



## The sojourner. Volume III, Number 5 May 1944

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

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# The Sojourner

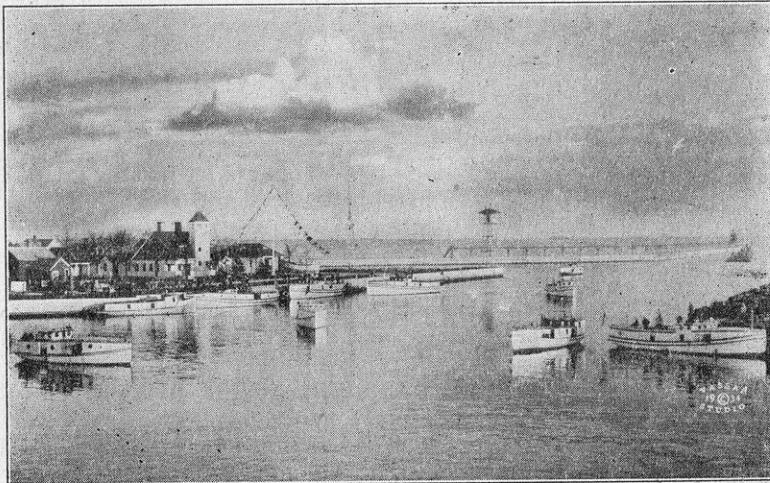
Dedicated to our Native Sons and Daughters Serving in the  
Armed Forces of our Country



Volume III

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, MAY 1944

Number 5



Remember when the Manitowoc kids  
Called good old T. R., carp town?  
They sure were spreading awful fibs,  
It's other fish that gave us renown.

There's perch and pike and pickerel,  
too,

And best of all there's trout,  
Our fish tugs chug through waters  
blue

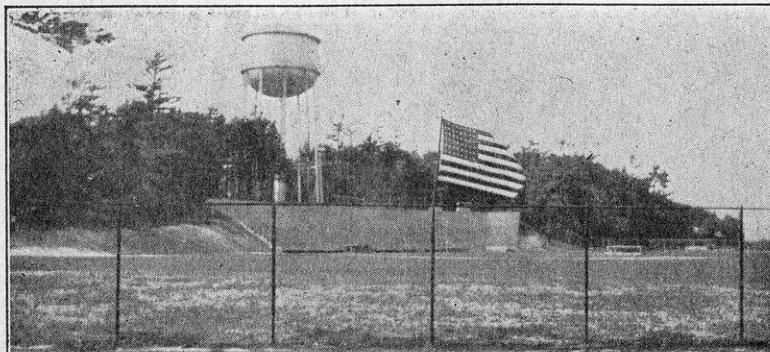
Lifting fish along their route.

Looking at this lovely scene  
May bring T. R. to you.  
Maybe it was last night's dream—  
Hope it soon comes true.

Now we'll reminisce  
On thoughts of recreation;  
Some brought bliss  
Others brought deflation

Waltzing 'round the dance floor,  
Bowling in the basement,  
Frequent trips next door  
To Kurtz's for refreshment.

Community House means fun  
For young and old alike;  
Day time for the young 'uns,  
Night for Ike and Mike.



As we travel through our town,  
Walsh Field's the place we end at,  
Where many a snow queen got her  
crown

While thousands on their blankets sat.  
On Sundays all the baseball fans

Rush out to get a seat,  
And umpires are considered hams

If we should meet defeat.  
We tried to picture T. R.  
For all you guys and gals,  
We'll try to keep you up to par  
On places and old pals.

## THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—  
The Civic Understudies

School of Vocational and Adult Education

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### BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

On February 5th, I was ordered to Curtis Bay, Maryland for a short course in gunnery instruction, and upon returning to my base I was delighted to find the faithful Sojourner. Now that I am waiting my orders to sail, I will probably be longer in getting my paper, but I can always count on the Sojourner to come thru.

As I am rushed for time, I would like to say "hello" to the folks at home and "good luck" to all the boys in service.

John G. Henrickson, S 1/c (Chicken),  
Jersey City, N. J.

P. S. Here's a little verse that I gathered up while traveling around and thought probably you would like to put in the paper.

