



The sojourner. Volume III, Number 3 March 1944

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)
Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, March 1944

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The Sojourner

Volume III, Number 3

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, March, 1944



WHAT'S NEW IN TWO RIVERS?

We thought you might like to know about any changes that have occurred in Two Rivers, but as you can see from the above picture, nothing seems to be any different from the way you left it, outwardly, that is. However, as is the case in most normal towns, new things are added or old things changed as the days go by. Two Rivers is normal, we hope, and hasn't been one bit "back-woods" as we shall try to show you in the following paragraphs. Since you're all doing more than your share, every Two Riverite is trying to do his or her share in the WAR EFFORT. To illustrate: two members of the police department left the force to work in defense plants. Instead of filling the vacancies with probable defense workers, the remaining police officers agreed to work extra hours.

With regard to defense plants, Kahlenberg Bros. Company is now devoted exclusively to war production and in order to expedite production and delivery of engines to the Army and Navy, the original building has been extended by a 65x105 foot addition.

What used to be a small basketball net business has expanded into a million-dollar concern and is now called The Carron Net Company with Edward Carron and his son, Norman, at the executive end. The company is making camouflage and other nets under war contracts and it occupies the former Ford garage. However, the greater portion of the nets are being tied in private homes, which makes it possible to fill most of the contracts months ahead of schedule. The Company and Two Rivers have gained nation-wide publicity through a full

page of pictures in the Sunday Milwaukee Journal Roto section and a commentary over the NBC network by Robert St. John, the bearded news caster.

CIVIC LIFE has also had innovations and what used to be the Beduhn Furniture store is now the Cash Way Super-Market filled with everything from the proverbial soup to nuts, including meat. The building formerly occupied by the Cash Way next to Meyer's Drug Store is now displaying a "For Rent" sign and vitamin ads in its windows.

The Safe Way Motor Coach Co. has replaced the old orange and cream colored inter-city bus with a gray one. It has a "big-city" air as it goes whizzing down Main Street and stops with hydraulic brakes.

If the Government and a few other Commissions and Boards can agree to say, "Yes", Two Rivers will have a bus line with two buses, taking in all sections of the city, including the hospital. A hearing was held last week and everyone seemed to be in favor of the line except the Safe Way Motor Coach Co., of Manitowoc.

Remember Fairmont's and its double-dips? Well, now it's "two on rye, turned over." Mrs. Gevers who used to run the Park Lunch is operating a restaurant in the building and will probably absorb the overflow of the high school crowd from the M and M Lunch.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY, which seems to be a nation-wide problem what with father on the day shift and mother on the swing shift, is being allayed in Two Rivers with dances after high school basketball games and regular week-end dances for teen-agers at the Community House.

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THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

The Civic Understudies

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Dear Staff,

I really enjoy reading about the fellows in various camps. Some of them seem to be having a swell time, while others are having a rough time. I'm having a "Footlocker Cocktail", what will you have? Jumping jodphurs! is that corn. Seriously though, it isn't a bed of roses up here.

I'm stationed on an island in the Aleutian chain, where the wind is so strong we have to crawl at times. On a nice day, we walk at a 45 degree angle. Snow flies almost continually, so we never know where we are at until we come to a marker and take a bearing. The sun comes out twice a month, sometimes.

Since Congress passed the reassignment bill, I have been "sweating" out my return to the good old USA. I've been up here for over 2 1/2 years, and the novelty of this place has worn off. I sure want to see the old home town again. I really miss it.

We haven't any town on this island, and no women outside of a few Army Nurses who we never see except on sick call. No women means no dancing or dates, so we spend quiet evenings at home playing poker. I never win either. There's a shortage of liquor here too. The best we got is Aqua Velva After-Shave Lotion. It makes a swell "Footlocker Cocktail". We tried denatured alcohol, but it makes us sick. My outfit is known as the "Moonshiners." We're always brewing up a batch. Raisin Jack is the best we can brew.

I feel that I am very fortunate for being stationed up here. The boys who are having a rough time and really doing a good job are those stationed in Italy and the South Seas. There aren't any more Japs up here, so I'm without a worry in the world. No bullets to dodge.

