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The sojourner. Volume IV, Number 4 April 1945

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, April 1945

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The Sojourner

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



Volume IV

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, APRIL 1945

Number 4

Will You Propose A Toast? It's Our Third Birthday!

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . .

March came in like a lamb and pranced around in the balmy days and nights for the entire month . . . New police car arrives from Milwaukee . . . Kewaunee trounces Raiders 38-19 in regional tourney game . . . Bishop Rhode of the Green Bay Diocese dies after a long illness . . . 12 o'clock Tavern curfew put into effect and kept in our city . . . Course in electronics begins at Vocational School . . . Raiders defeated in consolation round 41-18

Col. Wood speaks from Honolulu in W. T. M. J. broadcast on March 4 . . . Lunch rooms ordered to close at midnite . . . High school debaters win first place in state tournament . . . Boxing tournaments begin at high school . . . First of 10 tankers launched at Yards in Manitowoc . . . Calvary English Lutheran Church to be erected at corner of 20th and Adams after the war on property purchased from Bill Ahearn . . . Rev. Van Nuland, Assistant Pastor and athletic director at St. Luke's, enters Army as Chaplain . . . Red Cross Fund opens with a \$9,000 goal . . . Ben Wolf and Matt Kronzer celebrate the 25th anniversary of their partnership on March 14 . . . And still they find enuf fellas to fill four busses for pre-induction exams . . . Street sprinkler blossoms out which is a purty good sign that spring is darned near . . . Slot machines and ticket bowls ruled out in County . . . Over-anxious fisherman begins fishing for suckers until the Warden catches up with him.

Lt. Lothar Krueger, twice wounded, received Silver Star award . . . Alvin Konop also awarded Silver Star . . . Capt. Clarence "Pat" Culligan arrives home after 30 missions . . . Also Sgt. Norman Walecka from the C. B. I. theatre . . . 71 working for place on Purgold track team . . . Fire starts in rear of fire chief's home . . . Quite brazen, don't you think? . . . March 20th—"Spring is here—de grass is riz—We wonder where de flowers is." . . . Yup, it's officially here with robins, almost warm weather and pulenty of colds . . . City Council revokes Jack Sohr's tavern license—he operated the National Bar . . . Small epidemic of chicken pox breaks out.

Pollution of East Twin River is blamed for death of countless fish . . . Tennis nets are up! . . . Blood bank arrives and 443 pints of blood donated . . . Lorton Paul and Louis Barsul are reported to be prisoners of Germany . . . Pix of Evan Kreisa in T. R. Reporter shows him with other members of an all-star softball team in New Guinea . . . In case that's a bit confoozed, he plays softball there and is also a member of the team . . . Clear?

And so your columnist goes over the hill with ye March lamb, but never fear! I shall return next month with more good ole home town news . . .

Little did any of us think when we published the first issue of the Sojourner in April, 1942, that three long years later we would still be fulfilling the role of publishers. But, as the years have progressed, so has the Sojourner. Not only has it increased in size, but the contents have become more interesting, for you to enjoy and for us to work with. We must admit that at times the work was almost as tiresome as yours, but your continued cooperation in writing us and sending us those "sweet" words of appreciation has, over and over again, inspired all of us toward making the Sojourner bigger and better. Thanks, heaps!

We have become more and more proud of this "grand little paper", as so many of you have dubbed it, and much of the success is due to the help given us so willingly by Mr. Malley, our linotypist, and Mr. Schmeichel, our adviser and printer. Both of them have asked for space to send you a message, and we hope that after reading their comments you will not think that we are trying to pat each other on the back.

And so, with this issue, we begin another volume of publications. Some of you may remember that in last year's anniversary issue, we expressed a fond hope that it would be our last year; but we have learned to do, as have so many of you, that we must not look back but always ahead, with a firm belief that God will hear our prayers and grant us the privilege of spending our fourth anniversary with you.

OUR BIRTHDAY TREAT FOR YOU

This is one treat that will last much longer than one day, though. Beginning with this issue and continuing through the year, we will publish the number one song on "Your Hit Parade" as the Sojourner goes to press. If you like it, won't you tell us so?

CANDY

"Candy," I call my sugar "Candy"
Because I'm sweet on "Candy" and
"Candy's" sweet on me.
He understands me, my understanding
"Candy"
And "Candy's" always handy
When I need sympathy.
I wish there were four of him so I
could love much more of him
He has taken my complete heart,
Got a sweet tooth for my sweetheart,
"Candy" it's gonna be just dandy,
The day I take my "Candy"
And make him mine all mine.

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THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

I've been in this same camp here in Georgia for nearly two and a half years now, and you might say I've found another home. It's mighty different from the one in Two Rivers, the one I left, the one where I'd like to be.

