

OUR SAVIOR'S "G.I.s"

Vol. 2 - No. 2

June 1945

Our Savior's United Lutheran Church

Dear G.I.'s:-

During a week, a pastor in a great city like Chicago comes in contact with people of many types. But it is really surprising to note how a certain few questions repeatedly come up for discussion - no matter how different the circumstances otherwise may be.

Would you like to know what one of the outstanding impressions is from calling in a great number of various homes? I will tell you.

The one thing that chiefly occupies the minds of most people is: How are our boys and girls in service getting along? And when will they come back?

As this is the month in which we celebrate "Father's Day" I want to assure you, whose fathers are still living, that whether your Dad writes much about it or not, he constantly thinks of YOU.

I know that so many of you are very faithful in writing home, and from what I have observed you may rest assured that your letters are appreciated even more than you probably realize. Keep on writing, and do not hesitate to "open up" to your Dad when you write. He longs for your full confidence - and doesn't he deserve it?

How much better a place this earth of ours would be if there was more fellowship between son and father, between father and son, and, above all, between men on earth and their Heavenly Father.

Someone has formulated this pertinent question:-

"Have you taken your place in God's presence - not as a stranger, but as a Son?"

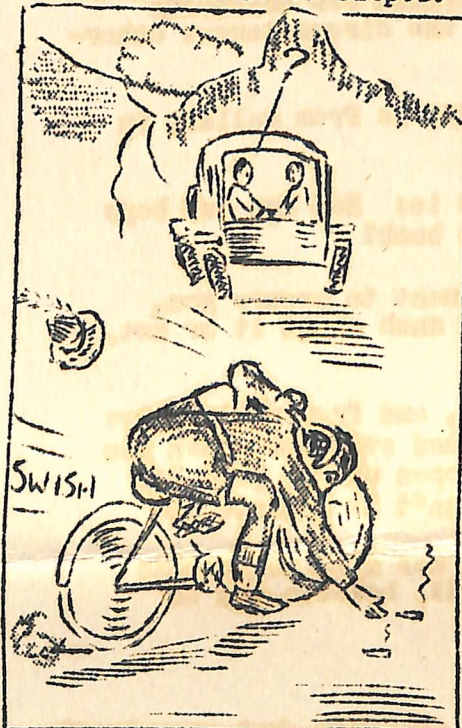
The truly "lost son" in the matchless parable Jesus told in Luke, Chapter 15, was the boy who stayed home but never really knew his father or lived with him. He saw him many times each day, but he never knew him, never wholeheartedly opened up to him, never received from him the best the father had to give and longed to share with him.

Maybe it is in the plans of God that you for a while should be separated from your Dad in order to learn to know both him and your Father in Heaven better. God bless you to this end! And may He soon bring you home again, safe and sound, matured in rich spiritual experiences!

Sincerely yours,

Paul C. Nyholm

Well, it looks like Sgt. T/3 Art Johnson has done a little sight-seeing since V-E Day. We're sure glad you're taking advantage of it, Art, and your letter was so interesting that we're going to print all of it, as we know everybody else would like to read it too: "Now to tell you about our cold Alpine tour. I took several pictures on the way to the Alps, a couple of them by the sign crossing the Danube. There wasn't much to see the first part of the trip as the landscape around here is rather flat. (Ed: Guess we should say here that Art is stationed at Lavingen, Germany.) Augsburg is pretty well shot up, quite a mess. Stopped at a Concentration Camp near Landsberg - there wasn't much to see as everything had been burned - could just get an idea of how the prisoners lived. From there we went to Landsberg and visited the prison where Hitler spent some time and wrote 'Mein Kampf'. Noontime, so we had sandwiches and coffee in front of the prison. On our way again up into the Alps. The scenery was really beautiful, rugged snow-capped mountains, with fine trees growing thick on the lower slopes. The Alpine cottages are really picturesque with their



