

Oak Leaves

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One hundred years ago, in 1898, Pastor Bjug Harstad set sail from Seattle, Washington for the gold fields of the Klondike during the gold rush of 1897-99. He later would become the first president of the re-organized Norwegian Synod (ELS).

On leave from his Mayville, North Dakota congregation he had been instrumental in organizing both *Parkland Lutheran Church* and *Pacific Lutheran Academy and Business College* [now Pacific Lutheran University].

Rev. Harstad felt a personal responsibility for the indebtedness of the school. On February 9, 1898 he left for the Klondike in an attempt to "solve financial problems" for the college. During his journey, Rev. Harstad wrote a series of letters to the *Pacific Herald* newspaper.

This issue of *Oak Leaves* is devoted to a summary of Bjug Harstad's life from birth until that day in 1898, a century ago, when he boarded the steamer *City of Seattle*. Excerpts from his early letters also are included.

The letters were translated by Bjug's son, Oliver Harstad, and the biography was prepared by his grandson, Dr. Peter T. Harstad.

Bjug Harstad

first president of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

Our subject was as unusual as his name. Bjug (pronounced like "bugle," but without the "le") was relieved when he was old enough to realize that his name simply meant "bent," not "bent nose" or "hooked nose." Late in life he admitted that his nose did have a hard lump, but the point of it did not turn down. "Indeed, I had to accept my fate as regards both name and nose."

The eighth of ten children in his family, Bjug Aanondson was born Sunday 17 December 1848 in Valle, Setesdal. The Otra River drains this beautiful valley of southern Norway and empties into the North Sea at Kristiansand. Because it was high above the valley floor and steeply sloped, the family land had little potential beyond the grazing of livestock during the summer months.

Other than church records, the earliest known family documents relate to grazing and haying rights at a locality called Gangshei where the family had a small dwelling. Here Bjug's crippled father, Aanond, attempted to supplement the family income by tanning sheepskins, making "skin swaddling-clouts," and repairing shoes. His mother, Torbjoer, worked at spinning and weaving. Bjug often told his own children about the meager fare of his family when he was a shepherd boy in Setesdal. His mother would place a bowl of thick sour milk

on the table with portions marked. "Each child had his own spoon and all would eat out of the same bowl." In 1969 a Valle resident recalled that she cried as a little girl when her grandfather told stories of the large family of "gifted and talented" children living in poverty at Gangshei above the Harstad farm.

In 1855 Bjug's oldest brother Kittil immigrated to America. Within six years he sent enough money back home so that, with the sale of Gangshei, the family could come to Illinois. Aanond, Torbjoer, and eight children (one stayed behind for a few years) sailed from

Kristiansand in 1861 on the *Kongeoernen* (King Eagle) and arrived in Quebec nine weeks later. They traveled by canal boat through Montreal, by steamer via Detroit and Milwaukee to Chicago, then by the Rock Island Railroad to Seneca, Illinois, where Kittil lived with his mother's brother. That fall Bjug's father died. There being no Lutheran clergyman in the area, a lay Baptist, Ole Heyer (who converted to Mormonism), conducted the funeral. Aanond is buried in an unmarked grave in a Catholic cemetery in Seneca.

Victoria, British Columbia
10 Feb., 1898

*Dear Herald:
Herewith a friendly greeting to all readers. Yesterday a little before 9 a.m., we left Tacoma on the steamer City of Seattle on our way to Dyea, Alaska. It was hard to extend the hand in farewell to wife, children and friends for such a long time as a trip into the vast interior of Alaska requires.
Were one to linger over thoughts of hardship and want, dangers and accidents that may so quickly cut the thread of life, then the heart would yield to sadness and sorrow; but when one remembers that the call and duty that one has agreed upon with friends and relatives requires this sacrifice, then one clings the better to his Heavenly Father and to His unspeakable mercy, glorious and never failing promises and His unlimited power to stand by a poor wanderer in all His ways. Thus we are in good spirits. We have received needed food and sleep so both body and mind are in the best of health.
The crush and confusion here beggars all description....
We arrived here at 9 o'clock and will leave at 12. Letters will reach us at Dyea, Alaska during the next two weeks. We wish all well. God be with us.*

H.

The adult Bjug castigated the state church of Norway for neglecting the Norwegian diaspora to the American heartland. It is no accident that he spent much of his life ministering to the spiritual needs of Norwegian-Americans on the Minnesota, North Dakota, Washington, and Alaskan frontiers.

