

Lutheran Tidings

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Protestants, Awake!

This sermon attracted much attention when it was preached in Cincinnati. It was delivered in the First United Church at a time when the interest of the metropolitan area was centered on the disruption of the schools in North College Hill, a suburb of Cincinnati. A school strike and the resignation of most of the teachers was occasioned by the maladministration of the Roman Catholic majority on the board of education of North College Hill. The situation has now happily been remedied by the resignation of the board of education, the reappointment of the superintendent of schools and the re-employment of the teachers.—Reprint from "The Pulpit" by permission from the author and from the editor of "The Pulpit."—EDITOR.

By G. Barrett Rich, III

This is the most difficult and in some ways the most important sermon I have ever preached. In spite of my best efforts, I know that some people will misunderstand what I say, and accuse me of attacking the Catholic religion and stirring up hatred and ill-will.

Now that is the last thing I want to do. Therefore I read for our scripture lesson the 13th chapter of I Corinthians. Suppose we take these words for our text: "Love is very patient, very kind, love knows no jealousy, makes no parade, gives itself no airs, is never rude, never selfish, never irritated. Love is never glad when others go wrong, love is gladdened by goodness." That is the heart and soul of the Christian gospel, and that is the spirit in which I want to approach a difficult problem, which we must face, whether we like it or not. If anyone knows me at all, he must realize that I have dedicated my ministry to the destroying of prejudices against minority groups, such as Negroes, Japanese-Americans, Jews and all others who may be mistreated.

The Bane of Clericalism

At the very outset, I want to draw a clear distinction between the Roman Catholic religion and Roman Catholic politics, often referred to as clericalism. The Roman religion with its church is greatly to be admired. There are many things about it which we Protestants might well emulate. My friends, if we Protestants were only half as loyal in our church attendance and in our willingness to sacrifice for our church, there would be no danger that America would become Catholic as there is now. Again we can learn from the beauty of its religious service and the reverence its members have for their church. Also, our Roman friends remind us of our need for discipline in religion. Most of us Protestants feel that we can do just as we please in religious matters; we can go to church or stay at home, pray or not pray, give or not give, depending upon our whim.

Not only do I admire the Roman Church and marvel at its unity and organization, but I believe that

Catholics have just as much right to their way of thinking as we do to ours. We do not agree of course with many of their doctrines and dogmas, but with Voltaire we should say: "We disagree with what you say, but will fight to the death for your right to say it." For example, when a Catholic maintains that his church is the one true church and our churches are false, we must admit that he has a right to this belief. No, my friends, we should have no quarrel with the Roman Catholic religion or with its earnest endeavors to win the world to its point of view. After all, are we not attempting to bring as many people to Jesus Christ according to our way of faith as possible? We wish for the Roman Church the same enjoyment of religious liberty as we claim for ourselves. If in the exercise of this liberty Catholicism can win America and the world, it will deserve to win. So when I hear Protestants complain that prominent people like Henry Ford II, Clare Booth Luce and Fritz Kreisler, all brought in the reformed faith, have turned Roman Catholic, I say. "Well, this is a free country and Catholics have a right to convert anyone, even the moderators of the Presbyterian or Congregational churches."

By the same token, the Roman Church has a right to evangelize Negroes, rural people and any other group to whom they are now appealing. The Roman Catholic religion has brought spiritual peace to millions for nearly nineteen centuries, and the world would be infinitely poorer without that church. I only wish that its leaders would allow us to cooperate with them, so that we Christians might stand united.

But while we can appreciate the Roman religion, we must, if Protestantism is to survive, stand out against clericalism, by which I mean the Catholic attempt (too often successful) to secure a position of advantage in our society by which, through government connections, they will be able to destroy our churches and our culture.

Looking At The Record

Now, in the spirit of good will, let us re-examine the claims of the Roman Church and its political practices by which it is attempting to achieve its goals. The aim of the Roman Catholics is to make their church the **State Church of the United States**, as it is in Spain, Italy and most of the Latin American countries. The late Monsignor John A. Ryan, who was until his recent death the chairman of the Social Action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, wrote a text-book for Catholic universities. It is entitled "Catholic Principles of Politics." In this book the author quotes Pope Leo XIII as authority for the statement that the state must have not only the care

for religion, but recognize the true religion of the state—that is, every state, including our own government—and has the obligation to help the Catholic Church prevail over all other churches. Monsignor Ryan quotes with approval an encyclical of Leo's which condemns the American system of the separation of church and state.

Now the Roman Church has the right to teach this goal to its students, but I believe that as a Protestant minister I would be derelict in my duty if I did not speak the truth in love, and point out the danger that threatens our way of life. We Protestants are so fearful of being called intolerant that most ministers are afraid even to mention such subjects from the pulpit or in written form. But I believe that we are dealing here with a matter of life and death for our Protestant heritage. What will happen to other religious faiths, including our own, when and if Catholicism comes to power. That question is not dodged in this official text. "Since the Roman Catholic church is the true church, all other must be false." Monsignor Ryan says that Protestants, while their churches will be closed, "may be permitted to worship in the privacy of their own homes, where they will not be an offense or a scandal against the faithful. Error has not the same rights as truth."

Dr. Ryan expresses confidence that Protestants can do nothing about this Catholic threat to their freedom, "because Protestants believe in religious toleration and are required to practice it." Louis Veuillot, a French priest, is quoted as saying: "We ask you for liberty in the name of your principles, we deny it to you in the name of ours." One method of dealing with dissenting churches, when Catholicism comes to power, says Dr. Ryan, "will be to remove their exemption from taxation, while the Roman Catholic Church will of course retain such exemption."

In European Lands

But someone will say: "What if that is the goal of the Roman Church, we have nothing to fear, for in this twentieth century no such aim could ever be accomplished!" Well, it has been accomplished in Spain. There the Protestant churches are closed, and non-Catholics are allowed to worship in the privacy of their homes as long as "they are not an offense against the faithful"—that is, as long as no one complains that this worship affronts him. A few weeks ago a shipment of Bibles in the Spanish language was sent to the Spanish Protestants by the British Bible Society, but these Bibles were all confiscated and destroyed by the Roman Church. And just this past month the Roman Church has done almost as well in Italy. The vote of the Italian constituent assembly to incorporate into the new constitution the 1929 Lateran treaty, means that Roman Catholicism is recognized as the state religion and the Roman Church will henceforth be supported by public funds; Roman Catholic teaching and no other will be compulsory in the public school; full sovereignty is granted to the pope in Vatican City and all divorces are forbidden in Italy.

This gives the Roman Church more power than it enjoyed under Mussolini, but just as an example of how Protestants were treated as second-class citizens:

A Protestant minister, called to conduct a funeral in a neighboring village asked the prefect for the required permission. He got no reply for a month. A Protestant pastor asked for permission to solemnize a marriage, and was forbidden to do so by a Catholic mayor. Many pastors were imprisoned on one pretext or another; and when as many as thirty people gathered in a private home for worship, they and their minister were arrested on a charge of plotting. In the schools, Protestant children were forced to listen to Catholic teachings. My friends, the threats of Monsignor are no idle boast.

It Can Happen Here

However, many will be thinking: "But all this is in Spain, Italy or Latin America. These are far away countries where most of the people are Catholics. It could never happen here." Well, let us see. In the month of February, by a five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court, it was decided that Catholic school children can be carried to parochial schools by buses paid for out of tax funds. Of course, many will say that is not important. Suppose the children do receive free bus transportation. But that is only the opening wedge. As Justice Rutledge, who wrote the dissenting opinion said: "This is not just a little case of bus fares. It is the first step in the complete establishment of religion in this country."

As the Catholic hierarchy clearly states in season and out of season—what they want is the full support of their schools by public funds. The effect of such a development in the cultural life of America would be profound. Two school systems operating side by side, both financed by public funds, each suspicious, if not hostile to the other, would make nothing less than a break in the cultural foundations upon which a democratic state can be erected. It would mean, in the long run, the beginning of the end of democracy in this country.

The strategy of the Roman hierarchy in this country is to gain control of the various school boards and then to undermine the system, so that the parochial schools will shine brighter by comparison. It is also attempting to place as many Catholic teachers in the public schools as possible, and eventually to finance its own schools from public funds. So far, due to the apathy of Protestants, it has been very successful. For example, in Chicago, the Catholic majority has practically ruined the school system, so that the National Association of Education gave the city until July 1 to clean house or else the schools would be black-listed.

What Has Happened In Ohio

But we do not have to go as far afield as the city of Chicago, for we have a situation here in Greater Cincinnati that is as bad if not worse than anywhere else in America. Some seven or eight years ago, in St. Bernard, the Catholic majority in that city elected a school board which took over the parochial schools, and today pays the teaching nuns from public funds. North College Hill was marked out as the next place where a parochial school was to be maintained by public funds. By an election of a Catholic majority of the school board this aim was accomplished,

and the village now pays \$6,000 a year for rent of St. Margaret Mary School to the archbishop and \$100 a month to the teaching nuns. Because the superintendent, Dr. William Cook, did not cooperate in hiring enough Roman Catholic teachers his contract was not renewed, and we all know the result. The students have been on a strike since March 16, nearly all of the teachers have resigned, and to cap the climax, mob violence flared up last Tuesday night. People are hysterical in North College Hill, and the school system is wrecked. According to latest reports, the archbishop is now attempting to buy the only public school in Mariemont, so that all Protestant children in that suburb will be taught by nuns. Dr. Ryan's goals are not as far-fetched as we might imagine.

Too Much Tolerance?

Now that is the situation, and in the time that remains, let us see what we Protestants are going to do about it. In the first place, we must wake up; we must realize what is going on in our world, in our nation, right here in our own community. Everyone is afraid to speak out and for a very good reason. For example, there was a Methodist minister in North College Hill some years ago who preached the same kind of sermon that I am preaching this morning. He pointed out what would happen to the school system should the Catholics achieve control. What happened to him? His own people protested to their bishop, and he was removed to such a small parish that he and his family could not live on the salary, and he has been forced to give up the ministry.

