



Hilda Johnson

Celebrations



Rick Olson 90th Birthday



Three Golden Anniversary Couples Walter & Anna (Olin) Bakken
Arthur & Delia (Jacobson) Olin Thorvald & Lucille (Olin) Larson



25th Anniversary
Linda, Irene & Clarence Jacobson



Roderick, Alton, Mable, MarJean, Melton Olin

50th Anniversaries



Anna & Walter Bakken



Tenius & Susie Ramsland Laura, Luella, Elvira, Adolph, Lucille, Tenius & Susie



Vick Estrin, Oliver Anderson, Clara Anderson, Ann Estrin



Oscar & Anna Jacobson



Tilda & Martin Willman



Craig Nelson, Bryan Johnson,
Jay & Joel Larson, Rory Leach,
Julie Larson, Kay & Grant Johnson



Micky Leach, Kay Johnson,
Jamie & Julie Larson



Julie Larson, Micky Leach, Cassie
SchAAF Jamie Larson, Janet Johnson,
Phyllis Bond



Leaving for the National Luther League Convention
Julie Larson, Bryan Johnson, Micky Leach



Micky Leach, Jamie Larson, Kay Johnson,
Mother-Daughter Tea



Almont Labor Day Float



Almont Labor Day Float 80th Anniversary
(Representing first two couples married in
congregation) Pastor Olsrud, Douglas
Thorson, Jake Larson, Lo Ann Leach,
Peggy Thorson

SIMS CHURCH TO OBSERVE 90TH ANNIVERSARY

The Sims Lutheran Congregation was organized back in 1884 when the area was still part of Dakota Territory. The early settlers desired a place to worship so in 1884 they contacted church headquarters and the Oldest Lutheran Church West of the Missouri was born - this church was not an overnight miracle, a lot of blood, sweat, tears and prayers are embedded in her history. Growing when the town of Sims was booming, dying as it died until today, the descendants of the charter members make up the congregation, the church has become a landmark in this area and today former members make a special trip out to see the old townsite and visit their old church.

From its birth in pioneer days, on through the depression prosperous days, etc by the "Grace of God" the church has survived.

On September 1st the congregation would like to invite you to join us in the celebration as we acknowledge that by the Grace of God 90 years we have been given.

Morning worship at 10:30 a.m. MDT The Rev Roy Gilbertson, president of the UNO. district of the American Lutheran Church will deliver the morning message.

Dinner will be served at 12 o'clock noon. Please make reservations. Afternoon program at 2 p.m. MDT.

**90th Anniversary Address
by: Dr. Leon Jacobson**

To address a group of friends, relatives, and some others less known to me, who have gathered for this historic 90th Anniversary of the Sims Church is a somewhat different assignment for me. My role on a podium has been to expound on some theory of medical education, to report on experimental medical research conducted in my laboratory, or to describe to my students or my medical colleagues the latest approach on the prevention, diagnosis, or treatment of human disease.

When I inquired as to what was expected of me at this 90th Anniversary celebration of the founding of Sims church, the answer by LoAnn Leach was simply put: *"Just be yourself and discuss what you will."*

Norwegians and other ethnic groups from North Dakota come home to visit and go to church. This practice springs from a recognition of the church as the center of the life of the community. Not the recreation center in most cases, but the ethical center of people's lives. I think we come back not only to visit friends and relatives, but to be reaffirmed in the values we grew up with.

When I taught all eight grades in the Sims school between 1930 and 1933, I got permission to raise chickens in the school barn. All went well until the

minks or skunks, or a combination of both, did away with most of my flock. When I wound up the season and sold what was left for \$37 I had a net profit of \$10. Actually, there really wasn't any profit since my mother gave me free grain from what little was stored on the farm nearby. Thus, if all things were considered, I ended up with no profit but an actual disastrous experience as a chicken farmer.

Any one of you might ask the logical question: How did an unsuccessful North Dakota chicken farmer ever manage to finish college, go to medical school, and end up running the institution that saw fit to graduate him? As some of you know, I had the good fortune when I was in grade school to have Andrew Willman as my teacher. He had been educated at the Montana School of Mines and was interested in mathematics. As a result, he taught me something about the joy of problem solving, not only in algebra but in beginning trigonometry. As a result, that aspect of high school that used to be a stumbling block to freshmen was easy for me - not because I knew all the mathematics there was to learn, but rather because Andrew Willman taught me how to think logically and creatively.

In this church I was baptized and confirmed. For the later ceremony I got my very own first suit of clothes. I was deeply religious, as were my mother and father. My parents were tolerant, understanding, sympathetic, and supportive of my ambitions for an education. During high school the influence of Superintendent De Noyer, the marvelous teaching of history and English composition by Mrs. Halverson, and the superb instruction in the German language by Mrs. Peck were instrumental in my decision to get my college degree in agricultural science.

So in 1928 at the age of 16, I went to Fargo, the biggest city I had ever seen, to attend North Dakota State. A few dollars were scraped up here and there; for, as you will recall, those were the dust bowl days and the beginning of the Great Depression. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Beckland of the Almont Bank loaned me a few hundred dollars at 9 percent interest - an interest rate that has become fashionable again. Occasionally my mother would manage to send me a cream check, and my sister and brothers helped when they could. Perhaps one of the more touching episodes in my life occurred one time when I was home from college during the Christmas holidays and attended a church function. Mrs. Charley Jacobson (a neighbor and not a relative) took me aside and, in her broken English flavored by her Scandinavian background, said she wanted me to know that she was proud of me, knew that college cost money, and then gave me a one-dollar bill. To her and to me a dollar was a lot in those days. That act of charity on her part was more than symbolic of the Christian spirit - it represented what this church, its congregation, and its pastors were trying to do. Our ministers were not teaching, as I recall, a fanatic, unworkable approach to religion but rather a simple belief in God that fostered adherence to the Ten Commandments, a love of family, and an appreciation for the beauty of nature and of life itself.

Finally, I changed my direction and decided to become a physician. The University of Chicago accepted me and I graduated with an M.D. degree in 1939.

While pursuing my medical studies as a medical student, I began doing clinical and basic research in the laboratory. Here the good Lord was kind to me - I made a number of fundamental discoveries. These discoveries brought me a number of prizes and invitations to speak all over the United States and the world.

Parenthetically, let me tell you of a few incidents relating to these discoveries.

One time Mrs. Jacobson and I were invited to San Francisco where I was to receive a gold medal and a substantial cash award. Some time before the ceremonies, decided I should get my shoes shined for the occasion. So I went down from my hotel room to the barber shop and got into the appropriate chair. The shoeshine man looked up at me and said, *"What's going on here? One of your shoes is brown and the other is black."* I replied, *"Don't worry - I have another pair just like them upstairs in my room."*

Another occasion serves to illustrate that as success comes your way, you must be careful lest you over-emphasize your importance. Or, in the vernacular, don't allow yourself to become a *"stuffed shirt"* or expect everyone to fall at your feet. North Dakota State University wrote me saying they had decided to award me an honorary degree. In the academic world this is one of the greatest honors one can receive. So Mrs. Jacobson and I flew to Fargo to accept the Doctor of Science Degree. We arrived in Fargo and when the plane taxied up to the ramp and the exit door was opened - Lo and Behold! - a band was playing. I was overwhelmed to think that the University would go so far as to have a band out for my arrival. Betty J. and I walked proudly down the ramp and the band kept playing. Strangely, no one rushed forward to shake my hand. But someone did rush forward to shake hands with the man behind me. It was the Champagne Music Man, Lawrence Welk, who, as it turned out, was also receiving an honorary degree.

