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The sojourner. Volume IV, Number 9 September 1945

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, September 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, SEPTEMBER, 1945

Number 9

Two Rivers Observes A Joyous V-J Day



—Courtesy Two Rivers Reporter

The following story, describing Two Rivers' observance of the "unofficial" V-J day, appeared in the Two Rivers Reporter, August 15, 1945. It very adequately conveys the feeling of joyous thanksgiving which was present in the hearts of all. We pray God that it will never again be necessary for us to celebrate the end of a war.

Two Rivers Tuesday night celebrated as never before, joining the nation in rejoicing over the greatest war victory in world history.

A tense city sprang into a wild surge of life when shortly after six o'clock, 6:12 to be exact, the air raid siren atop the Hamilton plant howled the welcome message, church bells pealed in a glorious harmony, whistles shrieked, people ran from their homes, shouting, weeping, laughing, praying and excited motorists toured Washington street honking their horns. The war was over, the citizens were told.

Within 15 minutes downtown Washington street was a scene of merriment, with more than a ton of paper removed by youngsters from the storeroom of The Reporter, torn to bits and scattered higher than

ankle-deep between 16th and 17th streets. Never before was Washington street such a sight, young America making the most of it.

Band Assembles Quickly

V-J Day committee plans followed quickly, with Director Lorenz F. Lueck assembling his Hamilton band within a half hour. It paraded down Washington street from 22nd street to the public square amid the blare of horns. Youngsters strutted out sleigh bells to add to the bedlam.

However, there were solemn moments for many of the citizens, who quickly prepared for church services at the sound of the bells.

The three Catholic churches, St. Luke's, Sacred Heart and St. Mark's all held services and every one of them was crowded. Services will again be held at St. Mark's at 7 o'clock tonight while St. Luke's and Sacred Heart will hold special services on official V-J day.

Hundreds of young folks and a sprinkling of adults were entertained by the department of recreation at a dance in the J. E. Hamilton Community House at which

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 2)

THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—
The Civic Understudies

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Gladys Schaden Associate Editor
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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Yo, Ho Staff,

Don't say it, I know I should have written sooner. It isn't that I don't have the time, but I just can't find anything of interest to say.

So far during my long term of service, I've been pretty lucky being in the States all the while. From Great Lakes I went to Little Creek, Va. for amphibious training. I was there for almost three months of last summer. We then went to Houston, Texas for L.S.M. (Servicemen may talk about Chicago, Milwaukee, etc. as being good liberty towns, but Houston can keep up with the best of them.) From Houston our orders brought us back to Little Creek at Christmas time. This is where I've been since. From here your guess is as good as mine. That's right you've guessed it.

Our ship at Little Creek is being used in training men at the base. Of course, we are supposed to show them what little we know about it.

I said I was lucky and now I'll tell you why. While at Little Creek I got four leaves. You've probably seen me around one of those times. I had four days at Christmas, thirteen days in March, thirteen days in June, and seven days in July. What fun I had, too! That Two Rivers is the best place in the U. S., even exceeding Houston.

Right now I'm on the base going to a shallow water diving school. It's a two week course and a life of ease. All the equipment we have is an air mask and a heavily weighted belt around our waists. The deepest we can go is thirty-six feet. We learn to acquaint ourselves with the dark muddy bottom, locate lost things, use a burning torch and unduddle fouled propellers.

By the way, while I was at Little Creek last summer, I saw John Henfer's and Jack Dreger's names carved in a chow hall along with an advertisement of Oscar Brault's Bar, Two Rivers, Wis.

If you can see an L.S.M. with a big 110 on it floating around anywhere, swim over and ask for the "Shadow," "Chuck", or even Claude Klein. I also hope you didn't fall asleep while you were glancing over this dull thing that is supposed to be a letter.

Claude Klein, S 1/c,
Little Creek, Va.

Hi ya buncha gang!

"Ohmigosh" what will my former teachers think when they see that! (good isn't it?)

I have just received my copy of the Sojourner so while I have the time and energy (just ate a Tootsie roll), I'll drop a few lines to the old gang. Just a hearty "Bonjour" and "comment allez-vous?" to the whole mob

Noticed there are a few letters from friends of mine who had letters in this issue and it was sure swell to hear about them—indirectly, but O. K. I wish I would get a letter from some of these "Joes," I seem to have lost contact with. Roy Lenhardt, Ollie Schlueter, and a few others who didn't have a letter in this issue, but I'd still like to hear from them. That great enthusiast of letter writing—Lt. M. E. Zoerb. Migosh, "Marv" I ain't head about ya since we was in California. Oh me G. I. back! I guess my address isn't very well known anymore.

I wonder if James Polzar in one of his letters was referring to "Chubby" Doleysh of the 252nd? Well, Jim—my, you're not alone. I, too, am sweating out a few lines from him.

I got a special kick out of a certain letter that was written by a "couple of feather merchants" in which they mentioned owning the "Walk Inn We'll Roll You Out Club". (High class?) Say, Roy Ulrich, you said the first five drinks are on the house. In that case, I will have to be the first five customers.

You will notice that I made no mention of France, etc., in the first part of this letter. I'm not going to even go into it in the last part. Letters by men before me have described it enough. I will say one thing! I've had one pass to Paris so far for a four and one-half hour stay. In that time I had the pleasure of getting atop the Arc de Triomphe at night. This is unusual and I might say we had an understanding with the French guard. Also I am living just across the road from the Palais de Fontainebleau which is the Castle of Napoleon and dates back to 1226. I've been through it and its beauty is beyond all explanation possible through my vocabulary.

"Greetings" (where've ya seen that before) to all G. I. Joes and Janes all over.

Cpl. Lloyd H. Wilker,
Fontainebleau, France

P. S. To my uncle on Okinawa. I'm sweating out the mails. Loads of luck to you.

Dear Staff,

I've been stationed here in Teheran for the past year with a Signal Battalion. I have had occasion to visit every part of this country. I'll still take my place in Wisconsin in preference to the whole country.

