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## The sojourner. Volume IV, Number 3 March 1945

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, March 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, MARCH 1945

Number 3

## Erin Go Bragh!

"My daughter married an Irishman."

"Oh, really?"

"No--O'Reilly!"

Well, sure and begorrah, if Auld Saint Patrick's Day ain't rollin' around again, and what foiner time could be found to pay a tribute to the Irish in Two Rivers—those wanderers from the land of banshees and the Blarney Stone—the good Auld Emerald Isle.

There's O'Mealys and O'Malleys; there's McConnells and O'Connells; there's Orange Irish and Green Irish; Irish with red hair and blue eyes; Irish with black hair and gray eyes. Faith!

You alumni of W. H. S. will well remember the shamrocks that were flaunted each year on March 17 by the ever loyal daughters of old (?) Ireland, Gert. Sweetman and Kate O'Connell. But do you all recall how the Irish forbears of the former acquired their family name? Well, it seems that one of her ancestors moved from his native Sweden to the Irish Isle. Once there, Irish neighbors began identifying him as "that Swede man." Gradually, as time went on, this phrase was shortened to Sweetman.

Then, there's Harry O'Mealy's story—and he sticks to it—about how his name came to be. It seems that his name originally was O'Malley. Ever so often these O'Malleys would so forget themselves—in an uprush of Celtic temperament, you understand—and would absentmindedly ride off with one of the neighbor's horses. The neighbors did not approve of this habit and took after them with their shillalahs. The ever-prudent O'Malley decided that it was time to skip the country and in the course of his odyssey changed his name to "O'Mealy."

Sometime when you see her, ask Helen Nilles to tell you the tale of her grandmother's grandmother who was an Irish princess and lived in an enchanted castle on the banks of Lake Killarney. Or look at the Nilles' collection of Irish laces and linens, so beautiful that they must have been woven by fairy hands.

Where could you be after findin' a foiner group of upstandin' citizens than in Two Rivers with its E. T. O'Brien, President of the Two Rivers Savings Bank; L. B. Clarke, who needs no introduction to the many culprits who have stood before him in fear and trepidation; George O'Brien, our capable Superintendent of Schools; genial Charlie O'Neil, Research Engineer at Hamilton's; Dr. Moriarity, well known physician; "Doc" Delmore, local dentist; Bert Larkin, attorney; Tommy Hayes, Navy Inspector at Hamilton's (Remember how he unfurled the Irish flag over his Deep Rock service station each St. Patrick's Day?); and the effervescent and fast-talking Mary Dunne, English teacher at the high school.

Gracing the local Honor Roll of men in the Armed

## Would Yez Like A Bit O' Irish Wit And Song?

"MOTHER MACHREE"

There's a spot in my heart  
That no Colleen may own;  
There's depth in my soul  
Never sounded or known.  
There's a place in my memory  
My life that you fill;  
No other can take it,  
No one ever will.

Sure, I love the dear silver  
That shines in your hair,  
And the brow that's all furrowed  
And wrinkled with care.  
I kiss the dear fingers  
So toil worn for me;  
Oh, God bless you and keep you,  
Mother Machree.

### Said To Be True

The President of the Illinois Central was busy in his private office when a burly man came in without announcement or the removal of his hat.

"Me name's Casey. Oi want a pass to St. Louis. Oi wurk in th' yards."

"That's no way to ask for a pass. You should introduce yourself politely. Come back in an hour and try again."

In an hour Casey returned, doffed his hat and said:

"Are you Mr. Harahan?"

"I am."

"Me name's Patrick Casey. O'ive been wurking in th' yards."

"Glad to meet you Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Yez can go to h-----! O'ive got a job with the Missouri Pacific!"

—From January 1938 Matthews Matters.

Forces are the names of the Lynch boys — Jimmie & Jack, the Culligans — Wallace & Clarence (Pat), Leland Webster, Pat Mee, Pat Day, the Elliots — Jimmy, Bob & Lyman, Jean Larkin, Leo Doolan, Eddie Dunne, Paul McDonald, Frederick Olien and others.

So, out of a town jam-packed with Germans and French-Canucks, immerses this small but very important minority—true sons and daughters of "Auld Erin."

Since it would be unseemly to affix two French-Canuck handles to this article, just for this time we borrow the names of — O'Lintereur and O'Dufano; and for those of you who are not Irish, "Erin go bragh!" is a good old Irish toast and it means "Ireland Forever!"



# THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

## The Civic Understudies

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### BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

I have just finished reading my last three copies of the Sojourner which arrived at one time in our last big batch of mail. The little paper is doing a wonderful job keeping us informed of the current events in Two Rivers and providing a means of communication between those of us who have gone from home.

Christmas in England was more cheerful than I had anticipated. All we nurses had to do was to observe the good morale of the injured boys, the morale to which we become accustomed and seem to take for granted at times, to know that we have nothing to complain about. Each ward full of patients was given colored crepe paper and red and green tissue paper along with plenty of holly by the Red Cross workers, and asked to do what they could to decorate their ward to give Christmas spirit. The results were excellent and recognition was given to the best ward. Mistletoe added zest to the decorations.

It is no news to say that it is usually raining here, but today there were a few snow flurries between periods of bright blue sky and bright sunshine.

Greetings to all my friends and classmates who perchance may read this.

Lt. Monica M. Rudie,  
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I wish to take this opportunity to inform you of my change of address. It's Casu 40 now, and I don't want to wait for any forthcoming Sojourners.