For the past year, I've been a mail clerk and still am for that matter, and I like the job a lot. To tell you the truth it's a "gold bricker's" job at times. It's also very interesting and I become acquainted with a different group of boys about every four months. I've met thousands of boys from nearly every state in the union and from all walks of life. For the most part, they're all swell fellows to know.

"Mail call" is really an interesting thing to see. When I yell out "mail call", boys come running from all directions and piling out of the barracks. I believe they'd rather get mail than eat at times, due to their being fresh out of civilian life.

When a new bunch comes in, I have a tough time at pronouncing some of the names especially those long "skies" and "wicz's". Every cycle, we have our usual quotas of the Joneses, Smiths, Williams, and Johnsons.

Another one of my duties here is to take care of some news maps on outdoor bulletin boards for the trainees to see, and show them the progress you boys over there are doing. This is another interesting job, and then I have to chalk up the advances you over there make. Keep it up and good luck to you all. I'm unable to be helping you over there, but I'm doing all I can over here. So long, and I hope I can see you all soon.

T/5 Roger W. Stueck,
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dear Staff,

I received your paper today and I want to thank you for it. It sure is good to receive a paper from my home town way down here in Hawaii. I am fine and sure hope this letter finds your staff in the best of health.

Pfc. Richard Mathies,
Hawaii

Dear Staff,

Especially enjoyed the story "Can You Make Believe." It really made me feel good to hear that Ken Wondrash received the Schneider Trophy, and about Jack Anderberg dribbling down the floor and "Pinky" Le Clair making baskets sure was a swell picture in writing. It sure brought back pleasant memories. By the way, I received a letter from Jack Anderberg when he was home on leave, and wish he would write and let me know his new address. Same goes for Jerry Gunderson and John Henfer.

The place here is still the same, but we get rain only once a day now. I'm still doing dental repair work and still think it's swell. No liberty here, and no women, but we do have beer so I think I'll last. The beer isn't anything like that at Oscar's or the Pioneer Tavern. I see where Eddie Le Clair was home. Thanks, Miss O'Connell, for the swell news of Eddie's home coming. As you know Eddie, Francis Rehrauer and myself joined the Navy at the same time.

We had a U. S. O. show here last night with Martha O'Driscoll and a pretty good cast, but to be back home. I'd be satisfied with a Western at the Rivoli.

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

Dear Staff,

Many of the fellows aboard ship have given your paper high compliments and expressed their wish that their home towns would publish a similar paper. Keep up the good job.

I believe my last letter was written while undergoing training at Little Creek, Va. Upon leaving there I was sent to Houston, Texas, to pick up a newly commissioned ship (LSM). Stayed there a month and a few days and shoved off for the Pacific via Panama. Since then our activities have consisted mostly of "island-hopping", and in the participation of two invasions. Both invasions were easier than what we expected, and hope the ones in the near future come off as well.

In ending this short epistle, I'd like to take the opportunity to say "hello," to "Cat", Jerry, Ned, Rollie, and Lee. Also to again thank the staff for making this correspondence possible.

John C. Henfer, RM 2/c,
Somewhere in the Philippines
P.S. Keep up the good work, John. Regards—Al. Malley

Dear Staff,

I've been transferred from the Air Corps to the Quartermaster Corps, but I'm still attached to the A. C. and working and living at an air field. I like the new job a lot. It's similar to the type of work I've been doing.

Since I arrived in India I visited Bombay, Calcutta, Bangalore and many other strange places, and I've seen a lot of strange sights. I'll have a lot to relate after this is all over, but so will all the other fellows all over the world.

While in Calcutta, I joined the now famous Wisconsin Club of the C. B. I. theatre. I found that there are or have been six fellows from Two Rivers somewhere in the theatre. Hope to run into one of them before too long.

"Salam",

Sgt. Bill Weix,
Bangalore, India

Dear Staff,

I have received your most welcome paper once more and was glad to get it. There was an article Albert Daetz wrote asking me many questions. Well, Albert, here come the answers on them. I said before and I say again I was the first one from Wisconsin to enter Rome. I also know there were more roads leading into Rome from the South. We had an aerial photograph showing that we were the first ones in there. I don't know where you could get one like it.

I am in a Reconnaissance Troop in the 36th division. I did not like that crack about the M. P. When we entered the city, the people thought we were Germans and were scared to come out at first. Also I have seen more Germans and captured more than what you will ever see. I did not like that crack about the .30 caliber shell that hit the jeep. My best pals got blown to pieces when it hit. It was an 88 that hit the jeep from a Mark 6 tank, or haven't you ever seen a Mark 6 tank. I have seen many of them, and for your sake I hope none of them runs into your anti-tank outfit. We received many flowers in Rome before we were cut off. Then when the jeep got hit and the man killed, the people took off.

We sent three calls for tank destroyers and two runners. This is what their commander said, that a 75 is no good against a Mark 6. Also that he could not move up there, because his orders were to stay where they were. We were cut off, and it was only luck that we got out by losing only one jeep and one man.

