

THE

AMERICAN

FEBRUARY 1978

DANE

MAGAZINE



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Everything has its season. And each season has a beginning and an end. As of February 1, I have officially resigned my position as Fraternal Director with the Danish Brotherhood in America.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my affiliation with the DBIA yet I now feel I must move on. Life is change — that's the exhilarating aspect of it — and we must all change with it. I have the opportunity now to do some free-lance writing, something I have long wanted to do.

Again my thanks and my appreciation for all of your help, your suggestions and your good wishes. I have thoroughly enjoyed our association and wish you all the very best.

Gary Ellis

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editor-in-chief

DBIA

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administrative editor



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assistant editor



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IN THIS ISSUE:

ANNOUNCEMENTS	p. 4
"DEN DANSKE PULS"	p. 5
THIRD PLACE CREATIVE WRITING WINNERS	
Poetry	
"Daniel" — Ann Marie Wittrup	p. 7
"Memories" — Beth Young	p. 7
"No Title" — Diane Petersen	p. 7
Fiction	
"Spacecraft to the Future" — Karen Lange	p. 7
"The Tree" — Cindy Mauritsen	p. 8
"The Adult" — Kristen Barfod	p. 8
Non-Fiction	
"My Danish Heritage" — Joan Rasmussen	p. 9
"Full Circle" — Karen Chadwick	p. 10
"THE DAY THE VIKINGS RETURNED" — Robert E. Challen	p. 12
"POEM" AND "SEAGULLS" — Fredrick Zydek	p. 13
"GRAVEHØJE I DANMARK" — David Valade	p. 14
"REFLECTIONS OF DENMARK" — Dawn Nielsen	p. 15
OUR LODGES IN ACTION	p. 16
PUZZLE — "SIGHTSEEING IN DENMARK"	p. 22
"GRANDMA'S KITCHEN"	p. 23

VOLUME XLII

FEBRUARY 1978

NUMBER 2

"... And the Viking ship sailed past the outer shoals, out into the fog, away from the land they knew towards an unknown ocean. Yet they were not afraid..."
This ink sketch of the Viking ship sailing, I feel, captures the feeling of desolation. See the story of their return on page 12.

**FEBRUARY
ASSESSMENT
Number 944**

is Due and Payable to the
Lodge Treasurer

February 1, 1978

And Must Be Paid Before

March 1, 1978

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

HOWARD CHRISTENSEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Announcements

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MONTH

(No picture available!)

Evelyn Hansen, member and lodge representative of Lodge No. 323 in Alhambra, Calif., is our December, 1977, "Rep of the Month".

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE YEAR



For the second time since the inception of the Agency System, Tage Guldbrandsen is being recognized as the Representative of the Year by leading all other representatives in the amount of protection provided Danish Brotherhood members in 1977.

We are looking forward to presenting the "Representative of the Year" award to Tage and congratulating him on a job well done.

MANAGER OF THE YEAR



Also for the second consecutive year, Vaughn Moore, Area Manager for Eastern Iowa and Minnesota, won the "Manager of the Year" award by being the leader in life insurance protection provided members in his area in 1977.

Vaughn retired from his full time position as area manager effective January 1, 1978, but will continue as representative for Lodge No. 15 in Des Moines on a part time basis.

Congratulations, Vaughn.

Need a Vacation?

Kids need them, too...

And the Danish Brotherhood wants to help. In accordance with the bylaws, the DBIA is offering **ten Summer Camp Grants** of \$25 each to be granted to qualified individuals between the ages of seven and fifteen. The only requirement is that the youngster either be a member of the Danish Brotherhood or a relative of a member.

Grants will be given to those applicants who reflect the greatest need as well as the most interest, and are awarded for attendance at regular, supervised camp sessions lasting at least a week or more.

For further information and application blanks, please write to the Danish Brotherhood, Camp Grants, P. O. Box 31748, Omaha, Neb. 68131, **no later than May 15, 1977.**

Remember, parents may apply for their children — Vacations do have a way of creating enjoyment in both directions.

BOWLING TOURNAMENT

It is time again for the Danish Brotherhood National Bowling Tournament. All lodge secretaries should have received by this time entry forms for their lodges. If you have not, **write to the National Headquarters and request them.**

There have been some changes in the tournament for this year. The dates for bowling are between April 1 and June 1. Prize money will be awarded for the top 20 teams. The top men's score, lady's score, and top "Young Viking" score will also receive prize money, as will the top series in each of the categories. Bowlers may bowl on an all men's team or all women's team or on mixed teams to be eligible.

There will also be prizes for top ladies team and top Young Viking team. In addition to the monetary prize, each winner will receive a certificate in recognition of their award.

There is no entry fee or expense connected with this tournament for the participating bowler other than the fee charged by the bowling establishment.

Total amount of prize money will be just under \$1,000.



'DEN DANSKE PULS'

Dear Editor:

I visited my alma mater, Dana College in Blair, Neb., the other day and spotted your colorful magazine on the magazine rack. I read it and liked it.

It occurred to me that your magazine is the appropriate place to point out that Dana — the only four-year college in the United States with a Danish heritage — faces some problems. That was the reason for my trip there, to discuss what can be done about spreading the word that Dana needs two things:

1. More students. A fully accredited school which offers a quality education, Dana has suffered the same decline in enrollment which many schools in small communities have suffered. If members of the Danish Brotherhood have sons and daughters or friends and relatives who are searching for a school which can offer both an excellent education and a touch of Denmark in the United States, Dana College is the place.

2. Like all private colleges, Dana is facing some serious financial problems. When Danish-Americans consider a good cause for a contribution or a will designation, they should not overlook an institution which is helping to preserve the Danish heritage in the United States.

And thanks for the good job you are doing. It is like a mini-vacation to Denmark.

Cordially,

Paul Simon, U. S. Congressman.

P.S. Are you related to Herman Eilts, the U.S. Ambassador to Egypt? He's one of the best U.S. Ambassadors anywhere.

1127 Aldrich Avenue
Boone, Ia. 50036
January 23, 1978

Dear Mr. Eilts,

Thank you for the Certificate of Merit and the \$50 award for my essay. It was indeed a pleasure to share my childhood memories with your readers.

I am very proud of my Danish heritage and hope I am creating some memories for my grandchildren. Keep up the good work in publishing **American Dane**. I look forward to reading it each month.

Sincerely,

Doris C. Jones.



B.C.ing you in '79"

In September, 1979, the Danish Brotherhood will hold its National Convention in Vancouver, British Columbia. Lodge No. 328, Vancouver, will be the host and its convention committee is already hard at work planning a phenomenal array of activities for the delegates. Poul B. Christensen, chairman; Erik Esmann, secretary; and Elith Marcussen, treasurer, have already booked space at the gorgeous Four Seasons Hotel in downtown Vancouver for the third week in September, 1979.

Start planning now to attend. British Columbia is magnificent and Vancouver is one of the most spectacular cities in the world. In the months to come we will be adding more and more details.



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YOUNG VIKING "INFLATION BUSTER" MONEY PLAN

The following insured thrift money plans are examples of the outstanding plans available from your Brotherhood. You may select any plan or face amount... you may choose annual premiums or pay a reduced rate SINGLE SUM (other payment methods are available, too). Rates shown here are for male.

PLAN A				PLAN B			PLAN C		
BEST BUY! \$20,000 SPECIAL WHOLE LIFE				THRIFT + PROTECTION \$10,000 ENDOWMENT AT AGE 65			\$5,000 THIRTY YEAR PAYMENT LIFE		
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0	\$138.20	\$3,293.15	\$43,260.60	\$ 97.50	\$2,323.32	\$28,843.20	\$61.15	\$1,066.76	\$13,404.10
1	141.20	3,351.12	42,237.20	99.60	2,363.82	28,269.50	62.05	1,082.46	13,066.15
2	144.40	3,412.76	41,244.60	101.80	2,405.95	27,706.00	63.05	1,099.91	12,729.45
3	147.80	3,477.95	40,258.60	104.10	2,449.63	27,148.30	64.10	1,118.22	12,404.05
4	151.40	3,546.59	39,283.20	106.50	2,494.80	26,600.90	65.15	1,136.54	12,087.65
5	155.20	3,618.56	38,323.00	109.10	2,543.71	26,067.50	66.30	1,156.60	11,775.50
6	158.00	3,665.87	37,401.60	111.80	2,593.95	25,547.00	67.50	1,177.54	11,476.35
7	161.20	3,721.14	36,490.00	114.60	2,645.43	25,036.90	68.75	1,199.34	11,183.30
8	164.60	3,779.58	35,601.00	117.60	2,700.36	24,540.50	70.00	1,221.15	10,897.90
9	168.00	3,836.47	34,740.80	120.70	2,756.32	24,055.90	71.35	1,244.70	10,620.35
10	171.80	3,900.83	33,893.20	124.00	2,815.50	23,583.80	72.70	1,268.25	10,349.45
11	175.60	3,963.39	33,047.20	127.40	2,876.49	23,121.40	74.10	1,292.67	10,088.15
12	179.80	4,033.05	32,241.60	131.00	2,938.43	22,672.80	75.55	1,317.97	9,830.70
13	184.00	4,100.64	31,447.60	134.70	3,001.94	22,238.00	77.05	1,344.14	9,582.40
14	188.60	4,174.92	30,683.00	138.60	3,068.10	21,811.20	78.55	1,370.30	9,339.80
15	193.20	4,246.80	29,930.40	142.60	3,134.54	21,399.10	80.10	1,397.34	9,104.80
Minimum \$20,000 (or with whole life plan, \$5,000 minimum)				\$2,500 Minimum			\$2,500 Minimum		

*Dividends included in above are based on our present scale and are not guaranteed. Female premiums are slightly lower than those shown above for males.

**The annual premium can be prepaid any number of years in advance in most states, and is discounted at the current interest rate.

Mail to Danish Brotherhood in America, P.O. Box 31748, Omaha, Nebraska 68131

Age of Youth	Name	Address	Parent's Name	Plan

Recommender _____ Lodge _____ Telephone _____

Address _____ Zip Code _____

Third Place Winners:

1977 Creative Writing Contest

GROUP I POETRY THIRD PLACE

DANIEL

by Ann Marie Wittrup
Albuquerque, New Mexico

There's a little boy I know
With downy skin
And merry eyes.
Guarded by long fair lashes.

Finger in mouth,
He goes about his daily life
Singing, dancing, playing intently.
With happy smiles
And angry frowns
And patches of baby soft
Hiding behind his neck.

GROUP II POETRY THIRD PLACE

MEMORIES

by Beth Young, Akron, Ohio

Store up in memories and things that
meant so much,
To only hear the laughing and remember
the soft touch;
For life is not without end, you live
day by day.
To hold the memories of friendship that
were once so gay.

Store up in memories and things that
meant so much,
To see the beauty and thoughts
as such;
The days are so short as you live
your life through,
For such a friend...
we found in you.

GROUP III POETRY THIRD PLACE

by Diane Petersen, Lyndhurst, Virginia

The moon rules the night.
He glows brightly and bold;
An imitation of the sun,
But smaller and cold.
He speaks out of darkness
With romantic splendor,
But from those he lures,
He wants total surrender.
He'd like them to think
He is second to none,
And really believes
He can outshine the sun.

GROUP I FICTION THIRD PLACE

SPACECRAFT TO THE FUTURE

by Karen Lange, Tacoma, Washington

The year was 2015 and two scientists by the names of Scott Lonbert and Robert Merill were trying to find a way to travel into the future. Robert Merill, age 45, and Scott Lonbert, age 37, were in their laboratory in Cape Kennedy, Florida. They were looking over a V-like shape which was the model of a new spacecraft called the "Varacuda Two". Scott and Robert had been working on the plans for the Varacuda for over two years and they had been working on the ship itself for ten years. They were almost finished with the Varacuda.

The ship is being made with special metals to withstand any kind of pressure or heat. The Varacuda was the strongest ship ever to be made by man in history.

"Scott, come over here and take a look at Formula XIII," said Bob. They were working on a new formula to cover the Varacuda and keep things sealed in. "There! I'm done," cried Bob, now exhausted by the work. After months of work they completely perfected Formula XIII, and coated the ship. They tested the spacecraft thoroughly.

"The tests show that the Varacuda is in perfect condition," replied Dr. Baker. "She'll be ready to go anytime."

Now they could only hope that she would make it through the time warp. The date was February 4, 2016, when the Varacuda was ready for take off. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, blast off!

"She's in the air," replied Bob.

Three men, Chris Adams, Brian Mac and Jeff Hines were all experienced astronauts who were flying the Varacuda II.

"Chris, put it in full speed toward Theta Orionis, the middle star in the sword of Orion," said Jeff. "The time warp is to the left of that star. As soon as you see a gas cloud near the star go towards that."

