



The sojourner. Volume II, Number VII July 1943

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, July 1943

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"THE SOJOURNER"

VOLUME II, NUMBER VII

Two Rivers, Wisconsin, July 1943

SOJOURNERS ON FURLough

For some time now Two Rivers has been classified, along with hundreds of other such home towns, as a "City Without Men". Believe us, that's not the kind of a title we want this place to keep for very long, and although we can't quite express how happy it makes us to see you fellows on your furloughs, we can hardly wait until the time when you are all back home again, with your job well done.

Some of you uniformed men we've been glad to see among us at times during the past month, even if for only a few days, have been - - -

Sgt. Howard Halstrom of the Army Air Corps who was at Pearl Harbor at the time of the world famous "sneak play". We hadn't seen Howard here for two years.

Dick Stehlik, U.S.C.G., Motor Machinist 2/c from New York.

Chief Petty Officer George Teche who was in service before Pearl Harbor and has been in Panama. This was the first time George had been home in three years.

Pfc. Robert Beduhn of the Army Air Corps who has been going to Airplane Mechanic School at the Seymour Johnson Field. Bob says he doesn't dare skip school for a day 'cause he'd miss a year of college.

A/C George Liebich of the Flying Foxes of Wisconsin.

Howard Englebrecht, Motor Machinist 3/c who has been stationed in California.

Sgt. Frank Lachowicz from Fort Knox, Ky.

Howard Wolf, Boatswain's Mate 2/c from New York, who has been awarded the Purple Heart for action aboard the Coast Guard Cutter Hamilton.

Lt. Lothar Krueger now of Fort Benning, Ga.

Sgt. Mathias Koch from Avon Park, Fla.

Pvt. John Jebavy from Fort Bragg, N. C. where he's learned a lot about gliders.

Edward Kurtz, U.S.C.G., Sl/c who has been in New York

Lt. Paul Kreihn, Bombardier - Texas.

Pvt. Lawrence Gonia who is now attending school at the University of South Dakota, preparing for the formation of the Army of Occupation.

Pvt. Eugene Kopetsky from Nashville, Tennessee.

Pvt. LeRoy Lintereur, Camp Howzie, Tex.

Kenneth Louisier, Mo.M.M.2/c, recently stationed at Ellis Island, New York. Kenneth, incidentally, highly recommends the Jefferson Street U.S.O.

Pfc. Hilbert "Curly" Naidl, Fort Winfield Scott, California.

Lt. Russell Peterson from Texas.

Pvt. Roland Beitzel, Camp Hood, also Texas.

Cpl. Grant Van Ess, Indiantown, Pa.

Pharmacist's Mate 3/c William T. Steinbrecker from the U.S.N.T.S. at Farragut, Idaho.

Cpl. Clarence Schultz, Camp Swift, Tex. Ray Zoerb and Richard Weber, both Seamen 2/c who have just completed their "boot" camp at Great Lakes.

Lt. Cel Antonie, Bombardier and Navigator from Texas.

Pvt. Earl Gates from Camp McCoy here in Wisconsin.

Both Mildred Krueger and Thelma Tomcheck of the WAVES - snappy-looking representatives from the "Coolest Spot".

Lloyd Kresheck, S2/c. Lloyd is now attending Fire Control School, Photography Division.

And Sgt. Russell Hasheck from Camp Swift, Texas.

These are some of the men we have seen and talked with during the past month. Our one wish is that you can all come home to Two Rivers soon.

THE SOJOURNER

- Published monthly by -
The Civic Understudies

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Gladys Schaden.....Associate Editor
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Sherman Gunderson.....Advisor
* * * * *

BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff:

..... A guy never knows what he misses till he leaves his home town.

I am down here in North Carolina at Fort Bragg with the 327th Glider Inf. and have a lot of good times here. I get my regular training here and have been to Maxton Army Air Base forty miles from here twice. We get our glider training there and they sure are a great thing. I never thought I would like to fly but now I wish I could do it more often.

