



The sojourner. Volume III, Number 6 June 1944

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The Sojourner

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



Volume III

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, JUNE 1944

Number 6



Photo by John Doncheck

COMMENTARY by Catherine O'Connell

What is the most popular book in our high school library? Not "Guadalcanal Diary". Not "To All Hands". And not "This Is Your War". Not even "Seventeenth Summer" nor "Lassie-Come-Home".

It is the Servicemen's Guest Book, where you sign to record your visit to the old school and tell us a little something about yourself and your training or experiences.

We like having you come back to Washington High School. You look so very good to us, so neat and trim and manly in your well pressed uniforms, (unless you're Connie Althen or Bob Daetz and look dashing in fatigue clothes). We like seeing you and teasing you a bit about those pounds you have taken off or put on, about that Southern drawl you may have picked up. We want to know what you have been doing, and we like to hear your first-hand impressions of this whole war business.

To record your visits we have the Guest Book in the Library. Having that Guest Book was Miss White's idea, and a good one. The Purple and Gold bought our first and very official looking Guest Book. That one filled so rapidly—April 10 to June 10, 1943—that we are now using just ordinary notebooks, which you help raise to the extraordinary class by what you write in them.

We are proud of the first "guest" who signed up for us a year ago: Sgt. Roman Wisniewski, Co. E, 127th Infantry, 32 Division, who received the Purple Heart for wounds received in action in New Guinea. Our second

guest came in the same day: Gerald T. Prudome of the U. S. S. Brooklyn, who had seen action at Casablanca and who then had crossed the Atlantic four times. Our third guest was of very special importance: LeRoy Tomcheck, Ph. M. 2/c, who saw action on both the Wasp and the Hornet, and who had crossed the equator fifteen times.

Most of our visitors are much more ordinary G. I. Joes, with the chance to show what they can do still ahead of them. We like it when old friends get the chance of getting home together. Across the page from each other are Leonard Mraz, just in from Ski Patrol training at Camp Hale, Colorado, and Jerry Gunderson, back from his first trip to England. Also within the past month, in together came the Brothers Antonie—Felix and Cat. Felix has the responsibility of feeding 1400 men at one time, with appetites sharpened by that California training, and he looks as if he never neglected the responsibility of taking care of himself too. Cat transferred from five months of experience in the Naval Hospital to the Navy Yard. He's now at Camp Peary. Last May the two Kleins—Leon and Lewis—managed the same trick, coming up together from Florida.

Gobs of fellows come back to see us, direct from Boot Training. We like the way they fit their uniforms. Each has his page and promises to come back to re-sign when he gets his second chance at home. Recently we've signed up these fellows and their impressions of their Navy training: Ummy Walesh, Bob Waskow, Dar

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THE SOJOURNER

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The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

Boy, the Island is O. K. but you know I would rather be at home and sleeping on a nice soft spring mattress than to be over here sleeping with the bugs, ants, lizards running over you all night long.

I have heard that Two Rivers is having some swell weather. They do like the weather, because my mother wrote and told me how things are getting along.

Well, staff, the war, I think is going to come to an end one of these years and I hope it is going to be real soon. I see there are still boys leaving the town of Two Rivers to get this war over with.

I have to close now. God bless you all.

Pfc. John Mancel,
Southwest Pacific

Dear Staff,

It's hard to describe in words just what the Sojourner means to a fellow after he's been overseas for a year and a half, but it restores that old spirit to carry on. You're doing a fine job.

I've been through the African and Sicilian campaigns and right now am spending my time in "Sunny Italy." Don Sauve gave a good description of it in his letter. I enjoyed very much seeing the picture of the staff. I was still able to recognize all of them without referring to the names. Ran into "Spike" Anderberg at the theatre the other nite. He's the first fellow I've seen from Two Rivers in my two years in the army. Had a little bull session.

Would like to thank you all again and want to say "hello" to all the boys.

Pfc. Ivan Stegemann,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Hi Staff,

I finished ten hours of flying here last week. It's great spinning around even if they are only Piper Cubs. The flying pay won't hurt either. Spring is finally coming to Syracuse and the campus looks beautiful with leaves on the trees and green grass on the hill.

A/S "Mort" N. Mertens,
Syracuse, New York

Dear Staff,

I'm still fine and all is well in Florida. I'm still working on B-17's. I'm going through an Engineer's School here now. They really keep us going.

It's really warm here in Florida and it's only April. I'll bet I'll roast by August. Spring should be coming to Two Rivers now. Spring sure is pretty in Wisconsin. There's no place like it as far as I go.

Pfc. Robert F. Lahey,
Sebring, Fla.

