



The sojourner. Volume III, Number 10

October 1944

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)

Two Rivers, Wis.: Civic Understudies, October 1944

<https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/7VUR6NW5L5PGK8R>

This image cannot be copied or reproduced without the written permission of the Lester Public Library. For information on re-use see:
<http://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/Copyright>

The libraries provide public access to a wide range of material, including online exhibits, digitized collections, archival finding aids, our catalog, online articles, and a growing range of materials in many media.

When possible, we provide rights information in catalog records, finding aids, and other metadata that accompanies collections or items. However, it is always the user's obligation to evaluate copyright and rights issues in light of their own use.



The Sojourner

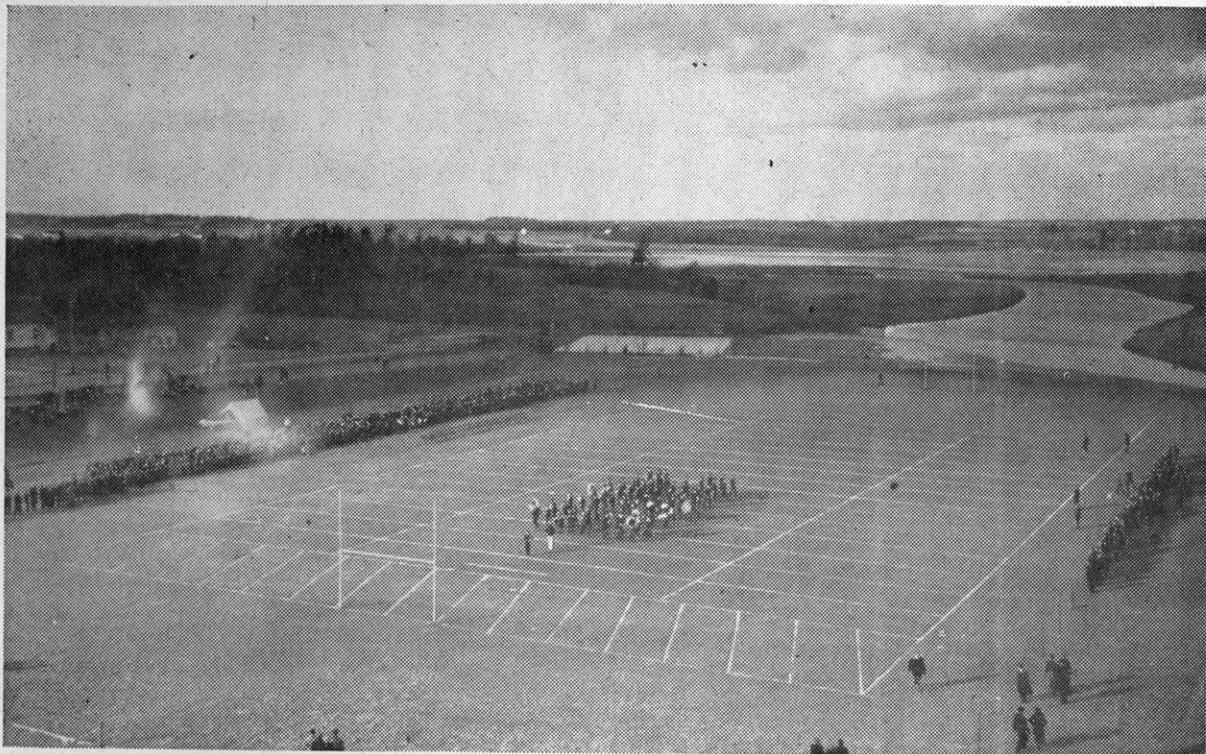
Dedicated to our Native Sons and Daughters Serving in the
Armed Forces of our Country



Volume III

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, OCTOBER 1944

Number 10



Photo—H. S. Camera Club

HOLD THAT LINE!

"Let's have a skyrocket for the team. Are you ready?" These words resound through the bowl as the football game begins. Players run onto the field, colorful in their purple and gold sweaters. The band under Bill Jones' direction, breaks into a peppy school song. The whole scene is one of excitement and color. The crowd was always ready to release some energy for a morale building yell at a football game, especially if it was led by some of our well known cheerleaders: Joe Prucha, Roman Wisniewski, Earl Schneider, Caroline Zlatnik, Ruth Lintereur and Avis Hawkins.

When the Golden Air Patrol went into action, the town folks would turn out in droves. We didn't always have a beautiful bowl in which to hold our games. Do you remember when we'd have to trot out to the Schmitt Golf Course for games, or when they were held at the playgrounds? Why, the spectators were practically on top of the teams.

Every year there are new and outstanding players who make a name for themselves. Many of the fellows have to live up to the fame and reputation that brothers of theirs have established before them; for instance, the Stanul family: "Lodgo," "Steve," and "Stosh". All three of them were stars. Our acquaintance with football doesn't take us back to some of the earlier football stars, but we're sure you remember them even if we

don't. We began to take an interest in football when such players as "Greg" Hallada, "Bud" Blattler and "Dudley" Borusky were making names for themselves.

In 1936 the football team consisted of such players as "Cel" Antonie and Harold "Tonto" Czechanski who were unanimously awarded positions on the All-Division team as tackle and fullback respectively. High individual scorers were "Cel" with 81 points and Mark Cope with 43 points. Other outstanding players of that year were Frank Blahnik, John Neiner, John Gross and Eddie DeRoche.