GERMAN SNIPER- LATEST STYLE

bright colors and neat surroundings. Many of the buildings along the way have religious paintings on them. As we approached Oberammergau, the mountain peak in the background stood out like a beautiful monument with the cross at the peak. Most of the high peaks in the Alps have a cross on top. Stopped to see the theatre where the Passion Play is held. We no sooner got off the trucks when there were children around selling postcards - the price was three cards for a chocolate bar. I bought three cards. There was an English-speaking guide who explained all about the theatre and took us back-stage to see the thousands of beautiful costumes which are used in the play. Then we visited the Catholic Church, which is one of the most beautiful I've seen. I took pictures inside the theatre, church, and of the town. We're off again thru mile after mile of beautiful scenery - beats anything I've seen before. Most of the people wore regular civilian clothes, but once in a while we'd see someone dressed Alpine style - the men are the ones who go for the fancy dress. Next stop was at Partenkirchen - rested a while in the stadium. There is no snow here at this time of the year, but the grass and pine covered slopes were pretty enough. Our supper menu consisted of C or K rations and coffee. Every time we stop to eat there is always a bunch of kids come around to pick up any odd rations the fellows throw away. There was one man, duked up Alpine style, waiting for us to pull out so he could snipe a

few butts. He was very patient about waiting, cause we stopped for quite a while - finally we did make a move to go and he just about broke his neck on his bicycle trying to pick up the butts. He did get a few though and looked very happy. So on we go to Innsbruck. Very little damage here, as the war was about over by the time the Allies got this far. From here we could see where the Brenner Pass was in the mountains. From Innsbruck we took a side-trip into the mountains as far as we could by truck, and then had a very pleasant surprise - there was a cable car running high up into the mountains to a hotel. The ride took 15 minutes and was two miles long. What a site that was high above the ground, going up and up and looking down on the tree tops and Alpine cottages! Down again to where our truck is parked. By the time everyone is down its dark so we head for our place to stay for the night, which is an airport. Just roll out our bedrolls on the floor and go to sleep. Had a good night's sleep and up early to start sight-seeing again. On the super-highway (Autobahn) we could see hundreds of Kraut planes parked along the road. Some were burned out with just the tail and wings, but most of em looked in pretty good shape. As we approached Munich we got a good look at it - it's really a mess, most of the buildings are wrecked - I took several pictures on the fly. We didn't stop to see Herman's birthplace - cause no one seemed interested. Got back to Lavingen about 8:00 PM, everyone so cold it took an hour to stop shivering. The trip was worth it though." Well, we'd think so too, Art, and we'd give plenty to see all you've seen - we'll be satisfied to look at those pictures you took.

Roy Harris, G.M. 2/C on S.P. duty in Boston, Mass. has this to say: "My stay in Melville, R.I. wasn't very long. No foolin', it sure was hard to step through those gates again after 36 days of freedom. We rate every other night and every other week-end liberty. They have a show here in the Fargo Building and a soft drink parlor on the ninth deck. So all in all, it's not such a bad place. Met a bunch of the fellows that had come home before me. We had quite a confab. They have a large Rest Haven Camp down in Deland, Florida for the boys in PT's returning from overseas. You get to stay for a period of two weeks, NO WORK, and there are waitresses to serve your chow, WOO, WOO! I've got my fingers crossed, because not all of us will get to go. Now I'm on Shore Patrol Duty. My beat is pretty nice - no fights as yet, but then this is only my second night on it. Saw General Patton this afternoon going down the main street of Boston. There was quite a welcome for him. I don't think I ever saw anyone have as many bars as he did. There were five straight rows of them and a couple of them on top. He was wearing that famous highly polished helmet of his. Turned all my gear in this morning and am at liberty until Monday at 0800 when we start a gunnery refresher course. Have you ever heard of Scollay Square here in Boston? It's just like South State - more bums and rummies than I've ever seen. I get such a kick out of these Bostonian people - their accent especially! You don't park the car here - you 'pahk the cah heah'. Always something new and different." Look out there, Roy, you're stopping on P.G.R.'s toes. Anyhow, we're glad you're having it a little "softer" now - you deserve it after your long stay in the South Pacific.

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The General sent for his engineer, an old-fashioned, capable road builder. "Jim," he asked, "how long will it take to throw a bridge across this river?" "Three days," the engineer said, after running his fingers through his hair. "Good," said the General. "Have the draftsman make the drawings right away." Three days later the general sent for the engineer, hardly hoping the bridge could be done so soon. "How's the bridge?", he asked. "The bridge is made," was the reply, "and you can march across if you don't have to wait for them pictures. They ain't done yet."

