

The Americanization of Bjorn Winger

A Norwegian American,
World War I Poet from
Minnesota

Rob Hardy

During World War I, poems written by American soldiers appeared regularly in the pages of *Stars and Stripes*, *Trench and Camp*, and numerous camp and regimental newspapers. “It is a curious commentary on the spiritual mindedness of America’s young men,” one contemporary wrote, “that the weekly issues of *Trench and Camp*, wherever it was published, ran over with columns and columns of verses—good, bad and indifferent—mostly bad, but evidently sincere.” Some of these soldier-poets would make a name for themselves with their poetry, but most would be forgotten, their wartime verse nearly the sum of their poetic output. One of these forgotten soldier-poets was Bjorn Winger (1892–1945), a Minnesota-born son of Norwegian immigrants for whom the war brought both a flowering of poetic expression and a chance to prove that he was “all American.”¹

A “HYBRID” CHILDHOOD

Bjorn Winger’s father Anders—Americanized as Andrew—arrived in the United States from Norway in 1883 and settled near Litchfield, Minnesota, where he married Anna Kleven, the daughter of a local Norwegian Lutheran pastor. Their son Bjorn, the second of seven children, was born in Litchfield on January 19, 1892. The family later moved to Minneota, in southwestern Minnesota, where Andrew served as postmaster from 1897 to 1901. When Bjorn entered St. Olaf College in 1910, the family moved to Northfield.



Bjorn Winger in his medic's uniform. Photographed in Paris, 1919.

Most of Bjorn Winger’s childhood was spent in Minneota, surrounded by vast, vanishing prairie that was in the process of being broken up into farms. Much of the local population was foreign-born. “Nearly everyone around here came from some other country,” Winger later wrote, “either Germany, Norway, Sweden, Iceland, Russia, Holland, or Belgium. You can hear all the languages of these places on the streets . . . and the storekeepers try to learn a few words of each. That helps them. Still, when the Fourth comes, they all wear American flags and pins on their coats and listen to the speeches even if they are still wearing the funny pointed shoes they came over in.” The Norwegian immigrants, he wrote, “work hard to learn English, but most of them have a hard time getting rid of their accents.”²

Winger, despite being American born, was conscious in his youth of being “one of those damned hybrid Americans who were tolerated until they learned how to speak United States correctly.” In Winger’s account, this experience of being “hybrid” helped create the conditions for becoming a poet. “A child with such a background,” he wrote, “must, like the lonely child with a clothespin doll, make the most of what he can find, and invariably he is driven into a world of make-believe where he walks hand-in-hand with fact and fancy, never quite sure that what he sees or says is wholly true.”³

“The Americanization of foreigners has been liberally treated in scores of books,” Winger later wrote. “Less attention has been paid to that near anomaly, the second generation who has been tossed back and forth on the horns of conflicting cultures until he cannot be sure just what he is.”

The child who, though born in the very American town of Litchfield, still included *ja* and *yet* in his speech and figuratively mixed his sauerbraten with jello. And don't ever think that the 10th generation Amer[ican] kids let him for one moment forget it.

But mingled with heartaches were plenty of joys, the contagion of his parents' satisfaction with their steady progress economically, socially, nationally. In our section of the country, one thought dominated the thinking of all naturalized foreigners—PAY YOUR DEBT TO AMERICA.

Teaching English was one way a child of immigrants could pay off that debt: after graduating from St. Olaf College, Winger took a job teaching English at a high school in Indianapolis, Indiana. Another way presented itself in 1917, when the United States entered World War I.⁴

In “Transplanted,” his unpublished fictionalized memoir about the Americanization of a second-generation Norwegian American, Winger wrote:

I wish some of our folks had been in this country when the Revolution was going on. I know they would have been in it, and then nobody could say we weren't Americans. It feels kind of funny to sing “Land where my fathers died” when my father came here in 1882 and his father never came at all. I shouldn't think it would make any difference whether a fellow's folks came over here in 1882 or 1682. Even those people came over here from somewhere.

