

# OUR SAVIOR'S "G.I.'S"

Vol. 1 No. 5

August 1944

Our Savior's United Luth. Church

## "Fellowship"

Shortly after the last world war, I believe it was in 1920, I had the privilege to attend a Christian student convention, held at Lillehammer, one of the beauty spots of Norway. We were about two hundred happy university students from the different Scandinavian countries. The five conference days passed all too quickly. On the last evening there was a noted feeling of sadness in the air, for we thought that the rich fellowship we had shared with one another would soon come to a close. It was an enchanting light summer evening, one of those unforgettable Nordic summer nights when the atmosphere seems filled with poetry and mystic sweetness that we were gathered on a lawn for a farewell meeting. From this evening I now pass on to you G.I.'s a memory that is very precious to me.

One of the many who that night rose to his feet to say a few words was a young pastor by name Ejvind Berggrav. Today he is the bishop of Oslo and has proven himself to be a tower of strength against the Nazi oppressors.

It sounded, perhaps, a little unorthodox when he began by saying, "I believe in the sacrament of the communion of the saints", but I am certain that before very long we were all in complete agreement with him. The unconventional expression was, of course, only used to give emphasis to a basic truth. He closed by saying something like this:

"We have become one in Christ. No matter how far from one another we may be scattered, we shall always be one. In the days to come you and I shall not be equally strong. But in moments when I am weak you may be strong, and when I am strong you may be weak. At such times the Holy Spirit will lead us to pray for one another in a special way. And because we are one in Christ you can help me and I can help you."

You will readily understand why I write this. For wherever you are now - in France, China, or in the South Pacific, you may experience the reality of the communion of the saints with your fellow G.I.'s and with your loved ones at home. Through the working of the Holy Spirit we may at times sense with some of those who are thousands of miles away a spiritual fellowship - yea, a holy communion, that is even stronger and closer than that which we may have with those we may see before us. Some of the recently discovered facts of science may help us to believe this. When a speaker addresses an audience in a large hall some of those who can see him will not hear his voice as quickly as some who hundreds of miles away hear it by radio.

Physical presence may even be a hindrance for exchange of spiritual communication. Let us practice the communion of the saints and be sensitive to God's prompting to intercede for one another, both when we are alone and when we attend services and pray with others. Through Holy Communion we are in a special way united not only with Christ but also with all the members of the Christian Church.

God be with you all in the communion of the saints!

Sincerely yours,  
Paul C. Nyholm

here's another G.I. who is making his news debut - C. Melvin Nielsen, MM 2/C:  
"Just want to drop you a few lines to thank you for the letter and all the G.I. newspapers that I have been getting right along every month. I enjoy reading about all the fellows at home and in the service, where they are and what they are doing. Reading a paper like that is just like getting a dozen letters all at once. (Ed. And that is just one dozen that you don't have to worry about answering Melvin, aren't we right?) I don't know all the fellows since the two churches joined. One day when I was on liberty here in Norfolk I ran into Walter Rasmussen, who was here for only a short stay. Out of all the sailors it just seems like I could pick him out because of his height. It's been about three years since I last saw him and was sure surprised to meet him on the street. Seems like a small world after all. Ran into a couple of boys the same way that I had met down in the Canal Zone. We sure ran into a really hot spell here, hotter than you would ever experience in Panama. Right now we don't know if we are C.B.s or regular Navy. When they closed our camp to the "SeeBees" the regular Navy took over and we were all sent everywhere to some base. I was sent with a bunch to the Norfolk Naval Operating Base, where we are doing ship repair work. We have been kept quite busy. The work is somewhat interesting, because we get a chance to get aboard a number of types of ships and get the inside story that goes along with them. I see where one of the boys had a close call, falling in between the ship and the dock. One of the ships we were working on, one of the fellows stepped off the gang plank and fell between the ship and the pier, but lucky enough the tide was out and the waters calm, so they could pull him out. This fellow was knocked out, he bumped his head on the way down. Thanks again for the G.I. paper." Sure was good to hear from you Melvin - how about duplicating this very shortly?

