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The sojourner. Volume II, Number XII December 1943

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, December 1943

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The Sojourner

Volume II, Number XII

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, December, 1943

THE SEASON CAME

Thoughts of Christmas first came to us here in Two Rivers several weeks before October the fifteenth for it was then that we were requested to have packages, destined for over seas, in the mail at a specified date.

Now that the date is almost here — the day on which we have been accustomed since childhood to gather together around a lighted tree and exchange gifts with those who are dear to us, we look back at those weeks in October and are glad because the Christmas spirit first came to our town with thoughts of you. That was the way we wanted it to come.

We are pretty sure of one thing right at the first, too — We were pretty sure that you, who could not be with us, wanted this Christmas to be for us here in your home town as nearly like all the others as possible, because that's the way you have always known Christmas until now, even though you were separated from us and in distant places of the world.

So we've done that! We've tried to make it like all the others. Our holly wreaths are in the windows and our trees are standing in the corner again, bending under the weight of gayly-colored balls and sparkling tinsel—and the soft, colored light from their flame-shaped bulbs reaches out and touches us as we sit at night, silently thinking of you — you, who are out making things like this possible for us in the years to come.

The streets are crowded nights now with well-bundled shoppers rushing from one store to the next, and inside, the counters and ceilings and every bit of available space is attired in true Holiday style, while huge Santa Clauses, from gay posters on the walls, beam down on last minute shoppers who promised to "do it early".

Somebody casts a longing look at some article, muttering hopefully — "If I get a bonus this year", while someone else suggests, "Have you tried Jack's Tom and Jerry's yet?"

Outside again the brisk air nips at the noses of the children with skates slung over their shoulders as they dodge their way around and among the moving stream of gift hunters. You could guess that they were headed for one of the rinks, or most probably for the cleared ice below the 22nd Street Bridge.

In the park the Honor Roll of the boys in service has spread out on each side of the band stand, and across the way at the entrance to the Vocational School, stands a newly erected flag pole which you might not have noticed before.

Three or four young girls chatter happily past and one is saying—"It's just as beautiful again this year!! That Nash Garage tree looks exactly the same each Christmas!"

. And then the noise subsides a bit. The carolers can be heard softly humming "Silent Night" and "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" into the microphone connected up with the loud speaker system throughout the city, and as the whispered words "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" spread out over our busy shoppers in the streets below, we feel an added pain as we realize again what lonesomeness there will be in the world this Christmas because so many of you whom we want with us will not return until those words, instead of being hopefully whispered, can be joyously shouted from every door and window alight with love and the true meaning of the message they carry.

Here at home our one common New Year's resolution and one that we have been thinking of for some time, is this—We resolve to make this peace which you are winning for us, one in which we will all be happy together, knowing that the words "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" mean **everything!**



TO SERVICE MEN OVERSEAS

We are again attaching an application blank for membership in the local post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The blanks are to be mailed to Alfred O. Allie, Chairman of the Membership Committee. Since publication of our November issue, the following veterans of World War II have joined the post:

Creighton Meneau, Russell E. Luebke, Lyle E. Strohm, Lt. Karl A. Ulrich, Evan Kreisa, Raymond Henrickson, Robert Timm, Norman E. Sonntag, Lt. Clarence E. Zarn, Orville Messman, Patrick L. Day.

THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

The Civic Understudies

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Dear Staff,

I'm at the Naval Training Center at Pensacola along with another fellow from Two Rivers. I met Lewis Klein after I was down here several months. Lewis and I are in the same squadron here so we get together quite often. He's been down here a lot longer than I have so he will be able to tell you more about this section of Florida than I.

I wanted to let the staff know that along with many others, I enjoy every copy of the "Sojourner" and hope you keep the presses rolling.

Lieut. George Liebich,
Pensacola, Fla.



Dear Staff,

I think the Sojourner is the best thing you folks back home could do for us, especially the boys overseas. I enjoy it very much, and I know the boys over there must enjoy it a lot more.

After reading your paper, or rather our paper tonight, I found out the address of one of my best buddies, Leonard Zelinski, and if nothing else had appeared in the Sojourner I wouldn't have kicked. I've been wanting his address for a long time and was never able to get it. So "thanks" to you I have at last received it. Just for your interest I have a letter already on it's way to Lenny.