The temperatures here in the summer are almost unbelievable. It's not uncommon for the temperature to go as high as 120 in the shade or about 138 out in the hot sun. That's the time I really want to be back in the Coolest Spot in Wisconsin.

Persia (Iran) is world famous for their rugs. I have seen many of them being made and can well understand why they are sold at a very good price. I'm still looking for a good bargain in a good rug, and it looks as though I may be successful at last.

Our mission of supplying goods to Russia is finished. It would please me very much if my next trip would take me to good old USA. Best of luck to everyone.

Lt. Donald J. Mandel,
Teheran, Iran (Persia)

Dear T. Rites & T. Rettes:

It's been quite a long time since I last dropped you people an apologetic line. Each time I received ye olde Sojourner (and I always do) that little white imp with the wings jumped up on my shoulder and said, "Now, son, you write those nice people and thank them!" Then that little black one with the horns and long tail would pop up and say, "Now, dem are doing okay. Dey got lotsa mail." Needless to say, you know who has been victorious this past year. However, tonite guess who's the conquering hero?

After spending a year in the 5th Amphibious Corps, I was transferred to Pearl Harbor and had dim hopes of going stateside. Upon having spent several months in Casual & Replacement Bns. there, the CO came up and said, "Corp., we have a good assignment for you." Yeah! So here I am in this Marine Detachment. Now that the war is at its end, I hope it's the Cool City and not Japan. Some of my outfit will go with the Sixth Army. Who? We don't know.

Now for a little local color! A buddy of mine married a Ba—(sorry, Gertrude) W. R., Women's Reserve, who pals around with Gertrude Grumann. He told me the other day and was I surprised! It truly is a small world after all. I met Walter Leschig and Otto Peterson in Pearl. Saw Jack Dreger there also. Ran into Joe Virgili on Johnston Island. And bumped into Kenny Mueller on Guam. So it can be said that T. R. is well represented in the war.

Before closing, will say hello to the old gang—Jerry, Johnny, Cat, Rollie, Leigh. Hope we'll be together soon!

Corp. Ned G. Slocum, U. S. M. C.,
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

P. S. It doesn't look too good for your M. P. Bn., does it, Otto? I'll bet I beat you home, John Weiss—Corpsman!

The following story appeared in the Two Rivers Reporter August 31, 1945:

Anyone who bought a high school annual within the past several years will remember Chester Avery, affectionately labeled "Chet" by his friends. For Chet's amusing drawings became a high school tradition before his graduation in '39. No one was spared the friendly sting of his accurate pen. High school teachers, study room candids, and corridor confabs were his subjects, and the treasured annual his medium.

Now it seems that Chet, the Marine, is engaging in the same sport a long ways from home. Only this time he's substituting the Okinawans for the Two River-ites. Chet is at a rest camp there, and recently he sent home his graphic impressions of the Okinawa scene to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Avery, who have moved to Neenah. Although the penciled outlines prohibit publication; nevertheless their clever conception of things on the Pacific isle merits mention.

Together with the drawing Chet enclosed a letter. We'll pick it up shortly after the beginning:

Men First

"The army MP's had used several of the main town buildings still standing after the bombardment for a prisoner stockade and had all of the townspeople interned there. I used to get a kick out of going over there in my spare time and gawking at them through the barbed wire fence.

"One day I caught them at their noon-time meal

and learned many interesting things. Men and boys always eat first and are served "waitress-style" by the women. They sit cross-legged on a straw mat spread on the floor and each native has a small table before him on which his food is served. The meal that day consisted of rice balls and tea. After having been boiled, the rice was rolled in a ball the size of a snow ball. The men ate it with chopsticks and drank the tea through an ordinary straw from the fields.

Later I walked through the village and saw the teen-age girls drawing the family water from the public well (this seems to be their regular chore) and watched the women wash clothes and take a bath at the same time in the public reservoir.

'Ernie Pyle' Avery

"I have seen the men do nothing but sit in the shade and smoke. Even the kids from ten years old and up smoke cigarettes. And modesty is a thing unknown on Okinawa. Natives strip down in the streets to rid themselves of troublesome fleas. For their Sunday best they wear kimonos, but their everyday garb resembles ours.

"Generally they were very timid and would have very little to do with us. But we would probably feel the same way if a strange army walked in on us and wrecked everything. The belles of the village were especially bashful. They showed their contempt by making faces at us whenever we passed them on the road in our trucks.

"But the young boys were very friendly and practically pestered the life out of us. They hung around our shack all day long; so we put them to work getting firewood and cleaning up for us.

"So much for now. This is your 'Ernie Pyle' Avery signing off."

Dear Staff,

While reading the Sojourner this morning, I was very happy to run across Roy Lenhardt's letter where he had mentioned meeting me since arriving overseas. Yes, it was an unexpected time to meet, but not the worst place, I am sure. In Church! I was happy to meet Roy, for we had been friends in the old days. We sure had quite a chat and still do whenever we meet. At present he is about twenty-two miles from here. I regret we cannot meet more often.

My last visit with Roy was while he was guarding a liquor warehouse (to keep the Krauts away) and I received a few bottles of wine from him. I am determined to see him again. G. I.'s have taken over the liquors and wines for private use. It is possible that I may see Roy this evening providing transportation can be arranged.

At present, our status is semi-permanent and performing duties temporary as occupation troops. Rumors, however, point to the fact that our division will be reorganized and many of us will find ourselves assigned to a new organization. We are all on ends, wondering just what is in store. Many prefer to stay as occupation.

Off and on I meet Paul Bouda and Joe Menchal. It is quite nice to meet fellows you know and of course talk over the good old days. Would be quite entertaining to hear us I am sure. Life has been full of experiences over here.

I would like to say "hello" to Roy, Paul, Joe and to all the boys in the service. Thanks again staff for the paper you really can boast about.