On yet another occasion, Betty and I were in Oslo, Norway, where I received a prize for my research. After the ceremonies, we were taken to the airport, only to find that our plane for Stockholm, Sweden, had left an hour before. I was really upset since it was 10 o'clock at night and I was scheduled to deliver a lecture at 10 o'clock the next morning to the faculty at the Karolinska University. My host calmed me down when he said that we could get a train from the Oslo station at 11 o'clock that evening that would get us into Stockholm at 7 o'clock the next morning, in plenty of time for my lecture. So we proceeded to the railroad station. The train was not ready to depart, so the porter suggested we go and have a cup of coffee and he would call us when it was time to board the train. As we sat there drinking our coffee, a young man with long blond hair and a beard came to our table. He said in perfect Oxfordian English, *"I'm a student. Are you from*

America?" And I said *"Yes."* *"By any chance,"* he continued, *"are you from Houston, Texas?"* And I said *"No."* *"Then where are you from?"* he asked, and I said *"Chicago."* And he said, *"How boring,"* and walked away. Now it might be said that the logical response, in true Western style, to such arrogance should have been a *"punch in the nose,"* - BUT it might also be said that this young Norwegian student who questioned me raised my hopes of some additional praise. He tickled my ego and then, when I expected that praise, he suddenly punctured my balloon and reduced me to just anyone else in a crowded railroad station. I have learned from just such experiences that each of us - often vain, prejudiced, and searching for self-aggrandizement - learn by these simple experiences that we are all equal under God and, further to paraphrase, we are all endowed by God with attributes that can be utilized and directed to help others, to bring comfort, to ease another's problems, and in reality to treat and *"love thy neighbor as thyself."*

I included the word *"prejudice"* because I have been thinking about it lately. It is a subtle and pervasive problem that can't be disposed of easily. We are always biased in favor of those who are like us, or at least think like us. I can well remember that my mother, in all her beautiful innocence, firmly believed that only Christians - believers in Christ - could achieve salvation and eventually enter the Kingdom of Heaven. How many of us persist in this belief - in this philosophy? I cannot believe that God in his infinite wisdom and mercy ever determined at the time of Christ or since that non-Christians could achieve only the fate of the damned. Harmless as this example may be, I see Prejudice today as a major deterrent - a powerful drawback to progress, peace, equality of opportunity, and the achievement of the goals of Christianity and of our own Constitution. So let us strive, each in his own way, to live as brothers and sisters under God, no matter what our color, our creed, or point of origin.

There are several ways of being *"saved by the church,"* I shall refer to only one. During World War II, I became involved with Enrico Fermi and many others at the University of Chicago in the development of the first chain-reacting atomic reactor. This self-sustaining atomic furnace produced from uranium the product plutonium, which is the element that produces atomic explosions and atomic power plants. My participation was to study the effect of the many radioactive materials that were by-products of plutonium production on the human body and find ways to alleviate or prevent radiation injury. Being thus thrown into the most secret of World War II research, military intelligence required proof not only of my birth but that of my father's naturalization, etc. After much research, it was possible to prove that my father had indeed homesteaded and received citizenship. But how about me - there were no county or state records of birth available for one Leon Jacobson who claimed to have been born in Sims, North Dakota, on December 16, 1911. Military intelligence contacted Dr. Gaebe in New Salem, North Dakota, but he had no record, nor could he honestly say that he remembered delivering me. Finally, my Aunt Inga (now

Mrs. Merrick) made the logical suggestion: Research the records of the Sims church and see if Pastor Breen did his duty and officially recorded my baptism in the church record. My baptismal record was indeed found and, in a manner of speaking, I was saved. Parenthetically, it is of interest that since Sims no longer exists as a town on official maps, it might be said that I have no birthplace. Were it not for my baptismal record, it might also be said that officially I was not even born.

Not only were my parents and my friends God-fearing and God-loving people, but so were the members of the medical profession. Some of you will remember that Dr. Ramstead, who co-founded the Quain and Ramstead clinic in Bismarck, began every operation with a recital of the Lord's Prayer. When I was a freshman in high school in Almont, I developed appendicitis. Dr. Gaebe made the diagnosis, and off Mother and I went, on good old Choo-choo Number 8, to Bismarck, where I was operated on almost immediately upon arrival. Just before the anesthetic was administered to me, I repeated the Lord's Prayer with Dr. Ramstead. It was impressive, and I had never forgotten the impact this had upon me.

There is so much talk these days about changing values to match the times. The curious fact of this upbringing is that it produced values that are not out of date. This may have something to do with our being farmers and ranchers and having to rely on the weather; which boils down to believing in hard work and the grace of God. This training to live with uncertainty stands us in particularly good stead in these times. In this rapidly changing world where despair or indifference seem to be the most common ways of

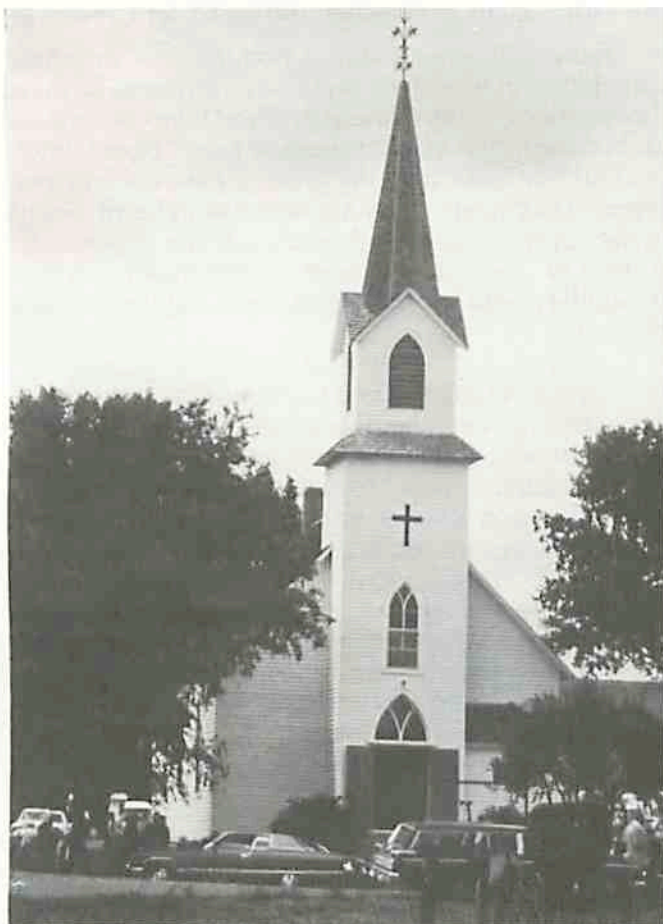
facing the future, we remain optimistic; committed to our larger goals even when the going gets tough.

