



The sojourner. Volume III, Number 7 July 1944

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)
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The Sojourner

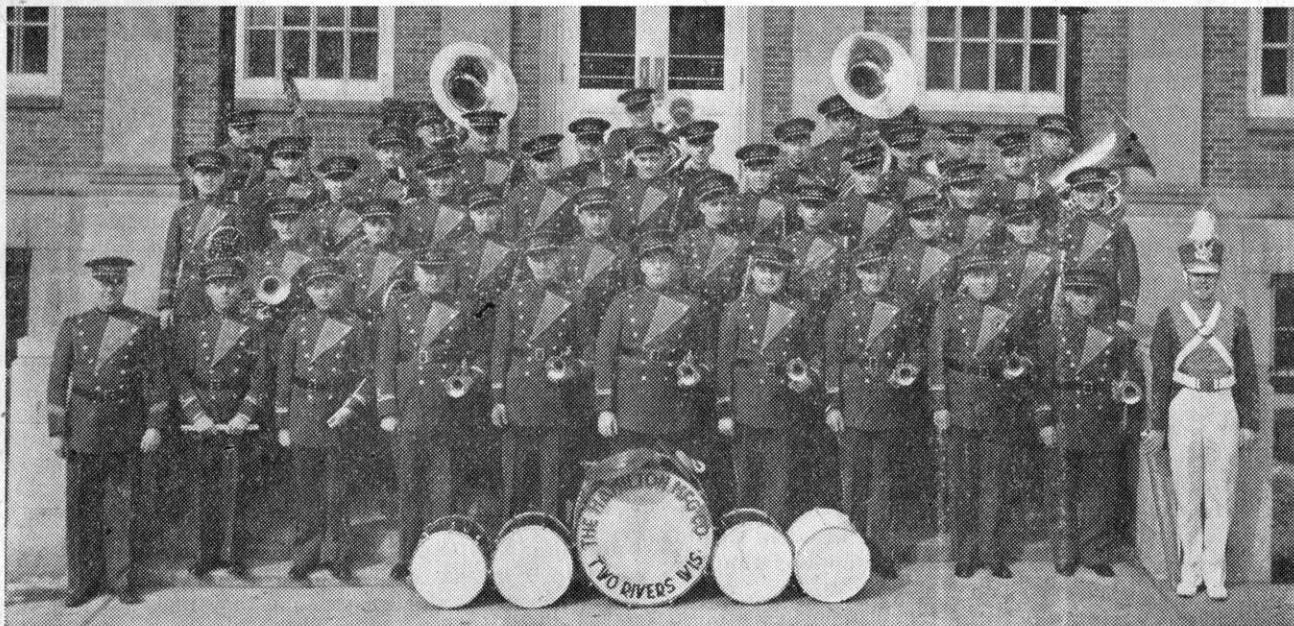
Dedicated to our Native Sons and Daughters Serving in the
Armed Forces of our Country



Volume III

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, JULY 1944

Number 7



ODE TO A THURSDAY NIGHT BAND CONCERT

When it's summer in our home town,
Thursday night brings us a treat.
That's when old friends can be found,
For at band concerts we all meet.

We stop a moment to hear the band
Foam Lueck is really in the groove.
We all agree he's simply grand,
And that's a statement we can prove.

Folks crowd around the bandstand
To look at our Honor Roll.
To note the boys on foreign land,
And to hope they reach their goal.

The kids are dashing here and there,
Seeking ice cream cones and candy
It's not for music that they care,
Eating goodies makes the night just dandy.

As we stroll along our main street
Under a T. R. moon,
Some friends we chance to meet.
Hope you'll be among them soon.

The band will play a March Militaire
And then a modern love song.
This lilting music fills the air
Though sometimes a note may go wrong.

At the end of every selection
Can be heard the honking of each car horn.
Clapping comes from every direction.
And kids pop bags that once held popcorn.

On corners can be found,
Groups of giggling girls.
Hoping boys will come around
Who send their hearts in whirls.

Little tots love to direct the band
As they stand alongside their Daddy
Who has them securely held by the hand.
Oh, he's proud of his little laddie.

Older folks sit in the park
While young folks walk around
And when the night grows dark
Guess where the young folks can be found!

Soda fountains are kept quite busy
On Thursday, band concert night.
Waitresses become quite dizzy
Trying to keep the orders right.

We've strolled around Main Street
Several times it seemed.
And yet more friends we greet
Many more than we ever dreamed.

Our conversations center on you
We wish you all were here,
So we could chat for a minute or two
And indulge in a pop—or a beer.

Soon the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner"
Above the crowd's noisy clatter arose.
For this is the usual manner
For all of our band concerts to close.