The firing on Fort Sumter in April 1861 brought Civil War and, along with it, wages beyond emigrants' dreams. Even Bjug, the youngest male in the fatherless family, earned a \$5 gold piece before the year was out. The next spring he worked as a farm laborer until he broke his arm and had to quit. What transpired next is a clue as to the values and resourcefulness of this pioneer family. What better way to use the healing time than to prepare for confirmation? Off Bjug went to Lisbon, fifteen miles from Seneca, to study under The Rev. P. A. Rasmussen. When confirmed a year later, he placed second in a class of about twenty boys and girls

Bjug soon earned a man's wages. While working for a Yankee family near Lisbon he improved his language facility and eventually learned to speak English without an accent. These "otherwise fine

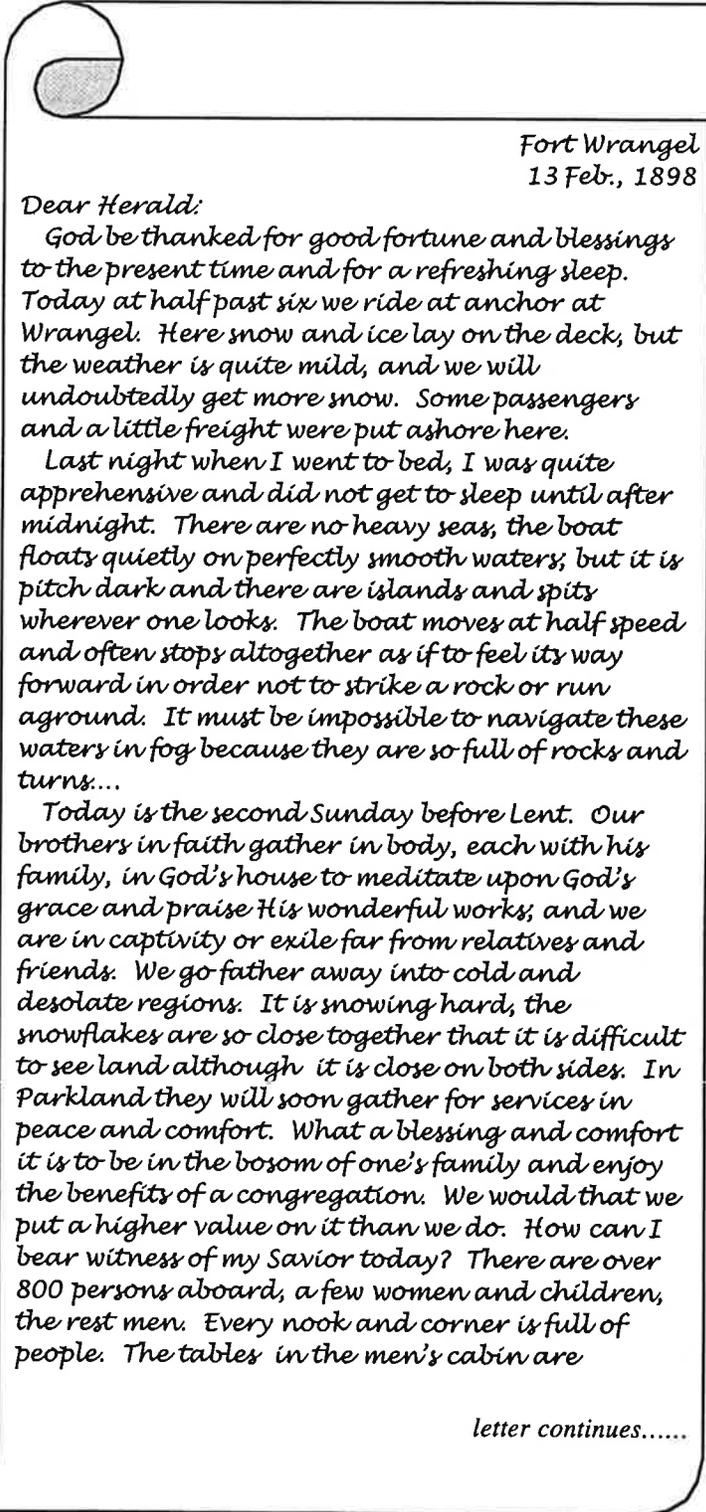
people were Baptists," wrote Bjug, who allowed their farm hand to attend his own church. After Pastor Rasmussen joined the Norwegian Synod, H. A. Preus

visited the parish and re-catechized

Bjug. Other Norwegian Synod leaders (including B. J. Muus, F. A. Schmidt, and Tobias Larsen) came too, influenced Bjug, and solicited funds for synod causes. Bjug contributed a dollar (two days' wages) to a special offering for the first building at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa.