He concludes: “There is at least one good way I can prove I am all American, and that is by being a soldier.”⁵

“A GOOD AMERICAN”

As the United States prepared to go to war with Germany, there was increasing intolerance of “hyphenated” Americans—Americans whose families had immigrated within the previous few generations, including Norwegian Americans—who faced mounting pressure to prove their loyalty to the United States in order to conform to a standard of 100 percent Americanism. This rise of intolerance, often called “anti-hyphenism,” was of deep concern to

those in the immigrant community, who saw it fraying the connections between Norwegian Americans—especially in the younger generations—and their ancestral language and culture. But many young Norwegian Americans, like Bjorn Winger, welcomed the opportunity the war provided to accelerate the process of becoming American. As Winger's friend and teacher O. E. Rølvaag wrote: “The young are extremely sensitive in matters of honor, and much more so in their patriotic honor! It has been—and to some extent still is—a point of honor to prove that nothing *foreign* hangs about one's person.”⁶

Norway had declared its neutrality at the start of the war, and anti-war sentiment was strong among Norwegian Americans in the Upper Midwest. North Dakota's isolationist Republican senator Asle Gronna, a Norwegian American, was one of six senators to vote against the declaration of war in 1917. But the other Norwegian American in the US Senate, Minnesota's Knute Nelson, was a firm backer of President Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy and urged his fellow Norwegian Americans to demonstrate their patriotism in support of the war effort. Nelson, whom Bjorn Winger's mother had known when she was a girl, was one of Winger's role models—an immigrant who “got to be a good American.”⁷

“THE SANDS OF CODY”

In late July 1917, Winger returned home to Northfield to enlist in the medical corps (136th Infantry). After being stationed in Northfield for the months of August and September, he left Minnesota on September 27 for Camp Cody in Deming, New Mexico, where his regiment became part of the 68th Infantry Brigade.⁸

Camp Cody was the destination for most new recruits from Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, with nearly 12,000 men arriving in September 1917. By the end of the summer of 1917, the sprawling 2,000-acre camp included 6,000 tents, 120 mess halls, 1,200 bathhouses, an 800-bed hospital, a theater, a library, a post office, water tanks capable of supplying 2 million gallons of water per day, and baking ovens capable of producing 10,000 loaves of bread per day. The camp served the dual purpose of training National Guard troops and maintaining a military presence near the volatile Mexican border, just 35 miles away. The landscape of the New Mexico desert was a far cry from the lakes, prairies, and woods the recruits had left behind in Minnesota. Congressman Harold Knutson of Minnesota called Camp Cody “a deserted valley of sage brush, rattlesnakes, jackrabbits, yuccas and cactus, situated in the middle of nothing . . . an annex of hades of which his Satanic Majesty is evidently ashamed.”⁹

"In the normal order," Winger later wrote, "one selects his company and by preference flocks with similar minds. Not so in the army, where, for instance, six nationalities, six creeds, and all but six races huddle in one tent." More than a dozen different languages were spoken at Camp Cody, including Greek, Yiddish, Russian, Persian, Chinese, and Arabic. For Bjorn Winger, it was like a scaled-up version of Minneota, where so many different languages could be heard on the streets. Winger's regiment, the 136th Infantry, originally comprised 234 foreign-born men from 23 countries, with Norway being highest on the list. "But for the purposes of licking the Kaiser," the regimental newspaper, *The Reveille*, proclaimed, "every man in the regiment is a dyed-in-the-wool Yankee." The paper added that "the only real, genuine full-blooded Americans in our ranks are the 70 or 80 American Indians."¹⁰

