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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, JANUARY 1945

Number 1

Can You "Make Believe"?

By Kathleen Dufano and Maryon Lintereur

There's a song that's popular on the Hit parade right now. It's called "Making Believe," and that's what we want you to do—make believe that you're right back in Two Rivers, and you're bound for the high school with some of your pals to view the Alumni game and later take part in the dancing.

It's the night of December 26, and those fierce lake winds have not yet laid siege to the town.

As you approach the school, you can't help but grin at the way it has remained so unchanged. There are the same little kids hanging around the entrance, hoping to get in for nothing, and you trip over bicycles in the same old way on the path up to the east doorway.

You'll open the door to be greeted by a shifting kaleidoscope of sounds—bursts of music interspersed with the sound of "Yay, Team" and the thud of basketballs as they bounce off the backboard.

As you walk along the balcony, scraps of conversation reach you from groups of waiting spectators:

"It'll be great seeing Russ Hasheck play again. Remember that game when—"

"—don't you remember when Anderberg played on the team? Boy, was he—"

"Too bad Eddie Rozmarynoski's leaving for the Navy. Coach says—"

"—ought to be fun seeing the two Perry boys playing opposite each other—"

By the time you've reached your seat in the downstairs bleachers, the two teams have run out on the floor.

Excitement mounts as the teams begin their warming up.

Off to one side Coaches Reuben Plantico, Jr., and Bjarne Wrolstad are seen talking over last-minute details with officials Francis (Tubby) Schultz and Walter (Bud) Johnson.

But then it's time! The captains, Kenny Wondrash and Eddie Rozmarynoski, have shaken hands; the two teams have lined up; the last strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" still linger as the shrill sound of the whistle cuts the air. The game is on!

It is a good game, isn't it? It's quite a thrill seeing Anderberg dribbling the ball down the floor; to watch Wondrash's still marvelous skill in passing and faking; to cheer LeClair's dead eye when it comes to making baskets.

Perhaps you notice that the ceremony between halves is especially for you. There are speeches by Lyman Fischer and Ewald Schmeichel. Then there is

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Homecoming Servicemen Complete Fourth Guest Book

By Catherine O'Connell

The Servicemen's Guest Book No. 4 in the High School Library has room for only ten more entries. Sometimes we wish we could have a hand in picking who should come next! We'd like to hold out the Guest Book to Paratrooper Orville Martin, now in Holland, or to the Kaminsky's, both in New Guinea.

We're proud and happy because several whom we've long wanted to see now stand recorded as recent visitors.

January 9. Eddie LeClair, QM 1/c, after 18 months on a PT boat in the South Pacific, largely New Guinea.

January 4. T/Sgt. Henry Rusboldt, who has completed 35 missions over Germany, with his first on D day.

December 22. George Shimulunas, 32nd Division, home for the first time since 1941, after months in Australia and New Guinea, with stories of the Buna campaign.

December 21. Thorval Gagnon, S 1/c, off a valiant ship that had figured in four big attacks, but that had been sunk near the Philippines, leaving Thorval to spend two days and two nights afloat in dangerous waters.

December 18. Sgt. Robert Loeser, who got a bigger thrill out of the Statue of Liberty than out of eight months in England.

December 11. Sgt. Kenneth Herman, home after 18 months of jungle living.

December 5. Delmar Otis, after 21 months in the Aleutians.

November 17. Bob Eucke, S 1/c, of the U. S. S. Indiana, with an overwhelming record of Pacific invasions.

October 23. Byron Watzka, MA, the U. S. S. Rasher, the fightingest sub of them all.

October 10. Myron Soucoup, home only one crowded week after three years on the U. S. S. Concord, from South America to the Aleutians and to Tokyo.

September 27. Sgt. Jack Anderberg, whose record of honor achievements preceded him.

September 20. Lt. Russell Goedjen, USNR, home from two years in New Caledonia.

September 14. S/Sgt. Hugo C. Kloeckner, the first of our gunners with oak leaf cluster and ribbons on his blouse, hiding under his jacket.

In between came smooth young lieutenants: Fritz Watson, Florian Peronto, Paul Kriehn, Marvin Zoerb, Jim Lynch, Frank Butrymowicz, and Jim Kanzelberger.

Plenty closecropped young sailors came fresh from Boot Training: Coenen, Lintereur, Walzak, Elmer Ford,

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THE SOJOURNER

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

Just pulled into the states for a few days for repairs so I thought this would be a very good opportunity for me to write to the staff. Well, I see the boys are right up there in getting rates. At the present time, I am waiting patiently for my rate to come through which will be gunner's mate third class. Life aboard ship is all right, but give me good old Two Rivers any day.