In spring 1865, Bjug's mother moved most of the family to Fillmore County, Minnesota, then on the cutting edge of the agricultural frontier. Bjug was among the family members who rode the train to the end of the line at

Ossian, Iowa. He walked across Washington Prairie where The Rev. U. V.



Fort Wrangel
13 Feb., 1898

Dear Herald:

God be thanked for good fortune and blessings to the present time and for a refreshing sleep. Today at half past six we ride at anchor at Wrangel. Here snow and ice lay on the deck, but the weather is quite mild, and we will undoubtedly get more snow. Some passengers and a little freight were put ashore here.

Last night when I went to bed, I was quite apprehensive and did not get to sleep until after midnight. There are no heavy seas, the boat floats quietly on perfectly smooth waters, but it is pitch dark and there are islands and spits wherever one looks. The boat moves at half speed and often stops altogether as if to feel its way forward in order not to strike a rock or run aground. It must be impossible to navigate these waters in fog because they are so full of rocks and turns...

Today is the second Sunday before Lent. Our brothers in faith gather in body, each with his family, in God's house to meditate upon God's grace and praise His wonderful works, and we are in captivity or exile far from relatives and friends. We go father away into cold and desolate regions. It is snowing hard, the snowflakes are so close together that it is difficult to see land although it is close on both sides. In Parkland they will soon gather for services in peace and comfort. What a blessing and comfort it is to be in the bosom of one's family and enjoy the benefits of a congregation. We would that we put a higher value on it than we do. How can I bear witness of my Savior today? There are over 800 persons aboard, a few women and children, the rest men. Every nook and corner is full of people. The tables in the men's cabin are

letter continues.....

Koren had his mission, then proceeded into Decorah amidst a celebration for the fall of Richmond to the Union Army. The next morning he viewed Luther College's "Old Main," then under construction, toward which he had contributed.

Shortly after the family settled near Harmony, Bjug remarked, off handedly, to his pastor that he would like to go to school. While threshing wheat that October sixteen-year-old Bjug received word that he was enrolled in the preparatory department of Luther College. This surprised him because he had not applied. His pastor had simply enrolled him. "Either now or never," Bjug declared as he walked the twenty-five miles to Decorah. Upon his arrival, Laurentius Larsen, president of Luther College, asked him his name. "Bjug Aanondson," he replied. Larsen then asked the name of the farm where he was born. Bjug might have answered, "Gangshei." Instead, he gave the name of the larger farm,

"Harstad" (hard place), that bordered the family property, may have encompassed it, and certainly described it. From then on he went by Bjug

Aanondson Harstad. In the process of moving into the new building, some of the upper classmen felt slighted. One of them agitated so vehemently that college officials expelled him. A few days later the student begged for forgiveness and reinstatement. Larsen rejected the apology, told the student to go back to the farm, and refused to help him transfer to another college. Young Bjug regarded the judgement as draconian and unbiblical.

A good student, Bjug studied at Luther College from 1865 until he graduated with an B.A. in 1871.

letter continued ...

occupied early and late and throughout the day by card players. All passengers mingle without regard to what class they belong ...

So I have also followed the crowd up from the cellar into the cabin. They say that some steal in and eat with the first class passengers. I have not been tempted to do that. I can live well on the food we get. To stand at the table and eat luke warm and cold food is good preparation for worse hardships.

At 10 o'clock some gather around a man with a guitar in the back part of the cabin. They sang some of the newer Sunday School songs quite well. When they had sung a verse of "Rock of Ages", and there was a pause, I took the opportunity, first to thank the ladies and gentlemen for the song; then to remind them of a Bible passage that all knew and that contains the essentials of Christ's Gospel, namely John 3, 16. I succeeded in pointing out some of God's unspeakable love for all mankind; especially for every sinner; also how one can share in this great love, which has been revealed to all people through Christ's complete fulfillment of the demands of the Law. I succeeded also in briefly calling to mind how faith justifies and that the fruit is pleasing to God. There were several hundred present and they were all much more attentive than I had expected. I closed with the Lord's Prayer. At my request they sang "Nearer my God to Thee." I was encouraged by this testimony and hope that God's word will not return empty here either....

Herewith a friendly greeting to all readers. God willing, you will soon hear from us in Dyea.

H.

His intention, after studying theology, was to become a Norwegian Synod pastor for which the rigorous classical

curriculum of this all-male Synod college prepared him.

In autumn 1871 Bjug went off to the Missouri Synod's Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, Missouri. Among his professors was the great Dr. C. F. W. Walther who influenced Bjug profoundly. Moreover, Bjug came to admire the Missouri Synod as well as Concordia's approach to theological education. Some would conclude that his 1874 degree from Concordia Seminary polarized him in theological controversies that lay ahead.

