



The sojourner. Volume III, Number 8 August 1944

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)
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The Sojourner

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



Volume III

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, AUGUST 1944

Number 8



YE SOJOURNER STAFF AT A PICNIC

Around the fire, left to right: Anita Tegen, Edith Palzer, Gertrude Doncheck, Rose Marek, Jeanette Bonfigt, Marie Richards Klein, Katherine Hasheck.
Standing, left to right: Gladys Schader, Ruth Feuerstein, Marge Wood, Grace Freye.

"A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

"In the good ole summertime, in the good ole summertime"—summer is here and everyone's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of picnics. We guess picnics are our favorite outdoor sport in the summertime, from the youngest kids to Grandpas and Grandmas. We should be thankful that there's a large enough variety of picnics to suit the tastes of young and old alike.

The youngsters consider it a big time to take a lunch along to the beach, sandwiches, cake and pop being the best treat. The oldsters, as well as the youngsters, enjoy family picnics, too. The whole family gets into the spirit of this type of picnic. Aunt Emma brings her good baked beans, Grandma makes wonderful potato salad, and then there's the homemade stuff and such that makes a picnic lunch so wonderful. (Oh, stop thinking about the ants.)

The men usually get a baseball game started, even though they suffer the rest of the week with sore muscles; they aren't as young as they think they are! The women sit around and chat—mind you, we said chat, not gossip. The ones we feel sorry for are the relatives who couldn't come. Man! Do they take a beating.

Then there's the wienie roast that we girls usually have Sunday, Monday and always. We eat the wienies while the mosquitoes eat us. Get the wienies nice and black, then smother them with mustard and catsup,

pickles and onions. Last week the Sojourner staff had a wienie roast at Neshotah Park, as you can see from the above picture. The stuff we're drinking is coke; there just aren't any fellows around to dig up an eighth. If you look very closely, you can see the wienies on the sticks. After all the food disappeared, we played "My Father Owns a Grocery Store; He Buys and Sells "M"—"; acted out song titles and played silly kid games until the little kids hanging around, watching, asked us what we were doing. Apparently, they're so busy playing "Superman" and stuff, they never heard of our standbys. Poor kids! Guess London Bridge was too much for E. P.; she suffered with a stiff neck all week. After all the excitement, we cleaned up our table in the moonlight (first quarter) and dashed over to the Vets' Club for a quick picker-upper before going home to a wonderful nightmare.

Of course, we mustn't forget the good ole public picnics. Remember when we would dance on the tennis courts to the music of Romy Gosz and wonder if we'd have any soles left on our shoes? Or remember the Hamilton Band picnics at Shoto, where one could go for a boat ride up the river, or dance all afternoon and night, too? There was plenty of wolfing at those picnics, only they didn't call it wolfing then.

Last, but not least, are the beach parties, held in
(Continued on page 8, Col. 2)

THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

The Civic Understudies**School of Vocational and Adult Education**

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

Have a change of address for you again. It seems I don't stay in one place long enough to receive two copies of the Sojourner with the same address, but it always catches up with me, thanks to the army post office.

It seems the Air Corps folded up under me, and I now find myself back in the Ordnance. Right now I'm in a replacement pool waiting for reassignment to an outfit.

The only person from the Cool City I've met down here is Ken Wondrash. Let me tell you it feels good to meet some one and talk over the old home town, the gals, and pals and old familiar places—ahem—that makes me thirsty.

Seems it's time for lights out. That's one good thing about the army. It gets the fellows off to bed on time. Be seeing you soon—until then keep up the good work.

Sgt. Owen Clayton,
Jackson, Mississippi

Dear Sojourner,

Just received the little paper and had to hide it. Everybody wants to read it before I do. All the fellows are wishing their home towns would have the same idea. No kidding, it's really a morale builder.

I save the papers for Eddie Sincular. He is attached to the M. P. Unit out here, and he doesn't receive the paper. Every time I see him we have some swell discussions about the old home town. (Ed. note: Please tell Eddie to send us his address.)

About a month ago I got back from a little cruise to the Admiralty Islands and New Guinea. It was a very interesting trip but that's all. Hoping to be back in T. R. soon for a well-deserved leave. I'll drop around and see each and everyone of you personally to thank you for the swell paper.

I want to say hello to all the fellows who read the paper, and also wish them all good luck.

Al. J. Gates,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco

Dear All,

I received the June issue of the Sojourner, the first copy I got. I was very glad to get it and also to hear the things that are going on at home. I was also glad to see all the familiar names in the paper and to hear they are all safe.

I am still with my twin brother and hope we can always stay together. On my way across I met William Rhein on a L. S. T. and was I glad to meet someone from home.

