



# Oak Leaves

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## Wars and Rumors of Wars

by Herman Harstad

On the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of November 1918 a cease fire agreement silenced the rifles, artillery, and bombs of World War I. H.G. Wells and President Wilson described it as a war to end all wars. It is estimated that 8,500,000 soldiers died of wounds and diseases. The total military and civilian casualties was about 37,000,000. We see all too clearly from the perspective of almost a hundred years that those who believed in the perfectibility of man or those who longed for permanent peace had their hopes dashed. Jesus said, in the end times, "You will hear of wars and rumors of wars..." (Matt. 24:6). He went on to say, "Nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom..." (Matt. 24:7)

The Old Testament history of God's chosen people is filled with accounts of recurring wars. In 2 Chronicles 20, the Moabites and Ammonites with some of the Meunites came to make war on King Jehoshaphat and Judah. The king declared a fast and prayed to the Lord in front of an assembly at the temple. He concluded his prayer by saying, "O our God, will you not judge them? For we have no power to face this vast army that is attacking us. We do not know what to do, but our eyes are upon you." (Vs. 12) Then the Spirit of the Lord came upon Jahaziel, a Levite. He stood up in the assembly and said, "Listen, King Jehoshaphat and all who live in Judah and Jerusalem! This is what the LORD says to you: 'Do not be afraid or discouraged because of this vast army. For the battle is not yours, but God's.'" (Vs.

Olaf J. Tjernagel, inducted June 12, 1942. Discharged Nov. 12, 1945. His uncle Nehemias Tjernagel wrote, "News and private letters from camps and the later battle fronts kept us between hope and fear. Suspense. Victory made for glorious peace once more and the return of Olaf unscathed."

15) Then Jehoshaphat appointed a choir to go out in front of the army. "As they began to sing and praise, the LORD set ambushes against the men of Ammon and Moab and Mount Seir who were invading Judah, and they were defeated." (Vs. 22)

Perhaps the expression, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" was inspired by Jehoshaphat's army. In any event, men and women from the ELS have served in many wars the United States has been involved in. Many probably longed for a direct revelation from God as they faced the enemy as Jehoshaphat's army received. But we now have God's complete revelation to mankind in the 66

books of the Bible. God speaks to us through his word and he promised never to leave or forsake his people even in the chaos of war.

Sorting through letters my Uncle Olaf Tjernagel kept

while serving in the United States Army during World War II, I thought the following letter sent by his pastor in 1943 would be of interest to readers of *Oak Leaves*. These letters of encouragement from our clergy must have been a breath of fresh air to the lonely Christian soldier. Also a message from Rev. Hugo Handberg is included that reminds servicemen that God never leaves us nor forsakes us. Rev. Handberg knew from personal experience the challenges of dealing with the temptations and anxieties of military life. His message also applies to us today as we serve Him, our "faithful Friend," in our respective vocations. ■



\* \* \* \* \*

Buckeye Ia. Febr.10th.1943

Dear Men in Service:-

Your pastor is now really serving 3 congregations. The one in Buckeye, temporarily the one in Story City, and the men in service from both congregations. This last has really grown into quite a number. We are very anxious to keep all of you at all times close to your only Savior, Jesus Christ. During these perilous times our God is sending us all thru a school of loving discipline to draw us closer to Himself. May we at all times be truly penitent of all sin and be found in true firm saving faith in Jesus Christ who you know, lived and died to save us from all sin and bless us with the firm hope of Heaven. May God's gracious purpose in this time be realized in the life and experience of each and everyone. As you train, prepare, and actually engage in bitter battle, remember that the Christian life is also a warfare. Therefore fight the good fight of faith, we are more than conquerors thru Christ who loved us. "O watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er; renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore."

To this end I rejoice to hear from so many of you that you take every possible opportunity to attend our services. "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God." "Ye are kept by the power of God thru faith unto salvation." "If ye continue in my Word, then are ye my disciples indeed and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." May God bless His Word so that these sacred Words may characterize you. "Ye are strong and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

Please remember to return your communion card to us every year or when full. I rejoiced to receive a record recently which showed an attendance of 6 times for 1942. Partake of the Lord's Supper frequently but remember to receive it only from some representative of our own Lutheran Church. If you have lost your communion card, your service prayer book or are not receiving the monthly publication "Loyalty" or other customary literature, please notify me and I will try to help you get this important literature.

