



The sojourner. Volume II, Number I January 1943

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

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"THE SOJOURNER"

VOLUME II, NUMBER I

January 1943, Two Rivers, Wisconsin

HI THERE, SOJOURNER!!

It's kind of lazy and lonesome here in Two Rivers tonight. One of those times when you could tell it was snowing outside without even so much as looking out the window. Can't hear much traffic either. I wonder if that's because of good sense or gas rationing? Anyway, it's probably a good thing. If it starts to drift somebody'll sure get stuck on the way to or from Manitowoc. It always happens. Yup, the best thing to do on a night like this is to sit home and maybe write a few letters to the fellows in service or even -- doze -- a little.

.....
Mm! What a pretty silver feeling! I feel just as though I were floating in air. I'm sure this must be a miniature P-39 - or something. Why! I'm at the Stevens Hotel in Chicago already. And there's Pvt. Norman Walecka of the U. S. Army Air Force!

Hi there, Putchka! How are you?
"Swell! I just finished 'calijumpicks' and now I'm on my way over to the Service Men's Center. They really treat a fellow fine down here. We get our hot dogs, coke, cookies, candy, fruit, pop, ice cream, cigarettes, or what have you, free. It's really quite all right."

..... This isn't the Atlantic Ocean under me so soon? I didn't even have a chance to say "so long" to Norman. Sure 'nuff, and I'm gliding onto the deck of the U. S. S. Concord.

Look out, Earl Forcey, Musician First Class, or I'll run you down! How have you been anyway?

"Couldn't be better! I've seen countries and places I've always dreamed of seeing. I love the life at sea."

..... I'm off again. Funny how I don't have any control over this contraption. Now where has it taken me? Oh, oh. Northern Africa! Pvt. Andrew Feuerstein is stationed somewhere down there. He said that people in Northern Africa use

playing cards with pictures on them instead of numbers like ours. Isn't that strange? But I suppose Two Rivers fellows all over have encountered strange customs and habits. Say! That's a kangaroo down under me and a kangaroo is a certain indication of Australia. I must stop and tell Donald Koeser about how pleased Kathryn was when her mother found his picture in "War Cry". George Anderson is there too, and his picture was in the Chicago Tribune. Well now! It looks as though I'm not stopping in Australia either. But there's New Guinea and we're losing altitude -- and I can see Sgt. Peter Konieczka already.

Hi, Pete! How're things?

"O.K. I guess this isn't a nice tropical isle like you'd see in the movies, but swamps and jungle-land in spots -- and there sure are a lot of spots! We live in tents here and still sleep on cots. I sure miss sleeping in a regular bed. At night a mosquito net is put up so the mosquitoes can't carry us off. At any rate, MacArthur has declared open season on Japs and I hope to get the limit."

Good luck to you, Pete.

..... It's a good thing I hung on that time as I'd still be in New Guinea instead of back in the U.S.A. in Los Angeles. While I'm here I can look up Privates Paul Neveau and Bill Weix. There's Paul coming out of the Embassy Hotel now.

Hi, Paul. What are you doing now?

"We are going to school for the purpose of becoming Engineering or Operations Clerks. That is, we are learning to fill out all the necessary forms for the flight aircraft, and believe me, there are plenty of them. You know, the cold, damp air here in Los Angeles made me feel right at home as we do have a little of the same in Two Rivers."

Two Rivers - ??????

Two Rivers!!! Golly! Here I've been snoring along with the fog horn and it's almost time for Aunt Tillie to come home from the night shift at Hamiltons. Ho hum!

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Published monthly by
The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Pfc. Leonard Zelinski, USMC, sent a letter of appreciation for receiving our paper. He writes he gained a lot of weight, but he still likes to eat, especially cold chicken and good coffee. (So do we when we can get it, I mean more than one cup a day.) He claims they get a chance to smuggle it out of the galley once in awhile. Leonard has seen some swell beaches but he writes he'll still take "That old southside beach & cold water".

Dear Friends:

.... I enjoyed hearing of the exploits of Dallman, Zuehl and Barrett.

As you can collect from the heading, I've been drafted into the Hospital Corps School. It's just like school all over again only they are jamming everything to us at once. The subjects include anatomy, first aid, sanitation, metrology (weights and measures), Materia Medica, and bandaging. Next week a nurse takes our class over for two weeks and teaches us all she can in a short time. In three weeks I will again have a change in address as I will then be in a hospital for three weeks practical experience. I don't know which one I will be assigned to. Last class had their choice of three San Francisco hospitals or the one here in San Diego.