Living with uncertainty is nothing new in human experience. In one of Martin Luther's sermons, he raised the question, "*Who in these troubled times has enough faith in the future to plant an apple tree?*" Both Luther's era and our own share the great uneasiness and great promise of change. They are both examples of periods in the course of history when uncertainty comes to the surface of men's minds more acutely than in times of tranquillity, and in such times one's training is put to the test.

I spoke at length about my schooling because one value that has been held very highly in our community has been education. Not education as a goal in itself, but education for service. In this context I do not imply that education comes only from going to college. Education is, in reality, a continuum of learning experience that broadens one's perception of how to make the very best of what one has; how to work with one's colleagues and friends; and how to make one's conversation broader and more interesting. I know that this, our community, has produced more than its share of practical and scientific farmers and ranchers, of artisans and teachers, nurses, doctors, and other professionals.

We have been taught to face the future confidently with the idea that we can be of some good use. I think our strength lies in staying close to the essentials of life. We produce food, we teach, we heal. The town of Sims may have been plowed under, but people of Sims church are meeting today to celebrate the continuing importance of her teaching for all of us.

Dec. 23, 1911 - Sims Side-lights, The stork flew over town last Saturday night and as a result, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacobson are the happy recipients of a new baby boy. We have not seen Mr. Jacobson since the eventful night but it is safe to say he is wearing a broad smile. (The baby referred to is Dr. Leon Jacobson)



SIMS SKANDINAVIAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
1834 - 90th ANNIVERSARY - 1974
Sunday, September 1, 1974
"BY THE GRACE OF GOD -- 96 YEARS"

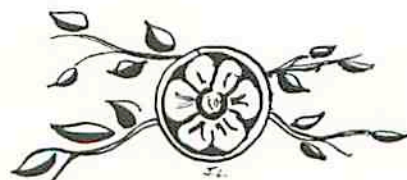


In the late 1870's and early 80's, some Skandinavian pioneers immigrated to the United States and came to live west of the Missouri River at Sims, North Dakota. Sims became the Northern Pacific Railroad's chief coaling and pumping station.

The pioneers who came were men and women of faith. Their hearts had been moved by the Gospel and their lives touched by God's grace in Jesus Christ. They felt it was of greatest importance to establish a place of worship in their new world as soon as possible. On September 30, 1884, these pioneers met with their pastor, the Rev. O.J. Norby, and organized the congregation which they named the Skandinavian Evangelical Lutheran Church of Sims. This new congregation had fifty members before the end of the year.

For 90 years the Gospel has been proclaimed and the Sacraments administered to the people of this community. The Holy Spirit has influenced and changed the lives of thousands of people throughout these 90 years, all because of this community of believers called the Church through whom God works.

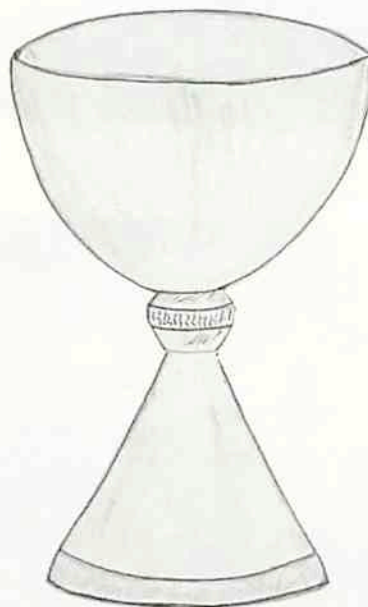
Greetings from Congregation Jake Larson
Solo "Norwegian Song" Mrs. Grace Nelson
Greetings from Sims American Lutheran Church Women -
Mrs. Oscar Monson
Song "Thy Name We Praise" Men's Chorus
Address Dr. Leon Jacobson
Solo "The Lord's Prayer" Paula Klautt
Benediction Pastor Douglas Brandt



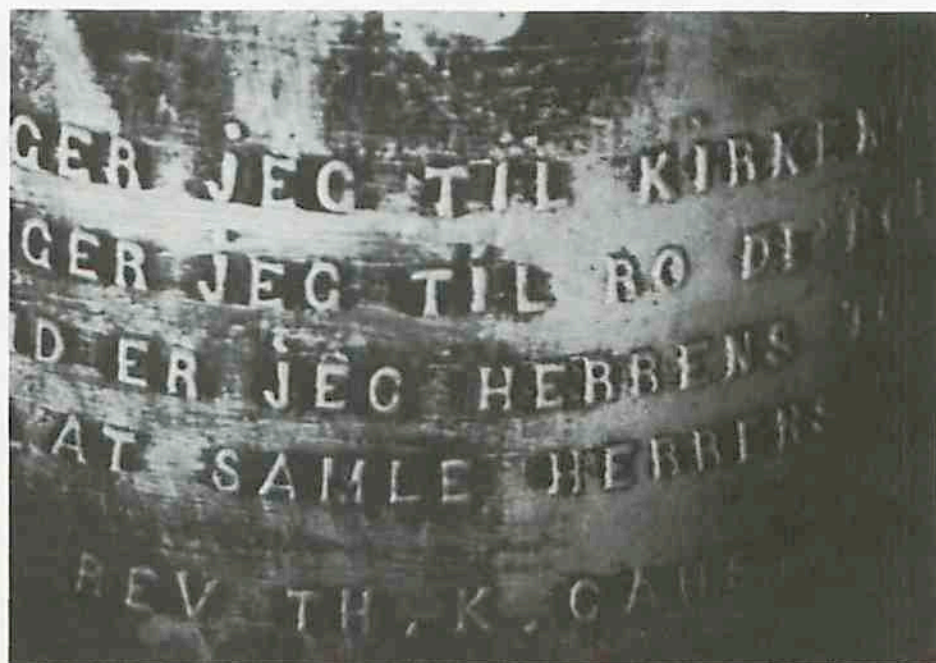
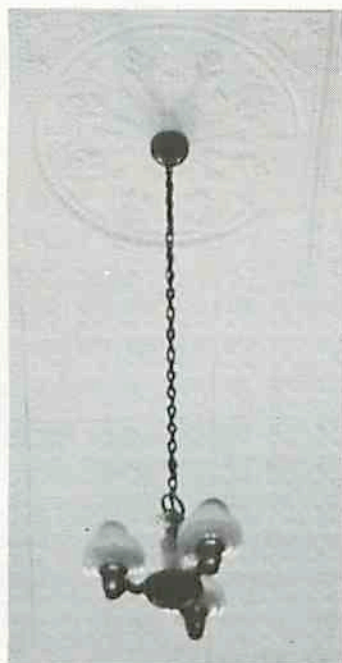
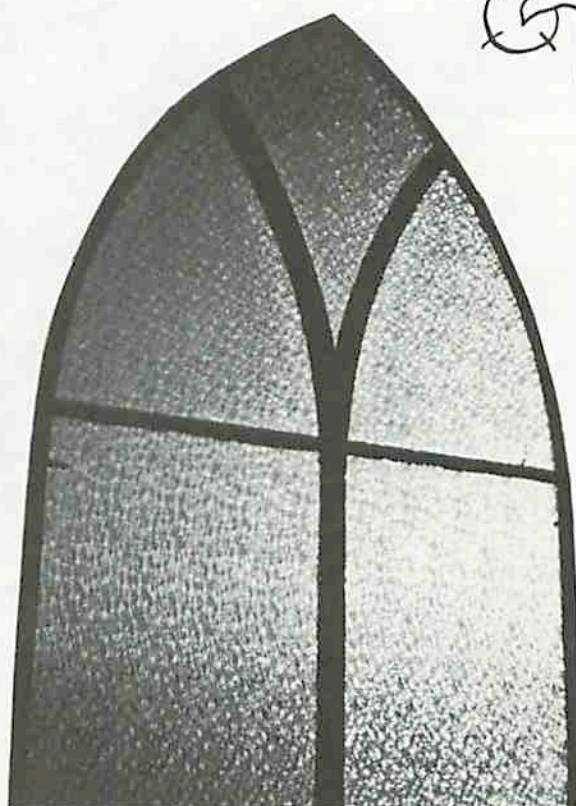
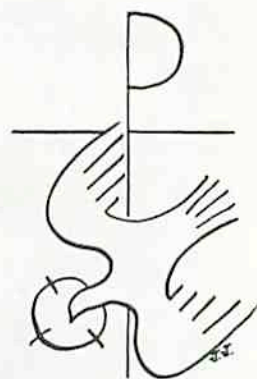