From your last issue I learned that "Cat" Antonie is in my vicinity. I'll have to look him up if it's at all possible. So far I haven't met up with any of the fellows from good old Two Rivers.

It was a treat to see some of the hangouts that were printed in the November issue. Strange as it seems, I received the December issue before the November issue.

William J. Buhk, A.M.M. 2/c,  
c/o Fleet Postmaster,  
San Francisco, California

Dear Staff,

Here I find myself somewhere in Western England, so I thought I'd better get busy and give you my new APO number as I've missed the last issue of the Sojourner.

Guess this is my little two cents worth for now. Here's hoping we can all have this big reunion one day soon. Also, here's luck to the gang.

Pfc. John L. Kellner,  
Vaughan General Hospital  
Hines, Illinois

Dear Staff,

Yes, even I am finally writing. I hope you'll excuse me for not writing sooner. I just received the January issue of the Sojourner and after reading the letters from all the fellows, I felt ashamed of myself for not sending my thanks before this. All of you on the Sojourner Staff are sure doing a swell job. Thank you all very kindly for sending me a copy every month.

Then, too, I want to wish all the fellows the best of luck and I'm sure looking forward to the day when we'll all meet again at Oscar's or at Gus's.

Claude S. Marek, S 2/c,  
Corona, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I received your latest issue of the swellest little paper, and it was a timely reminder for me to write and tell you how much I really appreciate it.

I was very fortunate to graduate on December 23, because my fifteen-day (graduation) leave covered both Christmas and New Years. I particularly enjoyed the Alumni game and dance. It was great to see so many of the fellows home for the holidays.

Since I've returned to Turner, I've been instructing cadets in B-25's here at Advanced Flying School. Now that I've seen both sides of the picture, I believe the flight instructor "sweats out" the student as much as the student does the instructor and the airplane. This "instructing deal" is strictly a temporary affair—at least so we're told) until our assignments come through from Transition school. In other words, we're a pool for pilots awaiting combat duty assignments. It's about time! I've been in service twenty months and still haven't seen foreign soil. It's quit evident there is a surplus of pilots in the AAF now.

I like my flying game a-plenty, and as long as they let me stick with it, I'm happy. I consider myself mighty fortunate in getting just what I went out for in this man's army. Now I'd like to put my training to good use. All I want is a "crack" at it.

Good luck to all you fellows here as well as "over there."

Lt. Walter P. Ziarnik,  
Turner Field, Albany, Ga.

Dear Staff,

I have just received your October issue of the Sojourner, and I must say I enjoyed reading it very much. I've been overseas two years now, and so far I've met one fellow from Two Rivers. That was back in Oran, Africa, and his name is Kenneth La Fleur. I haven't seen him since, but we did correspond for a while until I lost his address. If you read this, Ken, I wish you would drop me a line if you still have my address. Well, I must close now, but I'll be writing again soon.

Cpl. Ray Henrickson, Somewhere in Italy



Dear Staff,

Well, I finally got to writing you a letter. We are very busy here and there is not much time off. I get your paper every month and I think it is a wonderful little paper. It sure keeps you in touch with all the boys at home. I am instructing cadets in B-25's down here in Pampa, Texas. I have about fourteen hundred flying hours now, and that Mitchell Bomber is quite an airplane. You can do most anything with it. Every once in a while they break down and give us a day off so we get to go somewhere. Last week I went out to Los Angeles, and it took us four hours to get there. It is not a bad place but there is nothing to compare with the old home town, in my point of view. I sure would like to be sitting in Bucky's with a jug about now.

It sure will be a great day when we can have the whole gang together again. I met Howard Le Clair in San Antonio a few times, but that is all of the old bunch I've seen. Whenever we go anywhere I look for the boys, but I have not been very successful so far. Well, I have to go and fly a low mission now, so I will close and hope to see you all soon, the sooner the better, so we can all have a little Hooper Dooper together.

Hello, Hil and Ed, drop a line when you're not busy, you too, Trout.

Lt. William Bridges,  
Pampa, Texas

Dear Staff,

Just received the October issue of your very fine paper and believe me no one knows how much it really means to me. I'm sure when I say this I can also talk for Darwin Andrews who is out here with me. He's in a different squadron, but we operate together so we see each other just about every day. He certainly is a swell guy and we share our joys and grievances together. We spent all day Christmas together talking over old times back in good old Two Rivers. Both of us are on P. T. boats and we like them a lot.

Duty isn't so bad out here except that it's too darn hot and gets a lot worse down in that engine room, but I'm not complaining, things could be a lot worse. I plan on being home for next Christmas so I always have something brighter to look forward to.

The chow isn't too bad although most of it is dehydrated. We expect to move up pretty soon to some faster company. Things are getting kind of dead around here.

Sure hope you keep up the good work. It's always welcomed by us (Darwin and I) out here, and I know there are lots of other boys overseas who feel the same way we do.

Andrew Zywicke, F /c,  
Dutch East Indies

Dear Staff,

Well, I have been home for Christmas from December 22 to 26, and may I add, fellows and girls all over the world, that the old place is still the same and that the wind still blows the same way. It's only that they all miss you very much.

The fellows that are in my ward here yell seconds and thirds on your paper that I receive from you monthly.

Harvey Gauthier,  
Veterans Hospital, Wood, Wis.