They're working us rather hard lately, but I haven't any kicks coming. I know the boys over there are doing a lot more. Today we fired machine guns for the first time. It's really a lots of fun. Did you ever try to hold on to the diving board when someone dives off? Well, that's the way that machine gun felt to me the first time I pulled that trigger. Boy, I really enjoyed it.

I sure hope the next time I write I'll be doing my part with the rest of my buddies overseas.

Pvt. Fred "Sharkey" Kohl,
Fort Lewis, Washington

Dear Editors,

I was at the Y. M. C. A. at Louisville a few weeks ago and I met Robert Thuss. His folks live on the west side of Adams Street between 19th and 20th Street. There are very few boys from Wisconsin here at this camp.

It's pretty nice here. As for recreation, etc., there are a lot of centers for the soldiers at Louisville where you get a very warm reception by all. We have the United States Gold Mint in our back yard (no kidding). Only trouble is that there are a few obstacles to overcome before you can have any of it, even though we do have it in our hands once in a while. This place is so large that a cyclone could move Custerdale in here and nobody would notice it for quite some time.

Pvt. Hilliard Halstrom,
Fort Knox, Ky.



Dear Staff,

At the present time I am in Australia, and it's all right. The people are swell to us, and like to hear stories about the big cities. And a lot of fellas are getting married to these gals. I guess they want to see the States, and how things are running, etc.

We spent some time in New Guinea and we saw action against the Japs. At the present, we don't know what's in store for us in the future. Well, the gang is all well, and I know they too enjoy your paper.

We are all hoping to see the States soon, 'cause we sure are missing that Lake Michigan breeze.

Sgt. Peter P. Konieczka,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco



Dear Staff,

It seems like only yesterday we were walking the streets of good old Two Rivers. It sure will be nice when we can come back and walk them again.

I just started my basic training, and yesterday I went through the infiltration course. I don't have to explain it, I guess all of the soldiers know what that is. Tomorrow we start building pontoon bridges. Oh, yes, I might tell you that I'm in the Engineers. I don't have to tell you that we're a pretty tough bunch of soldiers.



If you don't mind, I would like to say "hello" to my Uncle Kenneth Emond who is in Sicily. "Hello Uncle Ken, be seeing you soon. Keep up the good work. The Engineers will be over there soon. I might meet you on the same street over there. The family's feeling fine. So long."

I would like to say "hello" to all the boys.
Pvt. Richard M. Allie,
Camp Ellis, Illinois

Dear Staff,

Just finished the first Sojourner I've received and certainly hope it's not the last. Really enjoyed every page of it.

You probably are wondering just as I did what the Navy is doing out here in Kansas. We are at a Naval Air Base—a rather small station but very pretty. The air fields are right across from our barracks and it's such a thrill watching the planes come in all day long. Reminds me of a technicolor movie starring James Cagney.

We aren't very far from Kansas City and I hear it's a good liberty town—tomorrow will tell.

I'm working in the hospital out here and although there isn't much work at present the hours are very long. We get three out of four nights off but the nights we work makes it a total of fourteen hours for the day. There are three such days each week—every other week-end off from Saturday noon till Monday at 8 A. M. Time really goes by swiftly and I don't mind the work at all. I'm in S. O. Q. (sick officer's quarters) now and will get into the Maternity Ward as soon as it opens up. I think I'll put in for a specialized school as soon as I can and start studying for my 2nd Class too.

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



Dear Staff,

It sure is good to hear from the boys back home and here's wishing them the best of luck in the world. I only wish I were there to help them.

Right now I'm stationed at Camp White, Oregon in the Medical Corps, just another one of those pill rollers as they call us. I've been assigned to the Medical Supply Dept. and I like it quite a bit. Of course it's nothing like good old Two Rivers. In fact this State of Oregon is the nuts. All it does here is rain, and we walk in mud up to our ankles day after day.

Well, this is my fourth camp and I might say the worst one I've been in so far. The boys out here are getting awful restless and wish to move soon.

I want you to say "hello" to all my friends back home and tell them to keep up the good work. I figure on moving over soon and the sooner we do the sooner we get it over with.

