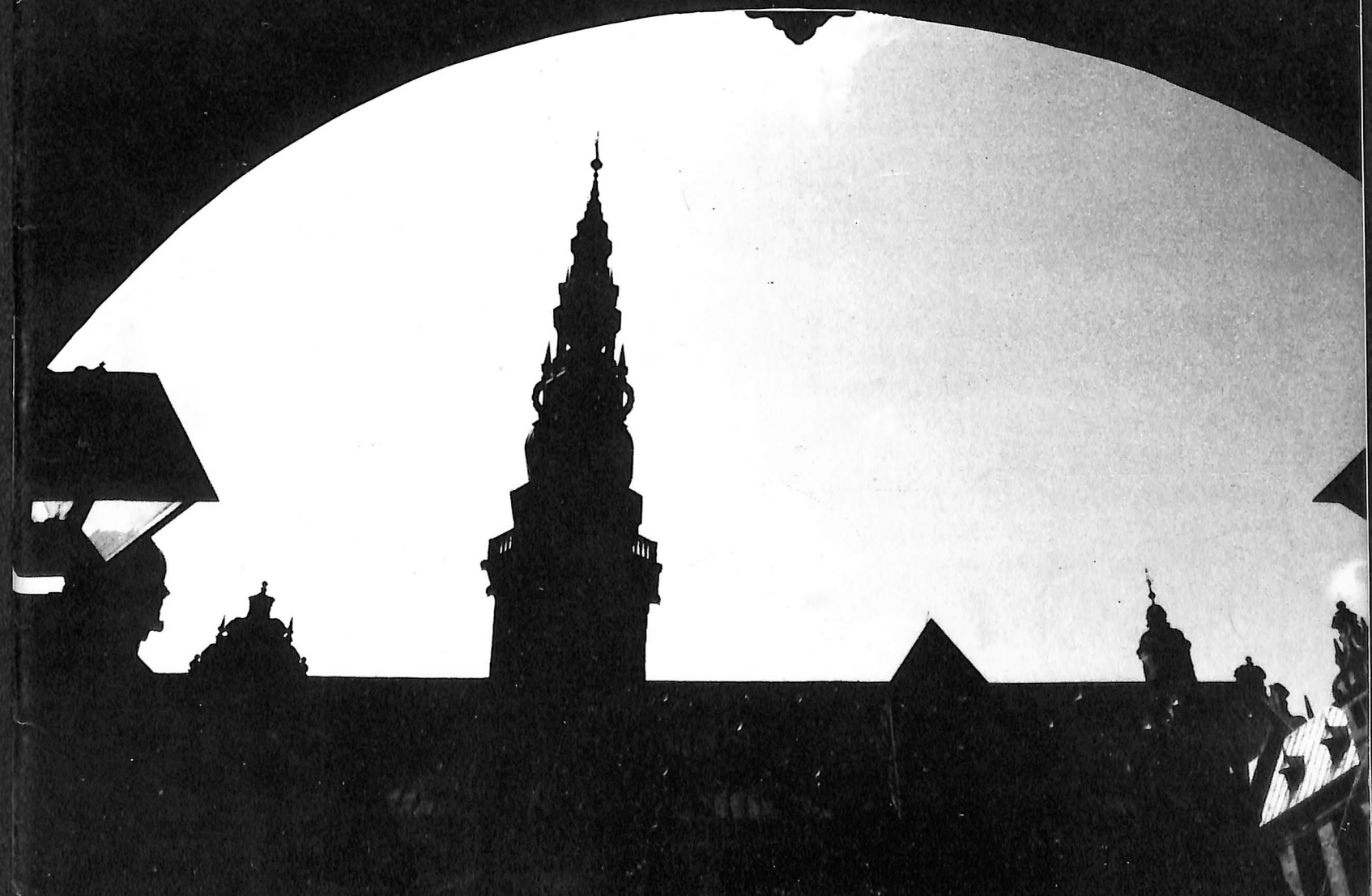


AMERICAN MAGAZINE — NOVEMBER 1977

IDEAS



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D B comment

In this issue are the first place winners of the 1977 Danish Brotherhood Creative Writing Contest. And I am very pleased to see them. I hope you enjoy them as much as I did. Each was classed by age group (Group I — to age 12; Group II — age 13-19; Group III — age 20 and over).

However, they took a great deal of room. So the continuation of the story, "Oh To Be In Denmark When the Danes Are There" will appear next month instead.

Best Wishes for a Happy Thanksgiving.



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the American Dane magazine



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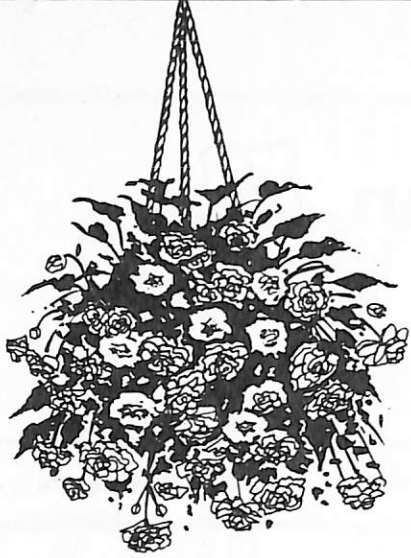
Volume XLI

November, 1977

Number 11

—Cover Credit—

Kronborg Castle at Elsinore. Along the parapets, the ghost of Hamlet's father still moans across the sound towards Sweden while Hamlet stalks the upper halls directing the players "to catch the conscience of the king".
Photo: G.E.



"Et Lille Øjeblik"

—PLEASE READ THIS—

"Ten thousand Swedes fled through the weeds,
Pursued by one Norwegian."

We've all heard this saw at one time or another, although, I must admit that I'd always assumed it was the Danes doing the chasing.

Now, however, we have a request from a gentleman in Kentucky, Mr. Tom Westerlin, on behalf of a very famous gentleman, Mr. James Michener, to complete this poem, locate the source, or in some other fashion, identify this bit of rhetoric.

If you can offer any assistance, title and author, a photocopy of the poem, even possibly the name of the Norwegian doing the pursuing, our friend in Kentucky, Mr. Michener, and myself would be most thankful.

Send all replies to: Gary Eilts, Editor, *American Dane* magazine, P.O. Box 31748, Omaha, Nebraska 68131.

THE DANISH GOVERNMENT AS OF OCTOBER, 1977

After the February 15, 1977, elections in Denmark, a new minority government was formed by the Social Democratic Party with Anker Joergensen as Prime Minister. The government commands 65 seats in the 179-seat Folketing (Parliament). On October 3, 1977, some changes were announced by the Prime Minister. The Danish government is now composed as follows:

Prime Minister Anker Joergensen; Minister of Foreign Affairs K. B. Andersen; Minister without Portfolio, Dept. of Foreign Affairs Lise Oestergaard (Mrs.); Minister of Finance Knud Heinesen; Minister of Economic Affairs Per Haekkerup; Minister of Commerce Ivar Noergaard; Minister of the Interior Egon Jensen; Minister of Environmental Protection and Cultural Affairs Niels Matthiasen.

Minister of Social Affairs Eva Gredal (Mrs.); Minister of Labor Svend Auken; Minister of Justice Erling Jensen; Minister of Defense Poul Soegaard; Page 4

Minister of Education Ritt Bjerregaard (Mrs.); Minister of the Fisheries Svend Jakobsen; Minister of Inland Revenue Jens Kampmann; Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs and Greenland Joergen Peder Hansen; Minister of Agriculture Poul Dalsager; Minister of Public Works Kjeld Olesen; Minister of Housing Ove Hove.

The Parliament consists of the following parties (previous figures in brackets):

Social Democratic Party, 65 (53); Progressive Party, 26 (24); Liberal Democrats, 21 (42); Conservative People's Party, 15 (10); Centre Democrats, 11 (4); Socialist People's Party, 7 (9); Communist Party, 7 (7); Single Tax Party, 6 (0); Radical Liberal Party, 6 (13); Christian People's Party, 6 (9); Left Wing Socialists, 5 (4).

In addition, there are four regional representatives, two from the Faroe Islands and two from Greenland.

CADO BUILDS HOUSE AT "DENMARK COMES TO BOSTON"

New York — Cado/Royal System, Inc., a major participant in the October "Denmark Comes to Boston" exposition, will exhibit its many home furnishing products in its own "house" emphasizing space-saving concepts.

The "Cado House", a two story "building-within-a-building" (in the newly renovated Park Plaza Hotel Ballroom in Boston), will be a tribute to modern American living with fine Danish products.

Designed to utilize the confines of today's limited space to its fullest, the house will feature Cado and Royal System wall systems, a Cubex modular KD system, sleekly designed canvas fold-away furniture, as well as living and dining groups, one in the recently introduced mahogany, and Cado rugs and accessory products from other Danish manufacturers. Contract products from Cado will also be exhibited in another area of the exposition.

The concept of the "Cado House" and its space-saving concepts were developed by Joanne Saul of Cado. Although it will be presented in the whimsical environs of a re-created Tivoli Gardens, it is meant to be a house designed for "Anywhere, U.S.A."

According to Torben Huges-Jensen, president of Cado, "We are pleased to be part of this international event between two great countries. It is our hope that this event will illustrate good design for good living with products scaled for today and made from today's best possible materials. We expect this exposition to be the prototype of many others to come."

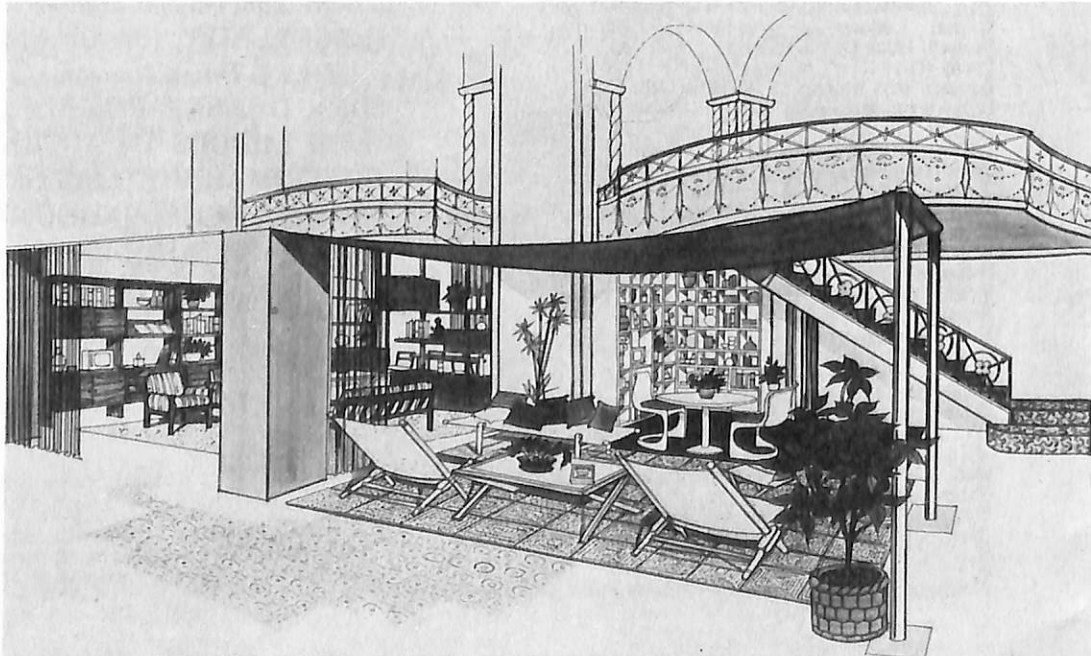
DANA COLLEGE OPEN HOUSE WILL CELEBRATE DANISH CHRISTMAS

Dana College is again preparing an early Christmas present, its traditional Christmas Open House, for the hundreds who will visit the festively decorated campus Sunday, December 4.

Attendance reached 1600 at last year's celebration.

Again this year the spotlight will be on Danish Christmas customs, with noon and evening smorgasbords, Santa Lucia choirs and a Julestuen. Among the features of the Julestuen, or Danish Christmas Room,

(Continued on page 21)



THE "CADO HOUSE" AT "DENMARK COMES TO BOSTON"

Creative Writing Contest First Place Winners

GROUP I POETRY FIRST PLACE



HAIKU

by Douglas Mirk, Berkley, Michigan

Golden and brown leaves
Ride the strong crisp wind slowly
Halted by the ground.

A big brown rabbit
Running up a grassy hill stops
To wiggle its nose.

GROUP I NON-FICTION FIRST PLACE



A DANISH CEMETERY

by Ann Marie Wittrup
Albuquerque, New Mexico

When I stayed in Aalborg, Denmark, my hotel was right across the street from a cemetery. The cemetery was behind a large church. My mother and I walked through it a few times.

It was very neat and pretty. Each grave had its own tiny garden. The flowers were all blooming. They were all bright colors, such as red, blue, yellow and orange. Small hedges separated each grave from the others.

The bigger ones had little gates, and some of them had little stone benches by them.

Many of the graves had pigeons or little carved birds on them. There were places in it to fill up watering cans for the flowers.

Some graves were fancy and some were simple. Some were large, some were small. Some had more flowers than others and some not very many. But all of them had flowers. All of them were cheerful and gay. It was very pleasant and quiet.

Most of the graves had the words "tak" (thank you) or "fred" (freed).