We just got back from Maxton after two weeks of training down there, and we are now packing to move to Tennessee for 20 days of maneuvers. After that is over, I don't know where we will be stationed, but it may be back here at Bragg.

Pvt. Arnold H. Jacquot
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear Staff:

..... Like most of the men I move around a lot. Right now I'm in Fort Benning going to parachute communication school. This is my last week here, so we make a jump tomorrow and stay out for 36 hours and when that's all over I will be moving again.

I could say a lot about the parachute troops but I believe most of you must have read the article Orville Martin wrote, so I won't go into that. I do hope that soon this war will be over and all our friends come back again, and be happy as we were before.

Pvt. Norbert Kowalski
Camp Mackall, N. C.

Dear Staff:

Once again it was a pleasure to receive the Sojourner and to hear about the boys and their whereabouts. Quite a few of the boys are strangers to me, but it is still good to know that they come from the home town. Enough of this idle chatter. I shall now get down to brass tacks and give you the latest dope on my activities.

I've been very fortunate during the past few months, and had the opportunity of seeing more of England. Besides going to the big city of London, I've been on tours through the world famous Cambridge and Oxford Universities. Each university is composed of between 15 and 20 different colleges which make the university. Each college offers courses in anything and everything, although a few are noted for some particular field of study. The individual colleges have their own dining rooms, libraries, study halls and reading rooms. They don't have any large campus grounds like we have back in the states, but rather small buildings scattered all over the city.

A few weeks ago I travelled around southern England while on official business and must say that the scenery was really beautiful. I also travelled up to northern England by plane and that was really something.

For excitement at camp we get our share of movies and stage shows which help pass the long days we are now having. As yet we haven't had any big movie stars at the camp, but they all aren't what they're cooked up to be.

Not much more to say, so will close until the next time or when I will have the pleasure of seeing you in person.

Cpl. Leon "Smoky" Smongeski
c/o Postmaster, New York

P.S. Met Floyd Bauknecht a few months ago in the big city of London. Needless to say we talked up a storm.

Dear Editor:

..... I have been in the army now for six months, and I think it is a pretty good deal.

I think I shall be getting a furlough soon and then I'll be able to see if there have been any changes in the old town.

.....

Pvt. Donald Farr
Augusta, Georgia

Dear Editor:

.... I received a corporal's rating a couple of months ago and am now sweating out the sergeant's stripes. I'm up and have been up for a month now for it so am waiting developments the first of this coming month.

I notice by the paper that quite a few boys from town are holding commissions in all branches of the service. Best of luck to all of them.

Met Ralph Feest here at Avon Park. The last you may have heard of him was at Tampa, Fla. I don't know. Talked over home news. Only one other home-towner I met in the fourteen months of service was Ray Schepper, and that was way back in November '42 at Camp Shelby on the rifle range.....

Cpl. Mathias E. Koch
Avon Park, Fla.

Sojourner Staff:

.... I enlisted in the army in October of 1939, and the time sure flew by. I have been in overseas service for nearly 15 months. I have not been in Two Rivers for nearly two years. I sure would like to see the place again. It must be nearly empty with everybody in the army.

On our last mail call I received four of the Sojourners.....

Cpl. Arthur Ott
c/o Postmaster, New York City

Dear Staff:

.... I've been transferred several times, but for the next three months my place will be permanent. I'm now in Louisiana, and in a few days I will be attending the University here. It's part of the army's specialized training program.

Just by happenstance I met Jerome Nelson. He is attending the same school and would like to receive your paper too.

The army sure has a unique way of separating men. When I was inducted, only one pal from Two Rivers came to Camp Chaffee with me. As soon as we arrived, we were split up and I only saw him a few times since. He's the recent bridegroom, Fritz Glandt.

Here's wishing all the fellows luck in anything they undertake.

Pvt. Gerald F. Kanaugh
Baton Rouge, La.

July 1943

Dear Editor:

.... I'm out here in Calif. in the Mojave Desert on maneuvers. Sun sure does throw a lot of heat. I've been out here two months.

