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Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, February 1945

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The Sojourner

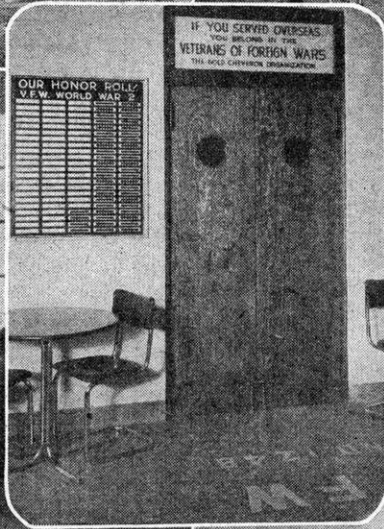
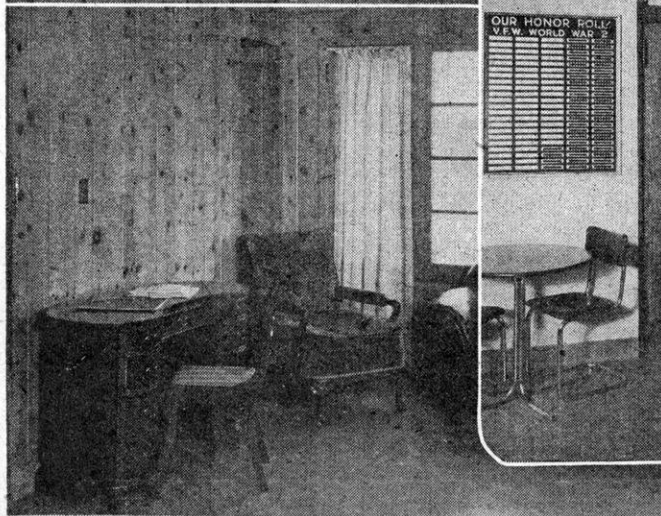
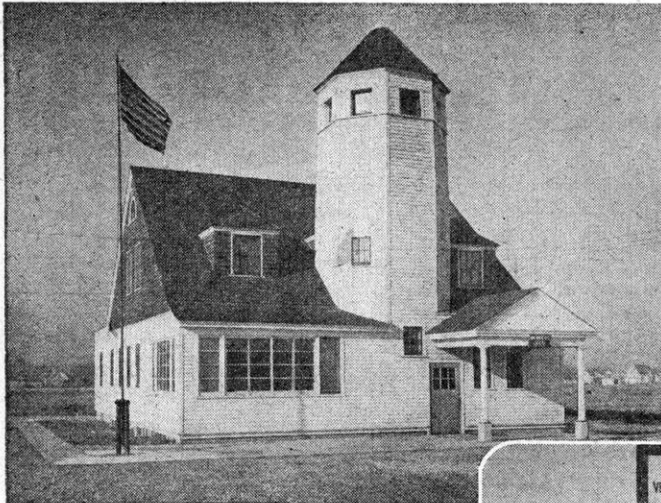
Dedicated to our Native Sons and Daughters Serving in the
Armed Forces of our Country



Volume IV

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, FEBRUARY 1945

Number 2



THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—

The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

To the Staff,

Well, I am now somewhere in the Philippines and haven't as yet received that newsy little paper. It's been four months since I left the good city of Los Angeles. Guess it's my fault, because I haven't notified you of my change of address.

If there is anyone else over here from the good old home town I would be glad to see him or try very hard to find him. Had a swell trip covering most of the Islands between here and Los Angeles. Spent a good deal of the time sick, by that I mean sea sick. All the rest of the crew was in the same condition. What else could be expected in a hundred and twenty-two foot boat called a L. T. meaning Large Tug. We are known to be the only all army crew to cross the Pacific. Old Tojo would like to have this place back so it's a bad habit of his to be dropping bombs all around here every day and night. Once in a while they get awful close and I do mean close. The weather here is terrible—always raining. It's their rainiest month of the year. Miss that cool city and all the beer that's made there.

Pfc. Lester Haag,
 Philippine Islands

Dear Staff,

In the last four months our division has taken special training in three camps here on the coast. Two of the camps we have been in twice. You can see from that that we are really doing some traveling.

It is sort of hard to believe that back in Two Rivers it is pretty cold and snow covers the ground. Here we are enjoying the sunshine. So far it hasn't rained much.

The last four months we have been taking amphibious training. We did quite a bit of work with the Navy. We even went on a cruise for about a week.

Well, guess I'll say "hello" to Jack Dreger, Ed. Kiep, Joe Mraz and the rest of the boys wherever you are. Keep up the good work. Oh, yes, for fellows who know me, I am no longer a resident of Two Rivers. My folks recently moved to Port Washington.