Dear Staff,

Your paper brings a lot of that home-town warmth and friendship. I am now stationed in Northwest Africa, and believe it or not I still run movie machines for the boys at this base along with another shipmate. We also have to take care of shipping and receiving movie film at a film exchange. I find the work very interesting. I sure miss the Rivoli Theatre, Washington Street, Kirst Drug Store, but most of all I miss Two Rivers Golden Drops beer. It's true that we get beer over here, but that Golden Drops seems to have the right "tang."

Clifford A. Johnson, EM 3/c,  
Northwest Africa

(Ed. note: To those of you who have been away too long—Kirst's Drug Store is now Plantico Drug Store.)

Dear Staff,

I received your most precious Sojourner. Thanks loads for it. It's the first one I received overseas. I have been in France for five months. That's too long for me. I loves my states.

I just received word that Jerry Gunderson is on leave for thirty days. Now who does he know, lucky boy. I would like to say "hello" to my brothers Claude and Bob, and to my old gang John Henfer, Ned Slocum, "Cat" Antonie, Jerry Gunderson, and Hilary Williams. Must sign off now.

Pfc. Roland Beitzel,  
Somewhere in France  
"Mostly in a Chateau"

Dear Staff,

I received the October issue which was the first since I left the states. We only received mail twice since our departure from the U. S. This took place at Saipan and here. Had so much mail, it took a full day to read it. Now we're getting it regular again, until we shove off. They keep us on the move, which of course doesn't give the mail a chance to catch up with us.

I am now in a newly organized, experimental outfit. I'm abroad a U. S. A. L. T. My duties are the same as any regular Navy man. We are under Army control with Navy orders and under Coast Guard regulations. I think our main job is to keep the rest of the Army and Navy in suspense. Besides that we are not in the position to say what our work consists of.

I haven't had the pleasure of meeting any fellows from our cool city. Our famous 32nd Division is here about, so I'm looking forward to meeting some of them. Things sure cooled down since our first arrival here. I'm sure everything will turn out for the best, and wish all the guys and gals lots of luck, and hope we will all be returning home in the very near future.

Pfc. Lester Haag,  
Somewhere in the Philippines

Dear Staff,

I could tell you a lot of things I've seen and where I've been, but I don't like to talk about them. Since I've been in the Army I haven't met anyone I know from Two Rivers. I guess there are a lot of boys that haven't met anyone from the good old home town either. The most important thing is that all of us boys get back to good old Two Rivers, Wisconsin. I want to wish the best of luck to all my friends in the service.

Cpl. "Buzz" Buvid,  
Somewhere in Germany



Dear Staff,

For these past eighteen months overseas, I've been kept pretty busy. No one minds the hard work when it helps to finish this war.

Since leaving the States I've seen more than my share of the tropics, and one island is the same as the next—plenty of jungle and coral on all of them. These islands are not what they're cracked up to be. Those beautiful native gals you read about are short, fat, and black—I do mean black. The weather is either stifling hot or very wet. It doesn't make much difference to us anymore. We go on whether it rains or shines.

Chow here isn't bad, although we do get plenty of bully beef. Many of us go fishing in the ocean and usually we're pretty lucky. The fish we get are very tasty, but of course they can't compare with our northern pike or lake trout.

Everything is going O. K. with me. I'm in good health and hope to remain this way. My tour of duty here will be well rewarded if I can come back to Two Rivers safe, sound, and soon.

Cpl. Francis A. Lonzo,  
South West Pacific

(Ed. Note: The last three words of your letter reminds us of a cartoon appearing in the "This Week" section of the Milwaukee Journal. A gorgeous gal is saying her prayers at nite thusly: "Please bring him back safe, sound and single.")

Dear Staff,

I've been getting your paper for the past five or six months, and I've contacted some of my friends through it.

I thought I'd let you know that I'm not in the States any more, but someplace in Italy. I'd like to get in touch with the fellows from the "Owls Club" or anyone else from Two Rivers.

So far I haven't run across anyone I know in Italy, but there are three fellows in this outfit from home. There are Hilary Kumbalek, Donald Lahey, and Leonard Mraz.

Pfc. Guinter Krause,  
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

Well, since I last wrote I've been moved. This time it's to another strange corner of the world. We've been here since before Christmas and we spent Christmas and New Year's here. I received your December issue of the Sojourner and once again I found it most welcome. I found out most of the East Siders are getting around quite a bit. Well, this is very short, but it's all I can say for this time.

The beer here is 100% okay. Ask anyone in Belgium.

Russel E. Walesh, Cox.,  
Somewhere in Belgium

Dear Sojourner,

Haven't got time right now to write a long letter, but as I'd like to get the paper as soon as possible, I'll just send my new address.

Ensign A. J. Kostka,  
Miami, Florida

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to extend my most humble apologies for not writing much sooner. Along with all the other G. I. Joes and Janes I'd like to thank you and also congratulate you on your excellent work. It has brought me many moments of enjoyment, news, and bits about the other boys very interesting to us out here.

Recently our ship was transferred to the North Pacific after serving many months in the South Pacific. We assisted in a few invasions along with our many other tasks. During my time down below, I was very fortunate to meet two friends from Two Rivers—Richard Thomas and Carl Hetue. Much by coincidence, we were able to spend a full P. M. together ashore on one of the more populated islands. To Carl, I'd like to say, "Thanks for the identifying help."

In closing, I'd like to say "hello" to all my friends at home and in the service. I have a poem here which I hope may be deserving of a tiny corner in your great, grand paper. I thought some of you still out there and others returned might see how nearly right the poem is. Again congrats to each and every one of you on the staff, and I promise a continued, personal interest.

