



# **The sojourner. Volume I, Number VIII**

## **November 1942**

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)  
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# THE SONGWELLER

VOLUME I. NUMBER VIII

November 1942, Two Rivers, Wisconsin

Dear Boys:

Today we finished Julius Caesar in sophomore English class. Each year I find something new in it, but this year it has seemed especially poignant. For the first time Brutus has been more than Brutus — he's the representative of all of you who are doing "in states unborn and accents yet unknown" the very thing he tried to do — assure a form of government that men can live under.

Calmly listening to Shakespeare's stirring scenes, how little you could have realized that today you'd be engaged in protecting democracy against the tyrant. Perhaps even now you give it little thought. Life in camp must be an exhaustive and exhausting routine and your few free minutes naturally go to the preservation of a personal life effectually interrupted by this war. To think upon the why of the conflict must seem futile — it exists and you're in it and what more can be said?

But, somehow I think you have the right to believe in this thing you have to do, as self-sacrificingly as Brutus believed in preserving the Roman republic. For it's the spirit of men that's invincible since "in the spirit of men there is no blood." In all history only the great spirits have lived on — the "petty men" have found themselves "dishonorable graves." But when one must pay so high a price for "peace, freedom and liberty", it is only too understandable how one might question whether the game is worth the candle. To be a "barren-spirited fellow" is so much easier.

That's why I think you must believe in democracy. The world the tyrant offers — a world in which a whole town can be annihilated to pay for one death; in which men's minds are bound and atrophied like Chinese feet; in which children must walk the land in fear, starvation and "smell above the earth with carrion men groaning for burial"; in which race turns on race in unreasoning prejudice — this is

no world that decent men can live in.

I do not believe that democracy will be preserved because we win this war, or the next one, or the next. I know that to achieve a world where men can live together in peace we shall die and our children will die and our children's children throughout the next thousand or two thousand or ten thousand years. Civilization grows slowly out of terrible sacrifice. We must have the infinite unselfishness to live and study and sorrow and die for an ideal ~~we~~ shall never see achieved.

But I do believe that one day that ideal will become reality — and that is the only thing I know that can make bearable what we must now endure.

*Agnes Dunaway*  
Agnes Dunaway

## ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?

"Your editorials are a nuisance. We ~~inten-~~ 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."

(From an anonymous writer.)

The original idea of this newsletter was to give you news about your pals. In order to do this we must depend on you for much of our information. Right now we are sending you every bit of that type of news we are receiving.

Do you agree with the above?

If you do — won't you do something about it and send us a note about yourself?

Also, our circulation department has a tremendous job trying to keep our mailing lists up to date. The only way this is possible is with the cooperation of all of you boys. Let us know, please, when you are moved to a new location and at the same time let us know what you are doing.

STAFF OF "THE SOJOURNER"

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Aviation Cadet Erwin "Bud" Dallman was second prize winner in a recent squadron insignia contest. He entered a design in the contest which was forwarded to one of the chiefs of the Army Air Force in Washington, D. C. A check of \$10 was sent him.

"I would enjoy at this time a little of the rains that the fair T.R. has been getting lately. It's been so long since I've seen any, I wouldn't know how to act if it happened", writes S/Sgt. K.D. Mac Donald at Rice, Calif. With the sand as a floor and the Mojave Desert as his home for seven days, he wrote, "The game of war is on and so we are waiting for orders. The size of the enemy indicates we will be retreating so an enjoyable week of excitement is in store for us."

"I am now on maneuvers in the desert in California. We found it pretty tough at first, but we are used to warm weather by now as we've been out here for almost three months", writes S/Sgt. George Lahoy from Rice, California. He has also spent some time in Los Angeles and has seen several movie stars.

Pvt. John R. Krause completed his basic training at Fort Warren, Wyoming. After four weeks of infantry training, he was put into a motor maintenance school four more weeks. There he was taught the whole construction and fundamentals of the army trucks, how they work, what they're made of and how to repair them. After that he went to an advanced school working on trucks in use. Now he has been sent to Fort Sheridan for special work in mechanics. John says he likes his work and is trying to earn a good rating.

