



## **The sojourner. Volume III, Number 2**

### **February 1944**

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)  
Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, February 1944

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# The Sojourner

Volume III, Number 2

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, February, 1944

## FROM AROUND THE WORLD

During the past month, the Two Rivers Reporter has been filled with reports of the activities of many of you men in the service. This is quite understandable at any time though, as our chief interest lies with you who are out fighting to preserve the kind of life we expect to lead with more enjoyment when you have all returned home. We like to hear as much about you and your activities as it is permissible to know and talk about it, and therefore each of these reports is thoroughly read, re-read, and much discussed.

Because we know that you are interested in your old buddies and friends from the "Home Town", with whom you have perhaps lost contact, we are going to review several of these news items.

One of the most outstanding stories of this period is that of Marine Sergeant Victor Berger, who has served in the southwest Pacific for two years, principally on Guadalcanal. His narrow escapes while on this island earned for him the nickname of "Bombproof Berger". Sergeant Berger arrived on Guadalcanal in October of 1942 and was at that time a member of a marine fighter squadron whose leading ace was Major Joe Foss.

Vic related several incidents to the Reporter. "We were being landed from Higgins boats when a string of 26 heavy Jap bombers began to slam the area. One bomb landed within 20 feet of my boat. I was blown into the water by the blast." Describing an enemy air raid he said, "One armor-piercing dud clipped the ropes of my tent and buried itself in the soft muck about ten feet away. I wasn't scared until the demolition crew removed it next morning."

Sergeant Berger, on duty as an aviation mechanic when he served on Guadalcanal, returned just recently with a marine friend known as the "Hellhawks".

The landing on Bougainville Island late last year was well represented by Marines also in the landing. It was revealed in a letter received in January by Harry Vanderbusch, that four local "leathernecks" were in the thick of the landing. Pvt. Darriol Vanderbusch told his dad that he and three other home town boys were in the thick of the invasion. Besides Vanderbusch, those in the group were Robert Berger, Vic's brother, Pvt. Thomas Gagnon, and Sgt. Virgil Brull.

From somewhere in the Asiatic area of operations, Pvt. William Taddy made and sent home to his father a jacket from several varieties of fur. The lining of the coat is apparently a regulation Japanese soldier's blouse. Using only a jack-knife and a needle and thread as his tools, Pvt. Taddy carefully built the fur jacket around the Japanese blouse.

On the twelfth of January, first word from Technician John Schultz, captured by the Axis forces in the Sicilian invasion, was received by his mother. The letter, written a month and a half after becoming a prisoner on July 12, 1943, told that he was being well taken care of and asked that his folks here not worry about him.

Schultz, one of the outstanding linemen on the Ramblers semi-professional football team here some years ago, substantiated the belief that men overseas want sports and continued by asking in a postscript how the Chicago Cubs turned out this year.

Recently home on a four day leave was Coxswain Alvin Ploeckelman, a participant in the invasions of Sicily and Salerno. Since enlisting in the Navy on June 6, 1942, the local young man has seen plenty of the world. Reluctant to speak much of the "tough going" to the Reporter, outside of mentioning the bombings his transport ship witnessed, he turned to some of the brighter incidents of his experiences.

"I had the pleasure of hearing General Dwight Eisenhower speak and also saw Major General George S. Patton." He also mentioned that he got a view of President Roosevelt in North Africa. He described in the article how glad the Italian people were to see the American forces, and told how the young Italian boys would row out to the transport vessel while it was being unloaded by smaller boats.

The above items are representative, we know, of hundreds of you who are out fighting as they are—to keep this town and towns like it all over the country—free. Our prayer is that this may be accomplished with all speed, and that you may return to us soon.

**PLEASE WRITE! WE KNOW YOU HEAR THAT PLEA TOO OFTEN, BUT UNLESS WE RECEIVE YOUR LETTERS, THIS PAPER WILL JUST CEASE TO EXIST.**

## THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

**The Civic Understudies**

School of Vocational and Adult Education

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Dear Staff,

The paper finally caught up with me, and I certainly am glad of it. I am now in Rahway, New Jersey, at a replacement center waiting for the assignment of duty afloat. I was pretty lucky for a while, being seven miles from home, but you really get sick of that after a while.

