



The sojourner. Volume IV, Number 6 June 1945

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The Sojourner

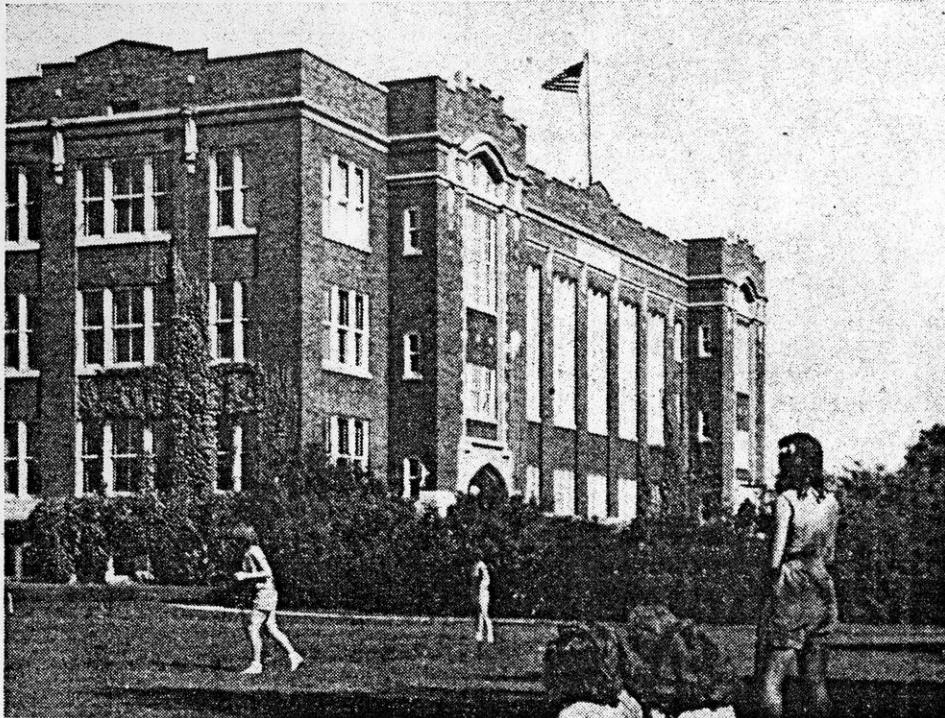
Dedicated to our Native Sons and Daughters Serving in the
Armed Forces of our Country



Volume IV

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, JUNE 1945

Number 6



★ IN TRIBUTE ★

In these war years, some of the high school fellows put away their dreams of a graduation which would never be realized, to enter a much harder school before their time.

Two Rivers owes these boys a debt of gratitude. Whether they went in with the high thrill of adventure or in grim purpose, they all felt a pang at relinquishing those thrill - crowded weeks. They have taken the torch . . . they are holding it high. And any words we of the Sojourner Staff can say in tribute to them would be truly inadequate.

Turn Backward, O Time!

By Kathleen Dufano and Maryoh Lintereur

Remember how it started? One day during fourth period a notice went around, saying: "All seniors will report to the Auditorium during the regular homeroom period." The notice didn't say what was going to happen, but you knew. That eagerly awaited moment was here at last—the time for Processional rehearsal. It's been months since you were measured for caps and gowns. Tomorrow at breakfast you'll remember that you've grown an inch, but just now your feelings are a mixture of pride and excitement.

From now on the weeks slip by in pleasant preparation: trying out for musical parts on the program, frantically urging the photographer to "at least get 'em out for the last day."

You can always tell when some seniors are coming down the street, the undergrads tell you, for they all sing the same refrain:

"Battle for the land that needs us,
Keep the grand ideal that leads us,
Faithful serve the soil that breeds us,
Surely, surely, we'll gain the victory."

Perhaps you're one of the lucky ones who made National Honor. You'll always remember the special part you played in the Farewell Assembly—the extra-special thrill you got when the pianist struck a chord

and you rose to march down the aisle with your fellow members. This, you felt, was well-worth those extra hours, the staying-at-home to study geometry when the gang went out to Gus's or downtown for a coke.

Doesn't it make you feel good when the "lowly" undergrads meekly ask, "Will you sign in my Annual, please?" With a superior air you scrawl a few unintelligible words and then dismiss them with a wave of your hand!

And now today is Friday, the last Friday before the end of school. You've been awake a long time before your mother calls you, the thrilling thoughts slipping 'round and 'round in your mind. For this is Cap and Gown Day, the day of the Farewell Assembly.

After the assembly bell rings, and the seniors have lined up, it seems like hours until you hear the introduction and that burst of song that suddenly leaves your hands clammy and puts a cold feeling at the pit of your stomach:

"School days at last are over,
And we go forth to conquer,
To meet defeat with victory
To do and dare in all things fair,
So now raise we our joyful song."

But the best part of graduation isn't the days of preparation, it isn't the thrill of marching with your classmates in the Processional, it isn't getting that super watch. That moment comes only when you turn to sing

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THE SOJOURNER

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The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

About two years ago, I acknowledged receipt of my first Sojourner in the E.T.O., and today I received my first copy, in the A.P.T.O. and was darn glad to get it. I've always looked forward for all its news from here, there and everywhere and highlights of events at home.

Five months after returning from the E.T.O. we shipped out and now are in the Philippines. These islands are of particular interest to me for I am in the same place my dad spent a number of years. This island has not changed much since 1900. It is wild and the natives are primitive but very friendly. A few of them speak a little English. They are traders; money means nothing to them. It is fall here and the weather is hot and wet. Our camp is on the edge of steaming jungles among cocoanut and banana trees. I'm watching and waiting for the new crop of fruit. Our tents are now on stilts and platforms and life is more comfortable.

For real comfort, I'll take Two Rivers always and hope it won't be very long when I'll be seeing you. Best wishes to you and all my friends wherever they are.

Leonard J. Schablaske, CCM., Philippines

Dear Lenny—Thanks for your letter received the other day. Will answer very shortly. Spring weather finally hit town today. Everything you're interested in is the same as stated in my last letter. Good luck and kindest personal regards. Al Malley at the linotype.

Dear Staff,

I feel ashamed of myself for letting you send the Sojourner to an old address all these months. Getting the paper is like getting a bit of the Cool City itself.