Inducted into Uncle Sam's fighting forces only a little more than a year, Roger Zuehl is now a master sergeant. He entered service in June 1941 and is now in a regimental supply office in California after serving at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for more than a year.

We were very pleased to receive Pfc. Robert Gagnon's letter from "Somewhere in Australia" in which he suggested a name for the paper. As we already have a name we cannot use it, but we can provide him with the following address which he requested:

Sgt. Harold Dean, 20646684  
409 Bom. Sq. H. A.A.F.  
93d Bom. Gp.  
A.P.O. 634, c/o Postmaster  
New York, New York

Pvt. Warren "Red" Barrett, 837th M.P. Batt. Dow Field, Bangor, Maine, writes that he thinks our paper is the best he's seen for the interests of the boys in camp. He's an M.P. and he says they are called any name under the sun, but without them nobody could get along.

"You printed in your last column to let you know what's cooking. Well, here Deep in the Heart of Texas all I can say is heat. It's a long way from the best climate in the world that you people enjoy in Two Rivers," writes Pvt. Les. Stanull, Anti Tank, Camp Swift, Texas. "So far the Army is what you make it. I like this life, but there are some hard days ahead. We'll all hold our thumbs and do our best, and we surely will win."

Drilling in the rain on several occasions has convinced Pvt. Ivan Klein, Patterson Field, Fairfield, Ohio, that Wisconsin climate is superior to that of Ohio. Among other things Ivan has mastered the art of eating icecream with his fingers. He enlisted as a ground mechanic in the Army Air Corps.

From San Antonio, Texas, A/C Norman F. Hodek writes the following: "I have finished my exams here and classified as pilot. Hope to enter preflight school soon." Norman notified us of his change of address and we hope all of you will do likewise when you are moved.

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Dear Staff,

After reading the paper that I received, I find that a few of the fellows who are also in E. T. O. are now in France. I was in France on D-day, and we sure did get in some hot places with the Germans. I think coming down was the worst because they were waiting for us, and all I can say is it was plenty hot.

Yes, I think France is nice, but I think Holland has it beat. When we jumped here the people came out to meet us and tell us where the Germans were. In France, the people just won't say anything to help us out.

Well, I guess I've rambled on long enough, so I will say good luck to all my friends in the service and keep the paper coming. It sure is nice to get it over here.

Pfc. Ambrose Allie,  
Somewhere in Holland

Dear Staff,

I've received three copies of your paper, so I guess it's time I got around to telling you thanks. It's really a wonderful paper and I enjoyed all three of them. Now I can look up some of the boys when I get to their location. I've seen a lot of service men in the last couple of months, but so far I haven't run into any boys from Two Rivers.

In closing, I would like to say "hello" to all my friends, especially "Rocky".

Ensign Eugene Le Clair,  
c/o Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

When the Sojourner arrives, the other fellows enjoy it as much as I do, which is a great deal. They think it is a unique idea and wish that their home towns would do something of the sort.

I had the good fortune of seeing Donald Koeser and Gladwin Kresheck some time back. It certainly did seem good. Heard that Don is back in the states at last. When I saw him, he was really "sweating it out." As for Gladwin, I could mention his location but you know these military secrets. All I will say is "Glad, stay where you are and we'll be having a chat again soon."

I managed to hit a good outfit when I landed here some eight months ago, and I was satisfied with what I found. It originally was a National Guard Co. from Connecticut and Rhode Island. The fellows are really swell to work with. Many of the "old blokes" are leaving on rotation and furlough now after being overseas 32 months. I hope that it won't be too long before all of us can once again return to the "Coolest Spot in Wisconsin." Then we can do the things we dream of in connection with Two Rivers.

If any of you would care to take time to write sometime, I really would appreciate it. That goes especially for Shorty, Roy, Marv, and the fellows I was inducted with. I promise to answer soon. Time does get heavy once in a while, so why not use it to the best advantage.