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Looks like Kenneth Jensen really had a wet time "somewhere in the Pacific": "We really had a cloudburst yesterday. We were sitting in the Mess Hall eating supper when it started to rain. It is only about fifty yards from my tent to the Mess Hall, but it came down so hard I couldn't make it back until it slackened down. Then I finally got back to my tent, there was a river going through. There was about three inches of water all over the tent. I had a pair of shoes and a helmet liner under my bed, but when I got back to my tent they were already washed away. This morning a fellow brought back my helmet liner, but I never found my shoes. The tent leaked some, but I had my poncho tied over my bed so my blankets and bed stayed dry. This is the first time I ever had to anchor my things down. I'm glad my bed didn't float away."

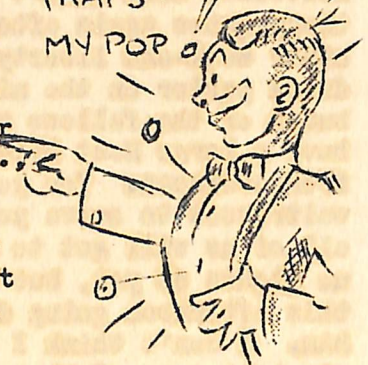


NEXT TIME THE RAINS
MAY COME AT NIGHT
SO BE PREPARED! WE SUGGEST



Guess you all know that Father's Day is the 17th of June - therefore, we are dedicating this issue of the G.I. to all of our "G.I. Fathers". We asked Gordon Pedersen, one of our "newest" fathers, to write something for our paper - How it felt to be a father, etc., but we didn't have to do more than look at his beaming face a couple of Sundays ago when little Diane was baptized, to know how he feels - and it is our earnest prayer that God will speed the day of returning for all the fathers in the Service who have yet to meet their little sons or daughters.

THAT'S
MY POP



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GLIMPSES ON THE HOME FRONT: Well, we're beginning to stop talking about the awful weather we've been having - as somebody said, It was a nice Winter we had this Summer! Draw your own conclusions! - - The day after Denmark was liberated was Pastor and Mrs. Nyholm's Wedding Anniversary, and her birthday, and they had "open house". At the height of an enjoyable evening Pastor Nyholm announced that a Herald-American reporter was coming over to get the reaction of all those who were Danish, and to take pictures. We all thought he was kidding, but sure enough, the photographer came, and, well you should just see those pictures!! - - The Choir had their Annual Spring Concert on the 27th of May - and the church was really packed that night. The Choir is looking for new members, and one of the first ones they are going to approach is Mr. Chris Johnson (Pop of Aage, Art and Ernie) who has been heard "practicing" on Sunday mornings, and "they" say he's a Basso Profundo, no less!! The "Daughters" organization recently had their "Mission Mother and Daughter" night, at which time the Mission Daughters find out who their Mission Mothers have been for a whole year - such fun and hilarity you never saw, and you boys who have little sisters at home can rest assured that they are being well taken care of by their "Mission Mothers". - - The Annual Congregational Business Meeting was held in May, and we thought you might like to know who the new officers are: Arnold Hyldahl, President - George Jacobsen, Vice-President - Mrs. Bernice Haley, Secretary - George McCowan, Treasurer.

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Two men were flying east in a passenger plane, making the first air trips of their lives. The plane touched down at St. Louis and a little red truck sped out to its side to refuel it. The plane landed again at Indianapolis and again a little red truck dashed up to it. The third stop was Pittsburgh and the same thing happened. The first of the two men looked at his watch and turned to his companion. "This plane" he said, "makes wonderful time." "Yep," said the other, "and that little red truck ain't doin' bad, either."

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Mrs. Paul G. Rasmussen sends greetings to all of you from Boston, where she is living at present - and that reminds us that this issue of the G.I. is incomplete - because, as we have said time and again, no issue is complete without a letter from Chaplain P.G. Rasmussen - Soooooo, where is it, P.G.R.? We do realize, however, that you are probably on the move, and very busy, so you're excused this time!