S/Sgt. Joseph M. Jebavy,
c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Staff,

Maybe I had better tell you a little bit about my short army career. On or about December 7, 1942, my cousin, Bob Loeser, and I left the fair city of Two Rivers to begin our army career. It all started in Fort Sheridan, Illinois. From there, the two of us went to good old Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. There Bob and I split up, and I was sent to Ordnance Supply School up at Savanna, Illinois. After completing that course, I joined my company way down at Tallahassee, Florida. From there, we moved to Venice, Florida. After a stay there, we left the good old U. S. and arrived here in the good old E. T. O. about the middle of November.

In the short time that I've been over here, I've learned to like England in some ways and in others not. England itself is a funny place to understand. I guess it's because it's so quaint and different. For one thing conditions over here are, on the average, about fifty years behind the U. S.

So much for myself. It really is interesting going over these issues of the Sojourner. I was just looking over the November issue. It really was quite interesting, especially that poem by Earl Kromer. I was just thinking back to the good old class of '41. I don't imagine that there is a heck of a lot of it left back home. There'll come a day though, and don't think we all aren't looking forward to the day when that "Austrian Paper Hanger" plays his supreme role and hangs for the last time, and that little squirt "Tojo" decides to end it all because there won't be enough of his home land left to amount to anything. Yes, I guess I express the sentiments of every man in the service—Correction, man and woman in the service—when I say, "There'll never be a lovelier sight than a glimpse of the "Statue of Liberty or that "Golden Gate Bridge".

S/Sgt. Donald Van Bramer,
Somewhere in England

Staff of Sojourner,

Received your September issue of the big little newspaper today. Seems it takes a few months in transit to get way over the Himalayas and into China. However, it got here and I claim the honor of getting my copy by the longest and toughest air route in the world, known as the Hump, and I can assure you it is correctly named.

Anyone who cares to take my place over here in exchange for any berth in Two Rivers can have it. I still like Wisconsin better than any place else I've seen outside the States.

Maj. Fred W. Eggers,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

I'm now taking my college training at the 302nd College Training Detachment in Galesburg, Illinois. Galesburg is a small city near the border of Iowa. It's about the size of Manitowoc and has almost the same features. The college out here was formerly known as Knox College but was devoted to aviation students about a year ago.

We have taken our classification tests such as the psychological and the psychomotor at Jefferson Barracks, but as yet, we haven't received any information on our standings. These tests were originally given to students after their college training. Now they are given at the completion of your basic training.

A/S Frank J. Butrymowicz,
Galesburg, Illinois

Dear Staff,

I've been overseas for a couple of months now and things here sure can't compare to the States. The people, customs and everything are so different and backward that it's a grand feeling to be an American. The Indians call us Rajahs and think we have money to burn and sure did soak us an awful price for souvenirs. We're getting wise to them now, but it cost us plenty of rupees to learn.

Mail being one of the most important things to us overseas, the paper helps to fill the bill. Keep it coming, and the best of luck to all in the service.

Pvt. Leonard Scheer,
Somewhere in India

Dear Editor,

I received your fine paper which is welcome here at any time. So far my address has changed twice. Note the latest address.

Pvt. Anton Shesta,
c/o Postmaster,
New York City

Dear Staff,

I have been at this post since December and like it much more than the rest of the places I've been. In fact, all around, everything is swell here. Being so close to home now, practically makes me feel as though I'm in my own back yard. I was a few weeks away from graduation at my last post before I was shipped here, and will probably finish my work here.

Best regards.

Pfc. Gerhardt Diedrich,
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Staff,

Just to inform you that I am still stationed out here in the desert of Camp Ibis, Calif. The weather man here decided that we boys did our share of sweating out here during the summer months, so now he is giving us a little break and making us shiver. It gets very cold here, but we have a stove set up in our tent, and it sorta keeps us warm after we get it going.

I am a bugler up here, and I blow the bugle for our whole battalion. Outside of being a bugler, I am a tank driver and gunner. I like my job very much. I, like all of us fellows, wish and pray that this great struggle for freedom may end soon.