Dear Staff,

I believe the last time I dropped in to say "hello" was from Australia. Now I'm sending Easter Greetings from New Guinea. Certainly do get around. I have been stationed up here for quite some time. We and the natives are nearly related. Some talk was going about that they may issue us our citizenship papers for this country. We came near getting them in Aussie land, but we moved out too soon. Ah, yes, the good old 32nd. Say how is that 3 point 2 stuff up home holding out? Under this rotation of personnel plan, yours truly plans to indulge.

The introduction of each of you Staff members in "Be My Valentine" was great. That last page of February's issue was a grand close for that month's publication. Let's have more like 'em. To the other fellows in different theaters of operations I want to say, "good going, we've got 'em on the run, let's keep them that way." It has been changed from "The Golden Gate in '48" to "Tojo's door in '44." See you soon.

Sgt. Francis Migawa,
New Guinea

Dear Staff,

This hitch finds me standing fire duty in the heart of the steel mills—soft. Haven't met anyone from Two Rivers lately, but many coast guards who have been stationed there. All said they had a good time.

Karl Christoffel, B. M. 2/c,
East Chicago, Ind.

Dear Staff,

I have just received my second copy of the Sojourner. Believe me, it's swell to hear what's going on around the old home site. Thanks to you and my swell wife.

It's certainly swell to hear of old buddies such as "Nubby" Krey, John Paulow, Joe Feuerstein and old Oscar Stockmeyer and Roy Weber and others. You know many times a fellow wonders where they all are, and what a blessing your swell paper is.

I am in the good old construction games, but this time I'm doing a little piping for "Uncle" and he's not a bad guy.

At present, our battalion, the 103rd C. B., is being readied for a special little job that the "paper hanger" asked for. Just wait till he sees this crazy bunch of construction men.

We have just returned to civilization after spending the past five months in the eastern most spot in the U. S. A. How the American people ever acquired that part of Maine, many us will never understand. It's nothing but mud, rock and ocean. (Vacation land, phooie!)

Harold L. Loeser, S. F. 2/c,
Davisville, R. I.

Dear Sojourner,

I have received three of your Sojourner papers since I've been overseas. I'm fine and well and hope that these few lines reach all of you in the best of health. Give my regards to all. I have a little poem for the paper.

Twinkle, Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle, little plane,
I wonder where your eggs are lain.
They haven't landed here abouts
They must have landed on the krauts.

Until next time . . . Cherrio . . . Good luck and good health. May God bless all of you.

Pvt. Kenneth La Fleur,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

Well, it's been long enough between my letters to your swell morale booster, so I guess I better get busy and drop you a few lines. The first thing I want to say is how much I enjoyed the last issue of the Sojourner. The picture of the "main drag" was just what the doctor ordered. Take it from me; I'm in the Medics and I know. More like that would be appreciated and I think all the rest of the gang will say the same thing. It seems that as the months go by, your little paper gets better and better. I don't say this just to keep up your morale, but also because I think you are doing a swell job.

I've been on a sight-seeing tour of Kauai since my last letter to you, and I really enjoyed seeing the sights as a "tourist" should see them. I saw some beautiful rock formations and a dandy bathing beach and I spent most of my time just looking around and picking up a few shells. I also saw an old Mission that was put up in the early pioneer days of this island. All the relics are remarkably preserved from the old spinning wheel to the library of old books and magazines. It all reminded me of some exhibition that you would expect to see in a World's Fair. I would like to go back there and really brouse around some day.

Now that spring is on the way again, I suppose you girls will be looking for men. Well, good hunting, if there are any men left in good old Two Rivers. I'll be looking forward to the biggest little paper in the world. All my pals are interested in it now too and it really circulates around the barracks, so you see your fame is spread all over the world. Keep things humming back there and say hello to any of the gang that are lucky enough to get home on a furlough. I hear that still happens once in a while. I hope this war doesn't end before I get my first furlough.

Pvt. Kenneth "Kappy" Kappelmann,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Dear Sojourner,

I want to write and tell you that I'm not in Alaska anymore, but I am down in Camp Gruber, Okla. at the present. It sure feels good to be down in the sunshine again after spending two and half years up there in rain and cold weather all the time.

I was in Two Rivers for a week a couple weeks ago and it sure seemed good to be in the old home town again.

Pvt. Elton Drier,
Camp Gruber, Okla.

Dear Staff,

Life out here isn't so hot, so the only thing we can look forward to is a mail call, which comes about once every two weeks.

I met S 1/c Marvin Schultz about nine months ago. Where and why I can't say, but it sure was a surprise to meet someone from Two Rivers over here.

