

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

Vol. 1 No. 6

September 1944

Our Savior's United Luth Church .

Greetings from an "Islander"

This year I have had the privilege of spending a two-week vacation on Washington Island, Wisconsin - you probably remember that it is located right north of the Peninsula. Leaving Chicago one keeps going north, first by train, then by bus, till one comes to "the end". One is now at Gills Rock, the "top" of the peninsula. From here a twenty-minute ferryboat ride takes one to Washington Island, a vacation paradise for one who likes to get out in the open, and, undisturbed and alone, stroll through a primitive dense forest or sit all by himself on one of the rocky shores and watch the breakers. One feels so far away from the busy bustling city, detached from the earthly - closer to God. For nature speaks about the Creator. The ever-restless sea, the whitecapped waves that continually splash against the rocks, the quiet majestic pine trees, the graceful seagulls, the glorious sunsets, the millions of shining stars, all point to God.

While I have been here on the island I have had splendid occasion to commune with God. I brought with me a list of names of all our G.I.'s, of our congregation, and I have remembered these people in my intercessory prayers - but particularly you fellows who are across. Some of you are "islanders" like I - all of you are isolated to quite an extent from your loved ones at home.

To be sure, you are not on a vacation, and no ferryboat can bring you back to "the mainland" in 45 minutes! But I hope that you, in spite of overwhelming differences, may have some of the same experiences and impressions as I have had on my island.

Well do I remember what a joy it was for me, while I served in the army in Denmark, to be out in the open country and follow, day by day, the changes in nature. There were, of course, things connected with army life that was rather annoying. But the fact that one was out under the open sky most of the time was a great compensation.

Open your Bibles daily - it will help you to keep in tune with Him, and then you will hear Him speak to you through the marvelous nature He has created.

A special greeting to those of you who are in hospitals. Thanks be to God that He does not forget any one of us, and that He seems to care the most for the ones who need Him most.

The Lord bless you and keep you!

Sincerely yours,

Paul C. Nyholm

Washington Island, Wisconsin

Gordon Pedersen, Q.M. 3/C sends us a letter that sounds like a passage from "Arabian Nights". A few years back these places were just so many names on the map, weren't they Gordon? "I have been to Tecippe, Natal, Bahia, Behlem, and Rio De Janiero, all a part of Brazil - Trinidad, Bermuda, Cuba and a great many of the other parts of the southern hemisphere. None of them being of any astonishing importance in the winning of this war. Life aboard this ship is very dull, compared to that of the one I previously came from. However, they seem to believe in Washington that in order to overcome all foes of our great nation we must undertake all types of duties, regardless of our belief of their value in true war."

* * * * *

Mrs. Murphy: "What do you hear from your boy, Mike, in Australia?" Mrs. Clancy: "Faith and it's bad news. He writes that he's running around with a jeep." Mrs. Murphy: "Don't worry, Mrs. Clancy, that's what they call those little army automobiles." Mrs. Clancy: "Sure, and I thought a jeep was a female Jap!"

* * * * *

Here are greetings to the G.I.'s and friends in Our Savior's Church from Mrs. Paul G. Rasmussen: "I think we all agree that the G.I. bulletin is as welcome as a letter. I can't lay it aside till I have read it from start to finish. As an ex-teacher, I think what history, geography and even writing lessons our men and women get in the service, but we hope and pray the lesson be not too long nor involved! Paul George Jr. is five now and has become quite a farmer on Grandpa's farm. He tries at milking the cow, turns the churn, has raised seven red chickens and can wield the hammer and saw with the left hand like his mother. He says so seriously, "Sure I miss Daddy, but I don't complain". So I try to say the same. (Ed. Note: Paulie, you're a real little soldier.) May our more earnest and consecrated living faith in God experienced in these days of turmoil be carried over in the days of peace! I hope to see you all in a few weeks. Most sincerely."

* * * * *

C.O.: "Why aren't you working?" Private: "I didn't see you coming, Sir."

* * * * *

Pvt. Robert Becker seems to be hobnobbing with the elite of New York. He says: "I am now in New York City - expect to be here for fourteen weeks to go specialist school. It's pretty nice up here - we live in a hotel that is only ten minutes from Times Square, with a private bath and everything." So you're right on Broadway, The Great White Way - well, the best is none too good for you lads!

* * * * *

The draft officer looked at the rawboned farmhand standing before him and said: "I guess it's the cavalry for you." "Please, Sir," said the lad firmly, "anything but the cavalry if you don't mind." "What's your prejudice against the cavalry, son?" "Mister, when it comes time to retreat I don't want to be slowed down by no horse!"

* * * * *

Looks kinda like Sgt. Art Johnson is "across the sea" somewhere now too! Maybe you could sorta give us a little news, Art, eh?

Well, Bob Haley, A.O.M. 3/C, is back to work again at Norfolk and writes thus: "I received my last issue of the G.I. a few days ago and thought it was really the best one ever. Have practically worn it out reading over the different things in it about my pals in the service. I enjoyed my leave very much and there was a feeling I can't describe when I walked into church and saw all the old familiar faces and surroundings. It was the first time for me to hear the song "God Bless Our Lads" and believe me, I wish all the fellows could hear it in person and at the same time."

