

Dear Barefoots:

Looking at the date we are reminded of those famous -or infamous- Fourth of July picnics at the B.F.Y.C...remember? The sound waves crackled and split the ear drums as far as the Rockies with Clayton taking first prize. One Barefoot home on leave said to us "Why did you ever stand for it?" Now, he tells us! This seems the moment to tell you that the B.F. sign Capt. Schwartz donated has been salvaged and is among our souvenirs in the boat house. We boldly asked the Wirths if we could have it. They were as nice as pie and brought it over themselves. We also have one sailor hat, and while it is reported that a few sailors' heads are a little too big for it, we just won't believe it. Anyway...most things that fall overboard shrink. Now let's get on with the news.

LITTLE NOTE ON FATHERS DAY

The Saturday Evening Post gave us an idea so WE looked up the meaning of "Father", too. Mr. Webster says just this- "male parent; the first ancestor; to become a father to; to adopt; to ascribe to one as his offspring or production." Well..... it's got Clayton all worried, what with triplets, quadruplets and what have you in the air.

The most unusual Fathers Day celebration we know of took place in a row boat about a hundred feet off shore. Charlie Burd ROWED across the river, crutches and all, in a heck of a wind and yodeled to us. We rushed down with a box of Madeleine chocolates - his present for being the father of the Barefoots. Got down the hill on his fanny, he said.

IS ZAT SO DEPARTMENT

A swanky Navy post card arrived from Bob Simonds to say that all was well in Peru, Ind. He is still with his original crowd, plus the WAVES and that's not hard to take. Sends loads of love to these little Vera Vagues.

Jack Montgomery has gone to Notre Dame, and was seen at Meyers with Bunny and Consie just before leaving. Billy Lippincott will be in Duke by the time you get this, and Jack Dean goes in the VL2 July 1st.

Asay was home for some birthday or other but we didn't see him. We hear that Guy Van Ness writes to some girl in Holmdel -and that Holmes Duncan went in the Navy June 18th. He and Bill Lippincott took Bunny and K. Doremus to New York on a final binge.

Ed Rullman was peeling potatoes on K.P. and lost the big blue glass stone out of his Yale ring. What a tummy ache some G.I. Joe musta had!

Brub is having international woman troubles - both British and American - so much so that he is getting bald! His mother says she doesn't mind bald headed men. Thinks it looks nice and clean. Here we were having hysterics over Brub in the invasion, and he writes to say that he is living in a castle taking some special Signal Corps work.

Had a letter from Henry Pope and he is living alone "and lumping it" so he says. Gets around, though, and knows his Chicago night life better than you'd think. Keep us informed, Henry, for we ain't got no past - and mebbe no future.

Bob McKee was home with his bride, and took over the music at St. Georges Church the very day he left. Sorry we didn't know about it.

T.Lloyd dashed off a line to us as he was waiting to ship out to basic flight training - he knew not where. T. hates what he calls the boy scout stuff in the Army. Gets him down. We get lots of complaints about it, Lloyd, but with so many dopes around, watja gonna do? Rullman was out on bivouac for two weeks and came back just in time to find his outfit getting a work out for discipline. After communing with just lots and lots of nature, it certainly burned him up.

We think Wikoff is in Honolulu - and back in the same work again. No one gets home much anymore, Bill, so you aren't missing a thing right now.

Van Pelt ran into Red Lippincott down in Washington during June, and now Lip is in Maryland for a while. Finally managed to sleep ONE night in his own bed after two years of wandering.

Seaman First Class George Silver has been in Shrewsbury for a few days, and Hubert Farrow has finished his Naval Training course at Tufts College. We just can't keep up with the gang! John Minton of Fair Haven has his commission...bombardier, and ready for duty.

