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The sojourner. Volume II, Number XI November 1943

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, November 1943

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"THE SOJOURNER"

Volume II, Number XI

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, November 1943

PHYSICS PEDAGOGUE PENSIVELY PERUSES PHYSICAL, PSYCHICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL PHENOMENA POETICALLY

If you thought you should never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

Take note of this one and compare
It with the trees which now are bare.

Here in the old Two Rivers scene
We're getting over Hallowe'en.

To some the pranks of former years
Will bring back smiles that then were
tears.

Time was when every youngster yearned
To see his neighbor's ---house overturned.

But now with costumes gay and neat
They ring the bell, then "Trick or Treat."

Of war games too we surely boast;
The CW's (Conservation Wardens) land on
our French Coast.

Blackjacks and fists made quite a smooch,
The squad car; then the "All Clear".

Then warrants were served for arrest
While conservation wardens convalesced.

Cases are pending now in court,
For outcomes, read the news report.

School Superintendent George O'Brien,
An all 'round fellow, I'm not lyin',
Made headlines when he waded in
And saved a youngster from East Twin.

And high school, some thought hell, some
heaven,

Has changed some faces too, eleven.
Old timers some, and others newer,
Miss Dunaway's one, no fan was truer.

Miss Bertha White - Neshotah News,
Thought Shorewood she would rather choose.

And Gunderson, strong in debate
Chose Madison, capitol of our state.

Kay Justus, school nurse, took her leave,
No army fellows need to grieve.
She's now a "loopy" in the nurses' corps.
Not in your outfit? Don't get sore.

Of course we've all been put on ration
Throughout this democratic nation;

And teachers did so well before,
That last week we gave out Book Four.

The race with ignorance goes on apace
Some students made a sour face,

On Thursday, oh that happy day,
Report cards come; you play, you pay.

A change here too, I must impress,
Report cards take on a new dress.

Suggestions for improvement aid
The student with a risky grade.

Of ducks and mudhens, Dohrman tells,
But hunts not much, he can't get shells.

He sometimes does a little fishin',
What he needs most is ammunition.

Kraupa's a pheasant hunter too,
With Dohrman sometimes he'll skiddoo;

But once this fall, (hunting, of course)
All he got was a charley horse.

The J.C.'s last week rang the bell;
Homecoming, parade, all raised----well.
The spirits of the town and crowd,
And of our team we sure were proud.

St. Mary's of Menasha strong
Had not been beaten for so long;
Since nineteen hundred forty-one
They beat others and had the fun.

Last week Two Rivers turned the tricks
And whitewashed them fourteen to six.

Algoma too, and Sturgeon Bay,
Have fallen for our style of play;
And Coash O'Nealy's tricks are neat,
His teams, we know, are hard to beat.

(Continued on Page 7)

- THE SOJOURNER -
Published monthly by
The Civic Understudies

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Gladys Schaden.....Associate Editor
Katherine Hasheck.....Feature Editor
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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Editor and Staff,

I'm not in the desert any more. We're back in civilization again. We're at Fort Benning, Ga. There's a new C.O. came out and chopped me down to a buck sgt. again.

There sure are a lot of soldiers in this camp. When you go to town here it's eight deep with paratroopers, infantry school men and Wacs. It sure is crowded. I met Bob Martell and his wife down here.

Sgt. Frank L. Siminski
Fort Benning, Ga.

Dear Friends:

If Gladys Schaden ever runs out of gum or any other person on the staff, let me know. I can get it for you. You can have my share. It's worth it, as long as you keep sending me your little paper.

(Ed. note: Puleez send us some, we're simply dying for some Spearmint or Doublemint. Anything but Gold Tip or Bubblegum)

It's still hot and dusty down here in Texas. I'm still going to mechanic's school. I've completed twenty-one days of school. So far my grades have an average of 90%. I'm tied with a few others for the highest grade in the class. I'm not bragging, I just thought I'd let you know I'm doing O.K. down here. I have to keep the name of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, up. There's no place like it. I think all the service men from Two Rivers will say the same.