Five days had passed, they would change seats when one got tired or hungry, but they kept on. Soon they were close enough to go through the cloud.

"Sit tight! We're taking her through," said Jeff.

"Watch out! Something's wrong with the shield, the button won't work!" screamed Brian.

Chris pushed the emergency button. "All is O.K. now, sit down, we're coming to the end," said Chris.

"Wow, that was tough, the left tail is leaning. It doesn't seem that bad, though," said Brian.

"Go down and fix it, Brian," said Jeff. "Thank goodness we made it," said Chris.

"That should be Earth down there," said Jeff, and Chris took Brian's place and steered towards Florida.

"Land on any flat surface you find."

"Buckle in, we're landing on that beach down there," said Chris. "Brian, come over here and pull back on these two levers, I have to go down and guide the landing."

"We're here," sighed Jeff happily.

"Let's go find where we are, and what year it is," said Brian.

"Follow this dirt road, it might lead us somewhere," Chris said.

"Hey! There's a sign up ahead. Maybe it will tell us where we are," Jeff yelled.

The sign says: Miami Beach — ten miles per hour on dirt road.

"Dirt road!" Chris was confused.

"The beach is up ahead so let's find some civilization," said Brian. When they got to the beach, nobody was there.

"Miami Beach sure lost its population in the future, and look at the litter. It's a sad sight," said Jeff.

"We had better follow this dirt road," said Chris. As they started on the road it grew hotter and hotter. Finally they entered a little village with shack-like houses along the hot dusty road. There was a house up ahead with a candle in the window. They knocked on the door, nobody answered. They knocked again and an old lady answered.

"Could you tell me where we are?" asked Brian.

"Yes," she replied sadly. "This is Miami, a lot different than it was years ago. You're young, do me a favor, stay away from this lonely place. There has been nothing here since the year 2571."

"Well, what year is this?" Brian asked quickly.

"This is the year 2578," she replied. With that she shut the door.

Jeff said, "This place seems hopeless."

They walked in silence down the road toward the spacecraft, probably all thinking about the poor old lady they met, not knowing that the tunnel does not go back to the year 2016, and they will never return home again. But if you ever happen

to look up on a clear night and see a V-shaped spacecraft flying in the sky, you will know it is the Varacuda II trying to come home.

**GROUP II
FICTION
THIRD PLACE**

THE TREE

by Cindy Mauritsen, Kent, Washington

Tonight I had decided upon walking to my tree. I call it my own. I go there when I'm lonely, or being yelled at. My father gets madder when I just get up and walk out on him, when he's telling me what I should do, like bringing out the garbage when it's his job, or not to let my dog on the sofa because he'll shed hair all over it. Tonight I am lonely. The stars were the brightest I've ever seen, on the dark, navy blue sky. The wind, with its powerful sprays of rain, was drifting away and taking me with it.

I was running to second base when I heard a voice behind me. Soon, after introductions, I found myself playing baseball with a tall angel. I could barely see my companion, because the bases were so bright. She won the game, naturally, but it was fun among the stars.

I was just reaching my tree when I noticed a sign I had never seen before. It said, "Welcome to the Land of Wisdom". I hopped up on my favorite branch, I went higher and higher, and thought I would never stop. The mist was so thick I couldn't see a thing. I felt hungry suddenly, maybe because of the smell that was coming from behind me. It smelled so good, I had to find out what it was. I turned and took a few steps, and found myself in front of a huge, long table. I couldn't see who, but someone with gentle white hands seated me in the chair at the head of the table. The meal was the best I had ever eaten. I thanked the pale men, with snowy white beards.

I jumped off my branch and started for home, the night air made me light headed, it was so fresh. I'm glad the neighboring factories are closed on weekends, because some of the noises they make often hurt my ears, and the air isn't so dirty when they're closed.

I was skipping through the flowers when I ran upon a lion lying lazily on the hot African plain. I hid behind a dead, crumbly bush, while I watched with big eyes as the great beast went after his prey. The zebra was running for dear life, but wasn't quite fast enough. It made my stomach turn, while I watched the bright, warm red flesh being torn apart by the enormously sharp teeth, and the dangerous paws.

By now the fireflies were flying around my head. I was just about home when I noticed a stork using my chimney as a nest, the copper roads were smooth and shiny.

Page 8

Bike riders were all over. I passed a young couple strolling in the street. I noticed that they were talking quickly. I wish I had known a little more of their language.

The next day was bright, but I was sleepy. So I decided to get my routine work done, that is cleaning house while my mother is working, and then take a long nap. Since my nightly walk last night was full of dreams.

Tonight I have no time for following the stars or visiting my tree. Tonight I shall help collect for my brother's papers he delivers. I do not go alone. I have my mother and sister who go with me. I do not mind being in the dark. It lets me dream more since it swallows all other people who might interfere with our friendship. I hate people who make us come back another day.

As I walk homeward with my sister, she tells me about school and things she did that day. I couldn't hear a word she was saying, some big trucks were going by then, that made it all the easier to dream, because when I hear voices that are talking to me, I can't dream easily.

Just like when we go home from school on the bus in the evenings, my sister is talking to me. I don't really want to listen to her, because after being in classrooms for six hours, I like to be alone. So I try to listen to the music that is playing on the bus instead, without her knowing it. So I just nod my head if I think she is asking me a question.

This Saturday and in summertime when the sun is bright and warm, I love to run in and out of the rays which are coming through my bedroom window and reaching out into the hall.

Sometimes I think my teacher is happier than I am when Friday comes around, because of the way he sort of counts the hours down by looking at the clock every so often. Being in the seventh grade is sort of hard because either you're too young or too old for something and get yelled at by your mom or teacher.

No one knows about my tree, or where it is, only my dog and I know. I make an excuse that I'm taking the dog for a walk. Sometimes my mother makes a joke and says to leave the mutt somewhere so he'll never come back, but she really doesn't mean that, because she hugs him every morning when he gets up, and at night when she comes home from work.

One night I didn't know my older sister was out walking, probably thinking about her boyfriend, until she came upon my tree. I was trying to figure out why my dad yelled at me. I thought he would be proud of me, and how I put away my roller skates in the back room. How was I to know he was going to fall on them.

My sister laughed at me, she said I was dumb to think I had a tree of my own where I could think on my own. She even said I was in junior high and that when you're that old, I shouldn't do things like sitting in trees anymore. Then she walked home laughing.

After that I didn't go back to that tree. I was really sorry to see my tree being chopped down, for some dumb liquid air company to move in here. It didn't make sense. I was mad, but all I could do was cry.

I don't think about my tree anymore, because it's not my tree anymore. Instead I just stay mostly in my room. And if I get real sick the doctor says I don't have to go to school if I don't want to. I stay up nights and work on puzzles or read books to make me tired, and then I won't have to go to school the next day.

Now only the memories are left, as I stand in my room, looking into my oval shaped mirror. The face that is staring back at me is carved in pale wrinkles and its hair has a grayish tint that proves its age, by the years, and its body trembles a little, at its own sight.

**GROUP III
FICTION
THIRD PLACE**

THE ADULT

by Kristen Barfod, Camden, Maine

I slammed the door shut. Finally, she had gone! I looked at my watch. Oh, God, 12:10! How am I going to get my work done now? What was I going to tell my professor? He wouldn't understand. But, darn it, it wasn't my fault. I had had my time planned out perfectly to finish my work. I hadn't, however, planned on all these people dropping in unexpectedly. Sue was the worst of all. She stayed for ages, no matter how many hints I gave for her to leave. This morning, for instance, I was sitting at my desk finally getting some work done, when she came in.

"Guess what happened?" she asked as she bounced in.

"What?" I asked unenthusiastically.

"I got the job!" she shrieked.

"Oh, really, that's terrific... but, uh...

Sue, I hate to break up the party or anything, but I really do have some work to do."

"Oh, God, for heaven's sake, Marion, all you ever do is homework, all day long! There are other things besides homework, you know. For your information, you have been neglecting your friends pretty badly. Look, put your homework away for just a couple of minutes while I tell you about my job. A couple of minutes won't hurt. O.K.?"

"O.K.," I agreed, hating myself for being so compliant.

After 45 minutes she had left. I had

class in five minutes and 23 pages of microbiology to read. Oh, damnit, why couldn't anyone ever call before coming! My eyes began to swell with tears. I felt like such a baby, everyone always told me what to do. I had no mind of my own. After battling with my parents for so long, I had finally gotten my own apartment. I had wanted to prove to them I didn't need them anymore. Oh, I guess they had been right, though, I can't take care of myself.

Suddenly I realized what I was thinking. What the hell was wrong with me — drowning in self-pity? I'm 21 years old. I can take care of myself, damnit! I'll show them, I decided. If anyone comes over again uninvited, I'll just tell them, "Sorry, I'm awfully busy now. And next time you come, how about calling before?"

"I'll show them," I declared, and with that I strutted out the door to class with my nose so high in the air it looked like it didn't belong to me.

Unfortunately, it was almost a week before I could use my speech that I had practiced so much. I was doing the ironing, as the doorbell rang. I ran to get it, but stopped short, remembering what I must do. Chest out, chin high, and a confident smile on my face, I opened the door.

It wasn't Sue, however, but a girl who lived in this apartment house, but one whom I had never met. I had always meant to get to know her but never seemed to have any time.

She was quite thin and had long red hair which went well with her princess-styled dress. Her pale skin was spotted with freckles, but her prettiness was spoiled by the hastily applied make-up which couldn't hide the tears that had fallen prior to her arrival.

Oh, God, I thought, she has probably had a fight with her boyfriend and wants to tell me all about it. Oh no, I decided, I refuse to be "Mr. Nice Guy". I don't really have so much work today, but I certainly don't want to spend my free time listening to someone's sob story.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Oh, hi," she smiled, a bit embarrassed. "My name is Jane Kincaid. I'm sorry to bother you, but I was wondering if perhaps we could talk a little. I live on the second floor. And I, uh... thought it would be nice to get to know each other." As I paused for a second, she added, "Don't worry, I'll only stay for a minute."

I had to think fast. I hated to be rude to her, especially since I had never really met her. Once she came in, however, I figured I probably could never get rid of her. Oh, God, what should I do? She does look awfully lonely, but if I let her in now, she'll come back every day. I didn't really feel like talking to anyone today, especially about boy problems, I was too tired.

Finally I said with an apologetic smile, "Jane, I have meant to get to know you, too, but I'm really sorry. Today is just not

a good day. I'm awfully busy."

I felt bad. I hadn't realized it would be so hard to say. I quickly added, "But some other time for sure, O.K.?"

"Oh, sure," she repeated, "some other time." She looked up and gave me a little smile. She had seemed as if she had expected my answer. I felt guilty as she walked away, so I called out, "Next week some time..."

She answered, "Yeah, sure, next week."

Had I done the right thing? Yes, I had. And I'm not being selfish either, I reasoned. I'm really doing the best thing for her. She must be as old as I, and she had to be more strong-willed. Suddenly, I thought, yes, strong-willed like me! WOW! It sounded great.

Yes, I had done the right thing for once, and not only that, but I had done it all on my own. I felt so free and happy. I pulled out a Tab from the refrigerator, turned on the T.V. and happily plopped down on my bean bag chair to watch Archie Bunker.

The next morning, I woke up feeling spectacular! The sky, a robin's egg blue, promised beautiful weather all day long. I congratulated myself once again on handling yesterday's situation so well. No, it hadn't been easy and I hadn't enjoyed it, but some things in life have to be done which are not fun.

"I am a mature adult," I stated aloud. I loved the sound of these words so much, I cried it over and over. After watching T.V. yesterday, I had finished my homework and even had gotten a letter written. I would never have gotten all that done had I let Jane come in, I reminded myself. Oh, no, there weren't any guilt feelings today. What's more, I decided to call her up as soon as I finished my breakfast and then invite her up that evening for supper. What a perfect solution, I rejoiced. Why hadn't I done this earlier?

I ate my breakfast of dry corn flakes, orange juice, and coffee with more delight than usual. As I read the newspaper, the phone rang.

"Hello!" I sang.

"Hello, Marion, this is Sue."

"Can you talk for a second or do you have homework to do?" she said sarcastically.

"No, I got it all done yesterday, thank you."

"Well, I don't believe it!" Changing her tone, she continued, "Anyway about the reason I called you... Guess what?"

"What?"

"Do you know Jane Kincaid?"

"Yeah..." I was about to add she had just been up yesterday, but was cut off.

"Well, guess what happened?"

"What?" I said annoyed, and felt like adding, "break up with her boyfriend?"

"You'll never guess!"

"Will you tell me, for heaven's sake."

"Jane Kincaid... has... com-mit-ted... su-i-cide," she declared slowly.