Stanley Parker is a Captain now somewhere in England. We always remember him emerging from the R.B.H.S., mouth wide open, and kidding everybody in sight. He

and Sig met fairly often...even flew together, Sig said. By the way, how 'ya doing in Florida, Sig, and have you done any fishing? Boy, how we LOVE that good gulf fishing! Once we caught such a big amberjack that we couldn't eat our dinner that night...hand shook for hours.

Wes Hausman is having, of all things, brisk skirmishes with draft boards east and west. He is in San Francisco finishing advanced training for his Captaincy in United Air Lines...doing important war work if anyone ever was.

Stew Van Vliets father writes quite a neat column on Surf, Field and Stream. Cracker jack fisherman, too, and the bass are running now so he has plenty of company - including lots of service men. This is for Stew, Jr. Red Lippincott met your old friend Peggy Wood at Hagerstown, Maryland, the other day.

Hancy is sending pigeons as far as Ohio, and, by gosh, they have all come home! Hancy has three wishes; we just heard that he wanted the B.F. sign for the duration. It's His'n! Next, he wants an old, loud, worn out sport coat, and a weather vane - in that order. We have a weather vane he can have, too, on accounta we had no place to put it. Got tired of standing out on the river side holding the darned thing up in the breeze.

Billy Johnson has a swell new Lightening named "Dawn" and a pretty cute crew...his two pretty sisters. Cleaning up, too, in the M.B.C. races.

Papa Red Lippincott, assisted by your reporter "M", and Sniffy, have painted the Oscar and put her over. Mr. Lip did all the work, but we flitted around with sand paper and cursed the gnats in no uncertain language. What in heavens name is a gnat for? We'll look this up right away so hang on....again Mr. Webster says, "A small two winged fly, the female of which bites." Watta ya know? We never DID get on with too many women.

Seaman First Class Phyllis Mathiasen of the WAVES has been home for a few days, and looking like a million in her white uniform. We don't blame the gentlemen for preferring blondes - though Harry Davey says brunettes "last longer." Speaking of Davey, we ran in on your mother one evening and heard all the dope on the four boys. Bob is a regimental runner (think that's what she said) and still down south. We compared notes on cutting grass, too. Like Odgen Nashe's line on slacks, we decided we "Don't look so good retreatin'" with a lawn mower.

Mickey White is often seen sailing on Sundays - in fact, all the Whites carry on as usual. Andy is hammering on our dock as we write this. Has a hard time finding all the barrels and things we lost last fall. Some son of a gun stole our boat varnish and copper paint so "eight-eight" has a dusty rose bottom!

Heard from both Fanjuls out Pacific way and they may even meet in Honolulu. Mimi is getting fat - Estrada, thin. Mimi is a medico, or almost, and hopes to study medicine after the war. Saw your mother looking pretty snappy at Zale's wedding, and we drank a toast to you -but can't remember what it was now. Van Pelt was in on it, and some girl named Vanderbilt.

Right here the radio is advertising O'Sullivan Heels as "America's No. one heel." There's a title for you! Know anyone like that?

Barb is really our woman in white these days. Has an assistant who follows her around and takes notes. Big salary too. Barb won't go to camp this summer but will come home for awhile to rest up after the strain of state boards.

Sue Sturgis comes down to visit Mary Jo - and Ed Rullman goes to Montclair to visit Sue. They had a good laugh over the night Brub burned Susie's back against the radiator down at the M.B.C. Christmas dance. Sue had the first black evening dress in the crowd that night, but WAS SHE MAD AT B! Sue is in Florida now.

Trudy Van Vliet met Sig on the Atlantic City boardwalk - had to salute him.

When we first started the Bulletin we were determined to be cheerful, but in such a world sadness creeps in. We think you will want to know that Anna Louise Campbell's brother, Bobby, was killed in Italy the last of May. All we can do is swear to fight the evil forces anywhere, any time, that make such violence possible.

Jack Davis was asked if he would like to do some painting on his afternoon off. DID HE! Full of creative ideas, he rushed out only to find it was a screen door. Got the devil, too, because he painted it green when it should have been white. Or was it the other way around, Jack? Dick Davis goes in the Navy as pharmacist mate on July 15th.