\* \* \* \* \*

Visiting Gob: I came to see my friend. How's he getting along?  
Nurse: Oh, he's getting along just fine. Did you wish to see him? He's convalescing now.  
Visiting Gob: That's all right - don't bother him. I'll just sit down and wait until he's through.

\* \* \* \* \*

Robert Sorby, Army Air Corps Cadet, answered the call to the colors August 3rd and is stationed at Amarillo, Texas. He says: "I've been in the service only five days, but already feel like a veteran." Congratulations and good luck!! Hope you don't feel too aged by the time you return, Bob!

\* \* \* \* \*

C.O.: So you complain of finding sand in your soup? Pvt.: Yes, sir.  
C.O.: Did you join the service to serve your country or complain about the soup?  
Pvt.: To serve my country, sir -- not to eat it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Haley family got the surprise of their life when Bob, A.O.M. 3/C walked in on them with a 12-day leave! The bad boy didn't tell a soul and everyone was flabbergasted. Of course, he didn't spend all his time with the family and managed to devote an afternoon to the art of Equestrianism. But as usual, he had to stay in a vertical position for the balance of his leave. Don't you know you were built for speed and not for comfort, Bob? Sure hated to see you leave, but maybe now when you go to sea, you'll help get this thing over with - but fast! Best of luck, old sock!!

Now for the latest from Chaplain Rasmussen: "Am in the 15th Air Force somewhere in Italy. You no doubt read in the papers of some of the things our men have done. I can only hope that God will soon answer our prayers and bring peace to this earth. That can only happen as we learn in penitence to trust in Him. I think that we cannot think of this war apart from the judgment of God. Man has sown, and we today are reaping the harvest - the innocent and the guilty alike, and we can well ask, 'Who are the innocent?' I am trying to decide whether I would like to go to the Isle of Capri or to Rome. I doubt if I could get in both. They asked me today and I couldn't make up my mind. Rome should be very interesting, especially for one of my type of work, but Capri too is one of the sights to see. A chaplain friend of mine who is with the same type of unit as I, is going to Cairo in one of the planes next week. From there he will get to Jerusalem, but I guess that chance is slim. I would most rather go there. After all, we are not on a sightseeing trip. My most cordial greetings to you all." We're all pulling for you, P.G.R., and certainly hope your wish is realized. It's a chance that comes only once in a lifetime.

\* \* \* \* \*

First Private: Why did you salute that truck driver? Rookie: Don't be so dumb. That's no truck driver. That's General Hauling - didn't you see the sign?

\* \* \* \* \*

Success!!! At last we had a letter from Cpl. Jessie Norman, our own little WAC stationed somewhere in Merry Ole England: "England certainly is a beautiful country. I'll have a lot to tell you when I get home. Say hello to all the folks at church and tell them how much I enjoy the G.I. paper. It's fun to learn where all the fellows are. We will all have a lot to discuss when we get back. Although I hope this is all over soon, I wouldn't have missed this experience for anything. I guess by the time I get back to the States, I'll be talking like these English, or Limeys as the G.I.'s call them. They are a funny bunch." We certainly share your hope, Jessie, that this will all be over very, very soon and we'll be looking forward to hearing all you will have to tell.

\* \* \* \* \*

The old man in the theatre dropped something and was making frantic efforts to recover it, when a woman next to him asked what he had lost. "A caramel," the old man replied. "You don't mean to tell me," the woman said, "you are making all this fuss over a caramel?" "Yes," came the reply, "my teeth are in it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, well - Hi Vernon - Here's the first word we've had from S-1/C Vernon Hanson: "I am writing to thank you and the good people of the church for sending me the lovely birthday card, or rather V-Mail card. I sure appreciate you people thinking of me and remembering me. I also got the G.I. paper - I sure thought it was swell, and several of my buddies here liked it too. Well, to start out, I am in the C.B.'s over here in Hawaii. We have a swell place to live and they treat us pretty good. Our chaplain is a Baptist and he is a pretty nice man. We have church services every Sunday and I go as often as I can. I still have my New Testament to read in the evenings. We are quite busy here building different things, but don't know how long we will be stationed here. Thank you all again for sending the paper and birthday greetings and send me another paper. I hope and pray this is soon over and I and all the rest of us can come home to our loved ones." We'll keep the papers coming, Vernon, don't worry, and we hope you keep your letters coming this way too.

