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## **The sojourner. Volume II, Number II February 1943**

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, February 1943

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# "THE SOJOURNER"

VOLUME II, NUMBER II

February, 1943, Two Rivers, Wisconsin

HI THERE, FELLOWS:

We've had snow here in Two Rivers.  
Lots of it!  
So much that the city truckers  
have been kept busy day  
and night  
hauling it away,  
and the neighbors have asked if they might  
throw some over the fence into the yard  
next door  
because there was no room for any more  
where they'd been shoveling out the  
driveway.

Yes,  
I'll bet  
when they have the Snow Festival next  
summer, this is the snow they'll use  
to get  
all wet with  
and impress  
the country with news  
of "The Coolest Spot in Wisconsin."

But, Fellows --  
If only you could have been here that  
Monday night!  
It was like a dream.  
Houses, trees and streets --  
the very sky was white  
with swirling particles that seemed  
like sharp sand of a desert place,  
or the stinging spray loosed in your face  
as a boat surges into the wave.

But you'd know more about that.  
You, who already know  
about snow.

Had you been here that night, you'd  
have noticed the little things, too, --  
like a chin-deep, Christmas-Card house  
you knew  
was warm inside.  
And you might have tried  
to imagine why you were astonished  
at the beauty of a young elm tree --  
A fan-shaped silhouette against  
a curtained street light.

Funny, the next day, though,  
how easy it was to forget the night  
as you floundered along waist-deep  
until you'd reached the street

where the snow ploughs had been.

It was fun!  
For the snow that had fallen  
had drifted so high  
that the sheen on the surface  
was up to your eyes  
in some places.

And the giant balls in front of the  
Post Office  
were buried bushes whose great  
tops were cracked where the branches  
had bent under the weight;  
yet how much like Hugh Schaum  
Tortes they looked -- only finer --  
the kind that "Mom"  
makes or that you ask for after  
a chicken dinner  
at Hessel's.

Your sisters and brothers  
on their way to high school  
were colorfully dressed.  
Plaid caps, supported by a pair of  
red ears seemed a rule  
for the boys, while the best  
part of the girls were heavily  
scarved and booted --  
They looked like they'd looted  
the wardrobe of the  
Russian Ballet!

Yes, this is the way it was.

Washington Street?

Well, it was Two Rivers' "Great White Way",  
drifted and smooth at night  
until the snow ploughs came along  
and piled in head-high cones next day.

The gas stations looked all wrong  
and very funny. In spite of the fact  
that they don't make much money  
now that gas is rationed,  
each station  
had packed around it  
several miniature mountains when the  
snow was cleared away,  
and each attendant sat in his own  
particular "Shangri-La"  
throughout each day --  
awaiting the inevitable few you meet  
who always dare to be the first  
to take a car out on the street.

(Continued on page four)

Staff of "The Sojourner"

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The Civic Understudies

Gertrude Doncheck.....Editor  
Gladys Schaden.....Associate Editor  
Kathryn Hasheck.....Feature Editor  
Ruth Feuerstein.....News Editor  
Marie Richard.....Circulation Manager  
Faye Hallett.....Editorial Writer  
Evelyn Palzer )  
Ethel Neveau ).....Reporters  
Sherman Gunderson.....Advisor  
\*\*\*\*\*

BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Friends:

.....Could be you'd like a little bit of back history concerning myself. I was inducted on January 26, 1942, at Fort Sheridan, Ill. Was sent to Sheppard Field at Wichita Falls, Texas where I underwent many different kinds of examinations, both mental and physical. From there I was sent to New Orleans where I attended an airplane mechanic school for 4½ months. Completing that course, I was sent out to the Douglas Aircraft Plant in Santa Monica, Calif. for a specialist course in mechanics. (Also visited Beverly Hills and Hollywood often.) From California I was sent to Key Field in Meridan, Miss. There I was attached to the 88th bombing group. A week later I was transferred once more (only 2½ blocks) to the squadron I am in now. I was only in this squadron a couple of days when we were sent out on maneuvers in Tennessee. Very late in November we were sent down to Hattiesburg, Miss. for a couple weeks and from hence we got down here to Avon Park, Florida.

This place certainly suits me fine even with snakes, alligators, and what not.....

