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The sojourner. Volume II, Number X October 1943

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, October 1943

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"THE SOJOURNER"

Volume II, Number X

October, 1943

AS IT IS NOW - - - -

The air is pervaded by a sneaky wood smell these evenings - probably caused by the burning of the marsh grasses along the West Twin River. Couldn't help but notice it on the way to the library the other night. There was a briskness in the air, too, that was invigorating as only our October weather can be

Leaving the Joseph Mann Library, I wondered again if the flood lamp directed on the entrance to the building wasn't a disadvantage to the younger set who at one time lingered on the steps.

And then as I walked toward the main street, it somehow became easy to notice the little changes that have become so numerous during the past several years -- the changes that inevitably take place in any small town but are never collected and thought of in a group until the mood is there - or until someone walks the familiar streets in the dust, kicking up the first red and yellow leaves that have begun to fall.

Who would ever have thought that men would be making appointments for a hair cut just as women make appointments at a beauty parlor? That's what is being done now at Carl Capelle's Barber Shop, and each patron is serviced in a separate booth, too.

Across the street, Jimmy Spaeth's shoe shine parlor is empty, for Jimmy is devoting his energy now to night work in a defense industry.

No more vertical parking on Washington Street, either! Parking parallel to the curb has been put into effect, making it pretty difficult for the amateur driver.

Nor did we see a short while ago, the green and yellow Victory buses that now carry our defense workers to and from the Shipyards in Manitowoc at odd hours during the day. And even the regular bus stops are crowded every hour with gas-savers with a seemingly unflinching hope that they just might be able to push their way onto the already over-crowded buses.

Central Park was just about the same - the old Soldier still leans on his rifle

and looks steadily across the street. Perhaps, tho', that squint he seems to have acquired is a result of trying to read the names of the Honor Roll that are placed on the band stand! The rows of iron benches are always ready for those who have a few minutes to rest up and watch Two Rivers go by.

Just about here a corner of a new flag could be spotted flying over the Hamilton Mfg. Co. It was the Army-Navy "E" Flag, representing an award for excellence in wartime production which has just recently been conferred upon the company.

Instead of seeing the usual displays of furniture in Beduhn's windows, we find the venetian blinds drawn, indicating that the business has been closed down for the duration. The building, however, has been used at various times for the gathering of parcels by the War Relief Committee.

The Rivoli was showing a good double feature that night, I noticed, and the usual crowd of young fellows was gathered around Huskies. The tantalizing odor of fresh popcorn was almost fatal, but determinedly walking on, I made the rather corny observation that Manager Bob Gillespie would be surrounded by different kinds of waves now that he had closed the Cinderella Beauty Shoppe and had joined the Navy.

The corner building once known as Reinhardt's Hardware is now occupied by the Two Rivers Carpet Co. I was almost out of the business section then, and it wasn't until I walked dreamily under a horse chestnut tree and some little imp in its branches began shaking them, that I was jolted - or rather bombarded out of my trance.

As I turned for home, I briefly surveyed again the group of changes that have taken place here in Two Rivers -- some were changes that would have been made in peacetime, altho' most of them were the result of some effect of the war. And I thought - towns all over America will be making similar adjustments now, but towns all over America are eagerly awaiting the end of the war so that they may revert back to the ways of Peace.

- THE SOJOURNER -
Published monthly by
The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff:

I am in a branch of the navy called the armed guard. We are put aboard merchant ships to man the guns aboard. Maybe you have heard of us. When you are in this branch, you sure got around. In fourteen months I've visited the following countries.....(thanks, Mr. Censor), and believe me I sure never dreamed I would see these places. When you go on shore liberty in these places, oh boy, what a time you can have with those women, especially in the.....places with the.....girls. Wow!

Now I am in the bloody place called Limey Land and hope to be coming back to the good old U.S.A. soon.

Sl/c Emery Kotarek
New Orleans, La.

Hello Sojourner & Staff:

I have been in the army for more than three years..... Say, in your July paper you wrote about Arthur Ott. Will you please say "hello" to him for me.... Well, I've been in this man's army overseas for 2-1/2 years. I'm glad to hear that all the men like the army. I know that Arthur Ott likes it, don't you, Art?

Say "hello" to all the men and women in the services and happy hunting to them all. You all know where I am so keep it under your hats. I was on furlough back in February, and the old home town was not what it was back in '39.