HEY-WEVE
BEEN GYPED.
THERE'S NOTHING
IN HERE FROM
P.G.R.

"Ernie" Johnson, AMMP1/C greets all you guys and gals from his spot in the Philippines: "Just received the Easter copy of the big little paper. I found several items of interest to me beside the ones about me. The one from Johnnie Nasser had a very familiar ring. By the sound of things, he and I must be practically neighbors. (Ed: Sorry to say, Ernie, but you aren't, for Johnnie is at Okinawa.) There's a quaint little town a short distance from our camp. The main attraction in town is an old church. It's construction is of heavy stonework and mahogany beams. It is said to be over 200 years old. The interior is all hand painted designs. The altar is entirely covered with beautiful hammered silver for which the Philippines are noted. It is here that the natives take refuge during the terrible tropical hurricanes. For this reason, if for no other, it can be said, 'This is the rock of my salvation.' Our camp area is located in a coconut grove, but sad to say, no coconuts, due to a recent storm. We live in tents. Fineapples and bananas grow wild around here, but we are forbidden to eat them. Thanks a lot for the swell write-up you gave my story. I never expected you to print the whole story. A lot of credit goes to my re-writer and proof reader. Those illustrations were swell, but I better set you straight - I don't ever want to see another hammock or army camp cot when I get home - nice soft mattresses for me!" It's waiting for you, Ernie!

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Three slightly deaf men were motoring from the north to London in an old noisy car, and hearing was difficult. As they were nearing the city, one asked: "Is this Wembly?" "No," replied the second, "this is Thursday." "So am I," put in the third. "Let's stop and have a coke." Yeah, we know, we're really getting hard up for jokes!!!

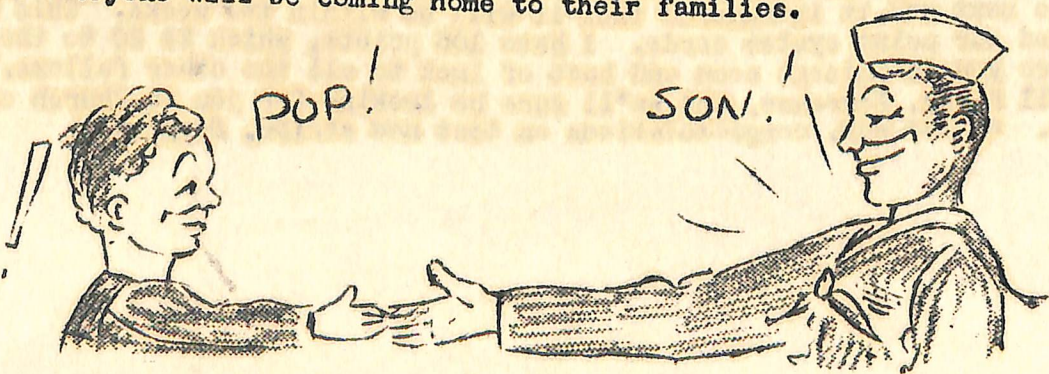
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Here's something from another one of our Germany "residents" S/Sgt. Ralph Stenstrop: "Just received the Easter copy of the G.I. At present am in Germany and taking life easy for a change. We are living in a big mansion which, of course, doesn't make us a bit unhappy! I am looking for a chance to get to Denmark. It is only a little over eight years since our family moved back to the States. Sure would be nice to go back again on a visit. (Ed: We certainly hope your chance comes, Ralph!) Don't have much more of interest to write, so will close for now. Looking forward to reading the next issue of the paper."