I know about Casino. We were dug in at San Vitore before it, and Mt. Cairo behind it.

Well, now I am in France ever since I made the invasion of southern France. Our division has the record for being in combat the longest without being relieved. It was 132 days. That was a long time and most of us were pretty much worn out by then.

I am not a private any more. They made me a T/5 corporal Sec. 5 the last part of November. That is my first rating, so it made me feel pretty good.

One of my pals read that letter by Albert Daetz. He is writing also. I am hoping you will print it. Like Albert, we will see who gets back there first.

Cpl. Robert Prue,
Somewhere in France

P. S. The day I entered Rome was June 4 at 12:15 in the afternoon.

Dear Staff,

You will most likely find this letter enclosed in Robert Prue's envelope. First I will enlighten you. I do not receive your paper and I'm not a resident of Wisconsin, but I did happen to read Pvt. Albert Daetz's letter, and I would like to clarify a few incidents to my fellow constituent here overseas.

Question one. I know there are more roads than one going into Rome, but as far as the Fifth Army was concerned there were only three.

Question two. As proof of our being in Rome first, there is none, because Army historians only record outfits that have been into a place and hold it. Therefore, our units get very little credit, if any, when it comes to being there first. This is for the simple reason that we are always on the move.

Question three. We're in the 336 Cavalry Recon. Troop, and we entered Rome at 12:15 in the afternoon while the 88 Division was fifteen miles on our left flank and to the rear. The first Arm. was ten miles to the rear and on our right flank.

Question five. For his information a .30 cal. is not a shell, but a cartridge and it was quite a few of them that hit, plus shrapnel holes of 88's.

Question 6. I don't know what he means by throwing flowers at a car going forty miles per hour. I'll enlighten you: the crossroads inside Rome were under direct observation to our front by Mark 6 tanks and our rear was cut off by 77 MM. anti-tank guns. When we were going forty miles per hour, we had to get a running start so that we could get across the junction to our rear in the least possible time so that we wouldn't draw fire. All of us were not fortunate enough to clear the junction so when Pvt. Daetz rode into Rome he rolled over the blood spilt by my buddies while he was enjoying his wine and throwing casual glances at the signorine.

Question seven. About the tanks, they were drinking wine like my doubtful inquirer. We called for tanks and tank destroyers by radio, but they never did arrive. Three of my buddies made a break for it in a jeep and got back to them. They asked the tankers for supporting armor, but they wouldn't move saying that 75 mm's were useless against a Mark 6. While all the time, we had to hold them off with 37 mm's. We were lucky that Gen. Stack was present there at the time, and he sent armour up to relieve the unfortunate platoon that was cut off.

In conclusion, all I have to say is that we were in Africa first, at Salerno Beach, fought up to the Rapido River, fought at Mt. Cairo, were in on the breakthrough at Valettri (Anzio) that went up to Rome, and we were not relieved till we reached Piambino so that we could take a place in the landings at Southern France on D-day. We went 132 days on the line fighting all the way up to Kaiserberg on the front door of Germany overlooking the Rhine River before getting a day off.

Pfc. H. Silverman,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I've had quite a few changes in address since you last heard from me, so I hope this will hold out for a while. I'll really appreciate the Sojourner, especially in this state. Pardon my long delay.