We saw a native wedding dance the other day. It was just like the movies only Dorothy Lamour was missing. These natives are very religious. They call all their girls and women, "Mary."

If anyone knows the whereabouts of my boot camp buddie John Weber, have him write. I am in Co. G, 2nd Bn., 5th Marines. Thanks.

The censor said we may write that we were on Cape Gloucester and that's all. So that's all.

Pfc. W. M. "Bud" Christoffel, U. S. M. C.,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Hi Staff,

Chalk up another move for me. A change in address is what I mean, and if I must say, a change for the better. From the infantry to my old love, the artillery, isn't exactly bad. I was sort of glad to get out of the infantry, too much walking. So long for now.

Pvt. John E. Bauknecht,
Camp Maxey, Texas

Dear Editor,

I received your February issue of the Sojourner last night. I have been receiving it right along, but always neglected to write and thank you for it. Although I am originally a native of Manitowoc, I did go to grade school in Two Rivers. I have many acquaintances in the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" and enjoy reading about them.

My outfit has one of the best records of victories in the air in this theater of operations. Our group total is four hundred and thirty-one and my squadron has one hundred and fifty-four of that total. We're all very proud of that record.

I hope we'll all be back in the "Cool City" again soon.

Cpl. Bryce K. Henricks,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

I noticed from your paper that there were boys from home right close to me, and I never realized it until I saw it in your paper, I was hoping to get home for the coming Christmas, but the way things look out here, I guess they figured they may need us for a while yet. I have eighteen months overseas now and it sure would be good to see good old Two Rivers again. I have changed to a new division. It is now the CR division, that is communication radio. It sure is nice work and the boys are swell.

I am sorry that I can't think of anything more to say, but you know the censors and all that. Boy, do they take a ribbing. Well, fellows, I hope to see some of you out here soon and boy will you enjoy it. The only thing that is missing is the girls. Some world, isn't it? Well, good luck to you all and give my regards to the folks back home. They're doing a swell job too.

Robert F. Eucke, S 1/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco

Dear Editor,

There sure are quite a few fellows gone from good old Two Rivers. Sure do miss the old place.

Camp Shelby still remains the same. It sure is getting hot down here. Tomorrow we're celebrating one year birthday of the div. We're going to have a parade in the morning and then spend the rest of the day in group games and merry making.

I'm still in the medical corps and certainly do like it. It's very interesting work. Something we can all use after this war is over. Quite a few of the fellows are going to school. I may be next. I hope.

This morning at the chapel I sang three solos on Mother's Day. Wish my mother could have been there to hear it. It was dedicated to her.

Next week, May 17, is my birthday. Sweet twenty-five. Getting old. Time sure does fly by fast.

I wish to say "hello" to all the boys no matter where they are. Hope some day we can all meet again. Regards to all my friends.

Cpl. Elmer Ruelle,
Camp Shelby, Miss.

Dear Staff,

Not to be caught Lyon (s) down I thought it best to get this letter off giving you my new address. I've been in Jacksonville three weeks and I'm here to complete my last phase in training. I've been through radio school, gunnery school, and now I'm here in a PBY squadron to earn my aircrew wings.

About two weeks ago while on liberty in Jax, I had the lucky break of accidentally meeting Reggie Buyseski. I agree with Jean Gunderson in the statement that he has changed since being in the navy. He did a lot of talking, but a lot was about a Wave who lives on 25th Street. This Wave seemed to control most of the topic of the evening. Now that I think of it Bette Hurst lives somewhere on 25th Street and I guess she's joined the Waves.

I'm planning on meeting Victor Sager as soon as I have a little time. I have a fellow from Manitowoc sleeping above me and we talk a lot about old times. My favorite discussions are of the gang of fellows I used to chum around with. That gang was well known so I don't believe there's any point in giving their names.

The base is rather nice, but Jax isn't any too good a town. They say it's one of the oldest cities in the country and I really believe they're right. It's too bad we can't get a liberty town like Ray Weber described in a letter to me today. He says Tucson, Oregon can't be beat.

I guess I've said about enough and it's time for the lights to go off so till I receive your next issue of the Sojourner, "so long."

Mark Lyons, ARM 3/c,
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Staff,

I had the opportunity several weeks ago to meet an old friend of mine from my home town, Two Rivers. Guess who? It was Roger Rezach. Boy! I sure was surprised to see him, and I imagine he felt the same. I may not be able to write as frequently in the next month or so due to more activity.