I canont tell you where I am, but here it is awfully hot and dry. I guess by now you know what the amphibious force is so you should know what I am doing. I am the driver of one of the boats, and also in charge of it.

Well I hope to be home soon and hope you at home can keep up the morale for the boys over here by writing them or sending them a paper to tell what's going on at home.

Donald G. Deprey, Cox,
c/o F. P. O., New York

Dear Sojourner Staff,

Let Old Acq—That is just what The Sojourner is doing. It's wonderful how the Two Riverites keep in touch with each other through the paper. The June issue has arrived and I haven't missed a word in it. It is truly a super report for the gang in service.

Now for a few words on what a member of the Army Nurse Corps is doing.

"Nursie come over here and hold my hand," has been the cry of the contacts I have had with the boys. Maybe some have it as a theme song for the army. However, one stern look will bring a "yes miss" or "no miss" in short order. (It's swell.)

Let me tell the world that the boys have appreciated our efforts in Persia and now India. After all we so consider ourselves wifes, mothers and (sometimes) sweethearts when they are ill. So I always give them an extra smile. Sometimes it's a case of liquid quinine or an injection of pencellin. Some admit they feel like human pin-cushions but they always have a "thank you." Just that little phrase tells us all we need know.

Persia and India are very much the same. The heat is terrific and I meant hot.

Have been overseas eighteen months and still no light on when I will hit the "coolest spot in the state."

We have snakes and bugs of every size and shape. A few nights ago a big six footer saw his last. The boys tell me they travel in pairs. So-o-o I have been very faithful in carrying my flash light.

I wear my slacks and boots every night after the sun goes down. Really no place for a woman but here I am and love it.

It's great fun taking care of the fellows from all over the U. S. A. (God's Country). Traveling has been most interesting and educational as well. Better than any book ever written.

How about a few words from the class of "1937"? Let us all know where Uncle Sam has you on old mother earth.

God bless all of you back on the lake front for the swell job.

Well, kids, keep going and chins high. This war just can't last forever.

From Mother India,
Lt. Elsie Engelland, Somewhere in India

Dear Staff,

The possibility of your disbanding for the summer was the last thing I could ever imagine, and sincerely hope it doesn't come to pass. A great many people will feel awfully dejected 'round the end of the month if the Sojourner fails to go to print.

I have a new job now and it's so different from anything I've ever done. I'm working the Record Office, filing health records, etc., and I'm sure glad I know my A. B. C.'s. I'm supposed to handle the transportation of the deceased too—but haven't started on that as yet.

Seems as though I've complained exceedingly on Kansas weather and I'm still at it cause now it's too hot. A new uniform bill is out and if I'm not mistaken we may wear our greys ashore, and the jacket, which will be perfect. White hasn't been authorized as yet but any day now we'll be allowed to wear them, but with the jacket. Seems funny that we can't ever wear white shirts without a jacket, or as the army says blouse.

Say, how about printing a picture of dear old W. H. S.? You know looking down main street—or looking up—!

I wonder if there isn't someone from T. R. stationed anywhere near here. There must be someone at one of the many army bases in Kansas or Nebraska. Kansas City seems to be a great liberty town for miles around, and I was just wondering if somebody doesn't come in occasionally.

Been trying in vain to get a transfer for a specialized school but we only have about ten Wave Corpsmen (Corps Waves??) here and they won't release any of us. Guess I'm due to fight the battle of Olathe for the duration and six months. But when I hear of some especially undesirable base, I'm sorta content with being here. I'd feel so lost without Dupont and Turner, my bunk mates. The corpsmen pal around together more with themselves than with the other girls as our hours are so different than anyone's on the base. When Sparks, Shatoff, Rhodes, Dupont, Jugle, Kardis and I get together you'd swear we despised each other. The patients wonder how we get along—we're always ribbing each other and it's all in fun. Guess once your sense of humor is gone, it's no use living.

Charlotte Jaeckel, Ph. M. 2/c,
Olathe, Kansas

Dear Staff,

It's swell to see photos of the home town and what's better I like to show my shipmates what the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" (about which I have talked so much) looks like.

Realizing how much time and effort it takes to publish a paper such as the Sojourner, I appreciate it all the more. As far as I know, it's the only paper of its type and really a credit to you.

Your monthly calendar is really a "killer", besides being very informative it's quite humorous. A good laugh is about the best morale builder I know of—here's to more laughs.

I'd like to give my best wishes to "Potchka" who's flying the hump, Sgt. "Shorty" in England and the entire class of '41 wherever they may be.

Lloyd Krescheck, F. C. 3/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I'm at Harmon General Hospital at Longview, Texas. It is pretty hot here and summer is just beginning. Longview and surrounding towns are all very good towns for a soldier as there are no nearby army camps.