Dr. Ryan has been right so far. He says that we believe so firmly in tolerance that he is sure we will do nothing until it is too late. But I am not so sure. Protestants are waking up, as the great Reformation Day mass meeting in Music hall last October proved, and as recent meetings of the presbytery of Cincinnati and the council of churches would indicate. We can believe firmly in toleration for Roman Catholics, and yet insist that our own rights are not destroyed.

Protestants Are Waking Up

We cannot protest or complain if the Roman Church wins America, provided it does so as a result of moral and spiritual competition in the forum of freedom, where the rules are tolerance, persuasion, argument and example. But we must not fall asleep and see the Roman Church achieve a privileged position in a state which has pledged itself to guarantee religious freedom to all comers.

North College Hill would never be in its present plight if the Protestants had awakened two years ago instead of two months ago when it was too late. Now what do I mean by waking up? I mean specifically three things.

First: We must take our religion and our church membership more seriously. Consider church attendance for example. In Protestant churches on an average Sunday 30 per cent of the membership is present—in a Roman Catholic Church, 85 per cent. There is no doubt that church attendance is one of the best barometers of the interest or lack of interest of a given group of Christian people.

The Question of Finance

Then we must give more to the cause of Christ. Here in America we spend 7 times as much on liquor, 3 times as much on cigarettes, and 2½ times as much on cosmetics as we do on religion. The Roman Church has no financial problem, for it raises its money by bingo. In this city alone, "the take" is two and one half million dollars a year. But even in those rare communities where a bishop does not approve of gambling in the church, the Catholics give far more in proportion to their income than do Protestants.

But it is not enough simply to attend church, or to give. Every church needs workers—people who will teach Sunday school, sing in the choir, serve as officers of the church and various societies, and especially those who will win others to Christ, as we are attempting to do through our evangelistic efforts. What we need is enthusiastic Christians, for indifference and secularism are more serious rivals for the heart of America than the Roman Church. I hope the day will come when Protestantism and Catholicism can cooperate against these twin evils. We need enthusiasm in our religion. John wrote in the Book of Revelation to the church at Laodicea: "I would that ye were either hot or cold, but because you are lukewarm, I will spew you out of my mouth." Too many of us are lukewarm. We must become more enthusiastic.

Christian Unity A Key

Then secondly: If we are to awake, we Protestants must get together, we must unite our forces. Roman Catholicism which is united is too strong for a divided Protestantism. Did you know that we have over 600 Protestant churches in Cincinnati with an average membership of 250, while the Roman Catholic churches have only 75 parishes with an average membership of nearly 2,000 members? This church is an excellent example of what can happen when we Protestants forget our differences and work together. This is the first United Church, but where is the second or third? The most difficult task in the world is to unite Protestant churches. There is one American village of 1,200 inhabitants with 10 different churches, representing 10 different denominations, with an average membership of 29. Do you see what I mean? Our denominations should unite. I believe within the near future the Congregational Christian Churches will have voted to unite with the Evangelical Reformed, and the Northern and Southern Presbyterian churches will do the same thing.

But this path of union is a long road, and in the meantime we must strengthen our local, state, federal, and world councils of churches. Here in Cincinnati we have a good council of churches, as such councils go, but our own church alone spent twice as much money last year as the council of churches in Cincinnati. We Protestants are too denominationally minded. We spend most of our energy running our own machines, and so our cooperative work is weak. Thank God for a man like Charles P. Taft who is giving his time and talents as president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. We Protestants must hang together or we will hang separately, as Benjamin Franklin said of the American colonies.

Christians and Politics

But there is another step we must take if Protestantism is to survive, and here many of you will disagree with me. We should interest ourselves in politics, and we must vote for Protestants at the polls. I have never said this publicly before. I never thought that I would say it, but now I repeat. "If we Protestants do not vote for Protestants, especially at the school board election here in Cincinnati next fall, then the same thing will happen here as has already happened in St. Bernard and in North College Hill, and we will have no one to blame but ourselves." The Protestants are in the majority in North College Hill, but they did not go to the polls, they did not wake up until it was too late. School strikes and mob violence are not the answer; these methods are to be condemned, but political action is the answer in a democratic form of government. As we know, the Catholics vote for Catholics. In every Catholic church on the Sunday before election day, a sample marked ballot is handed to the members. We must do the same thing. If we refuse, then our school system will be ruined as the school system in North College Hill is ruined, and we will lose our freedom of worship even as the Protestants have lost it in Spain, Italy and Latin America. We will have no one to blame but ourselves.

If we do take political action, we can win. We know what our Protestant friends have done in Covington, Kentucky, where there was more gambling, prostitution and racketeering including gang murders, than in any other city of its size in the country including Reno. One small club had a daily "take" of \$110,000. The Protestant churches united, and the clergy with the help of some courageous lawyers dis-

barred the prosecuting attorney. Today all commercial gambling, including bingo, in northern Kentucky is closed down. And remember, in Kenton, and Campbell counties the Protestants are in the minority. But they woke up. They became enthusiastic; they took political action. However, because they realize that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, they have founded the Kenton County Christian Civic League.

It Is Later Than We Think

The North College Hill Protestants too are taking political action. They are testing the legality of the school board's action in paying public funds for a parochial school. According to Justice Reynolds, the Constitution of the United States forbids any governmental division, supporting parochial schools. If this is carried to the Supreme Court, as is planned, it may be one of the most important cases in the religious history of our country. As Protestants, we should be interested in this case.

One word more. I said at the outset: Everything we do must be done in the spirit of love and good will. There is too much hatred and prejudice in our land already. For years, my father and I, voted different political tickets, but we loved each other dearly. We can still vote Protestant and have good will toward those who differ from us. And let us never forget that Roman Catholics as people are just as fine as we are, but they have no voice in the policy of their church, which is totalitarian in its form of government. Many of them are as much opposed to clericalism—that is to priestly power politics—as we are.

In the spirit of Jesus Christ who said, "Love one another," I say: As Protestants, we must wake up before it is too late—and it is later now than we think.

A Santal Mission Meeting In Denmark

A very interesting meeting of the three committees for the Santal Mission for Norway, Denmark and America was held June 27th at Hotel Angle Terre in Copenhagen. Present at the meeting were Arne Gimmes, Ernest Hallen and Gudmund Schoiler from Norway; John M. Helgesen, Aksel Thorman, Marius Hansen and U. Fibiger from Denmark; and Odd Gornitzka and J. C. Aaberg from America. It was the first time that the three committees had met for such a meeting. And this gathering was more by accident than design. It happened that Odd Gornitzka, president of the American Committee was visiting Norway and J. C. Aaberg, Vice-president of the American Committee had just arrived in Copenhagen on a visit to Denmark. The Danish and Norwegian committees meet frequently but it was the chance visit of the two members of the American Committee to their native countries which enabled them to be present at the meeting. And it was interesting and inspiring indeed for us from America to meet with the members of two committees with whom we have co-operated through so many years without ever meeting them personally.

The meeting began with a fellowship luncheon in a private room at the hotel, followed by a brief period of visiting between the members, to get acquainted with one another. The real meeting was called for one o'clock and was opened with a devotion led by the president of the Norwegian committee. Brief speeches of welcome were given and a general expression of fellowship was voiced by the presidents of the three committees. The president of the Norwegian committee was elected to preside over the meeting.

At this time a telephone message from Norway cast a spirit of sadness and solemnity over the whole meeting. The message told us that Rev. Malme, the young missionary who for a number of years was marooned in America, had just died in India. We all knelt down and joined in prayer for his wife and young children, feeling that the way of the Lord is indeed higher than our ways, and not always open to our understanding. The sudden passing of this young and gifted missionary so far away from his home and friends also impressed us with a new sense of the sacrifices we are accepting when our missionaries offer to go out into a far away and uncivilized country to serve in the mis-

sion. There is little doubt that Malme's life could have been saved if more immediate and efficient medical aid could have been secured than it is possible to do in India's jungle. The president of the meeting was the father of Mrs. Malme, and did not feel that he could continue to preside. Therefore the president of the Danish committee, Pastor Marius Hansen, was elected to take his place.

A great many things were discussed and voted upon, most of which related to affairs between the two Scandinavian committees. And a detailed report of the meeting would, therefore, not only be too long for this article, but of minor interest to American readers. What is of interest to all friends of the mission was the truly wonderful spirit of brotherliness, and mutual willingness to cooperate, which prevailed throughout the discussion. There were important differences about some of the questions to be decided, and there were important and quite complicated financial affairs dating from the war-period to be untangled and adjusted, but not once was a discordant note heard. The members of the committees all sought to find the most equitable solution in the friendliest and most generous spirit. It was indeed an experience to find such a spirit of brotherly fellowship among people of different nations and different groups. If this spirit could only prevail among people in the larger affairs of nations how different would not the outlook of the world be.—But these were Christian men, interested not in "mine" and "thine," but in settling their affairs in the spirit of their Master and so that His work might be done. And such an attitude is probably possible only among true Christians.

One of the questions presented at the meeting was: How much do we owe America for largely supporting the Danish and Norwegian missionaries during the war years. This question had, I believe, never entered the mind of any of us from America. We had only tried to keep the work going as best we could while people in Norway and Denmark were unable to do anything on account of the war. And we were happy to tell them that we had no bills to present. This statement was accepted with grateful thanks and sincere expressions of appreciation for what people in America had done for the mission during the war years. These expressions of appreciation I am happy to forward to everyone in America who during the critical years so generously helped us to meet the crisis. I am sure that you will be glad to know how sincerely your help is appreciated over here.

This appreciation, however, was not confined to words only. Both Denmark and Norway had during the war collected considerable funds which were sent to India right after the war because it was feared that the government might later impose valuta restrictions, thus making it difficult to send such funds later. Out of these funds the meeting now decided that 500,000 Kroner should be set aside as an emergency fund, and the 100,000 Kroner of this fund should be credited to America. This sum does not, of course, cover the excess contributions of America to the Mission during the war years. But as we had especially

cancelled any claim for this money, it was indeed most generous of them to assign such a large part of the emergency fund to us. And I most sincerely hope that we shall never need it. But this generous action was in itself a fine expression of the spirit of the meeting.