It really is an enjoyment reading the paper,—you find out where all your pals from back home are and how they are getting along.

To Cat Antonie:

You really are getting up in the world. Aren't you a "Shank's Mechanic" 2/c? Well, I hope you're not like the ones around here. If they keep up on mine, I will have to get a plate.

John G. Henrickson, S. 1/c,  
Rahway, New Jersey

Dear Editor,

Just a word to let you know that I have a change in my address, and wanted to send it to you so that I may receive the Sojourner that much sooner. Hope you can keep them coming, 'cause I look for them like a letter from home.

Pfc. John P. Shesta,  
Brentwood, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Staff,

I received your paper with great pleasure. To me it meant a reunion of old friends. I am now undergoing a course of varied types of work in the Motor Transport School, which is a unit in the Marine Corps. At present I am going through a course on convoy driving, which I consider very interesting. I believe very soon I will go into a replacement and then go in for overseas duty. I am now at Camp Elliott.

Pvt. Bennet Pritzl, U. S. M. C.,  
San Diego 44, Calif.

Dear Understudies,

I just received your Christmas card, and the same to you. It also reminded me that I hadn't written to you for a long time, so I thought I'd drop you a line while I was still thinking about it.

I'm "Somewhere in Italy" now and "Sunny Italy" is just a malicious rumor. It rains, clears up, and then gets cold and rains again. The Italian mud is supreme. It beats anything I've ever run across in the Army or out of it.

Today has been one of our sunny days. I sat before the open window writing letters this afternoon. The sun was shining brightly and it was very pleasant—especially after just reading a letter from home telling of sub-zero temperatures. It froze ice here the other night and everyone thought it was awfully cold.

I've been kept quite busy, but I still find time to answer all letters and read all material I find. Reading matter is prominent, here, by its absence. I guess it's that way everywhere though, so I have no special complaint. I haven't received a copy of the paper since I left Ft. Dix, though, and I sure am waiting for one to come in. I miss the darn thing more than I thought I would. You really can't appreciate it until you get away from home.

Did you ever replace Gunderson as advisor? I've been wondering who took his place if anyone did. (Ed. note: Please see masthead.)

If any of you find time to drop me a line with all the latest dope, I promise an answer.

Hope you all are in excellent health. I am, and have a happy thought for the future. I'll be in the army one year in January (this month) and I have to start taking my immunization shots all over again. More fun.

Keep up the good work with the paper. I know it helps the fellows to keep going.

Will write more at a later date. I'm almost late for guard duty now.

Don Sauve,  
c/o Postmaster,  
New York

Dear Staff,

I've intended to thank you for making possible my meeting Len Schoblaske. I have a hunch it will enable me to meet more of my old pals. I would like to say "hello" to all of them. Here's hoping I will have a chance to meet many more of the fellows before it's over over there.

Bill Rhein, Ph. M. 1/c,  
c/o Fleet Post Office,  
New York City

Dear Staff,

Here's the change of address I should have sent some time ago. It was swell to be home and your paper keeps me up to date on what's doing in Two Rivers. It's strictly 40. (Ed. note: Is "40" G. I. jive? If it is, we just ain't hep. Come in on the beam, and set us wise.)

Lt. F. "Mike" Hanson,  
Camp Haan, Calif.

Hello again,

It's really swell to know where so many of the boys are via the Sojourner. So many things are going on in Two Rivers that I didn't know about. I've been looking for the Sojourner for the past few days, so at mail call tonight one of the fellows said, "The Sojourner came, and I get to read it next." They really are a swell bunch to work with.

