

St. Pauli Lutheran Church
P.O. Box 944
Thief River Falls, MN 56701
historicstpauli.org

Summer 2021 Newsletter



YES!

**WE WILL CELEBRATE OUR
125TH ANNIVERSARY THIS YEAR!**

SATURDAY, JULY 31 – SUNDAY, AUGUST 1



After prayerful consideration, conversations with our Bishop Bill Tesch, and a gathering of congregation members following church services on May 23rd, we have decided to celebrate our postponed anniversary this year.

Saturday, July 31:

- 1:00 – 5:00pm – Fellowship, coffee and bars, with a program at 2:00.
- As a side note, RiverFest takes place on Friday and Saturday of this same weekend. RiverFest is a community celebration located in beautiful Hartz Park and features talented musicians, tasty food and drink vendors. Past headliners include The Johnny Holm Band, Creedence Revived and Martin Zellar's Tribute to Neil Diamond.

Sunday, August 1:

- Worship Services with communion at 10:30 am with Pastor Carl Hansen and Bishop Bill Tesch officiating.
- Catered roast beef dinner following worship services. RESERVATIONS REQUIRED.
- To make dinner reservations, contact Virginia Anderson *by July 15th* at (218) 686-0361 or ginnytvo@icloud.com.

Anniversary Booklet:

Here is what we need from you:

- Your written memories of St. Pauli. These could include how you became a member, perhaps you were both baptized and confirmed here, events that stand out to you – perhaps a Sunday School Christmas program or your wedding – serving meals, Luther League, hayrides, Vacation Bible School. The possibilities are endless.
- If you have a good quality photo to accompany your memories, that would be fantastic!
- Send your memories and photos to Faye Auchenpaugh, 11094 195th Ave NE, TRF, 56701 or email them to auchenpaugh@gmail.com.

Cookbook:

Thank you to all of you who have submitted recipes to the St. Pauli 125th Anniversary Cookbook. We have over 450 recipes as of the writing of this newsletter! If you have a last-minute recipe to enter, you have a few more days, **until June 7.**

Here are the instructions for accessing the website to submit recipes:

- Go to the website typensave.com
- Go to log-in
- Enter the username: StPauli
- Enter the password: juice240
- Enter your recipe and recipes for others, too – or send your recipe by email to:

Chris Carter at chrisarter@vistaprairie.org
Susanne Hinrichs at susanneh@umn.edu
Jana Johnson at urnotjana@gmail.com

The St Pauli Cookbooks will cost \$15.00. If you need them shipped, cost is \$20.00 including shipping and handling.

St. Pauli News in Detail



Greeting and Ushering

June 6	Ron Anderson
June 13	Faye Auchenpaugh
June 20	Wade Benson
June 27	Corey Berg
July 4	Neil Bugge
July 11	Ken Cedergren
July 18	Craig Folkedahl
July 25	Ivette Garrett
August 1	Bryan Grove
August 8	Jerod Haugen
August 15	Marc Haugen
August 22	Ryan Haugen
August 29	Gary Iverson

Altar Preparation: (1st and 3rd Sundays)

June:	Val Torstveit
July:	Marisa Benson
August:	Ivette Garrett

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Summer Edition

Your editor is again taking a couple of months off from newsletter writing during the summer, so this June-August issue is rather thin, especially since the pandemic began and I thought you would enjoy a bit more reading! This summer, my time will be spent on the 125th Anniversary Booklet edition.

Have a great summer!

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Milestones – Anniversaries

June 18	Arlo Rude and Deb Ernst
July 1	Bruce and Shelley Mathson
July 6	Ron and Virginia Anderson
August 1	Jim and Sue Kotz
August 3	Ken and Cindy Cedergren

Cleaning Night

**Monday, June 5
6:00 pm**

Men and Women Needed!

We need to spruce up our church grounds in preparation for our 125th anniversary. We will clean both outdoors and indoors on June 5th, but will focus mainly on the outdoors. We will have another cleaning night closer to the time of the anniversary celebration to thoroughly clean the church interior.

We will be putting up a tent and chairs in our west lawn for the anniversary celebration and it's a bit of a disaster back there: tree branches that need trimming, etc. The paver blocks in front of our steps are cracked and need to be replaced. And there are other numerous things to take care of. You are welcome to bring tools.

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Milestones – Birthdays

June 17	Kathy Alberg
June 17	Sharon Bugge
June 27	Jan Strandlie
July 1	Val Torstveit
July 4	Kari Torkelson
July 7	Rylan Torstveit
July 9	Sharon McCollough
July 29	Skip Swanson
July 29	Connie Kolden
July 31	Ron Anderson
August 6	Chad Torstveit
August 11	Dennis McCollough
August 17	Faye Auchenpaugh

St. Pauli Church Council Meeting Minutes

April 15, 2021

The St. Pauli Church Council met on April 15, 2021, at 7:00 PM at St. Pauli Church. All Board members were present: Virginia Anderson, Wade Benson, Craig Folkedahl, Pastor Carl Hansen, Tammy Haugen and Jim Strandlie.

The meeting was called to order by President Craig Folkedahl. Pastor Carl opened the meeting with prayer expressing thankfulness for the ability to once again worship together in-person especially during these challenging days.

Secretary's Report: M/S/C (Benson/Hansen) to approve the March 2021 Secretary's Report.

Treasurer's Report: M/S/C (Anderson/Hansen) to approve the March 2021 Treasurer's Report as presented:

Total church general fund account balances at the end of March 2021 were \$136,813.49. Cemetery Association fund balance at the end of March was \$59,150.23.

Pastor Carl's Report:

Pastor Carl said it was truly great to be back at in-person worship even though restrictions were being followed. He stated that it had been 54 Sundays between the 1st and last worship services for the congregation at St. Pauli. He then asked the council how we felt the services seemed to be going since start-up. His main concern was whether we could hear him well enough with his mask on. Most said they could hear him well enough after the sound was turned up. The discussion went to whether he would be more effective and comfortable removing his mask for the sermon only. A motion followed by

Wade Benson and seconded by Tammy Haugen to approve the removal of Pastor's mask while giving his sermon if he chooses to do so, whatever he is comfortable with. Motion was carried by the council.

Pastor Carl addressed the need to order inserts for Sunday bulletins due to the fact we will not be obtaining them from Calvary as in the past. A motion to go ahead and order inserts on our own was made by Jim Strandlie and seconded by Wade Benson, motion carried by the council. Treasurer Benson will take care of ordering the inserts.

Members in sickness or distress: N/A

New members of interest in membership: N/A

Reports:

a. WELCA - Officers met on April 12th to begin work on the church handbook. They also decided to hold Lydia Circle April 14th with Bible study and continue each month as in the past. WELCA meeting will resume on May 26th at 7:00 PM. It has been called to our attention that Barb Smith has relocated and would like to be taken off the communion/altar schedule as well as the cleaning schedule.