#### "A ROOKIE'S PRAYER"

"Now I lay me down to sleep  
Pray the Lord my gear to keep.  
Grant no other sailor'll take  
Sox or shoes before I wake.  
And please grant me in my slumber  
To keep this hammock on its number.  
May no screw or lashing break  
And let me down before I wake.  
God protect me in my dreams,  
And make this better than it seems.  
Grant the time may swiftly fly,  
When myself shall rest on high.  
Keep me safely in thy sight,  
And grant no fire drills to-night.  
And in the morning let me wake,  
Breathing scents of sirloin steak.  
In a snowy feathered bed,  
Where I long to rest my head,  
Far from all these scenes,  
From the smell of half-baked beans.  
Take me back into the land,  
Where they don't scrub down the sand,  
Where no demon typhoon blows,  
Where the women wash the clothes  
God thou knowest all my woes,  
Feed me in my dying throes,  
Take me back, I'll promise then,  
Never to leave home again. Amen."

Dear Girls,

Hello again, as we from the south would say, "How are you all?" I'm still doing fine. As for Florida, it's pretty nice with its palm trees and all, but you know there's a better place still. Yes, that's right. Two Rivers is still on the top of my list. I'm near a little town named Sebring, very pretty town too—about 5,000 population. The people are pretty friendly. I'm getting a three-day pass soon; then I'm off for Miami. I'm going to see if it's all that people say it is. May as well see everything now, for once I come home to stay I'll stick plenty close to home.

Pfc. Robert Lahey,  
Hendricks Field, Florida

Hello again,

Since I wrote last, things are all turning for the better. I've been told my furlough will go into effect before July. After waiting better than two years for one, you can be sure I'm a wee bit excited. I've already been overseas twenty-five long months so I can be rotated at anytime. But, seriously, I've been disappointed with furloughs being cancelled before, so I'm just sweating this one out.

Your article "From Around the World" in the February issue was very good. I'm wondering if there is any front in this man's war where Two Rivers' sons have never tread. If the majority of the fellows won't be too modest to talk, there will be plenty of interesting stories after this mess is over. Let's hope and pray—that's soon.

The best of luck to you, and everyone wherever they may be.

Cpl. Harold Olson,  
c/o P. M., Seattle, Wash.

Dear Staff,

I'm sorry to hear that if the boys don't keep on writing to you that you will have to quit printing the paper. I sure do hope that the boys will keep writing to you.

Since I wrote to you last, the weather has been rather damp, but it hasn't been quite so cold out.

I see in your paper that the boys and girls are still getting married. Before we know it, there won't be any girls left for us boys to come to when this is all over. (Ed. Note: No danger of that).

Pvt. Lavern Ploeckelmann,  
c/o P. M., New York

Dear Staff,

Well, staff, I haven't much to say for now, because we are getting set for one big thing. When it is all over, we will all come back to good old Two Rivers. I sure do miss it a lot. Well, I can't say I don't like England, because the people are sure nice to us American boys over here. They sure can take it and I mean every word of it. I know because we are with them all the time, and when we go they will be with us all the way.

I hope that some of my boy friends join the paratroops, because it is a good thing to be in. I know because I have some time in it, and I like it a lot. Will say "cheerio" like the British people say. The best of luck to all.

Pfc. Ambrose Allie,  
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

If spare time were money, I would be exceedingly poor, for we surely have very little of it. Two days ago, I received your February issue and began to think I had missed one, but today it showed up and it was January's issue.

So many of the fellows addresses read "somewhere in England," and since this island is so small I am always expecting to run across someone from Two Rivers.

Now, that I have gotten this far with my letter I have run out of news (the kind that the censor will pass). I am hoping to be able to get hold of some film and have a picture record of happenings over here when I get back over there.

These Limeys go in big for tradition and also for doing things in certain ways simply because their fathers have done it that way. Give me the States where there is **progress**.

Sgt. Hilary Wachtel,  
Somewhere in England

Dear Civies,

Here again you have your long overdue letter. Just blame this on the fact that writing a letter is a lengthy ordeal for me and also that I'm still kept quite busy. From the letters, the fellows certainly seem to be spreading out, all of which makes us realize that this is an awfully big war.

I have now been at this field for over a year doing the same work. It is still very interesting—this operations game—as something new is always being added or changes are being made to break the monotony. In any event, I can say that there is a lot of "stuff" going over there that should help the cause considerably.

Generally speaking, we have the usual army setup, I guess. This evening I am sitting on my footlocker dashing this out to you. Right across from me the nightly card session is going on. Off to the right we have about four fellows "batting the breeze" (women, as usual, are the main topic of discussion). A couple of fellows are hanging up washing and about half a dozen are writing letters. All of this to the tune of about four radios, each blaring out a different program.