After four more nites I go back to day duty again—from a 70-hour week to a 78-hour week. The corpsmen stand the toughest watches, but I enjoy the work so much. The maternity ward opened up here in S. O. Q. and we had "our" 2nd infant today. He's darling. Had a terrific "cat fever" (flu to you) epidemic last month and every available bed was in use. Double bunks and even triple bunks were set up in the wards and on the sun porches. The corpsmen's quarters were turned into a Wave's ward seven weeks ago, and it's doing a rushing business. I can't understand how I've stayed immune so long. Guess it's because they raise 'em strong and healthy in Two Rivers. Must be!

I guess I told you I met a Cadet Failing from Green Bay who played against the Purgolds. I see him quite often and he'd like to know where Doug Andrews is at.

Went to K. C. last Wednesday (had the nite off) and had a wonderful time. Even went so far as to become engaged and—well, that's a secret. But Jim is wonderful. Met him while I was still a civilian and it's really strange the way things work out. Managed to get Sunday nite off too and went up to Blair, Nebraska—Jim's home. Sure was grand, but Monday night I was walking in my sleep on duty.

Scuttlebutt has it we're to be transferred soon—to a new base in Oklahoma. But no one knows for sure.

Everyone is quite excited about the bill (to send Waves overseas) passing Congress and we're hoping F. D. R. signs it. Our unit would be the first to go and naturally we're all for it—but the death rate for corpsmen is 78 out of 100. Really, we're so short of Ph. M's at this base.

The boys on nights brought their stockings down for me to darn tonight. What with sewing buttons on their coats, etc., I'm kept busy throughout the night.

Going to take my P. O. 2/c test next Friday and then comes the tough one—Ph. M. 2/c. Will have to study for weeks before I'll even attempt it. One of my friends here, an A. R. T. 1/c was busted to 3/c for flying during a blizzard. That's a tough break, but he's such a dare devil it serves him right.

The new type on the paper that the Sojourner is sporting these days is mighty nice. Happy New Year to you all for sending us the "Bestest Little Paper in the World."

Charlotte Jaekel, Ph. M. 3/c  
Olathe, Kansas

Dear Staff,

Wherever I go the Sojourner always manages to catch up with me. I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you what a swell job you're all doing. Turning the pages of the Sojourner is like making a little visit with the fellows from Two Rivers scattered all over the world. I'm sure I speak for them all when I say we really appreciate it.

Keep up the good work you're doing.

Donald Wondrash, A. O. M. 2/c  
c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

At the present time, I am stationed in New York which I like pretty much. I came back from nine months overseas. And all the foreign ports I was in sure can't compare with the United States—especially the beer.

We had a swell trip, but had a little bad luck, and I sure was happy to get back to New York, but much happier yet to get to Two Rivers. The state of Wisconsin is the best state I was ever in.

I sure was happy to see Gilbert Cherveny with whom I enlisted in the Navy. He was home over New Years and we had lots to talk about. I was home for three days over New Years, and it was well worth traveling about one thousand miles to get back in Two Rivers for a few happy days.

I met John Henfer, Donald Lonzo, and Jerry Gunderson here in the base. I also met Melvin Tome in Washington, D. C. on a week-end pass. Sure is swell to meet the old Two Rivers pals away from home.

I would like to say "hello" to all the boys, and good luck.

Coxswain Robert Timm,  
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Staff,

At the present, I am a signalman third class (second soon I hope) and I like the work a lot. It's very interesting. If any signalman from Two Rivers ever gets the chance to send me a private message I sure would appreciate it. At the present, I'm on the U.S.S. Almaack, a ship that made history, and it's going to make a lot more. We call her "The Mighty A."

I'd also like to say "hello to all my friends, especially a great friend in the Marines, Ellwood Hempton. "Hi Ell! I'll see you back in Two Rivers again soon (I hope.) Be good"

Edgar A. Gloe Sig.M. 3/c

c/o Fleet Post Office San. Francisco, Cal. P. S. I read in the Sojourner where some Cpl. sympathizes with us poor unfortunates back in the States.

Listen, soldier, there isn't any person in the United States who wouldn't love to be out there helping you. We men in the army, navy, marines, coast guard, and women also in the service who are stationed in the States can't help it. We would give anything to be on the front lines with you so we could help win the war sooner.