I enjoyed walking through it and looking at all the flowers. I felt at ease and peaceful, and I am glad I got to enjoy this memorable experience.

GROUP I FICTION FIRST PLACE



THERE WILL BE A SUNDAY DINNER

by Amy Tripodi, Arroyo Grande, Calif.

In a small farmhouse along a country road there lived an old Danish man. He had come from Denmark to this place, Virginia, about 15 years ago. Here he lived peacefully with his old Australian shepherd dog, Barry, as a faithful companion. This man's name was Mr. Sorensen.

No one really knew Mr. Sorensen until two children appeared. They were Ingrid and Peter. They had a paper route on Mr. Sorensen's road, and gradually the children got to know him very well. Soon the two children came over to the old man's house very often to hear his stories of old Denmark, while Barry sat by the children's feet. Barry had begun to trust the children, also.

One cold morning Ingrid and Peter knocked on Mr. Sorensen's door. Mr. Sorensen opened it, and smiled as he said, "Come in. What brought you here so early?"

"Well," said Ingrid, "our parents are working in the fields all day today and we thought we might come here, if you'll let us."

"That's fine," the old man said, as he led the children into his small, warm kitchen. Now he said, "I'm going to make you some breakfast. Are you hungry?"

"You bet," said Peter. "That's what we came over for. But what are you making?"

"Aebleskivers," Mr. Sorensen replied with a grin, "that's Danish pancakes. They're round like a ball."

Soon they were eating hungrily. "Mmmm," the children declared, as they sprinkled powdered sugar on the treats. Barry liked them, too, and he got tidbits from each of them.

"Why don't you come for a special dinner on Sunday with Barry and I," said Mr. Sorensen.

"Okay!" the children cried. "We'll ask our parents."

Sunday dawned bright and clear. At dinnertime the children started to Mr. Sorensen's house, dressed in their Sunday best. But as they neared the house they saw it looked strange to them. It was so quiet, the children exchanged puzzled

looks. They knocked on the door, but there was no answer.

Suddenly they heard a sharp bark from inside the house.

"Barry," Ingrid cried, "what's happened!"

They opened the door quickly and Barry rushed out, still barking and acting nervous. Peter ran through the house and garden but Mr. Sorensen wasn't there. Helplessly, Ingrid decided they should go home to try to figure this out. And Peter thought they should take Barry.

The walk home was quiet, but then Peter said softly, "I think Mr. Sorensen got hurt on something. Maybe he went to the hospital."

"Oh, no," Ingrid cried sharply, and her face turned very alarmed. When they got home, the children anxiously told their mother the story, and what they thought could have happened. Reluctant, but concerned, their mother phoned the hospital. She knew how important Mr. Sorensen was to her children.

After she hung up, she told Ingrid and Peter not to be alarmed at what she had to say. Barry lay down and she told them. "Mr. Sorensen had a heart attack last night." Everything was silent at those words. "He went to the hospital, then he will go to a convalescent home to recover for a while." The children's mother's voice was calm against the loud ticking of the clock. Ingrid started to cry softly, she couldn't help it.

After a while Peter said, "Maybe we can visit him tomorrow."

"Of course," their mother said reassuringly. That night Barry slept soundly in the children's room.

The next day was cloudy, and it looked like rain, but Ingrid, Peter and Barry were determined to go visit Mr. Sorensen. So after a warm breakfast, the family bundled up and, putting Barry in the back of the car, they started off to the hospital.

The children didn't have trouble getting permission to go into Mr. Sorensen's room, but the nurse didn't know about Barry. Finally the woman decided that Barry was a clean and well behaved enough dog, so she led them down the cold hall to a door labeled Rm. 5B. "Here you are," she said and left.

"Are you coming in?" Ingrid asked her mother.

"No, I don't think so," her mother answered, "we shouldn't bother him too much you know." Then Peter opened the door and stepped in, Barry followed them.

Inside the room there was a big bed on which Mr. Sorensen lay resting. As the children and Barry walked closer, the old man saw them. He smiled, and sat up in his bed. "Oh, Ingrid, Peter . . . Barry," he said. At that Barry rushed up to Mr. Sorensen and licked his hand.

It was a happy sight! After a while Peter explained how they found Mr. Sorensen's house empty, how they took Barry, and everything. When Peter was through, Mr. Sorensen chuckled to himself.

Then quietly Ingrid spoke, "You will come home won't you?"

"Of course, and soon, too," said the old man.

"And we'll more stories won't we? And take walks," Ingrid asked again.

"For sure," Mr. Sorensen said warmly, "and we'll have our special Sunday dinner, too." Happily, Barry wagged his tail.



**GROUP II
POETRY
FIRST PLACE**



QUIET

by Kathy Fantau, Aston, Pennsylvania

Quiet is like a soft summer's breeze as it blows through the trees and ruffles the leaves.

It is the patter of rain on your window sill or the song of the birds in the morning so still.

It is the mighty ocean as it surges forth, or the sky bathed in moonlight as if lit by a torch.

It can be the steady drone of a bumble bee,

or an evening walk by a moonlit sea.

Quiet is the sound of birds in flight, or the sun going down to make room for the night.

**GROUP II
NON-FICTION
FIRST PLACE**



**"THE DANISH PEOPLE –
FLOWER OF AMERICA"**

by Karen Helleberg, Minden, Neb.

The sun smiled warmly on our faces and the flowers in the garden merrily bobbed their heads to the tune of gentle breezes on that early summer day so many years

ago. I skipped along behind my grandfather as he tended his garden, softly humming the beloved songs of his homeland. "There is a Lovely Land", Denmark's national anthem, was one I remember well. I never tired of listening to his colorful stories from the "old country" and he never seemed to mind my endless questions.

My grandfather created in me a deep affection for the picture-book land of which he spoke so fondly and a pride in the fact that I, too, could call myself a Dane. Usually he would pronounce my given name, Karen, the American way, but occasionally he would call me "his little Karen", using the Danish pronunciation, which never failed to delight me.

On this particular day, I remember asking him about something that had been puzzling me. "Grandpa, you say I'm a Dane, but my teacher says I'm an American. Which am I, really?"

He smiled, leaned back from his work, and gazed off into the flowers for a moment.

"My little Karen," he said, "let this garden be America; let all the flowers in it be her people. You see, America is made up of people from all different countries and it takes all kinds of flowers to make a beautiful garden. Each flower brings its own special charm to the garden, and together they make it beautiful. Now, let's choose a flower to represent the Danish people. Which one will it be, Karen?"

I looked them all over and picked a brilliant red flower with white streaks on its petals.

"Good choice," said my grandfather. Then he went on to compare the qualities of this flower with the traits of the Danish people. I don't remember his exact words, but his explanation went something like this:

"This flower has gentle beauty, like the Danish people, yet it is also strong and stands tall and proud in the garden. It has its own special elegance, such as its radiant color, wholesome form, and velvety softness. Proud yet friendly, gentle yet strong, it is like the Danes who beautify this country, and the garden would be incomplete without it. Beauty, love, and strength of character are three of the most striking attributes of this Danish American flower. We Danes, like the flower, are proud of what we can give to America."

Pleased with this explanation, I continued helping my grandfather in the garden, but now I felt a new-found pride in that work.

As the years went by, I began to collect memories that were special because they grew from the combination of my Danish and American roots. There was the time we grandchildren made Danish and American flags to wave at the airport to greet our grandparents back to America from their visit to Denmark. More recently, when I met one of my

grandfather's dearest friends from the "old country" at the store in which I work, the bond of being Danish bridged any generation gap between this kindly old man and me. My day is always brightened when Mr. Ornstrup comes into the store with his delightful Danish accent and his ever-friendly, "Well, hello, Karen!"

These memories have added to the meaning of my grandfather's words on that day we chose that special flower to represent us Danes. I don't remember what the flower was called, but I'd like to christen it "The Danish Pride", for the flower is truly a beautiful symbol of the Danish people.

It was beauty that first drew me to the pretty flower I chose that day so long ago. Proudly wearing its robe of brilliant red adorned with a pure white streak on each petal, it was a perfect symbol of our beloved Danish flag, the Dannebrog, with its red ground and pure white cross. This proud flag, the longest-flying banner in the world, is claimed to have floated down from the sky as a sign from heaven, according to Danish legend. How wonderfully like a flower, which is often called "a smile from God".

As a flower beautifies the countryside, the Danish people are the ones who make their picture-book land so lovely. At a time when the rest of the world struggles with problems of pollution, littering and ecological destruction, the Danish people remain true to their reverence for the earth. Their cities are clean and free from litter, their farms are orderly, their gardens well kept, and their homes are neat and sparkling clean.

Furthermore, the Danes conserve and develop their few natural resources. The marshes yield peat that is used for fuel, and they use clay for pottery and tiles. They plant trees in the sand dunes and on the heaths to keep the sand from drifting over on the farm lands and to improve the soil. And they drain wet marshes and build dams to store flood waters for use in dry seasons. Like my special flower in Grandpa's garden, the Danish people now add their color and beauty to the garden of America, as they have for centuries in Denmark. Though breezes often carry seeds to distant soils, deep in the heart of each tiny seed lies the beauty of its ancestors, and its blossoms with all their vibrancy, never losing the goodness from whence it sprang.

But the glory of the flower, the Danish people, lies not only in appearance but also in inner qualities. The kindness of love and the beauty of friendship blossom forth in the lives of Danish people for all the world to enjoy. Hospitable and friendly, the Danish people generously and graciously welcome others into their homes and brighten their spirits with warm smiles, delicious food and cheerful greetings of "Skaal!"

My "Danish Pride" flower grew happily among its many-colored neighbors in

Grandpa's garden and never failed to welcome new seeds to its corner of the garden. Similarly, the American Danes, though proud, are never arrogant, and boast not of their virtues, but let them shine from within. Danes possess a sunny, cheerful spirit that cannot be dampened by rain or clouds, for they have learned that a beautiful rainbow can only be formed through a combination of both sun and rain.

To be beautiful, a flower must grow on inner strength. A perennial flower must have strong roots to survive the icy winters, in order for its beauty to bloom again in the spring. From the days of the Vikings to the struggles of World War II, the Danish people, like Hans Christian Andersen's "Steadfast Tin Soldier", have shown courage and strength of character.

For example, during World War II, when Germany attacked neutral Denmark and for the first time in its thousand-year history she was possessed by an invader, the Danish "Freedom Council" resisted and kept on fighting, succeeding in saving five thousand of the six thousand Jews living in Denmark from German persecution and eventually regaining the country's freedom.

The Danes who first came to the American garden and planted their seeds here brought with them this same strength of character. It was not easy for them to pull up roots and leave their native land, traveling across the ocean to a strange new world. There were language barriers to overcome and new cultural patterns to assimilate, but our Danish ancestors persevered through the rigors of being transplanted. Succeeding generations survived in the American soil because of the strength of character carried in their Danish seeds.

Beauty, love, and strength of character. Grandfather was right — wherever my "Danish Pride" flower grows, wherever Danish people live, there is a lovely land.

GROUP II FICTION FIRST PLACE



THE SAILOR WHO NEVER WENT TO SEA

by Inge-Lise Christensen, Irwin, Pa.

Studying the intricacies of the bottled ships that lined the walls of his tiny workshop, old Jens Pedersen recalled the days of his youth when his dreams were crushed along with his legs in a terrible accident.

Jens, now a well-known craftsman, lived on the small southern Danish island called Aerø, an island known for its tiny, crooked, cobblestoned streets. The sloping roofs of the well-kept timbered homes and shops were covered with red tiles, and hollyhocks grew beside every door. And, here and there, could be seen the nest of a stork family atop the chimney of a friendly farmhouse. As a boy, Jens wandered along the docks in Marstal smelling the salty sea breezes and watching with envy the sailors pushing off to new adventures beyond the horizon. Jens was only ten years old, and the youngest cabin boys were at least twelve. "Two more years," thought Jens, "just two more years."

Late one bitter dark winter afternoon as Jens hurried home from school, he thought of the wonderful adventures he would have when he was old enough to go to sea. He could almost see the billowing blue waves beating fiercely across the wooden decks, and he longed for the manly gait he had so admired in the bold sailors at the harbor. Just imagining the cutting sea winds surging against his cheeks gave him chills, and he pulled his coat collar closer to his face. Wandering carelessly across busy Vestergade, Jens was lost in dreams of the life that would soon be his. Suddenly he was snapped back to reality. A large horsedrawn wagon had come rumbling down the bumpy street, and it was too late for Jens to dodge the oncoming mass. A moment later, the boy lay nearly lifeless on the cobblestoned street.

Waking in his own straw-filled bed, Jens drifted into vague consciousness. He looked gravely about his room, seeing his mother's worried face as well as the anxious countenance of old Dr. Axelsen, Jens knew something was terribly wrong. He ached all over, but his legs hurt the most. Jens couldn't even feel them, and he thought for a horrible moment that they had been torn from his body in the accident. Realizing that he was badly injured, Jens shrouded his fears with visions of the sea. In his half-conscious state, the dark green curtains became the wild ocean and the bedposts standing before him melted into ships' masts studding the horizon.

After many months in bed, Jens finally managed to get around with the help of two canes. His accident had left his right leg nearly useless, and Jens realized that his hopes and ambitions were shattered. He could never go to sea. It seemed senseless for him to even go on living. Day after day, Jens would hobble down to the harbor to sit on the barrels and watch his dreams vanish with each ship that passed out of the harbor.