"What!" I shrieked. I couldn't believe it.

"Oh my God!"

"She took an overdose of pills," Sue went on almost conversationally, "hmm, I wonder why she did it. Isn't that gross?... By the way, did you ever know her?... Marion?... MARION???"

I had hung up. Oh, my God, what had I done. It was my fault. "Oh, Jesus, help me," I cried. "Oh, God, what have I done, what have I done? Oh, I wish I was dead," I moaned. "Oh why, oh why am I so stupid. Somebody help me. Oh, God, somebody help me." My hands clenched my hair and pulled so hard my head somersaulted with pain. I was a failure, I never did anything right. Never.

I stumbled over to the phone and dialed the number I knew so well. Someone answered.

"Mom, is that you?"

"Why, yes, darling. What's..."

"Mom..."

"Baby, what is it!"

"Mom, please come and get me, oh please come and get me!"

GROUP II NON-FICTION THIRD PLACE

MY DANISH HERITAGE

by Joan Rasmussen, St. Paul, Nebraska

My name is Joan Rasmussen. My parents are Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Rasmussen of St. Paul, Neb. Ever since my parents joined the Danish Brotherhood I have been interested in my Danish background. With the help of Patricia Rasmussen, who is married to my Uncle Daryl, I was able to get all this family information.

It had to have taken a great amount of courage for my great and great, great-grandparents to have come across an ocean from Denmark to a strange new country of America and to master a new language, too.

My great great-uncle, Tom Rasmussen, came to America by sailboat. It took so long he almost starved to death.

Later, his two brothers and a nephew, who was in his twenties, came. One was Hans, my great great-grandfather, and his son, Peter Hansen Rasmussen (original Danish name Rasmus Peter Krogh), my great-grandfather.

Peter was born the 11th of May, 1864, in Lolland, Denmark. Peter was a farmer and a good businessman, which provided well for his family. He had a strong family pride, and was kind to all the animals, especially horses working in the fields. He married Karen (Carrie) Olsen on the 15th of February, 1888, at Bennett, Neb.

They then moved to Akron, Colo., for about a year. Their first child was born there. Times were hard; he had to work away from the farm, and Karen had to gather cow-chips for fuel, so they returned to Nebraska.

Now I'll tell about Carrie's parents before going on.

Lars Olsen was born the 30th of June, 1836, in Lolland, Vester Ulslev, Denmark, to Ole and Karen Jensen Larsen. He married Karen Kirstine Jensen, born the 7th of November, 1839, in Vester Ulslev, Ollebolle, Denmark, to Jens and Birthe Hansen Sorensen. The wedding was the 15th of March, 1861, in Vester Ulslev, Sogn, Denmark.

Lars and Karen Kirstine Olsen came to America from Denmark in 1884 on a steamer. It took three weeks. Then they came direct to Nebraska by covered wagon. They brought eight of their ten children with them. The two oldest chose to stay in Denmark with their young families.

Lars was the bilingual one with a twinkle of humor, while Karen stuck to her Danish language. Both easily managed to understand and convey a charm and warmth of true friendliness and welcome to their guests, no matter what language they spoke.

A special memory of them was the top buggy pulled by a pony arriving at the grandchildren's home. Their grandmother always brought a sack of goodies, like homemade doughnuts, fruit or candy. Grandpa enjoyed conversing with them in Danish.

Karen was always neat with a ready smile and had a bright, attractive flair, and an eye for comfort in her cheerful home. She always wore a black crocheted scarf about four inches wide tied under her chin. It's believed that it represented her township in Denmark. She also wore a white hood at night. Her hair was parted in the middle and combed in place with sugar water. She usually carried baskets of fruit or boxes on her head.

She was always an early riser and worked too hard, as with most farm wives. Her days and work varied with the seasons, but she always had time for extra courtesies and friendly concern for her family, friends or neighbors. There was a special brand of hospitality when the fun-loving Danes celebrated holidays, birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, christenings or just Sunday, after church, dinners or picnics.

A Danish table needs extra support at a celebration when it's laden with a tremendous variety of treasured recipes that Karen brought with her from her homeland. She made exceptionally good grape jelly from Lars' vineyard and an apple jelly with a rose geranium petal placed in the bottom of the jar. If you went away hungry, you only had yourself to blame, and evidently a strong will power. The fragrance alone would whet your appetite.

Of course, to have the true Danish touch in any family gathering has never been exception to the rule. The tradition of plenty of food and warm intimate hospitality then and now are synonymous.

Of traditional interest were open-faced sandwiches called *Smørrebrød*, which

means "bread and butter". *Sød Suppe* (fruit soup) was served on Christmas Eve, as you greeted all with "Glaede Jul!" Also it was a dish taken to someone who had just had a new baby or who was ill. *Aeblekage* (apple cake) was a favorite for Thanksgiving and hot chocolate was always served for birthdays.

An everyday menu would consist of five meals a day; breakfast, forenoon lunch of coffee and rolls, the largest meal is dinner. Afternoon lunch of rye bread and cheese and a light supper in the evening.

Now back to Karen Olsen Rasmussen, who like her mother was a true buxom Dane, but also like her father, spoke both Danish and English. She was a gentle, kind and understanding woman, but with a strong constitution, both physically and mentally.

Karen's home was indeed her castle and her family was her life, right down to the great-grandchildren. She kept close account of their activities. She might question their doings at times, even criticize them; but always to others she spoke very proudly of every one of them. Yes, we are the greatest family on earth for we are hers. She received tremendous respect from the entire family. No one ever saw or heard of anyone disobeying her, for what great-grandma said was law.

She was one of T.V.'s most ardent critics and especially loved musicals. She scoffed the westerns. Perhaps because she crossed the ocean and came west in a covered wagon to Nebraska at age 17. I suppose those programs didn't show her anything she hadn't seen in real life, or heard about much more authentically.

At age 89, she fell and broke her hip and was an invalid until her death at 98. She had a walker, but used the wheelchair most of the time to move freely about the house. She was always an early riser, even in her nineties on days she didn't feel well. She still ate a hearty breakfast and went for rides in the country or visited loved ones. She kept abreast with the news both locally and nationally from letters, also the local and Danish newspaper. She had a keen sense of awareness.

One distinctly pictured memory was Karen pulling her rocker up close to the dining room table in the dim light of a kerosene lamp, and asking for her Bible. She would read a few chapters and say, "Ja in Jesu Navn", which means, "Yes, in Jesus' name." This was every night and sometimes afternoons.

My grandfather, Thorvald William Rasmussen, born the 16th of November, 1897, at Bennett, Nebraska, was one of her nine children. He looked just like his father, a blond rugged outdoor man with a twinkle of merriment in his blue eyes and had an easy and pleasant manner. He took his leisure periods fishing wherever you throw a hook and expect something to bite. He communicated his thoughts simply and with great depth whether in English or Danish. He mostly found work

an enjoyable habit, a habit that only illness was to break.

He worked for the Union Pacific Railroad and fired the stationary boilers for a time, but started farming a year after his marriage to Ruth Mildred Garner on the 19th of March, 1919.

My grandmother was born the 20th of December, 1896, in York County, Nebraska, to Charles Frances and Delia Doubleday Garner. Ruth, a lovely dark-haired girl with brown eyes, had a great pride in her husband and three children. She had a great amount of love and many creative talents. The hard times of the Great Depression set a challenge for Ruth, with its make-do, share a know-how, and enjoy the simple comforts. Those times were met with a determined, enduring and stronger forged Ruth, which was to help her meet challenges far more difficult and demanding that would affect her family. One of these incidents may have defeated any strong-hearted, fiercely determined person, but not her. Thorvald suffered a stroke, and she cared for him until his death.

She brought new traditions like New Year's Eve Oyster Soup, Suet Pudding with hard sauce at Thanksgiving, a tiny angel food cake for a child's first birthday.

My father, Glenn Elvin Rasmussen, born the 17th of May, 1928, at St. Paul, Nebraska, was one of her three children. He married my mother, Esther Mae Birt, born the 24th of August, 1928, at St. Paul, Nebraska. The wedding was the 7th of October, 1949, at Grand Island, Nebraska. He looked like his father and was a farmer, too.

I have three older brothers, Dale, Gerald and Richard, and a younger sister, Janet. I just finished my freshman year at St. Paul high school. I play in the band, am active in 4-H and attend the United Methodist Church. I am proud of my Danish background.

GROUP III NON-FICTION THIRD PLACE

FULL CIRCLE

by Karen Chadwick, Bloomington, Indiana

Kristen stepped out the May sunshine, the baby on her arm, a pan of scraps for the chickens in her hand. For her it was a necessary chore, for the child it was exciting to see the chickens come running and clucking. He laughed with delight. Kristen set him down so he could hold on to the chicken wire. He had been fretting all morning, but was content now. She decided to rest on the bench under the apple tree. A gentle wind carried the fragrance of flowering trees, Kristen felt its softness. The years rolled away to that May 20 years ago when, against much protest, she had married Viggo.

Her father had raged, "Not that scamp

of a pottery-maker. He thinks more of dancing and carrying on than he does of his kiln. Marry a good farmer."

"You'll have a hard life," wept her mother. "His mother spoils him, his father carries the biggest load of their business."

Her sisters hadn't been able to take her part openly against all this, but at night, up in the loft where they all slept, they could contain themselves no longer.

"Kristen," Marta whispered, "are you really going to marry him? Can you hold out against mother and father?"

"He's so handsome," sighed Louisa, "that dark curly hair — those deep blue eyes — it's his mother who frightens me."

"So stern," agreed Marta, "and you'll have to share her house."

"You know what they say about Prussians," from Louisa, "but Viggo seems to get around her."

Their biggest worry was really, "would Viggo be true to her."

The child, tired of the chickens, tugged at her skirts. She lifted him up, nuzzling her face in his soft neck. Seemed like yesterday she'd cuddled her first-born, now she was soothing her tenth, while one, yet unborn, moved within her. Some blossoms drifted lightly about them. The little one stuck his thumb in his mouth and closed his eyes. To Viggo, coming down the path, it was a touching sight.

"Oh," Kristen said, "here I sit, it's lunch-time."

"Stay," he answered, "there must be some coffee left in the pot. I'll bring some bread and cheese, we can have it here. Let me take little brother, he looks ready for the cradle."

Kristen stayed, and remembered again how everyone in their small Danish hamlet had feasted and danced at their wedding. Her proud land-owning father had decided it would be a wedding to remember. The best food, the finest wine. For weeks, her mother with the help of them all, including a hired girl, had cooked and baked. Every crock and jar was full to overflowing, there wasn't room for another crumb in the buttery. But there was no joy, just a resignation about it all.

The day itself had been beautiful, nothing could mar that in her memory, not even her father's sober face. Happily they had piled into decorated wagons to drive to the church. The church had been filled with apple blossoms and the cold stone walls had been softened as the sun shone through the narrow windows. Still there was a chill in there and she was grateful for the warm woolen undergarments of the Folk Dress she had agreed to wear.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Viggo's return. She poured the coffee and handed him his cup. He set it down and took her small hand in his hardened potter's hand. "Are you not well today, Kristen," he asked.

"Just tired and of all things, I've been sitting here dreaming about our wedding," she answered.

Viggo looked with concern at his wife. She was so fragile, not like most women who seemed to get rounder after each child. He knew she shouldn't be having another, the last two had been too much, but what was a man to do.

Kristen seemed to have shaken off her mood. "I'll need you to carry water for the spring washing and move some furniture out of your mother's room. Now that she's gone, the boys should have it."

"Yes," answered Viggo, "maybe with this big order I got from Stonebridge Castle we can afford to have one of the village girls help you. An extra pair of hands would soon have everything to rights."

"We'll manage," she answered. "Einar leaves for his apprenticeship soon and needs to be outfitted. The younger ones need shoes — there's no extra."

"There speaks my practical wife. If the first six hadn't been boys," he teased, "you'd have daughters old enough to help. Think about that."

"Enough nonsense," came the tart reply as she gathered up the dishes. "Back to the kiln for you, my friend."

"Right away, my lady," he answered, encircling her thickened waist and kissing her under one ear. "Bring little brother out when he awakens, I'll push him in the swing while I work."

"Viggo tries," she thought as she lifted the latch and walked into the kitchen. She rinsed out the coffee cups and checked the large pot of pea soup simmering on its crane in the fireplace.

A cry from the cradle sent her in that direction. With practiced hands she lifted him up, murmuring, "There, my little one, mama's here. Such rosy cheeks. Let's put some dry underpinnings on, then you can go out to papa."

She laid him on the bed and felt a sharp pain cut across her back. "Oh, no," she cried, "there's still a couple of months. Dear God, give me a little more time." It passed. She finished with the child and called Viggo to come and get him.