Ordained that July as a Norwegian Synod clergyman, Bjug traveled north to the new settlements in the Red River Valley along Minnesota's border with Dakota Territory. Mayville, North Dakota,

became his main base for the founding of seventeen congregations. His name became legendary on both sides of the

border for his effectiveness at seeking out the scattered Norwegian-Americans, sharing the Gospel with them, organizing congregations, building churches, and

ministering to people's needs. He also founded

Franklin School (1878), Gran Boarding School (1880), and the Bruflat Academy (1889), all in North Dakota. In addition, he served as president of the Minnesota District of the Norwegian Synod from 1884 to 1892.

In 1877 Bjug married Guro Svensdaughter Omlid, also from Setesdal. The marriage produced eleven children, the first two of whom did not survive infancy and lie buried on the prairies of North Dakota.

In a 1990 history of Pacific Lutheran University (PLU), historian Philip A. Nordquist

presented this assessment on the eve of Bjug's next venture: "Harstad was an intellectually able, theologically

Between Skagway and Dyea, Alaska

Our boat landed in Skagway soon after noon, Feb. 14th. There is here a narrow valley with precipitous mountains, some of which must be about 6000 feet high. Half-way up there is sparse, short tree growth; otherwise nothing but snow and cliffs. Here and there one can see blue glaciers peek from the mountain tops...

Since my young friend and fellow traveler, Otis Larsen, had contacted a bad cold on the boat and besides was quite thinly clad, I advised him to put on all available clothes, take his sleeping bag and blanket, go ashore and find a good hotel. I would then take care of our things and continue on to Dyea. ¹

No sooner said than done. But my journey was very slow....

On my back and in my hands I had at least 100 pounds and soon became tired. I rested a little on a block of ice. I felt I could not well carry all of it to town in one load. When one is expecting to carry 1200 pounds several hundred miles over mountains and valleys, then it will never do to break down at the first attempt. So I left the heaviest bundle and went into town with the two. I was to arrange for beds for myself and five others who were to wait until the tide went out and left the barge high and dry. At last I reached the town and went into a large log house. This was a hotel. There are many such hotels.

Although it was after midnight, three men and a woman sat engaged in gambling for money, which they had lying on the table before them. Here we could sleep on the floor above in our own clothing for 25 cents per person. I accepted this offer gladly. It was

letter continues...

conservative pastor dedicated to the Norwegian Synod's doctrinal and educational views. The synod could not have chosen a better person for the educational enterprise envisioned in the Northwest, but the task would sorely test Harstad's courage, strength, and determination." (p. 28)

Much has been written about Bjug's role in the founding of Pacific Lutheran University (PLU) in 1890 in Parkland, Washington. Again, he was on the cutting edge of settlement, this time with a large family, preparing to meet the spiritual and educational needs of the advancing Norwegian-Americans. Chosen President of PLU, Bjug threw himself into

the construction of a facility, the hiring of a faculty, curriculum planning, the recruitment of students, and fund raising.

In addition, he served as pastor of Parkland Evangelical Lutheran Church and, after resigning the presidency of the Minnesota District, became president of the Norwegian Synod's Pacific District in June 1893.

PLU opened its doors to students for the fall 1894 term. Dedication day for the new brick building (190 feet long, 82 feet wide, and 130 feet high) took place 14 October with Bjug giving the welcome and the invocation,

and The Rev. U. V. Koren, Norwegian Synod

President, giving the dedicatory address. The festive occasion drew 2,000 people. That evening the electric lights were to be turned on for the first time. That they worked was a miracle; with meager knowledge of electricity, Bjug had purchased the generating equipment!

The main differences between the two Norwegian Synod colleges, Luther College and PLU, are attributable largely to values Bjug shared with his PLU colleagues. Only males were admitted to Luther until the 1930s; PLU was coeducational from the

letter continued ...

impossible to put up a tent at night and sleep outside. Satisfied I went back to meet my five friends and fetch the bundle I had left behind, if I could find it.

Thank God, all went well.. I have described these things at such length in order that those who might think of going to Alaska may learn. To be on the frontiers is not like traveling within in the realm of civilization. Those who are thinking of going this way should mark well the following notice:

"Notice is hereby given to all parties intending to enter the Candadian Yukon District, that each and every person must in the future have at least sufficient provisions to last for one year at the rate of three (3) pounds per day." Z.S. Wood, Cmdr. Mounted Police.

