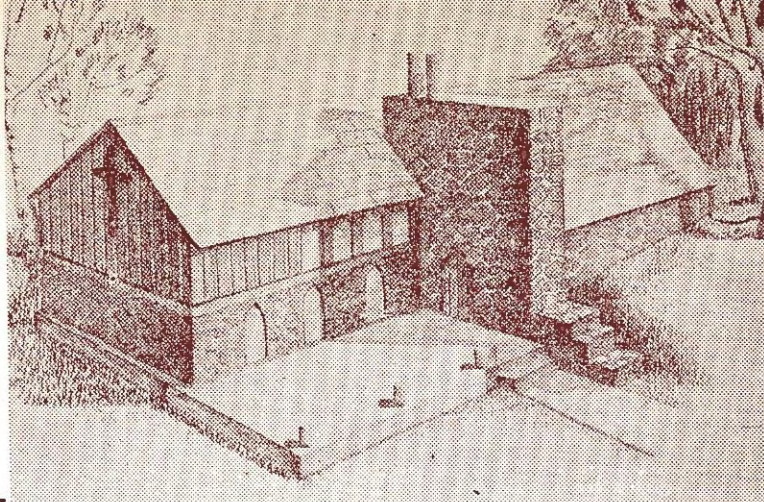


ST. OLAF LUTHERAN STUDENT CAMP

Hovland, Minnesota



ED BARSNESS
BOB BERGESON
NORRIS ERDAL
IVAN FAGRE
ARNOLD FLATEN
ANNE HARANG
BEA HELGEN
FAYTHE NELSON
ALYSON RIEKE
MAURICE SCHMIDT
BILL SMITH

A church is being built on the North Shore of Lake Superior, only twenty miles from Canada, the last church to be seen as you leave the United States. It is being built, not by the local carpenter and his crew, but by an art professor and a group of students from St. Olaf College at Northfield, Minnesota. Arnold Flaten is the professor, designer, and head of construction.

This project is successful through the cooperation and sustaining quality of the Hovland congregation. They provide materials, dishes, shelter for the camp. The campers are responsible for their own food but are constant recipients of generous gifts of food, especially fish and baked goods.

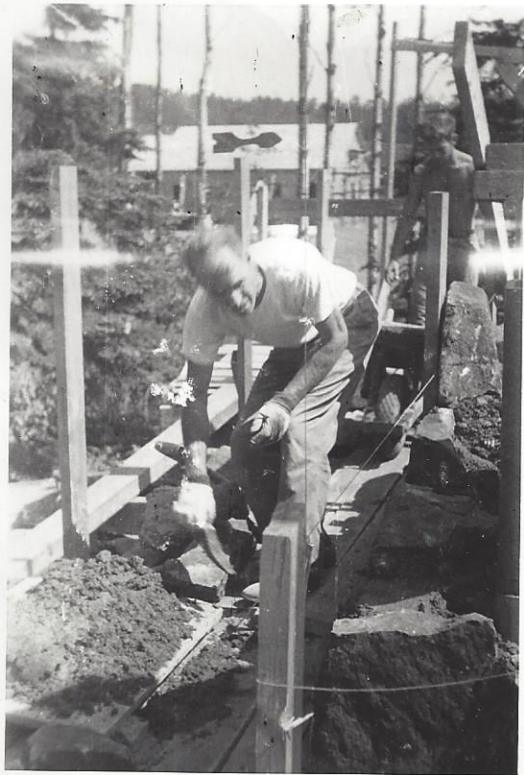
In 1947, fifteen students began the work, completing the basement walls during the two months they stayed in Hovland. This summer of 1948 ten students have carried on the work, completing the bell tower, some landscaping, the inside of the basement kitchen, and putting up the arches of the main auditorium of the church. The men of the congregation will finish the roof and sides of the wooden structure.

The camp is more than a work gang. The morning Bible study, reading period, and evening discussion provide nourishment for spiritual growth. The very problem of close living for six weeks is challenge enough. Christian love and respect for personalities allowed for a very loose organization, and yet a common purpose bound the campers more closely together than anything else could.

The following pictures suggest the camp life better than words could.



TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH at
Hovland, Minnesota
under construction.



Arne Flaten, Professor of Art
at St. Olaf College, director
of the St. Olaf Lutheran Student
Camp, Bible discussion leader,
chief stone-mason, top skipper
of stones.

The crew: cooks, laborers.
From left to right, Anne Harang,
Ed Barsness, Faythe Nelson,
Norris Erdal, Bill Smith, Bea
Helgen, Alyson Rieke, Arne
Flaten, Maurice Schmidt. Not
pictured, Ivan Fagre, Bob
Bergeson. The jeep and trailer
formed the camp transportation.