I would like to say "hello" to my cousin, Ray and Russ. Dick Weber, how about taking a trip to Augusta again? I would also like to send my regards to Smokey Smogoleski, Polak, Henfer, Dick Allie and all the other boys and girls in service. Hello, Mr. Schmeichel, how is the shop coming along?

John "Chick" Henrickson, S 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
New York, New York

Dear Staff,

Thought I'd let you know about my new address, so I wouldn't miss an issue. I'm ashore again and glad of it. I'm right in with dem Brooklyn bums now at Floyd Bennett Field on air sea rescue detail, and I like it a lot. My first plane ride was a thriller, but I'm pretty well used to it now. Hope to be home soon. Another gold brick just came in for his pill so I will have to secure this letter.

Norman J. Thomaschefskey, Ph. M 2/c,
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to thank you for another very welcome copy of your swell paper. I attended a Wisconsin reunion and met Ethel Rumpf. She's doing a grand job. Also talked with Ralph Benthein, and missed Danny Youra, although he was in the same building. I see by your paper that there are others here from home. Will endeavor to contact as many of them as is possible. Orchids to you, the staff, for the wonderful effort put into the world famous Sojourner.

Harold Loeser, SF 1/c,
(Oahu Hawaii)

Dear Staff,

The most recent issue of your paper has been received and the whole office here enjoyed it greatly. After I get a glance at it, it generally makes the rounds and very favorable comments are made regarding it's composition.

Some very pleasant news has reached me and I know for certain now that I will be able to leave here sometime in February. This will give me exactly twenty-four months in this same office at this station. After a total of twenty-nine months away from home it will be a pleasure to see good old Two Rivers again. One reason why I am interested in returning is to see for myself just what it is like back there in the U. S. A. now that we are right in the midst of this war. When I left there was no such thing as rationing and the like; however, I did see a few of the factories changing over to war production. Yes, a couple of months in the states will be most interesting and then I will be requesting another overseas assignment to some theater of operations other than the South Atlantic.

This has been a very nice visit down here and I have seen just about everything there is to see from the Amazon jungles to the capitol, Rio De Janeiro. It has been swell to watch this place grow into a complete little city. When I arrived, the base was but a few months old and there was terrific excitement just across the pond in Africa. Conditions have certainly changed as you can see, and in short order at that. Having followed this war very closely, I'd say that we have done well up to this point and the half way mark will not be reached until Germany is knocked out and well taken care of—if you know what I mean. So there should not be any let up by any one of us until we can safely say the war is over entirely.

Since it is a part of my work to keep tab of what goes on day by day on all war fronts, everyone I meet has to ask the question, "What's the news like today?" I had been tagged with the handle "Man-O-War". With the news that I'll be leaving here, the name has been changed to "Stateside."

As long as I have been at this station, I have never met anyone from the home town and from reading your little paper I guess the boys and girls are either in New York seeing the sights, or on some Pacific Island in a fox hole. There are a couple of men that I came down with who hail from Milwaukee, Chicago, Eau Claire, and Manitowoc.

Well, best of luck to the staff, and to all the Sojourner readers. To the people back home, I'll say, "See you subsequently."

S/Sgt. Warren Gauthier,
Brazil, South America

Dear Staff,

We're kept pretty busy down here working twenty-four hours a day in eight hour shifts and seven days a week. I'm in one of the best outfits in the army now, and hope to see some more overseas action soon. Here it is Christmas, the one day all kids were waiting for. It sure doesn't seem like Christmas down here, and that's no fooling. The weather seems more like the Fourth of July than Christmas day. I sure would like to be home with the folks today, but we can't all be home on furlough.

Cpl. Andrew Hack,
Fort Benning, Ga.

Dear Staff,

There's an old Navy proverb which states—"There is always someone who doesn't get the word"—but in my case the cart comes before the horse. I've been getting the much appreciated Sojourner word regularly but sorefully failed to pass any informative words on to you. I plead guilty as charged of being one of the seemingly unappreciative seamen who receives your great little edition but who fails to write and thank the staff. No more will I commit that unforgivable sin, for you will hear from me often from now on.

To bring you up to date here is what happened since I entered the Navy. Boot Camp in July '43 at Farragut, Idaho and attained the unbelievable rate of S 2/c earning \$54 each month with 15-day leave in October. Flushed with dough I began work in the leave office there till November; V-12 at State Teachers College in Valley City, N. D. for twelve months; reported to Fort Schuyler, Bronx, New York, for four months officer training of which I finished one month of indoctrination period and have been sworn in as a Midshipman. No more—no less.

No one from Two Rivers or vicinity has been stationed with me in V-12 or here. The closest I've found is Portage and he is in a different barracks. Again may I reiterate the thoughts of many fellows and gals in the service that to choose the proverbial "God's Country," we pick Wisconsin.

