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Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, March 1943

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"THE SOJOURNER"

Volume II, Number III

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, March 1943

WHEN A SOJOURNER COMES HOME ----

If Two Rivers were a larger city like, well--Milwaukee, our reaction at the sight of a uniform would most likely be one of accustomed pride, but Two Rivers isn't too large - just big enough to be a neat little home town where almost everyone knows almost everyone else, and we still look twice at a uniform 'cause the wearer is somebody we know or at least know of.

So when you fellows do get your anxiously awaited furloughs home and are buffeted on all sides with questions that are invariably the same - "Where are you stationed now?" "How long are you going to be home?" "Do you like it?" -- Remember that we get almost a bigger kick out of your being home than you do yourselves. We want to know as much about what you're doing as you can tell us because we have a lot of pride in you and the things your uniform tells us you stand for.

The first week in February we had the opportunity of talking with Private Roy Naidl, who is in the Armored Medical Battalion at Camp Cooke, California.

"Chuck", like all the others was spending a hectic furlough, trying to get to see as many friends as he could during his stay, and no doubt wishing that he had much more time in which to do so. Camp Cooke, he says, is a fairly large camp with quite a few facilities for off-duty recreation and the usual flair for ten and twenty-five mile hikes. He, himself, is stationed with a Field Unit and spends most of his time among the hospital trucks learning as much as possible about first aid and care of the wounded.

Before the war Chuck's greatest hobby was that of "snakes" and while in service he has encountered several new desert varieties of great interest. Incidentally, (plug for The Sojourner) he likes our paper - especially because it keeps him in touch with the other fellows.

The Navy was well represented. Among the blue-clad sailors arriving here was David Anderson, who returned after 2-1/2 months of training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station with which most sailors are well acquainted. David is planning on the Quartermaster School and seems to like everything quite well although he says, "I still prefer home!"

We had the pleasure of speaking with Lieutenant Paul Kriehn too. His silver wings, of which he is justly proud, flashed in our eyes as he related some of his adventures during two action-packed years with the Army Air Force.

Having just completed six months of intensive training at the Bombardier School in Midland, Texas, he recommends it as one of the finest. He described the Mess Hall as a beautiful restaurant with Negro servants and chinaware made exclusively for the school.

And when they weren't eating they lived bombing - tearing up the flat terrain of Texas with practice bombs filled with hot, dry sand which, when they struck the earth, flared up in flame and smoke, marking the bombardier's accuracy.

On these flights they were accompanied by another cadet and the two partners would take turns, one bombing and the other taking a picture of each bomb as it fell, a very necessary function.

Each of these cadets, including Paul, is entrusted with the secret of the U.S. Bomb Sight which, he assured us, could be destroyed in three places with a well-aimed shot should the plane be forced to land on enemy soil.

One thing that amazes Paul is the incredible ability of the Texans to wear those high-heeled cowboy boots!

Thanks for talking to us, Fellas, and here's hoping you can all come home soon!

Staff of "The Sojourner"
Published monthly by
The Civic Understudies

Gertrude Doncheck.....Editor
Gladys Schaden.....Associate Editor
Kathryn Hasheck.....Feature Editor
Faye Hallett.....Editorial Writer
Ruth Feuerstein)
Evelyn Palzer).....News Editors
Marie Klein.....Circulation Manager
Sherman Gunderson.....Advisor
* * * * *

BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Friends:

... Well, I'm in the Medical Battalion. They call us pill-rollers and many other names, but I really enjoy being in the branch of the service that tends to save lives. Of course, every soldier, sailor or marine thinks that his outfit is the best, and they really mean it too. I've had a lot of first aid work and some really interesting work concerning hospitals, surgery, etc. I'm surprised to learn how much a doctor has to know to be able to start practice.

Some time ago, I met John Otis and wife in camp here. It was a pleasure to see a girl from home again. Carl Hartlick is in the same battalion with me yet. We get together occasionally and talk about our old times. A fellow has to do that once in a while to keep up his morale, because even though the training keeps us pretty well tied up we still have time to think about the folks and friends back home.

I'm on guard duty tonight (that's the one job we don't care much for).....

Best of luck to all,
Pvt. Ken. Kappelman
Fort Lewis, Washington

To the "Sojourner" Staff,

..... It took two weeks for the paper and the rest of my mail to be forwarded to Chanute Field from Miami Beach.....

I enlisted in the Air Corps at Milwaukee on December 10th and was sent to Fort Sheridan for one week. Was then shipped to Miami Beach for my basic training. We were there only three weeks and completed 8 days of actual training. Never thought I would spend part of the winter in Florida. The climate was swell, but the food

couldn't compare at all with that at Chanute or Sheridan.