Lt. Frank J. Butrymowicz,
Tonopah, Nevada

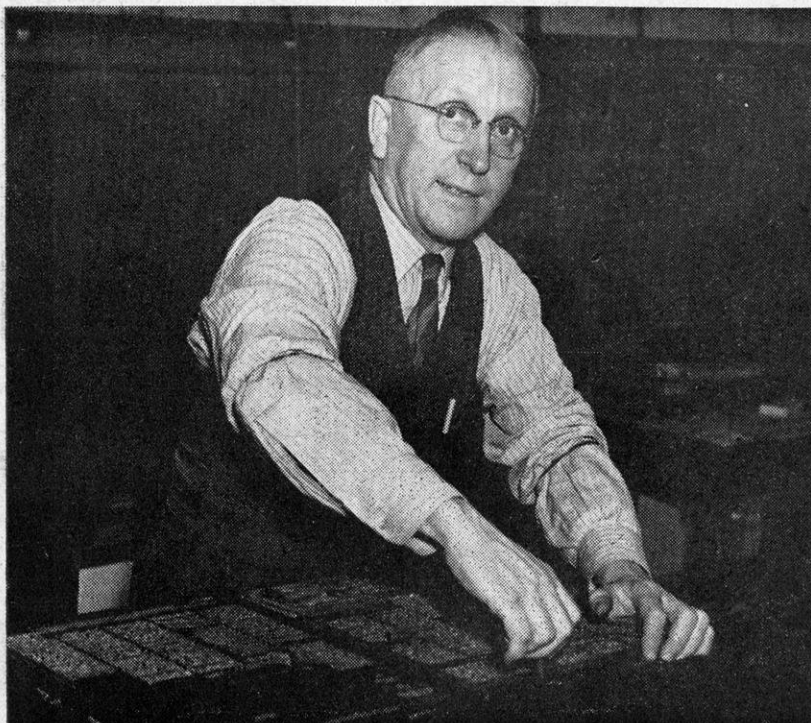
Dear Friends,

Instead of telling you all about my experiences in the Battle of Bastogne, Belgium, I thought I would send you a "Yank" that all of the fellows in our division were given. I think we can be pretty proud of ourself there, not that I wouldn't want to be some place else instead. I never thought I would be in a spot like that. I guess we can thank God we got out O. K. Jerry threw just about everything he had. I'm sure that any fellow that was there will say the same thing. Well, I guess that's enough about that.

After our Bastogne experiences, I was one of the lucky guys to leave for Paris. I sure had a nice time there, but I'll still take good old Two Rivers. I hope it isn't too long until I can get back, but I guess all the fellows feel the same way.

Well, that's all I have time for today. Hope to hear from you again soon.

Pfc. "Gene" Kopetsky,
c/o P. M., New York



"GREETINGS!"

This Anniversary Number calls for a few words of commendation. The credit for getting out this "grand little paper" goes to the girls on the staff. They work untiringly several nights each week, editing the letters, correcting addresses, reading proof, and finally mailing the 1200 copies to all corners of the earth.

The letters we receive from you, praising the Sojourner, and the fine comments from the fellows visiting the printshop, while home on a furlough, makes me glad that I can contribute some time to help make this paper possible. It's a pleasure doing it. You bet, I'll do everything I can to keep the paper coming your way. You just keep sending in the letters and the girls, Al Malley and myself will keep the presses rolling until "It's over, over there."

Kindest regards and sincere hopes for your speedy return.

E. J. Schmeichel,
Adviser and Printer

Dear Staff,

Today, Johnny Miller and I were looking over the last issue of the Sojourner that we received, and we decided to sit down and write a letter to show you that we really appreciate your paper.

I was surprised when I read the letter written by Lt. Clarence Zarn in which he mentioned seeing and talking with my cousin Danny Brouchoud in Honolulu. I'd like to see him again and talk over old times, but all I can say now is just plain "hello Dan, and I would like to hear from you."

We also enjoyed seeing the pictures of Oscar Brault, Bill Ammerman, Bucky Mertens, and Mike. I sure wish all the old gang was back. Maybe we could fill up a few of the empty stools in Oscar's and the Waverly.

I'd like to say "hello" to Dan Youra, Milt Allie, Art Heinkel, and Leon and Lewis Klein. Keep her rolling, boys, and we will get back a lot sooner. Then we can tap a couple of eighths and have a few more parties.

T/5 Lewis Hrdina,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

After I finished reading the paper today, I passed it on to some more of the boys from Two Rivers. There's a lot of us here. One of the boys is Lewis Hrdina or "Nigger" as we call him over here. We are both drivers in the same section. We always get together to discuss the good old times we had back home. Things get kind of rough here at times, but when it cools off the boys get together and laugh it off.

I'd like to say "hello" to Norman Floor and Donald Farr. How about dropping me a line some time, boys. Well, it's almost time for me to go on guard, so I'll have to close for tonight. Hope to be seeing you soon, if not sooner. We'll keep them going and you keep them coming.

Pvt. Johnny Miller,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I believe I owe you a letter, so as long as we're resting up a little, I may as well write it. The last time I wrote I think it was from Florida. Well, I've been quite a few places since then. I've been on the continent since August. Since then, I've managed to see quite a bit of France and Belgium and a little bit of Holland and still less of Germany.

While my outfit was in France, we were fortunate enough to be stationed in a suburb of Paris. Paris in the last of August, September and October was quite a town. I got to know it quite well. I managed to see most of the famous places in the guide books and a lot of places that weren't in the guide books. The girls are beautiful, just about the best, with the exception of the States, of course.

One of the most interesting places I visited was Napoleon's tomb. I learned that the tomb was built about a hundred years before Napoleon was born. It was primarily built as an old soldier's home. It still is being used for that purpose, but it probably is most famous because Napoleon and his brothers lie there in state. Most Frenchmen think Napoleon was quite a boy.

I also managed to stroll down the Rue de la Paix. I think most of the American girls have heard about that street. It's one of the most famous streets in the world. According to one shop keeper on the street, everything that is done in Paris is done to make women more beautiful. I can well believe it.

Recently, I was fortunate enough to get a three day pass to go to Paris. Troops from the front get passes for a rest mostly, I guess. Paris was still the same. There wasn't so much champagne, but there was plenty of cognac and wine left, and I had a good time trying out my French again. However, coming back to the front was just like leaving home when your furlough is up. I could keep on talking about France for about ten more pages, but I've got to do a little work now.