Guess it is almost time for ye olde sack again, so I will have to close for tonight. Keep up the wonderful work with the paper. We really do enjoy it even though it may be delayed some months. 'Til next time then, Ta-Da.

Cpl. Roy Ney,  
(Somewhere in New Guinea)

Dear Staff,

Received the fourth issue of your morale builder yesterday. I feel ashamed not writing sooner. I've been in Italy for ten months now, and I haven't seen a soul from home yet.

I read the article written by Robert Prue and so did a lot of the other fellows. Here's some of the questions we'd like to ask him.

1. Does he know there is more than one road leading in to Rome from the south?

2. We want the proof of his being the first one from Wisconsin to enter Rome. (As recorded for history).

3. What outfit he is in, and the time and day they or he entered Rome.

4. Explain receiving outfit. Is it M. P.? We have never seen a receiving outfit when we enter a town. It's usually Germans that welcome us.

5. What was it, a thirty caliber shell that hit the rear end of the jeep?

6. How could people throw flowers into the cars going forty miles per hour?

7. What did the tanks do while you were calling for the tank destroyers?

One of the fellows suggests he stops reading "Superman" stories and write some for the comic books. Rome, being an open city, was not defended like some of the other cities we have taken. I think Cassino was the one defended the most. As far as me arguing who was the first to enter Rome, I'm more interested in seeing who will be the first to enter good old Two Rivers. Prue or Daetz.

I am in an anti-tank gun crew, and we had about ten gallons of wine on our trucks that the people of Rome gave to us. We didn't drink much as one needs a clear head to outwit the enemy. We just got off the lines again for a few days and are going for clean clothes and a needed shower. In the meantime, keep up the good work and keep the paper coming.

Pfc. Albert Daetz,  
(Somewhere in Italy)

P. S. Would like to get a letter from Robert Prue answering our questions.

#### WE'RE SO SORRY — —

You're probably wondering about the inconsistency of the Sojourner staff in first printing and then not printing the complete addresses of the fellows who write the paper. We're sincerely sorry to have to do so, but we have a very good reason for discontinuing the practice.

About a week ago we received a "friendly" letter from the Office of Censorship in Washington, D. C., advising us (as if we didn't know) that the enemy is still very active and that by printing the complete mailing addresses of the servicemen we might possibly disclose troop movements, etc. Accompanying the letter was a twelve page booklet just packed with rules and regulations which made their point very clear.

We're quite sure you can understand our position, but if there is an address of someone in the service which you would like to have, please don't hesitate to write the staff. We will be more than happy to oblige and send it to you.

Dear Staff,

Your paper has kept up with me all over the United States, and the August issue reached me at our fighter base here in Belgium. It sure is nice to get so many messages from all of the fellows and girls we used to know. I have yet to see a better "home town" paper for service personnel.

I'm ordnance officer for a P-47 squadron. We were the first fighter squadron to operate off French soil after the invasion and believe me, we worked. Our homes were fox-holes, and our evenings were almost as bright as day due to the artillery fire and the anti-aircraft action.

Our squadron received some rather nice publicity in a recent issue of a national magazine. Censorship regulations prohibit my naming the magazine.

I believe Lt. Col. Matt F. C. Konop expressed the feelings of most of us over here in his letter in the August paper. This entire battle has proved, beyond a doubt, our ability to work together no matter how disagreeable our part may be.

I was glad to see that Lt. "Bud" Boretsky got in on the Shuttle Raid to Russia. I met Bud in England on my way to the Ninth Air Force. Keep up the good work, Bud.

So far, I haven't met anyone else from Two Rivers. Sure wish I had someone here to help me tell about the home town. No one even believes me when I tell them how cool it is and when I mention the Summer Snow Festival. Well, that's when they walk away with a sad shaking of their heads. Guess they just can't believe there is a place as nice as that.

France is a beautiful country, especially Paris. However, I believe Belgium is more modern. I like to visit Brussels as much as any place we've been to yet. There's just one place I want to visit now, that's Two Rivers.

