



# LIBRARIES

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

## **The sojourner. Volume II, Number IX September 1943**

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, September 1943

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/7VUR6NW5L5PGK8R>

This image cannot be copied or reproduced without the written permission of the Lester Public Library. For information on re-use see:

<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.

9/15/43

# "THE SOJOURNER"

VOLUME II NUMBER IX

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, September 1943

Dear Son,

It didn't take long for September to come up on us! When the weather is as beautiful as it is today, I find it hard to believe that summer is actually almost gone. But then, you know Two Rivers, too! We hardly start to have warm days when the leaves begin turning yellow and red up on Picnic Hill. I always notice them there first for some reason.

We're harvesting our Victory Garden now, you know. Dad is so proud of his tomato plants! I've canned over thirty quarts already and there just seems to be no end of them. Sam is in his glory, too, now that we have corn on the cob. He's already made plans for his gang to have a corn roast out at Neshotah Park.

The children will be starting school soon now. Mary has some funny notions! She says maybe now that Dick's a senior, he'll want to be one of the fellows who stand in that "restricted area" surrounding the window ledge on second floor instead of coming over to her locker at noon. I guess from the attention he's shown her during the summer, she needn't worry about his neglecting her at school this fall! I actually believe those two have seen every show at the Rivoli during vacation.

I was surprised to find that Sam looked forward to school until I found out why. He told Dad yesterday that he was going to try to make the freshman football team because he wanted to be a gridiron star like you were in high school. I'll never forget the thrill Dad and I got when you made that 50-yard touchdown in the last two minutes of play. We were so excited we could scarcely speak to Mr. Clarke when he came up to us, and yet I think Miss Dunaway was even more excited than we were!

Dad has finally decided to put your rod and reel away for the season and now he's polishing up his shotgun in anticipation of duck-hunting up along the lake this fall. Jean still enjoys teasing him

about the "big one that got away" that time he slipped in the West Twin River and had to walk back through town with his trouser legs all wet. The firemen were all sitting outside when he went past, too, and I guess he just about took the razzing of his life.

I believe I wrote and told you that Jean and several of the girls from the shop were seriously thinking of joining some branch of the service. As much as we'd hate to have her leave, neither Dad nor I will stand in her way if she really makes up her mind to go. We know that in her heart she feels that she could be doing more to help bring about the inevitable victory and peace to follow.

It just occurred to me that nobody here in our town ever thinks of anything but ultimate victory for the Allies. Isn't that typically American, Bill? There's a job to do and no one ever thinks of defeat but just goes right ahead and does it!

You said almost the same thing in your last letter. You said you knew we had to win because none of the fellows you'd met would accept any way of living but the kind that they chose and made for themselves.

Do you know, Bill? — I think it's the faith we at home have in you and the faith you have in yourselves that's going to win this war!

Love from Dad, Sam, Mary  
and Jean too —  
Mom

\*\*\*\*\*

To the Boys Serving Overseas

You will find attached to this copy of the Sojourner an application form for membership in the local post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the sponsors of the paper.

If you are interested in becoming a member of the VFW, simply fill in the form and mail it to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, Two Rivers, Wisconsin. On page 7 you will find a list of the fellows who have joined the local post since the beginning of this war.



- THE SOJOURNER -  
Published monthly by  
The Civic Understudies

Gertrude Doncheck.....Editor  
Gladys Schaden.....Associate Editor  
Katherine Hasheck.....Feature Editor  
Faye Hallett.....Editorial Writer  
Jeanette Bonfigt.....Columnist  
Ruth Feuerstein).....News Editors  
Evelyn Palzer )  
Edith Buege.....Cartoonist  
Marie Klein.....Circulation Manager  
Mary Schmitt.....Asst. Circulation Manager  
Veterans of Foreign Wars.....Sponsors  
\*\*\*\*\*

BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Sojourner:

It's been a long time since any of us have seen the old home town, but of course I expect to see it soon. My only hope is that we'll all be there to put our stories together soon. I'm especially interested in sea stories.