Pfc. Bill Geske,
 San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I have just received my first edition of the Sojourner, and of course I'm hoping it's not the last. It will give me a chance to look up some of the boys. I want to say "hello" to some of the boys, Jerry Gunderson, and the Hungry Six, Archie Gloe, Ell Hempton, and Dede Diedrich. I now find where Bob Lahey is. I left him at Fort Sheridan almost two years ago. How's E. J.?

Keep the paper flying to me.

Cpl. Gordon Miller,
 Somewhere in France

Dear Friends,

The last time I wrote I happened to be leaving the Panama Canal enveloped in censorship. Now it can be told—so to speak. The address at the top of the letter tells about all there is to tell according to the Navy. I just wonder how many other fellows from home are somewhere nearby. The Sojourner is a friendly little paper with a double purpose. Firstly, it brings to us far-away lads the hometown news, and secondly, it informs us as to the whereabouts of other G. I.'s.

The last issue of the Sojourner that I received contained the pictures of the famous baseball players, such as, "Schoolboy Rowe". Two Rivers was really honored. I showed the paper to my buddies in my division and they were pleased with it.

Recently, I received a letter from Albert Albrecht from "somewhere in France." He informed me that Kenny Owens was there too and that he hears from him. I haven't heard from Kenny for the longest time now. I am just lucky enough to be way out here with a fellow I met at the shipyards back home. He is Lester W. Hacker from Valders and he is in my division. Both he and I and a few other fellows are on watch this bright sunny afternoon. Our enemy haven't been active as far as air raids are concerned. When we first came here, air raids came like clock work. Was fun to see the enemy get shot down and everybody would cheer and yell as another "Rising Sun" sank beneath the waves after a comet-like descent from the sky. I imagine that some of my friends in the other sections of the world have better and more exciting stories to tell than I. We can do this sometime when we all get together again.

My old Buddy, Arthur Swoboda, is in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, unless he left just recently. I've written him two letters now and I hope he gets them because I have asked him about fifty questions.

A fellow sure manages to save money out here as long as he doesn't get in the numerous games that occur after every pay day. I will be able to send some more money home again after this next pay day which is tomorrow.

Every once in a while we have beach parties which are more beer parties than anything else. It's a welcome change though. I swam in some inland rivers and drank cocoanut juice. Between that and the heat I became very much inclined to lay down somewhere and recuperate. The sandwiches we eat make Dagwood Bumstead look silly. Incidentally, we do get to see some pretty Filipino girls here. They and their families are always ready and willing to trade Japanese invasion money for anything we give them. Well, I'll be seeing you and so long.

Milton Lester Kanitz, S 2/c,
 Somewhere in the Philippines

Dear Sojourner Staff,

This is just a note in telling you I have announced my engagement at an "open house" Christmas party. The man is Lt. Joe A. White of the Army Air Corps. Both of us are very happy and hope we can tie the knot before I return this spring. India is a land of wonders and I have sure found it out. Regards.

Lt. Elsie Engelland,
Somewhere in India

Greetings, Staff,

First off I want to say I'm in sad shape! Day before yesterday I received the Sept. issue and today the December issue. In the meantime, I'm still looking for August, October, and November. Uncle Sammy is slipping, I'm afraid.

The last time I wrote I figured on being home—for Christmas maybe. Oh, yes, how disappointed one gets in this army. I was to be on my way four months ago by virtue of completion of the required amount of Hump hours. Well, I'm still here. The fourteenth of this month makes eighteen months in Assam. Can't say I've done too badly in eighteen months though. I came as a Pvt. and will leave a S/Sgt.—providing I don't get busted. How very easy to do in this army. Also going home with an air medal and cluster, plus a D. F. C. and cluster. One thing good about the D. F. C. and cluster, they pay \$3.00 each. Good for a few brews—eh fellows?

I haven't quite given up hopes of leaving here for the States yet, but I'm far from an optimist any more. Had I been an officer (pilot), I would have gone home four months ago when I got my time. (Had to get that gripe in someday.)

I see the boys sure have gotten around a bit in this war. Best regards to you all and may we all be home soon. A little celebration in Neshotah Park seems in order! How about that?

Say, if any of you guys land in Karacki, Calcutta or Bombay, how about signing in at the Red Cross? If I have to stick around here much longer, I may land a trip down there and we can really paint the town red. Leave your full address in their "Stateside" book.

I guess I'll hit the proverbial "sack" and get in about forty winks. May have to get up in the "blue" tomorrow again.

S/Sgt. Norman E. Walecka,
Somewhere in Assam

P. S. Hey, Tony Kostka, how's about writing, kid? Long time no hear, and I don't have your address since you moved. You got mine?

Dear Friends,

Good old Two Rivers must sure look bare these days with practically everyone in the service. Let's hope some day we can all celebrate again, in those good old places, Curly's, Blue Ribbon, Waverly, Bucky's and many others. I was sure surprised to know there are so many of my friends over here in England and France. Hope some day I can run across one of them.