In April 1918, one of the camp newspapers reported that "literally hundreds of Codians can read little or no English." English classes were offered at Camp Cody for non-English-speaking soldiers, as well as for illiterate native English speakers, and Winger—an English teacher in civilian life—volunteered as one of the instructors. But despite the spirit of camaraderie, prejudices still remained—particularly between the locals and the troops from Minnesota. In January 1918, *The Reveille* took exception to the local newspaper's description of Minnesota as "a community of Swedes back east." *The Reveille* editorialized:

We incline to the opinion that no insult is quite so low and unwarranted or cowardly as a slighting reference to one's racial extraction. The cheapest kind of Yankee that we know is the fellow who delights in snubbing someone about having an origin in some foreign land and letting that ill-bred fact stand as the sum total of his own Americanism.¹¹

The commander of the 68th Infantry Brigade at Camp Cody, Brigadier General Frederick Emil Resche of Duluth, was himself a native of Germany who had emigrated to the United States at the age of 17 and had moved steadily up the ranks of the Minnesota National Guard since enlisting in 1888. In April 1918, however, he was relieved of command and discharged from the army because his German origin raised doubts about his loyalty. In the xenophobia created by war with Germany, even a 30-year veteran was not above suspicion. But as Resche left Camp Cody, his troops rallied around him. The editor of *The Reveille* commented: "While born under another flag, no more loyal American ever joined the colors than General Resche."¹²

At Camp Cody, Winger's regiment was folded into the 34th Army Division, which became known as the Sandstorm Division. Sandstorms were a daily feature of life in the New Mexico desert. One of Winger's poems, "The Sands of Cody," attests to this uncomfortable fact of life in the camp. A Nebraska official wrote in 1918: "No matter

Camp Cody, New Mexico, ca. 1917





Bjorn Winger in his tent, Camp Cody, New Mexico, ca. 1918

how exaggerated a story about sandstorms at Camp Cody may sound, you are warranted in believing them. When one of these storms strikes the camp—and they are very frequent—practically all work must be suspended.” These conditions disrupted training and contributed to the 34th Division’s lack of preparedness and the postponement of its deployment overseas.¹³

Another feature of camp life was the spread of infectious diseases, particularly influenza and pneumonia. Influenza arrived at Camp Cody with the first recruits. The surgeon general reported that “during the latter part of 1917 there was a sharp outbreak of influenza,” reaching epidemic proportions in October. In September, there were 165 cases of pneumonia reported in the camp. Physicians had a steep learning curve as they figured out how to treat respiratory illnesses at a high altitude and in dry conditions exacerbated by constant sandstorms and a 50-degree variation in daytime and nighttime temperatures. In early 1918, a Minnesota commission headed by Governor Joseph Burnquist found the sanitary conditions at the camp inadequate and the rates of respiratory illness higher than at other camps in the western states.¹⁴

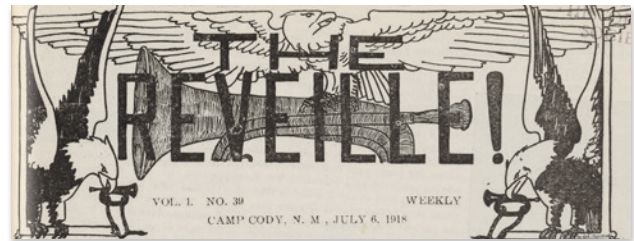
But despite disease and discomfort and eight hours of drills each day, Winger wrote home in November: “We are having the time of our lives here and are beginning to get toughened in [sic] for what is coming. It is an inspiring sight to see so many manly young fellows, and Minnesota can be justly proud of her contingent.” He later admitted that “when we came here we had hard sledding, and everyone tried by dint of hard labor to better conditions.” In his account, much of that hard labor fell on the shoulders of the camp doctors.¹⁵

OLEUM RICINI

While stationed at Camp Cody, Winger wrote for the 136th regiment’s newspaper, *The Reveille*, contributing regular reports from the medical department as well as more than a dozen poems. Many of Winger’s poems celebrate or caricature various members of the regiment, including the popular chaplain, Ezra Clemans of Owatonna. A few, such as “136th Infantry March,” were unabashedly patriotic. The poem ends:

Firm in conviction—to our Country, faithful and true,
Fighting or dying for the Red, White, and Blue.
(Whistle, trumpet solo with bugles and drum corps,
then repeat the chorus)

Another handful of poems, including “Tourists in France, 1920,” were written in a vernacular dialect—full of “ain’t” and “wuz” and “cuz” and dropped g in words ending in *ing*—popularized by poets like James Whitcomb Riley and Edgar Guest. For Winger, poetry became part of his Americanization, a way of demonstrating not only his patriotism, but also that he had learned “to speak United States correctly.”¹⁶



The banner of *The Reveille*, the newspaper of the 136th Infantry Regiment, which Bjorn Winger edited from May to September 1918

In May 1918, Winger became the editor of *The Reveille*. One of his contributions as editor was a humorous sketch referring to himself both by his given name, Bjorn, and by his nickname, Oleum—short for *Oleum ricini*, the scientific name for castor oil, which he frequently dispensed as a medic, but also a play on the Norwegian name Ole. In the sketch, he gives instructions on how to pronounce his name: “Unless you also are ‘Norsk’ you will hardly be able to pronounce the name ‘Bjorn.’ You mustn’t say ‘Born’ or ‘Jorn,’ nor yet even ‘be-jorn.’ Call the j a y and try to say it all as one syllable and you will hit the target, but probably not make a bull’s eye.” He continues:

People who read *The Reveille* are familiar with the products of Oleum’s pen. Since entering the service he has spent some time in the hospital, and while so ill that he was out of his head he produced some of his cleverest

stuff. His specialty is doing tricks with the English language. He can make the dictionary walk on hind legs, jump through hoops, or roll over and play dead. He used words, phrases, idioms, simile, and metaphor that can't be found in Shakespeare. Some of his stuff is so good that it can't get by the censor and has never appeared in print.¹⁷

Like the rest of the 34th Army Division at Camp Cody, Bjorn Winger found himself waiting a long time to be shipped overseas. Some of the poems he wrote at Camp Cody express optimism and eagerness to join the fight in Europe. One poem, "Failures," written after nearly five months in camp, gives vent to a feeling of futility and disappointment:

Far down the long forgotten ways the column moves,
Swathed in the half-light of another sunless day;
Still—save the swish of heavy shambling feet
As if some weary Cyclops dragged a chain across the
sands.
Wearily a head by years of habit bowed
Lifts for a moment to relieve the heavy sigh
That all too long had laid its burden on his heart . . .

In November 1917, his brother Arne, also stationed at Camp Cody, wrote home: "Our main occupation consists of wondering when we are going across. And as far as I can learn, we are all of one mind in that respect—it can't come soon enough." In the spring of 1918, the 34th Army Division had been designated as replacements, meaning that the division would not see combat together, but would furnish replacement personnel for other divisions. It wasn't until October 1918 that Winger shipped out. His detachment departed from New York, bound for Liverpool, en route to France on October 13, 1918—a year after arriving at Camp Cody and less than a month before the armistice. When Winger arrived in France, what he mostly saw was the aftermath of the war. He experienced a few days under fire as a stretcher bearer before the armistice was declared; then came four more months of waiting.¹⁸

"Wait, wait, wait!" Winger later wrote. "Months for training, for

transportation, for action, for convalescence, for return,—often without the solace of so much as one year-old magazine. To sit or lie in tents under stars or weeping skies when even our best pal's conversation became boring, left us but one alternative, thinking. And what thoughts! We had a universe to re-inventory, one with change as inevitable as the fact of change about us."¹⁹