Pvt. Donald Hopkins,
Longview, Texas

Hi Friends,

I have been transferred to another camp a few months ago, still rebel country, but not quite as hot.

We had the big bond drive yesterday afternoon. Many of the Airborne Troops kept the show in process, and here's how it went. They jumped from a height of eight hundred feet with multi-colored parachutes. As soon as they hit the ground they made for a near by forest where camouflaged enemy troops were hiding. They captured the forest, blew up the enemy ammunition dump and raised sand while dive bombers swooped and guns roared. Big gliders zoomed in while the battle was in progress and out of them came reinforcements with jeeps, 37 mm. guns and a lot of other weapons. The boys who made the first jump had the situation well in hand when the gliders got there. In fact they were burning the enemy with flame throwers. It sorta left all those rebels wide-eyed. It was a swell sight, one of the farmers popped off with, "Al' Hitler ain't got a chance." The crowd sorta took off, after seeing a plane fly low and pick up a glider from the ground and fly off with it. The whole affair ended with a street dance. We had that day off, but will probably make up for it next week.

To top it off, the next evening we had a picnic supper, beer party and swimming. They are treating us better every day. Two days a week, two hours a day, we get off for swimming. That's one thing that really goes good with this heat.

Cpl. Wally Martin,
Camp Madcall, N. C.

Dear Staff,

I just came back from a furlough over here in England, and the Sojourner was waiting for me, so I thought I'd drop a line again.

Sgt. Snork had a good piece in the April issue. He seems to think that I had a "Feest" when I was home on furlough. I never was home since I came into the army, but I hope that I can have that feast when I do get home. (The Sgt. is excused.)

I traveled quiet a bit in England and Scotland, but I never met any of the boys from Two Rivers over here. On this furlough we went to Blackpool and then headed for Scotland, but like most of the guys never made it and ended up back in London.

I can't say much about my work, but like all other fellows on bombers, I think that our crew is one of the best, and a lucky one too. Only two Purple Hearts so far, and the army can keep mine, because I don't want it.

Jack Anderberg is flying over here too, and your paper said that he got decorated. I am wondering what it was for.

It's time for work again, so I'll be saying "Adios" for this time.

T/Sgt. Ralph Feest,
c/o P. M. New York

Dear Staff,

By now you probably know I am in the China, Burma and India theater of operations and stationed in some part of India. There are very many things to be seen around here, but thus far I have seen but very few. I am hoping to get around to see more of the sights. I guess we all miss the U. S. A. and T. R. I am just fine and in the best of health.

Cpl. Danny A. Stangel,
c/o P. M., New York City

Dear Staff,

Well, how is Two Rivers? I'm still fine, and I think Florida is a pretty nice state. It does get a little warm here, anyway when you work on the airplanes. After standing out in the sun a while you can hardly walk on the wings. It burns the feet right through the shoes. Sure isn't anything like the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin." I'll be home with you all in July.

Pfc. Bob Lahey,
Henricks Field, Florida

Dear Staff,

I did not change address since I've been in the navy. I left good old Two Rivers, and I had my training in the Empire of Texas (no relation to the United States, so the fellows from Texas say). I have had a good time for the last twenty and a half months. I am, or was with all fellows from Wisconsin.

As you already know by my address, I am a guard. The only thing misleading is I don't stand any guard duty. I am a mail orderly. It's soft work. All I do is sort mail and hand it out. All the fellows in the army know the duties of a mail orderly (the only real gold-brick in the service.)

I haven't met many fellows from around home yet. I've seen Vivian Keip of the Waves. She came to this base last July, but I've only seen her once. Talking about meeting people, last week-end I was in Matamocos, Mexico, and met a fellow I knew up north. It seemed out of place meeting in a place like that. He happens to work in the city of Brownsville, Texas. I wanted to see Major Lyons and Roy Weber in Harlingen, but could find no one who knew how to go about finding them. I'll get down there again before I leave Texas.

I did not get around the states, but sure found my way around the Empire. I've seen the Alamo in San Antonio so many times I'm tired of it. I've been through the Rio Grande Valley and saw the fruit groves. As far as Corpus Christi is concerned it's just O. K. Half of the place is out of bounds and if you don't drink you might as well stay on the base. That's what I do unless I need something from town.

As far as the Coolest Spot in Wisconsin is concerned, you can have it. I was home for Easter, but never again. It was so cold I spent most of my time inside. I missed my snow in the winter of forty-two and forty-three, but saw enough of it on the way home. After being in a place where it's warm and going to a place where it's cold is out. We have nice weather around here. I am not in the sun, but the fellows all enjoy it. We had rain last night for the first time for over a month. We don't get much rain but when it does come, look out. All the cars were stalled on the base during the one last night.