I have always been happy to have a part in the work of the Santal Mission because of its close cooperation with Christian friends in the homelands. **And the Santal Mission is now about the only work in which we work hand in hand with the church people in Denmark.** But I have never felt more happy about that phase of our mission than I do now. For a finer group of Christian people than those I became acquainted with at this meeting, I doubt that one could find anywhere. And I hope that we may continuously prove to be worthy of cooperating with them. They are people with vision and Christian courage. Although things do not look too well financially here in Denmark and they have suffered immense losses during the war, they have yet the faith not only to resume to the full extent their former responsibilities to the mission but to increase them greatly by sending out numerous new missionaries. And it is truly inspiring to work together with such people. May we across the sea both catch something of their vision and match their spirit.

Both Rev. Gornitzka and I were asked to bring brotherly greetings and heartfelt thanks to all friends of the mission in America for their help during the war years.

There were many other items discussed, some of which were concerned with the mission in general and therefore also with us, but this is not a report of the proceedings. The most important part of this meeting to me was the privilege of becoming acquainted with these men, and to feel the wonderful spirit of fellowship and generous cooperation which characterized every phase of the meeting. I am sure that Rev. Gornitzka and I will cherish that experience as long as we live.

I am expecting to meet Rev. and Mrs. Harald Riber here in a few days, as they are on their way to India, and I look forward to it with joy. I am so happy that we too are sending some of our finest young people out in the field. May we loyally stand by them both with our prayers and our material support. We are working for a blessed cause and we are in fine company.

With the heartiest greetings to all.

J. C. AABERG.

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Our Women's Work

Caroline Jorgensen

It is with sadness that I write to you about the death of my dear friend, Caroline. I shall miss her sorely as it was a friendship of long standing.

Caroline loved our church, the Danish church, and took part at various times in all its activities: Sunday School, Young People's Society, Congregation, Ladies' Aid, Mission Circle, and best of all, the church services. She loved to go to church and there will be a vacancy in her usual place near the organ and choir. I wish she could have heard our new organ.

She was a true Christian and had the courage to stand by her convictions. She strove for perfection both in herself and in everything and everybody around her. During the later years when her health failed she was not able to do nearly as much for others as she wished to, but to her many friends I can say that she rejoiced in your happiness and grieved when you were sorrowful.

In 1933 Caroline Christensen married Rev. J. Jorgensen and they lived a beautiful life together until his death in 1939. Those were the happiest years of her life.

We who knew Caroline used to say, "Everything Caroline does is just perfect," and it really was. Her writing, her housework, her handwork and most important of all, her fair way of thinking. Her knowledge of nature and of many other things, especially the Bible, was amazing. The Biblical characters were alive to her.

The W. M. S. had a large place in Caroline's heart. One of the last things we talked about was the arrangement of the W. M. S. evening at our district meeting at Newell, Ia.

As Rev. Ibsen said in his sermon at Caroline's funeral, "She was willing to fight for what she thought was right." Yes, it is wonderful in our uncertain times to meet people, like Caroline, who have the moral strength to fight for their convictions, even though they might have to stand alone. They are the salt of the earth.

Jeg rejser-og ved, hvor Rejsen gaar hen:
Den gaar til Guds evige Rige;
Jeg rejser til Aandernes Fader og Ven,
Til Landet hvor aldrig med Sorg igen
Fra Sjælene Sjælene vige.

JOHANNE B. LILLEHOJ

From W. M. S. District II

Dear Reader:

It is really something quite out of my line to write an article for the paper; I shall however, try. There has been very little writing going on between the different groups and myself in our district. Perhaps my neglect, but such is the case. However, I have been very happy for the letters received. Also for the apparent willingness to do their share toward

the Grand View College Dormitory Project. From each group has come the feeling of responsibility and eagerness to help. After all, it is a big undertaking, and unless we all work, hand in hand, these things can not be accomplished. We all know that each one has obligations of their own to meet. Let us also remember that there is a definite blessing in giving. So let us all put forth our best efforts. It would be interesting to hear how the various groups have planned to raise their quota toward the GVC project.

The Mission society of Muskegon is only small in numbers, but, with the help of our Ladies' Aid we were able to put on a rummage sale, the proceeds to go toward the GVC project. The sale was very successful, and brought in close to \$200, the balance was taken from the general fund.

From Detroit comes the word that one of the Ladies there would like to furnish a room complete. I do think that is wonderful. Thank you very kindly.

Without a doubt there are many ideas and suggestions that come forth in regard to this project. May I also make a suggestion? I suggest that the rooms be furnished in such a manner that the curtains, pictures and bedspreads stay in place, so that when the girls get to the dormitories there will not be that terrible barren feeling. Not any of our young people come from such barren homes today. That empty feeling is hard to master especially, if it should happen to be the first time this young person is away from home.

Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and then I am sure there will be some real nice rooms for our many daughters to go to in the near future.

Greetings to all,
ELLEN NIELSEN,
Pres., Dist. No. 2

Letter from Granly, Miss.

Dear Johanne:

I really didn't realize it was so long since I wrote my last letter, but time gets away from me. In this hot weather, I have just enough energy to do the things that must be done, and I find myself procrastinating on correspondence.

After the organization meeting of the Granly Ladies' Aid we planned for a community Christmas celebration. Mrs. Knudsen generously offered the use of their home for the occasion and we were busy planning for a program, tree and refreshments. On that day we were over 80 in that little home. We sat on everything available, including the floor, in every room in the house and at that there was not enough room. We were so crowded we had to move out onto the lawn in order to "dance around the Christmas tree." Fortunately, the weather was ideal, so warm and sunshiny we needed no wraps. We really had a wonderful day!

We have long felt the need of a Community House

but that day we realized it was a vital necessity, if we were to have community gatherings, for no private home was large enough to house that many and we could hardly hope for ideal weather on all occasions. Consequently, at our January meeting in 1935 we discussed ways and means of raising money toward a fund for a community house. Mrs. Knudsen announced that she had already contacted D. K. M. (now W. M. S.) and had received \$25.00 toward a building fund. A motion was made and carried that we make a quilt and ask the Ladies' Aid throughout our Synod to take a chance on same, giving any amount they wanted to contribute. The response to our appeal was overwhelming. Fifty-five Ladies' Aids sent contributions so that our Building Fund was swelled by about \$250.

And all the fine letters containing good wishes that accompanied the donations were truly an inspiration to us. That day we sang "Et venligt Ord" for we knew how much it could mean. In accepting these donations we felt we were accepting a responsibility and obligation to care for and maintain the right spiritual attitude in the use of such a community house. All these letters were later sealed in the corner stone of the building. I believe I dare say that the use to which we put our community house has justified your faith in us. It is the only **community** building we have in Granly and it has housed all our community joys and sorrows. It has been the scene of baptisms and funerals, weddings and parties, dinners and dances and last but definitely not least, our monthly church services and Sunday School. And through it all we have always striven to hold high its honor.

This quilt was won by the Guiding Circle of Ringsted, Iowa. They sold chances on it, in the same way for the benefit of the "Canada Mission," and realized a goodly sum. Port Chester Ladies' Aid won it, but then we lost track of it.

Not content with the splendid results from the quilt our Ladies' Aid held a Bake Sale at Hurley and later we sold ice cream and this too was added to the building fund. We felt now we had raised at least half of the money needed to build a community house and six months after starting the fund a motion was made and carried to turn the fund over to the congregation and we took up other work.

I had hoped to tell you how really effortless we manage to get working committees, programs, etc., but that will have to wait until the next letter.

In the meantime, perhaps the weather will have moderated and I'll get that letter off in time. With sincere greetings to you personally and to all the Ladies' Aids who helped us so many years ago.

Sincerely yours,
DAGMAR.

Helen Adams Keller

These lines are being written May 15, 1947, a memorable and outstanding day for me because of the great thrill it was to meet and to hear that wonderful and charming lady, Miss Helen Keller, a person you cannot know without admiration and love.

Her name is well known; she was born at Tuscum-

bria, Ala., June 27, 1880. By severe illness when 19 months old, she lost her sight and hearing and soon became dumb. When nearly 7 years old, a devoted teacher, Miss Anne Sullivan, age 20, was found for her. Miss Sullivan had been partially cured for blindness and was a graduate of the Perkins Institution for the blind in Boston, Mass. With help from schools for both deaf and blind Miss Keller in remarkably short time not only learned to read and write and talk but became exceptionally proficient in the ordinary educational curriculum. When 20 years old she entered Radcliffe College and graduated cum laude in 1908.

The marvelous teacher, Miss Sullivan, continued to be a devoted companion to her pupil until her death, several years ago, and lived to see her as the most extraordinary blind deaf-mute the world has ever known.

Miss Keller has written several books: "The story of my Life" (1902); "Optimism" (1903); "The World I Live in" (1910); "My Religion" (1927); and "Midstream" (1929).

As I saw her today she was neatly dressed in aqua blue, a flowery hat and with graying hair. As I first saw her she sat there at the table, turning her head to the right and to the left as if looking at the people before her. She was indeed pleasant to look at as she smiled; her face filled with life and gave the impression that she was overflowing with joy.

Her companion, Miss Polly Thompson, who has been with her since the death of Miss Sullivan sat by her side, and when others spoke she with her fingers in the palm of Helen Keller's hand and with the sign language told her what was said and what was going on, Miss Keller nodded or spoke orally in reply.

As she and her companion were presented to the Clergy Association of New York they were likened to the beauty and fragrance of a rose, inseparably belonging to each other. By careful guidance they have overcome the limitations of darkness and have been led to the sunshine of real joy.

Miss Keller and her companion then rose; Miss Thompson embracing her friend with her right arm and Miss Keller's left elbow resting on her companion's shoulder, with hand on her cheek and fingers on lips. It was marvelous to see how she in this way could understand every spoken word.

Miss Thompson began by saying that she first would ask Miss Keller some questions. Here are a few of these and the answers given: "Can you tell me what we were doing yesterday?" "Yes, we flew from Lincoln, Nebraska, to New York." "Do you enjoy flying?" "Indeed I do, I even like the bumps." "When at college what subject interested you most?" "I liked philosophy and language most. You must know something of language to understand a people."

She has studied French, German and Spanish.