Pvt. Robert Becker, one of our former Luther League members, is stationed at Camp Edison, New Jersey. He is being given his P.O.M. (preparatory overseas maneuvers) now. July 23rd marked his appearance into this world, so a belated Happy Birthday to you, Bob! And now that you have heard from us, we expect to hear from you???

\* \* \* \* \*

"Forty-eight hamburgers, please", said a GI to the director of the service club cafeteria at Camp Roberts, California. The director gulped. "Oh, don't worry", said the soldier, "I'm not going to eat them all. I've got three buddies outside."

\* \* \* \* \*

We have word from one of our former members, Mrs. W. E. Hiers (Esther Nielsen to you) who, with her husband S-2/C Wm. Hiers, is at Ft. Lauderdale, Florida: "Received your letter today with the names of so many people I know. I was really happy to get it. Being away from home myself, I guess I know how the boys in service feel about getting mail. And while I'm about it I might say I enjoy very much getting the G.I. editions. If the boys like reading it as much as I do, you've really accomplished what you set out to do. I'm told I look like a real Floridan now. Hardly any tan at all. We all try to stay out of the sun knowing that you can burn in one half hour, and you can go to the extreme mighty fast too. Clouds gather in no time, and then it rains like you've never seen it rain before. Everything down here is so green. Sometimes in the winter it gets pretty monotonous and you'd do anything to see a little snow. It is beautiful though, because that is when all the flowers bloom. Poinsettias grow like trees and I'm not kidding. Thanks again for the mail." You send us the poinsettia trees, Esther, for Christmas and we'll see what we can do about sending you some snow - is that a bargain?

\* \* \* \* \*

At a naval training center, a pharmacist's mate was preparing to fingerprint a recruit. "Wash your hands", he instructed. "Both of them?" queried the sailor-to-be. The pharmacist's mate hesitated. "No" he said grimly. "Just one - I want to see how you do it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Our first Paratrooper graced us with his presence in church one Sunday. Michael Maher of Fort Benning, Georgia. He is the newly acquired brother-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Andersen. You know, fellows, our Coal and Ice man!

\* \* \* \* \*

P.F.C. Alton Hange, who is now stationed at Chanute Field, is being transferred to Maxwell Field, Alabama very soon. How about letting us hear from you from way down South, Alton?

\* \* \* \* \*

We certainly are having a hard time keeping up with Harold Andreasen, S-2/C. Are you trying to play hide and seek with us, Harold? He writes: "First I must thank you again for the church news (M-m-m-m-m-m, does that ever make our hats fit tight) which I enjoyed immensely. It took some time for it to catch up to me again as you see my address has been changed. Am now somewhere in New Guinea. The surroundings are somewhat similar to the other place. Have enjoyed watching the natives building a hut their style, with logs and coconut leaves. Some of the fellows claim there are only two seasons here - one WET and one WETTER. Greet all from me and would appreciate hearing from all of you."