Pvt. Harvey Gauthier,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

First I will tell you that there is very little to say. But not to disappoint you, I will do my best. Ever since September 29, I've been overseas and been in everything. I was in an anti-aircraft battery then got transferred to the 5 Ampl. Now I'm on an LCI which stands for Landing Craft Infantry. These ships are not very large but pack a mean wallop. One thing I can say is that they are the roughest little ships in the navy. They bounce, roll, toss and do every other thing imaginable. At first, I used to get sea sick, but now it's the same as walking on land.

So far I've not seen any action, but been plenty close to it—almost close enough to smell it.

Frank J. Polak, G. M. 3/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to say "hello" and to thank you for your paper. I am sorry I didn't write sooner, but this outfit is one of the hardest working outfits there is so we don't have much time for ourselves.

Pfc. E. L. "Rusty" Pilon,
Camp Phillips, Kansas

Dear All,

I've been at Primary Flying School for two weeks now, and it's really the perfect set-up. We have Ground School in the morning and fly in the afternoon. We alternate every week. I have a little better than six hours of dual flying time logged in the Stearman PT-17. By the end of next week, I should have soloed—that sure will be the "red-letterday" for me. They tell me that front cockpit looks awfully empty when you go up alone for your first hop. We shall see.

An upperclassman (flying solo) ran into a little trouble this afternoon. He got rather frantic in attempting recovery from a spin. He decided he was getting a "wee bit" too close to the ground, so he bailed out. As he took to his chute the Stearman leveled off (by its lonesome) and finally piled up in a bunch of trees. That's a good training plane scrapped! The cadet will probably get a check flight; if he doesn't show, he stands a good chance of "washing out."

The "wash-out" rate at Primary varies from 35 to 50 per cent, depending upon the class. We have a keen bunch of lads in class 44-J. We have high hopes of cutting that wash-out rate way down!

A/C Walter P. Ziarnik,
Bennettsville, S. C.

Dear Staff,

I'm writing this in the South Pacific. I am now in the motor transport and find it very interesting. I spent one of the most wonderful days in the Marines. I was on liberty here and I met Archie Gloe and Ellwood Hempton. Hempton is stationed about five miles from my camp, and Gloe's ship is four miles from here. We spent most of our time in the Beer Garden, and discussing the home town. It really was a miracle to have met both of them. We are planning on another liberty together. It was through your paper that I knew where Gloe was, and we all agree the paper is tops. Keep up the good work.

Pfc. Ben Pritzl,
South Pacific

Dear Staff,

I am now somewhere in England and I hope that I may be able to run into some of the boys who are stationed here in England. It took me quite a while to get over here for I know some of the boys went over quite soon. I haven't been over here long. So far I like England all right. Of course, things here aren't as we are used to having and doing as we did back in the States.

Well, I hope that the Sojourner will be as good as the one of March with the picture of Main Street on it. That really looked good and wish I was walking down it right now.

Sgt. Robert W. Zarn,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I'm in a much different place now than two or three months ago. I have been to New York and even was in Two Rivers for one and a half days, but it was too good to be there. I see my pal Frank Butrymowicz is doing all right for himself.

The other day I ran into a guy from Manitowoc, Johnny Resch, and I've been out with him a couple of times and caught a few beers. As I looked through the papers, I saw some of the boys that are over here who are Harvey Gauthier, Francis Miller who I worked with for about five months at Schwartz's. He is only about one hundred miles from where I am now. Also Donald Van Bramer and many other fellows.

It's kind of rainy today so I'll take a dash up to the corner and have a "beer" at 5:30 when they open as I have liberty today. Best of luck to all the boys.

Clarence J. Jerabek, S 1/c,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Staff of Sojourner,

I am receiving the Sojourner each month. I think I get more news out of it than what I do out of the Reporter.

I am working in a Navy hospital and enjoy it very much. Although I don't leave camp very often, I find new things each time I do. The people of the town are of several races such as Javanese, Torkinese, and Melanesians.

With swimming all year around, hunting and fishing, I will still take the good old U. S. A.

Ira R. Ariens Jr., S 2/c,
New Caledonia

Dear Staff,

I haven't been receiving the Sojourner for the last two months. I have been moving around quite a bit. I really miss the small paper that has a lot of news from home in it.

Pvt. George Schwerma,
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Thanks for all your letters, but we still need more.
Please continue writing.

Dear Editor,

The April issue of the Sojourner has been received and read with great pleasure. I just returned from a wonderful trip to Rio de Janeiro and for the past week I have been very busy answering the letters that have accumulated here in the office. I felt that it is time that I sent a few lines on to the paper, for it has been some time since I sent word as to what I have been doing.

