

EDITORS

K. Lippincott and M. Rullman

Associate Editor L. Sayre

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Dear Barefoots:

We had a cute line all made up about June being rare, but all of a sudden it ceased being rare and the rains came. So we'll get down to what's been cookin these last weeks. Lets begin with M.B.C. news. First....guess what sneak box was the first overboard? The Pop Eye, and all slicked up, too, for Doc Sayre gave orders to "give her the works" and she looks beautiful. Next thing we knew our own L. Sayre was out sailing with Don Juan Asay! The club, by the way, is giving a card party to raise funds to raise cain with, and there will be new showers for you when you get back.

DEPARTMENT OF LITTLE DOMESTIC PROBLEMS

Andy White is all upset because somebody stole his lawn mower RIGHT OUT FROM UNDER HIS NOSE! We are all upset because nobody steals ours.

We've always heard about people forgetting to go out to dinner, and now it has happened to us. We wouldn't be so cut up about it if we hadn't come down with ptomaine. Suddenly pushing our boney shad around the plate during the merry month of May, we were reminded over the phone that "they were waiting for use." Leaping into our 1942 model and torn nylons, we arrived in time to eat another complete dinner of - Guess what? SHAD!

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Red Lippincott was taking forty winks up at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and heard his name over the loud speaker. To his delight and amazement he was ordered to Washington the next day. He can meet up with Arnold now.

Jack Warren has been home on leave, and we had a talk with him while planting a tree. He'd like to go to Buck's wedding but the General won't let him. Bucky offered to fly up for him, but that doesn't sound wise to this old grey head. Might be too nervous.

Southerland R. Simonds (thats what the paper said) and Mimi Fanjul dropped in, and we certainly were glad to see them. We hadn't known Mimi in the flesh before, though we thought we had. Musta been his brother. Bob left for Peru, Indiana, and Mimi is headed for the Pacific, he thinks. Both looked swell but were kinda upset over the girl situation. The young ones are too popular and the rest are all engaged or married. We could dig up a few-nice ones, too, but have at last learned to lay off. All a parent has to say is "she's a nice girl" and the crown princes run a mile, or two.

Sig is resting and getting the works down at Atlantic City for three weeks. He looked quite like himself after his 21 days with the folks and all his friends - and they are legion. We spent a lovely evening with him and settled most of the affairs of this cockeyed world, but managed to leave a few knotty ones for the rest of you guys.

A letter from Schwartz sounds like the Carnation Contented Hour, except that he doesn't get this Army etiquette idea. Seems he had a little business with a Captain and a Mayor, and spoke to them in the wrong order....one being ranker than the other. Plenty of static until

And speaking of captains, Dot Wood's husband is one now and they are away on a short leave to celebrate.

Here's a great item for the dunkers: Bunny is all set to be a life guard at Elliot's this summer. Phooey on Mexican art, says she....and we.

Bob Davey has been heard from, and still training - AND HOW! Like Atlas, he can soon carry the world on his shoulders and double quick with or without music.

Brub Hance has been transferred from his family circle and landed in the Signal Corps somewhere in England. He couldn't say why, of course, but he and Rullman may end up just a couple of trouble shooters. We always had a yen to climb a telegraph pole (not in a car either) and now the B.F.Y.C. will beat us to it.

Shoemaker was so intrigued with a new type of Navy Bomber that he cut a few capers and cracked an ear drum. Couldn't have been very serious cause he's back on the job and ready to go out again.

Heard from Tommy Dean the last of May. Though he is far, far away he sounded like a contented cow, too. Hopes to get back in about a year. His mother received a snap shot in the same mail (we like them, too) and he looks elegant.

Estrada, we can't give you a better address and our friend is in combat now, down your way - so we hear. You certainly lost weight but we think it's most becoming.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

Went to the graduating exercises at the Monmouth Memorial Hospital in May, and Lowell Thomas did his news broadcast from the platform. Maybe some of you heard him. Later he sat beside us at Shadow Brook (sssh...at the bar) and we exchanged views and news about sons in service. His is a flier. We found him a very engaging person, and all he drank was a thimble full of sherry but his party got away with all the steak. His father is a doctor at Asbury Park.

Billy Hall is now in the Marshalls, and says the climate is super down there. We hear from your mother often, Bill.

Marion Bache saw her first autopsy and did something for the boys by going out to a forsaken U.S.O. club - all the same day we think. Neither appalled her, and we cant help thinking how just looking at her might cheer up all hands. We heard bits of a thoughtful letter she wrote home and she's on the right track for a swell career.