Pvt. Clarence Duvall,
c/o Postmaster,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hello Staff.

Hello all. I should be ashamed of myself for not writing a lot sooner, but I'm a fellow that's hard to get to write. I guess it's married life.

Reading of different articles about fellows from Two Rivers. I see some have been fortunate enough to meet their old pals in different spots of the globe. I came into the army 30 months ago and am still looking forward to meeting a pal from good old Two Rivers. Being down in Pahama for 20 months sure was swell. I'll never forget it. We'll be heading for California in a couple of weeks for maneuvers, and from there on we don't know.

I enjoy reading the Sojourner very much. I've been corresponding with a few of my buddies, Del Otis in Alaska, Pete Virnoche in Australia, Joe Menchal and my cousin Donald Van Bramer who's in England. Hello, "Dink", I'm waiting for your letter.

Today I added another stripe which now makes me a buck Sgt. The Infantry is one tough outfit to get a rating.

I wish to say "hello" to all my pals in the different branches of the service, also to Mr. Schmeichel. Bye now.

Sgt. Ken Hermann,
Camp Carson, Colo.

Dear Staff,

News is scarce here in India and your little paper gives us the news we want most to hear. That is, the news from our home and old friends where we lost contact.

Sgt. John D. Lahey,
Somewhere in India

Dear Staff,

I just have received my first issue of the Sojourner, and sure was happy to get it. It was good to hear of most of the home town boys making good about the globe.

Well, at the present, I am in the hospital, recovering from a few wounds, shock, and fever. We completed twenty-three missions over Germany, and only wish I could have been on more of 'em. Unfortunately, on our twenty-third mission we ran into some heavy flak fire. We had to return to our base without being able to get rid of our bombs. Came back to the States New Year's Day, and only hope to be back here long enough to get well and back in shape. Then I hope to get back across because unfortunately, Germany is still on the map. It won't be when we get through. As far as my job is concerned, I am just an all around man. Radio man, gunner, engineer and, in close pinches, navigator. The ship, a B-24, the "Emmie Bell" is one of the best ships in the outfit.

Milco Out. (Ed. note: Pardon our ignorance, but what does it mean?)

M/Sgt. Robert P. Zywickie,
Orlando, Florida

Dear Staff,

On Saturday, October 5, I had a chance to go to Oxford to see the oldest and the most famous University in the world. Some of the buildings were founded way back in the year of 1231 and 1300, which makes them about seven hundred years old. I don't think we have any places back home that are that old. The University consists of fifty-two buildings and it covers an area of about twelve square blocks. In some of the Cathedrals, the ceilings are all made out of stone and are all hand carved. In St. Mary's Cathedral it took about ten years to complete the ceiling and it really is beautiful.

We spent all afternoon walking around and when it was time to go they said that we only had seen about half of the buildings. I hope that I have a chance to go back there again soon and see the rest of the buildings. There is one thing that I would like to say and that is, if any of the boys from around Two Rivers that are over here or come over here have a chance to see the University, they should go because it doesn't cost them a cent and it's worth their time.

Well, I see by the clock that it is almost time to eat again, and that's one thing that I really don't care to miss. I guess I will close my little bit of news for this time.

Pvt. La Vern A. Ploeckelmann,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I have been sitting here thinking of the good times I had recently at the Vets while on leave and it sure is a swell place. I'm very proud to be a member of the Post 1248.

I'm now stationed at Norfolk, Virginia waiting for my new ship, and I hope it's as good a ship as the last two I have had. I'll be glad to get back out there with the rest of the boys and finish this war and get the ones responsible for the mistreatment they have been giving our boys over there in those prison camps. I'm sure every man in the service is going to work doubly hard when they hear about it.

I sure hope it isn't too long before I can see good old Two Rivers again, because of the many places I've seen, I can truthfully say none can beat Two Rivers. Well, it's about time for taps so I'll close for now. Best of luck to all and keep that little morale building paper coming.

Creighton A. Meneau, F 1/c,
Norfolk 2, Va.