Not much I can say about what I'm doing except that I'm in Germany with a Cavalry Reconnaissance Squadron and we're really keeping the Jerries on the run with our Iron Horses.

Regards to home-front booster, Vernon Zuehl.

Pfc. R. L. Dampier,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I haven't been around in Two Rivers much in the past few years, so a lot of the people who write to you are unknown to me. However, I often do see friends names and get a great deal of pleasure in hearing from them in this indirect manner. Thanks a lot for including me on your mailing list. Two Rivers will always be my home town.

I spent my first two years in the Navy at Chicago playing radio programs, band rallies, etc. That work was agreeable to me as it was a continuation of what I had been doing. I eventually went to sea and was lucky enough to get aboard one of our new aircraft carriers. We do get ashore once in a while and sometimes get a chance to drink some of that stuff that made Milwaukee famous.

Leo W. Doolan, Mus. 2/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, California

Dear Staff,

After receiving your paper without fail in the States, England, Italy, and France for two years it is about time I showed my appreciation for your service. You've done a swell job.

I only lived in Two Rivers a short time, so of the letters that appear in the Sojourner only a few names are familiar, but it is interesting to read what they are doing and how they are spread all over the world. Two Rivers ought never to lack for an authority on almost any country. I wish I could run into some of the fellows, a few of whom are probably fairly near me. As yet, I have not had that luck.

I am a navigator with a troop carrier group, and for a change we are working hard to keep the front lines supplied. Our sympathies are entirely with the combat infantrymen, and when we can help them, we feel as though we really are doing some good. I believe that I know England and France better than I do Wisconsin. Of course, my heart is still back in the Badger State.

Lt. David Walling,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I read your appeal for a few more letters for publication so I thought I'd add a small contribution. The issue was sent to me from home, because I haven't been getting mine lately. I've had no less than five changes of address in the past year. I've finally joined my outfit and will be with it for another eighteen months.

I met Darwin Andrews down in the New Guinea area. I think he might have come up this way, but I don't expect to see him for a while unless their squadron operates with ours. He said he saw Bob Zywicke up in Moratia. I wish he could have joined our reunion.

I hope any of the boys receiving the paper will be on the lookout for PT squadron 25 and look me up at the sick bay. It really is a thrill to meet any of the boys from home.

The pictures of the Vets really are tops. I've shown them to all my buddies and they all want to come home with me to celebrate. With the terrific heat we're having I could really use about two cases right now.

So long for now, the best of luck to you and all my buddies.

Bill Steinbrecher, Ph.M. 2/c, Philippine Islands

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Dear Staff,

I started to receive your Sojourner a few months back and I want to tell you that I really appreciate it. I'm from the Town of Mishicot and used to work at Hamilton's back in 1941, and I've read about a few of the fellows I used to work with.

We've seen some pretty tough times here in Germany, but we have seen a lot of historical structures and have also had a little time to enjoy some of the scenery too.

I want to wish all the boys from Two Rivers and vicinity luck and hope we'll all get back home soon.

Pfc. Paul Eisenmann,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

So far, I've received the February and March issues of the Sojourner and I assure you that it is most welcome. I'm very sorry that I couldn't write sooner, but as things are over here, I haven't had much time for anything these last couple of weeks.

I'm sure everyone will agree with me that it brings back memories of old. It also brings good news and whereabouts of our old friends. It certainly is a wonderful way to hear from all.

So far since I've been overseas I've come across one G.I. Joe from good old Two Rivers. He is Sgt. James Kornely. I'm sure that many remember him. It was a peculiar way to meet too, in church.

There isn't much more I can say. Here's hoping we all meet when the war is over and celebrate our home coming.

Pfc. Roy A. Lenhardt,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

At the present, I'm across the ocean blue. I hope to get this letter off yet, but in all probability, we will beat it back to the States. When we left the States the first part of February, it was a bit cold, but since then we have had lovely weather which made this trip more enjoyable.

The last time I was home was December. I was back in the States after that, but I didn't get to see the good old town, but hope to see it soon again.

I hope to bring Miss O'Connell a few coins this time, but she may have some like these already.

I better try to finish this in a few minutes as that's when the last mail goes off. I don't think I have as much to write as I thought I did. I will write again shortly. Luck to all you fellows all over the world.

Clarence Jerabek, S 1/c,
c/o F. P. O., New York, N. Y.
P. S. If Bill La Rose reads this, drop me a line, and Herb, too.

Dear Staff,

France isn't what it's said to be. The liquor can be used for cigarette lighter fluid, and no kidding. I was to Brussels, Belgium, and that's a paradise. Most people speak English, so I didn't have to use sign language there.

We were given a new B-26 Marauder to replace our old ship. Many a time I thought the old one would fall apart over Germany. We are undecided, but may name this one "Gravel Gertie". Must sign off now.

Sgt. Paul "Java" Waskow, Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I've been over here now since the first part of November '44. I can say that as far as visiting foreign countries is concerned, anyone who would like my place can gladly have it. I'm attached to an evacuation hospital, and anyone who enjoys putting up tents and taking them down again, would certainly enjoy this. Our unit set a record for the Seventh Army by taking care of 3900 patients the first 44 days in operation. As yet, I haven't found anyone from Two Rivers, but I have run across several from Manitowoc.

I can say that I really missed the cold weather you have back there. I spent the winter months in southern France, and now as summer comes on I have decided that I would move a little more north. (My idea wasn't at all influenced by the Army).

I've been writing to several fellows from home, and perhaps before this is over, I'll be able to meet some of them.

The weather here isn't too bad, but this red clay—we had it in Tenn., Colorado, and South Carolina and after crossing several thousand miles of ocean, I end up by wading in good old red clay in Germany.

My thoughts very often wander back home, and on Friday and Saturday nights I can picture myself along with several other fellows in at Oscar's enjoying a delicious steak sandwich along with a Scotch and soda.

I would like to send a "hello" to all the folks back home and also those in the service of their country.

Pfc. Earl Martin,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

Here I am again dropping you a little news. Quite a few of the boys read the paper after I get through. They can't figure out why their town or city doesn't put out a paper like it. It sure does keep me informed on what takes place in good old Two Rivers.