Sincerely,  
Pfc. Mathias E. Koch  
Avon Park, Florida

Dear Editor,

.....It seems good to hear how the boys from Two Rivers are doing and enjoying themselves. I think your paper, "The Sojourner", is a grand little paper.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Earl L. Spaeth  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Friends,

.....I'm not in Alameda any more. Sure wish I was. I'm somewhere in India. The exact place I can't say. Wish I could tell you what kind of a country this is and what kind of work I'm doing. There are some white girls over here, but I still prefer those from the States any time.

It took us ..... to get here. And of course I had to get sea sick. One of my pals asked me if I was weak. I said, "No, I was throwing it just as far as the rest." Well, I guess that's about all I can write for this time.

Yours truly  
Pvt. Ray Boness

News from Camp Livingston, La.

Let me have a few words to say. I am a dining room orderly, and they call me "Champ". How is Horseshoe Elliott coming along? As for me, I'm keeping myself in good shape by ringing the pegs.

Pvt. Lawrence Pellerin  
Camp Livingston, La.

Dear Staff:

.....Not much to say outside of the general run of information. At present we're at a new camp. It is quite nice but muddy. For excitement the boys go to movies, dances, play cards, eat and sleep. The people here are very friendly and much interested in the U.S. They all think it is a fairyland. In a way it is, but you have to make it that way or it can be h---(censored). So long and the best of everything.

Your pal  
Pfc. Leon "Smoky" Smongeski  
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Friends,

.....We have a very good deal here at this new hospital. There are long hours, but it's a good feeling to help people out. I didn't think I'd enjoy it at first but one can make up his mind to do anything. I work in Sick Officers Quarters and have really made contacts with some swell men.....

Sincerely  
Bill Steinbrecher, HA2/c  
U. S. Naval Hospital  
Seattle, Washington



Sojourner Staff:

Just received your paper in tonite's mail and I thought I'd drop you a line in appreciation.

I've just finished packing for a 3-day regimental problem; we're leaving here tonite at 11:20 P.M. Our destination (as far as I know) is Cottonton which is a little burg smaller than Mishicot--thinking of it I wouldn't be too much surprised if it's the size of Tisch Mills. After a 3-day problem, we usually come back thru there--the last two times we bought out their two general stores.

We won't be in until Saturday morning, and, believe it or not, I'll be freezing all that time. It's only 10 above today, but it feels about the same as 10 below at home. What affects me so much is that it's so damp here.

I've just finished reading the list of recent inductions--quite a few young fellows--well, I hereby extend an invitation to them to join the paratroops if they're looking for action. They'll get plenty of it before they ever see foreign service. Besides there's always that \$100 per month we get.

Joe Lachowicz just received his wings about 2 weeks ago and is now in Camouflage School at the Parachute Replacement Center.

There are also two swell fellows here from Manitowoc. They are in the Regimental Bank. Their names are Harry Sykora and Cy Mitnacht.

Fellows here gripe plenty but there are very few who would go back to their old units. Their biggest pöeve is, or rather I should say are, the Marine Soldiers. I might sound as if I'm patting myself on the back, but we're as good a unit as any in the Army, Navy, Marines or Air Corps. I can hear you say, "What about the Paramarines?" Well, the fellows here even consider themselves above that unit. Of course, this still has to be proven.

Well, I'll close by saying thanks for the paper and keep up your good work.

Sincerely,  
Pvt. Orville Martin  
Co. "G" 505th Pcht. Reg.  
Fort Benning, Ga.

Dear Friends,

It was just about a year ago that you back home, Floyd Bauknecht, Paul Neveau, and I used to get into arguments over this same paper which I am always so happy to

receive. I wish it were a daily. I can still see everyone wanting to throw chairs at me when I got too radical. Since that time, though, a great change has come over us. Our country is at war and we are scattered all over the world. There will be much to talk about when we get our feet under our own tables again. That is, if you haven't burned them up to keep warm.

Floyd's article on England was very interesting and can bet that if he says it, that is the way it is.

I, for one, want to take my hat off to Miss Rose Castagna. She should sure enough be proud of her work. She has no picnic planning for hundreds of soldiers. The USO is a wonderful thing and means a lot, but if this work doesn't take all of Rose's energy (and she has plenty) nothing will. Best of luck, Miss Castagna.

I, myself, am somewhere in Alaska. This is the country where they are supposed to have eskimos, where they had a gold rush and where the Japs had funny ideas in their heads. The foolish fellows!