We've had Kay Kyser's orchestra, Joan Blondell, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Al Jolson and many others entertain us. Sure did enjoy them.

I went on a three day pass to Los Angeles, and enjoyed myself. Saw a lot of Hollywood, did a lot of swimming at Long Beach. There are a lot of mountains around here. It never rains out here.....

Send my regards to all the boys in the service.

S/Sgt Frank L. Siminski
c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles

To the Staff:

.... Had a pretty good letter ready to send you and presto - they change our address. Can't give away our location now, but you know where I am... Might say this place is all they say it is and in my opinion, even more. Really do enjoy my assignment here, but like every one else will be glad to get back and see the old gang again... Might say you gals would sure like it here as that is one thing we are short of at this romantic location.

Bushels of orchids to all of you for your splendid work.

"Bud" Francis W. McCurtain SK1/C
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Dear Editor:

.... I am now at Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif. Just how long we will be here we don't know. We move so often. I've been in three different places since I left the desert in March. This division moves more than any other division in the army, I think. We have to live up to our nickname I guess. "The sight seeing 6th Division", that's us.

We'll be here till all of us get our furloughs. Then we'll be on the move again. As long as I've been in this outfit, we've never stayed in one place more than two or three months. I've been in this same outfit since Dec. 23, 1939.

Next month I get my furlough, and I'll be in Two Rivers a few days.

Pfc. Earl L. Spaeth
Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Hello Civic Understudies:

The April issue of the Sojourner has reached me here in Brazil. It is the second copy of your paper to be received here. I have passed it around in camp and it certainly has gone over in a big way. All my pals enjoyed reading it.

Some time ago a buddy of mine received a miniature paper from Ohio. It had been printed on the V-mail envelope. After seeing this I had hoped that I could get a small paper with a little home town news and information about other T.R. men in service. The Sojourner satisfies my wants completely.....

Everything is running swell here and we are getting along fine. It's perfect. Plenty of sunshine and it is hot today. Always enough fresh fruit and lately we have been getting all the watermelon that we can eat. I have it 100% better here than at my basic training camp in the U.S.

We are still seeing plenty of movies each evening and just recently "The Stage Door Canteen" had its first showing here.

In town we have a very large and beautiful U.S.O. building. Dances and parties are held occasionally.

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

Dear Staff:

Thanks to you I can follow my friends around the earth. It's good to know where they are and what they're doing. Your paper is far bigger than its size, because it's news from home, and home is always bigger than the few letters it contains.

S/Sgt. Frank Babich
c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles

Dear Staff Members:

I just got back from maneuvers.... Well, I'll give you an idea of what job I'm specialized in. I'm a first class gunner on the fifty calibre machine gun. It's one of the army's most powerful automatic weapons. I just got a new gun in place of my old one. I would like to break it in on a few slant eyes. After all, I think all the fellows have the same idea of this too.....

Best regards to all and everyone in the service.

Pfc. Bob Schultz
Camp Pickett, Va.

Dear Editor:

..... I'm going to a B-17 Flying Fortress Mechanic school up here in Amarillo. When I say up, I really mean up. Amarillo is 3602 feet above sea level.

You've probably heard the song "The Sands of Amarillo." I've never in my whole life seen so much sand blowing around in one place like I have here. It makes me so angry at times that I'd like to move Lake Michigan over to this part of Texas.

Pfc. Norman Ploor
Amarillo, Texas

At Ease,

Came back yesterday from a field problem on St. Simons Island. It's right off the coast of Georgia and really a pretty and historic place. I can't imagine that territory and where I am in the same state.....

Pfc. Bob Bauknecht
Camp Stewart, Ga.

Dear Staff:

.... I've found out where a few friends are located - only one close to here, Bill Steinbrecher who is in Farragut, Idaho.

I miss those full moon evenings in Two Rivers where the orange sphere glitters on Lake Michigan. Of course I'm only about 12-15 miles from Salt Lake City so I watch the moon come over the mountain.