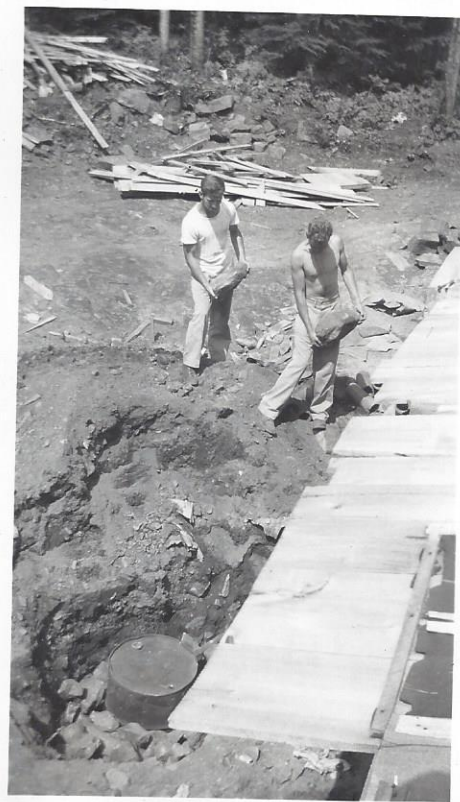
One of the first breakfasts after the beginning of camp, July 16. Kitchen, dining room, Men's bunks and library all were located in the same building: the basement of the church under construction. Sunday evenings the whole room was transformed into a place of worship for the Hovland congregation. Later the kitchen and dining room moved back into the real kitchen of the church basement.

Awell was one of the first requirements, to provide water for dishes and cement mixer.



When Arne, the stone mason, straightens up and yells "Mud!" someone wheels it up the ramp in a hurry. Arne, along with Ed Sovik, designed the church, so he experienced the thrill of seeing his plans become actual.

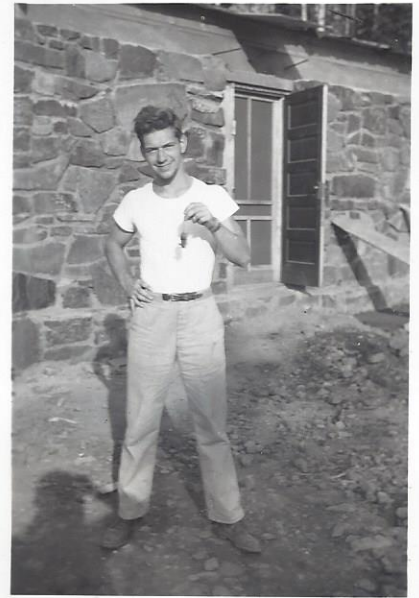
The boys get stone with the jeep and trailer from the ditches along the highway. It takes only a pick or two, and brawn.





While the girls levelled off the front approach to the church the back basement wall was being filled in with dirt, hauled in by one of the community trucks. The girls were always aware of their official status as cooks, but they found other ways to help.





Camp barber at work. He and his customer both flourished beards that were styled to fit their personalities.

The official mouse-catcher poses with his game.

Our drinking water was secured directly from Lake Superior, off the Hovland dock. The church faces the North Shore highway and Lake Superior. The climate, the view and the water were all equally refreshing..





During the second week of August, the arches for the main auditorium of the church began to be assembled on the temporary roof of the basement. Seven large arches, designed particularly for this church, were constructed and put in place by the St. Olaf crew and the men of the congregation, jointly.

At the same time, Vacation Bible school was conducted below in the basement or outside in the sunshine. The school lasted two weeks and was climaxed with a program for the community the night we held open house.



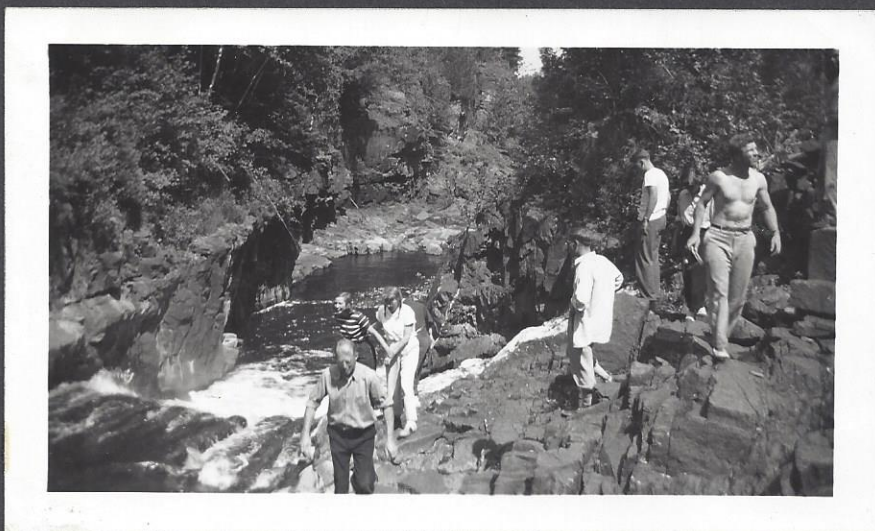


Mornings were free, after breakfast and Bible study (of John and Romans, alternately each week), until dinner at 11:15. One morning we went out to Horseshoe Bay to watch a log boom be put together. Or we could get up a couple hours before breakfast (set at 7:00) and go fishing on Lake Superior. At least rowing.



Sundays were Excursion days, the time set aside for exploring and sightseeing. One Sunday we jeeped five miles into the forest, over, under, around mud-holes, logs, to the Cascades on Pigeon River, the boundary between Minnesota and Canada. It was an exciting day, exploring the stone walls of the river-gorge, and crossing the river on slippery logs just above a waterfall.

We always rushed back to the church in barely enough time to get the church in order for services at 8:00.





A picnic dinner at Middle Falls on the Pigeon River, in Canada, and then a trip by jeep and by foot to the High Falls, constituted another Sunday excursion.

Riding back in the trailer was synonymous with singing all the songs we could remember, and learning new ones. With one Carleton boy in our midst, our St. Olaf songs took on one more meaning (we teased him til he learned to sing it too)

