



The sojourner. Volume II, Number 4 April 1943

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)
Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, April 1943

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"THE SOJOURNER"

Volume II, Number 4

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, April 1943

ANNUAL SPRING BUSINESS

Finally, after the usual tardy and disheartening spells of sub-zero weather and post-winter blizzards, Spring appears to have been lured into Two Rivers by the unfailing optimism of the residents of the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin". Not that we are unaware of what meteorological phenomena may yet take place during this month and May -- but the arrival of the robins "chirrupping" in our yards, two crows faintly cawing overhead, the musical trilling of the redwings at evening as they gather along the East and West Twin Rivers, has, along with the warm sun, melted us into an undisturbed acceptance of the time of the year when certain annual events take place in Two Rivers.

Yes, just about now Robert D. Winn is saying to his history, probs, and dramatics classes up at the high school, "Hm, Spring is here, and as usual a young man's fancy lightly turns to ---- what girls have been thinking about all winter!" Spring wouldn't be Spring in Two Rivers without that prophecy.

And out at the golf course "Sabby" Kastrosky has his curry comb out and is grooming the greens in anticipation of such enthusiasts as "Peggy" Warden and Frank Bouda, who, as usual, will probably have their entire sets of sticks re-finished with the hope that it will "streamline" them into accuracy.

Baseball has been revived with the melting of the snow from the various playgrounds around town, and the shrieks of "Batter up!" You're out!", and feminine voices calling, "Junior! Supper's ready! Come home this minute!" can be heard every evening. Nothing can be more effective in keeping a fella away from food than a good, hot game of baseball.

The sidewalks are filled after supper with children jumping rope, playing marbles, roller skating and the 22nd. and Monroe Street bridges will soon be lined with fishermen and their nets and curious by-standers who are conspicuously thrilled at the sight of a flapping victim as a net is brought to the surface.

Rods and reels are being polished up, and cane poles examined, too.

John Watson can emerge from his store on Washington Street mornings now to hail the kids on their way to school and nod and exchange a cheery greeting with others headed for work, without first fortifying himself with a snow-shovel.

Everyone seems gayer now. Assurance and hope are written in their faces that this Spring and the Summer to follow will bring about the fulfillment of their united prayer for victory and peace.

Somebody with a cold is reciting --

"Sprig is here
De grass is ris'
I wonder where
De flowers is!"

And Ed. Mueller is looking forward to his 52nd consecutive year as Marshal of Decoration Day.

The girls are worrying about their Easter outfits, too. Here and there one is wondering which would be easiest to describe in her next letter to "Jim" or "Bill" -- the perky bowler, or the saucy little blue hat with the misty veil. The one with the veil sounds best. She'll buy that one, wear it Easter Sunday, and then put it aside until Bill's furlough.

Still other evidences of warm weather are to be noticed here in Two Rivers -- clothes flapping as they air in backyards, a police car as it turns up toward Washington Street at noon and pauses while a seemingly endless stream of bicycles fly past.

The Old Soldier views Central Park with livened interest now, anticipating the Thursday nights to come when crowds will gather to listen to what is left of the Hamilton Band -- that plucky group under Lorenz Lueck, who have voted to carry on regardless of the fact that the greater part of their number are now in service making a different kind of music for the benefit of the Nazis and the Japs or anyone else who wants to take away from them and us the things that make a free people free! More than ever will we clap at the close of a spirited tune because we will be clapping for them, too, and shouting "Encore!"

THE SOJOURNER

— Published monthly by —

The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Editor,

.... In the last issue I found out some of my school friends are located quite close to me. For instance George Babich. He's stationed at Greenville, S. C. and I'm at Camp Craft, S. C. which is about 30 miles apart. So far I haven't met anybody from Two Rivers or even from Wisconsin as long as I've been here. It sure would seem great to see somebody from the home town.

