English. He spoke to a woman caretaker and made her understand what we wanted. She brought us a real nice meal of spare ribs, potatoes, gravy, a vegetable. It sure tasted good to all of us.

Finally it came our turn to go.

We had heard there had been a real bad snowstorm in Kansas and we were afraid that the train would be stuck before we got there. We made it to a short way from the Depot before it was stuck. It didn't move from there for a

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Hellig Olav, the steamship that transported Anna to America is pictured here from an earlier Copenhagen to New York voyage. Anna, Rasmus and a traveling companion arrived at Ellis Island on March 6, 1912 after two rough weeks at sea.



whole week.

An open wagon and 2 horses waited for us, and we started out. It was so cold and no blankets was sent along. I didn't have a warm coat either. We had to drive across fields and pastures where the wire had been cut. We finally reached the farm that was our destination. They stopped by the barn quite a way from the house and I walked in snow to my knees and without overshoes to the house. I thought I would never get warm again. I sat near the stove when Rasmus said to me "you better go out to the kitchen and help with the dinner, that is the custom here." I did, but what could I do? They were strangers and hard to talk too. They were Danish too, but the young people didn't speak it. The wife spoke Danish very bad. The old man was the nicest of them all. He was good to me. I like him. He was doing all the milking alone and after a few days, I went down to the barn to help him. He did appreciate that very much. The other girl that came over with us, her name was Karen Thomsen, go work with a doctor's family. I stayed with the people on the farm until July. They paid \$2 per week, and believe me, I earned that. I worked from early morning till late at night, sometimes 10 o'clock. I was so homesick, coming from a [place] with lots of big waters and forests close by and here, it was dry old prairie land, far away from any kind of water and anything that could be called a forest. It helped some if I could be outdoors and where I could find a grove of trees.

In July 1912, I moved in with another Danish family closer to Marysville Kansas. It was younger people and they had small children to help care for and helped with whatever work there would be. Rasmus was still working for the same young farmer, but he hoped to get work at his own profession as a carpenter. We had heard about a big Danish colony called "Kronborg" near Marquette Nebras-

ka, and that there was a possibility of getting work there, so one day he took off on his motorcycle and headed for there. He was lucky and found two young carpenters, one of them the boss, and both Danes. They gave him a job ready way. The names were Niels Jensen (the boss) and Peder Brun Pedersen. Rasmus came back to Kansas for me, and I stayed with another Danish family a short time until we were married in Kronborg on October 15, 1912.

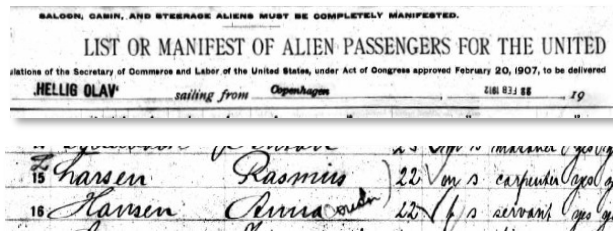
Pastor's name was Gravengaard.

After we were married, I kept house on a farm nearby for an older Danish bachelor farmer, milking cows, cooking, cleaning, feeding chickens and gardening; earning our keep and a few dollars while my husband was doing carpenter work here or there. The first one of our girls was born there and baptized. She got the name of Johanne Kathrine Larsen Feb 14, 1913.

Some time later my husband bought a small piece of low ground near a creek, and started to build a home there, and a shop for his work, but he had to tend to his work and the progress on the house went slowly. We moved in as soon as the roof and the one layer of floor and walls were up. By that time, I was expecting the second [child]. Rasmus and the others was sometimes gone for a whole week. The transportation was by horse and buggy owned by Peder Brun.

It was a little scary for me to be home alone at night. The walls

had cracks from the boards drying out, and just outside was a cornfield. The leaves was rattling and making noises at night. But worst was it when a bad thunderstorm came up at night. Well, little by little it got better and it was a little more like a house should be by the time Ella was born Nov. 10, 1914, and by then both Niels Jensen and Peder Brun had moved in to board with us. None of them was married and Peder stayed with us for 5 years before he did marry.



Rasmus Larsen and Anna Hansen, 22, starting a new life together in America, arrival at the Port of New York from passenger manifest.

