

## TWO LETTERS

from Rev. E. E. Ryden,  
Lutheran Camp Pastor.

### I.

"More and more I am being impressed with the fact that the American youth has the qualities in him that makes a real soldier. That, at least, is true of the New York men at Camp Wadsworth. They are brave and courageous, especially in the face of suffering and hardship. Under ordinary circumstances they grumble, of course. What American boy does not grumble? But when they encounter real hardship and suffering, they are as brave and uncomplaining as any men I have ever seen.

Take the men in the hospitals, for instance. The first concern of these men is not for themselves, but for the folks at home. "Don't tell the folks at home," is the very first admonition I receive from many boys, when I come to see them. The result is that the men who need cheering up the most very rarely get the "boxes from home," for they keep their relatives in ignorance of their plight.

The other day I found a Falconer boy who had been confined to his tent for three weeks with a broken leg. He had the option of going to the base hospital or to remain in his tent, and he preferred to stay with his comrades in the tent. He informed his folks at home that he had sprained his ankle a bit, "but it didn't amount to anything." He will be confined to his tent three additional weeks.

A Kingston lad who had been unusually interested in our religious services and who had been instrumental in bringing other boys with him failed to come one Sunday. I called on him and found him lying in his tent with a severe cold. He was a most cheerful boy, a real ray of sunshine in his company, and liked by all the men. He assured me that he would be all right in a day or so, but the following week I received a pathetic letter from him. He was in the base hospital, he said, with a severe case of bronchitis, and under observation for tuberculosis. He enclosed a dollar and asked me to secure some cod liver oil for him. His comrades were unable to get it for him, on account of the quarantine.

I brought him the medicine, returned his money, and left him a copy of our Lutheran Army and Navy Service Book, after having conducted a brief prayer service for the other patients in the tuberculosis ward. A few days later he wrote:

"I wish to express my sincere thanks to you for your kindness to me in the time of need. As for the Service Book, I was without one and simply think it a wonderful and needful article. I assure you I will use it daily and try to have some of my friends in the ward do the same."

But do you suppose that boy let his parents know of his plight? Not for a minute! He told me he had written his uncle, so in case it turned out for the worst, he could prepare the boy's parents for the news. His case is now more hopeful, and we pray for his ultimate recovery.

Then there was an Albany boy who informed me that his mother was seriously sick at home, and it would never do to let her know that he was in the hospital. "I'll tell her when I get out," he said. That's the spirit of the lads here. Will they make good soldiers?

The work among the boys in the base hospital is the most thankful work a camp pastor has to do. The patients appreciate it immensely, if I stop for a moment to give them a word of cheer. I could wish some times that I had a box to give to every boy in the hospital. It would cheer them wonderfully.

A person who has never seen a military camp of this size could

scarcely imagine the large scene on which things are done here. The hospital itself is an enormous institution, with thirty-six separate buildings, each equipped with thirty beds. The large number of these are for minor troubles. Many men are brought to the base hospital to have some physical defect remedied, and the large staff of expert physicians and surgeons is constantly at work to improve the health and efficiency of the Twenty-seventh Division. Too much praise cannot be given to the hospital authorities for the splendid care given the men. It accounts to a large extent for the splendid health record established by this Division.

About a month ago I received a letter from a Mrs. C. Wagner of Rochester, N. Y., in which she asks me if I would look up her boy, Harold, who was a bugler in the 108th Infantry. She had read of my work here in the Rochester Democrat, and she wrote, "I was pleased to note you were from Jamestown, and perhaps pastor of the church in which I was confirmed many years ago. Our class was the first class in the little new church, after having had services in a hall. I still have the picture of the class and the Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, who confirmed us. May God give you strength in the work you have undertaken, to guide our boys when they are away from home and in the midst of so many dangers." The church she referred to is my church."

### II.

"It was the first time I ever met a major general. And it was the first day I was in Camp Wadsworth. I had my credentials from the National Lutheran Commission for Soldiers' and Sailors' Welfare as camp pastor, and I wanted to present them. I found the major general's quarters just like the other officers' shacks, only a little higher, and perhaps a bit more commodious. Otherwise, it was simply a khaki colored tent, with its board floor and board sides, heated by a little round stove.

There was no reception room, so I had to wait outside the tent while the general was holding an important military conference within. Meanwhile I was entertained by a garrulous English "majah" who was also waiting most impatiently to see the general, and who complained frequently that his "hawth" was getting cold. But at last we were ushered in—both of us.

General O'Ryan is a born leader of men. His very bearing is soldierly, commanding. A more cordial reception I have never received. He stood erect at his desk as I shook hands with him and throughout our conversation. I reminded him that I came from Jamestown, from which Company E. of the 74th hailed.

"Yes," he said, "I know of your Jamestown company. The old 74th made the best record of any regiment on the border, and Company E. was one of the crack companies."

I said that that was highly complimentary to my home town and to Captain Sandburg of Company E.

"Captain Sandburg," added the general, "is one of those officers who is very quiet and says nothing. He is one of those men who has to be discovered."