THE SOJOURNER

—Published monthly by—
The Civic Understudies

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

It's a shame that you girls have to plead for letters from us. This is certainly nothing for us to brag about. As can be expected, it's impossible for some of the fellows to write; still others who are free to do so should at the very least write and show their appreciation for what you girls have done and are doing.

Honest, I've been bragging of Wisconsin's coolest little city to the New Yorkers in my outfit so much. It sure was nice to show them actual pictures of home. Needless to say they enjoyed all the pictures in your May issue, almost as much as I did myself. They especially liked the looks of calm water—out here in these Aleutians that's very unusual.

One of the fellows who works with me and always reads the Sojourner, told me to tell you girls not to kick too much about man shortage. Try to picture yourself in our place. It's been close to a year since we've seen any women, except for two U. S. O. shows when we did see a couple. Seriously our girls are the safest in the world, that is of course if they ever worry about others taking their places.

The middle of June is here, and the mountains are still patched with snow. This just isn't the type of place a person enjoys. But others are much worse off than I've been, and above everything else I'm not forgetting that fact for a single minute.

I'd like to wish each and every one of you the very best of luck.

Cpl. Harold A. Olson,
c/o Postmaster, Seattle, Wash.

Dear Staff,

I am in the best of condition, and I sure hope you are all the same. It's always a pleasure to get this swell paper and I always look forward to receiving the next issue. I'd like to send my regards to all my friends in the service wherever they may be.

Pfc. John "Tex" Martinkavitz,
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

It's just about time I wrote and told you a little about the "life of a Wac" isn't it. Or at least I should give you my impression of what I've been doing for almost three months. Incidentally, my impression is very favorable.

First of all, tho, comes a commentary on the "Sojourner". It's marvelous to get a paper like it. And one of its nicest qualities is that it improves with every issue.

Right now I'm going to a specialist school at Camp Crowder, Missouri after receiving my basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Basic is quite an experience! For me it was one long period of confusion, but it's amazing how much fun one can have in the process. Even a measles quarantine couldn't soak our spirits!

While at Oglethorpe, we had the opportunity of spending a Sunday atop lookout Mt. Tennessee. That was very worth while too. And the measles followed us almost all the way to Crowder! Six of us started, but we left one in a St. Louis hospital with little spots all over her countenance. I like Crowder a lot. Our WAC detachment is really a nice place. We have our own PX., beauty parlor, lounge, day room, recreational halls, etc., and everything is so convenient.

Of course we have mess hall, too, which means K. P. Last Sunday I was exposed for the first time to the nomenclature of a g. i. grease-trap!

Saturday afternoons they usually manage to find something a little different for us to do. Last week we went thru the gas chamber. First we go in and come out masked, but the second time they make us put our masks on after we've been pushed into a room clouded with tear gas. I don't mind it at all except that I never remember what to do with my hat.

Really, tho, I'm awfully glad I joined the WAC. It's a good feeling to be a part of something as big as this is. I only hope that more of the girls from home join some branch of the service. It's not all fun—no one would expect it to be—but there's a personal satisfaction that comes thru training such as this that enables us to go out and do an essential job well.

Enuf of this recruiting! And I don't have to ask you to keep up the good work. I know you will.

Pvt. Faye Hallett,
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Dear Staff,

When I was home in January, there were so few fellows left that I knew four years ago that I could count them on my fingers. From reading the paper and seeing the addresses, I may have a chance to see a few of my old friends.

My ship is a brand new one, just commissioned May 26. It has a fighting name, and it is, in my opinion, as good as the name it carries. My rate in the navy is shipfitter and from what I know about ships I have a lucky one.

You know in the past few months, I have run into some of the fellows from home. When I was in _____, I met Kenny Peterson and Donald Schroeder and we had quite a time talking about home.

Well, my time is growing short and taps just went so I will sign off.

Bob Weber, S. F. 2/c,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.

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 Krescheck 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 H2O 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 cooperation 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 Walesh. 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

Dear Staff,

At present I'm mail clerk in our company. Had this job for about two months now and I like it a lot. It's very interesting work and I might add it's a "snap." I never knew how big a part the mail plays in this war until I started to handle it. The boys are always asking me whether I had any mail for them or when is mail call going to be. They'd sooner get their mail than eat. How about it, boys?

In closing I'd like to say "hello" to a lot of the boys I know and wish you all a lot of "good luck."

Oh yes! Last Sunday I met Billy Ahearn and Vic Gauthier here in camp. It was swell seeing them again and we had a swell visit together.

Cpl. Roger Stueck,
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dear Staff,

Received the March issue of Sojourner and take it from me it's a great little paper. Through your paper I've met up with a lot of my friends. I'm now on a 400 boat, if you know what that is.

Charles Rebman, So. M. 3/c,
c/o F. P. O., Norfolk, Va.