The Dillons threw one of their impromptu parties for the armed and unarmed forces on the night of May 6th. Bill Van Plet was having a house party to celebrate his gold bars so they all hiked over. Also Montgomery, Emily Newman, Ed Rullman, Bob Simonds, Sig., Bunny and her new date, etc. etc. Later they all went to Meyers, where the customers and the smoke were so thick that they had to call for a pulmotor before they could see to drive home.

Anna Louise Campbell has been quite ill - but is much better now and back on the job. Her brother Bobby, on Anzio.

We have the misfortune to look young from the back...but not from the front. So the wolves never get beyond the whistling stage. This gripes us. So the other night most persistent cat calls came from a passing car, and we WOULDNT look u p. Finally, with hose in hand ready to aim, we glared and who should it be but Asay and our own offspring!

At Jane Mason's wedding in May, the Craig Hills said to each other, "That man looks just like Owen D. Young," and no wonder for it WAS Owen D. Young and his son was best man. Speaking of the Hills, Peggy has a heavy suitor...a Captain we hear.

Saw Cal Magee dashing around a corner last night with ropes and pails galore.

Did you know what a swell job our own Amory Osborn was doing for the Navy up at the plant? And the two Osborns are still at Ft. Monmouth-or was last week. Speaking of brothers, Big Wart runs a crash boat for the C.G., and Little Wart is in the Air Corps. Anson Hoyt has been discharged from the Navy after a bad attack of asthma (burned up about it, too) and Doug is still in Brooklyn. And Little Mead says Bucky is welcome to the air...he likes his submarine much better. He was home over the week end with another gob from New London, and we forgot to tell him to look up Jeanette Ryerson Banta up that way 'cause she bakes homemade eclairs every day! A great cook, they say.

Pete Cartmell is overseas but we cant get his address until Consie gets home. She will soon be here job hunting, and Emery has been ordered to Dix after sitting at a P.O.E. for six weeks. Roger goes out soon.

We don't know just why this upsets us so, but we'll have to slip it in; Didja know that the President of Mexico has abolished the siesta for the duration?

Kay Doremus is home from college and the folks have joined the Beach Club. No can see except through that hole in the canvas at Elliots.

DEPARTMENT OF OLD FILES AND DEAD LETTERS

Something made us clean our desk the other day-if you've ever seen that little number, you'd you know why - and we unearthed the following treasures:

Left in our hotel room in Bermuda...."Dear misses, hear is pleasure in to clean towels for you and the gentleman. P.S. Water runs out brown owing to katching on roofs - but is really sweet. Yours truly, Milly, the made."

And this post card: "Dear Madam: Wooden Indians is here. Storck, of Course." Yeah...its a great town. Only today we met, marketing just like ordinary folks, U.S.Grant, Betsy Ross, and Paul Revere! S'truth....Paul Revere was on foot, though, and U.S.Grant was about to deliver groceries.

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENT

No report this month, except that June Warner's baby had to have an operation, but is doing O.K. now after giving those two medicos the scare of their lives.

CAFE SOCIETY

Seen at Meyers on the night of April 22nd, Sig with June Smith, Marg Holmes and Lt. Raynor, (who's he?) George Shoemaker and Pat Blaisdell. Emily Newman with a Navy flier, Pete and Ruth McDonald, the Mortons with Zale, Mary Jo Garrison with Bob Davey, and Bill Conover with his fiancée. Night life is not what it used to be. There's a tax on EVERYTHING, but we should kick about a little thing like that. Is there a syntax by the way?

SPORTIN' DEPARTMENT

This is the open season for shad and baseball and both are going strong. And heres a laugh for some of you (this is M. talking). On the train last Saturday we sat with the QUEEREST little man who was so busy doin' his home work that he never looked up. Peering over at the mass of papers we discovered the dope sheet and the cause of all his worry. This was new to us so we launched into a most peculiar conversation (for us) and darned if he didnt tell us EVERY SINGLE WINNER for the day! The sad ending to that story is that we didnt do anything about it! That was what Hancey would call a tip right off the stable door. We fared better on the shad, though. A fisherman brought us a HUGH one right out of the water and we had to call in our surgeon boy friend to do his stuff. Mickey, that one man staff from Riverfiew, reports excellent trout fishing but frost bitten toes. Speaking of toes, the Brooklyn Dodgers are right up on theirs so far, but the April showers are so determined to make May flowers that its tough going for the fans.