"What subjects in college did you find most difficult?" "French and Philosophy, but the great blind library helped me." "What are your favorite books?" "The Bible and Shakespeare." And then she spoke of the responsibility of the church to seek out the spiritually blind, give them the inspiration which may help them see the light from above. "Do your limitations make you unhappy?" "No, God is using me to serve

(Continued on page 9)

Bible History Or "Help" In The Christian Education Of Our Children

A great work has been done in the direction of "helps" in the Christian education of our children. There are the International Sunday School Lessons, and there are the lessons prepared by individual synods. These lessons are on the Bible and are intended as helps for teachers and pupils to enable them to grasp the contents of revelation as recorded in the Bible. There are questions for the teachers to ask, and answers for the pupils to give. More or less, these "helps" are modelled on the catechism—for us, Luther's Small Catechism. In some of the classes and in preparation for confirmation, Luther's Small Catechism is used.

But did Luther write his Small Catechism for use in schools? Not according to his own superscriptions. According to his own words Luther wrote the Small Catechism for use "by the head of the family." Every one of the five parts of the catechism is introduced with the words: "In the plain form in which they are to be taught by the head of the family." "The Ten Commandments; in the plain form in which they are to be taught by the head of the family." "The Creed, in the plain form in which it is to be taught by the head of the family." And so on, and so on. Luther evidently had the idea that a Christian father would not conceive of his duties as head of a family as merely to provide food and clothing for his dependents—that a Christian father would know that man does not live by bread alone. And Luther, knowing that not all fathers in homes would be able to impart knowledge of the way of salvation without helps, he wrote the Small Catechism "in the plain form in which 'the Way' was to be taught by the head of the family." That is, the Small Catechism is intended for those who are not learned and are not able to study. It is not intended for use in the school, not intended for use by pastors and teachers; it is intended for use in the home.

For pastors and teachers Luther wrote the Large Catechism. That is more of a dogmatic work. It presupposes knowledge — knowledge of the Bible and its teachings. Pastors and teachers are not supposed to have to recourse to the Small Catechism.

But what happened? The fervor of the Reformation was lost. Heads of families turned to their fields, their smithies, their work-shops. More and more they contented themselves with "bread alone" for themselves and for their children, and they laid Luther's Small Catechism aside. And what happened further was that this little book was picked up by the pastors and teachers. You may say that now the pastors and teachers had to do the work which the "heads of the family" did not do. You may also say that Luther's Small Catechism was such a handy little book. It saved the pastors and teachers a lot of work. For was it not much easier for pastors and teachers to read the questions out of a book and have the pupils learn the answers by heart—I mean, by head? In

this way they got the catechism into them, as did Peter Knudsen's dog. He ate the book; but when the question was asked by Knud Lassen: Did he become a better dog? Peter Knudsen had to admit: "I cannot see that he has become more Christian."

Now the children do not learn the answers by heart or by head, it probably was discovered that they did not become any more Christian by getting the catechism into them in that way. But we still use the method of questions and answers out of a book. We go farther than Luther. Not only have we moved the catechism from the home to the school, but we have made more "catechisms" the number of "helps" is near to legion. David Cook in Elgin, Ill., is only one of the many zealous enterprises that are turning out these helps by the—let us say tons of paper. There are "helps" for every Sunday school lesson. And these "helps" are so effective that the teacher needs hardly prepare for the lesson. I have been present in a Sunday school class where the teacher read the questions out of her book, and the pupils, in turn, read the answers out of their books. And all seemed well satisfied; it was fairly easy; it was almost a lark.

But this topic-method leads astray—leads into consideration of topics instead of the one way of salvation of God. I have been present in an adults Sunday school class where the instructor had chosen the topic: "The Value of a Good Name." As an illustration of the value of a good name he points out that "Royal Baking Powder" had been offered \$1,000,000 for the name. The confusion of Christian values with temporal was complete. This was religious instruction. It was given in a large city church.

So, with "helps" religious instruction becomes fairly easy. Almost anyone can be a teacher. Almost anyone can be accepted as a teacher. For all can read, and what is required when we have the "helps" is that the teacher reads the questions out of a book. And with the "helps" it becomes fairly easy for the pupil. He can read the answers out of his book. O, indeed, there is some talk about homework. And since we know that homework on Sunday school lessons is seldom done, we again have recourse to "helps"; we have premiums, prizes, inducements of different kinds to get the pupils to do homework.

But the result? The result is not quite the same as that obtained by Kristen Kold when he had told the children the story of Abraham offering up Isaac, and had stopped with the words: "Then Abraham put out his hand for the knife." At home in the afternoon a mother heard her little boy out in the garden garden say: "You don't need to be afraid, little Isaac, I have read on." The little boy had been doing homework, and he had taken to it without artificial inducements.

But Kristen Kold had prepared himself; he had studied his Bible, and he had studied his pupils. I do not believe that he used the topic-method which

now is in vogue in our many "helps." He probably did not spend any time in school holding forth on the "Value of a Good Name." No, he retraced for the children the steps of God's footprints on earth, so that God to them became a living God, in whose presence they lived and moved and had their being.

You say, we are not all endowed like Kristen Kold. No, few are endowed like Kristen Kold, but is that a reason for pastor and teachers in the school to fall back on the helps intended for the home? Is it not rather a reason for preparing ourselves so much more diligently? And is it a reason for avoiding the work and effort of telling the children the story, painting not only Christ, but also the men and women of God; living before their eyes? Tell them the story and give them a large Bible history. They may be tempted to "read on." The pupil may use the Bible history—a large Bible history, not a short one—the teacher must use the Bible—must be at home in the Bible,—therefore the course in Christian education for the teachers-to-be, now offered in our school. The teacher cannot use the helps and give as live instructions as he can when his mouth speaks out of the overflowing abundance of his heart,—that abundance which is found in the enormous storehouses of the Spirit. Indeed, when once the teachers have learned the stories of God's works and words (which is the same) on earth, as these stories are found in the Bible, how can they ever go back to the mincemeat made of these stories in the "helps?" It is impossible. In the Bible "men spoke from God, moved by the Holy Spirit," 2 Peter 1:21, and as they have spoken, no man ever spake, since they died who had the first-fruits of the Spirit.

I am happy to say that there is a movement now away from "helps," toward Bible and Bible history. The capable men and women who taught the Lutheran Sunday school teachers course in Hartford, said again and again: "Tell them the story! Tell the children the story! Tell them the Bible stories!" They had discovered the secret of the spoken-word—the word that is alive, because he who speaks it is afire with the Spirit, which makes alive. We who have forebears like Grundtvig, Kristen Kold, Vilhelm Birke-dal, Ernst Trier, who proved what the spoken, living word can do in reviving the spiritual life of a people, are we going to be content with man-made "helps," topics, mincemeat?

V. S. JENSEN.

Helen Adams Keller

(Continued from page 7)

His purpose." "What is your favorite book in the Bible?" "The gospel of St. John."

Then her companion told us that Miss Keller reads a portion of the Bible every morning, and Miss Keller added: "It helps me solve the problems of life, and some day I shall see that which I now cannot see and understand."

Someone in the audience asked her if she had any idea of how charming she looked. At this she laughed and then a little hesitant said: "Thank you for the thought." Another question from the audience: "When

did you begin to be happy?" "When I began to learn how God can use me and the world of knowledge opened to me." She then told us about an extended visit to Europe (2½ yrs.). We were also told of her misfortune while in Europe. Her home near New York was destroyed by fire. She lost all its contents including her large collection of books and her many valuable Manuscripts all in Braille. To this Miss Keller said "After I saw the misery of the blind and others in Europe, I cannot complain."

It is the second time I have seen Miss Keller. About 37 or 38 years ago I was riding on a train going to Kansas City, Mo. In a seat right in front of me she sat with Miss Sullivan. It was an inspiration then to see these two persons converse with signs and lip-reading, but greater was the thrill and inspiration that came to me and surely to the many others who saw and heard her today.

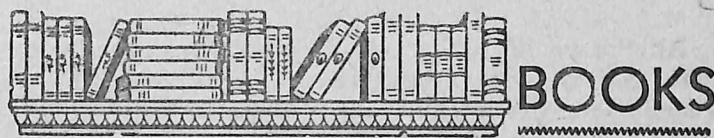
We can all learn from her, and even if she is handicapped God is using her "for His purpose." And when I clasped her hand I could not refrain from saying: "Thank God for Helen Keller."

May you and I live in such a way that someone may thank God because we are serving "His purpose."

Sincerely yours,

A. C. Kildegard.

From "Budbringeren"



THE AMERICAN FARMER—By Lee Fryer—Harper & Brothers Publishers.

If you want to know what is happening to farmers in the United States and to the American rural community, you must read "The American Farmer." It is a book that tells the truth about farmers and agriculture. If you are interested in the welfare of farmers and in the survival of strong, active rural communities, you will find this book an indispensable aid in understanding the factors involved. It reveals with facts and figures and analysis a situation in our rural areas that no cultured or Christian nation can tolerate.

Those of us who are of Danish descent and who in our Danish-American communities have had an opportunity to learn something about the folkschool movement in Denmark know that an intelligent and awakened rural people is a sound basis for a strong, democratic society. We also learned that prior to the folkschool movement Denmark had an impoverished and slumbering peasantry.

No analogy is being drawn between the situation in this country today and the one in Denmark a hundred years ago. But you are invited to read this book and determine for yourself whether or not the rural people of this country are at the crossroads as the rural people of Denmark were there in the last century. In this day of inflated prices and apparent prosperity, things are happening and situations are being developed that will make very discouraging, if not hopeless, any attempt to have rural communities that contribute to the virility of the country, unless definite steps are taken to correct certain evils.

Mr. Fryer's book shows what has happened to farmers and rural communities as the result of a bad land tenure system, lack of adequate credit facilities, poor housing and low health standards. It shows how helpless farmers are in the market place and how soil erosion and lack of farm organization and management are all tied in with the whole pattern of rural living.

