

# Lutheran Tidings

Volume X

March 20, 1944

Number 16

## MY WORKING DAY

My working day is often long,  
But filled with sunshine and with song  
The busy hours have fled.  
My wage is small the year around  
But as I worked and prayed I found  
Each day my daily bread.

For simple fare my thanks I give,  
Just one day at the time I live  
Like birds and flowers do.  
When arms and feet are tired at night  
I go to sleep and trust His might  
Who helped me hitherto.

My life has not been lived in vain;  
Not gold or glory did I gain  
But something far above:  
By helping others this I learned;  
The best in life is never earned;  
The priceless pearl is love.

Black clouds o'erhead I do not fear;  
I know the sky above is clear,  
I shall again be glad,  
And if at times my tears will fall,  
The hope that lives within my soul  
Is sunshine on my path.

My life, — it is a working day,  
My death, — God calls his friend away,  
And I am going home.  
Then I will lay me down to sleep  
And pray the Lord my soul to keep  
And to His kingdom come.

Kr. Østergaard.  
By S. D. Rodholm.

"Min Arbejdsdag er ofte lang."

## First Sunday In Lent, Feb. 27, 1944

LUKE 22:24-32

By A. W. Andersen

In a time of turmoil and war, of anxiety and sorrow, it well behooves us Christians to meet in the house of God for worship. The world at large has no use for God and no urge to worship the Almighty because men have become so powerful, so wise in their own mind that they felt no need of divine guidance. They have lost the sense of guilt and have therefore no need of a Savior. A Christian and a pagan nation rose to make war on the rest of the world, to conquer and rule the world. How could a Christian nation stoop so low? You may well ask. There is only one answer: they were not Christians at heart but only in name, they had long ago fallen away from the teachings of Christ and turned their back upon the Church of God.

On the last night when Christ sat at meat with His disciples and had spoken to them about how he had desired to eat this Passover supper with them before He was going to suffer and die, there arose a contention among them, which of them was accounted the greatest. We may well imagine the feeling of the Savior. How it must have hurt Him, that His own disciples even at this moment could discuss such a matter; but the human mind is a peculiar thing, even grown people can at times be childish. We are all of us more or less self centered. With the prediction of the coming of His end they affiliated right away in their mind the establishing of His promised Kingdom and for the moment they pushed the grim and mysterious words of His suffering aside and concentrated on the more pleasing thoughts of the new Kingdom

of the Messiah which He from time to time had promised to establish. In His kind and forbearing way He did not upbraid them, but called their attention to the ways of this world where the Gentiles try to lord it over each other, "but ye," He said, "shall not be so, he who is the greatest among you must be like the youngest, and the leader like a servant." And then He reminds them of how He is the one that serveth. The Savior of the "came to seek and to save those that were lost by serving and teaching them the will of God, the great Commandment of Love, and giving His life as a sacrifice for the sins of the world."

Is there any message that world needs more than this today? To contemplate upon God's great love. "For God loved the world so much that He gave His only Son, so that no one who believes in Him should be lost, but that they all should have eternal life. No one who believes in Him has to come up for judgment. Anyone who does not believe stands condemned already, for not believing in God's only Son." That is why the unbelieving world today already is condemned. That is why the Church of Christ today has to challenge the world to humble itself under the hand of the Almighty God and acknowledge and repent its sins and cry out for God's mercy, this may be the eleventh hour of the opportunity for the world, steeped in crime, to turn to God for mercy and salvation.

At the close of His discourse Jesus speaks to His disciples of the kingdom where they shall be gathered with Him in eternity, a promise that goes out to

all true believers and then He turns to Peter, the leader and spokesman of the disciples who had confessed his great faith in the Master: "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God." But where there is much light, there is also much shadow. Peter, the great confessor of faith, became that same night the miserable denier of his Lord and Master. In his loving kind way Jesus warns Peter: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan asked to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat but I prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not."

What a wonderful Savior we have Who intercedes for His weak friends, and what a mighty power there is in prayer! It was Christ's intercession for His denying disciple that saved Peter from Satan's clutches and everlasting perdition. "What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear!" In times of stress and sorrow we need well remind ourselves of this. Our boys in the Army and Navy and Air Corps need to be reminded of this and may they learn to know it in times of danger and distress! Their parents and pastor, their Christian wives and sisters and brothers pray for them. There should in all our prayers always be intercession not only for those near and dear to us but for all our neighbors, that is for all who are in need. The man who has no one to pray for is indeed a poor man to be pitied. We mostly pray for ourselves, for what we think we need, what we would like to have, for protection and blessing in our every-day life; those who have children will, of course, include them in their prayers, especially when they are in the Service. How many mothers and fathers and wives are not in these days anxious for the welfare of their boys. Thousands of homes have already been visited by the messenger of death, and hundreds of thousands more will go through the same sad experience. But if you brought your boy up in the true Christian spirit and taught him the value of communing with God in prayer, you will rest assured that he who through baptism became a child of God will not be forsaken in time of danger even though he had to walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

My dear friends! Let us strive to become a real praying congregation. I need your prayers of intercession as well as you need mine, and let it not only be a Sunday-prayer but an every-day-prayer. In my nearly 50 years experience as a servant of the Lord I have learned to know what a wonderful power there is in a prayer-life, the daily communion with God is the most nourishing power for body and soul. We are now entered upon the Lenten Season which by all Christian churches is regarded as a special season of prayer. This is the season when we should remember especially the suffering of our Lord Jesus. It would be well if we could have Mid-week Lenten devotions as it is customary in other churches. You have in the Gospels the story of the suffering of Jesus, in the Danish Hymnbooks you find it at the close of the Gospels of the church year. Why not make it a habit to read a little passage of it every day and some of the Lenten and Passion Hymns.

As Jesus prayed for Peter and His disciples and friends He will also intercede for you and me. Let us become more fervent in our prayers and include

in them not only those who are near and dear to us, but the many that now are suffering in this world, not forgetting our own fellow-countrymen, and you will experience the richest blessing of fellowship with God and man.

## Peder Kjølhedede

1844-1944

On the sixteenth day of March, this year, it was one hundred years since Peder Kjølhedede was born. We remembered and honored him when he died at his home in Grant, Michigan in 1937, 93 years old. Should we not pause and remember the centennial of his birth?

In the magazine "Common Ground" (Summer 1941) and in our own "Julegranen" (1937) I have tried to draw his portrait. The last-named article I submitted "a portrait without frame" — not in a literary and "arty" gesture, but because I felt that the potrait was incomplete and not, as yet, ready to be framed. Since then, L. C. Bundgaard and others have characterized the old pioneer, and he deserves it.

Let me, again, state the brief biographical data. He was born near Bøvling in Denmark, March 16th, 1844 and died in Ashland, near Grant, Michigan, June 18th, 1937. It was his pious grandmother who inspired him to leave the plow and to begin educating himself for the ministry at Askov Højskole.

Among the interesting and rare volumes it has been my privilege to gather for our historical collection is John H. Bille's "A History of the Danes in America", published in 1896, and sent to me by my old friend, J. Chr. Bay. It is interesting because it is so prejudiced. Bille describes the Danish-American preachers educated at Askov as "possessing the merest rudiments of an education" which was "limited almost to theological studies", making them "in truth blind leaders of the blind."

Peder Kjølhedede, true enough, was not academically trained. But it is a mistake to assume that he and his colleagues educated at Askov were ignorant and illiterate. Kjølhedede's education was well rounded and solid, and it prepared him most adequately for the ministry among his people in the congregations at Muskegon, Sheffield, Rosenborg, Alden, Newell, Ashland, and Grayling.

In 1946 we are to celebrate the founding of Grand View College. Let it not be forgotten that in the main we owe the existence of our school to two men, namely Thorvald Helweg and Peder Kjølhedede.

The Danish Church in America of the nineties was in a state of dejection and deterioration. People were poor. In the schism of 1893 two-thirds of the ministers and congregations had withdrawn. We had no theological seminary. And Thorvald Helweg, one of our ablest leaders, left for Denmark.

In this serious emergency it was Peder Kjølhedede who kept his head and insisted that the adopted plan for a school (convention at Alden, 1894) be carried through. And when, in 1895 at Dwight, he was elected president of the church he not only assumed the burdensome task of directing the building program of Grand View College, but he furnished the leadership



throughout the church of which it was sorely in need.

From 1901-1936 he was our synod's ordainer. I wonder what has become of the little book in which he had jotted down the names and other dates of all the candidates he had ordained. I have seen it many times, but where is it?

I think he ordained some 75 of our ministers. Under his hand the rite of ordination assumed a dignity and depth as real and sincere as he was himself. Many of us treasure the brief farewell speech he tendered the convention at Kimballton in 1936. There were no tears, no whimpering sentimentality. It was a noble and dignified leader who took leave of his people whom he had served through a long life.

During my ministry in Chicago it was my privilege to visit him nearly every summer in Grayling and, later, in Ashland. I remember most vividly the long summer evenings when, his feet on the table and the pipe lit, he would talk ramblingly of his youth and of the life of our church and our people. His experiences and an unerring memory made him a reliable historian. Of all that has been written about our church his account (*Danske i Amerika*, Vol. I, pp. 29-122) is by far the best.

It should also be mentioned that it was he who compiled and published one of our first songbooks (published 1884). Our indifference to tradition and historic source material is reflected in the fact that in collecting historical material I have been unable to obtain a copy of this book. I have seen it. There must be a copy of it somewhere. Is there not someone who will help to preserve it?