We men and women, who are in the service, continually have experiences that we had never thought might come about. Some of us have had a lot of unhappy events happen to us. For instance, the men on the fighting fronts are not having a picnic. Others of us who are in a spot far behind the lines are living under exceptionally fine conditions and occasionally we get a break that we can be thankful for. About a month ago, the Major called me aside and told me that I was to go to Rio de Janeiro to work for a few days. Many men have been here in Brazil for a long time and have been unable to arrange such a trip to its capital city. I had a stroke of good luck, so to speak, and left as soon as possible. Most of the towns that I had visited previously were rather small and had nothing but a single main street and shopping section. Rio is entirely the opposite, a large city, clean, and modern. My visit was extended to a full twenty-eight days due to the amount of work that had to be done. I can say that I was able to see almost the entire city, which amazed me for it is as beautiful as they say it is. One can spend several hours each day sightseeing and never see the same things twice. Each section of town that I was able to see was more interesting than the last. I was fortunate too in getting a hotel right on the famous Copacabana Beach. (We have all read about the beautiful girls to be found in the tropics. Ask a few fellows about them and they will say "what girls?" You only see such things in the movies.) I was surprised last month for this must be the place where they have all migrated to, fellows. On Sunday at the Copacabana Beach one can find thousands of them. It was interesting to find that a number of people in this city speak English. One will go into a store to buy a souvenir, and in his best Portuguese, he will try to put his point across as to what he wished to send home. After fumbling around for several minutes he is about to give up. Then the owner comes up and in perfect English explains what he has to sell and before you know it everything in the store is brought out so you can make a choice of a fine gift.

One day I spent several hours on the beach and met several señoritas. With them, and the little girl I came swimming with, a volley-ball game was started. During the game, whenever I would miss the ball one of the girls would say, "Desculpe me, señor." This phrase was used plenty of times. It was a rip-roaring game with all the politeness.

You hear a lot about the courtesy of the Brazilian people. When visiting Rio, that particular thing was quite evident and noticeable no matter where I went. While working for the Brazilian Army, there was always a soldier detailed to serve coffee throughout the day. One time I should judge that I drank at least twenty cups during the course of a single day. All in all, it was a pleasant trip and I got a big kick out of it. I was able to wear civilian clothes and there was no curfew nor was any of the city placed off-limits.

Sgt. Warren G. Gauthier
Natal, Brazil, S. A.

(continued from page 1)

Andrews, Roland Malkowski, Milton Kanitz, Chuck Cornils, Albert Hansen. Back a little farther there's Thorval Gagnon, the Deprey twins, Markie Lyons, Lloyd LeClair, John Weiss, Vic Sager, Jack Dreger, Neil Jindra, Dick Weber, Leigh Andrews, and Roy Zoerb. We have on display long pictures of several companies, both Great Lakes and Farragut, showing Two Rivers men. Vic Sager seems to be the hardest to find in all the groups.

We like it when they come home again on delayed orders and sign the second and third time, as Paul Rezacheck did when he finished his five months of Radio School in Indianapolis, or John Henfer, signing after Radio School Training at Beford Springs, Pennsylvania, and just this month again after returning from England.

Not many officers come our way, but we were happy to see Flight Officers John Carroll and Leroy Shimulunas. The girls want to feel of the material in their uniforms—that's the kind they want in their suits after the war. Lt. Philip Dana Booze has a long honorable record since he enlisted on May 27, 1941: Lowry Field, Buckley, Aberdeen, and now Lincoln, Nebraska, always as an instructor. Lt. Frederick Hansen had just completed OCS when he came to see us last spring.

The Sgts. look plenty tough. For the "What Price Glory" of this war we would cast Sgt. Joe Gagnon, ex-instructor on welding, and T/Sgt. Alvin Erickson, instructor in various types of infantry weapons. Sgt. Matt Koch, who has had plenty of real training in Aviation Mechanics, stopped on his way to rejoin his old squadron at Lakeland, Florida.

Some of our visitors are specialists. Sgt. Robert Zarn, who came to visit us last December, is a Radar Mechanic. Cpl. Moses Romdemne of Camp Huber, Texas, and Sgt. Edward Levy of Ft. Riley, Kansas, are specialists with the half-tracks. Robert Rehrauer, brother to Franny, is a Surgical Technician, and his specialty is Medical Gas Treatment. The other Robert Rehrauer, brother to John, is in the Merchant Marine. He came in this month from North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and other Atlantic points.