The following year the team is quoted as being "The scrappiest team in the history of the school." Being heavily outweighed in every encounter, the team still finished in third place. Individual scorers for 1937 were Lenny Kenville with 24 points and Blahnik, second with 12 points. "Jr." Vertz, center, was Two Rivers' contribution to the conference team. Let's not forget the red-haired player "Butch" Prucha; nor "Bubs" Hess, Everette Hamernik and Pat Day.

It was in 1938 that three of our players made the all-conference 2nd team "Butch" Bauknecht, end, was an A-1 pass receiver; "Loddie" Krueger, fullback, was a superb defensive player; and "Rabbit" Hasheck was named the smartest quarterback in the conference. It was in this year that they had such famous players as "Popeye" Scherer, "Chummy" Strohm, "Spike" Ander-

(Continued on page 7, column 2)

THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—
The Civic Understudies

School of Vocational and Adult Education

Gertrude Doncheck	Editor
Gladys Schaden	Associate Editor
Katherine Hasheck	Feature Editor
Jeanette Bonfigt	Columnist
Ruth Feuerstein	News Editor

CIRCULATION—

Marie Klein	Manager
-------------	---------

Anita Tegen

Edith Palzer

Ruth Waskow

Maryon Lintereur

Rose Marek

Marjorie Stanull

E. J. Schmeichel	Adviser
------------------	---------

Veterans of Foreign Wars	Sponsors
--------------------------	----------

Printing	Vocational School Print Shop
----------	------------------------------

BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

I just picked up the August issue of the Sojourner to see if I missed anything. Guess I didn't, but I decided as to where I would like to be. Naturally, it was with the Sojourner staff on a picnic, and I think I may even settle for a coke. Boy, what a time a lone sailor could have with a coke and a group of gals such as that on the front page of that issue. As it is, there is no leave in sight. We do go over to some island occasionally and enjoy a couple cans of green beer.

I happened to meet a couple of my old buddies a short time ago. Lewis Klein and Art Heinkel came over to the ship together and we had a swell time. It sure was swell to see some of the old gang once again.

B. M. Allie, MM 2/c
 U. S. S. Chester A. Div.
 c/o Fleet Post Office
 San Francisco, California

Dear Staff,

I've been receiving your paper regularly, but just never got around to putting in my two cents' worth. It's a wonderful paper and all the fellows in the armory enjoy it as much as I. In fact, they hardly give me time to finish reading it before they grab it.

It gripes me sometimes to read the letters from the fellows in the states who complain about the weather and the climate. Do they think we care to read about how tough it is to be in California or Florida when it's warm or when it's raining. I'm sure that if they could have some duty overseas they would gladly take any kind of weather just so it's in the U. S.

In closing I'll say that after the war when the East Side gang holds its first reunion, Two Rivers had better stand by for action and Ed. Kreisa and Oscar Brault had better have plenty on tap.

Hooray for Wisconsin!

Art L. Heinkel, AOM 3/c
 Division V-7, U. S. S. Intrepid
 c/o Fleet Postmaster
 San Francisco, California

Dear Staff,

I was wondering if my address would ever have fleet post office on the end, but it did happen. The Waves sort of took over Pensacola and gave me a chance to see some new country.

I met two buddies out here so far, Milt Allie and Art Heinkel. It was really nice to see them.

Lewis J. Klein, AMM 1/c, A 709
 Box 1358 N. A. S., Navy 128
 c/o Fleet Post Office
 San Francisco, California

P. S. I'm sending along a poem that I thought would be worth printing. It might help make some one smile. I could send along some pictures of pin-up girls, but the boys wouldn't be interested.

SWEATING THE LINE

By J. O'Brien, SK 3/c, Supply Department

In the good old days, when we were all in school,
 And the teacher's line was the definite rule,
 A straight line, we learned, was the shortest between
 two points,

But the lines WE sweat—have many joints.
 It's line up for this, line up for that,
 It's line up for the thin as well as the fat.
 You line up for chow three times a day,

It's line up for muster and also for pay.
 We often wonder if our line officers are not to blame
 For sweating those lines through sunshine and rain.
 Our faces are lined, our mind's in a quandary,
 There's a line at the post office and a line at the
 laundry.

The Maginot Line was the pride of France,
 You should see our stag lines, when we have a
 dance.

You line up at the barber's, you line up at the head,
 You line up for the doctor, as to the slaughter
 you're led.

When the day's work is done, and you have some free
 time,

A good picture is showing, but you still sweat a line.
 Liberty comes and we should feel merry,

The day hardly starts—we're lined up at the ferry,
 Our voyage is short, we disembark without fuss,
 When to our ears comes the phrase "line up for
 the bus."

The trip into town should be smooth and fine,
 But don't forget, mates, that old traffic line.
 We line up for a drink, be it whiskey or gin,
 You'll line up for the movies, if you expect to get in.

Line up to the left, line up to the right,
 Line up in daytime, line up at night.

When the war is over and we've all served our time,
 We will probably sail home on the Matson LINE.

Dear Staff,

The Sojourner has been coming to me quite regularly. It is a great paper in every respect and I appreciate receiving it. Always some news the friends at home fail to write about. Thanks for sending them.