Pfc. Robert Lahey
Amarillo, Texas

Dear Civies,

"The Sojourner" reminded me once again that I am far behind in my obligations to you and your fine work. The fact that despite your monthly increases in circulation, you have also enlarged the paper speaks well for the effort you girls must be putting forth. I'm sure all of your subscribers appreciate same. Also glad to hear that the V.F.W. has relieved you of your financial problem, and that you in turn can be of some assistance to them in their membership drive. Hope to attain the necessary qualifications to take advantage of their offer.

Was sorry to hear of the loss of Gundy. Needless to say he will do well wherever he goes; my contacts with him have convinced me of that. The tribute paid to him in the local newspaper was by no means exaggerated. On our field he would rate this comment, "Gundy is a good boy," to which someone would hastily add, "undoubtedly one of the best." I'm certain he will receive my best wishes if I extend them through "The Sojourner".

How about me? Same place; Romulus, Michigan, (20 miles from downtown Detroit). Same job; MCO, 19th Ferrying Squadron operations office. Constant changes of policy, plenty of work, and consequent headaches, as always. Actually that's a brief but thorough recap of my status since you last heard from me. Maybe I'm in a rut. All in all, I have a very good setup. The work is interesting and there's never a dull moment.

Probably the most excitement we've had around here was the race riot. I presume you heard of it. Our entire post was restricted during this period, however, so we didn't get to see much or participate in any of the doings.

S/Sgt. Paul F. Noveau
Romulus, Michigan

Dear Sojourners:

I am still a member of the Black Gang, and I find the work in the Engine Room rather interesting even though the temperature does get up to 120 degrees. Well, I am standing here racking my brain for something to write that wouldn't be cut out, but getting nowhere fast.

B.M.Allie, M.M. 2/c
U.S.N.R. c/o Fleet P.M.
San Francisco, California

Dear Staff,

I would like to convey my thanks to you for my copies of the "Sojourner", which have followed me faithfully to four ships and three stations. The paper is unsurpassed by any publication of that nature that I have seen.

On a recent voyage, I had occasion to meet up with our friend Floyd Bauknecht in England. Handling Prisoners of War, he had stumbled upon a couple of magic words for use on the Italians. His wards would be waiting patiently and quietly when he would say "Ebotio!" "Presto!" The nearest Italians would pick the message up and pass it on until "Ebotio!" and "Presto!" became a din of noise among the Prisoners, who were so anxious to please, they grabbed their gear and began milling around like sheep. I guess the words mean "hurry up" or something.

On another occasion, he was trying to explain the seating arrangement on a train as the Italians hesitated to enter a compartment. So there was a great waving of arms and gesticulating as Floyd picked out random, meaningless Italian sounding words out of the air. Finally a prisoner steps up and asks in good English, "Do you mean four to a compartment?"

In the course of a six-day stay there, Floyd showed me quite a lot of interesting sights. The English have suffered a great deal and must possess a great deal of staying power. They will not be bowled over by Germany, or any other combination of nations.

Edwin Boettger, U.S.M.M.
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

I don't think you can realize how swell the paper is until you actually get into the service. Two Rivers folks are always "on the ball" anyway though, so I guess that accounts for "The Sojourner".

I've been at Camp Ellis since June. It's a new camp, having been officially opened just recently. Our outfit is also quite new. I'm a Surgical Technician and also do some clerical work in our Personnel Section. The Medical Branch is very interesting and I enjoy my work very well.

Here's wishing the best of luck to all the gang wherever they may be.

T/5 Robert Rehrauer
Camp Ellis, Illinois

Dear Staff,

I have been serving in the paratroops for ten months now. I can't say I don't like it, because it is a good thing to join. I hope that some day I can come back and see all of my friends and tell them about the paratroops and the way they work.

Well, I think I'd better go now because we are getting set to make a jump and we have to make sure that our parachutes are all set.

Pfc. Ambrose Allie
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Editor,

Been getting your paper for some time now, but I forgot to let you know that I have a new address now. It's a little hard to keep up with it as I have been moving every few months. This time it is Camp Gruber, Okla. My old address was Camp Swift, Texas.