Two weeks ago I met Howard Waskow at the YMCA. We both nearly hopped out of our shoes. I understand Russell Goodjen is also stationed here. Howard and I had a very long talk. He is stationed at the North Island Air Base, at least he was then. One can never tell where he is or will be in this rapidly changing world.

If you have any addresses of any other

Two Rivers boys here in San Diego, please send me their addresses or better yet send them mine as our liberties are very restricted while we are in school.

.....
Sincerely
Bill Steinbrecker, S2/C
U.S.N. Hospital Corps School
San Diego, California

To the Staff:

.... I'm stationed at Fort Knox and I'm in a Tank Company. I've been out of the Cavalry ever since June and I'll still take a horse. One of the fellows wanted to do his part by turning all the tanks in for this scrap drive.

I haven't much to say except that if we get any more of those 18 and 19 year old fellows in here the Japs won't have a chance as they're the toughest fellows I've met yet.

I remain
S/Sgt. Frank Lachowicz
Fort Knox, Kentucky

Dear Folks:

.... There isn't a heck of a lot to talk about here, although the town is pretty swell to us servicemen, but I'll settle for Two Rivers any day.

This place is supposed to be heaven, but that's up to the individual. As for me, I believe the sooner I get assigned to a permanent squadron and see some actual duty instead of studying, the happier I'll be.

Our radio course is supposed to be a full time college course condensed into 18 weeks. Well, let me tell you they really do shoot the works. We're really on the beam though, and Uncle Sam needs his radio operators, and I guess he'll get them. The only thing bad right now is the midnight shift I got put on. They're experimenting with it up here and I feel like a guinea pig. We get up at 5:00 in the afternoon and go to bed at 11:00 in the morning.

We sure were plenty busy the last two days trying to straighten out, because they moved us around so all the "night owls" would be together. I'm beginning to wonder if "Uncle Sammy" can really make a soldier out of me. However, he's trying in the person of a Gen. Sneed.

Yours truly
Pvt. Norman E. Walecka
Stevens Hotel, Chicago

Dear Civies --

I received my copy of "The Sojourn" which reminded me of my obligations. When I was on the staff, I never could realize why it took so long for any of the fellows to drop us a line. Now I know. (Ed. note: Paul was the News Editor of this paper before joining the service.)

For the sake of those of you who are interested and uninformed, I am going to talk about myself for a little while. We'll just touch upon the high spots. My first stop, of course, was Ft. Sheridan. From that time on, until I arrived at Los Angeles, most of my time was spent waiting. At Sheridan I did manage to sneak in the usual tests, interviews, and inoculations. All I really accomplished during my 10-day stay was to get a thorough knowledge of how to make up an army bed. My last four days were spent packing and unpacking, as I was placed on three shipments before I finally departed for dusty Texas. It is claimed that Sheppard Field isn't in the dust bowl and I'll concede that point to any loyal Texan. However, as the saying goes, "everything that goes up must come down", the dust that goes up from the dust bowl must come down at Sheppard Field. You can have those "wide open spaces".

Entering Texas we travelled for miles without seeing a tree. It is rumored that trees can be found in the southern and eastern sections, but I'm a little skeptical. When Texans use the expression "hog's life", they must be referring to a very difficult set-up. I remained about 9 days at Sheppard which is a Technical Replacement Center for the Army Air Forces, which means that 9 out of 10 fellows that enter that section probably wind up in some AAF school. There are about 15 schooling possibilities, including radio, mechanic, photography, cryptography, clerical, gunner, etc. As a result we took about 6 tests in one day to determine our classification, as I more or less expected. I emerged with a clerical classification. In addition to this I picked up a couple of the finer points in the "School of a Soldier". In fact I found out that I really wasn't too proficient at making a bed.

Soon I was on my way to L.A. although I didn't know it at the time. After two days and two nights we arrived at L.A. in

the wee small hours in the morning (4:00). We then taxied over to the Embassy Hotel, our home for eight weeks. I can say right now, compared to Sheppard Field this is paradise. I'm afraid we are going to be a little spoiled by the time we take up our regular Army life again. Bill Weix and myself were roommates until he caught a cold and dropped back a week in school. As a result he has been transferred to the Ritz Hotel. We get up at 4:15, start school at 6:00, finish school at 3:00, and return to the hotel around 4:00 after having our daily calisthenics.