Pfc. S. T. Shesta, 132
 General Hospital
 APO 503, c/o Postmaster
 San Francisco, California
 (Somewhere in New Guinea)

Dear Staff,

I guess I'm just lazy as I've never written the paper before, and here I've been receiving it for a little over a year. I'm a Navy Hospital Corpsman, now serving with the Fleet Marine Forces somewhere in the South Pacific. These Marines are a great bunch and really treat the Corpsmen swell. They call us many different names; sometimes "Doc" or another very common one is "Swabbie" because we're in the navy. Right now I'm working in a Record Office. It's nothing elaborate as I'm not stateside, but it is pretty nice right now. Of course, when we move out conditions won't be quite so nice.

In closing I'd like to say "hello" to my brother Edward somewhere in England and to Floyd Bauknecht who is also there. How is jolly old England? How about a jolly game of tennis?

John J. Weiss, Ph. M. 3/c,
Somewhere in South Pacific

P. S. Hi, Ned Slocum, don't forget to write.

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to relieve a guilty conscience and show a bit of gratitude on your brilliant work. I want to say "hello" to "Cat"—"Hello, Corpsman." Also would like to tell John Weiss that I'm in a new unit and haven't had to yell "Corpsman" yet.

I can't say where I am or where I've been due to my command and its different operations. I will be glad to get back to Two Rivers and see a white girl once again.

Corp. Ned C. Slocum, U. S. M. C.,
Somewhere in the Pacific
P. S. to Ed Luebke—That BAR will do you plenty of good.

Dear Staff,

This is the eighteenth month I'm spending in Texas, and it's getting pretty sickening. I guess I'll be here for the duration. I was lucky to meet a fellow from Kaukauna, Wis., while shaving at wash bowl No. 12.

I got a big kick out of Howard Heinkel's and Eddie Luebke's letters. They were in North Camp Hood at the same time I was. I passed Eddie on a nine-mile hike while he was doing his basic training for the first time, and I for the second. His basic in the infantry in North Hood came in handy since I see he's "totin" a BAR. The lucky boy. What gets me is Howard's break, and when I say he's lucky, I really mean it. The infantry is a great outfit, Eddie, but personally, I'd rather have my '35 Plymouth to cover ground with. As to Howard, I'll be seeing you at Al's Cape Cod Inn in December. Be sure to be there.

It was a lucky break for me when I got home this time. I was able to see most of the old gang of '41.

I imagine you'd like to know what I do during the day. Since I don't care to talk about that line, we'll just let it go at that. I could tell you what I would like to be doing, but that's beside the point. All I can say is I really miss the Juvenile Dept. at Hamiltons, and all the things that go with it. Any old Juvenile members reading this will know what I mean.

Best of luck to you all, and see you at Kreisa's pay day.

Pfc. Leo Rocklewitz,
Camp Maxey, Texas

Dear Sojourner Staff,

I am now at a camp that is a military secret. I just talked with Joe Wachowski; he said he also enjoys the Sojourner. There are a number of fellows from Two Rivers in the Division, but we are scattered out. Say "hello" to Duke Bridges and Hilary Le Clair.

Pfc. Howard Le Clair,
c/o P. M. New York

Dear Staff,

I am now serving in a PT squadron somewhere in New Guinea. We've been out here since January, patrolling for Jap barges. It isn't too tough, but any time they want they can ship me back to the States.

I had a two weeks' leave to Sydney, Australia, and all the boys had a very good time. The girls there are very friendly and most are fairly good-looking, but give me the girls in the States anytime.

Well, that's all for now. Good luck to all the boys in the service and especially the East Side gang.

Edward LeClair, QM 2/c,
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Friends,

I've been pretty busy for a while since D-Day, until last week. I guess you know we went over to France the big day, and it was pretty rough. I don't think I'll ever forget it. I was over there till last week and I'm now back in England.

I just got back from a seven-day leave and it sure felt good to go out for a change. We certainly have been all over this country already. We move around pretty fast and often, so it keeps a guy doing something all the time. I've been in this Air Borne army since I entered the army and it sure gets around.

We've supposed to be getting a raise, so I hope we get it. It sure would be swell if we got it, and I think we will.

Well, I can't tell you very much about anything yet, but maybe the next time I'll be able to. I think all of the fellows in the service will have a lot of stories after this is over. I want to take this time to wish them all the luck in the world. I've seen Jack Anderberg in England once when I went up to where he is, and also my cousin. I sure was glad to see him, because we used to go out together a lot and also played sports together. I hope the day comes soon when we can again.

Well, until next time I guess I'll be signing off. God bless you all.

Pvt. E. A. "Gene" Kopetsky,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

I'm now on the Island of Oahu, one of the Hawaiian Islands. I'm stationed but a short distance from Honolulu, and go there quite often on liberty. It's a very interesting place, and the weather here is what California brags about, but doesn't have. I've also spent quite a little spare time swimming at the famous beaches, and swimming holes along the rivers back home have them beat by a long way.

I'll close now saying "hello" to you all, and I'll be looking forward to the next issue of the Sojourner. "Aloha."

Oliver "Red" Barrett,
Oahu, Hawaiian Islands

Dear Staff,

Since the last time I wrote you, I have visited a few foreign countries and I have had some pretty interesting experiences.