Oh, one thing, when you see Mr. Schmeichel, say "hello" for me.
Cpl. Clarence J. Schultz
Camp Gruber, Oklahoma

Dear Staff,

Well, here I am finally dropping you a few lines. I've been overseas since January and have seen quite a little of the world already, but expect to see more. I'm now on a south sea island and although it's not so bad, it's nothing like the movies show it. There are plenty of coconut trees, thick jungles and more than enough flies, bugs, ants and lizards. The weather is hot and I'd sure appreciate some of the cool city weather, not only the weather though.

The natives here are friendly and will work for us for from 50¢ to \$1.00 a day. None of them wear shoes and they all wear very little clothes. They speak a little English, just enough so you know what they're talking about.

I've seen a lot since I left the States but it only makes me appreciate the good old U.S.A. I sure will be glad to get back. All the boys overseas feel that way too, I'm sure.

I guess I'll be signing off as the censorship rules are strict and we don't have much to write about.

Pfc. James R. Des Jarlais, USMC
In the South West Pacific

Dear Sojourner,

That article by Leo Rocklewitz about his camp was interesting. One consolation we have here is that we don't have to worry about being sent to a worse camp.

I'm in the A.S.T.P. and am taking a regular infantry basic. They have extremes of all kinds of weather here except for cold.

Eddie Luebke is also here in Company B. There are a lot of Manitowoc boys here, so I get involved in a lot of arguments.

Here's a poem some of the local bright boys thought up. It may interest you.

A.S.T.P.

Take down the service flag, mother,
Your son's in the A.S.T.P.
We won't get hurt with our slide rules
So that gold star never be.

We're just Joe College in khaki
More Boy Scouts than soldiers are we,
So take down that service flag, mother,
Your son's in the A.S.T.P.

We know you work hard on physics,
on history and geography,
But cheer up, my boy, don't worry,
In nine months you'll be made P.F.C.

They starve us to death in the mess hall,
They run us to death at P.T.
And then they expect us to study,
We guys of the A.S.T.P.

Only one hour's march to the mess hall,
The cook greets us all merrily.
Her face is like plaster of Paris,
She smiled in 1903.

Six months ago we were all soldiers,
We thought we'd fight Japs overseas.
Now the army's a dim recollection
Since we got in the A.S.T.P.

After this war game is over
And grandchildren sit on our knee,
We'll blush when we have to tell them
We fought with the A.S.T.P.

We are willing to fight for our country
But we can't till we get a degree,
So take down that service flag, mother,
I'm still in the A.S.T.P.

Pvt. Howard Heinkel
North Camp Hood, Texas

Dear Ed.,

Received the Sojourner yesterday, but still haven't finished reading it. Most of my room mates have read parts of it, and think that it's a good idea.

I've been attending Indiana University for the past four months. Don't ask me how I got here, because I don't know. It happened so fast. One day last February, I was told to report to Battalion Hdqs., which I did. Upon my arrival, I found about twenty other fellows also there for an unknown purpose. We were taken over to the next camp and told we were to take a test. So who were we to argue with a couple of bars -- we took the test. A week later I found out that I was one of the thirteen men out of 150 who passed the test.

On May 9 we were sent to the University of Illinois. There we took more tests and were classified. On May 30 we boarded a train again, headed for Indiana. It took us 15 hours to go about 170 miles.

June 14 we started school -- none of us has had a good day's rest since. (We had a seven day furlough, but who wants to rest on a furlough.) We have six subjects: math, physics and chemistry and three primary ones. I've learned so many Greek letters and formulae, that I eat, sleep and do everything else by formula now.

I'd like to say "hello" to all the boys from Two Rivers.

Cadet James A. Polzar
Bloomington, Indiana

Dear Staff,

I received your paper yesterday and spent last evening reminiscing the good times that all of us had together a while back in our little congenial city.

My duties here at a Replacement Training Center bring me in contact with many new men at all times, and not once have I seen any of the men receive a "Buddie Paper" such as our Sojourner. It's something which we really do appreciate, and knowing that you people at home think of us as often as we think of you is a great factor in our most powerful weapon, "Morale"!