In your next issue I wish to say "hello" to S/Sgt. K. C. Mac Donald. I hope he is doing all right and ask him how he likes married life.

Pvt. Art Sonntag,
Camp White, Oregon

Dear Staff,

Well, here I am at Farragut going to school. sure wish I were back home going to good old Washington High with all the familiar faces around. There are a few guys here from Two Rivers, Dick Weber, Roy Fronk, Jack Halberg and myself. Bill "Lefty" Schafer is here in the outgoing unit, that's where I got the paper. Lefty's going to be moved and I think he's going to San Diego.

That paper really makes a guy home sick. I can't wait til this "scrap" is over and we can all come back to the peaceful little town of Two Rivers. I've seen a lot of country now, but nothing can compare with Wisconsin, especially Two Rivers.

Lloyd LeClair, S 2/c

Farragut, Idaho



Dear Staff,

Received your Sojourner when I came from the range after putting in a day firing. The 30 cal. carbine rifle sure is a dandy little shooting iron. I've been at Fort Benning now for over three months and I like it very much. Saw a few college games and enjoyed every one of them. We are doing a lot of marching and it kind of tires you out, but I like it a lot. I guess I'll close saying "hello" to all the fellows wherever they are. I sure do miss them.

Sgt. Frank Siminski,
Fort Benning, Ga.



Dear Staff,

I've been getting your nice and interesting "story book", so to speak, ever since I was at basic training, and always intended writing but never got to it. I was receiving the "Sojourner" at Fort Riley, Kansas, and at Camp Shenango and now am very happy to get it over here.

As an M. P., I do mostly town patrol in one of the big cities, besides various other duties which at times, get very monotonous. It sure is good to hear news from home and also of where all the fellows are located and their different tasks in which they are partaking. Lots of success to you all.

Pvt. Francis R. Miller,
Somewhere in England



Dear Friends,

Just received the July issue of the Sojourner. Thanks a million. Keep 'em coming.

Pfc. John P. Schesta, Sta. Hosp.,
Somewhere in Iceland

Dear Staff,

I received your little paper tonight and am glad to hear that everything is still about the same back home. From the letters that I have been getting I gathered that it must be pretty cold. Well, I suppose you would like to know where I am. I am somewhere in England and since I have been here I have been into London, and had a chance to see some of the big places that I have read about. The weather over here sure is a lot different than in the States.

Pvt. La Vern Ploekelmann,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

Looking over some of the later issues of "The Sojourner" I see it has fallen a bit in correspondence from men overseas. That is what prompts me into writing tonight. It isn't being done at a desk with bright lights overhead, but at a handy made bench and candle light. In jungle land and such, you have to make the best of your surroundings.

Our summer officially made it's debut the first of the month, but by the weather, as it is today, looks to be more of a fall day. Being up pretty high makes it a lot colder than in the low lands. Down there the "temp" registers 85 degrees. Up here—well, a little more under that. Speaking of fall weather, it no doubt is in full swing back home.

I see mention made of hikes over a period of distances in so many hours. I'd like to put in one myself. We made a hike of forty-five miles in ten and one-half hours. Is there some other outfit that can or did beat this one? I remember those hikes back home while on maneuvers in Louisiana, but they can't compare with the ones we have over here in Australia.

My old bud, Sgt. Harold Deau, is in the Middle East helping along with our struggle against the enemy. I would like to meet him halfway between here and where he is stationed for a joint celebration—say in India.

Well, as time flies, so must this letter come to an end. Hoping to see you all soon.

Sgt. Francis J. Migawa, Australia

Dear Staff,

At present, I am at the Army Air Force School of applied tactics. I am in the Anti-Aircraft Artillery, in a Searchlight Battalion working with Radar. It is very interesting work. It is primarily a defensive weapon so I don't know if I will ever get to use it in actual combat, because it looks like the time for defense is over with.

Sgt. Norman Pitchke,
Orlando, Florida

Dear Staff,

I was sorry to hear that the city is without men, but it was nice to hear that some of the fellows enjoyed furloughs home recently.