Terry Lesperance, Harold Pries and John Clusen should make good officers as they certainly are right fellows.

If anyone back home can top this one, let them try it. I lost my fork so I had to eat Christmas dinner with a spoon. Just try eating turkey, spreading butter, stirring your coffee and eating mince meat pie with a spoon. It's really fun, yeh.

I spent Christmas Eve listening (and helping) to several fellows argue as to why we would have a better country if the south would have won the Civil War. Yes, some were southerners, but you can bet your boot laces as to which side I took.

Until we meet again, so long and good luck!

Sincerely  
"Bud" Otis

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HELP WANTED: MALE!

Yes, we need your help. We realize of course, how difficult it is for you to find time to write all your friends and keep your family informed as to your health and whereabouts, but unless more of you boys write us letters, we'll have to cut the size of this humble paper to one sheet. If every other one of you will write us just one letter every six months, we'll keep on sending this paper until the lights go on again.

Feb 43

The following letter from Edwin Boettger was received by the Senior Catholic Youth Organization of St. Luke's Parish and proved so interesting they consented to our request that we might pass it along to you.

.... During the past eight months I have been fortunate to be in the center of things, here in New York, by reason of the strategic location of the school I attended, and the new one at which I am now stationed. Some things that I regarded as stupendous some time ago have since been dwarfed by other experiences.

.... Just now the things I would like to talk about are taboo, but I can talk about the U. S. Maritime Service, which is the Service that I am in.

First of all, the Maritime Merchant Marine is now an armed service. The term armed service of course is applied only to our forces that engage in offensive strategy and whose reason for existence is truly a task of offensive warfare. It is true that the Merchant ships are heavily armed and will give battle when attacked. But that is defensive warfare according to the strict interpretation of the word. The task of the Merchant Marine is to carry troops and supplies, or as the newly coined phrase has it, "To pass the ammunition".

We don't have the Franking Privilege, which means "free mail", and are not entitled to veteran's status after the war ends. At no time are we bound by an enlistment period and so can leave the Service at any time. In fact, the reverse is true. With the merit system in use, it is a question of trying to qualify and stay in rather than trying to get out.

All through the Engineering Course aboard that great ship, the "S.S. New York" we lived in the staterooms of the former liner and prince of the Eastern Steamship Lines. Two of us to a room, we had all the luxuries of life. The inevitable lifeboat drills went on every day, but now when your turn to command the boat came, you were dealing with great sixty-passenger craft that when you were careless, or when wind and current were against you, you might find the long sweep tossing, and I do mean projecting you, into the proverbial drink. So then the unfortunate coxswain was tried before the "Captain's Mast", or Court and usually the verdict

was, "Deserting your helm, ten hours extra duty". So like taxes, the extra-duty boys were always with us, but of course with additions from other infractions of rules and shortcomings. After school you could hear them chipping on the hull, swabbing desks (the ship was seven decks high) and polishing endless brass and copper equipment.

.... When I completed my preliminary training I was given the following papers: "Certificate of Efficiency to Lifeboatman" which is a Coxswain rate, "Fireman's Certificate" which covered Engineering, and the "Gunner's Certificate" for the time I spent in the Gunnery School.

.... A new uniform has been put in use where before we wore the same suits as the Navy. The new uniform, called the "zoot suit" is sailor-like but plain and void of stripes and trim.

.... For pay we get Navy pay, plus 40% for Station Duty and double that, plus Port Bonus, for Sea Service. I am a Second Class Fireman and am attached to the Refrigeration Maintenance Crew, which is, of course one phase of Engineering.

.... Around the first of December my brother, Hilary, who is in the Army Air Corps, and who had trained at Curtis Wright in California, came here from Arizona at William's Field. Since then we have been having a rare good time exploring New York and seeing current Broadway shows.

.... My sincere New Year wishes for happiness to you all.

Sincerely,  
Edwin Boettger, F 2/c  
U. S. Maritime Service  
U. S. Naval Reserve.

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Continued from Page One....

But the snow here  
in this town will disappear  
soon. And what's more,  
the war  
will too, when you  
fellows have shown  
them what you're fighting for--  
Towns that belong to you all over America,  
and those you want to be with  
when the war is won  
so that together  
you may laugh over  
the things you love--  
All those things--  
And maybe the weather  
in Two Rivers!