The following statements from the chapter on health is a sample of Mr. Fryer's insight in his subject:

"If you were to take your wealthiest, cleanest-living neighbor family and put them on a \$500-a-year family income in a tumbledown farmhouse, where they must eat a poor man's diet, drink untested well or spring water use an outdoor privy, wear unsatisfactory clothing, go without recreation, do heavy farm work and housework, and worry about how to pay the banker, the credit merchant, or the landlord, their health standard would eventually crumble along with their other standards. Somewhere the fortification would break—in poor diet, neglected minor illness, contagious infection, overwork on the part of the pregnant mother, decaying teeth, accidents or nervous tension. How frantic they would be the first time they could not get a good doctor for a sick child! And how tragic their condition a few years later when hopes were dulled, the way of life had changed, and they just did not try to get a doctor. "Somewhere in this contrast is the truth about most low-income people and their health. Poverty and illness weld a vicious circle. Then other complex

influences are joined in the same pattern. Dullness, ignorance and superstition may take part. Sickness of spirit and sickness of body become intermingled. The supply of energy is lowered. Educational contacts are severed. The normal scheme of life becomes one that tolerates disease and disability. These factors, and kindred ones, in varying combinations and degrees, become the worst barriers to health for millions of farm people."

If you are a farmer you will notice that the author makes it clear that living on the farm and in the community is inseparably linked with the business of making a living.

"The American Farmer" is not only critical; it is a book full of hope, for after reading it you will know that the people on our farms and in our rural areas have courage and strength. The next step is to band together in a progressive and intelligent farm organization.

The book provides good reading, for the author has made himself a part of the people he writes about. The illustrations are well-done and powerful.

ARNOLD N. BODTKER.

Square Heads on Round Trip

By Ellen Nielsen

III

Ah, the wonderful barn-yard democracy of the **Automat**! Surely some artist has painted that primitive scene! Here you see what keeps the machinery going: eating, chewing, swallowing. Then you get up and go out and use it up, every shred of it.

Bums slumped over a table asleep, stenographers grabbing a quick lunch, businessmen meeting for a snack, tourists wandering around amazed . . .

You share a table sometimes. But of course you don't speak. I spoke once to a man. He looked as though he had come straight from one of the Scandinavian countries what with his red cheeks, his blue eyes and straw-colored hair and lashes. We all sat chewing for a long time. Then I said quickly, before my courage ran out "I'll bet you are a Scandinavian." The man jumped as though he had been a marionette, stared at me in amazement (thinking, no doubt, that he had heard voices) looked furtively over his shoulder, back again at me and said "You speak to me?" I said yes, and repeated my question. He shook his head "No, only a Polack." — We had finished eating so we left. His startled gaze followed us through the door, and through the window, up the street.

The women of New York are very beautiful, very tall, very beautifully dressed and with the make-up of the moment, very pallid, with bright savage lips. They all look like dying Camillas. But beautiful. I said as much to my . . . er . . . publisher. He said "You must remember that New York is the market place for beauty: the stage, the concert platforms, the models, the movies, the night-clubs. The poor women. It is their **business** to be beautiful, they must **work** at it; no beauty, no job. But look at them some time coming out of the big office buildings at five in the afternoon,

all dressed up and no place, no place at all to go . . . Then you will see the pain and heartache and despair. . . ."

I said "New York has me beaten."

He said "Only four days in New York and beaten! Ah, then you will understand how the **years** in New York can grind a man down, yes indeed, they grind us down."

* * * *

We had to **do something**! We were guests who had come to the wedding feast too soon! (But we had not dared lag on the way what with the luck of our brakes and our tires).

We saw THE YEARLING and loved it; I urge you all to see it. Ah, the heartache of a boy growing up, all of life condensed into the border-land between one year and the next: a child, a man. And always through one's dreams runs the deer, young and fleet. . . . And where now are those "who were young when I was young and gay when I was gay . . . ?"

We saw "Oklahoma" and were bored to death. Now in my day . . . !

Then we got our clothes back from the cleaner in better condition than we had expected. A bit of rust here and there, a spot of mildew, and two dresses not reaching to the knees (but maybe they are wearing them very short in Denmark!) . . .

So we packed again.

And then we went on board the Drottningholm. Now it had come. This was **It**. I felt like a soldier going over the top. **Courage!**

It looked so small!

But later it got bigger.

Such confusion! Porters, bags, trunks, cabs, Western Union!

Now. Now we go up the gang-plank.

The man who takes our tickets is handsome and kind (a rare combination). He talks soothingly to me. He is white-haired so he can say anything. "My dear, you will have a lovely trip. Be gay. Have fun. It's a fine boat, best on the seas. I've watched her come and go. Don't be afraid." (Am I pale?)

Now we are on board, we have walked the little distance from land to sea.

Why, the deck is plain old wood floors, rough wood!

Niels asks crossly (he is juggling with 59 pieces of hand luggage, you can't get a porter for love nor money, I guess they're on strike) "Well, what did you think they'd be: PARQUET?" This makes me feel very silly so I try to Buck Up.

We go down to our cabin. We go down, down, down. I knew it would be down but I didn't think anything in the world could be **that** far down.

The tourist class looks like something from the Ice-Age, like a galley slave-ship; the plumbing is straight out of London, out of a Dickens tale. But later I see that our cabin is the queen among cabins . . . tourist, that is, more than half of it jutting out into the sea thus giving us lots more room, all of three feet. And there are beams and things criss-crossing and they make perfect things on which to hang clothes. (Later, I get quite green watching the clothes swing back and forth).

And directly outside our room is a private deck, it's the hold where they put the trunks . . . when it's all filled up (but we don't see our poor misused HCV trunk down there) they cover it with iron planks and then a rug and there we have a deck, swank as can be. Oh, we are very fortunate.

Across from us are bedded three California ladies who immediately get sick (in the Hudson River) and go to bed. But not the principle from Turlock; she gamely sticks it out.

There are people on board from Reedley and Los Angeles. We roll the names on our tongue, lovingly.

I LOVE the ocean . . . from the Hudson River. Oh, how I loved it. I wrote some very beautiful, touching things about it . . . in my mind. Ho! for the open sea! And "**I must go down to the sea again and all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.**" All that.

It was wonderful when they took the gang-plank away, cut the umbilical cord, so to speak, and we were entity, separate, living. . . . Marian Olsen and Marianne Olsen (tugs) followed us out to sea, nuzzling us out of the harbor; they had whiskers along their sides as buffers.

It was nice not being seen off. What is there to say? Only "Be sure to write! Come safely home!" (Ha! That's the sixty-four dollar question). And it seems to me that going to sea should be an undertaking (what an unfortunate word!) fraught with solemnity and austerity. No, I was glad I didn't have to talk, to say "be sure and write" and "toodle-oo!"

When we came down to our cabin again there were wires and letters from friends. That was **our** festivity! Ah, what a **warm** glow it made in the chill, dark little room! This moment, **they** are thinking of us!

The deck boys are fair-skinned boys with long-loose legs; they all look alike. The whole University of Lund (Sweden) Men's Chorus is travelling with us, they wear **Studenten Huer** (Student Caps) and unfortunately, for a while, I can't tell them apart from the deck boys and get them to do amazing things for me.

I have now been at sea eight days and all I can say is that anyone craving an ocean voyage should have his head examined, he is a madman, a freak.

The first day was fine. There seemed to be more

water than I had expected but I felt fit as a fiddle, I was the first to fall in the door when the meal gong sounded. The food was wonderful!

We had two of the queerest looking table companions (with us that made four). One weighed about 300 pounds) the other probably five pounds less. But they were the nicest men! Gentle men. Both of them Finns. The fattest one had fine, kind eyes and a merry heart; intelligent, too, able to talk books and music. The other big fellow was so bashful that every time I looked at him he died a little death. So I tried not to look at him, reaching straight across his stomach for whatever I needed on the table. Yes, they were fine fellows, innocent and good.

I cannot say enough for the Swedish Personnel; I have never met such a large supply of courtesy and kindness. After a time the faces separated from the conglomerate blur they first made. Then there was the Curly-Haired Boy, The Tall Boy, The Tailor, The Waiter, and The Man With the Lantern. These were very specially My Boys and they guarded me tenderly, thinking me a little daft as I wandered the corridors at night asking them about the weather, the ship . . .

At first it seemed to me that the Swedish language consisted of only one word endlessly repeated "Gelikka-gelikka."

I spoke Danish and they spoke Swedish and we stared at each other very hard and made many motions, rubbing the stomach, hitting the head, pointing. But we made out with terrific good will on both sides.

Our stewardess is a soft little mouse-like girl with baby-pouting lips. She talks Swedish to us so confidently that it breaks my heart not to always comprehend her.

They are all unfailingly consistently kind.

Over the doors is an adorable plea "Vaer god slack ljustet" (Be good—shut off the light) And at the doors "Vaer god—staeng Døren" (Be good—shut the door) I did all these things religiously, feeling **very** good.

Yes, the first day was fine, even well out into the ocean. I leaned over the railing and said (full of beans) "Ah, I could live on the ocean!" (It was then, in my mind, I wrote those beautiful things). Even later, when a wind was coming up and there were **waves** I loved it, feeling myself quite a sailor able to withstand this **storm**.

The second day a **high** wind is blowing, the boat begins to pitch. When the log is posted I see that we are still practically in New York, we've moved about half a pin's length. And they call it "Moderate Seas." That is an understatement of the first water.

But I was still up.

But the next day I wasn't. Only long enough to stagger out to see what the ship's log said when it was posted at noon. "High seas." And we had moved another half pin. (Those first two moves are the most discouraging things in the world, I do think the captain or whatever could cheat a little until we get our courage and our sea-legs). I went straight back to bed and lay there wondering when I had first got the insane idea of going aboard. I lay there watching our clothes sway, hearing things crash, glass break . . .

and listening for the ship's siren, for surely, any moment we would be ordered into the life-boats, those tiny-match-box affairs dangling from hooks up on the decks.

Across the passage from our cabin I could see one of the sick ladies in her bunk. Her door, too, was open (to get all the air we could) and we lay there and stared morosely at each other. Once I waved but she was already so sick that she couldn't answer. We just stared at each other.