W. O. (J. G.) James J. Kornely,
Weindsiedel, Germany

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines again in appreciation of the fine little paper that I have been receiving from you in the past since I've been in the Army. I now have enough points to get out and am fortunate enough to be put in a group that is scheduled to come back to the States for a discharge when our turn comes. I do hope to be in good old Two Rivers before much longer. That lake breeze will sure feel good in comparison to this hot Italian sun.

Pfc. Elton M. Drier,
c/o P. M. New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

Once again I must write and notify you folks of a change in address. I'm at Nashville now, but for how long I don't know. I'm here to try-out for the A. T. C. football team. As far as my really getting anywhere I have my doubts. With such men as Don Looney and Parker at ends, chances are pretty slim. Of course I wouldn't mind riding the bench, because this is a pretty good deal.

We're living in an old Southern mansion about a mile from the field and have very little to do with the field. Officers and enlisted men share the same quarters and there is no such thing as rank. Everyone is on an equal basis. We really have fun around here.

We started working out day before yesterday and I'm so doggone sore it's pitiful. Every time I move a limb it groans and creaks. I feel as though I were about forty years old already. We'll sure have plenty of work to get back in shape.

I suppose some of you guys are saying, "What a rough way to fight a war." The only answer I can give to that is I didn't ask for this deal. Besides, I would much rather have stayed at Long Beach to play down there. In between games I could have continued ferrying.

If I stick around here I'll let you know what gives. Hope I can, because I'm praying that the war is over by the end of the football season. I don't want to go back overseas again. I've had all I want of that mess. Luck to all.

S/Sgt. Norman E. Walecka,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Staff,

I was very glad to receive your paper again. I've been overseas for over thirty-four months now and so far I've met quite a few fellows from Two Rivers. First I met Raymond Henrickson in Oran, Africa. Later on I met Albert Kotchi in Italy. Later I took a little trip to Frankfurt, Germany and met Howard Elliott and Raymond LeClair. Frankfurt is quite a place for G. I.'s to see. Our air forces did a great job over here in Germany and a lot better in some other parts of the world which I have seen.

Well, Ray Henrickson, by the time you get the Sojourner again I will have written you. I figured, since I hadn't heard from you in such a long time, that you went back to the States, God's land.

I want to wish all of the fellows the best of luck in the world. I'm sure looking forward to the day when we'll all meet again at Curley's or Claude Lodl's.

Pfc. Kenneth H. LaFleur,
Somewhere in Germany

Dear Staff,

John Mancel wrote that there are dances here in the Philippines and I'd bet any amount of, shall we say, centavos, (I'm not a gambler) that the Filipino girls can dance as well if not better than the stateside girls. They celebrated the 4th of July, not with fireworks, but with a dance. I was passing by the dance hall (the bare ground with a space roped off) and was surprised to see evening gowns and slippers on the Filipino girls; the men wore white suits, some were made from mattress covers. I thought I was in the States again when I saw their beautiful clothes. They were not the latest styles or bought in a store. These people make their own clothes out of any material they can get and they do wonders with the bark of a tree.

They want to learn all they can about the States and are gluttons for schoolwork. I have a class of three girls and one boy, aged 10 to 15, teaching them arithmetic and correcting their English. They are such a happy people and love to sing and joke. I asked one girl why she is always joking and teasing me. She replied, "The Americans freed the Filipinos and made us happy; now we want to make you happy by joking with you."

They have a heart of gold and would give you the shirt off their backs, that is if they had more than one. I have supper with them 3 nights a week and countless lunches, especially on weekends. They eat 4 times a day, with snacks of bananas, pineapples, corn and rice cakes that compare with the home baked sponge cake.

I think I have taken up enough space, so I'll leave room for someone else's letter. In case there are fellows from Two Rivers on this Island, my insignia is a Black Wildcat, and I'm located along the beach, Co. I, 323 Inf.

Pfc. Orin Belonger,
Philippines

Dear Staff,

Regretfully I'm informing you of my new address—not that I'm sorry that I moved, but for not writing sooner. Boy, could I go for some of those refreshing, invigorating, damp Lake Michigan breezes. Here the temperature sticks around 130 degrees and better. Warm, eh? See why I think about Lake Michigan breezes out here and have my tongue hanging out at the same time? Beer at the end of a scorching day is a definite treat. No, of course it's not made in Wisconsin but it'll do until I can get some. Here's how, kids!! See you soon again—I hope!

Vic Sager, AEM, 3/c,
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Now that the war is over, I suppose Two Rivers is coming back to life, since more fellows are arriving with discharges in their hands. I hope, in the not too distant future, that they will decide when the duration is over and then all the fellows can get back to Two Rivers. You girls will be minus a job, putting out this paper, but then you will have more time to yourself, or **somebody else**.

I see where a lot of my friends are getting home. I hope they have a good time. At present I am in the occupational forces but hope to get home with my Division in October. Good luck to everyone. I hope to see all of you soon in Two Rivers.

Pfc. Reuben LeClair,
Lohr, Germany

THANK YOU, SPONSORS!

This issue of The Sojourner is having three "guest" sponsors. Their names? Kronzer and Wolf, Brault's Bar and Bucky's Tavern. They have been wanting to do something for the servicemen and women from Two Rivers and asked the Vets for this chance to help. And so for this issue, their shekels are helping to pay for The Sojourner.

Both Mr. Kronzer and Mr. Wolf are looking forward to your return and said they would be glad to see the fellows in "civvies" again. Naturally!

About a year ago we printed a picture of Brault's Bar with a few servicemen and members of the staff around the bar, but about three-fourths of the stools were empty. We were taking with "Oscar" the other day and he said, "I'll be really happy when I can see these spaces filled by the fellows. I haven't seen some of them in years and it's going to be good to talk with them again. And tell them that I'm still serving the same 'things', in case any of them are wondering."

And, of course, "Bucky" is impatiently awaitin' your return. Quite a number of the fellows have already received their discharges, as you can see from the list on page 5, and "Bucky" has noticed the difference. He told us that "It's really swell to see more of those 'boy and girl' instead of 'girl and girl' dates. And tell the fellows my new juke-box numbers are a bit helpful in that direction."