I have sketched the various activities of his long and useful life; but I have yet to mention the most important. He was more than administrator, ordainer, historian, and compiler.

He was a good preacher.

To preach was his main purpose in coming here. And he preached from the first Sunday he was in this country (Chicago, Sunday, June 13, 1880) till very shortly before his death fifty-seven years later. His sermons are preserved. I should consider it worthwhile to have a small collection of them published.

In 1884 already a few Danes — mostly sailors and adventurers — had found their way to America. By letter and through personal visits they told of the new land. The war with Prussia brought mounting defeat and hardships. Steamship agents fanned the flames of discontent, and through the '70s thousands of young men developed "American fever".

In those days a young man in Kjølhed's "Sogn" came to bid farewell. He was glad and proud and strong; in the new land was a future! But Kjølhed's grandmother wiped moist eyes on her apron and wept. To the boy it seemed incongruous.

"Why are you crying, grandmother?" he asked. "In America Niels will have a farm of his own — a large one!"

The grandmother explained. It was sad when a community couldn't feed its own. It severed ties of tradition and kinship. Perhaps it was true what they

said of the new land. But — were there churches there? All these young men — would they not become heathen if no ministers followed them to preach the gospel and administer the Sacraments?

So Peder Kjølhed followed his people to the new land, to preach the Word and to administer the Sacraments.

Those of us who remember him as a preacher will know that he was not a gifted orator. There were no artificial and glittering ornaments in his sermons. He stuck to solid, substantial exegesis. But because he was so real and sincere he never bored you. And the sermons were enlivened not only by a firm Christian faith but by personal, intimate references to the people he spoke to.

On the 16th day of March it was one hundred years since he was born. He lived to nourish and comfort the souls of men. He plowed a long and straight furrow. He sowed the good seed among his people. Where are the men to gather the harvest?

Enok Mortensen.



**BOOKS**

**THE CHRIST OF LENT**—By Olin Spencer Reigstad. 124 pages.

Price \$1.00. Augsburg Publishing House, 425 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

The author of this new series of sermons for Lent and Holy Week, the Reverend O. S. Reigstad, has been pastor of Bethlehem Lutheran Church in Minneapolis since 1921. There are sixteen sermons in this book, all centered on the Christ of Lent and the Holy Week. Each one of these sermons, although comparatively short, brings a direct, challenging Biblical message. The author has interwoven many personal experiences from the history of the Christian Church as revealed in the lives of leaders of the Church as well as humble peasants. This gives each sermon a direct message to an age confronted with problems greater than those of any previous generation.

Holger Strandskov.

**THE FIGHT OF THE NORWEGIAN CHURCH AGAINST NAZISM**—By Bjarne Høye and Trygve M. Ager. 180

pages. Price \$2.00. The Macmillan Co., New York.

This new book is an account of the courageous struggle of the Norwegians against the Nazi oppressor. It gives a vivid presentation of the outstanding leadership in the Norwegian Church led by Bishop Berggrav. Despite all appeals and threats from the Nazi leaders and the Quislings the Church remained firm on its foundation, knowing well that any compromise with Nazism would be fatal. The climax in this struggle came when the bishops resigned from the service of the state because of the attempt by the Nazis to prevent the regular service at the Trondhjem cathedral. At the same time they declared that "the spiritual duty is still mine with God and with right. To be a preacher of the Word, supervisor of the congregation and spiritual advisor of the pastors is and will continue to be my calling." Each new blow directed at the Church served but to bring about a rededication of effort and a renewal of determination.

A good historical presentation.

Holger Strandskov.

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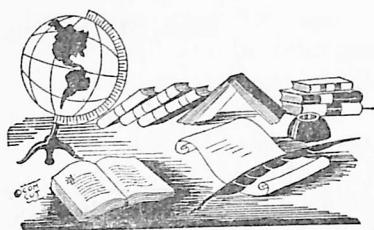
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## Across the Editor's Desk

On another page in this issue we bring a continuation of the educational column under the caption "From College Windows," written now by David T. Nelson, Professor of English at Luther College, Decorah, Iowa.—These articles are submitted by the Commission on Higher Education of the American Lutheran Conference to all Lutheran publications. We have in the past been able to print several of this series written by President Bergendoff of the Augustana College in Rock Island. And we shall, whenever space will permit it, continue to print the column.—We are grateful to the Commission of Higher Education for this privilege.

Although some of the viewpoints presented in these articles will refer more to the larger colleges, yet we believe that many of the same problems discussed will apply also to our own school, Grand View College.

The article for this issue especially coincides with our present effort of raising a Jubilee Fund by which we may meet the educational demands of our college in the years to come with better facilities both as to the physical plant of our school and also, if necessary, an enlarged teaching staff.

We bring in this issue an article which gives us a portrait of one of the early staunch leaders of our synod, Peder Kjølhed. As mentioned in the article, he saw in a vision the need of a school patterned along the lines of what G. V. C. is today. The convictions held by these pioneer men and women, and the sacrifices made by them in order to promote their ideals is indeed the true foundation of our school and other institutions serving us today.

Our school together with the entire work of our church will grow into the future as a blessing to our

# Father

By Ellen Nielsen.

In the hospital we never thought he would die. But, looking back, it seems to me that the day we consulted the doctor at his office I had a prescient of his death.

Father and I waited our turn in the Grecian, marble lobby. All was cold, all was stone. In the center of the lobby was a fountain spraying into a circular pool. The sound of the water, the merry, small sound of water falling was the only thing alive in that hall.

But suddenly I saw the little boy sitting at the edge of the fountain staring absorbed into the depths of the water. I think he must have been there all the time, he was still there when we left. His beautiful fair head was motionless as a statue and as perfectly carved as a cherub. The long lashes were dark against his cheek so that his eyes had the closed look, too, of a sculptured cherub. His mouth had the appealing, soft and pure contour of a very young child, innocent and vulnerable. One leg was drawn up under his chin, his hands lightly clasped the ankle. I thought him breathlessly beautiful. The water rose and fell, rose and fell, you could almost tell time by it. But the boy never moved. Neither did father. I felt him sitting beside me on the bench but I did not dare to turn and look at him for fear of seeing the boy grown old.

Yet, from some vantage point outside myself, I knew how he looked, the shoulders too quickly grown stooped and small, the thin hands clasped and resting with the strange patience of defeat, the eyes too wistful, too tired. . . . And some of the chill of the marble garden touched me. I looked at the boy sitting motionless in an eternal dream of childhood and I thought: father will die.

The night before his operation, in the hospital, two little girls passed his door, walking hand in hand, their small feet making a miniature pattern of sound down the corridor. Father leaned out from his bed watching them as far as he could. "Did you see them?" he asked, "ah, but they were dear. . . sisters I'm sure." And I thought instantly of how an old horse will run alongside a fence whinnying at a colt, following the raw, young thing with eyes amused and loving. It will stand there staring, tranced, until the colt is out of sight. And I don't know why, but I thought: father will die.

But next morning when father went by on the cart a frenzy of despairing optimism began to possess me. I became a professional Person in a Sick Room, filled with vast cheer, alert with energy. As he went by I

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present generation and others to come only as we, who constitute the present, are alert to our present responsibility.—Rejoicing because of the rich and many blessings we have enjoyed through the spiritual channels of Grand View College in the nearly fifty years of its existence, we should now dedicate ourselves to the task of giving to the young people of tomorrow the same privilege of sharing in a **Grand View** of life.



## GRAND VIEW COLLEGE



### Grand View College

Now that spring is well on its way there seems to be a stimulation in activities here at G. V. C. Everyone is looking forward to Studenterfest; and in the meantime other events crop up to occupy our attention.

Sunday evening, March 5, was one of those evenings which we remember for a long time, an evening which has a certain charm and atmosphere all its own. It was the occasion of the "Dansk Mindeaften", an all-Danish program in honor of Kaj. Munk, at the Luther Memorial Church. The program was arranged by the N.A.D.A. (National America-Denmark Association), and the proceeds of the evening's entertainment went to the aid of Danish refugees in Sweden.

The mood for the evening was created by the singing of "Det er et yndigt Land." Then there was a varied program of songs and music — unmistakably Danish, and beautiful in their melodiousness and simplicity. Several of Kaj Munk's poems were read, and the story of his life and accomplishments was told by Rev. Alfred Jensen.

After the program coffee and cake were served in the Church parlors. We all enjoyed ourselves in fellowship and singing more Danish songs at the coffee-table.

On Saturday evening, March 11, instead of our customary "U. K." meeting, we had the opportunity of helping our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Karl Ericksen, the "caretakers" of the school, celebrate their 25th Wedding Anniversary. Everyone gathered in the gaily decorated dining-room at eight o'clock, and waited for the Silver Wedding couple to be escorted over for the festivities. They were welcomed by Dr. Johannes Knudsen, and then followed the customary congratulatory speeches and reminiscences. There were also several musical numbers: a song by Janette Christoffersen, and some accordion-flute selections by Esther and Victor Nielsen. These latter were all old familiar Danish songs, and everyone joined in singing them.

Delicious refreshments were served, the climax of which was a real honest-to-goodness Danish "kranse kage". This was a gift from the bakery in Askov, Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. Ericksen's home-town before they came to Des Moines. Many of us had never seen

(or tasted) "kranse kage" before, so that made it a special treat.

Before we emptied our coffee cups we sang "Skaal", wishing our honored guests best wishes for the future. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ericksen were presented with several beautiful gifts from their friends here in Des Moines.