In the last issue everybody praised Orville Martin's letter on the paratroopers. Guess it is a swell place to be. Wish I could have gotten there myself but no such luck. They put me in the infantry, although you wouldn't think so, if you would see what I do. I'm a mail clerk and you needn't think it's easy. Some of the fellows think we actually hide the letters, so they don't get them till the next day. I really never thought there was so much mail. We take care of one company which consists of about 800 men and they get enough letters and packages for a city. Mail sure means a lot around here. You'd be surprised how much one letter can cheer up a guy.

I've been here six months now, which entitled me to a furlough. I plan on being home for Easter for nine days if everything goes all right. I sure hope it does.

Our nearest town is Spartanburg. It has a population of 35,000, but it still doesn't beat Two Rivers

Sincerely,
Pvt. M. Rousse
Camp Craft, South Carolina

Hello Understudies,

We've been kept very busy. What with our regular Saturday afternoon "shots" for typhoid and tetanus and a trip to the gas chamber to test our gas masks and a run over the obstacle course, training films, lectures and field demsrtions on tent pitching, pack rolling, first aid and battle

formations and hikes of five miles with full pack and rifle, we get tired enough to just go to bed when we get back to the barracks after supper. We have mail call after supper and it is the occasion of the day. Everyone waits for mail call all day, and I really mean wait. News from home is of primary importance to us out here. We really appreciate any news we get

About half of the fellows in my barracks are southerners. We call them rebels and they call us yankees as would be expected. It's hard to understand them at first but gradually you become acclimated and can understand the southern drawl or the downeast accent or the regular northern accent. It's fun. Our officer speaks like Will Rogers, the next like President Roosevelt and the other one like the guy next door.

We get up early and go to bed early too. We rise at 5:30 and we have to turn in by eleven o'clock. Usually we go to bed at lights out at 9:00

Pvt. Don Sauve
Camp Crowder, Missouri

Sojourner Staff

For a few months now I have received the Sojourner and was glad to receive it because most of the news in it is of my buddies in Two Rivers. George Babich who never seems to run out of words and Paul Kriehn whom I congratulate for being a lieutenant in the armed forces.

Well, I picked the Navy and after spending six months in the windy city of Chicago training at Navy Pier for an aviation machinist's mate, I graduated March 5th as a third class aviation machinist's mate. Now I'm stationed at Hollywood Florida, as a "Lighter-Than-Air Gunner."

I'm having training with all types of machine guns and see all the girls on the weekends. The food is swell here. We sleep four to a room and a private bath to each room, but now that it's so nice here, the training is for a month only. Then two months of Dirigible Training and we're all set for the Japs.

One thing about the Wisconsin boys' they told us that they're all crack shots when it comes to machine guns, so the Japs had better start running.

Well, tell the boys I think the Navy is all right and Miami here is nice for liberties if you know the right places to go. It seems I meet someone I know every place I go here.

One of the gang
Clarence Petrashek, AMM3c
Hollywood, Florida

Hello Everybody,

..... We certainly are kept on the hop all the time. As yet, we were unable to leave the building unless accompanied by a commanding officer or in a group. We are unable to leave the grounds at any time. We expect this ruling to be modified after we have our uniforms. Talking of uniforms, we were measured for them yesterday. I now have my shirts, ties, hats, bag and raincoat (which can also serve as a topcoat.)

We live in an apartment house close to the campus. It's a very nice place with modern fixtures. Of course, we have bunks and in our apartment there are six double bunks in three sleeping rooms. In our sleeping room there are three bunks, six girls. Then there are two other rooms with two bunks in one and one in the other. Our biggest problem is use of the shower as there is just one for 12 girls.

Our rooms have to be kept in perfect order at all times and our beds must be made. We usually have inspection some time in the morning every day, but on Saturday we have Captain's inspection. When he comes in, all closet and table drawers must be opened and we have to stand at strict attention with our eyes straight ahead until he has left the building. We had inspection on Saturday and we were all on edge until he had come and gone. We were O. K. Everywhere we go, we are marched to and from with our platoon. By the time I get home on furlough I will have forgotten how to walk at a natural gate.