I thought you would find it interesting to learn that I met Walter "Stubby" Schultz out here last week. I never expected to see anyone from home way out here. He is the first person from home that I have met since the Christmas of 1941. The Army has made quite a few improvements on Stubby!! His figure is streamlined now compared to what it was. He is stationed quite a few miles from me and it was only a chance of fate that we met. I hope to see him again soon.

The censorship here is extra strict and the main reason is pretty obvious. You probably read about the strong winds we have here. The newspapers had a number of stories about them. Well, I can vouch for that! When lumber piles have to be tied down with cables it must and is considered a strong wind. Back home these winds would be called hurricanes. But after being here a few months a soldier gets used to walking or wallowing in mud to your knees. When you add heavy fogs and rain, etc. to all this you get a fair idea of my temporary home. (At least I hope it's temporary).

As for recreation, there just isn't any. We work from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. seven days a week with no overtime pay. Incidentally, there aren't any girls out here (darn it!) In fact, the last time we saw something that resembled the opposite sex was July 5th. We do have an occasional movie but outside of that letters are our main attraction and pleasure. This outpost never heard of the 18th Amendment. We can't buy a coca cola for \$100 a bottle much less anything with a tang.

Really, I sympathize with the poor unfortunate, lonely fellows back in the States. Anyone overseas will tell you that the USO Commandos are winning the War all by themselves!! They wear all the Overseas Service Ribbons to prove it.

My chances of getting a furlough are very, very remote. Although I am number 13 on my Company furlough list it is extremely doubtful if they will start giving them out again. We don't anticipate any furloughs out here. We only dream of the War's end.

Please give my best regards to everyone back home and I sincerely hope that before long we will all be home.

Cpl. Harold A. Olson,
c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

P. S. Tell the fellows to quit kicking about Army Camps in the States. They don't know how lucky they all are, being there.

Dear Staff,

I received your August issue today. I guess you'll never know how much I appreciate it. On one occasion when I received the Sojourner, I had to read it from a foxhole while 88's mortar shells and what have you flew over our positions. On another occasion, I received an issue in Sicily while we were in position for an attack. I guess one forgets the things that are going on when he receives a paper like the "Sojourner."

Our infantry is entitled to wear four battle stars at present. We participated in the amphibious landing of North Africa on November 8th as the first infantry wave. We saw plenty of action at El Guettar, and were right in the thick of things at Bizerte.

The next place we saw action was at Sicily. Of course, these are only the major campaigns, but we've seen quite a bit of action in the Sedjenone Valley. Our mortar squad, with me as gunner, were attached to the advance platoon of the Infantry. I sure could tell plenty of tales but censorship, lack space, etc., are the big barriers. Of course, I don't think most of you people in the States would believe some of the yarns.

I have contacted Cpl. Ken Emond who is in the first division. He is located about six miles from our bivouac, but I haven't seen him as yet.

Pfc. John Bensman,
c/o New York Postmaster

Dear Staff,

Your paper had reached me pretty regularly while I was in the States, and I enjoyed it very much. I know they will be a little late now, but that will make them all the more enjoyable because news from the "cool city" sure will be welcomed way over there. You see I am not across yet, but am on my way and will be there before I can mail this. I got a little sea sick the first couple of days on this trip, but it soon passed off and I am now feeling fine and will look forward to getting the news from you.

Pvt. Arnold Jacquart
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

For over a year now, I have been receiving your news letter each month. I find it very interesting. Thanks to you, girls and hope you keep up the good work. Also many thanks to the Veterans of Foreign Wars for offering to pay the expense to keep it going. Out here a bit of news from home sure helps one to carry on with his chin up.

Cpl. Rene H. Durocher
c/o Postmaster, New Orleans

Dear Friends,

Well, I haven't too much to say about myself due to censorship regulations, but I am taking a course in radio now. I find it very interesting. I have been in it ever since censored of the year, but I guess you aren't interested in that.

This island is populated by French and Tonkenese and Javanese and boy, they sure are a mixture. Everybody thinks back there when they see Dot Lamour on the screen of a beautiful south sea island and all pretty girls in grass skirts dancing around under a big moon. Well, I sure would like to find the place Hollywood makes their pictures. I haven't seen a pretty girl here yet. But if I should, well, I think I would put in for a transfer or something.