We would like to take this opportunity to sincerely thank our guest sponsors this month and the faithful VFW Post and Vocational School for standing by us all these years. Without their support, we would have, undoubtedly, been more than tempted to forget the project. It's a funny thing, isn't it, but no matter how much we'd like to ignore money, we still need the "stuff" to keep things going.

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to give you my new address. I am now in the Ryukyu Islands. If I'm not mistaken Lee Andrews is on the island too, so I hope I can get to see him. I want to thank Lee, Jerry and John for their letters. The paper got them on the ball.

I hope with the war about over that soon we can all be home again. Hope to meet and really have a swell time. Thanks again for the swell paper.

Lawrence J. Antonie, Ph. M. 1/c,
Ryukyu Island

REDEPLOYMENT ITEM

A corporal entered company headquarters on a Marine base and announced: "Corporal Jones has the first sergeant's permission to speak to Lieutenant Johnson, sir."

"What can I do for you, Corporal," inquired Johnson.

"Sir," said the corporal, standing properly at attention, "I am about to receive my discharge. I have been watching the lieutenant, sir, since I have been in his platoon and have been favorably impressed."

The lieutenant stiffened.

"I am head of a construction and engineering firm on the West Coast," continued the corporal. "If the lieutenant contemplates a return to civilian life, I would be pleased to offer the lieutenant a job in my organization."

—Edward B. Orr in The Christian
Science Monitor

—DISCHARGES—

As this issue of the Sojourner goes to press, the following servicemen have received their discharges:

Ahearn, John	Lalko, William
Allers, Charles	Lawler, Daniel
Anderberg, Jack	LeClair, Roger
Anderson, George	Lesperance, Gerald
Berger, Robert	Lesperance, Leonard
Bero, Richard	Lodel, Edward
Beth, Hilary	Mach, James
Buyeski, Reginald	MacDonald, Kenneth
Deja, Clarence	Mahlik, Robert
Diedrich, Ervin	Martin, Roland
Frasch, George	Mandel, Melvin
Gates, George	Mentzer, Phillip
Gauthier, Harvey	Messmann, Orville
Baker, Edward	Meyer, Roland
Beaupre, LeRoy	Miller, Adolph
Belonger, Ivan	Naidl, Frank
Belonger, Willard	Neuses, John
Bensman, John	Nielsen, Holger
Bensman Solomon	Niquette, John
Bentley, Lester	O'Malley, Lloyd
Boettger, Arthur	Ott, Arthur
Boness, Edward	Paprocki, John
Borusky, Paul	Parent, Oliver
Brull, Alfred	Pelmar, Richard
Coenen, Orville	Perry, Howard
Courchaine, Peter	Pietroski, Albert
Daffner, Lawrence	Pilon, Evaristus
Ducat, Clarence	Ploeckelmann, Alvin
Duprey, Isaac	Plutz, Leo
Elliott, Claude	Repenn, Orville
Forcey, William	Rice, Loyde
Frasch, Ira	Rowley, Roy
Fuller, Vernon	Ruzek, Norman
Gagnon, Robert	Sauve, Wilfred
Geimer, John	Schesta, John
Gilbert, Roy	Scheurle, Milton
Greenwood, Norbert	Schmidt, Henry
Griep, Gerhardt	Schultz, Raymond
Grimmer, Harold	Schwens, Raymond
Haese, Raymond	Shaw, Donald
Halstrom, Howard	Shimulunas, Clarence
Hayes, Thomas	Shimulunas, George
Jaeger, Louis	Sievert, Siegesmunt
Jebavy, Joseph Marvin	Skaggs, William
Joanis, William	Spacht, Raymond
Kanzelberger, Walter	Stanull, Harold
Kath, Harold	Tetzlaff, Clinton
Klein, Marvin	Tome, Earl
Klein, Paul	Tuch, Francis
Kott, John	Wachtel, Clement
Kronforst, Harold	Weber, Cyril
Krueger, Frederic	Weber, Raymond
Kvitek, Joseph	Zachek, Anton
LaFave, Gerald	Zahn, Edward
LaFond, Gerard	Zelinski, Leonard
Lahey, George	Zelinski, Norbert
Lahey, Walter	Ziarnik, Joseph
Lalko, Julian	Zuehl, Vernon

Dear Staff,

Received your edition of the Sojourner and sure was glad to receive it. Makes a fellow feel pretty good to hear from the boys. This Germany sure is beat up and it will look a lot worse before it's all over.

Somewhere in Germany Sgt. Frank Siminski,

Dear Staff,

This will let you know that I have changed my address. In the four months that I have been stationed here at Romulus, Michigan, there have been a hundred and one things to do during the time I get off from work. Detroit is a real soldier's town and every time I visit the place, I find something new to do in the way of entertainment.

Just recently I spent 10 days in Two Rivers and it certainly is a good little town to go back to. All the bars are in full swing and I noticed a number of G. I.'s who are home for good.

S/Sgt. Warren G. Gauthier, Romulus, Michigan

Dear Staff,

I received your June Sojourner yesterday and figured it's about time I write again. There isn't much I can tell you outside of the weather, because the newspapers and radio take pretty good care of the other news.

We're having a touch of rainy season now, but it usually rains at night, and during the day it's quite hot. Life around here is pretty monotonous and it has been that way for some time. About all we do is work, eat, and sleep and once in a while see a movie.

I think it's about time I pass on a little news to you regarding myself. I have been engaged since Dec. 1943. The girl is from New York and her name is Anna Pregiosi.

Sgt. Leon J. Klein,
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I just finished reading the July and August issue of the Sojourner, and it sure was swell. Have been quite busy the last several months, and never found much time for any letter writing, but now that it is all over, I and a million other fellows can relax.