We have classes and drill every day. "All hands on deck" is called at 5:45 a.m. At 6:45 we must be ready for the breakfast call. Our beds must be made and our rooms in complete order by that time. From then on the schedule is changed every day. Each girl is responsible for reading the bulletin board for the following day's schedule. I enjoy our drill more than anything else. Our drill master is a honey. He's not only handsome, but a swell fellow too. We also have classes in Coast Guard Personnel, Coast Guard Administration and Organization, and Ships and Aircraft. The hardest job is keeping awake in all the classes. You know me. I'm glad to know that there are others that have the same trouble. We also have aptitude tests to help them to classify us according to yoeman, storekeepers, radio and others. When we get out of here we will be second class seamen, and when we leave our other school we will be third class petty officers. From then on it will be up to the individual. Oh yes, we must have "lights out" at 9:30 p.m. Last Saturday we had to be in at 9:30, but I do believe it will be changed for the rest of our Saturdays here.

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For entertainment we have movies, pep meetings, and so far one variety show. We had the variety show last night. It was put on by the Gobs from Staten Island. It really was good. It was sailors who were in the show business before entering the service. It gave us a good laugh which I must say is what we needed just about then. We also have swimming, volley ball, etc. We are all praying for the day we get liberty to get into New York City. All you hear is girls planning what they are going to do when they get out.

Right now there are about 4000 girls training here. They all stay in dormitories or vacated apartment houses near the campus. I pity the poor civilians living in this area, because hardly a minute goes by when there aren't platoons of girls hopping up on one side of the sidewalk or down the other. There are 540 girls in our building. All the twelve girls in our apartment are swell. We get along perfectly. They come from all parts of the country. There are two girls from North Carolina, Oklahoma, and one from Pennsylvania as my bunk mates. In the other two rooms there are three from Chicago, one from Iowa and one from Milwaukee. There are girls from as far as California in our building.

We all eat at one cafeteria, so you can imagine the quantity of food that must be prepared and served three times a day. Meals are well balanced and most of the time tasty. When we first came the food was terrible, but it has improved 100%. I guess it was shortage of labor that made the difference. So far we have had no KP and I don't think we will get any.

Well, folks, this sure has been a change of life from civilian life, but with all the restrictions and everything, we still love it. We are dog tired at night, but each day brings new developments and new things. I wouldn't turn back for anything. I hope I still feel the same three weeks from now. Until next time then.

So long,
Gladys Puls, AS
New York, New York

Feb. 5, 1943
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Staff:

Today I received an October copy of the "Sojourner". It was most interesting, especially that article by the soldier in the last war. I passed it among the boys and they surely enjoyed reading it too. (Editor's Note: If you accidentally find something interesting, why not pass this paper on to some of your less fortunate buddies or mates?)

Now regarding myself. I spent considerable time in Australia before coming here. The folks in the bases we stayed at showed us real hospitality. Our boys were always welcomed to their homes.

As we traveled from our original base to the last one in Australia, we caught a fair picture of the country. It is so similar to ours. . . large farms devoted to sheep and cattle raising. Farther north we found acres of sugar cane, pineapple, etc.

Now in New Guinea, we find the island very beautiful but undeveloped. We have done much to improve conditions here since the Japs have been driven from the Papuan Peninsula.

There are few, if any, county boys in this outfit. Although I have several buddies who trained in the original company back in Camp Livingston, La., all others came from the east or far west.

And now, I close with best regards to all my friends.

Yours truly,
Pvt. Sol. Bensman

Dear Friends,

I just finished Quartermaster School in Newport and was transferred to Boston, Mass., for a week. Saturday morning we were transferred to Rhode Island again. We are going to attend P. T. school for six weeks and then probably overseas duty. The "Mosquito Fleet" is a voluntary unit and is a unit in which every man has to know the other man's work. We have experience with communications, engineering, gunnery and radio. It is very interesting and, I think, very adventurous.