We sure did have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It didn't compare with the states, but we did find time to enjoy ourselves. Give my regards to all my friends in the service. Sure wish Bethel Bohm would drop me a line for old time's sake.

Elmer S. Ruelle,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I think the last time I wrote to you was when I was on maneuvers in Louisiana. Since that time I've traveled over a lot of ground and water. At present, I am now somewhere in Germany. I feel mighty guilty for not writing to you sooner.

I left the States in August of this year and landed in England. My stay there was about a month. I had the good fortune of meeting Chet Kuether and his wife. I stayed long enough to be able to go out with them a few evenings. We visited the pubs mostly. It sure was swell to meet a buddy from home. Sure wished I could have stayed there longer. I left England and went to France. I spent some time living in tents in an apple orchard. From there we moved across France in a hurry. Not so long ago I passed through the great fortified city of Metz which, as they say, our division had the honor of taking.

At present, our gun squad is living in the cellar of some German's home. It's not so hot but we manage and are satisfied. Since I landed in France we have had many different places to spend our nites. We spent some time in dugouts, living in houses and basements wherever we could get shelter. About three months ago I heard from Homer Zarn and he was in France too. Howard Le Clair is with the same outfit and so is Les Voelker. We are always a long ways from each other so don't get a chance to visit. Anyhow, right now we have a job to finish so will have to let the visiting go.

"Hello" to the gang back home. Hope to see you all soon.

Cpl. Lester Stanull,
Somewhere in Germany

My dear friends,

Your latest edition traveled across the country and back, but finally reached it's destination.. I've been moving around a little in the past five months. I am doing the same work as I have been doing for the past two and a half years of my army life.

This is the home of the B-29. I happen to be one of the ten finance men attached to the Twenty-fourth. Our duties as a Service Group are just what the words imply. We furnish the necessary services for the proper functioning of a Bombardment Group. This will be my last stop in the good old U. S. A. From here, and when, we don't know what will take place. You can bet your sweet lives, we're not going on a Sunday school picnic.

The pictures that you have been printing on the front page of your paper sure bring back memories of a lot better days. I don't know how anyone else feels about them, but I wish you would continue this practice.

They call this Smoky Hill, and they weren't kidding one bit. Due to the coal burning stoves they have here, the name fits to a T. Well, I guess it isn't too bad. No doubt my next stop will be slightly on the rougher side.

To think that I was stationed at Fresno, Calif. for about three months and never dreamed that anyone from Two Rivers would be stationed there. So you can imagine my surprise when I looked in the paper today and happened to see the letter sent to you all by Cpl. Lloyd Wilker who happened to be in the Base Unit Band there. Poor guy, he has my whole hearted sympathy. The Indians can have that place. Well, that's enough of that.

Sgt. John Smongeski,
Salina, Kansas

Dear Staff,

You all know what a God-send we consider the Sojourner, so it would be a waste of words, space and time for me to attempt to express my appreciation of the big morale builder. I wouldn't miss an issue for the world, and those pictures of our three favorite hang-outs in the November issue vividly brought back many glorious memories. I know it did for Don Walters, Ken Kappelman, Roy Wilker, Owen Clayton, "Mike" Hanson and all the rest of the Two Rivers "rounders", too.

Speaking of those pictures, I had my first drink of beer last night since before leaving the states. At this post our ration allows us to purchase eight cans every ten days, and I was lucky enough to get good old Schlitz. Hope I'm not making any of the fellows thirsty, whose location makes it impossible for them to get some of the golden fluid, but we'll make up for it the day we all return to good old Two Rivers, won't we, gang?

While I'm on the subject of drinking (wonderful subject, isn't it?), I spent Christmas on a transport—hence no intoxicants, and I can't tell you where I was New Year's Eve, but I didn't even get to smell a cork. This was the driest holiday season I've ever lived through.

I'm really glad to hear that some of the old Army fellows, who have spent from two years upwards overseas in places like New Guinea, the Aleutians, Iceland, Alaska, C. B. I. theatre, E. T. O., the Navy islands of the South Pacific, and all of the other out-posts of this "multiple-front war", are finally being rotated. They have all certainly done their share and deserve all the free time the government will give them back there. It's time fellows like myself, who have spent two years or more in the states, get over here and try to add our bit to the big job to be done. Don't get me wrong, fellows. I'm not one of these glorified flag-wavers, and I don't enjoy being thousands of miles away from home any more than the next fellow, but I think all of us should get a little of it and not let the entire load be carried by a few.