Alfred J. Gates, S 1|c,
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I know this will bore you all, but I did not go over with the boys I expected to cross with. In fact, I don't expect to ever cross again. It seems that the war has caught up with me and am now suffering the consequences of playing too hard with our opposing team, the Jappy. I am terribly sorry I could not take more than what I did, but all haven't the stamina, so I was considered one of the unlucky. The doctor stated that I would recover from this state at Sun Valley, Idaho. Incidentally, (lucky me) I hope I can be home for the Christmas holidays. Only this time, I would appreciate it very much if I could just say "hello" to some of you people.

I am trying to get duty aboard a new ship, and as quickly as possible. I like, no I will say I love, life on the sea. The beach duty at the time does not appeal to me. The time of the day passes fairly slow. We get out in the sun (what sun?) and have a nice friendly football or a baseball game which usually ends up by screaming and taunting each other.

Now, I don't want to get mixed up in Wisconsin politics but I heard that our wonderful governor called the people of Two Rivers "pirates" because of our fishing. Well, I don't think all the people of Two Rivers are pirates, but that does not settle the problem.

When the lights are ready to go out, I am always ready to hit the sack. So I bid my fond farewell until the next time. Good night friends.

Pfc. Leonard Zelinski, Jr.,
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Received first copy of the paper. It was as good as my father said it would be. My dad is also in the service. I wish to tell you what we service men think of your idea to send out a paper to us. It's grand, colossal and wonderful.

The fellows in my barracks were telling me they wish their home town friends would send one like it to them. Your articles are swell. Say "hello" to all the fellows and especially all the "gobs" all over the world in the best navy in the world.

Donald LaFave, A.S.,
Great Lakes, Ill.



Dear Staff,

I wrote to you about a year ago and I thought I'd better write again. It sure was a surprise to meet Liebich down here. It really is a treat to meet somebody from the home town and talk over old times.

Danny Youra said in a letter some time ago about the beer parties the East Side gang had. I hope the Beverage Company has plenty on tap when this war is over. We're going to keep them busy.

The only thing I can say for Florida is that it is "sunny" but it does rain down here. Give me good old Wisconsin any day, including the cold weather.

I'm in a sea plane training squadron. This is the last squadron the cadets go through before they get their wings so you can expect George home one of these days with a pair.

Lewis J. Klein, A. M. M. 2/c,
Pensacola, Florida



Dear Staff,

Yes, I've been in the army over a year and I'm still a buck-private. I can't kick though as with the job I have now I still get pay equal to that of a sergeant. The job I hold is room orderly in our battalion officers' quarters. Here I have to shine their shoes, make beds, etc.

Well, everything is going along as usual and I'm sure you fellows know what I mean. As for myself, I was to be discharged on a C. D. D., but they have postponed it till after the first of the year. No doubt when that time comes I'll be put in A-1.

The weather during the day is swell just like any summer day but at night it's cold enough to freeze one's tail off.

Pvt. Roger W. Stueck
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dear Staff,

I'm having a fine time playing in the band. Reminds me very much of the hi-school band. The rest of the boys in the band are from Louisiana.

The weather is very nice here, but monotonous. Day in and day out it's about 80 degrees. It hasn't rained since April. Although the days are warm, we do wear overcoats on guard because of the damp, cold nights.

I've been keeping in touch with Jimmy Polzar regularly.

Pfc. Robert F. Klabunde,
San Diego, Calif.



Dear Friends:

Maybe you know that I am now in England. It sure is different over here, but I don't mind it. There isn't very much for a guy to do because everything is blacked out at night and I mean it really is black. We had a lot of fun with the British money for a while, but we know it good now. You learn it fast when you gamble a little.

I wish you would send me the blank to join the V. F. W. It wasn't on this month's issue like it said. It must have torn off. Well, that's all I got to say this time. Hope to see you all soon.

Pvt. E. A. "Gene" Kopetsky,
Somewhere in England



Dear Staff,

I'm still in dental work and in Virginia. I've been in Virginia for fourteen months and wish I could get out of this hole. I can sleep late here and have good chow so I think I'll make out all right. I also made a new rate. I am now a Ph. M 2/c. Merry Christmas to you all.

Lawrence "Cat" Antonie, Ph. M. 2/c
Camp Peary, Williamsburg, Va.