"An open wagon and 2 horses waited for us, and we started out. It was so cold and no blankets was sent along. I didn't have a warm coat either ... They stopped by the barn quite a way from the house and I walked in snow to my knees and without overshoes to the house. I thought I would never get warm again" — Anna's first day in Kansas



Anna Larsen Memoir cont.

Life and work went along in quiet and peace.

Most farmers that owned 160-180 acres had a hired man all year around and usually had a buggy and a horse who also had it's feed there.

It had started to be some unrest in Europe. It was just before World War one started. By the time America got involved directly, we had started to feel the influence of it. When they began to call all the young men to arms and training, then some of these so-called patriotic ideas began to work. Many a young farm boy was deferred because all the grain was needed that a farm could produce. Other reasons not so good was made use of, and it happened sometimes that people woke up to find that a building had changed color over night to a yellow, from whatever color it had been before.

Material of different things were getting short and the government ordered a stop to all new buildings being built, and only the most necessary repairs jobs was allowed. That put an end to the carpenter work for my husband and the other two. They sat around for 2 months. Something had to be done. We sold our home to an older man and he also let us borrow money so we could rent a farm and buy a team of horses, a cow and necessary machinery. Prices had gone sky high. We paid \$100 for one cow and \$300 for a team of horses. What feed was needed to start with cost an awful lot, but we got a start and was lucky to have a good crop that first year, and was able to pay off \$600 on our debt. Peder Brun had married a farmers daughter and they had taken over her parents farm.

Niels Jensen had joined the war at it's last year. How he managed to get in we never knew, because he was a sick man already then. He got to be a ambulance driver in Liberia, and when we received a letter from him for Christmas 1918, the war was over, but he was already dead.

The last months in our house the winter of 1918 was filled with dread. Every day we would see the ambulance come by with someone we knew that had died of the Spanish flu. It was brought home from Europe by the soldiers. Many a young boy that had come home from the war died

from the flu. Many among the younger parents got the flu and many children lost a father or a mother.

We did not get it the 1st year, but in the spring of 1919 after we had moved on to the farm, all the children and my husband had it. I was the only one who didn't get sick, maybe for the reason that I was pregnant. I took care of them all day and night, especially Johanna was very sick. She was delirious with fever. I bathed her every hour, the whole night with lukewarm baking soda water. She nearly lost all her hair. Afterwards, and for 2 days after the fever broke, she got an awful itch that kept her from sleep [that] she needed so bad.

We stayed on that farm for 9 years. The first years under the depression were hard years. What we had to sell was

almost worthless. We lost several horses and some of the stock too. The hogs had cholera. Every evening we could see the smoke from the nearby farm. They were burning dead hogs.

We had some real nice American neighbors across the road from us. Our children grew up together and they also helped so we could begin to speak a little better English. As long as we lived among the Danes, we didn't learn much of that. The 2 oldest girls could not

speak English by the time they started school, but they were lucky to have a Danish-American teacher that spoke and understood Danish and in a very short time, they got along fine. I had the most help in learning from the children. As they progressed in school and brought home their lessons, I tried to follow right along, and by and by, I learned to speak, read and write the language. I have always loved to read, and I have read countless books in English, besides in my native language.

Elsa was born on this farm April 4th 1921, and Dora July 3rd 1923. Astrid was born Febr. 15th 1916 and Dagny on Febr. 10th 1918, before we moved to the farm.

We did not raise any wheat on the farm. Not enough acres, so when other farmers were harvesting wheat, my husband was doing carpenter work, and I had to do all the chores at home: feed and milk and pull the hand milk separator. Then there was no electricity and the modern machinery as of today. It all had to be done by hand, but we didn't mind. We were used to making the best of what we had. It was a healthy life for all.

"I had the most help in learning from the children. As they progressed in school and brought home their lessons, I tried to follow right along, and by and by, I learned to speak, read and write the language."



The children learned to help, and they could always find something to play with by using their own imagination. They had no expensive toys to play with.

Pastor Holger Strandskov had been installed at our Lutheran Church after Pastor Gravengaard had moved away from Kronborg. The first child he baptized was Else. Strandskov and his wife Marietta have always remained our good friends through the years, and when Else and Bill was married in April 1956, here in Moss Point Miss. He came the long way from Minnesota to perform the ceremony.