Jens' mother worked at "Den Gamle Kro", a busy harborside inn, and she was able to persuade the owner of the Kro to allow her handicapped son to be apprenticed to the cook. That surely was a job he could learn even with half-crippled

legs. With both Jens and his mother working there, they found it more practical to rent one of the small rooms rather than to continue to live in their old home in the town. Soon their meager belongings were all in place in a back room of the harbor inn.

Every night after work, Jens would read stories about the sea and its ships, and he longed even more for the life he knew was forever denied to him. One night he read about the newest sailing ship in Denmark, the beautiful "Falken". "The 'Falken', how graceful and fast she must be," thought Jens, "just like the bird for which she is named."

The boy read every word written about the ship and he memorized every detail of her structure. Of course, he never told anyone because one could just imagine the townspeople gossiping, "That foolish little Pedersen boy, scarcely able to walk, and yet still dreaming about going to sea." He grew red with embarrassment even at the thought of what people would say.

With scraps of wood from the many crates about the Kro, Jens began to fashion a model of the wonderful new "Falken", with sails made from pieces of cloth from his mother's sewing basket. He worked quietly and alone, carefully making sure that every detail of the tiny ship was perfect, and almost imagining himself as one of the tiny seamen aboard the proud "Falken". Fearing ridicule of the townspeople who thought that a crippled boy should put away his foolish childhood dreams, Jens kept the tiny model hidden from everyone, even from his mother. Soon the model began to gather dust and its bright colors began to fade.

One day while Jens was busy at work in the kitchen of the Kro, he came across two empty wide-mouthed jars. He suddenly thought, "If I took down the sails, I could slide my model into that jar and it would be safe and bright forever!" Jens politely asked the cook for one of the jars and hobbled off happily to his room with the glass carefully hidden under his coat.

That night, while Jens' mother slept, the boy took down the dusty "Falken" from its hiding place, dismantled the sails, and began to slide it into the big jar. It took far longer than he thought, but when dawn came, the "Falken" was snugly inside the jar, her sails again proud in the shiny glass. But it had taken a bit too long, and Jens' mother woke to find him still fussing over the model ship.

Fru Pedersen could not hold back her tears as she watched the strong young fingers work so lovingly on the construction of the tiny ship. Thoughts flooded back into her mind of the terrible accident that ended her child's dreams of the sea. Still, how proud she was of the beautiful ship he had made. "This is far too beautiful to be hidden back here in our room," she told her son. "I want everyone to see what a clever boy I have!" That very morning

**GROUP III
NON-FICTION
FIRST PLACE**



JOURNEY WITH GRANDPA
by Mrs. Doris C. Jones, Boone, Ia.

Today as I travel the eleven miles from Humboldt to Gilmore City, I often think of the trip Grandpa Wilson and I made over this same route many years ago. Today the trip takes only minutes; when Grandpa and I made the trip, it was an all-day excursion. Now there is a smooth, straight ribbon of concrete; when Grandpa and I traveled, there was a mere suggestion of a road for a portion of our route. Instead of a fast motor car, Grandpa and I jogged along in a high, old, black buggy pulled by faithful Tony. Tony was Grandpa's pony and understood Danish, as did his cow and the cat. When the new highway was built past his acreage, Grandpa still took his eggs to town in the buggy. He never did learn to drive a car.

I loved Grandpa Wilson dearly, not only because he was my grandpa, but because he told me my freckles were pretty. Grandpa had a fringe of reddish hair above his ears, and I loved his stiff, reddish moustache even though it tickled when he kissed me. He always wore a cap, and I seem to remember him best wearing faded blue bib overalls with brass buttons and a blue workshirt. His blue eyes were kind and friendly.

Each summer during my childhood, I looked forward to the weeks spent with Grandma and Grandpa. At the end of my vacation, Grandpa took me home in the high, old, black buggy. I could hardly sleep the night before our trip, and I had no trouble waking in the morning. After Grandma had given us a hearty breakfast, she packed a lunch because of the long trip ahead of us. I watched as she wrapped pieces of fried, golden-brown spring chicken, thick slices of fluffy white homemade bread covered with golden butter I had helped churn, and those extra-special sugar cookies only Grandma could bake. Last but not least we filled a quart jar with rich, creamy milk.

As Grandpa and I stepped out on the porch, the heavenly blue morning glory vine echoed my feelings as it triumphantly topped the railing of the porch and made loops of joy in the air. White, fluffy clouds were playing a game of tag across the windy sky. As we approached Tony in the

small pasture, she whinnied and I offered her a sugar lump. Grandpa led Tony to the stable where the harness was hung on the wall. I stopped for a moment to admire the vigor of the wild grape vine that tried to swallow up the sturdy red building. Every autumn Grandma would cut it back to nothing, but by late June it was crawling in the windows again. I helped put the straps over Tony's back and fasten them to the wooden buggy shafts. Grandpa rechecked each buckle to see that it was fastened tightly. As I was boosted up on the high leather seat, Mees, Grandpa's ever-present cat, took her place between us.

After jogging along slowly for about five miles, we came to the west fork of the Des Moines River. This was our secret place to stop and dangle our feet in the cool, clear water. Unfastening the harness in order that Tony might enjoy nibbling at the thick, juicy grass, I was thinking of the lunch Grandma had packed. We found our favorite old apple tree. It curtsied in the wind and with gnarled hands offered us a shady throne under its leafy boughs. We removed our shoes and stockings, and gingerly tested the temperature of the water with our toes. Finding it satisfyingly warm, our feet were soon in the water and our toes pressing into the smooth, sandy river bottom. Grandma's abundant lunch had never tasted better. Mees edged between us, and we gave her a generous helping of milk served on a cupped leaf. Not satisfied, she reached toward Grandpa's hand and tried to snatch a piece of cold chicken. Scolded and told never to do it again, Mees walked away with her tail twitching her right to a mind of her own.

Our lunch finished, we took our feet from the water and let the warm sun dry them. After putting on our shoes and stockings, we hitched Tony to the buggy again, climbed up on the high leather seat, and resumed our journey. The roadside was beautiful. Wild roses, Sweet Williams and sweet-smelling clover blossoms cupped their hands to catch the sunshine as they danced in the breeze. Beyond the fences, little lambs were bouncing around on pogo-stick legs, and cows with their little calves beside them were chewing on the lush pasture grass. If Tony slowed down too much, Grandpa let me touch his back ever-so-gently with the buggy whip. We wouldn't dare hurt Tony, but he knew the signal of the tapping whip.

Finally, in the distance we could see the water tower of Gilmore City. I knew my journey was nearly finished. When we came within sight of home, Grandpa always let me take the reins so I could turn into our yard just as if I had been driving the entire distance. Stepping down from the buggy, I knew it was good to be home, but the memory of that wonderful trip would stay with me forever.

she showed the owner of the Kro the beautiful ship-in-the-bottle and he marveled at the fine workmanship. And, Jens could scarcely believe his ears, he asked the boy if he would be permitted to display the model ship inside the bottle in the main dining room of his great inn. Instead of laughing or making fun of the boy's love for the sea, every visitor to the Kro admired the fine workmanship of the model ship. And to think, a young crippled boy had made it!

Time and time again, captains of the sailing ships that came to Aersø would stop at "Den Gamle Kro" and ask Jens to build models of their own ships for them. When they took the ships-in-the-bottles back to their home ports, Jens' name become known far and wide.

Now grown old, his fingers knarled with age, Jens Pedersen stretched in his easy chair and thought back to the hundreds of bottled ships he had made since the days of the "Falken". Although he had never been to sea himself, his famous ships had traveled in their bottles far beyond his tiny island of Aersø to all the harbors of Denmark and throughout the world.



**GROUP III
POETRY
FIRST PLACE**



THE EMPTY CHAIR
by Eleanor Leonard, Clinton, Iowa

Something is different this Christmas,
The joy and excitement aren't there.
Christmas plans are the same but more
quiet,
This year we have one empty chair.

Dearest Lord in heaven above,
Please listen to my Christmas prayer,
We've lost one who was very beloved,
This year we have one empty chair.

Christmas was Dad's favorite season,
With a voice so strong and so fair,
The carols rang throughout the house,
This year we have one empty chair.

Lord, tell him how much we miss him,
Our hearts still weep in despair.
But in our hearts he'll remain forever,
This Christmas we have one empty chair.

**GROUP III
FICTION
FIRST PLACE**



A BRIEF VACATION

by Paul Lindholdt, Seattle, Wash.

Wilton's pulse quickened when he considered it. The renewed health and vitality he anticipated took on tangible characteristics through his excitement. The freedom and relaxation would be sparkling, natural qualities to be collected and consumed, savored and ingested, broken down as nutrients for the soul. Images of his hunting trip to Canada overwhelmed him with pleasure.

Many years and dollars had gone into the planning of Wilton's northern safari. The mortgage was paid off, the kids were grown and gone, and he had stockpiled vacation time at the plant. The best guide and outfitter had been hired, the proper tags and licenses purchased. His old guns were cleaned, reblued and sighted in.

While other sportsmen spoke of Africa and Asia, sable antelope and Bengal tigers, Wilton saw but one trophy head above the fireplace. The Dall sheep particularly struck him with their magnificence; a regality that surpassed all other big-game animals.

The snow-white creatures are monarchs of the mountaintops. The rams sometimes hold sets of horns that spiral in full circles on either side of the animals' heads, and weigh over one hundred pounds. Occasionally an old male will be found high among the rock slides killed by its own massive set of horns that had not stopped growing at the full circle. The skull is slowly pierced and the brain crushed. "A curious and unflattering way to die," thought Wilton.

The first day in camp Wilton could feel the clean thin air which purified his lungs and returned the vigor he had not experienced since boyhood in Ohio, but which remained so impressed in his mind. He spoke of the miraculous, healthful properties of the wilderness to his outfitter, but was answered with laughter and scorn.

Montrose curled his lip in a sneer which distorted his thin line of a mustache and accented his sharp features. "Do Yankee schools teach such things?"

"No, it's just something I believe in. I can feel a difference already."

Both men were being cautious, realizing what they meant to each other. The outfitter slowly turned on his heel and walked toward the horses, idly flicking a short riding quirt at the taller grasses.

The guide-hunter, Chick ("I won't come to anything else"), spoke softly, "Don't pay no mind to Monty, he thinks all Yanks, er, Americans, are foolish. Doesn't like a one of them. Nothin' personal." He raised his head to survey the surrounding ridges, cleared his throat and spoke louder, "One of the best areas. I know there's sheep around, I can smell 'em." He raised his nose, pretended to be testing the air. A grin began to spread across his wide face as he glanced over at Wilton, who smiled warily. A guffaw bubbled from deep within Chick, and the veins on his temple stood out from beneath the brim of his cowboy hat. Wilton laughed then, too, and admitted to himself that he liked this man and hoped he could live up to his reputation as a guide and hunter.

"Look at that sunset!" Wilton said. "You got some occupation here, Chick. How many times I've wished I could start anew in forestry or game management or anything that would allow me to work in the wilderness. Just the wife and I in a snug log cabin, loungin' and a'leisurin', watching the sun go down. But I guess everybody can't live their dreams, someone has to work in the factories and tolerate the smog of cities just to make this world go round."

Chick raised his eyes from the campfire and looked at Wilton fondly, for he saw a part of himself in this talkative client. "You wait out a winter up here sometime when the wind's blowin' so hard it hurts and the snow drifts against your door so you can't open it and you wake up to a bone-cold cabin ever' morning, and then you come and tell me about this wonderful wilderness. Vancouver will look awful nice after a spell up here."

Before the sun had fully hidden itself behind the mountains, a northeastern wind dispersed all the warmth the land had held, and hissed an icy warning through the spruce forest. Late October's weather was never predictable, and the men moved into their tent to begin cooking dinner. Kerosene lamps were lighted, and from atop a nearby ridge, the clearing seemed illuminated by a canvas-shrouded sun.

A tortured yelping and wailing began quite close to the camp and was joined by others further south. The voices rose and fell, combining and contrasting. Wilton felt the back of his neck gripped by the sound and presence. The other men looked up from their plates, chewing slowly and thoughtfully. In answer to Wilton's puzzled gaze, Chick said, "Brush wolves. Following our trail." Montrose pushed back his folding stool and arose, "Check the horses." He pulled his rifle out of the bedroll and Wilton noticed that he carried, instead of a big-bore rifle with telescopic sights, a short, lever action 30.30 carbine, the same type of gun cowboys had used more than 80 years ago. The gun had open sights and was a handicap for shooting long distances, but was coolly rapid and

effective at short range. "Definitely more of a weapon than a sporting arm," Wilton thought.

Soon all yowling voices stopped, as if by agreement, and Montrose returned to his dinner, swearing under his breath in French.

"You don't think they're gonna try eatin' the horses do you Monty?" Chick said. The outfitter only swore some more and shook his head. "Bolder in numbers, they."

The men were awakened abruptly before daylight by an unnatural silence. Not a sound but each other's breathing. "We got some snow," Chick rasped, and was soon crawling out of his down bag and unzipping the tent door. Six inches of fluffy snow covered the land.

After a hurried breakfast, the men all strapped on snowshoes and headed for the higher country. Wilton felt the monarch ram up there waiting for him to keep the rendezvous a lifetime of planning had scheduled.