Kind readers, I never threw up. **But I didn't like me.** I didn't like me at all, I wished desperately I could get up and leave me. I ate a little at each meal loathingly. I ate anchovies by the tin. And all sour things, wonderful sour things. Tart. And apples. Dozens of apples. My apple peelings laid end to end would reach across the ocean. And knækkebrød, wonderful, dry knækkebrød. Neils brought it to me, cheerily, gaily, then palely, then wobblingly. . . . After a while I got quite used to rolling around in bed on apple-cores, crumbs of knækkebrød . . . or I didn't care. . . .

Next day, suddenly, a beautiful nurse loomed in the doorway (she was very tall, 6—7—8 feet tall? (like a veritable Florence Nightingale with a little basket over her arm (Red Ridinghood, too) and asked me if I was "eel." I told her, yes, I felt very "eel" and loathsome. She asked me then if I had vomited (with a big

hard round O) and I said shuddering, no, I had not vomited whereupon she lost all interest in me and left me to die holding in my hand a little cellophane bag of six sea-sick "peels." I gobbled one down immediately and waited for results. But nothing happened. Nothing happened for days and days . . . perhaps years. Only more and more weather. It was cold. It rained. The wind blew and whined in the rigging. It was **terribly** cold. Many people went to bed to keep warm. I was in bed for **that**, too.

(To be continued)

Luther Leagues Sponsor Plane For "Air Parish"

Madison, S. D.—Luther leagues of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the South Dakota district are sponsoring purchase of an airplane, costing about \$3,000, for use in a recently established "air parish" in the northwestern part of the state.

The Rev. Norvel Hegland of Miles City, Mont., has accepted the call to be the "flying parson" of the west country. He will be, in fact, an old-fashioned circuit rider with a thoroughly modern type of transportation. He will pay regular flying visits to his many congregations in the entire west river country. (RNS)

Grand View College And Our Youth

September 2, 1947

SS Jose Pedro Varela

Examinations were over and all the plans and expectations for the summer months were soon to become a reality. Trunks and suitcases were packed and books put away. To those who were not returning, the farewells were sad, Grand View had meant a great deal. Once again the college was silent. Her students were going to cities, towns and farms all over the nation, some north, east, south and west. I was going home.

The Pacific coast looked good after a year in the east. There seemed to be activity everywhere. Down by the water front, Russian tankers loaded oil for Vladivostok. French, Dutch, English and American freighters lined the docks loading cargos for South America, China, Australia and Europe. Alongside pier two lay the "SS Jose Pedro Varela." Her black hull sat deep in the water, for her decks were piled high with huge timbers and her holds were filled with machinery destined for South Africa.

I signed aboard the "Varela" the following morning. The next few days were spent in making final preparations. Then on the evening of June 9th

1947, our lines were cast off and the lights of the city grew dimmer as we headed for the Panama Canal and Capetown.

Soon all the ships gear was secure and once again everyone was prepared for the long trip ahead. Occasionally we saw the coast of Guatemala and Costa Rica and strange birds would fly out from the endless stretches of jungle, screeching in a quizzical manner as they swooped gracefully over the ship. On the fifth day south of Long Beach, engine trouble necessitated our continuing the voyage to Panama on one remaining boiler, which reduced our speed considerably.

The green mountains of Panama were sighted shortly before dinner on the third day of July. Our pilot came immediately aboard and we passed through the canal, arriving in Colon late the same evening. During the following days necessary repairs to the engine were made and on the evening of the fifth, sailing orders were gratefully approved by all, for cool nights at sea would be a Godsend from the hot, humid nights of Panama.

Sunday morning found us once again at sea, as we headed east along the coast of Colombia and past the Dutch West Indies. Heavy easterly trades whipping across our rigging played weird melodies as schools of porpoise danced along the ships side in seemingly delight of our presence.

Venezuelian mountains greeted us on the following Sunday morning and by noon we arrived at Port of Spain, Trinidad to load fuel for the long run across. After the loading was com-

pleted and our last letters were sent ashore, flocks of sea gulls escorted us to the broad Atlantic and the long trip had begun.

Clear blue skies and starlit nights were our covering as we lazied along on the oily swells. A slight haze over the west seemed to radiate the intense heat of the Guianas and you could smell the hot, humid odors of the jungles. The dim glow of the lights on St. Laurent and Devils Island illuminated the western sky late Wednesday evening. It rather impressed me, as I was, at the time reading "Dry Guillotine" by Rene Belbenoit, a story of his escape from Devils Island to Trinidad. The inevitable routine followed, there were our regular watches and the duties connected with them. Off watch we read, played cards and generally kept ourselves active. I had my next fall's Math to study and a shelf full of books to read. Occasionally we had the honor of a visit from an Albatross, who would glide gracefully from stem to stern and then, without notice, mysteriously fly away. Quite often we saw the spray of a whale in the distance and at times we saw his massive body come to the surface, no doubt wondering what this strange monster was doing in his domain.

The evening of August the fifth was a memorable one, for the following day we would be in Capetown. We left Long Beach 49 days before and it would feel good to get our feet on dry land again. Early Wednesday morning we saw the lights of Capetown and then, as though with a hearty welcome the sun broke forth

over the mountains with all the color and warmth to make that greeting complete. Shortly after docking and the port officials had cleared our ship, the native stevedores came on board and unloading began. By the next afternoon we were again on our way up the east coast of Africa for East London, arriving there on the ninth.

While in East London I had the opportunity to see a little of the surrounding country. It reminded me a great deal of our western states. Their farms were very much like our California ranches, however, in contrast were the mud and grass huts of the native help. The natives of South Africa, called Kaffirs, are all members of various local tribes. The great majority of them are uneducated and extremely primitive. All the common labor is done by these natives for which they receive a few shillings a day, only to return home after a days work to a pitiful little grass or tin-home, crudely constructed and filthy beyond all possible conception. Little or no attempt is being made to educate or elevate the position of these people, as the wealth of South Africa is dependent on cheap labor.

After all the East London cargo was discharged, we sailed north for Durban, which proved to be a modern city with broad streets lined with American automobiles. The up-to-date department stores had displays of all the popular makes of American refrigerators, stoves, irons, radios, etc. her harbor was filled with ships of many nations unloading everything from coal to ten cent articles for her local "Woolworth" dime store. With the elimination of the United States, I consider Durban as one of the most advanced cities I have ever been in. So with regret of the entire crew we departed from Durban and arrived in Lourenco Marques, August 25th to unload the remainder of our cargo.

Lourenco Marques, located in the southern portion of Mozambique in Portuguese East Africa is a sleepy, unimpressive city which in my estimation is not worthy of any mention here. However, while lying at anchor, waiting for dock space, the third engineer and I had the opportunity to travel into the interior and spend a few days in Kruger game reserve. The game reserve is a gigantic stretch of land, slightly larger than the area covering England. Narrow one rut roads traverse the area in which automobiles can travel. At a number of locations in the center of the reserve, overnight camps are located, around which a high fence is built. No person is allowed outside of this camp during the night. While driving through, you are warned to remain in your car at all times because the animals have learned that these strange objects, making the peculiar noise are harmless, however, if a man on foot is seen, the case may be different. During our two days in the reserve we saw many animals includ-

ing lions, giraffes, hippos, zebras, buffalos, baboons, warthogs, jackles, etc. After seeing some of the animals, and what they do during their morning kills, I can plainly realize why one should remain in their car at all times. The trip was extremely interesting and something I shall never forget.

We returned to the ship yesterday morning, under the impression that we would soon be unloaded and underway for Norfolk and I would return to Grand View, however, orders have just been received to load coal at this port and proceed to Dakar, French West Africa.

HARLAN PEDERSEN.

OUR CHURCH

Mrs. Caroline Jorgensen, Kimballton, Iowa, died September 1st after having submitted to an operation on August 29th. Her condition after the operation was very favorable until a sudden turn for the worse on Sunday evening, August 31st. Funeral services were held September 3rd from the home of her brother, Anton Christensen, this being the old homestead of the Christensen family.—Caroline Christensen was born Nov. 4, 1883, in the Kimballton community and spent practically her whole life here. In 1933 she was married to Rev. J. Jorgensen who shortly after that became ill and she took care of him until his death in 1939.

Dr. Erling Ostergaard, our returned missionary from the Santal Mission field in India, has regained his health after quite a prolonged illness. He writes to the editor, that he would now like to offer his time and efforts on a speaking tour. We urge our various District meetings and the individual congregations to consider possible invitations to Dr. Ostergaard for meetings where he will speak in the interest of the Santal Mission.

Lake Norden-Badger, So. Dak.—A Harvest Festival will be held Sunday, September 21st, in the Pioneer Evang. Lutheran Church where Rev. Marius Krog is the pastor.

Alden, Minn.—Harvest Festival was held in the Alden, Minn., church on Sunday, September 14th. Prof. Peter Jorgensen from Grand View College was the guest speaker.

Grayling, Mich.—A number of repairs have been made through the summer on the parsonage of the Grayling church where Rev. Svend Holm is the pastor.

Rev. H. Helweg, from Copenhagen, Denmark, who is serving the West Denmark, Wis., church through the summer, was guest speaker in the Askov, Minn., church on Wednesday,

September 10th, for the annual "Grundtvig Fest".

Kronborg, Marquette, Nebr.—The Young People's Society of the Kronborg church observed its 50th anniversary on Sunday, August 31st. Seventy-five young people from the various societies of the District had accepted the invitation to spend the day with the Kronborg young people. Rev. Clayton Nielsen of Denmark, Kans., and Rev. Holger Strandskov of Dwight, Ill., were the guest speakers. Special honor was given to the charter members of which several were present. Mrs. Carl Gjerloff, one of the charter members, acted as toast-mistress. Miss Susanna Jensen who also was present has been a paying member throughout the entire 50 years and was given special recognition for same.

Rev. Alfred Jensen, synodical president, attended the District Meeting held recently in Seattle, Wash. He spoke two times on Sunday to the convention delegates. He later was guest speaker in the congregations of the District, Junction City, Ore., Enumclaw, Tacoma and Wilbur, Wash.

Rev. A. C. Kildegaard, Sr. has accepted a call from the Manistee, Mich., church and will according to plans move to his new call late this fall.