We were also informed that the Cervantes family will be moving to Detroit Lakes due to the fact that Mr. Cervantes has accepted a position there. The church will honor both

parties with some kind of recognition in the near future as both will be sincerely missed by the congregation.

According to the church handbook guidelines, this is a customary practice. Jim Strandlie made a motion to do so, Wade Benson seconded, motion carried by the council.

b. Board of Education: N/A

c. Other Reports: N/A

Old Business:

- Signs for church and cemetery – Craig hasn't been in contact with Arlo on this.
- Tree at Cemetery – REA has been contacted to remove damaged pine tree.
- Carpet on outside front entry – Virginia will check to see what had been done toward this project as it had been planned last summer/fall but didn't get completed.
- 125th Anniversary Celebration – discussion again took place, council will bring it up again at the May Council meeting and make a definite decision as to whether to hold the event. Council will also get a feel from the congregation.

New Business:

How has the start-up of services been going so far? The Council felt that all has gone well with both services and with communion, the use of prefilled communion cups was a plus. COVID regulations were respectfully followed by the congregation.

The meeting was closed with the Lord's Prayer and adjourned by President Craig.

Virginia Anderson

St. Pauli Council Secretary

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St. Pauli Treasurer's Monthly Report

March 2021

Checking Account Balance End of Feb 2021	\$5,994.56
Mar 2021 Revenue:	\$2,740.00
Mar 2021 Expenses:	(\$2,747.60)
Checking Account Balance End of Mar 2021:	\$5,986.96
Other Account Balances End of Mar 2021:	
Education Fund	\$1,100.40
Edward Jones	\$75,082.47
Memorial Fund	\$13,635.75
Mission Grant	\$4,434.01
Savings	\$36,573.90
Total Account Balances End of March 2021	\$136,813.49

Cemetery Association Funds End of March 2021: \$59,150.23

Pastor Carl's Sermon for Pentecost

Everyone loves Christmas. What is there in human experience that is more touching and heartwarming than the birth of a child? Particularly, one born in strange, but memorable circumstances. That birth has brought forth an unparalleled explosion of art and song. People are drawn to Christ at Christmas as at no other time.

I recall a man by the name of Andy Weinstein. Andy was a Hungarian Jew who grew up in Mexico, because his family fled there to escape the Nazis. Andy, whose wife Gretchen belonged to the church that Pastor Mary and I served, came to worship with his family once a year—on Christmas Eve. Why??? Andy loved to sing Christmas carols. And he would sing them with even more gusto than most Christians. Everyone loves Christmas.

Easter has almost as much pulling power as Christmas. At Easter we deal with the ultimate issues—issues of life, death and eternity. And in our part of the world, Easter coincides with the coming to spring. So the creation itself sings of the triumph of Christ over the powers of sin and death. The birds, the flowers, the trumpets and all of God's people declare that Christ is risen.

Now everyone knows that Christmas and Easter are two of the three most important days in the church year. But what's the third? Today. Pentecost. Did you have trouble finding a pew this morning? Whereas churches are jammed at Christmas and Easter, Pentecost is usually greeted with a yawn or the scratch of a head. Why?? Maybe it's because Pentecost seems more strange than inspiring. Let's take a closer look.

There are a bunch of people at a church gathering who hear a rush of a mighty wind, see tongues of fire on one another's heads and begin speaking in a whole variety of foreign languages. Now most people suspect that religious folks are a little strange anyway, and all of these things reinforce that impression. Aside from appearing to be weird, these events are not as powerfully appealing as Christmas and Easter.

But if you listen carefully to the story of Pentecost, you will find something interesting. You will discover that instead of being the story of confusion that appears on the surface, Pentecost is a story of understanding. And it's a story that deals with God's love every bit as much as Christmas and Easter.

Almost 2000 years ago, thousands of Jews gathered in Jerusalem. They came from Iran, Iraq, Kurdistan, Russia, Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Crete, Israel and many other places. They came together to celebrate the Jewish spring harvest festival known as the Feast of Weeks or Pentecost. These Jews did not speak a single language, but each spoke the language of their own nation. Jesus' disciples were Palestinian Jews and spoke the first century version of Hebrew known as Aramaic.

After Jesus's disciples experienced the sound of the mighty wind and the tongues of fire, they were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak of the glorious deeds of God in the languages of the other Jews who had gathered in Jerusalem

for the festival. Everyone now hears of God's mighty Acts in their own language. Today's first lesson of God confusing the language of Ancient People who had grown too big for their britches—is reversed. At Pentecost, God calls people together around his mighty acts of power in Jesus Christ.

Today we may assume that our task of sharing the story of God's love given in Jesus is simpler than it used to be. Simpler than it was in the early part of the 20th century when you spoke English at school, but Norwegian at confirmation class. Information now flies all over the world instantaneously.

Have you ever tuned across the radio dial and stopped to listen to what's on it? Hard rock, soft rock, country & western, talk radio, easy listening, soul music, classical music. It seems to me that those folks are speaking very different languages. Not only different musical languages, but very different varieties of English reflecting very different sets of values, needs and priorities. It seems like we're headed back to the Tower of Babel.

We can no longer assume that the ways that you and I understand God's love are ways in which everyone will understand it. Some of you may think, as I do, that "O Day Full of Grace" is a wonderful hymn with a great combination of text and music which powerfully conveys God's Pentecost message. Or you may be like one of my very thoughtful confirmands who often wrote on the place on our sermon note form provided for confirmands to ask questions and offer suggestions—this confirmand often said, "Speed up the music—it's too slow."

Have you ever thought that you were speaking a different language than your children or grandchildren or your parents or your grandparents? You probably are. And sometimes it can feel pretty hopeless, when communication seems to break down with those you love the most.

But Pentecost is not about hopelessness. Pentecost is full of hope and promise for people of every age and time and place. Pentecost is about the Good News breaking through in unexpected and powerful ways.

The next hymn we're going to sing is a prayer that I think would pass our confirmand's test of not being too slow. The refrain is a prayer for the Spirit of God to shake us up and wake us up.

Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free.
Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.

You moved on the waters, you called to the deep,
Then you coaxed up the mountains from the valleys of sleep.
And over the eons you called to each thing:
Awake from your slumbers and rise on your wings.

You swept through the desert, you stung with the sand,
And you goaded your people with a law and a land.
And when they were blinded with idols and lies,
Then you spoke through your prophets to open their eyes.

You sang in a stable, you cried from a hill,
Then you whispered in silence when the whole world was still.
And down in the city you called once again,
When you blew through your people on the rush of the wind.

