



# Oak Leaves

Newsletter of the ELS Historical Society

Volume 5

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Issue 1

## "My God, How Wonderful Thou Art"

A Biographical Sketch of Dina Anderson Kvelve Torgerson's Life  
by Rev. Erling Ylvisaker

*[In 1962, Rev. Erling Ylvisaker published the book, **Eminent Pioneers; Norwegian American pioneer sketches**. This particular article, written about 1933, was not included in his book, but was given to friends of the Torgerson family at Somber congregation, Northwood, Iowa. We share it with you here thanks to Albin Levorson of that parish. **Part Two** will appear in the Summer 2001 issue of **Oak Leaves**. ]*

**B**orn September 14, 1843, in Albion, Dane County, Wisconsin, Mrs. Dina Torgerson of Northwood, Iowa is very likely the oldest living Norwegian of American birth.

Since 1917 when the Norwegian Synod was reorganized, she has been called the "*Synodens Bestemor*" [The Synod's Grandmother]. Her distinction is probably rather that of a godmother due to her counsel and prayers for the church ever since the Norwegian Synod was organized in 1853. Dina was more than a year old when the Reverend Dietrichson, the first ordained Norwegian pastor to preach in America, arrived in East Koshkonong; to-day she is still so young that she enthusiastically advocates the use of more English in Lutheran Church work.

Because of a fractured hip, Grandmother must spend her days in a wheelchair. There her hands incessantly keep on pushing the wheels of the chair, as if, after ninety years of toil, she still were looking into every corner for something more to do. One of the first things I noticed about Dina Torgerson was the likeness to her brother, Rasmus B. Anderson: the same staccato gestures, the same habit of leaning towards you when they speak, and both can laugh by a twinkle. It is many years now since Dina and Rasmus were girl and boy in homespun; of eleven children, Dina, Rasmus, and Brown (Bruun) are left. "Besides being the youngest daughter," Professor Anderson once said to me, "Dina was considered the most beautiful in our family. Furthermore, Dina from a child was very pious."

Mrs. Torgerson's mother in old age lived with her daughter at the Somber parsonage for fourteen years so that Dina heard many times of how her father and mother had decided to emigrate to America in 1836. Abel Catherine Von Krogh was of the military aristocracy. Too noble, thought her parents, to marry the peasant, Bjorn Anderson Kvelve. In order to have their daughter forget the infatuation, the parents sent Abel Catherine to live with an aunt near Bergen. This aunt was married to the preacher at Fjeldberg, the Reverend Brun, son of the distinguished bishop, Johan Nordahl Brun. Two times Abel Catherine was sent away; two times she came back no less devoted to her Bjorn. "But," said Mrs. Torgerson

to me, "although it was my father who was most anxious to find refuge in America, he often mentioned going back to the old country. Mother, whose people were not so democratic, always thanked God for having come to America."

Grandmother Torgerson deplors the modern neglect of Scripture reading in the homes, for she believes that this neglect is responsible for much of the apostasy from the church. In the Kvelve home the Bible was not only a book of devotion for the parents, but the children used it as the textbook in which they learned to read. The next oldest brother, Augustinus Meldal Brun, was known to have recited from memory one of the Gospels from the first verse to the last. At noon when the father lay down on his cot to rest, he asked Martha, who was eight years old, and Dina, six, to sit down on the edge of the cot and read for him from the Holy

Scriptures. Did not Moses say, "And thou shalt teach these things diligently unto thy children when thou liest down?"

In 1850, during the epidemic of cholera on Koshkonong, Dina lost an older brother and her father. In his autobiography, Ras-

mus B. Anderson wrote, "As I was only four years old at the time of my father's death, I have only a faint recollection of him, but I remember sitting by his sick bed and fanning him to drive away the flies."