Richard Stehlik, M. M. 1/c,  
North Pacific

#### SOUTH PACIFIC

We are in the South Pacific  
In the jungles' salty air,  
Where heat, rain, slush, and muck  
Are an every-day affair.  
The nights are long and dreary  
As the pale moon lights the sky,  
And we lie in restless slumber  
As the hours creep slowly by.

Where tired men go on working  
On jobs that must be done,  
In dirt, grit, slime, and sweat,  
Beneath the burning sun.  
And at the close of each long day  
It isn't hard to find  
The men who greet that good old cot  
To rest tired, weary minds.

Where bugs and insects crawl at night  
That are as big as bugs can come.  
They will take your bunk and throw you out  
Before the night is done.  
Where dreams of home  
And the ones we love so dear  
Make a man cuss the day  
He ever landed here.

Where luxuries are forgotten  
In this land so far away,  
Where we crave our home from the jungles  
And we live most any way.  
It's nice to come here for a visit  
And then go on your way,  
But it takes a lot of guts and strength  
For the man who has to stay.

Should I ever receive a call from God  
I know darn good and well  
That I am bound to go to Heaven  
For I've served my time in Hell.

MARCH 1945

# CITY OF TWO RIVERS

STATE OF WISCONSIN

## Council-Manager Government

OFFICE OF THE CITY MANAGER

### To the men and women in Services:

We at home have done some thinking on planning for a peace time following the war when you G. I. Joes and Janes will come back to Two Rivers. We are interested in what you are thinking and how we can best work for you now and with you when you return.

The Post War Community Planning Committee is thinking of the jobs, homes and schools that you will want when you return. We need your help in our planning. Jot down your thoughts and ideas and send them to us.

#### 1. EMPLOYMENT

- a. Do you plan on entering private employment? Yes----- No-----
- b. Do you plan on starting your own business? Yes----- No-----

What type of business? -----

#### 2. SCHOOLS AND TRAINING PROGRAMS

- a. Do you plan on further schooling or enlisting in one of the training programs? Yes----- No-----
- b. What form of training do you prefer? -----

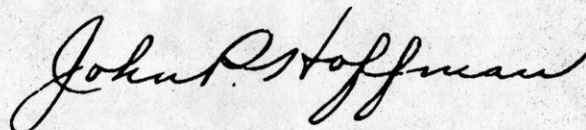
#### 3. COMMUNITY RESOURCES AND ACTIVITIES. What are your suggestions?

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#### 4. ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS: -----

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Sincerely yours,

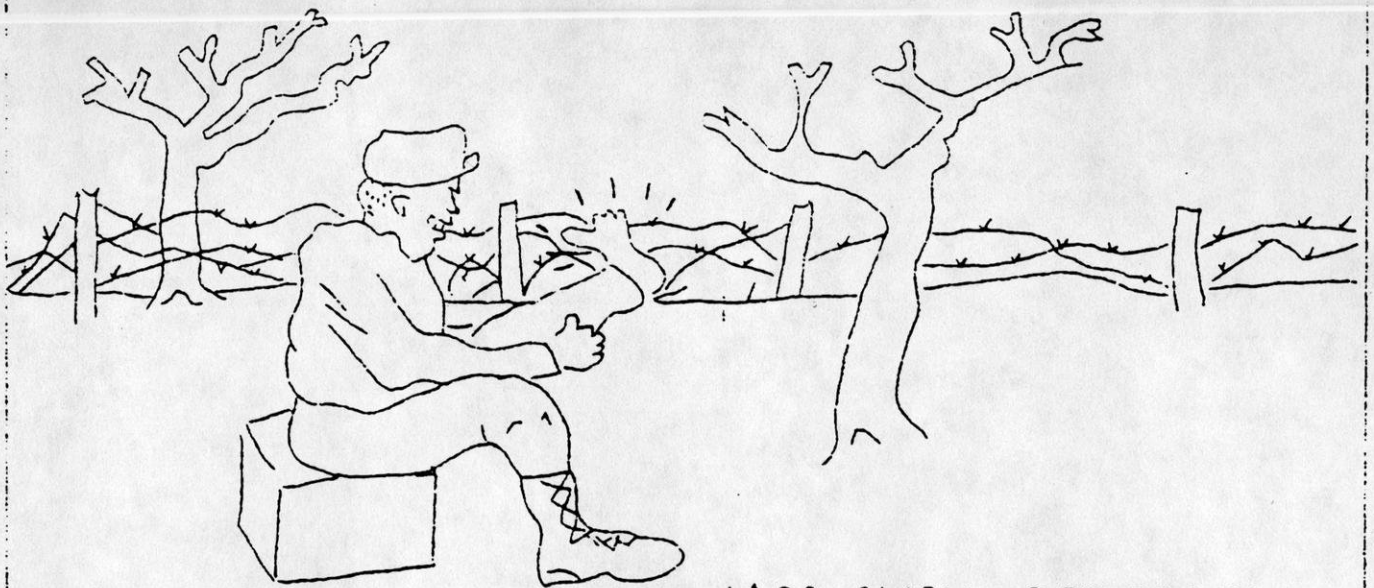


JOHN P. HOFFMAN  
City Manager

NOTE: This is our second request for this information. If you answered the first one, please disregard this one. We would like to have answers from all of you.



MARCH 1945



BY MELVIN RIVEST

## JAPS SMELL "DEE-FEAT"

### MUSIC SCOTHES THE SAVAGE -- OR SOMETHING

Music! One of America's favorite pastimes; the young people liking jazzy numbers or lovely popular waltzes; the older people reminiscing over old time favorites. Some people even go for classical and operatic music.