We regret that according to reports many of you must live in an atmosphere of terrible

cursing and swearing, gambling, drunkenness and other irregularities. May the Lord give you all strength to resist and overcome all these vices and evil habits. Remember also God wants you to live a morally clean, pure and holy life. According to Gene Tunney (Reader's Digest, fall of 1942) the American Expeditionary Force in 1917 suffered 100,000 more casualties from venereal disease than from enemy bullets. By studying God's Word and by calling Jesus in prayer you can secure the power and assistance of heaven and successfully overcome every temptation to impurity. Shun obscene and licentious reading matter and all dirty stories and avoid bad companions. Remember your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost. Stay away from the worldly dance.

According to our Buckeye 1942 financial report some of you men sent home larger contributions than several lads (to their shame) who are able to stay here at home gave for the support of the congregation. Congratulations to you and may Jesus bless you for your offerings. We are happy that many of you Buckeye lads tell us you received the Christmas box we sent you. We hope that it will be possible to remember you again sometime.

It is very cold here today but spring is not so far away, we hope, even though Easter comes later this year than it ever will again this century. [We] Hope that before another spring all of you will be back on the farm or in some other civilian occupation. In the mean time God bless you lads in air, on land, and sea. Where'er you go, whatever you may dare, God ever keep you in His gracious care. May you find comfort, courage and constant cheer from Jesus your Savior's Word's "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." [I/We would] Be pleased to hear from you if you have time to write.

Sincerely, **Your Pastor, E W M Brewer**

(A handwritten note at the bottom of the page said: "We have a Lutheran Service Center at the 101 1/2 E Sangamon Ave. Rantoul Ill. Rev S W Nothnagel is in charge.")

(Peter T. Harstad notes that Pastor Brewer was probably a LCMS pastor. The Tjernagels and a few other people engaged such clergy to serve them at Bethany, the small "synod" church on family property, for a number of years. "Bethany" still exists as a congregation, but it is based in Ames, Iowa.)

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# A Service Message

by Rev. Hugo Handberg,

Mt. Olive Lutheran Church, Mankato, MN.

Published by Armed Service Commission  
of The Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

(Date not listed. It is possibly from the mid 60s.)

(Rev. Hugo Handberg pictured in Parkland Lutheran Church's 100th anniversary booklet which included biographical information; condensed below.)



Rev. Hugo John Handberg was a lifelong member of the ELS, baptized and confirmed at Fairview Lutheran Church in Minneapolis. (Note: The Fairview and Emmaus

congregations later merged in the late 1960s to become King of Grace, Golden Valley, Minnesota.) He attended public schools and then attended Bethany Lutheran High School, graduating in 1943. He attended Bethany Lutheran College for one year before leaving for military service. He served in the Army Air Force from 1944 through 1946 during World War II. Upon discharge from the army, he attended the University of Minnesota and then enrolled at Bethany Lutheran College to

concentrate on language study. He then entered Bethany Lutheran Seminary and graduated in June 1952.

Pastor Handberg's first call was to serve three congregations: Mayville, North Dakota, where he was ordained and where he and his bride Harriet

lived; Bygland, Minnesota (which relocated to East Grand Forks, Minnesota, while he served there); and a congregation in Sheyenne, North Dakota.



In 1959 he became pastor and principal at Mt. Olive Lutheran Church and School in Mankato, Minnesota. His ministry in Mankato included being the pastor for the young people attending Bethany Lutheran College.

In 1971 he accepted the call to become pastor of Parkland Lutheran Church, Tacoma, Washington. He served the congregation until he retired in 1988 after suffering a stroke.

Pastor Handberg filled many roles in the ELS as circuit visitor, synod vice-president, Bethany Lutheran College Board of Regents, and on various boards and committees. He was a contributing editor of the synod's publication, "The Lutheran Sentinel."

On March 21, 1990, at the age of 64, Pastor Handberg died and his soul was taken to its eternal rest by his Savior God. Pastor Handberg and his wife Harriet had six sons; Martin, Philip, David, Noel, Steven, and Daniel.