Since Dina was two years older, she remembers more of the details. "My older brother lay on the bed calling pitifully, 'Oh, Mother, I am so sick.' He died on Tuesday. On Wednesday and Thursday Father lay out on a knoll grieving for his dead son. At first we did not disturb him as we thought he was only mourning, but as soon as we recognized the cholera, we took him in. He died on Saturday.

"Nowadays people spend hundreds of dollars to put a corpse into the earth. They should have seen my father's funeral. Two neighbors bound a cloth over his nose and face, wrapped the sheet around him, and carried him out without any ceremony. When Mother

came near and wanted to show her affection by putting a clean shirt on the body, the men pushed her away. A yoke of oxen hauled the corpse to the farm cemetery where the burying was done in a hurry. Yes, that was Father's funeral."



Dina Anderson Kvelve Torgerson was born in 1843. She lived an exciting - and difficult - life, as the child of Norwegian immigrants and a pioneer pastor's wife.

Mrs. Torgerson from her observation of children thinks that many boys already in their teens show a special liking for that work which later shall become their profession. Rasmus, she told me, whenever he had an opportunity, would seat himself close to a group of elders in order to listen intently to their conversation. It is no play of chance that Rasmus B. Anderson has spent his life in gathering data about the Norwegian people.

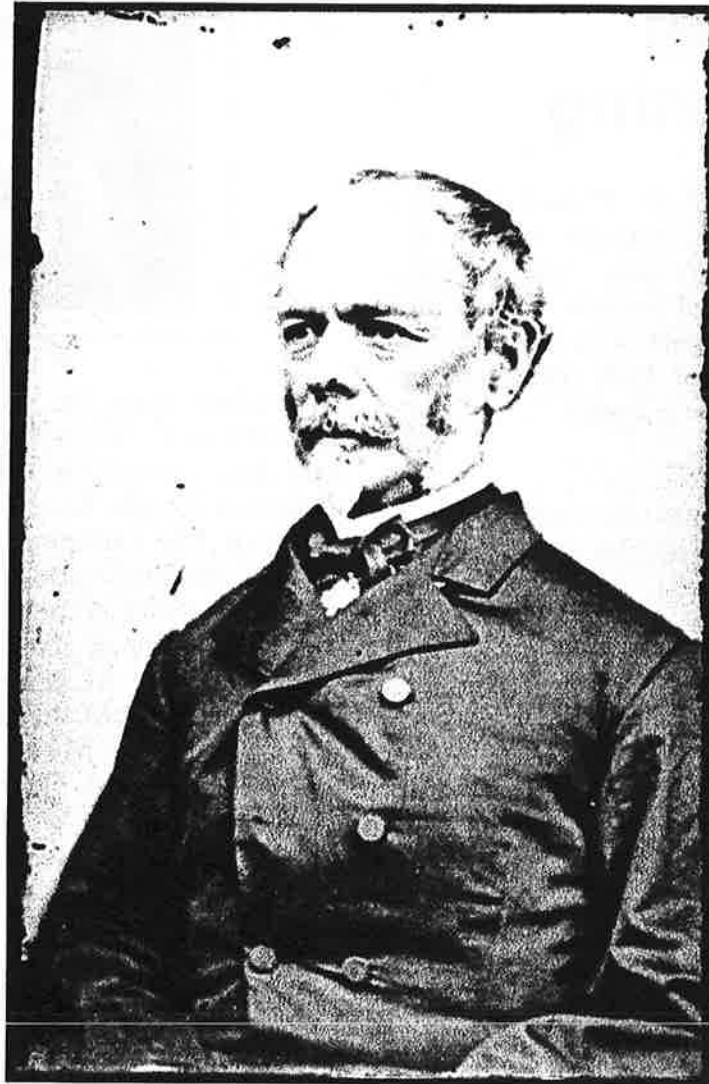
Albert Amundson, Dina's half-brother (the widow Mrs. Kvelve married Ingebrit Amundson), a bachelor farmer on Koshkonong, liked to play at giving medicine. He carried a spoon and a bottle in his pocket as most boys carry a jackknife. If a guest at the house consented to take a dose of Albert's patent medicine (the patient usually spit it out again), Albert would say very much concerned, "Now you must be sure to keep that on your stomach if you want to get well." Albert Amundson was a physician in Cambridge, Wisconsin, for many years, and now his son Carl is in his

father's office.