- JANUARY IN TWO RIVERS -

Jan. 1 - Remember this day last year?  
Well, we had no snow drifts for heavy heads and bleary eyes to look at this year; it was very quiet.

Jan. 3 - That snow storm we did not get on New Year's Day came last night; please see front page for story.

Jan. 4 - Fire loss per capita in city for 1942 was \$1.24.

Jan. 5 - "Sweetheart", (a mare) taking some kiddies for a sleigh ride, decided to run away and did not stop until she reached "Surprise" (her colt) a mile and 1/2 away -- just like the Gay 90's.

Jan. 6 - Peto, first submarine launched at Manitowoc, arrives at Louisiana for outfitting.

Jan. 7 - Manitowoc woman receives \$1000 on "Pot of Gold" radio program.

Jan. 9 - Both post office and filtration plant set new records for 1942. The post office exceeded 1941's receipts by \$1000 and the filtration plant exceeded 1941's total number of gallons of water filtered by 34 million gallons. We've been drinking more water since you left.

Jan. 10 - Navy formally accepts Pogy, 2nd submarine launched at Manitowoc.

Jan. 11 - Trapping of wild rabbits within city limits begins

Jan. 12 - Gust Mrotek bowls 714, setting county record for season

Jan. 13 - 23 persons in county receive citizenship papers

Jan. 14 - Local coast guard station will accept applications from women interested in joining SPARS; just thought I'd tell you.

Jan. 18 - We are enjoying below zero weather.

Jan. 19 - We are told that for 10¢ and a box top we can receive a book that will show us how to save money in filling out our income tax returns.

Jan. 20 - Still cold; 17 below last night.

Jan. 21 - \$159,681.98 of city's real estate taxes collected as of this date; beginning Feb. 1 milk will be 12¢ a qt. instead of 10¢.

Jan. 22 - Local stores begin opening at 9:00 A.M.

Jan. 23 - It doesn't seem possible; but they found 22 more men in Two Rivers to induct.

Jan. 25 - Men wanted for ice harvest on West Twin River; LaFond fisheries close for the duration.

- ENGAGEMENTS -

Ruth Kuecker, Manitowoc, & Staff Sergeant Harold A. Zermuehlen  
Josephine Huss & Sl/c Earl E. Weiss  
Alrea Duprey & Donald Schuerer, Manitowoc  
Angeline O'Konski, Kewaunee, & Corp.  
LeRoy E. Beaupre

- MARRIAGES -

Orma A. Grotegut, Cleveland, & Lieut. Dana Boose, January 7  
Grace Gauthier & Corp. Felix Antonie, January 9  
Betty Ann Heinrich & A/C Celestine J. Antonie, January 9  
Eleanore Frasch & Pvt. Joseph Hein, Manitowoc, January 14  
Jeanette Hoffman & Bernard Van Camp, Kewaunee, January 16  
Mae Taddy and Raymond Pagels, January 16  
Genevieve Smogoleski & Pvt. Evan Kreisa, January 20

- PROMOTIONS -

Russell Peterson, Second Lieutenant  
Harry Langer, Sergeant  
Melvin C. Tome, Seaman First Class  
George Timm, Sergeant  
Nicholas G. Peterik, Corporal  
Harlan J. Bohne, Corporal

- INDUCTIONS -

Patrick L. Day	Florian W. Reinhardt
Wenzel Doleys	Arnold R. Francisco
James E. Krause	Bernard L. Heili
Clarence Schepper	Lylen A. Wagner
Donald G. Sauve	Paul J. Klein
Joseph T. Kotchi	Harold J. Ott
Kenneth M. Sievert	Earl P. Brouchoud
John M. Kloss	Lloyd H. Wilker
Bennie A. Horner	Earle E. Erickson
Arthur W. Sonntag	Robert P. Rehrauer
Norman Gauthier	Edward De Roche