The next day, Sunday, March 12, was another red-letter day (or rather, evening) for Grand View. On that evening the college was host to Professor Paul Stoye, head of the Piano Department at Drake University. He played a program of works of the old masters, modern composition, a composition of his own, and concluded by playing his own arrangement of "Stars and Stripes Forever". His performance was so impressive that, as he walked out of the room, everyone arose in honor of him. All those who heard him play agree that it was an experience which they will never forget.

Evelyn Lerager.

### You Can Be An Artist!

Over the ivory keys fly the slender, sinewy fingers of the pianist. In fancy before our eyes is enlivened the original interpretation of the composer's work — the great music lifting up one's soul to higher realms. Thus the musician has become the mediator of the old composers through the art — mastery of tonal technique and mastery of expressing the fine inner feelings in music.

We may watch the sculptor molding the graceful curves of a figure, or the painter freely, confidently applying the various pigments to his canvas; at first, but a smear of paint — completed, a beautiful landscape of crystal clear, blue water and drooping willows, or perhaps the setting sun with the last golden remnants of fleecy clouds after the storm.

These are but three illustrations of achievements commonly recognized as art. Generally people are prone to regard art as pertaining only to painting, music, elocution, and such, but can this be its limitations?

What is art? Art is the finest possible way of doing a thing.

Let us picture in its entirety the Washington Monument both in relation to visibility and magnitude. Let us also for the sake of easy illustration divide it into four categories. At the peak is the station of those whom we acclaim world-renowned artists in the aesthetic school. As the peak is small yet visible at a great distance so are these artists in minority but recognized down through the centuries.

Secondly, we may class the inventors—artists in their fields. Towards the apex of this group are the inventors of the most intricate and beneficial devices for mankind.

In the third division may be the professional men. These have through years of study finally achieved mastery in their professions, as the surgeon who performs delicate brain operations thus

## ONWARD

On your way! Be brave and true!  
Should the road seem endless,  
Walk where God is near and you  
Never can be friendless.

Stars above the clouds still shine  
Through your darkest hour!  
In the Lord's own prayer you find  
Courage, peace and power.

Live and die for what you love!  
Cherish and defend it!  
Then you lift your life above  
Things that waste and end it.

By S. D. Rodholm.  
Chr. Richardt.

"Altid frejdig."  
(a new version)

### Pardon me!

The first translation of Chr. Richardt's "Altid frejdig" was, I believe, written by me and included in my "Hymns of the North" (1919). I changed it in a later edition, and at least two other translations have appeared since.

I have never been entirely satisfied with any of them, certainly not with my own. There are few songs that have meant more to us and been more used at our gatherings than this one, so I have felt that we must find a rendering that is simple, straightforward, and easy to remember. The mention of "Fadervor" presents a difficulty in translating, but I feel it could not mean the same to us as the original if for euphonic reasons we left it out.

With my apologies to other translators I offer this version to students of Grand View College that they may try it out if they should care to.

S. D. Rodholm.  
From "Grand View Echo".

giving almost hopeless patients a new chance for life. These professional men have become artists although less seldom esteemed as such.

Out of sight until immediate nearness due to surrounding objects is the fourth category. How seldom in life do we recognize this great foundation of art! We daily are face to face with it yet we will not be observant. Did you ever deem these as artists: the farmer who can plow a furrow straight as a whizzing bullet? the housewife with a washing white as snow and hung in systematic order (Even in that of hanging clothes is there an art!)? the mother who can sooth bitter woes yet instill courage and a strong and noble character in her children for the tomorrow? Or least of all did you ever realize that a homeless wayfarer at your door may ask for a piece of bread in an artistic, dignified manner? Far-fetched? It may seem so at first thought, but under the ragged coat there may be art in tact and manner. Even in our daily conversation with one another there may be art.

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# OUR WOMEN'S WORK

Mrs. Edwin E. Hansen, Editor, 2015 W. High St., Racine, Wis.

## GRATITUDE

It was the last day of the year. The streetcar was overcrowded.

"You may have my seat, madam. I'd just as soon stand," said a kindly young lady to an old gray-haired woman, who was finding it difficult to stand up.

"Thank you so much! But I really shouldn't take your seat, miss."

The old woman seated herself, smoothed the ribbons on her bonnet, drew her cloak about her, and then looked up at the young lady with an appreciative smile. It was plainly evident from the expression on her face that she would like to have engaged in a conversation, but the car was too crowded to permit that. Before long, however, a gentleman rose to get off at the next stop. The old woman motioned to the young lady to come and be seated in his place.

"You should sit down, miss; it is so tiring to stand up."

"Oh, it really doesn't bother me," she said, though seating herself. "It is much harder for you who are older."

"Oh, I am really fine. A few little aches here and there; but when that is all, it isn't hard to smile and be cheerful."

"How good to hear you say that!"

"I've always had a good life," continued the old lady with a smile.

"If only more folks would admit that. There are so many who are always complaining."

"Yes, life has been good to me. I had a good husband whom I dearly loved, and who loved me. We worked hand in hand to provide the daily needs as long as he was alive. I have only good memories of him. Isn't that something worth thanking the good Lord for?"

"Indeed it is. Have you no children?"

"Oh, yes; we had seven. The six are dead. The four were grown when they died; the other two died while they were still small. We had only joy from those who grew to manhood and womanhood. They were good children who never caused us any real sorrow."

"It must be hard to lose children you have reared from infancy to be young men and women."

"Yes—it is like having a part of your heart torn out of your very being, but when you have had time to think it over, you realize that those who have passed away—to a fuller life—have been spared much in this life. Their father and I were agreed that it was better to weep over the loss of them, than to grieve because they had fallen upon evil ways in the world. There are so many parents who experience that in our day."

"Yours is a beautiful philosophy."

The old woman wiped a tear from her eyes with

the corner of her kerchief. Thoughts of her departed dear ones always stirred her deepest emotions.

For a few minutes the young lady sat lost in thought. She seemed to have learned so much from this old soul who had so accidentally crossed her path. If one could accept such resignation and in all humility and faith bow before God's will, how much more life could mean to you, how much happier you would be! Rebellion within, stubborn self-willfulness when one meets some of life's adversities always leads to unhappiness. Here was one who even through the loss of her nearest and dearest could resign herself to the inevitable with a cheerful heart.

"Now I am living in an Old People's Home," the old lady went on again. "And I am so happy to be there. Everyone is so good to us. Things are kept neat and clean. We always have good food, and in the winter it is nice and warm. I never dreamed that my old age would be so pleasant."

"You know, it is really wonderful to meet a person who is so content!" exclaimed the young lady. "But haven't you one single complaint to make? Most of us have plenty."

"Oh, I suppose there might be some little thing or other. But they are really not important at all. I will admit I could wish we might have our coffee a little earlier in the morning. You see, we go to bed early, often at eight o'clock, and then you wake up early in the morning too. I get awfully hungry for a cup of coffee before eight o'clock sometimes. I always used to have my coffee as soon after I got up as I could get it made. I still have my cups and things, so I could make it myself sometimes—but you see, it isn't so easy to get coffee—or even tea. They are quite expensive, you know. But, then, what is that to talk about. Everyone at the Home is so good to us. We are far better off than most people and much better than we have deserved."

The young lady looked admiringly at the old gray-haired woman. Then it was actually possible in spite of life's sorrows, through a long life of work and hardship and self-denial where almost everything you had worked and fought for had been taken away from you, to see through all these adversities God's love and kindness, and be grateful because life had proved "far better than we have deserved."

Just one wee little cloud darkened the old lady's sky, and that was the fact that she couldn't have her cup of coffee when she got up in the morning. A wave of happiness surged through the young lady's soul at that moment.

"Why, I can cause that cloud to disappear," she said to herself, "I can help to make her happiness complete."

"May I come and see you tomorrow and fill your coffee jar?" she asked.

"Oh—oh a thousand thanks," stammered the old



## In Terms Of Life

### Where Are We Going?

Some sarcastic soul has said that the expression, "All dressed up and no place to go" is very descriptive of the state in which mankind finds itself in this world. And there is no denying that the point is well taken, only,—it is not true.

But let us humor the idea for a while. Here is man, equipped with the marvelous tools of his mind; all dressed up in a fine array of scientific, artistic and spiritual faculties, but where is he going? He seems forever to be off on a running start, but without purpose or direction. He is simply running around in circles.

History repeats itself. Time has seen mankind establish twenty-six great civilizations, at least, only to lay them waste in turn. It is true, man has a growing capacity for building ever greater things; but his cleverness is of little avail, since he never seems to outgrow his willingness to destroy what he builds. Oh, yes, man is all dressed up to go places,—tuxedo style;—but he is forever coming back to the starting point, to his "banks or his barns, his balls or his banquets" with a feeling that he has lost the main point of something or other.

Man is a maniac for wanting to know the purpose of things. Whenever he comes across a new object he can not rest until he knows the why and the wherefor. In this manner he has analyzed, catalogued and indexed everything in the world and what is left over. He has even found a reason for every part of himself, but he is still puzzled about the purpose behind the Whole Man. He knows there is a purpose behind what he himself produces, his songs, his saws and his silos, but what is the purpose behind the producer? He knows there is a purpose behind every object in the world, but as for the Whole World—"A Mere Accident." That is what he says; but he says it simply to salvage his analytical pride, because he is unable to make the accounts balance. He knows better. Deep within him there is an instinct which persists in telling him there must be a Whole Purpose behind all the little purposes.