You call from tomorrow, you break ancient schemes.
From the bondage of sorrow all the captives dream dreams.
Our women see visions, our men clear their eyes.
With bold new decisions your people arise.

Spirit, Spirit of gentleness,
blow through the wilderness calling and free.
Spirit of restlessness,
stir me from placidness, wind, wind on the sea.

Amen.

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Tour of America

Final of three-part story on Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum

In 1847, Barnum had noticed news coverage of an extraordinary singer known in Europe as the Swedish Nightingale. He perceived that she was “the toast of Europe, and Queen Victoria’s favorite.” With the American Museum a huge ongoing success and Iranistan nearly completed, Barnum pondered a new angle on his business ventures. He wondered about the possibility to “remake his image from humbug to serious promoter of the arts.”

Ignorant about classical music, Barnum nevertheless perceived that Jenny Lind was a phenomenon in Europe and he wondered if she might prove a profitable phenomenon in the US as well. He reflected on this prospect: “It was an enterprise never before or since equaled in managerial annals. As I recall it now, I almost tremble at the seeming temerity of the attempt. . . . I risked much but I made more.”

Without even meeting her, Barnum sent a representative to Europe to present Lind with a contract for an American tour. After some negotiating, Lind accepted a plan that included a huge sum of money to be deposited in advance into a London bank for 150 concerts; salaries for conductor/composer/pianist Julius Benedict and for accompanying singer Giovanni Belletti, the man who had recommended that she study with Manuel Garcia; expenses for her maid and a male companion (as required by Swedish law for unmarried females); and travel, hotels, and carriage and horses at each locale.

She would sing at least two concerts at each venue, performing at least four songs each time she appeared. Beyond that, Lind would be allowed to sing as many charity concerts as she liked. The sums earned were staggering, amounting in today’s dollars to approximately \$32,000 per concert for Lind and a total of \$80,000 to Benedict and \$40,000 to Belletti for the entire American tour.

Barnum decided to promote Lind differently than his past acts. According to Bluford Adams, he “packaged her as the ultimate sentimental heroine. . . . Their strategy produced a tour notable for its popularity among the middle class.”

Lind and her retinue left Liverpool amid a tremendous farewell and traveled to New York aboard the steamship Atlantic. There she received an even more tremendous welcome, which was masterminded by Barnum. He had salted the newspapers with news about her arrival to provoke

*Julius
Benedict,
Giovanni
Belletti,
Jenny Lind
(Jenny Lind
Images 2019)*



excitement. And he had salted the crowds with an army of his men carrying bouquets. His goal was to keep the hysteria high. Lind greeted the throngs from atop the ship’s paddle wheel and then made her way through two garlanded archways proclaiming, “Welcome Jenny Lind! Welcome to America!” A parade of thousands accompanied her to her hotel.

Lind, Barnum, Benedict, and Belletti inspected various concert halls and opera houses in New York City and chose Castle Garden for the first concert. It could accommodate thousands and had good acoustics. An orchestra of local musicians was selected. Nominally priced tickets were auctioned off to the highest bidders, and the first ticket was won by Genin the Hatter, whose store was next door to Barnum’s American Museum. (With some advance coaching from Barnum as to the attention to be gained, Genin “laid the foundation of his fortune by purchasing the first ticket.”)

The concert was a grand success and required five more performances in the same location. Thousands of dollars were earned, and thousands of admirers got to hear the Swedish Nightingale. In a brilliant move after the first concert, Barnum announced to the audience that the entire sum would

be donated to charity. The combination of Lind's beautiful singing and the charitable donation sealed her fate and Barnum's in an incredibly successful American tour.

'Lindomania' pervaded the country by means of countless souvenirs, in the form of Jenny Lind gloves, bonnets, riding hats, shawls, mantillas, robes, chairs, sofas, and pianos.



*Castle Garden, New York City, Jenny Lind's First Performance in the U.S., September 11, 1850
(PT Barnum Images 2019)*

The concert program was typical of what would follow. There were various pieces performed by members of her entourage and local musicians, and numbers sung by her, drawn not only from her most famous operatic roles but also folk songs in which she accompanied herself at the piano.

The final song, "Greetings to America," was composed expressly for the occasion. It was the winning text of a competition devised by Barnum to submit poems in honor of Lind's arrival, which was then set to music by conductor/composer Julius Benedict for the first concert.

Favorites among American audiences were the folksongs. Most audience members were ordinary citizens rather than sophisticated opera goers, and they were attracted just as much by Lind's fame and glory as by the music itself. Lind's choice of repertory proved immensely appealing.

Especially beloved was the "Echo Song," which featured a peasant herding his flock and the mountains echoing back. An audience member wrote about the song to a friend:

"In my wildest fancy, I had never imagined anything like it. It was a new revelation of the capability of the human voice and appeared to all a miracle. The instantaneous echo of her own voice by an inhalation of the breath, to a full gush of melody poured from the lips, and this produced many times in succession, was something beyond my anticipations . . . With her voice she would give us the bellowing of the cow, the Herdsman calling, . . . and off yonder in the mountains we could hear the echo which was of the sweetest and wildest melody that ever was listened to by the ears of man."

The Herdsman's Song was composed for Lind by Isak Berg, her singing teacher at the Swedish Royal Theater School, and featured the unbelievably long pianissimo sustained tones for which she was noted.

The folk-like "Bird Song," composed for Lind by German composer Wilhelm Taubert, featured sublimely virtuosic trills and arpeggios that thrilled audiences. Expressing her

admiration for the song, Lind wrote the following words to a friend: "If you see Taubert, tell him, please, that they will not listen to anything here but his song. . . . I have to sing it at every concert."

The trio for two flutes and soprano from Giacomo Meyerbeer's opera camp in Silesia was astounding. The opera itself, and indeed Meyerbeer's other operas as well, was unknown in the U.S. This trio from its last act was a virtuosic showstopper. The same enthusiastic letter writer from the first concert exclaimed: "She accompanies two flutes, and as she motions her sweet little fingers, as though she was performing on a flute, you cannot distinguish the difference, so greatly does her voice resemble the sweetest notes you ever heard upon that instrument. If you did not notice, you would imagine that there were three flutes."

Lind's rendition was often described as a sort of ventriloquism, and she would typically turn her face to the audience, away from the piano, which she herself was playing, to render the echo.

Lind's tour with Barnum proceeded initially down the East Coast, from New York to Boston, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Richmond, and Charleston, ending up in Havana, Cuba. The tour then went up the Mississippi River, from New Orleans to Natchez, Memphis, St. Louis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh, before visiting New York and Philadelphia again, as well as many other smaller venues along the way.