My work is chiefly playing. Rehearsal in the morning and afternoon, guard mount in the morning and retreat in the eve at 5:00 p.m. We also play for troop trains coming in and going out. Then there is the Wednesday night broadcast from 9:30 till 10:00 p.m. Mountain time or 10:30 till 11:00 in Two Rivers.

The camp is located in the "dust bowl" and we sure have the nicest storms one ever witnessed. I hope to be transferred out of band and into a photography school. Still there is the question, "Will the C.O. permit transfer?" He doesn't like to do that.

There are a few boys in the band from Wisconsin, but only Milwaukee and other cities. No one here in camp is from Two Rivers.

Here's to future issues of the "dirt sheet" as Bill called it.

Pvt. Lloyd H. Wilker
Kearns, Utah

To the Sojourner Staff & Friends:

..... Today I received your March issue and was very happy that I got it. Here in North Africa one seldom hears of his friends and home. I sure do miss Two Rivers and I'm waiting for the day that I can go back. I see your paper was addressed to me at Camp Wallace. Well, I left there sometime ago and went to Tyler, Texas, to radio school. Then to Fort Bliss. It seemed as though I'd never leave Texas, but here I am in North Africa.

I've been in the army nine months. The boys back home can be thankful they are still in the states. Life isn't very pleasant over here.... I see the names of many of my pals in your paper... I'd like to tell all I know about this place, but army regulations say I can't. There are a lot of Wisconsin soldiers here doing a swell job.....

Pfc. Orville Messmann
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff:

Just a few lines to let you know I am now in Co. G, 5th Inf....

You know that when I receive that paper I drop everything and see what's going on back home. Why it even beats Stevenson, Poe, or Dickens. A critic may not think so, but it's news from home, and that's good news.

Right now I'm stuck in the hospital, but soon will be out hiking my feet to blisters again. I wish I could catch the guy who said the infantry was mechanized.

Will close now with best wishes, and hope that the Sojourner Staff lives to be a hundred.

Pvt. Harold W. Miller
Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi

Hello Gang:

I was sure glad to see "The Sojourner" among the letters I received today when I returned from a little trip to South America. It's been quite a few months since I last wrote to you, and so I decided to drop a line tonight.

I've moved around a little bit since I left Chicago. I went to Camp Luna, Las Vegas, New Mexico and now dear Homestead, Florida, which is about 35 miles from Miami. The miles a man covers in this army are terrific. For example, I just left on a trip May 1 and travelled about

4000 miles with a load of cargo "somewhere in South America." It sure was swell and what beauty from the air. I'm now a flight radio operator on a C-49 with chances of maybe ferrying bombers to Africa. That will be a little of all right.

I sure was glad to read the letters of the boys moving around the country. I sure would like to bump into a few of them. It would really do a fellow a lot of good to meet somebody from the old home town.

Pvt. Norman E. Walecka
Homestead, Florida

Dear Sojourner:

... Just a few words about Africa. I find the weather around here very hot. All the people down here talk French. Well, that sort of leaves us Americans that can't talk their language behind the eight ball....

Spring will soon be here, and it will be warm down in good old Wisconsin again. The flowers will bloom, the birds will chirp in the trees again, the grass will be green and beautiful as it always is...

A Soldier's Dream

After this great campaign is over,
I'm headed for the land of snow,
No more revellie or retreat,
No more lining up to eat.
No more non-coms hollering "fall in 5
cadence count".

Fellows, I'm going where they feed double,
But don't mistake my meaning, men,
I'll be back again

When Hitler frees Germany, and gives Toyko
to me,
And the Atlantic turns dry as land
And the fish and whales swim in the sand,
The Pacific Ocean turns to pearls.

Then I'll join the army again.

Pvt. Kenneth H. LaFleur
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Sherman Gunderson, advisor to the Civic Understudies since its organization, is leaving to accept a teaching position at Madison, Wisconsin. He and his inspiring talks were sincerely appreciated by all of us since his combination of wit, humor and efficiency lifted us out of the doldrums many times. We wish him the best of luck.