One must pay \$10 for miners' license.

Customs duty is not so little; from ten to thirty dollars. For all that, it will scarcely pay to buy provisions in Vancouver, since the U.S. Customs Inspector will cause one much trouble and expense, especially on this route. One must pay a deputy \$3 a day to take care of things until they are brought across the country, and that might well take a month or more.

Herewith a friendly greeting to all readers.

H.



Miners camped just outside of Dyea, a small boomtown at the entrance to the Chilkoot Pass.

ouset. For many decades Luther's curriculum remained classical, primarily for the training of clergy-men; already in 1894, PLU provided students opportunities "to acquire a thorough, general education resting on the basis of Christianity, and to thoroughly prepare themselves for taking up any vocation."

"Well do I remember one of the first faculty meetings I attended, where he [Harstad] made plain the fundamental difference between evangelistic and legalistic discipline," wrote Bjug's long-time friend and associate, N. J. Hong. "Let us,' he said, 'teach these young people to study, work, and play, and to obey the rules for God's sake, and not for fear of punishment.' Simple enough, you will say; yet to me it was a revelation that, with all its implications, changed my whole conception of education."

Primarily to Bjug fell the thankless, exhausting responsibility of raising money and keeping the college solvent. But his business practices were not as sound as was his educational philosophy. The college's appetite for money consistently exceeded its president's ability to raise it. An optimist, Bjug sometimes plunged into ventures that he did not control and may not have fully

Dyea
28 Feb. 1898

We have now lived here in the woods a week and a half. We have not heard a word from our homes since we left, but we try to believe that everything is well at home, just as it was when we left our dear ones. We live above all expectations well. Yet everyone will understand that we are not on a pleasure trip. The entire first week after we were settled in our little tent the weather was raw and stormy. A cold north wind blew night and day. One day the thermometer went to ten below zero. To live in a tent in the middle of winter in ten below zero weather is not exactly a pleasure. Our tent is 8 X 10 feet with a three foot wall. Two people live in this house, have their bed and stove in addition to all their provisions for one year and an ample supply of shoes, clothes, and tools. The stove stands to the right of the entrance; under and around it lies wet wood and material for sleds. Both our gold pans stand on edge by the stove. One is used as a dish pan, the other as a wash pan. If they shall ever see gold lies in the hand of God.

The candle box with a water bucket on top stands farther in along the wall; next a tin box of dried potatoes, and at the head of the bed stands sacks full of flour and beans...

A great number of people pass through town and over the mountains into the Yukon country. The trail leads up through a narrow canyon. As soon as we have made our sleds, we must start to pull our provisions upward. The most one can pull on a sled is 290 pounds per man, but there are steep places where 50 or 100 pounds is load enough. If we do not wish to hire hauling or packing, it will take us a long time to get our things over the mountain pass which lies 3500 feet above sea level, even though it lies only 15 miles from the beach and 8 of these miles have only a slight grade...

As far as I know, Dyea lies just as far north as Norway and we are but a short distance from Norway's antipode. No one ought to come here without good health and a good supply of food, clothing, and money.

Kindest regards.

H.

comprehended. He involved the college in real estate ventures that soured in the Panic of 1893 and worsened during its prolonged aftermath. Fortunately, Bjug's cautious wife Guro kept the household on an even keel through the 1890s and beyond.

A new president came to PLU for the 1895-96 term while Bjug temporarily went to San Francisco with his family to serve as a vacancy pastor. But Bjug continued to feel responsible for PLU's debts. Wrangling drove the new president out and wore down Bjug after his return from California. Then gold was discovered in the Klondike region of