At each locale, Barnum sent advance publicity in order for throngs of admirers to await each arrival. Lind sang in concert halls and also whatever other venues proved large enough to house the audiences that inevitably emerged, thanks to Barnum's masterful management.

Little is known of the exact arrangements. Surely much was improvised on the spot, such as ticket sales, auctions, rentals of venues for extra concerts, precise timing of events and logistics, transportation, and security. Barnum's flamboyant impromptu style contrasts with today's more formal business practices of concert management, full of written contracts, legalities, rights and privileges of artists, workers, and attendees.

In his essay entitled "Our history: 'Greatest Showman' Barnum and singer Lind put on show for the ages," Jeff Sues provides an inkling of what went on during Lind's concert tour while in Cincinnati:

"Lind and Barnum stayed in a suite of rooms at the Burnet House, the finest hotel of the day, at Third and Vine streets Downtown. The elegant rooms were thereafter marked with a plaque as the 'Lind Suite.' On April 14, Lind gave the first of four concerts at the National Theater on Sycamore Street, north of Third Street. Demand was so high that Barnum held auctions for tickets. The Enquirer reported that Ezekial McElevay, a merchant tailor, bid \$575 [\$19,000 in 2019] for a single ticket. A crowd pressed against the theater windows hoping for a glimpse or a stray note. Barnum asked the police to intervene. When the throng would not disperse, they fired shots in the air. A local critic wrote, 'Our expectations were not simply realized, but so far surpassed that we never before

had any conception of angelic music until we heard Jenny Lind's voice."

Other accounts reveal that not all arrangements were entirely smooth. One concert nearly ended in disaster when the Fitchburg, MA railroad hall turned out to be too small for the number of tickets sold, and audience members who couldn't get in, rioted. In Havana, the most musically sophisticated audience that Lind encountered, resented the high-ticket prices posted by the "Yankee pirate" Barnum and hissed her appearance on stage. In response, she advanced to the footlights and, in the words of Barnum,

"Her countenance changed in an instant to a haughty self-possession, her eyes flashed defiance, and, becoming immovable as a statue, she stood there, perfectly calm and beautiful. She was satisfied that she now had an ordeal to pass and a victory to gain worthy of her powers. In a moment her eyes scanned the immense audience, the music began and then followed—how can I describe it?—such heavenly strains as I verily believe no mortal ever breathed except Jenny Lind, and no mortal ever heard, except from her lips. . . . Such a tremendous shout of applause as went up I never before heard."

Another near disaster occurred in Pittsburgh when the presenters unknowingly scheduled the concert on a Friday, which was payday for most people. The rowdies who traditionally got drunk on those Friday nights heckled Lind from outside to the point that nobody could hear her. She continued performing despite it all, but was compelled to escape with her company afterward through a back fence.

At every locale, Lind followed her concerts under Barnum's management with charity concerts of her own. She donated vast sums of money to charity, some in her native Sweden and some in the U.S.

A list of local charities receiving the \$5,353.20 [\$175,000 in 2019] in donations from one concert includes the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Female Assistance Society, Eye and Ear Infirmary, Prison Association, Brooklyn Orphan Asylum, and fourteen more. She was beloved as much for her generosity and character as for her voice.

Barnum remarks in his autobiography: "Although I relied largely on Jenny Lind's reputation as a great musical artiste, I also took largely into my estimate of her success . . . her character for extraordinary benevolence and generosity. Without this peculiarity of her disposition, I should never have dared to make the engagement."

Eventually Lind and Barnum parted ways. She and her entourage were tired of the difficulties arising from his sensational management style. Lind's pianist/conductor Julius Benedict eventually took a job at Her Majesty's Theater in London and departed. Lind canceled her contract with Barnum according to terms they had specified before the tour began.

After 93 concerts of the 150 stipulated, she paid off the remaining expenses that would have ensued for the final concerts and proceeded under her own management to give more concerts in the U.S. and Canada.

Her exact itinerary is unknown, but she went from Philadelphia to Toronto and ultimately back to New York. The success of the final concerts was less than those managed by Barnum.

A new pianist was needed, and Lind chose Otto Goldschmidt, whom she had met years earlier when he was a student of Mendelssohn and who had accompanied her in Germany. When he joined her tour in the U.S., they fell in love and were secretly married.



Mr. and Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind Images 2019)

Lind and Barnum remained on amicable terms. In his autobiography, Barnum wrote: "I met her several times after our engagement terminated. She was always affable. I was always supplied with complimentary tickets when she gave concerts in New York, and on the occasion of her last appearance in America, I visited her in her room backstage, and bade her and her husband adieu, with my best wishes. She expressed the same feeling to me in return."

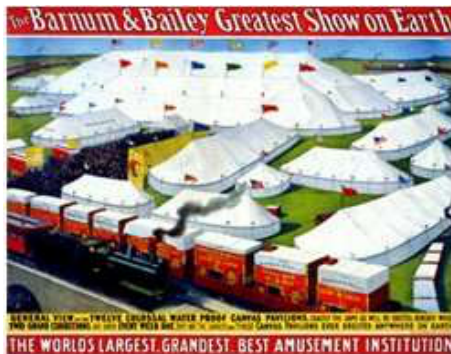
Lind and her company decided to leave the U.S. They presented their farewell concert on May 24, 1852, again at Castle Garden, before boarding the same ship with the same pilot who had brought them to America two years earlier. She sang her final program as Madame Goldschmidt, not Mademoiselle Lind, and the concert included "Farewell to America," composed for the occasion by her husband.

After they returned to Europe, Lind continued to sing, now using her married name of Goldschmidt, rather than Lind. She and her husband chose to live in London, where they were frequent guests of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

At this time, she sang mainly for charity. She taught at the Royal College of Music in London. She and Goldschmidt raised two sons and a daughter, who became Mrs. Raymond

Maude, author of a biography of her mother, “The Life of Jenny Lind.”

After Lind, Barnum no longer sponsored concert tours for musicians. Although he had endured slander, jail, fires, lawsuits and bankruptcies, Barnum somehow always achieved another success. After his American Museum in New York City burned down twice (1865 and 1868), he took to the road with Barnum’s Great Travelling World’s Fair and later joined forces with J. A. Bailey to form the Barnum and Bailey Circus, “The Greatest Show on Earth.”



Jenny Lind, the “Swedish Nightingale,” died of cancer at the age of 67. P. T. Barnum commented about her death in his autobiography: “So dies away the last echo of the most glorious voice the world has ever heard.” Three years later, Barnum died of a stroke at the age of 81.

Conclusion

Although the story detailed in this article series took place in the mid-19th century, it provides inspiration for the 21st. Jenny Lind’s incredible singing combined performance at the highest artistic level with a repertory that appealed to the masses. Her international stature as a singer, paired with P. T. Barnum’s expert marketing, led to a concert tour that touched countless lives. Her sense of charity and goodwill, combined with his recognition of charity as a good marketing strategy, benefited countless recipients.