I fully agree with Johnny Otis when he says the boys in the infantry are the real veterans, and I think they deserve all the credit we can give them. They're surely doing a wonderful job on all fronts. Johnny, outside of the actual flying personnel who are performing wonders, and, of course, their direct ground crews who keep 'em up there, I don't think the Air Corps is any better or deserves any more credit than any other branch of service. I know, as I am in the Air Corps, and have been for the past two years or more. I'm a "lowly supply sergeant", and fellows are doing just as good as I am, if not better, in all the other branches of service. The Air Corps consists of all classifications from a 521 (basic soldier) to the most experienced pilot, and just because a fellow wears an Air Corps shoulder patch, he's no more deserving of credit than any other person in service. At least that's how I feel. I'm not trying to pick an argument with Johnny Otis, as that may be the way Johnny feels too. I'm just attempting to explain how we Air Corps fellows feel. I think the Air Forces in general have been the subject of too much praise, when they haven't been doing any bigger job than any other branch of service. This has been the cause of some ill-feeling in other branches of service toward the Air Corps. I hope this letter will inspire a more friendly relationship between all branches of service. We need just that to finish this job up in a hurry so we can all

return to that good old branch of service—civilian life again.

I didn't mean this letter to be a lengthy public debate, but I've been wanting to express my opinion on the above subject to the other branches of service for a long time. I'm glad I got it off my chest, and I hope the censor doesn't cut it all to shreds. I want you all to read it.

To cut this letter short, I'm in India temporarily. My permanent address will be somewhere in China, India or Burma. Haven't seen much of it yet, but will in the next couple of years, I imagine.

Lots of luck to all you guys and gals wherever you are. Keep up the good work. Would like to hear from anyone in C. B. I. especially.

Sgt. Bill Weix,
Somewhere in India

Dear Bill—Al Malley speaking from the linotype. Enjoyed reading as well as setting your letter. The staff is surely grateful for the letters sent in by you boys and gals, that's what makes this little paper possible. To the boys and gals who are hesitating to write on account of their spelling, etc., don't let this bother you, as all letters are edited before publishing. Bill, for your information, my son, Al, Jr. is in England.

Dear Staff,

This is Fort Douglas, and, as everyone can expect, it is a G. I. camp. The Saturday morning inspection just becomes a habit. Everything looks spick and span. The company commander is always on the "beam." Nothing in the matter of "dust" can be forgotten. Just do forget something once and never will you forget it again. Why? On a nice week end you could be enjoying yourself and having a lot of fun, but instead of that you find a K. P. week end. That spoils a week end pass. If one stays on the ball, one finds out that it is quite easy after all.

Pvt. Lawrence Pellerin,
Ft. Douglas, Utah

Dear Staff and Friends,

It seems I had to get overseas before I got enough ambition to write. Will not alibi, but instead will go on with my brief report from here in the Chateau "Somewhere in Luxemburg". The travel till present can easily be traced. Over the waters on the famous "Queen Mary" to the British Isles. A view of Scotland and England was enjoyed and especially a pass to London. A brief stay there and then to France, Belgium and the steady pace was ended here. The next objective is plainly seen and do hope it is very soon. Things do look quite rosy, and it won't be long before we will all be back in Two Rivers. Being in the same division with some of my Two Rivers' buddies makes it quite all right.

The biggest gripe is held against the lack of incoming mail. Your copy of the Sojourner certainly is a welcome and greatly appreciated issue. It plays the part of many letters and contains a lot of news. A hearty "hello" to all my buddies in the different theatres of war and friends at home. Signing off for the present. Rest assured that I'll be looking forward to your next copy.

Cpl. Joe Menchal,
c/o Postmaster, New York

Dear Staff,

Being Thanksgiving Day and having holiday routine this afternoon, I finally found enough time to write a few lines. Gosh, the paper sure is swell! Good old "Carp Town", full of friendliness and hospitality. I left the southern hospitality a few months ago, but it couldn't even turn pages for our good old Two Rivers.

Being in the industrial part of the Navy, I hope I can be able to tell you soon the wonderful work that's being done out here. It's really on the ball. Referring to geography, this is quite an interesting place to talk about when I get back home.

As for recreation on "libertee", this base has every convenience to occupy a service man's mind in the dull moments.

Going back to the subject. When there's any conversation of each man's home town and state, I really get the boys going when I tell them of Two Rivers' snow ball fights in July. That really gets 'em! Two of my shipmates from Chicago are coming down some day for the event, the good beer and cheese.

Ben Sommers, E. M. 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

I've been stationed here at Kearns for the past twenty-two months so any of you Two Rivers boys that have passed through Kearns for just a week or two haven't anything to complain about. Maybe I just found a home. Don't laugh fellows, it isn't funny.

I'm in the medics and at present working in the dental clinic. So far it's all been very interesting and educational to me.

I, like all you other fellows, am waiting for the end to come so we all can come back to good old Two Rivers.

In closing I wish to remind all you fellows who have never written the Sojourner to write a few lines. I know everyone enjoys reading the paper, especially letters from your pals.