Pfc. Roy Gilbert
c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

Hello Staff:

A desire to be on the mailing list for the "Sojourner" prompts this note. Surely enjoy reading it and will more so as the change of address may mean less mail. Received the August issue and really chuckled at the article by "Bud" Otis. Say "hello" to him and all the rest in the service. This is a permanent address and your worries about my address are over.
S/Sgt. K. C. MacDonald
c/o Postmaster, New York

Hello Friends,

One day as I walked into our office after coming back from having the payrolls checked and signed, I walked up to my desk and found a group of letters and "The Sojourner." I was really happy to receive it and I read it first before I touched any of the other correspondence. It really makes a fellow feel good to hear from home--especially when he is so far from home.

I see a lot of boys are making good ratings. I expect to be made Corporal soon. My work is very interesting. I handle nearly all of the work for payrolls, bonds and allotments. I have Battery C to take care of and they give me enough work to do but I enjoy it. We work long hours sometimes, but after all we still consider ourselves lucky.

We have a swell bunch of fellows in this Personnel Section. We have a lot of fun. It really helps the morale of the men. The officers here are the same way, they are a swell bunch of fellows.

I want to say "hello" to all my pals back in the States. I still haven't run into any boys from home yet.

Pfc. Orville Messmann
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

I am now somewhere in England. I have traveled quite a bit since I wrote to you while I was in Oklahoma, but I think this is my last stop.

As far as I'm concerned, England is a pretty good place, but I guess all the fellows would take the good old U. S. any day. As for me, I wouldn't trade the city of Two Rivers for the whole English continent.

Cpl. Edward Everson
c/o Postmaster, New York City

OCTOBER 1943

Greetings, All!

I have just received your last issue of the "Sojourner"--great stuff, I calls it!

I left Florida on July 6th and arrived here in Rock Hill a day later. One-half of my four-month stay here at Winthrop College is practically at an end. This stage of my Aviation Cadet training is called "Pre-preflight". Despite the fact that we are cadets, our pay status remains that of a private; however, we are given the title of Aviation Student. We are given our A/C rating after we are classified as to pilot, bombardier or navigator at Nashville, Tenn.

My course here at Winthrop consists of physics, mathematics (my two major subjects), medical aid, military indoctrination, meteorology, civil air regulations, military drill, and of course P.T. (physical training--we call it physical torture --it's plenty rugged). I've been by-passed in English, geography and history, but physics and math certainly make up for them. At the beginning of my last month here at Winthrop, I'll become an upper-classman; at that time I'll start my flight training which consists of ten hours of dual flight instruction; however, they do not allow us to solo here--drat it!

The officer personnel and the cadets (204 strong) eat in the huge college dining hall; the food is certainly delicious and very plentiful. We occupy Bancroft Hall (one of the dormitories) as a barracks. Our rooms are swell!

Winthrop College really is the cadets' "Paradise". Why? Well, you see it is exclusively a girls' college! During the summer session there were 900 girls attending classes; when the fall session starts next week there'll be nearly 2000 of the gorgeous creatures! I call that a mighty comfortable ratio of girls to cadets!!

A/S Walter P. Ziarnik, Jr.
Rock Hill, South Carolina

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the paper. It is something new for me. Today I received my first copy and it's just what the soldiers like to read. It's like getting a lot of letters from friends where each one writes something different.

Pvt. Anton Shesta
Fort Bragg, N.C.

Dear Staff:

I am now in the infantry and in charge of my own squad. That makes me very happy because I just love to run them into the ground. You see, they are still "boots" with only four months in the service. I have over two years, so they always look up to an older Marine.

I have just come off the field where we fired the Browning Automatic rifle and had four hours of steady formations. When we are through there, it's two miles back to the barracks, so we double time, walk, and double time some more. Pardon the fast writing but I have to make up my pack. The platoons are going on a ten mile hike tonight and I want to get a little sleep. It's terribly hot here. In fact, you can give me good old cool Two Rivers' weather. (I wish you could!)

Had school most of today on firearms. As you all know the Marines are trained killers and the Japs think that we are professional killers. It's not the idea of Killing, but the ideas of our officers and W.C.O.'s pound into us. We practice out here under actual fire and conditions of battle. One night we laid out in the bush from 8:30 until 8:30 the next morning. We moved around until I was ready to die from fatigue. Then the order to spread out in line formation and to take two enemy machine gun nests. Boy, what a life, but in its own way I love it. Two Rivers is a nice town but not enough life. But dead or alive, give me that home town.