Right now I am taking a little rest as we have been battling with those Nips for quite some time. I had quite a few close calls, but they say close doesn't count. We had Jap mortar shells fall in between us and never go off. Their hand grenades make a lot of noise and that is about all. I guess all I can say is that the Good Lord was with me and my buddies.

It is time to close so I wish you and all the boys overseas the best of luck.

Pfc. Arnold Jonas,
Philippines

Dear Staff,

Just received your April issue tonight. It's nice to hear what the fellows are doing and where they are. Those thirty days I spent in Two Rivers last month sure went quickly and I'm sorry I didn't get around as much as I would have liked. Anyway I can't think of a better place, especially after coming out of the cold of Alaska and "the wind and the rain in your hair" of the Aleutians.

Congratulations on your anniversary. Better late than never. I'd also like to take time out to say "hello" to my "swabjockey" brother, Vic, over in North Africa. In a week or so our next address will be Camp Shelby, Miss.

Best of luck to all you fellows.

S/Sgt. Luke Taddy, Camp Gruber, Okla.

Dear Staff,

I've been doing a lot of traveling the past few months, and your paper may have a hard job trying to catch up to me. I've been all the way from Hawaii to Oahu, then to the Marshalls. from there to Leyte, and at the present time I'm at Okinawa Shima taking part in the battle for this island.

I landed with the Seventh Division on the first day of the invasion, and started the day off by being strafed by Jap planes five minutes after I hit the beach.

I've been in the front lines for five days but now I'm in the rear lines getting a rest. I had some mighty close calls but managed to get through O. K. What I'm sweating out most is the artillery shells the Japs keep dropping around my fox hole. I'd like to take this opportunity to say "hello" to Fat Shultz and Whitey Bialkowski. I haven't heard from either one for a long time.

Sgt. Edward Levy,
Okinawa Shima

Dear Staff,

Just got back from Paris. What a city and boy what gals, but you can't beat the girls back home. My morale is pretty low since I came back from Paris. I sure miss the Golden Drops and Wilsman's Bar.

I've been trying to find some of the boys from home, but no such luck, not even one. Will you please send my best regards to Ray Mandel, Joe Wachowski, Everett Becker and Andrew Feuerstein. Also lots of luck. Hoping to see them all home soon.

T/3 John Wachowski,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I have been what we call "on the ball" over here. I've been over here going on three months now and have been doing quite a little sightseeing of Germany (on our feet). We were awarded the combat badge for work against the enemy and cracking the Siegfried Line. I can say I'm in the 71st Div. So in case any of the Two Rivers boys or fellows around Two Rivers are close to my outfit, contact the 71st. Try and look me up. I'm in a line outfit.

I also agree with Johnny Otis that the infantry is the best. They were baptized the "Queen of Battles" and from what I saw and actually did myself as an infantryman, I agree with him 100 per cent. I'll give all the extra credit to the Air Corps and the artillery. They sure are doing a splendid job as our support. We captured some Nazi prisoners a few days back and they said that the Air Corps and artillery couldn't be beat. They were afraid of both of them.

We've been going so fast that our mail can't even keep up with us. This makes my second trip overseas. I'm not kicking though. All I want to do and the rest of the fellows I know wish the same thing, is to get this war over with so we can come back home to the ones we love. I had quite a speech lined up, but I'll be darned if I can think of it now.

I'll try and write more often from now on. You girls have been doing a splendid job getting this swell little paper to us fellows. Finally received mail after an absence of a week so will sign off for now, and wishing all you guys and gals loads of luck.

Hello, Shirley, how's the Navy doing?

Pfc. Ken Hermann,
Still in Germany

To the good staff,

Well, I got off to a good start, and I'd call it a good finish if I could end here with all the things I can't think of to write about, but I'll try my best. I know you girls wouldn't call it a good finish so I'll write on a little more.

The first thing I'd do though is to say that I won't write too much about my job here. It's not that I'm ashamed of it or anything like that. It's just that I want to save more room for the fellows that are really winning the war.

Here's just one thing I want to say to the fellows overseas, because they're probably wondering what's going on around our camp. Well, along with giving out a little guard duty (special) for, or I should say over the PW's—we're also trying to make good soldiers out of the recruits (18 year olds).

I'm sorry I can't write that our outfit took a town or city but—oh, yes—we took the City of Enterprise last weekend and painted the town red.

Pfc. Leo "Rocky" Rocklewitz,
Camp Rucker, Ala.

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to let you know that we are now on the Island of Okinawa. The island is very nice, except that we have cold weather here. Sleeping outside at night takes many blankets to keep warm. We have them so we get along O. K. Being close around the enemy, we have fox holes to jump in, in case of an air attack.

We have many Japanese souvenirs such as money in bills and coins, and silverware. Yes, when the boys hit the Island, they sure like to go souvenir hunting.

Wishing you all lots of luck.

Pfc. Clarence J. Duvall,
Island of Okinawa

Dear Staff,

It's been almost a year since I have written to thank you for sending your terrific newspaper to me. I'm ashamed to say that I seem to make my letters to you an annual affair rather than the monthly affair it should be.

I should like to instigate a movement which would present you with some kind of medal of honor for meritorious service. You certainly deserve it.

These past four months that I have spent in various hospitals from Belgium to the U. K. have been brightened from time to time with the receipt of your swell paper. Besides getting the fairly recent issue, I also had some of the copies which were chasing my tank around the continent, finally catch up with me. Believe me, it was great.

I've really been having a pretty soft life recently. At Bastogne last January 1, my little light tank had an argument with a Kraut 88. Well, the 88 gently nudged "Dare Devil" and blew me out. The next thing I knew I was receiving beaucoup attention. After spending a month in a hospital in France they tossed me on a litter and brought me back here to Enland.

Well, I've got to cut this short so I'll have to close with—

Good luck to all the guys whether they're in the ETO, ATO, CBI or SWPA. Hope everyone's home soon.

Pfc. Oliver C. Schlueter,
England

Dear Staff,

I am home at last and finally for good. Nine months altogether in four different hospitals, I guess, is a pretty long time. It was worth it. I am feeling fine now and am getting a pretty good pension a month. Enough to keep me going for a while till I get myself straightened out and on my feet again. That, of course, won't be for quite some time yet. Tell Ewald that I might be in to see him pretty soon.