Dear Staff,

The company I was with shipped and I was the unlucky one to stay behind because I had a touch of flu. It was rather hard to leave a good bunch of fellows after being with them for over a year, but when a fellow gets sick he can't do much about it.

Say "hello" to all the boys in service for me, especially Cyril "Bo Bo" Weber. Hope to see you soon.

Pvt. George Schwerma,
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Hi Pals,

Well, it's about time I drop you all a few lines to let you know that I feel swell and I hope that all of you feel the same. I was sure glad to get the paper. I was dated Oct. It took a long time to get here, but better late than never.

You don't know how happy it makes a soldier feel to hear how all the boys are doing, how the folks are doing and what's new in good old Two Rivers, the best place in the world. Take it from me, I know, because I surely traveled a lot since I entered the army.

I was in New Caledonia, Guadalcanal and other places. I'm now in the combat area and believe me those dirty Japs are sorry that they ever attacked Pearl Harbor. We have air raids, but I'm getting used to them now. Say "hello" to all the boys for me. I hope soon we'll all be together again in the Coolest Spot in Wisconsin. So long.

Pfc. Edward J. Korinek,
c/o Postmaster,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I was at Salt Lake City, Utah for one week, when I got shipped down here to this camp. I went to Armament School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado for nine weeks. Now, I am working on the line down here as an Armorer. Our job as an Armorer is to load bombs into planes and check and clean the guns for the gunners.

You will have an A.P.O. address for me pretty soon, which means we will be going overseas in a couple of months.

I have been in this camp about seven weeks now, and I was in the hospital for two weeks. I had my tonsils taken out and I feel a hundred per cent better now.

Boy, I thought Two Rivers was a small town, but I don't think there can be any town smaller than this town of Mountain Home. I met a buddy of mine down here. He lives in Cleveland, Wisconsin. That is only about twenty miles from Two Rivers, and he knows a lot of fellows from back home, because he has relatives in Two Rivers, and has been there a few times.

I guess I will have to hang up for now, because it is almost time for me to get busy and do some work. Say "hello" to all our friends in the service. Adios for this time.

Pfc. Gerald Kruse,
Mountain Home, Idaho

Greetings Staff,

Put in twenty-seven hours of duty the past two days and I'm about ready to "hit the sack." Really am tired, but I have liberty this weekend and being a "liberty hound", being tired tonight won't have any bearings whatsoever on my weekend plans. There are nights when we are so tired we can't see straight and then we start making weekend plans and all's well. Funny, isn't it?

We've been putting in a lot of work the past few weeks due to the shortage of manpower at this dispensary. Some of the wards have forty patients and only two corpsmen. I've had fourteen patients, but being in individual rooms makes the work more tiring. I prefer open ward duty.

Commander Peabody was here Wednesday night with his troupe from the Lakes but knowing him previously, I didn't bother to go. He put on a performance Thursday A. M. on my ward and Lt. Mullins dared (he didn't think I had the nerve—Peabody being a commander and me an insignificant petty officer) to speak to him. So I sounded off and asked him how Verna (my g. f., who worked for him) was and if Eddie Jr. was growing etc.? Sorta shocked the personnel here, but I used to play with Eddie Jr. when I was in

the baby nursing deal, and the fellows thought I was off the beam. Incidentally, Lt. Mullins read the Sojourner and when I went off duty Tuesday night, I took it with me—but I had to bring it back Wednesday cause he wasn't finished. How do you like that?

Saw some good movies lately—"Madame Curie" was by far the best. Of course I swooned to Sinatra in "Higher and Higher."

I put in for a leave in February when Jim gets his, but don't think I'll get it. He was up to Two Rivers last June before I enlisted, but I'd like him to come up again.

I have a crackpot patient now who is very familiar with Two Rivers. Some of these officers aren't the least bit sick, and they demand all sorts of attention. I tell them I can't see any gold braid on their pajamas, and it usually does the trick. Five of them are going to Great Lakes tomorrow. Sure wish I could go along.