Probably the most peculiar was Abel, another brother. In fact, he was so odd that some even intimated that he was not quite

so bright as the others. It was a by-word to say, "Abel just sits and thinks." But the mother understood that the boy was not stupid at all. In the morning, even before he had time to put on his clothes, Abel would go outside and preach to an imaginary audience. Years later when he had attended Concordia Seminary, St. Louis only two years, this boy who had been so eager to sermonize, was told by the Reverend H.A. Preus, [second] President of the Synod, that he was fit for the ministry although he had not finished his theological course. Abel said that he needed another year of study. H.A.

Preus said, "We need a man like you at Muskegon, Michigan. The Reverend Abel Anderson served in the Lutheran ministry for more than 40 years.



Gen. Joseph E. "Old Joe" Johnston led the Confederate Army's last major attack against the Union Army, under Gen. W.T. Sherman, at the Battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, in March of 1865. Dina worked for Johnston before the Civil War.

## Preus Featured Speaker at June Meeting

Reverend Daniel Preus, Director of the Concordia Historical Institute, will be the featured speaker at the June, 2001 meeting of the ELS Historical Society. Preus will present the topic, "Learn It or Lose It: The Life and Teaching of H.A. Preus as Instruction for the Church Today."

Rev. Daniel O.S. Preus was born March 7, 1949 at Mayville, North Dakota, the son of the Rev. Dr. Robert D. And Donna (nee Rockman) Preus. He is married to Linda Louise Craig and has five children: Seth, Rebekah, Erik, Kirsten, and Dirk.

Preus is a 1975 graduate of Concordia Theological Seminary, Springfield, Illinois, with a Master of Divinity degree, and a concentration in the area of historical theology. He spent one year of college and one year of his seminary training at the Lutherische Theologische Hochschule at Oberursel, Germany, a school of the Missouri Synod's partner church, the Independent Evangelical Lutheran Church of Germany. He has a Master of Sacred Theology (S.T.M.) degree from the Fort Wayne Seminary, with a major in historical theology.

Pastor Preus has served parishes in Hobart, Indiana; Truman, Minnesota; and Oak Park, Illinois. He came to Concordia Historical Institute from his most recent parish, Shepherd of the Springs Lutheran Church, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Rev.



Preus has been the pastoral delegate to the 1981 and 1992 synodical conventions, and has served on the Indiana District Board of Youth, the Board for Parish Services of The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, and the Synod's Advisory Committee on Church Literature. He served as Circuit Counselor of the Truman, Minnesota Circuit of the Minnesota South District and has also held the position of pastoral counselor of the Minnesota South District of the Lutheran Women's Missionary League. In 1988, he received the "Servus Christi Ecclesiae" award from Concordia Theological Seminary, Fort Wayne.



## Koren Celebration

Friday, June 29-Sunday, July 1, 2001, Washington Prairie Lutheran Church (ELCA) rural Decorah, Iowa, will host a 150th anniversary celebration of the work of Reverend Ulrik Vilhelm Koren, who began that congregation, and dozens of others in northeast Iowa,

For more information, please contact Washington Prairie Church at (563) 382-3247, or visit the website at: [www.faithodyssey.com](http://www.faithodyssey.com).



Despite the economic emergency of our times, Mrs. Torgerson feels that it is sin to talk about over-production. "God may punish us by sending us the seven lean years," she explained. Grandmother, you understand, cannot forget the poverty and the crop failures among the early settlers. "There was one year when the chinch bug ate up our wheat, and then attacked the corn. So hungry were they that they ate the stalks down to the ground and all we could see was the yellow pumpkins which the farmers had planted in every fourth row. That fall the hogs were fed on pumpkins.