All of us boys in the service know that Two Rivers can't be beat. Being away so

proves that.
Lt. George E. Timm
Camp Barkeloy, Texas

- OCTOBER IN TWO RIVERS -

- Oct. 1: First of the month; Coast Guard station asks for help in furnishing barren rooms
- Oct. 2: County tops quota of \$3,745,500 in 3rd war loan drive. Highway Commission will not plow out driveways this year
- Oct. 4: Night school classes begin at Vocational School
- Oct. 5: Finances of city improved so City Council votes to borrow only \$100,000
- Oct. 6: LaFonds sell fishing tug - the "Claude L."
- Oct. 7: Employee of Schwartz Mfg. Company who put her name in a carton of gun patches receives a reply from North Africa
- Oct. 8: Fishermen prepare for a closed season
- Oct. 9: "This Is the Army" finally opens at the Rivoli for 5 days
- Oct. 11: Yanks take final game of series
- Oct. 12: School Supt. O'Brien rescues 3½ year old girl from drowning in East Twin River. Milk deliveries to be made every other day only
- Oct. 13: Monday named meatless day at all county eating places
- Oct. 14: Retailers reduce deliveries to three a week. Lake storm washes out dock near the Yacht Club. Damage to docks estimated at several thousand dollars.
- Oct. 16: Temperature drops to 35° and snow flurries are seen for first time this year. Two AWOL soldiers found in hay stack at Mishicot
- Oct. 18: Frank Kaufman, well-known conservationist, dies
- Oct. 19: Building of new docks to be post-war program
- Oct. 20: Registration for Ration Book 4 begins. High school students to receive new report cards with space for teachers' suggestions
- Oct. 22: Homcoming parade, rally and dance for game tomorrow
- Oct. 23: Two Rivers breaks Menasha's winning streak after 2 undefeated seasons by a 14-6 victory
- Oct. 24: 14th submarine, U.S.S. Hammerhead, is launched at noon
- Oct. 25: Pay boost for beginning salary of police force is recommended
- Oct. 26: Council votes to vacate part of 18th Street to Hamilton Mfg. Company for additional storage space

Oct. 28: Two Rivers had the most Victory Gardens in the county. 72 married men among possible selectees

Oct. 29: Hamilton Goodfellowship Dance - 25 girls to one fella was the ratio!

Oct. 30: City contributes 1/2 carload of clothing in Russian War Relief Drive

Oct. 31: All the little kids end the month for us with a "Trick-'r-Treat."

Would some of you fellows like to send us a present for Christmas? There is nothing we would appreciate more than a letter from you. We're going to hang a stocking in the Vocational School office and we'd like to have it filled with your letters. Will you help make our wish come true?

Dear Staff,

I am writing this for Corp. Lyman Elliott, my husband, who is quite busy and doesn't have much time for letter writing.

The Corporal was transferred from Camp McCain, Mississippi, in June and now is stationed here at Headquarters 3423rd Service Unit, at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee. He is in the Military Personnel Office of Headquarters, doing clerical work. He likes his work very much and is working with a grand staff of fellows. At the present time, he is awaiting orders for a new rating.

I joined him a little over two months ago and I'm enjoying my stay here very much. We are happy for this opportunity to be together and enjoy seeing all the historical spots of Nashville.

The best of good luck and good wishes for the future from the Corporal & myself.

Cpl. & Mrs. Lyman Elliott
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Staff,

I received the Sojourner once while I was in Amarillo, Texas, and I was shipped to this field on August 12. I am going to school here and am now on my sixth week of school. In two more weeks I will graduate and then I expect to get my furlough. After that, I am going to go to aerial gunner school.

I have been in the army four months now, and I like the air force a lot. I am with a few fellows from home and we always stick together.

Pfc. Gerald Kruse
Denver, Colorado

FLASH BACKS

Many of you boys, no doubt, are wondering about what we have been printing on this page for over a year and a half. And so we have decided to give you excerpts from some of the more clever (??) articles.