Have you heard about the D. & W. service flag? It's a honey...Mrs. Wingerter is making a luscious silk flag with a star for every member of the gang. WHAT would Barbara Fritchie think of that? Or Betsy Ross? Pretty cute idea. Tommy Dean is now a C.O.J.G., so we hear. Has named his plane "Marie".

Stew Van Vliet has a little pet duck he found in his dugout when he came back from chasing Japs one day. Doesn't know how it got there; but he built a swimming pool and put the duck on Army rations. Stew is with the famous Americal Division and seeing plenty of combat. In case you think that the invasion is getting all the headlines, Stew, we all know that every day is "D" Day out in the Pacific.

Oh, yes...the girls! Well, Nancy Barnes is visiting her room mate in New Orleans, and Joan Lippincott has just arrived home for a vacation. The baby walks and talks a little!

Mary Lou Hammer's "big moment" is at the U. of Maryland and not Johns Hopkins - as we once reported. Dick Hammer is extra busy, so we think he will soon take off. The kid brother just graduated from Peddie.

Guess who's all grown up and darned good looking? Olga Barge Brand! Yes, sir... she's nautical but nice. Wears a sailor hat with a come hither angle, and the freckles have all disappeared.

Consie is working at the U.S.O. for the summer, and Bunny is on the job at Elliots and wonders what would really happen if some big city guy called for help. Peggy Hill has taken a secretarial job for the summer, and Ann went by last night on her way to a Y dance. Keep an eye on the young ones, brother, cause you're going to need 'em before long.

Marion Backe has been capped - not crowned - at the Englewood Hospital, and has gained ten pounds on all the hard work. Margie Holmes has had her room all done over so she can lay off and catch a star in the beguiling bay window with the fringe on the top. And K. Doremus is doing the family shopping these days, and that takes good old fashioned guts with ten women to every lamb chop!

Schwartz and his brother landed home for the same weekend not long ago, and that tireless shopper Capt. Schwartz has been at it again - or is it yet? He sent Doc. Rullman the wickedest knife we ever hope to see to add to the gun collection. It's a curved blade, crudely made, but terrific! And best of all it has hatched (possibly on the way over - they say these Indians are prolific) a baby knife just like the mama and that goes right along like a papoose. We LOVE these little surprises, Morrie.

DEPARTMENT OF SAVOIR FAIRY

During the height of the Trubin fire Chick Forbes was seen relaxing on the very top of that terrifying extension ladder, enveloped in clouds of dense yellow smoke that strangled us way across the street. And he was -of all things- nonchalantly smoking a cigarette! What make, we wonder? The tobacco company might like to know. Might even PAY for the idea. By the way, that building belongs to Del Fisher and his brother so they weren't too happy about the whole thing. Don Hubbard seemed to be taking care of rubber boots when we saw him, and a fireman was seen calmly picking out a pencil of his favorite color from the avalanche of supplies that gushed out like Niagara Falls.

JUNE GROOMS and a BRIDE

On June third Bucky Mead was married to Jean Fisher at Pensacola, Fla. at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willism Fisher. The bride wore white chiffon, and the groom wore white, too - not to be out done. The matron of honor was the bride's sister, and Ensign Ronald Parent was best man. Walter couldn't get away, but the folks went down with much baggage, and came back so exhausted that they went right to bed. Bucky had a crack up the day before, but was very calm and collected about the whole thing. The bride is quite tall, and we think her picture is very pretty. The honeymoon was four days, and they came back to a home all furnished and a maid. A maid THESE days is the acme of something or other. Mr. Mead was mad as heck to think he missed the Trubin fire.