"But this I tell you: East Koshkonong had a very pious congregation (*Kristelig Menighet*). Both at home and at church the members of the congregation prayed to be delivered from the plague of the chinch bug. And late that September their prayers were heard. All the chinch bugs crawled together in big piles, and there, heaped up, they died in masses. Along the road there were big mounds of chinch bugs which the *kubberulles* rolled over, and down by the creek, heavy rains washed away the chinch bugs with the flood."

It was at East Koshkonong in February, 1853 that the Norwegian pastors and lay delegates assembled to write the constitution of the Synod. Although Dina was not ten years old, she recalls that her mother housed a delegate from Port Washington. One evening this man returned late for supper, and when Mrs. Kvelve wanted to know if something unusual had happened to cause the delay, the delegate answered, "Oh, it was only because Nils Brandt preached too long a sermon."

While talking about Mrs. A.C. Preus, who was a relative of Mrs. Kvelve, Grandmother said, "*Jeg var som et barn i huset*" (I was like one of their own children). The first president of the Synod was so anxious to have Dina for a nursemaid that when he

had moved from Koshkonong to Chicago, the Reverend Preus came back to Wisconsin to get his own maid.

"I was about eighteen years old that winter in Chicago. After I was through at the parsonage, Reverend Preus encouraged me to try to find some work in the city. And in whose house do you suppose I landed? For five months I was nursemaid in the home of the Mr. Johnston who later became the Confederate general. His house was immense; one day I counted fifty rooms. Mrs. Johnston had two maids besides me, and one man to do the heavier work. About the only time either one of the parents came into the nursery to see their children was when the mother hid herself in my two rooms to cry over her troubles. As I was leaving, I of course said, 'Good-bye' to Mr. Johnston. He wanted to know where I was going. I told him that I was bound for Milwaukee to see my brothers. 'You should have told me that before,' he said, 'and I probably could have gotten you a railroad pass.'"

In 1866 the young Dina Kvelve became the bride of T.A. Torgerson who was serving congregations in Worth County, Iowa. This parish was at the time the farthest west of the Norwegian congregations in America.

Besides his organized congregations, Torger Torgerson had a mission field of more than a hundred miles of new settlements in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. After I had asked Grandmother to relate stories from the days when she was a pastor's wife on this frontier, she said with a turning of her wheelchair, "I will if you won't call me '*prestefrue*.' The children in our congregation couldn't understand what the word *frue* meant. They heard the older people speak of a *frue* and somehow the boys and girls got the idea that this creature was a bogey woman. I

(continued on page 10)

## "Hymns in My Heart"

(The following letter was written by Liz Cox, to her parents, Reverend Norman and Amanda Madson, in 1993.)

*Dear Dad and Mom,*

*Years ago, when my chin still rested comfortably on the pew in front of me and it was still possible to dangle my legs during the sermon, I liked hymns. I can assure you that it wasn't because I appreciated the harmonies. It wasn't because I was aware of the rich doctrine packed into those little verses. And it wasn't because I had any idea who wrote them or what they meant to my Lutheran heritage. Frankly, I was also clueless as to what most of the hymns were trying to say.*

*I liked them because of three words: I knew them. I didn't know back then that I liked them because I knew them. I just knew them. And liked them. Two unrelated concrete facts that I never thought twice about until adulthood beckoned and mundane matters of one's childhood all of a sudden become terribly important.*

*Almost every evening of my childhood ended the same way. I'd get my pajamas on, brush my teeth and slide under the covers. Mom would droopily follow me, collapse on my bed, open a book and begin. I never wondered throughout the day what would happen next on the Banks of Plum Creek but as soon as that toothpaste cover was screwed back on Laura's life seemed a lot more important than mine.*