I am still a dry land sailor, but wait. Bye now.

C. A. Mac Donald, S. 1/c, Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Staff,

Since I last received the Sojourner I have been placed somewhere in Italy. I am not one of those boys who go to the front lines, as I am now in a Medical Unit, although we will probably take our turn up there sometime, just as the others do. All we can do is wait for that day to come.

Since I've been overseas I haven't received any of the papers, and I really miss the letters from the boys all over the world and all the news it has about the Coolest City in Wisconsin. Although I don't know many of the boys who write, I still enjoy reading their letters. I am still a so-called rookie in Two Rivers, but hope I'll meet a lot of the boys after this shindig is over.

Pfc. Donald Farr,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

I was pleased to hear that Bob and Claude and Clarence are still together. I would like to be with them myself, but I hope the day will come again when we are all together again under much better circumstances. I remember when.

My main objective in writing is to inform you of my recent change of address, three months ago. I have had the good fortune of being picked to attend a radar school here at the University of California. This is the home of the Aggies. I am among pleasant surroundings; that is beautiful buildings, lawns, and right in the neat little town of Davis. I don't mind the school, but it's the principal of the thing, I don't like. This is also a joke. It reminds me of the days I spent in Washington High.

Since last you heard of me, I have been promoted from Pfc to technician 4th grade (T/4 for short).

As soon as I have completed this course, (August 4th) I will have another change of address to that of Fort Bliss. I am looking forward to a furlough at that time so I hope to be seeing you all then. With a prayer in mind for the safety of you fellows overseas and those on the way, I must now close my letter.

Sgt. Le Roy Vanderbusch,
Davis, California

Dear Staff,

I am in New Guinea now and I must say it is a very wet place. About the main worry here is trying to keep dry. I am doing food inspection. Not very hard work, but important. We have to see that the food that gets to the soldiers is in top shape. Keep the paper going. It's like strings that bind us and keep us in touch with each other.

Sgt. Chummy Strohm,
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Staff,

This is my tenth week in service school, and will remain here three more weeks completing the course. I'm at a gunnery school. I expect to be a gunner's mate in the future. A few barracks away there are two other boys from Two Rivers. Robert Waskow and Joe Barta, they are at signal men school.

As they say in the navy—"Old Salts"—that's what a lot of the men are who write to your paper. I'm what you might call a dry land sailor—for a while anyway.

Albert Hansen, S. 2/c, Great Lakes, Ill.

Dear Staff,

An issue of your interesting paper reached me this morning. This is the first issue that I have ever gotten, and it surprised and pleased me greatly. I have no idea on what grounds I rate an issue after seeing the sub-headline "Dedicated to Our Native Sons, etc." I don't know if I'm considered a relative by adoption or marriage nevertheless, it is a grand gesture and I'll be more than pleased if you will think of me in all future mailing lists.

I've been over here quite some time now and about ready to come home to look the old haunts over. Even though I consider Manitowoc as my home, so much of my time was spent in Two Rivers that I feel as though I have two home towns. I read all the letters in the paper hoping I would know some of the boys. In finishing I found that the only one I knew well was Sgt. Nubby Krey, and so I found his letter just a little more interesting than the rest from a personal stand. I know what Nubby means when he tells about how much home means after living a life over here. I am in a rear base now but have been further up, so I too can add my feelings to Nubby, that there is no place like home. I noticed too that Sgt. Russell Hasheck has taken the fatal plunge, so I'll take this chance to offer my congratulations to him. Russ and I were inducted in the same group, and so as fellow patriots and ex-basketball rivals, I feel as though he gets both my well wishes and congratulations.

I have a subscription to the Chicago Tribune so manage to keep pretty well abreast of the state news. Not long back I caught an article about Mark Cope, and it made me feel just a little proud of both him and the fine town he represents. I know that both Two Rivers and Manitowoc are well represented in this thing and have made an enviable record so far. So here's hoping that we can accomplish what we set out to do and come back to OUR town to live as we did.

Pvt. Pat McCabe, New Caledonia

Dear Staff,

Received the May issue of the Sojourner and enjoyed seeing the pictures of the old home town. Hope to see more of them in future copies.

Please send the paper to my new address as noted above. It's more than welcome.

Walter L. Czechanski,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I've been reading your newsy paper for some months now, and it's about time I sent a little greeting.

I see by the paper that the lads and lasses cover the whole U. S. and many foreign places. I'm still in Fort Knox, Kentucky, finished with my basic and am enrolled in the Armored School as a tank mechanic student. Imagine at my age going to school.

There is only one fellow from T. R. that I know of down here, Bob Thuss. I see him now and then.