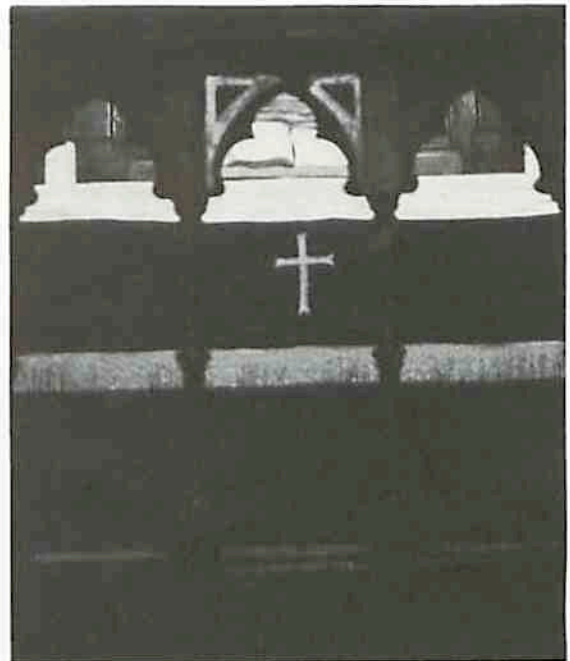
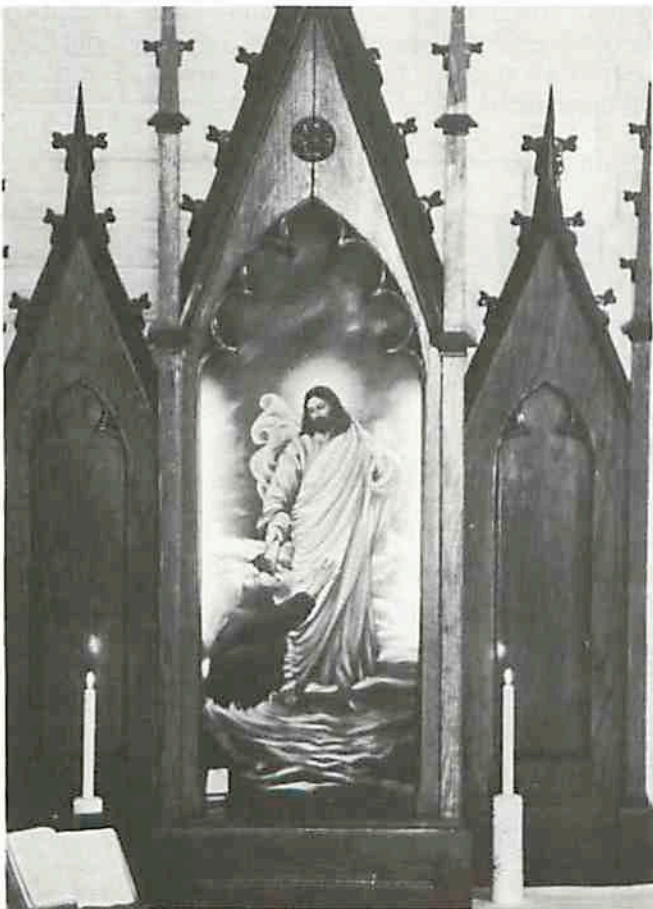
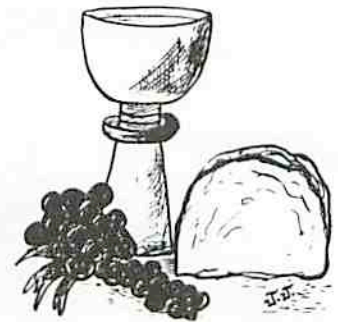


Congregation 1984 Shawn Olin, Ray Olin, Joel Johnson, Bryan Johnson, Grant Johnson, Elmer Willman, Orval Olin, Larvel Anderson, Lorna & Don Bender, Oliver Anderson Julie (Larson) Nelson, Carole Olin, Donna Johnson, Lucille Larson, Ruth Olin, Jeanett Anderson, Cora Monson, Ginny Larson, Jake Larson Children: Toby & Josh Olin, Monica Bender Not Pictured: Norman Johnson, Lo Ann, Rory, Micky Leach and Allyson Leach-Heid Charles Wanstrom Wilbur Wanstrom Delia Olin Kay Johnson Clayton Anderson Ole & Toby Ramsland Rick, Caren, Dean, Byron Severson Joel Larson Jay, Tracy, & Amanda Larson Leslie Jacobson











THE BAPTISMAL FONT

Nicolai Ostering, pioneer member of the Sims Congregation made this baptismal font, hand-carving a design on it similar to the one on the altar and pulpit. Then, after sanding it smooth, he painted it white. While the paint was still wet, he brushed the carbon from burned wooden matches into the paint creating a marble-like design. Many visitors to the church still think the font is carved of marble—until they touch it or see someone lift it.



Organizations



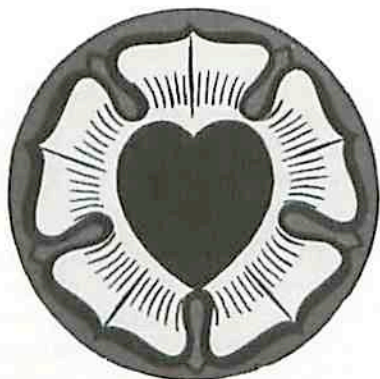
Sims Youth 1890

THE SUNSHINE CLUB

The Sunshine Club was a group of young girls who would get together and do handwork to raise money for the church. They often worked together, so someone would pick them up with horse and buggy and drive them to where they would gather to embroider and do other handwork. These girls, twelve years and younger, purchased the hymn tablet and the old foot pump organ that is still in the church basement.