To the gang—"Peg" in California, "Tex" in Florida, "Al" in France, and "Buckskin" in Italy—I just want to say that Ye Olde Cottage is just waiting for us to return.

Midshipman Roy Fronk,
Bronx, New York

Dear Staff,

While not a native of Two Rivers, I expect to return there after the war. I'd like to say "hello" to all the lads who are in the services and wish them all a peaceful New Year. Perhaps we'll be able to get together next holiday season and drink a toast.

Good to see a picture of Oscar's place with "Abie" and the staff at the bar.

Cpl. E. L. Brown,
Midland, Texas

Dear Staff,

I used to be up at Michigan State College, but I have been changed since. I am now stationed at Camp Fannin, Texas. I'm now taking infantry basic training which will take seventeen weeks. After that I'll get a few weeks of paratrooper training.

So far, I think Texas is a fairly good state. The weather at this time of the year is like the weather is in Two Rivers in April or May.

Pvt. Harvey Glaser,
Camp Fannin, Texas

Dear Staff,

Received some copies of the Sojourner which have chased me out to the South Pacific and back. The September issue arrived today. Thanks a lot for thinking of me, and good luck to you and all the boys and girls in the service. Will be seeing you soon, as I am being taken out of the service.

Raymond Pilon, G. M. 2/c,
Portsmouth, Va.

Dear Staff,

The August issue of the Sojourner finally caught up with me yesterday. It was late because it was addressed to the 33rd Arm'd. Engineers. They are in an entirely different armored division, thus the delay.

We pushed our way through France and Belgium in rapid time after the St. Lo break-through. We've slowed down quite a bit since hitting Germany. Since hitting the continent, I've seen some of the fellows from home. I saw John Ahearn, Kenneth Mac Donald, Dick Herian, "Owl" Kohler, and Charles Klein. We had some great moments talking about Two Rivers. I never did get a chance to talk to Charles Klein though. I just saw him in church one Sunday, and by the time I got out after church, he was gone.

I see three others of '37 class wrote to you in the August issue. It was good to hear that Elsie E. is all right.

The last letter I had from Delmar Otis indicated that he expected to be home for Christmas. Surely hope he makes it.

We are all anxious to shake the traces of foreign soil from our shoes and plant them firmly on good old U. S. A. soil.

Cpl. Hilary R. Beth,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Sojourner Staff,

The heading on this sheet sort of spills the beans, so to speak. I have received your paper regularly, and it is always welcome. Enjoyed the local color pictures of Bucky's place, etc. in the latest issue I received. So far I have been from frost bite to suntan, if that means anything.

Was glad to see letters from Sgt. F. J. Migawa and Lt. C. Zarn. Hope "Mus" keeps that Jap pistol and holster and saves me a cartridge.

I would like to see Sgt. H. G. Deau in one of these forthcoming issues. He writes too darned often anyway. I ought to bust a bottle of beer over his head, but first one should drink the beer. I haven't a lot of news to tell or else I can't.

I suppose you are all out shovelling snow right now. I wish I were too—right in Two Rivers. I guess this is about all for now. When the urge comes over me, I'll write again. I realize a lengthy epistle like this one takes up a lot of space, but here's hoping it will break into print. Best regards, and best wishes.

Ed. Rau, A. B., U. S. M. M.
North Africa

Dear Staff,

I take my pen in hand to write a letter I have for some time been putting off. Writing a letter is about the easiest thing for me to put aside till tomorrow. I have been enjoying your paper now for twenty months. It really means a lot especially when so far from our cool city. I'm doing about the same work I did before entering the service. That is keeping the boys well through their stomachs. No cracks from any of my mates. I hope the rest of the fellows in the service enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner like we did aboard our ship. I think our cooks will make twenty-year men of the crew yet. That excludes me of course.

Hello to my buddies in the service.

Richard Pearce, S 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor,

I read your latest appeal for more letters from the boys and gals so you could keep your great paper going so I thought I'd put in my two cents worth.

You gals sure are doing a great job. Every issue is like an extra letter from home. I'd also like to take this opportunity to say "Hello" to all my friends wherever they may be. So long for now.

D. C. Wondrash, A.O.M. 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor,

After receiving several issues of the greatest little newspaper in the world and reading what the other boys have to say, I believe it's about time I put in my two cents.

I really enjoy reading the paper an awful lot and I especially enjoy the pictures of the places we knew back home. I don't care what they say about these other states, because I know there's only one God's country, and that's good old Wisconsin. I believe the other boys will agree with me on that point.

Well, duty calls me away for now, so until next time, so long to all the boys from good old Two Rivers.

Cpl. Milton Brice,
Hunter Field, Ga.

Dear Staff,

I started with fifteen weeks of boot training at Farragut, Idaho. After my boot leave, I was shipped to San Diego where I attended the Armed Guard School for four weeks. I was then shipped out here to Treasure Island to await my ship. I don't know how long I'll be here, but I don't figure on it being long.