Where are we going? There is a little legend which gives the answer better than any philosophical word-tapestry could do. —When the Creator had founded the universe and had set in order the five thousand million stars—more or less, He found his handiwork so grand that He decided to share the enjoyment with other beings. So He created the seeds out of which all life was to grow. He showed the earth to these little embryos and asked them where in the world they wanted to live. Some little seeds answered that they would love to live in the soil of the fields and

plains and mountains. God said that was fine. They became the trees and flowers and were adorned with beauty and fragrance. Another group of seed said that they preferred to live in the ocean because that was bigger and softer than the land, so the Almighty equipped them with scales and fins so that they might move about in the water. A third group desired to live in the open space of the air, because that was still softer, and still bigger than the ocean. And the Creator let them have their wish and equipped them with beaks and wings and feathers. A fourth group said they would rather roam the continents of the earth. And they were equipped with legs and furs and tools in their mouths and on their toes.

But there was still a group of seeds left which had not stated a choice. Not that they did not have one; but they were afraid that it might be asking too much. God noticed how timid they were and encouraged them to speak up. Finally it came. "Please, we should like to live in the beautiful earth, as well as all the other seeds; but we should like much better to live with you." And the Almighty marveled. Then He said: "You have made the best choice of all. I shall equip you to live in the earth and to live with Me, too. I will mold you in My image and make you a living soul. You shall reach for the best in life—and you shall never be satisfied with less. As long as your soul grows and breathes in Me, you will live and be happy, but outside of Me you will suffer and die."

There it is. The Meaning and Whole Purposes of Life.—Man's true direction is heavenward and his goal is One-ness with God. You say, "But that is only a story." So it is, but The Truth in that story has the full backing of Christ, the prophets, the Holy Writ and the entire Communion of Saints. That Truth lacks only one thing—and that is to be discovered by mankind at large.

But man is slow of heart. He wants to know the Whole Purpose of Life, but he does not want it to be "Nearer my God to Thee." He shies at that. For he does not want The Almighty to break through his little self-centered circles. That would be catastrophic. And so he returns to his little back yard, muttering to himself that "life is a joke which isn't even funny." and "the universe is without purpose."

The great truths of life are never learned by way of announcement. Only through personal experience of the vital reality behind them. That occurs when God is allowed to break through; then the truth expands the orb of the soul's horizon until it includes even glimpses of heaven. And that makes the soul sure-footed.

Marius Krog.

lady. "I shouldn't have said what I did. You are all too good. I am a perfect stranger to you."

"No, indeed. We are no longer strangers; and if I may be permitted to come and visit with you a little while, you can tell me so many things that I need to know. I must hurry and write down your name and address, because I get off at the next stop."

As the young lady got up to leave, she took her

new friend's hand and said:

"A happy New Year, Mrs. Olsen, and thanks for the old!"

"And the same to you, my dear. I wish you a very very happy New Year. You have made me so happy by sitting and talking to me. I am only a little and rather lonely old lady, you know."

Translated from "Kvinden og Hjemmet"

# IN THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

Alfred C. Nielsen, Grand View College.

## AFRAID OF WHAT?

In the eighteenth century one of the most dynamic social theories ever shaped came forward. It was the **idea of progress**. According to this notion a continual improvement in the lot of mankind on this earth by the attainment of knowledge and the subjugation of the material world to the requirement of human welfare was possible. This idea of progress fell into a fertile soil in America. This has been a land of optimists. In spite of all set-backs, and they have proved temporary, the American has been a hopeful being.

It is a strange and new thing to find that thoughtful people in this country are afraid of the future. One meets them everywhere. It is true that the gorgeous magazine advertisements strike a hopeful note, but these commercial artists are paid for being optimistic and it may not represent their true sentiments at all. According to their theme all we need to do is to turn our economy over to unfettered private enterprise and all vexing problems will vanish into thin air. Well, that has been tried. Governmental interference is a new thing in our economy. It was not restrictions by the government that brought on the great crash in 1929.

Thoughtful people are afraid in spite of the fact that our preparation for and prosecution of the war have been most successful. Compared with earlier wars, such as the War of 1812, the Civil War, and World War I, this has been so far conducted far more ably. Our people are "taking it" both on the war front and at home. Some say the home front is breaking down. True there is some gripeing and there is a black market. But when one considers how individualistic the American has been in the past, the draft, rationing and all the rest have succeeded very well. So far nothing has occurred like the draft riots in New York City during the Civil War. In that affair at least a thousand people were killed or wounded and property valued at a million dollars was destroyed.

Now what is it that people fear? There is time and space to discuss just a few of them here.

## Our Economic System.

The big depression did something to us. People know that the causes of it were not found and removed. That depression was not licked. It was the war that ended it, and in the minds of many people it is but a temporary ending. While we were spending a few millions on such projects as W. P. A. and P. W. A. to keep people from starving, there was much talk in high places about the danger of national bankruptcy. Now we are spending billions, and everybody has work, and there is no talk of bankruptcy.

Our national income is the highest in history. We are producing more than we ever did, and yet while we are doing this about ten million of our young men and women are in the fighting forces. This is about the same number of people which was formerly on relief. People know that long relief lines, mean stagnation of business, industry and agriculture. They know that starvation in the midst of plenty is insane, but they don't know what to do about it.

## Our Political System.

There is an awareness that our political system is not working as well as it should. There is widespread dissatisfaction with Congress. We have too much of government by pressure groups. Altogether too often the general national welfare is not considered first, but the welfare of a special group such as labor, agriculture or business. One frequently hears people say that the men in Congress are either selfish, stupid or dishonest. Not long ago Congressman Judd of Minnesota got a ringing applause from a large audience in this city when he declared that most members of the present congress were just playboys. Well, if playboys are sent to Washington, whose fault is it?

One of these days a treaty must be signed with our present enemies. We live in the same world as the Germans and the Japanese. In our time it seems almost more difficult to endure peace than war. What we had between World War I and II was not really a peace. There was constant economic and political warfare. Do we have the statesman with the vision and understanding to usher in an era of good feeling? Are our people so decent, so intelligent and sufficiently united to demand that the Senate shall not crucify another Woodrow Wilson?

We are engaged in the greatest war in our history, and right now we see two branches of our government, the legislative and the executive, in the midst of a bitter struggle. It is pitiful and it fills people with fear.

## The Returning Veteran.

Never in our history have we had so many men in the military and naval services. Thousands of those men have already been in the army for more than three years and millions of them will probably be in the army longer than any group in our history. These men will come home greatly changed, some for the better and some for the worse. They will expect to find their home country as they left it. That too will be changed and they will be disappointed.

Following every great war there is a period of considerable confusion. Often this manifests itself as sheer lawlessness and banditry. Even in law-abiding Germany there was much of that following the other war. After our Civil War there was a long period when bandits terrorized large sections of this country. It was in 1872 that the Jesse James gang robbed the Kansas City Fair of ten thousand dollars, and Kansas City was not the only place they visited.

From letters I have received and from numerous other sides, one hears that the soldiers are much provoked about conditions at home. In the last war it was common talk among the boys that while they were fighting the men at home were wallowing in money. The same seems to be true this time. Until all profit can be taken out of war, there will be some who profit. It is a misfortune that so many of the soldiers seem to think that the only group to profit from the war is labor. This is simply a falsehood. Labor has been as patriotic as any other group.

If the veterans form an organization, and they al-



# NEWS from the JUBILEE DRIVE COMMITTEE

Richard H. Sorensen, Grand View College, Executive Secretary.

## YOU KNOW OUR CAUSE

By the time that this article goes to print the Executive Committee could report that successful "Jubilee Nights" have been held in over forty congregations in our synod! This means that many hundreds, yes, several thousands, of our people have already seen the new film from our college and heard speakers explain the purpose and plan for our Drive. During the next few weeks many more such meetings will be held, especially with Rev. Alfred Jensen touring the West Coast and Rev. Howard Christensen visiting the congregations in Nebraska. Thus you can see that a substantial number of our members have now shared in the introductory part of our Drive, so that they should be prepared for the second phase, which is the personal solicitation of contributions from all our members by various committeemen in each of the local groups.

By means of these "Jubilee Nights" with an outside speaker, by means of a fine six-page folder and also a large display poster, and by means of these articles in **Lutheran Tidings** and **Dannevirke** we have tried to explain the Jubilee Drive to all our members and friends. This educational part of the work will, of course, continue. However, if you have any special questions which you would like to have answered, your local committee or the Executive Committee in Des Moines will be only too happy to answer such questions.

## WE AWAIT YOUR RESPONSE

Having done this introductory work as far as many of our people are concerned, we are now most anxious to see and report the result of the second phase of the work — the solicitation work by local committeemen and the response from each member of our church

ways do in this country, it will be the most powerful pressure group in our history. If they choose, they can run the country. Will they consider the general welfare, or just their own welfare?

Of one thing we may be certain and that is that the veterans will not be content to peddle apples for their living. If there are not jobs, and fairly good jobs, for them, they will likely turn to a party that will promise them jobs. It will test the intelligence and the integrity of the veterans to a very high degree. There will be a wonderful opportunity for the demagogue to try to win the votes of the veterans. Should one man get the votes of the veterans, his family and relatives, he will be in office.