The heat here is terrific now but I guess it's not as the boys find it in the South Seas and other far off places. I wish all the boys and girls from good old Two Rivers a lot of luck. Maybe soon this will be all over, and we can go back and enjoy the Cool City.

Pvt. Orval Schaden,
Fort Knox, Kentucky

Dear Staff,

Inasmuch as I have never written you a letter of thanks for the receipt of your wonderful paper, and I am almost ashamed to say that I have received it for a year and a half already, so I finally decided it was time that I did so.

As for myself, I'm in the Corps of Engineers and have been in quite a few states already and am still being moved around from time to time. I have been working in the Operations and Intelligence Dept. now for over a year and like it very well. At present, I am located in Camp Swift and have never run across any one from the home town. Well, in closing, I want to say hello and good luck to all the fellows and girls in the service and hope that your paper continues its good work in keeping the servicemen and women informed of the whereabouts of their former pals, and of the doings in old Two Rivers.

Cpl. Claude St. Pierre,
Camp Swift, Texas

Dear Staff,

Last time I wrote to you, I was in Oregon, but last October made a move which brought me a bit closer to home. I am now in Colorado Springs, Colorado, about six miles from the famous Pikes Peak. It is very beautiful around here and this region has many worth while scenic spots to see which my wife and I intend to take advantage of now that they are opening.

In a few weeks we hope to be home on furlough so if anyone is looking for me they will probably find me over at Bucky's having a highball, which is hard to get, and when you do, it takes almost a whole pay day for a few of them.

We had the good fortune of meeting Art St. Pierre and his wife, also one of the Ploor boys. They are both located at this same base.

I am kept quite busy as I am mess sgt. and have about 600 men to feed. My very best wishes to all the fellows from Two Rivers.

Sgt. Wm. J. Jacquette,
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Dear Staff,

I've done quite a little traveling since I left home last spring. First to Fort Sill, Okla., then to California and now I'm over in Merry Old England. It's very pretty when the sun shines over here. The people try to make you as much at home as possible. I hope to run into some of the boys from Two Rivers sometime.

Pvt. Kenneth Owens,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I'd like to inform you that I have met a few friends from home and really do consider myself fortunate being out here. The fellows I met were Ellwood Hempton, Ben Pritzl, Howard Waskow, Ally Gates and my cousin Donald Krafcheck. If that isn't lucky, then I don't know what luck is.

In your last edition, you had a poem about Sicily. I showed it to the fellows and they said it was very true, as I agree. They also like the Sojourner and everyone thinks it's 4-0.

Edgar A. Gloe, Sig. 3/c,
U. S. S. Almaack, San Francisco, Calif.

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Dear Friends,

As you can readily see, I'm the luckiest G. I. Joe in the army. From four months in Camp Hood to New Mexico A. & M. then to the Air Corps. My records were once marked "745" and those of the infantry realize this as a "basic rifleman."

I'm beginning to feel like a draft dodger after eleven months in the states. This is a safe life though. Even Texans like our state and for my money (as little as I have) Madison is the second best city in Wisconsin. If my luck holds out and it's a long war, I'll be a Pfc. in about three years, though I hate to think of donning a service stripe.

It will be a fine day indeed when the terrible four, Garvey, Jindra, Gagnon and I get together again in Asco's in "Civies" to discuss our poaching exploits in the Wisconsin woods.

I wonder—did Eddie Luebke fare as well as I did? He was in the same boat and I do hope he got a break also.

Pvt. Howard Heinkel,
Madison, Wis.

Hello Friends,

I'd like to write you something of interest, but nothing exciting ever happens down here in the sticks.

How's spring coming along up there?

Pvt. Steve Schesta,
Venice, Florida

Dear Staff,

I realize how the fellows feel that are over there and I don't blame them a bit. I'm somewhere on the eastern coast and getting along fine. I've been to New York City and had a swell time. It sure is a large city.

Sgt. Frank Siminski,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

How I wish I were in Two Rivers right now, because it really is hot here at the present. I hate to think of what it will be here this summer. I was home from May 5 until May 13. When I left Baltimore, Md., I was just about to burn up, and didn't take my pea coat along. When I got to Two Rivers, I almost froze and how I wish I had my pea coat then. Even though I almost froze, you can give me that weather to this hot weather around here.

I am very interested in seeing if any of the Two Rivers fellows are stationed near me. I hope some day to find this and will try and meet them in some way.

Melvin C. Tome, SK 2/c,
Annapolis, Md.

Dear Editor,

I received your April and May issues just the night before I left my last camp and am enjoying them very much and am pleading with you to keep at work with your paper during the summer months, as we all enjoy them and we also work during the summer.