Dear Staff,

I left Kearns, Utah, on the 29th of April and arrived at this place on the first of May. The place I am at is an Air Service Command Training Center and is located at the old fair grounds in Fresno, California. There sure is a world of difference between this place and Kearns. Then, too, it is a change from everything we had there. Any of you fellows who have been there will know what I mean when I say I was sort of happy to leave that place.

They tell me I will be able to get a furlough on the first of June and I am looking forward to that time. It will be good to get back to Two Rivers again to cool off in that almost perpetual Lake Michigan breeze. Out here we have heat, heat, heat, and then for a change we have heat or hot weather. Now, a little about myself, (not that anyone is interested, but I like to talk about yours truly). I am still in the band here and am doing quite all right. Even if I don't expect to do any musical work after the Mess is over, it may be coming in handy some time or other.

Since the last time I wrote to you I was given a promotion. On March 21, 1944, I was promoted to the grade of corporal. I noticed in the last issue that a few of the other fellows from the home town have been doing swell. They have my congratulations, and I hope they keep right on going up to the top. If Paul Kreihn keeps going much faster he will be passing up all the top men. Orchids to the whole fighting force of Two Rivers and lets keep the colors up on the top of the pole.

Cpl. L. H. Wilker,
Fresno, California

Dear Staff,

I started from Illinois and then went to Arkansas, from there to Utah, went through many other states till we stopped in California for a while. From there we moved to the east coast to New Jersey and don't know how long I will be stationed there. Wherever I am that big little paper reaches me.

Pvt. Elmer C. Diedrich,
Atlantic City, N. J.

Dear Staff,

I should really be ashamed of myself for not writing, but today I received the April issue and decided to just take time out and write. I've been aboard ship ever since I've finished Electrician's School and I like it very much. Of course, like the rest, I am looking forward to the day when I can go back to Two Rivers to stay. I hope it is soon. God bless you and thanks again.

Frank J. Ciha, Jr., EM 3/c,
Somewhere in the South Pacific

Dear Staff,

Seeing that the month is drawing to an end again, I must do a good deed. What could be more fitting than writing a letter that has long been neglected.

After being stationed at camps in and out of the U. S., I am content to be stationed, at present, "Somewhere in Canada." It's our next door neighbor, but one is surprised just how much difference there is between Canada and the U. S. I'm still much of a civilian at heart, mainly because I still do the same work I did back home. The mess hall has been my second home and it is a very interesting place to work. That's one place there is always something "cooking," including "gripes". Looking for the day when we can again be civilians.

Cpl. Ken Kreisa, Somewhere in Canada

Dear Friends,

I've been getting our newsy little newspaper ever since it started. Now I am riding the high seas, so naturally have a new address. I like it for a change, I think I was on the beach long enough. I want to come home and support a few more ribbons than I now have. My two are getting pretty lonesome.

We take part in convoys on the eastern sea coast. I get to see Howard Wolf pretty often at New York. We talk over the good old school days and wish more than once we were back.

The paper is very good. Many friends of mine comment on what a swell paper it is, which always makes me feel pretty good.

Norman J. Thomaschefsky, Ph. M. 2/c,
c/o F. P. O., New York

Dear Staff,

Hello "you all", such would be the southern version. Just received the May issue of the Sojourner.

After three months in the mountains of California, they finally moved us down here to Georgia. I was down in Georgia in 1941 for my basic training, now after almost three years of jumping from place to place they put me back here. This hot weather really is the dogs. I'm stationed now in Fort Benning. This post is in three sections. I'm in the one called "Sand Hill" and it's just what it's named—sand.

Read in the May issue that there are a few of the younger T. R. fellows down here. I ran across Stanley Waier here on Sunday at the main post.

Sorry to hear the fellows aren't helping you out with news for the paper. Come on, you G. I. soldiers, get on the ball and help the girls along. They're doing a great deed by sending us the paper with some of the good old T. R. news, so in return how about helping.

Hello to all my buddies in the service. "Dink", I'm waiting for your letter.

Sgt. Ken Hermann, Fort Benning, Ga.



MARRIAGES

Charlotte Jaeckel, Waves, and James Johnson, USNR, Blair Nebraska, April 15.

Ruth Beverly Beucus and William Murdock, USCG, Clarkson, Mich., May 31.

Beatrice Dassey and William H. Dreher, USN, New York City, June 3.

Lois Notz, Manitowoc, and Lawrence L. Daffner, June 3.

LaVern Stefaniak and Florian Krizizike, Mishicot, June 3.

Pearl Lesperance and Lieut. Melvin Newhauser, Chicago, June 6.

Frances Ann Ruminski and Frank Nemetz, June 6.

Ethel Mae Robinson and Victor Engeldinger, June 8.

Joan Filliez and John E. Repenn, USCG, June 10.

Lieut. Helen Jane Wagner and Lieut. Robert Lheriauert, Tacoma, Washington, June 15.

Clotilda Helen Spaeth and Harvey C. Specht, June 17th.