The first foreign country I visited was Mexico. I went to a couple towns or villages about forty miles across the United States-Mexico border line. The thing that impressed me most was the condition in which the people live. Everything is a wreck—dirty and unpleasant. The people themselves are grotesque and queer in some ways, but in others just like human beings. The people know the United States financial status, and they knew that we had money to spend. Their line of merchandise included mainly silver jewelry, shoes, and hand woven cloth.

The next foreign soil I hit was up in Newfoundland. I saw Newfoundland and the surrounding territory from the air first, and I got a pretty poor impression of it when I first looked down on it. The terra is very irregular, rocky, hilly, and filled in by small bodies of water. The people are much the same as the people of United States. They're clean and modern in dress. The main difference is that they speak French. It's very hard to do any business with them.

While in Newfoundland, I met some Canadian and English soldiers who are stationed near an American base. While I was talking to one of the boys, a U. S. G. I. walked by with a Canadian Wac well cuddled near him. I asked the Canadian what he thought of it. He said, "Well, most of the U. S. boys have more money than we fellows do, and they also have more places provided by the government to take the girls to, so what chance have we got, and what can we do about it." Personally, I don't think they like the idea of the U. S. G. I.'s monopolizing their girls. The fellows were very nice, but I don't think they are exceedingly happy in the service.

The biggest complaint they had was the distinction and the discrimination there was between the drafted and enlisted personnel of the army. Each man had a marking or a patch on his sleeve indicating whether he was drafted or a volunteer. The fellow I was talking to was a draftee and he said that the prejudice and discrimination is so great that they're always fighting. They like the way the U. S. services are set up. There isn't any discrimination or any markings to distinguish the drafted personnel from the enlisted.

After leaving Newfoundland, I went to a group of islands called the Azores. They are located between French Morocco in North Africa and Newfoundland. The people on these islands are Portuguese. Their habits are very odd and their ideas are hundreds of years behind the people in the United States. They wear very little clothing, and very few wear shoes. Their homes are made of hard mud bricks, and the odor from the houses is enough to turn any G. I.'s stomach inside out.

From the Azores, I went to French Morocco where I saw the first Arabs. I had never seen any. They look very much like the Arabs one sees in pictures and so forth. Just like the rest of the foreign people I met. They always ask the G. I.'s for "chew gum" and cigarettes. They make a very vain effort to ask you for things so you'll understand. All they say is, "Chew gum, Joe" or "Cigarette, Joe." Everyone is G. I. Joe to them. These people were also very backward and dirty. They speak the Arabic and French languages. To see them sit around makes you wonder how in the heck

can they stoop down with their knees sticking out at a 90 degree angle for hours at a time.

The next place I went to I saw the first results of a rough war. Tunis, Tunisia, as everyone recalls, was a scene of a big battle. Tunis was full of holes and wrecked buildings. The people spoke French and like the rest of the foreigners I have met they were backward and dirty, but not as bad as what I had seen previously. Tunis is also the first city I had seen that wasn't more than 150 years behind any U. S. city.

The next and last foreign soil I visited is Italy. Italy isn't at all what I expected. I expected to see well-cultured people and modern cities. As yet, it's still the same story. The cities are rugged, dirty and hundreds of years behind any U. S. city. The people are very nice to talk to, but most of them live in dirty, wrecked and small houses or apartments. Some people live in the same house with the horses and mules. The people speak Italian and occasionally you'll run into people who speak both Italian and German. If we struggle with them and speak real slow and with our hands, we can understand and make them understand what we want to say.

We fellows are getting along fine here in Italy only we miss a few of the things we've been used to. The average G. I. will be willing to live in a fox hole, dodge bullets, and risk his life; but, oh, it's rough without intoxicating drinks, beautiful women and music. The U. S. A. has all the liquor but wine, all the beautiful women and all the good music. By good music, I mean jive. Give me the good old U. S. A. If I ever get back there again, which I'm quite sure of, it will take all the tools in Henry Ford's plants to raise one of my toes off the U. S. A. soil a thousandth of an inch.

So long for now and I hope I see you soon, in fact, very, very soon.

Sgt. Raymond C. Weber,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Editor,

I am still at Natal, there has been no change of station. Just recently this squadron had a dance which turned out very successfully. The usual Brazilian girls were invited, several Red Cross girls and U. S. O. girls were on hand as well as a few army nurses. Everyone had a swell time until 2400 that evening.

On or about July 6, I was put in for staff sergeant and shortly after I heard that the ratings were frozen. I have the chevrons ready to tack on and until (as one fellow said) they unfreeze them, I'll just have to sweat it out. Possibly next time I write it will be S/Sgt. Another request was sent in today so we shall see what develops in the next few days.

Sgt. Warren G. Gauthier,
Natal, Brazil

Dear Staff,

Right now, I'm roaming around in the Pacific and if you could only see the lovely nights we have here, I guess you would get lonesome too. I have seen a lot of action already and I will probably see a lot more before I see the "Coolest Spot" again.

I want to say "hello" to all my friends back home and tell them to keep up the good work. Hope to see you all soon.

Joseph P. Mitchell, S. 1/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco

CITY OF TWO RIVERS

STATE OF WISCONSIN

Council-Manager Government

OFFICE OF THE CITY MANAGER

To the men and women in Services:

We at home have done some thinking on planning for a peace time following the war when you G. I. Joes and Janes will come back to Two Rivers. We are interested in what you are thinking and how we can best work for you now and with you when you return.