After 9 years on this farm, we had rented a smaller farm between the Kronborg Church and Marquette. Johanna, the older of the girls, had started high school in Marquette. The other 4 went to grade school and Dora the youngest, was still at home. There was nothing called baby-sitting then, and some days when I had to help in the fields all day, I would send Dora along to school with her sisters. Times were still poor and prices on everything very low. Eggs went down to 10 cents a dozen. Some fed them to the hogs. Corn was worth very little. We had a lot of gvt. corn one year. It hadn't matured before frost came and stayed wet and moldy. We used it to burn instead of buying coal. It was almost better for heat and a lot cleaner. Some even burned the good corn. I could not do that; after all it could be made into food.

The place was so run down and dirty, it took a lot of work and cleaning, painting and papering to make it to look like home. Soap and water and a good scrub brush can do wonders. Also a few home made pillows and clean curtains adds to make a home.

The last 2 years of Johanna's high school, she was taken normal training, a teacher's course. She graduated as a teacher with a diploma that permitted her to teach for 3 years in one of the small one room country schools. She taught school for 2 years before she was married. It was hard in the wintertime when it was cold and freezing. Lots of snow too. Sometimes she had to be there before the children, and early enough to start an old-fashioned heater, and get the room warm for them. She was teaching all the

grades from 1st to the 8th.

Ella only went through the 8th grade. [We] had so little money to spare and we thought it best for her to get a job and earn some money for herself, hoping she could save some and maybe later take some kind of business course, but it don't always work out as we think or plan. She was married 1 year after her oldest sister.

My husband loved to hunt and often went out in the field in the wintertime to shoot rabbits or ducks. One winter day he took his gun and took off through the neighbors field. There was a good layer of snow on the ground. Farmers usually did the thrashing of the grain right

"We had heard about a place in south Mississippi near the Gulf of Mexico where the climate was warmer, especially in the winters, and people could work outside all the year around. We decided to go down there and see for us self what it was like."

out in the fields and left the straw pile laying there for the stock to eat or as a shelter in the winter. It so happened that one of the neighbors horses had dissapeared a few days before. Rasmus came near this old pile of straw and thought he saw some rabbit ears sticking up off the snow. He shot at them and when he got closer to see if he got the rabbit, he found it was the lost horse laying there, and it was his ears sticking up. The bullet had made a nice round hole in one of them. Rasmus hurried up to the owners to tell them he had found the horse and to get help to bring it up to the barn. Don't remember

what had happened to it, but he recovered. We laughed about that incident many times later, and our former neighbor's wife made a nice little sketch of the story and sent it to him for Christmas.

It had started to be very dry in Nebraska. The wind blew every day, drying up the pastures and the crops, and blowing off the good topsoil. It was laying in the ditches filling them up like drifts of snow in the wintertime. Farmers had to let the cows pasture the alfalfa fields. There was nothing else. The crops got smaller year after year. Also, my husband's health was failing fast. We had to make up our mind and do something while we still could.

We had heard about a place in south Mississippi near the Gulf of Mexico where the climate was warmer, especially in the winters, and people could work outside all the year around. We decided to go down there and see for us self what it was like.

... to be continued in Fall-Winter 2024 Issue



Harvey W. Hedegaard

Oral Interview

January 4, 1992

Harvey was interviewed by his sister, Else Nygaard Martin at his home in Lucedale, with his wife Dorothy Hedegaard present.

Else: Harvey, tell me about coming down to Mississippi from Minnesota, with the Mortensen's in 1934.

Harvey: Ejner and Marie Mortensen — they had Davis. They didn't have any girls then.

Else: Granly records show that Dallas Mortensen was the first born down here at Granly — of all the Dane's.

Harvey: The Clausen's were with us also. They had a little boy Eddie. It's funny, but I don't remember eating on the trip. Of course, I know we did. Mom worked so Allen and I



Harvey with wife Elma and son Lee.

were kinda raised by our grandmother, and she was pretty strict, and it carried on. Mom told us to sit down or shut up and we did. There wasn't any back talking or anything like that. I'd say that we were exceptionally good kids — to be boys. Cause I remember on that trip when we got to playin' or wrestling or anything like that, Mom'd

say, "All right, that's enough!", and we'd quit.