Life in camp continues on the same level. Food is good, laundry service very bad, inspections getting rougher all the time and everybody griping as usual. We have a few other GI expressions that cover this latter idea. Maybe we're in a rut, but rumors have it that many changes are to be made around here, including many changes of addresses.

S/Sgt. Paul F. Neveau, Romulus, Michigan

Dear Staff,

I have about fifteen minutes to write this in. Right now I'm in primary school flying P. T. 19's. I've been here quite a while. The field here is a civilian air school contracted to the A. A. F. for the training cadets.

The discipline here is plenty tough. There's sand and snow blowing around all the time. I am about thirty miles from Oklahoma City.

Will have to sign off, but I want to say that if any of "de mob" reads this—they should write.

A/C Jim Lynch, El Reno, Okla.

Dear Staff,

I'd appreciate it very much if you would send me your service paper. I understand a lot of the fellows have met other Two Rivers fellows through your paper.

There's nothing like meeting a fellow from the old home town, even if you don't know him very well.

Paul Rezacheck, S 1/c,  
c/o Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

Life, under present conditions, isn't too good. We are getting fresh meat twice a week, which is more than we had all during our last campaign. I hope this one will not be as bad as the last one. In these jungles one never knows just what he is up against. We'll see it to the finish. We've got to, a lot depends on us. We know what we are fighting for, and we are glad to do our bit.

Now, a few words in regard to a letter from Cpl. Olson in your December issue. Our hats are off to you, Cpl. Olson. I'm sure all the fellows overseas feel the same about the U. S. O. Commandos. I do, for one, and I know there are many more fellows who feel the same as I do. What do you say, fellows, do you agree with Cpl. Olson or not? Let's hear what you have to say about it.

The talk here day after day is about going home. I can't blame the fellows one bit. I'm looking forward to being home some time in late spring or later. I've been overseas now two years, and I am on the list to be going home soon.

Before I close, I'd like to say "hello" to all my buddies and friends in the service. Good luck to you all.

Cpl. Isaac J. Duprey,  
Somewhere in New Guinea

P. S. Please excuse my writing paper, there are no 5 and 10 cent stores around here.

Dear Staff,

As I read the letters addressed to "The Staff" (Sept. issue) I happened on one which echoed a rather familiar note and no small wonder—I wrote it last July. Well, this message should be as apologetic as my last, but I'll not tell a soul how sorry I am for having neglected to keep you informed on my whereabouts, as were my intentions.

Instead of bowing and scraping all over the place and begging your pardon, I'll just say that missing an issue of your paper is ample punishment for anyone who fails to give you an idea of where you might reach him. Need I say that I missed many copies?

Since leaving the States (the old country), I've been stationed in Africa and now Italy. Of course, censorship limits a full description of my travels, but I can say that I've been in Casablanca, Algiers, Tunis and various cities in Italy, the names of which must be withheld. Then too, I've been over France, North Italy, Austria, Germany, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. These trips, by the way, weren't sightseeing tours.

Hello "Pete" Petroske, "Tonto" Czehanski, Stan Stanul, "Happy Wolfe and all the rest of the old gang wherever you may be.

Lt. Cel J. Antonie, Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

I haven't had the good fortune, as some have had, to be stationed with or near anyone from the "cool city". I have made many swell new friends in the service, but assignments seem to break our compionship.

This field of B-29's sure will pack a terrific wallop at the foe. A few words from some of my old friends would be a welcome sight.

Pvt. Bill Terry, Victoria, Kansas

Dear Friends,

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the "Sojourner" which I have been receiving regularly. It is a fine project. I wish every community made such a gallant effort to keep in touch with its servicemen. I can vouch for the fact that the boys really wait for it and "sweat it out" with intense interest. It brings back fond memories of the happy months I spent at Two Rivers when I was assistant to Dean Claude V. Hugo at St. Luke's. Many of the fellows who write to the Sojourner used to go to school and church at St. Luke's. I know the training they received there will help them tremendously for the battles they are waging now in a G. I. uniform.

Many of the names too bring back fond memories of the athletic days at Two Rivers. The sports interests that Two Rivers fostered so enviably through the years will bolster their morale plenty where they are now. Two Rivers has always a "cool" spot in my heart.

Yours in the Service of God and Country,

Chaplain Alfred Hietpas,  
c/o P. M. New Orleans, La.