*Mom would read. I would imagine. She accomplished several things with this nightly routine. Very often she would snooze. Right in the middle of a sentence. Her words would warble, her lower lip droop and her head nod forward. I'd nudge her and she'd spring back to life, resume her sentence and go on sleepily, trying her oh, so hardest to stay awake.*

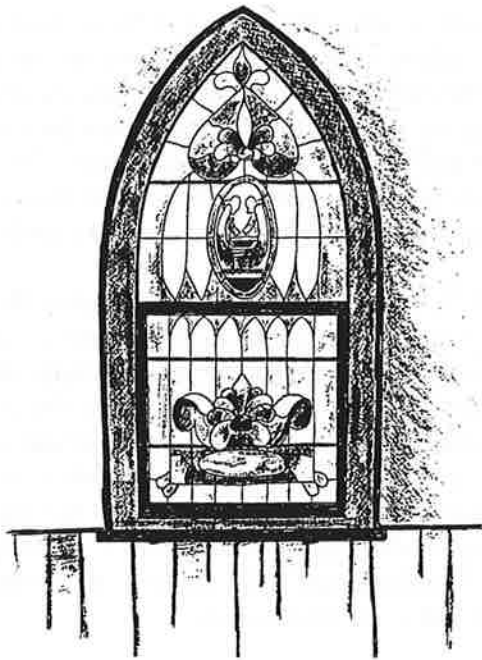
*She also taught me a love for words. She didn't just read. She talked. And the pages came to life through her. I knew what words meant just by how she said them. I credit her for the sometimes frustrating, sometimes thrilling feeling of living a life knowing there's a book inside of me, waiting to be written.*

*She also told me she loved me. Not with the usual three words. I can't remember ever hearing them. But I didn't need to. Both Dad and Mom's love was action, not statements.*

*When it became clear that Mom's eyes were terminally drooped, she'd finish a chapter and we'd launch into prayers. There were three prayers and they each had a meter, that glorious characteristic of rhyme that makes a child feel safe. There are no surprises, there is order, and the same familiar lilting rhythmic accent on certain words made me feel like I belonged...at least with Mom, anyway. She accentuated the same words and we were a team.*

After prayers, we'd launch into hymns. I got to choose. Mom must have sung hymns to me while I was in still the womb and with some healthy degree of consistency because I had a whole stack of them to choose from by age eight. I don't remember learning them. They were always just there. They followed me around too, like a shadow I couldn't shake. They came with me to the playground. They were with me in church. They joined me in the Juves' tobacco field where I'd sometimes sing them to the rhythm of my steps while I transplanted plants that Rebecca and Jane missed.

Without a doubt, "Built on the Rock" was my favorite for many years, though I had no idea what the hymn was saying. As far as I knew, it was a hymn about church steeples and the steeple at Koshkonong was indeed quite a steeple so it all made perfect sense. I also thought it neat that it mentioned Shirley Temple in the second verse. Besides that, the melody was thrilling and I felt ten years older when I sang it, usually with brow furrowed and a strong urge to march.



Those hymns learned at bedtime by osmosis would prove to be the hymns that are embedded deepest in my heart. Everything about them is special to me now; their words, and melodies, and even their punctuation. It was many years before I realized that each line was not a complete sentence. I sometimes wondered why the hymn writers forgot to include periods. "The Sun Has Gone Down," "I Pray Thee, Dear Lord Jesus," "Now the Day is Over", I sing with a sense of ownership. They are "my" hymns.

I wasn't ready to HAVE TO learn hymns. School came into my life and before I knew it, hymns lost their romantic, fuzzy appeal. They became drudgery. It probably wouldn't have been so bad except that memorizing things seemed to go against every grain in my body.

Every Friday we had to stand before our teacher, alone, vulnerable and unsure and recite the hymn for the week. Too many mistakes didn't cut it and I would be sent back to my desk to refresh my memory for one last try. Desperately I'd repeat the problem lines, over and over, eyes closed and head often times slowly nodding back and forth, as if that would somehow help the lines sink in faster.