Today, the arts and philanthropy are closely linked. Arts events are often funded by grants and ticket sales, without profit as a primary goal. Arts organizations must generate enough money to pay their personnel, sometimes well, but their primary aim is artistic rather than monetary.

In the 19th century, there was not yet an established tradition of nonprofit organizations. Social and humanitarian causes received rightful attention from America’s early philanthropists, such as wealthy businessmen like Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller. The extension of philanthropy both to and from the arts was advanced significantly by Barnum’s marketing of Lind. In the 21st century, most presenters seek sponsors and thank them publicly for donations that make events possible. Conversely, concerts are often sought out as a means of fund raising to benefit social causes.

Siting of performances has always ranked high among the considerations of musical artists. In Jenny Lind’s time, while Europe provided glorious opera houses and concert halls, there was nothing comparable in the U.S. Thus, Lind performed in whatever places were available on the tour Barnum arranged, many of them quite humble. His task was to find venues and then to attract people to attend.

Today, the U.S. abounds in multipurpose venues that appeal to a wide range of audiences. Large cities have created some

of the best concert halls in the world — witness New York’s Lincoln Center. Small towns eagerly provide arts venues in such settings as schools, churches, sports arenas, and made-over barns. Even when no special sites are available and presenters must improvise venues, performances therein provide artistic and economic benefits to their communities.

Jenny Lind was the first famous European performing artist to travel to the U.S. Americans had never before heard music of this quality. Thanks to P. T. Barnum, high art became available and attractive. Today, ease of travel for artists as well as for audiences make concert tours by world-famous performers commonplace. Entire orchestras pack up their instruments, equipment, and players and send them via truck or airplane to distant locations where thousands of audience members easily buy tickets online or at the door. Radio, television, recording technology, and the internet have all made access to the world’s best music available at the touch of a button or click of a mouse. Movie theaters offer spectacular showings of entire operas, including backstage operations. Arts management companies guide the careers of hundreds of performers. Universities offer degrees and certificates in Arts Administration. Courses in Arts Management include the history of its development as a professional field, beginning with the 1850 American tour of Jenny Lind managed by P. T. Barnum.

Jenny Lind was a highly talented singer who emerged from humble origins. She came to know the monetary value of musical performance beyond her wildest dreams. P. T. Barnum was a humbugger and successful businessman who came to know the artistic and philanthropic value of music beyond anything he could ever have imagined. The broad popularity of musical performance today owes much to the collaboration of an exceptionally gifted and generous opera singer and an aggressive business entrepreneur with far more interest in money than music—the unlikely alliance of the Swedish Nightingale and the Prince of Humbug.

Notes

Lind wrote home to her parents: “We rarely make less than \$10,000 [approximately \$325,000 in 2019] at a concert. . . . My share for six concerts is \$30,000 [\$978,000]!” She also recounts that the first ticket was auctioned for \$625 (\$20,000). After that first concert, Lind insisted that at least some tickets be made available for ordinary audience members (without auction) at \$1 and \$2.

Lind especially channeled her donations toward endowments for free schools in Sweden. Scholarships funded by her endowments are administered to this day by the Royal Swedish Academy of Music.

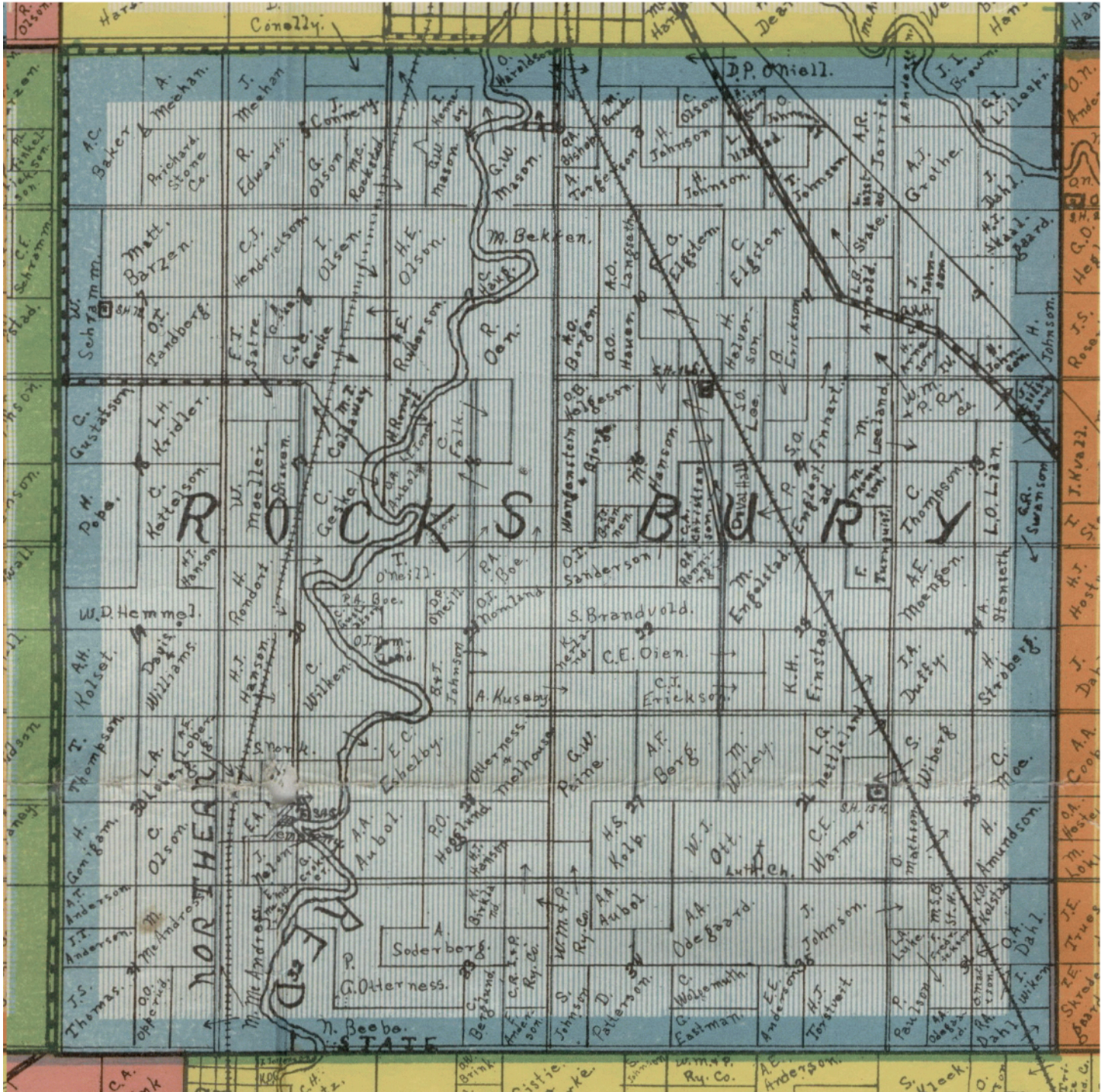
In his book “Democracy in America” (1835), Alexis de Tocqueville marveled that Americans voluntarily joined together to undertake initiatives that in Europe were performed by aristocrats. By the late 1800s, highly successful American businessmen considered how best to use their wealth. Andrew Carnegie advocated donation of surplus money to social causes, and John D. Rockefeller to human welfare. Barnum left an estate valued at \$10,000,000 (\$280,000,000 in 2019) to twenty-seven heirs and charitable bequests, including The Children’s Aid Society.