I'm going to Weather Observer's School for ten weeks. We start the first class at 6:00 a.m. and finish the fifth at 12:20 p.m. The rest of the afternoon includes "mail call", dinner, calisthenics, and once in a while sweeping the streets. The night is usually spent in studying or just "chewing the fat" in our barracks. We may be sent to Grand Rapids, Michigan in March. Will complete the course there and be sent to a weather station before taking a forecasting course.....

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. Alton E. Colancheck
Chanute Field, Illinois

Dear Editor:

Today is my birthday (Jan.23) and since I want a bit of time off and do not get it I have taken the day off and am just sort of "goldbricking" today.....

..... I will write as many others have already written that they do not really know how good the weather is in Two Rivers. Those who do not think so should spend the fall and winter out in wonderful Oregon. My first two weeks here were fine but since then it has been daily rain. For three months now we have had only four days of sunshine. Rain continually and then for a change we have some more rain.

..... For now, "So long"
Corp. Hilary Wachtel
Camp White, Oregon

Dear Friends:

..... I'm at Moffett Field, Calif. now, have been for the past ten months, in fact, and I'm in the lighter-than-air division of the Navy Air Force. As far as I know, I'm the only fellow from town in that field.

It's good duty all right, but it decreases my chances to see any action to a mere minimum. I mean any real fighting.

I met LeRoy Tomcheck on Mare Island last March while standing at the bar in the Canteen.....

Sincerely yours,
Kenneth J. Mueller S2/c
Moffett Field, California

* * * * *
We haven't heard from some of you boys yet. Or is all your work a "military secret"?

Those of you who were in the service during the summer of 1942 will remember that the first page of "The Sojourner" was an editorial written by some local business or professional man or woman. You will also remember the following anonymous letter published in the November issue.

"Your editorials are a nuisance. We don't care what our prominent citizens think about this or that. What we want is news about our pals in different camps and their new addresses. Any so-called opinions of our prominent citizens should be placed in the "Reporter" where they have more room. Please, dear members of the staff, put yourselves in my place and you can readily see my point of view."

Now we certainly don't wish to promote any feuds between anonymous writers, but the following letter received in response to the above certainly needs to be published. Do you agree?

Dear Friends,

I did hope that I wouldn't have to write a letter such as this one. I received your November issue today and as usual I was glad to think that I would be able to sit down and read about the old home town. I did sit down -- I got up as soon as I read the article by "anonymous". He may be one of my buddies back home. It may be a relative of mine in the service, but I'm going to "blow my top" anyhow. Here goes to whomever it may concern.

Now, whoever wrote this article is undoubtedly in the states yet where they still have everything they want while in the service. Maybe he was just in the service a month or two and isn't adjusted yet to his new life. I am not a veteran by any means but I have been in quite a while and appreciate anything you people back home do. He ought to know though that addresses cannot be printed in mass form for they show the whereabouts of the troops.

I want to know that the prominent people of our fair city are behind us and not waiting to shove someone else's son in the army in place of their own sons.

He wants you to put yourselves in his place. Well, Bub, if you are in the States (and I bet you are) just put yourself in the place of the boys who are overseas, as I am. Many have it a lot tougher than I have and I will readily

admit it. They are where mil is probably months old and you can bet that news such as the "Sojourner" puts out is very welcome.

Well, I guess I have "run off at the mouth" enough. Good night to you all and good luck. I hope we can all get together soon.

(From an anonymous writer)

Sojourner Staff,

Just a few words to let you know that I appreciate receiving the "Sojourner". It's really a swell little paper. I get a big kick out of what the boys have to say about the various branches of the service, especially Orville "Water-wings" Martin. I hereby extend my congratulations to Orville on being a Paratrooper as it is a tough outfit, but if the boys are looking for action, an aerial-gunner in a B-25 Squadron, such as I'm in, is just the thing for them. I've been up in the wild blue yonder in a B-25 quite a bit and if anyone doubts my word about a "25" being rough on a gunner, ask Doolittle. He's well versed on B-25's.

As for myself, I've been to two army tech schools, one in Denver, Color., and the second at South Bend, Ind., a specialist school. Now I'm at Greenville, here in South Carolina deep in the south, but one could gather from the damp weather that it was deep in the heart of the "Everglades". Greenville boasts a population of 50,000 and is a pretty nice town, if one cares for the southern touch. Greenville is well in the hills and I'm not a bit surprised when I see a "Lil Abner" or a "Daisy Mae" breeze into town for some "Saturday afternoon shopping".

Sincerely,

Pvt. George Eabich

Dear Editor and Staff of the Sojourner:

I enjoy and appreciate receiving your paper. It pleased me a great deal to read Orville Martin's praise of the Paratroopers in the February issue of the paper. I heartily agree with him, because I am in an Airborne regiment and we work with these Paratroopers and they sure are tough.