Paratrooper Ambrose Allie has been in twice this year. He did the cover for our second guest book. Pfc Gerald Kaminsky is guarding Nazi prisoners in a P/W Camp at Papago Park, near Phoenix, Arizona. Two Rivers weather seemed cold to him last January. Others inscribe an appreciation of this locality when they sign their names and their record. Pfc Harold "Buzz" Bivid, located at Fort Sill, Oklahoma writes: "Don't let any one kid you about Wisconsin. It's the best state of them all." Louis M. Brice of the Air Corps came in from Fort Sumner, New Mexico, this month. After telling of his training he writes: "This army life is okay, but just for the duration. I only hope I can do a better job so as to help bring this war to an end. I hope to find a permanent place in Two Rivers to hang my hat, AND SOON!" Says Johnny Weiss: "Although Idaho's mountains are beautiful, I'll still take Wisconsin."

Sea Bees buzz around. George Stangel was in last fall. He trained at Williamsburg, Virginia, as did Mark Koch, whom we guess to be in the Bermuda Islands right now. Richard Hansen came in from Camp Endicott, Rhode Island.

Often men are in one week, and it seems as if the next week they are in England. In Tommy Clinton's case the whole school decided this winter that the U. S.

Army must have flown him there on a special mission with Mrs. Franklin D., so rapid was his transfer.

Gunner's wings still cause a stir of excitement. "Who's that?" is heard as he sits down at the table to sign in. Sgt. Hugo Kleckner looked particularly distinguished with his wings, when he stopped in to Two Rivers on his way to England. Sgt. Henry Rusboldt came in when he had finished his course in aerial gunnery at Harlingen Field last November. Cpl. Elmer Petrashek flashed his wings at us twice this winter. Once he came from Kingsman, Arizona, and the second time from Tampa, Florida.

The two gunners who created the biggest stir were Kenny Mueller and Ben Niquette. Kenny's Navy crew has strafed three ships and had sunk two in one day. He had come in almost directly from Tarawa. Now we have a copy of his plane, a B-4, framed in the Library, and several pretty girls ask: "Haven't you heard from Kenny lately?" We were extra proud to have Ben register. You've read his record. We like hearing that he had stumbled over Norman Walecka's big feet in a hotel in Calcutta not so long ago.

Bob Timm is the only one who ever talked publicly in the Library during a library period. His account of his fourteen days on a raft in the Indian Ocean was so very dramatic that everyone stopped to listen. Fellows like Eugene Martin have experiences crowding in fast, but it's not easy to get them to talk about them. In a long seven months in the Navy, Sarge had had his Boot Training, and had seen action on an Airplane Carrier, on a sub, and on a sub tender!

Howard Waskow wrote the longest and best account that the Guest Book has seen thus far. He knows the South Pacific as well as he used to know every seat in the Rivoli.

Edgar Hetue, who was at Pearl Harbor when it happened, signed last May. We are proud of Bob Weber too. He's a Shipfitter and is a real veteran, with four years of navy experience. He's been on three ships, and he has sailed the seven seas from Iceland to the Fiji Islands. Bob Dugan came in from a ten-month cruise in the South Pacific. We have individual pictures of several of these Navy men around, with their names and the name of their ship lettered on the photo.

The past month brought distinguished and interesting visitors: Lt. Karl Ulrich, who made OCS in Australia after participating in the Buna campaign; Capt. Mark Cope, who is going back to England for twenty-four more missions; Aviaton Cadet Wilbur Mertens, one of the editors of the **Fledgling** at Syracuse University; Harold Czechanski, B.M. 1/c, who helped land the Rangers in Sicily and who has been in four major engagements on the Atlantic and the Pacific and is now stationed in Two Rivers; David Anderson, Q.M. 3/c, home from Gibraltar; Lt. (j.g.) William F. Marquardt, Fightin'est Fighter Frame; Marvin (Fat)Schultz, S. 1/c, who helped for months to get troops back and forth from Australia to New Guinea; Clarence "Duke" Jerabek, S. 1/c, home for **one day** from Italy and Africa; and Earl O. Forcey, Mus. 2/c, who had been on the U. S. S. Concord for two years with Myron Soucoup, and who married a pretty girl from Washington, D. C., while on his 30-day leave.

We like keeping in touch with you. We maintain a file of addresses kept up to date by your relatives and friends in school. We send out addresses to anyone requesting them. We sometimes try to provide a list of all

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MAY IN TWO RIVERS

May 1—May Day, but no Maypole dancing this year . . . a cold, blue Monday.

May 2—Pay increase of \$5.00 per mo. voted for city employees . . . Route of city bus line mapped out . . . Alois M. Klaus succumbs on train enroute to Milwaukee.

May 3—Did you hear? All meats, except beef steaks and roasts, ration free.

May 4—Fred Zermuehlen elected president of Lions . . . Temperature hits 32°.

May 5—C. C. Case, Koenig School principal, resigns post to become recreation director at Sturgeon Bay.