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Dear Staff,

I first got your paper in December and it was sent in September. It finally caught up with me overseas. It was good to hear bits of news from the boys.

I'm in the Armed Branch of the Navy. It's O. K. but there isn't any place like home. I've been in the Navy six months and two of those months across. I almost ran into one fellow from RFD 2 Two Rivers. His name is Ray Mott. He happened to be out on a pass, so I didn't get a chance to talk to him.

I get good eats on ship so I can't complain about that. When I go on liberty, where I am, there are plenty of women, but I don't think they are so much. Only here and there there's quite a good looking babe.

Our luck was with us on the way over, so I hope it keeps up. Your paper traveled about.....miles to catch up with me. It sure will be good to get back home again. I didn't see a movie since I left the States. Good luck to the rest of the boys in America and overseas.

Clarence Jerabek

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Dear Staff,

I am somewhere in England now, but give me the U. S. A. any time. This country is too far behind the times.

John J. Ahearn 1st Sgt. Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I received my copy of the November issue of your paper, and words can't describe how glad I was to get it. I've been moving around so often the last six months that half the time I never knew where I was myself.

I'm now stationed in the New Hebrides, and hope to be here at least a few months so I thought I'd drop you a few lines. The weather is awfully hot here, with plenty of rats, lizards, ants, bugs and mosquitos. You might call it the land of coconut trees, and jungles.

I had the pleasure of meeting Franklin Bashaw recently and we spent a few hours talking over old times. So far he's the only Two Rivers fellow I've met, although there are a lot of Wisconsin boys over here. We have five in the outfit I'm with, and we sure give the fellows some good arguments.

The best of luck to everyone, everywhere.

Pvt. Elhart Strohm,  
New Hebrides

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Dear Staff,

I had the surprise of my life yesterday when I met Lloyd Kreshek who had a few copies of the Sojourner which I hadn't read yet. I have duty in San Francisco for a few days but I sure hope I get to see old Two Rivers soon, as there isn't another city that can beat it. I want to wish all the boys way out there a Happy New Year.

Creighton A. Meneau F 2/c  
San Francisco, Calif.

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Dear Staff,

As for me I feel fine. In twenty days I graduate from school here. Then I'll receive my diploma and get shipped to another camp and school. I've learned a lot here and these B17 Flying Fortresses of ours are real planes. I'm glad I have the opportunity to learn all about them. This school is swell. Only as for Texas, I'll still take dear old Two Rivers, Wis.

The weather is still fairly warm. Friday we had real snow. That's all gone already, and our Indian Summer is back again. I know you'll all be glad when the boys are home again.