Due to censorship there's very little I can talk about except that I'm (censored) and working in the (censored).

I often look around in hopes of meeting home town boys, but so far I've only met Hilary McClair. That was over a year ago.

There's been very little action except for one tin fish and that was last year.

Everette Christoffel, SK1/C, USN  
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Faye:

I don't write very much, but you know how I was in my school days... It's been some time since I've been home. I almost forgot you all.....

Last month while in the U.S.O. I saw that Earl Forcey had stopped there a few days before, but to try and find him is pretty hard.

I've written home almost everything, but you probably don't know what it looks like here. Plenty of rain and hot weather, plenty of bare feet and white clothes. And also too many taverns, like home. I saw in the paper two were closed and fifteen rejected, but the worst is I can't talk Spanish. I hope this letter finds you O.K.

Cpl. Marvin Halstrom  
c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

Dear Friends:

....The paper is just grand. At least I know what's going on in "The City Without Men."

This is the seventh camp I've been to and it's sure a nice place. I'm back in the medical corps again. Had my basic in the medical field but was transferred to the military police. After I arrived here I was put back in the medics. It's really interesting. The officers are grand and so are my buddies. Last night we gave 700 vaccination shots. Sure was fun. The poor fellows almost fall over at the sight of a noodle. Simple thing, but hard to take.

One or two things I dislike about Camp Sholby -- chiggers and the heat. It really does get warm.

...Last Sunday and Monday we crawled under machine gun fire and after our hard day's work we walked 12.7 miles back into camp. One good thing no one fell out...

Sgt. Elmer Ruello  
Camp Sholby, Miss.

Dear Staff:

.....After the quartermaster did everything to teach me how to be a soldier, the ordnance taught me every detail in repairing and rebuilding tires, and now they have sent me to college to learn military government of a foreign area.

Can't make up my mind if I like this new deal or not. We go to school until 9:30 every night and are free until 10:30 but they give us 24 hours off at the weekend. It's no soldier's life.

.....This town is as bad as the University's football team. (They haven't won a game in years.)

Pfc. Oliver Schlueter  
Moscow, Idaho

Hello Staff:

.....We have been in North Africa for eight months now, and it sure has been tough going here while the North African war was on. It is a little better for us now and I hope all of us can get out of this mess soon. Sure miss Two Rivers and all my friends. Want to say "hello" to all my friends in Two Rivers. Could use some of that cold weather from Two Rivers. It's plenty warm here.....

Pvt. Joe Wisniewski  
North Africa

To the Staff:

.....Well, I know that you are wondering what I'm in and what we do, so I'll give you a little idea about this Airborne Glider Troops.

I came in the service a year after the war started in December and was put in this outfit right from Fort Sheridan. This division and new Airborne army started in August so you know it's a new outfit, but they are using it in the invasion which you probably read about. I had a lot of plane rides and glider rides, and it sure is exciting.

We are out in Tennessee now but are moving back to Bragg again. We just finished our maneuvers which lasted for eight weeks and it has been very thrilling. There are a lot of parachute troops in this outfit, but I'm in the Anti-Aircraft battalion. We have been to about five different camps and out on the Atlantic Coast firing guns.....

Pvt. E. A. Kopetsky  
Fort Bragg, N.C.

Dear Staff:

.....I've been in the army for five months and have just completed my basic training. I have been promoted to Pfc. and have been stationed at Co. C. 114 Inf. APO 44, Fort Lewis, Washington since I first entered the army. The only thing wrong with the army is that I can't see my wife and baby, but hope to soon.

There are a few fellows here that I came with, but they are in a different company, so I don't get to see them. I know everybody is doing his part at home, and we'll do our part too when the time comes.

Pfc. Corwain Luebke  
Fort Lewis, Washington

Dear Editor,

I am now serving in the Pacific somewhere. I can't say where I am at the present, but hope that I can very soon. I am at a very nice place, but there is no other place in the world like the good old U.S.A.