We just arrived in the states on August 20th, and it seems funny to be back again. Of course now that I am on a troop transport, we hit the states quite frequently. On our last trip we were in the invasion at Okinawa, and this time it was more or less a pleasure cruise for all hands. We were to Leyte, Samar, Cebu and a million other places. We were also to Hollandia, New Guinea and Guadalcanal again. Now that the war is over, these transports are just going to be meat for the grinder. We should be able to put wings on so we could move around a little faster. I think when we leave again, which will be in a few days, our next stop will be the little slanted-eyed main island, and then probably proceed to China or India. There is always quite a bit of betting going on whenever we leave, each man having his own idea of where we are going. I myself think our next stop will be the Aleutian Islands. Brrr, I am freezing already after all the time I put in the nice warm Pacific.

I hope every fellow in the service who is stationed in or around any of these Pacific Islands, keeps a sharp lookout for the APA 149. I've met quite a few fellows from home so far, and am looking forward to seeing more of them. In Closing I would like to say hello to all my pals and buddies, and also to T/5 Joe Schroeder, Jr. And I want to add that it was well done; now we can all get back to the best place in the world, Home.

Alfred J. Gates, RM. 1/c,
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

P. S. California sunshine sounds like a lot of bunk to me. The people in 'Frisco are waiting for the day for the fog to lift so they can see the sun.

YE EDITOR SPEAKS!

As someone once said, "first things first"; so first of all, we would like to express our very sincere gratitude for the real help all of you have given us in the past three and one-half years of publication. Without your letters of news, praise and thanks, we would have just "folded up".

We're trying to show our appreciation by making this Victory edition a super issue. We hope you think it is. Since many of you are, or will be, on your way home, we decided to refresh your memory as to the location of T. R.'s favorite entertainment spots and asked the capable Bert Beduhn to help us. He's done very well with the map on page seven, don't you think? Please don't overlook the Neshotah Park scene, or the site of the everlovin' Draft Board, or the crosses marking the churches, or the gal enjoying (?) Lake Michigan, or the taverns! With the help of the streets indicated, you should be able to locate **your** house.

Some of you may be wondering if V-J Day will affect publication of the Sojourner. For a few months it will. At the present time addresses are changing so rapidly that it's almost impossible for us to maintain a fairly accurate file. Many of you are in the process of coming home or being discharged, and consequently a great number of papers would be sent out, only to be returned to us. All of which is rather confusing and unnecessary, we're sure you would agree. So we're suspending publication for the next two months, at least, and hope to publish a Christmas issue for those of you who will still be working for Uncle Sammy at that time.

We hope you'll continue writing us, and do your darnedest to keep us up to date on your addresses. Pretty please?

Dear Staff,

With the war in Europe over we here in the Pacific felt that we were half way to the Golden Gate. Then on the other hand we still felt that in order to reach our goal we had just one more nation to crush, the war lords of Japan. It was thru the help of the people at home who have been working in our defense plants, that Tokyo discovered she wasn't so smart after all.

I noticed John Weiss' letter in the Sojourner about meeting Lloyd Rice and me. Well, John, I hope to meet you soon at home. Hope to see all of my friends soon.

Pfc. Clarence J. Duvall, Okinawa

ENLISTMENTS

Marines—Howell G. Evans, Jr., Thomas Deprey, William Klein, Glenn Broker, Frances Kracha (Women's Reserve).

Navy—Richard Bauknecht, Charles Ellingboe, Elmer Inman, Jr., and Robert Beaupre.

Waves—Elaine Bohm, Doris Dugan, Betty Rady.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ruth Stockmeier and Warren Hopkins.

Joyce Crawshaw, Montague, California, and Kenneth Mueller, U. S. A.

Beatrice Gretz and Elroy LaChappelle.

Jean Marie Boeselager and Richard Sorrell, U. S. N., Washington, D. C.

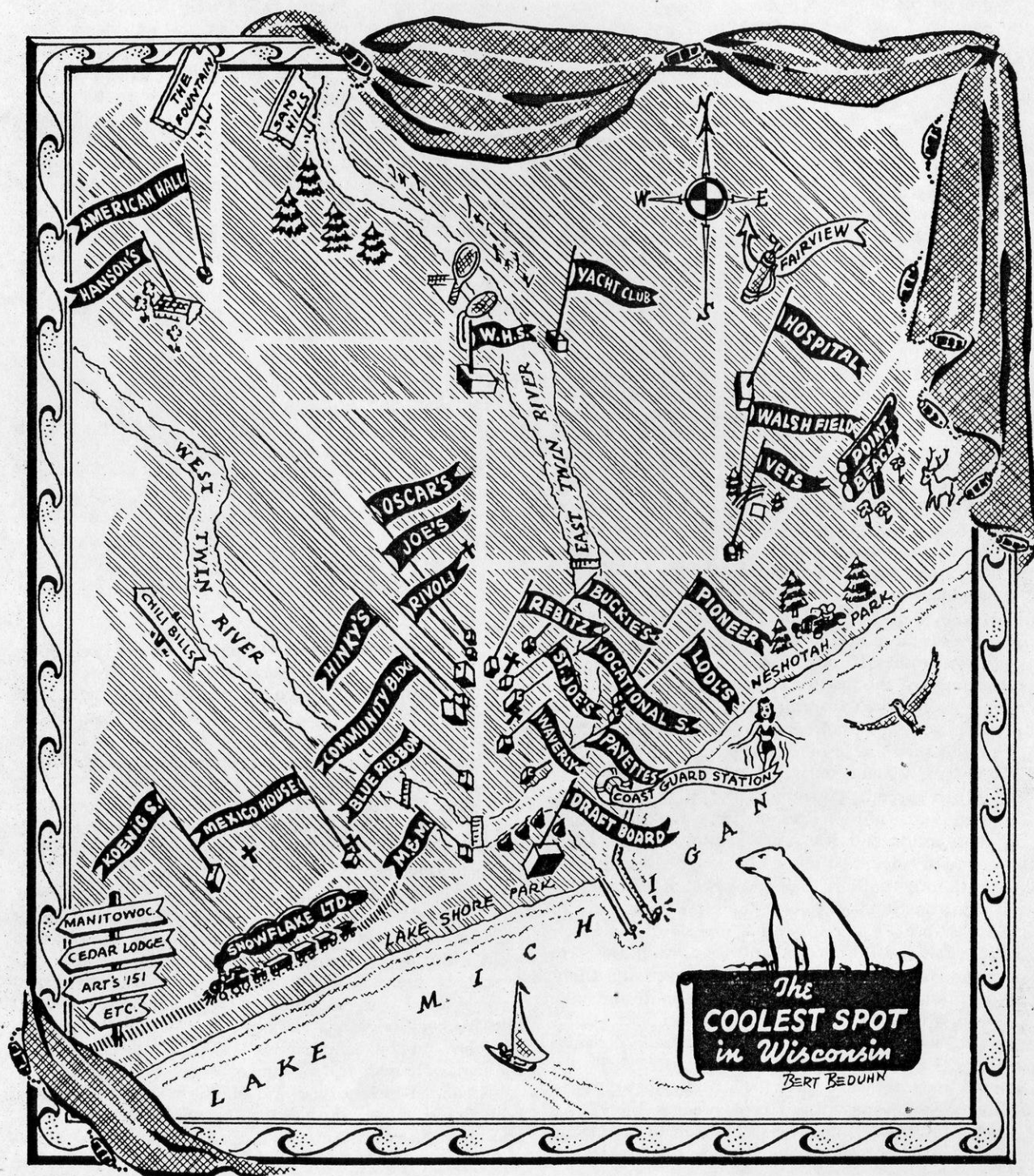
Rose Marek and Ensign Edwin F. Boettger, U. S. M. S.