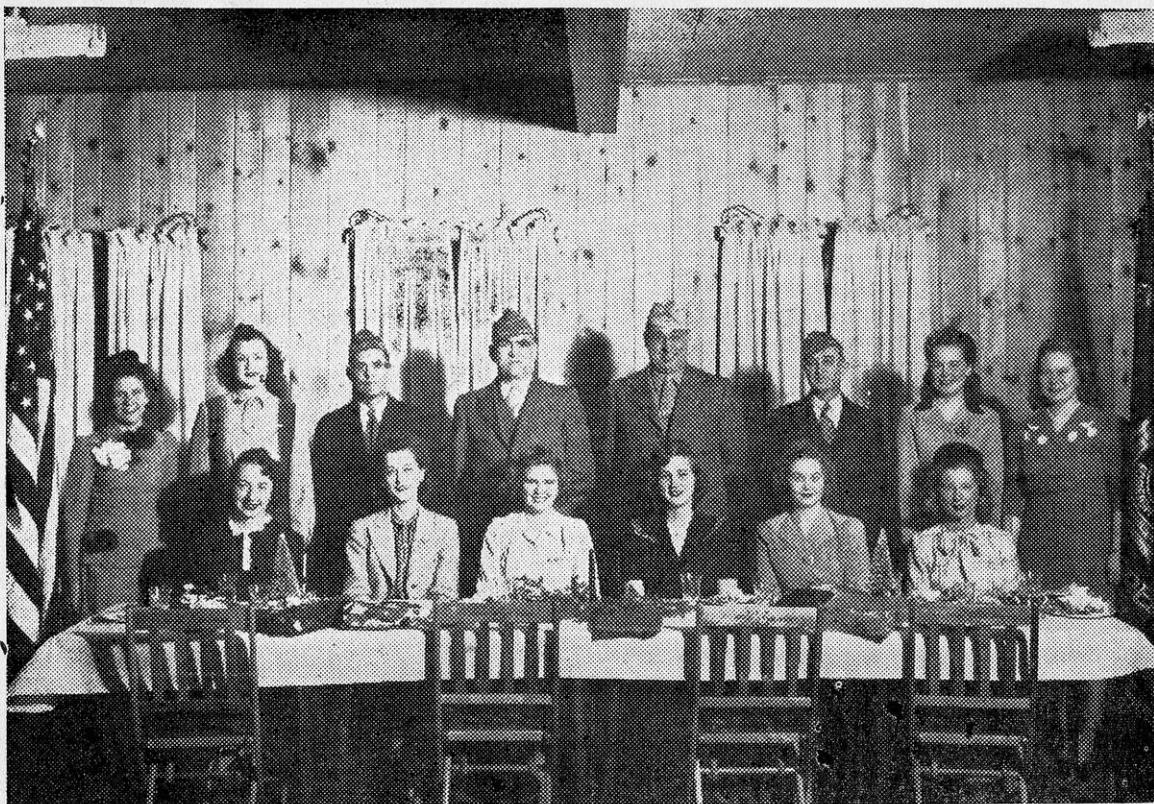
Pfc. Robert Lahey Amarillo, Texas

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Hello Sojourner,

I am still stationed in California and the weather is on the rainy side, so don't you think the weather man is all wet?

Pvt. Lawrence Pellerin,  
c/o Postmaster,  
Los Angeles, Calif.



The above picture was taken in December, 1943 when the staff of The Sojourner were the guests of the V. F. W. at a Christmas dinner. The V. F. W. members pictured are members of The Sojourner committee.

Standing left to right: Mrs. Ivan Klein, Gladys Schaden, Jos. Richards, Alfred O. Allie, Everett LaFond, Urban Lonzo, Ruth Feuerstein, Katherine Hasheck,

Seated left to right: Gertrude Doncheck, Faye Hallett, Jeanette Bonfigt, Eileen Paska, Evelyn Palzer, Anita Tegen.

Since publishing the last list of VFW members, the following servicemen from World War II have joined the local post:

Lt. Keith T. Koske, Lt. Mark C. Cope, John B. Niquette, Donald Koeser, Edward Everson, Dana Pawlitzke, Ira A. Klabunde, Victor J. Berger, Hubert W. Taddy, Raymond LeClair, Elmer A. LeClair, Edward F. LeClair, Earl F. LeClair, Norman Walecka, George L. Pilon, Norman A. Gauthier, Donald Sauve, Harvey L. Gauthier, Lt. Russell V. Peterson, Lt. Frank J. Liebich, Richard J. Suhr, and Albert N. Petroski.

The total number of servicemen from this war who have now joined the local post is 78. An application blank will be attached to our March issue for any of you men who are contemplating joining.

### INDUCTIONS

ARMY—Joseph Shedivy, Herbert Outcalt, Gerald J. Allie, Wesley A. Lesperance, George Kumbalek, Ervin Dose.

NAVY—Richard C. Gleichner, Robert M. Waskow, Alfred F. Hansen.

### Hello Sojourner Staff,

This may be somewhat of a surprise to you all but it is more so for me. I've been wanting to drop you all a letter since I've started receiving the little paper and tell you how much I enjoy it. Every time I sat down to write I lost my nerve, so no letter. As you all know I'm terribly bashful and not very talkative. (Now let's not have any cracks from you girls, for I mean it.)