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Dear Staff,

I am now on overseas duty on the island of Bermuda. It's the island of scenery and romance. The only thing that's missing are the women. Mostly Portuguese girls are seen and they aren't like the American girls. The rest of the people are colored. There aren't any cars used by civilians, only bicycles, and of course we recall the good old horse and buggy days. It makes a fellow feel 59 years old instead of 19.

Well, we all like to hear the latest news from home (good old Two Rivers!). We like to hear from our buddies that are also overseas and away from home. Sometimes we meet them accidentally like I met "Cat" Antonie at Camp Peary in Virginia. He was the same fellow I knew back home but he put on an awful lot of weight. Well, I'll be waiting for another copy of the paper.

Mark Koch, S 2/c,  
Somewhere in Bermuda

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Dear Staff,

In the last six months we have been doing a lot of moving around. We eventually wound up in Pacific Area. There is quite a bit of information I would like to say concerning us, but it wouldn't pass the censors. By that I mean what we are doing out here. It seems the newspaper can say what we are doing but we can't mention anything.

Roger Zuehl, M/Sgt.,  
c/o P. M. San Francisco

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Dear Editor:

Since my last visit home a few months ago, I have been doing a bit of traveling and had a boat ride like a lot of other fellows are waiting for. The ride that I had took me to the Hawaiian Islands, which is where I am now.

So far I've been stationed on two Islands, the first one was the Island of Oahu. While I was there I got to see quite a lot of places like Honolulu, Waikiki Beach, Pearl Harbor, Hickam Field and lots of others, all of them worth seeing, too. At the present time I'm on the island of Hawaii. It's a bit different here; there isn't much of anything to see outside of a little jungle

and a couple of old volcano craters.

The weather around here can't be beat. You don't have to worry about freezing during the winter months like back home, but I'd still take the good old States any time

Sgt. Edward Levy c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

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Dear Staff,

I have only been in this camp for three weeks now, but I like it a lot better than I did Camp Hood. It rains a lot up here and the nights are cold, but it's a lot better than the boys have it overseas. I don't mind it a bit, although there's no state like Wisconsin, or city like Two Rivers. Best of luck to all and keep the Sojourner coming.

Pvt. Carl Sobiech,  
Fort Lewis, Washington

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Dear Staff,

Yes, mam! I'm still receiving the best little paper ever put out. As Orville Messmann would say, "everybody's friend." After every body in my dugout had read my pride and joy, I decided to drop you gals a few lines.

Well, I've been on the beachhead here for sometime now, sweating it out more every day. "Adolph's Children" flying those M.E.'s and F.W.'s aren't doing so well. We're putting them on the scrap pile over here. That's just part of our job in getting this mess over and getting back to good old Two Rivers.

To Messmann, Londo, Waskow and all others in Italy, how about looking me up over here, just look for the 451 A. A. A. Dog Battery. We'll have a jabber session about the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin."

Sgt. Homer Zarn,  
Anzio Beachhead

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Dear Staff,

It's black out here every night as usual, and sometimes it's so dark you can't see where you're going. I have written to several of the fellows here that I knew back home and I sure hope I come in contact with some of them soon. Well, seeing I must close now, in closing may I say again, "Not so long, but good bye until next time."

Pvt. Harvey Gauthier, c/o P. M., New York

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Dear Staff,

Your paper continues to reach me. It takes a little longer now than in the many regular months of the past, but distance makes news of old friends and acquaintances even fonder.

To those of you who have stood by the work and toil of continuing and building the "Sojourner", I give my sincerest congratulations. It is with great satisfaction that I can read so many of the old names in the masthead, who signed the initial dedication of service to the community. I really believe you are doing a great job.

A reciprocal trade of some of your community life for some of the climate of my present environment would, I think, be a welcome arrangement for all of us.

Lt. John A. Clusen,  
c/o P. M., San Francisco

Dear Sojourner:

Really appreciate the little paper, although I haven't been getting it very regular, all my own fault, of course. The last time I had the good fortune to receive one was at Greenville, S. C. That was about one year ago. All the latest copies that I have read were Ivan Klein's. I must have passed him at least twenty times before I recognized him. I even borrowed a jeep off of him once and still wasn't aware who he was, although he did look awful familiar. The only other fellow I had the good fortune to meet here in the E. T. O. was Eddie Everson whom I met in Picadilly Circus on New Year's Day.