Good luck and best wishes to all you fellows and gals all over the globe.

Harvey Gauthier,
Two Rivers

Dear Staff,

I received two copies of the Sojourner and was very happy, because it is the first since I've been in the E. T. O. I am working hard in a H.M. tank outfit and like it a lot. We saw all of France, Belgium, and Lux, and our company won the presidential citation. We are proud of it. I want to say "hello" to all the Two Rivers and Manitowoc boys, mostly Doc Doleys and Pat Day.

Cpl. Louis Paulow,
c/o P. M., New York

Dear Staff,

Since you last heard from me, I've moved to quite a few places. Expect to keep this A. P. O. for awhile so it's high time I write and thank you for the swell paper.

While at Oahu, I met quite a few Two Rivers fellows, among them Lewis Klein. We spent many hours talking about good old Two Rivers. Our squadron left Oahu by planes and stopped at numerous islands. At one island stopover where we spent some time, I had the pleasure to be with Leon Klein. We had considerable time off together and spent most of that time talking about home and the rest of our Eastside gang. One night we played a few Romy Gosz recordings and did that bring back memories.

Now, I'm at this place and along with keeping our airplanes in commission we do plenty of soldiering. We live in tents, but keep one eye on our fox hole and our rifle and helmet handy. The food is C and K rations and they get mighty tiresome. Life is no picnic here but we are all undergoing some hardships of different kinds.

S/Sgt. Danny Youra,
c/o P. M., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I have been out of the States now for eleven months. I met Dick Weber out here in December. In fact, I was able to attend several movies with him. It sure is a good feeling when you meet someone you know so far from home. I'm still doing the same work, and also made my rate since the last letter.

I was wondering if Russel Walesh was anything like the coxswains we have aboard here. They're bothering the cooks twenty-four hours a day for coffee. I guess he is. A sailor wouldn't be a sailor without his Jo.

Would like to say "hello" to Joe Mitchell and the rest of my buddies and hope it won't be too long before we're together again in good old Two Rivers.

Richard Pearce, SC 3/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I am sorry that I didn't write you before this, but I do move quite a bit and it is very hard to keep up on all of one's correspondence.

I have done quite a bit of traveling since I wrote you last, but as it is there is not much I can tell you about Germany. Yes, Germany is a beautiful country, or I should say, was.

The weather here has been very good lately, all but the last few days. We have gotten quite a bit of rain, but other than that it really has been nice.

In closing I want to wish every one a quick return home. So I wish all my fellow men the best of luck and may God bless you all. I will meet you in Two Rivers soon.

Pvt. Bill Boness, Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I have been receiving your paper for sometime but never got around to writing to you because there wasn't much time in the day and at night I was too tired that all I could think of was sleep, but things have quieted down a lot and I have more time for letter writing. I certainly enjoy reading some of the letters in your paper. I don't know very many of the boys around town because my father moved there after I got in the Army. I should be due for a furlough soon. I've been over here twenty-eight months, but then there are some that have been here longer than I have. So let them go first. I've seen a lot of country, but give me good old Wisconsin anytime.

Pvt. Elmer Vanderbush,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I have tried several times to see Eddie Gooding, but as yet, to no avail. The other day on liberty, I went to see him, and he came to my base to see me. We must have passed each other on the way. Ironical fate!!

Have also written to Allen Weber who is supposed to be around here somewhere. I hope to meet him in the near future.

I have been stationed out here for seven months and expect to ship out pretty soon. Anyway, I hope so!! By August, I was expecting to be back in the Cool City but the outlook looks pretty black at this point. If we leave here soon, I'll probably make it home by next Christmas.

I would like to thank Coach Swarengen for sending my name in to you. I didn't realize what a swell treat I was missing in not receiving your paper until he cut me in on the dope.

Can't say anything about what we are doing out here because the censor would cut it out anyway. Would like to say "hello" to the old mob and hope that some of them will break down and write.

Pfc. Joe Virgili,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

There is nothing like hearing from home, and finding out who is in the service, to bring up a person's morale in any part of this world. I hope I will be able to meet up with some of them soon. I would like to take this opportunity to say "hello" to all my friends wherever they may be. So long for now.

Richard Gleichner, F 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco

Dear Staff,

I have just about recovered from that strenuous thirty-day leave I enjoyed in our old hometown. It was nice, but it sure wears a fellow out. Don't take it that I'm complaining about a leave, far from it.

First let me tell you what happened the other day. We were sitting around in the mess hall after chow and an old-time orchestra blares forth on the radio. Then they announced it was the music of the "Farm Hands." The same ones you hear in Two Rivers, only this was in England. I'll explain—each day the A.F.N. takes a certain small city in the States and gives you all the latest dope on it. That day, they sort of went on a tour down Washington Street and talked about Northland, Play-dium, the docks, etc. Don Hutson was interviewed, they had the Lumberjack Band play, broadcast part of a football game, music, cheers, and all, and even had a record of the tug boat whistle that must be very familiar in Green Bay.

When I first heard that music, I thought sure it was Two Rivers, but even Green Bay was close enough. The other fellows not being used to that music thought it rather funny. I sure enjoyed it though. Takes one back when we used to crash the gates at the old time dances at the Community House.

Sure wish I could let some of you fellows on those rocks in the Pacific share this surplus of women we have here. First time I've ever complained about too many women, but Yanks are getting fewer now in England and that means less competition, I guess.

There isn't much news, but I heard you needed letters bad so this is my attempt. "Hello" back to you, Gordon, and all the "Six."

Jerry Gunderson,
c/o Fleet P. O., New York

Hello Gang,

So glad to hear the boys are doing so well wherever they may be. As for myself, I can't say I'm doing so bad either. We've taken a few German towns, and I must say it's fun living in a house for a while. As for Germany itself, I can't say much for it. The weather here has been nasty during the month so far. Sure hope the weather changes.

We'll all be glad when it's over, and can come home for one big celebration. Well, gang, this is about all I know for now.

T/5 Elmer Ruelle,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I think I'd better straighten you folks out on my new address. I'm still in the same division; the type of work is just a lot better, or should I say, more exciting.

As long as I've been in the Army, I haven't met anyone from Two Rivers. I hope to in the near future. I thought I might meet Orville out here, but no luck as yet.