Well, I guess I rambled enough, so I'll close for now and wait until I receive the next issue of the Sojourner then probably have something to write about. I'm not promising anything now, so don't expect too much.

Until later I remain—

Reginald Buyeski  
Jacksonville, Fla.

### ENLISTMENTS

ARMY—Anton Pecnik, Air Corps, John Kellner, Alvin Stever.

NAVY—Richard Heinrich, V-12, Woodrow Greenwood, Kenneth Jacoboski, Joseph J. Barta.

Dear Staff,

Received my September issue of the Sojourner just a few days ago. I really enjoy the paper very much, but please fellows, let's not write about being in the army a few months, and then write "Hope I'll be home soon." Home to us fellows over here is almost something of the past. I'd like to be home myself, but we can't all be home, can we?

Don't get me wrong, fellows. I've been away from home too. In a couple months we'll be overseas two years. Boy, and a year over here is like ten years in the States.

Talking about the Cool Town, I'd like nothing better than to be there. I've always wanted to see the South Sea Isles. Well!! I've changed my mind now. I've seen them and they aren't what you read about. You know, moon light on the lagoon, the trade wind's cool breeze on your cheeks. That's not the way I find it. There may be a nice moon, period. Then comes the bugs, lizards, snakes and mosquitoes. Not to mention what takes place on clear nights. I could go on and on, but what's the use.

I've told you about my being a second cook (but still not eating my own cooking). Well, it's just the same now as ever. Only the mess officer took me off the cooking. So now I'm baking goodies for the fellows. Don't laugh, fellows. It's all part of this one big job. Some one has to do it. Soooo. What I wouldn't give to have a nice piece of cake my mother used to make.

I'd like to write more, but time being a big thing over here, I'll have to close. Till later keep the home fires burning.

Cpl. Isaac Duprey,  
c/o Post Master,  
San Francisco, Calif.

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Dear Staff,

After bounding about several of the more publicized parts of the nation, that age-old axiom of "There's no place like home" has considerably more flavor than before joining Uncle Sam's team of khaki-dogfaces. At present, we are stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida, the land of sunshine—so publicity sources say.

Spending sometime in Arkansas, Texas and Florida—Wisconsin is still the favorite state regardless of what others have to say. Wisconsin is supposed to be cold in the winter and those of more convenient means seek the supposed warmth in Florida, but when they arrive here the sunshine-seekers have to bundle up to an extent that it would make a Northpole expedition look like a group of Arabs on the hot Sahara Desert.

Many Two Riverites are scattered over the globe at present and when this is over they will come back and enjoy the Cool City to an extent that they will never want to leave it again—not even as far out of the city limits as Kewaunee. The Sojourner is doing a splendid job in keeping contact with the boys who are everywhere and we presume that they obtain the same delight in reading the Sojourner as we do.

Many ASTP boys in North Camp Hood chuckled loud and long at the poem of the Army Specialized Program in a recent edition of the Sojourner. I placed the edition on the Bulletin board of our company. When the ASTP ceased to exist in Camp Hood, the boys made up another poem which told "the mothers to raise the service flag—We're in the Army now."

My work here at Blanding is still a question. I have been a field cadreman since joining the service, but injured my feet while training the boys in bayonet at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. The army saw-bones say that I should leave the field and so Uncle Sam might find other work for me to do.

My wife and I live at Hingsley Lake, just out of Starke, but it has been raining here to an extent that we are not sure where the lake really is.

We wish to thank you many times for the Sojourner and hoping that we will all be back soon to bask in those cool breezes. We sincerely hope that all of our friends are enjoying the best of luck.

Cpl. and Mrs. C. "Duke" Bridges,  
Starke, Florida

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Hi Friends,

I received the Sojourner (Everyone's Friend) some time ago, but I was quite busy for we are now in Italy, right up there where everything happens. I enjoy reading your paper very much, reading it once doesn't satisfy me. I read it over a couple of times. It's great to hear of all the fellows from Two Rivers who are in the armed forces.