As for news, all I can say is we are getting the best of food and equipment. I even had one of dem dere steaks they say they are saving for the army.

Pvt. Hilliard (Squeek) Halstrom,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Hi Ed:

Salama! all ye folks in good old Shangri-La. I received your April edition of the Sojourner and sure was glad to hear from all the fellows. Nothing like keeping up with all the fellows, and your little paper takes the place of many letters. 'Twould be rather difficult to write to all the fellows personally.

I see where Ben Niquette made it home from this miserable hole. I hope to follow in a few months, but one never knows about such things in this Army—does one?

We're still busy here "Happy Humping", but also some brainstorm has inaugurated something new. It seems the A. T. C. here now has to take a whole new basic training course, commando training and lectures, besides our flying. They can't bear to see us have any time to ourselves, even though it's so doggone hot you could fry eggs out in this sun.

Right now I'm sweating out a trip. Don't think it's going to be too wonderful out there as it's no fun riding through ice, rain and bouncing clouds.

Give my regards to all the boys out there and to those other fellows here in India. Hope I get a chance to run into them some day, but I haven't been getting any valley runs lately—all into China.

Cpl. Norman Walecka,
Somewhere in India

Dear Staff,

Seeing that I haven't written you in the last year, I'll take this opportunity to answer your plea for letters.

My career in the service is far from an interesting one. I entered the Army last June and went to Camp Hood, Texas for my thirteen weeks of infantry basic training. Upon completion of this training I was sent to North Texas State Teachers College at Denton, Texas, under the A. S. T. P. Here I completed two terms with considerable success, when suddenly the War Department decided we were needed in the ground forces. So, on March 15, 1944, I was transferred from Denton to Camp Howze, Texas, which, unfortunately, is an infantry camp. Right now I am sweating out the war as a B. A. R. man in an infantry platoon. Some fun!!!!

As for Texas, I think anyone who has been here will agree that the Government can give it back to the Indians any day and no one will shed a tear. It's hot in summer and surprisingly cold in winter.

That, dear staff, is the extent of my adventures in Uncle Sam's Army. I do hope that "Buddy" Polzar and some of the fellows will write a letter once in a while.

Pvt. Edward Luebke,
Camp Howze, Texas

Dear Staff,

When all these fellows come back there sure will be plenty stories to tell. But as for me I guess I'll just have to sit and listen. For 21 months I have been in the beautiful state of Virginia and it looks like I will be here for the duration. I have been in this camp now for nine months and each month I get to hate it more, but I guess there are a lot worse places so I better stop complaining.

Say, the kids in Two Rivers are really going in for marriages lately. Man, when we get back there won't be any women. Well, I want to thank you again for the paper and I hope you will keep that swell paper coming.

L. J. "Cat" Antonie, Ph. M. 2/c, Camp Peary, Va.

Dear Staff,

I have received your grand paper again and certainly was glad to get it. I have some news to tell you. I only hope the man who censors this letter lets it go through. I am the first man from Wisconsin to enter the great City of Rome. I also can prove that by plenty of proof and in case any one would like to argue it out with me just let them have my address.

I was actually the fourth soldier to enter Rome. I was driving the second jeep to enter Rome and almost did not live to tell about it. Here is what happened. I am in a receiving outfit and we're suppose to lead everything to Rome and we started in the city very slowly. We saw some Germans, but did not take time to stop for just a few of them. That is the work of the infantry.

We went about a mile into town and found out there were some Tiger tanks in front of us. So we stopped and called for tank destroyers, but they never came to help out. It didn't take long to tell that we ran into a trap and we were going to have a hard time getting out, because we had to drive through a crossroad on which the Jerrys had a Tiger tank lined up, and we would be blown sky high if they hit us. So all we could do was make a run for it. We could not go ahead, we couldn't turn off, all we could do was blast through that crossroad. So our unit started and a shell hit the rear end of the jeep. The gunner died later, the driver is in the hospital now. I dashed up and started. The men who usually ride with me got out and walked around a well to get across, but I drove through. I had my jeep going forty miles per hour in second and rode it, all of the others that were up there made it also. Then about two hours later they sent in the tank destroyers and cleaned out the Jerry tanks. So if any other man that would like to say he was in Rome before me, I certainly would like to see him and find out just how he got past those Tigers.

The people were very happy to see us. They threw flowers into our cars and tried to get us to drink more wine than we could hold. They came out early in the morning to see us, and we went through the city. Most of them were still in their house coats—they never even took time to dress after they got up. Just about everyone had flowers to put on our cars. Some of the people were so glad to see us they came up and kissed us on the arms and face and shook our hands until our arms were ready to fall off.

Well, that's all for this time. I am going to keep my fingers crossed, hoping this gets through to you.