Sgt. Norman Pitchke, Somewhere in Belgium

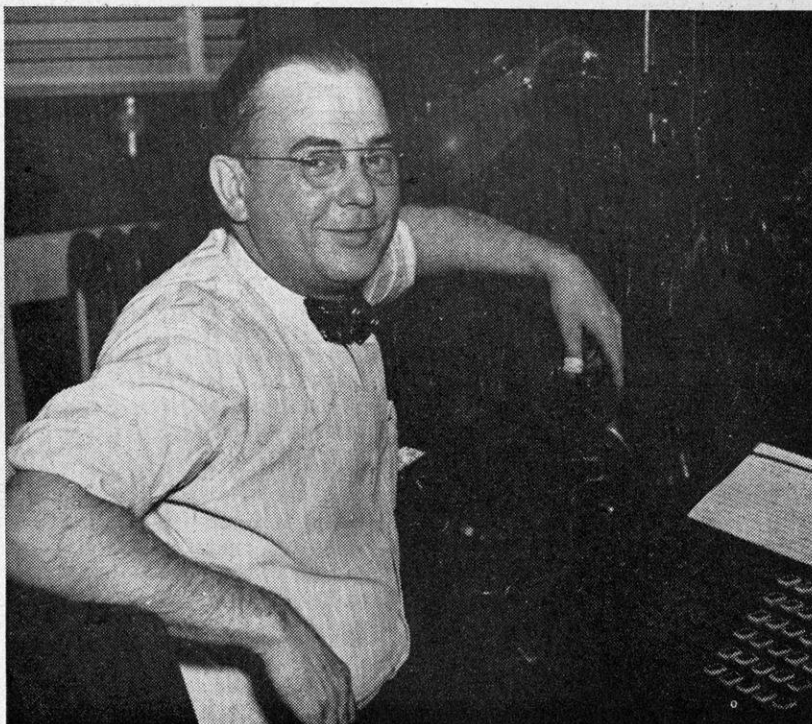
"SINCERE GREETINGS!"

It is, indeed, a privilege for me to extend my greetings to all our native sons and daughters who are sacrificing so much. I assure you that it is a pleasure to be permitted to help in printing your SOJOURNER, and I hope that you get as much enjoyment from reading it as we derive in publishing it.

And, lest I forget, here is my plug for those uncelebrated, unsung heroes . . . the girls on the Sojourner staff, and Mr. Schmeichel, whose untiring efforts and long hours make this paper possible. No, there aren't any medals, citations or campaign ribbons to bestow upon them; nor do they wear special uniforms, pins or chevrons. So let us, after the war, dedicate a suitable tablet in tribute to them, so that future posterity will remember them for their fine and noble work.

Cherrio, good health and good luck . . . and may you return soon.

Al. Malley,
Linotypist



Dear Staff,

Your paper sure gives a fellow a good chance to find out where some of his old buddies are. I can't tell you much about where I am and where I've been. We did take part in the Lingayen operation in the Philippines. That's about all they allowed us to tell so far. The ports I hit so far out here are sure nothing like the ones I hit while in the Mediterranean. I guess the people out here are not as well civilized. I guess I and many others will want to make good old Two Rivers our home port forever after the war.

John C. Rehrauer, F. 2/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Have had the idea in mind that you have been literally swamped with letters from the boys. That is my only reason for having neglected writing to you. I certainly appreciate the Sojourner, and as someone else expressed it so well "it's like receiving a letter from each one of the boys and girls."

Consider myself very fortunate in being able to remain here at Romulus, Michigan. Enjoy my work in the dental clinic—it has been a new field for me entirely. Have made many friends, and although I may never see them after the war, I'll never forget them.

I know that we all share the same thoughts concerning the war. The sooner it is over with, the happier we will all be. It will be a wonderful day when we can walk down Main Street and see all the old familiar faces once more.

The best luck to all the boys and girls, wherever they may be.

Pfc. Constance E. Krueger,
Romulus, Michigan

Dear Staff,

I hope former members of the classes of '42-43-44 will read this and drop me a line. I also would like to hear from the sheepshead players of St. Joseph's A. A., Tony, Harold, Blackeyes, Jindra, and the rest. I haven't had a game since I was home.

I am now attached to a marine medical battalion, working in a field hospital. Would Bob Gonia, Thorval Gagnon, Art Sonntag, Leroy Tomcheck, Richard Pearce, Ed. Gloe, Chipmunk Richmond and other friends write. I promise to answer. I will trade a Jap flag for German souvenirs, so drop me a line. I hope to see all my former buddies when this is over.

I hope many of you guys are home with me in the early part of '46. I'll set 'em at Al's. How's the Coast Guard, Charles Rebman and Donald Hoffman? Don't forget, fellows, the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" is waiting for all of us. "Taps" has blown. So long for now.