## When God Goes Into the Service

Not that the "big Brother" recruiter misled you. He was only doing his job. But he didn't tell you the half of it, did he? Military life, for a recruit, is bewildering!

I had my basic training on the hot sands of Colorado. Noses bled in the high altitudes. In the glare of the sun, lips cracked. It took some time to get that "hospital corner" just right on the bunk. Learning to sleep in a bay with 35 or 40 men wasn't easy — until we were so dog-tired we could've slept anywhere! We traded the gentle waking of a parent for the blast of an orderly's whistle in the morning. If mail came, gone was the bewilderment — for a moment. Mail meant old times, old places, old names again. But not for long!

You had a taste of bewilderment when you first sorted over the gear you were issued, didn't you? Learning to salute — How? When? Whom? — isn't easy at first. How do you get a weekend pass? How do you get paid? How long till a furlough?

Finally that first trip into town. Now it hits you that you're far from home. The streets are strange. The stores, people, sights, climate, — all strange. You've never felt so all alone in your life!

But, you see, it's just when you're feeling lonesome, just after that good letter, or after you've been paid but can't get a pass, that the devil tries to be cordial! If ever there was a willing companion, it's the devil — any hour, day or night! He can convince you that military life is boring, that you're unhappy. Or he can suggest friends whose choice of off-duty entertainment is something you won't write home about. If dice are rolling in the latrine on the night of pay-day, the devil can persuade you it won't hurt you to sample the sport! After all, what's a dollar or two? You aren't going to be in the army forever, are you?

Comes Sunday. The folks at home are in church. You think of how you used to take your place beside them. But the devil argues that, when you left home, you left church at home too. You left God at home. The folks, yes, can still worship Him, but here you are — all alone. God? In a barracks? In with this rough bunch? Surely He can't be! How can He be here with me?

Then comes that oh-so-logical argument: So why not live it up since you're all alone? Who will ever know? Who'll care? Be one of the boys! Talk big — drink — chase like the others.

Who'll know? I'll tell you. God will. Jacob once thought he left God at home, back at his father's tent at Beersheba. He pictured himself all alone in a strange place. But how wrong he was! God came to him in a dream, at the top of that ladder reaching to heaven, with His "I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. . . I will not leave thee." When Jacob woke and rubbed his eyes, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not." I knew it not! But God knew where Jacob was! God went with Jacob, watched over him, sheltered him in His mercy. God even repeated to Jacob His beautiful promise that a Savior would come. But it was all that Jacob might be comforted in his lonely flight from a brother who had murder in his heart.

Who'll care? God will. The same God who baptized you into His name. The God who has taught you His Word, taught you to know the truth about yourself and your sin. The God who's welcomed you to His sacramental table over and over again, who's told you of His Son's death, who's spoken His remission over your guilty

head as you've received the body and blood of Jesus. That God cares about you.

Though you be a thousand miles from home, family, and church, yet God knows about you and cares about you. He's as close to you as His Word. God loves you, the man under those government clothes. In His love He admonishes, "Flee youthful lusts." He urges His wisdom upon you, "Be not a companion of fools." He wants you to remember always, "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do."

But, no matter where you are, as you gather up your sins each day and bow before the Lord with a repentant heart — perhaps at your bunk or in a quiet corner of a day-room — God's mercy in Christ is there to comfort you. I urge that you read of that mercy daily in your testament. In the home of an Italian army captain, Peter once "preached peace by Jesus Christ," and assured sin-guilty hearts, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." Acts 10. Here was comfort indeed! Confident Paul told some Egyptian sailors, whose ship was adrift in a storm, "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve." Acts 27

Good words for Christian men in strange surroundings, Christian men tossed by the storms of life, Christian men surrounded by much sin! "The angels of God stand by me. I belong to Him. He loves me in Christ and forgives me. Him I serve."

Could you travel in better company? Are you really alone? Remember that God, your heavenly Father, goes with you, His Child, wherever you go. Go with a happy heart, then, and serve Him — and your nation — well. Your faithful Friend goes with you.

Amen!■



Aug. 10, 1986; Rev. Paul Anderson, Rev. George Orvick, and Rev. Hugo Handberg at a reception in Parkland Washington.