The melodies are often lovely or catchy but the words -- well, that's another thing. They are either senseless and incoherent or they become outmoded. However, some of the very old songs certainly apply to present day conditions.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas". We can say that again. Truer words were never spoken. Little did they realize back in the early 1900's that banana-splits would be made without bananas.

Or there are the songs like "Java Jive" and "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee". Oh, well, we don't mind. They say coffee gives us jangled nerves and keeps us awake at night -- so they say.

"I Don't Want to Walk Without You, Baby". I don't want to walk -- that's outrageous. We'll all do it and like it, and also the song.

"A Bicycle Built for Two". That's an-

other old song that certainly fits us today. Even Rolls Royce riders have come down a notch or two.

Then there's the song of the Ink Spots, "Do I Worry". Do we worry? Well I guess. First we worry if the sugar will stretch 'til the next coupon is good; how to get our income tax paid; finally we worry about the gray hair we'll get from worrying, so why worry at all?

A very popular song at present is "Day-break". I guess you boys would know more about that than most of us civilians.

"There'll be a Change in the Weather". How will we even know since they've taken weather forecasts away? Of course, in Two Rivers if it isn't cold it's damp, so it doesn't leave us in too much of a fog.

"Kiss the Boys Goodbye". When contingents first began to leave Two Rivers the girls went down to "kiss the boys goodbye". But now they'd have to quit their jobs and go on eight hour shifts to accommodate the number of boys leaving town.

Oh, well, people have to earn money somehow. I guess one has to stop being realistic when they listen to the words and music of our modern composers. It's more fun to get romantic listening to music; I'll get realistic "When I Grow to Old to Dream".

Dear Staff,

I was going to start the year out by writing you a letter, but I am sorry that I am so late with it. It seems that I have been pretty busy since things start popping up this way. In case you didn't know, I am now in the Philippines and have been for a quite a long while. I got here a very short time after the first main bunches got in. It was pretty hot then, but has cooled off considerably since then. I claim that is a very good sign, a sign that we have the situation well under control. I must admit that I am playing a very small role in this theatre of operations, but nevertheless I am here and that should mean something.

At this point, I would like to give my congratulations on the swell job the rest of the boys from home are doing here. I know that at least six of the boys with whom I went to school are here and were very near to me. Unfortunately, my duties didn't spare the time that I could get to visit any of them. Now I want to say "hello" again to Pete Petroske, Al Steeber, Francis Migawa, Roger Gauthier, Rollie Martin, and Ervin Diedrich. You guys did a swell job of mopping up on this Island (censored) but again luck was against me and I couldn't find any of you in the hustle and bustle that was going on at the time. I'll see you all in that big city, and we'll have a Caraboa Steak and gallon of Tuba. (Rotten stuff, isn't it?)

Incidentally, staff, I met these boys the first two weeks I was overseas. I met them in their rest camp back in (censored). Al and I had a few meals and cokes together. Note I said coke, not Golden Drops. That stuff is scarce over here. I would certainly like to be sitting at Brault's or the Blue Ribbon, instead of writing to you from within a tent. I suppose you read in the papers about the amount of rain we have over here. Well, every word of it is true. I am getting so used to it that I don't even get wet any more. I am immune to it.

Give me the good old Cool City for any part of the rest of the world, and I'll be plenty satisfied. I haven't ever seen a place that even started to compare with it. Don't ever think that I don't talk about the swell little town. I think sometimes the boys get sort of sick of it, but I, on the other hand, am proud to be from a swell place like Two Rivers.

I am sure all the boys will agree with me that your little paper is a very big morale builder. We certainly will invite you all to a big get-together at the Vets, and I do mean big. Well, girls the Philippines moon isn't shining tonight, so I guess I won't stay up to see it's brilliance. The only thing about these islands that I like are the moonlight nights, only there isn't that certain little somebody to share it with. Now lights out, so I must close.

Cpl. Robert Mancel,  
The Philippines

Dear Staff,

Well, I'm back in the States again and in this swell place they call Norfolk. I'm sure the boys who have been here will agree with me when I say it's swell here. I was home in December for the holidays, and it sure was swell to spend a Christmas at home again.

Well, I will be going overseas again soon, and I hope the Sojourner keeps up with me. I don't know of a better morale builder than that swell little paper.

Creighton A. Meneau, F 1/c,  
Norfolk 11, Va.

Hi, Everyone,

In the career of an Army unit, at one time or another, it has a tough break. Well, we got ours. We were transferred into the infantry. We are being trained now and then will go into the line. From now on Al Daetz and Robert Prue will have competition on "Who Gets There First."

Last week I received three issues of the Sojourner. They were from October, November and December. Too bad regulations say that you can't print the fellows addresses any longer.

Winter has hit Italy hard this year, and it proves to be a great disadvantage to both us and the Krauts. The snow slows down traffic a lot, it packs on the road and makes it slippery.

Nearly time for chow so I better end this letter. Like to say "hello" to all my pals wherever they may be, because I know the Sojourner will get it to them.

Pvt. Orville Messman,  
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

I was very much impressed with the December issue, and I will say it was chock-full of news and interesting letters from our own home town boys and girls in the armed forces. It sure helped keep that Two Rivers' spirit burning.