The Post War Community Planning Committee is thinking of the jobs, homes and schools that you will want when you return. We need your help in our planning. Jot down your thoughts and ideas and send them to us.

1. EMPLOYMENT

- a. Do you plan on entering private employment? Yes_____ No_____
- b. Do you plan on starting your own business? Yes_____ No_____

What type of business? _____

2. SCHOOLS AND TRAINING PROGRAMS

- a. Do you plan on further schooling or enlisting in one of the training programs? Yes_____ No_____
- b. What form of training do you prefer? _____

3. COMMUNITY RESOURCES AND ACTIVITIES. What are your suggestions?

4. ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS: _____

Sincerely yours,

John P. Hoffman

JOHN P. HOFFMAN
City Manager

Dear Staff,

I arrived here at Santa Ana on June 4. Previous to that, I spent short stays at Arizona State College, Amarillo Army Air Field, Texas and Fort MacArthur, Calif. Uncle Sam called me into the service January 12 of this year.

On this base, I have finished my general and advanced pre-flight schooling. I should ship out for further training next month, September.

I have received the past Sojourners, most of which have been sent to me through my wife. She is living in Glendale, just forty miles from here and working at Lockheed Aircraft Co.

A/CPaul Shedyiv,
Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I can't say that I'm being worked too hard. I do know that an Australian built ship is not as good as an American ship, but it floats and that's all that matters.

Herb Klein, 2nd Eng.,
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco

Dear Staff,

Since my basic in Florida, I was shipped to North Carolina and have been in that state since. After six months of airplane mechanics school in Goldsboro, N. C., I was shipped to Asheville, N. C. and after a few months to Charlotte, N. C. Here I became assistant-crew-chief on an A-20 and have been here since. It's the Third Air Force so I guess I'll never get out of the south. We train combat crews and when we ship them out they take the "big hop."

Down here in "Boggie Land" there's no doubt about it that half the people are still fighting the Civil War. Charlotte is a really swell soldiers' town, but I'll take one square block of good old T. R. for the whole city any day. I saw a few tobacco auctions last fall and by the looks of things, I'll still be here to see some more this year. They are really interesting. Yes, Luckies do buy the best, but I saw the experts smoke all brands.

I would like to take this opportunity to say "hello" to Pat, Kenny, Rosy and all the rest of the class of '41 and I hope to see you all soon. As you can see by that you-all stuff, I've been down yonder too long and I sure hope to move soon.

Pfc. Bob Beduhn,
Morris Field, N. C.

Dear Staff,

I am in Italy at the present for the second time. It's a lot better than Africa, but there is still no place like home. I was lucky to see most of the towns of importance such as Naples, Sorrents, Mt. Vesuvius. But no matter how much one sees over here, it never can compare with Two Rivers.

I want to say "hello" to Mr. Schmeichel 'cause many a time I wish I were back in his print shop. There are a lot of fellows here from Two Rivers, but I have never seen one since I have been in the army. I hope to see them all in Two Rivers very soon. It is time to hit the sack so I wish you all "good luck" at home and in the service.

Pvt. Bill Boness,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

I just came back from a ten day leave. I still am stationed here in Brooklyn, and I like it very much, because of such things as Coney Island, the swell parks, U.S.O. clubs, etc., but not the women.

At the present time, I am working here in the ship fitters' shop. Most of the work deals with sheet metal work, welding, general maintenance about the whole base. I am striking for a ship fitter's rate, but seeing I have a coxswain rate it is quite hard to change over from a right arm rate to a left arm rate.

A while back I met Vernetta Lesperance from Two Rivers who is stationed in the WAC here in New York. I had the pleasure of eating dinner with her and also a couple of her friends at the hotel where they stay.

Gibby Cherveny was down a while ago from Rhode Island, and we had a swell time here in New York together. John Henfer was stationed here at the base with me for a while, and we really had some swell times at Coney Island. John was sent to Virginia lately, and I sure do miss him.

I sure will be happy when the day comes when I can get to some of those swell east side parties with all the boys like Milt Allie, Kenneth Jacoboski, Al Gates and all the rest.

I have the duty tonight so will sign off, but before I do I would like to say "best of luck" to all the boys and especially to all the boys "over there" who are really doing a swell job.

Any of the boys who are in or around New York, look me up.

Robert "Bud" Timm, Cox.
Brooklyn, New York

P. S. Boys, there still is lots of beer in Two Rivers, because I was just home.

Dear Staff,

Boy, there sure are a lot of fellows from back home that are here in England. I am in the same camp here with two buddies of mine from back home. One fellow's name is Kolberg and the other fellow is Henry Rusboldt. Kolberg is an armour on B-24's and Rusboldt is an engineer gunner on the B-24's. Just yesterday I gave the Sojourner to Kolberg and when he gets through with it he is going to give it to Rusboldt. Neither of them gets the paper.

Well, I guess this little letter will have to be enough for this time, so as they say here in England, "Cherrio."

Pfc. Gerald Kruse,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

Some time ago, I wrote that Francis Miller was about 150 miles from where I was at that time, but now I believe I'm just about sixty miles or so from him. When I get in port, I haven't time to go there or otherwise I would have.