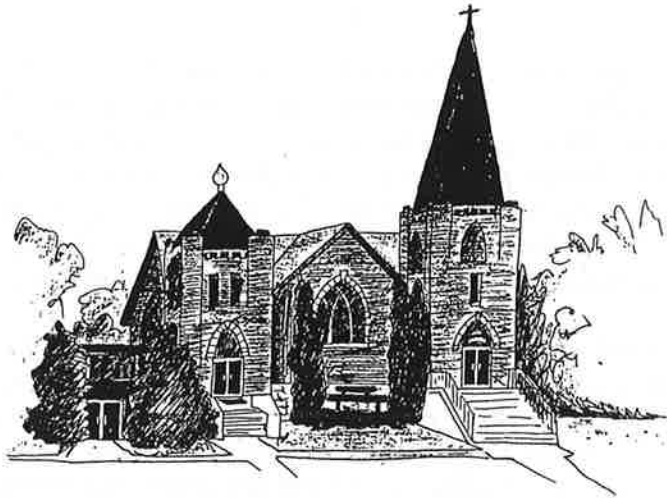
Memorizing got easier. Sometimes I would camp out behind the living room couch, equipped with a glass full of energy pills in the form of raisins, macaronis, and marshmallows. For every line I said by heart I'd reward myself with an energy pill. That discipline normally didn't last and energy pills were awarded for every word I said, memorized or not.

If it was an extra long hymn with extra long verses I'd sometimes go over to the church and preach it to an invisible congregation. If I was absolutely positive no one was



*around, I'd go up to the balcony and sing it in my most operatic voice possible.*

*Hymnology seemed to come to a climax when Mr. Rude (his real name and one of my three favorite teachers of all time) handed out the sheet with "Behold a Host" on it. It looked like a doozy and after a quick count I gasped in disbelief. Twelve lines. How on earth could he expect us to learn a twelve-line hymn, much less three verses of it?*



*I didn't cry very often but this hymn produced some tears. I struggled. I tried lying under the love seat, standing behind the drapes and even sitting like a normal person on a chair. I sat in the maple tree, the willow tree, and on the riding lawn mower. I just could not get it. Mom must have sensed my frustration because she calmly came over to the drapes and said she'd help me. Now, 18 years later, the words to that hymn spill out of my mouth like the Lord's Prayer and I finally know what they mean. What a beautiful hymn. What a beautiful melody. I'm so glad I have it in my heart. Hymns after that were a cinch.*

*Though hymnology in school was distasteful, even back then I couldn't deny or ignore the thrill I got when I was in the company of a large group singing a hymn I knew. I enjoyed singing with the school kids in front of church on Sundays but I enjoyed more sitting in the congregation and realizing that the organist was introducing a hymn I already knew. I'd observe everyone reaching for a hymnary, wondering if anyone was simultaneously observing that I was not. And then we'd sing. To sit in a beautiful church with a big congregation, singing a four-verse hymn from memory was enough to send shivers up my legs. Before I learned to be dignified, I would sing while looking around at others, hoping to impress someone. When I learned what dignity was, I understood why Mom would sing her hymns looking straight ahead, never wiggling her head even just a little.*

*Two hymn-related accounts stand out in my mind. The first is vague and I don't remember the age, but I attended what I think was my first funeral. John Dahl, one of those elderly members who helps make a congregation seem more like your family than a congregation, passed away and throngs of people packed the church. I sat in the balcony with the 28 or so other school kids (K-8) waiting to sing "Children of the Heavenly Father." As I waited, I remember noting the sentence painted on the altar: "Det er Fuldbragt." I knew it meant "It is Finished" and inwardly remarked that it was rather appropriate for the occasion. Then, right before we were to sing, I remember thinking, "Why are we singing THIS hymn?" John Dahl is certainly not a "children." We sang. It was beautiful. And everyone wept. We sat down, and I found myself repeating the words of the hymn in my mind. I had known the hymn for years but had never taken the time to discover what they said. At the end of verse four I concluded that John Dahl was a "children" and it was probably one of the most beautiful hymns we could have sung.*