Well, we just had a test black-out and that doesn't give me much time before lights out, so I'll close by saying I hope you keep the paper going to the boys.

Sincerely,

Pvt. Aaron Klein

327th Glider Infantry

101st Airborne Division

Fort Bragg, N. Carolina

Greetings from Cuba!

..... Right now this is almost a heavenly place to be in -- partly because of the contrast to the dampness of Norfolk. (We left Christmas Eve.) Various descriptions of this base had been given me, and no one was very good, so nothing was expected. But when we came and saw the set up it looked a lot better than anything yet experienced in the service. While opportunities to visit the surrounding territory are very definitely limited, the base itself has various activities to keep one interested. The trouble is one has little free time, and transportation is a problem here too!!

But we do have good food -- an item which helps a great deal, for one does have to eat. If I told about all the good things we have Cuba would be overrun with Two Riverites. And that's no lie!! The only thing we could use here would be some of the fine Neshotah Park Beach. This is a bay so we are without a fine sandy beach but there is a fine pool which is ideal when we can get to use it. It is quite some distance from my activity at the Dispensary, and it takes a full afternoon. That length of free time is had every two weeks.

There have been a lot of little items to keep wake living interesting, and my work in the Record Office brings me in contact with many people I'd never have the opportunity to see or talk to.

Keep the sidewalks shoveled, and I'll send an extra dose of sunshine for a really delightful spring. Keep your fingers crossed. Hello, all you Two Riverites in the service, wherever you may be. We'll probably meet in some unexpected place.

Best wishes,
Clarence "Pat" Palzer, HA1/c
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Dear Editor,

It's swell to read about the boys from home. Glad to hear that they're all making out so well.

I'm attending Officer's Candidate School and if I make the grade, I'll be commissioned in three months.

Sincerely,
Corp. Kenneth Hetue
Fort Sill, Oklahoma

Dear Staff:

At present I'm obtaining a beautiful tan in Florida where the hot season is just starting with the thermometer averaging about 80°. I served my boot training period of six weeks at Great Lakes, after which I was selected as one out of three boys to attend aviation radio school at Jacksonville, Fla. My course there lasted sixteen weeks from which I graduated a 3rd Class Petty Officer. After graduation I was shipped to this school to be taught the trade of aviation gunnery.

We have had no snow all winter. The grass is as green as ever and flowers are continuously blooming. The coldest it has been here all winter is 30° above which is cold enough to make a man wish he was home where it is only 10° below zero.

My conception of southern hospitality was slightly shattered. It's not what it is cracked up to be.

Sincerely,
Claude A. Burgard

The Sojourner:

I enjoy news from the home town, especially the letter Edwin had in the Sojourner.

Yours truly
Pvt. Arthur Boettger
Camp McCain, Mass.

Dear Staff:

There isn't much news about Louisiana. Like they all say, down here it's the tail end of the forty-eight. Columbus should have given it back to the Indians for another state like Wisconsin. All there is down here is snakes and swamps.

Ever since I've been inducted I stayed in camp three days and the rest of the time in Louisiana. That was June 17, 1941.

Yours,
S/Sgt. Frank Siminski

Dear Friends:

..... I left a nice place, which was Savannah, and they sent me to this place called Walterboro. It isn't a very big place, reminds me of Mishicot, only that it looks like a desert.....

Sincerely,
Cpl. John Kosobucki
Walterboro, South Carolina

- ENGAGEMENTS -

Natalie Wiener, New York City and
Pharmacist Mate Norman J. Thomaschefskey

- MARRIAGES -

Mary Elizabeth DeRoche, Manitowoc & John
W. O'Brien, Hollywood, Calif., Jan. 9
Auxiliary Lois Freye, WAAC, & Patrick Mee,
January 14
Hyldred Holt, Camden, Ark. & Robert W.
Saubert, January 22
Mary Joanne Ahearn & Lt. James E. Diamond
Chicago, January 23
Doris Heldt & Pvt. Melvin Kappelman,
February 3
Faye Wilke and Donald R. Ostby, Manitowoc,
February 6
Jane O'Brien & Lt. Richard J. Pliska,
Beaver Dam, February 13

- ENLISTMENTS -

Gladys Puls - SPARS

- PROMOTIONS -

Matt. F. C. Konop, Lieutenant Colonel
Vivian Kiep, 2nd Class Machinist's Mate
Paul D. Kriehn, Second Lieutenant
Leroy Shimulunas, Lieutenant
Celestine J. Antonie, Second Lieutenant
John R. Hernday, 1st Class Machinist's
Mate