# Oline Hermanson

## female missionary to China

by Craig A. Ferkenstad  
July 2013

(Condensed from her autobiography.)

A young woman by the name of Oline Hermanson, who was born at Norseland, Minnesota in 1864, writes, *“I was always very fond of reading, and books and papers on missions appealed to me most. I pictured the missionaries [as] happy people who could go out to the heathen who knew nothing about God, and spend their lives in that way. It never occurred to me that I could become a missionary, but [I] was glad to send others.”*

The Norwegian Synod did not directly begin foreign mission work until 1912 when the Rev. George Lillegard accepted a call to serve as a missionary in China. This did not, however, mean that foreign mission work was not of concern to the members of the Norwegian Synod! In those early days, mission work was conducted by independent mission societies such as the “Norwegian Foreign Missionary Society” which was established in 1842 in Stavanger, Norway and especially supported mission work in southern Africa. Yet missionaries had not yet been sent to foreign lands from within the membership of the Norwegian Synod.

The first Norwegian Synod missionary to set foot on foreign soil was Pastor Lauritz Carlsen who was born in Norway in 1842 and, at the age of thirty-seven years, went to Australia and remained there for eight years.

It appears that the first female missionary to come out from the Norwegian Synod was Miss Oline Hermanson who arrived in China in 1893.

The Hauge Synod supported a mission in China which had been started, in 1888, by an individual from Norway. In 1890 his son, along with another

man from Norway by the name of Sigvald Netland, traveled in the United States for six months pleading the cause of the mission in China and seeking to organize a mission society. Oline attended one of these meetings. About this meeting she writes, *“That evening I wrote home to ask if I could send in my application to go to China... my parents gave their consent and asked God’s blessing on me. So my application went in to the [society’s] Mission Board.”* That autumn, Oline studied deaconess training at Augsburg College in Minneapolis (United Norwegian Lutheran Church).

While a student, Oline attended a meeting of the newly-organized China Mission Society in Brookings, South Dakota and at that meeting, along with another young woman, she was called by the society as a missionary to China. The center of the work was at Hankow where Danish and Swedish Lutherans had established fields and where, nineteen years later, the Missouri Synod also would establish a mission. It took three days to sail from San Francisco to Shanghai where the twenty-eight year old woman and her traveling companion were welcomed by many missionaries from China who warned them about the dangers of travel inland because many missionaries had been killed. But they pressed forward and, after two days in Shanghai, made a four-day trip up the Yangtze River. Upon arriving in Hankow in January 1893, Oline studied the Chinese language and also helped care for the sick.

Little did Oline know that one year after her arrival in China, she would marry Pastor Sigvald Netland whom she had first heard speak four years earlier. They were sent to Fancheng, which was several hundred miles up the Han River. They had a supply of medicine and medical instruments and Oline writes, *“If we had not had this, I don’t know how we would have fared.”* She also writes, *“As we were helping the sick, we also used the opportunity to tell them of the Great Physician and soon had many friends.”* They soon began a school and a street chapel. After only two years of marriage, Sigvald Netland died at the age of twenty-eight years and was buried in China. Oline returned to the United States with two small daughters.



*“In 1927 my vacation was due, but on account of the Revolution and the Communists’ uprising, we all had to come home... I thank God for the years He gave me to work in China, and I thank Him that now when I cannot go out and work any longer, I can pray for the work and those who are in the work. One day I hope to meet many of the dear Chinese again, who have gone to their rest.”*

Although Oline Hermanson was no longer a member of the Norwegian Synod when she served in China, she is a historically significant individual as the first foreign missionary who was baptized and confirmed in a Norwegian Synod congregation. She also is remembered as one of the first Norwegian-American female missionaries in that nation. ■

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From the Bethany Scroll, December 13, 1963

## And A Great Man Has Passed Us By

Upon her return to China, in 1901, Oline went to the Hankow mission station where a hospital was being constructed. Soon the missionary’s wife became ill and he had to leave the field. The responsibility to run the station fell to Oline with two evangelists and three teachers to assist her. At that time, the missionaries ordered groceries and clothing from Montgomery Ward.