FRANCE AND THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

In March 1919, Winger arrived in Paris, where he enrolled in a three-month course at the Académie Julian art school as part of a program that allowed American servicemen to study at French and British universities in return for deferring their repatriation. Winger's first stops in Paris were the Red Cross canteens at Gare Montparnasse and at 11 Rue de Bac, which would become one of his favorite haunts during his short time in Paris. He wrote a poem about the canteen, and several other poems were written on Red Cross stationery. "I cannot say enough for the Red Cross," he wrote to his father. "It is the greatest thing in this war."²⁰

In April 1919, Winger and three friends visited Belleau Wood, north of Chateau-Thierry, France, where in June 1918 nearly 20,000 Americans, French, and Germans were killed or wounded in the Battle of Belleau Wood. Even a year later, the battlefield was a gruesome place. Winger wrote in an account of his visit:



The Red Cross canteen at the Gare Montparnasse, which was Bjorn Winger's first stop after being posted to Paris in the spring of 1919

Next we walked up the hill to Belleau Wood where the Marines and the 26th Division fought. We went through the barbed wire entanglement and across the field. This field is strewn with bits of shell, German grenade handles, oodles of unexploded shells, and shell holes. . . .

We next mounted the hill and into the woods. The trees are for the most part shot off at the height of eight feet. Here there are machine gun shelters, mostly shallow, as this was the American mode of fighting in the open.

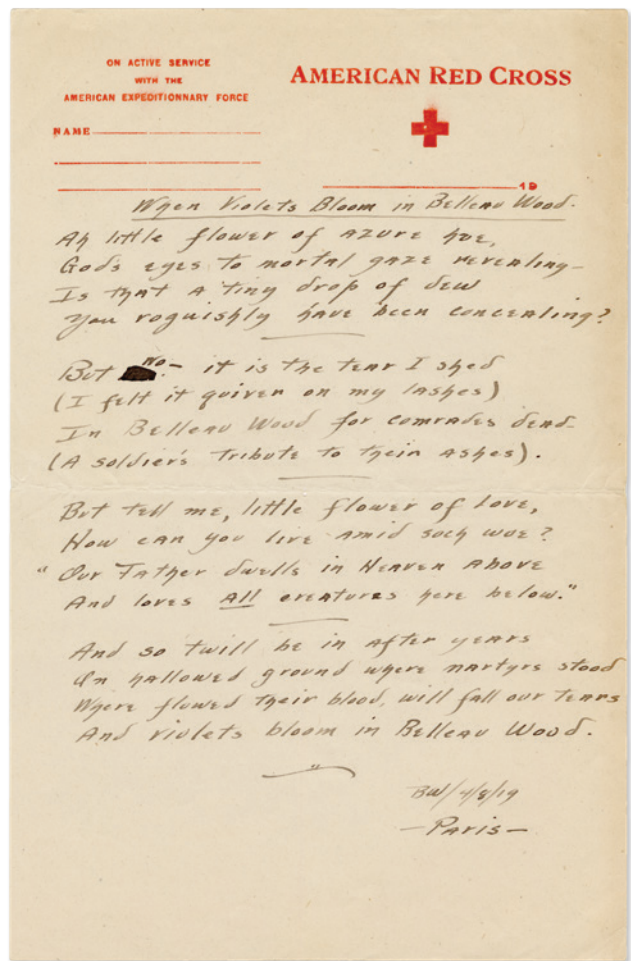
Then we came upon a gruesome sight. A dead German lying half exposed. He was pretty well decayed, as we found by poking into it. . . . You can imagine how one's mind works under such conditions. I can tell you it makes me think,—clay it is, life it was—beast or kind heart, who knows? Yet it seemed to be a machine gun position and an American shell fragment lay beside him.

A little further on, about ten feet, we came upon another body; partly skeleton, beside him lay his coat, olive drab with corroded buttons with the eagle on. Some unknown American boy. . . . Ah, I have seen now; it is not a pleasant sight to be on a battlefield a few months after an awful attack. Tourists will not see what we have seen.