It'll certainly be good to go back to the States and take out a girl who speaks English. It beats me, I can't figure out what they chew the rag about. Maybe I should have taken French in school.

This is really a pretty country, especially when you look at it from above. We had one practice jump, and it was really swell. I have seen four shows in succession, so we have it pretty good.

Pfc. Wally Martin,
Somewhere in France

Dear Friends,

The last time I wrote you was after the breakthrough in Belgium. I guess I sent you the story about our battle at Bastogne. Since that time, I've moved a few times. I was on the Seventh Army front for a while and then we had a little time to recuperate in France, so let's hope it ends soon.

I haven't had a chance to see any fellows from home lately. I've been hoping to get a seven day furlough to the Riviera, but not many guys get a chance to go, so I don't know if I'll ever get down there.

I imagine you read of our whole air borne division getting the presidential citation. I guess we can be kind of proud of it. Especially because we were the first army division to ever get that award. I know there are a lot of other units that have earned it already too. As long as I can get home, they can have all their medals, etc. I'd rather be in one piece and alive than get any medal.

Well, I guess I'll be signing off for this time. I hope to be seeing you all soon. I hope you aren't drinking all the taverns dry. Save a little for us.

Pfc. Eugene Kopetsky, Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

All I can say is that we're kept pretty busy here now, and we are not having it quite so hard as before with all the mud. Sure glad to hear so many of the boys are getting furloughs back home, and I know how it must feel to get back to the good old U. S. A. I've had the privilege to visit Paris on a three day pass, and I saw many of the famous monuments. The most beautiful of all to me was the Notre Dame Cathedral, but I'm hoping to see the most welcome statue in all this world—Statue of Liberty.

Pfc. Gérald J. Allie,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

For nearly three years, I have enjoyed your paper without once donating my time or sharing my experiences with you. I have resolved that such ingratitude must stop. I have not even had to inform you of my changes of address. Your solicitude for the welfare and mental health of the boys from Two Rivers causes you to ferret out even those ingrates who fail to keep you informed of their whereabouts. Your faithful and tenacious little sheet followed me to Washington in the early part of the war. When I moved to Puerto Rico, the Sojourner quietly followed along. From Puerto Rico to Cuba and thence to the Sojourner soon begged for an audience. The vast expanses of the Pacific are no match for her. They sought me out in the treacherous reefs of the Philippines where I assisted in the invasion of Leyte Gulf and in the later invasions of Mindoro and Luzon. At Iwo Jima, the Sojourner, too performed its miracles of soul-healing while our guns kept up a steady rhythm of firing. Now again, with the ringing of the guns still in my ears, I am able to right myself in this March issue of yours with such old acquaintances as Gerhardt Diedrich, Bob Mancel (who, incidentally, must have been quite close to me in the Philippine invasion without either of us knowing it) and Orville Messman.

To you sweet, tender young girls who are fighting this war with us, enduring our hardships from a distance, commiserating with us in our sorrows, I say "Thank you! May we prove worthy of your confidence."

Lt. William Frederick Marquardt,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco

Dear Staff,

I know it's a long time since you've heard from me, but after I tell you where I am, I believe you'll excuse me.

I am not in the Philippines anymore as you probably knew. I am now on the Island named Okinawa in the Ryukyu Group, always getting closer to Japan. Boy, this isn't any too far away. As for how things are going out here, I'll leave that up to the radios, newspapers, and Life. We are not allowed to tell of Army operations. Of course, they are able to.

As for this Island, it's a lot like Wisconsin as far as looks go. Even the weather—we estimated the temperature to be around seventy to eighty degrees during the day and from thirty to forty degrees at night. To us, coming from a hot climate, that's cold.

As for vegetation, that too is a lot on the Wisconsin side. That's one thing we find easy on the eyes. Why? Well, at least you can look off in a distance, or turn around without seeing or bumping into a cocoanut tree, like it was in the Philippines. Guess that's all that grew on the Island I was on out there.

The land here is somewhat mountainous with a few rolling hills and very little level ground, but it is wonderful farming country.

Another interesting thing is not one plat of ground is wasted if it can be used. It's all under cultivation. Right now, we're set up in a potato patch.

One can see that the people here are a little better educated than the ones we met in the Philippines. Their houses aren't made of grass, but of a wood construction with a tile roof and pretty well furnished. I have seen some furniture that I believe would cost a fortune back in the States. That's if you could get it to start with.

Guess I told you enough of what this Island is like for now. Maybe I'll have more for you next time. Outside of the five fellows in my own company that are also from Two Rivers, I haven't met any others. Guess we just haven't the luck. You see, I found out too late that Cpl. Robert Mancel was also in the Philippines. Too bad I didn't know it sooner, Bob, for I'd have looked you up.

I'd like to take this opportunity to say "hello" to a few of the fellows in the E.T.O., James Londo, Ambrose Allie, Bob Schultz and Stanley Waier. Say, Stan, how about dropping an old pal a few lines or so. Would like to know where you are. In the meantime, "good luck". I'll be meeting you at Al's or Bucky's for a few short ones.

Pfc. Paul R. Wilker, Island of Okinawa

Hello Everybody,

Received your welcome paper a while ago, but couldn't write and tell you I enjoy it, because I was so busy. I read the paper and noticed a lot of letters from fellows I know from the home town. "Hello", Don Sauve, Les Stanul, Homer Zarn, Isidore Le Pine, Wallace Mueller, and the rest I went to the Army with. I hope all of us get back to the home town soon.

I am somewhere in Germany. We live in a building and set up our kitchen in a room, and we have meals for the fellows on the guns there. We get plenty to eat and warm home shelter. We are having three meals a day. We lived on K rations for a while.

My wife and I are proud to announce that we are the parents of a baby boy born on Easter Sunday.

Pfc. Lester Voelker, Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

Well, I'm over on the west coast now, but I'd sooner take the east coast—that is just certain parts. I was in gunnery school at Norfolk, Va., and I sure was glad to get away from there. Now I'm in gunnery school again over here. I guess they want to make a G. M. out of me.

Well, I'd like to say "hello" to all the gang from around the beach. May we all meet down there again.

Donald Lonzo, Cox,
Treasure Island, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Since I've moved about three times after giving you my address, it's about time to supply you with a new one. Although I did receive all of the issues up to date.