Oline traveled to China four times in the capacity of a missionary. She endured illness and discouragement. The missionaries were forced to flee during the Boxer Rebellion and again during the Revolution of 1911 when anti-foreign and anti-Christian sentiment was sweeping the country; but she also comments that *“instead of killing out the Christians and doing away with Christianity, it was a means to open up the country to the gospel.”*

She served the mission field in China over a period of thirty-four years (1893-1927). She writes,

He only stayed a short while. It seemed only yesterday that he was with us. Now he is gone and we can never see him again. We all will miss him. He still seems so very close and real to us; at times we could almost reach out and touch his hand.

What he did for us we can never repay. He gave us courage to stand straight when our shoulders slumped. He helped us fight against those who would destroy us. He urged us not to fight those who were our equals. He showed us how to make our nation strong. Many times he sojourned to far places in search of friends, bearing gifts of the love and help of a great America.

To those he leaves behind, he becomes a symbol not to touch or gaze upon but a symbol of dignity, courage, and the strength we shall forever remember.

While there be those who tried to destroy him they have not succeeded. No man can destroy the memory he leaves behind in the hearts of all American citizens. No man can destroy the ideals of democracy which he died for.

For the Lord God uttered his voice and **John Fitzgerald Kennedy** passed us by into the eternal world beyond.

*Beth Hausmann*

# Weekdays at Follinglo Farm, Story City, Iowa

by Martha Karina (Tjernagel) Harstad  
(1904-2000)

as told to Joan (Schneider) Harstad

Originally published in the April 1999 issue of *Family Times*, a newsletter for the descendants of Adolph and Martha Harstad.



I remember from when I was a child that each day of the week had specific chores that needed to be done by the women of Follinglo.

**MONDAY: Wash day**  
Sunday night everything was readied for Monday morning wash day. The clothes were all sorted by

color in piles all over the kitchen floor. Wash day began at 5:00 am. A huge bowl of rice was put into the oven with seeded raisins in it. This could stay there all morning while we washed clothes. At noon it was ready and we ate this for lunch along with pickled herring and maybe bread and applesauce. We put butter, sugar, and cinnamon on the rice.

The first clothes washing chore was to fill the large copper boiler with water and set it on the kitchen range to boil. Grandpa Ole Andreas kept the fire going in the stove, feeding it wood and corn cobs. If anyone came in and left the door open, he'd always say, "Lokk igjen! Close the door!" The boiler would be refilled and reheated several times during the day. Of course the water was very hard, so we used a couple tablespoons of lye to soften it. Soon all the chemicals would rise to the top and we would skim it all off. Then the water was very soft and nice.

The first to be washed was all the white things. This included everything from sheets and linen tablecloths to white shirts, socks, and dishtowels. The white things were boiled. We used home-made soap in this water, or else we would cut up a bar of Naptha soap. We'd use a long stick to

move the things around in the water until they were clean. Then we'd twirl things around that long stick and pull them out of the water. They then went into the two washtubs of rinse water. The second tub always had bluing added to it. The bluing was a little blue ball. You'd tie several of these balls in a little piece of cloth and then squeeze it until you had enough bluing in the water. There was a hand-operated clothes wringer screwed onto the side of the washtub, and the sheets or clothes would go through that to wring out the water.

The colored things were washed in an old washer that had an agitator you had to work by hand. Since that was such heavy work, Unko [Martha's uncle Nehemias Tjernagel] would always do that chore. These things also went through the rinse water and the wringer. The white shirts had the collar, cuffs, and sometimes the front placket dipped into starch, then all was hung on the line to dry.

Washing was done this way all year long, even in the winter. If it was very cold, the things would all freeze on the clothesline. Later we brought them into the house and put them on several big drying racks by stoves in various rooms. Other things were draped over the chairs and table in the dining room. For some reason, the things that had frozen on the line didn't take very long to dry when they were brought in. One time we had a big bedspread that had frozen on the clothesline. When we took it off the line it broke right in half! So we had to be careful when we took down frozen wash.

I remember Grandma Martha Karina couldn't stand all the dampness. Her asthma would kick in when she breathed all that damp air. Monday night we would spread out big piles of clothes on the kitchen table, sprinkle them with water, then roll them up and put them into a basket, because Tuesday was...