News is stale here. The weather has been too good to believe. Has everyone mystified. How are things in T. R.?

Charlotte Jaeckel, Ph. M. 3/c
Olathe, Kansas

Dear Staff,

Here I am again with a few lines letting you know that I received your little paper once again which makes the second time I have received it since I came over here. I'm sure glad to see that you're all keeping up the good work back home.

Over here during the past week the weather has been pretty cold and also pretty damp. Now for the last week or so I have been getting mail from some of my friends and they all say that they are also over here in England.

Pvt. La Vern Ploeckelmann
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

When I returned to camp from a field problem, I found the Sojourner on my bunk. I sure was pleased to receive it.

I had a ten day furlough and got home New Year's Eve. I had fun but not as much as I used to have when all the fellows were home. I'd sure love to have some of those times again.

We are getting our share of field problems at night—mostly blackouts. She gets pretty frosty down here. Give me Two Rivers and they can have the South. I'm closing saying "hello" to all the boys wherever they are.

Sgt. Frank Siminski,
Fort Benning, Ga.

(Continued from Page 1)

SPORTS haven't changed much, except that the mild winter hasn't been very good for ice skating, much to the disgust of Sgt. "Ben" Niquette who is home on furlough. After spending two years in India, he was really looking forward to some good skating. The Purgold basketball team won the regional title with eight wins and two losses. Miller's Service Station team is continuing to ride on high with a good season. Fans had quite a treat last Sunday when Lt. Wm. "Duke" Bridges stepped in and led the Miller team to a thrilling near win over the powerful Ships from Superior, Wis. The final score was 29-28 with "Duke" scoring eleven of the twenty-eight points by way of celebration. He had just received his Wings in the Army Air Corps at Pampa, Texas.

POST-WAR PLANNING is the frequent subject of discussion by both men and women here, but it is still quite difficult to do anything really constructive. However, the girls in Two Rivers are taking matters into their own hands and the St. Luke's Senior Sodality is sponsoring a course under the direction of Rev. Wilbert Staudenmeier, the new Assistant Pastor of that congregation. The title of the course is, (Hold your hats, fellows) "Christian Marriage and Parenthood", and they are discussing it while "Thinking of You."

Dear Staff,

As you probably know I'm in the ASTP (darn it) so all I do is study???? We have two more weeks here before graduation. After that we don't know what's going to happen. Some of the fellows had hopes of being sent on to an advanced school, but Congress decided otherwise, so infantry here we come.

There isn't much to write as nothing ever happens in Indiana. For the past few weeks the girls have been providing us with some form of entertainment (at ease, men) so an army camp will be quite a change. Two weeks ago we spent a wonderful Saturday evening at a sorority house drinking out of the --- PUNCH BOWL.

Well, it's almost time for study so I'll have to cut this short. I hope that you won't mind if I take up a little space to say "hello" to Sammy Messman and the rest of the gang. If some of you boys get time, drop a post card.

Cadet Buddy Polzar
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Staff,

I received the Sojourner yesterday. My old address was on it so it took a long time to get it. I was at Amarillo Army Air Field for seven months, but three months out of that I was going to school. I went to mechanic school and I really did like it. Right now I'm at Kingman, Arizona going to gunner's school. I'm in the first week of school, and the course only lasts seven weeks. I just came back from the pressure chamber, and I took a test at 38,000 ft. It was a test of 40 questions, but it really wasn't hard.

The weather down here is really swell, but I would rather have the good old Two Rivers weather any day.

Well, it's time for me to go again, so I'll close for now.

Pfc. C. P. "Smokey" Smogoleski,
Kingman, Arizona

Dear Staff,

I noticed in one of the issues that there were quite a few fellows I worked with in civilian life. Most of them are overseas now. I wasn't quite that lucky, but I don't think it will be long now.

I think Ray Gauger wrote a very good letter about the army routine.

We just received our first group of Wac's, sixty-seven of them. They came from Florida, after training there, to fulfill jobs here. They made quite a hit here.

Have to sign off now, lights out in a few minutes. I'll be waiting for the next issue.