How about writing, Earl Gates, the Berger boys, and the rest of you fellows?

Pfc. Clarence Schepper, Kearns, Utah

Editor's note:

Thank you very much, Clarence. We appreciate your plea for more letters.

Dear Staff,

I was very glad to receive your paper again. I have moved. I am in France now and came here on D-day of the southern invasion. I am still in combat and haven't much time to write. France is a beautiful country. There are many trees here that remind me of the good old home town, and the climate is about the same. This is my longest period in combat—over 100 days. I have only had three days of rest out of that. I have been overseas now nineteen months and sure am hoping I can get back soon. The war in France from the southern invasion was mostly an inconvenience war and that is our job, but now that we are getting more resistance we are helping the infantry with their work and that is not as good. It is more dangerous.

The Sojourner sure keeps me posted on all of my old pals and also news from Two Rivers. Keep up the good work and all of us will be seeing you soon again.

Pvt. Robert Prue,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

I just got back from France, a place which I enjoyed very much. The way things look now, I hope to be home soon. While in France, I never met anyone from the home town except Alvin Ploeckelmann. He was doing the same kind of work I was, only he was on a ship and I was attached to a land base. I knew there were a lot of fellows in France the same time I was, but I never saw them. My brother and I were together all the time over there, but now he was put on a bigger ship.

I want to say "hello" to all guys in the service, and hope that I get to meet some soon. Until the next issue of the paper, I'll say, "So long."

Richard Deprey,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Friends,

I'm still in Italy and had the opportunity to visit Rome sometime ago. Sure had a swell time seeing all the things we'd read about in history and literature. The Coliseum and the Panthenon, the old Roman walk, the ruins of the Roman forum, the Catacombs, the old bridges over the Tiber river, including the ruins of the bridge Horatius is supposed to have defended, and we also saw some of modern Rome. There were a couple of good stage shows with dialogue in English and Italian for the benefit of the soldiers.

Wish to say "hello" to any of the old gang from Buckys. If any of them are in Italy, I wish they'd drop a line to me in care of you.

Pfc. Don Sauve,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

Since I wrote last, I've done quite a bit of traveling. I was stationed in France for a while and have been in such cities as Cherbourg and Caen. Next I went to Belgium. The best part of that deal was that I got a pass to go to Brussels. That city is a soldier's dream of any city back home. They sure treated us swell there. Next I went to Holland. I saw a little action there. Now I'm inside the Siegfried Line somewhere in Germany. It isn't bad here except that the mud gets pretty deep at times. If it isn't raining, it's snowing. The ground froze the other day. It makes it easy to walk on, but hard to dig in. I hope all you other doughfoots are doing all right by yourself. Keep it up.

Sgt. John Paulow,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

Once again I take the pleasure to write you all. I want to let you know that I am well and safe somewhere in the Pacific. The weather out here still remains very warm.

On September 19, just a day after my birthday we took the Island of Anguar. Through heavy bombing of the Island and rifle fire we have killed many Japs that were caught off guard. Our doughboys did a swell job in getting after the Japs in their heavily built pill boxes. Our amphibious tanks also knocked several pill boxes before they used any lead on us. Yet we have to keep a watch on many snipers that were left in the caves **after the battle.**

Pvt. Clarence Duvall,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I have been in the army twenty-seven months. The paper brings back many happy memories of civilian days in the good old Cool City. How I wish I were there now to walk through snow instead of mud. It rains every day on this Island, and I do mean rain.

When I was in the States on maneuvers, I thought it was tough, but after the campaigns on Ulithis and Peleliu, maneuvers in the States were picnics.

You probably read of the "Wildcat Division" and the progress they made to help end this war. Well, that's my outfit and I'm proud of it. I spent a month on the front lines hunting Nips. You know what Nips are, don't you? They are a combination snake and human being. The Japs are cunning, dumb, crazy, and I don't know what else to call them. One Jap will crawl within five yards of your position without being noticed, then all of a sudden a hiss and an explosion, his grenade blows up in your face. Another group of Japs will yell, "Banzai" and charge while still fifty yards from you. We like that. It's like shooting birds in a shooting gallery. They are hard to figure out and hard to kill, too. Did you ever see a six foot Jap? The Japanese Imperial Marines are all big fellows. Seeing is believing, and I saw them.

I'll be glad to get back to civilization once more, and I hope it's soon. To the fellows and girls overseas, I wish you all the luck in the world and pray for a safe return. To the Stateside servicemen and women, I hope you are never needed over here to fight. To the folks at home, just keep the home fires burning, that's all we ask.

Pfc. Orlin Belonger,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Note: Kindest personal regards to you Orlin, and to all the boys and girls in service. You're doing a great job. Enjoy setting your letters for the Sojourner. Save some strength to pound that big drum when you get back.