Yukon Territory, Canada. The temptation to solve financial problems and silence

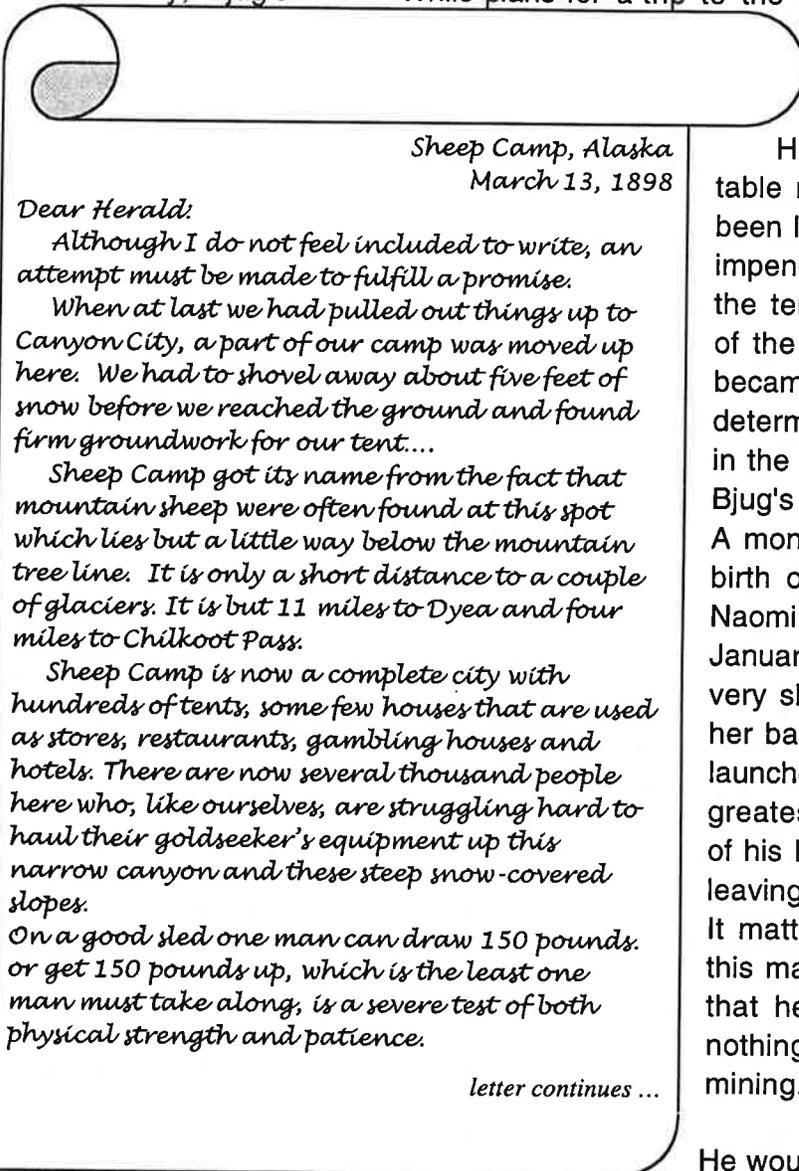
critics by striking it rich in the Klondike was too much for Bjug to resist.

While plans for a trip to the Klondike took shape, discussions at the

Harstad dinner table must have been lively. The impending arrival of the tenth member of the family became a determining factor in the timing of Bjug's departure. A month after the birth of Lydia Naomi on 11 January 1898, and very shortly after her baptism, Bjug launched the greatest adventure of his life since leaving Gangshei. It mattered little to this man of faith that he knew nothing about mining.

He would turn fifty and little Lydia would be walking before he returned home again.

to be continued...



Sheep Camp, Alaska
March 13, 1898

Dear Herald:

Although I do not feel included to write, an attempt must be made to fulfill a promise.

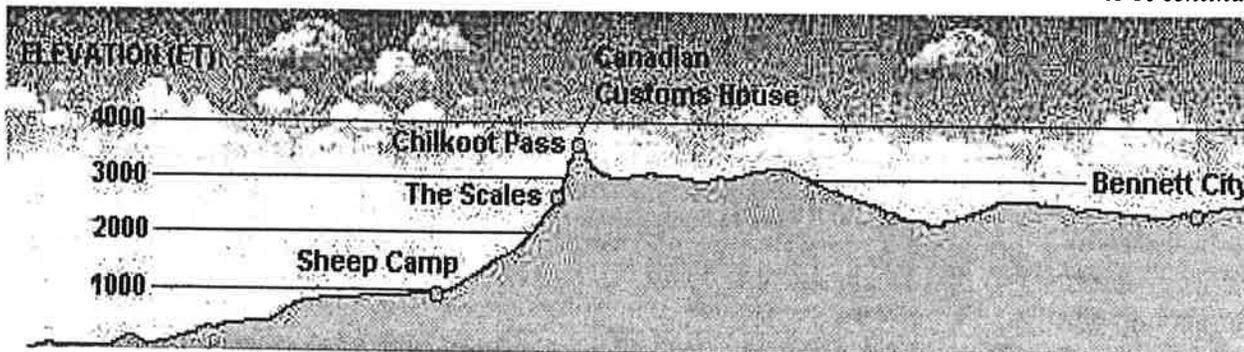
When at last we had pulled out things up to Canyon City, a part of our camp was moved up here. We had to shovel away about five feet of snow before we reached the ground and found firm groundwork for our tent....

Sheep Camp got its name from the fact that mountain sheep were often found at this spot which lies but a little way below the mountain tree line. It is only a short distance to a couple of glaciers. It is but 11 miles to Dyea and four miles to Chilkoot Pass.