Here's our old standby, Roy Harris - he never disappoints us, and by the way, it's now G.M. 3/C (Gunner's Mate) Congratulations, Roy!! "Now to give out with some of the adventures we had with our black-skinned friends. Our boat was picked to take some Army doctors over to a native village at another island to give them inoculations. We weren't allowed to go ashore, so we anchored our boat about a half mile off shore. Within a few minutes a large canoe came alongside and we gave them the usual greeting - haba haba, Joe - which means Hello friend, etc. They took the doctors ashore and had no sooner left when canoes were racing to the boat from all sides, one trying to out-paddle the other. They all had about the same stuff to trade - bananas, pineapples, watermelons, and different types of shells, but no grass skirts. (Aw, shucks, Roy) Pretty soon it was like Maxwell Street - more jabbering and dickering than I have ever seen. They say the Jewish people can bargain - we really made them look sick. The article they wanted most for trade was white cloth, so we used our mattress covers, which they called 'lap-lap'. They would use them for making skirts for the men as well as the women. We cut them up in about three pieces just so they would reach around a person's waist. Once in a while we would cut them too short, not on purpose of course, but we would tell them that is for the little ones, and take their offer and quickly evade the subject and commence bargaining with someone else. More fun than I've had since I left the States. All of a sudden a real elderly native came pushing through the canoes making a sound like a chicken and I'll be doggoned if he didn't have two chickens in the bottom of his canoe between his feet. By this time our sheets and mattress covers were running low, and that's putting it mildly. So we tried giving him money. Well, after a few offers we got one for seven pennies. We would have gotten the other at the same price, but there were only two pennies left on the boat. So we offered him two pennies and a dime. He liked the pennies but was rather disgusted with the dime. He finally put it in his mouth and bit it. He found it wasn't soft and after grunts and groans, or should I say wierd noises, he handed us the chicken. Then one of the natives wanted to trade us one of his wives for a nice big piece of 'lap-lap'. No sale - what next? We just ate and ate all day long and for once I got my fill of bananas. I know just what you are thinking, but I didn't have any ill effects." We thought about sending you a bolt of sheeting, Roy, but after we mulled the idea over carefully, thought we better not. You might come home with a whole island and just what would we do with one? But just imagine - a fresh chicken for only seven coppers!!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Here comes the parade and your Aunt Helen will miss it. Where is she?"  
"She's upstairs waving her hair." "Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Av. Cad. Norman Jensen, U.S.A., stationed in Boca Raton, Florida, says: "Have only fifteen minutes before lights out, so this will have to be short. I just wanted to drop you a few lines to thank you for sending me the paper and to tell you how much I enjoyed it. I'm at a new camp now and it's really something new for me. I imagine it faintly resembles some of the camps Roy Harris has been stationed at. It is set deep in the Florida jungle. The buildings here are few and far between. There are plenty of lizards and other forms of animal like that you don't see much of up North. Haven't started classes yet, but hope to get busy soon. The last two week-ends I spent at Palm Beach. It's really a beautiful city. We are also within a striking distance of Miami, so you see I'm well located as far as entertainment goes." There are a few states you have missed, Norman, aren't there? Hope you get to see all forty-eight. Let us hear from you again, soldier!

You know, once in a while we think you boys forget us - then all of a sudden up pops some word from you. Our latest newlywed, Gordon Pedersen, Q.M. 3/C, surprised us with a letter: "We shall soon be at sea again for another month or two. Have again boarded the same type of whip which I had been on previous to getting home on leave, although we have now been converted, which is classified confidential. Have spent most of the time since leaving the States at sea, but I guess that's why I came into the Navy." No matter if it's only a line or two, Gordon, we're always happy to hear how you are doing.

\* \* \* \* \*

We regret to report our first casualty, Victor Sorby, who was wounded in France. Just as we are about to go to press we had word that he is in a hospital in England, with a slight leg wound. The report is that he is doing very nicely, and don't forget, Victor, that we're all in there pitching for you. Here's hoping it won't be long till you'll be up and around again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another last minute news flash!! Chaplain Rasmussen has just returned from a short stay on the Isle of Capri. Tell us about it soon, will you?

\* \* \* \* \*

Members of Our Savior's Church will find enclosed a Communion Record Card. Pastor Nyholm (whose address is 4314 Cortland Street, Chicago 39, Illinois) will greatly appreciate having this card returned to him when you have filled out the space provided. New cards will gladly be furnished upon request.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our apologies for not giving our very competent Cartoonist, Aage Johnson, a chance to break forth in this issue, inasmuch as we were in such a hurry to go to press. Why?? Because our Editor, and one of the Associate Editors - (guess who?) are going out to California to see Av. Cad. Ken Mangum who is still in the hospital at Corona.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pearl Mangum - Editor  
1254 West Grand Avenue  
Belmont 4973

Angeline Olsen  
3248 W. Division Street  
Capital 2771

Elnora H arris  
3222 W. Diversey Avenue  
Spaulding 7539

\* \* \* \* \*