The Armed Guard is one of the best organizations in the navy. I believe it serves as the gunners on our merchant vessels which deliver the goods to all our fighting men overseas. I would like to enclose all my best wishes and good luck to all my friends and buddies serving in the armed forces wherever they may be.

Mark Le Clair, S 2/c,
Treasure Island, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I felt quite ashamed when I saw the names of fellows who have written several times since I wrote. I received my September issue today and was really glad to get it. I was called away while I was reading it, and when I returned I found it missing. A search of the ship found another fellow reading it. They all seem to enjoy it. I had occasion to pass a copy on to "Thorval" Gagnon not so long ago. He hadn't been receiving it and was really engrossed in it in short order.

I suppose I was just one of the many Two Rivers fellows who had occasion to participate in the Philippine invasion. It was our "D" day out here, and meant pretty much to us as an indication of a quicker ending of the war.

I've still got five months to go for my eighteen to get back to Two Rivers. I check off each day as it comes. Oh, for some of those cool breezes and that good beer!!!

Chuck Savard, MMM 2/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Just received one of the September issues of the Sojourner. It took the paper a long time to get here, because I have been moving around from place to place. Right now I am overseas and attached to the First Marine Division. I haven't met up with anyone from Two Rivers, but I have met many boys from Wisconsin. I am attached to a machine gun and training to be a gunner. I don't think I will be doing much training this month, because I have caught mess duty. Well, so long for now and I want to say "hello" to Miss Sweetman, because I wish I was back in her history class.

Pvt. Robert L. Koch,
Somewhere in the South Pacific

Dear Staff,

My outfit was one of the first to land in Normandy on D-Day to help crack the west wall. We had a pretty tough go of it there. After a little over a month of fighting, we were pulled out and taken back to England to reorganize and get set for another landing. It turned out to be Holland. We landed here on Sept. 17, and have been plugging ever since. Holland, I think, is a very pretty country, and the people treat us swell. We don't have too much trouble understanding the people. In fact, a lot of the Dutch people speak pretty good English.

Well, what I really wanted to say is that I received your paper regularly in England and a copy found me in France and now in Holland. It really is good to be able to hear from the boys all over the globe through your paper.

"Hello" cousins and pals. Keep the letters coming, and I'll do my best. How about it Joe N.? I hear you're in England. Maybe some day we can get together.

Pvt. Arnold H. Jacquart,
Somewhere in Holland

Dear Staff,

It was through your October issue that I got in touch with Arnold Jacquart and several other Two Rivers boys whom I worked with and took my basic training with in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and finally overseas.

I was over there for one year and during that time I met several of the "cool city" fellows, and all we talked about was how it would feel once again to be down the beaches of good old Lake Michigan on those nice cool nights enjoying ourselves by the warm fire talking to our loved ones, eating and drinking good old Kingsbury beer. Hmmn doesn't that make you fellows and gals thirsty? I know it makes me thirsty!

The tenth of this November month marked me five months in the hospital so far. I am conquering my fears about returning to civilian life. I look around at my home in Two Rivers and I know the fighting overseas was all worth while. There'll be hundreds of thousands of service men who will go through the same tough struggle like me and all they ask is a break. If you give them a chance at a job and your friendship, they'll be able to fight through to health to find themselves at last happy with work, security, families and homes of their own—free citizens in the country they fought to keep free. God Bless you all.

Harvey Gauthier,
Wood, Wisconsin

Dear Friends,

Before it's too late, I thought I'd write a few lines to let the gang know I'm over here now. England is a real nice country. Expect soon to go to London. One place I sure did want to see. Food over here is very good, and the weather is nice. How is the weather back home? Hope it isn't too cold. I hope I can receive the paper over here as well as I did in the States. Well, this is about all for now. Hoping to hear from the gang again soon.

Elmer S. Ruelle,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

Thanks a million for sending your very nice paper to me. Although I am not acquainted with most of the fellows who send you letters, it's nice to read of them. Hope I can meet some of them in the not too distant future.

I expect to be here for a few months if all goes well. I want to wish you all a very Happy New Year.

Don Ostby, F 1/c,
New London, Conn.

Dear Staff,

I feel ashamed of myself for not writing sooner. It is always a pleasure to get your paper and learn what my buddies are doing and where they are. For some time Bill Weix was stationed here and we got together quite often and talked over the good old days back home.

I would like to say "hello" to all my buddies wherever you are and as for you, Roland Dampier, best regards and hoping to hear from you soon.

Cpl. Merlin Riha,
Dover, Del.