Anna Jacobson Ragna Gaustad Anna Timmerman
Hulda Gaustad Lena Linstad Daisy Thompson



Credits		Debits & Expenses	
Nov 2-1916 Collection	11 50	20 Books @ 30¢ & 6.00	
Dec 7-1916 Bazaar	11	Receipts from Bazaar	150
Jan 11-1917 (Linen & Lace)	4 30	Net	4 50
Feb 8-1917 (Wings & Monarchs)	5 30	Express on Books	40
3-5 Recd from Robt Gray for		2-10-2 doz Folding Chairs	
Breaking and Chair	75	# 141 PR & Co @ 7.00	14 00
Collection 3-15-1917 (Baz)	5 00	2-27 Freight on Chairs	3 48
Collection 4-5-1917 (Baz)	5 20	4-20-2 Gas Lamps for	
Collection 5-3-1917 (A Holm)	5 41	Basement @ 5.50	11 00
Collection 6-8-1917 (Linen & Lace)	5 16		33 38
Collection 8-17-17 (Linen & Lace)	5 15		
	50 88		
	33 38		
	17 50		
8-18- Cash from A Holm	1 00	8-18-7-2 doz Candles	
Additional amount received from		@ 12¢ per doz 24.00	
Repairs served by the		Less 20¢	6.00
Jacobson 8-17	51	Express on Books	18 00
Total Credits	19 01		1 56
		Total Debits	19 56

HISTORY OF SIMS LADIES AID....by Cora Monson

The Sims Ladies Aid was organized in 1885 by the ladies of the Sims Church. The first officers were Mrs. Pete Anderson, Mrs. Jacob Olson and Mrs. A. J. Johnson.

Sims was an outpost of civilization in those days. This church was one of the chief ways of communication between the people of the area as well as spiritual comfort. The early settlers of Sims were hardy courageous people with an ever growing urge to improve the spiritual life of the community.

The parish house was built in 1884 and served as a living quarters for the pastor with the meeting room upstairs.

Pastor Norby was the first pastor to serve in Sims. He also served the settlers as far away as Glendive, Montana, preaching, and baptizing as he walked or rode to these far reaching settlements. He served the parish from 1884 to 1893.

As the members of the Sims congregation increased, a need was realized to build a church. The members decided to erect the building that still serves us. It was completed in 1900.

Rev. T. Gaustad became the next pastor to serve in Sims. He served from 1893-1906. Rev. Gaustad and his wife worked very hard to finance the building by giving parties, having food sales, and providing various means of entertainment to help finance the church. Rev. Gaustad, his wife, son, and two daughters and two granddaughters were present at the golden anniversary of the church.

Our church building was not without difficulties, as when the structure was nearly completed a cyclone came through and leveled the building to the ground, but the structure was rebuilt and dedicated in 1900 and has been in use ever since.

Due to travel difficulties in early days another group of ladies formed the Curlew Ladies Aid in November of 1909. The first officers were Mrs. Jacob (Jette) Olson and Mrs. Rickart Olson, Secretary-treasurer. The annual meetings were held jointly with the Sims Ladies Aid until 1921 when the annual meetings were held in the Benson school in Curlew.

At that time, Curlew was a closely settled community, so services were held there but still affiliated with the Sims Church.

In 1905, Mrs. Sena Larson, a member of the Sims Ladies Aid, left the community and moved about 18 miles southwest of Sims. She organized a group of ladies in that area into a Ladies Aid that was a branch of the Sims Ladies Aid.

Several Lutheran families belonging to the Sims Church in the Heart River area also formed a Ladies Aid in that area and was affiliated with the Sims Ladies Aid.

These ladies' groups worked to serve the church and had better attendance in their localized area because

transportation was not an easy matter in those days. Their combined efforts served the church and missions as well as providing religious study and socializing between families.

The ladies would meet in the afternoons to conduct religious and business affairs. Then, at supper time, the entire family and bachelors of the area came and enjoyed an evening of food and visiting.

The pastors, or their wives, or both, were usually present at the meetings. They took care of scripture and prayer and discussed the scripture readings. The Aid worked and sold fancy work, cooked and served suppers, had programs and ice cream socials, visited and helped the sick, helped to refurnish homes that were destroyed by fire and wind, helped provide money for caring for the parsonage. The Ladies Aid served for Homecoming gatherings for service men. They also helped to serve at weddings and wedding anniversaries, both silver and golden.

Some anniversaries that the Ladies Aid helped with were Pedar Hoovestol's, John Olin's, Gabriel Pederson's, Martin Willman's, Nels Seim's, Clarence Jacobson's, Thorvald Larson's, Oliver Anderson's, and Art Olin's.

There were two girls' organizations in the Sims Church, the Sunshine Club and the Girl's Club. They were very active in making money to get a basement under the church and also with mission work for the church.

It was while Rev. Isolony was here that Sims celebrated its 25th anniversary in September 1909. The golden anniversary was in 1934 while Rev. and Mrs. Nelson were here. The 75th was celebrated in 1959 and the 80th in 1964 with Rev. O. L. Olsrud serving the parish. Rev. Douglas Brandt served here when we celebrated the 90th anniversary. In 1984, with Rev. John Leitel serving our church, we will celebrate our centennial year of worshipping our Lord and proclaiming His Word.

In the first organization of the Sims Ladies Aid, the society met twice a month at Mrs. Norby's at the parsonage. Each member paid 10 cents and brought their own lunch in paper bags. After that (about two years) when the membership grew, they met in individual homes.

The first aid was organized with nine ladies as follows: Mrs. J. C. Norby - president, Mrs. Jetta Olson - treasurer, Mrs. Petrina Johnson, Mrs. Maria Larson, Mrs. John Olin, Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Mrs. Carrie Anderson, and Mrs. Ida Ims.

Some of the missions the Sims ladies group has contributed to were as follows: Wild Rice Children's Home, Twin Valley, Minnesota; Inner Mission Society, Arthur, North Dakota; Home for the Aged at Wittenberg, Wisconsin; Ebenezer Old Peoples' Home, Northwood, North Dakota; Lake Park Home for the Aged; Lutheran Welfare; Crippled Children's School at Jamestown, North Dakota; House of Mercy; The Seaman's Mission of Seattle; Thank Offerings; Bible Institute; Indian

Missions; the pension fund; Cradle Roll; gifts for those hospitalized; American Lutheran Church World Missions; the Zion Society for Israel; Campus Ministries; Ministries for Minorities; Scholarships to Concordia College; United Temperance Movement; Dakota Lutheran Academy; Garrison Bible Camp; Brazil Boys' Dorm; Harding Foundation (for distribution of Bibles); All Faiths' Chapel; Dakota Boys' Ranch; Hall Yough Center; New Guinea Clothing Fund; Norwegian Clothing Drive in 1945; Rapid City Flood Victim Fund; Oak Grove High School; Ephatha; Prairie Public Television; Radio and TV Fund; gifts to help students to Bible camps and Luther League conventions; Lutheran Camp for Retarded; subscriptions to Scope magazine for every woman member of the church.