I have to close now and take off to the chow hall. "Hello" to all the fellows I know, and good luck to all the boys all over the world.

Lt. Phillip D. Boose,  
Somewhere in Belgium

Dear Staff,

Arrived here pretty much in one piece the night of the fourteenth. Spent the night in town at the Waves Barracks on Tropp St.—looks like a hotel! Was very much impressed as I walked to chow Sunday morning and discovered the barracks are so close to water. After being in Kansas for a year, that huge bit of H<sub>2</sub>O really looked good. I came out to the Navy Yards Sunday morning, and honest to Pete, it reminds me of the yards at Manitowoc. It's a little larger of course.

The hospital is huge and it's beautiful—Spanish architecture with a patio a block square. The building is white with a red roof. Scenery surrounding it makes it very attractive. Our barracks are white also and they don't look any more like barracks than does the White House. It's really "all reet." Once again I sleep on beauty rest mattresses. Don't quite remember the art of crawling in an upper bunk, but it'll come back to me—I hope.

The chow is very good although the old timers here think differently. At least we eat off plates and not tin trays as I've been doing. Maybe eating off a plate just makes it seem so good to me.

The duty is 4-0. Couldn't ask for better. I am the

lone physio-therapy student, and I'll finish the course January 15 if all goes well. It is interesting, but I had no idea I had to study all about electricity, too.

Monday night we walked over to Pier J and went aboard one of the army hospital ships in port. Well, for the first time in fourteen months I actually can realize I'm in the Navy. There are ships of all kinds in port and sailors to go with them. Most are French, Canadian and English boys.

Charleston isn't large or clean, but it reeks with history. Going to take in all the historical spots one of these weekends. I believe there'd be more chance for excitement in Two Rivers than in Charleston.

I'm on barracks' watch till eleven tonight, and the time is going too slow. I'm tired as all heck, which makes it worse. Anybody from Two Rivers in S. C.?

Charlotte Jaeckel Johnson, PhM 2/c,  
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Staff,

Once again with big smiles may I say that I find myself closer to home. It will be quite some time before I am actually home due to further treatments. I will say this though for those who are taking part in the different games overseas, that I had the privilege here sometime ago in September to visit some of the war plants in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Two Rivers. Yes, good old Two Rivers. The home front is doing a splendid job.

The little paper with so many valuable words in, is sure a favorite back home. Some of the boys may meet my brother Leslie who is somewhere in France. Good luck and best wishes to you all.

Harvey Gauthier,  
Veterans Admin. Hospital,  
Wood, Wisconsin

Dear Staff,

Through your paper I get a lot of news from good old Two Rivers, and how I wish I were there. I'm someplace in France and I have been here about four months but have left the states six months ago. The weather here is just about the same as you have back in Two Rivers.

I can't tell you very much about my work for the censor cuts out almost every little thing. From your paper, I see that there are quite a few boys over here that I know. I haven't been very lucky in meeting anyone.

Best of luck to you and all the boys in the service wherever they may be. It's time for work again, so I'll say "Au Revoir", which means so long and good bye.

Pfc. Cyril S. Walotkiewicz,  
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

I finally have my permanent address so I hope that you will now continue to send the Sojourner to me. I've missed it an awful lot. I'm working in dental maintenance out here and like it okay. I sure will be glad to get back to good old Two Rivers. I'd like to say "hello" to my brothers, Cel and Felix. Also John Henfer, Jerry Gunderson, Lee Andrews and Ned Slocum. I'll be waiting for the paper.

Lawrence J. Antonie, Ph. M. 2c,  
(New Hebrides)

Dear Staff,

I have been receiving the Sojourner for many months, and I can't express my appreciation adequately for the privilege of having my name on your mailing list. It's a real treat to read about all the young men and women in service and their whereabouts.

I can't say I'm too thrilled about "The Athens of the South", but my work is interesting, much more so than at Chanute Field, Ill. We are caring for all overseas casualties. It is astounding to observe the high morale the boys come back with, regardless of how badly they are wounded. Most of the boys are anxious to tell us of their experiences, and the stories I have heard would make interesting reading. The Purple Heart is just a small way in which Uncle Sam can show his gratitude for the bravery of his boys.