I have discussed briefly three things people are afraid of. Others could be mentioned. As stated above, fear of the future is a new thing for our people. After our great Civil War thousands of soldiers found land and homes in the west. Our free land is gone now and the land frontier is closed. But there must be other frontiers. If we have solved the problem of production, and that seems to be true of both food, clothing and shelter, why in heaven's name can't we solve the problem of distribution?

group and from our friends. If we have a worthy cause which we explain fairly and completely, it matters little unless your response is adequate. We know that our cause is most worthy — and we are most confident that your response in bonds, cash, or pledges will be just as worthy. The success of the Drive will be the result of your response, not the result of the committees' work!

Our whole program cannot be one in which an Executive Committee in Des Moines and the various local committees, on the one hand, oppose our individual members and the many homes, on the other. It is not as if we who are Jubilee Drive workers are pulling on one end of a rope on the other end of which all our members are holding firm in order to guard their \$100,000! It cannot be this way; it must not be this way. Nor can it be that we attempt to get your contributions by any high-pressure method. On the contrary, we hope that our members and friends will give their contributions willingly to this cause which is your cause as much as it is the cause of the Jubilee Committees or the cause of the leaders of Grand View College. We are all working together in order that our young people may receive a better education at an improved and expanded Grand View College. You have the opportunity and the responsibility to help. This is our common task; it is not the task of any committee or committees. It is with this spirit that we must now continue on the path to a successful conclusion of the Drive.

## YOU AND YOUR COMMITTEEMEN

Many, of course, have already acted in this spirit. The lists of contributions to date are good evidence of this fact. Nearly every one of those contributions was received without solicitation on the part of any committee. Simply knowing that a drive was in progress for the purpose of raising money for this worthy cause was enough reason for many to make a contribution. It is especially gratifying to receive such contributions from those, like men and women in military service here or abroad, who never would be contacted

(Continued on page 12)

## TO DONATE A WAR BOND

1. Go to any bank and make application for a Series F or G War Bond.
2. Ask to have it inscribed in this way: The Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, corporation, (Grand View College Account) Des Moines, Iowa.
3. Ask the bank to send the bond to your home.
4. When you receive the bond, give it to your local committeeman or send it with a letter containing your name and address to Mr. Oluf R. Juhl, Route No. 1, Box 408, Hopkins, Minnesota.
5. Keep the official receipt which Mr. Juhl sends to you.



# OUR YOUTH IN U. S. SERVICE



## Youths From Our Synod In The U. S. Service

Alden, Minn., 37 young men.  
Askov, Minn., 114 young men, 5 WACS and 1 nurse.  
Bridgeport, Conn., 21 young men, 1 WAC.  
Bronx, N. Y., 8 young men.  
Brooklyn, N. Y., 62 young men, 2 WAVES.  
Brush, Colo., 18 young men, 1 Red Cross Worker.  
Cedar Falls, Iowa, 54 young men, 1 WAVE, 1 marine, 1 nurse.  
Chicago, St. Stephen's, 24 young men.  
Chicago, Trinity, 52, young men.  
Clinton, Iowa, 15 young men.  
Cordova, Nebr., 19 young men.  
Cozad, Nebr., 15 young men, 1 nurse.  
Dagmar and Volmer, Mont., 26 young men.  
Danevang, Texas, 48 young men, 1 WAC, 1 WAVE, 2 nurses.  
Davey, Nebr., 9 young men.  
Des Moines, Iowa, 41 young men, 1 nurse.  
Detroit, Mich., 38 young men.  
Diamond Lake, Minn., 22 young men, 1 WAC, 1 WAVE.  
Dwight, Ill., 40 young men, 1 WAC, 1 cadet nurse, 1 chaplain.

Easton, Calif., 15 young men.  
Enumclaw, Wash., 21 young men.  
Exira, Iowa, 10 young men, 1 WAC.  
Fredsville, Iowa, 33 young men.  
Gayville, So. Dak., 8 young men.  
Granly, Miss., 13 young men, 1 WAC, 1 WAVE, 1 nurse.  
Grant, Mich., 10 young men.  
Grayling, Mich., 11 young men.  
Greenville, Mich., 45 young men, 2 nurses.  
Hampton, Iowa, 14 young men.  
Hartford, Conn., 38 young men, 1 WAVE.  
Hetland-Badger, S. D., 19 young men.  
Junction City, Ore., 18 young men.  
Kimballton, Iowa, 57 young men, 3 nurses.  
Kronborg, Nebr., 27 young men, 1 nurse.  
Lake City, S. D., 5 young men.  
Los Angeles, Calif., 23 young men.  
Ludington, Mich., 46 young men.  
Manistee, Mich., 12 young men, 1 chaplain.  
Marinette, Menominee, Mich., 21 young men.  
Minneapolis, Minn., 28 young men.  
Muskegon, Mich., 25 young men.  
Newell, Iowa, 58 young men, 2 nurses, 4 gold stars.

Nysted, Nebr., 14 young men.  
Oak Hill, Iowa, 19 young men.  
Omaha, Nebr., 22 young men.  
Parlier, Calif., 14 young men, 1 WAC.  
Pasadena, Calif., 8 young men.  
Perth Amboy, N. J., 47 young men.  
Portland, Me., 24 young men.  
Racine, Wis., 40 young men.  
Ringsted, Iowa, 45 young men, 1 WAVE.  
Rosenborg, Nebr., 13 young men.  
Ruthton, Minn., 30 young men, 1 nurse, 1 Spar.  
Salinas, Calif., 25 young men.  
Sandusky, Mich., 14 young men.  
Seattle, Wash., 67 young men, 1 nurse.  
Solvang, Calif., 50 young men, 4 young women.  
Tacoma, Wash., 16 young men.  
Troy, N. Y., 40 young men, 3 Waves.  
Tyler, Minn., 98 young men, 1 nurse.  
Viborg, So. Dak., 29 young men.  
Waterloo, Iowa, 42 young men, 1 young woman.  
West Denmark, Wis., 21 young men.  
White, S. D., 3 young men.  
Victory, Mich., 13 young men.  
Wilbur, Wash., 17 young men.  
Withee, Wis., 47 young men, 1 nurse.

Please send the editor the latest number on young men and women in the U. S. service from your congregation.

## Washington, D. C. Service Center

One Sunday afternoon, March 26, at 3:30 o'clock the Lutheran Service Center for the nation's capital, another symbol of co-operative Lutheran effort, will be formally opened at an outdoor service in Lafayette Park, just in front of the White House.

The Washington Service Center is unique in that it will include on its staff not only two service pastors, ministering to men and women of the armed forces, but also competent women workers whose responsibility it is to relate the civilian war workers to the Lutheran Churches of Washington. These latter are called and assigned by the Commission on American Missions of the National Lutheran Council in co-operation with the Emergency Planning Council of the Missouri Synod.

At the formal opening ceremonies the following national and international persons will be present,



The Washington Lutheran Service Center, 736 Jackson Place, N. W., was once used as a temporary White House by President Theodore Roosevelt.

world affairs permitting, some of them to speak: Chaplain Robert D. Workman, Captain, Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Navy; Chaplain George F. Rixey, Colonel, Deputy Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army; Her Royal Highness, the Crown Princess Martha of Norway; His Excellency Wilhelm Morgenstierne, Ambassador from Norway; His Excellency Vladimir Hurban, Ambassador from Czechoslovakia; the Honorable Wollmar Bostrom, Minister from Sweden; the Honorable Henrik de Kauffmann, Minister from Denmark; and the Honorable Thor Thors, Minister from Iceland.

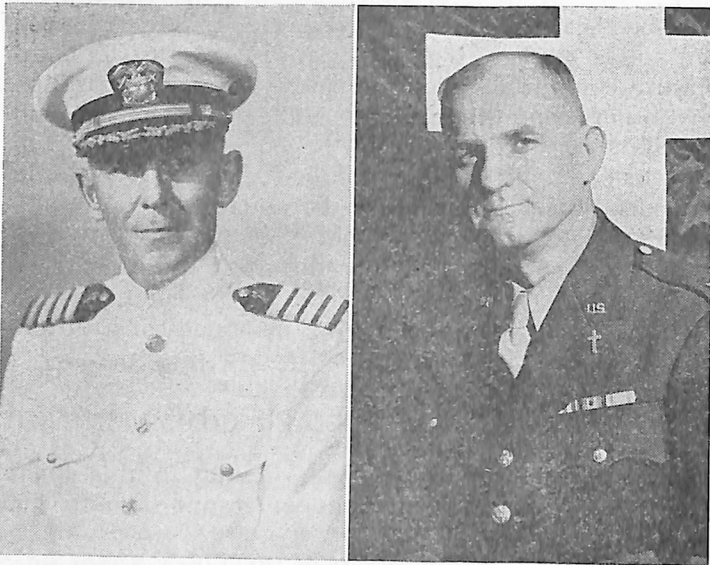
Officials of the Church participating in the opening are: the Rev. Dr. P. O. Bersell, chairman of the Service Commission and president of the National Lutheran Council; the Rev. Dr. Ralph H. Long, executive secretary of the National Lutheran Council; and the Rev. O. Adelbert Sauer, secretary of the Army and Navy Commission of the Missouri Synod.

If you know service people who are stationed in the Washington area or if you know any Lutheran government employees in the nation's capital, encourage them to visit this Center and get acquainted. You can aid materially by sending names and addresses of the latter to the Lutheran Service Center in Washington.