M. B. C. NOTES

President Stewart Cook is all worried about the sailing season, and we wonder about that, too. With the seventeen year olds taking off, only the girls will be here to carry on - and they will have war jobs. But whats the matter with the older generation coming out of retirement and keeping up their morale at the same time? By gosh, I think we need it. There are no better sailors ANYWHERE than Del Fisher, the Brands, Andy White and his brothers, etc., etc., not forgetting Ed Davis and the rest of the committee members. We are serious about this, and hope the M.B.C. will do something about it. It might be entertaining to give you a blow by blow account of the races.....with sound! Watta ya say we do it?

REMARK OF THE MONTH CLUB

Commando Kelly of Pittsburg to the reception committee, after hearing that the bridal suite had been engaged for him at the best hotel. "Thanks just the same but I'm staying home. If its good enough for Mom, its good enough for me."

ANNIVERSARY WEEK

Twenty-five Years ago TO THE DAY, Callahan bought his present lunch wagon. This makes Hatchet the Dean Of Hamburgers or something

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Bob Davey is home for ten days with one eye on the gang plank, so he says. He is assistant squad leader - and thats GOOD in the Infantry. Or bad, depending on your point of view. Looks as fit as a fiddle and is much more agreeable about his tough break in A.S.T. than we would be.

And Sig is home, but we havent much to report as we havent seen him. We DO know that he was at Meyers on April 22nd, and met up with some of the old crowd, including Davey. We suppose he is off to rest for a time.

Doc Sayre is scheduled to take his annual trip to the circus this Sunday - if he can get in. Tickets are scarce and they say the show is super-circusy so we hope he makes it.

There was a bit in the paper today about the U.S.S. New Jersey joining up with the fleet so Guy must be going places. How about a little V. mail note Guy? We wrote you one that came back to us for some strange reason.

If Herbert Craig could see and HEAR his five year old selling Registers on Broad Street he would know who the head of the house was now. He's a natural! We suggest circus barker as a future career.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES (cont.)

Phyllis Mathiasen was seen in New York last week looking as cute as a button in her Navy uniform. But we have to hand it to the Marines for that snappy red scarf. Boy, that was an inspiration. We thought the Artillery had a corner on the touch of red, but we keep getting our wars mixed.

Frank Manson is home on a 32-day leave: the reason there just aint enough room for all the Navy fliers these days. Oh! why doesn't the Army ever get crowded like that?

If you don't think we're getting to be the older generation, or something, listen to this: Jules Distel is in Italy fighting with the Infantry.

We were getting off to New York today (little outing; this is Be Kind to Animal Week) and WHO should be at the station but Asay! Were we glad to see him. This should be a gala week end with so many Barefoots around. Asay had a great surprise waiting for him, too. His father has built a glamorous new ice boat - the newest thing in speed and line and Don got right to work on a new coat of varnish. Says he cracked up a plane recently but crawled out without a scratch! Just an old indestructible.

June Methot has completed 40 hours flying and is to take physical for ferry command flying. Has done a lot of soloing. Watch out you fliers.

Gil Turner is comin' round the mountain down in Tennessee on a very important engineering job.

Barb Sayre is about to start her internship of six weeks, and that makes her our career-of-the-month girl.

As we go to press, we are beginning to thaw out after the coldest April in years. If this number jerks a little, think nothing of it as we had to re-write it at the last minute, when our early news went stale over night. We always thought the local papers printed the oldest bits of news, but just try to do it ONCE A MONTH! We keep repenting "we aint goin' nuts." Soooo, with a few new addresses, we'll leave you until June when we've engaged Emily Post to report on the weddings - and Carol Eckert's will be one of 'em.

So long....wherever you are.....and love and kisses,

From -- K. and M. and L.

NEW ADDRESSES

Av. C. Thomas M. Lloyd, 12073831
Flight F.
Class 44 - I
Fletcher Field
Clarksdale, Miss.

Roger Brown, BM I/c, U.S.C.G.
(Brownie has another boat now)
Pier 18 - C.G. 5503
Staten Island, N. Y.

Av. C. George Brown Jr.
New Port, Arkansas
(address next time)

Ensign T. F. Dean, Jr. U.S.N.R.
Scouting Squadron 57....
Care F.P.O.
San Francisco, Cal.