When one hears of how we are all putting our shoulders to the wheel and doing all we can, it makes one feel like getting in there and giving all he has. Everyone of us wants to get back to his home as soon as possible, and with the co-operation we have now Jerry and Jap won't last long. The Italian people are nice and quite a few can talk English. Their country is better than I expected, although it does rain here a lot. My candle is getting low so I guess I'll just say "so long."

Hello to all you fellows in the Armed Forces.

Cpl. Orville Messmann,  
c/o Postmaster, New York

## JANUARY IN TWO RIVERS

Jan. 1—The beginning of a new year—May it be a victorious one—and, boys, it's leap year!

Jan. 3—Fire loss for city is 47c per capita. New Year's festivity is quiet (police blotter shows).

Jan. 4—City received greeting from crew of Two Rivers Aircraft Rescue Ship. Manitowoc spending \$15,000 to protect the road from the ravages of Lake Michigan. City folk helped farmers harvest crops, now farmers needed for ice harvest.

Jan. 5—Snowfall is heaviest of season. 11% increase over 1942 in receipts at post office.

Jan. 6—Trial of two fishermen—Lafond and Smogoleski—to be held next week.

Jan. 7—Icy pavements cause many minor accidents. Over 3 million fish planted in county lakes.

Jan. 8—Did we tell you—Little Annie Rooney is a circus star these days and she's not aging a bit!

Jan. 9—City is kept busy sanding icy streets. 23 local VFW members attend Mid-Winter meeting at Casco.

Jan. 11—Fishermen's trial postponed till June term of County Court. 129 Nurses Aides graduate at Manitowoc.

Jan. 12—J. C. C. asks for names of service men to be added to Honor Roll list.

Jan. 13—City hospital cleared 21c per day in 1943.

Jan. 14—"Driver Education" to be part of school study. Two Rivers loses basketball game to Kewaunee, 26-17.

Jan. 15—Semester exams near for high school students. New set up for draftees—don't know where they'd get the draftees—? Fire destroys Sears & Roebuck store—\$125,000 fire loss estimated.

Jan. 17—Rev. Hawkes resigns as Grace Congregational Church Pastor.

Jan. 18—Police report shows 92% of stolen property recovered in 1943. 4th War loan drive begins with \$65,000 Bond purchases by city. 24 dogs from Manitowoc and Sheboygan counties leave for Army training camp in Nebraska.

Jan. 20—20% of goal in 4th war drive reached. Tax collection exceeds \$150,000.

Jan. 21—Ice crops reported best in many years. Spring is just around the corner—the weather is beautiful.

Jan. 22—Coach O'Mealy asks for release from

coaching basketball.

Jan. 24—Cedar chest and fancy work given to husband in divorce suit.

Jan. 25—Warmest January on record. Temperature hits 60.

Jan. 26—2nd city-wide waste paper collection to be held Feb. 19. 15 more service men accepted as members of the V. F. W. Masquers play "George Washington Slept Here" presented at Two Rivers High School.

Jan. 27—Two Rivers' sponsored fighting ship shown in Florida Shipbuilding booklet.

Jan. 28—Fishermen allowed to use 2 $\frac{3}{8}$  inch mesh.

Jan. 29—18 pass service exam. Pig on loose rounded up by police.

Jan. 31—Manitowoc U. S. O. closed. Lt. O. A. Johnson, local Coast Guard Station commander, appointed Commandant of the Chicago Station. Weather is getting colder now—and January is a has been.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Emily Kaiser and Pfc. Gordon W. Hein, Manitowoc.

Vivian M. Hallada and Sgt. Halvin Helgerson, Manitowoc.

Ruth Koehler and Pfc. Harold C. Homeyer.

Dolores Schultz and Henry Van Ess.

Lorraine Kvitek and Seaman 2/c Horald J. Kriziske.

Beatrice Elizabeth Wentura, Nework, N. J., and Lieut. Franklin Wood.

Katherine Edith Fisher, Chicago and Sgt. Roy D. Wilker.

Dorothy Langer and Edward G. Connelly, Chicago.