While I am writing this, I would like to take this opportunity to say "hello" to my brother Bud up in Alaska. I haven't seen him for quite some time, so good luck, Bud, and I hope to see you soon.

Cpl. John Otis  
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Dear Gang,

You see that "Alley Oop" isn't the only one that's traipsing around this "Guinea Island." We're really giving him a lot of help, believe me. I've wanted to write and tell you how much I appreciated your papers, but I hope you realize how fellows, even soldiers, like to write letters, even though we're crazy about getting mail ourselves.

Since I've been overseas I've had a little more legitimate excuse, however. When I was in Africa, I moved every couple of days and my address changed as often; since we've been over here we've been plenty busy as you've undoubtedly gathered from reading the newspapers. I'm assigned to the combat intelligence section of this outfit so when you tell "G undy" hello for me tell him that I'm really seeing a lot of history in the making.

Pvt. Roy R. Krenke  
Somewhere in Sicily

Hello Sojourner Staff,

The paper keeps me in touch with that "old gang of mine." I've been south, east and west back in the States and am now somewhere in England. You can give me the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" anytime. The people over here are all right after you get to know them. The girls are the easiest to understand -- ahem!

The money system had me puzzled for a while, and we could have been cheated blind, but we got a booklet explaining the rate of exchange.

Pvt. H. A. Francisco  
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff:

I was home on leave in May but didn't get a chance to talk to any of the girls on the staff. I'll try to tell you about myself now.

I was commissioned a second lieutenant on May 20th after thirteen weeks of hard work and study. I'm in the field artillery. After graduation I was assigned here to an armored division. The work is okay so far, and I like it a lot.

It sure is swell to read all the letters from the boys. Keep 'em rolling and good luck to all.

Lt. Kenneth Hetue  
Camp Chaffee, Arkansas



Dear Staff:

For many months your paper "The Sojourner" has followed me from field to field until it finally caught me. Each copy was a bit late, but through no fault of yours. Had I been more considerate of your efforts to keep each one of us in the service informed of the whereabouts of our hometown buddies, I most assuredly would have notified you of my past changes of address. I hope you'll forgive my negligence and continue sending your paper my way, because it gives a fellow a swell feeling to read about people he knows and likes to remember.

Now then, I might tell you of my location and duties in the event someone is interested in knowing. I am stationed at Dalhart, Texas, with the 468 Bombardment Squadron. Though I was first commissioned a bombardier, I have also attended navigation school at San Marcos, Texas, and I am now the navigator on a B-17-F.

Lt. "Cel" J. Antonie  
Dalhart, Texas

Dear Editor,

As a suggestion I would like to see a little more in print about that famous class of '33. (Ed. note: Will some members of the class of '33 please write?)

I've been in the Coast Guard for nine years, so it isn't anything new to me. I've been in the South a little better than six months now and I can't say anything good about it. If these people were aware of that good northern country, there would be a migration on a grand scale, that is, in peace time. The only reason a Yankee is down here is because it is in line of duty. Give me good old Wisconsin any time.

Walter L. Czechanski C. B. M.  
Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans

Dear Staff:

We are still out here on the Mojave Desert. Plenty of heat out here. I don't think it ever cools off. Hot as heck during the day and pretty chilly at night. I'll be glad when we finish our maneuvers. Water is pretty scarce and that's what I can drink a lot of. I'm certainly glad that the boys are getting along fine.

S/Sgt. Frank Siminski  
c/o Postmaster  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Staff:

Just a few words to say "Hello" and to thank you for the paper. It's a welcome sight when a fellow is sort of stranded in this God-forsaken part of California.

Since I've been at this camp, five months now, I found that three fellows from home were here: Sgt. Sanford Ruelle, Cpl. Luke Taddy, and Pvt. Leslie Martin. All are gone now but Cpl. Taddy. Needless to say, the conversations usually turned to a "review of the home town."

For some time now I've been working in the classification section at the infantry replacement center. It is probably one of the most interesting jobs a soldier can have. The work includes interviewing, testing, and classifying and finally recommending an assignment for soldiers as they come to the replacement center—and they come from everywhere. We work with everyone from battle-scarred veteran to the rookie with only a day's experience in Army.