We've had some real state-side entertainment during the last month including Jack Dempsey on one occasion, and a show composed of such notables as Dennis Day, Jackie Cooper and an orchestra with musicians from many of the big-name bands who are now in the Navy.

Have been overseas eighteen months now and hope to see Two Rivers again sometime. Although I don't know whether I'll recognize it again with a lot of the old faces gone and probably a lot of new ones present.

I suppose there will be a lot of Australian and European war-brides to swell our post-war population. But don't worry too much, gals, I think most of the boys will wait 'til they get home.

R. O. Gillespie, M.M.M. 2/c,
Pacific Theatre

Dear Friends and all,

Your paper has brought enjoyment to me and also to some of the other chiefs aboard ship, especially to the Chief Boats. He is quite a card, always with an evil look on his face, and his teeth out of his mouth three quarters of the time. He had been reading all of the papers I have received and always looks forward to the next issue.

While on the subject of the Chief Boats (Chief Boat-swain's Mate), I have a little story to tell. On Christmas night, while attending a party on Eniwetok Atoll, Marshall Islands, the Boats, on awakening the morning after with a severe hang-over, started drooping around looking for his teeth (upper plate). They could be found nowhere. About one minute prior to a truck calling to take him to the dock, he suddenly had difficulty in getting his right shoe on. Immediate investigation solved the mystery of the missing plate. There they were very much intact in the toe of his shoe.

Of all the islands we've been to, including Manus, Tarawa, Kwajalein, Roi, Eniwetok, Saipan, Tinian, Guam, Ulithi and Iwo Jima, the latter is the ugliest, desolate, and the most God-forsaken land I have ever seen to be the largest U. S. burial ground in the Pacific.

I would like to say "hello" and wish all the best of luck to Hilary Lesperance, Kenneth Herman, Eugene and Kenneth Mac Donald and all the other fellows doing such a good job in cleaning up the Axis. Also my congratulations to Elsie Engeland for a happy and long married life.

To all the folks at home, may I wish a lot of good luck and a prosperous year for everyone. May the year of 1945 bring all your loved ones back home to you all.

Arthur F. Last, CY
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Well, I guess it's time I wrote to you. I received the monthly morale builder while I was in port, as a matter of fact I received two of them, February and March. I never did get the January issue.

I'm now with an Armed Guard Unit aboard a tanker out in the Southwest Pacific. I don't mind this type of life at all, but I would rather be back in the good old Cool City. Never did have any luck so far in seeing anyone from home, but I keep looking and hope to find someone soon. I don't know of much more to write except that I want to wish everyone in the service all the luck in the world, and maybe we can all get this over with soon so we can all go home for good.

I want to thank the staff also for making all of our thoughts more bright by sending out the big little paper. Keep it up and thanks.

Mark F. LeClair, S 1/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

There is nothing as beautiful as the south in spring. I have never seen such gorgeous flowers and trees. I rather think it runs a close second to Wisconsin's late spring—like when we went out to the woods late in May or the first part of June and picked flowers. The wisteria vines and the dog-wood trees are in bloom now and they perfume the air to such an extent that the odor from the paper mill is hardly noticeable—till it rains.

A few weeks ago, my bunkmate and I took a bus ride to the swanky part of town, known as the South Battery. It was a lovely day and we walked back to town along Meeting Street and followed a street guide so we knew when we were passing anything of historical fame. It was fun. Saw the grave of John C. Calhoun and also the one of Major Thomas Pinckney. Those old cemeteries really fascinate me.

It doesn't seem possible that some of the boys are together overseas—such as Paul Bouda, Harry Gross and Art Boness. That is pretty swell. I still haven't met anyone I know and am beginning to think I won't. People who have brains at all know better than to come to this town, though I guess there are a lot of worse places.

We saw Dorothy Gish in "Bee in Her Bonnet" last month, but it seemed very amateurish to me. Too dry to hold any interest and not at all like the general run of plays. The theatre itself was quite interesting though. It is located on the site of the first theatre in this country and although it has been redecorated it is still very old and Shakesperian in type. I spent the two and one half hours looking at the balconies and stuff, and enjoyed it more than the play itself. It is built just like those Miss Dunaway made us draw in sophomore English. You know what I mean.

The hospital here has undergone a lot of changes the past month or so. A lot of the staff has shipped out and a lot of new kids have come in to replace them. I finished my course and graduated to man-in-charge. Physio is easy to run, but there are the reports and things to get out and appointments to keep straight. It isn't bad though and I like it. We lost two of the technicians from the department and there are but four of us here now. Two of the boys work in Hydro and Bill and I in Physio. Have some swell patients and that makes the work so much better.

Have any of you read Ernie Pyle's new book, "Brave

Men"? He mentions one of the boys, Arch Fulton, who is a patient here. Small world!

I wonder if John Smongeski ever gets into Kansas City. We met a lot of the boys from "Smoky Hill" at the College Inn there. Doesn't seem possible that I have been away from there for six months already. Time goes faster than we think.

Charlotte Jaeckel Johnson, PhM. 2/c,
Charleston Navy Yard, S. C.

Hi Staff,

Greetings from Okinawa—after sweating out several missions in the Philippine campaign, I find myself getting closer and closer to Japan—325 miles, in fact! The nearness of Jap shores is felt by us a great deal out here, for Jap planes, shells, bombs, etc., are sent our way daily. It really is evident the Japs still want this Island, but, we are still changing their minds.

Coming in on the "first wave", really makes a fellow sweat. You can imagine the feeling a fellow gets as he gets closer and closer to a Jap garrison. Of course, the Naval and air support we receive helps a great deal, but still our knees are "shaky". Even though we went through the same thing in the Phils, I'm still not used to it.

Gee, gang, I really apologize for not writing sooner, but the explanation above will take care of my neglect—I hope! Your excellent paper has been coming in swell. Every time I receive a issue, I vow I will write immediately, but somehow time passes by and I'm way behind. A firm promise of writing when time permits it sent your way, as I feel a few minutes' time is a little favor to ask for the good work you're doing.

Staff, those pictures of the Vets Club and the "hang-outs" were indeed a welcome sight to my "island weary" eyes. Really is swell to know places like Bucky and the Waverly, etc., are still "polishing the bar" for us!