I have been in Australia about four months now, and I find many different things here than in the States. First thing I noticed when I arrived here was that they drive on the left side of the road, and secondly the different words they use in their speech. Horses and cattle are plentiful here, and in fact, I own a horse of my own now, too. I ride him bare-back a lot of times and got him trained so that he follows me around, puts his head on my shoulder, shakes hands with me and does a lot of other tricks too. I paid ten pounds for him which is about thirty-two dollars in American money. His name is Jack, and he and I are great pals. When I have my days off, we go for a spin down the road a-ways to blue water where I usually go for a swim.

I like Australia a lot, but I like my job more. I take great interest in my work, and hope to make some ratings through my ability and improvements, and in working hard and staying "on the ball" as we call it.

I can't tell you what I am doing, but all I can say is that I am working in communications, and that we are quite a way from town. We can go to town at any time during the day if we don't work, and if we have something special on such as a date with a pretty Australian girl or two (ha, ha).

We are rationed four cartons of cigarettes a month, and also have liquor rations every week. We get three quarts of beer and a bottle or two of wine. Naturally, I like the beer here better than that in the States, because it is a lot stronger and really has a fine taste to it.

There is quite a bit of open country yet in Australia, and when riding through the woods I often see many kangaroos, wallabies, kola bears, and we have also seen the wild Australian wolf, which they call the dingee.

Australia has it's beautiful flowers too, and its strange and fascinating wild life. There are many different birds with colorful plumage and of many shapes and sizes.

Pfc. Gerhardt Diedrich,  
Townsville, Australia



Dear Staff,

I have been in England, France, Germany, Belgium and Luxemburg. The countries all differ in some respects, but most all of the people in the four countries speak French or a little French. I am glad of that, because I too can speak quite a little.

One thing I would like to know, I became engaged to Miss Margaret Hoffman who lives at 2017 Lincoln Street in our fair little city on September 16, 1944, and it failed to show up in the engagement section. On what base do you include the engagements? (Editor's Note: It was listed in the October issue.)

Well, I have met the enemy and I want the people to know there at home that Jerry is smart, wise and cunning, but when out-flanked is just like a child. When he is in the top position, he really is ruthless.

Snow and weather here is just like Wisconsin, but gets a great deal colder, I believe, at times. It's fun to shoot rabbits here without a license. Our outfit got three so far and we had them for dinner. Boy, it went good.

Well, hope to see you all this year and sooner if possible.

T/5 G. G. Vanderbloemen,  
Belgium or Luxemburg

Dear Staff,

I finally got around to writing to you all once again. I really have been getting the Sojourner quite regular lately. This week I got three of them, October, November, and December and I really want you to know that I appreciate that swell little paper very much.

I notice that you have been publishing the entire address of all the fellows who write to the paper. I sure did appreciate that because we can get in contact with the fellows better, especially if we know their A. P. O. number. In the December issue, I read a little report from the censor that you can't print the address anymore.

There's not much to tell you about myself, except that I am feeling very good and hope that this letter will find you and all the fellows in the service the same, especially the boys overseas.

I just finished a two weeks' course of B-7 electronics at Warrington, England, and I enjoyed the school very much. I had a pretty good time up there, too.

Pfc. Gerald Kruse,  
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

It has been a long time since you heard from me. I have done some traveling since then. I spent three months in Italy, and now I am in Southern France. I still haven't seen any place like old Wisconsin or Two Rivers.

I met Bob Schultz here just before New Year's. He was in a hospital at the time. Bob had tangled with a British truck. I saw him just about every day until he left the hospital. I had just spent a month in a hospital myself and was waiting to join my company again at the time I met Bob. I am back with my unit now and on the job again.

We are kept really busy here, so I haven't had much time to really see what things are like around here.

Pfc. James Londo,  
Southern France

Dear Staff,

I've received more than five copies of the Sojourner. I want to tell you that it is a very fine paper. You know since the first copy, I have been transferred back to God's Country out here in Michigan, after spending seven months in Oklahoma. As you can see by this letter, I am still fortunate enough to be on this side, and not so far from home. Ever so often I get a chance to visit good old Two Rivers.

Here's saying "hello" to all my buddies over there. Come on, "Red" Barrett, answer your old buddy's last letter.

Harold Klawitter, S 1/c,  
Traverse City, Mich.

Dear Staff,

The December issue was the first one that I have received in three months, so you can imagine how it was to get one yesterday at mail call.

Yes, I am still out here thousands and thousands of miles away from good old Two Rivers. From the way things are going, I will not have a chance to get back for at least a year yet. There's nothing new to tell except that I went up for advancement and now am G. M. 2/c. Otherwise everything is just the same.

Here I sit reading the paper about all the other fellows getting to meet some of their pals from home. Looks like I am the unfortunate one. So far I only met one and that was all.

Well, it's almost two bells so I better close and try to find some work.

Frank Polak, G. M. 2/c,  
c/o Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to let you know that I received your swell paper. I am sorry that I haven't written sooner, but I was kind of busy. Here I am now somewhere in France.

The picture of Bucky's and Brault's made me think of when I was in the states and I sure miss the beer and the whiskey since I am over here. All they have to drink here is wine and cider, and that I do not go for.

Well, I have to close now for I have to go on duty in a few minutes.

Pfc. Tony J. Hallada  
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

So far I've seen Italy (not much left to see). Spent a short space on the line in Southern France and have been here in Belgium since after the Jerry push.

Incidentally, I met John Lachowicz in southern France and we spoke about home and old times. I talked with buddies of Orville Martin, fellows from his outfit, but haven't got to see him as yet. I haven't run across any of that bathtub Cognac known to western France as Calvados. Down in southern France we had a concoction named Eau de Vivre (water of life). It tastes and acts the way one would expect of embalming fluid.