The spruce forest soon gave way to sparse, scrubby pine trees, gnarled and bent against the elements. Wilton began to comment on the way the tree's lower branches grew downward, spreading thick against the earth to absorb warmth. Montrose spun about, said softly but forcefully, "No talk," and strode on.

They hiked without a word for nearly an hour and a half, the unaccustomed exertion and altitude burning Wilton's lungs. He paused for a moment and looked ahead to see his guides running up the trail and unshouldering their rifles. Then they were using them like clubs, beating on the ground around their feet. Several birds the size of bantam chickens flew to nearby trees and cocked their heads in puzzlement at the men below.

With a wide grin, Chick came walking back down the trail carrying two of the brown and white birds. Ptarmigan, Wilton thought, remembering articles he had read about these stupid birds whose only defense was to change colors with the seasons, white in winter, brown in summer. These birds had been caught by the snowstorm before their plumage had changed fully, else they probably would not have been noticed. Wilton asked in a whisper, "Why not just shoot them?" Montrose snorted incredulously, struck off up the trail shouldering his pack. "Scare away sheep for miles," Chick said, stuffing the birds in his pack.

An hour later scrub pines faded into open meadows and rockslides and they stopped for lunch on Chick's suggestion. While they cleared away snow, Chick began glassing the surrounding basin. Meanwhile, Montrose extracted a sheet of folded tin foil and a collapsible cooking grate from his pack and began drawing and plucking one of the birds. Wilton unfolded his pocket knife and clumsily did likewise with the other one. The first bird was soon wrapped in foil and perching

above the fire. Wilton noticed it was snowing, but here was warmth and food and these men knew what they were doing.

"Spotted a couple. No, four or five," Chick said. "But, God, they're far away. I can't even tell horns through the scope." He scanned quickly once more over the rest of the basin, then warmed himself by the fire.

"We go for them?" Montrose nodded toward the distant animals. Chick said nothing, seemed pensive. "Ver' far. Much snow."

Wilton spoke now. "Maybe we could get close enough to see if there are any big heads in the bunch."

"Ya, we could do that anyway. But I don't like this weather," Chick said. Lunch was hastily eaten, and they were on their way.

Traveling became tougher as the men puffed up steep ridges and crossed hidden rockslides. The thought of the sheep ahead drove Wilton to keep up with the other men, who hurried against the weather and nightfall.

Chick, in the lead, dislodged a rock hidden in the snow. He yelled, fell to his side and began sliding with the rocks. Slowly but inescapably the entire slope surrendered to gravity. Montrose and Wilton kept their feet for a way, then it was over and over, with the rocks crushing and bruising, consciousness buried beneath the slide.

Wilton returned to his senses with a startled cry as the ominous roar of the slide gathered volume again in his head. He opened his frost-rimed eyes, and found that he only had sight in one of them; the other a cold bright glare from a blow on his head. His body was so numb from cold he could feel none of the injuries he was sure were there. He feebly called the other men's names, but got no answer.

"Hypothermia! I must get circulation going." He found the right muscles to move his appendages, soon could feel the intense cold and cuts and bruises. He wriggled free from his pack, gingerly attempted to stand. Bruised muscles protested, but no bones seemed to be broken. Fear gripped him as he thought of his companions. He began thrashing and floundering through the snow, not bothering to remove the fractured snowshoes. He saw the tip of a packboard protruding through the snow, held his breath as he stumbled toward it.

Chick lay on his back, his head impossibly cocked, blood dried and frozen beneath his nose and ears. He forced himself to lift a wrist, found it cold and stiff. He stood up, tears in his eyes, a contained sob racking his body. Montrose lay only five feet away, on his back. Wilton felt Montrose' throat for the carotid artery, found a shallow pulse. He slapped the man's face hard for about 15 seconds, then the eyes fluttered open wide, stared at the face above him. "Chick's dead."

Montrose said nothing, only stared unbelievably. "Get moving and beat the frostbite," Wilton commanded, and the Frenchman obeyed.

After five days, the snow finally let up enough so that vision was restored for more than a few yards. It was found that Montrose' right leg was broken and Wilton had crudely splinted it and erected a rock shelter around him to break the wind. Montrose had lately grown delirious. The last of their sourdough biscuits were gone and no fire could be built for lack of wood. "No matter how hungry we get, we won't eat Chick," Wilton thought. Tales of other starving travelers took on new meaning as Wilton experienced true hunger.

"Must find food," Wilton mumbled, pulling his .44 magnum pistol from the pack, as all rifles had been lost in the slide. He stumbled across the basin floor looking for signs of life, anything the stomach could digest. Fatigue came quickly and blurred his vision. In a rush, the land swirled and distorted before Wilton and he fell to the snow.

Brightly blinding light awakened him and he saw that the snow had stopped falling and the nearly-forgotten sun shone like fire upon the land. He looked slowly around and began to discern hills and flats. Then from atop a nearby hill, two eyes stared dark and unquavering down at him. He closed his good eye for a

(Continued on page 21)

Lest We Forget

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THEIR SERVICE AND FELLOWSHIP, WE HONOR THOSE MEMBERS WHO HAVE PASSED AWAY SINCE THE LAST REPORT.

Date of Death	Name	Age	Birth Place	Lodge No.	Location	Year Joined
8-23-77	Alfred B. Hansen	87	Sundby, Denmark	600	Omaha, Nebraska	1908
8-15-77	Hans K. Sorensen	73	Foested, Denmark	3	Davenport, Iowa	1926
9-12-77	Arthur Marck	51	Detroit, Michigan	15	Des Moines, Iowa	1946
8-15-77	Wolder G. Peterson	66	Jessup, Iowa	144	Dike, Iowa	1930
8-15-77	Edwin O. Reinhardt	74	Copenhagen, Denmark	164	New York, New York	1928
8-30-77	Anton Nielsen	88	Fur, Denmark	241	South River, New Jersey	1937
8-31-77	Thorwald Mogensen	73	Kollerup Sogn, Denmark	43	Denver, Colorado	1930
2-26-77	Jack Iversen	73	Denmark	50	Byram, Connecticut	1938
8-20-77	Magnus Christensen	79	Varde, Denmark	17	Chicago, Illinois	1920
9-18-77	Rinehardt Lagesen	80	Ludington, Michigan	51	Ludington, Michigan	1934
9-19-77	Carval Westerlund	75	Copenhagen, Denmark	36	Milwaukee, Wisconsin	1948
9-14-77	Hans F. Loumann	82	Grundf�r, Aarhus, Denmark	49	San Francisco, California	1922
9-15-77	Milton Christensen	58	Benton, New York	71	Penn Yan, New York	1950
9-7-77	John (Johannes) Pihl	77	Bornholm, Denmark	242	Erie, Pennsylvania	1925
9-20-77	Peter L. Beck	76	Flade, Denmark	242	West Branch, Iowa	1946
9-29-77	Albert T. Odgaard	75	Copenhagen, Denmark	29	Seattle, Washington	1920
9-8-77	Samuel J. Jacobson	70	Scranton, Iowa	45	Minneapolis, Minnesota	1963
2-22-77	L. V. (Walter) Larsen	82	Rink�bing, Denmark	45	Minneapolis, Minnesota	1914
9-20-77	Aage T. Holm	87	Copenhagen, Denmark	49	San Francisco, California	1920
7-30-77	W. Sophus Hansen	82	Chicago, Illinois	70	Greenville, Michigan	1952
8-31-77	Martin Iversen	97	Holsted, Denmark	143	Petaluma, California	1904
10-4-77	Goodheart Nielsen	75	Aars, Denmark	1	Omaha, Nebraska	1939
9-27-77	Martin L. Petersen	76	Lamborg, Denmark	43	Denver, Colorado	1961
9-20-77	Lauritz Larsen	93	Oplev, Denmark	126	Los Angeles, California	1944
9-4-77	Robert Good	72	London, Canada	227	Detroit, Michigan	1964
12-18-75	Hans Dreyer	72	Oslo, Norway	49	San Francisco, California	1966
11-25-76	John Nielsen	72	Nyk�bing, Denmark	126	Los Angeles, California	1974
9-14-77	Johanna Powell	78	Denmark	161	Ruskin, Nebraska	1975



"LEGEPLADS" [PLAYGROUNDS] A Special Danish World

by
Dawn and John Nielsen
Copenhagen, Denmark

Housing we had. Food? No problem in Denmark. but we have two little terrors, John Preben, four, and Eva, three, who had turned the neighborhood at home into their own spacious domain. How would they adjust to life in an urban area? Where would they play and what facilities were available? These were questions we had been concerned with before coming to Denmark and out of necessity, we set out to find answers.

As Denmark has developed from an agricultural to a highly industrialized country, we discovered that the position of the child in society has also changed. Compulsory education does not begin until the age of seven and more mothers are working outside the home, which in many cases is an apartment in an urban community. Thus facilities for education and play for both preschool and older children outside the home have been made available all over Denmark.

The most basic facility is naturally the simple playground with swings, sandboxes, playhouses and climbing equipment. These one finds everywhere. Not only are they located in the many parks, but also thoughtfully included along shopping streets, in shopping centers, and even we found, in special playrooms aboard the many ferries plying Danish

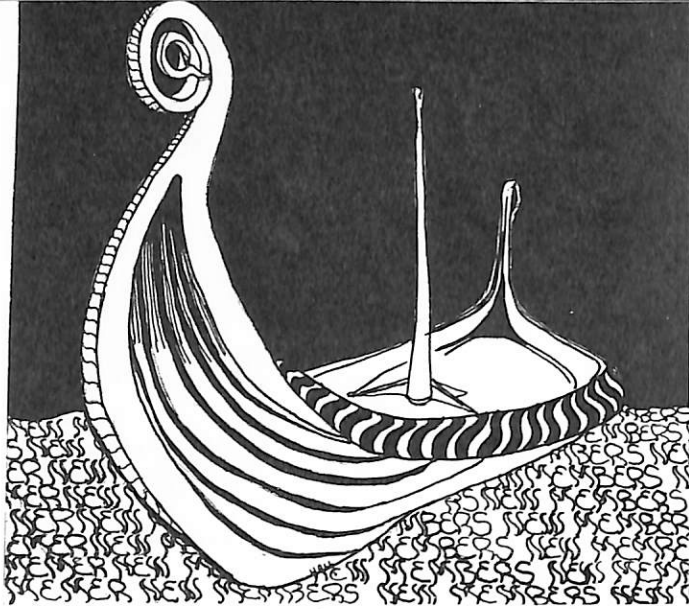
waters. The equipment is often simple, using naturally colored woods and concrete. The only swings we have seen, for example, are the trusty old tire swing. The materials might be old tires, barrels, and railroad ties, but they are used in such a way to provide an interesting and imaginative environment.

The Scandinavian countries have also been leaders in the supervised public (offentlige) playgrounds. These are special indoor and outdoor facilities located at many of the playgrounds. There are 50 of these "offentlige legeplads" located just within the community of Copenhagen. They are open full days in the summer and afternoons during the winter months. Children are free to play games or work on a variety of crafts within the building or avail themselves of the equipment outdoors, such as stilts, pup-tents, foosball or Swedish designed notched play boards that can be constructed in to any shape or child-sized building imaginable.

Birthe Winther is the director of one such supervised playground in Faelledpark, a large park in Copenhagen. She explained to us that the tradition of the supervised playground began some 25 years ago as an attempt to provide urban

children with a healthy environment for play. Since that time playgrounds of this kind have spread to other of the cities and towns of Denmark and to a lesser extent the rural areas. The "pedagogues" or teachers that supervise these playgrounds must have three years of teacher training in the seminarium. Ms. Winther said she had about 40 children who played regularly at the "legeplads" and were mainly in the nine to twelve age group. She is able to get to know the children quite well, and the children are free to come and go as they please. It is very evident that a real relationship grows between the children and the "legeplads" supervisor.

Also to be found in Faelledpark is a very special "offentlige legeplads". It is a driving playground. Here children drive pedal cars on a miniature highway and road system complete with working traffic lights and signs. They learn the meaning of the different signs and to observe the laws of driving. Children too small to handle the car controls have a small tricycle path of their own. Tricycles, too, are provided.