- JUNE IN TWO RIVERS -

June 1: Joseph Vanderbloemen elected American Legion Commander

June 2: Local police adopt slogan: "On land, in the air, and on the sea, oop, oop, oop!" In addition to watching stray pigeons and their owners, the local force now gives tickets for illegal sail boat parking

June 3: Ralph Dickenshied wins 3rd prize in national contest sponsored by Popular Mechanics Magazine to secure ideas for games servicemen might enjoy. Severe tornadic storm hits Manitowoc; estimated damage \$150,000. Two Rivers gets tail end of wind, hail and rain storm without too much damage, e.g., a house almost completed moved from its foundation

June 4: L.B. Clarke begins recruiting boys for farm jobs; 75 are needed from this district

June 6: Monument to Chief Mexico at Rapids damaged when knocked over by an auto.

June 8: Local man heavily fined for trampling Victory gardens. City ball team has "Handy" pitching and "Handy" catching. (If you can't figure it out, see end of column for explanation.)

June 9: Patients now entering hospital must bring ration books.

June 10: 169 seniors graduate; several of them already in the armed forces

June 13: Children's Day. Maybe some day it will be as popular as Mother's and Father's Day

June 14: Eunice LaPean begins writing society page for Reporter. Rev. Henry Schmitt gives Flag Day address

June 15: That time of the year is here again — Reporter filled with notices to cut your weeds, and we just about finished shoveling snow

June 16: Union musicians cannot play over W.O.M.T. Health Commission warns against swimming in the rivers

June 17: Twin fawns at State Park, too young to have freedom, housed and fed by Ranger Beckstrom's twin sons

June 18: Children warned against using Neshotah Park lily pond for swimming pool; no more carp in them waters, just rocks and mosquitos

June 19: High school students to direct playground activities. The teachers are working in defense plants and stuff

June 20: 10th sub, The Rock, launched

June 23: Fireworks for 4th arrive. Stay at home campaign for weekend in progress

June 24: Practice blackout held from 10:00 to 10:30 proves successful

June 25: 11-year old boy, too young to enlist, turns his knife over to Uncle Sam

June 26: New industry to begin in Mishicot, making of flour for poultry feed. Will occupy old brewery site. Hmm-m-m!!

June 28: Two horror pictures at Rivoli— Frankenstein, Bela Lugosi, Lon Chaney and all the rest. It should have included Adolf, Benito and Hirohito

June 29: Mercury drops 19° in 24 hours just to keep us in trim stoking furnaces

June 20: Letters in mail box on corner of 18th & Washington burn when somebody mistook it for an ashtray. End of June, 21 days were rainy.

(Answer to June 8: They're father & son.)

Hi Ya,

.....I heard of the terrible blizzards we had back home. They were right when they named Two Rivers the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin." I sure do miss the old place. We always had good times at the Community House. A couple of girls in each arm and you were all set.

Wish you would be so kind as to tell all my friends in the armed forces to write. You see, out here we are always glad to receive mail. I can't say where I am at, but I will say, just give me good old Two Rivers.

Out here you swim in salt water, back home I had good old Lake Michigan. We have recreation parties when we are in. There sure have been a lot of marriages lately, but me, I will stick to the bachelor type till after the war is over.

Bob Eucke S1/c
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Editor,

.....I have been in this camp nine months now, I think I'm due for a change of climate pretty soon. I have a brother also in the army in N.C. in the air corps. But wherever we are, we still like Two Rivers best. The towns here are big, but they are awful dirty. Guess it's the weather. The people don't even move if they don't have to. The temperature is about 100 degrees and over. I'll sure be glad to get back to lay on the beaches of old Lake Michigan.

Pvt. M. Rousse
Camp Craft, S. C.

- CONGRATULATIONS & BEST WISHES -

- ENGAGEMENTS -

Vivian Keip, 2nd Class Machinist's Mate, & Pvt. John Ifenberger, U.S.M.C., Texas
Grace MacDonald, & Pvt. Leonard Schumaker, Camp Clipper, Calif.
Doris Wolfe and Pfc. Paul Klein, Camp Stewart, Ga.
Elaine Schramm, Mishicot & Cpl. Paul W. Capraro, Ft. Story, Va.
Phyllis Krueger & James Fox, Iron Mountain, Mich.