Chaplain Rixey in December completed a 35,000 mile tour of the war areas in Iceland, England, North Africa, through the middle East, and as far distant as Kuming, China. Traveling mostly by plane, though sometimes by jeep and motor launch, he carried the personal greetings of the Chief of Chaplains



of the Army to the army chaplains and fighting men in all theaters of war along the way. He accompanied Dr. William B. Pugh, chairman of the general commission on army and navy chaplains, who succeeded the late Bishop Leonard, following his tragic plane



Left-hand: Chaplain Robert D. Workman, Captain, Chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Navy, will speak at the Washington Service Center formal opening. Right-hand: Chaplain George F. Rixey, Colonel, Deputy Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army, will also speak, representing Chief of Chaplains Arnold.

crash in Iceland. On Chaplain Rixey's journey, he had a serious accident in northern England when his car crashed after skidding on an icy road. The Chaplain escaped with only a sprained shoulder. On another occasion in the face of a certain crash landing, it was necessary to circle an airfield for nearly two hours to lose gas weight. He found the chaplains everywhere doing an outstanding job and found the military men holding them in high regard and respect.

### FATHER

(Continued from page 4)

leaned over him and said "You are right, father, Roosevelt is O. K." His white hair seemed to bristle with vengeance but his words were slurred with a drug. He said thickly "That's *goot*. I told you so."

The next day coming out of the anesthetic he whimpered in a small voice "Do you like Churchill, too?" I was so overjoyed to see the sly wit on his mouth that I lied in his face and said loudly, "I adore Churchill." A maliciously innocent look came to his face as he mumbled "That's *goot*." He dozed for a moment and then said with a sort of weak oratory, "He saved the British Empire."

Later he asked pensively, "You won't go back on me with Roosevelt?" And I said, "No, father . . . . at least not until you are well." He gave a snort of disgust.

He was my father. That was when he sat in the morris chair many years ago and my little sister stood back of him braiding red ribbons into his hair (it was already white then). That was when, in the dusk he would walk up and down the floor (the miles he has walked that way in his leather house slippers, wearing his smoking jacket, the blue plumes of his good cigar

smoke hanging in the air) my sister glued to his legs, each of her small feet on his. Those were the years he read Bjørnson and Ibsen to us and I thought **father knows everything!** (And from the memory of those days came the inscription for the marker at his grave . . . the words he read to us from Arnljot Gelline in his deep, solemn voice "Remember it girls,

**Stundet han havde til det største**

**Straks han saa det, gav han sig helt."**

But in the hospital he became my child. And is it not instinct to wish your child to live? The hand lying too lightly in yours, the breath too faintly drawn so that you must stoop to listen, the tired sigh; is it not something every mother knows?

Many years ago when I was desperately ill and death seemed imminent, child that I was I asked my father as he was washing my hands one day, "How can I get well with hands like that?" Now, in the hospital he asked me the same question when I performed a like task for him. And our eyes met for one fleeting moment, not daring to acknowledge the finality of a circle completed.

Father never spoke of dying in the hospital, yet, if you listened between the lines of what he said he seemed to be making ready for some event. He had a need of being shrived of some past self, a being that had troubled him greatly, who had acted perversely in some other life. Every day he said as soon as he saw me, "I've been thinking, I've been wondering . . ." every day he had a new problem, a small correction on the surface applied against some nebulous troublous immensity of being. I thought of the Danish queen who, dying, recalled the small sin of having laced her sleeves on the Sabbath . . . He kept sloughing acts and words away, but his eyes were turned inward on the deep, mysterious pool of himself.

But then he would make plans for the future; his famous energy would rise and trouble him. How long have I been here, he would ask. Five days, I said that day. He rolled his head furiously on the pillow. "I should have been out of here by now . . . what are we waiting for?"

He decided he would need a cane for a while; I could tell he rather fancied himself with a cane. He would work in his garden, later, the oleander bush needed tying up, the grape-vine must this time be ruthlessly pruned, let mother say what she would, this time it would be pruned to the quick. "I'll learn to sit quietly in the sun, too," he said. "Life will be different, but really good, a new sort of life." So I could not guess what event he was planning for; death and life ran so closely parallel.

Death isn't over once for all. As long as you have memory you have death.

Death is the telephone ringing at night, a huge and ominous sound out of silence. Death is waiting, waiting . . . waiting for an end to something that curiously enough now seems only to have begun. Death is the good grey doctor coming down the long corridor to say the difficult word: **No**. Death is coming out of the familiar dusk of the hospital into the strange brilliance of the day. Death is a worn coat hanging on the door, an old grey hat, a clumsy pen-knife, a watch still ticking. Death is a new spade leaning

against the wall. "Never put a spade away, girls, with earth upon it." Death is opening the safety box and finding the orderly papers with the vital, familiar handwriting saying the fantastic words: **In case of my death.** It is finding the poem clipped out of the newspaper, an old letter, a dim photograph, treasures as incomprehensible as a small boy's marbles. Death is night and he is not here and morning and he does not come. Death is history and past tenses and all remembrance. It is the letter coming back from the hospital marked **not here.**

The marble garden is still there, the water in the fountain rises and falls into the pool below. But the boy has gone.

## Nominating Committee

In one of the first issues of Lutheran Tidings after the national church convention in Minneapolis the editor called attention to the fact that nomination from the floor were accepted after the nominating committee had reported. He also called attention to the fact that it was the first time this had been done since the nominating committee has functioned. The annual reports bear him out in this. I cannot recall that nominations have been made from the floor of the convention previous to last year. Incidentally, however, even though nominations were accepted from the floor at Minneapolis this can not be determined from reading the report of the convention. There was some question as to whether that was the proper procedure. The editor of Lutheran Tidings has suggested that this matter should be cleared up before the next convention. I think this should be done; and it is for this reason that I give my opinion on the matter, since I was chairman of the convention.

In regard to the nominating committee the synod constitution reads as follows: "As soon as possible after the opening of the convention the delegates and pastors of each district shall choose one pastor and one delegate to act as members of a nominating committee. This committee shall nominate two candidates for each office to be filled by the convention and shall present its nominations to the convention. Thereafter it shall prepare and have printed (mimeographed) ballots containing the names of the candidates. Each ballot must provide space to vote for candidates not nominated."

This paragraph does not say specifically that other nominations can not be made. At the convention Rev. C. A. Stub stated that it was the intention of the committee that wrote the paragraph on the nominating committee that there should be no nominations from the floor. If that was the intention of the committee then it should have been stated specifically in the paragraph.

I think it is quite clear from parliamentary rules that nominations from the floor are in order even though a nominating committee has reported. Let me quote from Roberts Rules of Order: "Before proceeding to an election, if nominations have been made from the floor or by a committee, the chair should inquire if there are any further nominations." One other quotation states, "When the committee makes

its report (nominations), which consists of a ticket, the chair asks if there are any other nominations, when they may be made from the floor." Clearly then, nominations from the floor are in order after the nominating committee has reported unless they are specifically prohibited. The synod constitution does not specifically state that nominations from the floor can not be made. Hence they are in order. The nominating committees report can be amended just like any other committee report unless the constitution prohibits it. If there are to be no nominations from the floor at our national conventions then, I think, our constitution will have to be amended.

I have not argued the merits of our present procedure. That is an entirely different question. My purpose here is to simply clarify the procedure which should be followed according to the synod constitution.

Ames, Iowa.

Erling Jensen.

## NEWS FROM THE JUBILEE COMMITTEE

(Continued from page 9)

by any number of committees. Giving in this spirit brings the greatest joy to the giver and also to the ones who receive the gift.

We have no reason to think that any of our contributions will be given in any other spirit. Even those who have not given anything as yet are, no doubt, willing to give with this same fine spirit. Most of our members are waiting for some representative of their local committee to call on them, and then they will be ready to do their part. Maybe they do have a question or two that they would like to ask, but then they, too, will be ready to help the cause which is ours, which is yours and mine.

If your local committeeman has not called at your home as yet, why don't you help him out by bringing your contribution to him? He has promised to do a job which takes considerable time and work. Why not do whatever you can to make his job a little easier!

We publish herewith the names of local committeemen in the Eastern and Michigan Districts. Other names will be published later.

**EASTERN DISTRICT:** (Mr. Viggo Nielsen, Chairman)

Bridgeport: Viggo Nielsen, Mrs. Axel Kildegaard, and Esther Nielsen.

Brooklyn: Halvor E. Jensen, Thormod Jensen, and C. H. W. Hasselriis.

Bronx: Chr. Madsen and Gunnar Knakkegaard.

Hartford: P. A. Hansen, Mrs. Edw. Smith, Olga Anderson.

Newark: L. Lydichsen, F. B. Strandskov, and Carl Torp.

Perth Amboy: Hans J. Gade and Axel Olsen.

Portland: Mrs. Dagmar Petersen and Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Stockholm.

Troy: Rev. J. Lund.

Washington, D. C.: Ingrid Munk-Petersen.

**MICHIGAN DISTRICT:** (Rev. A. C. Kildegaard, Chairman)

Detroit: Rev. Svend Jorgensen and Aage Sorensen.

Grayling: Rev. Sven Holm and Mrs. Clara Sayles.

Greenville: Holger Holm, Rev. C. A. Stub, Mrs. Olga Carlsson, N. J. Lamb, C. T. Nielsen, Chris. Frederiksen.

Ludington-Victory: Rev. Verner Hansen and Mogens Larsen.

Manistee: Rev. Willard Garred and Thos. Knudstrup.

Juhl: Peter C. Appel.

Muskegon-Grant: Wm. C. Nielsen.