Carol Eckert is back from the wedding trip and living in an apartment in Montclair. We went to press just before her wedding so we'll tell you a little about it. We were down with some ailment so we asked Ed to report. Seems the only Barefoots went together - Smota, Eichman, and "E". Well...this is what they saw: the groom is nice and blonde, and the bride wore white. It was real smart of them to notice that, we thought. Marge wore yellow, and her bouquet shook a little. Barb looked swell in blue and was nervous about getting down the aisle without her glasses, but men never make passes at girls with glasses so she left 'em home. Walked like a Powers Model, too. All three B.F.'s. were impressed by the way the bride spoke up, and she greeted everybody at the door on the way out. Later our reporter, "L" Sayre gave us a more detailed account. Said the bride was beautiful and the girls were all very cute with yellow daisies in their hair.

We can report more fully on the Dillon - Morton wedding cause we said to ourselves, come hell, fire, and high water, we're going. It was June 9th at Marge's house; they had a luscious day and we all gathered in a happy, casual sort of way to discover Zale, Bill Van Pelt, Roger and Dave Birchinal enjoying a great joke on the kitchen porch all mixed up with the ice cream freezers. From that moment we knew it was going to be a good party - and it was! The good looking Mortons, papa in white and mama in pink, met us...then Col. and Mrs. Dillon rushed us through the door of the living room where the all soldier orchestra was discreetly swinging it. We found a stool to stand on (ladies have gone in for darned big hats again), the orchestra went into the wedding march with an umpfh, the Army Chaplain took his

place, the neighbors dachshund wandered in first, and Roger escorted the parents in. The first bridesmaid was the bride's cousin, in lavender, then Bunny in blue, and Lee in pink. Mr. Morton looked brightly up the stairs, and down came Marge with the swellest colored maid carrying her train - just like "Gone With the Wind." We loved that touch. Marge was lovely in her satin gown and old fashioned bouquet... the groom thought so too, and the Dillons cried happily - to a man! Bill produced the ring at the right moment, but they got a little involved with hand crossings and such as Marge is left handed. That tickled Roger, the bride's mother sniffed prettily (and we DO mean prettily) the Dillon grandfather arrived in a taxi at that point and made a great to do about barging in - but he made it in time! The orchestra struck up "I'll Get By as Long as I Have You," and practically everybody got kissed by somebody....cept me. There was much pleasant milling around and picture taking, and lots of champagne before we settled down to a delovely supper and a cake for the gods. Real flowers grew out of it! Marge and Zale lingered on enjoying their own wedding, and strolled right down the front stairs to be pelted with rose leaves and LIKING it. So did we. There were lots of pretty girls from Orange we didn't know, Pat and her new husband, Consie, Joanna Quinn, Judy Miller Alton whose husband has gone back to the Pacific, Anna Louise with white flowers in her hair, Barbara Williamson in her WAVE uniform, Aunt Connie, and we forgot to say that the three boys carried the white ribbons for the aisles. It was a very cheerful wedding, and ended with Bunny and Lee going around like Siamese twins with the bride's bouquet, both claiming to have caught it. Editors note: we like our religious ceremonies cheerful. How about you?

DEPARTMENT OF BLESSED EVENTS

We don't know why we are so late with this one, but we just heard that Charlie Allaire had a daughter born last spring. And we read in the Register only today that Calvin Carhart's wife was given a stork shower! We were about to say he had been awarded the Air Medal, but this seems more important. Remember the day Brub fished Carhart out of the river when only the top of his head stuck out?

A sociable swallow has started to raise a family of four right under the porch of the M.B.C. There they sit like four little owls while everybody has a look see. On July 2nd we will pull off the annual supper so we hope Mrs. Swallow doesn't have a nervous breakdown.

Don Hubbard is building a colossal porch to sun his baby on - when it comes. He could even have a day nursery.

HEART THROB DEPARTMENT

Jack Henry's engagement is announced to Miss Esther Hutchinson, who is a yoeman, second class, in the WAVES.

Will and Nancy Hagerman have a love nest out in California now....Mimi hitch hiked out to call on them, but Will was out flying.