I have never seen as select a group of men in any office before. They come from very good positions in civilian life and are extremely competent. If the individual soldier knew how hard this office tries to place him where he can be of most use to the army and where he can at the same time better his own position, there would be no complaints, but there is little publicity given to the work done here.

I don't expect to stay here much longer. About two months ago I was recommended to go to a specialized training school but my orders haven't arrived yet. I have also been transferred to an overseas replacement battalion—probably to do some work overseas, but I do not know what the powers-that-be have in store for me. Personally I would prefer the overseas assignment.

While here I have been able to spend some of my evenings working on my thesis, which when completed will finish the work for my degree so I don't have that to worry about any more.

..... I want to tell you that your paper has been the inspiration for many more. I've put it on the bulletin board outside my room. The rookies like to read it and speculate as to where they'll go from here. They get lots of ideas from the Sojourner.

Pvt. James Savard  
Camp Roberts, Calif.

Dear Editor,

I don't quite know how to start this letter to you, Gertrude, but I'll try my best. First, I'll thank you and the staff for sending me the biggest little paper on earth, "The Sojourner".....

About the unit I'm in, I wouldn't want to be in any other unit as far as I'm concerned, but lots of the fellows here say they know of a lot more units that surpass this one.

The facts that Walter Winchell said about this camp being run and the men in it handled as prisoners of a German Concentration Camp are not true, but when he mentioned the morale of the soldiers in this camp being the lowest of any army camp in the U.S., he really said something there. It was also said that the Tank Destroyer men on the battle fronts do have the highest and strongest morale and urge to fight more than any other unit only because they were so glad to get out of Camp Hood. Of what I've seen and heard from other men training in advanced units, I arrive at the opinion that it's not as bad as it is painted, and if Winchell wants to blow off about something he doesn't know too much about, let him blow if it makes him happy.

It is said that in our camp we have one of the toughest commando courses in the country. Men from different army camps and even foreign countries come here to go over it, which takes six days. I'm scheduled, or I should say my battalion is scheduled to go over it at the end of our B.U.T.C. sometime in September, and I must say truthfully I'm not looking forward to it too much. Somehow, I'm told, that since I'm in the Medical Detachment now, that I won't be going over it. I'm trying my best right now to get out of the Medics only because I won't get the training the other soldiers are getting, and being stuck in the Dispensary is no job for me. Enough of the army bunk.

It was good to hear from fellows like Lyle Strohm and Paul Klein. I'm always looking for letters from more fellows I know and used to chum around with, but I guess they must be as slow as I was in answering. There's only one reason that I can see the others don't write, it's not because they don't appreciate this good little paper, but only because they are all pretty busy. I am sure they will

come to sit down some day and write a letter of thanks to the Sojourner Staff, so just bear with me, because there's a few I still have a letter coming from but I know they'll do it.

Well, I guess I wrote enough about that good little camp down here, so will close wishing the best of luck for everyone in the service and the best of luck to the staff. I remain as ever before,

Cpl. Leo C. Rocklewitz  
North Camp Hood, Texas

Dear Staff,

Greetings and salutations from that fog-shrouded, wind-swept isle in the middle of San Francisco Bay, known as Treasure Island. From these salty shores on a rare clear day, I can look past Alcatraz Island over the famed Golden Gate Bridge, and on through the Golden Gate itself out over the broad blue Pacific. Soon many of us will be on a course that leads out to where the sky and water meet.

At present I am in a program of training about which little can be said, for I am bound by an oath of secrecy. After three months of electrical engineering courses at Texas A. & M. College, I was shipped out here for further study and training. Although most of my work is in the broad field of radio, I've had courses in gas engines, diesel engines, machine shop practice, navigation and what-not. We fellows should be regular jack-of-all trades.

All of our duties do not involve studies; for instance, there's shore patrol duty. My last assignment was a beat in San Francisco's famous Chinatown. That was a relatively quiet night, and I didn't have to make a single arrest.