**TUESDAY: Ironing day**  
Tuesday was the day we ironed everything we had washed on Monday, even the sheets.

We had several ironing boards my dad had made and two or three of us would stand and iron. We started that task on Tuesday morning, though not as early as we had begun on Monday. There were several irons that were put on the kitchen range

to heat. We each had a detachable wooden handle and would keep changing the irons as they cooled off. We had to be careful we didn't scorch things when we first took an iron off the range. It got very hot in the kitchen with the range going, but ironing was a big job that had to be done.

#### WEDNESDAY: **Patching day**

Many patches were sewn onto barnyard overalls that had tears in them. Socks were also mended. Work socks usually got patches on the holes, but dress socks had to be darned. To do this we put a rounded wooden piece into the sock. We'd use darning thread and weave a patch in the hole. Wednesday was also the day we did sewing. We made all the pajamas ourselves rather than buy them. We made flannel pajamas in the winter and cotton in summer. We also sewed aprons and everyday dresses. Once in awhile we'd have a quilting bee. A bunch of ladies would come over and quilt all day long. Sometimes I had to babysit for their children.

#### THURSDAY: **Cleaning day**

We began to clean on Thursday, getting ready for the visitors who would be coming on Sunday. Cleaning jobs were things like washing the floors and windows, dusting furniture, and so on. We also had to wash all the glass lamp chimneys and trim or replace the wicks. In the Music Room, we had several rugs that were too big to shake. If we had a fresh snow, we'd take them outside, put snow on them, then sweep them off. They'd smell so fresh when we brought them in again. My dad had put a beautiful walnut floor in the Music Room, made of very narrow strips of wood. This floor was always dusted as well.

#### FRIDAY: **Baking day**

Friday we baked all sorts of things to get ready for all the visitors we would have on Sunday. We usually baked cookies, a white cake and a chocolate cake, and sometimes pies, donuts, or angel food cakes. If we could find goose eggs, it only took about 3 to make an angel food cake instead of 13 hen eggs. But the geese usually hid their eggs. We'd also bake about 8 loaves of bread, some dark and some white. On Fridays we also did the cleaning we hadn't finished on Thursday.

#### SATURDAY: **Bathing and Shopping day**

Everyone bathed during the day on Saturday so we would be ready to go to Story City at night to

shop and visit with people we knew. We'd also wash and fix our hair in the afternoon. Sometimes Mother would use the curling iron on her hair.

After supper, when all the chores were finished, we all went to town in several vehicles. We were dressed up and would go shopping and browsing in the stores. In the summer we would buy big roasts from the butcher for the Sunday dinner. Since we didn't have an icebox we had to buy fresh meat each week during the summer months. We'd meet people we knew on the streets and would visit with them. We didn't stay out too late. We were usually home by 9:00 or 10:00.

#### SUNDAY: **Church and Company**

In the morning we went to Sunday School and church. A neighbor lady gave Elizabeth [Martha's sister] and me a ride in her buggy, pulled by Gay, the horse. That horse was anything but gay. It was a real pokey horse!

We always had company on Sundays. There were some families that came to church each Sunday from quite a distance. We thought they should have some dinner before they headed for home again. Some of the other neighbors would take them to their homes too. So we always had a big dinner on Sunday noon, often with about 20 people at our table. Many times we would have other visitors in the evening. They would often sing together with Martin [Martha's uncle] and my dad.

After everyone left, it was time to sort clothes again on the kitchen floor — to get ready to wash again on Monday!■



On June 26, 1976, Grandma's kringla are quickly claimed at a family reunion in Madison, Wisconsin.

**From the booklet, “Grandma’s Favorite Recipes - Family Reunion - August, 1986”  
Grandma’s Kringla**

[Grandma is Martha Karina (Tjernagel) Harstad]

- 1 egg
- 1 heaping cup sour cream
- 1/2 C buttermilk (or 1/2 C sweet milk mixed with 1 tsp vinegar)
- 1 C sugar
- 2 tsp vanilla
- 3 C flour, approximately
- 1 tsp soda
- 3 tsp baking powder
- 1/2 tsp nutmeg

Beat egg. Add sour cream, buttermilk, sugar and vanilla. Sift together dry ingredients and gradually stir into sour cream mixture. Refrigerate until dough is easy to handle.