Pvt. Robert C. Prue,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

Right now I have started a navigator's pre-flight course here in S. A. A. C. C. This will probably take about four or five weeks, so you can count on another change in location in the near future.

I guess you know all about the Texas weather so I need not say any more. You probably would like to have some of this heat in Two Rivers, but in a long run Wisconsin can't be beat. It rained today for a change, and it certainly was appreciated.

Time is running short so I'll have to close. Good luck to you all and all the boys.

A/C Frank J. Butrymowicz,
San Antonio, Texas

Dear Staff,

After reading the paper, I find that a few of the fellows, who are also in England have written you very nice letters containing information about England. So I won't tell you much about it. The country itself is very beautiful. All the buildings are made out of brick and are very old. Most of them look like they are ready to fall over. You very seldom see the sun, as it is cloudy most of the time. The weather now is supposed to be warm, and if this is what they call warm weather, I hate to think what winter is like. I've been to town a couple of times for educational purposes, and one thing I did hear is what they say about the pubs is true. They are crowded. While I was making a tour of the pubs, still for educational purposes, I had to taste some cider. That stuff looks like vinegar, smells like vinegar, tastes like vinegar, and I won't be a bit surprised if it isn't vinegar. Upon ending my tour, I came to the conclusion that I'll stick to "Golden Drops." Oh, what I wouldn't give just to smell a bottle cap from off one of those little beer bottles.

The pictures in the May issue are very nice and I got a lot of enjoyment out of them. It sure is good to see a few scenes from the home town. Now that I am a few thousand miles from home, I still hear that old phrase "carp town." It seems that the sergeant in my tent hails from Manitowoc, so you can imagine what I have to put up with. Every now and then we get into an argument about which town is the best. Of course, I never lose an argument. If we aren't arguing, we talk about what we would be doing if we were home.

Pvt. Richard M. Allie,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I received a copy of the Sojourner last Sunday. That was the first mail in over a week. Boy, it sure was good to get news from home. All the men in my tent read the paper and really enjoyed it.

Well, I've left the Hawaiian Islands and now am some place in New Guinea. Boy, what a delightful spot! It's either too hot or too wet. I used to think it rained in Two Rivers, but that's a drizzle compared to here. The women who take mud baths have nothing on us. We get one just about every day with beautiful New Guinea mud.

Our amusement here is a few shows a week. Tonight we have Broadway Rhythm.

Well, I guess I've rambled on long enough so I guess I'll close and take in the show. My best regards to all my friends in service.

Pvt. Carl M. Hartlich,
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Staff,

Well, I received my engineering wings a few weeks ago, so I feel pretty swell. I put in for a furlough and hope to see Two Rivers in the near future. I write home and ask the folks, "What's new in Two Rivers." They say it's always the same yet. That's what's good about the town, it never changes too much. It sure is hard to sweat out the last few weeks before coming home. I'll be pretty busy then for I expect to be married. So now you see why it's hard to wait for my furlough.

Pfc. Robert Lahey,
Hendricks Field, Fla.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

Firecrackers started poppin' on July 1st, but this year, as last, it's against the regulations; so the police had to arrest several boys . . . Blood donors asked to register . . . Mickey Cochrane's famous Navy baseball team, "The Bluejackets", to play Polar Bears here in August . . . Over 6,000 witness fireworks display at Walsh Field . . . Manitowoc is still looking for water—Two Rivers calls it the "City of Wells" . . . Double funnies two nites the week of the Fourth cuz there was no paper Monday or Tuesday . . . Captured German and Italian equipment goes on display at Manitowoc.

City Clerk and Sojourner ask for your addresses; please don't fail to send us your changes . . . Bernard Schwartz retires as Vice President of the Schwartz Mfg. Co. . . . 410 pints of blood donated by local citizens . . . Alligator roams streets of Manitowoc; no one knows from "Where or When" . . . Local woman mistakes blood bank for rationing office and signs up for blood donation instead of sugar; 'tis a fact!

City exceeds million mark in bond sales . . . Camp McCoy show presented at Fair Grounds—Manitowoc soldier fighting in Italy is winner of Jeep offered as prize to bond purchasers . . . Pfc. John Schultz, Nazi prisoner over a year, is back in ranks . . . Council votes to purchase \$55,000 in war bonds . . . Bill Jones to leave Washington High for position at Manitowoc, after 18 years in T. R. . . . and "The Rains Came"—after several rainless weeks.

Work begins on grading and restoring Neshotah Park beach to its former beauty . . . Hamilton Band makes a hit with "Bless 'Em All" at the second concert of the season . . . 21 Negroes from Barbados, a Caribbean island, arrive at Manitowoc to aid in harvesting peas . . . Pud Perry stars as Kreisa's win first half loop softball title.