I know that in about nine weeks the gang will be sailing. It will be my second time entering the war zone, so it will not be so bad.

Chow call just sounded, so wishing you all the luck with your paper (I really don't think you need it), I remain
Pfc. Leonard Zelinski, Jr.
USMC Camp Elliott, California

Dear Staff:

I just received the paper, and it was very good as far as I read it. I'm sending you a copy of our Regiment's paper to see what goes on in camp. It's hard to write and tell everything that goes on around here, but I hope the paper will do the work.....

Pfc. Norbert Kowalski
Camp Mackall, N.C.

Dear Friends:

I've been stationed in a few different camps in North Africa since I got here about two months ago. I've been stationed near Casablanca and Hill 609--if you can remember the fighting that took place there. There is a large white cross on Hill 609 and in the morning when the sun shines on it, it can be seen for miles. I guess there are supposed to be about 1600 soldiers buried on that hill.

The training around here is nearly the same as back in the States, only it's about ten times tougher. We were on a 25 mile road march yesterday, and I'm not ashamed to say that when we came back we were really tired.

We sleep out on the ground in tents. We have plenty of ants and lizards for bed partners, but get along fine. We get pretty good chow, but we have to sit on the ground to eat it. Some days it isn't just so bad, but if the wind is blowing we get plenty of sand caught between our teeth.

The weather is nearly the same every day, hot and dusty. We have a show outdoors once a week, and we sure wait for them. Friday we go to see Bob Hope and I think it's really going to be fun. I'm now with a trucking outfit which is the same work I've done since I've been in the army.

Boy, we used to grind back in the States when we only could get two candy bars a day. Well, down here we're lucky if we get two bars a month. We sure could go for some of that good old Wisconsin beer right now. Or maybe some of mother's homemade cakes and pies.

We boys sure ride in class here in Africa, no fooling. The railroad hauls soldiers one trip and maybe on the way back they haul sheep or cows in the same cars. Well, I imagine it won't be long and I'll be sent to a line outfit which every boy down here is hoping he'll be sent to soon. We have two formations every day we wouldn't trade for anything and they are mail call and chow.

I guess I'll have to close now, seeing it's pretty close to chow time. I hope, and I guess I'm not the only one, that the war will end soon so we can get back home once again. Well, so long to all you boys in every part of the globe.

Pvt. Andrew Hack
c/o Postmaster, New York City

Dear Sojourner Staff:

The paper was mailed in July to Atlantic City, but now I'm in Texas. It took long to reach me, but I think the paper's swell.

I'm now a pfc. I'm going to the B-17 Flying Fortress Mechanic school down here. I think it's pretty nice.

Three weeks ago I was back in Two Rivers with you all. It sure was swell to see the old town again. It certainly is green in Two Rivers; everything down here is so dry and yellow.

They keep us plenty busy. I get up at 5:45 and don't get finished until 6:30 at night. Then I have free, by then I'm always plenty tired. I sure will be glad when I can come back to dear old Two Rivers for good. I've seen a lot of country now, but I wouldn't trade Wisconsin or Two Rivers for any other place in these great United States.

How is all the rationing coming along? That's one thing I don't have to worry about down here. I always get my share of eats, and it's good too. Chicken every Sunday. Does it make your mouth water?

Pfc. Robert Lahey
Amarillo, Texas

Hello Sojourner:

I've finally gotten around to write the letter I have so shamefully neglected to write for so long. Fo'give me. I hope the Sojourner continues to follow me in my meanderings on this globe. As you probably know, I've been stationed in England for nearly a year, operating with what is known and called in "Life" mag as "Ted's Flying Circus". My squadron is called "The Ready Teddy's." It is a B-24 outfit. But now I am with a new group way down in the Middle East. Don't you believe those glamour pictures of the Desert. These gals are ninety percent black and no Dottie Lamours. I prefer England.

Tell the girls at home to take it easy. After that list of marriages in the June issue, I'm wondering if there will be any one left. (Ed. note: We can see you have not been home lately.) After all, Mus Migawa, Muz Anderson, Fritz Reinhardt and myself are still available.

So much for drooling. To all the boys in the service, I'd like to say, "Hi, fellows. How's hunting? And all the best. Also congratulations, Chucky Khail."

Sgt. Harold G. Deau
c/o Postmaster, New York City

Dear Friends:

... When I left Fort Lewis I spent three months in the hot, desolate, desert country of California. I suppose I should have felt like a pioneer out there, but sweating and baking in temperatures as high as 135° is no fun, so I was very glad to leave there before it really got hot.