*The other hymn story took place at my Grandma Tjernagel's. She intrigued me. She lived alone in her house. She never said "good-bye" when she hung up the telephone, and she had a mystery cat that in all the years we visited her, I maybe saw three times. She made the world's best sugar cookies and I don't know how she did it, but Wheaties at her house, in her green bowls, always tasted ten times better than they did at my house.*

*At bedtime, I'd take my place at the bathroom sink and stand in awe while Grandma removed her teeth. She never said much and I couldn't get over how slowly she did everything. I'd get tucked in, underneath the white bedspread with lumps on it and hope the train would wake me up at midnight. But before I'd fall asleep, I'd always listen for the familiar sound from Grandma's bedroom. Slowly, with a soft, mellow voice, and a tremor that only an old person can have, she'd sing all seven verses of "If Thou But Suffer God to Guide Thee." One time I snuck out of my room and spied on her while she sang. She lay on her back with her hands folded over her front, and eyes closed. And she looked so sad that I told myself I'd never spy on her again. Many times I'd sing along with her softly from my bedroom the verses I knew and I told myself that some day I'd memorize all seven. Grandma was a lot of things but in the evenings it became clear to me that lonely was one of them.*

*Now I'm old. Not as old as Grandma, but old enough to look around at the little kids at church and feel years away from them. I teach them hymns now and their brains are sponges; I guess that means mine used to be a sponge. How I regret not packing more hymns into that sponge as a kid. As far as memorizing goes, I think my brain has calcified. I have managed, however, over a course of time that I dare not reveal, to commit a few more verses to memory. I recently found myself obsessed with the Hymnary that I grew up with. Soon, a "new" Hymnary will take its place and I shuddered at the thought that some of the hymns I knew and even some of the hymns I had never sung, would be lost in oblivion. So I played them all and read them all and now have a mastr list of "Hymnary Gems" that will go into my file of "Important Stuff." I will always admire those individuals, past and present, with the ability to put God's Word into verses, clothed with melodies that in and of themselves sometimes offer strength and comfort.*

[Liz poured her love for hymns into artwork, producing a line of calligraphy greeting cards she calls "Hymns in My Heart" (what else?). These are available at the Bethany Lutheran College Bookstore, Mankato, Minnesota. You can also contact Liz at 3848 Major Avenue, Robbinsdale, MN 55422, e-mail her at: lizcox1@yahoo.com, or call her at (763) 535-4555.]



## **Singing with the Lutherans**

**by Garrison Kellor**

I have made fun of Lutherans for years—who wouldn't if you lived in Minnesota? But I have also sung with Lutherans and that is one of the main joys of life, along with hot baths and fresh sweet corn.

We make fun of Lutherans for their blandness, their excessive calm, their fear of giving

offense, their constant guilt that burns like a pilot light, their lack of speed and also for their secret fondness for macaroni and cheese. But nobody sings like them.

If you ask an audience in New York City, a relatively "Lutheranless" place, to sing along on the chorus of "Michael Row the Boat Ashore" they will look daggers at you as if you had asked them to strip to their underwear.

But if you do this among Lutherans they'll smile and row that boat ashore and up on the beach and down the road. Lutherans are bred from childhood to sing in four-part harmony. It's a talent that comes from sitting on the lap of someone singing alto or tenor or bass and hearing the harmonic intervals by putting your little head against that person's ribcage.

It's natural for Lutherans to sing in harmony. We're too modest to be soloists, too worldly to sing in unison. When you're singing in the key of C and you slide into the A7th and D7th chords, all two-hundred of you, it's an emotionally fulfilling moment.