Betty Jean Querhammer, Cazenovia, Wis., and Francis J. Bouda, June 21.

Lola Mae Ross and B. Ray McIntyre, Greenville, Miss., June 22.

Joyce Ann Heise and Herman J. Gross, June 22.

Carol Braun and Charles E. Brault, June 24.

Florence Wisniewski and Staff Sergt. Edwin Hodzinski, Manitowoc, May 27.

ENLISTMENTS AND INDUCTIONS

ARMY—Maurice Bradley, Paul Streubel, Joseph Jordon, Albert Martin, Gordon LeClair, Robert Bauers, Roy Lenhardt, Robert Gauthier, William Kiel, Joseph Schroeder, William Klein, Warren Proper.

NAVY—Milton Mott, Milton Pilzak, Edgar Marquardt, Howard Perry, Howard Taddy, Mark LeClair, David LeClair, Claude Prudome.

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT—

Since June is here and school is almost over, hostlers (those bike-riders) are finding their way to the Zander farm . . . Purgolds were rated third best in the state . . . softball league opened on June 1.

Coast Guard Reserve is in full swing with a second class beginning to meet . . . Sojourner staff went to the Vets Club June 3rd and passed someone's shoe around toward the end of the evening . . . (You mean you didn't hear that? Seems as if everyone has.) A Baby Twister visited Two Rivers East Side and uprooted trees and hurled a boathouse 300 feet upstream . . . Gray Ladies graduated June 5 . . . Election in the air again, we find 11 candidates for Sheriff . . . Fred Zermuehlen named to Board of Recreation to fill unexpired term of Alois Klaus.

Earl Boehringer elected Fourth of July Commission head . . . Woodpecker interrupting the sleep of a northend resident reported "dead" on police blotter now . . . five sailors have an old-fashioned pie throwing fight in the bridge comfort station at Manitowoc.

School ends for over 2500 local students by June 7 . . . High school graduates 149 seniors on June 8, with 13 boys already in the service . . . local youth, Coxswain Alvin Ploeckelmann, cited in Invasion landing . . . Biggest war bond campaign launched—every home is visited . . . Cpl. Ethel Kollus, WAC, arrives to recruit local gals; three sign up.

Break in power lines disrupts services in local plants . . . commercial course offered during vacation at Vocational School . . . Lieut. Alice Franzmeier, nurse with MacArthur staff in New Guinea, pictured in March issue of "Yank" . . . Jack Anderberg receives Oak Leaf Cluster in England.

LaFiesta completely destroyed by fire June 13—they must have been having the proverbial "Hot Time" that nite . . . Katherine Hasheck named new president of Manitowoc County Young Citizens Council, succeeding Gladys Schaden . . . Don Cossack Chorus to appear in Manitowoc in bond drive . . . Youngsters become Privates in the Library Reading Corps; for each book read they are promoted to the next rank . . . Blood bank unit to make second appearance in town July 6th and 7th . . . Volunteers needed to help on farms . . . Jaces seek names to complete honor roll list in park—AND—we want all the newest addresses of you boys and girls . . . So remember the Sojourner when Uncle Sam finds you a new place to call home . . . E. J. Galecki's horse is Ribbon Winner at Manitowoc horse show . . . Bikes must be registered every two years . . . 23rd Submarine, U. S. S. Lamphrey launched exactly 3 years to the minute of the first one on June 18, 1941 . . . District Attorney orders strict enforcement of the 1:00 closing law . . . no more—"I know a place after one"—. . . Much discussed lily pond to be filled in to depth of 2 feet . . . Tickets for a jeep to be won by some Manitowoc County person—given with purchase of \$25.00 war bonds . . . High School puts up honor roll of students . . . June 21st and we wore winter coats . . . we should have that one day of summer soon now . . . Paratrooper Orville Martin is cited for "Battle Efficiency" in Invasion.

Local Vets attend state meet in Kenosha . . . 5 local boys accepted into VFW Post . . . first band concert of season the last Thursday in June is broadcast over the radio—It was Two Rivers' bond rally . . . 19 from town leave for service including pre-Pearl Harbor fathers . . . 3 plants in city to close for the week of the 4th . . . and so ends Junes news and views—we'll see you next month.

The following service men from World War II have joined the local VFW post, bringing the total to 160.

Morgan J. Busch	Robert E. Schultz
Lewis Flynn	Daniel A. Stangel
Maxwell H. Gertz	George W. Stangel
Claude E. Johnson	George P. Teche
Raymond J. Kath	Francis J. Tuch
Kenneth J. Kreisa	Edward J. Weiss
Roger J. Rezach	John G. Weiss
Loyde L. Rice	Ralph V. Wouters
Roland E. Schmeichel	

If you are interested in becoming a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post No. 1248, just send us a card and we will gladly send you an application blank.