We went further and came upon some bullets, a belt all riddled with bullets proving the death of another American. Socks, blankets, gas masks, German boots—in short, more than can be described in so short a space—lay helter-skelter around and in the midst of it, God. Yes, as he shows Himself to us. Little violets, daisies and crocuses, happy, hopeful and peace-breathing, grew in the midst of man's lust for blood. Here the right and wrong, light and darkness clashed—both fell, yet "truth crushed to earth shall rise again" and flowers spring up where she lay.

He moves through the horrors he has witnessed toward a conclusion conditioned by his Norwegian Lutheran upbringing. In the poem that comes of this experience, "When Violets Bloom in Belleau Wood," the horror is elided, leaving only sorrow and consolation.²¹

But: "Ah, I have seen it now." In September 1939, as he was preparing to depart for a year in England as an exchange teacher with the English-Speaking Union, war broke out again in Europe. The exchange program was canceled, and Winger remained in Indianapolis. He told the *Indianapolis Times*: "I know what war is like. I have seen Liverpool and Southampton blacked out, and I have been through submarine warfare. I don't want to see any more of it."²²



The manuscript of "When Violets Bloom in Belleau Wood," which Bjorn Winger composed on Red Cross stationery after a visit to the Belleau Wood battlefield in April 1919

AN AMERICAN HOMECOMING

Bjorn Winger and the other student-soldiers in his detachment sailed from Brest, the usual embarkation point for American troops leaving France, in early July 1919. The last of his poems from France ends:

And dry-eyed, mute, we wait and wait and wait—

 SLING PACKS!

 HOME!!

By the beginning of August, Winger was back home in Minnesota, a changed man. "There was something about me that suggested the word 'seasoned,'" he later wrote. "I thought about the Civil War men . . . [and] of the Spanish-American boys . . .—so long ago. I was of their class, a veteran of a real war for my Country, MY Country, all American and a veteran at 26."²³ □

Three World War I Poems by Bjorn Winger²⁴

THE SANDS OF CODY (Apologies to Robert W. Service)

It isn't the cold that we fear,
It isn't the snow that flies,
It isn't this hades drear
That troubles us hard-boiled guys—
It isn't the drill or the hike
That curses this starved-out land,
It's the drifting, shifting, ever lifting
SAND, SAND, SAND!

It isn't the endless grind
Of Companies, left by twos;
It isn't the pain we mind
As we trudge in our worn-out shoes;
It isn't the weight of the gun,
Nor the pack nor the leathern band—
It's the blowing, flowing, ever growing
SAND, SAND, SAND!

It isn't the nightly schools
That break up the poker ring;
It isn't the endless rules
That set us a-smouldering;
It isn't the cold night air
That freezes head and hand
But the whirling, curling, ever twirling
SAND, SAND, SAND!

It isn't the thoughts of home
And of friends we left behind
That cause our senses to roam—
No, it isn't that we mind—
It isn't the lack of joys
We had in our dear Northland;
It's the seething, wreathing, death-bequeathing
SAND, SAND, SAND!

But the time will someday come,
Be it peace, be it war, be it death,
When we'll leave this haven of scum
And go North for a good long breath;
There may be the snows and the rain
That sting like a red-hot brand;
But it's none of this cursed, foul germ-laden
SAND, SAND, SAND!²⁵

WHEN VIOLETS BLOOM IN BELLEAU WOOD

Ah little flower of azure hue,
God's eyes to mortal gaze revealing—
Is that a tiny drop of dew
You roguishly have been concealing?

But no—it is a tear I shed
(I felt it quiver on my lashes)
In Belleau Wood for comrades dead—
(a soldier's tribute to their ashes).

But tell me, little flower of love,
How can you live amid such woe?
"Our Father dwells in Heaven above
And loves *all* creatures here below."