In April of 1942, the very first issue of the paper, Sergeant Snork Snooped in on youso guys in camp. This is what he found: Earl was whistling in his sleep that popular song "The Weiss Old Owl in the Old Oak Tree." Hilary was dreaming of goin' fishin', but he had no Beth. I was lookin' in one tent before the boys were asleep and there Goedjen was Russell-ing some Deau from Harold's pockets, because it was the day before payday.

Around about June of '42, we began to wonder about how big a hit you boys were making at the U.S.O. gatherings, and so we gave you these snappy sayings to memorize for your next gathering-----

I remember way back when neck was used as a noun.

Some people have no respect for age, unless it's bottled.

Our idea of an understanding wife is one who has the pork chops ready when you come in from fishing.

Father: The kin you love to touch.

The color blooms on a woman's cheek
For less than fifteen cents a week,
But for a man as price now goes
It costs a lot to paint a nose.

One fine day we got awfully poetic.
Let me see, that must have been in July of '42.

A lad named Elroy Moll
Was chased one day by a bull
He started to run
Then pulled out his gun
And said, "What a big boy am I!"

A fellow named Bucko Jebavy
Sat waiting in the lobby
When they finally came
There were two, not one dame,
Boy, did he have fun!!

Everybody likes to sing, so August 1942 we gave you new words to that popular song "Tangerine", only we called it - - -

GASOLINE

Gasoline, how we miss you so
With our ration cards a-walking we
must go

Bicycles are the rage right now
Since gasoline and tires our Uncle
won't allow.

We have seen ladies by the score
A-losing weight while pedalling by
our door.

Oh, we'll all get out of this jam
If we help our good Uncle Sam---
We'll help by saving Gasoline.

Some soldier who was in France in the last war wrote an article about it, and we published it in the October 1942 issue. The writer is unknown.

"Well, we landed in France. Were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches, the cannons started to roar and the shells started to pass. I was shaking with Patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree but there weren't enough for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said, "Captain, I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you got any red blood in you?" "Yes," I said, "But I don't want to see it." Five o'clock we went over the top. Ten thousand Austrians came at us. The way they looked at me, you'd think I was the one who started the war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will." I didn't know any of their names, but I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement."

For Christmas 1942, we wrote a little Christmas poem. Maybe, if we try real hard, we'll be able to think of another one this year. Do you remember - - -

You may be a soldier
You may be a marine
You may be a sailor
But bet you've not seen - - -
Santa Claus!!!

If you would like to have any of these excerpts in full, we will be glad to send them to you. Kindly send in your name and address with a box top from a box of Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick.

Nov. 1943

(Continued from Page One)

The football team closed up their books,
Into Kewaunee threw their hooks.

They beat us here on our own field,
But yesterday we made them yield.

Now from me just a parting shot,
We're thinking of you guys a lot;

We know that what's got to be done
Is not a job for kids, or fun.

Whether on land, or air, or sea,
Your place in combat is to be;

The folks back home are with you too,
They share your feelings when you're blue.

In factory, school and office here,
We'll keep 'em rolling, never fear;

And keep the home front all intact
Until you guys are safely back.

And then when things are set aright,
We'll hear Foam's band on Thursday nite;

We'll walk along the sandy beach,
Where stars just seem to be in reach;

We'll hear the church bells ring again,
So Long! Until I see you then!

Earl G. Kromer

Hi Evelyn,

As you probably know by now, I'm in a new camp in N. C. I think it's the best one I've ever been in 'cause it's a tactical outfit which is ready to go overseas.

I'm going to tell you a little of every thing that happened since I enlisted in the Air Corps. I've been in five camps and they are: Fort Sheridan, Ill., Miami Beach, Fla., Buckley Field, Colo., Richmond, Va., and Blumenthal Field, N.C. which is the camp I'm in now.

I had my basic training at Miami Beach and there I was classified as an Armorer. From Miami, I went to Buckley which is a school that teaches armament. The course was nine weeks. I passed with flying colors. From school I went to Richmond and got into a fighter squadron. Here we

learned about armament and actually worked on the airplanes.