Air alerts in the middle of a quiet, peaceful sleep and midnight watches are perhaps the two most unpopular of our activities in the daily routine. The ill humor a midnight watch can cause is sometimes appeased by a practical joke, for more than once a sailor awoke in the morning to find himself securely tied or wired in his bunk.

Hubert "Sparks" Hess RT2/c  
San Francisco, California

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A PLEA TO THE SERVICEMEN

Say a few prayers for Private O'Toole,  
He used a feather to tickle a mule.



Dear Editor,

I have a few things that I experienced overseas. To start off with, it was the day of Oct. 15, 1942 when we packed our luggage and left Fort Bragg for overseas duty. They did not tell us where we were going until we were well out to sea. Then we were told that we were headed for Africa and that our mission was very important and we had to be successful on our landing.

As you heard, we were, for on Nov. 8, 1942 at 0500 we landed on the beaches of Medhia Plange and had a stiff battle for three days before the French gave in. I want to add that they were good fighters for the little equipment they had.

After that was all settled we taught them how to use our weapons and it wasn't very long after that they joined us to drive the Germans from their land. Our outfit went up to the Kasserine Pass when we first contacted the jerries and that's when we had our first big fight. I can't explain everything that took place over there but I do know that the Germans found out that we still can take it. Not only that we can take it, but that we also can dish out more than we take.

Anyway, we finally won that battle and pushed them back as far as Maknassey where we fought there for over two weeks before we contacted the British 8th Army. It was up at Maknassey that we lost my cousin Roland Lawerentz on the same mountain that I was on. One of the German 88's landed a few feet from where he was and it got him with shrapnel. It made me very mad for them to do that to my cousin, so at night when the Germans attacked us, I went out and tried to even up the score for what they had done. A few of the boys volunteered to go with me and we kicked the Germans right off of our mountain.

From there we moved to Meteur and had our final fight with the Germans until we hit Bizerte. There they found out that they did not have much of a chance to lick us so they all threw up their hands and surrendered.

Well, this is only a part of my experiences and I would like to tell everything but the censor would not permit. So this is the story of my past and if anybody can tell a better line, I'll be happy to have any of you G. I.'s try.

Sgt. Elmo Tetzlaff  
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff Members,

I haven't received the Sojourner for three months. Undoubtedly you had trouble trying to keep in contact with me; and I don't blame you because at times I didn't even know where I was.

I have been transferred to six different camps, five of them within the last four months. During my year of service in the army these are the different camps I've been at. First there was Camp Forrest, Tenn., where I was stationed for eight months. Then I was transferred to Nashville, Tenn.; from there I went to Greensboro, North Carolina. It didn't take long, I was riding the rails to Chanute Field, Ill. From there I went west and wound up at Hill Field, Ogden, Utah, and finally at the Army Air Base here at Rapid City, South Dakota.

Pfc. Leo Kowalski  
Rapid City, S. Dakota

Dear Staff,

I have been stationed here a few months now, but I can't tell you where I am, because it's a military secret. I do know one thing--when I get your copies I know the folks back home haven't forgotten us.

We soldiers look for mail and the more we get the better we feel. So if any of the staff and your friends wish to write letters to us, I, as one, sure would be glad to hear from you. We are all working hard so we can get this over and come home soon to put good old T. R. back on the map.

I hope to be getting a rating soon, so until I receive your next copy, keep the Sojourner rolling.

Pvt. Patrick L. Day  
c/o Postmaster  
Seattle, Washington

Dear Girls and Sherman,

I received your last most welcome copy of "The Sojourner" which happened to be the May issue. It really acts as a haven in the storm.

As you see by my address, there's not much I could write or should write if I could write, but I can't write so I shan't write; so I'll have to let the boys write who can write.