Else: When you got down here, were you surprised? You didn't know what to expect, did you? All of the primitive conditions in Harleston, compared to Minneapolis?

Harvey: We had bathrooms; you know — plumbing, electricity, picture shows, and even streetcars, policeman and fireman. We lived in the city in Minneapolis. But yea, I really liked it in Mississippi. You could see everywhere at Harleston because they didn't have any fire protection. That was 'cause people like Wiley Hinton set fire to the woods every year so they could have green grass for their horses and

cows. The whole woods was burned. People didn't think about it back then. They didn't have lawns. They hoed that grass in the yards so the fires wouldn't burn the houses. They swept the dirt yards. That was their fire protection for their houses. And they had wooden barrels with water that sat under the eave of the house and they had water buckets where in case anything caught on fire.

They had those old clay chimneys on most of the houses too. Sticks, you know, with red clay put on there and then they would fire them and heat them until they made homemade clay chimneys. They burned many a house down.



Allen and Harvey in Harleston circa 1936. Shortly after moving from Minneapolis the Hedegaard boys went to work helping Uncle Carl dismantle buildings in Piave, Mississippi to be reassembled at Granly. The Brinkman house and store, pictured in the background, resulted from those efforts.

Else: Where did you stay when you first came down South — with your Uncle Carl and Aunt Astrid Brinkman?

Harvey: Yea, in the old Brinkman's house there.

Else: Way down at Granly?

Harvey: No, at Carl's there in Harleston, behind the store.

Else: Oh, they had just built the new house and store?

Harvey: Yea, the buildings were moved from Piave, Mississippi.

Else: Yes, tell me about that again. I thought that was after you came down.

Harvey: Carl's old store was the Piave school house, and Carl's house was the mill owner's house. Old Man Jens Brinkman's house down there (Granly) was from Piave too. After I got to Mississippi I went up there to Piave to help tear down more buildings. I got about \$1.00 a week. We stayed up there and camped — for pulling nails out of boards. We got about \$1.00 to \$1.50 a week. Chris Jensen was kinda in charge of taking 'em down and he built houses for people. He put Old Man Brinkman's up, I know. He had built the store and house for Carl Brinkman and he had put some more buildings up for the Dane's. Our chicken house came from up there (Piave).



That garage that daddy built came from down there, you know. The one that Hurricane Frederick took away. Remember the seven and a half acres that daddy owned back behind the old Brinkman place? A small house was there and he tore it down and brought it up to Harleston and made that garage out of it.

Else: Who did he buy that land from; do you remember?

Harvey: I think he gave two or three hundred dollars for it, but I don't know who he bought it from.

Else: When you first came down to Harleston and Granly, who were some of the first kids you got to know besides Davis Mortensen and you cousins, Lloyd, Jean and Roy?

Harvey: The Loftus family. Do you remember the preacher Loftus? There was two boys, Frank and Woodrow. They were right between me and Allen in age. They were in my class in school and then there was Levi. Years later he worked at the shipyard in maintenance with me and Ejner Mortensen. And then there was one of them boys that married a school teacher in Gulfport. He never did work. And there was a bunch of girls.

Else: That was the preacher Loftus' family?

Harvey: Yea. One time I saw him – right where you turned into Borgeesen's road – stop his car, reach in and get a monkey wrench about sixteen inches long and walk over there and hit a rattlesnake in the head and kill it. That was about 1937. That rattlesnake was crossing the road and that preacher decided to kill it. I told him the Good Lord was with him that time.

Else: When you moved to Harleston, how soon was it that you met daddy?

Harvey: Right away. Roy Brinkman was about three or four years old and was talking good, and every time he would see Hans, he would say, "Carry me, carry me!" That's all he wanted to do. He wanted to ride around on Hans' shoulders. Hans liked all the kids.

Else: Did he take you to Dog River swimming?