If you don't know what armament is I'll tell you. It's taking care of cleaning, loading, harmonizing all guns that are in a plane which are used for fighting enemy planes. You might think it's an easy job, but it isn't. It gets awfully tiresome at times and lots of fun other times. From Richmond I came to this field. All the men get more training here and when the time comes for us to go across, well, we are all set. We know our jobs and how they have to be done.

Our days are numbered here so that means we won't be in the U.S. very long. We expect to be gone by December, but as yet no one's sure.

Pfc. Russell Henrickson
Wilmington, N.C.

Dear Staff,

My first two months of army life were spent in rugged and thorough basic training at Greensboro, North Carolina. From there I came to Scott Field. Arrived here July 6.

Since then, I have been taking a radio operator's course in the Air Corps. I like my work here. Am taking 16 words a minute in code, and have a 95 average.

We get one day off a week. And we don't stay in camp and play dominoes on that day either. There are also very many interesting things to see up here. The girls are attractive and sociable.

St. Louis, Mo. is about 30 miles from here, and has a population of about 900,000. Boy, what a place. We also will see a few of the World Series games. It is a great deal larger than Two Rivers, but I'll take Two Rivers any day. I don't believe there is a place that has the same cool climate in summer like Two Rivers has. If you really want to get a sun tan, or baked, I should say go south.

We have a nice bunch of fellows here, and the morale of the men is swell. Hope to see you all soon.

Pfc. Gerhardt Diedrich
Scott Field, Illinois

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Perhaps unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.

--Bolt-o-grams

- ENGAGEMENTS -

Jeanette Vanne and Roland Dewey, Jr.
Edith Elizabeth Wilke and Albert Francis
Murray, Washington, D. C.

- MARRIAGES -

Carol Kronforst and Howard C. Rauls,
U.S.C.G., Frankfort, Mich., Sept. 18
Joyce Kilgus, Denver, Colorado and Lieut.
Vaughn Bishop, September 25
Mrs. J. K. Stephany and Z. F. Hamilton,
Hunter, N. D., October 6
Edith Patricia Neuses and Lieut. Florian
Reinhardt, Camp Reynolds, Pa., Oct. 9
Vera Walczak and Staff Sergeant Aelred
LaFond, Camp Hood, Texas, October 9
Helen Scheuer and Clarence Nebel, Oct. 11
Mildred Ouradnik, Kewaunee, and Paul
Shedivy, Glendale, Calif., October 12
Marion Breivogel & Gerard LaFond, Oct. 16
Ruth Kuecker, Manitowoc & Warrant Officer
Harold A. Zermuehlen, Fort Benning,
Ga., October 18
Bernice Bonin, Manitowoc and Pfc. Donald
Allie, Lake Charles, La., October 20
Cecelia Moreau and Joseph L. Vross,
U.S.C.G., Florence, Wis., October 23

- INDUCTIONS -

Army

Gerhard Van Enger, Harlan Scheer, Frank
Kreisa, Carl Sobiech, William Lalco,
Milton Ciha and James Schwerma

Navy

Harold Krizizke, Lorin Klein, Andrew
Zywicke, Delmer Frank, Arnold Boettger,
Lloyd Eucher, Paul Caldwell, Clarence
Deja, Guinter Krause, John Zinn and
Chester Malkowski

Seabees

Victor Taddy, Raymond Wachowski, Roy
Ulrich, Neil Lonzo and John Dreger

- PROMOTIONS -

Anthony L. Borusky, Captain
Charlotte Jaeckel, Pharmacist's Mate 3/c
Luke M. Taddy, Sergeant
Robert Baulnecht, Second Lieutenant
Daniel Johannek, Corporal
Arthur St. Peter, Corporal
Leslie Gauthier, Private First Class
Patrick Day, Private First Class
Donald Wondrash, Aviation Ordnance 3/c
Joseph P. Gagnon, Staff Sergeant

- ENLISTMENTS -

Helenjane Wagner, Nurse - Army Air Corps
Jean Gunderson, WAVES

TO SERVICEMEN OVERSEAS

In our September issue we told you that we were attaching to the paper an application for membership in the local post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. However, since we ran out of blanks, some of you may not have received one. You will find another application blank attached to this issue. Fill them out and mail them to Alfred O. Allie, Chairman of the Membership Committee.