As ever, "For better or for Vertz",  
Walter K. Vertz, Ph.M. 2/c  
c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

## - AUGUST IN TWO RIVERS -

Aug. 1: 11th Sub "Galet" launched at Manitowoc sponsored by \$7,000,000 in War Bonds bought by the people of Shreveport, Louisiana

Aug. 2: Rev. Steckbauer, Asst. Pastor at St. Luke's Parish, granted sick leave

Aug. 4: Legion sponsors drive for old records; they will be piled in Lahey & Watson's window

Aug. 6: Sale of stamps and bonds on "Molly Pitcher Day" nets over \$175. Slot machines and stuff completely and absolutely banned in Manitowoc County

Aug. 7: New addition to Kahlenberg Bros. Plant begun

Aug. 9: Navy cruiser at postoffice seeks Sea Bee enlistments; 88° hot today!

Aug. 10: Less than one box shells per hunter this fall

Aug. 11: School Board approves plan permitting seniors to work part-time. News! Miss White will teach at Shorewood, Mr. Gunderson at Madison and Miss Dunaway at Milwaukee. It just won't be the same school.

Aug. 14: Manitowoc boy and girl scrap collection winners launch sub

Aug. 16: Program of vocational rehabilitation for honorably discharged veterans set up

Aug. 18: County Fair opens. Drive begins for the collection of trinket jewelry for you boys in Africa and elsewhere

Aug. 19: We're told Manitowoc built vessels played big part in Sicilian move

Aug. 20: Liberty Ship at Portland, Ore., to be named for distinguished native son of Two Rivers, Senator Thomas J. Walsh

Aug. 22: Polar Bears split double-header with Manitowoc

Aug. 23: Dave Bensman's "Free Press" suspended for duration

Aug. 24: 109 tons of tin cans sent in from Manitowoc County. 37 years ago a carload of whiskey received here. Reason? A whiskey salesman toured the farms!

Aug. 28: Mtwoc. built sub "Pogy" sinks two Jap ships and 2 patrol boats off Japan. Manitowoc householders can start sprinkling again; they found some more water

Aug. 30: Army-Navy award given Hamilton Mfg. Company. Joe Soit moves tailoring shop next to city hall

Aug. 31: Leaves beginning to turn colors; winter's almost here. See you next month.

## - ENGAGEMENTS -

Jane Peterson and Russell E. Kirchner, Manitowoc

## - MARRIAGES -

Juanita Richey, Milroy, Indiana and Quentin W. Kuether, Ketchikan, Alaska, June 26

Celia Nehring and Jean M. Best, Springfield, Ill., July 24

Marie Huinker, Cato and Donald Holly, Shoto August 4

Phyllis Krueger and Wm. James Fox, Iron Mountain, Mich., August 14

Dolores Jacquart and W. J. Kraemer, Manitowoc, August 14

Helene Claire Lackowicz and Lt. (j.g.) M.J. Del Balso, Milwaukee, August 14

Angeline Haag and Frank Theiss, Aug. 21

Olive Sprang and Elroy Draheim, Valders, August 21

Carol Bellin and Lionel H. Chicquette, Maiden Rock, Wis., August 28

Bernice Zierzow and Ralph Jachnig, Aug. 28

## - ENLISTMENTS -

Charles Rebman, U. S. Coast Guard

Leonard Mraz and Donald Lahey - Army

John H. Herschleb, Richard & Donald Deprey, Victor Sager, Neil Jindra and Clarence Jerabek - Navy

## - PROMOTIONS -

George Haas, Lieut. (j.g.)

Ivan Klein, Sergeant

Paul J. Simono, Corporal

Alton Colanchick, Corporal

Virgil Brull, Sergeant

Gladwin J. Kresheck, Sergeant

Miles W. Phalen, Sergeant

Robert Thuss, Private First Class

Paul Neveau, Staff Sergeant

\*\*\*\*\*

## Servicemen in this War Who Have Joined the Local Post of the VFW

Frederick Olien, Howard Wolf, Leonard Zelinski, Kenneth Herman, Kenneth Emond, John Hernday, Edgar Gloe, Harold Deau, Francis Migawa, Robert Forcey, George Anderson, Myron Soucoup, George Haas, Roland Kohls, Roman Wisniewski, Leroy J. Tomcheck, Louis R. Brown, Kenneth Zeh, Gordon Schultz, Warren Gauthier, Bryce Henricks, George Watson, Homer Zarn, John Anderberg, Clifford Anderberg, Lester Strohm, Ivan Klein, Stanley Stanul, Lawrence Dugan, Earl Shelson, Alton Colanchick, John Schultz, William Rhein, Harold Stanull, Francis Lonzo and Floyd Bauknecht.