Kristen leaned against the door-frame. She was tired; this was not a good pregnancy. She wandered through the house, stopped at the sitting-room door, opened it and went in. She loved this room. Here were her treasured embroideries, her paintings; flowering begonias on the windowsill — a shining order. She should be out in the kitchen, but it would feel so good to sit on the couch and rest her back.

The sun caught on the red wine decanter, with its two matching glasses, making them glow. Kristen picked up a glass, twirling it lovingly in her hand. Again, her mind wandered back to her wedding. She and Viggo had slipped away from the festivities, longing to be alone. Arms around each other, they had entered this room and found on the table a filled decanter and a supper laid. She remembered Viggo's joy at his mother's

thoughtful gesture, but he had hugged her close, with a "Come, Kristen, let's get changed. This collar is about to choke me."

By the time they thought of the supper, the lamp had burned low. What fun it had been then, to sit on this very couch and toast their future. Between sips of wine and kisses nothing was impossible.

The pain in Kristen's back grew worse, she felt cold and shaky. "I must get up," she thought, "the air has turned chill. A bowl of hot soup will help."

The children found her there when they came home from school. They ran to their father shouting, "There's something wrong, Mama's sitting in the parlor and won't answer us."

"All right," Viggo tried to be calm. "Stay outside, Einar, run get the doctor."

Viggo hurried to the house to find that Kristen, burning with fever, seemed not to know he was there. He took the wine glass from her hand and carried her to the bedroom. With shaking hands he undressed her. What could be wrong? She had seemed all right a couple of hours ago. He wrung a cloth out in cold water and placed it on her forehead. "Kristen," he begged, "open your eyes and speak to me. Please, my darling — say you're all right — there'll be no more children — this is enough — I need you."

The doctor came. Viggo cut bread and dished up soup, it was no use. They couldn't eat — the youngest fretted and cried. They all looked up hopefully when the doctor came out of the bedroom, but all he said was, "Send one of the children for my wife."

The night dragged on. The youngest had somehow gotten to sleep, but the older boys sat with their father. They huddled together, heads nodding. Quietly Viggo went outside.

The air was fresh and sweet, he wandered through the garden and sat down on the bench. Was it only this morning he and Kristen had had their coffee here? What was it she had been dreaming of? Oh, Yes, their wedding day. Viggo put his head in his hands. It seemed that Kristen sat beside him. "Oh, Kristen, you were so lovely with your red-gold hair and your quiet, loving ways. We had such dreams." Kristen died that night with her eleventh child.

Editor's Note:

These were the prize-winners. Now you can understand why the judges task was so difficult. And next year's contest will probably prove even more difficult.



The Day the Vikings Returned

by
ROBERT E. CHALLEN
LaJolla, California

In the southeast corner of England, right opposite the coast of France, there is a tiny fishing village called Broadstairs. It is a very picturesque place, many old houses and narrow winding streets, fringed by high cliffs which look out over the Channel sea towards the coast of France, which is only 22 miles away, and on a clear day, can be seen quite well.

Broadstairs is part of what used to be the Isle of Thanet, an island no more; about 800 years ago the sea receded and the "Isle" is now part of the country of Kent and the mainland.

Apart from a few tourists, the people of Broadstairs have for centuries made their living from the sea. Today, with the population still at only about 15,000, the fishing is still as good as ever and it is an unlucky fisherman indeed who doesn't return with a full creel of cod, mackerel, plaice or delicious, tender little sand dabs, a small flat fish, fried in butter and eaten whole.

For its peaceful appearance, Broadstairs has seen more than its share of excitement and terror through the ages. Its proximity to Europe has made it one of the natural landing places for many invaders, and a lot of blood has been spilled on the beaches and fields, as Vikings clashed with Briton in defense of England.

Some of the fiercest and bloodiest of these battles date right back to the ninth century A.D. This was the time of the dreaded Vikings, who were perhaps the most infamous, successful and warlike "pirates" the world has ever seen. These warriors, from Norway, Denmark and Sweden, in tiny vessels sailed half way around the world, looting and colonizing as they went. They sailed up the river Elbe to Hamburg, journeying all the way across the Mediterranean Sea, landing in Spain and Italy and even attacked the powerful Caliphs in the Arab nations. They were known to be giants of men, for their day, and it is recorded that they felt great joy in battle, the very words from which Vikings is derived, "Vikingr-Mikill", meant great warrior and seafarer and was only accorded to men successful in battle. They swore allegiance to Odin and Thor, the early gods of war.

The Vikings first came to England in the year 851. They landed at the Isle of Thanet; many of their warships landing on the beaches at Broadstairs. They swiftly overcame the opposition — the fishermen of Broadstairs being ill equipped to deal with such savage opponents. History records that they stayed to colonize the area and were gradually accepted by the population, intermarried and even today

the infusion of their blood can be seen in the red beards and wild curly hair of some of the residents.

I was born in Broadstairs in 1939, just in time to be a witness to another bloody war against Hitler's Nazi Germany. I was, of course, too young for it to have much impact, but I can remember the sound of the engines of the V1 flying-bombs and the terrible sorrow in our family when my uncle, then a "boy" of 20, was shot down and killed in his tiny Spitfire during the early months of the war.

It was some six years after the war and most of the scars had healed, the physical ones that is, when the "dreaded" Vikings returned again to English soil after an absence of more than a millenium. This time they came not to pillage, murder, or colonize. This was to be a good will visit, and a bid to recapture some of the excitement and color of those early times.

By this time I was an average, rather rotund 11-year-old boy. It was the year 1951, exactly 1100 years after the Vikings first landed in Thanet. My main claim to fame at this time was that my grandfather, Dr. Alex Mercer, was the founder, president and general practitioner of the Broadstairs and St. Peter's Angling Society. The "Doc" was also the proud, although sometimes reluctant, owner of a 27-foot fishing boat named the "Patience". I believe she acquired this name from the length of time it took to start her ancient motor before many a fishing jaunt!

However, she was a sound, if temperamental craft, and it was for this reason, plus the extensive local navigational experience of my grandfather, that they were chosen to be the official pilots and welcome party for the modern-day "conquerors" and their ship, the Hugin...

The Hugin was a faithful copy of a Viking War Ship. In 1880 at Cokstad in Norway a completely preserved ship had been found, and this was the model from which Hugin was spawned. She was 70 feet in length, her hull made of good, solid Norwegian oak in the shipyards at Oslo. Both the bow and stern swept high in the air and were carved to look like some gigantic dragon. Down each side were hung great wooden shields, ready to be grasped by a brawny forearm as their owner leapt into battle. She had a short mast and a square rigged, gaily striped sail. Her compliment of men was 40 and they would provide the main source of propulsion by rowing with the 20-foot long sweeps, ten each side, with two men for each oar. She was steered by another, longer oar, which protruded from the right or starboard side at the rear.

Inside she was partially decked fore and aft, under these decks the off-watch crew members would huddle to sleep as best they could. She was a stout, well made and seaworthy craft and she would need to be, as her crew would need to be rugged, to row the 400 rough, unforgiving miles from

(Continued on page 21)

Poetry Corner

POEM [for Sallie]

I keep thinking of you in the kitchen
where grandma scolded everything, and me
next to grandpa, sitting by the old stove,
weaving his schemes from the White Front Market.
I see you walking in the barnyard's moon,
catching crawdads in the bend of the ditch,
climbing the leaning plum tree like a pro.

Your smile is still sixteen, though I've noticed
how autumn keeps edging in on the years
we spent in the Lake Tapps cabin where we
played the wind's wheel and talked about
the attic where the man with long green hair
lived in mother's dream, his footsteps lagging,
fingers stuffed in his pockets, just waiting.

SEA GULLS

A flock of gulls
come to tend
the ocean's locust grass,
mew their omnivorous pride
in quick songs
of crack and tremble.

They've swum the swollen
pitch of tides
like small names dancing
to the sea's tunes
of whistle and reed.

Something blooms like a hymn
echoing inland
as far as Salt Lake City
when they spilled from the sky
as though bartered by prayer.

And now they are feeding
in the locust grass;
seafaring crows,
strange things that dart
on hungry wings,
flying
wet as silver.

Fredrick Zydek, Omaha, Neb.

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Gravhøje i Danmark

by DAVID VALADE

As one drives through the Danish countryside he begins to realize it is dotted by many large mounds — graves of our early Bronze and Viking Age ancestors. Many of these "gravhøje" (grave mounds) are now empty, once archaeological digs, but some are still hiding their secrets and will continue to do so as they are protected by Danish law.

Many of the ancient tombs are surrounded by legend and each has its own story.

One of the most famous stories is from the Egtved Farm in South Jutland. A mound was being flattened to make more room for planting when the owner uncovered an oak coffin of a girl. She was to be known throughout Denmark as the Egtved girl. The archaeologists examined her casket and let the Danish imagination create one of the most celebrated women of the Bronze Age. The Danes pictured the girl as a very beautiful woman who



lived up to their own standards. The facts were written about her a few years later during the Victorian Age. People refused to believe them so they held on to their fairy tale and the Egtved girl's legend hasn't changed since.

The facts are: the Egtved girl was young, blonde and very beautiful. The Danes believed this as it was part of their fantasy. But they could not swallow the fact that she was buried in a corded skirt which was "as transparent as the lace skirts... longed to see on the maidens" and a bronze disc covering her bare stomach which was "possibly to heighten the effect... at once concealing and provocative". The Victorian Age Danes couldn't or wouldn't face the facts so the Egtved's girl legend lived on as if the truth were never printed. Today she is resting in the Danish National Museum where her true story still lives.

There are many more grave mound legends, some nationally-known and some known only to a few people. My Tante Margrethe told me one of the little-known

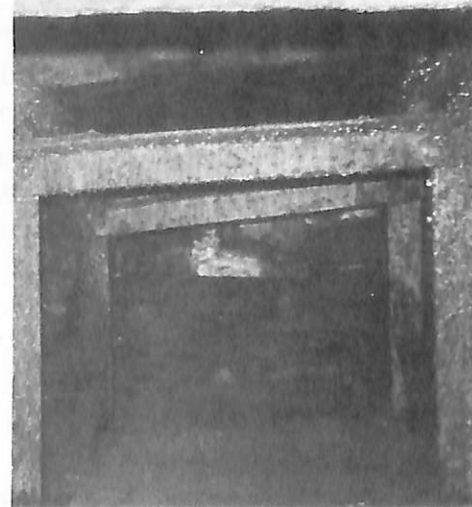
legends. My aunt used to live in Rungsted, north of Copenhagen, as a little girl. Next to her house was a gravhøje. Though she has never seen him, my aunt claims that the ghost of the buried man has been seen by one of her parents. The reason the spirit walks is supposed to be because his family didn't keep up his grave after Viking tradition. Apparently his family didn't follow traditions well, as they were to kill the man a second time as a "walker after death" was considered bad luck.

Like the Bronze Age mounds, the Viking gravhøje have many legends. One I am most familiar with is about a grave mound near Veksø, "a nice, small, little village", to quote my Tante Myse. Veksø is west of Copenhagen and northeast of Roskilde. Crops won't grow on the mound. The Viking buried there had put a curse on the gravhøje if it was ever disturbed. Well, it was, and from then on farmers have never been able to grow anything on the Viking's grave. Some people say the only reason nothing grows on the mound is because of bad soil. They really know how to ruin a perfectly good story!

Another kind of gravhøj is one of the most fascinating types. These are the ones which contain coffins from different ages of time. There is one of these a few kilometers south of Trelleborg.

It was one day in August last year when I went inside an old excavation of one of these gravhøj with my Onkel Helge. August 14, 1977, was a sunny day — the perfect weather for a man to take his nephew to see Trelleborg. My uncle picked me up early that morning and we zipped down to Trelleborg, an old Viking fortress. We had lunch on one of the ancient walls and then we realized that we had half the day to see something else. My uncle pulled out an old archaeological tour book of Denmark and we found the perfect site to explore — a gravhøj south of Trelleborg. On the way down to the mound I read and discovered that about five different ages were represented in this grave. When we reached the general area of the mound we didn't know where

(Continued on page 21)



Reflections of Denmark

by DAWN NIELSEN

What is life in Denmark like? Quiet, hectic, agricultural, industrial, socialistic, democratic, secular, religious, cultural, commercial. Denmark is as varied and westernized as the United States and the rest of Western Europe, yet has preserved its own unique heritage and flavor. Its geography, history, culture, economics and people combine to create a country of which we have learned much and have many memories and experiences. While our reflections are sometimes personal, they also reveal the character and atmosphere of life in Denmark.

It is our last week in Copenhagen. Time to reflect and remember.

The long, lingering light of summer evenings in Copenhagen with the swallows gliding and swooping over the chimneys of red tiled roofs, their cries echoing in the canyon walls of the street.