It is rather cold and muddy here but it is all right after you're here for a while.

I sure would like to get back to Two Rivers again and see the old town. I'll bet it's dead with all the young guys gone. (Ed. note: You're not kiddin'.)

I met my brother Hilary in Boston, and he and Dave Anderson are the only ones I have met since I left home. It's six months now and I'd like to hear and see some of the home gang again.

Sincerely,
Eddie LeClair, S 2c
Portsmouth, R. I.

Dear Staff,

It sure does seem swell to be able to sit down and read about your home town, and the different letters from fellows in the service. It took quite a while for your paper to get to me. You see, I've been moving so fast that I haven't half of my Christmas presents yet. It seems I just get settled when we get orders to move again.

I am now at Oklahoma A & M College. I've been here for two months, and I am going to graduate March 22. I am going to an engineering and operations clerical school.

I enjoyed the letter from "Bud" Otis. I was quite surprised to hear that he is up in Alaska. I couldn't help but think of him arguing with those fellows, while I was in Miami Beach having a good time. I may have had it over him on Christmas Eve. I really did ring in the New Year this year, right beside a pile of pots and pans. That's right, you guessed it, I was on K. P. I'll never forget that New Year's Eve as long as I live.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Eddie Everson
Stillwater, Oklahoma

INDUCTIONS - MARCH 27

Army

Paul J. Kiefer
Adolph Ziarnik
Wallace Ziarnik
Fred G. Dicke
Raymond Suchocki
George Pilon
Raymond Hetue
John Mancel
Robert Ruelle

Navy

Leigh Andrews
Richard Weber
Jerome Wilsman
Eugene Flaherty
Roy Zoerb
Harold Kronforst
Julian Lalko
Norman Ruzek

Dear Fellows,

How do you like my new type "dress"? I certainly hope you do because I went to a great deal of trouble getting it. (That's why I'm coming to you so late this time.) After all, a gal certainly needs a new dress for her first birthday, don't you think?

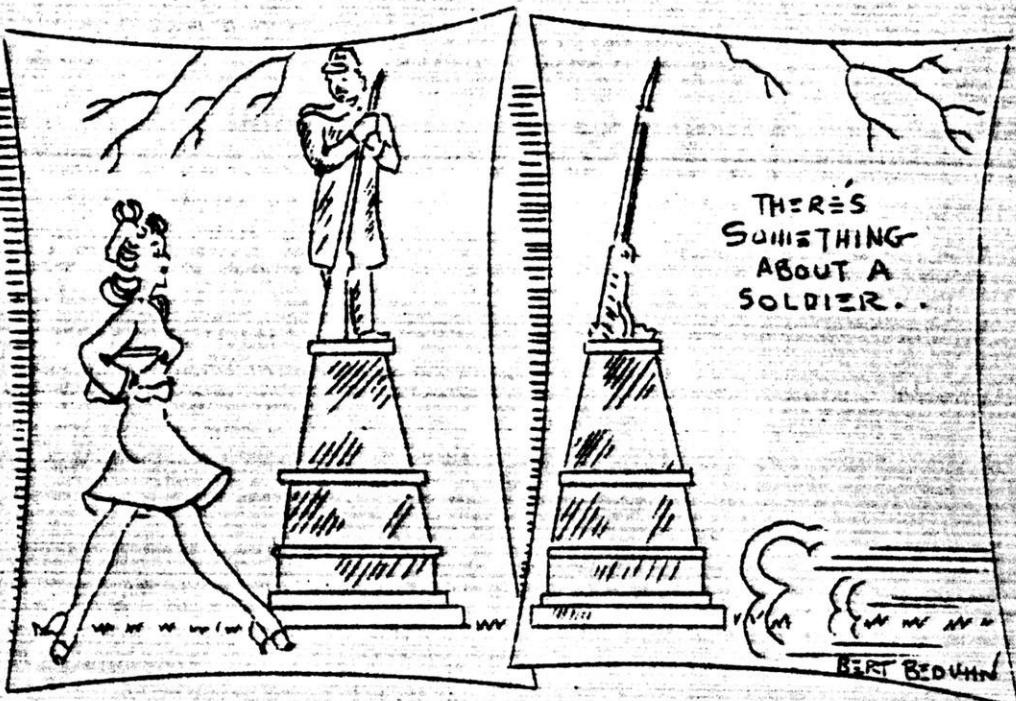
Yup, it was just one year ago that this little paper came into existence. At that time some of you fellows were still here and helped send me out 188 copies then, over 550 now. There are really almost 700 men gone from Two Rivers, but it's rather difficult for the circulation department to get some of the fellows' addresses. Sometimes it's been quite a job putting me together to send to you, but your letters have been so encouraging and gratifying-- they've made the staff feel as though their efforts were really worthwhile. I hope you will continue writing.