* * * * *

A boot failed to salute an officer. The officer (merely the Exec.) stopped him and asked: "Do you know who I am?" "Nope, just got here myself" replied the boot. Officer: "I am the Executive Officer of this station." Boot: "That's a good job, Bud. Don't louse it up."

* * * * *

Lt. Robert Gailard serving somewhere across the seas, sends a most welcome note: "I just want to drop you a line and thank you for the G.I. News. I've enjoyed getting it. I don't know any of the names in the paper, but it's interesting reading nevertheless. I hope I'll return home some day soon so that I might visit with you. Thank you again for your fine paper." (Ed. Note: We enjoy sending personally, but feel through the paper that we are all one big happy family. So let us hear from you again, Bob.)

* * * * *

Pilot: "Sir, the planes are as thick as peas." Officer: "All right - shell them."

* * * * *

Chaplain Rasmussen, in Southern Italy, sends the following food for "we Ed's": "Received the G.I. News. Whenever the G.I. News arrives, it rates a cigar. I save up my cigar rations, usually four a week, though it varies, and when I get a good batch of mail, I light up and sit down with my feet up and enjoy my mail. The news hereabouts seems increasingly favorable, though we have been ordered to winterize our tents, so that is not such good news for those who had hoped we would be returned to the States when this war here closes up. Suppose they will have to maintain Air Bases all over Europe for some time and if we are not sent on to the other theatre as a unit we will be broken up as a unit and made into Air Base Squadrons, which could very easily be done with this kind of outfit. That's actually what the Ground Crew of a Bomb Group is anyway, an air base unit. As soon as I know definitely if that will happen, then I will have to get busy and have a Chapel built. I have held off and managed by using club rooms and mess halls, but if we are to be a semi-permanent base, then I will get a fund started and build a regular little Chapel. Well, we shall see. Am sorry to hear that Victor Sorby was wounded. Was glad though to see in the G.I. News that his wounds were not severe. Hope that is true. They say that they are going to set up a regular hospital here soon, and that will make it easier for me in a way. I will not have to make my long trips to other hospitals in distant places. Now I guess I've run out of news." Better gather up some more news, P.G.R., as our paper wouldn't be complete without one of your very interesting letters!



Donald (Buddy) Nielsen W.T. 3/C (Water Tender) U.S.S. Wiseman - Congratulations, fellow! "Hello Gang: Guess It's about time I dropped you a line or I won't be able to sleep nights. (Ed. Note: Here's hoping you are troubled with insomnia quite often, Buddy!) The G.I. News is really great - it's the best thing that you have put out yet. At least it has gone over big here. Seems it took a war to really get us going - have never felt closer to so many of my friends before. Sure do like the idea of the cabin on Bass Lake - hope it will soon be a real thing. I wonder if you know what a fine job our Pastor is doing besides the G.I. news. I have received several booklets and letters from him. As I sit here now I wonder if we will ever be able to repay him for all he has done and that goes for all of you at home. You needn't take my word for this, I think the other G.I.'s will back me up to the last man!" We're sure they will, Buddy, and if the boys will continue to follow Christ upon returning to their homeland, that will be Pastor Nyholm's rich reward!

* * * * *

Chicago streetcars are jammed with defense workers. Two men were seated together on a very crowded car. One of them noticed that his friend had his eyes closed. "What is the matter, Bill," he asked, "feeling ill?" "No, I'm all right," answered Bill, "but I hate to see ladies standing."

* * * * *

Harold Andreasen S 2/C, our globe-trotting gob, is now back in the good old U.S.A., and we'll let him tell you where: "After writing to you and giving my address in New Guinea, it seems there is another one. This time a hospital about thirty-five miles from San Francisco. I am here for a complete rest, have what they call Combat Fatigue, causing a nervous condition. On returning, the ships Chaplain held services every day for us. Seeing so many men attending these was a glorious feeling. It seems after being overseas the men realize the need of Christ. As you folks remember how much I enjoyed singing in the choir, there was a chorus made up on the ship for the services, of which I was one. Was very fortunate in not getting seasick, making the trip more pleasant. The ship was used in peace time as a luxury liner, having better facilities than a regular troop ship. In my prayers, it is to the boys who are still overseas - may God guard and protect them, that they too may soon come back to their loved ones." Maybe we will be lucky enough to have you pay us a visit, Harold, after you have recuperated. We all hope and pray it will be a short stay in the hospital.

* * * * *

Gruff General: "If this happens again, Orderly, I'll have to get another man." Orderly: "I wish you would, Sir, there's enough work for two of us."

* * * * *

Av. Cad. Kenneth Mangum sends greetings to his many friends of Our Savior's and also to the G.I.'s, via his "Mom" and Angie, who went out to California to see him. Looks like Ken will be in the hospital for a while yet, although he's coming along fine. Our prayers are with you, Ken!