Guess I've gabbed enough. I'll hang up somewhere around here. Just keep that paper coming. Oh, yes, "hello" to all back home. Once more "Au Revoir" and keep up the morale.

Pvt. Charles R. Courchainé  
Somewhere in Belgium



Dear Staff,

I believe the last time you heard from me was from London. I was stationed there for about thirteen months, and now I'm in gay Paree still doing my best in the good old M. P.'s.

The work here is much different than it was in London. For instance, in London most of the combat men were Air Corps, and after the invasion we had other combat men from all branches of the army. We had to "sweat out" those air-raids and then came the "Doodlebugs." It was a bit rougher in London, because it was mainly a furlough town, but generally speaking the boys behaved themselves pretty well.

In Paris we have no air-raids. At present most of the fellows who come in are all combat men direct from the fronts. They are a fine bunch of fellows who are in for a few nights of fun and relaxation, and then back they go. Most of the fellows we pick up are usually lost from their convoys and outfits. We have a big job in getting convoys on the right roads and guarding our military installations.

A majority of the fellows have no use for us M. P.'s, but truthfully speaking we're all in the army together and we have our job to do. I'll admit there are many things we do that are misunderstood by the ordinary guy, and we know it and try to give all breaks where they're needed. If we don't do our job, it's our . . . , they'd respect us less and they know it.

So much for that at the present. I'm just as anxious to get home as anyone else, and I hope it's soon. Paris is a swell city, but nothing will ever compare to home. For amusement, I'm playing fiddle in our dance orchestra, "The Snowdrops," the best G. I. band on the continent (Oh, well, it's good anyway), and I enjoy myself immensely.

All the best of luck to all my pals and other G. I.'s everywhere.

Cpl. Francis R. Miller,  
Paris, France

Dear Staff,

In answer to a request by Clancy Schepper, I might say that the Berger Boys, to the best of my knowledge, are still alive and kicking.

Bob went into Iwo Jima with the Third Marines, and it seems they are having a h--- of a big fight. Don is on a P. F. 4 doing convoy and submarine combat duty in and around the Phillipines. As for myself, I'm 4F as far as further combat duty in the Tropics is concerned. Right now I am in the hospital again with anemic malaria.

By the way, Clancy, if you want some real inside dope, how about dropping me a line?

To the staff of this fine paper, I'd like to express my appreciation for your wonderful work in trying to keep alive friendships that might otherwise be forgotten.

To my friends, I'd like to say "hello," and keep remembering, fellows, it won't last forever. Best wishes to everyone.

Sgt. Vic Berger U. S. M. C.  
Quantico, Virginia

**HAPPY EASTER  
TO  
EVERYONE!**

—The Staff—

Dear Staff,

It's swell to be able to sit down and read letters from fellows from home who are stationed all over the world. Sort of helps a fellow find out what's happened to his old pals.

I'd like to take this opportunity to say "hello" to "Java" Waskow, Bob and "Yuck" Rehrauer, Ray Perry, and "Butts" Brull wherever they may be. I'd sure like to hear from you guys.

Here for the last couple weeks we've been having a bit of that famous English fog. Don't let anyone kid you, that stuff is as bad as it's cracked up to be. Got so bad for a couple days that we couldn't see more than three yards ahead of us.

Those pictures of Bucky's, Oscar Brault's and the Waverly sure did bring back some swell memories. What a difference between those taverns and these English Pubs. Instead of drinking some good old Golden Drops you have to be satisfied with Mild and Bitters.

Time to get a little bit of sack time in so I'll say "so long" and keep up the good work.

Cpl. Eddie Everson,  
Somewhere in England

Dear Editor,

I am sure that all the boys receiving the paper are as grateful as I am to you for such a successful undertaking and giving us all a lot of laughs and the "Straight Dope About Our Home Town."

Following is a little poem dedicated to that great place and any similarity shown to any person living or dead is purely coincidental.

#### HOME

By the long blue lake,  
Lies a city so great,  
On the Banks of Twin Rivers  
Sets beautiful Two Rivers.

A city great is my home town,  
Now so very far away,  
No better can there be found.  
I'll live there again someday.

I'll spend the rest of my life in ease  
In the city on the Shore,  
Of the two blue rivers "West and East".  
I'll stay there for evermore.

Its people so fine and true,  
So friendly and loving, too!  
No better can be found  
Than folks from my home town.

With many sons and daughters overseas,  
All its proud parents will agree,  
No greater honor is there  
To fight for Liberty and Franklin "D".

And to such a great city  
I dedicate this poem.  
May God bless all of its fighting men,  
And all of you at Home.

Best wishes to each and everyone of you.

Arthur F. Last, CY  
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco



## HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . . .

The shortest month of the year rolled in very beautifully . . . Income tax clinic opened in city—many received good advice . . . T. R. looked very dead as the new brown-out rules were observed . . . 23 from district inducted—still they leave and we thought our city was cleaned of all men months ago . . . Taverns fined for possession of slot machines . . . The weather on Feb. 3rd made us think spring was just around the corner until the cold wave that followed proved we were wrong . . . 4 inches of snow fell the 5th . . . Almost forgot to tell you—Little Annie Rooney is in the movies now!