- MARRIAGES -

Katherine Stephani, Manitowoc and Pfc. Roland Meyer, Drew Field, Tampa, Fla.
Mary Ann Schultz & Robert Beitzel, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, May 29.
Grace Tipler, Oshkosh and Ensign Francis Hess, U.S.N.R., May 29
Elaine Hindt & George L. Belz, June 5
Ann Stanul, Milwaukee and Peter Matejka, Milwaukee, June 5.
Norma Walter and Gerald Strouf, Manitowoc, June 5
Betty Brohm, Milwaukee & Sgt. Robert W. Brigham, Camp Swift, Texas, June 6.
Natalie Wiener, New York City and Norman Thomaschefskey, June 9
Ruth Luecker and Irving MacDowell, June 10
Eleanor Mosey & Daniel Buretta, Manitowoc, June 12
Lillian DesJarlais & Earl Abbet, June 19
Mary Ellen Smith & Frank Darwin, Chicago, June 19
Lucy Pries, Mishicot and Joseph E. Prucha, June 19
Florence Dachenbach & Marvin E. Nelson, Detroit, Mich., June 19
Mildred Frenz and Pfc. Charles Khail Manitowoc, June 23
Florence Pierce, Manitowoc and Daniel Beduhn, June 26

- ENLISTMENTS -

Mary Soethe, WAC
Morgan Busch, Navy
Donald & Richard Deprey, Navy

- PROMOTIONS -

Lothar Krueger, 2nd Lieutenant
Edward Levy, Corporal
Donald J. Mandel, 2nd Lieutenant
Steve Dobinski, Corporal
Sylvester (Dudley) Borusky, Corporal
George E. Timm, 2nd Lieutenant

Russell Goedjen, Lieutenant (j.g.)
Gordon Virnoche, Sergeant
Anthony L. Borusky, 1st Lieutenant
Russell Hasheck, Sergeant
Donald Van Bramer, Tech. 5th Grade
Kenneth Herman, Corporal
Frederick (Mike) Hanson, 2nd Lieutenant
Warren G. Gauthier, Corporal
Kenneth Lousier, Motor Machinist, 1/c
Ralph Feest, Staff Sergeant
* * * * *

To the Sojourner Staff:

.... I have been down in Camp Wheeler, Ga., since I have been inducted. It is the largest infantry replacement training camp in the U.S. We have about 25,000 men in camp. It is in the heart of Georgia and I believe it is one of the most beautiful camps in the south.

I am doing the same type of work in company supply that my twin brother Johnny is except that we are about 1,000 miles apart. I enjoy my work very much and I feel that I am doing my part in this work.

We train the men for thirteen weeks and then ship them out to regular outfits. By the end of their thirteen week training, they are able to make a nine mile hike with full field packs and rifle which weigh about 90 lbs. in two hours.

I have come in contact with boys from all over the U.S. and find them very interesting....

Cpl. William R. Ahearn
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dear Staff:

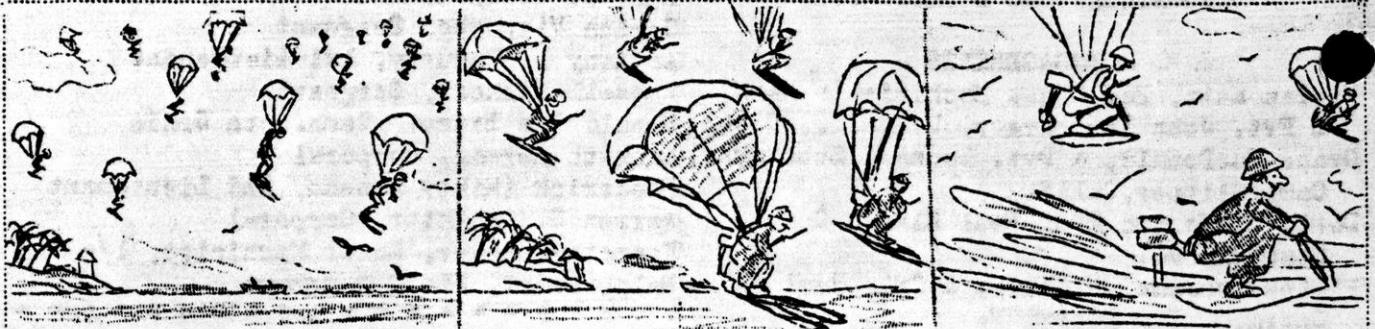
I've been receiving the Sojourner for about a year... The paper has followed me around to five different camps and schools, and I must say it's really nice to read the letters that the "old gang" have sent in.