Dear Staff,

To begin with I haven't received the Sojourner for quite some time and miss it extremely. This is due, however, to my recent transfer to this LCI (G) (Poor Man's Destroyer). They have proved to be plenty tough little customers as the enemy is finding out. It can now be stated that we made the initial landing on Leyte Beach; our job was mainly to lead and support first forces with all our available fire power and we did so. If you should like a general idea of our task as fire support, I refer you to the November 13th issue of Life Magazine. Our LCI (G) is pictured during the main rocket and fire assault on Leyte. Shortly after this picture was taken we suffered a direct hit by an enemy shore battery. After our job was completed we returned to a friendly port. In a short time we found ourselves again on the war path. This was this ship's second assault on enemy terrain. Again it was our show.

I heard that Ally Gates was home on leave. He sure rates a leave and I was very glad to hear that he was home. We had accidentally met each other on some street in New Caledonia where we conversed over Two Rivers, and could only think of being there. How about your new address, Ally? I would like to correspond with you again.

Time is growing short and I must sign off, but first to all, I wish a Happy New Year.

Edgar Gloe, SM 2/c,
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor,

Just a few words to let you know where I am. I'm afraid I owe you my humble apology for not informing you of my change of address. Better late than never—that's me. At present, I am somewhere in "Sunny France" or at least that's what tourist posters may call it. The bitter truth is that it is mud, snow, rain and cold from top to bottom. The weather is far tougher than Jerry is, but that won't stop the good old American doughboy. We'll lick both of them.

Five days ago I had a very unpleasant experience with one of Jerry's world famous 88's. As a result of the experience, I am now in an evacuation hospital with a handsome white bandage on my head. However, the doc said I would be back to the front in a short time, so I should be able to even that score with Jerry very shortly.

Now to tell you a little about France itself and it's people. All through the parts of France in which I have been there is obvious evidence of the once gay and bright life for which France is famous. This is especially true in and near the historic and beautiful part of Marseille. This gaiety and luxury has now given way to a poverty which is far greater than our depression of the 30's. The bright lights of luxurious night spots are now out and the windows boarded up. The historic statues and famous birthplaces are now a mass of brick and mangled concrete. Even the gay and happy disposition of the French people has faded, and the deep wrinkles of hardship and poverty have become prevalent. The younger children are thin and dissipated from malnutrition, and the faces and hands of the aged show distinct signs of hardships. There is always a cheerful smile from young and old for the American liberator. The carefree attitude of the French people has been stunned, but it has not and never shall be destroyed. Evidence of reconstruction under American supervision can already be seen, and soon the old France shall return once again. It may show marks of partial destruction as a result of war, but the spirit of old France can never die. Soon its lights shall be burning again and it's doors open to the world. Not a world torn by war and blood shed, but a world of happy faces to which has been restored the smiles and cheer which only peace can accomplish.

I do hope my rambling wasn't too boring to you. "If it were so, it was a grievous fault—and grievously hath Caesar paid for it."

Pfc. Edward Luebke,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I enjoyed all the pictures of the taverns. I bet all the boys did. I sure enjoy your paper more every time I receive it. When I read the letters from all the boys, it seems they're writing directly to me. It kind of keeps us all closer together. I'm still in Florida. I'm now an inspector of the B-17 here. Say "hello" to all the boys for me.

Pfc. Robert Lahey,
Sebring, Fla.

Dear Staff,

Many thanks for the dandy little paper. Keep up the good work.

S/Sgt. K. C. Mac Donald,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I'm not much of a writer so excuse these few sentences. I really enjoy your swell paper. I don't know many of the boys and girls that write to the staff, but their letters are always appreciated. We're all looking forward to the day when we can come back home and begin where we left off. Raining again, has been for the past ten weeks. I still take the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin." Here's wishing the boys and girls in the service a Happy New Year.

Cpl. Ralph Bertler,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

If it hadn't been for Howard Taddy who is in this base with me, I wouldn't have seen the latest copy of the Sojourner. Guess what? After five years in the Navy I finally am with some of the fellows from good old Two Rivers. They are Howard Taddy, Claude Prudome and Milton Mott. We are going to school together here at Oceanside. After school is over we will all be split up, but it really is nice being with some one from home talking over all the good times we used to have. I met Claude Prudome while I was home on leave in October and never expected to see him again. One day in November he spotted me in the chow line. He told me about the other fellows being here and ever since we have been together.

While I was home, I heard that Thelma Tomcheck was stationed around San Diego, but I was unable to get her address. Well, I will have to close now as lights are going out in five minutes.

Robert P. Weber, SF 2/c,
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Well, the time has come when you can change my address. It's the first change I had since I've been in the Navy. I left dear old Corpus Christi the first of November. I'm in the north once again and hope I never see the far south.

My job here is about the same as I had down south. I am a shore patrol here in Astoria. I always did like that kind of duty. The majority of fellows hate to see an S. P., but I seem to make more friends on duty than I ever do off.