On January 16th, 1980, we celebrated the 20th birthday of our organized ALCW, American Lutheran Church Women, with a beautiful birthday cake decorated by Carole Olin and recognizing the ALCW's contribution to the church.

The Sims ALCW has been studying the various stands taken by the American Lutheran Church as follows: Prayer in Public Schools; Years of Our Lives;

Health, Life, and Death; Energy and Food; Conflicts, Covenants, Contacts and Commitments; and Is Our Nation In Danger.

Each month one member is in charge of our discussion on the Bible Study for the month. We donate blankets, soap, and Kiddie Kits to Lutheran World Relief each year.

In 1958, the combined Ladies' Aid groups of Sims, Curlew, and Almont furnished a room at St. Luke's Nursing Home at Dickinson, North Dakota.

The Sims Aid has served ice cream and cake for all the residents and staff at Marion Manor and gave Hilda Johnson and Mrs. Oscar Jacobson each a rose while they lived at the Home in Glen Ullin, North Dakota.

We have served lunch and presented a short program and film for the residents of Elm Crest Manor in New Salem.

With God's blessing, may the Sims ALCW and the church continue to be of service to continue His Word in this area. That the Word of God may grow and bless many families and individuals.

DO YOU REMEMBER by Raymond Jacobson

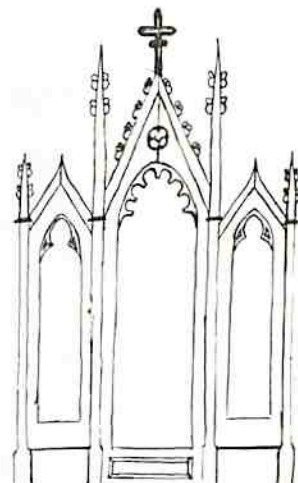
Do you remember the country church that stands at the base of the hill?
 The Sunday School, the socials and the Christmas party thrill
 The two room school house below Grey's big hill
 The school is gone, no children's voices, all is still
 Those great banks of snow and the dam below
 How we'd tunnel in all directions in that huge drift of snow
 When the weather was stormy with its cold biting frost
 We'd follow the winding creek to the school house to keep from getting lost
 The old Montgomery Catalog, we'd page it through and through
 How different pages were put to use when it was no longer new
 A horse back ride in the early morning when the frost was on the ground
 You could hear those clattering hoof beats above the bay of the hound
 Or even go a fishing and watch the sun go down
 And compare our beautiful sunsets with any state around

Then that swim after a long hot day
 of fixing fence, digging post holes or maybe hauling hay.
 Hear water trickling from the eaves of the house
 The chirp of a robin or the call of a grouse
 See birds playing tag in the clear blue sky
 Or a rainbow all colors in the heaven so high
 The smell of fresh rain as it cools off the ground
 Hear the song of a lark as he wonders around
 See the green fields of grain waving on a breezy summer day
 Breathe in the sweet fragrance of the newly mown hay
 A hawk soaring above, his meal at the base of the hill
 The wail of the rusty cogs from the old wind mill
 A chattering magpie in a tree near by
 The call of a morning dove with its lonesome, mournful cry.
 The cry of a wolf pack in the still of the night
 The glimpse of a rabbit as he hops out of sight
 The croaking of frogs from the pond beyond the bend
 They keep croaking, croaking - it never seems to end.

by Raymond Jacobson



Ladies Aid



Lucille Larson, Anna Bakken, Tillie Johnson, Inga Johnson, Rachel Larson, Rachel Jacobson, Annie Cunningham, Maria Larson, Tobine Olin, Andriana Johnson, Petene Johnson, Jalmer Swenson



B-Inga Wanstrom, Veralyn & Beatrice Wanstrom, Hilder Johnson, Annie Cunningham, Valborg & Vendora Johnson, Thelma Olin, Inga Feland, Hilda Johnson F-Rowan Wanstrom, Marshall Feland, Joel Johnson, Duane Johnson, Ardys Olin, Janet Feland



1915 Early gathering of Curlew Aid at Hogan Anderson's



B-Tillie Johnson, Hilder Johnson, Vendora Johnson, Lorene Pederson, Mrs. Oscar Jacobson, Valborg Johnson, Susie Ramsland, Pearl Jacobson, Rachel Jacobson, Elena Ramsland, Mary (Amanda) Gray, Tillie Willman, Olga Timpe, Irene Jacobson

ALCW



B-Donna Johnson, Cora Monson, Ginny Larson, Lorna Bender, Lucille Larson, Carole Olin, Ruth Olin, Jeanette Anderson Not Pictured: LoAnn Leach



B-Ginny Larson, Joan Johnson, Jeanette Anderson, Clara Anderson, Vendora Johnson, Lucille Larson, Selma Seim, Clara Seim, Anna Bakken Not Pictured: LoAnn Leach

Sunday School

The Sims Sunday School was organized in 1885 by the Rev. O. J. Norby and was continued, with some periods of interruptions, until 1955 at which time it was more convenient for the children to attend the Almont Sunday School.

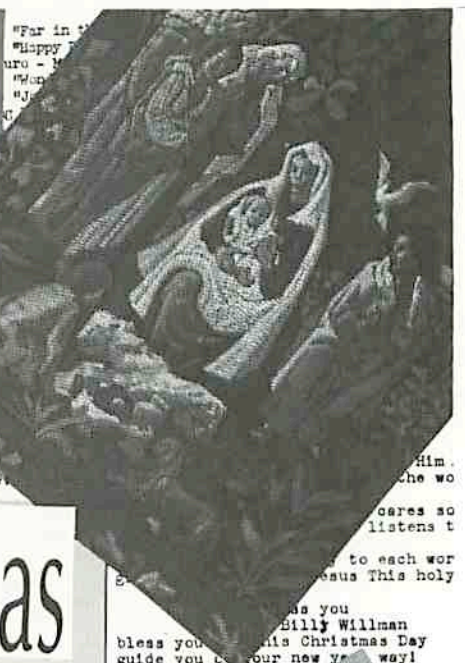
The first teachers were Mrs. Underdahl, Pete Peterson, Rick Olson, and Jonas Ims. Mrs. Thorvald Larson and Willard Johnson have served as superintendents through the years. The present Sims Sunday School was reorganized by Lo Ann Leach and Rev. O. L. Olsrud in 1964, with Lo Ann serving as superintendent for the next ten years.

The Sunday school had regularly held a Christmas program December 26, but in the late 60's it was changed to a date before Christmas. The present Sunday school has furnished special music for the worship services and the residents of the Elm Crest Manor Retirement Home of New Salem. During the late 60's and early 70's it was not uncommon for the Sunday school to practice many hours for a Christmas or Easter program. During this time the group would practice an hour or more, then take a football break for a half hour, and finally practice another hour before the evening was over.

In 1974, the Sims Sunday School teachers, along with some from Almont were instrumental in starting a parish education fall seminar in the Bismarck Conference of the Western North District of the American Lutheran Church. This seminar was a pilot program for National American Lutheran Church. The Rev. Donald Burton who was then pastor at the Lord of Life Lutheran Church in Bismarck was extremely influential in helping to set up this seminar which is now a regular fall event in the Bismarck Conference.