Hello Staff,

I have written to you several times, whether or not you have received them I don't know. I move around too much. Your paper sure peps me up and gives me the old spirit to "keep 'em flying". Of course, if I had my choice I would still take good old Wisconsin.

I can't tell you much about myself or what I do. It's a secret, but you can betcha boots that some day when this Godforsaken thing is over, we will all go out and celebrate and forget about everything.

Pvt. Harvey Gauthier,
c/o Postmaster, New York

NOVEMBER 1943

- Nov. 1—Smearing paint on church doors most serious Hallowe'en pranks reported. And the first of November brings cold weather.
- Nov. 2—Fishermen and wardens trial postponed till '44.
- Nov. 3—Parents nite at the local schools—'Member when your folks went to call on the teachers that fatal night.
- Nov. 4—Teachers attend the annual convention at Milwaukee giving students two days' vacation. East Side Stegemann Store turned into a self-serving supermarket.
- Nov. 5—National War Fund Drive reopened so Two Rivers can fill their quota. The local Pur-golds are co-holders of the Lake Shore Division title for this year.
- Nov. 6—War correspondent, Tom Yarbrough, arrives in town to speak for the Community Club.
- Nov. 8—Snow flakes fall for the first time this winter. (We're dreaming of a White Christmas). Drive for War Dogs begun. County to supply 20 dogs.
- Nov. 10—Blood Bank to make first trip to city in December. \$10,645 donated to War Fund Drive from city.
- Nov. 11—Bond Drive to begin soon to back the 32nd Arrow Division in Pacific.
- Nov. 12—War postponed the Homecoming at Rip-on so for the first time in 24 years "Foam" Lueck did not make his annual trip.
- Nov. 13—School board budget of \$183,692 approved. 4 boys removed iron plates from the 17th Street Bridge—Police still looking for the culprits.
- Nov. 14—First high school band concert of the season.
- Nov. 15—Cold wave and snow—This is the "Coolest Spot". Kahlenberg Bros. force cited by Production Incentive Tour.
- Nov. 17—300 local fellas go to North woods for deer. 100 more deer tags issued this year.
- Nov. 18—48 hour week must be observed in this district. Civic Music Association has first concert of the season.
- Nov. 19—"Courtesy Day" to honor careful pedestrians to be held soon. Yule lighting to be confined to inside of home only.
- Nov. 20—Bentley paintings flown to London. JCC seek to complete list of service men's names for Honor Roll in Park.
- Nov. 22—Christmas seal sale is begun. 200 blood donors needed for Blood Bank in December.
- Nov. 23—Training program offered to Kewaunee yard employees by Vocational School. Vets initiate 5 new members from World War II.

- Nov. 24—City to have committee to carry out conservation program. One wolf and one bear brought back with all the bucks.
- Nov. 25—Thanksgiving Day and we sincerely hope that next year you boys will all be sitting around the tables back home.
- Nov. 26—24 shopping days to Christmas. Christmas club savings checks amount to \$91,000 in city.
- Nov. 27—21½% bonus on 1943 earnings is given to Aluminum Goods employees.
- Nov. 29—One quarter of the men who left for their physical exams today were married men; so you can believe us when we sing, "No love, no nothin', till my baby comes home."
- Nov. 30—Terrace Gardens at Manitowoc sold and will reopen under a new name and with new furnishings soon. Will keep you informed.
- MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OF YOU FROM ALL OF US.**

MARRIAGES

- Priscilla Khail, Manitowoc, and Louis Parent, November 6.
- Florence Reich and Carl Conter, November 6.
- Ethel Wolfe and Cpl. Victor Gauthier, Camp Forrest, Tenn., November 9.
- Grace Gehrke and Pvt. Henry Proper, Camp Carson, Colorado, November 10.
- Welcome D. Allen, Neilsville, Wis., and Pvt. James F. Lahey, Fort Custer, Mich., Nov. 12.
- Elizabeth Wilke, Washington, D. C., and Albert Francis Murray, Washington, D. C., November 19.
- Mrs. Leona Malkowski and Andrew Pillasch, November 20.
- Jane Peterson and Russel E. Kirchner, Manitowoc, November 20.
- Rubye Hermans and Anton Spaeth, Nov. 20.
- Mary K. Reichel and Robert J. Kings, Reeds-ville, November 20.
- Ione Greenwood and Pfc. Howard Timm, Scott Field, Ill., November 20.
- Marie Hanson and Fred Fiddler, U. S. Navy, San Mateo, Calif., November 20.
- Clara Ozga and Stanley Kopetsky, Nov. 24.
- Lorraine sand and Robert Grimm, Cleveland, Wisconsin November 24

ENGAGEMENTS

- Adeline Krizizke and George Markuson, Chippe-wa Falls.
- Marian Waier and Harold Emond.