And 'twill be in after years
On hallowed ground where martyrs stood,
Where flowed their blood, will fall our tears,
And violets bloom in Belleau Wood.²⁶

TOURISTS IN FRANCE, 1920

Yes Ma'am, 't wuz here he fell, your son—my buddy:
It was an awful scrap, most like the hell
We used to hear about, but didn't believe
Till then—I guess I'd b'lieve that black is white—
Watch where you're steppin', that's a dud and might
Go off! It isn't safe here yet. An' them's
The 'tanglements—most rusted—in the way;
And this hole here's our dugout—No, *this* way—
But yer cryin'—Jim wuz brave, a hero
Mind you, more'n me—Why, when we went
To take our places in the line, he led
The singin'—"Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here—"
'Scuse me Ma'am, that song—that song's a HYMN!
'Cause when we landed in the States and sung
That song, they wasn't quite all there to sing.

.

An' this is where the 2nd
crossed the ridge.

.

Them white things? That's Romaine—Excuse me Ma'am,
It's warm—I think I'll take my hat off—Yes,
Jim's there—on the right—next the Flag—
Yes, ma'am, Jim WUZ a soldier,—brave too,
My buddy!—Did he much like flowers?
I'll put these here an'—and wait.²⁷

Notes

The author would like to thank NAHA archivist Kristina Warner for her generous assistance with the research for this article.

1. Paul A. F. Walter, "New Mexico in the Great War (Continued). VII: Art, Drama, and Literature in War Service," *New Mexico Historical Review* 4 (1926): 411. *Stars and Stripes* was the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces in France during World War I. *Trench and Camp* was a wartime newspaper published by the YMCA, in partnership with local newspapers, in different editions for each of the 32 training camps across the United States.

2. Bjorn Winger, "Transplanted" (unpublished manuscript), Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 9, Norwegian-American Historical Association, Northfield, MN (hereafter, NAHA).

3. Bjorn Winger, "Portfolio," Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 9, NAHA.

4. Winger, "Portfolio."

5. Winger, "Transplanted."

6. Odd S. Lovoll, *The Promise of America: A History of the Norwegian American People* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1984), 193; O. E. Rølvaag, quoted in Dorothy Burton Skårdal, *The Divided Heart: Scandinavian Immigrant Experience Through Literary Sources* (Oslo: Universitetsforlaget, 1974), 313. See also Carl H. Chrislock, *Ethnicity Challenged: The Upper Midwest Norwegian American Experience in World War I*, Norwegian American Topical Studies 3 (Northfield, MN: NAHA, 1981).

Style conventions have changed and the journal has adopted the practice of eliminating hyphens in compound nationalities, such as Norwegian American, African American, and the like. But in the time period discussed here, compound nationalities were usually joined with a hyphen, thus the phrase "hyphenated Americans."

7. Winger, "Transplanted." *The New York Times* in 1916 referred to Nelson as "the sole American Minnesota has in Congress" (quoted in Chrislock, *Ethnicity Challenged*, 35). In a memorial address for Nelson in 1924, Senator Francis Warren of Wyoming said: "He was not a 'hyphenate' at any time in his career, but, instead, a genuine American of the highest order": 68th Congress, *Knute Nelson Memorial Addresses* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1925), 15.

8. "Bjorn Winger Has Enlisted in the Medical Corps which Is Now Quartered Here," *Northfield News*, Aug. 3, 1917, p. 5; *Northfield News*, Sept. 28, 1917, p. 1. Winger's enlistment date was July 31, 1917 ("Application for Headstone or Marker," National Archives, via Ancestry.com).

9. "Camp Cody Work Requires Thinking in Large Figures," *Trench and Camp*, Oct. 8, 1917, p. 15, Camp Cody edition; "Bakers Work in Two Shifts," *Trench and Camp*, Mar. 23, 1918, p. 1, Camp Cody edition; *Congressional Record, Second Session of the 65th Congress*, vol. 56 (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1918), 668 (Jan. 7,



Bjorn Winger's grave marker in Oaklawn Cemetery (Northfield, Minnesota). Because Winger was a veteran, the stone was provided to his widow free of charge by the Veterans Administration.