I guess we'll be doing the same thing now until we head for the U. S. A. and I don't believe that will be for a while yet, but when that is I hope I can head for Two Rivers for a while.

Guess there isn't much else to say except, best of luck to all the boys.

C. J. Jerabek, S 1/c,
c/c F. P. O., New York, N. Y.

Dear Staff,

I am in Normandy someplace, and it isn't a bad place. The climate is much better than that of England. There are no towns to go to, no pubs to visit, for all the towns as of yet are out of bounds to us around here.

Some of the boys are picking up their French quick. The chief drink around here is cider, there is no wine. That is, we didn't find a place to get some. The Frenchmen say the Germans drank it all.

Most of the towns, I should say all the towns that I've seen, are in mines. We've seen a lot of German equipment that has been left behind and some of the boys have some German rifles, helmets, etc. Thanks a lot for the paper—I enjoy it a lot.

Sgt. Robert Zarn,
Somewhere in France

Dear Staff,

Well, here I am writing to you from the lovely and lonely South West Pacific. I've been all over this South Pacific. I guess after the war I will spend my vacation over here on this Island, because I know it pretty good. I wish I could tell you where I am, but that big man always likes to stop you from writing what you would like to write about. The name of that big man is "censor."

Pfc. John W. Mancel,
Southwest Pacific

Dear Staff and the boys,

Yes, I guess it's about time I get down to a little writing. I've been in the service now for 16 months and for the last nine months I've been wanting to write to one of the swellest little papers that I look forward to getting the Sojourner. What I write and how I say it is always a problem. To make a long story long, here goes. First it was Induction Center, Fort Sheridan, Ill. Second it was Training Center, Fort Lewis, Washington. Third it was maneuvers in Louisiana and Texas. And now its ? ? ?

Induction Center at Fort Sheridan was really a honey. Remember, boys, how one was on the go every minute of the day. First from home, bewildered, homesick, garrison rations, sign here, and the long awaited walk between the two doctors when you were hit at the same time one in each arm. Yes, and how clumsy those barrack's bags were when we were fitted out at quartermaster. I laugh every time I think of it all. It was all so new.

My stay at Fort Sheridan was but a few days. They found clothes to fit me—after I spent a small fortune later on to have them altered over.

My next place was Fort Lewis, Washington, Training Center. What a time! Infantry basic, advance, division maneuvers and corp tests. Basic is one I'll never forget. "Hurry up, you're on your own time," is all that one heard. The rest of our training always depended on if we would pass the last one or not. Washington is a beautiful state, but as we all know our army camps are always in the far corner of any state. However, at Lewis we weren't far from the cities of Tacoma, Olympia, Seattle or Portland, Oregon. Transportation was good. Yes, those good old week end passes.

After we left Washington, we went to Louisiana and Texas for maneuvers. We were maneuvering all around

Camp Polk, La., and around the Sabine River which is the border line between La. and Texas. I can't say much of the two States except that they are sandy, full of swamps, mosquitoes, and snakes. Colored people are about all one sees. I had one break between problems in Texas. So I took a trip to Beaumont and Port Arthur. Texas does have pretty little cities. The people are very hostile. It's either, "you all, can I hep you, or honey child."

Just a line in regard to flowers. The roses one sees down south are really pretty. All sizes, colors, shapes, and plenty of them. You find them all over.

After maneuvers we were sent here to Camp Phillips, Kansas, the wheat state. It's wide open, plenty of heat, and wind storms. The nearest towns around here are Salina, Abilene, Wichita, McPherson, Newton, Wellington and Winfield. I haven't been here just so long, so I haven't much to say about it. All in all, give me Wisconsin any day, to say nothing of good old Two Rivers.

All that I have said so far may be a little on the griping side, but I guess you fellows know what I mean. So far it has been nothing but the "Big Five" fall in, fall out, sign here, dress right dress, cover down.

I have been following some of your A. P. O.'s in the Sojourner and wish to say for those overseas that we are with you on the good job you are doing. A lot of us here in the States cannot wait until our "D" day is here, so we can show the cause for what we are fighting.

The day the bands are playing, the whistles are blowing and the flag is waving, I'll be seeing you.

Pfc. Lorton J. Paul,
Camp Phillips, Kansas

Dear Staff,

Chalk up another move for me, a change in address from good to bad. I was transferred from the Signal Corps to the Engineers. Even the weather is a change. I was home on furlough a few weeks ago. The old place was nice to come back to, but rather dead with all the men in service. I sure enjoyed the brew and the cool weather.

Pvt. George Schwerma,
Camp Rucker, Alabama

Dear Staff,

Just a note to let you know that my address has been changed again. Gone are the drum outs of pre-flight school.

This is the second time in Florida for me. Basic training wasn't much fun, but primary should change my outlook on this state. We start flying in P. T.-17's next week and that is the big day for me.

Carlstrom Field is one of the "country club" variety of flying schools. About 500 cadets with a large swimming pool and some swell tennis courts. They get plenty of use here too.

I met Floyd Gagnon and Florian Peronto at Maxwell Field. If there would have been more beer there we could have made it old-home week, but Alabama is like a desert.

Along with the next issue of the best newspaper in the world, how about enclosing a strong cool breeze off Lake Michigan for all the G. I.'s in hot places?

A/C W. N. Mertens,
Arcadia, Fla.