I had an extra short visit home before I came out here. I was to ship out of the States as soon as I arrived. Guess the Navy changed it's mind when they saw me. I did not get to see any of the staff while I was home the way I wanted. I did see Mr. Schmeichel though. You can tell him I gave the girl the ring the day after we saw him. He may have known it by now.

This town of Astoria is sure a pretty place. Most of it is built on a side hill. When one is on top of the highest point, you can overlook the entire city. I get to see a lot of it. I patrol the residential section for two hours every night. It's not much fun after a time walking up and down the hills. It does not snow here and the people can thank God it doesn't. The hills are quite steep. Just in one block the elevation is close to fifty feet. You can judge from that what it's like. It sure is a great change from Texas.

If things are for the best, I'll see all of the staff in late January. I'll get my leave then, if I don't ship out.

Claude A. Mac Donald, Cox., Astoria, Oregon

Dear Staff,

Your August issue of the Sojourner, which I received yesterday, is no doubt one of the many that really goes on a journey before being finally delivered to one of the boys from Two Rivers. This one first went to my former New York Fleet Post Office address over in the European Theater, where it was unable to find me in the task force, then back to three or four places in the states. Finally, it ended it's sojourn out here on the West Coast. Well done, great little paper, well done!

This summer it was my good fortune to be sent back to the states after participating in the Normandy invasion. Went in during the darkness before the dawn of D-day. This was a French warship with a French crew, and not one of us Americans who went aboard for the operations could speak a word of French. That didn't interfere with our doing our special job, but just the same it was some picnic. There's the time I went down in the galley to get some hot water for washing my face, but got my bucket half-full of soup instead. We were served red wine with our dinner, and when the wine ran out we had rum. Nope, no Bobbie Ale!

Well, here I am on Treasure Island, enjoying a breather before starting another adventure. Fond greetings to all, especially you members of Washington High's Class of '33. Recently, I spent a fine weekend with Lefty Reinhardt, a '33 man. He and Remus Doncheck are the only classmates in uniform I've run across. Guess we're pretty well scattered by this time.

Hubert R. Hess, RT 1/c,
Treasure Island, Calif.

To a swell staff,

I'm on the U. S. S. Effingham and a swell ship it is. I'm a radar striker now and after six months of sea duty I hope to be at least a third class. I really haven't much time to say what I want to, because in fifteen minutes the turkey will be on the mess table, and I don't want to miss it. Until next time, keep the good old paper coming.

Leonard J. Witczak, S. 2/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sojourner Staff,

I was home on leave from Sept. 13 to Oct. 1, and I guess things still look the same. There's still plenty of beer left around that good old place.

While I was in New York, before I got on this new ship, I looked up Bob Timm. I had liberty one of the same nights he did so we went out together. We had a pretty nice time. He's a pretty swell guy. I wish I could go out with him some more. Then a week later, I ran into "Chick" Henrickson, who's in that Hooligan Navy, the Coast Guard. He's doing a fine job on a destroyer escort, so we can't call the coast guard "land lovers." I suppose I could have some arguments on that with some of those girls I used to work with at Schwartz, but I'm only kidding as we are all in to win the war.

It will only be a few more days before we see land, and then after a while I hope we head back to the U. S. A.

I would sure like to meet up with some of the boys who have been overseas for a while and tell them how the old town is coming.

Clarence J. Jerabek, S 1/c,
c/o Fleet P. O., New York

Dear Staff,

It sure is swell to hear about the sweetest spot on earth from others who know. I've been pretty lucky in meeting former friends from the "coolest spot." I met James Londo in Africa, and I met Robert Prue, who is in the same division, a few months after we made the Salerno landing. Homer Zarn looked me up my first night at Anzio, and John Grade managed to get to see me the day before we left Italy for Southern France. How about a line from a few of you over here? I guarantee an answer.

France is a very beautiful country when the sun shines. Right now we have nothing but mud and more mud. The weather hasn't been too bad, as yet, but it may get pretty cool before long. I'm sure going to miss all those skiing, skating, and sleigh-ride parties when the snow starts flying.

Guess that's enough stale breeze for now. Good luck to all of you around the globe.

Pfc. Gordon Waskow,
(Somewhere in France)

Dear Staff,

Well, our job is completed. We did it to the best of our ability and are going in for more. Yes, by that I mean making doughboys out of ack, ack boys. To me it's a very interesting and exciting task. Yes, fellows, the flying "400" is off. I can't tell you much about it for it's all new to me. All I can say is that the old training is on again. It's not liked by fellows who once had it. While in the service, there's nothing that's known too well by anyone.

It's the same grind over and over. At the present we're training here in Corsica. To me Corsica is out of the world and Napoleon's rock island. Practically every face movement I make, a rock stares me in the eyes. It would be a pleasure if the "Frogs" (French, I mean) would run us G. I.'s off this island.