Another one of our boys, Cpl. "Johnny" Nasser, is now "Somewhere in the Pacific" and writes: "Thank you ever so much for such a swell letter - it sure was tops seeing all those names and recalling every one when it appeared. Would you do me the favor of thanking everybody for me and also those that missed the opportunity to do so. The list brings many fond memories to me, such as the car rides with the Jensens, Mrs. Mangum, the Johnson's, and the time I broke a couple of dishes for Fern and Carl - Ow! that was bad! You can see what fun it is to reminisce. That's rather read, write, or attend a good movie. Regarding a description of the scenery around here, it's practically impossible to do that, for we are not allowed to write about it. Although the sun is just sinking behind the hills and its last rays of light shine down upon our little valley. Right in the center is the stage, where the movies are shown, and just before that services are held. It sure is a wonderful sight to see the beautiful hues of the sunset and to hear the organ playing our favorite hymns - just like 'When The Organ Played At Twilight'. I enjoy the G.I. paper immensely and often wonder at all the work the young ladies are putting themselves through for us G.I. Joes. We surely appreciate it very much!" Believe us it's a lot of work, Johnny, but are we kicking? No sirree!!! Not when we get letters like this!

* * * * *

"Private Jones, I am discouraged with you - I spend six months training you to use the bayonet, then you go out and kill five Japs with your razor!"

* * * * *

Roy Harris, G.M. 3/C, "Cocoanut Groves", says: "Just think of me out here in peace and quiet resting leisurely under a spreading cocoanut tree - the beautiful picturesque islands that surround me in this broad pacific. Oh yeah - now who do I think I'm kidding - guess I feel good or something. Have received the July issue of the G.I. news and also the new Wells of Salvation, both of which were enjoyed very much. Then today the V-mail birthday greeting arrived, so I figured that it was high time I wrote a letter to let you all know how much I appreciated it. Something like that shows a fellow he is still remembered by his church congregation. In the past couple of weeks we have been entertained by some of Hollywood's greatest screen and radio stars - namely, Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Carole Landis, Gerry Collona, Jack Benny and other s. They really put on a swell show for us, but I believe the greatest thrill of the evening was when the WOMEN stepped out! There was an unending volley of shouting and whistling. And now they have different signs around to show the fact that there were WOMEN here, some of which say, 'She sat here', or 'She walked around here'. So you can see the impression they made on us. All the boats in our squadron have formed a softball team and there is going to be a prize for the team that makes first place. At present our boat is in second place, but there are two more games to play, both of which are going to be tough. So keep your fingers crossed. Thanks again for that clever V-mail birthday greeting." In your next letter we want to hear that your boat won, Roy. Remember, we'll all keep our fingers crossed and even our toes if that will help!

* * * * *

The other night when the Officer of The Day was making his rounds he asked the guard on Post Number One if any enemies ever got past him. The answer he got was unexpected: "Yes, Sir," said the guard, "the Mess Sergeant."

We hear again from Ensign Thorwald Larsen, who writes from the S.S. Peter Cartwright in the South Pacific Waters: "As time progresses I seem to get farther and farther away from Chicago. After leaving San Francisco, our faithful ship has carried us closer to the equatorial zone. At present our travels find us anchored off one of the recently repossessed Japanese islands in the Pacific. If I remember correctly, it was around four months ago they were fighting at this very point. The heat here is intense, but we are fortunate enough to be able to sleep fairly well during the night as it gets cooler after sunset. My cabin is like a hot-box even though I have a fan and always keep my porthole open. The steel of the ship seems to retain much of the heat of the day, giving it off during the evening, and then making it still hotter inside the ship. The result is that all officers have received cots permitting us to sleep out on the deck. Luckily enough, insects out here are not numerous. This prevents us using mosquito-netting on the ship for the time being anyway. I had to go on one of the islands yesterday on ship's business. The sight that greeted me was a huge military encampment prepared for any Jap counter-offensive. When we make up our minds to do something as a nation, we certainly achieve success and results in very short order."

* * * * *

No wonder the sergeant talks so much! His father was a tobacco auctioneer and his mother was a woman!

* * * * *

A.A.Cad. Norman Jensen, who writes to us from Boca Raton, Florida, seems to have his days and nights changed around a bit - he says: "I go to school from 6:00 PM to 12:00 Midnight. It's not bad at all - we eat breakfast when we get out of school and then go to bed. We have the day mostly to ourselves, except for physical training, occasional inspections and lectures. Our classrooms are in the Officer's Club, which previously was a very ritzy club for millionaires. The buildings and grounds are really beautiful - the driveways are lined with Royal palms. Almost makes me feel guilty to be in surroundings like these when so many of my friends are having a much tougher time of it. I'm so glad you finally were able to hear from Jessie - I think she's a grand person." See, Jessie, that alone should be an incentive for you to give us the low-down on life away from home from a Wac's point of view - or maybe you could give us the newest in Parisian fashions?

* * * * *

We're going to have to get behind a lot of you boys who haven't written to us for some time! How about it - you're not letting us down now, are you???

* * * * *

Pearl Mangum - Editor
4254 West Grand Avenue
Belmont 4973

Angeline Olsen
3248 W. Division Street
Capital 2771

Elnora Harris
3222 W. Diversey Avenue
Spaulding 7539

* * * * *