DID YOU SPOT THIS?

February 3, 2021 issue of *The Times* in the column "Turning Back the Times" - One Hundred Years Ago

"The County Board has proposed to make the Angle Road a state highway."

I don't know yet when the Angle Road formally became Highway 59, but it got your editor to thinking about the histories of Rocksbury and Smiley Townships. Author of the following Rocksbury history is not known. The Smiley history was written by your editor for its zoning ordinance document.



Source - PCHS
Rocksbury Township Plat. Map -1909

Rocksbury Township History

Governance: The first settlers in Northwestern Minnesota were the Dakota Sioux, very well established by the late 1600's. Around 1770, a change had taken place, and the Chippewa were considered the dominant tribe in northern and central Minnesota. This included the area now known as Pennington County.

A number of European nations such as Great Britain and France also laid claim to it during various periods in history. This view was unlike the local Native Americans, who viewed the land as something that was unable to be owned.

The Northwest Ordinance was passed on July 13, 1787 by the Continental Congress under the Articles of Confederation. This act was argued by some as the greatest piece of legislation passed by the Continental Congress other than the Declaration of Independence. This established the precedents by which the United States would expand by admitting new states rather than expanding existing ones.

The primary effect was the Northwest Territory establishment, the first organized territory of the United States. It was located in the Great Lakes region, north and west of the Ohio River. Reaffirmation by Congress under the Constitution took place on August 7, 1789 with only slight alterations. Minnesota was designated as a territory on March 3, 1849. On May 11, 1858, it became the thirty-second state to enter the Union.

A portion of northwest Minnesota that contained Pennington County was not an official part of Minnesota at the time this designation. The Ojibwa (Chippewa) ceded their remaining land, which included northwest Minnesota, through treaties in 1863, 1864 and 1867, allowing formalization of the current state boundaries.

Minnesota is divided into eighty-seven counties. The first was established in 1849, and the last in 1922. Pennington County was established on November 23, 1910. It was named in honor of Edmund Pennington. Born in La Salle, Ill., he eventually relocated to Minneapolis and worked his way up to the position of President of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad (Soo Line). The land in Pennington County was included in Red Lake County from 1896 to 1910 and both were included in Polk County from 1858 to 1896.

Townships were originally established as part of the Northwest Ordinance mentioned above. This form of government is a carryover from Europe; a method of building the state by dividing land areas into thirty-six square mile units. Evolutions have occurred, and the physical size no longer is limited, but instead can be changed due to merges, city annexations and the organization of new/smaller townships in areas of dense population.

There are twenty-one townships in Pennington County, resulting from a combination of Article twelve, Section three of the state constitution and Minnesota Statute Chapter 379, which currently governs the creation of new townships. Township powers are derived from Minnesota Statute Chapters 365-368.

A board of supervisors represents the governing body. They are elected on a staggered basis. Residents play an important role in the decision-making process, especially by participating in the annual meeting. Other methods that townships use to provide information to the public [are] by providing access via reasonable request, coming to meetings (which are subject to the Minnesota Open Meeting Law) and reading the minutes that are recorded during all proceedings. Ordinances adopted are also published in a newspaper so that proper notice of new regulations is given.

Many services are offered by townships. According to the Minnesota Association of Townships, approximately 47% of the roads in Minnesota are under control of townships. Almost all townships provide emergency services coverage and/or participate in a joint agreement with surrounding cities and townships. Some have public land or parks that are used for recreational purposes. Cemeteries are also maintained.

According to a 2000 report done by the Minnesota State Auditor's Office, local property taxes are the largest source of township revenues. Other revenues may include state grants, county/local grants, special assessments, interest on savings, service charges, license/permit fees and federal grants. The same report shows that road/bridge expenditures are the largest expense for townships, followed by general government expenses, fire protection services, debt payments, water/wastewater services and public safety.

Smiley Township History

The earliest known settlers in northwestern Minnesota were the Dakota Sioux who were well established by the late 1600's. The Chippewa originated on the Atlantic Coast and moved westward to the shores of Lake Superior, and this is where Europeans first visited the Chippewa in 1612. Chippewa movement into the Dakota buffalo hunting grounds was marked by frequent clashes. In 1730, the Chippewa began a relentless march against the Dakota in Central and Northern Minnesota and about 25 years later, the Dakota withdrew from the Red Lake area after a bloody encounter with the Chippewa near the mouth of the Sandy River. By 1770, the Chippewa had become the dominant tribe in a wide

area of northern and central Minnesota and the Red Lake Band was recognized as "owning" the entire northwest corner of Minnesota.

In 1863 the Chippewa signed a treaty with the Federal Government, which opened up a large tract of land to homesteaders while reserving some of what would later become Pennington County as Chippewa land. When Polk County was formed in 1858, it included what would later be both Red Lake and Pennington Counties. In 1896, Red Lake County was formed from part of Polk County, and in 1910, Pennington County was formed from part of Red Lake County.

That first cession of Red Lake lands occurred through the 1863 Old Crossing Treaty. "When this treaty was negotiated, the Chippewa Indian leaders were conned into turning over 11 million acres of prime real estate in Northwestern Minnesota and Northeastern North Dakota for about half a million dollars. As far as real estate deals go, the ceding of the Red Lake Valley ranks up there with the Manhattan deal, the Louisiana Purchase, and the Alaska deal. It has been characterized as one of the most dishonest and fraudulent deals ever made." (*Grand Forks Herald*, September 25, 1988)

Part of this treaty's border was set at an angle leading southeast from Thief River Falls (shown as a dotted line on Figure 1. Smiley Township 1911 plat map). The portion of lands to the west of this dotted line were referred to as the "Fraction" and homesteaders began settling here in the early 1880's. After some years, a road called "The Angle Road" was built from Thief River Falls heading southeast on this diagonal border.