## FROM COLLEGE WINDOWS

David T. Nelson

Recently a naval medical officer who performed the first surgery of the war on the day of the attack on Pearl Harbor and who had been on duty continuously since that time addressed our college group. His talk was a sober and serious one. A large cross-section of our young men has passed through his hospital.

"They talk about home," he said. "They talk first and foremost of their families, those nearest and dearest to them. They talk of their school homes, their close friends and associates. They long to come back home. They want you to carry on so that they will have something to come back to."

Not once, but three or four times, as he sought to give us a picture of our men as he knew them in the hospitals, he referred to their constant longing for what they had left behind and what they hoped to return to.

Many, alas, will not return. But for those who do return, we must be ready. Almost every letter which comes from college people who interrupted their college education at the call of their country tells the same story. They long to return to complete their education and finish the preparation for their life vocation.

Fortunately, the Federal Government is taking measures to provide assistance to all those desirous of completing their education. But our institutions must take measures also to be prepared to care for them, for they will come in large numbers.

At the present time, our colleges are paring their budgets to the bone. Needed repairs and replacements are being postponed. No new facilities are being added. Suddenly, when the war ends, they will be faced with the problem of caring for returning students and also for the normal influx of young people from our secondary schools. Where is the reserve, the cushion, the backlog, that will enable them to meet the problem? Here is a matter that calls for foresight and planning if we are to keep faith with those who are defending us.



We have a National Lutheran Education Week. It is fine. It stresses our church educational ideals. It urges loyalty to them. Can it not also be made to eventuate in practical action to provide a reserve for our colleges for their postwar problems?

## Hope Lutheran's Fiftieth Anniversary

Another one of our congregations is preparing to observe its fiftieth anniversary. This time it is the Hope Lutheran Congregation in Enumclaw, Washington. The congregation extends a hearty invitation to all friends of the church to partake in its Golden Jubilee on March 26th. Following is the program for the day:

### PROGRAM

#### For Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration at Hope Lutheran Church on March 26.

Danish Service and Holy Communion at 9:45 by Reverend Jorgen Nielsen and Reverend Alfred Sorensen. Reverend Sorensen will serve at the communion table.

English Service at 11 o'clock by Reverend Ove R. Nielsen and Reverend Alfred Jensen. Reverend Jensen will serve at the communion table. The choir will sing at this service.

Anniversary dinner will be served in the Danish Hall at 12:30 by the Ladies' Aid. Mrs. Halkjar is in charge. Local people as well as guests are invited to attend this dinner. The charge for the noon meal will be one dollar per person.

At three p. m. there will be a concert in the church by the young people of Hope Lutheran Church. John Marsten is director.

Supper will be served in the Danish Hall at 5:30 p. m., by the Sunshine Circle. Mrs. Chris Nielsen is in charge of the supper. The price for that meal will be 65 cents.

The evening program will be in the church at seven thirty. Rev. Alfred Jensen of Des Moines, Iowa, president of the synod, will be in charge of the program for the evening.

### ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

We should especially rejoice to see as many as possible of those who have been baptized or confirmed in the congregation during these fifty years, join with us in celebrating the anniversary.

## Santal Mission General Budget.

Mr. and Mrs. Jens Jorgensen, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00; Dan. Luth. Church, Alden, Minn., \$21.50; Trinity S. S., Chicago, Ill., \$40.00; Trinity L. Aid, Chicago, Ill., \$15.00; a friend, Chicago, Ill., \$1.00; Danebod S. S., Tyler, Minn., \$40.00; St. John's Mission Meeting, Hampton, Ia., \$6.73; Bible Church, Sandstone, Minn., \$5.96; Bible Church Mission Group, Sandstone, Minn., \$2.00; Mrs. J. P. Sorensen, Askov, Minn., \$1.00; Mrs. Holden Hansen, Askov, Minn., \$1.00; Askov S. S., Askov, Minn., \$2.65; Askov Church, Askov, Minn., \$30.35; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Miller, Pine City, Minn., \$2.00; anonymous, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00; Mrs. Frederikke Andersen, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00; St. John's Girls' Club, Seattle, Wash., \$25.00; Mrs. Mads Madsen, Los Angeles, Calif., \$2.00; Immanuel's Church, Troy, N. Y., \$33.62; Kronborg Y. P. S., Marquette, Nebr., \$10.00; Mission Society, Muskegon, Mich., \$25.00; Mr. and Mrs. Anton Petersen, Camrose, Canada, \$4.00; Mrs. Minnie Mathisen, Mpls., Minn., \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. Erik Johansen, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00; Danish Ev. Luth. Church, Junction City, Ore., \$31.60; The Annex, Seattle, Wash., \$5.00; St. Ansgar's Eng. L. Aid, Dannevang, Texas, \$25.00; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander

Paulsen, Balsam Lake, Wis., \$10.00; Mrs. Kr. Ostergaard, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00.

In memory of Peter Jacobsen: Mrs. Peter Jacobsen, Hampton, Iowa, \$5.00; in memory of Jacob Jacobsen, Freeborn, Minn., Mrs. Lauritz Jensen, Alden, Minn., \$5.00; in memory of Carl E. Andersen, Los Angeles, friends, \$2.50; in memory of Mrs. Jens Haue, Mpls., Minn., Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Lund, Des Moines, Iowa, \$5.00; Dagmar Møller, Tyler, Minn., \$2.00; in memory of Mrs. A. C. Ammentorp, Des Moines, Iowa, Maria Schmidt, Gene Buck, Johanne Ravnholdt, Phyllis Rasmussen, Helga Bennedsen, Olga Jensen, Dagmar Hede, Selma Henriksen, Carma Andreasen, Hermod Strandskov, Elaine Petersen, Edith Johansen, Mr. and Mrs. Nels Petersen, Harriet Kruse Sorensen, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Petersen, Reimert Ravnholdt, Alpha Jepsen, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Baadsgaard, Sigrid Ostergaard, Gladys Olsen Estensen, Mr. and Mrs. Halfdan Thomsen, Marie Hansen, Inger Andresen, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kirkegaard, Rev. J. C. Aaberg, Edith Krantz, Mr. and Mrs. Harald Dahl, Harriet Rasmussen, all of Mpls., \$23.75; in memory of Charles Runland, Enumclaw, Wash., from Gilbert Bergs, E. M. Bergs, and Miss Olga Berg, \$5.00; in memory of Mrs. A. B. Larsen, Tyler, Minn., from

Mr. and Mrs. Kleinhuizen, Raymond, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Miller, Raymond, Minn., Capt. Kleinhuizen and Mrs. Chr. Miller, Raymond, Minn., Mr. and Mrs. Otto Jensen and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Larsen, Milltown, Wis., Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Larsen and Mr. and Mrs. L. Larsen, Tyler, Minn., \$8.00.

For Dr. Østergaard's work: Anonymous, Tyler, Minn., \$5.00; Mr. and Mrs. Anton Pedersen, Camrose, Canada, \$5.00; Miss Alice Jensen, Mpls., Minn., \$5.00.

Toward Children's support: Danish Ladies' Aid, Dwight, Ill., \$25.00.

Total for February, \$466.66.

Total since Jan. 1st, \$1,332.22.

Acknowledged with sincere thanks on behalf of the Mission.

Tyler, Minn.

Dagmar Miller.

## YOU CAN BE AN ARTIST!

(Continued from page 5)

This fourth category, although seldom cherished in this light of art, offers the greatest challenges to mankind. It is the largest division but least noticeable from afar. There is room for a greater monument of its kind. Shall we advance to this "Art of Living" structure and begin our upward climb or merely be content to look at the peak from around the trees?

Eva Axelsen Nygaard.

Grand View College.

## CHURCH and HOME

By REV. M. MIKKELSEN  
I AM THE LIFE

This is not just a phrase with little or no meaning. It is so easy to understand why people, at the time when Jesus was doing the work He had been sent by God to do among them, would go to almost any trouble to bring their sick ones to Him.

Life in Him is so vigorously vital that being near to Him, looking into His eyes, and hearing His heartbeats in the kind words He speaks, means certain cure in any depressed mentality; it means that depression is released for joy, that darkness is turned into light, sorrow and pain into gladness and rejoicing; the things that make human life miserable are transformed into something else; the currents of life that flows from Him; arise to new life in us. These currents make such a demand upon His resources that to hold them back, or even try to check them, would be denial of life.

When the transforming ability of Christ once more is accepted by the church, and His life is allowed to penetrate its membership, it will bring to it an alertness and sense of scrutiny that will cause it to examine its failings.

The church should have an intelligent understanding of the race problem; it should reveal the mind of Jesus in the distribution of wealth; it should have more race justice than communism; but as long as it is organized on racial lines and national issues, we cannot expect it to take the lead in the building up of the new world order for which Christ gave His life.

There is something fundamentally unchristian in a church which does not tolerate as fellow worshippers other classes and races; such a church comes close to being merely organized snobbery. If the church is unable, or perhaps not even trying to produce that classless society of men for which Christ died, it is missing by far the goal that was set for it, and is falling short of what may reasonably be expected of it.

So many things are overdue now; things that the church should have tended to. The fields are white unto harvest, and we are still planting and sowing when we should have been busy harvesting. Never before in the history of man has there been so many opportunities before us, so many open doors, and so many people looking for light. Never before has there been so many troubled hearts, and so many minds in confusion.

Shall we disregard the challenge of the open doors, or take it up, and in so doing, provide the answer to the prayer: "Send laborers into the field of harvest." For is it not the privilege of every Christian to help make his church a living unit of the kingdom of God, and as far as possible put the kingdom down as a living unit in his own community?