Pfc. M. Rousse,
Camp Craft, S. C.

Dear Staff,

The last time I wrote you, I had 200 hours combat time in and now I have over 400 hours in. I expect to be home on leave soon, and I'll be glad to see the home town again as I haven't now for two and a half years.

While on leave here in India, I met a boy from Two Rivers. You all know him well. He is Norman Walecka who is in the A. T. C. flying transport. We keep writing to each other, and in that way we tell each other the latest from the home town. He was just made cpl. and had it coming for a long time. He is doing a very good job over here and what he is doing is important and has to go through.

T/Sgt. J. B. Niquette,
c/o Postmaster, New York
P. S. Just got orders to go home.

FEBRUARY IN TWO RIVERS

Feb. 1—City receives apportionment of liquor taxes — \$4,852. Cars running wild — 5 fined for traffic violations.

Feb. 2—Ground hog sees no shadow — So-oo Spring is near—it says here. Purgolds defeats Manitowoc 34-33.

Feb. 3—Nearly 50,000 books circulated through library in '43. March of Dimes passes \$1,000 mark.

Feb. 4—Burger Yards to build new patrol rescue ship.

Feb. 5—Temperature drops to 10 above zero. What was that we said about the Ground Hog and Spring? Crates of vegetables stolen from downtown store reappear. Dale Barta named new editor of the Neshotah News.

Feb. 6—Opening of the Co-Op Funeral Home in the Empire Building.

Feb. 7—Local school debaters take first place at Milwaukee. War Bond Premiere of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" to be held at Rivoli on Tuesday.

Feb. 8—LaFond Fisheries on the "French Side" reopened. \$66,000 from city debt cut in '43. Vocational school to assist in filing income tax returns.

Feb. 9—Relief cost in city for '43 was \$11,105. Sub-zero weather still predominates. Commission may permit hunting beyond March 1.

Feb. 10—Boatswain R. L. Flewelling is new leader at local Coast Guard Station. Students purchase \$4,508 in "E" Bonds. Driver didn't know he broke off telephone pole till he read report in paper.

Feb. 11—Petitions out favoring bus line in city. Wounded Yank Airmen to visit Aluminum Goods.

Feb. 12—War Bond Rally held at Community House. Purgolds swamp Sturgeon Bay 35 to 11.

Feb. 13—High School Band and Meistersingers Guild offer free concert.

Feb. 14—City exceeds Fourth War Loan Drive by 100%.

Feb. 15—Population of Manitowoc County increased 1,300.

Feb. 16—Jack Anderberg decorated in England. Believe smelt entirely wiped out in lakes. Tabulation shows bond sales in county exceed quota by two million.

Feb. 17—Smallest group in months leave for Fort Sheridan. They have to get smaller—

no choice.

Feb. 18—Red Cross War Fund Drive to open in March. City gains nation-wide publicity when Robert St. John, noted NBC commentator, talked about our Carron Net Company.

Feb. 19—Condensing plant at Mishicot to begin operation Monday. Two Rivers Purgolds defeat Algoma 29-24.

Feb. 20—USS Icefish, 16th submarine, is launched at Manitowoc at high noon.

Feb. 21—10 tons waste paper collected.

Feb. 22—City workers ask for \$10 a month bonus. Four divorces granted today.

Feb. 23—12 members taken into VFW. Plans for Citizenship Day Program in May being made. 3 Inductees leave for service—I tell you, boys, it's tough!

Feb. 24—Air medal awarded Lt. Stanley Stanull, Navy flier.

Feb. 25—It's spring again—and we all have what they call spring fever. Collection of tin to be held March 10. Raiders defeat Kewaunee 27-23 to win conference title.

Feb. 28—Inhalator, gift to the city by the Jaces and ordered in 1942, finally arrives.

MARRIAGES

Mildred Krueger, WAVES and Paul Eaton, S/1c, Beverly, Mass., January 26.

Elaine Carolyn Niquette and Ensign John E. McSorley, Portage, Wis., February 19.

Bernadette King and Arnold Feuerstein, February 21.