In our September issue we also included a list of servicemen in World War II who have joined the post. Since that time, the following servicemen have joined, bringing the membership of World War II to 45: Arthur H. Hoefert, Leland Webster, Charles M. Webster, Robert Weber, Kenneth Kappleman, Isaac Duprey, Donald F. Lonzo, Thomas J. Gagnon and John A. Brandt.

Dear Staff,

We were on maneuvers and now are at Camp Polk. By the time the next issue comes out, I will be gone from Louisiana. About three weeks ago I was home on furlough. Boy, you people don't know how nice you have it at home. It was plenty cold for me, but I'll take the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" any day.

We have only a few months left in the States before we go overseas. The sooner we get going the sooner it will be over. My next furlough, I hope we all can come home for good.

I want to thank the staff for sending such a swell little paper to us each month. I also get the T.R. Reporter, but there is more news in your paper than the Reporter. What we boys want to know is where our buddies of T. R. are.

Well, tomorrow morning while you people are rolling over for another two hours of sleep, we will be rolling out. We are on the range now, firing the pistol, carbine and the M1 rifle. We get up early which is about 4:30 A.M.; so I guess I'll hit the hay early. After the 15th of October we will be in Sunny California, but it will be a hot desert.

Cpl. Lester W. Stanull
Camp Polk, La.

Dear Staff:

This will let you know I am somewhere in ----- At the present my work and duties are in the hospital. My duties consist of taking care of the sick soldiers in our territory.

Pvt. Marion Bargel

c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sojourner:

Your monthly paper has been very interesting (received the July issue this morning) and certainly deserves more acknowledgment than I have been able to give it.

Can't say where I am although it is just about as far as anyone could get from Two Rivers. I am permitted to say that up until about a year ago I was in New Zealand. Now I am considerably nearer Tokyo, and another move in the near future would not be too much of a surprise.

I have met no one from Two Rivers since I left the states in August '42, although Wisconsin people are not too hard to find. ex-governor Phil LaFollette was with us for a while and Sig Talarek of Manitowoc is still here, a Lieutenant Colonel now.

I have visited a great many of the South Sea Islands by air and water and I am thinking of bringing a bottle of the climate home to uncork some January in Two Rivers.

Colonel N. B. Wood

c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Dear Staff,

I have been stationed here at Merced, Calif. now for two years, and I still wouldn't trade any part of Wisconsin for a small part of California.

At the present time my work consists of being a flight chief. I am in charge of 30 airplanes and 38 mechanics. The work sure keeps us busy and time just flies by.

T/Sgt. David H. Dixon

Merced, California

Hello Staff,

At the present time, I am on maneuvers here in the desert. It's plenty warm up here, but when I think of the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" it makes me feel better.

Pvt. Clarence Duvall

c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles

Dear Staff,

As you know, the last camp I was in was Camp Stewart, Ga. I received your paper today and as I was looking it over, I saw the letter Wally Martin wrote. I can vouch for what Wally had to say about the heat. I saw him when I was in Stewart and I also saw Edmund Vanno.

I am located somewhere in Greenland and what I have seen of it so far is pretty nice. Every morning when I get up all I see is mountains and more mountains.

I have been in the army since Dec. 22 and as you can see by my address I have made an advancement. I have been a cook ever since the day I reached the army. I like cooking very much. I think that if anyone is looking for a good job, he should take up cooking.

Sgt. Raymond Fanslau

c/o Postmaster, New York

Hi Gang,

Hold it, don't faint. Yes, I have finally gotten down to brass tacks and am going to try and make this a worthwhile letter. I receive the paper as regularly as the clock ticks. The fellows back in the states say it is a welcome sight -- you can imagine what it is to us guys over here.