NEW MEMBERS

Name	Lodge	No. Location	Sponsor
Ruby M. Johnson	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Andy Andersen
Sharon A. Meyer	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Aase Donahue
Edwin D. Meyer	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Aase Donahue
Wendy Meyer*	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Aase Donahue
Edwin Meyer, Jr.*	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Aase Donahue
Jack C. House	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Axel Jorgensen
Denise House*	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Axel Jorgensen
Brent House*	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Axel Jorgensen
Kevin House*	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Axel Jorgensen
Jared House*	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Axel Jorgensen
Diane K. House	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Axel Jorgensen
Ray K. Nielson	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Alfred Olsen
Marie D. White	1—	Omaha, Neb.	Edna DeFreece
James Sorensen, Jr.	4—	Racine, Wis.	Ken Janssen
Russell H. Hartman	4—	Racine, Wis.	Richard Schmidt
Carl Swanson	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Roger Nelson
Alvin K. Nelson	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Rudolph Bernhardt
Terri A. Hansen*	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	George Hansen
Lawrence B. Swanson	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Chas. Madsen
Gerald G. Sherer	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	William Kastman
Harry Schaffer	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Lawrence Sorensen
James A. Whyte	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Robert B. Whyte
Arthur B. Swartz	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Edwin Andersen
Larry W. Ross	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Gordon Andersen
Vernon A. Ammentorp	14—	Kenosha, Wis.	Edwin Andersen
Opal Henriksen	16—	Minden, Neb.	Charmaine Thomsen
Lillian L. Petersen	16—	Minden, Neb.	Charmaine Thomsen
Harlie O. Petersen	16—	Minden, Neb.	Charmaine Thomsen
Allen J. Sorensen	30—	Muskegon, Mich.	Arthur Burkall
Niels Schov	34—	Dwight, Ill.	John Zappa
LeRoy A. Seabert	34—	Dwight, Ill.	I. R. Nielsen
Diane M. Jensen	34—	Dwight, Ill.	Kenneth Jensen
Gregg W. Jensen	34—	Dwight, Ill.	Kenneth Jensen
Kayla Jo Andreasen	34—	Dwight, Ill.	Randall Andreasen

Debra E. Seabert	34—	Dwight, Ill.	I. R. Nielsen
Margaret A. Patten	34—	Dwight, Ill.	Kenneth Jensen
Lee I. Patten	34—	Dwight, Ill.	Kenneth Jensen
Ryan Jay Andreasen*	34—	Dwight, Ill.	Randall Andreasen
Theodore S. Petzak	51—	Ludington, Mich.	Kenneth Johnson
LaVern F. Lorentz	51—	Ludington, Mich.	L. Christoffersen
Donald E. Stahl	51—	Ludington, Mich.	Richard Petersen
Edward E. Geil, Jr.	51—	Ludington, Mich.	Richard Petersen
Cardinal A. Cameron	51—	Ludington, Mich.	G. Christensen
Edith Annette Jacobsen*	67—	Fresno, Calif.	
Randall J. Ross	70—	Greenville, Mich.	Harold Sova
Thorvald Levisen	75—	Albert Lea, Minn.	Arnold Levisen
David K. Nicholson	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Daniel A. Barney*	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Katina J. De Nune*	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Tony D. De Nune*	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Rebecca L. Sweet*	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Lynwood L. Lauridsen	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis D. Sweet
Meredith Kausen, Jr.	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Alan H. Peers	95—	Ferndale, Calif.	Francis Sweet
Christa Teresa Andersen*	126—	Los Angeles, Calif.	Peter Breum
Laila Agnes Andersen*	126—	Los Angeles, Calif.	Peter Breum
LeVern Erickson	161—	Ruskin, Neb.	Jens Nielsen
Grace L. Erickson	161—	Ruskin, Neb.	Mr./Mrs. J. Nielsen
Kenneth R. A. Anderson	167—	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl
Jorn L. Petersen	167—	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl
Irving Enna	167—	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl
Else N. Anderson	167—	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl
Arvon R. Jensen	211—	Grand Island, Neb.	Bill Thomssen
Evelyn Mayhew	211—	Grand Island, Neb.	Elga Baasch
Michael S. Gray	211—	Grand Island, Neb.	Alice Gray
George J. Petersen	227—	Detroit, Mich.	Tage Gulbrandsen
Jerry E. Sostak	263—	Askov, Minn.	Louis Clausen
Lloyd S. Sorensen	299—	Solvang, Calif.	Bill Springer
Frank L. Emmons	323—	Alhambra, Calif.	Karen Rowse
Hedvig Vranum	325—	Franklin Squares, N.Y.	S. Hansen
Melissa Lynn Clayton*	340—	Wood Dale, Ill.	Terry Clayton
Karen Lynn Hansen	342—	Bucks Co., Pa.	Harry Scarlett
Jan Ole Hansen	342—	Bucks Co., Pa.	Harry Scarlett
Crystal R. Nelson	345—	Garden Grove, Calif.	F. Pedersen
Rosemary A. Allison	345—	Garden Grove, Calif.	F. Pedersen
Rosella S. Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove, Calif.	F. Pedersen
Bruce F. Nielsen	345—	Orange Co., Calif.	Thorf Anderson
Jay R. Christensen	345—	Garden Grove	Gladyce Christensen
Patricia Christensen	345—	Garden Grove	Gladyce Christensen
Andria Christensen*	345—	Garden Grove	Gladyce Christensen
Jayson Christensen*	345—	Garden Grove	Gladyce Christensen
Lois M. Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Eythel M. Edwards	345—	Garden Grove	William Brasch, Sr.
Floyd S. Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Delmer W. Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Floyd Pedersen
Parry C. Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Floyd Pedersen
James C. Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Gloria Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Freddy Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Jean Pedersen	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Freddy Pedersen*	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Susan Pedersen*	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Diana Pedersen*	345—	Garden Grove	Thorf Anderson
Patricia E. Colman	345—	Garden Grove	Floyd Pedersen
David Colman*	345—	Garden Grove	Floyd Pedersen
Daniel M. Hammer	600—	Omaha, Neb.	Carol Evan Hammer
Inge Lise Christensen*	600—	Omaha, Neb.	Preben Christensen
Joyce A. Olsen	600—	Omaha, Neb.	Raymond Olsen
Carol A. Schultz	600—	Omaha, Neb.	Tage Gulbrandsen
Norris Erickson	600—	Omaha, Neb.	Andy Andersen

*Juvenile Members

DEN DANSKE HILLS

Dear Danish Brotherhood,

This was my first year at camp. I went to Indian Orchards Day Camp. I liked the things they taught us to make. Liked the hiking into the forest.

Love,

Nicole Liberace
Lodge 172.

American Dane,

We enjoy your magazine and recipes and have tried several, but hope you can solve the problem of the recipe in your September magazine, Dansk Kringle Coffee Cake. It calls for 1 cup milk, 1 cup water and only 2 cups flour.

I had to use four cups flour, which made the Kringle Coffee Cake tough. I think there should be less water. I hope to hear from you.

Thank you,

Mrs. Victor Eliassen.

[Ed. Note: Not being a cook, I need some help with this one.]

Dear Danish Brotherhood,

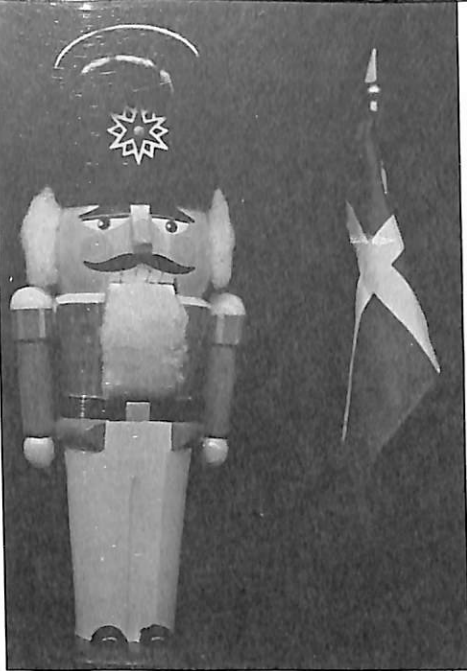
Thank you very much for the camp grant. I went to Indian Orchards Day Camp. I learned a lot of new songs and they showed horses one day. I loved that day. Thank you very much.

Marnie Liberace,
Lodge 172.

Dear Danish Brotherhood,

I wish to thank you for the Danish Brotherhood camp grant. Your interest in the youth of today is greatly appreciated. It was, as you stated, quite a welcomed surprise. The cheerleading clinic was great. I'll remember the fun times and the super people forever. Again, thanks for a wonderful program.

Sue Petersen, McCool Jct., Nebraska.



Our Lodges in Action

CORRECTION!

The Golden Gate Lodge Number 49 did not celebrate its 86th anniversary on September 12 as reported in the October issue of the **American Dane**. The celebration will take place instead on **November 12**.

MIDWEST

Lodge No. 34, Dwight, Ill. — We sponsored a Danish Oktoberfest on October 7 on the Village Plaza from 5 to 9 p.m. We served Danish kringle from a Danish bakery in Wisconsin and coffee. We put our Viking Boat on display and handed out some Danish items sent to us from the home office.

Please note: Some of us are getting more than one **American Dane** magazine monthly at our home, or have not been receiving it at all. This is a very good magazine and we wouldn't want anyone deprived of reading it. Please let me know if one of these instances is true in your family.

We are happy to report that our own Brother Jim Andraesen was elected vice president of the Midwest District for the next year.

Coming events — Mark your calendar — Christmas tree party Monday, December 26.

"Life is easier to take than you'd think. All that is necessary is to accept the impossible, do without the indispensable, and bear the intolerable."

Margaret Goodwin, Reporter.

Lodge No. 14, Kenosha, Wis. — They keep joining! We welcome Vernon Ammentrop, James Whyte, Harry Schaffer, Gerald Sherer, Lawrence Swanson, Larry Ross, Carl Swanson and Alvin Nelson. Glad to have you all with us.

The Midwest District Convention in St. Charles went extremely well and all who

went from Kenosha had a good time. Next year it will be in Milwaukee.

I goofed again! Forgot to mention Vince Rogers as one of the first place winners in the recent Midwest Golf Tournament held here in Kenosha. Sorry, Vince, and congratulations.

On November 6, we will have the Scandinavian Fair at the hall. Lots of good food and drinks, displays and items will be sold. Call Roger Nelson at 654-4198 if you are willing to help out your club that day. It will last from 11:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. with all proceeds going to your lodge.

Congratulations to Danish Sisterhood Lodge No. 20 on their fine 85th anniversary party. A good time was had by all.

Folk dancing has started! We had 20 people come to learn how to do the Danish folk dances. We will be meeting the first, second and fourth Thursdays at 7:00 p.m. Come join us! Jack Aalto has graciously volunteered to play for us.

Bob Ibsen, Reporter.

Lodge No. 340, Wood Dale, Ill. — Our Danish language program will continue each meeting night, and more often for those who wish.

The November 6 Aebleskiver Breakfast was our second attempt at fund-raising.

Recipe For Wood Dale Aebleskiver

4 large eggs, separated
 3½ cups flour
 2½ cups buttermilk
 2 tablespoons sugar
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1 teaspoon baking soda
 ½ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon cardamom (optional)
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix buttermilk, flour and other dry ingredients. Add egg yolks one at a time. Beat egg whites and fold into the batter. Using oil or shortening, and aebleskiver pan, this should make between 45 and 50 aebleskiver.

Our September meeting was filled with a number of good things, such as the initiation of Andy (Howard) and Bessie Andersen and Anthony Maffei (Young Viking). **Velkommen!** Shirley Christensen was awarded a \$25 bond and plaque in recognition of sponsoring five new members.

Coming: November 12 — Torsk Dinner (Kenosha); November 19 — Torsk Dinner (Chicago No. 17); December 11 — Children's Christmas Party (no meeting); January 4 — Election of Officers 1978.

EASTERN LODGES

Lodge No. 172, Philadelphia, Pa. — Last month was our first meeting this fall, which was attended by 35 people. Our guest speaker was an electrical engineer, who showed us a motion picture on atomic energy.

Currently preparations are underway to make Scandinavian Week in Philadelphia a successful affair. Flemming Hinrichsen and Nada Gamborg Nielsen will be our most active members in this endeavor. The displays and meeting will be in the Swedish Museum.

Arthur R. Thomassen, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 342, Bucks County, Pa. — Our Christmas dinner-dance, to be held jointly with the Philadelphia Lodge, will take place at the Four Chefs Restaurant on December 3. There will be a cocktail hour, dinner and dancing until 1 a.m., with the Dave Scott Quartet.

However, even before this, we have another event to celebrate. November marks our second year in existence. Since our famous musician, "Dolly", will be with us this month, plans are to hold our anniversary party in October. So following a short meeting, we'll enjoy smørrebrød prepared by Ulla Pedersen and Tony Bobman, and then dance and

socialize until early in the morning.

Of course, along with all these good times, we do conduct a little business. We are pleased to report that several people have applied for membership, so hopefully there will be an initiation in October.

To mention our September meeting, President Geert Pedersen cited John Nissen as responsible for establishing our monthly newsletter, "Lurbladet", which is now 25 years old.

Lorraine Malmquist, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 90, Port Reading, N.J. — Our October meeting was attended by eight members and one guest.

We discussed having another card party night in early December. Plans will be made firm at our November meeting.

With Christmas coming up soon, a committee of Bob Ried and Claire Kjems was appointed to look into what our lodge can do to make Christmas a little brighter for needy children or families in our area.

Claire Kjems, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 190 Schenectady, N.Y. — Eighteen members came to our first dinner meeting of the fall season. We sat down at 6:45 p.m. to an excellent "Bøf med Løg" dinner.

Dinner meeting, September 21, 1977 — The cocktail hour started at 6:30 p.m. The dinner bell rang all too soon, and we sat down to a delicious ham dinner. It was mentioned that the lodge will join with the Sisterhood and have a Christmas party for the adults as well as the children. Time, date and details later.

Lodge No. 116, Newark, N. J. — The Scandinavian Festival held at the Garden State Art Center Saturday, September 27, was well attended. It seemed to Brother Chris Mogensen that the Danes were not very well represented and made a last minute effort in getting the idea of sponsoring someone in the "Miss Viking" contest. Ann Marie Heckmann, daughter of Brother Donald Heckmann, consented to represent Lodge 116.

Along with ten other teenagers representing various organizations, Norway, Sweden, Iceland and Finland, Ann Marie was presented with a bouquet of flowers by a representative of her sponsoring organization. Ann Marie received her flowers from Lodge 116's secretary, Viggo Nielsen.