Figure 1. 1911 Plat Map for Smiley Township

Further diminishing of the Red Lake land base occurred on March 10, 1902, when the Red Lake band ceded the reservation area adjoining the Thief River and Red Lake Valley lands known as the Western Townships or "Eleven Towns." In 1904, this agreement was ratified and the land was surveyed. The final government land sale of 256,132 acres was held in front of the Thief River Falls high school building that same year. This sale allowed settlers to move onto lands to the east of the Angle Road.

The 36 sections that ultimately became Smiley Township were named after William C. Smiley, who in 1904 was the county surveyor and in later years practiced law in St. Paul. A post office named Anton was established in 1904 and located in Section 10. Peter O. Berg was the postmaster. It closed in 1910.



The first school, Washington District 221, in what later became Smiley Township was located in Section 31 in the portion called the "Fraction." The first school building was log and it also housed the St. Pauli Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church congregation until they could erect a church building, which they did across the border in Rocksbury township. In 1915, a new school building was constructed and classes were held at this school until 1956, when the district was consolidated with the Thief River Falls school district.

Other schools were located in Sections 6, 8, 11, and 23, but District 221 was the only one to last into the 1950's.

Smiley Township has only one church: Bethany Lutheran. It was dedicated in 1906 and the first burial took place in 1914. It is part of the Goodridge parish.

Pennington County is the flattest county in Minnesota, as evidenced by the winding path of the Red Lake River. This beautiful river, whose origin is to the east at Red Lake, meanders for 13 miles through Smiley Township and provides ample opportunities for fishing, canoeing and kayaking.





The Smiley Bridge crosses this river between Sections 10 and 15 and it is at this corner that the town hall is located. It was built by the Smiley Community Club:



"The Smiley club will be hosts at a pre-dedication party in their new community hall Sunday evening, November 25, at eight o'clock, inviting as their guests all those who made donations toward the erection of the building. The hall is located five miles southeast on the Angle road, with signs indicating directions from there on." *Thief River Falls Times*, November 22, 1934.

In 1935, the Angle Road became U.S. Highway 59, a border-to-border route that begins at the Canadian border north of Lancaster, MN and continues to the Mexican border at Laredo, TX.

Farming has always been the mainstay of Smiley Township. What began with manual labor and oxen blossomed into a combination of mechanical and manual with the broader availability of threshing machines and modest trucks. When settlement first occurred, every farm family had milk cows, pigs, sheep, chicken and large vegetable and fruit gardens. Farm wives traditionally tended the chickens with the "egg money" being used to purchase household items.

As manufacturing and technology have evolved, we are now in an age of precision agriculture or site-specific farming made possible by combining the Global Positioning System (GPS) and geographic information systems (GIS). These systems are being used for farm planning, field mapping, soil sampling, tractor guidance, crop scouting, variable rate applications, and yield mapping.



[In September, a history of the Red Lake Band of Chippewa Indians of Minnesota by Kathy 'Jody' Beaulieu, Tribal Archivist.]

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Why You Should Crack an Egg Into Your Coffee Grounds

*An old Minnesota trick to take your brew to the next level
by Joy Summers*

I remember watching my grandmother make us **egg coffee** when we'd visit her summertime cabin home on the orange-tinted shores of Lake Esquagama, Minnesota. She'd crack an egg into a small bowl and beat it until thoroughly blended, then mix the egg into dry coffee grounds (we were a Hills Bros. family, but Folger's sometimes stood in at the cabin). The mixture was then put into a large stove-top coffee pot and brought to a boil. Once it was good and roiling, she'd turn the heat off and allow the grounds to steep for 10 minutes. A little wad of tinfoil poked into the spout of the coffee pot. (That tinfoil was like a family heirloom, and lord help the person who inadvertently threw it away.)

Egg coffee is lush, with a round richness completely devoid of bitterness.

She would then dump a coffee cup's worth of cold water into the pot, allow it to settle for 10 minutes and then gently pour several cups of coffee. The mixture was a translucent burnt sienna color, and completely devoid of bitterness. Despite its light color, the texture in the mouth was luscious, giving the coffee a round richness. Cups were drunk in quick succession.

Like so many great ideas, egg coffee was a technique born out of necessity. Lousy water, weak coffee, and long days of work meant the Scandinavian immigrants of Northern

Minnesota had to get creative. According to U.S. Census data, Minnesota is home to the largest population of Scandinavian-Americans in the country, with immigrants arriving to the region in the mid-1800s; their culinary influences can now be found all over the Twin Cities and beyond. For those early immigrant farmers, the solution to bad coffee was near-at-hand and came, as one Minneapolis chef's grandfather put it, "from the a..-end of a chicken."

Egg coffee is known and beloved by many in the Midwest, but not commonly made outside of this part of the country. Eventually, times changed, and as the drip coffee pot took over valuable kitchen space, this time-consuming way of brewing was nearly lost. However, like all great old things of sturdy quality, **egg coffee might just be ready for a comeback.**

To understand what's happening inside the cup is to study the process happening inside that roiling pot. Egg whites, or albumen, are a powerful clarifying agent utilized in both making consommé and pulling sediments out of red wine. When egg whites are subjected to high temperatures — as in boiling — their proteins break apart. Those newly separated proteins then bind to other macromolecules that might be present in the liquid — like tannins (in wine), cellular material (in consommé), or other impurities that can cause bitterness.

As the coffee boils inside that pot, a frothy mess of grounds and egg begins to congeal together at the top, forming a mass shaped like a raft. (In scientific terms, this is caused by the hydrophobic effect, which separates water from the solids.) While visually unappealing, this important byproduct is the key to the mild flavor and powerful caffeine kick that comes in a cup of egg coffee. The egg white pulls the acridness of a lesser-quality coffee and **diminishes all traces of bitter flavor** while enhancing the caffeine. The rush of cold water then sinks the raft, acting as mother nature's plunger — much the way a French press does.

Now, even the most common of grocery store coffees has risen considerably in quality since those old tin can days. So why would egg coffee need to be brought back? Haven't we roasted out the bad flavors that coffee used to carry? Don't our fancy water filtration systems render the labored-over cup obsolete?

Not at all. According to Pip Hanson, the former beverage director at Minneapolis's acclaimed Nordic restaurant, the Bachelor Farmer and Marvel Bar, "We decided to try egg coffee [at the Bachelor Farmer Cafe] because everything else has been done," he said. "Third Wave has done it all, from the grind to the pour to the equipment. How do we take the next step in coffee?" But he noted that after experimenting with the process, Bachelor Farmer Cafe ultimately abandoned the idea of serving egg coffee to customers because of its time-consuming process.