Recoveries are nothing less than miraculous for some, but that is only the physical angle. The real test comes when the boys get their discharges and come home. They will have to rehabilitate themselves with their handicaps, and that's when the people back home will have a chance to do their part. But I know the boys from Two Rivers won't have to worry about that, as the people there have always shown 100 per cent co-operation in all their rehabilitation programs.

We specialize in Orthopedics at Thayer, a most interesting field, and have about thirty wards for bone cases alone. I have charge of two such wards. The other twelve wards take care of general surgery, medical cases, neuropsychiatric and communicable diseases. All in all, it's an excellent hospital, and I'm happy to be here.

The South is far from what I expected. No one can beat Yankees for hospitality, and as far as food is concerned, I'll take Northern fried chicken any day!

I'll miss being home for Christmas, the snow, and the fun of selecting a Christmas tree, but it's trivial in comparison to what all our boys overseas will miss. All I can say is that I hope everyone will do their best in this Sixth War Loan Drive and help get the "kids" home for Christmas next year. That will be a happy day for all.

It's time for me to go on duty, so I'll close. My best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Victorious New Year to the staff and all my friends at home and overseas.

Lt. Lorraine R. Becker, A. N. C.  
Nashville, Tenn.

Hi Friends,

I decided I didn't want the Sojourner chasing me all over the State of Alabama before I got it, so I better send my present address even though I won't be here for the next issue.

I've been at four different fields since I started cadet training and sorry to say they've all been in Alabama. This has taken about a year, so that should make me a legal resident of this state. I'll be needing a passport to get back to Wisconsin, but that's where I'm heading.

I certainly enjoy your paper, and I believe it's the only one where everyone reads everything in it. I wish the best of luck to all the boys and especially to my cousin, Vic Sager.

A/C Roger G. Sekadlo,  
Craig Field, Selma, Ala.

Dear Editors and Sponsors,

Well, what do you know? I received a copy of the Sojourner today, and I was pleasantly surprised to get it. Of course, I can't blame you as I didn't send my address. I'm sorry, but I've been very busy, and I mean busy.

First of all, I was sent to Ft. Sam Houston, Texas, then to Camp Blanding, Fla. This is a recruit training center. That means a lot of work. The group we have now is graduating Saturday. They are happy about the whole thing and I don't blame them. The training is really rough.

Since coming here, I've met Lt. Karl Ulrich who was with me in New Guinea. It was pleasant meeting since we have so many things in common. He is the only person I've met from home down here. We got caught in the hurricane, but escaped most of the fury of the storm. We happened to be on bivouac for over a week at the time. We were very fortunate.

During my furlough at home, I had the pleasure of meeting some of the staff, and I must say you are doing a swell job. Keep it up.

Sgt. Norbert Krey,  
Camp Blanding, Fla.

The Sojourner,

I have never been much at letter writing, but now and then when some special occasion arises, I tackle the job. A few days ago, I met a Two Rivers lad. His name, Gordon Le Clair. It so happened he had a Sojourner with him and offered me a look at it. I had never known there was one. I glanced through it, and there in bold print stood the names of several Two Rivers' friends of mine I have often wondered about.

In this October issue, I found the names of Pfc. Don Sauve, Cpl. Lloyd Wilker, Pfc. S. T. Shesta, Oliver Schlueter, Marvin Zoerb, and none other than the old pill roller himself, S/Sgt. Edward J. Vieau. I sat down on the spot and read the paper from cover to cover, word for word. I promised myself right then I would never be without this wonderful piece of literature as long as it was printed. It is grand to know all these boys are safe and still love good old Two Rivers. The truth is I do, too. So fellows, until we meet on our home streets, thumbs up, buddies, and many pleasant Sojourners to you.

Pvt. Robert A. Bauers,  
Camp Gordon, Johnson, Fla.