\*\*\*\*\*

Jan. 26 - Sixth submarine, U.S.S. Raton, launched at Manitowoc

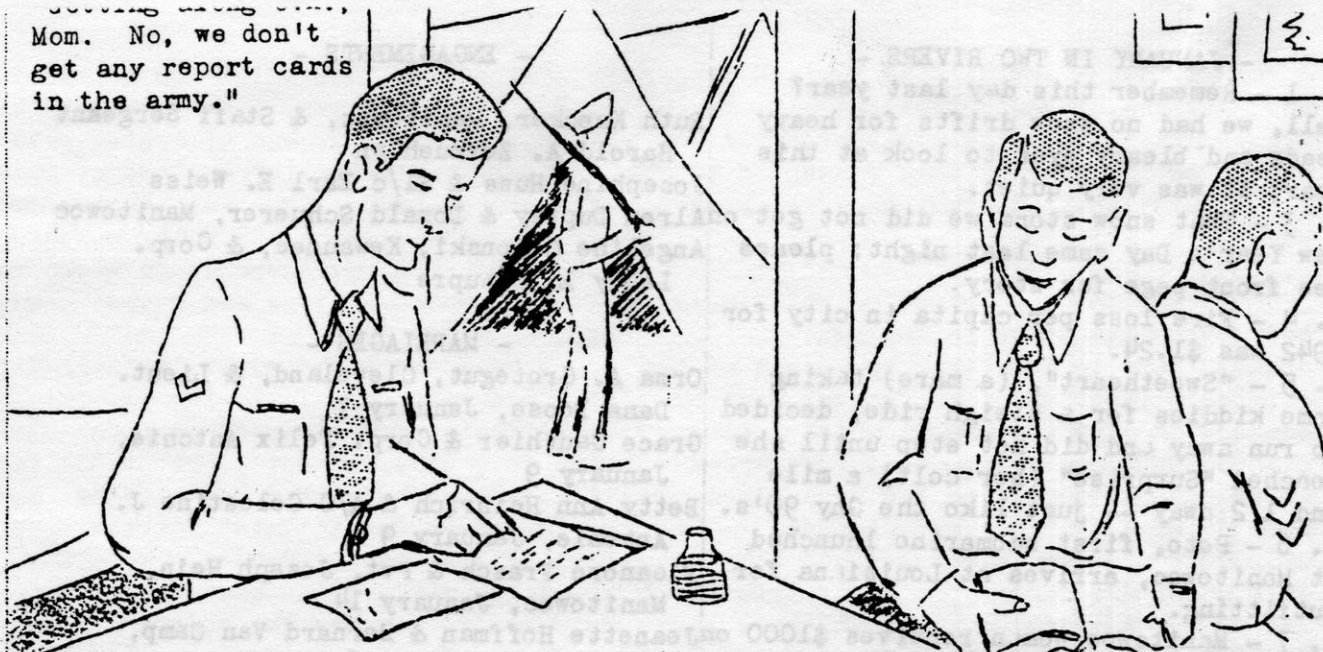
Jan. 27 - Despite 6 below zero weather, local fishing tugs reach their nets to make lifts

Jan. 28 - 358 women now employed at Manitowoc shipyards.

Jan. 29 - Annual President's Birthday Ball held at Community House; Ted Vnuk, Manitowoc, bowls 299 - No. 7 pin did not fall on his 12th ball.

Jan. 30 - County has nearly 3,500 men in armed forces.

Mom. No, we don't  
get any report cards  
in the army."



### BE MY VALENTINE

Here it is again - February, the  
sweetheart month. Everybody asking  
everybody else to be their valentines --  
So here's our message to you all -- "The  
Sweethearts of Two Rivers" wherever you  
may be --

"Oh, please be mine,"  
Said Ivan Klein  
To his little wife.

"You'll always be  
My honey-bee  
And sweeten up my life."

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Eddie LeClair  
We all declare  
You're number one on our list

We love you so  
Please be our beau  
You'd better or feel our fist.

\*\*\*\*\*

Oh, Chummy Strohm  
Just fills our dome  
With thoughts of love and such

His strong physique  
Makes women weak  
He thrills us, oh, so much.

Lothar Krueger  
Is very meager  
With his attention to any girl

They nearly swoon  
When he enters the room  
He sets their hearts in a whirl.

\*\*\*\*\*

When Roy Krenke  
Drops his hanky  
The girls all rush to his aid

They live in hopes  
That when he elopes  
She'll be the lucky maid.

\*\*\*\*\*

Harold Pries  
Will never cease  
To fill our hearts with admiration

We give a sigh  
As we all try  
To get a little of his attention.

\*\*\*\*\*

Paul Neveau  
Remains true  
To his wife back home

Of her he thinks  
As to her health he drinks  
In each place that he may roam.