It was out of the frying pan into the fire, so to speak, because I am now overseas. I haven't seen much action so far, because where I am it's quite peaceful. In fact all I hear are the birds in the palm and fruit trees and the frogs in the ditches along the corn fields, but I'm still looking forward to some action some day.

I've had my first ocean swim already and I'm surprised to find I like it very much. I had thought that my ocean voyage had settled my opinions of the ocean once and for all, and that I could never like anything but Lake Michigan, but it really is fun to go thrashing around in the breakers. We fill out mattress covers with air (an old g.i. trick) and use them for surf boards. And believe me, those travelogues showing natives riding a canoe for great distances is no baloney.

Speaking of swimming, our truck is ready now so I'd better chase. You'll hear from me again soon.

Pvt. Ken Kappelman
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Staff:

Since my induction into the army I've been trying to appease the appetites of a few of the men, including myself. That's right, I'm a cock in the army. No comment from the audience, please. Now how would you like a nice tenderloin steak? There you go again, counting the points like my wife. Oh yes, I've been enjoying the happiness of married life the past ten months. I must say we, at least in this squadron, feed very well.

The outfit I am with is a heavy bomber sqd. flying the famous B-17's which are doing so much damage to the Axis. At this base we have almost every other type of ship landing although they do not belong to us.

I've traveled a great deal in my fourteen months with the army, but only in the West; personally, I'd say they can give it back to the Indians. Give me good old

T.R. Life out here is so different. You have to learn to enjoy yourself doing nothing. Boy, do I miss Bucky and a bottle of good old Kingsbury. Well, a Kessler's and soda wouldn't be bad either. All you can get is beer (well, they call it beer) if you are lucky, and their taverns are called cafes as they serve meals also and are nothing but dives.

We find life pretty easy here in the Air Force as we do no drilling and get up any time of the day we want to. I work 12 hours and then am off for 36. The only time I spend in camp is when I'm on duty as I live in town with my wife.... If any of this should be printed and reaches any of the other local fellows, my best wishes to them wherever they may be, and to those across let me say "You're doing a swell job."

Cpl. Wm. J. Jacquette
Pendleton, Oregon

Dear Sojourner Staff:

Have received two copies of your paper and sure enjoy reading it, as I find that lot of the boys get all over the world. Well, I got a good start as I've been in four camps. Just a few months ago, I left the States with a convoy rolling over the seas that were infested with enemy subs.

All went well and I, being in the medical detachment, was attached to a company as an aid man. We soon hit our destination and were in some real action, giving the Japs a bad time as we went on and doing a good job of it. The Japs were soon defeated. This being my first experience, I learned a lot and realized how things are when everyone does his part on the battlefield or homefront to win the victory. Now that our mission is completed, there is plenty of work to do, which we are now doing with pleasure, and no entertainment.

On the Fourth of July we had memorial services. The days are very long and nights short. I can't yet mention where I am, but am getting along O.K. and so are the rest. Yes, our motto is... "Let's go!" So always do.... I hope I get back again soon where I belong, and wish all the boys good luck.

Pfc. Stanley L. Lukes
c/o Postmaster
Seattle, Washington

Dear Friends:

..... I enjoy the paper very much. Even though I am out of school 12 years, I still know the fellows. Some of them I know because of working at Borman's Grocery. I am in Louisiana. We have just completed our maneuvers and are camped outside of Camp Polk waiting to move in.

Maneuvers were not as bad as I expected. I didn't do any hiking. I am a cook's helper in the kitchen. Our hardest job was loading and unloading the truck so we could follow our company and give the men their meals regularly if we could get through the enemy lines.

Say "hello" to everybody. I haven't much news, all we have here are trees and fresh air. I'll say goodbye and good luck.

Pfc. Lester Voelker
Camp Polk, La.

Dear Staff:

Bouquets of roses to all of you for your excellent job of bringing the hometown news to the boys in the service. More than interesting to learn where everybody is and what they're doing. Hope I receive it as regularly as I have recently.

Am now in Sicily, having landed with the first assault troops in the initial landing. Was in the middle of the heaviest fighting here as it was our luck to land in a sector defended by the Germans.

In the first few days of the fighting our grip on the beach was a rather weak one and it was a question of repelling continuous counter-attacks by the enemy. In some cases the company was instrumental in smashing German tank and infantry attacks almost single-handedly. At the end of three days we had 22 tanks to our credit besides inflicting heavy casualties on enemy personnel. Have been in three campaigns and at least ten battles to date but this was yet the toughest we've seen.