Mr. August Bang, who for several years has been the editor of "Dannevirke" is now the owner and publisher of this Danish weekly that through 68 years has been a most welcome guest in many of our homes of our synod. We extend to Mr. August Bang our greetings and best wishes for the future. August Bang will also publish "Julegranen", furnish books from Denmark and he will maintain an agency for Steamship and Airship tickets to Europe, and other parts of the world.

Tyler, Minn.—Harvest Festival was observed on Sunday, Sept. 14th. Rev. S. D. Rodholm who has served the congregation through the summer in the absence of Rev. Enok Mortensen and family, was the guest speaker. Rev. Enok Mortensen also spoke, telling about his and his family's tour on the west coast.

The Travel Story by Ellen Nielsen, which she has entitled "Square Heads on A Round Trip" has been written upon our request. We were not able to begin the series of articles when the first installments came to our office due to two July issues being devoted to Convention reports. Consequently we are offering the installments now in greater length than originally planned. —We feel confident that many share our appreciation of Ellen Nielsen's ability to present a vivid word-picture of her many unique experiences on her travel.

District IV DAYPL Camp

The District IV Young People's Camp was held at Bass Lake, Mich., during the week, August 19-24. There were approximately 35 campers. Rev. Richard Sorensen was camp leader, assisted by the following pastors, Holger Jorgensen, C. A. Stub and Alfred Sorensen.

The camp day was observed on the following plan: Breakfast 8:00 a. m.; morning devotion 9:00 a. m.; Bible Hour 9:45; swimming 10:45; dinner 12 noon; handicraft 1:00 p. m.; swimming 2:00 p. m.; story hour 5:00 p. m.; supper 6 o'clock; after supper games and other recreation; camp-fire 9 o'clock, and lights out at 11 o'clock.

The Chapel services were in charge of Rev. Richard Sorensen, and he used as his theme: "Stop, Look and Listen for God." Various phases of this theme were emphasized during the chapel periods throughout the week.

The daily Bible Hour was conducted by Rev. Alfred Sorensen, and these periods were based on the themes: "Consecration of Our Lives to God" and "The Acts of the Apostles". Reading in unison from the Bible and group discussion were emphasized during this period.

On the first day of camp Rev. Sorensen appointed several for various camp duties. Virjean Jensen from Dwight, Ill., was appointed as camp treasurer, and several were appointed to help serve the meals. A Camp-log editor was also appointed.

Handicraft hour was in charge of Helen Stub. Many materials were available and many nice articles were made.

The Story Hour, led by Rev. Stub, was a period of quiet enjoyment. He read to us some well written and thought provoking stories. This period was enjoyed by all.

Camp-fire was led by Rev. Holger Jorgensen. Under his direction many clever skits were presented. Many favorite songs and "Rounds" from "World of Song" were sung. The Camp-log was read each evening at the camp-fire.

Special mention should be made of the refreshments served by the various women's societies of the young people of the Greenville area. These evening refreshments were excellent and very much enjoyed by all of us.

Many came to join the camp group for the week-end. This included the parents of some of the campers who drove a great distance to spend Saturday night and Sunday at the Camp.

Sunday morning services were held jointly with the Greenville congregation. Rev. Alfred Sorensen was in charge of the service. Rev. Richard Sorensen delivered the sermon and Rev.

Alfred Sorensen, assisted by Rev. C. A. Stub served at the Communion table.

The closing meeting was held immediately after dinner. After this the campers took one last dip in the lake and by 5 o'clock camp was over for another year. Everyone was sorry to see it end so soon, but we all went toward our respective homes with happy hearts, and high hopes of seeing one another and many more next year.

Respectfully submitted,
M. K. LUND,
Dwight, Ill.

Please Help

It is of importance that we have a history. Present must grow out of past; future cannot be built in thin air, but must grow out of present.

Send me accounts of men and women who in the past have lived and worked for our church, and have gone to their rest. Make your account full; write of their lives and works.

VALDEMAR S. JENSEN, Necrologist,
Grand View College,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Nysted Højskolesamfund

The Annual Meeting of the Nysted Højskolesamfund will be held Sunday afternoon, Sept. 28, 1947, in conjunction with the District Convention.

ARNOLD KROGH, President.

District 4 Convention Sept. 26-28

The District 4 convention will be held at Newell, Iowa, September 26-28. The convention will convene Friday afternoon at 2:00 p. m. Each congregation has a right to send one delegate for each 50 voting members or fraction thereof. Delegates and guests should enroll as early as possible.

Everyone welcome.

Registrations should be sent in advance to: Mrs. Esther B. Brewster, Newell, Iowa.

TED HAARH, Storm Lake, Iowa,
REV. HAKON JORGENSEN, Newell, Iowa.

HARALD IESEN, District President.

Eastern District Convention

"Our Savior's" Lutheran Church of Hartford invites the congregations of the Eastern District of the D.L.C.A. to convention in Hartford 26-28 Sept. 1947.

Please send all reservations by Sept. 22 addressed to, The Convention Committee, 170 Russ St., Hartford 6, Conn.

The theme of the convention will be "A Growing Church" and we are looking forward to days of mutual encouragement and inspiration.

EDWARD H. SMITH, President,
W. R. GARRED, Pastor.

District II Convention Ludington, Mich., Sept. 26-28, 1947

Bethany Lutheran Church, Ludington, Mich., host to our annual Mich., District Convention this year, hereby extends a cordial invitation to the pastors, delegates, members, and friends of our churches to attend this convention. The meeting will begin Friday with an opening service at 8 p. m. and last through Sunday afternoon.

It is hoped that we may have a large attendance and that God will give us two days of rich fellowship.

Reservations should be sent not later than Sept. 15, to Mr. Robert Matthews, 202 Second St., Ludington, Mich.

Robert Matthews,
President of Bethany Church
Rev. John Christensen, pastor
Holger P. Jorgensen,
District President.

Program

CONVENTION THEME: A LIVING CHURCH IN CHRIST

FRIDAY, Sept. 26:

3 p. m.—Pastor's meeting in the parsonage.

8 p. m.—Opening service, Rev. Svend Holm. Subject: A Living Church In Christ is Sustained Through Worship.

SATURDAY, Sept. 27:

9 a. m.—Morning devotion and Bible hour, Rev. Holger P. Jorgensen. Subject: A Living Church in Christ is On Guard.

9:30-11—Layman's Hour, B. P. Christensen, Chairman. Subject: The Layman's Part In Active Congregational Work.

11:00—Business session.

12:00—Dinner.

1:30—Business session continued

3:30—Outing, sightseeing, etc.

6:00—Supper.

8:00—Program by laypeople of Bethany church. Speaker, Rev. C. A. Stub. Subject: A Living Church In Christ Is Mission-minded.

SUNDAY, Sept. 28:

9:30—Sunday school.

10:30—Morning Worship with Communion. Rev. Richard Sorensen preaching. Subject: A Living Church in Christ Calls for Decision. Communion by Rev. John Christensen.

12:30—Dinner.

2:30—Afternoon meeting. Rev. Svend Jorgensen, speaker. Subject: A Living Church is Victorious. Closing remarks and farewells.

District III Convention Sept. 26-28, 1947

The churches of Marinette, Wis., and Menominee, Mich., will this year be hosts to the annual District meeting. Beginning Friday evening, Sept. 26, the convention will continue through Sunday. The Trinity Lutheran Congregation of Marinette and the Danish Lutheran Congregation of Menominee extends a cordial invitation to the pastors, delegates and friends of our churches to come and participate in the work and fellowship of this convention.

Reservations should be sent, preferably at least a week in advance to George Hansen, 843 Parnell Ave., Marinette, Wis., or Wm. Wilson, 501 Pearson Ave., Menominee, Mich.

GEORGE H. HANSEN,
President, Marinette
WM. WILSON,
President, Menominee
VIGGO M. HANSEN,
Pastor
EDWIN E. HANSEN,
District President.

CONVENTION PROGRAM

Friday:

8:00 P. M. Opening service, (Marinette) Rev. Harris Jespersen, Clinton, Iowa.

Saturday:

9:30 A. M. Bible Hour (Marinette) Rev. Edwin Hansen, Racine, Wis.
10:30 A. M. Discussion Period for all (Marinette) Topic introduction by Rev. Alfred Sorensen, Chicago.
12:00 Noon Dinner (served by Marinette Ladies' Aid.)
1:30 P. M. District business session (Marinette)
5:30 P. M. Supper (served by Marinette Ladies' Aid.)
8:00 P. M. Women's Mission Society program, open to all. (Menominee Church) Mrs. Frances Nielsen, Chicago, in charge.

Sunday:

10:30 A. M. Worship service with communion (Marinette) Rev. Holger Strandkov, Dwight, Ill.
10:30 A. M. Worship service with communion (Menominee) Rev. Alfred Sorensen, Chicago, Ill.
12:00 Noon (Dinner served in parish hall, Menominee).
2:30 P. M. Address (Menominee church) Rev. Alfred Jensen, Des Moines, Iowa.
5:30 P. M. Supper (Parish hall, Menominee)
8:00 P. M. Closing meeting (Menominee Church) Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen, Chicago, Ill.

District Five Convention, Dagmar, Montana

October 10-12

The Nathanael Congregation, Dagmar, Montana, invites friends of the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church to be our guests during the above days, God willing. Guests and delegates will kindly send their reservations to Rev. John Enselmann, Reserve, Montana, not later than October 6th.

Mr. Aage Andreassen, President of Nathanael Congregation, Dagmar.
Rev. John Enselmann, Pastor.
Rev. L. C. Bundgaard, District President.

District VI Convention Diamond Lake, Minn. October 17-19

Diamond Lake Evangelical Lutheran Church herewith invites all delegates, members, and friends of our church in district VI to the annual district meeting. The convention opens Friday night at 8:00 o'clock with a meeting in the Diamond Lake church.

Reservations should be sent, not later than October 10, to Mr. Jorgen Krog, Lake Benton, Minn. or Mrs. Henry Black, Lake Benton.

JORGEN KROG
President of the congregation
EILERT C. NIELSEN
Pastor
ENOK MORTENSEN
District President

Folk Meeting At Danebod

Danebod Folk School at Tyler, Minnesota will conduct a short course September 30-October 5. The meeting will begin with a Danish lecture Tuesday evening and will close the following Sunday afternoon.