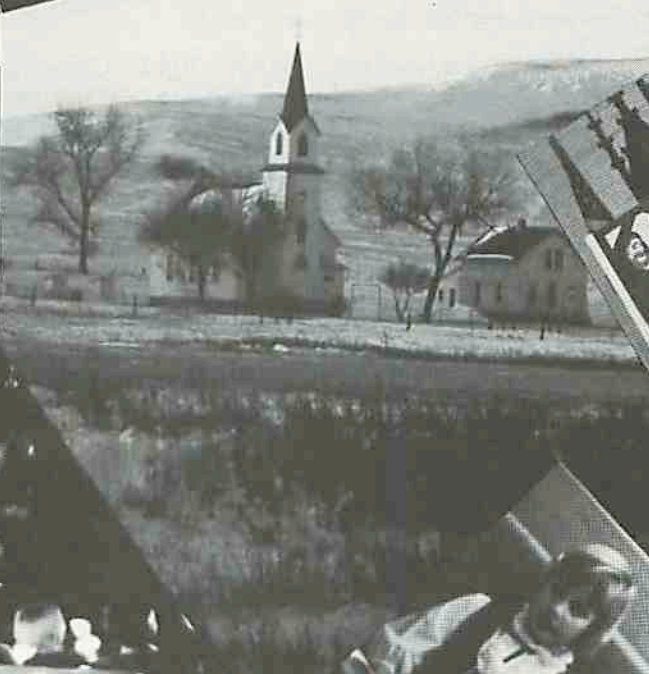
Carole, Mrs. Ray Olin, is the present Sunday School superintendent. Sunday school is held every Sunday, and the Sunday school is still furnishing special music for special occasions.

Jesus slumbered in a shed,
 Safe in my arms,
 Sleep on the day,
 Will keep us from harm,
 The night time, all through the night,
 The Baby King Johnson
 On his mother's arm
 Greeting bright
 The angels came to earth
 On the manger scene
 The Christmas
 The infant that in the manger lay
 As the legends say,
 The baby on that far off day,
 Truly God around that stall
 Granting it sufficed them all.
 The baby in a manger
 The joy bells are
 At this time
 The happy time
 When
 For the
 To



Christmas

YOUR SALVATION COMES



Christmas where snow-peaks
 stand solemn and white,
 Christmas where cornfields
 lie sunny and bright,
 Every where, Every where,
 Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes
 is the master of all,
 No palace too great and no
 cottage too small.
 The angels who welcome Him
 sing from the height,
 the city of David
 A King in His night,
 here, Every where,
 Christmas tonight!



A Lot To Share
 Kay Johnson
 I want a lot of candy And a lot of nuts and toys
 A lot, so I can share them with other girls & boys



We've spoken all our pteases
And sung our nice song, too
Now that our programs over
We'll say "Good Night" to you.

A Christmas Greeting
Julie Larson

I'm a very little lady
My vocabulary's small
But I have a word of greeting
That is meant for one and
ta real nice to have you with
And with all my heart
this season bring you glad
Every moment of ever

Merry Christmas
Jay Lee

e is small---and
enough---To wel

The fifth to

es no, this

It is to say

100

I AM: Micky Leach

Jesus loves me, He is kind
I am his, Both heart and mind
Jesus hears me when I say
"Bless us all, This Christmas Day."
Christmas Blessing
Janet Johnson

Christmas Blessing
Janet Johnson

In a manger Far away,
Christ was born on Christmas Day!
Holy Babe, Manger born,
Bless us all, On Christmas morn.

OFFER
&
OMILS

Medication—Joy Leach
Announcement—Mrs. Elton Leach
Secretary—Joel Leach
Scientific—Like 21-7
Nominations—Mrs. Oscar Watson
Society—Beautiful Hills of Junction City
Section—New Johns

Carson
mining,
so bright,
or
inter's night
l Happiness
Cassie
as I can be
you all to her
il for the gl
ove makes the

Christmas Program

Sims Lutheran Church

Prelude-----
Processional

Sims Congregation

71



Certificate
of Promotion

Bible School



Vacation

of satisfactory completion of

~~Very~~

~~Pinney~~

Time Feb

at 1000

Arbit

[illegible]

THE PUPIL'S PART
Dear Lord, we do not know the road.
But we are sure You are the Way.
The words You spoke are the truth,
Our guide in life, our stay.
O Lord, we do not understand
All that the saints hold; on
But we will trust and follow
As each day Your will unfolds.

—*Adrian USKOFF*

Sunday School Record
from March 27, 1938 to

Ages	6-7 yrs.	8 yrs.	9 yrs.	10 yrs.	11 yrs.	12 yrs.
No.	12	10	10	29	27	13

Heland	Buddy	10	6	E	A	P	P	P	P
"	Marlyse	4	3	E	A	P	A	R	A
"	Patty	12	8	E	A	P	P	P	P
"	Michael	5	10	E	A	P	P	P	P
Larson	Jayce	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Robert	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Lois	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Adeline	4	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Caroline	2	10	E	P	P	A	P	P
"	Haynelle	10	10	E	P	P	P	A	A
"	Keith	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Jack	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Ray	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
Jacobson	Eddie	13	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Bobby	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Wayne	10	10	E	P	P	P	P	P
"	Betty	10	10	E	P	P	P	A	P
Leach	Hon	10	10	E	A	P	P	P	P
"	Russel	10	10	E	A	P	P	P	P
Anderson	James	10	10	E	A	P	P	P	P

This word is a lamp unto my feet,
and a light unto my path.
Psalm 119:105



A black and white photograph showing a portion of a building. A sign with the text "SIMS SUNDAY SCHOOL" is visible, partially obscured by a dark, curved architectural element, possibly a window frame or a roofline. The image is grainy and has a high-contrast, vintage appearance.





B- Duane Johnson, Vernon Knutson, Sig Peterson, Roman Peterson, Leonard Olson, Clayton Anderson, Roger Estrin, Jake Larson, Roger Becklund, Joel Johnson M-Marlene Torgerson, Audrey Ritz, Shirley Timpe, Gloria Hansen, LaVonne Ritz, Iona Hoovestol, Donna Knutson, Adeline Larson F-Joan Knudson, Anne Marie Stegmeir, Marge Peterson, Frances Nelson, Beatrice Becklund, Caroline Larson, Joyce Larson, Carol Atkinson



Music

B- Donovan Thiel, Eddie Willman, Jake Larson, Clarence Jacobson, Ray Olin, Wayne Jacobson, Duane Johnson, Bernie Estrin?, Mark Willman. F-Caroline Larson, Glenda Anderson, Rowan Wanstrom, Leona Monson, Bonnee Christianson, Margaret Thor, Caroline Willman, Linda Jacobson, LoAnn Olin, Clara Christianson, Joan Johnson



Joint Choir (1960)

B- Sig Peterson, Mark Willman, Ramon Zemple, Donovan Thiel, Joel Johnson, Duane Johnson, Clarence Jacobson M- Laura Gustafson, Mildred Olson, Lillian Peterson, Linda Jacobson, Norma Kilen, Marge Peterson, Lee Harper, Carlyle Reeffer F-Mr. Olsrud, Nancy Gustafson, Corma Feland, Marilyn Olson, Bonnie Gustafson, Grace Nelson, Harold Foley



Chris & Agnas Halverson Leon & Betty Jacobson Marge & Sig Peterson



Wilhelm Ellingson
Parish Clerk 'Klokke'
1897 Song leader

ORGANISTS

Anna Jacobson Cox
Grace Willman
Mrs. Palmer Feland
Mrs. Carl Nelson
Borghild Peterson
Valborg Peterson
Lucille Larson
Caroline Larson
Joan Johnson
Sandra Christianson
Pamala Johnson
Julie Larson
Micky Leach
Ella Schroeder
Caren Severson
Donna Johnson



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Den store hvide Flok

The Vast, Unnumber'd Throngs

SOLO and S.A.T.B.