Walter Mead has a lovely blonde he brings down from Philadelphia. It's quite an affair, and she likes to sail, too, so we approve.

Donald Wingerter called up his mother and announced that he had been married to a girl from Macon for two months. Up to date they aren't sure of her name...never heard him mention her before! But she spells it "Ouida."

Nancy Bird's beloved is a Paratrooper, so you can imagine her state of mind over the invasion until someone in the family heard him broadcast from the beachhead. We don't know his name....it's Lin, or something like that. Nancy's a great gal. We don't see enough of her.

Nancy Hausman had a swell Marine here over the weekend. Seems they met in Oberlin and she has had him up her sleeve all this time. Name's Will Sneed and he was one of the lucky ones who finished up at Parris Island and was sent to A.S.O. at Quantico, Virginia.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

Johnny Barberio is back from Parris Island - lean and brown and very fit. We hardly knew him. He goes to Washington soon, but has a few days to get over boot school (you DO get over it, don't you?).

T.Lloyd is back in the Signal Corps - much to his relief - and we think he gets back his old rating. The Navy pulled a fast one on the flyers and lots of guys we know will be affected by it. Maybe Lloyd will get back to Monmouth again!

Mary Lou Hammer has her Masters Degree, as we said before, and is now working in New York....corrects script for the N.B.C. or one of the major networks. This is all very vague so don't take our word for it, but we think it's the "whodunit" sort of programs. We DO know that it's quite a job to be a proof reader. Involves all sort of things...legal, good taste, and what not.

Brownie has been heard from but not seen for some time, and the Stevens Navy is home on furlough right now; that means Tom Baldwin, Malchow, Eichman, etc. They were down at Meyers on June 24th, but the crowd seems to have evaporated. Ed Rullman was there with June Smith. He won't be here very much longer.....maybe a week or two. Em Osborn is now Staff Sergeant over at Wood and one of Rullman's bosses.

The M.B.C. races on Sunday were pretty slim. More Lightnings have appeared, some new comets, but very few sneak boxes. We got out AT LONG LAST, and WAS IT GOOD to hear that delicious swish of salt water over the deck...and we mean over. Came home with a wet seat and a broad grin.

We found a sport coat for Hancy! It's a beaut with patched sleeves and ye olde college atmosphere. But we can't find the weather vane and this bothers us.

Shirley Nichols Ryan just had word that Ed was a glider pilot in one of the advanced waves of the Normandy invasion. He is now in Scotland for a few days rest, but safe and sound. Was she relieved and happy! Had no idea he was in on it - which was just as well if you ask us.

Your Reporter and all round Secretary "K" tells us that the Bulletin will soon be a year old. We can't get over it! We'll have to do something about it - have a picnic on the beach or make it coed and ask the papas. Any suggestions?

Had a very amusing and newsy letter from Gordon Forbes just this minute, and he is quite enjoying life with the blue bloods at Bartow, Florida. Funny as the dickens about it, too. We forgive you for being a "Flatfoot", Foggy, so carry on and chin up for the Winterhaven smart set. When he isn't nursing a P-51 Mustang Fighter, Foggy dreams about sailing on the Shrewsbury. Bill Olsen's uncle (who is he?) is down there so they swap yarns no end. Foggy sends the Bulletin to Italy, where somebody else sends it on to Africa. We get around.

1st Lt. Herbert Craig is now in a camp in Pennsylvania "getting ready", A.P.O. and all that sort of thing.

NEW ADDRESSES

A/C Frank Manson, U.S.N.R.
Class 5 D.R. U.S.N.A.S.
Lambert Field, St. Louis 21, Mo.

Pvt. Gordon S. Forbes, 32556736
Sqdn. T - BRTU(F)
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Emilio Fanjul, S 1/c
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A.P.O. 929, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

On July 4th, we will get out the old movies of the B.F.Y.C. parade so we'll be seeing you.

Love and kisses,
"K", "M", and "L".