The Reverend Halfdan Helweg will speak twice daily. Rev. Helweg was active in the underground movement in Denmark and is a well-known author. He is pastor at Helligaandskirken in Copenhagen. Other ministers and educators will participate. There will be daily Bible hours, lectures, discussions, and singing.

Total cost for the whole course, including board, room, and tuition, is \$15.00 (\$25.00 per couple). Guests are asked to bring sheets, pillow cases, a few blankets, and towels.

Please let us know when and how you are arriving, and register as soon as possible with the director of Danebod Folk School.

ENOK MORTENSEN,
Tyler, Minn.

District VII Convention Nysted, Nebraska Sept. 26-28, 1947

Nysted Folk School will this year be host to the District Convention. Reservations should be sent to Rev. Howard Christensen, Cozad, Neb.

A cordial invitation is extended to friends, delegates, and pastors of the District to attend the convention. Please bring bedding for single beds, as all guests will be housed in the school dormitories.

ERIK K. MOLLER, District President

PROGRAM

Friday, Sept. 26th:

8 p. m.—Opening service, Rev. Ronald Jespersen.

Saturday, Sept. 27th:

9 a. m.—Morning devotion, Rev. Clayton Nielsen.

9:30—Business meeting.

12 a. m.—Dinner.

2 p. m.—Business meeting resumed.

6 p. m.—Supper.

8 p. m.—Womens Home Mission meeting, Erik K. Moller, speaker.

Sunday, Sept. 28th:

10 a. m.—Sunday School.

11 a. m.—Worship and communion; Rev. Peter D. Thomsen, sermon; Rev. Gudmund Petersen, communion.

12:30 p. m.—Dinner.

3 p. m.—Rev. Vagn Duus, lecture.

5:30 p. m.—Supper.

8 p. m.—Rev. Gudmund Petersen, lecture; Closing meeting.

Acknowledgement Of Receipts from The Synod Treasurer

For The Month of August, 1947

Towards the Budget:

Previously acknowledged ---\$ 2,535.97

Non-earmarked receipts:

Congregation	
Muskegon, Michigan -----	240.60
Des Moines, Iowa -----	175.00
Askov, Minnesota -----	24.50
Clinton, Iowa -----	100.00
Menominee, Michigan ----	35.20
Omaha, Nebraska -----	60.00
Los Angeles, California --	36.70

Earmarked Pension Fund:

Congregation	
Muskegon, Michigan -----	12.00
Clinton, Iowa -----	1.00
Menominee, Michigan ----	22.00

Earmarked Home Missions.

Ruby Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lloyd, and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Jensen, all of Dwight, Ill. "In Memory of Victor Larsen", -----	10.00
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Earmarked Publications:

Congregation, Oak Hill, (Annual Reports) -----	2.50
Misc. subscriptions and gifts to Lutheran Tidings -----	15.00

Earmarked Tyler Children's Home:
Mrs. Steffen Jørgensen, Vi-

borg, So. Dakota "In Memory of Niels P. Jensen" ---	5.00
From Congregation in Racine, Wis. for Convention Expenses	320.50
Total to budget to date -----	\$ 3,595.97
Received for items outside the budget:	
G.V.C. Jubilee Fund, Cash Contributions:	
Mrs. Carl Olsen and Mrs. S. P. Magnusen, Clinton, Iowa "In Memory of Herluf Hansen" -----	\$ 100.00
Lutheran Guild, Salinas, California -----	223.65
R. J. Martensen, Tyler, Minn. -----	5.00
Tunis Andersen, Marquette, Nebraska -----	5.00
Mrs. Katie Christensen, St. Stephans, Chicago, Illinois -----	100.00
Mr. and Mrs. Peder Pedersen, Minneapolis, Minnesota -----	10.00
Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Petersen, New Brighton, Minnesota -----	100.00
Congregation, Clinton, Iowa -----	11.00
Rev. Harris Jespersen, Clinton, Iowa -----	5.00
Hans B. Holst, Cedar Falls, Iowa -----	25.00
Mrs. Anna Christensen Haaland, Des Moines, Iowa -----	5.00
Norma Due, Exeter, Nebr. -----	25.00
Harry C. Jensen, Minneapolis, Minn. -----	18.50
Mrs. Rebecca Stilling, Washington, D. C. -----	5.00
Wm. C. Nielsen, Muskegon, Michigan -----	20.00
Rev. and Mrs. Holger Strandskov, Dwight, Illinois -----	10.00
From Racine, Wisconsin—Bethania Guild \$25.00; Bethania Ladies' Aid \$25.00; Mrs. Kaufman \$2.00; miscellaneous \$48.00 -----	100.00

From Solvang, California as follows: Jens Simonsen, \$10; Elizabeth Simonsen, \$5; Paul and Anna Nielsen, \$2; Fred Larsen, \$5; Geo. and Elna Johansen, \$10; Hans Mortensen, \$2; Doris McGregor, \$1; Carl Christiansen, \$1; Marie and Andrew Petersen, \$5; L. Thomsen, \$2; Alfred Lauritsen, \$2; Kresden Lindgaard, \$5; Mrs. Buchardi, \$5; Gerda L. Rasmussen, \$2; Tom Petersen, \$2; Erwin Olsen, \$5; Arne Elbek, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Petersen, \$5; Jack Nedegaard, \$2; John Larsen, \$1; Henry Johnson, \$5; Jakob Sørensen, \$5; Dagmar Nielsen, \$2; Regine Iversen, \$2; Niels Petersen, \$2; Elmer Lunde, \$1; H. C. and Harold Johnson, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. Thorvald Rasmussen, \$5; Mary Petersen, \$2; L. Kramer, \$2; Kristine Jørgensen, \$2; L. H. Sørensen, \$2; Henry L. Petersen, \$2; Roth, \$5; John Pohls, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Aage Madsen, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Madsen, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. Chris Klibo, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. Hans Petersen, \$2; Mr. and Mrs. Poul Christiansen, \$2; J. P. Jensen, \$5; Abeline and Albert Jensen, \$5; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson, \$2; Overine Wissing, \$1; Nanna Hansen, \$1; Elna Larsen, \$2; Lars Skov, \$1; Tom E. Colmon and Hansen, \$1; P. W. Jørgensen, \$2; Roy Pedersen, \$1; Eldora Steffensen, \$1; Paaskes, \$2; Aage Møller, \$5; Harold More, \$1; Hans and Marie Brøns, \$1; J. F. Petersen, \$1; Mrs. Cecelia Fanersø, \$1; Emilie Lauritsen, \$1; Clara R. Jensen, \$2; Marna Larsen, \$1; Andy Iversen, \$2; T. F. Petersen, \$50; Anonymous, \$50; Harold A. Petersen, \$1; Mrs. Walter Rasmussen, \$1; D. Thygesen, \$1; Lyman Apple, \$1; Roy Apple, \$5; Svend A. Svendsen, \$1; Sara Petersen, \$1; C. V. Nelsen, \$10; Jens Johansen, \$1; Emil Jensen, \$5; Folmer Bruhn, \$1; Walter Bruhn, \$1; J. L. Rasmussen, \$2; Axel Nielsen, \$5; C. Roth, \$1; Axel W. Jørgensen, \$1; Harold Harksen, \$5; Christine B. Jensen, \$1; Clara Hornsyld, \$5; J. P. Lauritsen, \$1; Holger Pohls, \$2; Mrs. Poul Iversen, \$2 -----

Total to G.V.C. Jubilee Fund in August ----- \$ 991.15

Previously acknowledged ----	69,888.91
Total cash contributions to date to G.V.C. Jubilee Fund	\$70,880.06
G.V.C. Jubilee Fund Contr. in Bonds: (Maturity Value)	
Contributions to date -----	\$31,800.00
Towards Room Furnishings of New Dormitory	
Previously acknowledged ---	\$ 1,040.59
Mrs. Rebecca Stilling, Washington, D. C. -----	10.00
Bethania Ladies' Aid, Racine, Wisconsin -----	50.00
Total to date -----	\$ 1,100.59
Lutheran World Action:	
Previously acknowledged ----	\$40,239.28
Congregation	
Denmark, Kansas -----	91.25
Newell, Iowa -----	1,177.00
Dwight, Illinois -----	137.00
Omaha, Nebraska -----	256.25
Menominee, Michigan -----	97.68
Los Angeles, California -----	23.00
Viborg, South Dakota -----	33.00
Muskegon, Michigan -----	186.70
"In Memory of Mrs. Albert Klein, Bowbells, North Dakota" by Mr. and Mrs. Niels A. Pedersen, Flaxton, North Dakota -----	3.00
"In Memory of Mrs. Carl Christensen, Tyler, Minn." by Mr. and Mrs. Volmer Jensen, Mr. and Mrs. William Petersen, Mr. and Mrs. Jørgen Petersen, Annie Munkholm -----	2.50
"In Memory of Mrs. Carl Christensen, Tyler, Minnesota" Mrs. Hans Fredericksen, Olivia and Arlie; Mrs. Clara Holmquist; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Petersen; Mr. and Mrs. Anton Petersen; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Petersen -----	8.00
"In Memory of Clyde A. Keller, Viborg, South Dakota" Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Andal, Wakonda, South Dakota -----	1.00
South Lutheran Danish Ladies' Aid, Viborg, South Dakota -----	3.00
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hansen, Viborg, South Dakota -----	1.00
Stephen Nelsen, Viborg, South Dakota -----	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Jespersen, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Danielson, Mrs. Hannah Knudsen, Mr. and Mrs. Peder A. Andersen -----	5.00
Total to Lutheran World Action to date -----	\$42,266.66
Respectfully submitted,	

Olaf R. Juhl,
4752 Oakland Ave.
Minneapolis 7, Minn.
per H. Strandskov.

NEW ADDRESS—If you move, then write your name and new address in the space provided. Be sure to state what congregation you belong to. Clip this out so that the old address is included and mail to LUTHERAN TIDINGS, Askov, Minn.

September 20, 1947

I am a member of the congregation at -----

Name -----

New Address -----

City -----

State -----

JENSEN, JENS M.
TYLER, MINN.
RTE. 2,