City Clerk mails ballots to over 500 service men and women from city . . . 10 tons of paper collected in paper drive . . . Polar Bears whitewash Manitowoc, 6-0; Auman permits one hit . . . 23rd sub, U.S.S. Lizardfish, launched July 16 . . . Lt. Lyle Dallman receives D.F.C. in England . . . Lt. George Eisenbeiss, flight leader of the Civil Air Patrol, appointed official Air Force representative of this area . . . Special Agent Leo J. Gauthier F. B. I., given praise by J. Edgar Hoover—another local man makes good . . . Lt. Clarence "Bud" Boretsky tells experiences with Russians; he was one of 3 state men in the Shuttle Raid . . . Sgt. Nubby Krey arrives home after 27 months in Pacific . . . Cpl. Clyde Dassey receives trophy after he hurled his Battery "B" team to a championship.

Barney Wralstad to coach Purgolds . . . Hamiltonians enjoy picnic at Neshotah Park . . . Joe Jacobsen catches a 14 lb. northern pike while casting from the south pier . . . Rain, rain and more rain . . . Ben Wolf heads delegation of Vets going to National Convention.

George Peot, Sr. and Guido Berger retire after 45 and 57 years, respectfully, with the Hamilton Mfg. Co. . . . New bicycle licenses arrive . . . Over 60 boats participate in annual regatta . . . Norbert Schroeder, Ass't Superintendent in Hamilton's steel plant, accepts position with firm in Indiana . . . As a last word, maybe you would like to know that St. Louis is first in the National League and also in the American League.

Until next month, so long!

ENGAGEMENTS

Alice L. Bieker, Manitowoc and Cpl. Virgil W. Brull. Elaine Bonk and Richard Carrigan, U. S. N., of Manitowoc. Elaine Bohm and Pvt. John E. Bauknecht. Geraldine Gallas, Oconto Falls and Aviation Cadet Floyd Gagnon.

MARRIAGES

Cleta Louise Pearce and Elmer Lloyd, U. S. N., Bolalus, La., June 29.

Agnes Ahrndt and Howard F. Wolf, U. S. C. G. Ann Smith, New York City and Leo Boutin, U. S. M. S., July 1.

Phyllis Hovie and LeRoy Weisnicht, U. S. N., Pulkaski, July 1.

Doris Emond and Pfc. Chester P. Malkowski, June 29th.

Ruth S. Ploeckelman, Mishicot and Pfc. Robert F. Lahey, July 1.

Dorothy Faye Dean, Manitowoc and Lieut. Karl Ulrich, July 3.

Josephine J. Marek, Manitowoc and Raymond J. Schwahert, U. S. C. G., July 8.

Anna Mae Vaclavik and Hilary Kumbalek, U. S. A., July 11.

Esther Voelker and Howard Geier, Kewaunee.

Lorraine Reinke and Bernard F. Gorzlanzyk, Mishicot.

The following servicemen from World War II have joined the local VFW Post since the last issue of the Sojourner, bringing the total to 198, which includes 22 from Mishicot.

Joseph R. Riha	Raymond J. Lukes
Matt F. C. Konop	Lester A. Landt
Robert D. Loeser	Lester J. Kornely
Daniel C. Blitz	Wilbert P. Terens
Alton J. Krcma	Sylvester H. Kempen
Gilbert J. Krcma	Donald B. Eisenmann
Leonard L. Krcma	Roger C. Kaufman
Wallace J. Schmidt	Stanley J. Stelzer
Woodrow J. Stangel	Clarence R. Haese
Ralph J. Dvorak	Otto G. Schmidt
Roman J. Kronforst	Luke M. Taddy
Donald J. Racine	Orlin Belonger
Henry A. Ullmann	George A. Gates
Charles R. Khail	Joseph C. Cisler
LeRoy E. Beaupre	Thomas J. Dykla
Frederick C. Eisenmann	Richard R. Stehlak
Milton L. Ciha	Frank J. Ciha, Jr.
Roy M. Ulrich	Melvin Reinke
John H. Zinn	Gilbert E. Beeck

(Continued from page 1)

the shelter of some sand dune. The boys would provide the liquid if the girls would bring the solids. One hoped for a glorious moonlight night when such beach parties were planned. Someone would bring a phonograph along with sweet records to play (just a little influence in case someone wasn't feeling particularly romantic). We can remember that during the first part of the evening, the boys would huddle around the keg, and the girls would patiently wait for the keg to empty so the boys would remember that they were there—that's if the girls didn't huddle around the keg, too! Later on, everyone would sit around the fire and sing, a-n-n-d then, maybe???? Well, didn't you? **We** did!