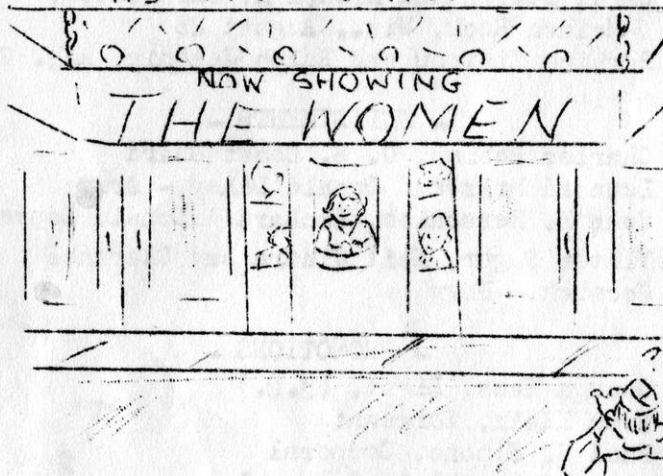




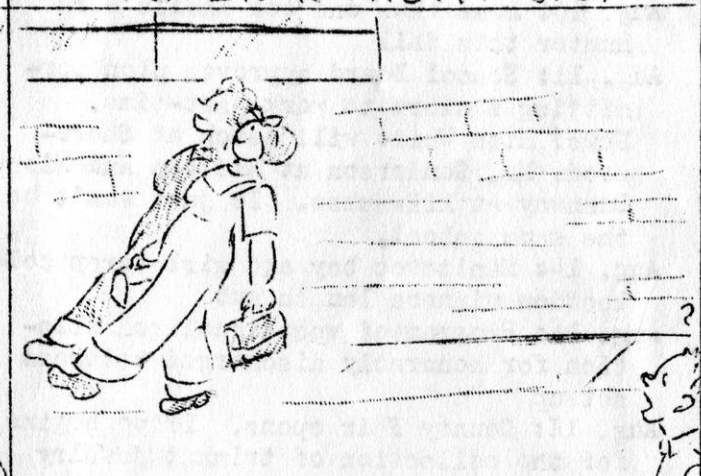
IT'S A MAN'S WORLD!



POPULAR NIGHT SPOT



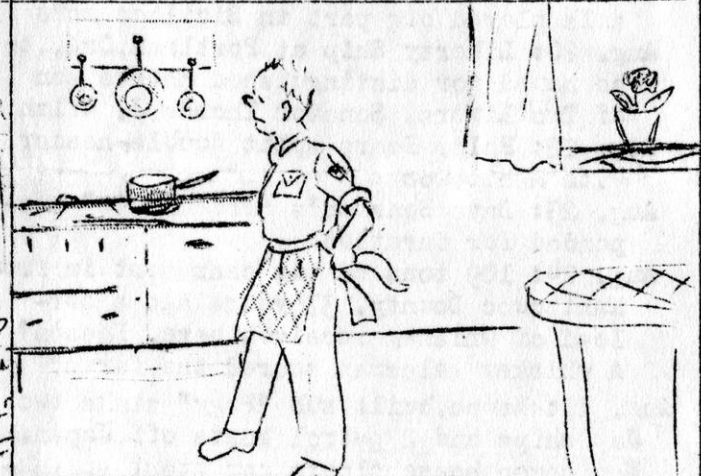
THE RIVOLI



HAMILTONS'



THE KID SISTER



MAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME!

What Johnny learned on his furlough