NORWEGIAN FOLK MELODY

English Version by O.T. Arneson
Danish Version by Brorson

Andante religioso

SOLO *mf*

Den sto-re, hvi-de Flok vi se, Som tu-sind Bjer-ge
The vast, un-num-ber'd throngs that sway A-round the throne, in

SOP. *p*
ALTO
TEN. *p*
BASS

Den sto-re, hvi-de, sto-re, hvi-de Flok vi se, Som tu-sind Bjer-ge
The vast, un-num-ber'd, vast un-num-ber'd throngs that sway A-round the throne in

fuld af Sne, Med Skov om-kring Af Pal-me-sving
white ar-ray, All swing-ing palms And sing-ing psalms

fuld af Sne, Med Skov om-kring Af
white ar-ray, All swing-ing palms And

For Tro-nen. Hvo er de? Det
Of vic-t'ry, Who are they? They

Pal-me-sving For Tro-nen. Hvo er de? Det er den Hel-te-
sing-ing psalms Of vic-t'ry, Who are they? They are the ran-som'd,

er den Hel-te-ska-re, som Af hin den sto-re Træng-sel kom Og
are the ran-som'd hosts that from Temp-ta-tions, cross and war-tyr-dom Have

ska-re, Hel-te-ska-re, som Af hin den sto-re Træng-sel kom
are the ran-som'd hosts that from Temp-ta-tions, cross and war-tyr-dom

MUSIC: by Sig Peterson

Before a church organ was procured, it was very important to have a song leader. Jonas Ims was one of the first leaders; Pete Peterson led the singing with his violin. Pete Peterson also conducted various singing groups both grownups and children. I remember singing with a young group for Myrtle Olin's funeral. Sims had several soloists, Erling Willman, Anna Feland, and Ruth (Williams) Feland.

In 1929 Chris Halvorson, Leon Jacobson, Myron Knutson, and Sig Peterson started singing as a male quartette. They practiced every Monday evening at Pete Petersons. The quartette would sing for practically all funerals and various other functions in Sims and Almont.

The numbers of the group changed throughout the years from four to eight. Personnel also changed to include, Vernon and Howard Knutson, Duane and Joel Johnson, Roman Peterson, Harold Halvorson, Margido Willman, Clarence Jacobson, Duane Bauer, Harold Foley, Jim and Gene Harper.

Piano accompanists included, Ruth Pederson, Aalga Halvorson, and Marjorie (Nelson) Peterson.

The group was available when needed for functions until 1960. Other choirs sang for special occasions under the direction of Mrs. Becklund, Carol (Knutson) Atkinson, and Harold Foley. Sims and Almont joint choirs sang for special occasions under the direction of Carol Atkinson and later Mary Brandt.

105

har sig toed I Lam - mets Blod Til
come, to meet At Je - sus' feet In

Og har sig toed I Lam - mets Blod Til
Have come, to meet At Je - sus' feet In

Him - lens Hel - lig - dom. Der hol - de de nu
the e - ter - nal home. And there ar - rayed in

Him - lens Hel - lig - dom. Der hol - de de, Der hol - de de nu
the e - ter - nal home. And there ar - rayed, And there ar - rayed in

Kir - ke - gang Med u - op - hör - lig Ju - bel - sang I høi - e Kor,
cleans'd at - tire Their an - thems sing to harp and lyre, With cher - ub - im

Kir - ke - gang Med u - op - hör - lig Ju - bel - sang I
cleans'd at - tire Their an - thems sing to harp and lyre, With

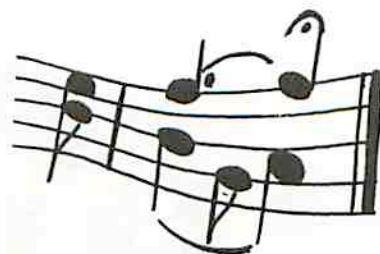
Hvor Gud han bor Blandt al - le Eng - les Sang.
And ser - aph - im In heav'n's ce - les - tial choir.

høi - e Kor, Hvor Gud Han bor Blandt al - le Eng - les Sang.
cher - ub - im And ser - aph - im In heav'n's ce - les - tial choir.

Songs of Praise and Worship

ACCOMPANIST

Pete Peterson
Sig Peterson



THE HEART RIVER SKANDINAVIAN LUTHERAN CHURCH

Because of the distance between Sims and the Heart River settlers, a branch of the Sims Church was organized on December 29, 1907, by Pastor G. N. Isolany. They were active from 1907 until about 1913, holding services at the Lincoln School, Weekes School, and in the homes. Many summer services were held at the Hans Anderson grove.

Families associated the organization and listed in the church "*Ministerialbog*" were: I. Wang, Amund Johnaon, Ole Trondsen, Hans Anderson, Severt Olson, Anton Johnson, Hans Bjorum, Carl Bjorum, Wilhelm Hansen, William Chresrown, John Bard, Johannes Nilsen, Tonetta Johnson, Onstad, Bernt Rolstad, Olaf Ovregard, Theodor Thompson, Axel Peterson, Olaf Olson, Ole Mortensons, Arthur Weekes, Albert Anderson, John Selvig, and Henry Barnes.

Mrs. Lena (Anderson) Hartman relates her recollections of the Heart River Church.

Parochial School was taught in the home during the summer and the teacher stayed with the family a month or two at a time. Many Sunday services were held at the Anderson's home. On a nice day, a picnic would be in order, with services in the grove. Pastor and Mrs. Isolony and family spent many weekends at the Andersons. Ladies Aid was started and meetings were held in the homes. This dissolved after a few years.



Mr. & Mrs. Anton Johnson (Children: John, Simon, Harold, Anna, Julia, Rena, George, Alma)



Mr. & Mrs. Ole Elvik (Elvik Children: Marie, Anna, Randene, Malena, Lewis, Martin, and Knute)



Mr. & Mrs. Ole Mortenson (Mortenson Children: Mable, Thelma, Anna, Clifford, Lloyd, Irene, Evelyn, Clarence)



Hans Anderson family (Margaret, Sam Albert, Henry, Lena, Amelia, Mrs. Anderson, Clara, Hans, Inger)



Amund Johnson family (Children: not in picture order. John, Charlie, Ted, Rena, August, Oscar, William, Adolph, Ida, Edwina, Anna)

Heart River Families