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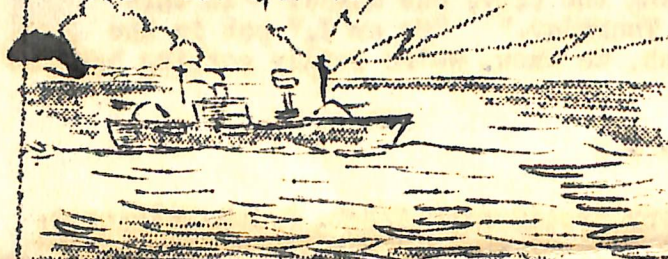
Well, just as we were organizing this issue, this letter from Vernon Hansen, MM 3/c from "somewhere in the Pacific" arrived: "Here is that C.B. again! Have been receiving the paper regularly and sure appreciate it. I get a big kick out of the jokes and all the swell letters the fellows write. We have moved from the island of Oahu. This place isn't as nice, but we get by alright. Live in tents, but with a few alterations, it is almost homelike. Made lockers, tables and chairs out of some boxes. You will notice I have received a promotion. I sure waited long enough for it. (Ed: Congratulations!!!!) I should get a chance to come home before two years are up. Am anxious to meet my son. Suppose he will be able to walk up and shake hands with his Dad." We can just visualize what a happy meeting that will be, Vernon. And we share your hope that it won't be too long before everyone will be coming home to their families.

WE HOPE
IT WON'T
BE LONG!



Maybe you don't think we were happy to receive this most interesting letter from Lt. (j.g.) Thorwald Larsen - He's still somewhere in the South Pacific, but has been traveling again since we heard from him. "Yesterday our sturdy vessel brought us once again in the realms of island semi-civilization - our most recent operation put us into primitive surroundings where mail facilities are out of the question - it is not until the enemy is driven inland and land base supplies come in that a Fleet Post Office is established. Just as is usually the case we left this scene of new operations when the F.P.O. opened, but things turned out quite well when our return to an established naval base awarded up with the first mail in over a month. I considered myself fortunate, to note amongst my mail, two issues of 'Our Sevier's G.I.'s' awaiting my opening - I can assure you, I for one along with all the others, value this paper beyond the expression of words. Every man on board has plunged into his work with renewed vigor now knowing with Germany's collapse the war is reaching its final stages. Several hours ago we took on board a group of naval officers and men. These men's faces are radiant with smiles; the reason, as you can probably guess, they are homeward bound. We are transporting them away from the front areas to a rear base a thousand miles away from where they will be provided swift transportation to the mainland. This evening several of my fellow shipmates and I are to return a social call -

YOU DON'T WANT LUNCH? WELL
COME ON OVER ANYWAY - THE
LATEST "GI." IS IN!



several nights ago we entertained the officers of an adjoining ship in our wardroom - so tonight we are the guests to dine in the destroyer's wardroom. These occasions of social intercourse are one of the diversions in a wartime nautical career - after dinner is served we usually discourse on our varied experiences and the progress of the war - often I have met officers from my home town or men who have attended the



same university - of course, when we discover this mutual bond, a lengthy conversation ensues on days of yore. After everyone is well acquainted it is time to take leave, remembering a pleasant time amongst new faces and surroundings." It's good to hear that you're having fun too, Thorwald, as we know it's work and more work most of the time.

Tired, a distinguished Senator in Washington handed the menu to the waiter and said, "Just bring me a good meal." A good meal was served and the Senator gave the waiter a generous tip. "Thank yo', suh", said the waiter, "and if yo' has any mo' friends what can't read, yo' jes send 'em to me."

Sgt. Lawrence Nielsen was in Barum, Germany, when he wrote this: "Just a line to say hello and let you know I am fine. Everything here is going along swell except for the chow. Breakfast is the best meal as we are always sure of having coffee and most of the time pancakes. Was sure sorry to hear about Carl Toft. I have a little better news. We have sent quite a few of the old timers home from our company during the last few days. As I understand it, I am on the top of the list to go next and it is rumored that it will be within two weeks. This morning we signed our point system cards. I have 106 points, which is 20 to the good. Hope to see you in Chicago soon and best of luck to all the other fellows." That makes us all happy, Lawrence, and we'll sure be looking for you in Church one of these days. By the way, congratulations on that new stripe, Sergeant!