As any of you who are acquainted with the city of Los Angeles know, it is pretty nice. There are no skyscrapers; instead the city is spread out considerably. Apparently the people are much more war conscious than Midwesterners, and as a result are very hospitable. The first day we were here we were given an opportunity to see the Notre Dame-S.Cal. game. While waiting for busses going to and from the game, we were given rides by civilians without any effort on our part. This area certainly has lots to offer in the line of cheap entertainment. The USC rooms are very complete; at most broadcasts the servicemen are given preference; the Hollywood Canteen provides an evening's entertainment every night in the week -- all of these can be had for the price of bus fare. At the Canteen, in addition to free eats and dancing, I've seen the following attractions: Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Irene Dunne, Una Merkel, several character actors including Roddy McDowell, Jimmy Duray's orchestra & Horace Heidt's orchestra. I've also seen a rehearsal of the Lux Radio Theatre starring George Raft and Janet Blair, a rehearsal of Bob Hope's program, Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge and Dr. Christian.

Our hotel is completely taken over by the Army, as is the restaurant in which we eat. We are located right in the business district of L.A. The setup is really too good. I'll be spoiled for whatever follows. If anyone cares to drop me a line I will try to be prompt in answering.

Keep 'em flying -----

Pvt. Paul F. Neveau
4c-43 Room 529
Embassy Hotel
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Sojourner Staff:

..... The weather is very damp down here and they say it is even colder down here at times than it is up North because of the dampness.

What Bob Suhr said in your last issue goes double for me, and it's a great experience.

Well, here's wishing you all and all
servicemen everywhere a Merry Christmas
and a joycous and Happy New Year.

Pvt. Roger W. Stueck
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dear Staff:-

The following lines ought to inform you pretty well the spell we're under.

We're somewhere in New Guinea where the
sun is like a curse,
And each day is followed by another
slightly worse.
Where the brick red dust blows thicker
than the shifting desert sand,
And all men dream and wish for a fair and
greener land.

Somewhere in New Guinea where a woman's
never seen,
Where the sky is never cloudy, and the
grass is never green.
Where the dingoes nightly howling robs a
man of blessed sleep,
Where there isn't any whiskey and beer
is never seen.

We're somewhere in New Guinea where the
nights were made for love,
Where the moon is like a searchlight and
the Southern Cross above
Sparkles like a diamond cluster in the
balmy tropic night;
It's a shameless waste of beauty and
there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in New Guinea where the mail is
always late,
And a Christmas card in April is consid-
ered up to date.

Where we never have a payday and we never have a cent;

Where we never miss the money because we never get it spent.

We're somewhere in New Guinea where the
ants and lizaris play,
And a hundred mosquitoes replace each one
you slay.

So take me back to 'Frisco, let me hear
the Mission Bell,
For this God-forsaken outpost is a sub-
stitute for Hell.

Besides all this we're bothered with air raids now and then. This will be all for now.

Best of luck to all
Sgt. Francis J. Migawa
c/o San Francisco Postmaster

Dear Editor:

..... I can't say I have a set up as Gordon V. said. But everything is fine and I never felt better. Unlike the army, I can't tell you where I am stationed. But it's somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. Another thing we don't have any beautiful white girls out here. In fact we don't have any white girls. Sure miss them.....

I am working in the office. I am a Company Clerk. Can't tell you what outfit I am in -- it's a military secret.....

"The Cool City Kid"
Pfc. Virgil W. Brull, USMC
c/o San Francisco Postmaster

INDUCTIONS - DECEMBER 7, 1942

Eugene Kopetsky	Howard Erickson
Harvey Gauthier	John Daul
Aaron Klein	Gordon Waskow
Robert Thuss	John Jebavy
Raymond Schwers	Jerome Boulanger
Arnold Jacquart	Frederick Glandt
Gerhart Tess	Earl Mandel
Steve Schesta	Gerald Kanugh
Ambrose Allie	Herbert Kowalski
Francis Bertschy	Clayton Boettcher
LeVern Fleckelmann	

INDUCTIONS - DECEMBER 29, 1942

Roland Meyer	Russell Morency
Claude Simono	Lloyd Napiecienski
Norbert Breider	William Kronforst, Jr.
Maymert Baker	Walter Haase
Norman Floor	Paul Daetz
Daniel Ruthmannsdcrfer	Claude St. Pierre
LeRoy Vanderbusch	Mitchell Laurent
Carl Gates	Anthony Shedivy, Jr.
Marvin Vanderbusch	Richard Suhr
Russell Schneider	James Polzar
Raymond Fanslau	Cyril LaFond
Leslie Gauthier	Clarence Voelker
Kenneth Bausch	Robert Sousek
Lewis Hrdina	Alfred Ehrhardt
Robert Bauknecht	Lowell Huck
Joseph Nejmeyer, Jr.	Stanley Waier
Elton Kocian	Andrew Klabunde
Francis Lyons	Elmer Krizikze