## MARRIAGES

Beatrice Greenwood and Seaman 1/c Knowleton Rothenderfer, Charleston, S. C., Aug., 1943.

Marian Waier and Harold Emond, Jan. 8, 1944.

Mildred Mathilda Pieschel and Pvt. Alvin Ernest Denis, January 11.

Bernice Meyers and Robert Erickson, Jan. 15.

Lorraine Klotzbuecher and Melvin George Van Eycke, Green Bay, January 15.

Arbutus Schaden and Corporal Cyril R. Lafond, Fort Rosecrans, San Diego, Calif., Jan. 17.

Dorothy Mae Strutz and Emil Edward Cigler, January 22.

Muriel Klein, Manitowoc and Corp. Tech. Anthony Miller, January 26.

Ruthella Beaton and Corp. Daniel J. Youra, January 29.

Grace Lahey and Pfc. Lyle Bauknecht, Jan. 28.

Elaine Brault and Alvin Miller, Manitowoc, January 29.

### BE MY VALENTINE

Well, here it is February, the month of Valentines. The sweetheart month is what you might call it. All us gals on the staff want all you boys to be our Valentines. The girls would like to send you boys a Valentine greeting. They are all kinda busy with stuff and such, soooooo I'm going to do it for them. Here goes—

Our editor, known to all as Gert,  
Oh, really she's quite a flirt,  
But she can't make up her mind  
As to the type she would try to find,  
So you all better be on the alert.

Ruthie, it seems,  
Constantly dreams  
Of all the fellows she admires.  
This little gal  
Wants only a pal,  
'Till she meets the one she desires.

Next, it's Jeannette, that we all hail,  
A really exceptional female.  
She doesn't like boys,  
She prefers other joys.  
Mm-mm-mm! Is this a fairy tale—?

Marie Klein  
Says "Be mine,"  
Only to her soldier mate.  
It excludes you  
But don't be blue  
There are others with whom you rate.

"Oh, Gladys," who's a really swell kid,  
"Why have you already slid  
Into this thing called love?"  
She writes him each day  
In the sweetest way  
And sends it air mail, not by dove.

Anita is a member who's new,  
So I introduce her to you.  
She's awfully sweet  
And just dying to meet  
All you boys in khaki and blue.

I'm sure you all know Eileen  
She's always on the beam.  
It's leap year, you know.  
She wants G. I. Joe.  
Can you help her to attain this dream?

Here's to Faye  
Who said today  
A friendship she'd like to start  
With a boy in blue  
Who would be true  
And to whom she may give her heart.

Then there's yours truly, named Katie.  
I assure you I'm a lady  
Even though it's Leap Year,  
You fellows need not fear.  
I'm not lookin' for a matie.

Now, you girls in service  
Do not get nervous.  
We're thinkin' of you, too.  
Our advisor, it seems  
Thinks you're all dreams  
And sends his Valentine message to you.

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If you boys in service could send a message home to the girls it might go something like this—

### G. I. MISS YOU!

(Sgt. Berinsky, Miami, Fla.)

This is the song of a G. I. muse,  
Lumbering along in the G. I. shoes,  
Sung to a sort of a G. I. tune,  
Under a G. I. southern moon.  
G. I'm bored with G. I. clothes,  
G. I'm tired of G. I. hose,  
G. how I'm sick of G. I. issue.  
And oh! my darling! G. I. miss you!  
G. I. long for a G. I. pass,  
Far from the dusty G. I. grass,  
I'm so tired of G. I. whirls,  
With the usual crop of G. I. girls,  
G. I. adore you, darling mine,  
(G. I'm tired of this G. I. rhyme)  
But G. I'm happy, and this is why,  
Ours is a love that is not G. I.!

This does not constitute an endorsement by the staff since the staff does not endorse any such nonsense.

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### Mary Again

Mary had a little lamb,  
Some salad and dessert,  
Then gave the sarg the wrong address  
The dirty little flirt.

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Why do little bees buzz?  
Wouldn't you buzz if someone stole your honey and nectar?