I'm sorry I won't be able to appear in this new type "dress" for the next issues, but the Vocational School students who printed this issue have adjourned for the summer months, and so I will have to go back to wearing my old clothes again.

Until next month then, I am, as ever
Your "Sojourner"

It's Spring
in
Two Rivers

AND A
YOUNG
MAN'S
FANCY



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SERGEANT SNORK SNOOPS A SCOOP

Hiya fellows,

Well, here I'm back again. Gee, it doesn't seem like a whole year since I last wrote to youse guys. Lots of changes have been made — like dames in service. Oh, don't take me wrong. They are doing o. k., in fact, very fine.

I've been pertly busy checkin' up on all youse guys. I've sorta interviewed a few service men lately. I'll betcha you'd like to hear some of the comments.

Well, here goes.

I asked LOIS how she liked the weather down in Florida, and she said, "It get's so hot down here sometimes you could FREYE an egg in the sun."

Asked CHUMMY where he'd like to be sent when he goes overseas. "Boy, give me a South Sea Island. I've always wanted to STROHM a guitar while Hula maids danced," he said.

Another guy must have wanted a nice warm place too, for ROLAND said he hoped he wouldn't get sent to Alaska 'cause he gets such "KOHLS in the head."

Vivian's theme song is "KEIP the Home Fires Burning." It isn't that she's lonesome, but she just wants folks to keep thinking about her and writing.

There's always a lot of talk about the grub in the Army, but when I asked RUSSELL he said, "HASH, HECK no, we get the best of everything."

And WALLACE said it was a lot of BONK about getting beans all the time. It just shows to go ya what a lot of silly gossiping can do.

Some people are always grinding about sergeants being tough, but they ain't so bad ROY said he had a KRENKE sarge, but he loved him anyway.

PAUL'S been singing "You're the KRIEHN in my coffee." We can't figure out if he's in love or if it's just that he likes his C. O.

Spring must be here, finally, for JOHN HOIDA boid singing so sweetly early one morning - it musta been one of them "oily boids".

KENNETH and a KAPPELMAN went into the neighboring city on a wekend pass—boy, did they have fun!

I asked some of the boys how they liked getting the "Sojourner". LEONARD said it fills him with SCHEER delight to receive it. (We hope.)

Well, fellas, it's time to sign off again. Be good until next time.

GERALD couldn't make up his mind whether to go into the Army or the Navy. He didn't know if spending his summers KANAUGH-ing was enough boating experience to qualify him for the Navy.

Boy, the Army really makes youse guys into gentlemen. The other day a young lady and her child couldn't find the right train so DAVID showed her ANDERSON to the right one. He's going to do his "good turn daily."

(Continued on page 6)

CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES

—MARRIAGES—

Beatrice Schultz and Tech. Sgt. Lionel L. Dionne, Douglas, Arizona, Feb. 14

Myrtle Blahnik and A/C Erwin (Bud) Dallmann, Feb. 14

Shirley Bentley, Manitowoc and Ervin Baum, Fort Benning, Ga., Feb. 20.