I know that this paper gets around quite a bit so I am hoping that Gabby Petrashek, somewhere in the Pacific, reads it and writes down England way. So, Gabby, if you can get enough time off from battling mosquitoes and wrestling snakes and the rest of the unpleasant goo that goes with a jungle, drop me a line. Last time I heard from you was twelve months ago. So if I may say once again, write as Raphael would like to hear from you, too. He is at the Philadelphia Navy yards.

Cpl. George Babich  
A. P. O. 140, New York

Dear Staff,

I am in the Marine Corps stationed at Camp Elliott, California. While here, I ran into Ben Pritzl. We couldn't spend any time together on account of his being shipped overseas.

At the present time, I am in an infantry battalion and the training is plenty rugged. Although I'd like to see the old home town in the near future, I guess fighting the Japs comes first.

Pvt. Loren Klein,  
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I left the Desert on the twenty-ninth of February to come out here to Fort Ord for training. Instead of training on land like we have been doing, we are now training in the water with our tanks. I have been out several times on the ocean, but I never got sea sick. I'd hate to go out when it is very rough.

Over the week-end, I spend my time in Salinas. It is a swell town, only seven miles from our camp, and the bus fare is only twenty-five cents a round trip.

I am expecting a furlough in April. Before I close, I will say that if there are any friends of mine who would like to write to me, I sure would enjoy it very much.

Pvt. Clarence Duvall,  
Fort Ord, Calif.

Dear Friends,

I am writing now while the pies are baking. My address has been changed since Camp Polk. We were out on the desert in California for four months and now we have moved to Pennsylvania.

The weather here is about the same as Wisconsin. We had a snow storm two days after you did. My wife is with me and we are having a good time.

I haven't a lot of news so I'll say good luck and good bye.

Pfc. Lester Voelker,  
Indiantown Gap, Pa.

Dear Staff,

I've been stationed up here in Ga. for nine months now and I feel that's nine months too long. I never really get a chance to get lonesome, because there are about fifteen guys from Two Rivers in my outfit. Earl Gates sleeps next to me; we are in the same gun section. We were out on the field this morning and Earl got all wet, he fell in a creek.

We often wish we were back in Two Rivers. When we do feel tired and worn out, we never think of "Carter's Little Liver Pills." We just wish we had a bottle of White Cap beer. We're all hoping for this thing to get over with soon so we can all go home again and dress up in a good uniform. I want to say "hello" to all you boys who are overseas on the fighting fronts. I hope the day will come soon when I can get a crack at 'em. I feel like a U. S. O. Commando being in the states fifteen months already.

Thumbs up, fellows, till we meet again.

Pfc. Elmer J. Krizikze,  
Fort Benning, Ga.

Dear Staff,

Well, I can't tell you very much about what I am doing or where I am. I will tell you a little. I am aboard a ship, an LCI. To you that means Landing Craft Infantry. I am also in Group 7. The kind of work I do is ordnance. I am a gun captain on the bow gun.

Your paper sure does bring back memories. Mostly every man wants to read it, because it is the first of its kind that they have seen. Well, it is just about time to hit the sack.

Frank J. Polak, S 1/c,  
c/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco

Dear Staff,

It was great to see the photo of Two Rivers in the March issue. It brought back many wonderful memories. I've been fortunate enough to meet Edward Le Clair and Earl Forcey at a certain place. I've been to quite a few places and never expected to see so much of the world. I've visited San Juan, Puerto Rico and it really is beautiful! Also Santiago, Cuba, Trinidad, Jamaica and others which I have forgotten.

Have patience girls, we'll all be back some day. Until that time, keep smilin'.

Joseph R. Riha, S.F. 3/c,  
c/o Fleet P. O., New York

Dear Staff,

I've been in Camp McCoy for six and half months (best camp), in Fort Benning seven months, in Fort McClellan one month and have been back here in Fort Benning the last two months. Nine months in the south and do I like it. Well, no and yes. Mostly no. I like the weather for winter, but the summer, nix. Talk about Georgia peaches. Wow! They're peaches all right, but that Southern talk has got me. Then again the Civil War is still going on. I think I'll take the State of Wisconsin any day and better still the little City of Two Rivers. I miss that place. That also goes for the girls too. Maybe I should have said taverns, instead. How about that, fellows?

Well, so long for a while and hope we all can get home soon, to stay!

Pvt. Al Behrendt,  
Fort Benning, Ga.