Sheep Camp is now a complete city with hundreds of tents, some few houses that are used as stores, restaurants, gambling houses and hotels. There are now several thousand people here who, like ourselves, are struggling hard to haul their goldseeker's equipment up this narrow canyon and these steep snow-covered slopes.

On a good sled one man can draw 150 pounds, or get 150 pounds up, which is the least one man must take along, is a severe test of both physical strength and patience.

letter continues ...





letter continued ...

To get 150 pounds up, which is the least one man must take along, is a severe test of both physical strength and patience.

When one has made his way up with a heavy load which demanded his utmost ability and in spite of straining, every nerve has brought him to his knees and all fours, then one is glad and unloads with pleasure. With still more pleasure one slides down these steep slopes on his sled exceptionally fast. However, the trail is so crowded with pulling and driving people that one must look carefully both where he himself and others in front and in back rush headlong down hill [sic]. Several days ago a man was killed here when struck by a sled.

When in the evening, sweat and tired after three such trips, one creeps, bathed in sweat and tired, into a little cold tent to make a little food, then one's thoughts turn toward home. O happy home! Then one understands better Israel's thoughts when they speak of the fleshpots, melons, pumpkins and onions of Egypt. One yearns for these things when the principal food has been mush, beans and bacon for several days or weeks. Everyone who can enjoy the happiness of home and need not consider such a trip as this a duty should praise God. He who has said: "As thy days are so shall thy strength be" helps and comforts the wanderer here also. It is wonderful what one can endure. To lie in a flimsy tent of 8 ounces duck high on a mountain in a storm and cold, one would think is impossible in Alaska, but it is really not so hazardous. Most of the time eat and sleep well.

We hold our devotions mostly with our friends from Tacoma. On Sundays we gather in their tent which is much larger than ours...

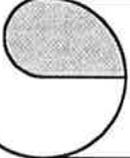
Soon we will have the treeline and some glaciers far below us.

At the so called "Stone House", about a mile below the "scale", as they call the foot of the Chilkoot Pass, there is a landing or a little place with many boulders as large as a house...

After one has come up a couple of steep slopes there is a ridge about three quarters of a mile long and now we see the last mountain tops. The migration heads for a majestic mountain or snow wall with deep gap high up [sic]. From this gap clear to the flat hangs what seems to be a heavy rope. On the flat are large piles of rocks, some tents and houses.

Now we are at Chilkoot Pass. Having come closer we see that the heavy rope is made up of people who were creeping slowly up the steep mountain. There is a rise of here of 1500 feet as precipitous as a steep stairway. There really is a rope here stretched, to which one holds

letter continues ...





letter continued ...

while carefully seeking a foothold on the steps that have been chopped in the ice and snow. Most people are stunned by strange feelings when they stand below and look up at this mighty stairway.

Many lose their gold fever here and return home and many have turned back before reaching this point. It is blowing hard today and the weather is somewhat dark, so not as many are going up today as in bright weather.

One cannot go up every day of the week. A little to the right is the so-called "Peterson Trail", which is not quite so steep but somewhat longer.

We now divide our load and each puts his pack on his back. The sled must also be carried. When one looks up only and not down and is careful about his footsteps he gets along above all expectation. The grade is so steep that one's neck bumps the one ahead when we walk close together.

We got up safe, but it is blowing and drifting like a blizzard in the Red River Valley, though it is not cold. It is a chinook wind, south wind. Here we are in a narrow pass, 3500 feet above sea level...

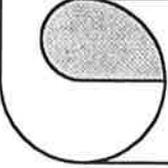
The Canadian government's customhouse stand up here in this narrow pass. We wished to speak to the inspector.

We are driven forward between many large piles of goods by wind and drifting snow, but we see neither the customhouse officer nor the customhouse. Suddenly we stand at the edge of a steep snow declivity. In this hope that the drifting of the snow would moderate a little on this side of the mountains, we stop, take our packs off and lashed everything to the sled again. Far below us we see some dark objects on a long narrow plane with high mountains on both sides. We slide down a very steep declivity about 500 feet and find ourselves on Crater lake, which is really the source of the mighty Yukon. Since we had decided to visit Lake Lindeman² we continued on our way, but could see the trail only here and there. The driving snow was not so bad but that we could see the formation of the mountains around us. We see nothing but snow and mountains, not even a little bush until we get far down.

It is about nine or ten miles from Crater Lake to Lake Lindeman...