Your paper sure made a hit with the squad. The fellows enjoy your grand paper as much as I do. On every mail call, they ask if the paper came in. From the expression on my face, they know if it did or didn't. From the picture in the August issue, I gather the picnic was sure a dead one. To me it recalled old memories of the past.

To the ones in service, I'm sure the situation is well in hand. Keep up the good work and good hunting, combat boys. No limit, so bag them all.

Pfc. Bob Schultz,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

Talking about the November issue, I was glad to see Mark Lyons' new address in that issue. As he said, we had a talk at Norfolk about three months ago, and since then I lost all track of him until I received the November issue.

I haven't anything of importance to write about as to what I've been doing lately. I just want to write and thank you for sending the November issue and hope you continue to send all other issues. I want to wish my classmates spread all over the world, and also all the other fellows from Two Rivers, especially Harlan Scheer, my life-long pal, lots of luck.

Albert Hanson, S 2/c,
New York, N. Y.

Ahoy Staff,

Just secured for the day, but it's a little early to lock up. Saturday isn't very busy in the department I guess. I am so wrapped up in this course I wouldn't ever mind working overtime. It is very interesting and offers such advantages. I have already completed one month of instruction, and it doesn't seem possible that there are but two months left. I wonder if I'll stay here or be transferred in January. Think maybe I prefer a transfer. Except for two nights, the first week I was here I haven't been to town. I find so much to do here in the yard that I haven't much desire to go to Charleston. I know from things I've heard that the shopping facilities in Two Rivers surpass that of Charleston.

Don't know how much you all know about the work I am doing. It deals with the treatment of disease by physical agents such as heat, light, cold, water and mechanical devices and massage. There are a lot of strange looking machines, but they work wonders. They stimulate nerves and muscles that have become inactive due to the horrors of war. Several of the patients have facial paralysis and the treatment is amazing. There is absolutely no reason for anyone to have a game leg with the development of Physio Therapy. I think it is wonderful.

Can you imagine how Two Rivers' glory will be known all over the world what with so many local boys in every corner of the earth? Whenever anyone asks where I am from and I tell them Two Rivers, they look sorta puzzled at first but I always add, "The coolest spot in Wisconsin, where the average summer temperature for July and August is 71 degrees." I think, in time to come, the party doing the questioning is going to say that as soon as Two Rivers is mentioned. I certainly have been doing my share of boasting.

Would like to meet some of the kids from home. I did meet a cadet here I knew at Olathe. That is the only person I have ever met that I knew before. One of these weekends we are going to Savannah, Ga., and I think maybe Murphy knows someone there. Some of the Two Rivers kids were there at one time, weren't they?

I certainly prefer the south at this time of the year but give me Two Rivers come summer. It is hard to realize this is November. No winter coat for me this year. You know, I didn't notice till the other day how almost secluded we are here. Trees of all kinds around us and the hospital isn't visible from the road at all. I like it though as it is so much like that state of milk and beer.

The football reminiscence in the October issue was 4-0. How about another down the same line?

Charlotte Jaeckel Johnson, Ph M 2/c,
Navy Yard, South Carolina

Dear Editor,

It must give you some headache to try to keep up with some fellows' addresses. This is a lot worse place than the last one we were in. Everything is so wild and that includes the screeching sound of the birds. It would make good sound effects for a murder picture. There are a lot of good lumber trees here. Here's hoping your paper catches up to me before we scam. Best of luck to your paper and to all men reading it.

Pvt. Anton Shesta,
(Somewhere in New Guinea)

(Continued from Page One, Col. One)

the impressive blowing of taps, and finally the singing of "God Bless America."

During the second half Claude Elliott races away with the high school's hard-won lead, and from then on it's anyone's ball game. The final score, however, gives the Alumni 28 and the High School 27.

Look, they're hauling Kenny Wondrash from the shower room to accept the Schneider Trophy. Doesn't he look embarrassed?

Hey, but wait, you aren't supposed to leave yet—don't you want to stay for the dance? There'll be music by Bill Dufano and his orchestra, a reunion of the class of 1919, election of officers, and lots of pretty girls to dance with. How about it? . . . You will? . . . Swell!!

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . .

The mild, warm weather we had in November brought on an epidemic of chicken pox in December This season, out of every 12 hunters, there was only one deer brought back . . . Our Purple Raiders open the season defeating Oconto 32-24—looks like your Alma Mater is carrying on its age-old standard of being a top team in the conference . . . Nazi parachute sent to a local woman by her husband is unfurled by 6th graders in High School bowl . . . 10 more from city leave for service—yes, they're still finding a few fellows here . . . Hamilton's receives "E" award for the third time . . . "Tubby" Schultz leaves city for newspaper job in Plymouth, Indiana . . . heavy snowfall brings plea to keep sidewalks shoveled . . . local pranksters build snowman in middle of street . . . police seek culprits who insist on removing bridge plates and tossing them in river—tsk! tsk! . . . High School library trims Christmas tree with pictures of servicemen—nice idea, what? . . .