1918). See also Jim Eckles, *Deming, New Mexico's Camp Cody: A World War One Training Camp* (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2017), 23–30, on the construction of Camp Cody.

10. Winger, "Transplanted"; "25 Varieties of Yanks in 136th," *The Reveille*, Nov. 17, 1917, p. 1.

11. "Cody Foreign Speaking Seek Native Works," *Camp and Trench*, Apr. 18, 1918, p. 2, Camp Cody edition; "School for Illiterates Makes Good Showing," *The Reveille*, Aug. 17, 1918, p. 1; "Community of Swedes Back East," *The Reveille*, Jan. 26, 1918, p. 1.

12. "Reveille Pays Fine Farewell to Gen. Resche," *El Paso Times*, Apr. 18, 1918, p. 13, quoting from *The Reveille*, Apr. 13, 1918.

13. "Maupin writes of Camp Cody, N.M.," *Lincoln Star*, Feb. 3, 1918, p. 14; Wayne E. Stevens, "The Federalized National Guard Units at Camp Cody," in Franklin F. Holbrook and Livia Appel, *Minnesota in the War with Germany* (St. Paul: MNHS, 1928), 1: 279.

14. *War Department Annual Reports, 1919*, vol. 1, part 2: Report of the Surgeon General (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1920), 1549; "More Sickness at Deming Than Any Other Post," *Minneapolis Morning Tribune*, Jan. 31, 1918, p. 5. On the controversy over conditions at Camp Cody, see Eckles, *Deming, New Mexico's Camp Cody*, 30–34.

15. *Northfield News*, Nov. 23, 1917, p. 8; *Northfield News*, Aug. 16, 1918, p. 2.

16. *The Reveille*, Apr. 13, 1918; clipping in Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 11, NAHA.

17. "Notes from the Army and Navy," *Northfield News*, Apr. 26, 1918, p. 4, reprinted from *The Reveille*, Apr. 13, 1918.

18. Unpublished manuscript, Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 11, NAHA. The poem is dated February 18, 1918. *Northfield News*, Nov. 23, 1917, p. 1, 8. Arne Winger was a sergeant in the regimental band (bass drum). He also served in Company D of the Second Minnesota Infantry at Camp Llano Grande from June 1916 to February 1917, during the Mexican border crisis.

19. Winger, "Transplanted."

20. *Northfield News*, Apr. 8, 1919, p. 3. Winger's letter was dated March 24.

21. *Northfield News*, May 9, 1919, p. 4, 9.

22. "Hoosier Accent Suits Teacher in War-time," *Indianapolis Times*, Sept. 12, 1939, p. 5.

23. Unpublished manuscript, Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 11, NAHA. The poem is dated July 4, 1919, Camp Pontanezen, Brest, France. Winger, "Transplanted."

24. After the war, Bjorn Winger returned to Indianapolis, where he continued to teach high school English for 26 years. He died in 1945, a month before his fifty-fourth birthday, and was buried in Northfield.

25. Typescript, Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 11, NAHA. Dated February 7, 1918, the poem appeared in *The Reveille* on February 23, 1918, and was signed Oleum Ricini. Winger includes his "apologies to Robert W. Service" for mimicking the structure of Service's poem "A Song of Winter Weather," from his collection *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* (New York: Barse and Hopkins, 1916).

26. Manuscript, Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 11, NAHA. Written in Paris and dated April 8, 1919, the poem appeared in the 1920, 1921, and 1922 editions of the St. Olaf College yearbook, *Victory Viking*.

27. Undated typescript, Bjorn Winger papers, 1916–1940, box 1, folder 11, NAHA. "Romagne" refers to the white crosses marking the graves of the 23,000 American soldiers buried in the cemetery at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, France, near Verdun. The Americans fought and died in the Meuse–Argonne offensive from late September 1918 until the armistice on November 11.

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