ENLISTMENTS

- Stanley Smedstad, Navy.
- Edward Gooding, Navy.

PROMOTIONS

- Bryce K. Henricks, Corporal.
- Norman E. Schmeichel, First Lieutenant.



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It was the night before Christmas, when all round the earth

Not a soldier was stirring from his little berth
His G. I.'s were hung by his cot with care
In hope that no sergeant's temper would flare
Each soldier was nestled up snug in his bed
While visions of Grable danced through his head
Of Lamour in a sarong, and she on his lap
How they all settled down for a long evening's nap
When all of a sudden, rose a peculiar noise
Nearly scared out the wits of all of those boys
Away to the door they flew like a flash
Knocking out stragglers in one mad dash
Their eyes nearly bulging at the unusual scene
Of a sergeant standing so quiet, so serene
When a look of amazement came over each face,
They wondered if they were in the right place
For never was a sergeant so sweet and so dear
They almost blamed it on 3.2 beer
He stood there a moment and heaved a sigh
As he quietly whispered the name of each guy

Now, Bonk! now, Wiess! now, Bietzel and Sauve!
On, Neveau! on, Klein! on, LeClair and Hovie!
Kindly step forward and fall into line
Your presence is requested, the pleasure's all mine
As he marched them all forward, with hut 1, 2, 3
Their faces were lighted with a look of glee
Then he marched them up to the entrance gate
Told them to sit down a moment and wait
For the excitement had tired them out no end
When they looked toward the gate and saw an
Old Friend

He was dressed in civies, from head to his toe
And his laugh seemed to make the place just glow
Behind him, just a little way back
Stood a jeep containing a bulging pack
His eyes fairly twinkled, his laugh was so merry
He was built too big, or he might pass as a fairy
He stood there with his hands on his hips
They waited for words to come forth from his lips
He stood a moment looking them over
He had to be sure that they all were sober
Then turning around, he walked to his jeep
Brought forth the pack with the tremendous heap
He was agile and spry, just like an elf
The soldiers laughed in spite of themselves
Then he winked his eye and turned his head
Why, these brave soldiers had nothing to dread
He still remained silent as he dug in the pack
Then gave to each soldier a gay little sack.
This gay little sack was a message of joy
Sent specially to each and every boy.
The folks back home are thinking of you
Although this message is old, not new
You can be sure that its words are sincere
And the time for rejoicing is very near.

Dear Staff,

I received the June issue of the Sojourner a few days before I left the States..... I see by your paper that there are quite a few boys from home over here in England, and I sure hope that I can meet some of them over here.

I had a two day pass last week so we gave London a good looking over. There are a lot of interesting places to see and we had a pretty good time, but, boy, you can never beat the States for a good time. It sure cost money. These English pounds are worth four dollars and they go faster than dollar bills. I sure will be glad when I can use the familiar old frogskins again.

News is pretty scarce over here, and a guy can't write what he would like to, so I'll be signing off for now.

T/Sgt. Ralph Feest
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

I am now stationed in North Africa. The weather here is about the same as southern California. I have visited the City of Algiers and it looks a lot like any American city except for the Arabs. I went to the Red Cross and found only one other Two Rivers fellow listed.

I was receiving the paper regularly while I was in the States, but as yet, I haven't received any overseas. For that matter, mail has only been coming in very small amounts, but I expect it will be better as time passes.

As you probably know, I am a teletype operator and find the work very interesting.

North Africa is very beautiful. We are in a sort of valley surrounded by mountains. It would make a beautiful picture if I could paint.

Pvt. Don Sauve
Somewhere in Africa