Dear Staff,

You know, there's nothing better than something from home or the hometown. We get papers aboard, but they are a little out of date. As you can see by my address, I'm stationed aboard ship. We get the best food there is. At least, I think it's good. I'm getting to be an old salt, as the sailors would say. I used to get sea sick, but that's all in the past. It really is a funny feeling, as many of the boys can tell you.

Thanks for the addresses of Harvey Gauthier and Russell Welsh. They were good buddies of mine, and I hope to get in contact with them as soon as I finish this letter. Tell Mr. Schmeichel not to overwork himself. Two Rivers, I imagine, is cold right now, but I can think of colder places to be.

Pvt. Jimmy G. Zielinski,  
c/o Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sojourners,

I am offering no alibis whatsoever as far as my not writing sooner to your wonderful paper. It is just plain laziness, I guess. I am still in New Guinea, but am not proud of it. What they are fighting for on this place is beyond me. It would make a good place to send a lot of draft dodgers; however, I agree there's an idea of what this war is about.

Don't let this advanced base stuff throw you. I am in an ordnance outfit. It's the best branch of service, we think. (Personally I love the Air Corps). I was accepted a few months ago for A/C training until Uncle Sam thought he had enough pilots. It would have meant the states for me.

I don't know when I am going home. I have fifteen months overseas now. I am eligible to go home when I have eighteen months, but by that time I don't know where I will be. My brother, Bud, expects to be home soon from the Aleutians. He has over two years up there in the Aleutians, so he is certainly due. I am holding my thumbs for him.

I was very glad to hear that Lt. Lyle Dallman was awarded the D. F. C. Congratulations, Lyle.

I would like to explain to the V. F. W. about my not ever returning a membership blank. I appreciate it very much, but I am not a Veteran of any foreign war. When those Nips let loose with a few rounds headed in my direction, then I will consider myself a Veteran. Perhaps I am considered a veteran on paper. As far as stars and service ribbons are concerned, I don't know if I am even eligible for any. If I am, I don't know how many. Those "Queens of Battles", the infantry and the Air Corps are the veterans. I don't know how some of the other fellows feel about this, but that is my version of it.

In closing, I would like to say "hello and good luck" to all my friends in service. Keep up the good work on the newspaper, girls. You're doing a swell job.

Pvt. John H. Otis,

(At an Advanced Base, New Guinea)

Dear Staff,

I'm in jolly old England and having a wonderful time at the present anyway. I'm on guard duty tonight so thought I just had to write to thank you for thinking of me. I'm living on a large old English estate, and my living quarters is a large manor house with a swimming pool and an open cocktail bar—ahem. They have some good ale and apple cider here, but I like the beer at home better. I'm hoping to see some of the home town boys here. Thanks to all for your splendid work on the paper, and a Merry Christmas and New Year. Best regards, Mr. Schmeichel.

Pvt. Wesley Lesperance,  
Somewhere in England

Dear Editors,

Even this old soldier has to admit it's a very fine paper. I am now completing nine years with the regular army, with six years of it in the Pacific Islands. I've been overseas this time four years and expect to get home sometime next year. I met my brother here, John Weber of the U. S. M. C. R.

To all my friends in the service, let's make our first days in Two Rivers, every day a party when we get back.

Cpl. Cyril A. Weber,

Mariana Islands

Dear Staff,

The last time I wrote to you I was stationed in Florida, which was about two years ago. Time sure marches on and so do we. Here I am, somewhere in Germany, wishing I were back in England. The sun would shine there at least once a week. By the way, I'm writing this in my cozy fox hole which is a very nice one. When it rains, it leaks, and when it doesn't rain I haven't got time to fix it. That's war.

Still all in all, I think I was very fortunate for being among the first troops to parade through Paris. The people were very happy to see us, just as we were to see them and their beautiful city. In closing, I wish the boys and girls all the luck in the world and hope to see all of them soon back in good old Two Rivers.