Elaine D. Weber, Manitowoc, and Sgt. Harold Miller.

This Is Your Home Town, Two Rivers

The loving hearts of her people,
With faith and hope flaming anew,
Are open to welcome her sailors,
Her soldiers and mariners, too.

She'll shower her blessings upon you,
For no other place will you pine - - -
So we dream of the happy reunion
When once more we sing Auld Lang Syne.



Dear Staff,

In keeping a promise I made to myself to drop you a line about once a month, I will start now to keep that promise. Little to say about myself, as after fourteen months out here a fellow forgets time. (Ed. note: Sorry, Don. Mr. Censor cut a great deal of your letter.) I did meet an officer who did duty with Colonel Wood some time ago. He was an Army Lt. Colonel who was in charge of M. G. for one of the Islands we took out here. He was a patient in my ward.

I was reading the letter that Charlotte Jaeckel Johnson wrote about S. C. She should see North Carolina, then she would really appreciate T. R.

If some of the fellows will please write to my home for my address, I will gladly answer their letters; especially those boys and girls in the E. T. O. Mail call has just sounded, so for now I wish a quick journey home to all.

Donald F. LaFave, HA 1/c,
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. note: Thank you for the military currency, Don. It's very interesting. To the rest of you servicemen and women who have sent us foreign monies and service souvenirs, we would like to express our sincere gratitude. We truly appreciate your interest.

Dear Staff,

My humble apologies for not writing sooner. This lazy climate plus, of course, this very lazy person is my only excuse. I left the States almost three months ago and landed in this Paradise??? Oh well, at least the trip over in a C-54 Skymaster was well worth all my praise.

As the Junior Chamber of Commerce would put it, if they had one here, this is a land of thick juicy steaks with French fries, (ahem) champagne, wine, brandy and Scotch (yum, yum)—the land of sunshine, pineapples, oranges and bananas, and might I add: cactus and more cactus, rocks and more rocks, beautiful high mountains, and, oh I almost forgot—millions of little red ants. How could I forget them? (Brief pause to scratch, ahem!)

The people here are 50 years behind the times, using oxen and mules to pull their two-wheeled wooden carts; the smell of the town is a far cry from a rosebush, the people peer at you from balconies or open windows and duck in when you get near—I guess we are as funny to them as they are to us; and according to the prices of their wares, which consist of beautiful hand made tapestries, bed spreads, tablecloths, etc., they must think all Americans are millionaires. Pottery making is also one of their skills and it's fun watching them. (After all, one can only drink so much champagne, ahem!)

Shoe rationing bothers no one here, it seems. It's quite a sight on Sundays, to see them all decked up in their Sunday-best, going to church, barefoot!

Sundays are visitors' days, and they are allowed to come on the Base. They crowd the fence near the flight line, very interested in watching aircraft land and take off. I often wonder what they are talking about—probably cussing us Americans for disturbing their peaceful countryside.

For my part, they can have it all back—just give me Two Rivers—long may those cool breezes blow. Ah me! Just a few more lines to say hello to the old gang from Al Payette's or the Waverly. Oh, for a bottle of cold White Cap.

Cpl. Lawrence Waskow, c/o P. M. New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

I sure am happy to be back in the U. S. A. once again, and still happier about all that took place while we were preparing for another trip to the Pacific. My 30-day furlough ended just about a week before the official end of the war. I sure wish I could have spent another week in T. R. and celebrated our victory in the home town, but I was plenty happy to be in the U. S. I arrived on one of the first ships to reach the States for the redeployment program. We thought that we would surely be sent to help the boys in the Pacific, so you can imagine how we celebrated this turn in our lives. We felt just like those boys that were on the ship headed toward the Pacific, when they found themselves on the way back to the States.

With the end of the war, my outfit has been deactivated, so we are doing nothing but physical training with a little army drill, etc., thrown in to remind us we are still in the Army. Of course we don't have that all-important freedom which isn't found in the Army, but that will come with that one-way ticket to T. R. I hope all of the fellows aren't as anxious as I am, for it makes living in the Army sort of difficult. But we surely have a lot to look forward to. Be seeing you sometime in '46.

Cpl. Albert R. Albrecht,
Pine Camp, New York

Dear Staff,

I've just been looking over the names of the staff members and I find several new names since the So-journer was first published. I was there to help run the first edition and I only hope that I will be able to help run out the final edition.