Getting back to the present "sweat," the climate, when we have time to think of it, is a great deal different from some of the other islands I have been on—namely—the sun shines more than an hour at a time here. The rainfall, so far, has been light, but when it does rain, everyone complains about the mud. And they are justified. The mud is the "stop and go" type, if you get what I mean. I know the fellows who are here or have served in the Pacific know what I'm talking about.

Several Two Rivers "boys" are still with me and every time we receive mail, we sit around (generally with a fox hole nearby) and compare news. We really had a honey of a talk about the pictures you printed. Nothing like having Two Rivers fellows in your outfit—take it from me! We generally have these sessions after mail call. The mail, incidentally, is coming swell. I have received a letter from home in eight days, which is really something to write about.

Noticed in your last issue that Joe Menchal wrote you a letter—hope you don't mind my saying "Hi" to him here. That goes also for Harry Gross, Paul Bouda and all the gang from the old outfit. Keep up the good work. (Ed. note: Sorry, Bob. The censor man took care of whatever else you wanted to tell the "gang".)

Well, gang, I really must close and get some of that coffee we have brewed. Keep up the good work. I'm sure your swell job is appreciated by everyone. I promise to write more often and when time permits, another letter will follow. Thanks again, gang!

Pfc. Bob Laurent, Okinawa

Dear Staff,

Received your February issue of the Sojourner and sure was glad to receive it once again. The news was really good and picture of the Vets Club was really swell. Especially the one of the bar. Received letters from Jerry Gunderson and also from John Henfer. I am sure it was due to the Sojourner that they finally wrote, so thanks a million. I hope that your swell paper will get Roland Beitzel and Ned Slocum to write a few words too. Would like to take this time to say "hello" to my brothers, Cel and Felix; to Joe, Francis and Bob, by Rehrauer; Spike and Jack Anderberg; Lee Andrews, Jerry Gunderson, Ned Slocum, Roland Beitzel, and John Henfer. Well, until we see each other again, take it easy and drop a line when you have time.

Lawrence J. Antonie, Ph.M. 1/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I'm now on borrowed time here at Treasure Island. I was supposed to leave last week, but I'm still here. I don't mind the delay one bit, because that means another week-end in Frisco. I know a better place than Frisco and that is old Two Rivers on Saturday night.

"Whitey" Walczak is here with me from Two Rivers. I hope we stay together. The chances are pretty good we will. I would like to hear something from John Kenville, Archie Gloe, Johnny Weiss, and Merlin Jacquot. Here is bottoms up to them and the rest of my friends in service.

That picture of Mr. Schmeichel reminds me of when I was in grade school and he was teaching me printing in his class. (More fun!)

Paul "Kansas" Coenen, S 2/c,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Well, I guess it's about time that I was writing a few lines to you once again. During my stay overseas I believe that if I was to have my choice of which country I like the best I would take England. That is the only place where we can understand each other. For cities, I think that I would much rather have Paris, because they sure do have everything there.

Pvt. La Vern Ploeckelmann,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I've moved a couple of times since I last wrote and since then have been very busy. Germany seems to be an odd place for a sailor, but we're here and that's all there is to it. The reason I'm here can now be told. We were connected to the army, and with them crossed the Rhine River. That was on March 24. Everything went well with the sailors. I guess we can be called "dry land" sailors, because all we've had since leaving England in December were land bases. Antwerp, Belgium seems to be the best.

I don't know if I mentioned it, but one Sunday morning in Grand Lasaye, Belgium I met Bob Beitzel of the Army. We had good talks about the home town, Oscar's, etc. I gave him some sausage my mother sent me besides the T. R. Reporter. It's good to meet someone you know.

Russell E. Walesh, Cox.,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Friends,

That old eagerness to see my name in print has prodded me into foresaking my lazy life and writing to you, the staff of an enterprising and appreciated undertaking (nothing to do with the "stiff" kind, of course).

With many people becoming optimistic about the length of hostilities in Europe, it does seem that before long we of the 8th Air Force might be having a look 'round for other enemies to bomb to submission. Sounds like bragging, but really isn't, 'cause the paddlefoot is the fellow who deserves all the credit we can possibly heap upon him.

Would appreciate a few complete addresses of school chums now in the services, including Milton Kanitz, and Donald Laubenstein.

Sgt. Alton E. Colanchick,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Hiya, Alton. Today's letter from Junior states he is in Augsburg, Germany, near Munich. He was in Salzburg, Austria on VE day. He, we, and your folks are in tip-top condition. Good luck—Al. Malley at the linotype.

Dear Staff,

I'm now in Virginia, left Florida in February. I'm still feeling fine and all's well. I see Cpl. Gordon Miller wrote and knew where I was. Yep, the last time I saw him we were in Fort Sheridan. That was in April 1943. The Army still was strange to us, getting our clothes issued with a million and one tags sticking all over them, and the needles flying in our arms from all directions. Sure seems like a long time ago, but I know all of us that went through it remember it as if it were yesterday. Will be fun to meet the old gang that left Two Rivers on that 23rd day of April, 1943. If I remember right, it was Good Friday.

I see by the Reporter which I receive here that Erwin "Smokey" Smogoleski got married to Doris Heide. The last time I saw him we both were in Amarillo, Texas. Dear old Texas. I haven't met a soldier yet who liked it there.

As for me, I'm still working on B-17's. Had a chance to work on a B-29 today. It made an emergency landing here today, and we had to fix an engine on it. They're really big babies.

Well, guess that's all for now. Say "hello" to all my buddies for me. Hope to see you all soon back in good old Two Rivers.

Pfc. Robert Lahey, Langley, Va.

Greetings, Staff,

I remember I got a greeting once, but it was of a different nature than the one I'm giving to you. My greetings landed me in Germany, but I hope the above greeting keeps all of you in good old Two Rivers.

I guess it is about time I write, this being the first time I contributed to your ever-welcome paper. I missed a few issues of the paper, but I hope they are on their way over. I have been moving around quite a bit lately, so maybe that is the reason I haven't received it.

Well, Mark, how are you making out on the other side of the map? I lost your address so that made it impossible for me to write. I hope I hear from you soon. I hope the whole gang from the eastside is making out O. K. Maybe we will be able to have our good times in the Neshotah Park again soon. Take it easy, everybody, and keep up your good work.