Dear Staff,

Today I am barracks orderly, and this gives me a chance to catch up on some of my correspondence I've fallen behind on. I'm feeling fine. I have graduated from radio operator's school at Scott Field, Ill., and I am now being processed for overseas.

The place here is very beautiful, and we've had splendid weather here right along, except when a little over a week ago the temperature dropped to 51 degrees. The food is good and sleeping quarters are swell. The park and Lake St. Clair are only two blocks away, and some of the boys go fishing there. We have a pretty German shepherd dog here that is a fine mascot, and friendly with all the boys. His name is Furlough. Once in a while the boys let him come in the barracks, and he behaves well.

They have quite a few nice shows here at the Post Gym, and I've seen the play called the "Bowery" and also "The Camel Caravan". I even got to see and hear Woody Herman and his band.

Yesterday we had a swell parade, as it was the 37th anniversary of the Army Air Corps, and believe me it sure was hot here. The pavement was so hot we felt it through our shoes.

Well, I can't think of any more news at present, so, good luck and the very best of health to you all.

Pfc. Gerhardt Diedrich, 3681782
78th A. A. F. Base Unit
S. & R. Center
Selfridge Field, Michigan

Dear Staff,

I hardly know what to write so I just thought of a short poem. I'm not so good at that sort of thing, but when a person is over here he thinks of a lot of things to keep up the morale. That counts a lot.

THE DEAD HEROES

Flame out glorious skies,
Welcome our brave;
Kiss their exultant eyes,
Give what they gave.
Flash! mailed seraphim
Your burning spurs;
New days to outflame
Their dim heroic years.
Thrills their baptismal tread
The bright proud air;
The embattled plumes outspread
Burn upward there.
Flame out, flame out, O song!
Star, ring to star!
Strong as our hurt is strong
Our children are.
Their blood is America's heart
By their dead hands.
It is thru their noble part
That America stands.
America time gave them thee.
They gave back this
To win Eternity,
And claim God's kisses.

Pvt. Kenneth H. LaFleur
831 Repl. Co., 30 Bn.
APO 372, c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Dear Gang,

Your very welcome July issue of the Sojourner arrived in last night's mail, much to my happiness; it served a dual purpose, perfect reading and a reminder of my much neglected correspondence with you. If all is forgiven, and with a promise to write sooner, I'll continue with what little news there is.

Life in France has been fairly good so far and the weather to me seems to be very agreeable. The days are usually warm and sunny and the nights, by comparison, are cool, very cool. Old Jup Pluvius manages to have his day though now and then.

Here's the bottom of the V-Mail blank, so guess it's about closing time. 'Til the next time then, so long and best regards to all.

Cpl. Richard Suhr 36291876
365 F.S., 358 F.G.
APO 141, c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

HOLD THAT LINE

(Continued from page 1)

berg and Billy Ahearn. Individual high scorers were "Pud" Perry with 18 points and Hasheck with 15.

1939 brought another raft of good players such as: Paul Shedivy, "Duke" Bridges, Gordon Prucha, Felix Antonie, Ivan Klein, Francis Bouda, George Liebich, "Franny" Rehrauer, Milt Allie, Mike Hanson, James Savard, Evan Kreisa, Gilbert Cherveny. Of course there are lots of others, but recalling the year will also recall the names of other players that we haven't mentioned.

When we look at the line-up for the years 1940 and 1941, we again find boys of outstanding abilities. Players like Jack Anderberg, Kenny Kreisa, Fritz Glandt, Harold Brice, Chester Kuklis are applying their football tactics on the enemy and with good results, too. The following year we had: "Chuck" Beduhn, Bob Beduhn, Lawrence Gonia, Clarence Eppinger, Victor Gauthier, Roy Zoerb, Reuben LeClair, Sylvester Shesta, LeRoy Shimulunas, Richard Suhr, Wilton Virnoche, Norman Walecka and Kenny Wondrash. Louis Hrdina was high scorer in 1942 with 54 points, "Cat" Antonie and Krizizke were in second and third, Krizizke 27 points and "Cat" 25. These players were backed by Leigh Andrews, Louis Brice, Roy Fronk, Jerry Gunderson, Roy Ney, Ned Slocum, Lylen Wagner, Paul Streubel and many others.

Then we come to the last two years of football. Many of the names will be quite new to the older players. In 1943 we can list stars such as Bill Geske, Claude Marek, Eddy Keip, Richard Allie, Jack Dreger. High individual scorers for '43 were Wolodkiewicz with 43 and "Butch" Stangel with 42 points. Wolodkiewicz also headed the 1944 team with 54 points and Krizizke captured second place with 37 points.

And so through the last nine years of football history, we've had outstanding talent. You are all playing in the big game now, marching for a touchdown, gaining ground with each down, continually bucking the line. You're in the last quarter of the game and only a few yards to go. Back home we're giving a "sky-rocket" for you, hoping it will help you make that last touchdown and end the game.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

All schools reopened September 5 . . . H. G. Evans named chairman of T. R. Post War Community Planning Committee . . . Four local C. A. P. members receive army air force training at Truax Field, Madison . . . "Heart" tag day is most successful in years . . . City Clerk asks for more servicemen's names and addresses for ballots.