However, Erick Harcey of Minneapolis's nouveaux-Scandinavian restaurant, Upton 43, scoffs at the intellectualized approach to egg coffee. "It's totally worth it and really delicious," he said. Harcey has mastered a stove-top method that is almost exactly the same as the way my grandmother made it, but he uses the whole shells. "You've

got to wash them first," he instructed, before sharing his grandfather's favorite "chicken-a.." line.

On a recent Wednesday morning inside the kitchen of his Linden Hills restaurant, Harcey carefully measured freshly ground coffee by weight. "If my grandfather was here, he'd be complaining, 'While you're still playing around, we could have already been drinking coffee. **Why do you have to complicate everything?**'" The chef smiled — his Scandinavian grandfather's influence inspired his restaurant's heritage-meets-modern approach, one that's been drawing national attention.

Harcey then poured us each a cup of coffee the color of sunlit velvet, and we drank.

The first cup of coffee Harcey made was exactly as I'd remembered from my grandmother's kitchen, pale and almost orange, like the iron ore-colored lake of my childhood. The result drank like water — warm, coffee-kissed water, but walloped a peppy kick.

For a second cup, Harcey increased the amount of coffee grounds, crushed two eggs into the mix, added a minuscule pinch of salt, and mixed it all together before pouring the black sludge into a pot of water. When it came to a boil, Harcey set the timer and we watched with increasing intensity as the viscous mixture expanded and then contracted as the bubbles roiled around it. The sludge tightened; flecked with eggshells, it oozed like a creature capable of climbing out of the pan. Harcey again cut the heat and splashed it all with a cup of cold water, and the creature reverted to its subterranean realm.

Harcey then poured us each a cup of coffee the color of sunlit velvet, and we drank. It was revelatory, rich and smooth with the succulent perfume of perfectly roasted beans and not even a whisper of bitter. The steam curled up from the cup like a lazy cat tail, and suddenly I felt like pouring out old stories of farmers in the field, ladies who made afternoon cakes and went calling. **The tether between me and my ancestors pulled me back.** "And that," Harcey said, "is why we do this."

Ingredients

5 Tbsp. coffee (medium grind works best)
1 egg

Instructions

Beat egg in a small bowl with a fork. Add coffee grounds and mix until you have a sludge.

Bring 7 cups of water to a boil in a large coffee pot or saucepan. Add coffee/egg mixture. Continue boiling until the foam disappears — about 3 minutes. Remove from heat.

Add 1 cup of cold water to the coffee pot. This will help settle the grounds.

Pour coffee through a strainer to catch any loose grounds. Serve.

Maybe we need to try making egg coffee for our 125th Anniversary Celebration?

How many of you remember the ladies making egg coffee in the church kitchen?

THE BACK PAGE

"All children need a laptop. Not a computer, but a human laptop. Moms, Dads, Grannies and Grandpas, Aunts, Uncles – someone to hold them, read to them, teach them. Loved ones who will embrace them and pass on the experience, rituals and knowledge of a hundred previous generations. Loved ones who will pass to the next generation their expectations of them, their hopes, and their dreams."

-Colin Powell

* * * * *

Ancestral Mathematics

In order to be born, you needed:

2 parents
4 grandparents
8 great-grandparents
16 second great-grandparents
32 third great-grandparents
64 fourth great-grandparents
128 fifth great-grandparents
256 sixth great-grandparents
512 seventh great-grandparents
1,024 eighth great-grandparents
2,048 ninth great-grandparents

For you to be born today from 12 previous generations, you needed a total of 4,094 ancestors over the last 400 years.

Think for a moment – How many struggles? How many battles? How many difficulties? How much sadness? How much happiness? How many love stories? How many expressions of hope for the future? – did your ancestors have to undergo for you to exist in this present moment.

* * * * *

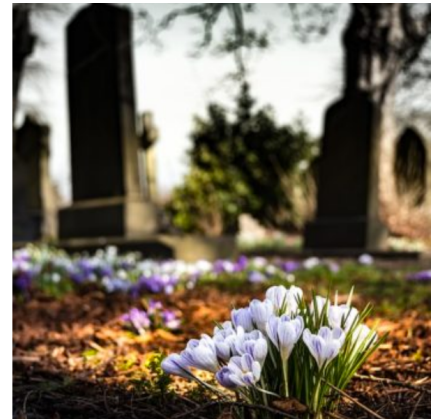
Gratitude for My Ancestors

by Catherine Heighway

I felt my heart shift from the iron weightiness of grief to a lighter feeling of gratitude, like the flash of scarlet on red wing blackbirds in the sky.

It has never been my habit to visit graveyards. We never did it when I was young. However, after my dad took his final feather of a breath last February, he was buried, as he had pre-arranged, at a local cemetery. I went with my family to his gravesite on his birthday at the end of March. It was a miserable day so we didn't linger. On Father's Day, we went again and spent more time. My brother found our grandparent's plot in the next row and our great aunt's a few spaces away.

I felt compelled to go the cemetery alone on my birthday, July 15th. I sat down on the grass beside my dad's horizontal marker and touched the bronze letters with the same tenderness that I used to touch his face. I played some Buddhist chants on my iPad while saying a few rounds of mantra with my mala beads. Tears spilled down my face. I could hardly speak. The sense of loss was so deep it would continue to disorient me for more than a year following his death.



This year, I went out again on my birthday, not sure what to expect, not wanting to tap into my grief again but also needing to honor my dad's memory.

I thought about these four ancestors, who knew me as a child, who loved me like no one else.

I knelt down to brush some grass off the marker. I held my hand over his name, warmed by the summer sun.

"Hi Dad," I said, "I miss you. We all miss you every day. Mom is doing okay. It's my birthday and I want to thank you for the gift of my life. I love you."

I touched my fingertips to my dear mom's name beside his, her birthdate inscribed with a dash after it, waiting for her death to be recorded and the urn holding her ashes to be placed with him.

I walked over to the next row to my beloved Nana and Papa. Then, a few sites over to my Great Aunt Glenda, someone I cherished and who was like a grandmother to me. All of them, long gone. I knelt down at each site to say hello and thank you.

It was a blistering hot day. I sat down on a cool granite bench under a small tree. I gazed across the graveyard. A few floral decorations dotted the expanse of lawn. I thought about these four ancestors, who knew me as a child, who loved me like no one else. And especially my dad who passed on to me the love he had received from them all those years ago.

The breeze picked up, rustling the leaves overhead. I felt my heart shift from the iron weightiness of grief to a lighter feeling of gratitude, like the flash of scarlet on red winged blackbirds in the sky.

Catherine Heighway is a yoga teacher and writer living in London, Ontario, Canada. Currently she is co-authoring a book on yoga practice through the seasons. She strives to make gratefulness a daily practice.