Donald "Rocky" La Fave, HA 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I've only been over here a short while, but from what I've seen the towns were pretty well wrecked. The civilians that are left seem to be very poor. The children don't go to school. They spend most of their time on the street corners begging for cigarettes from the soldiers. They ask as much as 150 Francs for a package of cigarettes. In American money that's three dollars.

The weather has been rather nice the last few days, although we had plenty of snow and cold weather.

Pvt. George Schwerma,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I received the January issue of your very fine paper today and I must say I enjoyed it tremendously. I was glad to get it for another reason. To many, I'm a stranger from Two Rivers, but still I received your paper. This proves just one thing, the people of Two Rivers just can't be beat. I've adopted it as my home town since I married a very fine girl from Two Rivers.

I knew some of the boys who had written, and it amazes me how spread all over the world we are. Let's hope we can all have a grand reunion some day. I'd like to meet those I haven't met so far.

Pvt. Emil "Bud" Krejcarek,
Hospital in England

Dear Staff,

Just a few weeks ago, I was once again lucky and very fortunate—for it was then that I met another Two Rivers man. That was the third one since I am overseas in these twenty-two months. He is none other than Donald Deprey. Needless to say, our little "conference" consisted of a discussion of home.

As I write this letter this evening, my soldier brother, Robert, is there at home on furlough after spending thirty-two months in the Southwest Pacific with the Fighting 32nd (Red Arrow) Division. How I wish that I were there at home right now. However, I guess I'll have to settle for getting home a little later on. At least I'm hoping, and plenty. At present, I am making preparations for what I term my D day—the day I begin the journey homeward.

Don Gagnon, SK 2/c,
Somewhere in the Mediterranean

Dear Staff,

My best regards to you, Leonard Mraz, on your engagement. Keep sending them letters, "Jake". Say, Jake, you know "Tarbaby" don't like his name. Good old Marvin. We do, don't we, Jake? Don't get mad, "Tarbaby." Oh, boy, we love you yet.

I am in Germany somewhere, and it's a life for the dogs. I hope to be home soon. My best regards to all the fellows in the service wherever they may be.

Pvt. Joe Najmayer,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

I'm in England now and it's not too bad a place after all. Of course, I prefer the good ole town of Two Rivers any day, but this will do for now. I work on a switchboard as I did back home, and also teach Physical Training which most of us call physical torcher instead. I have to walk about a mile to work unless I can hitch a ride, which isn't too often. I never thought I'd walk two miles and jump three stiles to get a glass of beer, but that's what we have to do here. More fun! If we don't have a torch (flashlight), we go feeling our way around, it's so dark.

I haven't met anyone from back home yet, just two girls from Milwaukee that I was in basic with. They moved on with the company while I stayed here. Right now I'm in the hospital waiting to undergo a tonsillectomy in a few days. More fun!

I was in London a few times and saw a lot of things. Hope to get back there again soon. Say "hello" to everyone for me, will you?

Pfc. Helen Hoefert, Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I'm now in Virginia. I left Florida in February. What's new in Two Rivers? I'm feeling fine, hope you are all the same.

Pfc. Robert Lahey,
Langley Field, Va.

Dear Staff,

Sorry that I haven't written sooner, and I promise to be more prompt hereafter. I see a lot of boys are "somewhere in France." I hope that we may have a chance meeting between now and ???

At present, we aren't doing a hell of a lot except cleaning equipment and athletics. How long we'll keep that up I can't say.

I hope the staff won't mind too much if I use this paper as a go-between. Will someone in the 252nd please sing out as to your whereabouts (approximately)? It's getting dark so I'm forced to close. Will write more next time.

Pfc. James "Buddy" Polzar,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

Just ten minutes ago, I was drooling all over your lovely paper—drinking in every word. I got a great kick out of it. It gave me quite a warm feeling. I bow my head in shame for not informing you of my change in address. This outfit snared me after the opening fight during the chase across France. Now I'm wandering around Germany wondering what the country is like. Seriously, I think they need the P. W. A. over here. The towns are a mason's delight—plenty of mud pies for the kids.

This place is deserted. I'm going out to find some company. Good bye now and good luck.

Pfc. Darwin Hempton,
Somewhere in Germany
P. S. Engaged to Miss Eileen Day, Edmonton, London.

Hello Staff,

We've been busy the last few weeks, and I couldn't find time to write. The life of a sea-going Marine is exciting and monotonous. It's doing the same thing day in and day out, but I wouldn't trade it for any shore duty in the Marine corps.

Those pictures of the V. F. W. clubhouse were swell. I think the rest of the fellows would like to see more pictures of the old town than to read about it, but who am I to tell you how to run the paper after the swell job you've been doing all along. Just as long as I receive my copy every month, I'll remain a happy Marine.