Rather a significant statement, thought I. We may have a major or colonel from Jamestown yet!

I came away with a letter of introduction to the ranking chaplain and with an invitation to be present at a banquet a few days later, when the chaplains and the general were to discuss the moral problem of the camp. I have met the major general on two occasions since. The last time was a chance meeting. I was making my rounds, when suddenly I became aware of considerable commotion a short distance in front of me. It developed that General O'Ryan was on one of

tion—on foot. It must have been pay day in the engineering corps, for all around their canteen were empty crackerjack boxes and other scrap paper of all description, entirely too untidy for engineers. It was plain that the general was mad, too, for you ought to have seen the soldiers scurrying and the brooms flying!

Major General O'Ryan is quite an athlete. The other day an amusing thing happened. Together with his staff and some other officers the general was inspecting some newly made trenches. Desiring to cross one of them, General O'Ryan made a flying leap, and easily cleared the ditch. It would never do for a subordinate officer to fail in accomplishing what his superior achieves, and so the rest of the officers started to follow suit—all but one. He was a short, pudgy little man, but he was game. He made a tremendous effort, a real heroic attempt, but his legs, alas, were too short. Instead of landing on the other side, he came down flat on his stomach! I dare not write more for fear some unrelenting censor might delete it. Suffice to say that even privates snickered, at the risk of a week in the guard house. But human nature, on such occasions, cannot be denied.

Perhaps this little incident is the underlying cause for an order just gone out from headquarters that every man in the 27th Division, officers as well as men, must be able to accomplish certain athletic feats which have been prescribed. Every evening after retreat officers all over the camp may be seen running and jumping and wrestling, as if their life depended on it. It makes fine sport for an ordinary private who generally is not so old and consequently more athletic than his superiors. The enlisted men seem to enjoy it hugely. Here are the athletic feats every one is required to do:

100-yard dash in 14 seconds.  
Running high jump, 4 feet.  
Running broad jump, 14 feet.  
Standing board jump, 7 feet, 6 inches.

Heaving grenade, 35 yards.  
These athletic events are mandatory, according to the general order, and they will be participated in by all enlisted men and all officers up to and including the grade of captain.

How military training renders men physically fit to endure the hardest knocks was exemplified just the other day in case of Major General O'Ryan himself. The general was up at the artillery range, some forty miles north of Camp Wadsworth, where the artillery regiments practice heavy firing. It's a wild country in the heart of the North Carolina mountains, and the general was leading his horse up a steep hill, when suddenly the animal wheeled around and without warning let go a ferocious kick. Both hoofs landed square on the general's stomach and he fell to the ground. For ten minutes he remained unconscious, but when he recovered his senses, he was able to walk down the mountain without assistance, an is now about his duties as though nothing had happened."

### Culbertson, Montana.

Undertegnede blev valgt ved sidste Møde af den danske evangeliske lutheriske Forsamling her i Culbertson som Land Komite. Vi blev paalagt at skrive til nogle af de danske Møde om Byen og Farmlandet i dens Nærhed. Culbertson er en By beliggende ca. 2 1/2 Mil fra Missourifloden paa Great Northern Hovedlinje fra St. Paul, Minn., til Portland, Oregon. Byen ligger smukt lige paa Grænsen af Missouriflod-Dalen, den har det flade Land ud imod Floden, og Paradis-Dalen paa en lang Strækning Øst fra Byen, og det mere bakke Land paa den modværende Side. Byen selv er iffe

i betyngelse Vesten, ca. 700 Indbyggere. Byen har et godt Mejeri, som ejes og ledes af to danske Mænd, en dansk Skomager, to danske Strædbere, en dansk Restauration, dansk Vælfmand, to Danske, som har Udsbilleder Forretning. Iffe saa danne bor i og i Nærheden af Byen. En stor Del af de andre Forretningsmænd er norske. Byens Postmaster er norsk. Byen har to store Hoteller, det ene er ganske nyt og en stor Pryd for Byen. Vi har to Banke, begge synes at have alt, de kan gøre, med at haandtere Jøffs Penge. Desforuden Culbertson Land & Loan Co., et meget paalideligt Kompagni. Tre Elevators, en af dem en Farmers. En Farmers Store, som gør god Forretning. En Melmølle, en stor Department Store. Der er mange flere Forretninger, men Pladsen her tillader os iffe at nævne dem alle.

Byen har Vandværkshjem, hele Byen er forsynet med Vand fra Missourifloden. Dagsaa elektrisk Lys, en fin Hovedgade oplyst med White Way.

Vi har endnu iffe Kirke eller Menighed, men en Bestyrelse af fem Medlemmer, bestaaende af: Sekretær, Kasserer, og tre Truities, for Den danske evangeliske lutheriske Forsamling i Culbertson. Præsten fra Dane Valley kommer herind og holder Gudstjeneste to Gange om Ugen. Dane Valley Menigheds Kirke er ca. 10 Mil fra Byen.