Leila Schurr and Lloyd Tome, Indiantown Gap Pa., Feb. 25

Mary Taddy and Ralph Schroeder, Manitowoc, Feb. 27

Royce Wells, Vallejo, California and Arthur Last, Miami, Fla. March 1.

Helen Tangen and Norman C. Johnson, Rosholt, Wis., March 1

Jeanne Deau and Richard W. Steinhardt, Yeoman 2nd Class, March 6

Marion Greenwood and Pfc. Morris Birdsey, Battle Creek, Michigan, March 6

Jeanne Niquette and Leo Joseph Robidoux, Batwaukee, March 6.

Ruth Wentorf and Cpl. Hilary Vanderbloemen, Camp White, Oregon, March 10

Mildred Hetue and John G. Fitch, S2/c USN, Avon, Ohio, March 11

Agnes Stezinske, Kewaunee and Sgt. Orland F. Moreau, Indiantown Gap, Pa., March 24

Carol Peterson and Pfc. Ralph Brouchoud, Camp Funston, Kansas, March 27

Margaret Mary Smith, Manitowoc and Pvt. Roland Gauthier, Fort Riley, Kansas, March 27.

—ENGAGEMENTS—

Muriel Jann and Kenneth Harper Zeh, S1c, San Francisco, California

Ione Greenwood & Howard Timm, Manitowoc Marion Waier & Alvin Ploeckelmann, S1c,

Anna Mae Mertens & Corp. Russel Luebke, Kansas City Mo.

Lavyna Vidalin & Sgt. Roland A. Kohls, British Columbia, Canada

Joyce Heise & Pvt. Herman Gross, Fort Riley, Kansas

Frances M. Kaub, Denever, Colorado and Roland Schlueter

Edna LeClair and Karl Rudolph, Manitowoc

—PROMOTIONS—

Vaughn Bishop, 1st Lieutenant, U. S. Army

Robert Simono, Captain, Army Air Corps

Claude Simono, Corporal

Henry Shedivy, Corporal, Army Air Corps

Wm. P. Steinbrecker, Hospital Apprentice First Class

Paul L. MacDonald, Jr. 2nd Lieutenant, U.S. Army

Henry J. Tomaschefske, Pvt. 1st Class

Claude Burgard, Radio Mate 3rd Class

Harry J. Belonger, Private 1st Class

Rudy (Butch) Prucha, Boatswain's Mate 1st Class Class, U. S. C. G.

(Continued from page 5)

The Army certainly has its discipline, doesn't it boys? ROBERT has learned that the answer to all C. O. questions is "Yes, SUHR!" I wonder what would happen if your answer wasn't that... ROGER likes the Army. Why, he might even STUECK to it after the war is over. ARTHUR thinks it's fine too, but what he's wondering about is if he'll get a two weeks' vacation with pay and a Christmas BONESS. What do you think?

Sleep is one thing that youse guys surely appreciate, isn't it? They get you so tired out that DONALD'S comment was "SAUVE don't care if we have feather-beds, just so long as we can lie down."

WALTER sure has his troubles. All day long his "top sarge" nags at him. He goes home at night and DENNIS wife nags the rest of the time. (I assure you that's an untruth, but we have to fit his name in somehow. Excuse us please, Betty.)

Most of youse guys have field hikes with full packs, dontcha? ROLAND says he likes it when it's rainy out and they have to wade through the muck and MEYER.

Excuse the plug for the Sojourner but when we asked CLAYTON if he enjoyed getting the paper he said, "You BOETTCHER life I do."

LOWELL doesen't seem to think the Army pay is enough. He said he had to HUCK a lot of his valuables to take the girls out.

DAETZ are certainly out for PAUL now that he's in service and so far away from his girl. Tha's all right, Paul. You can catch up on them when you get those weekend leaves, inso?

Yers trooly,

Sargent Snork

Vernetta Lesperance, WAAC

William Bridges, Air Corps