May 6—Scrap paper and tin day . . . Fairview Golf Course opens . . . Capt. Mark Cope arrives home on surprise visit.

May 7—We certainly didn't think there was a woman shortage around here but someone broke the plate glass windows trying to get a girl mannequin from Berk's at Manitowoc.

May 8—Wm. Beckstrom, Point Beach ranger, appointed to Door County post.

May 9—Point Beach Forest to be enlarged—State purchases adjoining lands . . . more room for beach parties and weenie roasts when you guys get back!

May 10—Montgomery Ward's fire sale opens . . . Walter Vogl named President of 1944 New Voters . . . Three track records smashed at Manitowoc by T. R. men.

May 11—New C. N. W. passenger depot to be built at Manitowoc.

May 13—Penicillin used for the first time in Municipal Hospital here . . . High School seniors begin processional practice after supper because so many of them have essential jobs in the afternoon.

May 15—Denmark man falls asleep in car at stop sign. After being taken to hospital for several hours' good sleep, he explained his wife had given birth to a baby and he was exhausted after several sleepless nights!

May 16—Spencer Tracy visits sub barracks at Manitowoc to "chat" with the boys . . . Civil Air Patrol opens branch in Two Rivers.

May 17—Mishicot to organize Boy Scout troop.

May 18—Letter addressed, "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" arrives from India, and judging from the weather here, it is the coolest spot. Such a spring we have!

May 20—Green Bay Packer Coach "Curley" Lambeau is speaker at Rotary meeting . . . Masquers present "Papa Is All" at Washington High School.

May 21—Citizenship Day . . . Sure wish all you guys and gals who became of age could have been here to participate . . . Earl Kromer was M. C.

May 23—Kahlenberg Lab. building to be new labor hall . . . Laboratories being moved to Sarasota, Fla., now that A. Klois has passed away.

May 24—Coast Guard Reserve seeking 50 local men for duty at local station.

May 25—Senior Banquet—do you remember when you attended one? . . . 40 boys leave from this dis-

trict . . . Meistersingers' Guild presents annual concert.

May 26—At last—mercury hits 81° . . . Collection of rags begun by J. C. C.

May 27—Commencement to be June 8th . . . Teachers to be guests at a dinner prepared by Men's Food Classes.

May 28—Memorial Day celebration held.

May 29—Game fish dying by hundreds in East Twin River.

May 30—Memorial Day . . . very quiet . . . many concerns worked.

May 31—The end of the month once more . . . lilacs, tulips and lillies of the valley are blooming . . . we have a thunderstorm . . . and we say, so long until next month.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ruth Catherine Feuerstein and Lloyd Louis McLeod, U. S. C. G. R. Fond du Lac

Miss Dorothy Briggs, Monico, Wisconsin, and Dick Pelnar

Beatrice Buhk and Flight Officer John E. Carroll Evelyn Houska and William Dufek, Mishicot

MARRIAGES

Violet Richardson, Bay City, Mich., and Lawrence Carriveau, U. S. C. G. April 11

Dorothy Louise Fisher, Columbus, Ohio and Sgt. Leonard J. Zelinski, Jr., USMC, April 13

Edith Ann Fusco, Washington, D. C. and Earl O. Forcey, U. S. N., April 29

Eva Evelyn Krizizke and William Rosinsky, Jr., May 6

Norma Wilsmann Goese and Perigrine Panciera, U. S. N., May 10

Gertrude MacDonald and William J. Lutz, Manitowoc, May 20

June Jeanette Heideman, Manitowoc and George Pieschel, May 27

Agnes Ahrndt and Howard F. Wolf, U. S. C. G., May 31

Veronica Kuklis and Corp. Joseph Boelter, Manitowoc, May 31

ENLISTMENTS AND INDUCTIONS**Army—**

Emil Krejcarek, Ray Pagels, Melvin Parent, Daniel Lawler, Roland Dewey, Donald Meneau

Navy—

Raymond Schlultz, Claude Marek, Richard Luebke, Alvin Goodchild, Claude Klein, Willard Ducat, Robert Rehrauer, Robert Dokey, Leonard Lesperance, Leonard Witczak

The following servicemen in World War II have joined the local VFW post since our May issue, bringing the total to 143:

Arthur L. Heinkel	Donald A. Van Bremer
William F. Marquardt	Emil Khail
Frederic G. Braun	Roger Zuehl
John M. Kloss	Gervase G. Vanderbloemen
Leo J. Vieau	Joseph J. Stauber
Arthur W. Sonntag	Walter M. Christoffel
Robert Gonia	

If you wish to join and do not have an application blank, we will be glad to furnish one upon request.