The first shock of strolling through the park on a hot June day and finding ourselves caught in the dilemma of whether to openly stare or politely ignore the topless female sunbathers, of all ages and shapes, dotting the soccer field.

The red glow of a retiring Midsummer's Eve sun spilling across the long, make-shift table in an open Sjaelland meadow. Eating pork roasted for hours over an open pit, garden lettuce, and pumpernickel bread. Bundling up in sweaters and blankets before the traditional blazing bonfire and later going to bed with the eerie light of Midsummer Eve filtering into the attic room of an old Danish farm.

Watching three-year-old Eva trying out her newly invented half-Danish, half-gobbeldegook, on an elderly couple at the playground, who, bending forward with puzzled expressions, strained to understand her animated story.

The camaraderie of crowded, steamy, city buses on rainy summer days.

Having no problem communicating with our less-than-perfect Danish to impressed older people but meeting blank expressions from many of the younger Danes who have had six years of English and are not sympathetic with our lack of proficiency in their language.

Our first Saturday morning walk down the length of a humanity packed Strøget

where we encountered a street theatre performance of the experimental Odin Theater. Called *Figures on Parade*, the nine member cast, including three actors on six-foot stilts, created a constant rhythm with drums, trumpet, hunting horn and kazoo as they wove through people, benches and scaffolding. As interesting as Odin Theatre's appearance and performance were the reactions of the pedestrians they passed. Some stopped and watched with interest, others hurried along with reproachful and disapproving glances. None were physically threatened but all were confronted with their presence as the actors moved down the street creating the feeling of a medieval troupe on a busy market day but with oppressing and potentially mad overtones.

The cobble clapping horse sounds of a group of jean-clad, wooden shoed young people trotting along brick sidewalks.

The quiet of evenings in a "back house" apartment on Saint Peders Straede, right in the center of the old city, disturbed only by the bells of the Radhus clock chiming away the quarter hours.

The affable resident drunks who are a permanent fixture of the corner of St. Peders Straede. On cold days they move into the laundromat where John does the washing and have dubbed him "the man with the gold glasses."

Two human beings existing in, but seemingly forgotten and untouched, by a social system where the elderly are remembered and well cared for. The "sack lady" carries all her worldly possessions in a dozen neatly arranged but soiled plastic sacks. She trudges up and down the streets of Copenhagen muttering constantly to herself. One rainy evening she occupied a bench by Peblinge Sø, a large piece of plastic covering her shoulders as she ate supper out of an old tin pan.

The other is an old man who walks so doubled that his long gray-brown beard nearly grazes the top of his tall boots and his gaze seems never lifted from the sidewalk. Sometimes he sells postcards of The Little Mermaid to tourists. Several late evenings, returning from the main train station, I've seen him huddled fitfully on the corner doorstep of the brightly lit Tivoli entrances.

Mysterious misfits in a prosperous society, they seem neither disturbed nor noticed by the world in which they move.

Then there was a Friday evening in August when the four of us on our walk in the city paused at the Gammel Torv fountain (water spout, to John and Eva). As is their custom, the children, under watchful eye of parents, happily strolled around the foot wide lip of the cement pool, but were soon urged to hop down so we could head home. Eva laughingly jumped into the waiting arms of Mommy and Daddy, while John Preben, planning one more stroll around the circumference, turned, lost his balance and SPLASH! A silence fell over the entire square as

Daddy fished one frightened but unharmed little boy from the fountain — and suddenly we were surrounded by waves of laughter from amused, and relieved, on-lookers. The four of us laughed, too, as a dripping son was borne home on Daddy's able shoulders. The Gammel Torv fountain has been renamed, at least in our minds, John's Bathtub!

The beautiful rich brown of beech leaves carpeting the primeval Danish forest in fall.

The hospitality of all the family we visited and especially memorable, a family reunion on the island of Fyn. With some 60 members of John's grandfather's family, we sat at the long banquet tables where we either "skalled" or sang songs between every delicious bite. After the final toast was offered, the tables were cleared and shoved aside, as the dance began and the drinking continued. Rejuvenation was served in the form of a magnificent smørrebrød at 2:00 a.m. and only at 3:00 a.m. did we load our sleeping children and tired bodies onto the bus for the trip back into Odense.

The absence of aluminum can litter along public highways since most beverages are bottled in glass containers which are returned for deposit.

Evenings of shared frustrations over the high cost of living with other American friends. Our feelings of the smugness of the Danes concerning the superiority of their social system, the prejudice we sometimes felt because we were labeled "capitalistic Americans".

Homemade plum wine and a moonlit, midnight walk through a Jylland forest.

The enraptured, attentive faces of Danish children lit by the lights of a small stage where chairs talked and mirrors told stories.

Winding and climbing the windy tower of Our Saviors Church in Copenhagen with the children enthusiastically leading the way. On the pinnacle we breathlessly surveyed the panorama of "the city of towers" fringed by the forests of North Sjaelland on the horizon. As we turned to begin our descent of the exterior tower, the children suddenly panicked at the height, refused to budge an inch, and had to be carried, step by step, all the way down.

The farms of our forefathers; family names on cold gravestones.

The ultimate disappointment of an economically necessitated, early return to the United States. Our money simply ran out. Yet regardless of the inevitable frustrations and difficulties, Denmark is a country we love. Though the differences between our two cultures abound, the constant striving to know Denmark and her people and to help the Danes to understand the culture of America was always a part of our life in Denmark. And it is true, as we learned, that only through understanding can we bring the world closer together.



OUR LODGES

IN ACTION

LODGE NEWS ITEMS AS OF 1-10-77

NEBRASKA

Lodge No. 1, Omaha, Neb. — Lodge No. 1's Christmas party was different. We started out with a tree without trimmings. Everyone from 6-90 sat around tables making hearts, stars, etc. When one finished what he was making, he hung it on the tree; and before long the tree was decorated. Members danced around the tree singing Christmas carols, mostly in Danish. Aase Donahue, our Danish teacher, has really done her work well. It amazed one how well they could sing the Danish songs. Danish cookies were served later.

Emilie Johnsen received a plaque for taking in new members.

Fred Jensen, president of Lodge No. 195 and a former national board member, installed the officers of Lodge No. 1 for 1978, namely: Past President Axel Skelbeck, President Jim Weedman, Vice President Eigil Andersen, Secretary Marilyn Storms, Treasurer Walter Granholm, Chairman of Trustees Robert Storms, Two-year Trustee Bernice Eckley, Three-year Trustee Sven Greve, Conductor James Petersen, Chairman Sick Committee Chris Larsen.

Chris Larsen, Correspondent.

MINNESOTA

Lodge No. 75, Albert Lea, Minn. — The D.B.S. Lodge No. 75 of Albert Lea held their installation January 7 at the Senior Citizen Center. The installing officer was Richard Sorensen. It was held jointly with the sisters of Lodge No. 60.

The following officers were installed:

Past President Alva C. Jensen.

President Alton Neve.

Vice President Arnold Levisen.

Secretary Treasurer Lewis Opdahl.

Financial Secretary Viggo Berthelsen.

First Trustee Pete Axelsen.
Second Trustee Earl Levisen.
Third Trustee Herbert Hansen.
Conductor Harlan Hansen.

Our lodge had a busy year in 1977, which included a film on the Queen of Denmark by Vaughn Moore, bingo playing sketches by Marvin Wangen, silent auction, Alton Neve, pictures, picnic, Eagles Ladies Band, Guitar playing of Kenny and Ricky Inderlie, drums by Rob Laak; Christmas party and two anniversary parties. Membership is gaining, and will be planning another year of hostesses and programs. If anyone wishes to visit us we are easy to find.

From the cold city of Minnesota, temperature only, not atmosphere or attitude.

Lewis Opdahl, Secretary.

FLORIDA

Lodge No. 321, West Palm Beach, Fla. — At our December meeting a group of our members, wives and friends met at high noon at the lodge hall and enjoyed a delicious lunch.

Guno Karlberg, secretary for the last 17 years, has retired and moved to Denmark. Ex-President Carl Rasmussen was elected secretary.

Carl Rasmussen, Secretary.

IOWA

Lodge No. 147, Newell, Ia. — Members and guests of the DBS were pleased to have Vaughn Moore of Des Moines and Andy Andersen of Omaha join them for a Christmas party in the Allee building Thursday, December 15. The men are representatives of the DBS.

The Christmas party was held in the Danish tradition with a bounteous carry-in dinner, dancing around the Christmas tree

and the singing of Christmas carols. The regular meeting was held after the festivities.

Approximately 60 were in attendance.

Lodge No. 341, Kimballton-Elk Horn, Ia. — At the Lodge No. 341 Christmas party the tables were filled and the crowd enjoyed a meal of many different kinds of foods, all delicious. Andy Andersen showed a film of how Danes celebrate the holiday in Denmark and carols were sung around the brightly decorated tree. Nadjeschda Overgaard read from Hans Christian Andersen to the amusement of the young and old party-goers.

Election of officers was held. Clifford Thompson is the new president, Milo Andersen, vice President; Karma Sorensen, secretary; Alice Simonsen, treasurer; and Don Christensen, trustee.

Alfred Hansen, Reporter.

CALIFORNIA- NEVADA

Lodge No. 339, Las Vegas, Nev. — Christmas season has been busy for the members of Silver State Lodge, with a children's Christmas party being held on December 10 at the home of Dr. and Mrs. David Young. The children had a wonderful time creating Christmas decorations.

The following Sunday, December 17, the adults and children gathered again at the Young's lovely home to enjoy learning and creating their own Christmas tree decorations, as well as enjoying some hot, delicious Glugt and later a lovely supper and the singing of traditional Christmas songs. Everyone had such a wonderful time, it is quite possible this could become a traditional event for this lodge.

This Christmas our lodge was called

upon to participate in the local Festival of Christmas Trees, wherein each club donates a decorated tree to be sold at auction and proceeds go to the Children's Ward at a local hospital for equipment. Members of this lodge gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Holmes to make decorations for this tree and several members then volunteered to decorate the tree, which was displayed at the Aladdin Hotel at the annual Christmas Tree Ball.

Election of officers for the ensuing year was held this month and the following were elected: President Birgit Young, Vice President Reta Jensen, Secretary Anne Marie Henderson, Treasurer Anni Gam, Trustees Birgitte Conradsen, Kjell Petersen, Inge Holmes; Conductor Alice Pinkerton.

Everyone from Silver State Lodge wishes to extend their wishes to their brothers and sisters of the Danish Brotherhood in America for a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Alice M. Pinkerton, Correspondent.

MICHIGAN - OHIO

Lodge No. 70, Greenville, Mich. — The new year has brought us some new officers to be installed at our next meeting.

The chairs to be filled are: Everett Hause, president; Hubert Hansen, past president; Keith Minard, vice president; Paul Worden, secretary; L. A. Hansen, treasurer; trustees, Chuck Walkington, first; Hugh Tompson, second; Albert Hansen, third; Alfred Hoemans, conductor; Vern Minard, guard.

On behalf of the brothers may I express our gratitude to Brother Hubert Hansen for a pleasant and prosperous past year as president, and wish to greet the present officers for 1978 with our best wishes. We have in the past been eager to share with other lodges through the **American Dane** our happiness in these experiences earned through friendship.

Looking forward as ever,

Vern Minard, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 227, Detroit, Mich. — December 14 was the date of our last business meeting of the old year and we went out in a blaze of glory. The pre-meeting dinner was attended by 140 brothers and sisters and those of us who were there enjoyed a real Danish dinner: roast duck.

The 80 brothers who attended the business meeting that followed witnessed the initiation of seven, yes, seven new brothers into the lodge and the Danish Brotherhood. The new brothers are: Warren Petersen, Gary Henriksen, Karl Reel, Henry Gram, John O'Hare, Bill Lauritzen and John McFalis. Past President Eric Larsen welcomed the new members to the lodge.

Election of officers was next on the agenda and the following brothers accepted election to office for the next year:

Past President Ed Woods, Jr.

President Bob Sorensen.

Vice President Herluf Iversen.

Chief Trustee Howard Hansen.

First Trustee Henning Jensen.

Second Trustee Howard Olsen.

Financial Secretary Otto Pedersen.

Treasurer Paul Carlsen.

Corresponding Secretary Nielsen Daley.

Recording Secretary Carl Jensen, Sr.

Conductor Don Boyd, Sr.

Inner Guard Peter Sorensen.

Outer Guard Ken Rehan.

Re-elected to the building board were Willy Pedersen and Chris Fabricus.

Olus Jensen accepted the position of correspondent to the **American Dane** magazine and will have his articles in the magazine beginning with the next issue.