I have to cut this short, but I hope I get the chance to thank you personally in the near future.

Pfc. Jim Zelinski,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Have been receiving the paper for some time now, and really I believe it is the best paper out, even if it doesn't carry "Terry and the Pirates."

Finished an AM course on B-24's and am now going through an electrical course on B-29's.

Pvt. "Mert" W. N. Mertens,
Amarillo Field, Texas

Dear Staff,

We planned to get together for quite some time and not succeeding, we have at last arranged it. This is entirely due to the fact that the Navy decided to put us next door to each other—seeing that we're both from the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin."

We regret that Lloyd K. is unable to be here due to the fact that he is in hiding to elude a working party (Oh, wait 'til he sees this). Maybe sometime in the near future the three of us can get together and write you.

Our immense pride in Two Rivers has made the little metropolis well known among our shipmates. Oh, how we wish we were there. We've decided to go into partnership after the war and give Oscar Brault a run for his money. The first five drinks are on the house. All hands are invited to the "Walk Inn We'll Roll You Out Club." Strickly high class, oh yeah!

We'll close now wishing everyone good luck—including ourselves.

A couple of feather merchants,
Art Heinkel, AOM 3/c,
Roy Ulrich, EM 3/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I met Ethel Rumpf in Hawaii, and praised your work, also had my dear wife put in her name to be added to your list of friends. I got a big kick out of the pictures of Bucky's, Brault's and Mike's places. I guess they are part of the younger set of Two Rivers.

I see my kid brother, "Sarge" Bob Loeser, managed to get to the Cool Spot for a hot thirty days after a hot ten months. He's a pretty lucky guy.

One of these days I want to hunt up Cpl. Waskow, as he is the only one I can trace as being from home in these parts. Thank you all again for the very fine work and excellent spirit shown in making up and putting out your swell little morale uplifter. Keep it coming, it's as welcome as tomorrow.

Harold Loeser, SF 1/c,
Somewhere in the Marianna Isles

Dear Staff,

The paper has followed me around for quite some time now. My interest has never lagged. Although I have left Two Rivers years ago, six all told, my memory is still with me, and names are as yet familiar. In all wanderings, I have met only one person from the "Cool City", Chester Kuether. That was in Plymouth, England, just five days before he married the English woman. The really sad part of that was that I couldn't attend. (I didn't have time to find a woman who would marry me.)

Nurse Lorraine Becker seems to find the service enjoyable. Happy to hear that she does. I, myself, find a few faults with it. It has put me many places that I would rather not be. Invasions for one thing. However, I always kept thinking of Oscar Brault mixing a Tom Collins, and I had to come back.

The Navy felt that shore duty would be too good for the likes of me, so here I am out in the Pacific. Can't stay from the wars, you know.

Francis J. Kaye, Ph. M. 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I'm somewhere in Germany right now dealing the Heinies a bad time. I was hoping to meet up with some of my old pals from Two Rivers in the near future, because I found out there are some stationed near me. Although I must say I can't get lonesome, because I have a lot of Two Rivers boys in my outfit.

The last time I wrote a letter to the Sojourner, I beefed because I was a U. S. O. commando. I'll never do that again, because here I am digging foxholes that pay interest. It all helps win the war though, and I'm one hundred per cent for it. I'm first beginning to realize how lucky I was to be stationed in Camp Mc Coy at one time.

Say, Willard B., does the 400 still stop on schedule at Camp Mc Coy? I imagine there are a lot of empty seats in the smoking car due to the cigarette shortage back home. We hear so much about it.

Well, boys, I guess I have to close now. Good luck, fellows.

Pfc. Elmer Krizizke,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

It makes a person feel at home reading your fine paper and find out where a lot of friends are that you've lost in the big shuffle.

Haven't ventured very far since landing here. Hope to stay in this vicinity. Recently I had the opportunity to make a tour of Pompeii. I really expected to see a lot of building, but I was in for a surprise. There's hardly anything standing, a few buildings, pillars, and a church which is located quite a distance from the ruins. It is still in use today, and is one of the most beautiful churches I've seen. It was a tour in itself. If you ever get this far, it's something you shouldn't miss.

From the news I get, it seems to be rather chilly there. That's one thing we don't worry about too much where I am. Of course, further north they have plenty about the same as back in Wisconsin and even worse. I guess you know all about that.

Pfc. M. Rousse,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

At present, there's nothing I'd like better than to see this whole thing over with once and for all, so that all you fellows and gals can come home once again for good and enjoy the many things you so desire. I don't have to say any more about that as you probably know.

Well, I see according to my watch it's just about time for dinner, so until we meet again by pen, good luck and best wishes to you all.

Harvey Gauthier,
Vets Hospital, Wood, Wis.

Dear Staff,

I'm somewhere in Belgium. I guess you read what we're doing here, so I won't say a thing. The weather here is getting pretty cold and we have an awful lot of snow, a good two feet. Makes a fellow think of home.