Here is the latest from Okinawa way via Sgt. Johnnie Nasser: "Have received several letters from all my friends saying that the latest G.I. was finished and on the way, so here I sit in this comfy foxhole waiting. Guess I'm a little too impatient for it will be a couple of days before it gets here. The weather is really swell the closest to California I've ever seen. Guess you know what my choice would be if it were for me to say. Couple of days ago, we were notified of a mine field near the front, so off we went even though our feet were tired. The trail we took led us through a deep ravine and even though we could smell the stench of death around, there seemed to be a sweet fragrance coming from somewhere. I stopped in my tracks to look around to see where it was coming from. Far down near the bottom and in the darkest place, grew a precious flower - the pure white Lily. Although our hands and minds were occupied on Easter Sunday, and we had forgotten what day it was, the Lily gave me plenty to think about in regard to what the flower stands for. I'll never forget that sight of beauty amidst ruin and death. Have been on the go quite a bit lately, more than ever before on mines and duds. Only thing wrong is that the Japs don't place the mines in the right places or patterns as we were informed back in the States. They sure do believe in mixing them up for us. Believe I will close for the time being. Have to mix my coffee -- otherwise how could I stay a true blooded Dane if there were no coffee?"

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Mother (fondly watching her two-year old): "He's been walking like that for almost a year." Bored visitor: "Amazing! Can't you make him sit down?"

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Our latest recruit, Pvt. Clarence Madsen, writes us from Amarillo, Texas where he seems to be "enjoying" Army life: "Well, after two months in the Air Corps, I guess I had better drop a line to Our Saviours G.I. News. I have completed all my basic training and qualification tests., etc. So they put me on a train and sent me out to an air field in the middle of Texas where I'm to take some further training. While taking my qualification tests and aptitude tests, they decided that I was qualified for either bomber or fighter pilot. Since V.E. day, the pilot training program has been closed, so they sent me to Amarillo Army Air Base for training as a flight engineer on a B-29 (super-fortress). That super fort is really an airplane. It is so large that they had to take apart to get it into the hanger. If you were to get on top of it by the navigators astrodome and look out over the fuselage, it seems like you could play basket-ball on top. The speed, of course, is a military secret, but I can give you a hint. If a fighter plane was to make one pass on the B-29, it would take the fighter plane close to 24 hours to catch it again. Of course, by that time the fighter plane would have run out of gas. The bomb bays are large enough that you could set a two ton truck up in one. The plane itself is pressurized so that at 40,000 ft., it would resemble an ordinary plane pressurized at 12,000 ft. During this training, we get to fly in the plane and it is really a thrill to look down and see that ground speeding away from you. Well, that's about all, but I still would like to add that keep the G.I. news going 'cause it seems swell to read about what the other fellows and gals are going." You really did yourself proud with your first letter to us, Clarence. Just keep up the good work and we will be here to keep up our end of the deal!!!

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"Nothing is impossible." "Oh Yeah, did you ever try to take a pair of skis through a revolving door?"

Well, well, we finally caught up with Malvin Nielsen, M.M. 2/c, who is now in the Mariannas - "I guess I have come to the end of the line, as far as traveling by ship is concerned - as you can see I am out in the Marianna Islands - which one I am not in a position to say. The one I am on is a former Jap Island and there are a few Japs that still run around in the hills and live in the natural caves - we just can't hunt them out. It isn't very bad here, and it wasn't so many months ago that the Marines made history here. The trees are notched like a ladder, where the Japs climbed them and shot down at the Marines, so they must have had tough going here. The main town is blown completely away and nothing left now except for a dock. They are trying to make a carpenter out of me - believe I will learn a lot from it, as I never had any experience like this before, all I did was to draw the plans, but never did any field work. I may be put in the drafting office here later though. This island is just about all coral rock (I believe it is a formation from snails) and is snow white and really hard. The glare of the sun on it makes it so that you have to wear sun glasses - we were issued a sun helmet and sun glasses when we got here. Later on I will tell you more of my trip - then the censor won't cut it out. Say hello to everybody from me."

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After a year and a half in the hospital with rheumatic fever, Kenneth Mangum finally received his discharge on the 18th of May. This crazy old Chicago weather isn't going to be any good for Ken now, so he's going back to sunny California to live. We're all going to miss you, Ken, and hope it won't be too long till you'll be able to come back to Chicago to live.

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We thought the Fleet had come in a few Sunday's ago when, believe it or not, four Navy men were in church at one time. And here they are:

Ken	Roy	Gordon	Ethan
Mangum	Harris	Pedersen	Svensden

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