For each kringla, pinch off a ball, 2-inches in diameter, and roll with your hands on a lightly floured cloth into a rope as thick as a finger and about 6 inches long. Twist into a pretzel-like shape.

Lightly grease a cookie pan if it does not have a teflon coat. Place kringla on pan and bake in a hot oven, 400-450, for 10 minutes or until lightly browned.

(Editor’s Note: In later years, Martha used a recipe that only used sour cream; no buttermilk. And I don’t think she used the milk with vinegar as a substitute; in case you want to experiment with this recipe using 1 and 1/2 cups of sour cream.)

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## Christmas in India and Korea at the Ottesen Museum

by Becky DeGarmeaux

Visitors to the Ottesen Museum in December were met by a fairly ordinary looking Christmas tree and walked past a nativity set like one that they might have in their own homes. These were just a few of the things that seemed familiar to them as they learned about the Christmas customs of India and Korea at the Museum’s 3<sup>rd</sup> annual Christmas Open House.

Christmas in India and Korea is a hybrid of Eastern and Western practices because Christianity is a minority religion in both countries. Many of the practices are based on Western customs but much more low key. Christmas caroling in India is done in church members’ homes. Many Koreans do not have Christmas decorations in their homes. A fine line needs to be balanced between Christian freedom and not offending the unbelieving neighbors. Trees in the church are decorated with simple balls and lights. In Korea, Christmas is a national holiday but the decorations might seem quite secular to us. In India, some foods follow local Hindi and Muslim dietary laws because non-Christian friends and family are often invited for Christmas dinner.



And so the Museum showed off a combination of the familiar and unfamiliar. A sign at the



front door greeted guests in English, Korean, and Telugu (the main language spoken in our sister churches in India). Hot apple cider was available to drink but other

treats included Korean ginseng tea and Indian ribbon murukku snacks.

In the building’s board room, pictures of Christmas activities in India and Korea were displayed amidst oil lamps, LED candles, and pamphlets explaining how Christmas is observed in the two countries. Garland and balloons gave the room an Indian Christmas flavor.



In the Church Basement room, guests were taught how to sing familiar Christmas carols in Telugu and Korean. Bethany College students from Korea also read Luke 2 in Korean and assisted with the carol singing.

And so, East and West met this Christmas at the Ottesen Museum in December of 2013. ■



(Top left photo) Rev. Shawn Stafford and Rev. Luke Ulrich and family members sing Christmas carols. (Bottom photo) Mark DeGarmeaux (far left) and BLC students from Korea, Chaeyoung Lim, Ma Eum (Nina) Han, and Chanwook Park. Olivia Lee (far right) is American but has some Indian ancestry.



Sig Lee tours displays during the open house.

## Andrew John Volstead

1860-1947

The Father of Prohibition

by Cheryl Harstad



“Prohibition.” The subject never gets old, especially in movies set in the “Roaring Twenties.” The official name for Prohibition was the National Prohibition Act, popularly called the “Volstead Act.” Browsing the internet I found the “The Norwegian Hall of Fame.” Among the interesting persons nominated with Norwegian ancestry was the lawyer and politician from Minnesota, Andrew Volstead. The Winter 2013/14 Minnesota History magazine from the Minnesota Historical Society features an article about Volstead. (Several programs on their calendar for January to March 2014 are about Prohibition. The website is [www.mnhs.org/calendar](http://www.mnhs.org/calendar).) This article mainly combines thoughts from the Hall of Fame website, the article in the history magazine, and Wikipedia/“Prohibition in the United States” and “Andrew Volstead.”