Cpl. Harry R. Zik,  
(Somewhere in Germany)

Dear Staff,

I must say we have been very busy up here and was wondering if we were fighting this war all alone. It seemed that way, working us ten and fourteen hours a day.

I guess you, the staff, spend much of your spare time getting this little paper ready each month. It sure does bring many of the service men and women of good old Two Rivers together. I know I have found out where a few of my friends are like John Paulow, Louie Paulow, Joe Wachowski and many others. I would like to say "hello" to them, and to keep up the good work wherever they may be now.

To the staff, keep up the good work. Like the song goes, "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet", keep the Sojourner flying and we'll be quiet.

Sgt. Patrick L. Day,  
c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Staff,

Your paper is different. It's a paper a guy really enjoys reading. I think I should tell you a little about some of the things I've been doing for the last thirty-nine months. About twenty-four months were spent in the good old U. S. A., the remainder overseas. I've been in North Africa, Italy, and now in France. I don't have to say that there isn't any place like home, although one does see some interesting things and places. I'll take the Cool City any day, the place I hope to come back to.

Homer Zarn and I aim to catch us one dandy together back there, say at Two Creeks or the Rustic Inn. I met him during our long stay at Anzio, the hottest spot on earth. One other fellow I met since being overseas is Paul Konzik, a boy from Tisch Mills. I'd sure like to meet more of the fellows from back home. It's fun to get together and talk over the old times. I'm sure there are some near, but it's hard to find them if you don't know their addresses. I'd also like to hear from any of them. I'm in the artillery, but I do manage to get to answer all of the mail I receive, so let's hear from you.

I'm going to close this now, wishing all of you luck and saying "hello" to all the boys from the Cool City. Thanks a lot for the paper and keep up the good work.

What about it, Homer, how about a line again?

Cpl. N. G. Peterik,  
Somewhere in France

- CONGRATULATIONS & BEST WISHES -

- ENGAGEMENTS -

Arvilla Rousse & Apprentice Seaman Joseph R. Riha  
Florence Guetschow & Pvt. Melvin R. Mandel of Camp Roberts, Calif.  
Stella Helene Pollack & Richard W. Green, Logan Square, Chicago, Ill.  
Eleanore J. Mosey & Daniel A. Buretta, Manitowoc  
Gladys Koch & Pvt. John Zakuk, Camp Polk, Louisiana

- MARRIAGES -

Mary Alkonis & Pfc. Oliver C. Lutz, Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas, Sept. 30  
Jeanette Korneley, Mishicot, & Victor Krizizki, Sheboygan, Oct. 3  
Margaret Tabbert, Milwaukee & Harold W. Rathbun, Beloit, Oct. 3  
Dora A. Heldt & Benedict L. Sommers, Oct. 3  
Seabelle Lee, Hattiesburg, Miss. & Lt. Robert E. Simons, October 7  
Martha Hall & Francis Feuerstein, Oct. 10  
Edith Joyce Klatt & Frederick John Krey, October 14  
Lillian Frasch & George Kromm, Manitowoc, October 17  
Arlene Vaclavik & Eldren LaRose, Oct. 17  
Elizabeth Jaeckel & Elmer Sand, Oct. 24  
Lorraine Anne Johnson & Daniel Karl Leider, October 24  
Vida Rymer & Russell D. Anderson, U.S.C.G. October 10

Lois Freye and Eunice Hawkins will be the first Two Rivers' girls to be in Uncle Sam's Service. They have both passed their examinations and are awaiting their calls to the WAAC and WAVES respectively.

Lois is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Walter M. Freye, 27th Street. She is a graduate of the Washington High School with the class of 1939 and was formerly employed in the juvenile department and offices of the Hamilton Mfg. Co. Her brother, Wallace, has served in the Navy for six years and is now radio man, first class, and is at Great Lakes Naval Training Station, after an extended period of foreign duty.

Eunice is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. L. C. Hawkins of Whitelaw. She graduated from Washington High School with the class of 1935 and is at present employed at the office of Consumers Coal Co.