San Antonio is one of the most picturesque places I've seen. I've been down to the Alamo and am planning to take a trip to Mexico next weekend.

The school I'm attending here is a specialist's course in inspection for foremanship. It deals chiefly with the management of army automotive shops. I've got two weeks of school left and then I head back to Camp Polk and summer maneuvers.

Well, it's time to hit the sheets -- I'll be seeing you soon -- I hope.

Sgt. Owen Clayton
San Antonio, Texas



(Courtesy "Evinrude Motors")

Secret Weapon

THE ADVENTURES OF PERRY SHOOT

Perry Shoot was a Paratrooper in Uncle Sam's Army. Now, as you all know, these soldiers of the sky are all big, brave, daring young men who fall into trees with the greatest of ease. But Perry was a little nondescript fellow who sometimes wondered if anything exciting would ever happen to him. The other boys landed on the backs of cows; or in the middle of lakes on yachts with beautiful girls who sailed them safely back to shore; and often they fell through the roofs of dance halls. But Perry always landed on his own two size-seven feet smack in the middle of a great expanse of plain.

However, one day after his usual breakfast of Wheaties and Ovaltine (Mother had always told him to eat light meals), Perry felt a strange lilt in his after-breakfast burp. He bounded into the plane pushing aside the flies and mosquitoes with abandon. "Today," he shouted, "I am a man!" He looked furtively around. Had anybody heard him? Fortunately all the other guys were busy assembling their equipment for the flight.

Contact! The old crate spread its silver wings and took off just as Sgt. Rip Kord came bellowing up the aisle. "All right, youse boids, lift those flat feet o' 'yourn. Are your shoestrings tied? Is your hair combed? Have you got all your buttons? Well, count 'em!"

For the first time in his paratrooping career, Perry felt completely at ease before a jump - in fact, he was actually eager to take off and his courage seemed to him boundless. Today he knew that an adventure awaited him somewhere out in the "wild blue yonder".

And he was right. No sooner had he jumped when he landed on a beautiful cloud-like island. The air was so soft and warm here, and the ground was so like absorbent cotton that Perry just couldn't help himself—he fell asleep and dreamed of landing in exciting places and meeting fantastic people. Something tickling his ear awakened him, but it was hard for him to believe that he wasn't still dreaming, for Perry had landed on an island inhabited by *"Paralins", the pesky little perils who are the bane of the paratrooper's existence. When a man "blacks out", he knows it's a Paralin who knocked him out temporarily. When a paratrooper lands on a rock garden, he knows it's the Paralins who've arranged the rocks.

When Perry awoke to find Paralin children jumping rope with the cords cut from his chute, others playing sheepshead in the folds, and Paralettes cutting up the nylon to make stockings, he was sure that he wanted to land on his own two feet on a wide plain again. How to escape? All the courage that had been with him earlier left him.

At last he decided that although he was light, Paralins were lighter, and he could easily make a dash for it. So he pushed the clouds aside and made a dive earthward. And where do you suppose he landed?

He landed in the middle of a lake on a yacht in the arms of a beautiful girl, who was so overcome by his daring that today she is Mrs. Shoot. Yes, they lived happily ever after, but Perry still hasn't explained the absence of his parachute to Sergeant Rip Kord.

(*"Paralins" Copyright Civic Understudies)