December 26 was the date of the annual children's Christmas party and once again we had a great turnout for this affair. Over 100 kids were at the party, along with their parents.

This is my last article as correspondent for you and I want to let you know that I have enjoyed doing the article and hope all of you have liked what you have been reading for the past few years, but now that I am the new lodge president, it is time for a change and I am positive that my replacement, Oluf Jensen, will do a far better job than I have.

Robert Sorensen, Correspondent.

MIDWEST

Lodge No. 35, Chicago, Ill. — Lodge No. 35 had installation of officers on the night of January 6, which was performed by our ex-treasurer, Martin Christensen, who did an excellent job. On the same night we initiated the first lady member to join No. 35. She was Janet Miller and she won't be the last, as we have several lady applicants waiting. We have a family party scheduled for Sunday, February 19, which the committee is still working on.

Charles Jespersen, Secretary.

Lodge No. 343, Waupaca, Wis. — About 60 members and guests of the Danish Brotherhood recently enjoyed a potluck Christmas dinner at the community center.

A plaque and a \$25 savings bond were awarded to James Rasmussen for securing new members. Door prizes were received by members.

New officers for 1978 were elected and will be installed at the January meeting.

The program consisted of a reading on Danish Christmas and slides of Denmark were shown depicting apartments for the elderly. Copenhagen and its harbor, homes, Tivoli, porcelain factory, churches,

castles, statues, etc., were also shown. Two small children sang four little Danish folk songs.

The tree decorations were Danish and handmade by members of the Brotherhood, including Juleherter, drinking straw stars, drums, double hearts, fringed balls, cone-shaped baskets, Jule Nisse, and strings of Danish flags.

Members gathered around the tree in the traditional manner, holding hands and singing Danish and English carols, and shared candy from the baskets on the tree.

Cookies and coffee were served to conclude the evening's festivities.

Aleine Miller,

Corresponding Secretary.

Lodge No. 36, Milwaukee, Wis. — We hold two meetings each month at the International Institute, 2810 West Highland Blvd., Milwaukee. Our social meeting night is on the first Tuesday of the month at 7:00 p.m.; business meetings are held on the third Tuesday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

Due to inclement weather and hazardous driving conditions, the business meeting scheduled for December 20, 1977, was called off. Therefore, lodge business including the election of officers for 1978, was postponed until the next regular business meeting night, January 17, 1978. Also, installation of officers is to take place on January 17.

Our torsk dinner planned for Saturday, March 4, 1978, was rescheduled to April 15, 1978, so as to not conflict with the Midwest District Target Shoot scheduled in Kenosha (Lodge 14) on March 4.

Albert Larsen, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 64, Rockford, Ill. — Elected officers of the year 1978 are:

Past President Ralph Andres.

President Otto Ehlers.

Vice President Sofus T. Sorensen.

Treasurer Harry Myers.

Secretary Donald Moon.

Trustees Einar Pagh, Donald Kelley, S. Peter Larsen.

Conductor Chuck Campbell.

The first week in December we participated in the 19th annual Christmas Tree Lane at the YWCA. People representing 15 countries took part in decorating a tree in their native way. About 9000 people passed through the Lane.

Our lodge Christmas party was a great success; 65 people were present, an accordion player entertained us and games were played by the children.

A delayed past president's pin was presented to John Hubbert by newly elected president Otto Ehlers.

From Lodge 64 we wish everyone a Very Happy New Year.

Sofus T. Sorensen.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Lodge No. 29, Seattle, Wash. — "Danish Business Trends, Political Climate, and the Welfare State" is the subject of the monthly Danish Film and Lecture Series to be held at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday, January 25, 1978, at St. John's Lutheran church, 5515 Phinney Ave. North, Seattle.

Peter Krogh of Copenhagen, Denmark, who is currently Danish Trade Officer assigned to Seattle, will be the speaker.

Mr. Krogh will emphasize Denmark as a trading nation. The importance of foreign trade to the economic well-being of this small nation will be brought out. The relation of a financially viable economy to one of the most advanced welfare systems of the world, and the recent problems which have developed, will be touched on briefly.

The January 25 program will also present another new film, called "Five Million", from Denmark. The public is cordially invited to attend.

The classes and lectures are sponsored by the Danish Brotherhood Lodge No. 29, Danish Sisterhood Evergreen Lodge No. 40, the Danish Club of Seattle, and Danelag, a folk-dancing group, through the Danish Educational Committee (DAN ED), which they have recently established.

Lem Petersen.

Lodge No. 113, Enumclaw, Wash. — Thank you to all who in so many various ways made our golden wedding anniversary such a memorable and happy occasion.

"Throughout life's changing pattern, through laughter and through tears, love's golden thread just seems to shine more brightly with the years." Anna and Elmer Boysen. Elmer Boysen is president of the Pacific Northwest Lodges.

Norbert Grove, Correspondent.



Jorgen Christensen, our 96-year-old member of Portland Lodge No. 167, has outlived his insurance. He has been a member of the DBIA for over 70 years. With him is Hans Jensen, retired president of DB 167. The certificate, pin and the insurance check from the DBIA were presented at a party honoring Mr. Christensen's 96th birthday.

Page 18

EASTERN

Lodge No. 116, Newark, N.J. — The following members have been elected to hold an office of this lodge for the coming year: President Christ Mogensen, Vice President John Jensen, Secretary O. Fred Andersen, Treasurer Carl Ingeholm (also financial secretary), Trustees Carl Wilhelm, George Jorgensen, Donald Heckmann; Conductor John Madsen.

Delegates to the Danish Home for the Aged will be John Madsen and Pheben Wendt, with alternates of Paul Iversen and Viggo Nielsen.

Viggo Nielsen, Secretary.

Lodge No. 190, Schenectady, N.Y. — Our meeting on November 16, along with the meeting on December 7, was well attended. As usual, we all sat down to a well-prepared meal which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. New officers were elected for the coming year and they are:

George Severson, president.
Olin Hauchler, vice president.
Clarence Hansen, financial secretary and treasurer.

Kaj Nielsen, trustee.
Pete Nielsen, trustee.
Pete Sorenson, trustee.
Walter Christian, conductor.
Kaye Sorenson, Sr., guard.
Kaye Sorenson, Jr., guard.

For those of you who don't know where we meet, you can find us every first and third Wednesday of the month at the Elks Club, 615 State Street, Schenectady, N.Y.

William Peterson, Secretary.

Lodge No. 325, Long Island, N.Y. — New officers for this lodge are as follows:

President Melge Steiness.
Vice President Eric Ersbell.
Secretary Egon Larsen.
Treasurer Hans Pedersen.
Financial Secretary Ib Andersen.
Trustees Sven Hansen, Jen Petersen, Brigit Jacobsen.

Maurice Gruber, Secretary.

Lodge No. 32, New Haven, Conn. — On December 14 we had a dinner on our regular meeting night. This is something big for New Haven since, unlike many lodges, all we have at our meetings are sandwiches. This year we decided to celebrate Christmas with a sit-down dinner and invite the area lodges to join us. Due to the bad weather, not too many members from out of town made it but those that did sat down to a delicious roast beef prepared by Barbara Larsen. We were happy to see a few of our own members show up who don't usually come.

Our new officers for 1978 were installed on January 4 when we held a joint installation of officers with the sisters of Freden Lodge No. 12. We were happy to have with us Robert Rasmussen, president of the G.C.E.L., who performed the installation, helped ably by Mark Thom-

sen, vice president of G.C.E.L. We wish to thank the visitors who traveled far to be with us that night.

After the ceremony, everyone enjoyed the sandwiches prepared and served by the brothers.

New officers are: President Chris Simonsen, Vice President Peter Sorensen, Secretary Norman Edmonds, Treasurer Robert Johnson, Financial Secretary Donald Geissler, Trustees Arthur Sorensen, Kris Larsen, Eric Toboe; Conductor Robert Bruch, Guards Arthur Iversen and Johnny Bruch.

Norman Edmonds, Secretary.

Lodge No. 172, Philadelphia, Pa. — Our lodge has elected the following officers for the year 1978:

George Olesen, president.
Svend Aage Nielsen, vice president.
Arthur Thomassen, secretary.
Karl Gamborg Nielsen, treasurer.
Lars Gamborg Nielsen, chief trustee.
Robert Gorman, trustee.
Rose Clausen, trustee.
Carl Gudnitz, conductor.

Dave Haurell and Karl Gamborg Nielsen are the delegates to the Danish Home for the Aged, along with Flemming Henrichsen and George Olesen as alternates. Bendix Christensen will be the delegate to the Scandinavian Central Committee.

Installation of these officers has been postponed until March and will probably be held jointly with the Viking Lodge No. 342.

Two of our members will be presented the certificates of merit that they won from our national headquarters in Omaha: James O. Morrow, Jr., National Danish Brotherhood scholarship winner, and Kathy Fantau, first place award for poetry.

Needless to say, all members of our lodge are exceedingly proud of their achievements.

A. R. Thomassen, Secretary.

Lodge No. 90, Port Reading, N.J. — During our meeting a report was received regarding our Christmas visit to the children in Pediatrics at a local hospital. A few days before Christmas we visited and distributed gifts to 38 children. The children were pleased to see us bearing gifts, but what we received in return from them were hearts overflowing with brotherhood and love. A wonderful Christmas gift for us!

Election and installation of officers for 1978 were held. They are Ejvind Kjems, president; Magnus Johnson, vice president; Robert Reid, past president; Claire Kjems, secretary; Ejlf Kjems, treasurer; and Juel Juelsen, conductor.

Our brother, Ejvind Kjems, a photographer by trade, was asked by our local Lutheran church (St. Stephens), to photograph the inside of the church

1978 Creative Writing Contest

The 1977 Creative Writing Contest elicited such a tremendous response from our readers and was so popular (judging from the many, many entries we received) that we are repeating the idea for 1978.

The rules are the same as last year, with one or two minor changes. We will repeat them here for you. If you were too shy to enter last year, this is your chance! Read on for the details.

Contest Rules

1. All work must be original, preferably typewritten (if this is not possible, you may handwrite it legibly), double-spaced and on one side of a sheet of paper only. Include your manuscript **plus** two copies.
2. If you wish your manuscript returned, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
3. All entries **must** be accompanied by a small snapshot or photo of the author, an indication of your lodge or the lodge of your relative, plus the group and category you are entering.
4. All entries must be postmarked by August 30, 1978, and

*Group I [age 12 and under]

Poetry

- 1st — \$15
- 2nd — \$10
- 3rd — \$5

Fiction

- 1st — \$25
- 2nd — \$15
- 3rd — \$10
- (1500 word limit)

Non-Fiction

- 1st — \$25
- 2nd — \$15
- 3rd — \$10
- (1500 word limit)

Group II [age 13 to 18]

Poetry

- 1st — \$15
- 2nd — \$10
- 3rd — \$5

Fiction

- 1st — \$50
- 2nd — \$30
- 3rd — \$20
- (1500 word limit)

Non-Fiction

- 1st — \$50
- 2nd — \$30
- 3rd — \$20
- (1500 word limit)

Group III [age 19 and over]

Poetry

- 1st — \$15
- 2nd — \$10
- 3rd — \$5

Fiction

- 1st — \$50
- 2nd — \$30
- 3rd — \$20
- (1500 word limit)

Non-Fiction

- 1st — \$50
- 2nd — \$30
- 3rd — \$20
- (1500 word limit)

*All birthdates as of August 30, 1978.

decorated for Christmas. The photograph will be used to print up Christmas cards for 1978.

From our lodge to yours — best wishes for a happy, prosperous New Year!

Claire Kjems, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 102, Providence, R.I. — With 40 members and guests and 35 children attending, our 1977 Christmas party was a happy occasion. President Jan Braumann, as master of ceremonies, entertained both adults and children in a fine manner. Brother Erling Braumann, as Santa Claus, did an outstanding job in presenting gifts to the children.

The committee is commended for a fine job in decorating the Yule tree and hall.

We wish you all a prosperous and healthy New Year.

Carl Sorensen, Correspondent.

Lodge No. 294, Barre, Vt. — Our fall season got off to a fine start with a combined picnic and 65th anniversary party for our lodge. Usual picnic fare was

supplied by the committee and a beautiful cake decorated with the design of the Danish flag. Our new U.S. and Danish flags were displayed for the first time, and they were beautiful. A highlight of this picnic was the receipt of 12 applications for membership which were voted on at the meeting.

At the meeting, opened by President Charles T. Thygesen, preceding our annual Christmas party, the following candidates were initiated in a very impressive ceremony: Delbert Cloud, Marion Cloud, Birthe Filby, Katherine Mackie, Sandra Raymond, Priscilla Taft, Beverly Thygesen, Dana Thygesen, Savina Thygesen and Shirlene Wilson. The new members were warmly greeted by the officers and members. A delicious turkey buffet dinner was served to 80 adults and children. The poinsettias decorating the tables were later presented to the widows of our well-remembered members.