Manitowoc stores ransacked by burglars looking for cigarettes . . . Raiders defeat traditional Cherryland foes 26-22 . . . Masquers present "Junior Miss" at high school auditorium . . . 53 windows at Eggers and Hamilton's broken by vandals . . . Isn't it terrific? There seems to be a veritable "crime wave" in Two Rivers . . . Christmas mail is extra heavy and trains arrive many hours late (at Manitowoc!) . . . All-nite ban on parking becomes effective . . . the snow is piling up and it looks as if we might have a "White Christmas" after all . . . The late Dr. L. Kahlenberg to be honored with memorial at University of Wisconsin . . . Christmas gatherings and parties highlight social events in T. R.

Missing radio pole found being used as mast on ice boat—could be the shortage of lumber aroun' these hyar parts! . . . Council grants a license to Richard Perlman to open liquor store in Empire building . . . Manitowoc Yards given new ferry job . . . Sub Menhaden launched at noon, Dec. 20 . . . New depot at Manitowoc to open January 7—hope you get to see it soon!

Thermometer drops to zero for the holidays . . . Christmas arrives, and as Kay Kyser would say, we were all "thinking of you." . . . not a couple of self-centered fellows, tho, cuz they broke into six local business places Christmas Eve.

Ice harvest on West Twin River begins and a quiet, cold New Year's Eve is spent in Two Rivers. Here's hoping you'll all be here to see 1946 come in—Happy New Year to each and every one!

(Continued from Page One, Col. Two)

Dick Blaha, Jack Schaefer, Paulus, Hickey, Durocher, Claude Prudome, Mark LeClair, Dave LeClair, Allan Anderson, MacMeekin, and Martin Hickey.

The Marines do all right with visits from Joe Virgili, Otto Peterson, and Sgt. Leonard Zelinski.

In come sailors straight from sea duty, a credit to the Navy Blue: Jerabek, Dave Anderson, Richard Gleicher, Ira Ariens, and Kenny Jacoboski.

Two Rivers seems to do its share by the Air Corps: Daetz, Althen, Duane Mueller, Glenn Garvey, Harvey Glaser, Al Stever, Milton Brice, Sgt. Howard Halstrom, and T/Sgt. Dave Dixon.

Sometimes a fellow comes especially accompanied, like Sgt. Wilton Virnoche, with his charming young English wife, who was so very much delighted with the way Wisconsin shops were loaded with food and clothing. Sometimes he comes in with his special girlfriend, as did Claude McDonald, with pretty Rita.

We like to see you come in to visit, and, with you, we are looking forward to the day when you come home permanently.

ENGAGEMENTS

Clarice Des Jarlais and Tech. Thomas H. O'Connor, Tipler, Wisconsin.

Doris Mae Stipek and Staff Sergt. James Grumann.

Doris Heide and Staff Sergt. Ervin Smogoleski.

Lorraine Eis and A/C Leo Jerabek, Tisch Mills.

First Lieut. Alice O. Franzmeier and First Lieut. James W. Cronn, Long Island, N. Y.

Fay Ann Kreisa and Pvt. Leonard Mraz.

Ruth Ann Carroll and William E. Schroeder, Two Creeks.

Katherine Beitzel and Russell Shambeau.

Evelyn Kirch, Manitowoc, and Leroy Schultz.

MARRIAGES

Myrtle Wilsman and Sergt. Norbert Krey, Nov. 27.

Alvina Perry and Lesley G. Lutz, U.S.N., Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 28.

Irene Bartles, Coleman and Sergt. Rene Durocher, December 18.

Violet Kasten and Arthur Jorsch, U.S.C.G., Sheboygan, December 23.

Darlyn Lorge and Fred A. Schnorr, December 30.

Orris Iola Eberhardt and Paul G. Evans, U.S.N., Derry Village, N. H., December 27.

INDUCTIONS

ARMY—Merlin C. Jacquart, Douglas T. Hallada, Claude B. Ford, Raymond L. Sousek, Floyd W. Gilbert, Joseph P. Schmitt and Anton E. Michalek.

NAVY—Daniel P. Brault, Wesley M. Kuether and Walter D. Warden.

First Sailor: "I hear that the admirals are going to stop necking."

Second Sailor: "Yeah, and the first thing you know, they'll want us to stop too."

Banana River Peelings

Thank goodness we are still living in a country where a man can do what his first sergeant tells him to.
Pocatello Fighter Pilot