On the fourth day the weather was quite good and we started on the return journey over the mountains out of Queen Victoria's kingdom.

letter continued ...





letter continued ...

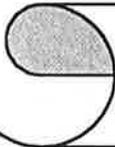
When we got up to the pass from the north it was blowing a little from the south. A thick mist or fog, which is formed when the mild chinook wind meets the cold dry air north of the mountains, flowed through the pass. However, mountain air is very agreeable and we did not notice that we were as high as 3500 feet above sea level, yet we saw one man that bled from the nose. t

I talked with the customs officer today. Each person who wants to go into the goldfields must have at least 1100 pounds of provisions when he passes Lake Tagish; otherwise he will be turned back. At Lake Bennet one can get a miner's license which also gives him the right to cut timber and hunt game for his own use. Duty must be paid on everything one has along except \$20 worth of clothes. A duty of about one fourth the value of the value of the equipment must be paid on certain things over one third.

On this side of the mountain we met some of our party who were packing goods for wages. Now we heard that there were letters for us at home in the tent and we slid down to Sheep Camp as fast as possible. It is now over a month since we left, but now we received mail for the first time.... The weather is very nice and the sleighing will soon be over in the valley out of Dyea. If this weather holds up, the snow will soon be gone down on the flat. Up here and on the other side of the mountains the snow will last a long time yet.

Herewith a fervent greeting to all readers.

H.



to be continued...

¹ Dyea was a small boomtown a few miles from Skagway, Alaska.

² Lake Lindeman was located a few miles beyond the Chilkoot Pass and in the vicinity of Lake Bennett. "The winter of 1898-99 arrived just before the bulk of stampeders, freezing the lakes and cutting off any further access to the interior. Thousands of hopeful prospectors arrived on the shores of these two lakes over the autumn and winter months" [Ann Taylord [Klondike Ho! 1897-1998](http://www.wolfenet.com/~yoame/klon/k-ho.html) <http://www.wolfenet.com/~yoame/klon/k-ho.html>]

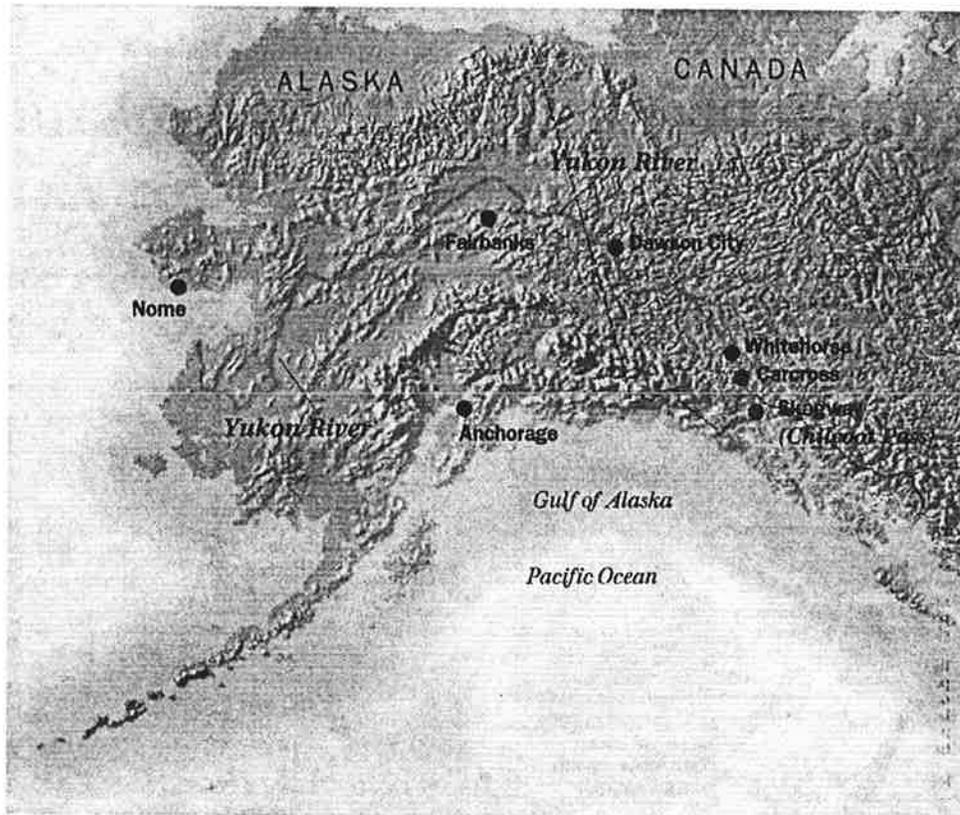
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