Sincerely, your linotypist, Al. Malley

Dear Staff,

Maybe you know where 1944 has gone. I swear I never lived such a full year. It went by too quickly. There were so many things we should have accomplished that were left undone. Maybe we can include them in our New Year's resolution to be sure they are taken care of. What say, kids?

Christmas here was a lovely affair—far nicer than I'd planned. The Red Cross gave a dance for the patients Xmas night, and it was fun. Spent most of that weekend with the boys listening to how and where they spent Xmas last year, and sharing their joy of spending this holiday season in the states.

My husband is spending eight days in Charleston and arrives tomorrow. Needless to say, it is starting the New Year right for me. When we all get home once again, if anyone mentions Charleston—beware! I'll bet any amount that every leaf that ever fell from a Charleston tree is still laying in the gutters. The streets are trashy and smelly. Oh, Two Rivers, if only—yeah!

The weather is great. Hasn't gotten really cold yet and I'm enjoying it. There is nothing to compare with a Carolina moon, and I know now what Nelson Eddy means when he says "Neath A Southern Moon."

My work grows more interesting each day. I have two weeks to go and I will have completed my course in Physio. Hope to heaven the Bureau sees fit to plant

me in Brooklyn. Then—. It's a far-cry from Wisconsin, but asking to be sent near home is like asking for cigarettes when they haven't got any.

A few days later.

Really spent a grand weekend. Jim and I saw all of this lovely (?) town. If you're interested in historical activity, you'd enjoy the place. I do go for that, but one likes a little gaiety at times.

We are getting ready for an Admiral's inspection, and these household chores are really like fall housecleaning, but it's fun. Monotonous though.

Charlotte Jaeckel Johnson, PhM 2/c,
Navy Yard, S. C.

Dear Staff,

In the past week, I have received four copies of the magnificent paper, of which the December issue was the latest. I had been told I would get this paper and had been looking forward to receiving it for some time now. So you G. I. boys and gals can understand how overjoyed I was to get four copies in one week. I want to thank the staff and all the people who make it possible to send this delightful paper to the four corners of the earth.

A group of Badger boys organized a Wisconsin Club here in C. B. I. land about a year ago, of which I'm a member. There are a number of Two Rivers lads who belong to the club also; so if we ever get together at one of the club parties, I'm sure we will have a good bull session about the old home town plus a few bottles of some delicious amber fluid.

In closing, I'm wishing the best of luck to all the fellows and gals in the service. Hope we can all celebrate next New Year's Eve back in good old Two Rivers where there is plenty of wine, song and—

Cpl. H. H. Tirner,
Somewhere in India

Dear Staff,

Yes, the Sojourner is the best little paper I ever saw. It's just like receiving a letter from each one of the boys and girls. I have found that out, because it was the first big letter I have received in over three weeks, and it has raised my morale somewhat.

I have been over here in France for a few months now, and do like it a little better than I did England. Not as much as I would like to be in the Coolest Spot in Wisconsin. Sometimes I wonder if a place like that still exists, for it has been so long since I have been there.

I haven't met any one from Two Rivers since I have been overseas. I hope to someday though. I've been to Paris several times and had a very good time. That's a big place and still I haven't met any of the boys. In Paris you really can have a good time. If anybody has been there, they know what I mean.

Well, Bob Beduhn, you are working with a good plane. I know, I have worked with them for nearly two years and have flown in them too. Loyd Rice, I hope to hear from you pretty soon. As you know, it's been some time since we have heard from each other, but I hope to see you again pretty soon.

Lights are due to go off pretty soon, so I guess I'll hang it up for tonight.

Cpl. Roman F. Zywicki,
Somewhere in France

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . .

1945 came in a clear, brite day . . . 8 persons were injured over the holidays in road accidents . . . Fire loss in city very high for 1944 because of Monkey Ward fire, etc. . . . Southern California defeats Tennessee in annual Rose Bowl game . . . Two Rivers' first dog veteran, Laddie, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Jaeckel, returns home.

Freddy Brick who operated the Brita Center in Manitowoc, opened a new restaurant on Eighth Street . . . Harvey Gesell named head of Veterans Training under N. Y. A. plan . . . Sub-zero weather and we have 18 below . . . Flash fire at Hansen-Senglaub garage results in \$40,000 loss . . . Hubert Wentorf named President of Vocational Board . . . Elks begin a book collecting campaign for Merchant Marines . . . Capt. Frederick Reinhardt cited with D. F. C. (He's home now) . . . Raiders feel loss of Eddie Rozmarynoski, who left for the C. G., when Kewaunee defeats them 49 to 35 . . . The question of a local airport is almost the main topic of discussion . . . 21 county persons granted citizenship papers Jan. 10.