Overseas Christmas package center is opened next to T. R. Hdwe. by Mrs. John Waskow . . . Milk dealers are permitted to raise prices . . . Four cars reported stolen in 8 hours . . . Third Red Cross Blood Bank to be in Two Rivers October 12 and 13 . . . Grid season tickets for Purgolds on sale . . . Bowling season opens Saturday, Sept. 9—22c per line . . . High school has "Sports Night" for parents; over 200 attend.

Hilary Beth and Robert Sinkular awarded Bronze star for heroic action . . . Pageant of Brides is city's pre-fall social event with bridal gowns from 1846 to 1944 and representing several nations being modeled . . . Clarence Laurent is named bowling head for 16th time . . . 15 more boys accepted into our V. F. W. post.

Kahlenberg Bros. Co. received coveted Army-Navy "E" on Sept. 14 . . . Rain, rain and more rain . . . New post office in Manitowoc is planned . . . Rose McDaniel selected as new public health nurse here . . . 25 candidates report for school debating squad . . . Circus Day is held at Fairview Gold Course . . . City Manager reminds residents to cut low-hanging branches . . . Drivers' course to be given at high school again . . . T/Sgt. Jack Anderberg arrives home from England . . . Capt. Emil Khail's pix appears in story of American campaigns in "Our Army at War."

Manitowoc and Two Rivers open football season with a scoreless battle and a beautiful downpour; but the fans stuck thru to the end . . . Manitowoc has first week-day launching of sub as champagne splashes over the U. S. S. Mocabi . . . Duck hunting opens with a "bang" on Sept. 20 . . . Increase of 3200 residents reported in Manitowoc County . . . School children gather milkweed floss for the war effort . . . Dogs in Manitowoc to be confined the year around . . . Office of Defense Transportation recommends temporary withdrawal of city's application for bus service . . . High school adopts new system for handling absentees, etc., by naming Gertrude Sweetman as Dean of Girls and Herbert Dohrman as Dean of Boys . . . All riders of lightless bikes must report to Police Court . . . Rev. Hawkes delivers farewell sermon on September 24, and leaves for Indiana post . . . Campaign for clothing to aid people in liberated areas is begun . . . First Lt. Cel Antonie receives appointment as Staff Officer of Italy group.

Big Ten football opens . . . Packers defeat Bears 42 to 28 at Green Bay . . . Purgolds win over Sturgeon Bay in conference opener. Lyle Dallman is promoted to Captain somewhere in England . . . Billy Reid, Two Rivers' first basketball coach, passes away in Sheboygan.

And so another month has passed and your columnist says, "So Long," and trips off to gather some of those vividly colored leaves for her scrapbook.

Teacher: "Junior, what is a niche in a church?"

Junior: "It's just the same as an itch anywhere else, only you can't scratch it in church."

ENGAGEMENTS

Florence Braun and Lieut. Richard L. Smith, Murray, Iowa.

Nelda Evelyn Henrickson, Cornell, Wis., and Pfc. William E. Grover.

Margaret Hoffman and Pvt. Gervase Vanderbloemen.

Shirley Naeser, WAVES and Hepburn Walker, U. S. N., Duxbury, Mass.

MARRIAGES

Geraldine Gallas, Oconto Falls, Wis., and Aviation Cadet Floyd Gagnon, September 2.

Eugenia Velchek, Manitowoc and Donald R. Barata, September 2.

Bernice Vernon, Monette, Mo., and Pvt. Donald Gauthier, September 5.

Ruth Moreau and Harvey Peterson, Manitowoc, September 9.

Erma Lenhart and Lieut. Leslie C. Guetschow, Mishicot, September 9.

Rita Niquette and Kenneth J. Luecke, Manitowoc, September 9.

Patricia Skrzycze and Orville G. Coenen, September 9.

Vivian Koch and Richard G. Waskow, USCG, September 16.

Veronica Stone and Raymond Schrimpf, Manitowoc, September 16.

Florence Eickelberg, Brussels, Wis., and Marvin Klein, September 16.

LaVerne Marie Mueller and Warren Wright Trice, U. S. N., September 23.

Carole Schmeichel, WAVES and Raymond V. Tuck, U. S. N., September 23.

ENLISTMENT

Elmer N. Ford—U. S. Navy.

Since our August publication, the following servicemen from World War II have joined the local VFW post, bringing the total to 240:

Norbert A. Krofta	Howard G. Halstrom
Rudolph C. Krofta	Norval J. Halstrom
Ervin P. Smogoleski	William J. Buhk
Gilbert J. Koehler	Harold A. Olson
Arnold Jacquardt	Lester R. Anderla
John E. Carroll	William R. Ahearn
Arthur F. Last	James R. DesJarlais
Hilliard D. Halstrom	Francis J. Rady
Ira R. Ariens Jr.	Russell D. Anderson
Norman H. Spiering	Norman J. Thomaschefsky
Robert Laurent	Ben C. Cavender
Richard T. Pearce	William J. Schaefer
Otto F. Franzmeier	Richard G. Mathies
Jerome Boulanger	Paul N. Eisenmann
Richard C. Gleichner	Melvin F. Staudinger
John G. Henrickson	Lowell A. Huck
Robert F. Beitzel	Joseph F. Najmajer
Florian J. Zik	Aloysius J. Kornely
Sherman M. Clark	William J. Rank
Earl L. Goodchild Jr.	Edgar E. Ploeckelman
Clarence S. Culligan	Robert F. Martell
Paul J. Cigler	