Viggo Nielsen, Secretary.

Lodge No. 32, New Haven, Conn. — Since our picnic in June it seems that everyone has taken a trip to Denmark, not only just from New Haven Lodge but members from surrounding lodges as well.

We held a dance on October 8 with about 75 people in attendance. The crowd not being that large left more opportunity for everyone to get friendly and meet with everyone individually.

About six members made an hour drive on October 4 to visit Byram Lodge No. 50.

Norman Edmonds, Secretary.

MICHIGAN-OHIO

Lodge No. 227, Detroit, Mich. — September 14 was the first meeting night of the fall season and we had 116 brothers and sisters at our pre-meeting dinner.

Vice President Ed Woods III resigned his office due to problems that prevented his being able to attend meetings. Bob Sorensen was appointed to fill the chair for the remainder of the term.

September 24 was the night of our 72nd anniversary dinner dance. We had a turnout of over 200 enjoying the dinner and dancing that followed. Our thanks go to Paul Carlsen and his wife for organizing the party and to Chris Fabricus, who acted as master of ceremonies.

Robert Sorensen, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 70, Greenville, Mich. — We are happy to welcome into our group a new member — Wyman Nietzel. I'm sure he will be another "always-welcomed".

From the report from my son, Carrol, his wife, Vivian, and my wife, I discovered from their tour to Europe how much we have been misjudging our homeland. The pictures that the family brought home show a much more favorable picture of a fruitful and prosperous nation.

My wife says the real beauty of Denmark is difficult to give the true value in words, so she will show movies and still pictures on October 14.

"The Danes are very friendly. The hospitality is very sincere. They explained, 'You have so much space. One of your states has as many square miles as our three islands of Jutland, Fyn and Zealand. You don't need to economize on space'. The country is so clean. We are wasteful of our resources.

Space is a big issue to them and they do not waste space. Combined homes are their way of saving space. New, big, beautiful apartments prove their initiative to be conservative. I admire their abilities to maintain the beauty God has given them. Their struggle to retain a small portion of their one-time realm makes them the kind of amiable, ambitious people that they are.

They are very considerate of visitors and are eager for our friendship as we mingle in their company. May we try to evaluate our many heritages and as we blunder along life's way, strive to build a stronger relationship with those who aren't blessed with as much as we."

Next month will mean preparations for the Steffelsefest.

Vern Minard, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 30, Muskegon, Mich. — Our big annual September event, a weekend retreat at the Hook and Horn Lodge on the Pere Marquette River near Baldwin, Mich., was enjoyed by a full lodge of 22 reservations the weekend of September 9-11. Horseshoe, darts and other games

and activities were enjoyed before the weekend came to a close. We're looking ahead to the 1978 retreat.

Harold Neiser, Secretary.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Lodge No. 29, Seattle, Wash. — Welcome to our new member, Ole Olsen, husband of Shirley Olsen, Danish-Sisterhood.

DB Lodge 29's annual picnic was held Sunday, August 21, 1977, at the Nile Country Club on Lake Ballinger. Approximately 160 people — members of the lodge with their families and friends, enjoyed a wonderful time at this beautiful park.

At the September 7 meeting of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood a very fine potluck was enjoyed by all. After the meeting Knud Dencker showed slides from the Alaska Pipeline, mountain scenes, wildlife, and scenes of the cities.

By popular request, the Danish language classes held last winter at the St. John's Lutheran church, 5515 Phinney Avenue North, Seattle, have been continued again this fall, beginning Tuesday, October 4. Cost is \$35.00 for adults and \$25 for students, sponsored by the Danish Educational Committee, representing Danish Brotherhood Lodge 29, Danish Sisterhood Evergreen Lodge 40, Danish Club of Seattle and Danelag.

Clyde Langsted, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA

Lodge No. 126, Petaluma, Calif. — Delegates and visitors from California and Nevada congregated at the Veterans Memorial in Petaluma, Calif., August 18, 19 and 20, for the 56th annual convention of the Danish Sisterhood and Brotherhood. An overwhelming response was received as the people came to enjoy "Happy Days are Here Again", the theme of the convention.

Thursday morning golf enthusiasts invaded the Liberty Golf Course. In the afternoon, approximately 50 people enjoyed a bus trip to the wine country and a tour of two wineries.

The evening's festivities began at 7 p.m. Brother Dick Hanse, president of D.B.S. No. 143, introduced Mayor Helen Putnam, who officially and graciously welcomed the visitors (nearly 400 people were in the audience) to Petaluma.

The evening proceeded with a local talent show, a program that included a Maypole, gymnasts and the highlight act was a group of 12 children doing three Danish folk dances: Shoemaker, Finger Polkas (they sang the words to these songs) and Ace of Diamonds. The children marched out to the Schottische and returned with their director, Sister Dorothy MacKinnon, who led them in a



Children's Folk Dance Group from Petaluma, Calif.

spiral. Also featured were five "pillow dancers", a radio broadcast skit, some dance numbers from the waltz to the hustle, and the Hen House Four "clucking" "In the Mood".

Friday evening the atmosphere of the auditorium was transformed "western" with wagon wheels, hitching post, saddles, fencing, a saloon, a kissing booth which featured three local "barmaids" and a jail. Square dancers entertained the guests as they enjoyed a western-type dinner.

At the conclusion of the meeting Saturday morning, the following officers were elected: President Dorothy Petersen, 126; Vice President Karen Petersen, 165; Secretary Susan Lorenzen, 131; Treasurer Grace Sorensen, 68; Trustee Tove B. Madsen, 24; Marshal Elsa Lassiter, 177; Inner Guard Judy Andersen, 68; and Outer Guard Eunice Sanborn, 131. Installation was held at 2 p.m.

A delicious banquet was held in the evening. Speeches were given. The ball, which followed, completed three tremendous days.

A farewell breakfast was well-attended the following morning at a local ranch.

Inga Brown, Convention Committee.

Lodge No. 339, Las Vegas, Nev. — Silver State Lodge members recently enjoyed a picnic held at the beautiful Spring Mountain ranch situated outside Las Vegas near Blue Diamond and nestled in the Red Rock Canyon. Looming behind this picturesque setting is Spring Mountain.

There were 22 people, including the little people, in attendance and everyone enjoyed a barbeque of hot dogs and hamburgers. Homemade ice cream was also made and it was very tasty, everyone taking their turn at the churn.

April Gerrity made all the arrangements for this picnic and the members assisted in bringing various items to complete the menu.

Lodge No. 319, Bakersfield, Calif. — A frikadeller dinner preceded the September meeting and we had a large attendance. Where else could you get scalloped potatoes, red cabbage, green beans, Danish rye bread and a glass of good wine for a \$1.00 donation? The Sisterhood members cooked the delicious food, with Oline Nelson and Birthe Stenderup chairing the delightful evening.

A weekend of hiking, cards, good food and fresh mountain air was held on October 15-16 at Tehachapi Mountain Park. This was a family outing and everyone enjoyed it. Ethel and Elton Nelson were in charge. Verner and Birthe Stenderup assisted and everyone lent a hand with cooking, cleanup, etc.

Many members will be assisting the Sisterhood at their annual bazaar in November. Featured will be a quilt designed by Ingrid Michelsen and hand-applied by several Sisterhood members. The quilt was created to honor the memory of Hans Christian Andersen, the idea being conceived soon after the 100th anniversary of his death.



Aebleskiver and coffee will be served, with Danish crafts and foods featured. At the last bazaar everything was sold about an hour after the doors opened.

Dorothy Peterson, Reporter.

IOWA

Lodge No. 217, Humboldt, Ia. — A potluck dinner was served to 40 persons at our regular Tuesday meeting October 4. Dinner was served at 6:30, followed with a short business meeting.

Jerry and Kathy Sonsalla of the Clear Lake lodge were our guests for the evening. Jerry, now our state president for the Iowa United Lodges, talked to us on our upcoming 1978 convention. At the 1977 convention held in Des Moines September 3-5, it was decided that Humboldt and Clear Lake would host next year's convention. Three delegates represented Humboldt: Marvin Christensen, Walter and Marie Pedersen.

Marie Pedersen, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 144, Dike, Ia. — We had our annual picnic the 21st of August and again we had a lot of good food and everyone there had a good time. Plenty of pop and beer to drink. That's all for this time.

Gus Olsen.

Iowa District News — Layne Rasmussen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Rasmussen, was the recipient of a \$250 scholarship from the Iowa United Lodges of the Danish Brotherhood in America. Irvin Strand, a member of the Newell Danish Brotherhood and past president of the Iowa United Lodges Danish Brotherhood, presented Layne with his scholarship check. Layne's father, Arnold Rasmussen, is president of the Newell Danish Brotherhood lodge.

The Iowa United Lodges Danish Brotherhood gives a \$250 scholarship each year to a son or daughter of a member of an Iowa Danish Brotherhood Lodge. To apply for this scholarship fill out an application from your local lodge. These applications must be in the hands of an officer of the Iowa United Lodges by September 1.

The Iowa United Lodges Danish Brotherhood also gives a \$250 scholarship through Dana College. To apply for this, write to Dana College at Blair, Nebraska.

Present for the presentation of the scholarship were: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Paulsen, Mr. and Mrs. Ole Frolung, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Rasmussen, and Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Grau, all from Newell; Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Strand from Aurelia; and Layne's brothers and sisters, all lodge members; Mr. and Mrs. Rod Rasmussen, Newell; Mr. and Mrs. Joel Sedlacek, Storm Lake; and Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Kempfert of Aurelia.

Layne is attending UNI at Cedar Falls, Ia.



FAMILY PROTECTION IRA

TAX DEDUCTIBLE RETIREMENT PLANS

Most men and women work hard during their lifetime trying to save money for their retirement. However, saving for retirement with after-tax dollars becomes increasingly difficult. Recognizing this problem, Congress has passed a law which allows individuals not currently covered by a qualified plan to establish Individual Retirement Accounts (IRA). This law allows these individuals to make tax deductible contributions to a retirement fund. In addition, earnings accumulate on a tax-favored basis. This provides a distinct advantage to help save for retirement. This plan is easy to establish with Danish Brotherhood. The following are answers to questions frequently asked about such a plan.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS:

- 1. What is the purpose of an IRA?**
The purpose is to allow individuals the opportunity to build a more secure future for themselves and their families by establishing a Tax-Favored Retirement Plan.
- 2. Who is Eligible?**
Individuals are eligible who have earned income and who are not actively participating in a qualified corporate pension or profit-sharing plan, a Keogh Plan (HR-10) or a government retirement plan.
- 3. How much may I contribute to an IRA?**
You may contribute and deduct each year an amount not to exceed 15% of your earned income or \$1,500, whichever is less, or \$1,750 for you and your spouse not to exceed 15% of compensation includable in your gross estate.
- 4. When may I receive retirement benefits?**
Your benefits may begin as early as age 59½ but not later than the close of the taxable year in which you attain age 70½. Benefits, however, may begin earlier if you are totally and permanently disabled.
- 5. May I withdraw benefits before age 59½?**
Yes; however, the benefits are subject to a special Federal Income tax penalty. A tax of 10% is imposed on the entire IRA distribution in addition to regular income taxes.
- 6. How are the benefits taxed at retirement?**
When you begin receiving monthly income benefits, they are taxable as ordinary income.
- 7. How do I begin an IRA with Danish Brotherhood?**
This procedure is simple. With the help of your Danish Brotherhood representative you select either the Retirement Annuity, Retirement Income, or the Endowment Plan. Then complete the required forms and begin making contributions.

Mail this coupon to: Danish Brotherhood in America, P. O. Box 31748, Omaha, Neb. 68131

- I am presently employed with a company that does not provide a pension or profit sharing program.
- I am a self-employed person who wants to know more about setting up a retirement plan for myself.
- I am interested in learning more about the new government tax benefits.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ Phone _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New Members New Insurance

SEPTEMBER, 1977

GROUP I (Lodges with 100 members or more)

Lodge Number	Location	New Members	New Insurance	Year to Date	
				Members	Insurance
1	Omaha, Neb.	10	\$ 13,500	28	\$ 85,000
4	Racine, Wis.	4	2,000	25	83,000
14	Kenosha, Wis.	10	18,500	34	101,000
16	Minden, Neb.	3		15	88,500
29	Seattle, Wash.			3	51,000
34	Dwight, Ill.	8	4,500	32	40,500
45	Minneapolis, Minn.			12	99,473
46	Perth Amboy, N.J.			27	0
49	San Francisco, Calif.			1	500
51	Ludington, Mich.	5	1,000	7	2,000
75	Albert Lea, Minn.	1		5	20,000
116	Newark, N.J.			5	1,000
126	Los Angeles, Calif.	2	10,000	4	25,000
139	Viborg, S.D.			14	1,000
144	Dike, Iowa			4	62,341
161	Ruskin, Neb.			12	28,300
167	Portland, Ore.	3	15,000	19	86,000
217	Humboldt, Ia.			7	17,000
227	Detroit, Mich.	1	5,000	20	50,500
263	Askov, Minn.	1	81,510	4	139,010
299	Solvang, Calif.	1	500	8	116,000
325	Nassau County, N.Y.	1		7	10,500
328	Vancouver, B.C.	1		9	0
341	Kimballton-Elk Horn, Ia.			12	114,000
600	Omaha, Neb.	5	32,000	42	241,022
55			\$183,510	347	\$1,351,624

GROUP II (Lodges with 50 to 100 members)

Lodge Number	Location	New Members	New Insurance	Year to Date	
				Members	Insurance
10	Council Bluffs, Ia.			0	1,000
15	Des Moines, Ia.			4	325,000
35	Chicago, Ill.			4	2,000
36	Milwaukee, Wis.			3	10,000
42	Spokane, Wash.			1	1,000
43	Denver, Colo.			1	



**Representative
of the Month**

Our most recent addition to our sales force is also the "Rep of the Month" for September.