The Great Lakes team took our boys for a ride. I guess it was something for the people from home to see some of the big stars.

Give my regards to all the boys and girls wherever they are.

Sgt. Frank Siminski, Somewhere in Belgium

IN YOUR BACKYARD

It is an April evening in Two Rivers
And without opening your eyes you could tell that
spring is here once more . . .
For the wind off the lake is soft as pussy-willow down
and cool as green satin.
And the dreaming quiet of the evening is broken
by the cry of "Batter up!"
Through the block some little girls are roller skating,
While the less hardy ones are playing
jacks on the curb . . .

Listen! — The robins did come back to their old nest:
You can hear them chirping to each other in the elm.
The trees are putting forth their buds
and form a canopy of lace against the watered silk
of the western sky.
There will be rain later on—
the clean, sharp smell of it is in the air—
For some sullen clouds are massing
on the horizon.

Soon the night wind will begin to sing
high in the treetops,
And the trees will dance to the piping of the wind.
Then the rain will spatter on the window pane.
All about us will be the music of the world
in glad re-birth.

—Maryon Lintereur

Dear Staff,

I'm still here in Belgium, but since I last wrote I've been moved twice. I wish we'd get settled for a while. We're still enjoying it a lot out here. A little more mail would make this place a lot better. I got my first mail in three weeks. Those letters really can affect a guy's morale. Your paper comes in handy. It always brings good news, plus showing where some of my friends are. I hope they're making out O. K.

How about a picture of Gus Timm's tavern in your next issue?

R. E. Walesh, Cox.
Somewhere in Belgium

Dear Staff,

I have been overseas for over a year now, and have covered quite a bit of territory. It was most of the New Guinea coast and part of New Britain (we amphibians really get around).

Haven't met anyone from good old Two Rivers since I came overseas. Guess the reason for that is that we're on the water most of the time.

Pvt. Donald Burtard,
Netherlands East Indies

Dear Editor,

I received your December issue of the Sojourner, and I liked it for it's Christmas carols and the events of the year. The servicemen's letters are interesting and it looks like everyone wants to live in Two Rivers. I will move to Mishicot, as I saw so much water I'm blue in the face. Of eighteen months in the service, I've spent three months on the sea, been on both sides of the globe and had fifteen addresses so far. Can anyone top that?

Pfc. Anton Shesta, Somewhere in the Philippines

Dear Editor,

It's been quite some time since I last wrote, but I assure you that it wasn't on purpose. For the last few months we've had quite a little work and I was lucky to get a few letters written home and of course to the one and only.

Last night I received two papers, and I see that a few of the home town boys are over here. If any of them ever get around to where they hear of the 913th Ord., I wish they'd stop in and say "hello." It's been a long time since I've seen anybody from the good old home town.

Right now there isn't much happening around where I am except for a few flying bombs that go over every day. Outside of that it's quite peaceful. About a month ago, though, we were in a pretty hot spot. We were stationed in a small Belgium town by the name of La Roach. I imagine you've heard of it, because it was in the news quite a bit. Well, it was all right until the Jerries started their push, and then things started to happen. We got or rather moved out of the town just one day before the Jerries got there. It was quite an experience.

Cpl. Lyle Wagner,
Somewhere in Belgium

Dear Staff,

I have had six months sea duty on the other side, saw lot of the European countries and expect to see lots of the Islands out here before we get back.. Lewis Klein is the only one from Two Rivers that I've seen overseas. Best of luck to all my old friends from Two Rivers.

Ken Jacoboski, M. M. 2/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

ENGAGEMENTS

Cadet Nurse Lorraine Stahl, Milwaukee and Al Brusky.

Gladys Puls, SPARS and Pvt. Cass Mokeski, Detroit, Mich.

Helen Grall and Eugene Pekarske, Manitowoc.

MARRIAGES

Ethel M. Rumpf and Staff Sgt. Charles A. Hodson, Longmont, Colo., Mar. 12

Helen Holmes and Master Sgt. Herbert Ansorge, Manitowoc, March 14.

Elaine Fortin and W. J. Bennington, Manitowoc, March 14.

Inez Olson Wiltgen and Leroy Beaupre, March 17.
Helen Marie Krizek and Staff Sgt. Edward J. Lodel, March 24.

Betty Jane Bonk and Donald Kraftchek, U. S. N., March 26.

INDUCTIONS

Navy—Paul Walter Zander, Donald Lee Schettl, Ralph T. Buvid, Orlin D. Durocher, Sylvester S. Dobinski.

Army—John Van Walesh, Bernard Domenoski, Howard Redeker, Helmuth Zielke, James Kocian, Francis Lesperance, Lowell Clarkson, Robert Kutil, Frank Koppa.

U. S. Coast Guard - Enlistment—Albert Klábunde.