Harvey: Yea, he sure did. He had a Model-A Ford and when I figured out something was going on between him

and Mom – we had come back from swimming and we jumped off the car where we had been sitting in the back – you know, we had that turtle shell out – and we run in the house – but Mom's sister, Aunt Astrid was looking out her kitchen window and stopped us and said, Well, I don't think you'll go back to Minneapolis!" Hans and Mom were kissing in the Model-A.

Else: Was that a surprise to you?

Harvey: Yea, a little bit. But it was great news. Allen and I really like him and we like being in a place where you had woods, rivers, the farm, and best of all we could go bare-foot. We like Minneapolis but this was a lot better. Hans was good and stern with us and it was good to have a daddy.

Else: Tell me about Mama working in Minneapolis and baking so many pies and cakes. She could make pies and cakes so fast and made the most wonderful lemon pie.

Harvey: Well, she worked at two different places – The Welcome Inn and another – I'm not sure of the name. They were all owned by the same person. I think. She went in real early and served breakfast. You see it was also a bus depot. And then she'd go to the bakery to work. That's where she – I almost believe that's where she got her emphysema,

Continued on page 14 ...

The Piave Story

The Piave Mill Company was incorporated by Henry Piaggio, a native of Italy, on August 17, 1918 in Greene County, Miss. The World War I Battle of the Piave River had been fought two months earlier, a major Italian victory, so it is believed that Piaggio named the mill and town after the river and battle.

Piaggio was president of the International Shipbuilding Company, which had built a shipyard at Pascagoula a year prior. International Shipbuilding received a contract with the Italian government to build several ships for the war effort and built the shipyard to build these wooden ships.

Five ships had been completed with wood supplied by the mill by the time the war ended and with no more demand the mill and shipyard were closed.

Source: www.msrrailroads.com



Hedegaard interview cont.

because of that flour. You see they had these big sifters and she stood there and did this shaking, sifting and kneading under the sifters on the work table. I really believe that's where she got her emphysema because when you breathe that flour long enough you are bound to get particles in your lungs. In those days they didn't wear a face mask or anything like that for protection.

Else: Did you get a lot of goodies, leftovers? Did she bring some home to you?

Harvey: Oh yea. I remember the day when she didn't have to work at the bakery. The streetcar came around by our house and we'd get on it and ride to Bloomington and go – we made a change somewhere – and I'd go in there and sit in the restaurant, you know like half a day, while she worked. That was while Allen was in school.

Else: How about the school and the neighborhood? Did you walk to school?

Harvey: Yea, we walked to school. It was real nice back then. I had one – there was one black family and they lived past the school about four or five blocks. But my friend, Earl Ericksen lived right behind us and the little black boy started coming up there to his house and then we all started going around together. Back then we picked up aluminum and copper and stuff in trash piles and garbage pile and sold it. That little black boy was something. Johnny Kay was his name – but he died. I don't remember what happened to him, and we even went to his funeral. That was really sad.

Else: You and your friends must have been a lot like “Our Gang”.

Harvey: Yea. You know that little sand blasted looking vase that has a flower or something on it? Mom said we found it and brought it to her.



Harvey (right) with brother Allen (center) at home in Minneapolis with cousins Lloyd and Jean Brinkman.

Else: She said you used to bring lots of things home to her and your grandmother that other folks had thrown away. She has shown me a beautiful China gravy boat and a silver trimmed glass card holder that you and the gang also brought to her. She said you found lots of things in other people's trash when you were looking for copper and aluminum.

Harvey: I remember once when we was coming down the alley and this woman was throwing pots and pans in the garbage can and that little Johnny Kay says, “Lady, you throwin’ them away?” And she says, “Yea.” Johnny said, “Can we have em?” She said, “Yea.” So we took all of those pots and pans. They were all aluminum and Johnny said, “We gonna have 50 cents! All of us are gonna have 50 cents!”



Harvey with brother and sister, Raymond and Else Nygaard, back home in Harleston.

Else: Were there any stores close by our house?

Harvey: There was. On 14th Street there was a filling station. There was an alley beside us and then there was a filling station down about 20 feet – down a bank – and that's where we slid in the winter time. Nobody used the alley to drive in and we slid down there. That guy that ran the filling station told us to pile the snow up there around the edge and he'd run some water in it and he froze it. He ran water in

there and it's freeze during the night and the next day we'd have about two inches of ice to skate or slide on, whatever we wanted to do. Man, you could come down that thing on a toboggan and you would really be comin' fast.