I would like to ask the fellows to look me up if they ever happen to see our ship, the U. S. S. Anacostia AO-94. I'd certainly like to see someone from our home town and I'm sure they would too. You can expect to find me anywhere north of the Equator.

Ira R. Ariens, S 1c

Dear Staff,

I've moved since I last wrote you. I'm in the Philippines now, just up here for an overhaul; from here I don't know where we'll go. We're getting a little rest from patrolling, and gee, it sure feels good. Sure hope Darwin Andrews has things a little better than what he's had. Talked to a couple of guys in his squadron who were up here for repairs, and they said he was okay even though his boat had some tough luck. Glad to hear he came out with flying colors. Here's wishing you all the luck in the world wherever you are, Darwin. Hope we get together in the States.

See where Bill Steinbrecher came up to Morotai, where we were operating, a day before we left. Didn't even know he was in Squadron 25 or I sure would have looked him up. Always more than glad to see someone from back home. Haven't met anybody over here since Darwin and I were together, but the other day I was all but shocked to death to see my cousin "Butch" Wachowski who's on this same island. He sure did look swell—the same old pal, full of fun as ever.

Loads of luck to you and all the rest of my friends, both home and in the service, especially Charles Reberman and Chester Wisniewski. How about a letter, Charlie? Haven't heard from you for quite a while! Same for you "Wisco".

Andrew Zywicki, F 1/c Philippine Islands

V - J - DAY

At six o'clock that Tuesday night
Church bells rang, and whistles blew.
Two Rivers folks were glad all right
For peace had come, they knew.

In suits of blue the band came out
And paraded through the town;
Car horns did toot, and kids did shout
As they marched up and down.

An eighth was tapped right in the street
Boys with beer mugs gathered round.
Small girls and boys shuffled their feet
Threw paper on the ground.

The band played on, while overhead
A roaring plane zoomed so low
That people on the ground all said,
"Look out for us below."

Hearts were gay, and feet were light,
As they waltzed or danced to swing.
Glad thanks were offered up that night,
For the peace that God did bring.

Now every day we hope and pray
That it won't be very long,
Till everyone is home to stay
Right here where they belong.

—Gertrude Kaminsky

Dear Friends:

I hope these few lines find the entire staff in perfect health. Have left the Fighting 69th Division and have been transferred to the 29th Division for Occupation.

We are stationed at Bremen, Germany, a very large port city. Our Air Force did an excellent job over here. It is the third largest city in Germany and it is really banged up. We do have a nice Red Cross over here plenty of donuts and coffee, and very good entertainment. We also have a German orchestra every night. They're excellent in classical music. Saw the Bob Hope Show this week. We need more like him.

It's been some time now since I last received a paper. I looked forward to receiving it. There's nothing like the Sojourner, a very good morale builder. Well, staff, I'll bring this letter to a close. Just wanted to inform you of my new address.

Give my regards to all the gang in the service.

T/5 Elmer S. Ruelle, c/o P. M. New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

Have spent two years overseas now and what with my violin playing for the "Snowdrops" here in Paris and my radio announcing for the Police Radio Network, I feel I can put in for O. C. S. and come out a second lieutenant. No use going home without bars if the Army wants to make every other two guys in the Army an officer. Guess they can use some good officers. I have seen plenty of "eight-balls" over here.

With plenty of troops in town these days on leaves and passes, we are very busy. Life is very expensive and I cannot afford to get out and enjoy this Paris life very much. However, I can say the women here are pretty nice. Best of luck to all my old friends from Two Rivers.

T/5 Francis R. Miller, Paris, France

Dear Friends:

I don't intend to "sermonize" today, but I must put out a V-J day letter to the staff. It will be quite interesting for me to read the next Sojourner that comes out. Everybody around here is deeply engrossed in figuring out the number of points he has. I certainly hope that I don't have to wait for points in order to get home for good.

I certainly would like to join Earl Martin for an evening at Oscars. He really must be getting better dreams all the time. I was really glad to hear from you, Earl. Maybe you will run into my brother over there at a few of those cities that he has been screening. He is getting along pretty well over there.

I was down here in sick bay when word came over the radio that the war is over. There was quite a celebration by all hands. The recreation parties were doubled and holiday routine was declared. This didn't do me any good, however, I may be out of here in four or five days. I'll bet I'll hate to leave them.

I see by the last issue that Sgt. Alton Colanchick wants my address. Guess that will be taken care of by the staff. Well, Alton, now that the war is over I just don't know of any more enemies for you to bomb. I guess you will agree that is "all reet".

My old buddy, Art Swoboda, should be out here somewhere by now. He was getting all set to come out here so I'm just informing him I would appreciate a letter from him as well as from Alton.

Wonder what kind of a celebration the home town put on when they got the good word. If I'm the least bit patient I may hear all about it in the next issue, I'm sure. Until then, remember us and our 22 points.

Milton L. Kanitz, S 1/c,
Philippine Islands

Dear Staff,

The Sojourner sort of pulled me through a crisis last week. You know those after furlough blues really had me going and I grabbed the Sojourner and settled back and when I had finished reading it I felt quite a bit better. I had a seven day leave and went up to New York to see my husband. He was transferred and had delayed orders so was able to return with me and spend a few days here before reporting to his squadron. I don't have the faintest idea what lies ahead of him and I hate to think of it. The main reason is I hate planes.

While in New York I stood on the corner at Times Square and tried my darnedest to find someone from Two Rivers, but to no avail. How in the heck is it done?

Six weeks later: It happened at last! Yup, I finally met someone from T. R. And it was due to the Sojourner! Pfc. Tom Gagnon is out at the Ammunition Depot here and he saw my letter in a recent issue so we got together. And last nite one of the boys told me a Karnitz boy from T. R. is on his ship, which is being repaired in the Navy Yard. I also hoped to get in touch with Elfrieda Kohls of the Spars, but haven't been successful to date.