- INDUCTIONS -

U. S. Army

Wallace Bonk
Frederick C. Kohl
Richard W. Bero
Lawrence L. Gonia
Clayton G. Thomas
Allan H. Weber
Roland Beitzel
Harold T. Buvid
Clarence Kopetsky
Louis J. Barsul
Leo C. Rocklewitz
Arnold W. Rousse
Joseph Jimenez
Otto R. Elaha
John P. Hoida
Leonard Sheer

Charles E. DeFaut
Archibald C. Gloe
Kenneth J. Kreisa
Ivan J. Belonger
Anthony J. Hallada
Marvin C. Klein
Vernon J. Zuehl
Evaristus L. Pilon
Frederick G. Braun
Robert H. Mahlik
Cyril Walotkiewicz
Lorton J. Paul
Corwain O. Luebke
Henry W. Rusboldt
Richard A. Walters
Harold R. Genske

U. S. Navy

Gerald Gunderson
Claude I. Taddy
Dana F. Pawlitzke

Eldren LaRose, Jr.
Arthur A. Pillasch
Lloyd A. Kresheck

FEBRUARY IN TWO RIVERS

Feb. 1: Winter is still here, but definitely; we got some more of that white stuff last night.
Feb. 2: Groundhog sees his shadow, the weather warms up and six cars run into each other (not all at one time)
Feb. 3: American Legion Post honors local draft board
Feb. 4: 30-day quarantine on dogs ordered because of serious distemper epidemic
Feb. 5: That "January thaw" came today, also the first robin.
Feb. 6: Carmen Chorus entertains local coastguardsmen at their annual party
Feb. 7: Fire causes \$2,000 damage to the Joseph Mann Library
Feb. 8: To date, local Red Cross unit completed 4,000 surgical dressings
Feb. 9: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello run riot at the Rivoli in "Who Done It?"
Feb. 10: "Variety is the spice of life"--- we had a thunderstorm last night and below zero weather today
Feb. 11: Heaps of Dollar-Day specials for today and tomorrow.
Feb. 13: F.W. Reinhardt Hdwe. Co. goes out of business; building to be occupied by Two Rivers Linoleum & Carpet Shop
Feb. 14: St. Valentine's Day; hope you remembered your gal
Feb. 15: Lester Bentley, Chief Petty Officer in the U.S. Coast Guard, paints official recruiting poster for the SPARS
Feb. 16: Cookie gums up Dagwood's locks (hair) with an itty-bitty lollipop
Feb. 18: Carmen Chorus presents annual concert; saw your "pigeon" vocalizing
Feb. 19: Service man's ball held at Community House; admission - one book or package of cigarettes to be sent to you men in the service
Feb. 20: City contributes 8,860 lbs. of tin cans to county-wide collection
Feb. 21: High school band and chorus presents Victory Concert at high school; admission - purchase of war stamps to be retained by purchaser.
Feb. 22: Washington's Birthday; also registration for war ration book No. 2.
Feb. 23: We all had spring fever today, but it too shall pass.
Feb. 26: Joseph Mann Library reopens upon completion of repairs after fire
Feb. 28: End of the month.



"Did you say that Jonesy had impaired vision?"

CONGRATULATIONS!!

This month, instead of featuring a humor page (?), we would like to write a human interest story about one of our local boys. Every day in every way local boys are bringing honor and fame to our fair city. Some do outstanding work on the battle fronts and others show exceptional ability in the camps. For this, we of Two Rivers are very proud.

The scene of our story is Springfield, Illinois. It was Saturday night and there was going to be a U.S.O. dance for the servicemen. The hero of our story, being a married man, was undecided as to whether he should attend. After a few seconds' debating, he decided to go. After all, he can't deprive himself of all pleasures. He knew his wife was thoughtful and understanding. And so, he went forth with a feeling of excitement, as though something thrilling were going to happen to him.

Oh, the dance was wonderful; good music, fine food and beautiful girls. He danced with all the blondes and redheads, pretending that they were his wife who, by the way, is brunette.

About the middle of the evening dance contests were to be held. There were barn dances, jitterbug dances, polkas, foxtrots, tangoes and waltzes. He didn't think he'd be good enough for the jitterbugs, foxtrots and such, but at waltzing, well that was another story. He would try for the prize.

(Being a matrimonial secret we are unable to give you the name or description of his lovely parnter.)

The orchestra began to play a lovely song, "The Waltz You Saved For Me." He and his lovely partner glided onto the floor. Concentrating so deeply on his see one, two, three, slide -- he was unaware that they and another couple were the only ones remaining on the floor --- and presto -- he was the second prize winner in the Waltz Contest.

To you, brave soldier, we give our congratulations. May you win many more contests.

It's a military secret so we can't tell you his name, but he's married to Mrs. Ivan Klein.