Lorraine Lesperance, Coleman and Carl Hetue, Torpedo Man 1/c, February 26.

Mary Ellen Holsen, Manitowoc and Orin A. Kasbaum, Manitowoc, February 12.

ENGAGEMENTS

Violet Wisniewski and William Wanish, Manitowoc.

Donna Mosuch and Pfc. Robert Loeser.

LaVerne Halverson, Manitowoc and Pfc. John Miller.

Emily Novachek, Manitowoc and Pvt. Earl Gates.

ENLISTMENTS

WAVES—Shirley Naeser, Bette Hurst, Carole Schmeichel.

WAC—Faye Hallett.

INDUCTIONS

ARMY—Orval Vanne, Armidos Belisle.

SMILE AWHILE

MARCH—a really eventful month. The Irish have their day and so does the Treasury Department. Being a month for the Irish, we intended to print a lot of Pat and Mike stories—but apparently they, too, were caught in the draft. So we have collected some jokes—some good—some not so good.

—o—
Brown: Do you believe in clubs for women?
Black: Yes, if kindness fails.

Visitor in defense plant: Look at that youngster, the one with the cropped hair, the cigarette and trousers on. It's hard to tell whether it's a boy or a girl.

War Worker: She's a girl and she's my daughter.

Visitor: My dear sir, do forgive. I would never have been so outspoken if I had known you were her father.

War Worker: I'm not her father, I'm her mother!

—o—
Professor (rapping on desk): Order!
Entire Class: Beer!

—o—
"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin, let him stand up.

What's this, Sister Virginia, you like sin?"
"Oh, pardon me, I thought you said gin."

—o—
"It never occurs to a boy of 18 that someday he will be as dumb as his father."

—o—
(The above were taken from the "Modern Woodmen). We go to the Veterans magazine "Foreign Service" for the next few.

—o—
Corporal: According to this newspaper story, the draft registration brought 800,000 illiterates into the Army.

Private: That explains why we've got so many corporals!

—o—
A customer walked into a sign painter's shop and announced. "I want a sign that says 'Wrecks Re-Built'."

—o—
"What kind of a place you got?" the sign painter asked. "An auto repair shop or a beauty parlor?"

—o—
A Chicago woman, asked in a Red Cross questionnaire what had been her experience in the field of nutrition, wrote: "I have been eating for years."

—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"

A woman who had just completed a First Aid course saw a man lying prone in the street and was shocked that passers-by callously paid no attention to him. So she rushed up and began giving him artificial respiration. The man raised his head and said: "Lady, I don't know what you're trying to do, but I'm trying to get a wire down this manhole."

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And then there's the story about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter—oops, can't tell that one.

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In an Army camp in southern Illinois, a hillbilly soldier was thrown into the jug for habitual and obstreperous insubordination. His commanding officer decided to talk to him and in the course of the conversation asked him how far he had gone in school. "Third grade," said the prisoner. "Why did you leave?" the officer asked.

"Well, they tried to put me back into first and I wouldn't stand for it."

—Reader's Digest

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A clerk at Kelly Field, Texas, was helping an old Negro to fill out application papers for a Civil Service janitor job. The clerk would read off the questions and write down the answers.

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"Do you belong," asked the clerk, "to the Nazi Bund or any political party that plans to overthrow the government?"

"Yas'm," said the Neg...

—o—
"Which one?" asked the clerk, taken aback by the applicant's candor.

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"The Republican," was the earnest reply.

—Reader's Digest

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—(Contributed by Patricia DeLaney)

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"Cup o' tea, weak," said a customer at a London coffee stall. When the decoction was brought to him he eyed it critically.

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"Well, what's wrong with it?" You said weak, didn't you?

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"Weak, yes," was the reply, "but not 'elpless."

—Tid Bits

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A traveler in a Southern wayside restaurant once threw the help into confusion by asking for coffee without cream. The Negro waiter went to the kitchen and was gone an unconscionable period. When he returned he approached the traveler timidly.

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"I'm sorry, suh," he said, "we can't let you have coffee without cream. But we can let you have it without milk."

—Reader's Digest