## Our Church

**Rev. Holger P. Jorgensen**, president of DAYPL District IV, is making a speaking tour in the societies of the District. He is scheduled to speak in the Dwight, Ill., society on Wednesday, March 22nd.

**Rev. Alfred Jensen** served the Viborg and Gayville, So. Dak., congregations on Sunday, March 12th. He spoke again in the two churches Sunday and Monday evening in behalf of the Jubilee Fund and showing the moving picture, "Daily Life at Grand View College". On Tuesday evening, March 14, he was scheduled to speak in Ringsted, Iowa.

**Olaf Lund**, son of Chaplain F. O. Lund, and who is a student at Grand View College, visited his parents recently in Ruston, Louisiana. While he was there he gave an organ concert in the First Presbyterian Church in that city. A very favorable write-up appearing in a Ruston paper has come to our attention. We quote briefly: "Young Mr. Lund is truly an artist in expressing himself in music. He plays with the touch of one who has thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the instrument."

**Hartford, Conn.**—The General Danish Committee had an open meeting recently where Mr. C. H. Hasselriis delivered a lecture on the present situation in Denmark. A sum of \$333 was given at the meeting for the Danish Refugee Fund.

**April 9th** commemorating the tragic invasion of Denmark in 1940 will be observed again this year in many of the large Danish communities. In Chicago a service will be held in the Chicago Temple in the afternoon. The date comes on Easter Sunday this year. In Racine a Memorial service will be held in the Danish Brotherhood hall at 4:00 p. m. The pastors of the five Danish Lutheran Churches in Racine are in charge of the program.

**Seattle, Wash.**—Rev. Holger O. Nielsen and wife of Junction City, Oregon, were guests at a meeting held by "Maagen", a literary society of the church, on Thursday evening, March 2nd. Rev. Nielsen gave a lecture and after the lecture the program was arranged as a farewell party for Rev. and Mrs. Nielsen who soon would be leaving for their new field of work in Cedar Falls, Iowa. Rev. A. W. Andersen, who now is serving the Tacoma, Wash., Church, spoke in the Seattle Church on Sunday evening, March 12th.

**The Chicago Ministerium** of the Danish Lutheran Churches met on Monday, February 21st in the home of Rev. and Mrs. Paul Nyholm. Present were beside the host and hostess Rev. and Mrs. Fred C. M. Hansen, Rev. and Mrs.

R. E. Morton, Rev. and Mrs. O. S. Jorgensen, Rev. and Mrs. Marius Krog, all of Chicago, and Rev. and Mrs. Holger Strandskov of Dwight. This group is in charge of the arrangement of the Sunday school Institutes that are now being held for all Sunday school teachers of the two synods in this area every three months. Rev. Paul Nyholm read a paper on "Church Unity". A dinner was served by Mrs. Nyholm and in conclusion farewell speeches were given for Rev. and Mrs. Morton who soon would be leaving for their new field of work in Blair, Nebr. A small gift was presented to them.

**Rev. Ove R. Nielsen**, Enumclaw, Wash., recently made a trip to Tyler, Minnesota, called there because of his mother being seriously ill. The major part of the trip was made by airplane.

**G. V. C.**—Seminary student, Thorvald Hansen, served the Bethlehem Church in Cedar Falls, Ia., on Sunday, March 12th. Richard H. Sorensen served the church in Fredsville, Ia., on the same Sunday.

**The N.A.D.A.** held a program in the Luther Memorial Church in Des Moines on Sunday evening, March 5th. The program was arranged as a Kaj Munk Memorial service. A sum of \$225 was collected and sent to the Danish Refugee Fund.

**The Annual Convention** of our synod will according to plans be held in the Union City Mission Camp, Medicine, Lake, Minn., during the week June 13-18. This camp is located just a short distance outside the city of Minneapolis. Meetings and conventions are held there throughout the entire summer every year. The camp is well equipped with dormitories, auditoriums of various sizes, and a large chapel which will seat many more than any church in our synod. Arrangements can be made there for all meals to be served and good sleeping facilities for all guests for a very nominal charge. The United Danish Church has held its annual convention there before and will meet there again this year during week, June 6-11.

**The St. Peder's Lutheran Church**, Minneapolis, Minn., observed its 60th anniversary on Sunday, March 19th. Guest speakers invited were: Rev. A. J. Tarpgaard, Bronx, N. Y., and Rev. O. S. Jorgensen, Chicago, both former pastors of the church. Rev. Alfred Jensen, president of the synod, and Rev. M. Mikkelsen, District president, were scheduled to speak Sunday afternoon. We hope to bring a short history of the congregation in a later issue.

**Salinas, Calif.**—The St. Ansgar's Lutheran Church honored its new pastor, Rev. Svend Kjaer, and family with "housewarming" in the church parlors on Friday evening, March 3rd. A fine program had been arranged and the honored guests were presented with a set of Imperial Candlelight glassware. A Fellowship dinner was given at the Church on Tuesday evening, February



22nd. A program in keeping with George Washington's birthday had been arranged.

**Rev. A. W. Andersen** preached his first sermon in his new field of work in the Tacoma, Wash., Church on Sunday, February 27th. As soon as arrangements can be made for the transfer of their furniture Mrs. Andersen will also come to Tacoma. She is now with her daughter in Colton, Calif.

## News Briefs

**Life In Denmark Now**—A well-known Danish journalist, now a refugee in Sweden, went home via underground for a week. He wrote of his experience in the Swedish *Dagens Nyheter* in several articles. Among other things he said: "The Germans have quenched all that was bright, free, ordered and reliable in Danish existence. I naturally had to avoid my home and office; had to live in a new place every night, spending most of my nights outside the city. Most of my friends also changed around. One night I was in the company of good friends some distance from Copenhagen when a courier arrived and warned several members of the group. New raids were expected. Thousands of people did not sleep in their own beds that night. One must experience such a night of uncertainty and terror to understand how strongly it affects one to live through this in surroundings once so peaceful. A high-ranking Freemason, one of the city's leading officials, disappeared after five minutes' warning, taking along only a tooth brush and a comb. The same night a big manufacturer slept in a cottage, near his own summer place, and a well-known business man with four companions sat up in a fisherman's cottage, fully dressed and ready to put out to sea if the new wave of terror should descend on them.

"Try to realize what it means to be homeless in one's own city without a chance to visit wife and children. In Denmark there are today tens of thousands who live every day in a constant nightmare, in constant uncertainty and anxiety."

**Report On Danish Refugees**—Swedish children have moved closer together in their dormitories in various Swedish

boarding schools, so as to make room for Danish refugee children.

This is part of a tribute to the warmth of Swedish helpfulness paid by the Danish Professor Stephan Hurwitz in an account he has given of the state of the refugees. Professor Hurwitz, of the University of Copenhagen, is now in charge of the Danish refugee office of the Danish Legation in Stockholm. This office and two affiliated offices now employs over a hundred hard-worked people, besides whom there are thirty Danish leaders of the thirty Danish refugee camps.

In these camps are now about 2,500 people, although the number of refugees is estimated at about 11,000. About six thousand have found work. In special homes are the aged, young children and those unable to work. These, as well as persons who cannot get work, are supported as economically as possible by the Refugee Office, through various means, among them the contributions from friends of Denmark in the United States.

Of the 11,000 refugees, reported on by Professor Hurwitz, about 2,000 are people who had sought refuge in Denmark from other countries, and about 9,000 are Danish citizens. Of these, about 6,000 are Danish citizens of Jewish blood. (There were only about 6,000 registered by the Mosaic Community in Denmark.)

Since October nearly all refugees from Denmark arriving in Sweden have been non-Jewish. (They are now estimated to be about 5,000.)

(Frit Danmark, London, Jan. 21)

**Arrest Norwegian Clergyman**—Because he offered prayers for imprisoned Norwegian clergymen, Pastor Tori of Grua, Norway, was arrested by German police and is now in Kongsvingers prison.

A unique feature of the incident is that it marks the first time a Norwegian pastor has been arrested while conducting services at the altar of his church, and while still wearing his priestly vestments.

Concluding his sermon at Sunday morning services, the pastor led his congregation in prayers for Norway's imprisoned and exiled bishops and clergymen. Immediately, a member of the congregation rose from his seat, left the church, and returned in a few min-

utes accompanied by a German police officer. The officer refused to permit the clergyman to conclude the service but hustled him to a motorcycle outside. (Stockholm, by Wireless)

**Great Britain**—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a message published in the Canterbury Diocesan Gazette and Notes, writes:

"The New Year will bring a vast claim, certainly, on perseverance, endurance and sacrifice so that the war may be won; and possibly also on labor, self-restraint and sacrifice so that the peace may be won. Victory will bring great responsibility, and we must be ready to meet it. It will be, in the words chosen by Commander Herbert Agar for his noble book, a time for greatness. After the last war, the mood of relaxation expressed itself in an orgy of 'debunking'. We were not willing to accept the burden of greatness, and that refusal is one reason why we are engaged in another war now. We must be ready this time, in full partnership with the United States, with Russia, with China, and with the cooperation of all nations that love peace and freedom, to insure the maintenance of international order and to promote general prosperity and goodwill.

"We must, for example, be ready to supply the needed amount of force in men and munitions for our share in the maintenance of order, and to continue rationing our own food and clothes in order that the people of Europe may be clothed and fed.

"If we are to rise to the occasion we shall need greater spiritual resources than we seem now to possess; the way to develop these is by deepening our faith and making it more secure."

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