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Lt. John A. Clusen,  
c/o P. M., San Francisco

## APRIL IN TWO RIVERS

April 1—April Fool! Two cars, exactly alike, are mis-parked and cause no end of confusion for motorists and police.

April 3—Primary Election coming up so we have lots of ads in the Reporter like so: "If I'm Elected", "Re-elect—", and so on.

April 4—Collection of garbage contract increased by \$2,600, awarded to Urban Geimer again.

April 5—Edward Lahey elected to City Council and Louis Cretton to School Board. . . . Miss Bohnenkamp resigns as Superintendent of hospital. . . . Manitowoc electorate favors tying dogs all year.

April 6—Willkie withdraws from GOP presidential race because of poor showing in Wisconsin Primary. . . . Virgil "Fudge" Dallman rated one of the 10 best high school free style swimmers in U. S.

April 7—National Safety Council honors city for second consecutive year. . . . City Red Cross drive over the top, totaling \$9,797.

April 9—Easter Sunday—no sun and no rain, just cold . . . 19th sub launched at Manitowoc.

April 10—Four-team baseball league for boys 15-18 to be formed.

April 11—Fire Department has new fire call—29.

April 12—Washington Street bridge closed for repairs.

April 13—Miss Neva R. Pew, Paducah, Kentucky, named new hospital superintendent . . . . Members of Co. E, Wis. National Guard, homeward bound after serving in the Southwest Pacific.

April 14—Worst storm of the season—snow, hail, wind, everything!

April 16—Bright sun destroys all traces of the storm.

April 17—Counterfeit gas coupons showing up in city . . . OPA checking up.

April 18—Major league baseball season opens today . . . Nine busloads of men leave for pre-induction tests from Manitowoc County . . . . the draft board is much better at finding them than we are.

April 19—Fred Krueger elected new president of City Council . . . VFW post to stage drive to aid veterans of this war.

April 22—Shirley Temple celebrates her 16th birthday . . . Rev. Pritzl, a former Asst. at St. Luke's, assigned Pastorate at St. Boniface, Manitowoc.

April 24—Paragon workers form union . . . Did we tell you that Little Annie Rooney fell in the drink but Zero, her pooch, saved her?

April 25—Small pox vaccination begins for school children.

April 27—George Haas, Point lighthouse keeper, retires after 44 years of service . . . More than 150 cases of measles reported in city.

April 29—Montgomery Ward store building suffers estimated loss of \$50,000 because of fire.

April 30—Knights of Columbus observe their silver jubilee with dinner for 400 at the Community House . . . 20th sub launched at Manitowoc . . . And so April ends with all its showers—uh, snow storms!

## ENGAGEMENTS

Ethel Robinson and Victor Engeldinger.

Bettie Ann Williquette and Third Class Petty Officer Arthur Heinkel, U. S. N.

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

LaVerne Mueller and Seaman First Class Harry Quickel, Jr., Panama City, Florida.

Bernice Ann Mathiesen and George Robert Tulachka.

Genevieve Spevacek and Motor Machinist Mate 1/c Richard Safranek, Manitowoc.

Muriel Elaine Meyer and James Charles Wootton, Beloit.

Marion Kathryn Wyzinski and William Lord, U. S. Army.

Josephine Marek, Manitowoc and Raymond Schwabert, U. S. C. G.

## MARRIAGES

Lois Broker and Donald Lenz, Manitowoc, April 15.

Arlene Oppedahl, Des Moines, Iowa, and Fireman 1/c Creighton Meneau, U. S. N., April 7.

Eunice Steckmesser and Lieut. Jack Knocke, Sheboygan, April 8.

Arvilla Rousse and Shipfitter 3/c Joseph Riha, U. S. N., April 15.

Dorothy M. Langer and Edward G. Connelly, Chicago, April 15.

Evelyn Renier and Harold Nelson.

Muriel Mary Jann and Kenneth Harper Zeh, U. S. N., Aurora, Indiana, April 17.

Gladys Ruth Houdek, Manitowoc and Douglas K. Andrews, U. S. N., April 24.

Ruth Retzlaff and Corp. Robert A. Rezba, Francis Creek, April 24.

Lillian Brice and Gordon LeClair, April 29.

Joyce Moore, W. R. N. S., England, and Pfc. Chester H. Kuether, February 26.

## ENLISTMENTS AND INDUCTIONS

U. S. Marine Corps—James Zelinske and Robert Koch.

Army Air Corps—William Deau.