We were all entertained by a delightful Santa portrayed by Gene Lassard who

received by the Home Office no later than September 11, 1978.

5. All winners will be announced in the November, 1978, **American Dane** and winning entries will be published in the magazine shortly thereafter.
6. You may enter as often as you like in as many categories as you like; however, no more than one prize per entrant per category will be awarded.
7. First, second and third prizes will be awarded in each category if we have 12 entries or more. Only first and second prizes will be awarded if we have more than five entries but less than eight. And only one prize will be awarded if we receive less than five entries in any one category.

There are no restrictions as to topic, content or style. We only ask that you heed our length designation. Send your entries to: Creative Writing Contest, c/o Danish Brotherhood, P.O. Box 31748, Omaha, Neb. 68131.

Remember: the deadline is August 30, 1978. Don't forget to include your photo, lodge number or relative's lodge number, group number and category, and three copies of each manuscript you enclose.

was very popular with the children. Carols were sung, accompanied by Kris Christiansen. Larry and Danny Morrison, Scottie Wilson and Cassandra Pletzer entertained with karate, Christmas songs and saxophone music. A new member, Birthe Filby, told us interesting highlights of Christmas in Denmark.

Brother Robert Taft was presented his 25-year pin by his brothers, Louis and Francis, in a service conducted by our president.

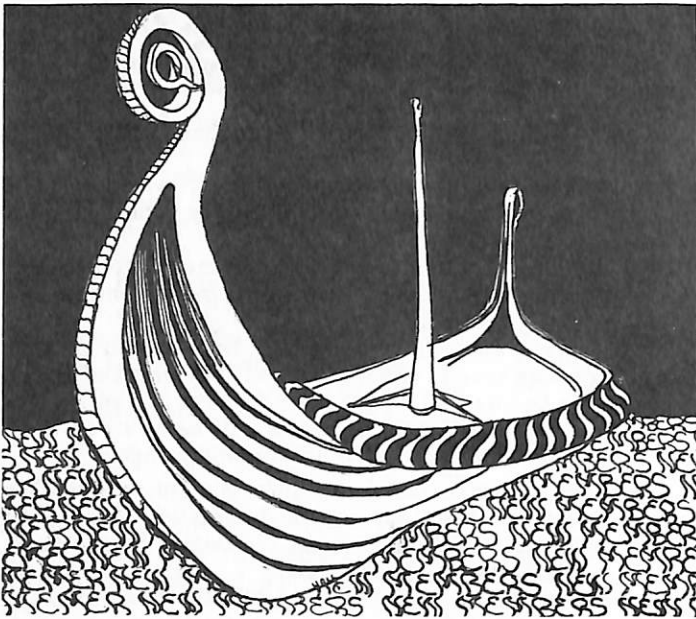
We are looking forward to the Eastern Lodges Convention which is to be held over Labor Day weekend with us in Barre, Vt. See you there.

Gertrude Mikkelsen, Secretary.

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:

JANUARY 1978

George Godthaab, Salary, \$252.50.



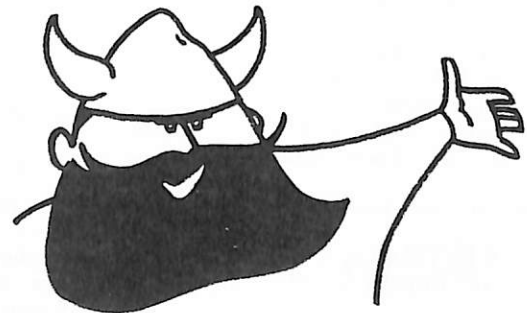
NEW MEMBERS

Name	Lodge No.	Location	Sponsor
Opal D. Olsen	1	Omaha, Neb.	Donald W. Olsen
Frederick Jansen	3	Davenport, Ia.	Norman Petersen
Daniel G. Ervin	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Robert O'Neil
Lloyd R. Magwitz	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Robert Bastrop
Scott W. Hansen	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Randy Ibsen
Jerome E. Kauth	14	Kenosha, Wis.	William Kortman
William R. Pringle	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Charles Jackson
Stuart W. Waldo	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Charles Jackson
Howard I. Borggren	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Edwin Andersen
Harold C. Thomsen	14	Kenosha, Wis.	Matt Fosbinder
Nancy A. Owen	15	Des Moines, Ia.	Vaughn Moore
Myrtle M. Pedersen	16	Minden, Neb.	Violet Nielsen
Christine E. Peterson*	16	Minden, Neb.	William Meier
Carsten S. Rasmussen	33	Tacoma, Wash.	Willy Rasmussen
Elsa M. Petersen	35	Chicago, Ill.	Woodrow Petersen
Jack F. Harding	43	Denver, Colo.	F. Christensen
Thor L. Rasmussen	43	Denver, Colo.	Svend A. Sonderup
Carmen Kay Harding	43	Denver, Colo.	F. Christensen
Marie K. Petersen	45	Minneapolis, Minn.	Einar Peterson
Alice M. Whitehorn	62	Sioux City, Ia.	Viggo Lauritsen
Sarah G. Matson*	92	St. Charles, Ill.	Robert J. Matson
Robert J. Matson, Jr.*	92	St. Charles, Ill.	Robert J. Matson
Lisbeth B. Matson*	92	St. Charles, Ill.	Robert J. Matson
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Steen Schultz-Andersen*	167	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl
Peter K. Purdy	167	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl

James D. Letson	167	Portland, Ore.	Melvin Pihl
Helge B. Jensen	167	Portland, Ore.	B. Chuck Andersen
Elizabeth M. Jensen	183	Troy, N.Y.	Harry B. Jensen, Sr.
Bonnie S. Larsen	194	McMinnville, Ore.	M. Christiansen
Albert L. Larsen	194	McMinnville, Ore.	M. Christiansen
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George F. Andersen	234	Woodstock, Ill.	Edwin R. Ernst
David R. Hansen	234	Woodstock, Ill.	Edwin R. Ernst
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Folmer C. Hasle	268	Junction City, Ore.	F. Petersen
Carl N. Nielsen	268	Junction City, Ore.	Jorgen Nielsen
Hans T. Larsen	299	Solvang, Calif.	Erik Pedersen
Einer Leistad	341	Kimballton-Elk Horn	K. Sorensen
Anna M. Leistar	341	Kimballton-Elk Horn	K. Sorensen
Arley Nelson	341	Kimballton-Elk Horn	Melvin Boose
Annabelle Nelson	341	Kimballton-Elk Horn	Melvin Boose
Leonard Rasmussen	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
Idabel Rasmussen	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
Raymond C. Rasmussen	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Maisie Hansen
Arliiss Rasmussen	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Maisie Hansen
Cynthia Rasmussen*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Maisie Hansen
Kimberly Rasmussen*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Maisie Hansen
Shawna Rasmussen*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Maisie Hansen
Robert E. Pedersen	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
Noretta Pedersen	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
Melanie Pedersen*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
Terra Pedersen*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
William Pedersen*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Thor Anderson
Francisco Armando Quiros*	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Robert Huld
Kathryn Anderson	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Ann Anderson
Ernest R. Anderson	345	Garden Grove, Ca.	Ann Anderson
Donald P. Christiansen	600	Omaha, Neb.	Eigil Andersen
Bruce R. Hannah	600	Omaha, Neb.	Karen Rowse
Jason E. Hannah*	600	Omaha, Neb.	Karen Rowse
Corey S. Hannah	600	Omaha, Neb.	Karen Rowse

Correction:

Jan Ole Hansen	342	Bucks County, Pa.	Ulla Pedersen
Karen Lynn Hansen	342	Bucks County, Pa.	Ulla Pedersen



Let Us 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
12-3-77	George H. Raun	89	Clinton, Iowa	11	Clinton, Iowa	1912
8-22-77	Peter Nels Nikolaisen	95	Fyn, Denmark	45	Minneapolis, Minnesota	1921
10-7-77	Harvey C. Nelson	60	Detroit, Michigan	227	Detroit, Michigan	1946
12-1-77	Aage Jorgensen	94	Fredericksberg, Denmark	1	Omaha, Nebraska	1905
12-14-77	Martin Brandtberg	90	Skibby, Denmark	14	Kenosha, Wisconsin	1917
12-22-77	Harvey V. Johnson	79	Manistee, Michigan	51	Ludington, Michigan	1936
1-1-78	Gilbert Johnson	80	Antelope County, Nebraska	117	Plainview, Nebraska	1926
12-26-77	Harold W. Kofoed	91	Bornholm, Denmark	171	Jamestown, New York	1911
12-2-77	Ernest W. Storch	76	Copenhagen, Denmark	242	Erie, Pennsylvania	1949
12-19-77	Senius Jensen	92	Horne, Denmark	600	Omaha, Nebraska	1926
12-15-77	Oscar S. Sorensen	69	Ft. Calhoun, Nebraska	29	Seattle, Washington	1929
7-11-77	Niels P. Petersen	79	Slagelse, Denmark	3	Davenport, Iowa	1929
1-2-78	Leland Larson	48	North Dakota	340	Wood Dale, Illinois	1974
5-24-76	William Shoemaker	60	Vermont, Illinois	3	Davenport, Iowa	1976
12-21-77	Viggo Tarnow	84	Denmark	299	Solvang, California	1952
12-16-77	Frank Wilton	72	Chicago, Illinois	299	Solvang, California	1977

Vikings Returned . . .

(Continued from page 12)

Norway, across the North Sea and arrive, once again to "invade" England's fair shores. Her route would follow the actual one taken by her ancestors — 1100 years before.

The great day of her arrival came around. I had been on tenterhooks for days, as I had been told that I need not go to school, a fact which in no way dismayed me and also told that if I "kept owt off' ruddy way" — grandfather was a dour and succinct Lancashire man — I could actually go along as crew!

I was awoken at the crack of dawn and with some hasty instructions from my mother, mainly to the effect that I should not be a nuisance, I made my way across the field separating our house from the "jetty" where the "doc" was putting the finishing touches to a very glamorous looking "Patience". She had been dressed with flags and bunting for the big day, and looked very gay and proud, riding at anchor in the pretty little harbor. The "doc" looked quite a character himself; he had a long white beard, was wearing a new white high necked sweater, smart drill trousers and a peaked "captain's" cap. He looked very trim and fit, belying his 68 years.

The telephone at the end of the jetty brought us the news we were waiting for. The observers at the North Foreland lighthouse had spotted "Hugin", still about 15 miles out to sea, making good headway in a quiet sea, on a beautiful sunlit morning.

On the jetty and nearby beach, about 5,000 people had gathered, with more

arriving by the minute. Loudspeakers announced the sighting of the Viking vessel and a mighty cheer could be heard, taken up all along the beach. Half-way along the beach a podium had been constructed. On this, the Mayor of Broadstairs and all the council, hot and perspiring in formal suits, were gathered, ready to welcome the visitors.

It was time for us to set off to meet the Vikings, my heart thudding with excitement. I tried not to irritate the "doc" as I helped haul in the small but heavy anchor and coil the ropes and pull in the fenders as we slowly made our way past the watching crowds; out past the breakwaters and out to meet the "Hugin", then about two miles out and clearly visible.

As we closed with the vessel, signs of the pounding she had taken on the way over were apparent. Her paint work was chipped and faded at the bow, a couple of planks had been splintered and stove in, but we soon forgot these details as we rounded her quarter and beheld the awesome figure standing on her foredeck.

He was a giant of a man, fully seven feet from the top of his hat to his fur booted feet. His arms and shoulders were bare; his huge chest covered with a vest of chain mail. He was wearing a kilt-like fur garment, belted with a wide studded band. His hat had a curved pair of what turned out to be cow horns on it and it fitted his head like a skull cap. In his right hand he brandished a lethal-looking dagger.

The whole effect was one of ferocity and strength. As we got close, we saw that this giant was fortunately smiling and a deep voice addressed us in English, the first words spoken by a Viking warrior for 1100 years. "I bring you greetings from the King of Norway. This is the Viking ship "Hugin", we come in peace." With a start my grandfather recovered his composure and welcomed the ship and her crew in the name of King George of

England, and invited them to follow us in . . .

By this time we were surrounded by craft of all shapes and sizes. The "doc" picked up a "bull-horn" and sternly warned all and sundry to "keep clear". The other 30 members of "Hugins" crew, all more or less dressed the same as the captain, could be seen pulling in the long sweeps, leaving four each side to greet them on the beach. Finally the ship was made secure at the special buoy that had been provided, about 200 yards off shore. The flag-covered punt came alongside in the calm waters of the bay, and the burly Vikings climbed over the side, to be ferried ashore.