REMEMBER WHEN . . .

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.

These words kinda bring back the happy memories of good old commencement night. It certainly was a big night in our senior year. Weeks ahead of time, the general discussion was who was going to English Lake, and how were they going to get there. At least in those days we didn't have the gas rationing confronting us.

I guess all commencements run true to form. Let's take a moment and think back over our commencement night.

School and exams were over on Wednesday at 3:30. One could spend all day Thursday preparing for the big night. Some were kept busy on Thursday afternoon decorating the stage. Remember how we had to run all over town gathering lilacs and bridal wreath from people who were generous enough to donate for the occasion. Boys and girls alike were dressing up in their Sunday best, for graduation meant a lot to us. We had attained a certain place in life when we now felt like men and women. We were truly prepared "to do and dare."

Our caps and gowns were fun to wear. Of course we had worn them on Senior Farewell Friday. Some classes were lucky enough to have "bums day" on that Friday. I guess the antics of some of you older boys spoiled it for us. Many of you, no doubt, were sent home and told not to return unless suitably attired!!

On graduation night, we all gathered in second floor study hall to get our places for the processional; tall ones first. The singing of our song as we proceeded down the aisles brought a lump to our throats. Oh yes,



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the Two Rivers fellows in Italy for some one like Champ Gagnon in Sicily. We send out carbons of our lists of fellows in England, along with their APO and other means of reaching them by a formal address. We do the same for Australia and New Guinea. Library Assistants help. Occasionally we take on jobs like sending a 1942 annual up to Greenland, and a copy of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" to New Caledonia, and a text on inland navigation to Australia, but most of the time we just write out news we glean from the guest book and spice it up a bit with a few jokes or clippings on TR sports.

Sam Simono is a real promoter of our Guest Book idea. We want it to last after the war, and he wants his friends to be remembered, so he steers the fellows straight toward the library.

There's nothing we'd like better than seeing YOU and talking with you and asking you please to write when you were "induced" (Phil Baker's word) into the service, where you're training, what you've been doing, and any impression you might care to include. Hope it's soon.

CATHERINE O'CONNELL, Librarian

For every woman who makes a fool of a man, there is another who makes a man out of a fool.

we were glad that we were out of school, but still we'd certainly miss the place.

Of course there was the speech by Mr. Somebody-or-other. I believe that most of us can sincerely confess that we did not pay complete attention to what he had to say to us. Our thoughts were elsewhere.

When the speech had ended, our moment to shine brightly had come . . . we were to receive our diplomas. As we marched up to the stage, we wondered if we would trip over our gowns . . . and some did!

The recessional was slightly different than the processional. One could all but keep from running out . . . anxiety over getting out to English Lake put us into an excited mood. We hurriedly handed in our caps and gowns and dashed for the cars.

Golly what a night! Some classes gathered at Haupts and others out at Bolt, but the old standby was English Lake. A night of drinking. The strong ones went down after a drink or two, and the weak and shy ones surprised everyone. Many reached a lovely green color and had to feed the fish . . . ! Others did things they probably wished they hadn't. But, oh heck, this was graduation. It only comes once. I'm not in the position to quote any incidents, but I'm sure that you can all remember what others did on your graduation celebration or what you yourself did. Did you pass out? Did you do a solo dance? Did you kiss some other guy's girl-friend? Were you the girl who smoked a cigar? Oh, yes, happy thoughts, inso?

And as the sun peeped over the horizon, we decided to head for home, or at least Manitowoc for breakfast. Then, pulling in about 7 o'clock, we hurriedly agreed our graduation night was really and truly a huge success.



Dear Staff,

I received the February issue and was sure glad to get it. I guess I just echo the sentiments of all the fellows out here who receive it when I say it brings me right back home to see all those familiar names in the reprinted letters.

I get a kick out of the way the fellows describe their stations. England is supposed to be quite advanced over Australia and from the time I was there, I'd say Australia was 200 years behind time. I haven't spent much time ashore here but I'll verify the complaints of rats, lizards, ants, bugs, and mosquitoes.

I've only run into one place that I liked. I had an opportunity to go swimming in fresh water so I jumped at it. We were driven in an army truck up into the hills. At the end of the road, we walked about a mile through the jungle and we came out at a cold pool that was part of a fast moving stream down the mountain. I lounged in the water for the full three hours we were given. It was all surrounded by big rocks and the bed is the same. It parallels any swimming hole you might find back home. It was a real pleasure after missing the river and lake.

With mid-watch coming on, I'll have to grab a little sleep so that's all for now.

Charles Savard M. M. M. 2/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.