I had a stroke of good luck on June 28. I bumped into Gordon Maskow over here in Africa. He was one of my best pals back in Two Rivers. You can bet your life there was plenty of racket made when we met. It had been eight months since we had seen each other and then we meet in Africa! That's too much. The last I heard from him was a month ago. He was in a Replacement Depot.

Just finished a three weeks' vacation in the hospital with malaria fever. Well, thanks a million for the paper and hope they keep coming.

Pvt. James Londo

c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Ed.,

I met some of the fellows who were inducted in June down at our field here in Gulfport, Mississippi. It is very warm down here compared to the North. I am still in the medical branch and working in the hospital ward. Have a clean job and enjoy it a lot.

Pvt. Gordon J. Stan

Gulfport, Miss.

Dear Staff:

I am in the land of wonders (wonder how you get in such a place), India. I enjoy being in the army air force as an aerial engineer and gunner. I have over 200 hours of aerial combat time.

I have been out of the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin" for two years, and out of the states for one year. I sure miss the old place.

T/Sgt. J. B. Niquette
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

I have been overseas now for practically eighteen months. I have been in New Guinea in the campaign and now back in Australia. "Terrific" is the word for it. Jungles, swamps, sleepless nights often make one wish to be back in the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin".

Corp. Norbert W. Krey
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Dear Editor:

The June issue of the paper arrived here in Brazil the other day. The other men in the service have been writing some mighty fine letters to the Sojourner.

Working in this office with me is a fellow named Andrew Casavant of R. I. He was not a citizen of the U.S. until Sept. 3rd of this year, acquiring his citizenship at this base in Brazil. This is the first time I have ever run across a person by the name of Casavant since leaving home. Living a short distance from my home is Violet Casavant, and I had Andrew write to her. After tracing back through the relation, they find that they are cousins. This proves again the old saying: "This is a small world".

At one time we had to leave town at 6 p.m. Now the curfew has been extended until 9 p.m. and I have been spending quite a few evenings in town. My Portuguese is improving since more time can be spent talking to the people here. Last Saturday I met a Brazilian marine and spent the afternoon at his home. His father is a reverend of a Protestant church in the better part of town. A church fiesta has been the center of attraction here the past few nights and I hope to attend it again this evening.

Cpl. Warren G. Gauthier
c/o Postmaster, Miami, Florida

Dear Staff,

We haven't seen the old home town for quite some time, and when we do it will be a gala affair in the cool city.

I have been in Mississippi for over a month. After finishing a very rugged basic training period at Sheppard Field in Texas, I was classified into aircraft mechanics and gunnery. I am at Keesler Field Tech. School now studying to be a mechanic on the B-24D bomber. Later I will be sent to a gunnery school to become a gunner, I hope. We either become gunners or ground crew chiefs in mechanics.

The weather is hot and the humidity is high here, while at Texas it was hot and dry. Don't let anyone kid you about this Sunny South. It's sunny all right, but I haven't seen any of their much talked of hospitality. They charge us enormous prices on the things we buy, and have more schemes to get our money than J.P. Morgan has money.

It was great to read those letters from my buddies, and we are waiting for our chance to get a crack at those Nazjappys.

Pfc. Art St. Peter
Keesler Field, Miss.

P.S. There are no cowboys in Texas, but the South has its cotton and boogies.

Dear Staff:

As most other Navy boys, I can't say where I am or what I am doing. All I can say is that I'm on a D.E. or destroyer escort. We have a swell bunch of fellows and officers and you can count on us to do our part.

Creighton A. Meneau, F 3/c
c/o Fleet Postmaster,
San Francisco, California

Hello Staff,

It's nice to read letters from the home town boys in the service. I sure wish I could meet some of them somewhere; it's a great feeling to meet an old friend so far away from home.

I like this life very much. A "Flat-top" is a very interesting home. Something different and new is happening all the time. It isn't easy at times, but the war won't be won with easy work.

Keep on sending the Sojourner as it really is a great morale builder.

Art Heinkel, AOM 3/c
c/o Fleet Post Office, New York