Understand that Orville Martin was a member of the paratroopers that landed here, although I didn't have a chance to see him. They, too, had a pretty rugged time of it.

Regards to Sgt. Owen Clayton who seems to be doing O.K. down in Texas. Also congratulations to all of the fellows who have been promoted recently.

Cpl. Kenneth Emond
Somewhere in Sicily

Dear Staff:

Perhaps I can tell you a few things of interest about New Guineawhich some of the other fellows haven't included in their letters to the paper. The weather is very warm, and the mosquitoes are increasing daily, by now I know each one by their first names. The sunset here in the South Seas is far more beautiful than an artist could paint, and the same goes for the sunrise. To make things complete, we would like to have Dorothy Lamour.

The natives are very friendly. Some talk pretty good English. I met some that could not understand or speak English. To take their pictures you must pay them two shillings, 30¢ in our money.

The snakes really grow big here. The other day some of the fellows killed one eighteen-foot python not far from my tent. I believe that it was the largest snake I ever saw out of captivity. The lizards get as big as five feet and there are plenty of ants and rats almost as big as house cats. It has been 14 months since I've seen any snow and when I get back I'll be glad to roll in it. I've been in the jungles for nearly 12 months. I'm beginning to look like Tarzan.

We have movies three times a week, but they are not up to date. It is the best pastime we have up here. A few weeks ago I had the opportunity and pleasure to make a light lunch for Ray Bolger who played in "Stage Door Canteen" and also for Little Jack Little, star of stage, screen and radio. I had quite a chat with them; they sure are swell fellows.

T/5 Francis J. Duvall
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Dear Staff:

..... As the old saying goes, "There's no place like home." A soldier can have his fun in the army and have plenty to eat, always enough food to satisfy your stomach. Coming home is a pleasure and a happiness. We're all together in this man's army and fighting for our own. We know this war is tough, but we Americans are plenty rough. We will slap the Japs until we wipe them all off the map and hang them up like "caps." Victory is what we're fighting for and we know we will win by a big score.

Pvt. Lawrence Pellerin
c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles

- ENGAGEMENTS -

Beatrice Dryll, Manitowoc & Pfc. Earl Erickson, Camp Phillips, Kansas
Lorraine Shedivy & Flight Officer Leroy Shimulunas
Cora Thorhaug, Mt. Horeb, Wis., and Raymond Fanslau, U. S. Army

- MARRIAGES -

Lillian Anderson, Philadelphia, Pa., and S/Sgt. George W. Lahey, Indiantown Gap, Pa., August 14
Mrs. Elsie Landt & Frank Buenzow, Sept. 1
Gladys Riha & Louis Young, September 4
Frances Marie Kaub, Denver, Colorado, & Rev. Roland F. Schlueter, Spokane, Washington, September 5
Lorraine Cisler & Pvt. Lawrence Gonia, September 6
Phyllis Weber & Stanley B. Karbowski, Jr., September 7
Gladys Koch & Cpl. John Kakuk, Ft. Benning Ga., September 11

- ENLISTMENTS -

Kathryn Andrews, WAVES

- PROMOTIONS -

Harry Naidl, Sergeant
Walter E. Lahey, Sergeant
Lyle F. Dallman, Second Lieutenant
David H. Dixon, Technical Sergeant

- SEPTEMBER IN TWO RIVERS -

Sept. 1: Wednesday, also first of Sept.
Sept. 2: Luebke Fish firm, oldest in T.R., goes out of business.
Sept. 3: Manitowoc City crews begin building breakers to keep the lake away from the road, which was being washed out.
Sept. 6: Labor Day. Yes, we labored.
Sept. 7: Meistersinger Guild resumes rehearsals. Keunzel Grocery robbed.
Sept. 8: City Council votes to buy tract of beach land. School reopens with registration showing 30 students less and 14 new teachers.
Sept. 9: Bowling season opens with meeting. Beduhn building to be used as storage quarters for Russian War Relief
Sept. 10: Clarence Laurent renamed head of bowling leagues. First frost damages tomato crop in many victory gardens.
Sept. 11: Hunting licenses sent out.
Sept. 14: Two Marine brothers, the Berger boys, accidentally meet on Pacific Island. Pioneer Tavern beats Rozy's 2-1 giving them the city title.