About two weeks ago one of our patients was awarded the Navy Cross. Every other week there is a group decorated and if you aren't present at the ceremony you just don't know about the heroes. They are far too modest.

Been to the beach several times, but I'll take Lake Michigan any day. Sure wish I was back in T. R.

Charlotte Jaeckel Johnson, Ph. M. 2/c

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

The long awaited day has arrived and the Sojourner is printing the VICTORY issue it has looked forward to sending you for so many months. And so your columnist thinks it appropriate to deviate from her usual gossip style to tell how pleased she and the townspeople are that ere long ye native sons and daughters will be familiar faces around town once again. It's been a pleasure keeping you up to date on what's new in Two Rivers. Thanks for the support and praise you gave this column in the past many months. And now the news!

Two Rivers enjoyed a cool August while entire state suffered ... Record crop of peas harvested this year ... Hamilton Mfg. Company had hand in making equipment for atomic bomb plant ... Swimmers warned not to use rivers ... Youngsters start new racket-turning in empty bottles for cash ... Many foreign guns registered in city ... City goes on in a queer state of suspense and war news gets exciting ... 4th Manitowoc sub listed as missing ... County Fair opens August 15 ... Polar Bears defeat Reedsville 4-3 ... Thieves loot tool shed at cemetery.

Many local soldiers file discharges—back in civvies, looking swell! ... City goes wild in observing Victory announcement ... Can you imagine little ole Two Rivers going wild? ... Gas rationing terminates—scads of cars now back in circulation ... Last sub commissioned at Manitowoc ... It's been a fleet of 28 to leave there! ... All-time high attendance at County Fair.

Salvage drives continue for six months ... More pros and cons about an airport ... Police Chief returns from FBI School in Washington, D. C. ... Season's last band concert August 23 ... Two Rivers Eagles Aerie increases as 20 new members are initiated ... Over 30 inductees leave town ... Shipyards to return to 40-hour week—most every plant has taken that action since V-J Day ... Cigarettes are finally back on the counters instead of under them—Yes, even they came out of hiding on V-J Day.

Mrs. Mayme Miller, widow of Staff Sgt. Andrew Miller, received the congressional medal of honor at Camp Shelby, Miss., posthumously awarded her husband for his heroism in knocking out four German gun emplacements, and capturing 27 prisoners. Sgt. Miller was the first Manitowoc County serviceman in this war to be so honored ... Three T. R. nurses received R. N. diplomas—Jean Larkin, Margaret Le Clair, and Carole LaFond ... T. R. post war plans outlined—here's what to expect: new 17th Street bridge; paving projects and park improvements; new city hall; additions to filter plant, hospital and library; garbage incinerator; 2-story addition to Hamilton School; new swimming pool; roof on Walsh Field bleachers and fire alarm system—we hope to see some of these plans really carried out ... Angered suitor puts sugar in gas tank of rival—what a "sticky" love affair! ... Students have last fling before school bells ring on September 5th ... Green Bay Packers defeat All-Stars as Don Hutson shines.

That's all for August, but since this issue is going to press late, we'll give you a bit of September's wild life in T. R. ... Big electric storm breaks power lines September 1st ... Bernard Zeman succeeds Ole Mertens on draft board ... Eagles hold 2-day picnic at Neshotah Park ... Last Manitowoc sub to tour ports of the Great Lakes ... School enrollment 64 less than last year ... Whipping cream is once again for sale ... Um-m! ... "Kitesy" Laurent renamed bowling head ... Chicago Cubs hold first place, National League

(Continued from Page One)

no admission was charged. The regular house orchestra offered the music.

The Central Park program got underway with martial airs played by the Hamilton band at approximately 7:30 p. m. following the latter's parade to the public square.

Speak from Stand

Interspersed between musical selections were speeches by representatives of the various fields of civilian life, introduced by Arthur P. Eckley, representing Arthur J. Luebke, honorary chairman of Two Rivers' V-J committee.

"The enthusiasm with which the home front has received this announcement is probably no less intense than that of the servicemen in the various theatres of war where they have dropped their guns and other implements of war to begin the job of reconstruction after a brief celebration. It is well that we pause for a few minutes to express our appreciation as civilians for the great job that has been completed, both on the fighting and the home fronts."

These were the opening words of Mr. Eckley as he prepared to introduce the evening's speakers to the vast throng that had gathered in front of the bandstand.

Scatter Bundles of Paper

Boys started the festivities last night by entering the store room of The Reporter office where they removed some 25 bundles of flat newspapers, weighing nearly 80 pounds each, and tore them to bits in littering the downtown section. The waste paper had been purchased earlier yesterday by a local industrial firm for packing purposes.

Street department crews, found it impossible to get through the downtown traffic during the night to put up the flags. They were put up at six o'clock this morning.

Taverns of the city were jammed to the doors until past midnight. Many tried to observe-closing hours but found V-J day celebrants hesitant about going home. However, about 3 a. m., the city was comparatively quiet, except for a few motorists honking their horns.

MARRIAGES

Ruth Ann LeClair and Staff Sgt. Luke M. Taddy, June.

Florence Bergene and Pfc. Orville Mott, August 4.
Delores Ruth Voigt, Sheboygan and Orville Ott Reppenn, August 4.

Josephine Schmitz, Manitowoc and Pfc. Lester A. Landt, August 4.

Norma Althen and Robert D. Melville, U. S. N., August 9.

Elaine Mary Bonk and Richard Garrigan, U. S. N., Manitowoc, August 18.

Betty Jane Garrigan, Manitowoc and Alex C. LaFleur, Jr., August 18.

Carol Dahm and Robert Nehring, Mishicot, August 25.

Marion Lodel and John R. Schlarb, August 25.

... Aluminum Goods 25-year Club adds 73 new members ... Bill Krueger, Jap prisoner since Bataan, now in American hands ... Rahr Malting firm at Manitowoc to expand.

And that brings you up to date with the news in Two Rivers ... So long until the Christmas issue, unless we see you around town before then.