- ENLISTMENTS -

Earl F. LeClair, Navy  
John A. Kott, Navy  
Chester B. Avery, Marines  
Willard Birr, Navy  
Roland Dampier, Air Corps  
Warren Gauthier, Army Air Corps  
Lois Freye, W.A.A.C.  
Ivan Klein, Armored Air Craft Division  
Harry Haidl, Air Corps  
Eunice Hawkins, WAVES

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- OCTOBER IN TWO RIVERS

Oct. 1 - September bond drive in Manitowoc County again went over the quota  
Oct. 3 - Big business for preachers today - four weddings.  
Oct. 5 - Remember? Cards beat Yanks to become new world champs  
Oct. 6 - All efforts fail; tavernkeepers will not be allowed to have slot or pin-ball machines.  
Oct. 12 - Columbus Day; we observed it by closing banks, city hall and stuff  
Oct. 13 - Car-pooling drive begun  
Oct. 14 - Cookie learns first swear word from Dagwood (last part of Boulder Dam)  
Oct. 15 - Now at Fivoli: "Sergeant York"  
Oct. 16 - Pheasant season opens tomorrow.  
Oct. 17 - Tip to mess cooks: To soften cookies, place a lemon in the jar.  
Oct. 19 - Women welders begin working at Manitowoc shipyards.  
Oct. 20 - Apple sale--various kinds, \$1.49 per bushel.  
Oct. 21 - First surprise blackout held here but warning signal unsatisfactory.  
Oct. 22 - 2500 watt street light bulb falls to street, but, believe it or not, does not break!  
Oct. 24 - Eunice Hawkins first person from Two Rivers admitted into the WAVES  
Oct. 25 - 61 days until Christmas  
Oct. 26 - We are informed that two days after Thanksgiving Day they will start rationing our coffee.  
Oct. 27 - Navy Day observed by the launching of another mine sweeper at Manitowoc  
Oct. 28 - 54 men from Two Rivers pass draft examinations; leave us practically desolate.  
Oct. 29 - Use of high school bus for transporting athletic and forensic teams banned after Nov. 15 for the duration.  
Oct. 30 - 1934 Pontiac with very good tires for sale; what am I bid?  
Oct. 31 - Hallowe'en; did you have fun?



--- WAY BACK WHEN ---

Our grandmothers talked about the "good old days". Our mothers talked about "Remember when". Now we look back to the days when Two Rivers wasn't a "Girl's Town" -----

Remember way back when:

Men were riveters, machinists and welders -- women were stenographers, salesgirls and housewives. (Prediction for the future: rolling pins no longer used by wives to make their husbands come to time. They'll be accustomed to handling hammers. Men, beware. Keep your tool boxes locked.)

Women were the only ones who had "dish pan hands". You don't get to use "Ivory" for your dishes, do you, K.P.'s?

Sugar wasn't just a word in the dictionary. Results: No good-sized candy bars. Women lose weight (we think). Get time and one half for overtime.

A cup of coffee was looked upon as something common. Remember how you used black coffee?? Result: sale of Bromo Seltzer rises.

When dates were something besides the things used in making cakes and cookies. (What are cakes? Bitter, isn't it?)

When cars zoomed down highway 141 and we got to Manitowoc in five minutes flat. First they took our tires, then our gasoline, and now 35 miles an hour -- soon we'll all ride in air conditioned buggies, inso?

When women wore skirts. Ha Ha. The time has come when the women wear the pants in the family. Boys, if you could only see the little dears from the r### (censored). Of course, you know that a woman doesn't do anything without reason -- and we do have a reason -- no silk stockings. Those lively slim limbs have added width -- reason: baggy knees and wrinkled ankles in rayons.

Isn't it lonely to reminisce over those "good old days"? We aren't complaining, boys, but it's fun to remember, inso?

THIS 'N THAT

Applicant: Sir, I have neither pencil nor paper.

Officer: What would you think of a soldier who went to battle without a rifle or ammunition?

Applicant: I would think he was an officer sir.

Notable Americans get their faces on our paper money. The rest of us try to get our hands on it.