At this time there was a drive afoot to promote Danish dairy and meat products in England, and as a gift the Danes brought a dozen or more full sides of bacon and boxes of other fine foods and gifts for the English Royal family. What a crowd had now gathered on the beach; there was not a spot of sand to be seen! The portly and perspiring mayor, Mr. Victor Hornsby, and several of his council made their way to the water's edge and the whole throng slowly returned up the beach, shaking hands — the Vikings being embraced by quite a number of the towns gay young things!

The last I saw of them was the captain, a good head taller than the crowd milling around them, as they entered the lift at the foot of the cliffs to ascend to the esplanade and the limousines waiting to take them to City Hall, where a special reception and feast was being given in their honor.

For a tired and dusty small boy, the excitement was over. The reception was for "grownups" and a dizzy young fellow with a sunburned nose would have felt definitely out of place.

So it was home to mum, full of pride and full of the scene which has not left me through the long intervening years — the day the "dreaded" Viking came once more to England.

Postscript

The above story is completely authentic. The "Hugin" will never taste the sweet rush of water under her forefoot, nor will she hear the sound of labored breath and gruff commands as she batters through a stiffening sea. However, the sea is not completely lost to her, as she gazes out securely over the stormy deeps from her permanent berth in Pegwell Bay, two miles south of her landing place. From here she can be seen properly and a plaque describes her epic voyage.

Of her crew, who knows? Only one thing is sure, England and Scandinavia are the closer and richer for the experience — and so is one "ex" small boy . . .

Gravehøje i Danmark

(Continued from page 14)

to look as it seemed there were numbers of gravhøje everywhere.

We stopped by a mound to see if it was the right one; it could have been, but there was no entrance. The one we were looking for had a gate to keep people out. The only way in was to get the gatekey from the farmer whose land the grave was on.

The second mound we looked at was a bit closer to what we wanted; it had a door, but it wasn't even a grave, it was a farmer's pump house! We finally decided to ask directions from one of the locals. For some reason they were scarce but we finally discovered an old lady working in her garden. After we had directions it was just a matter of finding the right farm. Well, we found the farm all right but the farmer wasn't home to give us the key.

The gravhøj was standing a few hundred yards away just tempting us to explore it. We were lured and after half an hour of searching we found the entrance. Luck was with us, the gate was open! We

crawled in the hollowed mound and our luck turned against us again.

We couldn't see a thing!

I put a flash on my camera and took a picture anyway, hoping it would come out. We went back to the car for a flashlight to see what was in the grave. All we could find were matches. They worked well enough. The only things left by the archaeologists were stones blocking doorways which led further into the mound. I took more pictures and now I hope I'll see what was in the grave. I'm sure we must have missed something!

After one leaves the Danish countryside and goes into the city he begins to miss the gravhøje, their legends and their history. He knows that even after the bodies have been discovered and taken away, their spirits still guard their graves from the curious modern-day man.

Sightseeing In Denmark

A new feature designed to test the patience of a Dane. All 40 places are concealed somewhere in this puzzle. They may be read forward, backward, up, down, or diagonally. Circle each as you find it, then check it off the list. Good luck.

THELITTLEMERMAIDELLAHNWOT
OINEAOROSENTICVLSEYEITASH
JOVANNERLTNVAHYNKDNNNRSTO
HREOSEGANSIJLOSERATEGREN
UNDELARESIGNAVEROTORTNEV
STIGHIAPLMRRTERTNIGHIESDA
MARMETNHOISLOTSMBCLOTSINL
UFGKMNMOTDNIMBUBEALLEUEAD
SMORREBRODTINGNRRFORKMARS
EXMARMORKIRKEASEGTTSLSETE
TSKOWERSLOPTATOLSLOODNSN
TEGORTSEKRIKSNEMLOHNFELLS
VORFRUEKIRKESOTLOS RVSHREM
STGROBNEILAMASLOTERANIAMU
RPLOBOBINGANDGRONDAHLRDM
EOYFRREGAKSNOELOPANKAFHAE
WLPLAGRUNDVIGSKIRKESNRUGU
OITOSTENESNEJGROEGSIGISRM
TTOLSGROBNETTOLRAHCNEHPER
DITAKONGENSNYTORVENALELAI
NKEILLUMSBOLIGHUSRATONAGE
UEKONGNEBISHOPABSALONSDRI
ONSESTERFRANCALSIMSBTTSAE
RAPERTAETHLAYORTEROOSAENP
DENKONGELIGPORCELAINNENDR

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. TIVOLI | 21. THORVALDSENS MUSEUM |
| 2. NAPOLEONSKAGE | 22. POLITIKEN |
| 3. THE LITTLE MERMAID | 23. BISHOP ABSALON |
| 4. AMALIENBORG | 24. ILLUMS BOLIGHUS |
| 5. ROSENBERG SLOT | 25. GEORG JENSEN |
| 6. LANGELINIE | 26. ROYAL THEATRE |
| 7. GLYPTOTEK | 27. CHARLOTTENBORG SLOT |
| 8. STROGET | 28. SLOTSHOLMEN |
| 9. SMORREBROD | 29. FOLKETING |
| 10. RADHUSPLADSEN | 30. GAMMEL STRAND |
| 11. KONGENS NYTORV | 31. BORSEN |
| 12. NYHAVN | 32. MARMOR KIRKE |
| 13. GEFION | 33. ROUND TOWER |
| 14. DEN KONGELIG PORCELAIN | 34. VOR FRUE KIRKE |
| 15. BING AND GRONDAHL | 35. HOLMENS KIRKE |
| 16. TUBORG | 36. FRIKEDSMUSET |
| 17. GRUNDVIGS KIRKE | 37. CITADEL |
| 18. KRONBERG SLOT | 38. LYNTOG |
| 19. TOJHUSMUSET | 39. TOWN HALL |
| 20. BOTANISK HAVN | 40. LUR PLAYERS |

ANSWERS TO JANUARY'S PUZZLE

DENMARK AOKJYTONAFLE COPENHAGEN
BJEKHLAMCANA JKM OENDERSPTAOAY
JAKEOIRNSTEVXAAESNDRAECHROLB
OSKIVERADEIRGUJEDAO SNOLRTHVIO
LLONGRESTELEAOXLRODMSNENUEFOR
AALBORGTAERBBJBLEDNALLEAJSSYG
GNODREAFERTSIO LDDROJFEESINAEN
NTJBEKKLITMOLLERAHOLSTERBROP
VVOIINSOLVGDIRMVINTROENSERA
OLSNDAINCETHSOSRLEVAEDLIKSOR
KLIDENSEINBHTEGREJBLEMMIHS A
SALRLSBTREDNOTAEDRELSTAEPISK
ENKAEBAERNGRARFAGIVMELPSARIE
GDEHFJJLLLOSMMO GROEDNULAKNTHE
ESBEAEBEATEA INAICIREDERFHS GK
BJOLRREARBONBSLAESOMTPAITHNL
OLRSTGLIOIGSFAMANTINS HESREAI A
BOGIHAMNLAMJTENTHINJATUJALBM
OBENIBUOMCAOHRGIINOBEEO RLSP
RBHGRJOISESKAGENNRTRDRHNPLAKE
NYKOPINGAROPRELTROUSVETEURN
HDMRRINGKOBINGAISBJOBVJLGROB
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DANISH COFFEE CAKE

[Korendekager]

From a notebook of Danish recipes compiled in Denmark about the year 1920. Compiler — Ann Turchin. This version — Phil Turchin.

Ingredients:

Butter, 190 grams (about 7 ounces)
Eggs, three
Flour, 250 grams (about 2½ cups)
Sugar, 190 grams (one cup plus two tablespoons)
Walnuts, about ½ cup when grated or chopped
Currants, about one cup
Cinnamon, one teaspoon

The American measurements are given to judge how much to buy. The recipe doesn't work unless the baking measurements are made with a gram measure, which is much more exact than the American way. Gram scales for baking are available widely today since America is going metric.

1. Set oven at 325 degrees Fahrenheit.
2. Rinse currants, dry with paper towel, spread over pie tin. Warm currants in oven a few minutes to plump and soften.
3. Grind about ½ cup walnut meats (½ cup when ground).
4. Currants out of oven.
5. Measure 190 grams butter, beat in 190 grams sugar. When about half of butter mixed with sugar add one whole egg, mix, add yolks of two eggs. Save butter wrapper to grease pan. To mix the butter, eggs and sugar together well is vital. Start with slow speed on electric mixer, work up to high. Mix should become so creamy it almost turns white,

GRANDMA'S

KITCHEN

- so creamy the sugar grains are melted and can barely be felt between the fingers or on the tongue.
6. Measure 250 grams flour. Sift or sieve the flour.
 7. Stir. A mixer won't work since mix is too thick.
 8. Beat the two egg whites stiff and fold in.
 9. Smooth onto well buttered pan, 13"x9".
 10. Mix 2 tablespoons sugar and one teaspoon ground cinnamon.
 11. Sprinkle first with currants and nuts, then mix of cinnamon-sugar. Press topping in.
 12. Bake 25 minutes at 325 degrees Fahrenheit.
 13. Cut in squares.

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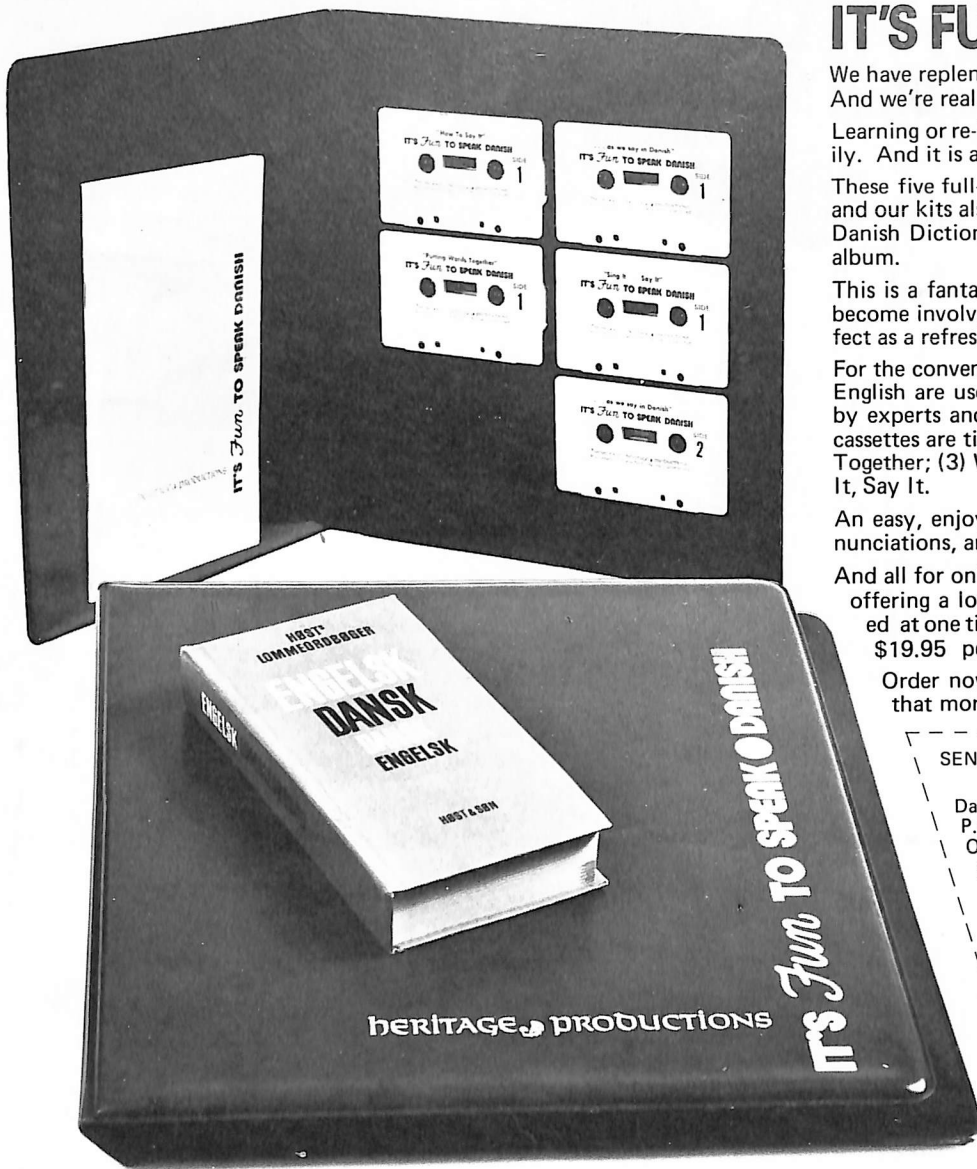
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