After only two months as representative for Lodge No. 1 in Omaha, Jim Weedman distinguished himself by leading all other representatives in submitted annualized premium for September. Jim is also the president of Lodge No. 1 and is active in lodge activities.

Congratulations, Jim, and welcome to the winner's circle!

56	Kansas City, Mo.			1	1,000
70	Greenville, Mich.	1	1,000	4	1,500
71	Penn Yan, N.Y.			1	1,500
92	St. Charles, Ill.			20	115,500
113	Enumclaw, Wash.			2	
143	Petaluma, Calif.			1	
147	Newell, Ia.			1	
164	New York, N.Y.			1	2,500
206	Blair, Neb.			5	
211	Grand Island, Neb.	1	1,000	5	16,000
261	Fowler, Colo.			2	5,000
273	Dillon, Mont.			3	2,500
283	Dagmar, Mont.			2	1,000
314	Hartford, Conn.			2	10,000
323	Alhambra, Calif.			10	11,500
340	Wood Dale, Ill.	1	2,500	22	195,000
342	Bucks County, Pa.	2	1,000	5	1,500
345	Garden Grove, Calif.	10	50,776	98	296,151
				15	\$ 56,276
				199	\$ 913,422

GROUP III (Lodges with up to 50 members)

Lodge Number	Location	New Members	New Insurance	Year to Date	
				Members	Insurance
30	Muskegon, Mich.	1	\$ 500	3	\$ 1,500
33	Tacoma, Wash.			3	1,000
89	Superior, Wis.			2	2,500
90	Port Reading, N.J.			2	
95	Ferndale, Calif.	8	2,500	18	8,500
219	Clear Lake, Ia.			2	76,730
230	Arcata, Calif.			3	1,000
257	St. Petersburg, Fla.			14	0
268	Junction City, Ore.			5	1,000
321	West Palm Beach, Fla.			1	
326	West Branch, Ia.			2	
344	Janesville, Wis.			9	9,000
				9	\$ 3,000
				70	\$ 101,230

New insurance includes new insurance on old members and juvenile members.

*To The Iowa
United Lodges
of the Danish
Brotherhood*



I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincerest thanks to the Iowa United Lodges of the Danish Brotherhood for selecting me as a scholarship winner. I am very grateful and honored to be a recipient of your scholarship.

Presently I am attending the University of Northern Iowa as a fall freshman. I will be majoring in accounting and my future plans include becoming a CPA after receiving my degree.

Once again I would like to thank you for your help to further my education.

Gratefully yours,

Layne Rasmussen.

Danish Advent Calendar

The Christmas Countdown Calendar that makes Fund-Raising

"FUN-RAISING!"

Children worldwide thrill to the anticipation of the Christmas festivities, and European customs such as the Christmas Countdown Calendar make the waiting fun. Traditionally each child is given a calendar to count down the twenty four days till Christmas. The popularity of the Danish Advent Calendar is due to the beautiful three-dimensional artwork, moving parts and twenty-four little windows which when opened reveal cheerful Christmas scenes.

You'll love selling these colorful calendars, and you'll be making \$1.20 per calendar. That's a 40% profit! Read this exciting report from a scoutmaster in Utah.

"We sold about 600 the first year and 1400 the second. Our twenty scouts made a real good project out of it."

This success story is just one of hundreds that come in each year.

THERE IS NO RISK! Making large sums of money with this exciting income-producing method does **not require a cent to get started.** We will give you 60 days to pay for the calendars and we will also accept the return of any unsold calendars for full credit or refund if they are in resalable condition. A complete packet of information explaining every aspect of our Fund Raising Program will be included with each order.

You will want to start selling in September and continue through the first part of December. Time is short, and the quicker you act the sooner you will be able to get your fund-raising organization together and reap the benefits of your work. **GO AHEAD . . . GET STARTED.** Simply fill out the coupon and we will rush complete details about fund-raising with the Danish Advent Calendar.



The calendars are made in Denmark by Gemo Company where it is a company tradition to have the handicapped do as much of the assembly and packaging as possible. This same spirit of good will provides jobs for the handicapped in America as they sort and box the calendars. The funds generated from the sale of these calendars are then used by EFFORT INC. to provide education and jobs for the disadvantaged and handicapped. So in addition to raising funds for your own cause, your organization will have the added satisfaction of helping the handicapped.

EFFORT INC.

P.O. Box 145
American Fork
Utah 84003
(801) 486-3949
or 756-6592

NAME _____ AREA CODE/PHONE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

- Please rush me your fund-raising information packet.
 Please send _____ sample calendars (mixed assortment) at \$3.00 plus 50¢ postage per calendar. (If you order 10 or more, EFFORT will pay postage.)

Utah residents, please add 5% (15¢ per calendar) state sales tax.

Merry

Christmas



Celebrate in style, showing off your Scandinavian heritage with our best selling 10½-oz. beverage glass. Design in six festive colors with genuine gold rim.

Order now for immediate delivery. Only \$15.00 for box of six or \$28.00 for a full dozen. Add \$2.00 for postage and insurance to all orders.

Gift Norse

P. O. Box 5028, Evansville, Indiana 47715
(812) 477-2561

VISA

MASTERCARD

SECTION 7, PARAGRAPH 3 [b] — Payment authorized in the laws of the Society under one or more of the laws following Section 5, paragraph 4, and/or Section 6, paragraph 2; Section 14, paragraph 2, is hereby published:

OCTOBER, 1977

George Godthaab, Salary, \$252.50.

Peter Weber, GCEL Convention Expense, \$466.00.

HELP

On June 7 this year we received an order from Franklin, N.H., for three bumper stickers. Two one dollar bills were enclosed. Everything was fine except there was no signature, no return address, and no fingerprints to give us a clue about the sender.

So if you live in or near Franklin, N.H., have thought favorably about our bumper stickers, and have recently misplaced \$2, drop me a note and I'll send them by return mail.

Also, all replies will be held strictly confidential.

CHRISTMAS GIFT LIST

A directory of unique gifts available through the Fraternal Department of the Danish Brotherhood in America

1. A year's subscription to the **American Dane** magazine. For only \$6, you can insure a gift a month, each month, for the next year, of a very special magazine: the **American Dane**.
2. A Danish Language Tape Kit including a dictionary, a textbook, and five cassette tapes, this kit is the definitive course in learning to speak Danish available in the United States today. Each kit only \$24.95.
3. A plastic Viking Ship Kit. Every youngster likes to build models. And we have available a limited number of Viking ships complete with sails, shields, and detailed Viking warriors. Only \$4.00 each.
4. Red Nylon Water Repellent Jackets with the DBIA insignia. Another lasting gift, available in both lined and unlined, that proudly reflects pride in our Danish traditions. The jackets are available in both children's and adults' sizes. Please specify size and category.
Lined - adults - \$15.95 child's - \$12.95
Unlined - adults - \$13.95 child's - \$11.95
5. Danish Books make a fantastic gift. Nordic Books in Philadelphia is offering a comprehensive collection of Danish material, both fiction and nonfiction. A lasting and meaningful gift for both young and old. See adjoining page for titles available.
6. Scandinavian Music. Skandisk Music in Minneapolis is offering collections of Scandinavian music, primarily Norwegian; however, each album also contains Danish material. And my Danish must be improving because I understood the lyrics in a number of the Norwegian songs.
They've just made available a Christmas Album of delightful, traditional Scandinavian carols and songs sung by Mike and Else Sevig. Only \$6.75 each postpaid from Skandisk Music, 3424-19th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55402.
7. Give the gift that will last a lifetime. A Danish Brotherhood Endowment will benefit your **children and grandchildren**, and improve and gain in value every year. It will give them an early start on long-range insurance and retirement programs. They will have

the benefits of a low premium rate. They may even accumulate money for a college education. The Danish Brotherhood Endowment is a gift of a lifetime of benefits.

8. Great stocking stuffers for the Young Viking (or the young at heart). DBIA bumper stickers are an excellent "extra" gift to tuck into stockings. They proudly proclaim Danish heritage. And don't forget the large selection of lapel stickers that identify the wearers to others: "Watch it! I'm a Viking!" and "Hug Me! I'm Danish!" are only two examples. 50c per bumper sticker and sheet of lapel stickers.
We also have decks of cards for the bridge or poker champion in your household. They have the DBIA logo on the back in blue and white. Only \$1.00 a deck.
Our DBIA key rings are also available at 35c each. They're bright red and a durable, unbreakable plastic.
9. Christmas decorations. Our American and Danish toothpick flags are ideal for get-togethers at Christmas with friends. Great for lodge Christmas parties, too. And our Danish flag garlands are replicas of the decorations actually adorning Danish Christmas trees. The toothpick flags are 4c each, and the garlands are 25c per four-foot strand.

For more information, contact Gary Eilts, Fraternal Director, Danish Brotherhood, P.O. Box 31748, Omaha, Nebraska 68131. All orders must be prepaid. All Nebraska residents include 4% sales tax.

**NOVEMBER
ASSESSMENT**

Number 941

is Due and Payable to the
Lodge Treasurer

November 1, 1977

And Must Be Paid Before

December 1, 1977

Members failing to pay to their local lodge treasurer as per above will be considered in arrears.

HOWARD CHRISTENSEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

DEN DANSKE UNGDOM

by
DAVID VALADE
Omaha, Nebraska

Part II

Part I of "Den Danske Ungdom" dealt with the kids at school in Denmark. This part is about the other Danish young people — the rougher ones. These are the leather-jacketed motorcycle "clubs" who are considered a nuisance in the towns with their loud cycles and broken beer bottles.

The gangs are still in existence but many are being helped, or is it the towns that are being helped. One of these "kommunes" (communities) is Stenløse, just an hour's drive outside of Copenhagen. On August 11 I went to interview the mayor of this town, Knud Bro.

Borgmester Bro is a most active mayor who has personally worked with the motorcycle gangs. He has helped them with many problems. For help, the "clubs" just go to Bro's office and discuss their troubles as friends, not as "juveniles" talking to the law.

One of these problems was: where were the gangs going to stay in order to keep them off the streets? This was much discussed, but finally the issue was solved. Each gang would get a small building and twelve thousand kroner (about \$2,000) to buy furniture, paint and other things in order to make themselves at home. This worked out great and now everyone concerned is content.

One issue I found surprising was that in Stenløse there is no drug or alcohol problem among the younger generation. I have found, though, that this is not true all over Denmark. For instance, in Christiania (located in Copenhagen) there has been a whole "city" where nearly everyone lives with these problems every day.

Another surprise to me was when I found out that the young people and the senior citizens get along well with each other (this is in Stenløse). I discovered this from my "uncle" Erik Nathansen (a member of the Stenløse city council) when we were discussing the "youth houses". It seems that a "youth house" was established next to a nursing home. Before long the two different generations were getting along wonderfully. It, I am sad to say, is not like this in most of Denmark, although most young Danes treat their elders with more respect than we young Americans treat our older people.

Last month I shared with you a visit to two different schools, and this month, some thoughts on the motorcycle gangs, drugs and alcohol in Denmark. Next month I will give you an insight into the music the young Dane listens to and will tell about my experiences at an American rock concert in downtown Copenhagen.

"LEGEPLADS"

(Continued from page 11)

Another special type of supervised playground that attracts the older children are the "junk" playgrounds. A large lot, old wood, tools and supervision are available and the children are free to build and rebuild to their hearts content. It is fun to watch young kids tearing apart old packing crates and using the wood to construct houses of various design. Some of them look quite permanent, painted in bright colors, a padlock on the door and flowers blooming in a little yard surrounded by a rough fence.

A similar type of playground but offering more direct supervision is the free-time home ("fritidshjem"). Children of working parents have a place to come after school and are required to stay until their parents are home. The same activities and supervision are available. While the public playgrounds are financed by the community, parents must contribute to the cost of the free-time homes.

Young people's clubs ("Ungdomsclub") are recreational facilities for the fourteen to eighteen year old age group. As the free-time homes, they offer the young urban adult a place to go to be with friends. They also introduce new experiences such as bread baking or tending gardens or animals. Since there has been a real economic problem in Denmark, especially following the oil embargo, funding for these "ungdomsclubs" has been cut to a great degree, causing some problems in lower income areas.

Suffice it to say, that our two terrors greatly enjoy reaping the benefits of the Danish playground system and would gladly spend every waking hour at "their" park. Not only is the "legeplads" a "play-place" but a center for stimulating the imagination and creativity of Danish and American children alike.



BOOKMEN'S HOLIDAY

The Vikings by Michael H. Kirkby
96 Illustrations — 16 in full color.

The author describes the Dark Age Scandinavian that nurtured the Viking movement and pinpoints the evidence of archaeology and place-names and of surviving cultural habits that mark the far-reaching effects of Norse raids and trade and colonization. He draws on the songs and sagas of the Vikings for a graphic contemporary account of their exploits and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle for their opponents' point of view.