Dear Sojourner Staff:

I'm writing to let you know how much I appreciate your paper. Except for Miami Beach, it's followed me to Due West (now don't ask me where it is), S.C., Nashville, Tenn., and now Santa Ana, Calif. It brings back a welcome touch of the home town when one reads about all the fellows he knew there. I've met only one from home so far, and that was Louis Brice at Miami Beach in March. I saw Harold Brice's name in the U.S.O. registry at Santa Ana. California is everything they say it is--orange orchards, lemons, and movie stars. Our squadron 85 saw a coast-to-coast broadcast of the official Army Air Corps Symphony Orchestra. A bombardier lieutenant who participated in the bombing of Rome, Chester Morris, and Ruth Hussey were the program's guests. We really had a time.

Rain? We've had one heavy dow here in the last eight weeks.

Naturally I've been to Hollywood. Earl Carroll's, the Palladium (where the big bands play), and the Hollywood N. B. C. studios were especially interesting.

That old Pacific is quite different from Michigan. The Pacific is warm, salty and has terrific undertows. I'm just about wound out so I guess I'll close.

A/C Howard F. Gregor
Santa Ana, California

Sept. 16: United Lutheran Congregation to be established here. Arnold Zander named National Chief of Municipal Employees' Union.
Sept. 17: Sixth tin can collection to be started October 1.
Sept. 21: Hamilton employees receive Army & Navy "E" award. Labor Council asks for city bus line. Miss Justus, city nurse, to leave for Army Nurse Corps.
Sept. 22: War bond rally held at Community House - \$75,000 worth of bonds pledged.
Sept. 23: Request for a T. R. Ration Board results in a full time clerk here.
Sept. 25: Duck hunting season opens.
Sept. 26: Two game wardens and Butch LaFond hurt in melee over fish nets.
Sept. 28: Governor asks for showdown on fishing problems in city. Ray Olson resigns post on police force.
Sept. 29: Restaurant owners asked to cut down meat portions served.
Sept. 30: 27 more men inducted from Two Rivers. And so with falling leaves and brisk fall air we leave Sept. behind.



Secret Weapon

"COURTESY - EVINRUDE MOTORS"

WE DONE IT AGAIN!!

Several months ago we wrote an article on the wonderful work you boys are doing; of the fame and glory you are bringing to our fair city. Today we have another "true life story" on one of Two Rivers' heroes.

Place: Somewhere in England
 Time: An evening in June
 Character: A private in the Army of the United States

The hero of our story, whom we shall call "Rookie", had just arrived in England. He was anxious to see the sights. He had always read about the land of Shakespeare, but never dreamed he'd get there. It was all very new and exciting at first, but after a while he became a "wee bit" homesick. He longed for something American, and so one night he wandered into a USO center.

Much to his surprise and enjoyment, it was amateur night. At last he'd hear some good old U.S.A. singin' and dancin' and imitatin'. As Rookie sat there watching the contestants getting ready, an idea popped into his head! All his life he had been able to warble a tune clear through to the end without messing it up. He might as well take a chance in the contest.

A sailor by the name of Schultz was master of ceremonies. As he bellowed out names, privates, corporals, seamen second class would step forward and go through their individual routines. A negro from the "sunny south" sang the "Beer Barrel Polka." An Indian from the western plains sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." A city slicker imitated a few barnyard

animals. A couple of country guys gave out with the latest thing in jitterbugging.

Each contestant sat twittering in his chair while he awaited his turn, and after he had finished, he nearly fainted from exhaustion.

Rookie sat there wondering what he would do. He knew all the latest songs, well at least the first few bars. But of course that wouldn't do. He could sing the newest craze of the United States at the time he left, even though the boys over there hadn't heard it yet.

As his name was called he stepped forward to give his rendition of "Deep in the Heart of Texas." It was a sensation!

He sat there waiting for the results and wondering if he had upheld the glory and honor of good old Two Rivers!

Lo and behold, he had! For -

PVT. HAROLD FRANCISCO OF TWO RIVERS HAD WON A PRIZE IN AN AMATEUR CONTEST AT A U. S. O. CENTER, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.

Congratulations, Harold. More power to you.

E-X-T-R-A !!

The Sojourner has a new junior member on the staff. Our Circulation Manager had a blessed event. An eight pound, two ounce baby boy. He looks like his pop, Sgt. Ivan Klein — somewhere in England.

The baby has a message for you men in the service. "Wa-a-a Wa-a-a Wa-a-a!"
