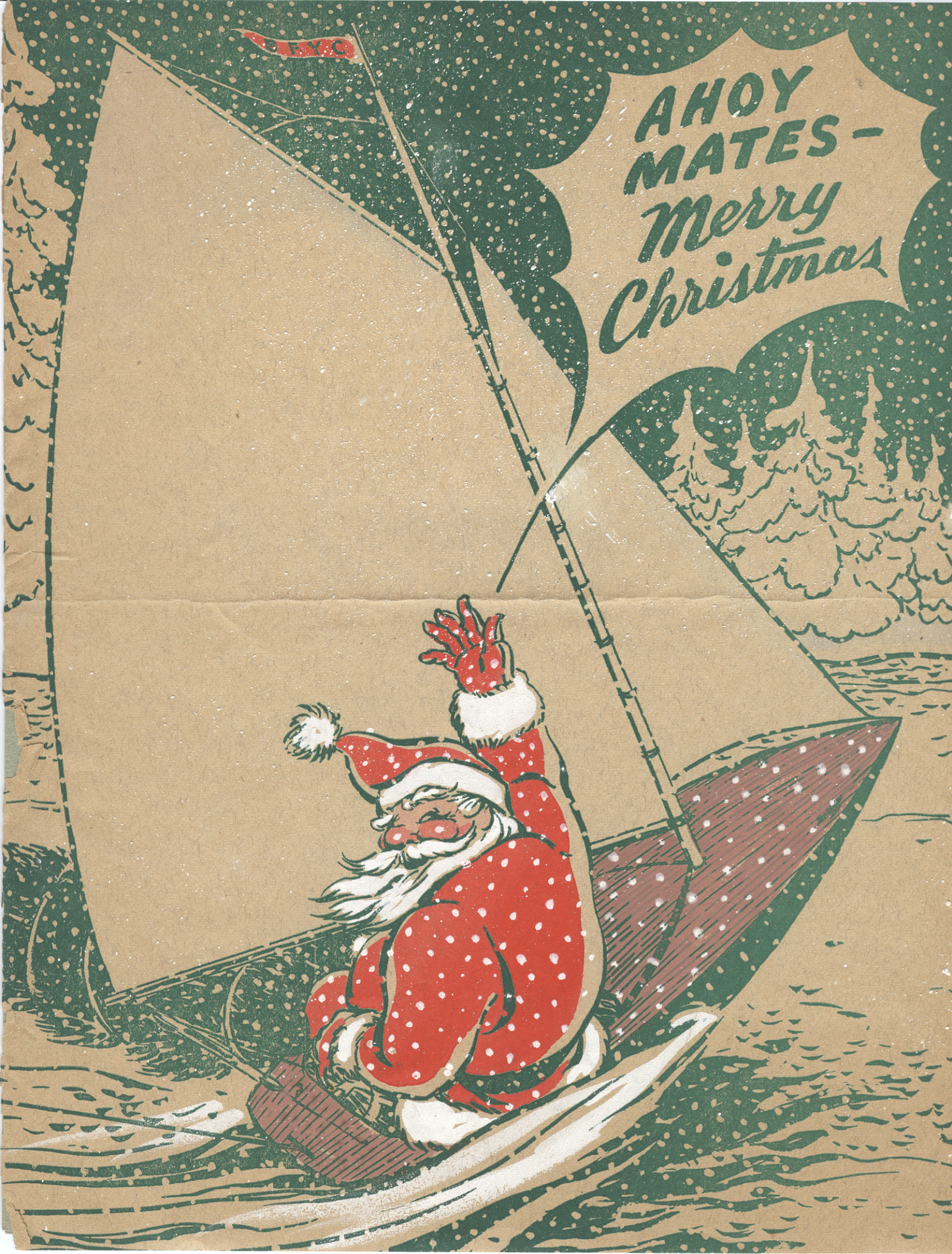


AHOY
MATES -
Merry
Christmas



CHRISTMAS BULLETIN

1 9 4 4

GREETINGS BAREFEET - AND CLUBFEET!

Clubfeet being, of course, the members of our select circle but not charter Barefeet. Well...here it is Christmas again and our thoughts go out to you all over the earth. We could get very serious on the subject of Peace on Earth, Good Will, and all that sort of stuff but - the truth is - we feel kinda foolish trying to tell you ANYTHING. Sooo, lets be silly instead. But first, we had to pass up the idea of personal messages this year because too many people pleaded for space in the Xmas Bulletin, and, after all, Mrs. Reamer only has two hands. Lets wish HER a Merry Christmas! So heres the story.

We know there is a Santa Claus,
We're sure of it - heres why -
Because
Will Hammell made the cover FREE,
The printer said, well so would HE,
The man who made the plate was SWELL,
(He made us say we wouldnt tell)
The envelopes were given, too,
By some one Billy Hammell knew
We thought you'd want to know
Because
It proves there is a Santa Claus!!!

Here in Red Bank we are getting ready for what is known as a "good old fashioned Christmas." For years and years we have been trying to figure that one out, we STILL dont know what it means. Boy, oh, boy, the family reunion can be a mixed blessing if you ask us. Speaking as one matriarch, this is how it looks to us. First, you spend the whole year trying to remember the payments on your Xmas Club. Then, before you know it, youve spent twice that much on presents - and then some. Next comes the wrapping and the battle of the Post Office. Bloody but unbowed, you begin on brightning up the corner where you are - known as the ancestral home. Then plans for the dinner....yum yum and hotcha...mince meat (where to get the brandy) salt the nuts (you burn 'em) the turkey (oh my gosh, its TOO SMALL) the cranberry jelly won't jell, clean silver, make up beds, unwrap packages, start all over again, bake, answer bells, above all BE FULL OF CHRISTMAS SPIRIT. (spirits?) the darn tree wont fit in the stand, WHERE the heck is the ax? Am I joyful by this time! The folks arrive carrying very small gifts - (maybe I was too generous.) They all take baths just as Christmas Eve supper is ready; the tree lights blow out the fuse! The electrician wont come. Three people come bearing gifts of mince pies (why didnt the dopes TELL us and save us the trouble?) Ah...the peace of dining with ones family Xmas Eve...we begin to glow (a little) then they all go off to candle light service and leave us with the dishes. UNGLOW. We get through that and are creeping up the stairs to bed (midnight) when all our drinking neighbors barge in ringing sleigh bells to serenade us with something about Silent Night. We hit the hay at 1:45. Up at seven and at the turkey. Callers. More callers. More and MORE callers! Nobody gets up for breakfast so we cant start on those tricky table decorations. We now reach the weeping stage, but somehow it all works out and we have what is known as a good old fashioned Christmas! Thats all, brother.

We would like to quote something about friendship from "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran, as our Xmas wish from your editors, K.L. and M. It goes like this:

"Your friend is your needs answered,

He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving.

And he is your board and your fireside for you come to him with your hunger and you seek him for peace.When your friend speaks his mind you fear not the "nay" in your own mind, nor do you withhold the "aye."