Slightly over three tons of tin collected Jan. 12th . . . Dogs dig up supply of meat stored in backyard of southside resident . . . John Gesell, well-known local resident, claimed at 77 . . . Report shows city had less crimes in 1944 . . . "March of Dimes" for infantile paralysis fund opens Jan. 15 . . . City has its first blizzard, but it doesn't last long . . . Council votes to send Police Chief to FBI school at Washington for three months . . . Scout Handicraft Show to be held Feb. 11-12.

East side kiddies play store with real and make-believe dollars—and then burn it all—Heavens to Betsy! . . . Last of subs, U. S. S. Mero, launched at Manitowoc . . . New "Brown-Out" order bans all outside store and sign lighting . . . Raiders lose third successive game to Depere 24-18 . . . Farmers asked to use war prisoners on farms this summer . . . Stephany Drug Store sold to Henry Kronzer upon death of Mrs. Stephany Hamilton . . . Raiders defeat Oconto 33-32—Ah, finally! . . . Mrs. Frank Miller receives \$150 prize in cookie recipe contest . . . Ten and a half tons waste paper collected in city.

Circulation of library books boosted in 1944—that proves we're staying home and reading more these days . . . Income tax clinics begin; yes, that time is rolling around again . . . Purgolds on the beam again and defeat stubborn Cherrylanders 19-18 . . . Excitement reigns on Manitowoc southside when skunk makes stink and is chased by police . . . New depot at Manitowoc is opened Jan. 7th and it has been suggested that we warn you that it's way out in the woods—so don't be too surprised when you hit it while on leave! . . . Motorist delivers blazing car to fire station here—jes' can't imagine why! . . . And with clear, cold days we bid farewell to January, the first month of the year of our Victory! (We hope.)

NOTICE

It's so very important that more of you men and women write to the Sojourner. We've already used letters reserved for the March issue to fill the customary eight pages for this month's issue. Unless we receive more and more letters, we will, of necessity, be obliged to cut the paper to six pages.

We have received some very good letters from persons who have adopted Two Rivers as their home town. Couldn't some of you who have lived here all your lives do even better?

ENGAGEMENTS

Jane Wavrunek and Sgt. T. I. Purcell, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Edith Barnes, Manitowoc, and Tech. Sgt. Henry Rusboldt.

Jacqueline Engle and Francis Rehrauer, U. S. N. Phyllis Virnoche and Peter J. Stathis, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Muriel Tauschek, Manitowoc and Sgt. Arthur Hofert.

Mary Jane Fearey, Pekin, Illinois and Pvt. Richard A. Walters.

Anna Mae Kelliher and Vincent J. Posvic.

Verna Schultz and Leonard J. Ernst, EM 1/c, Bertrand, Neb.

Lieut. Elsie C. Engelland, A. N. C. and Lieut Joseph A. White, A. A. C., Kansas City, Kansas.

Kathleen Dill, Manitowoc and Arthur A. Kimmes, U. S. N.

MARRIAGE

Ann Soethe and Ernest Stripling, U. S. N., Brunswick, Ga., Dec. 28.

Sgt. Roy J. Albright and Ethyl Scotford, England.

Edna Buhk and Joseph Mahlik, January 6.

Bette Jane Olien and Pvt. Leland A. Webster, January 18.

Dorothy Schwartz and Kenneth G. Hall, U. S. N., December 24.

LaVerne Reimer, Mishicot and William Bruckschen, January 27.

Barbara Talbott, Indianapolis, Ind., and Roy E. Beaton, January 28.

Virginia Nelson, Manitowoc and Pvt. Melvin Mandel, January 30.

ENLISTMENTS

U. S. Coast Guard Reserve—Donald Hoffman, Eddie Rozmarynoski, and Elfrieda Kohls (Spars).

Waves—Doris Wolfe.

INDUCTIONS

U. S. Navy—Leo Joseph Lintereur.

U. S. Army—William Eugene Mueller and Robert Edward Schiman.

Since our last publication, the following veterans of World War II have joined the local VFW Post bringing the total to 312:

Lorton J. Paul
Andrew Hack
Bück W. Bertram
Ernst Kienbaum
Arthur Heaney
Joseph Virgili
Eugene Kopetsky
Mark T. Gagnon
Edward A. Luebke
Clement Wachtel
Robert Zarn
Stanley Filliez
Clarence Schultz
Leonard Scheer
Albert F. Malley, Jr.
Adolph F. Shedivy
Melvin Kappelman
Frank Ploeckelman
Alfred Wavrunek
Ray Dombrowski

Joseph Barta, Jr.
Mark Lyons
Thomas M. Moore
Marvin Jebavy
Elmer Ruelle
Francis R. Lodell
Eldon S. Rollo
Holgar M. Nielsen
Donald R. Meinecke
Eldon Behrens
Francis A. Tomcheck
Thomas J. Clinton
William A. Zeddies
Francis J. Simono
Harry McFall
Roland Beitzel
Roland Malkowski
Albert F. Hansen
Gerald Lesperance
Lester W. Stanul

Membership of VFW Post Here Increasing Rapidly

By Kathleen Dufano and Maryon Lintereur

For a year and a half now the local VFW Post has been our financial sponsor, and we wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere gratitude for their assistance.