Past. Johansen, har optaget Søndagskolearbejdet iblandt nok saa stor en Flok af danske Børn i Culbertson og Omegn. Derfor her kunde komme nogle danske Familier, kunde her snart blive en blomstrende Menighed. Derfor De tænker paa at faa Deres eget Hjem; kom op at se os.

Her har købt improved Farme her i den sidste Tid: Jørgensen fra Danmark, Jensen fra Danmark, Past. Johansen fra Dane Valley. De følgende Farme er opført til Salg: 320 Acres, Søs og Stald, alt er indhegnet, \$18 per Acre. 320 Acres, "bottom" Land, gode Bygninger \$25 per Acre. 320 Acres, gode Bygninger, 6 Mil fra Byen, \$20 per Acre. 160 Acres, gode Bygninger, 100 Acres opdyrket, \$25 per Acre.

Det maa forstås, at undertegnede er iffe Land Agenter, men valgte for at give Danne, som maatte vilde forespørge eller komme hertil Culbertson, Oplysninger og Hjælp. Vi er bleven Lovet af Culbertson Land & Loan Co., at alle, som køber Land af dem, deres Næste frem og tilbage, fra hvilken som helst Plads i U. S. A. vedkommende kommer, vil de betale.

Flere Danske har Kulminer herinde nær ved Byen, de vil sælge Dem alt det Kul, De ønsker, for \$2 per Ton. Brændsel og "Hence Boits" kan faas meget billigt ved at hente det i Skoven ved Missourifloden.

For nærmere Oplysninger — bedes De henvende Dem til:

Sam J. Frøhling,  
Peter Petersen,  
S. D. Delfen,  
Culbertson, Mont.

Lederen af alle Cushion Sko



Mayer  
HONORBILT  
CUSHION SKO

For Mænd og Kvinder  
Spørg Handleren efter Mayer Sko. Se efter Handelsmærket paa Soalen.  
F. Mayer Boot & Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

# Dana College

og

Trinitatis Seminarium,

Blair, Nebraska.

Skoleaaret 1917—18 begynde den 2. Oktober.

Skriv efter Katalog og nærmere Oplysninger.

L. A. LAURSEN,  
Bestyrer.

## „The Dragoon“.

En engelsk Udgave af Past. N. P. Madsens bekendte Fortælling „Poul“. Oversat af H. F. Trykt med store nye Typer paa godt Papir og hæftet i smukt og stærkt Omslag.

Pris 25 Cents.

6 Eksemplarer for \$1.00.

I Kommission hos

DANISH LUTH. PUBL. HOUSE,  
Blair, Nebr.

## Salige Dødslejer.

Fem Fortællinger fra det virkelige Liv. Samlet, oversat og udgivet af Pastor C. C. Kloth, Elk Horn, Iowa. Samt en Betragtning over Emnet „Salige er de døde, som dø i Herren“.

Fortællingerne er af passende Længde til Oplæsning ved Kvindemøder og andre Lejligheder.

Pris — indb. — 50 Cents.

Faas hos Udgiveren eller i

DANISH LUTH. PUBL. HOUSE,  
Blair, Nebr.

## Hilsen fra Danmark

50 Brevfort med Prospekter og Billeder fra de forskellige Egne i Danmark, deraf adskillige fra den sydlige Hede. Dels smukke Farvetryk og dels fine Fotograverer i Sepia. Et særdeles godt Uddrag.

Gjort Sæt i en net Papæske smykket med det danske Flag og Baaben.

Pris \$1.00 — porto frit.

Disse Kort sælges ogsaa Dufinvis forteret a 25c. per Dufin.

Danish Luth. Publ. House,  
Blair, Nebr.

## Luthers Liv

fortalt for Ungdommen

af N. B. Lang.

Paa en livlig og fængslende Maade er Hovedtrækkene i den store Reformators Liv og Virke, samt de dermed nærmest forbundne Personer og Begivenheder, fremstillet under følgende Kapiteloverskrifter:

1. Barndomshjemmet. 2. Omgivelsernes Magt. 3. I Børneskolen. 4. Paa egne Ben. 5. I gode Hænder. 6. Paa Universitetet. 7. Klosterlivet. 8. Ind i Præstestanden. 9. Rejsen til Rom. 10. Teologisk Professor. 11. Afsked. 12. Udfordringen. 13. Afsked fra Folket. 14. Papismens Genstand. 15. De to Venner. 16. Luther og Eck. 17. Det store Brud. 18. Luther i Worms. 19. I Skjul paa Wartburg. 20. Fra Luthers Virkesfelt. 21. Luther indtræder i Egtestanden. 22. Striden om den hellige Nadver. 23. Den store Befendelse. 24. Træf fra Luthers Liv og omgangsfreds. 25. Paa det sidste.

Bogen er paa 152 Sider, trykt paa godt Papir og forsynet med mange Billeder. Sælges i smukt udstyret Papbind til den forholdsvis meget billige Pris af 50 Cents.

Bogen egner sig fortrinligt som Gavebog i Søndagskoler og Konfirmandklasser.

Bed Partifob opnaas betydelig Rabat.

Danish Lutheran Publishing House,  
Blair, Nebr.