Else: Did you learn to ice skate?

Harvey: Yea, I learned how to ice skate. We skated lots of times.

Else: What about the movie theaters and nickelodeons?

Harvey: I can remember the first talking movies I ever



saw. I can remember Al Jolson in it. I remember another one too. They had this train comin' at you, way down the track. It kept comin' and comin' – blowing the whistle. When that got right up in that screen you was ready to get under the seat. People panicked in there.

Else: Do you remember when the piano player played for the movies? I'll bet you really enjoyed that. I can remember Mama talking about how exciting it was to watch the piano player.

Harvey: Yea, it was fun to watch. They'd go fast when the action got fast and slow when the action got slow. I can remember when Astrid tried to get a job playing for the movie theater. That's before she went to Grand View College. You know she lived with us before she went to Grand View. I can remember when she and Carl Brinkman were married in 1928, 'cause Carl bought Allen and me a \$1 watch and that thing lasted till I fell out of a hammock there at the house in Harleston, in about 1934 or '35. I fell out of the hammock and landed on it and busted it. Allen's watch lasted longer.

Obituaries

Geraldine Adkison Suzuki

Born August 24, 1942, Moss Point, Jackson County, MS
Died February 2023 Torrance, CA. Daughter of Travis Adkison and Sonja Outzen. Granddaughter of Andrew and Johanna Lunde Outzen.

We lost a treasured Granly friend, Geraldine "Gerry" Adkison Suzuki last year. Gerry graduated from Moss Point High School and the University of Southern Mississippi. I want to share with our Granly friends the message from her son Roland Denzel from last March from his Instagram page. — Else Martin

"My mom, Geraldine Suzuki, passed away recently, and this not only my last selfie with her, but now one of my favorites. We took this picture on Christmas Day, walking at Torrance Beach, and watching the sunset. Mom went down there for the sunset at least once a week, and what better day than Christmas?"



As you can see and tell, she was happy and active, walking 6-10k steps per day, 2-3 lunches with friends, a dinner and movie, AND a book club get-together. And that was every week until the very afternoon she felt sick.

A few things to share. Mom was a librarian for most of her life, and encouraged me to read and write. According to her friends, she also gifted MY books quite often (thanks, mom). She taught me to cook some of the foods that have become staples for me and my family. Mostly gumbo and cheesecake as far as recipes go, but more im-

portantly, she taught me to cook, period.

She sat on the floor every day, which to some is normal, but to others seems crazy impossible for an 80-year-old. And she could get back up without using her hands. I miss my mom quite a bit, but there's so much of her in me, my surroundings, my books, and my daily life that I'll also have her with me forever.

Love you, Mom, and I'll see you in the sunset. Son, Roland Denzel"

Christine Marie "Tina" (Christensen) Burt

July 3, 1947 ~ January 12, 2024

Christine Marie "Tina" Christensen Burt, age 76, born in Pascagoula, MS and a resident of Bay Minette, AL died Friday, January 12, 2024 at Thomas Hospital. She was a retired elementary teacher after 29 years for the Baldwin County Board of Education.

She is survived by her husband, Walter Wayne Burt of Bay Minette, AL; her children, Richard Wayne Burt, Addie Melissa (Jay) Roberts and Brian Wendall (Blair) Burt all of Bay Minette, AL; two brothers, Dennis Christensen of Hendersonville, TN and Richard Christensen of Hurley, MS; two sisters, Cathy Campbell of Newburn, NC and Caroline Fowler of Ocean Springs, MS and eight grandchildren, John Abram Burt, Indiana Rose Burt, Jacob Burt, Dalton Patterson, Erin Roberts, Jarrett Roberts, Kara Roberts and Landon Roberts.





Your Story is the Granly Story, Tell us More



Our history partners from the University of Southern Mississippi will be available for oral history interviews during the Annual Meeting scheduled for October 25-26.

Whether it is from your own experiences or from stories passed down through family, your story is an important part of the colony history.

For more information, including sample questions, or for help coordinating interviews contact Else Martin at elsejensinemartin@gmail.com or 228-324-3628.

THE GRANLY NEWS
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