The “Noble Experiment” that failed — as Herbert Hoover called it — was grounded on a desire to rid society of the ills of alcohol. As a member of the U.S. House of Representatives for ten terms, and as the ranking Republican and chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary for four years (1919-21 and 1921-23), it was Andrew Volstead’s job to write the law that would enforce the 18th Amendment. At least one person from the Anti-Saloon League claimed to largely draft the bill but Volstead denied the assertion. The Volstead Act was passed in October 1919. In 1920 Volstead wrote to the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* after an arti-

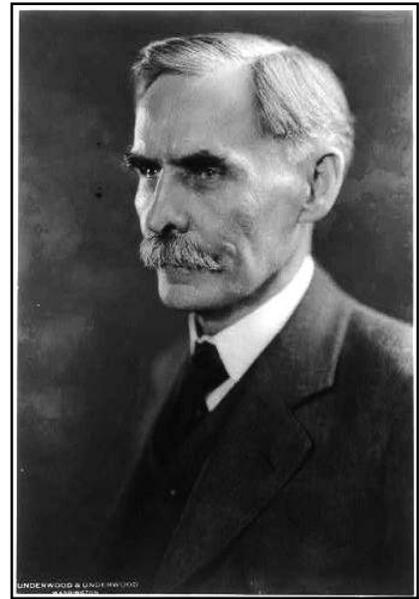
cle appeared that he felt misrepresented his reputation and dedication, "...it was a labor in which I felt the deepest interest and to which I gladly contributed months of the hardest kind of work." As one web writer expressed it, "The name Volstead was cursed by some, praised by others, but known by all."

Volstead was born in Kenyon, Goodhue County, Minnesota on October 31, 1860. He was the son of Norwegian immigrants, Jon Einertson Vraalstad (John Vrolstad) and wife Dorothea Mathea Lillo. He attended public schools, then St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, then transferred to Decorah Institute in Decorah, Iowa, graduating in 1881. After studying law with two Iowa mentors and on his own while teaching school, Volstead was admitted to the bar in Iowa in December 1883. In 1894, he was admitted to practice law in Minnesota and he opened an office in Lac qui Parle County, Minnesota. The same year he married a schoolteacher that was born in Scotland, Helen Mary Osleer Gilruth (Nellie). A daughter Laura Ellen Volstead (also called Nellie) was born to them in 1895. She later practiced law in the Volstead office. The young couple moved to Grantsburg, Wisconsin until 1886 and then located in Granite Falls in Yellow Medicine County, which remained their Minnesota home from then on. Until Volstead began serving in Congress as a Republican (March 1903 to March 1923) he served as his county's prosecuting attorney (1887-93 and 1895-1903), as mayor of Granite Falls (1900-1902), and city attorney of Granite Falls, with terms on the board of education.

In Congress, an unpopular stance he took was arguing for enactment of federal legislation outlawing lynchings. And he spearheaded passage of the Farmers Cooperative Act (commonly known as the Capper-Volstead Act) which enabled farmers to form cooperatives without fear of prosecution under the Sherman Antitrust Act. The law is still in effect. Volstead considered the Farmers Cooperative Act to be his greatest legislative achievement and in 1979 he was posthumously inducted into the Cooperative Hall of Fame. Voters rejected many incumbents in 1922, including Volstead, but it is speculated the loss

was due more to low farm prices than to the Volstead Act.

Widowed in 1918, Volstead resumed his law practice in Minnesota but then was hired in 1924 as a legal consultant to the chief of the National Prohibition Enforcement Bureau for the



upper Midwest region. The Eighteenth Amendment was repealed in December 1933. Volstead resumed his law practice in Granite Falls and remained active as a lawyer to age 83. He died at age 86 on January 20, 1947 in Granite Falls. His former home at 163 Ninth Avenue is a National Historic Landmark. He is buried in the Granite Falls city cemetery.

Quotes from [www2.potsdam.edu](http://www2.potsdam.edu):

A contemporary described Volstead, who had gray eyes, gray hair, and wore gray suits, as "The Little Gray Man." "His serious, almost solemn attitude toward all subjects of discussion, further cast a gray aura about his personality. There is no suggestion of color, of gaiety, or sparkle, or scintillation about him. Only quiet, earnest, serious grayness."

Volstead was an alcohol abstainer "But he never made a temperance speech, had written that he saw no harm in taking a drink, and was anything but the fanatic he was labeled. The seven boxes of his papers in the archives of the Minnesota Historical Society contain stacks of correspondence—much of it hate mail—about prohibition...."

Henry Harren of the Minnesota Historical Society said that Andrew Volstead is the Minnesotan who has made the greatest impact on Americans. ■

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