Pvt. Reuben Le Clair,
Somewhere in Germany

(Continued from Page One, Col. Two)

to the audience and you meet your parents' eyes. Their faces are alight with joy of achievement. In this second they realize that you are no longer a fledgling who will come home crying when she didn't get a bid or have to be coaxed out of a blue mood brought on when he didn't make the first team.

And now the graduates have turned and faced the audience, their faces set toward the East—and tomorrow.

"Good-bye, good-bye, think not
That we shall e'er forget the friends
We leave behind."

We haven't yet. And we never shall.

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . .

We're still all twisted up with regard to the weather—instead of May flowers, we have May showers and they're a wee bit heavier than showers . . . Langer Bros. Garage observed their 25th anniversary in business . . . Meistersingers presented their annual Spring Concert . . . Major Fred Eggers cited and arrived here a few days later after a three-year absence . . . Cub Scouts organize Kite Flying Cadets—Yes, they still say, "Go Fly a Kite!" . . . Polar Bears begin County loop by defeating Kellnersville 21-1 . . . Woodpeckers cause police trouble by pecking holes in roof of a local "resident" . . . (Ed. note: That's exactly the way the columnist reported the incident!) . . . Clarence Nebel elected Chairman of the 1945 New Voters Group . . . New government ruling eliminating induction of 30-year olds and over made several of them happy—they were taken off the bus just as they were leaving for induction.

Paragon Electric Company celebrates 4th birthday in "Cool City" . . . School Board plans summer music instruction setup . . . Arrest of local youth clears up 25 window peeping cases . . . Manitowoc bus burns in garage—damages \$5,000 . . . Two fawns seen in northender's backyard—very unusual that! . . . Seven from here chosen for jury duty . . . Bowling season ends with tournaments and dinner . . . M/Sgt. and Mrs. Chester Kuklis have V-E Day baby . . . Hotel Hamilton sold to Ashland man who promised numerous improvements . . . Goverment rules out many high school athletic meets . . . Eagles organize Aerie and have induction ceremony here . . . More and more rain, wind and cold weather and we're almost positive winter is just around the corner. . . . May have to use Prisoners of War to harvest peas in County . . . High School publishes a handbook for students so your little brothers and sisters won't feel like complete strangers when they make that first attempt at "higher" education . . . Four records broken by Golden Greyhounds as they defeat Manitowoc 60½—52½.

Lou Uecker former local druggist dies . . . Fire Department gets new hose and experiments first thing. Largest group on record go to Milwaukee for physicals. Rev. Haase celebrates 25th anniversary at St. John's Church . . . Youngsters break windows at Hamilton plant. 750 pheasants will be planted in Two Rivers by Sports group . . . Memorial Day parade largest in many seasons . . . And so fading away along with snow and May's cold weather, your columnist says so long for now . . . Bidding all you GI Joes and Janes who are in Two Rivers or expect to be there soon a hearty invitation to drop in at the Vocational School any Monday night and meet your staff.

ENGAGEMENTS

Lydia Lueck, Appleton, and Harold Grimmer.
Mary Jane Richardson, Salisbury, Md., and Major Anthony Borusky.

Veda Besaw and Alvin Rathsack, Manitowoc.
Rebecca Anne Rosser, Nelsonville, Ohio and Robert Jerome Meyer.

Caroline Skrivanie and Frank Huycke.
Marge Beduhn and Alfred E. Leiser, Monroe, Wis.
Diantha Fletcher Hamilton and Lt. Comdr. Joseph Matthem McDowell, Manchester, N. H.

MARRIAGES

Phyllis Dorene Peterson and First Lieut. Robert H. Bauknecht, Apr. 2.

Margaret Jane Steinberg, Mishicot and Raphael James Greenwood, Mar. 24.

Elaine Marion Sosnosky and Edward Schmeda, U. S. C. G., Chicago, Apr. 7.

Doris Heide and Staff Sgt. Ervin P. Smogoleski, Apr. 7.

Lois Larson and Cpl. John Weber, Apr. 9.

Lorraine Havlinek and Joseph Krajnik, Apr. 7.

Jean Ellen Gunderson, WAVES and James Finley Torrens, U. S. N., Apr. 14.

Pearl Ziscovich and Howard Waskow, Apr. 21.

Ruth E. Wolfe and Tech. Sgt. Glenn G. Alberts, Stratford, Wis., May 3.

Frances Humm, Manitowoc and Lieut. Walter P. Ziarnik, May 9.

Gertrude Stelzer and James W. Harley, Pound, Wis., May 12.

Ruth Simono and Lloyd LeClair, U. S. N., May 26.

Bess Dorcas Cameron, Long Island, N. Y., and Geo. Jarvis Platt, May 26.

Thyra Hansen and Axel Jensen, Bamfield, Vancouver Island, B. C., May 21.

INDUCTIONS

ARMY—Bernard Leo Mahlik, Chester Wisniewski Woodrow DeLorme, George Strohm, Felix Zur, Joseph Allie, Robert Pries, George Wichlacz, Robert Barrett, Kermit Hetue, Alfred LeClair, Robert Grenier, William Heili, Chester Solenski, Clement Suhr, Edward Bunke, Rueben Swoboda, David Emond, Earl Tome, Martin Kozlowski, Robert Schindler, Richard Wachowski, Frank Smogoleski, Roland Hindt, Walter Kienbaum, Herbert Schrimpf, Francis Wilson, Theodore Pagels, Joseph Valinski, Stanley Kopetsky, Richard Wavrunek.

NAVY—Andrew Rathsack, Jr., Alfred Brull, Claude Haines, Francis Hearley, Serphin DeWitt, John Thiery, Cyril Vaclavik, Earl Retzlaff, Lawrence Vanne, George Plos, Roy Levanetz.

MARINES—Lloyd P. Kelliher.

No. 1 on "Your Hit Parade"

LAURA

Laura is the face in the misty light
Footsteps that you heard down the hall
The laugh that floats on a summer night
That you can never quite recall.
And you see Laura on the train that is passing
through

Those eyes how familiar they seem
She gave your very first kiss to you
That was Laura, but she's only a dream.

—Twentieth Century Music Corp.