I once sang the bass line of "*Children of the Heavenly Father*" in a room with about three thousand Lutherans in it; and when we finished we all had tears in our eyes, partly from the promise that God will not forsake us, partly from the proximity of all those lovely voices. By our joining in harmony, we somehow promise that we will not forsake each other.

I do believe this: people, these Lutherans, who love to sing in four-part harmony, are the sort of people you could call up when you're in deep distress. If you're dying, they'll comfort you. If you're lonely, they'll talk to you. And if you're hungry, they'll give you tuna salad!

[Essay used with permission from the author: "*Robin---You go right ahead and use that essay and just say I wrote it and spell my name right. Garrison Keillor*"]



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*(Torgerson, continued from page 5)*

had to tell the people to call me just plain *Mrs.*, a word everybody understood, before I could make friends with the children."

Because young Torgerson had come as a theologian graduate from St. Louis where there had been some sympathy for the South during the Civil War, the pastor frequently was compelled to defend himself against the charge that he was a "rebel." "My husband," said Grandmother, "was raised in Wisconsin and he had served as lieutenant in a regiment organized for the Union Army in St. Louis. But there were some who insisted that the new preacher was dangerous: he would possibly advocate the policy of selling wives and children as slaves to pay debts. Nor were these troublemakers satisfied with small talk; they lay along the roadside yelling, 'Secessionist, secessionist!' as the minister drove by."

(In **Part Two**, Dina recounts more stories - exciting and sometimes frightening - of life as a pioneer pastor's wife).



# ELS Historical Society

## Fifth Annual Meeting

Saturday, June 9, 2001  
Bethany Lutheran College  
Mankato, Minnesota

9:30 am - Registration & Coffee—Dining Center, Great Room

10:00 am - Devotion—Trinity Chapel

10:30 am - Daniel Preus, Director of the Concordia Historical Institute  
Learn it or lose it: The Life and Teaching of H. A. Preus as Instruction for the Church Today.

12:00 noon - Luncheon in the Great Room

1:00 pm - *150 years of History: Portage, Newport congregation, Wisconsin Dells*

*Presentation of the C. U. Faye Collection to the ELS Archives*  
W. C. Gullixson,  
Christopher Faye

2:30 pm - Historical Society Business Meeting

1. Call to order
2. Secretary's Report
3. Board of Directors' Report
4. Treasurer's Report
5. Editor's Report
6. Elections: Nominations from Board of Directors  
two positions
  - a. Albin Levorson (three year term)
  - b. Eric Olsen (three year term to replace Gerhard Lee)
7. Old business
8. New business
9. Adjournment

3:00 pm - Coffee



Evangelical Lutheran Synod  
Historical Society  
6 Browns Court  
Mankato, MN 56001

## Photo-Dating Article Published

The article, "Using Clothing Styles to Date Photographs of Women" by Laurann Gilbertson, is featured in the March, 2001 edition of *The Hoosier Genealogist*, the magazine of the Indiana Historical Society. Gilbertson, who is the textile curator at Vesterheim Norwegian-American Museum, Decorah, Iowa, presented this topic at the June, 2000 meeting of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod Historical Society. Copies of this issue can be ordered on-line at: [www.indianahistory.org](http://www.indianahistory.org). You can also write to the society at 450 West Ohio Street, Indianapolis, IN, 46202-3269. Copies are \$4.00.

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Editor: Robin Ouren.

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**Oak Leaves** welcomes articles of both synodical and local significance for publication. Articles may be edited for style, clarity, or length to allow for publication. Submitted manuscripts will be deposited in the archives of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

### Membership

All membership  
renewals due **June 1**

#### Voting Membership:

\$10/year: individual  
\$15/year: husband &  
wife

#### Associate Membership:

\$15/year: individual  
\$25/year: institution.  
\$5/year: student