Raiders lose to Manitowoc 31-28 . . . "Chummy" Strohman arrives here after three years in the Pacific . . . Sure wish we could say you all came home . . . Some kids trying to help the brown-out order went on a street light breaking spree . . . Pre-Lenten weddings predominate scene as 4 couples say vows on one day . . . Raiders defeat Oconto Falls—at least that's one for our side . . . Upton Close, news analyst, speaks at Manitowoc . . . War prisoner Bill Krueger in Japanese broadcast—family receives contents of message from War Dept. . . . Frank W. Bouda resigns as office manager at Hamilton's after 35 years' service . . . Kewaunee Indians defeat Raiders 34-30 in the Game of the Year! . . . High school honor roll announced—this year they have three degrees instead of grades; Degrees of Distinction, Excellence and Honor . . . New police car purchased by City Manager and Chief . . . local girls are interviewed for War Dept. jobs in Washington, D. C. . . . First Sgt. John Ahearn received Silver Star and Lt. Col. Matt Konop receives Bronze Star for action on the German front . . . Fire Dept. request for boost in pay denied by Council for the present . . . Raiders lose again, this time to Menasha 38-22 . . . Course in radar begins at the Vocational School.

Four bus loads of men leave city Feb. 23 for physical—all but four passed . . . Water main on Washington Street between 16th and 17th breaks for the second time this winter—there's muddy water all over the place . . . A new club called the "George" Club is organized here—only requirement for entrance is to be named George . . . Angry wife of drunk pours his liquor down the drain . . . Fred J. "Ole" Mertens resigns position on District Draft Board . . . Raiders win 3rd place by defeating DePere 43-29 in last conference game of the season. James Panoch, Mishicot tavern-keeper, dies after sudden illness . . . Lt. Ed. J. Weiss is German prisoner . . . 32 seek places on high school boxing squad . . . And so February with too much snow and cold weather ends . . . We'll be seeing you next month when March goes out like a lamb. (We hope!)

## NOTICE

We are again enclosing a questionnaire by the Post War Community Planning Committee of Two Rivers. There were so few responses to the questionnaire sent you in October of 1944, that the Committee felt the first one may have been lost or misplaced. They are still interested in receiving your opinions and suggestions as it is impossible for them to help you "after" unless they know what you want. Won't you please cooperate and fill out the questionnaire at once? Mail it to Mr. John Hoffman, City Manager, City Hall, Two Rivers. Your answers will be kept confidential and no names will be revealed.

## ENGAGEMENTS

Dorene Peterson and First Lt. Robert Bauknecht.  
Jeanette Ketter, Manitowoc, and Kenneth Peterson,  
U. S. N.

Lieut. Lorraine R. Becker, A. N. C., and Chief Petty  
Officer Burrows R. C. Alberts, U. S. N., Rockford, Ill.

Louise Gleichner, Manitowoc, and Pfc. Delmar G.  
Otis.

## MARRIAGES

Harriet Rodman, Ashland and Leonard Bialkowski,  
U. S. C. G., December 7, 1944.

Laura Hodgkinson, Chicago, Illinois, and Edward  
P. Kurtz, U. S. C. G., January 24.

Ruth O. Waskow and Robert Jameison Smith,  
U.S.C.G., Detroit, Michigan, Dec. 16, 1944

Anna Ruth Padgett, Jackson, Tennessee, and L. J.  
Tomcheck, U. S. N., January 27.

Joyce Edith Zander and Pfc. Earl Louis Mandel,  
February 10.

Rose Frances Swada and Howard G. Wellhoefer,  
Manitowoc, February 10.

Helen L. Boutin and Claude Skrivanie, February 10.

Florence Wichlacz and Pfc. Robert Gagnon, Feb. 10.

Eleanore Bourgeois, New Orleans, La., and Herbert  
Klein, A. T. S., February 13.

Lucille Craig, Beloit, Wis., and Edward Peserik,  
February 17.

Lorraine Kvitek and Harold Krizizke, U. S. N.,  
February 20.

Joy Zika, Cleveland, Ohio and Capt. Frederick A.  
Reinhardt, February 17.

## INDUCTIONS

**Army**—Bernard LeClair, Raymond Wanek, William  
Rudebeck, Warren Frasch, Richard Ferry, Gerald Zarn,  
Lloyd Dickensheid, Donald Gates.

**Navy**—Edmund Wolodkiewicz, Harlan Ruzek, Rob-  
ert Johnson.

The following servicemen in World War II have  
joined the local VFW post since publication of the Feb-  
ruary issue, bringing the total to 335.

William J. Klein	Clarence Stalal
Robert O. Gauthier	Robert F. Klabunde
Henry Wegrowski	Paul Capraro, Jr.
Douglas K. Andrews	Joseph Shedivy
Leigh H. Andrews	Charles E. Rebman
Darwin D. Andrews	Daniel Lodl
Gerald Kanugh	James Kanzelberger
Wallace E. Mueller	Ellsworth Sehloff
Harold L. Buvid	Clayton Williamson
Arnold E. Hennington	James Zelinske
Ralph F. Hoffman	Anton Nikolai
	Harold Loeser

Dear Staff,

We have been having nice weather the last two days and have seen a lot of our Air Corps which makes an infantry man happy. I just received my dinner which consisted of K rations, cheese made in Green Bay and some French fries which we cook up ourselves.

Don't think that we don't make good use of all the houses around here, because we just move in and take over. The people all live in the basements. So we get a stove from one house, take wood from another in order to keep warm, but we do return the items when we're done. So don't take it the wrong way. You know what I mean.

Pfc. Corwain Luebke,

France