Perhaps many of you have only a vague knowledge of how the Post was founded, and for this reason we are very briefly sketching the organization and progressive growth of the Post.

Today, Eleven Gold Star Post No. 1248 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars is one of the largest and most influential organizations in our city. Few people thought this would be the case when on August 30, 1924, nearly 21 years ago, a small group of veterans set out to organize what is today considered one of the wealthiest posts in the State of Wisconsin.

The rules for membership were, and still are, simple. All one had to do was to engage the enemy on any foreign soil or waters for which the Government furnished a battle clasp.

There were thirty-one of these men who were willing and eager to undertake the task of building up this post from nothing but their own ingenuity. Selected as the first Commander of the Post was Fred A. Lintereur, with Joe Benesch as the first Adjutant.

Led by these two enterprising officers, the men who were determined to build up one of the best Vet's clubs in the state went out and purchased a building from the City of Two Rivers. This first club house was located on Lake Street.

As in all fields, the women decided that it was time that their voices be heard. So in 1936 the Ladies' Auxiliary was organized and Mrs. Catherine Lonzo installed as its first president. The Auxiliary provides many afternoons and evenings of social enjoyment and assists many local charities. Any woman who has a son, husband, brother, or father who has served or is serving overseas is eligible to join the Auxiliary.

After a number of years the old building proved inadequate because of increasing membership. Therefore, in August, 1943, the Veterans moved their belongings to the remodeled Coast Guard building, donated to them by the United States Government.

In their new home, the Vets found an ideal club house, complete with tavern arrangements in the basement, modern kitchen equipment, club quarters, lounge and office as shown on page 1.

From the original number of thirty-one, the club membership has steadily increased through the years until now in 1945, 130 of the men who fought in World War I have become members. A prominently placed Honor Roll lists the names of over 300 Veterans fighting in World War II. When many citizens of Two Rivers began clamoring for a chance to enjoy the facilities of the club house, the "associate member" plan was introduced. Under this plan, over 600 associate members have been approved by a general committee, and help to swell the crowd consuming those famed fish and chicken lunches.

As in the past, the outlook ahead is bright, for today, on every one of America's far-flung battlefronts, veteran stretches out hand to veteran in a fellowship that encircles the globe.

"So Proudly We Hail" - -

Somewhere on the Western Front there moves a Herman's half track by the name of "Sojourner", and in this half track there ride three men from Two Rivers — Paul Bouda, Harry Gross, and Art Boness.

"Some coincidence", you say? Sure! but one that has a very logical explanation.

It seems that all the vehicles in this group have names starting with "S". On the day the afore-mentioned half track was to be named, one of the boys received his issue of the "Sojourner".

Upon seeing it someone suggested naming the vehicle after the paper — and that's how our little "Sojourner" became the proud owner of a namesake.

So, if any of you fellows happen to come across a half track that answers to the name of "Sojourner", be sure and stop for a visit with the boys riding in it, and if you have time will you say "hello" for us, too?

Dear Staff,

It makes a fellow feel good to read about the fellows he used to go out with back home. I was always hoping that I'd meet some of them, but I never did. There sure are a lot of them around here and I'm keeping my thumbs crossed.

There isn't anything that I could say about my operations around here, but I sure would like to tell you. One thing that did surprise me was about Jerry Gunderson. I met the ship he is on, and if I would have known it, I would have gone to see him. The next time I see it, it won't take me long to go and see him. At the present, we are just hoping we'll be back in the States for Christmas, but it's beginning to look pretty slim.

It is nearly time for me to hit the sack, because I feel pretty tired after playing a few games of basketball this afternoon. Now that I know where some of my buddies are, I sure will be looking for them if I ever get near them.

Harold J. Krizizke, S 1/c,
c/o Fleet Post Office,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

Just received your November issue of the Sojourner, which had some nice pictures of some of the local taverns. It sure brought back old memories. Talking about taverns, that reminds me that we've been getting quite a bit of Wisconsin brew of late.

After being separated from my old buddy, "Christ" Christoffel, a little over a month, we are back together. The reason causing this separation was that Buddy was wounded on Peleliu. I didn't find this out till some time later. I had quite a few close calls myself, and for the first few days I thought I'd never live to see Two Rivers again. This weather around here doesn't make it seem very much like Christmas. It's plenty warm with the temperature averaging about eighty-five. Best of luck to all you fellows.

Pfc. Loren Klein,
Southwest Pacific