This is a magnificent book that well deserves its place in any Vikings' home.
#201764 207 pages \$10.95

Portrait of the Nations Series

The Land and the People of Denmark
by R. A. Wohlraabe and W. E. Krusch

This volume briefly describes the history, the government, the land and the people, holidays and customs, the arts and industry of Denmark. Illustrated. 160 pages.
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Of Danish Ways

by Ingeborg MacHaffie and Margaret Nielsen.

"For all who wish to have a fascinating overview and a deeper appreciation of Denmark and Danish ways, the book is filled with gems of information." — Harvey Benson.

In this book, readers will meet the Danes, a hardy people — a literate, broad-minded, enterprising people of a delightful country. The acquaintance made in this book will be cherished by those of Danish descent, and fascinating to those interested in Denmark.
#201058 252 pages \$7.95

Jørgen Stein by Jacob Paludan
translated from the Danish by Carl Malmberg

The outbreak of World War I disrupts much of Danish society and many who were approaching maturity never regained their balance. Jørgen Stein, misled by the false optimism of a materialistic society, abandoned his conservative values and stable family heritage, stumbled through a series of unsatisfying jobs and disillusioning personal experiences, and finally turned to simple farm life in the desperate hope of finding some meaning for his restless life.
#201052 724 pages \$14.00

Ditte by Martin A. Nexø

Three volumes in one of this Danish classic: **Girl Alive, Daughter of Man and Towards the Stars.**
#201073 \$11.00

Two Minutes of Silence by H. C. Branner
translated from the Danish by Vera Lindholm Vance.

Events half-understood in childhood suddenly become clear 20 years later; a 15-year-old boy struggles to comprehend his first encounter with love; in two lurching, jolting minutes by the bedside of his dead wife, a successful businessman sees the whole shabby tale of his marriage. This collection of 12 stories probes such experiences — experiences which occur in the life of all human beings.
#201053 240 pages \$9.50

History of Danish Literature by P. M. Mitchell
#2010104 399 pages \$15.00

Carnival by Isak Dinesen

Eleven tales, spanning Dinesen's entire writing career. None has appeared in book form before in English and three have been translated from the Danish especially for this collection.
Pub. Sept. 1977 \$10.00

Five Plays by Kaj Munk

A gripping collection of Danish dramas by a leading Danish clergyman-playwright killed by the Nazis.
#2010114 272 pages \$8.00

Marie Grubbe by J. P. Jacobsen

A classic Danish novel incorporating a detailed psychological study of an actual 17th-century woman seen in her relationship with men.
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The Lost Musicians by William Heinesen

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Lucky Kristoffer by Martin A. Hansen

A leading 20th century Danish author writes a historical novel mirroring the troubled experiences of the Danes during the German occupation.
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The Liar by Martin Hansen

A sensitive and thought-provoking story of life on a tiny Danish island after World War II.
#201074 205 pages \$6.95

A History of Denmark by Palle Lauring

Twelve chapters from ancient times through World War II and Denmark today.
#2010102 274 pages \$16.00

All available from Nordic Books, P.O. Box 1941, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

"ET LILLE ØJEBLIK"

(Continued from page 4)

will be dancing around a Danish Christmas tree, Danish pastries and cookies, and instructions on making Danish Christmas ornaments.

Other activities of the day will include performances by the Dana Folk Dancers, who wear authentic Danish costumes; a morning worship service; concerts by the Dana band and choir; story hours (for children of all ages), a German Christ-kindlmarkt and a French Christmas room.

Reservations are needed for the noon and evenings smorgasbords. For a detailed program and reservation request forms, please write to: The Public Relations Office, Dana College, Blair, Neb. 68008

DO IT DANISH!

The Denver Danes are holding their Third Annual Arts & Crafts Festival November 12 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. at 940 Lincoln Street in Denver.

This is an exciting opportunity for everyone in the Denver area to sample some authentic Danish hospitality.

A BRIEF VACATION

(Continued from page 10)

moment in disbelief, and when he reopened it a black nose appeared between two massive curling horns.

Man and beast beheld each other in silence for several minutes, then Wilton slowly raised the pistol to hold it steady at the ram's chest. The gun's recoil violently threw the weapon from his hands as the basin began to echo with the report. Wilton was up and running with reserve energy, stumbling, falling, running some more. He reached the top of the hill and fell over the ram's spiraling horns, landing next to a stain of blood spreading through the snow. He stuffed some of this snow into his mouth, then feverishly hacked with his pocket-knife to get at the rich dark entrails.

The black patch over his left eye gave him a strangely macho appearance despite his small stature. His first day back on the job found him the center of attention as he recounted his adventure many times to his co-workers.

A forest service plane had spotted them and sent a helicopter for the rescue. Montrose had survived because of the nourishment afforded by the sheep meat, and now was in a cast up to his armpits, quiet and grateful for the help of a man he had formerly considered a city-bred fool. Chick's body was flown home to a funeral that Wilton did not attend.

The sheep's head and carcass were left where they lay although the horns were very big and undoubtedly would have classed as a trophy. Some disbelieved that he had killed a sheep at all, and others quizzed him regarding the ram. Wasn't

SCANDINAVIAN SEMINAR

Scandinavian Seminar is now accepting applications for its study abroad program in Denmark, Finland, Norway or Sweden for the academic year 1978-79. This living-and-learning experience is designed for college students, graduates and other adults who want to become part of another culture while acquiring a second language.

An initial three-week language course, followed by a family stay whenever possible, will give the student opportunity to practice the language on a daily basis and to share in the life of the community. For the major part of the year he is separated from his fellow American students, living and studying among Scandinavians at a "People's College" (residential school for continuing adult education) or some other specialized institution.

All Seminar students participate in the Introductory, Midyear and Final Sessions, where matters related to their studies, experiences and individual progress are reviewed and discussed. The focus of the Scandinavian Seminar program is an Independent Study Project in the student's own field of interest. An increasing number of American colleges and universities are giving full or partial credit for the Seminar year.

The fee, covering tuition, room, board, one-way group transportation from New York and all course-connected travels in Scandinavia is \$3,800. A limited number of scholarship loans are available.

For further information please write to: **Scandinavian Seminar**, 100 East 85th Street, New York, New York 10028.

the purpose of the trip to get a trophy head to hang above his fireplace?

Wilton's replies were always vague. He realized that his values were different than everyone else's and did not again wish to be laughed at. He felt strangely triumphant and satiated in his life, yet longed to return to the wilderness that had nearly killed him. Any attempts to explain himself would have sounded foolish.



GROUP III SPECIAL CITATION

DEN DANSK PIONER

by Carl Kjeldsen, Spokane, Washington

Vore forfaedre var født i Danmark,
Og de kom fra baade by og land,
Og mange ting havde de lavet og set,
Til dette store, vide land,
Som de gjorde til deres eget,
Mange blev meget rige,



THE MIKE AND ELSE CHRISTMAS ALBUM

Mike and Else Sevig, Norwegian folk-singers who reside in Minneapolis, have just released their third LP Stereo record. The album is entitled: "Julegleder/Christmas Joy" and contains 15 songs, most of which one would hear at any Scandinavian Christmas party.

Some titles include: "O jul med din glede", "Jeg er saa glad", "Her kommer dine arme smaa", "Deilig er den himmel bla", "Paa laaven sitter nissen" and "Glade jul!" The album includes an insert with all the Norwegian lyrics and English translations. In fact, many of the English translations are done in rhyme!

Mike and Else also do two American Christmas songs on this record which have been translated into Norwegian — "Rudolf er rød paa nesen" and "Bjelleklang" (Jingle Bells).

Accordionist "Skeets" Langley and bass player, Arlin Snesrud, again accompany Mike and Else. In addition, violin, trombones, celeste and even an antique reed organ have been added to create a very festive Christmas feeling.

The records sell for \$6.75 postpaid, and can be ordered from: **Skandisk Music**, 3424-19th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn. 55407.

Men nogle af dem var ikke saa heldige,
At tjene ret meget,
Saa de var meget fattige,
Men trods alt var de alligevel tilfredse,
Og de var stolte af at vaere Amerikanere,
Men de var ogsaa stolte af at vaere født i Danmark.

Our only entry in Danish and since some of our judges can't read Danish, I thought it unfair to include it in the general competition. Therefore, Mr. Kjeldsen in Spokane is being given a special mention and an award for his poem.

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT & CIRCULATION
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- | | | |
|---|------|------|
| B. Paid circulation: | | |
| 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales | 0 | 0 |
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11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

/s/ GARY EILTS, Editor.



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Grandma's Kitchen

FINE DANISH LAYER CAKE

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup potato flour
- 1 cup flour
- whipped cream for frosting
- custard and jam for filling

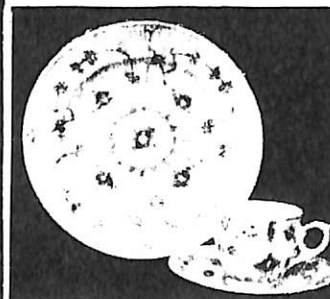
Cream butter and sugar well. Add egg yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted flour and last, the stiff beaten egg whites. This makes three layers. Bake 15-20 minutes in 350 degree oven. Make custard (see recipe). Fill layers with jam and custard and top with whipped cream.

Custard

- 1 cup milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Mix all ingredients in saucepan and bring slowly to a boil, stirring constantly. Let cook two minutes. Cool. Add vanilla extract last if stronger flavor is desired.

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PLEASE NOTE

Our supply of Danish cards is being depleted much more rapidly than we expected and we won't have time to reorder before Christmas.

Please indicate if we can substitute English text when ordering the Danish.

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at

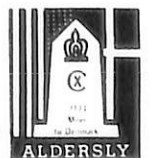
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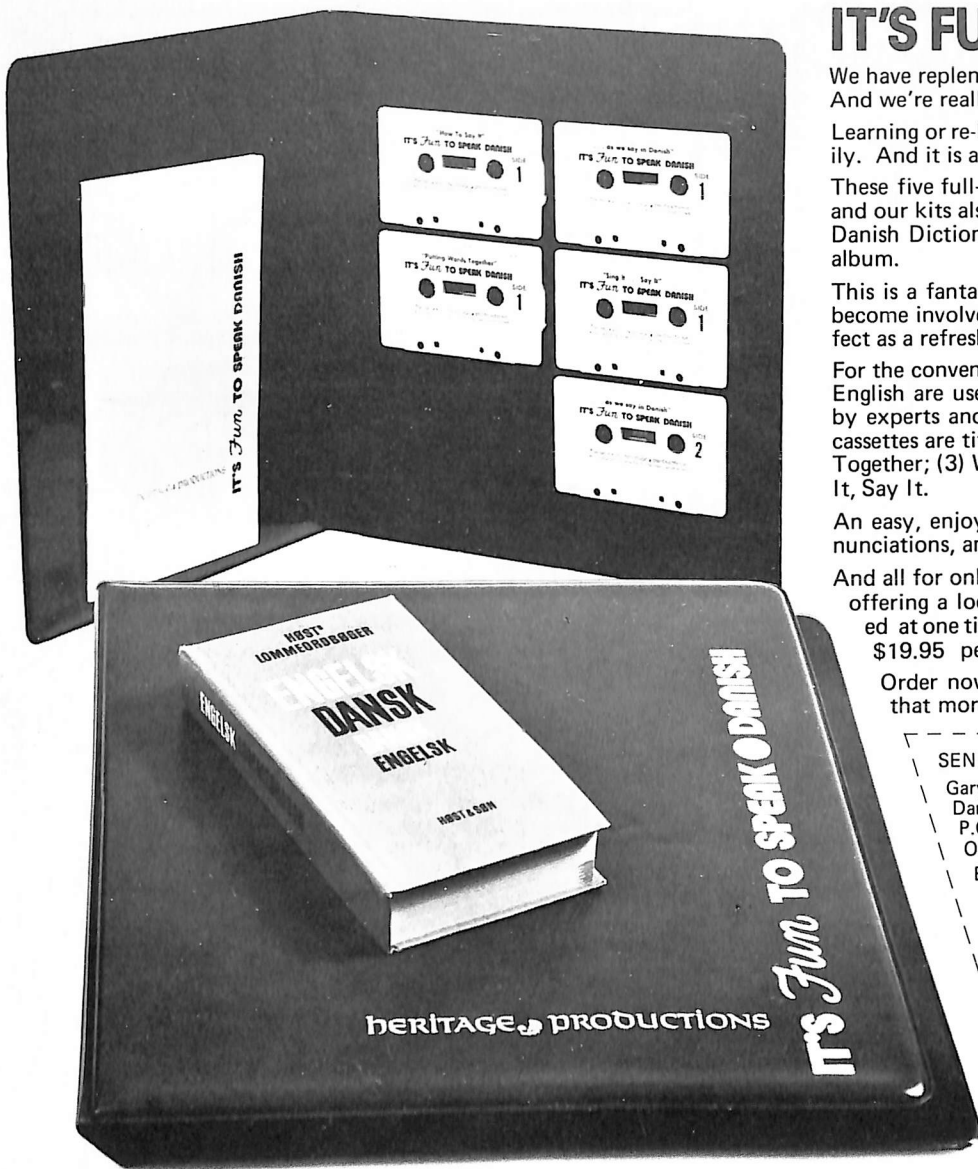
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November, 1977

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