Earl Martin—U. S. Army.

The following servicemen in World War II have joined the local VFW post since publication of the April issue:

Robert O. Gillespie	Richard M. Allie
Harold W. Miller	Carl J. Jansky
Claude F. Beitzel	Harry A. Langer
Alvin H. Pleckelmann	Roy C. Gilbert
Melvin N. Shedivy	Roland Bornemann
Richard J. Deprey	Marvin Jebavy
Donald J. Deprey	Robert F. Eucke
William O. Bruechert	Darwin R. Hempton
Carl M. Hartlich	Ellwood L. Hempton

The above additions bring the total to 130. An application blank is being included with this issue for those of you who are interested in joining the Post.

## WASHINGTON STREET IN 1887

**"BORN 30 YEARS TO SOON"**

Ah! 'tis spring. Everyone's thoughts lightly turn to love and spring hats and such. H'm m m the spring hats are charming. They're little thingamajigs with a little do-dad on the side and a watchamacallit in the front—they're really lovely! And the colors . . . you WAVES could wear that lovely shade of red with your navy blue—adds chic to the outfit, don't you think?

As for love, well who doesn't think of that. Oh, how the technique of courting has changed! If our grandparents knew the modern methods, their hair would turn white! Of course, I suppose the technique of 30 years ago had it's exciting moments too. Let's go back 30 years ago and view a date in the "good old days."

As Reuben slicks his hair and puts on his straw hat, he wonders if he dare take Miranda a box of candy. Would that be too bold? She might think he's too fast! No-o-o he better wait until he knows her better. Ah!, Miranda! She's a demure and lovely girl. Yes, he might some day ask her to be his wife. But he mustn't be too hasty.

It's a perfect night. The moon is full; the air is fragrant with the smell of honeysuckle, a perfect night for a concert. The way to her house was familiar. He had

been calling on her for almost two years now. Oh! happy two years!

Miranda's mother met him at the door. Miranda would be ready in a minute. (A minute in those days was just as long as they are today.) When she's finally done, they stroll down to the park for the band concert. As the band played "In the Good Old Summertime", "Oh, Suzanna", "Dixie", they walked about chatting with friends and munching on pop corn and ice cream cones. 'Round about nine o'clock he walks her home. Maybe, just maybe she might let him hold her hand!

Kinda corny, aye what? Slightly different now-a-days, inso? You pick up a gal on Friday at some tavern. By next Wednesday you're engaged. Two weeks later you decide to tie the knot. When she signs the marriage license you find out that her last name is Brown!

Oh, well, one must live with the times. All through history lovers have played important parts. So we give this toast to the lovers.

Here's to the lovers of all ages  
Who have been lauded by the sages;  
Their love is undying,  
Sometimes a bit trying.  
Who cares, so long as we get their wages!

**To All You G. I. Joes and Josies:**

For many long months now we've been pleading with you to please write more letters. So many of you answered our pleas splendidly and just because we didn't thank you doesn't mean we didn't appreciate your efforts. We realize that your schedules do not usually include letter writing.

But what about the rest of you? When you're home on leave or furlough you promise to write, but only about 5% of you really come through.

So far we have exactly 2 small letters for next month's issue. If we don't receive more letters we'll send you blank sheets to fill in and send back to us. Do you want us to take a vacation and not print any paper during the summer months? We're willing to issue the Sojourner but we can't do it without help. There's plenty of room for improvement, so—why not tell us what you don't like or what you would like added to the paper, what you're doing and how you are? We'd like to know and so would all the other guys and gals. If you don't know how to spell a word write it the way you want. We'll fix it up.

The three bears were taking a walk on the desert, so Goldilocks could eat the little bear's porridge.

Papa Bear sat on a cactus and said, "Ouch!"

Mama Bear sat on a cactus and said "Ouch!"

The little bear sat on a cactus and didn't say anything—just sat.

Mama Bear turned to Papa Bear.

"Pa," she said, "I hope we're not raising one of those Dead End Kids."

The British barmaid was a flirt, and when the corporal went out to buy a paper she pursed her lips invitingly and leaned over the bar towards the shy young private.

Putting her face close to his, she whispered: "Now's your chance, darling."

The private looked around the empty room. "So it is," he remarked, and promptly drank the corporal's beer.

The rose is red, and so's the poppy.

This may seem non-scents, but we're out of copy